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## the first chorus

By CHARLES SUBER

I WANT TO TELL you about the recent American College Jazz Festival. This is not meant to be a review of the performances—full coverage will appear in our next issue—but rather a look into the nature of the event. To understand the nature of an event is to note who was there and who was not.

First the setting: five performances at the Krannert Center for the Performing Arts at the University of Illinois (Urbana). Catalytic Agents: John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts (Washington, D.C.) and down beat.

Among those present were about 300 performing musicians who are learning jazz mainly within a school environment. Accompanying and augmenting the young jazz players were several vocalists, two dancers, and mime troupe who all did what they did within a jazz milieu.

Also present were seven professional musicians who have learned jazz in many ways and places and feel a kinship with the younger players who have a similar need to express themselves through jazz.

Also present were music educators who pay heavy dues to equip young jazz players with their expertise; and yet have the serenity to then step aside and let these players create their own music.

Also present were "management people" responsible for structuring this national festival and the seven regional festivals affiliated with it. These "managers", on the whole, acted with genuine regard for the general welfare and the pursuit of happiness of the festival players. The money sponsors who paid the considerable costs of the festival and related promotion voluntarily and willingly removed themselves from any musical or artistic participation. They acted in the best tradition of benevolent sponsors of the arts. Also present, however, were a few blood-suckers who would, if allowed, feed their anemic souls on the healthy and the talented. They played their little games and they forced their empty grins but only their mirror images responded. The musicians were not effected. They were protected by their absorption in the music and the festival managers who brushed the pests back into the woodwork.

Among those not present: No record company personnel showed. They were probably all at some important industry meeting telling each other what kind of music the kids really dig. Also not present were the music publishers. They were probably too busy keeping their standard tunes away from young musicians, and getting off such snappies as "Some of my best friends are jazz musicians."

Also not present were the music education deans who could have seen and heard what can be wrought with dedication and verve. (Would you go to an event that might expose you as something less than a Teacher and a Musician?)

Also not present were education editors from any media. They were all probably very busy rewriting press releases from \$\$\$ Foundations on "Whither the Young."

Also not present were the Serious Music Critics, with the exception of Henry Pleasants, whose *Serious Music and All That Jazz* explicitly explains why he was there and his confreres were not.

To close, let me say simply that the American College Jazz Festival was an unqualified success because of the beautiful people who were among those present in the spirit or in the flesh. The others don't really matter, the musicians get along without them very well.

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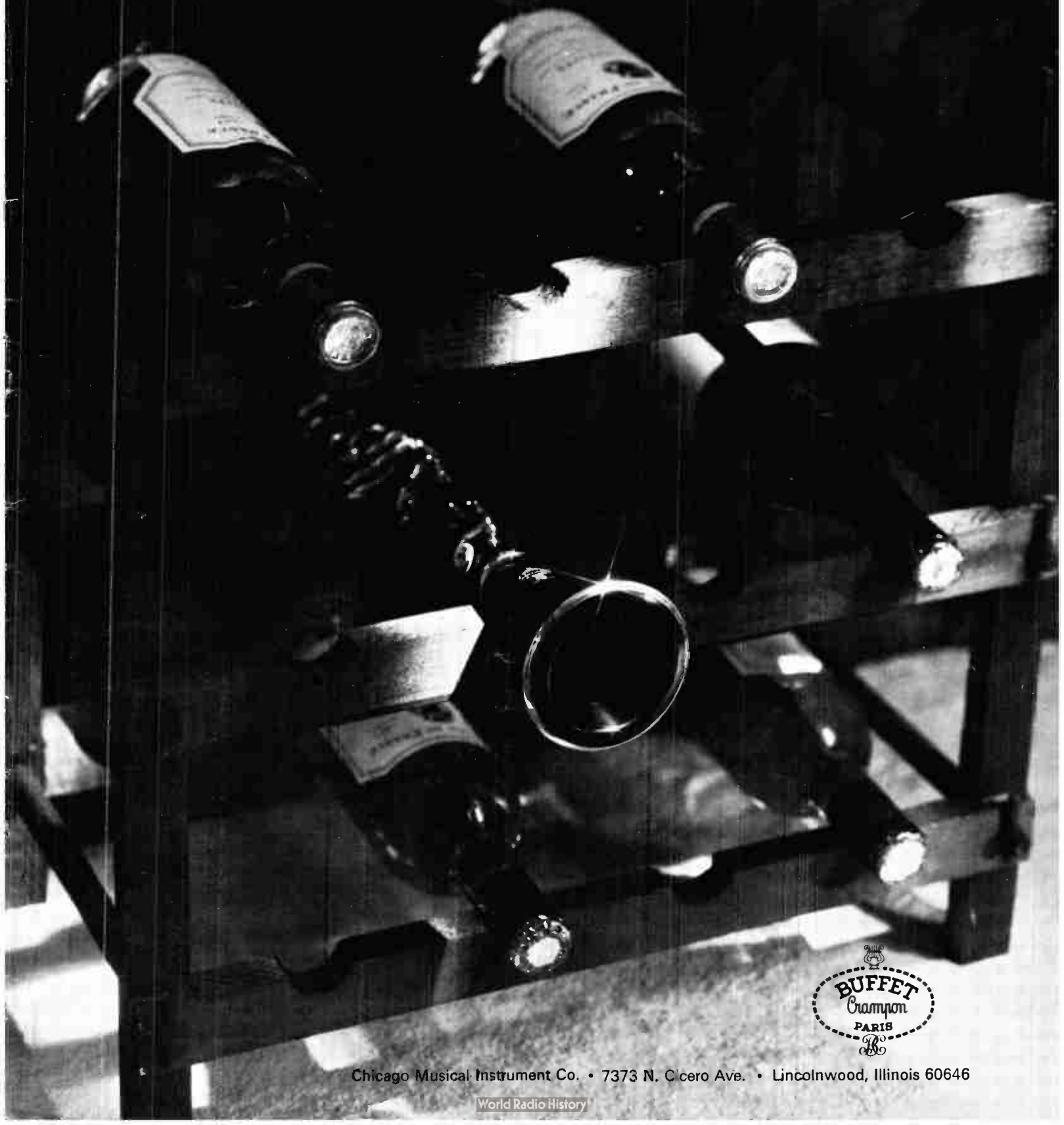
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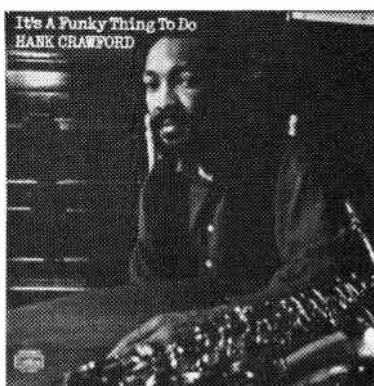
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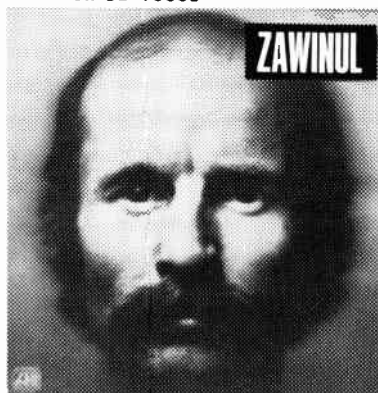
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# down beat

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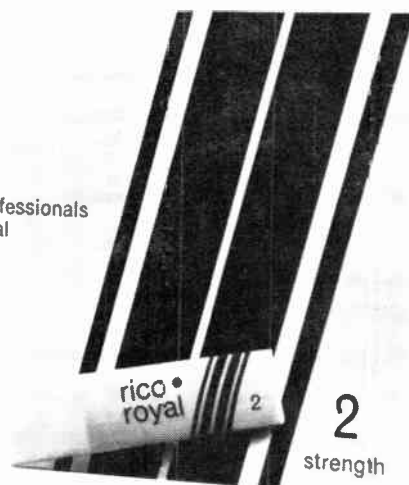
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# chords and discords

## Diplomatic Dispatch

We only recently came across *Warsaw Warmth: Jazz Jamboree '70* by Valerie Wilmer (db, Jan. 21), an interesting and enjoyable article. We were surprised to read, however, that Miss Wilmer failed to receive an invitation to an American Embassy reception in honor of Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan because *down beat's* name "carried little weight in diplomatic circles." Had we known that Miss Wilmer was in town, we would have been more than happy to see her.

*down beat*, incidentally, does carry weight in diplomatic circles; it is prominently featured in our Embassy library's collection of magazines and in many USIS information centers throughout the world as well.

With renewed apologies to Miss Wilmer, whom we hope to see on her next visit to Warsaw.

Razvigor Bazala

Assistant Cultural Attache

United States Embassy, Warsaw, Poland

## For The Record

Honest history accepts the facts; thus a simple apple is not denied the credit for inspiring Newton and, by the same reasoning, a living human soul should not be consigned to oblivion just

because he does not suit. The following is a discographical fact which is being overlooked:

Albert Ayler's first record, *Something Different*, was made in Stockholm in 1962 and issued on the private Bird Notes label (BNLpl). The bassist was Torbjorn Hultcrantz and the drummer Sune Spangberg. It was produced at his own risk by the label's owner, Bengt Nordstrom, a saxophonist and composer of almost monastic dedication, born on the same day as Ayler and known to Don Cherry and Ornette Coleman, among others.

He is no profit-hunting "vanity record" producer to be erased from memory; he has issued only non-commercial, creative work, mainly his own. He made this record as an expression of faith and deserves at least the same sort of credit for presenting Ayler to the world as a recording artist, if only to a small part of it, as that accorded to Newton's piece of animated horticulture. . . .

I. R. Orton

Stockholm, Sweden

## A Broadcaster's Woes

The letter by Edwin McDowell (db, April 15) prompts me to relate to you why, after five years of producing a jazz show, I had to give the program up. It was a lack of cooperation from distributors and record companies. Our management went out of its way to satisfy jazz interests

years ago, knowing this policy would cut into profits. The decision was made, through the persuasion of music lovers and myself. . . .

Approaching distributors and record companies for samples that we would consider for broadcast, many companies gave the impression we should feel guilty to ask for "hand-outs." I can't comprehend their reasoning. . . .

After the program was taken off the air, listeners called us asking what happened. Since this was the only program on the station with black music, the cry of racism was heard. When we informed the callers the trouble was with the record companies themselves, the credibility gap grew. A number of months ago in *down beat*, Lee Morgan mentioned the obvious lack of jazz in broadcasting. In our case, the broadcaster can't be blamed.

In June, the program will resume, primarily with the help of our friends who have record collections. In the summer, Cape Cod is the second largest market in New England (over 300,000).

We're the only AM-FM station here. We hope to keep jazz alive. I wish the record companies felt the same way.

Oh—for the days when Blue Note was under Alfred Lion and the late Francis Wolff! Without them, we'd have no library at all. Atlantic Records to this day seem to be the only company alive to promotion. . . .

Dick Eressy  
WOCB AM-FM

West Yarmouth, Mass.

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Chase: If they're going to blow their brains out, they'd like it to be in your home.

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World Radio History



# downbeat NEWS

## ELLINGTON TO VISIT U.S.S.R. IN SEPTEMBER

Duke Ellington and his Orchestra will make a five-week tour of the Soviet Union under the auspices of the Cultural Exchange Program of the U.S. Department of State beginning in mid-September.

The tour, described as the most important visit by an American jazz artist



VERY OAKLAND

Duke Ellington: To Russia With Love

since Benny Goodman's 1962 trip, was announced by the U.S. Embassy in Moscow. It will include concerts in Moscow, Leningrad, and three other cities yet to be named.

Earl Hines toured the U.S.S.R. in 1966 with a sextet and the Univ. of Illinois Jazz Band visited the country in 1969. Officials anticipate a tremendous demand for tickets for the Ellington concerts by the jazz-hungry Soviet citizens. These sources also expressed their pleasure at the continuation of the Exchange program, which had recently been severely criticized by the Russian press.

## NEWPORT ADDS MILES, CHASE, KENTON, OTHERS

A number of changes and scheduling revisions have been announced for the Newport Jazz Festival, to be held July 2-5.

At this writing, subject to still further change, the program lines up as follows:

Friday evening: Roberta Flack; the big bands of Duke Ellington, Stan Kenton and Buddy Rich; the Voices of East Harlem; the Dave Pike Set.

Saturday afternoon: Ornette Coleman; Charles Mingus; the New York Bass Violin Choir; Willie The Lion Smith; Eubie Blake; Freddie Hubbard. Saturday evening:

Dionne Warwick; Dave Brubeck with guests Gerry Mulligan and Paul Desmond; Chase; jam session with Jimmy Smith, Cannonball Adderley, Dizzy Gillespie, Freddie Hubbard, Sonny Stitt, Herbie Mann, Mulligan and others.

Sunday afternoon: Aretha Franklin; Les McCann; Rahsaan Roland Kirk; King Curtis Band. Sunday evening: Ray Charles; B.B. King; Allman Bros.; T-Bone Walker; Joe Turner; Cleanhead Vinson; Buddy Tate Band; James Cotton Blues Band.

Monday's program, originally announced as a single marathon concert, will be a conventional two-part affair. The afternoon: Miles Davis; The Soft Machine; Weather Report; Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt. The evening: Billy Eckstine; George Shearing; Cannonball Adderley Quintet; Herbie Mann and Air; Dizzy Gillespie Quintet; Louis Bellson Orchestra. Write Newport Jazz Festival, Newport, R.I. 02840, or call (401) 846-5500.

## BIOGRAPH IN REISSUE PACT WITH COLUMBIA

Biograph records, a label specializing in reissuing vintage blues and jazz, has concluded an agreement with Columbia Records under which Biograph will be able to lease selected material from the CBS vaults.

Though not an across-the-board agreement, since Columbia reserves the right to retain certain material for its own reissue projects, it is unique in the history of the U.S. jazz reissue field. Previously, major companies have occasionally agreed to lease a few items to small, specialized labels, but in general, the practice has been to look the other way when such material was "borrowed" but to refuse to lease it formally.

Arnold S. Caplin, president of Biograph, anticipates issuing albums by "a minimum of five artists split up between early blues and jazz" during the first year of the agreement. Columbia has reissue projects involving Billie Holiday and Louis Armstrong in the works, and has recently acquired some rare privately recorded jazz material from the 1940s from the late Jerry Newman's estate.

## MONTREUX SPOTS U.S. COLLEGE AND H.S. JAZZ

The fifth edition of the Montreux Jazz Festival, which has become one of the most popular events of its kind, gets underway June 12 with a two-day pop and blues prelude.

What follows is divided into three parts: a European jazz band competition, and performances by U.S. college bands with professional guest soloists (June 14-17); a program featuring top American stars,

with some college jazz mixed in (June 18-20), and three days of music by U.S. high school ensembles to round things off.

Participants in part one include trombonist Slide Hampton with a big band from Sweden, Max Roach with the Bloomington Univ. Band, Dizzy Gillespie with the Univ. of Cincinnati Concert Jazz Ensemble, and Johnny Smith with the Univ. of Colorado Big Band.

The second segment has Chico Hamilton's quartet, Roberta Flack, Oliver Nelson, Gary Burton, Cleanhead Vinson, Gato Barbieri, Mongo Santamaria, the JPI Quartet, the Univ. of Illinois Jazz Band, Paul Bley's Synthesizer Show, Dutch flutist Chris Hinze and two special festival ensembles.

Eight high school bands, including the much-praised Corona Sr. High School Ensemble from California, plus the Quinnipiac College Jazz Festival Ensemble, are scheduled for the finale.

All the student bands, by the way, have to furnish their own transportation, so not all groups announced in advance were sure to be there.

## potpourri

The second annual International New Jazz Meeting will take place June 26 in the courtyard of an ancient castle located in the small German town of Altena. Participating groups were to include the Association from Holland, led by drummer Pierre Courbois; the German-Dutch Peter Brotzman Trio; Norwegian singer Karin Krog; a Polish Quintet led by drummer Thomasz Stanko; the British John Surman-Alan Skidmore Double Group; Albert Mangelsdorff's Quartet; the Dave Pike Set, and a special festival ensemble co-led by trumpeter Manfred Schoof and pianist Wolfgang Dauner.

The galvanic Babs Gonzalez, a man who never rests, has completed his second book, *Movin' On Down The Line*. Illustrated with rare photographs from the author's collection, it will be published by him next month. Meanwhile, Babs' autobiography, *I Paid My Dues*, which he published and merchandised himself, managing to sell nearly 50,000 copies, has been acquired by Lancer Books, one of the leading paperback publishers. Slightly edited, and with a pretty new cover, it is now in general distribution, and foreign editions are in the works. Very expubident, Mr. Gonzalez!

New York's Gaslight, which recently moved to new quarters, has initiated a policy that seems to emphasize jazz and blues. After Miles Davis' successful five-night stand, the club for two weeks in

# Time For A Change

Our 37th birthday, which will be celebrated in our next issue, makes us the oldest (and with circulation at an all-time high, the biggest) jazz and contemporary music magazine in the United States. Needless to say, we are proud of this. To some, boxed in by contemporary thoughtways and rhetoric, it makes us part of "The Establishment," but this over-used concept is in any event absurd when applied to the world of music of which we are part, and whose problems—spiritual and material—we share.

These are times of change, and it is time for a change at down beat. Not, we hasten to assure you, the kind of change we announced five years ago, when we officially enlarged our perspective to include the music called rock. Those five years have proven that this decision was correct, and while we are never smugly satisfied with things as they are, and continuously strive to bring our readers a better magazine, the changes we are concerned with here are not related to editorial policy.

In its first five years of life, down

beat was a monthly—at times, even a bi-monthly. Since 1939, we have been a bi-weekly. Drastic changes in format and approach occurred during those years, and now drastic changes in some aspects of our field of operation make it incumbent upon us to adjust our frequency of publication.

For eight months of the year, down beat will continue to come to you on a bi-weekly basis. But during the summer months of July, August and September, and in January, we will be with you once.

Those monthly issues, starting with the next will be bigger and fuller, and while some reasons for the change (the nature of the business and school year, which focuses on spring and fall; the recent increase in second-class mailing rates—bitterly but vainly protested by us and all magazine publishers in the U.S.—; rises in printing and production costs and other overhead, etc.), frankly are things we must live with, we are quite pleased about changing and think you will be too. (Current subscribers, of course, will receive the full number of issues to which they are entitled.)

Why are we pleased? Well, for one thing, it will give our hard-working staff (down the line) a chance to sit back, breathe, reflect, and gain a perspective often difficult to maintain under the pressure of deadlines. We know this will be reflected in not just monthly issues, but in all 21 down beats. Thus, the net result will be improvement in quality—which, after all, precedes quantity in the hierarchy of essentials.

Another thing that makes us happy these days is the undeniable change in music. After years of rock dominance, the signs in the wind are that all kinds of music will be "in". Young people today are more open than ever—open to all things that aren't jive. And black people—young and old—are discovering or re-discovering their rich musical heritage.

The interest in jazz today runs deep and wide, and in time will swell to the point of overflowing and submerging the artificial barriers that have held it in far too long.

The message is being heard, and we'll help you hear it louder and clearer than ever.

