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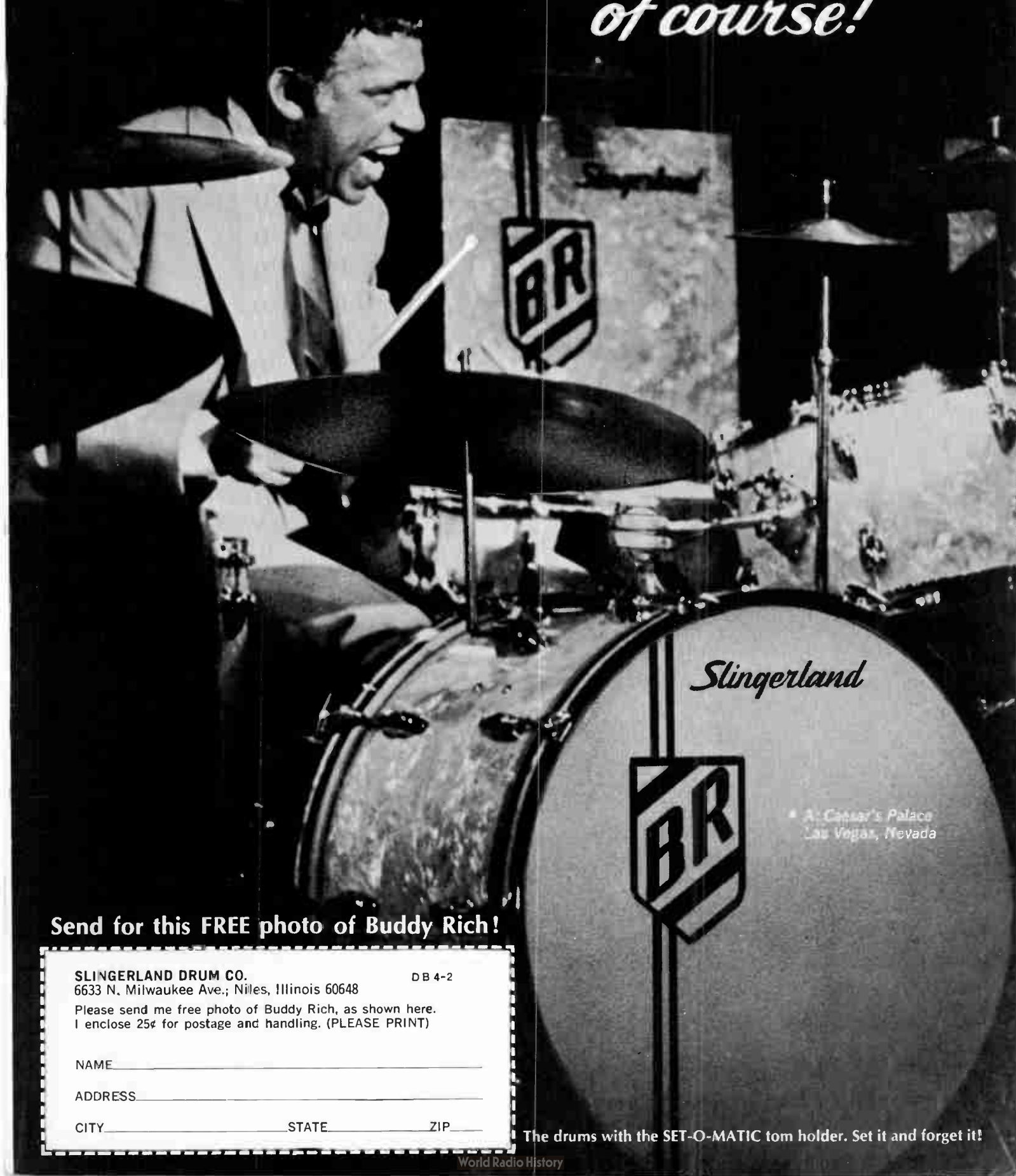
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4 ☐ DOWN BEAT

THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

IN THE LAST ISSUE, we discussed the hatchet job being wreaked on the Chicago public school instrumental music program. (At this writing some positive reaction is beginning to stir in the metropolitan press, among the teachers and students involved, and in the communities affected). Today, for a pleasant change, we can document a success story.

DePaul University in Chicago has a total enrollment of about 8,000 students, most of whom commute to day or evening school. Its School of Music has about 400 enrolled, principally as music education majors. The music curriculum has been traditional, with a better-than-average faculty available because of the moonlighting possibilities within the Chicago area. The only faculty member performing jazz is Bob Tilles, who does studio dates and jazz percussion clinics. But even Tilles limits his percussion classes to classical instruction.

Last November, two professional music fraternities at the university sponsored a program on improvisation with Tilles on vibes, backed by three students who had learned their jazz "outside". The one-hour session, for about 75 students, concluded with an explanation of what jazz can be by a representative of **down beat**.

The immediate result was the circulation of a petition among the school of music students calling for "jazz and commercial music" to be included in the curriculum. Of the first 250 students contacted in the day school sessions, 247 signed the petition. Even the fiddle players signed when they understood that even they could benefit from "freedom of choice".

The petition was submitted to Dean Stein, who obliged by placing it on the agenda of the Curriculum Committee of the Music School for due consideration. Two students, Pat La Cerra and Mike Longo, presented the formal case for the plaintiffs, eight faculty members asked the questions. The students' case was so well documented that the jury didn't even retire to discuss the unanimous verdict—two elective courses approved for two-hour course credit each, Arranging and Improvisation and Jazz Ensemble. Here are some of the words used in the formal presentation. (A full transcript is available from this column).

"... Music education must be critically examined and re-evaluated . . . school music programs get trimmed first . . . a large part of the blame must fall on the musicians and not on outside pressures . . . music can be more relevant than any subject now taught . . . music's great potential has not been reached because the musical hierarchy has neglected to use the materials of the 20th century when educating the public . . . we feel it is the duty of DePaul University to prepare us completely for our careers in education.

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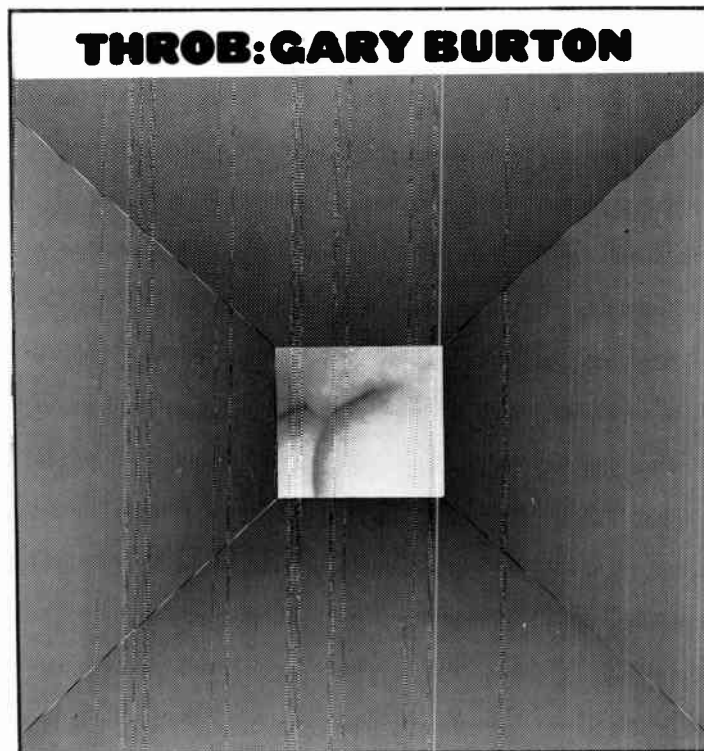
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Unfortunately we did Gary a disservice which we hope this ad will correct. Gary is well and happy

with Atlantic Records. His first album on Atlantic is called "Throb" and is available now at local record shops. It features a new sound for the Gary Burton Quartet — an electrically amplified violin. That sound, plus Gary's fantastic vibe work, makes for an outstanding recording.

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April 2, 1970

Vol. 37, No. 7

down beat

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Reasoned Dissent

I take strong issue with Alan Heineman's review of the Grateful Dead's *Live/Dead* album (db, Feb. 5). He is certainly entitled to his opinion, but I doubt that it is definitive of what happens on this particular recording. As your regular readers are probably aware, Heineman's taste is somewhat individualized—that's, not meant as a knock—and therefore his word is hardly final. I'm sure that he wouldn't want it thought so.

My word is not final either, but I believe that *Live/Dead* is an exceptional set, as do virtually all rock and jazz listeners I know. I hope that the two-and-a-half star rating will not discourage down beat readers from hearing for themselves.

Michael L. Sugg

Portland, Ore.

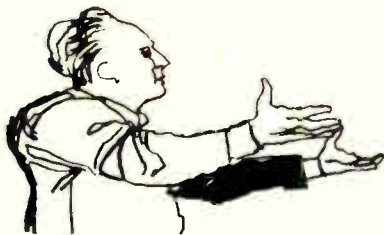
Morgan Makes Points

The article on Lee Morgan (db, Feb. 19) was one of the best I have read in down beat. I believe that jazz in this decade will receive the exposure and understanding it deserves.

Morgan expressed a truth in pointing out that the mass media . . . will promote any form except jazz. Since exposure is given via the media to concerts by the New York Philharmonic with Leonard

Bernstein, why not a concert by the masterful Duke Ellington or the Miles Davis Quintet?

. . . In closing, one wonders why no exposure was given to the Charles Lloyd



Quartet, which was sent to the Art Festival in Prague by this country in 1967, and received the utmost acclaim. If it had been Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass, the media would to this day still be plugging the Prague Festival.

Tommy McClelland

Hackensack, N.J.

They Remember Artie

Thanks for the Artie Shaw and *Spirit of 78* articles in the Jan. 22 down beat.

Having been a teenager during the Swing Era, these articles were very appealing to me, and offered answers to many questions that I and others have wondered about through the years. Please let's have more about the big band leaders of the past. . . .

Thomas W. Myrick

Chesapeake, Va.

I wasn't even on the scene in 1938, but I've always dug Artie Shaw as a musician

and a human being. The article was a pleasure to read and should serve as a reminder that Shaw is deserving of Hall of Fame recognition despite his indifference to the current jazz world.

Rendel H. Hagopian

Nutley, N.J.

Thank you so much for reminding the rest of the world that Artie Shaw not only is still alive and productive but also had much to contribute musically, which has been sorely overlooked.

I am now 23 and have been turned on to the swingin' Mr. Shaw since the age of 16, when my friends gave me weird looks as they went back to the Rivingtons' bomp ba ba ba dip de dip. . . .

Robert I. Hochmann

New York, N.Y.

Doing It Now . . .

It was good news to me and countless other jazz fans to hear of an organization like the Jazz Musicians Association (db, Jan. 22) that is doing something constructive for jazz.

Jazz musicians, like classical musicians, have a most valuable heritage to protect and the way to protect jazz NOW is to delve into the business end—to create and produce.

Because other forms of American music are becoming increasingly technical—and creative—I look forward to a resurgence of jazz in the '70s.

Leslie Barnum

New York, N.Y.

The Status Cymbal

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REVAMPED FORMAT FOR NEW ORLEANS FESTIVAL

The New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, produced by George Wein, will take place April 22-26, and is billed as "an extravaganza of music, art, and folklore of Louisiana."

Again, concerts will be held in the Municipal Auditorium, situated on Beauregard Square. This year, however, the square itself will be part of the festival, enclosed on three sides by a seven-foot canvas fence and accessible only through the auditorium.

"The unique aspect of the festival," Wein told *down beat*, "will be the conversion, for three full days, of the square into a Louisiana Heritage Fair, a cornucopia of music where people of all ages will be able to stroll from area to area, listening to ragtime, blues, jazz, soul and Gospel music, tasting samples of Louisiana cuisine, and looking at exhibits of local art and folklore. It is the kind of event that could only be held in New Orleans."

The festival's focus will be on the many musicians, young and old, who constitute the New Orleans scene today. Only a few performers will be imported.

A foundation has been formed to operate the festival, which is projected as an annual event. President is Earl G. Duffy, vice president Lester E. Kabicoff, chairman of the board Durrell Black, and among the directors is New Orleans Mayor Victor Schiro. Advisors include noted jazz historians Bill Russell and Dick Allen, and a donation from the Miller Brewing Co. of Milwaukee, Wisc. will help to defray production costs.

The program was incomplete at this writing, but shapes up as follows:

April 22: A Mississippi river boat cruise with music by Pete Fountain and others.

April 23: Noon parade from Canal St. to the festival site. Two afternoon concerts at the auditorium: *New Orleans Potpourri* at 12:30, emceed by Harry Souchon, and *Musique Francaise Louisienne* at 3 p.m., featuring cajun musicians including Clifton Chenier, and a creole band. The outdoor fair will run daily from 12:30 to 6 p.m., and another daily feature will be a 2 p.m. parade from Canal St. featuring the Mardi Gras Indians. At 8 p.m. in the auditorium, a concert featuring Fountain with "Bobcat guests", the Dukes of Dixieland, Original Tuxedo Band, Dixieland Hall Band, and others, possibly including Fats Domino.

April 24: Parades and fair as before. Auditorium concerts: 12:30 p.m.: *New Orleans Greats*, emceed by clarinetist Willie Humphrey and Bill Russell. 3 p.m.: *Ragtime to Jelly Roll*, presented by Dick Allen. (Three to four bands on each program.) 8 p.m.: New Orleans Modern Jazz All Stars, directed by Ellis Marsalis and including organist Willie Tee, Earl Turbinton, and others; also the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, and Mahalia Jackson with a

Gospel choir. (Miss Jackson is a native of New Orleans.)

April 25: Parades and fair as above. Auditorium events: 12:30 p.m.: *The Roots*



Mahalia Jackson: Coming Home

of Soul, presented by Rev. Fred Kirkpatrick. 3 p.m.: *Soul Now, New Orleans*, with Larry McKinley, the Meters, Oliver and the Rockettes, Clarence (Frogman) Henry, and the Southern University Band. 8 p.m.: Duke Ellington Orchestra, Al Hirt, Al Belletto, James Rivers, and a marching band.

The festival will conclude April 26 with a Sacred Concert by Ellington at St. Louis Cathedral.

BILL BERRY TO DEBUT NEW BIG BAND IN N.Y.

The newest addition to the New York big band family, which already includes ensembles led by Clark Terry, Duke Pearson, and, of course, Thad Jones and Mel Lewis, will be unveiled March 22 at the Roosevelt Grill in the first of a series of Sunday matinees.

The new outfit, Bill Berry and his New York Band presented by Willis Conover, will play both strictly-for-listening "concert" sets and for dancing.

Leader Berry, featured trumpeter in the Merv Griffin Show's band, is a big-band veteran who has played with, among others, Duke Ellington, Woody Herman, and Maynard Ferguson. He will be out front, taking occasional solos but concentrating on leading. Conover, who will be remembered in this context for his association with The Band in Washington, D.C., will act as emcee and handle public relations and promotion.

The band's book will include original material by Berry, Mike Abene, John Bunch, Al Cohn, Roger Pemberton, and others, but will also delve into the largely untapped mine of big-band classics.

Personnel lines up as follows: George Trifon, Joe Shepley, Bob Hamilton, Bob

Milliken, trumpets; Britt Woodman, Bill Watrous, Joe Ciavardone, trombones; George Dorsey, Carmen Leggio, Richie Kamuca, Roger Pemberton, Al Epstein, reeds; Dave Frishberg, piano; Bob Daugherty, bass, and Sol Gubin, drums. Guest soloists will be featured.

Meanwhile, Jones-Lewis and Co. passed another milestone in February, when they entered on their fifth consecutive year of Monday nights at the Village Vanguard. No less than 11 of the original members are still on the band. And back in '66, the cynics said it couldn't last. . . .

EXIT PLUGGED NICKEL: BLOW TO CHICAGO JAZZ

When Chicago's Plugged Nickel went dark after the holiday season, it seemed no cause for concern, since the club had often closed for a month or so at that time of year in the past.

In late February, however, owner Mike Pierpaoli had some bad news for the Chicago jazz community. The club, he said, would be converted to a steak house with no music.

This leaves the London House as the sole remaining center-city club with a name jazz policy, but since its bookings include non-jazz and semi-jazz attractions, the hole left by the Nickel's closing remains unfilled for the moment.

The Nickel's demise was not totally unexpected. With the exception of such solid draws as Miles Davis, one-nighters by Buddy Rich and Woody Herman, and the comeback of Gene Ammons, the club did not do good business during 1969. Perhaps significantly, the final attraction was Josh White, Jr., a folk singer.

The Nickel, which began with a Dixieland policy and came around to modern jazz in 1962, in part succumbed to the general decline of North Wells St. as an entertainment hub, though some observers feel that unimaginative bookings, a relatively high admission charge, and cramped seating facilities were among other factors responsible. With all its faults, the club will be missed.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Pianist Junior Mance had bassist Victor Venegas and drummer Billy Cobham with him when he kicked off the *Jazz: A Personal Dimension* series at Carnegie Recital Hall . . . The World's Greatest Jazzband's opening night at the Roosevelt Grill found Chauncey Welch on trombone for a set before Buddy Morrow arrived. Morrow did a week with the band as Kai Winding had a prior commitment which prevented him from joining immediately. Opposite the WGJ was the Toots Thielemans-Dick Hyman Quartet (Thielemans, harmonica, guitar, whistling; Hyman, piano, melodica, organ;

Jack Lesberg, bass; Sol Gubin, drums) . . . When Joe Farrell was subbing in the all star band that preceded the WGJ at the Roosevelt, tenor saxophonist George Coleman subbed for him in the Elvin Jones Trio at Danny's. Farrell also filled the baritone saxophone chair on Monday night with Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, prior to Pepper Adams' return from Europe, where he played in Copenhagen, Aarhus, and Stockholm . . . Astrud Gilberto was at the Rainbow Grill from Feb. 16 through March 11 . . . Hugh Masekela did a week at the Club Baron, followed by another at the Village Gate. With the trumpet-singer were Larry Willis, piano; Hal Dodson, bass, and Al Foster, drums. Also on the bill at the Gate was songstress Letta Mbulu . . . Singer Arthur Prysock went into the Baron after Masekela for the last two weeks in February . . . French drummer Claude Delcloo spent the month of February in New York City. He returned to Paris the end of the month to his duties as editor of *ACTUEL* (magazine devoted to the contemporary arts) and as jazz a&r man at BYG Records . . . Jamaican saxophonist-flutist Kenneth Terroade spent a few weeks in New York City visiting family and friends before returning to Europe for concert dates in France and Italy with, among others, soprano saxist Steve Lacy, tubaist Ray Draper, and drummer Beb Guerin . . . Taft Jordan and his Mob were at Uncle John's Straw Hat in early Feb. With the trumpeter-vocalist were Beau McCain, ten-

or saxophone; Nat Pierce, piano; Gene Ramey, bass, and Jo Jones, drums. The following week, Willie The Lion Smith and his Cubs were on the scene, with trumpeter Louis Metcalf, Ramey and Jones. Claude Hopkins' solo piano spelled the main group on both occasions . . . Lee Konitz and his amplified alto saxophone were at the Half Note for a week. For the first part of the gig he had Don Friedman, piano; Victor Sproles, bass; and Mousey Alexander, drums. Tenor saxophonist Bobby Jones and bassist Tibor Tonka sat in on Sunday . . . Joe Chambers, best known for his drumming, handled the electric keyboard at Bradley's very artfully one weekend . . . Pharoah Sanders, with Leon Thomas, vocals; Lonnie L. Smith, piano, and Clifford Jarvis or Billy Hart, drums, was at Slugs' for a week. Sun Ra, whose Intergalactic Research Arkestra did two Sunday afternoons at the Red Garter, was slated to resume Monday nights at Slugs' for the month of March . . . Alto saxophonist Charles McPherson and pianist Barry Harris did a Friday and Saturday at the Port of Call East. The weekend was rounded out by drummer Michael Shepherd, with Dave Robinson, alto saxophone; Sonny Donaldson, piano; and William Bennett, bass. Billy Higgins made his first New York appearance in a long time at the same club. With the drummer were Monty Waters, alto saxophone; John Gordon, piano; and Scotty Holt, bass. Sitters-in included Bob Ral-

ston, tenor saxophone, and Ali Jackson, bass . . . A Sunday afternoon session at Wells' spotlighted the Third World Quintet with Dizzy Williams, trumpet; Willie Mack, alto saxophone; Peter Wright, tenor saxophone; Joe Falcon, bass; and Eric Brown, Abdul Rahman, and Charles Moffett, drums . . . Vibist Peter LaBarbera, assisted by his vocalist wife, Jean, and Calo Scott, electric cello, gave a concert at the YMCA's Sloane House. The same auditorium was the site of two recitals by singer Jaye Clayton, backed by Robert Burch, alto saxophone; Mitch Kerper, piano; Cameron Brown, bass, and Frank Clayton, drums and bass . . . Sponsored by the African-American Institute at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Conn., trumpeter Clifford Thornton played a concert of original compositions inspired by African themes with Archie Shepp, tenor saxophone; Scotty Holt, bass; Rashied Ali, drums; Jerry Gonzales, congas; and readings by Jane Cortez . . . Drummer Horace Arnold's group played 13 concerts in the Darien, Conn. schools and also performed in grade and high schools in Utica, Troy and Averill Park, N.Y. The Here and New Co., as the group is called, includes Mike Lawrence, trumpet; Carlos Ward, alto saxophone, flute; Karl Berger, vibes, and Bill Wood, bass . . . Trombonist Roswell Rudd is working on a special musicology project for Columbia University . . . Per-

(Continued on page 39)



SOME WORDS FOR JERRY Afterthoughts

By DAN MORGENSTERN

THERE WERE NO obituaries in the daily papers when Jerry Newman died on January 8, and it is doubtful that more than a handful of readers will recognize his name.

