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7th ANNUAL GUITAR ISSUE

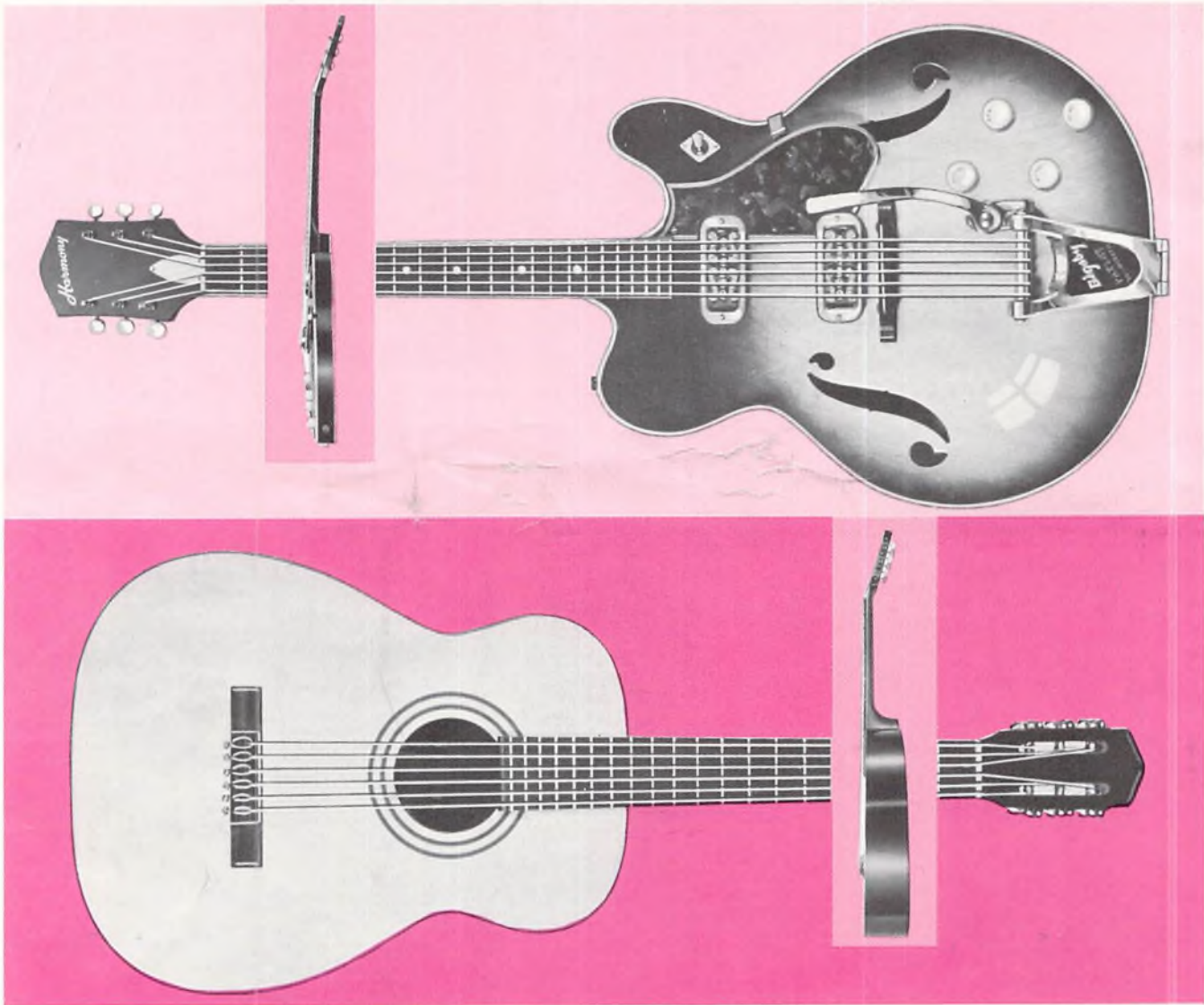
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Cover photograph by Jim Taylor

THINGS TO COME: Down Beat commemorates its 29th anniversary with the Aug. 15 issue, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, Aug. 1. Among the highlights of this celebratory issue will be LeRoi Jones' provocative essay on jazz and criticism, John Tynan's survey of traditional bands in Los Angeles, Stanley Dance's comments on the condition of mainstream jazz, and complete coverage of the Newport Jazz Festival. Be sure to reserve your copy now.

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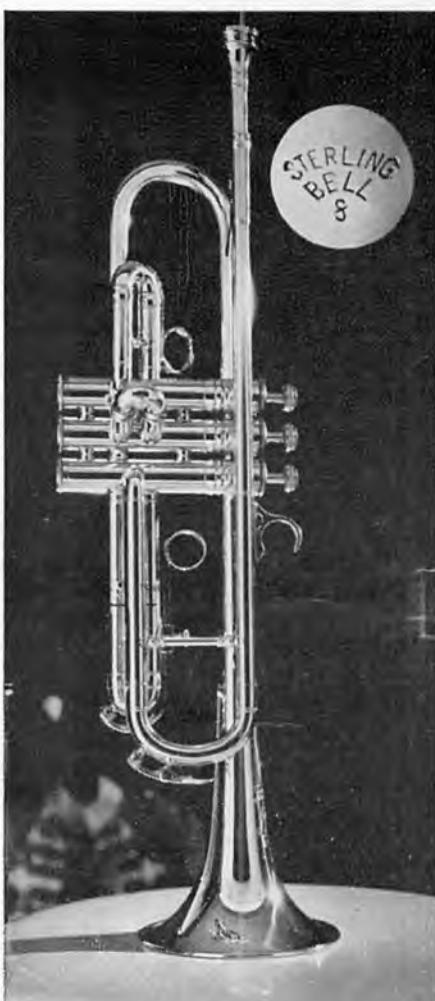
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By Benny Golson

Recently, I had a very stimulating personal contact with the students of Berklee School of Music in Boston. They arranged and performed a group of my compositions on the latest in the fine series of "Jazz in the Classroom" disks. Downbeat's 5-star rating for the record gave me a particular thrill because this disk vivified a point which has long been a favorite subject with



Benny Golson

me. Here is a group of students not only performing but doing the arranging in the finest traditions of jazz. In my own career, I have learned that being an instrumentalist and arranger has provided me with double career insurance . . . twice the opportunities . . . twice the challenge . . . twice the gratification.

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Benny Golson

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

An Open Letter To Don Ellis:

When I read about or listen to avant-garde movements in art, literature, music, or poetry, I always try to find that link with the past that makes for organic, logical growth. In the article *Don Ellis' Jazz Happenings* (DB, June 20), it was related that during his solo the piano player jumped up, grabbed a salt shaker, and sprinkled it into the inside of the piano. These so-called musicians are either putting us all on or are downright ignorant of the meaning of art.

Art is the language of the spirit, and of all the arts, music can bring us closer to our real nature than can painting or literature.

Why don't you, Don Ellis, stop this pathological obsession you obviously have in trying to be different or ultra-creative? Your inner ear can't be telling you that what you're building is truth. Shuffling cards, the movements of your body, your eye stare, etc., have nothing to do with music, but your awareness of your spiritual nature has. The things you mention in the article are externals, when it's the internals that count. Great music is so because men listened internally and heard and saw the harmony of the universe.

If you would turn your thoughts inward you might—or, rather, will—create something worthwhile listening to. I heard you play beautifully one night at Wells—it was so fleeting that it probably passed by unnoticed by you.

Jack Reilly
Staten Island, N.Y.

Beauty And The Beast

I felt an obligation to write concerning Don DeMicheal's review of *The New Sounds of Maynard Ferguson* (DB, June 20). The rating was three stars, meaning "good." This album is a lot better than good: it contains some of the best recorded work the Ferguson band has ever produced.

After reading John Tynan's review of the *Maynard '63* album in the April 25 big-band issue, I was pretty disgusted. According to Tynan, the band didn't have that explosive sound. Now that Ferguson has gone back to his old way of playing, DeMicheal says the band doesn't capture that excitement and drive on this recording.

I would suggest that DeMicheal and other members of the reviewing staff listen to this record not one or two times, but at least six or seven more—and then pass judgment.

Glenn Pribek
Elmont, N.Y.

Before writing his review DeMicheal did listen to the record more than once or twice.

In the record reviews section of the June 20 issue, Don DeMicheal reviewed the album *The New Sounds of Maynard*

Ferguson. In the review, mention was made of "the introspective, melodic trumpet solo by Ferguson" on *Bossa Nova de Funk*.

This solo was not played by Ferguson, but by Cleveland's talented Rick Kiefer, and a beautiful solo it is too. Having been with the Ferguson aggregation for approximately five years and receiving little or no mention, Kiefer is, I would say, long overdue for recognition. He is a very gifted trumpeter.

Ian Walter
Cleveland, Ohio

Gunther And Gulda

Friedrich Gulda, in Gene Lees' interview (DB, June 6), states, among other things, that Gunther Schuller does not know what classical music is. All I can say is, if one believes Mr. Gulda, then Mr. Schuller sure has been doing an excellent job of pulling the proverbial wool over a lot of eyes.

Ronald Caro
New York City

Gulda (DB, June 6) was right in 1956, and he still is. What has happened in jazz in the intervening years should prompt the open-minded to give his opinions more sympathetic attention than was given them then.

It took European music 300 years to accomplish the life cycle from the promise of Monteverdi to the senility of Schoenberg. Jazz is well on the way to accomplishing the cycle in 40. Gulda feels that jazz, "by taking on some of the worst features of European music, is on its way to committing suicide." I agree and would add only that, in my opinion, the worst thing that ever happened to jazz is Gunther Schuller.

Henry Pleasants
Washington, D. C.

Henry Pleasants, a well-known and controversial critic of serious music, is the author of The Agony of Modern Music, among other works.

Congratulations on the fine article by Gene Lees describing Friedrich Gulda's statements on the situation of jazz today. More of this kind of reporting would be welcome. Gulda's views will surely shock as many readers in your country (in Europe musicians at least hold much the same ideas about jazz) as he did with his remarks at the 1956 Newport Jazz Festival.

This is to be expected, as in the United States so many advocates of jazz—musicians, critics, promoters, and fans alike—are so involved with the commercial aspects of jazz that they cannot hear the difference anymore between jazz and pseudo-jazz. Your recent *Blindfold Tests* have proved this—at least as concerns musicians—beyond doubt. Many musicians here were quite shocked over Andre Previn's naive statements during his *Blindfold Test*

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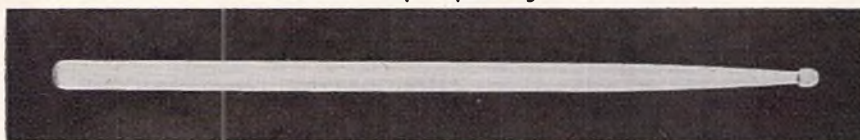
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(DB, May 9), which surely gave him away.

On the other hand, a much less-known musician, the Brazilian Oscar Castro-Neves, proved his keener ear and sharper musical knowledge by being able to recognize true jazz *without* guessing who the performers were in his May 23 *Blindfold Test*. Note, by the way, that in this same test Mr. Castro-Neves said much the same thing about the Modern Jazz Quartet as did Gulda, which more or less represents the views of many jazz musicians here in Europe. Coincidence?

Remo Rau
Zurich, Switzerland

Reply From Washington

The editorial in the June 20 issue of *Down Beat* (*Danger: Bureaucrats at Work*) has been read with a great deal of interest.

First, let me correct a minor error in the editorial. It is stated, "He [Wolfe] and Battle also are members of the advisory committee." Mr. Battle and I are definitely not members of the committee, but Mr. Battle, as Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs, does, of course, have final responsibility for any action taken within the framework of the legislation authorizing the Cultural Presentations program.

The role of jazz in this program is one of great importance, but it also is only one of many categories of American achievement in the field of the performing arts. As the principal exponent of jazz, *Down Beat* understandably feels that a larger number of jazz groups should tour each year. I have no doubt that the exponents of the dance, the theater, and other elements of the artistic world also believe that more attractions in their categories should be sent.

A balanced program each year, insofar as our budget will permit, is, I think you will agree, most desirable, and this we hope to achieve. Hence the study now underway to determine ways and means of reducing the extraordinary costs of dramas, musicals, and operas, so that these, too, may be adequately reflected in our program.

Last year we could have been criticized for having an unbalanced program in favor of jazz when sponsoring Benny Goodman to the USSR, Paul Winter to Latin America, and Cozy Cole to Africa, despite outstanding success by all these groups.

In any event, we are very happy to have jazz represented by one of America's greats [Duke Ellington] for 14½ weeks throughout 14 countries of the Near East and south Asia area during the coming year's program. Moreover, I think your readers would like to know that at its last meeting, the Advisory Committee on the Arts recommended that two additional jazz representatives be added to the music panel of experts.

Yes, we "bureaucrats are at work!" I hope, with the co-operation of all concerned, that our work will be a credit to all elements of America's performing arts.

Glenn G. Wolfe
Director, Office of
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Washington, D.C.



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NEW YORK

Dizzy Gillespie broke the sound barrier at the Embers during his June stay at that east-side supper club. Prior to his engagement, the only trumpets heard there were muted, a la **Jonah Jones**. Gillespie blew both muted and open, and **James Moody** played alto and tenor saxophones, in addition to flute. In all, quite a departure for the club. The rest of Gillespie's group included pianist **Kenny Barron**, bassist **Chris White**, and drummer **Rudy Collins**. Following the Embers engagement, Gillespie flew to Washington, D.C., to teletape a discussion about jazz for *Youth Wants to Know*, with **George Wein** acting as moderator (the show was scheduled to be shown in various parts of the country the week of July 1). After the afternoon filming, Gillespie was a dinner guest of Sen. **Claiborne Pell**, of Rhode Island. The trumpeter then hopped a jet for Paris, where he recorded with the **Double Six of Paris**, and then flew back to New York in time for his July 4 opening at Birdland, took off July 5 to appear at the Newport Jazz Festival, and finally scurried back the next day to Birdland, bromo, and bed.

In the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, Benin Arts, Inc., is producing an ambitious summer festival of the arts—which includes examples of theater, poetry, Gospel singing, and jazz—at the Hopkinson Manor. The first of three jazz



GILLESPIE

nights featured alto saxophonist **Jackie McLean**. Drummer **Max Roach's** group and an eight-voice chorus will appear on Aug. 3; trumpeter **Kenny Dorham** is set for Aug. 17.

On July 9, at the Little Church around the Corner, guitarist **Billy Bauer's** daughter, **Pamela**, was married. As the young couple took their vows, guitarist **Barry Galbraith** played an original composition of Bauer's entitled *Marriage Vows*, written especially for the occasion. Bauer had a little trouble convincing the minister to allow a guitar in the church. "When he realized it wasn't rock and roll," Bauer said, "he okayed it."

Andre Previn, **Shelly Manne**, and **Red Mitchell** were in New York in mid-June to play at two of Lincoln Center's Promenade Concerts. Previn also took part in two other concerts in the series, improvising on themes from *West Side Story* and conducting an orchestra in a salute to France. A change in the center's August Fanfare program finds **Ben Webster's** group replacing **Teddy Wilson's** on Aug. 8. In late June, Webster, with pianist **Patti Bown**, bassist **Richard Davis**, and drummer **Mel Lewis**, played at the Shalimar on upper Seventh Ave.

The **Salt City Six**, a Syracuse, New York, traditionalist group that has been in existence since 1952 under the co-leadership of trombonist **Will Alger** and clarinetist **Jack Maheu**, has added the cornet of **Wild Bill Davison** as featured attraction. Regular trumpeter **Paul Squire** remains. Davison will contribute some of his arrangements to the band's book. The group opens at the Colonial Tavern in Toronto, Ontario, on Aug. 12.

Nat Cole left July 12 for England and Scotland, where
(Continued on page 43)



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August 1, 1963 / Vol. 30, No. 17



MEHEGAN
Jazz in a brownstone

MINGUS AND MEHEGAN TO OPEN N.Y. JAZZ SCHOOLS

Jazz education, a growing area these days, will have two new outlets in New York City in the coming months. Two schools are preparing for openings, and neither bears much resemblance to Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge—one will be run by bassist Charlie Mingus, the other by pianist John Mehegan.

Mingus has taken a 10-year lease on a floor in a building at 386 Third Ave., as a location for his proposed Arts, Music, and Gymnastics School. Mingus announced that he, drummers Max Roach and Willie Jones, and reed man Buddy Collette will be faculty members. "There will be instrumental teaching and also vocal coaching," Mingus said. "Katherine Dunham will teach dance."

Mingus said he also has plans for a gym, with sunlamps and with rowing equipment "for musicians who want to build themselves up"; the teaching of karate and judo; and fresh fruit and vegetable juices dispensed by a special machine he has bought.

During recitals, the juice bar will be open to the general public. A non-denominational "prayer and meditation room" will be a required stopping place for any student before he can enter the studio.

There is a strong possibility of a grant to Mingus' school from HARYOU (Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited). The Rev. Eugene Callender of the Church of the Master, who recently has presented jazz at his church (*Ad Lib*, May 23), is on the HARYOU board of directors.

The grant would be given as an experiment to see what the effect of teaching 100 youths from Harlem would have in combating juvenile delinquency. Some 30 of the children would be musicians and singers, the rest enrolled in dance and stagecraft. They would be in addition to Mingus and Miss Dunham's regular students. The place is being soundproofed now, and plans are for as early an opening as possible.

The second school will open in September. Mehegan, who has taught at Juilliard and extensively in private, has bought a brownstone house at 354 W. 11th St., where he and his wife, Gay, will live and conduct John Mehegan's Jazz Studio.

Mrs. Mehegan, a former student of her husband's, and Jack Goldsweig, who has been studying with him, will assist Mehegan with teaching. Lucia Fitzpatrick, Mehegan's secretary of long standing, will teach theory and ear training. Mehegan bases his teaching theory on the "figured bass," which is a major element in his two-volume book, *Jazz Improvisation*.

Currently, Mehegan has 100 students a week but said he expects to expand to 400 when his school opens. His Tuesday night clinics, in which a regular bassist and drummer are in paid attendance, will continue. This affords the student pianists "a chance to play with a professional rhythm section," Mehegan said.

END OF A LONG BUSINESS ASSOCIATION

An association of two decades, considered by many to have been one of the most mutually profitable in the entertainment industry, will come to an end Dec. 31 when Nat Cole and manager Carlos Gastel dissolve their business relationship.

Gastel, recognized as outstanding in the hard-to-define calling of personal managers, is credited with the grooming of Cole from a \$350-a-week jazz pianist-vocalist to international stardom and considerable wealth.

Announcing the impending breakup, Cole said in a statement, "Due to the fact that I now have my own Kell-Cole Co., equipped to handle many of the functions of a personal manager, I no longer require outside representation in that field of activity."

Equally formal was a joint Cole-Gastel statement:

"We have found our association of the past 20 years extremely rewarding and very meaningful in every area."

Added Cole: "For this reason, Kell-Cole has arranged for Carlos Gastel to remain with us as special executive adviser for our company." Gastel's duties were not spelled out.

In keeping with the cut-and-dried handling of the announcement, Gastel said he had agreed to the statement's phrasing and had no elaborations to it.

Gastel took over Cole's business affairs in 1943, when the Alabaman led the King Cole Trio, comprising himself, Oscar Moore on guitar, and Wesley Prince on bass, at Los Angeles' 331 Club.

Come 1964, Cole's business life will be run by the Kell-Cole Co., consisting of the singer; Leo Branton, a Los Angeles attorney; and Ike Jones, producer of Cole's stage shows.

JAZZMEN RAISE FUNDS AT JACKIE ROBINSON'S HOME

On June 23, the huge lawn of baseball Hall of Famer Jackie Robinson's Stamford, Conn., home was the site of a jazz concert, the purpose of which was to raise bail money for those jailed in the Negro civil-rights demonstrations in the South.

Among the participating musicians were Dizzy Gillespie, Dave Brubeck, Cannonball Adderley, Billy Taylor, and a group featuring Clark Terry, Zoot Sims, and Ben Webster, which had performed a week earlier for the Duke Ellington Jazz Society. Singers Carol Sloane, Joya Sherrill, and Jimmy Rushing also performed.

Mrs. Robinson conceived the idea of the concert and was assisted in assembling the musicians by George T. Simon, Mrs. Andre Baruch (singer Bea Wain), Mercer Ellington, and Mrs. Arthur Logan.

In all, 42 musicians took part, and about 625 people paid \$10 a piece to listen to the concert that lasted from noon to 7 p.m.

Besides the admission money, additional funds came from both attendees and performers, a raffle, persons who did not attend, and refreshment sales. The more than \$15,000 thus raised was donated to Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

HOWARD MCGHEE HAS LEFT EYE REMOVED

Trumpeter Howard McGhee's left eye, blinded in a childhood accident, was removed early last month in an operation at New York Eye and Ear Hospital.

Glaucoma had developed in the eye, and it was necessary to operate in order to safeguard his right eye. McGhee was out of the hospital after a short period of convalescence and appeared at the Newport Jazz Festival, both with the all-star "house band" and with his own group.

McGhee has discarded his "trademark" sunglasses and is reportedly ready to pose for Hathaway shirt ads.

The Union And The Orchestra Leaders

For all the promise of change held in recent American Federation of Musicians pronouncements, very little has happened to help the lot of dance-band and jazz musicians. The ultimate gains to musicians seem most available in the courts, in cases against their union.

The most spectacular and nearly ended of these is a series of cases brought against the AFM and New York's Local 802 by the Orchestra Leaders of Greater New York, a group similar to many other bandleaders organizations—in Dallas, Texas; South Carolina; Connecticut; Boston, Mass.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Illinois; and Kentucky, to name a few. Many of these hope eventually to hook up in a nationwide organization, and some already have aided the New York organization's series of court cases.

The battle was joined in March, 1960, and has grown into a legal labyrinth. Basically, the orchestra leaders want freedom from the AFM, to which they now belong. They want to be recognized as employers (hence, could not be members of the AFM) and, being so recognized, to be freed of what they call arbitrary rulings by the union.

The leaders' freedom-now argument is at least partially based on the fact that it is unlawful under the Taft-Hartley act for an employer to make payments to a union.

The AFM has rejected the orchestra leaders' plea that they cannot be both employees accountable to the union and employers at the same time, and it requires the leaders to collect surcharges from their sidemen and pay that money to the union.

The specific issues involved are complex and have been brought to court in a series of suits. The springboard for the suits has been the federal government's ruling in the '50s that for tax purposes a bandleader is an employer, not an employe.

That might have been expected to settle that, but the AFM disregarded the distinction and continued to regard the leaders as union-member employes, who had to collect the surcharges that leaders and sidemen have come to refer to as union taxes.

The first legal action was to attempt to prevent the union from imposing a levy of \$1 for every man used by a bandleader, to be paid into an AFM welfare fund. U.S. District Court Judge Edward J. Dimmock granted an injunction against the union.

The second action was brought to

stop what the leaders called "arbitrary and unrealistic" price-fixing increases. As an example, on June 15, 1960, one weekday afternoon job in New York that prior to that date paid \$28 a sideman was increased to \$40. The leaders contended this violated the Sherman antitrust act. U.S. District Court Judge Frederick Van Pelt Bryan denied an injunction but allowed that a trial should ultimately be held in order to test the union's right to establish prices in this way. (That trial now constitutes the fourth action the leaders have taken against the union.)

The third case brought by the leaders is the most important of the lot in the opinion of many. It is against two surcharges imposed by the union. The first is a 10 percent "traveling" tax that the leader pays on the salary of each of his men. It is based not on what the man actually is paid but on the minimum scale of the local in whose jurisdiction the orchestra performs.

Local 802's attorney, David Ashe, insists that "the leader doesn't pay the traveling tax. He collects the amount of the tax from the purchaser of the music. This tax helps protect musicians in whose areas he is visiting."

In other words, the tax is levied for the benefit of the home local, whose musicians are not working, the argument goes, because they are put out of work by the traveling musicians. But, according to leaders, several injustices are quickly evident in practice. They assert that they know from personal experience that out of the 600 AFM locals, many are kept alive only because of the 10 percent surcharges. The leaders say they see no reason why they should have to pay to keep these locals going.

Two arguments are advanced against continuing such practices.

First, out of 265,000 AFM members, it is estimated that only 35,000 actually work a reasonable number of hours in the music profession. Or, on a smaller scale, out of the 30,000 members in New York, only 1,000 have steady employment as musicians, and it is estimated that two-thirds of the membership never plays at all. Consequently, argue the leaders, the most musically productive, working professionals are supporting a union dominated by those who outnumber them but who don't work in the field and have little apprehension of its problems.

Second, the existence of many locals, the leaders insist, is absurd. For example, Wisconsin, with a population of a little more than 4,000,000, has 37 locals, 19 of which are in cities of less than 20,000 population and 11 of which are in towns of less than 10,000 population. The leaders say that in such cases the federation is penalizing the few

professionals for the comparatively large number of nonplaying members, who constitute the voting majority throughout the federation and who thereby can approve measures the playing members oppose.