May played host to **Tony Williams'** exciting new group, with organist **Khalid Yasin** the sole holdover from the drummer's Lifetime quartet. **Ted Dunbar** was on guitar, **Junie Booth** on bass, **Don Alias** on Latin percussion, and **Warren Smith** on an array of instruments including xylophone, chromatic tympany, gong, tambourine, shakers, etc. **Jeremy Steig**, with **Tom Bolin**, guitar; **Kenny Passanelli**, bass, and **Marty Morrell**, drums, appeared opposite Williams. From May 25-30, **Dizzy Gillespie's** group gave the young Gaslight audience some lessons in living history, and blues veteran **John Lee Hooker** was scheduled for early June. Across the street at the Bitter End, jazz was booked for the first time when **Herbie Hancock's** group swung in for a week in June. Things are looking up.

*Discon '71*, the fourth annual conference on discographical research to be held at Rutgers University under the auspices of the Institute of Jazz Studies, is set for June 12-13. Lecturers will include **Woody Herman** specialist **George I. Hall**, **Robert D. Carneal** of the Library of Congress, **Benny Goodman** specialist **D. Russell Connor**, and **Jim Kidd** of Radio CFCE, Montreal. Rare films from the collection of **Ernie Smith** will be shown, **Earl Hines** will play piano and reminisce, and musicians **Joe Tarto**, **Sandy Williams** and **Chris White** will conduct a panel discussion, *A Hundred Years of Jazz*. The site is Hickman Hall on the Douglass, N.J. campus of Rutgers.

Blues giant **B.B. King**, invited to lecture at Yale University's Stiles College by composer-critic **Carman Moore**, an assistant professor in the graduate school of

music, held an overflow audience spell-bound in what Moore described as "one of the most interesting lectures on the history of the blues." King offered recorded samples of the work of such diverse artists as **Lonnie Johnson**, **Elmore James**, **Django Reinhardt**, **Blind Lemon Jefferson** and **Charlie Christian**; demonstrated his own guitar technique, and answered questions from the students.

**Enrico Tomasso**, the 8-year-old British trumpet virtuoso who was the hit of the recent New Orleans Jazz Festival, brought his Louis Armstrong-styled playing and singing to a New York Jazz Adventures session on April 30. Accompanied by his brother, **Peter**, who is 14, on piano, and his clarinetist father, **Ernie Tomasso**, the youngster surprised and delighted the audience with his proficiency. The boy is not just a well-trained act performing by rote, but has a nice tone and a musical conception. One of his biggest fans, of course, is Satchmo.

## strictly ad lib

**New York:** **Charlie Haden's Liberation Orchestra** was heard in its first public performance at a May 7 benefit at the Village Gate. Members of the ensemble included **Enrico Rava**, **Mike Mantler**, trumpets; **Roswell Rudd**, trombone; **Gato Barbieri**, **Dewey Redman**, tenor saxes; **Perry Robinson**, clarinet; **Sharon Freeman**, French horn; **Carla Bley**, piano; **Paul Motian**, drums . . . At the Top of Gate, **Mose Allison** was followed by **Ahmad Jamal** (May 25-June 13), after which **Lee Konitz** was due for a two-

week stand with a quartet . . . **Bill Evans**, with **Eddie Gomez**, bass, and **Marty Morrell**, drums, drew the biggest crowd yet in the Friday noon **Jazz Adventures** series at the Jazz Center on May 14. The **Julius Schwartz-Jerry Kail Anti-Drug Orchestra** did a return engagement the following week, and a quintet co-led by **Bobby Jones** and **Kenny Dorham** was set for May 28 . . . **Sy Oliver's** swinging nine-piece band was enlisted as a quick replacement for **Oscar Peterson** at the Rainbow Grill in May. The pianist cancelled out just prior to opening night . . . **Harry James'** big band made a rare visit here in early May for one-nighters in Queens and at **Barney Google's**. **Sonny Payne** was on drums, and old standbys **Corky Corcoran**, tenor sax, and **Jack Perciful**, piano, were still on hand. Another visiting big band, **Don Ellis'** crew with string quartet, did a May 10 concert at Alice Tully Hall, and **Duke Ellington's** orchestra was on hand May 12 for the gala opening of new Health Spa at 1st Ave. and 55th St. . . . Veteran Ellington lead alto man and clarinetist **Russell Procope** was hospitalized with a heart ailment and will be convalescing for a while. Another great veteran, trombonist **J. C. Higginbotham**, is back home and much improved after a lengthy stay in Harlem Hospital . . . The **JPJ Quartet**, with guest star **Charlie Shavers**, did the first in a series of Sunday afternoon jazz showcases at the Half Note May 23. **Zoot Sims**, with weekend regular **Jimmy Rushing**, has been the main incumbent at the downtown club . . . Organist **Lonnie Smith's** group was at the Blue Book in Harlem . . . Groups led by drummer **Horacee Arnold** (**Frank Strozier**, alto sax; **Karl Berger**, vibes; **Bill Wood**, bass) and bassist **Chris**

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# Gimme Shelter: The Ambiguities Of Rock

SEEING GIMME SHELTER, the excellent new film about the Rolling Stones' Altamont concert, prompted me to re-evaluate some popular notions about the rock music scene.

It is still fashionable to believe that the sun rose at Woodstock. The world, we have been led to believe, basked in healing rays of love, peace and music for a few months until, alas, the sun set forever in the West—at Altamont.

These generalizations are as easy to accept as they are false. Woodstock and Altamont are the stuff that dreams, good copy and money are made on. Woodstock was so new, so big and so much fun that we didn't blame the press or Warner Brothers (who contributed the movie and the "love, peace and music" slogan) for misrepresenting it as heaven on earth. Altamont was a big gathering to see the world's best rock group, and it was a murder on film.

But let's face facts: Both Woodstock and Altamont were isolated events, and nobody has adequately explained how they, as cultural phenomena, came about.

The film *Woodstock* is as contrived as *Love Story* (which is also based on something that really happened). It is footage of the rock festival assembled into a work of art.

*Gimme Shelter*, on the other hand, is a news documentary which makes *Woodstock* seem all the more contrived by comparison. It is a completely different

kind of film due to the circumstances under which it was made.

The Maysles brothers originally contracted to film the Rolling Stones 1969 American tour, and got more than they bargained for. They were at Altamont with cameras rolling when a Hell's Angel stabbed and fatally wounded young Mere-



dith Hunter. This footage became as famous as the Zapruder film of the Kennedy assassination, and the Maysles were obliged to focus their film on Altamont.

The world demanded a statement about Altamont, its causes and its significance. The world wanted Woodstock's evil counterpart.

I'm sure the Maysles were aware of the commercial potential of such a film. But, because they are intelligent filmmakers, they also realized that they were in no position to explain Altamont. They hadn't anticipated the disaster, and they didn't have the footage with which to dramatize it. They were handcuffed, incapable of making a strong statement.

Had they anticipated it, they would have been solely tempted to dramatize it. And they might have produced a tragedy, another pat answer to the public's questions about rock culture. *Gimme Shelter* contains the seeds of that drama. One scene, a depressing Bergman-like tableau, shows rock fans enshrouded in fog leaving Altamont. This could have served as a dramatic if obviously contrived climax. Indeed, our expectations are jolted when the film does not end with that scene.

The film constantly frustrates our expectations, our preconceptions about Altamont. Other scenes, happy scenes like one of a girl blowing bubbles, receive equal emphasis. This ambivalent documentary, this motley grouping of dead-end images, is a remarkably honest film.

The film is contrived in only one respect: Occasionally, it cuts away from the Stones' driving music on tour and the chaos at Altamont to relieve the tension. Scenes of Mick Jagger and Charlie Watts watching the film in an editing room and of Melvin Belli negotiating for the Alta-

*(Continued on page 38)*

## New Material Sparks Lively Herman Date

Woody Herman and his Thundering Herd, perhaps the most on-fire group the veteran leader has assembled in many a moon, taped an album for Fantasy Records recently that earwitnesses think will rank with Woody's greatest.

The driving young guitarist Mike Bloomfield is present on four of the nine tracks. Band manager Hermie Dressel said of the collaboration, "It's a wedding."

Hard-working Woody, a professional since age 5, and his hard-working crew of young, but talented and dedicated sidemen, did the album in three days of three-hour recording sessions in San Francisco while playing nightly at the Hotel Claremont in Berkeley across the Bay.

A fourth day was spent by Woody and others, including Ralph J. Gleason, the noted jazz writer now with Fantasy, listening to playbacks to pick the final versions.

The sessions were done at studios of Wally Heider, regarded by many as the best jazz recording engineer in the business. The album was to have been made at Fantasy's new plant in Berkeley but its 16-channel control panel was not yet completely installed, so the switch was made to Heider's SF studio on Hyde Street, a 25-mile commuting trip.

*Sidewalk Stanley*, *Slow Blues* (a gorgeous thing yet to be titled), *Love in Silent Amber*, an elegant composition by Woody's brilliant pianist-arranger-composer from New Zealand, Alan Broadbent, and *After Hours*, a Nat Pierce arrange-

ment of the 30-year-old Avery Parrish hit, were the first four recorded.

Others were *Foggy Mountain Breakdown*, a rollicking Bill Holman version of the theme from *Bonnie and Clyde*, which Woody was hipped to via the interest of



Woody and Mike Bloomfield

his daughter, Ingrid, in bluegrass music; *I Almost Lost My Mind*, *Since I Fell For You*, *Proud Mary* (an exciting upbeat arrangement by trumpeter Tony Klatka of the Creedence Clearwater Revival hit) and *Cousins* or *Second Cousins*, probably to be retitled *Adam's Apple*, a sparkling

Broadbent arrangement.

Broadbent plays mostly electric piano, but he sat at the studio acoustic for *Mary*, which Woody rightly announces at gigs as "The Proudest Mary," a chart Klatka wrote with dynamite.

*Amber* is a lovely composition featuring trombonist Bobby Burgess, back with the Herd following stints with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band and a Broadway pit band.

Bloomfield, who intuitively grooved his guitar with the band from the first bar after only one brief rehearsal at the Claremont, is on *Sidewalk*, *Slow Blues*, *Since I Fell* and *Mary*.

Mighty tenor Sal Nistico is aboard and the band boasts a trumpet section on the LP that nobody can touch: Lead man Forrest Buchtel, plus Buddy Powers, Klatka, Tom Harrell (since departed), and Bill Byrne. Each is gifted, and combined, their shout choruses are out of sight.

This is pretty much the same band that cut Broadbent's moving extended arrangement of *Blues in the Night* recently for another label. He has written a work of equal length, just as exciting and just as stately, called *Variations on a Scene*, which like *Blues*, features the drumming of Ed Soph (who doesn't merely blast but employs effective restraint and suggestion) but this piece is still being perfected and it will be recorded when the time is ripe.

*Sidewalk* is about a New York City fan of the band, who is a story in himself.

—Fred Wvatt

# NEEDED NOW: SONNY ROLLINS

by Gordon Kopulos

ONCE AGAIN SONNY ROLLINS has disappeared from the public jazz scene. No one has heard the saxophonist-composer play in person for almost two years now. No one seems to know where he is. Rumors there are galore, of course; some frivolous and some serious. The darkest one has it that this time he's put down his horn for good and is living on bread, water and agony, the most likely that he is in the Far East, meditating. At least twice before he's disappeared. But this time a morbid air of finality seems to be lingering. For this time, unlike in '59, he just disappeared without any fanfare, without any announcements of intentions to "do some more studying". Silently, he just dropped out of sight and sound.

Jazz has never suffered from an excess of bright lights. It could always stand a few more. With the premature dousing of the creative torches of first Eric Dolphy, then Trane, and now the promising Albert Ayler, jazz can ill afford to lose the laser brilliance of Sonny Rollins.

A few well-placed dropouts might do jazz a lot of good. The early retirement of a mediocre musician wouldn't be of much consequence. But with Rollins it makes a tremendous difference, for jazz and for him. Judging by his most recent work, his creative talent is still far from dim.

Newk, as Rollins is sometimes known, is almost universally agreed to be potentially one of the greatest artists in the history of jazz. He has made original and lasting contributions to its tradition, and like only a few other musicians, has kept his individuality intact throughout evolutionary periods which left most others standing dumfounded in one stylized posture or another. Through bop, cool, hard bop, funk, bossa nova, the avant garde and rock-jazz, he has remained indefatigably Sonny Rollins. Throughout all of the organic steps of jazz history, he has experienced, he has listened and he has changed. Like Ellington and Coltrane he has changed not like the chameleon, the little lizard that is undergoing canonization in most points west of Vatican City. Rollins has layed in a number of idioms, as with Latin American rhythms on *What's New* (RCA LPM-2572). The sound, though, regardless of the idiom, always comes out as the Rollins sound, never dated and never stylish, but always distinctive and identifiable. Rollins has never blended into any environment. He's been in the forefront of every idiom he's chosen to play in.

In spite of his recognized achievements, a nagging suspicion has always attached itself to the Sonny Rollins story. It is that he has not yet realized his potential and probably never will.

Rollins grew out of the bop era and while still in his 20s, he was hailed as the coming Bird of the tenor saxophone. His solos were bop-influenced, as were those of every young musician then, but already he showed enough signs of originality for critics to expect more from him than of most beginning jazzmen. He was admitted to be one of the most inventive bop-oriented players around. Yet, for the critics,

the Bird prophecy wasn't fulfilled. Not with his work with Miles Davis, nor with Clifford Brown-Max Roach or any of the other groups he played with in the early and mid-50s. His vast potential was pointed to, as if to say that in the future he'd assert himself as one of the masters.

Then there was the cool period. He had little part in that, but it was followed by the hard bop of the mid-'50s to the early '60s. These were probably his most productive years (in terms of his reputation, anyway). They spawned such classic recordings as *Saxophone Colossus* (Prestige 7326), *Moving Out* (Prestige 7058) and *Way Out West* (Contemporary 3530). It was also then that his celebrated—if any jazz event can be called celebrated—retirement occurred.

The retirement was only temporary, a year and a half long. Until then, though his work had been consistently above average; he had not yet made the music which transforms ordinary men into legends. His retirement from retirement, critics, well-wishers and musicians predicted, would bring fulfillment.

*The Bridge* (RCA LPM-2527) was his entry offering. It was an interesting record with some harmonic directions which differed from earlier Rollins. Guitar, in addition, replaced piano, but he had already made an advanced excursion into the piano-less idiom on *Way Out West*, with just Shelly Manne and Ray Brown in support. Besides, Gerry Mulligan had already explored that ground back in the early '50s. The record was not devastating. In addition, other jazz winds were beginning to blow, more exotic ones traveling in different directions. Ornette Coleman and his plastic alto were attracting a lot of critical attention, Coltrane's sheets of sound were beginning to gain credence, and Eric Dolphy was becoming prominent in the burgeoning avant garde. Rollins again didn't experience the transformation into a legend.

In 1965, he scored the music for *Alfie* (Impulse 9111). The film was a popular success, but it was Burt Bacharach's saccharine title tune that copped the popular attention. And by this time, Rollins' vocalized playing wasn't daring or unusual for the jazz world.

*East Broadway Rundown* (Impulse S-9121) was released in '69 and represents Rollins' most explicit recent foray into the avant garde. It features the now-standard repertoire of new thing sounds, including atonality, shrieks, growls and some blowing into disconnected parts of the saxophone. Some interesting Rollins, again, but nothing astounding, nothing of the stuff that makes legends. That is, not to those who determine what that stuff is.

Up to here, it's been implied that Rollins hasn't yet fulfilled his full potential, or yet become a full-fledged legend. But that is only for the sake of exposition of the Rollins story as it is often told. The first part of this assumption is inoffensive and is probably true. Indeed, who can be said to have totally fulfilled his potential? As to the legend thing, if objective criteria are germane to such ethereal status, Rollins already well deserves to be called a legend. Such dubious titles aren't important to the serious artist. But they do help a

little at the box office or at contract time.

With just two or three other living tenor players, Rollins shares the distinction of having an original tone. It is deep, strong and full-throated, even in the upper register. In the lower ranges, it is reminiscent of Coleman Hawkins, and occasionally, in the middle octave, he calls Ben Webster to mind.

His tone is certainly not without its influences, but the way he twists or bends about every third note sets him apart from everyone else in the known universe. Hear that middle B $\flat$  gliding somewhere just this side of an A and you know it's Rollins. His tone is breathy at times, too, particularly on ballads. He hasn't been an exponent of the ultra-high notes, but the uncommon depth he wrests from low notes makes his range a broad one. If he were to develop some of the notes that people like Ted Nash, Illinois Jacquet, Coltrane and Eddie Harris have utilized he'd have the widest range of any tenor player in memory. Even barring such a gymnastic achievement, his tone is distinctive and could easily be trend-setting.

Though the full tone isn't exactly popular, traces of the Rollins approach are discernible in some contemporary tenorists: Archie Shepp, for instance. Pharoah Sanders, too, has recently displayed a tone much fuller than the one he was using with Coltrane. And even the low-register work of Eddie Harris exhibits a Rollins orientation. High-note pyrotechnics aren't the latest ploys anymore, and there are signs that the big tone might be making a comeback. If it does, looking toward Rollins will be inevitable for anyone who breathes into a tenor saxophone.

His contribution consists of much more than just this, though. Rhythmic innovators in jazz can be counted on two hands with fingers to spare. Rollins is one of those who must be counted. To state it analytically, he assigned durational values to notes and rests like no musician before or since. His treatment of rhythm is one of the most natural-sounding ones audible to human ears. "Treatment" is the wrong word. Rhythm ejaculates in and out of everything Rollins plays. The components (notes and rests) are so delicately inter-coordinated with each other that it is simply impossible to accurately single out this note or that rest and say that it is the vortex of a rhythmic figure. For, in any conventional sense, there are no rhythmic figures in his music.

Just when you have picked out a combination of notes and rests as a rhythmic figure, he springs a new one on you, like on *Night and Day* (*The Standard Sonny Rollins*, RCA 3355). His "figures" are his tunes in their entirety. One seeming figure merely leads to another, and that one to another; then back again to the first; then to another one which merges all the others. Etcetera. Each one can be understood only in the light of the dialectical whole, the entire tune. Yet the process is so fluid that understanding isn't really necessary, for his rhythm doesn't come off as complicated or intellectual. It's complex, to be sure. But it generates an ecstatic feeling, a kind of kinetic bounce, like lights going on and off in a colorful garden. It swings, in other words. His music





does a rare thing: it manifests the sensation of movement while you know you're standing still.

His use of space is possibly the greatest imaginable object-lesson in how to make the absence of sound create rhythmic and melodic tension. Even with only two other instruments accompanying him on *Way Out West* he liberally incorporates the idea of musical space. One of the unimaginative aspects of jazz has been the tendency of its rhythm sections to act as mere supports for soloists. All too often, when members of the rhythm section do solo, the resulting sound is more like an artificial appendage than a flowing constituent of the total music.

Rollins' groups, though, have always been freer from this criticism than most others. His are more organically inter-related, his horn directly responding to the section and vice versa. This comfortable looseness is due, of course, primarily to Rollins' luminous intuition of time. Space is a large aspect of that intuition.

Time signatures? He was one of the first to seriously experiment with signatures outside of the standard 4/4. Back with Max Roach in 1953 he was playing jazz waltzes. Ever since he has felt at ease in a variety of meters, including 6/8, which he alternated with 4/4 on the title track of *The Bridge*. Since meter has never been an obnoxiously obvious part of his art, but rather has been a logical contingency with the other elements of music, a protracted discussion of his music metrical aspects isn't necessary. Suffice it to say that (a) he was in the vanguard of experimentation in meter and (b) he has

not suffered from a meter-fixation, as Don Ellis sometimes seems to be suffering, or as some would-be innovative rock groups are apparently fixated.

