

Soul Music Invades Africa

FEBRUARY 18, 1971 50c

down beat

Jazz-blues-rock

Ornette Coleman
in Perspective

Lee Konitz on the
Art of Teaching

Rapping with
Capt. Beefheart

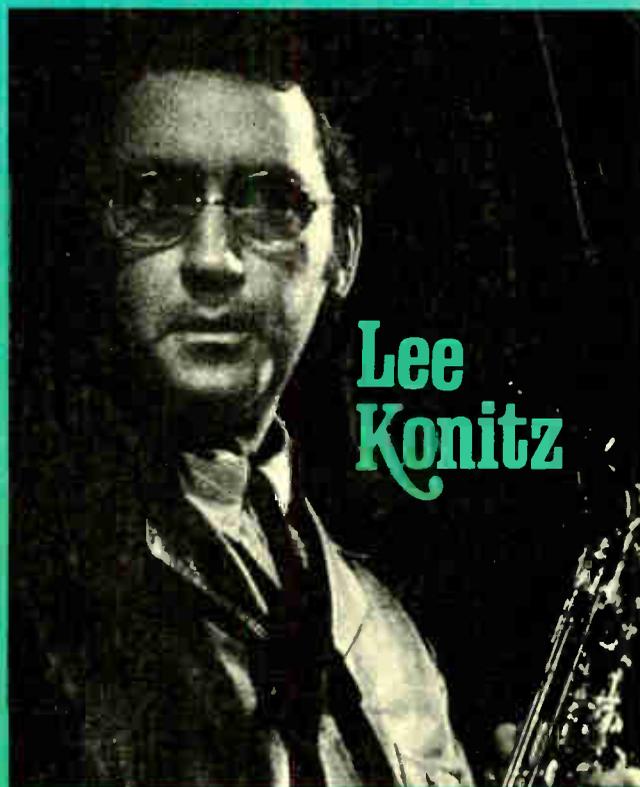
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The Complete Musician

Stereo News

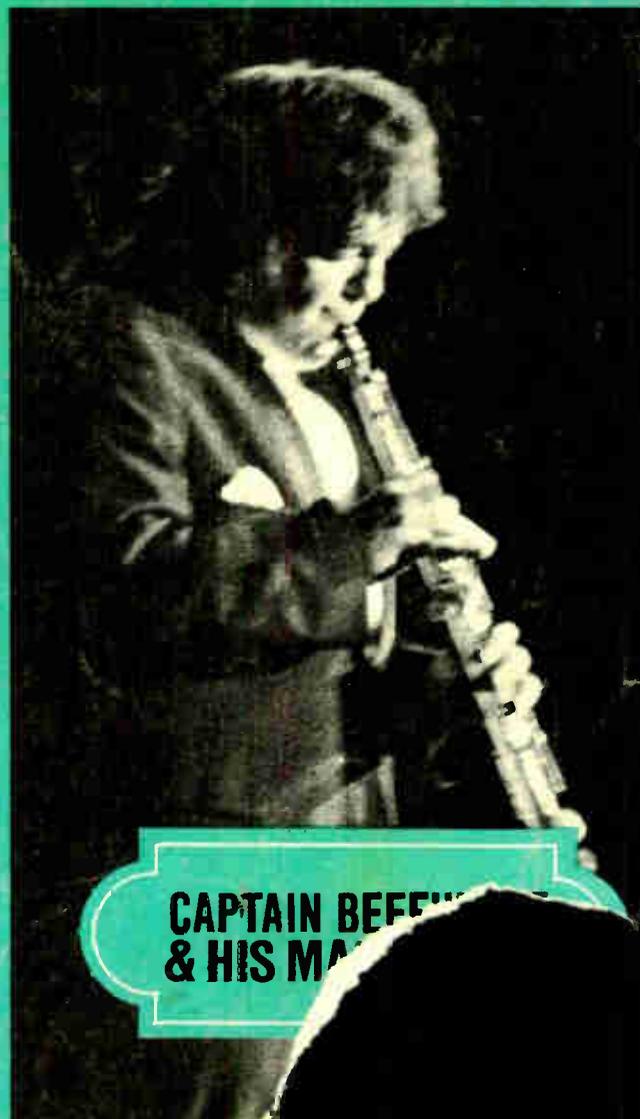
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on Electric Bass

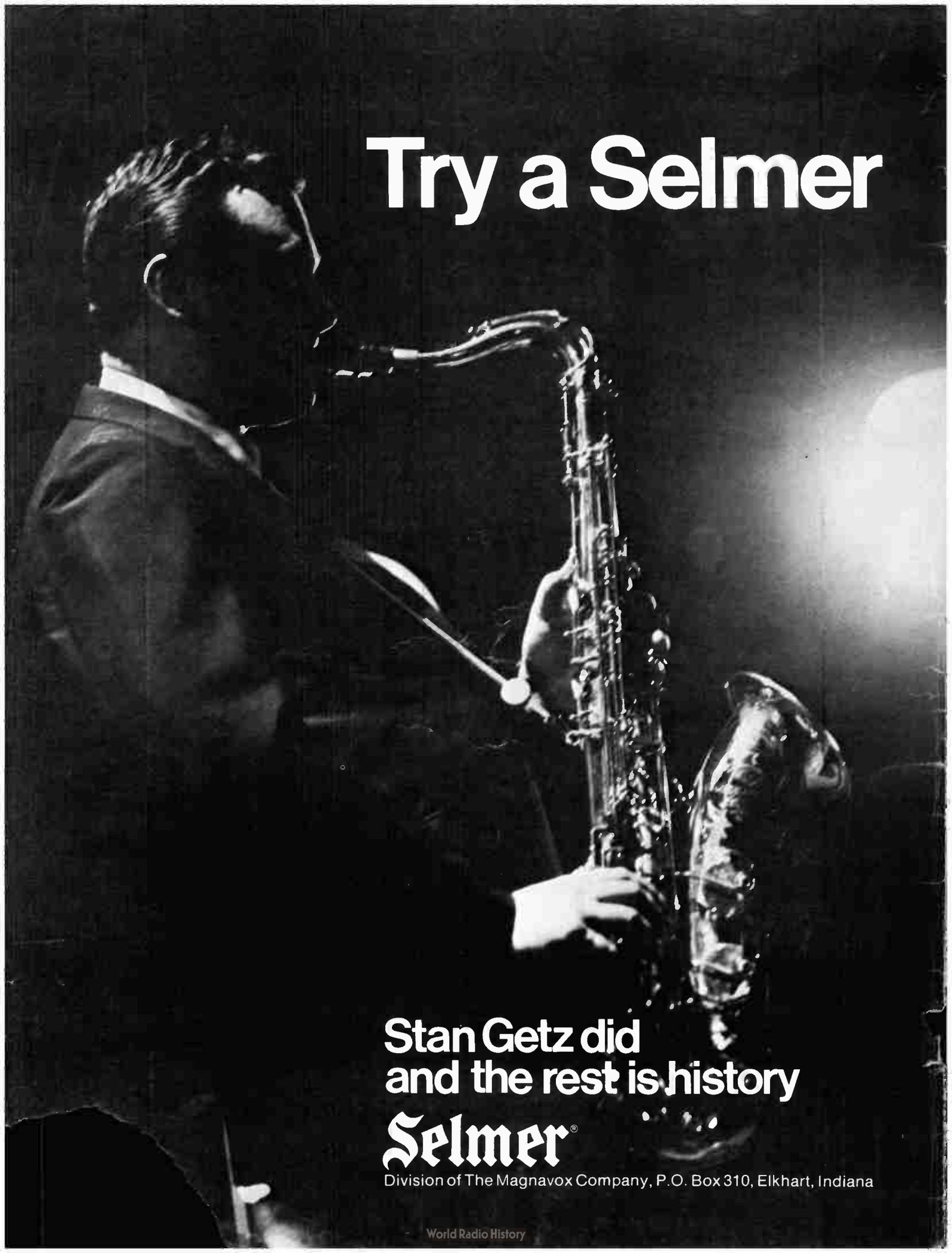
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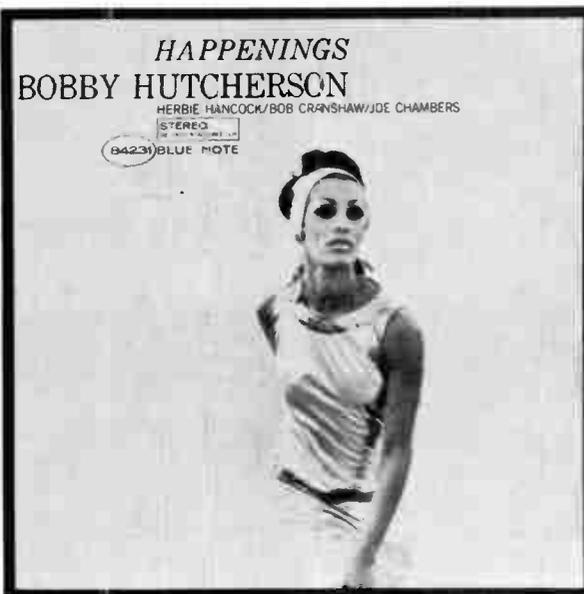
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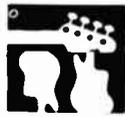


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By CHARLES SUBER

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Thus spoke Lou Marini to high school musicians participating in the recent 21st annual Tallcorn (!) Jazz Band Festival at the University of Northern Iowa (Cedar Falls). Marini, a brilliant jazz reed player, arranger-composer, and alumnus of North Texas State University (Denton), was guest clinician/performer and judge at the two-day event.

Marini's comments were made to a particularly good high school band at the conclusion of its set. He sensed that the young musicians were on the verge of achieving the satisfaction that comes from disciplined freedom, and he wanted them to know what lay ahead. This concern for the young jazz player—and the ability to express it—follows the shining example of what Marini's elders have contributed to him and his peers. He is acutely aware of what the likes of Clark Terry, Cannonball Adderly, Stan Kenton, Quincy Jones, et al., have given to him personally and, of course, the roots that all jazz players have left as living music.

However, Marini's generation (he's 25) is adding another dimension to the "model" role. He and other young gifted players and arranger-composers, such as Ladd McIntosh (University of Utah) and Bill Dobbins (Kent State University), abhor labels and work consciously to learn and teach MUSIC. Here is Marini on pigeonholing: "Damn it, I hate tags on music. You know, at North Texas State all the guys and teachers in the lab band program were like a family. But with the legit guys it was cold. It just wasn't possible to have a beer and rap with the so-called legit teachers. What are they afraid of?"

It isn't just Marini. It isn't just this festival. It is the thousands upon thousands of young musicians who are coming to maturity believing that to be narrow in the music you learn and play is to be less than whole. And what is best of all, they figured this out for themselves. With the clearness and ease with which the young can spot phoniness in an adult, today's good musicians are rejecting the hype of a "rock-pop culture" and the condescending categorization of "serious" music.

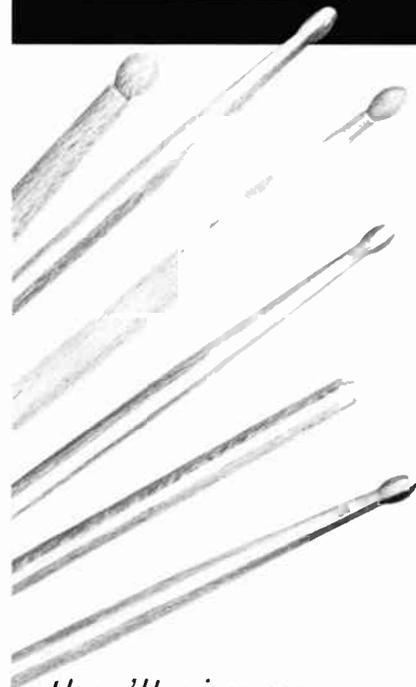
Marini's remarks and feelings about music sound an interesting counterpoint to Quincy Jones' statement-of-purpose when the Institute of Black American Music was formed (db, Dec. 24, 1970): "... to perform and to teach with a sensitivity to our roots and for the contribution that we have made to our culture." I can't forget an incident that Quincy related to me that happened at the first I.B.A.M. meeting in Chicago. Herbie Hancock was demonstrating some of his beautiful things at the piano and some words were said about future clinics when a young black ghetto kid, about 13, stood up and said: "Thank you, Mr. Hancock. I can go to sleep tonight knowing that my brothers are taking care of me."

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

No Censorship

In your issue of Jan. 7, I noticed a letter from Thomas Pletcher that is critical of the musical presentations the United States government has sent overseas. In the same issue, John Fogerty (of Creedence Clearwater Revival) says that they would not tour Eastern Europe because "there's no way to avoid the State Department sanction."

Now, I don't want to be in the position of defending any government agency,



but I think that both people are winging their statements a little bit fast and loose here. I manage Buddy Guy and Junior Wells, both of whom have traveled overseas on Cultural Presentations Tours for the State Department. Junior did an eight-week tour of West Africa, and a 12-week tour of the Pacific and Far East. Buddy did an eight-week tour of East Africa.

I would like to state here and now that none of my musicians were ever told what to say, who to talk to, what music was to be presented or subjected to any form of censorship whatsoever. There were no hidden clauses or sanctions at all. The government felt that if they were good enough to be over there, they were good enough to play the music that justified their reputation.

I'd also like to point out that cultural presentations in all fields (pop, folk, jazz, et al.) are selected by respected civilian authorities in their fields and their recommendations have no government strings attached.

Considering that such respected men as Oliver Nelson, Charles Lloyd, Louis Armstrong, Earl Hines, and a great many others have toured for the government, I think that it is unwise to dismiss this government agency as being "insensitive and out of tune."

Dick Waterman

Avalon Productions, Philadelphia, Pa.

We Is Sorry

Since I make my living working with words, spoken and written, I must disclaim the grammatical error that appeared in my review of the Paul Desmond *Bridge Over Troubled Water* LP (db, Dec. 24). As published, the line reads: "if only Sebesky or someone like he had been around for Charlie Parker's string sessions." That confusion was cleared up when I

was in the second grade, and me'll fight the man who says it isn't so.

Doug Ramsey

Bronxville, N.Y.

Strange Fruits

Concerning your remarks about Jimi Hendrix' election to the Hall of Fame (db, Dec. 24): when you elected to expand the musical coverage of your magazine to include rock, you obviously wooed and won a segment of the musical population that previously was not drawn to down beat. One may assume that the addition of *Rocks in my Head*, in-person reviews, and record reviews of rock groups

were not intended to attract hard-core jazz readers.

Therefore, your readers selected Hendrix. What you ought to do is stop playing games with yourself. Either accept the fruits, whether ripe or rotten, of your labor, or go back to your former policy.

McNair Taylor

Baltimore, Md.

Our policy may be ecumenical, but the Hall of Fame is, by definition and tradition, jazz territory. Many other letters, in addition to the three previously published (db, Feb. 4), have been received on this subject but the above will be the last to be printed.—Ed.

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FINAL BAR

Baritone saxophonist and clarinetist Ernie Caceres, 59, died Jan. 11 in San Antonio, Tex., a victim of cancer.

Born in Rockport, Tex., Ernesto Caceres studied music as a child with a Mexican teacher, Prof. Bolanos, taking first clarinet, then guitar and saxes. He began his professional career with his older brother, violinist Emilio Caceres, with whose trio he came to New York in 1937, appearing on Benny Goodman's radio show.

After working with Bobby Hackett, Caceres joined Jack Teagarden's new big band



as lead altoist in 1938, turning down an offer from Paul Whiteman. After a stint with Bob Zurke, he joined Glenn Miller, playing lead alto and solo clarinet 1940-42. During the next two years, he worked with Johnny Long, Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, and Woody Herman.

Service in the armed forces was followed by a period with Billy Butterfield, gigs at Nick's and Eddie Condon's in New York, and leadership of his own combo. From 1950-59, Caceres was a studio musician featured for most of this time on the Garry Moore TV show, and also freelancing with Bobby Hackett and other groups.

After working again with Butterfield in Virginia, he settled in San Antonio in 1962, appearing occasionally with Jim Cullum's Happy Jazz Band and other local groups. In 1969, he was reunited with Emilio on a record date for Audiophile, released recently. A third brother, Pinnie, who played trumpet and piano, died many years ago.

Caceres was one of the outstanding baritone stylists in jazz, with a big sound, fluent execution, and a swinging conception. He was also able to expertly adapt his instrument to the requirements of collective improvisation. On clarinet, he also had a distinctive sound and style, and he was a accomplished section leader on

many recordings, Jazz

Ultimate (Capitol) with Hackett and Teagarden on which he plays both baritone and clarinet, may be singled out. Muggsy Spanier's *Lady Be Good*, Miff Mole's *Beale Street Blues*, Eddie Condon's *Time Carries On*, and the 1949 Metronome All Stars' *Victory Ball* have fine baritone spots, and Walter Thomas' *Save It Pretty Mama* has an exquisite clarinet solo. The Audiophile date is a fitting memorial.

Reed man Alvin "Abe" Aaron, 60, died Nov. 17 of cancer. He was born in Milwaukee, worked there in pit bands of various vaudeville houses, then went on the road in 1942 as lead altoist in Jack Teagarden's big band. Aaron then moved to Hollywood in 1942 to do radio work with Horace Heidt's Band, spent 1945-47 with Skinnay Ennis, then returned to Heidt for two years before joining Les Brown in 1950—beginning an association that spanned most of the 1950s and 1960s, including most of Brown's annual tours of military bases with Bob Hope. Though he concentrated on tenor sax and was known primarily as a section man, Aaron played most of the reed instruments and in the '50s recorded jazz dates (two long out-of-print Kapp LPs with former Brown tenorist Billy Usselson) on bass clarinet.

EAST VILLAGE CLUB MARKS ANNIVERSARY

Pee Wee's Cafe, 202 Avenue A in New York's East Village, recently celebrated its fourth anniversary with a mammoth night-long jam. Besides the house band (Wilbur Ware on bass, Billy Higgins on drums, and Horace Parlan and/or Harold Mabern on piano) the guest list included singers Joe Lee Wilson and Babs Gonzales, trumpeter Richard Williams, saxophonist Monty Waters and pianists Cedar Walton and Bobby Timmons.

Pee Wee's looks like a friendly neighborhood bar, which is just about what it was when Pee Wee Walthall, his wife Millie, and manager Gene Lewis started out back in 1966. Pee Wee and Gene had grown up together in the black section of Queens that was South Jamaica and part of their childhood was a love for jazz records, about the only way a youngster from the neighborhood could hear jazz.

A little more than a year after opening, Pee Wee, Millie and Gene tried a brave experiment. They brought in pianist McCoy Tyner and Junie Booth on bass on a two-night a week basis.

In November 1969, this was expanded to the present four-night policy (Friday through Monday) with a house band including Harold Mabern, Scotty Holt on bass, and John Blair on violin and vocals. Among the musicians who've appeared on a regular basis at Pee Wee's are Wilbur

Ware, Horace Parlan, Cedar Walton, McCoy Tyner, Scotty Holt, Philly Jo Jones, Art Blakey, Kenny Burrell, Roy Ayers, Frank Wright, and a just-out-of-hibernation Charles Mingus. It wasn't long before other musicians were attracted.

Once you get past Gene, who informs you there's a \$1 admission at the door on weekends to help pay the musicians, there is no hassle. The piano is kept in tune. There's a sound system that works. And there's an audience that came to listen. The weekend we were there digging the Wilbur Ware Trio, there was an added extra in the soul songs of Edwin Birdsong, one of our favorites.

Pee Wee's was the second club in the East Village live jazz movement, preceded only by Slug's on East Third Street and followed by Port of Call East on First Avenue, and the East Village "In" a few blocks further south. This is the new haven for the New York jazz fan who 40 years ago had to go to Harlem and 25 years ago found his favorites on 52nd Street. Let Me Off Downtown!

Pee Wee's is one of the few black-owned-and-operated jazz clubs around. It was only recently (and reluctantly) that Pee Wee's added the dollar at the door, an economic necessity to keep the musicians, the body, the soul and the family together.

—Joe H. Klee

PLENTY OF BOUNCE IN THESE BUSINESSMEN

In 1965, John Bunch, a Madison Avenue account executive who plays the drums, and Paul Lideen, a market research analyst who plays trumpet, decided to form a big band that would keep alive the swing era tradition.