In addition, legal action was taken against a second surcharge, one levied by most locals on their own membership as a working tax. This varies between one and four percent around the country. It is 1½ percent in Local 802, where attorney Ashe insists that "it is not a tax but a membership obligation and is a form of dues."

And so the battle began March, 1960. The leaders' organization submitted 550 member affidavits to establish itself as plaintiff in cases against the AFM.

The AFM then acted against the prime movers of the group, particularly Ben Cutler, Charles Peterson, Joe Carroll, and, later, Dan Terry (now known professionally as Kostraba). All but Carroll were expelled from the union, but a U.S. court restrained the AFM from forbidding its members to work with those leaders, a decision later reversed by a higher court.

Still, a number of well-known leaders aligned themselves with the movement. Included were such as Stan Kenton, Ralph Marterie, Les Brown, Ralph Flanagan, Georgie Auld, Freddy Martin, Quincy Jones, Kai Winding, and Skitch Henderson.

Many gave substantial amounts of money to help defray costs; almost none except Kenton wanted it known that they had sent checks. Kenton called on all orchestra leaders to join the fight "to eliminate the American Federation of Musicians' unfair and unjust 10 percent tax." Marterie claimed that "if traveling orchestra leaders are to survive, this unjust 10 percent tax must be eliminated." Flanagan said, "Elimination of this unjust tax may mean the revival and possibly the survival of the traveling dance orchestra."

Clearly the major battle between the orchestra leaders and the AFM was to be on the issue of the two surcharges imposed by the locals and the federation.

The AFM officially protested that this kind of thing should be settled within the union, not in a court. (But the very organization of the AFM—the large number of locals and the heavy preponderance of nonplaying, but voting, members—leaves any intraunion battle entirely weighted against them, the leaders say.)

Further—and unofficially—the union protested to its members that the loss of revenue from the surcharges would be ruinous. From those sums, the federation collects \$3,800,000 a year. It was suggested that some totally new system for revenue would have to be promulgated.



KENTON

'Eliminate unfair and unjust tax'

In court, the union insisted that both surcharges are "a form of dues," that bandleaders are employes, and that bandleaders do not pay either of the surcharges but rather only collect "the amount of the tax from the purchaser of the music."

The leaders, through attorney Godfrey P. Schmidt, protested all along the line.

As to the surcharges being dues, Schmidt said, "Nowhere in their by-laws, constitution, or other publications do they refer to either tax as dues—and they admitted it." Second, Schmidt said, it had already been shown that bandleaders are employers, not employes, in the government withholding-tax decision. Third, he said, the 10 percent surcharge is paid directly by leaders, as is the local work tax. As Schmidt noted, "Every musical group has a price that it has to get on any particular engagement. Usually the leader never even mentions the surcharge to the purchaser of the music. . . ."

On July 20, 1962, Ben Cutler, as a representative of all those in opposition to the surcharges, brought action in the U. S. District Court against the American Federation of Musicians and the Associated Musicians of Greater New York, Local 802 (the local's official name).

Judge Richard H. Levet found that "Cutler is an employer within the meaning of the statute and that as such he may not be required to pay over to the unions the taxes and surcharges here involved."

The case was appealed, and Cutler again was a representative of the other plaintiff orchestra leaders.

The U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, on March 19, 1963, decided that, although the unions have contended that the purchaser of the music is the employer of the musicians and the leader, this is clearly not the case.

In essence, the decision agreed with Judge Levet's, stating, "It is clear that the 10 percent surcharge is an exaction from the leader's share."

Specifically, it said, "Judge Levet found that Cutler, an orchestra leader in the single-engagement field, is an employer within the meaning of the statute and that as such he may not be required to pay over to the unions the taxes and surcharges here involved. We agree. Section 302 of the labor-management act, as amended . . . prohibits unions from demanding, or employers from making, payments to unions representing his employes."

In addition, the appellate court affirmed that the single-engagement music field is an industry affecting interstate commerce.

The only appeal from this appellate-court decision—which does away with the 10 percent surcharge imposed on traveling groups—would be to the U.S. Supreme Court, which, interestingly, has an AFM member on it, Chief Justice Earl Warren. Until then, the union will be without the money previously available from the surcharges.

Three addenda complete this phase of the legal actions:

Sidemen, the musicians who play for the leaders, are considering action of their own, largely to cement the better bargaining position they now feel they are in because of the court's decision. If, they say, the AFM will recognize the true state of affairs, they will be able to secure conditions and benefits, such as welfare and pension funds, when they negotiate, as a group, directly with music buyers through the union, as is done in other branches of the music business (broadcasting, records, etc.).

The Musician's Voice, subtitled *A Monthly Newspaper for Professional Musicians*, published in New York independently of the AFM, and normally filled with aggressive, professional oriented views of musicians' problems, reported in its June-July, 1963, issue:

"We hear that the Dallas, Texas, local recently raised their dues, in response to a threat of legal action against their 2 percent work tax. When dues rose to \$30 a year, membership was promptly reduced by over 50 percent. We surmise that only completely inactive musicians would balk at such reasonable dues and that now a higher percentage of Dallas' members are full-time professionals. Bravo, Dallas!"

Noting that the union will have to find new means to replace the money lost through the court's decisions, the paper's editors continue:

"Any changes to be made in Local 802's revenue collections must be presented to the membership. . . . The issue of a raise in dues is sure to bring out a healthy complement of nonprofessionals. . . . Therefore, it is doubly important that as many professionals as possible turn out for this meeting. Mark Monday, Sept. 9, 3 p.m., in your

books now as the possible beginning of a new, exhilarating era in Local 802 history—the beginnings of control of the union by the professional musician."

Then there is a case of apparent reprisal. Angie Bond, who leads a group that plays Greek music, claimed foul in the U.S. District Court when Local 802 refused to accept her dues and terminated her membership, forbidding her to work anywhere in the jurisdiction of the local. The court directed the local to desist from interfering with her and her orchestra. She charged that the 802 action was taken because she supported the orchestra leaders in their court action against the local 1½ percent tax and the AFM's 10 percent tax.


"In that tax action," she claimed, "Local 802 falsified union records in order to disqualify me as a plaintiff." The court, in deciding that case, accepted her as a plaintiff.

Finally, there is a case that sums up the rebellion.

Don Lella of Colonia, N.J., filed suit in the District Court in Newark, N.J., against the AFM and Local 373 of Perth Amboy, N.J., contending that rights of free speech guaranteed him under the Landrum-Griffin labor law were violated when he was brought up on charges by Local 373, found guilty, fined, and expelled for refusing to pay the fine.

He charged that he was fined and expelled because he asked questions concerning the manner in which the union handled money he said it received from the City of Perth Amboy for dances. Lella charged that the money the union received from the city and other cities for these dances was used for purposes other than paying the musicians who played these public dances.

He charged that these musicians were previously paid for the same performances through the Music Performance Trust Funds, a fund supported by the recording and transcription companies under an agreement between them and the AFM. Lella continued, "I can prove that the dates, places, time, and amounts of money for these dances are identical, and that duplicate payments were made by the music performance trust and the City of Perth Amboy along with other towns. I can also prove that the union officials benefited from these payments by the towns. When I called this practice to the attention of the national office of the union, they took no notice."

So there it all stands for the moment. No instant rebellion but a well-percolated brew. It appears that the rebel professional musicians have won the early rounds. In the ones to follow, all depends upon whether the AFM will appeal decisions or accept them and make some changes. 

EDDIE LANG

A portrait of the pioneering jazz guitarist

By Richard B. Hadlock

THE ONE MAJOR jazz figure of the '20s, about whom the present generation knows almost nothing is guitarist Eddie Lang. The names and contributions of Beiderbecke, Armstrong, Teagarden, and Bessie Smith are familiar to most, but Lang, if remembered at all, is thought of as a Red Nichols associate or Joe Venuti's sidekick, or maybe as Bing Crosby's accompanist.

He was all those and a great deal more. It was this mild young man, a man who never went hungry and seldom took a drink in an era when such things were expected of jazzmen, who, as Barney Kessel expressed it, "first elevated the guitar and made it artistic" in jazz.

Eddie Lang, working without precedent or predecessor, wrote the book on jazz guitar in the 1920s.

He was born Salvatore Massaro in 1904 (recently Lang biographer Richard DuPage amended this date to 1902, so take your choice), the son of a south Philadelphia banjo and guitar maker.

Eddie, whose professional name was apparently lifted from a boyhood basketball hero, devoted several of his early years to studying the violin. He shared his problems and triumphs during this time with another young violinist, Joe Venuti, who attended grammar and high school with Eddie and remained his closest friend until the guitarist's death. Eddie studied formally and was almost certainly trained in solfeggio (sight singing) as well. (Venuti began his reading exercises when he was 4.)

"Solfeggio, of course," Venuti explained in *Down Beat* years later, "that's the Italian system under which you don't bother much about any special instrument until you know all the fundamentals of music. It's the only way to learn music right."

Speaking of his early association with Lang, the violinist recalled, "We used to play a lot of mazurkas and polkas. Just for fun, we started to play them in 4/4. I guess we just liked the rhythm of the guitar. Then we started to slip in some improvised passages. I'd slip something in, Eddie would pick it up with a variation. Then I'd come back with a variation. We'd just sit there and knock each other out."

Venuti and Lang worked often in Atlantic City, N.J., where they were heard and admired by musicians such as Red Nichols, the Dorsey brothers, and Russ Morgan. Later these friends were helpful in lining up lucrative jobs in top bands for the Philadelphia boys.

Lang, back in Atlantic City for the 1924 summer season after working win-

ter jobs with the Scranton Sirens and others, met and sat in with a novelty group from St. Louis, the Mound City Blue Blowers. This brash trio (Red McKenzie, comb; Dick Slevin, kazoo; and Jack Bland, banjo) was riding high on its hit recording of *Arkansas Blues*, cut four or five months earlier that year. In casual jam sessions, the uncommon sound of Lang's guitar added harmonic flesh and rhythmic bones to the rather rickety little group, and by August, Lang was taken on as a regular member.

From this time on, he was never without plum jobs at the highest going rates—except when he wanted to be.

IN THE FALL OF 1924, the Blue Blowers played the Picadilly Hotel in London and a short engagement in Limehouse at a place called Haggarty's Empire, returning to New York before the end of the year. A spate of Blue Blowers recordings in late 1924 and early 1925 documented the sound of Eddie Lang at this juncture.

A piece called *Deep Second Street Blues* revealed that Lang had already fixed several aspects of his personal style and was well on the way toward establishing the guitar as an important band instrument as well.

For one thing Lang, like comb player McKenzie, knew how to get inside a blues and express himself convincingly in this essentially Southern idiom. *Deep Second Street*, for all its emphasis on novelty effects, was performed with genuine blues feeling, a feeling Lang seemed to acquire quite easily and was never to lose, even on very commercial assignments. *Deep Second Street* also had Lang playing rhythm in a manner that was highly personal and distinctly advanced for the time. His tendency was toward an even, four-to-the-bar pulse, often with a new chord position, inversion, or alteration on every stroke of the strings.

In contrast to the monotonous chopping of most banjoists of the day, Lang's ensemble guitar sparkled with passing tones, chromatic sequences, and single-

This article is based on material included in the forthcoming book *Jazz Masters of the '20s* by Richard B. Hadlock, to be published by Collier Books.

string fills. With all this went a firm, individual tone unlike the sound of any instrument theretofore heard in jazz.

The Blue Blowers' somewhat rustic library was hardly a challenge to Lang's advanced ear. Like most outstanding jazzmen of the '20s, the guitarist's most valuable asset was his ability to hear and grasp new material upon a single exposure to it. Lang had a photographic memory and an acute sense of pitch.

"He had the best ear of any musician I ever knew," wrote banjoist-guitarist Bland, many years after working with Lang in the Blue Blowers. "He could go into another room and hit 'A' and come back and play cards for 15 minutes and then tune his instrument perfectly. I've seen that happen."

Although the Blue Blowers continued to delight audiences in movie houses ("... at a theater date in Minneapolis on a Friday night they had to take the picture off three times because the crowd was clapping so hard, especially for Lang," Bland has recalled), it was obvious that their peak of success had been passed and equally obvious that Lang could do much better elsewhere.

From late 1925 on, the guitarist was more in demand than perhaps any jazz musician in the country. He was especially valuable on recordings, where microphone balance could easily compensate for the guitar's lack of carrying power.

Singers in particular discovered that Lang's sensitive chording and striking single-string arpeggios added immeasurable class to their performances, many of which were otherwise rather dreary affairs.

A case in point is a recording by one Norman Clark, a pre-electric-microphone shouter of the lowest order. His painful versions of *Sleepy Time Gal* and *Lonesomest Gal in Town* were gilded with superlative guitar accompaniments, complete to ringing harmonics and advanced single-string runs. Other highly forgettable singers to whom Lang gave his best were Charles Kaley, Harold Lem, Seger Ellis, Russell Douglas, Peggy English, Emmett Miller, Lee Morse, Ruth Etting, Sammy Fain, Cliff Edwards, and Vaughn de Leath.

With Lang's arrival, arrangers began to recognize the potential of the guitar as a melody instrument. One of Ross Gorman's scores, *Sleepy Time Gal*, called for the unheard-of duet combination of baritone saxophone and guitar in a surprisingly modern interlude.

Lang was favored by demandingandleaders, too, because he was, as "hot" players went, a reliable man to

have on the job. Only his passion for gambling games and an overwhelming urge to spend every summer fishing with Venuti in Atlantic City were allowed to intrude occasionally upon Lang's devotion to his work and his guitar.

In the fall of 1926 Venuti and Lang turned out their first duet record, *Stringin' the Blues* (a thinly camouflaged *Tiger Rag*) and *Black and Blue Bottom*. Venuti, displaying some of his many violin tricks, was clearly the featured performer, but Lang's clean 4/4 pulse and full chords were impressive. Most musicians had never heard a guitarist of this caliber before, except in classical and Flamenco circles. Lang made many realize that for small chamber-jazz groups the guitar could offer subtlety, dynamic response, and flexibility beyond what the banjo was capable of delivering. A good many banjoists began studying the guitar in earnest.

AN EVEN WIDER audience of musicians and fans was reached with a series of 1926-27 recordings by Red Nichols and His Five Pennies (also billed as the Redheads). Nichols' own work usually suffered from overconcern with precision ("King Oliver's records were full of mistakes," the cornetist once said, "and so were ours, but we tried to correct them"), but his little recording group gleamed with new ideas and talent.

Lang may have played his old six-string guitar-banjo on a few of these dates, but his important solo work was performed on the plectrum guitar. Using a precise, powerful attack derived from tight, high strings and a stout pick, he moved in close to the microphone to achieve on records a vibrant, personal sound as persuasive as the sounds of the horn players around him.

The Nichols records ranged from noisy and contrived to prophetic and breathtakingly adventurous, but Lang took them all in stride. Some, like *Cornfed*, revealed that Lang, for all his brilliance as a soloist, accompanist, and innovator, had unfortunate lapses as a rhythm player. Here there was a tendency to allow his strings to ring too

long, blurring and casting a cloud of doubt over the exact location of each pulse. As guitarist and Lang student Marty Grosz once summed it up, Lang's rhythm sometimes sounded "a bit lumpy, like a guy running with a pie in his pants."

"The Chicago guys felt that Lang didn't really swing, and I'm inclined to go along to that extent," Grosz said. "At least he had trouble swinging in the same way that some of the Chicagoans did and in the way his successors did. But I think we can overlook that for the nonce. In his way he did so much, and it sounds so damn natural and easy. And he was first; he had to think the whole thing out for himself. It is always more difficult to lead the way; hence, modern bass players can play rings around Jimmy Blanton—bu: Blanton was first and had the soul. Same with Lang."

During 1927, Lang appeared on many recordings in the company of Bix Beiderbecke and a variety of supporting players, usually mutual friends selected from the ranks of the Jean Goldkette or Paul Whiteman orchestras.

The most famous of these recordings were *Singin' the Blues* and *I'm Comin', Virginia*, on which Beiderbecke went far toward establishing his robust ballad style as a new way of playing jazz. Lang seemed to grasp the significance of what Bix was doing, for his support of the cornetist was in the single-note arpeggio style he usually reserved for singers rather than "hot" instrumentalists. Moreover, the rich chords, alterations, and inversions Lang selected were valuable to Beiderbecke, whose quick ear promptly put such provocative material to excellent use.

On *I'm Comin', Virginia*, arranger Irving Riskin opened the performance with an unorthodox guitar lead over a brace of supporting horns, emphasizing the string instrument's new independence that came in with Lang and electric microphones.

For some time Lang played in the orchestra of Roger Wolfe Kahn, whose lineup also included Venuti, pianist

Arthur Schutt, trombonist Miff Mole, and drummer Vic Berton. The band spent much time in New York—more than two years at the Hotel Biltmore—and the pay was generous. Best of all for the musicians, Kahn's working hours were 11 p.m. to 1 a.m., which left time for plenty of outside recording, radio, and theater work.

"Joe and Eddie were presented as a special attraction by themselves," Schutt remembered. "Roger paid one price for the pair. We averaged five to 10 recordings a week and made a lot of money—\$400 or \$500 a week was usual, and in one seven-day period I made \$1,250. No one worked for scale—that was an insult. We got double scale for casuals and \$175 for one radio show. We lived it up."

Lang's solo recordings, begun about this time, ranged from a sensitive, rather formal rendering of *Prelude in C-sharp Minor* to strong blueslike statements, as in a piece called *Melody Man's Dream* (which began with a series of chromatic 13ths). For blues numbers, he frequently employed the "smear," a sliding across the fret that added to the tone something like a human cry. This device was probably picked up from folk-blues guitarists. By using downstrokes almost exclusively, Lang also approached the kind of ringing authority and positive cadences usually associated with horns rather than strings.

Eddie's Twister, Lang's first recorded solo piece (and previously issued in a band version as *Get a Load of This*) offered a nearly complete kit of his ideas. Here could be found the changing of fingers on the same fret to produce a fresh attack, interval jumps of a 10th to simulate the effect of a jazz piano, parallel ninth chords, flatted fifths, whole-tone scalar figures, smears, unusual glissandi, harmonics, harplike effects, consecutive augmented chords, and relaxed, hornlike phrasing.

In addition to his roles as rhythm player, guitar soloist, "hot" man, and accompanist, Lang recorded as a blues specialist, often under the name Blind Willie Dunn.

When he worked with blues singers, such as Bessie Smith, Victoria Spivey, or Texas Alexander, Lang was always careful to play elemental blues phrases rather than delicate arpeggios behind them. He also turned out a dozen duets with New Orleans jazzman Lonnie Johnson, one of the very few original guitar stylists (other than straight folk-blues players) in the late '20s and, like Lang, an ex-violinist.

"Eddie could lay down rhythm and bass parts just like a piano," Johnson recalled. "He was the finest guitarist I ever heard in 1928 and 1929. I think he could play anything he felt like."

(Continued on page 43)

Eddie Lang with the Mound City Blue Blowers.
Left to right: Red McKenzie, Jack Bland, Lang, and Dick Slevin.



PHOTO COURTESY FRANK DRIGGS

JOE PASS

Building A New Life

By JOHN TYNAN

I'M JUST a guitar player, man, and I got myself screwed up, and now I'm halfway straightened out and I've got to get out and learn something."

Joe Pass sat smoking a cigaret in a comfortable red leather armchair in the operations room at Synanon House. It was Sunday at Synanon, the narcotics rehabilitation center in Santa Monica, Calif., and the room was quiet.

The vital elements of his 34 years now seem, in Pass' outlook, to be distilled to basics.

"I came here 2½ years ago," he said, "with no guitar and 13 cents—a complete failure. So what I've got now, Synanon has done for me."

There are, of course, a great many things Pass has got now that in his years of narcotics-ridden desperation and confusion went undreamed of, unwanted, or would have been unattainable. As a human being, he has been recalled to life; as a man, he has had his dignity restored; as a bridegroom of recent commitment, he has entered into a new dimension of happiness and fulfillment of the spirit; as a jazz musician, he has gained recognition as a new and important voice.

Pass entered Synanon without an instrument, but he now has two guitars, both donated by well-wishing supporters of his talent and of Synanon's work. Three years ago he was an unknown quantity in the jazz world; he now has established a rising reputation—largely by virtue of appearances on Pacific Jazz records—that recently won him a *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll award.

Pass' story is inseparable from the Synanon organization. This method of keeping addicts off drugs has been hailed by many responsible observers in diverse fields of public life as the most practically successful program ever achieved. Within the Synanon structure of rehabilitation, the guitarist has reached "third stage"—he now lives outside the foundation headquarters, in his own apartment in Santa Monica, voluntarily reporting every morning at Synanon House for duty assignments. (The first stage of the rehabilitation program confines the former addict to the house until he or she is considered stable enough to advance to the second stage—a job on the outside while remaining a resident.)

At this juncture, Pass' primary concern musically is

"to get out and play." The urge appears to be approaching obsession.

"I've got to get into the music," he said urgently. "into the active music picture. I've never really done this. There are certain"—he hesitated—"character deficiencies, attitudes toward music that I've got to get over."

His wife, Allison, spoke up. "He doesn't feel that he's a good musician," she said, smiling.

"I want to get my feet wet with some good jazz musicians," Pass explained. "This I've never really done. I've never been a jazz musician." He shrugged.

"So far as getting your feet wet," Allison said, "they're sopping, dripping."

Pass grinned and shrugged again.

Daily playing with musicians of his caliber is a wish, perhaps an artistic need, that Pass may not be able to fulfill at present. The requirements of the Synanon organization made it necessary some time ago that three of the Sounds of Synanon septet that recorded almost two years ago on Pacific Jazz be transferred to San Diego,



WOODY WOODWARD/PACIFIC JAZZ RECORDS

Calif., to organize a branch in that city. Pianist Arnold Ross, who organized the group, trombonist Greg Dykes, and drummer Al Mannion (a subsequent replacement for board member Bill Crawford, the original drummer) are not so far away, however, as to be unavailable for concerts played by the Sounds or even a college tour such as their recent barnstorming through Oregon campuses.

But for all practical purposes the group no longer exists under one roof. There is instead a quartet at the Santa Monica house composed of Pass, bassist Ronnie Clark, trumpeter Dave Allan, and drummer Bob Pittman. All have their responsibilities to the organization to consider first, and if this means, as it does, that trumpeter Allan is in charge of the operations room, for example, his playing assumes a secondary role in daily activity.

Pass now feels it may be practicable to form a group of his own outside the Synanon framework for recording and working casuals in clubs or concerts. This does not necessarily conflict with his Synanon association and has the blessing of founder Charles E. (Chuck) Dederich, chairman of the board and overseer of the spreading Synanon network, which now has houses established in Westport, Conn., and Reno, Nev., in addition to the Santa Monica nerve center and the San Diego branch.

Until Pass is able to form his own group, however, he has been featured with a quartet playing Tuesday nights at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood. The other three musicians there are Bud Shank, reeds; Ralph Pena, bass; and Donald Dean, drums.

A more realistic consideration, however, concerning the problem of Pass' forming a group outside Synanon at this time is voiced by the guitarist himself. Put bluntly, as all things are at Synanon, it is this: some of the most gifted jazz musicians are addicted to narcotics; that they need Synanon is a truism at this point; that Synanon needs them is also, albeit ironically, true.

"If more of the really good musicians with an addiction problem," said Pass, "would come here and sit tight for a couple of years while they straightened out their lives instead of existing in the subworld of music, it could work out to everyone's benefit."

Moreover, he continued, such a situation "might become the link between all good musicians who could come here and straighten out, and those of us who have stayed here and made it."

PASS WAS BORN Joseph Passaloqua on Jan. 13, 1929, in New Brunswick, N.J. By the time he was 9, his family, nonmusicians all, had moved to Johnstown, Pa., where Pass began guitar studies, including "about a year" of classical instruction. Now, he said, he intends resuming classical study as well as improving an admittedly limited reading ability.

Before long he had joined a group patterned after the Quintet of the Hot Club of France called the Gentlemen of Rhythm. Pass had then turned 13 years of age.

"All the guys in the group," he recalled, "were ardent fans of Django Reinhardt, and, of course, so was I. The violinist was Tony Tomaselli; very good, too."

After the string group, Pass joined a Negro combo called Mason and His Madcaps, of which he said, "This was a hard-swinging group, different from the one I'd been with. I got a new angle on jazz from them."

A short tour with the Tony Pastor Band took him out

of Johnstown for the first time as a professional. When the new school term began, he had to leave Pastor and return to the classroom.

Pass later was to describe the years that followed this way:

"I left school and got a Local 802 card. I gigged around Long Island, Brooklyn, and started goofin'—pot, pills, junk. Traveled around the country with different tours. Then I was drafted into the Marine Corps. I was in a year. Meantime, I'd been in and out of hospitals and seeing doctors and so on. In the corps, I played cymbals in the band, worked with a small group at the NCO and officers' club. Then I got busted.