Still, Newman was responsible for the preservation of a considerable slice of jazz history. A man with the right idea at the right time and in the right place, he deserves to be remembered with more than a footnote in the "Final Bar" section.

Around the dawn of the '40s, Newman was a young jazz fan living in New York City who frequented the Harlem music spots which were then proliferating. He was the proud owner of a portable disk recording machine (this was way before the tape age), and it occurred to him that some of the many aspiring singers who were always sitting in with the bands uptown might want to own recordings of their efforts, made on the spot. (As an impecunious student, he could use the bread.)

His idea was a success, but he soon made a much more important discovery:

it wasn't only the singers who were interested; the musicians were also fascinated by the "instant replay" process. Moreover, none of them objected to the idea of being recorded for Jerry's private library.

Soon, he was making nightly treks uptown with his machine and case of recording blanks. He went to Minton's, Monroe's, and many other long-forgotten bars, after-hours joints, and private jam sessions. He captured the sounds of Charlie Christian, young Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, Kenny Clarke, Hot Lips Page, Roy Eldridge, Don Byas, Rudy Williams, Frankie Newton and only he knew who else; greats, near-greats, and never-to-be-greats.

Among the many friendships he formed was one with Art Tatum. The genius of the piano enjoyed nothing better than playing at informal sessions, and would often invite "the kid" to come along with his machine. There was one special place Tatum favored; a tiny bar on St. Nicholas Avenue with a tiny piano—only 66 keys worth—and an owner-friend who enjoyed playing rhythm with wire brushes on folded newspaper. In that setting, Tatum was truly comfortable.

Jerry caught that, and he caught Tatum singing the blues, in a mellow mood. He caught a 15-minute trumpet battle between Lips and Roy, and Charlie Christian in full flight. He was there, recording the music in its natural habitat as no other man had done before, and few were to do after.

Later, Jerry became a brilliant recording engineer. For a while, he had his own

record label, but he only issued music he liked, so it was a financial failure. (His labels were Esoteric and Counterpoint.) He maintained his own studio, and musicians who recorded and rehearsed there said he was the best.

Occasionally, he would release some of his treasures. There was the famous Charlie Christian stuff, still available on Archives of Folk Music 219. There was a session made at his own house with Sonny Berman on trumpet and some good cats from the first Herman Herd, and there was an off-the-air thing with Fats Navarro, Allen Eager, Roy, and others.

But he held on to his Tatum and other gems, rightly feeling that they should be worth something—for himself, and for the estates of the musicians who had passed. On rare occasions, he would consent to play a few samples on non-commercial radio, usually with periodic bleeps edited in so no bootlegger could steal it.

Now he is gone. But first, he meticulously cataloged and identified his entire library of tapes and disks, also marking down the prices he felt each item ought to bring if released.

One can only hope that his heirs will realize the immense historical value of Jerry Newman's legacy. In all probability, there will be no takers in the marketplace at the prices he considered just. But there must be other avenues to explore. This musical legacy is literally priceless, and it must not be neglected. To do so would be to negate the life of a good man who in his own quiet way did very great things. [B]

LAURA NYRO: FROM THE HEART



by Chris Albertson

IT IS A WELL-KNOWN fact that although Columbia Records released numerous albums by Aretha Franklin while she was under contract to them in the early '60s, none of them scored as big a success as did her subsequent efforts on the Atlantic label. "It's very simple, man," explains Atlantic's chief a&r man, Jerry Wexler, "we put her back in church—that's all."

Columbia is big enough to absorb such mistakes, but the Franklin case is still a sore subject. "Atlantic Records", notes Wexler, "has been a specialist in rhythm and blues since 1948, and we had recorded people like Ray Charles, Clyde McPhatter and Ruth Brown. So, in a sense, we had been preparing for Aretha. At Columbia, she made beautiful records, but they were more in a pop bag. I don't want to sound critical of Columbia—it's a great company—but perhaps they hadn't gone through this special orientation which would have enabled them to treat Aretha with this particular sympathy."

Sympathy is the key, and Columbia is avoiding a repetition of past mistakes, Laura Nyro being a case in point. The now phenomenally successful singer-pianist-songwriter did not really make it until she left the Verve/Forecast label—which was not tuned in on her wavelength—and placed herself in the sympathetic hands of Columbia.

While neither case reflects on any general policy of the three labels—all have histories of thoroughly satisfied and successful artists—they illustrate the importance of presenting an artist in the proper setting. Columbia's mistake was not as grave as Verve's, since casting Miss Franklin in a role that did not fully tap her potential nevertheless resulted in some very worthwhile albums. Verve, on the other hand, cast Miss Nyro in a role that was eminently uncharacteristic of her and then compounded the mistake by treating

her music without much consideration.

"I was miscast," Miss Nyro notes in recalling her Verve experience. "They projected me as being the 'Teenybopper Queen', because I was 18 at the time. I remember my first publicity pictures. I weighed 180 pounds at that time—my weight is always up and down. I was really fat that week, and they wanted to push my song called *Wedding Bell Blues*. So they stuffed me into this wedding dress, put a veil on my head, and flowers in my hand. I looked so uptight—the most uptight bride you've ever seen. And then this picture was splashed all over the industry. The next song they wanted to become a hit was *Goodbye Joe* and they ran big ads that said something like 'Well, the *Wedding Bell Blues* gal has lost another man, but gained another hit' . . . And then I read this article about myself that said something like 'Life is a seesaw of joys and sorrows', which is a quote from Khalil Gibran, 'but it only hurts when she laughs and you must keep an eye on her' . . . Laura Nyro enjoys a good game of darts . . . I mean, things like *that*—it really enraged me. They didn't know what to say about me, so they said these silly things—I guess they tried to put some humor into it, or something. It was really terrible, it really was."

Miss Nyro hails from New York City and still lives there, in a small, comfortable penthouse apartment on the upper West Side. Many of her songs reflect her attachment to the city ("*Sidewalk and pigeon—you look like a city, but you feel like religion*") and she has been writing them since she was a little girl. Now 22, her craving for freedom and individuality, the major cause of her unhappiness at Verve, goes back to her school days.

"I really hated school," she confesses, "because it was so full of restrictions and it was obvious to me that school did not

prepare you for life and that things I was interested in were not being taught there. I can understand school expanding your mind, but it was just wrong for me, so most of the time I just didn't go. I got into trouble . . . but I was the type of hooky player who played hooky without guilt. Others, if they cut a class, would feel guilty, but not me—I was very brazen about the whole thing."

Before her 18th birthday, Laura left New York's High School of Music and Art. "All I could do was write songs," she recalls, "so I decided to make some money and I took a few jobs as a domestic, mostly taking care of diapering babies. I'd pick up something like \$50 a week for taking care of these children—taking them to the park, playing with them and helping their mothers make supper—but the jobs never lasted. I couldn't keep the children very clean, you know, but I used to sing songs to them, and so I'd bring them something else—not what they bargained for, but something else."

During that same period, she tried to stir up some professional interest in her songs. "I wasn't interested in singing my music," she says, "but I thought maybe I wanted other people to do it. I didn't see very daring people . . . they counted me out because my material was different—that's silly. One man told me to go home and write *What Kind of Fool Am I?* If anybody could be miscast, it's me—that's been my problem, because, if you put my music in the wrong place, it becomes a freak. I don't fall into categories and people constantly want to put me in categories, but I refuse. I don't like organized religion. I believe in universal love—and brotherhood. People must be themselves and they must develop individually. They must do what's right for them—find their own religion and find God for themselves."

The Verve/Forecast album (originally entitled *More Than a New Discovery* but later renamed *The First Songs* . . .) is not wholly bad, but Miss Nyro likes to ignore it by referring to her first Columbia effort as her first. "They (Verve) picked the arranger and producer for me," she complains, "they picked them and said 'This is whom you must record with'. And so my arranger (Herb Bernstein) went home and wrote about six arrangements in three hours. I mean, I work months and hours and years and a lifetime on my songs, and if something was a bit difficult, he'd just chop it right out . . . like if one of my changes was a bit difficult. They really kind of brought down my music. There was no balance at the beginning of me . . . there was no peace, there was no comfort, there was certainly no joy, there was no understanding and there was no sensitivity. Just incredible fights, and I was always crying—I mean, that's the way all those old people really know me."

While under contract to Verve, she performed at the now-defunct Hungry i in San Francisco, an experience so disastrous that she decided never to do club work again. "Shelly Berman was the headlining act," she recalls, "and my thing was ahead of its time; it should never have been on that bill. They didn't give me any publicity,

so all the people who came were like, you know, truck salesmen and car salesmen and drinkers and coughers and they wanted to laugh. Well, I was about 13 years old, and this was my first time away from home, my first gig and in a strange place. So, I used to sing *And When I Die* and I used to smile. It was like my own little vengeance thing, you know; it wasn't just the audience—it was me. I can't play in a club where people drink; I just can't . . . they talk and clunk things. My music is listening music . . . I have to do concerts now."

That same year, 1967, she appeared at the Monterey Pop Festival with a hastily assembled and not too understanding band of local musicians—another disaster. "It (the audience) was not ready for me," she sighs. "It was just before I broke up with those people (Verve) and this was like the storm before . . . a storm that just happened to take place on stage with 50,000 people watching. It was like walking to my death and I put this cloud inside my head, like a cushion around me. Then I just walked to my death, and I dressed the part and everything. That was almost like the end of a chapter which will never come back again, and the audience was just flabbergasted by me."

Since those words were spoken about a year ago, Miss Nyro's fame has spread to the point where there now exists a Laura Nyro cult. She made a triumphant return to club work last Memorial Day weekend, when she packed an enthusiastic crowd into Los Angeles' Troubadour, and an even more spectacular demonstration of her popularity occurred last November when she appeared solo at New York's Carnegie Hall. All the tickets were sold out in one day. This prompted the producers to hastily arrange for a second midnight concert and it, too, sold out within 24 hours.

Strangely enough, Miss Nyro has yet to receive a gold record, although many of her songs have won this honor for other performers. But she has become a very big star indeed, and the devotion of her idolatrous followers borders on religion. Wrote Rex Reed of a Laura Nyro concert in the February issue of *Stereo Review*: "It took forever for everybody to get inside and sit down, because people kept going downstairs to the gym to give her flowers . . . Then she was there, in the deafening roar of applause from her worshippers, a baby-skinned *zaftig* beauty with a penchant for thrift-shop attire . . ."

Perhaps part of the Nyro magic lies in the fact that she shuns non-performing public appearances. She rarely grants interviews and has no use for TV small talk. Her appearance on the *Kraft Music Hall* last year did not include a single shot with host Bobby Darin. "It really annoyed me," she recalls, "those technicians are so concerned over whether your eyes are going to show up the right color, they don't give a damn about the sound, balance, and so on."

Such unfortunate experiences may be one reason why Miss Nyro refuses to play the show-biz game, but I suspect the main reason is that she simply has no time for

the superficialities that taint the industry. She is less critical of other performers' versions of her songs than she is of her own.

"It's always interesting to me how other people interpret my songs," she said. "It's like an ice cream soda and I love anybody who records my music . . . I'm very flattered." Her enthusiasm is of course not hard to understand, considering that such Nyro songs as *Stoned Soul Picnic*, *Sweet Blindness*, *And When I Die*, *Wedding Bell Blues* and *Eli's Comin'* have all made the charts in recordings by Blood, Sweat & Tears, the Fifth Dimension, and Three Dog Night, while numerous other recordings of these songs have cumulatively sold millions of records.

In recent months, it has been rumored around New York that Laura Nyro and Miles Davis might make an appearance together. That is not as farfetched as it might seem, for Miles is more than flirting with neo-rock and Miss Nyro has a definite affinity for jazz.

"When I was 15 years old," she recalls, "I used to drink bottles of cough medicine and I used to lie down with my jazz records . . . put them on, drink cough medicine and dig people like Miles Davis and John Coltrane all night. They'd take me up and they'd bring me down, sweep me up. It was something that I couldn't even put into words, because it's hard to even talk about jazz. Jazz is not an obvious thing . . . it rushes the senses. I don't know anything technical about music, I only know what I *feel*, and jazz is so beautiful because it's so free and it's so expressive. Like, when I listen to Miles Davis, words are not necessary . . . there are no lyrics there, but the music communicates life to me, you know, the *pain* of life . . . it's very painful music, but it's not a harsh pain at all, it's like a little flower, or something."

Miss Nyro's liking for jazz has manifested itself in her employment of jazz musicians for her two Columbia albums. On the first of these, *Eli and the Thirteenth Confession*, Zoot Sims plays on a track called *Lonely Women*.

"I remember the day that he came in," she says. "We played the tape for him—it was a rainy afternoon and the studio looked grey, this great big studio—it was just me and Charlie (Calello, the arranger) and our engineer. Zoot Sims walked in with his head down to the floor, looking so down and everything. Then he did a thing with his sax where you just hear the air coming out and, like, it's all scratchy and broken and he communicates his loneliness into the song. Charlie and I sat there, crying . . . It was so beautiful and it was so great because it was all in the air . . . this older man in this great big studio on this rainy day . . . he was so quiet, it was great. Then Joe Farrell played flute on *Poverty Train* and he kind of turned it into Alice in Wonderland, almost . . . he came into my world, and he really enhanced it."

A Laura Nyro record date could easily be a producer's nightmare, except that she now produces her own albums (with the valuable assistance of engineer Roy Halee).

It goes something like this: Miss Nyro spends hours at the piano in a darkened studio, recording fragment after fragment of her songs. Fragments, because she is composing on the spot or she realizes that she isn't feeling a particular song and therefore simply goes on to the next, often in mid-chorus. The tape is not stopped until it is dangerously close to the end, and sometimes it even runs out before she is finished.

The initial result is a great deal of tape with unidentified out-of-sequence bits of Laura Nyro songs which only she can assemble. Once that is done, the pieced-together fragments, which now form songs in their entirety, are played for an arranger of Miss Nyro's choosing.

In the case of *New York Tendaberry*, her latest album, the arranger was Jimmy Haskell. Initially, she had wanted Gil Evans for the job, but he never replied to her letter. Just before Haskell arrived in New York to work on this album, she told me: "We'll sit and talk until he knows as much as he can possibly know of what I feel and where this album has to be. I know that he's there already, because on Bobbie Gentry's album (*Billie Joe*) he creates the delta and it's syrupy, and you can almost hear the crickets and bugs. And on *Old Friends* (Simon and Garfunkel) he really captured the right mood . . . he can do that. I don't want him to write like Gil Evans, I'm not going to ask him to give me a Gil Evans sound or anything like that . . . all I want him to give me is this *tendaberry*."

And *tendaberry* she got. There are those who argue that the latest album does not live up to the standards set by her previous one, but certainly one must agree that Haskell's arrangements are sensitive and tasteful. In any case, Laura Nyro's music is not always immediately ear-catching. It has to grow on you—and it generally does. The new album contains at least two memorable songs, *Tom Cat Goodbye* and *Save the Country*. Thelma Houston has recorded a soul version of the latter, and it seems destined for the charts.

Of the new album, Miss Nyro herself says, "It is not an obvious one . . . not one that you really even listen to, because it really goes past your ears and it's very sensory and it's all *feel* . . . it goes inside, like at the back of your neck, or something. It's abstract, it's unobvious and yet I feel that it's very true. I feel that it's life, what life is to me anyway. *Tendaberry* is my own word, it's an essence, it's not death . . . it's birth and it's very tender, very fragile, very strong, very true . . . it's a berry, a *tendaberry*."

Miss Nyro never learned to write music. "I hold the music in my head and I write the lyrics down, usually," she explains. Generally, she will write the lyrics first, as was the case with the title song of her new album, a song she was working on in January of 1968. At that time, she told me, "I want music that's going to go with my lyric; you know, let the words complement the music. I want to marry my lyrics

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COUNT MEETS QUEEN

by Leonard Feather

THE ALLIANCE OF Count Basie and the Queen Elizabeth 2 was entirely logical, not only as a musical inducement to pleasure-seeking cruise passengers, but on grounds of historical precedent. In the fall of 1957, Basie's became the first American jazz orchestra ever to take part in a Royal Command performance at the London Palladium. Having played for and met Her Majesty on that occasion, it was a fitting coincidence that Basie was chosen for an experiment conducted by the Cunard line on a ship named after her to determine whether a top musical attraction could serve as a successful blandishment to bolster cruise business.

The following is an expansion of notes I took during ten days that shook the ocean.

Monday

Scene: Pier 92 at the foot of West 52nd Street in New York City. Our boarding time was officially 7 p.m., but many passengers, the Basies among them, were in the waiting room well ahead of that hour.

The QE 2 is as sumptuous as the brochure implies. In the Basies' staterooms, which resemble a hotel suite, a party is in progress — John Hammond, Willard Alexander, Bob Kasha of Alexander's office who set up the deal with Cunard, Count and Catherine Basie's two adopted children, et al.

In another stateroom I find an old friend who, unlike the Count, is not a paid but a paying passenger: Sarah Vaughan. As soon as she heard about the Basie

studying the passenger list, I come across more familiar names or make new friends. Sam Herman, the guitarist-copyist who has subbed for Freddie Green and worked in the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, is a passenger. Last night in the Q4 night club (one of several such spots) I got a "You don't remember me, do you?" from a man who turned out to be Kirby Walker, the ex-singer-pianist with whom I made a session for De Luxe Records in the 1940s. He and his wife now operate two Long Island night spots.

Jake Hanna, drummer on the Merv Griffin Show, took time off to make this scene. Eddie Silk, leader of a society band in Philly and a cat with a super-hip personality, is perhaps typical of the passengers drawn to this cruise by the Basie name. Also a number of affluent black business executives in various age brackets. A travel agent from Harlem tells me he sold 34 tickets through ads in the *New York Amsterdam News*. Fares per adult range from \$415 (way down on #5 Deck) to \$1020 in a deluxe suite on #1 Deck.

This means that the musicians, in addition to their salary, have each been given about \$2000 worth of free accommodation, since they are all provided with space for two on #1 or #2 Deck, and most have brought their wives. Cecil Payne, unmarried, brought his sister, Caryl. (Payne stepped in for Charlie Fowlkes, who broke both kneecaps in a snowstorm accident and will be out for two or three months.)

Personnel of the band is: Luis Gasca,

large nobody seems fazed by anything.

We are not yet in tropical waters and the winds tonight reached gale force. Basie felt a little queasy but was able to make the set; but mal de mer really got to Gene Goe, who had to bow out tonight. Jaws blew with that uniquely puckish sound on a tasteful Dixon chart of *Days of Wine and Roses*. Gasca revealed an appealing sound and a fluent style, genealogically traceable directly back to Dizzy, in *Night in Tunisia*, also Dixon's arrangement.

Since the band has essentially the same captive audience every night, the requirements are different from those of a night club, ballroom or Nevada stint, where the performance can remain unchanged throughout the engagement. Basie knows that he can't just play *April in Paris*, *I Can't Stop Loving You* and the other staples night after night; he has to pull a couple of surprises out of the book. This evening, for instance, there was an affecting arrangement by Dixon of Ellington's *Warm Valley*.

Mary Stallings, who seemed nervous last night, was more impressive this evening. Her sound has something of Aretha's tartness; this, along with the band's relaxation, and the charts written for her by Bobby Plater and Dixon, makes for a potent combination. She also has chosen some songs rarely performed by band vocalists these days: *Baby Baby All the Time*, *I'd Rather Drink Muddy Water*, and *Four or Five Times* ("I heard it on an

a diary of an uncommon cruise, part 1

booking, Sass ordered this time slot held open in her schedule and promptly purchased a ticket.

