

37th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

The Best of Billie Holiday

JULY 22, 1971

50c

downbeat®

jazz-blues-rock

THE LEGACY OF
JOHN COLTRANE

FESTIVALS GALORE:

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- ★ Berkeley

BENNY CARTER
BLINDFOLD TEST



Coltrane's "Giant Steps" solo



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“

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- High notes are easier
- Superb in all aspects!!
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- Well built, tight
- Projection outstanding
- Valve action is smooth, clean
- Comfortable

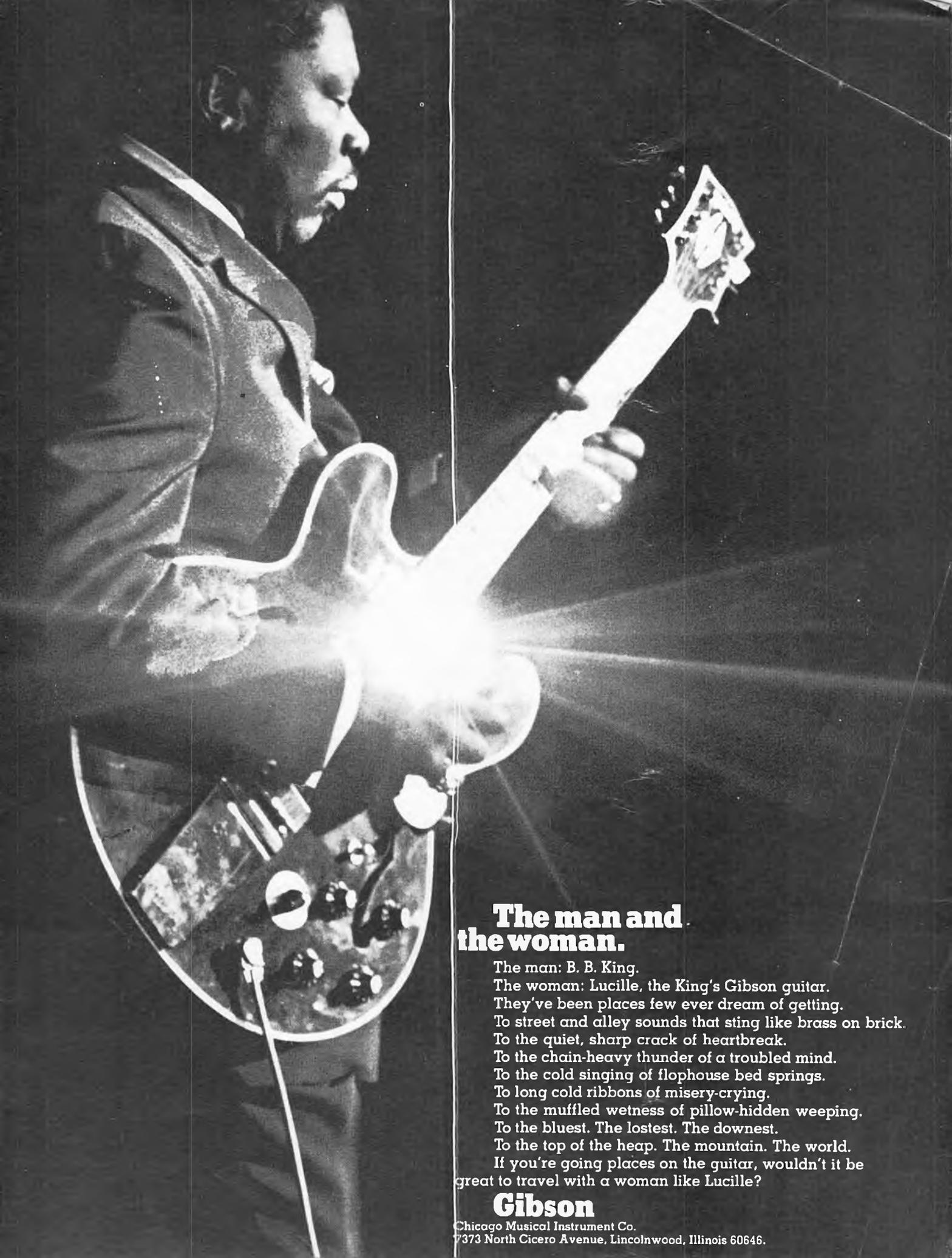
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The *Eroica* is completely new in design. Many of its traditional (but restricting) tubing turns have been discarded. The layout has been simplified, the mouthpiece, valves and bell re-engineered. We honestly believe it's a French Horn that meets, finally, all the exacting demands of the most critical artist. Those who tested it were overwhelmingly favorable. Most of them changed to it immediately. The comments above come from their evaluations. "Breakthrough" is an over-used word, but we think King's new *Eroica* deserves to use it. You deserve to try it, and we hope you will soon.



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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

With this issue *down beat* begins its 38th year of continuous publication. In deference to a tradition accorded previous Anniversary issues, there is a State of the Union message about us and our constituents.

The constituents are the 91,000 persons who will buy this issue either by subscription (80%) or from music stores and newsstands throughout the world. Every copy purchased will be read by more than three persons for a total readership, per issue, of about 275,000.

We do not know an average *down beat* reader; we do know, however, from continued studies, what the profile of an average reader is. It is a "He" as a 92.4% of db readers are male. His average age is 2.4 years; his median age is 18.9 (meaning that there are more readers about the age of 19 than any other). He is single (28.5% are married and they have 2.3 children). *down beat* readers are geographically spread about the U. S. in close proportion to the 1971 census with similar patterns of rural/suburban/urban distribution. So much for physical characteristics. Who is he?

The most important fact of life to us is that 94.3% of db readers are players, persons who



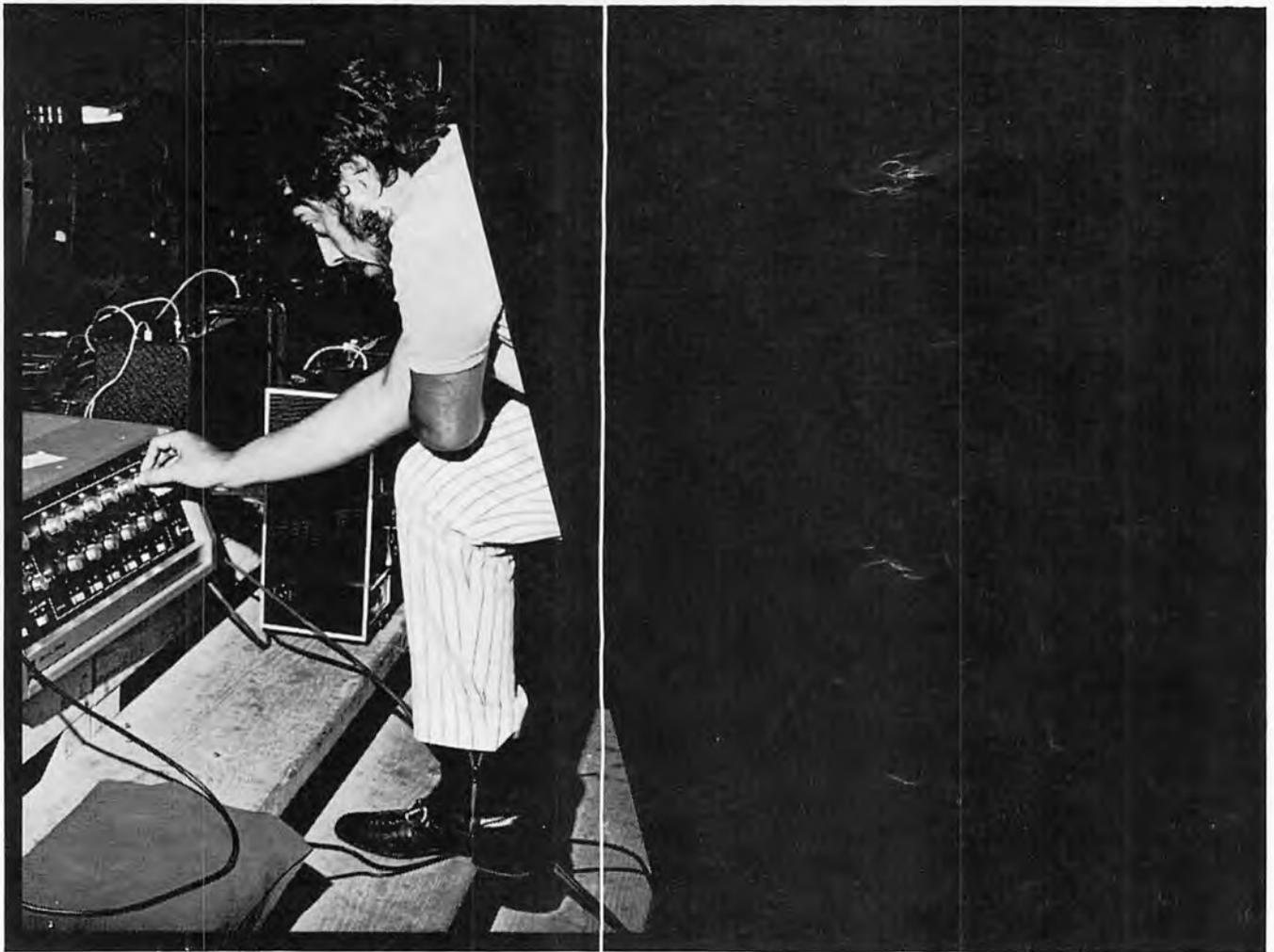
own and play at least three instruments each. (An additional 1.2 instruments are played by members of the reader's family.) Where do they play?

About 45,000 (50%) of the *down beat* readers do their playing in school. About 11,600 (12.9%) either teach full time or perform part time. About 15,000 players may be accurately called professionals with 2,900 performing full time, the others teaching part time. (Of the 250,000 or so union musicians in the U.S. and Canada, less than 15,000 earn their living full time from the performance of music.) We classify about 12,800 db readers as amateurs who play their instrument(s) an average of 15.8 hours per week. (The American Music Conference defines an amateur player as one who plays his instrument six times a year.) What do they play?

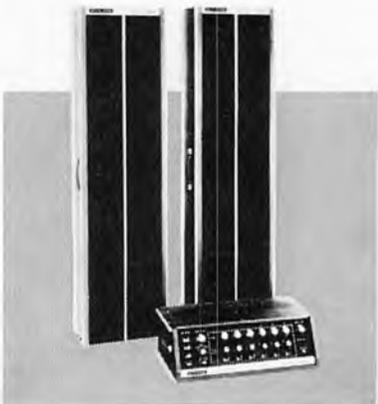
In our readership studies, we carefully record what a reader says he is playing. It is true that his answer reflects his age, but music today is in such a flux that commercial and social music terms such as pop-contemporary-hard rock-soft rock, etc. are virtually meaningless unless defined by musical example. However, regardless of semantic flux and synthesis, our readers say they perform music thusly: jazz 71%, rock 42%, jazz-rock 28%, blues or r&b 40%, pop 37%, classical 39%, folk 17%, c&w 7%.

So, basically that is the *down beat* constituency. All these players, regardless of age or performance level, are learning musicians. They are serious about music most usually defined today under the headings of jazz-blues-rock. It is to these players and to this music that our most valuable asset, *down beat* editorial content, is directed.

We want our readers to add to their knowledge, performance, and enjoyment of music by what is printed in the pages of *down beat*.



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Hooray For Hollywood

So Hollywood is going to make a film about Billie Holiday! Twelve years after her death, she is finally safe material for the movie moguls who once condescended to give her a part as (what else?) a lady's maid in a Hollywood spectacular. Nice of them. And they are actually hesitating about whether to use Billie's recordings or the voice of Diana Ross? Incredible. If they decide for the latter (which would be quite absurd), what becomes of Lester Young's accompaniments which formed an integral part of much of Billie's best work. Oh well, I dare say Sidney Poitier can play tenor like Prez as well as Miss Ross can sing like Lady Day.

Let's hope that they will at least have sense enough to call in Teddy Wilson, Ben Webster, Buck Clayton and others who played in her groups as advisors. But, after all the films concerning jazz and jazz musicians that have come from Hollywood, it's hard to be optimistic.

John E. Gale

Lewisburg, Pa.

Many Thanks

Thank you for Jim Szantor. I enjoy reading his features (the few he has written — let's

have more) and I look forward to reading his reviews, which are excellent. I have bought quite a few albums that Szantor has recommended and I've never been disappointed. I was especially pleased with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis *Consummation* L.P. which Szantor rated five stars and strongly urged the big band connoisseur to get. I think it is the best big band performance recorded in the last three or four years, and I'm grateful for Jim Szantor and down beat for tipping me off to it. Let's hear more from Jim Szantor in the future.

Glenn Meyers

Wheeling, W. Va.

Candid Mingus

Either Mingus or Mike Hennessey is in error in your May 13 interview. Mingus refers to a "complete freedom" album he made with Eric Dolphy on the Candid label as *Mingus, Mingus, Mingus*.

The title mentioned is not the one Mingus meant. The Candid album is called *Charles Mingus Presents Charles Mingus* and is vastly superior to the Impulse date with the similar title (cited in the article).

Charles Mingus Presents... is one of Mingus' and Dolphy's best sets, but almost impossible to find; mine was stolen by a tasteful burglar six years ago, and I'm still trying to replace it.

Edmond Weiss

Willingboro, N.J.

Reader Weiss, who is absolutely right, will

be pleased to know that the album he lost has just been reissued on the Barnaby label, which, response permitting, will bring back to life all the Candid goodies. — Ed.

Great Scott

I received a real treat of piano, and I mean piano, when Hazel Scott took over for Oscar Peterson at the Rainbow Grill in New York recently.

Full of youth, vitality and swing, Miss Scott forged ahead...creating a sound that entranced the audience. Her vocal quality blossomed like a rose that was picked at the right tempo, and led the audience to say "Bravo!"

She's done it again — the new and great Hazel Scott — with her new approach to hard rock, gospel, blues and jazz.

Tom Valvo

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Hip Chick

In your issue of May 27, Bill Dobbins, head of the Jazz Lab program at Kent State Univ., transcribes Clark Terry's *Tete-a-Tete* solo. He goes through elaborate gyrations explaining the chord progression as having a beginning based on "a common variation of *I Got Rhythm* and a bridge which is similar to that of *Take the A Train*."

Perhaps, if Mr. Dobbins spent more time listening to jazz and less time in the laboratory, he might have recognized the tune as *Honeysuckle Rose*.

Elaine Comparonc

New York City, N.Y.

THE POLL WINNERS HAVE FREAKED OUT.

"Weather Report" is an album of music that poll winners Joseph Zawinul, Miroslav Vitous and Wayne Shorter have had bubbling and churning inside them for years.

There's the merest whisper of it in the recent music by the people we all consider "pioneers."

There's a hint of it on Miles' recent albums.

But now it's here in pure form. And it's startling. Shattering.

And it's tranquilizing in a way that freaked-out music is not supposed to be.

It's music that your mind will revel in, and hunger for.

Totally unexpected. Unpredictable.

That's why it's called "Weather Report."

**"Weather Report" is:
Joseph Zawinul, Miroslav Vitous, Wayne
Shorter, Airtó Moreira and Alphonze Mouzon on
Columbia Records**

WEATHER REPORT
INCLUDING:
ORANGE LADY/MILKY WAY
UMBRELLAS EURYDICE/MORNING LAKE



C 30661

down beat NEWS

SUMMER JAZZ SERIES AT N.Y.'S TOWN HALL

A series of *Connoisseur Concerts*, produced by Willis Conover in association with *down beat*, will be presented on six consecutive Saturdays at 7:30 p.m. starting July 10 at New York's revitalized Town Hall.

At the low general admission price of \$3, the concerts will feature Dizzy Gillespie with



Dizzy Gillespie

the Al Cohn-Willis Conover New York Band (opening night); an all-star group of Clark Terry, Zoot Sims, Jaki Byard, Milt Hinton and Grady Tate (July 17); a "Piano Party" with Bill Evans' trio, Teddy Wilson, the Billy Taylor Trio, Mary Lou Williams, and Jelly Roll Morton-expert Bob Greene (July 24); Gary Burton and the University of Illinois Jazz Band directed by John Garvey (July 31); Gerry Mulligan and the Wilder Winds, a specially assembled group of two French horns, flute, oboe, clarinet, bass clarinet, bass and drums performing new compositions by Alec Wilder and others under the direction of Jimmy Buffington (Aug. 7), and a Charlie Byrd Guitar Night with Byrd, the duo of George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, Tiny Grimes, and others to be announced (Aug. 14).

Town Hall, under the new and progressive management of Dr. Jerrold Ross, head of the Division of Music Education at New York University's School of Education, has been refurbished inside and out, and is now air conditioned.

CENTRAL PARK CONCERTS START SIXTH SEASON

The sixth annual Schaefer Music Festival in New York's Central Park gets under way June 24 with a double-header concert featuring the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra and Nancy Wilson.

The series, again produced by Ron Delseiner and continuing the low admission policy of \$1 and \$2, will include 64 concerts on 33 nights, on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays

and Saturdays at 7:00 and 9:00 p.m.

Jazz and jazz-flavored pop will be represented by Buddy Rich and Chase (June 29); Mongo Santamaria, Herbie Mann and Roy Ayers (July 7); Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson (July 12); Peggy Lee (July 20); Cal Tjader, Willie Bobo and Joe Cuba (July 24); Roberta Flack (July 28); Dave Brubeck with Gerry Mulligan and Paul Desmond plus the Chico Hamilton Quartet (Aug. 7); Cannonball Adderley, Les McCann and Esther Morrow (Aug. 14); Butterfield Blues Band and James Cotton Blues Band (Aug. 20).

Other programs include many top rock bands, and "surprise guests" will be featured July 2 and 3, when ABC-TV will tape for a network special.

GIL EVANS IN EUROPE WITH UNUSUAL BAND

Gil Evans and his orchestra began a European tour June 18 with a week's stay at the Fantasia Club in Dortmund, Germany.

From there, they will go to Denmark to tape a television show, play at the Dutch Jazz Festival (June 26 in Rotterdam, June 27 in Maastrich), go to Sweden for TV tapings, to Austria from June 29 through July 4 to play at Friedrich Gulda's annual festival, and follow up with three dates in the Swiss cities of Zurich, Basel, and Geneva. Further dates including Finland and France were being negotiated at press time.

The band's personnel is: Johnny Coles, trumpet; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Howard Johnson, tuba, baritone sax, and flugelhorn; Trevor Kohler, soprano and baritone saxes; Billy Harper, tenor sax, flute, and chimes; Don Preston, Phil Davis, Moog synthesizers; Bruce Johnson, guitar; Bruce Dittmas, drums, and Sue (no relation) Evans, percussion, vibes, marimba, etc. And, of course, Evans is pianist, conductor, arranger, etc.

CHOICE PARTY FOR CHICAGO COLUMNIST

One of the very few regular jazz columns in a major daily newspaper in the U.S. is Harriet Choice's informative *Jazz By Choice*, which appear every Friday in the Chicago *Tribune*.

The column entered its third year in May, and to celebrate the occasion, Ruth Reinhardt, co-owner with clarinetist Bill Reinhardt of Jazz Ltd., Chicago's oldest jazz club, decided to throw a party for Miss Choice. It turned out to be a swinging affair with lots of music. Reinhardt's house band alternated with impromptu groups formed on the spot by some of the many musicians who had dropped in to congratulate the columnist. The visitors included Cy Touff, Bobby Lewis, Norm Murphy, Jim Beebe, Frank Chace, Art Hodes, Bob Wright, Stu Katz, Marty Grosz, Rufus Reid, Truck Parham, Rail Wilson, Don DeMicheal, and Hillard Brown, plus all but one of the members of the World's Greatest Jazzband (Bud Freeman was the absentee).

Bob Wilber of the WGJB broke it up with his lovely soprano playing, Ralph Sutton sat in with the Reinhardt gang, and Touff, Lewis, Katz, Reid, and DeMicheal made some sounds that apparently were a bit too modern for the management—they were politely elbowed off the stand after one number.

The party proved that Miss Choice, who also bears the primary responsibility for the founding and operation of the Jazz Institute of Chicago, has won herself a deserved place in the hearts of musicians and other members of the jazz community. We wish her column continued success.

HAMP BACK ON COURSE AFTER LOSS OF WIFE

A touching postscript to the death of Mrs. Lionel Hampton (*db*, June 10) took place in Los Angeles, where she was buried May 5. A second funeral service was held there, following one in New York, where she had died of a heart attack April 29.

Lionel was in Toronto at the time of death, and was inconsolable. Gladys Hampton was not only his wife, but his right hand—manager, booking agent, etc. He later told a reporter from the Los Angeles *Sentinel*:

"I was in shock all day Thursday (April 29) and a part of Friday. But then I started to come out of it. By Sunday (the day Bishop Fulton Sheen said a rosary for Mrs. Hampton, and a lengthy telegram of condolence was sent by President Nixon), I was able to get my business straight. Thanks to Gladys, I don't have any problems at all. The property we own all over the country is free and clear. I don't have any problems with taxes. If I can't go from here, shame on me. But I'm going to follow her course. She set a strong course and I'm going to follow it. She left booby traps so nobody could mess with me."

The Hamptons had recently returned from an extensive State Department tour by the vibist's band through Europe, including the communist nations. Hampton feels the long tour took it toll. Mrs. Hampton managed to lick cancer several years ago, but had been suffering from heart trouble and high blood pressure.

As Hamp put it: "I guess she'd been thinking so hard and making so many deals, she just blew out. But she went without a complaint."

—Siders

potpourri

Dizzy Gillespie's specially assembled reunion big band, which performed at the May 20 Jazzmobile benefit at New York's Lincoln Center, included Jimmy Nottingham, Lee Morgan, E.V. Perry, Carl (Bama) Warwick, trumpets; Rod Levitt, Curtis Fuller, Ted Kelly, trombones; James Moody, Jimmy Powell, Billy Mitchell, Jimmy Heath, Pepper Adams, saxes;

Mike Longo, piano; Paul West, bass; Charles Persip, drums.

strictly ad lib

Kenny Dorham, who has been taking it easy lately due to high blood pressure, felt well enough to play his trumpet with a swinging quintet led by tenorist Bobby Jones (Cedar Walton, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Harold White, drums) at a May 28 Jazz Adventures session in New York. Though he played sitting down, Dorham sounded as good as ever. He is presently concentrating on teaching, composing and completing his autobiography.

Duke Ellington added two more honorary degrees to his already impressive collection: one from the Berklee College of Music (the institution's first such award) and one from Howard University. Congratulations, Doctor.

The 1971 *Jazz in the Garden* concert series at New York's Museum of Modern Art kicks off June 24 with the Elvin Jones Group, and will continue through nine consecutive Thursdays, weather permitting. Starting time is 7:30 p.m., and arranger-producer Ed Bland is in charge of programming for the fourth year. Admission is \$1, in addition to the regular Museum entrance fee of \$1.75.

Red Garland, long absent from the New York scene, started a jazz policy at Pegleg's, a small, cozy club on 2nd Ave. near 90th St., with cohorts Wilbur Ware, bass, and Philly Joe Jones, drums, on Memorial Day weekend. If the pianist decides to stay in town, it may turn into a steady gig. Garland came in from Texas to record two albums for MPS produced by Don Schlitten.