During the past five years, the Sentimental Seventeen, as the band is called, has been playing numerous functions in Connecticut, Westchester, New Jersey and other locations near and around New York, but in December the band made its debut in the big city, at a pleasant dinner-dance held by the Society of Cosmetic Chemists at the Americana Hotel.

The band has enjoyed remarkable stability in personnel. Many of the members are former professional musicians who have turned to other means of making a living. Among these are lead altoist Vinnie Dean of Stan Kenton fame, now in the tape duplicating business; trumpeter Ziggy Harrell, featured with Woody Herman and now a teacher in New Jersey; trombonist Harry Street, a pilot who played with (and looks like) Tommy Dorsey, and guitarist Sam Herman, also ex-T.D. and more recently with Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, who plays a lot like Freddie Green.

Others in the band are still full-time pros, among them trumpeters Joe Fer-

rante and John Bello and bassist Art Koenig.

The band's book is heavy on nostalgia. There is *In the Mood*, *Opus One*, *Getting Sentimental Over You*, the T.D.-Sy Oliver version of *Sunny Side of the Street*, the Charlie Barnet *Cherokee*, and other chestnuts.

These are played with considerable spirit, allow for quite a bit of solo room, and do not slavishly copy the originals. There are also workmanlike charts of such contemporary hits as *Watermelon Man*, *Spinning Wheel*, and *Light My Fire*, played with the appropriate beat.

The Seventeen is a dance band, but on occasion they'll pull out a good Basie chart, vintage or new, and get into a jazz groove. Among the most impressive soloists are Harrell, clarinetist Loren Sherman (an optometrist with B.G. eyes), and Allan Jeter, who works in commercial banking and takes care of tenor sax business with swing, warmth and credit to Pres.

The band obviously enjoys its work, and that is perhaps its strongest card. It looks and acts like a fully professional outfit, but projects an involvement and a good-time feeling that full-time musicians on a routine dance date could not be expected to match. The Seventeen, after all, are sentimental about their moonlight serenading.

—D.M.

POTPOURRI

New York's Downbeat (no connection with this magazine) has initiated a Friday afternoon jazz policy featuring music from

noon to 3 p.m. Pianist **Marian McPartland's** trio (Mike Moore, bass; Jimmy Madison, drums) kicked off on Jan. 8, followed by the Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet, a group co-led by trombonist **Bill Watrous** and alto and tenor saxophonist **Carmen Leggio**, and, on Jan. 29, **Gene Roland's Horns of Manhattan**, a 25-piece band. *Jazz at Noon*, the Friday amateur gathering, has moved to the Roosevelt Grill.

Elvin Jones, with **Frank Foster**, **Joe Farrell**, and **Wilbur Little**, successfully initiated a name jazz policy at Richard's Lounge, a new club on Rt. 9 in Lakewood, N.J. operated by drummer **Diek Stein**. The Jones group performed Dec. 26 through 31, and will return in late March or early April. Stein's trio (**Palmer Jenkins**, tenor sax; **Sammy Pugh**, organ) performs Wednesday through Saturday nights and Sunday afternoon.

The **Jazz Composer's Orchestra Association, Inc.** has received a grant of \$10,000 from the New York State Council on the Arts to support the organization's current season by meeting production and administrative costs of a series of workshops. The workshop program will be held on 10 consecutive Thursday evenings at the Public Theater's Martinson Hall in New York City beginning Feb. 4. A total of 25 musicians will be used for each performance on a rotating basis, and each program will be devoted to a different composer's works.

David Amram's Triple Concerto for

Woodwinds, Brass, Jazz Quintet and Symphony Orchestra received its world premiere Jan. 10 at New York's Philharmonic Hall. The composer, playing French Horn, wooden flute, piano and, percussion led a jazz contingent of **Pepper Adams** and **Jerry Dodgion**, reeds; **Herb Buschler**, bass, and **Al Harewood**, drums, and **Leopold Stokowski's American Symphony Orchestra** was conducted by **Kazuyoshi Akiyama**. A second performance was given Jan. 12. Amram recently led his jazz quartet in a concert at Smith College opposite **Miles Davis's** group.

Jazz and politics have joined hands at the Local 47 of the American Federation of Musicians in Hollywood. A slate of dissatisfied members under the collective name of Creative Change recently scored a near sweep in the local's election. A number of jazz musicians played a key role in that upset victory that saw incumbent president **John Tranchitella** defeated by **Keith Williams** 3020 to 2525. Elected as trustees were **Ray Brown**, **Bernie Fleischer** and **Lyle "Spud" Murphy**. Elected to the Board of Directors were **Paul Lagos**, **Herb Ellis**, **Johnny Martinez**, **Bill Hughes**, **Jimmy Jones** and **Russ Freeman**, and elected to the Trial Board were **Nellie Lutcher**, **Ruben Leon**, **Don Wight**, and **Clint Neagly**.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Mary Lou Williams has been held over indefinitely at the Cookery

/Continued on page 38



VARIOUS AND SUNDRY MUSINGS

Bystander

by MARTIN WILLIAMS

I WAS DELIGHTED to discover something in listening to the recent Prestige reissue of Coleman Hawkins' *Lady Be Good*, recorded in England in 1934. There are a couple of phrases in the last chorus that Lester Young also used in his innovative and quite different version done two years later. Prez once explained that Hawkins was "the first president" of the tenor saxophone, of course. But it is nice to find that his respect was deep enough and pragmatic enough to lead him to pick up those licks and use them on his own first record date . . .

The New York *Post* really kills me. I mean, for years the paper refused to give coverage to jazz. The word was that the distaff editorship didn't consider it an art—or something like that. But when Billie Holiday died, her biographer, William Dufty, then a *Post* staff writer, was allowed to do a *Post* series on her. Circulation went up, especially in Harlem. Time to put in some jazz coverage. kids.

So, aside from letting Dan Morgenstern (then on staff) cover a concert, the paper began using Ralph Gleason's (and later Leonard Feather's) once-a-week syndicated columns. With all due respect to the journalistic prowess and drawing power of both these men, it is an outrage that a New York paper should use jazz coverage imported from the West Coast. (No, I didn't want the job). But now, dear friends, we have regular, several-times-a-week music coverage in the *Post* by Alfred Aronowitz, who writes about—jazz? No. About rock. Why? Because of its high artistic merit? . . .

A while back, a record ad appeared in this magazine under the caption: "If it shook up Ralph Gleason, imagine what it'll do to you." I'm still working on it . . .

Stanley Dance's *The World of Duke Ellington* is a major contribution to hardcover jazz journalism, the best such since *Hear Me Talkin' To Ya*. I await *The World of Count Basie*, *The World of Louis Armstrong*, *The World of Ella Fitzgerald* . . .

Do not miss *Quintessential Recording Session: Earl Hines* on Halcyon Records, in which the pianist revisits the QRS selections he did on the first record date under his own name (which, in turn, were recently reissued on Milestone). Some of the best Hines I've ever heard. . . .

A few months back, some wag in *Variety* suggested that Hollywood could beat current inflation by doing economy

remakes of proven hits. You know, *Around the World in a Week*, *A Man for One Season*, *Bob and Carol*—that sort of thing. Jazzmen might give the idea a try. Woody Herman could do *Two Brothers*; Count Basie, *The Eleven O'Clock Jump*; Sonny Rollins, *Blue Third*; Benny Goodman might try *Pussyfooting at the Savoy*; Jimmy Giuffre, *The Streetcar and the Creek*; Sonny Stitt, *Some of God's Children Got Rhythm*. Dixieland groups might drop *High Society for Middle Class*. Ellington could do *Miss the 'A' Train*, *Happy-go-Lucky Greyhound Bus*, or maybe *Pseudo-Sophisticated Lady*. Miles Davis could try *Nu?* instead of *So What?* And Monk might try replacing *Well, You Needn't* with *You Can If you Want To* . . .

I'm not going to get this exactly right because I don't have the clipping at hand. But in a recent book, sportswriter Leonard Schecter suggested that so many sports figures become bitter and reactionary old men because in their youth, often without much preliminary career-building and often before they have matured, they suddenly find themselves praised, adulated, highly-paid, idolized, written-about, pursued, interviewed—all for doing something that they enjoy doing, something that gets described as quite difficult or significant, but which to them does not seem at all difficult and actually comes quite naturally. Does that kind of thing apply also to jazz musicians? To some? (All?). . . .

(15)

Lee Konitz: Creative Communicator

Thomas Tolnay

JAZZ MUSICIANS must have a way to get their piece of news across, particularly highly inventive players like Lee Konitz. Over the past few years the saxophonist has cut down on live club dates, but that hasn't diminished his creative needs. He is still full of musical ideas that must be worked out of the bell of his ax, in order for him to be complete. To take up this creative slack, Konitz has turned increasingly to teaching as a means of expression.

A few avenues of communication are open to jazzmen, each with its own advantages and limitations. The traditional path, of course, is public performance, primarily in night clubs, spiked with occasional concert-type dates. Live club playing provides the best opportunity for close, direct confrontation with the audience. And since immediacy is crucial to an on-the-spot art, there is probably no experience more satisfying to the musician, when it's right.

Accenting the negative, however, are the hours of the club scene, the hassle of dealing with owners and drunks, the necessity of fighting background clatter and chatter. Ultimately such factors neutralize the player's reasons for facing that front at all. As Lee Konitz put it, "Most musicians I know find the club setting difficult to function in."

A second way for jazzmen to spread their musical ideas is through phonograph albums. Cutting a record also has its pluses and minuses. Some musicians do not favor recording (although they cut sides for economic and other reasons) because the end result seems too controlled to them. Frozen music, they call it. One primary plus of recording, though, is that an album enables a player to reach many more listeners than is normally possible through live dates. And if a musician is lucky enough to score with an album, the proceeds could keep him cooking for quite awhile.

The method of imparting jazz ideas that receives the least attention is teaching. Similar to live playing and recording dates, this activity has its own set of yeas and nays. In the thumbs-up column, teaching provides the immediacy of live playing

without the disadvantages of the club scene. Furthermore, the jazz teacher is assured of two crucial elements in his audience: a genuine interest in the music, and some musical knowledge—or at least the desire for such knowledge.

The range of expression for the creative artist in teaching, however, is highly circumscribed. Also, teaching a single student at a time is obviously a very modest way to spread ideas. If one's students go on to scatter facsimiles of those ideas, though, teaching could offer considerable creative mileage over the long haul. Still, it's indirect communication at best. Too remote. As a way of copping the chopmeat, teaching falls short too—but at least it's steady compared to clubs and recording.

Having been a teacher on and off for 20 years, with a more concentrated effort in recent times, Lee Konitz has developed many ideas about the positives and negatives of teaching. Indeed he has formulated a personal philosophy on the subject. Along the way he has also come up with some distinct notions about how to get his musical ideas across to that captive audience we call the student.

Konitz works with total beginners as well as advanced musicians of various degrees, and he begins his teaching process with both types of students—whether on alto, tenor or baritone—in the same way.

"Initially I do the same kind of check-up on both," he said. "I check his hearing and his ability to identify what he hears, as well as the fundamental, theoretical scales and chords. Essentially I begin by testing his musicality."

As the teaching process advances, each student—depending on his needs and tools—then receives a different musical diet. "With a more advanced student, I am concerned about whether or not he missed anything important along the way. I encourage the student to use what is musically most accessible to him, what he knows at the moment, and try to get him to function within that area. Then I gradually add new material to the foundation.

"Early in the program," said Konitz, "I seek out the student's contemporary in-

terests in music and try to work on those sources. I take the opportunity to check out his roots as well, to see if he is familiar with the total spectrum of this music. Ultimately, that's his only chance to be a complete musician. Advanced students that have gone into a tangent, or who are trying very contemporary things, will eventually have to check out the roots too."

Roots, roots, roots—that's what Konitz stresses. He believes that an active historical knowledge is essential to playing jazz with feeling. Not a knowledge of names and dates, but of the structures of solos by the jazz greats. "I familiarize the student with early Louis Armstrong solos," he explained, "because they are examples of some of the first great solos we know about. They are as valid today as they were 40 years ago."

Dealing with a young musician, particularly a more sensitive kind of individual, sometimes requires careful handling. A beginning player with potential can be turned off by the wrong approach. Confidence is the key in this gig. Konitz's method is to hang loose.

"It's important to encourage the musician to find his own way of playing, his own embouchure, and so on. Sure I try to make him familiar with the concept of blowing, but I don't insist on one way of playing," he said.

"My students are free to exercise their own interests and imagination," he continued. "Somehow, through this freedom, some initial confidence is generally established in the relationship between student and teacher." Konitz is genuinely impressed by each bit of progress that is logged, and he tries to make it known. That too probably has its effect.

The process of drawing progress out of some students can be like pulling teeth, but Konitz digs the effort—as long as the student works with him. He is much more impressed by hard work than by talent. "I feel very pragmatic about musicianship," said the saxophonist. "To me, the talent aspect of the process is the least important. The amount of progress is relative to the amount of man-hours spent."

Konitz doesn't think that talent is negligible, but he does believe that virtually anyone can be taught to play, if willing to learn. He gave an example. "I have had people come to me who were unable to distinguish a tone. Invariably, through exercising this faculty, they were able to hear complex tonal situations."

Some people close to the music feel that improvisation cannot be taught. Konitz disagrees strongly. "I'm sure it can be. The substance is on the record, of course. All one has to do is go to the music itself for the actual material," he indicated. "I think of myself merely as a guide in this process for anyone who is trying to play jazz. I simply point out ways to exercise these elements, and to find a work discipline.

"The final order of the elements in an improvised solo depends mostly on exercising these ingredients one at a time, and by getting very close to the music itself," he continued. "The feeling to play can be encouraged by this intimacy with the music,



GIUSEPPE PINGO

to begin with, and then through working on the most pertinent ingredients. The end result depends, of course, on each person's inner ability, inner logic, to put it all together in some cohesive, imaginative form."

Naturally the musical background that a student carries in his case affects Konitz's approach to teaching. "A player who has not developed sufficiently, or who has a minimum number of disabilities to compose on the spot, should at least be made familiar with the jazz repertoire. If he can learn to play solos from listening to the work of the greats, and with the right feeling, he would at least have that." But Konitz adds that the student who is interested enough to work hard with the material can usually invent his own material eventually.

A musician with a strict classical training, he conceded, would tend to have a more difficult time with improvisation because of the interpretive nature of classical music. A rock musician may or may not come to instant composition easily. Again it would depend on the individual's particular training and imagination. Someone closer to rhythm and blues, he feels, often can make the leap with less difficulty.

"Recently a saxophone player from a working group came up to find out a little bit about what's happening in this area," said Konitz. "He has a rhythm and blues background, so he could actually play swing type music. This gave him a head start. Although he was very unfamiliar with the tradition of the music, jazz seemed to represent the classics to him." In short, the musician was seeking more than his own music could give him.

Konitz believes that more and more of today's players, as they seek to go farther in rock and pop, will ultimately have to come around to jazz. He pointed out that rock musicians had to go to the so-called roots to come up with the sound they have. "As soon as the novelty wears off and their music becomes more sophisticated," he said, "they're going to have to find something more interesting to do. They've got to go to Lester Young, Charlie Parker and all the cats."

While some rock musicians are already turning to jazz, Konitz pointed out that some jazzmen are also doing things in rock, bringing their own traditions and knowledge to that area. "Not long ago I heard a couple of rock groups, one of which was composed mostly of good jazz musicians—Randy Brecker, Donald McDonald, Mike Mainieri.

"They were bringing jazz substance to the session, but were playing rock very effectively. The rhythm section was playing 8/8 time authentically, and Ronnie Cuber on baritone was phrasing according to the time feeling rather than imposing a slick kind of jazz rhythm. He was adjusting to that time feeling with real understanding.

"The other band had an essentially classical instrumentation with a conventional rock rhythm section," he said. "Hearing them I realized that this kind of 8/8 lends itself very naturally to a Baroque or pre-Baroque feeling in a way that jazz time wouldn't. It didn't sound hokey the

way jazz would in that setting."

A bonus to Konitz in the teaching process is that he has had an opportunity to review certain elements of the music through his contact with students. "I've chosen to work with complete beginners in addition to people who are more experienced with the music," he said, "because it gives me an opportunity to stay with the roots of this whole subject. I continually get to do the very basic musical things that I might not if I wasn't talking about them, demonstrating them, participating in them."

Beyond the basics, Konitz indicated that his students frequently serve up musical pastries that surprise him—in a good way. Although Konitz is probably not "learning" from his students in the strict sense, the opportunity to be around the discovery process does stimulate his own creative centers. Certainly the progress that he sees in the work of his students is gratifying to him, and his own musical framework is no doubt affected by that aspect of the experience, too.

Konitz cited an instance of direct interplay between himself and one of his students. The student lives in Copenhagen, Denmark. No, he doesn't commute to New York—student and teacher work through tapes, and this has been going on for several years. "He really loves this routine that we have, and he works very hard at it," said Konitz. "Recently he sent me a

"I've never had an experience that could compare to playing in a club—when it's right."

tape with his current work. It was very complicated, very well done, and very inspiring to me. I immediately realized I might jump in and do some of that myself."

The relationship between teacher and student is highly personal. This is one reason Konitz has chosen to work privately with individuals, rather than in the framework of a class or school. The saxophonist has never been involved in a music school as a teacher or student, but he doesn't put down the formal set-up. There's a very valid place for that kind of activity," he commented.

Last year Konitz was invited to Graz, Austria, where one of the world's few jazz institutes is located. Hanging around there a few weeks, to get an idea of what it's like to be in the school atmosphere, he discovered he liked the feeling. The saxophonist hinted that he just might try that kind of setup in the future, although he has no specific plans to link himself to such a structure at this time.

Konitz resides in a comfortable Manhattan apartment, and right now prefers having students come to his home. "I feel at ease here, and I think it's probably easier to communicate in this sort of setting than in a more formal one." If something in a standardized teaching operation came up, however, it seems likely that he would give it a swing.

Basically Lee Konitz feels optimistic about the future of jazz and his rationale relates directly to teaching. "There is an obvious movement to introduce this music as a bona fide activity at many colleges and universities. It's becoming part of the curriculum," he pointed out. "I understand also that there are some 6,000 stage bands around the country. Jazz people are becoming directly involved in this movement more and more. I think this is a great sign. When I was younger I certainly would have appreciated some hip people around to show me what was happening."

As a result of this trend, he said, "Kids are coming onto the musical scene much younger, yet very sophisticated in their familiarity with the materials. This has to be promising. Although I have an initial reluctance toward a music school education, it's still all relative to the people involved in it. From this aspect, the prospect is healthy."

Konitz is aware of the long-range implications of teaching music. He agrees that the professors of this music must carry on the tradition, spread the gospel, hand down the sounds of the Parkers, Armstrongs, and Youngs. With decreasing numbers of listeners to jazz, there must be a way to insure that the ideas of today's and yesterday's most accomplished musicians are passed along to the next generation, and the most direct way to swing that is by teaching those ideas to young players.

In the near future, Konitz feels, jazz will continue to work out primarily in clubs. He indicated that although the environment of that scene is sometimes difficult to function in, live playing in the closeness of a club atmosphere can still be the most stimulating way for jazzmen to spread their word. "I've never had an experience that could compare to playing in a club," he said, "when it's right."

Referring to the direction of the actual music itself, Konitz feels there's going to be a change in the weather. "I think a lot of the extra-musical aspects of jazz today will be replaced in time. Some of the things being played that are touted as music with great feeling are just the opposite—they are pretty close to lacking any genuine feeling," he said.

Konitz envisions a return to a more feelingful kind of wailing. "Eventually I think we'll go full cycle, right back to Louis Armstrong," he commented, "checking out each step of the process along the way. Until we've amalgamated it into whatever kind of music we are working with."

Perhaps it is in this connection that the saxophonist is beginning to work with a variety of musicians, with the idea of getting up his own group or becoming part of a working unit. He has no deadline, but it is something that he knows will come about. The group, he said, will tend to be on the compact side, probably built around the traditional rhythm section. What he didn't say is that it could mark the beginning of the prediction he made about a return to a more feelingful kind of playing.