Frank Wess, O. C. Smith and Ernie Royal are among the many visitors here to see the band off. As they obey orders to step ashore, we prepare for departure. Meanwhile there is a rumor that the band will play its first gig tonight! While the giant Queen, all 65,863 tons and 963 feet of her, is helped out of the harbor by tugboats, straw boss Eddie Lockjaw Davis is frantically trying to round up the men.

At 11 p.m., barely an hour after we sailed, a big, balconied lounge known as the Double Room, a broad winding staircase connecting its upper and lower strata, is the scene of a Welcome Aboard party featuring "Count Bazie," as the British emcee calls him. With the first bars of *Shiny Stockings* we begin to believe this is really happening. As we glide southward and the stretches of land become dimmer and more distant, the crowd in the Double Room swells to capacity. How did everyone find out about it on such short notice? The ship is so big you could wander around for an hour and never come across this showroom, spacious though it is.

More about the band tomorrow. For the present, it need only be observed that passengers are digging it, and dancing to it, and that the ambiance created by music, audience and setting is, as it should be, like nothing on earth.

Tuesday

Wandering about the decks, lunching in one of the two big dining rooms and

Gene Goe, Sonny Cohn, Waymon Reed, trumpets; Frank Hooks, Grover Mitchell, Melvin Wanzo, Bill Hughes, trombones; Marshall Royal, Bobby Plater, altos; Eric Dixon, Eddie Davis, tenors; Payne, baritone; Basie, guitarist Freddie Green, bassist Norman Keenan, drummer Harold Jones, and singer Mary Stallings.

A "What's Happening Today" card informs us what movies the theatre will show, and reveals that in addition to Basie's 18-strong personnel there are Ronnie Caryl's showband, four combos, several singers and a couple of dancers; all British, booked by the Geraldo agency of London. There's also a discotheque for rock fans. Total: 54 entertainers. Total crew: 966. Total passengers: 780. No wonder the service is so admirable. But this figure is considered good for the time of year—the period following Christmas and New Year's is traditionally slow.

Caryl and his nine men, with the leader on trumpet, opened the evening's activities in the Double Room, playing a snappy cha-cha-cha version of *Tea for Two*. After their set came the two dancers and a male and female singer. Laurie Payne, a light opera tenor from Australia, sang *The Impossible Dream*, the predictable song. The dancers, we learned, double as teachers in the Queens Room every afternoon.

All this entertainment being in the classic conservative shipboard style, you wonder how it can appeal to the fans awaiting Basie's 11 p.m. to midnight shift. No problem. Some passengers didn't come to the lounge until 11, but by and

old Lunceford record"). It doesn't hurt at all that she is slender, tall, very pretty, and uncompromisingly jazz-oriented. Perhaps because of her integrity, she has paid heavy dues; after a run of bad luck she was out of music most of last year, until Grover Mitchell recommended her for this job.

Sarah listened approvingly from a table in the rear of the room. Everyone is making book on whether or when she will sit in with Basie.

The British musicians are beginning to get acquainted with the Basie men. Last night in the Q4 Bar, Lockjaw sat in with pianist Alan Dale's trio until 4 a.m.

Terry Conroy, the cruise director and emcee, told me the Basie band will continue to play for dancing rather than concertize. The assumption is that not all of the audience is all that hip, but enough of them are Basie-oriented to justify the regular 11 p.m. set.

Wednesday

One of the many fringe benefits of this voyage is the presence aboard of Mr. and Mrs. Eubie Blake, who booked passage by way of an advance celebration of his 87th birthday. This incredibly alert old gentleman taps his fingers to the Basie beat and tells us he's having the time of his life. Whenever the band plays an old standard, it brings to mind the show in which he first heard it (even if it was in 1905), the singer who introduced it, or his recollection of the composer who wrote it.

This evening, since the discotheque room

was deserted, Eubie took over. He began with *Charleston Rag*, which he wrote in 1899, then answered requests for his biggest hits, *I'm Just Wild About Harry* and *Memories of You*. If his fingers are weakening there was no sign of it. This brief interlude completely charmed the knot of observers who gathered around him.

The general atmosphere, especially now that we are in the tropics and all four swimming pools are operative, has developed into that of a full-scale vacation, even for the musicians who are working. Quote of the day, from Catherine Basie: "William darling, I stayed with you for 27 years just so you could get me on this cruise." Basie, who had never before been on any boat, is surprised to find himself enjoying every minute—including the wooden-horse-race meetings in the afternoon, where he feels as much at home as at the regular tracks.

Tonight the moment we had all been

our stop was too brief to enable us to sample the night life. This island always seems to be caught up in some new dance and/or rhythm: the current novelty is called reggae. There are local LPs such as *Reggae Power* by Sir J.J., on a Jamaican label. It doesn't sound substantially different from the other shortlived crazes. What we heard on radio suggested that rock has made heavy inroads here. Jamaica also has government-sponsored TV six hours a day.

Had to be back on board by 5 p.m. After seeing *The Italian Job*, a movie of few distinctions other than a Quincy Jones score, hurried to the Double Room where, coincidentally, Basie was playing Quincy's *Pleasingly Plump*. Cecil Payne, from whom little has been heard, finally got a chance to stretch out tonight on *Good Time Blues*. He is one of the pioneer beboppers, played with Dizzy's original big band in the late 1940s and remains a soloist deserving, as

a girl drummer. I was reminded of how much the organizational aspect of a large ship has in common with Reno, Lake Tahoe and Las Vegas. As in the Nevada hotel-casinos, there is a main room for the big show, along with several smaller retreats for safe entertainment in the jazz, pop or soft-rock groove. There is even the element of gambling here, though the trap-shooting, bingo and sweepstakes on guess-how-many-knots-we-traveled yesterday are hardly conducted on the same scale as a giant crap game along the Vegas Strip.

The typical cruise passenger has always been pictured as elderly and wealthy, with little in mind but escapist diversion. The problem is to reconcile the requirements of these old-line seagoers with the interests of a younger group, on whom neither the Cunard nor any of the numerous other lines operating cruises has made much of an effort to use the lure of quality entertainment.

As Terry Conroy remarked this evening: "We have to change the image of the cruise. I think it's possible to attract a younger element, who can share some of the better musical sounds with older people, and we can do this without alienating anyone in either group."

The selection of Basie's band for this one-shot venture was a wise one. I check around with a dozen passengers of various ages and apparently different social backgrounds. Some are here just because they wanted to be on QE 2; they didn't even know that Basie would be their bonus. At least half, however, not only had known in advance but had found in this unprecedented booking a primary inducement to come aboard. Among them are Mr. & Mrs. Mike Berniker (Mike produced the first Barbra Streisand album for Columbia); also a typical young non-music-biz type, a doctor from Ipswich, Mass., who said: "This makes the whole trip so much more glamorous—it lends class; such a relief after all that rinky-dink music. It should be good for the cruise business and the band business."

Admittedly there was also the elderly couple sitting not far from the bandstand, the husband turning to me to ask: "Which one is Count Basie?"

It boils down to a not-very-simple matter of finding attractions that can interest passengers of all ages. Some on the QE 2 remember Basie from the Lester Young-Buck Clayton-Jo Jones days; others ask him why Joe Williams isn't with the band any more, or when he's going to play *April in Paris*. Basie can please all of them, then turn around and feature Bobby Plater's eloquent alto on the Plater arrangement of *Meditation*, introduce Sonny Cohn in *I Remember Clifford*, or dig up an old Nat Pierce arrangement of *King Porter Stomp*.

Listening to the band every night, you become more aware of its flexibility and rhythmic stability. Basie can be, and succeeds in being, many things to many people. Last night he was the impulse that brought Sarah Vaughan to the dance floor. Tonight, instead of dancing, she was inspired to sing again—immediately following Mary Stallings, who normally sings

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Obviously enjoying the cruise are (l to r): Two unidentified ladies, Count Basie, Catherine Basie (seated), and Marshall and Evelyn Royal.

hoping for arrived: after the regular set, Bill invited Sass up to the bandstand. As she sang an arrangement of *The Shadow of Your Smile* that happened to be in her key, the whole room was suffused with instant love. Then she bopped *I Got Rhythm* to bring that part of the evening to an unforgettable finale.

So much going on that it's impossible not to miss out on some of the surprises. I found out too late that after the band was through, Sarah took part in a jam session in the Q4 bar with Sam Herman and a couple of the English cats, plus Grover Mitchell playing jazz (in the band he's usually confined to lead parts).

Thursday

Our first stop: Kingston, Jamaica. The ship dropped anchor a half mile out and launches brought us to the pier, where a 30-piece brass band greeted the tourists. Basie was impressed by the music: I found myself interested only in the musicians' ability to sweat through a set wearing those heavy uniforms in this weather.

Went with Cecil and Cavril Payne on a conducted tour. Kingston proper is too reminiscent of Tijuana, and unfortunately

the critics might say, of wider recognition. Friday

Happened to walk through the Double Room during a matinee set up by the Ronnie Caryl showband. They were playing Ketelby's *In a Persian Market*, dead straight, off the manuscript, but with the bassist on Fender!

Talking with Colin Campbell, a broad-Scots-accented saxophonist and member of the Caryl outfit, I learned about the rigorous schedule of the typical ship's musician. The band is playing cruise after cruise along this same route, with barely 24 hours stopover in New York at each journey's end. In addition to these concert-in-the-park daytime sets, which are a virtual throwback to a long forgotten generation, they are required to back a variety of British acts, play the first evening dance sets and generally fulfill just about any musical function. Small wonder that there are no outstanding jazz soloists in the band: no time for specialization.

In one of the small bars this evening, the strains of *Hava Nagila* wafted through the warm night air, conveyed by a trio composed of accordion, Fender bass and

BIRD STILL LIVES

BY IRA GITLER



BILL GOOTLIER

Charlie Parker on 52nd Street, 1947, with Tommy Potter, Max Roach and Miles Davis

I WAS PLAYING some records for one of those rare under-30s who dig jazz more than rock. She had never really heard Charlie Parker. The windows of her mind opened wide and her eyes became fluorescent. Bird was turning her on. Those first revelations are a killer.

Bird did that to his sidemen, too. He often made them play beyond their capabilities (or closer to their potential) just by playing. He would really sing through that metal appendage permanently fused to his person from which soul and intelligence poured forth torrentially.

If I owned a radio station, I would program continuous tapes of every bit of music Charlie Parker recorded, commercially or otherwise, sequencing them chronologically with no announcements. Listeners would be sent a program-guide discography to inform them who was playing what when.

On March 12, 1955 Charlie Parker died. Fifteen years later, there are still people doing things to keep his music alive. Perhaps the scale is not so grand as my plan, but in the past few years there have been eight LPs devoted to Bird's music produced by various British critics, discographers and collectors in limited-edition issues.

Several are on the Spotlite label, one on *Klacto*, another on *Mark* and two, *Bird in Paris* and *Carnegie Hall Christmas Eve Concert* have no brand name and come in plain white cardboard sleeves. The others are fully annotated, and Spotlite, in addition to bringing obscure airshots to light, is involved in systematically reissuing the famous Dial recordings by Parker, session by session, with

all takes on each number. These albums, sold mostly to collectors, do not yield much of a profit. If there is any money made, it goes to defray the costs of production and to pay the producers a bit for their trouble and time in putting the LPs together and mailing them out. These projects are labors of love. But then, Bird played love music.

Drummer Stan Levey, who worked with Bird at Spotlite on 52nd Street after the altoist had left Billy Eckstine in 1944, said: "This was Bird's first gig as leader, and it was also the first chance I really had to hear him play. Oh, I'd heard his record of *Swingmatism* with Jay McShann, but that was all. My first impression of Charlie's playing was that he was sort of a Pied Piper. I'd never heard anything like it. I didn't really know what he was doing, but it made me feel good to listen to him."

That feeling is still there, as I've continually rediscovered. In the midst of writing this piece, quite naturally, I pulled out some Bird sides and found that the sheer power of his music had lifted me out of the down groove I was in before I could realize what was happening. The following day, I asked Barry Harris, who beautifully illustrates "Bird Lives" whenever he sits down at the piano, how he felt about Parker's music today. "Therapeutic," said Harris, echoing my experience.

"And he's still the most modern," Harris added. "What Bird changed was the *rhythm*. We haven't developed the rhythm idea he started. I wonder what he would sound like today, with the bass players so much better than the ones he played with.

"It's nowhere near him right now," is Harris' opinion of the current state of jazz. "We're below that whole scene. It's not just the phrases he played. We've heard them all—he repeated himself, like everyone—but it's something else. It's the way he played them. Bird was a swinger from way back. No matter what the drummer or bass player is doing, you're supposed to be able to swing by yourself. And he could.

"Today, musicians say 'I want to be different,'" concluded Harris. "But it doesn't happen that way. You're supposed to *evolve* into something different."

The arts are full of self-styled strivers consciously trying to make it by being shockingly ahead of the minute. Bird didn't have to concern himself with being different. He had genius, and he developed it as a matter of course. I don't mean that to sound as matter of fact as it does, but his development as a jazz giant was a natural event.

Parker's talent was so overwhelming that for every musician he inspired to play there were many others who gave up because they felt it was fruitless to compete with him. Many alto saxophonists fled to the tenor to avoid comparison. And I can think of one altoist, more than competent in the Parkerian mode, who set about deliberately to play differently from Bird. The cadences of his runs and phrases were strictly Bird, but he chose notes oblique to the ones Parker would have played in the same situation. Emotionally he was strong because he was expressing himself, but the "different" style was forced.

In Bird's playing, the figures flow forth with a mercurial fluidity that takes away the breath of the listener. Parker always had his air supply under fine control in executing those incredibly long-lined flights. His fabulous technique served him well and was never used merely to dazzle. As French clarinetist Hubert Rostaing once wrote, Parker "exploits his virtuosity . . . almost unconsciously."

If the reader wants to understand better Barry Harris' statement about Bird's rhythmic conception he should listen to *Relaxin' at Camarillo* (first recorded on Dial in 1947, but now available on British Allegro or U.S. Pickwick S-3054), a blues line with shifting accents completely unlike the jazz originals that preceded it in the swing era.

I remember a rainy summer night on 52nd Street in the summer of 1947. I had run into a tenorman from Detroit at the bar of the Onyx Club. We were both there to dig Parker's quintet. Bird hadn't played *Camarillo*, but the tenor player, whom I had just told that I was starting to play alto, said "If you can play *Camarillo*, you've got the whole thing."

He wasn't implying that once you knew this melody you could use the licks interchangeably on any song and play bebop in six easy lessons. What he was saying made great sense: if a player mastered that line, he would have a grasp of those rhythmic nuances implicit in Bird's music which made it so vital.

Sometimes I think of Bird when I'm not playing his records. But even then it often has to do with music. A few months ago, I passed Carnegie Hall, and a little old street violinist was playing *Body and Soul* so sweetly that it really got to me. His chords on the bridge were expert, and he swung

them with soul. I felt compelled to walk over and drop some silver and a "beautiful" on him, and was instantly reminded of the day in 1953 when I had been with Parker and he had given some money to the blind accordionist who in those days used to work the Times Square area. The man had knocked Bird out with his interpretation of *All the Things You Are*.


Bird loved all kinds of music, from street players to symphonic composers. He listened to all of it, and used all of it in his own way. He used *Happy Birthday*, *White Christmas*, *In a Country Garden* and Louis Armstrong's introduction to *West End Blues* in his solos, and I'll never forget how he used to call his band back to the stand by blowing the opening phrases of Hindemith's *Kleine Kammermusik*.

Parker's physical excesses harmed him, but he was also taken advantage of by unscrupulous people. This is still going on long after his death. For example, a British label recently issued a three-record set entitled *Treasury of Golden Swing*. In it, among other bootleg items, are three selections from the rare Wichita, Kansas radio station session he made with Jay McShann in 1940. Never meant to be issued commercially, these are now available to the general public. Parker's estate and the other musicians, most of them still living, were never paid.

Parker's music lives on records. The Charlie Parker label, set up after his death, issued some extraordinary material, but it is unavailable now. Due to mismanagement and the recording of too many mediocre LPs by others, the company collapsed.

What Parker you can find on record depends on where you search. For the *Genius of Charlie Parker* series on Savoy, you have to go to specialized stores or write directly to Savoy Records in Newark, New Jersey. Sam Goody's in New York, for example, does not stock them. (The Savoy, which include *Now's the Time* and the famous *Ko Ko* date, are available on the Realm label in England.) Verve has recently re-issued all its Parkers, electronically re-channeled for stereo. The numbers run from 8000 through 8010 and include Bird with Dizzy Gillespie and Thelonious Monk; with strings, big bands, and a variety of small groups featuring sidemen like Miles Davis, Red Rodney, Kenny Dorham, Al Haig and Walter Bishop Jr. *The Best of Bird*, an anthology, is on Verve 8409.

In Everest's Archive of Jazz series, albums 214 and 232 are culled from airshots first released on the Le Jazz Cool label several years ago. The famous Massey Hall Concert with Gillespie, Bud Powell, Charlie Mingus and Max Roach is on Fantasy 6003.

That's about all the Parker generally available on record. Among books, there is *Bird: The Legend of Charlie Parker* (Citadel) by Robert Reisner, and my own *Jazz Masters of the '40s* (Macmillan) includes considerable Parker material. There was a charming children's book published by Beat Productions in England which I believe is now out of print. It should be reissued. Titled *Ode to a High Flying Bird*, it is a tribute to Parker by Charlie Watts, the drummer with the Rolling Stones. Its last line sums up how many of us feel about Bird, who would have turned 50 on August 20 of this year: "Flown but not forgotten." 

Gene Ammons: Here To Stay

by
Dan Morgenstern

THE SCENE WAS the University of Illinois' Circle Campus auditorium in Chicago. The people in the jam-packed hall had come to hear a concert by Nina Simone, but the singer had been taken ill and had to cancel out.

There had been no time for the promoters to import a substitute star, so they booked Gene Ammons. When the announcement was made, a groan went up from the audience. Most of the young people, apparently, were unfamiliar with the great tenor saxophonist and his music.

But Ammons and his swinging little band came on, began to do their thing, and after a few numbers had completely won the affection of the audience.

"Who cares that Nina didn't show up," someone yelled out, and the remark was greeted with cheers. Gene Ammons had scored another victory for jazz.

While the setting was a bit atypical of what Ammons has been into since his overdue return to action last fall, the response was not. Wherever Jug has taken his big, warm sound and mellow conception, listeners have reacted with enthusiasm, cheers, and ovations.

During the past several months, Ammons has seldom been idle. He has worked clubs big and small in Chicago and its surrounding area, made side trips to Detroit and Baltimore, and was set to open at the Club Baron in New York City March 10 for a two-week stay.

(The trip to New York was not Jug's first since his comeback. In November, he went there to record for Prestige [the resulting album, *The Boss Is Back*, was reviewed in the March 19 issue], and in February, he came in for a scheduled opening at the Baron, foiled by a perverse ruling by the N.Y. State Liquor Board, and stayed to make another record date.)

The group Ammons formed for his triumphant opening engagement at Chicago's Plugged Nickel has remained intact, with the exception of the departure, for economic reasons, of trumpeter King Kolax.

In keeping with the tenorist's stated intention of surrounding himself with younger musicians, the band consists of George Freeman, a spectacular guitarist; pianist Wallace Burton, bassist Chester Williamson, and drummer Bob Guthrie. The band has become a solid unit, and its repertoire includes a number of new Ammons compositions which span a considerable emotional range, from ballads to up-tempo stompers.

In addition to appearing with his own group, Ammons has teamed up on occasion with his old sidekick Sonny Stitt. These reunions, of course, have had con-



siderable sentimental overtones for players and audiences alike. Aside from that, they indicate that tried-and-true formulas notwithstanding, the collaboration still yields musical freshness and vitality.

Though Ammons has not stood still musically—as evidenced by the new tunes, his adoption of the Varitone amplifying and octave-dividing device, and the complete maturity and control of his playing—he has chosen not to tamper with the basic style so well remembered by his followers.

In a time where jazz often seems either overly cerebral and complex or cliché-ridden and marked by attempts to seek an accommodation with rock and/or r&b, Ammons' approach remains solidly rooted in jazz essentials.

These include his big, wide, warm sound; his gift for melodic exposition and variation; a rhythmic impulse firmly based on the principles of swinging, and direct, immediate communication with his audience. The latter aspect is aided by his bandstand manner, which combines the dignity imparted by his large, solid frame and calm, relaxed stance with the friendliness and warmth of his informal and informative announcements and casual, often bantering comments. It all adds up to a kind of presence, musical and human, most welcome to the current scene.

Among other things, Ammons is a complete professional. I learned this firsthand when I was recently involved in producing a television program for Chicago's excellent educational station, WTTW—hopefully soon to be seen nationwide.

