JULY 14, 1966 35¢

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ANNUAL GUITAR ISSUE

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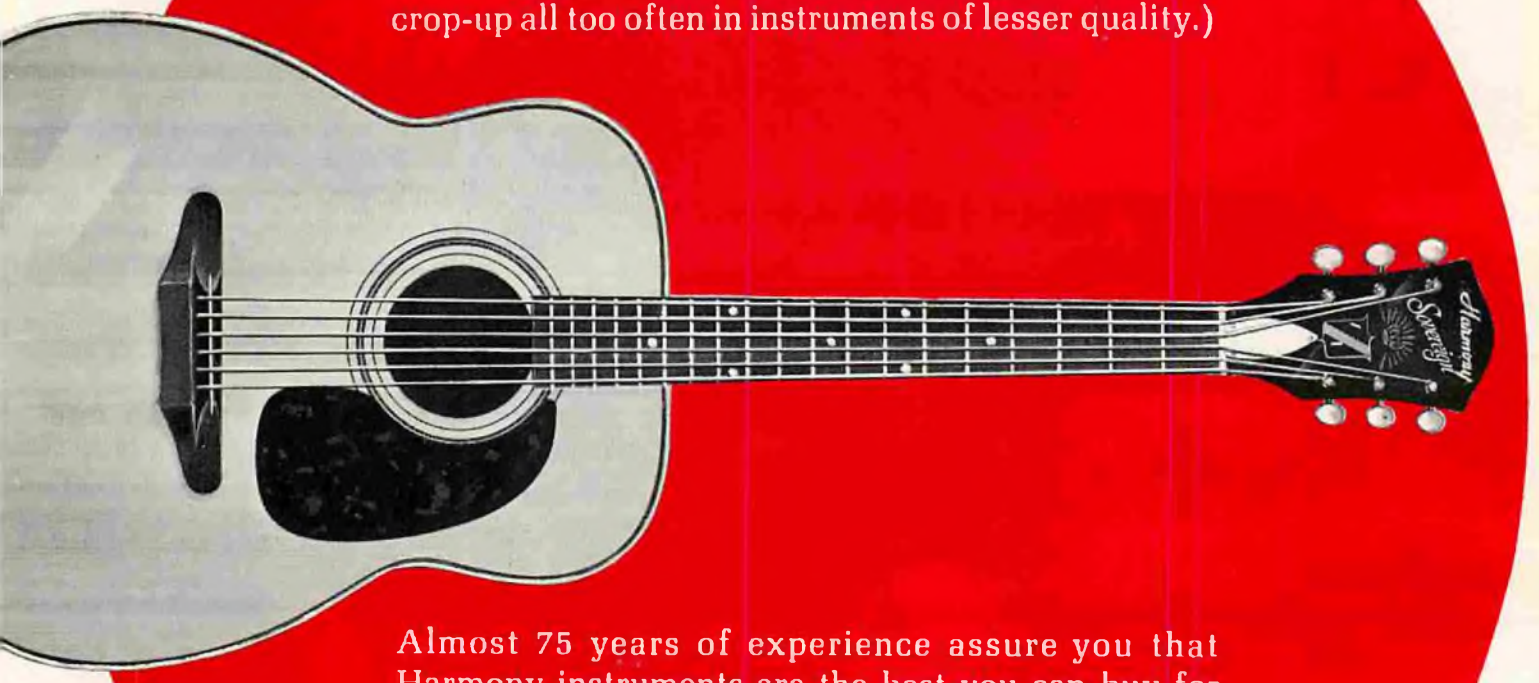

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

DB Fans

Thank you so much for all of your efforts involved in *Down Beat*. I've been reading it more steadily during the past two years, and I find it a very worthwhile and informative periodical.

Please accept my added thanks for the article about Stan Getz by Don DeMicheal (*DB*, May 19, June 2) and also for the articles about the bass players (*DB*, June 2).

Robert P. Clark
Middlebury, Vt.

To sit and read your magazine is an educational as well as entertaining moment for me. I've recently subscribed to *Down Beat* and am thoroughly satisfied.

At the present I'm serving in the Navy. While cruising in and around the South China Sea, life can come to somewhat of a standstill for an avid music lover-musician such as I. I feel that *Down Beat* encourages me in many ways to stay in the groove while in this atmosphere.

Please keep up the good work.

Bob Greenwood
U.S.S. Cacapon

Bassists Pro . . .

I want to congratulate you on a fine issue on bass players. I especially enjoyed Dan Morgenstern's article on Richard Davis and Valerie Wilmer's on David Izenzon as well as Marian McPartland's on Ron McClure and Eddie Gomez.

I hope you will continue to have more articles on bassists in the future since there are so many others, such as Albert Stinson, Cecil McBee, Jimmy Garrison, etc., who are contributing much to jazz.

I also hope to see some articles on many of the newer musicians of the avant-garde, such as Albert Ayler, Marion Brown, and others.

Ernest Hoover
Grand Rapids, Mich.

An interview with tenor saxophonist Ayler and his brother, trumpeter Don, is scheduled for a summer issue.

. . . And Con

It is an outrage that in an issue devoted entirely to bass players, one outstanding young man was neither written about by any of the writers nor mentioned by the bass players interviewed. I am speaking of Chuck Israels, who in my opinion is today's leading exponent of the flowing-melodic-line style of bass playing.

Granted Ron McClure and Eddie Gomez are very talented, but Israels' playing is unforgettable. And that's the difference.

Bunny Daniels
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Clarification From The Source

In the article *Richard Davis: The Complete Musician* (*DB*, June 2) by Dan Morgenstern, Davis is quoted as saying that I

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said to him, "God told me you were going to be my next bass player."

Notwithstanding my appreciation of Davis as a man, musician, and a former member of my group, I must say that I have never made such a statement, and furthermore, I have little respect for people who do make such statements, aside from the great spiritual figures in the history of this world we live in.

Ahmad Jamal
New York City

The M.Z. Twist

Down Beat is to be commended for the acute perception it has shown in adding Michael Zwerin to the record review staff. So far as I'm concerned, Zwerin's name is synonymous with "consistent"; i.e., I have yet to purchase an album which he has panned that *hasn't* pleased me. His review of George Shearing's album in the June 2 issue was no exception.

However, I hope you will not turn him loose on too many albums because my purchasing power is limited, and I might have to cancel my subscription to *Down Beat* until I get caught up.

Maydene Crosby
Cincinnati, Ohio

Soph More Than Competent

As a former music student at North Texas State University, I feel qualified to comment on the recent *Down Beat* reviews of the North Texas State Lab Band (*DB*, June 2). In general the reviews were correct; the band displays strong section and ensemble work and is undoubtedly comparable to any professional big band around. But there is one reservation which ought to be made. It concerns drummer Ed Soph.

While it was generally acknowledged that Soph is a mature and sensitive musician, the acknowledgement tended toward understatement. Soph is not only mature and sensitive—he's a gas! His approach to jazz is highly sophisticated (ignore the pun) and is most evident in a small-group context. Here Soph is fully able to realize his potential as a sympathetic, creative artist.

Anyone who has heard him will agree that no one in the Southwest can touch him. Ironically, Soph is an English major who doesn't think he can make it in music.

Larry Lalli
River Edge, N.J.

Jazz-Population Explosion

Leonard Feather's piece, *Jazz: A Victim of the Population Explosion* (*DB*, June 2), was a welcome corrective to the spate of recent "ain't it awful" letters, articles, etc. The necessity of developing new channels of support for performance, the decline of existing channels, and the repulsion over current operating conditions are urgent and valid reflections of long-standing deficiencies that are accentuated because of the enlargement of the pre-professional and professional jazz population.

Beyond articulating conditions in verbal protest, however, there seems to be very little "political" and administrative behavior directed at changing market conditions or in developing alternative employment mechanisms, as if these were immutable or could only get worse than they are now.

To be thoroughly free is extraordinarily difficult to achieve; most people, musicians included, are contingently free. They concede something in advance in order to obtain the best circumstances which are even less often available now with the population increase. The solution must reside in diversifying the channels of opportunity.

Miles Davis' proposed venture into what looks like a jazz co-operative is one of the more promising models for change within the jazz community in regard to employment, security, etc. A separate union of jazz musicians is another possibility deserving consideration. A musicians' guild with centralized booking, promotion, and advertising is another.

While these ideas are neither very novel or guaranteed, it is clear to me that only when the members of the jazz community themselves find organizational mechanisms for their mutual protection, support, and advancement will conditions change.

Philip Appel
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Down Beat Scholarship Winners Announced

The 30 winners of the 1966 *Down Beat* competition for summer scholarships to the Berklee School of Music include entrants from Korea and Formosa, in addition to students from 14 states.

The Korean is Duck Jae Rhee, who won a $200 scholarship, and the Formosan is Kenneth J. Lee, who received a $100 grant.

The winners were selected on the basis of tape recordings. The Berklee facutly did the final judging.

Others awarded $200 grants for 12 weeks of study at the Boston, Mass., school are Joe Rice, Somerville, N.J.; Gary M. Anderson, Torrance, Calif.; Pete M. Robinson and Steven Wandzura, both of Los Angeles; Russell L. Owens, Richmond, Ind.; Thomas Duncan, San Francisco, Calif.; Jay Thomas, Seattle, Wash.; Melton Jones, Itta Bena, Miss.; and Booker Walker, Utica, Miss.

Others receiving $100 grants for six weeks of study are William Wisch, Bergenfield, N.J.; Harry A. Drabkin, Junction City, Kan.; Doug Elseroad, Owings Mills, Md.; Mark Kirk, Vincennes, Ind.; Thomas Canning, Springfield, Ohio; Jonathan Klein, Worcester, Mass.; James Drennen, Bordentown, N.J.; Frank Tanzini, Trenton, N.J.; David Simpson, Evansville, Ind.; Ronald G. Suber, Fayetteville, Ark.; Shelly Davis, Hicksville, N.Y.; Charles R. Goodrum, Hot Springs, Ark.; Tom Lachmund, Madison, Wis.; Richard McCutcheon, Willingboro, N.J.; Jules Moss, Bloomfield, Conn.; Don Cody Ritchie, Mount Sterling, Ky.; William J. Weichert, Oakland, Calif.; and David Berger and Robert Schwartz, both of Merrick, N.Y.

Final Bar

Drummer George Vital (Papa Jack) Laine, 92, one of the most important figures in the early development of jazz, died June 2 of pneumonia in New Orleans.

Laine's interest in music began when as a boy he played in various New Orleans spasm bands, which usually consisted of several boys playing crude instruments such as whistles, tin pans, and tin fifes bought for a nickel.

Laine acquired his first real drum when the Cotton Exposition of 1885 closed down. He led his first band, which he described as playing "ragtime," in 1888, and he rapidly won a reputation as a fine drummer and leading organizer of bands for the innumerable dances, picnics, and parades in New Orleans at the turn of the century.

Laine's parallel careers as blacksmith (his main occupation) and drummer were interrupted when he fought in the Spanish-American War in 1898. But when he returned to New Orleans, his musical stature grew to the extent that white musicians who worked under him refer to the early part of the 20th century as the Jack Laine Era.

At the peak of his popularity, Laine had five bands working regularly, in which he played drums, alto horn, and bass fiddle. It was during this time that Laine developed an impressive number of the musicians who were to become important figures in the growth of New Orleans jazz. Among his proteges were Nick LaRocca, Paul Mares, the Brunies family, Larry Shields, Leon Rappolo, Chink Martin, Alcide (Yellow) Nunez, Raymond Lopez, and Sharkey Bonano.

Papa Jack
So-called father of white jazz

Laine's musical activities were sharply curtailed during World War I when many of his musicians entered military service. Others, like LaRocca and Lopez (cornetist with Tom Brown's band), had left New Orleans to take jazz to other parts of the country.

Laine drifted away from music, and by the late '20s he had abandoned it.

In recent years, Laine's influence on the history of jazz has been recognized more fully. In 1951 the New Orleans Jazz Club proclaimed him "The Father of White Jazz," although this is somewhat of a misnomer because of the considerable degree of interaction between Negro and white musicians in Laine's time (clarinetist Achille Baquet, for example, worked with Laine while Baquet's brother George worked with Jelly Roll Morton).

The New Orleans Jazz Archives has collected extensive material since the archive's origin in 1958 attesting to Laine's importance. So has the Jazz Museum. In 1964 Laine was the subject of a half-hour National Educational Television show that was part of a series of programs on early jazz in New Orleans.

Laine's funeral, unlike those of many other traditional jazzmen, was not attended by a large number of jazz musicians. Laine had outlived most of his students.

•

Art Auerbach, owner of the Jazz Workshop died June 2 in a San Francisco hospital while awaiting tests for a heart condition that had afflicted him for the last six years. His illness had been known only to his closest friends, and, to all appearances, he was in prime health.

A successful attorney in the field of civil law, Auerbach was born in Miami, Fla., Dec. 28, 1926, and spent his early years in New York City and Chicago. After moving to San Francisco, he was graduated from the University of California and, in 1957, from the Hastings College of Law.

Ten years ago last March 27, he and an associate bought the Jazz Workshop, then a small, unknown bar. Auerbach subsequently bought out his partner and made the Workshop one of the nation's best-known jazz clubs. When the Black Hawk shut in the summer of 1963, the Jazz Workshop became the oldest jazz club in San Francisco.

A few years ago, Auerbach remarked that he became a jazz fan as a result of running the Workshop.

"I now book groups according to what kind of jazz sells," he said, "but some of my favorites are those on which I took a chance. John Coltrane, for example, or Charles Mingus. I really get involved in what they play."

Other groups that have played the club include those of Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis, Horace Silver, and Cannonball Adderley.

The day before he entered the hospital, a close friend said, Auerbach drew a new will and directed that, whatever might befall him, the club was to be kept running. He was proud of the fact the Workshop operated seven nights a week and in all its history had been closed only three nights. As a result, nothing about the performance of pianist Les McCann's trio or the conduct of bartenders and waitresses intimated to customers that Auerbach had died only hours before.

It is understood that Auerbach provided that the club be kept in operation by his widow. Besides Mrs. Auerbach and two sons, Robert, 4, and Arthur Jr. 2, survivors include his father and two brothers.

Stop The Press!

From Kenneth Gouldthorpe's review of a Lou Rawls record, in *Life*, May 20:

"There is a chasm between rhythm-and-blues and pop singing which few artists seem able to bridge—Ray Charles has done so, as have Ella Fitzgerald and Sarah Vaughan."

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Guaraldi And Fantasy Sue Each Other

Filing suit in Superior Court in San Francisco against Max and Sol Weiss and their several recording and publishing firms, pianist Vince Guaraldi has requested that the court cancel all his contracts with the Weiss companies and order them to pay him $150,000 damages.

The Weiss firms include Fantasy Records, Inc., Circle Record Co., Cireco Music, Inc., and Farfel Music Co. (in which Guaraldi has an interest). The companies produced the pianist's biggest record successes, including the single *Cast Your Fate to the Wind* and the album *Jazz Impressions of "Black Orpheus."*

According to the suit, Guaraldi wrote 42 compositions for Farfel, of which at least 37 were sold on Circle or Fantasy labels. The pianist charges that the Weiss brothers refused to give him an accounting of record production and sales.

The suit asks that Guaraldi's latest contracts, signed in 1964, be declared invalid. The suit contends that Max Weiss used those contracts to interfere when Guaraldi was negotiating a recording contract with Warner Bros. records recently. Weiss is accused of "wrongfully and maliciously" advising Warner Bros. that he had Guaraldi under exclusive contract.

The pianist's only comment on his reason for wanting to leave Fantasy and switch to Warner Bros. was, "I thought it was time to leave."

In a counter move, a law firm representing the Weiss brothers and their firms filed an answer and a cross-complaint to Guaraldi's suit. They deny the pianist's charges and ask $100,000 damages for Guaraldi's alleged repudiation of his contract with the Circle Record Co.

The Weiss companies, the largest record company in San Francisco, began in the late 1940s and initiated the recording careers of such artists as Dave Brubeck and Cal Tjader, as well as comedian Lenny Bruce and singer Odetta. It was while the pianist was with the Tjader group that he became associated with Max Weiss, described in the Guaraldi suit as a "benevolent adviser and consultant to young talent" and as the pianist's "mentor and consultant."

Europe's Festival Schedule Heavy

The European jazz-festival scene easily outdistances that in the United States—at least in numbers of events. So far this spring seven festivals have been held, ones in Frankfurt, Germany, and Bologna, Italy, and five in Communist countries: three in the Soviet Union (Leningrad, Moscow, and Tallin), the Hungarian Jazz Festival in Budapest, and the Yugoslav Jazz Festival in Bled.

But with the exception of those held in Frankfurt and Bled, these are relatively small gatherings of the faithful compared with other jazz festivals scheduled this year in Western Europe.

Following is a list of the sites and dates of the more important ones scheduled this year (the names of artists announced so far are included):

• Antibes-Juan-les-Pins, France: July 23-28; Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington Orchestra, Anita O'Day, Clark Terry, Charles Lloyd Quartet, the Gospelaires, Albert Mangelsdorff, Tete Montoliu, Bernard Peiffer, Misja Mengelberg, Lilian Terry, and the Old School Jazz Band from Switzerland.

• Comblain-la-Tour, Belgium: Aug. 6-7; Stan Getz, Anita O'Day, Stuff Smith, Eddie Boyd, Kenny Drew, U.S. Army Jazz Band, Bratislava Traditional Jazz Band, Italian All-Stars featuring Francesco Lo Bianco and Claudio Lo Casico, Henry Texier, Boulou Ferre, Barney Wilen, Bernard Peiffer, Irene Schweitzer, Gunther Hampel, the Low Down Wizards from Germany, the Original Storyville Jazz Band from Austria, the Jeggtat New Orleans Jazz Band from Belgium.

• Molde, Norway: Aug. 4-7; Art Farmer, Stuff Smith, Jimmy Rushing, Kenny Drew, Niels Henning Orsted-Pedersen, Alex Riel, the Gilbert Lindstrom Band, Charles Lloyd.

• Lugano, Switzerland: Aug. 31-Sept. 1; Paul Bley (others unknown at presstime).

• Stockholm, Sweden: Sept. 16-18; Dizzy Gillespie, Horace Silver, Archie Shepp.

• Prague, Czechoslovakia: Oct. 5-9; George Russell, Lou Bennett, Duke Ellington, Bill Smith, Mike Mantler, Double Six, Stephane Grappelly, Zagreb Jazz Quartet, Ronnie Ross, Bill LeSage, Cleo Laine, George Riedel Septet, Karin Krog.

• Berlin, Germany: Nov. 3-6; Archie Shepp, Leo Wright, Carmell Jones, Cecil Taylor Combo, Astrud Gilberto, Earl Hines, Stan Getz, Herbie Mann, John Coltrane, Art Blakey, Max Roach, Abbey Lincoln, Dave Brubeck, Jimmy Rushing, Rex Stewart, Buck Clayton, Slam Stewart, Kurt Edelhagen Orchestra, Pavel Blatny Combo, Albert Mangelsdorff, Joe Harriott, Cicero's Rokoko Jazz Band, and the Rio de Janeiro Bossa Nova All-Stars.

Potpourri

George Wein will present three nights of jazz at Lewisohn Stadium July 15, 16, and 17. **Duke Ellington** and his orchestra, trumpeter **Miles Davis'** quintet, tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins**, and trumpeter **Roy Eldridge** will open the series; a big band of **Lionel Hampton** alumni, organized by reed man **Jerome Richardson**, will perform with the vibraharpist (who also will be reunited with pianist **Teddy Wilson** and drummer **Gene Krupa**) on July 16, with the **Newport All-Stars** also on the bill; and the concluding concert will feature the quartets of pianists **Dave Brubeck** and **Thelonious Monk** and organist **Jimmy Smith's** trio.

•

The winners of a contest held by *Women's Day* magazine for its advertisers, awarded a free round trip to the Kentucky Derby, were serenaded in their club car at Grand Central Station by a jazz band led by trumpeter **Max Kaminsky**, with **Marshall Brown**, valve trombone; **Tony Parenti**, clarinet; **Angelo DiPippo**, accordion; **Joe Hanchow**, tuba; and **George Reed**, drums. The musicale, covered by network television newscameras, was scheduled to end with the train's departure but met with such approval that the musicians were persuaded to remain aboard until the first stop en route. An invitation to stay on hand for the entire trip had to be declined, because several of the men had gigs in New York that night. (They made it back on time.)

•

A $2,000 grant from the Monterey, Calif., Jazz Festival will be used by the Lyceum of the Monterey Peninsula to sponsor a special day camp for young musicians. The camp will be conducted in conjunction with the annual conductors' Workshop of the American Symphony Orchestra League. Twenty musically gifted Monterey Peninsula students in school Grades 7 to 12 will take part in the three-week camp.

•

A lecture-demonstration, including film clips, on American dance, from early vaudeville to rock-and-roll, will be presented July 11 at Cooperstown, N.Y., as part of the 19th annual seminars of American culture given by the New York State Historical Association. Prof. **Marshall Stearns**, jazz and dance authority, will head the seminar, assisted by film collector **Ernest R. Smith** and dancer-choreographer **Charles Atkins**, of the dance-team, **Atkins** and **Cole.**

•

Pianist **Art Hodes'** solo performance on a Chicago television show this spring won a local Emmy award for excellence. The 30-minute show, titled *Plain Ol' Blues*, was telecast "live" on WTTW, Chicago's educational TV station. The show was produced by **Bob Kaiser**, who has featured jazz on several of the programs emanating from the station. Another Chicago program using jazz, *Revolution in Religion*, also won an Emmy. The Rev. **Robert Owens**, Chicago's Night Pastor, was featured playing piano with a group of local traditional-jazz musicians in the first part of the half-hour film.

•

Indiana University's big jazz bands have gained wide acclaim in the last three years, including first-place awards at the Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame and a U.S. State Department-sponsored tour of the Far East. So impressive was the performance of the bands, that IU's jazz-program director, **Jerry Coker**, was wooed from the school by the University of Miami. Beginning with this fall's term Coker will be visiting assistant professor of music at the Florida college, where he will be in charge of a degree-granting jazz curriculum. Tenor saxophonist Coker formerly was with the **Woody Herman** Band.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: Because of prior commitments, trumpeter **Snooky Young** will not join pianist **Earl Hines'** septet for its USSR tour, which begins July 7. He will be replaced by **Harold (Money) Johnson**, a veteran of the **Horace Henderson** and **Nat Towles** bands and most recently with the **Reuben Phillips** house band at the Apollo Theater in Harlem . . . **Benny Goodman's** group at the Rainbow Grill opened with a somewhat different personnel than had been announced. The clarinetist used trumpeter **Doc Cheatham**, pianist **Hank Jones**, bassist **Al Hall**, and drummer **Morey Feld**, with guitarist **Les Spann** joining during the second week of the successful three-week engagement, which ended June 8 . . . The fourth season of "Jazz in the Churchyard," free summer concerts held each Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. at St. Mark's Church (Second Ave. and 10th St.), began June 17 with alto saxophonist **Ed Curran's** quartet (**Jack Bonus**, tenor saxophone; **Reed Wasson**, bass; **Bob Pozar**, drums), followed by pianist **Lamont Johnson's** quintet and then the **UNI Trio** (**Perry Robinson**, clarinet; **Bill Folwell**, bass; **Tom Price**, drums). Curran is director of the series . . . The Living Room has instituted a jazz-for-lunch-and-cocktails policy; pianist **Lee Shaw's** trio is featured. Bandleader **Cab Calloway's** daughter, **Chris**, made her New York singing debut at the club June 27 . . . Calloway's band at the Mark Twain Riverboat included trumpeters **Lamar Wright Sr.**, **Dick Vance**, and occasionally **Clark Terry**, trombonists **Benny Morton** and **Elmer Crumbly**, reed men **Hilton Jefferson**, **Garvin Bushell**, **Eddie Barefield**, and **Sam (The Man) Taylor**, pianist **Lloyd Mayers**, bassist **Milt Hinton**, and drummer **Cozy Cole**. The **Buddy DeFranco-Glenn Miller** Orchestra and **Count Basie's** band followed Calloway for a three-night stand apiece. The band of **Les** and **Larry Elgart** is on deck through July 9 . . . Sunday afternoon sessions at the Dom resumed June 12 with trumpeter **Blue Mitchell's** fivesome, followed by an all-star group including trumpeter **Kenny Dorham**, tenor saxophonist **George Coleman**, and baritone saxophonist **Pepper Adams**. Clarinetist **Tony Scott's** quartet, with **Jaki Byard** featured on piano, continues its long run at the club; it works Wednesday through Sunday during the summer . . . Trumpeter **Lee Morgan** had tenorist **Hank Mobley**, pianist **Cedar Walton**, bassist **Jimmy Garrison**, and drummer **Billy Higgins** with him for an early June engagement at Slug's . . . The Central Park North club in Hartsdale has a seven-night jazz policy. Drummer **Rudy Collins'** trio is on hand Mondays and Tuesdays, and pianist **Herman Foster's** trio holds the fort the rest of the week . . . Pianist **Randy Weston**, with bassists **Bill Wood** and **Ahmed Abdul-Malik** alternating in his group, did two weekends at Pal Joey's in June. The pianist also worked the Half Note in late June, using Wood, baritone saxophonist **Cecil Payne**, trumpeter-flugelhornist **Ray Copeland**, drummer **Lennie McBrowne**, and congaist **Montego Joe**. Weston, with Wood and McBrowne, will play the Avaloch Inn in Lenox, Mass., July 9-Aug. 20 . . . Drummer-pianist **Barry Miles** made his New York night-club debut at the Half Note June 28 when he opened a week's stay. Following Miles will be the tenor tandem of **Al Cohn** and **Zoot Sims**, who will be in through July 17. Singer **Jimmy Rushing** will assist the tenorists on weekends during the engagement . . . Disc jockey **Mort Fega** has opened a personal-management office and plans to concentrate on this branch of the music business; he also conducts a Friday night jazz show over WBAI-FM . . . Avant-garde tenor saxophonist **Frank Smith's** sextet (**Lawrence Cook**, metal drums; **Randy Kaye**, drums; and **Doug Murray**, **Steve Tintweiss**, and **Teddy Wald**, basses) gave a Memorial Day concert at the Cinematheque. The group is scheduled to perform at the Showboat Lounge in Philadelphia, Pa., July 10. Two days later it will initiate a concert series, sponsored by the Lower East Side Civic Improvement Association, at the new Tompkins Square Amphitheater (Avenue B and Seventh St.). Pianist-composer **Sun Ra's Solar Arkestra** will also be featured at the amphitheater concert . . . A concert of "free-form music," featuring clarinetist **Carmen Cicero**, alto saxophonist **Al Senerchia**, and bassist **Vinnie Burke**, was held at Sarah Lawrence College recently. Cicero teaches painting at the school . . . A quintet led by vibraharpist **Milt Jackson** and featuring tenor saxophonist **Jimmy Heath** played June 16 at the Club Ruby in Jamaica, N.Y. The club has scheduled an outdoor jazz jamboree and picnic for July 24 . . . Singer **Joe Lee Wilson** was featured with drummer **Roy Haynes'** quartet at the Five Spot in June; the Monday night attraction at the club through the summer months is harpist **Daphne Hellman's** trio (**Ed Berg**, guitar, and **Bill Takas**, bass) and pianist-singer-lyricist **Irma Jurist** . . . South African pianist-singer **Rene Raff** was at the Apartment through June . . . Singer **Janet Lawson** was recently featured at the Living Room in East Orange, N.J. . . . Clarinetist **Kenny Davern** has joined pianist **Dick Wellstood's** house band at the Ferry Boat in Brielle, N.J. . . . **Skitch Henderson's** *Tonight Show* band made its New York concert debut at Shea Stadium June 25. The band's jazz contingent includes trumpeters **Clark Terry** and **Doc Severinsen**, saxophonist **Tom Newsom**, **Walt Levinsky**, and **Al Klink**, bassist **Bob Haggart**, and drummers **Bobby Rosengarden** and **Ed Shaughnessy**. Severinsen's sextet at Basin Street East (**Arnie Lawrence**, alto saxophone; **Derek Smith**, piano; **Joe Puma**, guitar; **Al Ferrari**, bass; and **Mousie Alexander**, drums) was extended from a two-week booking beginning May 12 to a six-week stay ending June 25. During July, the sextet is booked for concerts in Kentucky and Texas and a week's stand at the Shamrock-Hilton Hotel in Houston, Texas. The trumpeter also conducted the *Tonight Show* band during Henderson's vacation.

CHICAGO: When pianist **Ramsey Lewis** opened at the London House June 7, two familiar faces were absent from his trio—those of bassist **El Dee Young** and drummer **Red Holt**, who formed the co-operative (in a business sense, that is) group with Lewis several years ago. Young and Holt first left the group last fall, but ensuing legal hassels and charges-and-countercharges led to a reformation. This time, though, the breakup is definite, according to the players. Lewis' new men are bassist **Cleveland Eaton** and drummer **Maurice White** . . . The **Dave Brubeck** Quartet will be the star of the Ludwig Drum Co.'s "Music '66" show July 12 at the Conrad Hilton Hotel's main ballroom. The concert also features **Dick Schory's** 20-piece Percussion Pops Orchestra and is given for those attending the annual National Association of Music Merchants convention, July 10-14, at the Conrad Hilton . . . That hotel currently is featuring the **Freddy Cole** Trio in its Haymarket lounge. Cole is a piano-vocalist brother of the late **Nat** . . . Pianist **Joe Mantio's** trio opened at the Edgewater Beach Hotel's Yacht Club early in June . . . Singer **Clea Bradford** closed a two-weeker at the Playboy Club on June 26 . . . Blues men **Percy Mayfield** and **Jimmy Reed** were the features at The Club in mid-June . . . A group calling itself **The Quintet** gave a June 4 benefit concert at, and for, the Englewood Urban Progress Center. The five musicians are trumpeter **Ivory Pittman**, tenorist **James Whitfield**, pianist **Louis Hall**, bassist **Bill Brown**, and drummer **Arlington Davis** . . . A benefit to raise funds for the work of the Rev. **Robert Owen**, the Rush St. Night Pastor, was held June 5 at Mother Blues. The Rev. Mr. Owen, a capable jazz pianist, played at the benefit. He followed that appearance the next day with one at the Rehabilitation Institute of Chicago, where the other members of the Episcopal minister's quartet were the Rev. **Samuel Patterson**, guitar; Rabbi **Daniel Friedman**, trumpet; and the Rev. **Joseph Dustin**, a banjo-playing Roman Catholic priest . . . Promoter **Joe Segal** took a different tack for his June 6 Modern Jazz Showcase program at Mother Blues. Instead of presenting a number of local jazzmen, as he has done for years at his sessions, Segal interspersed sets by altoist **Bunky Green** and pianist **John Young's** trio among three showings of a collection of jazz films—mostly shorts made in the '40s—prepared for this presentation by **Bob Koester**.