The time is ripe, and so is Lee Konitz.



Souled Out In Ghana

by Valerie Wilmer

THE INDUSTRIOUS little journalist sat cramped behind his newspaper-littered desk, drinking Club beer and sweating freely. He was laughing, too, because he just couldn't imagine why anyone should want to travel 4000 miles to Ghana and end up going on the road with a dance band. "Here bands travel around all the time and no one ever thinks of it," said John Dumoga. "Sometimes they crash and get killed, sometimes they marry on the way, sometimes they abscond with the money—it's nothing new."

I suppressed a smile because I realized that the unflattering reputation of musicians is equally undeserved all over the world, and yet Dumoga's comments typified the African lack of interest in music as anything other than something to dance to. His remarks gave credence, in fact, to something that Mike Eghan, Ghana's leading disc jockey, had said the previous day: "Our newspapers are not helping at all to get our music accepted or known outside this country. The Uhuru Band goes to Europe and our papers don't even mention it; Ginger Baker was here but no newspaper mentioned that—how do they expect our music to spread?"

Ghana, like all African countries, is blessed with a profusion of musical riches. There is music to be heard wherever you go, but it is so much a part of everyday life that nobody considers it important or pays any attention to the possibilities of creativity. Musicians were regarded as important integral elements in traditional society and continue to play a functional ceremonial role, yet those who try to make a living out of music in contemporary urban society are looked down on as drifters and hustlers by the elite, while those who do manage to reach a professional standard have absolutely no incentive to do anything other than copy from the latest James Brown record.

In a desperate attempt to resurrect dying traditional dance and music, the highly accomplished dancing and drumming troupe led by master drummer Robert Ayitee exists to promote these folk arts at home and abroad.

Ayitee, who has lectured on African music at UCLA, puts on regular programs depicting the dance and music of every area of Ghana, yet these are poorly attended and the audience is predominantly European and American. The Ghanaian elite know nothing of music and care less, so that the Arts Council is fighting a losing battle in a situation where lip-service is paid to the necessity of asserting the cultural heritage but few can be persuaded to lend either financial or moral support to the actual presentations.

The elite still enjoy dancing to Highlife, but they are pretty indiscriminating in their choice of musicians to play it. As long as the music is there, they'll dance, and after a few beers, the quality of the musicianship seems immaterial. Highlife, the universally popular music of West and Central Africa, is said to have originated in Ghana, although the combination of traditional rhythms and inflections with Western dance music exists in every African country, with Congolese music prob-

ably the most dynamic rhythmically and allowing for the greatest degree of individuality.

But Highlife, in the main coastal towns at least, is giving way to Soul at such a frightening pace that it is impossible to walk into any nightclub without hearing potted imitations of *There Was a Time*, *Papa's Got a Brand New Bag* or *Say It Loud*. For some reason, James Brown has captured the Ghanaian imagination to such an extent that any originality that did exist before is gradually being channelled into the "instant JB" cult.

This apparently boundless worship of the High Priest of Soul extends from secondary school and college students to the younger elite but it is, along with the whole "Afro" craze, condemned by the large majority of adults. Hair is traditionally kept short in Ghana and is only recently being grown to imitate Afro-American "naturals"—quite an ironic twist—and both this fashion and the wearing of hippie-type clothes

really earn decent money are the industrial areas like Akwatia where the people are mainly diamond workers starved of entertainment. They are grateful to see us and so they pay well."

Hansen runs an optical repair works in Adabraka in the center of Accra and also hires out the band bus for daily trips between the capital and the port of Takoradi. He invited me and London-based singer and conga-drummer Terri Quaye to go on the road with the band, and so one night we waited in the gathering twilight while the bus, a Mercedes-Benz that only just accommodates the 15 musicians, was loaded up with instruments and the band's sophisticated Selmer PA system. The leader turned up driving a rather battered Rambler (dig?) but personally immaculate and a far cry from the shirt-sleeved camera repairer of the daytime. He glared at the assembled gang. "Hey!" he shouted, "Clean the bus—it's too dirty!"

The Ramblers were going to play an



Tenorist Jerry Hansen leads the Ramblers

have sparked off great resentment in the press and increased the cry of the right-wing nationalists. According to popular bandleader Jerry Hansen "soul has caught on very well with the teenagers but Highlife is still preferred in most places, while at certain gatherings the people haven't even heard of soul. A lot of people who aren't dancers like to listen and they condemn soul music as pure 'boxing', (the universal West African term for arm movement in the dance). The oldtimers condemn it outright, but you have to play it."

Hansen's band, the Ramblers, has been going strong since 1961, and is, along with the equally popular but newer Uhuru Dance Band led by guitarist Stan Plange, the only band which makes any attempt at breaking away from the James Brown image. In common with most Ghanaian musicians, tenor saxophonist Hansen has a day job.

"It's impossible to live decently otherwise because you just can't work every night," he explained. "There are only three places for steady employment—Accra, Kumasi and Takoradi—but the only places we

annual dance in Ada, a small Eastern town whose main revenue comes from smuggling—due to its proximity to the border with Togo. We sped up Ghana's only 18 miles of highway, where piles of red peppers are calmly laid to dry between the traffic lanes, then settled down to a steady pace on the smaller roads through the bush.

On the way we were stopped by one of the many police roadblocks looking for stolen cars and unlicensed drivers. "Hey, constable!" said the bandleader, "Can't you see we're the Fabulous Ramblers?" The policeman begrudgingly swung aside the barrier. "Yeah, open up dem pearly gates!" chuckled Jerry, and then we were on our way.

After a couple of hours or so we arrived at Ada. The dance was to be held in the courtyard of a private house. Desks from the local school had been appropriated for use as tables, bunting and colored fairylights were strung limply between trees and rooftops. As soon as we arrived, the bandwagon was surrounded by enthusiastic crowds and as Terri remarked,

there was no problem about finding the gig in this town, the gig found you. The lights failed in time-honored tradition, but after another hour the band was set up and ready to play.

Wafts of French perfume and bonded whisky and gin at a third of Ghanian prices spoke eloquently of their duty-free source and the townspeople looked well-dressed. The band played mostly Highlife to start with, but slipped into their Soul bag with a gentle *Mercy Mercy* which spotted some intelligent organ playing.

The Ramblers, who take about two weeks to learn an arrangement, have to usually take it down from the record, charts being unknown in Africa. "Any good band must have a tape recorder," said Hansen, who also sends away for stock arrangements at times. "Sometimes it's better to get a piano copy and go from there, though, because stock arrangements have to be played straight."

There is nothing exceptional about the Ramblers by Western standards, but they are an oasis of good taste and feeling in a desert of cloth-eared copyists. Like all African bands playing soul music, they copy arrangements, but if their performance sometimes lacks the impact of the original, this is made up by introducing a Highlife feeling as in their hit record adaptation of Eddie Floyd's *Knock On Wood*.

Trumpeter Prince Boateng, who also plays with the National Symphony Orchestra, is a tasteful soloist, and so is trombonist David Hammond. But probably the most mature sideman is Frank Croffe, whose guitar licks help the soul numbers in their authenticity. The leader plays good jazz saxophone and gives credit to Louis Jordan as his original influence.

"I'm a jazz fan first of all," he said. "Duke Ellington will always be my first choice, then Basie and Herman. I like the well-tailored big band sound because it entails workmanship. Above all, I'm purely for the sound side—the shouting of James Brown is a little too much for my taste."

The Ramblers played almost nonstop from 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. and the size of the crowd never diminished until the band started to pack away the instruments. There is no doubting the enthusiasm that exists for dance music in Ghana. It is the lack of discrimination that is so disturbing.

This lack of taste extends to most musicians involved in the soul phenomenon. Accra itself boasts numerous nightclubs—Tip-Toe, Lido, Down Beat and so on—and the bands have names like Blue Monks, Black Panthers, Famous Flames and El-Pollos. The two factors they have in common are *noise* and the ability to sustain a trudging beat for what seems like eternity. One Saturday at the Tip-Toe, an open air spot of dubious reputation, the Blue Monks were the featured attraction. The emcee was at great pains to point out that "these men are going to show you the difference between bandmen and a soul group," but it was the same old story. Each number lasted for around 15 minutes which is pretty hard going for even the most athletic dancers, and there appeared to be no variation between tunes. Everything was played straight and droned on in

a monotonous manner. What's more, the rhythm section just couldn't keep time. Their hideous over-amplification to the point of distortion brought Jerry Hansen's comments to mind: "The young musicians are sometimes more interested in the manufacturers' trappings—reverb, etc., than in the music. You seldom see people playing the true guitar, and the loss of *true sound* in Ghana today is tragic. These 'effects' do no good to the real player himself because he's not the man doing the thing. It's a machine."

And on the subject of drummers: "Our drummers here are getting out of control and ruining the music. It's so ironic, because this is where we should have all that is fine in drums. Now they don't play *for* the band, they play *at* the crowd."

To have to direct such comments at African musicians is not pleasant but popular music is on a downhill path in Ghana. Of course there are good musicians around, and some are in the GBC-2 Radio band which is led by the experienced alto saxophonist Sammy Lartey. During her visit with her family in Accra, Terri Quaye broadcast with Lartey and the following conscientious musicians: Pete Brew (piano), Eammon Quartey (flute), Art Benney (guitar), and Seth Addo (bass).

I also took part in several broadcasts with an old friend, Mike Eghan, who is the hippest man around music there. Mike's seven shows a week are mostly record request programs and as the most popular DJ, he averages 20 letters a day. Without fail 90% of them ask for "the latest James Brown record" or "more popcorn music." Although Eghan has tried to expose his listeners to other artists, he is severely restricted by the records available. "The Ghanaian audience is such that when they hear one type of music—or one record even—they want to hear it all the time," he said sadly. "I play some good sounds on my shows but people just write in and say that was fine but can't I hear James Brown again?"

Eghan is a discriminating listener himself and so is exasperated by the JB cult. "To admire Brown as a musician is all right but to copy him and wanting to sound like him is a hopeless attempt. To me there is nothing that can surpass the original, and if our young talents want to aspire to greater heights they must try to be themselves rather than James Brown—period! The only hope for improvement in the musical picture is if someone can get them to realize their own hidden talents—and the emphasis here again is on originality."

Every week Eghan introduces a half-hour show, *Jazz In Perspective*, where he discusses musicians and their significance with veteran broadcaster George Williams. I sat in on a couple of shows to talk about Ellington, Armstrong and Gillespie, and found it quite challenging to be limited in the choice of records by what was in the GBC Library. Jazz enthusiasts are few and far between, and those who do have American albums are reluctant to lend them for airtime. Consequently, we made do with a few 78s, some airshots and the occasional album. It was a gas to participate in the show though just how many

people actually listen in is debatable.

In spite of these educational attempts, the voice of James Brown continues to scream from radio receivers at every street corner. Recordings by local imitators blare forth from loudspeakers perched on top of patrolling cars selling patent medicines, and one of Brown's most famous songs was adapted by the unsuccessful opposition party, the National Alliance of Liberals. Printed sweatshirts are still to be seen, proudly proclaiming, 'Say It Loud—I'm NAL and Proud!'

Brown's voice can, in fact, be heard



anywhere there is a radio. I travelled over 850 miles inland from Accra to a small town called Navrongo. It was a stiffling hot, drizzly market day and the only places of refuge were the rugged bars that serve *pito*, the heady local beer made from millet. Sipping from a well-filled calabash, I heard a heavy throbbing sound which I sadly mistook for drums. I listened closely, then the awful truth dawned—it was JB himself, relentlessly chanting "Yeah, yeah, I feel all right!" The *pito* suddenly tasted sour as I realized that musical purity is rapidly vanishing in Ghana, as it is all over Africa in the giant steps to reach the technological age.

"If a singer wants to sound like James Brown or Otis Redding it not only does considerable damage to our music in the long run, it's doing it already," said Jerry Hansen. "Here these people can make small money, but internationally no one would want someone from Africa who comes on like an imitation Tom Jones. Until we discover our own image, it's just not good." 

SPOTLIGHT ON LARRY RIDLEY

by Elliot Meadow

SOMETIMES IT GETS a little crowded out there. The market place is full of the latest sensations demanding full attention. This can and does tend to obscure from view many very talented musicians who take care of business with the minimum of fuss and the maximum of efficiency.

One such is bassist Larry Ridley. He first came to prominence in the early '60s and in the years since has made a name for himself as one of the most versatile and complete bass players in jazz. His spectrum is broad enough to allow him to play with Sonny Rollins and Thelonious Monk as well as with a group like the Newport All Stars, alongside such musicians as Red Norvo, Ruby Braff and Joe Venuti.

Apart from his musical dedication, Ridley is also a very articulate, aware and deeply committed human being, as the following views will demonstrate.

Ridley opened our conversation with an account of his early background and influences.

"My initial attraction to music was based on the fact that I was constantly exposed to good music around my home in Indianapolis. The music of Duke, Basie, and Jimmie Lunceford put me on the track of liking what is considered jazz music. Later, through the influence of my Mother's youngest brother, I became exposed to the bebop era, Nat Cole, Bird, Diz, etc. From the time I was six years old I had wanted to play a musical instrument, and I remember listening to the radio and hearing Jascha Heifetz. I was very impressed with the way he played the violin, so I began taking violin lessons. But being exposed as I was to the other music, bop and so on, I felt that I really wanted to get involved in the jazz expression. However, I wasn't sure which instrument I wanted to play.

"I went to a *Jazz at the Philharmonic* concert package which was passing through Indianapolis, and Ray Brown was playing with Oscar Peterson's group, and when I heard Ray, right then something happened, because at that point I knew I wanted to play the bass. Ray really turned me around. He was my primary influence.

"The next important event, as far as influences were concerned, though it actually skips a number of years, was when Gunther Schuller helped me to get into the Lenox School of Jazz in Massachusetts. There, I was able to study with Percy Heath. Percy had a tremendous influence on me and it was also at about this time that Paul Chambers and Doug Watkins were gaining some recognition. I was drawn to both of them, not only for what they were doing musically but because here were young cats getting their thing together and I felt that maybe I could do it as well. They were my two major influences after Ray and Percy.

"It was at that time that I decided that I wanted to be a professional musician and nothing else, and I've tried to dedicate my whole life to that and ever since. Before leaving influences, I must mention that when I first came to New York I got to know Wilbur Ware and to me he is one of the greatest natural musicians I've ever

heard. I look at Wilbur like I do at Wes Montgomery, who was very helpful to me when I first started to play in Indianapolis.

"Going back to those early days, I was given my first gig by Monk Montgomery. I was 16, full of fire, very cocky, and naively inexperienced, so when Monk offered me the job I said I'd do it. I got to the gig and there on the stand were Wes, Buddy Montgomery, Pookie Johnson on tenor sax, and Sonny Johnson on drums—all very heavy cats. They were playing fast, things like *Cherokee*, going through the keys. They were all very beautiful to me. I know I had to have been playing a lot of wrong notes, but they admired that I had the spunk to stay in there, and even though my chops were bleeding, I tried to keep up with them."

I asked Ridley if he'd had any formal training other than the Lenox experience.

"I first went to Indiana University on a violin scholarship," he replied, "and in my sophomore year I was playing around with different bands like Dave Baker's (who incidentally is head of the jazz department at Indiana University, which now offers a degree in jazz). I decided that I was going to switch my major from violin to bass, and it was at that time that I had my first formal training on bass, with Murray Grodner. When I came to New York, I studied with Michael Krasnapolsky and then with Stu Sankey at Juilliard. I must say that Stu was an excellent instructor and aided me immeasurably."

Indianapolis, at the time Ridley was coming up, had a strong jazz clique. I asked him how it was to grow up in that environment.

"Well," he said, "when we were about 17, Freddie Hubbard's brother Earmon was instrumental in getting us further into jazz. He had many records, by Bud Powell, etc., and through him I first became aware of Mingus, Oscar Pettiford, Israel Crosby and a lot of other musicians I had not known about up to that point.

"It was at this time that I was part of a co-op band that worked around Indianapolis. Though we all made the same money, I became the spokesman for the band and did all the business transactions. Freddie, Jimmy Spaulding, pianist Al Plank and drummer Paul Parker were in the band. A lot of good things were happening in Indianapolis then. Wes had an after-hours gig with Paul Parker and organist Mel Rhyne, and I used to go and listen to them constantly. Wes was incredible!"

Ridley had first come to New York in the summer of 1959, after the Lenox experience, staying with Freddie Hubbard for a few weeks but then deciding to go back to Indianapolis.

He wasn't home for long.

"Slide Hampton came through Indianapolis early in 1960," he said. "He heard me play, and as Herman Wright, who was playing bass with him, was getting ready to leave, Slide asked if I would join his band on a gig in Pittsburgh. George Coleman and Richard Williams were among the members of the band at that time. When we got to New York we went into the Half-Note and did a recording session

for Atlantic.

"It was a beautiful experience. Slide and Dave Baker taught me how to read jazz. There is a world of difference between reading jazz literature and reading symphonic literature, a difference in interpreting syncopation, for example.

"I eventually left Slide late in 1960 and I remembered that when I was at Lenox, Max Roach had told me to call him when I got to New York. So I called him and he asked me to come to a rehearsal he was having. Eric Dolphy, Booker Little, Clifford Jordan and Julian Priestler were among the guys there. During the rehearsal, Max would sit down at the piano and show us what he wanted from the various parts.

"Max is beautiful. Talk about underrated people! He put together this whole thing, and we went into the Village Gate and performed the *Freedom Now Suite*, with the dancers and Abbey Lincoln. That was quite an experience! After that gig I made some small group engagements with Max.

"At this time I also made some gigs with Philly Joe Jones, which were beautiful. Talking about Philly Joe—he was part of what was, for me, one of the great bands of all time: the Miles Davis Quintet with Trane, Red Garland, Paul Chambers and Joe. Wow, talk about energy! Those cats would be pushing each other off the stand. That's what I miss today. Then, you had to get on the stand and produce!

"The first gig I played with Philly Joe was at a club in Long Island. It was a trio date with Red Garland. When those intermissions were over I would be the first cat back on the stand, warming up, doing everything I could, because otherwise I would have been blown away. Being in that environment was like going to school, feeling this music around me was so—so comforting.

"Other musicians who were helpful to

"What has happened to the middle ground?"

me during that time were Randy Weston, Art Taylor and Lou Donaldson. I subsequently worked with them, and also had a couple of little jobs with Dinah Washington and Carmen McRae. From then on, I just tried to get as much exposure as possible and involve myself musically with everything that was going on. Because of that concept, I did some work with Josh White and had a chance to play with Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry. I enjoyed all of that. Also, at this time, I had the pleasure of a close association with Eric Dolphy and John Coltrane, both of whom had a tremendous influence on me musically and spiritually."

During the late '60s, Ridley worked with Roy Haynes, and Horace Silver (going to Europe with Silver), and also recorded a great deal with (among many others) Lee Morgan, Hank Mobley, and Jackie McLean. More recently he has been a member of George Wein's Newport All-Stars,

has worked with Kenny Burrell at The Guitar in New York, at the 1970 Jazz Party in Vail, and made a Japanese tour with Thelonious Monk late last year.

With such a varied background, Ridley has some pertinent things to say about the current musical scene.

"I had a conversation recently with Kenny Burrell," he began, "and I agree when he says that in order to obtain any commercial acceptance it seems you have to be either 'far left' or 'far right', musically speaking. What has happened to the middle ground? I don't believe this area is as nebulous as some people would have us believe. I feel that the launching of what I call 'supermarket soul' tracks, (generally at the suggestion of A&R men), on many current jazz records is among the facets that have helped lead to an era of a high degree of decadence and mediocrity on the jazz scene.

"Even now, a few jazz greats are perpetuating certain sociological myths by selling out with public and recorded performances of 'whitewashed soul and space music'. To quote—"trying to make it real, compared to what?" The word 'what' is not as ambiguous a term as it may seem. There have been pivotal guidelines established throughout the history of jazz, guidelines set up by such giants as Louis, Fats Waller, Duke, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Tatum, Bird, Dizzy, Sonny Rollins, Trane, and on and on.