Slam Stewart, Milt Buckner and Jo Jones, with singer Joe Turner as replacement for Slim Gaillard, returned home after a successful 42-concert tour of Europe. Stewart will again be a Performing Consultant at the Summer Music Conference at Roberson Center for the Arts and Sciences in Binghamton, N.Y., from June 28 to Aug. 6, under a grant from the Ford Foundation.

Russell Procope, veteran Duke Ellington lead altoist and clarinet soloist, is convalescing at home after a stay in the hospital with a heart condition. His replacement is Buddy Pearson, but Procope hopes to return to the band in time for its September tour of the U.S.S.R.

Jean-Louis Glinbre, editor of France's *Jazz Magazine* for the past eight years, resigned his position in April. For three years, he has been doubling as editor of *Lui*, the leading *Playboy*-type magazine in Europe. Due to that publication's growth, handling both chairs became too much for him. He intends to continue his jazz activities as a broadcaster for ORTF, a freelance writer, and down beat Paris correspondent. Phillipe Charles, has taken over editorship of *Jazz*.

New York: Back in town after a long California stay is altoist-flutist Frank Strozier, who sounded marvelous with the Jazz Contemporaries in their final Village Vanguard Sunday appearance of the season (Julius Watkins, French horn; Clifford Jordan, tenor sax; Harold Mabern, piano; Jamil Nasser, bass; Keno Duke, drums) May 23. On the regular Vanguard bill of fare, Mongo Santamaria, Pharoah Sanders and Elvin Jones and their groups were the May through early June dishes...Clark Terry's resurrected big band began a series of Monday night stands at the Half Note in June. Buddy Tate's fine band was at the club in May. Personnel included Pat Jenkins, trumpet; Eli Robinson, trombone; Ben Richardson, clarinet, alto, baritone; Bill Spooner, piano; Herbie Cowans, drums. Judy Canterino sang with the band, and pianist Dick Katz sat in. Al Cohn followed, and the JPJ Quartet (Budd Johnson, Dill Jones, Bill Pemberton, Oliver Jackson) did a week just prior to departing for Europe. The quartet, with guest Charlie Shavers, also kicked off a Sunday Matinee series at the Half Note with a well-attended bash...Bassist Bob Casey, a veteran of Eddie Condon's Club now living in semi-retirement in Florida, made a rare New York appearance with Balaban&Cats at Your Father's Mustache. Condon himself was on hand to greet his old friend, who doubled electric bass, and the session also found Wild Bill Davison in fine fettle. Lou McGarity, Dick Rath, Red Richards, Kenny Davern and Marcus Foster rounded out the crew...Cecil Taylor, artist-in-residence at the Univ. of Wisconsin at Madison, came to town to do two concerts May 13 at Hunter College with an ensemble, The Mendota Players, which he directs at Wisconsin. Personnel: Steve Levi, Karyl Wolfe, trumpets; Craig Purpura, Herman Milligan, Douglass Harris, Bob Kaufman, Richard Keene, Bob Zankel, Tom Lachmund, David Birkin, saxes; Karen Kambitsis, bassoon; Carla Poole, flute; Sam Lobel, Estelle Katz, clarinets; Jeff Crespi, bass; Clifford Sykes, tympani, plus guest artists James Lyons, alto; Sam Rivers, tenor; Andrew Cyrille, percussion, and dancer Ken Miller...*Jazz Adventures'* Friday noon sessions at the Jazz Center (Martinique) continued through June with the Ernie Wilkins Quintet featuring Chris Woods; Joe Newman's quintet; Howard McGhee's big band, and the Barry Miles Trio. The organization also plans two Hudson River boatrides: one on July 19, with Rom Roullier's big band and the Tomasso Family (two *wunderkinder* and their father), the second on Aug. 23 with Lew Anderson's big band and the Tomassos once more. For details, contact Jazz Adventures, 330 W. 58th St., or call (212) 489-7659...Trumpeter Newman also did a *Jazz Vespers* at St. Peter's Church, performing his *Story of Pentecost* with singer Ruth Brisbane...Ray Barretto and his band, the Roland Hanna-Eddie Locke Trio, and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra did a benefit for Harlem Prep at Columbia Univ. May 16...Trumpeter Rick Colbeck, with Otis Harris' alto sax; Bruce Johnson, guitar; Rom Burton, piano; Rom Miller, bass, and Selwyn Lissack, drums, were at the East Village Inn (which is remodeling) for four nights in May...The guitar duo of George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli was at the St. Regis...Doc

Severinsen brought his Now Generation Brass to the Plaza's Persian Room and nearly blew the socialites and expense accounters out of the place. Doc and his gang were on hand for three weeks, through June 12...Buddy Rich (May 31) and Woody Herman (June 14) did one-nighters at Barney Google's...Chris Connor followed Blossom Dearie into Trude Heller's, where the new soft jazz policy seems to be taking hold. The singer was backed by Mike Abene, piano; Richard Davis, bass, and Tony Lupo, drums, who also performed as a trio...Circle (Anthony Braxton, Chick Corea, Dave Holland, Barry Altschul) created quite a stir with their Village Vanguard and Slug's appearance...Charles Mingus was set to follow Dizzy Gillespie's five-night stint at the Gaslight. The jazz-rock group, Earth, Wind and Fire, appeared opposite Diz three of those nights...Weather Report was introduced to the public (or a selected segment thereof) at a May 26 press party at Columbia Records' 30th St. Studio. Assorted electronic bugs all but erased the group's intended sound...Cannonball Adderley's fivesome, Roberta Flack, Joe Williams and Donny Hathaway did the Apollo for a week in late May—early June...Al Haig did a Sunday at the Cookery, subbing for Dill Jones, and can also be heard, usually on Mondays, at Jimmy Weston's. Marian McPartland began her month's stay at the Cookery June 12...Roy Eldridge underwent successful eye surgery in May and will be out of action through June. Jimmy McPartland holds the fort at Jimmy Ryan's in his absence...The personnel of the Julius Schwartz-Jerry Kail Local 802 big band, which has been heard around town lately and also conducts a workshop for the Union, is: Kail, Vaughn de Forest, Gary Gurzio, Bob Hamilton, Thomas Rheam, trumpets; Eph Resnick, John Mosca, Allan Kaplan, Abdul Hammed, Dave Taylor, trombones; Schwartz, Marty Oberlander, Tommy Alfano, Frank Perowsky, Lew Delgatto, Kenny Berger, saxes; Harvey Sarch, guitar; Tony Monte, piano; Kiyoshi Konunaga, bass; Bud Nealy, drums...Vibist-pianist Bob Naughton's group (Perry Robinson, clarinet; Mark Whitecage, alto sax, flute; Richard Youngstein, bass, cello, violin; Ran D.K., drums) did a concert featuring works by Carla Bley at the Silver Mine College of Art, New Caanan, Conn. on May 22. On June 19, Youngstein, with D.K. and pianist Hal Galper, did a school concert in the Bronx...Bo Diddley has come out of semi-retirement and headlined at the *Rock&Roll Revival* at Madison Sq. Garden June 11, following up with Los Angeles and Pittsburgh gigs...Another past star, Lloyd Price, will soon resume his performing career...Aye Niwaju (Jeff Wood) presented his *Essence of Blackness Ensemble* at Cami Hall June 5, with Cecil McBee, Dick Griffin, Norman Connors, Chief Bey, Leon Atkinson and Khalil Al-Rouf among the 14 participants...Long Island's International Art of Jazz, Inc. is presenting a series of free jazz concerts in Suffolk County. Scheduled performers include Buddy Tate, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, Jerome Richardson's group, and the Billy Taylor *David Frost Show Band*...The Allman Bros. and the J. Geils Band were set as the final acts at the Fillmore East, June 25-27. B.B. King and Moby Grape performed the weekend prior...Gato Barbieri waxed his second LP for Flying Dutchman. Kenny Burrell did his first album for C.T.I., and the Alan Douglas label

(Continued on page 42)



HOW TO DO IT

Afterthoughts

By Dan Morgenstern

AS THIS IS BEING WRITTEN, the JPJ Quartet (Budd Johnson, tenor and soprano saxes; Dill Jones, piano; Bill Pemberton, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums) is on the way to Europe to perform at the Ljubljana Jazz Festival in Yugoslavia, the Montreux Jazz Festival in Switzerland, in Barcelona, Spain, and elsewhere on the continent. Just prior to departing, the JPJ concluded a successful return engagement at New York's Half Note, and their Montreux sets will be taped for a forthcoming album on Master Jazz Recordings.

In this day and age, that's impressive enough for a group dedicated to uncompromising jazz values in the modern mainstream tradition. But it's only half the story.

The JPJ, a cooperative group, was formed a few years ago by Johnson, Pemberton, and Jackson, who had come to know and like each other when all three were working with Earl Hines, traveling with the pianist in the U.S., South America, and many European countries, including the Soviet Union (on a State Department-sponsored 1966 tour).

There is a close bond of friendship and musical understanding between the three men and the fourth member of the group, Welshman Dill Jones—a pianist whose artistry runs the gamut from ragtime through stride to contemporary. All four are widely experienced musicians, with Budd Johnson, one of the unsung giants of jazz, as the group's senior member. Budd just celebrated his 60th birthday; Oliver Jackson is in his late 30s.

Jackson, who hails from Detroit and was known as Bops Jr. when he was among the participants in that city's jazz resurgence of 1950s, has worked with such diverse leaders as Lionel Hampton, Oscar Peterson, Yusef Lateef, Erroll Garner, Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge and Buck Clayton. A man of great personal charm with a genuine interest in his fellow human beings—old or young, hip or square—he acts as the spokesman for the quartet and is largely responsible for the interesting and unusual program in which the group is currently involved.

This is an ongoing 24-city tour, *New Communications in Jazz*, sponsored by the Johns-Manville Corporation, a large national industrial firm with holdings and interests in many areas and, obviously, intelligent management.

The program began in the spring, with appearances in Waterville and Defiance, Ohio (small towns near Toledo), continued with a visit to Green Cove Springs, Fla., where a seminar at the new St. Augustine High School was filmed for a future TV program, and has also included visits to schools in North Carolina, Virginia, and Indiana. When the JPJ returns from Europe, there will be trips to other places throughout the U.S.

What the JPJ does on these visits is to

conduct in-school concert-seminars, aimed specifically at the 15-18 age group, in towns and cities where Johns-Manville has plants.

The program, says Jackson, "is aimed at reaching those groups who are a part of and concerned with today's United States . . . we want to present (our) music, along with discussions of its origins and cultural ties."

When the formal program, which includes exceptionally well-done demonstrations of jazz essentials, history and techniques by all the members of the group, is concluded, the group, with Jackson as moderator, conducts a "rap session," beginning with discussion of jazz in general and the group's travel experiences, and ending with a free wheeling question-and-answer period.

Invariably, the group has been enthusiastically received. The musicians find themselves performing for young audiences whose acquaintance with jazz is scant or non-existent, but by the time the discussion period has ended, they receive standing ovations, are surrounded by autograph seekers, and find themselves giving fatherly advice to youngsters on topics ranging from race relations to music education and personal motivation.

Sometimes, it goes beyond even this. At a small-town Indiana high school, the group discovered that a tense situation existed between black and white students on the one hand, and students and administration on the other. Jackson, finding himself in deep conversation with the leader of the black students, first about music, then about other things, discovered that none of the factions had attempted to talk things out. To make a long story short, he managed to bring about a meeting between black student leaders and the school's principal and also got fruitful conversation started among the students themselves.

All this is in keeping with the corporation's stated aims in undertaking the program, which include "enhancing Johns-Manville's image in local operational areas; providing a platform for attracting new employees, particularly among minority groups, and providing a positive reputation for the company as a progres-

sive, modern-thinking" institution.

In addition, the program involves youngsters with their elders on an intimate, person-to-person basis; communicates important facts about this country's musical heritage and the men who represent it, first of all to black youth, but also to whites, and gives the students an introduction to jazz so direct and personal that it is bound to remain with them when they leave the assembly hall—something that is far from always the case with well-meaning educational programs in our schools.

New Communications in Jazz is presented with a full-fledged local promotional campaign, including a well-prepared and interesting kit containing guide lines for conducting the program, biographies and photos of the musicians, a statement of philosophy for the programs, posters, a small LP record of the group's music, etc.

On their trips, the group is accompanied by a public relations man from Johns-Manville who sees to that such matters as transportation, accommodations, sound systems, instrument handling, etc. are well taken care of. Ira Gitler, the well-known jazz critic and former associate editor of this magazine, has been traveling with the group as observer and liason, and reports that the reception everywhere has been tremendous, and that the members of the group are ideally suited to handle the project.

The genesis of the program, which was in the works for some time before it was fully realized, involves a number of factors, but most of all, it was due to the personal initiative, energy, and imagination of Oliver Jackson. It proves what can be done *by the musicians themselves* in this complex world.

Hopefully, the JPJ's successes, which have exceeded the best expectations of the Johns-Manville management, will lead to similar creative projects sponsored by other corporations. The need for communication and understanding has never been greater than today, and the JPJ Quartet is showing how to do it.

More power to them, and power to the jazz people! 



JACK BRADLEY

The JPJ Quartet (left to right): Budd Johnson, Oliver Jackson, Dill Jones, and Bill Pemberton.

JOHN COLTRANE: RETROSPECTIVE PERSPECTIVE

by Gordon Kopulos

ON JULY 17, 1971, IT WILL BE four years since John Coltrane died. Unquestionably, he is one of the greatest innovators in jazz history, and will eventually be recognized as one of the most significant contributors to 20th century music.

But in today's distorted perspective, where yesterday is old and two days ago ancient, he is already being forgotten. More precisely, he hasn't even been fully discovered, or appreciated. His music is the root of much of today's musical thrust. For that reason alone, it deserves another look.

From the seriousness of his music as well as his words (there is no music in the Coltrane discography which is "light") it becomes clear that a vital religious energy motivated him. But it was a cosmic religiosity, the utter opposite of anything provincial. Thus, Coltrane was able to say much more than the private utterances of some little sect can convey. Nor was his music political in any narrow sense. Instead, it was political in the manner of Plato's *Republic*.

He bore witness to the timeless agony he saw in America's south with a profound lament (*Alabama*, Impulse A-50) yet, several years later was able to play as serene a song of hope as *Welcome* (Impulse A-910). Trane's music, like all great music, transcended the immediate even while being affected by it.

Trane's career as an artist of great stature covered a period of some 12 years—from 1955 to 1967. Throughout this period, his music evolved. His was a unique voice in jazz, influencing countless others. But it was principally in the last years of his life that he showed his enormous influence on music. Consequently, they merit our central attention here.

What did John Coltrane do? First, he played the saxophone. Alto, then tenor. Later, he added soprano, and even began using bass clarinet (*Reverend King*, Impulse 9148) and flute (*To Be*, Impulse 9120). So well did he play the tenor, or at least so convincingly, that he influenced the playing of practically every living jazz saxophonist. That upper register timbre (from middle D and up), ranging from celloish to crackling stiff, shows itself in the sounds of Wayne Shorter, Charles Lloyd and Pharoah Sanders, to name but a few. Similarly, his lower register, in which the upper register seems to be lingering and trying to assert itself (hear him on *Offering*, Impulse A-9120) has influenced many; Shorter is probably the best example.

"Tone" isn't the only area in which he was influential. The very *form* of his solos is reflected in countless others. His use of triplet-sounding phrases before and after longer statements, for instance, is now part of the standard repertoire of jazz saxophone playing. Trane's employment of vocal elements has similarly found its way to the most unlikely places (e.g., the increased vocalization of the music of Lee Konitz, a brilliant innovator in his own right.)

Or consider the now occasional use of a near-scream in the lyrical playing of Stan Getz. Even here, the Coltrane influence is discernible. Trane's fusion of rhythm and melody, coupled with the impression of playing "differently than" the rhythm section, is also a contemporary practice; it has even assumed the proportions of a convention. Think for a minute: When did you last hear a contemporary saxophonist playing on top of the beat? (For those who think Trane couldn't

or didn't do this: hear him on *Stevie*; Impulse A-30).

Eddie Harris deserves the unofficial title of high-note saxophone champion. Yet it is Coltrane's style of playing the ultra-high register (an octave above high F#) that predominates on the saxophone scene. His tendency to explode these notes so they sound like five or six simultaneous notes rather than single ones is embedded in today's saxophone style. Coltrane's striations of sound have made the scene.

Coltrane's impact on saxophonists is known and obvious and if it were the only dimension of his influence, he would be merely an important instrumental stylist, affecting only players of his particular instrument(s). But his mark on music is deeper and far more subtle.

Throughout the history of jazz, the innovators, it is said, have altered the music's dominant rhythmic conception. Witness Louis Armstrong, Lester Young, Charlie Parker, and Sonny Rollins. No less than these did Trane change the prevailing rhythmic atmosphere in which he found himself. In the early days of his career as leader, even though *Giant Steps*, his rhythm sections were still employing the 4/4 of inherited concepts. But even in those early days, the seeds of a rhythmic revolution were evident. Coltrane's solos were always infused with an usual rhythmic conception. Even while the 4/4 tradition was being maintained in the rhythm section, above

it—in his solos—there was the clear indication of counter rhythm (*Countdown* and *Spiral*, both in the *Giant Steps* album).

Later, of course, he abandoned 4/4. In its place came his melody-rhythms, enunciated by the feeling of ametrical form. His solo on *Father, Son and Holy Ghost* announces to the world a new kind of swing. Near the end of that solo, his playing so logically merges with the furious drumming that the artificiality (not synonymous with "bad" or "unnecessary") of the division of melody and rhythm becomes clear, as no verbal or notational system could make it clear.

And in that "fusion" of melody and rhythm lies the basis of Trane's rhythmic innovation. Here is the basis for the long-awaited "freeing" of the rhythm section, the beginning of its melodification.

A composition's meter need not be obviously emphasized by a rhythm section (or anyone else) in order to be rhythmic, nor does the rhythm section need to punctuate every accent of a rhythmic figure for it to be felt. Trane saw this. He also saw that meter and regular rhythmic accents, even meter itself, are dispensable. Given that recognition, the freeing of the rhythm section became a distinct probability. Not free to lay out, however, but to invent—to make the "invent" cliché real. To play counter-rhythms; to simulate melody on the drums, counter-rhythms and counter-melodies on the bass.

Conversely, the melody instruments be-

RON HOWARD



came more rhythm-oriented. Every melody, by definition, is simultaneously rhythmic. An unaccompanied horn is playing a rhythm as well as a melody. On this deceptively simple principle, Trane built a new rhythmic-melodic freedom. Thus, on *Psalm* (Impulse A-77) it is possible for him to carry the lead rhythm in his melodic saxophone playing, while Elvin Jones, Jimmy Garrison and McCoy Tyner build differently but in the same direction.

This concern is reflected in all of Trane's recordings from, roughly, *Love Supreme* on. *Ogunde* (Impulse A-9120) is perhaps the most complete statement of his success with the rhythm-melody elements of music. And since Trane's explorations into the unswinging (according to some critics) grounds of ametrical and unusual rhythm, jazz has experienced a rhythmic transformation. 4/4, 3/4, 2/4, and bossa nova have not disappeared but along with them exist the possibilities charted by Coltrane. Yes, these possibilities existed before him, but it was his actual employment of them that brought them to concrete realization.

Ira Gitler aptly named one stage of Coltrane's harmonic development "sheets of sound". At that juncture, Trane played the notes of various chord changes in such rapid succession as to effect a linear, layered sound. Interesting as this sometimes was, he moved on to different chordal approaches. *Giant Steps* (Atlantic 1311) indicates one of these: His interest in the interval, both harmonic and melodic.

Shortly after, in *Coltrane Jazz* (Atlantic 1354) he experimented with the possibility of playing chords, not merely single-note chord fragments, on the saxophone. Extremely fruitful was that experimentation, for though he did not long continue this particular harmonic line, one of its results—the "harmonic", or the "exploding note", as I call it—remained with him to his last days.

The passionate high register climaxes of *Love Supreme* are those exploding harmonic notes reworked, refined, sophisticated and integrated. But there they are in a different form, in *Harmonique* (Atlantic 1354), played a few thousand hours earlier.

Those stages, while original, were more or less conventional: they were based on existing if unrealized or unused concepts of chordal structure and modulation.

In the last few years of his life, Coltrane made a radical and innovative (not to equate the two) departure from the harmonic traditions of jazz. At the *down beat Jazz Festival* in Chicago in August, 1965, Coltrane unveiled this new stage. While everyone expected him to play something from the *Love Supreme* album, which had been called his crowning masterpiece, he instead did a 45-minute set of non-stop "avant garde" music with Archie Shepp.

It was a shock—for critics and audience alike. After some time, the drummer, pianist and bassist walked off stage. The two tenors, now played unaccompanied—except by each other. Two saxophones in tandem; bleating, screeching, wailing and growling. If there was any chordal or other strictly "conventional" basis, it was impossible to discern.

Though he had played in this manner earlier, that festival set was the public signal for the start of another Coltrane era. (Ironically, singer Joe Williams followed with a conventional version of *What's New?*)

From now on, Trane was officially into a new thing. He had embraced the idea of the

superiority of melody over traditional harmony. Solos (his own and the sidemen's) hereafter would be hung on melodic rather than harmonic structures.

This did not "kill" chordal playing, but it did once again place the emphasis on melody. Always in jazz, melody has been the concern of the soloist. But before, improvised melody was constructed on the chord structures. Now, melody would be improvised from melody. Chords would still be used, but always in reference to melody—assuming, actually, a very old role played long ago in classical Western music.

The difference between the earlier and later roles, though, is that in Trane's new music, the chords would no longer be allowed to predominate improvisational thinking. Coltrane was moving away from this predominance. With this renewed interest in melody, logically, went interest in rhythm, and in the sound and color values of individual notes.

Result: the fantastic striations of sound (some musicologists might call them overtones) that Trane twisted from his horns in his

most jazz musicians. Opinions may differ about its extent, but none will deny its existence. It can be pointed out that he has also had an influence on rock.

It is irrelevant if the Beatles ever heard John Coltrane. It is important that some three years before they impacted on the American scene, Trane was already playing *India*. Four years after their first success, the Beatles transiently flirted with the music of Ravi Shankar, and an overnight cult sprang up. A sitar solo was even grafted onto a Beatles tune. The closing refrain of *No Time* by The Guess Who is remarkably similar in form to the repetitive device Trane used in so many of his solos. *Vehicle* by the Ides of March sounds embarassingly like a slightly altered lift from *Blue Trane*.

The power to excite has become a rock characteristic. *No Time* is one example. In its attempt to be more "emotive", rock has adopted techniques—repetition, dynamic and timbral modulation, ascending melodies, for instance—to enhance its excitatory powers. If "hypnotic" is not a suitable adjective for Coltrane's later music, then certainly excitatory



RYUICHIRO MAEDA

later recordings; striations blown to underlying cross-currents of ametrical rhythm and counter-melodies.

Today, the effect of this last stage of Coltrane is particularly evident. Disposing of chords, or relegating them to a secondary function, is a commonplace. The corresponding emphasis on melodic improvisation is also clearly felt, especially in the playing of Pharoah Sanders and other avant-garde musicians.