Sadly, his rhythmic genius has so far had only a limited effect on current interpretations of rhythm. Oddly, his influence is most discernible in Lee Konitz. Hardly would anyone have suspected that the "cool" alto saxophonist would pick up on Rollins' unique rhythmic conceptions. But, to his credit, Konitz has integrated a selective distillation of those conceptions into his own original approach, providing us with another object lesson: how to admit an influence into your music without sacrificing your own integrity.

Space, for instance, was always an important factor in Konitz' playing, but now it is more pronounced. Now he's using it like Rollins, without being bashful about silence. Like Rollins, too, there is the generous use of strong staccato phrases right after long notes or long rests in Konitz' music.

Rollins' ability to play melodically has been praised all along, even by his less favorable critics. That talent isn't so evident in the *Broadway* album, but it's clear in everything else he's done. *Moritat*, otherwise known as *Mack The Knife* (Prestige 7326) is as good as any example. Though they are always melodic, his solos don't lean on the straight melody line. And, even if Rollins decided to hereafter play only straight melody, he would still be a creative jazz musician. Because by the time a melody has undergone his singular treatment of singing tone and organic rhythm, it is infused with a vitality that

renders it a new thing. There is no tenorist around who can seduce a melody with the same justified assurance as Rollins. Stan Getz, often cited as the master of melody on tenor, certainly knows his way around a melody and does flirt very dandily. But not with the sense of determined certitude that Rollins conveys. That applies to ballads, Getz' forte, no less than to up-tempo vehicles.

Newk's harmonic inventiveness is real, but isn't as discernible as that of, say, Bird, Monk or Trane. His inventions haven't been as startling as these others mainly because of their close relation to his own playing style. His solo on *Misterioso*, for example, shows his extreme bending of notes to the point of being conventionally "out of tune". A kinder and more accurate view sees that bending as harmonic extension, not as technical ineptitude.

The same netherland notes can be heard on both versions of *Alfie's Theme*. A convincing indication that his harmonic deviation was not rudimentary incompetence is his composition *Oleo*, with its then strange (and deliberate) harmonic intervals. Although he isn't often credited for it, Rollins' experiments in harmony helped to clear the trees for the present harmonic daring of the avant garde. His *Broadway* album was not as contrived and bandwagon-hopping as some critics and musicians thought. Actually, it was in harmony with the modern tradition he had been instrumental in building.

This is probably best evidenced by his earlier 1966 *Our Man In Jazz* album with Don Cherry (RCA LPS-2612) which is still interesting, for more than just historical reasons. Featured on it, in addition to some harmonically-incorrect ensemble blowing, is a Sonny Rollins who was already into the avant garde, replete with overtones, squawks, and out-of-tempo free swinging. By comparison, in fact, much of today's free jazz seems a little atrophied. But any of its claims to innovation was weakened by Coleman's having already been on the scene a while. The Newness freaks can say that this was simply Rollins' exegesis of Ornette. Cherry's presence added a superficial credence to the argument. Now, with the passage of time that turns arguments into components of recycled pulp the album can be seen as a further recorded testimony to Rollins' legitimacy as a founder of the avant garde.

If everything else about Rollins were forgotten, he'd still have a place in jazz history for his original compositions. Those include, in addition to *Oleo*, *St. Thomas*, *Doxie*, and *Alfie's Theme*.

*St. Thomas* is even played by the 100 Happy Strings on radio WAIT (thanks to ex-jazz d.j. Dick Buckley), Chicago's entry into the innocuous music panoply. Portents of the future? Can we look forward to hearing Glen Campbell scatting on *Oleo* with Joey Heatherton on Saturday night network television?

Jazz, whether or not we like to admit it, is in a serious crisis. Though there are a few groups around who play in the bop or hard bop tradition, they are the vestiges of the past. They are not in the mainstream of jazz. In fact, there is no mainstream in the sense that the term was used

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# CARLOS GARNETT:

## Up From Panama

by Mark Durham

THE VAST AND diversified world of black music is in a continual state of evolution. New means of expressing the spirit and experiences of black people are constantly being developed and explored, and fresh voices perpetually feed the art with life.

One of the many promising young voices in this tradition is Carlos Garnett, a warm and open musician who expresses himself on tenor, alto, and soprano saxophones, as well as on flute, piano, congas, and various other percussion instruments.

Garnett's musical development began in Red Tank, Panama—a small town in the Canal Zone, where he was born on Dec. 1, 1938.

"I guess I've always played music," he recalled. "As early as I can remember I was playing on combs, humming, beating on drums and desks, and making music any way I could. My mother played the organ and sang in the Baptist church, and I figure I got some of my inspiration from her."

Greatly impressed by hearing Louis Jordan play in a movie, Carlos decided he wanted to play the tenor sax, and when he began to take a music class in the tenth grade, his sister bought an old horn for him.

Gifted with a good musical ear, he made rapid progress, and after three weeks was able to play the sax solos from all of Frankie Lymon's records.

Two months later, he and some of his classmates formed a band and he began to arrange songs for the group to play.

"We played every time and every place we got a chance, and after about six or seven months we had become the regular group for most of the school functions," he said.

Despite his early music class, Garnett never received any formal music training and is primarily self-taught. He credits much of his early coaching to various musicians who were playing around the country at the time.

"I was playing a lot of calypso and Latin music at first, but one day a guitar player named Vincent Ford called me over to his house and turned me on to Clifford Brown and Max Roach," he remembered. "From that point on, I started listening to a lot of music from the States, and I began to become more concerned with self-expression."

Following this early experience he started paying particular attention to the music of Sonny Rollins, Miles Davis, and Art Blakey, as well as Brown, Roach, and tenorist Harold Land, after whom he patterned his early style.

At the age of 16 he began to further broaden his musical horizons by playing with some of the older musicians in the area. In addition to occasional gigs with groups led by Vincent Ford, and by Victor Boa, one of Panama's leading pianists, he began to participate in weekly jam sessions held by musicians from the U.S. who were stationed in the Canal Zone with the Army.

Shortly afterward, Garnett started to play around the city with the Gay Crooners, a popular singing group, and he recorded with a calypso singer named Black Majesty.

"We made some pretty good records," he recollected. "The music we played was calypso, but my solos were more into a jazz thing, and a lot of the old-timers who played in the more traditional West Indian style used to say that I couldn't play be-



cause of this. But the people liked it and they still talk about it even now."

Since the time of his first exposure to the music being made in the U.S., the young musician had planned to come here in order to learn more about it. And, on Feb. 2, 1962—with the help of his sisters, who had preceeded him in making the journey—he arrived in Brooklyn, New York.

Almost immediately following his arrival, he began sitting in at sessions at the Brooklyn Club Baby Grand, where he soon earned a regular gig with a rock 'n' roll group. In this setting, it quickly became apparent that during his short stay in the U.S., he had become greatly intrigued by the musical directions then being outlined by John Coltrane.

"During the whole time that I played with rock groups I was never considered a rock 'n' roll soloist," says Garnett, who lists Eric Dolphy, Archie Shepp, Roland Kirk, and Wayne Shorter among his other influences.

"A lot of times the club owners would want to fire me because I wasn't playing the same thing as the guys on the records. I would play the head with the rest of the group, but when it was my turn to solo, I would play whatever my mind felt like creating, and usually I would wind up taking the song to another place."

In 1965, he decided to give up the relative financial security of playing rock in order to devote his full energies to studying the music he really loved.

He left the Baby Grand and began to practice with Michael Ridley, George Hicks, Jim Dowdy, Ronald Warell, William Bennett, and some of the other young musicians then around Brooklyn.

"We used to get together and study theory and rehearse tunes, and from time to time we would play gigs," he said. "After a while I got tired of just playing all the old standards, so I decided to write songs for the group to play. We played them and people liked them, and I've been writing ever since."

Early in 1968, he and pianist Ronald Warell formed a quintet and arranged for the group to play at a jazz cocktail sip held every Sunday at the Blue Coronet in Brooklyn. It was while he was playing here that Freddie Hubbard heard him and enlisted him to join his ensemble.

After working with the trumpeter for three months and cutting one album, *Soul Experiment*, with him, Garnett fulfilled an early ambition by becoming one of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers.

Following a year-and-a-half with Blakey, he went to work with Charlie Mingus for three months, and then collaborated with Andrew Hill on a television session and an album, *Lift Every Voice*.

"I love to play," said Garnett, "but I found that whenever I dedicated my love to whatever leader I was playing with, I never seemed to be able to please them and I never had a permanent gig. So I finally decided to get together a group of my own that would operate like one family instead of constantly breaking up and developing personality conflicts."

Around the middle of last year he formed his present unit which includes Kaine Zawadi (euphonium), Khaliq al Rouf (soprano sax, flute), Stafford James (bass), Hakim Jami (bass), Charles Pulliam (congas), Norman Connors (traps), Mona Bassell, Evelyn Jenkins, Tina Thomas, Cora James, and Luwena Webster (voices), and sometimes Danny Mixon (piano).

"I really love to play with them," the leader said. "We've got some of the most underrated young talent in the field, and we work very well together. Everybody has a real feeling for each other, and our sound is growing tighter every day."

"I try to draw from the African inspired rhythms created by black people all over the world," he noted. "In our music you will find interpretations of the samba, Afro-Cuban, calypso, and rock rhythms. Because of our broad focus, I named the group the Universal Black Force."

"I emphasize versatility in the band,"

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# BUD FREEMAN: TENOR WITH TENURE

by Alan Surpin

"HE'S LIKE THE TIP of an iceberg."

I had casually mentioned to a veteran jazz musician that I interviewed tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman recently and thought he was a man with many sides to his personality.

I have known about Freeman since the early '50s when I began to play clarinet and bought one of my first jazz albums, an anthology on EmArcy called *Jazz of Two Decades*. It included such diverse sounds as Lennie Tristano's *Blue Boy* and *Inside On The Southside*, featuring Bud Freeman.

During those early years of my listening, there was a series of weekend jam sessions at a restaurant called Child's Paramount located in the basement of the building housing the Paramount Theater. Both theater and restaurant are gone now.

The sessions would attract such notables as Pee Wee Russell, Bobby Hackett, Jimmy McPartland, Vic Dickenson, Jimmy Rushing, Coleman Hawkins, and Freeman.

At that time, it was a thrill, having just discovered a form of music that touched the very nerves of my body, to sit and listen to what then seemed to me to be the greatest array of musicians that ever walked the face of the earth.

And there were at least 1500 arguments with a drummer friend, who had discovered Bird and Diz ahead of me, about the musical merits of the "moderns" versus the traditionalists.

I recall Bud Freeman from those days in a shadowy way. He would be on the bandstand, waiting to play, and one felt that he was not really there, though when he did play, his voice was lyrical and swinging. But for some reason, there was no phrase or inflection that sent a ripple through my nerves. Was it too much for my novice ears?

Some of the answers began to reveal themselves when I met Freeman at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York for an interview.

He was living there while the group he works with and loves so much, the World's Greatest Jazzband, was playing an extended gig at the Roosevelt Grill, where for years the vibrato of Guy Lombardo held forth.

I'm not quite sure what a jazz musician is supposed to look like, especially a man who has been playing tenor saxophone for 47 years and has shared the bandstand with the likes of Bix Beiderbecke, Louis, Prez, Benny Goodman and most of the other legends who have shaped the music.

Freeman looks more like a retired doctor or Wall Street financier, or the proprietor of an exclusive ladies' dress shop. His clothes are stylishly contemporary: wide ties or ascots with conservative colors; sporty jackets and slacks; casual shoes. Add to this his mustache and strands of graying hair, and there is a definite British air about him. This is intentional, as he is an ardent Anglophile. When England, especially London, is mentioned, his eyes twinkle, his face beams.

Overall, his personality ranges from warm to pompous to irreverent—a bon vivant in spirit, a Don Juan with a tenor

saxophone; a master of the put-on, but with compassion; a swinger who could make the jet-setters look like Model Ts.

Complexity and "image" are all part of the Bud Freeman mystique, which he no doubt has helped to create. For he has a sense of public relations that would make many a so-called professional look like Spiro Agnew in the ring with Cassius Clay. But this is because Freeman looks at jazz not as an esoteric art form for the few, but as entertainment, pure and simple.

"Jazz is a show, it's entertainment, strictly entertainment and we (The World's Greatest Jazzband) are a show and the applause of the audience is our living; the only thing we receive from the audience is applause and that is important," he stressed.

But this doesn't mean that the musicians do not have self-respect, or do not value the music.

It is just that Bud Freeman has been able to face the vicissitudes of a jazzman's life and can look at his music without pretense, as fulfillment for an audience that comes to listen and dance. "We're a dance band," he pointed out.

In essence, entertainment and art are two sides of the same coin. Most important of all for Freeman is the fact that The World's Greatest Jazzband "is not boring," he emphasized.

For years, Freeman had played with a variety of small and large groups, often feeling like a wandering minstrel. In the early '50s the feeling that his music was important temporarily left him.

"I stopped playing for a few years. I was involved in a romance with a woman in Chile. I needed a change, and so I went there to live," he said.

When he returned, he began to play again, but felt that something had gone amiss. So he looked into psychotherapy.

"During the '60s, on and off for 10 years, I was involved in therapy. It gave me a better outlook on life. I was becoming disenchanted. It wasn't necessarily that I didn't want to live. But I was just going along and wasn't very ambitious," he explained.

Part of that experience is included in a recently published book, *Celebrities on the Couch*, edited by Lucy Freeman (no

relation, "but we've been friends for years," Miss Freeman said), published by Price, Stern and Sloan.

The book deals with the experience in psychotherapy of some 20 well-known persons, such as Freeman, Floyd Patterson and a number of show people.

Freeman's enthusiasm for the WGJB is evident whenever he speaks of it. In a sense, this band has reinvigorated him.

For one thing, the WGJB is a cooperative. Each member of the band owns a piece of it; they are not just sidemen with a leader.

The WGJB may not in truth be as heavy as its name, but the "greatness" of the band, for Freeman, spells a steady, satisfying place to play, and with colleagues who are his peers, such as Vic Dickenson, Billy Butterfield, Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Bob Wilber, Ed Hubble, Ralph Sutton, Gus Johnson, Jr.—musicians who are known to their audience. "Each player in the band has a following of sorts," he said.

Freeman has definite opinions about the music scene today, but he prefers to play them down, so as not to seem "disparaging," a word he often used in talking about aspects of music he himself does not care for.

But he emphasized that he has "listened to every kind of jazz since I was a child, and I think this has helped to keep my playing fresh. I listen to everything and get something out of everything."

Freeman is not one of the gloom and doom merchants of jazz, and he feels that there is a potential "jazz audience of a couple of million people in the U.S. alone."

And despite the fact that Freeman, in order to be "true to myself," doesn't particularly care to use an instrument doctored with electronics, or wants to play with a band containing more dials than keys on instruments, he does not see a musical Armageddon on the horizon.

"What's going to happen to jazz?," he says, repeating a question put to him. "Out of rock and contemporary music a whole new generation of jazz musicians will evolve . . . there will always be jazz people."

This sanguine prognosis is characteristic of the man, whose music always has reflected an optimistic outlook.

And so, all temporary self doubts gone, Bud Freeman, who as a teenager was among the first white musicians to play uncompromising jazz, who went on, as a star of the Ray Noble, Tommy Dorsey and Benny Goodman bands, to become one of the most influential tenor stylists of the '30s, and in the '50s had sufficient interest in new developments to study with Lennie Tristano, continues, in his deceptively casual way, to make music that bears the stamp of a master craftsman and true originator.

His music, like his appearance, belies the fact that he just turned 65. A true gentleman of jazz, he is among those sturdy veterans who over the years have knocked the once-fashionable theory that jazz is a youngsters' art into a cocked hat. [AS]



# MAKE ROOM FOR BILLY HARPER

*Ironically, considering his involvement last year with the Jazz and People's Movement and that organization's attempts to help jazz receive more exposure via the mass media outlets (radio, television) in the U.S., the first time I heard tenor saxophonist Billy Harper was on a B.B.C. television show in Britain in 1968. The program featured Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, one of whom was Harper. Since then, he has started the rise to a prominent position as one of the strongest young tenor players today. His ability has been recognized by such discerning leaders as Gil Evans, Thad Jones and Max Roach. Harper's is a no-nonsense approach to playing: intense and convincing. Currently, he divides his time between working with the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis band and Lee Morgan's quintet, and was slated to go to Europe with Evan's big band this summer.*

*Billy Harper's attitude is indicative of the younger (he is 28) musician's awareness and total involvement with his music. He is highly articulate and anxious to have his music more widely accepted, but not at the price of compromising his beliefs.*

**B.H.:** I was born in Houston, Texas, the product of a musical family background. My mother sings and I have uncles who sing and play. So I began to sing when I could just crawl about the house. I'm told that at a very early age I was singing some lines of Ella Fitzgerald's, obviously before I knew who she was, but that was the kind of music I heard then. I did little concerts in church; my grandfather was a minister. I was about 5 at the time. Also, I was singing and composing little tunes for the children's choir and from that came my involvement with music.

In high school, I became interested in drama and began to do some acting and originally I was going to major in drama, but then I got involved with the saxophone. The way that came about was simply that I was fascinated with the visual complexity of the horn. It became a challenge to try and master it, so I really started to concentrate on the horn.

**E.M.:** This was still in Houston?

**B.H.:** Yeah, I was about 12 or 13. As far as the culture was concerned in Houston, everything was basically of a commercial nature, so if you were going to relate to music, or perform musically, you had to be out of the particular vein where you could sing and play. I imagine that's probably how, say, Grady Tate for instance, came up singing and playing drums.

When I left high school I went to North Texas State University, which was a predominantly non-black university, and that became another kind of challenge for me. There were musicians there who had been playing their instruments since the time I had been singing and it was obvious that I would have to get on the ball in order to compete with them.

**E.M.:** Was there anyone you came up with in Houston who is playing today?

**B.H.:** Hardly anyone, actually. There was Ted Dunbar, who is a superb guitarist, and a trumpeter named Robert Williams who is a fine musician. We played together during college times. You know, there

seems to be some kind of psychological thing in Texas that discourages musicians from continuing with their music.

**E.M.:** Who were your initial influences when you started playing?

**B.H.:** Well, as I mentioned, the original motivation was the challenge of mastering the horn. It was that rather than actual playing. There were influences, of course. James Clay, who was living in Dallas, was one; also Coltrane and Sonny Rollins.

**E.M.:** When did you first come to New York?

**B.H.:** In 1967, and I came in one of the hardest ways—without knowing anyone, apart from drummer Charles Moffett. He helped me at a time when I really needed it. Just after I arrived I had all my clothes stolen, so I was without anything but my horn. I stayed at Charles' house for a while, but I was in New York for over a year before anything really happened. I had to put on my "gorilla suit" and approach it that way because at that time, that's what was happening. I think the friendly brotherhood thing had gone out about the time Freddie Hubbard got here. Right after that everything became hostile and the musicians felt threatened about their jobs. I feel that is changing now, with the new organizations like the Collective Black Artists and the Jazz and People's Movement making musicians aware of the problems to be faced and overcome. Back then, everything was, "No, you can't play, don't bother me". It really became a matter of knocking heads. It was like the challenge I went through at North Texas State, where I had to fight to get into the band. I was fighting in New York.

