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JULY 1, 1965

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

ANNUAL GUITAR ISSUE

Unassuming Jim Hall

A Profile, By Don Nelsen

The Tough Straight Art

Rhythm Guitar, Past and Present, By Tom Scanlan

The Odyssey Of Attila Zoller

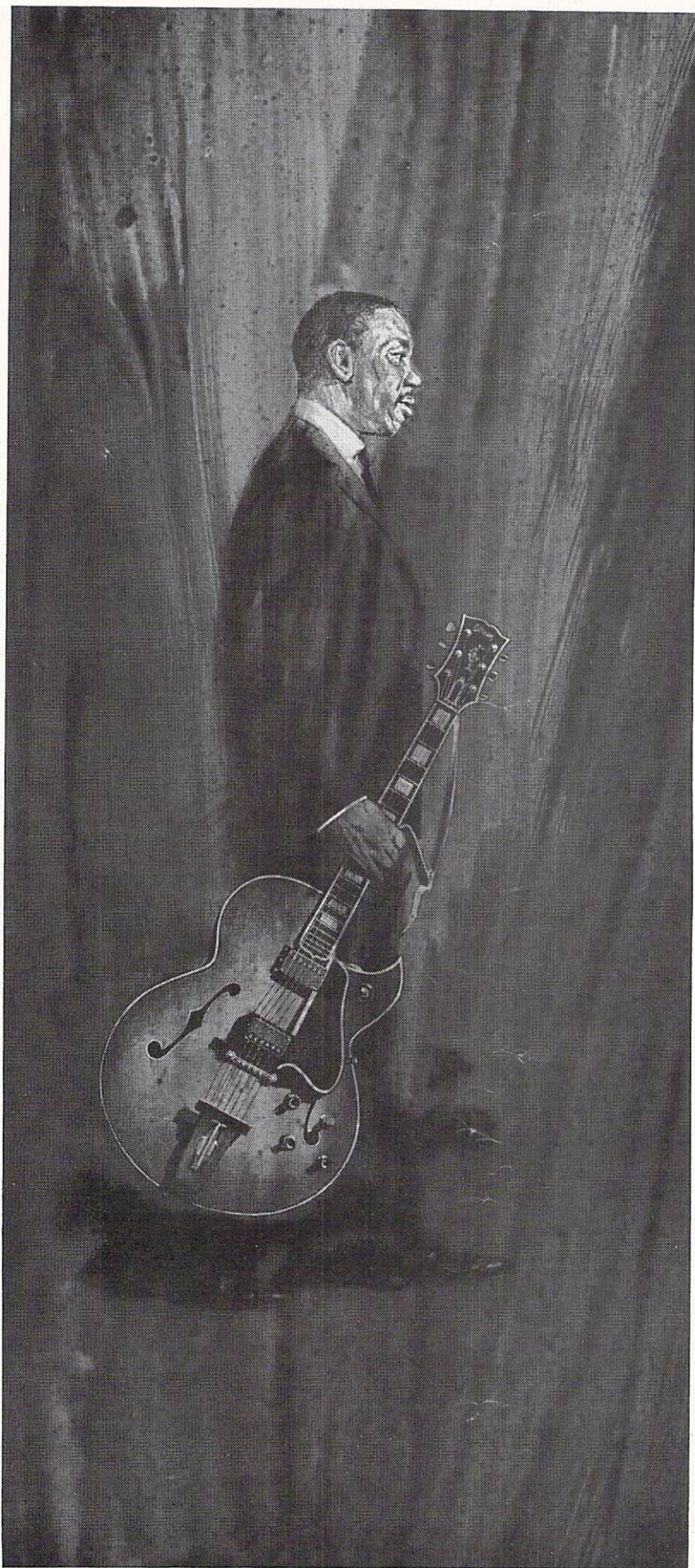
From Budapest to Greenwich Village, By Dan Morgenstern

Stringin' The Blues

Thoughts on Blues Guitar Styles, By Pete Welding



JIM HALL



Wes Montgomery

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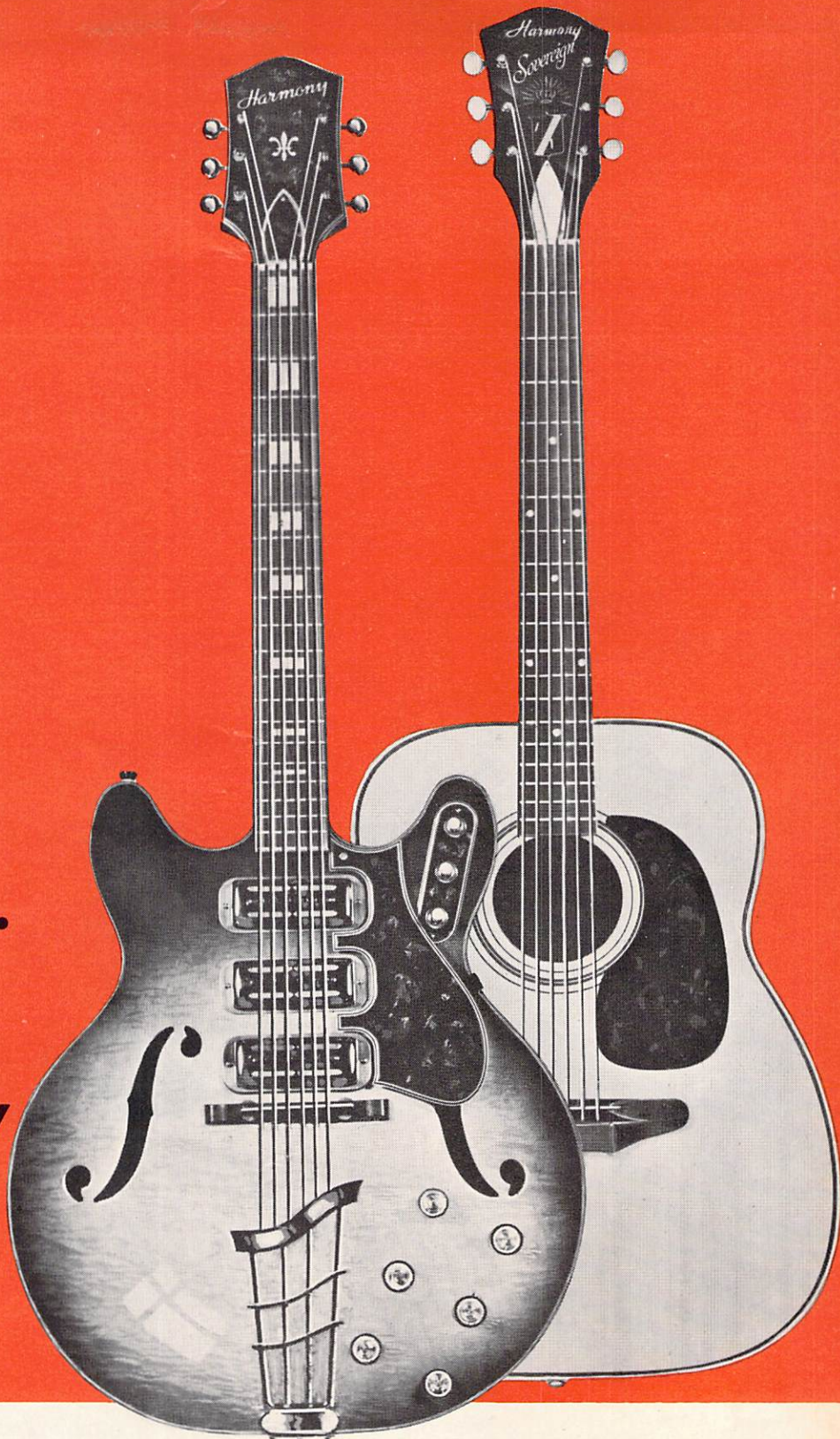
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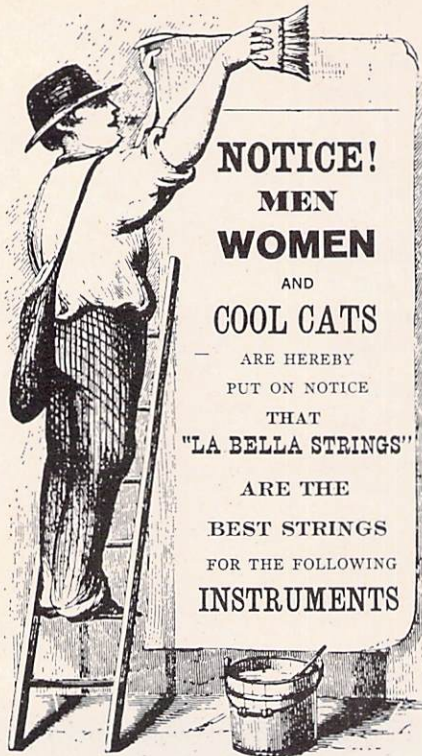
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Write, Rex, Write

As a comparatively recent devotee of jazz, I must add my compliments to Rex Stewart for his fascinating article on the Fletcher Henderson Band (*DB*, June 3).

I am sure there are many like myself who have become much more appreciative of earlier jazz after reading his articles and hope he will continue writing such interesting anecdotes, which serve to enhance and intensify the interest in the whole wonderful world of jazz.

Kathy Wemple
Newport Beach, Calif.

Young Saddens; Hentoff Gladdens

I read with deep regret and utter disgust the remark by Whitney Young, executive director of the National Urban League, quoted in Nat Hentoff's *Second Chorus* (*DB*, May 6). "We have got to say to our children," Young urged, "that the ballet is more important than jitterbug, that Bach is more interesting than bebop, that the classics are more meaningful than *True Stories*."

Ironically, with the exception of a few Negroes such as Malcolm X, Abbey Lincoln, and James Baldwin, refutations to Young's type of thinking have too often been uttered by white voices.

However, it is comforting to know that these whites must understand the heavy burden a very small minority of black Americans have to carry—the struggle to retain a little dignity among American black men. Were it not for people like Hentoff and the previously mentioned crusaders, I'm afraid that by now we black Americans would have been completely stripped of any trace of pride in our heritage.

It's a shame we have to contend with this type of thinking when it is doing more damage to the cause of over-all human understanding than many acts perpetrated for this sole purpose.

Does Young know that even the French (the Swingle Singers and/or the Double Six) have combined Dizzy Gillespie-type and Bach-type musical products with very rewarding results? I'll bet not. He's too busy looking around to find out what else is wrong with the Negro.

Durwood L. Walker
Washington, D.C.

Too Much Militancy

Down Beat's placating, fawning obsequiousness to the militant loud-mouth Negro is nauseating. What is it that they're complaining about? They want to replace the "white power structure" (*Second Chorus*, June 3). With what? A black power structure? They just want to trade places—make an exchange. Which one would be worse?

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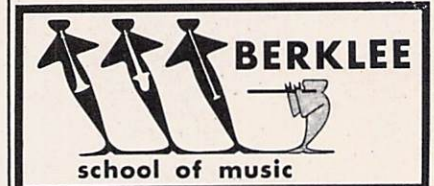
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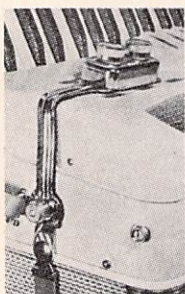
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Dulle Grey
Philadelphia, Pa.

Why Not A Bass Issue?

Being a musician first and a bassist second, I can't find much fault with *Down Beat*. However, it has annual piano issues, arranger-composer issues, brass issues, reed issues, percussion issues, etc., etc., so why not have a bass issue?

Since bassists like Richard Davis, Art Davis, George Duvivier, Ron Carter, Gary Peacock, and Al Stinson are becoming recorded with increasing rapidity, why not give them the recognition they deserve?

Dick Youngstein
Kansas City, Mo.

Dollars Destroying Jazz?

Three cheers and five stars for Martin Williams' *Bystander* (*DB*, May 20). Jazz is an art form par excellence and should be recognized as such. But it seems that it, like most art today, is looked upon for its monetary use only.

To a certain degree this is the fault of Ye Olde Towne Fathers but even more so is due to the artists themselves and the glorious and all-powerful consumer.

We who dig have dug too much and in doing so have lost the proper view of the scene. Jazz is art, and it should be looked upon as such. Art for art's sake, and jazz for art's sake—not for money's sake.

Nils R. Young
Dayton, Ohio

Villanova Correction

Dan Morgenstern's story of the Villanova Intercollegiate Jazz Festival (*DB*, May 6) was well written and accurate with one exception: Bill Barnwell was given credit for composing *A Soulful Groove*. I wrote the tune.

Weldon J. Irvine Jr.
Hampton, Va.

Hirt Not Yet Developed

Al Hirt's way of "getting to the people" (*Caught in the Act*, June 3) may impress Dan Morgenstern but not me. Hirt, with his showmanship, covers up for an art yet to be developed. He reminds me of the 1959 John Coltrane; however, Coltrane advanced—Al Hirt remains a child.

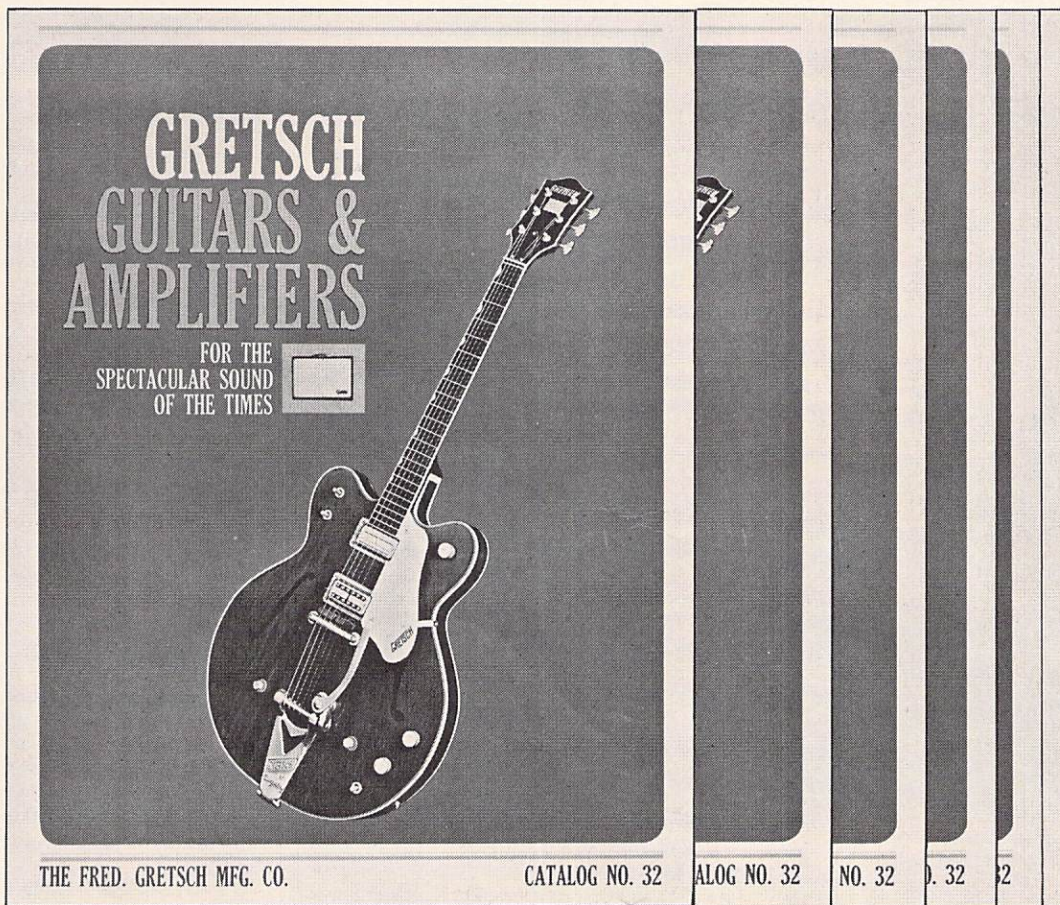
Fred Tompkins
St. Louis, Mo.

Reed Issue Accolade

The May 20 reed issue was fantastic. *Down Beat* really topped itself this time. Unfortunately the surprisingly low ratings for Roland Kirk's and Yusef Lateef's albums were disturbing, but Pete Welding's article on Lateef was excellent. The highlight of the issue was Allan Kronzek's article on the great, underrated Charles Davis.

Mike Cuscuna
Stamford, Conn.

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July 1, 1965

Vol. 32 No. 19

McFARLAND ORCHESTRA CALLED HEART OF DOWN BEAT JAZZ FESTIVAL

"The festival orchestra is the heart of the *Down Beat* Jazz Festival," said John J. Maher, *Down Beat's* publisher and co-producer, with George Wein and Michael Butler, of the three-day, five-concert event, to be staged in Chicago's Soldier Field Aug. 13, 14, and 15. The 16-piece orchestra will be under the direction of composer-vibraharpist Gary McFarland.

Plans call for the orchestra to perform McFarland's compositions, some commissioned especially for the festival, and also to serve as a setting for several of the



McFarland

Director of a unique contribution

well-known artists scheduled to appear with their regular groups at the festival. The orchestra will appear at each of the three evening performances.

"This orchestra is what differentiates the *Down Beat* Jazz Festival from all other festivals," Wein said. "For the first time, a festival is establishing an orchestra that will be used in future editions of the festival and will, thus, add more and more to each year's program. The orchestra will also be available for other concerts in Chicago by leading jazz artists during the year. This is one of the advantages of having a festival in a large city where so many good musicians are available. The orchestra is a unique contribution to the jazz-festival concept."

The Chicago members of the orchestra were assembled by bass trumpeter Cy Touff, a former member of the Woody Herman Band and now one of the leading musicians in Chicago. They are John Howell, Warren Kime, Paul Serrano, trumpets and flugelhorn; Touff, bass trumpet; John Avant, Ralph Craig, trombones; and Bunky Green, Kenny Soderblom, Benny Baileys, Tom Moses, reeds. The orchestra also will incorporate McFarland's quintet, which includes tenor saxophonist-flutist Sadao Watanabe, guitar-

ist Gabor Szabo, bassist Eddie Gomez, and drummer Joe Cocuzzo.

The festival also will feature the Miles Davis Quintet, the Dave Brubeck Quartet, the Stan Getz Quintet, the George Wein All-Stars (which include trumpeter Ruby Braff, tenorist Bud Freeman, and clarinetist Pee Wee Russell), the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet, the Count Basie Orchestra, Carmen McRae, the Muddy Waters Blues Band, the Jimmy Smith Trio, the Woody Herman Band, Joe Williams, the John Coltrane Quartet, and the Thelonious Monk Quartet.

In addition to the three evening performances, the festival will have two afternoon sessions, one given over to the Chicago style of jazz and its origins, the other spotlighting modern Chicago groups and the jazz avant-garde.

DRUMMER DENZIL BEST DIES OF SKULL FRACTURE

Drummer Denzil Best, 48, died suddenly May 25 in New York City. Best collapsed on a midtown Manhattan street in the early evening of May 24; his skull was fractured in the fall. He was taken to Roosevelt Hospital, where he died at 5:30 a.m. the following day.

Best was born in New York City April 27, 1917. His first instrument was piano, but he later switched to trumpet. He began his professional career as a trumpeter and worked with drummer Chris Columbus and other small groups.

The first of many misfortunes that were to interrupt his career at various times occurred in 1940 when he contracted a lung ailment that forced him to abandon the trumpet.

After working as a pianist and bassist, Best took up drums in 1943. He rapidly gained proficiency and worked with such jazzmen as tenor saxophonists Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, and Illinois Jacquet. In 1947 he joined bassist Chubby Jackson's sextet, touring and recording in Sweden with this group. He also played and recorded with pianist-composer Lennie Tristano.

But it was in 1949 that Best joined a group that was destined to become one of the most famous jazz combinations in modern times—the George Shearing Quintet. Best's brush work became an integral part of the "Shearing sound," and it was his work with brushes that made him one of the most highly regarded combo drummers of the '50s. He remained with the pianist's group until injuries sustained in a car accident forced him to retire for a year in 1952-53. He then worked with Artie Shaw's Gramercy Five and, in 1956-57, with pianist Erroll Garner's trio.

In 1957 he was again stricken by illness. A bone ailment caused calcium deposits to form in his wrists, and he never again was able to attain the flexibility and speed of his prime years. For the remainder of his life, he spent most of his time in New York City, working with, among others, pianist Lee Evans, singer Nina Simone, trombonist Tyree Glenn, and tenorist Webster.

Best also was a gifted composer, contributing several pieces of lasting value to the book of modern jazz standards, among

them *Move, Wee (Allen's Alley)*, *Dee Dee's Dance*, *Nothing but D. Best*, and *Bemsha Swing*.

NOTED BLUES PERFORMER SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON DIES

In the early morning hours of May 24, death claimed blues singer-harmonicaist Rice Miller, who had performed under the name of Sonny Boy Williamson. The well-known blues artist died quietly in his sleep in West Helena, Ark., where he was fulfilling an engagement. His exact age was unknown, but he was thought to be in his 70s.

Born in Glendora, Miss., the harmonica player started recording in 1929 and through the 1930s accompanied a variety of blues artists both on record and in person. He began to achieve wide fame through his recordings made in the years immediately following World War II.

RONNIE SCOTT AND THE JAZZ EXCHANGE

During the week of May 17, one of England's most enterprising jazzmen, tenor saxophonist Ronnie Scott, played an engagement at New York City's Half Note. With him were three fellow-countrymen—pianist Stan Tracy, bassist Rick Laird, and drummer Ronnie Stevenson—and the four visitors proved themselves to be solid swingers in a healthy modern-mainstream tradition.

Scott & Co.'s visit was part of the continuing (and sometimes embattled) exchange policy between the British and American musicians' unions, a policy Scott did much to initiate and sustain. Not only is he a working musician, but also the owner of one of London's foremost jazz spots, the Ronnie Scott Club, which for the past 3½ years has featured U.S. guest stars—the only English club to do so consistently.

"We opened shop about 5½ years ago as a coffee bar," Scott said. "We had no liquor license then, and I wanted the club to be a showcase for deserving local talent. But people became blasé about British talent, and business was awful. So I went to the union and told them that we couldn't go on; would they allow me to bring in foreign musicians on an exchange basis?"

Tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims was the first guest, Scott said, "and that seemed to be the answer—for a while, anyway. At first, American name musicians playing in a local club was a big deal. Then it sort of leveled off; now we draw pretty much according to the artist's reputation."

In keeping with Scott's belief that good British jazz musicians should be heard whenever possible, a typical night at his club will begin with a set by the house rhythm team with Scott featured. "Then we'll have a set by another local group," he said, "maybe Tubby Hayes, if he's in town, and then the visiting star will play with the rhythm section for the rest of the evening."

Among the visiting firemen at Scott's club, in addition to those mentioned, have been tenor saxophonists Stan Getz, Dexter Gordon, and Lucky Thompson, and, more recently, pianist Bill Evans and his trio.

strictly ad lib

POTPOURRI: Duke Ellington took a week off last month to work on the score *The Golden Broom and the Green Apple*, a work he will premiere at New York's Lincoln Center July 30-31 with his orchestra combined with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Ellington did the writing ensconced in a Chicago hotel room. While he was in the Windy City, the Ellington band finished recording a complete version of *Black, Brown, and Beige* for the Mercer recording firm, which is headed by his son Mercer. Duke was among the well-known artists participating in the June 14 White House Festival of the American Arts. It was the first time such an event was staged at the Executive Mansion.

The leg cast trumpeter Miles Davis has been wearing since his release from a New York hospital following an operation to remove calcium deposits from his hip is due to come off July 14. In the meantime, Davis is scheduled to perform at two jazz festivals, those at Pittsburgh (June 18-20) and Newport (July 1-4); if he is able to appear, he will play seated, probably in the wheelchair that has been his mode of transportation since the operation.

Quincy Jones will direct the Count Basie Band during its summer tour with Frank Sinatra. Jones also will write the arrangements the band will play behind the singer. Pianist Oscar Peterson's trio also will be featured on the tour, which begins at the Newport Jazz Festival on the Fourth of July. Sinatra, Basie, Jones, and Peterson then appear at New York's Forest Hills Stadium on July 9 and 10. On the 18th the four-star package appears for two shows at Chicago's McCormick Place.

Tenor saxophonist Charles Lloyd's Columbia single, *You Know*, is being promoted to the hilt by the label—an unusual treatment for a jazz record. The promotional letter mailed with the record to more than 3,000 disc jockeys stated, "Don't let the jazz tag frighten you."

Guitarists George Barnes and Carl Kress and Sal Salvador's big band are among the artists that have been signed for a fall tour of colleges and concert halls around the country. The package, titled *The Big Guitar Show of '65*, will begin with a Carnegie Hall performance in October and will feature pop and folk music as well as jazz.

