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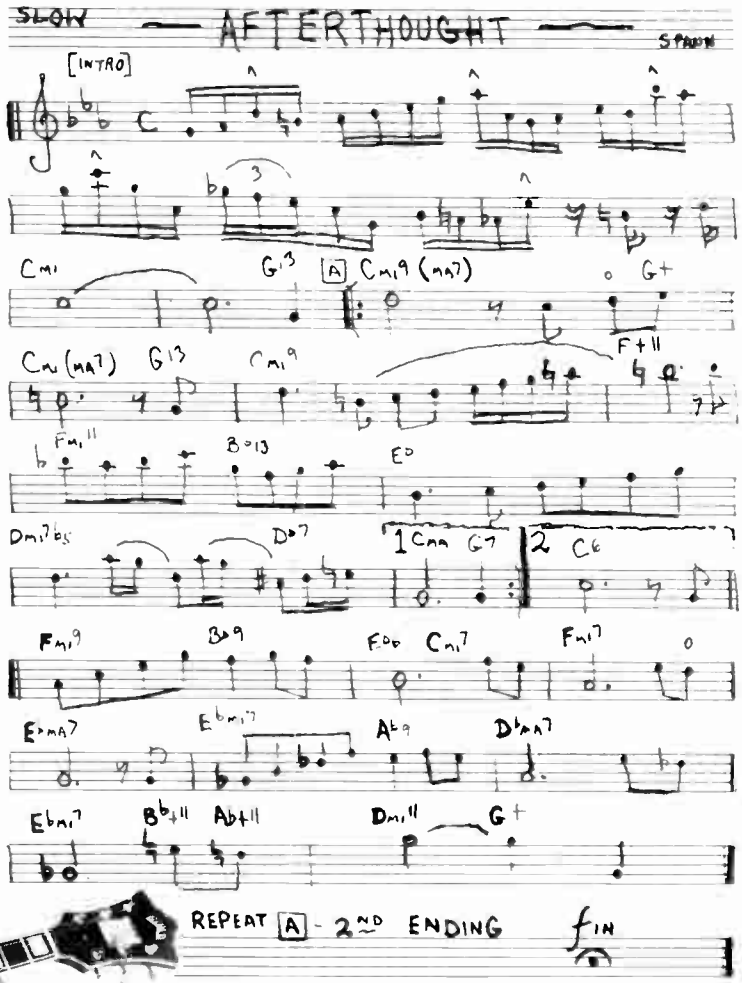

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A Forum For Readers

Kirk Kudos

Thank you very much for doing a cover story on Roland Kirk (*DB,* May 18). It has been long overdue.

To me, Roland Kirk is in a class by himself. I don't think there will ever be another musician who will achieve his success and be able to master as many instruments, at once, as he has done.

Peter D. Spier
Stamford, Conn.

I felt the interview with Roland Kirk was so stimulating and engrossing that ending it was almost an atrocity. The article was brief but concise and most interesting. I think the interview really revealed the character and true feelings about the changing attitudes of musicians and patrons of today's jazz, which has become so complex and open to debate.

I'm in total agreement with Kirk's belief that people today tend to dismiss the great innovators. Young musicians think that only Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler, and Charles Lloyd caused the evocation of "free music" and pay neither respect nor acknowledgement to the real founders that promoted, or experimented with to some extent, the avant-garde, such as Miles Davis, Sonny Rollins, Max Roach, etc.

Though I can't find a very profound meaning to some of Kirk's work, he himself says that some of it isn't supposed to have any deliberate meaning. It's just intended to entertain. Music should be for relaxation and pleasure and not to appease the cynic condemnations of some Ivy League intellectuals.

Tim Wilcox
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Free . . . Or Just Phony?

In regard to Bill Mathieu's review of the Milford Graves-Don Pullen album (*DB,* April 20), I must say I'm completely mystified. What is all this "reference to a force," "point of focus" stuff?

I can see where it may be fun and perhaps stimulating for the "players" on these albums to smash things and experiment chaotically, but, please, let's not try to justify and analyze it. Let's leave it just where it is—a cacaphonous experimental *attempt* at musical expression.

This "long breath," "separate-together" nonsense is at best pseudo-analytical hippy-dippy drivel and, at its worst (and I feel very strongly this is where it is), an obvious fear on Mathieu's part to point out that the emperor has no clothes on.

I ordered a record Mathieu rated five stars—*More Giuseppi Logan*—and I've never been so disappointed in an album. It's a big shuck with Milford Graves heading the list of shuckers. Stick Graves in with Herbie Hancock and Ron Carter, and within two minutes you'd be appalled at his lack of musical discipline and poor instrumental technique.

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out of discipline and the observance of laws. These people are completely rejecting existing musical values. It's the perfect formula for a cop-out: reject all existing values, add a 10th-grade, Oriental philosophy, and you've got a mystical-shuck musical approach that will frighten a person like Mathieu into believing it's really valid.

Incidentally, why doesn't a musician review the Graves-Pullen record? For example, I'd be fascinated to hear Dizzy Gillespie's comments after exposing him to the "chariot for human breathing" sound for 15 minutes.

Ron Carducci
South Lake Tahoe, Calif.

Mathieu is a pianist and composer. He has arranged for the Stan Kenton and Duke Ellington bands. His contemporary-music compositions have been performed by Ralph Shapey's orchestra at the University of Chicago. Mathieu was music director of the Second City Players in Chicago for several years and currently serves in that capacity for the Committee in San Francisco. His Chicago Improvising Players, an avant-garde group, has given several concerts in the last two years.

The Knack

Out of respect for the high quality of Pete Welding's reviews, I have to disagree with Michael Zwerin's remarks about the "necessary" subjectivism of critics (*DB*, May 18).

Zwerin doesn't seem to realize that, of all forms of description, mere subjectivity has the least legitimate claim to our attention.

Frankly, I'm not convinced that Zwerin has such remarkable musical sensitivity that it makes every temperamental reference he voices inherently interesting. In fact, he insists that he really doesn't possess any sort of superior insight. Then why should we care whether or not he likes what he hears? Only the insecure initiates among jazz fans have a craving for such uncritical pronouncements.

By contrast, Welding's reviews are intelligent, sensitive, and lucid. Certainly he is subjective but only in the manner of the really perceptive critic: he gives a clear and precise account of what he hears and of the particular qualities he admires, and he is not afraid to reveal the values which govern his "reactions." He gives us the necessary information about style, technique, compositions, solos, and the place of the music in the over-all jazz scene. Furthermore, he has that rare knack for finding the appropriate phrase to describe a characteristic quality of a musician's sound or of a performance. His identity is in no way sacrificed by his precision.

Zwerin, whose writing is merely sloppy, vague, and self-indulgent, is clearly out of place in such company and should not be allowed to waste space which could otherwise be used to provide serious readers with much-needed information.

Judy Finch
Walla Walla, Wash.

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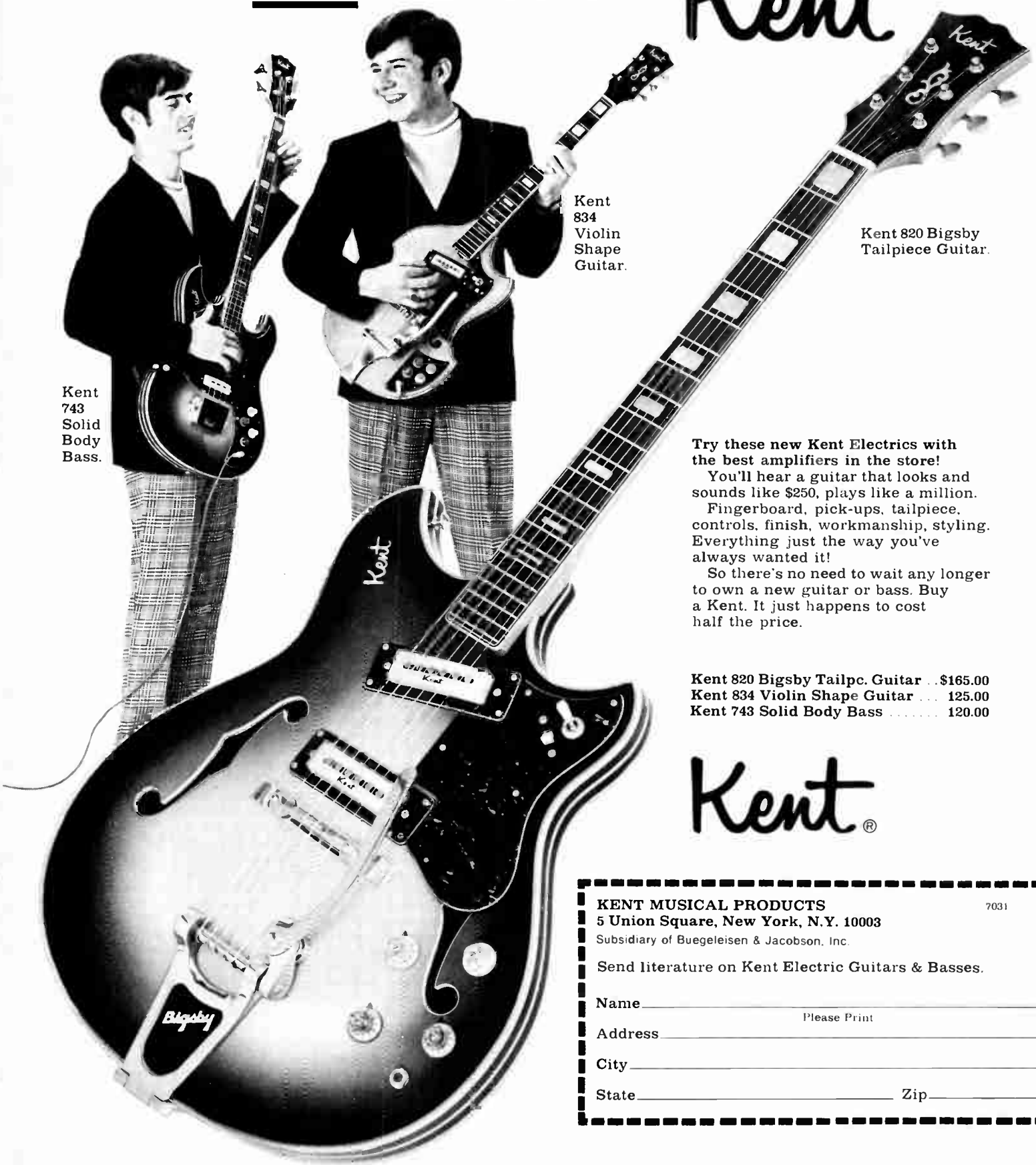

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SAXES ON THE SCENE

Two Views of Vick

Critic Gene Lees picked this one as the "Jazz Record of the Month." Mainstream jazz approach to "Flamingo," "We'll Be Together Again," "Straight Up," "Lonely Girl." LPM/LSP-3761

HiFi/Stereo Review calls this recording "one of the most exciting jazz events so far this year..." Groove on Vick's treatment of "Mango Walk," "Jamaica Farewell," "Beguine." LPM/LSP-3677

Handy craft

The Cap'n is on deck with his outings of "Perdido," "Pass the Ribs," "Handy's Gulf Coast Boogie," "I Laughed at Love," "Good Feeling Blues," "Bourbon Street Strut," "Cabaret," "One O'Clock Jump." LPM/LSP-3762

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NEVER AGAIN SAYS GRANZ

"I wouldn't do it again," Norman Granz declared. "There were plenty of kicks and it was a sop for my own ego, but I wouldn't do it again."

A Norman Granz pronouncement has all the finality and objectivity of a post-mortem. He was talking about his Jazz at the Philharmonic's farewell concert tour of the United States.

"July 1 wraps it up—at the Hollywood Bowl," he said. "The entire concert will be recorded; it should be a significant event. I don't know who will release the album. I have no more ties with Verve, but I imagine they'll get first crack at it."

Looking back to this last JATP tour, which began March 25, Granz revealed that it was a financial success: approximately $25,000 a night gross. How much of that was gravy can be gleaned from his disclosure that expenses ran close to $20,000 a night. "We had to get a $7.50 top in many of the cities, and yet we never had less than 75 percent of the house full."

"They were definitely an older audience —many 'alumni' from the original JATP tours," he added. "What drew the younger element was the increased commercial popularity of such stars as Ella Fitzgerald, whose records have sold extremely well in the period between the last JATP and this one. Their reactions were very favorable."

Then he repeated his valedictory with the added thought, "It's no more fun, at least not in the States. It's too much of a production, too much work, and above all, too much aggravation."

Granz explained the basic premise of JATP as being the jam session. Each artist does what he is supposed to; each group does what it's famous for. But throughout, and especially at the end, there is considerable intermixing.

"This blending of different styles—the give-and-take that results—that's where the excitement comes from," he said.

But Granz claimed he was grossly misunderstood, mainly because his line-up lacked avant-garde representation.

"Musicians like John Coltrane or Archie Shepp don't care to jam with other musicians," he noted. "They prefer playing with their own groups. Even Stan Getz doesn't want to jam with others. That's all right for them—but it's not the intent of JATP."

Granz said that because of the jamming, his approach had much more freedom to it than what exponents of the so-called free school enjoy. He said he feels the stimulus from intermixing is good, and he regrets that more musicians today don't realize it.

In addition to Miss Fitzgerald and her accompanying trio, led by pianist Jimmy Jones, the JATP troupe includes the Duke Ellington Orchestra, pianist Oscar Peterson's trio, trumpeter Clark Terry, and saxophonists Coleman Hawkins, Zoot Sims, and Benny Carter.

EARL HINES SIGNS LIFETIME CONTRACT

Earl Hines, who made jazz history 40 years ago with a revolutionary piano style, has set a new landmark—a lifetime contract that will pay him up to $20,000 a year whether he works or not.

The contract is with Leonard V. Martin, owner of the Cannery, a block-long San Francisco restaurant and shopping complex under construction near Fisherman's Wharf and scheduled to open this fall.

At his home in Oakland, Calif., where he was spending some time before resuming touring, Hines said Martin's offer "certainly surprised me—you don't think of things like that happening."

"And, naturally, I'm happy I'm the first jazz musician this has been done for," he added. "I hope this contract will be the shape of things to come for other jazz musicians throughout the world."

Martin said he had been listening to Hines, in person and on records, "for years," although the men had never met.

In the contract, Martin stated "the magic piano" of Hines "has always been an island of joy wherever this great musical genius is performing" and that Hines "has bestowed upon musical audiences throughout the entire Western world an experience beautifully expressing the happiness of human life."

It is Martin's conviction, the contract states, that Hines "deserves in full measure the appreciation of a world to which he has brought so much joy and that Earl 'Fatha' Hines must never be forgotten by the very people with whom he has shared so much happiness."

The contract provides that Hines will play up to 10 months a year at the Cannery "as long as he is able" but will receive his salary for the remainder of his life even if he becomes incapacitated and unable to perform. A three-doctor board

A MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

For well over a decade, the music world has been living—for better or worse—with a phenomenon called rock-and-roll. At first, it was often for the worse, but now it is increasingly for the better. The music has become a medium for creative expression undreamt of when Bill Haley began to rock around the clock.

Undeniably, rock-and-roll has come of age, as the nomenclature indicates: folk-rock, blues-rock, raga-rock, psychedelic-rock, and even jazz-rock. Over the years, *Down Beat*, as the world's leading publication dedicated to America's only original art form, has watched musical fads come and go, but has never overlooked significant trends or changes in our music.

And the fact that many of the most gifted young rock musicians are showing an increasing awareness of jazz (from the bedrock of the blues to the "new thing"), as well as the growing sophistication of the music itself, are significant trends of great potential.

Down Beat, without reducing its coverage of jazz, will expand its editorial perspective to include the musically valid aspects of the rock scene. Music springs from life and, as any living thing, is in constant flux. Jazz, itself the result of the convergence of many different strains and influences, has survived as an art because it has remained capable of change and expansion.

Rock-and-roll, an offspring of rhythm-and-blues, partakes of the same process. It has survived, matured, and shown capacity for growth. There are straws in the wind that the future paths of jazz and rock may converge—already, there is much interaction—but whatever the future may hold, the music of today's young America is vital and provocative.

There is no better medium for creative reportage and commentary on these fascinating happenings than *Down Beat,* whose staff and contributors are uniquely qualified observers of (and frequently, participants in) the contemporary music scene and represent a broad spectrum of opinion.

As is our coverage of jazz in all its aspects, our selective approach to rock will be stimulating, informative, and always concerned with encouraging high musical standards.

It will be interesting, we predict, even to those of our readers who have yet to be convinced that this new music has artistic merit and is related to jazz. Of them, we only ask an open mind. —*Dan Morgenstern*

will make the determination if such a situation develops.

The agreement further provides that Hines may make two 60-day tours during each 10-month period, during which his Cannery salary would not be paid.

Besides playing piano, Hines will be music consultant and director of entertainment at the Cannery. Plans, Hines said, call for "several elegant restaurants" in the complex and for him to circulate among them, playing in each.

Hines resumed touring May 22 when he began a two-week engagement leading a big band at New York's Riverboat.

Other engagements, which take him into September, include Toronto, the Newport Jazz Festival, Puerto Rico, Washington, D.C., Boston, the Monterey Jazz Festival, and Chicago.

WIVES LEAGUE TO RAISE MUSICIANS-HOME FUNDS

A home for overage musicians? The idea of such a place long has appealed to members of the National League of Musicians Wives, and the league now has set about doing something to bring the dream to reality.

At its sixth annual convention, held recently in Oakland, Calif., the women set up plans for a nationwide fund-raising drive to finance construction of the home, which would be patterned on the actors' relief home in Los Angeles.

Also at the convention, Mrs. George McNeill, of the Eastbay chapter, was elected national president; Mrs. Russell Moore, of Atlanta, Ga., first vice president; Mrs. Robert Stowell, San Francisco chapter, second vice president; Mrs. Carl Schwedhelm, Eastbay chapter, secretary; and Mrs. Benny Barth, San Francisco chapter, treasurer. Directors-at-large are Mrs. Hy Lesnick, Los Angeles chapter; Mrs. Lenora Moore, Atlanta chapter; and Mrs. Russ Wilson, San Francisco chapter.

FINAL BAR

Pianist Elmo Hope, 43, died, apparently of a heart attack, May 19, while convalescing from a siege of pneumonia at St. Clare's Hospital in New York City. Hospitalized for three weeks, Hope had been scheduled to return home the following week.

Poor health had kept him relatively inactive in recent years; his last major public appearance was a Judson Hall concert in early 1966.

Born St. Elmo Sylvester Hope in New York City on June 27, 1923, the pianist began to study the instrument when he was 7 and by 1938 was winning medals for solo recitals. He was a contemporary of Bud Powell, and the two spent many boyhood days listening to Bach and playing for each other.

Bob Bunyan, a pianist who was associated with them, said that in the early '40s "everyone learned from each other by just playing. Bud had the powerful attack, and Elmo got into some intricate harmonies."

Hope's early training in jazz included playing in relief bands at taxi-dance halls. After the melody chorus of the stock arrangement, the young modernists would change the harmony for the improvised section before returning to the stock. Hope also gained experience in Bronx, Coney Island, and Greenwich Village clubs.

He worked with trombonist-slide saxophonist Snub Mosley's band, but his first major job was with trumpeter Joe Morris' group, from 1948 through 1951. Bassist Percy Heath and drummer Philly Joe

SKEETZ

ELMO HOPE

Jones rounded out the Morris rhythm section. In 1953, when Hope recorded a trio album for Blue Note, Heath and Jones were his accompanists.

The mid-'50s were a period of belated recognition for Hope. In addition to his own albums, he also recorded as a sideman with Clifford Brown, Sonny Rollins, Lou Donaldson, Jackie McLean, and Frank Foster. Then came a couple of years in obscurity, until he migrated to the Los Angeles area, where he worked with Harold Land, played briefly with Lionel Hampton, and recorded with Curtis Counce.

In 1960, Hope made a trio album for Hifijazz that received five stars in *Down Beat*. He then returned to New York, where he did two albums for Riverside in 1961 and one for Audio Fidelity in 1963.

As a composer, he wrote many originals, several of which are alternately fey, melancholy, and bittersweet but always harmonically provocative and melodically interesting. Some, such as *Kevin* (recorded earlier as *De-dah*) and Moe Jr., were named for his children.

Funeral services were held in Manhattan May 21. As the mourners filed past the bier, Hope's recording of *Monique* played continuously.

EXODUS

With this issue, *Down Beat* bids farewell to Don DeMicheal, whose firm and fair hand has been at the editorial helm for almost six years. In the course of his tenure, we have gained much respect and many new readers and have borne witness to many important events in the life of jazz. He has set a precedent for integrity that I will do my best to follow. He has served the jazz community honorably and well.

—Morgenstern

POTPOURRI

The summer concert series, Jazz in the Garden, will be presented again by the New York Museum of Modern Art in cooperation with *Down Beat*. The first of the 10 scheduled one-hour outdoor concerts, featuring trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard's** sextet, will take place June 22. Other groups who will appear in the series include the **Lee Konitz-Marshall Brown** Quartet (July 6), soprano saxophonist **Steve Lacy's** combo (July 13), flutist **Jeremy Steig** and the **Satyrs** (July 27), and alto saxophonist **Sonny Criss'** quartet (Aug. 17). All concerts are held on Thursday at 8:30 p.m.

•

Two one-hour programs featuring the **Duke Ellington** Orchestra are being shown on the National Educational Television network. The first, premiered the week of June 11 in some cities, is a documentary titled *Duke Ellington: Love You Madly*. The program catches behind-the-scenes preparation for the orchestra's appearances at San Francisco's Basin Street West and the 1965 Monterey Jazz Festival and for the premiere of Ellington's concert of sacred music at Grace Cathedral in San Francisco. The second program, to be seen on many NET stations June 16, will devote the entire hour to the actual presentation of the Grace Cathedral concert.

•

Herb Spivak, 34, and **Shelly Kaplan,** 28, are running as fast as four legs can carry two busy jazz promoters in Philadelphia. Spivak took over the Show Boat several years ago, redecorated it, and renamed it the Jazz Theater. Kaplan joined him a year ago, and the pair have promoted several successful concerts in addition to providing the only year-round name jazz entertainment in the city. Recently they attracted 12,000 persons to Convention Hall for an all-star jazz concert. Now the two are planning a two-day festival Sept. 30-Oct. 1. The event will be budgeted to attract name talent, but no contracts had been signed at presstime. Meanwhile, the pair presented singer **Lou Rawls** in a pair of concerts, May 20-21, at Philadelphia's Town Hall, and they plan an all-star session to celebrate the renovation of the Barn Arts Center in Riverside, N.J. Spivak and Kaplan will book attractions on a seven-day basis: Sundays at Barn Arts, Mondays through Saturdays at the Jazz Theater.

•

Composer-arranger **Chris Swanson's** *Concerto for Jazz Drums and Orchestra* will be premiered at Chicago's Orchestra Hall June 27 with **Joe Morello** as soloist. The concert also will feature vibraharpist **Gary Burton** and guitarist **Larry Coryell.**

•

The son of the late **Big Sid Catlett,** drummer supreme, is considered one of the finest high school basketball players in the East. He will graduate from DeMatha High School in Washington, D.C., this month. The teenage Sid Catlett (6 feet, 8 inches, 225 pounds) has been sought out by many college scouts and has decided to accept a scholarship to the University of Notre Dame. His father died

when the youngster was 3. His mother, **Florence,** is a card-punch operator at the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

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The Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., which is financially supporting several **George Wein**-produced jazz festivals this summer, will make jazz a big part of its annual Old Milwaukee Days celebration. The firm will sponsor a free outdoor jazz concert July 2 at Milwaukee's Washington Park. The concert will feature the groups of **Herbie Mann, Jimmy Smith, Count Basie,** and the **Newport All-Stars** (cornetist **Ruby Braff,** clarinetist **Pee Wee Russell,** tenorist **Bud Freeman,** pianist Wein, bassist **Jack Lesberg,** and drummer **Don Lamond**). Wein will produce the show.