"Those guidelines are not there to imply, force or suggest conceptual inhibitions on anyone who is a practitioner or aspirant of jazz, but to show that the quality of the legacy of the giants leaves no room for jazz aspirants to discard these guidelines for mediocrity—and sometimes unadulterated bullshit. As Baby Dodds once said, 'Anybody can beat a drum, but everybody can't play a drum!'

"Naturally, there are musicians who are not subscribing to mediocrity. Herbie Hancock is one that instantly springs to mind. I heard Herbie's group in Chicago recently and I was greatly impressed with the flexibility, broad scope and totality of his music. This flexibility of musical programming amplifies my concept of a complete musician projecting his in-depth musical awareness.

"There is another thing that annoys me. The word got around that jazz musicians are so advanced, so far ahead of the average layman. Some musician might say that the reason the audience doesn't understand his music is because he is so far ahead. That's nonsense, because I believe that in my profession you have to put in time, you have to know the particular aspects of your trade before you can adopt any degree of an attitude of saying you are above and beyond the listener. This to me is just snobbery.

"I hear musicians who go into a club and go off into their little trick bags and the people start walking out. The musician's attitude is that 'they (the audience) are not ready for me.' Well, you know, take time to look at the other side of that coin and say maybe it's not so much that they're not ready for me—maybe I'm not ready for them. I've heard a lot of musicians toss around that line that they are

above the audience. You know, you don't have to play down to an audience. I don't understand that. You get up there and try to communicate with the people. That's where it's at."

Ridley also feels deeply about the fact that jazz is getting a rough deal from those who control the media. He has this to say on the subject:

"I find it appalling that this country denies its only indigeneous art form its

socio-ethno-economic implications that are involved.

"The legacy and history of this art form from early New Orleans to Kansas City, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Indianapolis, to New York is one of vast and far-ranging dimensions. My bone of contention is against further 'white-washing' and I'm calling for people with the guts to tell it like it really is. The pig is big enough, so it should be sliced more pro-



KATSUJI ABE

just due and recognition. The mass media and its controllers are at the base of the layman's ignorance. Television, A.M. and F.M. radio, and movies should be opened up more to give authentic and more realistic exposure. By realistic, I mean that the black artists who have played and continue to play the major innovative roles, should be on camera, not just 'tokens' in the pits. Enough of just the Glenn Miller and Eddie Duchin stories in the movies. What about the Art Tatum Story, the Charlie Parker Story? Why continue this useless line of racism?

"The European and Asian countries are aware of the black innovative role and respect it. The black blues, jazz harmonies and rhythms are at the base of 99% of the commercial popular music of today. This dispels the argument of jazz not being marketable. As Roland Kirk said on a recent television show: 'If they, the establishment, can sell Mr. Ed and his horse they can surely sell jazz!' However, I have the feeling that jazz will have to wait its turn in this country, as black rhythm and blues did, until whites can carry out their plans of amalgamating the so-called white rock and jazz, with the aid of various jazz 'artists' who only view it in terms of capital gains and not in the light of the

portionately! There are some individuals who are sincerely trying to do something about acceptance for jazz. David Baker, Donald Byrd, Clark Terry, Billy Taylor, Charles Suber, Dick Gibson, etc. This list is far from complete, they are just some of the people who are actively doing something about it, not just engaging in idle rhetoric."

In the fall of 1968, Ridley enrolled at N.Y.U., and he will graduate next year with a Bachelor of Science in Music degree. He is also the leader of a group he calls Larry Ridley's Pro Musica Unlimited, which gave a concert earlier this year in N.Y.U.'s Community Concert Series.

Ridley was in Chicago recently as a consultant to the S.C.L.C. "Operation Breadbasket"-affiliated Institute of Black American Music, an organization involved in exploring the roots, development, and future of black music. He has plans to do some recording under his own name in the near future.

Recently, I caught a set at The Guitar. Just Larry Ridley and Kenny Burrell making good music. In the bassist's playing, one hears authority, creativity, and conviction. It is not surprising that so many fellow musicians speak highly of him. His is a strong voice. 

ME AND BEEFHEART AT MANTENO

by Mike Bourne

THE MANTENO FESTIVAL may be the only festival not covered by the usual media overblow—mainly, of course, because Cincinnati is hardly your basic cultural Mecca. Also, no film was made, no records were cut, no one was killed or over-stoned or rioted—only music happened, albeit quite theatrical music, and a good but not revolutionary time was had by all.

Well-met at the Ludlow Garage on Nov. 20-21, local entrepreneur Jim Tarbell by beneficent accident had simply assembled a jumble of freaky bands for two evenings of hot licks: the hometown Balderdash, two Georgia gangs (the Avenue of Happiness and the Hampton Grease Band), and the Screaming Gypsy Bandits from Indiana (for whom I drum)—all of whom journeyed to play for mere expenses to share the program with head artists Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band (who had never before performed east of Denver). Ultimately, the experience was eminently satisfying.

Mostly electric ensembles, except for the Avenue, who specialized in musical burlesques and the like. The crowd seemed appreciative and not the usual boppers demanding a “heavy” din. (A few weeks earlier, when the Bandits soloed there, we had followed Brownsville Station and a month-long parade of such hard-style groups, so that the crowd was not well-prepared for complex charts, long collective improvisations, or especially bizarre theater pieces.) So luckily for all at Manteno, those types prone to boo and scream “when ya gonna play some rock and roll?” were blissfully absent; except for one dude one night who kept shouting, “You’re a sham!”—but then he was splotcho from the start.

Naturally, it would appear fairly pretentious of me to criticize our own playing, so as to the Screaming Gypsy Bandits I will conclude the self-reportage at: fun and sound seemed prevalent. And as to the other relative unknowns, each was at least unique, and certainly joyous.

Balderdash offered an intense organ-bass-drums fury that never sounded too derivative, but somewhat lacked a good balance of musical elements. Often the three played as if accenting to each other without directing enough definite melodic thrust, a state they improve the more I witness their energetic style. As I have already noted, the Avenue of Happiness featured mostly off-key off-time parodies, with ruminations of *See Me, Feel Me* and *I Can't Turn You Loose* particularly hilarious—yet never did they prove themselves capable straight, notably the lead singer who eventually appeared actually more half-baked than pretending. So should they continue, I hope they better synthesize their rather perverse charm with more evidence of expertise than is now present.

Finally, all that may be noted about the Hampton Grease Band (who are recording for Columbia, I am informed) is that their basic instrumental excellence and the fine vocals of Bruce Hampton became pointless when too loud. Listening to them, I

was for the first time truly conscious of the potential physical damage of high volume, so painful was the p.a. power—for not only could the music be no longer appreciated, but the end result was a rather hurting skull throb and the sense that my bones were shattering. And fortunately, after numerous complaints, on the second night the decibels were severely restrained.

But we had all come so far for free to share the stage with the Captain, surely the best testament to our respect for him, and I am content that most of us considered the varied road and rack hassles worth suffering to witness the Magic Band alive and beautiful.

Bizarre in their music, the six players additionally embellish their antic performing by assuming stage personalities—for percussionist Artie Tripp a monocle, a long-brimmed golfing cap, a green mustache, and the name Ed Marimba.

Captain Beefheart himself is Don Van Vliet and wears a quasi-stovepipe hat that narrows toward the top, with the brim cut away until only two points jut from each side, and capped by an upside-down badminton bird. And thus the Captain may by such whimsy offer his audience “a chance to, without any set pattern, use their imagination. Obviously, someone's told them not to. Somebody all along the way tells them not to, which is weird. School is weird. A school of fish is nice.”

As jovial as they are so curious, the atmosphere created by the magic band is simply that: magic, fun—and Beefheart considers no other description:

Beefheart: I don't like music. I don't really play music. I like people.

Bourne: So what is it you do up there on the stage?

Beefheart: I don't know. I've never watched. Seriously, sitting here on my cat's paw heels, I really don't know. I'm just living my life up there.

Of course, what appears to be happening is a constant bursting energy: frenetic, yet controlled by a strange logic, mostly urged by Drumbo who is surely the most atomic (in the sense of fission) drummer I have ever witnessed. Often in duet with other drummer and marimbist Ed Marimba, the two create not so much syncopation as a propulsive percussive momentum, not so much an explosive as an exploding music, and indeed become the leaders of a kind. For Ed, “this is basically a rhythm band. It's all in the drums. Every player has to be a drummer.”

And really, such an ideal seems evident in the Magic Band as both guitarists, Zoot Horn Rollo and the Winged-Eel Fingerling, do essentially accompany the rhythm section. Consequently, with the motion ever quick and unpredictable, the music assumes a crisis pitch at all times—as if one were anticipating loud firecrackers: first popping orderly, then suddenly disjointed into new tempers.

Bourne: Do you write out what you do? Is it planned?

Beefheart: I don't know if it is or not.

It's put on tape. A lot of the time everybody in the group, other than arrangements, they just play what they want to play. It's hard for me to talk about it. I really don't think that it's music. The way music is exploited and used as an alibi and a pocket comb and whatever they use it for, I prefer to think it's just all of the people in this group up there doing what they're doing.

Perhaps even more ironic than this facet of the Magic Band is the status of bassist Rockette Morton, who received as much if not more audience adulation than the Captain—for his playing maintains an eminence not afforded too often to his instrument. Always warm and peaceful (and a rampant vegetarian), with his mustache and goatee twisted to string-like points and even two small horns of hair above, Rockette's manic a cappella features prove an instrumental capacity (even sounds) I would have never expected from the bass—like the force of electricity itself.

And to all this the Captain offers tough blues harmonica or a never less than fiery soprano sax, with his voice like a benevolent meat grinder. Often incomprehensible amid the p.a. ultra-potency, his vocals are otherwise more an additive to the ensemble than a vehicle for the lyrics, many of which he reads from a folio—for to him, “words aren't important. That's why I carry that thing. I occasionally refer to words.”

In what is certainly the most amusing interview I've ever conducted (how indeed may one play question/answer with one who speaks in delightful and often striking imagery?), the Captain and I spoke after I had just played an exhausting set—and I report these excerpts as much from our pleasure as for whatever enlightenment:

Beefheart: I refused to train myself in school. At anything. I suppose that's why I stand out. I mean, people come around and ask me things, and I suppose that's why. I don't know any other reason why they would. I know nobody else has time. A lot of people think they have time, you see, and they put on a little circle on their wrists, which is really amusing: *keeping* time. Like one time a fellow I was on a label with recently, who starved my group for a year and a half, told me I didn't have a proper time concept, and then not too long ago told me I had a selfish viewpoint of the universe. And the thing is where do you get a viewpoint of the universe? I mean, there's no point. If that were true, stars would cut your eyes out, right? I laughed at him. . . . For a fact, I'm being absolutely down to earth, I have no idea what I do up there.

Bourne: Some sort of theater?

Beefheart: Well, they call it theater. They don't have any theater anymore, you know, with swank Egyptian sand ashtrays, po-made, and powder puffs and things. I long for a lady's compact, you know what I mean. I put them in a lot of poems I do. They call them poems, right? . . .

It's fun for me to go up there. It's fun for me to go and play anywhere. I don't know how to call it, though. I don't know if it's playing or not. I've never been able to understand why, say, I picked up a Pepsi cup and another person picked up a Coca-Cola cup—well, what about the people who were watching them pick those things up? Wouldn't that get a little boring? I'm talking about business. All roads lead to Coca-Cola. And I don't believe that, you see. I don't believe in road maps or deemed names. I believe in divas. But I don't believe in deviations.

Bourne: Are you anti the authority that would have trained you?

Beefheart: No, not at all. I'm not a cop to that. If you're anti something, you're getting irritated. The revolution's been over for ten years. The beatniks did it, and that was it, right? It's still very dramatic.

Bourne: What did they do?

Beefheart: They did the beatniks. The hippies did the hippies. Do you think that the hippies call themselves the hippies? Do the beatniks call themselves the beatniks? Why would they want to label themselves? I say, "Lick My Decals Off, Baby!" I'm not interested in making any new mustard or ketchup. I make very good mustard.

Bourne: What are you interested in besides mustard?

Beefheart: I love to say aaaaahhh. That's all I do is say aaaaahhh.

Bourne: Do you prefer anything?

Beefheart: I prefer life to death. I think everybody just does what they want to do, don't you?

Bourne: If you couldn't play music, would you die?

Beefheart: Of course not.

Bourne: Will money ruin you?

Beefheart: No, it'll probably get me more

vegetables. I'll give it away. I'll give it to people who require it. What can you do with money? I mean you can only eat what you can hold in your hand. After that, it's abuse.

Bourne: How can you avoid having what you do exploited?

Beefheart: Well, I'm sure . . . I want people to hear it. What I mean is: it's not held to religious standards. Nobody made the rules. People just try to impress other people. Like Grauman's Chinese, right? Go put your feet in the cement.

Bourne: You don't want to put your trout mask in cement and have people stick their face in it?

Beefheart: Well, I don't care what they do as long as they enjoy themselves.

Bourne: You just want people to have fun?

Beefheart: Well, of course, what else?

Bourne: You're not offering a message of "peace and love"?

Beefheart: No, I'm just offering whatever we're doing at the time. If they get peace and love out of it, that's great. But I refrain from the words "peace and love" because people use that as shock value. There's always been love. Why is it so prevalent right now?

Bourne: Because it's a saleable item.

Beefheart: I wish everybody'd quit backtracking. Archie Shepp said it: "Mama Too Tight." I think he meant you can't go back up your Mama. Just let her be a friend, if she'll be a friend, and if she won't be a friend, just let her be. The same with the father. In all nature, when animals leave their father and mother, they leave. They don't bother each other. What about human beings? They're animals.

Bourne: Come out and go into the world and live?

Beefheart: Right.

Bourne: And do what you want?

Beefheart: Right, what else?

* * *

To me, Captain Beefheart rises as one, indeed the only one true genius I have met—and not by intellect or artistry or any capacity, and not by the medals or the scars of accomplishment, but by the simple vibration of a whole natural human: indefinable, confusing at times, but communable on that intangible perhaps esthetic plane.

His music was wondrous, and to most of us playing at the Manteno Festival even inspirational—surely to me at least, for I played better than ever after hearing the first-night Magic Band sets.

Of course, not enough people came to hear, and likely no one else will journalize the Manteno experience—but that is life, or (to Captain Beefheart and me and other festives) living . . .

And p.s.: For those who have yet to hear Captain Beefheart, his fifth album was released in November: *Lick My Decals Off, Baby* (Straight/Reprise 6420), and well-contains what the Magic Band makes in concert. As to the rest of us, we will record when it happens, although I am particularly anxious to experience rating stars up the other end. . . .



Cassettes: High Fidelity Taping

About a year and a half ago, we turned on to cassette recording and recommended it as superior to 4-track and 8-track CARtridge systems, especially for making recordings.

Today it's even better and there are innumerable cassette machines and decks available. They are not only superior to the 8-track *recorders*, few models of which are around, but much less expensive. 8-track is ok for cars, particularly for *listening*. But cassettes continue to improve, and the great number of models at all price levels gives one wide choice of prices and features. New Dolby (noise reducing) cassette recorders made by Advent, Fisher and Harmon-Kardon put real high fidelity recording on cassettes into the serious recordist's home.

Paul Desmond, a recent enthusiastic convert to cassette recording (he has both Revox and Tandberg decks in his expensive home system) intends to test a Dolby-

was added to the line. These components are generally (a) the best that the state of the art could provide, and (b) a best buy. Another factor in AR's past and present success is that it is the most ethically mature company in the high fidelity business; it has never employed self-puffing adjectives or claims in its ads; it never succumbed to the common but unsavory practice of paying retail store salesmen PM (Push Money) to sell its units; it has the most liberal service warranty in the home sound equipment business.

The acoustic suspension speaker principle has been adopted by most of the major companies in the field, shrinking the size of home speakers while simultaneously improving the bass sound and lowering the distortion enormously. Villchur's contributions revolutionized the loudspeaker, and hence the whole high fidelity-stereo industry.

When the AR-1's successor, the AR-3, was introduced, this writer called it "the

The two tweeters spread the sound out somewhat better and with more clarity than the single tweeter of the new unit. Tested with wide-range recordings of the Poulenc Organ Concerto and Dizzy's *Gillespiana Suite*, the extreme bass sounds as well as the complex higher passages came through the AR-6 beautifully. For anyone who cannot afford the very best loud-speaker(s) in his home I recommend AR-6 at \$81 for the best quality and purest wide range sound available today, at the lowest possible price. AR, Inc. has done it again.

New Tuner-Receivers

Another high fidelity pioneer in this country, predating AR by many years and still the leader in record changers, is British Industries Corp., which introduced the English Garrard changer here in the 1940s. In the years since then, British Industries has brought in other top grade components from England like Wharfedale speakers and the incomparable Leak tuners and amplifiers. Trombonist Tyree Glenn's, for example, which we put in in 1959, have been working perfectly ever since!

Now the company is bringing to this country a new line of high quality FM tuners and receivers. We expect to report on these before long in these pages. The BIC/LUX receivers should be among the very best made today if history repeats itself.

The Best in Pickups

We are often asked, "What is the best pickup for playing LP discs?" Obviously this must be opinion, yet for a long time most of us who evaluate equipment for others (and use it for our own listening many hours a week) have ended up with the best Shure pickup, the V-15.

We've installed it for and recommended it to many musicians, including Dizzy, Louis Armstrong and Bobby Hackett. In its current version it is a fantastically clean instrument, and its "trackability" extends down to as low as $\frac{1}{4}$ of a gram with high quality turntables. For those listeners who bought earlier V-15s, the maker now offers a replacement needle assembly, the VN15E stylus, which will convert any V-15 pickup to a V-15-11, improved.

TV Cassettes and Discs

For several years, manufacturers have been promising or threatening—depending on how you look at it—to produce TV programs on video cassettes playable through your own TV set. And recently a low cost home TV *disc* was demonstrated which looked pretty good. But it was just a *demonstration*, not something you can buy in stores. Such units will be welcome when they are designed and produced as part(s) of a standardized system, the way the music cassette system was engineered by Phillips and made freely available to all the other companies. Such standardization of video recording for the home viewer needs to be thoroughly worked out before the consumer will take home-TV recording seriously. **[15]**



BIC/Lux model 71/2R receiver claims maximum sensitivity and power available in home gear today.

equipped cassette machine soon and has promised to report on it in these pages.

Best Buy Loudspeaker

About 15 years ago, an unknown college teacher of acoustics and music lover, Edgar Villchur, developed a loudspeaker principle which he called acoustic suspension. His AR-1 speaker in less than two years became the standard of the high fidelity industry. His company, Acoustic Research, Inc. became the biggest factor in the speaker industry, and spawned other companies.

Villchur retired a few years ago to do research in the area of hearing loss. AR now produces speakers, a turntable, an amplifier, and a receiver. Recently a tuner

best loudspeaker to be bought at any price for home use and installed it in my home as my reference speaker (since then the AR-3 was succeeded by the AR-3a), joining most other equipment reviewers and critics, as well as a majority of music critics and musicians who take their listening equipment seriously.

For several years now, the best buy in economy loudspeakers has been the company's lowest priced unit, the AR-4x at \$63. Now they've brought out a medium-priced unit, the AR-6, priced at \$81. Direct A-B switching comparison between the new speaker and its awesome older brother (the AR-3a at \$250) showed only slight differences. Comparing it to my standard reference speaker, the Six approached the depth of clean bass of the Big One.

record REVIEWS

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

ORNETTE COLEMAN

THE ART OF THE IMPROVISERS—Atlantic 1572: *The Circle With a Hole in the Middle; Just For You; The Fifth of Beethoven; The Alchemy of Scott La Faro; Moon Inhabitants; The Legend of Bebop; Harlem's Manhattan.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-2: Don Cherry, cornet; Coleman, alto saxophone; Charlie Haden, bass; Billy Higgins, drums. Tracks 3, 5-6: Cherry trumpet; Coleman; Haden; Ed Blackwell, drums. Track 4: Cherry, pocket trumpet; Coleman; Scott La Faro, bass; Blackwell. Track 7: Cherry, pocket trumpet; Coleman, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Blackwell.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Like many others, Ornette and his players have recorded more material than can fit conveniently on their given LPs, so this near-classic set is a collection of additional 1959-61 works. It's late in the day for Atlantic to issue them, but you should not therefore conclude that there is anything the least bit slight about this music. It is generally agreed that Ornette's Atlantic LPs present his creative recorded apex, this despite the lyric genius of his far different later recordings. Indeed, *Art of the Improvisers* might stand with *Change of the Century* and *This Is Our Music* among the handful of genuinely great Free Jazz LPs.