The influence of John Coltrane on today's jazz is so huge that it is impossible to fully document it in a book, let alone an article. Pointing to broad areas is all that can be done. Those "vocalized" horns you hear; the feeling of ametrical and poly-rhythms; those droning basses; the solos built on a four-note figure; the pandemoniously-voiced saxophones and archaic feeling—all these were in Coltrane's music. Even the wide intervallic leaps heard in Miles Davis' *Bitches Brew* were explored by Trane—in about 1962, on *Giant Steps*. (In fairness, Miles had also utilized them, exquisitely, on *Kind of Blue*, some four years earlier. Coltrane was on that date.)

Coltrane's influence is readily admitted by

must be acceptable. Even the most recalcitrant among his critics agree to that.

Of course, it can't be proven with certainty that there is a direct Coltrane influence on rock. By the admissions of its own exponents, rock of necessity had to look elsewhere for impetus, and jazz was hardly the least of the many areas where it sought inspiration. Among jazz artists in a position to be widely influential, Coltrane is certainly a ranking name.

If we grant that jazz is "serious" music, then obviously Coltrane has affected serious music. But to claim that he has influenced so-called serious music outside jazz would be premature. More profitably, we might look at Coltrane's music and see how it relates to the "serious" varieties.

Coltrane pushed jazz still further away from the social dance forms. His irregular rhythms made conventional dancing to his music a preposterous proposition. Choreographed dancing might be possible, of course, but then, this has also been done to the music of Schoenberg. The issue is not, however, whether Trane's music lends itself to choreo-

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FESTIVAL FOCUS: NEW ORLEANS '71

by
Paul
Lentz

Heritage Festival

The "Heritage" portion of the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival has gained momentum since its inception a few years ago, and while still a bit ragged around the edges, it should grow as an important phase of the total proceedings.

Held each afternoon in Beauregard Square, (ne Congo Square) a park-like setting adjacent to the Municipal Auditorium, the Heritage Festival offered a compendium of jazz-rooted musical styles. Mythology alleges that "it all started here" and while that may be a romantic misconception, re-naming the square after yet another of the ubiquitous confederate generals is irritating.

A *Jambalaya* of city and country blues, Cajun, bluegrass, gospel, early rock 'n roll and jazz was presented daily, along with parades and performances by one or more of the famous New Orleans street bands, during a five-hour period each afternoon. There were always at least two groups on the various stages.

While sipping a cold beer and munching on some local delicacy like crawfish, boiled shrimp, or a po'boy sandwich, you can amble about the square, and if one sort of music is not to your liking, move on to something better.

It was impossible to cover all the afternoon activities, but individual performers and groups were notable for one reason or another. One pleasant surprise was the New Orleans Ragtime Orchestra. Drawing perhaps the largest crowds was an early rock 'n' roller of some fame, Professor Longhair, who contributed mightily to the general aura of good-feeling.

In the blues department, Snooks Eaglin and Roosevelt Sykes were standouts. Visually, the Mardi Gras Indians, a black Carnival group in some of the most exquisite costumes imaginable (all hand-sewn by the male members of the group) provided colorful counterpoint to the musical festivities, while Willie Tee, a good jazzman who is trying for contemporary appeal, sounded particularly good on his original *Dew Racquel*.

James Rivers, a synthesis of a host of influences, is a Roland Kirk bag. The eclectic's electric, he ranges from Hank Crawford-influenced alto to flute, tenor, soprano, bagpipes, whistles and exceedingly down-home harmonica. He is also a telling vocalist and certainly a musical phenomenon. Given a chance to appear outside the New Orleans area, and he'd tear things up—I've seen him stop enough shows here to know what he could do elsewhere. It's a shame that he wasn't around on one of the drearier evenings to liven things up.

Two brass bands are worthy of special note. The Olympia Brass Band (augmented thanks to George Wein) was playing a \$1 student concert inside the jammed-to-capacity Municipal Auditorium. I

caught the start of the last number from outside and thought James Brown was in town. I haven't seen such youthful enthusiasm since *Soul Bowl* and it was a delight to see that it was the Olympia that was generating it.

Another winner was the Fairview Baptist Church Christian Band. The young members of this band, ranging from 9 to 14, played an assortment of beat-up instruments and grabbed the crowd each time they paraded around the square. Formed recently by Danny Barker, the group includes two members of the fourth generation of Barbarins, carrying on the drum traditions of famed ancestors Paul and Louis. Almost everyone in the band has a famous jazz relative. The group not only developed a substantial second line, but also a formidable augmented front line—something rarely seen. A fine sight was Barker strutting along with honorary Grand Marshall Dizzy Gillespie and a host of kids. In a city where the preservationists reign supreme, this bit of living, youthful, enthusiastic "preservation" deserves special praise. It is unfortunate that moldy-fig-ism in New Orleans is sometimes more concerned with preserving beat-up trumpets in air-conditioned showcases than with aiding the *living* preservation of tradition by *encouraging* young people to play the music so close to the city's heart. As a consequence, Danny has had to go it pretty much alone, with almost no jazz community support. Danny Barker, beautiful man that he is, is the Pied Piper of New Orleans.

Aboard the S.S. President

From the beginning, the boat ride aboard the S. S. *President* has kicked off the New Orleans Jazz Festival. From the beginning, the event has been a turn-away, and from the beginning Pete Fountain has been its star attraction.

This year was no exception. The sounds of both the Fountain and Cottrell sets, and the Louis Cottrell groups are worth hearing anytime, but the sound system was the worst in memory. This year, in addition to the antiquated system aboard the creaky steamer, one three-foot supplemental speaker was placed first on the bandstand, then on the second deck, and then, for all I know, finally thrown overboard to be swallowed by a giant Mississippi catfish now confounding his brothers with the sparks jumping from his whiskers.

Sparks of another sort were flying during both the Fountain and Cottrell sets, and the juxtaposition of the two clarinetists provided fascinating musical contrast.

Opening with *Clarinet Marmalade*, the Fountain band went into *Do You Know What it Means to Miss New Orleans* with a fine, Teagardenish Jack Delaney solo. A romping *High Society* displayed the group's ensemble work—an area that the Fountain band particularly excels in. The group has an unusually full sound. Basically big-band oriented, the brasses blowing riffs behind Fountain, Miller and the rhythm, the clarinetist's latest approach may be the most interesting he has yet taken.

Part of the reason has to be veteran tenorist Eddie Miller, a man whose joyful humanity projects radiantly. It is apparent that the two reedmen have formed a mutual admiration society.

Tin Roof Blues featured an excellent Fountain solo, an equally fine one by Miller, and a trumpet spot by Mike Serpas, a more mod-

ern-flavored Orleanian with a great tone and a sound that could readily be heard without amplification. *Spain* is a Miller showcase, and the bad sound system couldn't deter from the lyrical beauty of his tenor work.

The Cottrell group opened with a bouncy *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans* providing an opportunity to compare two distinctive clarinet styles and two valid approaches to music.

Fountain's tone, while obviously not a copy, reflects Benny Goodman in tone and attack. Cottrell maintains more of the traditional New Orleans liquidity. Fountain stretches out on most of his selections, while Cottrell confines himself to shorter statements, *Dixieland One Step* featured fine solos by Paul Barnes and Frog Waldron, and then Alvin Alcorn took his.

While a traditionalist, this fine player has another trumpeter in the family—his son Sam. Sam, of course, tends to go a little modern when occasion allows. It seems that a little of the son's "new thing" has rubbed off on dad, and it's a delight to hear. Dave "Fat Man" William's piano could be heard throughout, backing the group with full chording and delicious short runs. Louis Barbarin was a delight throughout; with plenty of that bottom sound that makes the New Orleans drum style unique, he effortlessly propelled the group throughout the evening. Through the hot and slightly damp ride, the 70-year-old drummer didn't raise one bead of perspiration.

The closing *That's A Plenty* features a fine Placide Adams solo and a Barbarin finish which brings the crowd to its feet for a standing ovation. This is the first real response from a basically white, past-middle-age audience.

It's a shame that by and large they weren't listening to what was going on. Maybe they just came for the boat ride—or to take a picture of Fountain to show the folks back home in Oshkosh.

Thursday Night

Aanto Pecora and his Tailgate Ramblers opened the evening proceedings. This year, two of the evening performances were held, cabaret style, in the ballrooms of two of the city's major hotels.

There are inherent advantages and disadvantages to such an arrangement. The nightclub-like setting, with a readily available supply of liquid refreshments and cozy tables for eight to ten people, provides the informal atmosphere generally best suited for jazz listening. Offsetting this was the limited seating capacity (in this instance, about 1200), and a flat seating arrangement which made it difficult to view the stage. The ideal jazz setting is yet to be found.

Santo Pecora's group opened with a brisk *Bourbon Street Parade* which featured some excellent Sam Alcorn double-tonguing in the trumpet solo passages. *Closer Walk* and *Georgia On My Mind* featured effective interplay between clarinetists Tony Mitchell and Andy Moses. *Cabaret* brought tap dancer Pork Chops on stage. While this wasn't like the Apollo Theater in its heyday, the number was well executed and the audience loved it. Pecora, still a very fine trombonist, was heard too little on his set, but Alcorn performed with brilliance.

The Porgy Jones 4 opened with a smoky

Close Your Eyes, showing the trumpeter's Hubbard influence. The group followed with a haunting *Yesterdays*. Germaine Bazzile sang a brisk *But Not For Me*, then did *People* in a mannered, affected delivery, which marred her considerable skills. Her forte is scattling, and on an up-tempo blues, her muted trombone-like effects were brilliant. If she would loosen up on the ballads and allow her charm to peep through, her effectiveness would be greatly improved. As it is, she's very good. The audience was not particularly responsive to the group. Jones is a very fine trumpeter and has an excellent rhythm section, but this was simply a little too hip for a basically traditionalist audience.

The Armand Hug Trio opened with a perky *Sweet Georgia Brown*, which in addition to the pianist's happy treatment, featured very good drum work by Dave Oxley (a one-time Bessie Smith accompanist), who also delivered a vocal which would have pleased Fats Waller. The group then did *Smooth Sailing* and a surprising *Milestones*, after which Bobby Hackett made his entrance. From his opening appearance with Hug to the closer on Saturday night with the Kid Ory group, he was a brick throughout. *Sister Kate* featured another good Oxley vocal, and Hackett, without any of the sweetness that sometimes afflicts his recordings with strings, embellished like a master scroll-designer in the background.

Hug came back with a *Little Rock Getaway* that did justice to Joe Sullivan. At this point, Wein introduced Kid Ory, and the Kid, who at 84 probably considered himself lucky he survived the plane trip from Hawaii, said he was glad to be back in New Orleans and was looking forward to playing on Saturday night. Then he and Hackett embraced, while the band played (of course) *Muskrat Ramble*. That little piece of promotional business out of the way, Hackett rendered a perhaps prophetic *Someday You'll be Sorry* to close the set.

Then Wein brought out the Tomasso Family—what might be termed Britain's answer to Craig Hundley.

With Papa Ernie on clarinet and 14-year-old Peter on piano, the star is 9-year-old Rico Tomasso. He did a fine impersonation of Armstrong in *Sleepy Time Down South*, complete with vocal and handkerchief brow moppings. Then, with BBC enunciation, he said "and now, I'd like to play *Liebestraum*, the way I think Louis would play it." The number came off well. Jolly, smashing!

The old vaudeville admonition went: "never follow a kid or an animal act." But Albert French and his group of Original Tuxedo Band oldsters were unafraid. *Bourbon Street Parade* was again used for openers, with no deuces wild, but excellent Jack Willis trumpet throughout and fine banjo by French. *Sunday* featured tasty Willis plunger work with muted Hackett in the background. In the middle of a piano solo by Jeanette Kimball, Wein interrupted the proceedings with what has to be the tongue-in-cheek award winner of the year.

"Folks," he said, "You've got to hear the greatest trombonist—I've ever heard!" And with that, Lou Sino, a Las Vegas refugee from Louis Prima's band, was on stage blaring *Basin Street Blues*. Seldom going beyond the instruments first position, he made up in sheer volume for what he lacked in taste. Had Ringling Brothers been in town, the elephants would have stampeded. The vocal matched

the trombone playing. *Struttin' With Some Barbecue* was more of the same, except that the trombonist's face grew redder. When a lovely magenta shade was reached, the proceedings came to an apoplectic halt. Deciding that his talents could better be used as stage director and bandleader, Sino proceeded to direct the band, and in particular Bobby Hackett.

Hackett, always the gentleman, courteously went along with this strange piece of business, but it became apparent that the proceedings were distasteful not only to the musicians, but also to the audience. At the close, a small coterie of Sino supporters attempted to manufacture a standing ovation. Fifteen people, in a crowd of 1100, couldn't do it, and he bombed on the dimensions of Hiroshima. Undismayed, he attempted some additional upstaging from a ringside table before finally deciding to leave.

Back on stage, the band got back to good taste, manners—and jazz. It was a striking contrast to Sino's jive.



The Tomasso Family: Father Ernie, clarinet; Peter (14), piano; and Ernie (9), trumpet and vocal.

The concluding ensemble was the Black Eagle Jazz Band, comprised mostly of Harvard graduate students led by clarinetist Tommy Sancton. The band recreated selections from the George Lewis, King Oliver and Hot Five repertoire usually at hell-for-leather tempos. A very up *Weary Blues* featured some fine cup mute trumpet work by Tony Pringle, with Sancton's Lewis-derived clarinet soaring. King Oliver's *Snake Rag* allowed drummer Cornelius Pameyer to show his good wood-block stuff.

I have mixed sentiments about groups such as this. Better than average musicians, their skill in reproducing the sounds of another era was accurate—to a fault. And there lies the rub. I have the feeling that had there been cracks in the records they listened to, they'd have played them, too. But reconstructions rather than *copies* would have allowed the players to express *their* individuality. This crucial difference is what made the New Orleans Ragtime Orchestra stand out.

The Black Eagles also featured a young miss, Bonnie Bagley, singing in a Billie Holiday-Bessie Smith style. She had fine stage presence, opening with *Nobody Knows You*

When You're Down and Out, a Bessie Smith imitation, and trying to be Billie Holiday on *God Bless The Child*. Tangling with giants of that magnitude *has* to invite comparison, and I know of few singers who wouldn't be on dangerous ground making such attempts. *Closer Walk* indicated that she had a good voice and just might be an interesting singer. Someday, I hope she chooses a tune of her own, and sings Bonnie Bagley.

Friday Night

Murphy Campo's group opened the Friday series with an express version of *Somebody Stole My Gal*, followed by a faster than usual *Tin Roof Blues*, and a flag-waving *Bourbon Street Parade*, which could have done without trumpeter Campo's vocal, but generated warm audience approval.

Bill Bailey began with another Campo vocal, then a baritone excursion by Oscar David, followed by some excellent trombone by Al Hermann, whose playing throughout was of a

high order. *Bailey* segued into a galloping *Saints*, climaxed by a tasteless machine-gun drum solo. Both Campo and the preceding evening's warm-up group used Fender bassists, and the glung-glung sound is inappropriate for traditional or Dixie groups.

Campo is a forceful trumpeter capable of generating a good deal of excitement, but he tends to operate on one level, and thus limits himself. Still, they were a good crew for the tough job of opening the evening's agenda.

The Ronnie Kole trip provided one of the pleasant surprises of what (excluding the Trumpet Choir on Saturday) was the best evening of the series. The trio has on occasion made forays into pop, but on this night, they came to play jazz.

St. Louis Blues, starting at a slow tempo, then doubling after the first chorus, featured a clean, bright, bass solo by Everett Link and included brilliant arco passages before Dickie Taylor showed what a drum solo is all about. Both sidemen have been with Kole for some time, and it shows. Kole, to his credit, gives ample space and spotlight to his sidemen. His Jamalesque *Willow Weep For Me* said hello to Garner along the way and was a delight.

Though the sources are basically Jamal and Garner, with Ramsey Lewis undertones, they spell Kole.

The Al Belletto Quartet opened with a brisk *Perdido* featuring a stunning Richie Payne solo. Belletto, burning from the start, traded fours, eights and 16s with John Vidacovich, a young drummer with a considerable future. The altoist then hit *Summertime*, starting at a medium slow tempo, then hydramatically shifting gears to medium-up and cooking with a loose swing, sparkling Norris Stohman piano behind. A young singer with the intriguing name of Angelle Trosclair, the latest in a series of Belletto discoveries (such as Vidacovich and Stohman) opened with a fast *Broadway*, followed by *Please Save Your Love For Me*, with beautiful Belletto filigrees in the background. He does a great job of backing a singer . . . his work could serve as a model.

Then Miss Trosclair did a short version of the Miller High Life theme, in honor of the brewing company which partly underwrote this and the preceding New Orleans Jazz Festivals. Surprisingly, the audience re-sounded with a loud and cheerful round of applause.

A very fast *I Love You More Than Yesterday* was the closer, becoming a bit strident in the upper register and going slightly out of kilter at one point. But Angelle just turned 21, and great jazz singers are not developed in a day. She has a good voice and true jazz leanings, somewhat reminiscent of Anita O'Day, especially in terms of her "edge" on up-tempo numbers. It is a tribute to Al that he finds talented young people, gives them ample space to work, and is enthusiastic about their talents.

The New Orleans Ragtime Orchestra was introduced by Tulane jazz archivist Dick Allen, who put a great deal of effort into the festival, and who is one of the few of his breed conversant with the total jazz spectrum.

Opening with *Grace and Beauty*, the orchestra provided a stunning contrast to the Belletto group's modern approach. The sound of the group gets is that of a slightly wheezy, old-time carousel, thoroughly delightful, and the arrangements and selections are intriguing: *Ragtime Dave*, *Blame it on the Blues*, *Maryland*, *My Maryland*, a rarely heard *Purple Rose of Cairo*, (the title conjuring up visions of Sidney Greenstreet and Bogart) Scott Joplin's *New Rag*; the lovely *Creole Belles*.

The selections varied in tempo and approach, and Lars Edegran's re-working are masterful.

The instrumentation is that of a traditional jazz group plus violin, the latter in the hands of the man largely responsible for the revival of traditional jazz, Bill Russell, who looks like an exceedingly hip and benign Ben Franklin. The addition of the violin, plus Edegran's arrangements, creates the group's unique sound. If Rahsaan Roland Kirk comes to town again, I'm going to try to see that he hears the group. I think he'll be knocked out.

Kid Thomas, though on the sick list recently, performed creditably in his segment; a Thomas on five or six cylinders is still very much worth hearing. With *Panama*, the group dropped a blockbuster, the trumpeter growling his message to the faithful. With a rousing Louis Nelson trombone solo and outstanding rhythm support, the group swung out, full force.

Tin Roof Blues, with stinging Thomas attack, brought cries of more, but at this point Sweet Emma Barrett made her way onstage to do *None of This Jelly Roll* and *Bill Bailey*. Emma is another of those New Orleans anachronisms which the local audience, comprised largely of white old-time freaks, digs. But I find little that is emotionally appealing in her selections or delivery.

Thomas returned with *Tiger Rag*, with an especially appealing vocal. The finale broke things up with Thomas, standing atop a chair, sounding like his growling, gutsy self of old.

Belletto's group came back to play hosts to none other than Dizzy Gillespie, and what followed was the highlight of the evening. Diz got into a soft *Hucklebuck*, Richie Payne providing a burning bass line behind him. Then, Bobby Hackett made his entrance at mid-way, tossing cascaded riffs to the wind, and taking a gem of a 32-bar solo, matched by Dizzy's 32. With Gillespie stretching out, and Hackett and Belletto filling in the details of the background, things were off to a very pleasant start.

But out front, another activity was taking place. A large number of the sort of jazz fans this city prides itself on began to leave the ballroom. Within a few minutes, nearly half of the near capacity audience had split. Had they remained, they would have heard some very beautiful music, and possibly their minds might have been opened just a crack.

On stage, Belletto's group is smoking, Bobby's solo earns a kiss on the cheek from Gillespie, and with the houselights now dim, and an extra spot on the group, they get into a blowing session right out of the best of JATP. There are some remaining bad vibes in the house, and for his second number, Dizzy calls *I Can't Get Started With You*, with a whispered Stohman introduction. Gillespie is as lyrically soft and gentle as I've ever heard him, and the beauty and humanity of the man emerge in the floating, drifting bubbles of strung-together notes.

Completing his solo, he nods to Hackett, and says "Now I want you to play." Hackett's response is "You want me to follow that?", but his own solo is on the same ethereal level. The ending is provided by George Wein, who takes over at the piano during the number, and furnishes a lovely conclusion.

Diz counts off an up-tempo, harmon-muted *In A Mellotone*, with Hackett open, and striking brushwork by Vidacovich. People hop tables to get closer to what's happening. What comes next is George Wein's vocal on *No-Loves You When You're Down and Out*, done with charm and minus any pathos. George showed a lot more soul than many vocalists I've heard. Gillespie and rhythm go into a springy *I Remember April*, and Hackett interposes a haunting *I Cover the Waterfront* to close this memorable set. The combination of Hackett and Gillespie was perfect. As for the people who walked out, maybe they didn't deserve something this good!

Saturday Night

The major difficulty of the festival program was centered around the absence of Louis Armstrong. He was, of course, more than just the top name on a list of attractions, and the city was set for an extravagant homecoming tribute to the man who took the New Orleans story around the world.

George Wein placed the dilemma in its

proper perspective, when, at a press conference preceding the festival, he stated: "Louis Armstrong is not just a great jazz musician; he happens to be one of the great men of this century." Whoever had to try to fill those shoes was in a very difficult position. Had Louis been there, the inclusion of octogenarian Kid Ory would have added a sort of *This Is Your Life* nostalgia to the program. But in his absence, the burden of stardom was placed on Ory's ancient shoulders. Ory split the city in 1919, and didn't return until Wein booked him for the program. He was a disappointment.

There was, however, a high point in the Saturday events, and it occurred in a segment that had been put together as the misnamed New Orleans Trumpet Choir. New Orleans has always been a trumpet players town, from the days of Buddy Bolden, Freddie Keppard, King Oliver, Bunk Johnson . . . The Trumpet Choir was the shimmering highlight of an event that suffered from a dreary finish.

Frank Assunto's Dukes of Dixieland opened with a straight-ahead *Royal Garden Blues*. Then came a beautiful Don Ewell intro to *Black and Blue*, followed by a romping *High Society* and a masterful rendition of *New Orleans*, again with sparkling Ewell and featuring Assunto's Spanish moss fluegelhorn and vocal. *Bourbon Street Parade* was one of the best renditions I've heard, and Paul Barbarin would have been pleased. Drummer Freddie Kohlman was a parade all by himself. Substitute bassist Chuck Badie handled business exceptionally well all evening.

Assunto is a master showman, a very good musician, and one of the few good male jazz vocalists around. It's a shame he has to carry the Dukes monicker; to those not aware of what he is capable of, the band name hangs like an albatross around his neck. Someday, some smart producer will consider Frank for a summer TV series. I think he'd be a hit.

Following the Dukes was the Galvanized Washboard Band, with comedian Woody Allen on clarinet. Allen, who comes from the George Lewis school, plays for the joy of it, doesn't pretend to be the greatest and doesn't get in the way, which is good enough. All the band's numbers are very up-tempo, *When You and I Were Young*, *Maggie* and *Alligator Crawl*, among them. The band is a study in contrasts. The rhythm is monotonously chunky, Julie Hovey's teaspoons on washboard clinking along in a single rhythmic pattern. But tubaist Art Hovey sounds much like a good walking bass. The leaping alto of Noel Kaletsky, along with some good plunger work by Freddie Vigorito, places the band at least a notch above the Ruby Red Pizza Parlor Style currently in vogue in some circles, and Kaletsky is outstanding.