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A gratifying concert—the kind of benefit in which everyone comes out ahead—was held recently at the Lytton Center of the Visual Arts in Los Angeles. Suggested by cornetist **Rex Stewart** to help **Budd Schulberg** and his Watts Writers Workshop, the concert enabled Stewart to do some serious composing for, as well as some playing in, his own big band. "The writing was especially rewarding," Stewart said. "This is something I've wanted to do for years. And the beauty of the whole thing is that it might lead to more one-nighters or maybe a series of concerts." With Stewart in the brass section were **Dick Carey,** trumpet, alto horn; **Betty O'Hara,** trumpet, trombone; **Barret O'Hara,** bass trombone; and **Dick Hamilton,** trombone, flute. Reeds consisted of **Barney Bigard, Herbie Steward, Bill Hood,** and **Ron Webb.** The pianoless rhythm section was made up of **Ron Benson,** guitar; **Ira Westley,** string bass, tuba; and **Jesse Price,** drums. Carey arranged Stewart's original scores.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Pianist **Frankie Carle,** playing what was billed as "sweet swing," was brought in to pinch-hit for **Louis Armstrong** at the Rainbow Grill May 15. At presstime, the 66-year-old trumpeter-singer was resting comfortably at his home on Long Island after an attack of bronchial pneumonia. His recovery is expected to be complete by mid-June . . . Trombonist **Al Grey,** touring with **Sammy Davis Jr.** in Europe, made a week's appearance at London's Ronnie Scott Club this month while Davis was doing film work in England . . . Veteran pianist-composer **Eubie Blake,** hale and hearty at 84, was the guest of honor at a ceremony recently at the Museum of the City of New York, where a bust of him by sculptress **Estella Wright** was presented to the theater collection . . . Alto saxophonist **John Handy's** quintet returned to New York in late May

Second Chorus

UNIFYING THE UNDER-GROUND

By NAT HENTOFF

FROM A COLLEGE in upstate New York, an undergraduate writes: "One would think that here, with a music department of 500, there would be quite a few people who really appreciate jazz. Nothing could be further from the truth. More and more, jazz is appealing to a small group. I feel that this is good because, to remain in this group, one must grow emotionally and in intelligence. Since when is such growth bad? I would say there are perhaps 10 really avid jazz fans here—out of 2,500 students."

A musician might well question how "good" it is that the music appeals to only a small group. It certainly can't be good for him economically. However, it may be useful to examine the truth of the statement.

Jazz album sales, by and large, would certainly support the contention that the audience for jazz is very much a minority one. But I doubt that this is any more so than it ever was, in a basic sense. It is true that proportionately, during the 1930s—when there was "live" entertainment at theaters, and ballrooms were ubiquitous—larger segments of the population supported those jazz orchestras that could cut a show and play dance music as well as appeal to the hard-core aficionados. And during that period, and into the 1940s and 1950s, small combos also had more economic viability than they do now, since there was a much more active night life.

But I suspect—and would welcome any research along these lines—that the nucleus of serious jazz listeners has always been small.

From time to time, there have been mirages of a radically widening audience for jazz. The West Coast phenomenon of the 1950s, for instance. The Brubeck phenomenon. But that kind of music was tangential to jazz, and so were its audiences.

This is not to say that individual jazz figures have not been able to do well economically without diluting their music. Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk (after a long wait), and more recently John Coltrane are proof of that. But even those three, and similar illustrations, have hardly ever commanded a mass audience. The reason, as the undergraduate says, is that to stay with jazz—basic jazz—requires a quality of emotional and intellectual openness and energy that most people either do not possess or are not willing to expend on what they consider "entertainment."

However, if this thesis is correct, jazz still has a sizable enough potential minority audience so that its players could be able to more than survive economically, even if most of them wouldn't get close to the upper tax brackets. And this potential minority should be getting larger not smaller. For one thing, as the population increases, the numbers—if not the percentage—of those who are responsive to the challenges of jazz should also rise. And secondly, as more of the young are now looking for existential ways of remaining human—rather than turning into personnel of the rationalized, rehearsed society—the percentage of possible jazz adherents ought also to increase.

What I'm getting to is my conviction that a sizable audience is out there. Not a mass audience, but larger than most musicians currently have any empirical reason for suspecting. To reach that audience, as I've suggested in recent columns, there needs to be intensive and comprehensive organization. Organization, on the one hand, from among jazz musicians. An example of that is the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians in Chicago. There is also the Jazz Composers Orchestra Association in New York.

But simultaneously, organizing efforts are needed from among listeners. In that respect, Jazz Interactions in New York is a model of what can be done. As one musician was saying recently, "Opera also has a minority audience. So what's kept up opera companies? Opera associations of committed listeners. If there were more groups like Jazz Interactions around the country, we could have the basis for jazz listeners' associations to support concert series, sessions, and perhaps co-operative undertakings with musicians' associations that might involve the inclusion of jazz in schools, the setting up of jazz-groups-in-residence at colleges, and all kinds of things."

I was thinking of all this one afternoon in Paris a few weeks ago while talking to Charles Delaunay. In a way, he was saying what that undergraduate had written.

"Jazz," Delaunay said, "is going underground again. And maybe that's a good thing for it."

But jazz essentially has always been underground. Yes, there have been times when audiences were proportionately larger than now. Or they seemed larger, because when one examines closely what brought out those apparently larger audiences, it was seldom the kind of jazz that has lasted. Or if they did come out in large numbers for an Ellington, say, the percentage of the audience that really knew or cared about what was going on was considerably less than those there to dance or for the stage show.

What is happening now is that jazz musicians are becoming more restive at being part of an underground that is still so fragmentized—a fragmentation that prevents their getting to many more potential listeners. What is needed, then, is an active underground with active organizing going on from both ends. DB

for a stay at the Village Gate. The group will appear at the Antibes Jazz Festival in France July 24 and 25, following stints at the Newport Jazz Festival and at the Castle Hill Festival July 22 in Ipswich, Mass. . . . Trumpeter **Dizzy Reece** joined the house trio (**Gene Harris**, piano; **John Ore**, bass; **Steve Ellington**, drums) at La Boheme . . . Sessions at the Blue Morocco in the Bronx last month featured groups led by trumpeters **Kenny Dorham, Lee Morgan**, and **Blue Mitchell**, saxophonists **Joe Henderson, Clifford Jordan**, and **Houston Person**, and bassist **Jimmy Garrison**, as well as **Pucho** and the **Latin Soul Brothers** . . . The Spirit House, a community theater in Newark, N.J., recently presented a concert by alto saxophonist **Charles Tyler's** ensemble, with trumpeter **Arthur Williams**, reed men **Joseph Rigby, Dempsey Powell**, and **Donald Strickland**, bassist-mandolinist **Benjamin Hanson**, and drummer **Stephen Reid**. A similar group led by Tyler also performed at the Countee Cullen Branch of the New York Public Library in Harlem . . . Pianist **Nat Pierce** subbed for **Ross Tompkins** with the house band at Eddie Condon's for a week in May . . . Trumpeter **Chris Griffin**, a CBS staffer, was featured at the Continental in Fairfield, Conn., with valve trombonist **Marshall Brown** . . . The Metropole's return to jazz bookings is being billed as a "summer jazz festival." In July the club will be the scene of a reunion of trumpeter **Roy Eldridge** and tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins**, who were often teamed at the club in the late '50s . . . Pianist **Horace Silver's** quintet was at the Village Gate last month . . . Pianist **Lee Shaw's** opening night at Charlie's with her trio (**Jymie Merritt**, bass, **Stan Shaw**, drums) turned into an old-fashioned jam session when saxophonists **Frank Foster, Arnie Lawrence**, and **Frank Wess**, trombonists **Jimmy Cleveland** and **Jimmy Cheatham**, bassists **Eddie Jones** and **Hal Gaylor**, and singers **Dodo Greene** and **Joya Sherrill** sat in . . . The **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis** Band was at Basin Street East recently, playing feature sets and backing singer **Brook Benton** . . . Sunday jazz vesper services have been initiated at St. Paul's Methodist Church in Newark by drummer **Jerry Herman's** quintet (**Gerry Gusio**, trumpet; **Dave Schnitter**, tenor saxophone, flute; **Barry Levitt**, piano; **Will May** bass), which also paid a playing visit to the Rev. **John G. Gensel's** Manhattan services . . . Tenor saxophonists **Zoot Sims** and **Richie Kamuca** teamed up at the Half Note in May . . . Pianist-singer **Mose Allison's** trio is at the Top of the Gate through June 22 . . . The quartets of pianist **Thelonious Monk** and tenorist **Coleman Hawkins** are at the Village Vanguard through June 25.

Chicago: Showman **Oscar Brown Jr.** presented the talents of the Blackstone Rangers, a south-side teenage gang, in a musical revue titled *Opportunity Please Knock*, at the First Presbyterian Church May 19-21 . . . Pianist **Herbie Hancock** dropped by his home town, along with the rest of **Miles Davis'** men (tenorist **Wayne Shorter**, bassist **Ron Carter**, and drummer **Tony Williams**), to headline a two-night show at the Lake Meadows Club called Jazz Twice. The event, promoted by **Charles (Charlie-O) Offut**, also featured the **Jazz Interpreters (Cliff Richardson**, trumpet; **George Patterson Jr.**, alto and soprano saxophones; **Charles Kinard**, tenor saxophone; **Tom Washington**, piano; **John Whitfield**, bass; **Robert Crowder**, drums) and the **Abstractions** (singers **Barbara** and **Bennie Fernandez**) . . . Singer **Shelley Fisher** has joined reed man **George Hunter's Moonlighters** on weekends at Lonnie's Skyway Lounge. Also on the bill are the **Dells** and **Billy Gamble** . . . Altoist **Anthony Braxton** led his new group (**Maurice McIntyre**, tenor saxophone; **Leroy Jenkins**, violin; **Malachi Favors**, bass; **Gerald Donavon**, drums) in concert at the University of Chicago's law school auditorium May 12 . . . Multi-instrumentalist **Eddie Harris** fronted a group consisting of pianist **Jody Christian**, bassist **Melvin Jackson**, and drummer **Richard Smith** at Stan's Pad in mid-May . . . Pianist **Richard Abrams** took a group to Northwestern University May 24 for a concert. The personnel included altoists **Joseph Jarman** and **Anthony Braxton**, tenorist **Fred Anderson**, vibist **Gordon Emanuel**, bassist-cellist-trombonist **Lester Lashley**, and drummer **Thurman Barker**. During the week of May 22-26, Abrams also played at Le Bistro in Milwaukee . . . Promoter **Joe Segal** presented the **Organizers** in concert at the University of Illinois' Circle Campus May 19. The group holds forth at the Hungry Eye Mondays through Thursdays . . . The lineup at the London House includes pianist **Ramsey Lewis'** trio through June 18; vocalist **John D'Andrea** and the **Young Gyants**, June 20-July 10; The **Young-Holt** Trio, July 11-30; the **Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer** Quintet, Aug. 1-13; and tenorist **Stan Getz'** quartet, Aug. 15-Sept. 3 . . . While here for a concert with the **Chicago Symphony Orchestra**, clarinetist **Benny Goodman** was given an award for "distinguished service to music" by the National Federation of Music Clubs . . . Singer **Lurlean Hunter** continues to be featured at her own club, Lurlean's.

Los Angeles: Lighthouse music director **Howard Rumsey** had to do some fast juggling when both **John Coltrane** and **Herbie Mann** canceled their engagements at the Hermosa Beach club. First he got guitarist **Gabor Szabo's** group (**Jimmy Stewart**, guitar; **Lou Kabok**, bass; **Johnny Rae**, drums; **Hal Gordon**, bongos, conga drum) to replace Coltrane. Then he signed the **Bobby Bryant** Sextet to fill in for Mann. With trumpeter Bryant were tenorists **Hadley Caliman** and **Herman Riley**, pianist **Joe Sample**, bassist **John Duke**, and drummer **Carl Lott**. Saxophonist **John Handy** just finished his engagement at the Lighthouse. His newest group included vibist **Bobby Hutcherson**, pianist **Nico Bunink**, bassist **Al Stinson**, and drummer **Doug Sides** . . . **Miles Davis** brought his quintet into the Sands in South Los Angeles for three nights. At least it was four-fifths of the quintet. **Buster Williams** filled in for regular bassist **Ron Carter**. Others included **Wayne Shorter**, tenor saxophone; **Herbie Hancock**, piano; and **Tony Williams** (no relation to Buster), drums . . . A "debut" of sorts took place at Donte's recently when the quintet called—and fronted by—**Ken & Beverly** played a series of gigs. Ken and Beverly Jensen look like Mutt & Jeff (he's 6'4"; she's exactly 5') and occasionally sound like **Jackie & Roy**. Ken plays alto saxophone and doubles on oboe. Others in the quintet included pianist **Mike Levine**, bassist **John Sargent**, and drummer **Geoff Bowen**. Following them into the weekend slot was **Emil Richards** and his **New Time Element (Dave Mackay**, piano; **Bill Plummer**, bass; **Joe Porcaro**, drums; Richards and **Chino Valdes**, percussion). Meanwhile, Guitar Night continues to flourish at Donte's. The most recent in the series unwittingly also turned out to be **Oscar Peterson** Alumni Night when guitarist **Herb Ellis**, bassist **Ray Brown**, and drummer **Ed Thigpen** were featured. Tenorist **Jay Migliore** brought his **Los Angeles Jazz Sextet (James Mooney**, trumpet; **Dick Hyde**, trombone; **Shep Meyers**, piano; **James Crutcher**, bass; and **Don Joham**, drums) into Donte's for a one-nighter . . . Two of the **Three Sounds**, bassist **Andy Simpkins** and drummer **Donald Bailey**, were at Memory Lane for a recent Monday night gig, working with pianist **Gene Russell**. Regular Sounds pianist **Gene Harris** had been delayed in getting back from Monterey. All three of the Sounds were scheduled to go into the Both/And in San Francisco and then back to Los Angeles for a gig at the Lighthouse. Also on their agenda was a concert at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium with trumpeter **Hugh Masekela**. Meanwhile pianist Russell sat in for another pianist, **Mike Melvoin**, at the Swing and then took his own trio (**George Morrow**, bass, **Clarence Johnston**, drums) into the Tropicana. The Tropicana continues to bring in the big names and even double them up on occasion. Guitarist **Kenny Burrell** followed Latin percussionist **Willie Bobo**, but before Bobo left, his group shared sets with pianist **Horace Silver's** combo for the final three nights . . . Memory Lane had **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Cannonball Adderley** signed to follow **Ray Bryant's** trio . . . Following the **Phil Moore** Trio into the Intermission Room was the **New Jazz Quintet (James Lee**, trumpet; **Lattus McNeeley**, alto saxophone; **Gwint Coleman**, piano; **Alphonse Wynn**, bass; **Ricky Irvin**, drums) . . . Organist **Charles Kynard** moved from the Jazz Corner to Tiki Island. Others in his trio include guitarist **Ray Crawford** and drummer **Johnny Kirkwood** . . . **Joe Torres** is taking his Latin-jazz group into the Hyatt House and then the Sands for one-nighters . . . Disneyland scheduled a three-day, pre-summer build-up to its hot weather jazz programs. A recent weekend of big-band sounds featured the bands of **Les** and **Larry Elgart, Art Mooney, Buddy Rich, Woody Herman** and, a special guest, vocalist **Mel Torme** . . . Scheduled to follow the **Anita O'Day-Red Norvo** package at Mar-

/Continued on page 55

LARRY CORYELL

By GEORGE HOEFER

THE NAMES used for various forms of music—jazz, swing, rock-and-roll, classical, pop—seem merely classifications set up by critics, press agents, and students as reference points for argumentative and promotional activity. If possible, musicians prefer to avoid categorization.

Larry Coryell, a 24-year-old guitarist-singer-composer, is a case in point. Asked how to describe his music, he answered, "There are many, many labels that people attach to it; some people call it jazz; other people call it folk music; other people say it's a combination of jazz and folk and rock-and-roll."

The one identifiable characteristic of Coryell's music is that it is based in the blues. There is another impressive facet of his music that immediately makes an impact on the listener—its "nowness."

This talented young man is the per-

fect image of today's rebellious generation. His appearance conforms to the phenomena now seen in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district or in New York City's East Village.

He has it all: long hair, dark glasses, colorful shirts, Levis, and boots. This is by no means a whim or a put-on; it's Larry Coryell 1967.

For those who think the garb of hipdom reflects lack of purpose, let it be said that there is not a more serious or dedicated young musician than Coryell. He is of the ever-seeking, adapting, and creating school of artists.

Unlike many of his contemporaries, Coryell has a well-grounded understanding of the history of jazz. Last year he told writer Pauline Rivelli, "I went into a very intensive self-education period. I was very interested in Sidney Bechet, things like that. I wanted to learn and understand how it all influenced the jazz of today. It was during that period where I saw how it was all related, you know, like how it branched out in the '30s into swing and then into bebop, and so on."

Coryell's explorations into the past enabled him to realize he didn't belong in any stylized bag of past musical eras.

He has said, "You know, Dixieland music is one thing and my music is another thing." Of bebop, he said, "To really dig bop and to play bop, you had to be very rigid and narrow-minded in a kind of way; you had to be very esoteric, so to speak. If you were going to try to play trumpet like Fats Navarro, you couldn't really dig Charlie Shavers."

An awareness of all music has been of considerable significance in shaping the young guitarist's career.

"The whole thing is," he said, "if music has something to say to you—whether it's jazz, country blues, western or hillbilly, Arabian, Indian, or any other Asian, African, South American folk music—take it. Never restrict yourself."

Coryell's ability to sense relationships among the musics of diverse cultures is pointed up by his remarks regarding his discovery of Indian raga music:

"I heard my first Ravi Shankar record back in 1962. It just turned me completely around because he had the same bending of the strings that I got from people like Chuck Berry. Plus, he had this other thing, the drone and a real musical expression. I felt very close to that music."

It also is significant that Coryell felt a common bond with the Indian musician, a rapport, he has averred, that came from the basic folk roots. "I hear a lot of blues in Indian music," he said. "I may not be right, but I hear a lot of that crying and that twang and even that gasp, or whatever they call it."

THINGS BEGAN to happen fast for Coryell about a year ago. He was sitting in at a New York benefit concert as a member of a group accompanying blues singer Jimmy Witherspoon. After Witherspoon finished his set, he turned to the group and, pointing at the guitarist, said, "This boy has got to be from Texas. No other white men can play the blues like that!"

Witherspoon was partially right, for Coryell had been born in Galveston, Texas, in 1943. His exposure to the Texas blues environment, however, was considerably limited by the fact that his family moved away when he was 7. His father was a nuclear scientist. His mother's occasional piano playing constituted his home influences—he has said he became aware of music when he was around 4.

The family moved to a small town near Seattle, Wash., where he took up guitar when he was 14 because "my writing had more meaning for me when it had a beat." Since he eventually entered journalism school, his reference to writing could apply to either his desire to be a writer of prose or of music.

He took guitar lessons about the time he entered high school, in 1957. His teacher was a local jazz player, and Coryell studied with him for about six months, learning a lot of chords. But the important thing was that his mentor gave him records by Barney Kessel, Tal Farlow, and Johnny Smith. Coryell recalled, "I learned everything that was on those records."

By the time he had graduated high school in 1961, he had delved into the guitar playing of everyone from Charlie Christian to Django Reinhardt to Wes Montgomery.

Coryell's interest in music grew and became all-consuming before he had finished high school. "My parents would get very up-tight, when I used to leave school for several weeks at a time," he recalled. "But they were understanding, since they realized I was doing what I wanted to do."

In fall, 1962, Coryell entered the University of Washington in Seattle to study journalism. But music was to continue as the dominant force in his life. He began hanging out with another guitar player, Joe Johansen, a musician whom Coryell was later to name as an influence. Of this association, he said, "We both really wanted to be Negroes. We felt that the only way to play in our style was to be Negroes. So we hung around with Negroes, talked like Negroes, and finally we acted like them and tried to play like them."

The young guitarist stuck out college for three years, but instead of returning for his senior year in 1965, he took off for "where it was happening. . . . I came into New York at 12 noon on Sept. 3, 1965."

BY THE TIME he arrived on the Manhattan scene, Coryell had discovered the Beatles—he said his concentration on jazz had caused him to overlook the English group when they first started to become well known. The Beatles turned him around. Of them, he later said, "They have such a freshness. They approach their thing with just as much finesse and enthusiasm as does John Coltrane. They are 'now' and are the greatest."

After reaching New York, he met rhythm-guitar player Chip Baker, a graduate of Emory University of Georgia with a bachelor's degree in history. Baker had been a popular folk singer and poet in Macon, Ga., before coming to New York. At the time a book salesman, Baker invited Coryell to share his living quarters. The two musicians began to talk about getting a rock-and-roll group of their own together, a modern unit that would project the "now" sound and would represent them and their kind of world.

Coryell and Baker soon met a tenor saxophone and flute player from the West Coast, Jim Pepper, who, like his two new friends, had been to college, where he majored in English, and, again like them, had been trying to suppress an avid desire to become a professional musician.

A decade earlier, when he was 16, Pepper had begun to play saxophone. Starting with Benny Goodman, his influences had progressed to Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, and Eric Dolphy. After an association with tenor saxophonist Pharaoh Sanders in San Francisco, Pepper had come on to New York looking for a break.

Through Pepper, the two guitarists met jazz drummer Bobby Moses, who at 18 had already recorded with Roland Kirk and knew the Manhattan jazz scene. He was prevailed upon to let his hair grow and to start playing rock-and-roll drums.

When Chris Hills, an electric-bass

man from Saugus, Mass., came upon the scene, they all got together and played for their own amusement.

They all moved to the lower east side and starved together in the same building on Eldridge St. Though they didn't eat too often, they got in a lot of rehearsal time.

Coryell and his friends roamed the city and managed to play with such jazz stalwarts as Charles Lloyd, Chico Hamilton, and Don Cherry.

Coryell recalled that the only time he felt a draft was one night when vibraharpist Dave Pike invited him to the Village Gate to sit in. At the time, Pike was working with flutist Herbie Mann. After Coryell had played a number with the group, Mann told Pike, "I'm tired of rock-and-roll musicians." And that was that.

Coryell's reaction was: "Herbie sure was up-tight that night. I don't know where he's at."

IT WAS WHILE sitting in at the aforementioned benefit that Coryell's playing really began to draw attention. On that particular session, another musician in the group backing Witherspoon was trumpeter Clark Terry. A few days later, Terry ran into Bob Thiele at Jim & Andy's, a bar and grill favored by musicians, and told the Impulse a&r man, "There's a guitar player you've got to hear. He's just too much. He plays the blues like no one else. I call him Chit'lin's."

Thiele found Coryell and the rock-and-roll group—now called the Free Spirits—rehearsing in a midtown studio.

Thiele recalled that, while getting a drink of water in the hall outside the studio, he ran into Howard Collins, a highly respected studio guitarist. Collins was listening to the sounds emanating from the studio and greeted Thiele with, "Who have you got in there? Sounds good enough to be Jim Hall or Kenny Burrell, but I know it isn't either one of them."

Thiele answered, "Open the door; you'll get a shock."

Thiele signed the Free Spirits for ABC-Paramount records as a rock-and-roll group. They soon recorded an album of their own tunes, which Coryell either composed or helped compose.

The titles are as original as the music: *Cosmic Daddy Dancer, Bad News Cat, Storm, Early Morning Fear, Angels Can't Be Free, Tattoo Man, Don't Look Now (But Your Head Is Turned Around), I'm Gonna Be Free, LBOD, Sunday Telephone, Blue Water Mother,* and *Girl of the Mountain.*

LEE TANNER

Coryell, Burton, and bassist Eddie Gomez.

Before the release of the record *(Out of Sight, Out of Mind)*, the Free Spirits began to obtain bookings in New York discotheques. There was an extended run at the Scene, where the lighting is psychedelic and the floor show is a demonstration of karate. The group also worked the Balloon Farm in the East Village, a Staten Island club, and a concert on the Bronx campus of New York University.

During this time, Coryell was in demand for jazz gigs, including record dates and television commercials. Chico Hamilton used him on a one-nighter—taking him along to play alongside guitarist Gabor Szabo. When Hamilton and Thiele got together to plan the drummer's new album, *The Dealer*, they decided to use Coryell. The guitarist is heard soloing on all the tracks, and one of his originals, *Larry of Arabia* (a title derived from Hamilton's nickname for the guitarist), is included. At the date, Hamilton shook his head and said, "Doesn't that mother play great guitar? He's the best blues player I've heard in a long time. He really wails!"

When arranger-composer Chico O'Farrill was in the process of preparing his recent album, *Nine Flags*, Thiele took him to hear Coryell. O'Farrill immediately decided to use the guitarist on the album's last session, which was to be recorded the next day. Coryell plays on three of the numbers by a group made up of trumpeter Clark Terry, trombonist J. J. Johnson, reed man Seldon Powell, pianist Pat Rebillot, bassist George Duvivier, and drummer Gus Johnson. On *Green Moss*, an A-minor blues, Coryell takes a beautiful solo that is in sharp contrast with his playing on the Hamilton disc. Nat Hentoff, in his liner notes for the album, quoted O'Farrill as saying, "I predict a tremendous future for Coryell. You can hear the history of the jazz guitar as well as intimations of its future." Hentoff added, "And certainly Coryell is thoroughly at ease in the blues colors endemic to the language."

It got so Coryell couldn't avoid the jazz world if he'd wanted to. Last March he was featured with trumpeter Randy Brecker's quartet at the L'Intrigue on the plush half of New York's east side. Later the same month, the guitarist joined vibraharpist Gary Burton's group. In as much as Burton is another young experimenter, this association should prove interesting.