**E.M.:** You didn't get discouraged and think about going home for a while?

**B.H.:** No, not at all. I was still very close to the horn and the music.

**E.M.:** How did you manage to support yourself?

**B.H.:** I did a couple of little day jobs for a brief period, but otherwise it was a matter of family help. I was against doing something that would really take me too far from the music.

**E.M.:** When did the first ray of acceptance shine?

**B.H.:** Well, one of the occasions when I had to put on my "gorilla suit" helped get to that acceptance, at least helped open things up. Elvin Jones was working at the Village Vanguard and I went by and asked him if I could sit in and he said no, right off. I went back the next night and asked him again, and again the answer was no.

**E.M.:** You didn't let those refusals get to you?

**B.H.:** No, I feel it depends on how you approach a situation like that. I thought it necessary to gorilla. The day after the second refusal, I happened to go to a record date rehearsal Freddie Hubbard was having. Elvin was on drums. I helped take his drums upstairs to the studio. After they were finished, he wanted someone to get the drums down, so I said I would help if he gave me one tune on his set. Elvin replied, "You don't have to do that, you don't have to intimidate me. You can play, come on over." Anyway, I went by the club again and this time

I didn't say anything. I just sat there. Nothing happened. I went the next night, just sitting there and on the last set, Elvin looked over and said "O.K., come on up." When I got on the stand, Elvin got off the drums and Philly Joe Jones sat in and he had his gorilla suit on also, talking about "I'm Mr. Jones, Philly Joe Jones". Anyway, he kicked off a very fast tempo and the bass player was having a little difficulty making it, so Philly Joe shouted at him to lay out if he couldn't keep up. Philly was just burning. Then it was time for me to come in and everything was fine. All of a sudden Philly Joe abruptly stopped playing and took a drink. He was looking at me as if to say "What are you doing on the stand with me?" I'm out there on my own, going hard, so I just continued to play and the audience appeared to be enjoying it. They started applauding and Philly Joe looked kind of funny and pretty soon he came back in. I really dug that experience. It was typical of the type of tactics I felt were needed.

**E.M.:** What else helped you break in?

**B.H.:** Well, I did a television documentary for NBC called *The Big Apple*. The show concerned five people new to New York. One was Jerry Quarry, the boxer. There was also a model from England and a business man. I used Elvin, Freddie Hubbard, McCoy Tyner and Reggie Workman. The music didn't really come across, because the way the show was finally edited, they left out most of what I thought was important and wanted to get across. This was in 1967.

**E.M.:** Your first big-name exposure was with Gil Evans?

**B.H.:** Yes. I had just met Gil casually on the street one day. He is one of the most sincere and honest people I know, I mean black or white. This is a real person; none of that "I'm Mr. Evans" type of thing. I went to California with Gil in 1968 and did the Monterey Festival and Shelly's Manne-Hole. Soon after I returned to New York I was working with Art Blakey. In that particular group were McCoy, Slide Hampton and Bill Hardman. Working with Buhaina (Blakey's Muslim name) was another kind of challenge. It had a lot to do with challenging manhood this time, and I learned quite a bit from the experience. Buhaina is quite a person. I spent about a year and a half with the group.

**E.M.:** Since then, you have been working with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, Max Roach and Lee Morgan?

**B.H.:** Yeah, but there was quite a period of not really that much happening between the time of leaving Buhaina and joining Thad and Mel.

**E.M.:** How did you get on the band?

**B.H.:** I just got a call. You know, I have always preferred small group playing because of the freedom to express yourself, but I have learned a great deal being with this band. Thad is a very fine writer and I value the opportunity of being exposed to his work.

**E.M.:** The best exposure you've had on record thus far was on Gil Evans' Ampex album?

**B.H.:** Yes, and I really don't think Ampex got behind the album as they should



have. There seems to be a lack of initiative on the part of record labels when it comes to quote, "jazz records". This country is already in bad shape and promoters, etc., help it stay that way by pushing things simply from a dollar point of view. A lot of musicians have been talking about the fact that there is some kind of conspiracy in record companies and so forth, and it almost seems that way with the kind of motive that is behind the selling of jazz records. If Tiny Tim can be pushed successfully, then a valid music can certainly be sold.

I have spent a lot of time going to all the record companies trying to get something recorded and nothing has happened. It's a vicious circle in so far as before you can work in clubs etc., you have to have something that is selling, but you can't sell anything unless you have a name. It seems to me that many record companies have policies of not recording jazz anymore.

**E.M.:** You have completed recording an album yourself. Obviously, the fact that you did do it yourself was as a direct result of the situation concerning the major companies.

**B.H.:** Right, I feel that it is important for musicians to try and control their own destinies as much as possible. Until recently, musicians have not been aware enough or concerned enough to do something on their own. A lot of black people are realizing that it is important to have black-owned radio and television stations in order for them to do what they have to. I'm sure the people at the record companies that I contacted didn't know if my music was good or not, so unless somebody does say something, the majority of people just won't find out. That, unfortunately, is the way things go in this country right now.

**E.M.:** Do you want to talk about your album?

**B.H.:** Well, I produced the date myself. I don't know if I will be successful in getting it on an established label, because I don't intend to have the same thing happen to me that has happened to a great number of musicians in the past. Many times, companies value the artist to the point of just paying a minimum, when, on the other hand, the same companies allow huge sums of money for rock groups. I value my music, whether the companies do or not. If it gets the kind of respect I feel the music deserves then I will go ahead with an established label.

**E.M.:** Who was on the date?

**B.H.:** I used Elvin Jones, Billy Cobham and Warren Smith on different sessions; also Jimmy Owens, Julian Priester, George Cables and Reggie Workman. Dick Griffin was also on one track. I used voices as well, including Gene McDaniels, Lavada Johnson, Pat Robinson, and a fine singer, Barbara Grant. In fact, all the musicians and singers performed beautifully. I'm very happy with the overall outcome.

**E.M.:** Currently, you are working with both Max Roach and Lee Morgan. Have you been involved in anything else?

**B.H.:** I've done a few studio jobs, but things are still relatively slow.

**E.M.:** Where do you feel you are at this

time in terms of your music?

**B.H.:** I have to say that I'm certainly not satisfied. I feel I could have accomplished much more in the past if more opportunities had been available. Even then, I had a good idea of what I wanted and where I was going musically. Today, I wish I could just continue to concentrate exclusively on my music, but when I'm not playing or expressing myself musically, when I'm on the street, for instance, I come face to face with something altogether different.


For example, I was in the Post Office one day and a fellow came up to me and said "Black Panther!" Now, I assume that fellow knows the Panthers. He could just as well have taken out a gun and shot me thinking I was whoever he thought I was. I mean, the fact that I was black just made it happen that way. The struggle of the black musician is really just the same as the struggle of black men in this country. Because of things like that I have had to be aware of what's happening at this time.

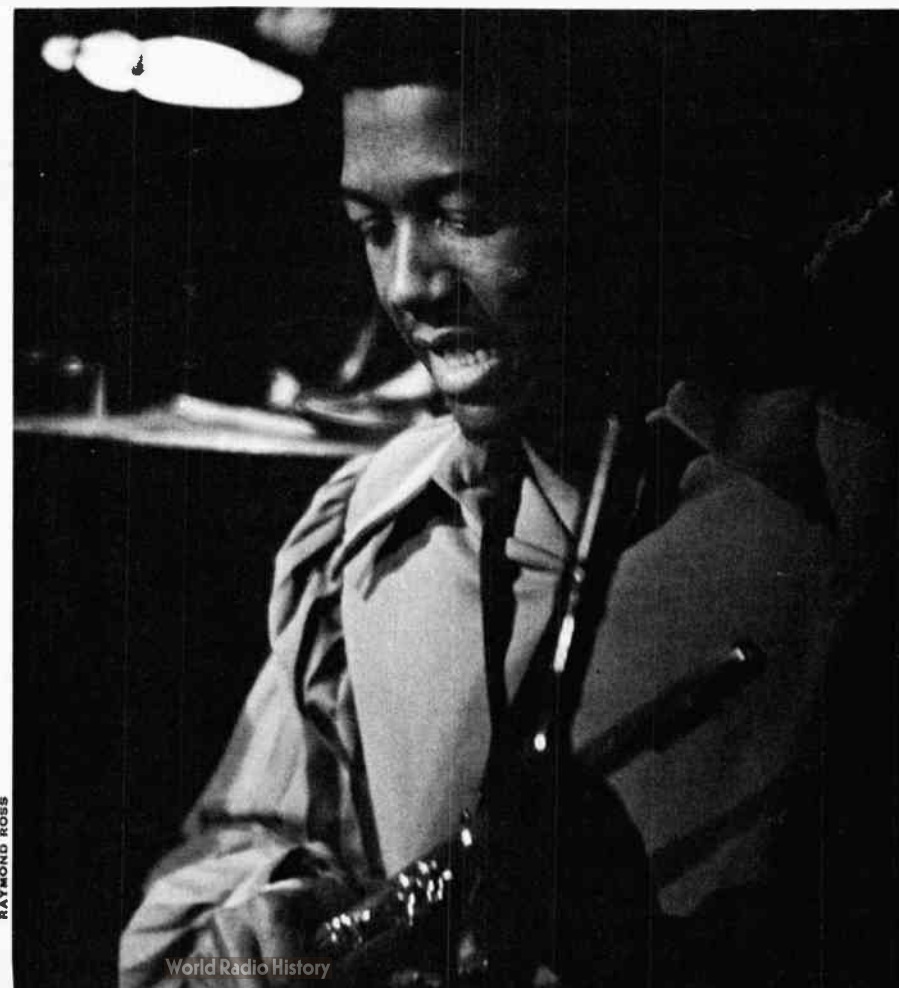
You know, in this country there is still a stigma attached to the word jazz. People have equated the music with taverns. Others have simply defined the music as "f-----" music. It has also been described as "illegitimate" music, as related to the birth of black men. Since most people have been taught to hate and fear the black man and as this music represents one of the strongest parts of his culture—when you mention jazz to people, they are going to think—"it comes from the black man and as I am already threatened by this man via economic pressure, via the fact that he is

coming to my neighborhood, I'm also threatened by his music". With all that, they won't listen, right there. The whole thing goes into the deeper problems of the country which have absolutely nothing to do with music.

It's a drag that we always have to go back to that basic problem when speaking of music. It relates to the difficulty that I had in getting into the band at North Texas State. No black had been in that band before, so my getting into the band was a big step for them. I guess they had good intentions, but still they were under that same stigma of the black/white problem. If a person didn't have to think about that and could just concentrate on the truth of the matter, which in this case is the music, then it would become easy to accept. That's why a child, for instance, can accept the music—because he is not hassled by that extra-musical thing, unless his parents have already poisoned his mind.

**E.M.:** Are you hopeful about the future, in terms of your own contribution?

**B.H.:** Yes. One of the main things that keeps me going is the spiritual force that is involved with the music. I mean, when John Coltrane got to *A Love Supreme*, he was openly expressing that spirituality. I think that made a lot of musicians aware of the connection between the music and a greater spiritual being. You know, there are greater things in life than the little problems we have to deal with—I mean the commercial aspects, building a name, etc. There are spiritual things that are much more important, and as long as I realize that, I will be able to make it. 



RAYMOND ROSS

# record REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Mike Bourne, Bill Cole, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Larry Kart, Joe H. Klee, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Doug Ramsey, Larry Ridley, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Jim Szantor. Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

Most recordings reviewed are available for purchase through the **down beat/RECORD CLUB**. (For membership information see details elsewhere in this issue or write to down beat/RECORD CLUB, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, IL 60606)

## ANTHONY BRAXTON

**FOR ALTO**—Delmark DS 420/421: *Dedicated to Multi-instrumentalist Jack Gell; To composer John Cage; To Artist Murray De Pillars; To Pianist Cecil Taylor; Dedicated to Ann and Peter Allen; Dedicated to Susan Axelrod; To My Friend Kenny McKenny; Dedicated to Multi-instrumentalist Leroy Jenkins.*

Personnel: Braxton, alto sax.

Rating: ★★★★★

When the editor laid this album on me, he told me that it contains four sides of unaccompanied alto saxophone solos. How revolutionary? Not completely. Back in 1720, J.S. Bach wrote six sonatas for unaccompanied violin and six suites for unaccompanied cello. Still, this recording is revolutionary, for the saxophone is normally capable of producing only one note at the time, whereas strings are capable of multiple stops.

Anthony Braxton is a living, breathing player whose work, like that of so many of the avant garde, if of an extremely personal nature. By fully exposing his inner emotions, Braxton has left himself vulnerable to criticism. Yet it is unfair to express criticism of honesty. If there are faults (and I have not found any with the playing or writing on this album) the listener has little choice but to overlook them because they are expressions of personal experiences and feelings which only Braxton himself can judge properly.

For this reason, I debated whether or not to put any rating on this album. I finally arrived at the conclusion that even as an expression of nothing more than my personal enjoyment of what I heard, the album deserves a five-star rating.

The dedications to the pieces are simply that. The full titles were omitted due to an error on the part of the record company, which will be rectified on later printings of the sleeve.

Bill Quinn's liner notes ask the musical question "Who is Anthony Braxton?" The best way to answer it is to dig these four sides. —Klee

## CHASE

**CHASE**—Epic E 30472: *Open Up Wide; Livin' In Heat; Hello Groceries; Handbags and Glad-rags; Get It On; Boys and Girls Together; Invitation to a River (Two Minds Meet; Stay; Paint It Sad; Reflections; River).*

Personnel: Bill Chase, Alan Ware, trumpet; Ted Piercefield, Jerry Van Blair; trumpet, vocal; Phil Porter, keyboards; Angel South, guitar, vocal; Dennis Johnson, bass, vocal; Jay Burrid, percussion; Terry Richards, lead vocal.

Rating: ★★★★★

If you like trumpets—and I'm an old trumpet freak—Chase will give you good kicks. The group rightfully takes its name from leader-lead trumpeter-arranger Bill Chase, well remembered for his work with Woody Herman (big band and small

group) and a man equipped with a set of chops entitling him to air rights in that zone of the stratosphere inhabited by Cat Anderson, Maynard Ferguson, and a very few others.

Leading a trumpet section is Chase's natural habitat, and the one he has gathered here is first-rate. In full cry, it rivals the best ever assembled, in or out of studios. The trumpets give the band its own special character and color, and their energy output, range, bite and precision are something else.

For this aspect, the album can be enjoyed by all. If you are a jazz purist, be forewarned that this is a rock-jazz band—in that order of priorities. But these are hard times for purists, and even at its rockiest, the music is not too far removed from that of Rich and Herman, contemporary style. And those who like Maynard's high stuff will not be disappointed by Chase's.

The singing, of course, is—for this reviewer, and he would guess, for many of his orientation—an acquired taste. Terry Richards, who is featured, is at his best on *Paint It Sad* and not hard to take at any time, and Van Blair and Piercefield, who also sing solo, are pleasant and musical. None of them quite make it when trying to sound black, but there's no getting away from that, I guess, though it can be done so much more convincingly with emphasis on feeling rather than sound. (This a general comment; these particular singers are lesser sinners than most.)

Perhaps it is this orientation that causes me to pick *Open Up Wide*, the album's only instrumental, as my favorite track. But I prefer, to think I like it because it has the most jazz content and feeling, Chase's kickiest solo, and a good outing by Porter, a gifted organist I recall from a Howard McGhee album and in person at Birdland, and from whom I would like to hear more featured work, though he is a fine accompanist, too.

This piece is by Chase, and he is also responsible for the music to *Invitation to a River*, a "suite" of the type popular in post-Sgt. Pepper-BS&T rock. The story line—a doomed love affair—is a bit melodramatic, and so, at times, is the music, but there are substantial ideas at work here. The opening, *Two Minds Meet*, gets to swing and has fine scoring touches. There are a variety of moods, and the ad lib *Reflections* is a tour de force for the leader, involving tape-and-chop wizardry and a gigantic climax bringing in the whole band. The canonic stuff on *Stay* sounds for all the world like a segment from some Kentonian opus, but is imme-

diately followed by a groovy Fender bass interlude and guitarist South's tasteful use of electronic devices.

The rhythm moves along throughout, and there isn't a weak link in the group. Use of multitracking and such is kept at a minimum (and effective when used), so one gets the impression that this band can say what it says on record as well (and probably even better) in person. (Spies tell me that Van Blair is a fine jazz soloist, for one thing.)

This is a very well done first album by a group that certainly should make it, if excitement combined with musicality and expert craftsmanship are qualities that appeal to current audiences. And it's a must-hear for students of the trumpet—graduates included. —Morgenstern

## BOOKER ERVIN

**THAT'S IT**—Barnaby Z 30560: *Mojo; Uranus; Poinciana; Speak Low; Booker's Blues; Boo.*

Personnel: Ervin, tenor sax; Horace Parlan, piano; George Tucker, bass; Al Harewood, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

**EXULTATION!**—Prestige 7844: *Mooche Mooche; Black and Blue; Tune In; Just In Time (short take); Just In Time (long take); No Land's Man (short take); No Land's Man (long take); Mour.*

Personnel: Frank Strozier, alto sax; Ervin, tenor sax; Horace Parlan, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The loss of Booker Ervin, as listening to these albums makes one acutely aware, was a serious blow to jazz. One of the very few wholly original tenorists to appear in the music of the past decade, he was a man totally dedicated to his art, one of those rare players who break new ground without breaking with tradition.

*That's It*, recorded in 1961, was Ervin's third LP of his own, and the first to give him free rein. Originally on the Candid label and long unavailable, it is one of three important jazz albums in Barnaby's new Candid reissue series (the other two are by Charles Mingus and Cecil Taylor).

At the time, the quartet heard on the LP was a regular working group, with the late George Tucker's bass a tower of strength. Ervin's gift for writing fresh original lines is demonstrated in *Uranus*, an appealing ballad; *Mojo*, a typically charging and deceptively "simple" up-tempo piece, and the happy *Boo*.

But the tenorist's strongest playing of the session comes on *Booker's Blues*, a masterful re-telling of an age-old story, a sermon in music with that special Texas accent Booker shared with other great southwestern tenormen, and on *Speak Low*, a standard made to order for his minor hues and mournful yet elating sound, taken



at a sizzling tempo.

Booker liked to stretch out, but there was never any waste of notes or space. His music is concentrated, bristling with energy, and a veritable definition of swing.

By the time he recorded *Exultation* some two years later, his style was fully matured. The tone has taken on a new brilliance, and there is even more conviction and assurance in the playing.

This was the first of a remarkable series of albums for Prestige, and the reissue includes two "short takes" originally issued on 45 rpm only. They show how concisely Booker could tell a story.

*Black and Blue*, the fine old Fats Waller tune immortalized by Louis Armstrong, is one of Ervin's masterpieces. A balladist of uncommon stature, he exposes the melody with unmistakably personal touches (note his use of the shake), then launches on an improvisation that recreates the song. After Strozier's bridge, he comes back with a sublime melodic paraphrase.

*Tune In* makes interesting use of polytonality, and the head is beautifully played by the two saxophonists. Booker kicks off his solo, as always, with the "I'm here" authority that rivets the listener's attention.

*Mooche Mooche* exemplifies Booker's love of tempo. No matter what the speed, his statements never lose continuity and coherence, and his forward momentum is spectacular. Speed and beauty is a rare combination. Charlie Parker had it. Booker Ervin had it.