Sharkey Bonano and his Kings of Dixieland presented a mixed bag which included *Farewell*, *Chimes* and *Tin Roof Blues*, along with the ubiquitous *Bill Bailey* and *Mack the Knife*, featuring Sharkey vocals. The set was typical Bonano, complete with bumps and grinds.

The New Orleans Trumpet Choir proved that there are still some exceptional musicians playing the instrument in this town. Opening the program was Alvin Alcorn, who at 58 is a more modern player than one might expect, with a full, fine tone. With just the Ewell-Badie-Kohlman rhythm section in sup-

port, his *Bill Bailey* put the old chestnut in a new light. He followed with a *Basin Street Blues*, a straight-forward and affectionate tribute to Armstrong.

Because of a hassle at the club where he works, Wallace Davenport arrived at the auditorium three minutes before he was due on stage. You'd never have known it though. He had you the moment he walked out on stage. The epitome of self-composure, Wallace stepped to the mike and softly dedicated his work to Louis Armstrong. "Who I consider the father of all trumpet jazz players."

The first chorus of *Tin Roof Blues*, played in the extreme low register (C# below the staff) and with a full, rich, beautiful tone was mesmerizing. The second featured Davenport's whisper-soft, haunting approach. The amplifier attendants, not aware of what was going on, boosted the sound toward the end, thus diminishing the effect—but the impact was still staggering. Davenport plays softly better than *anyone* I've heard. A stunning

and joined Punch in *You Can Depend On Me* with fine background shadings. *Cross My Heart*, with a Louis-tinged vocal by Miller, concluded the set.

With Hackett remaining, Wein took Ewell's piano chair and polished off a charming *You're Lucky To Me*, and then, midway through *Sunny Side of the Street*, announced: "Here comes the master himself: Dizzy Gillespie!" With a snappy salute to Hackett, Gillespie cried "Carry On!" and they did, with Bobby serving up a very tasty dish of *Cornet Chop Suey* with some condiments in the form of dazzling runs and stop-time segments. Badie furnished the desert with a whipped-cream bass solo.

Dizzy got into *Limelight Blues* from the inside with his most strongly bop-flavored offerings of the festival, trading choruses with Ewell, who returned to the stand. *I've Got A Right To Sing The Blues* is the closer. Hackett and Diz at intertwining slow tempo; the leafy green tendrils of the Hackett obbligato

fairness, Ory was probably very tired; he hadn't played in quite some time, and not too much should be expected from *any* horn man in his age bracket. But no human projection shone through, no joy in making the appearance.

The sidemen all did yeoman work, and Ed Garland was delightful to hear. The closer was *Big Butter and Egg Man*, and in comparison to Friday's finale, this was a bummer. The 1971 New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival stumbled to a close and finished with a resounding THUD!

Perhaps that's just as well. Without going into the politics of New Orleans jazz (that would require a book) the 1971 session might well be the turning point in these activities. With few stars—Hackett and Gillespie were the only imported major-leaguers—and without any big bands (national, collegiate or the local high school—even the group which was good enough to be invited to Montreux, couldn't make it across the river); without a name vocalist or group, the event managed to break even, and maybe made a buck or two.

That leaves plenty of room for improvement, and George Wein, given a free rein, *does* know how to put a better show together. Next year, a doubled entertainment budget will change the format and the festival will move to the Rivergate, a splendid convention center which is acoustically far superior to the impossible Municipal Auditorium. Also, there will be some attractions for the black community which constitutes half the city's population. There were few such this year, and as a consequence, the audience was always better than 95% white.

If Wein can unite the weird factions which form in anything this city undertakes, next year's festival may just be one of the great ones. Also, the ultra-traditionalists now have shown what they can produce in terms of an audience (a maximum of 3,500 people) and will be less able to foist their limited conception of jazz on the festival.

Further, and more importantly, jazz is very alive and well in New Orleans. Alive and well in the loving hands and hearts of men like Danny Barker, teaching the great traditions of the music to the kids; in men like Dick Allen (and when will he *teach* at a university?), who, while tending to the archives, are also aware of and in love with *living* jazz; in the Al Belletos, who keep encouraging the talent emerging from the universities, and in a host of others—young and old, traditional and progressive. That bodes well for the future.

Eventually, they'll get that monument to Louis Armstrong, but there is a living monument to that great man already, and I think Pops will be glad to hear about it: New Orleans is still a great trumpet players' town. From the older men like Punch Miller and Kid Thomas Valentine, through men in the summer of their years like Alvin Alcorn and Thomas Jefferson, to youngsters like Porgy Jones, Mike Serpas and Sam Clark, they make this *the great trumpet city*. And Wallace Davenport, if he maintains his present pace and is given the right exposure, may prove to be one of the finest this city has ever produced.

They all know Pops here, and they play with respect—and great love—for the greatest there ever was. 



JACK BRADLEY

Kid Ory (center) receiving citation from Mayor's representative (second from right) as Don Ewell, Bobby Hackett and producer George Wein look on.

Don Ewell solo added greatly to the total impact.

For the out chorus, the trumpeter ignored the microphones and the lush, brilliant sound permeated the auditorium. When the hypnotic spell was finally broken, the audience burst into applause.

Milenberg Joys started "inside" for the first chorus, then went into a Milesian second chorus, climaxed by a bold out chorus that defies description: Just think of all the superlatives in your vocabulary. There were cries of more!, but Wallace, with too much dignity to milk an audience, went to far stage left, bowed from the waist, gave a big smile, and departed. He is one of the great ones.

Punch Miller followed a tough act. With clarinetist Ray Burke and bassist Emmanuel Sayles added to the backup band, he opened with some slightly "dirty" Chicago effects on the out chorus, which the crowd dug. *Exactly Like You* featured Punch and a lovely, fluttering Burke solo. With half a rubber factory keeping his old Albert system horn together, he is a joy to watch as he goes into his little waltz up to the microphone.

Bobby Hackett came on during this number

tentatively outstretched before finally clutching the vigorous Gillespie vines—a perfect closer.

The Tommaso Family comes back for a repeat of their Thursday performance, and then it is the Kid Ory group on stage, supplemented by west coast compatriot Ed Garland. *La Bas* opened (Ory had rehearsed a different group of selections, but once onstage, for some reason threw them to the wind; needless to say, this confused things) with an Ory vocal, but no solos.

Reports indicate the trombonist was playing fairly well during rehearsals, but he apparently ran out of gas during the long stage wait. (He was difficult to hear even in the ensemble passages.) Both Thomas Jefferson and Ray Burke acquitted themselves well.

Bill Bailey (for what seemed like the 90th time) had a fine Hackett solo, and I believe Bobby saved the day during the Ory set, jumping in to fill the breach when the Kid fell apart, and filling what might have been some glaring holes in the missed solos and parts. The opening bars of *Muskrat Ramble* naturally received a big hand, but again there was no trombone and only an indifferent vocal. In all

Impressions of the American College Jazz Festival

by Colleen Forster and Chuck Suber

Colleen Forster plays alto sax in the jazz lab band at Wisconsin State University at Eau Claire. She plays well and is sensitive to what goes on about her. Since a college jazz festival is essentially for and by students, we think it apt that a sensitive, student jazz player give his (in this case, her) impressions of the festival, the music, and the musicians. From time to time I add comments and details (in italics) from my point of view. Jazz festivals lasting five performances over three days, involving over 300 student players, seven professionals, the national press, and people from the worlds of education and music, produce all manner of viewpoints. There is no hearing it all. There is no seeing it all. But this is some of what impressed Colleen Forster. — C.S.

Friday Evening

Band: Champaign Central High School, Dick Dunscomb, director. **Combo:** Neo-Classic Jazz Quintet, Univ. of New Mexico (Albuquerque). **Vocalist:** Alice Mallory, Stephen F. Austin State College (Nacogdoches, Tex.). **Band:** North Texas State Univ. (Denton), Leon Breeden, director. Intermission. **Soloist:** Al Cohn, tenor sax, backed by the Univ. of Illinois combo, with invited soloist, Albert Wing (Cerritos College, Norwalk, Cal.). **Soloist:** Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet, with Lalo Schiffrin conducting the Univ. of Illinois Jazz Band in Schiffrin's suite, *Gillespiana*.

We unloaded and checked into our dorms hurriedly. We didn't want to miss hearing the North Texas band, the big attraction of the festival for us. We slipped in the Great Hall as the Neo-Classic Quintet was performing. It sounded very much like a Gary Burton group; the vibist leader was the strongest player and the composer of most of the group's material.

Vocalist Alice Mallory was good, with a voice similar to Nancy Wilson, rich-textured and vibrant.

Then wham! The North Texas lab band came on and played up a storm. Playing all student compositions, they were probably the tightest band I've ever heard. However, the similarity of style of the compositions was disappointing, as was the lack of spontaneity of the soloists. All the players seemed to be giants of proficiency without getting personally involved. Maybe their trip was taking its toll. They finished strong with a fine chart, *Liferaft Earth* by Butch Nordal. The house came to its feet with a standing ovation.

Miss Forster missed hearing a fine Champaign high school band which had been chosen to perform as a result of its performance at the Chicagoland High School Jazz Festival (Oak Lawn, Ill.) in February.

Miss Mallory was good. She is fortunate in attending Stephen Austin as it is, as far as I know, the only school in the U.S. teaching jazz vocal for credit. Gene Hall, the man who started all this school jazz, is the head of the music department at Austin and is responsible for its innovative programs.

The musicianship of North Texas is impeccable but, it is true, the band generally lacks the warmth and swing feeling that is endemic to jazz. I suspect that the performances of the black musicians from Texas Southern, Malcolm X, and Southern Univ. will have a good effect on North Texas—and vice versa.

Al Cohn came on after intermission. I had first heard him at the Midwest CJF six weeks before and now, again, he delivered with his special kind of aplomb. His solos marked the most apparent difference between pro and

student. When Albert Wing joined Cohn on the final number of the set, the audience really warmed up. The reaction from many was "And he's a freshman?!" He seemed to me to have reached the point where he can do the be-bop solo which everyone is working toward as well as making the final, hardest step of making music of what might otherwise be mechanical.

At first, the Lalo Schiffrin *Gillespiana* was really exciting. Dizzy Gillespie himself started out strong but seemed to get tired of it as the piece progressed. Alto player Howie Smith (Univ. of Illinois) wailed on his solos and seemed to get a lift from playing with Dizzy. As for the suite, after the first three or four movements, I was ready for it to end.

"Gillespiana" did show its age (it was premiered in 1960). Schiffrin told me that there are several things in it he wished he could change, and he added, there are some things that pleasantly surprise him. Dizzy was the master, as always. He was typically gracious,



CURT BEAMER

COLLEEN FORSTER

stepping back into shadow whenever Howie Smith was soloing.

Saturday Morning

Dave Baker's improvisation clinic in the morning was one of the high points of the festival. Even though I had seen him conduct such a clinic several weeks before, I had the feeling, and still do, that he would never do the same clinic twice. His clinic was fresh, entertaining and relevant. One particular thing he said stayed with me. He compared the player who doesn't listen to records because he doesn't want to use clichés with the man who looks for a cure for cancer and goes to a deserted island. After 25 years, he returns with the cure only to find that someone discovered a cure the day after he left. Often he managed to clarify and complicate in a single statement. For instance, I got a better understanding of color on color, choratonic chromaticism, and metric regrouping, but this compounds the problem of really learning jazz even more. Baker does make it easier for me to realize that, unless one is a genius like Trane or Miles, that you'll never really get on top of everything in jazz. As a fluid medium, it is always presents a new challenge.

Saturday Afternoon

Band: The Melodons, Notre Dame High School for Boys (Niles, Ill.), the Rev. George

Wiskirchen, C.S.C., director. **Combo:** Southern Univ. (Baton Rouge, La.). **Band:** College of San Mateo (Calif.), Dick Crest, director. **Combo:** Glassboro State College Avant-Garde Jazz Ensemble (N.J.), Joel Thome, director. **Band:** Towson State College (Md.), Hank Levy, director. Intermission. **Soloists:** Al Cohn and Bill Watrous, trombone, with Univ. of Ill. band.

The Melodons opened the afternoon performance. They have a strong group with two good drummers. Their featured number was *Ballet*, a medley written by Jim Pankow, of the Chicago jazz-rock group, who is an alumnus of the Melodons. It featured a male singer-dancer and a female dancer expressing the difficulty of a black-white, boy-girl relationship and the inevitable joy that comes from love, even without society's acceptance.

A trio from Southern University won the audience over with its spontaneous and natural expression. Each individual—piano, bass, drums—was strong. The piano player, Henry Butler, used that kind of Louisiana-style of playing with heavy chording and lots of funk. The bass player was very solid, and the drummer was unusual in that he kept unobtrusive time, and was subtle and imaginative.

The band from San Mateo was one of the most "dramatic" of the festival. Lots of action, enthusiasm and color. It reminded me of *Blood Sweat & Tears*.

Dick Crest has been at San Mateo for many years, devoting all his considerable energies to developing young jazz musicians. His college is only a two-year school. Eleven of his players started new in January. His careful attention to disciplined "looseness" showed off in the band's performance and in the fact that three of his soloists won Shure Distinguished Performance Awards.

The Glassboro Avant-Garde Jazz Ensemble presented more of an experience than a performance. Many times producing sounds arhythmic, atonal, and "a-musical", they leaped around the auditorium, made sounds on crystal glass, glass chimes, whirled whips above their heads, etc. Sounds came from everywhere—the balcony, back of the auditorium, the seat behind you, and lights kept appearing and disappearing and appearing again. Some of the sounds were animalistic or at least, gut-level sounds, music from the base of existence and the outskirts of consciousness. Throughout, a slide changed like a germ culture on the screen. It is impossible to be noncommittal about this group. It united the audience in a feeling of *feeling*, no matter whether your response was fear, anger, joy, or a hypnotic trance. I have heard avant-garde music done very badly many times, but this was tastefully presented and carried out. An experience!

Hank Levy's big band from Towson followed while the audience was still stunned. There seemed to be a preponderance of 7/4 time, and Levy's charts made the band sound like Don Ellis and Stan Kenton.

I missed hearing Bill Watrous. The concert was running late and I had to get to a music store for some reeds. I was doubly disgusted when I missed his evening performance because he played immediately after our band. I heard from many people that his playing was phenomenal.

Watrous was the surprise of the festival for the students, many of whom had never heard (of) him. Such is the price paid by much-in-demand studio players. Watrous himself was so turned on by his first festival

that he wants to do clinics and the whole school thing, and that's a break for jazz.

Saturday Evening

Band: Mount Hood Community College (Gresham, Ore.), Larry McVey, director. **Combo:** Malcolm X College (Chicago, Ill.), Charles Walton, director. **Band:** Wisconsin State Univ. (Eau Claire), Dom Spera, director. **Soloist:** Bill Watrous backed by a trio from North Texas State Univ. **Band:** Southern Univ. (Baton Rouge, La.), Alvin Batiste, director. **Intermission. Soloist:** Bill Evans, piano, with Univ. of Illinois, band conducted by Al Cohn.

Mount Hood is another two-year school with similar problems as San Mateo in turnover. McVey has been doing an outstanding job in the Northwest in contrast to the big state universities in Oregon and Washington that still fiddle to Lewis and Clark changes.

Malcolm X represents the new-to school jazz-emerging urban black experience. The group played the most mature jazz of any student group with outstanding trumpet and trombone solos.

It's our turn now. On the shuttle bus from the dorm to the Krannert Center, I saw the same kind of strained looks I'd seen at the Midwest Festival. But when we got to the choir rehearsal and began to stretch out in our individual warm-ups, I realized that it was a different kind of tension from what we had felt at Elmhurst. We were concerned but the absence of competition made it easier to be concerned about the *real* thing—the music. After listening to the fantastic music before us, now we had the stage and could share music with people as deeply immersed in jazz as we are, our ideas on music's relevance, our expression of its communication. After we received the traditional pep talk from Mr. Spera: "Have a good time performing."; we went backstage. As we waited to go on, I realized how much I really cared for these other people. I looked around at them rather nostalgically. This would be my last concert with the group. Maybe this is one of the secrets of our swing—that despite the horseplay with which we usually approach each other, there is also some kind of binding force of mutual respect and affection that unites us.

We opened with Dave Baker's *Honesty*. It seems tailor-made for our band. It is probably, true to its title, the most honest thing we do—no tricks, just blues solos and hard-swinging shout choruses. Next we played *April B*, a Baker jazz duo; then *Old Man River*, and up-tempo straight ahead chart; *Do Have At It*, funky rock chart; *I Remember Clifford*, trumpet ballad; and ended with Mr. Spera's *Intro* (slow 12-tone) and *Allegro* (fast swing). We felt it was a varied program. There was a kind of magic in our Saturday night performance at the Midwest festival that wasn't repeated here. I think we kind of waited for it to re-happen and were a bit disappointed when it didn't. At Urbana, our tension showed in the occasionally erratic time and the somewhat less-than-inspired solos. But the audience was responsive, and we left the stage relieved and pretty happy. (I heard later that several people in the audience were saying, as we filed on stage, that they would never "trust a band with dames". But they shouted the loudest when I took my solo in *Honesty*. That's good to know.)

After talking with many musicians from different bands, I discovered something



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

Clark Terry

that may seem obvious to a professional, but was quite an eye-opener for me and altered my perception of the remaining performances. Musicians are often intolerant about styles of music played by someone else. I am no exception. When I listen to a loud rock band, I tend to sit smugly in my superiority. But at this festival I heard many voices of jazz and after talking with the other musicians I found that jazz is indeed the very personal thing it has always purported to be. With each one I talked to, his music was valid; he believed in it. It was his way to communicate. Can I put down someone who uses different words to explain that he exists, to show his celebration of life?

Another thing I discovered was that the leader of a band has a tremendous influence on its style—you could practically look at the leader of every group at Urbana and hear the first tune before it was played. Teachers of jazz have a tremendous responsibility: it is vital that they remain honest in their approach to the idiom, or they may breed a generation of dishonest musicians. At any rate, after I put the people back into the music, more things made more sense. I became more tolerant and open-eared and enjoyed each successive performance with a greater appreciation.

I enjoyed the band from Southern University (Baton Rouge, La.) more than any other at the festival. This band got the audience to smile, a rare phenomenon at Urbana or elsewhere. It's difficult to pinpoint the essence of their charisma—their genuineness certainly played a part; the vitality of their charts was crucial. They celebrated Life. Their music seemed to be rooted in an intensely free and joyous African tradition.

Alvin Batiste has a 40-hour jazz major program at Southern which, with his careful attention to concept and execution, is responsible for the most exciting performance of the festival.

Bill Evans' performance with the Illinois Band was the perfect way to end the evening. Playing with that different *tone* he always seems to extract from a piano, Evans was like a breath of fresh air after two days in which

much of the "presense" of the music was measured in decibels. I left the concert feeling as if I had just finished a delicious dessert.

After the Saturday night concert, many of us went to the Thunderbird Restaurant down the street where a jam session was organized by the festival. I didn't plan to play (why did I bring my alto?), but I learned a valuable lesson when I did. I was asked to be a member of the opening combo, and I must not have disagreed hard enough, because there I was playing. In my nervousness, I nodded blindly when the trumpet player suggested the first tune: *Round 'Bout Midnight*. I have listened to Miles's recording of this tune a thousand times but I never listened to the changes. When the trumpet played the melody and told me to take the bridge, panic really set in and my mind went blank. I fumbled near what I thought might be the root of the next chord and got that terrible feeling of "What am I doing here?". When *Summertime* was called next, I was still shaking from the first disaster, but I got myself together a little better. A serious student of jazz must know the tunes that make up the basic jazz repertoire. **down beat** listed some of these tunes a while ago; Dave Baker has an extensive list in *Jazz Improvisation*. But rather than learning these tunes, I had been content with simple changes or a blues jam, probably because I settled for the laurels I get from being a woman playing jazz. I learned more from this bad experience than from a thousand good ones.

Sunday Afternoon

Band: Herscher High School (Ill.), Dale Hopper, director. **Combo:** Western Washington State College (Bellingham), Bill Cole, director. **Host Band:** University of Illinois Jazz Band, John Garvey, director, and Claude Kipnis Mime Group. **Intermission. Combo:** Texas Southern Univ. (Houston), Lanny Steele, director. **Soloists:** Bill Evans, Clark Terry, trumpet and flugelhorn; Mundell Lowe, guitar, with bass and drums from Univ. of Ill. **Band:** Univ. of Utah (Salt Lake City), Ladd McIntosh, director.

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record REVIEWS

ROY AYERS

UBIQUITY—Polydor 24-4049: *Pretty Brown Skin; Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head; I Can't Help Myself; Love; The Fuzz; Hummin'; Can You Dig It?; Painted Desert.*

Personnel: Ayers, vibes, vocal; Harry Whitaker or Bill Henderson, electric piano; Richie Resnicoff, guitar; John Williams, electric bass; Alphonzo Mouzon, drums; Jumma Santos, conga; Edwin Birdsong, organ, vocal.

Rating: ★★★

This album was obviously very meticulously worked out. The execution of the parts is beautiful. There is really no doubt that everyone came to take care of business. But this album also poses some interesting questions. In what context should one evaluate the music? Is it rock or jazz?

If Ayers means this to be jazz, it doesn't make it. There's nothing really fresh or innovative about it. The bass guitarist plays some expressive lines, but more often than not, he is relegated to repetitive lines which give the whole album a feeling of monotony. Ayers' vibes playing is at best a little above average. Sometimes he sounds so much like Johnny Lytle that I can see the lights going on and off on his vibes.

By far the best instrumentalist on the date is organist Birdsong. The very few times the band stretches out is when he's soloing or when guitar and electric piano are playing lines against one another. The energy level is very low.

On the other hand, as rock the record comes off very well. It is very rhythmic, and although the pulse stays pretty constant, the rhythms change often. The style is very close to Tony Williams' Lifetime moving toward Miles Davis' new thing. The singing just ain't happening. That's the best I can say for it.

Ubiquity—everywhere. Maybe that's the problem. Or maybe the problem is all over the place. There are some beautiful original lines, but a lot of their potential is lost in the improvisation. This idiom-mixing has hurt a lot of people. There are too many dangerous musicians out there now for anyone to be on the fence.

—Cole

HANK CRAWFORD

IT'S A FUNKY THING TO DO—Cotillion SD 18003: *It's a Funky Thing To Do; If Ever I Should Leave You; Hills of Love; Sophisticated Soul; You're The One; Parker's Mood; Kingsize Man.*

Personnel: Crawford, alto sax; Eric Gale or Cornell Dupree, guitar; Richard Tee or Pee Wee Ellis (track 1), piano; Chuck Rainey or Ron Carter, bass; Bernard Purdie, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

My first experience of "soul" came via Hank Crawford and albums like *Soul Clinic* and *More Soul* on Atlantic. And though his blues were always full-out, more often the Crawford ballad manner proved most moving to me: a sound like the cutting edge of a tear-filled voice, as witness the tender truth

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Mike Bourne, Bill Cole, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Larry Kart, Joe H. Klee, John Litweiler, Terry Martin, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelson, 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.

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evoked on even such a sentimental song as *If Ever*.