Most recently, Coryell has been appearing with the Burton unit on the West Coast. After finishing the group's stint at the Trident in Sausalito, Calif., the guitarist took a couple days off to go to Los Angeles to record his first album as a leader.

All this activity in jazz does not mean Coryell is giving up rock-and-roll. He said he still feels it is very valid music. When questioned about the difference between jazz and rock, Coryell said, "They're definitely different, but I get just as much of a kick out of both styles. When I'm playing rock-and-roll, I'm more interested in the singing aspect of it, and the guitar plays a secondary role. In jazz, I concentrate on my guitar."

It is doubtful that jazz will cause Coryell to cut his hair, for, like his contemporaries, he is quite adamant on that score. And if he should be put down for his long locks, he has a rather searing but logical rejoinder:

"Listen, mister, the only reason you're complaining is because you're old and you're going to die before I do. I'm going to inherit the earth, not you, so all your complaining doesn't bother me." db

"I WAS ABOUT 6," George Benson said, "when my stepfather came around with the first electric guitar I ever heard. It amazed me. I couldn't imagine how the guitar sound got through the wire into the amplifier. Although it was very pleasant to my ear, I never thought I would be able to play it."

The stepfather, Thomas Collier, was a Charlie Christian fan. He taught George the fundamentals of the guitar, until the youngster's inclination for running the streets and playing ball caused him to give up in disgust.

"He figured I wasn't going to learn," Benson said, "and for five years we didn't have a guitar at home, but I used to go to other guys' houses—wherever there was a guitar—and play all day. I used to sing, and pick up the guitar and try to figure out chords to play behind myself. Finally, when I was 15, my stepfather made me a little electric guitar.

"Around this time, a guitarist named Chuck Edwards suddenly appeared in Pittsburgh, my home town, and everybody liked him right away. They still do. He's a heck of an entertainer, and he can really create a lot of excitement. He sang rhythm-and-blues, but he brought a different sound, and he was always coming up with unorthodox tunes, some of them in a flamenco vein. He had one number called *The Bullfight*. It was completely rhythmic, because he wasn't concerned with harmonic intricacies. It got so you had to play something like that there then, or the people would say you couldn't play. So I arranged something along those lines, and they gave it the same title. Although the melody was a little different, and I used to improvise more, the two numbers were basically similar. I recorded mine on my first Columbia album.

"Although he's not a practicing musician anymore, my stepfather is a very good musician, and even now he will show me things I don't know. He just didn't realize how I'd learned to play songs by myself until almost 10 years after he had given me up. He would have liked to have been a professional musician, but when he met my mother, that was the end of that.

"He liked some of the guitarists who came up after Charlie Christian, but they didn't play the swing type of music he had ears for. I'm a great Christian fan myself, and I think he was a very great man, but I like the modern guys too. It was when I heard a Hank Garland album that I realized all the possibilities of the guitar. I thought of things then further than I've yet reached, but I started practicing single-line things that I didn't have the chance to use at that time."

Born March 22, 1943, in Pittsburgh, Pa., Benson left school when he was 17 and formed a little rock-and-roll group in which his singing was the main feature. He did a good deal of playing in jam sessions, but apart from what his stepfather had taught him, he picked up the rest of his musical knowledge himself.

"When guitar players came to town," Benson said, "I'd go find them and ask them questions. I'd wake 'em up out of bed, worry 'em to death. I particularly remember Thornel Schwartz, Eddie McFadden, and the guitarist Chico Hamilton had in 1958. They really helped me. I used to go to see Jack McDuff's guitarist, Eddie Diehl, too. I loved his playing. He's on a few recordings, but he never stretched out and played any long solos. The last time I saw him, he was working with Miriam Makeba, and he told me he was going to South America.

"I never thought I'd leave Pittsburgh, because I always loved it there—and the little towns around. I was 18 when Jack McDuff came through and hired me. Then I found out how far behind I was, but I hoped he would let me hang on until I caught up. In the rock-and-roll band I hadn't played what I needed to play to improve, but now I got the chance to play some of the lines I used to practice. The McDuff group gave me a different conception, but I think the greatest thing was that it gave me the chance to hear what everyone else was doing from coast to coast.

"Grant Green made the greatest impression on me. Before he went out on his own, he got his first recognition with McDuff too. It was his lyricism I liked. He could play very melodically, and still swing, and never lose the groove. That's the main thing I liked about his playing, and I still do.

"I'd heard Wes Montgomery before I left home, and he'd made a different kind of impression. He's a wonderful musician, a kind of virtuoso, but that wasn't the groove I wanted to get into. As a matter of fact, I felt I could never get that far! So I reached for something I felt I could get closer to in my lifetime. Now I'm hearing so many different things, and they're influencing me as I go."

BENSON WAS WITH McDUFF for 3½ years, and during that period the personnel of the group remained the same; Red Holloway was the tenor saxophonist and Joe Dukes the drummer. The quartet's development was traced in a series of Prestige albums.

"Although the group swung more than those I'd been in before," Benson observed, "I found the organ limited me in some ways. You can't get too intricate in a combo like that, and what you do in a record studio is quite different from what you do in a club when business is slow. Then you try things you would not dare when you're recording. But I was able to concentrate and grow with McDuff because I was playing guitar day in and day out. I didn't want to become any kind of virtuoso then. I just wanted to swing. I still like to do that, but I get bored with myself if there's nothing else happening. Now I want to play things that have never been done before, and that's easier said than done."

In 1964, the quartet played at the jazz festival at Antibes, France, and then went on to the Golden Circle Club in Stockholm, where it broke all records.

It was in Sweden that Benson encountered Jean-Luc Ponty, a French violinist who exerted an important influence on his musical thinking.

"I worked with him on a TV show," the guitarist said, "and he hipped me to a lot of things that can be done

george benson / GUITAR

with modes. When I heard him play, I said I would be happy if I could play even a couple of bars on the violin, so he made me go out and buy one. I'd love to have some of his records, because when I tell people about him, they don't believe me. It was the first time I realized the potential of that instrument. I'd heard classical music on it, but it bored me, because after a while the sound became like a monotone in my ear. I'd never heard anyone improvise and swing like Jean-Luc did. I've heard Stuff Smith, and I like him too, but Jean-Luc is more modern. I haven't had time to really work on the violin yet, but I intend to, and I'm going to get a teacher this time, because I know it's a hard instrument."

Benson said that the drawing power of organ groups does not appear to have been fully recognized by European bookers. His own has been invited to this summer's Antibes festival, but unless other bookings materialize, he said it would be impractical to make the trip for just two performances. The availability of organs in Europe also presents a problem.

"When we were in France last time," he recalled, "I think there were about two organists within 500 miles, and if a man can't play on his own instrument, he at least wants to play on the same model!"

Although the McDuff years were happy ones, after a time Benson began to feel the need for the greater personal expression that would be possible only if he led his own group.

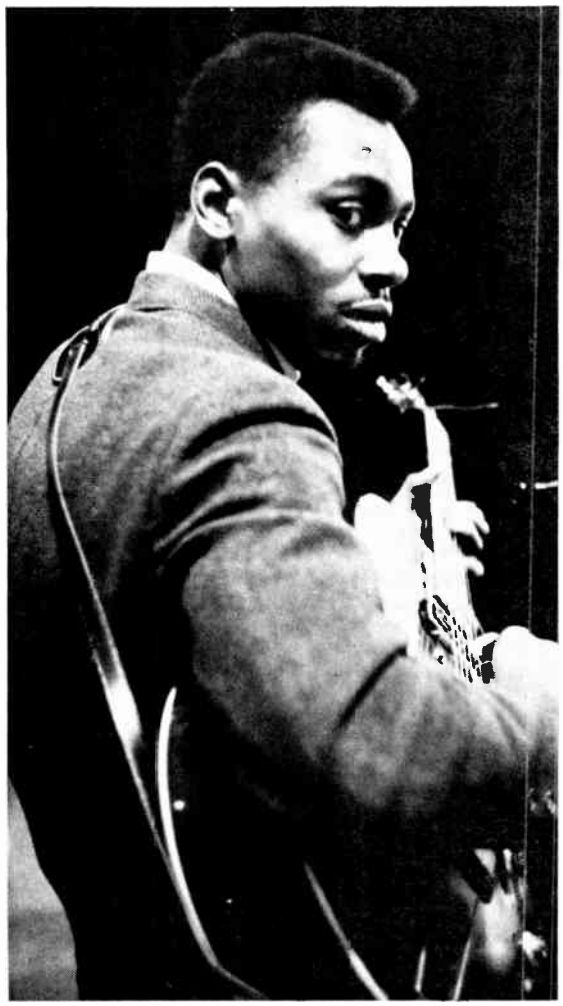
"McDuff," he admitted, "was playing some beautiful things that hadn't been done by any other organ group, but I had different ideas. I wanted to try my own organ quartet and play some tricky 'heads.' So I went back to Pittsburgh for three months and played in the Rendezvous Lounge with just drums and an upright bass. Where I'd been limited to a few choruses, I was now able to play as much as I liked, and I learned to play a lot of things I didn't think I could do. With that kind of accompaniment, I had the major responsibility, but it released me from staying with the one particular chord being played behind me. I could *hear* just what was possible, and it gave me a lot of confidence."

After returning to McDuff for three months, he set about forming his own group. He remembered organist Lonnie Smith, who came from Buffalo, N.Y., and had once sat in with the McDuff quartet.

"When I thought about organ players," Benson said, "he came into my mind, because he can swing. When I called him, he was working with a rhythm-and-blues group, but he decided to take a chance with me, although I had nothing lined up. I took him on a gig with me at the same Rendezvous Lounge, and we rehearsed for a couple of days, but when we came to New York, I think we had only about three tunes that we could play. Philip Terrell, from my home town, was on drums. My manager decided to put us on a rhythm-and-blues kick, because we were unknown in New York, and we did that for six or eight weeks. Then I ran into John Hammond.

"We were working at the Palm Cafe on 125th St. I spotted him right away, because people had told me how he liked guitarists, and I could tell him from the way he was acting. John had us in the Columbia studio a week later, and that was when we got our baritone saxophonist, Ronnie Cuber.

"I had worked opposite him at Birdland in 1964, when I was with McDuff and he was with Maynard Ferguson. We got to know one another, and he used to come and sit in with us when we were on rock-'n'-roll gigs. He can



BY STANLEY DANCE

IN THE ASCENDANCY

play, and he inspires me.

"After Terrell had to go back to Pittsburgh, we used Charlie Crosby on drums. Right now, we have Marion Booker from Atlanta, Georgia, and he fits very well. The drummer is very important in a small group, because he is really its backbone. Jimmy Lovelace was with Wes Montgomery at one time, and he was freelancing in New York when he recorded with us.

"Our second album outsold the first one. We used trombonist Bennie Green on a couple of numbers, and I think John was impressed by him. I know I was. I never realized before how smooth the trombone could be. Of course, I love J. J. Johnson, too, but Bennie Green is not much interested in tricky things. He plays right down the road.

"Our third album will be a little different. Ed Bland has written some arrangements on rhythmic, bluesy numbers, which we hope will sell a few records for us. We'll add Blue Mitchell on trumpet, and a tenor player, and use a pianist on a couple of tunes. I'd love to have King Curtis if we can get him. He made an album with Lonnie Smith recently; I was on the date too."

Benson really began his public career while still a child, as a singer. Both his mother and stepfather liked to sing, and they encouraged him. Although there were two vocals (*Summertime* and *A Foggy Day)* on his first Columbia album, he has done relatively little singing recently, because he has "been trying to get the guitar across." At Minton's in New York, where he was again appearing when this was written, performances are entirely instrumental, but out of town, in clubs with "a mixed clientele, where rhythm-and-blues fans come in," vocals are a necessity. This conflicts not at all with the doctrine of flexibility to which he subscribes.

"I'm not interested in becoming typed," he insisted. "I think it's to a guy's advantage to be able to play a variety of music. You never know when things are going to change, anyway. I quite like the pop field, but I also like to improvise. I don't see why all the pop hits have to be played as commercially as they are. They used to play them and improvise on them years ago. I like to hear really good musicians play pop tunes, because their versions are usually so rich and strange. And when you're making records, a hit with a standard or a pop tune may help pull your originals up.

"A lot of people liked our *Jaguar.* We had two versions of that. The one they didn't use was more down to earth, because we used a rhythm-and-blues drummer, and his beat fit the melody. I hoped they'd put it out as a single, because everywhere we go people ask for that—and *The Bullfight.*"

Asked about tone and amplification, Benson replied with a series of interesting observations:

"It takes years to develop a tone on guitar. All the guys I've ever talked to say the same thing, and I know it to be a fact in my case. When I listened to some of the older records I made with McDuff, I noticed—although it didn't really bother me at the time—that my notes were much shorter. I couldn't make them last as long as I wanted to, and I used to wonder why. You hear a guitarist like Johnny Smith, and he'd hit a note and it would ring for it seemed as long as he liked. I wondered why he could do it and I couldn't. It has to do with the way you hold the pick, precisely at a certain place on the strings, so as to cause the vibrations to be stronger. It has to do with the angle of the pick, the pressure you apply with your left hand, and so on.

"The amplifier is important too. In some cases, the amplifiers and the speakers are designed to give a mellow tone. That's good in one respect, if you don't play hard. I've learned to pick hard. That's a bad habit in some things, but good when you're trying to create excitement, because you can punctuate better. If you like to play pretty, like Kenny Burrell, then you want a mellow amplifier, something that will eliminate the highs. But it isn't too good with an organ group, because it doesn't cut through. On records, it's different, because the engineers can amplify their own way, but in a club you've got to have an amplifier that gives you a spontaneous response. With mine, I'm used to hearing the note exactly as I hit it.

"There are electronic problems, too, when the organ and the guitar are both amplified. If you use the amplifier away from the guitar, you have to play louder, because otherwise the organ will overshadow you. If you play with the speaker directly behind you, as I do, you can play with a better groove, because you're not striving so hard to hear. Normally, I have mine about a couple of feet behind. Lonnie Smith is not a loud organist, which is one of the things I like about him, because a lot of organ players will drown the guitar out. He uses the foot bass in unison with his left hand, but he only uses it to accentuate and punctuate certain parts. It never gets in the way or bothers me. I like a guy to play what he feels, but I prefer the finger bass, because it is much smoother. I don't like the growl of the foot bass, and I think Lonnie knows it. Sometimes I think the depth of the note goes beyond the speaker range. Before McDuff played organ, he played piano and bass, so the two really came together in his case.

"Lonnie uses vibrato, but a lot of organ players don't. Jimmy Smith, for instance, does a lot of intricate things where vibrato could get in the way and confuse. He has good tone and really doesn't need vibrato on those fast single lines. But I also like to hear guys like Wild Bill Davis play those chords. He is really a chord man!"

Benson's admiration for other guitarists could be expressed in catalog form, but he summarized his views as follows:

"I love the guitar, period. I love to hear the blues on it, flamenco, the classics, the semiclassics, the bossa nova. . . . I've heard a lot of Django Reinhardt's records, and he was a real virtuoso. Even if anyone could copy him, I don't think they could get the feeling, because he was strictly Django. Oscar Moore, who used to be with Nat Cole, had a conception like Kenny Burrell's. They both loved to play pretty. I don't think anybody could have fit better with Nat than Oscar, because they both had the same conception. I've heard a lot of blues guitarists, and I love B. B. King. I met T-Bone Walker out in California about four years ago, and he impressed me very much. Then there's Lightnin' Hopkins. . . . The finger system they use in bossa nova is beautiful, but I've never gotten into that. I feel if I started now I would lose something in the single-line thing. I'd like to explore it as much as possible, but one thing at a time!

"Then, you know, there are a lot of remarkable guitar players who have maybe never been heard of outside their own towns. They do things I've never heard anyone else do, and they've shown me things I couldn't do. Sometimes they've lucked up on something that took them into a groove which they investigated thoroughly, until they came up with something entirely different. That's why Wes Montgomery made such a good guitar player, because everything was strictly from *him.* So far as its being unorthodox, it really wasn't unorthodox—to him."

At 24, George Benson is a calm, self-possessed young man whose future seems assured. Early this year, at Carnegie Hall, his group got the *Spirituals to Swing Concert* off to a swinging start. In October, he will tour Europe and play the Berlin Jazz Festival with a Guitar Workshop in which Elmer Snowden, Buddy Guy, Jim Hall, Barney Kessel, and Larry Coryell will also participate.

"I'm looking forward to that," he said simply.

Audiences should be too. db

HOWARD ROBERTS' BINARY BAG

BY HARVEY SIDERS

"WELL, FIRST you have to have a built-in, shockproof crap detector."

Now, there's a guide for young guitar players. It's also a good reply for someone who claims he's not much of a talker. That's the way Howard Roberts answered the question, "How does one become a great guitar player?" It launched a recent conversation, but Roberts later admitted it was variation on an Ernest Hemingway reply to the query, "How do you become a great novelist?"

Roberts is a careful talker—more deliberate than cautious—a thinker who searches painstakingly for the right phrase and invariably finds it. Unlike many jazzmen, his gift for self-expression is not confined to his ax. Howard is delightfully articulate, a talent that parallels his linear concept when playing: the long flowing line, the well-chosen phrase. Verbally and musically they add up to one of his greatest assets—the ability to communicate.

Using the Hemingway gem as a springboard, he talked about the sounds of today:

"Avant-garde is walking a tight rope between extremely creative and wonderful things on one side and pure b.s. on the other. Whoever fools around with it walks that same tightrope, and musicians are human. All of them—myself included—tend to step off to one side or the other. I don't know of any guy, off-hand, who is consistently doing the right things in avant-garde, unless it would be John Coltrane. No—even he doesn't have a 100 percent score. The same is true of Ornette Coleman. Much of what he does is creditable and quite valid, but I wouldn't say that everything he does is great."

If Roberts admits to "walking a tightrope," it applies only to the far-out. His dual existence as Los Angeles studio musician and club jazzman is compatible. He is a member of that select group that has expanded from an inner circle to a growing circle as the demand has increased for well-schooled, versatile musicians who can double on numerous instruments and read well enough to prevent recording sessions from going into costly overtime.

Record dates go on in Los Angeles day and night, at the major labels, as well as at the vast number of independent sound studios. Movies may or may not be getting better, but their scores certainly are. Thus studio calls are on the rise, and the jazz-flavored writing emerging from the silver screen today requires jazz-oriented studio men. Television shows that originate from Los Angeles are also on the rise, as is the recording of radio jingles and television commercials.

All these activities have swelled the ranks of the studio men and have contributed to a clearly defined stratification of Los Angeles' jazz community: the studio musicians who stay in their antiseptic and lucrative surroundings; the jazzmen who prefer to confine themselves to clubs and who either lack the ability or are unable to make the necessary contacts to get into the studios; and those studio men who take occasional night-club engagements.

Roberts is a member in good standing of the last category. He's a two-part invention who functions in the best of both possible worlds. It's an enviable duality. Yet there are times when envy becomes derision. It's not a personal thing; Howard is not the target of the put-down. He merely belongs to a class of realistic artists who play such a variety of music, much of it blatantly commercial, that some of their non-studio colleagues accuse them of selling out.

"This is something a lot of people don't understand," Roberts remarked. "They say, 'So you're doing studio work, eh?' Or 'Making a lot of money . . . sold out, right?' Things like that. Well, it may be true in the minds of some guys, but I took it up because I needed the education."

Noting that guitar players are notorious for not being able to sight-read well, Roberts said he went into the studios because he wanted to learn how to sight-read.

"More than that," he added, "I wanted maximum control over my instrument. That's something I'm still interested in. Sit down next to a violinist, listen to him go through groups of sevens. Or look at the score of a Bartok quartet, for example—the third part alone could scare you to death. My goodness, I'm a baby on my instrument compared to some of the guys in the studios that I've been using as a standard."

Then who claims that studio men have sold out?

"I don't know," he replied. "Professional musicians don't talk that way. I imagine it's someone who is not directly associated with the practical aspects of music but who has some sort of esthetic ax to grind."

Life in the studios is not all lovely. There are sessions that are pure drudgery, some that are insulting to a well-trained musician's talents, and others that are physically demanding. Roberts told about the calls he gets from contractors or producers for an occasional rock-and-roll record orgy. He doesn't accept them all. Certain ones are hard on the hands—especially those dates that require him to play a 12-string guitar.

"On a normal guitar you have 250 pounds of tension," he said. "But you get 12 of them going—and you know, a 12-string guitar has terrible action—and you have 500 pounds of tension. Well, that's bad enough, but you walk into the studio, and the guy is a big rock-and-roll star. He's just had a hit, and he's got lots of money. So he doesn't mind staying there five or six hours on one tune. Now, as it usually turns out, that tune has just one chord in it, and, of course, he wants that chord to 'ring true.' So this means you've got to put down those 500 pounds of tension, hold it down, and start grinding away. Pretty soon your left hand develops into a claw."

Roberts said that from such abuses he has experienced "some strains . . . bursitis, and things like that."

Other guitarists he knows have developed weak thumbs from overdoing wrong techniques in the studios ("that's something you have to watch; otherwise, it will hang up your chops"). The only other hazard, he noted, "is having to get up at 8 in the morning."

Having dealt with the exceptions, Roberts returned to the beauty of studio work:

"I learn there. I hear a great deal that is extremely interesting to me. Normally I work with big studio orchestras, and we play stuff by beautiful composers and orchestrators. Take Lalo Schifrin. He wrote up a storm for a movie called *Cold Hand Luke*. I did that score recently. He used eight guitars. Besides me, there were Barney Kessel, Al Viola, Allan Reuss, Vince Terri, Tommy Tedesco, and a couple of bluegrass banjo players. That was an amazing score.

"And look at what Johnny Mandel did for *The Sandpiper*. [Roberts played a gut-string guitar on that score and was heard in solo capacity throughout most of the film.] I learned a great deal from his score. And *he* learned a lot also. Now, here's a guy who's an arranger, and he sat down and analyzed the finger board of the guitar. He did it mechanically, which is not easy. He figured that 'a finger can reach from here to there, and cannot reach to there,' and so forth. In the end, he understood the finger board thoroughly and turned out a guitar part that was completely playable."

On the subject of doubling, Roberts noted that there "may be as many as 10 or 12 other stringed instruments called for. But there's no comparison to the problems faced by reed men. Whether I play ukelele, banjo, mandolin, or what have you, each one is tuned like a guitar. So it's not exactly a big deal. Now, a guy like myself, I'm basically a guitar player. I don't claim to be a banjo player or a mandolin player. Sure I can get a pseudo-banjo effect for whatever they want, but you take a real bluegrass banjo player—someone who plays like Earl Scruggs—boy, they are fantastic. And we have some mandolin players around here from Italy that are just unbelievable."

Here Roberts revealed the ambivalence he feels toward his divided artistry. It was as if he crossed the bridge that connected the studio with the club, or conformity with self-expression:

"You know, I complained before about getting up early. But seriously, any studio man realizes when he walks into a session that there has already been a good deal of planning. You know for example that some writer has stayed up all night—or many nights—composing this. Some arranger has spent many hours orchestrating it. Even some copyist has worked for hours and hours on the parts. In other words, it's costing a lot of money to produce this record, or sound track, or whatever the date's for. I'm being hired to perform the way it was planned. I'm an extension of the composer. Actually, we all are. I've got to play the way he would if he could play guitar. In other words, my imagination, my personal opinions about music, have to be put aside in order to do the job properly.

"Now, if this goes on, year after year, without ever using your own inventiveness, I have a feeling your creative ability will dry up from nonuse—the way an unused muscle would—and pretty soon you'd begin to lose self-confidence."

This was the reason Roberts found it necessary to seek an occasional musical outlet in jazz clubs. It's possible to stay in the studio forever and be the extension of some composer and make a whale of a living, but Roberts is one who has something to contribute to the jazz art form and knows it can't be done in a bright, antiseptic studio. And working in studios gives him enough economic freedom so he doesn't have to take the first club offer that comes along.

But if he has the luxury of choosing among clubs, the basic idea of playing in them leaves him no option. After working all day in the studios, he finds it quite necessary to go somewhere and swing.

"Dividing my time is the only answer," he said, seeming to reassure himself. But dividing his time includes only studios and clubs.

"I don't like to do concerts," he said. "What I resent about them is walking on stage in some strange, cold place, sitting down and playing 20 minutes—then leaving. I prefer a place where I can have four or five hours of work with myself and develop ideas—you know, work up a sweat. And if a tune runs 40 minutes, that's okay with me. But I don't like the formal presentations. Give me the out-and-out jazz clubs with the beer drinkers. Besides, I don't like to overprice."