You're likely to recognize a fresh air of discovery about this music from your own initial acquaintance with Ornette Coleman. Certainly the sense of exploring communicated to his (at-the-time) very young colleagues, for the performing is most enthusiastic throughout. There is the omnipresent Don Cherry frequently slipping into melodic triteness or fumbling, yet absorbed by Ornette's ideas, using Ornette's phrasings and structural methods. In most of his solos you'll hear passages of fine lyrical playing as well, and in *Just* and *Fifth*, delightful, expressive improvising that predicts the confident power that appeared thereafter in his work with Shepp and Ayler.

And, of course, there is Haden, jazz's leading bassist since the great days of Pettiford, Mingus, Ware. He appears, on this LP, as one of those extremely rare intuitive beings who discover phrases, tones, and rhythms in nature, and who are consequently continually empathetic. After the young Haden's lyric wholeness, La Faro's gigantic tone and slightly ridiculous choice of notes and phrases are upsetting, but Garrison, in *Harlem's*, is quite intelligent despite a poor solo—really, these bassists were gutty and aggressive. The difference between Higgins and Blackwell is that of a seeker opposed to an explorer: the former's hard bop instincts compete with the latter's highly incisive, absolutely free counterpoint. All beautiful

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Mike Bourne, Bill Cole, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Larry Kart, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, 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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players! Ornette's own improvising, besides reinforcing the familiar awe, introduces new aspects of his thinking that even a decade later are fresh to jazz.

Perhaps the most amazing creation is *La Faro*, incidentally the finest result of that particular quartet; a very fast piece during which the virtuoso bassist solos only in the theme's tiny bridges. The long alto solo is ever-shocking, as immensely subtle lines turn suddenly into paradoxes or rub against contradictory thoughts, the tension of melodically-resolved incompatibility generating a nervous agitation that rises into an overtone scream and blatted leaps through all alto registers. A resignation of sorts is heard in the ensuing funky, mutedly sullen statements, though lyric insistence does appear in jumbled fashion, and the solo ends in a rising anxiety.

Lester Young's idea that a solo should tell a story is realized here with classic insight. A powerful tension illuminates the solo, as Ornette slyly breaks up the bass-drum rhythm, contradicts or enlarges upon each fresh idea, or twists them out of shape in parenthetical statements. And after Cherry's solo comes a marvelously conceived duo improvisation, unaccompanied, during which the querulous trumpet frantically shies from Ornette's recalling the grimmest moods of this solo: we glimpse the edge of panic in the shattered, piercing phrases.

This is a kind of dramatic characterization that suggests the highest, most humanist art, and for an almost completely opposite kind of realization, hear *Just*. In those early days, Ornette spoke of achieving a "group gestalt", a perfect, fully aware and potent intercourse of improvisers. *Just* is an early, deliberate attempt in this direction. It is not merely a ballad, but an archetypical ballad. The theme, played by Cherry, is simple rising notes on the first beat of each measure; on the concluding beats Ornette improvises falling notes to amplify and complete each phrase.

Then the alto solo presents lovely tones at just the most idealized romantic ballad intervals, though an element of parody appears as Ornette momentarily duplicates Haden's sober 4/4 notes. The concept of admiration and devotion is amplified in the return of theme-and-alto solo, but when Ornette stops, Cherry and Haden, insensibly, offer a perfect duet, quite short and extremely funky. The theme ballad

conclusion is sweet and true in a lover's way, then the deliberately romantic-sentimental extremes of the concluding cadenza are a way of saying, "It's a foolish illusion, but it's all ours."

In its way, *Just* is a success. Far more challenging, and less successful, is *Bebop*, a blues, opening and closing with three choruses of wonderfully-conceived theme. The first chorus (12 measures) is a hard bop stop-rhythm line, the second (11 measures) a flowing Cannonball-type theme with typical Coleman-Cherry dissonances in the held notes, the third (13 measures) an incredible vision of a Parker-Miles duet. In solo, Ornette's melodies hint at sorrow until the alto's bouncing against Haden's climbing line leads to tragic statements in the manner of a most sophisticated blues singer: there are asides and vagrant thoughts in the artist's stance to mingle with intensely-felt sadness and pity. Possibly such a structuring of tragedy mingling with a stylized manner to result in the pathos of black humor—think of certain Lightnin' Hopkins, Peetie Wheatstraw, Sleepy John Estes songs—is a special function of the blues tradition. Offhand, I can only recall Parker and Young succeeding at what Ornette suggests here. Blackwell, by the way, is most outstanding, balancing perfect arhythmic accompaniment against the walking bass line and Ornette's peculiar references to the blues changes.

Of the other four performances, *Moon* presents the most depleted Cherry. The opening theme is a botch; Ornette's solo is melodically resourceful, breaking into edgy stammers at Cherry's recurring intonations. Ornette, in turn, breaks into a weak trumpet solo to guide a satisfying collective improvisation. The light-hearted *Fifth* suggests a freaky Horace Silver theme, Blackwell hinting at Latin drums. Ornette's solo is one of his greatest thematic improvisation efforts, as the continual reorganization and reintroduction of material finds jolly phrases jostling each other to break the lyric concentration. Cherry's beautiful solo gives the track a sardonic feeling—it is, for once, a strong, logical, consistent improvisation, rhythmically somewhat nervous, technically full-toned and assured—an early recorded prediction of what Cherry's mature style would become. There is a catchy Blackwell solo to conclude, and note that *Fifth*, *Bebop* and *Moon* are excellent examples of that "perfect" Coleman quartet of horns, Haden and Blackwell.

In *Circle*, Ornette presents wild, multi-noted up-down lines extended into freneticism or broken off at the edge of fear, ominous held or repeated notes sometimes

New Name

With this issue, bassist Larry Ridley joins our reviewing staff. For more information on his background, see article on page 16.

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appearing—more agitated than, but somewhat similar in tone to Dolphy's *Status Seeking* solo. Cherry's solo extends the mood, amplified by Haden's laying out, then opposing, his rhythm. After all the alto brilliance, Ornette's tenor seems less expressive, less lyrical. Throughout his melodies in *Harlem's* is an undertone of subdued Rollins circa 1954, though of course the two approaches to thematic improvisation are far different. Compared to *Fifth*, Ornette's *Harlem's* solo lacks a certain intensity that a thematic style needs, though the track is nonetheless rewarding.

In those days Ornette was indeed a prophet, and it is useful to compare the universally enthusiastic response this LP will inevitably receive from writers and hard-core fans to the disinterest, antagonism or simple misunderstanding he aroused back then. There are, after all, minor prophets about us now, many of them inspired by Ornette, and they are not being heard. Describing the painting on the record cover, Ornette notes, "I put people in it, too," to which the liner notes add that he put people in the music, as well. In fact, they are beautiful people, and after hearing this music you may find that they sound strangely like people you know, or maybe even like yourself. —Litweiler

ART BLAKEY

ROOTS & HERBS—Blue Note BST 84347: *Ping Pong; Roots and Herbs; The Back Sliders; United; Look at the Birdie; Master Mind*. Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Bobby Timmons or Walter Bishop Jr. (tracks 2 and 4) piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★★

Part of the liner notes reads: "Although it was recorded nine years ago in 1961, it contains all the exuberance and pulse and musical searching that is a hallmark of Art's work."

That's true, but irrespective of that, these tracks are still almost ten years old. Morgan was 22 and even then an astounding talent, Shorter 26, with a new distinctive sound to his horn. Bobby Timmons was 24 and soon to become one of the good funk-laden (lots of flatted 3rd, 5th, 7th and 9th chords) pianists of the day.

Blakey has always had youth around. It helped his music grow and gave credence to his leadership ability. So any negative criticism I have of this record is that it doesn't represent the present, and I think Blakey and his sidemen would be the first to acknowledge this.

All of the pieces were written by Shorter and represent the hard-bop era. I've never really understood how tunes get their names and most of the time I cancel them out of my mind. But how does a ditty in 3/4 time get the name *United*? Maybe that's a comment on us.

Blakey's pulse, as usual, is solid. He is an expert accompanist. He drives the soloist, sometimes unmercifully, to play—not bullshit, but play. His solos always seem the same to me: bang, bang, boom, boom, a roll and then a recapitulation. But no one ever loved playing more than Blakey and no one, except for Miles Davis, cultivated and picked talent better. And very

few make musicians play the way he makes them play.

On every track Morgan plays brilliantly. He's youthful and exuberant. His phrasing is impeccable and his taste for lines is perfect. He can do almost anything with the trumpet and he does, but he never is unnecessarily flamboyant.

Shorter struggles some, but one can begin to see his style taking shape. He needs to expand lines, invert, transpose, retrograde, sequent, and imitate himself. He's a very analytical player.

Timmons and Bishop, with the latter's chromatic descending lines with the little turns at the end, are more than adequate. The best I can say for Merritt is that he's dull.

Why would a record company issue a session after ten years? This music is not new, and not representative of what Shorter or Morgan are doing now. —Cole

ANDREW CYRILLE

WHAT ABOUT?—Aetuel 529.316: *What About?; From Whence I Came; Rhythmical Space; Rims and Things; Pioneering*.

Personnel: Andrew Cyrille, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

Drummers have always been viewed as mysterious characters who meander in the corners of clubs waiting for the set to begin, knowing they are the most expendable part of the group, yet also knowing that they provide the power that makes the whole thing go. They represent, in a real way, the link between America and the mother country, Africa. If you doubt this, ask any African musician and I'm sure his response will be the same. It's the rhythm.

It's a testament to Cyrille's genius, that's what this album is. It's a must for anyone who has even a remote desire to be a percussionist, or who is one now. Or thinks he's one. Cyrille explores all the possibilities of percussion: the rolls, the poly-rhythms, the dialogue between toms and snare, and bass drums with the high hat and cymbal.

This album may be a first; I don't know. But if it is or not, it's a highly successful one. —Cole

GEORGE HARRISON

ALL THINGS MUST PASS—Apple STCH 639: *I'd Have You Anytime; My Sweet Lord; Wab-Wab; Isn't It a Pity* (version one); *What is Life?; If Not for You; Behind That Locked Door; Let It Down; Run of the Mill; Beware of Darkness; Apple Scruffs; Ballad of Frankie Crisp (Let It Roll); Awaiting on You All; All Things Must Pass; I Dig Love; Art of Dying; Isn't It a Pity* (version two); *Hear Me Lord; Out of the Blue; It's Johnny's Birthday; Plug Me In; I Remember Jeep; Thanks for the Pepperoni*.

Personnel: Jim Price, trumpet; Bobby Keys, tenor saxophone; Gary Wright, Bobby Whitlock, Billy Preston, Gary Brooker, keyboards; Pete Drake, pedal steel guitar; Harrison, guitar, vocals; Eric Clapton, Dave Mason, Badfinger, guitars; Klaus Voorman, Carl Radle, bass; Ringo Starr, Jim Gordon, Alan White, Ginger Baker, drums; Mal Evans, tambourine; the George O'Hara-Smith Singers, voices.

Rating: ★★½

Although it may seem a sort of blasphemy, too often George Harrison sounds like a British Al Kooper: the mainly inconsequential superjam, the exhaustive em-ploy of excellent sidemen, the splendifer-

ous packaging, are quite his mark. But unlike Kooper consistently pooping apart from a solid musical medium (the Blues Project and the first BS&T), Harrison not only makes it apart from the Beatles, but proves himself the only self-sufficient creator of the four so far—for where the Ringo albums have seemed silly and pointless, the McCartney albums self-indulgent and saccharine, the Lennon albums insipid and plain ugly, the new (third) Harrison album is, if not wholly compelling, at least wholly pleasant.

Naturally, given three discs, any artist is bound to "get it on" sometime, and several moments of *All Things Must Pass* are surely touching; yet over six sides, one is likewise liable to drag away, and this is also true on the new date. Except for the quick and cutesy ditty *Johnny's Birthday*, the *Apple Jam* record is mostly forgettable, despite Clapton, Mason, Baker, some peachy Harrison electronics, et al.—and the only appeal from that one cut is my suspicion that played backward or sideways or however the tape might say "I balled the Walrus" or something equally provocative. Whatever, the *Apple Jam* appears to be an extra added attraction anyway, for it is on the two records of song that Harrison offers both beauty and boredom.

Unfortunately, the boredom outweighs the beauty, as the arrangements, the George O'Hara-Smith Singers (Harrison overdubbed), the compositions in general, assume a drab sameness after a while: a murky ensemble sound no matter what musical tempers, too often dulled by ponderous rhythms and seldom enhanced by the languid voice of the composer. Yet likely because of this bland overcast, the better songs become as a consequence even more beautiful and truly exceptional, although numbering only a half-dozen (out of 18) and those with reservation.

Of course, I care nothing for the poetry itself, or rather, I care only for the lyrics in synthesis with the music—the finest lyric in a wretched musical context offers no appeal to me—and so I reserve any judgment on the literary merit of the Harrison songs, except to note that when his music is evocative his imagery proves quite more moving than that of most troubadours. Thus the title song becomes the best example of Harrison in this perspective: setting a thought of mournful promise in a tender bittersweet melody—but it remains the only introspective quasi-philosophic piece on the date to succeed.

Two other cuts cook well, *Art of Dying* and *Awaiting on You All*, and somehow survive the muddled performing throughout, but *Let It Down* comes closest to instrumental fruition with tasty rhythm accents and an almost together soul chorus. Yet it is finally the two songs by Bob Dylan which take eminence on the album: *If Not for You*, sung a la Zimmerman (for all I know, maybe Dylan himself sneaking on), and especially my favorite, *I'd Have You Anytime* (co-composed with Harrison), a gentle love ballad sung with quiet compassion, played with a delicate grace uncommon on the date, and eclipsing any and all tedium elsewhere on the records.

Ultimately, I doubt if these few de-



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lights do indeed overcome so much banality, yet despite my dislike for most of *All Things Must Pass*, it remains the only music of value to be produced by a Beatle away from the Beatles, and will likely be enjoyed by the many who can afford it—although I cannot honestly recommend the album as worth the price. —*Bourne*

RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK & THE VIBRATION SOCIETY

RAHSAAN RAHSAAN—Atlantic SD 1575: *The Seeker (Suite: Black Classical Rap; The Seeker; Thank You, Bird; New Orleans); Satin Doll; Medley (Going Home; Sentimental Journey; In Monument; Lover); Sweet Fire; Baby Let Me Shake Your Tree.*

Personnel: Kirk, tenor sax, flute, manzello, stritch, clarinet; miscellaneous instruments; Howard Johnson, tuba; Dick Griffin, trombone; LeRoy Jenkins, violin; Ron Burton, piano; Sonelius Smith, celeste; Vernon Martin, bass; James Madison, drums; Alvern Bunn, conga; Joe Texidor, rambourine, sound tree.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

This album is given the above rating not so much in a major musical innovative sense, but because of its sociological foresight and the leader's deep musical commitment.

A live performance by the ensemble with the Reverend Professor Kirk presiding, recorded on Christmas night 1969 at the Village Vanguard, the entire text of the commentary shows itself to be a prelude to Kirk's role in helping to instigate the Jazz&People's Movement and it's recent attack upon the mass medias' failure to grant ample audio-visual exposure to jazz—and especially its black exponents.

Some may regard Kirk's using this album for such means as ludicrous and irrelevant, but I say he is to be commended for taking a stand on an issue that is becoming an increasingly serious concern.

The album is not only a sociological treatise, for it has some very nice musical moments by the Vibration Society. Most notable are pianist Ron Burton, who shows great flexibility of style, technique, and communicative ability; bassist Vernon Martin, and trombonist Dick Griffin.

Rahsaan's fantastic musical talent is shown in his two- and three-horn lines and counterlines. His rendition of *Lover* (which also spotlights his circular breathing ability) is superb and classic. This performance is devoid of gimmickry and shows profound talent and imagination. —*Ridley*

OSCAR PETERSON

EASY WALKER—Prestige 7690: *At Long Last Love; Easy Walker; Tin Tin Deo; I've Got A Crush On You; A Foggy Day; Like Someone In Love.*

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

I had planned to send in a whole galaxy of stars with this review, but I **knock down beat** would only release five of them. The reasons for the plus-five intentions are fairly simple: this was the best trio ever fronted by the world's greatest pianist.

No living pianist can touch Peterson. Phineas Newborn and Roger Kellaway come closest, but there's always the elusive specter of the prime mover: Art Tatum. Regarding Ray Brown, he has it over

the entire pantheon—dead or alive—although I've often wondered what the Peterson trio would have sounded like with Richard Davis pulling the strings.

End of subjectivism, beginning of undated wine in a new bottle. This was recorded live by MPS Records in Europe—perhaps four or five years ago. The trio was at its collective best; ESP and individual virtuosity were also at their peaks; and the tunes were the standards that lend themselves to either relaxed or intense straight-ahead cooking.

At Long Last Love opens with a cleverly reharmonized first chorus that provides enough gaps for Brown and Thigpen to fill in quasi-orchestral fashion. The tempo is brisk, Oscar is all over the keyboard, and yet when it comes time for the first jazz chorus, Ray is still two-beating it—one of his patented ways of delaying the musical orgasm. When he turns to four, at the start of the third chorus, the dynamic level drops to a whisper and the intensity builds all over again, heightened by Thigpen's cymbal riding.

The title tune is the album highlight for a couple of reasons: it furnishes proof that slow jazz can burn with a brilliant flame; and secondly, it features a fragmented style of playing seldom heard from Oscar. *Easy Walker* is a Billy Taylor gem, but even though it was written by one pianist and interpreted by another, you won't be able to take your ears off Brown. He's the easy walker who lays down one of the gentlest pulses imaginable and yet remains so inventive in linear terms. Oscar also treads on tiptoe, while Thigpen curtsies around them on brushes and even tom-toms during the head. Like a nine-and-a-half-minute study in crescendo, the excitement mounts with well-controlled gradualness. The tempo does rush slightly, but what the hell: these are human beings, not cold metronomes. From single-note attacks, Oscar evolves into block chords—the muddy, Brubeck variety. In the midst of his chordal building he never forgets his musical sense of humor, interpolating the beginning of *Little White Lies* and ending the phrase with a theme from Rachmaninoff's *Second Piano Concerto*. He even drifts into a half chorus of *Moonlight Becomes You*. After that the approach is cubistic: breaking up segments of the theme between left and right hands, sliding into a jagged stride pattern, shifting the rhythmic make-up of the tune but coming out even at the end.

Tin Tin Deo gives one remarkable insight into just how orchestral this trio was. Thigpen is the rhythmic focal point here, supplying an entire Latin rhythm section. Oscar's dazzling technique runs the gamut from perpetual-motion single lines to widespread, montuna-like unison octaves. And Ray cuts across both with tastefully syncopated figures—especially the delayed triplets.

Verses to tunes are essentially vocalists' fortes, but in the hands of a Peterson, one can still extract all the lyrical intent of the writer. He does that with *Crush* and continues the poetical mood clear through the chorus to a reverently reharmonized solo out chorus.