LOS ANGELES: Big bands, big sounds, big doings. Memorial Day weekend found the bands of **Harry James** and **Nelson Riddle** at Disneyland—where one might expect to hear only Mickey Mouse bands. **Duke Ellington** and band made two local appearances recently: one-nighters at the Candlewood Country Club in Whittier and the Golden West Ballroom in Norwalk. **Gerald Wilson** and his 18-piecer finished a successful two weeks at Shelly's Manne-Hole. **Terry Gibbs** fronted a 17-piece band for the opening of his

(Continued on page 67)

after rock . . . what?

By LES SPANN

A former Dizzy Gillespie guitarist, now teaching in New York City, offers advice to young folk and rock musicians

IT'S TRUE THAT most young guitarists come thunking into the music business embraced in the arms of rock-and-roll or folk music. But in this ever-growing and fast-growing influx of guitar players there has developed a group sufficiently capable in those two idioms to begin to wonder if there isn't something more that a potential life in music can offer.

These are the players who are becoming aware of the scope and versatility of the instrument, and they desire to play something other than simple chords.

I have been asked many times what would be the proper procedure for increasing both one's knowledge of the guitar and his over-all musical scope. It would seem that esthetically there can be some difficulty in bridging the gap between the folk idiom and pop music and/or jazz. This may or may not be true, but it is definitely no hindrance as far as the playing of the guitar is concerned.

Among my students are many who have progressed rapidly from folk chords to standard popular songs and improvisation. The most important aspect in this progress is a broadening of perspective—of music in general and of the guitar fingerboard in particular.

One would assume that with the variety of instruction books available, it would be relatively simple to study these books or for teachers to give instruction directly from them. Unhappily, this is not so. It seems that most of the material for guitar study is geared to one or another aspect of playing, with nothing available to correlate this information for actual performance.

Without being too technical, I would like to mention some of the more important factors involved in advanced playing. Of primary importance is a thorough knowledge of chords and inversions and their relationships. This, in essence, is music harmony; but when applied to the guitar it is a combination of fingerboard technique and harmony.

The importance of scales is usually taken for granted, but there is another facet of learning scales that has been seriously overlooked; that is, memorizing not only the notes but also the number of each note in the scale. This is important in playing complex chords and runs.

The learning of standard pop and jazz songs forms a repertoire, which is one of the reasons for wanting to play in the first place. The literature of music is vast, but there is one advantage for the musician. Because of the repetitious nature of Western music, certain harmonic patterns recur frequently. Once learned, these patterns can be freely associated. An advantage for the guitarist is the fact that chords and formations can be moved chromatically on his instrument, a characteristic of stringed instruments. Therefore, one can play in many keys using one or more basic fingering patterns.

Of course, one must always study his predecessors. Listening to other musicians, either on recordings or in person, is vital. This should not be limited to guitarists but should be done for all instruments and for specific purposes: to guitarists and pianists for chord concepts, to horns and singers for lyricism and articulation, to drummers for rhythmic patterns, and to large orchestras for broader concepts of form, dynamics, and color.

The combination of these factors furnishes the student a well-rounded attitude in approaching serious study of the guitar and provides the advanced guitarist polish. db

BOLA SETE—Latin Love Affair Or . . . Guitar As A Way Of Life

BY RUSS WILSON

IT'S A LONG WAY FROM Sugar Loaf Mountain to the Golden Gate, but it's even longer by the route that Bola Sete took.

Far from routine, too, are the incidents that propelled the 38-year-old guitarist from Rio de Janeiro to the United States and into its world of jazz, where he began to attract attention in 1962 and now is seeking a career as leader of his own trio.

A warm, outgoing man, tantalizingly in struggle with the English language, Sete's instrumental ability and dedication to music have been displayed on a series of Fantasy albums, most of them recorded with the Vince Guaraldi Trio, and in appearances at the Monterey Jazz Festival, the Village Vanguard in New York City, the Showboat in Washington, D.C., and on the National Educational Television network.

As for other matters:

"I do not drink, do not smoke, and do not gamble. But a man must have something, and I love girls. I do not think I will get married. I have a good life, I love my guitar, and when I come home at 3 a.m. and feel like playing, I play. Do you think I could do this with a wife?"

The reason Sete gives for nondrinking is simple:

"I do what I know will help my playing and avoid the things that interfere with it. I never take a drink when I play, because it makes my fingers feel heavy and slow, and what I feel down inside doesn't come out. I do not drink coffee because it is stimulating and no good for my playing. Sometimes, maybe, a cup after lunch. But usually tea."

He grinned, perhaps at the thought that a Brazilian was voicing such economic heresy, and continued:

"I work hard and practice many hours a day. When it goes well, the time passes quickly, and I am not lonely. I play a classical Velazquez. Oh, how I love that guitar!"

Sete's introduction to music began even before he could pronounce the word, or his own name for that matter. His real name is Djalma de Andrade. "Bola sete" (seven ball) is the one black ball in Brazilian billiards. The nickname was hung on him while he was playing with a touring South American band in which he was the only Negro member, and he has continued to use it as his stage name.

Second youngest of seven children, and the only son, Sete grew up with music. His father played guitar, his mother and a sister were pianists; another sister played violin. There was an uncle who played clarinet, and one played tuba.

On Sunday afternoons there would be family get-togethers.

"We would make a little jam sessions," Bola remarked in rich, rolling syllables and smiling at the happy memories. "Each time it was at a different home—our's, an uncle's, an aunt's. . . .

"One time, while I was 6 years old, someone forgot to take his ukelele home."

Ukelele? In Brazil?

"Oh, yes," Sete said, "A cavaquinho. That is the Portuguese name for ukelele. We tune them like four strings of a guitar.

"I played around with it and figured out a couple of chords, and then one of my uncles taught me some of the others. When my mother saw I was really interested in music, she bought me a ukelele for my birthday."

By the time he was 9, he wanted a guitar very much and asked his father if he would give him one.

" 'Oh, papa, I want a guitar; please get me a guitar, papa,' " Sete said in recollection and grinning impishly. "Finally he said if I was a good boy in school, he would get me one."

And was he a good boy?

"Oh, yes," Sete replied with mock solemnity, "very good." In any event, he got a guitar for Christmas.

He practiced assiduously, began enlarging his musical vocabulary by listening to records, and finally became the

PHOTO BY JIM TAYLOR

best musician in his family circle.

The first jazz group he heard via phonograph was the Nat King Cole Trio, "with Oscar Moore on guitar," Sete emphasized. "This was a great trio, a beautiful trio."

Later there were 78-rpms by the Benny Goodman Sextet with Charlie Christian and recordings featuring another great guitarist, Django Reinhardt.

By the time he was 18, Sete was playing with a semi-professional group in Rio. Instrumentation included guitars, banjo, cavaquinho, clarinet, tambourine, and cuica—an elongated Brazilian drum whose single head has an attached cord that the drummer can tug to produce "talking" effects.

"We played Brazilian music—folk music, sambas, and so forth, at parties and places like that," Sete said. "We weren't really professionals, but we had fun."

Meanwhile, Sete's father unavailingly was urging him to become a lawyer. The upshot was that Sete left home and began scuffling for paying jobs as a musician. Enough developed that he was able to enter the National School of Music in Rio and remain until he was graduated five years later.

"But I wanted to learn more about the guitar, classical guitar," Sete said, "so I went on to the conservatory in Sao Paulo. They had much better guitar teachers there."

Besides studying and practicing by day, he was playing gigs at night to make a living. His interest in jazz was nourished by records and stimulated by hearing the Dizzy Gillespie and Woody Herman bands when they toured South America in 1956 and '58, respectively.

"O-oooh, that was something—never before had I heard anything like it," Sete said with an animation that evidenced the excitement he had felt upon hearing those bands.

By now, Sete was doubling on amplified guitar. A friend had imported an instrument from the United States and, growing tired of it, sold it to Sete. He also was doing a different sort of doubling in the dance band with which he then was playing regularly. Inspired, perhaps, by the Dorseys or Goodman, the leader included a combo within the big band.

"The band would play a tune, then the quartet, then the band, then the quartet—for an hour without stopping," Sete said. "Then, finally, we get a 20-minute break. I play the amplified guitar with the quartet, then turn off the volume and play rhythm guitar with the big band. No stopping. Hard work."

Sete got a breather when he ended his stay at the conservatory. Though his studies there had been in the classics, extracurricular probings included flamenco and the Portuguese fado as well as jazz. All these had a part in a sextet he formed. The combo toured most of South America and made a good many recordings.

"It was a good life," Sete said, "but even if you are famous in Brazil, you make no money."

So when he was offered a contract to tour Europe, he signed quickly. It brought him views of new scenery and peoples, additional experience, a lot of fun. But not much else. Or, as Sete put it:

"I played all over. The man who signed me up made much money, but he only gave me expense money. Still, the life was good."

Convinced that if there was a pot of gold for musicians—even a small pot—it must be in the United States, Sete began thinking of going north, but back in Brazil, he formed another sextet that included clarinet, accordion, piano, bass, and drums. At this time, unknown to the youthful leader, the attention Sete had won in his homeland and overseas was about to pay off.

Inter-Continental, the firm that operated Pan American Airways' hotels in Latin America, was hiring instrumental groups to play its chain, and Sete's unit was tapped for one of these engagements.

Among the far-flung cities in which the sextet played were Montevideo, Uruguay; Santiago, Chile; and San Juan, Puerto Rico. In the audience from time to time was Harley Watson. He was present in a dual capacity: as an Inter-Continental executive inspecting the chain's operating units and as an admirer of Sete's music.

By this time—1959—the interest in bossa nova was at its peak in Brazil and spreading through Latin America, Sete said. As one who was in on its start he saw to it that the musical message was preached by his combo. And though he did not know it, the jovial guitarist within a year was to have a new "congregation."

Watson now was in a new post: manager of San Francisco's posh and historic Palace Hotel, which had become a unit of the Sheraton chain. (Today Watson is international manager for the Sheraton hotels and makes his home in New York City.)

Among Watson's innovations was transformation of a Palace public room into a cocktail lounge and dining room that would have music as one of its attractions. Besides a small dance band, he wanted to use an instrumental soloist—and who would be better, now that bossa nova was gaining a following in the United States, than a native Brazilian accomplished in this idiom?

So it was that when the refurbished Tudor Room was opened, Sete's stocky figure, resplendent in a fiery red jacket, appeared on the stand after Anson (Dancin' with Anson) Weeks' six-piece band concluded its first set.

It would be pleasant to note that Sete's music electrified the room and brought an ovation from the scores on hand. It also would be inaccurate. Actually, his notes seldom could be heard above the clatter from the centrally located bar (just behind the bandstand), the adjoining kitchen, whose serving counter opened into the room, and the customers' conversation.

What Sete thought, he kept to himself—from more than a sense of diplomacy.

"I speak not a word of English then," he related, adding, "it is terrible, for I like to talk to people."

To overcome this he entered a language school, where, for three hours a day, he got English lessons.

"Now I speak better," he remarks proudly.

At the Sheraton-Palace, Weeks gave way to Red Nichols, who was succeeded by other groups, but Sete was a fixture. And, while sticking to amplified guitar in public he kept practicing on the classic acoustic instrument.

On a summer night in 1962, Sete was startled to see one of his idols, Dizzy Gillespie, eating dinner in the Tudor Room. Gillespie, whose group was in San Francisco for an engagement at the Black Hawk, had decided to try out the Sheraton-Palace for size.

"We had met when his band played in Brazil," Sete said, "but never spoke. I did not know English, and Dizzy did not know Portuguese."

This barrier was breached in San Francisco by music. Gillespie came nightly to the Tudor Room for dinner ("he always spoke to me," Sete said), and Sete, in turn, would go by the Black Hawk every night after 11 p.m., when his job at the hotel ended.

Near the end of his run at the Hawk, Gillespie brought Lalo Schifrin with him to dinner. The Argentine pianist spoke Spanish, and Sete could converse in this tongue. With Schifrin as interpreter, Gillespie and Sete gained their first real acquaintance. *(Continued on page 62)*

The Magnificent Gypsy

By George Hoefer

GENIUS IN JAZZ evidences itself in two ways: in an artist whose innovations set the style of an era (Louis Armstrong, Lester Young, Charlie Parker) and in one whose playing is such that it defies categorization (Duke Ellington and Art Tatum, for example). Among the noncategorizable was the French-speaking gypsy guitarist, Django Reinhardt.

Reinhardt was not an educated musician in the ordinary sense. He never learned to read and write—words or music. But his instrumental technique was so unorthodox and his music so brilliant that guitar players the world over stood in amazement whenever they saw him perform.

His was a natural and all-consuming affinity for musical sounds. As Charles Delaunay put it in his biography of Reinhardt (*Django Reinhardt,* Cassell & Co., Ltd., London): "As water is a fish's element and the air a bird's, music was Django's."

This sensitiveness to sound almost made Reinhardt musically educated. Violinist Stephane Grappelly, a close associate of the guitarist, once said, "You could go with Django to a performance of a most complex symphony, and he would point out any mistakes that might occur during the playing." Yet Grappelly, who had been classically educated, was sometimes stunned when, during a musical discussion, Reinhardt would turn to him and ask, "A scale? What is a scale?"

Many times, when the guitarist was bored with the music being performed, he would walk off the bandstand to sit outside alone, playing solo, accompanied by the sounds of nature. In Paris, where he lived, he could usually be found in his roulotte (a gypsy trailer), surrounded by some "cousins" (a group that included all the gypsies in France), listening and sometimes playing along with the records of Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, and other American jazz artists.

For as Reinhardt became more familiar with jazz (and the compositions of his favorite classical composers—J. S. Bach, Debussy, Stravinsky, and Maurice Ravel), he found no satisfaction in the folk music that was the normal musical outlet for gypsies.

His creativeness and awareness extended to his relationships with other musicians. The French tenor saxophonist, Alix Combelle, who recorded frequently with Reinhardt, has said, "Django had a kind of second sight which made everybody's musical ideas an open book to him. He was a fine accompanist."

When guitarist Charlie Byrd was stationed in France with the U.S. Army in 1945, he played with Reinhardt. Years afterwards, Byrd said, "Reinhardt had an infallible ear. He was famous for his explosive attack and scintillating passages of single notes. . . . It would take years of concentrated study to play like Reinhardt. The same applies to Art Tatum."

On another occasion Byrd noted: "The tragedy of Reinhardt is that he so seldom got to play in sympathetic surroundings.

When I heard him play live, it was always 98 times better than anything he ever recorded." (There are 557 sides listed in Delaunay's Reinhardt discography included with the biography.)

Another contemporary guitarist, Barney Kessel, has said, "The main thing I get out of Django's playing is the intensity, the emotion. He had a real *fire* in his playing. He was one of the real originals. . . .

"If Django had wanted to stay in the United States and learn the language," Kessel said, referring to Reinhardt's brief stay in this country in the mid-'40s, "I'm convinced he would have altered the course of contemporary jazz guitar playing—perhaps even the course of the music itself."

DJANGO WAS BORN Jean Baptiste Reinhardt on Jan. 23, 1910, in Liverchies, Belgium, a village near the French border. At the time, his parents were traveling in a gypsy show troupe. His father, Jean, was a violinist, and his mother, La Belle Laurence, sang and danced.

For the first couple of years of his life, the son—possibly already answering to "Django," as his mother called him—traveled with his parents as the caravan roamed France, Italy, and Corsica. Soon a second son, Joseph, was born.

When northern France became a battlefield in World War I, the Reinhardts headed south, through Spain and across the Straits of Gibraltar to Tangier, Morocco, in North Africa.

The gypsy vans returned to Paris after the war. A village of roulottes was set up in a mud-plagued area between Paris and its suburbs. The Reinhardts settled near the Choisy Gate and for the next 10 years or so, Django made periodic visits to other gypsy encampments and to various parts of Paris. The purpose of Django's roamings, which sometimes lasted several days, was always to seek out music. It was his own aural and visual observations that constituted his early musical instructions. When he was 10, a friendly, elderly neighbor heard him playing a borrowed guitar. Moved, the neighbor gave him an old-fashioned banjo-guitar. For Django this was it, and he determined to have a musical career, particularly after grappling with formal schooling for one day.

Around 1920 Paris had many smoke-filled dance halls called bals-musettes frequented by the underworld. Musicians working these dives passed the hat, since salaries were not usually paid them. Django was not yet 13 when he began working the bals-musette circuit with an accordionist named Guerino. Mother Reinhardt, whom one of Django's colleagues called "a panther," would seek out her son late at night to get his share of the take before he had a chance to lose it gambling—for even then her son had given indication that he was a born gambler and a consistent loser.

Django's exceptional talent was evident from the start—he won first prize in an annual contest conducted by dance hall musicians in 1923.

A year later, according to Reinhardt, he made his first recording, as a banjo accompanist to a singer named Chabel; however, Delaunay says a copy of the record never has been found.

Reinhardt also occasionally played the violin. It is possible he received instruction on the fiddle from either his father or his uncle, both of whom played in eating places near the gypsy encampments.

Around 1925 or 1926, Reinhardt heard American-style music for the first time. He frequently hiked to the other side of Paris to stand outside a Place Pigalle cabaret where Billy Arnold's band played; the band of English musicians performed popular tunes and novelty numbers.

Despite Reinhardt's unpredictability—he very often failed to show up for a job or else sent a "cousin" as a substitute—Parisian musicians began to take considerable notice of his musical skill, so much so that he soon was able to leave the Left Bank dives to play with Maurice Alexander's orchestra in the Belleville section of Paris. Alexander, an accordionist, featured Django playing American tunes such as *The Sheik of Araby* and *Dinah.*

During the summer and early fall of 1928, Reinhardt—listed as Jiango Renard—recorded a series of French tunes,

several possibly of gypsy origin, with accordionist Jean Vaissade and xylophonist Francesco Cariolato. Reinhardt played banjo, and the performances were issued on the Ideal label. Vaissade told Delaunay that he and Django, at about this same time, also made four sides for French Gramophone, using a slide-whistle player in place of the xylophonist, but when the label's music director heard the results, he was horrified at the loudness of the banjo and refused to release two sides.

While playing with Alexander at the La Java in the Belleville area in late October, 1928, Reinhardt was heard by the prominent British bandleader Jack Hylton, who was greatly impressed by the gypsy's brilliant playing. Then and there, so the story goes, Hylton got out contracts calling for Django's appearance in London with the Hylton orchestra. Reinhardt made his "X". He was to be in London by the middle of November.

On the morning of Nov. 2, Reinhardt was preparing to go to sleep in his family's roulotte. Most of the trailer was filled with artificial flowers the family made and which were to be sold at a cemetery later that day. There was barely room for Django's pregnant wife and himself. (He had gotten married the year before.) Before retiring, he heard a rustling among the flowers. He picked up a candle and walked into the forest of celluloid petals to investigate. Hot wax from the ignited candle burned his hand, and he dropped the candle into the flowers. In seconds, he was engulfed in flames. With his left hand, he grabbed a burning blanket and made his way across the fire to the trailer's door and stumbled out. His wife, her hair afire, was able to get out ahead of him.

He was taken to a hospital where the attending physician recommended amputating the guitarist's right leg, so mutilated was it. But Reinhardt refused. (It was 18 months before he was able to walk again.) Reinhardt was more concerned about his left hand: the two middle fingers were seared together.

After six months in a nursing home and constant treatment, the burnt flesh had been molded back into the shape of two fingers. But they were paralyzed and useless. A doctor suggested to the visiting relatives that they bring Django a guitar. The doctor believed that the instrument would help his patient's morale and might strengthen the injured hand. But all despaired of Django's ever playing again at the level of proficiency he had before the accident.

Enduring great pain, the guitarist worked almost endlessly with his left hand and finally managed to devise a new chording technique to compensate for the loss of the use of the fingers.

In a guitar booklet published in England in January, 1944, authors Billy Neill and E. Gates explained Reinhardt's playing method:

"[He] uses the first and second left-hand fingers most of the time in single-note work; in chord work he can make use of the third and fourth fingers to a limited extent on the first two strings. He plays his famous octave passages on any two strings, with a "damped" string in between, i.e., on first and third; second and fourth; third and fifth; etc., avoiding that frenzied rushing up and down the fingerboard which would otherwise be necessary. His famous chromatic runs, if played in the first position, are *fingered;* if played up the fingerboard, they are *glissed* with one finger. He plays unusual chord shapes because of his handicap. . . . Reinhardt's right hand is phenomenal. He does not rest any part of it on the guitar; it pivots from the elbow a little but principally swings from the wrist. He employs down strokes most of the time except for extremely rapid passages and notes played tremolo."

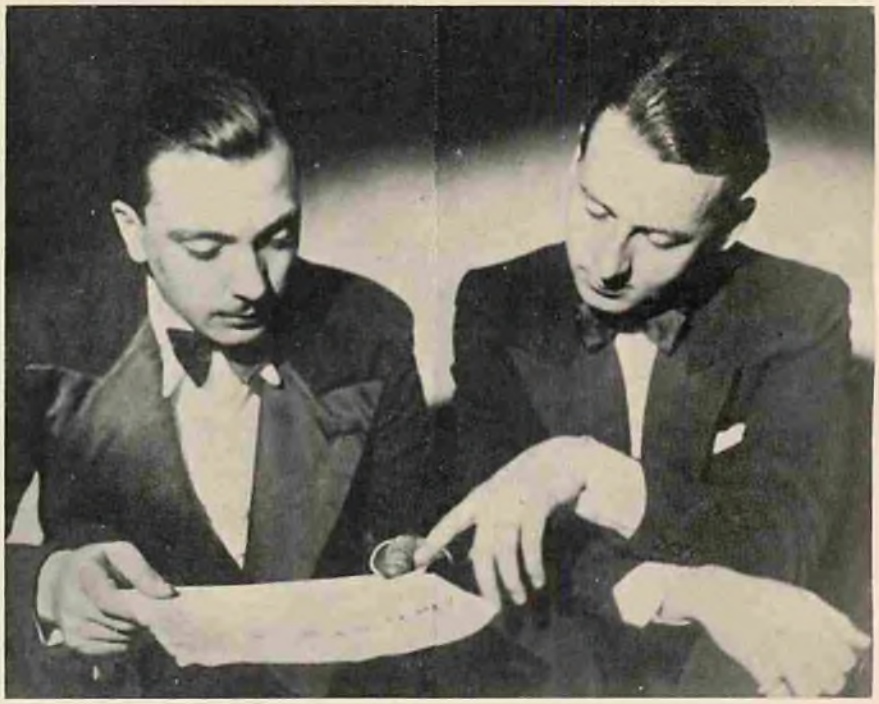
In 1930, in company with his brother Joseph, Django began his comeback. The two of them performed in Parisian courtyards and in front of the sidewalk cafes. They eked out a living by passing the hat.

Bandleader Stephen Mougin, considered a top French jazzman in 1930, heard Django on the streets and offered him a job with his orchestra at Les Acacias. The guitarist accepted, and he soon regained the reputation he had enjoyed before the fire.

He went back on the road—he loved the south of France and the Basque country. In Toulon, France, an incident of great significance to Reinhardt's future took place: artist Emile Savitry introduced him to jazz. Savitry played records by Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, and Joe Venuti for the enthralled gypsy. Savitry later told Delaunay that the Armstrong record (*Dallas Blues*) overwhelmed the guitarist. "He took his head in his hands and began to sob," the artist said.

Django, his brother, his new wife (Sophie Ziegler, better known as Naguine), and at one point, Mother Reinhardt, moved in on Savitry to be close to the records.

Reinhardt's future musical partner, Stephane Grappelly, recalled that in late 1931 the guitarist would visit the Croix du Sud in Paris and sit at a back table listening to alto saxophonist Andre Ekyan's band. (Grappelly, who was two years older than Reinhardt, had discovered jazz in 1928 when violinist Eddie South performed in Paris. That same year, Grappelly, who was a pianist, took up jazz fiddle-playing and came under the influence of Americans then spending a few weeks in Paris—tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman, drummer Dave Tough, and clarinetist Danny Polo.)



Reinhardt and Grappelly during the Quintet of the Hot Club of France's early days. The photo was later divided and used on postcards.

Django eventually sat in with Ekyan and pianist Grappelly. In an interview with the *Melody Maker*, the English music weekly, Grappelly said, "I heard him play on a piece of wood he called a guitar. He showed no concern about his inferior instrument but poured his heart into the most enthralling improvisations."

Reinhardt became a member of the Ekyan outfit. Of this period, Delaunay wrote, "Once accepted by the group that gravitated around Ekyan, Django became a familiar figure and provided Jean Cocteau with the inspiration for one of the characters in *Les Enfants Terrible*."

Simultaneously with the Ekyan jazz activity, the guitarist also served as ac-

(Shown above—The Dukes, Dunlap, Indiana)

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companist for French singer Jean Sablon, who was so enamoured of Django's prowess that he sent a chauffeur and limousine to the Reinhardt's roulotte each evening to be sure of having the gypsy accompany him at the swank bistro, the Rococco, where he was singing.

In late 1931 the University Jazz Club was formed; it was sponsored by one of the first jazz critics, Hugues Panassie. The following year the club was revamped as the Hot Club of France and was associated with a magazine, *Jazz-Tango-Dancing,* edited by Panassie. At first, the club members merely played and discussed American jazz records. But by 1934, they had expanded into producing jazz concerts featuring their "official" band, Freddy Johnson and His Harlemites.

When American pianist Johnson left Paris to play an engagement elsewhere, the club organized a band to present French jazz. It was Pierre Mourry, one of the club's early officers, who conceived the pianoless all-string quintet to be led by Reinhardt. The guitarist had been a guest performer at the club's 1934 spring concert that, according to the *Jazz-Tango* review, led to "delirium incarnate, delirium that lasted into the night."

The leadership of the Quintet of the Hot Club of France was to lead to confusion incarnate. The original group was made up of Grappelly, violin; Django, solo guitar; Joseph Reinhardt and Roger Chaput, rhythm guitars; and Louis Vola, bass. But it was soon decided that the best arrangement was to make Django and Grappelly co-leaders. Django got his brother Joseph on the band as a second rhythm guitarist by telling Grappelly, "When you're playing, Stephane, you've got both Chaput and me backing you, but when I'm soloing, I've only got one guitar behind me!"

When Django started o accept offers for the quintet's services without discussing them with Grappelly, the latter patiently told the guitarist there had to be two signatures on the contracts. Grappelly told his co-leader, "Look, Django, when we sign a contract, it is miserable for you to have to put on that funny cross." Reinhardt agreed, and since by this time he had often been asked for his autograph, which presented a great problem, he was eager to have Grappelly teach him how to sign his name.

"We began with 'Django,'" Grappelly told Delaunay, "and when he took so long on the word, I said, 'Never mind the Django—D will do just as well.' At first he was insistent on the whole name, but he finally got so tired he settled for the initial. We went on to the 'Reinhardt,' and he eventually came up with a legible version. From that time on, it seemed as though he couldn't find enough paper, and one saw 'D. Reinhardt' written everywhere."

The quintet's first public appearance was a concert held at the Salle de

A Jean Cocteau tribute to Reinhardt in a QHCF concert program.

Note the signature: "One saw 'D. Reinhardt' written everywhere."

l'Ecole Normale de Musique on Dec. 2, 1934.

The original intention had been to use the quintet to back vocalist Ray Leda. The singer failed to show up for rehearsal, but since the publicity (the string ensemble had not yet been named the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, and the spelling of the guitarist's first name was 'Djungo') had been distributed, it was decided that the concert would feature only the new group. It was a sensation. A second concert was immediately arranged for February, 1935. The group's triumph soon led to a recording date for the French Ultraphone label.

As the quintet's fame grew—through records, concerts, and tours of Western Europe—the slow process of "civilizing" Reinhardt advanced. It was a tricky job. Grappelly recalled the tact required to get Django to change the red socks he preferred to wear with his first tuxedo. Gypsy scarfs, sweaters, shapeless suits, beard stubble, open collars—all had to be corrected. These projects were always complicated by Django's never having any cash because of his strong penchant for gambling. (World War II had begun before he could be talked into living in a house or apartment. But because of his financial instability, he was forced to live in cheap Montmartre hovels. At one point after the war, however, he went on the road in a luxury trailer.)

The original Quintet of the Hot Club of France existed from 1934 until war broke out in 1939. The co-leaders worked together beautifully from a musical standpoint, but there were frequent personality clashes, reportedly set off by Reinhardt's vanity.

The quintet recordings had been issued in England as by Stephane Grappelly and His Hot Four, and though this was so because of some contractual oddity, it was to be the indirect cause of the worst crisis the group experienced. It happened in 1937 when the QHCF was to participate in an international radio broadcast over the Columbia network in the United States, in celebration of the first anniversary of the *Saturday Night Swing Session* program. The bands of Duke Ellington, Tommy Dorsey, and Red Norvo were to be heard from New York; several swing units were to emanate from London, and the quintet was to represent France in the one-hour broadcast.