He also had the ability to inspire his fellow musicians, and Parlan (much stronger here than on the 1961 date) comes up with some fine, sensitive playing, notably on *Mooche* and *Tune In*. Warren is excellent (wonder what happened to him?), and Perkins, who contributed the interesting *No Land's Man*, is at the top of his form—don't miss his well-recorded bass drum accents, which are something special.

Strozier, a gifted player from whom too little has been heard in recent years, attunes himself sensitively to Ervin, and has his best moments on *Just In Time*.

But it is, rightfully, the leader who dominates. These are not his very greatest records, but everything he played was of significance. Booker Ervin's music had rare dignity, even nobility, and it is weighted with musical meaning and emotional power. He had his own thing, and musicians would do well to listen to what he had to say. It is ironic that Coltrane imitators and other lesser players achieved more fame and fortune than he, but in time the record will show that he was a giant.

—Morgenstern

## JOHN KLEMMER

ERUPTIONS—Cadet Concept LPS 330: *Gardens of Uranus; Summer Song; Regions of Fire; Rose Petals; Lady Toad; A Non Frer Africain; La De Dab; Earth Emancipation.*

Personnel: Klemmer, tenor sax, wood flute, flute, echo-plex, wah wah pedal; Mike Lang, organ, Fender piano; Lynn Blessing, vibes; Art Johnson, guitar, echo-plex and wah-wah pedal; John Dentz, drums; Wolfgang Meltz, electric bass; Mark Stevens, percussion; Gary Coleman, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

Klemmer's tone is right out of the



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Chicago tenor tradition, deep and full, and his conception includes blues-laden ideas that are mainstays of that tradition. But he has become a formidable free player, and this album is impressive for his achievements in that area.

*Summer Song* and *African* are slow performances in which Klemmer's tone shifts to a light, almost Getzian cast. Although the tape-loop effects are interesting, they distract from the overall feeling; the gimmicks are unnecessary. He uses the wah-wah attachment with facility and, on *Rose Petals*, with great humor. The damned thing really does say wah-wah. *Regions* has a fast, exploratory solo in which Klemmer's tone remains full and fat even in the tenor's register.

The least fettered performance is *Emanicipation*, with good solos from Klemmer and Lang, and effective interplay between tenor and guitar. The ending is downright apocalyptic. The leader's flute work is limited to a brief introductory passage on *Toad*.

Klemmer is the dominant voice in the LP, with scattered solo appearances by Lang and Johnson. The rhythm section is kept busy laying billows and blankets of sound under the tenor. Blessing is good to hear again. He has a beautiful touch and a nicely unorthodox harmonic sense.

Klemmer (or his producer) apparently quickly overcame any urge to play familiar material. His first album had outstanding versions of *You Don't Know What Love Is* and *How Deep Is The Ocean?* This is his fifth date for Cadet, and there hasn't been a standard since.

This listener, for one, would like to hear a good deal more of that side of Klemmer. —Ramsey

## DAVID NEWMAN

**CAPTAIN BUCKLES**—Cotillion SD 18002: *Captain Buckles; Joel's Domain; Something; Blue Caper; The Clincher; I Didn't Know What Time It Was; Negus.*

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Newman, alto and tenor saxes, flute; Eric Gale, guitar; Steve Novosel, bass; Bernard Purdie, drums.

Rating: ★★

Not that I don't like soul. I could listen to Aretha all night. I could also be very happy listening to Ray Charles and his orchestra, of which both hornmen on this session are members. Somehow, though, this LP comes off as just another routine soul/jazz session with only a few solos by the underrated Mitchell to take it out of the ordinary. Yeah, the rhythm section cooks, but they've been cooking for years and from the same menu of soul food, too.

Newman's alto work can conjure up romantic images of the late Earl Bostic. His balladry on George Harrison's *Something* is as sweetly beautiful as was Bostic, in this mood.

The subtle trumpet work of the not-often-enough heard Mitchell provides quite a contrast with Newman's bat-you-over-the-head tenor, especially when they follow one another, as on *Clincher*.

No keyboard man is listed for the session, and while at times there seems to be an organ sound, this is most probably guitarist Gale playing through a Leslie

speaker. Gale has the chops to pull off a three-man rhythm section, though it surely helps that the other two are the driving Pretty Purdie and former Roland Kirk bassist Novosel.

*Negus* is the most interesting tune of the lot and has an acoustic guitar solo by Gale that beats everything for funkiness, as well as Newman's best solo work on the album. Like fellow Texan Arnett Cobb used to do with Hamp, Newman can spend a while getting to it, but when he finally does, he says something worth-while enough to justify the rating.

In terms of playing time, the record is no bargain. Each side plays around 17 minutes. When we have been offered LPs with almost an hour's music, we shouldn't have to settle for less than 40 minutes.

—Klee

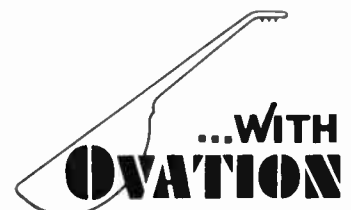
## "KNOCKY" PARKER

**THE COMPLETE PIANO WORKS OF JELLY ROLL MORTON**—Audiophile AP 102-105: *Superior Rag; Original Jelly Roll Blues; Frogmore Rag; Troublesome Rag; The Pearls; Big Fat Ham; Wolverine Blues; Mr. Jelly Lord; Kansas City Stomps; London Blues; Grandpa's Spells; Wild Man Blues; King Porter Stomp; Mama Nita; Perfect Rag; 35th St. Blues; Milneburg Joys; New Orleans Blues; Shreveport Stomp; Tom Cat Blues; Dead Man Blues; Chicago Breakdown; State and Madison; Black Bottom Stomp; Side-walk Blues; Cannon Ball Blues; Hyena Stomp; Jungle Blues; Freakish; Seattle Hunch; Fickle Fay Creep; Fat Frances; Crazy Chord Rag; Pep; Sweet Peter; Sweet Substitute; Finger Buster; The Crave; The Naked Dance; Mr. Joe; Creepy Feeling; Bert Williams; Honky Tonk Music; Spanish Swat; Buddy Carroll's Rag; Les Miserere; Metamorphosis; Tiger Rag.*

Personnel: Parker, piano, unidentified keyboard instruments, accompanied on some tracks by Dick



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Brightwell, drums, and Ruth Brightwell, bass; on others by Marvin "Smokey" Montgomery, banjo; George Pryor, bass; Harvey Kindervater, drums.

Rating: none

Prof. John W. Parker is a Texan in his early '50s, best known for his previous Audiophile recordings of a similar genre, devoted to the works of ragtime composers Scott Joplin and James Scott, and those with cornetist Doc Evans. He is a capable, experienced pianist, and, as you might suspect, an eclectic one.

Clarinetists Albert Nicholas and Omer Simeon, seemingly unimpeachable witnesses, are quoted to the effect that "playing with Knocky is just like playing with Jelly Roll himself", but the fact remains that there are men more qualified to execute Morton's music than Parker; he got the nod because of his long association and presumable friendship with E. D. Nunn, the high fidelity pioneer who led the field with his Audiophile label at a time when such techniques were largely foreign to the majors. Nunn recently sold Audiophile to Jim Cullum Jr. and Sr., of San Antonio's Happy Jazz Band, but continues to do all the label's recording. Kindervater is a member of the HJB, and Pryor an acquaintance of same, thus completing the cycle of association.

Possibly for variety and/or novelty, Parker has chosen to utilize, on about half the tracks, an odd instrument that aurally resembles the "orchestration" used in the film *Pete Kelly's Blues* and suggests merry-go-rounds and Ferris wheels. He uses this Thing for most of the "common" tunes (all of side 2, for example), perhaps to avoid the inevitable comparison to the originals, or to give them a new perspective. Moreover, he occasionally plays a bell-toned instrument much like a celeste that may be auxiliary to the Thing and provides a pleasant contrast to it. (Nowhere in the album is the prospective buyer told that keyboards other than piano are used—smart!).

The attempt at variety was well-intended, I'm sure—almost 153 minutes of fake Jelly Roll piano is a *lot*—but it didn't work. At most, one track of quaint, wheezing charm per side would have been plenty for the sensibilities to bear.

True, there are no claims that Parker is trying to copy Morton; he's just playing his tunes. But the intent is implicit. How does one separate Morton's tunes from his style? Knocky has learned all of Jelly's standard licks and has practiced stringing them together for years, but does not seem to have the deeper insight into Morton's musical mind that more successful disciples have displayed. Mainly, he is unable to simulate Morton's swing, and the tune without the swing (you must hear Morton himself to understand this) is like the martini without the gin.

The "complete" business bothers me, too. Each title is dated by year; this indicates time of copyright, *not* of composition nor first recording. A glance at the copyright roster in *Mr. Jelly Lord*, Morton's biography by Alan Lomax, will reveal the full extent of Jelly's productivity. These, then, I thought at first, must be only those pieces *published*; yet, the *Tiger Rag* routine is included, and the 1938 numbers published by Roy J. Carew are not.



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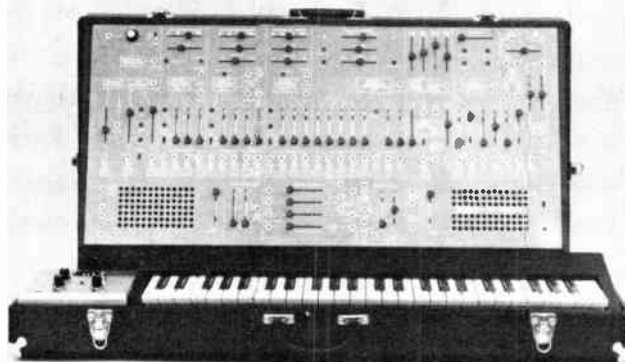
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## World Radio History



Each of the four discs carries a category: respectively, *Rags and Blues*; *Spanish Rhythms*; *Barrelhouse And Stomps*; and *Memoirs And Recollections* (there are six tracks per side; count off and mark for yourself). These divisions are, to say the least, arbitrary; there are too many stomps and not enough *los ritmos* for the spaces allotted, obviously.

*Superior* and *Troublesome* are early pieces that Jelly never recorded. The latter is as satisfying as anything in the set; Parker and Montgomery swing it along very nicely. *Fingerbuster* was copyrighted as *The Fingerbreaker*, but never published (!). Most of sides 7 and 8 draw from Morton's *Library Of Congress* material set down by Lomax in mid-'38. *Bert Williams* is actually *Pacific Rag*, another of Jelly's earliest pieces; *Carroll's* is *Albert Carroll*, another or *Sister Kate's* incarnations; and *Miserere* was originally listed as *Il Trovatore* (*A Transformation*). *Metamorphosis* is probably Knocky's title (it has that Ph.D. ring!) for the famous How-I-Came-To-Write-The-Tiger-Rag bit that opens the L. of C. narratives (as we know them) wherein Jelly makes an ironbound case for his claim. (Or, conversely, substantiates that he was the cleverest sonofabitch piano player south of Canada.) There is no narrative, however, to explain the sources of these *Tiger* components (waltzes, a mazurka, etc.) and as a climactic burst of common nonsense, the finalized *Tiger* is played on the Thing. (Nick LaRocca had claimed *Tiger* as his 20 years before, and Morton had no legal recourse; I suspect it was included because of collectors' familiarity with the L. of C. version, and to pad the album, though this final side plays only a bit over 15 minutes.)

In all fairness, I must give credit for the immense amount of work put into this "document"; "over 40 years of research and study", state the notes. Not to mention several recording sessions (one with the rhythm channel about seven db. low, but that's a blessing, considering the "rhythm"), rehearsals with accompanists (none of whom contribute toward the total effect, except, at times, Montgomery, Parker's old pal from his Light Crust Doughboys days). Sorry, Mrs. Brightwell, but you drag, and Harvey, you... well...

The records are packaged in a handsome, *Reader's Digest*-size carton that's three or four times deeper than it needs to be (the bigger the box, the more for the money?), with a handsome matching booklet that also has a lot of blank space and doesn't tell you very much, either. The package costs \$20.

I can't rate this because I don't know if it's good or bad. Surely many people will think it's great, and Knocky's fans and Nunn's fans will eat it up. An "E" for Effort, maybe, but subjectively a "D" for Dismay and a "W" for Wonder. I can't help thinking that the Thing was used as another of Nunn's hi-fi demonstrations, like the Thunderstorm and the Ping-Pong Game and the here-comes-the-train-there-goes-the-train.

Want to hear some *Morton*? Go up to Mendota, Minnesota, to the Hall Brothers' Emporium Of Jazz, and look around for Butch Thompson... —Jones



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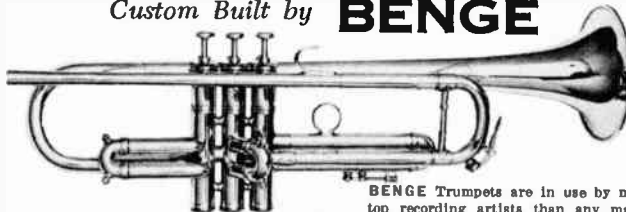
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# old wine- new bottles

Johnny Dodds, *Chicago Mess Around* (Milestone MLP 2011)

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

King Oliver, *Papa Joe* (Decca DL 79246)

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

Barney Bigard—Albert Nicholas (RCA LPV 566)

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

Various Artists; Baby Dodds Trio, *Jazz A La Creole* (G.H.B. GHB50)

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

Barney Bigard—Art Hodes, *Bucket's Got a Hole in It* (Delmark DS 211)

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

Various Artists; *Hot Clarinets* (Historical HLP 25)

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

None of the horns that dominated the growth of jazz has fallen to such a low ebb of prestige and influence today as the clarinet. There was a time, in another era, when a musician could ride to fame (if not also fortune) on its shrill wail, as this group of reissues reminds us.

The first major stars of the clarinet were Johnny Dodds and Jimmy Noone. (Betchet, the third great star, was a loner.)

Though Dodds and Noone were contemporaries, Dodds seemed the culmination of a past tradition, Noone the vanguard of a future one. Comparing the Dodds LP with the two Noone tracks on *Hot Clarinets* suggests this, although neither musician is shown to his best advantage.

The dim recording on the Dodds collection doesn't help (only three titles were electrically recorded), but at least they have been well remastered. The music is mostly clarinet with rhythm; only six of the 14 sides have a trumpet in the front line. The best tracks are *Loveless Love*, an intense, ripping performance, characteristic of Dodds at his most violent; *19th Street Blues*, featuring some relatively daring blues variations; *In The Alley*, a slow blues played in a lush but gutty manner, with cornetist Tommy Ladnier; and *Gallion Stomp*, with a fantastic clarinet break ending in a great growling scoop.

Noone is regrettably cast as accompanist to a singer in his two tracks but they are well recorded and suggest clearly what separated him from Dodds. Essentially, it was a more legitimate technique, one that expanded the range of expression for the clarinet and caught the ear of most players who formed the second generation. Noone's tone was more cultivated, his attack more gentle.

The various bands of King Oliver proved to be remarkable incubators for clarinet talent. The Dixie Syncopators alone, who recorded from 1926 through '28 and are heard on the Decca collection, featured Omer Simeon, Albert Nicholas and Barney Bigard. This was a big, hard-driving band which had left collective improvisation behind in favor of arrangements. It still made a gutty sound, however, and was more effectively recorded than the earlier Creole Jazz Band. Oliver was still a potent hornman, and this LP happily captures him in

top form.

As for reed work, *Farewell Blues* is outstanding. Bigard, who plays rather halting slap-tongue tenor sax through most of the LP, here rises as clarinet soloist for the first time, and in the last two choruses there is some beautiful interplay between Simeon, who plays the melody on soprano, and presumably Bigard, who flutters around the melody in gentle counterpoint.

Nicholas plays powerful clarinet on *Sugarfoot Stomp*, starting in the upper register and dropping to subtone in his second chorus. The rideout is the wildest and most driving I've ever heard, as is the deep, throaty sax section work in *Wa Wa Wa*. J.C. Higginbotham's record debut is heard in *Aunt Hagar's Blues*.

Bigard's work with Oliver gives little indication of the stylistic path he was to travel after teaming up with Duke Ellington. During his 14 years with the band, his became one of the most distinctive and personal clarinet sounds in the realm. The RCA Vintage collection finds Bigard at the summit of this powers in this most idyllic of settings. Regardless of tempo—and it is generally moderate to slow—there is a unity of mood to these sides. They are restrained—almost introspective—with Bigard's deep, brooding clarinet and Juan Tizol's mysterious, somber valve trombone. Yet there is no heaviness to this music. The texture is supple, counterpointed by Bigard's controlled scalar flights (a notable achievement with the Albert fingering system). Bigard's 1936 session for Variety (Epic EE 22006) sounds free-wheeling compared to the lyrical mood of these. Soloists include Ben Webster on the first four tracks, and Ray Nance and Harry Carney on the original version of *C Jam Blues*.

Victor has conveniently coupled these eight sides with eight made by Nicholas as a sideman in 1935—convenient for the purposes of this column, but unfortunate in that their informal character clashes with the carefully structured Bigard pieces.

Despite the rather commonplace setting, Nicholas displays a more agile and legato style than in the Oliver days, though more aggressive and less introspective than Bigard's. Both clarinetists have been directly linked to Noone by some writers (Hughes Pannassie, for one), but there is little of Noone to be heard in these Nicholas sessions. Both men had grace, the result of accomplished musicianship, but there the comparison ends. Nicholas is less genteel than the delicate Noone and frequently digs in for some growling. Like Bigard, Nicholas explores the full range of his instrument, but always in clearly defined eighths, not the flowing swirls that mark Bigard's style. He is joined by trumpeter Freddie Jenkins on all sides except *Okey Dokey* and *Tap Room Special*, a renamed version of *Panama*, which have Ward Pinkett. Interestingly, Adrian Rollini plays creditable drums on six tracks.

The Noone influence on Nicholas comes through more strongly in slow blues, such as *Buddy Bolden's Blues* and *Albert's Blues*, both from a 1946 Circle session reissued on G.H.B. His tone appears more polished in this showcase (with Baby Dodds, drums and Don Ewell, piano), and his attack is

less hurried and tense, even in the brisk version of *Wolverine Blues*.

Also included are two interesting drum "improvisations" by Dodds in which the steady pulse of the bass drum is counterpointed by rhythmic riffs and paradiddles that make for fascinating listening. Nicholas is also heard in another Circle session, badly marred by Creole patois vocals by Nicholas and Danny Barker. Though this LP offers some excellent Nicholas, it is too much of a mixed bag.

For a more recent glimpse of Bigard, we turn to a 1968 session on Delmark, which really doesn't belong in a column of reissues but serves to round out our look at his style. The long years of touring with Louis Armstrong and the more recent settling in California seems to have affected his playing in two ways, neither of them favorable. After leaving Ellington, his playing tended to become burdened with clichés, which are evident in this LP—such as the long strings of repeated little figures one found frequently in his work with Armstrong. A more careful selection of titles for this LP might have helped out. Instead of such warhorses as *Tin Roof Blues*, *Sensation* and *Bucket's Got a Hole in It*, why wasn't Bigard given a chance to re-explore some Ellington gems?

Secondly, less regular musical activity has perhaps caused a slight bit of rust to collect on his technique. Although he has many fine moments here, there are times when his fingers fail to produce the smooth grace one associates with him.