That last thought eased him on to the subject of small, intimate clubs straining at the budget and lacking the seating capacity to afford high-priced musicians:

"They frequently have to charge exorbitant sums of money in order to get the good names in jazz. But if you've got guys who have an income somewhere else, then you can get extraordinary players [willing to work for scale], like the guys I've had with me at Donte's. What I like most about them is they take the job only because they want it. They don't say, 'How much?' They say, 'Who's on bass?' "

The club he mentioned is in North Hollywood, within walking distance of Universal Studios. Under the guidance of owner Cary Leverette, a choreographer who is well acquainted with the studio scene, Donte's has become a haven for studio musicians. It's one of those rare clubs that has a waiting list of top names eager to play for low pay.

The sidemen Roberts referred to made up two recent quartets. The first had pianist Dave Grusin, bassist Chuck Berghofer, and drummer John Guerin. The second group consisted of organist Steve Bohannon, bassist Al Stinson, and drummer Larry Bunker.

The latter combination really broke things up. It was unexpectedly wild, with Bohannon the wildest of all. The reputation Bohannon has around Los Angeles (aside from his penchant for playing barefoot) has been gained as a drummer for Don Ellis' band. The fact that he is basically a drummer appealed to Roberts.

"Now, that guy is a fine example of a keyboard player who knows all about compound rhythms," the guitarist said.

It's safe to say that of all the elements in music that drive Roberts to experiment and keep learning, the interplay of rhythms has the greatest effect. He is hung up on compound rhythms—four against three, five against four, seven against four, etc.

"Talk about compound rhythms," he said, "Emil Richards is quite an expert. He's a bug on rhythm. You know, I'm always dissatisfied with what I'm doing. It seems I can always find someone—an instrumentalist or writer—doing something I wish I could do. Oh, once in a while I'll play a chorus that can cause me to say, 'Yeah—that was darn good.' But in the normal course of everyday life, I feel like a student."

Roberts admitted that his own creativity depends a great deal on the men with whom he's playing. He said he could name many musicians he likes to work with, but the two who gave him the most rewarding musical experience so far were bassist Charlie Haden and drummer Jerry Granelli, in San Francisco.

Asked if he feels comfortable with a piano in his group, Roberts' reply was a qualified "yes." He said he feels that both piano and guitar are capable of a multitude of sounds and harmonies, but it's sometimes difficult to arrive at musical—and acoustical—agreement:

"The guitar is caught right in the thick part of the piano keyboard, right in the register where pianists do most of their work, and, boy, it gets like a can of worms in there if you're both not careful."

He said he prefers working with pianists experienced in orchestration.

"Dave Grusin, for example—a great arranger," he said. "Knows instinctively when to get out of your way. He knows when the total sound is too thick or too thin."

Leading from total sound to playing style was a natural segue, and Roberts bridged it with a fundamental warning:

"Remember that the guitar has not yet been formalized. In other words, the best way to play it has yet to be developed."

He suggested that if 30 of the most advanced guitarists were asked how to use a guitar pick, there would be 30 different answers.

"The guitar is a complex instrument, and its possibilities are so great," he continued. "Every guitar player I've talked to—and I mean the real good ones—agrees that it's a constant battle. For some reason, the thing just never lays right. And as far as co-ordination is concerned, there is a constant struggle between the right hand and the left hand. And there's always a tuning problem, especially if the strings are old. I'd go so far as to say the guitar is an unnatural instrument. I don't know anybody who has ever felt natural with it. I know I never have.

"And still, there's something about the guitar—you just can't keep yours hands off the darn thing. You notice this a lot in the studios: between takes, guitar players are always fooling around. They just can't keep from playing the thing."

Is that why the guitar is so popular today?

"Well, I really don't know," he said. "It's not really that easy to pick up. But on the other hand, there are certain fundamental sounds on the guitar that are pretty powerful. Those sounds are not too difficult to reproduce."

Roberts injected his pet "social theory" into the explanation, pointing out how the recent folk-music craze accounted for the stratospheric sales of guitars.

"All of a sudden," he said, "folk music was 'the truth.' This marvelous feeling that 'boy, we have really discovered a true thing.' So a lot of kids who didn't have the chops were making social comments, but they weren't making any musical comments. Most of their music is really dull. Not all, but let's face it, for the most part they'd 1-5-4 you to death—right? But the guitar became enormously popular. A short while ago I heard there are now 10,000,000 guitars in U.S. homes."

HIS REFERENCE to the 1-5-4 chord progression brought his own background into focus. He was born in Phoenix, Ariz., in 1929, and reared in the desert just north of that city. His interest in guitar began so early, Roberts said, he has forgotten its roots. All he does remember is that he was so eager to play guitar that he built one of boards ("of course, it didn't play").

Roberts' first teacher was Horace Hatchett, who is now teaching in Long Beach, Calif. In Roberts, Hatchett spotted an oasis in the desert and nurtured the talented 12-year-old. Roberts remembered that through his teacher he learned of a wide range of players and styles ("he covered the gamut from Eddie Lang, Eddie Condon, Freddie Green, George Van Eps, and Carl Kress to Carlos Montoya and Andres Segovia").

The other teachers who later profoundly affected Roberts' musical maturation in Los Angeles were not guitar teachers. They included Dr. Albert Harris, for orchestration and composition, and the late Sam Saxe, for piano.

During World War II, there were a number of clubs in Phoenix where bop was king. Some of the clubs even featured sessions to 6 a.m. That might seem strange for a town that calls to mind retired asthma sufferers, but war does strange things to a community. And so, in a milieu where country music and jazz coexisted, a teenaged Howard Roberts turned pro.

"About 1950 that scene stopped," Roberts recalled. "I don't know why, but suddenly it wasn't there any more. Only commercial jobs remained, so I came to Los Angeles."

In the 17 years he has been in Los Angeles, Roberts has carved out a comfortable life for himself, his wife, and their two young sons. (Roberts also has a daughter by a previous marriage.) Equally comfortable, and gratifying, is his musical life, which should be considered in binary form, with separate but equal artistry lavished on his studio commitments and his pure jazz diversions.

Oddly enough, his recorded efforts seem to be the distillation of his two musical facets. His nine albums for Capitol are of a simple formula: add "commercial" and "jazz" and the sum is "commercial jazz." To capture the real Roberts—or at least the more musically interesting Roberts—he should be recorded playing a club engagement.

In the meantime, he keeps expanding his musical horizons. He has an inquiring mind, one that combines a student's curiosity with an intellectual's open-mindedness.

"Musical talent is an elusive thing," he said. "Like trying to put your finger on quicksilver. . . . But I find that a feeling for structure is one of the most important elements of a musical talent."

Howard underscored his point by adding that he had been playing guitar for 29 years—and copying other guitarists all that time. More important, he's been influenced by the structural concept of others throughout his career. He said he has absorbed ideas from a variety of stylists, among them Django Reinhardt, Charlie Christian, George Van Eps, and Don Overburg, a former Los Angeles guitarist, whose music was in a Lennie Tristano vein. (When he mentioned Tristano's combo, Roberts remarked, "Now there was a great influence. It wasn't any one of /*Continued on page 52*

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

WILLIE (THE LION) SMITH

DEXTER GORDON

Pianos for Ellington

The New School, New York City

Personnel: Billy Taylor Trio (Arvell Shaw, bass; Bobby Thomas, drums). Roland Hanna Trio (Shaw; Eddie Locke, drums). Willie (The Lion) Smith. Marian McPartland Trio (Linc Milliman, bass; Jim Kappes, drums). Jaki Byard Trio (Milliman, Kappes). Junior Mance Trio (Bob Cunningham, bass; Andrew Cyrille, drums).

This, the seventh annual Duke Ellington Jazz Society concert, focused on the great bandleader's compositions as performed by six outstanding pianists.

It was a Sunday afternoon in May abounding in an atmosphere of love, respect, and influence. Even the ushers were under the spell—one young lady, obviously inexperienced in locating seats, kept murmuring over and over "confusion no end."

The highest accolade paid Ellington was that a half-dozen diverse pianists, all stylists in their own right, could play the Duke's numbers—including several by his alter ego, Billy Strayhorn—so effectively without sacrificing any of their own individuality. In this respect, each performer showed thoughtful selectivity in the allotted three offerings.

Dr. Douglas Bray, the founder of the society's New York branch, served as an informative and quick-witted emcee. As he waved toward the wings for Willie the Lion to approach the piano, nothing happened. So Bray, who had been reading Ellington's introduction to the Lion's autobiography to the packed hall (it was a rainy, disagreeable afternoon outside) just continued reading. A few minutes later Smith strolled on stage, complete with derby and cigar, and put the audience in his pocket.

After asking his friends in the hall to stand up and take a bow, Smith sat down and illustrated "the death beat, something Duke used to play at the old Kentucky Club around 1924." This was followed by the "getaway number," a fast rag used to end a period at the piano. Next, on an up-tempo version of *Sophisticated Lady*, the Lion called out the spots where the saxophones and brass belonged. After squeezing in an extra tune, *Satin Doll*, he exited to a rain of applause. By request, he returned to play his own composition, the delicate and melodic *Echoes of Spring*.

Taylor opened the concert with an introspective interpretation of *Come Sunday* from *Black, Brown, and Beige*. It was an especially timely selection, since it represents one of Ellington's earliest attempts (1943) to worship God in song. Taylor's second offering went back to the mood of the Cotton Club days with *Drop Me off at Harlem*.

The set closed with *Subtle Slough*, a tune first used as background music for a pair of dancers in the Ellington score for his *Jump for Joy* revue in 1941; the tune was later revised and reactivated as *Just Squeeze Me*. As was frequently the case during the afternoon, especially on up-tempo numbers, Taylor clearly stated the melody and then moved into apt improvisations built on his own style.

Bassist Shaw fit in well, and drummer Thomas played in a modern vein.

The second trio was led by Hanna, born a decade after Taylor, and his choices tended to favor Strayhorn. He played the latter's *A Flower Is a Lovesome Thing* and *Take the A Train*. For his third tune, he went back to the mid-'30s for *In a Sentimental Mood* and dressed up Ellington's beautiful melody with his own modern improvisations. Shaw starred with an arco solo and deep-toned accompaniment. Locke's drum work, more traditional than that of Thomas, was an interesting contrast. He made effective use of brushes.

The Lion's set followed Hanna's, and ended the first half of the program.

Miss McPartland opened with a sprightly version of Ellington's *Love You Madly*, followed by a highly sensitive reading of the beautiful *Prelude to a Kiss*. She completed her contribution with improvisations based on *It Don't Mean a Thing*.

The pianist, who has become noted for her ability to discover talented co-workers, currently has two promising young musicians in tow. Bassist Milliman has a rich, deep tone and does thoughtful solo work. Kappes, an aware percussionist, shows individuality in his playing.

The quietly effervescent Byard followed, Miss McPartland's rhythm duo accompanying him on *What Am I Here For?* His playing answered the question asked by Ellington's 1942 tune. For his second presentation, Byard dismissed his accompanists and went it alone on a bouncing treatment of *Jump for Joy*. Bringing back the bass and drums, the pianist went into his piece de resistance—announced as the only occasion on which anyone other than the composer had played it—*The Second Portrait of Willie the Lion*, a comparatively recent Ellington composition. Avidly reading the music, Byard acquitted himself well in getting on his launching pad and then took off with improvisations as his eyes remained fixed on the keys. Milliman added a charming solo.

The closing group, led by Mance, had driven straight through from Toronto in order to make the gig. Their sleeping time may have suffered, but their playing certainly did not show signs of impairment. Mance's keyed-up performance on *Satin Doll, I Got It Bad*, and especially the closer, *Main Stem*, put a perfect cap on the afternoon's festivities.

Everyone went out into the rain feeling fine no end. —*George Hoefer*

PHOTOS: SMITH, JOE ALPER; GORDON, TROMBERT THIERRY; VAN EPS, DAVID HISER; KONITZ, LEE TANNER; WESTON, DON SCHLITTEN; MISS THORNTON, GEORGE HALL.

GEORGE VAN EPS

LEE KONITZ

TOMMY VIG

RANDY WESTON

WILLIE MAE THORNTON

Dexter Gordon

Club 43, Manchester, England

Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; Eric Ferguson, piano; Alan Cooper, bass; Ronnie Parry, drums.

Gordon's first British visit since autumn, 1962, was brief, hurriedly organized, completely unexpected, and quite unforgettable.

The tall tenor man flew into Manchester from Paris one wet Wednesday afternoon. Hours later, without the benefit of prior rehearsal with his local rhythm section, he stepped onto the bandstand at Club 43 and proceeded to create inspired and memorable jazz, wringing the last drop of emotion from each tune, exhibiting a fire and feeling that few contemporaries can match.

Obviously, Gordon had to restrict his repertoire to the standards, and the blues that are everybody's business, and even here there had to be consultation and a little drilling of the supporting trio before each selection. But to their credit, Ferguson, Cooper, and Parry responded alertly. Gordon put them at ease right away.

Among Gordon's many gifts is his ability to hit on the perfect tempo for each composition. This knack goes hand in hand with an awareness of set programing. He will never follow one blues with another or play two consecutive numbers in the same key. Gordon is an artist, but he is also a professional and, as such, cares about details.

With the first few bars of *But Not for Me,* Gordon established an electric atmosphere. His cavernous tone and surging, sweeping phrases are trademarks. It sounds deceptively simple, but each musical comment expands on what has gone before and logically links what is to come. A beautifully structured solo this, full of surprise.

Someone once wrote that Gordon is an insensitive ballad player. Pity the critic didn't hear his magnificent playing of *The Nearness of You.* True, the tenorist doesn't handle ballads with kid gloves, but neither is it the iron fist he uses. He blows them as a man should—masculine but with genuine (not soft) emotion, getting to the marrow of the song. It comes from the heart, and that's where it touches the audience.

Next was the blues, in the shape of *Blues Walk.* Steaming at a devil's gallop, Gordon dipped into his bebop bag and uncorked a heady, vintage brew. This was the swing, pulse, momentum that only the great ones can stir. He led and wailed, ripping off a glorious string of ideas. A tidal wave of irresistible sounds, tonguing here and there, holding a note for bars and bars where appropriate, scaling fresh peaks of excitement, and inserting a spattering of choice quotes (*Work Song* and his favorite, *And the Angels Sing*) when the time was ripe.

Gordon opened shop for the second set with Miles Davis' *Half Nelson.* It's 1967, but Gordon turned the clock back 20 years to the era of melody, harmony, and rhythm. With brows knit and those lean legs shaking in time to the beat. he was a picture of intense concentration.

The rhythm players had some trouble absorbing the leader's special introduction to *Willow, Weep for Me* (they hadn't heard his *Our Man in Paris* album) and things were shaky until, in the melodic exposition, they started laying down a solid basis for the saxophonist's explorations.

Bye, Bye, Blackbird is another vehicle for typical Gordon cut and thrust. On it he took his longest solo of the night, more than 10 minutes, and his invention never flagged.

Gordon gave *What's New?* a ruminative, tender reading. Then, so that all might face the icy blast of the Manchester morn, he brought the blood rushing to the cheeks with an untitled but familiar blues, a riff pattern that was fast and furious and gutsy. Ferguson and fellows (down to their shirtsleeves) were beginning to feel the pace. Gordon considerately waved them to a halt and continued with an unaccompanied virtuosic chorus before the performance ended.

Gordon showed that his sojourn in Europe has far from blunted his edge.

—Mark Gardner

George Van Eps

Donte's, North Hollywood, Calif.

Personnel: Frank Flynn, vibraharp; Van Eps, guitar; Nick Martinis or John Guerin, drums.

To call this a gig would be telling only half the story. This was a master class in unamplified guitartistry, as the Segovia of the scholarly swingers, Van Eps, inaugurated Guitar Night, a series of Monday evening performances at Donte's.

Whether it was the magic of the name Van Eps, or the respect shown to an instrument by devoting an evening to it, or

/Continued on page 46

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheol, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barboro Gordner, Bill Mathieu, Morion McPartlond, Don Morgenstern, Bill Quinn, Horvey Pekor, Williom Russo, Horvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson, ond Michael Zwerin. Reviews ore signed by the writers.

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

When two cotolog numbers ore listed, the first is mono, ond the second is stereo.

Miles Davis

MILES SMILES—Columbia 2601 and 9401: *Orbits; Circle; Footprints; Dolores; Freedom Jazz Dance; Gingerbread Boy.*

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Tony Williams, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This is Davis' most exciting album since *E.S.P.,* recorded by the same quintet and issued two years ago. Like the earlier record, this one is a confrontation with the avant-garde, and since the trumpeter is one of the spiritual fathers of the new jazz, what he and his sidemen do here is of considerable interest—aside from the intrinsic interest of the music itself.

Three of the pieces are by Shorter, a gifted composer-arranger as well as a fine player. They are *Orbits, Footprints,* and *Dolores. Freedom,* by saxophonist Eddie Harris, and *Gingerbread,* by Jimmy Heath, are given treatments quite different from their composers' recorded versions.

Circle is by Davis, and it is the album's best track. A lovely ballad, it focuses on the trumpeter's lyrical side, in contrast to the more aggressive playing in the other performances. Here is the essential Miles Davis, completely himself—and not a bit dated.

Elsewhere, he sometimes sounds a little like Don Cherry, but with more consistent command of both horn and structure. It is always commendable when an established player, especially a highly creative and original one, remains open to new ideas.

But no matter how experimental Davis gets, his improvisations remain melodic and logical. Even when they are not, strictly speaking, tonal in the Western European sense, they imply tonality and fall pleasantly on the tonally oriented ear. And he swings.

Though Davis remains the individualist, it is as a group that the quintet is at its most impressive, and, specifically, it is the extraordinary rhythm section that makes this one of the most cohesive and original groups in contemporary jazz.

There is almost uncanny communication among Hancock, Carter, and Williams. At will, they can go from "inside" to "outside," never losing the thread of continuity so essential to jazz rhythms. And their collective sound (or rather, sounds) always enhances what goes on up front.

Each of the three is masterly, and there is, apparently, no disruptive rivalry among them. They are a unit—nobody ever seems to be saying "me, me," and even their solos are integrated.

As for the solos, which always benefit from the support that never flags, Hancock's are the most provocative of the "sidemen's" contributions. Hear him on *Circle,* on which his imagination matches that of Davis, on *Dolores,* and on *Freedom,* and one will hear one of the outstanding pianists of the day.

Shorter, always a thoughtful, searching player, seems to be finding his true style, one which combines tradition with adventurousness in satisfying fashion. I liked him especially on his own *Dolores,* with Carter working wonders behind him.

The bassist is splendid throughout—and so is Williams, whose crackling ensemble fills and momentous drive on *Gingerbread* are among many details that could be singled out for praise.

In their approach to musical "freedom," these five men never lose sight of the foundations of musical communication. They are always musical, and what they do makes sense. This is definitely a record to hear and hear again. And *Circle* is a masterpiece. —*Morgenstern*

Duke Ellington

JOHNNY COME LATELY—RCA Victor 541: *C-Jam Blues; Moon Mist; I Don't Mind; Someone; Johnny Come Lately; Hayfoot, Strawfoot; A Slip of the Lip (Can Sink a Ship); Sherman Shuffle; I Ain't Got Nothin' but the Blues; Mood to Be Wooed; Kissing Bug; Everything but You; (Otto Make That) Riff Staccato; Prelude to a Kiss; It Don't Mean a Thing (If It Ain't Got That Swing).*

Personnel: Tracks 1-8—Wallace Jones, trumpet; Rex Stewart, cornet; Ray Nance, trumpet, violin, vocals; Lawrence Brown, Joe (Tricky Sam) Nanton, Jaun Tizol, trombones; Otto Hardwicke, Ben Webster, Johnny Hodges, Barney Bigard or Chauncey Haughton, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; Junior Raglin, bass; Fred Guy, guitar; Sonny Greer, drums; Ivie Anderson, vocals. Tracks 9-16—Shelton Hemphill, Taft Jordan, Cat Anderson, trumpets; Stewart; Nance; Brown, Nanton, Claude Jones, trombones; Hardwicke, Al Sears, Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Carney, reeds; Ellington; Guy; Raglin; Greer; Al Hibbler, Joya Sherrill, Kay Davis, Marie Ellington, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The first eight tracks of this Vintage reissue are end-of-an-era mementos. The great band Ellington led during 1940 was practically intact by the time these records were made in 1942, but two key men were gone—trumpeter Cootie Williams and bassist Jimmy Blanton—and one, Bigard, was to leave that year. Some of the spirit and artistry that had made the band one of the best in jazz history was, by 1942, beginning to ebb. In place of spirit there often was mere perfunctoriness, and in artistry's stead, one found novelty.

Still, there were moments:

Johnny, by Billy Strayhorn, stands on the same level as the finest pieces of the 1940 period, and Ellington and Strayhorn certainly had not lost the ability to achieve beautiful orchestral colors, as one can hear on every track, especially in *Moon Mist, Johnny, Sherman,* and *Lip.* The soloists—most often Webster, Nance, Stewart, Hodges, Brown, and Nanton—always came through with meaty, lyrical improvisations. Nance, in particular, played well-constructed, tasteful solos, especially with his fiddle (*Moon Mist* and *C-Jam*). Miss Anderson, she of the unique voice, was her usual tough-girl-with-soft-heart self on *I Don't Mind* and *Strawfoot,* and Nance sang good naturedly on *Lip,* a Mercer Ellington opus.

The other eight tracks were made in 1944 and '45, a time when the band began to take a slightly different direction. Vocalists were featured more and more—at one point, the band had Hibbler and the Misses Sherrill, Davis, and Ellington, plus Nance. (Some sort of peak—or low point—was reached when the three ladies were given *It Don't Mean a Thing* as a specialty, the recorded version of which, included on this LP, was saved from utter worthlessness by the fine solos of violinist Nance and trumpeter Jordan.)

Besides this unfortunate dominance by vocalists, the quality of soloists declined: Sears, a competent and surfacely exciting tenor saxophonist, was no Webster; clarinetist Hamilton's slickness was not an adequate substitute for Bigard's sensuousness; and Hodges was going through a period when he showed signs of making himself over in the likeness of Wayne King.

All was not lost, of course. There was excellenf writing to be heard; passages on *Mood, Bug,* and especially, *Caravan* stand up quite well. Ellington retained his flair for songwriting (*Everything*). And Carney reached a peak of solo artistry; his manly, huge-toned baritone is the main attraction of *Everything* and *Prelude.*

But, on balance, the years represented in this album are not among Ellington's best. —*DeMicheal*

Milt Jackson

MILT JACKSON QUINTET LIVE AT THE VILLAGE GATE—Riverside 495: *Bags of Blue; Little Girl Blue; Gemini; Gerri's Blues; Time after Time; Ignunt Oil.*

Personnel: Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Jackson, vibraharp; Hank Jones, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Al Heath, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The way Bags sounds on *Blue* and *Time* nothing less than five stars would be appropriate. And the faster tunes are almost as perfect as we have come to expect from him. But the record as a whole doesn't warrant heralding.

The excitement of the recorded live performance is marred by audience noise. I thought there was dust on my needle for a while. It's the kind of thing that doesn't bother for a track or maybe two, but it builds up to an inevitable annoyance before the end.

The rhythm section keeps a groove without surprises, and so does Jimmy Heath. It's a good pickup group—very good. The format, however, is basic. There are few

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ensembles, and those are not complicated.

The album illustrates the difference between a live performance and a recording. We listen differently in each of these situations. Live, the immediacy and spirit of the moment can be enough to take us far. But once it is canned, we are forced, removed from that moment, to listen more objectively. The music must have something in addition to spirit, or maybe another kind of spirit.

The crowd noise, probably no trouble in the club, detracts considerably when it is permanently fixed as accompaniment. And since the total thing doesn't add much to our experience, this, despite some brilliant Bags, isn't an exceptional item.—*Zwerin*

Herbie Mann

IMPRESSIONS OF THE MIDDLE EAST—Atlantic 1475: *Turkish Coffee; Incense; Odalisque; Do Wah Diddy Diddy; Uskudar; The Oud and the Pussycat; Yavuz; Dance of the Semites; Eli, Eli.*

Collective personnel: Jimmy Owens, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Julian Priester, Joe Orange, trombones; Hachig Thomas Karzarian, clarinet, percussion; Mann, flute; Chick Ganimian, oud; Roy Ayers, vibraharp; Attila Zoller, guitar; Reggie Workman or Richard Davis, bass; Bruno Carr, drums; Carlos (Patato) Valdes, conga drums, Latin percussion; Geraldine Swee, Moulay Ali Hafid, Robert Marashlian, various percussion; Mohamed Elakkad, zither; Gloria Agostino, harp; David Nadien, Anahid Ajemian, Al Brown, Bernard Eichen, Leo Kahn, Leo Kruczek, Charles Libove, Dave Mankowitz, Charles McCracken, Marvin Morgenstern, George Ockner, Raoul Poliakin, Max Pollikoff, George Ricci, Aaron Rosand, Tosha Samaroff, Al Schulman, Sylvan Schulman, Karen Tuttle, Emanuel Vardi, Jack Zayde, strings.

