



O'Lyn Callahan. A new breed of organist.
(Nakahara photo)

the same doppler trem as the flutes). Registration is usually early Hammond, but with the addition of percussive and synthesizer effects, some quite remarkable. For example, O'Lyn creates all the jungle sounds and bird-calls for *Quiet Village* at the console.

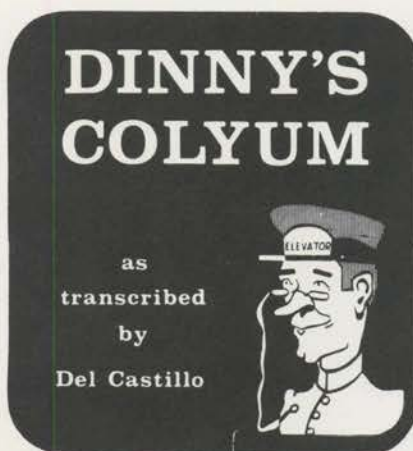
O'Lyn's technical prowess is amazing. Her manual work is clean, and often complex pedal passages are executed flawlessly. She employs the instruments' automatic rhythm device on some tunes but she's best when she's knocking out uninhibited jazz. She does equally well with a medley of Irish songs in both ballad and rhythm stylings. Not all of the special effects come off well; we noted a continuing "thump" during *The Summer Knows* which, at first hearing, sounded like a flaw in the grooves. On consulting the jacket notes we learned it was a low pitched "wah wah."

Other tunes heard are *Tie a Yellow Ribbon*, *This Could Be the Start of Something Big*, *St. Louis Blues*, and *MaCarthur Park*, all well done despite some '30s vintage Hammond "flash" here and there.

There's one point with which we must take issue with O'Lyn; it's a matter of taste.

Back in 1896, serious composer Richard Strauss wrote one of his most monumental tone poems, an epic symphonic work which extolls in bright musical colors the teachings of the prophet Zarathustra. Whatever

it was which caused O'Lyn to use the majestic opening fanfares of *Also Sprach Zarathustra* as the framework for a jazz improvisation escapes our understanding completely. To the informed music lover such misuse can be regarded only as musical mayhem and we must conclude that youthful O'Lyn just didn't know. The improvisation itself is outstanding, and had it been constructed around, say, *Sweet Georgia Brown*, it would not only have been more effective but would have offended no one. As things stand, an appropriate encore would be *Look What They've Done to Our Song*. How about it, O'Lyn? □



They was a colyumist like me, if that aint braggin, name of Dooley who used to rite for the papers back when I was a young feller, and who always started off by sayin — I see by the papers. Well, if anybody done that way now they'd wind up spreadin gloom around with a shovel, on acct they dont seem to be much of any good news anymore. If I tried it why this colyum would jest be filled up with stories of political crooks and hi jack-ins and kidnappins and prison riots and buggins and muggins and murders and tornados and drownins. Well, I guess that's jest about enough of that.

So maybe I'm lucky that I try to rite about music on acct. the only crime in music is the guys that go so fur out you cant hear any melody and then you get a lot of noises out of these here sinthesizers and if that is music I will eat it. They was a feller name of Harry Partch that jest died and he spent all of his time inventin new instruments made out of jelly glasses and wheel covers and wind

gongs and like that there, and they was kind of fun to listen to, but that's not jest what I am atalkin about. These other kinds of sounds I mean sound like tearin silk or scrapin chalk on a blackboard or sawin metal in a steel mill, and, like the feller says, they set your teeth on edge. How you set your teeth on edge is somethin I dont know how you do, but anyways thats how the sayin goes.

Then they is another kind of new music that I aint able to go along with. Seems like they is a new brand of composers who never learned nothin about cords except to run there fingers up and down on the white notes so they is jest aplaying CEG and then DFA and then EGB. Now I dont know much about harmony but I know they's a lot more to it than jest playin them three note cords on the white keys, and I bet fellers like Geo. Gerhswin and Cole Porter and Friml would jest turn over in there graves if they could hear songs like that.

So while I'm gripin about music I dont like they is still another kind of music that dont grab me, only this kind is rote by riters not on acct. they dont know enough but on acct. they know too much, and they aint never satisfied by what has already been rote. Mostly these riters was Germans who started about the beginnin of the 20th century. I dont recollect there names and whats more I dont care if I do or not, but they invented a lot of new names like Atonality and Dodeckafonic and Alleyatorick and Cereal ritin and if they ever rit a nice tune by mistake theyd be so ashamed of it theyd tear it up. I remember I went to a concert oncet of this kind of music and I had to walk out after about ten minutes of it. They would be a squeak, then theyd stop for three-four seconds, then they'd be a low kind of a grunt and then another wait and then a few scrambled notes that sounded like everybody was aplayin somethin different.

So I guess I got a confession to make. I dont like these riters like this Shonberg and Stravinsky and Boulez and Stockhowsen and like that, but if I can settle down to lissen to peaces by riters like Tchaikowsky and MacDowell and Irving Berlin and Debussy and Victor Herbert that can rite tunes you can hum or sing or whistle afterwards why then Im happy. So if that jest makes me an old square has-been, it's all right with me. □

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