Elsewhere on the new date, Crawford is especially well-set with the prototypical cooking studio rhythm section, notably Gale, Rainey, Carter, and Purdie. Together, they swing through all colors of blues-and-pop: hard funk on *Sophisticated Soul*, *You're The One*, and *Kingsize*; slower crooning on *Parker's Mood*; light Latin on *Hills*, and the pithy shuffle of the title cut.

In each mood, Crawford sings with cool and spunk, at all times authentic of spirit and honest of expression. Of course, one might bicker that his playing is now and then over-conventional, but Crawford is an originator of this style and energizes even the most rudimentary idea.

Little else need be said, for the music here is simple and emotive, which is Crawford's power and his great charm: that which separates him from his more greasy, less passionate competitors of "soul." *It's A Funky Thing*, despite the common title, is an uncommon LP.

—Bourne

EDDIE HARRIS & LES McCANN

SECOND MOVEMENT—Atlantic SD 1583: *Shorty Rides Again; Universal Prisoner; Carry on Brother; Set Us Free; Samia.*

Personnel: Harris, tenor sax; McCann, electric piano, vocals; Cornell Dupree, guitar; Jimmy Rowser, bass; Donald Dean, Buck Clarke, Bernard Purdie, percussion; Jerry Jemott, electric bass (tracks 1, 2, 3); Cissy Houston, Judy Clay, Deidre Tuck, Renelle Stafford, voices; strings (track 2), horns (tracks 4, 5); arranged by Arif Mardin.

Rating: ★★★

McCann truly pleases me. He is never less than saucy, straight-ahead, and righteous. And Harris is by far his most sympathetic collaborator.

Shorty Rides Again cooks so hard I can barely keep my butt still. I would even consider selling my soul to drive with the spunk of Pretty Purdie on this cut.

Universal features Les singing another Helen and Kay Lewis ballad sermon of sorts on freedom. Though the song itself seldom moves me, the vocal does. I especially wish Les would sing more Eugene McDaniels songs (a la *Compared To What*), because "right on/peace/love" rhetoric of this kind here drags me, and I believe Les could energize musically the militant poetry McDaniels himself too often only presents.

Carry On preaches with a funkier vocal and chorus, followed by considerable jamming of a testifying intensity and the singers full-out all the way; one is verily baptized by listening. *Set Us Free* and *Samia* take up the second side with extended instrumental excursions: easy-tempo communions by Harris' searching tenor and the interweaving rhythm section.

Above all, Harris proves himself the most compleat of so-called popular jazz performers—certainly the most avant player among "soul-jazz" artists. It is surely his lyrical passion, together with the soulful elegance of McCann, that distinguishes this music above any of this oft-maligned (even by me) genre.

Damn, this is a tasty album!

—Bourne

ROGER KELLAWAY

CELLO QUARTET—A&M SP 3034: *Saturnia; Sunrise; Morning Song; Jorjana #2; Esque; On Your Mark, Get Set, Blues; Invasion of The Forest; Jorjana #8.*

Personnel: A&M Symphony Orchestra, conducted from the piano by Kellaway. Erno Neufeld, concert master, solo violin; Joe Pass, guitar; Ed Lustgarten, cello; Chuck Domanico, bass; Emil Richards, percussion.

Rating: None

When is a rating not in order? One of three conditions must prevail: the music is so horrible that one does not wish to dignify it with an appraisal; the music is so great that one feels unqualified to rate it, or, as is the case with Kellaway's latest album, the music so successfully bridges various categories that there is no established set of values by which it can be rated.

Many of Kellaway's influences are obvious. As a master of stride piano, he has learned from the Harlem rent party professors James P. Johnson, Willie and Lion Smith, Fats Waller, Eubie Blake—and Jaki Byard. As a student of the classics, he shows traces of Debussy and Villa-Lobos, among others. As a free-wheeling jazzman who stops only a bit short of total freedom, he has been touched by Armstrong, Ellington, Parker and Mingus.

Kellaway describes the music on this album as "something, hopefully, that could encompass the spirit of jazz along with the magnitude of classical music."

I would say that he has succeeded in his aim of fusion—too well. While he has created a truly hybrid music that defies categorization, he has done so at the expense of identity. After listening to the music on this LP (all of it excellently done, by the way) the only thing you feel you know about Kellaway is that he is versatile.

—Klee

LEE MORGAN

LIVE AT THE LIGHTHOUSE—Blue Note BST-89906: *Absolutions; The Beehive; Neophilia; Nommo.*

Personnel: Morgan, trumpet, flugelhorn; Benny Maupin, tenor sax, bass clarinet; Harold Mabern, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

Ratings: ★★★½

It would seem from this recent example

(recorded July 1970) that Morgan's style has undergone several modifications from the pattern firmly established during the '60s in recordings with the Jazz Messengers; particularly the most rewarding association with Wayne Shorter, and his popular albums for Blue Note. Not that he could be mistaken for anyone else; with his tone as flexible, broad or sour as the situation demands; his skillful though less prominent use of half-valving (so patently superficial on the rare occasions when it is employed by other modern trumpeters), and his strong dependence on the immediate contingencies of melody and rhythm to support his idiosyncratic solos.

Rarely interested in harmonic elaboration or in structural possibilities (perhaps the reason for the remarkably complementary nature of the Morgan/Shorter collaboration), his work occasionally becomes a repetitive if attractive ramble through well-loved phrases.

While it is good to have these extended performances (this is a double LP), they are not entirely free of this fault. The solos on



Absolutions and *Nommo*, both Merritt pieces, succumb at times to mere phrasemaking. Fortunately, he is typically hot and bubbling on *The Beehive* (Mabern), and alternately lyrical and intense on the ballad-like *Neophilia* (Maupin), played on fluegelhorn. On the whole, however, one misses the strange amalgam of puckishness and sardonicism of his nature, and soul-music lovers will seek in vain for their favorite phrases, except for a few moments on *Nommo*.

Individually, the members of the rhythm team are not remarkable but together they are responsible for a large part of the "life" of the performances, playing with considerable alertness and vitality. Mabern has some pleasant solos and Merritt coaxes a reasonable tone from his Ampeg bass. To my knowledge, Roker's fiery work is his most impressive on record to date.

As the other major soloist (he leads off on all tracks) Maupin demands more attention. He plays well, but leaves me with the same impression of immaturity and promise I've felt on previous occasions. On tenor, he has the aspect of a more serious Joe Henderson (the latter is also too much the eclectic musician) and he often attempts to generate the intensity of the Coltrane idiom. There are moments, however, when a certain glibness takes over to mar the effect. Underneath, one senses a more personal means of melodic construction trying to be heard. His bass clarinet solo on *Neophilia* demonstrates an increasing command of the instrument, and the remaining deficiencies appear, in this instance, to slow his fingers down sufficiently to enforce a stronger melodic character on his work. As he warms to the instrument during the solo, the tone, unlike Dolphy's, approaches that of a soprano saxophone; it is worth noting the quote from Coltrane's rephrasing of *Greensleeves*.

My estimate of this set would not have been markedly different had the album only contained *Beehive* and *Neophilia*, but it is good to see Blue Note allowing the trumpeter to stretch out, and I await further examples of recent Morgan with interest. His own playing on these sessions was enjoyable—just not quite the best Lee Morgan.

—Martin



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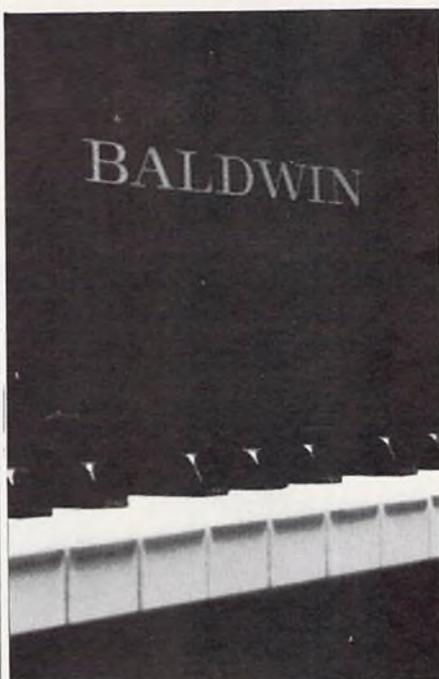


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THE RASCALS

PEACEFUL WORLD—Columbia G30462: *Sky Trane*; *In and Out of Love*; *Bit of Heaven*; *Love Me*; *Mother Nature Land*; *Icy Water*; *Happy Song*; *Love Letter*; *Little Dove*; *Visit to Mother Nature Land*; *Getting Nearer*; *Peaceful World*.

Personnel: Felix Cavaliere, piano, organ, bass marimba, vocal; Buzzy Feiten, guitar, bass, vocal; Chuck Rainey, William Salter, Gerald Gemott or Ron Carter, bass; Dino Danelli, drums; Ralph McDonald, percussion. Backup band: Ernie Royal, Joe Newman, trumpets; Garnett Brown, trombone; Joe Farrell, Hubert Laws, saxes, flutes; Ernie Wilkins, Jon Smith, Pepper Adams, saxes; Alice Coltrane, harp; Link Chamberlain, guitar arrangements; Cynthia Webb, Bruce and Buddy Buono, Molly Holt, and/or Ann Sulton, voices.

Rating: ★★★

This first Rascals LP on Columbia confirms certain fears: the loss of Eddie Brigati (and now also Gene Cornish) has faded some of the sparkle of the band. Not that the album is poor; much of it is very good. But the radiant energy of the former Rascals is not always about, particularly when spread over two discs.

Few of the songs are especially moving, but those that are make the date: strong big band soul on *Sky Trane*; sprightly rhythm, bright vocals, and Hubert Laws' skittery flute on *Nature Land*; ultimate punch on *Love Letter* and *Happy Song*, the latter with Bruce and Buddy Buono sounding like Eddie and David Brigati; and Laws' flute with Alice Coltrane's harp accenting the ringing ballad *Little Dove*.

Otherwise, the music now and then seems only a kind of formula made from the very "white soul" conventions the Rascals initiated. And where once dynamic, almost demonic, energy was the stuff of the Rascals,

now on songs like *In and Out* and *Icy Water*, they seem to be only some cliché rock group, which they certainly are not.

Ultimately, the title cut dulls the most, taking up all of side four for a series of instrumental solos. And if not for Joe Farrell's flute and soprano (not even at his best), the set would merit very little listening; it simply never sounds in motion.

Yet the Rascals nonetheless maintain a style both unique and inspiring. And so, even if *Peaceful World* is somewhat lacking, what remains is as ever enchanting.

— Bourne

VIRGIL FOX

BACH LIVE AT FILLMORE EAST—Decca DL 75263: *Fanfare*; *Tocatta in D Minor*; *Fugue in A Minor*; *Vivace: Sonata No. 6 in G Major*; *Now Thank We All Our God*; *Prelude and Fugue in D Major*; *Perpetuum Mobile*; *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor*; *Air for the G string*.

Personnel: Virgil Fox, electronic organ.

Rating: ★★★

VARIOUS ARTISTS

WOODSTOCK II—Cotillion SD2-400: (Jimi Hendrix): *Jam Back at the House*; *Izabella*; *Get My Heart Back Together*; (Jefferson Airplane): *Saturday Afternoon/Won't You Try*; *Eskimo Blue Day*; (The Butterfield Blues Band): *Everything's Gonna Be Alright*; (Joan Baez): *Sweet Sir Galahad*; (Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young): *Guinnevere*; *4 + 20*; *Marrakesh Express*; (Melanie): *My Beautiful People*; *Birthday of the Sun*; (Mountain): *Blood on the Sun*; *Theme for an Imaginary Western*; (Canned Heat): *Woodstock Boogie*; (Audience during Sunday rainstorm): *Let the Sunshine In*.

Rating: ★★

Pandering to the Woodstock Nation seems

relatively easy; that is, if the Woodstock Nation still exists, if such a fantastic mythos ever truly did. To do so, one need only assemble a stoned audience under some hip pretext, erect a certain brotherly ethos, drop some formula slogans, and add consistent mutual pretense—*et voila!* one has essentially bridged the "generation gap," the "cultural chasm," or any old hole. With enough jive, one may indeed fool all of "the people" all of the time, very often with the same baloney.

Bach Live at Fillmore East is certainly a diverting album; it is even invigorating. But the manner in which the music is offered, at least on the record, somehow seems hokum. Virgil Fox is very likely very sincere in his remarks to the audience, yet all he says sounds nonetheless patent, as if he were repeating over and over: "Hubba-Hubba! Ain't Bach groovy!"

Of course, my bile is aimed too much toward the "open-your-pores-and-let-Bach-in" sort of rapping, because for me it discolours appreciation of the music—just as the Woodstock LPs become more like vicarious documents of the occurrence than collections of the music. Yet the obvious difference is that where music was hardly what Woodstock was about, music is surely the main concern of Virgil Fox.

Perhaps one cannot best judge the "Heavy Organ" recital out of context, inasmuch as on record the immediate presence of Fox, the overwhelming special sound system, and the evocative Joe's Lights are absent. Nevertheless, the playing is passionate, especially on the long *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor* and *Air for the G String*, which is all that should matter.

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And so, if Fox had only allowed the spirit of Bach to speak through his good performance and not so much through his verbal valentines, the concert might have sounded more historic to me.

Otherwise, *Woodstock II* is more of the same in one respect, only less in another. Jimi Hendrix offers one whole side of coarse but promethean rock and roll—the kind of music countless “hard” bands attempt to emulate without nearly such rhythm and spirit. Although it is hardly the best that Hendrix ever played, the jamming is nonetheless a height of the second album, as it was on the first, as it was at the event.

The two Jefferson Airplane songs are only tolerable, as they always are, whereas Grace



Slick's drug admonitions are particularly bunk, as they always are. Paul Butterfield fares little better, even though his long harmonic cookery drives well above his poorly recorded band. Joan Baez and Melanie both bore me immeasurably on the record as they bored me at Woodstock—but I must confess I have thought them boring. Woodstock or elsewhere. Mountain rocks okay on two cuts, though not that memorably. Canned Heat extends a cheezy boogie riff into almost 13 minutes of insufferable rumbling drivel (with drag bass and drum solos even). And Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young are as always cute.

The album then concludes with the mass itself chanting (in the rain) *Let The Sunshine In*: the anthem of groovy “new” culture—to which any self-respecting Mother Nature should have answered with a second deluge. Yet finally, and with all sincerity, I am glad I was there. Still, I cannot believe this music chosen is the best from the tapes, because virtually every band here plays far beneath usual standards; then again, much of this music would have reeked even in the best of circumstances.

Of course, the Woodstock Nation loved it—and who cares that a drag is a drag if it vibes well?

— Bourne

old wine - new bottles

Clifford Brown, *Big Band In Paris*, Prestige PR 7840

Rating: ★★★★★½

Various Artists, *The Bebop Singers*, Prestige PR 7828

Rating: ★★½

Al Haig, *Trio And Quintet*, Prestige PR 7841

Rating: ★★★★★

Lee Konitz, *Ezz-thetic*, Prestige PR 7827

Rating: ★★★★★

In the notes to the Brown LP, Dan Morgenstern suggests that the trumpeter's death in 1956 marked the end of bebop. That is probably an over-dramatic point of view, open to many alternatives. Surely, if bebop died with one man then it passed away the



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previous year with its greatest creator, Charlie Parker.

Actually, there is good reason to avoid setting exact time limits in that decade of modern jazz from 1945 when bop clearly became a distinct and revolutionary movement. As in any number of truly seminal art movements, it is easier to define beginnings than ends. And the high-strung spirit of bop was already dispersing by the later '40s. The elements of hard bop are apparent as early, say, as the Bud Powell session for Blue Note with Fats Navarro and Sonny Rollins in 1949. Indeed, one might suggest that the records under review represent an interesting survey of the aftermath of bop.

Clifford Brown's brief career is central in the loosening of form and rhythm that increasingly characterizes jazz in the '50s (and continues to dominate modern jazz outside the avant garde). It is in this sense that one feels the loss: that the trumpeter could not complete his evolution along with the music whose inevitable change he had intimately shared for those few years.

Although the present release is perhaps not as valuable as the two previous albums reissuing the material Brown recorded for French Vogue, particularly that by the quartet (PR 7761), there is ample evidence of the greatness of the young musician; he towers over his surroundings.

The three albums in the series stem from three weeks of recording in Paris during a visit by the Lionel Hampton band in 1953—Brown's career is clearly described in the notes to the 1.Ps. Featured on the sessions are musicians from the Hampton orchestra

including Art Farmer, Gigi Gryce, Clifford Solomon (tenor) and Alan Dawson, and several French jazzmen, Henri Renaud (piano), Pierre Michelot, the fine bassist, and Jean-Louis Viale (drums).

For the most part, the rhythm team functions well, but Renaud, despite the obvious sincerity of his Haig/Wallington style, occasionally ties up the swing and his solo work is undistinguished. That Europe possessed modern pianists of real stature at this time is amply demonstrated by the recordings Brown and Farmer made several weeks earlier in Sweden, on which Bengt Hallberg's soloing ranks second only to Brown's spirited work (PR 7662).

Of the other musicians, Solomon with his "white" tenor sound produced solos that seem to have survived the years with more dignity than Gryce's resolutely unblended mixture of Parker, Konitz and Benny Carter. Farmer struggles manfully to keep up with Brownie in the dialogues, which are an attractive feature of the two *Keeping Up With Jonesy* takes.

Brown, of course, is excellent throughout, his inventiveness easily justifying the presence of the alternate takes. It should be recalled that he had only begun to record a few months before, yet his style is well-developed. Already the initial Fats Navarro influence is completely absorbed into a personal idiom. His fluency and particular elegance are quite apparent on the two takes of his *Cherokee* feature, *Brown Skins*. Although he was to refine this individual style over the next few years, that individuality was to bring with it a coyness (sweet Clifford?) not noticeable here.

He demonstrates all the important qualities that were to attract Morgan, Hubbard and many others, including the remarkable Booker Little, who would begin to transmute them into something outside of bop in any of its forms.

Not all of the modern jazz of the early '50s was so forward-looking: *The Bebop Singers* (1952-3) were, for example, definitely facing to the rear, emulating the oo-blah-dee of the bebop craze, or adapting horn solos to the vocal cords. Clearly it's a matter of taste, but this writer considers both endeavors an occasionally amusing waste of time.

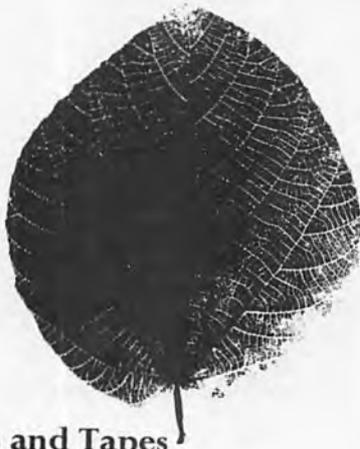
There are several musical moments on the album, and it must be admitted that singers faced a well-nigh impossible task in the new music. The best work occurs when they refrain from emulating the convolutions of a Parker or Gillespie, and just settle into a late-swing groove.

The first side of PR 7828 is shared, four songs apiece, by Eddie Jefferson and Joe Carroll. The latter tends to belt things out in routine fashion, and despite his scating he is far from convincing as a jazzman. Jefferson knows more about improvisation, and tonally he is not far from the sound of Seldon Powell's accompanying tenor saxophone; however, Powell's short Prez-like solos demonstrate the advantages of the instrument over the voice (unless it be Billie Holiday's). Despite Irv Taylor's falsetto support, the tracks by Jefferson are among the most pleasant on the album.

The second side is devoted to six songs by Annie Ross, including her well-known re-workings of Wardell Gray solos (*Twisted*,

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Farmer's Market and Jackie) to which she introduced zany (Ira Gitler's word) lyrics. At the risk of appearing humorless, I admit to finding these performances somewhat silly and a slight on Wardell's talent and her own, for she shows a fine sense of swing. Of course, it is difficult not to swing when backed by George Wallington and Art Blakey! *The Time Was Right* is an uneventful ballad, and *Annie's Lament* a wordless multi-tempo effort. *Jackie* and *The Song Is You* were made in Paris in 1953 with Hampton sidemen; unfortunately Clifford Brown was not present. The LP will doubtless attract compulsive collectors of the period and/or ephemera in general.

The Haig album, as expected, contains more substantial music. It presents the results of two sessions five years apart, spanning the peak of the pianist's recording career. The earlier date, again recorded in Paris (in 1949 with what was then the Parker quintet, James Moody subbing for the master), shows some of the steam going out of the early bop movement.

Maxology and the speedy *Maximum* are typical bop lines, but both Kenny Dorham and Moody do little more than go through the motions, and their failure is directly related to the extent to which they strive for the brilliance of Gillespie, Navarro and Parker. Haig has no trouble producing the most attractive solos, and Max Roach provides excellent demonstrations of the bebop drum style. *Prince Albert*, a workout on *All The Things...*, is better for being less frantic, but the ballad *Yesterdays* is the finest performance. Dorham, who has returned to this song throughout his career, plays with the edgy lyricism of his best work, and Haig matches him with a fine, warm solo.

On the trio sides of 1954 we find an excellent guide to the virtues and faults of Haig's music. Undoubtedly an excellent accompanist, that particular sensitivity and ego-sharing seems to be associated with significant limitations as a creative soloist. His elegant melodic lines are frequently attractive and have a clean, warm beauty, but he does not have the tensile grace of Teddy Wilson, of whom he is often considered the modern counterpart. There is also a tendency to cocktail decorations, in phrases and rubato. Albeit immaculately played, these perhaps presage the pianist's virtual disappearance from the jazz scene in the late '50s.

These titles (recorded at the request of Henri Renaud, incidentally) seem to lack the crispness of earlier trio performances (on a Stan Getz album, PR 7516). On the positive side is an exceptional treatment of *Round Midnight*, in which Haig, somewhat surprisingly, is able to turn that transigent composition to his own ends. If the interpretation does not achieve the intense climate of Powell or Monk, it has a romantic integrity of its own. On *Yardbird Suite* and *The Moon Was Yellow*, Haig moves along with a verve that would be the envy of many pianists. Mark Gardner has once more contributed an informative liner, though marred by some unnecessary hobby-horsing, and while my assessment of Haig would not be as unequivocally favorable, I recommend that the reader not overlook the album.

Finally, it is a pleasure to review an excellent collection by one of the finest musicians of bop evolution. Not that the style of Lee Konitz or any other member of the Tristano



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group could have existed in quite the same way without the advent of Charlie Parker, but the modification they made of the formula was singularly daring. The chill, isolated beauty achieved momentarily on the Tristano Capitol sides and Konitz's own early Prestiges has not been recaptured. Apparently, just as bebop had to loosen and relax, the hermeticism of the Tristano group could not outlast its first definitive statements, and had, at least for Konitz, begun to warm and open out by 1953, when the bulk of these tracks were cut.

The present album does reissue four well-known performances from 1951, with a sextet including a Miles Davis very much in the background—he emerges to play a distinctive solo on *Hi Beck*. Apart from Konitz's pristine solos, the most notable features are Max Roach's marvellously dynamic brushwork and the George Russell compositions, *Ezz-thetic* and *Odjenar* (not an anagram, but the name of his wife-to-be). The aggressiveness of the former provokes Konitz into an atypically vigorous statement, but *Odjenar* provides an excellent setting for his sinuous, meditative lines. *Yesterdays* is a very Tristanoish performance with Billy Bauer's guitar prominent in support of the altoist.