Five years ago jazz in shopping centers was scoffed at; now the music is a summer staple of the housewife's delights in several large cities. Recently, in England, jazz musicians were hired to play for an advertising agency's executives at lunch time. Now another new area for jazz—at least the big-band brand—seemingly is opening up in key clubs. Los Angeles' Gaslight Club will be the site of a series of concerts

beginning June 24 with a Stan Kenton extravaganza. On Aug. 17 the club will spotlight the Duke Ellington Orchestra. Mark Brankovitch, president of the bistro, said, "The bands will play two shows, in two different rooms of the club, each accommodating about 200 persons. We hope it may attract new members, but we are presenting these attractions as a service to our patrons who are already members."

The American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers presented its first award in recognition of an artist to Ella Fitzgerald during her recent Basin Street East engagement in New York City. ASCAP President Stanley Adams announced that the award was made in recognition of her "outstanding interpretation of the great songs in the ASCAP repertoire and for her unique series of recorded song books, with respect and admiration from her fellow members."

Drummer Art Taylor returned to New York City in May after a 20-month stay in Europe, including a long stint at the Blue Note in Paris, France. The drummer, most often in the company of tenorist Johnny Griffin, also played in most other European countries.

NEW YORK: The latest New York club to go discotheque is the Metropole. However, the Times Square jazz landmark will continue to book name jazz attractions to work opposite live rock-and-roll groups and a line of frugging girls. The Village Stompers initiated the new policy May 18, with trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie's quintet scheduled to open May 31. The long-time house band, led by trumpeter Henry (Red) Allen, is out . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, with singer Tony Bennett sharing the bill, opened the 1965 season at the Westbury Music Fair June 15 for a six-night stay. The Ellington band also will be featured in concert with clarinetist Benny Goodman at the Ezio Pinza Outdoor Theater in Stamford, Conn., July 10. The concert is part of a series presented there by Goodman, which will include classical as well as jazz performances. The clarinetist will play with his pianist daughter, Rachel, on June 18, and tenor saxophonist Stan Getz will be featured June 25. The Stamford Museum is sponsoring the concerts . . . Drummer Max Roach and singer Abbey Lincoln and their quintet climaxed a one-month stay at the Cafe Au Go Go with a Town Hall concert May 29 produced by the club's owner, Howard Solomon. A chorus was added to the group for the performance . . . Trumpeter Kenny Dorham and tenor saxophonist Hank Mobley co-led a quintet at Slug's Saloon for two weeks last month that included Cedar Walton, piano; Richard Davis, bass; and Billy Higgins, drums. Tenor saxophonist Farrell Sanders' quartet is the Sunday afternoon attraction at the club, while tenor saxophonist Bill Barron heads the Monday night group.

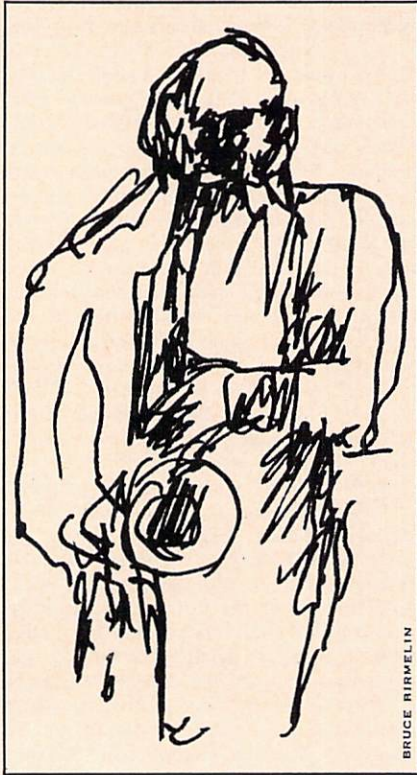
Alto saxophonist John Tchicai, who leaves July 15 for two months in Europe, has been booked for the July 31-Aug. 1 jazz festival at Comblain-la-Tour in Belgium. Other U.S. artists at the festival will

include Woody Herman's band and saxophonist John Coltrane's quartet . . . Trumpeter-composer Bill Dixon wrote and performed the music for a theater concert presentation, *Images*, at Theater East May 26 . . . Pianist Randy Weston's sextet (Ray Copeland, trumpet; Frank Haines, tenor saxophone; Bill Wood, bass; Lenny McBrowne, drums; Big Black, conga drums) provided the music for a Congress of Racial Equality benefit downtown May 23 . . . West Coast reed man Bob Snyder brought jazz to the New York World's Fair during May, when he played weekends at the Belgian Village Ratskeller with a quintet including trombonist Frank Rehak . . . Organist Wild Bill Davis became trumpeter Roy Eldridge's replacement with singer Ella Fitzgerald's quartet at Basin Street East during May. Pianist Tommy Flanagan, bassist Keter Betts, and drummer Gus Johnson round out the group. Eldridge was seen on ABC-TV's *Nightlife* May 17 with baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan . . . Trumpeter Harold (Shorty) Baker heads the trio at the Kirby Stone Fourum . . . Reed man Ken McIntyre will join the Berklee School of Music faculty in the fall, when he returns to Boston to complete studies for a doctorate in music at Boston University. McIntyre was on hand for a May 30 concert at Woodstock, Mass., featuring pianist Burton Greene heading a quartet and big band that included saxophonists Howard Johnson, Robin Kenyatta, and Frank Smith; trumpeter Ray Codrington; flutist Lee Winter, and percussionist Gerry Tomlinson.

A new jazz club, Embers West, located at 224 W. 49th St., opened May 21 with pianist Marian McPartland's trio (bassist Ben Tucker and drummer Jake Hanna) as the first attraction. Mrs. McPartland's group, plus husband Jimmy on cornet, currently are at the Blue Spruce. The foursome closes there June 27 . . . A concert competition among selected jazz bands from high schools in New York City will be held June 22 on the mall in Central Park at 7 p.m. The event is sponsored by the Rev. O.D. Dempsey's Halfway House, a charitable institution for the rehabilitation of narcotics addicts. Many leading figures from the music world have been invited to attend . . . The quartets of pianist Thelonious Monk and saxophonist John Coltrane will share the spotlight at the Village Gate for two weeks beginning July 6 . . . Pianist Horace Silver's quintet, organist Jack McDuff's combo, and singer Miriam Makeba with her trumpeter husband Hugh Masakela did a week at the Apollo Theater last month . . . Pianist-singer Mose Allison's trio opened at the Village Vanguard May 21. Tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins' quartet concluded three weeks at the club May 23. During the engagement Rollins experimented with frequent changes in personnel; among his various sidemen were guitarist Attila Zoller and bassists Bob Cranshaw, Ron Carter, and Herman Wright. Herbie Hancock was featured as solo pianist during the Rollins run.

A "Salute to Glenn Miller" stage show was presented at the Paramount Theater

(Continued on page 61)



OF ART AND CRAFT

By MARJORIE HYAMS ERICSSON

WE ARE FAMILIAR with that observation made by nonprofessional critics: "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like."

The professional critic is more positive: "I know a lot about art, and I know what you should like."

They are both somewhat frustrated in their efforts to influence others because they both lack evidence. How can it be *proved* that one work is better than another?

It sometimes happens that people who know nothing about art like the same things that the professional critic likes. This is fine, though it tends to confound those who think that art flourishes best in adversity.

It also happens that at times neither group likes what the artist likes. This, however, does not create any problem. Everyone simply blames the

artist for not communicating.

Theories on the evaluation of art can be either extremely complex or extremely simple. In a recent column (*DB*, April 22), Leonard Feather was particularly enthusiastic about a theory proposed by essayist Marya Mannes, whereby craftsmanship, or the rediscovery of craftsmanship, would lead people to better esthetic judgments. Not only would evaluation improve, but with this rediscovery of craft, the quality of the artist also would improve because it would lead to the command of the chosen instrument, whether it be a brush, a word, or a voice. To this, Feather says, ". . . or, she could have added, a saxophone or a piano."

No one could deny the importance of craft. There have been few primitives in the spatial arts and none in music. I can only suggest that people try to write or play a two-part invention to get some idea of how much knowledge is necessary even at that simple level.

Feather did not question Miss Mannes' theory. He even went on to predict that Miss Mannes would make an admirable jazz critic if she so chose.

What would happen if this theory were put into practice? What is craftsmanship, and what has it got to do with art? Art Tatum, for example.

Did Tatum attain his greatness, and influence so many young musicians, by his craftsmanship? He played all of his right-hand runs with three fingers. There are few teachers, if any, who would have called his fingering craftsmanlike.

How about Dizzy Gillespie's inflated neck and cheeks? The likes of that haven't been seen before or since. If trumpet players in symphony orchestras are craftsmen, Gillespie has to come out a poor second.

There are two assumptions in this theory that should have been questioned. One is that artists have been, or can be, recognized by their craftsmanship. It is no secret that there are, and have been, better pianists than Artur Schnabel. But the fact remains that Schnabel is considered the greatest interpreter of Beethoven of all time.

In the preface to *Art*, Clive Bell wrote that when Roger Fry showed a Matisse to the Art-Workers Guild, the cry went up: "Drink or drugs?"

The other assumption that should have been questioned is that artists were craftsmen but that present-day artists consider craftsmanship a dirty

word and hence are not craftsmen.

Are we now to have the history of jazz rewritten? Haven't we all heard over and over again that the first jazz musicians were mostly untutored, intuitive, gut-playing musicians? Is this the definition of a craftsman? Are Meade Lewis, Willie the Lion, Albert Ammons, Pops Foster, King Oliver eulogized because of their craftsmanship?


When Feather says that Miss Mannes could have added saxophone and piano to her list, who can he possibly have in mind? What greater craftsmen have there been than Bill Evans, Cecil Taylor, Oscar Peterson, Lennie Tristano, McCoy Tyner, Horace Silver, Dave Brubeck, George Shearing, etc., etc? Are we to be told Sidney Bechet was a craftsman but John Coltrane isn't? Or W. C. Handy wrote with craftsmanship but Charles Mingus doesn't? What does craft have to do with art? If an Art-Workers Guild wasn't capable of recognizing Matisse as a craftsman or as an artist, of what worth is craftsmanship as a standard of measure?

If craftsmanship is a proper standard for art, then all art and music teachers are artists. As any woman can tell you, a competent seamstress is hard to find, and even when you find one, she is not Christian Dior.

Craftsmanship is a means to art—a not-too-perfect one—because without creativity the craftsman merely perpetuates clichés.

I submit that it isn't craft or the lack of it that creates problems. The problem is what the artist does with his craftsmanship. When Franz Kline was an ordinary competent artist of recognizable forms, he created no problems; he was also unknown. It was when he used his craft to break away from the familiar to the not so familiar that he upset people. He didn't lose his craft in the transition. On the contrary, he added to the craft of painting.

Will people learn to love Anton Webern when they discover what a great craftsman he was? Or will they simply hate him less? Does Cecil Taylor have a small audience because he lacks craftsmanship?

If craftsmanship merely meant the acquisition of all of the available knowledge, artists would never create a turmoil. But the creative artist does not stop with the knowledge that is available. He adds his own originality, and it is then that his craft becomes less obvious and, therefore, more threatening. 



Rhythm guitar veteran Steve Jordan

WARREN MATTOX

THE TOUGH STRAIGHT ART

By TOM SCANLAN

RHYTHM IS THE BLOOD and bone of jazz. And guitar is more popular than ever. But to find anyone under 40 years of age able to play straight rhythm guitar properly. . . . Only the old pros—men like George Van Eps, Freddie Green, Allan Reuss, Barry Galbraith, Steve Jordan—seem to know how.

The masculine bite of unamplified guitar has been a most important sound in the history of jazz and American dance music, but the rhythm men—possibly because they have never been up front wailing or playing pretty for the people—too frequently have been ignored by jazz writers, who apparently do not understand the tough, sophisticated art of playing rhythm any better than most of today's amplified guitar soloists do.

Straight rhythm guitar is a kind of dying art, since youngsters today plug in their amps before they begin to learn what the guitar can sound like and concentrate on learning how to emulate the emulators of Charlie Christian, who revolutionized jazz guitar 25 years ago with amplified single-string solos.

The skills of playing rhythm guitar are not easily acquired. They can't be learned out of a book, and they can't be learned from listening to records.

The jazz world is understandably proud of the electricians who have learned their Christian lessons well, largely from studying Charlie's records, as Tal Farlow and Wes Montgomery did (though few Christian followers have

learned how to leave holes and *breathe* on their guitar "horn" the way the marvelous Christian did). But don't hand any (well, *almost* any) of the famous soloists an unamplified guitar and expect him to voice chords properly and be heard cutting through the volume of a large, or even a small, jazz orchestra. (As for that italicized word *almost*, that was inserted primarily because of amplified soloists Herb Ellis and Billy Bauer, who most certainly can play straight guitar properly. But Ellis and Bauer, and a handful of others like them, are rare.)

So the electric guitar soloists receive all the attention now. But the nonelectric, nonboom, nonbuzz kind of guitar is not dead yet, and for some lovers of the art nothing yet discovered or imagined can replace its sound and binding function in a rhythm section.

And if one has the time . . . there is a place.

The place is the new Washington, D.C., jazz club, Blues Alley, where Steve Jordan, 46, veteran of name bands, is reintroducing the snap and breadth of straight guitar as a key member of the Tommy Gwaltney Quartet.

Clarinetist Peanuts Hucko, a guest star at Gwaltney's club for two weeks in May, raved about Jordan's playing:

"He's great—that's all. There aren't many left who can play his way. He's a diamond in a field of imitation gold."

Someone at the table suggested that Jordan played something like George Van Eps.

"No, he doesn't play like Van Eps," Hucko said. "Jordan plays like Jordan." Jordan's rhythm guitar playing is distinctive, having a harder, crisper, and louder wallop, quite different from the usual rhythm guitar sound or the extraordinary rhythm sounds of Van Eps, Jordan's favorite guitarist, or Freddie Green.

The superb Chicago singer Lurlean Hunter was also excited about working with Jordan during her two weeks at Blues Alley in April. "His playing is wonderful," she said. "I had heard about him before I came here, and I agree about the straight guitar sound. There's nothing quite like it. Working with Tommy's group has been nothing but fun for me."

Jordan has been with Gwaltney for more than two years, and he has discovered that the old guitar sound can be a fascinating new sound for many listeners.

"How do you get all that volume out of an unamplified guitar?" some youngsters ask.

Others, whose eyes and ears need help, have told him with great enthusiasm: "Man, you play great amplified guitar."

Older people, who remember and miss the sounds of the swing era, come up and want to shake his hand. "I just wanted to tell you I hope you never play an amplified guitar," one said the other night.

Whoever that man was, he needn't worry about Jordan playing an amplified guitar. Jordan thinks a man playing chords on an amplified guitar ought to have his ears cleaned out. He explains it this way:

"If you play straight guitar into the mike, it still sounds like a guitar. But an amplified guitar doesn't pick up the sounds of notes, it picks up electronic sounds, and you get a round oo-oo-oo-oo sound. Those who use an amplified guitar turn buttons constantly to get the least disagreeable sound possible. But it's all phony. The sound isn't crisp. The sound isn't true."

Some who feel strongly about a rhythm section contend that there is really no full, crackling rhythm-section sound unless there is a straight guitar in the section. Perhaps Jordan explains it best:

"The difference between a good rhythm section and a great one is the guitar. With a good rhythm guitar, you don't get those thudding sounds. I like to think the bass fiddle is the left hand on the piano and the guitar is the

right hand. . . . As for using an amplified guitar in a rhythm section, definitely no. It's like eating too many marshmallows. There's no rhythm section sound at all with one of those things. Jim Hall, who plays beautifully, does better than most with an amp, but he keeps his amp very low or something."

JORDAN'S STRAIGHT GUITAR has sliced through many brass and reed sections. He has worked in the bands of Will Bradley, Ray McKinley, the late Glen Gray, Freddie Slack, Bob Chester, Artie Shaw, Boyd Raeburn, Stan Kenton, and Benny Goodman. Trumpeters Buck Clayton and Ruby Braff and pianist Mel Powell have hand-picked him for small-group record sessions. But his name means little to the younger jazz fan. That's the way it goes with rhythm men, although rhythm is what jazz is all about, isn't it?

Jordan's kind of guitar playing is increasingly rare. There is no new supply when there is no demand, and rhythm guitar is not in demand now, to put it mildly. The number of regularly employed rhythm guitarists (aside from those in studio bands) can be counted on two hands, possibly on one hand. Woody Herman and Duke Ellington have no guitar players although Freddie Green continues with Basie. Harry James has always liked the straight guitar sound, but he has no guitarist now.

Green is the best-known rhythm player in the world for several reasons. He is a truly great player with impeccable time and an inimitable sound. Those who try to sound like Green don't come close. Also—in terms of "exposure," as the show-bizzers say—he has been with Basie right along, helping to make Basie *Basie* for more than a quarter of a century. For those who may feel that rhythm guitar is unimportant, consider this proposition: there would be no "Basie sound" without this man and his unamplified guitar.

And who can imagine any Benny Goodman Band without a straight guitar tying the bass, piano, and drums into a cohesive rhythm-section sound?

During a rehearsal of the old Fletcher Henderson arrangement of *Sometimes I'm Happy* by a Goodman orchestra a few years ago, the leader, properly known as a perfectionist, stopped the music and glared over his glasses at the guitarist, a highly respected musician.

"Wait a minute," Goodman said. "That's a *rhythm* instrument."

The guitarist had been playing with a softer and deeper tone than Goodman demands.

Goodman did much to spark the so-called guitar revolution by featuring the Lester Young-inspired solo art of Charlie Christian in his sextet 25 years ago, but he has never stopped caring deeply—almost automatically as a *dance-band* man—about the unamplified guitar sound. And he wants that straight guitar to be tight, to crackle, to snap, to be heard, to cut through the brass section without strain. For Goodman, the way the talented Carmen Mastren used to play with the old Tommy Dorsey Band, or the almost inaudible way former banjo player Freddie Guy softly strummed with the old Ellington band, won't do. Goodman expects the guitar to bite—as Allan Reuss played it.

Goodman's first great rhythm guitarist (and well known before he joined Goodman) was George Van Eps, who created a revolutionary method of voicing chords on guitar. The Van Eps system concentrates on the middle four strings, on the tips of the fingers and, therefore, on "open" chords, avoiding the "closed" chords in easy overuse now.

All the fine rhythm players who followed Van Eps use his system, more or less. This is true even though they may use their thumbs for certain chords (as Green and Jordan do). Van Eps and his most famous student, Allan Reuss,

never use the thumb.

Reuss, now a successful radio and television studio guitarist on the West Coast, followed Van Eps into the Goodman band and was with it from 1934 to 1938, when the clarinetist was making swing a household word.

The Reuss straight guitar sound was a vital part of the most famous Goodman band, and anyone listening to the original RCA Victor 78-rpm records from this period can soon discover this fact. Unhappily, most of the reissues of these records have been monkeyed with by engineers with no understanding of the Goodman band. They have boomed up the pedestrian bass playing and shrieked up the brass section to the enormous detriment of the orchestra's lovely middle sounds, meaning the precise, nearly incomparable reed section with Hymie Schertzer playing lead, and the crisp guitar stroke of Reuss.

According to Jordan, who learned some of the Van Eps system from Reuss "in about 10 lessons," Reuss is "the only person I know who learned the Van Eps system completely, from A to Z. He knows the whole thing. . . . Reuss was a teenager when Van Eps took him under his wing. He was George's protege. You might say that Van Eps turned out another Van Eps. In fact, I think Reuss might be an even better rhythm guitarist than Van Eps. But if this is true, it is true only because of the kind of guitar Reuss uses. In contrast to the one Van Eps prefers, the guitar Reuss uses, for my ear at least, has a more masculine sound. It has more bite." (Jordan, incidentally, uses a thick, hard, inflexible pick, one that some electric guitarists wouldn't believe.)

After Reuss, Goodman bands included a number of other fine rhythm players, notably Benny Heller (now working for a guitar company), Mike Bryan ("he had that great tight snap," Jordan said), and, later, for four years, Jordan.

Jordan's entrance into the Goodman band may sound familiar to others who began to work for Goodman in much the same way.

The phone rang in Jordan's apartment in New York City at 10 a.m., waking a most tired man—Jordan had been playing at an afterhours session until 6 a.m.

"Is this Steve Jordan, the guitar player?" asked the caller.

"Yes," said a sleepy Jordan.

"Well, this is Benny Goodman, and I understand you play guitar well. Who have you worked for?"

Jordan assumed it was someone putting him on, but he recited some of the bands he had played with, including Artie Shaw, Boyd Raeburn, and Stan Kenton.

"Well," said the caller, "if you can come to (such and such place at such and such time), I'll listen to you. I need a good guitar player."

Jordan, half asleep, wondered if it were really Goodman. He had some nutty friends who just might do something like this, knowing he had always liked the Goodman band. But Jordan said he'd be there.

He arrived at the rehearsal hall expecting to be disappointed. But there was Goodman and some famous musicians he had known slightly and admired for years.

After a brief introduction, Goodman said, "Well, play something."

"What do you want me to play?" asked Jordan.

"Play something you know."

Jordan did, unaccompanied, with Goodman listening intently. He was hired.

Jordan enjoyed working for Goodman and says he never had "any real problems" with him.

He also enjoyed working for Shaw. "And Shaw had a fantastic ear," Jordan said. "He stopped rehearsing a tune one day to tell me that my G string was a little sharp. And he was able to hear this with the brass blaring. . . . And he was right.

IN ADDITION to guitarists already mentioned, the comparatively small group of first-rate rhythm guitarists also must include Carl Kress and Al Casey (before Casey took up amplified guitar) and Tommy Morganelli (later changed to Morgan), who worked with both Shaw and Goodman.

Among the later rhythm players, two deeply influenced by Freddie Green are also important: Barry Galbraith and Turk Van Lake. Galbraith and Van Lake favor a somewhat heavy, deep sound, as Green does. Jordan suggests that Green's sound is partly the result of his guitar, "which he had someone on the West Coast make for him."

Galbraith's rhythm work can be heard on many recordings, notably those by Larry Elgart's band. Elgart, a nut on sound, went to great pains to have the fine guitar stroke of Galbraith recorded properly, as those who have heard Elgart records might suspect. In the recording studio there was a precise spot marked on the floor for Galbraith.

Just as Green has been a vital part of the Basie sound, Galbraith—though unmentioned in the Elgart LP liner notes—has been a vital part of the Elgart recordings. (Listen to the album *Easy Goin' Swing* on Camden, for an example.)

The previously mentioned Herb Ellis and Billy Bauer are excellent rhythm men when they are not up front (where the money is) comping and soloing with amps.

Bauer was a key member of the first Herman Herd, and though the brass and saxophone players may have received more attention, the marvelous rhythm section of Bauer, drummer Dave Tough (later Don Lamond), pianist Ralph Burns, and bassist Chubby Jackson was the heart of that band.

Jordan, much like those other musicians who learned how in the swing era, feels "no sound in the world is as exciting as the sound of a good big band." As have others who miss the big-band era, Jordan has his theories about why big bands—save for a handful—no longer exist.

"Don't you think inflation might have had something to do with it?" he asks. "Look, in the swing era, a kid could take his girl dancing to Glenn Miller at Glen Island Casino for \$5—that was more than enough. Today that same kid would have to ask dad for \$25, anyway, for the same kind of evening. And, of course, kids haven't been exposed to the wonders of good big bands."

Jordan listens to the younger players trying to play rhythm and says, "They just don't know enough about harmony. They don't know their chord voicings. They cheat, and they don't even know they are cheating. And their action is usually too low."

Are there any young men who can play straight guitar properly?

Jordan said he assumes there must be, but "I don't know any, really, and isn't it a shame? . . . Well, I know one who knows something about it. His name is Charlie Sutton, and he's now at Berklee, I think." Sutton was studying classic guitar with Sophocles Papas (the Washington, D.C., teacher who introduced Bill Harris and Charlie Byrd to the challenging art of finger-style guitar) when he became interested in what Jordan was doing.

"I think he was fascinated by it mainly because he didn't understand it at all," Jordan said. "I began to help him a little, and he was able to pick up the fundamentals quickly."

Jordan, the rhythm man, has admiration for almost all the prominent solo guitarists. He considers Wes Montgomery "fabulous," for example, and said he never has heard anyone play "some of the down-home things so beautifully and with so much conviction" as Charlie Byrd does. He admires Johnny Smith's speed ("how fast can a man play?") and innumerable things about Jim Hall's playing.

But, as a superior rhythm man, he must sometimes wonder why the equally special skills and experience required to play rhythm guitar properly have been overlooked for so long.

RHYTHM GUITAR is a tough art, involving a thorough knowledge of harmony and theory, an almost incredible memory of chord progressions, and split-second decisions on the best way to voice a particular chord. It might be remembered, too, that when everyone else in the band is laying out or relaxing, the rhythm guitarist must keep moving both hands—one-two-three-four—because he can't cheat and "comp" as the electricians do.

Jordan is a sideman's sideman (ask the two pianists, John Eaton and Newton Thomas, he has been working with regularly the last two years—both speak only in superlatives about Jordan's time and harmonic knowledge). He has been deeply involved in jazz since he joined the Will Bradley-Ray McKinley Band for \$125 a week ("real good money then") at the age of 20 in 1939.