From previous experience, I knew that the routine for half-hour music shows

consists of at least two run-throughs before taping commences. This is required for timing, sound balance, and camera rehearsal.

Ammons, however, felt that running through the program twice (or even once) before playing for keeps would rob the music of its essential spontaneity and inspiration, and suggested that these formalities be dispensed with.

Fortunately, the director, Bob Kaiser, is not only a master of his craft but also a man with great empathy for and understanding of jazz and the people who play it. He agreed, and after some brief warm-up playing for a sound check and on-set positions, all was ready to roll.

Ammons, informed that he would have some 26 minutes to play, decided on selections and solo routines, stomped off the tempo for the first piece, and he and his men proceeded to go to work. The leader's announcements and introductions were relaxed and unfaltering, his playing was inspired and turned on the band, and the pacing and timing of the entire program was so perfect that ten rehearsals could not have improved it. Ammons had indeed achieved the essential dimension of an unstilted, truly live performance that he was after, and Kaiser "winged" some spectacular shots.

When Gene Ammons resumed his rightful place in the world of music last October, he told an interviewer: "There's only one thing I can say for sure . . . I'm here to stay."

The record he has chalked up since then affirms the seriousness of that remark. The boss of soulful tenor is back where he belongs at last, and back to stay. **EB**

Meet Professor Carter

WHEN BENNY CARTER spent two days at Princeton University in February, holding seminars and giving a concert, somebody asked why, since he had come all the way from his home in California, he did not take the opportunity to play in New York where he had not been heard in years.

"Nobody asked me to," said Carter with a smile and a shrug.

For exactly the same reason, Carter had to wait until this year, at the age of 63, to enter the groves of academe. Nobody had thought to ask him before. But suddenly he found himself in collegiate demand.

Before his arrival at Princeton, he had spent a week at Baldwin-Wallace College in Berea, Ohio, holding seminars, conducting workshops and giving concerts. Since he accepted these two invitations, another has come from the University of Utah, while Stanford University has urged him to teach a ten-week course on music in general and jazz in particular.

"I was told I could plan my own course of study at Stanford," Benny said. "But I'm reluctant to try it. I have no degree in music and I don't have much academic background. Most of my biographies say that I went to Wilberforce College, but I never actually matriculated. I just played in Horace Henderson's band, which was based there.

"So I decided that before I took on something like the Stanford course, I'd better get my feet wet at Baldwin-Wallace and Princeton to be sure that I could transmit."

The man who opened the floodgates of academic interest in Carter was Morroe Berger, a social scientist and quondam writer on jazz (he contributed a chapter on Bunk Johnson and the diffusion of jazz to Ralph de Toledano's *Frontiers of Jazz* in 1947). Since 1952, Berger has been a member of the Sociology Department at Princeton, and currently is chairman of the University's Council on International and Regional Studies.

His motives in bringing Benny to college were purely selfish.

"I was giving some lectures at Baldwin-Wallace a year ago," Berger explained. "I found that the week before I got there Teddy Wilson had been at the college as artist in residence. I was terribly disappointed. I asked the people at Baldwin-Wallace why they couldn't have had Teddy on campus when I was there and they said maybe next time it could be arranged."

When Berger was scheduled for another visit to Baldwin-Wallace in January, he made sure that something was arranged. Although he had never met or communicated with Benny Carter, he phoned the musician from Princeton, told him he was a fan, and said he was flying to California and would like to meet him. Carter good-naturedly agreed, and when Berger got to California, he outlined his ideas for the seminars and concerts at Baldwin-Wallace and Princeton. Carter accepted readily.

At both seminars, Carter was all but unknown to the students as either performer or writer when he arrived. At Baldwin-Wallace, where, according to

Berger, there are about 100 blacks on campus, very few came to Carter's first seminar on the relationship of jazz and rock. They showed little interest in his first concert the following night until Benny and his rhythm section, a local group, got into *Blues in E Flat*, which was greeted by a wave of communicative recognition.

"From then on," Berger reported, "the black students were hanging around Benny wherever he went."

At Princeton, Carter's seminars and concerts were presented by the Afro-American Studies Program with the co-sponsorship of the Creative Arts Program, the Friends of Music and the Undergraduate Assembly. His first seminar was a relatively technical discussion of composing and playing for television and films. The second seminar, however, was broader—"Jazz: Its Nature and Future" was the topic—and it drew a mixture of music

in this fashion because, he said, "it widens the audience for jazz."

"But Masekela was booed off the stage at the Atlantic City Pop Festival," a student pointed out. "Some of the kids there probably never saw a regular string bass before."

Carter's suggestion that Blood, Sweat & Tears seemed to be making it in terms of both musical achievement and popularity with the use of voicings and horn licks from jazz brought disagreement from his listeners.

"They lack a sense of inspiration," one commented.

"On a record," another expanded, "everything is worked out. Then when you see them on stage, it's exactly the same, every detail. People like to see a creative act on the stage.

"Blood, Sweat & Tears and Ten Wheel Drive are associated in people's minds

by John S. Wilson



JIM TAYLOR

students and jazz aficionados who crowded around a huge, square table and along the walls of a classroom in Princeton's Woodrow Wilson School.

Carter struck a scholarly note by putting on a pair of dark-rimmed glasses to read an opening statement ("Because I don't have a very retentive mind," he explained) in which he briefly reviewed the styles and labelings that jazz has been through.

"Here in the '70s," he concluded, "we don't know what sins will be committed in the name of jazz."

As the discussion developed, it focused on the same points that Carter had found were uppermost in the minds of the students at Baldwin-Wallace: The relationship of rock and jazz, and the question of jazz as an exclusively black music.

What, asked one student, is "the effect on jazz of such popularizers as Charles Lloyd and Hugh Masekela who are making a fusion of rock and jazz and playing at rock festivals?"

Benny thought it was wonderful that rock audiences were being exposed to jazz

with jazz," this student continued. "But the Grateful Dead is closer to jazz creatively. The Dead really swing."

The success of a fusion between jazz and rock, one student suggested, depends on whether the black and white experience fuses.

"Is it necessary to be black to be a good jazzman?", Carter was asked. "Or is it enough to have good ears and a sophisticated sense of rhythm?"

"I don't feel that you have to get into the sociological undercurrents," Benny replied. "You don't have to be black to play jazz. And, if you are black, it doesn't mean you can swing."

"You don't have to be black to play jazz but you have to understand the tradition of the music in order to play it," interjected Chris White, the bassist who played with Dizzy Gillespie for several years. White, who is now head of Rhythm Associates in New York, had dropped in on the seminar from nearby Rutgers University where he is teaching a jazz course under the auspices of the Institute of Jazz Studies.

/Continued on page 32

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Dan DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Alan Heineman, Wayne Janes, Lawrence Kart, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Dan Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, Jim Szantor, and Pete Welding.

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

Hank Crawford

MR. BLUES PLAYS LADY SOUL—Atlantic 1523: *Groovin'*; *I Can't See Myself Leaving You*; *Never Let Me Go*; *Baby, I Love You*; *Lady Soul*; *Soul Serenade*; *Ain't No Way*; *Since You've Been Gone* (Sweet Sweet Baby); *Take a Look*; *Going Down Slow*.

Collective Personnel: Ernie Royal, Joe Newman, Snookie Young, Bernie Glow, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Benny Powell, trombones; Crawford, solo alto saxophone; David Newman, solo tenor saxophone, flute; Frank Wess, alto saxophone; Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Paul Griffin, organ, piano; Richard Tee, piano, electric piano; Jerry Jemmott, Ron Carter, Charles Rainey, Fender bass; Bernard Purdie, drums; strings (tracks 3 and 9) conducted by Gene Orloff; Arif Markin, arranger.

Rating: no stars

Americans, be warned. On the surface this may only seem another shabby, cynical attempt at a hit LP. But beneath this commonplace surface lies a weapon of great horror: Crawford's immensely ugly alto sound (like a kazoo blown into toilet-paper cardboard), his utterly characterless style; 10 tuneless songs. I have watched strong men listen to this LP and suddenly die of boredom. Now come rumors that sinister disc jockeys play it on the radio, wiping out entire city blocks. Imagine its effect on innocent women and children!

Most of these songs were tailored for the superior talents of Aretha Franklin, who really does endow them with some human character; these charts are, mainly, based on Miss Franklin's own backgrounds, but surely none of her fans will be fooled. Crawford plays the themes with his devastating slurs, stutters and held notes. Improvisations consist of five or six licks repeated several times, and are pretty much the same, allowing for different changes, from song to song. Now and then comes momentary relief by a rock guitarist and tenorist Newman, both of whom play with a degree of energy and enthusiasm—the rest is simply Crawford and a big band falling asleep in stereo.

Let us pray the enemy never gets his hands on this LP. —Litweiler

Gil Evans

GIL EVANS—Ampex A10102: *General Assembly*; *Proclamation*; *Love In The Open*; *Variation On The Misery*; *Thoroughbred*; *Blues In Orbit*; *Spaced*; *So Long*.

Personnel: James Cleveland, trombone; Howard Johnson, tuba; Billy Harper, tenor saxophone, flute; Joe Beck, guitar; Herb Bushler, electric and string bass; Elvin Jones, Donald McDonald, Al Mouzon, drums, Susan Evans, percussion; unidentified brass, woodwinds, piano. Evans, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Evans, one of the most unique and advanced arrangers in jazz history, presents an album that is as unusual as he is important.

His juxtaposition of simultaneous improvisation, electronic tonal variation, and a free-floating rhythm section with restrained but potent ensemble tonalities comes off

remarkably well here. Not that this music resolves into logical patterns. Freedom precludes order—and though chaos is often implied (at times very strongly), Evans very subtly manages to circumvent it.

Though ensemble passages provide most of the thematic continuity (trumpets, trombones, French horn, miscellaneous woodwinds, marimba and chimes are heard), the emphasis is on improvisation, effects, and rhythm. Tenorist Harper, whose tone is often remarkably close to his influence, John Coltrane, is given liberal solo space on both tenor and flute. His best effort is his melancholy, cadenza-styled tenor work on *So Long*. Cleveland contributes some strong statements on *Orbit*, a piece of astronomical whimsy by George Russell. Johnson wails on *Thoroughbred*, straining his tuba to the limits. Beck offers an endless variety of effects, most of which are very pertinent to the eerie atmosphere pervading most of the tracks.

The most melodic and structured arrangements, *Open* and *Thoroughbred*, come off best here. On the former, Evans effectively employs flutes, piccolo and sensual brass as a backdrop for Harper's lyrical tenor. The ethereal *Spaced* features an unidentified pianist (Evans?) during the opening moments and muted trumpet outbursts almost identical to those used on *Proclamation*. *Misery* is macabre, highlighted by more piano work and excellent bass by Bushler. Overall, the large rhythm section is effective in this context of strange, provocative music.

Experimental albums don't always make it. But the product of this musical laboratory is a Gil Evans product. It makes it.

—Szantor

Fat Mattress

FAT MATTRESS—Atco 33-309: *All Night Drinker*; *I Don't Mind*; *Bright New Way*; *Petrol Pump Assistant*; *Mr. Moonshine*; *Magic Forest*; *She Came In The Morning*; *Everything's Blue*; *Walking Through a Garden*; *How Can I Live*.

Personnel: Chris Wood, flute (track 1); Noel Redding, guitar, vocals; Jimmy Leverton, harpsichord, organ, electric bass, vocals; Eric Dillon, drums, tuned percussion; Neil Landon, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

I'm not sure why Fat Mattress appeals to me. The music here is tuneful, well played, interesting; the vocal harmonies are superbly sung. Yet there's nothing particularly novel or sensational, and some of the lyrics are clumsily pretentious.

Still, I dig it lots. The approach of the group, headed by ex-Hendrix sideman Redding, seems similar to that of Crosby, Stills, Pierce, Fenner and Smith, but it's a little sturdier, guttier (though not nearly so inspired as CSN&Y at their best). Hear, for instance, *I Don't Mind*, which has the gentleness and subtle dynamic contrasts of

CSN&Y's music, but seems somehow firmer.

The countryish *New Way* is attractive as hell. Lovely harmonies and a rich acoustic guitar spot by Redding. *Moonshine* also has something. It begins in ballad tempo (nice vocal), accelerates into a 3-feeling with a pleasant uncredited vibes solo for a few bars, and back to the original slow four.

Forest toddles along to a delightful chunk-a-chunk beat, and the lyrics are highly appropriate. The lyrics of *Morning*, however, are embarrassingly self-indulgent and romantic. But the song is mostly redeemed by a nice build.

I haven't really said anything, have I? Well: I have a nice time listening to this. What else can I tell you? —Heineman

Woody Herman

HEAVY EXPOSURE—Cadet LPS-835: *Flying Easy*; *I Can't Get Next To You*; *Aquarius*; *Memphis Underground*; *High School Hero*; *Lancaster Gate*; *The Hut*; *My Cherie Amour*; *It's Your Thing*; *Catch That Bird*; *Sex Machine*.

Personnel: Bill Chase, Rigby Powell, Richard Murphy, Harry Hall, Bill Byrne, trumpets; Bobby Burgess, Pete Dalbis, Tom Malone, trombones; Herman, clarinet, soprano and alto saxophones; Frank Vicari, Steve Lederer, Sal Nistico, tenor saxophones; Alan Gauvin, baritone saxophone; John Hicks, piano; Donny Hathaway, organ; Phil Upchurch, guitar; Gene Perla, bass; Edward Soph (tracks 1,5,7,8,10,11) or Morris Jennings (tracks 2,3,4,6,9), drums; Richard Powell, Marshall Thompson, percussion; Richard Evans, arranger.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

With their second album for Cadet, the Herd and Evans have again joined forces in a program of well done pop-rock-soul material and fresh, intriguing originals—with a number of fine solos included.

Unfortunately, Woody and company have again fallen victim to a melange of destructive electronic effects, entirely foreign to and unworthy of the talent displayed here. Included are some inane spoken introductions to the first track on each side. Irrelevant gimmickry may be "necessary" for shallow rock groups but this band doesn't have to resort to such freakishness to be exciting.

While it is doubtful that the amateurish effects will appeal significantly to new Herman fans, they will undoubtedly alienate many longtime Herman followers who rightfully expect unadulterated music from a Herman album without having to endure some of the banal noise occasionally served up here. Hopefully Cadet will forsake these trappings on future Herman dates.

The Herd does overcome, however. Although the rock-soul tracks (*Memphis*, *Get Next*, *Thing*) are extremely effectively played, the main interest here is the originals. Hathaway's *Flying* and *Bird* are very attractive melodies, and Evans' *Machine* is a raunchy, gutty track somewhat remi-

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niscent of Don Menza's *Acid Truth*. The standouts here, though, are Jake Holmes' *Hero* (a humorous 7/4 invention with an effective quote, believe it or not, from *On Wisconsin*) and another Evans original, *Gate*, with bagpipe-like sax lines and some regal sounding, fanfare-like brass.

Chase, as peerless as ever as a high-note and lead man, contributes some rather convincing, puckish, Clark Terryish muted work on several tracks, especially on *Thing* and *Machine*. His forceful improvising, not previously his forte, is one of the album's more pleasant surprises.

Another soloist of distinction is Burgess, whose biting, gutsy, bluesy blowing illumi-



nates *Flying*, *Gate*, *Hut*, *Amour*, *Bird* and *Machine*. Of the saxophone soloists, Nistico is in only fair form generally, but scores with his virile, melodic work on *Bird*. Woody's soprano work is not as inventive as on previous albums, but his rich, singing alto playing on *Amour* makes up for it.

The rhythm section is strong throughout, suffering only from the often corny guitar-organ effects. Bassist Perla (ex-Count's Rock Band) really lays it down, and the drumming, split between Soph and Jennings, is adequate, with the latter particularly effective on *Gate*. Pianist Hicks, unfortunately, cannot be praised or condemned—a hapless victim of the engineering, he simply cannot be heard.

No, the Herd has not sold out. Other big bands have romanced the Top 40 with often trite, unconvincing results, and though Woody has always kept current, he now has Richard Evans, and the results are infectiously fresh while retaining the vital Herd essence. This is still a jazz band, though, and a fine one—make no mistake about that.

—Szantor

Led Zeppelin

LED ZEPPELIN II—Atlantic S-8236: *Whole Lotta Love*; *What Is and What Should Never Be*; *The Lemon Song*; *Thank You*; *Heartbreaker*; *Living Loving Maid (She's Just a Woman)*; *Ramble On*; *Moby Dick*; *Bring It On Home*. Personnel: Robert Plant, harmonica, lead vocals; Jimmy Page, guitar; John Paul Jones, electric bass; John Bonham, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This is actually a five-star hard rock album, if one takes hard rock to be a music devoid of content and extant solely for a freakout effect. If you listen to the album stoned and at full volume, you can't ask for anything better; if sober, at low volume, nothing.

Page is another of the British guitar virtuosos. Chops, chops, chops. Plant is a screaming, frenetic vocalist, often strained and with too much of Jagger in his style. And Jones and Bonham carry on as they're expected to.

Whole Lotta Love is the best example: a hard vocal, one chorus of all-stops-out guitar, a mannered *a cappella* vocal on the final word of which ("Loooooove") Plant nearly strangles to death. Of course it's all based on one bass riff—an effective one.

Zeppelin likes to alternate tempos within tunes. *What Is* begins as a ballad and has a hard rock refrain; *Heartbreaker* accelerates for Page's solo, which utilizes the Clapton-out-of-B.B.-King chime effect; the chorus of *Ramble* is hard rock, while the verses are ballad-like. And so forth.

Very little to pick up on specifically, because the whole idea of the session is momentum, drive, speed (in both senses). *Thank You* is a nice, slow tune. Page's guitar obligato solo on *Heartbreaker* is admirable. And Bonham's drum solo on *Moby* is subtle and highly musical. He begins by using just his hands and bass drum rolls for a very spare beginning. The solo gets denser, and he moves to sticks for the climax. Groovy, really—and good fills on the out chorus.

The harmony between Plant's harp and Page's guitar over one chorus of *Home* is grabbing; it's preceded by perhaps the hardest Page playing of the set.

As music to turn on with, this is about as good as they come. Just don't stop to think about it.

—Heineman

Love

OUT HERE—Blue Thumb 9000: *I'll Pray For You*; *Abalony*; *Signed D.C.*; *Listen to My Song*; *I'm Down*; *Stand Out*; *Discharged*; *Doggone*; *I Still Wonder*; *Love Is More Than Words*; *Nice to Be*; *Car Lights On in the Day Time Blues*; *Run to the Top*; *Willow Willow*; *Instrumental*; *You Are Something*; *Gather Round*. Personnel: Paul Martin (track 5), Gary Rowles (track 10) or Jay Donnellan, lead guitar; Arthurly (Arthur Lee), rhythm guitar, lead vocals; Jim Hobson, piano (track 1), organ (track 13); Frank Fayad, electric bass; Drachen Theaker (track 3) or George Suranovich, drums.

Rating: ★½

The fourth side of this two-album set contains a bit of good music, if anyone's still listening after the first three bummer sides. How can a group be this dull for this long a time? They appeared, got a lot of L.A. hype, and seemed to have passed away. The resurrection makes a good case for euthanasia.

Not that they can't play their instruments—almost everybody can these days—or sing, although Arthurly isn't anything to write home about (or even yell next door). But there isn't one damned thing happening here.

Salvageable elements: the joyful tune of *Pray* (murdered by an interminably suspended refrain); a musical and technically impressive and awfully long drum solo on the 12-minute *Discharged*; a pretty good Crosby, Stills, Dunstine and Osborn impression on *Still Wonder*.

The fourth side does have some nice stuff: *Run*, a paean to and plea for freedom, has a pretty melody and is voiced nicely. *Willow* is pretty, too. *Insta* moves, is concise, and features a hard-driving organ excursion by someone or other. *Something* is pleasingly playful, with a tinkly speeded-up piano, and *Gather* is churning and propulsive, with some hard, effective guitar work by Donnellan (as opposed to the eleven minutes of aimlessness he drags the listener through on *More Than Words*).

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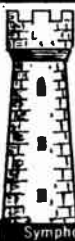
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But who has the time to wait for side four?
—Heineman

Brother Jack McDuff

DOWN HOME STYLE—Blue Note 84322: *The Vibrator*; *Down Home Style*; *Memphis in June*; *Theme from Electric Surfboard*; *It's All a Joke*; *Butter (For Yo Popcorn)*; *Groovin'*; *As She Walked Away*.

Personnel: McDuff, organ; unidentified tenor saxophone, guitar, electric bass, drums; unidentified big band (tracks 2-4, 6).

Rating: ★

Jimmy McGriff

A THING TO COME BY—Solid State 18060: *A Thing to Come By*; *Charlotte*; *Down Home on the Moon*; *Oh Happy Day*; *Don't Let Me Lose This Dream*; *Up There, Down Here*; *A Thing to Come By, Part II*.