The later recordings were made in Paris, a good place to be that year, and feature expatriate Jimmy Gourley on guitar, along with Renaud and two of Konitz's colleagues from the Kenton band, then touring Europe: Don Bagley (bass) and Stan Levey (drums). There are two takes of *All The Things You Are*, two of *These Foolish Things*, and three of *I'll Remember April*, all old Konitz favorites; again the artist is sufficiently inventive to justify their release. In previous manifestations (French Vogue; Roost) the titles were such pseudonyms as *Lost Henri*, *Lee Tchec*, *Record Shop Suey*, etc. The variety of tempos on the alternate takes elicit markedly different responses from the altoist, and it is worth recalling the particularly desire of the Tristano musicians to be true improvisors, to make anew in each performance, a desire also expressed by Ornette Coleman.

In the two years between these recording dates, Konitz had spent time with Kenton, and the effort required to make himself heard in those surroundings is generally considered responsible for his more openly expressive manner. My own response to Konitz's avowed search for a more emotional style during the '50s and up to the present is ambiguous. The late '40s work is of course very narrow, but in its way highly individual and near perfect. In taking up the quest for greater breadth and power, he also surrendered much. These solos are nonetheless extremely rewarding products of the new phase of his development, and should be welcomed by admirers of both pre- and post-Kenton Konitz. His lines probe constantly over the chords of *Things* and the performances of this song rival his best work. *April* contains warm Raneyesque guitar solos and more magnificent alto (particularly take 2). *Foolish Things* demonstrates that despite a more assertive style, Konitz retained his original sense of cool symmetry of line and thought. The quick, strutting *You'd Be So Nice To Come Home* To completes this excellent set.

The Prestige reissue series has been one of the few highlights for the jazz record collector in recent years, and is particularly valuable in documenting the transitional phases of bop. One looks forward to more of the same.

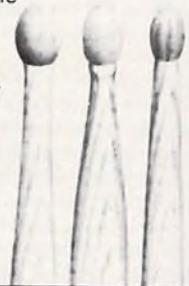
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benny carter

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JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

1. DUKE ELLINGTON. *Ebony Rhapsody* (from *Daybreak Express*, RCA Victor). Cootie Williams, trumpet; Johnny Hodges, soprano sax; Ellington, piano, arranger; Ivie Anderson, vocal; Franz Liszt, composer. Recorded 1934.

That was Duke Ellington's *Ebony Rhapsody*. At first I thought it was Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody*. An excellent record, it certainly has stood the test of time, which I think is really the criterion for excellence. It sounds as good today as it did when it was first recorded, which I'd say was about 35 years ago. Actually it sounds better now, because you've got more to compare it with. And when you compare it with some of the trash that we've been hearing—like the old saying "Jazz, what sins are committed in thy name,"—and this is really real music.

I hear Johnny in there on soprano, and was that Rex Stewart? I would be inclined to give it five stars. Oh, yes, and the singer . . . Ivie, what do you say? She's just wonderful.

And that arrangement! When everybody's trying to fuse the two elements, jazz and the classics, with the big symphony orchestra and the jazz orchestra together, I've heard none that really worked to my satisfaction. But I think when you take something like that, where they take a piece of classical repertoire and do it in the inimitable Ellington manner, this is it.

2. JIMMIE LUNCEFORD. *Lunceford Special* (from *Lunceford Special*, Columbia). Snooky Young, trumpet; Trummy Young, trombone; Willie Smith, alto sax; Joe Thomas, tenor sax; Lunceford, composer; Eddie Durham, arranger. Recorded Dec. 14, 1939.

I don't know the title of that, but it sounds like Lunceford, with Willie Smith and Joe Thomas both playing beautiful solos. The sound of that saxophone section was just great. What great players they were! I don't know if Joe is playing any more . . . maybe just for kicks, when he's not fooling around with cadavers.

I don't know who that trumpet soloist was, but I imagine the guy with the high notes was Tommy Stevenson on the end. Could it have been Sy? And that trombonist I'm not sure of;

Elmer Crumbly, was that his name?

That band was a great band. When they first came to New York they set everybody on their ears. It had a great spirit—esprit de corps that doesn't seem to be around too much any more, at least in the big bands. I would give that five stars.

3. DIZZY GILLESPIE. *Hot House* (*Rondollette*) Gillespie, trumpet; Charlie Parker, alto sax; Al Haig, piano; Curley Russell, bass; Sid Catlett, drums; Tadd Dameron, composer. Recorded 1945.

I don't recall the title of this version of *What Is This Thing Called Love*, but I know it's Charlie Parker and Dizzy. I don't know who the pianist is. It hasn't, to me, withstood the test of time as have the two preceding records. Actually it sounds more dated than Ellington and Lunceford of 35 years ago. The performances by both Dizzy and Charlie were just excellent; it's hard for them to do any wrong playing. For their playing I'll give it three stars. But it didn't really do very much for me. There are some things on which they've played solos which I would give four or five stars to. And also it was very short, they didn't have much chance to open up.

I felt that the rhythm sounded pretty logy, especially for a thing of this nature.

4. MILES DAVIS. *Put Your Little Foot Right Out* (from *Jazz Track*, Columbia). Davis, trumpet; Cannonball Adderley, alto sax; John Coltrane, tenor sax; Bill Evans, piano; Jimmy Cobb, drums. Recorded 1958.

I'd like to try to find something wrong with this record. But you know, I can't! I think that's one of the loveliest things I've heard, and I don't think I've heard this before. I would think it's from the mid-'50s. It sounds like Miles and Cannonball on alto. I don't know who the tenor player is. Could it have been Wayne Shorter? I don't know who the pianist was, but I think they all played absolutely delightful solos, and so tasty. It had a sort of very easy togetherness to it, and you could tell everybody was just feeling each other, and beautifully so. I could listen to it

six or seven times in succession.

I loved what the drummer did; he never got in the way. He was just so right. Everybody played beautifully. I don't see anything that would justify me giving it less than five stars.

Having heard so little of what Miles is doing today, although I do have his album, *Bitches Brew*, it's difficult for me to compare, but I do prefer what I've just listened to. Now that's for me; of course, a lot of people are very happy with his *Bitches Brew* and, as you know, I accepted for him when he won the Grammy.

5. DAVE BRUBECK. *Blue Rondo A La Turk* (from *Time Out*, Columbia). Paul Desmond, alto sax; Dave Brubeck, piano; Eugene Wright, bass; Joe Morello drums. Recorded 1960.

That was Brubeck and the quartet with *Rondo A La Turk*, a 9/8 thing. Very interesting. I think his unusual time signatures have been about the best of what you might call experiments in that direction. I like this, and of course I like Paul very much. Was that Gene Wright on bass? It was very good. I don't know how to dissect this.

I wouldn't say that this sounds less interesting today; but you know, anything can after you've heard it enough times, after the initial impression—initial shock is what it is—but I think this has held up very well. It doesn't attack me too strongly emotionally, as the Miles thing did, but it was well done. I'd give it three stars.

6. WOODY HERMAN. *Deep Purple* (from *Woody Herman 1964*, Philips). Herman, alto sax; Carmen Leggio, first tenor solo; Sal Nistico, second tenor solo; Nat Pierce, arranger.

Now this one's got me a bit baffled. For some reason I haven't heard this before. I know from the quality of the recording that it's a little later than the other big band things, from the contemporary style of the tenor player. Other than that, the overall arrangement and the ensemble could have been written last week or 15 years ago.

It might have been Basic, and that might

Continued on page 46

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caught in the act

University of California Jazz Festival Berkeley, Cal.

U.C.'s fifth festival was a full one. The entire week of events was free, except for the Friday and Saturday evening concerts. The debuts didn't always involve actual performances: temperamental acoustics, groups that took lethargic setting-up time, lengthy emcee patter that tried to appease and only jelled impatient audiences. Credits had a close edge over a string of sour notes.

No following group surpassed the potent opener at the Pauley Ballroom on the Monday evening show. Prince Lasha and The Firebirds (Hadley Caliman, tenor sax, flute; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Buster Williams, bass; Charles Moffett, drums, fluegelhorn) set a crowd-pleasing peak with Lash's alto eschewing the thorny approach for smooth, straight-ahead lines paralleled by Caliman's tenor.

Their flute duets and solos on the ballads were just as creamy, and they had an abetting rhythm section that never wavered. Moffett laying down a nice line on obbligato fluegelhorn while drumming with his left hand at one spot. Williams' singular bass added luster to every turn, and best of all were Hutcherson's serpentine weavings; hypnotic and extremely fast, prolific vibes with a host of good touches.

Theirs was the first half to a full hall. A quartet called Crystal (Gabriel Stern, tenor

sax, flute; David Durrah, organ; David Litwin, Moog synthesizer; E.R. Toscane, drums) nearly emptied it, whittling the audience down to a stoic sliver. Far-out stuff not far out enough. It would be a strain on the avant garde to call Crystal's music that. Acid couldn't wipe out their bad vibes.

Subsequent performances at the Pauley Ballroom, by the Second Coming and the Clydene Jackson Trio on Tuesday, and the Todd Cochran Quintet and the Black Messengers on Wednesday, I didn't catch and can't testify to. They reportedly covered a fair spectrum of styles — Afro, blues, and jazz.

Hugh Masakela and the Union of South Africa and another Afro group, Ndiko, scheduled for the ballroom on Thursday, were moved to the outdoor Greek Theater (where the Friday and Saturday concerts were held) in wise anticipation of a larger audience than the ballroom could hold. They drew a record 13,000. Masakela taking his somewhat bland stance between his country's native forms and jazz, the combination never really opening out to anything valuable. The music was only mildly infectious and didn't induce the fevers that jazz and African percussion, separately, can invoke.

Friday, one of the touted, admission-charging highlights was a disappointing drag. The Last Poets, Alafia Pudim and Omar Ben Hassen, with Nilaja on conga, gave out with rough-hewn rhetoric, serving up a lumpy

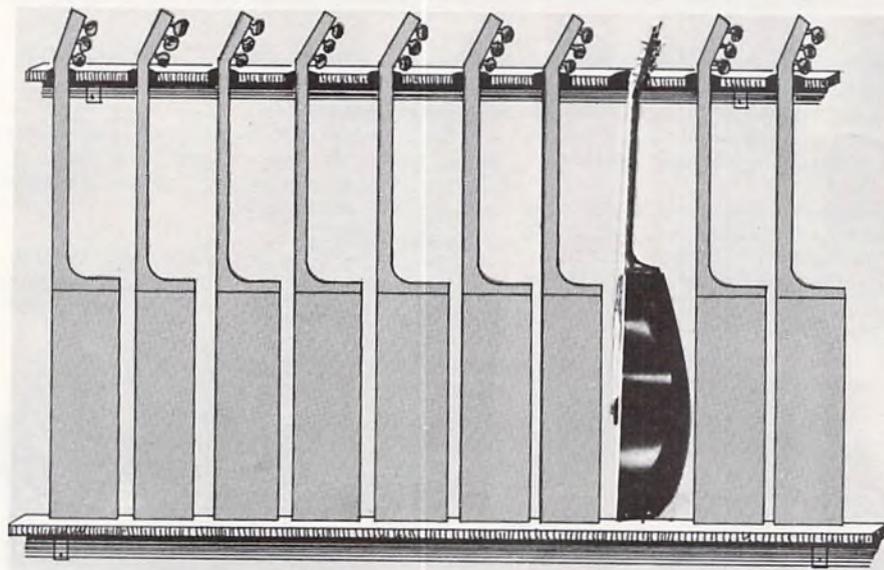
prose that might have violently affected Victorians. In this four-letter era, it only dulled. Their slaughtering of sacred cows was more messy than merciless, "Whitey" and "Nigger" heavily lampooned. Their brand of revolutionary zeal drove one to boredom rather than the barricades. They came back for an encore few had asked for.

With Alice Coltrane were tenors Archie Shepp and Frank Lowe, bassist Jimmy Garrison, and drummer Clifford Jarvis — the makings of something fine that never materialized. The leader had the honesty to admit something was amiss and the grace to apologize for it, but the reasoning that blamed instruments affected by the cold was flawed. That wasn't what frosted rapport. The audience had a tinder-box responsiveness that could be sensed in the ovation she received on appearing, but in her harp and piano playing there was nothing especially worth noting. Shepp didn't get all that much time and he never came waist-high to his reputation. Lowe was strained, and the tenor battle was more a mock circling than an engaged conflict.

Jarvis was reliable, and Garrison's solo, pizzicato, arco, and using the bow reversed, the wooden edge tapping out a pizzicato, was a worthwhile redeemer. Sparks flew but seldom, and the tinder box turned damp.

There was a 45-minute wait while Sun Ra's Astro-Infinity Askrestra and Intergalactic music prepared for take-off. Did it ever?

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When you boiled down the Flash Gordon overtones, the space suitery, Mephistophelian billowing of cloaks shining helmets, dancers in a dervish vortex, mysteriously glowing balls and the nervous blink of strobe lights, there were only jazz scraps provided by tenorist John Gilmore, altoists Danny Davis, Marshall Allen, and Tommy Hunter, and Ahk Tal Ebah on French horn for solace. Sun Ra contributed his usual organ bursts.

All the airy gestures, the reaching for the stars, weren't worth a down to earth swinging chorus. A host of drummers keeping percussion rolling in ten-foot breakers didn't bring consolation. Quite interesting visually and enclosed in a thick mystical crust—tasty or stale according to your beliefs in Sun Ra.

A good young group (Bill Crosby, trumpet;

Lateef, with Kenny Barron, piano; Bob Cunningham, bass, and Kumba (Tootie Heath) drums, was such an adept all-rounder, he could have settled in on any one of his instruments and made a night of it. Smoothly astute tenor on the first number, carressive flute on the second (a medium swinger from his *Eastern Sounds* album; most titles throughout the concerts came across in uncrackable code), superb oboe on the third, with a tone well away from that instruments usual plaintive sound, as full bodied as Friar Tuck.

Kirk whizzed along his miscellaneous way in high humor, his tenor playing especially effective, marshalling hoots and hollers, the bumps and grinds of jazz, into sinuous form. He sang about a gent with a long tongue who would have made Rabelais raise his eye-



John Handy (far left) and Ali Akbar Khan (second from right)

Leon Williams, tenor sax; Damien Durham, guitar; Donald Lemmons, piano; Dennis Lemmons, bass; Augustus Collins, drums; Kenneth Nash, conga) got Saturday afternoon off to a coherent start, with three numbers studded with strong solos that nicely paved the way to beautifully sculpted performances from John Handy and Ali Akbar Khan.

This wasn't an actual combining of forms, though there were short duets in the raga context and Handy dabbled knowingly in the Eastern idiom. They didn't poach too deeply on each other's well-kept preserves, nothing to upset Kipling, East was East, etc. There was nothing to upset anybody in fact, and a lot to applaud. Both masters were technically stunning in enlivening alto and sarod dialogues, Handy's impeccable blues bag yielding all kinds of delights. Zakir Sussais' fettle-some tabla was another brilliant house-rouser and Alvina Quintana and Susan Rosenbloom set up a honeyed drone on tambouras. This was worth a bow in both directions.

Following them, a lusty soul singer, Faye Carroll, backed by a stentorian trio (Martha Young, piano; Harley White, bass; Clarence Becton drums) kept at it unflinching. Subtle as a bulldozer, maybe, but when they moved, you did too.

Saturday evening was rich in tenors, featuring the Yusef Lateef, Roland Kirk and Stanley Turrentine quartets. Lateef's and Kirk's talented diversity kept the spread from being too rich.

brows, played *the Old Rugged Cross* straight (maybe as a penance) went on a honking tour through the audience, smashed a chair into instant relics and threw fragments to the crowd, and finished up with *Satin Doll*. It would have been better for Turrentine if he'd taken his programmed spot following Lateef instead of capping Kirk's circus, or trying to. No fault of an expressive player that he had to battle a crowd keen on pyrotechnics, but his warmth gradually permeated, organist Butch Cornell doing a lot to help. *Sugar* was a particularly fine swinger in a good lot, and Turrentine even made *Walk On By* interesting jazz—no small job. Sonny Simmons and the Cosmic Vehicles were slated to follow, but at freezing 1:30 a.m., I quit.

Three vocal groups, Believers, Voice of Joy, and The New Generation Singers, wrapped up the Festival up in Gospel strains at Zellerbach Auditorium on Sunday, the last group the best and most varied musically.

—Sammy Mitchell

Jazz Seminar

University of Pittsburgh

I've always attempted to avoid jazz seminars, clinics and the like, because in the past they have always been profoundly disappointing. But I attended this event with great anticipation because I had previously studied with Nathan Davis at the University

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of Pittsburgh.

Almost from the first moment he stepped onto the campus, I had been amazed at his tremendous well of energy. Before his arrival the music department was an abyss for anyone wanting to study Afro-American music. Not that there was any hindrance if one wanted to study this field, but the department provided no direction at all. Absolutely no one on the faculty knew anything about black music. And there always seemed to be some confusion about getting literature, especially periodicals, on the subject. Now, after less than two years, the department, through the imagination, skill and insights of Nathan Davis, has presented a major (and I believe historic) jazz seminar.

Clearly the most outstanding aspect of the

program was its instructional value. Perhaps this was disappointing for those who were looking for a lot of hard blowing for three days. Only on Thursday was there an official playing session, a concert of Davis' music by the composer, Roland Hanna, Richard Davis, Donald Byrd, and Alan Dawson. At other times, lectures and/or demonstrations were given by these five individuals plus Leonard Feather (Jazz: An Overview), Ernie Wilkins (Composition and Arranging), Max Roach (History of Jazz), Clark Terry (Brass), and Dan Morgenstern and Yvonne Taylor (The Music Business).

There was also a very intuitive discussion on jazz in Pittsburgh and why it has never flourished. Unfortunately, David Baker, who had been scheduled for the seminar, con-

tracted pneumonia and had to cancel. In his place, Donald Byrd presented the scheduled lecture on Curriculum Planning and Administration.

Because several lecture/demonstrations were planned simultaneously at different locations, I missed Dawson's percussion demonstration, the music business seminar, part of Hanna's piano interpretation and Roach's history lecture. (The last because I went to see Nathan Davis in a recording session.)

One of the really fortunate things that happened was that on Saturday Clark Terry's plane was late, so those who attended the Nathan Davis reed lecture also were able to see Terry give his talk, a unique presentation on practice and breathing.

A key to the success of the seminar was the fact that practitioners of the music served as instructors. Active musicians have long had the grievance that they weren't given an opportunity to articulate and instruct about their music. If anyone had any doubts about their ability to do so, their fears are now buried in a deep grave.

It would really be facetious to make comparisons of the presentations. But for me the highlights were the bass lecture by Richard Davis, the reed and brass demonstrations by Davis and Terry, and an unusually informative talk on professionalism by Donald Byrd. And what was unbelievable about this "rap" was the question-and-answer period, which produced the age-old question of dope — Byrd negotiated around it beautifully. It seems almost irresponsible that any person would attach the drug stigma to a viable art form and not to the political-social demons that accompany it. Leonard Feather's confabulation was augmented by an astonishing film of some of the famed contributors to Afro-American music. If I had any criticism of the program at all it would be that one of the faculty members of this seminar could have represented the new music.

But if the music aspect of the seminar was right on time, the administration of it was mired in the Middle Ages. For some reason, this part of the program was put into the hands of the Continuing Education division at the University. Although Robert Comfort, the administrator, told me that they had contacted a professional mailing firm, none of the brothers I talked to from schools in the northeast had heard about this seminar. (I originally heard about it through a personal communique from Davis.) When I arrived at the University and talked with some of the people there, none of them knew about the seminar. I later found out that only one station, WAMO, a local black station, had advertised it. Consequently, the seminar was poorly attended, even though Nathan had raised \$1000.00 for students unable to afford the cost of registration.

All a man like Nathan Davis can do is try to bring light where ignorance abounds. During the three days of the seminar I saw only one faculty member, the music department chairman, Robert Snow. And I saw him only for a brief moment on the morning of registration. When it appeared that Clark Terry might not arrive, Comfort told me about it in very harsh accents, as if he had expected it.

My hat's off to Nathan Davis, because I understand the frustration he must have felt in trying to carry this thing off. And carry it off he did!

— Bill Cole

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John Coltrane's "Giant Steps" Solo & Composition Transcribed and Annotated by David Baker

John Coltrane was one of the handful of jazz geniuses of whom it can honestly be said "He transformed the esthetic." It is almost impossible to find a young player of any merit in jazz today who doesn't owe a demonstrable debt to Coltrane. Whether it's the use of 16th notes as the basic unit of the jazz chorus, ingenious substitutions, "sheets of sound", wide variety of scale colors (particularly the diminished and pentatonic scales) or countless other more subtle things, Trane's presence manifests itself.

For instance, among the more obvious tangible innovations is Trane's subtle use of substitutions. One particular set is usually referred to simply as *Giant Steps* changes or "Coltrane changes". This technique refers to Trane's manner of converting a simple II V I progression into something very exciting. The Coltrane substitutions can be used whenever a II V I progression extends over four measures. It is converted in this manner:

D mi		G		CM		CM
D mi E		A M B		EM G		CM
II	V resolve	I	V resolve	I	B resolve	I
1/2 step	m3	m3				

Some examples of this technique may be heard on Trane's version of *But Not For Me* and *Tune Up* on the album from which this solo was taken (Atlantic 1311).

Even though Coltrane had something else in mind when he named *Giant Steps*, the title has proved apocalyptic for a number of other reasons. In the years since his untimely death, John Coltrane has emerged as one of the two or three most influential figures in jazz since Charlie Parker. His musical steps across the jazz world were truly "Giant Steps", the strides of a colossus.

In another sense the title is also apt. For those like myself who are involved in jazz pedagogy, Coltrane's playing on this composition is an improvising lesson. It has been said that for the budding orchestrator Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe* is virtual text book. It would not be too much of an oversimplification to say that *Giant Steps* stands in much the same position to the improviser.

In my own teaching, I find the playing of John Coltrane on *Giant Steps* the paradigm of sound jazz improvisation.

The following is an excerpt from my book *Jazz Improvisation* and it shows one way in which Coltrane's mighty solo on *Giant Steps* might be utilized in the teaching of improvisation.

An Approach To Improvising On Tunes

There are three basic tune types found in jazz up through the post bebop era (circa 1956):

1. Vertical tunes—that is, tunes which are essentially concerned with chords or vertical alignments (i.e., *Tune Up*, *Giant Steps*).
2. Horizontal tunes—that is, compositions which have few chord changes or compositions in which the chord changes move very slowly. (i.e., *So What*, *Maiden Voyage*).
3. Combination of vertical and horizontal. (i.e., *Speak Low*, *Dear Old Stockholm* and the blues.)

We may also approach any composition in a number of ways. Three of them follow:

- a. A scalar approach, whereby we reduce each chord or series of chords to basic scale colors. This is essentially the direction pointed to in George Russell's *The Lydian Concept of Tonal Organization*. In this approach, we are less concerned with outlining the particular chords than with presenting a scale or mode that would sound the key area implied by the chords.
- b. In the second approach, the player articulates each chord. He might simply use arpeggios and seventh chords in a rhythm of his own choosing or he might use what I have labeled root-oriented patterns, such as 1212, 1212, or 1231 or 1235 etc. (in a progression like Cmi (2 beats) F (2 beats) B (4 beats) they would translate to C D C D, F G F G, B C B C etc.)
- c. A third approach involves the use of patterns either predetermined or spontaneously conceived. This approach is favored by many post bebop players.