"I moved to Las Vegas and worked the hotels there. Busted again. After that, I spent three years and eight months at the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital at Fort Worth, Texas. Then I went back to Vegas. I recorded with Dick Contino on Capitol and with several other commercial groups. Meanwhile, I was in and out of jail for narcotics violations. I came to Synanon from San Diego after a final 'marks beef.'"

That, stripped to laconic essentials, is the story of Pass' pre-Synanon existence.

EARLY IN 1961, I walked into Synanon House and heard with astonishment the guitar playing of a balding, stockily built stranger, a new resident-member. When I asked, somebody said his name was Joe Passaloqua. I had him repeat the name.

In the excitement of listening to Pass' performance, at first I didn't notice the condition of the instrument he was using—he was creating some of the most brilliant guitar jazz I had ever heard, but the miracle was that he could play at all on such an instrument. The guitar was dilapidated, ancient, of the Spanish round-hole variety. The tuning pegs were worn, and the strings mourned their long-lost timbre. The sound was electrically amplified—by means of wondrous technological improvisation. It really was a simple method: an ordinary lapel microphone was taped to the guitar, next to the sound hole. A cable from the taped mike was run to the input jack of a sonically reliable, if physically battered, phonograph player standing in a corner. Joe Pass was in business!

After this initial experience of hearing Pass play, my thinking quite logically turned toward introducing the guitarist's talent to somebody in the position to record it.

A week or two later, Dick Bock, president of Pacific Jazz, went with me to Synanon, heard the Synanon musicians, and was convinced not only that the group should make a record but also that Pass was probably the most important jazz discovery in years.

The album that Bock subsequently recorded, *Sounds of Synanon*, may not be a jazz milestone in itself, but his decision to put such an LP on the market resulted in one of the happier public-relations actions in Synanon's behalf.

Now musicians everywhere and the jazz record buying public at large heard tangible evidence of the good being accomplished at Synanon in the rehabilitation of addicted jazzmen. For Joe Pass, the album meant the beginning of a new and musically productive phase in his previously aborted career. From now on, Pass will be striving to keep that career in high gear. [E5]

THREE MEN ON SIX STRINGS

By TOM SCANLAN

JAZZ GUITAR WITH 10 fingers is no passing fancy, no gimmick, no fad, no new thing doomed to become dated all too soon. It is here to stay and getting better all the time.

Largely because of records by Bill Harris and Charlie Byrd, more and more young jazz guitarists are putting aside their picks and steel string guitars in order to attempt the difficult job of learning to play finger style on open-hole classic guitars with nylon strings.

One of the centers of considerable teaching and playing activity in classic guitar is Washington, D.C., where Byrd and Harris—the two men primarily responsible for bringing classic-guitar technique to the attention of the sometimes insulated jazz world—live and work.

Harris has his own teaching studios there and also plays occasional night-club and concert dates in the city. (Though Washington has its fair share of jazz talent, the city does not bubble over with jazz activity.)

Byrd now is playing many more concert and night-club engagements out of town, thanks to an increasing and well-deserved national fame, but this versatile guitarist can usually be found playing to SRO crowds at Washington's Showboat Lounge, a cellar club where waitresses wear rubber-soled shoes to avoid making clackety-clack noises and where only an unknowing newcomer would try to get service during one of Byrd's sets of classical music.

But Byrd and Harris are far from being the only two jazzmen playing classic guitar in the city. One of the most promising of the younger players is Bill Leonhart, 25.

Before becoming deeply involved in the study of classic guitar with one of Washington's prominent guitar teachers, Aaron Shearer, Leonhart already was a rare kind of bird because he was a highly skilled acoustic, straight-guitar, rhythm player (a dying breed of cat), who doubled on amplified guitar and banjo too.

Byrd, Harris, and Leonhart say they are convinced that the classic guitar is only beginning to reach its potentialities for jazz, as each made plain during a recent roundtable discussion.

The discussion took place at Washington guitar teacher's Sophocles Papas' guitar shop, where both Byrd and Harris studied with Papas shortly after World War II and where Harris later taught.

Highlights from the discussion follow (my questions are italicized).

Is learning to play finger-style something like learning to play guitar all over again?

Byrd: It might be a little more difficult than learning to play all over again since you have the obstacle of what you do already in your way.

Do you have to break bad habits?

Leonhart: You have to develop different habits. If you are going to let yourself in for playing finger-style, then you have to develop different muscles, muscles that you don't use with a pick.

Are there different ways of doing this or is there one prescribed, or favored, method of study?

Harris: There are many, many ways of using the right hand. We have those who say the right hand should be in this position or that position, and then up comes a person who plays extremely well another way.

Leonhart: Even though there's no one accepted method, no organized school, there are many people—such as Aaron



LEONHART

Shearer—who are making a study of it. I mean a pathological study. How muscles work.

Byrd: In the final analysis, *how* something is done is not very important. It's what's done that counts. I've seen some very respectable guitar players playing solos with their thumb because Wes Montgomery does, but if they think Wes Montgomery plays the way he does just because he plays with his thumb. . . . Well, I don't see how they can be that stupid.

How long does it take for a skilled guitarist who has always used a pick to learn finger-style?

Harris: That depends on the person, of course. But I'd say to reach a degree of proficiency it takes at least 2½ years of good study.

Is the finger method definitely superior to the pick?

Byrd: The pick-versus-finger controversy has been going on roughly for about 500

years. It hasn't been settled yet and I don't think it ever will be. . . . though you might settle it to the extent that if you consider the instrument to be purely melodic there might be a certain advantage in use of the pick. But if you consider the guitar as a contrapuntal instrument, then the fingers are definitely preferred.

Leonhart: Without a pick you have a much wider selection of music and harmonies you can play.

Byrd: Actually, what an individual person can accomplish with his own technique is really the ultimate. Technique is like money: when you have it, it doesn't mean anything; when you haven't got it, well, that's when it's so very important. . . . I think the very sound of the classic guitar, as opposed to the electric guitar, or as opposed to the steel-string acoustic guitar, is the most attractive thing about the instrument for me. . . . the timbre of the sound. . . . I used to curse being at the mercy of all those tubes.

Has your harmonic thinking changed since playing finger-style?

Byrd: It must.

Harris: Definitely. With the classic guitar, you have to delve much more deeply into the study of harmony.

Leonhart: I agree. And the effect of classical study on jazz is enormous.

Byrd: With the classic guitar, there is something to study. I think that's the point. You can buy music by Fernando Sor and find out a little bit about how he thought, harmonically and so forth.

Leonhart: And you can do this with modern composers too. But I don't think there is any established tradition in studying guitar.

Byrd: No, there isn't.

Leonhart: The Spaniards have always jealously guarded their secrets on this, especially Flamenco players.

Byrd: I'm not against progress, but I think maybe one of the things that keeps the guitar alive, and one of the charms of it, might well be the fact that no one has put his finger on *a way* of doing things. I think there is a certain danger when somebody decides he's got the way.

Harris: But within the next few years, we may have a genuine approach to playing jazz on the classic guitar, without being bogged down with a lot of things you must now be involved with. I mean so much repertoire. What the jazz guitarist needs is an eye-opener as to how fast he can gain control of his right-hand fingers, because most of the accomplished jazz guitarists already have the left hand.

How does the classic guitar fit into a jazz band? Are there any restrictions on the size of the group or the instrumentation?

Byrd: There are fewer limitations on what it can be used for now than there once was. I see no reason why you can't have a piece written for the classic guitar and a big band. It's being tried now. The big problem is the writers. In order to write an effective solo part for the classic guitar, a writer has to know something about the

PHOTOS/JOE BOUCHARD

instrument. And those proficient in writing the orchestral part of it can't come up with anything for the guitar.

Harris: But Gerald Wilson recently did something very successful along those lines.

Byrd: Well, you can find an occasional example.

Do you sacrifice tone when you play with a fairly large group, including brass?

Byrd: That's a difficult question. That would depend on the group. I don't think the size of the group has as much to do with it as the kind of conception the group has. I don't see any place for the classic guitar with, say, the John Coltrane group. And this is no criticism of Coltrane, but the volume level of his group is such that you can seldom hear the piano effectively. . . . There's a certain kind of so-called hard-modern jazz being played now where the drummer plays just as loud for the piano solo as he does for the horns, and you can't hear the piano even though the pianist has an eight-foot Steinway. The classic guitar certainly can't fit into anything like that! . . . There are some groups who feel like they have found *where it is*. They seem to feel that the only way to play jazz is to play with complete abandon. Then there are other groups who feel jazz can only be played with restraint. I think music has to be played with both restraint and abandon. . . .

You've got to remember that jazz is still not many years away from its original influences. I mean dance music and street bands, when you had to play loud in order to be heard. The set of drums now being used in combos is basically the same kind of instrument with the same kind of techniques (except for brushes) that was designed to be played in the street. The guitar is a chamber kind of thing. A guitar just doesn't make it in a parade.

Can you play rhythm properly on the classic guitar?



HARRIS

Byrd: Four-to-the-bar Freddie Green? Yes.

Leonhart: I think so too, and I love to play rhythm guitar. I mean with a pick. . . . One thing about the classic guitar. I used to wonder this: can you get the same definition and the same drive playing finger-style that you can get with a pick? I think the answer is yes.

Byrd: I don't think there's any question.

Harris: The important thing is that the classic guitar is capable of doing many, many more things than we ever dreamed of doing with the steel-string guitar.

Is the amount of music being written for the guitar relatively small?

Byrd: It is relatively large.

What makes Julian Bream so important these days?

Byrd: The same thing that makes Wes Montgomery so important.

Leonhart and Harris: That's right. He wails!

Byrd: And that's a hard thing to put your finger on. We can sit and talk technique until we are blue in the face, but in the final analysis who you really dig—and you can even analyze a man's technique . . . you can say Wes Montgomery plays with his thumb and Segovia has a certain hand position, and so on—but who you really dig, what makes him cooking, is none of these things at all. We could make up a list of a hundred things that Bream has and some things that he doesn't have, but that wouldn't answer the question. Here's an analogy: some people can talk well and some people can't. It's very hard to define. It's almost mystic.

Leonhart: Technique is only studied as an aid. As for the *playing* of music, you are either a swinging musician or a non-swinging musician.

Byrd: Yes, and this is one reason why some of the jazz slang expressions are so valid. People accuse us of not knowing how to speak the language and of being illiterate, but take a word such as *swinging*. . . . Now, we can say, among the four of us, that the word *swinging* tells more of what we're talking about than any other word we can think of, right? A good many slang expressions are this way. They apply to something that is very vague, but they relay a whole lot of information.

What about the purely physical problems of playing classic guitar?

Byrd: When you consider the possibilities of chords, octaves, and all the different intervals that can be accomplished on the classic guitar, you're making your work difficult. Comping a pre-set chord pattern or improvising around it with chords is one thing. Doing this and improvising a single melodic line against that, well, that's quite a different thing, physically, to accomplish. For this reason, you have a bigger problem with the classic guitar. . . . We all know horn players—and bless 'em for their great talent—who don't know a damn thing about harmony but who have good ears, and that's all they need as a saxophone player. They run right up and down those chords! Now I don't care *what you hear*, on guitar you have to



BYRD

practice it until you can execute it, because you are dealing in so many more permutations.

Leonhart: When I first began finger-style, I felt as if I were stepping into a different door. I had my left hand on the strings and my right hand on the strings and that was it. I suddenly got the feel of the instrument, realizing that I had to grind out everything myself. You know, it's possible to strike a note with the right hand and miss it with the left.

Byrd: Yes, there are so many muscles involved to get one sound. You have to develop reflex motions. You haven't got time to think about individual notes in a passage. It has to be committed to a reflex. And you can develop bad reflexes. You have to bring one finger down and at the same time get another one ready. Just to bring one finger down doesn't mean a thing.

What do you look for in a guitar?

Byrd: All guitarists look for volume.

Harris: Yes, volume and tone.

Leonhart: And I'd say equal response in the instrument. I love a singing treble, but I find it's easier to get a good bass than a good treble. When Segovia goes up on the top of his horn, it sounds just like another instrument.

Harris: It is another instrument.

Byrd: He's got a guy backstage.

Harris: A friend of mine came in one day when I had a Segovia record on, and he said, "Man, who is that fine trumpet player?"

Leonhart: One of the fascinating things about the classical guitar is the dynamic range. It has such a wide variety of lovely sounds. You can get a very harsh nasal sound by playing near the bridge or a very legato singing sound by playing over the sound hole. . . . On the other guitar I never thought about sound in that sense.

Byrd: Guitar is the only modern struck-string instrument about which you can do something about the tone after it is struck. With a piano or a harp, you hit it and that's it. And violin pizzicato fades

(Continued on page 38)

Kenny Burrell



FRANCIS WOLFF/BLUE NOTE RECORDS

By IRA GITLER

HE HAS ALL THE TECHNIQUE, all the ideas, all the spirit that a great jazzman needs. He's reached a certain plateau now; his ideas flow freely. He's intelligent, sensitive—all you could ask for in a musician. It's always a pleasure to play with him." So says pianist Hank Jones on the subject of Kenny Burrell; one professional frankly appraising another.

The title "professional" fits tall, slim, handsome guitarist Burrell, perhaps because he does what he does in a completely assured, unspectacular manner. This is not to say that one can't be flamboyant and still be a pro, but Burrell has the unhurried dignity that "professional" has come to connote. A soft-spoken man of 32, Burrell would rather not verbalize about his playing, preferring, instead, to let his music speak for itself. In his quiet way, however, he can be quite articulate about music.

Although he grew up with stringed instruments all around him, Burrell wanted to be a saxophonist. If the Burrell family had been affluent, jazz might not now have one of its most gifted guitarists.

William Burrell, the guitarist's father, was not a professional musician, but he did have a love of music and, as Kenny puts it, "fooled around with a banjo." The eldest Burrell son, William Jr., had this love, too, became interested in the guitar, and pursued its study seriously. Billy became a jazz player and helped create an atmosphere that influenced his younger brother.

Kenny first became aware of jazz when he was 6 years old. He listened to records and the radio in his native Detroit, absorbing the music of important big bands of that time: Duke Ellington, Count Basie, and Jimmie Lunceford.

Since there was a guitar around the house, it was natural for him to try it, and Billy encouraged him. But as Kenny grew up, he listened to tenor saxophonists Coleman Hawkins and Herschel Evans, and his interest turned to the saxophone. He decided he wanted a tenor. Because the cost of the instrument was beyond his parents' means, he settled for a less expensive instrument. This was in 1943, when he was 12 years old.

"I really made up my mind to play then," Burrell said. "I bought my first guitar and got real serious about it. Billy was in the Army. He sent me \$5, and I had \$5, so I bought a \$10 guitar. When he came home from the Army,

we really got together and exchanged ideas. He helped me a lot."

After Kenny took up the guitar, Donald, the brother who falls chronologically between the other two, followed suit. Eventually they got some three-guitar sessions going in the late 1940s, but Donald never turned professional and has kept music strictly a hobby. Meanwhile, Billy had switched to bass.

"We both liked bass very much," Kenny said. "I don't know about now, but at that time around Detroit there wasn't much work for guitarists. Bass was the more functional instrument."

For a year and a half, in 1952-53, Burrell studied classical guitar at Wayne University in Detroit. They were the only lessons for which he has ever paid. The other tutoring came from Billy. At Miller High School he became a member of the school dance band. "This helped me," he said, "with my reading and conception."

His conception also was shaped by having been able to listen at the jam sessions Billy and his friends held.

A major influence, however, was Charlie Christian, who has left very few guitarists untouched in his wake.

"He played the guitar the way I thought it should sound," Burrell said.

"At the time I hadn't heard a lot of different kinds of jazz, but, to me, you couldn't say any more. Later on, I heard Oscar Moore, and he had a great impact. What he got out of the instrument as a whole impressed me—not only in single-line solos but in chords, melody, and harmony. He had one of the greatest harmonic conceptions of any guitarist I've ever heard. And he was able to get it out of the instrument."

THE PARALLEL BETWEEN Christian's style and that used often by saxophonists has been drawn before. Since Burrell had first been attracted to the saxophone but eventually expressed himself on the guitar, was there a connection with his liking for Christian?

"I don't know," Burrell said, "but he had certain sounds he wanted to get out of the instrument, and they were of such a force within him that he overcame the limitations of the instrument. Every instrument has limitations that make it sound a certain way, but if you have a strong enough feeling, it will come through."

Along with Christian and Moore, Django Reinhardt has been cited by Burrell as one of his early favorites. The Reinhardt influence shows up in specific places—certain areas of sound—rather than in any general way.

A more general influence on Burrell comes not so much from other guitarists but from the music of Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Fats Navarro, and Bud Powell. Detroit was a Parker-Gillespie town—as the sales of 78s indicated in the late '40s and as the bent of the many fine musicians from that city, who were spawned musically at that time, continues to certify.

"Bird and Diz just made jazz very interesting," Burrell commented. "It was something that caught one's attention, and you wanted to get into it. By the time my age group had sessions, they weren't playing Charlie Christian's tunes—they were playing Bird's tunes. But I feel fortunate in having listened intently to what had gone before Bird. A lot of guys were carried up with the melodic conception of Bird, but they didn't understand what was happening harmonically, because he was so interesting melodically. He was interesting harmonically too, but the thing that attracted a lot of the guys were his solo lines, and they wouldn't go any further than that.

"I think the same thing is happening today with Coltrane. A lot of young

musicians listen to him, and it's exciting to hear, but they don't have any idea of what he's basing his stuff on. You should have an idea of where it comes from. Then when someone makes a variation, you know it's a variation."

While at Miller High, some of Burrell's schoolmates were drummers Eddie Locke and Oliver Jackson and bassist Ali Jackson, but his "running buddy at that time—and still is whenever we get together—was Tommy Flanagan. He went to another high school, but we're the same age. We started out together—had our first gig together."

Burrell, pianist Flanagan, and bassist Alvin Jackson (vibist Milt Jackson's brother) formed a trio that began playing dance jobs in 1947. The next year, Burrell got his first steady musical employment with saxophonist Candy Johnson's sextet. In 1949 he worked with Count Belcher and in 1950 with Tommy Barnet, both local units.

During the late 1940s Burrell also sat in on the midnight-to-4 a.m. sessions at the Club Sudan. His brother Billy was playing guitar with pianist Willie Anderson's trio, and Kenny had the opportunity to play with many of the stars of the various bands visiting Detroit. Several of the men gave him the encouragement every young player needs. Tenor man Lucky Thompson did it "with just a few words, and Milt Jackson has always been an inspiration to me." Perhaps the most heartening boost was supplied by saxophonist Illinois Jacquet. "After Jacquet left Basie," Burrell recalled, "he formed a small group. He wanted me to join him. I couldn't go, but it was a gas to know."

In early 1951 Dizzy Gillespie, who was playing a month's engagement at Detroit's Club Juana, hired the 19-year-old Burrell. It was at this time that Burrell made his recording debut, with a solo on Gillespie's *Birks' Works* for Dee Gee, the label owned by the trumpeter and Dave Usher.

For the next four years, while he matriculated at Wayne, Burrell appeared in local clubs with his own groups. Flanagan was on hand, as were saxophonists Yusef Lateef and Pepper Adams and brother Billy on bass.

When guitarist Herb Ellis became ill in March, 1955, and had to leave the Oscar Peterson Trio, Burrell replaced him for six months. This was the first time Burrell was away from Detroit, and he made up his mind to make the move permanent.

After seeing New York, he moved there a year after he had first joined Peterson. He was in New York only three months when pianist Hampton Hawes hired him. Burrell remained with Hawes that entire summer—"just on the road"—and in September, 1956, re-

turned to New York on his own.

His first steady job was with an organ trio at Bowman's, up on the hill at 155th St. This lasted eight months. He recorded with trumpeter Thad Jones for Blue Note and saxophonist Frank Foster for Savoy in 1956.

The next year things really picked up. He did his first albums as a leader for Blue Note and Prestige; as a sideman he recorded with Kenny Dorham, Gene Ammons, Jimmy Smith, Paul Chambers, Frank Wess, and Buck Clayton, among others. He won a new-star award in the *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll and played an engagement with Benny Goodman at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel that led to a year's worth of gigs with Goodman.

During this time, Burrell also formed his own trio, with which he has continued to work, whenever possible, at such clubs as the Five Spot, Village Vanguard, and Branker's (Bowman's under new management). There have been interruptions, such as a brief sojourn with Tony Scott's group in 1958 and a term in the Broadway theaters beginning in 1960.

Burrell first was part of the hit musical, *Bye Bye Birdie*. "They needed a guitarist," he said. "I thought it would be a nice change and also give me a little time to sit down and get a regular routine of practicing. In New York it's hard to do. That's because you're always doing so many different kinds of things."

The show gave Burrell a steady income and time to himself, including the freedom to play jazz jobs after the show. He was on stage only for one number.

"It was about a rock-and-roll singer so they had to have a guitar," he said with a chuckle. "What's rock and roll without a guitar? All I played was the intro and—just like the movies—after he started singing, the whole band came in. Where did the band come from?"

After a year and a half with *Birdie*, Burrell went into the pit band of *How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying*. Now he's back on street level. For the last eight months he has been concentrating on his own group.

He has definite ideas about what he wants to do musically. "As a guitarist," he said, "I'd like to work with the trio because I have found that I can get more satisfaction and project more than I can otherwise." Though he does not include arranging in this statement, he studied composition and music theory while at Wayne and would like to use this knowledge now. His current trio includes bass and drums, but the group could be augmented when he starts writing more. A recent bossa nova album for Kapp contains his first re-

corded arrangements.

"They're sketchy arrangements for two horns, myself, and two other guitarists," he said. "This was the first time that I had to write anything other than a melody, intro, or ending."


Burrell, who had been singing since the late '40s, did one vocal album for Columbia in 1962. While it did not receive wild critical acclaim, critic Harvey Pekar, in *Down Beat*, credited him with a "pleasant baritone voice and a relaxed delivery. . . ." Eventually, Kenny would like to add his vocals to the trio's performances.

SEVEN YEARS after arriving in New York, Burrell said he feels that the basic spirit of his music has not changed much but explains his continuing artistic development with: "It's just that when you finally get an opportunity to do the things you want to do, your personality comes through better."

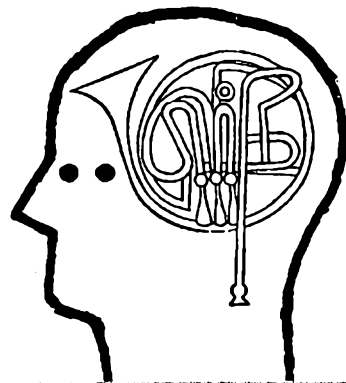
That personality manifests itself in his feelings about styles and trends in jazz: "There's room for everybody." He has great admiration for John Coltrane, with whom he worked in Gillespie's 1951 combo. A Burrell-Coltrane collaboration of 1958, just released on the New Jazz label, found Burrell in typically lyrical, long-lined form, and "running buddy" Flanagan was aboard to add to the happy occasion.

Burrell is not one to make forced efforts for new effects.

"I'm not going to be preoccupied with trying to do one type of thing, harmonically or melodically," he declared. "It's just going to have to come naturally. And I think that's a mistake a lot of guys make, as far as getting some satisfaction out of their music and having the listener do the same. They're a little too preoccupied with the mechanics. It doesn't really make any difference whether you play atonal, polytonal, or just tonal—if what you feel inside will come through. Some of the most basic jazz artists are just as much appreciated as the new guys. I'm talking about people who were here even before the big bands—some of the guitar players and blues singers you hear now. They're saying exactly what they feel."

Burrell, who away from music likes to play golf, swim, play table tennis, and read philosophical novels, brings a direct philosophy to his art. "There are only three types of music—good, bad, and indifferent," he said. His professionalism does not allow the second to happen; a love of playing makes the third a rare occurrence. This leaves Kenny Burrell's audiences with much of the first and a satisfaction in knowing that they are listening to one of the handful of top guitarists in jazz. 

OUT OF MY HEAD



By GEORGE CRATER

While writing the review of Zoot Finster's *At Sun Valley*, I discovered that it takes more than a typewriter, payola, and a copy of Ira Gitler's *Versed Putdowns of the Past* to be a jazz critic.

Actually, two things are necessary. First you must be an *insider*.