He can tell fascinating stories about pianist Freddie Slack and his pet lion, Buttercup . . . what it was like to play with Kenton's band when Eddie Safranski was beside him with an electric bass and the mere touch of a Safranski finger on a string would mean a resounding buzz . . . the joys of playing with Goodman, Buck Clayton, Ruby Braff, and the late Walter Page ("who had such rock solid time and could get such a big wonderful tone out of that old, black-finished fiddle he used"), and Mel Powell (whom Jordan considers "the greatest piano player in the world," a man with "unequaled clean technique and such mature harmonic thinking") . . . or visiting the King of Thailand, that enthusiastic jazz fan and amateur saxophone player whom the Goodman musicians entertained during a tour of the Orient in 1956.

Jordan has been around. Still, he seems as excited as a boy just beginning to play jazz because of the reception his "old-fashioned" straight guitar has been receiving lately.

Essentially an unassuming man, though one who can become defensive when someone wonders why he doesn't "get with it and buy an amp," Jordan insists that rhythm guitar isn't dead yet and won't be dying soon.

"I don't know how Freddie and the others feel about it," he said. "But if I'm lucky, I intend to be playing rhythm for at least 30 more years."

But assuming he is that lucky and those who care about rhythm guitar are that lucky, too, what happens after that?

Perhaps the mighty sound of straight rhythm guitar will be footnoted in some fancy 1995 jazz history book as an art that flourished in jazz during the "swing era" and then began to decline because of electricity.

The use of electricity with the guitar is now almost automatic, of course. Jordan's articulate wife, Pat, told a story recently about Jordan that had much to say about the man, and, indeed, about all other rhythm guitarists.

It happened about a year ago. Jordan arrived at a session after work and was unzipping his guitar case when the musician in charge sadly told him this: "We'd love to have you sit in, man, but we have a real problem here for guitarists. The outlet on the wall is much too far from the bandstand. I'm sorry."

Jordan stopped unzipping his case and started zipping it the other way.

"That's all right," he said. "You might not want my kind of guitar playing anyway."

But, happily, many people do. And many more might if they had the opportunity to hear, not amplified "horn" guitar, but guitar. This is to suggest that the guitar is not necessarily a horn. It can also be an irreplaceable rhythm instrument, as it once was.



THE UNASSUMING



DON SCHLITEN

'Sometimes I get the feeling,' he says, 'that I'm just a mediocre player.' **JIM HALL**

By DON NELSEN

musician that he is. When Sonny Rollins came out of retirement at the end of 1961, he dropped a note into Hall's mailbox asking the guitarist to join his new group. The Hall nerves began to twitch.

"I was living on 49th St. with another guitar player, Park Hill, and sleeping on the floor," he recalled. "Sonny had heard me somewhere and, since I had no phone, came on up to 49th St. and left me the invitation. He didn't have a phone either so I went downtown to Grand St. with a note accepting.

"It was a tremendously rewarding year with Sonny. I learned more from him, and was inspired more by him, than anyone in recent years. He is such a virtuoso that it scares you to be on the same bandstand. I felt I had to practice every day so that I wouldn't let Sonny down. I produced because I was scared of Sonny.

"The way he can project to an audience musically is fantastic. And he can sail in and out of different keys at random and at breakneck tempos. He and Bill Evans are the only virtuosos I've ever played with."

Though the Rollins impress on Hall's music is strong, it is by no means the only one—and therein lies one explanation for the guitarist's musical potency.

Hall's talent has been kneaded and shaped to some degree by artificers of widely differing temperaments and approaches. It has never been allowed to follow one groove. He has learned from Chico Hamilton, Jimmy Giuffre, Tal Farlow, Ella Fitzgerald, Morgana King, Yves Montand; there is a polyglot of styles for you. Yet Hall's playing is enormously the better for the exposure, usually for an extended period, to the strengths—and the weaknesses—that each of these artists offered.

"Playing with singers," he explained, "forced me to explore some things I hadn't done before. It taught me a sense of pace, for one thing—how to fit my playing to words, which is different from accommodating it to another instrument."

PARADOXICALLY, Hall's job with Hamilton in California—his first important gig—came about because of his desire to stay on at the Cleveland Institute of Music, where he had invested five years in a music-theory course, to get a master's degree in composition. The Hall exchequer couldn't stand the tuition strain, however, and home-town job prospects were bleak. So, in 1955, hoping that California was still a land of promise for enterprising young men, he and an alto-playing friend took their hundred bucks, stepped into a lavender Cadillac they'd agreed to deliver in Los Angeles, and started west. Hall hoped to find in Los Angeles the tuition money he needed. Instead, he found himself clerking in a second-hand sheet-music store at very little pay. Still, it had its compensations.

"It was a great relief from the pressures of school," he recalled. "It was sort of a good feeling to lose your

JIM HALL JUST CAN'T bring himself to agree with the critics, the fans, or even his fellow musicians. They believe, judging by polls, records sold and reviewed, and the number of jobs he works, that he is right out of the top drawer. But the mild, cherub-faced Clevelandite, whom Roy Eldridge once dubbed "Rev" (for "Reverend"), just shakes his head.

"Sometimes I get the feeling that I'm just a mediocre player," Hall said. "When I listen to guys like Sonny Rollins, their playing is so brilliant that it scares me. Tal Farlow is one of my best friends, but when I hear him play, my whole life flashes in front of me. He hasn't worked clubs in years, but he plays a lot at home. *Plays*, not practices. He once told me that being a professional musician wasn't a job for him—it was fun. But I could never practice enough hours to do what he does. He's the most complete musician on guitar I know."

Hall's demeanor normally ranges from serene to cheerful. When working in a club, he, unlike some musicians, seems actually to be enjoying himself. When, for example, he plays rhythm behind a soloist, he appears genuinely interested in what the man is playing. He often smiles.

Yet there is the lingering suspicion that inside the easy manner lives a chronic doubter. And in a sense this man within is responsible for making Hall the truly superior

identity and not to have to report to anyone. After five years of classroom discipline, life had begun to seem unreal. In L.A. I didn't even have to go to work if I didn't want to. Of course, when I started with Chico, the pressures began again."

Yet, he said, it still was a ball working that year and a half with drummer Hamilton, reed man Buddy Collette, bassist Carson Smith, and cellist Fred Katz. Hall was afflutter with neophyte enthusiasm.

"I wasn't hip then," he said. "In fact, I didn't even know what I didn't know, so right away I started to write all sorts of stuff for the band. A couple of tunes—*Siete Cuatro* and *Chrissie*—were all right. The rest were fair to awful."

A real departure from the type of music Hall had been playing, and was used to, challenged his ear when he joined Giuffre in an association that was to last two years. The new music made a formidable demand on the Hall resources. First with bassist Ralph Pena (later, Jim Atlas) and then with trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, the Jimmy Giuffre 3 explored territory that at that time the average jazzmen rarely ventured into. It wasn't easy.

"Giuffre's idea—at least after Brookmeyer joined us—was to have three linear instruments improvise collectively," Hall said. "He believed it didn't make any difference whether or not the group had bass or drums. He said the instruments should be able to keep the time themselves. It was damned hard; yet it was one of the most enlarging experiences I've had. It probably cost me a few more hairs, but it was worth it."

Hall parted amicably with Giuffre after their second year together because, as he said, "I wasn't fitting in with the direction he was taking. He shifts direction more frequently than I do, but this time he was changing before my very eyes—and I can't change that fast."

HALL IS UNUSUAL in that he apparently doesn't hate anyone and speaks admiringly of almost every musician he knows. But when it comes to himself, he seems to lose the faculty of wonder. He sees his faults clearly enough but rarely mentions the qualities that make him one of today's finest guitarists. He laments, for example, that there are many nights when he has to dig into the trick bag to get through a solo—an admission not many musicians would be willing to make so freely.

"Sometimes on a bad night," he said, "you find yourself falling back on tricks whether you want to or not. You find your fingers going in a certain direction, and before you know it, you've played an old bebop lick. You can get hung up like this, tactilely. I mean, touch can lead you into things almost before you are aware of it. Instead of your fingers following your mind, your mind follows your fingers. On good nights I seem to be able to hear what is being played on the stand with greater clarity, and this allows me to compose better material."

After considering this comparison of good and bad nights for a moment, the guitarist laughed and continued: "The trouble is that some guys have such good bad nights that it scares you. Rollins is so good that he leaves you with your mouth open. His hold on form, especially in a long solo, really floors me. I don't know if it's conscious or unconscious, but it's there."

The year the guitarist spent with Art Farmer, 1963-64, combined the best of times and the worst of times. Personally, he said, he loved being with the band, but there were other considerations gnawing at his consciousness.

"I was really bugged with myself for a lot of the time I was with Art," he said. "I felt I wasn't playing near my capacity and that, in a sense, I was letting Art down.

Toward the end I began to drink too much and wasn't doing any writing—which I want to do—or really not much practicing either. About the only practicing I did was frantic warming up.

"Finally, the combination of road fatigue and booze got to me to an extent I couldn't ignore. A couple of times when Art and I were in Europe, my muscles locked, and my hands refused to work. It was frightening. When we got back, I went to a doctor. He took a liver test and told me, 'You'd better quit.' I haven't had a drink since."

True. Squire Hall today is one of New York City's leading grape-juice-and-soda men.

ONE OF HALL'S most satisfying current experiences has been his work in the last few months with Hall Overton, teacher, composer, and player much respected in the jazz community. His admiration for Overton is unqualified:

"A remarkable musician and a great creative teacher," the guitarist said of Overton. "I'm not half the musician I thought I was before I went to him. He's the only guy I know of who knows so much academically about music—from Gregorian chants to the moderns—and still can play piano with a real jazz feeling. If I were going to be a teacher, I'd like to be a creative teacher like Hall. I think teaching is a big responsibility and not just a way to make money and not travel."

Whether he will teach or not in the future is something the guitarist has not thought about much, he says. There are two things, however, he definitely wants to do. One is to write. He has been doing this with varying success since his Hamilton days, but he would like particularly to write for the guitar.

"Composers haven't written that much for guitar," he explained, "and not many composers know the instrument well enough to create good pieces. There is need for good contemporary guitar music."


His second ambition is, not surprisingly, to broaden guitar horizons in the playing department.

"I would like to see it played more in a piano style, a more original and balanced combination of single-line and chord improvisation," he said. "Tal and Wes Montgomery have done quite a bit in this direction, but it should be taken farther."

"I'm interested, too, in the guitar as an accompanying instrument. Comping is almost second nature to a pianist, but I really can't think of any outstanding guitar accompanist for horns or singers. You don't hear too many guitarists that can accompany that well. I sometimes think the art of accompanying is neglected because there is so much emphasis on being a soloist. You know, accompanying is really not an instrumental technique; it's more of a listening technique—to listen and to anticipate what the leader or singer is going to do so that your comment fits it perfectly."

That Hall is well equipped to pursue his aims few would deny, though his own sense of doubt is his severest and most steady critic.

"Without being phonily modest," he remarked, "I have many misgivings about my playing. Sometimes I think I'm pretty adequate, but I have to keep after it. I've got to practice every day. Of all guitar players, I guess Tal is the most formidable talent; but there's not a guitar player going that I don't like. I've learned in recent years not to make comparisons between myself and other players, just to take what I have with all its limitations and work with that."

There are many players who would be proud to have Jim Hall's limitations. 



RAEBURN FLERLAGE

Texas blues singer-guitarist Sam (Lightnin') Hopkins

STRINGIN' THE BLUES

The Art Of Folk Blues Guitar, By Pete Welding

MORE THAN A decade ago, London records issued a superb 10-inch LP called *Guitars of Africa*, one of 10 albums in a series titled *Music of Africa* (all are out of print currently). The guitar is not an instrument indigenous to Africa (it was introduced late in the continent's musical history by Portuguese traders), and, as a result, there were no traditionally prescribed ways of approaching the instrument in African music. Accordingly, each man who, through one means or another, acquired a guitar necessarily had to evolve his own manner of tuning it, playing it, and accommodating its special qualities to the native music of his region. Each of the album's eight delightfully musical selections revealed a completely unique and original approach to the guitar, with no two even remotely similar.

Anyone who sets himself the task of examining the functioning role of the guitar in American blues soon finds that a bewilderingly similar situation obtains. There are as many distinct approaches to the instrument as there are men accompanying their blues singing with the instrument.

Like any folk artist, the blues singer is an autodidact who most often approaches the playing of a formal instrument—be it guitar, violin, mandolin, or piano—informally, with little or no awareness of the traditionally "accepted" modes of playing it. Since he brings to his playing no preconceptions of the supposed limitations of the instrument, he often devises thoroughly new playing approaches, employs the instrument in ways it had not been used previously—in short, treats it in unorthodox fashion. In a sense, then, each new blues man learns the instru-

ment anew and pragmatically evolves his own highly personal approach.

Despite this rich profusion of approaches, there are three main and distinct stylistic areas of blues guitar playing. They may be roughly classified regionally as Mississippi delta, Texas, and East Coast (ranging along the eastern seaboard from Florida to Maryland).

In the country blues, the guitar is much more than a mere accompanying instrument that provides a rhythmic foundation to support the voice. A blues performance is a totality in which the interaction of sung and played lines is complete, the guitar acting as chorus to the voice, providing commentary on the sung lines, taking over from the voice at the end of a line, extending the thought and expression of the words, and often freighted with much more meaning and emotional intensity than are the words.

Since the guitar interacts so totally with the voice—is used as a voice, in fact—the differences in the three areas of blues style are due not to the manner in which the guitar is used (primarily, at any rate) but to the way in which the voice is conceived and used in each of the three, with the instrument taking its lead from the vocal conception that is the convention in each of the three places. (Naturally, all this is purely theoretical, since in actual practice there is no distinction between song and "accompaniment.")

How, then, do the three differ and what is it that characterizes each?

Mississippi Delta Blues

The blues style long associated with the Mississippi delta region (roughly, the state of Mississippi and the area

on each side of the Mississippi River north to Memphis) is perhaps the most archaic and "primitive" of the three. Certainly the blues style of the area, as revealed in representative recordings from the late 1920s and early '30s, is a rough, spontaneous, clamorous, often crude and unfinished one in which stark, unrelieved emotion takes precedence over coherently developed story lines.

The blues sung by the delta blues men are often fragmentary, the individual verses sometimes bound together by only the most tenuous narrative ties and existing solely as vehicles for the expression of strong, uncontrollable



PETE WELDING

Veteran delta blues man Son House

feelings that may be only vaguely hinted at in the actual words to a song (often monosyllabic cries, humming, and other wordless ejaculations carry far greater "meaning" than do the song's words). The songs seem only a step from the wordless field cries and hollers of an older generation.

In the region's preferred style (as exemplified in the work of such tradition bearers as Charlie Patton, Willie Brown, Son House, William Harris, and Skip James) the voice is dark and heavy, often thick and congested, with a peculiar crying quality—the singer often sounds on the verge of tears, as for example, House on *Sun Goin' Down*—and suffused throughout with an emotional intensity that often is all but overpowering (the words seem almost torn from the singer's throat).

The singing is heavily rhythmic and mostly limited to a relatively narrow melodic range that reflects its grounding in the older declamatory field cries.

The delta blues seem the most rudimentary of vocal expression, qualifying as "songs" in only the most limited sense—in that they are only slightly removed from speech patterns. The tone in which they are sung is, in folklorist Sam Charters' words, "forced through the clenched throat, as though the singer were forcing himself to speak. A phrase becomes a choked growl; a deeply felt verse becomes a tightened falsetto."

In this music the guitar participates intimately in the emotional development and ranges from the intricate, pulsant rhythms of House and Patton, with the voice rushing over a reiterated rhythmic pattern and in which treble interjections "speak" at the end of sung lines (House's *Preachin' the Blues*, and any number of Patton performances); through the only slightly expanded harmonic palette and varied rhythms of Brown (*Future Blues*, *M&O Blues*), with the guitar developing moving bass lines against acid figures in the treble; to the insistent thrumming cross-rhythms of Harris (*Bullfrog Blues*) and Tommy Johnson (*Big Road Blues*, for one); the sad, wildly lonely sound of James (*Hard Time Killin' Floor*), and on to the strange, free-associated cante fables of Bukka White, in which the guitar moves from unison figures behind the voice to a repeated rhythmic motif at the end of the sung portion.

An exemplary set that contains a splendid cross section of delta stylings is Origin's *The Mississippi Blues, 1927-1940* (OJL-5), with representative performances by House, Brown, White, Harris, James, Robert Wilkins,

Kid Bailey, and John Hurt (whose wistful, lilting, finely detailed work is very much outside the mainstream of delta blues and who is a Mississippi blues man only by birth).

Origin groups House, Brown, and Harris as representatives of the "Clarksdale style," after Clarksdale, Miss., the area in which all worked (as did Charlie Patton, mentor of the three, whose gripping, important source work is preserved in two essential Origin sets, OJL 1 and 7).

"The guitar is conspicuous here," Origin notes, "often harshly and stridently pulsive with work rhythms, taking over emphatically, almost impatiently, at the end of a vocal line. Lyrically, these blues are kin to field hollers with the mainly familiar verses or variations on same strung informally together. The intoned sounds of monosyllables frequently carry more 'meaning' than whatever signification the words may have. Usually it is one long, free-associated lament or protest. Rarely is any really connected narrative unfolded. What organic form there is depends on the development of the extraordinarily expressive guitar playing to which the words stand pretty much as chorus."

(Related recordings include *Negro Blues and Hollers*, Library of Congress AFS L59; *Really the Country Blues*, Origin OJL-2; *Son House & J. D. Short*, Folkways 2467; *The Country Blues, Vol. 1*, RBF 1; *The Country Blues, Vol. 2*, RBF 9; *The Rural Blues*, RBF 202; *Big Joe Williams—Piney Woods Blues*, Delmark 602; *Fred McDowell—Mississippi Delta Blues*,

Arhoolie 1021; *Fred McDowell—The Sound of the Delta*, Testament 2208.)

However accomplished the performances of the aforementioned, the genre's ultimate expression resides in the powerful and sensitive work of the gifted Robert Johnson. Before his death, by poisoning, in 1938, at 21



Mississippi's Big Joe Williams

years of age, Johnson recorded 29 performances that must stand as the final testimony of the delta blues.

A performer of fantastic expressive strength, Johnson was undeniably the most gifted natural poet the form produced; the imagery of his best work is unrivaled and unique in all of the blues (e.g., *If I Had Possession over Judgment Day*, *Stones in My Passway*, *Me and the Devil Blues*, and the powerful *Hellhound on My Trail*).

His work is a veritable catalog of the very best and most expressive instrumental devices of the delta blues. On some pieces—*Preaching Blues* is a good example—his guitar work was so overwhelmingly powerful as to overshadow completely the words it supported; it carried considerably more force and intensity than the already powerful lyrics. At times he punctuated his singing with instrumental phrases that beautifully underlined the mood of stark tragedy the words were conveying, as the treble punctuations on *When You Got a Good Friend*.

In all Johnson's singing and playing, however, there is an air of desolation and unrelieved anguish that is one of the most affecting experiences in all the blues. And as a summing up of the very best the delta blues produced, Johnson's work is unsurpassed in its artistry and emotional power. (Moreover, the seeds of such influential postwar styles as those of Muddy Waters and Elmore James are contained in Johnson's nonpareil singing and playing.) Columbia

Delta singer Fred McDowell, a Como, Miss., farmhand





PETE WELDING

Texas songster Mance Lipscomb

1654, *King of the Delta Blues Singers*, is an essential component of any library of blues recordings.

Johnson was by far the most sensitive user of the bottleneck style of guitar playing in which the slurring tones of the human voice are achieved instrumentally by sliding a smooth, hard object, such as a pocket knife, bottleneck, or metal tube, over the strings, producing a whining, keening sound. Son House, on whose playing Johnson modeled his, is perhaps the only one who might challenge Johnson's mastery of slide playing.

Texas Blues

It might well be—as some have claimed—that the Texas blues style is considerably older than that of the Mississippi delta area. Such Texas blues men as Blind Lemon Jefferson and Texas Alexander began to make recordings about the same time as the earliest delta singers, yet the work of the Texas singers had by this time already been refined considerably. Though the Texas style was strong and powerfully direct, it was not rough or unfinished in the same manner as was the delta style. On the contrary, it was highly sophisticated and carefully ordered in comparison with the rougher Mississippi style.

Even such singers as Henry (Ragtime) Thomas and Huddie Ledbetter, who performed in the older Texas country styles, worked in a manner that was considerably more deliberate and sophisticated than that of the Mississippi men. The melodic line was more supple and was sung in a higher, clearer voice, employing an appropriately lighter, more sinuous, and much more regularized accompaniment than the harsher style of the delta.

And the later Texas blues men (Jefferson, Alexander, et al.) sang in a high, arching voice in a style that was

pared to the bone, honed to a very fine sharpness in which all trace of the nonessential had been carefully stripped away, leaving only the bare emotional skeleton.

In this approach the guitar took over in a series of melodic extensions and variations—often of great brilliance and inventiveness—at the completion of the sung phrases, while it generated relatively simple, free rhythmic patterns behind the singing. (An instance of the intrinsic musicality and relative sophistication of the Texas musical traditions is currently afforded in the beautifully detailed singing and playing of Navasota songster Mance Lipscomb; his work in the older Texas styles is handsomely showcased in two Arhoolie albums, 1001 and 1023.)

Today the natural heir of the style is Houston's Sam (Lightnin') Hopkins, and in his powerfully individual playing and singing one can hear the same lean, open, long-lined sound that coursed through the older recordings of his cousin, Texas Alexander, with their sensitive Lonnie Johnson guitar accompaniments. Over the years quite a few influences have impinged on Hopkins' performance style, but at core it remains rooted in the characteristic Texas blues approaches.

East Coast Blues

Through the 1930s and the early years of World War II, the characteristic sound of the blues was the bright, brassy exuberance of the city blues that were ground out by the hundreds, if not thousands, primarily in Chicago, which had early been established as the important center of blues recording activity. The sound was an outgrowth of the third major style of blues, that associated with Georgia and the east coast. It was a highly musical approach that placed a premium on musicianship, was harmonically oriented (even to the extensive use of passing chords), with an easy, infectiously lilting swing to it. The music was essentially quite melodic, with a sweet, consonant sound, the over-all feeling being of smoothness and richness.

The style drew together a number of strains in Negro music. At the root was the minstrel tradition (basically a white burlesque of Negro musical style that had, in turn, gone back into—and nourished—Negro tradition itself). This was brought to bear on the blues forms that were developing around the period of Emancipation (the precise origins of the blues form never have been clearly established) and as a result of their more extensive grounding in European music (thanks to minstrelsy) attained to a higher degree of musical

sophistication—in the areas of melody and harmony, at any rate—than did the more "African" or primitive styles to the west, in Texas and the delta.

If the East Coast way of playing was more highly organized (occasionally attaining to a simple contrapuntal style in the pitting of bass figures against treble melody lines, for example), it often achieved this complexity at the expense of spontaneity and intensity of feeling. The playing style, of necessity, had to be much more strictly regularized to facilitate the broadened melodic and harmonic refinements.

Naturally, the term "East Coast Blues" is, as are the other two designations, an oversimplification of, and convenience for, what was a bewildering complex of widely varying styles. The term can indicate only a few of the qualities that bind together—in theory, if nowhere else—such oddly disparate stylists as Tampa Red, Blind Blake, Peg Leg Howell, Blind Boy Fuller, Bill Jackson, Blind Willie McTell, Pink Anderson, Brownie McGhee, and a host of others.

Within the term East Coast, the stylistic range is particularly broad, ranging from the roughest country styles (Howell, Charlie Jackson), through the beautifully balanced playing of Blake and Tampa Red, and on to the most fully ordered and finely wrought, almost architectonic, of approaches that borrow greatly from white country-music disciplines.

The term can indicate only the broadest outlines of a discipline; seeking a common denominator it discounts all the nuances of expression, the idiosyncrasies of technique, the very qualities, in fact, that distinguish one blues man from another and make the blues the highly personal, exciting music it is.

Nor do such terms and distinctions take into account the stylistic mavericks—like Mississippi John Hurt—whose music is so blindingly personal and so far removed from ideas of "influence," tradition, or regional style, as to seem the product of a totally different world.

And, too, one must bear in mind that distinctions between regional approaches were blurred considerably when the mass media began to poke into every nook and cranny of the land. Records, radio, television, films—all have exerted a tremendous and far-reaching effect on our nation's folk musics, and the oral traditions that once shaped a region's peculiar musical style have now given way to "aural" traditions and a cultural homogeneity. Acculturation proceeds at

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the odyssey of attila zoller

By DAN MORGENSTERN



OSAMU OTSUKA

MUSICIANS, CRITICS, and lay listeners in New York City recently have been singularly unanimous in bestowing praise on an unusual duo currently at Duke's³, a comfortable coffee house in the heart of Greenwich Village.

Guitarist Attila Zoller and pianist Don Friedman spin out remarkably cohesive and original collective improvisations. Almost for the first time since he established permanent residence in the United States in March, 1959, the jazz world is really taking notice of the extraordinary talent of the 37-year-old Hungarian-born guitarist.