The quintet was set up in the Paris studios, awaiting its cue. Reinhardt sat on a high stool in front of a microphone, with the other four surrounding him. When the voice of an American announcer came over the speakers in the studio, saying, "Now, from Paris, France, we give you Stephane Grappelly and His Internationally Famous Hot Four," Reinhardt turned purple. He jumped off the stool, threw his guitar down, and headed for the exit. It took everyone in the studio, including Delaunay, to get the guitarist back on his stool and on the air. They turned the trick by appealing to his strong sense of patriotism to France.

After the guitarist became a celebrity he changed. He began to dress more elegantly, though with flamboyance (he was once seen in London heading for Picadilly Circus in an expensive pair of ski boots). He didn't "work" anymore, he "appeared." And he would not carry his instrument to a job. Usually this was no problem, since he could always find a "cousin" to do his toting for him. But it was a problem when he traveled to other countries without his instrument. Sometimes he just forgot it. But often he intentionally left it at home—as when he came to the United States in November, 1946, under the impression that the American guitar manufacturers would not only present him with a gold-plated

(Continued on page 60)

IN HIS OWN RIGHT

BY DAN MORGENSTERN

A view from the lofty artistic plateau of guitarist Kenny Burrell—a musicians' musician at last come into his own

FOR THE LAST DECADE, Kenny Burrell has ranked among the top jazz guitarists. But the consistent excellence of his work—on countless LPs and in a wide variety of settings—to some extent had caused his remarkable talent to be taken for granted.

Recent events have changed all that, and Burrell has now emerged in focus, having been given the opportunity to showcase the many facets of his music and musicianship properly.

The first link in the chain of events was the release late last year of the Verve LP **Guitar Forms,** on which, for the first time, Burrell had a chance to show the full scale of his achievements. He followed with a string of impressive personal appearances in clubs in the East and Midwest and in concert at New York City's Town Hall last February.

Critic Pete Welding's reaction to a visit to Chicago by Burrell's quartet (Richard Wyands, piano; Martin Rivera, bass; and Oliver Jackson, drums) was characteristic: "For a number of years, I've considered Burrell one of the finest guitarists in jazz, but in the last year or so, it seems, he has ceased being strictly a guitarist. Now he's a musician, in the fullest sense of that word."

On **Guitar Forms,** at the concert, and frequently in clubs, Burrell performs on classical as well as electric guitar. He studied classical guitar for a couple of years around 1953, he says, and since then, he has been using it occasionally, hoping for the chance to play it regularly—and since the album, he's had quite a few requests to use it.

"They are two entirely different sounds, and I like them both," he said. "You play classical guitar with the fingers of the right hand and electric guitar with whatever method you have adopted, mostly with a pick. Actually, I use a combination of both—I feel there are certain things you can't do with a pick, and vice versa. . . .

"Besides being a lover of the art of improvising, I'm also a lover of the guitar, so I'm doing some things in the classical field and hope to do more. [At the Town Hall concert, he played his own transcriptions of Chopin's **Prelude No. 4** and Gershwin's **Prelude No. 2,** both piano pieces.] The guitar has a long way to go in terms of repertoire—not as many things have been written for it as for certain other instruments, but there are many things that can be transcribed and haven't been yet, including a lot of modern things."

Burrell, who will be 35 this July but appears to be much younger, speaks quietly and deliberately about music and about himself. Born in Detroit, he was part of the remarkable wave of that city's jazz talent that swept the country in the '50s.

Prior to going to New York City with the Oscar Peterson Trio, Burrell studied and worked in his home town. He had begun to play guitar at 12 (tutored by his elder brother) and played his first gig with a close friend, pianist Tommy Flanagan. He attended Miller High School (with current teammate Oliver Jackson, among other pros-to-be) and then earned a bachelor's degree in music education at Wayne State University.

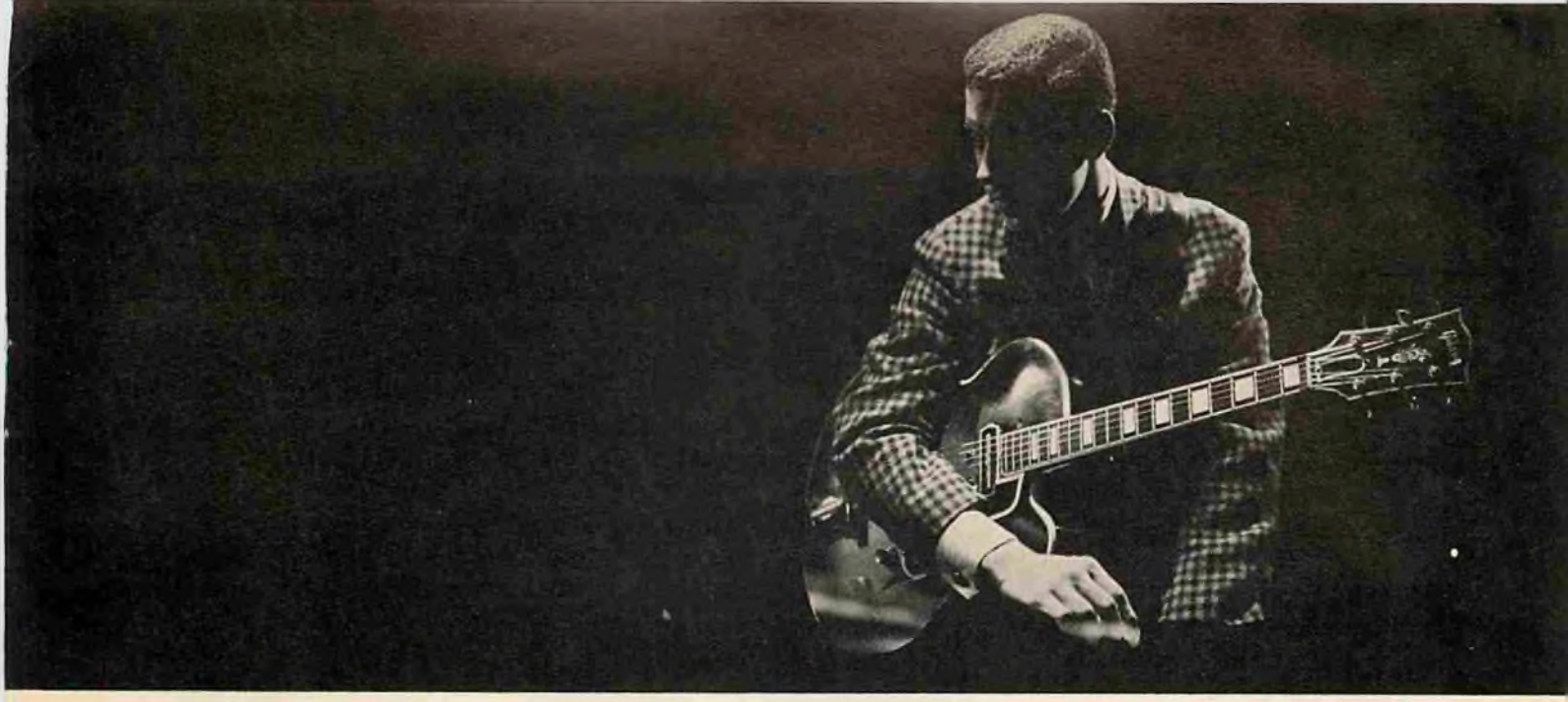
He worked with several local groups while attending Wayne. One job was a month with Dizzy Gillespie at a Detroit club, during which time—in 1951—he made his recording debut, with the trumpeter. In 1955 Burrell left town for the first time, with Peterson.

The guitarist settled in New York a year later, worked with pianist Hampton Hawes, with an organ group uptown, with Benny Goodman at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and in many recording studios, often with the fellows from home. In between, there was work with his own trio. A stint on Broadway began in 1960, with **Bye, Bye, Birdie,** followed by **How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying.** He played jazz jobs after theater hours. Steady studio work was the anchor of Burrell's activities until two years ago, when he formed a quartet and began to travel again.

"I don't especially like traveling," he said, "but it's difficult to stay in one town and work steadily with your own group. To keep a group working, you have to travel."

Burrell did not find studio and pit-band work boring but rather "a healthy challenge, because studio work strengthens your discipline, your technique, and your reading ability and adds to your versatility as well—but it's not as satisfying to me as having my own group.

"When you're working with a group which has a lot of latitude and freedom of expression, there's no limit to what you can do. I try to use material that I enjoy and that the men in the group will enjoy playing. I'm not concerned with trying to keep up with the hit parade—I've



found that when you really enjoy what you're doing, the people will enjoy it too."

As the leader of a group that plays both clubs and concerts, how does Burrell feel about the two types of musical environment?

"Some people don't come to clubs to listen 100 percent—they are there for social as well as musical reasons," he said. "There's nothing wrong with it, except that it doesn't give you the same kind of attention you get in a concert hall. A musician is freer to do more of what he wishes when an audience is there specifically to listen to him."

But there are exceptions: "Some clubs create an atmosphere that promotes listening, with proper staging, lighting, and other aspects, such as good microphones and good pianos. Baker's Lounge in Detroit is one club where the owner does many things to promote listening—and Lennie's, in Boston, too."

"There's still a lot going on in Detroit," he said of his home town, where he often plays. "The younger people seem very interested in jazz. I did an educational TV show for Wayne University the last time I was there."

About the current audience for jazz as a whole, and the acceptance of the music in general, Burrell has some interesting views:

"I don't think that the audience for outstanding improvisers is getting smaller, but maybe the audience for the word 'jazz' per se is. I think we lose a certain amount of people with each generation because of the change in styles. These people are not concerned with jazz as an art form; they are concerned with individual performers, and when these performers are replaced by others, these people tend to stop supporting jazz.

"On the other hand, there are always younger people who support the new guys, but the same process will happen. Fortunately, there are always people who stick with the whole idea. It's hard to say if jazz is losing or gaining, but in terms of people liking and buying the ingredients that make jazz, the audience is getting larger. It's unfortunate but true that many people are not aware that they are listening to jazz, because they don't know what the term means."

In support of this contention, Burrell cites the examples of such widely accepted artists as Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald, and Erroll Garner, who are no longer consistently identified with the word "jazz."

"The music has grown in all directions," he said, "but we haven't always asserted the word 'jazz' where it is needed. When the jazz identification is omitted in connection with the image of big-name performers who are really jazz performers, it doesn't hurt the performer, but it hurts the growth of the concept, of the word, and also hurts the chances for less well-known performers to get a hearing from the part of the audience that supports these famous artists."

One reason for this state of affairs is "the printed word in this country," which, he said, "is a long way from presenting a faithful picture of what is jazz and what isn't. It's too late now to forget about the word, so it should be made clearer that jazz is much bigger, in terms of its ingredients being spread around, than most people realize."

But it doesn't stop there, he continued. He put some of the blame on teachers who, he said, fail to give a clear picture of what jazz is and isn't.

"It's an ignorance that has been handed down," he said. "The whole point is that if the educators, and the American people in general, were more concerned with their own culture, they would seek a more truthful picture of their own music."

That picture is a broad one, and, according to Burrell, if a budding guitarist is to be successful he should understand it, as well as get a good background and instrumental technique.

"He should have an open mind in listening," he added, "so that he won't have a problem in adjusting to any new sounds that might come along—that's the main problem in making steady personal progress. . . . I always listen to all kinds of music. . . ."

"Fortunately, in jazz," he continued, "there is the freedom to be yourself. Everyone I've ever heard who has been considered a giant has more or less set his own rules."

Burrell has been setting some expanded rules for repertoire on his instrument, as well as reaching a new plateau for himself. And few guitarists could have done it with more aplomb or greater skill. db

PHOTO BY LEE TANNER

"I'M HAPPY. I'm doing the things I want to do. There's no conflict. I'm not trying to preach through my music, but I do feel at this point in my career that I want to express myself more fully through my music, instead of merely making a living at it. I think the best way to accomplish that is by traveling, making personal appearances, recording, and writing and publishing more books on the guitar." That's how Barney Kessel sees today's Barney Kessel.

The guitarist's self-evaluation revealed the sweet smell of success without the aroma of self-satisfaction. He has enough laurels to rest on certainly, but he is moved now by the need to share his music with a wider audience.

The size of the audience waiting to hear Kessel has fluctuated according to the frequency with which he has in the past taken a hiatus from the jazz recording and traveling scenes.

"For the past several years," he said, "I've been totally engaged in playing in movie studios, recording, television, radio jingles, TV commercials, a lot of writing (some composing, mostly arranging), and quite a bit of conducting."

Kessel's varied career, considering that he's self-taught, has been eminently successful. He's been a West Coast fixture for more than two decades, but he has never lost the drawl that helps pinpoint his place of birth as Muskogee, Okla.

With musical and personal vitality added to a dry sense of humor, Kessel is a young 42. He has a flair for satire, loves to fashion puns in the midst of otherwise serious pronouncements, and manages to maintain that most necessary ingredient for the put-on: a dead pan.

Kessel's penchant for humor has misled some into thinking he has enjoyed a separate career as a comedian.

"I don't know how they got that idea," he said with some amazement. "I've never been a professional comic. Sure, I've done some crazy things in my time, but comedy was never a separate act with me. Quite a few people have mentioned that to me, and I think it goes back to the time I was doing some routines with Chico Marx —but that was only a brief thing—lasted four or five months."

That dates back to the beginning of his professional career: a 1943 stint with the Marx band, then under the direction of Ben Pollack. Following that, Kessel worked with the bands of Charlie Barnet, Hal McIntyre, and Artie Shaw. He abandoned the road for a few years and stayed in Los Angeles, playing in Frank DeVol's orchestra on radio programs.

When he resumed traveling in 1952, it was with a vengeance. He joined the Oscar Peterson Trio, which immediately embarked on a Jazz at the Philharmonic tour and barnstormed through 14 European countries. He stayed with the Peterson group until 1953, leaving to work in Los Angeles' television and recording fields. In 1954 he became music director for Bob Crosby's television show, and in '57-58 he served as a&r man for the popular branch of Verve records.

About that time, he began working on a book designed to explore all aspects of his instrument. "It's called simply *The Guitar,* and it took me seven years to write," he said. "It also took me 30 years to answer some of the questions I pose in it—questions that I asked when I was a young guitarist and couldn't find answers for in any book. So this is not a method, it's a guide—with strings attached.

"It was written with a sincere intent to be helpful. It even contains a section on how to get a job and, along with it, examples of the types of music that guitarists would be required to perform at various professional levels."

The book is to be published in mid-July, by which time Kessel will have ended his latest hiatus and be in a traveling groove again.

"The tour isn't completely set at this time, nor is the personnel," he said. "Since I just use bass and drums with me, I might just travel from city to city and use local musicians. I've got my arrangements with me; actually that's all I need. I'm really anxious to get back in the clubs and the colleges again."

Kessel's current playing style is different from that associated with him in the past. Now his work is much looser, with single-string improvisation more inventive and a chordal technique that is highly percussive. His new approach can be heard on a recent in-person recording released by Emerald, a West Coast label owned by rock-and-roll tycoon, Phil Spector. It is the label's first venture in the jazz field. Under his contract with the company, Kessel will produce records as well as play on them. "I'm not playing what you might call traditional music, nor am I playing 'space' music," he said in description of his present-day approach. "It is the result of playing for 30 years, keeping my eyes and my ears open and continuing to evolve through all this time. I'm not trying to cling to the good old days, nor am I angry at anyone. My music expresses my true inner feelings; that

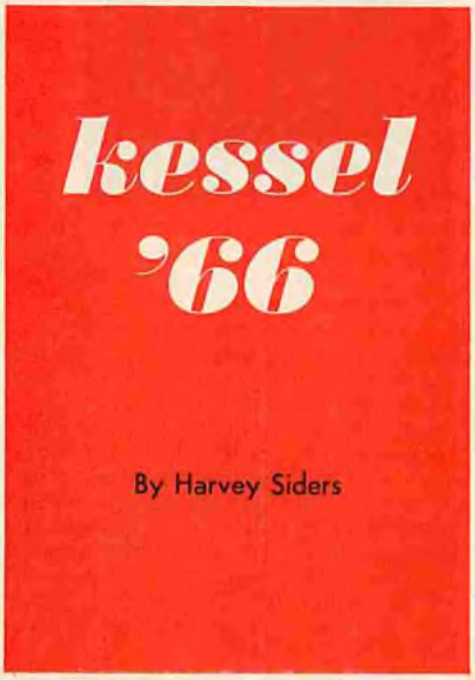
PHOTO BY FRED SELIGO

is, someone who has kept aware in the midst of so many stirring influences. I am myself, but it would be impossible to ignore the contributions of people like Charlie Christian, Lester Young, and Charlie Parker."

Just what does he mean by "space music"?

"That's the name I give to sounds that have no validity or recognizable form," he replied. "If I don't sense the musicianship, then I have to consider it probing or experimentation without any fundamental background.

"Actually, these exponents of 'space music' are trying to gain notoriety. I know several of these jazzmen who are playing this way, and I know that many of them are not sincere. They really feel it another way, but it is a style that has already been used before. . . . What this world doesn't need is a second Charlie Parker or a second Lester Young. But it is always on the lookout for originality. Not many are able to push ahead and say something new. Anyone can get up and announce to the world: 'A rolling stone gathers no moss.' "



Originality, Kessel said, is the main thing he looks for in musicians, particularly in guitarists.

"Tal Farlow, for example, is a giant, not only because he is an original voice but also because of his tremendous capacity for playing," Kessel pointed out. "Another giant—one who is considered to be traditional, rather than modern—is George Van Eps. Certainly the most popular guitarist today—one whom I find quite satisfying—is Wes Montgomery. What makes him so identifiable, especially on recordings, is his technique of using octaves. He's not the first to use that; I heard Django Reinhardt use octaves long before, but Wes uses them more and, consequently, better.

"Herbie Ellis gets a good effect by hitting the strings and the sounding board of his instrument. It's almost as if it were a drum, and it also takes the curse off rhythm playing. You know, there are certain types of modern jazz where the guitar can really get in the way. But Herbie manages to participate and make a percussive contribution without getting in the way. . . . He's a wonderful player."

Would Freddie Green "get in the way" of any other rhythm section except Basie's?

"Well, I can't imagine him with anyone else," Kessel answered. "I don't really know. I do know that with Basie, Freddie Green is the pulse of that band. He is the steady force, and yet his contribution is almost subliminal. Irving Ashby once said: 'Rhythm guitar is like vanilla extract in a cake. You can't taste it when it's there; but you know when it's left out.' "

Kessel can be heard—usually anonymously—on numerous rock-and-roll records. Though most jazz critics have been hard in their attitudes toward r&r, Kessel takes a softer view:

"Whether you like it or not, rock-and-roll is a valid form of music. It expresses the feelings of people who are living and breathing at this time. It is real—not manufactured. If you took the ensemble sound of Glenn Miller, the rhythm section of the Beatles, and Herbie Alpert's Tijuana Brass and superimposed them, what would happen? It would be like crossing a lion with a tiger. The result—whether good or bad—would not be a reflection of reality. The only music that really lives is the music that is not artificially created. It is the music that people walk around singing—the music that is part of their lives. And, as in any other art form, there are great rock-and-roll artists and poor ones. But I do feel that in my own personal experience, the majority of rock-and-roll sessions that I've participated in have been bad."

Is he ashamed of his r&r connection?

"No, my conscience is clear," he answered. "When I accepted these dates, I didn't know what they were. Only when I got there did I learn how bad some of them were. But I must say, in all fairness, my motivation is to make a living—not to judge whether something is good or bad. That judgment is secondary.

Much of Kessel's current contentment can be attributed to his wife—B. J. Baker. Barney and B. J. have worked together on recording sessions and commercials.

"B. J. is not a jazz singer," he said, "but she's versatile enough to be able to give a jazz feeling to any number she does. She won't be traveling with me everywhere I go. She'll be home in Glendale most of the time and then meet me in certain key cities."

The other talented partner is singer Anita Kerr. Kessel and Miss Kerr recently opened an office in Hollywood, in which they conduct the main part of their business—the production of radio and TV commercials.

Such is the current world of Barney Kessel—the best of many worlds: new book, new recording contract, new office, plus a renewed desire to play jazz.

Kessel summed it up, characteristically:

"It may be foolish for a guitar player to say this, but I've got no reason to fret." db

Archie Shepp

Mother Blues, Chicago

Personnel: Roswell Rudd, trombone; Howard Johnson, tuba; Shepp, tenor saxophone; Beaver Harris, drums.

Many who heard Shepp at Mother Blues share with me the opinion that his is of the best (if not the best) jazz being played. The force and striking-angle of the music are well understood immediately—in personal terms—by everyone who hears the group. (One waitress serving drinks while trying to cover her ears with her hands declared, "I feel *per*sonally in*sult*ed whenever they play.") There is no doubt of the "validity" or honesty or reality of the music, nor is discussion of the qualities necessary.

To me, every note was beautiful. The most beautiful thing was the enlarging palette of colors and textures. (One set I heard, a single piece, "went through our whole repetoire," to use Rudd's words.) No one doubts that as this music matures it will become more and more divergent and inclusive—never, hopefully, losing the heat of its center. To comprehend more and more, with the same directness, is the condition of musical progress. We are watching Shepp accomplish this before our (generally unco-operative) noses.

The group played very softly as well as very loudly, slow and fast with equal balance. There also was Shepp's dramatic trademark—an easy flowing across a full range of styles. It is this constant rotation of stylistic connotations that gives the music so much latitude. There was not a kind of music I could not hear in these performances. Shepp has a unique capacity for irony, expressed often through the combination of many styles into one dramatic work.

The irony is all the more dramatic because Shepp is as concerned with human relation in society as he is with musical relation. "Music must bring social as well as esthetic order to our lives," he has said. The beauty of the music, in fact, lies in his execution of that premise: the broadest conceivable intellectual and intuitive scope deliberately coupled with a complete range of social postures. This is *everywhere* clearly audible in the music. Shepp's group is more advanced than others because it is informed by more of these possibilities more of the time.

But the strongest point is also the weakest. The weakness has been expertly articulated in a general article, *Toms and Tomming* (*DB*, June 16), by Brooks Johnson. The pertinent sections are worth quoting:

"The neo-neo-Toms . . . make a crusade and career out of being black. . . . For the neo-neo-Tom jazz musician, everything musical is ultimately the product of, or reduces itself to, the color of his skin. . . . For me, the wrong is having to become a hyphenated human being [i.e., homo sapiens-black]. . . . anything that stunts my development as just a plain human being is undesirable. . . . Sun Ra [for example]. . . . left a great deal of his natural talent unexplored and undeveloped and, in a very real sense, abdicated areas to the white man with which he might have easily and effectively made a contribution. . . . He is helping and encouraging the very thing he abhors, the closed clique of power that controls his musical life. . . . In short, he Toms away part of his contribution to jazz."

The hyphenated man plays hyphenated music. Shepp has written, "I play of the death of me by you." He would lead us to believe that his truth is the struggle against the lie that he is certain the white man is forcing him to tell. If that is the case, then his music becomes merely the chronicle of that struggle. Shepp is worth more, however. His art can rise above *his* pain, *his* struggle into *ours*. Archie is more than his private pain, more than the pain of his family. He says enough to speak for all of us—such is the vision I have had of Archie Shepp.

People who are bound are often convinced they will lose something if they give up their boundaries. Not true, at least not in this case. If a man is hungry he must fully inhabit his hunger, true. But some men are not circumscribed by their hunger. "If it is important for us to eat, first of all," says Antonin Artaud, "it is even more important for us not to waste in the sole concern for eating our simple power of being hungry."

There are those who believe that Shepp Toms away his simple power of being hungry. If I believe it, I believe it because I have at times heard him speak of everything, not only his everything. I suspect he *knows* this, and I think he wants escape from these present black boundaries with all his red heart, and this knowledge claws and scrapes at the hyphen buried in the name he chooses.

This discussion is pertinent only because of its audibility in the music. The fact that the music is not discussable without these digressions is symptomatic of the disease. Someday a paragraph will be able to be written about Shepp's music without reference to his social being and that will be a new dawn for a large group of people who are waiting hard for it.

Each of the other musicians in the Shepp quartet was superb. Harris, not a widely variegated drummer, was strong and faithful, never wanting. Rudd, an extraordinarily tender and sensitive musician, plays with every raw edge exposed—fully open with full force. Rudd's commitment to composition is easy to hear. He said, "My writing makes my playing and my playing makes my writing."

Johnson is the best tuba player I ever heard. His note choices were beautiful. His sound was soft and round, but it never got lost. And every time he chose to play an upward line, away from the bottom, confronting the others, it was perfect.

Shepp's group offers a more concentrated vision of human existence than is available today in any other art work (the best nonjazz music is equivalent). Only two unequivocal statements can be made: 1. Shepp should never lack the opportunity to work. 2. He does.

All the partial truths about his social self, about his evolving philosophy, about the inside of his beautiful and complicated head are made pale by the fact that he can't find work. —*Bill Mathieu*

ARCHIE SHEPP

ALBERT & DON AYLER

Albert Ayler

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Don Ayler, trumpet; Albert Ayler, tenor saxophone; Michel Sampson, violin; Lewis Worrell, bass; Ronald Jackson, drums.

For one Sunday in May the Village Vanguard was engulfed by the Ayler sound. Again Albert Ayler managed to have his music sound different from the last time I heard him, which was only recently.

The addition of a young Dutch violin player, Sampson, gave a different dimension to the music. Sampson joined Ayler when in Cleveland, Ohio, recently, where the violinist was a soloist with the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra.

The group started with *Ghosts*, one of

PHOTOS: SHEPP, BY DENNIS R. HENDLEY; AYLER BROS., BY CHARLES STEWART; ROLLINS, HERB SNITZER; COLEMAN, BY JIM MARSHALL

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

SONNY ROLLINS

ORNETTE COLEMAN

those hauntingly simple compositions, designed, however, to show all the leader's virtuosity. A dexterous player, in no way slowed by technical shortcoming, Ayler extracted from his tenor saxophone a wildly varied series of sounds, making "ghosts" travel through an abundance of emotions, playing freely at a height most tenor players can hardly reach and then diving deep into the huskiest ranges of his instrument, coming back to the theme, from which a sparkling trumpet solo grew into a crashing wildfire of sound. Tenor then joined trumpet, surging into a splashing waterfall of music.

Once one learns to listen, patterns become apparent, and their intricacy can be astounding.

Technically brilliant, Sampson was remarkable in showing how two different worlds of music blended into a new sound so exciting and with such a forceful feeling of joy for life that it literally stirred a cheering audience to its feet.

Spirits Rejoice and *Bells* were marchlike tunes with a lot of collective improvisation, quick-moving and kept interesting by keeping the solos on the brief side, bringing a curious resemblance to the marches of the grand days of New Orleans jazz.

Albert Ayler took the opportunity to try out quite a number of new tunes.

There was a tune, untitled as yet, with changing tempos, that builds into a near symphonic pattern; there was what could have been an East European folk song, full of nostalgia, during which sometimes the sound of the tenor and of the violin could hardly be distinguished, together creating a delicate musical weave of exquisite beauty; and *Our Prayer,* written by Don Ayler, a majestic tune and a real powerhouse, permitting Albert to plunge into a devastatingly forceful solo, with the rest of the group repeating the melody line.

Worrell's inventive bass playing added greatly to the excitement, and Jackson, although with Ayler only a few months, created an illusion of rhythm rather than a beat. He and Worrell gave that particular brand of strong vibrations indispensable behind the strong Ayler horns.

Albert's sound has changed again. Some of the harsher aspects of his music have been abandoned, leaving more room for lyrical moments and getting closer to a direct translation of emotion into sound.

When first encountering this free-flowing force, one might be slightly taken aback, but in the end one walks away overwhelmed by the force, joy, and excitement of the Ayler sound.

—Elisabeth van der Mei

Sonny Rollins

Forest Manor, Baltimore, Md.

Personnel: Rollins, tenor saxophone; Larry Ridley, bass; Frederick Waits, drums.

As usual, Rollins was misunderstood. Both musically and professionally. Because of some mixup between the sponsors—the Jazz Society for Performing Artists—and Rollins, the tenorist's concert scheduled the week prior to this one produced a full house but no group. And because concerts by Rollins are rare (especially in this area), there was strong interest prior to the concert, more following the postponement, and even more when the date was finally fulfilled. The interest was undoubtedly a factor in Rollins' enthusiastic performance.

He played long medleys (one lasted 48 minutes); there were no announcements of the tunes' names. But with Rollins, programing is incidental; he is faithful to few melodies and tends to transcend such frameworks, making for crude but memorable abstract excursions.

Ridley was stronger with Rollins than he had been in many recent appearances in Baltimore. His tone was rich, and his ideas and technique seemed inspired. Perhaps it was the company.

The same cannot be said of Waits, however. He was consistent and provided a nice backdrop for Rollins, but he seemed dwarfed and inhibited by the leader. Such timidity in a horn-led trio narrows the group's dimension and limits its spirit.

But does Rollins really listen to his accompaniment? He listened intently between choruses, but he seemed oblivious to the others while he was soloing. Even leaders are expected to react and take cues.

Certainly Rollins felt the audience. Although much of his humor is lost in senseless histrionics, the audience responded throughout, even to the point of giving him a lengthy standing ovation after one set.

If legends are necessary in jazz, Rollins may as well be one. He filled a void in the jazz state a few years ago, and though he has grown somewhat confusing in the recent past, his talent abounds and continues to grow.