Rating: ★★½

In this album, armed with zither, oud, and his own ubiquitous flute, plus horns and a lively rhythm section, Mann again aims for the pop market, this time with some Middle Eastern-oriented tunes.

Mann has a knack for writing simple, ear-catching little melodies. *Turkish Coffee* and *Uskadar* are often heard on radio and jukebox (and who can be displeased about *that*?). These two tunes have a little something special about them, a certain insouciant quality.

All the selections are similar in structure and content, and, like a veritable cornucopia, these exotically flavored melodies (some four-bar phrases, some written on minor-blues changes, some on only one chord) come pouring out of Mann's horn. The rhythms are exciting, and Mann stays in the foreground, his flute flitting about jauntily. Occasionally a haunting solo by Owens or a chorus by Ayers will remind one that, after all, this is supposed to be a jazz album.

Eli, Eli comes as a surprise. It is beautifully played by a string ensemble, and Mann gets a soft tone as he plays the theme over the dreamlike singing of the strings. He could have utilized this group more—what a waste, getting all those fine string players in the studio to do just one track! I wish he would have written some extended melodic pieces for the strings; it might have relieved the album of some of its sameness.

Nevertheless, many of the tunes do have a certain infectious air about them, a lightness and humor, and the horns provide a change of color. As to how authentically Middle Eastern all this is probably is moot. As Mann-made music, it comes off well. —*McPartland*

Thelonious Monk

STRAIGHT, NO CHASER—Columbia 2651 and 9451: *Locomotive; I Didn't Know About You; Straight, No Chaser; Japanese Folk Song; Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea; We See.*

Personnel: Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Monk, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

The title track is, as usual, a beautiful staccato progression to a logical conclusion. Monk's solo is full of its customary spacing, surrounding the brilliant little outbursts of wit and wisdom. *Straight* was, however, not a new composition when the pianist recorded it on *Five by Monk by Five* (Riverside) nearly a decade ago. In fact, all of Monk's compositions here—*We See, Locomotive*—stretch back a bit.

There's no harm in reiterating one's repertoire, especially when it is of the caliber of Monk's. It is another thing entirely to rely on one's past achievements to titillate an audience that has largely taken to nourishing itself mainly on things new these days.

It is sophistry to say that there's a danger of becoming bored with Monk; his work is too much of a cornerstone for that. There is a tendency to take it for granted, however. The jazz world is harder on its greats than practically any other art form; the demand for fresh bits of flesh is found intensively nowhere else.

Monk does give us *Folk Song*. Its derivation is unknown; no one is listed as composer. There is fine interplay between Rouse and the pianist on the track. Ellington's *I Didn't Know* is also a Monk "first."

It's Monk alone on *Devil*. The pianist, at points halting and meditative, takes much of the melody in Harlem stride.

Everything here is lightly textured, and Monk renders some of his sparest—but not the sparcity of his *Bags' Groove* solo with Miles Davis (Prestige)—evocations; nothing is weighed down.

Of the two newer members of his group Gales is a highly underrated bassist; his melodic solos are many times gems. Listen to him on *Straight*. There's nothing faint about Riley's pulse either.

In all, this is a good Monk record—especially if you don't have the tunes on previous albums—and it affords a chance to listen to a man at ease with his creations. —*Quinn*

Ruth Olay

SOUL IN THE NIGHT—ABC-Paramount 573: *Street of Dreams; I Ain't Got Nothing but the Blues; I Loves You, Porgy; When a Woman Loves a Man; Senza Fine; Then You'll Know; Rocking Chair; God Bless the Child; All Yours; Willow, Weep for Me; Blues for the Weepers; I'm Getting Sentimental Over You.*

Personnel: Victor Feldman, piano, vibraharp; Al Hendrickson, Herb Ellis, guitars; Ray Brown, bass; Miss Olay, vocals.

Rating: ★★★

Miss Olay sings with great taste in a sophisticated fashion, using her voice skillfully. She can do many things with it—bend notes insinuatingly, soar up easily into a high register and then down to a low, throbbing contralto.

With her considerable range, impeccable diction, and flair for the dramatic, she has a lot going for her, but on most selections here, she seems to be lacking in any real involvement with the songs. She sounds, to my ears, a little too mannered, present-

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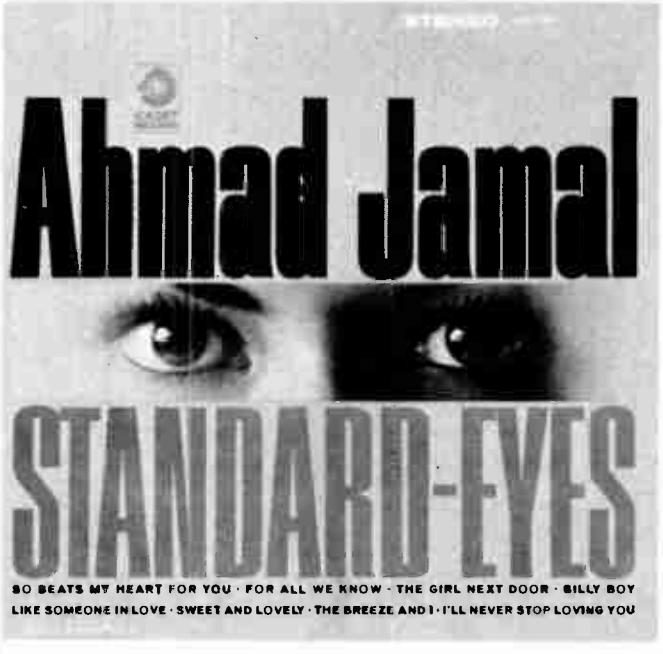

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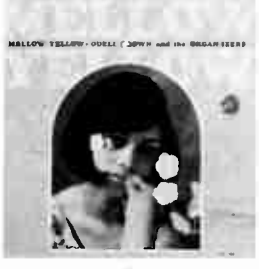

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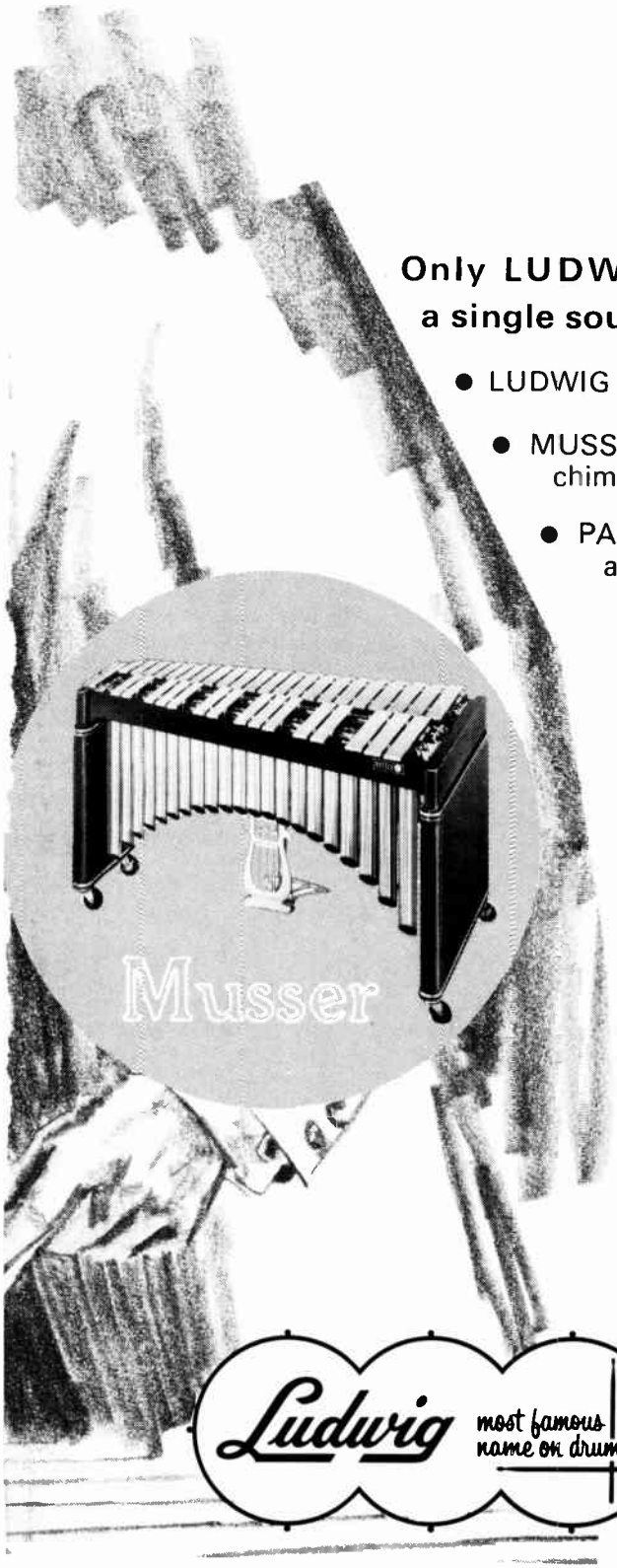

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ing a well-rehearsed musical act, perfect in every detail, while, somehow, that certain indefinable quality that marks a jazz singer seems missing.

Miss Olay has chosen some beautiful songs and a quartet of fine musicians to accompany her. They know how to create a mood, and their quiet, relaxed playing is a perfect setting for the sensuous timbre of her voice. (On *Dreams* she sings with only guitar accompaniment on the first chorus, and Ellis, providing sensitive accompaniment, matches her feeling with delicate little countermelodies.)

There is at times a trace of Lena Horne in Miss Olay's singing, and she occasionally affects the airy sound so reminiscent of Lee Wiley, but since these women are among her professed idols, it is not too surprising to find traces of their styles in her singing. But hers is a more surface approach, a preoccupation with certain vocal effects rather than a from-the-heart sincerity.

On *Willow*, however, she sings with a warm, tender feeling, a yearning quality that shows she is capable of getting into a song; her treatment of the seldom-heard verse is particularly poignant.

There are so many songs that Miss Olay could make her own that one wonders why she would pick two that are as closely identified with other singers as are *God Bless the Child* and *Rocking Chair*. Though she performs them competently, her singing of them suffers by comparison with Billie Holiday's and Mildred Bailey's, respectively. No one can sing *Child* with the bittersweet cynicism of Miss Holiday, and Miss Olay, with what seems to be a little smile in her voice, apparent even when she sings a sad song, suggests by her interpretation that she is more familiar with mink, orchids, and pearls than hunger, deprivation, and rejection.

Throughout the album, however, her sound is musical, attesting to her early classical training, and the whole package is tastefully put together, a glossy compilation of choice songs silkily sung by Miss Olay—no jazz singer, she, but undoubtedly a polished and charming cafe performer. —*McPartland*

Sonny Rollins

EAST BROADWAY RUNDOWN—Impulse 9121: *East Broadway Rundown; Blessing in Disguise; We Kiss in the Shadow.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Rollins, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Rollins' sense of dynamics, timing, phrasing, and satire would possibly stand him in better stead were he a public speaker. He probably would win public office, as did Ronald Reagan, on the basis of one speech—this LP. Provided again, of course, there were as many jazz buffs as voters.

The most impressive characteristic of Rollins' playing is his command of his instrument's melodic and harmonic range; his ability to run the gamut of approaches to the horn's use in jazz. This album, perhaps more than any other Rollins has made in recent years, is a showcase of his varied abilities.

With his blood-drawing grip on music fundamentals, his bravery of imagination,

and a flexible wit, which ranges with equal readiness from slapstick to black humor, Rollins' sophistication and artistry are incomparable.

The trio accompanying Rollins on this catholic excursion is very like the side-dishes a jazz listener would order if he were a gourmet. There is the extrasensory empathy necessary to the high viscosity of the best free performances, as well as the intricate harmonic and melodic ideas and the driving rhythm that characterize the best bop.

The title track's theme, a biopsy of a riff, is etched by the horns over Jones' and Garrison's irresistible canter, Rollins wastes no time hopping into his solo. Hubbard follows with a well-paced line that evolves into bright, brittle notes, whirling about the harmonic nucleus like protons. Garrison stops tempo, walks around the changes with three fingers at once, and plays bebop Segovia. Rollins takes eight bars to introduce Jones' centipedal solo. The drummer preens his single-stroke control.

Garrison repeats a solitary note, which Jones lashes with his layback ride beat. The pulse intensifies and leads back to the theme, taken in the heavy black lines of a Rouault painting in sound. The theme line breaks into contrapuntal fragments, and Jones' syncopated thunder rams itself against Garrison's single-note throbbing.

The theme grows up out of the sound again, with harmonic and tonal extensions, reinforcing the melody cubistically. The rhythm asserts dominance once again, and Rollins screams delicately at the top of the tenor's tonal range.

There is wind in Jones' cymbals; Garrison is plaintive; and the horns produce an echo-box effect. Rollins mashes out the theme once more, a convex-concave line that is all but a new melody, so fresh is the interpretation. Then the theme rushes out, leaving by a door other than the one through which it entered.

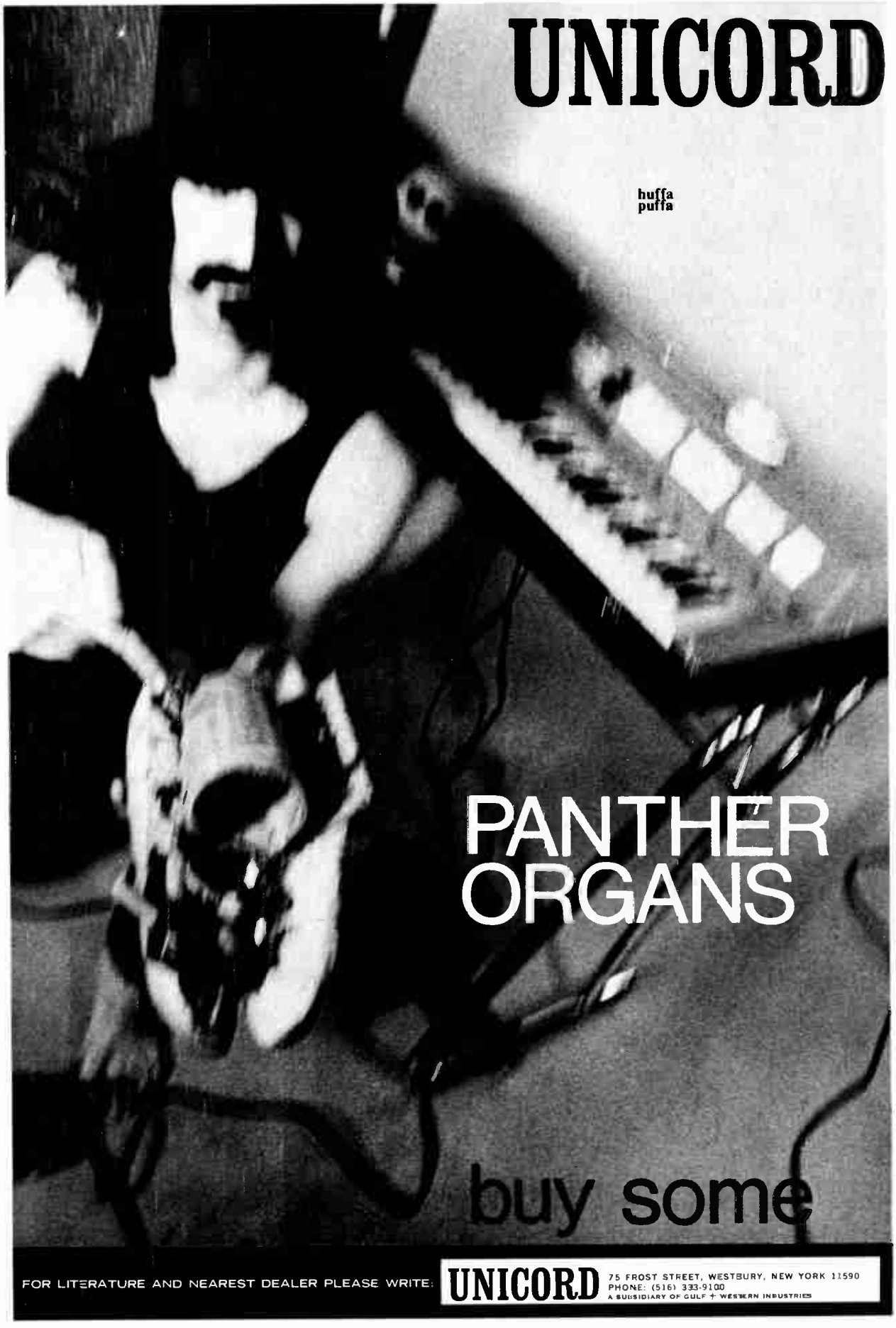
The rest of the album is done minus Hubbard. The vacuum is filled by Rollins' huge sound.

Blessing in Disguise is an undisguised old swing phrase, *Hey-ba-ba-re-bop*. What Rollins does to it is only slightly short of miraculous. He pivots on the theme like old Goose Tatum, dealing around his back, between his legs, over the shoulder. At each point when Rollins seems to have strayed from the theme into its extremities, he sidesteps deftly and returns, delivering the slip of melody with ever more authority. Jones fills precisely and explodes for eight bars. Garrison, embued with Rollins' humor, places chunks of the melody alongside rich, singing washes of sound.

Rollins fancifully distorts the inevitable theme—almost childlike in 1967 but as classically pure and simple as anything Bach devised. Garrison tiptoes to a bar's silence.

After a Latin introduction, Rollins plays *We Kiss* with confident, straightforward lyricism; Jones' left hand trips and jumps; and Garrison decorates the pulse with agile phrases.

If you like Sonny Rollins, you'll love this one; there's so much to hear.—*Quinn*



Johnny (Hammond) Smith

LOVE POTION #9—Prestige 7482: *Love Potion #9; A Taste of Honey; The Impossible Dream; Blues on Sunday; Sunny; The Shadow of Your Smile; Kimberly's Delight; Up Comes Monday.*

Personnel: Virgil Jones, trumpet; Gene Walker, tenor saxophone; Smith, organ; Eddie Diehl, guitar; John Harris, drums.

Rating: ★★★

The jacket calls this album one thing: *Love Potion #9;* the label calls it another: *Blues on Sunday.* This seems indicative of the album as a whole—it goes in different directions. There is the strong rock flavor of *Potion* and *Monday,* the funky blues of *Sunday,* the unison bop of *Delight,* the relaxing trio approach to *Dream* and *Shadow.*

Actually, the trio offerings are the most musically satisfying. Jones and Walker are fine soloists (their best statements are on *Honey* and *Sunday* and Jones again on *Delight*), but their blend is not too pleasant. Furthermore, the writing for the quintet lacks imagination. When Smith can stretch out with just guitar and drums for traveling companions, the results are much more meaningful.

Impossible Dream is an impossible tune —tolerable only when sung—but Smith lavishes a surprising quality of affection on it, making it sound pleasant rather than heroic. Even *Shadow* gets something of a face-lifting with a bright, but not bovine, tempo.

Elsewhere, Smith's playing is nimble, filled with an obvious regard for the flowing melodic line. He pleases, never overpowers, and his comping behind the front line is polite. His footwork is adequate—at its most soulful (or should that be soleful?) on *Sunday*—but I'd still prefer to hear a regular bass in his group.

Rounding out the group, Diehl and Harris provide reliable support. Each should have been given at least one solo spot.

—Siders

Bob Thiele

THOROUGHLY MODERN BOB THIELE—ABC 605: *Thoroughly Modern Millie; Sugar Blues; Charleston; Jimmy; Betty Coed; Changes; Whispering; Vagabond Lover; Give Me Your Kisses; Barnacle Bill the Sailor; Japanese Sandman; San.*

Personnel: Max Kaminsky, Jimmy McPartland, cornets; Urbie Green, Lou McGarity, trombones; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Milt Hinton or George Duvivier, bass; Don Butterfield, tuba; Teresa Brewer, Steve Allen, the Happy Girls, vocals; Tommy Goodman, Glenn Osser, arrangers; others unidentified.

Rating: see below

Every a&r man harbors a secret desire to be a bandleader. Veteran record man Thiele, who always seems to manage to get his photograph on the inside covers of the albums he supervises, moves out front with this one—and in a racoon coat, yet.

Well, the album was his idea, and he picked the tunes, so he's entitled, I guess. The concept, inspired by the success of the film *Thoroughly Modern Millie* and the growing popularity of '20s material among the younger generation, was to take vintage material and treat it with a combination of affectionate kidding and stylistic faithfulness.

It's a shame that the jazz players weren't given more elbow room. McPartland has a couple of short solos, Russell just a single one, and a good Venuti-style hot fiddle pops up now and then. But there are

several nice passages featuring a traditional cornet-trombone-clarinet front line improvising above the band. Still, even Paul Whiteman gave Bix Beiderbecke more of a break than Thiele gives his "hot contingent" here.

The best track is *San*, a very close copy of the Whiteman arrangement (by Bill Challis, I think) that featured Bix, Jimmy Dorsey, and Matt Malneck's violin. Somebody does a good replica of Min Leibrook's bass saxophone solo. The fiddle-guitar duet is the original, note for note, and the Bixian cornet trio wears well.

Changes, a good tune, and another track that takes it cues from a Whiteman record, is less successful—tuba and banjo make it sound more old-fashioned than the 1928 model, which had guitar and Steve Brown's fine string bass (as well as a Bing Crosby vocal).

McPartland gamely tackles one of Bix' greatest solos on *Barnacle*, and should have been given another chance at it (he comes off better on *Sandman*). On this comedy number, Steve Allen takes the original roles of both Hoagy Carmichael and Joe Venuti but uses the latter's repeated unprintable epithet only once. Allen's Rudy Vallee take-off on *Vagabond* is apt and funny.

Kaminsky's steady lead is much in evidence on *San* and *Charleston*, but he has little else to do, unless it's he who handles the Clyde McCoy bit on *Sugar Blues*. For fanciers of Miss Brewer's cute little-girl singing, there are generous samples of her work on *Millie* and *Jimmy*, and the girl trio does *Sandman* and *Whispering*.

Somehow, there is just enough promising re-creation in this album to make it regrettable that Thiele didn't stick with that part of his idea. For true fanciers of the period, this attempt falls short of Sy Oliver's delightful pastiches of the Jean Goldkette orchestra on the Camden label some years ago, and it wouldn't be fair to rate it in jazz terms, though it will make a good change of pace at parties. The liner notes, by the way, are by Nat Hentoff, and he manages to bring in some social significance. —*Morgenstern*

Various Artists

THE PANASSIE SESSIONS—RCA Victor 542: *Weary Blues; Really the Blues; When You and I Were Young, Maggie; Ja-Da; Revolutionary Blues; Comin' on with the Come On, Pts. 1 & 2; Rosetta; Royal Garden Blues; If You See Me Comin'; Gettin' Together* (Takes 1 & 2); *Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll; Everybody Loves My Baby; Who?; The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-4—Tommy Ladnier, trumpet; Sidney Bechet, clarinet, soprano saxophone; Mezz Mezzrow, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Cliff Jackson, piano; Teddy Bunn, guitar; Elmer James, bass; Manzie Johnson, drums. Tracks 5,6—Ladnier, Sidney DeParis, trumpets; Mezzrow, clarinet; James P. Johnson, piano; Bunn; James; Zutty Singleton, drums. Tracks 8-12—Ladnier; Mezzrow; Bunn; Pops Foster, bass; M. Johnson. Tracks 7, 13, 14—Frankie Newton, trumpet; Mezzrow; Pete Brown, alto saxophone; J. P. Johnson; Al Casey, guitar; John Kirby, bass; Cozy Cole, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

When French critic Hughes Panassie visited the United States in late 1938, he wanted to record some New Orleans-style jazz. The results of his effort are contained in this Vintage album. The performances vary from excellent (the Mezzrow-Ladnier quintet and the Ladnier-Bechet sessions) to abysmal (the Ladnier-DeParis

tracks). Somewhere in between are the Newton-Brown performances, which have nothing to do with New Orleans.

None of the tracks, however, comes close to the high level of collective improvisation set by the best New Orleans bands in the '20s. And a good deal of the failure is the result of Panassie's insistence on having Mezzrow present at every session.

Now, as far as New Orleans jazz goes, Mezzrow's heart has always been in the right place, but, unfortunately, his fingers have not. Besides fluffed notes and bad notes, his playing is greatly handicapped by stiff, unswinging rhythm. In ensemble passages on these records, he often phrases the same as the trumpet players, and in the New Orleans style, the clarinet is, ideally, supposed to bridge the gap between the trumpet's phrases. (Mezzrow's tenor playing on these records shall pass without comment.)