Second, and most important, you must have a wealth of jazz information stashed away in your skull. And in case you're wondering how and where you obtain this information, here are:

40 THINGS YOU HAVE TO KNOW TO BECOME A JAZZ CRITIC

1. Ornette Coleman, past, present, and future.
2. Where to locate Blind Orange Adams.
3. The editor of *Playboy*.
4. When to use, and how to spell, banal, tepid, and ebullient.
5. Gerald Wilson's barber.
6. Who Freddy Schreiber is and why we remember him.
7. The bugler at Santa Anita.
8. Why it's better to be marooned on an island with Angie Dickinson than with Ma Clampett.
9. Who's on the left—Lambert, Hendricks, or Bavan.
10. How to be seen in a photograph with Cannonball Adderley and Oscar Peterson.
11. Why the musicians union is as strong as a secondhand lead sheet.
12. *On Green Dolphin Street* in 12 different keys.
13. The a&r man at Hipsville.
14. When Babyface Willette will decide to pose for Gerber ads.
15. How to persuade the Rooftop Singers to jump.
16. The editor of *National Geographic*.
17. When to use, and how to spell, bland, undistinguished, and funky.
18. Charlie Mingus' vocal coach.
19. A musician who can hear.
20. When Eddie Davis' jaw will unlock.
21. The difference among assemble, samba, and ensemble.
22. Quincy Jones' IQ.
23. The liner notes on *The Jazz Soul of Cleopatra*.
24. The chief of police at Newport, R.I.
25. If Billy Sol Estes ever dug Art Farmer.
26. Whether to let go of her throat when Sunny gets blue.
27. How to sell the same article in Japan, the Congo, and Luxembourg.
28. The editor of *Bronze Thrills*.
29. When to use, and how to spell, monotonous, embellishments, and unpretentious.
30. Doris Duke.
31. How to grow a beard and *not* look like John Lewis or Skitch Henderson.
32. Whatever happened to Turhan Bey.
33. Lenny Bruce's pet name for. . . .
34. A jazz bandleader who uses a baton.
35. The *real* purpose of the Greenwich Village sewer system.
36. How to write a record review without mentioning Miles Davis, Gerry Mulligan, Dave Brubeck, Ahmad Jamal, Lester Young, Milt Jackson, Charlie Parker, Clifford Brown, Bix Beiderbecke, or Gimp Lymphly.
37. Why LeRoi Jones doesn't wear shades at night.
38. A female tuba player whose horn and living bra cast the illusion that they've just given birth to triplets.
39. When to use, and how to spell, effluvia, chaotic, frenetic, unmitigated, superlative, flatulent, visceral, melange, amelodic, balderdash, amalgam, and resonant.
40. A competent psychiatrist.

Don't be surprised if one day you hear

Miles Davis: "If you had to look at some of the faces I have to look at, you'd turn your back too."

Stan Getz: "I'd like to make a deposit."

Dave Brubeck: ". . . and he first started to lean on the piano one night in Omaha when he rushed out of the dressing room without his belt."

Thelonious Monk: "What time is it?"

Rose Bimler: "I'm not so sure I want to be saved."

John Coltrane: "What irks me most is some cats just don't know when to stop blowing."

Whitey Mitchell: "Is my brother an only child?"

Dinah Washington: "I do."

Eddie Harris: ". . . it's entitled *Love Theme from the Beverly Hillbillies*."

Frank Rosolino: "Steve Allen may not be the best piano player in the world but. . . ."

Sonny Rollins: "No, I'm not hip to the River Kwai—why?"

Ornette Coleman: "They said the same thing about Spike Jones. . . ."

Joe Williams: "For the last time. . . ."

John Lewis: "You should see some of the French movies I *didn't* write the score for."

Les McCann: "Between me and Billy Graham there shouldn't be an atheist left in the country."

Tommy Gumina: "Who's Dick Contino?"

Horace Silver: "I was doing pretty good with *Senor Blues*. Then this fellow Castro. . . ."

Jon Hendricks: "My latest lyric is to a thing by Cecil Taylor called. . . ."



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record reviews

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

INSTRUMENTAL

Dave Brubeck

AT CARNEGIE HALL—Columbia C2S-826: *St. Louis Blues*; *Bossa Nova U.S.A.*; *For All We Know*; *Pennies from Heaven*; *Southern Scene*; *Three to Get Ready*; *Eleven-Four*; *King for a Day*; *Castilian Drums*; *It's a Raggy Waltz*; *Blue Rondo à la Turk*; *Take Five*.

Personnel: Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Brubeck, piano; Gene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is one of the most vital and swinging sets that the Brubeck quartet has turned out. The crucial ingredient that gives these Carnegie Hall concert performances their quality is—as is almost always the case when a Brubeck performance rises above the norm—the playing of Desmond.

Desmond was really producing on this occasion, playing with great depth and drive through most of the evening and building particularly stimulating solos on *Eleven-Four* and *Pennies*. He was also, it is interesting to note, varying his customary smoothly projected lines with occasional dark, rough jabs that constitute somewhat of a departure for him and which serve to add considerably to his work. With the rhythm section pulsing strongly behind him, Desmond frequently lifts this set to a high level of swinging excitement.

In another sense, however, this is a typical Brubeck performance because, no matter how well Desmond may play, Brubeck himself eventually moves in, huffing and puffing through solos that, with distressing regularity, are as stiff, static, pompous, and labored as Desmond's are easy, graceful, flowing, and imaginative.

It is puzzling to find Brubeck going on in this fashion after all these years, because he has shown that he is capable of fresh and attractive conception and execution—he does it in this set on *Southern Scene*, which is completely free of the hokum he splashes around on most of his solos. This side of Brubeck almost invariably turns up in gentle, unpretentious, melodic, romantic pieces; but once things start to swing, he seems to lose his sense of musical balance.

Or does he? I wonder, as I listen to him milking this audience by clobbering a phrase over and over until he gets his applause, whether this is just a put-on. If it is, it is certainly the most extended and successful put-on ever attempted in the jazz world. At the same time, Brubeck exudes such sincerity that it is almost impossible to believe that it could be a put-on. Yet the basic puzzler is really not why Brubeck plays the way he does, but why, playing as he does, he continues to have such a strong and devoted following. Is it despite or because of his playing? Either way, it's a phenomenon. (J.S.W.)

Sandy Bull

FANTASIAS FOR GUITAR AND BANJO—Vanguard 9119: *Blend*; *Carmina Burana Fantasy*; *Non Nobis Domine*; *Little Maggie*; *Gospel Tune*.

Personnel: Bull, guitar, banjo; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

While not, strictly speaking, a jazz recording, this album might prove of considerable interest to jazz fans. Lately there has been much talk of jazz musicians' borrowing from the musical disciplines of the Near and Middle East in attempts to gain greater freedom and broaden the expressive potentials open to them.

Bull is a young folk instrumentalist who has done likewise. Having attained a degree of mastery of several native U.S. folk music styles, he has experimented with the incorporation of several devices of Eastern music—among them the use of semitones and quartertones, a kind of modal improvising, and, most especially, a wide use of drone figures—into the development of a personal mode of expression that is based in his knowledge of the folk musics of his own country.

Blend, the piece that illustrates his attempts to bring the Eastern and Western disciplines together, is an almost 22-minute joint improvisation with drummer Higgins (who is heard only on this track). The piece is easily the most effective—and least self-conscious—of the five selections in the album, for the fusion comes off quite well. Bull has a strong, sure grasp of both the potentialities of his guitar (specially tuned to facilitate the use of drones) and the feeling of Eastern music.

One feels that *Blend* is almost wholly improvised, save for the recurrence of the thematic line that initiates it. And it is improvised in the style of Eastern musics—freely and emotionally, with a strong rhythmic attack. The use of drones is intelligent and idiomatic and provides a continuity throughout the performance. If the style of playing is Eastern, the flavor of the lines that are being developed is strongly Western—the piece's recurring motif, in fact, vividly suggests a plaintive Anglo-American folk song.

Higgins works sensitively with Bull, answering, prodding, and even anticipating the guitarist's inventions.

All told, *Blend* is a provocative and often very exciting musical experiment. A strong emotional climate is developed, and the performance moves to a powerfully rhythmic climax.

Bull's solo performances on the album's second side illustrate his virtuoso mastery of several Western folk disciplines. Interesting pieces, they do not possess nearly the vigor of *Blend*. These four are, by and large, technical exercises that fail to ignite into anything more than displays of Bull's virtuosity and eclecticism. *Gospel Tune*, for example, is merely a simulacrum of Roebuck Staples' guitar approach that only

begins to approximate the thrusting power and emotional intensity Staples can generate.

Still, this is a stimulating, promising collection. It will be interesting to see where Bull goes from here. (P.W.)

Joe Burton

SUBTLE SOUND—Joday 1000: *There's No You*; *Wise Man*; *I'm Glad There Is You*; *I'm in a Dancing Mood*; *The Best Thing for You*; *The Wind and the Rain in Her Hair*; *There'll Never Be Another You*.

Personnel: Burton, piano; Jay Cave, bass; Ronnie King, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Burton has an unpretentious and relaxed manner of playing piano that suggests soft lights and small hours. But this is not routine atmosphere music, because there is quite a bit to listen to in his easy, thoughtful development of the tunes if one wants to concentrate on listening.

Yet it is not the kind of music that either demands full attention or disintegrates into drivel. Burton's approach is so unobtrusive, and his ideas so well edited, that it can be absorbed subliminally in a pleasant fashion. His simplicity and clean articulation, and his interest in the values of melody, set him apart from most contemporary pianists who follow one or another of the fashionable styles.

Burton's avoidance of clichés and his lack of any strong evidence of derivation are refreshing. An important element in the modest success of this set is the thoroughly sympathetic accompaniment he gets from King and particularly from Cave, who works unusually closely with the pianist. (J.S.W.)

Victor Feldman

SOVIET JAZZ THEMES—Ava 19: *Ritual*; *Madrigal*; *Blue Church Blues*; *Vic*; *Polyushko Polye*; *Gennadi*.

Personnel: Nat Adderley, cornet, or Carmell Jones, trumpet; Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Feldman or Joe Zawinul, piano; Feldman, vibraphone; Herb Ellis, guitar; Bob Whitlock, bass; Frank Butler, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

All the compositions in this album were written or (in one case) arranged by Soviet jazzmen. As might be expected, the composers don't, as yet, have very original jazz concepts, and their works are more interesting from a historical rather than from an esthetic standpoint.

Ritual, composed by Andre Towmosian, and *Vic*, by Givi Gachechiladze, employ common funky figures. The other four pieces were provided by altoist Gennadi Golstain. *Gennadi* is a simple down-home tune; *Blue Church* is Gospel flavored. The familiar folk song *Polyushko* (usually known as *Meadowlands*) has a swinging, up-tempo arrangement. *Madrigal*, a catchy boppish line, is probably the best original of the set.

The solo work is good. Land contributes robust playing to all selections. His lines are long and multinoted, and he resolves

his ideas nicely.

Adderley, who plays on the first side only, lends a constantly building solo to *Madrigal*, but his *Church Blues* spot is rather sloppily constructed.

Jones plays passionately and inventively. He makes a striking, jet-propelled entrance on *Gennadi*. However, he sometimes doesn't pace himself well.

On both piano and vibes, Feldman has a driving approach. His piano solo on *Polyushko* is particularly satisfying. Zawinul contributes some fine playing on *Madrigal*.

Butler does an excellent job in the rhythm section. Like Larry Marable and Billy Higgins, he spent a lot of time on the West Coast during the "cool" '50s and, like them, has often been overlooked.

Whitlock's section work is quite strong; in addition, he plays a good-humored solo on *Gennadi*. (H.P.)

Terry Gibbs

STRAIGHT AHEAD—Verve 8496: *Hey, Jim*; *On Green Dolphin Street*; *Memories of You*; *Hippie Twist*; *You Go to My Head*; *For Keeps*; *C. C. Blues*.

Personnel: Gibbs, vibraharp; Pat Moran, piano, organ; Max Bennett or John Doling, bass; Mike Romero, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Gibbs, never known to be a particularly profound improviser, shows signs of mellowing with age. His celebrated nervous energy is beginning to simmer down to something like normal human enthusiasm, and his ballads now sound rather like ballads.

Dolphin Street, for example, though played at a bright tempo, is full of sustained notes and thoughtful melodic phrases. *Memories* is a respectful and quite relaxed performance, despite the inevitable double-time chorus. Gibbs seems to feel less constraint in his straightforward, slower statements these days, and this means less uneasiness for his listeners as well.

Head is more like the old Gibbs, complete to the impatient outline of the tune and scurrying solos, but even here there is a difference. For one thing, it sounds as if he were using softer mallets than he once did, thereby achieving a supple and more attractive tone. More important, he is playing "time" rather than changes. That is, he phrases according to the pulse and cadence of the tune, a process that produces more meaningful music than the mere ticking off of all possible chords in a given measure.

Romero and Bennett work well together; both are men of taste and ability. Miss Moran muddies up a couple of tracks with the electric organ, but at the piano she is, by and large, more asset than liability. (R.B.H.)

Don Goldie

TRUMPET CALIENTE—Argo 708: *Nightingale*; *Fast Thought*; *I Hear a Rhapsody*; *Shiny Stockings*; *Goldie's Thing*; *There Will Never Be Another You*.

Personnel: Goldie, trumpet; Leo Wright, alto saxophone, flute; Patti Bown, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Ben Tucker, bass; Eddie Shaughnessy, drums; Ray Barretto, conga; Willie Rodriguez, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

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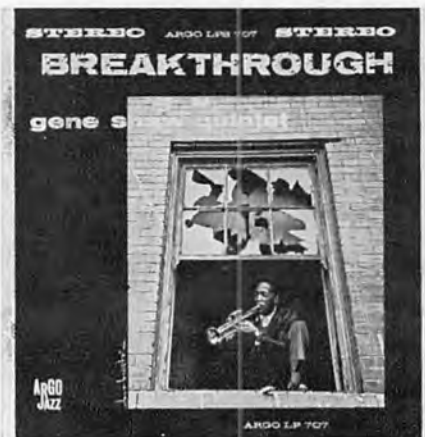
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though he is uncelebrated as such.

At 33 he owes homage to no one style or school of playing and is equally as comfortable with the Teagarden trombone as he is here with Wright's fervid alto. He has forgotten more about trumpet technique than some more celebrated horn men will probably ever learn, yet he never permits his super-chops to interfere with his way of telling the story. That is to say, he knows the value of economical performance, which, he says, he learned from ex-boss Teagarden.

This session is equally divided between straightforward blowing jazz and three Manny Albam-arranged bossa novas. The contrast is agreeable.

High points of the more orthodox tracks are the biting, flowing alto solos of Wright and the pithy Patti Brown piano, in addition to Goldie's solos. The Albam arrangements are lightly charming with lots of solo space for the Wright flute and Goldie's muted horn.

A special word of commendation for Tucker's bass work: this is section man of impressive strength and knowledgeability whose instrumental prowess lends added depth to a good set.

As for Goldie, he proves he can more than hold his own in any company ("new thing" possibly excepted). (J.A.T.)

Milt Jackson

INVITATION—Riverside 446: *Invitation; Too Close for Comfort; Ruby, My Dear; The Sealer; Poom-a-loom; Stella by Starlight; Ruby; None Shall Wander.*

Personnel: Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone, or Virgil Jones, trumpet; Jackson, vibraharp; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

At the core of Milt Jackson's excellence, the Jackson magic, is his ability to transform a pile of metal into a pliable, almost human, thing, to make it heave in passion, rollick with humor, weep in anguish. It's as if he casts a spell over a stainless-steel doll and changes it into a warm, responsive woman, supine and at his will. All of which is evident in this release, Jackson's best so far on Riverside.

Jackson achieves his ends with various means: by thickly embellishing a melody with arching arpeggios and whipping curls of notes, as can be heard on *Invitation* and *Stella*; by using broken quarter-note triplets in his melodic improvisations, as on *Sealer*, thus cutting across time lines, filling in with mumbling figures that serve as mortar; by throwing out long loops of notes that flash upward, burst in climax, and then fall in a soft heap, as on *Ruby*; by slithering through double-time sections, such as the second chorus of *My Dear*, spewing forth cascades of lines that cover the rhythm with a multihued scrim; by cinching up the rhythm with a series of short swirls, as he does on *Poom-a-loom*; or merely by playing his head off, as he most certainly does on the album's best track, *Too Close*.

That Jackson is no super-musician, that he can play without much inspiration, is shown on Dorham's *Wander*; but, then, nobody does much with this tune, not even the composer.

Dorham does play inventively, though, in his other solos, as does Flanagan, whose

not-a-hair-out-of-place playing is delightful throughout, particularly on *Sealer*.

Jones is present on *Too Close* and *Poom-a-loom* but solos only on the latter, turning in a good performance by pacing and tying together his long phrases well and displaying a fine brassy tone.

Heath's best solo comes on *Stella*, as he stalks the tune, catches it, pleads with it, and finally devours it.

But the man who turns in the performance closest to the level of the leader's never takes a solo—Carter. At times his section work is of such musicality and inventiveness that my ear kept focusing on his bass lines rather than on the soloist they supported. Carter is particularly fine on *Too Close*, in which he pushes Jackson into his solo with a perfectly timed gliss, and behind all Flanagan's solos. The bassist's use of a "ho-hum" answering figure to Jackson's melody statement of *Ruby* is quite tasteful.

In fact, the whole album is tastefully done and of the quality one expects from Jackson but hasn't always received.

(D.DeM.)

Jazz Crusaders

TOUGH TALK—Pacific Jazz: *Deacon Brown; Turkish Black; Brahms' Lullaby; Boopie; Tough Talk; No-Name Samba; Luzy Canary; Lonely Horn; Brother Bernard.*

Personnel: Wayne Henderson, trombone; Wilton Felder, tenor saxophone; Joe Sample, piano, harpsichord; Bobby Haynes, bass; Six Hooper, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The freshness and sparkle that made the Crusaders' first recordings so attractive are still in evidence on this set. But through constant repetition of their hard driving attack, the group is no longer quite as impressively fresh and sparkling after three albums.

The device is wearing thin on this fourth disc on which the increasing monotony of what was once a refreshing sound is relieved on only three of the nine selections. On two, *Talk* and *Samba*, Sample switches to harpsichord, giving the group a welcome change in sound texture.

Samba is also a lighter type of piece than the Crusaders' customary heavy, solid material. *Horn* escapes the mold by being a slow and lyrical setting for Henderson's big, blowsy, and occasionally Bill Harris-like trombone and Felder's tenor saxophone.

Otherwise this is the Crusaders as before, Felder wailing with a hard, sinewy tone and Henderson splashing his broad trombone colors around. (J.S.W.)

Mary Jenkins

GOOD LITTLE MAN—Reprise 6077: *Time after Time; My Man's Gone Now; Blues Cha Cha; What's New?; Trane's Message; Blues Waltz; I'll Drown in My Own Tears; Good Lil' Man.*

Personnel: Jenkins, piano; Stanley Gilbert, bass; Kenny Dennis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is a tasty album. It breaks no new ground, but it proves that a walk over the old, with a guide like Jenkins, can be a most rewarding and satisfying experience.

The Jenkins trio would fit easily into a darkened cocktail atmosphere, but the pianist is a man of more substance than shadow. He plays with what Ernest Hemingway, describing the great matadors, called *cojones*. His attack is vigorous,

self-assured, and imaginative. It can also be quite percussive, sometimes overly so. The result is that an excellent means of emotional emphasis occasionally degenerates into overused pounding, since Jenkins is fond of whipping out chords in bulk. However, these lapses are few and detract little from the general quality of the music.

Two of Jenkins' originals, *Message* and *Man*, show the pianist at his most fertile. Both are built on rather simple figures, but the simplest is often the best, and the manner in which Jenkins develops them is admirably uncluttered, logical, and moving.

Man stirs in me a vivid image of Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers. This tune seems tailored for that band, and Jenkins plays it with all the vibrancy, dancing enthusiasm, and honest tradition that characterized the great Peppers sides of the late '20s.

Marc Crawford states in the notes that "nothing on this album reveals more the influence of the Negro church on these men of music than their rendition of *I'll Drown in My Own Tears*." Perhaps; but *Man* is at least as equally redolent of church. *Tears* is a sensitive treatment of hymnlike material that Jenkins never allows to fall into sentimentality.

Jenkins' two other original efforts, *Waltz* and *Cha Cha*, do not show the inspiration and insight of *Message* and *Man*, but they are well carried through. I suspect that their presence on the program is a bow toward the market place.

Gilbert supports the leader commendably throughout the album, his two solo assignments showing him to be skillful. Dennis plays well, but for the most part he does not seem inspired to give any more than surface greetings to listeners.

The music on this album wears well on successive hearings. Repeated encounters with it reveal a lot more things going on than are at first apparent. (D.N.)

Max Kaminsky

MAX GOES EAST—United Artists 6174: *Hindustan*; *Song of India*; *On a Little Street in Singapore*; *Rangoon Rock*; *Moonlight on the Ganges*; *Nagasuki*; *Hong Kong Blues*; *Oriental Strut*; *Twilight in Taipei*; *So Long, So Long*; *Buddha*; *Poor Butterfly*.

Personnel: Kaminsky, trumpet; Urbie Green, trombone; Bob Wilber, tenor saxophone, clarinet, bass clarinet; Peanuts Hucko, clarinet; Marty Napoleon, piano; Mundell Lowe, guitar; Jack Lesberg, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Chet Amsterdam, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

It was 40 years ago, in the early '20s, that pop music went through an Oriental period that produced several of the Tin Pan Alley creations that turn up on this disc.

The stimulus, one presumes, for this particular choice of tunes may have been Kaminsky's tour through the Near and Far East with Jack Teagarden for the State Department. Whatever the reason, the material is serviceable, although several of the selections are so short (two are less than two minutes, and five are just more than that) they are finished almost before they've been started. This is too bad because there is more imaginative arranging here than one will hear in a hundred other traditionally oriented albums.

The arrangements are not credited, but

they have all the earmarks of Wilber's consistently effective writing. Wilber is also the solo star of the set, playing tenor with a strong, sinuous attack that is much in the Bud Freeman vein.

Kaminsky, as usual, plays excellent lead trumpet and is a modest, almost self-effacing soloist whose sidelong way of moving into the solo spotlight is all the more effective for its understatement.

Green has a brilliantly dirty muted solo on *Hindustan*, and Hucko's clarinet adds a bright and bubbling quality to most of the pieces. This is an excellent group with unusually good arrangements, but it deserves more scope than it is given on this release. (J.S.W.)

Bill Leslie

DIGGIN' THE CHICKS—Argo 710: *Good Night, Irene*; *Angel Eyes*; *Madee*; *Margie*; *Lonely Woman*; *Got a Date with an Angel*; *Rosetta*.

Personnel: Leslie, tenor saxophone, saxella; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Thorneil Schwartz, guitar; Ben Tucker, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Philadelphian Leslie makes his debut as a leader with this interesting set. On all tracks but the Ornette Coleman composition *Lonely Woman*, he plays tenor; the Coleman work is treated to a performance on what is billed as saxella, and one can but comment that the choice results in an eerie effect quite in keeping with the composition.

As a modern jazz tenorist, Leslie reveals considerable weight of tone and conviction of expression; his extension of ideas, however, appears limited. In addition, he frequently displays a doubtless deliberate tonal quality invested with a slight raucousness, almost a braying effect.

Certainly Leslie is in the best of company. Flanagan's piano is at times jewel-like in its delicacy and perfection of feeling. Schwartz's guitar is properly functional in its comping station. The rhythm section is beyond quibble.

Basically, Leslie's problem appears to be one of unfound personality. He reflects much of John Coltrane's influence in aiming his expression in a chosen direction but does not seem to do it with individuality. Still, on the basis of this first effort, one expects Leslie to find one before long. (J.A.T.)

Henry Mancini

UNIQUELY MANCINI—RCA Victor 2692: *Green Onions*; *Stairway to the Stars*; *Night Train*; *Lullaby of Birdland*; *Chelsea Bridge*; *Duke's Place*; *Banazi Pipeline*; *Rhapsody in Blue*; *Cheers!*; *Lonesome*; *The Hot Canary*; *Moonlight Serenade*.

Personnel: Conrad Gozzo, Frank Beach, Ray Triscari, Pete Candoli, Conte Candoli, Don Fagerquist, trumpets; Dick Nash, Jimmy Priddy, John Halliburton, George Roberts, trombones; Vincent DeRosa, Richard Perissi, John Cave, Arthur Mache, French horns; Ted Nash, Ronny Lang, Harry Klee, Gene Cipriano, Plas Johnson, woodwinds; Jimmie Rowles, piano; Larry Bunker, vibraharp, marimba; Bob Bain, guitar; Rolly Bundock, bass; Jack Sperling, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Mancini has balanced his arrangements in this big-band set between lush mood pieces, focusing on French horns and trombones, and medium-tempo selections, most of which are built on a strong, rocking beat with space for solos by the Nash brothers, the Candoli brothers, or Plas Johnson.

It is a thoroughly professional job that holds to a generally banal, broad common

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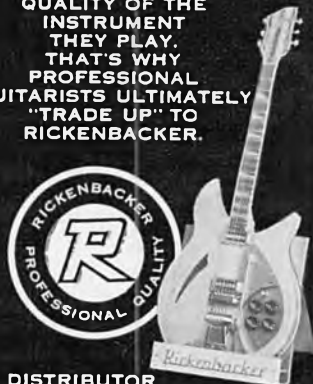


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From a jazz point of view, there is nothing here. (J.S.W.)