It is a long way from the tiny old fortress town of Visegrad, on the banks of the Danube 20 miles from Budapest, where Zoller was born, to Greenwich Village, especially in today's divided world, but there was music in Zoller's life from the start.

"My father was a music teacher," said the guitarist—a big but calm and gentle man, whose accent has almost as much of Vienna in it as it does of Hungary—"and he started me out on violin at 4. He had a little orchestra made up of his students—my sister was in it too. When I was 9, I started to like the trumpet better than violin, so I practiced in secret on a borrowed horn. My father found out, but all he said was, 'If you want to do it, do it right.' I played trumpet for seven years in my high school's symphony orchestra."

When World War II ended, Zoller was not quite 18. His father had been taken prisoner by the Russian army, so the young man went to Budapest to find employment as a musician.

"It was hard to find work as a trumpeter," he said, "so at the suggestion of a friend, I switched to guitar. I taught myself the chords from piano charts. At that time, I knew nothing about jazz

—I played in commercial bands."

By 1947 Zoller had landed a good job with one of the top bands in the Hungarian capital, and in that year he had his first encounter with jazz.

"A piano player I knew had some records," the guitarist recalled, "and he showed me some things about changes, and then I heard Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie on the radio. Records were very hard to get in Hungary.

There were other things that were hard to get in Hungary as well; so late in 1948, Zoller made a decisive move.

"I had a cousin in Vienna, and just before they closed the border with Austria, I walked across the mountains with nothing but my guitar and some changes of underwear stuffed in the case," he said.

There wasn't much jazz to be heard in Vienna, but there were American records, and there were jazz musicians there, Zoller said. "I met Hans Solomon [now a tenor saxophonist, then playing alto, who visited the United States as a member of the Newport International Youth Band in 1958]; he played me some Lennie Tristano sides, which impressed me a lot, and I started to try to analyze the music. Then I met Vera Auer."

Miss Auer, a vibraharpist now living in New York City, was at that time an accordionist. "We formed a quartet together," he said. "I was the musical director—and then we heard the George Shearing Quintet. I built a vibraharp for Vera (it was impossible to buy one then), and it took me three months to find all the parts. My model was a beat-up old Deagan that was sitting in a radio studio. I molded the keys myself in a foundry... the tuning was terrible!"

Zoller and Miss Auer worked to-

gether for five years. They won the combo prize at a Vienna jazz contest in 1951 but mostly played dance music in cabarets. They did a little experimenting, he remembers, especially after hearing the Red Norvo Trio in '53, with Jimmy Raney on guitar. Zoller and Miss Auer visited Turkey that year and played U.S. Army clubs, but in 1954 he decided to go on his own and played in Turkey and then Holland. There he saw his first American jazzmen: Lionel Hampton and Jazz at the Philharmonic. Switzerland was next in his travels and finally Germany. In Frankfurt, he met composer Dave Amram, who then was playing French horn. Amram was in the Army but used to sit in with Zoller's group. When he got out of the service, Amram stayed in Frankfurt, and he and Zoller "played some things we had worked out together at the Domicile du Jazz."

Frankfurt-am-Main was Germany's jazz center then and the Domicile its leading club. There he met pianist Jutta Hipp, trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff, critic and promoter Horst Lippman, and many others in the jazz sphere.

"At that point in my life," he said, "I switched from commercial music to jazz."

Zoller joined Miss Hipp's group, which played clubs in Germany; went to Sweden several times during 1954 and '55; and a year later joined tenor saxophonist Hans Koller's group, of which Miss Hipp also became a member. Later in 1956, the guitarist visited the United States for the first time. The trip was to be a turning point.

I COULD ONLY STAY three weeks," Zoller said, "but it was enough to change my views of jazz completely. I had thought that jazz was a device, rather than a creative thing. Here I found out the point of the music; I'd been listening to Tristano, Shearing, Norvo—and here I heard Clifford Brown. Now I started to know what the score was. On that first visit, Lee Konitz helped me a lot. I had met him in Cologne in 1955, when we had been on the same program at a jazz concert. He introduced me to Billy Bauer."

Returning to Germany, Zoller spent the next few years with the Koller group, visiting the United States again briefly in 1958. In October of that year, Koller formed his most famous group, with Oscar Pettiford on bass and cello and first Kenny Clarke, then Jimmy Pratt on drums.

A car crash in late 1958, which injured Pettiford and Koller, led to the group disbanding in early 1959. In March, Zoller again came to the United

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RECORD REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, Erwin Helfer, Don Nelsen, Bill Mathieu, Dan Morgenstern, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.

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

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

Nat Adderley

AUTOBIOGRAPHY—Atlantic 1439: *Sermonette; Work Song; The Old Country; Junkanoo; Stony Island; Little Boy with the Sad Eyes; Never Say Yes; Jive Samba*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-3, 6, 7—Adderley, cornet; Ernie Royal, trumpet; Benny Powell or Tony Studd, bass trombone; Don Butterfield, tuba; Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone, flute; Joe Zawinul, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Grady Tate or Bruno Carr, drums. Tracks 4, 5, 8—Adderley, Royal; Powell; Zawinul; Jones; Carr; Victor Pantoja, conga drum; Willie Bobo, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★

The instrumentation Adderley has chosen for five of these eight tunes suggests something out of the ordinary—cornet, trumpet, bass trombone, tuba, tenor or flute, and rhythm. But nothing much comes of it.

The ensemble gets something going in the closing chorus of *Work*, but otherwise Zawinul's arrangements are, with one exception, relatively unimaginative means of getting to the solos, which, when they arrive, are surprisingly ordinary. The exception is *Boy*, which Zawinul has given a Gil Evans treatment.

The disc is most consistently alive in the three pieces on which the brass is cut and the percussion expanded—*Junkanoo*, *Stony*, and *Jive*—for the three drummers and Zawinul lay down a foundation that swirls with such zest and joy that it carries along everything else with it. On *Jive*, Powell (on tenor) and Zawinul, responding to the impetus of the percussion, turn in the strongest solos on the record. (J.S.W.)

Berklee Students

A TRIBUTE TO OLIVER NELSON—JAZZ IN THE CLASSROOM, VOL. IX—Berklee Records: *Lou's Good Dues Blues; Shufflin'; Sound Piece; Hobo Flats; Anacrusis; Mama Lou; Teenie's Blues; Straight Ahead; Booze Blues Baby; Stolen Moments; Bob's Blues*.

Collective personnel: Jim Castaldi, Dale Frank, Roland Ligart, Mike Mantler, Wes Nicholas, Michael Price, Dick Robilotto, George Zonce, trumpets; Jerry Collins, Steve Devich, Tony DiMaggio, trombones; Alf Clausen, French horn; Erroll Burke, Alex Elin, Gerry Geiger, Mal McIntyre, Jimmy Mosher, Charles Owens, Sadao Watanabe, reeds; Gene Perla, Mike Rendish, pianos; Kent Carter, bass; Ted Sadyk, Bill Thiele, drums; John Julian, John McGill, Jose Privsek, Watanabe, Rendish, Perla, arrangers; Herb Pomeroy, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

Rendish's arrangement of *Mama Lou*, a 16-bar blues, opens with united brass

accompanying altoist Owens. In places, Owens is reminiscent of Jackie McLean. Watch out for the rhythm section men, particularly Thiele on drums—they're really hard under the altoist and brass. The band builds tremendously near the end of the track before fading out.

Teenie's Blues, a John McGill arrangement, is a 3/4 type of melody played against a 4/4 structure, with the French horn playing or doubling with much of the lead. It's a fine combination, first alto and French horn, doubling lead at times on the motif, which is repeated in various places. There's good work by bassist Carter, tenor saxophonist Burke, and altoist Watanabe. Watanabe is "out" but sensibly. The composition and arrangement also are "out" but nicely.

Perla's arrangement of *Straight Ahead* has Burke atop the brass, replete with bell tones and the works. There's good Carter bass too. Just before the bass solo, a nice phrase from the swing and hard jazz (bop) eras is played in harmony by saxophones, and it serves as a good launching pad for anyone with outgoing desires. Between bass solos there is an Ellington-Gil Evans type of woodwind-brass combination. There are brisk double-time drums beneath the flute and tenor sax excursions, both of which are ended with merging brass.

Arranged by John Julian, *Booze Blues'* first chorus ensemble gradually leads into a tenor solo. It's a relaxed solo, with merging brass and reed background.

Watanabe's arrangement of *Stolen Moments* opens with subtly mixed brass, woodwinds, and bass followed by powerful brass writing—playing that introduces tenorist Burke. Then there's another interlude suggestion before going into an ensemble that leads back to the melody, first in a more extended form and then in its original form. Excellent.

Bob's Blues opens with trombone stating the melody; then on the repeat, other horns join in for a round, or canon. The piano is also in there. And don't forget the drummer—he's spurring the herd. Then the whole band states four exciting, double-forte bars that are really out of sight. Tenorist Elin plays some subdued, quiet melody variations next; then the rhythm section starts to pour it on behind and beneath Elin. The track ends with two cadenzas for Elin to romp on and a short statement from trombonist DiMaggio.

Lou's Blues, Privsek's arrangement, opens with Perla's piano and then muted brass for 32, followed by solo flute with brass underneath. There's a holy feeling (sanctified) interlude type of introduction for piano solo. Watanabe's flute solo is excellent.

Shufflin', Jimmy Mosher's Ellingtonish arrangement, features ensemble beneath a glowing Mosher alto solo. Mosher is one of my favorite horn men in this album; he plays a few Cannonball Adderley-Sonny Stitt clichés, though—but it's difficult to get around the mainstream and still emote. There's a short flute solo and then short ensemble and out, with Mosher and his beautiful tone up top.

Sound Piece is of a somewhat broken pattern from the rest of the album. The first melody's statement (strange melody)

is played by altoist Watanabe after a short piano introduction. Mantler's trumpet solo really has a beautiful sound—full-bodied in tone and Dizzy Gillespieish in flavor and vibrato. Later he enters another orbit with some "out" trumpet calisthenics, and he and the others join the freedom movement. Different just to be different? Well, anyway, it was a long introduction to some usual routine 4/4 swinging. It was a contrast, however.

McGill's arrangement of *Hobo Flats* has some "out" combination of melodies with bass backdrop, an ensemble that is like a suite—it varies. I hear a lot of Duke Ellington here, but here is enough variety so that it doesn't get too sticky with unoriginality. This is contrastingly different from the larger portion of the album, which kind of stays in one groove. It's like classwork.

There is a lot of positive comment I could make about *Anacrusis* that I've already made about other numbers in this album. It is a powerful arrangement by Privsek with good solos by Watanabe on alto and Burke on tenor.

The time, effort (trumpets, brass in general, endurance—chops), dedication make this a five-star attempt. My hat's off to all concerned. (K.D.)

Bill Davis

FREE, FRANTIC, AND FUNKY—RCA Victor 3314: *C Jam Blues; C. C. Rider; Hit the Road, Jack; Just Squeeze Me; I Can't Stop Loving You; Sent for You Yesterday; Well, Git It; Azure-Te (Paris Blues); Free, Frantic, and Funky; Don't Cry, Baby; Tappin' In; Make Love to Me*.

Personnel: Bob Brown or Jerome Richardson, Seldon Powell, tenor saxophones, flutes; Davis, organ; Dicky Thompson or Mundell Lowe, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Jimmy Hopps or Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★½

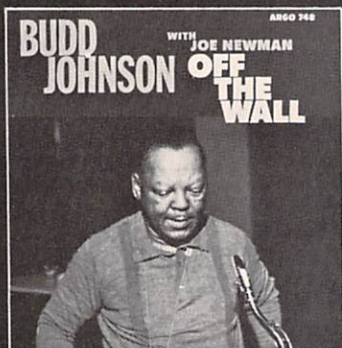
For variety of sound and for taste in presentation, this beats most organ albums. For one thing, Davis rings a slight change in the over-used organ-tenor-guitar-drums combination on four of the 12 tracks. For *Jam*, *Jack*, *Yesterday*, and *Git It*, he employs two guitars, two tenors, and bass, which, along with his own organ, lends these pieces a remarkably orchestral texture.

Further, Davis' use of flute adds yet another dimension to his music. His taste in the handling of his own instrument is impeccable. His comping is almost more felt than heard and allows a soloist a clear field of sound in which to operate without interference. His understanding of the use of dynamics is impressive.

The primary soloists, aside from the boss, are Thompson and Brown, apparently (from the notes) regular members of Davis' quartet. I have not heard Thompson before, and, in view of what he plays here, I consider it my loss. He is rhythmically strong, technically fluent. His ideas, while not revolutionary, command attention. His *Rider* solo is simple but most touching. On *C Jam*, he is fleet, assured, stirring.

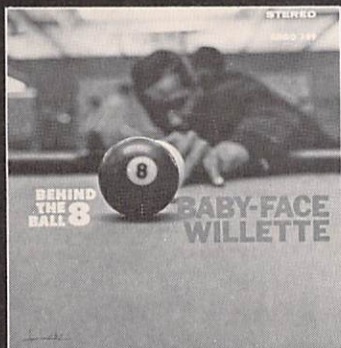
Brown's fingers are equally deft. He can blow gutty, muscled stuff at up-tempo (*Tippin'*) and then dig up a full, resonant mellow sound from the horn (*Azure*). His flute work displays the same ability to adapt the sound of his instrument to the type of material being played.

All the quartet tracks are underscored



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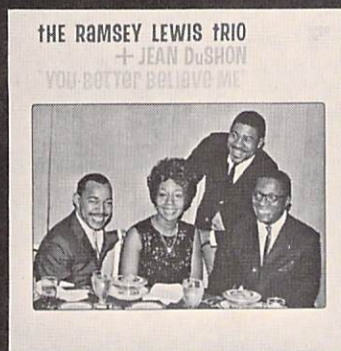
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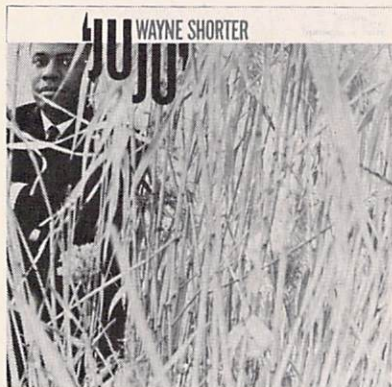
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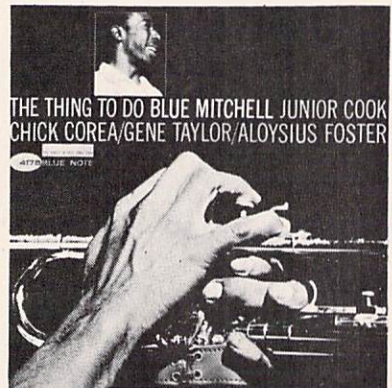


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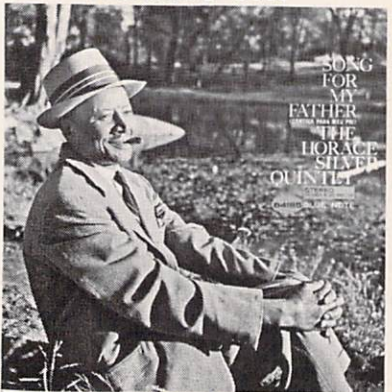
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by Hopps, a fine drummer, though not yet at the stage where Johnson operates.

I never thought I'd hear an organ record that I would enjoy throughout. But this is one. (D.N.)

Woody Herman

WOODY'S BIG BAND GOODIES—Philips 600-171: *Wailin' in the Woodshed*; *Blue Monk*; *You Dirty Dog*; *Pour House Blues*; *The Good Earth*; *Sidewalks of Cuba*; *I Can't Get Started*; *Bijou*; *Apple Honey*.

Personnel: Bill Chase, Billy Hunt, Gerald Lowry, and Dusko Goykevich or Paul Fontaine, Lawrence Ford, or Dave Gale, trumpets; Phil Wilson, Henry Southall, and Bob Stroup or Bob Rudolph, trombones; Herman, clarinet, alto saxophone; Andy McGhee, Paul Romero, Bobby Jones, Bill Perkins, and Gary Klein or Sal Nistico, tenor saxophones; Tom Anastas or Frank Hittner, baritone saxophone; Nat Pierce, piano; Chuck Andrus, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

As one who considers the Woody Herman groups of 1945-48 the finest of all modern big bands, I must admit to some disappointment in the direction Herman has taken in the last few years.

He's gone back to the eclecticism of his pre-Herd days: *Woodshed*, *Pour House*, and, to a lesser extent, the version of Duke Ellington's *Dirty Dog* are Count Basie-inspired. *Blue Monk* contains a Basie-like shout section; it's highlighted by Pierce's ruminative and charmingly old-timey theme statements. *Get Started*, which features trumpet improvisation, has a rich but not distinctive arrangement.

The excellence of Herman's previous bands aside, however, this is a good one. The brass section wails with abandon, the reeds achieve a nice balance between smoothness and muscularity, and Hanna is a capable and quite musical drummer, able to kick the band without drawing undue attention to himself.

Nistico is the most impressive soloist here. I've heard him play more inventively than on *Apple Honey*, his feature, but he does demonstrate overwhelming drive and great technical facility.

McGhee has a strong solo on *Pour House*; his style seems touched by the Don Byas approach. Hunt, an extroverted, warm-toned trumpeter, handled his spots well. He's a modernist who seems influenced by swing-era musicians—at times his work is reminiscent of Harry Edison. (H.P.)

Earl Hines

THE REAL EARL HINES—Focus 335: *Memoires of You*; *I Ain't Got Nobody*; *Misty*; *Satin Doll*; *Tea for Two*; *Someone to Watch Over Me*; *St. Louis Blues*.

Personnel: Budd Johnson, tenor saxophone; Hines, piano; Ahmed Abdul-Malik, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

SPONTANEOUS EXPLORATIONS—Contact 2: *Undecided*; *Fatha's Blues*; *A Sunday Kind of Love*; *I've Found a New Baby*; *Squeeze Me*; *Tosca's Dance*; *Jim*; *Black Coffee*; *You Always Hurt the One You Love*.

Personnel: Hines, piano.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

In one remarkably productive weekend in March, 1964, Hines recorded both these discs.

He flew to New York City from California to play three concerts in two nights. The Focus album is made up of part of one concert; the Contact is a studio session. The concerts were a triumph for Hines, who had not been heard in the East in six years.

The Focus disc shows his triumph. This

is piano playing on a level that is rarely heard, even for a short period and almost never for an entire evening. Hines makes each selection a complete, flowing performance, full of changing colors and accents, with surprises, twists, turns, and a variety of joys, including, of course, the very clean, bright use of the treble that is a Hines hallmark. It is all done gracefully and with an almost casual air that deceptively covers the discipline that guides the pieces. Even a high tremolo figure that is sustained for five minutes on *St. Louis* is done without its seeming to be a gimmick (it is, instead, a valid dramatic device). Johnson joins Hines on one piece, *Watch*, to play a warm, reflective solo, which Hines backs impeccably.

Hines lays it on the line in these performances. This is not simply Hines as he was in his classic period when he formulated his style. The runs, the breaks, the bright, strutting tremolo tickles are all there. But there is a depth now that gives added dimension to a style that sometimes could be all frosting and surface glitter. Malik and Jackson give him perceptive backing. *Nobody* is an unaccompanied piano solo.

All the performances on the Contact LP are unaccompanied, leaving Hines free to ruminate or romp with no need to be concerned with sidemen. The first four selections, each different in approach, are superb Hines all the way through. *Squeeze* has some interesting glimpses of the flowing interrelationship of his strong, two-handed approach to the piano, while *Tosca* gets off on a surprising Willie the Lion kick. *Jim* and *Coffee*, both slow, tend to meander, but Hines is back in high gear on *Hurt*. (J.S.W.)

Jazz Crusaders

THE THING—Pacific Jazz 87: *The Thing*; *Sunset in Mountains*; *While the City Sleeps*; *White Cobra*; *New Time Shuffle*; *Para Mi Esposza*; *Soul Kosher*.

Personnel: Wayne Henderson, trombone, euphonium; Wilton Felder, tenor saxophone; Joe Sample, piano; Nesbert Hooper, drums; Monk Montgomery or Victor Gaskin, bass.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

Thing begins with sancti-rhythm background and melody, with tenorist Felder playing fine leadoff—a Dexter Gordon-John Coltrane type of solo but not too long. Felder is followed by Henderson's full-bodied trombone and then Sample's piano, which blends with bassist Gaskin's line, building as the composition progresses. Drummer Hooper's accompaniment is fine. None of the solos is particularly outstanding, but Henderson's has a quite original touch. This type of thing is jazz' answer to bossa nova—very effective and a potential hit. I would like to have heard more.

Sunset is an AABA form of two 16-bar phrases, eight-bar bridge, and a repeat of the first 16—conventional. The tenor solo is quite good, but the unoriginal style detracts from it. Both trombone and piano solos are good. These guys economize well; they know when they're through, when they've had it—something a lot of established soloists don't know.

While the City Sleeps—I like the title in regard to the composition. It has that sleep thing. Yeah! Trombone slick and original.

(Continued on page 41)

Drummer—yeah! Tenor sounds like Dexter, but that's all right—so do some of the top tenorists. Short fugue between trombone and tenor; then they fade into sleep.

White Cobra, a quite descriptive title, is in a double 16-bar form with an eight-bar vamp after the ensemble. Felder steps out nice and fresh and very much himself. Henderson remains fresh, and Sample is very much himself here and swinging great. The bassist is cooking and very much with the drummer. The tenor-trombone unison is about as close to a 100 percent blend as I've ever heard. The *Cobra* seems to be standing on its tail here.

New Time Shuffle—12-bar blues, way back but suggesting the contemporary modal style of playing. This is that real down-home Texas action. Solos follow practically the same routine as previous tracks.

With *Para Mi Esposa* we enter bossa nova land. It offers good contrast in rhythm, especially with *Thing*. I'm fond of bossa nova music as a beautiful change of pace. Henderson's statement of the melody is unique. Bassist Gaskin brings up the bottom with grace. Felder is all right here. Henderson's solo has that Latin lift in the beginning and is very romantic throughout. The piano solo is good. Henderson's outgoing chorus of melody is beyond explanation. I'll go so far as to say his is the only original trombone voice since J. J. Johnson.

Soul Kosher is in the common 32-bar AABA form, but it is not common as far as composition is concerned. There is a wild vamp behind Felder, who again makes it. And Henderson is soaring. Pianist Sample holds his own.

It has been a pleasure reviewing this album, which I didn't expect so much from—not nearly so much. The Jazz Crusaders are a greatly improved group. (K.D.)

Bennie Moten

COUNT BASIE IN KANSAS CITY—RCA Victor 514: *Toby; Moten's Swing; Blue Room; New Orleans; The Only Girl I Ever Loved; Milenberg Joys; Lafayette; Prince of Wails; The Jones Lau Blues; Small Black; New Vine Street Blues; Won't You Be My Baby?; Oh! Eddie; That 'Too, Do; When I'm Alone; Somebody Stole My Gal.*

Personnel: Ed Lewis, Booker Washington, Oran (Hot Lips) Page or Joe Keyes, Dee Stewart, trumpets, cornets; Dan Minor, trombone; Eddie Durham, trombone, guitar; Harlan Leonard or Eddie Barefield, alto saxophone, clarinet; Jack Washington, alto and baritone saxophones; Woody Walder, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Basie, piano, vocal; Buster Moten, accordion; Leroy Berry, banjo, guitar; Vernon Page or Walter Page, bass; Willie McWashington, drums; Jimmy Rushing, Sterling Russell Trio, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★

The Moten band is part of one of the more unusual case histories in jazz—a band that went through a complete change of personality in the course of which it progressed from success on one level to even greater success on a broader level. (The only parallel that occurs to me is the transformation of the Ben Pollack Band of the late '20s to the Bob Crosby Band of the late '30s.)

Forty years ago the Moten band was the ultimate in the heavy-textured, rocking type of band that dancers in Kansas City and the Southwest favored. Then with the infiltration of Walter Page's Blue Devils, starting with Basie in late 1929 and soon

including most of the key men in Page's band, the Moten group was gradually reshaped to become the prototype of the band that Basie brought east in 1936 and that continues, in a still different form, today.

This collection of Moten recordings, made between October, 1929, and December, 1932, is focused on the presence of Basie. It shows the band in transition and, in its final recording session (Dec. 13, 1932, to which the entire first side of this disc is devoted), as the source of many of the elements that characterized Basie's band five years later.

That 1932 session must have been one of the most remarkably productive recording dates ever held. Although, as Martin Williams points out in his notes, the band was broke and on the verge of starving, it recorded 10 pieces, eight of which are presented here (the remaining two were primarily vocals), and seven of these eight stand up as superb jazz even after a lapse of 33 years. Even the eighth, a fairly commercial bit with a vocal trio, has spots of solo and ensemble interest.