Personnel: McGriff, organ (all tracks), piano (tracks 1-3, 7); unidentified trumpeter, alto saxophone, tenor saxophone, guitar, electric bass, drums.

Rating: ★★

One track on each LP stands out from the others. The McDuff *Memphis* is a superior pop song, performed straightforwardly by the organist, with an unfortunate tenor solo added. And McGriff's *Moon* is a long slow blues (I'm a sucker for slow blues) kept interesting by a barrage of organ tricks and some 1940-style blues piano on the level of Curtis Jones—but other listeners may find this track a bit flacid.

Why are the accompanying bands unidentified? Have these musicians no identity; is it all done with computers? Maybe that's not an impossibility any longer. Aside from the organists, the only sustained life on these LPs is by McGriff's bassist and drummer. I didn't enjoy the McDuff collection at all. His style has

remained static over the years, and this time there is no bright, tough tenor playing to get something going—the nameless one mindlessly skirts over the facade of r&b.

McGriff's music has changed. The Jimmy Smith-inspired routines are here, subjected to interesting dynamic shifts (possibly reflecting some Larry Young ideas?) in a nervous, engaging style. This is quite an admirable studio production: slick-sounding; organ and drums recorded on top of the rest of the band; catchy rock-soul routines. McGriff's trick of alternating piano and organ, sometimes from phrase to phrase (*Moon*) is good, as are his sharp accompaniments, which tend to draw the trumpeter—the most interesting of the three draggy horns—into duets. The original material is quite lively. The title track(s) and *Charlotte* have catchy rhythms, energetic and surprisingly swinging, and few can fail to enjoy this album, at least in a small dose or two.

McGriff must be one of the best organists in the business these days, and it's a shame he won't turn his attention to a greater variety of material, perhaps bop and hard bop standards for a staple: he is, after all, an imaginative musician, and one can't spend a lifetime slinging that soul stuff about, can one?

—Litweiler

Various Artists

SWING HIGH—SWING LO—Blue Note B-6507: *Tiny's Exercise*; *Blue Harlem*; *Indiana* (Ike Quebec); *Blues in My Music Room*; *Slapstick* (Jimmy Hamilton); *I've Found a New Baby*; *If I Had You* (Quebec); *River Edge Rock* (John Hardee); *Mad About You* (Quebec); *Limehouse Blues* (Benny Morton).

Collective personnel: Buck Clayton, Jonah Jones, Ray Nance, trumpet; Henderson Chambers, Tyree Glenn, Keg Johnson, Benny Morton, trombone; Barney Bigard, Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Otto Hardwick, alto saxophone; John Hardee, Ike Quebec, Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Bill Bivens, vibes; Sammy Benskin, Jimmy Jones, Roger (Ram) Ramirez, piano; Tiny Grimes, Jimmy (Arthur) Shirley, guitar; Israel Crosby, Milt Hinton, Grachan Moncur, Oscar Pettiford, Gene Ramey, bass; Sid Catlett, Eddie Dougherty, J. C. Heard, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★

The accent falls strongly on the tenor saxophone in this star-studded collection of late swing era small-band sessions, among the latest entries in Blue Note's reissue series. The atmosphere is a bracing one of rough-and-tumble, hurly-burly blowing—the kind growing from a conviction that the most direct way to a listener's heart is through his gut.

The music is not without certain inherent contrasts, however. The antiseptic delicacy of Hamilton's clarinet anticipates a cooler day, while the floating grace of Tiny Grimes' guitar reminds us that Charlie Christian was gone but not forgotten. The rhythm sections—not surprisingly considering the players—are forceful throughout. You can almost see the sparks ricocheting from Catlett's crackling rim shots.

The late Ike Quebec is the most ubiquitous tenor in this collection, present on six of the ten tracks. Perhaps his most moving playing is on *Blue Harlem*, a blues bristling with emotion, some good ideas, and a minimum of clichés. On the faster pieces, Quebec displays a tone strikingly similar to that of Coleman Hawkins. The attack, too, is not unlike Hawk's in its charging, slashing aggressiveness, but with-

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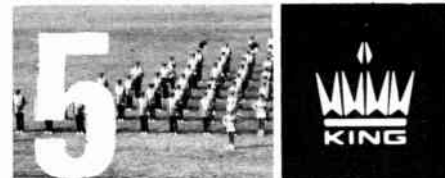
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out the alternating light and heavy accents found in much of the master's playing. His ballad style is well represented on *If I Had You* and *Mad*, where he is joined by Jonah Jones and Tyree Glenn, the latter playing well without the plunger mute he was often to use elsewhere with stilted affectedness. On *New Baby*, Buck Clayton is heard in a tart, crisp chorus.

Harry Carney dominates the Ellingtonian Hamilton session, especially *Slapstick*. His presence is unmistakable behind the leader's two solo choruses, anchoring the ensemble riffs. Then he emerges as soloist himself, peppering his eighth-note lines with those great bent phrases that give his style such originality. His sound is herculean but never raucous. Catlett's drumming is a propulsive asset, and Ray Nance makes some special contributions. —McDonough

Phil Woods

ROUND TRIP—Verve V6-8791: *Round Trip*; *Here's That Rainy Day*; *Love Song for a Dead Che*; *I'm All Smiles*; *Solitude*; *How Can I be Sure*; *Fill the Woods with Laughter*; *This Is All I Ask*; *Flowers*; *Come Out with Me*; *Guess What*.

Personnel: Woods, alto saxophone, arranger; unidentified orchestra including Jerry Dodgion, alto saxophone, conducted by Chris Swanson.

Rating: ★★½

This session is certainly better than just good, but one was led to expect more, given the enthusiastic responses to Woods' playing in Europe. It's contemporary big-band-post-bop, with some nice charts by Johnny Pate and Woods and some highly musical but seldom stunning Woods solos. (Jerry Dodgion duets on alto with Woods on the last track, and also assembled the band, which probably contains some of the Jones-Lewis personnel; sounds like Lewis on drums and Richard Davis on bass, and the brass attack is also reminiscent of Jones-Lewis.)

About the only noticeable alteration in Wood's playing—and he has always been a fine musician—is the added bite. There's some Cannonball in his second entrance on the first track, which has a quasi-rock feel rhythmically but is voiced in the jazz tradition. Good, hard solo. Ditto for *Rainy Day*: very strong Woods, fleshing out the ballad with beauty but no sentimentality. He moves into double-time for one chorus, Effective, but undermined because the drummer doesn't pick up on it immediately. (Most peculiar if it's Lewis.)

Woods' *Che* is a pretty tune with relaxed alto solo (except for some strain getting into the upper register for the solo's climax). *Smiles* features a dissonant, more or less free intro by the band, fading into an up-tempo melody statement. The drummer is crisp and sure behind Woods' spot. The altoist also provides a slick, enjoyable reading of *Sure*—light, fast, no waste motion. Chart's fine, too.

That takes care of Side One, and the second side seems a bit repetitive, almost as if Woods had shot his bolt. There's some big, fat, resilient bass work behind Woods on *All I Ask*, and the alto solo is the best on the side, thoughtful and rich. Interesting arrangement of *Flowers*: a light r&b beat complemented by the horns and contrasted by legato strings. But Woods' statement, while appropriate, is uninteresting. An okay double-time solo on *Come Out*, a ballad, and some reason-

ably strong exchanges between Woods and Dodgion on *Guess What*.

All in all, a pleasing album with moments of first-rate playing. Possibly owing to the shortness of the tracks (only one is longer than four minutes), however, it doesn't show Woods as the exciting player he is capable of being. —Heineman

The Zeet Band

MOOGIE WOOGIE—Chess LPS-1545: *Fireball Boogie*; *Foggy Train Blues*; *Beaver Boogie*; *Boggie-Loo*; *Gimme 5¢ Worth of Love*; 3:45 *Blues*; *Piggie Woogie*; *Moogie Boogie*; *Fat City*; *Angel's Dust Boogie*; *Pinetop's Blues*; *Inside*. Collective personnel: Erwin Helfer, Paul Beaver, Mark Nafalin, "Fastfingers Finkelstein", Norman Dayton, Moog synthesizers, keyboards; various rhythm sections including Phil Upchurch, bass; Dick Berk, Morris Jennings, John Guerin, drums.

Rating: One Raspberry

The marvels of modern electronics can be applied to music in a variety of ways. Having been previously exposed to recorded Moog efforts in which the invention was applied to the music of Bach, Mozart, and other masters, I had come to regard it as just another manifestation of the sadistic element that has crept into contemporary humor.

This album, however, proves that I was wrong in viewing the Moog from such a restricted perspective. Here one finds proof that Moog music can also be the equivalent of good old primitive bathroom humor. If you fancy imitations of the sounds commonly associated with the barnyard and the digestive processes, this album will be your cup of tea—especially the tasteful *Piggie Woogie*. If your circle of acquaintances includes effete musical snobs, tie 'em to a chair and let this album play on at full volume for a few hours. That should teach 'em.

Yes sir, this is real high-class musical fun. "Fastfingers Finkelstein" is to be complimented for not revealing his identity. A ray of wit occasionally graces the efforts by Helfer, who seems to know the basics of boogie woogie style. The rest is pukie wukie. —Morgenstern

ROCK BRIEFS

BY MICHAEL CUSCUNA

AN UNUSUAL AND outstanding recent album is the debut recording of Boston harmonica player Peter Ivers, *Knight of the Blue Communion* (Epic BN 26500). His band includes some fine jazz talent (bassist Richard Youngstein, drummer Bob Pozar, and vocalist Yolande Bavan). Ivers is an amazing harmonica player. When the band is churning and he is really into a solo, he excels in virtuosity and imagination. He is a most unusual songwriter as well, very contemporary, very theatrical, yet very musical. Only a singer with the voice and control of Miss Bavan could tackle such material. An excellent record in every respect, though it may take the listener several hearings to really get into it. It is best to start with *Cat Scratch Fever*.

Tim Buckley's fourth album, *Blue Afternoon* (Straight 1060) is as strong and singular as his previous efforts. A unique collection of eight tunes from one

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of the most creative singer-songwriters of this age. Guitarist Lee Underwood and vibist David Friedman are outstanding.

Another brilliant songwriter and performer is David Ackles. His second release, *Subway to the Country* (Elektra EKS 74060), is a masterpiece. His work is not folk or rock; it is an extension of the theatre song. *Candy Man* is one of the most perceptive and powerful songs since Kurt Weill. *Main Line Saloon, Cabin on the Mountain*—as a matter of fact, every track is strong and brilliant in varying degrees. While Ackles may not meet with great commercial success, he is destined to become one of the significant composers of this era.

Canadian rock star of the '50s **Ronnie Hawkins**, now most famous for once having assembled The Band for his back-up group, has returned to the scene with an exciting album (Cotillion SD 9019). Hawkins, with an excellent and sensitive Muscle Shoals supporting group, offers a number of country songs from Dylan, Jerry Jeff Walker and Gordon Lightfoot, and several old rock tunes from Carl Perkins, Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley. Hawkins is a masculine yet tender singer who treats both idioms with talent and understanding. He's come a long way since his screaming days, and his new version of his old hit *Forty Days* bears that out. A fine, tasty album.

Fairport Convention, a most versatile and talented English folk-rock group, have just released their second album in this country, *Unhalfbricking* (A&M SP-4206). It is a superb and varied effort, including previously unrecorded Dylan tunes from three different stages of the master's career. The originals, which include *Genesis Hall* and *Who Knows Where the Time Goes*, are very distinctive. A beautiful and varied album that spans rock, cajun music and folk music.

In recent personal appearances, Tina Turner has proved herself to be one of the strongest and most powerful soul singers around, but her scope and material go well beyond the boundaries of "soul music". The two most recent Ike and Tina Turner albums, *Outta Season* (Blue Thumb BTS 6) and *The Hunter* (Blue Thumb BTS 11), are beautiful testaments to her talent. The former, their most unusual recording to date, contains several blues and a couple of spirituals. The record is well programmed and well arranged, and Tina is at her most sensitive. The other album, which features the added bonus of Albert Collins' guitar, is the Turners at their most typical and best; a powerful contemporary rhythm and blues disc. In *River Deep, Mountain High* (A&M SP-4178), recorded some years ago in England and recently released here, the Turners are buried in the Phil Spector sound. Forget that one, but get the other two if you are any kind of rock fan.

Paul Siebel is an urban country singer of considerable writing and performing talent. His first record, *Woodsmoke and Oranges* (Elektra EKS 74064) contains several really outstanding songs, including *Miss Cherry Lane* and *Bride 1945*. Siebel's all star back-up is a superb complement to his singing. Country music with intelligent and relevant lyrics. We will undoubtedly hear more from this man.

The Rolling Stones' *Let It Bleed* (London NPS-4) is another masterful chapter in their brilliant career. All of the songs, with the exception of Robert Johnson's *Love in Vain*, are original, and all have something to offer. The album is an extension of their countryish *Beggars' Banquet*, but it rocks more. The two highlights are *You Can't Always Get What You Want* (an extended version), and *Country Honk*, a reworking of *Honky Tonk Woman* and *Gimme Shelter*, which features Mary Clayton, one of the most powerful and soulful singers I have ever heard.

The Kinks are among the most consistently creative and most underrated of English rock groups. Their *Arthur* (Reprise 6366) is a beautiful collection of original songs, bound together by a story line. No rock opera-type pretense. Just strong, varied songs. While I could not recommend the Kinks in live performance, I heartily recommend this record and two of their previous releases, *Something Else* (Reprise 6279) and *The Village Green Preservation Society* (Reprise 6327).

These are some of the better things I've found to be happening in recent rock.

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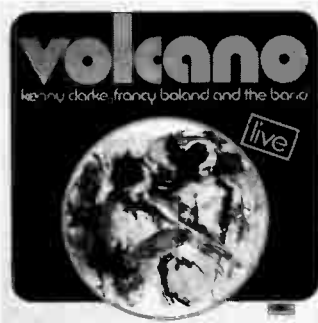
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TOM SCOTT/BLINDFOLD TEST by Leonard Feather



It was in 1948 that the world's first major jazz festival took place in Nice, Eddie Condon launched the first jazz TV series, Dizzy Gillespie's big band made its first overseas tour, and the New York center of jazz was the Royal Roost. During that year, on May 19, Tom Scott was born.

He made up very fast for joining us so late. Son of Nathan Scott, a composer who presently writes the music for the *Lassie* show, he started on clarinet. "I thought I'd be a symphony player; then my dad bought me a Benny Goodman album."

More or less self-taught—"my father just let me do my own thing"—Scott took up saxophone in junior high school. "I started on baritone, then took up alto. I didn't play tenor until I was asked to sub one night with Oliver Nelson's band at Marty's. I ended up taking over the gig, because Oliver wanted a strong soloist. I was 19."

Now pushing 22, Scott is active in studio work, playing all saxes and flute; he has recorded with numerous pop and jazz groups, played with Don Ellis' band and the Howard Roberts and Roger Kellaway combos. He is the leader on two Impulse and two Flying Dutchman LPs. Following in paternal footsteps, he recently wrote his first TV score, an episode of *The Bold Ones*.

This was his first *Blindfold Test* (I began writing the feature two years before his birth).

1. OLIVER NELSON. *Stolen Moments* (from *The Blues and the Abstract Truth*, Impulse). Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone, flute; Nelson, composer, arranger, alto and tenor saxophone; George Barrow, baritone saxophone; Bill Evans, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Well, you started with a five-star album! That's one of my very favorites; always has been. I know almost everybody on there . . . Roy Haynes, and I believe Paul Chambers on bass, Pepper Adams, Eric Dolphy, Freddie Hubbard, Bill Evans, and Oliver Nelson the leader. There are some spectacular soloists. It's a groovy, straight-ahead, classic jazz melody. It's from the *Blues and the Abstract Truth* album, and I've loved that ever since the first moment I heard it.

I played that same tune with Oliver myself many times. I love the voicings and the changes . . . those are the kind of sounds that Oliver really brought into focus.

The tenor solo on that is particularly interesting, because of the very simple motif that Oliver uses, and he just sticks to it; never tries to get complicated. It's a very musical solo.

2. KLAUS DOLDINGER. *Face in the Night* (from *Blues Happening*, Pacific Jazz). Doldinger, soprano saxophone, composer; Ingrid Hoffmann, piano.

That's either an older record made by an American or it's a European, or possibly an Asian musician, because I don't recognize it. Unless it's . . . maybe it's an old Roland Kirk record! But I don't recognize that sound at all. It's a beautiful sound. He transcends the problems of the honkiness that this instrument has, and I enjoyed his playing very much. The piano player was a bit heavy-handed, but of course that could be the recording; it's hard to tell.

Just for the soprano player, for his sound and his feeling, I'd give that between three and four stars.

3. ATTILA ZOLLER. *Another Kind of Love* (from *Gypsy Cry*, Embryo). Lew Tabackin, taragato; Zoller, guitar, composer.

I wasn't nuts about that. Obviously it

was an attempt to play with a contemporary feeling with a contemporary group . . . which is alright—the premise is alright—but it just didn't move me. The solos were kind of bland, and I didn't feel that the musicians were really involved deeply in it. I couldn't identify any of the players. It just all sounded like what a commercial instrumental pop-jazz record is supposed to be, and I didn't get any real strong involvement from the players.

The horn was a soprano saxophone, wasn't it? And the guitar playing just didn't knock me out. All the playing was just adequate; I didn't feel they really cared that much. I can only give that one star.

4. CANNONBALL ADDERLEY. *Gunjah* (from *Accent on Africa*, Capital). Adderley, soprano saxophone; David Axelrod, composer; H.B. Barnum, arranger.

That's the Cannonball Adderley album called *Accent on Africa*. Cannonball has always been one of my very favorite players of all time. I don't think I'm saying anything very revolutionary; he just represents one of the greatest jazzmen of all time. I love the idea of him doing an African album, because the instruments have such a great sound, and all that percussion and everything. But . . . H.B. Barnum is the wrong cat for this album, to me, as the arranger. He doesn't have the harmonic sense that comes anywhere near Cannonball. The writing is like . . . it's almost like a Broadway show, instead of being hip and up to the kind of thing that Cannonball should have behind him. If Oliver Nelson or Quincy or one of those people had written it, I think it would have been a lot better match for Cannonball.

To Cannonball I'd always give five stars, but to the arrangement I'd only give one.

5. COUNT BASIE. *St. Louis Blues* (from *Basie's Beat*, Verve). Al Grey, trombone; Lockjaw Davis, tenor saxophone; Basie, piano; head arrangement.

Well, it's Basie. Probably the greatest big band of all time. It's funny, there's supposed to be a big band revival going on now. You put a rock 'n' roll rhythm

section with a horn section, paraphrase some contemporary themes . . . and that's a big band! But nothing's ever said any better than this as far as big bands . . . it's the best there is.

That was probably Al Grey on gutbucket trombone. Either Frank Foster or Frank Wess on tenor, or one of those cats. They're just too much! What a time feel. That band is just . . . whew! . . . scary. It's great to hear that album. There's nothing like that feeling that Basie gets.

The arrangement was beautiful. I loved the thing with the four muted trumpets, the block thing. Was that Quincy? It's a five-star record, what can I tell you. It just knocks me out.

6. CHARLIE PARKER. *My Little Suede Shoes* (from *Fiesta*, Verve). Parker, alto saxophone.

I guess that was Sonny Stitt, and it was *My Little Suede Shoes*, an old Charlie Parker tune. It wasn't strong enough to be Bird, and yet all the notes and the solo was strictly in the style of Bird, so I would guess that it's Sonny Stitt.

For excitement, it didn't knock me out. I have a record of Bird playing on that, and it's just a knockout. But it was good; competent playing, and the guy knows what he's doing, obviously.

But, because in my mind I'm forced to compare it to the master, I can only give it three stars.

7. JOE HENDERSON. *Black Narcissus* (from *Power to the People*, Milestone). Henderson, tenor saxophone, composer.

That's a very intriguing melody. I think that's Joe Henderson, and it's probably one of his newest albums, because the electric piano's on there, and it's so in vogue.

I thought that tune was the most interesting thing about it . . . and the tenor solo, but it seemed to get a little nebulous somewhere in the blowing part. Music to me is most interesting when there is some identifying motif of some kind; doesn't have to be a melody exactly, but a rhythm or a feeling, something I'm looking for. For my taste, this track is a little spacey; I find my mind wandering. And for that reason I'd have to rate it around three stars.

ES

CAUGHT IN THE ACT



Annette Peacock, Paul Bley (right) and company in action: A bit much?