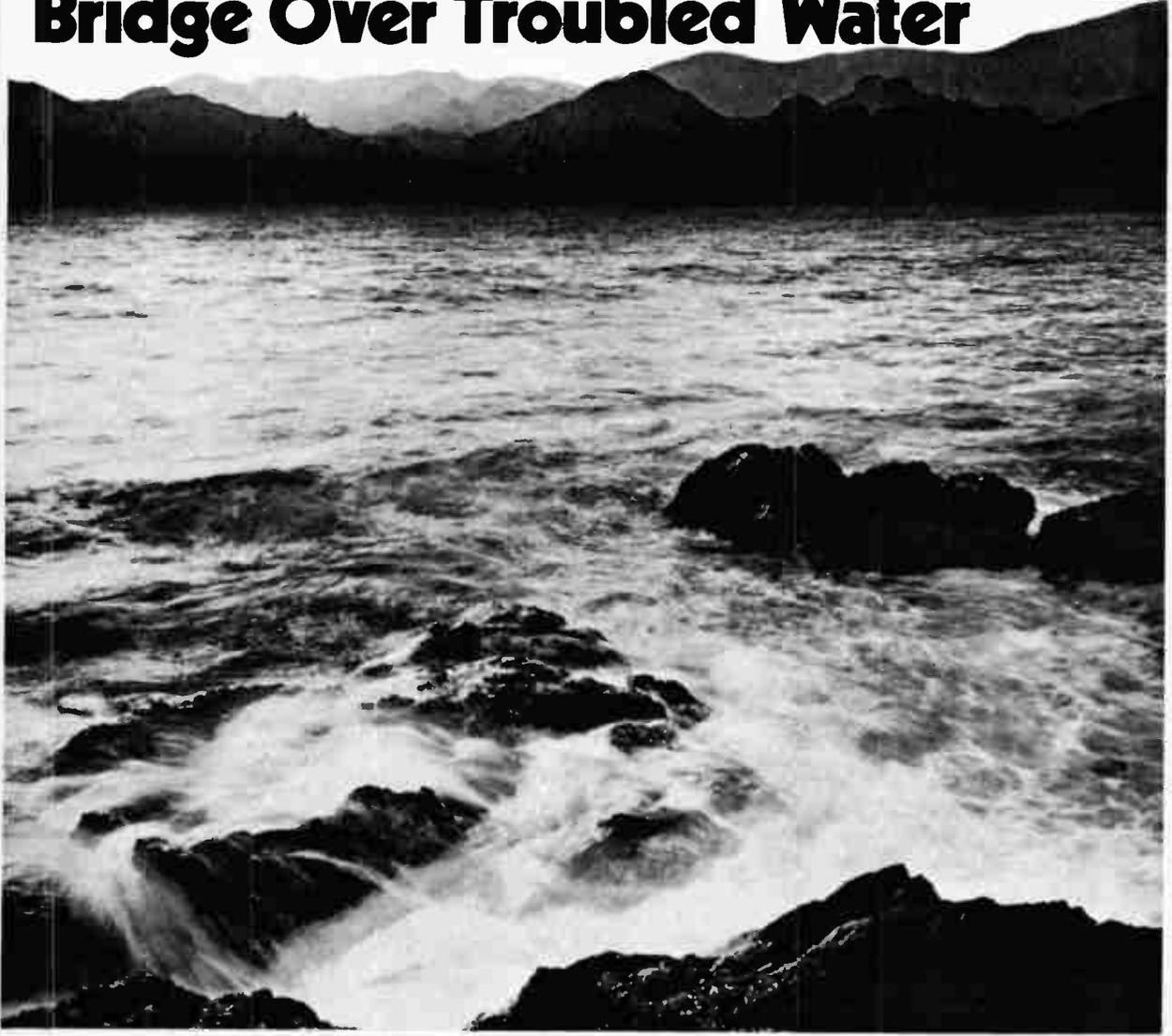
Interesting track, *Foggy Day*. It's an-

In down beat Issue: 12/24/70

Rating: ★★★★★

SP 3032

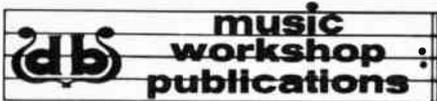
Paul Desmond
Bridge Over Troubled Water



It's a perfect collaboration between the two Pauls. Simon to write the songs and Desmond to play them.

Leonard Feather

on A&M



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other instance of Ray adhering to two-beat during the initial jazz chorus in order to delay the gradual build-up of intensity, yet the tune would never have gotten off the ground had it not been for Ed Thigpen. Despite Oscar's pyrotechnics, the tune does not really swing loosely until Ed rides cymbals.

The longest track is another example of balladic Oscar, *Like Someone In Love*. It is pure poetry, with portions lovingly reharmonized, and traces of Gershwin's *Rhapsody* and the standard *When I Fall In Love* thrown in. Well, not thrown in—gently deposited.

The only regret about Oscar's slow tracks: we're deprived of his unique scat. The only regret about this album: the lack of sidemen solos. Ray has two—one very brief—Ed has none. But even that injustice (too frequent in Peterson LPs) cannot induce me to withdraw any stars. It is fundamentally a trio album, and as such it's a primer for all self-contained rhythm sections. —*Siders*

DAVID PORTER

... INTO A REAL THING—Enterprise ENS-1012: *Hang on Sloopy; Ooo-Wee Girl; Too Real to Live a Lie; Grocery Man; I Don't Wanna Cry; Thirty Days.*

Personnel: Porter, vocals; unidentified orchestra; Porter, Ronnie Williams, Dale Warren; Isaac Hayes, arrangers.

Rating: ★

When Isaac Hayes sings *Walk on By* or *Something* for over ten minutes, the performance survives the length perhaps as much by the song as by the singing. But no vocalist can extend *Hang on Sloopy*, as does Porter, to 11:11 without sounding ridiculous—and neither a sensual tone nor an okay arrangement nor especially the mandatory dull rap section can salvage any moment. The ditty itself always seemed just a joke, anyway.

What is more unfortunate is that little else on the LP causes much stir either, at least nothing to compare with the previous superfine Porter album, *Gritty, Groovin' & Gettin' It*. *Ooo-Wee Girl* is a pretty ballad (and sounds as the title should imply), and the four songs on the second side are fairly well cooked (notably the Hayes chart for *I Don't Wanna Cry*), but nowhere do these prove sparkling enough to recommend the date. Ultimately, if this record represents Porter's voyage "into a real thing", I can only hope he returns to the better glory of his "un-real" former efforts. —*Bourne*

**OLD WINE—
NEW BOTTLES**

Duke Ellington, *The Beginning (1926-1928) Volume I*, Decca DL 79224

Rating: ★★

Duke Ellington, *Hot in Harlem (1928-1929) Volume II*, Decca DL 79241

Rating: ★★

Duke Ellington, *Flaming Youth (1927-1929)*, RCA Victor LPV 568

Rating: ★★

Duke Ellington, *Rockin' in Rhythm (1929-1931) Volume III*, Decca DL 79249

Rating: ★★

Duke Ellington (1937; 1940), Up Front UPF 144

Rating: ★★★★★

The first four of these LPs deal with perhaps the most important years in the evolution of the Ellington band. It's not that the music showed any particular brilliance. To be sure, a few classics were produced, but an awful lot of the music sounds dated, archaic, and campy today. So why are these years so important?

They are important because they encompass a major shift in creative command. Although Ellington had been the titular leader since the departure of Elmer Snowden in 1924, there is scant evidence of any advanced sense of form in the recordings up to, say, 1928 (a somewhat arbitrary date). The de facto creative potency behind the band seems to have belonged to Bubber Miley, the trumpeter who shares composer credit with Ellington on many pieces and whose brooding plunger work gave the band its most distinctive sound through the early years.

Aside from Miley and the influence he exerted on Joe (Tricky Sam) Nanton's trombone and on Ellington himself, there is little here to suggest that Ellington was conceptually ahead of his time. It's more accurate to say he was a product of his times. He played dance music for his audiences—mostly white audiences at that—and was as much a part of prevailing musical customs as anyone; customs such as a lurching rhythm section dominated by the banjo. Moreover, it is clear through most of the Decca volumes and the Victor LP that Duke had yet to rise above the customary voicing of reeds at that time, which often yielded a sort of simpering sentimentality. Although Johnny Hodges' alto and soprano shows remarkable strength and superbly rounded ideas from the beginning (*Tishomingo* and *Yellow Dog* from June, 1928), Harry Carney at 18 was still investing his baritone style with the slap-tongue sound popular then. On alto, his main solo vehicle in the early sessions, his ideas were relatively immature. Nanton's open trombone solos were undistinguished. And Sonny Greer, like most drummers then, played on equipment that was at a rather primitive level of technology, and had little sense of the propulsive potential of a jazz drummer.

So, amid much that was commonplace, there was the really distinctive voice of Miley, who took King Oliver's muted work as a point of departure and made it into something else. Up to early 1929, many a piece was either a showcase for Miley or dominated by his gutty, slow blues or charging assaults at quick tempos. So great was Miley's influence that we really can't talk about the "Ellington" band in any real sense until Miley's departure.

From 1929 on, Ellington seemed to digest the Miley sound and see it in the perspective of major new voices added since 1926 (Barney Bigard's filigree fills and Hodges' strong solo personality) and in relation to a more structured concept for the band as a whole. Through the '30s, it was mainly a matter of working out these problems. The important thing was that the band's course was now being charted by Ellington, who probed beyond

the ground Miley had broken.

And the key musicians moved with Ellington. Techniques improved. Listen to Carney's jerky attack on *Tiger Rag* and then dig *Is That Religion*. The comparison is startling. The fusion of notes is smoother and more agile, and his tone has developed such depth and resonance you can almost sort out the vibrations. Each note has an inner momentum of its own. *Double Check Stomp* is a good checkpoint between these two benchmarks, as Carney hits his stride as the greatest baritone master ever.

Hodges' attack becomes more legato. Nanton abandons open horn solo work and begins to fulfill his potential as a great coloring agent in the Ellington palette. Bigard's graceful fluttering over the ensembles is evident as early as 1928, in the rolling contours of *Take It Easy*. His sound changed little over the years.

There will be Ellington purists who feel that a mere three stars do not do justice to the 1926-1930 period, just as there are still those who insist that the only real music Louis Armstrong ever blew was with the Hot Fives and Sevens. Not only are these persons hopelessly trapped in the mythology of jazz antiquity, they are also doing a great disservice to Ellington's truly great accomplishments by equating these dated specimens with the creative feats to come.

Although Vol. III in the Decca set contains some pretty hokey vocals, it graduates to four stars on the basis of greater maturity in the solos and a clear movement toward more ambitious use of orchestration. *Wall St. Wail* shows the nucleus of the modern Ellington band in a string of free-wheeling solos by Hodges, Bigard, Nanton, and Cootie Williams. *Double Check* is basically the same piece except for some jaunty and swinging accordion fills. Hodges and Nanton do close variations on their *Wall St.* solos.

Williams, of course, carried on the Miley tradition. Whereas Miley was violent and rending, Williams was deep and passionate. He is heard in *Rockin' in Rhythm*, doing the famous riff routine on which Harry James later based his arrangement of *Peckin'* for Ben Pollack.

The shape of the band as a unit becomes more striking. The synthesis of tonalities achieved in the intimate version of *Mood Indigo* (perhaps the best of the many Duke has made) is clearly the work of a man interested in making music for the ear and mind and not just for the feet. His ultimate achievement in this area by 1931 was *Creole Rhapsody*, a longer piece in which Ellington achieves notable integration of sections and soloists. The band's more wild-and-wooly flights were under greater control, too. *Runnin' Wild* offers a relatively reflective chorus by Cootie that segues into a superb sax section passage, probably its most impressive work to date (1930).

Among these four albums, several tunes are heard in alternate versions, some of which make interesting comparisons. (One comparison can be made at the outset: the sound on the Victor originals is superior to the often muffled Brunswicks, from which Decca remastered.)

The Victor *East St. Louis Toodle-oo* is decidedly the better. The tempo is slower and Miley's sinister undulations strike the mood more effectively. Hardwick takes a baritone solo in the Victor version, at the expense of a clarinet trio heard in the Decca version; but that's of small consequence, since the entire message is heard in the first 32 bars.

Decca's *Black and Tan Fantasy* is the clear winner over Victor's. The beat is softer and more gentle. The Victor track is diminished by a brittle, hard-edged rhythm that's too pushy and perky.

The Victor *Mooche* is a poor second to the Decca version. The difference is that Miley's role is taken by Arthur Whetsol in the Victor, and the results are thin by comparison.

Carney's alto is more assured on the Decca *Jubilee Stomp*, but they're basically alike, as are the two *Black Beauties*.

Creole Love Call is a classic without ifs, ands, or buts.

By the time the material on the fifth LP was made, all the problems of voicing, form, and rhythm had been solved. This is the Ellington who will never date. No information is given on the jacket except titles, so for the record, the vital statistics are: *Harlem Speaks*, *Caravan*, *Button Your Shoe*, *Sophisticated Lady*, and *Rockin' in Rhythm* come from a live radio pickup from the Cotton Club, March 18, 1937; *Tootin' Through the Roof*, *Day In, Day Out*, and *Gal From Joe's* are from an air shot in Boston, Sept. 1, 1940.

Harlem is among the best tracks, with exciting solos by Cootie, who soars spectacularly in his last 12 bars, Hodges, who is cushioned by the soft support of a perfectly modulated trombone section; and Rex Stewart, Carney, Nanton, and Lawrence Brown.

Caravan follows the same solo routines as the original band version, although the intimate small band version of 1936 (on Epic EE 22006) remains the definitive statement on the subject. *Rockin'* is loose and low-key, with Williams bobbing over the heads of the reeds.

The last three tracks come from the brief period after Ben Webster joined and before Cootie Williams left. The plum of the whole LP is *Tootin'*, a curiously forgotten Ellington masterpiece containing a tart trumpet duel between Williams and Stewart. Such perfection must be heard to be believed. The original 1939 record is superior (on Columbia C3L 39), but this contains interesting variations.

Although this set is a bargain at \$2.00, it's unfortunate that brilliant performances such as these aren't issued in a more comprehensive manner and with greater attention to sound quality. The pressing contains excessive surface noise, and the mastering is frightfully muffled, especially when one considers that bootlegged versions of this same material (the entire broadcasts) have offered much better sound than heard here.

Nevertheless, these are the first live broadcast samples of the Ellington band at its summit to come into general release. Accordingly, they are invaluable listening for all lovers of this great orchestra.

—John McDonough

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BLINDFOLD TEST FREDA PAYNE

by Leonard Feather

The case of Freda Payne is a typical "that's show business" story.

Discovered in the late 1950s as a teen-aged, jazz-oriented singer in Detroit, she later came to New York and racked up a series of impressive jazz credits. After working for a while with Quincy Jones, she sang with Duke Ellington in Las Vegas.

She recorded her first album in 1963, for Impulse. Manny Albam wrote the charts for one side; the B side featured her with Phil Woods and a rhythm section. For a later LP she had Benny Golson to furnish her backgrounds.

Despite all this, plus a tour of Europe in 1965 and some appearances in the lead role in *Hallelujah Baby* on Broadway (as a sub for Leslie Uggams), Miss Payne never really had it made with the public at large.

Not until the production team of Holland-Dozier-Holland took her over and recorded her for Invictus did she hit her commercial stride. *Band of Gold* went all the way to the top of the charts last summer. Today, singing for rock audiences, she is a firmly established pop star.

This was her first Blindfold Test.



MIKE BARICH

1. LOREZ ALEXANDRIA. *Didn't We* (from *Didn't We, Pzazz*). Jimmy Webb, composer; Ronnell Bright, arranger.

I give that two. I felt that her phrasing was a little bit too choppy, she didn't display enough breath control to make it artistically interesting to the listener. The arrangement was passé, there was nothing interesting in that arrangement at all.

She displayed an inability to sustain her high notes with great control and finesse. I like the song. I don't know who it is, but it sounds like it might be Teri Thornton, but not as good as her.

2. PEGGY LEE. *Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head* (from *Bridge Over Troubled Water*, Capitol). Mike Melvoin, arranger.

I feel that the overall arrangement was worth four and her vocal version of it would also be four. She did a good job; she didn't go flat on any notes, and the overall execution of the song was very good. I think she did a very good job on it. I like Peggy Lee, but I've never been influenced by her style. It's just that her style has always been very soft, and I've always been a sort of belter. She's always been very relaxing, very casual.

I could really give that five, because it was very good.

3. JAMES BROWN. *For Once In My Life* (from *Soul On Top*, King Records). Brown, vocal; Louis Bellson orchestra; Oliver Nelson, arranger.

That was great; the arrangement was fantastic! James Brown with his somewhat scratchy, distorted voice did a great jazz version.

I think musically speaking, the way he sang that song—the way he shouted it and the way he felt it—was excellent. It was like the whole thing . . . the arrangement, the way he did it, you got a cooking sensation going on. And a lot of the notes that he hit were definitely jazz figurations.

Due to the fact that everyone recognizes James Brown as being strictly r&b, this

appealed to me as a jazz-type thing. I think he did a good job on it, the arrangement was out of sight, and the band sounded good. I'd give that a five for James Brown; for him it's great.

4. JANIS JOPLIN. *Little Girl Blue* (from *I Got Dem Ol' Kozmic Blues Again Mam!*, Columbia). Gabriel Mekler, arranger.

I think that's Janis Joplin. The arrangement was beautiful. Janis Joplin was strictly a feeling artist; she sang strictly from feeling and guts, and I'd rate her high on that. As a singer she does nothing for me essentially, but I like her feeling.

I love the song, I've always liked *Little Girl Blue*. I think that although she completely re-vamped the melody to her choosing, what she did was capture a feeling that was all her own in her crazy, emotional, distorted way. Because she sings distorted . . . everything is way out here and she's really, like, singing about herself. Artistically I think it's good, because at least she brought forth her own feeling, and she changed the arrangement around to suit her. Conservative listeners wouldn't like that version at all. But her fans would love it, and people who understand what she is as an artist would go along with it, and would like it. To me it was worth three stars.

5. DELLA REESE. *Compared to What?* (from *Black Is Beautiful*, Avco Embassy). Gene McDaniels, composer; Bobby Bryant, arranger.

Della Reese. I'll give that four. Well, the arrangement was funky, and Della projects, she emphasizes the lyrics, she punches the right accents.

I like the song. I first started to listen to that song when Les McCann did it. As a matter of fact I really like his version, but of course she couldn't do hers exactly like his. Isn't that like a kind of protest song? That song was brought to me to possibly do, but I haven't done it yet.

I think Della's voice gets better and better. I really hated to see her show go

off the air because Della Reese in my opinion is a steam-roller, personality-wise, and as a musician she's fantastic. I like her too because she still goes back and does all those good old tunes with a good arrangement, and then she does up-to-date tunes. In my estimation she does a good job of this. I would rate that four because I love Della.

6. ROBERTA FLACK. *Business Goes On As Usual* (from *Chapter Two*, Atlantic). Eumir Deodato, arranger.

I'd give her five, because the quality of her voice and her phrasing was excellent, and the simplicity of her overall arrangement was basically—as far as I can hear was a combo or trio, in which she played—altogether it was perfection. The marriage between musician and singer—which of course in Roberta's case is both—I would consider an excellent combination.

7. TONY BENNETT. *Something* (from *Something*, Columbia). Peter Matz, arranger; George Harrison, composer.

Excellent! Five! And Tony Bennett, his phrasing is superb, and the arrangement was superb.

I think that Tony, besides being a good singer, displays the unique sensitivity of a jazz singer and also of an artistic person who feels the lyric as well as articulates the lyric. He also is musically aware—his many years of singing show up, because he knows exactly how to handle each song and he's smart enough to use the very best arrangers, men who would set an arrangement around him, rather than he singing around the arrangement. I just believe it's an excellent marriage of surrounding yourself with the best and coming out with a great product.

I like the song very much—I also like Shirley Bassey's version. But I think Tony's is—musically speaking—more of a musical success, whereas Shirley is a projection kind of artist.

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT



"The collective hearing of the group was incredible, almost eerie."

Ornette Coleman

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

Personnel: Coleman, alto saxophone, trumpet, violin; Dewey Redman, tenor saxophone, piffero; Charlie Haden, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.

This concert, the second in the jazz series at Wesleyan University, was again held at McConaughy Hall. And although Ornette was visibly ill and the microphones played a cruel game of on and off, on and off, it was a commanding, demanding concert. Commanding because these four musicians made it clear that they would be in control from the outset; demanding because people of the caliber of Coleman and the bands he has always put together represent the best in avant garde music.

The first time I saw Coleman, Haden was the bassist and Blackwell was the drummer. The records Coleman made with these two stately musicians demonstrated a different quality to their playing. Their roles seemed to be very different from the traditional roles of bass and drums.

Blackwell, who is truly the most different drummer of the last decade, accompanies behind the soloist instead of on top. He's the perfect drummer for Coleman because Coleman is a fragment player—his improvisations are a series of modulating statements. They are strung together with rhythmic patterns which are actually dialogues between Blackwell and Coleman. Coleman sets a pattern, Blackwell quickly reads that pattern and recapitulates it with some slight variation which Coleman reads and repeats. It is all so subtly done that you may miss it altogether if you're not listening closely.