Basie in those days was a swashbuckling pianist with close ties to the Fats Waller-James P. Johnson stride school. He romps joyously through most of the pieces in the 1932 session. He is particularly notable on *Toby* and *Moten Swing*, but his greatest moments are on *Wails*, during which he gives a performance the likes of which he has probably rarely approached in the last three decades. When Basie isn't rollicking along on his own, there are some strong Webster solos, Barefield playing wild, raucous clarinet, ruggedly compact ensemble passages, Jimmy Rushing sounding scarcely one whit different than he has in the years since, and Hot Lips Page playing a wonderful plunger passage on *Lafayette* and a crisp bit on *Moten Swing* (but falling into uncertainties in other spots).

The older tracks are different in character and are not quite as consistently good. The earlier Moten band had some valid qualities of its own—an attractively dark texture; an easy, relaxed beat; and several soloists of merit, though none to compare with Webster, Barefield, and the later Basie. On the other hand, the band had to put up with Buster Moten's creaking accordion that comes crashing in on several pieces. (J.S.W.)

Rune Ofverman

COOL—Argo 752: *Whatcha Gonna Do?; Amen; Bobsled; Gospel Walk; Mellow-Cool; Helen's Theme; Bossa Nova Sueca; M-83; The Man from Potter's Crossing; Ortego Bossa Nova; King's Men.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 3-6—Ofverman, piano; Erik Moseholm, bass; Bert Dahlander, drums; chorus conducted by Gunnar Lunden-Welden. Track 2—add Allan Botschinsky, trumpet. Tracks 7, 8, 10—Ofverman; Rune Gustafsson, guitar; Bjarne Nerem, rhythm guitar; Sture Nordin, bass; Egil Johansen, drums. Tracks 9, 11—Ofverman; Jimmy Woode Jr., bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Ofverman has a distinctive and effective piano style—and that's not so easy to achieve these days. He likes to churn around in the lower register in a manner that is only distantly related to the exciting way that Eddie Costa used to do this. Ofverman's approach is much more gentle and lyrical than Costa's, but he phrases in a way that gives everything he

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plays a strongly rhythmic drive. Ofwerman has his best setting in the two bossa novas, partly because these are charming and inviting tunes, partly because he has the assistance on them of Gustafsson, a guitarist who swings with the same easy drive that Ofwerman has.

The other instrumental pieces are full of swaggering vitality, leavened with an inviting sense of fun, but the disc's rating is dragged down by the first side, on which Ofwerman is teamed with a do-de-doo-dah vocal group and some pretty banal material. (J.S.W.)

Grassella Oliphant

THE GRASS ROOTS—Atlantic 1438: *One for the Masses; The Descendant; Star Dust; Uptown Hours; Mrs. O; Haitian Lady; Shiny Stockings; Grandfather's Waltz; Step Lightly; Mood Indigo.*
 Personnel: Harold Ousley, tenor saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Ray McKinney, bass; Oliphant, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Save for the participation of Hutcherson, this is a rather routine, predictable tenor-with-accompaniment set. Ousley is a straightforward, uncomplicated blower with a big tone and strong sense of swing, but alas, mighty little in the way of melodic fertility.

On the positive side, he can keep things moving pleasantly enough, occasionally generating a full head of steam on such numbers as *Mrs. O* and *Descendant*, where his riff interjections behind the vibist's spiraling solo make for an exciting textural density. Some of his compositions are appealing, the rhythmically interesting *Haitian* being the most effective, with *Descendant* perhaps not far behind. But one must look elsewhere for individuality and stimulation.

Hutcherson's tart, pleasantly dissonant accompaniments nicely offset the tenorist's straight-ahead, cliché-heavy improvisations, giving them a dimension they might not have possessed had he been backed by a pianist or organist. But a silk purse, no.

Hutcherson plays a series of solos that are no more than competent for him, rarely rising to his best work elsewhere. His playing is occasionally avant-garde inflected, most noticeably his solos, but is only intermittently effective in the context in which he operates here.

Oliphant is a crisp, intelligent drummer, whose work is always carefully and sensitively tailored to the needs of the soloists. Though he is the date's leader, he, surprisingly, takes no solos. (P.W.)

Don Patterson-Booker Ervin

HIP CAKE WALK—Prestige 7349: *Sister Ruth; Donald Duck; Rosetta; Hip Cake Walk; Under the Boardwalk.*

Personnel: Ervin, tenor saxophone; Leonard Houston, alto saxophone (track 4); Patterson, organ; Billy James, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Four stars for an organ-and-tenor album? Yes, when the tenor saxophonist is Ervin. He has plenty of blowing space here, and he exploits it to the fullest.

For a musician of Ervin's caliber, a setting such as this presents no problem. But it is an indication of his stature that he doesn't coast or shuck but plays with vigor, conviction, and unceasing inventiveness. There is music to be made, and Ervin is ready to make the best of it.

The company he keeps here, while not

up to his level (make no mistake—Ervin is one of the masters on his horn today), is quite acceptable—except to those who refuse to acknowledge the organ as a proper musical instrument. (The funny thing is that these are the same people who are always ready to embrace the latest in electronic or cybernetic music, provided it is fashionably arty.)

Patterson is a good, jazz-oriented organist. Though his longest solos (such as on the 16-minute-40-second title track) tend to pall in interest even at first hearing, he is able to develop stimulating single-line improvisations on *Rosetta* and *Ruth*, the latter a way-up blues riff that swings from the rafters. His bass lines are good. James, who keeps time mainly on ride cymbal and hi-hat, is a tasty drummer.

Also saxophonist Houston, who appears only on the title track, plays good, hard blues in a straightforward and open manner.

But this is Ervin's record. When he comes to bat, the scene changes. His entrance on *Rosetta* (which, by the way, opens and closes with nice unison riffing) is thrilling, and he stretches out with four choruses of boiling inventions. He can play as far out as any "new-thinger" but with the crucial difference that he always swings and that his improvising remains related to the basic material, no matter how abstract or original the treatment.

His fours with Patterson on *Donald*, a straight-ahead blues, are revealing.

The organist does his best, but Ervin's spots are gems—and what marvelous time he has. On *Cake Walk*, he preaches the blues in that special way that seems to be the exclusive property of musicians from the Southwest. (Blues singer Victoria Spivey, a Texan, upon hearing Ervin for the first time, and knowing nothing about him, said, "He's from Texas, isn't he?" He is.)

The recording overemphasizes the organ's part, but Ervin's big sound cuts through nonetheless. Like all great players, he has his own vocabulary: each of his phrases is like a signature. It is a disgrace that this splendid musician had to scuffle for work while in this country. Judging from current reports, he is faring better in Europe. Some day this album will be a collector's item. Might as well get it while you can. (D.M.)

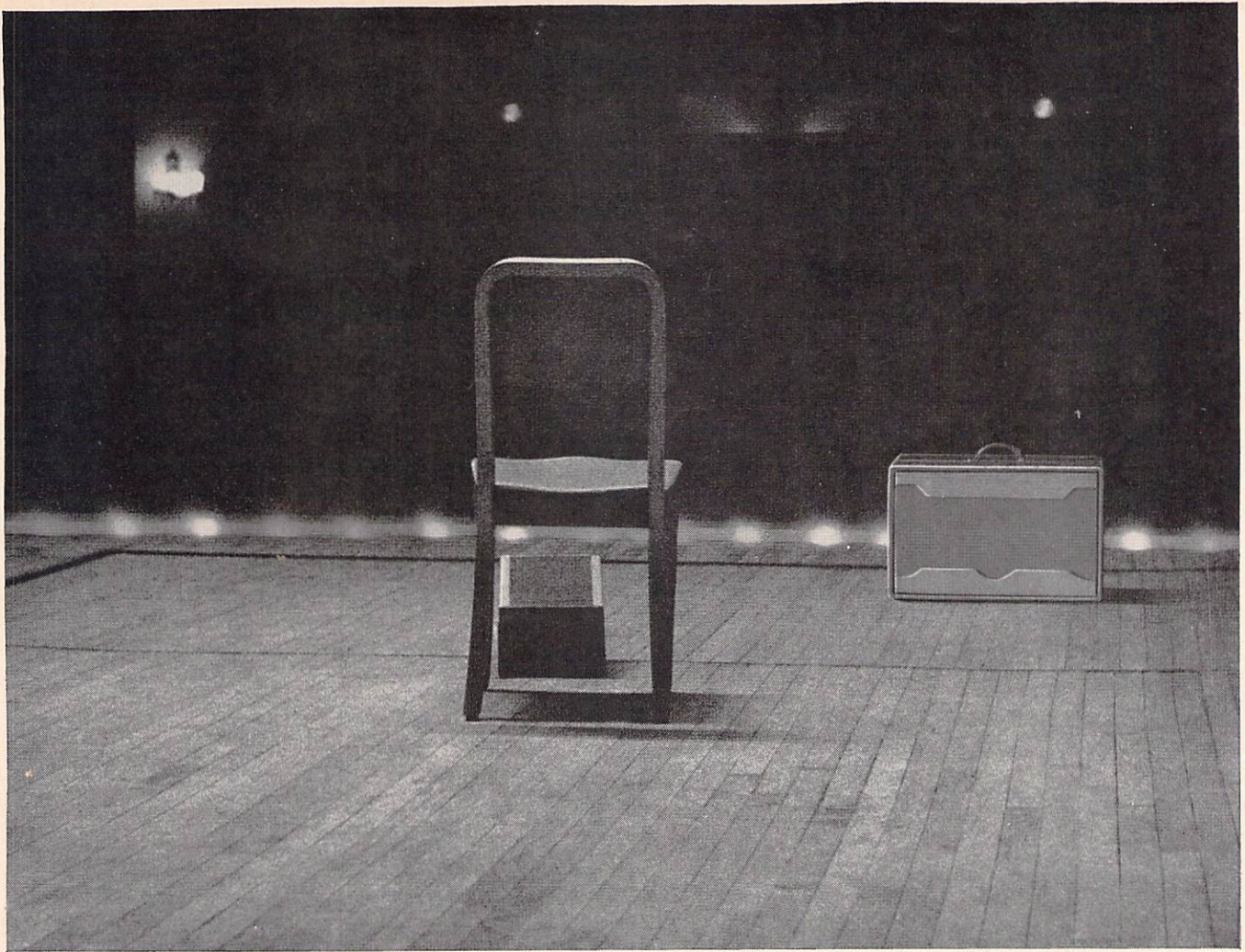
Bud Powell

A PORTRAIT OF THELONIOUS—Columbia 2292: *Off Minor; There Will Never Be Another You; Ruby, My Dear; No Name Blues; Thelonious; Monk's Mood; I Ain't Foolin'; Squatty.*
 Personnel: Powell, piano; Pierre Michelot, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

One of these tracks, *Ruby*, was released by Columbia in 1963 in its *The Giants of Jazz* album. I cannot imagine why. Of all the selections here, *Ruby* is the poorest and certainly unrepresentative of a giant.

Powell moves through the changes at an unbearably slow pace, as if each chord, each note were a chore. In places his fingering fails him, and the performance is muddled. In fact, the pianist's control over his hands seems less assured on this date than at any time that I can remember. Further, the piano is sadly out of tune. In all, *Ruby* is little more than blocks of



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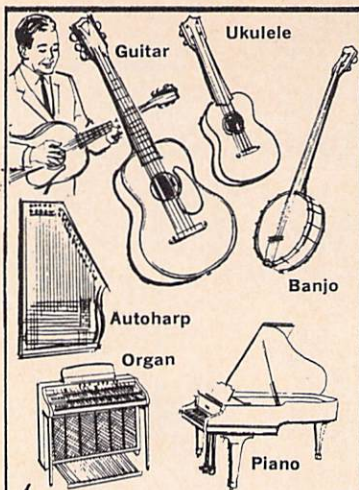


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chords decorated by some conventional Powell runs. As the *Down Beat* review of this track on *Giants* noted:

"As far as can be determined, it is doubtful that Columbia will issue the other tracks from this December, 1961, Paris date, which is perhaps the merciful thing to do if this performance is an indication of the session's quality."

Fortunately, it is not that strong an indication, for there are several items that provide very worthwhile listening here. *Another You*, for example, and *Thelonious and Foolin'*—all medium- to fast-paced numbers. It is the slower, more brooding pieces, like *Ruby* and *Monk's Mood*, that seem to bog Powell.

My favorite for flashes of the old Powell dexterity is *Foolin'*. His resources do not fail him here. The fingers move quickly, easily, to weave a pattern of variations that sing with some of the old fire. No tired clichés here.

Another You is less-inspired Powell but, withal, a good example of his power of lyrical improvisation. The opening and closing choruses, where he merely states the melody, are particularly rich in harmonic values.

No Name gives Michelot room to display his wares. He introduces Bud briefly and then, after the leader has made his comment, swings into a solidly constructed four-chorus solo. His sound is full, his mind keen. He is a fine player. Clarke's support, on the other hand, seems rather perfunctory. He keeps the time—and very well—but that's all.

Powell attempts some Monkish intervals on *Ruby* and *Mood*, but somehow they seem wrong under his hands. Actually, this is more a portrait of Bud than of Thelonious. (D.N.)

Howard Roberts

SOMETHING'S COOKIN'—Capitol 2214: *Bluesette; Hard Day's Night; The Lonesome Cowboy; Frankie and What's His Name; Blues in the Night; Cute; In a Mellow Tune; Cbarade; Maniac; Recado Bossa Nova; Something's Cookin'; People.*

Personnel: Al Porcino, Ray Triscari, John Audino or Bob Bryant, Jack Sheldon or Shorty Rogers, trumpets; Bob Enevoldsen, Frank Rosolino or Gilbert Falco, trombones; Ken Shroyer, bass trombone; Charles Kynard, organ; Roberts, Jack Marshall, guitars; Chuck Berghofer, bass; Earl Palmer, drums; Victor Feldman, percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★

Herb Ellis-Charlie Byrd

GUITAR/GUITAR—Columbia 2330: *Se Todos Fossem Iguais a Voce; Chung King; Carolina in the Morning; Three-Quarter Blues; Take Care of Yourself; St. Louis Blues; Jazz 'n' Samba; Oh, Lady, Be Good; Things Ain't What They Used to Be; A Hundred Years from Today; Bluesette.*

Personnel: Ellis, Byrd, guitars; unidentified bass and drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

The Roberts album sets a guitar-organ-rhythm quartet against a cushion of brass; the result is, for the most part, pleasant and exuberant. Roberts plays with a springy buoyancy and easy inventiveness that, if not always fresh or startling, is at least fluent and vigorous. His swing, too, is effortlessly infectious.

The brass punctuations are tasteful and add considerably to the album's sense of excitement (the arrangements are by Roberts, Marshall, and Rogers). And, too, they have the added effect of freeing Kynard from indulging in the electronic hysterics so many organists feel compelled

to generate behind a soloist. As a result, the organist plays a discreet and winningly low-keyed role in the proceedings that is poles apart from the usual *Goetterdaemmerung* style of his organ-playing peers.

There is little of the unpredictable about the set, but within the confines of the soul-blues-inflected area in which it chooses to concentrate, it is a complete—if modest—success.

On the face of it, a meeting between Ellis and Byrd, proponents of two widely differing guitar styles, might be expected to bring fruitifying results. The minutes of the meeting, however, indicate that the hoped-for mutual stimulation was only intermittently realized. There are any number of brilliant moments in the course of the 11 selections that comprise their recorded confrontation, but, on the whole, the numbers do not cohere.

What most works against the guitarists is the overbusyness of their mutual improvising; as a result of—one suspects—the use of casual head arrangements and improper rehearsal time, the pair generate a density of interplay that all but cancels itself in overstatement and needless duplication of thought. More often than not they just get in each other's way.

Which is not to say that Byrd and Ellis do not ever get together. They do, and when all goes right, as it does occasionally, the results are electrifying.

Chung King offers strong, sweeping improvising by Ellis (who plays electric guitar throughout) over a repeated figure played by Byrd with an acoustic instrument; the feeling is modal, and the number—theme and improvising—is all of a piece.

The delightful *Take Care of Yourself* is surely the most wholly successful of the album's offerings; it also is the most atypical because it simulates the general sound of the old Django Reinhardt quintet recordings. The swing-era feeling is maintained by Byrd's simple but rhythmically supple chording, over which Ellis' muscular lines dance effortlessly.

Things Ain't offers a sample of stimulating interplay between the electric and acoustic guitars; each man responds so sensitively to the impetus of the other's playing that a totality is created that is greater than the sum of the individual parts. If this caliber of playing had been maintained, the set would easily have been among the most significant and worthwhile guitar recordings of recent years.

It leaves one hoping for an Ellis-Byrd rematch with arrangements and sufficient time for rehearsal. The results could be astonishing if the glimpses here are any indication. (P.W.)

Bud Shank

BUD SHANK & HIS BRAZILIAN FRIENDS—Pacific Jazz 89: *Sausalito; Minha Saudade; Samba Do Aviao; It Was Night; Silk Stop; Caminho De Casa; Um Abraco No; Bonja; Once I Loved; Sambou . . . Sambou; Tristesa Em Mim.*

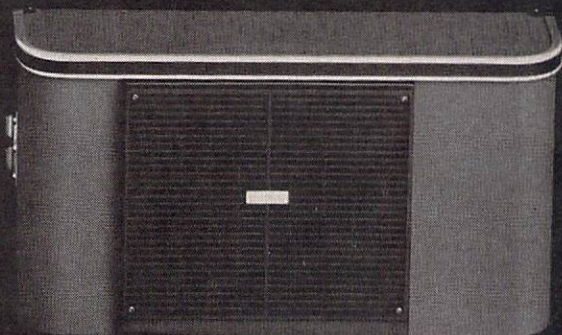
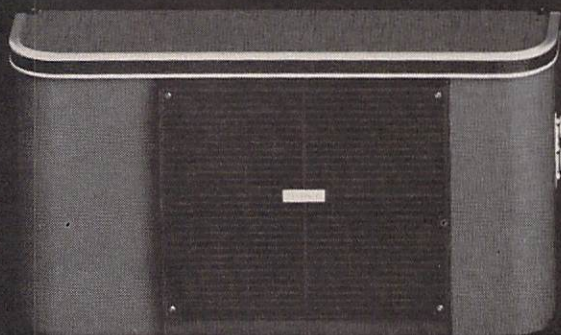
Personnel: Shank, alto saxophone; Joao Donato, piano; Rosinha DeValencia, guitar; Sebastian Neto, bass; Chico Batera, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

For some of us, the early 1950s collaborations of altoist Shank and guitarist Laurindo Almeida will always hold a special charm. (Whether they led to the subsequent evolution of bossa nova is beside



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the point.)

There is one track in this appealing LP that comes very close to the languid, bitter-sweet quality of the very best Shank-Almeida work: *Samba Do Aviao*. The altoist's playing has much the same hushed, almost reverential, poignancy and ardent yearning about it here that could be found in the earlier pieces. The impression is furthered, too, by Miss DeValenca's soft, controlled guitar work, which, while hardly as virtuosic as Almeida's, is more than adequate for the demands of the music. The piece is a flowing, romantic delight that makes most effective use of alto-piano unison figures, especially one ascending phrase that rises just beautifully. *Bonfa*, too, recalls the sound of the earlier encounter.

Otherwise, however, the approach in the album is a bit more muscular and harder swinging than has been the case with most bossa nova recordings. The chief reasons are the strong, occasionally searing piano of Donato and the whipping rhythm team of Neto and Batero, who play with more overt fire than have most of their b.n. rhythm peers. (*It Was Night* and *Once I Loved* are exceptions, being warm, languid, and romantic efforts.)

Donato's playing on such pieces as *Silk Stop*, *Caminho*, and *Sausalito*, among others, is spare yet strongly percussive. He places his notes economically with a careful regard for their place in the melodic design he is shaping. There is nothing extraneous in his solos; everything that is there is there because it is right and necessary.

Shank plays with flowing ease and soaring passion; his work is of a consistently high level throughout this warm, ingratiating set, perhaps because of the stimulus of the powerful, but never overstated, rhythm work of Donato, Neto, and Batero. It's the best I've heard from the altoist in some time and reveals once again that he is one of the North Americans who best understand this lovely music. (P.W.)

Billy Taylor

MIDNIGHT PIANO—Capitol 2302: *Midnight Piano*; *You Came a Long Way from St. Louis*; *Just the Thought of You*; *A Secret*; *My Romance*; *It's a Grand Night for Swinging*; *You Tempt Me*; *Don't Ever Say We're Through*; *Days of Wine and Roses*; *Miss Fine*; *This Is All I Ask*; *Love for Sale*.

Personnel: Taylor, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Grady Tate, drums; various unidentified ensembles.

Rating: ★★

Like George Shearing and Artie Shaw, Taylor has attained more popularity than the average jazzman while remaining underrated by critics. Some of the more "scholarly" ones don't even mention him these days (especially since Miles Davis—whose opinions they seem to regard as indisputable—put him down in a *Jazz Review* article). Others have praised Taylor, but on a superficial level, citing his polish and facility—attributes he possesses but which hardly make him unique.

More important, his best solos are well resolved, melodically fresh (not particularly dissonant but not full of commonplace intervals either), interestingly constructed (he plays unusually long lines at times and cuts across bar-line divisions intelligently in the process of building), and

swing gracefully. His rhythmic conception probably is influenced more by Bud Powell than anyone else, but once in a while he'll shift accents in an intriguing manner that recalls Lennie Tristano. He also can improvise well—and unaffectedly—in a contrapuntal style.

These virtues can be heard in his splendid playing on an album Coleman Hawkins made for Jazztone in the mid-50s.

A characteristic that Taylor has not demonstrated, however, is consistency. His solos have too often been heavily laden with stock devices borrowed from a variety of influential pianists. Naturally, on a commercial LP such as this, the pianist's tendency toward glibness and eclecticism becomes more pronounced.

He's backed by three different ensembles: strings; reeds and brass; or French horns plus percussion. Oliver Nelson's arrangements are competently written though they lack individuality.

Taylor's playing is fluent but empty. On *Midnight*, a kind of updated *After Hours*, he employs funky clichés that seem calculated to set a listener's teeth on edge. He can be heard using some of Red Garland's favorite devices on a few selections.

Only during some tracks (*Don't Ever Say* and *St. Louis* are two) does he hint at the brilliance he is capable of attaining. (H.P.)

Gerald Wilson

ON STAGE—Pacific Jazz 88: *Los Moros de Espana*; *Who Can I Turn To?*; *Ricardo*; *Musette*; *In the Limelight*; *Lighthouse Blues*; *Eli Viti*; *Lately*; *Perdido*.

Personnel: Gerald Wilson, Al Porcino, Jules Chaikin, Freddie Hill, Nat Meeks, Mel Moore or Bobby Bryant, trumpets; Bob Edmondson, Les Robertson, John Ewing, Don Switzer or Ernie Tack, trombones; Teddy Edwards, Harold Land, Curtis Amy, Jack Nimitz, Anthony Ortega or Bud Shank, reeds; Phil Moore Jr., piano; Jack Wilson, piano, organ; Joe Pass, guitar; Roy Ayers, vibraphone; Herbie Lewis or Victor Gaskin, bass; Chuck Carter, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The Wilson band keeps coming on and on and is settling into a strong groove. This set is full of the big, rocking section work that has become one of the band's trademarks. This could be constricting, but Wilson uses it in arrangements that have a very expansive feeling as the soloists extend the section lines and move out on their own.

Wilson uses a variety of interesting soloists—not just such customary big-band spots as Bryant's crisp trumpet or the tenor saxophones of Land and Edwards but also the more unusual flavors provided by Ayers' vibes (which add bright and sparkling accents to some ensembles), the warm middle range of Jack Wilson's organ, Pass' thoughtful guitar, and the decidedly different attack that Ortega brings to the alto saxophone.

But, except for *Musette*, which is all Pass, Wilson's arrangements are not show-cases for soloists. They are orchestral works in which the full band is constantly moving the piece along as soloists emerge and fall back and add fringe colorations. The band is a powerhouse, but Wilson has used this power with imagination, judiciousness, and taste to produce big-band performances that have enough distinction and validity to stand with the better work of Ellington, Basie, or Herman. (J.S.W.)



BLINDFOLD HOWARD ROBERTS TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

"I feel that all of us, as professional players, are more or less forced to go along with trends in music to some extent," guitarist Howard Roberts said recently. "We try to fight them as much as possible. But Art Farmer once made a statement that I agreed with completely. He said, 'I am a trumpet player, and I go where my horn takes me.'"

Roberts pointed out that in many records, such as those played in the interview below, there is a sense of pressure coming from the marketing area. "There is a great deal of the business of trying to get funky; I am familiar with this because I am somewhat in the same boat myself.

"Sometimes styles come along that are easier for us to live with—like the bebop period, for example. That was just a bed of roses for me and a whole bunch of other guys, because there we could really stretch out and blow. Because of all the influences surrounding people nowadays, it's hard to evaluate a guy's playing just on the basis of a particular record."

Born in Phoenix, Ariz., in 1929, active in Los Angeles since 1950, Roberts leads his own groups on records in addition to freelancing extensively as a studio man. This was his first *Blindfold Test*. He received no prior information about the records played.

1. Django Reinhardt. **Place de Brouckere** (from *Django*, EmArcy). Reinhardt, composer, guitar; Fud Candrix Orchestra. Arranger not listed. Recorded in Brussels, Belgium, April, 1942.