Yet the familiar attack remains very much intact: the soaring glissandi which peak and then dip (the coda of *Sweet Lorraine*); the long, sober lines (*Three Little Words*); and the sly runs about the scale that weave around the melody (*Hesitation Blues*). His co-star is pianist Art Hodes, who gives out with the most consistently forceful playing on the LP. They are joined by trumpeter Nappy Trotter and trombonist Georg Brunis on four tracks, while bassist Rail Wilson and drummer Barrett Deems are the rhythm team.

*Hot Clarinets*, which provided us with that fleeting glimpse of Noone some paragraphs back, is a grab bag of randomly selected clarinet sides. Historical LPs often seem to contain more than their share of deadwood (that random quality, you know) yet are rarely without several worthwhile items. Here these include an excellent 1929 title by the Louisiana Rhythm Kings featuring some fine Benny Goodman, Artie Schutt's piano, and excellent brush work by Dave Tough; a smooth, driving 1928 solo side by Tony Parenti (who can still be heard today in New York) which anticipates swing era Goodman; and a good 1927 track by the Red Heads featuring Pee Wee Russell, whose famous eccentric style was hardly yet in evidence. Others include two delightful Jimmy Lytell solos, and a beautifully graceful low-register chorus by Goodman on *Choo Choo Train*.

A 1925 Buster Bailey record is dubbed from so poor a copy as to prohibit evaluation, though his attack appears rather gentle compared to his playing with Fletcher Henderson.

All in all, *vive le clarinette!*

—John McDonough



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# blindfold test harold land

by Leonard Feather

On the occasion of a previous Harold Land Blindfold Test (db, 7/15/65) I observed that although he was one of the most consistently inventive and invigorating tenor soloists on the scene, his reputation had not kept pace with his talent.

Fortunately, this observation is no longer appropriate. In the middle and late 1960s, Land was the subject of much favorable comment, at home and abroad, as he gigged and recorded with Gerald Wilson's orchestra and with various small groups of his own.

Some three years ago Land found himself in an East Los Angeles club where Bobby Hutcherson was also playing. Though Los Angeles born, Hutcherson had spent the previous four years in New York.

"We found our musical ideas compatible," Land recalls, "and got the idea to co-lead a group. Since then, in spite of various changes in our rhythm section, we've managed to keep the same general sound of the group."

Teamed with Hutcherson, Land toured Europe in 1969 and '70, and has found enough work at concerts, colleges and clubs to keep the quintet busy. Each leader has his own recording deal, so the group is heard under Land's name on Mainstream and Hutcherson's on Blue Note.

Extremely soft-spoken, Land is more loquacious on his horn than in conversation. He was given no information about the records played.

**1. COLEMAN HAWKINS.** *Chant* (from *The Hawk Flies High, Riverside*). Idrees Sulieman, trumpet; J.J. Johnson, trombone; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Jo Jones, drums. Recorded 1957.

That was Coleman Hawkins, the old master. I enjoyed that very much. It sounded like Hank Jones on piano, who adds stature to any rhythm section, in my opinion. And I think J.J. on trombone, but I didn't recognize the trumpet player.

**L.F.:** How long ago do you think that was made?

**H.L.:** I'd say around ten years ago.

**L.F.:** Does it sound dated?

**H.L.:** I don't think of music in regard to time; just its quality. An example of that would be like thinking of Art Tatum playing something and wondering how old it is . . . Who cares? It's Tatum playing, and it's just a masterpiece.

I'll give that record four stars.

**2. ARCHIE SHEPP.** *What Would It Be Without You* (from *For Losers, Impulse*). Shepp, tenor saxophone; Cal Massey, composer.

Yes, I recognize Archie Shepp there. I enjoyed the mood he created, and also many of the statements he made throughout the track. The composition sounded rather like something Ben Webster might have played that Billy Strayhorn wrote, almost like an old standard.

I don't believe I've ever heard Archie Shepp in person, just on record, but he has always impressed me. I'd say three stars.

**3. ANTHONY BRAXTON.** *To Artist Murray De Pillars* (from *For Alto, Delmark*) Braxton, unaccompanied alto solo.

I have no idea who that was, but I think he's a very good saxophonist. However, I didn't get any emotional reaction to it, although I have great respect for his technique and his control of the instru-

ment. For that I would give him two stars.

**4. BEN WEBSTER.** *While We're Dancing* (from *See You At The Fair, Impulse*). Webster, tenor saxophone; Roger Kellaway, harpsichord.

Boy, what a sound! Five stars for that big, beautiful tone alone, not to mention his strength . . . he's just beautiful. I was particularly impressed by the contrast between the tenor and the harpsichord . . . the two extremes of fatness and thinness. That's about the most extreme you can get, and it created an interesting contrast. Ben Webster, he's another master.

I was influenced by Ben when I first began playing, then later by Lucky Thompson. I've always felt that Lucky himself was influenced by Ben, although Lucky's sound is not quite as big as Ben's.

**5. DAVID NEWMAN.** *Joel's Domain* (from *Captain Buckles, Cotillion*). Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Newman, flute, composer.

That sounds a lot like Yusef Lateef on flute, and I think it's Blue Mitchell on trumpet. I think the flute is beautifully played, and I enjoyed the whole thing very much. I particularly like the groove they got into.

I've just gotten into the flute myself since Bobby Hutcherson and I have been co-leading a group, because we liked the contrast it made. It kind of changes the color and texture, as opposed to only vibes and tenor. The flute players I listen to most are Yusef and Hubert Laws, whose playing has impressed me the most recently. I think four stars for that record.

**6. DEXTER GORDON.** *The Panther* (from *The Panther, Prestige*). Gordon, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

That's Dexter Gordon, and I really dig that. I've always dug Dex and he deserves five stars for just grooving so hard throughout on this particular track. I thought it might have been Billy Higgins on drums,

although I'm not sure. Possibly Barry Harris on piano.

I've known Dex since he was quite young; he was born in Los Angeles and spent quite a lot of time here during the 1940s and '50s. I've always liked his sound and style.

**7. HERBIE MANN.** *Soul Man* (from *Memphis Two Step, Embryo*). Mann, flute; Isaac Hayes, David Porter, composers.

I know that's Herbie Mann and I like his flute playing. However I didn't think the composition was particularly outstanding. I've heard him on far more interesting material than this, so just two stars.

**8. BOOKER ERVIN.** *Boo* (from *That's It, Barnaby*). Ervin, tenor saxophone.

That's my friend, the late Booker Ervin. He was such a beautiful person. We worked together the last time he was in Los Angeles, at a now defunct club called the Tropicana.

I'll give that three stars because actually the performance was more interesting than the material. What impressed me most was Booker's spirit and vitality, which was really the feature that stood out most for me.

## Afterthoughts:

I've been listening to everything that has been coming along in music in recent years, keeping in touch with all the developments and the evolution. There's no question that there have been a lot of remarkable things happening, and they will continue to happen.

I see music evolving like life. Nothing that happens in life seems to be either all good or all bad; there are some beautiful moments, some tragic moments; there's some unhappiness, some joy. And I find the same is true of music and its evolution.

I'm optimistic about the future of music, just as I am about life itself.

db



RON HOWARD



A black and white photograph of a person in a cemetery, seen from behind, carrying a large drum on their back. The person is walking through a field of low-lying plants and past several white, rounded tombstones. In the background, there are more tombstones and a line of trees under a bright sky. The overall mood is somber yet ironic, given the text overlay.

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# caught in the act

## Rahsaan Roland Kirk and the Vibration Society Fillmore East, New York City

**Personnel:** Charles McGhee, trumpet; Dick Griffin, trombone; Kirk, reeds, gong; Sonelius Smith, piano; Henry Pierson, bass; Gary Griffin, drums; Joe Texidor, tambourine, miscellaneous percussion.

That Rahsaan Roland Kirk and his Vibration Society were ready for Fillmore East is beyond question. The question was: were Fillmore East audiences ready for Rahsaan? Stuck between Tower of Power (a San Francisco-based rock band with horns) and local favorites Carlos Santana and his Mexicali Rock, it seemed doubtful that Rahsaan would have an easy time relating to the run-of-the-mill violence freaks normally attracted to such a bill.

Yet there he was, in all his glory, surrounded by more horns than most bands

divided attention and enthusiastic applause—he went into some uncomprising jazz. There was some light-hearted flute work, a clarinet blues the likes of which hasn't been heard since the Edmond Hall Celeste Quartet records, and finally *Volunteered Slavery*.

This piece of Rahsaan's "Black Classical Music" came off much better in person, unencumbered by the many-voiced choir that bogged down the record. A fast chorus of *Satin Doll*, and the band exited to polite applause. They certainly had not brought the house down.

There are some rock attractions who could draw audiences who could have related to what Rahsaan and his Vibration Society were into. Had the featured act been Blood, Sweat & Tears, Chicago or Eric Burdon and War, the audience would have been more readily appreciative.

Even between shows, the Fillmore audiences vary considerably. My spies told me that the early performance that Friday night was a disastrous dialog between a hopelessly rude audience and Rahsaan, who was out to give as good as he got.

## John Lee Hooker/Canned Heat Carnegie Hall, New York City

**Personnel:** Hooker, guitar, vocal; Henry Vestine, guitar; Joel Scott Hill, guitar, vocals; Anthony De La Barreda, bass; Fito De La Parra, drums; Bob "The Bear" Hite, vocal, harmonica, guitar.

The 54-year-old bluesman from Clarksdale, Miss. strode on stage like Joe Frazier after the knockout . . . proud and pleased to be there. He carried on for the better part of an hour regaling us with "another tune that I wrote, and I wrote so many."

Finally, the years of popularization of John Lee Hooker's tunes by the Animals, The Yardbirds, Canned Heat and J. Geils has paid off for the granddaddy of blues rock. Largely thanks to the auspices of Canned Heat, an excellent blues rock band led by a true blues freak, Bob Hite, there

The tambourine is an instrument which I recall having had a good time with in kindergarten or thereabouts. I never really thought much about whether it is a valid musical instrument. However, in the hands of Joe Texidor, anything which can be percussed into making a sound becomes not only an instrument but a thing of beauty. I confess to having spent much of my time during the set watching this master of the bang and jingle at work. Texidor is an artist; don't let the axe he plays fool you.

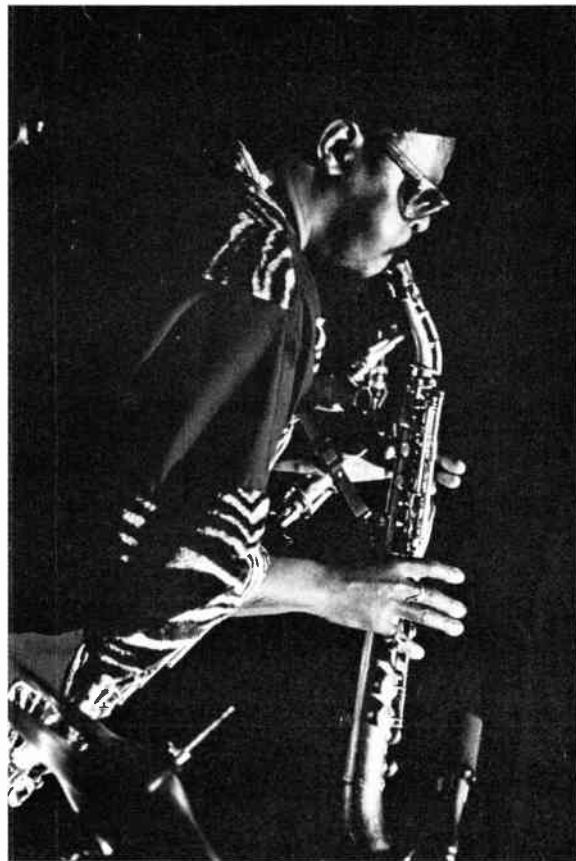
Charles McGhee and Dick Griffin are two of the best brass men Roland has had in his group. Both men are generally thought of in the avant-garde context, but they can swing mightily and have roots enough to relate to whatever Rahsaan is into. And that can go as far back as New Orleans and as far out as Rahsaan's creative mind can reach . . . and that's far out, baby.

In short, Rahsaan Roland Kirk and the Vibration Society told it like it is, but the Fillmore audience just wasn't ready or willing to hear the message. —Joe H. Klee

is the two-LP set *Hooker and Heat*, and now a series of concert dates.

John Lee laid it on us: *I'm Bad, Like Jesse James, Serves You Right To Suffer, Boom Boom Boom Boom*, and *Maudie*. This was the original; no white English imitations this time. The long, loping call of Hooker's voice and the response of his not-over-amplified guitar. Truly, electric blues at its zenith.

After intermission, we were treated to a typical Canned Heat set in which Hite jived his way through introductions, sang beautifully and played harp as well as any blues rock practitioner in the business today. The audience yelled out requests for *On The Road Again* and *Goin' Up The Country*, but the Bear refused, explaining they'd rather play some new things.



VERLY OAKLAND



CHARLES M. SAWYER

have in their entire sections. He wisely began with a song the audience would be able to relate to: Dionne Warwick's hit *I Say A Little Prayer For You*. Having paid his respects to the audience—without having received the respect of their un-

John Lee Hooker: Electric blues at its zenith



The new Canned Heat music, like the old Canned Heat music, is believable blues rock at ear-splitting volume with a firm basis of old blues, rhythm and blues and boogie. Especially attractive was *Framed* which Hite dedicated to Abbie Hoffman, who was present.

Canned Heat has the ability to do social commentary and make it sound like fun. Joel Scott Hill, plagued by amplifier troubles, did well with *That's All Right* and *Hill Stomp*, alternating between vain endeavors to get his equipment to work and attempts to destroy it, interrupted only by Hite's admonition to "take it easy on that T.N.T. amplifier . . . it's the only one we've got." Such are the problems of a band that builds its reputation on blasts of sound, yet is not financially able to procure the best equipment and keep it in good repair.

It is truly a moot point whether Joel Hill or Henry Vestine plays lead guitar with the band. They alternate, and both are so excellent that one needs to watch constantly to see who is picking lead and who is chunking rhythm.

At the end of the set, Hite calls for "the original boogie man, John Lee Hooker." It's a rather cute way of putting it, probably the truth. They do a trial run before taking off on what begins as Hooker's *Boogie Chillun* and goes into a typical Canned Heat boogie, with everybody getting their blowing space.

Once again, Hill and Vestine trade guitar lines as in casual conversation. Any number of times the piece seems ready to end, but then, after a long cadenza by one of the guitarists, the boogie comes to life again, like Lazarus raised from the dead.

During this extended number, the crowd left their seats and hit their feet, a phenomenon typical of a Canned Heat show—with or without Hooker. They spilled into the aisles and rushed the stage, and it was a party from then on out.

Hooker and Heat is a happy combination of artists. They gave a knockout performance.

—Joe H. Klee

## Elvin Jones

Ibo Cultural Center,  
Detroit, Mich.

Personnel: Joe Farrell, tenor sax, flute; Frank Foster, tenor and soprano saxes; Gene Perla, bass; Jones, drums.

The Ibo, one of Detroit's newest jazz bistros, featured for two thunderous days the Elvin Jones Quartet. As one might expect when considering the formula Elvin + Detroit, it was a gala event—that rare combination of good music and receptive audience merged and mated like never before. The addition of Frank Foster, still another Detroit, along with a surprising Gene Perla on bass, placed the group into an almost money-back guarantee category.

With an initial blast the group was off in a torrent of sound which, save for an occasional outburst from an amazingly young audience, flowed unabatedly toward the kind of bashing resolution that tends to characterize the best of Elvin's music. It may be banal at this point to refer to Elvin as the personification of rhythm, but this phrase wears refreshingly well. Hear-

ing him is to have the word polymetry put forth in all its definitiveness. Like the very best of Ralph Ellison's writings, Elvin's playing states a theme to the background of a theme behind a theme, ad infinitum.

It was around this nucleus that Farrell and Foster wove their lyrical comments. Farrell, who seems to improve with each hearing, was particularly bright, and haunting when offering flute passages on Kurt Weill's *My Ship* (Elvin's favorite?). He demonstrated, and quite convincingly, his ability to sustain melodic content, without piano, while maintaining a unique tone, if at times reminiscent of James Spaulding and Eric Dolphy. While his tenor work came close to getting a standing ovation, it was his flute that had me talking to myself.

This was the first time I'd heard Foster live without the presence of a big band. My memory of him as a strong and capable soloist was quickly reaffirmed. A gifted composer, his solos were always well-structured, creating tensions and then utilizing the results to forge interactions of the most accessible sort. The brightest



elements of our musical tradition can be found in his playing.

If any one member of the group made that mystical-spiritual contact with the audience, it was bassist Perla. His responsibilities increased by the pianoless format, the obviously challenging task appeared to be no hardship on the young artist. Not an overwhelming soloist, he finds his niche and sinecure in establishing a strong pulse for the group; a pulse offered thoughtfully in its harmonic parts. If the sky can afford it, there's a new star on the horizon.

When approaching a band comprised of such outstanding individuals, the group's identity, its combined integrity, may be obscured if one is not careful. This is the dilemma (however pleasant) when attempting to assess the essence of Elvin's quartet. What we may have here at last (the certainty of my judgment becoming less and less reliable) is a band where the singular achievements may be more noteworthy than its collective impact. (Got to hear them again!)

Perhaps the only sour note to append to this fine evening of music, and a problem which the management has been struggling to correct, is the system of amplifica-

tion. Hardly a set transpired without some mechanical distraction. As the club is able to keep coming back with the best in the jazz world, notwithstanding the horrendous turnouts, I'm sure they'll soon overcome this comparatively simple problem.

—Herb Boyd

## Chicago

Carnegie Hall, New York City

Personnel: Lee Loughnane, trumpet, flugelhorn; Jim Pankow, trombone; Walt Parazaidar, saxophones, flute; Bob Lamm, organ, piano, vocal; Terry Kath, guitar, vocal; Pete Cetera, bass, vocal; Danny Seraphine, drums.

There's the old joke about the musician who asks a New York policeman how to get to Carnegie Hall. The answer: Practice, man, practice". Today one might well add that it helps to have three albums on the charts simultaneously, at least one of them over a year.

So great is the popularity of Chicago in jazz/rock circles that their projected six performances at Carnegie Hall had to be expanded to eight by adding two extra performances on Good Friday. Chicago-mania, that's what it is.

After being bored for half an hour by the mono-chromatic folk songs of Don Cooper, brought on especially for the Saturday show, we finally got what we came for.

Chicago was up there, doing their recorded hits. As they said, some things from each of the albums. I understand some new material had been done at some of the previous shows, but for us it was the hits of Chicago.

The balance could have been better, particularly in the case of Parazaidar's delicate flute work. It must be difficult indeed for a band to adjust from playing coliseums and amphitheatres where they have to blast through horrible acoustics, to a hall so perfect for the enjoyment of music that amplification is often necessary.

The soloists were much as one expected from the records or previous performances at Fillmore East. Pankow (the jazz musician of the group who, in our opinion, could best stand alone in what he plays) soloed well throughout, especially on *Mother*. A veteran of Bill Russo's Chicago Jazz Ensemble, Pankow reminds us frequently of the way Kai Winding played during his years with Stan Kenton.