He can be ignored (and has been) but shouldn't be. Most experimentalists are enigmas. In a transitional state now (much like John Coltrane), Rollins may well evolve a significant expression. His searching is worth enduring, for it is the Rollinses and the Coltranes who are most likely to lead to discovery.—*Don Buday*

Ornette Coleman

Fairfield Hall, Croydon, Surrey, England

Personnel: Coleman, alto saxophone, violin, trumpet; David Izenzon, bass; Charles Moffett, percussion.

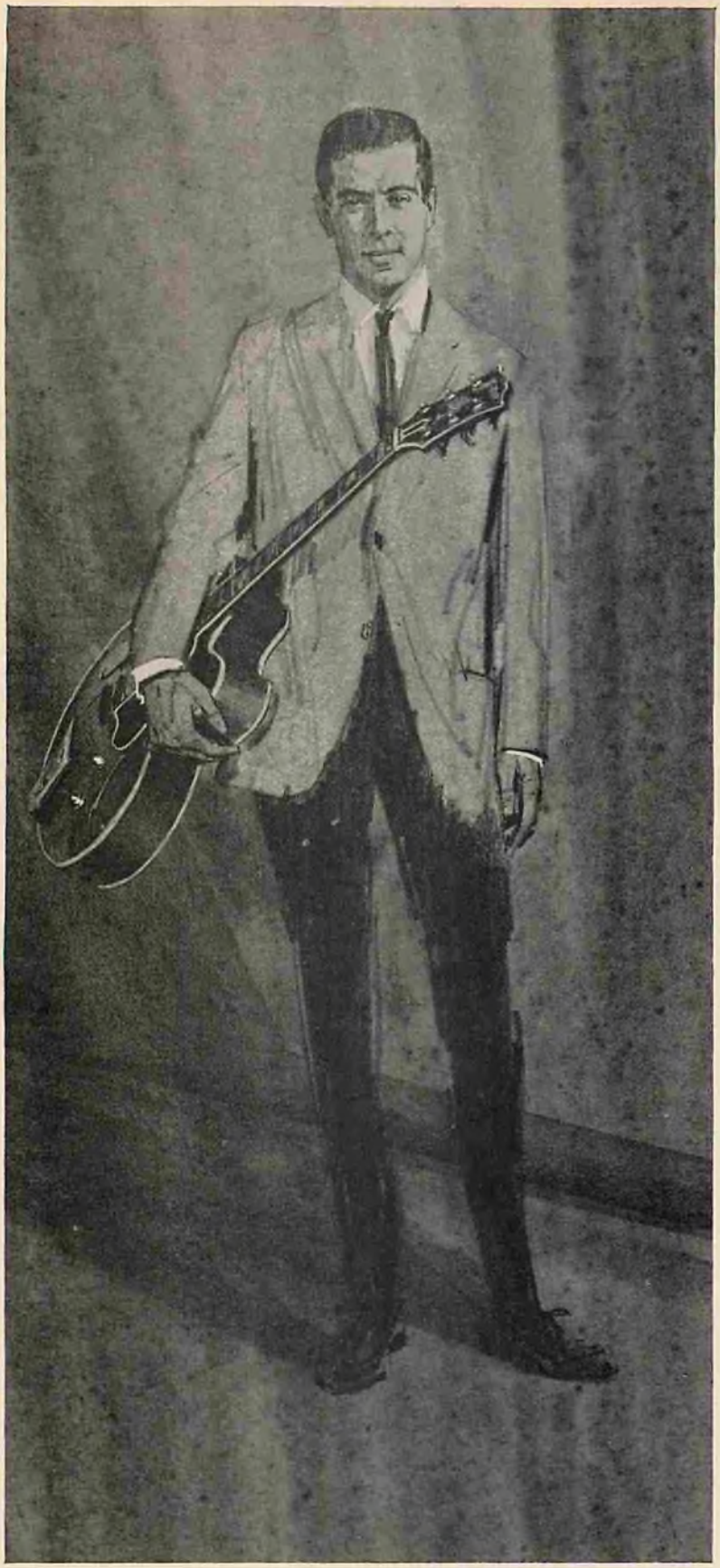
It is a rare privilege, especially if one lives outside the United States, to be able to watch the further growth of a major improviser while it is actually taking place. Ornette Coleman's return to the scene of his European premiere for a single concert, part of an English tour undertaken immediately before he returned to the United States, showed that the results of his experiments during his final week at Ronnie Scott's Club in London have already been incorporated into his style.

Briefly, what has happened is that the conceptions Coleman brings to his three instruments have begun to converge on the same stylistic point.

The succession of upper-register flurries, which was all he seemed to ask of the trumpet, has been disrupted. His playing now admits middle-register passages whose shapes recall his alto phrasing, although there is less emotional or melodic substance as yet. His hurtling and kaleidoscopic violin playing has undergone similar modifications; it now includes single-line passages, kept under detailed and conscious control. These passages are marked by the use of sustained notes and rests—and by a certain amount of formal melodic development.

Coleman's alto, on the other hand, has evolved toward his violin's erstwhile unadulterated modernism; he now often features complicated phrases consisting entirely of harmonics and isolated honks and squeals (even whole garbled phrases) of indeterminate pitch. In general, he uses

(Continued on page 52)



Kenny Burrell

Kenny Burrell has all the technique, all the ideas, all the feeling, sensitivity, intelligence and spirit that a great jazzman needs. His ideas flow so freely, that he is everything anyone can ask in a musician. He is in tremendous demand as a sideman—probably the most recorded guitarist in the history of jazz. But his finest works are his own releases on Verve Records.

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GUITARS AND AMPLIFIERS

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RECORD REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Erwin Helfer, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson, and Michael Zwerin.

Reviews are initialed by the writers.

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

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

A TREASURE OF LADY DAY

Billie Holiday

THE GOLDEN YEARS, VOL. II—Columbia C3L 40: *A Sunbonnet Blue; I'm Painting the Town Red; What a Night, What a Moon, What a Girl; You Let Me Down; It's Too Hot for Words; It's Like Reaching for the Moon; One Never Knows, Does One?; I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm; My Last Affair; You Showed Me the Way; Sentimental and Melancholy; Let's Call the Whole Thing Off; Moanin' Low; Carelessly; Where Is the Sun?; How Could You?; Mean to Me; I'll Get By; Sun Showers; He's Funny That Way; My Man; Nice Work If You Can Get It; Can't Help Lovin' That Man; My First Impression of You; I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me; Now They Call It Swing; If I Were You; You Can't Be Mine; I've Got a Date with a Dream; I'm Gonna Lock My Heart; They Say; Say It with a Kiss; Sugar; More Than You Know; Why Did I Always Depend on You?; Night and Day; You're a Lucky Guy; Falling in Love Again; I'm All for You; I Hear Music; Practice Makes Perfect; It's the Same Old Story; St. Louis Blues; Solitude; I'm in a Loudown Groove; Let's Do It; Mandy Is Two; It's a Sin to Tell a Lie.*

Collective personnel: Roy Eldridge, Dick Clark, Jonah Jones, Henry (Red) Allen, Eddie Tompkins, Cootie Williams, Buck Clayton, Charlie Shavers, Harry James, Oran (Hot Lips) Page, Harry Edison, Bill Coleman, Shad Collins, Emmett Berry, trumpets; Benny Morton or Dickie Wells, trombone; Buster Bailey, Tommy Mace, Edgar Sampson, or Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Ben Webster, Hilton Jefferson, Cecil Scott, Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, Prince Robinson, Joe Thomas, Lester Young, Vido Musso, Babe Russin, Benny Carter, Herschel Evans, Ernie Powell, Earle Warren, Jack Washington, Tab Smith, Ken Holton, Stanley Payne, Chu Berry, Jimmy Powell, Carl Frye, Kermit Scott, Don Redman, Georgie Auld, Don Byas, Lester Boone, Leslie Johnakins, saxophones; Teddy Wilson, Margaret Johnson, Claude Thornhill, Billy Kyle, Joe Sullivan, or Eddie Heywood, piano; John Trueheart, Lawrence Lucie, Dave Barbour, Bernard Addison, Allen Reuss, Jimmy McLin, Carmen Mastren, Freddie Green, Al Casey, Danny Barker, John Collins, Paul Chapman, or Ulysses Livingston, guitar; John Kirby, Grachan Moncur, Art Bernstein, Walter Page, Milt Hinton, John Williams, Al Hall, Wilson Myers, or Ted Sturgis, bass; Cozy Cole, Alphonse Steele, Jo Jones, Eddie Dougherty, Kenny Clarke, Yank Porter, Herbie Cowans, or J. C. Heard, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

LADY—VSP-5: *Lover, Come Back to Me; What's New?; Sometimes I'm Happy; When It's Sleepy Time Down South; Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone; What a Little Moonlight Can Do; Don't Worry 'Bout Me; 'Deed I Do; I Got a Right to Sing the Blues; You Took Advantage of Me.*

Collective personnel: Harry Edison, Joe Wilder, trumpets; Billy Byers, Jimmy Cleveland, trombones; Benny Carter, Al Cohn, Gene Quill, Danny Bank, saxophones; Hank Jones, Jimmie Rowles, or Mal Waldron, piano; Barney Kessel or Barry Galbraith, guitar; Joe Benjamin, Milt Hinton, or John Simmons, bass; Jo Jones, Osie Johnson, or Larry Bunker, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

These are definitive excerpts from the Billie Holiday story—one of the great stories told in the language of jazz. Much has been said and written about Lady Day. While she was alive, too much was said that hurt and far too little that helped. The time came when she was beyond help. But she gave to music even when she could no longer give to, or receive from, life.

Today we apologize to ourselves for what happened to Billie by saying that she was "a tragic figure." But it is a ground rule of tragedy that the hero's flaw must be at least as responsible for his downfall as the flaws in others in society.

Billie Holiday was a woman. She was Negro. She was an "entertainer," in that quaint phrase with which 20th-century America circumscribes so many of its greatest artists. How could she have been equal, in any sense, to a carnivorous society, a society that taught her bad habits but could not help her cure them? Billie was hurt far more than she hurt herself.

We would do her further injustice if we were to let the lamentable circumstances of her life becloud the legacy she has left. In that legacy the real Billie Holiday lives on, for more than any other jazz artist (except, perhaps, her soulmate, Lester Young), she came to life above all when she sang. Carmen McRae once said, "That's really Lady when you listen to her on a record . . . the only time she is at ease and at rest with herself is when she sings."

On these records, Billie Holiday sings for us. All we need do is listen.

Some of the performances in the three-LP Columbia set are more than 30 years old—an eon in jazz history. But what is good lasts—in jazz as in any other art. No special pleading, no footnotes are required; the music, strong and clear, is more than a glimpse of the past. It simply is. Like all genuine things, it is of its time but for all times.

In a sense, to be sure, these records constitute a document. While art doesn't "progress," an artist's career is measurable. Billie's mastery of her art and craft grew. Yet at each given stage, her work contained the essence of her self. The 20-year-old of *Painting the Town Red* and the 25-year-old of *Solitude* are not the same, yet both are Billie Holiday—as is the 43-year-old of *Don't Worry 'Bout Me*. The total legacy has many facets. All is there, the joy and the sadness, the defiance and the resignation, the fire, the beauty, and the love.

How well these facets are set off by the sometimes ideal, and rarely less than appropriate, surroundings. Lady was inspiring; playing for her made musicians reach. The more they could do, the more they did, and even lesser lights shone brightly when she was around.

The touchstone of this empathy, of course, is Lester Young; when Pres played with Billie, love was made. But others, too, could rise to the occasion in full—chief among them trumpeters Roy Eldridge and Buck Clayton. The warmth of the music made when things were just right has not been surpassed and has been equaled rarely. And more was said in three minutes than some manage to say in a lifetime.

To name a few of these gems on display in the Columbia set: *Mean to Me*, with Pres, Clayton, and Johnny Hodges; *I Can't Believe*, on which Billie is almost unbelievably tender and wistful and Lester's few bars a revelation; *Painting the Town*, with young Billie "belting" and young Eldridge in superb form; *My First Impression of You* (Billie laughs; the band is crazy); *Sun Showers*, again with Young and Clayton; *He's Funny That Way*, with the same two admirers, plus divine singing; the almost eerie *Date with a Dream*, with Pres on clarinet, and abstract Dickie Wells trombone; *More Than You Know*, with a graceful, delicious Benny Carter alto solo; and *It's a Sin*, with Billie's fantastic coda . . . one could cite record after record, solo upon solo, vocals and vocals. But glance at the personnel. Suffice it to say that almost everyone listed there is at his best, at all times. Listening will supply the details.

A few words, however, about some more prosaic aspects of the Columbia set.

In several cases, alternate takes (some never previously issued) have been employed. This is gratifying, but the near-total absence of indication about it is not. The take number listed in the discography is almost invariably that of the original 78-rpm release, whether this was actually used or not. It is not mere pedantry to insist that such information be provided for those with real interest in the music.

For the record, the relevant data, as initially ascertained by aural comparison: *I'll Get By*—previously unissued take; *Mean to Me*—alternate master, previously issued only on Columbia Record Club bonus LP, now unavailable; *More Than You Know*—previously unissued take; *I Can't Believe*—the rarer (Brunswick issue) master; *Now They Call It Swing*—master previously issued only on British Vocalion; *Falling in Love Again*—previously unissued take; *I'm All for You*—previously unissued take, with a much longer Eldridge solo; *I Hear Music*—take different from that used in the Epic *Swing Street* LP; *Practice Makes Perfect*—previously unissued take; *St. Louis Blues*—rare second master occasionally found on original 78 issue but not on earlier 78 and LP reissues. There may be others.

Less significant, but nevertheless disturbing, are certain external aspects of the package. The first Holiday set (*Golden Years, Vol. 1*) was a lovely production abounding with fine photographs. This set is adorned with a grotesque portrait: a color wash drawing of Billie's face that is near caricature in effect if not in intention.

The accompanying booklet is full of other specimens of this sort—pretentious, lifeless, fashionable neo-Art Nouveau of the most banal sort. No fewer than 13 of the 20 pages are devoted to this!

Leonard Feather's notes, interesting and

informative as they are, reveal more about the author than about the subject, and there is no track-by-track analysis, such as provided by Stanley Dance in Columbia's recent Duke Ellington reissue sets.

The music, fortunately, is well reproduced and well chosen. With two sets and one single LP in the Columbia catalog, all but 37 of the Holiday selections available to Columbia have now been reissued.

No discussion of this set would be complete without mention of Teddy Wilson, who plays piano and leads the band on most tracks. His accompaniments are perfect, his solo work always impeccable and sometimes inspired. Wilson's ear was and is remarkable. Thanks, also, to John Hammond, who supervised most of the sessions, and Frank Driggs who produced the set.

The VSP album is something different, in content as well as scope. Late—that is to say, post-1952—Holiday is more problematic and uneven than the output from the vintage years (1935-1944). But those who speak of the singer's deterioration are wrong: there was a decline in physical resources, but to balance it there was an increase in mastery of nuance and shading.

Sometimes, however, Billie simply wasn't fit when she recorded, and no amount of skill and experience could hide it. Even then, she could move the listener—but why not pick the best?

Three sessions are represented: a 1955 studio date with Edison, Carter, Kessel, Rowles, Simmons, and Bunker; a 1957 Newport appearance with a trio; and the last Holiday recording dates, in March, 1959, with studio groups directed by arranger Ray Ellis.

The Newport tracks, *Moonlight* and *Lover*, should not have been reissued. It was a damp and chilly night, and Billie was tired. It shows. But how touching is her little cadenza on *Moonlight*, when she is trying so hard to be gay.

The 1955 tracks, *What's New?*, *When Your Lover Has Gone*, and *I Got a Right to Sing the Blues*, range from fair to excellent. The singer is consistent but not so the accompaniment—and this had its effects. *What's New?* is lovely, a lesson in phrasing and bending and in getting the most from a range that had grown limited. Carter's alto solo is on a par with the "old" accompaniments of the vintage years.

Talk is not quite as fine; the longer LP format, while giving the musicians more solo space, dissolves the tightly knit fabric of the ever-so-concentrated three-minute performances—compare it with *Now They Call It Swing*, on which almost all hands also had time to solo. *I Got a Right to Sing*, perhaps because it was a remake of an earlier masterpiece, doesn't sustain. Edison's backing is too emphatic and sometimes too nonchalant, which disturbs the mood being created by the singer.

The last-date tracks, surprisingly, are the best in the VSP album. One, *Don't Worry 'Bout Me*, is a final tour de force. The song never had been sung like this and never will be. Gene Quill's obbligato and solo are perfect and make one think of what might have happened if Charlie Parker had had the chance to back Billie on record. *Sleepy Time* is a touching tribute to Louis Armstrong.

A little more than four months before her untimely death, Billie could still cut them all. She still can. (D.M.)

Nathan Davis

THE HIP WALK—German Saba 15063: *The Hip Walk; While Children Sleep; Train of Thought; Yesterdays; That Kaycee Thing; Carmell's Black Forest Waltz; B's Blues.*

Personnel: Carmell Jones, trumpet; Davis, tenor and soprano saxophones, flute; Francy Boland, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

Though Jones and Davis were school friends in Kansas City, Mo., they lost contact with each other until recently, when Jones went to Germany and was reunited with his colleague, who has been living in Europe for several years. Their collaboration is a fruitful one.

Davis is not well known in the United States, but he should be; he's a fine musician. His tenor style is influenced by John Coltrane, but his solos are generally simpler and more songlike, and he has a knack for conceiving attractive phrases and resolving them logically. Impressive is his improvisation on the lovely ballad, *Sleep*, for not only is it lyrical and well constructed but it's also full of varying colors and textures, from pure, penetrating high notes to breathy, low-register tones. At the other extreme is his buoyant, idea-filled work on the up-tempo *Train*.

On *Yesterdays*, Davis' flute feature, he stays fairly close to the theme, but his

ornamental runs seem excessively rhapsodic and trivial. He contributes good soprano work to *B's Blues,* swinging hard and achieving a light, cutting tone.

Jones, noted for his prodigious technique, plays with economy here. His *Train* spot, in fact, is composed almost entirely of very short phrases. It's intriguing—everything counts, the rests as well as the notes. His round, pure sonority is reminiscent of a classical trumpeter's.

Jones' other solos on this record are also spare, and he plays with a freshness through which his Clifford Brown roots still are noticeable. He probably demonstrates more individuality here than on any other record he has made. It will be interesting to follow him from this point. He's gifted and may be a monster in the making. In addition to improvising well, Jones wrote the pretty *Black Forest,* the only composition not by Davis.

Boland is no virtuoso, but his rather Monkish playing is neat and harmonically interesting. His accenting is unpredictable, and he contrasts chords and single-note lines effectively. (H.P.)

Herb Ellis

MAN WITH THE GUITAR—Dot 3678: *Empty Rooms; Swingin' on a Shoestring; A. M. Blues; Tennessee Waltz; Herbin'; Besame Mucho.*
Personnel: Teddy Edwards, tenor saxophone; Ron Feuer, organ; Ellis, guitar; Monty Budwig, bass; Stan Levey, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Ellis, a sympathetic musician, conveys a feeling of genuine enjoyment in his playing, and he is at home with the blues, as befits a jazzman from Texas. His sound is clean and ringing, and he swings. The sole fault of this album is an over-reliance on blues and blues-based patterns; only *Besame* departs from this groove.

The presence of Edwards is a decided asset. He plays with flowing ease, a big, warm sound, convincing emotion, and flawless time in a style sometimes reminiscent of Dexter Gordon's, with whom he was often associated in the dawning days of West Coast bop.

The other players are functional and reliable; Feuer, a new name, is at home with hip organ phraseology. Budwig and Levey, of course, are old pros.

Rooms, the longest track, has been recorded previously by Ellis as *Blues for Janet.* A slow, exclamatory blues, it builds well from the unison guitar-and-tenor theme statement. Ellis goes down home to Texas, and Edwards talks the blues in his first chorus.

Shoestring, a blues waltz reminiscent in structure of *Gravy Waltz,* has good work by Ellis and Edwards but an organ solo made up of stock phrases. Ray Brown's *A.M.* is an interesting blues line, featuring unusual voicings. The playing is relaxed. Edwards takes a beautiful solo (with shades of Booker Ervin at the start), and his soft comments behind Ellis in the out chorus are a gas, as is the guitarist's inventive coda.

Tennessee, surprisingly, becomes palatable in the capable hands of the quintet. Budwig plays good fills, the tempo is right, Ellis backs the organ solo with well-chosen chords, and the "amen" ending is appropriately tongue-in-cheek.

Herbin' is in a rock-and-roll groove a la *Watermelon Man* and shows that Levey knows this kind of rhythm. Ellis' solo ends with one of Charlie Christian's favorite phrases. Edwards moans and tongues delightfully. *Besame* swings and gives Ellis and Edwards a chance to play some chord changes. The ending has original touches.

It's a pleasant album. (D.M.)

Grant Green

I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND—Blue Note 4202: *I Want to Hold Your Hand; Speak Low; Stella by Starlight; Corcovado; This Could be the Start of Something Big; At Long Last Love.*
Personnel: Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Larry Young, organ; Green, guitar; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

In terms of instrumentation and choice of material, this could be considered a "commercial jazz" album. It would be a mistake, however, to assume that this implies a lowering of musical standards. In fact, this is a most enjoyable record, performed with taste, skill, and warmth.

Green is an excellent guitarist. He gets a big, singing sound from his instrument, and he avoids cliches. He also is a real improviser—i.e., he sometimes tries things that don't quite come off, in welcome contrast to those players who rely on stock phrases and in-the-fingers runs and patterns. And he knows how to state a melody.

There is considerable empathy among

Green and his three companions. Mobley is warmly inventive. Young is an organist who doesn't overplay his horn and comps well. Jones is perfect. (The drummer's playing in this album may come as a surprise to those accustomed only to his work with John Coltrane. If so, they haven't realized that Elvin Jones is a complete musician, who can adapt to any valid musical environment.)

The repertoire, ranging from the Beatles to Cole Porter, maintains a good balance between current and established hits.

Hand is done as a bossa nova, with good results. Mobley is very tasteful here. *Stella*, properly lyrical, features fine melodic playing by Green and a nice coda. *Speak*, the only up-tempo track, has a vigorous short solo by Jones, Green at his best (he makes good use of contrasting long and short phrases), and a Mobley solo that sustains a high level for two choruses, though he gets hung in the third.

Mobley's spot on *Love* seems too short. This is a very relaxed track, with soulful Green and a pretty guitar-tenor dialog at the end. *Corcovado* has a pleasant theme statement by Green, good Mobley (his sound dark and cloudy), inventive Young, and a romantic improvisation by the guitarist. *Something Big* is a trio track—no Mobley—with fine Jones brushwork.

Quite different from the usual guitar-tenor-organ routines, this album moves in a relaxed, intimate and un-funky groove. (D.M.)

Johnny Hodges-Lawrence Welk

WELK & HODGES—Dot 3682 and 25682: *Someone to Watch Over Me; Misty; Fantastic, That's You; Star Dust; I Can't Get Started; Haunting Melody; When My Baby Smiles at Me; Blue Velvet; Sophisticated Lady; Canadian Sunset; In a Sentimental Mood; I'm Beginning to See the Light.*

Personnel: Hodges, alto saxophone; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★

This is a tastefully done record. It's simply Hodges playing good standards (and a couple of dogs) cushioned by strings and mellow brass.

There is little attempt at improvisation, but that hardly was the point of the album. The arrangements are well crafted, though not particularly challenging, by such skilled writers as Benny Carter, Marty Paich, Russ Garcia, Sid Feller, Vic Schoen, and Jerry Gray. The best arrangement, to my ears, is *Stardust* by Pete King.

For the most part, Hodges sticks close to the melodies, infusing them with the beauty of his tone and the lilt of his personal touches (slurs, rhythmic alterations, little fills, and variation of attack from softly lyrical to biting.)

Light and *Haunting* contain the most jazz, the latter having especially delightful Hodges. *Light*, by the way, is the only tune not given a balladic treatment.

Welk's name will probably assure the album a much wider hearing than any other featuring Hodges—and for that, a tip of this reviewer's hat to Welk. (D.DeM.)

Johnny Hodges-Earl Hines

STRIDE RIGHT—Verve 6-8647: *Caution Blues; Stride Right; Rosetta; Perdido; Fantastic; Tale of the Fox; I'm Beginning to See the Light; C Jam Blues; Tippin' In.*

Personnel: Hodges, alto saxophone; Hines, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Joe Marshall, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

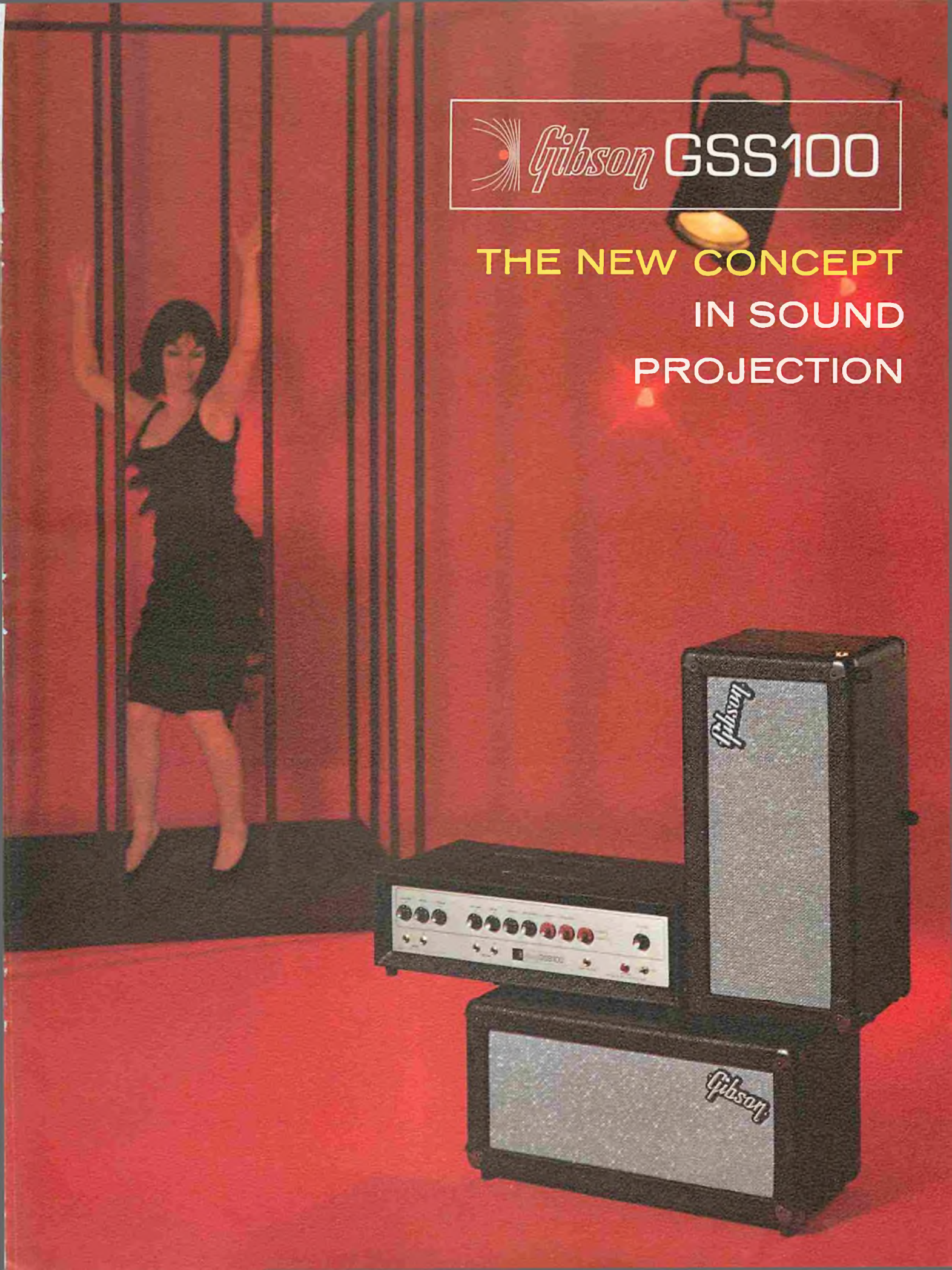
Though they have equal billing, this would seem to be Hines' rather than Hodges' album since the pianist receives more solo space.

Hines' style has evolved noticeably since his first association with Louis Armstrong in the late 1920s. His playing is more economical, and he uses his left hand less frequently, at times comping like a modernist. In a few places his block-chord voicings also seem derived from modern pianists.

The restraint with which Hines now plays is evident on several selections, particularly *C Jam*, on which his almost delicate opening spot recalls Count Basic. He also contributes light, delightful work on *See the Light* and during his first *Rosetta* solo.

The more aggressive side of Hines is also evident. He roars along like a tank on *Stride Right*, employing stride figures but varying them with other left-hand devices.