Paul Bley—Annette Peacock

Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, New York City

Personnel: Paul Bley Trio: Bley, electric keyboard and synthesizer; Bill Folwell, electric bass; Barry Altschul, electric drums. Annette Peacock Ensemble: Perry Robinson, electric clarinet; Mark Whitecage, electric alto and tenor saxophone; Frank Smith, electric tenor saxophone; Miss Peacock, electric vibes, voice; Glen Moore, electric bass; Laurence Cook, electric drums and cymbals.

Music is a way of controlling the environment?: Some show. The chick is too much. It's not enough to be an Ina Ray Hutton any more; now you have to compose, arrange, sing and operate a set of nine footpedals conditioning the output of your own voice and the supporting orchestra. Busy as a pretty girl milking an electronic cow in absorbed concentration, she utters consonants, vowels, syllables, words—but what the Moog moos through the loudspeakers is sounds, electronic sounds.

Well, why not? Ella Fitzgerald, Anita O'Day, and Sheila Jordan improvised choruses out of song-materials and now Annette Peacock "pedal-pipes" (?) the electronic circuit including the combo, and shapes it up in her own conception. It's an innovation, it has ostensibly unlimited possibilities, it's avant garde—it's a bit much—but it's early in the game.

Besides accompanying, Paul Bley presents a free-jazz group format, himself attempting (with some success) to combine left hand on trad organ with right hand triggering wave forms from the Moog. This separated-accessories condition, due to the state of hardware in the evolution of electronic instrumentation, has tended to work against a player's establishing the convincing illusion of his own voice. A severe handicap to the power and persuasiveness of the jazz rhetorician, but—quite recently, a new keyboard device called a polyphonic oscillator bank has been invented, which enables an improviser

to play chord structures of "any" complexity and generate fantastically rich structures. This promises to open both the past and the future to musicians with jazz proclivities and electronic expectations.

Music is a way of revealing people?: I think Annette Peacock's lyrics contribute and sustain their thematic appeal, even though you don't hear the words in the mode of traditional song continuity. You've already scanned them on the program sheet or album note and the tenor of her metaphor has a characteristic mythos that fills out the effects of messages revealing the singer's presence, position, individuality, internal state, behavioral situation, and localization. Concerning the latter item, the acoustics fell short of ideal clarity, and that's another topic. Consider the saxophone: after approximately 100 years, it has yet to make it as a regular member of the symphony orchestra—but it's standard for military band, theater, and dance work. Electronic instruments also have a way to go towards developing a perfect firmness and consistency of tone, yet they do serve to reveal people in new media associations.

Music is for honoring merit and constructing a bridge to the unseen?: Honor? Unseen? Yes. Bley has been honoring jazz for about 15 years, and Miss Peacock presumably for at least six (she may have grown up with r&r). And who wants to claim that this cluster of traditions has been completely exposed? (Not me; messiahs jump out of trees and rocks everywhere; the only problem is they last such a short time in the USA). But you didn't hear any Birds, Bennys or Bixes . . . only a very singing-on-everything-style drummer. Look, the bridge must be constructed. And who knows what idiot-genius will apply for a job on the construction tomorrow?

Compositions that do not have an experimental feature built into them are lacking in interest?: That sounded radical ten years ago, but now more noticeable is the great contrast between the novelty of the instruments and the players. A certain compensation is needed via multicolored spotlights, happening-style clothes, hairdos etc. However, when there is much to be done, one can become great, and it appears but a question of economics and time before pre-synthesized arrangements and compositions will be synthesized, and large bands, combos, and single acts will carry their own taped library of musical environments with spaces to blow-in and be-in. (For a while I was worried.)

—John Benson Brooks

Composer and pianist John Benson Brooks is perhaps best known in jazz circles for his *Alabama Concerto* and *Where Flamingos Fly*, but will also be remembered by older listeners for his album *Folk Jazz* and his interesting scores for the bands of Randy Brooks, Boyd Raeburn, the Dorseys, et al. His most recent work is the mixed-media album *Avant Slant* (Decca).

James Moody

The Frog and Nightgown, Raleigh, N.C.

Personnel: Moody, flute, tenor saxophone; Paul Montgomery, piano; Shelton Williams, bass; Peter Ingram, drums.

This was Moody's first gig since leaving Dizzy Gillespie. After eight years with the trumpeter (not counting the early association in the late '40s) Moody is at the height of his powers, at the pinnacle of critical acclaim for his work on flute, and highly rated on tenor and alto. He had played the club several times as a member of the Gillespie group and thus was familiar with the scene.

At the Frog and Nightgown, a medium-sized room hidden in the suburbs of a

middle-sized city, the popularity of jazz is surprising. It has something to do with management and something to do with the audience. Stan Getz has made the scene, as have Booker Ervin, Herbie Mann, Pepper Adams, Teddy Wilson, Bill Evans, Clark Terry, Zoot Sims, and Charlie Byrd. Between such guest stars the crowds are just as big because Carol Sloane often sings here. Since taking up residence in Raleigh, she has been a steady attraction, except for occasional sidetrips to Ronnie Scott's in London.

Moody was backed by the house band, with owner-host Peter Ingram on drums. The week started with a lot of "get-acquainted" blues and settled down into a maximum-freedom showcase for Moody's linear improvisations. Usually, he took a long intro, leading up to a last-second announcement of the tune, then a little ensemble work followed by a long cadenza (as much as five or more minutes) followed by a quick bowout.

He played only flute and tenor on this date. Asked about the alto, he said, "It's out in the car." But concerning the allegation that the tenor is his favorite, he quickly replied, "I didn't say that."

Moody's tenor is more mainstream and a little mellower than his flute. Since he is a technical wizard on both, and his ideas always flow freely, the difference boils down to sound. On flute, he is abrasive and incisive, and plays closer to the edge of tone production. His tenor, on the other hand, is rounder in tone and sometimes more relaxed.

To have beautiful vibrato on flute and to deliver dizzy-fast passages without ever getting lost are accomplishments which say something about study, concentration, and practice. These efforts give birth to great ideas. While other players, perhaps leaning toward Nashville or rock, can be satisfied with wringing a lot of notes from a single chord, Moody prefers harmonic variety.

I had known that Moody was once a victim of Bell's palsy. Now fully recovered from a period of partial paralysis, he asked, "Did you ever see a candle melting? That's how the right side of my face used to feel." But I didn't know that he had earlier been afflicted with deafness, had gone to a special school, and had practiced lip-reading.

This circumstance clearly resulted in a sharp internal ear, self-reliance, and individuality. This was reflected in the trading of moods with other players. At the Frog, Moody took control of tempos from the start, signaling vigorously with his horn at crucial points. His dialogues principally involved pianist Montgomery and included some extended passages of baroque counterpoint.

Montgomery drives hard, pounces effectively on off-beat chords, and has a powerful left hand. His pungent comments and apt voicings are sometimes betrayed by irrelevant quotes, but his single-note lines are good.

What next for Moody? He would like to front a group of his own, perhaps a trio, using organ and drums. Maybe with voices. "I'd like to make money," he says, and, without pause, "I want to make people happy, too." —D. D. Williams

Sun Ra

Opera House, Brooklyn Academy of Music, Brooklyn, New York

Personnel: Walter Miller, Ahk Tal Ebah, trumpet; Charles Stephens, Dick Griffin, trombone; Bob Northern, French horn; Danny Davis, alto saxophone, clarinet, flute; Danny Thompson, alto saxophone, bassoon, flute; Byard Lancaster, alto saxophone, flute; Marshall Allen, alto saxophone, oboe, flute; John Gilmore, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet, percussion; Sun Ra, Solar sound organ, Solar sound instrument, Sun harps; Bob Cunningham, bass; James Jackson, log drums, conga; Keno Speller, conga, bongos; Rashid Salim, conga; Darryll Brown, drums, timbales; June Tyson, vocals; Verta Grosvenor, voice; Jan Horne, voice; Chuck Davis, Martel Roumain, dance.

This is the Music of the Outer Spheres Of the Kingdom of Not . . .

A sound-tone-poem by Sun Ra, read by Jan Horne as the Arkestra played, opened this concert at which Sun Ra unveiled



VALERIE WILMER

areas of the Intergalactic phase of his Astro-Infinity Music to a New York audience. As befitted this introductory phase, the presentation was a live multi-media enactment of moving Space Theater; with the interrelation of the various media used so precise and vivid that the listener was projected into a panoramic sound journey . . . a sensation of being "enveloped" inside a speed-projection movie, set in and with/in space with an outer/other imagery of moving space, space-beings and beingness.

Sun Ra at the keyboards peeling off sounds; layers of sounds with hovercraft qualities, their densities, airiness and textures propelling upwards and providing the representative platform for solos, group-improvisation and space chords by the Arkestra. The tonal textures achieved demonstrated the expansiveness of his truly chromatic music.

The alto saxophones led by Marshall Allen performed their unique sight and sound group-improvisation with a unity of interweaving figures and lines defying separation . . . and to further define the music the Arkestra as a choral unit sang *Enlightenment*.

*The sound of joy is enlightenment
The space fire truth is enlightenment
Space Fire sometimes is music
Strange mathematics rhythmic
equations . . .*

Launching into *Rocket Number Nine Takes Off for the Planet Venus*, the Arkestra employed the Sun Ra-devised Space

Chords to shift the pace of the rhythm into sheer speed, with Sun Ra accelerating the pace further in his clear spark-speed keyboard solos and duets (with himself on all the keyboards he surrounds himself with on stage). On this tune, John Gilmore displayed his imaginative use of the idea of the space chord, building a forceful tenor saxophone investigation of the mood and pace of the tune. In his continued drive to extend the range of the tenor, Gilmore always reveals areas and ideas of the many "wonders" the tenor saxophone can yield.

The musicians then took the music OUT . . . into the audience and aisles, achieving a 360-degree stereo-effect as they truly aired out the Opera House.

The rhythm of the Intergalactic phase was celebrated in *Spontaneous Simplicity. Watusi*, with its multi-rhythms, featured the whole Arkestra performing as a drum-ensemble, setting the mood for *Shadows*, another Sun Ra sound tone-poem . . .

The Shadows took shape and danced . . . faithfully translated into moves by dancers Chuck Davis and Martel Roumain.

June Tyson reaffirmed the direction of the music and the Arkestra as she reminded the audience of a reality, singing:

*You're living in the Space Age
No matter who you are . . .*

Yes, the Space Age is now and here, a reality and "impossibility" for which Sun Ra devised a music-space music many years ago. A true artist at best is a sensor of his environment, and in Sun Ra we have a master-musician transcending his immediate environment with his "feelers" out into the universe, tapping and bringing in the true transmolecular vibrations of the future. At this concert as always the images the music projected are clear, out there, a/live and reel/y-Real. See?

—Tam Fiofiori

Various Artists

Colonial House, Chicago, Ill.

The Committee to Save Provident Hospital presented an all-star jam session at the Colonial House Restaurant Jan. 23. When I arrived, Gene Ammons and his quartet, featuring George Freeman, guitar; Wally Burton, piano; Chester Williamson, bass; and Bob Guthrie, drums, were playing for the V.I.P. dinner in the main floor dining room. It was gratifying to see jazz showcased in such a plush atmosphere of thick carpets, soft blue and gold decor, and white tablecloths.

Eddie Harris was there with his wife, just returned from the Colonial in Toronto, Canada. With him were his organist, Jody Christian, and Felix Henry, a conga player from California. Guitar Red was on stage, tearing the house down with his blues. Backstage, I ran into tenor player Houston Person, who had come in from Newark, N.J. on his way to the Passport Lounge in Atlanta, Ga.

The jam session upstairs began with tenorist Tommy (Madman) Jones playing *One, Two, Three*. With him were Cleo Griffin, trumpet (formerly with Young-Holt Unlimited); Jon Logan, organ; Jimmy Willis, bass, from the Operation Breadbasket Band; and Curtis Prince, drums. Griffin stretched out in a duet with Jones.

They went into *Manha de Carnival* from *Black Orpheus*. This Brazilian tune showcased drummer Prince, who created a screeching, Afro-psychedelic sound by sliding the palm of his hand over the drum skin. Saxophonist Dinky Morris walked on stage dressed in a dashiki and fez with his wee little soprano. His tone had a jungle-inspired sound. I asked him why he hadn't brought his tenor. He replied that he had too much respect for Ammons.

At this point Sonny Stitt walked in. He'd come over from the Toast of the Town, where he was appearing that weekend. He immediately joined Ammons. Later, as they were approaching the bandstand to play, a cat who said he played violin came up to ask if he could sit in. Gene said, "No, man, me and Sonny got a thing going, and it's just me and him." Then Gene put his arm around Sonny and informed me that Sonny's wife had just had a baby that day. The saxmen went on to play a few numbers, and really gassed everybody with their classic *Blues Up and Down*.

Set three was a free-for-all with the fantastic Eddie Harris, first tenor; Prince James, second tenor; Houston Person, third tenor; Ray Bailey, fourth tenor; and Morris on soprano. Griffin and Frank Gordon played trumpets; Christian, piano; James Willis, bass; Prince, drums; and Henry, conga. They played Harris' hit tune *Listen Here* for about one hundred choruses. Harris then led the tenors into another of his own compositions, so potent for jamming that no rehearsal was needed. On the next tune, Harris hooked up a Condor sound modulator to his horn and went into *Freedom Jazz Dance*. His final offering was the beautiful *Pentology*.

The session continued into the wee morning hours, and the large, enthusiastic turnout (at \$7 per person) indicated that there is still an audience for jazz in Chicago, winter weather and all.

—Mike Romano

Lionel Hampton

Host Farm, Lancaster, Pa.

Personnel: Wallace Davenport, trumpet; Chuck McClen-don, alto sax; Eddie Chamblee, tenor and alto saxophones, flute; Hampton, vibraphone, drums, piano, vocals; William Mackel, electric guitar; Johnny Sproul, organ; Larry Burgin, electric bass; Kenny Boles, drums; Valerie Carr, vocals.

Some audiences are hipper than others and dig nothing better than sitting back to listen to a band stretch out and blow. Others don't know the music so well and prefer the musicians to put on a show.

It was the second kind of audience which enjoyed Lionel Hampton's Revue at the Host Farm resort, a sort of Pennsylvania Dutch Grossinger's. Hamp had the older listeners who remembered him from his Benny Goodman days and the younger ones to whom he was just a name eating out of his hand.

They clapped in time to the music at his prompting, answered his bop-scatted calls with enthusiastic responses, and filled the floor during the dance set. And everybody sang along lustily to *Hebrew Bebop*, the leader's new name for *Havah Nagilah*.

Singer Valerie Carr opened the show with fairly straightforward renditions of *Smile, My Way* and *I've Got to Be Me*,

delivered with a Lady Day kind of breathiness. She just seemed to be getting warmed up, however, as she finished her third song and left the stage, never to reappear for the rest of the evening.

It was Hamp's turn to greet the crowd, and the band vamped while he came out from the wings, got everything arranged to his satisfaction, picked up his vibe mallets and lit into *The Lonely Bull*.

The tone was set for the evening as he played the theme several times without straying far from the melody to make things easy for the audience. He also showed a kinship to Erroll Garner (and several other musicians) by grunting as he played.

A drum exhibition followed on *Age of Aquarius*, after the theme on vibes. On top of regular drummer Boles, Hamp started out sticking in regular accents, twirling his sticks as he played. Applause, then a short organ solo—solos were rarely more than a chorus or two—before Hamp and Boles traded fours a few times to propel the boss into a hot drum solo.

Hebrew, which came next, started out with some Hebrew scales, then went into a rhythm thing to get the audience clapping in time until the *Havah Nagilah* section.

Up till now, Hamp had been illuminated from about the knot on his tie down, but some pleading with the light man fixed that. It took more exhortations to get proper lighting for a go-go girl who danced to Hamp's singing and Chamblee's tenor sax in the next tune.

It was about at this point that the band really started cooking. *Hey Baba-Rebop* was a call-and-response vehicle between Hamp and the audience, and a high note trumpet solo by Davenport coupled with a trumpet-led ensemble chorus straight out of Fletcher Henderson's *King Porter Stomp* arrangement complemented Hamp's first piano playing of the evening.

When the band started out on *The Saints*, all the horn men got up and trooped to the front of the stage, then were led down to the tables by Hamp. Sticks in hand, he drummed on the piano, on the front of the stage, on the tables, and any other place with a hard surface, sweat beading on his face.

Saints was certainly a crowd pleaser, but there was spontaneous applause and singing along at the end of the set with *God Bless America*, played straight. It would have been a nice place to break, but the band was to play at Harlem Hospital the next day, so the dance set followed immediately.

Some of the best solos came during this set, but the general increase in the noise level caused by the dancers made them hard to appreciate. Hamp tapped out a sensitive vibes version of *Misty* with double-time and slow, melodic passages at the beginning of the set, and Chamblee played powerful tenor in an unidentified line on *I Got Rhythm* changes at the end.

The house band, a strong quartet led by pianist Dick Hamilton and featuring vocalist Larry Dixon (who doubles on trumpet), made some surprisingly fine music for dancing before and after the Hampton sets. Rhythm was supplied by Sam Lockhart, bass, and Charles Van Horn, drums.

—Dave Lorentz

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BASIE

(Continued from page 15)

the three closing numbers.

By now I have heard almost everyone in the band long enough to be impressed with his solo qualifications. Eric Dixon's tenor and flute never seem to pall. The elegant Marshall Royal alto was beautifully displayed in *The Midnight Sun Will Never Set*. The importance of Harold Jones as a pacemaker cannot be overestimated; he and his rhythm section teammates have been welded into a cohesive unit during Harold's two years in the band.

Two of the band's newer and lesser known soloists, Frank Hooks and Waymon Reed, were among the late-night sitters-in at the Q4. Rafe Perno, Basie's valet, took over on drums. The rule in this room appears to be that it will stay open until the last customer has departed, even if it takes all night. The British musicians, though not of exceptional merit as soloists, have been rounding out the rhythm section adequately when called upon; Jake Hanna, too, has become a frequent sitter-in. Something of the atmosphere of the great 52nd Street days seems to be coming alive here in a spontaneous manner that I haven't seen on any landbound spot in years.

In the true spirit of noblesse oblige, Sarah called Mary Stallings and asked her to come to the Q4 where a vocal free-for-all took place with Sass, Mary, Caryl Payne (more about her later) and a couple of the English girls.

I suppose I should mention that we do also see daylight on the QE 2. Most of the musicians and their wives are up by mid-morning, relaxing in the spacious area around one or other of the two outdoor swimming pools—preferably the upper level one, which has an adjacent bar. Some of the sidemen (and other passengers) carry cassettes for poolside music. Sonny Cohn, the band's expert photographer, is busy with a shoulder load of still and movie cameras.

The most conscientious sideman appears to be Eric Dixon. Every morning, walking through the main lounge, I find him at the piano working on some new arrangement; later on he can be found out on deck, filling in the charts.

Katy Basie, a lively and outgoing personality, is into every facet of the QE 2's active social life. Bill Basie is seen around less frequently. Several members of the band and their attractive wives are usually on the scene by the time lunch is served (choice of full-course lunch in the restaurant or cold meal on a tray outside, with most of us opting for the latter.)

There is much mingling during the sunlight hours among British and American musicians and passengers; the social atmosphere is enhanced by such amenities as afternoon-tea-and-cake, the proximity of card rooms, Turkish and sauna baths, gymnasium, the arcade of gift shops, library, coffee shop etc. The Basie men are better qualified than the British cats to take complete advantage of all the facilities, since they are completely at liberty 23 hours a day. There is even a rumor that they may have one or two nights off, presumably on the grounds that they need


a rest from this rigorous schedule.

I have heard one or two complaints that the band has not been used enough, but on the basis of five days' observation I would say that Terry Conroy's concept is valid: better to give us all a gentle regular taste of Basie than to swamp everybody with a two or three hour recital every day. This is still basically a vacation, not a jazz festival.

The big question, one that could affect hundreds of musicians in the immediate future, is: has this project been justified? After all, 780 passengers isn't much when you compare it with the QE 2's Christmas cruise, which took along a capacity crowd of 1500.

Today, for the first time, I was able to ferret out a meaningful answer. One of this ship's chief officers, Assistant Hotel Manager H.S. Humphreys, said: "We're reasonably sure this idea has worked out successfully. I can't say anything officially yet, but it seems very likely to me that this can lead to an expanded policy of well known bands and singers on a lot of our cruises."

The economics behind his evaluation can easily be understood: allowing for money spent at gift shops and the various other expenditures, aside from the fare, as few as 50 extra passengers could add \$50,000 to the gross for these ten days—approximately three times the band's fee. There isn't the slightest doubt that Basie's presence has brought close to 100 additional voyagers.

This could indeed be the start of something big. We'll know soon, presumably. Meanwhile, onward to Barbados. 