Well, the guitar playing was great on that. That was Django. Right? Django Reinhardt, and that was Stan Kenton's band, right? [laughter]. . . . No! You're going to edit all this stuff out, aren't you?

It was just a very corny, old-timey arrangement. I don't know whose band it was, but between the recording technique and the arranging, it was really a lousy piece of writing and a lousy sound orchestrally.

The guitar playing was great; this is not my cup of tea, but there's no question about it, the playing was just beautiful on that. Of course, the way he performed was far, far superior to his environment. I've heard him play with better settings, and in any case I've never heard him sound bad.

It was interesting to note that he played one chorus in octaves there, and that record must be 30 years old. It wasn't being done much at that time; but on the other hand, just name one guy that ever did really play like Django. Of course, octaves are not an invention of guitar players, they're part of the scale—the Greeks were using them a long time ago. But take a guy like Wes Montgomery—he's obviously spent a lot of time developing a great technique in playing octaves. He strings melodies together, using octaves, better than most guys.

One star for the recording and the background; for the solo, about 3½.

2. Chico Hamilton. **Child's Play** (from *Man of Two Worlds*, Impulse). Charles Lloyd, tenor saxophone; Gabor Szabo,

guitar, composer; Albert Stinson, bass; Hamilton, drums.

I don't know who any of these guys are. I liked the idea behind the record. Sounds as if they're trying to keep four independent lines going—drums, bass, guitar, and tenor. And they were using devices like imitation, canon, things like that. A good idea. But I don't think it came off; it sounded a bit like a basketball game in spots. The tenor got off some good things; you can tell that he can really play. They all can. Guitar had some nice counterlines going behind the tenor. But the form of the thing came unglued right after the first chorus. Two stars.

3. Chuck Wayne. **Greensleeves** (from *Tapestry*, Focus). Wayne, banjo.

The little invention, the two-part section that he's got there in the first and last choruses, is very nicely put together. Ordinarily I hate banjo; I just don't like the sound of it, and I don't like to play it. But whoever this was, he plays it real well, he's a real good player. I would give that about three.

4. Herb Ellis-Charlie Byrd. **Three-Quarter Blues** (from *Guitar/Guitar*, Columbia). Ellis, Byrd, guitars, composers.

Well, there we had another example of the canon-and-imitation idea, which made up the main form of the tune; otherwise, it was the blues.

I like the idea of two guitars; an awful lot can be done with two guitars—in fact, the surface hasn't been scratched. I don't think enough thought was given here to the form of the background, the use of registers, but they did get some separation by using two different types of guitar. They got some color that way, but it didn't

come off, probably because of the recording techniques used.

The playing was good, but the tempo seemed awkward; just a little too fast to be a good slow blues. It was probably Herb Ellis, with Johnny Gray or John Pisano or someone like that. Three stars.

5. Gerald Wilson. **Musette** (from *On Stage*, World Pacific). Joe Pass, guitar; Wilson, composer, arranger.

Whoever that was was a fine guitar player; he played so beautifully, and the arrangement was beautiful. The tune was nice. It wasn't what I would call a real strong tune melodically, but the writing and the guitar were just great. I'd venture a guess that it was someone like Joe Pass and Gerald Wilson. Four stars.

6. Grant Green. **Take These Chains from My Heart** (from *Am I Blue?*, Blue Note). Green, guitar; John Patton, organ; Ben Dixon, drums; Rose & Heath, composers.

This is a very tired piece of material. It's some more of that church music soul bag, which to my mind set jazz back about 10 years. You can tell that those guys cannot think of anything to play on that tune. Everybody was trying real hard and did real good with what they had to work with, but the changes just weren't in the tune. The tempo was draggy. It's just not a good piece of jazz music. This has nothing to do with the quality of the musicianship involved, either.

The bass was very weak; they were apparently using the bass on the organ, and he was playing in two, which helped give it a lifeless feeling. And that afterbeat the guy had with the stick on the snare didn't help any. Let's give that 1½.

7. Modern Jazz Quartet-Laurindo Almeida. **Fugue In A Minor** (from *Collaboration*, Atlantic). Milt Jackson, vibraharp; John Lewis, piano; Almeida, guitar; J.S. Bach, composer.

This is really fugue day, isn't it? Now, that's the way a fugue is supposed to be put together. That thing was built like a brick ice cream parlor, right? The playing was beautiful on the part of everyone. The balance between the guitar and the piano left the guitar a little bit in the dust, I thought. Should have been up more, because that line was lost in a lot of places.

That was the MJQ and Laurindo Almeida; however, I wouldn't classify it as a jazz record. It was a jazz instrumentation, which gave it a nice sound. It's good to hear a Bach fugue done with those instruments. The only piece of jazz on it was that cadenza at the end by Milt.

Since the lines are all-important, and the recording managed to lose one of them, I'd have to give it three, but the effort and playing were fine.

8. Wes Montgomery. **Movin' Wes** (from *Movin' Wes*, Verve). Montgomery, guitar, composer; Johnny Pate, arranger.

Wes Montgomery is one of my favorite guitarists. I loved the writing, except that the dynamic mass of the band seemed to be pressuring Wes to stick to octaves throughout, to be heard. I think he felt like a sneeze in a hailstorm there. But for the beautiful writing and playing I'd have to give it four stars.

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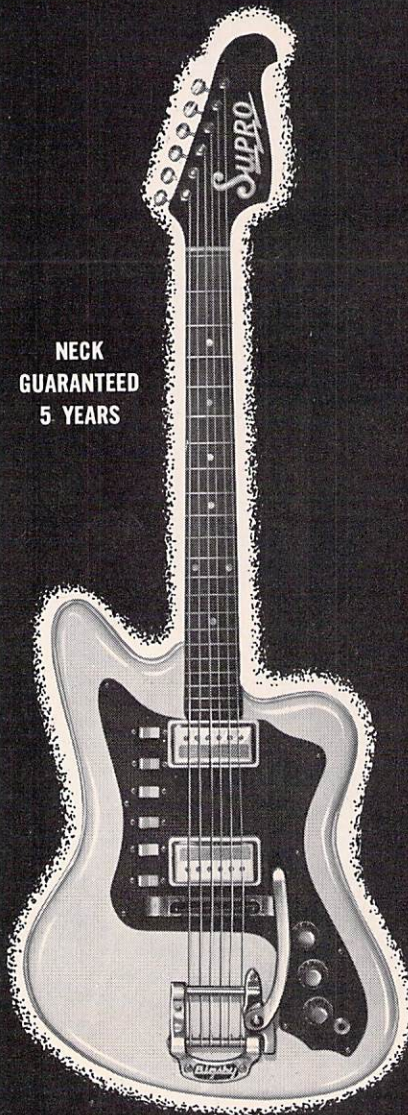
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Penn State's first venture into college jazz competition was, in effect, a miniature festival, with four combos participating. Though the sound system left something to be desired, the festival was generally well organized, and the musical level—with the exception of one group—was encouragingly high.

Voted best group (by a panel of judges consisting of guitarist Kenny Burrell, tenor saxophonist-composer Benny Golson, and this writer) was trombonist Brian Trentham's quartet from New York's Columbia University. This was Trentham's third victory in collegiate competitions this year; his quartet won first combo prize at the Villanova festival (where he also was named outstanding arranger-composer), and he was voted best brass player at the Oread festival at the University of Kansas.

Trentham, who has studied and played with jazz composer George Russell, is a forceful and imaginative musician, both as a player and a writer. The idiom of his group is distinctly contemporary, emphasizing harmonic and rhythmic freedom, yet never losing sight of such jazz essentials as swing, proper intonation, group cohesion, and communication with the audience. At 21, Trentham is the equal of most modern trombonists and definitely a talent to watch. Individual members of the group also collected honors.

Ken Asher, with only two weeks' service in the band, was voted best pianist. He impressed as a sensitive and intelligent musician with a crisp, percussive touch. Cameron Brown, whose long hair was the group's key visual attraction, was voted best bassist for his full-toned, supplely swinging work. Don Perullo (voted most promising drummer at Villanova) took first prize on his instrument and showed himself to be an excellent player with a good sense of dynamics and a solid beat. The playing of Trentham's *Song No. 8* was the group's outstanding performance.

The Good Thing Sextet, a recently formed group from Indiana's DePauw University, was sparked by the exciting trumpet work of 19-year-old Randy Brecker, a big-toned, strong player in the Clifford Brown-Freddie Hubbard mold, whose only sin was an exuberance that sometimes caused him to overshadow his companions.

The sextet's tenor saxophonist, Gary Campbell, was voted best reed man, but while this gentle John Coltrane disciple is a worthy musician, the prize was in fact easily won: the festival's only other reed man was his teammate, alto saxophonist Doyle Ledbetter, who did not solo.

The group's leader-pianist, Mitch Farber, was awarded a \$50 cash prize for the

festival's best original composition, *The Same Old Song*, a well-scored and pleasantly melodic piece. Farber's arrangements made good use of the three-horn front line and showed a sense of the value of countermelodies in ensemble. Bassist John Strickland was an effective soloist, though his arco work was uncertain.

Pianist Joe Belcastro's trio, in a program of four originals by the leader, was a well-integrated unit. Belcastro is a fluent pianist with excellent taste, sense of form and contrast, and a liking for out-of-tempo interludes. Though he has recognizable influences, he does not copy. The set's chief weakness was a certain sameness of sound and approach and a slight stiffness of rhythm.

Belcastro was awarded second prize in the piano category, and his drummer, Gary Remonko, was voted No. 2 drummer of the festival. Bassist Robert Hackett contributed a pleasant solo to the trio's most impressive piece, *Phenetic*.

The fourth group, pianist Lou Palena's quartet from the University of Pennsylvania, seemed amateurish compared with the rest of the field.

The program was enlivened by the appearance of vocalist Trudy Desmond, a winner at Villanova, who did a well-paced, well-sung set with the Trentham quartet, highlighted by a sensitive reading of *Born to Be Blue*.

An afternoon jam session featured some warm and friendly interplay between the two musician judges and several contestants.

Attendance at the evening concert (some 500) suffered from competition. In addition to the unveiling of a new theater on campus, there were several dozen fraternity parties. Nonetheless, the festival chairman, Mark Goldman, is planning a repeat for 1966.

—Dan Morgenstern

Attila Zoller

Duke's³, New York City

Personnel: Don Friedman, piano; Zoller, guitar; Barre Phillips, bass.

New York's Greenwich Village, in the last two years, has become a veritable nightmare made up of an overabundance of twanging guitarists playing folk songs insipidly.

An oasis in the nightly maelstrom is Duke Figliuzzi's restaurant on Sullivan St. right off Bleecker. The significance of the Duke's to the third power is that Figliuzzi has set himself up in business as the Duke Cube Corp. with six-sided menus mounted on wooden cubes. Duke, as Figliuzzi is known all over the Village (although he will painstakingly spell out and pronounce his surname for those who ask), started the Hip Bagel on MacDougal St. several years ago as a restaurant for nonsquares. Now, he has sold the Bagel in order to experiment with a larger place that he hopes eventually will evolve into a regular jazz night club.

To start the live-jazz policy, Figliuzzi engaged guitarist Zoller's trio to play daily from 5:30 to 8 p.m.

Zoller's trio is an all-star group specializing in free-form jazz and works in an informal manner with an obvious joy of

playing. There are smiles, nods of pleasure, and a close attention to each other's performances.

When Zoller leads into a piece, his amplified sound is reminiscent of Charlie Christian's on Benny Goodman records. Zoller's guitar solos evidence accomplished musicianship. His sound blends well with Friedman's unique, attractive piano tone.

Friedman, in turn, improvises complex patterns fluently with both hands. He once said that he evolved his melodic ideas from classical music and tried to develop them in a compositional way but rhythmically he relied on jazz. This was borne out by his playing at Duke's, and his phrases on a closing rendition of Johnny Carisi's *Israel* were swinging with jazz rhythm.

It is sincerely hoped the group will be able to stay together; it has a worthwhile potential.

—George Hoefler

Bruin Jazz Ensemble

University of California at Los Angeles

Personnel: Jim Koetting, Russ Kidd, Chase Craig, Guy King, Glen Sallows, trumpets; John Newborn, Jim Sawyer, Craig Kupka, Ted Grove, Chuck Bennett, trombones; Fred Selden, Dave Jones, Jim Short, Joe DiSteffano, Bob Ballanti, reeds; J.J. Jennings Jr., piano, vibraharp; Al Minton, guitar; Mac Groves, bass; Doug Dean, drums; Dave Garcia, conga.

A heady sample of jazz thinking and playing in today's colleges and universities was ladled generously at a recent noon concert at UCLA's Schoenberg Hall.

In concert was the university's Bruin Jazz Ensemble, an eager undergraduate group that has played at several college jazz festivals, including the 1964 western regional intercollegiate event at Arizona State University, at which it won an award.

The musical fare veered from Bach to Monk, from Arif Mardin to George Gershwin, and was produced by a big band, a quintet, and a dektet.

Most telling were the dektet's offerings: Thelonious Monk's *'Round Midnight* arranged by the assistant director of the ensemble, Jon Christie, who also arranged J.S. Bach's *Prelude 19*; Charlie Mariano's *When You Meet Her* was arranged by music director J. J. Jennings, who was also featured pianist and doubled on vibraharp as well; tenor saxist Jim Short arranged Jimmy Heath's *Big P* for the 10-piecer.

Drummer Doug Dean came up with an original for the quintet's two-tune segment, *Dodo*; the other number was a Frank Rosolino treatment of *Sweet Georgia Brown* that reflected the trombonist's celebrated sense of humor.

Benny Golson and the late Tadd Dameron provided fine fodder for the big band's program in Golson's *Killer Joe*, arranged by Mike Gibbs, and Dameron's classic *Our Delight*.

Some of the instrumentalists featured throughout the lunchtime session included trumpeter Rob Faulkner and Jim Koetting, trombonist John Newborn, altoist Dave Jones, and Jennings, the director.

The concert was held under the auspices of the university's department of music and the University Recreation Association Jazz Club.

—John A. Tynan



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FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

During a recent visit to London I had a welcome opportunity to talk with Mrs. Annabella Macauley Allan Short Lynch, a British housewife and student of U.S. social mores.

Mrs. Lynch, born in Mitcham, Surrey, spent her childhood in the United States, then lived in Paris, and later returned to the United States and had a successful career as a singer, using the professional name Annie Ross.

As one London reporter observed, Miss Ross is "not so much an English rose as a wild Scottish thistle." She is of Scottish descent and a member of a famous Glasgow vaudeville family.

Most of the admirers who helped Lambert-Hendricks-Ross win all those *Down Beat* polls have lost track of her since the trio disbanded. I was glad to hear that things are looking up. After various freelance ventures in clubs and on television, Annie opened her own place last November.

She has been married for a year or so to Sean Lynch, an actor. Annie's Room, an intimate spot off Covent

Garden, offers hip entertainment for the theatrical and jazz crowd. Sometimes the owner herself performs. The visiting star may be someone like Mark Murphy, or a friend of Annie's like Blossom Dearie.

Talking to Annie, I got the impression that while there are some parts of American life she misses, she would like other aspects of our society discarded.

"I would like so much to see Jon again," she said. "In fact, I'd love to have him work at the club. How can I get in touch with him?"

I told her that Hendricks broke up his most recent trio (with Don Chastain and Pat Harris) last fall, that he now sings with just a rhythm section in San Francisco clubs and is living with his wife and daughter on a houseboat in Sausalito, Calif.


The L-H-R partnership was so closely meshed that it seemed likely to outlast the Mills Brothers. Yet here I was telling one of its members where another was living. It was an odd, sad sensation.

I reflected that in every career there is one peak, a point that can be seen only with a few years' perspective. Eventually you learn that the artist—no matter how triumphant or how rewarding the successes that follow—may never again achieve quite the pristine glow of that point in time.

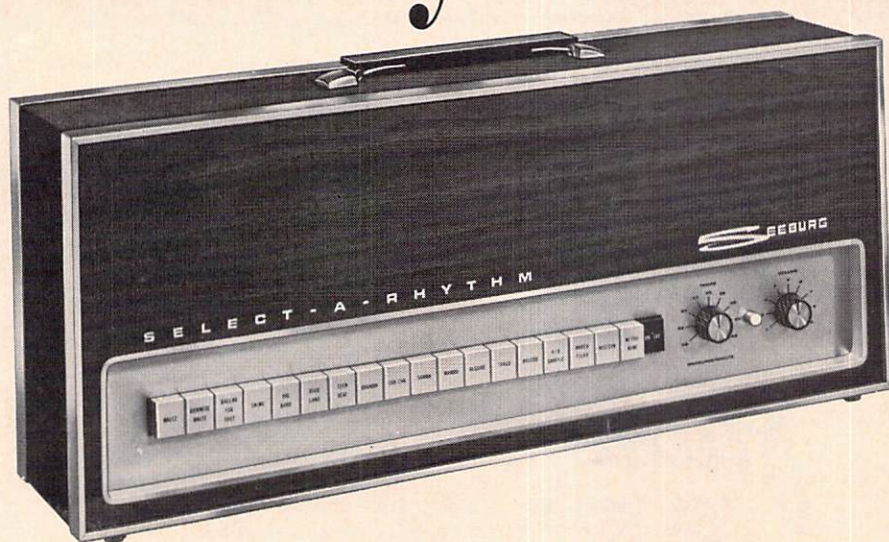
So it was with Dizzy Gillespie on his first recorded Parker collaborations; with Miles Davis in the *Miles Ahead-Sketches of Spain* period. Coleman Hawkins, in almost 26 years, has yet to find a concept to top *Body and Soul*. As for the instrumental innovator, he sets up his own obstacle with his very first performance. How can any current record by, say, Roland Kirk or Jimmy Smith offer the newness and excitement of the first album we ever heard by him?

This is true of Annie Ross. From 1958 to 1962 her voice was part of an achievement she may spend her days trying to surpass.

The great challenge to the innovator is the need for continued self-challenge through the years. Luckily for Annie, one can point to precedents to remind her that the task is not hopeless. We used to hear that there would never be another Ellington band equal to his 1940 outfit and that no concert could follow his 1943 Carnegie Hall premiere of *Black, Brown, and Beige*. More than two decades later, Ellington is still surprising us, still topping himself—at 66.

With her extraordinary talent, Annie Ross may yet accomplish something compared with which Lambert-Hendricks-Ross will seem to have been a mere warmup. And this is part of the endless joy of music: the expecting of the unexpected. 

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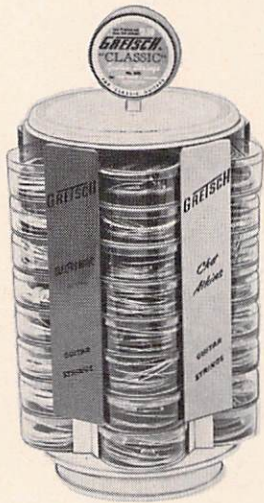
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54 DOWN BEAT

SECOND CHORUS

By NAT HENTOFF

Even when most of jazz was more inextricably linked with show business than it is now, *Variety*—the weekly panjandrum of show biz—was never really knowledgeable about the music.

The nadir, however, of *Variety's* jazz coverage in recent years was a Herm Schoenfeld story in the April 14 issue. The "news" was considered important enough to merit a five-column head: JAZZ MUGGED BY 'NEW THING.'

Subhead: Latest Idiom Poison at B.O.

The proof that the current exploratory jazz was bombing: Birdland had been converted into a discotheque.

The rest of the story—and the whole piece was 13 paragraphs—offered no other "proof" but did present Schoenfeld's analysis, to use the word loosely, of the "new thing."

As it happens, although Birdland in the last couple of years has occasionally booked established explorers John Coltrane and Charles Mingus and has allowed a few of the younger avant-garde players to slip in on some Monday nights, the club never has booked Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman, Albert Ayler, etc., etc.

So to ascribe Birdland's transmogrification to the "new thing" is simply inaccurate reporting. And it further buttresses the demonology—spread by a few critics, too—that there is no audience for exploratory jazz except among those who frequent (to use Schoenfeld's obtuse, self-revealing phrase) "the most recherche corners of bohemia where extremism in defense of the offbeat is the sole virtue."

I am not saying that times are not very hard for most of the younger players. But the problem is that they cannot even begin to be heard in most clubs so that they might find out if they have a night-club audience or not. They certainly have a concert audience, as Bill Dixon's *October Revolution in Jazz* series on New York's upper west side last year and subsequent Jazz Composers Guild concerts have indicated.

And somebody must be buying avant-garde jazz or Bob Thiele of Impulse would not be recording such musicians as Archie Shepp. Thiele has to report to the parent ABC-Paramount label, and that company, no more than any other major label, is not interested in subsidizing good causes. Similarly, there must be a reason why Bernard Stollman has the confidence to start his important series of new jazz on the ESP DISK label.

The peripatetic Ted Curson tells me, moreover, that he's become aware of burgeoning interest in the new jazz in cities outside New York; and certainly

some college campuses are awakening to the music. Not in the mass but a sizable enough percentage of the hip young exist to assure a durable college concert wheel if someone were to set it up.

Some clubs may yet turn out to be basing points, depending on the kind of room it is, where it's located (a steel-and-glass part of the city won't do), and the atmosphere (no predatory waiters and no high minimums).

As of now, all too few clubowners have tried to find out—*Variety* notwithstanding—but a couple on New York's lower east side have started to, and they don't seem to be complaining.


I do a fair amount of talking to student groups—on politics beyond civil rights rather than jazz—and in each audience, there is a nucleus who know about Grachan Moncur III and Andrew Hill. Again, the point is the audience is there, and it will grow. Not perhaps to the size that Duke Ellington or Miles Davis or Thelonious Monk have attracted but large enough eventually to sustain a musician at about the level of income, as Cecil Taylor has speculated, of a good chamber-music player.

What has to be done is to make more bridges between the musicians and that potential audience. And to skewer nonsense like that caused by *Variety's* myopia.

A further note: In this and other columns, I've used the term avant-garde, but it's an inaccurate, distorting use of language. As classical composer Edgar Varese has told Alan Rich of the *New York Herald Tribune*: "There is no such thing as an artist in the avant-garde. This is an idea made up by lazy audiences and the critics who lead them."

"The artist," Varese continued, "is always part of his time, because he is engaged in creating this time. It is the audience which lags behind, forming a derriere-garde. The audience's great heroes are the men who keep the past alive, who lead them backward instead of forward."

Varese is exactly right. Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman, among others, are indeed creating this time, so far as jazz is concerned. They are, accordingly, deeply annealed to the primary needs and rages and delights and frustrations of *this* time as it is experienced by them with fullness and directness. They are at the core of contemporaneity. Not in the sense of being transiently novel but in the way that William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* is at the core of who we are and what we're becoming and what some of us would like to become instead.

And, of course, behind the derriere-garde is the derriere-derriere-garde represented by hep *Variety*. 

BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

When I first heard the Modern Jazz Quartet play John Lewis' *Django* (good heavens, it was 10 years ago!), I was intrigued by a little traditional sounding bass riff that occurs a couple of times in that piece. It wasn't so much that the figure sounded traditional as that I could not remember exactly where I'd heard one like it before.

Then I realized that a similar riff introduces King Oliver's old blues, *Snag It*. And that it occurs also in the 1929 Bennie Moten blues the title to which is usually written *That, Too, Do* (but should be written *That To-Do*).

Lewis' figure is slightly different, and in fact he says he is not aware of ever having heard the older pieces. For that matter, who knows where Oliver got the riff? It undoubtedly was there in some version in the blues tradition long before Oliver.

Clearly we are not talking about plagiarism or thievery in talking about the way that indigenous musical ideas get passed around in jazz and the way they get revised in the process. We are simply talking about the way things are bound to happen in a folk-derived musical tradition.

For me, the subject is fascinating. To hear and compare the way that traditional musical ideas influence one man—and from him, another man and then another—tells me a great deal about jazz and its musicians. And one of the most interesting examples I know of begins with a 1929 Ellington piece called *Doin' the Voom Voom*.

Doin' the Voom Voom is by Ellington and Bubber Miley, the trumpeter whose presence in the Ellington orchestra in the late 1920s probably gave the leader his most important early impetus as a jazzman.

One can well imagine *Voom Voom's* beginning as an orchestral background to a Cotton Club dance specialty. It is basically a collection of riffs and licks, very well put together into an AABA song form. The piece is certainly not the greatest Ellington-Miley collaboration, but it is a good one, using good durable ideas, which (again) were possibly there in some form in the tradition before Miley and Ellington used them this way. Ellington re-recorded the piece in 1939, but, meanwhile, it had had quite an influence on others.

By 1931 it had clearly had its effect on a pair of Fletcher Henderson arrangements, by Fletcher and his brother Horace, called *Hot and Anxious* and *Comin' and Goin'*. Parts of these pieces still used the AABA song form, but other parts had shifted to blues changes.

And *Hot and Anxious* and *Comin' and Goin'* had picked up some other riffs, not heard in *Voom Voom*, one of which was not really new but is much better known in Joe Garland's 1939 version, called *In the Mood*.