Blackwell listens so intently. He plays so smoothly and his role is so different. That

is, he doesn't necessarily set a pace but responds to the pace set by the horns. This allows him to be very free but the freedom calls for initiative and spontaneous giving and taking which very few drummers could negotiate.

Consequently, Haden's role becomes more crucial to the total performance. It's how he accepts this role which makes him such an outstanding musician. He lays down a constant hum, like a kitten purring inside. And this hum provides the movement, provides the impetus, the fluid motion for all the up and down shifting that goes on between the other three participants.

I've always liked a drone, a rock-hard support, and that's what Haden provides. His solos personify dexterity and strength. He stretches his hand seemingly beyond its capability to play chords and glissandos with almost perfect intonation. (The collective hearing ability of the group was incredible, almost eerie.) Like all exceptional bassists, Haden has the gift and the musical insight to repeat passages and then to jump off to an inventive line. He only soloed once and once was not enough but it will have to do.

On the six pieces played (three before intermission, three after, none titled) Dewey Redman spanned 40 years of tenor saxophone playing. On the last piece, with Blackwell laying down a beautiful 4/4 syncopation, Redman played some of the most magnanimous honky-tonk 1930 vintage tenor you would ever want to hear. It was particularly effective because Coleman was playing screechy violin intervals. And the contrast was spectacular. Yet, on one of the earlier pieces, he literally dialogued with the instrument, playing and

talking into it at the same time.

On yet another piece he played lines which were straight out of Sonny Rollins. He played overtones, long curves, and some brilliant polyphonic lines against Ornette's alto. On the first number after intermission he picked up the piffero, a southern Italian instrument which looks much like the instrument snake charmers supposedly use, and played some devastating passages juxtaposed to Coleman's trumpet lines. The piffero sounds much like an oboe, and heard against the trumpet it conjures up some strange visual colors.

What else can be said about Ornette Coleman? I remember my first reaction to him ten years ago—negative. I was responding in my ignorance, in terms of my music education, which had been steeped in the European tradition which had as its standard-bearer of the avant-garde Bela Bartok. I was suddenly confronted with this man playing a plastic alto saxophone.

But I thought, in the back of my mind, that there was something going on because of the musicianship. Listen to that trumpeter playing that funny-looking trumpet (Don Cherry and his pocket trumpet). And the little white guy playing the bass as if he were making love to it. And Ed Blackwell, the fantastically talented drummer.

Luckily, I've grown musically in these last ten years. And Coleman has had to deal with an awful lot of ridicule to get to where he is now. He has converted a lot of non-believers, including myself.

—Bill Cole

Count Basie

Frog and Nightgown, Raleigh, N.C.

Personnel: Pete Minger, Paul Cohen, Sonny Cohn, Waymon Reed, trumpets; John Watson, Steve Gailtway, Melvin Wanzo, Bill Hughes, trombones; Bill Adkins, Bobby Plater, Eric Dixon, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Cecil Payne, reeds; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Norman Keenan, bass; Harold Jones, drums; Mary Stallings, vocals.

"Played a lot of spots," Basie told the audience after the last set. "This is the grooviest."

Whatever allowance is made for polite exaggeration, his one-nighter at the Frog was a happy encounter, bringing together a timeless, exciting music and a hugely receptive overflow crowd.

Listeners were knocked on their ear from the first note. After three driving numbers, including two Sam Nestico charts that built from tension to tension, an ecstatically gassed musician in the audience said, "Now play something that swings." It broke everybody up.

Basie makes no compromise with rock. He doesn't have to. His style is still original enough to win over new fans, fresh enough to keep the old fans happy.

There is nothing sadder on the jazz scene than names who made it in the 1930s (some of them younger than Basie) plodding around without joy, repeating the old things note for note. On the other hand, there is a suggestion of desperation in the efforts of others to use rock as a prop.



JAN PERSSON

The versatile Basie reed section (l to r): Bobby Plater, Bill Adkins, Eddie Lockjaw Davis, and Cecil Payne.

Basie avoids both courses, happy among the joyless and serene amid the desperate.

New members of the band have adapted well to the style: closely-knit rhythm section and somewhat looser (never undisciplined) ensemble; a slight tendency to accent the first beat; an occasional eight-to-the-bar feeling; sparing use of Latin rhythms. Mutes are often seen and no instrument is electronic.

The arrangements are an unalloyed joy, full of invention and surprise. They are the whole source of freshness and novelty in the band. One effective device (not overdone) is to begin with a few choruses of rhythm section only followed by a sudden burst of reeds and brasses. Listeners tense themselves in expectation.

Eric Dixon is largely responsible for the newest charts. In one, Bobby Plater took a particularly fine solo, and I asked Bill Hughes about it between sets. He looked puzzled and checked with Plater. "I guess it doesn't have a name," he told me. "It's 836. Just call it 836 in the book."

Plater himself is also well represented in the library, along with Nestico, Frank Foster, Neil Hefti and a raft of other consummate voices and dramatists.

Among the newer personnel, John Watson on trombone and Waymon Reed on trumpet get the most blowing room. Watson was featured in what Basie called "Don't Get Around Much Anymore, a number I like to dedicate to myself." Reed blows an impressive trumpet, has a soul background (arranging for James Brown) and has also worked with Clark Terry and Max Roach. He has a clarion tone, power, and a harmonic feeling reminiscent of Conte Candoli.

Pete Minger was also rock-oriented before joining Basie. He took one solo which I particularly liked, a long, soaring thing which got a big hand.

Members of the rhythm section seldom solo, but they provide the essence of the Basie effect. Basie is occasionally featured; Green of course, never. Harold Jones pushes, probes, searches, builds, backs, and fronts with his drums and Norman Keenan's bass provides more inertial guidance than showcase display. You feel Green's guitar more than you hear it, but occasionally a chord breaks through like a rainbow. You find it hard to remember,

or imagine, a better quartet.

The solo stars of the group are Davis on tenor, Dixon on tenor and flute, and Sonny Cohn on trumpet. Davis is great on fast work, like an up-tempo *Summertime* or *Cherokee*, and he is always lyrical. I like Cohn best on things like *Invitation* and *April*. Dixon is faultless in tone, feeling, technique, everything.

The Frog, which seats fewer than 200, is crowded on a night like this. The atmosphere is informal, with a lot of communication between performers and listeners. Woody Herman called it "the first new jazz room to open in a hundred years."

How does a new jazz club make it in a state that doesn't even allow sale of liquor by the drink? There are ways. First, it can sell beer and wine, and offer a fairly extensive menu of good food. Next, it can cater to customers who bring their own liquor (a perfectly legal procedure, called "brown-bagging") and charge them for set-ups. But, above all, it may levy a cover charge *per set*. This keeps the crowd moving, shuffles them in and out and makes for an impressive waiting line on the sidewalk, like at the Five Spot when Monk and Coltrane were there.

The band played three sets without repeating anything and the biggest hands went to efforts by Basie, Jones, Davis, and Dixon (especially on flute).

Singer Mary Stallings was announced during the second set but failed to show. She almost made up for this lapse during the last set, when she proved herself a soul belter with terrific control, great presence and a sweet scream.

Band members who made last winter's cruise on the Queen Elizabeth II were uniformly enthusiastic about it. A working vacation, with no buses or planes to make and a one-hour day. It must have been a success, because a repeat is planned for next March. Fans who can afford it will book early. Others will envy.

Basie is playing a lot of spots.

He gets around.

His presence defines jazz.

—D D Williams

Laura Nyro

Fillmore East, New York City

If you're looking for a handy contem-

porary definition of charisma, try Laura Nyro. For three nights running, the beautiful lady from the Bronx packed Fillmore East with only an unknown folk singer, Jackson Browne, to help round out the program. Laura has become one of the few (Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young and the Grateful Dead are the only others I can think of) who can sell out the Fillmore's 3,000 seats without a strong second act on the bill.

Manager Kip Cohen didn't even need to make an announcement. Laura just walked out on a stage adorned with a piano and a Christmas tree, stopping on the way to receive a bouquet from a fan, and started to regale us with her songs of wide-eyed innocence and slum dirt rejection.

So much of Laura Nyro is the composer, and yet when she does a song like *Up On The Roof* by Carole King or *Spanish Harlem* (didn't Phil Spector write that one?) it comes through with the same simplicity and sincerity as *Poverty Train* or *Save The Country*.

She keeps her announcing to the barest of minimums—the standing ovations between numbers and at the first wave of recognition of the next Laura Nyro hit providing tumultuous segues between tunes.

One benefit of hearing Laura Nyro in concert rather than on records is that in concerts it's just Laura. There is no string section, not even bass and drums. There is none of the background music which in the early days had a tendency to turn to syrup at the slightest provocation. When she appears on stage with just piano, she proves once and for all that the best accompaniment (for her) is just herself.

She pulled off more encores than the average Fillmore East performer gets and could have stayed for more but when it's just you alone on that stage you can't go on til 6 a.m. like the Dead, who have a dozen people to split up the energy-making.

What made it all the more miraculous is that Laura Nyro is by no means a rock 'n' roll performer. She has a style about as far removed from *Yeah Yeah Yeah* as you can get. She just sits at the piano and sings. She doesn't wear gaudy clothes, or jump around the stage, or wrestle with the microphone the way superstars are expected to do, yet she has become a superstar, accepted on her own terms.

Already her style is showing up in others (Todd Rundgren is a good example) but then the acid (modifier, not noun) writing of Kurt Weil and Bert Brecht has had its influence on Laura. So have the old r&b records she heard while growing up. Her affinity for Carole King, Phil Spector, and that whole era shows in the way she can sing *Up On The Roof* without imitating the Drifters (something Mick Jagger can't do). She brings something of her own to everything she sings.

Another thing I've always admired about Laura is the effortless way she can change from child to woman, from harlot to virgin. Her identity changes with each song so convincingly that the listener never doubts what he is hearing. In the theater, this is called suspension of disbelief. Laura Nyro is close enough to theater to call it that here too.

—Joe H. Klee

db music workshop

Electric Bass Styles by Carol Kaye

MOST PEOPLE (including a lot of musicians) are not aware of the definite and rhythmically varied styles of music. A lot of soul music, especially, sounds the same to them. In order to clarify the bassist's approach to those varied styles, you will find a brief description with a suggested bass pattern for each one. One thing you will find in common—the first eight bars of *By The Time I Get To Phoenix* is used for demonstration purposes in most of the different styles.

Rhythm and Blues/Soul Music

Generally speaking, this is the biggest influence on the current trend of music today. The electric bass has an important integral part in establishing the "feel" of rhythm and blues. As Panama Francis stated: "The bass lines today emanated from bass parts the male vocalist sang in the rhythm groups long ago." Keeping that in mind may help you formulate a better creative style. Below are four contemporary typical bass lines to practice, which are not set to any particular song.



The Boogaloo

This is usually slow in tempo, with a lot of bass notes to fill out the pattern. Once you get the feel of it, you can be highly creative. Lately, some of the hit records have used these patterns in very fast tempos which creates an intense excitement. Originating in New Orleans (and probably Jamaica), it has a "double-time samba" feel to it. The bass can play any rhythm pattern that usually is played on Latin timbales. The drummer always plays straight time which feels like half-time to what the bass player is playing. Basically, it's something like this:



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The Motown Style

This two- (or really four-) faceted style has helped build the electric bass into its current popular role as a vitally important instrument for records, films, and TV music. This style has fast-moving, many-noted bass patterns. The slower tunes are usually shuffle (or tied triplets), mostly written as dotted eights and sixteenths rhythmically, such as:

Medium Shuffle Fm Bb7

Eb Gm Cm Fm

Bb7 Eb

The faster tunes are invariably of the straight-eighths-rhythm variety and are usually very up-tempo with dynamically-moving patterns:

Fast Fm Bb7

Bb7 Eb Gm Cm

Soft Rock

California rock has been somewhat designated as soft rock because most of the groups who have popularized it originated there (The Beach Boys, the Mamas and the Papas, the Fifth Dimension, etc.). It can be either shuffle, such as *Good Vibrations*, the Beach Boys hit, or straight-eighths, as *Up, Up and Away* by the Fifth Dimension. It is more rock than pop but still has a light, good swing feel to it. By *The Time I Get to Phoenix* was recorded by Glen Campbell in this style:

Fm bb7 Eb Gm Cm

Fm Bb7 Eb

(Carol Kaye is a prominent, west-coast-based studio musician whose electric bass work has been heard on innumerable hit records by Nancy Wilson, Mel Torme, O. C. Smith, Count Basie, Glen Campbell, Bud Shank, et al., plus on many TV shows, movie soundtracks, and commercial jingles. The above material is reprinted by permission from her book, *How To Play The Electric Bass*, © 1969 by Gwyn Publishing Company.)

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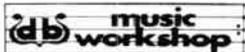
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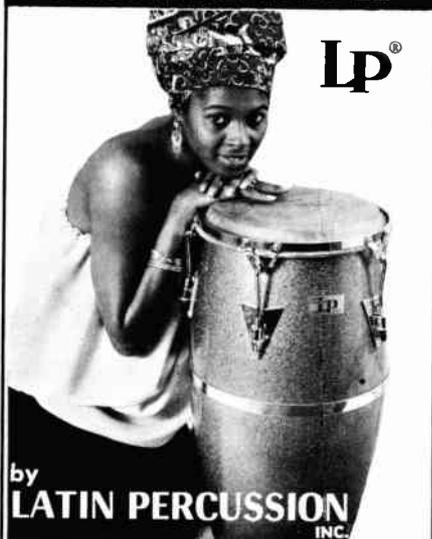
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(Continued from page 11)

Restaurant on University Place, where she performs nightly except Sunday from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m., accompanied by bassist **Michael Fleming** . . . **Carlos Garnet**, who plays tenor, alto and soprano saxophones and flute and has worked with, among others, **Charles Mingus**, **Freddie Hubbard** and **Art Blakey**, has formed a group called the **Carlos Garnet Universal Force**. It includes **Kiane Ziwadi** (trombone, euphonium); **Kalik Al Rouf** (alto and soprano saxes, bass clarinet, flute, oboe); **Danny Mixon**, piano; **Stafford James**, bass; **Norman Connors**, drums, and **Charles Pulliam**, percussion and voice . . . **Richie Havens**, with a band including two guitars, bass and various percussion instruments, broke it up at the Village Gate from Dec. 29 through Jan. 2 opposite **Dreams**. Though a last-minute sub for **Miles Davis**, Havens drew record crowds and his closing number had them dancing in the aisles and standing on chairs . . . **Roswell Rudd**, doubling trombone and piano, brought his quartet (**Enrico Rava**, trumpet; **Norris Jones**, bass; **Marvin Patillo**, drums) to the Village Vanguard on a Sunday afternoon. After the gig, Rudd crossed the street to drop in at **Your Father's Mustache**, where he sat in with **Red Balaban** and his **Cats** and turned the session into a trombone party, since the featured guests happened to be **Vic Dickenson** and **Ed Hubble** (along with **Ed Pulcer**, trumpet; **Kenny Davern**, clarinet; **Chuck Foldes**, piano; leader **Balaban** on bass, banjo and vocals, and **Marcus Foster**, drums). The following weekend, **Dick Wellstood** (who is recording a solo piano album for **GHB Records**) was back in the fold, and the guest was cornetist **Johnny Windhurst**, currently holding forth Thursdays through Saturdays at the **Last Chance Saloon** in **Poughkeepsie** . . . **Joe Henderson's** sextet performed in rapid succession at the East Village "In", **Slugs**, and the **Village Vanguard**. At the latter venue, singer **Novella Nelson**, starred in the musical **Purlie**, did three days in January, followed by a weekend stand by **Herbie Hancock's** sextet . . . **Carmen McRae** will be on hand at the **Rainbow Grill** Feb. 15 through March 3. Singer **Tamiko Jones** was the January incumbent at the **Rockefeller Center** boite . . . Tenorist **Frank Wright**, altoist **Noah Howard**, pianist **Bobby Few** and drummer **Muhammad Ali** gave a Jan. 23 concert at **Cami** (formerly **Judson**) Hall. The group returned to the U.S. in December after a long stay in Europe . . . **Jeremy Steig's** group did a week at **Ungano's** in January . . . Pianists around town: **Toshiko** (with bassist **Sam Jones**) at **Mikell's**; **Al Dailey** at **Striker's Pub**; **Joe Shulman** (Wednesdays and Thursdays) and **Eddie Thompson** and bassist **Lyn Christie** (Fridays through Sundays) at **Jacques's**; **Lance Hayward** and bassist **Carl Pruitt** at **West Boondock**; **Hal Galper** and bassist **Herbie Lewis** at **Bradley's**; **Herman Foster Trio** at **La Guardia Hotel**, **East Elmhurst** (and also at a recent **Jazz Vespers**) . . . **George Benson** was at the **Blue Book** in **Harlem**, **Gene Bertoncini**

was at **The Guitar**, **George Barnes** and **Bucky Pizzarelli** were held over at **Upstairs** at the **Downstairs**, and **Attila Zoller** dueted with pianist **Don Friedman** at the **Free Music Theater**, which just about covers the **January guitar scene** . . . **Lee Konitz** began a two-week stand at **Top of the Gate** Jan. 19, with a quartet including pianist **Sal Mosca** (back on the scene after a long hiatus of mostly teaching) and bassist **Teddy Kotick**. They followed **Junior Mance**, who kept things swinging with **Rudy Stevenson**, guitar; **Martin Rivera**, bass, and **Richie Pratt**, who used to be a host at the club, on drums. **Bill Rubenstein** is the intermission pianist . . . **Sun Ra's** intergalactic sounds can be heard every Sunday night at the **Village Gate** . . . Tenorist **Roland Alexander's** quintet, singer **Joe Lee Wilson**, and pianist **Danny Mixon** performed at a party for **Imamu Baraka's** new book, **In Our Terribleness**, at **Kimako's** in **Harlem** . . . Drummer **Rashied Ali's** quartet was seen on **Channel 13's Free Time** . . . **Charles McPherson**, with drummer **Ben Riley** in his group, was at the **Steer Inn** in **Freeport, L.I.** . . . **Sonny Sharrock** and **Sam Rivers** led groups at the **East** in **Brooklyn** in **January** . . . The **Henry Street Settlement House** now holds **Saturday Jazz Workshops**, and a recent one featured **Julius Watkins**, **Roosevelt Houston**, **Victor Venegas** and **Warren Smith** . . . A **Village Vanguard** benefit for the jazz musician inmates at **Riker's Island** had music by **Archie Shepp**, **Maurice Waller** (son of **Fats Waller**), **Athur Harper** and **Michael Shepherd**, among others . . . Singer **Stella Marris** does weekends at **Wells' uptown** . . . **Houston Person** played for the **Hartford Jazz Society** Jan. 10.