CARTER

(Continued from page 19)

"I don't hear many rock groups swinging," White went on. "Swing is what the rhythm section did in the old African rituals. The only thing I can hear when I hear a band swinging is a circle—it goes. If it's choppy, it isn't swinging."

White added:

"I don't think jazz evolved in the black community. It evolved from contact with the white community."

Then is it absurd to talk of jazz dying when the Afro-American conditions that produced it are still here?

"Jazz isn't going down," said Carter, who had remarked earlier that jazz is selling more records than ever but not getting much of a live audience. "It's the audience that's going down. The audience isn't keeping up with the music. Jazz is neglected but it's not dead. I think there's going to be a big jazz revival. It's alive and kicking and it will be kicking higher and higher."

"But compared to what?" asked Chris White. "What are you judging success by? Dollars and cents? Or whether the music is evolving? The mainstream of America is usually ten years behind on this. When jazz was very popular we had a situation of blacks imitating whites who were imitating blacks."

"But one thing has happened," White emphasized. "A lot of people are becoming aware of the verb 'swing' who used to know it only as a noun."

The following night, in a concert at Alexander Hall, Carter made everyone present aware of the verb "swing". He had imported a rhythm section from New York that was the very essence of that verb—Roland Hanna, piano, Ron Carter, bass, and Grady Tate, drums. As the audience warmed to the group, the first thing that drew its attention was the subtle humor in Tate's drumming. But Hanna, building solos from a discreet, deliberate start to climaxes that were magnificent displays of dramatically structured virtuosity, proved to be the evening's real crowd rouser.

Carter had told me the previous day that until he had left California ten days earlier, "I hadn't played my sax for about a year and a half." In response to a question about whether he thinks when he is improvising, he had said: "No, at that point, it's automatic. But when I haven't been playing every day and I'm not up to my peak proficiency, I have to think about what I should attempt so I can have an alternative ready in case I don't make it."


At the concert, Carter's proficiency seemed undiminished. If he was seeking easy alternatives, it was not noticeable. The pure, beautiful, singing tone that has always been his hallmark on alto came glowing through in the quartet's first number, a bright, limbering-up treatment of *Perdido*. Moving on to Nat Adderley's *Work Song*, he began to stretch out, digging into some muttering figures that became a rolling, swinging mass of sound. Hanna began to come to the fore in this piece with Tate's eruptive rolls punctuating and spurring his solo.

On ballads—I *Can't Get Started* and *All the Things You Are*—the crystalline clarity of Carter's tone was set in fascinating contrast to Hanna's use of thickly textured complexities that came out as beautifully articulated, full-bodied phrases.

Early in the evening, Carter picked up his trumpet for a medley of *Rose Room* and *In a Mellotone*. He had told the previous day's seminar that when he played trumpet, "I really have to think because I play it so rarely." In his two trumpet solos on the medley, which he used to illustrate the use of a chord structure as the basis for improvisation, his tone was a bit thin and his attack a little tentative. But later in the evening, on *Funky Blues*, his trumpet had a bright, brassy bite.

The program that Carter chose touched most of the bases in the broad central areas of jazz—Fats Waller's *Ain't Misbehavin'* with Hanna producing a solo that was aptly rollicking without being in the least derivative of Waller; *Night in Tunisia*; the ballads; the blues; recent pop hits (*Ode to Billie Joe* and a tightly rhythmic version of *By the Time I Get to Phoenix*, in which Hanna's mixture of eruptive drive and mock, silent-movie sentimentality broke up the audience); and a waltz (Carter was writing jazz waltzes 35 years ago), Ron Carter's *Little Waltz*, which had the bassist's major solo of the evening.

Benny's polish and vitality shone through both the concert and the seminars.

"Now I have the feeling of what I could do," he said when it was all over. "But I don't feel like a full professor yet." 

NYRO

(Continued from page 13)

and this is a tough one, because I don't have it finished, yet. The lyrics are finished, but, musically, I have been resculpturing and resculpturing, because it's just not where I want it to be, yet. I know where I want it to be and I keep working on it to get it there.


"I think of my albums as a lifeline. Eight months will go by and I've written ten songs and, for some reason, those ten songs form a circle and it's a very natural process. That's what's happened with this album (*New York Tendaberry*). Since my first album (*Eli and the Thirteenth Confession*) I wrote these songs, and, when I sit down to write, there ain't nothin' but me and the piano. I know that there are a lot of people who write for a market. I can't do that . . . that's out. When I sit down at the piano, I don't think about other people—will they think *this* or be *that*—I sit down and the communication comes from my heart and on to the paper and the piano . . . that's where it is and, if it communicates from there—*beautiful*."

That it does communicate from there is now a matter of record, and chances are that Laura Nyro will go on communicating in her own very special way for some time. "I know that soon I'm going to be older," she says when asked about her future, "and in a certain sense, I am looking forward to getting on in years, to being 30 or 35 and getting a certain maturity, because I have a lot of respect for maturity and I know that I am happier with each year of my life. I also feel that with this maturity will come a certain grace, because I'm a little bit reckless. I want to do my own television special, because I know what can be done and it isn't being done—I have such wonderful ideas for a special—all little, precious things."

About today's pop music, Miss Nyro feels that it is "going through a renaissance and that it has gone through decadence . . . like innocence and ignorance". And she adds: "The pop music of the '50s communicated *those* times . . . these times are smashing and a lot of truth is being sought out, because you can't live without truth . . . you can't *live*, you can only *survive*, and I feel that there is a renaissance about it all now."

"The world is going through a moral revolution and, sometimes I feel like a mirror in a storm—a mirror that's smashed against the earth. I don't read newspapers, but I know what's going on."

Obviously, Columbia has learned what's going on, and they are giving Miss Nyro the creative freedom previously denied her. "I started at the bottom of the barrel, in the gutter," she observes, "and it's just a whole different feeling now, I feel protected."

It is that feeling that created her two latest albums and propelled her to stardom. There are those who think of Laura Nyro as somewhat of an enigma, but the truth is that she is simply a very creative artist, takes her craft seriously, knows what she wants, fights to get it, and does not allow herself to get marooned in the shallows of show business. 



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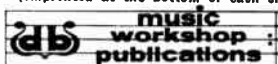
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On October 28, 1947, Charlie Parker recorded two takes of *Embraceable You* for Dial records. Either one of them might rank with his best ballad interpretations, but the first (Dial take 1106A) is the best, and one of the most beautifully patterned of all of Parker's recorded solos. There is one fleeting reference to Gershwin's melody line, but even it is an integral part of a spontaneous design of Parker's own.

The solo begins simply, and ends relatively simply, so that its general contours describe a rise and fall, a quick curve upward, then downward. But within the beautiful intricacies of its middle portion, Parker "airs out" his complex phrases with effectively contrasting simple ones.

The opening motive (the pickup and bar 1) is repeated (variously pronounced and embellished) five times in as many bars, but the fifth appearance begins a burst of melody which, one breath being granted it, comes to rest with yet another echo of that opening motive (bars 7 and 8). From that point on, the motive appears in various permutations as a kind of organizing reference point. Notice the ingenious use of it in bar 18, and the sequential treatment that begins after the rest in bar 27.

Such comments are apt to make the most warm and lyric of ballads seem an exercise in ingenuity, I know, but that is the inevitable risk one takes in such descriptions. The ultimate remedy, of course, is to return to the record itself. It was most recently available on the *Charlie Parker Sextet* (Roost 2210) and *Bird Symbols* (Charlie Parker Records 407).

The painstaking notation below, in concert pitch, is the work of Zito Carno and Jimmy Giuffre, in a collaboration which Miss Carno will first (and I hope happily) become aware of when she reads this.

—Martin Williams

$\text{♩} = 64$



JAZZ ON CAMPUS

Campus Ad Lib: A *Sounds of the '70s* concert was presented Feb. 28 by seven faculty members and 45 students from the Berklee School of Music. The concert demonstrated the research Berklee has been doing in incorporating the Condor Sound Modulator into traditional orchestra and solo repertoire and contemporary jazz, rock and big band contexts . . . A new jazz lab band directed by John DeRoule and Bunky Green began rehearsals March 9 at the Wilbur Wright College in Chicago. The band sessions will explore the latest techniques of improvisation, ensemble playing, and arranging techniques for jazz band. The band, open to competent jazz-oriented musicians, is part of the college's adult education division. Local mainstays of the band include former Count Basie trumpeter Oscar Brashear and alto saxophonist John Wonsowicz and bassist Stevel Gocel, recently of the University of Illinois Jazz Band. Guest artists and lecturers will be presented and at least one public concert will be given near the end of the course . . . Joel Leach, chairman of the West Coast College Jazz Festival at San Fernando Valley State College (Northridge, Cal.), April 3 and 4, has announced the judges for the event: Big Band—Louis Bellson, Dee Barton, Pat Williams; Combo and Vocal—Bob Fitzpatrick, Gary

Barone, and Larry Bunker. Eighteen ensembles are entered with finals scheduled for Saturday, April 4. Admission is \$2.00 . . . The Dick Klein Philadelphia Jazz Ensemble has been awarded a contract to participate in a federally-funded cultural enrichment program called *Project Spotlight* at 35 high schools in the southern New Jersey area. Each program includes a performance and clinic analyzing contemporary jazz, comparing it with classical and pop music in terms of melody, harmony, and rhythm. Members of the ensemble include: Klein, drums, (currently a lawyer and formerly an honor graduate of Harvard Law School, where he formed his first award-winning jazz group); Alfred Harrison, trumpet, a member of the Philadelphia Musical Academy big band; Robert Patten, saxophone, flute (a senior at Temple University College of Music and a student teacher in the Philadelphia school system); Stanley Clarke, bass (also a P.M.A. band member), and Eric Shaw, piano and arranger . . . The Texas Fine Arts Commission sponsored the guest appearance of the Bob Morgan Jazz Octet from Sam Houston State College (Huntsville) at the recent third annual Robert E. Lee Jazz Festival in Houston, Tex. Morgan also served as a judge, along with tenorist Arnett Cobb and reed man Tony Campise. The Kashmere Gardens high school of Houston won the 4A category for the second straight year, with guitarist Johnny Reason also repeating as the festival's outstanding musician. Lancaster

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high school won the 3A division and Rogers was the junior high school class winner . . . Marty Paich has accepted the directorship of the Famous Arrangers Clinic at the University of Nevada (Las Vegas), June 21 to July 3. Other staff instructors will include Billy Byers, Dan Haerle, Wes Hensel, and Keith Moon . . . Herb Patnoe will direct the Summer Jazz Clinics at Oklahoma and Denver in June while Leon Breeden is abroad with the North Texas State University Lab Band . . . A new 64-page (8½ x 11) book, *Cymbal Set-ups of Famous Drummers* is available free from the Avedis Zildjian Company, 39-B Fayette St., North Quincy, Mass., 02171. This unique publication devotes a full page each to 57 top drummers and their complete set-ups, together with specifications as to size, weight, and type of each cymbal . . . John Abate, guitarist, was guest clinician at the recent second annual Florida Stage Band Festival at Gainesville, Florida, hosted by Bob Foster and the University of Florida Gator Band. Also presented was an All-State Stage Band performing arrangements by Robert Edson of Omaha, Neb. the 1970 FBA Stage Band clinician . . . Bill Stevenson, lead trumpeter of the Shenandoah Conservatory of Music Jazz Ensemble (Winchester, Va.), reports that he is interested in exchanging original arrangements, particularly any from the libraries of Buddy Rich, Don Ellis, etc. His band is currently using the *Mercy, Mercy*, chart by Phil Wilson (db/*Music*

'69) and the *Blood, Sweat&Tears' Spinning Wheel* (db, Sept. 18, 1969) in their local concerts. Any group that has arrangements to exchange, big band and combo, please write to this column, c/o down beat, 222 West Adams, Chicago, Ill. 60606 . . . Ladd McIntosh, the very talented arranger-composer whose big band from Ohio State University (Columbus) swept all honors at the 1967 Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, intends to return to the educational field after three years of commercial arranging and performing. His primary interest is to direct and/or organize a jazz program at the university level. (Here is a chance for a college to get "relevant" in a hurry. McIntosh has all the credentials and talent to put it all together) . . . The 11th Annual Chicagoland Jazz Band Festival was again a success, with over 85 bands within a 150-mile radius of Chicago participating. The winners in their respective division in the Feb. 7 competition were: AA (schools under 1500 enrolment): Prospect high school; A,B,C: Herscher; Junior high: Brookfield high school; and combo: Proviso East No. 1 . . . The Ontario College of Percussion (Toronto) offers a two-year course in percussion aimed toward preparing the student for a professional career as a well-rounded musician. Paul Robson, director, is a noted composer-arranger-conductor and the author of a well-known percussion series. The curriculum includes theory, harmony, compositional techniques, recording workshops,

and covers all the percussion instruments, rhythmic and melodic, with Latin instruments exhaustively covered. Specialization is the keynote, with the student totally immersed in percussion from the outset of his studies. Staff members include former George Shearing vibist Hagood Hardy (advanced mallet instructor); bassist Stan Zadak, pianist Bob Fenton, drummer Russ Fearon, Neil Pooley (arranging and composition instructor), and Robson. Presently, Robson is rehearsing a percussion ensemble, comprised of advanced students and professionals, for a projected tour of the United States and Canada . . . Also interested in teaching in the burgeoning college jazz field is Lt. Colonel Victor J. Molzer, USAF, the current director of the NORAD big band and past director of many fine service band programs (send inquiries to this column) . . . Paul Slatkus, general chairman of the third annual Quinpiac Jazz Festival (Hamden, Conn.). April 17 and 18, announces the schedule and ticket prices for the event: Friday evening: \$3.50, \$4.50; Saturday morning: \$1; Saturday afternoon: \$2; Saturday evening: \$4 and \$5 . . . Coppin State College of Baltimore recently formed the Coppin State College Jazz Society. Objective: to promote the appreciation and performance of jazz on campus as an art form, and to emphasize the major contributions made by Black Americans to the nation's culture. On Dec. 16, the Society presented the Bill Anderson Quintet in concert.



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(Continued from page 11)

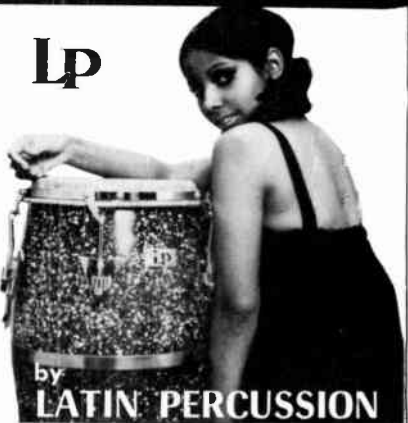
cussionist Buck Clarke and pianist Monty Alexander were two of the recent celebrants at the Jazz Vespers at St. Peter's Church. Also heard was drummer Al Drears' quintet (Richard Williams, trumpet; Paul Jeffrey, tenor saxophone; Richard Wyands, piano; John Williams, bass) . . . A Sunday service at the Unitarian Church in Ridgeway, N.J. was performed in part by singer Damon Keryatta, with Roland Hanna, piano, and Richard Davis, bass.

Los Angeles: Cal State at Los Angeles presented its Third Annual Jazz Festival, and per usual, most of the sounds were strictly avant garde. However, the biggest draw was the Gerald Wilson Orchestra. Among the groups heard during the four-day festival were the New Art Jazz Ensemble with John Carter and Bobby Bradford; the Contemporary Jazz Orchestra led by Horace Tapscott; the Stanley Crouch Ensemble featuring alto saxophonist Black Arthur; the Glen Faris Quintet; a combo fronted by Michael Cohen; the Sonny Simmons Quintet, with Simmons' wife Barbara Donald on trumpet; a combo led by Walter Savage; The Sonny Harrison Sextet; The Fourth Way from San Francisco, and such familiar names as Hampton Hawes, Teddy Edwards, Sonny Criss and John Klemmer. The concerts—held from Tuesday through Friday—were noon events so that a maximum number of students could attend . . . A number of new clubs opened recently in the area. Dan Terry, shedding his "Big Daddy" image, leased part of the sprawling Lido Manor in Studio City, refurbished it, and dubbed it "Dan Terry's Lido Room." He began with a bang bringing in the bands of Don Ellis, Bob Jung, Mike Barone and Dee Barton, in addition to using his own 18-piece band on weekends. Ellis, incidentally, calls it "the best room for a big band in town." Terry did much of the refurbishing with his own hands. He also secured permission to stay open after hours, serving breakfast from 2 to 5 a.m. As he put it, "Musicians have no place to go after their gigs. But this will be a real after-hours hangout for them." The diet will not be confined to big bands. There will be plenty of combos and even some rock . . . Not too far from the Lido is the new Creation, in Encino, essentially a ballroom for teen-agers, where the diet will be part jazz, part rock. Holding forth for the first few weekends: Don Ellis, plus blues man Albert King . . . Another new club, just south of Hollywood, is the Bayou, a private club. Its policy Sunday afternoons and Monday evenings will be jazz. The Bayou is close to Redd Foxx's, which is acting like a brand new club since Bill Cosby has taken over the talent coordinating. The first bill he put together had himself as headliner, along with Jimmy Witherspoon and Dizzy Gillespie's quintet. The Modern Jazz Quartet and the Les McCann Trio followed for one week, Sarah Vaughan for one; Hugh Masekela for two, and Mongo Santamaria for one. Pretty good for a room

whose official capacity is 119 warm bodies! All this, plus the previously reported rebirth of the Coconut Grove under the direction of Sammy Davis Jr. has given the new decade an exciting boost in Los Angeles . . . Turning to those spots that kept the faith during the '60s; the Lighthouse had a Latin orgy with successive bookings of Cal Tjader and Mongo Santamaria, followed by Les McCann for two weeks. Shelly's Manne-Hole kept the melting pot theory alive with Willie Bobo, the Jazz Crusaders, Herbie Hancock, and Bill Evans each contributing two-week stanzas. Donte's featured the Howard Roberts Quintet for all the weekends it could find during February. Personnel: Tom Scott, reeds; Dave Grusin, keyboards; Chuck Domanico, bass; John Guerin, drums. Another quintet featured for the month (On Tuesdays) was fronted by trombonist Frank Rosolino and included Conte Candoli, trumpet; Frank Strazzeri, piano, Monty Budwig, bass; Nick Ceroli, drums . . . The Three Sounds worked at the It Club, sharing the stand with singer Gene Diamond . . . George Shearing brought his quintet into the Hong Kong Bar for the seventh time. No other group can make that boast. New face in the combo was drummer Ray Price. The Four Freshmen were due to open at the Hong Kong March 16. Same hotel, Century Plaza; different room, Westside Room; Earl Grant was the headliner for a four-week stint. He was backed by guitarist Henry Swan; bassist David Dyson; and his younger brother, Bill Grant, on drums . . . O. C. Smith will open the Westside Room April 14. The singer did a two performance one-nighter at Cal Tech's Beckman Auditorium, as well as a one-nighter at Disneyland with Gladys Knight and the Pips . . . Lou Rawls is scheduled to make his second European tour within a year following a concert at Washington's Constitution Hall. While abroad, Rawls will tape a Tom Jones Show, a David Frost Show, a BBC-TV variety show, and will tour U.S. military bases in Germany . . . Singer Lorez Alexandria had to cancel her traveling plans. Following a gig in Chicago, she developed a case of the flu which impeded her breathing. She cancelled an engagement at New York's Round Table, plus some concerts in Trinidad and Guyana, and returned home to recuperate. The Caribbean tour will take place later this year.