If Pankow is the most individual jazz voice in the band, Lamm's is the most avant garde. His playing, while still showing traces going back at least as far as Earl Hines, owes a great deal to Cecil Taylor and others of the more than modern school. His solo on *Does Anybody Really Know What Time It Is* was one of the evening's high points. Another was the *Travel Suite*, beginning with the Beatles-like *Flight 602* and ending with Walt Parazaidar's incredible saxophone solo on *Free*. In between came the obligatory drum solo, which Danny Seraphine managed to make more of a joy than many of the percussion episodes we've been forced to endure.

Predictably, Chicago was well received by an audience made to their specifications. Considering the quality of the musicianship and the youth of the audience, it's an encouraging sign.

—Joe H. Klee

## GARNETT

(Continued from page 14)

he continued, "and I'm trying to design a big package with room for everybody to express themselves as freely and as completely as possible so that we can produce something that everyone who listens to us can relate to and profit from."

"In doing this, I've found it necessary to put words to the music instead of letting it stand alone and wasting some of its potential. I try to come up with thoughts relating to some of the problems presently facing black people, and create lyrics around them that I can present with the music."

He is currently trying to keep the Force

working, and to arrange for a recording session which he is confident will come within the next few months.

Speaking more generally about the future of black music, Garnett added, "It's beginning to look a lot better. The music has always been here, as have the people, but it has been suppressed and pushed into the background for a long time. Now, with the growth of a stronger social consciousness among blacks, the music is being brought out front where it belongs, and even the kids are starting to dig it. It's only a matter of time before it reaches its rightful position."

*Note:* Since this interview was conducted, Garnett has joined organist Jack McDuff's new group.

## ROLLINS

(Continued from page 13)

in the '50s and early '60s. The two forces vying most strongly to become that mainstream are the avant garde and rock-jazz.

The latter, while financially more attractive than the former, is comparable to *de facto* segregation in that its adherents pay lip service to jazz and its rich foundations and simultaneously negate those same foundations in concrete practice. The model of technical proficiency among most rock-jazz guitarists, for one instance, seems to be Sonny Sharrock. In practice, people like Charlie Christian, Wes Montgomery, and Tal Farlow are treated as antediluvian artifacts unworthy of serious consideration, and certainly of emulation.

The most "progressive" of their rhythmic "innovations" (like polyrhythms), for another instance, belie a functional ignorance of the work of early Max Roach, not to mention Charlie Mingus or Elvin Jones. To those with an awareness of jazz's uneasy history, rock-jazz isn't an acceptable synthesis.

On the other hand, the commercial success of the avant garde has been infinitesimal. Because of the growing anti-art mentality in the Western world, there is no visible prospect that this situation will change. In addition, the avant garde has been plagued by floods of rhetoric, with the effect that the music is principally a vehicle for militant black politics and only secondarily an artistic expression.

However well-meant such rhetoric is, one of its main effects has been to isolate the avant garde as a political eccentricity. Politics and avant garde art are not mutually inclusive. Unfortunately, this equation is commonly held to be accurate.

Logically, the solution of the avant garde rock-jazz dilemma seems to be a circumvention of the death-delivering aspects of both choices: the creation of a music which at once is capable of attracting a large part of the present rock audience, and also is true to the jazz tradition which the avant garde loyally embraces.

Dilemma solvers are always rare yet are always needed. Jazz has never needed one more than now. Sonny Rollins is eminently qualified. Because beat and rhythm have been historical requirements of any popular American music, Rollins is qualified. Because he has helped to make so much of jazz's history, he is qualified. Since he has never been anything but avant garde, he needs no permission to enter the present one. Just by blowing his horn, he's already in it.

Jazz won't die if Rollins doesn't come back, because it hasn't yet lost its resilient spirit. The avant garde continues to explore, in spite of endless economic misery. And a few veteran jazzmen, like Elvin Jones, Lee Konitz, Bill Evans and the MJQ, persist in futurizing jazz without being beguiled by the establishment's rock ethos. The solution may come, in fact, from one of this vanishing species.

In any shape or guise, though, the return of Sonny Rollins would be a glorious event—even if he didn't want to solve any dilemmas. Because he swings.



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**Gary Bartz' "Rise" Solo**

**Transcribed and Annotated by David Baker**

THIS SOLO IS TAKEN FROM Bartz' most re-  
 cent Milestone album, *Hone!*, Gary Bartz  
*NTU Troop* (Milestone MSP 9027).

Gary Bartz is one of the most exciting  
 young saxophonists on the scene today. I  
 first heard him with Max Roach back  
 around 1965 in Indianapolis. At that time,  
 he was already taking care of business,  
 but his playing was strongly derivative,  
 with Sonny Rollins being the main point of  
 derivation. (He also bears a strong phys-  
 ical resemblance to Newk.) During the in-  
 terim years, he has synthesized much of  
 the best of Sonny Rollins and John Col-  
 trane and in the process has arrived at a  
 truly unique and original saxophone style.  
 His playing is strong and imaginative, and  
 his sound very distinctive. The debt to  
 Sonny Rollins is still in evidence (particu-  
 larly vis-a-vis thematic development), but  
 Gary's playing at the present could rarely  
 be confused with that of anyone else.

His compositions on the album are very  
 original, yet within the post-bop tradition.  
 His playing is consistently an extension of  
 the compositions. I've haven't yet had the

opportunity to hear him with Miles Davis,  
 but if his playing on this and other recent  
 albums is an indication, Look Out!

About The Solo: Form—AABA, Length  
 —32 bars, concert key—D minor, alto sax  
 key—B minor, written range—middle C  
 to G two octaves and a perfect fifth above.  
 Main points of interest:

1. Extreme rhythmic diversity
2. Wide range (up to a second above  
 the top note on the saxophone)
3. Amazing facility
4. Imaginative use of thematic motifs  
 (the last measure is a variation on the  
 theme; theme fragments appear in meas-  
 ures B1-B2, B6-B7, C7-C8, D1-D2, E6-E7-  
 E8, F2-F3, F5-F6-F7-F8, G1-G2-G3-G4,  
 and I1 to finis.
5. Beautiful development of the motivic  
 fragment introduced in letter D6 (goes  
 through E6).
6. The overall shape of the solo.
7. Excellent contrast achieved through  
 rhythmic complexity versus simplicity,  
 scales vs. chords, line vs. fragment, and  
 thematic motive vs. linking material.

**Rise**





Music © 1971 by Gary Bartz. Used by Permission.

## AD LIB

(Continued from page 10)

White (Kenny Barron, piano; Billy Cobham, drums) performed in the jazz-blues series at the Livingston Extension of Rutgers University. The series is being filmed. Berger's new group did three consecutive Fridays at the Museum, 729 Broadway . . . The Bobby Capers Entente (Capers, flute, electric piccolo, tenor and baritone saxes; Jackie Burick, electric piano; Bob Cunningham, bass; Omar Clay, drums) played Thursdays through Sundays at Wells

in May. Pianist Valerie Capers was guest artist on Saturdays . . . Roy Ayers' Ubiquity was at Slugs' and the Brooklyn Id . . . Ed Beach remains on station WRVR, which received a barrage of protests when news was leaked that his popular *Just Jazz* show was slated for cancellation. In fact, the station's entire jazz roster (Fr. Norman O'Connor, Max Cole, and Beach) is reported safe and sound . . . The 360 Degree Music Experience, in limbo for a while, has been reorganized with a personnel of Grachan Moncur III, trombone; Archie Shepp, Roland Alexander, reeds; Dave Burrell, piano; Jymie

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*Super Nova; Sweet-Pea; Dindi; Water Babies; Capricorn; More Than Human.*

Personnel: Shorter, soprano saxophone; John McLaughlin, Sonny Sharrock, guitars; Miroslav Vitous, bass; Jack De Johnette, drums, thumb piano; Chick Corea, drums, vibes; Airto Moreira, percussion. Track 3: Maria Booker, vocal; Walter Booker, unamplified guitar.

The entire record is a beauty. Listening to the work of this extremely emotional artist over the years, it becomes clear that this self-aware flow and perfection are rare qualities. A handful of LPs demonstrate Shorter's mastery and at his rare best his insights prove individualistic, emotionally various, and illuminating. In my near two years as a down beat reviewer only this LP and the Art Ensemble of Chicago's *People in Sorrow* have offered such basic, essential evidence of the music's innate health.

—Litweiler

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Merritt, bass, and Beaver Harris, drums . . . Kenny Barron's quintet (Bill Barron, Sonny Fortune, saxes; John Williams, bass; Billy Hart, drums) was heard in concert at the Brooklyn MUSE in May, as was pianist Danny Nixon's group. Bill Barron also did a concert at Donnell Library . . . Gulliver's, a jazz spot in West Paterson, N.J. which has earned itself great popularity with musicians as well as customers, has been featuring spring sounds by the groups of Charlie Shavers, Vera Auer, Eddie Locke-Roland Hanna, Thad Jones-Mel Lewis (the quartet), Frank Foster, and Teddy Wilson . . . Trumpeter Joe Thomas guested with Balaban&Cats at Your Father's Mustache in May, as did trombonist Lou McGarity and Conrad Janis and drummer Buzzy Drootin . . . Jimmy McPartland subbed for Roy Eldridge at Ryan's when Little Jazz took time off for an eye operation . . . After some hit-and-miss weeks, sessions at Woody's (8th Ave. near 54th St.) are back in the groove with Monday through Friday action hosted by a rhythm section of Jay Chasin, piano; Pete Compo, bass; Sam Herman, guitar, and Don Doherty, drums. Visiting hornmen have included Johnny Carisi, Gene Roland and Bobby Jones.

**Los Angeles:** The times may be uncertain, but clubs continue to open, or in a couple of instances switch to a jazz policy. Larry Gales, one-time bassist with The Ionious Monk, is now the proud owner of L.B. West. (Don't know what the "L.B." stands for, unless it means "low budget"). No liquor license; strictly a coffee house where the sounds go on until 5 a.m. Gales is fronting his own quartet there, and already boasts sitting-in from the likes of Herbie Hancock, Rahsaan Roland Kirk and Harold Land. The Orphanage, in Laguna Beach is now offering jazz on Sundays. Most recent attraction: John Klemmer and his combo. The Melody Room, in the middle of nudies, rockers, and tourist-trap psychedelia peculiar to Sunset Strip, is trying a jazz format on Sundays and Mondays. A recent Sunday became a big band bash with vibist Tommy Vig fronting an all-studio ensemble: Buddy Childers, Mike Price, Bob Yancey, John Rinaldo, Marshall Hunt, trumpets; Grover Mitchell, Bill Tole, Dave Wells, Don Waldrup, trombones; Ernie Tack, tuba; Ernie Watts, Don Menza, Kim Richmond, Wilbur Schwartz, reeds; Mark Levine, piano; Paul Ruhlman, bass; Bob Zimmitti, drums. And the York Club in central Los Angeles has switched to jazz, beginning with Stanley Turrentine and following with Freddie Hubbard . . . Big bands were the rule in May at Donte's: the San Fernando Valley State College Orchestra appeared with guest artists Jack Sheldon and Pete Christlieb; also heard during the month were the big bands of Bill Berry, Dick Grove, Dee Barton and Stan Kenton. On two occasions—with Barton's band and with the Valley State band, Tom Vaughan and his trio shared the North Hollywood club . . . Emil Richards was featured for the annual "Cinco de Mayo" celebration at Donte's, where tenorist Georgie Auld's sextet

(Frank Rosolino, trombone, baritone horn; Sweets Edison or Conte Candoli, trumpet; Jimmy Rowles or Bill Sloan, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Mel Lee, drums) also was heard . . . Miles Davis followed Roland Kirk into Shelly's Manne-Hole . . . Jimmy Smith followed Willie Bobo at the Lighthouse . . . Esther Phillips returned to Memory Lane, where she is backed by Jack Wilson's trio (Stan Gilbert, bass; Donald Bailey, drums) . . . Cat Anderson fronts a pianoless quartet at the Left Bank in North Hollywood Wednesdays through Saturdays, with John Collins, guitar; Carson Smith, bass; Joe Porcaro, drums.

**Chicago:** The Woody Herman Herd inaugurated a new once-a-month big band policy at the Playboy Towers with a one-nighter May 11. Future attractions have yet to be announced . . . Art Hoyle brought a group into Mister Kelly's for a recent jazz brunch gig . . . Dorothy Donegan's Trio replaced the Judy Roberts Quartet as the attraction at the Blackhawk Restaurant's Friday Jazz At Five sessions . . . Ray Charles did a one-nighter at the Auditorium Theatre . . . Bassist Rufus Reid conducted a jazz workshop on a recent Sunday at Northwestern University . . . Art Hodes can be heard on electric piano Thursdays at the Old Town Tap in nearby Crete . . . The Vernell Fournier Trio works Tuesday, Wednesday and Sunday at the Flower Pot on Rush Street . . . Clarinetist-tenorist Bob Skiver returned to Chicago after a year's absence and is playing with Don Gibson's Ragtimers on their Saturday night gig at Barnaby's in Arlington Heights . . . The New Jazz Experience, a group from Malcolm X College that won small group honors at the Midwest College Jazz Festival, played a concert at the Pumpkin Room. The group, led by trumpeter Richard Thompson, also includes Nadetmer Butler, trombone; Richard Brown, tenor sax; Kirk Brown, piano; Ronald Muldrow, guitar; Milton Suggs, bass, and Bill Salter, drums . . . Monster rock shows have apparently halted for a spell as promoter Richard Gassen's short-lived Phase 2 Productions canceled all bookings scheduled for the International Amphitheatre. A crowd of 20,000 had witnessed Phase 2's debut attraction at the new site, Grand Funk Railroad. Beset by various problems (overcrowding, drug abuse) Gassen said he is leaving the business for good . . . Junior Wells and Hounddog Taylor have enlivened the proceedings at Pepper's in recent weeks. Other blues happenings: Jimmy (Fast Fingers) Dawkins is ensconced at Alice's Revisited, Howlin' Wolf and Carey Bell worked the Stardust on a recent Sunday, and Eddie Taylor and Jimmy Reed did a weekend at Big Duke's.

**San Francisco:** Cal Tjader's Quintet (Al Zulaica, piano; Jim McCabe, bass; Dick Berk, drums; Michael Smithe, congas) taped an album at the new Fantasy Records studio and also did an extended





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**GALADRIEL (A)** by Ladd McIntosh. 19: 5 s. sax. as 1 dbl. fl. & picc. as 1 dbl. cl.; 5 1 dbl. fl.; tn 1 fl. dbl. fl. (c. bs); 5 tp (all need bucket mutes); 1 tb (inc. 1 b-tb, 5th tb opt.); 1 b, g, d, v. Although melody is light, bouncy, and swingy, chart has driving intensity. Solos: ts & g. Tp 1 goes to one high F#. Vb & g must be able to play unison soli lines. Sixteenth notes in horns make ending dazzle. A challenge to even a technically accomplished band. (PT 41%)  
MW 104...\$18.50/\$12.33

**GROOVENESS (A)** by Ladd McIntosh. 23: 5 sax (as I dbl. cl. & picc; as II dbl. cl.; I dbl. fl; ts II dbl. fl. cl. & b-cl; bs dbl. cl. & b-cl); 5 tp (I, II, III, IV dbl. flg); 4 tb (inc 1 b-th, all tb need buck mutes); 4 cu (inc 1 tb III); 2 fh (fh III & IV opt.); p, b, g, d, perc I (vb), perc II (vb & tym). Recommended for truly advanced and ambitious band, this crowd pleaser bounces back and forth between frantic-4 and slow groovy rock-4 bridge. Chart drives, pulsates, then suddenly sensuously lyric and expressive, then turns gutsy and blasting again. Solos: ts I & g. Lead tp goes to high A. Slow full chorale shortly before fast, exciting ending replete with tym & gong. Only one set of vb needed. (PT 8') MW 198... \$31.50, \$21

**PASSACALLIA ON A ROCK PROGRES-**  
**SION (A)** by M. T. Vivona. 25; 5 sax (as I  
 dbl, II, piece, as, II dbl, II & bs; ts I dbl, c-  
 I, bs; ts II dbl, c- & b-cl; II dbl, a-c);  
 5 tp; 3 tb; 2 y; 4 fl; el-p, el-b, d (d II, opt.), g,  
 mba, tym. **Entire composition based on**  
**progression of four rock changes with varia-**  
**tions throughout. Slow rubato intro of mixed**  
**woodwinds & horns; then into driving rock**  
**beat. Features amplified fl solo with excit-**  
**ing background that builds and builds.**  
 (PT 6') MW 161 . . . \$10/\$6.66

**RAISIN-BREATH (A)** by Ladd McIntosh. 20: 5 sax (all dbl. fl.; as 1 dbl. picc; as If & ts fl. dbl. cl.); 5 tp; 4 tb (inc. 1 b-tb); tu; p,b,g,d,vb. Nice n easy blues fun for audience and players. Solos: p, tp III, bs. b. Opening riff stated in Unlson vb & g; lead tp needs handful of high D's. Title is nickname for composer's son. He digs raisins. (PT 6') MW 199...\$17.50/\$11.66

**THEME FOR JEAN (M)** by Everett Longstrech. 17 (+ cond): 5 sax; 4 tp; 4 tb (IV opt.); p, b, g, d. Ballad. An original "theme" song with full ensemble opening for first 8 bars, then saxes and bones softly for any spoken announcements or introductions, then back to full ensemble with very strong ending (opt. coda first time for "short" version. (PT 3') MW 164... \$10/\$6.66

**WADDLIN' BLUES (M)** by Everett Longstreth. 17 (+ cond): 5 sax; 4 tp, 4 tb (IV opt.); p.b.g.d. Easy 2 beat, down home blues that builds to jazz solos by tp II & ts I (solos written out with chord changes). One ensemble chorus and then 3 choruses going out the opposite of the top. Basic ending.  
(PT 6') MW 166 . . . \$14/\$9.33

**ADUMBRATIO (A)** by David Baker. 18: 5  
sax: 5 tp; 4 tb; tu; p,b,d Lush sax writing,  
interesting background, extended vamps,  
tutti out chorus, strong but difficult changes,  
extremely high first pt part (PT 10')  
MW 156 . . . \$17.50/\$11.66

**APOCALYPSE (A)** by David Baker. 18: 5  
sax; 5 tp; 4 tb; tu; p,b,d. Many solos inc.  
tu, chance piece. Backgrounds may be  
included, omitted, or combined at random.  
Melody statement in 4/4 while background  
uses 5/4 ostinato. Exciting avant-grade  
jazz. (PT 15') MW 134 . . . \$12.50/\$8.33

**APRIL B (A)** by David Baker. 18: 5 sax; 5 tp; 4 tb; tu; p,b,d. Quasi-Latin, odd form, minor mode, alto solo on the head, interesting backgrounds and solos alternate swing and Latin. (PT 7)  
MW 123 . . . \$17.50/\$11.66

"BIRD" (A) by David Baker. 18: 5 sax (all dbl as); 5 tp; 4 tb; tu: p,b,d. Very avant-garde, abstract portrait of Charlie Parker. Excerpts from 15 of Bird's most famous solos fragmented, inverted, transmogrified. All saxes dbl alto, pointillistic backgrounds, truly panstylistic. Sax parts very difficult (PT 35-50)  
MW 157 . . . \$28/\$18.66

**BLACK MAN, BLACK WOMAN (A)** by David Baker. 18: 5 sax; 5 tp; 4 tb; tu; p, b, d. Extracted from score of "I Heard My Woman Call" by Baker. based on Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul On Ice*: Chance music with scalar, thematic fragments, combined at random for backgrounds. Strongly reminiscent of the music of George Russell. (PT 15')