The above approaches are by no means mutually exclusive. In fact, with most players all three are utilized in the course of a single solo. There are many factors which seem to dictate the use of one as opposed to another at any particular time.

If a tune is extremely vertical, some combination of all three seems to work best, according to the player's point of view. If the player wishes to minimize the vertical aspects of the composition, he might do so by using scales. If he wished to reinforce the vertical aspects, he might choose to articulate each chord by using triads, sevenths, ninths, etc. If he chose to walk a middle ground, he might use scales, patterns and arpeggios.

If a tune is extremely horizontal, the scalar approach seems to be imperative. When the harmony is static (when the changes move slowly), there must be some sort of melodic or rhythmic motion. If we run the chord using arpeggios and seventh chords, the material is too

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sparse to give the song much forward thrust. The same problems exist if we use the root-oriented figurations or II V patterns.

If the tune is a combination tune, the player might use all three approaches. For instance, he might use II V patterns on the changes that last one or two measures, root-oriented patterns on changes that last two beats, and scales on changes that last two measures or more. Many of the finest jazz players use a scheme like number three in some modified form.

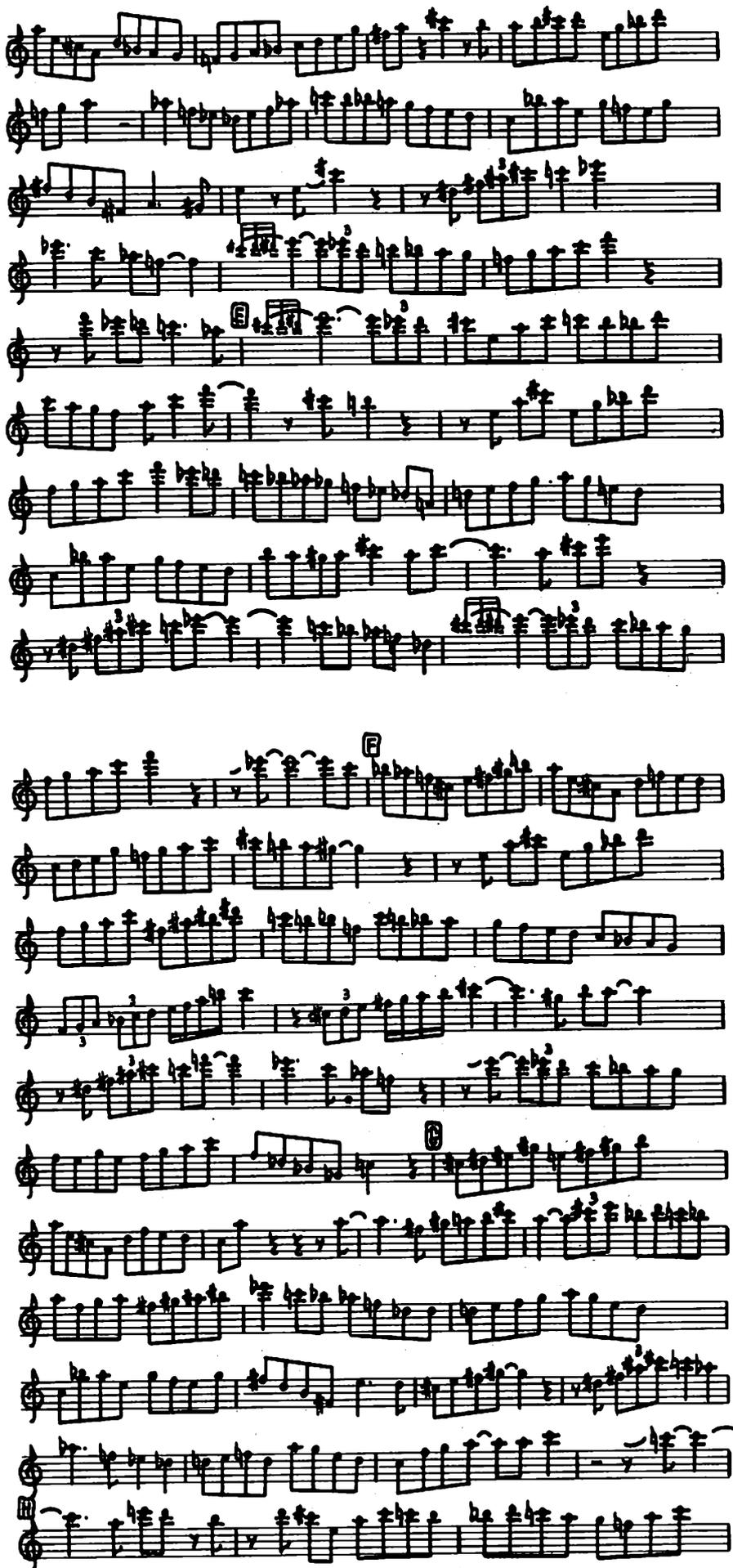
Approach (A) is exemplified in measures: (A) 3, 8, 11, 12, (C) 3, 5, 6, 12 thru 16, (D) 3, 7, 8, 4, (E) 6 thru 10 and through out the remainder of the solo.

Approach (B) is exemplified in measures: (A) 1 - 2, 5 - 6, 15, (C) 1, 2, 5, 9, 13 and in every chorus of this solo (check it out.)

Approach (C) is exemplified in measures: (A-3, 9, 10, (B) 2, 3, 7, 13, 16, (D) 9, 10, 12, 13 and many others.

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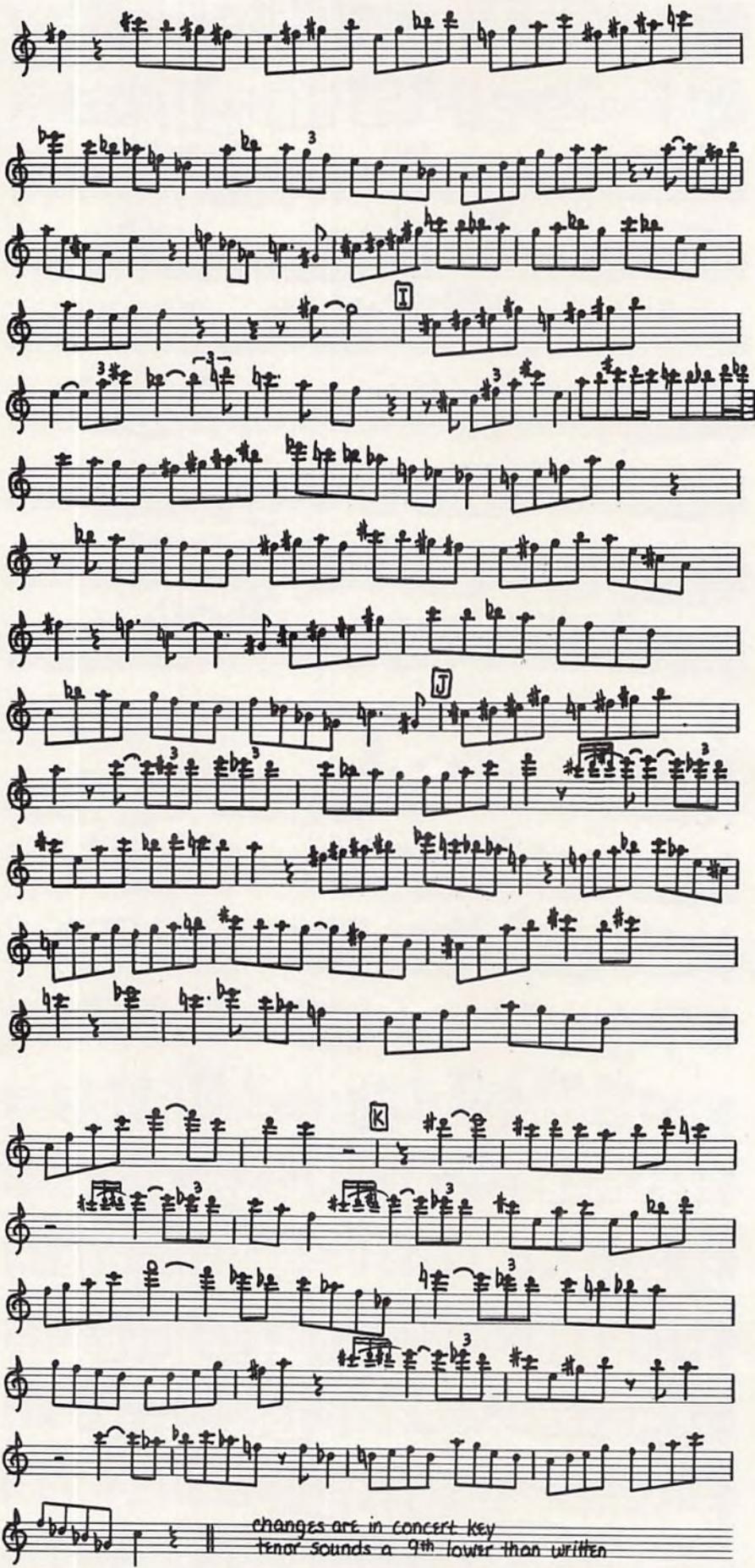
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COLTRANE

(Continued from page 15)

graphy or even impromptu "expressive" dance. The issue is the conventional social dance and Trane's music can't be danced to in that way, for it is not subordinated to rhythm, as "dance music" must be. One could easily do a slow two-step to his *Stardust* (Prestige 7129). But to *Ascension*?

Classical musicians improvise, to be sure. And often composers have been extraordinary instrumentalists. Generally, though, it is for their compositions that they become known. So, if "serious" equals "composer" it is valid to ask if Trane was a composer. His music, especially from *Love Supreme* on, bears the form which distinguishes a composition from a solo or "head melody". It is organized according to his individualistic musical conception. Granted that his works increasingly allow for free group and solo improvisation. Granted that they are loosely structured.

No matter. Regardless of how loosely or informally Trane imparted his sense of organization to his sidemen, the resulting music was clearly his. Undoubtedly, his own playing contributed to this. Nevertheless, compositions such as *Naima*, *Cousin Mary*, *Giant Steps*, *Alabama* and *Ogunde* are obviously Coltrane compositions—even when divorced from his playing style. Not only are the melodies of Coltrane compositions branded with his mark; the rhythmic, harmonic and orchestral (ensemble, if you prefer) realities of music were incorporated in conception. Drones, or variations thereof, became integral staples in Trane's repertoire, as in *India* and *Ascension*

(Impulse A-95). Long, unaccompanied solos and introductions, by his sidemen as well, were assigned a primary role in his compositions, rescuing the soloist from mere showmanship.

The ensemble playing on such pieces as *Father*, *Son and Holy Ghost* also helped break the tyranny of the old theme-solo-theme form. His ensembles are as much "solos" as they are theme statements. Extended solos following the opening ensemble passages are continuations of improvisations begun in the ensemble. Where, for instance, does the theme statement end and Coltrane's solo begin in *Father-Son*?

Even this brief examination makes clear that John Coltrane emphatically was a "serious" musician.

Coltrane's music, while innovative, is also traditional. In it can be heard the echoes of other eras, of other men.

On *Ogunde*, the tone is almost Gene Ammons-ish. And certainly, the loose ensemble playing on such records as *Kulu Se Mama* (Impulse A-9106), *Meditations*, *Cosmic Music* (Impulse 9148) and *Live Again at Village Vanguard* (Impulse A-9124) is somehow reminiscent of what we have come to know as early New Orleans jazz.

Trane was "avant garde" before the term became fashionable. In the late '50s, his harmonic conception was already severe enough to ear him the dubious honor of being called "anti-jazz". But let's assume that, as some have claimed, Coltrane was borrowing from the avant garde in those first days of his emergence as a musician of top stature; that his first "truly" avant garde recording (*The Avant Garde*, Atlantic 1451) was inspired by Ornette Coleman via trumpeter Don Cherry;

that his interest in scales arose from his tenure with Miles, or that the use of wide intervals on *Giant Steps* derived from Monk. Let's assume that his "vocal" playing (the deployment of growls, screeches, honks, etc.) had its origins in Eric Dolphy. Even granting such assumptions, Coltrane's position in the history of jazz (and music) is unaffected. It is the sum of an artist's discoveries that concerns us in any assessment of him, not the individual fractions. Coltrane synthesized this ability to take sounds you've heard, be they from Monk, Shankar or Stravinsky, and make them into an organic whole molded by the personality of the molder—that is originality. There is no starting from absolute scratch.

Coltrane had his influences. Dexter Gordon, for example. But so did Schoenberg. And it is said that Erik Satie had a deep influence on Debussy. Yet who would call Schoenberg or Debussy unoriginal?

Coltrane came, and he made music. He built on existing foundations. He and his music lived in inexorable relation to other lives, other ideas, other musics. But how he built! The musical structures are changed forever because of him.

His music is living now. Living in the trite expressions of his slavish imitators, but also in the uncompromising originality of Lee Konitz, for instance, or in the ceaseless creations of Miles Davis, in the eccentric brilliance of Sonny Rollins, in the timeless epic that is Duke Ellington. In an attic or basement somewhere, where someone is just picking up on the "sheets of sound", it will be continued.

The spirit Coltrane so tirelessly praised lives on. The spirit in which he innovated; the spirit of authentic creativity. Even if only half recognized, his spirit lives on. 

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FESTIVAL

Continued from page 21.

I got a lot of enjoyment out of the Western Washington State College jazz quintet. Using traditional charts such as *Song For My Father* their solos were fresh and imaginative, a welcome contrast from the free, loud, finger-exercises that characterized some of the student soloists.

I thought the Texas Southern combo (10 pieces!) was lively. They have an excellent tenor soloist, Ronnie Laws (younger brother of flutist Hubert).

Lanny Steele has, with some magic, combined Bill Holman-Johnny Richards material with Coltrane lines for a beautiful synthesis of jazz expression.

Bill Evans and Clark Terry came on after intermission with a surprise guest, Mundell Lowe. A bass player and drummer from the Illinois band filled out the group that was, for me, was the most musical of the festival.

The Utah band closed the afternoon concert playing all original charts, most of them by Ladd McIntosh, and one particularly fine one by the guitarist, Merrill Clark. It was a tight band, but tended to be overly-loud in spots. When the trombonist soloed through a Multi-Vider, I found it hard to get excited, although his non-electric playing seemed to be very good.

Sunday Evening

Band: State Univ. of New York at Fredonia, Gary Daily, director. **Combo:** San Fernando Valley State College (Northridge, Calif.), Wil-

fred Chapron, director. **Band:** Texas Southern Univ. (Houston), Lanny Steele, director. **Intermission. Awards Presentation, Suite for Jazz Ensemble:** *Ian's Original Awakening* by Fred Hamilton (Univ. of Northern Colo., Greeley), Outstanding Student Arranger-Composer, 1970 ACJF; commissioned by the Kennedy Center; performed by the Towson State College Band, conducted by Mr. Hamilton. **Singer:** Angelle Trosclair, Loyola Univ. (New Orleans, La.) accompanied by the Ron Bridgewater Quartet, Univ of Ill. **Solosist:** Clark Terry, trumpet and flugelhorn, with the Univ. of Ill. Jazz Band. (*Fredonia is one of those schools where the music department can't quite make the plunge into jazz education. The three bands on the campus are run by students, lest the school assign an agent provocateur to sabotage the program. The students are doing fine; the faculty should take lessons.*)

The San Fernando Valley combo was interesting in parts, but I wasn't very much impressed.

The Texas Southern band opened with Lou Marini's *Festival* and then *Thelonius*. The three-movement *The Ghetto* was their most important contribution. It captured the chaos and the loneliness of a ghetto. It seemed as if this band was about this piece, or their experience was this piece.

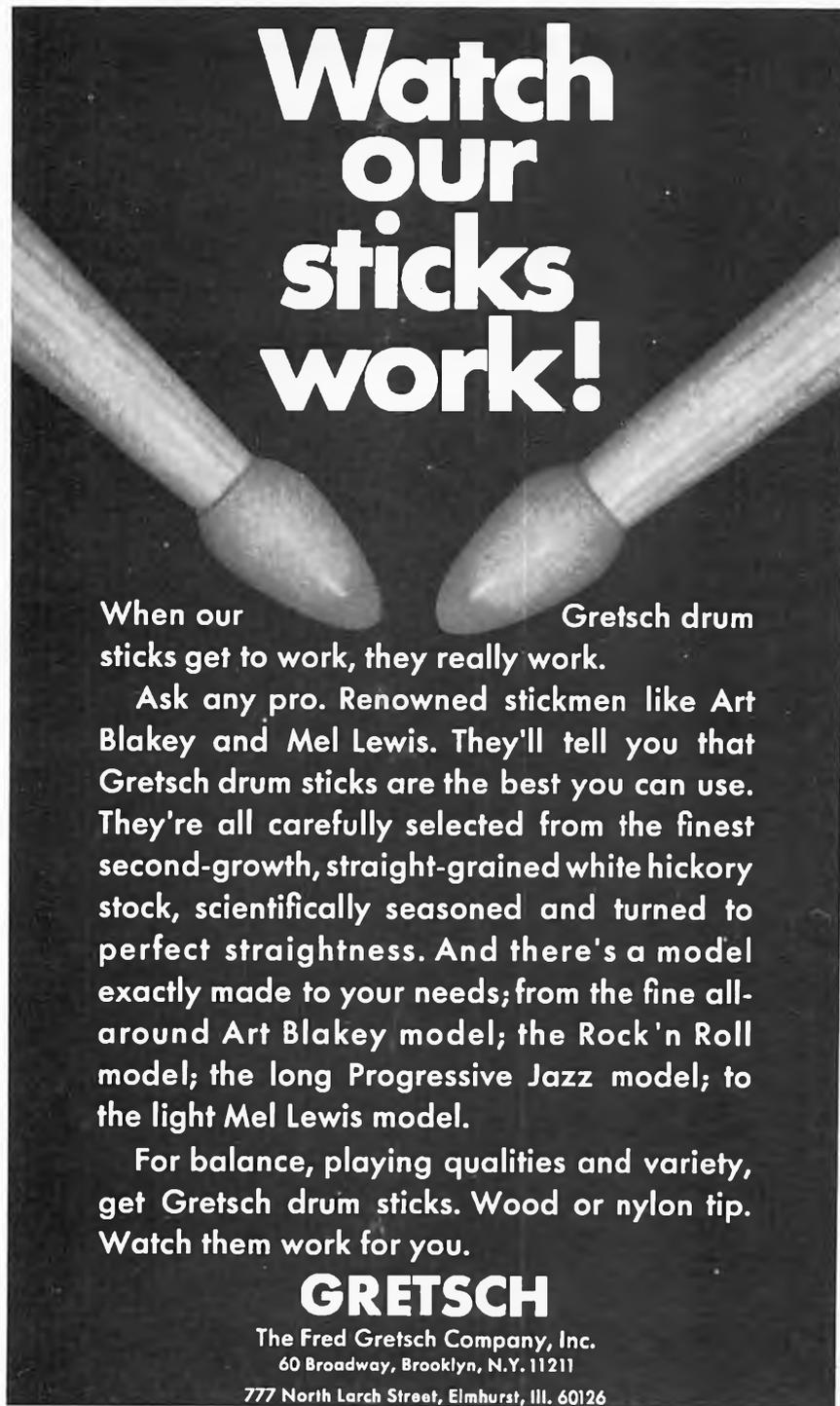
I was disappointed with *Ian's Original Awakening*. There were parts that were exciting, but not enough. However, the Towson band was having intonation problems and throughout the rhythm tended to obliterate the lines because the band was too loud. Then, too, I understand that Towson had little time to rehearse the difficult piece.

The soloist awards were determined by Gene Hall and David Baker on the basis of performances by the student ensembles. The prizes were provided by Shure Bros. of Evanston, Ill. Gold-plated microphones (functional) and carrying cases were given to 12 outstanding soloists regardless of instrument. They were: Julius Farmer, bass (Southern Univ.); Rich Healey, guitar, (San Mateo); Steve Marshall, flute (San Mateo); Keith Crossan, harmonica (San Mateo); Gene Meros, tenor sax (Towson); Allen Johnson, trumpet (Wisconsin State); Ronnie Laws, tenor sax (Texas Southern); Tom van der Geld, vibes (New Mexico); Barrie Hall, trumpet (Texas Southern); Henry Butler, piano (Southern Univ.); Richard Thompson, trumpet, and Nadetmer Butler, trombone (Malcolm X).

The Outstanding Student Arranger-Composer Award—a \$250 commission from the Kennedy Center—went to Merrill Clark (Univ. of Utah) for his composition, "No Name Yet." His work will be published by down beat and will be performed at the 1972 American College Jazz Festival, May 12-14, at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C.

Clark Terry ended the evening and the festival with his warm performance. And, of course, the crowd broke up over *Mumbles*. I've heard him do it several times, but it always makes me laugh out loud and kind of exult in knowing that I inhabit the same world with the person who is Clark Terry.

Our bus was waiting immediately after the last note—another nine-hour bus ride back to Eau Claire. As I write these impressions, I find it difficult to relinquish the memory of the festival weekend. I have a feeling it's going to stay with me a long, long time.



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Continued from page 12

will be distributed by Columbia, with a reissue deal on Epic for out-of-print Douglas material. Albums by **Paul Bley** and **John McLaughlin** are in the works... Tenorist **Roland Alexander**, bassist **Hakim Jami**, and drum-**Michael Shepherd** (Zahir Batin) were among the participants in a benefit at the Apollo in mid-May... Saxophonist **Carmen Leggio**, with pianist-organist **Dick Massinelli**, bassist **Knobby Totah**, and drummer **Carl Ferraro**, has been doing college concert dates in and around New York.