Dave Pell

TODAY'S HITS IN JAZZ—Liberty 3298 and 7298: *Meditation; Cast Your Fate to the Wind; Walk Right In; Desafinado; A Taste of Honey; One-Note Samba; Love for Sale; Fly Me to the Moon; Little Bird; Our Day Will Come; I Wanna Be Around; Days of Wine and Roses.*

Personnel: Pell, tenor saxophone; unidentified trumpet (doubling trombone), baritone saxophone, vibraharp, guitar, piano, bass, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Playing in the bloodless style often associated with Pell, these musicians are difficult to identify. The net effect is that of able, faceless studio jazzmen running down a set of stock arrangements.

Pleasant solos pop out here and there, especially from the trumpet-trombone player (Stu Williamson?), but Pell seems to hold an intentionally tight rein on the jazz spirit of the group.

One original touch: performing Brazilian tunes over straight North American rhythms rather than the popular bossa-nova percussion patterns. (R.B.H.)

Ike Quebec

BLUE AND SENTIMENTAL—Blue Note 4098: *Blue and Sentimental; Minor Impulse; Don't Take Your Love from Me; Blues for Charlie; Like; Count Every Star.*

Personnel: Quebec, tenor saxophone, piano; Sonny Clark, piano (track 6 only); Grant Green, guitar; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There is much to be said for the importance of strong time in jazz performances, just as there is for emotionally charged playing, fervid in passion and touching in sentiment. These elements, to large extent, are what the late Quebec offers the listener on this record; don't look for subtlety, wide range of emotion, or involved ideas. But while time, passion, and sentiment take hold of one quickly, their grips often loosen after extended exposure. This is true in this album's case: the more I played it the less compelling it became.

It has its points, however.

There is, foremost, Quebec's mainstream, man-toned tenor work. He seldom falters or shilly-shallies. This may be so because much of what he plays is familiar, as if he's been through it all before; but, still, he makes it believable, avoiding that bored going-through-the-motions impression given off by some musicians. Of particular moment is his poignant, lyrical *Sentimental* solo. Quebec also is effective in a series of preaching choruses on *Charlie*.

And then, of course, there is Green, who is a plus factor at almost any session, especially loose ones such as this. He is excellent on his own *Charlie* (named in honor of Christian), building a strong, proud solo of handsome contour. The guitarist also plays well on *Like* (based on the chords of *Sposin'*) and on his ballad feature *Star*, which he handles with much more feeling than he does *Don't Take*, on which he sounds as if he couldn't care less about what he is doing.

Through Green's opening solo phrases on *Sentimental* strike the ear as cold, coming as they do on the heels of Quebec's smoldering work, he soon gets into things and displays a touch of Django Reinhardt not

only in the use of vibrato but in the way he phrases certain Djangoesque ideas, something also evident in his *Star* solo.

Jones and Chambers provide adequate backing, though Chambers at times seems more interested in playing tricks than working closely with the others, particularly behind Green on the ballads. The bassist and drummer are joined occasionally in the section by the piano of Quebec or, on *Star*, of Sonny Clark. (D.DeM.)

Three Sounds

IT JUST GOT TO BE—Blue Note 4120: *One for Renee; Stella by Starlight; It Just Got to Be; If I Were a Bell; Blue 'n' Boogie; The Nearness of You; Real Gone; South of the Border.*

Personnel: Gene Harris, piano; Andrew Simpkins, bass; Bill Dowdy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ 1/2

The Sounds' music has always seemed to me like an attractive, beautifully turned out, but essentially flighty woman. In fact, one of the minor mysteries of current jazz has been pianist Harris' ability to skate lightly over the surface of just about any melody without ever getting into it; I've never gotten the feeling from any of the Sounds' recordings that there's been any conviction, intensity, or commitment to what was being played. It's all been surface shimmer.

This collection is no different—bright, buoyant, bubbling, but in the end vacuous, deprived of all depth or meaningful force by the trio's strict adherence to its metier, which is the production of lilting, undemanding, "pleasant" cocktail jazz. The group does bring considerable expertise and a polished sheen to its work, but glossiness and glitter are no substitutes for thought and passion. Since the trio never really poses itself any problems or challenges, it's not surprising that it doesn't come up with any answers. In blandness there may be safety, but not salvation.

(P.W.)

Art Van Damme-Johnny Smith

A PERFECT MATCH—Columbia 2013: *Bye, Bye, Blackbird; In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning; Tickle-Toe; Gone with the Wind; False Hot; The Best Thing for You; Satan's Doll; Bluesy; Spring Is Here; Tangee; Poinciana; Nicolet Avenue Breakdown.*

Personnel: Van Damme, accordion; Smith, guitar; unidentified vibraharp, bass, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Van Damme moves on the periphery of jazz with skillful, flashy playing that has made him a highly respected studio musician, but it is playing of surface delight, never honing to the deeper, more compelling textures of the music.

Guitarist Smith is, as the album title suggests, a perfect match, playing engaging lines that blend decorously with Van Damme's accordion but that are not the foils a more vital jazzman might have provided.

There are exceptions, however: on *Nicolet* Smith and the anonymous vibraharpist shake themselves loose for some fleeting moments in hoplike solos, and on Lester Young's *Tickle-Toe* these same two seem ready to run but are quickly pulled back into the syrup.

Van Damme has considerable talent—and can swing—but one comes away from this sort of record feeling that if the accordionist would seriously woodshed with an armful of choice Duke Ellington, Lennie Tristano, Thelonious Monk, and

Gil Evans material, he might conclude that someone with lesser talent should play cream-puff sessions such as *Perfect Match*. (G.M.E.)

Frank Wess

YO HO!—Prestige 7266: *The Lizard*; *Little Me*; *Yo Ho*; *Cold Miner*; *Poor You*; *The Long Road*.

Personnel: Thad Jones, trumpet; Wess, tenor saxophone, flute; Gildo Mahones, piano; Buddy Catlett, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Both front-line men have spent a good deal of time as sidemen with Count Basie's band and, partly because of this, have not received the amount of public attention they deserve as soloists.

Wess is one of the two or three best jazz flutists and a fine tenor player. On tenor he has made an intelligent synthesis of the Charlie Parker, Lester Young, and Coleman Hawkins approaches.

Jones, in my opinion, is one of the greatest modern jazz trumpeters, but unfortunately he has had a negligible influence on his contemporaries. Part of this may be attributed to the fact that he is a unique technician and some of his figures don't seem to lie right for other trumpeters.

Lizard, an exotic blues, features Wess on tenor. It is not one of the best examples of his work; he plays vigorously but uses many stock devices and sometimes honks tastelessly.

Little Me, the Broadway show tune, and *Yo Ho*, a Wess original, are taken at fast tempos and contain sprightly flute solos by Wess. Jones also plays well. Note how well he uses held notes in the process of building his solo.

Miner has an excellently constructed, though unfortunately short, solo by Jones. The purity of his tone is notable on this track. *Poor You*, another pop tune, is stated beautifully by Wess on flute with Jones providing nice obbligato. Wess' solo is extremely sensitive.

Road is taken at a comfortable medium tempo and features extended soloing. Jones' sinuous lines highlight the track. Wess' tenor playing is pensive most of the time; however, he does throw in a few finger-busting double-time passages. Catlett, Mahones, and Haynes also solo well on

this track of the album. (H.P.)

Paul Winter

JAZZ PREMIERE: WASHINGTON—Columbia 1997: *Pony Express*; *Casa Camara*; *The Thumper*; *The Hustling Song*; *Them Nasty, Hurtin' Blues*; *Papa Zimbi*; *A Bun Dance*; *Shenandoah*; *Blue Evil*; *Count Me In*.

Personnel: Dick Whitsell, trumpet; Winter, alto saxophone; Les Rout, baritone saxophone; Warren Bernhardt, piano; Richard Evans, bass; Harold Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

With all the publicity attending this group's State Department tour and subsequent appearance at the White House, one thing sometimes gets lost in the shuffle: it is a very good jazz band, determined to make the grade in terms of music, not press notices.

This recording, far more satisfying than Winter's first, bossa nova LP, reveals a sextet of exceptionally mature young musicians. Some of the tracks were cut in late 1961, others a year later, and all reach approximately the same high level.

Once away from bossa nova, Winter and his men seem to prefer the hard Blakey-Silver-Adderley approach. The leader even sounds a little like Cannonball on alto now and then, while Rout and Whitsell attack their parts like hungry tigers.

The rhythm section heard here (it has changed since) does not always match the intensity of the front line, but pianist Bernhardt looms as a jazzman well on the way to front-rank status. As do most of the band's members, he composes and arranges engaging originals.

The sextet's predilection for outgoing, driving jazz is best demonstrated in Bernhardt's *Express*, Jimmy Heath's *Thumper*, and Richard Evans' *Hustling Song*. And the backbone of that aggressive three-horn sound is baritonist Rout, whose fleet, open-throated solos are high points in this collection. (Rout also has left the group since this recording date.)

Perhaps the simplest way to say that Winter's band really has something to offer is to point out that after many playings, this LP still sounded fresh and well worth the deepest attention I could give it. (R.B.H.)

pleasanter, at least visually.

Prestige has dubbed its Moodsville series *The Music of* (composer's name) *Played by America's Greatest Jazzmen*, with the exception of a Richard Rodgers set made up of performances by Miles Davis and John Coltrane, which is titled *MD and JC Play RR*, with names spelled out, of course. So far, Prestige/Moodsville has issued only three composer albums—the Rodgers, a Gershwin, and a Cole Porter.

In addition to the aforementioned nine LPs, Riverside also has put together a 'Round Midnight collection containing seven performances of that Thelonious Monk tune.

Of the 10 records, the finest is the Rodgers album by Davis and Coltrane (Moodsville 32), made up of *It Never Entered My Mind*, a hauntingly beautiful performance by Davis, even with his tendency to play flat; *Spring Is Here*, by Coltrane with trumpeter Wilbur Hardin; *My Funny Valentine*, another beautiful per-

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OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

By DON DeMICHEAL

The latest wrinkle in repackaging is the releasing of albums made up of tunes written by well-known songwriters—say, George Gershwin and Irving Berlin—but played by various jazz groups. Both Riverside and Prestige have done this: the results sometimes are good, but more often they are rather meaningless collections of snatches from unrelated sessions.

Riverside calls its six-LP series *Great Jazz Artists Play Compositions of* (composer's name). If one puts three of the album covers end to end, he has a picture of an attractive reclining female; the same is true of the series' other three covers—all of which makes reviewing a great deal

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formance by Davis, who has fine support from pianist Red Garland and bassist Paul Chambers: *Surrey with the Fringe on Top*, a Davis quintet track that has high-order Davis and surging Coltrane; *Blue Room*, by an early Davis quartet with John Lewis' piano getting in the way of an unsure Miles; and *I Could Write a Book*, which has outstanding Chambers' bass work behind gay Davis and cutting Coltrane.

The Rodgers collection on Riverside (RLP 3514) is not nearly as good, but there are excellent tracks by Bill Evans (*It Might as Well Be Spring*), Cannonball Adderley joie de vivreing with trumpeter Blue Mitchell (*People Will Say We're in Love*), and Bobby Timmons, whose sparkling playing is often underrated (*The Sweetest Sounds*). The album's other five tracks are generally uneventful.

The Cole Porter Riverside (RLP 3515) also has notable tracks by Adderley (a version of *What Is This Thing Called Love?* taken from his quintet's 1960 performance at the Lighthouse in California, with exciting work by Cannon and his brother Nat) and Evans (*Night and Day*, which has some intriguing breaks by the pianist). *Get Out of Town* by a Herbie Mann group is another good track, mostly because of tasteful trumpeting by Jack Sheldon and the piano work of Jimmie Rowles. Clark Terry's *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* has a flowing solo by the leader and interesting byplay between his trumpet and Don Butterfield's tuba to recommend it. There are five other selections on the record, by such leaders as Milt Jackson, George Shearing, and Eddie Davis-Johnny Griffin.

Four of the nine tracks on the Moodsville Porter album (34) stand out: Stan Getz' floating treatment of *I've Got You under My Skin*; the Modern Jazz Quartet's *All of You*, which features Milt Jackson at his ballad best; Coleman Hawkins' rhapsodic version of *Get Out of Town*, which also has impeccable and well-constructed Tommy Flanagan piano playing; and Red Garland's finger-snapping *What Is This Thing Called Love?*

Gershwin fares well at the hands of the Prestige artists in the album devoted to his compositions (Moodsville 33); five of the eight tracks come off better than average. Garland again scores with *A Foggy Day* (there's a fine Chambers solo too). Sonny Rollins' wit and warmth make his *They Can't Take That Away from Me* one of the five, even though the performance has been cut down from the original. The MJQ's Gershwin medley (*Soon; For You, For Me, Forevermore; Love Walked In; Our Love Is Here to Stay*) is from the group's middle-'50s period, before it became a more serious quartet, and is the best track in the album. The other two notable performances are by Gene Ammons (a tender reading of *Someone to Watch Over Me*) and an alive, inventive trek through the changes of *Nice Work If You Can Get It* by pianist Billy Taylor.

As recommendation, Riverside's nine-track Gershwin album (RLP 3517) offers fine performances of *Soon* by the Adderley quintet (hard-driving Cannonball alto and Milesish, but good, muted cornet by Nat); *Liza* by Thelonious Monk, abetted by

Oscar Pettiford and Art Blakey; *I've Got a Crush on You* by Harry Edison and Eddie Davis, both of whom play with extremely good taste on the track; and *My Man's Gone Now* by Bill Evans with bassist Scott LaFaro and drummer Paul Motian (this is the most musical track in the album, as much for the rich interplay between the members of the trio as for the light-as-air piano solo and total-command bass work).

The Jerome Kern Riverside collection (RLP 3516) has some weak performances, but the album is more-or-less salvaged by performances by Sonny Rollins (*The Last Time I Saw Paris*), Wes Montgomery (*Yesterdays*), Chet Baker (*Look for the Silver Lining*), and Bobby Timmons (*Why Was I Born?*).

The two Riverside albums that have the least to recommend them are the Irving



Berlin (RLP 3519) and the Harold Arlen (RLP 3518).

Berlin has not written many tunes that lend themselves particularly well to jazz treatment, which possibly explains the album's tepidity (though there is an excellent version of *How Deep Is the Ocean?* by Bill Evans included). But Arlen is, to my mind, one of the few jazz-oriented songwriters, and yet only Evans' exquisite *Come Rain or Come Shine* and Randy Weston's delightful sveltmonk *Get Happy* really make it among the album's nine selections.

So fault must lie with the performances, which probably explains the Berlin LP's dismalness as well as the general weakness of the whole lot of these composer albums—it ain't whatcha do it to, it's how ya do it that counts.

All of which is driven home in the *'Round Midnight* album (RLP 3522)—seven versions of the same tune, and only two have much meat in them, those by Barry Harris, who gets to the marrow of things, and by Gerry Mulligan with Monk, a track made more valuable by the consuming work of the pianist than by the nibbling on the changes done by the baritonist.

In sum, it would seem the idea of putting together composer albums seldom comes off—no matter how good it might look on paper. Or album covers.



SONGSKRIT

A Column of Vocal Album
Reviews/By JOHN TYNAN

Johnny Hamlin-Hal Dickinson Singers

Invested with the triple appeal of the hip vocalizing by the Hal Dickinson Singers, the arresting jazz accordion of Johnny Hamlin, and Alan Copeland's smartly tailored arrangements for the Hamlin quintet, *Some Other Street* (Philips 200-060) should have some appeal outside the jazz fraternity.

This appeal is frankly commercial without the common tendency of selling out musical values—and if there is implied negativism here, it is unintended. Copeland's arrangements are in the lightly sophisticated vein of chamber jazz, and they skillfully interconnect the human voices with the instrumental so that a sometimes remarkable cohesion is achieved.

Hamlin utilizes the solid-bodied sound of his accordion with wisdom and sometimes with dramatic effect as he blends with Charlie McFadden's flute. Other members of the instrumental group are Bobby Sutherland, trumpet; Red Brown, bass; and Jerry Grandelli, drums.

The Dickinson singers — apart from leader and arranger Copeland, who sings too—are unidentified. The selections are *Some Other Street*, a Copeland original; *Between 18th and 19th on Chestnut Street*, well larded with humor; *Italian Street Song*; *Street of Dreams*; *Basin Street Blues*; *On a Little Street in Singapore*; *Lonely Street*; *On Green Dolphin Street*; *Easy Street*; *On the Street Where You Live*; and *The Trolley Song*.

No explanation is offered for the inclusion of the non-"street" title of the last number, but there probably is a limit.

Anita Ray

Got the shoes off . . . the lights turned down . . . the light o' love contented? Fine. Now, lean over and switch on the record player and permit Anita Ray to lull your evening to fulfillment with *Slow Glow* (Ava 16).

This is a first album for the pretty, former Ray Anthony "Bookend," and it could well be a sleeper of the year in the romantic-ballad idiom. Not only does she possess a developed sense of musicality, she invests each melody and lyric with an almost breathless intimacy that never descends to the affected.

In these days of electronic techniques, a big voice is unnecessary for a recording vocalist; one guesses that Miss Ray's voice is not a big one in the sense of power output, but no matter. What she does with her vocal equipment is justification enough for it.

On *I'll Be Around*, for example, she soars away from the melody in perfect taste, revealing her as a sensitive singer of parts rather than merely a pretty-sounding thrush. Much of the credit for establishing and maintaining the mood l'intime

goes to Harry Betts for his warmly pulsing arrangements for the string orchestra. But in the last analysis the success is Miss Ray's.

Her treatment of *This Time the Dream's on Me* alone is a treat to be cherished. The other songs in the set are *Slow Glow*; *I Don't Want to Walk without You*; *The Heart That Broke Was Mine*; *Another Time, Another Place*; *Oh, You Crazy Moon*; *This Life We've Led*; *For All We Know*; and *A Sunday Kind of Love*.

Carol Sloane

That it takes more than just a good voice truly to make one's mark in the stiff competition among the rising crop of female singers is an accepted fact. *Carol Sloane "Live" at 30th Street* (Columbia 1923 and 8723) bears this out.

Miss Sloane is possessed of admirable vocal equipment—warm and appealing in timbre, good range, a secure sense of time, and a sensitive ear, among other qualities—and an ebullient personality (musically speaking) to go with it.

Yet this is not quite enough. Miss Sloane in this album reveals no distinctive stamp. An obvious Ella Fitzgerald influence dominates much of her freer flights, even to sections of out-and-out Ella-type scating.

Sad to note, it is only during those passages of Fitzgeralded singing that Miss Sloane emerges with any force at all. But, to repeat, the voice is good, the style lively if undistinguished. Carol Sloane may be taken in small doses or large at just about any time of day or night.

The selections are *Chicago* (one of the most effective of the lot, thanks to a rocking Twist-like treatment), *Love Walked In*, *Spring Is Here*, *Taking a Chance on Love*, *My Melancholy Baby*, *On the Street Where You Live*, *Basin Street Blues*, *In a Sentimental Mood*, *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*, *Never-Never Land*, *Stars Fell on Alabama*, and *It Never Entered My Mind*. A hard-to-beat program.

Arthur Prysock

Since his days with the Buddy Johnson Band, Arthur Prysock has been singing the blues as well as they come. It is as a balladeer of love songs, however, that he is heard in *Coast to Coast* (Old Town 2005), his third album for that company. He proves indisputably that he is one of the finest singers in that idiom.

Prysock's voice is rich and assertively male with a wide range and distinctive individuality. If there is evident a debt to Billy Eckstine in Prysock's vocal quality and delivery of a lyric, then let the credit fall where it is due. Some obvious Eckstine is there, but it is minimal and never exaggerated.

Herb Gordy's arrangements for "the top name orchestra" that remains anonymous (Count Basie's?) are functionally well dressed. Only the ebullient scream trumpeter who repeatedly rises to the top trapeze at the close of many of the songs, sometimes needlessly, proves to be a minor irritant.

On the whole, this is a very good ballad album.

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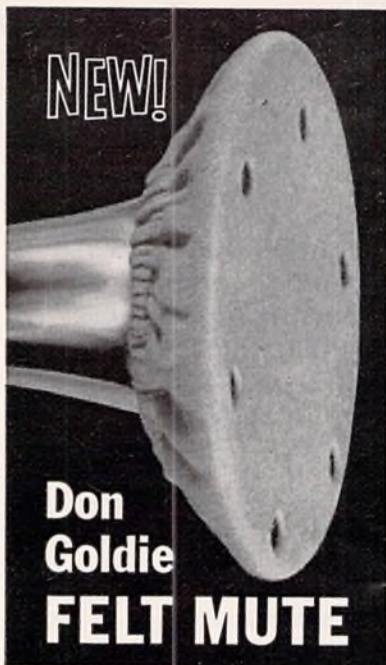
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COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL J. HENAHAN

Dmitri Shostakovich has now written 13 symphonies, the most recent of which has been suppressed by the ever-watchful Soviet art commissars because it includes choral sections that quote from Evgeny Yevtushenko's poem *Babi Yar*, a tirade against anti-Semitism in the USSR. Shostakovich has been asked to tone down the text to make it more palatable to the Kremlin, but *Babi Yar* could well suffer a fate similar to the composer's most celebrated suppressed symphony. His *No. 4* was not performed for 25 years after being suddenly struck from the program before its world premiere in Leningrad in 1936.

The Fourth had no such obvious ideological trouble as the latest work. It went into cold storage when Stalin put all of Shostakovich's works on the banned list because of their "formalist and antiproletarian" tendencies. That is the story now, anyway; until recently the composer insisted he had been dissatisfied with the work and withdrew it voluntarily. Stalin is now supposed to have attended a performance of Shostakovich's opera *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk* and, seated in a box directly above the brass section, was outraged all night to hear nothing but what he considered raucous noise.

That was that, as far as Shostakovich's music was concerned, until the composer apologized and was treated to humiliating lectures in Pravda. However, with the great Soviet art critic and esthetician dead and discredited, *Symphony No. 4* has been resurrected, and it had its first American performance early this year by the Philadelphia Orchestra.

It also has been recorded by Eugene Ormandy and his men (Columbia MS-6459), so we may hear exactly where Shostakovich stood, artistically, just before his first great humiliation by the commissars. The symphony is spectacularly well played, instruments are registered and defined with arresting clarity, and Ormandy's conducting is enthusiastic and dedicated. What a disappointment, then, to find that this is by no means the advanced work we might expect.

Like so many Shostakovich symphonies since, *No. 4* wanders pointlessly too much of the time and falls back on simple repetition and obvious technical devices to pad out the four movements to an hour's length. Deepening the disappointment is the realization that this is obviously the work of a tremendously talented composer at the peak of his game. Not only is the scoring deft and imaginative but thematic ideas are rich and plentiful as well.

Comparison with Mahler's rambling symphonies is inevitable, not simply in the bizarre tunes but in the typically Mahlerian use of the orchestra, with weird instrumental combinations exploited to the fullest. But Mahler's works grip the imagination, and pull the listener into his eccentric world while Shostakovich's Fourth does not.

Both men are highly subjective, and neither develops ideas in the usual classical sense, slipping from one half-stated idea to the next like brilliant but overvolatiles talkers. This fourth symphony was Shostakovich speaking in his natural voice, however, for he has never shown close affinity for classical forms and graces. How ironic that it should have been Stalin the revolutionist who forced him back to traditionalism.

It has been the fashion for Western writers to lecture Shostakovich from a safe distance for knuckling under to the commissars (the next symphony, the Fifth, was subtitled *A Soviet Artist's Reply to Just Criticism*), but perhaps the real surprise is that the composer actually did not surrender abjectly in his music, however much he did in print. Though he declined to explore paths laid out by Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Webern, and so on, he has continued producing music on occasion that Stalin, if he ever heard it, would have disliked as intensely as *Lady Macbeth*.

Shostakovich's *Second Piano Trio in E Minor*, for instance, beautifully championed in a new release by the Lyric Trio (Concert-Disc CS-234), was written in 1944, but it resounds with the same Mahlerian overtones as the banned symphony of 1936 and is even less likely to enchant the masses.

It is a first-rate work in every way, too, and contradicts the notion that Shostakovich's *Piano Quintet* is all he has to offer in chamber music. An intensely subjective work, *Trio* begins with a long, mysterious passage in harmonics high on the cello and sustains a dark inner mood throughout. By comparison, all but two or three of the symphonies sound thin and emotionally barren.