MW 131 . . . \$10/\$6.66

**BLACK THURSDAY (A)** by David Baker.  
18: 5 sax; 5 tp; tu; p,b,d. Slow intro.  
medium swing, out-chorus in quasi-march,  
tutti band. Ample solo space. (PT 5')  
MW 110 . . . \$12.50/\$8.33

**CALYPSO-NOVA (A)** by David Baker. 18:  
5 sax: 5 tp; 4 tb; tu: p,h,d Combination of  
Bossa Nova and Calypso—Multiple time  
changes, key changes, tutti shout chorus fun  
changes. (PT 10') MW 153 . . . \$14/\$9.33

**CATALYST (A)** by David Baker. 18; 5 sax; 5 tp; 4 tb; tu; p.b.d. Swing tune in 7/4 with 5/4 bridge. Difficult changes, open solo backgrounds, interludes, etc. (PT 10')  
MW 128 . . . \$14/\$9.33

**CHECK IT OUT (A)** by David Baker 18:  
5 sax; 5 tp; tb; tu; p,b,d. Modal, straight  
ahead swing, strong melody, interesting ef-  
fects. (PT 8') MW 155 . . . \$14/\$9.33

**CINQUATRE (A)** by David Baker. 18: 5 sax; 5 tp; 4 tb; tu; p,b,d. Extreme virtuosity required on sax parts. Moderate tempo. (I'T 12') MW 144 . . . \$16/\$10.66

**SHADOWS (A)** by David Baker. 18: 5 sax; 5 tp; 4 tb; tu; p,b,d. 3/4 swing tune, odd form and harmonic structure, trombone section highlighted, backgrounds use metric modulation. (P/T 8') MW 139 . . . \$10/\$6.66

**BIG JINKS (M)** by Bob Tilles. 9: vb, mrmba, xylo (playable by wind instruments if transposed), chimes (or bells), bgo (or cga); tym; b.g.d. Moderate jazz original, 16 bars. Basic style intro, 1st chorus all melody, 2nd chorus open for any solos, followed by perc solos for 32 bars, then repeat to 1st chorus. (PT 5)

**MINOR TIME (M)** by Bob Tilles. 9: vb, mba, xylo (playable by wind instruments if transposed); bgo, tym, tamb; g (or p), b, d. Moderate tempo, original minor blues with loose rock/bougaloo. 12 bar intro. written riff, and open solo choruses (PT 5')  
MW 215 5' \$5/\$3.33

**THE BOONIES BLUES (A)** by Dom Spera. 11: 8 tp (tp VII & tp VIII should be played by flgs); p-g,b,d. Divided into two equal jazz tp choirs plus rhythm section. Medium down-home 12 bar blues with solo space and a shout chorus. (PT 4½')

MW 212 . . . \$7/\$4.66

**WALTZ OF THE PRUNES (M)** by Dom Spera. 11: 8 tp (tp VII & tp VIII should be played by flgs): p-g,b,d. Divided into two equal jazz tp choirs plus rhythm section. Pretty, melodic, jazz waltz, easy to put together. Short jazz solo section. (PT 3')

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**ARRANGING & COMPOSING** (for the Small Ensemble: jazz/r&b/jazz-rock) by David Baker, foreword by Quincy Jones. Chicago: 1970, 184 pp. (110 music plates), 8 1/2x11, spiral bound. MW 2 . . . \$12.50/\$8.33

**JAZZ IMPROVISATION (A Comprehensive Method of Study for All Players)** by David Baker, foreword by Gunther Schuller, Chicago: 1969, (3rd printing 1970. 184 pp. 104 music plates), 8½x11, spiral bound.

MW 1 . . . \$12.50/\$8.33

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gig at El Matador. **Morgana King**, with guitarist **Joe Puma**, bassist **John Mosher**, and drummer **George Marsh** backing, preceded Tjader at the club. Following the Tjader EM gig, bassist **John Heard** replaced McCabe, who was with the leader for three years . . . The **Don Piestrup** Big Band's monthly concert at the Casuals was heard live over Radio KJAZ . . . **Bob Ente's** big band played a concert at King Richard. Like Piestrup, Ente's band is into a monthly concert routine at the club . . . Folk-blues singer **Jess Fuller** appeared at the Oakland Museum . . . **Walter Wanderley's** Octet (**Ron Smith**, **Bill Catalano**, trumpets; **Luiz Ferreira**, bass; **Joan Rae**, drums; **Benny Velarde**, congas; **Josef Sears**, **Jan Forrest**, percussion, vocal) played the Claremont Hotel before moving into Donte's in Hollywood where they worked opposite **Richie Kamuca**. **Stan Kenton** was due in for a return gig at the Claremont . . . **Nina Simone** and **The Natural Four** were heard in concert at the Berkeley Community Theater . . . **Rahsaan Roland Kirk's** Quartet played Berkeley's University of California Jazz Festival after their Both/And gig and **Stanley Turrentine's** Quartet (**Hugh Lawson**, piano; **Sam John**, bass; **Eddie Moore**, drums) followed them at the B/A . . . **Sun Ra's** Arkestra did a Harding Theater concert . . . **Jimmy Smith's** Trio did a two-weeker at the Jazz Workshop . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** and the **Tommy Flanagan** Trio have been added to the roster of the Concord Jazz Festival (**Woody Herman**, **Count Basie**, and **George Shearing** are the other bookies to date), to be held in August.

**New Orleans:** A new jazz promotion group, Success Unlimited, headed by **Al Gourier**, host of WBOK's *Cool World of Jazz*, is bringing a succession of jazz groups to New Orleans. The first concert featured, appropriately, **Young-Holt Unlimited** with the **Porgy Jones 4** . . . **Don Ewell** returned to his piano chair with the **Dukes of Dixieland** after a successful month-long tour of England, Ireland, France, Belgium, Denmark and Italy. The tour included recording sessions along the route. His replacement with the Duke's was Chicagoan **Earl Washington** . . . Before his recent illness, **Louis Armstrong**, famed alumnus of the Milne Boys Home, donated \$1,000 for the purchase and maintenance of musical instruments to the home. The **Loyola University Jazz Ensemble** Festival featured trombonist **Urbie Green** as soloist-clinician for more than 25 high school bands from Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, who were on campus for the competition. Judges, in addition to Green, included trumpeter **Wallace Davenport**, **Kent Sills** of Mississippi State U., and **John Fernandez** of Xavier University . . . **Angelle Trosclair**, winning vocalist at the Southwestern College Jazz Festival in Austin, Tex., picked up a gig with the Playboy Club's **Al Belletto** Quartet . . . **Lou Rawls** announced the formation of a foundation to "aid children with high IQ's, an interest in education, but no funds." The foundation will not be racially restricted. Dillard, South-

ern and Xavier will be the first schools which recipients will attend. A May benefit concert was planned to augment funds . . . **Laura Nyro** appeared in concert at Tulane University with guitarist **Jackson Brown** . . . Saturday Jackson Square free concerts have resumed with the Loyola Jazz Band opening the series, followed by the **Xavier Jazz Lab Band** and **Chorus**, and the **Southern University Band and Choir** . . . A benefit for ailing entertainer **Jules Savoy** proved to be an all-star event with **Pete Fountain** headlining. An extended set by Fountain featured tenorist **Eddie Miller** and brought down the house. Earlier acts on the bill included singer **Gerry Marshall**, actor-comedian **Bill Holliday**, blues singer **Cousin Joe**, singer **Barbara Bennett**, comic **Ronnie Mason**, and groups led by **Frankie Brent**, **Lou Sino**, **Ronnie Kole**, **Armin Kay**, **Bobby Douglas** and **Murphy Campo**. Dancers included the hip team of **Pork Chop** and **Kidney Stew**. Emcees were WSMB's **Roy Roberts** and **Jeff Hug**. With all this came a good 17-piece band led by tenorist **Pat Barberot**.

**Philadelphia:** The Student Union of Swarthmore College presented a free concert featuring tenorists **Earl** and **Carl Grubbs** and **The Visitors** and black poet-vocalist **Gill Scott-Heron** . . . Pianist **Haasaan** and his trio (bassist **Eddie Mathias** and drummer **Jimmy Turner**) did a concert at the Church of the Advocate . . . Vibist **Johnny Lytle**, who was appearing at the Aqua, surprised radio listeners of WRTI-FM (the Temple University jazz station) with a two-hour dissertation on the social ills plaguing the United States . . . Philly's own drummer **Rashied Ali** and his quartet performed during Penn Relay weekend at the Empty Fox Hole. He was in fine form and consistently projected the multi-directional rhythms he is famous for . . . Brandt's Wharf, the theater restaurant on the river front has **Harry James** and his swinging band and **Guy Lombardo** and the **Royal Canadians** for one-nighters in May. Across the bridge in Pennsauken, New Jersey, **Les Brown** and his big band did one night at the Ivy Stone Ballroom . . . Cheyney State College has booked percussionist **Olatunji**, **The Visitors**, **The New Liberation Unit**, tenorist **Eddie Harris**, and vocalists **Curtis Mayfield** to headline their Black Culture Week, planned for mid-May . . . **Buddy Miles** was featured at Town Hall . . . Pianist **Teddy Wilson**, reedman **James Moody** and organist-vocalist **Trudy Pitts** received Jazz Achievement Awards from the Jazz At Home Club of America. Music and show were provided by **The Ebony's**.

**Finland:** The Annual Pori International Jazz Festival, to be held July 16-18, will offer, in addition to numerous concerts and jam sessions, a cinema conference, two "Seminars for Collective Improvisation" (led by **Don Cherry** and **Eternal Ethnic Sound**), a photo exhibition, and a demonstration of DIMI, a new electronic composing, performing and improvising



machine, by inventor Erkki Kurenniemi. Featured artists will include Herbie Hancock, Red Mitchell, Ted Curson, Heikki Sarmanto, the Downtown Dixie Tigers with vocalist Jussi Raittinen (last year's Dixieland category winners at the Montreaux Jazz Festival), Champion Jack Dupree, Polish musicians Andrej Kurylewicz and Wanda Warska, *Drum Special '71* (an international group of eight percussionists), Erik Moseholm, Pierre Favre and Stu Martin in a drum duet, the Nordic Big Band, Toke Hariola and Monty Sunshine with Jo Stahl. For further information write Pori Jazz ry, Luovianpuistikatu 2 D, Pori, Finland . . . A concert was held at Kulturitalo to present the big band and small group com-

positions of Juhani Aaltonen, Eero Ojanen, Heikki Sarmanto, and Kai Backlund. The concert was sponsored by the Finnish Jazz Society and was televised and later broadcast in four individual sections on the weekly TV program, *Musikki Ykkonen* . . . A Jazz Happening took



place in Turku in which many of the best known Finnish jazz groups took part. Also on hand was a Danish rock group, Burnin' Red Ivanhoe, and a remarkable new ensemble called Karelia (Seppo Paakkunainen, flute, violin; Ilpo Saastamoinen, guitar; Pekka Sarmanto, bass; Edward Vesala, drums) that does electric

versions of many well-known Finnish folk pieces. The group has attracted quite a bit of attention with their first recording and at clubs throughout Finland.

**Norway:** The first Vinterfestival at Hovikodden, near Oslo, featured vocalist Sheila Jordan and the Jan Garbarek Quartet (in a religious concert), Karin Krog with the Steve Kuhn Trio, Arild Andersen, Jon Christensen, Fred Noddellund's 13-piece orchestra (performing *Atlantis* and other Noddellund compositions), the Svein Finnerud Trio and the Jan Garbarek Quintet. Garbarek has recently recorded with both quartet and quintet formats. The quintet session featured outstanding Swedish pianist Bobo Stenson

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in addition to the leader's regular men: Terje Rypdal, guitar; Arild Andersen, bass, and Jon Christensen, drums . . . American composer Maurice Weddington conducted a big band concert featuring some of the best Norwegian musicians . . . American guitarist Paul Weedon has been working in Oslo for a while playing concerts, teaching, and appearing at clubs with vocalist-classical guitarist Magni Wentzel . . . Sheila Jordan did two TV programs, one radio program and some Oslo club gigs before returning to the U.S. in April . . . A Nordic band consisting of trumpeter Palle Mikkelborg, altoist Calle Neumann, tenorist Jan Garbarek and Lennart Aberg, pianist Heikki Sarmanto, bassist Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen and drummer Espen Rud will tour Norway and Denmark under the auspices of the Danish and Norwegian Jazz Federations, with economic assistance from the Nordic Culture Fund and the State Concerts in Norway . . . Upcoming festivals: Kongsberg, June 24-27, featured artist: George Russell (with big band, chorus, soloists); Molde Festival, Aug. 2-7, with Clark Terry, the John Surman Trio, The Jazz House (a jazz and poetry group), vocalist Laila Dalseth, the Esped Rud Quintet, and Dexter Gordon.

**Denmark:** The Danish Radio Jazz Group has been reorganized. The new 16-man outfit, conducted by trumpeter Palle Mikkelborg, is called *Opportunity* and made its debut on May 14. As indicated by the group's name, there are many new and relatively unknown musicians among the 16 . . . A Nordic All Star Septet toured Denmark and Norway. The Danish members were trumpeter Palle Mikkelborg and bassist Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen. From Norway came altoist Calle Neumann, tenorist Jan Garbarek, and drummer Espen Rud. Sweden contributed tenorist Lennart Aberg and Finland's representative was pianist Heikki Sarmanto. The tour was financed by the Nordic Council's Foundation for Cultural affairs . . . Tenorist Brew Moore has settled in Aarhus for a while and is appearing regularly at the Tagskaegget. Other American artists appearing at the club have been altoist Leo Wright and trombonist-vocalist Richard Boone. The NOVI (New Original Vocal Instruments) quartet from

Poland worked the Tagskaegget accompanied by the Jans Jacob Sahlertz group . . . The Danish Radio Big Band traveled to Flenborg, Germany in March to play a concert featuring altoist Per Carsten and guest soloist Phil Woods, who brought his European Rhythm Machine to Denmark in late May . . . Trumpeter Wingy Manone toured Denmark in May with Pap Bue and his Viking Jazz Band . . . Tenorist Jesper Thilo, named Danish Jazz Musician of the Year by the Danish Jazz Academy, is currently planning to record an album made possible by virtue of his award.

## GIMME SHELTER

(Continued from page 11)

mont concert are used for this purpose. This is an absolutely necessary contrivance, without which the viewer would be quickly unnerved.

Otherwise, the Maysles let Altamont speak for itself, and it speaks with the force of reality. For me, the most vivid image in *Woodstock* was that of the idyllic nude swim-in. Altamont had its nudes, too, but they were terrorized and embarrassed in the many stampedes apparently precipitated by the Hell's Angels guarding the bandstand.

Altamont was a bad trip which even made Mick Jagger helpless and metaphorically naked. Singing *Sympathy for the Devil*, Jagger sees that the crowd surrounding the bandstand is out of control. He interrupts himself and tries to calm the crowd. "Something very funny happens when we start that number," he says, flattering himself.

The stampedes continue, and he stops short again. The Jagger mystique slowly fades as he pleads with the crowd. "Be cool! . . . Come on!" Finally, he has to acknowledge what everyone close to the bandstand can see: All he can do is ask the people to sit down and stop fighting. And a murder is committed directly in front of him.

*Gimme Shelter* does not herald the end of Woodstock Nation. It doesn't even satisfactorily explain the bad vibrations, the calamities, or the murder committed at one rock concert. It recognizes that the whys of Altamont, like the whys of political assassinations, are elusive. —Dan Logan

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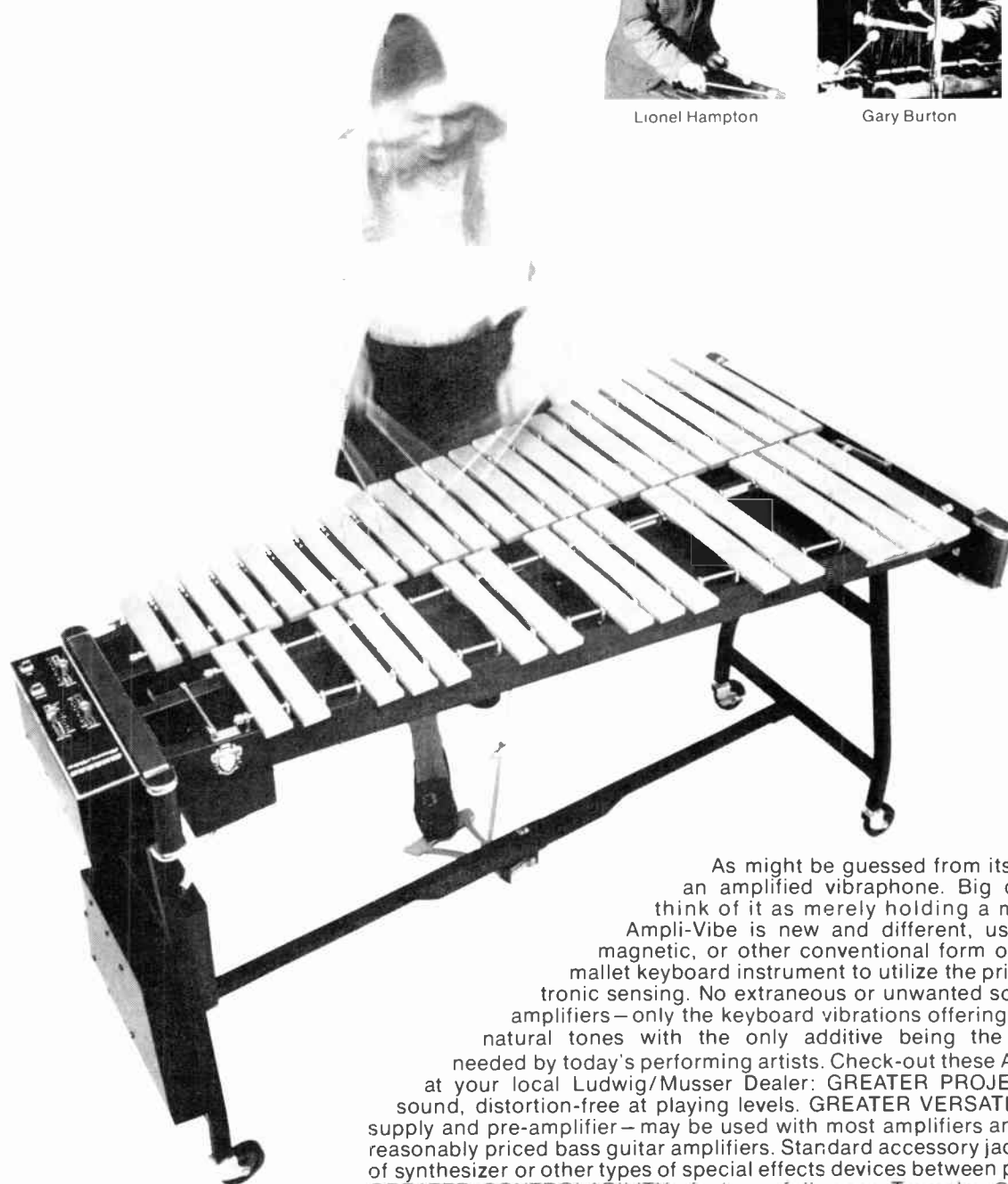
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