The worst tracks are *Revolutionary* and *Comin' On*. Both are collectively improvised, with no solos, and stand as classic examples of how not to do it. Collective improvisation requires that somebody take command and lead the others, but one is hard put to tell who's captain of the ship on these tracks.

Even the ensembles of the four titles with Bechet are muddled, but there are enough moments of musical excellence to overcome this drawback. Chief among this session's virtues is the work of Bechet, who dominates (as was usually the case with him) and plays excellently conceived solos. His best work is on *Weary* and *Really*.

On *Weary* (which is also available in Vintage's *Bechet of New Orleans*), he builds from low-register growl to soaring wail, never debasing his work with cliches or obvious development. Bechet is most dramatic on *Really*; his improvisation is carefully shaped and has as its main motif a traditional pattern: a high, held note followed by various downward phrases, which is about the most direct, and effective, tension-and-release device in early jazz. (Ladnier uses it in his *If You See* solo. Louis Armstrong used it in his *S.O.L. Blues* and *Gully Low Blues* solos with his Hot Seven in 1927, as did trumpeter Joe Smith in his accompaniment to Bessie Smith on *Hard Drivin' Papa* in 1926.)

Ladnier is in fine form on these four tracks. His solid and straightforward lead is in good musical taste, with the proper fire, of course. His solos are simple but highly effective, and though he tends to rely too much on fairly obvious syncopation following a setup of four quarter notes, his work has a great deal of swing. His ideas, when compared with those of, say, Bechet and Armstrong, are unsophisticated, but they are musically solid, and they touch the heart.

But as good as he is with Bechet, Ladnier is better on the quintet tracks—*Royal Garden, If You See, Gettin' Together, Jelly Roll,* and *Everybody*. I would go so far as to say that these are the best things Ladnier ever recorded.

In the ensembles he drives straight ahead, disregarding the pipings of Mezzrow. His solos reveal a truly musical

mind at work; every note is set like a gem in a queen's crown. Over-all, his work on *Jelly Roll* and *Everybody* would be hard to beat.

Much of the Mezzrow-Ladnier quintet's success results from the work of one of the finest traditional-jazz rhythm sections ever to record. Foster's dark-toned bass lines coalesce to form a pulsing, living wall of sound. Manzie Johnson's adroit drumming, subtly shaded, is hand-in-glove with Foster's bass playing.

In addition to his section work, Bunn offers uncluttered solos, as he also does on the Bechet tracks; the guitarist obviously was a man who knew what he was about at these sessions.

The tracks by Newton, Brown, et al., have much to recommend them, particularly the sparkling (and sometimes humorous) playing of that seasoned professional, Jas. P. Johnson, who makes *Who?* and *Sunrise* whirl with unconfined joy.

Newton is his usual relaxed self, a musician given to understatement and the deftly turned phrase. Brown is a hot man and at his best in the scorching *Sunrise*.

Though the musicians Panassie used for this last session were much more harmonically oriented than New Orleans men were (or were *supposed* to be), he insisted that the ensembles be every-man-for-himself, except for a nicely arranged introduction to *Sunrise*. The results are almost as poor as *Revolutionary* and *Comin' On*.

Despite the shortcomings of these four sessions, there was some fine, often superb music played. —*DeMicheal*

Father Tom Vaughn

CORNBREAD—RCA Victor 3708: *Cornbread, Meat Loaf, Greens, and Deviled Eggs; Autumn Leaves; That's All; Cute; On Green Dolphin Street; Stella by Starlight; It Might as Well Be Spring; Wanda; Goodness Gracious; I Think I Love You, Constance.*

Personnel: Father Vaughn, piano; Dan Jordan, bass; Dick Riordan, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

These straight-ahead sermons of Father Vaughn's wear well. In fact, they seem an improvement over his first RCA outing last fall. Then he showed signs of restraint in the company of bassist Art Davis and drummer Elvin Jones. Here he asserts himself with considerable authority, but his efforts are not complemented as well.

Father Vaughn maintains a high level of intensity throughout, never forgetting his calling to swing, while injecting a tasty flair for satire (the tongue-in-cheek filet of 'soul' in the title track), an unabashed lyricism, and even a well-executed throw-Bach to baroque sequences (the introduction to *Autumn Leaves*).

He still won't share his pulpit, however. In his first album, Davis was given one solo; here neither sideman gets a chance, which is unfortunate, since Riordan shows a Jo Jones respect for brush work (*Autumn, Green Dolphin,* and *Wanda*) and a Vernel Fournier touch with tom-toms (*Stella*).

Cute is a tour de force and thus too fast to be cute; *Wanda* is a fine, medium 3/4 swinger; *Goodness* has a highly palatable rock foundation. The best group offering, and Father Vaughn's most swinging statements, are on *Green Dolphin*.

—*Siders*

BLUES 'N' FOLK

BY PETE WELDING

Blind Willie McTell, *1940—The Legendary Library of Congress Session* (Melodeon 7323)

Rating: ★★★★★

Huddie Ledbetter, *Leadbelly—The Library of Congress Recordings* (Elektra 301/2)

Rating: ★★★★★

Various Artists, *The Party Blues* (Melodeon 7324)

Rating: ★★★★½

Among the myriad treasures contained in the Archives of Traditional American Folksongs of the Library of Congress are superlative performances by a number of folk artists who also enjoyed fame and some financial success as commercial recording artists.

Among them are Son House, Henry Sims, Bukka White, Willie Brown, and Muddy Waters—all representatives of the Mississippi delta blues. McTell and Leadbelly were two of the finest and most individualistic performers on the 12-string guitar.

The library has published a number of these important, classic performances in its regular series of documentary recordings (write to the library's Sound Recording Laboratory, Washington, D.C., 20540, for a complete recordings catalog).

Limited funds have prevented the archives' making as much of this material available as the collector might wish. Fortunately, the library has been granting a number of commercial firms permission to issue some of these recordings, among them those listed above.

Discovered by field collector John Lomax in Atlanta in 1940, McTell recorded a set of performances and spoken reminiscences that is stunning, documenting a representative sampling of the popular Georgia street singer's wide repertoire.

In addition to the expected blues performances (*Murderer's Home Blues, Dying Crapshooter's Blues*), there are ballads (*Chainey*—an interesting variant of *Stavin' Chain, Delia, Boll Weevil*, and *King Edward Blues*—not really a blues and better known as *Baby, It Must Be Love*), a railroad song (*Will Fox*), a medicine-show piece (*Kill-It-Kid Rag*), and several superb spiritual performances (two bottleneck-accompanied versions of *I Got to Cross the River Jordan, Amazing Grace*, and *Just as Well Get Ready*), in addition to the blind singer's reminiscences of blues history, old songs, and his own life and recording career.

It makes for an absorbing document, not the least interesting aspects of which are the superlative singing and playing. McTell was in excellent form on these recordings; in fact, his bottleneck playing on the religious pieces is among the finest work in this genre on record and must be heard to be believed. His zesty 12-string work generally is of extraordinary quality. Several of these pieces he recorded elsewhere, and, with few exceptions, the versions here are among the better ones (one exception is *Kill-It-Kid Rag;* I prefer the 1952 Atlantic version, which is a shade more spirited).

Melodeon has included the complete session and even has reproduced Lomax' field notes on the liner, making for a completeness in accord with the documentary nature of the album.

But beyond the set's significance as a social and musicological document, the music it contains is buoyant and high-spirited, fully among the finest samples of McTell's recorded work.

Even more renowned for his 12-string playing, Leadbelly requires little in the way of introduction for most followers of folk singing. It is largely as a result of his important recordings, the breadth and depth of his phenomenal repertoire, and his powerful, colorful stage personality—and, too, the entrepreneurial work of John and Alan Lomax—that the revival of interest in our native folk music was fanned so high in the 1930s and '40s.

Leadbelly's contributions bulk large in the history of U. S. folksong, and it is perhaps not amiss to say that the force and artistry of his commercial and documentary recordings are felt yet in the urban folksong revival, so great was his influence on all who have come after him.

Drawing on the vast holdings of Leadbelly performances in the Library of Congress archives, editor and annotator Larry Cohn has assembled a set of three LPs that must stand as the definitive statement

of the Louisiana-born songster's music.

Leadbelly's dramatic life story has been delineated at sufficient length and detail in the several books dealing with him and his music, but suffice it to say that in his years of wandering, performing in wide-open southern towns and in rough-and-tumble lumber and turpentine camps, serving several terms of imprisonment in prison work farms, Leadbelly amassed a wealth of important traditional folk songs and developed a gripping, magnetic performance style that is immediately recognizable.

The three-volume Elektra set spans the years 1933 to 1942, and the original recording was supervised by John A. and Alan Lomax. Included are 45 songs, encompassing the entire range of the singer's vast repertoire; Cohn has broken the songs down into seven fairly consistent categories: Texas and Louisiana barrelhouse; square dances, sooky jumps, and reels; penitentiary songs; spirituals; blues; ballads; and topical and protest songs.

Scattered through the spirited performances are five fascinating monologs that provide interesting comments on the music, furnish folk definitions of the types and functions of the music being played, and offer enticing glimpses into the man behind the music.

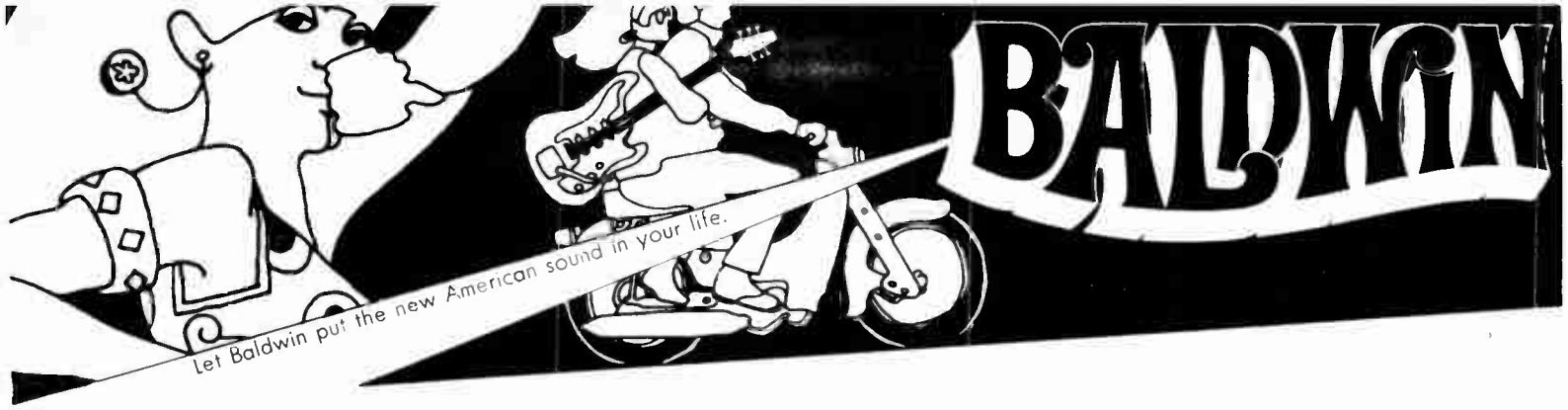
Were I asked to recommend the essential LP collection of the vigorous, wonderful, exuberant music-making of this great performer, I would name this set. Leadbelly's huge, unquenchable personality infuses every note.

In comparison with its healthy life in active folk tradition, erotic song has been insufficiently represented on record. However, throughout the 1920s, '30s, and to a lesser extent the '40s, the "race" record lists contained a good number of bawdy songs—often, it must be admitted, of a clumsy, self-conscious double-entendre nature rather than of the straightforward candor that characterized the genuine article.

Despite a certain amount of perhaps necessary censorship on the part of the record firms, some quite frank and ingenious songs that commented freely on sexual matters managed to sneak by. Dick Spottswood has compiled an interesting and instructive set of these pieces under the title *The Party Blues*. The tracks have been well chosen for textual ingenuity and musical worth.

Among the numbers are Blind Lemon Jefferson's powerful *Bed Spring Blues;* Frankie (Half Pint) Jaxon's hilarious parodies of the popular *It's Tight Like That* and *How Long Blues* with Tampa Red's Hokum Jug Band; Mississippi John Hurt's insinuating *Candy Man Blues;* Bo Carter's outright pornographic *All-Around Man* (an extension of Ethel Waters' earlier, widely popular *My Handy Man*); Red Nelson's crudely salacious *Mother Fuyer;* and the Memphis Jug Band's exuberant *Ambulance Man* and *Cave Man Blues.*

Lyrics have been provided in the liner notes, which also offer capsule biographies of the performers. A valuable set, charting a neglected area of folksong scholarship. db



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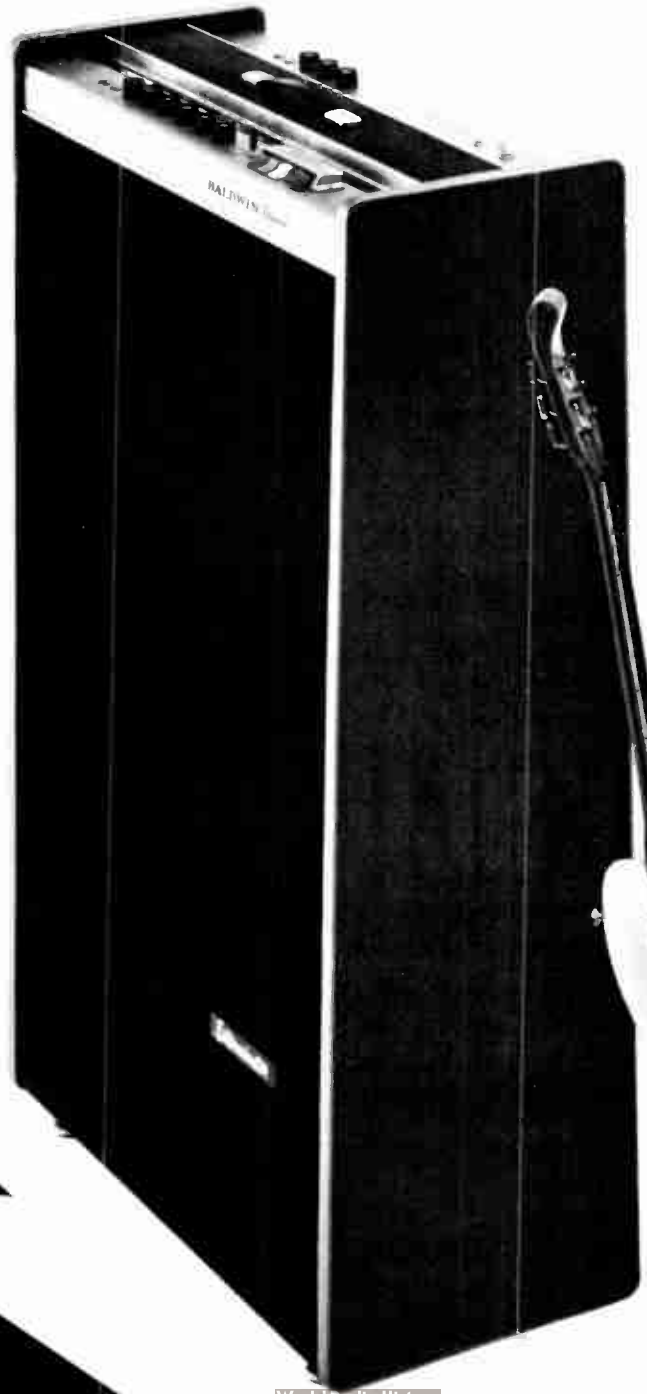

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Gibson, the workingman's guitar.

Wes Montgomery & Gibson at work for MGM/Verve records.

WES MONTGOMERY BLINDFOLD TEST

BY LEONARD FEATHER

1. GEORGE BENSON. *Benny's Back* (from *The George Benson Cookbook*, Columbia). Bennie Green, trombone; Lonnie Smith, organ; Benson, guitar, composer; no bass listed.

It has a fresh sound. . . . The organ seems like it's in the background—doesn't seem like it's up front with the other instruments. Seems like it lost a little bit of fire at the end. But naturally, the guitar solo was out of sight! It sounded like Georgie Benson. I think it rates three stars anyway.

Sounded like Al Grey on trombone, but I'm not sure. The group sounded like it was baritone, organ, trombone, guitar, electric bass, and drums. You know, I think the electric bass is getting more popular; it's moving out of rock-and-roll into jazz.

I liked the line very much—it sounded fresh, excited. Sounded like Georgie Benson's line—probably his tune.

2. ROLAND KIRK. *Making Love Afterhours* (from *Here Comes the Whistleman*, Atlantic). Kirk, flute, tenor saxophone, manzello, and strich.

Wow! First, it sounded like Roland Kirk and his group. . . . I don't know the personnel.

It's a funny thing about Roland Kirk—if you had two other men, with two horns identical like he's playing, and let the two men play the same parts he's playing, and let him play the two horns, it's still a different sound. It's a different approach even with the horns. It's amazing.

Anyway, I see he's got him one to go, for the pop market. It's good, very good, but I think if you're speaking of jazz, you have to rate it as such, and it's not that jazzy. So therefore, I'll have to mark him down for three stars. It's a good track, but it appeals to the current market, which I'll give him credit for doing. He's still gettin' into it, even in that direction. So I think it deserves three.

3. JOE PASS. *Sometime Ago* (from *Simplicity*, World Pacific). Poss, guitar; S. Mihonovich, composer.

I don't know who that was . . . but it was beautiful. In fact, I couldn't concentrate on who it might be, because of listening to it! It's *beautiful*. I like all of it—I like the lines, I like the phrases, the guitar player has beautiful tone, he phrases good, and everybody's sort of, like, together.

It's really together. I'd give that four stars, right away.

4. GRANT GREEN. *Brazil* (from *The Latin Bit*, Blue Note). Green, guitar; Johnnie Acea, piano.

Of course, from the style, right away I can tell it was Grant Green. . . . The piano player sounded like, had a taste of, Horace Parlan. I'm not sure. I don't know the other fellows.

The fire the tune started out with—I don't think the background came up to it. It was lacking fire in the middle section—I mean to compete with Grant. Other than that, they picked a nice tune, nice rhythm for it, so I would give it three stars.

5. STANLEY TURRENTINE. *A Taste of Honey* (from *Joy Ride*, Blue Note). Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Oliver Nelson, arranger, conductor.

Sounded like Stanley Turrentine with an Oliver Nelson arrangement to me. Which is the current thing that's happening now. Begun to be the bag—big band and soloist. And for that, I think it's a good arrangement. Nice direction, nice rhythm, exciting.

It's on the blues side, though. For that, I'd take Joe Henderson. I dig his kind of bag, because it's in the more jazz-er bag. Stanley's in the sort of more blues-er type bag. Which you can understand—it's selling records.

I have to give them three stars for effort. . . . I didn't see anything wrong with the band. . . . Still sounded like Oliver Nelson.

6. GABOR SZABO. *Walk on By* (from *Gypsy '66*, Impulse). Szabo, guitars.

That's Gabor Gabor . . . Gabor Gabo . . . Gabor Szabo—which one is it? I can tell right away. He's got a unique style. It's different. . . . Of course, I didn't think that particular number was too exciting. I've heard him a lot more exciting. The rhythm section didn't have enough bottom in it, and it seemed like there was drive missing.

For the soloist, Gabor, I would give him three stars, or maybe 3½, but I would put down two for this particular side. The tune? Yeah! *Walk on By*.

7. HOWARD ROBERTS. *Cute* (from *Something's Cookin'*, Capitol). Roberts, guitar, arranger; Jack Marshall, co-arranger.

I think that was Howard Roberts on guitar. Very good arrangement. I don't know who the arranger was, but it sounded good—just wasn't long enough. The arrangement has a point of building up, like it's going to stretch out, but it doesn't.

That was a nice cut, very nice cut. I think it deserves four stars.

How could I tell it was Howard Roberts? By the runs he makes. He makes a lot of clean runs. Not only because they're clean, but they have a little different texture. And he sort of mixes it up: he'll play a subtle line, then the next line will be a double line, come back to subtle line, then he'll mix the chords next. It's a nice pattern.

L.F.: Can you think of any albums you'd give five stars to?

W.M.: Guitar records? Or any records at all? Well, I've heard a couple of things. but I don't know what the names of the albums are or the artists on them. That's pretty weird—can't think of any five-star records!

Oh, this new thing by Miles, *Miles Smiles*? Now that's a beautiful thing. He's beginning to change his things all the time, but he hasn't gone all out, and Wayne Shorter's playing a little different. . . . It's nice.

Joe Henderson's got a thing I think would be five stars too. I think it's *Joe's Mode*—he and McCoy Tyner, Elvin Jones, and Richard Davis.

As this is written, the No. 1 best-selling jazz LP in the United States, according to a Billboard *survey, is Verve's* California Dreaming *by Wes Montgomery.*
That the 42-year-old, Indianapolis-born guitarist has achieved such acceptance is a tribute to his talent and to the astuteness of his a&r man, Creed Taylor.
In the tradition of jazz artists who become commercially successful, Montgomery has lost the support of the critics along the way; California Dreaming *was accorded 1½ stars in Harvey Pekar's* Down Beat *review.*
"Back in the Riverside days," Montgomery said, "I recorded with small groups, strictly for jazz fans. Later I started these sessions with big bands, using a Latin beat or some kind of special rhythm background that helped to keep things moving. Then I did Goin' Out of My Head. *I had no confidence in it at all when Creed showed it to me, but he got a great arranger, Oliver Nelson, and told me 'just play it in octaves'—and wow! it's gone over 80,000 and it's still moving."*
The following is Montgomery's first Blindfold Test *since July 19, 1962, when he split one with Herb Ellis. He was given no information about the records played.*

PHOTO/RICHARD SALTER

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 27)

the word-of-mouth revelation that this was Van Eps' first club appearance in many years, the result drew an SRO crowd.

The wall-to-wall audience included the pick of Hollywood guitarists—Herb Ellis, Al Hendrickson, Bill Pitman, John Pisano, and Howard Roberts. Two others, Jack Marshall (the originator of Guitar Night) and Tommy Tedesco, were on the stand fronting a quartet between Van Eps' sets.

What the visiting guitarists heard reaffirmed is what they've always known: Van Eps is the undisputed paterfamilias of the seven-string guitar. His gift for reharmonization, plus the steadily moving internal voices over that floating, built-in bass line, produced a combination of sophisticated yet refreshing sounds.

With conventional six-string tuning preserved, Van Eps has extended the range of his instrument by tuning the seventh string a fifth below its normal range. He once said, "I thought of the guitar as a small piano you hold in your lap." That idea was exemplified as he wove an agile bass pattern beneath his remarkably clear chordal excursions.

His choice of material was confined to evergreens, but his harmonic approach made them sound fresh. *Satin Doll* reached a groove that was relaxed, with good brush work from Martinis; *There'll Never Be Another You* kept the medium tempo of the previous selection intact. It rose slightly as he toured *Green Dolphin Street*. It returned to that place on the metronome marked "happy" with *Lollipops and Roses*.

Throughout his nonstop sets, there was an enviable rapport between Van Eps and Flynn, a tasteful percussionist who knows when to comp and in what register to do so.

This was jazz at its politest, and, in terms of crowd reaction, this was listening at its politest. It happens when an audience senses greatness.—*Harvey Siders*

Randy Weston

Freetown University
Freetown, Sierra Leone

Personnel: Ray Copeland, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Cliff Jordan, tenor saxophone; Weston, piano; Bill Wood, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums; Chief Bey, conga drum, vocal.

It was one of those warm, sultry evenings typical of a tropical night. There had been a lot of publicity on radio and television and in the papers, and the audience was a reasonably large one. For various reasons some of the important personages were absent, but the U.S. ambassador, Andrew V. Corry, was there.

The occasion was a concert by the Weston sextet, sponsored by the U.S. Embassy in conjunction with the U.S. Information Agency. The proceeds of the concert were donated en bloc to a deserving cause—the Boys' Society of Sierra Leone.

Amid the hubbub of expectancy, the concert started about 25 minutes late because of last-minute efforts to get Weston a piano on which he could be "heard." He had been lugging a knocked-about "mini" piano over half the continent. However, efforts failed, and Weston had to be content with his portable.

The auditorium had fairly reasonable acoustics, and the opener, *Berkshire Blues*, told the audience it was in for some solid listening. The group next undertook *Willie's Tune*, *Blues for Five Reasons*, and *Niger Mambo*. After intermission, a most delectable performance of the *Congolese Children's Song*, superbly vocalized by Chief Bey, *Portrait of Vivian*, and *African Cookbook* epitomized all that Weston has been preaching.

The concert demonstrated that Weston's music has adequately welded the tonal and modal expressions of African rhythms and music with those of jazz. The group exuded such rapport and cohesiveness with the leader, along with individual expertise, that none could doubt their belief in their work. The audience was stirred to its roots by the echoes of the indigenous environment and established complete rapport with the musicians.