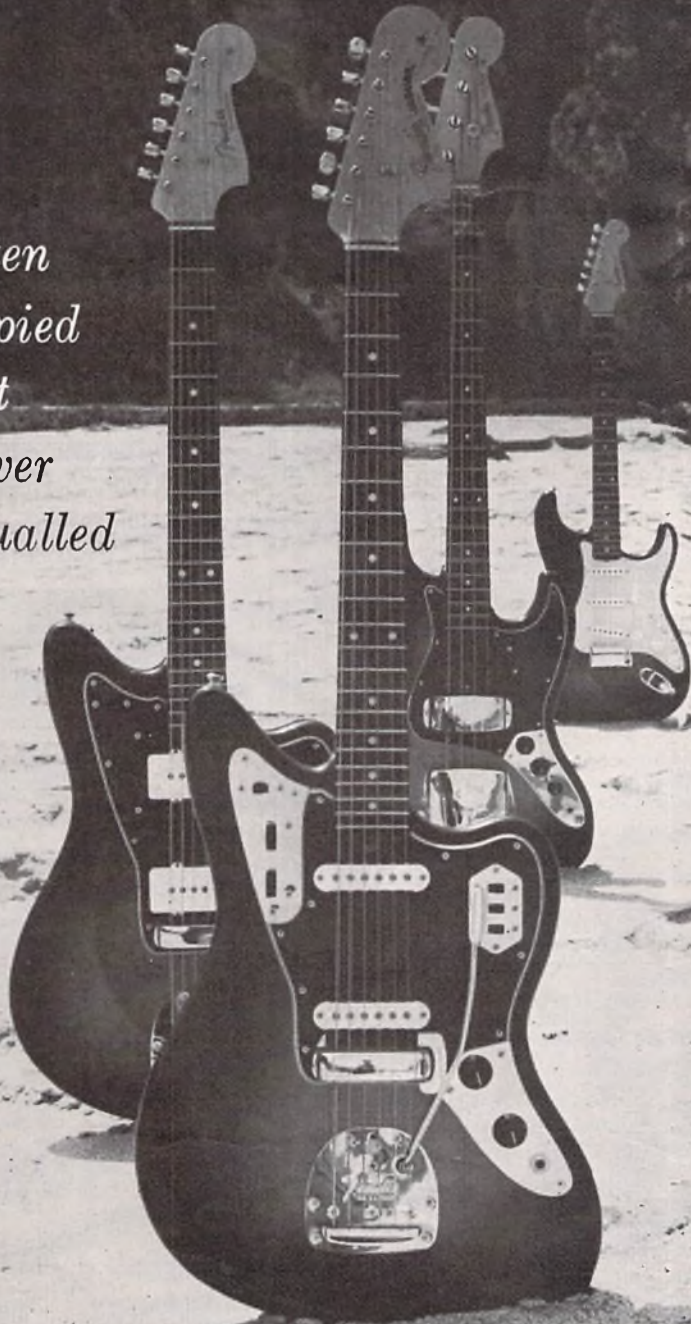
The Lyric Trio, a Chicago group new to records, has a few tentative moments at the start but builds up to a performance full of excitement and maintains good ensemble all the way. The disc also contains short pieces by Malcolm Arnold and Jean Baptiste Loeillet.

Perhaps, after all, we overdramatize Shostakovich's repression by authority. Looking at his work as objectively as possible, it is possible to see that it has maintained a definite character of its own. And we have only to look around us to find many a talented American composer whose career has not led him in any more startling direction than the Soviet composer. At least as performed by Lorin Hollander and the Boston Symphony (Victor LM-2667), the latest large-scale work of Norman Dello Joio sounds studiously traditional. Dello Joio's *Fantasy and Variations for Piano and Orchestra* could pass for Liszt (*Totentanz*) or Richard Strauss (*Burlesk*), except that it is of even less interest than those bombastic exercises.

It is well to remember always that there is a point beyond which even a big talent can never grow. As Schoenberg pointed out, talent is the ability to learn from others, while genius is the capacity to develop oneself. Only a handful of composers in any era ever get past the learner's stage, and there is still no overpowering evidence that Shostakovich is one of the blessed few, or that he might have been under the freest political circumstances. **ES**

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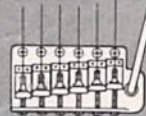
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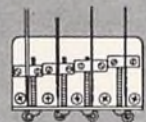
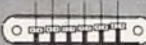
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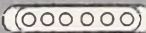
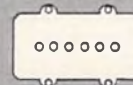
Fender "Micro-adjustable" bridges are completely adjustable on all Guitars and Bases. All models are fully adjustable for string length and height. In addition, on some models, the entire bridge as well as each individual string may be adjusted for height by the master bridge adjustment screws on either side of the bridge. Patent Number 2,972,923 and Patents Pending.



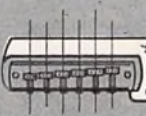
The contoured body design with the "Off-Set" waist is another Fender First. This unique design is unequalled in comfort and is accomplished by curving and relieving the guitar body so that it snugs into the body of the player. Also, the front of the guitar is dressed away, providing a firm comfortable arm rest. Patent Numbers 2,960,900 - Des. 187,001; 186,826; 169,062; 164,227.



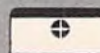
Patented pickups are designed and built by the Fender Company for each instrument. Pickups are wound for maximum wide-range tone benefits and reflect many hours of testing by the Fender Engineers. Fender tonal qualities remain unmatched by any other guitar in their field. Patent Numbers..2,968,204 - 2,976,755 and Patents Pending.



Another Fender First is a special string mute conveniently mounted on the bridge of the Jaguar and Bass VI. The "Fender Mute" is easily switched from open to muted position, thus providing rapid playing style changes. With the "Mute" it is no longer necessary to remove the bridge cover to dampen the strings for the special effects used by many guitarists. Patent Pending.



Necks of all Fender Guitars and Bases are "Truss-rod" reinforced and may be adjusted should it become necessary to do so. These slender necks are of natural blond hard maple with rosewood fingerboards. Another feature making Fender preferred by musicians throughout the world.



BLINDFOLD TEST

'As a guitar player, I'm mildly interested in hearing what guitars written as horns sound like, but actually the use of several guitars playing single lines together just proves that the guitar isn't a horn.'

By LEONARD FEATHER

For those interested in vital statistics it might be pointed out that Charlie Byrd was born Sept. 16, 1925, in Suffolk, Va., son of a guitarist with whom he began studying at the age of 10. He worked with various jazz combos in the east—Sol Yaged, Joe Marsala, Barbara Carroll—before taking up classic guitar in 1950. Four years later he studied with Andres Segovia in Italy. He worked for Woody Herman in 1959, but for the most part, Byrd has stayed close to home in Washington at his own club, the Show Boat.

Byrd won the *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll as a new star in 1959. His first *Blindfold Test* interview appeared in the issue dated Nov. 24, 1960.

The records played for this second test were not all bossa nova, a craze he helped launch, nor did they all include guitarists, but each covered one or the other of these two special areas of interest. *Meditacao* (the last record) is the tune with which Byrd had a hit single on Riverside.



CHARLIE BYRD

THE RECORDS

1. Barney Kessel. *Lady Bird* (from *Contemporary Latin Rhythms*, Reprise). Tadd Dameron, composer; Kessel, guitar; Conte Candoli, trumpet; Al Hendrickson, Bill Pitman, rhythm guitars.

The only thing I liked about that was the trumpet solo. The guitar solo was ordinary; I don't know who it was playing. As a guitar player, I'm mildly interested in hearing what guitars written as horns sound like, but actually the use of several guitars playing single lines together just proves that the guitar isn't a horn. I find it to be a very unsatisfactory idea.

I think the most interesting ensemble electric guitar that has happened actually is Les Paul, because he at least uses a variety of sounds, with the changes in pitch and everything . . . but I find this to be a very dull sound; and the rhythm on this performance is very cluttered. There's no clarity to it.

For the trumpet solo I'd give it about three stars; for the rest, no more than one.

2. Gerald Wilson. *Teri* (from *Moment of Truth*, World Pacific). Wilson, composer; Joe Pass, unamplified guitar.

I like *what* was played on this record a lot better than I like how it was played. The orchestra is obviously a studio group, and it's not a bad studio date, but it has that stiffness that a studio date has.

The guitarist is very long on musicianship and rather short on technique; I don't particularly care for his sound. The phrasing, and the way he plays it, I like very much; I like the composition too.

I don't know who it was—since everybody's playing with their fingers now! But it's a three-star record for me.

3. Herb Ellis. *Gravy Waltz* (from *Three Guitars in Bossa Nova Time*, Epic). Ellis, guitar solo; Johnny Gray, guitar; Ray Brown, composer.

The tune, at best, is a little snicker by Ray Brown. Humor. I don't particularly care for the tune, but I liked the guitar solo fine. I was glad when they got through

with the tune and got into that. The rhythm sounded fine too. I'd give the tune one star, the rhythm and the guitar solo 3½.

4. Howard Roberts. *Down Under* (from *Color Him Funky*, Capitol). Roberts, guitar; Paul Bryant, organ; no other guitar.

I liked that; it's got a nice feel to it. A relaxed little thing. It's much better use of more than one guitar too. It's not a sensational side or anything, but for what it is, it's very nice. Give that one four.

5. Stan Kenton. *Brasilia* (from *Artistry in Bossa Nova*, Capitol). Kenton, composer.

There's nothing in particular wrong with that, but there's nothing right with it either. Kind of a blah thing. Is that an Audio Fidelity record? It could be one of those things from Brazil, but I don't have any idea who it was. Just somebody's concoction that doesn't mean anything to me.

It might be good dance music, but I'm not even sure of that. It wouldn't inspire me to dance. As listening music, no stars.

6. Bill Evans-Jim Hall. *Dream Gypsy* (from *Undecurrent*, United Artists). Evans, piano; Hall, guitar.

Now there's a five-star record. That's a very satisfactory combination. Maybe Bill Evans should fire his rhythm section and hire Jim!

They get the feeling of two very fine jazz musicians sitting down and setting a beautiful mood, improvising with it right off the back of their hands. The whole thing sounds like it just happened right then; I don't know whether it did or not, but it never matters whether or not something actually happens spontaneously as long as they make it sound that way. They accomplished that.

Beautiful. I couldn't say enough good about it.

7. Lalo Schifrin. *Samba No Perroquet* (from *Piano, Strings, and Bossa Nova*, MGM). Schifrin, piano, arranger; Djalma Ferreira, composer.

That's a good record. The piano sounds like he's a Latin. He plays the style with such authority; he seems like more of a Latin pianist than a jazz pianist. The arrangement is a little flowery, a little gimmicky, but it's a satisfying record—2½ stars.

8. Bola Sete. *Samba No Perroquet* (from *Bossa Nova, Fantasy*). Sete, guitar.

It must be Bola Sete. It's a Brazilian, anyway; it has that kind of Brazilian time—and Brazilian sound. I liked it. I liked his ideas and phrasing; I don't like the sound. I don't like the recording sound first of all, but I also think the guitarist had something to do with it. Most of the Brazilians get kind of a dead sound that I don't care for. It's the way they strike it; it's not a real classic way of playing. It's obviously what they want, because all of them sound that way, for better or worse.

For what it is, though, it's very good—3½.

9. Laurindo Almeida. *Meditacao* (from *Ole Bossa Nova*, Capitol). Almeida, Howard Roberts, guitars; Jimmie Rowles, organ; Dan Fagerquist, trumpet.

I liked the feeling of the rhythm. This is one that *would* inspire me to dance. It would inspire me more without the organ. Nice little trumpet solo in there. If it was the guitar player's date, he was cheating; he didn't do enough.

I'd just rate this as a dance record, three stars. Not much musical interest.

Afterthoughts by Byrd

So it was Laurindo on that last record, eh? Well, I was wild about the first Bud Shank-Almeida record; last time I did a *Blindfold Test* I gave it five stars. But I haven't heard anything in the pop vein by Laurindo since then that I would rate anything close to that. It's because of his own interests; he's a greatly improved classical guitarist, but the jazz or pop or bossa nova, or whatever you want to call it, has gone down rather than up.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

CIVIL RIGHTS CONCERT

ILWU Auditorium, San Francisco

Personnel: Vince Guaraldi Trio (Guaraldi, piano; Fred Marshall, bass; Jerry Granelli, drums); John Handy Quartet (Handy, alto saxophone; Nico Bunink, piano; Billy Cayou, bass; Buddy Barnhill, drums); Red Rodney Quartet (Rodney, trumpet; John Baker, piano; Wyatt Ruther, bass; Art Lewis, drums); Carmen McRae group (Miss McRae, vocals; Norman Simmons, piano; Ruther, bass; Fats Heard, drums); Ahmad Jamal Trio (Jamal, piano; Richard Evans, bass; Chuck Lampkin, drums).

"Beautiful" is the most appropriate word to describe this jazz concert presented on a Sunday afternoon to lend a helping hand to the struggle for civil rights.

It was beautifully conceived. As poet Kenneth Rexroth noted in introducing the program, freedom and equality are indispensable in jazz "so it is only fitting that jazz musicians participate in aiding Birmingham and the South. . . . This is the voice of America speaking in one of its oldest traditions."

Also beautiful was the concert's execution, which began as an idea of Nancye Handy, recent bride of alto saxophonist John, and was expended by a committee on which she was joined by friends Don Cox, Bill Little, Mark Hansen, and her husband.

The committee printed and distributed flyers publicizing the concert; rented the auditorium, a piano, and sound system; designed, printed, and bound the programs; arranged for participation of the musicians (which included willingly-given clearance from the musicians union); obtained the services of emcees Rexroth and disc jockey Al (Jazzbo) Collins; and, with the help of friends, lugged additional chairs into the hall and handled ticket sales and admissions.

These combined efforts, plus an assist from bay-area press and radio, resulted in gross receipts of \$1,143.85. When expenses of \$159.75 were paid, \$984.10 remained for use in the integration campaign.

The sponsors had hoped to fill the 1,000-seat downtown auditorium and raise \$5,000 for the cause (admission was a \$3 donation, and program sold for 50 cents). The long Memorial Day weekend, blessed by beautiful weather, was blamed for the small turnout.

Sonny Rollins, who had said his quartet would play in the concert before beginning their afternoon performance at the Jazz Workshop, neither appeared nor sent an explanation. Tenorist Brew Moore, who was scheduled to play, was on hand with his quartet but graciously waived his spot when it became apparent the program otherwise would be overlong.

The concert proceeded smoothly, no group playing more than 35 minutes—a fact that in itself was almost enough to make the event phenomenal.

Guaraldi's trio opened the concert with a pleasant if unventuresome set that in-

cluded performance of his record hit *Cast Your Fate to the Wind*.

The Handy group did a set that included one of the leader's originals and a pair of standards and which was notable for excellent improvisations by Handy and Bunink.

Rodney, one of the top names of the bop era who now devotes his chief attention to an insurance business, proved that neither his fire nor his ideas have noticeably diminished since his days on New York's 52nd St. His pickup rhythm section gave perceptive support.

Miss McRae's 35-minute segment was superb. The vocalist established a firm rapport with her listeners through an introductory chat in which she pointed out that the struggle in the South is, in the

final analysis, one between human beings and that it—like all human problems—can be solved by love.

The songs that followed constituted a deeply moving performance that wrung its hearers' emotions and brought sustained applause. Miss McRae received a valuable assist from the exemplary accompaniment provided by her trio.

Jamal's well-received set, which displayed the pianist's current hard-driving approach as well as the more delicate styling that characterized his playing with his former unit, closed the concert.

Afterwards, bassist Evans, in summing up the afternoon, remarked, "This has given me the only occasion that I could say proudly I'm from Birmingham."

—Russ Wilson

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THE BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

The blues comes in 12-bar choruses. Everybody knows that's so. And nearly everybody knows it also isn't so.

I mean, first of all, that there are eight-bar blues and 16-bar blues too.

It is very nice to see the recent return of these eight- and 16-bar forms to instrumental jazz, for they have fine qualities of their own, and modern musicians have largely neglected them.

True, Tadd Dameron did do an eight-bar blues arrangement for Billy Eckstine's orchestra in the early 1940s. More important: he made one for Sonny Stitt called *The Four-Ninety* in the '60s. And it is fine to hear Milt Jackson and Ray Charles playing one of the classic eight-bar pieces, *How Long, How Long* on an LP.

Under the circumstances, it would seem that now is the time for a reissue of records by pianist-singer Leroy Carr, for he holds the authorship to *How Long*, and he had many eight-bar sequels in his repertory. Columbia has provided it in the Carr LP *Blues before Sunrise*.

I have never seen anything much on the origin of the eight-bar form. Probably there are analogies in, let's say, the Baptist or Methodist hymn books. But are they really sources? Neither in its verses nor in its harmony does the eight-bar form seem a condensation of the 12-bar blues chorus, but it might be that. If anyone can enlighten me on this, I would appreciate hearing from him.

It has been suggested that the 12-bar blues form is a condensation of an older 16-bar form. Poetically such a prehistoric 16-bar blues chorus would have its first line repeated three times, rather than twice in the 12-bar form.

Interesting. But I wonder if that could be so, particularly since the surviving 16-bar blues don't sound like descendants of such a form. They sound like condensed AABA song forms, with a release—blues like *My Daddy Rocks Me* or Armstrong's *Skit-Dat-De-Dat*, the kind of blues from which songs like *Ding Dong Daddy*, *Jada*, and dozens of others were derived. More recent examples of this kind of 16-bar blues are Sonny Rollins' *Doxy* and Cannonball Adderley's *Things Are Gettin' Better*.

On the other hand, some 16-bar blues sound like hymn forms, as in a Ray Charles piece like *Sweet 16 Bars*. Or still others sound like march or ragtime forms, more familiar in the third strain of *King Porter Stomp*, and the scores of derivations thereof.

Perhaps the most interesting of all are

the few existing 32-bar blues pieces. These are not AABA song forms. They are a kind of alliance of two 16-bar choruses of the *My Daddy Rocks Me* sort, with harmonic adjustments in the middle, to make one continuous 32-bar chorus. Jelly Roll Morton's and Louis Armstrong's *Wild Man Blues* is the best-known example. This 32-bar form has been almost completely neglected since the late 1920s, except in revivals of old pieces.


The only blues form I know of that dates from later than the '20s is the 12-bar blues-with-a-bridge (usually an *I Got Rhythm* bridge), obviously modeled on the AABA song form, in choruses of 12/12/8/12. Lester Young's *D.B. Blues* or John Coltrane's *Locomotion* are examples.

What is perhaps most intriguing in the blues tradition is the freedom with which some blues singers and players handle the 12-bar form—they may finish a chorus at, say 11½ or 14 bars. Undoubtedly the blues was, longer ago than any of us knows, a free, loose, spontaneous—that is to say, human—musical fact. One of the most beautiful examples of this sort of free chant that I know of on records is the powerful *Oh Hannah*, performed by Doc Reece in the first volume of the *Folkways History of Jazz*.

The more recently recorded singer Robert Pete Williams performs with a similar natural freedom in his blues choruses—examples abound on his *Bluesville 1026*. The loose "irregular" choruses of Sonny Terry and the late pianist Cripple Clarence Lofton also seem to me natural musical expression. For them, musical and emotional content clearly determines form.

It is quite likely that the archaic blues was once such a highly loose musical-poetic form. But sometimes, I confess, a blues performer's "irregularity" seems the result of musical ignorance or error.

Many so-called "country blues singers," past and present, are heirs to a tradition that existed for them largely on phonograph records, rather than in their local musical culture. I have heard more than a few older blues performers attest that they learned the blues, not within their family or immediate environment, but from Bessie Smith records. And some of these men clearly sing irregular choruses, not because they belong to an earlier tradition but because they are making mistakes in what they are trying to do—that is, in following the example of Bessie Smith or someone else whose records they admire.

For some, the irregularity of the results may seem natural and musical. But for others, it can seem fumbling and inept. In neither case is the result "authentically archaic" blues. 

SIX STRINGS *from page 21*

too quickly. In a sense, guitar is its own sustaining pedal.

What about two classic guitars playing together?

Leonhart: It's a good sound, and I guess we've all played together one time or another. I think it's a lot of fun.

Harris: Especially when the guitarists know what they're building.

Byrd: The finger guitarist is capable of so much, the problem is getting too much going on. It can become cluttered. What *not* to play becomes the problem. Incidentally, that's the secret of a lot of good jazz players—what they *don't* play.

Do you prefer concert to night-club dates?

Byrd: Any guitarist has got to like concert. In a night club—no matter where you are playing—there's a certain fight for attention that we don't like to put up with and we must. If we were Al Hirt, well, okay, let the good times roll! But if you're a guitar player in a noisy room, you might as well not be there. Every guitarist has that problem, that din of noise, and dreads it.

Is guitar playing getting better all the time?

Byrd: Guitar is in the midst of a great renaissance. There is more music published for the guitar now, for one thing. I can remember when Bill Harris and I bought everything published for the guitar. You'd watch for something, and you'd buy it whether it was good music or not. Now there are tons of music being published for the guitar every day. And now you have people concerned with making old music right for the guitar, arranging it and fingering it in very good ways. Also, as Bill Harris suggested, there is going to be more jazz published for the guitar, and new methods.


We also have people who are doing research only, from a teaching standpoint, men like Aaron Shearer. Manufacturers are also putting out better products and selling them.

Leonhart: There's not going to be any need for guitar players to make excuses for lack of technique or anything else in a few years. They are going to be flooded with everything they want. Of course, I think what is happening now is the greatest thing in the world.

Harris: Yes, and now guitar players are going to have to get down to business.

Leonhart: Right. No more hot licks and tricks.

Byrd: Along those lines, for the last 20 years or so people have been speculating about a successor to Segovia. We've mentioned Julian Bream several times and I like him very much, but believe me, there'll be no successor to Segovia. Whoever survives after Segovia will have to scuffle because there'll be plenty more in there pitching.

Harris: I think Segovia ought to be nominated as musician of the century. 

SITTIN' IN

By ART HODES

"Act well thy part; there all honor lies." I remember these words, engraved over the doors that opened into the Hull House Theater in Chicago. How many times I'd read them, not really giving them the thought they deserved. Not till later.

I was a kid then. This goes back to when my mother had a dream that her boy would someday grow up to be a great pianist (I'm sure she visualized the concert scene). The Hodeses, who weren't laden with wherewithal, were living in a cold-water flat, third floor. After coming to this country from Russia (my folks waited only for me to appear before they took off) and spending our first half-dozen years in New York City, relatives on my mother's side beckoned, so we made the Chicago scene.

Like most immigrants we were poor. When we got that first piano (there weren't any rental programs then; I doubt if my parents would have indulged; they were from a different school), well, we couldn't keep it. Conditions, the times, were hard. Instead of starting at 6, I was closer to being a teenager when we got a piano again. Ma had discovered Hull House, founded by Jane Addams, a great person. We were living on Racine Ave. near Taylor, in the midst of a neighborhood where things happened—like booze and gangsters and people scuffling to make out . . . mixtures—Italians and Jews, Mexicans, Greeks. The city streets were the playgrounds, and you could grow up rough. In the midst of the needy, Hull House stood. It was the last place you'd expect to find a jewel. A spot a kid could go to and find a gym (open after school), basketball, handball, swimming, band, arts and crafts, singing, dancing, piano. And it was walking distance from my home.

I was enrolled; my teacher was a Miss Smith—middle-aged, kindly, patient. And I joined a "singing" class. Huh, a real drag . . . so I thought . . . because I was the only boy in the room. All girls, and you could hear the kids playing outside—right outside our window. One week I'd be in the soprano section, the next, alto, and so on. Switch you around so you never got set, but they knew what they were doing, the Smith sisters (sister Eleanor conducted the singing class), and today how I thank her. She developed my hearing; she made it possible for me to hear (at least) three parts to a tunc. These were dedicated sisters; it couldn't have been the money. The singing class was free,

and the piano lesson was two-bits.

Memories. My oldest sister would get a hold of popular tunes, and I'd pick at them, learn them, and I remember my first crystal-set radio and, lying in bed at night, silent, fooling with that scratcher, trying to tune something in . . . "Here it comes—the Coon-Sanders Orchestra out of Kansas City." Magic.

Fascinated by the popular, I learned to swing. Wherever there was social activity, I was asked to play. Hull House had dancing classes—all kinds of folk dancing—and usually after a study period the class would dance "American." That's when they found a use for such as me . . . and that's how I came to participate in my first jam session. . . .

"Art, would you mind if somebody played clarinet with you?" The speaker was the dancing teacher, and I didn't mind. So the band director brought this young kid (he was younger than I) up on the stand. He sure acted sure of himself. Opened his case, set up his reed, tuned up, and we started. That kid played . . . he'd been practicing. Everybody enjoyed it; at least I seem to re-



Hull House

member the applause, and, as I recollect, the good taste in my mouth, as if it was nice to have been part of the bit. "Art Hodes, meet Benny Goodman."

Like mine. Benny's parents had discovered Hull House, and because of Jane Addams, we both were enriched. I can still remember the sight of her; in a way she reminded me of my mother, sort of short, buxom, filled out, gray hair, and the warmest eyes. She'd pop up anytime. She was of an era when people were expected to look their age . . . before TV . . . mature. This woman had taken a part of a city block and carved out a bit of humane living for I don't know how many thousands of kids.