I am pretty sure that it was through this same pair of Henderson arrangements that some of *Voom Voom* ideas passed to the Basie band, got changed some more, and, now fully on a blues outline, became *Swinging the Blues* in 1938. This piece seems to be a permanent resting place for the *Doin' the Voom Voom* idea, since *Swinging the Blues* is pretty much a jazz standard, even today.

However, that doesn't tell the whole story of *Voom Voom's* influence, for, meanwhile, still other versions of its ideas had shown up in the pair of 1934 arrangements that Will Hudson did for the Jimmie Lunceford band, called *White Heat* and *Jazznocracy*. And it seems pretty clear that Harry James couldn't have written his arrangement for Benny Goodman called *Life Goes to a Party* in 1937 without having heard those Will Hudson scores.


Incidentally, in the James piece, what had been a background in *Voom Voom* (a sort of up-and-down run) has become, in an effectively revised version, one of the major themes.

As I say, I have not been writing about thievery or plagiarism. But I know of many cases that I do think are plagiarism. However, even in such instances, things can get a little tricky.

I dare say that the remarkable similarity between the 1940 Lionel Hampton-Benny Goodman piece *Till Tom Special* and the Glenn Miller specialty *Pennsylvania Six-Five Thousand*, recorded about 2½ months apart in 1940 (but released, as I remember, at almost the same time) was a coincidence that might easily have happened. I also believe that the similarity between Milt Jackson's *Ralph's New Blues* and the background theme from a certain film of a couple of years back was a quite unconscious borrowing on the part of the film composer.

As a matter of fact, I can vouch for this sort of thing from my own experience. In 1942 I put together a ditty for an unproduced college musical. For a couple of years I hummed that ditty to myself from time to time, but I never, as far as I can remember, hummed it, sang it, or showed it to anybody else. Then in late 1943, I suddenly heard approximately the same melody coming at me from a jukebox and titled *Straighten Up and Fly Right*.

And you know something? Three years after that, I suddenly recalled a 1938 record on which I had first heard the same basic lick.



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BLUES GUITAR

(Continued from page 24)

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Postwar Blues

If the blues that was prevalent

through the 1930s and on into the early years of World War II was largely influenced by the relatively sophisticated blues style of the East Coast (with a corollary influence from the female vaudeville singers who used blues, along with other musical forms in their repertoires, often with telling effect), the styles that evolved in the immediate postwar years represented a reaction against the sterility and aridity to which the prewar style had been pushed.

The singers who claimed the attention of the restless postwar Negro

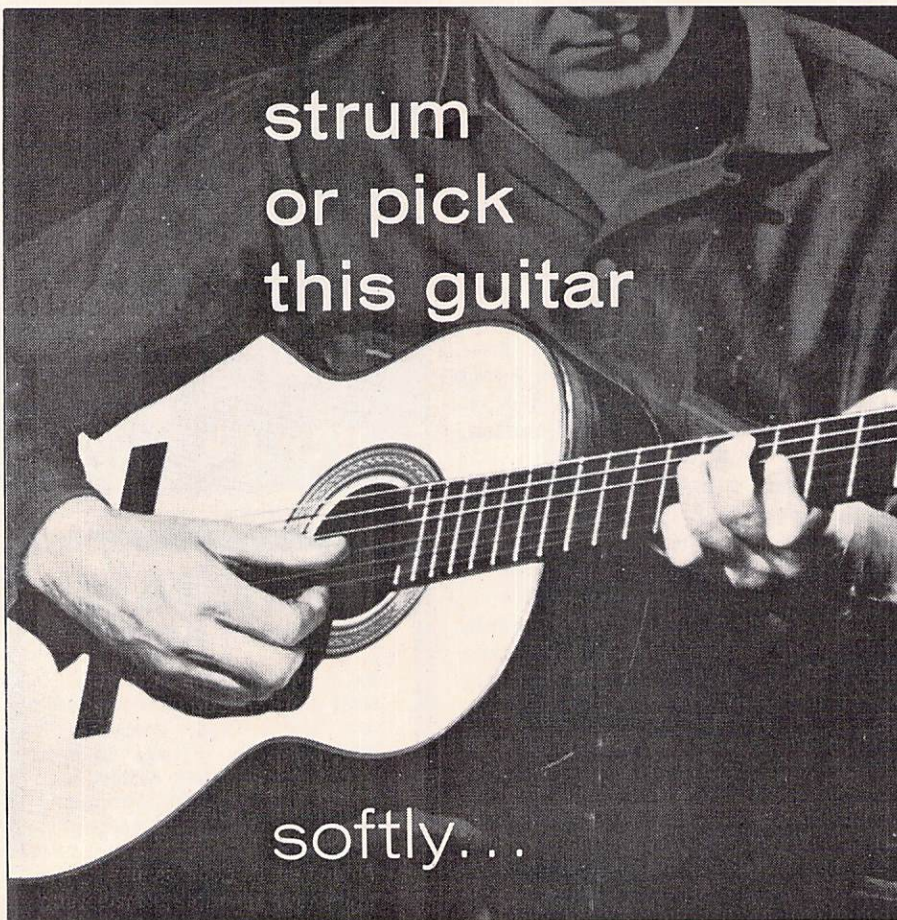
audiences were men like Muddy Waters, John Lee Hooker, and Howling Wolf—and their blues were hard and mean, loud and clamorous, and insistent in their heavy, driving, unsubtle rhythms. The postwar blues of these men represented a return to the rough, vigorous style of their delta origins, though somewhat updated to accommodate a band style that employed heavily amplified instruments.

Hooker's playing and singing go back to the oldest delta traditions—his music is crude and often aharmonic, almost hypnotic in its throbbing insistence. Howling Wolf's music is directly traceable to that of the influential Charlie Patton, while Waters' (and that of Elmore James) has its roots in the compelling music of Robert Johnson.

What these postwar blues men did was, in effect, to simplify the styles of their forebears. The music of Wolf and Waters is not nearly so complex or stunningly detailed as is that of their models—Patton and Johnson, respectively. But what they did do was to work out band styles that were strong and powerful and which were regular enough to permit five or six men to work in concert without unduly destroying the force and passion of the older, less regular country styles.

The most recent wave of postwar blues performers, following the lead of the influential B.B. King, play in a style that owes a great deal to jazz guitar. The playing style is horizontal rather than vertical, with long, flashing single-note lines replacing the heavily rhythmic, shorter phrased style of Waters and Hooker. The singing of the newer school is smooth and long-lined, employing a high, swooping falsetto cry that is perfectly mirrored in the supple, unwinding guitar lines.

Blues, like all folk-music disciplines, is subject to a process of constant change if it is to remain a viable, functional art that mirrors the needs and strivings of the people from which it grows. People change—often considerably—and perhaps one of the most revealing indexes of the great change in Negro culture is the corresponding change in its folk art. Many of the blues styles discussed in this brief examination of the resources of the music have already passed out of existence or persist only in isolated pockets of the southern community where some of the old ways still obtain (as, for example, the strong, archaic delta blues of Como, Miss., farmhand Fred McDowell). But while one might deplore the passing of an exciting, vigorous folk art, one can only be gladdened at the social change its departure reflects.



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JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

The first annual Northwest Intercollegiate Stage Band Festival was held at Hughes Hall of Gonzaga University in Spokane, Wash., in April. The competition was sponsored by the music department of Gonzaga and organized by the Gonzaga band director, Jon Nicholson.

Judges for the contest included Spokane professionals, bassist Noel Waters and drummer Howie Robbins, and this writer. While limited to five bands this year (one did not show at judging time) there are hopes the festival will grow.

The winning band was the Spokane Jazz Clinic, based at and sponsored by Gonzaga. Under the direction of a local professional, Jack Lyman, for the last three years, the band roared with precision and musicianship through its set. Lyman has faculty status as a lecturer at Gonzaga and is assisted in his work with the band by Dennis Carey as saxophone coach. The band from fast-growing Gonzaga performs regularly at local concerts.

Outstanding instrumentalists with the band included Don Sickler on jazz trumpet, Steve Filippini on lead trumpet, Roy Martin on tenor saxophone, John

Fritz on alto saxophone, and Rich Raymond on baritone saxophone. Trumpeter Sickler turned in some of the best solos of the festival and was greatly assisted by the cohesive rhythm section work of Delbert Blake on drums, Marian Pfeiffer on piano, and Jon Maloney on bass.

The Western Washington State College band from Bellingham performed creditably under the direction of its solo trumpeter and student leader, Walter Blanton. Jerome Glass of the music department serves the group as faculty adviser. The group was primarily dance oriented, and the lack of faculty direction (a policy of the music department) was evident in the performance.

Robert Panerio, assistant band director at Central Washington State College, fronted the band from that school. The program has been in existence for two years at Central. Last spring the band performed at the Portland, Ore., Jazz Festival and recently played a joint concert at the University of Washington with the university's stage band and the band from Olympic College.

Soloists with the Central Washington band included Kenny Kraintz and Bill Love on trumpets, Dave Nelson on trombone, Gary Burr on piano, and Tom Yook on vibraharp.

Having just returned from a five-concert tour of high schools and the University of Washington, the Olympic College Jazz Workshop, under the direction of Ralph Mutchler, performed with fine precision and elan and presented the Gonzaga band a vigorous challenge.

Performing mostly arrangements by leader Mutchler and the excellent bassist-arranger Pat Thompson, the band featured sophomores (Olympic is a two-year junior college) Jim Day on guitar, Lanny Jacobs on trumpet (beautifully featured on an arrangement of *People*), Danny Ward on alto saxophone, Thompson on bass, Brehon McFarland on trombone, and Denny Gore on piano and vibraharp.

On the second weekend of May, Mutchler and Olympic College held the sixth annual Stage Band Festival in Bremerton, Wash. Eighteen high-school bands participated in the event, judged by trumpeter Doc Severinsen, of the *Tonight Show* band; Dr. Gene Hall, one of the founders of the stage-band movement from North Texas State University, Michigan State, and currently at the College of the Desert in California; Remo Belli, Hollywood drummer and equipment manufacturer; Buddy Webber, program director of radio station KVI in Seattle, Wash.; and Mutchler.


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ZOLLER

(Continued from page 25)

States—this time to stay.

"I had saved a little money," he said, "and the Framus Co. decided to sponsor my stay to promote their instruments. When that ran out, the Lenox School of Jazz—thanks to Jim Hall and John Lewis—gave me a scholarship."

After Lenox, Zoller went to New York. "In May I made an audition for Chico Hamilton (Kenny Burrell recommended me), and I was with his group for five months," Zoller said. "I left when I got married, because I wanted

to stay in New York."

Then came the short-lived International Jazz Quartet, consisting of Zoller, the late Bobby Jaspar on tenor saxophone and flute, bassist Eddie DeHaas, and drummer G. T. Hogan. They had just one gig in this country—at New York City's Village Vanguard. They went to Europe for a few months and played in Berlin and at the jazz festival in Comblain-la-Tour, Belgium, but then Jaspar became ill, and the group broke up. Later, back in this country, Zoller started a trio with Steve Swallow on bass and Pete LaRoca on drums, but aside from two weeks at the Embers

in New York, they didn't get much work. In 1962 he joined Herbie Mann and remained until the flutist reorganized his group in the spring of this year.

Playing with Mann, the guitarist found, was rewarding in terms of steady work if less so from a creative musical standpoint.

"I was pretty much restricted to certain things," he remarked drily. But it was in Mann's group that Zoller confirmed his musical and personal relationship with pianist Friedman.

"I'd heard Don at the Five Spot," the guitarist said, "playing solo piano, in 1958 or '59, and I was very impressed by his playing. I also liked him as a person, but we really got together when he joined Herbie. We understand each other very well musically."

When the band was between bookings, Zoller and Friedman often worked together. Last spring, they worked and recorded together in Germany.

Zoller gives credit to other guitarists in his development but doesn't speak glibly of "influences."

"Herbie used to tell me that I sounded like Django Reinhardt sometimes," Zoller said, "but in Hungary there were only gypsy guitarists, who all played like Django. My rhythm guitar playing came from watching the gypsies."

But watching wasn't always easy.

"The guy I admired most in Budapest," he said, "was Elek Bacsik, who was later to make a name for himself in France. He was playing electric guitar in a kind of King Cole Trio—without the singing, though."

"In Vienna," Zoller continued, "there were no jazz guitarists. But when I first heard Tal Farlow—wow! I flipped. I had to listen very hard to figure out how he harmonized his lines. On my second visit to the States, I met Tal, and he showed me chords and other things. One night he showed me so much that I had to work for a year on it. . . . I also met Howie Collins then, who told me a lot too."

Zoller, blessed with perfect pitch, is interested in composition as well as in what he calls "free creative playing." His major effort to date in this direction is his score for the German motion picture *The Bread of Our Former Years*, for which he won the German film industry's annual prize for composition in 1962.

"It was Joachim Berendt's idea that I do the score," Zoller said. "I used just guitar, bass, and drums. The music is continuous and not attempting to be illustrative but psychological."

"You can play music a million ways—the question is *how* you play it. You must be convinced that what you're doing is right."

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AD LIB

(Continued from page 15)

May 21-27 by **Tex Beneke's** orchestra, singer **Ray Eberle**, and the **Modernaires** vocal group . . . Drummer **Art Blakey's** Jazz Messengers, with trumpeter **Lee Morgan** back in the lineup, did a week at the Half Note last month, followed by trombonist **Kai Winding's** group . . . A free-jazz concert at the Hotel Westover May 16 featured saxophonist **Don Kretmar**, bassist **Reed Wasson**, and drummer **Alan Schwartzberg** . . . Tenor saxophonist **Carmen Leggio** has replaced ailing **Charlie Ventura** with drummer **Gene Krupa's** quartet. **Leroy Parkins**, tenor saxophone and clarinet, took Leggio's place with pianist **Dave Frishberg's** quartet at the Gordian Knot . . . Multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk** and drummer **Roy Haynes** will be guest hosts on WBAI-FM's Saturday afternoon jazz show June 26.

BOSTON: Pianist **Joey Masters**, former accompanist for singer **Anita O'Day**, now living in Vermont, has composed a jazz mass that will be performed in Elmira, N.Y., June 20. Featured along with Masters will be altoist **Jimmy Mosher** and trumpeter **Paul Fontaine** . . . The Hammond Organ Society of Boston presented organist **Joe Bucci** in concert May 24 . . . The Berklee School of Music presented a concert of instrumental music at the New England Life Hall May 20. Featured were the school's concert band, Berklee's recording orchestra directed by **Herb Pomeroy**, a saxophone quartet, a brass choir, **Dick Wright** with a jazz quintet, and **Jack Petersen's** guitar ensemble. Berklee is also recording an album of altoist **Charlie Mariano's** compositions . . . Drummer **Pete LaRoca** returned to Boston for a week's appearance with **Herb Pomeroy's** sextet at the Jazz Workshop. . . . Trumpeter **Leon Merian**, formerly with **Gene Krupa**, among others, is now heading a combo at 46 Beacon Street, a new club recently opened here. The group consists of pianist **Ray Santisi**, bassist **Joe Cardinal**, and drummer **Joe McDonald**. The quartet is appearing at the club through June and will return there in September after summer engagements in Europe and Africa.

PHILADELPHIA: The area's summer outdoor jazz season started June 7 with a **Duke Ellington-Tony Bennett** package featured for a week at the Camden County Music Circus in New Jersey. Bennett got top billing over Ellington at the tented theater, for which **Lee Guber**, owner of the old Rendezvous jazz room, is one of the three operators . . . **St. John Terrell** started the eighth season of jazz at his Lambertville Music Circus, also in New Jersey, with **Stan Getz**, followed on successive Monday nights by **Dave Brubeck**, **Maynard Ferguson**, **Count Basie**, **Louis Armstrong**, Ellington, and **Ahmad Jamal**. The August bill features **Chubby Checker** and **Shindig**, which the tent advertises as "jazz," but Terrell gets back in the swing the following week with the **Stan Kenton Band** and then **Woody**

Herman. The **Dukes of Dixieland** will play at a Fourth of July Sunday afternoon date, with pianist-singer **Nina Simone** booked for Aug. 29 . . . Philadelphia society women scheduled a suburban jazz concert at a landlocked boathouse on an estate in late May. **Richard Castiglione**, a music supervisor for Philadelphia public schools, led a five-man combo at the date for the benefit of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra . . . Jazz bagpiper **Rufus Harley** recently played a date at Trenton's Fantasy Lounge. He also appeared at one of the Jazz at Home Club's Sunday sessions in Philadelphia . . . Reed man **Yusef Lateef** followed trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie** into Pep's . . . **Herb Spivak** may bring **Muddy Waters** back to the Show Boat.

WASHINGTON: One of the city's handsome new restaurants, the Embers, on 19th St. near M St. N.W., now features the **John Malachi Trio**. The leader, one of Washington's finest pianist for years, is supported by bassist **Freddy Williams** and drummer **Harold Chavis** . . . **Tommy Gwaltney** is bringing cornetist **Bobby Hackett**, trumpeter **Billy Butterfield**, and singer **Maxine Sullivan** into his Blues Alley club this summer. And singer **Lurlean Hunter**, a big success at this club in April, will be returning in October. **Peanuts Hucko** and his Goodmansque clarinet also proved popular with D.C. audiences. He co-starred at Blues Alley for two weeks with singer **Louise Tobin**, who replaced **Martha Tilton** in the **Benny Goodman Band** in 1939. Miss Tobin was at her best dueting with the clarinetist on *Big Butter and Egg Man* . . . **LaVern Baker**, with a broadened repertoire quite

different from her rhythm-and-blues days, was well received during a two-week stint at the new 1520 Club . . . **Wild Bill Whelan** leads a traditional group at Mr. Smith's in Georgetown on Thursdays and Fridays. Sidemen are **Country Thomas**, clarinet; **Slide Harris**, trombone; **Van Perry**, bass; **J.C. Morgan**, piano; and **Skip Tomlinson**, drums . . . Singer **Ann Read** received glowing reviews for her work at the Fireplace, but that upstairs room ended its entertainment policy in mid-May until the fall . . . **Ella Fitzgerald**, along with pianist **Ramsey Lewis**, will be performing under the stars at the Carter Barron Amphitheater in Rock Creek Park July 12-18.

BALTIMORE: Altoist **Gary Bartz** gave up the stand at the North End Lounge to join **Art Blakey** and the Jazz Messengers. A big attraction here, Bartz stayed on after exiting the **Max Roach** group in March. Organist **Jack McDuff**, reed man **Roland Kirk**, and organist **Jimmy McGriff** have been booked by the lounge for the coming weeks . . . The Left Bank Jazz Society continues to offer Sunday afternoon concerts at the Madison Club. Tenorist **Archie Shepp**, trombonist **Grachan Moncur III**, and drummer **Art Taylor** were heard recently. Other concerts have included those by pianist **Herbie Hancock** with bassist **Ron Carter** and drummer **Tony Williams** plus tenor saxophonist **George Coleman**; reed man **Yusef Lateef's** quartet; and tenorist **Clifford Jordan's** quartet. The society also brought in the **Cannonball Adderley Sextet** for a concert at the Lyric in mid-June . . . Lexington West continues with a jazz policy. Saxo-

SHOW BIZ

A HIPSTER'S QUIZ

By GARY A. SOUCIE

"What's in a name?" Shakespeare once asked and found his own answer in: "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." For a wide range of reasons, musicians and singers have performed major surgery on their given names. Try matching the familiar names in the left-hand column with the names their parents gave them in the right-hand column:

- | | | |
|----------------------|-------|----------------------------------|
| A. Ziggy Elman | (___) | 1. Ferdinand Joseph LaMenthe |
| B. Yusef Lateef | (___) | 2. Robert Chudnick |
| C. Maxine Sullivan | (___) | 3. Ian Gilmore Green |
| D. King Pleasure | (___) | 4. Gertrude Malissa Nix Pridgett |
| E. Red Rodney | (___) | 5. Fritz Jones |
| F. Terry Gibbs | (___) | 6. Harry Finkelman |
| G. Gil Evans | (___) | 7. Marietta Williams |
| H. Ma Rainey | (___) | 8. Norma Dolores Egstrom |
| I. Peggy Lee | (___) | 9. William Evans |
| J. Jelly Roll Morton | (___) | 10. Eleanor Gough McKay |
| K. Ahmad Jamal | (___) | 11. Julius Gubenko |
| L. Billie Holiday | (___) | 12. Clarence Beeks |

Answers will be found in the July 15 Down Beat

Answers to the *Jazz Menagerie* quiz that appeared in the last issue of *Down Beat*: 1, Mutt; 2, Ram; 3, Bunny; 4, Bull; 5, 'Gator; 6, Dodo; 7, Rabbit; 8, Tiger; 9, The Frog; 10, Buck; 11, Cub; 12, Bird; 13, Pony; 14, Cow Cow; 15, The Fox; 16, Mouse; 17, The Lion; 18, Skeeter; 19, Chick; 20, Shad; 21, The Hawk; 22, Cat; 23, Sharkey.



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phonist **Sonny Stitt** played 10 days in May with pianist **Bobby Timmons'** trio. Following Stitt were the groups of tenorist **Eddie Harris** and altoist **Hank Crawford**.

CLEVELAND: The Hermit Club big band recently recorded another LP, this one featuring **Bud Wattles'** extended arrangement of the music from *The King and I* and seven other arrangements and originals by Wattles and pianist **Dick Lezius**. The band also played several concerts at the club and appeared on KYW-TV's *Panorama*. Personnel for the band's recent outings has included **Chuck Findley**, **Jim Hricik**, **Healy Dowd**, **George Steckler**, **Joe Trzeinski**, **Bill Perkins**, trumpets; **Norm Smith**, **Rich Hamilton**, **Don Ackerman**, **Mike Sweeney**, trombones; **Bill Webster**, **Norm Strachan**, **Al Billington**, **Stan Lybarger**, **Chuck Fuller**, reeds; **John St. Amore**, **Joe Stolle**, **Bob Perkins**, and **Bob Coppedge**, French horns; Wattles, vibes; Lezius, piano; **Bones Wattles**, bass; and **Alan Gillmore Jr.**, drums. Findley has since left the group, however, to tour with the **Jimmy Dorsey Band** led by **Lee Castle**. Chuck's brother, trumpeter **Bob Findley**, is playing with the **Ray McKinley-Glenn Miller Orchestra**, as is trombonist **Barry Ross**. The latter, a 1962 graduate of Euclid High School, won a *Down Beat* scholarship to the Berklee School of Music and has since played with the bands of **Si Zentner**, **Buddy Morrow**, **Woody Herman**, and **Kai Winding** before joining McKinley, whose band appeared at the Lion and Lamb Inn late in May. The L&L also expects to present the **Tommy Dorsey Band** led by **Sam Donahue** early in July, with **Count Basie** booked for a return engagement in September.

DETROIT: The **George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields Quintet** has moved from the Village Gate to Paige's Lounge, where the group will be in residence weekend nights. No replacement had been named for the Village Gate . . . The Artists' Workshop has been the scene of some exciting impromptu sessions lately. Organist **Larry Young** and drummer **J.C. Moses**, who were in town with guitarist **Grant Greene** at the Drome Bar, traded a set with **Lyman Woodard**, organ, and **Danny Spencer**, drums, backing up cornetist **Charles Moore** on a Friday afternoon. On the following Sunday **Charles Lloyd**, who was with **Cannonball Adderley's** sextet at Blues Unlimited, sat in with Moore's **Detroit Contemporary 4**, much to the delight of the Workshop's regular Sunday afternoon audience. The DC 4 has been playing a number of concerts and benefits lately, most notably a live radio broadcast over WAYN, the Wayne State University student radio station, under disc jockey **Bob Scott's** auspices; for a humanities class at Wayne, taught by sometime bassist **Harvey Robb**, at which the **Bob McDonald Trio** also demonstrated jazz playing for a classroom audience; a street rally, sponsored by the Congress of Racial Equality; and in two open-air concerts, one at Wayne with the **Pierre Rochon Quartet** and the **Workshop Music Ensemble**, which was sponsored by the WSU

Artists' Society, and another in Ann Arbor with the Workshop Ensemble and the **Ron Brooks Trio** (**Stanley Cowles**, piano; Brooks, bass; **Danny Spencer**, drums) plus vocalist **Lolly Matisse**, which was sponsored by the University of Michigan Activities Committee and promoter **Dave Lundin** . . . Pianist **Willie Metcalfe** opened in May at the downtown Dream Bar with bassist **Sam Scott** and drummer **Ronnie Johnson** . . . **Chris Conner** played 10 days at the Charade Lounge, using Detroit **Frank Isola** on drums.