Hines' excellent construction deserves attention on *Perdido* and *Caution*. On the former he paces himself well, alternating single-note lines effectively with chords. During *Caution* he improvises in a neat, pensive manner, subtly evolving into the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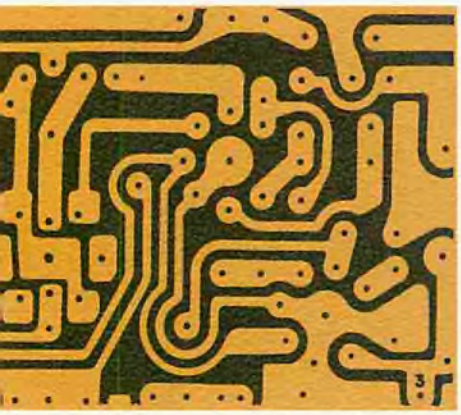

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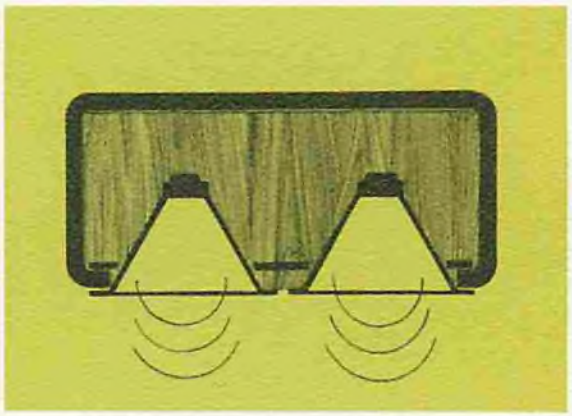

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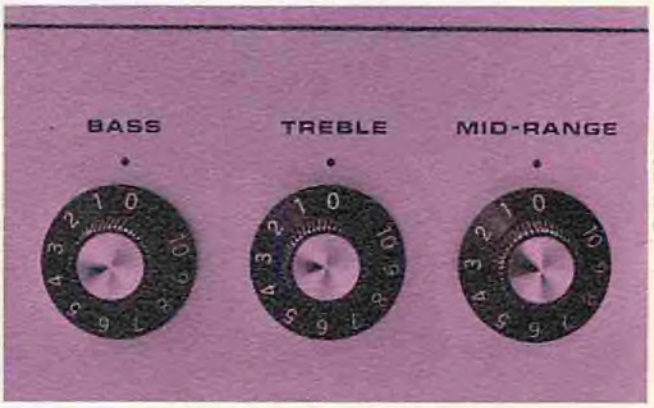

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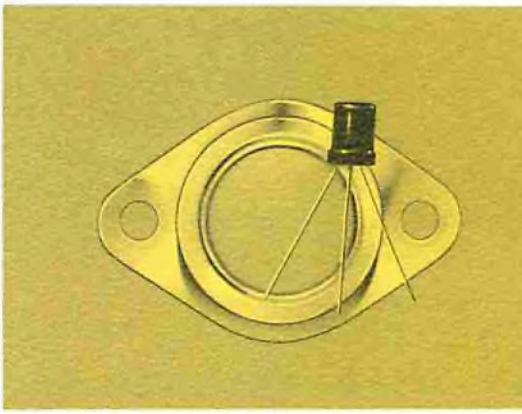

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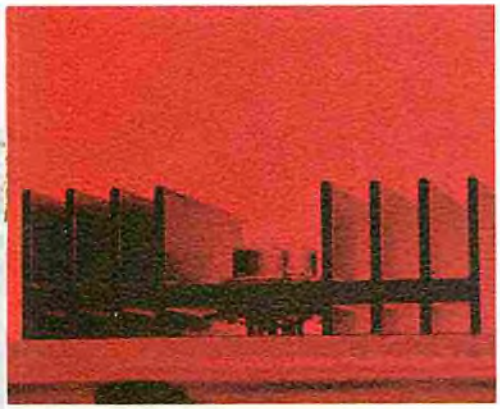

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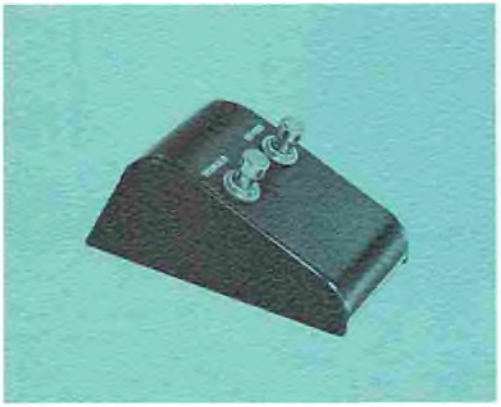

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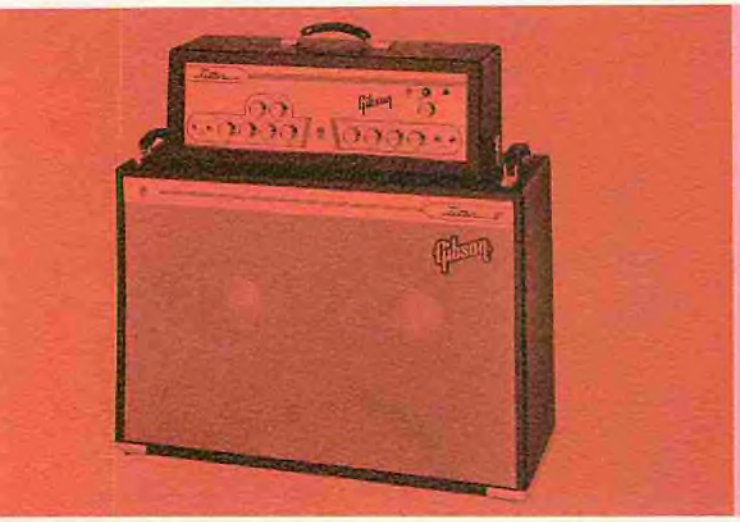

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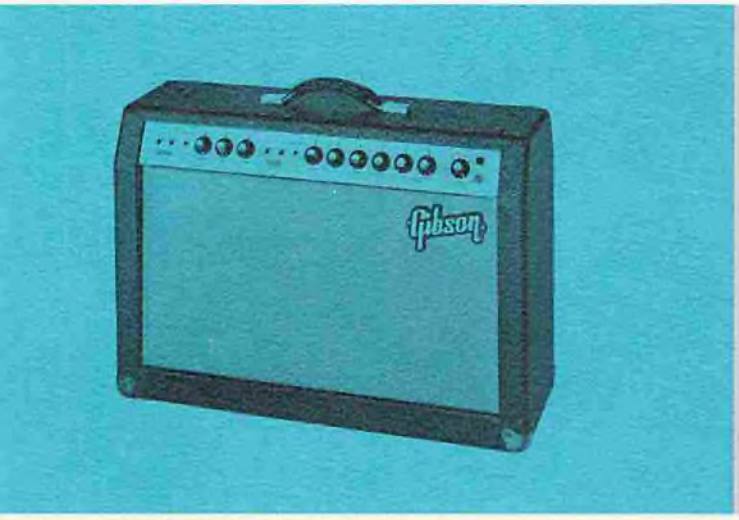

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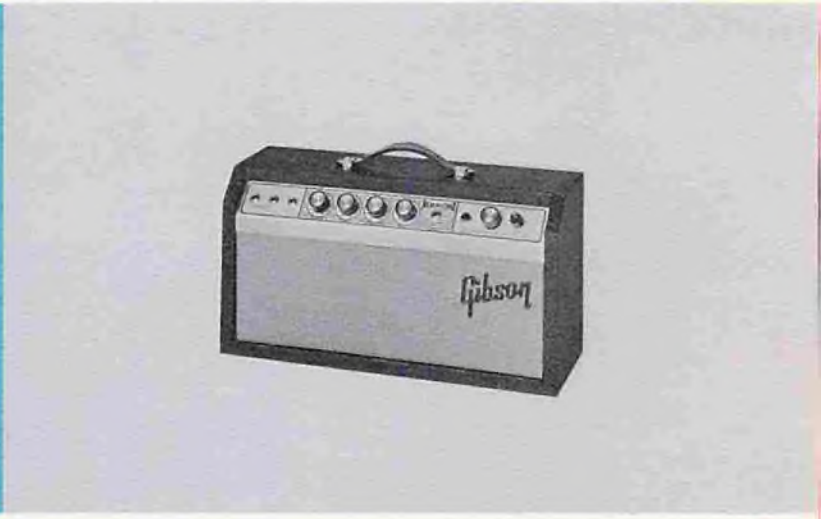

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final theme statement, on which he displays a caressing touch.

On the ballad *Fantastic,* Hodges plays oversentimentally but performs fairly well elsewhere. Especially good is the dreamy solo he takes on *Caution*; he can sing a sweet, untroubled song on any kind of selection, even the blues.

On the medium and medium-up tunes Hodges plays easygoing, nicely balanced solos. He has a tendency to fall back on commonplace devices, however, and this is particularly noticeable on *C Jam,* on which his solo is dull and predictable.

Burrell's solos are, in general, less inspired and meaty than usual. Davis, though, stands out, performing strongly in the section and handling his bass as if it were a guitar during his *Perdido* and *C Jam* solos.

Marshall's work is strangely square; he gives the impression of having a regular gig with a society band, especially when he plays a shuffle beat on *Tippin' In.* He may have been told to perform thusly, but he certainly doesn't add anything to the proceedings. (H.P.)

Ahmad Jamal

RHAPSODY—Cadet 764: *I Hear a Rhapsody; This Could Be the Start of Something; Then I'll Be Tired of You; Effendi; Invitation; The Shadow of Your Smile; Strange; You Can Be Sure; Concern.*

Personnel: All tracks—Jamal, piano; Jamil S. Nasser, bass; Vernel Fournier, drums. Tracks 1, 3, 6, 8—unidentified string section added.

Rating: ★★½

Ray Bryant

GOTTA TRAVEL ON—Cadet 767: *Gotta Travel On; Erewhon; Smack Dab in the Middle; Monkey Business; All Things Are Possible; It Was a Very Good Year; Bags' Groove; Midnight Stalkin'; Little Soul Sister.*

Personnel: Clark Terry, fluegelhorn, and Snookie Young, trumpet (Tracks 2, 5, 6); Bryant, piano; Walter Booker Jr., bass; Freddie Waits, drums.

Rating: ★★

The fact that both Cadet entries feature trios supplemented by other musicians on some tracks is not the only basis of comparison. There is a connection of a broader, and more disturbing scope: both pianists have changed, rather than evolved.

Bryant has become more blatantly commercial since his *Little Susie* days; Jamal swings less than he did during his *Poinciana* era. At the risk of generalizing, those changes are evident at least on these discs.

Gone are Jamal's silences and playful excursions into treble-land. What this collection emphasizes is a fuller keyboard approach, a more lush sound, even more introspection. While his technique and harmonic sense remain unaltered, the old humor and excitement have faded.

Rhapsody, Tired, Shadow, and *Strange* are pretty examples of background music; the first three are weighted down by the strings. The only up-tempo track containing strings, *You Can Be Sure,* is no better. Their feeble attempts to jab, a la brass, border on the ludicrous.

This Could Be is overarranged and comes on too strong to swing freely. *Effendi* nearly suffers the same fate but manages to get off the ground. *Invitation* is a relaxing throw-away, punctuated by tambourine.

Only the final track, *Concern,* conjures

up the old Jamal, and it swings most joyously in its minor mode.

While the Jamal trio still retains its subtlety, Bryant and company hit the listener over the head with Gospel preachments. The line separating them from rock is mighty thin and, in some instances, nonexistent.

The main trouble with the Bryant disc is its sameness. With two exceptions, every number is a study in the big beat. *Bags' Groove* and *Little Soul Sister* can be classified as straight-ahead—they also can be classified as uninteresting. Once Bryant deviates from his usual, down-home, two-handed style, the bottom drops out; Booker and Waits offer a foundation that reveals mere time-keeping without rapport.

As for the blend with the two brass, *Good Year* shows the best results. *Erehwon* and *All Things* sound like self-conscious attempts at integrating. The result: Terry and Young are merely superimposed over the frantic, Gospel-tinged activity. According to the information on the album jacket, the final track, *Little Soul Sister,* contains the fluegelhorn and trumpet tandem. 'Tain't so. The brass must have smartened up before the finale was reached. (H.S.)

Barney Kessel

ON FIRE—Emerald 2401: *Slow Burn; Just in Time; The Shadow of Your Smile; Recado Bossa Nova (Gift of Love); Sweet Baby; Who Can I Turn To?; One Mint Julep.*

Personnel: Kessel, guitar; Jerry Scheff, bass; Frankie Capp, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

This is Kessel's first jazz album in some time and, according to the liner notes, his first "live" record date. Active in recent years as a successful arranger, composer, and a&r man in the Hollywood film, television, and recording studios, Kessel has lost neither chops nor touch.

He is a guitarist of extraordinary facility, and his command of the instrument is striking. In his hands, the amplified guitar is as flexible, and sometimes as delicate and subtle, as the acoustic instrument. He has a remarkably light, yet firm, touch and an appealing sound.

The trio format, the unobtrusive backing by Scheff and Capp, and the excellent recording quality, serve to highlight these aspects of Kessel's playing. In contemporary usage, it is often forgotten that the guitar is an intimate instrument—happily, not so here.

Kessel relies less on single-string and single-note lines than most post-Christian guitarists. His extensive use of chords lends variety to his work, and though he has his favorite runs, they are his own, and he avoids stock phrases.

Burn and *Julep* are the stretch-out tracks, the former a blues-with-bridge, the latter a simple, rifflike blues pattern. Both are swinging performances, full of pyrotechnics (some of Kessel's double-time runs are astonishing), and they never run out of steam.

Shadow and *Turn* (the latter played without pick) are lyrical, slow ballad treatments, with only the hint of a basic beat—yet they are not at all logy. There is an almost Spanish flavor to *Smile*—a lovely, full sound—while *Turn* is remarkably delicate.

Time is taken at breakneck speed, the theme stated in chords followed by lightning single-string work, two choruses of fours with Capp (nice drumming), a return to the chorded theme, and a long tag ending. The guys evidently had fun with this one.

Sweet Baby, a Kessel original, has out-of-tempo segments at beginning and end, linked by a medium-tempo, blues-tinged middle section. The least impressive track is *Recado,* one of the triter bossa nova themes. There is some remarkable fast fingering, but also a banal quote from *Tico-Tico,* and the over-all effect is quite superficial. But this is a minor flaw.

Kessel has proved that his name is still one to be reckoned with in the world of the jazz guitar. (D.M.)

Freddie McCoy

SPIDER MAN—Prestige 7444: *Have Mercy; Yesterdays; The Girl from Ipanema; Spider Man; That's All; Speak Out, Deagan.*

Personnel: Charlie Wilson, piano; McCoy, vibraharp; Steve Davis, bass; Rudy Lawless, drums.

Rating: ★★

Steve Allen-Terry Gibbs

RHYTHM AND BLUES—Dot 3683: *Song for My Father; Watermelon Man; Let Go, Sloppy, Let Go; Cloudy Monday Blues; Soul Stuff; Boss Groove; Wama Lama Joogie Boogie Shuffle; Scat.*

Personnel: Don Rader, trumpet; Jim Horn, reeds; Allen, piano; Mike Melvoin, organ; Gibbs, vibraharp; Donald Peake, guitar; Larry Knechtel, bass guitar, harmonica; Hal Blaine, Frank DeVito, drums.

Rating: no stars

J. J. Johnson

BROADWAY EXPRESS—RCA Victor 3544: *Come Back to Me; Night Song; Once in a Lifetime; More Than One Way; I Believe in You; Goodbye, Old Girl; The Joker; Sew the Buttons On; Sunrise, Sunset; Why Did I Choose You?; Xanadu; Something's Coming.*

Personnel: Johnson, trombone; Hank Jones, piano; Phil Kraus, bass marimba; Grady Tate, drums; others unidentified; Mundell Lowe, arranger-conductor.

Rating: ★

J. J. Johnson, with woodwinds and strings insipidly orchestrated, sticks close by the melody. I recommend this record for tourists who have visited New York and want to relive the glorious experience of attending the many exciting musical comedies that have been produced on Broadway lately. They can save it along with their *Playbills.*

As a trombone player, I'd be insensitive not to be impressed by Johnson's mastery of the horn, but this LP isn't an attempt at anything except making money. Hopefully he'll make a lot of it—but I can't call it what it isn't.

The Allen-Gibbs album combines the dullest qualities of both rock-and-roll and jazz. Talk about bad taste—*Wama Lama Joogie Boogie Shuffle*?!

Allen, whose liberal politics make more sense to me than his musical taste, says, "The idea behind this album was a very logical one, it seemed to me. We wanted to use the standard rhythm sound that young people are dancing to nowadays and then superimpose on it some jazz solos and standard or original jazz themes."

However, the electronic rhythm section has little of the excitement of the Rolling Stones or the musicality of the Byrds. The recording presence is flat—I miss the echoes and reverberations.

Song and *Watermelon* are good tunes but here are played condescendingly. Aiming at commerciality, they end up only dull. Horace Silver, in the original version of *Song*, is closer to rock-and-roll than this, and I mean that as a compliment. He swings as much as the Beatles, plus having the intelligent, rhythmic, personal expression unique to jazz. This record has neither intelligence nor swing.

Vibist McCoy comes closest to what I consider jazz. But it's only safe, pleasing, and guaranteed not to offend anyone except people who like to be stimulated by music. He's probably capable of more, but on *Spider Man* all I hear is competence, and as a listener I demand more than that.

The Johnson and Gibbs efforts are commercial records by people who at other times play jazz. In my opinion, they shouldn't be reviewed here—it's the same as if Frederico Fellini produced a television commercial that was then reviewed as a serious film. *Spider Man* is jazz hopefully aimed at pleasing everybody. In attempting to be inoffensive, it ends up only boring. All three of these albums bore me deeply. (M.Z.)

Modern Jazz Quartet

JAZZ DIALOGUE—Atlantic 1449: *Home; Django; One Never Knows; Animal Dance; Intima; The Golden Striker; Ralph's New Blues.*
Personnel: Clark Terry, Ernie Royal, Snooky Young, Bernie Glow, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Kai Winding, Tony Studd, trombones; Phil Woods, Charlie Mariano, Seldon Powell, Richie Kamuca, Wally Kane, saxophones; John Lewis, piano; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Howard Collins, guitar; Percy Heath, bass; Jimmy Lewis, electric bass (Track 1 only); Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★★★

The idea of presenting the MJQ within a big-band framework is nice; the results are just that: pleasant. The only soloists are Lewis, Jackson, and, briefly, Heath, and though the pianist's arrangements are attractive, a solo here and there from some of the talented horn men on the date might have helped the proceedings.

With the exception of *Blues* (by Jackson) and *Intima* (by the Yugoslav bassist-composer Miljenko Prohaska), the selections are by Lewis, and all but *Animal Dance* (from a ballet score) and a new piece, *Home*, are in the MJQ's repertoire. But they are good pieces and wear well.

Knows, for instance, is one of Lewis' finest melodies, and both the composer and Jackson contribute excellent solos. Lewis, in fact, is inspired throughout. His solo on *Intima* ranks with his finest work. Jackson has his best moments on the tried-and-true *Django*, which has been heard in many versions; to these ears, the first remains the greatest.

The rollicking *Home*, its rock-and-roll flavor underscored by honking baritone saxophone and electrified bass, has fine interplay between piano and vibraharp, and the band punches plenty.

Lewis' scoring for standard big-band instrumentation shows that he hasn't lost his touch since turning out those great arrangements for Dizzy Gillespie's band in the late '40s, but his approach is traditional rather than venturesome (*Home* excepted).

Pleasant music but no cigar. (D.M.)

Joe Pass

A SIGN OF THE TIMES—World Pacific 21844: *A Sign of the Times; The Phoenix Love Theme (Senza Fine); Nowhere Man; Dindi; A Summer Song; Moment to Moment; It Was a Very Good Year; Are You There?; What Now, My Love?; Softly, as I Leave You; Sweet September.*
Personnel: Chet Baker, fluegelhorn; Pass, guitar; Frankie Capp, drums; unidentified vocal group; unidentified orchestra; Bob Florence, conductor, arranger.

Rating: ★★★½

If this were not being reviewed in a jazz context, one could add another half-star or possibly a full one. As jazz-tinged interpretations of current popular songs, it constitutes a beautiful job of retaining the feeling of the original idiom while giving it fresh accents and color through the addition of another.

A vocal group for wordless backgrounds, Pass' guitar lead, an unidentified vibist, and Capp's drumming keep the basic feeling.

Baker adds a very complementary sound with his gently soaring solos. The only real jazz quality is contributed by Pass, who occasionally takes off for a chorus on his own. Very pleasant, unhackneyed performances.

But something strange is going on in the billing. Baker gets almost equal solo space with Pass (Eliot Tiegel's notes call the disc "a team effort of distinguished soloists"), yet Baker is mentioned nowhere except deep in the inner recesses of Tiegel's notes. Pass and Florence are the only ones listed in the display type on either the front or back of the liner. Somebody mad at Chet? (J.S.W.)

Lou Rawls

LIVE!—Capitol 2459: *Stormy Monday; Tobacco Road; St. James Infirmary; The Shadow of Your Smile; I'd Rather Drink Muddy Water; Goin' to Chicago Blues; In the Evening When the Sun Goes Down; The Girl from Ipanema; I Got It Bad, and That Ain't Good; World of Trouble.*
Personnel: Tommy Strode, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; James Bond, bass; Earl Palmer, drums; Rawls, vocals.

Rating: ★★½

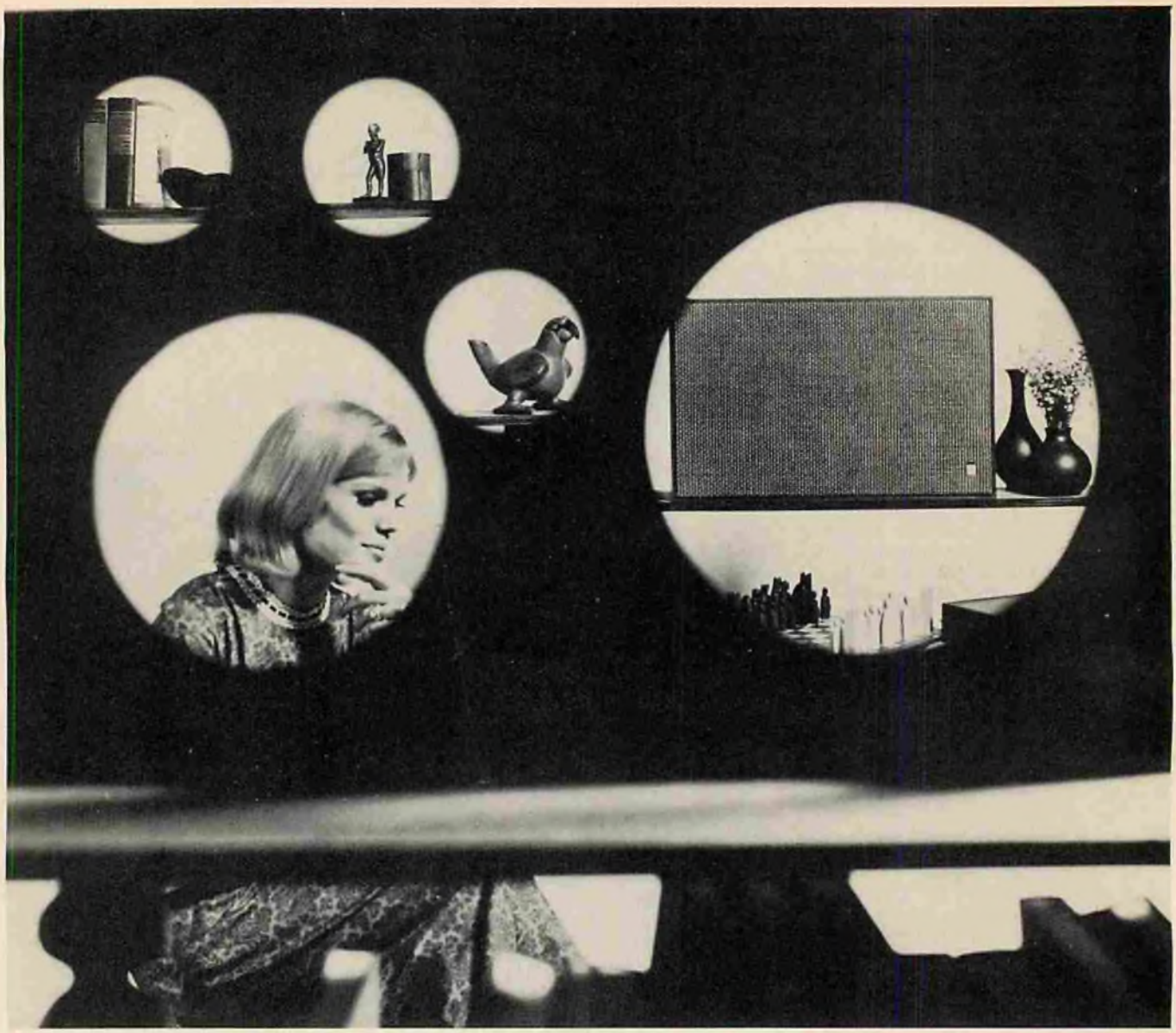
THE SOUL-STIRRING GOSPEL SOUNDS OF THE PILGRIM TRAVELERS FEATURING LOU RAWLS—Capitol 2485: *Wade in the Water; Sweet Chariot; Jesus, Be a Fence Around Me; If He Holds Your Hand; Didn't It Rain?; That's Heaven to Me; Stand by Me, Father; Poor Pilgrim of Sorrow; Motherless Child; Did You Stop to Pray This Morning?; Walking in the Light of the Lord.*

Rating: ★★★★

When an entertainer makes his first live-performance recording, a certain amount of sloppiness and tension can be expected. The problems affecting the Rawls *Live!* album go beyond initial-outing-itis. He has recorded more than half the tunes before, some twice, and the material got a better tracking in the sanctuary of the recording studio.

What is here is merely an insignificant set, held together by hand-clapping and contrived heat.

The material is generally up-tempo, perhaps in an effort to simulate a moving groove. In person, with the physical presence of the singer to sustain the level, maybe it was convincing. On the record, it merely sounds like a good singer singing his established favorites too fast. It is lucky that Rawls is a good singer. The material is not dull. It is entertaining. It is not, however, up to par with the artist's



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In sharp contrast is his performance with the Pilgrim Travelers.

He is an excellent Gospel singer, and the quartet is a magnificent symbol of all that is right with Gospel singing.

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In this setting, Rawls is absolutely at ease and almost flawless in his performance. He exhibits an involvement so necessary for "soul music," whether secular or religious. The basic style of singing here is the same captivating ability to communicate that the singer displays in his secular work.

There are no bad takes. Some of the most notable aspects occur in *Did You Stop to Pray?*, in which the open, strident pace is powerfully executed, and *Walking*, in which the secular promise in Rawls' voice is most prevalent. A good buy.

(B.G.)

Howard Roberts

WHATEVER'S FAIR!—Capitol 2478: *The Shadow of Your Smile; Sweet September; Pussy Cat; Whatever's Fair; This Is the Life; On a Clear Day; I'll Only Miss Her When I Think of Her; Manha de Carnaval; Michelle; A Taste of Honey; Bye, Bye Blues.*

Personnel: Henry Cain, organ; Roberts, Bill Pitman, guitars; Chuck Berghofer, bass; Earl Palmer, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Roberts is one of the more capable jazz guitarists. He might have been even better if he hadn't spent so much of his career in the creatively stultifying atmosphere that prevails on the West Coast.

A fine technician, he is able to execute difficult passages cleanly and forcefully, and he is fairly inventive. He doesn't stall, though some of his passages here are marred by cornily funky effects. His tone is bright and penetrating but not twangy. On *Shadow* and *Think of Her* he demonstrates an ability to state themes warmly and tastefully.

Considering the commercial nature of this LP, Roberts' work is surprisingly inspired. He plays for keeps, swinging strongly but with grace. His lines are, for the most part, interesting, though he employs too many common-property ideas.

Cain's work is dull, even when judged by the low standard set by most contemporary jazz organists. (H.P.)

Sextet of Orchestra U.S.A.

MACK THE KNIFE—RCA Victor 3498: *Alabama Song; Havana Song; As You Make Your Bed; Mack the Knife; Bilbao Song; Barbara Song; Pirate Jenny.*

Personnel: Nick Travis, trumpet, or Thad Jones, cornet; Michael Zwerin, bass trumpet; Eric Dolphy or Jerome Richardson, alto saxophone, flute, bass clarinet; John Lewis, piano, or Jimmy Raney, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

The sextet is, as producer George Avakian's notes point out, the "jazz wing" of Orchestra U.S.A., the large ensemble organized in 1961 by Lewis for the purpose of playing every kind of contemporary music—classical, jazz, and so-called Third Stream.

This set of Kurt Weill theater songs, never performed in public by the sextet, was arranged by bass trumpeter Zwerin and is, on the whole, remarkably successful in maintaining listener interest. The arrangements make effective and ingenious use of orchestral color, are quite witty throughout, and are further designed to enhance the work of the soloists by providing elements of contrast and continuity.

These selections are interpreted by two versions of the sextet, the common members being Zwerin, Davis, and Kay. Travis, Dolphy, and Lewis are present on the first three numbers and are replaced by Jones, Richardson, and Raney for the four pieces that comprise the album's second side.

The first group is by far the more successful, the reason being the consistently high solo work of Lewis, Davis, and Dolphy.

In both his supporting and solo work Lewis constructs rhythmically interesting, intelligently spare lines that often imply much more than they state. His use of space is paramount to his conception, a fact well illustrated in his delightful improvisation on *As You Make*, on which his solo grows inevitably and logically out of his jabbing, at times dissonant, accompaniments for Zwerin and then Dolphy. The piano solo builds nicely and returns gracefully to the ensemble. On *Alabama* and *Havana* Lewis' contributions are important and well-sculptured, fashioned with his usual concern for flow and continuity without superfluity.

Dolphy is perhaps most impressive in his bass-clarinet foray into *Alabama*, a bristling solo full of whooping cries, squeaks, and bleats, purposefully agitated and full of anguish (according to the liner notes, Zwerin asked Dolphy to express his feelings about contemporary Alabama in his solo). But its power and intensity aside, the solo does not especially cohere with what precedes or follows it in the piece.

By all odds the most consistently impressive soloist is Davis. His brief solo on *Havana* is absolutely exquisite, employing a call-and-response format that often gives the impression that one is listening to two bassists. On *Mack the Knife* he generates unbelievable excitement in his improvisation, a strong, vigorous statement made up of notes and phrases that hang in the air, of flutters, cascades of notes, tremolos, multiple stops—a beautifully woven improvisation that is shot through with virtuoso effects that never, however, call attention to themselves. The end result is a forceful and ingenious piece of *music*.