Let's not forget the parents. There were classes there for adults. Any way that Hull House could be of help, it was. As in summer . . . all I ever knew until then was city streets and alleys, schoolyard, streetcars and learning to hitch a ride, roller skate on pavements and go places . . . but never to the countryside. Trees, streams, peaceful quiet, birds and fresh air . . . all this was unknown until Hull House made it possible for the kids

to go to a summer camp. Two weeks near Waukegan. Boy! I didn't know how to act, but I learned not to steal the neighboring farmer's apples, and we drank all kinds of milk, ate eggs. We dug nature. It stuck with me, not only the piano bit and the learning to play by "hear" but finding out about country side, too, and fresh air and another way of life. And meeting dedicated people. Sure, much of all this took years to sink in. . . .

Now, the City of Chicago has sold some 40-odd acres of land to a university. That real estate takes in a lot of what's now slum territory . . . but also homes, feelings, memories. I'm sure we won't recognize the old neighborhood. No doubt it'll be a good thing. But unfortunately that real estate includes Hull House, and that's a drag. Sure, after much carrying on, the powers that be agreed to retain the original Hull House building, either as a museum (yes, kiddies, this is the place) or as a building for use. Forget it. Landmark? Signpost? Antique? That isn't what this meant to people. Hull House was (and continued to be) an alive thing, a service, like a blues with soul—for real.

After everybody now involved with Hull House recovered from the shock and stopped scrambling around trying to get the powers that be to change their minds, they did what I'd like to think Jane Addams would have done. They didn't retire; they took an inventory and discovered that there was still a need for Hull House, that a lot of people didn't have the wherewithal. There are kids (like Goodman and myself) growing up all around Chicago. Hull House decided to move to the neighborhoods; instead of one house there would be several—north, south, west, east—wherever the need is. Branch out. The kids are still out there, and there's plenty of work for those who care. Louis Armstrong still talks about the Waifs' Home and how he was helped. . . . You really don't know just how many musicians got started by the help of a Hull House.

I hate to see Hull House cut down, but I'm gladdened by how the folks reacted. You hear so much about the teenage problem you're apt to forget that the big problem is adult delinquency, grown-ups who refuse to mature . . . lack of dedicated people. How few Jane Addamses one meets. She could think "away" from herself, dwell on the needs of the others, so a whole neighborhood prospered. A guy like me got a piano education and learned to hear music and discovered values. . . . And something that's stayed with me (at times, I admit, buried deep), something that helped my upbringing. Like those words above the Hull House Theater entrance.



JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEO. WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

One of the perennial problems facing the directors of college jazz programs, whether they be faculty members or student leaders, is repertoire.

There are actually two problems, and as is frequently the case, the more pressing is not the more important. This more pressing problem is that of finding, begging, borrowing, or stealing enough new material to keep the group satisfied and progressing. A much more important problem, and one usually shelved under the exigencies of finding enough new material for the next concert, is the one of what kind of music to study and perform, of which direction to guide the group.

A university jazz lab or workshop, to be worthy of the name, must be truly universal in its repertoire.

The students should be exposed to music from all major periods of jazz and to the various minor facets and styles within each period. They should be exposed to such disparate styles as that of Stan Kenton and Count Basie, of Gunther Schuller and Gerry Mulligan. To limit the program to one style or approach is to shortchange the students in the program.

In the choice of repertoire the two goals or functions of the jazz lab must be kept in mind. The college jazz program should be both developmental and experimental.

The development aspect is twofold.

First, the band must be molded into as good and as professional-sounding

an organization as possible. No one will profit from a so-called jazz group that is poor musically. It might be overstating the obvious to say that all jazz groups must swing—each in its own way, from the hard swing of the Basie-influenced to the more subtle swing of some progressive- or Third Stream-influenced bands. If they don't swing then we have nothing more than a classical ensemble, and we should not use the name of jazz lab.

Don't all college bands have this swing? Unfortunately the answer is no. Usually there is no problem with technique on the college level, but it must be remembered that many of these college musicians came from high schools that produced fine concert but poor stage bands. Many of these musicians have played little professionally or have jobbed much with club-date bands. I think that it is the sad truth that many of them have never played with a good solid swing.

Let me cite two examples:

I had the opportunity to use a fine (classical musicianship) college stage band as a demonstration band in a recent clinic. This band had been limited in its repertoire to published arrangements of a rather bland nature—good but hardly involving any heavy swing. A new arrangement, of high-school difficulty, was passed out to demonstrate the necessity of laying back and of not rushing on consecutive quarter notes. The band played the section faultlessly as far as the notes were concerned but rushed the quarters. With repetition the notes were laid squarely on the beat, but we didn't have enough time to get the band to lay back on the notes. Everything the band played was clean and in tune, but it just didn't swing.

The answer, as I told the leader of

the group, was to concentrate on simpler, more obviously swinging arrangements until the band had developed the feel and then move on to the more subtle things that are much harder to make swing.

A common objection and problem was brought up at this point: how does a director maintain interest since the instrumental technique of the students is not being challenged?

This is a difficult problem, since a whole new outlook has to be engendered in such a band. They have to be made to see the beauty of a simple swinging sound. Work on Basie-styled blues or simple uncluttered arrangements so that emphasis can be on the feel and phrasing. It is hard, but it is the only way to get the band to swing.

Another example: recently I heard a band that performed a series of complex contrapuntal arrangements along with an attempt at some extremely difficult swing-oriented arrangement. Here the problem was not in choosing poor literature that couldn't swing but in choosing first-rate literature that was beyond the conceptual development of the students. They were trying to reach the end product too fast. Solution? Again that difficult retirement to the simpler swingers.

The second developmental aspect of repertoire is not as difficult to cope with. This is the function of giving the members of the jazz lab experience and training in the various styles to equip them to be well-rounded professionals when they leave school. This is where the universal scope of the repertoire comes into play especially.

In a future column I will discuss the experimental aspect of the jazz lab's repertoire and some sources of good repertoire.



LANG *from page 17*

Some of Lang's best work between 1927 and 1930 could be heard on more than a score of records released under Venuti's name. The earliest of these frequently revealed the influence of Beiderbecke, through choice of material and manner of improvisation. (Bass saxophonist Adrian Rollini, a convincing out-of-Bix soloist, appeared on many Venuti dates.) These Venuti-Lang trio and quartet performances represent pioneer efforts to present to the public chamber jazz with a minimum of unmusical effects or superfluous vocals and without any pretense of its being anything but music for *listening*.

Paul Whiteman, who had been unable to hold on to Lang and Venuti for more than a few weeks in 1927, hired the team once again in 1929. Lang appeared with Venuti in duets and frequently could be heard behind Whiteman's

best vocalists, Mildred Bailey and Bing Crosby. Lang and Crosby became fast friends during the guitarist's year with the orchestra. Lang married a close friend of Dixie Lee, Crosby's wife. Kitty Lang, a Ziegfeld Follies graduate, was Lang's second wife, and their marriage remained lastingly successful.

In 1931 Lang became full-time accompanist to Crosby, who was beginning to build his fortune as a single performer. As Crosby's weekly income leaped toward five figures, Lang dropped many of his independent activities to concentrate on four theater shows a day, Cremo Cigar broadcasts at night, and Crosby record dates in between. The guitarist even made a brief film appearance in *The Big Broadcast of 1932*. Despite the depression, he was taking home about \$1,000 a week.

Lang was still a young man in 1933, when he died as a result of complications after a tonsillectomy. He lived

barely long enough to witness the demise of the banjo and almost complete acceptance of the guitar. (Duke Ellington's Fred Guy, one of the last to give up banjo for guitar, made the switch a few weeks after Lang's death.) This soft revolution must have brought some satisfaction to the quiet man from south Philadelphia, for he was almost entirely the cause of it.

From Lang, guitarists Carl Kress and Dick McDonough evolved personal styles that in turn influenced many other rhythm players. Kress departed from Lang's solo approach to combine chords and melody simultaneously. George Van Eps, also building on Lang's foundation, followed with a method of playing melody, chords, and intelligent bass lines at the same time. The Van Eps system was adopted or modified by many of the best rhythm guitarists—Freddie Green of the Count Basie Band was one—during the 1930s.


Part of the credit for the advent of the guitar solo in jazz must go to the electric microphone, but it was Lang who first put the microphone to work in a creative way.

The guitarist did not merely play into the microphone, he *used* it to bring out his most subtle ideas. In this way, Lang's ideas presaged the arrival of the electric guitar, a development that followed his death by several years. With or without electronics, however, Lang's concept of

hornlike single-string jazz solos was to remain the dominant mode of self-expression on the instrument, from Django Reinhardt (who cut his musical teeth on Lang records) to Tal Farlow.

There were other men playing solo guitar in the '20s, musicians such as Teddy Bunn, Lonnie Johnson, and blues man Blind Lemon Jefferson, but none approached Lang's finesse, technical command, resourcefulness, and expressive scope all at once. Lang was one

of the first to disprove the notion (still held in some quarters) that all-around, sober musicianship and the spirit of jazz cannot go together.

Unlike some of his gifted friends, Lang neither dashed himself to pieces on the crags of self-indulgence nor shielded himself from everyday reality through perpetuated adolescence; yet, he fared no better than the weakest of them at the end. In a way, his may have been the deepest tragedy of all. 

AD LIB *from page 12*

he will tour for 16 days with Ted Heath's band and his own quintet. Cole's men included Reunald Jones, trumpet; John Collins, guitar; Charles Harris, bass; and Leon Petties, drums . . . Philly Joe Jones played a Birdland engagement in late June. With the drummer were pianist Red Garland, trombonist Charles Greenlee, and tenor man Hank Mobley. Pianist Jaki Byard's trio, instead of the originally scheduled Les McCann, and singer Betty Carter also were on the bill . . . The Bob Pozar Trio, a winner at the 1963 Collegiate Jazz Festival, was so impressive in its first week at the Village Vanguard, that owner Max Gordon held the group over for two weeks to play opposite Stan Getz. Pozar is the trio's drummer, Ron Brooks the bassist, and Mike Lang the pianist.

George Avakian, one of the founders of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, has been elected president of the New York chapter. Pianist-disc jockey Billy Taylor was elected first vice president. Taylor recently participated in a seminar on music education at Yale University.

Pianist-composer Mal Waldron has completed the score for *The Cool World*, the United States' entry in the Venice Film Festival. Two different groups play the sound track, which contains about an hour of music. The jazz group consists of Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Yusef Lateef, tenor saxophone; Waldron, piano; Aaron Bell, bass; and Arthur Taylor, drums. The rhythm-and-blues quartet is made up of Hal Singer, tenor saxophone; Charlie Jackson, guitar; Julian Euell, bass; and Herbie Lovelle, drums.

The Art Farmer-Jim Hall Quartet is now under the personal management of Monte Kay. The group, which now includes bassist Bob Cranshaw and drummer Walter Perkins, is set to record for Atlantic records . . . Perkins was a member of the rhythm section that backed visiting British jazzmen, tenor saxophonist Ronnie Scott, trumpeter Jimmy Deuchar, and baritone saxophonist Ronnie Ross, during their week

at the Half Note in June. The rest of the group included Wyatt Ruther, bass, and Roger Kellaway, piano. Zoot Sims alternated sets with the visiting Britons, using the same rhythm section.

Former Louis Armstrong bassist Billy Cronk has joined the Dukes of Dixieland . . . Al Cohn wrote the background music for the first of two parts that make up the off-Broadway production *Cages*, starring Shelley Winters and Jack Warden. The composition bears the name of the play, *Snowangel* . . . Alto saxophonist Bobby Brown and pianist Horace Parlan played at the recent Jazzline session at the Club Cinderella . . . *Laughter from the Hip*, an anthology of musical humor written and edited by Leonard Feather, assisted by Jack Tracy, will be published by Horizon Press in October.

Singer Helen Merrill, away from the United States for 3½ years, has signed with Buck Ram of Personality Productions. She plans to continue foreign tours but will spend half her time in the United States from now on. While in Japan, she taped an album with local musicians for the King label . . . Alto saxophonist Ornette Coleman is now under the personal management of Bernard Stollman. Coleman is preparing a book. Its tentative title is *A Theory of Music for the Listener and the Performer*. An LP of his Town Hall concert will be released on the Fugue label . . . Jean French, who manages saxophonists Eric Dolphy and Charles Davis, has added flutist Prince Lasha to her stable. Dolphy, with trumpeter Woody Shore and vibist Bobby Hutcherson, played at the Take Three in late June. Lasha, with alto saxophonist Sonny Simmons, and guest flutist-saxophonist Clifford Jordan, played two concerts in June at the Contemporary Center in Greenwich Village. These 11 p.m. concerts, following performances of an off-Broadway show, were Lasha's first New York appearances with his own group. Lasha, Simmons, and Jordan recently recorded for Audio Fidelity.

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RECORD NOTES: *Lionel Hampton on Tour*, recorded at Paris' Olympia Theater and New York's Metropole, has been released on Hampton's Glad-Hamp

label . . . Clark Terry recorded with Ben Webster for Cameo-Parkway . . . Pianist Lalo Schifrin did a trio date for Verve with bassist George Duvivier and drummer Ed Shaughnessy. Schifrin also wrote the arrangements for Dizzy Gillespie's Philips album that features the trumpeter playing his own compositions backed by strings and woodwinds . . . Two New Orleans modern jazzmen, pianist Ellis Marsalis and tenor saxophonist Nat Perrilliat, recorded an album, *Monkey Puzzle*, for their own AFO label . . . Booker Ervin did his first date for Prestige. With the tenor man were alto saxophonist Frank Strozier (who recently returned to the Roy Haynes group, replacing Ervin), pianist Horace Parlan, bassist Butch Warren, and drummer Walter Perkins.

Pianist Claude Hopkins recorded for Swingville with tenor man Budd Johnson and trombonist Vic Dickenson . . . Alto saxophonist Ken McIntyre wrote seven originals, orchestrated, conducted, and played them, backed by 13 strings, for a United Artists album . . . Maynard Ferguson plans to do an album of Negro spirituals for Cameo-Parkway to commemorate the centennial of the Emancipation Proclamation.

Riverside recorded pianist Bill Evans on location at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Los Angeles with Chuck Israels, bass, and Larry Bunker, drums . . . Blue Note's Francis Wolff recorded tenorist Dexter Gordon in Paris with Bud Powell, piano; Pierre Michelot, bass; and Kenny Clarke, drums . . . Arranger Gene Roland recorded for Decca, using men such as Snooky Young and Clark Terry, trumpets; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, tenors.

Capitol enters the "new thing" stakes with a first LP on the label by England's (via Jamaica) altoist Joe Harriott due for release in September. The album is titled *Abstract* . . . Leonard Feather produced vibist Roy Ayer's first United Artists album in Hollywood recently, the date including Curtis Amy, tenor saxophone; Jack Wilson, piano; Bill Plummer, bass; and Tony Bazley, drums . . . Ray Anthony and manager Fred Benson activated Arc records in Hollywood. First artist signed was folk singer-guitarist Susan Oliver.

POLAND

With readers voting for both Polish and foreign jazzmen in that order, following are the results of the 1963 *Jazz* magazine poll:

Trumpet: Andrzej Kurylewicz (Miles Davis); trombone: Zbigniew Namysłowski (J. J. Johnson); clarinet: Bogusław Sobiesiak (Jimmy Giuffre); alto saxophone: Zbigniew Namysłowski (Cannonball Adderley); tenor saxophone: Jan Wroblewski (Stan Getz); baritone saxophone: Włodzimierz Kruszynski (Gerry Mulligan); piano: Krzysztof Komeda (Oscar Peterson); vibraharp: Jerzy Milian (Milt Jackson); guitar: Janusz Sidorenko (Wes Montgomery); bass: Roman Dylag (Ray Brown); drums: Adam Jedrzejowski (Max Roach); miscellaneous instrument: Bogdan Ignatowski, banjo (Herbie Mann, flute); male singer: Marek Tarnowski (Ray Charles); female singer: Wanda Warska (Ella Fitzgerald); vocal group: no choice (Lambert-Hendricks-Ross or Bavan); arranger: Andrzej Trzaskowski (Duke Ellington); composer: Krzysztof Komeda (Duke Ellington); big band: Jan Tomaszewski (Count Basie); combo: The Wreckers (Modern Jazz Quartet); new star: Michał Urbaniak (Don Ellis).

Bossa nova came to Poland recently with a first concert given by the *Bossa Nova Combo* at Warsaw's National Philharmonic Hall. Formed with the help of the Polish radio, the combo's repertoire consists for the most part of b.n. compositions by Poles; "classics" such as *Desafinado* are played too . . . Philharmonic hall also was the scene of a premiere of a new jazz ballet, *From Blues to Bossa Nova*, danced by performers from the Warsaw Opera Ballet Company. The music adapted to the work was recorded and included *George Russell's Chromatic Universe*, *Al Grey's Rompin'*, *Charlie Mingus' Boogie Bossa Nova*, and a *J. S. Bach Toccata* played by a jazz group.

DALLAS

The 90th Floor had a succession of successes with vocalists *Ann Richards*, *Lurlean Hunter*, and *Joy Bryan* . . . *Clyde McCoy* and his orchestra provided a week of nostalgia at the *Gay-life Club* . . . The posh *Cabana Motor Hotel* recently opened in Dallas with two exciting rooms, the *Bon Vivant Room* and *Nero's Nook*. *Bobby Sherwood* and *Don Jacoby* and His All-Stars were received enthusiastically. Big name acts will appear at the *Cabana* in the next few months.

Johnny (Scat) Davis is playing the finest jazz of his career in the *Empire Room* of the *Statler-Hilton* . . . Blues man *Bo Diddley* and jazzmen *David Newman* and *James Clay* played recent one-nighters at *Louanns* . . . Ex-football pro *Ed Bernet* is proving that jazz

clubs can be successful. He is opening another *Levee Club* in *Houston's Windsor Plaza* patterned after his *Dallas club* and featuring a banjo band and a *Dixieland group*. *Bernet* also is opening a recording studio in *Dallas*.

The *Lower Society of Basin Street* is still active in *Dallas*. Their latest offering was a concert at the *Cajun Club* featuring pianist *Pee Wee Lynn* with *Garner Clark's Dixieland Jazz Band*. They played an entire Sunday afternoon for a *SRO crowd* of traditional-jazz lovers.

ST. LOUIS

Jazz Villa, downtown *St. Louis' plush club* featuring top name jazz artists, continues in grand style since its opening three months ago. Premiering with *Ramsey Lewis*, it followed with *Gloria Lynne*, *Lurlean Hunter*, *Miles Davis*, *Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan*, and *Horace Silver*. *Gerry Mulligan* is scheduled Sept. 6-14. An interesting note on *Davis*: it was his first job in *St. Louis* in seven years, although he was reared in neighboring *East St. Louis*.

The *Herb Drury Trio*, in its third year at *Sorrento's*, still brings in the local musicians afterhours. The group includes *Phil Hulsey*, drums, and *Jerry Cherry*, bass . . . Musicians union *Local 197* sponsored an instrumental talent scholarship benefit for area high-school students, which was won by pianist *Barton Weber*. The prize was a \$200 music scholarship . . . *Regal Sports*, jazz concert promoters, celebrated their 25th anniversary by bringing in *Nancy Wilson* for a one-night concert and dance. She was joined by the big bands of *George Hudson* and *Gary Dammer* . . . *Ben Thigpen*, drummer for 15 years with the old *Andy Kirk Band*, recently joined *Singleton Palmer's Dixieland band*. His son *Ed* is with the *Oscar Peterson Trio*.

CINCINNATI

The *Living Room* has resumed its policy of booking name groups. Recent attractions have included *Mark Murphy*, *Anne Marie Moss-Jackie Paris*, and the new *J. J. Johnson Quartet* with pianist *Bobby Timmons*, drummer *Frank Gant*, and bassist *Arthur Harper* . . . *Curtis Peagler's Modern Jazz Disciples* returned from an upstate tour and have been working weekends at the *Tri-City Yacht Club* . . . Pianist *Pat Wilson* is also back in town after a lengthy stay in *Louisville, Ky.*

Stan Kenton's crew wrapped up this season's dance sessions at *Castle Farm*. New to the orchestra is solo trombonist *Jiggs Whigham* . . . The *Jai Alai* in nearby *Newport, Ky.*, is featuring *Eddie Morgan* with the *Jimmy Ryan Quartet* . . . Former *Roland Kirk* sideman *Charlie Wilson* heads a trio at the *Apartment*, and *Sonny Cole's quartet*

continues as the house group at the *Whisper Room*.

CLEVELAND

Bud Wattles' trio successfully began a new jazz policy at the *Melba Lounge*. The group features the leader, piano, vibraharp; off-and-on *Maynard Ferguson* sideman *Rick Kiefer*, trumpet, drums; and *Bob Sykora*, bass. At the end of its indefinite-duration engagement, the trio will move into the nearby *Squeeze Room*. *Wattles* is also music director and chief writer for the *Hermit Club big band*, which recently presented two concerts for club members and one for a local executives' organization. The *Hermit band's book* consists almost entirely of original arrangements by *Wattles*, *Bill Webster*, *Bob White*, and co-leader *Dick Lezius*. The band, composed primarily of prominent young Cleveland business and professional men who also play jazz, includes *Healy Dowd*, *White*, and *Kiefer*, trumpets; *Norm Smith*, *Rich Hamilton*, *Bill Hall*, and *Pat Noone*, trombones; *Webster*, *Norm Strachan*, *Al Billington*, *Stan Lybarger*, and *Chuck Fuller*, saxophones; *Lezius*, piano; *Bones Wattles*, bass; *Alan Gillmore Jr.*, drums; and *Pat Webster*, vocals. The group has an unusual number of "doubles" besides those of *Kiefer* and leader *Wattles* (who also plays trombone and drums), and often features *French horn*, *soprano saxophone*, and *flute*, as well as a *Dixieland combo* led by *Dowd*. Planned for the summer are a recording date and a concert for patients at a local hospital.

Dave Brubeck played recent concerts at *Kent State University* and at *Muscarnival*, a tent theater that also presented recent concerts by *Erroll Garner* and *Duke Ellington*. *Stan Kenton* will play the tent on *July 28* . . . *Maynard Ferguson* recently arrived for a busy weekend, his first in *Cleveland* in some time. A Sunday afternoon concert at the auditorium of radio station *WHK* was preceded by a date at the *Rainbow Gardens* in *Erie, Pa.*, and an appearance on the *Mike Douglas Show* on *KYW-TV*, which regularly features name jazz artists. *Joe Howard's trio* recently filled in for that of vacationing music director *Ellis Frankel* on the *Douglas show*.

The redecorated *Jazz Temple* reopened with *Les McCann*, *Miles Davis*, and *Art Blakey* appearing on successive weeks. The club has lowered its admission prices in an effort to increase attendance while continuing to present top jazz names. Plans call for leading folk artists to be featured during *September* . . . Meanwhile, it was demonstrated that name folk music can thrive in *Cleveland*. At a high-priced benefit concert for a music scholarship fund, *Theodore Bikel* drew an audience that overflowed onto the stage.

DETROIT

Music plans for the Michigan State Fair, Aug. 23-Sept. 2, are better than ever this year. Fair director **Walter Goodman** said **Duke Ellington** and **Les Elgart** will appear at the 10-day event. Again this year there will be strolling folk singers and local jazz, pop, and ethnic combos set up at stages throughout the grounds. . . . Drummer **Fredrick Waits** has been approached by a name group that wants him to join them for an extended tour. This came about through one of Waits' appearances at a workshop session at Mr. Kelly's. Because of the success of these Sunday night sessions, **George Kelly** has signed **Jimmy Wilkins'** big band for a series of Monday night concert-dances. The band features vocalist **Sonny Carter**.

Johnny Griffith and flutist **Frank Morcelli** have teamed upon a recording for Workshop Jazz. . . . A happy occurrence at Tiger Stadium has been the playing of **Merle Alvey's** Dixieland band at all Tiger night games.

CHICAGO

Tenor saxophonist **Nicky Hill**, 28, was found dead of unknown causes on June 24. Hill, who was a vital member of Chicago's jazz scene, worked often with bassist **Don Garrett** and trumpeter **Ira Sullivan**. Vee Jay recently released a Sullivan album, *Bird Lives*, with Hill on tenor. He is survived by his widow **Charlotte**.

Abbey Lincoln, singing the best of her career at her recent Playboy Club engagement, said she will star in an independent movie, *Nothing but a Man*. Miss Lincoln will have a straight acting role in the **Mike Roemer**-directed film, scheduled to begin shooting at the end of the month. Miss Lincoln's husband, drummer **Max Roach**, was in town during the last week of her engagement; Roach was discussing bringing his quartet into McKie's Disc Jockey Lounge later this summer or in early fall. . . . Singer **Mark Murphy** and the **Herbie Mann Sextet** were guests on **Marty Faye's** television show, *Marty's Place*, during their stays at the Playboy and the London House, respectively. Mann's group was made up of Mann, flute; **Dave Pike**, vibraharp; **Don Friedman**, piano; **Attila Zoller**, guitar; **Ben Tucker**, bass; and **Bobby Thomas**, drums. Mann said he wants no more to do with conga and/or African drums. "I just want to hear some time back there," said the flutist.