Chicago: One of the few remaining center-city havens for traditional jazz, Sloppy Joe's (420 N. Dearborn St.) closed its doors Feb. 8, leaving the Salty Dogs temporarily homeless. The Dogs were a longtime weekend attraction at the club . . . Joe Segal's Feb. 22 session at the North Park Hotel featured tenorist Harold Land and vibist Bobby Hutcherson with a local rhythm section: Richard Abrams, piano; Rufus Reid, bass; and Wilbur Campbell, drums. The North Park was also the scene of the Jazz Institute of Chicago's final *Month of Sundays* session Feb. 15. The concert featured trombonist Georg Brunis, who recently turned 70, with Nappy Trotter,

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trumpet; Russ Whitman, clarinet, bass saxophone; Andy Johnson, piano; Rail Wilson, bass, and Barrett Deems, drums. Trombonist-singer Bill Hank and cornetist George Finola sat in . . . Clark Terry appeared as guest soloist with the Forest View High School Band in Arlington Heights Feb. 18 and with the Fenton High School Stage Band Feb. 21 at the Black Hawk Auditorium in nearby Bensenville . . . The Gene Ammons quintet filled in for ailing Nina Simone at a Feb. 11 concert at the University of Illinois Chicago Circle Campus. Ammons, Sonny Stitt, and the Count Basie band played a one-nighter at the High Chaparral . . . Guitarist Phil Upchurch's quartet presented a free concert at Lake Forest College Feb. 20 . . . A new rock emporium, the Five Stages, 2451 N. Kedzie Ave., opened Feb. 21 with a concert featuring Oliver and the Hardy Boys. Co-owner Jim Riley plans to book artists from all idioms, including Basie, Stitt, and pop, rock, and country & western artists . . . Following Ramsey Lewis' Trio at the London House was the Bossa Rio, a spinoff of the Sergio Mendes Brasil '66 group. Featured are vocalist Gracinha and vocalist-flutist Pery Ribeiro . . . Former Basie vocalist Marlenna Shaw opened Feb. 16 at the Playboy Club . . . The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (AACM) presented a concert at the Blue Gargoyle, 5655 S. University Ave. on Feb. 20. The program included a brass ensemble (Lester Lashley, trombone; Frank Walton, trumpet; Leo Smith, fluegelhorn), a percussion ensemble (Thurman Barker, Steve McCall, and Smith), and a trio comprised of Lashley, Barker and Smith . . . The Texas Lady Club, 3135 W. Cermak Rd., held its grand opening Feb. 19, featuring the Don Patterson All Stars. With the organist were trombonist Billy Howell, reed man Sonny Seals, and drummer Billy James . . . Bill and Ruth Reinhardt and the house band from Jazz Ltd. appeared on Robert Cromie's *Chicago Is* TV show Feb. 12 . . . Pianist Gene Esposito's group began a six-week return engagement Feb. 10 at the Den Downstairs, 44 E. Walton St. . . . The Woody Herman Herd played several dates in the area recently, including a Feb. 22 stint at the Holiday Ballroom . . . The Judy Roberts Trio and Dick Gregory performed at a recent benefit concert for the Ancona Montessori School. Held at Sauer's Brauhaus, proceeds from the concert went for the elementary-level Head Start program at the school.

Philadelphia: Since trombonist Al Grey and his group established what seems to be permanent residence at the First Nighter, the room has become a center for local talent. Elmer Gibson, piano; Benny Nelson, bass, and Johnny Royall, drums, were backing Al and his amplified trombone at this writing. Bobby Durham was slated to return to the group's drum chair after his engagement with Oscar Peterson at the Plaza 9 in New York. Pianist Ray Bryant and Monty Alexander have been seen in the room, and a big going-away party for vocalist Ernie Banks found many musicians on hand (Ernie is off to give California a try) . . .

Bassist John Lamb had hoped to return to the Duke Ellington band for a trip to Japan and Australia before resuming his studies at the Philadelphia Musical Academy, but the talented bassist's Japanese clearance did not arrive in time for the trip . . . Yesterdays Papers, a young local rock group, were unhappy recently when a local club owner falsely advertised their appearances for New Year's Eve and other engagements even though they had invited most of their more devoted fans to their own party elsewhere . . . AFM local #274 had an open house party for the installation of their new officers and the reinstallation of President Jimmy Adams . . . Jazz fans were disappointed when bassist Nelson Boyd lost the gig at Camden, N.J.'s new Apollo Club. Howard McGhee and Joe Carroll were featured with the band and a number of exciting guest artists were heard before the owners decided to drop the name music policy . . . The Steel Pier in Atlantic City is undergoing major repairs to meet the coming season. A fire caused serious damage to the famous Marine Ballroom and other sections of the pier . . . Yusef Lateef and McCoy Tyner were featured with the Eddie Green Trio, the Metronomes, and others at a Town Hall concert sponsored by the Philadelphia Jazz Society on Feb. 8 . . . West Philadelphia's Aqua Lounge was presenting local artists in special cameo concerts at this writing. Name jazz group presentations were suspended . . . The Happening closed for alterations. This central city rock spot had been drawing good crowds . . . Pianist Jimmy Golden, teamed with vocalist Jimmy Holmes, has been held over repeatedly in Puerto Rico. The Three J's Trio, featuring Ernie Rankin and Skip Johnson, replaced Golden with pianist Oliver Collins, long-time member of the Rufus Harley group . . . Organist Trudy Pitts and drummer Bill Carney returned from a Puerto Rican and Caribbean tour recently. Trudy and Bill had not been back from Europe long before making this jaunt, and also recently played Rochester, N.Y.

Washington, D.C.: The Left Bank Jazz Society of Washington recently featured the Benny Powell Sextet. With the trombonist were Virgil Jones, trumpet; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano; Eugene Wright, bass, and Bill English, drums. Freddie Hubbard brought his quintet to town for the Left Bank's January "Last Saturday Concert." The quintet included tenorist Junior Cook, tenor saxophonist-pianist Cedar Walton, bassist Wayne Dockery, and drummer Louis Hayes. The Tony Williams Trio and the McCoy Tyner Quartet were to appear in a special two-concert presentation for Left Bank in February . . . The Cellar Door has showcased a string of name jazz acts. The Buddy Rich band was followed by Miles Davis, with the usual quintet augmented by Brazilian percussionist Airto Moriera. The Adderley Brothers were next, and Herbie Mann's group was to follow . . . Pianist Don Walker and his trio (Terry Plumeri, bass; Mike Smith, drums) opened recently at the Top of the Tomfoolery . . . Bass-

ist Keter Betts leads a superb trio at the smart Georgetown supper club, I'm Tony. Bertell Knox is the drummer and Rueben Brown the pianist. Owner Tony Vagnozzi plans to introduce name acts to the club, including singers Lurlean Hunter, Mabel Mercer, Marge Dodson, and others. Singer Clint Holmes, who finished up an eight-month engagement at the Judges Inn, played Tony's in late February. Holmes' guitarist and musical director, Fred Kearnes, joined the Betts trio for this engagement . . . Roberta Flack continues at Mr. Henry's on Capitol Hill . . . Organist Ricky Lyons leads a trio at the Zambezi Lounge on South Capitol Street. The group includes guitarist Robert Whiting and drummer Billy Saunders . . . The Purple Parachute Lounge at the Holiday Inn across the river in Virginia has begun a new music policy. A group called Three Plus Me opened in late January. Leader is reed man Bill Nerenberg, with pianist Ed Plunkett, bassist Derwyn Holder, and drummer Ed Cornett.

Dallas: The once-thriving Sunday afternoon jazz sessions have been revived at the Woodmen Auditorium, the initial concert featuring Red Garland, piano; Fathead Newman, tenor; Walter Winn, drums; James Fisher, bass and Roger Boykin, guitar, among others . . . One of Dallas' oldest and most famous night spots, the Adolphus Hotel Century Room, operating of late under varied formats as the Fleur De Lis Club and Arthur Discotheque, has reopened under its original name with such bands as Les Elgart featured on a weekend basis . . . The Olympia Brass Band, an authentic New Orleans marching ensemble, appeared at the kickoff of the Fairmont Hotel's month-long Mardi Gras promotion in February, co-sponsored by its sister hotel, the Fairmont Roosevelt . . . Drummer Paul Guerrerero's trio, with Al Wesar, bass, and Jack Petersen, piano and guitar, was asked to judge the Stephen F. Austin College Stage Band Festival this year . . . Jack Teagarden Jr. is the new manager of the recently opened Holiday Inn-Elm Place in downtown Dallas . . . Sergio Mendes and Brazil '66 appeared in a recent Dallas onenighter. Ditto for James Brown and Iron Butterfly . . . Don Jacoby took a six-piece group into the new Pearl Street Warehouse in February, retaining two long-standing sidemen, Wayne Harrison, trombone, and Lou Marini, saxes and flute. The rhythm section is, Bobby Henschen, piano; Mark Miller, bass, and Banks Dimon, drums . . . J&L Unlimited, a versatile vocal-instrumental group led by Jim Herbert, bass and guitar, with Gerald Pierce, drums, and Lynn Pendergrass, piano, Fender piano and electric harpsichord, moved from the Hyatt House Touche Lounge to the Vagabond Club, then to the Lancers before a probable return to the Touche . . . Veteran tenor man Joe Johnson and his revue are featured Sunday nights at the Riviera Club in suburban Hamilton Park.

Toronto: The crowds were out again when Thelonious Monk appeared at the

Colonial Tavern and the Buddy Rich Orchestra took over the Royal York Hotel's Imperial Room. Monk, set for two weeks, very nearly didn't make it. He arrived four days late for the date, stating that he had the flu, couldn't find one of his sidemen, and that his wife had failed to tell him he was to appear at the Colonial. With him were Wilbur Ware, bass; Beaver Harris, drums, and new tenor saxist Pat Patrick, replacing Charlie Rouse... The Saints and Sinners' rhythm section (Red Richards, piano; Danny Mastri, bass; George Reed, drums) were back at the Cav-a Bob with guest star Buddy Tate, who played brilliant tenor saxophone solos... Dance bands have been re-instated at the King Edwards Hotel's Oak Room. A new band comes in every two weeks until June. Among the leaders are Frank Bogart, Trump Davidson, Eugene Amaro, Walter Mishko... Drummer Ron Rully, leader of the pop-jazz band, The Upland Windmill, recorded for Arca Records recently with singer Salome Bey, who is appearing in the revue *Spring Thaw*.

Paris: From Feb. 6 to 28, the Charlie Shavers Quintet toured in France. The group, which included saxophonist Budd Johnson, pianist Andre Persiany, bassist Roland Lobligeois, and drummer Oliver Jackson, recorded two LPs for the Black & Blue label... After six weeks in England (including four at the Ronnie Scott Club), Raahsan Roland Kirk & The Vibration Society (Ron Burton, piano; Vernon Martin, bass; Harold White, drums; Joe Texidor, percussion) started a two-week tour of the Continent Feb. 16. They played Holland, Finland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Germany, and in Paris on Feb. 22... The new Dizzy Gillespie Quintet started a European tour March 2. At presstime, 19 concerts were planned: five in France (Grenoble, Lyon, Bordeaux, Marseilles and Paris on March 15), five in Italy, three in Scandinavia, two in Germany, and one each in Austria, Switzerland, Bulgaria... Vibraphonist Dany Doriz bought the Caveau de la Huchette, a club that specialized in Dixieland. Doriz changed the policy to mainstream jazz. His own group and the Swingers are the combos which play there most of the time... The opening of the Apollo Club (formerly the Blue Note) has been very successful so far. At this writing, the club had been open for four weeks, with Jimmy McGriff and trio (two weeks), Phil Woods & His European Rhythm Machine, and the Georges Arvanitas trio (two weeks). Organist Groove Holmes was scheduled to follow... German pianist Joachim Kuhn has recovered from his accident (Ad lib, Jan. 8), and decided to settle permanently in Paris. He played the Gill's Club, backed by bassist Jean-Francois Jenny Clark and drummer Jacques Thollot, and recorded an album for Byg with the same rhythm section, augmented by Aldo Romano, drums. Pianist Mal Waldron followed Kuhn at the Gill's... The trios of pianists Keith Jarrett (Gus Nemeth, bass; Romano, drums) and Martial Solal (Gilbert Rovere and Guy Pedersen, basses) shared the bill at a concert in Bordeaux... The



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color TV jazz show, *Jazz Harmonie*, recently presented the Andre Persiany Trio (Pierre Sim, bass; Roger Paraboschi, drums) and the Jean-Luc Ponty Quartet (Michel Grallier, piano; Abby Cullaz, bass; Bernard Lubat, drums) . . . Slide Hampton's International Brass Ensemble and the Art Ensemble of Chicago (Roscoe Mitchell, Lester Bowie, Joseph Jarman, Malachi Favors) shared the bill at a concert in Paris' Radio House.

Germany: The Education Center of the European Jazz Federation is sponsoring a jazz course March 21-26 in Trossingen near Stuttgart. Teachers will be Joe Viera, Wolfgang Dauner, and others . . . Klaus Doldinger presented his *Motherhood* at Heidelberg and Erlangen. The *Motherhood* is part of his jazz quartet (Klaus Weiss, Ingfried Hoffmann, plus Siegfried Schwab and an electric bassman). Doldinger plans to combine his quartet and this rhythm & blues group in concerts . . . The Dave Pike Set was invited to the Vienna jazz festival in March. The group will also be presented at the 12th German Jazz Festival in Frankfurt . . . Raahsan Roland Kirk gave concerts in Frankfurt and Cologne in February, and Dizzy Gillespie followed in March with concerts in Cologne, Stuttgart and Munich . . . German musicians won first places in a European jazz musicians' poll organized by the magazine *Jazz Forum*. The winners are: Albert Mangelsdorff, Joachim Kuhn, Rolf Kuhn, Karl Berger, the Manfred Schoof Sextet and the Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland Big Band . . . Joachim Berendt's Free Jazz Meeting Baden-Baden in December will be documented on MPS Records. Berendt also produced an LP with the Down Beat Critics Poll winners from Europe on MPS . . . Gunter Hampel produced his second LP for his own label, Birth. It features Hampel only, playing vibes, bass clarinet, flute, and piano . . . English drummer Tony Oxley and his quintet, as well as the Howard Riley Trio were participants in the NDR-TV Workshop, which also featured Manfred Schoof, Paul Rutherford, Gerd Dudek, and Michel Pilz.

Norway: Stan Getz, scheduled to play his first concerts here in ten years in early February, was stricken with pneumonia shortly after arriving in Oslo and had to go straight to the hospital. Getz had been in Spain with his family and had planned further concerts in Sweden and Denmark prior to his scheduled opening Feb. 9 at Ronnie Scott's in London, where he also was to record two LPs for British producer George (The Beatles) Martin, one with music by Paul McCartney. A British trio came to Oslo to work with the tenorist Alan Branscombe, piano; Kenneth Napper, bass; Bryan Spring, drums) and were to play with Getz as soon as he resumed work. The Oslo concerts were rescheduled for March . . . Bob Thiele was impressed with two Norwegian artists, singer Karin Krog and tenorist Jan Garbarek, and will handle world-wide distribution of their recordings. The U.S. producer also plans to release George Rns-

sell's *Electronic Sonata* on his Flying Dutchman label. Miss Krog and Garbarek appeared at German jazz events in March, and Russell was slated to visit Oslo the same month . . . Singer Sheila Jordan played the Down Town in February . . . March also brought Raahsan Roland Kirk, Dizzy Gillespie, Savage Rose, and Marsha Hunt to Oslo for concerts, while Count Basie will visit in April and Ella Fitzgerald in May . . . Helge Hurum, flutist and leader of the University Big Band of Oslo, has formed a 12-piece radio orchestra with many fine members including Garbarek and Bjorne Johansen, tenors; Erik Andresen, alto; Bernt Steen, trumpet, and Frode Thingnaes, trombone, among others . . . The European Broadcasting Union (EBU) will hold their annual jazz competition in Oslo May 19.

Poland: The Polish Jazz Federation is now the biggest organization of its kind in the world, with 30 regular employees on its staff, plus dozens of other collaborators. It has such branches as a concert agency and two quarterly publications, *Jazz Forum* and *Musicorama*, and provides two yearly grants, one for a promising young musician, the other for a young critic or jazz journalist, which enable the recipients to devote a year completely to studies. Jan Byrcek was recently re-elected chairman of the PJF, and the two vice chairmen are Jan Ptaszyn Wroblewski, well-known composer and saxophonist, leader of the Polish Jazz Workshop, and alumnus of the Newport International Youth Band, and Andrzej Korman, leader of the music section of the Polish Radio III program . . . Art Farmer appeared in Warsaw and Lublin with great success, accompanied by a Polish rhythm section . . . Pianist-blues singer Curtis Jones appeared in several concerts in January . . . Other recent visitors include Phil Woods, the Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland big band, and Sarah Vaughan, the latter two in March . . . The Patterson Singers, a Gospel group, were acclaimed enthusiastically here . . . Two top Polish jazz musicians now play in a rock group, Niemen Enigmatic. They are altoist Zbigniew Namyslowski and drummer Czeslaw Bartkowski. The group, an avant garde soul band with a Slavic touch, has signed an exclusive contract with Italian CBS, and is scheduled to tour Italy in the spring . . . Another top Polish jazzman, altoist-flutist-pianist Wlodzimierz Nahorny, winner of the International Jazz Competition in Vienna in 1966, plays with a rock group, Breakont . . . The annual amateur jazz festival, *Jazz on the Oder*, was held in Wroclaw March 6-8. It has been an important stepping stone for Polish jazz musicians . . . The High School of Music in Katowice has initiated a three-year jazz and pop music course, which will be extended to four years in 1971 . . . Trumpeter-trombonist-pianist Andrzej Kurylewicz, his trio, and his jazz-singing wife, Wanda Warska, appeared in Cuba last December and scored a great success at a "Polish Day" celebration there . . . Joachim E. Berendt's *The New Jazz Book* has been published in Polish under the title of *All About Jazz*.

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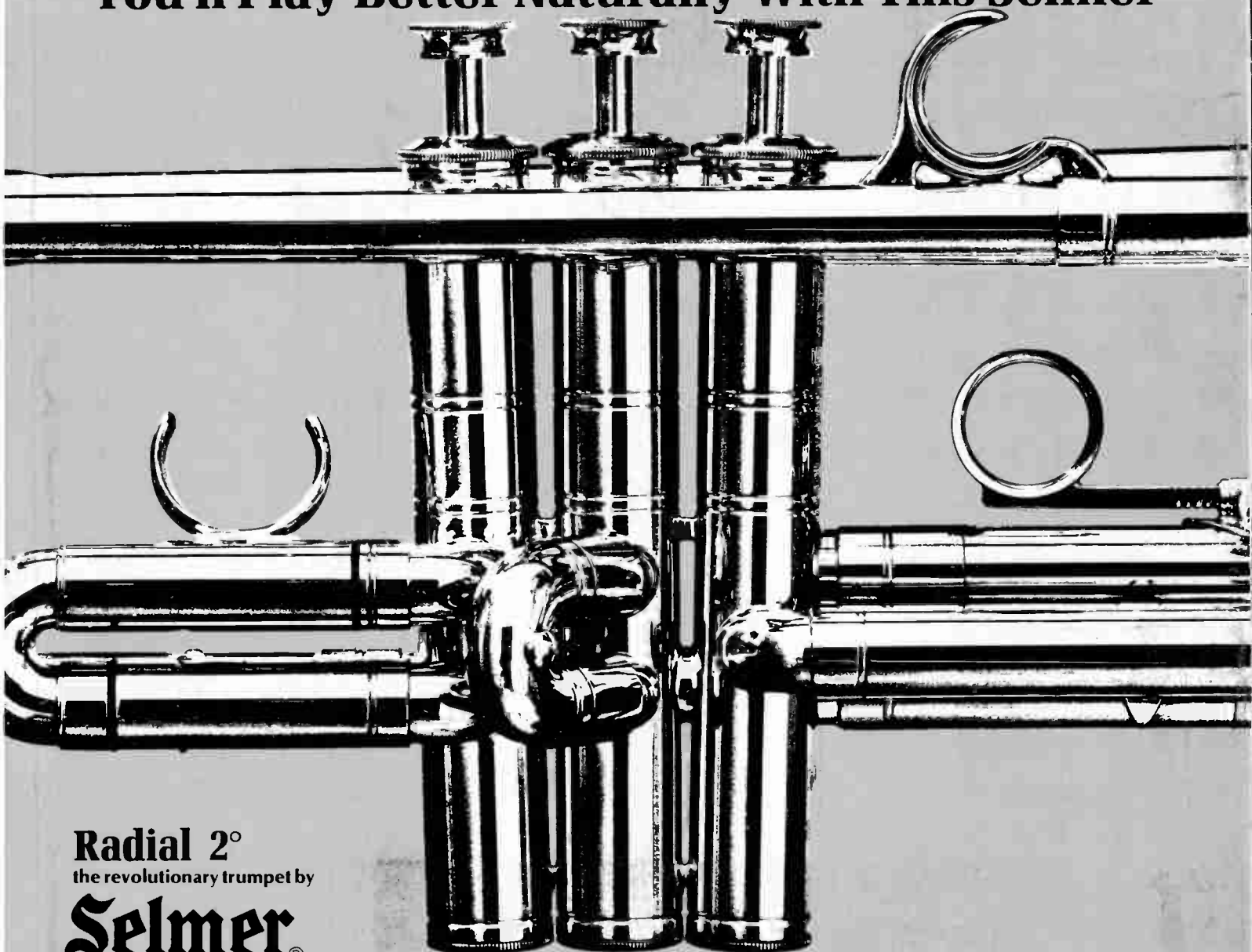
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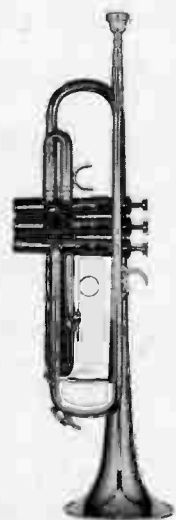
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