The same taste, imagination, and sensitivity mark Davis' accompaniment work. His support of Lewis' *Havana* solo is at least as interesting as the piano improvisation it underlines. Throughout the album, the bassist's response to the playing of the others is as attentive and masterly as it is immediate. Repeatedly I found myself listening to him: Davis is a spellbinding

instrumentalist who always plays at the top of his capabilities.

Admittedly excellent instrumentalists, Jones, Richardson, and Raney do not turn in performances anywhere near as beguiling as those heard on the first side. Though their work is certainly more than adequate, it just does not have that added spark, commitment, or whatever it is that burns through the playing of Dolphy, Davis, and Lewis here.

The fact that the same quality of solo playing is not maintained on the second side does not greatly impair the effectiveness of the music, which is for the most part designed as ensemble music. Zwerin's arrangements utilize the fullest resources of the instruments at his disposal, and throughout the orchestrations there is an arresting play of solo and ensemble, with the latter providing the former stimulation and impetus, furnishing contrast and lending continuity and an over-all sense of design to the performances.

For the most part, Zwerin has crafted well. There is a great sense of life and movement to his arrangements. They never depart too radically from the spirit of Weill's original orchestrations, though occasionally there is a slight sense of incongruity created by the juxtaposition of a piece of bop-tinged writing against the unaffected simplicity and ingenuousness of Weill's charming themes and colors (which were inspired by the jazz-tinged American popular music of the 1920s).

All told, this is a most enjoyable and unusual set that tends to favor head over heart. And one would have wished to hear a bit more of the latter in the performance of these delightful pieces. (P.W.)

Bud Shank

CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'—World Pacific 1845 and 21845: *California Dreamin'; Impreva; Listen, People; What the World Needs Now Is Love; In Times Like These; Norwegian Wood; Woman; Monday, Monday; Daydream; Gotta Go; The End of the World; Husbands and Wives.*

Personnel: Chet Baker, fluegelhorn; Shank, flute, alto saxophone; Bob Florence, arranger; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★

Many tunes performed by the Beatles and similar groups are engaging, and it was almost inevitable that jazzmen would get around to recording them. Some of the songs lend themselves fairly well to improvisation, but, unfortunately, the selections included on this LP are handled superficially. Florence's arrangements for Shank's combo, augmented by a vocal group, are inoffensive but bland. And the improvisation is disappointing.

Early in his career, Shank showed a promise that he has not fulfilled. His work on Gerry Mulligan's 1953 *Flash*, for example, is a fine Lee Konitz-influenced spot. But Shank soon shied from the challenges Konitz' avant-garde (at that time) style offered. Shank's current style is strongly influenced, directly or indirectly, by Lester Young and Charlie Parker, though he still sometimes employs a Konitz-like tone. At best, his work has charm, because of his simple but rather attractive melodic ideas, tastefulness, and pretty tone. Here he's not as inventive and inspired as he has been; his improvisation is innocuous and, in one case—*Dreamin'*—trite.

As for Baker, it's good to see him recording. Because he was overpraised in the beginning of his career (around 1953), a violent reaction against his playing set in, and now his name is spoken with contempt in some quarters. But he doesn't have to apologize for his early work on the West Coast; it's competent—certainly not deeply moving, but lyrical and catchy. And there have been times in the last decade when he's played impressively, improvising with more emotional depth than he did as a member of Mulligan's first quartet.

Here he is allotted so little solo space that he can't really get into anything. His work, what there is of it, is agreeable but, understandably, not meaty or compelling.

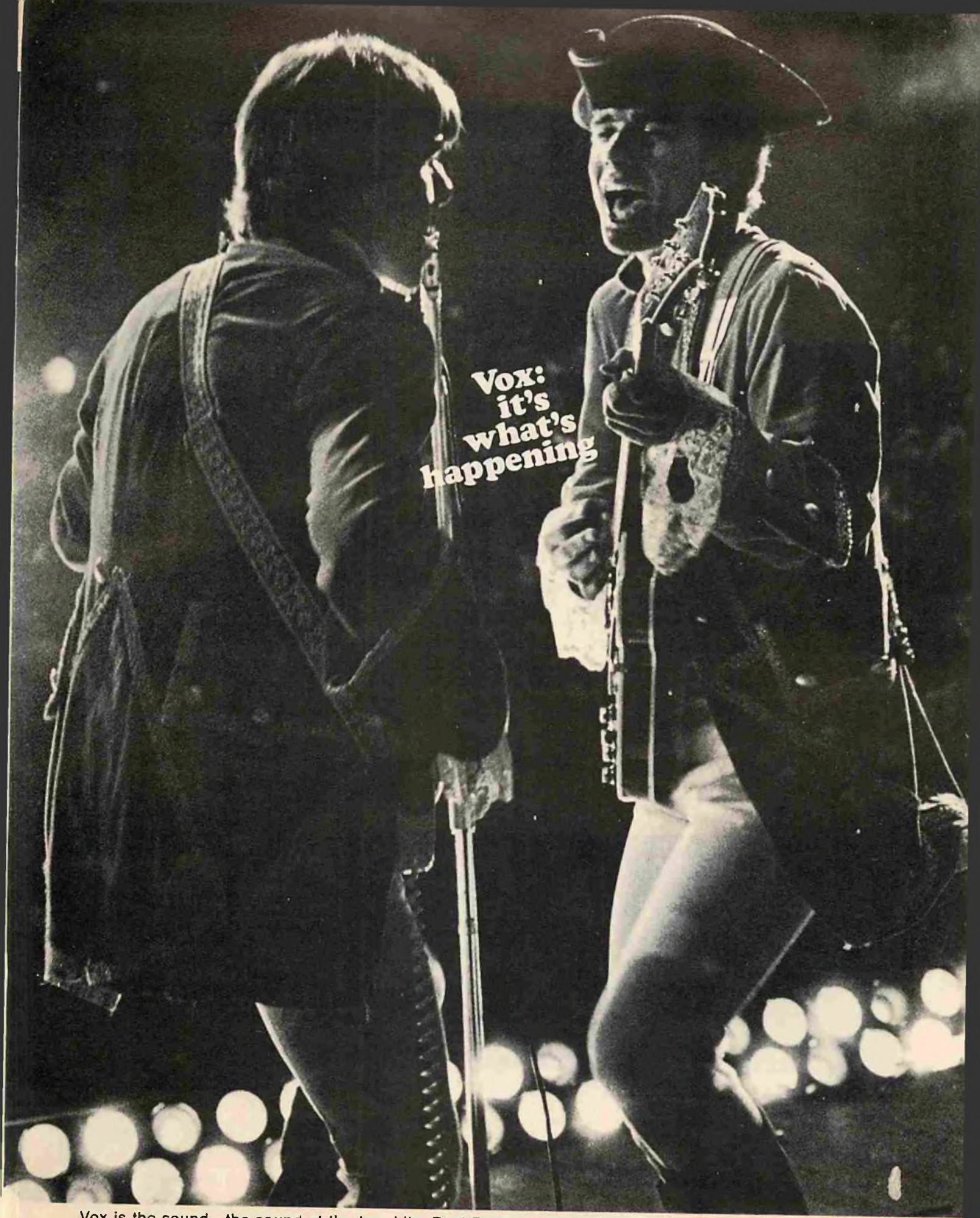
Cal Tjader

SOUL BURST—Verve 8637: *Cuchy Frito Man; Descarga Cubana; Soul Burst (Guajera); The Bilbao Song; Manteca; It Didn't End (Nao Se Acabou); My Ship; Morning; Oran; Curacao.*

Personnel: Jerome Richardson, Jerry Dodgion, Seldon Powell, flutes; Tjader, vibraharp; Attila Zoller, guitar; Chick Corea, piano; Bobby Rodriguez or Richard Davis, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Victor Pantoja, percussion; Jose Manguhl, timbales; Carlos (Patato) Valdes, conga.

Rating: ★★½

The cover of this album is beautiful in its simplicity—it is black, with a photograph of a scintillating, tinsel-like ornament in the center. The music, too, is quite beautiful . . . soft, persuasive, perfect as a hand-screened print. In a quiet way, it is a journey through many lands—the



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For the jazz listener it may be less than satisfying, since there is little opportunity for some fine musicians (Dodgion, Richardson, Powell, Corea, and Zoller) to stretch out, though everyone plays well within the confines of the music.

Flutes are rife, and the once free-wheeling Tjader seems quiet and reflective. His solos are all played with taste and feeling, particularly on *Morning* (a pretty tune by Clare Fischer) and his own *Soul Burst*, a sort of Latin *Bags' Groove*.

Given half a chance, all those on this date would have burst forth with some of the spontaneous playing they have so capably done in the past. In a couple of spots, Corea manages to get away—and he sounds as if he is enjoying himself. He obviously knows how to play Latin music with real feeling, while at the same time managing to work in some subtly building jazz choruses, notably on *Soul, End*, and his own *Oran*.

Zoller is heard on only one chorus of *Manteca*, which is not nearly enough of this fine guitarist. *Manteca* has none of the dash and exuberance that made the recording of it by its composer—Dizzy Gillespie—so memorable. Here it seems somewhat eviscerated after Gillespie's rip-roaring version of 18 years ago.

Nevertheless, the various colorings in this collection are langorous and sultry, having a romantic quality, a silken sheen. This is a glossy, smoothly packaged product that no doubt will grace the record cabinet of many a Latin (music) lover. But there's not too much real fire . . . just a pleasant glow. (M.McP.)

George Van Eps

MY GUITAR—Capitol 2533: *Spanish Eyes; And I Love Her; All My Loving; There Will Never Be Another You; Yesterday; Lollipops and Roses; Love Me Do; I'll Walk Alone; If I Fell; I'm Glad There Is You; It's Been a Long, Long Time; Theme from "A Summer Place."*

Personnel: Van Eps, guitar; Frank Flynn, vibraharp, marimba, various percussion.

Rating: ★★★★

Van Eps is a master. Of the guitar, not necessarily jazz. (There are portions of this LP that the hippies will put down as cocktail music or corny.) But his musical conception is deeply rooted in jazz. Those roots are evident in his rhythmic resilience, his chord voicings, his construction and phrasing. That he sometimes chooses to limit the length of his improvised passages is unfortunate, for when he does improvise, he reveals touching grace and lyricism. (I assume, of course, that his variations are largely improvised.)

Most of all, Van Eps is an astonishing technician; he has complete control of his seven-string instrument (he added a bass string to the guitar's usual six, which deepens the range by a fifth). He artfully combines single-string and chorded approaches, melding them and varying the inner voices with such skill and musicianship that the effect and range of mixtures are almost those of the piano. He makes excellent use of the seventh string, sometimes marking the tempo as a bassist would, at other times using it as a moving voice through the sinuous chords. And

each note he plays is clean; his ability to give them all clear definition, whether played simultaneously or in moving-voice passages, is remarkable. Few other guitarists have this facility. Segovia certainly; but not many more.

Van Eps' best work is on *All My Loving, Another You,* and *Long Time.* On these he not only has all his facility in play but he also brings off fine thematic variations. The other tracks have varying degrees of this combination of musicianship and artistry. All, however, have something by Van Eps to delight the ear, even the dragging *I'm Glad.*

Flynn, evidently a competent, though not outstanding, musician, solos on marimba and vibes in an easy-does-it, Red Norvo-ish sort of way, never fluffing a note but seldom offering much of substance (though he takes a good vibes chorus on *Long Time* and a tasteful marimba solo on *All My Loving*). His percussion accompaniment for Van Eps is mostly a simple brush beat on either a cymbal or, according to the notes, a copy of *Highlights from the Catalog of Morley Music Co.* His cymbal work, particularly on *I'm Glad,* is not all that could be desired, but his book work is well turned.

The recording engineer's use of a touch too much reverberation for Van Eps' guitar is somewhat distracting. It would seem great care should be taken in recording the delicate work of Van Eps, and I fear that in a few instances the engineer's heavy hand resulted in a distortion of what the guitarist intended.

More imagination in the selection of tunes would have helped. John Lennon and Paul McCartney evidently are the darlings of one segment of record producers, most of whom seemingly are based in California, and there's no denying that the two Beatles come up with some charming tunes—but five for a George Van Eps album is a bit much. Nor is there as much variety of tempo and mood as a carping critic might desire.

Still, above all, there is Van Eps. And since he records so seldom—this is the first Van Eps LP since 1957—be sure to hear this. Despite its shortcomings, it is a rare treat. (D.DeM.)

Joe Zawinul

MONEY IN THE POCKET—Atlantic 3004: *Money in the Pocket; If; My One and Only Love; Midnight Mood; Some More of Dat; Sharon's Waltz; Riverbed; Del Sasser.*

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Joe Henderson or Clifford Jordan, tenor saxophone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Zawinul, piano; Sam Jones or Bob Cranshaw, bass; Louis Hayes or Roy McCurdy, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Solo work outshines the writing here, and the contrast is significant. The imaginative flights to be found in the individual choruses come as welcome relief after the repetitive, confining scoring of the opening themes.

Money and *Some More* are typical, both relegating Zawinul's piano to an ostinato anchor, with bass doubling, while the front line proclaims generally boppish melodies.

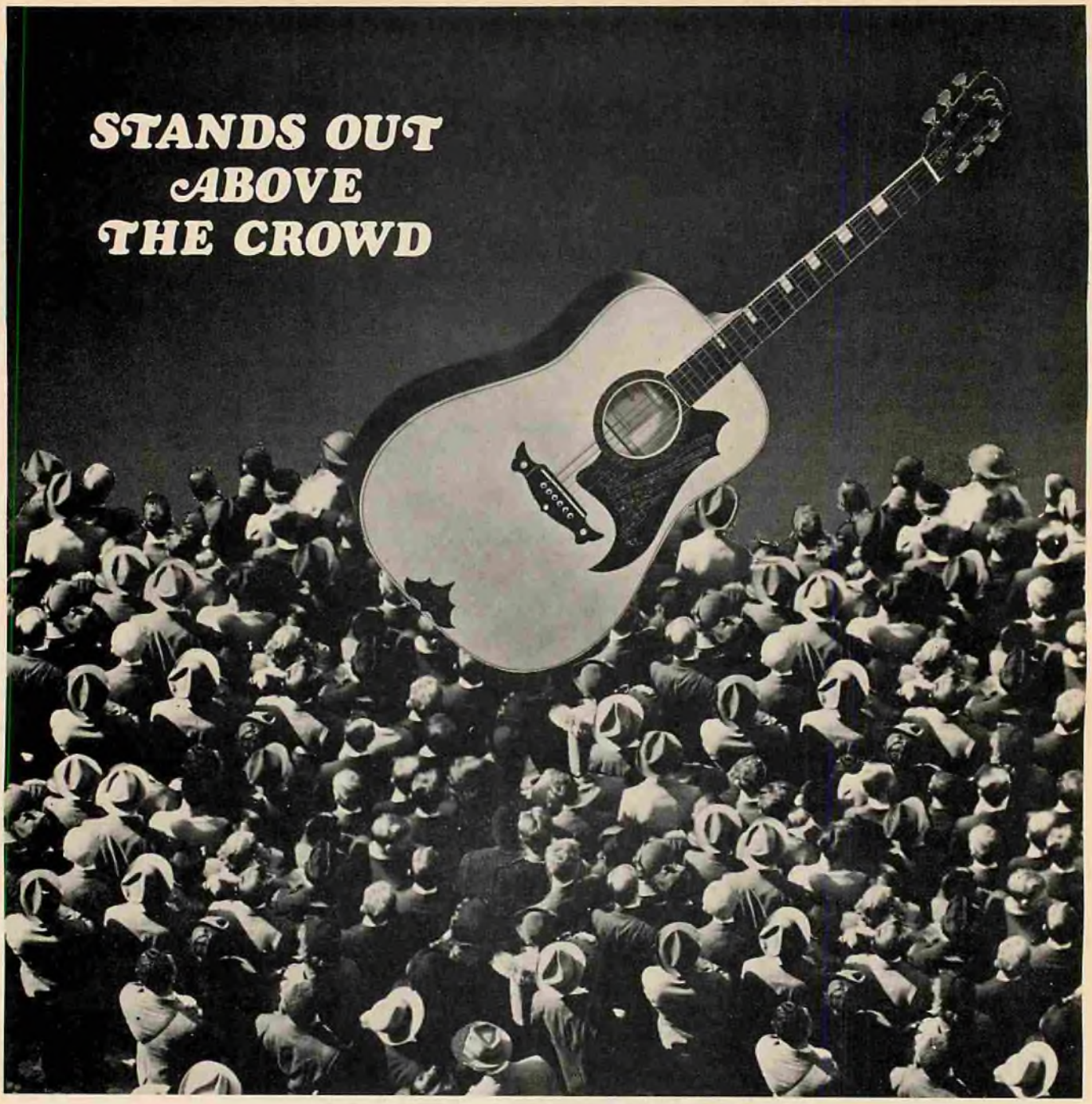
In fact, considering this is Zawinul's party, not enough is heard from him. And when he does have the spotlight, not enough Zawinul is heard from Zawinul.

There are hints of the exploratory Dave Brubeck as well as Phineas Newborn's technical prowess in *Sharon's Waltz* and overtones of Oscar Peterson's widespread unison playing in *Del Sasser.*

To Zawinul's everlasting credit is *My One and Only Love.* The unaccompanied tune is the high point of the album: an Art Tatum type of approach to reharmonization, held together with Tatumesque runs, plus a sensitive octave technique reminiscent of George Shearing.

Solo statements by Henderson and Mitchell are consistently good; Adams' baritone is outstanding, especially on *Riverbed* and *Midnight.* Jones and Hayes provide the type of rhythmic support that reveals a mutuality of respect. If the listener has the ability to block out other instruments in order to concentrate on one in particular, he should do so on *Sharon's Waltz*: Jones' melodic touch is poetry in 3/4.

Much thought went into the production of this album in terms of variety. The tempos, instrumentation, and over-all mood are interestingly presented throughout. (H.S.)



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JOE HENDERSON
BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER


LARS SWANBERG

Joe Henderson is the type of artist best classified Musician Deserving Wider Recognition. Though he had his own combo in Detroit in 1960 and co-led a group with trumpeter Kenny Dorham in '62-63, it was not until a couple of years ago, when he joined Horace Silver's group, that he became the subject of optimistic estimates by jazzmen around New York.

Now 29, Henderson is a fast-maturing soloist whose obvious admiration for John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, and Sonny Rollins has not resulted in confused eclecticism. To quote pianist Andrew Hill, with whom he recorded in 1965, "Joe is going to be one of the greatest tenor players, because he has the imagination to make it in the avant-garde camp, but he has so much emotion too."

This was Henderson's first *Blindfold Test*. The first record was used because it showed how two of his former close associates, Dorham and Silver, sounded some 10 years ago.

1. Jazz Messengers. **Sportin' Crowd** (from **At the Cafe Bohemia,** Blue Note). Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone, composer; Horace Silver, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Art Blakey, drums.

That was the Jazz Messengers, of course, which consisted of Art Blakey (you could tell right away, by that intro) and Kenny Dorham, Horace, Doug, and Hank Mobley. I think the over-all content of the record itself excused that rough beginning.

That was a very potent solo that KD played, and that was a nice backup figure that Horace and Art did behind him. . . . I think it was about his fourth or fifth chorus along in there. But in general, I felt Horace at that particular time seemed like he overcomped a little bit. . . . When you play with as much of a musician as Kenny Dorham and Hank Mobley are, it isn't necessary for a piano player to put all those chords on it . . . but it still swung.

This Blue Note series with the Messengers—I was kind of weaned on these records; this is when I really started getting ahold of the beat and really knowing what a beat is. Art gave me a real good concept of 1, 2, 3, and 4 as far as being able to swing and knowing where you are in each bar and in each eight measures, each chorus and so forth. I'd rate that three stars.

2. Jazz Crusaders. **Miss It** (from **Live at the Lighthouse '66,** Pacific Jazz). Wilton Felder, composer, tenor saxophone; Joe Sample, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Stix Hooper, drums.

That was a very nice chart. It sounded like the Jazz Crusaders, if I might hazard a guess, especially because it sounded like Weldon . . . Feldon—is that his name?—on saxophone and probably Joe Sample on piano and Stix Hooper, drummer, and —this would be an educated guess—Leroy Vinnegar on bass.

I really liked the chart and getting into the chart with the saxophone solo . . . which was a nice solo . . . but the intensity died out at the end of the solo. They should have set him off a little better than that, and it never seemed to pick up from there.

The chart was the most impressive thing. Three stars.

3. Charles Mingus. **Take the A Train** (from **Mingus Revisited,** Limelight). Ted Curson, trumpet; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Booker Ervin, Joe Farrell, Yusef Lateef, tenor saxophones; Roland Hanna, piano; Mingus, bass; Billy Strayhorn, composer.

It was *A Train* of course, Duke's tune . . . the first tenor player sounded like Booker Ervin. The second tenor player, I didn't know who that was. The third tenor player sounded like Yusef Lateef; in fact, I'm pretty sure that was Yusef. The bass player sounded very impressive on the first solo, behind Booker. Might possibly have been Charlie Mingus; maybe Jaki Byard on piano.

It was a nice, enjoyable thing, especially when the trumpet player came in on the end and kind of screamed it out there briefly . . . very humorous, like the humor in the trumpet styling of Clark Terry.

I don't think I could have listened to it much longer than that three minutes that the record lasted . . . sounded like the solos were cut kind of short. Yusef, I know, has a lot of endurance and can play good for a long time. Felt like the second tenor player and Yusef really didn't get to . . . seemed like they were waved off; time, cut—that style. I'd give that two stars. And a half-star for the humorous trumpet that came in there on the end.

4. Stan Getz. **Blowin' in the Wind** (from **Reflections,** Verve). Getz, tenor saxophone; Bob Dylan, composer; Claus Ogerman, arranger.

Yeah, that without a doubt was the warm, arresting, and caressing sound of Stan Getz, one of my first influences, playing a bit more commercial than you generally hear him—nevertheless playing very good, and if you're in the mood for it, acceptable; I mean even considering his musical worth.

The arrangement was mostly a stock, commercial-type arrangement, not too involved . . . seemed like they were trying to reach a mass audience on this. But good, you know. I've heard this melody somewhere. Playing with Horace so long you only get a chance to hear Horace's tunes.

I'll give Stan 3½ stars on that. The half-star from what he offered me as conditioning and foundation in my earlier years, which was very necessary to me at the time.

5. Ornette Coleman. **Enfant** (from **Ornette on Tenor,** Atlantic). Coleman, tenor saxophone, composer; Don Cherry, trumpet; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.

In my estimation a very important date, along with some of Ornette's earlier dates.

It was very important insofar as the direction of music, jazz, specifically the avant-garde so-called, and I say this as a term that everybody is generally familiar with. When they say avant-garde, you automatically think of a certain area of concept of sound.

I'm sure that Ornette is largely responsible for this direction today, even though people like Lennie Tristano, Warne Marsh, Lee Konitz . . . who also played a very important role in my younger and embryonic stages of music . . . they had kind of a far-out thing going also at that time; but this had a little more of a form to it —seemed like it was a little more consistent.

Ornette inspired me to move from the canal-like narrow-mindedness of the '40s through the latter '50s to the later Grand Canyon-like harmonic awareness of the '60s. I think he was very important in this. I think he might have had some sort of a bearing on Sonny Rollins and the impeccable John Coltrane.

I'll lay 4½ stars on Ornette and give him a half a star for inspiration, because he kind of ducked off the scene there for a minute; I don't know why.

That was Don Cherry playing trumpet, who I admire very much, especially some of the work he did with Sonny Rollins and Ornette too. And I believe it was Billy Higgins on drums, who is one of my favorites because of his varied ability, and I think that was Charlie Haden. . . . He was associated with this quartet around this time, so that's just a guess.

db

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 31)

longer lines of shorter notes than before as well as highly chromatic melodies resembling Cecil Taylor's atonalism, instead of the previous frequent reliance on Blind Lemonish materials.

These changes mean, in summary, that Coleman's approach on each of his instruments has become even more sophisticated than it was in the past.

On all three he now tries to keep a balance among long, rapid, and even phrases; blunt and gnarled ones; and measuredly lyrical ones. The formidably ambitious over-all design of his alto solos has begun to shape Coleman's work on his subsidiary instruments; yet at the same time, trumpet and violin have lent his alto some of their own hit-or-miss character.

One of Coleman's outstanding attributes on alto always has been the organizing of extended improvisation, to an extent probably even more rigorous and more elaborate than that achieved by Sonny Rollins and Thelonious Monk. By deliberately adding a further obstacle—a renunciation of chord-sequence and meter as sources for new ideas or formal unity, an obstacle neither Rollins nor Monk faced—Coleman has probably had to make even more enormous demands on his courage and self-discipline than they did. What unites the three men is a common aspiration toward the loftiest peaks of the European classical tradition.

Coleman, on alto, has shown that the artist's duty is to bring order out of chaos, and he uses the same reliance on highly developed skills and absolute ideas of form, as Monk or Michelangelo. While many jazz and "new thing" improvisers compare to him in attention to detail, surely none has tried to exert such far-reaching compositional control as Coleman.

It must have taken courage for him to ignore to the extent he has the traditional values of Western artists, though it can be properly argued that Coleman has scarcely renounced them but merely integrated certain passive and contemplative Oriental attitudes into a Western framework.

As an example of the attitudes I mean, in Japan one of the most highly regarded Zen archers was a man who had never hit the target. In the same way, it can be argued that Coleman's violin playing is better than it would be if he had more training, for what he allows to emerge is more interesting than what he could intend to emerge. Like Rollins, Coleman has successfully enriched deliberation with intuition without ruining his highly wrought structures. It is an exciting, as well as admirable, feat.

Much of the explanation for the way Coleman's work suddenly has appeared to proceed from new points of reference lies in the fact that early in May he reached a peak of inspiration that improvising rarely has seen. Charles Fox, a critic of unusually wide experience and sympathies, said Coleman's playing the sixth time he heard him at Scott's represented the best improvising he had ever heard in the flesh. The Fairfield Hall concert reached the same level.

The size and the excellent acoustics of the hall (the most modern in Greater London, although inconveniently located on its outskirts) softened the effect of what Virgil Thompson called Coleman's "extraordinarily imperious tone," allowing one to savor its lovely ripeness as well as its declamatory assertiveness.

The flowing perfection of Coleman's playing was achieved without recourse to folk phrases or to his usual symphonic kind of development, with its methodical manipulation of parallelism and sequential procedures.

Strikingly beautiful ideas poured out in glorious variety and profusion. The over-all resilience of his solos was generated solely by the expressive urgency and continuous discovery of loosely related or discontinuous phrases, a characteristic of jazz rather than a byproduct of composition.

Not a single cliche was heard—Coleman's or anybody else's—but tuneful creations glowing like the newly minted treasures they were. All in all, the concert showed that Coleman possesses the remarkable power of self-renewal and of keeping ahead of his audiences and recordings, which mark the truly major artist.

Attention has been drawn often to the strongly beat-oriented character of the playing of Coleman and Moffett. However, even when the two are working hand in glove, the trio never really swings in the accepted meaning of the term—the exhilarating communication of a steady beat with heightened effect, achieved by means of departures from, as well as emphasis of, the basic rhythm. I have no explanation of this to offer, but it is certainly not intended as a condemnation. Nevertheless, since Coleman and Moffett have in many ways the earthiest rhythmic conceptions to appear since the days when improvising *had* to swing, it is certainly odd that in practice they never even seem to swing by accident. —*Victor Schonfield*

Buddy Rich

Alladin Hotel, Las Vegas, Nev.

Personnel: Tony Scodwell, Bob Faust, Chuck Foster, John Sottile, trumpets; Jimmy Trimble, John Boyse, Bob Braun, trombones; Tom Hall, Sam Most, Jay Corre, Marty Flax, Steve Perlow, reeds; John Bunch, piano; Gary Walters, bass; Barry Zweig, guitar; Rich, Bobby Morris, drums; Susan Moro, vocals.

The Rich band's debut was as eagerly awaited as any band's would be, but the use of the term "rock-jazz" in much of the advance publicity gave rise to some concern among Rich's many well-wishers. After several hearings during the band's opening stand at Las Vegas' newest casino-hotel, it is pleasant to report that Rich's band is a jazz band; the musicians are jazz musicians; and the arrangements, with one or two exceptions, are jazz.

Oh yes, Zweig plays a little twang-twang now and then, and Morris can play as stiff and loud as any Ringo (Rich disclaimed an ability to play the big beat), but these were minor annoyances.

Opening with Oliver Nelson's version of *Sister Sadie*, the band displayed notable enthusiasm, both musically and visually.

Tenor man Corre played a vigorous solo, and trumpeter Foster confirmed his growing reputation with a cleanly executed solo. Sam Most soloed on alto flute on an unannounced bossa nova and demonstrated his exquisite tone to full advantage. On *In a Mellotone* the saxophone section, under the leadership of altoist Hall, played a soli chorus on a variation of the melody that deserved and received its own applause.

Naptown Blues and *Hoedown*, two Nelson originals, displayed the fiery trombone of Trimble, who can also play in a warm, controlled vein, as his tender statement of the melody on Herb Phillips' arrangement of *The Right to Love* proved.

Miss Moro sang a pair of forgettable and undemanding songs. Apart from *What'd I Say?*, a crass attempt to be commercially appealing with an unlovely display of honking by the saxes, the vocal interlude by Miss Moro was the low spot of the program. She is pretty, though.

The climax of the show, as one would expect, was a drum solo by the leader, commendably supported by Morris on conga and bongos. As a big-band drummer, Rich probably has at least many equals, but as a soloist, he is surely one of the all-time greats. As drum features go, his virtuoso display on *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie* was surprisingly short, perhaps 64 measures at a furious tempo, but it contained all the elements that, over the years, have earned him worldwide respect.