Los Angeles: **Paul Horn** returned to Los Angeles for gigs at Donte's and Shelly's Manne-Hole. He couldn't linger too long in his former home town. Horn had to get back to Victoria, British Columbia—his recently adopted home—to prepare for a two-part "symposium of music and philosophy," June 16-22 and 23-29... **Jimmy Smith** followed **Willie Bobo** into the Lighthouse... **John Klemmer** followed **Miles Davis** for ten days into Shelly's Manne-Hole. Klemmer will also work the Lighthouse Aug. 31-Sept. 12... **Curtis Mayfield** played a week at the Bitter End West... **Tom Ham's Lighthouse**, in San Diego, offered the **Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land Quintet**, the **Larry Coryell Trio** and **Buddy Collette and His Stuido All-Stars** (the ones who play on the **Flip Wilson Show**) for successive Sunday gigs... The transition from **Stanley Turrentine's Trio** to **Freddie Hubbard's quintet** found the two groups overlapping for one night, sharing the stage of the York Club and drawing a huge audience. Since the club (recently converting from rock to jazz) does not have a piano, Hubbard's pianist, **Joe Bonner**, found himself playing organ for the first time in his career—and he managed without any complications... The **Huntington-Sheraton Hotel**, in Pasadena, presented a "Swinging Years Jazz Concert," with an all-star jazz band comprised of: **Nappy Lamare**, **Nick Fatool**, **Nellie Lutcher**, **Matty Matkok**, **Stan Wrightsman**, **Billy Hadnott**, **Ray Leatherwood**, **Abe Lincoln** (honest!), **Del Simmons**, **Johnny Best** and **Charles Pendergraph**... The **Modern Jazz Quartet** has been signed for a guest appearance with the **Albuquerque (N.M.) Symphony Orchestra** Nov. 13... They must be trying to tell us something: the **Jazz Crusaders** will henceforth be known as **The Crusaders**... **B. B. King** did a one-nighter at the **Forum** in **Inglewood**... **Carole King** (hardly a relation!) played a week at the **Troubadour**... The **Forum** presented a "1950s Rock and Roll Revival" featuring **Jerry Lee Lewis**, **Chuck Berry**, **Bo Diddley**, the **Drifters** and the **Shirelles**... The **West Cost Swing Band**, under drummer **Joe Gareri's** direction, and the backing of **Local 47**, will play the band shell of **Alhambra Park** July 11. Personnel include: **Dud Stone**, **Ralph Harden**, **Hal McCarthy**, **Jimmy Trelut**, **Mike Crawford**, trumpets; **Ken Richmond**, **Abe Lincoln, Jr.**, **Ched Mestanovich**, **Nance Patterson**, trombones; **Joe Lutes**, **John Magruder**, **Gary Upham**, **Nikki Galnick**, **Norman Orlando**, reeds; **Jimmy Edwards**, piano; **Tony Pretzello**, guitar; **Martin Rocca**, electric bass... A new nine-piece combo, **Stoneface**, has hit town, fresh from **Kansas City, Mo.**, where most of

the members studied at the Conservatory of Music at the University of Missouri. They played at the University of Southern California. **Stoneface** prefers to be known as a "jazz-funk group," claiming that if there's any cross-breeding going on in their combo it's not jazz and rock, but jazz and rhythm and blues... Another new combo in town is **Cerulean Blue**, and they call themselves, unabashedly, "jazz-rock." They played twice at the **Bunker Hill Towers**. Personnel: **Harry Kim**, **Ralph Harden**, trumpets; **Craig Woods**, trombone; **Dave Rieger**, **Larry Dougherty**, reeds; **George Morrow** (from the old **Clifford Brown** group), bass; **Bob Stamps**, guitar and vocals; **Bill Rios**, drums... **Steve Hideg** is really pushing for jazz at the **Melody Room**. He organized various groups, plus **Tommy Vig's** 20-piece band, for the entire month of June. Among the combos are those fronted by **Hideg**, **Tony Ortega**, and **Ernie Watts**... **Vig**, incidentally, recently returned from his native Hungary with a standing invitation to concertize there. While in **Budapest**, he gave a concert over **Hungarian State Radio**. He was provided with a local rhythm section, but he was really his own rhythm section, playing **vibes**, **marimba**, **chimes**, **tambourine** and **drums**... **Dick Russon** and his trio played a one-nighter at the **Admiral's Dinghy**, in **Playa Del Rey**. With **Russon**, on piano, were **Vic Mio**, bass; **Don Jolly**, drums and vocals... **Louis Bellson** held three clinics using his concert band recently: one at **Santa Ana College**, with **Frank Rosolino** as guest; one at **Montebello High School**, with a **Montebello** alumnus, **John Madrid** (from **Buddy Rich's** band) sitting in; and one at **Porterville High School**... Winners of the **Jazz Division** in **UCLA's Frank Sinatra Music Competition** were: **Lee Ritenour**, guitar; **Adrian Bal**, bass; **Dave Crowtell**, drums. The trio was presented with a check of \$2,000 by **Sinatra** himself... A new work by **Pat Williams** was premiered at **Mount St. Mary's College** in **Los Angeles: Scenario for Five Instruments**—clarinet, piano, violin, viola, and cello... The big band and of **San Fernando Valley State College** gave a concert with **Mundell Lowe** as special guest, at its **Northridge campus**... **Merry Clayton** (former **Raellet**) just completed an album for **Ode Records**, including a **Carole King** original. **Miss King** and **Billy Preston** were on keyboards; **Bobby West**, bass; **Paul Humphrey**, drums... **Pete Robinson's** combo, **Contraband**, has been signed by **Columbia**. Their first album, produced by former **down beat** staffer **Pete Welding**, is now being edited following two solid months of recording. Personnel of **Contraband**: **Robinson**, keyboards; **Charles Orena**, reeds; **Dave Pritchard**, guitar; **Bruce Cale**, bass and violin; **Brian Moffatt**, drums.

Chicago: With the scene picking up a bit in late May and early June, Chicagoans were able to hear several groups not known for frequent local visits. Guitarist **Kenny Burrell** did a **Modern Jazz Showcase** stint at the **North Park Hotel** (once again the **MJS** home after differences were ironed out) and **Rahsaan Roland Kirk** and the **Vibration Society** followed... Business was not sufficiently good to warrant the **Happy Medium** picking up a fourth week option for the **World's Greatest Jazzband**, but the room did book the **Woody Herman Herd** for a one-nighter June 6. Thus, it appears there is another venue for big bands in the central city (along with **Ruggles**) and

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DRUMMERS

Stanley Spector writes—
Is it that you need more "technique" to express your "ideas", or is the difficulty that you may instead require greater mental clarification of your "ideas"? I have the feeling that what most people think of as "technique" can more precisely be described as manual dexterity. On the other hand, I often get the impression that so-called "ideas" relate more to vague impulses and the wish to make music. To break music down into two parts called "technique" and "ideas" seems to me as unreal as thinking of up without down, fast without slow, left without right. It is like saying, "I know how to spell a word, but I cannot write it down." I tend to believe that in most cases the drummer who thinks he needs more "technique" to express his "ideas" is really in need of greater mental clarification of his "ideas". Some drummers have found greater mental clarification of their ideas in considering the question—
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one in an outlying area, the Willowbrook Ballroom, played host to the bands of Harry James and Les Brown recently...Muddy Waters became the second bluesman to play Mister Kelly's (B.B. King was the first). With Muddy were guitarists Sammy Lawhorn and James Madison, harmonicaist Paul Osher, pianist Joe Perkins, bassist Calvin Jones, drummer Willy Smith, and vocalist McKinley Morganfield. The Ravina Festival's 1971 program includes jazz/blues/rock/folk nights (Wednesday and Friday) and scheduled performers are Ike & Tina Turner (June 30), Ella Fitzgerald (July 7), Duke Ellington (July 14), B.B. King (July 21) and Miles Davis (Aug. 4) on the Wednesday programs, and Roberta Flack (June 25), the Preservation Hall Jazz Band (July 2), John Sebastian (July 9), Laura Nyro (July 16) Peggy Lee (July 23), Sha Na Na (July 30) and a performance of *Jesus Christ Superstar* (Aug. 6) on Fridays...Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers played a weekend at the new Roberts Motel...Dave Remington's big band appeared on a recent Monday at El Coco Loco...Norm Murphy's quintet is the new Tuesday attraction at the Flower Pot on Rush Street...The Big Horn in Ivanhoe celebrated its third anniversary with a swinging evening that featured guest solosit Bobby Lewis, trumpet; Jim Beebe, trombone; Lance Schulz, clarinet; Bob Wright, piano; Rail Wilson, bass, and Hillard Brown, drums...

Dallas: Clubowners here and throughout Texas were optimistic following the approval of most big city precincts of the sale of liquor by the drink, signaling an end to the state's archaic private club subterfuge and hopefulling enhancing tourist and convention business. One of the clubs anticipating summer expansion of space and policy is the Lark, which currently features Leo Phillips' jazz group with vocalist Jocelyn Starr...Dallas' other jazz-only spot, Jac Murphy's Villager, continues SRO for Monday night rehearsal band sessions directed by Lou Marini. Pianist Murphy's trio, with bassist John Rigney and drummer Banks Dimon, is there the remainder of the week, while cocktail hour is ably handled by vocalist Gloria Watkins...Clubowner Jerry Fisher has reformed his group for appearances at his club. Personnel: Larry Pierce, organ; George Beatty, piano; Kenny Renfro, guitar; Mike McKinney, bass; Gary Hoppe Hodges, drums, and Javonne Wright, vocal...The new rock format at the Hyatt House Touche Lounge has given the room its biggest business in history. Shattering all previous records have been singer Vicki Britton and the Chaparrals (Noel Riddle, organ; Carlos Varner, guitar; Dave Floyd, bass; Paul Liem, drums)...Drummer-arranger Phil Kelly returned to Dallas and is once again active on the jingle scene...Gordo's West enjoyed a successful series of Sunday evening jazz/rock concerts with the newly-organized group of drummer Juvey Gomez (Barry Kelsey, tenor sax; Tommy Morrell, guitar; Tom DeSalvo, piano; Bill Hieronymus, bass)...Houston's first All-Star Blues Festival brought these performers to Liberty Hall for a month-long series of concerts: Freddie King, Shiva's Headband, Mississippi Fred McDowell, South, John Lee Hooker, John Hammond, Mance Lipscomb, Big Mama Thornton, Lightnin' Hopkins, and Willie Dixon and the Chicago All Stars.

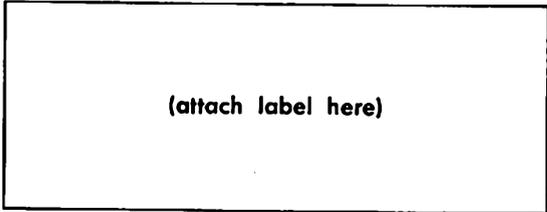
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Washington: The jazz scene has been getting decidedly better in the last few months and the future looks good. Mr. Henry's on Capitol Hill instituted a name jazz policy this spring and appearing in successive weeks were Arthur Prysock, Ahmad Jamal, Joe Williams, Johnny Hartman, Jimmy Witherspoon, Herbie Hancock, and Mose Allison. Additional summer bookings promise Young-Holt Unlimited, Earl Hines, and Dizzy Gillespie. Local pianist Mayfield Small plays nightly downstairs at the club...The Zambezi Lounge, for several years a showcase for local talent, has also begun a name policy. Recent weekly engagements included Shirley Scott, the James Moody-Eddie Jefferson Quartet (Bobby Pierce, organ; Roy Brooks, drums), tenorist Rusty Bryant, Lou Donaldson, and vibist Johnny Lytle. Due in are Dizzy Gillespie, Jimmy Smith and Groove Holmes...The Left Bank Jazz Society, experiencing financial woes, held a Jazz Survival Concert at Crampton Auditorium at Howard University. The performers included the groups of Freddie Hubbard, Lee Morgan, Joe Henderson, McCoy Tyner, the J.B. Hutto Blues Band, and vocalist Betty Carter...Ella Fitzgerald and the Count Basie Band did a concert at Constitution Hall before departing on a multi-country European tour...The Cellar Door, which has not been booking jazz entertainment since a recent management change, featured Herbie Mann for a week in early May. Mann's proteges, a rock group named Air, also appeared on the bill with him...Blues Alley continued its winter bookings of established jazz stars like Wild Bill Davison, Zoot Sims, Don Byas, Marian McPartland, and clarinetist Kenny Davern. Guitarist Steve Jordan entertains during lunch and the John Eaton Trio (Billy Taylor Jr., bass; George "Dude" Brown, drums) plays evenings behind the featured artists...The Blackman's Development Center has recently opened the Moorish Officers Club. McCoy Tyner's Quintet (Woody Shaw, trumpet; Sonny Fortune, alto sax; Herbie Lewis, bass; Eric Gravatt, drums) performed during the gala opening week.

San Francisco: The MJQ played El Matador, followed by Cal Tjader's Quintet who returned to the club for a three-week stand following a lengthy absence...Sergio Mendes' Brasil '66 opened a six-day engagement at the Circle Star Theater recently along with the Everly Brothers. The Bill Cosby Show with Nancy Wilson was set to follow and Ray Charles and the Supremes are also due in...Nina Simone, the Chambers Brothers and the New Generation Singers did one-nighters at the Oakland Coliseum...John Handy did a guest appearance at the Oakland Auditorium along with the College of Alameda Stage Band under the direction of Bill Bell, an ex-Carmen McRae pianist...Roberta Flack did a concert at the Berkeley Community Theater on June 5...Dick Turner's Quartet and Vince Guaraldi's Quartet performed at the Bach Dancing and Dynamite Society...Miles Davis played Fillmore West...Rahsaan Roland Kirk was billed for Mandrake's with Denny Zeitlin set to follow...The Four Freshmen were at the Playboy Club...The San Leandro High School Lab Band performed in concert at the school's gymnasium along with the Pacific School big band. Each won in its division at the recent University of Nevada Jazz Band Festival.

Cleveland: The Albert Ayler Memorial Concert, an afternoon and evening affair, was a tremendous success. Mrs. Ayler and her young daughter attended and WCUY broadcast the concerts to an estimated 57,000 listeners. The bill of performers read like a local Who's Who in jazz: the Universal Spirits (Robert Lee, trumpet; Rolando Montgomery, tenor sax; Big Bunyon, piano; Chink Stephenson, bass; Ron De Vaughan, cello; Ralph Jackson, drums, leader, vocalist Rosina Leigh, dancer Bob Johnson, The Invaders of Sound (Kenny Davis, trumpet; Bob Abrams, Joe Wilson, tenor sax; Ralph Malvin, piano; James Peck, bass; Wayne Quarles, drums), the Joe De Jarnette Quintet, the Norman Howard Quartet, Chuck Smart's Trio, and the 28-member Bobby Few Sound Bomb. As a

result of the concert's success, four "jazz in the afternoon" concerts were held in May, featuring local musicians and seminars... A number of rooms have begun or revitalized their jazz policies. Gene Ammons was at the Sirrah House, Johnny Hartman, Sonny Stitt and Joe Henderson did separate stints at O'Neils Place (formerly Luccioni's downtown), and Shirley Scott, George Benson and Rusty Bryant and others played successive weeks at the Showcase Room at the new Easttown Hotel...On the concert scene, Roberta Flack, Roy Ayers, and Don Ellis did one-nighters at Case-Western Reserve University, and the Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land and Joe Henderson groups concertized at Baldwin-Wallace College. All were sold out...Big band concerts by Stan Kenton in

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Norton and one-nighters by Buddy Rich and Les Brown in Painesville were also sell-outs... The Wickliffe Sr. High School Band, directed by Glen Frank, has been selected as one of the ten bands from the U.S. to perform at the Montreux Jazz Festival.

Baltimore: The big bands have been active in the Baltimore area this spring with the Kenton, Ellington, Thad Jones-Mel Lewis and Don Ellis bands all making local appearances over the past few months. Ellington played to a crowd of about 1,500 people at the Ocean City convention Hall in late March . . . After Sunday concerts with Sonny Stitt, Elvin Jones and Freddie Hubbard, the Left Bank Jazz Society hosted the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis organization April 11. A quintet led by Cedar Walton and Kenny Burrell's quartet rounded out the month at the Left Bank . . . Ellis brought in his band, which included a string quartet, at the end of April for an afternoon workshop with Hank Levy's students at Towson State. The workshop session was followed by a joint evening concert with Levy's Towson State Jazz Orchestra. Levy's band, which won the Quinipiac Eastern Regional Jazz Festival . . . Nina Simone headlined a musical tribute to Martin Luther King April 14 at the Lyric Theater . . . Dionne Warwick and the Fuzzy Kane trio, with singer Ernie Andrews, appeared at the Civic Center April 17 . . . Mose Allison, with a whole new bag of songs as well as oldies like *Parchman Farm*, charmed audiences for a week ending April 24 at the Upstairs on North Charles Street . . . Mike Seeger, Grant Rogers and the Georgia Sea Island Singers and the Blue Ridge Mountain Cloggers appeared at Goucher College April 25 under the sponsorship of the Smithsonian Institute . . . Tree Frog Productions is continuing its rock concerts, at least until regular theater in the round season starts at Painters Mill in Owings Mills. Since the promoters added police dogs in front of the theater after two shows in March were disrupted by rock-throwing fans, the concerts have been peaceful. Elton John, Procol Harum, Cat Stevens, John Mayall and Emerson,

Lake and Palmer headlined the last four concerts. The also-rans at Painters Mill are frequently as good as the headliners. Elliott Randall and Randalls Island from New York, who play free form jazz-rock, and the J. Gells band from Boston, which has got to be the toughest-looking, hardest-playing rock and blues band on the east coast, were both outstanding.

Paris: At the beginning of May, the Sunny Murray Spiritual Ensemble (Murray, drums; Steve Potts, alto sax; Francois Tusques, piano; Alan Silva, cello; Bobby Reid, bass) was playing the Chat Qui Peche . . . At the same period, singer and washboard player Beryl Bryden was at the Trois Mailletz and the Lou Bennett trio (Bennett, organ; Andre Condouant, guitar; France Manzecchi, drums) then by Phil Woods And His European Rhythm Machine . . . Blues singer Big Joe Turner, pianist and organist Milt Buckner, bassist Slam Stewart and drummer Jo Jones toured France and recorded, for the Black & Blue label, one album under the name of Turner and a second headed by Stewart . . . On May 8, a Bill Doggett tour started in Paris . . . Ella Fitzgerald and the Count Basie band and the Erroll Garner quartet concertized at the Salle Pleyel . . . The Don Cherry trio played the Radio Hall . . . The Charles Tolliver-Stanley Cowell Quartet (Tolliver, trumpet; Cowell, piano; Jeff Clyne, bass; Alvin Queen, drums) gave a few concerts in the provinces . . . The Antibes Jazz Festival will take place from July 17 to 22. Set to appear: Ella Fitzgerald, Basie, Oscar Peterson, Dizzy Gillespie, Chico Hamilton . . . Among the American musicians due to play Europe this summer: Anita O'Day, Mongo Santamaria, Roy Ayers, Gary Burton, Ramsey Lewis, Vic Feldman with Tom Scott, Hampton Hawes, Clark Terry and Herbie Mann . . . The American label (Musi-disc-Europe) just released an album recorded in Paris in November '70 by the Charles Mingus Sextet (Mingus, bass; Eddie Preston, trumpet; Charles McPherson, alto sax; Bobby Jones, tenor sax; Jaki Byard, piano; Dannie Richmond, drums).

BLINDFOLD

(Continued from page 30)

have been Marshall Royal, but I don't really know. I usually recognize Marshall easily, but you hear him play a solo so rarely. It's definitely latter-day big band jazz, but how recent latter-day? . . . I'd give it three stars.

You know that arrangement was kind of eclectic, in that it started off one way, and at the end started getting more today. Starting out with sax section, very strong, very definite, very well led. The solos were good. But maybe it just didn't have the real easy loose feeling . . . and maybe in spots it was too loose . . . Play it again, would you?

(After a second hearing.) It really took a second listening for me. I'm inclined to go along with it being Basie. It's not as good as some of the things I've heard him do. Assuming it was Basie—or whoever it was—it wouldn't change my feeling about how I would rate it. I did like the tenor solo.

7. PHIL WOODS. *Riot* (from *Phil Woods and his European Rhythm Machine at the Montreux Jazz Festival*, MGM). Woods, alto sax; George Gruntz, piano; Henri Texter, bass; Daniel Humair, drums; Herbie Hancock, composer. Recorded 1969.

That was a pretty wild rendition of something I'm not familiar with, title-wise or melody-wise, if there was such a thing as a melody in it. It was a live performance; I could hear the crowd, and it was a little more of a crowd than could fit into the Hong Kong Bar. Actually it sounded like it might have been recorded outdoors.

At first I started to say it was Cannonball, but there was some differences. I'm not sure, unless it could be Phil Woods, who is one of my favorite saxophone players, although this wouldn't be one of my favorite performances. Very exciting, I might add. But just filled with just a little too much repetition. Of course it was something he was doing really for the crowd. I have his album called *Round Trip* which has some wonderful things on it. This is more of a freedom-now thing. But for what it was, it was good. It's not particularly my type of thing; that doesn't say it's good or bad, but I think it was well done.

Like Duke always says, "They accomplish what they set out to do." It was certainly a crowd pleaser. It didn't displease me, but it's not a record I'd go out and buy. Now, I remember. I think it's Phil Woods at the Montreux Festival. I'd give it three stars—for freedom!

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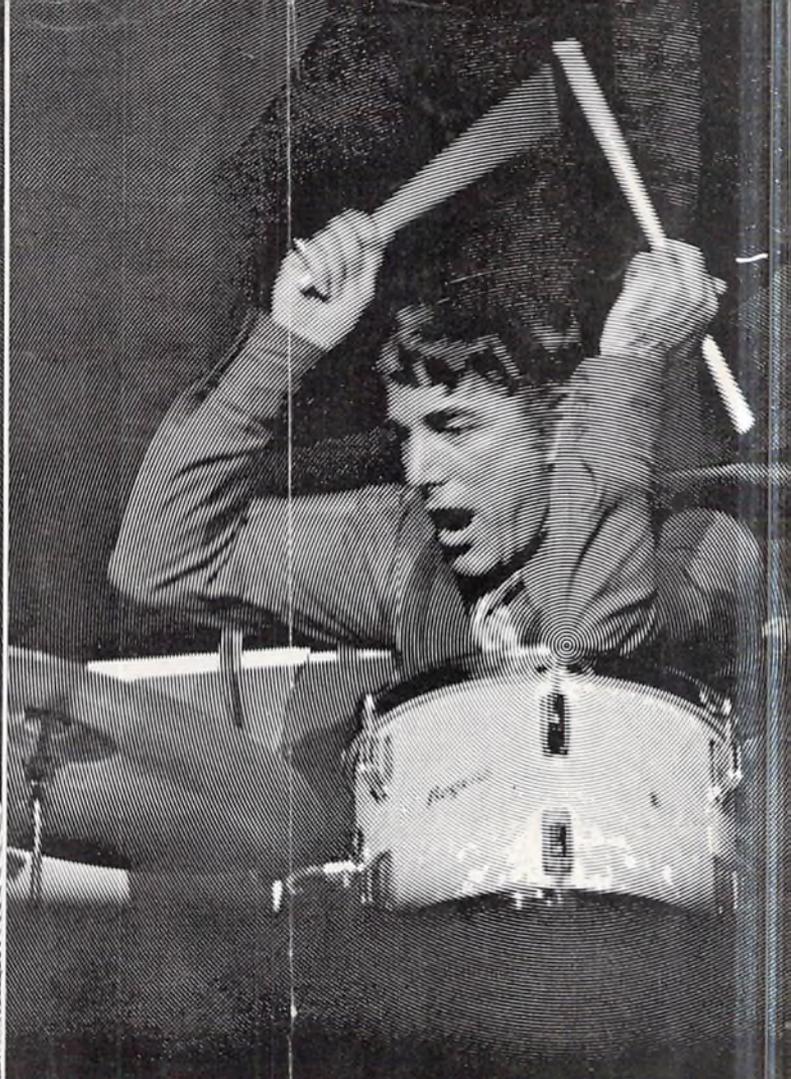
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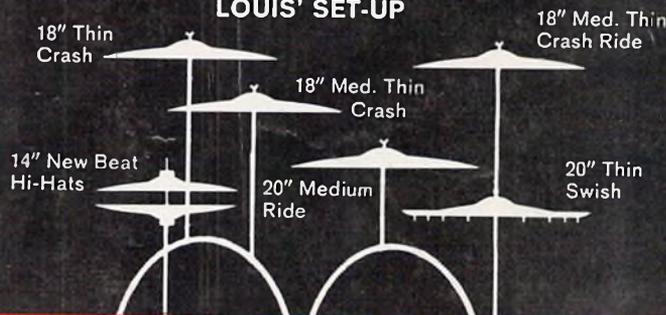
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