The crowd went wild at the unbelievable, almost ritualistic performance of Bey on conga. Truly, Bey was remarkable.

At the conclusion of the concert, the audience gave the sextet a standing ovation. The scene was pandemonium.

Weston's group gave three other concerts at college campuses here, based on the history of jazz. The response of the students transcended by far all expectations. They exhibited a greater understanding of what the group was saying than was at first thought possible, and these concerts were an unqualified success. The University Jazz Club at Fourah Bay College in Freetown formally invited Weston to be its honorary patron—and he delightedly accepted.

The music itself was sometimes ethereal, sometimes ephemeral, alternately mystic or full of hot, throbbing sensations evoking ancient rituals. It was sometimes down-to-earth, sometimes plain funky and mean, and sometimes arch, with dynamic and strident Ellingtonian overtones.

We are indeed grateful to the State Department for sending us this wonderful group with its meaningful music. The musicians are as fine a group of gentlemen as ever came out of the United States. They were fitting ambassadors.

—*Dr. E. Otis Pratt*

Charles McLean/Tommy Vig/ Raoul Romero

Convention Center, Las Vegas, Nev.

Personnel: Charles McLean, alto, tenor saxophones; Rick Davis, tenor saxophone; Ron Feuer, piano; Mo Scarazzo, bass; Santo Savino, drums. Host-City Orchestra, Vig, Romero, conductors.

Among many concerts and recitals given for the recent western conference of music educators, two performances were outstanding. A recital by the McLean-Davis quintet, utilizing electronic saxophones, contained some of the most searching music to be heard, and a concert titled *Fusion of Musical Styles*, while doing little to promote the oft-heralded marriage of jazz and clasical music, did give a pair of promising composers a chance to play Cupid.

/Continued on page 48

Wildwood Series: Coronado II with tremolo, Wildwood Acoustic with pickup, Coronado II Bass, Coronado 12 string – foreground, two Wildwood Acoustics.

Coronado Series: Coronado I with tremolo. Coronado II with tremolo, Coronado 12-string, Coronado I Bass, Coronado II Bass.

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Romero's *Canto Indio,* a short work employing a battery of Latin rhythm instruments, consisted of a slow opening section built around the dominant chord of the harmonic minor scale with its inherent feeling of sadness. Not startlingly original, perhaps, but well crafted, with intelligent use of the string section.

The second and final part was in polyrhythmic 3/4 and 6/8 time with a soulful trumpet cadenza by Herb Phillips, the work's only concession to an implied jazz feeling that pervades Romero's writing.

McLean was the soloist on Vig's *Concerto for Tenor Saxophone and Orchestra.* Better known as an altoist, the young Scottish-born reed man found his searing, multinoted style much less effective on the larger horn.

The tempos of the three movements were fortunately not too demanding, except when McLean himself chose to double up. The orchestral themes were strongly syncopated, and, consequently, the composer wisely did not integrate the strings into the fabric of the work to any great degree, the emphasis being on brass.

The McLean-Davis quintet's recital was meant to demonstrate the jazz possibilities of the electronic saxophone. To these ears, the characteristic and flexible sound of the instrument in all its versions is greatly diluted by the addition of microphone, amplifier, and speaker. However, these disadvantages did not completely hide the quite outstanding level of accomplishment of the group.

The rhythm section worked freely inside a wide framework and occasionally went outside. Davis' playing and composing is worthy of much wider hearing, and McLean, much more at home on alto, has only to make himself available in the jazz marketplace for things to happen.

—Tommy Hodges

Marshall Brown-Lee Konitz

Lehigh University Jazz Festival, Bethlehem, Pa.

Personnel: Brown, valve trombone; Konitz, alto saxophone; John Beal, bass; Ronnie Bedford, drums.

Brown, a refugee from the swing era who once sat in the Vaughn Monroe brass section, has joined with Konitz—who was there at the birth of the cool—to produce a "new thing" combo that really rates the label.

Brown and Konitz, backed by two steady, swinging rhythm men, attempt some avant-garde jazz, but one gets the idea that they're sort of poking fun at the movement—even if they may not know it. They are "new thingers" in that they are taking a totally different approach to combo jazz.

Their program at Lehigh University's first annual jazz festival ranged from *Turkey in the Straw* to a "space music" (Brown's term) version of Bartok's *Mikrokosmos* with some rock sounds thrown in.

Brown and Konitz have been working together for more than a year, and the Lehigh concert was their first college date.

You haven't heard anything until you listen to modernist Konitz, whose chief mentor was pianist Lennie Tristano, play ragtime on his alto. And he carries it off well.

Konitz is playing extremely well these days, and Brown, whose trombone is in the mainstream tradition, seems to bring out a warmth in the altoist that was missing in some of his earlier playing.

The highlight of the program was *Lester Leaps In,* in which Brown and Konitz played a note-for-note arrangement of Lester Young's original two-chorus solo with Count Basie's Kansas City Seven.

Brown, in his commentary, said Young's solo "changed the vocabulary and accent of jazz," and that Young "led us into the modern era" with "this beginning of modern jazz."

After a "free" overture in which the quartet steered its tune-up sounds into a far-out version of *What Is This Thing Called Love?,* Brown touched on jazz history by having the quartet play—in styles close to the originals—folk, ragtime, and Dixieland tunes, including *Turkey in the Straw* and *Muskrat Ramble.*

The bop-era contributions included *Groovin' High* and *'Round Midnight,* both of which featured a Konitz with a bigger and rounder sound than he had in his days with Tristano and Stan Kenton. But his playing has lost none of its sublety or lyricism. Brown has continued to improve, and he played well-constructed solos. Bedford is a tasteful drummer who can move the group, and Beal showed the effects of his Juilliard training.

The second half of the program was devoted to some avant-garde sounds, the most interesting of which was the finale, *Mikrokosmos.* The quartet's adaptation of Bartok's piano exercise music featured

Beal on electric bass with Bedford occasionally slipping into a rock-and-roll beat.

The group played a "new thing" version of *Just You, Just Me* and two originals—*Polytonality* and *The Twelve-Tone Row*—both of which extended jazz into modern musical forms. All had appropriate comments from Brown, who plays and talks with humor and enthusiasm.

—Dave Bittan

Big Mama Thornton/Taj Mahal

Ash Grove, Los Angeles

Personnel: Miss Thornton, vocal, harmonica, drums; A. B. Moore, guitar; Nat Dove, piano; Curtis Tillman, bass; John Lewis, drums. Mahal, vocal, harmonica, guitar.

Willie Mae Thornton's approach is midway between the stately, majestic singing of the classic female jazz-blues vocalists of the 1920s and the more powerhouse, overtly emotional approach of the modern Chicago blues men. With the sensitive backing she was furnished during her appearance at the Monterey Jazz Festival in September, she offered a highly satisfying demonstration of her vocal art. The blend of old and new she dispensed during the blues afternoon there provided the most dramatic and refreshing moments in an otherwise disappointing program.

Her recent appearance at the Ash Grove, during which she was supported by her regular combo, was another matter.

She chose to work exclusively in the postwar rhythm-and-blues groove in which the bulk of her recordings has been cast. The results were only intermittently successful, the most exciting and satisfying moments occurring when the gifted blues artist, T-Bone Walker, a Los Angeles resident, sat in during Miss Thornton's last night at the club.

In all fairness, it must be admitted that Miss Thornton's supporting group was in large measure responsible for the tepidity of the first half of her program (before T-Bone, that is).

While bassist Tillman and drummer Lewis are impeccable accompanists, fine instrumentalists who repeatedly demonstrated finesse and sensitivity, the same cannot be said of guitarist Moore and pianist Dove. Moore's lead guitar work was uninspired and totally undistinguished, while Dove's piano comping was awkward, unimaginative, and boringly repetitive. As a result, the group never got off the ground, nor did it launch Miss Thornton into anything remotely approaching her real capabilities.

That she *could* be prodded into passionate, engaged singing in the modern idiom was demonstrated when Walker replaced Moore during the performance of St. Louis Jimmy Oden's *Goin' Down Slow*.

What a difference Walker's supercharged playing made! It was as though the entire combo—Big Mama included—had been given a shot of adrenalin. The rhythm became tight, driving; Walker's rapid-fire bursts of notes in response to Miss Thornton's throaty shouting were incandescent, explosive; the excitement and enthusiasm singer and band generated were infectious and built steadily throughout the balance of the set.

Walker was featured in a driving instrumental that was all too brief, and he sang on a moving version of the traditional *My Old-Time Used-to-Be*.

On both pieces he provided a fascinating exhibition of beautifully controlled, exciting guitar work—fleet, blues-laden, richly decorated lines flashing out over the rhythm like fireworks displays.

Walker is still one of the most striking of all modern blues guitarists, possessing a matchless technique, impeccable taste, a flawless sense of rhythmic placement, and great wit and imagination in improvising. In the whole of the contemporary blues only B. B. King might be considered his match.

Miss Thornton possesses a commanding stage presence, but much of her act is wasted in pointless—occasionally tasteless—temporizing between numbers. She needs a stronger band—her kind of music cries out for powerhouse, intense ensemble work. Otherwise it fails to catch fire.

On the same bill was Mahal, a singer-guitarist in his mid-20s, whose work was a revelation. An extremely accomplished instrumentalist and a fine singer who phrases sensitively, Mahal is unusual in that he elects to reanimate the powerful country blues of the prewar period. What is unusual about this is that other Negro performers of his age are almost invariably drawn to the contemporary rock or pop idioms, tending, in fact, to disown the older blues forms, with their connotations of times better forgotten.

Sociological considerations aside, Mahal

is an arresting performer capable of bringing the diverse blues styles of Blind Willie McTell, Robert Johnson, and John Lee Hooker, among others, to vivid life.

Mahal has been able to concentrate his energies upon the crucial problem of style. And he has been remarkably successful in going beyond the surface of the recorded materials upon which he has based his repertoire.

One may trace the various elements that combine in Mahal's music. For example, the accompaniment he used for *Train I Ride* (also known as *Mystery Train*) was Robert Johnson's *If I Had Possession over Judgment Day* accompaniment. But there is never in his music the feeling that one is hearing slavish imitations of old records.

Mahal, rather, has assimilated the older blues traditions so thoroughly that, in effect, he has recombined their elements into new permutations.

The Train I Ride-Judgment Day synthesis (wholly successful, by the way) is but one example. And like the old country blues men he emulates, Mahal's approach to his songs is not static. Drawing on the common store of traditional verses, he mixes them in his various songs: in the *Train I Ride* there also were verses from *Louisiana Blues, Rolled and Tumbled,* and others.

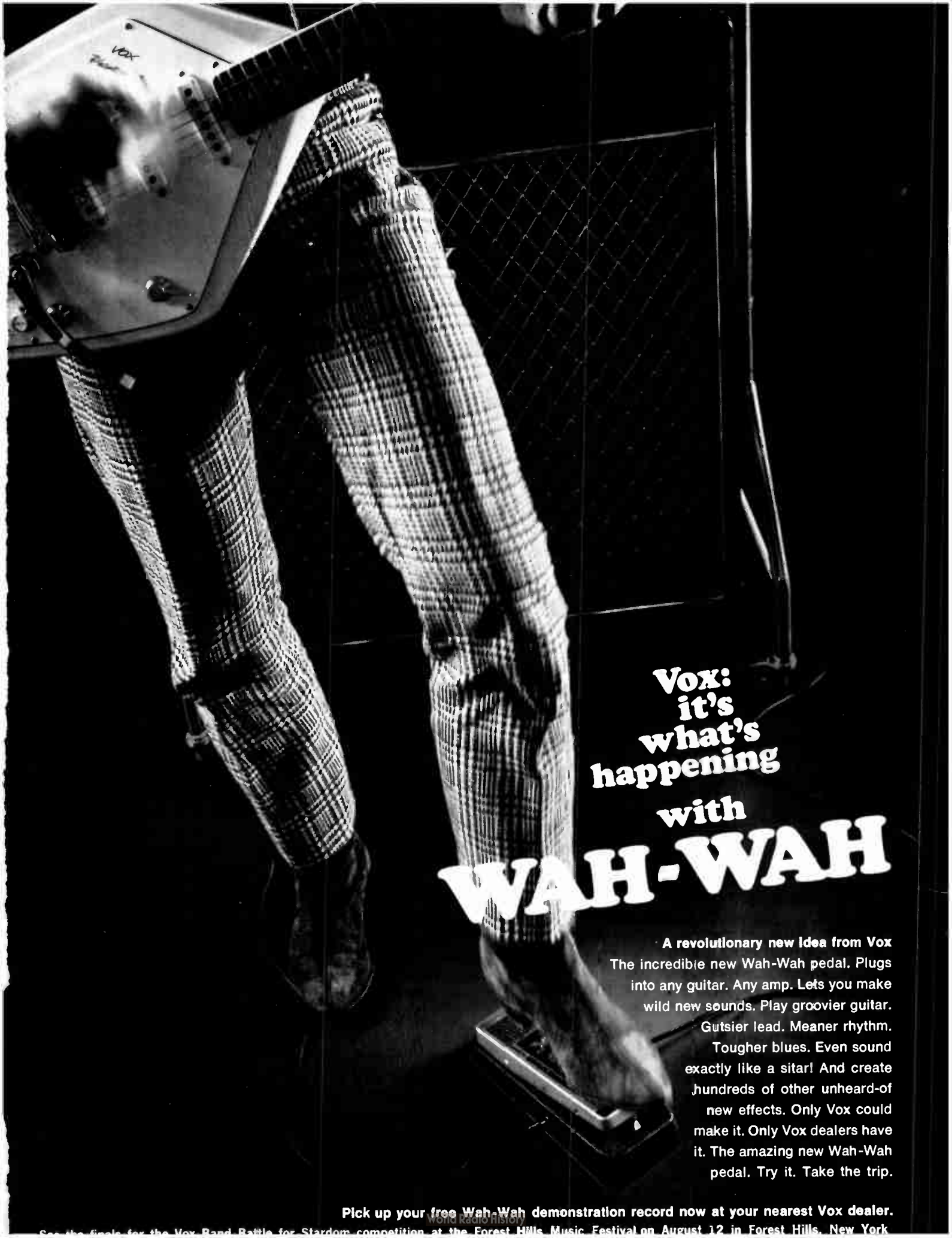
As a result of this fluid approach to text, his songs are always new, always changed from performance to performance. The changes are never major, but they do assure a large measure of freshness and vitality in performance.

On the night of review, Mahal also performed McTell's *Statesboro Blues,* accompanying himself with impeccable playing on resonator guitar and a rack-held harmonica; *Will the Circle Be Unbroken?;* Robert Johnson's *Crossroads Blues* and *Terraplane Blues,* the latter having an entirely new set of verses; Son House's powerful *Preaching Blues; Train I Ride;* a blues recasting of the old southern white dance piece *New River Train,* played over a heavy boogie pattern with high interjections of slide figures for accent; the traditional *Been Drinkin' Muddy Water, Sleepin' in a Hollow Log;* a fine version of John Lee Hooker's *Boogie Chillun,* with all new verses; and a *Good Morning, Miss Brown* that was very well done.

Mahal's guitar work was excellent, especially his use of the slide during the Johnson-styled numbers. He is uncannily able to summon up Johnson's spirit on these pieces; with the exception of a certain hesitancy from time to time, his playing of these numbers, among the most existential in the blues repertoire, is extraordinarily assured and idiomatic.

Someone ought to record Mahal before his interest in modern blues and rock entirely supplants his involvement with the older blues, for his approach to this archaic material is creative and invigorating.

The folk-music revival's current faddish concern with so-called electric blues, to the exclusion of all else, may produce another casualty: Mahal may give up the older forms to concentrate on "making it" with a modern blues band.—*Pete Welding*



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HOWARD ROBERTS

(Continued from page 25)

them; it was the whole crew.)

"Even in the hybrid bluegrass/rock-and-roll style, there have been innovators that fascinated me," Roberts said. "Like Chet Atkins or, someone not too well known, James Burton—sometimes he does things that break me up. Harmonically, they're not the wildest, but guitaristically, they appeal to me."

He recalled a recent visit to the Ash Grove (a Los Angeles folk emporium where the accent is on the traditional and authentic) to hear Earl Scruggs. Roberts realized that many jazzmen would put down Scruggs immediately, but he brushed that aside with: "The one nice thing about music is that there's more than one way to express yourself in it. And pros should be able to know an extraordinary performance when they hear one."

It seemed a waste of time to ask an unabashed eclectic like Roberts if there is something that could be called the Howard Roberts style, but he said, "People tell me there is, yet I've never consciously tried to develop a style.... Style will develop no matter how you try to avoid it. But I've tried merely to accumulate technique and knowledge."

He has been accumulating other things lately, or perhaps "compiling" is a better descriptive word. He has recently finished an instruction book of updated musical examples with emphasis on chords and melodies. He said he's had it with *Swanee River*, since just about every guitar method includes that tune.

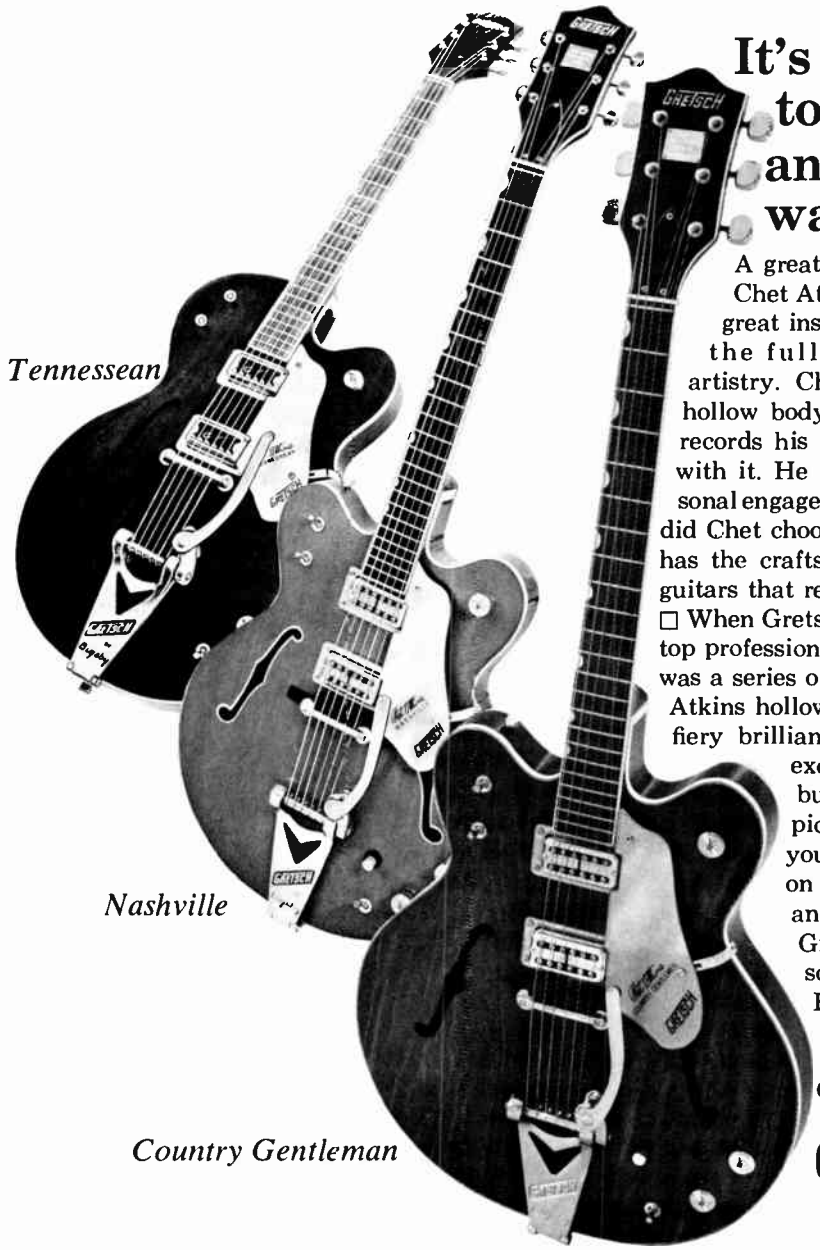
"You can't even buy good guitar material with tunes less than 30 years old, so I've been compiling good material," he said. "It's different from Barney Kessel's book. His is a detailed manual, covering a broad range of information about the instrument. Mine will concentrate on the musical examples.... I'm shopping around for a publisher."

His numerous studio calls prevent Roberts from increasing his teaching activities. He said he would like to teach more because he enjoys the stimulation that comes from contact with young, searching minds.

"A serious guitar student, reasonably advanced, is a nice person to be around—as well as a challenge, because I have to dig into my own resources for answers to his questions," he said. "Too many youngsters today feel that rock is the *only* truth. What they must realize is that the hip-hugger pants and all that are not intrinsically related to the guitar. I'd like to see them be explorers—concern themselves directly with finger-board exploration and a sense of musical development. In other words, develop a total technique —you know, explore all avenues and enjoy a wide variety of styles. Above all, they should not be intimidated by those characters who say, '*This* is the truth, baby.' Or '*that* is real heavy.' "

That recalled his favorite Hemingway quote. The conversation had come full circle. db

Chet Atkins plays a Gretsch hollow body electric.



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GRETSCH

FROM THE TOP

Stage-Band Arrangement Reviews
By George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.

Hold It!, composed and arranged by Manny Albam; Belwin, Inc.

Albam has written six solid originals for the Henry Adler Co. (handled by Belwin) that are all characterized by lines with musical value and excellent arranging techniques. This is one of that series.

Hold It! is a blues-tune arrangement of medium difficulty and is cast in a slow, lay-back mood. It looks deceptively easy on paper but demands proper interpretation to bring it off. From the aspect of teaching jazz style, it contains nearly all the basics—and they must be properly performed.

The arrangement starts with a shoutlike line that demands sudden extremes in dynamics and paced crescendos for proper effect. The ensemble must be able to play well-rounded, articulated sounds as well as hold back on quarter notes on 2 and 4.

In the second chorus, saxophones, then brass, and then full ensemble develop the theme and lead to a third chorus that rolls along with brass lifts and saxophone riffs. Close attention to dynamics is demanded.

Musically, idea flows into idea, and all are in some way fresh. Albam uses standard ideas in his arrangements, but they always seem to have a novel twist. For example, in setting up the tenor saxophone solo (no written solo provided, only chord symbols) the brass has an unusual (for published material) variation of the "kick-beat." Trumpet, piano, and bass solos follow before the final ensemble chorus takes the arrangement out in a higher key.

This is an arrangement of solid musical worth. It will depend for its effectiveness on the ability of the band to clip final eighths short and to hold back.

Effective vibraharp and tuba parts are included. The arrangement is well written, musical, educational, and jazz-oriented with its solo space and unwritten solos (the students have to begin somewhere to play from a chord chart, and a slow blues in E♭ is as good a place as any).

Lady in Lace, composed by Frank Foster, arranged by Dick Fenna; Hal Leonard Music, Inc.

Recently Hal Leonard Music published a new series of arrangements, all of which are acceptable and many of which are excellent. It's the firm's first real venture into the stage-band field.

Lady in Lace is a fairly easy (Grade III) setting of the Foster tune. The first section has the melody carried by saxophones with a gently pulsating, organlike background in the brass.

In performing this arrangement, care must be taken throughout to avoid a too-literal interpretation of the line—certain notes will have to be "ducked" or hinted at to get an authentic reading. Care must be taken also to avoid the usual spots where rushing tends to occur, and final eighths must be tightly clipped.

The interlude section gives the melody to unison trumpets, with the saxophones playing a sustained background. The trombones are interlocked with the "Lunceford beat" bass line in a part that requires lift and intensity.

After a repeat of the melody, 16 bars of trumpet solo lead to two ensemble choruses—the first a typical pianissimo Count Basie approach, leading to a full-sounding, kicking second section. The arrangement then jumps back to the interlude and ends with a plink-piano coda.

This is excellent training and performance material for the younger, junior high or high school band, with not too many technical problems, thus allowing emphasis on interpretation.

Summer Wind, composed by Henry Meyer, arranged by Richard Maltby; M. Witmark & Sons, Inc.

Witmark, under the guidance of editor Ross Hastings, is making a sincere effort to move away from its earlier, more dance-oriented stage-band publications and into a more jazz-oriented approach.

In this arrangement by Maltby of the currently popular *Summer Wind* it is heading in the right direction. Couched in a moderately tempoed, swinging shuffle-rhythm format, this medium-difficult (Grade IV) arrangement provides some interesting ensemble writing.

A shortcoming, from one point of view, is the lack of solo space. However, this could make the arrangement more appealing for the band that doesn't have an abundance of soloists. In any event,

the ensemble writing is interesting, challenging, and thoroughly professional.