In general, the musical policy of the band places it roughly midway between Si Zentner and Woody Herman. The trumpet and saxophone sections are excellent, and the trombones need only tonal restraint to be as good. The rhythm section has the problem of coping with the contrasting drum styles of Rich and Morris, the latter, of course, having to adapt to the leader's setup. Using separate drum sets may be the answer to this problem.

The band is good and is certain to improve with experience. It deserves the support of big-band lovers, particularly during its formative months. —*Tommy Hodges*

Atlanta Jazz Festival

Atlanta Stadium, Atlanta, Ga.

Georgia is ready for jazz to come home. This was clear throughout the three evenings and two matinees presented by Atlanta Stadium Productions, Inc., and George Wein on the last weekend in May. Though two weeks of almost continuous rain preceding the event put a heavy dent in the grosses, audience reaction indicated that the southern states, visited so rarely by name combos and bands, may be ready for a large-scale invasion from the North.

The weekend started hesitantly. The programing of the first show was upset by the late arrival of a plane carrying the projected openers. As a result, the evening started with a local blues singer and guitarist, Buddy Moss. His style was too conventional and the mood too subdued for an opening spot. Nor did the ensuing Muddy Waters group manage to generate much excitement. The basic problem with this combo, for all its strong individual talents, is a disturbing contrast between the simple honesty of the material and the ear-shattering set of amplified instruments through which it is conveyed.

Dave Brubeck's quartet closed the first half with a typical set that offered no surprises. After intermission the concert came alive with two sets, both featuring the same rhythm section (pianist Wein, bassist Jack Lesberg, and drummer Dick Berk). First trumpeter Howard McGhee and tenorist Zoot Sims played an up-tempo blues; then Sims offered a lyrical and thoughtful *Ghost of a Chance*. Still more rewarding was a group of standards with cornetist Ruby Braff, trombonist Lou McGarity (a native of Athens and the only other Georgian besides singer Joe Williams imported for the festival), clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, and, added for the last couple of numbers, guitarist Eddie Condon.

Braff has never been in better form. His cornet produced a rare blend of tonal beauty, subtle rhythmic articulation, and fluent melodic lines. Russell, too, played the blues and *At the Jazz Band Ball* in optimum spidery style.

The Horace Silver Quintet unveiled a promising new tenor man, Tyrone Washington, in the attractive waltz *Pretty Eyes* and the more typically Horatian *Cape Verdean Blues*.

The Friday night show concluded with an overlong but generally pleasing Louis Armstrong set. Happily, several numbers were included that have not been overworked in the group's generally familiar repertoire. Armstrong sang a cute novelty, *Cheesecake*; clarinetist Buster Bailey offered a sweeping, soaring *Memphis Blues*; bassist Buddy Catlett showed technique and invention on *The Song Is Ended*; and trombonist Tyree Glenn did a couple of numbers on his second instrument, vibraharp. Vocalist Jewel Brown again made one wonder why she has no albums out.

The Saturday matinee was devoted to local talent. Six groups were presented, including a big band led by Freddie Deland, several nondescript combos, and only one unit that made any strongly affirmative impression—a quintet known as The Group, and led by Lloyd McNeill, a multi-talented and highly promising young flutist. McNeill, who earned a master's degree in art at Howard, is a writer, artist, and musician, currently a poet-in-residence at Spelman College. His combo, alone among those heard during the afternoon, showed positive evidence of having listened to what is going in in contemporary jazz beyond funk cliches, second-hand Dixieland or bebop, and watered-down blues.

The Saturday evening show comprised Art Blakey, Nina Simone, Stan Getz, Arthur Prysock, and Count Basie. Drummer Blakey and his sidemen bristled brilliantly, with trumpeter Chuck Mangione in admirable form; tenor saxophonist Getz' group achieved a peak of lyrical beauty with *When the World Was Young*; and Basie was Basie, with that engaging plus factor, singer Bill Henderson, to boot. Prysock, one of the best ballad singers in the Billy Eckstine tradition, was accompanied by the trio of a pretty and talented young organist, Betty Burgess, of whom more will certainly be heard.

It was Miss Simone, though, who ran

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away with the concert. In a set composed almost entirely of slow-tempo material (including one African chant), she sustained an extraordinary mood with a voice that seemed to be composed of equal parts of Marian Anderson. Billie Holiday, Sarah Vaughan, Kitty White, and Louis Armstrong. Wein had difficulty in persuading the audience to let the show continue. When the lights picked up Miss Simone walking across the field, she received a standing ovation. It was a moment of triumph comparable only to the Duke Ellington set at the Newport Jazz Festival some eight years ago.

The Sunday matinee was a piano workshop, involving some articulate comments on improvisation by Billy Taylor, aimed at a youthful audience, followed by a history of jazz piano with Teddy Wilson, Toshiko Mariano, Taylor, and this writer.

Taylor and Wilson appeared again in the evening to play regular trio sets. Taylor fractured the audience as usual with his left-hand-only solo on *I'll Remember April*. Wilson displayed the same symmetry and ease that have been his trademarks for 30 years. Bassist Larry Gales and drummer Ben Riley backed him well. Cornetist Braff made it a quartet for a while.

The evening turned out to be a little heavy on pianists, since it also included Mrs. Mariano (in two unaccompanied solos), the Harold Mabern Trio (in a number on their own and accompanying a set by Joe Williams), Bobby Timmons (also doubling as soloist and accompanist; he recently joined Gloria Lynne), and Thelonious Monk.

Williams and Miss Lynne both offered musicianly, well-balanced sets. A highlight by the former was a Joe Caroll-like reading of *Green Dolphin Street*.

Monk was particularly impressive on his opening number. The vehicle was a 400-year-old Japanese folk song, *Tokyo Moon*. This information, however, was not vouchsafed by Monk; it had to be obtained from Mrs. Monk by this reporter. Others who would have been interested to know what they were listening to were left in the dark. Monk was Sunday night's Nina Simone; after the quartet had left the stage he had to stay on for two unaccompanied encores.

Miles Davis, whose appearance was to have been a climactic set for the whole festival, failed to show. Luckily the Getz quartet, which had not yet left town, was pulled in as a last-minute program-stuffer. The group played different material but was no less ingratiating than on Saturday, with drummer Roy Haynes and bassist Steve Swallow providing perhaps the best two-piece rhythm section now extant.

The festival drew close to 7,000 on Saturday night, between 4,000 and 5,000 on the other two evenings, and sparse attendances for the matinees. Hopefully an Atlanta festival will be held again next year. And hopefully next year it won't be necessary to select one's seat so carefully to avoid the echo that was in play this year; acoustics were generally good, but from certain spots everything could be heard twice at half-second intervals. Which is a little too much value for the money.

—*Leonard Feather*

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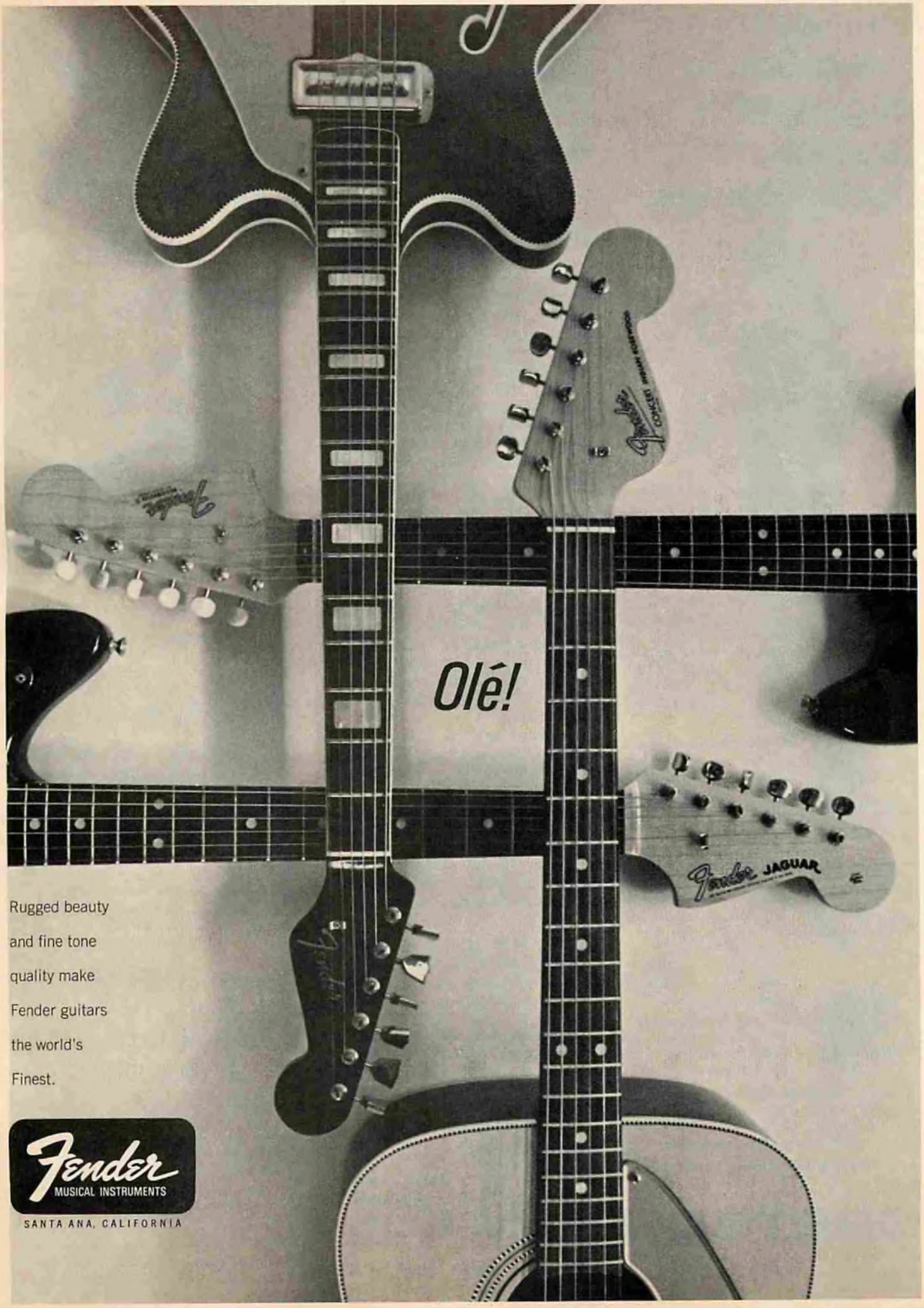

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FROM THE TOP

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

BLUESETTE: *Composed by Jean Thielemans, arranged by Glenn Osser; Leeds Music Corp.*

This is a fairly difficult scoring of a tune that has achieved a certain degree of popularity. It is a good arrangement that can be used to expose the band to the jazz waltz.

The difficulty in the arrangement lies in three areas. First, the rhythm section and the phrasing of the horns has to swing lightly; a heavy, plodding rhythm is deadly here. Second, there are some rather awkward sax lines—not that they are badly written, but the internal modulations of the tune put the saxes into some relatively unfamiliar flat keys. Third, there are frequent rhythmic difficulties—in the sax lines especially. These are not difficulties to deter the choice and performance of this number but, rather, to challenge and develop the band.

The arrangement opens with a vamp in typical 3/4 rhythm. Throughout, special care must be taken with phrase and articulation markings. The band must be sure there is no separation under the slur lines while using a legato articulation on all notes with these phrase marks.

The saxes have the first part of the melody while the brasses fill. The brass then take the lead for a while but hand it back to the saxes. There are no solos in the arrangement, but there are soli sections that vary and embroider the melody line.

This is an interesting arrangement that can provide contrast to loud, hard swinging numbers at a concert.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER: *Composed and arranged by Bob Bockholt; Berklee Press Publications.*

An arrangement of better than medium difficulty, *Better Late Than Never* sets its mood and basic thematic material in the introduction's interlocking riff rhythms.

The opening melody is tightly scored for the entire band with an interesting counterline played by the baritone saxophone and bass trombone. The parts are well marked for articulation and dynamics, and considerable care must be taken with them if they are to come off properly.

The dotted quarter "push" or "kick" beats have to be lifted gently over the

bar line, and final eighths must be crisp. Throughout the arrangement a little confusion might be caused by the rhythmic spelling used. More and more writers are omitting the tied eighth note over the bar line since it isn't played anyway, but most published material has not caught up with this practice, and it might cause a few reading problems when first encountered.

There is a fine, full-sounding saxophone ensemble on the bridge. The second chorus opens with a Count Basie-like ensemble variant of the melody—laying back and pianissimo with an excellent chance for dynamic contrasts. The bridge and final eight bars are a guitar solo (written solo provided and cued in trumpet) over a scooping Basie sax backing.

The final chorus is typically loud and makes considerable demands on the brass with shakes and D's in the lead trumpet part. The original bridge and final eight close the arrangement.

This is a solidly written arrangement that will provide plenty of good meat to stretch and develop a good high school band. It is a fine example of one style of big-band music we always seem to have with us.

AFTERGLOW: *Composed and arranged by Joseph Riposo; Kendor Music, Inc.*

Afterglow is a lush, slow ballad of medium difficulty that features a solo alto. The melody has a delightfully haunting quality about it that remains appealing and doesn't bore band or audience.

Problems arise almost immediately in the bridge, which alternates brass and saxophone soli sections. Students will tend to rush these sections at the

demanded tempo, and special care must be taken with precision in attacks, especially in the commonly misread quarter-note triplets and in the alternating 16th- and eighth-note triplets.

Full brass and saxophones play the melody with more of a rhythmic kick in the second chorus. Again special care must be taken with phrasing, precision and dynamics. The alto soloist ends the arrangement with the final eight.

This a fine, musical arrangement. There are problems to be solved, but only by tackling them can they be overcome and can the band learn to play in the full, lush, balanced, loose but precise ballad style.

DJANGO

(Continued from page 25)

instrument but also would pay him a handsome fee to play it, an idea of which he was quickly disabused.

The first quintet was superceded by another organized in Paris by Django. Since Grappelly stayed in London during the war, clarinetist Hubert Rostaing took the violinist's place. Until 1948, Django's small recording groups were known as the Hot Club of France Quintet. Several times during the postwar years, however, he was reunited with Grappelly for recording dates and concert appearances.

Reinhardt suffered economically during the war years, as did almost everyone in occupied France, but the guitarist found the German derivation of the name "Reinhardt" was sometimes helpful in day-to-day living.

Even so, he managed to get into several scrapes. His wandering tripped him up on at least one occasion. While playing at Thonon on the French side of Lake Geneva, Django suddenly decided he wanted to visit some "cousins" over the border in Switzerland. Before he got across, though, the guards stopped him and found he was carrying a membership card in a British songwriting organization. He was marched back through the town and brought before a German commander. Fortunately, the commander had been a jazz record collector before the war. He knew all about Reinhardt and arranged to set him free. But when the French citizens who had seen him led into headquarters saw him come out again so quickly, they suspected he was a collaborator.

During the war, the rumor that Reinhardt was dead gained such currency that it was published in *Down Beat*. But it wasn't long before word came through that Reinhardt had been heard on the radio and was still alive.

In November, 1946, he sailed on the *Queen Elizabeth* for New York City. He had accepted an offer to tour with the Duke Ellington Orchestra. He looked forward to his arrival, for he had been told there were 300,000 gypsies in America, and he expected a great number of them—perhaps all—to meet him.

After getting over the shock of not being met, Reinhardt wanted to know, "Where is Dizzy?" He had become an excited fan, via records, of bebop, and his first desire was to hear Gillespie. There was no time, however, because Ellington was waiting for him in Cleveland to open the concert tour. Django's ego was in for a couple more beatings when he got to Cleveland: there was no guitar awaiting him (one had to be borrowed), and his name was not on the posters announcing the event. (Several reasons have been given for his name not appearing—*Time* magazine said the entrepreneur had never heard of Reinhardt, but a more likely reason was that those responsible for the publicity, aware of Reinhardt's casual attitude toward showing up, wanted to see him on the spot before publicizing him.)

The brief rehearsal for the Cleveland concert was conducted in sign language between Ellington and Reinhardt.

"*Tiger Rag*—number *un*," Ellington said and held up one finger. "First you play around . . . just a few riffs. [He made guitar-strumming motions.] Then we give you a chord, and you're on your own. Understand?"

Reinhardt's enthusiastic grin turned to a frown when Ellington asked, "All right, now, what key?"

Django replied, "There's no key! You just go ahead, and I'll follow."

From Cleveland the tour went to Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, and to several other cities before the big date, a two-nighter in Carnegie Hall.

Although the guitarist received more curtain calls than any other soloist at the first Carnegie concert, his performance was called disappointing, if not a failure, by critics.

John S. Wilson, reviewing for the newspaper *PM*, wrote, "Reinhardt worked out some pleasant and occasionally unusual variations, but never generated the excitement which was evident in some of his work with the French quintet."

There had been the knowledge all along the concert route that the gypsy was having a hard time finding a guitar to suit him. Some said his trouble was possibly due to his unfamiliarity with the electric guitar. In retrospect, it could

have well been that the audience, at least those of the jazz genre, were not familiar enough with the amplified guitar sound.

Down Beat's Mike Levin said in his review, "Django's uninspiring efforts may have been because he uses a push-string technique favoring light gut strings, and the saddleback of the guitar he was using was built for heavier strings, thus allowing his fingers to give him the feeling he was out of tune. He did seem to be having trouble keeping the instrument in tune. He was constantly altering string pitch during his solos."

The second night at Carnegie was almost a washout. As an embarrassed Ellington finished a speech of apology for Django's not appearing and signaled for the curtain to come down, on walked the gypsy in lounging clothes without his guitar. One was soon produced, but the performance was rushed and unsatisfactory. (Earlier in the day, Reinhardt had run into a close friend, Marcel Cerdan, the French boxer, and there was, of course, bonhomie conviviality; Django later said he knew he was running late, but a cab driver was the one who finally did him in because he misunderstood where Django wanted to go.)

The Carnegie concerts completed the Ellington phase of Reinhardt's visit. The William Morris Agency, after Reinhardt was given permission from the musicians' union to work in cafes as a single, booked him for a couple of weeks at New York's Cafe Society Uptown. Things seemed to be looking up. The cafe date, it was felt, would put him in surroundings more conducive to bringing out his best music, and his old friend Delaunay was on his way to the United States and was bringing him a new guitar. But Django's hex stayed in action; when the new instrument was unpacked, it was broken.

The guitarist continued to play a borrowed guitar. But such was his unhappiness with things that when the two weeks at the club were up and his option was not renewed, he went to the booking agency, with which he was under contract for six months, and announced he wanted to go home. The bookers told him they might have something for him on the West Coast; they said they'd help bring his family to America. All to no avail, however.

Reinhardt returned to his old Parisian stomping grounds and reported to his "cousins" that the best thing he heard in America was Frank Sinatra.

Reinhardt spent the next six years playing his old haunts and recording frequently. There was one six-month period when he stopped playing and took up painting. He was good and had an exhibition at the Boeuf sur le Toit, a cafe where he had played many times.

By 1952 Reinhardt had become comparatively settled, living in a small house a few miles from Paris in Samois. He lived there with his wife, Naguine, their two sons, and his elderly mother. He still traveled frequently to play concerts.

On May 15, 1953, he returned to his cottage from a concert tour in Switzerland. He stayed up late with his wife planning a concert schedule for the summer. During the conversation he said he was feeling fine.

The following afternoon, when he tried to get out of bed, he called anxiously to his wife. He was terrified because he could hardly move his limbs. (His wife later recalled that his first words to her when she got to the room were, "So, I'll never be able to play again . . . my left hand is sort of dead!")

Naguine called a doctor. Before he arrived, Django got up and walked into the parlor. Feeling better, he decided to cross the street to greet some friends. When he stepped out of the house, he collapsed. Neighbors rushed him to the closest hospital, at Fountainbleu, but he never regained consciousness and died that night. It had been a cerebral hemorrhage.

He was buried May 19 in a small cemetery in Samois.

The great Reinhardt legacy is his recordings, and a fairly representative collection of his work covering a span of 30 years is still available.

Guitarist Sal Salvador keeps an LP of Reinhardt's with him wherever he goes, even on the road. Salvador said that when he plays it for young musicians, "they wig-out."

Salvador's summation of Reinhardt's artistry reflects the feelings of many guitarists:

"He was to the guitar what Art Tatum was to the piano." DB

SETE

(Continued from page 20)

Several weeks later Sete got word from New York that Gillespie would like the guitarist to record on Dizzy's forthcoming *New Wave* album for Phillips. The trumpeter arranged for Sete to be given time off from the hotel for the recording session, held in Vancouver, British Columbia.

In September, Gillespie gave Sete a spot in the "Relatives of Jazz" program he produced for the Monterey Jazz Festival's Saturday afternoon performance.

"It was a great opportunity he gave me," Sete said. Developments bore him out, for while the festival program did little to display Sete's mastery of the guitar, it brought him widespread publicity.

Three weeks after Monterey, Sete went into the Park-Sheraton Hotel in New York City and for this four-month engagement was allowed a trio. He chose bassist Ben Tucker and drummer Bobby Thomas. Perhaps more important, he shifted back to acoustic guitar.

"I no more play the electric," he told an interviewer. "I threw it away. I am really a classical musician, but I felt I had to make money."

By October, 1963, Sete decided he wanted to return to California. Back in the bay area of San Francisco he played a seven-week solo stand at the Sugar Hill club. Here, at long last, he had a San Francisco audience that listened and was rewarded with programs that included not only crystal distillations of bossa nova, other types of Latin jazz, Portuguese fado, good pop tunes, and flamenco but also an interlude of classical pieces, drawn from Bach, Villa-Lobos, Granados, and even Haydn.

After Sugar Hill, it was back to the Sheraton-Palace for nine months, but this time there was a difference.

"The audiences became more quiet to listen to me," Sete said, with pleasure.

By this time, too, Sete's excellence as a guitarist was widely recognized. Fantasy decided it was time for a second album, and the company's bearded impresario, Max Weiss, who was managing pianist Vince Guaraldi's trio, placed the guitarist and combo together before the recording mikes. At about this time, too, the foursome appeared on *Jazz Casual,* the half-hour television show for educational station KQED with Ralph Gleason as host.

Sete and the Guaraldi trio made their first public appearance as a joint attraction March 6, 1964, at the Trois Couleur, a neighborhood jazz club in Berkeley. They were a smashing success, and their weekend booking continued for more than two months.

Other engagements—club, college, and concert—followed in an increasing stream as word spread of the foursome's formidability at the boxoffice as well as on stage.

Seemingly the combination was as smooth as butter and sweet as honey. After a time, however, rumors of differences began to crop up. There never was anything definite, but last January, Sete said he was ending his association with

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Guaraldi to form his own trio. Of this change Sete would only say:

"Playing with Vince, I could not do everything I wanted to. With my own trio I could show my style from Brazil that I could not make with him."

For his associates in his new trio, Sete chose two fellow Brazilians, bassist Sebastiao Neto and percussionist Paulhino, who uses only the one name. Before joining Sete, the two had played in the United States with the quintet titled Brasil '65 and with pianist Joao Donato's trio.

Sete's combo made its debut last March at the Trident, a charming club that nestles on the bay shore in Sausalito, the hillside town across the Golden Gate bridge from San Francisco. His engagement drew acclaim from bay-area jazz critics and led club manager Lou Ganapoler, a former New Yorker, to assert: "In my 20 years of working with night-club acts, I can truly say it was no surprise for me to find Bola Sete filling our room to capacity every night, with standing room only. He has a winning smile and a serious approach to performance that very few performers possess."

Ganapoler wrapped his bouquet in a contract for a six-week return engagement by Sete's trio this fall.

The group followed its stay at the Trident with an appearance at El Matador, in San Francisco. In July, the trio will play at the Cabana in Palo Alto and the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach.

"I am very happy," Sete said. "I hope these ideas I am using can go through. Jazz has influenced all kinds of music all over the world. I try to give Brazilian touch to American jazz. I like good music, and this way I am now I can play a lot of different kinds of music.

"I love Brazil, and I have a house in Rio, but life is difficult there. There is no middle way; you are very rich or very poor. Here [in the San Francisco area] I have good life because I am happy with the things I have."

And when this stimulating, humorous man, who always speaks without malice, says that, you've got to believe it. Just as you must when he declares:

"Oh, how I love that guitar." db

QUOTE—UNQUOTE

A HIPSTER'S QUIZ BY GARY A. SOUCIE

Although jazzmen are more noted for the beauty and vigor of their musical commentary than for the sagacity of their verbal commentary, sometimes a musician will say something that earns a lasting place in the memories of those who follow the vagaries of jazz. See if you can identify the musicians who made the following 10 famous or notorious statements by matching the names in the left column with the remarks in the right.

A. Willie (The Lion) Smith	(____)	1. "If it sounds good, it *is* good."
B. Fats Waller	(____)	2. "The American Negro has never heard of Charlie Parker."
C. Johnny Guarnieri	(____)	3. "If I were Bird, I'd have all the best boppers in the country thrown in jail!"
D. Duke Ellington	(____)	4. "The blues comes from the brickyards in Haverstraw, N.Y."
E. Charlie Parker	(____)	5. "Madam, if you don't know [what jazz is] by now, don't mess with it!"
F. Lennie Tristano	(____)	6. "You, my audience, are all a bunch of poppaloppers. . . . You haven't been told before that you're phonies."
G. Roy Eldridge	(____)	7. "Being an elder statesman may be all right for someone who doesn't want to establish new landmarks, but it isn't my groove."
H. Gil Evans	(____)	8. "Any musician who says he is playing better either on tea, the needle, or when he is juiced is a plain, straight liar."
I. Charlie Mingus	(____)	9. "I'm probably the best guy to tell about those swing days because I'm probably the only one who was ever sober."
J. Art Blakey	(____)	10. "One thing you can be sure of: as long as I'm in America, I'll never in my life work with a white band again!"

ANSWERS: 1—D; 2—J; 3—F; 4—A; 5—B; 6—I; 7—H; 8—E; 9—C; 10—G.