CHICAGO: Guitarist **Joe Pass**, in the area with the **George Shearing Quintet** (which played in nearby Joliet), sat in with local guitarist **Joe Diorio** during the latter's Sunday afternoon stint at the Crystal Pistol . . . A concert to raise money to defray hospital costs for ailing local drummer **Oliver Coleman**, who has worked with **Duke Ellington**, **Earl Hines**, **Horace Henderson**, **Coleman Hawkins**, and **Slim Gaillard**, among others, was held May 31 at the Trianon. Among the participants were drummer **Red Saunders**; the groups of **Willie Randall**, **Franz Jackson**, **Paul Bascomb**, and **Henderson Smith**; blues man **Guitar Red**; and disc jockeys **Daddy-O Daylie** and **Norm Spaulding**. Coleman, hospitalized since January, recently underwent throat surgery to arrest cancer of the larynx . . . Pianist **Bill Evans** canceled his two-weeker at the Plugged Nickel because of illness. His last-minute replacement was singer **Jon Hendricks** . . . Singer-harmonica player **Billy Boy Arnold** took a band into Big John's while the **Paul Butterfield** group was in New York City completing its album for Elektra records . . . The **Windjammers**, teenage Dixieland band, will take over at the showboat Sari S at the end of June and play through the summer . . . The **Muddy Waters Band** was a recent attraction at McKie's . . . Pianist-vocalist **Audrey Morris**, with bassist **Clyde Flowers**, has been working at the Grapevine on W. Elm St. . . **Tito Puente**, whose Latin music is often jazz-inflected, used a 12-piece band at the Boom Boom Room on N. Sheridan Rd. for a three-nighter last month . . . A series of six evenings of Dixieland jazz under the stars will be heard every other Sunday evening beginning June 27 at Four Lakes in Lisle, Ill. The lineup is as follows: **Eddy Davis**, June 27; the **Village Stompers**, July 11; **Dave Remington**, July 25; **Jack the Bear** and the **Steamboat Stompers**, Aug. 8; the **Dukes of Dixieland**, Aug. 22; and the **Original Salty Dogs**, Sept. 5 . . . Pianist **Gene Esposito** produced an afternoon concert at the Happy Medium June 13. Besides Esposito's quartet the concert featured tenorist **Joe Daley's** trio and the **Pieces of Eight**, the octet led by tenor saxophonist **Sandy Mosse** and trumpeter **Warren Kime** . . . Daley's trio has begun Monday session at The Bulls, located on Lincoln Park West . . . Drummers **Bobby Rosengarden**, of the *Tonight Show*, and **Louie Bellson**, of **Count Basie's** band, gave a drum clinic at Frank's Drum Shop late last month . . . Trombonist **Julian Priester**, a native Chicagoan, has returned to home town and has been gigging around town. Pianist **Andrew Hill**,

another former Chicagoan, reportedly will return here this month to visit his family and possibly to work. Drummer **Kansas Fields**, until recently a resident of Paris, also is around town.

INDIANAPOLIS: Dixieland suddenly blossomed all over Indianapolis in mid-May. The **Naptown Strugglers**, a group formed by Indianapolis Jazz Club members, began playing Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at the B & B Supper Club. The band personnel alternates, with various club members taking turns sitting in. Most regular players include **Duncan Schiedt** and **Brent Dixon**, piano; **Bill Fend**, drums; **Burt Summers**, bass and tuba; **Jim Lindsey**, cornet; **Bud Lindsey**, saxophone and clarinet; and **Dutch Davis**, banjo. The latter three had been fixtures for years in a Dixieland band at the Oak Tavern. **Vic Knight's** Dixielanders began a weekends booking on the Marott Hotel Patio. And the **Salty Dogs** traditional band originally from Purdue University, played a one-night stand at the Wishing Well Bar here May 13 . . . In mid-May the Crescendo Lounge dropped the Saturday jazz matinees by the **Dave Baker Sextet** for the summer. They probably will be resumed later. FM radio station WAJC recorded the final Crescendo session and replayed it as a three-hour program May 23. Baker also did a series of interviews that were played as part of an all-weekend "jazz marathon" on WAIV, another FM station.

CINCINNATI: The Living Room brought in the **Three Sounds** for a late April engagement . . . In the suburbs, the Bonneville passed the 18-month mark for consecutive presentation of live jazz. Still going strong at the relaxed Kennedy Heights tavern are **Jim Gates** on piano, **Phil Brookshire** on drums, and **Brien Hodge** on bass, with tenorist **Dick Evans** and altoist **Don Steins** alternating Fridays and Saturdays . . . The Top Shelf, a new key club, opened with **Roland Kirk** May 20-22, followed by vocalist **Gloria Loring** backed by the **Lee Stoler Trio** May 24 through June 6 and the **John Thomas** organ trio opening May 24 for an indefinite run. The house group for the Reading Road club is to be the Stoler piano group . . . Musicians working in and around town have found a number of regular positions, for the use of house groups has increased. The Playboy Club is manned jointly by the **Dee Felice Trio** and the **Dave Engle Trio** six nights, with the **Alex Cirin Trio** on Saturdays only. Drummer Felice has **Frank Vincent** on piano, and **Lee Tucker** on bass; pianist Engle is aided by drummer **Ron McCurdy** and bassist **Mike Moore**; bassist Cirin is teamed with **Dave Matthews**, piano, and **Ron Enyert**, drums . . . Mahogany Hall's Downstairs has acquired the new house duo of **Ed Moss**, piano, and **Bud Hunt**, bass, Mondays through Thursdays. Drummer **Dave Fehrecks** joins them on Fridays and Saturdays . . . The **Madison Trio** is heard at the Blind Lemon; the **Ray Selder Quartet** is newly settled at the Whisper Room; and the **Elwood Evans Trio** works Herbie's. In a new jam-session policy, **Harvey Reed**

anchors Herbie's Monday nights, with the Evans group appearing Tuesday through Saturday.

MIAMI: Avant-garde reed man **Charlie Austin** was featured in a lengthy, half-page spread in the Miami *Herald*. The article was a genuine reflection of his speculations concerning freedom of musical expression . . . The *Opus #1* has brought back jazz after a changeover of a short duration to a calypso policy. The jazz reopening featured the work of **Pete Ponzol**, tenor, soprano saxophones; **Eddie Stack**, piano; **Chico Gonzales**, bass; **Ned Mast**, drums . . . The *Big Dipper* in Miami Springs featured the **Hi-Liners**, a jazz trio consisting of **Nick Tjelios**, piano; **Chuck**

Polk, bass; and **Frankie Kennedy**, drums . . . Jazz singer **Hal Frazier** recently moved into the Playboy Club for two weeks . . . **Fred Wickstrom** and his jazz quintet were heard at the First Unitarian Church Fine Arts Series May 15 in the church's auditorium . . . Former **Count Basie** drummer **Sonny Payne** formed his own jazz trio in Miami with **Jesse Smith** on organ and **Cee Major**, saxophones, flute. Their first appearance will be at the Showboat in Philadelphia . . . The South Seas has been featuring the jazz duo of **Matty Cortese**, piano, and **Homer Smith**, bass . . . Educational television station WTHS taped a pilot film for a prospective jazz series in May. The first program dealt with mainstream jazz, and it featured **Ira**

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Vincent, piano; Robert Thomas, bass,
and Guy Viveros, drums. The host was
Dave Spitzer . . . From Switzerland Elsie
Bianchi is to bring her trio to the Pier 66
Club in Fort Lauderdale in July . . . Jam
sessions are being held in Dania, Fla., at
the Banyan Club. The current attraction
is trumpeter-tenorist Sullivan, pianist
Dolph Castellano, bassist John Musselli,
and drummer Viveros.

NEW ORLEANS: The Warren
Easton High School stage band, directed
by pianist Bert Braud, won the *Down
Beat* trophy at the Tri-State Music Festival
at Enid, Okla., in May. The band played
originals and arrangements by Braud and
tenor saxophonist John Celestin. This
marked the third year in a row that New
Orleans bands have won the competition.
The St. Aloysius High School stage band
under Clement Toca won the two pre-
ceding years . . . A jazz festival in mini-
ature will be presented at Luthjen's Lounge
June 27-30 by a new group called the
International Jazz Festival of New Orleans,
Inc. According to attorney Dean Andrews,
the president of the group, this year's pre-
sentation will be open only to sponsors and
the press, while plans for next year in-
clude a mammoth international festival at
Municipal Auditorium. This year's festival
will include mostly local artists . . . Trum-
peter Al Hirt donated the proceeds of a
busy night at his club to the Save Our
Symphony drive, a movement to retain the
New Orleans Symphony, which was threat-
ened with dissolution when the union and
symphony management could not agree on
musicians' wages . . . Clarinetist Pete
Fountain is to headline the New Orleans
Pops Orchestra concert on the Fourth of
July weekend.

LAS VEGAS: Al Jahn's group,
besides backing the new ice show at the
Mint Hotel, has a featured spot in the
production, playing some of the leader's
compositions. The band consists of Walt
Peterson, trumpet; Buddy Balbo, tenor
saxophone; Jahn, organ; and Jerry Sinotte,
drums . . . Former Stan Kenton bassist
Max Wayne is now working with accordi-
onist Joe Geremia's trio . . . Drummer Bob
Hall is back in circulation after being hos-
pitalized for two weeks because of physical
exhaustion . . . Clarinetist Jerry Wald is
readying a quintet to play the Lake Tahoe-
Reno circuit . . . Among the Dixieland
groups featured at the annual Helldorado
celebration were those of Wingy Manone,
Guy Sandereson, and Jim Feeney.

LOS ANGELES: Vibist-composer
Gary McFarland's quintet at Shelly's
Manne-Hole included Sadao Watanabe,
tenor saxophone and flute; Gabor Szabo,
guitar; Eddie Gomez, bass; and Joe
Cocuzzo, drums. Saxophonist Sonny Stitt,
backed by pianist Jack Wilson's Trio, fol-
lowed McFarland. British tenorist Tubby
Hayes is currently being reunited with
fellow-countryman pianist Victor Feldman
at the club. Bassist Monty Budwig and
drummer Colin Bailey (another English-

man) round out the group, which closes
at the Manne-Hole June 20. Guitarist Jim
Hall, with bassist Red Mitchell in the ac-
companying group, opens at the club June
21 for two weeks. Trombonist Frank
Rosolino's quartet has been the Monday
feature at the club, which also has Sunday
afternoon chamber-music concerts. Pianist
Andre Previn was the star of a recent
Sunday musicale there, and guitarist
Laurindo Almeida was the soloist at the
June 6 afternoon recital; he was featured
in several selections with strings and flute
. . . Vibist Terry Gibbs' quartet at the
Losers featured a bright young pianist,
Billy Henderson. The Gibbs' group left
Los Angeles recently to work a few dates
farther east. First stop was the White
House, a club in Minneapolis, Minn. The
Losers, incidentally, has switched to a rock-
and-roll policy, with a topless bathing suit
or two thrown in for good measure. The
club, however, will occasionally star jazz
groups, such as the Ramsey Lewis Trio
. . . Lalo Schifrin is writing the score for
the film *Cincinnati Kid*, which stars Steve
McQueen, Edward G. Robinson, Tuesday
Weld, and Ann-Margret. The movie is
set in New Orleans, and the background
score, according to Schifrin, will include
segments of traditional jazz, particularly
in the street-parade and funeral episodes.
The score will be recorded in July . . .
Nancy Wilson's recent opening at the
Coconut Grove was heavily attended by
Hollywood celebrities. KTLA-TV devoted
a one-hour special to the event; the TV
show, seen the night after the opening,
was titled *Nancy Wilson at the Grove*. The
leader of the Grove's houseband for years,
Freddie Martin, exited after Miss Wilson's
run. Pianist Peter Duchin will head the
band until Dick Stabile takes over in July
. . . The Count Basie-Tony Bennett show
at Melodyland last month grossed \$62,140
during its one-week run . . . Drummer
Jo Jones, unexpectedly in town for a short
while last month, held nightly reunions
with such as drummer Chico Hamilton,
who was heading a trio at the Scene, and
trumpeter Harry Edison, who was work-
ing at Memory Lane . . . Singer Joy Bryan
returned last month from an extensive tour
of Australia . . . Phineas Newborn Sr.,
father of pianist Phineas Jr. and guitarist
Calvin Newborn, died here May 13 of a
heart ailment. Newborn Sr., a drummer,
had worked with several rhythm-and-blues
groups in the area during the last few
years . . . AFM Local 47 held its annual
exhibition of members' paintings June 12-
13. The exhibition was accompanied by
live music . . . Carmen McRae and the
Vince Guaraldi-Bola Sete combine were
the featured acts at the Lighthouse in
Hermosa Beach last month. June Christy
is there now; she closes June 20. The
Latin-jazz group of Mongo Santamaria
is next up at the oceanside club. Future
bookings include the groups of Yusef
Lateef, Cannonball Adderley, Ahmad
Jamal, Ramsey Lewis, and Herbie Mann.
Bassist Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All-
Stars—currently tenorist Bob Cooper,
pianist John Huston, and drummer Bruz
Freeman—are featured on the nights off
. . . The Duke Ellington Orchestra begins
a nine-day stand at Disneyland Aug. 6 . . .

Orrin Keepnews, who came here early in the year to be merchandising manager of Colpix records, is returning to New York City. Keepnews, formerly co-owner, with the late **Bill Grauer**, of Riverside records, said he will function as an independent producer, headquartered in New York . . . Trombonist-arranger **Onzy Matthews** was musical director for the several **Ray Charles** segments on a recent *Shindig* telecast. The popular singer's three songs occupied a considerable portion of the teenage-slanted show . . . Composer-arranger **Gil Fuller** will organize a large orchestra to play his arrangements featuring trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie** at California's Monterey Jazz Festival in September. This month Fuller, Gillespie, and band got together in Los Angeles and recorded an album of Fuller's scores for Pacific Jazz.

SAN FRANCISCO: Pianist **Bill Evans** was forced to cut short his gig at Sausalito's Trident when he became too ill to play. Diagnosed as suffering from malnutrition, the pianist was hospitalized, then reportedly convalesced in Sausalito . . . San Francisco State College won first place among stage bands and a quintet from Diablo Valley College, in Concord (east of here), was judged best combo in San Jose College's second annual Day of Jazz. Judges included pianist **Clare Fischer** and altoist-flutist **Bud Shank**, who, with bassist **Bob West** and drummer **Frank Capp**, entertained in an evening concert that capped the day of competition . . . The supposed appearance of the **Count Basie** Orchestra at a benefit concert for the League of Musicians Wives in nearby Oakland failed to materialize. A foul-up in communications was blamed. The **Rudy Salvini** big band and pianist **Bill Bell's** trio provided the music for the annual event . . . The **Vince Guaraldi** Trio with guitarist **Bola Sete**, pianist **Jean Hoffmann's** trio, and **John Coppola's** big band played a recent Sunday afternoon concert in Belmont for benefit of the Children's Home Society, a statewide adoption agency.

ENGLAND: London clubs have been featuring American vocalists the last few months. **Teri Thornton** and **Oscar Brown Jr.** appeared at the Cool Elephant in April, and **Jimmy Witherspoon** and **Helen Merrill** recently played Annie's Room . . . Another vocalist, **Marian Montgomery**, was featured on her own television show for Rediffusion; she was accompanied by the **Roger Webb** Trio for the program . . . During his tour with the **Alex Welsh** Band, pianist **Earl Hines** played a concert in Manchester with **Alan Hare's** big band in a program of re-creations of Hines' old big-band scores . . . Ronnie Scott's Club is planning to feature tenorist **Zoot Sims** and **Al Cohn** this month. Later attractions scheduled are **Art Farmer** in July and **Don Byas** in August . . . After 12 years as regular bassist with the **Ted Heath** Orchestra, **Johnny Hawkesworth** left to freelance and do session work. He was replaced by **Kenny Napper**.

NORWAY: The Norwegian Jazz Forum presented its first concert May 5 at the Edvard Munch Museum. Among

featured artists were one of the best bassists in Scandinavia, **Erik Amundsen**, and his trio, and tenorists **Bjorn Johansen**, who also is the first jazz musician to receive financial support from the Norwegian government, and **Jan Garbarek**. Other musicians who performed were pianist **Egil Kapstad** and singer **Karin Krog**, the leader of the new organization for jazz musicians. She was accompanied by pianist **Terje Bjorklund**, bassist **Per Loberg**, and drummer **Jon Christensen** . . . Tenor saxophonist **Dexter Gordon** celebrated his return to Scandinavia with a concert for university students in Oslo May 30, and from there moved on to Copenhagen. Swedish pianist **Jan Johansson's** quintet and vocalist **Karin Krog** were heard on the same concert program . . . A Czechoslovakian group, the **Jazz**

was televised on Eurovision May 12 . . . Reed man **Sahib Shihab** returned to Copenhagen from an engagement in Cologne, Germany. He is currently arranging a series of his own compositions for the Danish radio jazz orchestra.

SWEDEN: **George Russell's** new sextet had a successful two-week engagement at the Golden Circle in Stockholm during April. The group, which includes **Bertil Lofgren**, trumpet; **Eje Thelin**, trombone; **Bernt Rosengren**, tenor saxophone; **Roman Dylag**, bass; and **Albert Heath**, drums, then continued on to the Montmartre Club in Copenhagen, Denmark, and to the other continental points. Russell will tour Sweden this fall as the leader of a big band made up of members of Emanon, the Swedish society for jazz musicians . . . **Stuff Smith** had to cancel his appearance at the Golden Circle because of illness, but **Lars Gullin's** quartet, which featured **Staffan Abeleen**, piano; **Bjorn Alke**, bass; and **Bo Skoglund**, drums, played instead . . . In the last two weeks of April **Ben Webster** appeared at the Circle and was backed by **Gunnar Svensson**, piano; **Alke**; and **Leif Wenerstrom**, drums . . . Emanon's second spring concert, held last month, featured three tenorists, **Lennart Aberg**, **Borje Fredricksson**, and **Torsten Dannenberg**. The saxophonists were accompanied by pianist **Lars Sjosten**, guitarist **Rune Gustavsson**, **Alke**, and **Heath** . . . Drummer **Bert Dahlender**, who has lived in the United States for many years, playing mostly with pianist **Teddy Wilson**, has returned home for good, he said. **Dahlender** and his quartet, featuring **Bjarne Nerem**, tenor saxophone; **Lars Sjosten**, piano; and **Bjorn Alke**, bass, played at the Circle the first week in May.

RECORD NOTES: **Billie Holiday's** justly famed performance of *Strange Fruit*, which she wrote in protest of lynching, has been reissued as a single by Mainstream. The performance originally was issued about 25 years ago on Commodore. Backing the new single is Miss Holiday's version of *Fine and Mellow*, another early Commodore recording . . . Tenor saxophonist **Sonny Rollins**, who upset the record industry three years ago when he signed a contract with RCA Victor for a reported \$90,000, signed with Impulse . . . **Connie Hechter**, formerly national LP promotion manager for Philips records, has joined Atlantic records as director of advertising and publicity. Atlantic has also hired former *Music Business* executive editor **Bob Rolontz** as director of foreign operations and assistant album producer . . . Chicago's Testament label is issuing an LP by Mississippi delta blues man **Fred McDowell** and his wife, **Annie Mae**. The firm has just released an anthology set, *Modern Chicago Blues* . . . New York Independent folk label, Folkways records, has completed arrangements with MGM records for the establishment of a label, Verve/Folkways, that will issue material from both the Folkways and MGM catalogs. MGM will have first refusal rights on Folkways sessions; the latter firm will

IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

SALUTE TO SATCH

A tribute to the enduring genius of Louis Armstrong, on the occasion of his 65th Birthday.

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down beat

Combo, performed the last extended engagement at the Metropol before the club went on its summer policy. During the summer months the club books a different Norwegian jazz group daily.

DENMARK: Pianist **Earl Hines**, backed by a Danish rhythm section, played to a capacity audience at his recent one-nighter at Copenhagen's Winegaarden Cafe . . . Tenor saxophonist **Brew Moore**, recently arrived back here from the United States, completed three weeks at the Cafe Montmartre. He plans to make the Danish capital his home, as he did a few years ago . . . Pianist **Kenny Drew** was given a bouquet of roses after his solo appearance at the Danish Oscar awards. He also headed his own trio on a Danish television jazz spectacular that



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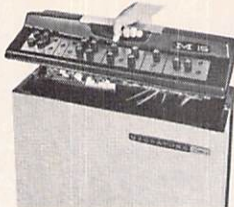
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continue under the direction of Moe Asch. . . . Limelight intends to reissue material from the Keynote catalog, which contains numerous gems recorded by Harry Lim in the '40s. Among the material up for reissue are performances by Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, and Earl Hines.

THE OTHER SIDE: The Cleveland Orchestra is on a three-month tour of the Soviet Union and Europe for the U.S. State Department and is continuing its policy of featuring modern music in addition to standard warhorses. Among contemporary works programmed for the tour are Leonard Bernstein's *Overture to "Candide,"* Cinq Metaboles for Orchestra by Henri Dutilleux, Herbert Elwell's *The Happy Hypocrite,* Peter Mennin's *Symphony No. 3,* music from *Saul and David* by Carl Nielsen, and Gunther Schuller's *Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee.* Conductor George Szell, who recently was signed to an unprecedented lifetime contract as director of the orchestra, and associate conductor Louis Lane, who conducted many of the modern works, reportedly were surprised and delighted at the acceptance of their music by the Russians, who, after the first Moscow concert on April 16, besieged the concert halls in futile attempts to purchase tickets for other performances, which had been sold out weeks in advance; in many cases, police lines were necessary to protect the orchestra members and the lucky ticket-holders from the crowds of not-so-fortunate music lovers. After concerts in a dozen European countries, the orchestra returns home at the end of June.

David Anram's cantata *A Year in Our Land* received its premiere performance at New York's Town Hall May 13 at a concert by the Interracial Chorus and Orchestra . . . Compositions commissioned by the Fromm Music Foundation were performed under the baton of Gunther Schuller at Town Hall May 9. They included a double concerto for piano and harpsichord by Elliott Carter; *Underworld,* scored for actors, instrumental ensemble, and pre-recorded tape by Salvatore Martirano; and *Tempi for 14 Instruments* by Claudio Spies . . . Among events in the University of Chicago's Festival of the Arts series last month were a recital by clarinetist Chester Milosovich of music by Ernst Krenek, Alban Berg, George Rochberg, Anton Webern, Brahms, and Debussy and a lecture on Indian music by Rajeshwari Datta. The university's Contemporary Chamber Players group, under the direction of Ralph Shapey, recently celebrated the 80th birthday of Edgar Varese with a program of his works . . . In Cincinnati an exposition of contemporary American music, supported by the Rockefeller Foundation, was held May 3-10 by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and the University of Cincinnati's College-Conservatory of Music. The full schedule of concerts, lectures, recitals, and symposiums presented and interpreted facets of new music to audiences on the CCM and main campuses. Composers whose works were played include Gunther Schuller, Ben Johnson, and Leon Kirchner.

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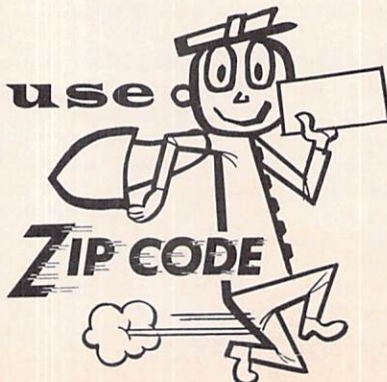
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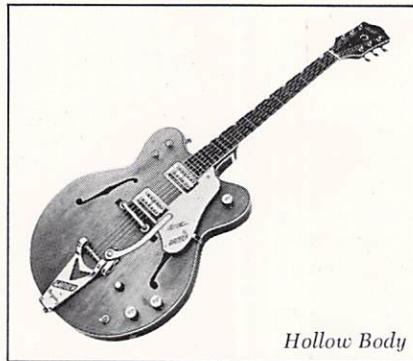
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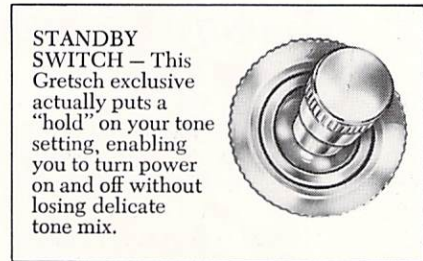
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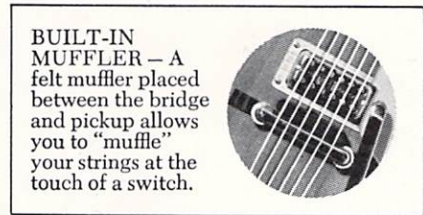
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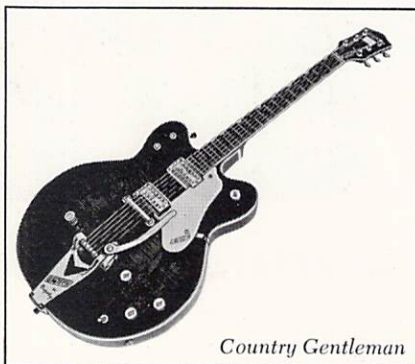
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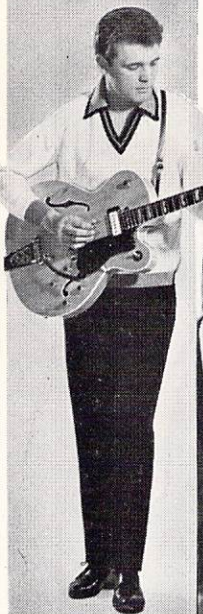
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