Los Angeles: Topping the news at the start of the **New Year**: the comings and goings of clubs. **Redd Foxx's** burned down, but **Abbey Lincoln's** name can still be seen on the marquee. She was the club's final attraction. She barely managed to save her music. As for owner **Redd Foxx**, he moved to **Las Vegas** where he boasts a 32-weeks-per-year guarantee at the **International Hotel** . . . Among the new clubs: trumpeter **Lee Katzman** has unveiled his **Left Bank**, in **North Hollywood**, near **Donte's**. Opening attraction was **Jimmy Rowles' trio**, with **Monty Budwig**, bass, and **Nick Martinis**, drums. Sitting in at the debut were **Carmen McRae** and **George Shearing**. **Bobby Troup** followed the **Rowles** trio. With **Troup**, vocals and piano, were **John Collins**, guitar, and **Don Bagley**, bass . . . Another **North Hollywood** club that opened near **Donte's** recently is the **Baked Potato**. Name stems from the menu, which features 18 varieties of baked potatoes. A musician also runs that room: **Don Randi**. A group of studio swingers known as **The Three of Us** played four nights there: **Joe Pass**, guitar; **Carol Kaye**, electric bass; **Paul Humphrey**, drums . . . Among recently re-opened clubs, the **Bill of Fare** is back in business and doing well thanks to **Bobby Bryant's** quintet: **Bryant**, trumpet; **Charles Owens**, **Curtis Amy**, tenor

saxes; **Henry Cain**, organ; **Carl Lott**, drums . . . The Gregar is now operating after hours, Saturday and Sunday mornings, from 2:30 to 6:00, with **Gene Russell** in charge. With **Russell**, on piano, are **Henry Franklin**, bass; **Steve Clover**, drums, and **Fran Carol**, vocals . . . Among clubs with a new sound: the Soul'd Out, in Hollywood, which features Latin/jazz jam sessions each Monday under **Luis Gasca's** direction. Recent guests included some **Count Basie** sidemen (Gasca is also a Basie alumnus): **Waymon Reed**, trumpet; **Eddie Lockjaw Davis**, tenor sax, and **Cecil Payne**, baritone sax. Also on hand: tenor sax man **Don Menza**; plus a rhythm section consisting of **Walter Bishop, Jr.**, piano; **Larry Gales**, bass, and **Doug Sides**, drums . . . At another club that has undergone revision—P.J.'s—**Carmen McRae** was the headliner backed by **Nat Pierce**, piano; **Gene Cherico**, bass, and **Frank Severino**, drums. Sporting her own "recent revision," **Carmen** displayed a red Afro wig . . . Another combo that has undergone changes is **Thelonious Monk's**. Playing at Shelly's Manne-Hole for a two-week engagement that had been postponed last November when **Monk** had to be hospitalized, **Thelonious** brought in some new faces: **Paul Jeffrey**, tenor sax; **Pat Smith**, bass; **Leon Chanler**, drums. **Willie Bobo** followed **Monk** into the Manne-Hole. **John Klemmer** fronted his group at Shelly's for a series of Monday night gigs. Personnel: **Klemmer**, tenor sax; **Lynn Blessing**, vibes; **Mike Wofford**, piano; **Reggie Johnson**, bass; **John Dentz**, drums. **Klemmer** has been com-

missioned to compose some concert pieces for a number of high schools back east, and he's currently rehearsing a 15-piece band at Donte's. All charts are by **Klemmer**. . . Also active in the recording, rehearsing and writing bags: **Pete Robinson**. He fronts a group called **Contraband** (**Robinson**, piano and electric piano; **Dave Pritchard**, guitar; **Dave Parlato**, bass; **Brian Moffatt**, drums) that recently cut an album. **Robinson** describes the instrumental LP as "jazz, rock, electronic and even ethnic." He recently fronted a trio behind **Spanky Wilson** at the Pied Piper (with **Herb Mickman** and **Andy Simpkins** alternating on bass; and **Harvey Mason** on drums). The **Bobby Davis Trio** followed them behind **Spanky** (**Davis**, piano; **Joe Comfort**, bass; **John Pickins**, drums). **Gene Harris** and **The Three Sounds** followed **Miss Wilson** into the Pied Piper, which, incidentally, now boasts a new sound system . . . **Sonny Criss** played a private party in L.A. sharing the front line with "Sweets" **Edison**, trumpet; and in the rhythm section were **Dolo Coker**, piano; **Monty Budwig**, bass; **Jimmy Smith**, drums. **Criss** is heading in a slightly different direction for day gigs: he's involved in social work for a branch of the EYOA (Economic & Youth Opportunity Agency), working with alcoholics . . . Another entertainer spreading a different gospel, **Clara Ward**, did a one-night concert at the Ash Grove with a group called **Of The People**. She also did a concert at **Knott's Berry Farm**, a tourist attraction near Disneyland, before embarking on a campus tour . . . Recent emigre

from Chicago **Phil Upchurch** is wasting no time: he has done record dates with **Quincy Jones**; cut an album with **Diahann Carroll**; and did a TV call for **Bill Cosby**. **Upchurch** also fronted a combo at Donte's, using **Tom Scott** on reeds and flute; **Ernest Vantrease** (who just moved here from Tennessee) on electric piano; **Bill Terry** on bass and electric bass, and **Don Simmons**, drums. **Upchurch**, who plays guitar, unveiled his new electronic monster, the **Guitorgan**, which looks like a guitar, but sounds like an organ . . . **Warne Marsh** fronted a quartet at the Ice House, in Pasadena. The unusual instrumentation found tenorist **Marsh** and alto saxophonist **Gary Foster** sharing the front line, backed by **Dave Parlato**, bass, and **John Tirabasso**, drums . . . **Don Rader** presented his big band for a special concert at San Fernando Valley State College in Northridge as part of **Bill Fritz's** jazz appreciation class. Personnel: **Jack Laubach**, **Bobby Clark**, **Hal Espinosa**, **Fred Koyen**, trumpets; **Jack Redmond**, **Kenny Sawhill**, **Ray Sikora**, **Tom Whittaker**, trombones; **Bill Baker**, **Joe Romano**, **Lou Ciotti**, **Dave Alexander**, **John Mitchell**, saxes; **Dick Johnston**, piano; **Rex Thompson**, bass; **Chuck Flores**, drums . . . A less complete personnel list comes from **Tommy Vig**, who reports on a gig up at Fresno with **Les Elgart**. Among the trumpeters: **Al Aarons** and **Chuck Findley**; **Bill Tole**, **Nick DiMaio**, **Kenny Shroyer**, trombones; **Don Menza**, **Joe Romano** and **Allan Beutler**, saxes, **Joe Pass**, guitar; **Gene Cherico**, bass; and **Vig**, drums . . . More

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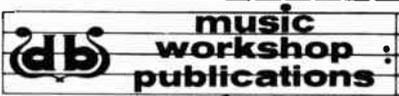
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recently, Vig's special Hungarian New Year's affair failed to materialize. Instead he ended up playing conga drums behind Connie Stevens at the Now Grove.

Chicago: If their initial 1971 attraction is any indication, it's going to be quite a year at the London House. James Moody's Quartet opened a two-week stand with some new faces aboard: organist Larry Young, drummer Roy Brooks, and vocalist par excellence Eddie Jefferson. A three-weeker by another straight-ahead group, the Marian McPartland Trio, will follow Moody . . . The Modern Jazz Showcase sessions were resuscitated Jan. 10 at the North Park Hotel and how's this for openers?: Milt Jackson, in a rare sans-MJQ appearance, fronted a group comprising Eric Kayser, piano; Bob Roberts, guitar; Rufus Reid, bass; Wilbur Campbell, drums, and special guest Roy Brooks. Subsequent Sundays will feature the groups of Joe Henderson, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Harold Land-Bobby Hutcherson, and Al Cohn and Zoot Sims . . . The Jazz Institute of Chicago recently inaugurated a series of jazz history concerts at an appropriate site, the Chicago Historical Society. The first session featured Art Hodes' band (Rostelle Reese, trumpet; Jim Beebe, trombone; Frank Chace, clarinet; Hodes, piano; Rail Wilson, bass; Hillard Brown, drums), with ensuing Sunday concerts featuring the Sounds of Swing, trumpeter Art Hoyle's Sextet, and Richard Abrams and members of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. Commentator at all sessions was former down beat editor Don DeMicheal . . . Hodes led a somewhat larger group in a private party at the Lake Shore Club. The personnel included the same players heard at the pianist's Jazz Institute concert, but with altoist Nat Jones, tenorist Ed Johnson and guitarist Remo Biondi added . . . The Jazz At Five sessions continued into the new year at the Blackhawk Restaurant with a new attraction: pianist Judy Roberts' Quartet with guitarist John Bishop. The group recently moved to the Flower Pot after an extended stint at the Backroom on Rush St. . . . Sonny Stitt did a weekend at the Apartment . . . Woody Herman's Herd played a Jan. 17 engagement at the Quiet Knight. The McAn-Forrest Stage Group, a 21-piece rock ensemble, continues on Mondays.

Boston: Woody Herman, Buddy Rich, Stan Kenton, and Duke Ellington have all brought big bands back to Boston's appreciative audiences during the past two months. Woody's young sound cheered all who heard it at Paul's Mall, where the writing of former Berklee student Alan Broadbent was featured. The Rich appearance at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike saw Berklee students Jack Stock, trombone; Paul Kondziela, bass, and faculty member Ray Santisi, piano, in the ranks and Rich left town with students Kondziela and trombonist Art Baron aboard . . .

The Mosher-Fontaine Big Band continues to satisfy local big band appetites in Sunday appearances at Lennie's. Herb Pomeroy's MIT Stage Band and the Berklee-based Thursday Night Dues Band, directed by Phil Wilson, have also given well-received concerts, the latter group being augmented by John LaPorta and a trombone quartet of Ray Turner, Linda Turner, Steve Nilson and Wilson . . . Wilson is currently rehearsing for the premier performance of his symphony, Myra, with pianist Marian McPartland. It will be performed by the Westchester County (N.Y.) Symphony Orchestra . . . Frank Zappa filled the Boston Tea Party in his two appearances in his native Boston . . . Charlie Mariano's new group bowed at the New England Life Hall. Personnel: Jack Stock, trombone; John Klein, French horn, tenor sax; Mariano, alto sax, E-flat alto horn; Gary Anderson, tenor sax; Vicki Eps, piano; Mike Goodrick, guitar; Abe Laboriel, electric bass; Harry Blazer, drums, and Susan Cameron, vocals . . . Another young Boston group, Roger Houck's jazz-rock ensemble, Autumn, has played the Seventh House in Westboro, the Inner Sanctum in Worcester, and at the Dungeon in Manhattan. Personnel: Ralf Rickert, trumpet, guitar; Harold Winklemeier, trumpet; Keith O'Quinn, Houck, trombones; James Perry, Steve Cataland, reeds; Dan Dobek, organ; Dave Hudak, guitar; Tony Nobilio, bass; Craig Oakley, drums; Joe Milder, vocals . . . Trombonist Gene DiStasio's Brass Menagerie was a recent attraction at Paul's Mall . . . The Jazz Workshop has recently featured the groups of Ilorace Silver, Harold Land-Bobby Hutcherson, and McCoy Tyner . . . Local campuses have rocked with the Grateful Dead (Boston U.), Jefferson Airplane and Hot Tuna (Boston College), and The Band (Tufts) . . . Jazz has returned to stimulate the revival of Boston's once nationally-noted folk coffeehouses. The Eckanbar Group have appeared at the Stone-Phoenix Coffee House and The Black Eagle New Orleans Jazz Band have worked at Passim.

Baltimore: Colleges and small local promoters have jumped in to fill the gap in the rock scene since the Civic Center Commission, politicians and downtown merchants imposed a ban on rock shows two months ago. Tree Frog Productions brought in Leon Russell, who toured with Joe Cocker, and British singer Elton John Nov. 8 at Painters Mill, a theater-in-the-round in suburban Baltimore. Loyola College had the Guess Who in mid-November, and Tree Frog returned with guitarist Eric Clapton and his new band, Derek and the Dominos, at the end of the month at Painters Mill. Clapton is handling all the vocal chores in his band. He sings well, in a rough, unforced manner, and ranges over a repertoire that extends from Broonzy to Presley . . . Altoist Jackie Blake and his group, with dancer Lenora Towns, had a half-hour show, *The Magic Flute*, on Channel 13 . . . Tenor saxophonist Mickey Fields is

back at the Kozy Korner week-ends . . . The Fuzzy Kane Trio and singer Ruby Glover have been playing week-ends at Elzie Street's Royal Roost . . . **Damita Jo** did a long weekend at the James Brown Motor Inn in November. Guitarist **Earl Wilson**, with **Charlie Covington** on organ, has also been playing there . . . **Jodie Myers** has been singing at Steve's, Harford and Central avenues . . . The Left Bank Jazz Society taped, and aired on WBJC-FM, the **534 Jazz Workshop** at the Maryland House of Correction at Jessup. The tapes weren't too good, but the band was. The LBJS plans to record the group again. The Left Bank closed out the 1970 season (they're off until January 24th when they bring in **Lee Morgan**) with a host of good groups and big bands. The **Roy Brooks** and **Jimmy Heath** quintets, the **Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land** group and the **Clifford Jordan Jazz Ensemble** all played in November and at the end of the month, **Hank Levy** brought a huge big band into the Famous Ballroom from Towson State that included five percussionists and two bassists. **Tony Neenan**, a festival prize winner, is gone from the trumpet section, but the section as a whole plays with a brilliance and esprit that would be the envy of any big band. Levy has his students playing the charts he's been writing for **Don Ellis** and **Stan Kenton**—the book is a mixture of evergreens and new Latin and rock-flavored arrangements, some in odd time signatures—and they play them with precision. And they swing. The difference between the sound now and when Levy started the Towson State Jazz Ensemble a few years ago is astounding; it's just a damn good band. **Wynton Kelly** and **Hank Mobley** played the first week-end in December for the Left Bank Jazz Society.

Washington, D.C.: **Roberta Flack** returned to her home town for a recent Saturday night concert at Constitution Hall . . . **Shirley Horn**, who recently signed a record contract with **Ahmad Jamal's** AJP label, headlined at Mr. Henry's with her trio . . . The Left Bank Society of Washington presented a series of Saturday night concerts late last year which featured the groups of **Lee Morgan**, **Freddie Hubbard**, and **Dizzy Gillespie** . . . **Les McCann** returned to the Cellar Door in February for what is becoming a semi-annual visit. Due to follow, on the same bill, are **Yonng-Holt Unlimited** and **Joe Farrell** . . . Organist **Hilton Felton** just returned from a road junket with tenorist **Fats Theus'** group . . . The Embers features singer-pianist **Frank Hinton's** Trio nightly . . . Vocalist **Erroll Robinson** is working the Bossa Nova Lounge of the new Sheraton-Lanham Motor Inn in nearby Maryland.

London: The **Charles Mingus** Sextet followed **Elvin Jones'** combo into **Ronnie Scott's** Nov. 9 for a three-week stay. Mingus, leading **Eddie Preston**, trumpet; **Charles McPherson**, alto sax; **Bobby**



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Jones, tenor sax; Jaki Byard, piano, and Dannie Richmond, drums, received rave reviews. The sextet was sadly depleted when Byard left after the first week to fulfill teaching commitments in the States, but an added bonus was Richmond's regular sitting-in with the group playing opposite, Mark-Almond. Earl Hines followed Mingus into the club for a fortnight, then Jon Hendricks opened Dec. 14 opposite the sensational Afro-jazz rock combo, Osibisa. Led by Ghanaian tenor saxophonist Teddy Osei and made up of West Indian and Ghanaian musicians, Osibisa have been scoring hits everywhere they play. They recently augmented Chris McGregor's Brotherhood of Breath for the recording of the score for the film, *Kongi's Harvest*. The Wole Soyinka play was filmed in Nigeria by Soyinka and Ossie Davis and Chris flew there to work on the score. He brought back with him drummer Tunji Oyelana, who has also taken part in the recordings. McGregor, who took over what was originally a Quincy Jones commission, returned home to South Africa with his family for the Christmas holidays . . . Norma Winstone, vocals; Trevor Watts, alto sax; Derek Bailey, guitar, and John Stevens, drums, were the British representatives at Baden-Baden for the Sudwestfunk *Free Jazz Days* Dec. 7-12 . . . The Woody Herman Herd toured here recently and Oscar Peterson's Trio made concert appearances in December . . . At the Jazz Center Society Benefit, pianist Keith Tippett premiered his 100-strong *Centipede* at London's Lyceum Ballroom Nov. 15. It featured Maggie Nicholls, Elton Dean, Robert Wyatt, Nucleus, Julie Driscoll and a host of others. Mike Gibbs' big band played the JCS's *Winter Ceres* concert at the Notre Dame Hall Nov. 27 . . . The concert presentation by Music Now of Sun Ra's *Intergalactic Research Arkestra* wound up in the red in spite of full attendance.

Japan: The Jimmy Smith Trio, with guitarist Ed McFadden and drummer Candy Finch, spent a busy two weeks here the latter half of November, with two and sometimes three gigs per night laid on by their promoter, in addition to several hours in the TV studios on some days. Smith refused to go onstage at the Sanno, a midtown Tokyo U.S. military officers' club and billet, because of a promoter's goof. What Smith described to a disappointed packed house as a "toy," was what the promoters, including this country's biggest musical instrument maker, had provided for the booking. On his last night in Japan Smith returned to the Sanno for a free gig, and Sanno manager Jim Blessin managed to track down a Hammond B-3 used by the late Earl Grant, with Leslie speakers, and everyone was happy. Sell-out houses, mostly U.S. military clubs, greeted the Smith trio everywhere in the Tokyo area . . . By contrast, at least two U.S. forces' clubs had to cancel out Carmen McRae in October because of lack of interest among patrons in advance table sales . . . Manos Disco, the American-owned and managed club

that started the jazz-rock and soul craze among the Japanese about four years ago, has shuttered. Business had been great right up to the closing day, so great that the building's landlord, Oriental but non-Japanese, thought he should get \$5000 a month rent rather than the \$2000 stipulated in the original four-year lease . . . A Sarah Vaughan-Helen Merrill joint recital scheduled for Dec. 3 in Tokyo was cancelled because former's trio (bassist Gene Perla, drummer Jimmy Cobb, pianist Jan Hammer) were still hung up in L.A., where Japanese bureaucrats were sitting on their working visa . . . Vaughan-Merrill joint concerts were scheduled later that month. Miss Merrill, the wife of Don Brydon, UPI vice president and general manager for Asia, was to use the trio of pianist Masahiko Sato . . . Veteran jazz drummer Akira Ishikawa was featured on NHK-TV's nationwide *Music of the World*, playing part of his collection of drums from Africa, South America, Southeast Asia, India, Ceylon, totaling 125 in all . . . Bassist Reggie Workman has brought his family to Japan to live. He's working with trumpeter Terumasa Hino's newly-formed group. Drummer Candy Finch in Japan with Dizzy Gillespie and more recently with Jimmy Smith, says he'd like to move here, too . . . Rollin Smith, now appearing nightly at the Bar Lipo of the Tokyo Hilton hotel, was pianist in the band of the late singer-dancer Florence Mills when she played Paris in 1923. Smith returned to the U.S. in 1928 to replace Jules Bledsoe in the original *Showboat* cast. He was also a sideman, sax-clarinet along with Bubber Miley, Otto Hardwick, and others in what he says was Duke Ellington's first band . . . Veteran tenorman Boots Randolph headed an all-Nashville band on a recent working tour here . . . New music copyright laws have gone into effect here which will ensure composers, poets, etc. of additional income from live performances of their compositions for listening or dancing.

Denmark: Black Sabbath, Frank Zappa, Spooky Tooth and others played rock concerts here during the last two months of 1970 . . . Muddy Waters, still troubled by injuries sustained in his 1969 auto accident, played a concert in Copenhagen . . . Tenorist Hal Singer came up from Paris to play several club dates, several of them in tandem with blues saxophonist Jimmy Conley, who came here from France in the fall of last year . . . Recent guests on Danish TV's *Jazz/Beat Magazine* have been pianist Art Hodes with Papa Bue and his Viking Jazz Band; the Freddie Hubbard Quintet (Junior Cook, tenor sax; Kenny Barron, piano; Junie Booth, bass; Louis Hayes, drums); Dizzy Gillespie with the Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland Big Band, and the English group, Steamhammer . . . Altoist John Tchicai went to Baden-Baden, Germany to play with trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff and cornetist Don Cherry on the *Afterbeat* radio program . . . Dexter Gordon jammed with Hal Singer at the first meeting of the Jazz Society in Aarhus.

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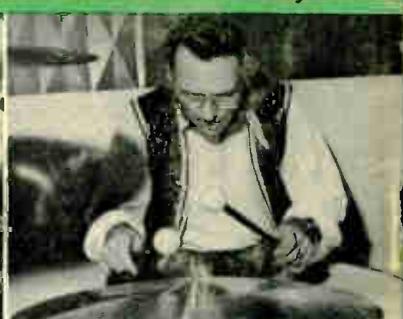
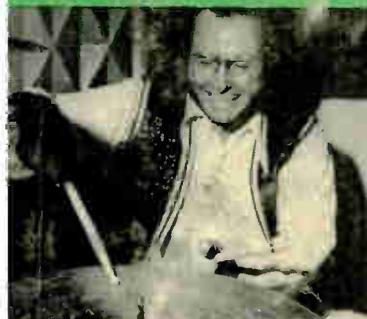
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