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AD LIB

(Continued from page 16)

Canoga Park music store, the Music Stop; more than 2,000 potential customers showed up. Also on hand for the Gibbsorama were **Steve Allen** and members of the **Tijuana Brass.** (Beginning Aug. 1, Gibbs will conduct a pickup band for Allen's act at Lake Tahoe, Nev. Gibbs and trumpeter **Shorty Rogers** are doing the arrangements.) **Henry Mancini** took 40 of Los Angeles' finest with him for a gig at the Sahara at Lake Tahoe. **Percy Faith** topped that by taking 43 musicians on his recent 12-day concert tour of Japan; among the Faithful were trumpeters **Manny Kline** and **Jimmy Zito** and reed man **Buddy Collette.** Cisco's, in one of Los Angeles' most active resorts, Manhattan Beach, features one of the better local bands every Tuesday night—17 pieces fronted by **Allen Fisher.** The band includes **Al Porcino** (or **Larry McGuire**), **Don Rader, Art DePew, Mickey McMahan,** trumpets; **Dick Hyde, Mike Barone, Ron Myers, Pete Lofthouse,** trombones; **Willie Smith, Buddy Voelker, John Newsome, Gerry Meyers, Bill Carter,** reeds; **Ray Dewey,** piano; **Porkie Britto,** bass; **Ray Price,** drums; and **Joan Greer,** vocals. The book has 350 arrangements, many by such jazz craftsmen as **Frank Foster, Nat Pierce, Quincy Jones, Willie Smith, Al Cohn,** and **Bob Enevoldsen** . . . Pianist **Andrew Hill** has been keeping his new quartet of displaced easterners busy with two weeks at the It Club, an afternoon gig at the outdoor Pilgrimage Theater in the Hollywood Hills, and a trip down to San Diego for a weekend at Ward's Jazzville, followed by a northern trek to Monterey for a week at the Colony Club. Hill expounded on his view of the avant-garde during a two-hour interview on KBIG-FM with the station's program director, **Jim Gosa.** Hill's musical confreres are **Sam Rivers,** tenor and soprano saxophone; **Cecil McBee,** bass; and **Steve Ellington,** drums . . . The **Paul Horn** Quintet and **Don Ellis' Hindustani Jazz Sextet** shared the stage of the Pilgrimage for a recent Sunday afternoon concert sponsored by Los Angeles County . . . Pianist **Ike Cole** (**Nat's** younger brother) is making his West Coast debut at the plush Beverly Hills Club . . . Backing pianist-vocalist **Nellie Lutcher** for her recent Santa Monica concert were **Irving Ashby,** guitar; **Herb Gordy,** bass; and **Dick Hart,** drums . . . **Louis Armstrong** and the All-Stars have been working in California recently, doing a week at the Carousel Theater in West Covina, followed by another at the Circle Star Theater in San Carlos . . . Pianist-singer **Bobby Troup's** trio (**John Collins,** guitar, and **Whitey Hoggan,** bass) finished a long stand at Whittinghill's and then moved over to the China Trader for a month . . . Singer **Arthur Prysock** recently played the Slate Bros. backed by pianist **Betty Burgess'** trio (**John Goodman,** bass, and husband **L. J. Burgess,** drums), plus Prysock's younger brother, **Red,** on tenor saxophone. In spite of the familial nature of the gig, Slate Bros. folded after the week-long engagement. One of the brothers said there was a 50-50 chance of reopening in the fall . . . A new club opened in West Los Angeles—the Kiss Kiss Club—featuring a group fronted by bongoist **Jack Costanza** . . . Pianist **Gene Russell** has signed a contract with Dot records. The first release will be an in-person recording at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach, where his trio is currently playing Sundays. On Tuesdays he works at LaDuce. His sidemen are **Vance Matlock,** bass, and **Slim Jackson,** drums . . . Guitarist **Wes Montgomery** with pianist **Wynton Kelly's** trio worked Memory Lane for a week recently . . . Pianist **Hampton Hawes** and bassist **Red Mitchell** were the duo at Donte's in North Hollywood on a recent weekend. When Hawes took a gig at Newport Beach, Mitchell decided it was too far to commute so he stayed at Donte's, and pianist **Roger Kellaway** joined him. (Pianist **Joyce Collins** and bassist **Jim Hughart** have Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays at the club.) Kellaway is working on a film score for Hormel Productions. To play the score, Kellaway said he will use trumpeter **Don Ellis,** altoist **Gabe Baltazar,** and bassist **Eddie Gomez,** among others. Describing the experimental score as *music concrete* making use of "available sounds," Kellaway said that the full-length feature "will

react to the music, rather than vice versa." He said he hopes the project will earn him a Guggenheim fellowship . . . Pianist **Ray Dewey** has been at Norm's Greenlake, in Pasadena, for some time. The club, he said, has gradually swung over to a strictly jazz policy. During his stay, Dewey has been going through a lot of bass players—not that he was worn them out, but, as he explains it, "There are so many good bass players; I just don't want to restrict myself." So it's quite possible that on any given weekend in Pasadena one can find Dewey working with **Max Bennett** or **Buddy Clark** or **Bob Hirschman** or **Al McKibbon** or **Leroy Vinnegar** . . . KPFK-FM has a new jazz show, *Elements of Jazz,* with **Bob Zieff** as host. It's of a highly technical nature, since Zieff taught pianists **Dick Twardzik** and **Ray Santisi** and altoist **Dick Johnson**; he also has written arrangements for fluegelhornist **Chet Baker** and reedman **Tony Ortega.**

SAN FRANCISCO: The **Duke Ellington** Orchestra played a concert-dance at the Civic Auditorium, sponsored by the Berkeley alumni chapter of Kappa Alpha Psi fraternity as a benefit for its scholarship fund. It was the first time in more than a decade that Ellington had played for a dance in San Francisco . . . On that same night as the Ellington concert-dance, **Ray Charles** played a concert that filled the 3,200-seat Masonic Auditorium. The 17-piece band, which seems to be the best Charles has had (rated on his appearances here) and the current edition of his female vocal quartet, the **Raelets,** both were even tighter than at their Berkeley concert five weeks earlier. Charles himself was in top form instrumentally and vocally . . . Trumpeter **Maynard Ferguson** made what was said to be his first night-club appearance in the San Francisco area at the Gold Nugget in Oakland on a recent Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. **Don Mupo,** co-owner of the "Kenton Shrine," as the club is known, learned that Ferguson had a few free days following a month's gig in Las Vegas and lined up the east-bay soiree. Ferguson headed a quintet that included tenorist **Bob Cooper,** pianist **Bryce Rohde** (a former member of the **Australian Jazz Quartet** who now resides here), bassist **Fred Marshall,** and drummer **Jerry Granelli** . . . Tenor saxophonists **Harold Land, Bob Ferreira,** and **Jack Laird** (a veteran of **Boyd Raeburn's** mid-'40s band) have been recent guest soloists with trumpeter **John Coppola's** band at its bi-monthly concerts at Oakland's Holiday Inn . . . The new quintet formed by **Lonnie Hewitt,** former **Cal Tjader** pianist, debuted at El Matador. Other members are **Terry Hilliard,** bass; **Warren Nunes,** guitar; **Cliff Anderson,** conga; and **Eddie Moore,** drums. Singer **Mary Stallings** appeared with the group . . . Pianist **Joe Castro** spent several weeks in this area visiting his parents, in Pittsburg, Calif., and putting finishing touches on compositions for a big-band album for Clover records . . . "MD minus One"—the **Miles Davis** group without the leader—was scheduled for a two-week gig at the Both/And on a bill co-starring blues singer **Willie Mae (Big Mama) Thornton.** The quartet was to include **Herbie Hancock,** tenorist **Wayne Shorter,** and drummer **Tony Williams.** The name of the bassist was unknown to the club at presstime. The Davis group, *with* the leader, came to this area to play a concert that closed the Stanford University "Jazz Year." The **Ornette Coleman** Trio is booked for two weeks at the Both/And following the Thornton-Quartet run . . . Pianist **Jack Coker,** bassist **Norman Bates,** and drummer **Gus Gustofson** backed singer-guitarist **Mary Kaye** during her recent week at Basin Street West . . . Altoist **John Handy's** quintet and a Berkeley Gospel group, the **Andrews Sisters,** were among participants in a Negro Festival of the Arts staged at the Berkeley Little Theater . . . The New Orleans Jazz Club of Northern California marked its first anniversary with a three-hour floating concert. San Francisco Bay, rather than a river (none of the latter being closely available), was the scene of the function; its site was a 300-passenger cruise ship. Music was by the **Bay City Jazz Band** and **Armie Passarell's Tailgate Ramblers.**

DETROIT: **Jimmy Wilkins'** big band is scheduled to do a concert with singer **Peggy Lee** at Cobo Hall July 12 . . . The **Keith Vreeland** Trio (Vreeland, piano; **Dick Wigginton,** bass; **Jim Nemeth,** drums) journeyed to Lapeer, Mich., to play for a retreat at the Detroit Baptist Camp . . . One of the few remaining clubs

in the Detroit area for sessions is the Town Bar in Ann Arbor. Recently pianist **Stanley Booker** took in a group that included **Wendell Harrison,** tenor saxophone; **Roderick Hicks,** bass; and **Doug Hammon,** drums. The quartet was enthusiastically received. Bassist **Ron Brooks'** trio, with **Stanley Cowell,** piano, and **Danny Spencer,** drums, continues as house band six nights a week . . . Pianist **Harold McKinney** is taking a trio (**James Hankins,** bass, **Doug Hammon,** drums) into the Sophisticates Lounge. McKinney's quintet at the Chessmate has been replaced by bassist **Ernie Farrow's** quintet with trombonist **John Hare,** tenorist **Joe Thurman,** pianist **Kirk Lightsey,** and drummer **Bill Hardy.** A recent guest there was vocalist **Babs Gonzales . . .** Pianist **Ron DePalma's** group at the London Chop House includes saxophonist **John Cieslak,** bassist **Max Wood,** drummer **Art Mardigan,** and vocalist **Vivian Foster** . . . Vocalist-pianist **Romy Rand** is doing a single at Big George's . . . Vocalist **Joe Williams** was accompanied by the **Harold Mabern** Trio at Baker's during his recent engagement.

MINNEAPOLIS: The Whitehouse in the Minneapolis suburb of Golden Valley has signed vocal duo **Jackie Cain** and **Roy Kral** for an eight-day engagement beginning Aug 26 . . . Pianist **Thelonious Monk** recently performed in concert at Carleton College in Northfield, Minn. . . . Robbinsdale Junior High School wrapped up its school year with a jazz concert featuring an 18-piece band under the direction of **Dan Schiermer** . . . Singer **Patty McGovern** has come out of semi-retirement to work the Apartment with Chicago pianist **Billy Wallace.** Miss McGovern sang with the **Honey Dreamers** for nearly 10 years . . . **Count Basie** canceled his appearance in the Prom Center summer and will be replaced by the **Harry James** Orchestra.

KANSAS CITY: The Club DeLisa continues its policy of booking jazz groups. Recent attractions have been altoist **Lou Donaldson's** group and Chicago's **Three Souls** . . . The **Count Basie** Orchestra was in town for a concert date on June 2 . . . **Chris Turner** continues to host *This Is Jazz* on KPRS-FM, while KUDL disc jockey **Bill Bowers** completed his first year as host of that station's *Jazz Afterhours* program. Bowers was recently presented AFM Local 627's award, given each year in recognition of the person who contributes most to the furtherance and promotion of jazz in the area . . . Pianist **Caroline Harris** can be heard nightly at the Plaza III with bassist **Mike Barnett** and drummer **Barry Gould.**

LOUISVILLE: The former Arch Club, now under new management as the Club House, started with a three-week engagement by cornetist **Bobby Hackett** and his quartet . . . Organist **Milt Buckner** is back in town doing a solo at the Embers six nights a week . . . The **Everett Hoffman** Trio (Hoffman, tenor saxophone, flute; **Barrington Morton,** organ; **Earlwin Tompson,** drums) is playing Wednesday through Saturday at the Climax in New Albany, Ind. . . . Former **Louis Prima** vocalist **Sherry Stevens** came in from Las Vegas and did three weeks at the Patio Lounge. She was backed by her drummer husband **Jack Armstrong,** pianist **Art Debrovi,** and bassist **Abe Joseph** . . . Musicians here were grieved recently upon learning of the death of young Louisville drummer **Hank McFarland** in California. Another recent death here was that of trumpeter **Tony Sheeler,** a veteran of several name bands and local Dixieland and show bands.

BALTIMORE: Two nonprofit jazz societies are responsible for the only current name jazz here since the North End Lounge changed hands last September. The newest, the Jazz Society for Performing Artists, with headquarters at the plush Forest Manor, brought in tenorist **Sonny Rollins'** trio and drummer **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers.** Rollins was accompanied by bassist **Larry Ridley** and drummer **Frederick Waits.** The current edition of the Messengers (**Chuck Mangione,** trumpet; **Frank Mitchell,** tenor saxophone; **Chick Corea,** piano; **Reggie Johnson,** bass) played to SRO crowds. Despite good bookings, the other jazz society—the Left Bank J.S.—has lost some of its following since moving back to the renovated Madison Club. Scheduled for June were pianist **McCoy Tyner's** quartet, with tenorist **Joe Henderson,** bassist **Henry**

Grimes, and drummer **Jack DeJohnette** on the 5th; multireedist **Roland Kirk's** quartet on the 12th; a quintet led by bassist **Paul Chambers** on the 19th; and drummer **Elvin Jones'** quartet, with pianist **Dollar Brand,** on the 26th.

MIAMI: WMBM disc jockey **Alan Rock** outdid himself at his May 30 concert, held at the Rancher Lounge. The six-hour marathon event featured everything from the traditional to the avant-garde. The standing-room-only crowd heard the **Miami Jazz All-Stars** with **Ira Sullivan,** trumpet; **Charlie Austin,** tenor saxophone; **Dolph Castellano,** piano; **Don Coffman,** bass; and **Jose Cigno,** drums. Austin's new composition, *Dot,* was well received. Pianist **Tony Castellano,** with bassist **John Thomas** and drummer **Buddy Delco,** also performed, as did pianist **Guy Fasciano.** Folk-blues singer **Jose Faliciano** made an unannounced visit. Comedians **Georgie Hopkins** and **Bob Altman** rounded out the show . . . Pianist Fasciano recently moved into the Harbour Lounge, where he will be followed by a return engagement of **Chiles & Pettiford** . . . The **Pete Lewis** Trio has been featured weekends at the Living End in southwest Miami . . . The Old Forge Restaurant in Miami Beach recently presented guitarist **Del Staton** in addition to the **Frank DiFabio** Trio . . . One of the homes of Dixieland in south Florida, **Jack Wood's** Oceania Lounge in Fort Lauderdale, was the scene of a recent session featuring **Andy Bartha,** trumpet; **Larry Wilson,** clarinet; **Larry Schramm,** banjo; **Billy Hagen,** piano; and **Don MacLeon,** drums. Trombonist **Pee Wee Hunt** was guest star . . . Jazz vocalist **Gay Perkins** was at the Playboy Club last month. She was followed by Australian vocalist **Lana Cantrell** . . . Pianist **Ron Miller's** quartet (**Marty Goldinher,** tenor saxophone; **George Smith,** bass; **Al Schabo,** drums) moved into the Pit in Fort Lauderdale on weekends. Miller and Goldinher, with drummer **Ken Davis** and bassist **Bob Schultz,** were a part of **Robert King High's** whistle-stop campaign through Broward County. High, campaigning for the Democratic nomination for governor of Florida, later won the nomination.

NEW ORLEANS: The Bistro, a modern-jazz club on Tulane Ave., opened last month with the **Ronnie Dupont** Quartet. Pianist Dupont is aided by tenor saxophonist **Iggy Campisi,** bassist **Al Bernard,** and drummer **Reed Vaughan. Betty Farmer** is the group's vocalist . . . The New Orleans Jazz Club will again present its "Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon" series this summer. The first concert, set for July 17, will feature the **Onward Brass Band** and vocalist **Blanche Thomas.** Succeeding concerts will spotlight pianist-singer **Sweet Emma Barrett,** trumpeter **Shurkey Bonano,** and the **Last Straws** . . . The Haven, long a modern-jazz club, switched to traditional jazz with the **Keith Smith** Band. . . . The Southland Jazz Club closed after about a month's attempt to duplicate the success of Preservation Hall and Dixieland Hall.

Cornetist **George Finola,** who led a group at the traditional-jazz club, now leads a band at Sunday sessions at Dixieland Hall . . . Gospel singer **Mahalia Jackson** returned here, her birthplace, for a June benefit for two Negro churches that were destroyed by fire last year . . . Clarinetist **Pete Fountain's** Universal-International short film, *Pete's Place,* was released in June.

LAS VEGAS: **Sammy Davis Jr.,** back on the night-club circuit after his Broadway stint in *Golden Boy* and short-lived television series, brought in a batch of New York musicians to augment the **Tony Morelli** Orchestra at the Sands Hotel. Included were **Reunald Jones Jr.,** trumpet; **Benny Powell,** trombone; **Pete Fenelli,** alto saxophone; **John DeRosa,** guitar; **Aaron Bell,** bass; **Mike DeSilva,** drums, **Johnny Mendoza,** conga, bongos; and **George Rhodes,** pianist, conductor . . . Vocalist **Della Reese,** a regular attraction at the Flamingo, dropped her six-brass-and-rhythm accompanying group and hired Los Angeles trumpeter **Bobby Bryant's** sax-and-organ band . . . "Jazz at Poolside" has become a regular Sunday afternoon feature at the Colonial House, with the **Johnny Veith** Trio presiding. Evening and afterhours sessions at the Colonial have included a quartet led by guitarist **Don Overberg,** with **JoAnn Grauer,** piano; **Walter Bernard,** bass; and **Carl Kiffe,** drums. Singer **David Allen** is the house balladeer . . . Club Black Magic, after a year or so in the rock-and-roll backwoods, recently switched back to jazz with a trio led by pianist **Ronnie Donath** (**Walter Bernard,** bass, and **Santo Savino,** drums). **Brenda Joyce** sings . . . Singer **Don Cornell,** a perennial attraction at the Stardust Lounge, hired a new accompanying group led by bassist **Frank Scafatti.** The personnel is **Al Longo,** trumpet; **Buck Monari,** cornet, valve trombone; **Irv Gordon, Don Davidson,** reeds; **Bernie Petrade,** accordion, and **Dave Williams,** drums . . . Singer **Bob Crosby** and drummer **Gene Krupa** have September bookings in the Tropicana. Singer **June Christy** is there now . . . Trumpeter **Jonah Jones** and his quartet are at the Desert Inn, having displaced a group bearing the name the **Tokyo Happy Coats.**

TORONTO: Trumpeter **Erskine Hawkins** played a month at the Plaza Room and was followed by singer **Tommy Ambrose** and the **Norm Amadio** Trio . . . At the Town Tavern, vocalist **Teri Thornton** was booked to follow a group co-led by baritonist **Pepper Adams** and trumpeter **Donald Byrd** . . . Pianist **Teddy Wilson** played a two-week date at the Colonial with drummer **Ed Thigpen** as a member of his group, which also featured tenor saxophonist **Phil Antonacci.** The **Saints and Sinners** (**Vic Dickenson,** trombone; **Herman Autry,** trumpet; **Rudy Powell,** clarinet; **Red Richards,** piano) were slated to follow . . . Veteran **Mike Riley** and his Music Goes Round and Round Revue entertained at the Hook and Ladder Club for several weeks. The club currently features **Larry Dubin's** Dixieland band.

PARIS: The **Johnny Griffin** Quartet moved back into Jazz Land on the Paris Left Bank for an engagement that will extend until mid-July. With Griffin are **Art Taylor,** drums; **Eddie Louiss,** piano; and **Alby Cullaz,** bass. Griffin had earlier substituted for **Dexter Gordon** at the Bologna, Italy, Jazz Festival. He also played at the Academy of Music in Perugia, Italy, with Spanish pianist **Tete Montoliu** and American drummer **Billy Brooks,** currently resident in Spain. The Griffin quartet is booked to play at the Paris Festival du Marais on July 4 . . . The **Martial Solal** Trio and the **Kenny Clarke** Quartet currently are resident at the Blue Note in Paris. The Blue Note's owner, **Ben Benjamin,** is considering screening jazz films at the club between live music sets . . . Pianist **Michel Sardaby's** trio played for the Negro Arts in the U.S.A. Festival, presented by the French Association for the Meeting of Cultures at the Judo Stadium in Montreuil May 13-27. The festival included an exhibition of paintings by Negro artists, a conference on Negro culture throughout the world, a film of life in Harlem, and a musical anthology including Gospel and spiritual songs, as well as traditional, modern, and avant-garde jazz. The show was staged by the **Voices,** comprising **Bernice Hall Grennard, Inez Kerr McClendan, Sylvia Jackson, Jo Jackson, Anje Ray, George Turner, Al Powe, Ted White, Jesse DeVore, Bernard Moore, Garrett Saunders,** and pianist **Benny Carter.** The musical director was **Brooks Alexander** . . . Pianist **Erroll Garner,** with bassist **Eddie Calhoun** and drummer **Kelly Martin,** scored a triumph at a concert at the Salle Pleyel here May 17. A packed house called the trio back for repeated encores.

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, Jimmy Neely.
Basie's: Richard Holmes to 7/10. Harold Ousley, Sun-Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Mon., Fri.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat.
Crystal Room: Les DeMerle to 7/2.
Dom: Tony Scott, Wed.-Sun. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko.
Embers West: Roy Eldridge, Harry Shepherd.
Fairfield Motor Inn (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Mon.
Ferrybont (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern.
Five Spot: name jazz groups. Daphne Hellman, Irma Jurist, Mon.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano.
Half Note: Barry Miles to 7/4. Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, 7/5-17. Jimmy Rushing, 7/8-10; 7/15-17. Carmen McRae, 7/29-31.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Jillys: Monty Alexander, Link Milman, George Peri, Sun.-Mon.
Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon.
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Hall, Jimmy Rowser, Nancy Steele. Guest stars, Sun.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Les & Larry Elgart to 7/9.
Museum of Modern Art: Earl Hines, 6/30. Dollar Brand, 7/14.
Metropole: Gene Krupa, 7/1-9.
Off Shore (Pt. Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Peter's (Staten Island): Michael Grant.
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, hb. Don Frye, Sun.
Slug's: name jazz groups. Sessions, Mon.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Green.
Top of the Gate: Mitchell-Ruff Duo, Dave Pike, Cousin Joe.
Village East: Larry Love.
Village Gate: Roland Kirk to 7/10. Herbie Mann, Lou Rawls, 7/12-31.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
Wells: Lee Shaw, Dodo Greene.
Western Inn (Ateo, N.J.): Red Crossett, Sun.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, hb.
Chez Vendome: Herbie Brock, hb.
Deauville: Bobby Fields, hb.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, wknds.
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.
Seville Jazz Room: Various groups.
Viking (Dania): Diplomats 3.

BALTIMORE

Boar's Head: sessions, Tue.-Wed.
Bucks: Bill Byrd.
Forest Manor (Jazz Society for Performing Artists): name groups, Mon.
Jockey Club: Jerry Coates.
Jones' Lounge: Jack Blake.
Kozy Korner: Fred Simpson.
Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatza.
Madison Club (Left Bank Jazz Society): name groups, Sun.
Martick's: Brad Wines.
Phillips: Jazz Ministers.
Playboy: Ted Hawke, Jimmy Wells, Donald Bailey.
Roosevelt Hotel: Jerry Clifford.
Triumph: Jack Mangus.
Uptown: Lloyd Grant.
Well's: George Jackson
Zebra Room: George Ecker.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone-Maggie Scott.
Driftwood Lounge (Framingham): Lovey-Ann Quartet.
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Joe Bucci to 7/3. Joe Williams, 7/4-10. Archie Shepp, 7/11-17. Wes Montgomery, 7/18-24. Junior Mance, Marge Dodson, 7/25-31.
Maridor (Framingham): Al Vega.
Meadows (Framingham): Kenny Stone.
Paul's Mall: Dave Blume.

CHICAGO

Big John's: various blues groups.
Edgewater Beach Hotel: Joe Montio.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Lil Armstrong, Sun.
Imperial Inn: Judy Roberts, wknds.
London House: Erroll Garner, 7/12-24. George Shearing, 8/9-28. Gene Krupa, 9/13-10/3.
McCormick Place: Andy Williams, Henry Mancini, 7/22-28. Dave Brubeck, 8/14.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Wed.-Sun. Jug Berger, Mon.-Tue.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Ravinia (Highland Park): Ella Fitzgerald, 7/1. Carmen McRae, Dave Brubeck, 7/6. Pete Fountain, 7/8. Nancy Wilson, 7/20, 22. Ramsey Lewis, 7/27, 29. Miriam Makeba, Chicago Jazz Ensemble, 8/3. Amanda Ambrose, Cannonball Adderley, 8/10.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb. Lenore Paxton.
Artists' Workshop: Detroit Contemporary 4, Lyman Woodward, Sun.
Baker's Keyboard: Jon Hendricks to 7/2. Anita O'Day, 7/8-16. Oscar Peterson, 7/17-24.
Blues Unlimited: name groups weekly.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.
Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.
Chessmate Gallery: Ernie Farrow, Fri.-Sat.
Chit Chat: Earl Marshall, Thur.-Sat.
Club Stadium: Hindal Butts, Sun.
Cobo Hall: Peggy Lee, Jimmy Wilkins, 7/12.
Drome: Freddie McCoy, 7/1-10. Horace Silver, 7/15-24. Richard Holmes, 7/29-8/2.
Frolic: Don Davis, Thur.-Sun.
Gene's (Inkster): Clarence Price, Fri.-Sun.
Hobby Bar: Ben Jones, Pixie Wales, Wed.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.
London Chop House: Ron DePalma, Vivian Foster, Mon.-Fri.
Momo's: Danny Stevenson, Thur.-Sat.
New Olympia: Norman Dillard, Thur.-Sun.
Paige's: Ernie Farrow, Thur.-Sun.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Vince Mance, Mon.-Sat. Jack Pierson, Sat.
Roxy Bar: Clarence Beasley, Fri.-Sat.
Showboat: Tom Saunders.
Sophisticates Lounge: Harold McKinney.
Stage Bar: Stan Chester, Thur.-Sun.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks. Mon.-Sat.
Village Gate: George Bohanon, Fri.-Sat.
Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd.
Zombie: Walter Hamilton.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer.
Cellar: Fritz Owens.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Bill Kelsey, Santo Pecora.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry.
Golliwog: Armand Hug.
Haven: Keith Smith, wknds.
Joe Burton's: Joe Burton.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson.
Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Rendy, hbs.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. afternoon.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Your Father's Moustache: Jim Liscombe, Sun. afternoon.

MINNEAPOLIS

Alps: Bill Peer, Sun.
Big Al's: Dave Rooney.
Crystal Conch (Robbinsdale): Irv Williams.
Davy Jones Locker: Herb Schoenbohm.
Ebony Lounge (St. Paul): Bobby Lyle.
Emporium of Jazz (Mendota): Hall Brothers, wknds.
Lighthouse (Orono, Lake Minnetonka): Howard Brown, wknds.
Magoo's: Riverboat Ramblers.
Markey Club: Buddy Davis, Carol Martin.
Rathskeller: Bill Blakkestad, Bob Terri.
Walker Art Center: Oscar Peterson, 7/24.
White House (Golden Valley): Jackie Cain-Roy Kral, 8/26-9/3.

ST. LOUIS

Chez Joie: Connie Morris.
Crystal Palace: Sammy Gardner.
Fallen Angel: Bob Graff, wknds.
Fats State Lounge: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Iron Gate: Gene Lynn, Greg Bosler.
King Brothers: Eddie Johnson.
Mainlander: Marion Miller.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.
Playboy Club: Don Cunningham, Jazz Salerno, hb.
Puppet Pub: Herb Drury.
Renaissance Room: The Marksmen.
River Queen: Jean Trevor, Peanuts Whalem.
Silver Dollar: Muggsy's Gaslighters.
Stork Club: Roger McCoy.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet, wknds.

KANSAS CITY

Club Delisa: jazz nightly.
Colony: Marilyn Maye to 7/12.
Gallery: Frank Smith.
Golden Horseshoe: Bettye Miller, Milt Able.
New Orleans Room: Ed Smith.
New Peyton Place: sessions, wknds.
Playboy: Vince Bilardo, Pete Eye, hbs.
Plaza III: Caroline Harris.
The Place: Baby Lovette.
Vanguard: jazz, Sun.

LOS ANGELES

Black Jack's (Long Beach): Bus Mellinger, Fri.-Sat.
Bonesville: sessions, Sun.
Chico's (Lynwood): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
China Trader: Bobby Troup.
Cisco's (Manhattan Beach): John Terry.
Edgewater Inn (Long Beach): name groups, Sun.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Havana Club: Don Ellis, Mon.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.
International Hotel: Joe Loco, Eddie DeSantis.
Jack & Sandy's: Stan Worth, Al McKibbon.
Jack London's (San Gabriel): Clyde Amsler, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Jim's Roaring 20's (Downey): Original New Orleans Jazz Band.
Kiss Kiss Club: Jack Costanza.
La Duce (Inglewood): Harold Land, Gene Russell, Tue.
Laguna Beach Art Festival: Don Rader, 7/8.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Eddie Cano to 7/2. Willie Bobo, 7/3-23. Bola Sete, 7/24-8/7. Gene Russell, Sun. Howard Rumsey, Mon.-Tue.
Living Room: name groups weekly.
Marty's: Bobby Bryant, Henry Cain, Tue.
Melody Room: Kellie Greene.
Memory Lane: name groups.
Norm's Greenlake (Pasadena): Ray Dewey, Fri.-Sat.
Paddle Wheeler (Orange): Wild Bill Davison, 6/30-7/3.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson, Reuben Wilson, Mon.
Pen & Quill (Manhattan Beach): Clarence Daniels.
Pied Piper: Ocie Smith, Ike Isaacs.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Vince Saunders, Fri.-Sat.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Marv Jenkins, Bob Corwin, hbs.
Red Log (Westwood): Johnny Lawrence.
Sandpiper (Playa del Rey): Don Rader, Sun.-Mon.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Cal Tjader to 7/3. Les McCann, 7/5-17. John Handy, 7/19-31. Denny Zeitlin, 7/22-24; 7/29-31. Ruth Price, Mike Wofford, Mon. Sonny Criss, Sun.
Sherry's: Mike Melvoin, Sun.
Sojourn Inn (Inglewood): Mike Melovin, Sun.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Ahmad Jamal, 8/12-14. Duke Ellington, 8/25-26.
White Way Inn (Reseda): Pete Daily, Thur.-Sat.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: The Vagabonds, Redd Foxx, to 7/11. Count Basie, 7/12-24. Erroll Garner, 7/26-8/7. Ramsey Lewis, 8/9-21. Billy Eckstine, 8/23-9/4.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes.
El Matador: Bola Sete to 7/2. Cal Tjader, 7/4-8/13.
Half Note: George Duke.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): Merrill Hoover, Mon.-Fri. Bill Bell, Thur.-Sat.
Hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jack's of Sutter: Merl Saunders.
Jazz Workshop: Mongo Santamaria, 8/30-9/18. Cannonball Adderley, 9/20-10/2.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson.
Playboy Club: Ralph Sharon, Al Plank, hbs.
The Apartment (Oakland): Ted Spinola, Tue.-Sat. Escovedo Brothers, Sun.
Soho Club (Burlingame): Norman Bates, Sun.
Trident (Sausalito): Willie Bobo to 7/10. Joao Donato, 7/12-9/4. Denny Zeitlin, Mon.

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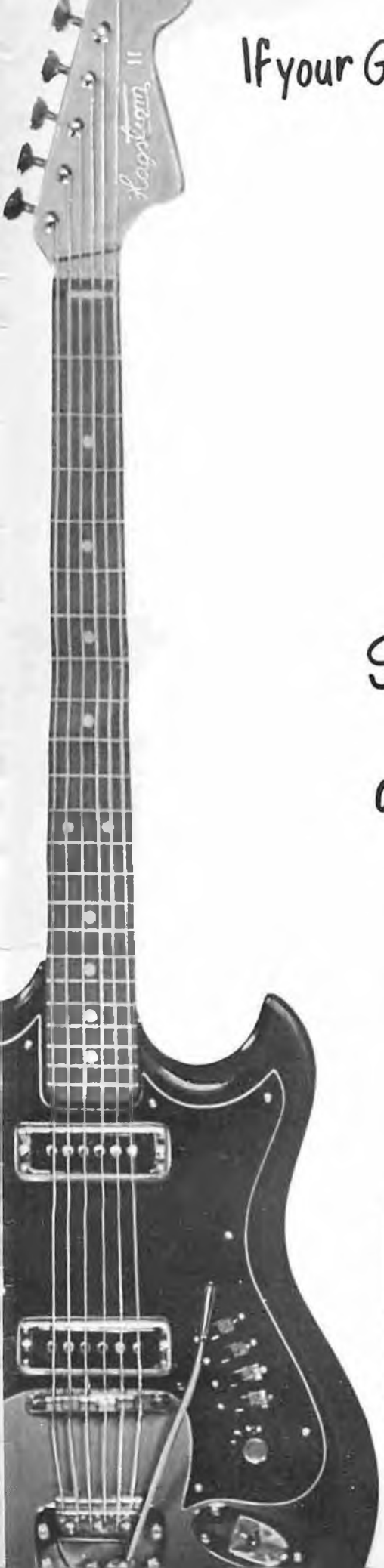

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