Two altos in duet (may be a little too Tijuana-ish for some) open the arrangement over lifting punctuations in the brass. The bass line throughout is different from the usual published part and quite a bit more interesting.

In the second chorus, two trumpets reverse the roles in a higher key. Moving still higher, a full ensemble section with an inserted trombone soli takes the arrangement out.

Definitely a step in the right direction by a major publisher.

AD LIB

(Continued from page 16)

ty's was another tandem deal—**Oliver Nelson's** big band plus singer **O.C. Smith.** Smith just closed out a two-week stay at **Redd Foxx'** club, backed by **Bill LeBlanc's** trio . . . **Frankie Tamm** left the Lemon Twist, where he had a trio, to work solo as pianist-singer at the Beverly Rodeo Hotel . . . **Ann Richards** checked into the Playboy Club for two weeks, backed by **Gene Palumbo's** trio . . . **Bobby Troup** and group (**John Collins,** guitar, **Whitey Hoggan,** bass) played at the annual Dinty Moore Dinner at the Biltmore Bowl . . . **Red Norvo's** group followed **Ethel Ennis** into the Hong Kong Bar of the Century Plaza Hotel, along with the **Kirby Stone** Four . . . **Ray Charles,** his band (led by **Curtis Amy**), and the **Raelets** did a series of one-nighters recently at Fresno, Stockton, Diablo Valley College, and San Diego State College . . . The New Orleans Jazz Club of California marked its fourth anniversary with a jam session at the Santa Ana Elks Lodge, the place where they regularly meet on the first Sunday of the month . . . Grant's Music Center provided entertainment for a Mother's Day fashion show at Memory Lane. **Henry Grant** directed his Youth Band (ranging in age from 11 to 17, the youngest being **Gerald Wiggins'** bass-playing son, **J.J.**), and the big band of **Roger Spotts** was also featured.

Washington: Pianist **Roy Meriwether** recorded another LP for Columbia at the Bohemian Caverns in April. Guitarist **Kenny Burrell,** drummer **Art Blakey,** the **Eldee Young-Red Holt** Trio, and reed man **Sonny Stitt** were at the Caverns in May. Guitarist **Wes Montgomery,** pianist **Horace Silver,** and multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk** were booked to follow . . . **Louis Armstrong** will perform under the stars at the Shoreham Hotel's outdoor terrace July 3-15 . . . When guitarist **Charlie Byrd** leaves the Showboat Lounge for another road tour this month, performers to play the club will include pianists **Ahmad Jamal** and **Earl Hines** and drummer **Gene Krupa** . . . Teenage singer **Renee Morris** continues to win new friends at Blues Alley (she has had several return engagements since her professional debut there) . . . **Paul Anthony's** *Jazz Unlimited* radio show has moved to WRC (three hours Saturday afternoons and three hours Sunday eve-

nings) . . . Clarinetist and sometime-trombonist **Country Thomas** is at Peyton Place.

Baltimore: Four persons asked for their money back, but a few hundred others waited outside in the rain to take their places when **John Coltrane** made his first appearance in Baltimore before a capacity crowd at the Left Bank Jazz Society concert in early May. Appearing with him were tenor saxophonist **Pharaoh Sanders,** bassist **Jimmy Garrison,** drummers **Rashied Ali** and **Algie DeWitt.** The next weekend, the LBJS brought in a group led by trumpeter **Lonnie Hillyer** and including altoist **Charles McPherson,** pianist **Barry Harris,** bassist **Paul Chambers,** and drummer **Billy Higgins.** Trumpeter **Eddie Henderson's** quintet from Washington also was featured. Vibist **Milt Jackson** and saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** are set for the June 18 and June 25 LBJS concerts, respectively. Jackson, with a rhythm section composed of pianist **Albert Dailey,** bassist **Donald Bailey,** and drummer **Purnell Rice,** played two weekends in May at **Henry Baker's** Peyton Place . . . The **Count Basie** Band, which recently played a one-nighter at Coppin State College, will return June 18 for the Fine Arts Festival at the Naval Academy in Annapolis . . . Reed man **Roland Kirk** did a weekend in mid-May at the Alpine Villa . . . The trios of Baltimore pianists **Donald Criss** and **Maurice Williams** were on hand at the recent opening of the **William L. Moore** Foundation. (Moore was a white mailman shot and killed in 1963 in Alabama while he was on a one-man march to protest racial prejudice.)

Pittsburgh: Jazz song stylist **Tiny Irvin,** once a vocalist with **Dizzie Gillespie,** has come out of retirement to devote herself full time to singing. She has made a few gigs with the quintet of pianist **Carl Arter** . . . Brentwood's sometime jazz emporium, the Theme, had drummer **Gene Krupa's** quartet in mid-May. The previous week the club drew good crowds with **Al Morell,** who plays an electronic saxophone . . . At the recent Mass Transit International Conference, delegates were entertained on a local riverboat by the **Basin Street Four,** a combo headed by clarinetist **Nick Lomakin** . . . The Hurricane Bar continued to cater to the young organ buffs with consecutive May bookings of the **Red Prysock** Trio and **King Errison's** quartet . . . The Pittsburgh Jazz Festival for 1967 was called off by the Catholic Youth Organization, sponsor for the last three years. The Rev. **Michael Williams,** CYO director, said lack of proper community support and prohibitive costs for Civic Arena rental were the reasons. But Father Williams left the door open for 1968, telling friends he would consider reviving the project if he could find a way for the festival to achieve greater financial stability.

Detroit: **Arnold McConner** leads an avant-garde octet at LaRoache's Tea Room in nearby Pontiac on weekends . . . Bassist **Gini Biondo** is a new addition to the quartet of pianist **Dorothy Dunn** at

the Pier One. The quartet has cut a record for Scope. Biondo can also be heard afterhours with pianist **Howard Lucas** and former **Charlie Parker** drummer **Art Mardigan** at the newly opened Tropics Theater in the downtown Wolverine Hotel . . . Harpist **Dorothy Ashby** and her husband **John** have written another musical, *The Choice,* recently presented at the Dexter Theater by Aid to Creative Arts, a group dedicated to training youth of the inner city in the entertainment arts. The Ashbys' first collaboration, *3-6,* was well received in its debut here and may soon be seen off-Broadway. John wrote the book and Dorothy the music. *The Choice* concerns itself with the problems of mothers receiving public aid . . . Guitarist **Gene Edwards** and drummer **Eddie Williams** were with organist **Richard (Groove) Holmes** at Baker's Keyboard Lounge last month. Guitarist **Wes Montgomery's** quartet was another recent Keyboard attraction. The **Ray Bryant** Trio and the **Monty Alexander** Trio are together at Baker's through June 18, including a Father's Day matinee. They will be followed by the **Ahmad Jamal** Trio June 23-July 2 . . . Bassist **Ernie Farrow's** quintet (**John Hair,** trombone; **Joe Thurman,** tenor saxophone; **Teddy Harris Jr.,** piano; **Bill Hardy,** drums) puts in long weekends, playing at Eddie's Latin American Restaurant until dawn after it finishes its regular work at Paige's . . . Bassist **John Dana** is featured with the **Charles Miles** group at the Wisdom Tooth . . . Tenorist **Donald Walden's** quartet opened recently at the New Yorker . . . Local bassist **Dan Jordan** replaced **Steve Swallow** for concert dates with tenorist **Stan Getz,** while Swallow celebrated his wife's giving birth to twins . . . Pianist **Harold McKinney** joined drummer **Gene Krupa** after Krupa's recent stay at Baker's . . . Pianist-vocalist **Bobby Laurel** moved back into the Breakers in the River House . . . Pianist-vocalist **Vince Mance** works the luncheon hour at the 24 Karat Club and nights in the Living Room of the Playboy Club.

Cincinnati: Spring brought a flourish of jazz to the Living Room Supper Club. The big bands of **Duke Ellington, Woody Herman,** and **Stan Kenton** were interspersed with **George Wein's Newport All-Stars,** the **Dee Felice** Trio, and the **Oscar Peterson** Trio . . . Pianist **Toshiko Mariano** made an unheralded appearance for a week at the Barkley House Motel, where she worked as a single in the cocktail lounge. It wasn't long, however, before Cincinnati jazz fans were aware of her unannounced presence . . . Tenorist-pianist **Gordon Brisker** has been working with a trio consisting of **Dave Fredrichs,** drums, and **Lou Lausche,** bass, at the Blind Lemon . . . Drummer **Terry Moore** and bassist **John Spurrier** have been backing vocalist **Charles Brown** at the Roaring '20s Club. Brown previously was working with **Amos Milburn** at the Blue Angel . . . Tenorist **John Wright** and his quartet have returned to Herbie's Lounge, following the **Ron Enyart** Trio . . . Tenorist **Jimmy McGary,** organist **James Madison,**

and drummer **Grove Mooney** have been working at the Flame in Hamilton, Ohio . . . Drummer **Jimmy Madison** rejoined the **Don Goldie** Band and is currently on the road with that group, after completing the school year at Miami University in Oxford . . . **Erroll Garner** closed the **Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra's** regular season. It was his first appearance with the orchestra.

Dallas: The **Los Angeles Junior Neophonic Orchestra,** under the direction of **Jack Wheaton,** gave a concert at North Texas State University en route to Florida . . . The Attic Club, an apartment-penthouse operation that recently opened in Dallas, has set a part-time jazz policy with the booking of the **Mark Carroll** Quartet . . . The **Juvey Gomez** Trio, long-time house band at the Villager, is now holding forth at Mr. Lucky's, a new club in Dentwood, and the **Paul Guerrero** Trio is at the Villager . . . A concert May 16 at Franklin D. Roosevelt High School featured high school jazz musicians from all over the city . . . Somebody goofed in setting up a recent two-show concert here for singer **Damita Jo.** The matinee performance drew 12 persons . . . At the Fink Mink Club, the **Jim Black** Trio now includes Black, bass; **G. T. Hogan,** drums, and **Frank (Bubba) Cobb,** piano, with **Betty Green** doing the vocals . . . The **Les Elgart** Orchestra will play a concert in Memorial Auditorium June 16 . . . Numerous jazz and popular musicians and orchestras have been taped in the last few months at KTVT-TV in the production of a jazz series. The series has been under production for some time, and the pilot was made with the **Dave Brubeck** Quartet in a concert performance . . . The North Texas State University Lab Bands are pressing a limited-edition album that will *not* be commercially available but will be offered for the area fans that have asked repeatedly for one.

Toronto: **Teddy Wilson** played a two-week engagement at the Town Tavern with drummer **Bruce Farquhar** and bassist **Doug Willson.** It was a reunion for Wilson and the bassist, who both worked recently in St. John's, Antiqua. The young bassist has also stepped out as a composer; his *Ballad for Canada,* written in honor of the country's centennial year, and recorded by singer **Tommy Ambrose,** will be released on Capitol . . . The **Erskine Hawkins** Quartet, with singer **Terri Bryant,** appeared in the Park Plaza Hotel for two weeks . . . The Toronto Musicians' Association this year is presenting its free lunchtime concerts at the O'Keefe Center. The series, devoted mostly to string and woodwind groups, is also featuring the **Toronto Chamber Jazz Sextet,** led by **Saul Chapman,** the **Hagood Hardy** Trio, **Ron Collier's** group, and **Phil Nimmons'** band . . . CKEY'S **Phil MacKellar,** Toronto's best-known jazz disc jockey, who also plays drums, took his own jazz group into George's Spaghetti House for a week. **Woody Herman,** who had brought his band to the Palais Royale for a one-nighter, sat in with the MacKellar group.

WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

LEGEND: hb.—house band; tfn.—till further notice; unk.—unknown at press time; wknds.—weekends.

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: **Louis Metcalf.**
Apartment: **Al Haig.**
Basie's: **Harold Ousley,** Sun.-Mon. **Charlie Erland** to 6/25.
Bear Mountain Inn (Peekskill): **Vince Corozine,** Fri.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Brown's (Loch Sheldrake): **Fred Bevan** to 10/8.
Charlie's: **Lee Shaw,** Thur.-Mon.
Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): **Johnny Fontana, Pat Rebillot, Bucky Calabrese.**
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cotton Club (Patterson, N.J.): **Hank White,** wknds. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): **John Gamba,** hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): **Morris Nanton,** Thur.-Sat.
Eddie Condon's: **Bob Wilber, Yank Lawson.**
El Carib (Brooklyn): **Johnny Fontana.**
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): **Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.**
Five Spot: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon, Mon.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): **Sonny Oliver.**
Garden Dis-Cafe: **Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry,** wknds.
Gaslight Club: **Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.**
Hickory House: **Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.**
Jazz at the Office (Freeport, N.Y.): **Jimmy McPartland,** Fri.-Sat.
Kenny's Pub: **Smith Street Society Jazz Band,** Thur.-Fri.
Kutsher's (Monticello): **Otto-McLawler Trio.**
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): **Jazz 'n' Breakfast,** Sun.
Leone's (Port Washington): **Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.**
L'Intrigue: unk.
Little Club: **Johnny Morris.**
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): **Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay,** wknds.
Mark Twain Riverboat: **Harry James** to 6/24.
Metropole: **Lionel Hampton** to 6/25.
007: **Mickey Dean, Walter Perkins.**
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): **MST + One,** wknds.
Open End: **Scott Murray, Wolf Knittel, Ted Kotick, Paul Motian.**
Peter's (Staten Island): **Donald Hahn,** Fri.
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): **Sal Salvador.**
Playboy Club: **Walter Norris, Earl May, Nat Jones, Art Weiss. Mavis Rivers** to 6/25.
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): **Leon Eason.**
Pookie's Pub: **Charles Mingus.**
Jimmy Ryan's: **Don Coates, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.**
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): **Dick Norell, Hap Gormley,** Mon.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.) **Wendell Marshall,** sessions, Sun.
Tamburlaine: **Al Haig, Phil Leshin, Jim Kappes. Bill Rubenstein, Hal Gaylor, Dottie Dodgion,** Mon. Jazz at noon, Mon.
Toast: **Scott Reid.**
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): **Ray Alexander,** Mon.
Top of the Gate: **Daphne Hellman,** Mon. **Mose Allison** to 6/25.
Traver's Cellar Club (Queens): Sessions, Mon.
Villa Pace (Smithtown, N.Y.): **Johnny Jay,** wknds.
Village Gate: **John Handy** to 6/25.
Village Vanguard: **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis,** Mon. **Thelonious Monk** to 6/25.
White Plains Hotel: **Herman Autrey, Red Richards,** wknds.
Your Father's Moustache: **Stan Levine,** Sun.

WASHINGTON

Blues Alley: **Tommy Gwaltney,** hb.
Bohemian Caverns: **Roland Kirk** to 6/18.
Peyton Place: **Johnny Calomeris, Country Thomas.**
Shoreham Hotel Terrace: **Louis Armstrong,** 7/3-15. **Pearl Bailey,** 7/18-29.
Showboat Lounge: **Charlie Byrd.**
Silver Fox: **John Eaton.**

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: **Ted Hawk,** Fri., Sat.
Buck's Bar: **Bill Byrd.**
Chesapeake: **Chuck Berlin.**
Famous Ballroom (Left Bank Jazz Society): name groups, Sun.
Kozy Korner: **Mickey Fields,** Wed.-Sun.
Lenny Moore's: **Greg Hatza,** wknds.
Playboy: **Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells.**
Red Fox: **Dolores Lynn.**

TORONTO

Cava-Bob: **Brian Browne.**
Clem's Room: modern jazz, wknds.
Colonial: **Earl Hines** to 6/24.
Gaslight: **Norm Amadio.**
George's: **Moe Koffman, Art Ayre.**
Park Plaza: **Bobby Hackett** to 6/24. **Jim McHarg,** 6/26-7/22.
Swiss Bear: **Bernie Black.**

DETROIT

Art IV: **Eddie Webb,** hb.
Al Green's (Fisher Bldg.): **Jo Thompson.**
Baker's: **Ray Bryant, Monty Alexander,** to 6/19. **Ahmad Jamal,** 6/23-7/2.
Bandit's Villa: **Terry Harrington,** Fri.-Sat.
Black Hawk (Bay City): **Arnie Kaine, Kent Wilson.**
Blue Chip: **Chubby Kemp.**
Bob & Rob's: **Lenore Paxton,** Tue.-Sat.
Breakers: **Bobby Laurel.**
Cafe Gourmet: **Don Evans,** Tue.-Sun.
Checker Bar-B-Q: **Bobby Rodriguez, Wilbur Chapman,** afterhours.
Checker Bar-B-Q (Livernois): **Bob Elliott,** afterhours.
Colonial Lanes (Ann Arbor): **Jeff Hollander,** Fri.-Sat.
Drome: **Donald Byrd,** 6/16-25.
Eddie's Latin American Restaurant: **Ernie Farrow,** afterhours, wknds.
Frolic: **Don Davis,** Thur.-Sun.
Ivanhoe: **Gary Reno,** Thur.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: **Jack Brokensha,** Tue.-Sat. **Ursula Walker,** Fri.-Sat.

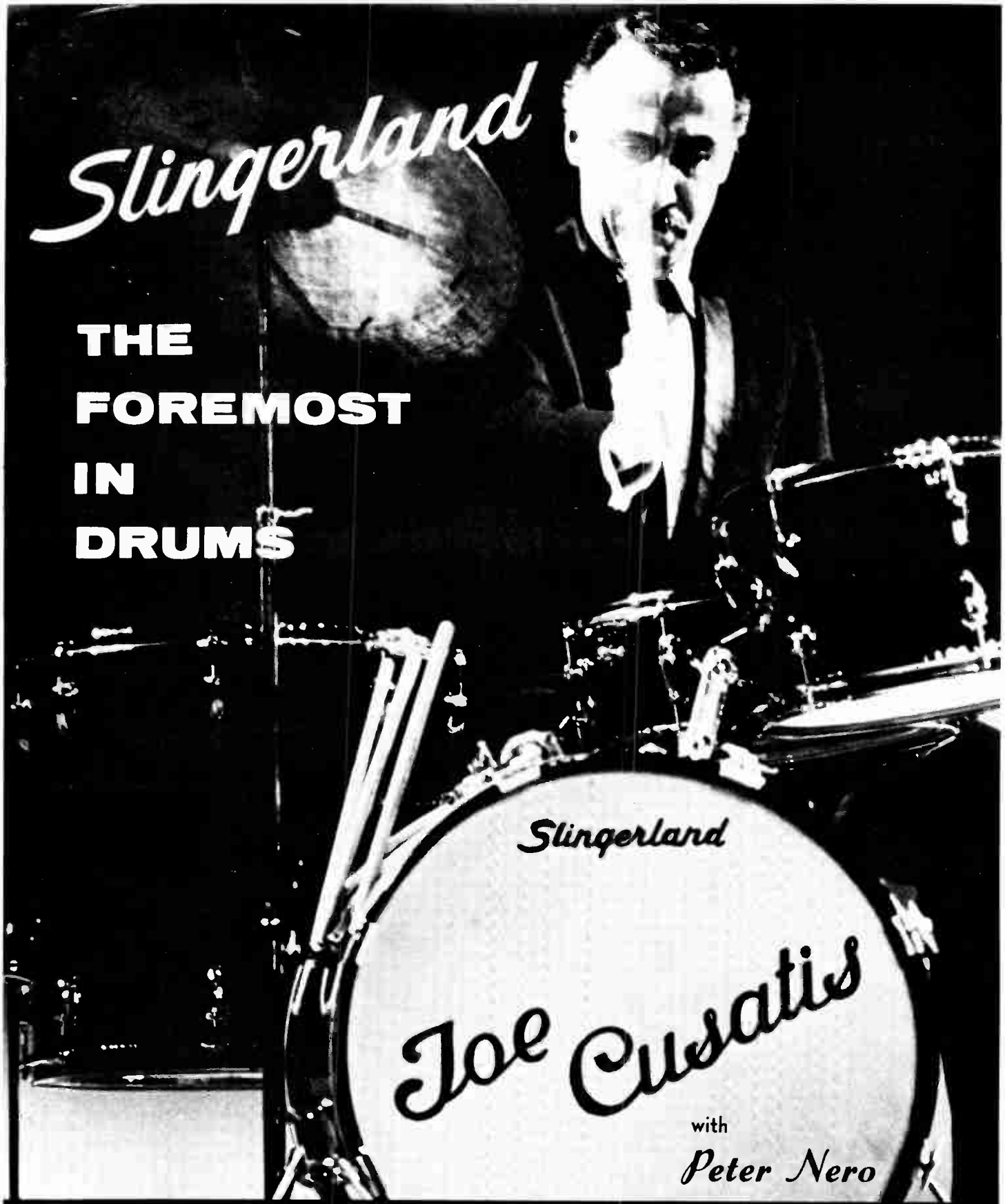
LaRoache's Tea Room (Pontiac): Arnold McConner, wknds.
London Chop House: Mel Ball.
Momo's: Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.
New Olympia: Norm Dillard, Sun.
New Yorker: Donald Walden.
Pagoda (Clawson): Joe Grande, Wed.-Sat.
Paige's: Ernie Farrow, wknds.
Pier One: Dorothy Dunn-Gino Biondo.
Pink Panther: Tony Thomas, Connie Graham.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Vince Mance, hbs.
Pontchartrain Hotel: Dorothy Ashby, Ernie Swan.
Shadow Box: Charles Rowland, Tue.-Sat.
Show Boat: Alexander's Ragtime Band.
Sir-Loin Inn: Danny Stevenson.
Tropicana (Lansing): Jack Hyde.
Watkins Lounge (Pontiac): Billy Stevenson.
Wisdom Tooth: Charles Miles, afterhours.
Wolverine Hotel: Howard Lucas, Fri.-Sat.

CHICAGO

Amphitheater: Frank Sinatra, Buddy Rich, 7/11.
Baroque: Judy Roberts, wknds.
First Quarter: John Klemmer, Sun. afternoon.
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Mon.-Wed.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Ramsey Lewis to 6/18. John D'Andrea & The Young Gyants, 6/20-7/10. Eldee Young & Red Holt, 7/11-30. Clark Terry & Bob Brookmeyer, 8/1-13. Stan Getz, 8/15-7/3.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Ted Ashford, Fri.-Sat.
Office: Joe Daley, Mon.
Panda: Gene Esposito, Tue.-Sat. Larry Novak, Sun.-Mon.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: unk.
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds. Joe Boyce, Tue.
Robin's Nest: The Organizers, wknds.
Stan's Pad: Jimmy Ellis, hb.
White Elephant: Jazz Prophets, Tue.
Yellow Unicorn: Eddie Harris-Dave Catherwood, Tue.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Rodeo Hotel (Beverly Hills): Frankie Tamm.
Bonesville: Don Ellis, Mon.
Brass Ring (Sherman Oaks): jazz, nightly.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Club Casbah: Sam Fletcher, Dolo Coker.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Pete Jolly, 6/15-17, 22-24, 29-7/1. Ruth Price, Dave Grusin, Sun. Guitar Night, Mon. Mike Barone, Wed.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Sonny Helmer.
Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Dave Mackay, Vic Mio.
Glenn's 374 Club: Maria Sayles.
Hollywood Bowl: Jazz at the Philharmonic, 7/1. Carmen McRae, Stan Getz, Wes Montgomery, Michel Legrand, 7/22.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.
Intermission Room: jazz, wknds.
La Luce (Inglewood): jazz, nightly.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Gabor Szabo to 6/25. Mose Allison, 6/27-7/9. Cannonball Adderley, 7/11-25.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Marlena Shaw, Bobby Bryant to 6/18. Gerald Wilson, 6/23-29.
Memory Lane: jazz, nightly.
Olympian: Eddie Cano, Fri.
Outrigger Room (Van Nuys): Matt & Ginny Dennis.
Parisian Room: Ralph Green, Kenny Dixon. Tyrone Parsons, Mon.
Pied Piper: Jessie Davis, Ike Issacs.
Pier 52 (Hermosa Beach): Jimmy Vann.
Pilgrimage Theater: Lalo Schifrin, Paul Horn, 6/25.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Gene Palumbo, Bob Corwin, hbs.
Prime Rib (Newport Beach): Jan Denceau.
Reuben's (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Fri.-Sat. (Whittier): Tue.-Thur.
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Sun.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth, Al McKibbon.
Sandpiper (Playa del Rey): Joanne Grauer.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Jack McDuff to 6/25. Three Sounds, 6/27-7/9. Stan Kenton, 7/11-23. Shelly Manne, wknds.
Sherry's: Mike Melvoin.
Sir Michael's (Commerce): Calvin Jackson, Susan Roberts.
Swing (Studio City): Ray Johnson, Wed., Fri., Sun.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.
Tropicana: Jack McDuff, 6/28-7/10.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Wit's End (Studio City): Joe Rotondi, Ted Hammond. Sessions, Sun.
Ye Little Club (Beverly Hills): Dick Shreve, hb.



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