Lovely **Lurlean Hunter**, following a two-weeker with the **Larry Novak Trio** at the Sutherland, is set to begin a month's engagement at the Edgewater Beach Hotel on July 22. . . . At Ravinia Park **Duke Ellington** and **Ella Fitzgerald** shared the spotlight on July 10

and 12. **Count Basie** and **Carmen McRae** performed at the outdoor concert spot July 17, and **Basie** and **Dinah Washington** are to appear there this Friday, July 19. **Joan Baez** will be heard in concert at the park on July 24, as will **Al Hirt** on July 31 and Aug. 2.

The Yellow Unicorn on N. State St. has gotten on the pop-Gospel bandwagon with a Gospel singing group, the **Disciples**. It's the second local club to bring in such a unit; **Bessie Griffin** and the **Gospel Pearls**, it will be recalled, opened the new Ontario St. boite, the Bear.

The Tuesday night blues sessions at the Fickle Pickle have proven so successful that they have been extended to Monday evenings as well. Recently featured have been **Washboard Sam**, **Jazz Gillum** (neither of whom had appeared in public in some time), pianists **Jimmy Walker** and **Little Johnny Jones**, guitarists **Arvella Gray**, **Daddy Stovepipes**, **James Brewer**, and **John Lee Granderson**, and harmonica player **Billy Boy Arnold**. Mississippi's **Big Joe Williams** will hold down the Monday night concerts.

LOS ANGELES

Lee Konitz cut himself loose from his present San Francisco-area moorings to head south for a July 7 gig with **Clare Fischer's** trio at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach. . . . And at the Lighthouse, pianist **Frank Strazzeri** is now working with **Howard Rumsey's** All-Stars, joining trumpeter **Joe Burnett**, drummer **John Terry**, and Rumsey on bass. . . . Pianist **Gene Russell's** new television show on KPIX, *Jazz and Art*, is an instant hit. With his **Jazz Couriers** featured along with great paintings, the program runs 60 minutes from 6-7 p.m. every Saturday. The Couriers consist of Russell, piano; **Julius Brooks**, tenor saxophone; **Henry Franklin**, bass; and **Carl Burnett**, drums. The group now takes the stand every Monday and Thursday at the Waikiki on Western. And the group's contract at Sid's Blue Beet in Newport Beach has been renewed through the end of the year. Evidently, a group on the way up.

Peggy Lee's new manager, **Barney Ward**, set up a 10-city concert tour in the fall—a first for the singer. Chances look very good, incidentally, that Miss Lee will be ready with her first television series soon. A sponsor has reportedly already been secured. . . . Drummer **Sid Bulkin**, well known around New York in the 1940s and in recent years percussionist with **Vic Damone**, recently sued the singer for \$11,700 in damages for alleged breach of (oral) contract made last Feb. 15 and, according to Bulkin, broken May 17. Bulkin's claim is that he was to be Damone's


drummer, road manager, and orchestra rehearsal leader for a year at \$300 weekly while in Los Angeles and \$400 weekly on the road. The claim was filed in Los Angeles Superior Court. . . . **Lou Robin's** Concerts, Inc., will pay a flat \$20,000 to **Sammy Davis Jr.** and the **Dave Brubeck Quartet** for one night at the Hollywood Bowl, Oct. 5. The sum includes cost of a symphony-sized orchestra behind Davis. . . . Robin has set July 26 as Dixieland Night at the bowl with **Pete Fountain's** quintet, **Jack Teagarden** and **Bobby Hackett** working with a local all-star band, and **Muggsy Spanier's** group.

SAN FRANCISCO

The Black Hawk, whose present quarters are up for sale (*DB*, July 4), plans to continue operating there on a month-to-month basis until a new owner takes over. Partners **Guido Cacianti** and **George and Max Weiss** meanwhile are seeking locations where they'll separately relocate. **Carl Tjader's** quintet currently is at the club, with pianist **Lonnie Hewitt** back at the keyboard following the foreplanned departure of **Clare Fischer**.

Hank Crawford, a mainstay in the **Ray Charles Band** until he quit a few weeks ago to form his own group, introduced his septet at the Jazz Workshop in mid-June. Besides the leader, the combo includes another ex-Charlesman, trumpeter **John Hunt**. Crawford said he expects some other members of Charles' band to join the new unit soon. At present, Crawford's lineup includes localites **Wilbur Brown**, tenor saxophone, and **John Handy**, baritone saxophone (the first time he's played the big horn since '55); **Ray Patton**, trumpet; **George Morrow**, bass, and Kansas Citian **Donald Dean**, drums.

Bunny Simon, owner of the Play Pen, a plush Divisadero St. bar-lounge, has opened a second-floor jazz club, the Upper Room. First attraction was the **Wes Montgomery Trio**, with organist **Melvin Rhyne** and drummer **Sonny Johnson**. Opening night audience included **Freddie Green**, **Frank Wess**, **Sonny Cohn**, and **Buddy Catlett** of the **Count Basie Orchestra**, which had arrived in town a day before the band began its 10-night run at New Fack's.

Eddie Smith, who played trumpet with **Earl Hines'** former Dixieland combo, now has a group of his own. It's playing six nights a week at Brookdale Lodge, a noted summer-resort-area restaurant in the Santa Cruz Mountains 50 miles south of San Francisco. With Smith are bassist **Pops Foster**, another Hines alumnus; clarinetist **Frank (Big Boy) Goudie**; trombonist **Doug Skinner**; pianist **Fred Washington**; and drummer **Rollie Culver**, who spent 20 years with **Red Nichols**. 

WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing by urban area of jazz performers, where and when they are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill., six weeks prior to cover date.

LEGEND: *hb*—house band; *t/n*—till further notice; *unk*—unknown at press time; *wknds*—weekends.

NEW YORK

Absinthe House: Herman Chittison, *t/n*.
Basin St. East: jazz, *wknds*.
Birdland: John Coltrane, King Curtis, 7/18-31.
Bobin Inn (Rockland Lake, N.J.): jazz, Sun.
Condon's: Ed Hall, *t/n*.
Cork 'n Bib (Westbury): jazz, *wknds*.
Embers: Jonah Jones, *t/n*.
Five Spot: Thelonious Monk, *t/n*.
Fountain Lounge (Fairview, N.J.): jazz, Mon.
Half Note: Bob Brookmeyer-Clark Terry to 7/21.
Roy Haynes, 7/23-28.
Junior's: jazz, Fri., Sat.
Metropole: Lionel Hampton, 7/19-8/3.
Nick's: Sol Yaged, *t/n*.
Penn Brook Inn (Elizabeth, N.J.): jazz, Mon.
Playboy: Kal Winding, Jimmy Lyon, Sanford Gold, *t/n*.
Purple Manor: Tiny Grimes, *t/n*.
Room at the Bottom: Wilbur DeParis, *t/n*.
Round-a-Bout (New Rochelle): Joe Puma, Mon.-Thur. Carl Erca, Joe Roland, *wknds*.
Jimmy Ryan's: Danny Barker, Cliff Jackson, *t/n*.
Village Vanguard: *unk*.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Vince Fabrizio, *t/n*.
Bayou: Joe Rinaldi, *hb*.
Bohemian Taverns: JFK Quintet, *hb*. Shirley Horn, *t/n*.
Cafe Lounge: Billy Taylor Jr., *hb*. Bobbie Kelley, *t/n*.
Cellar Door: Eddie Phyfe, *t/n*.
Charles Hotel: Kenny Fulcher-Slide Harris, *hb*, Thur.-Sat.
Crescent Restaurant: Dick Bailey, *hb*.
Eden Roc: Maurice Robertson, Buck Hall, *t/n*.
French Quarter: Tommy Gwaltney, *t/n*.
International Jazz Mecca (Abert's): *unk*.
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, John Malachuk.
Town House: Ann Read, *t/n*.

NEW ORLEANS

Bourbon Street East: Blanche Thomas, Dave Williams, *t/n*.
Club Esquire: name bands.
Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, *t/n*.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, *t/n*.
500 Club: Leon Prima, *t/n*.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, *t/n*.
Joy Tavern: Red Tyler, *wknds*.
King's Room: Armand Hug, *t/n*.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, *t/n*.
Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, Snookum Russell, *t/n*. Marvin Kimball, *Wed*.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, Snooks Eaglin, Fred Crane, *hbs*. Rusty Mayne, *Sun*.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Royal Orleans: N.O. Jazz Club concert, 7/28.

DALLAS

Blackout: Arthur K. Adams, *t/n*.
Bon Vivant Room (Cabana): Don Cherry to 7/20.
Cajun Club: Pee Wee Lynn, *t/n*.
Castaway: The Venturas, *t/n*.
Empire Room (Statler-Hilton): Johnny (Scat) Davis, *t/n*.
Galaxy: Sol Samuels, *t/n*.
King's Club: Lonnie Mitchell, *hb*. Joan Fairfax to 7/20.
Levee: Ed Bernet, *hb*.
Mayfair Room (Executive Inn): Earl Kay, *t/n*.
Music Box: Ira Freeman, *t/n*.
Nero's Nook (Cabana): Don Goldie to 7/28.
90th Floor: Dick Harp, *hb*. Amy Worthington, *t/n*.
Vegas Club: Joe Johnson, *t/n*.

ST. LOUIS

Black Horse: Jean Trevor, Jim Becker, *t/n*.
Blue Note (East St. Louis): Leo's Five, *t/n*.
Chez Joie: Ann & Van, *wknds*.
Crystal Palace: Jimmy Williams, *t/n*.
Dark Side: Quartette Tres Bien, *t/n*.
El Rancho: Bob Adams-Doug Thornton, *t/n*.
Fallen Angel: Sandy Schmidt, *t/n*.
Golden Eagle: Singleton Palmer, *t/n*.
Islander: Don Cunningham, *t/n*.
Jazz Villa: Nancy Wilson to 7/20. Gerry Mulligan, 9/6-14.
Jackie Gold's Bustles & Bows: Dixie Wildcats, *t/n*.
Merry-Go-Round: Sal Ferrante, *t/n*.
Playboy Club: Murry Jackman, Jack Hill, *hbs*.
Silver Dollar: Muggsy Sprecher, *t/n*.
Sorrento's Herb Drury, *t/n*.
Tiger's Den: Sammy Gardner, *t/n*.
Upstream: Gale Belle, *wknds*.

CLEVELAND

Brother's: Joe Howard, *wknds*.
La Cave: hootenanny, *Tue*.
Cedar Gardens: Judy Strauss, Thur.-Sat.
Club 100: Joe Alexander, *t/n*. Sessions, *Thur*.
Corner Tavern: East Jazz Quartet, *t/n*.
Faragher's: name folk artists. Hootenanny, *Mon*.
Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, *t/n*.
Jazz Temple: name jazz groups.
LaRue: Spencer Thompson-Joe Cooper, *hb*.
Lucky Bar: Weasel Parker, *Thur.-Sat*.
Melba: Jim Orlando, *wknds*.
The Office: Ted Kelly-Sol Lucas, *wknds*.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, Norman Knuth, *t/n*.
Siro's: Bobby Brack, *wknds*.
Squeeze Room: Bud Wadlites, *Thur.-Sat*.
Tanglers: Joe Thomas, *wknds*.
Theatrical: Jackie Paris, Charlie Shavers, to 7/27.
Tiajuana: name jazz groups and vocalists.

DETROIT

Baker's Keyboard: Gene Krupa, 7/29-8/4.
Big John's: Bob Pierson, *t/n*.
Cork & Embers: Dorothy Ashby, *t/n*.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): Bob Pozar, *t/n*.
Fire Side Lounge: Charles Rowland, *wknds*.
Grand Bar: Joe Williams, 7/19-27.
Hobby Bar: Kirk Lightsey, *t/n*.
Left Bank: Bryan Wells, *t/n*.
Mr. Kelly's: workshop sessions, *Sun*.
Menjo's West: Mel Ball, *t/n*.
Minor Key: Teri Thornton to 7/21.
Night Flight: Danny Stevenson, *t/n*.
Nite Lite: Vince Mance, *t/n*.
Tadian's: Ralph Jay, Mark Richards, *t/n*.
Trent's: Terry Pollard, *t/n*.
20 Grand: Les McCann, 7/26-8/4.

CHICAGO

The Bear: Fred Kaz, Roy Ruby, *t/n*.
Black Lite: Judy Roberts, *t/n*.
Bourbon Street: Bob Seobey's Band, Art Hodes, *t/n*.
Edgewater Beach Hotel: Lurlean Hunter, 7/22-8/18.
Fickle Pickle: blues sessions, *Mon., Tue*.
Fifth Jack's: sessions, *Wed*.
Gaslight Club: Frankie Ray, *t/n*.
Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): Cy Touff, *Mon., Tues.* Cliff Nlep, *Wed.-Sun*.
Hungry Eye: The Jazz People, *t/n*.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, *t/n*. Dave Remington, *Thur*.
London House: Erroll Garner to 7/28. Oscar Peterson, 7/30-8/24. Dizzy Gillespie, 8/27-9/15. George Shearing, 9/17-10/6. Jose Bethancourt, Larry Novak, *hbs*.
McKie's: Les McCann to 7/21.
Mister Kelly's: Nancy Wilson, 7/22-8/11. Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, *hbs*.
Playboy: Joe Iaco, Bob Davis, Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, *hbs*.
Plugged Nickel: Little Brother Montgomery, *Fri.-Sat*.
Ravinia: Count Basie, Dinah Washington, 7/19.
Joan Baez, 7/24. Al Hirt, 7/31, 8/2.
Sacred Cow: Joe Segal sessions, *Mon*.
Silvio's: Howling Wolf, *wknds*.
Sir Kenneth's: Warren Kime-Sandy Mosse, *Wed*.
Sutherland: Jimmy Witherspoon-Ben Webster, 7/17-28.
Taj Mahal: Art Farmer-Jim Hall, 7/17-28.
Velvet Swing: Nappy Trottler, *t/n*.

LOS ANGELES

Barefoot Inn (Laguna): Bob Russell, Eddy Eiston, Southland Six, *Sat*.
Bar of Music (El Cajon): Dave Maxey, *t/n*.
Basin Street West: name groups, *wknds*.
Beverly Cavern: Andy Blakeney, Young Men from New Orleans, *Wed.-Sat*.
Black Bull (Woodland Hills): Gus Blvona, *t/n*.
Blue Port Lounge: Bill Beau, *t/n*.
Bourbon Street: Jim Hubbard, Delta Rhythm Kings, *hb*. *Sun*. sessions.
Caesar's (Torrance): Bob Martin, *t/n*.
Crescendo: Ella Fitzgerald to 7/18.
Davy Jones: Keith Shaw, *Thur.-Sat*.
Dixie Doodle (Pomona): Ken Scott, Bayou Ramblers, *Fri.-Sat*.
El Cid: Clare Fischer, *Tue*.
Gay Cantina (Inglewood): Leonard Bechet, N.O. Dixielanders, *wknds*.
Gay Nineties Room (Compton Bowling Center): The Astronuts, Frank Glosser, Steve King, *t/n*.
Handlebar: Wally Holmes' Dixieland Band, *Fri.-Sat*.
Hermosa Inn: Johnny Lucas' Blueblowers, *Fri.-Sat*.
Holiday Motor Lodge: Dusty Rhodes Dixieland

All-Stars, *Thur.-Sun*.
Hideaway Supper Club: *unk*.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner All-Stars, *t/n*.
Holiday Motor Lodge (Montclair): Alton Purnell, *Tue.-Thur*. New Orleans Jazz Band, *Fri.-Sat*.
Honeybucket (Costa Mesa): Col. John Henderson, Dixie Rebels, *Fri.-Sat*.
Impromptu Owl (Sierra Madre): Chuck Gardner, Ric Bystrom, *Thur.-Sun*.
Intermission Room: Curtis Amy, *t/n*.
Jester Room (Elaine Hotel): Frank Patchen, *t/n*.
Jim's Roaring '20s Wonderbowl (Downey): Johnny Lane, *t/n*.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*.
Mariner Motor Hotel: Les Thompson, *t/n*.
Marty's: William Green, Tony Bazley, *t/n*.
Metro Theater: afternoon sessions, *Fri.-Sat*.
Mr. Adams: John Lemons, Jimmy Scott, Jack Lynde, *Wed.-Mon*. Luis Rivera, *Tue*.
Mr. Konton's: Lorez Alexandria, Mike Melvoin, Leroy Vinnegar, *Wed.-Mon*.
New Orleans Club (Long Beach): Ray Blisso's Pier Five Jazz Band, *Sat*.
Nickelodeon (West L.A.): Ted Shafer, Jelly Roll Jazz Band, *Thur*.
Page Cavanaugh's: Page Cavanaugh, Kiki Page. PJ's: Eddie Cano, Donna Lee, Jerry Wright, Trini Lopez, *t/n*.
Pizza Palace (Torrance): Johnny Lucas' Dixieland All-Stars, *Wed.-Thur*.
Polka Dot Club: Lorenzo Holden, *Wed.-Sun*. *Sun*. afternoon sessions.
Quail Restaurant (North Hollywood): Pete Bealman, Beal-Streiters, *Thur.-Sat*.
Red Carpet (Nite Life): Laverne Gillette, *t/n*.
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Ray Bauduc, Pud Brown, *t/n*.
Rose Bowl (El Segundo): Tommy Walker, Gene Lels, *Fri.-Sat*.
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Stuff Smith, *Tue.-Sun*.
Smith-Rex Stewart, *Fri.-Sat*.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Kenny Dennis, Al McKibbin, Jack Wilson, *t/n*.
Reuben's (Newport): Edgar Hayes, *Sun.-Mon*.
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, *Tue., Wed., Sat*.
Scene: Ronnie Brown, *t/n*.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Shelly Manne, Ruth Price, *wknds*. Bill Perkins, *Mon*. Joe Pass, *Tue*. Paul Horn, *Wed*. Sam Most, *Thur*.
Sherry's: Pete Jolly, Chuck Berghofer, *t/n*.
Sid's Blue Beet (Newport Beach): Gene Russell, *Thur.-Sat*. Sessions, *Sun*.
Small's Paradise West: Earl Grant, *t/n*.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): Jazz, *Sun*. Jazz Crusaders, 7/21.
Store Theater: Jay Migliori, afterhours, *Thur.-Sat., Mon*.
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, Tallgate Rammers, *t/n*.
South Pacific: Victor Feldman, *t/n*.
Tender House (Burbank): Joyce Collins, *Sun*.
Thunderbug (Inglewood): Chuck Florens, Jim Whitwood, Pee Wee Lynn. *Sun*. afternoon sessions.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, *t/n*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Algiers (Redwood City): Dick Maus, *t/n*.
Bit of England (Burlingame): Dave Hoffman, *t/n*.
Black Hawk: Cal Tjader, *t/n*.
Brookdale Lodge (Santa Cruz area): Eddie Smith. Club Unique: Cuz Cousineau, sessions, *Sun*.
Coffee Don's: Jim Harper, afterhours.
Copenhagen: Chris Ibanez, *t/n*.
Derby (Redwood City): Manny Duran, *t/n*.
Dopo XII: Dick Whittington, afterhours.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, *t/n*.
Embers (Redwood City): Merle Saunders, *t/n*.
Gilded Cage: Bob Clark-Judy Tristano, *t/n*.
Gladiator (Oakland): Faskie Vela, *t/n*.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): John Coppola-Fred Margy, alternate Sundays.
Jazz Workshop: Jimmy McGriff to 7/28. Jazz Crusaders, 7/30-8/11. Jimmy Smith, 8/13-9/1. Jimmy Witherspoon-Ben Webster, 9/3-15.
Jenna's Jazz Cove (Oakland): Don Santos-Vicki Hamilton, *Fri.-Sat*.
Jimbo's Bop City: Jane Getz-Filp Nunes, afterhours.
Mike's Place: Pat Yankee, Slinners, *t/n*.
Miramar (Miramar Beach, Half Moon Bay): Jimmy Ware, *wknds*.
Off Broadway: Mongo Santamaria to 7/29. Four Freshmen, 8/9-19. Stan Kenton, 8/30-9/8. John Mosher, *hb*.
PianoBar: Ed Kelly, *t/n*.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, *t/n*.
Ronnie's Soulvie: Sonny Donaldson, afterhours.
Shelton's Blue Mirror: Eddie Thomas, *Sun*.
Slim Jenkins (Oakland): Bobbi Brooks, *t/n*.
Sugar Hill: Jackie Cain-Roy Kral to 7/31. Otatunji, 8/1-17.
Tin Pan Alley (Atherton): Bernie Kahn-Con Hall, *hb*. The Modernistics, *Tue*. Frank d'Rone, 7/31-8/12.
Ti-Tones (Redwood City): Sammy Simpson, *t/n*.
Trident (Sausalito): Vince Guaraldi to 9/13. Jean Hoffman, 9/15-*t/n*.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): The Trlo, *Wed.-Thur*.
Louis Ware, *Fri.-Sat*. Smiley Winters, *Sun*.
Sonny King, afterhours, *Fri.-Sat*.
Twelve Adler Place: Vernon Alley-Shelly Robbins, *t/n*.

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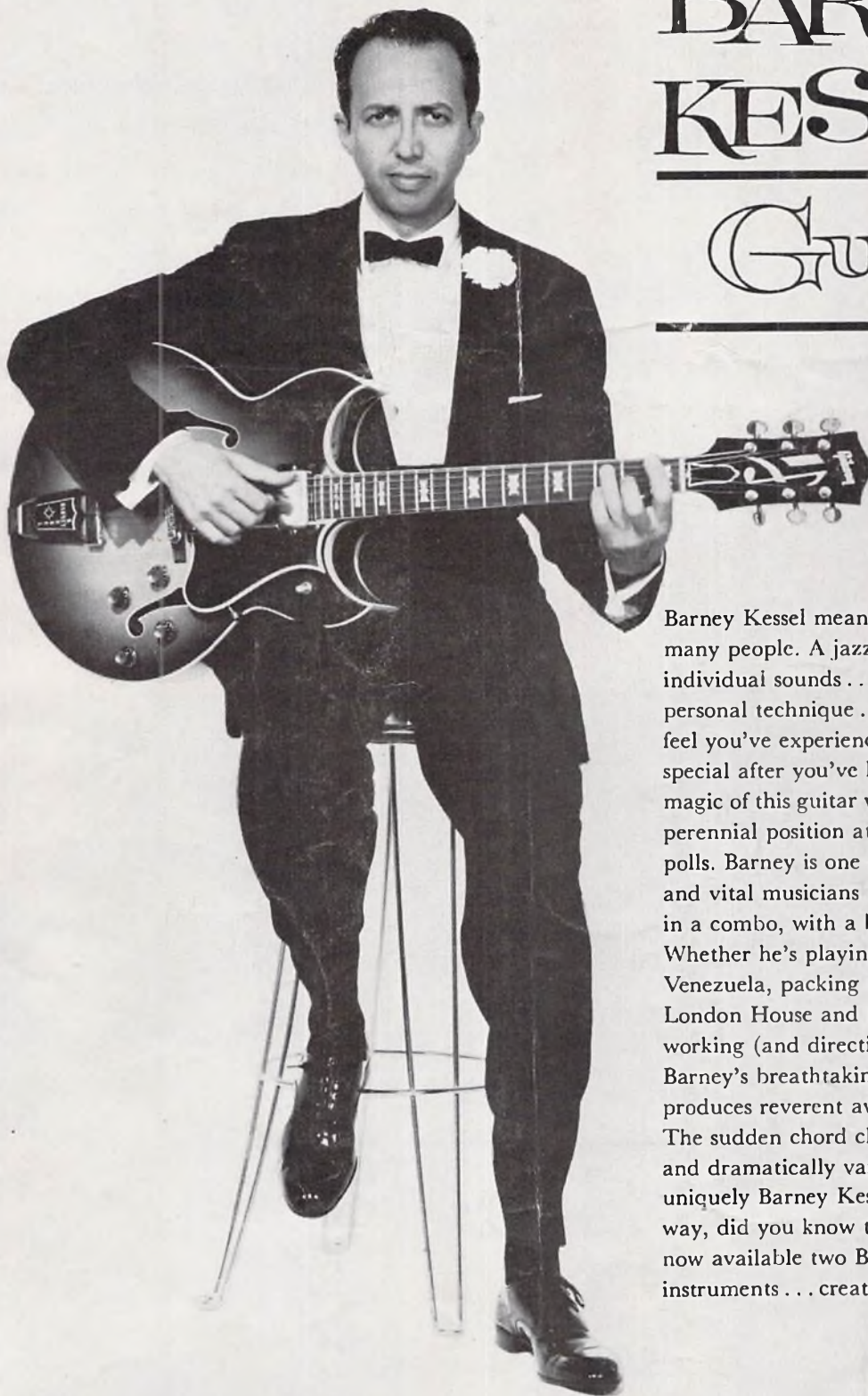
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