

MARCH 29, 1962 35c

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

6th ANNUAL PERCUSSION ISSUE

A DAY WITH
GENE KRUPA

TRIBUTE TO
BABY DODDS

By George Wetling

A DAY WITH
ROY HAYNES

RACIAL PREJUDICE
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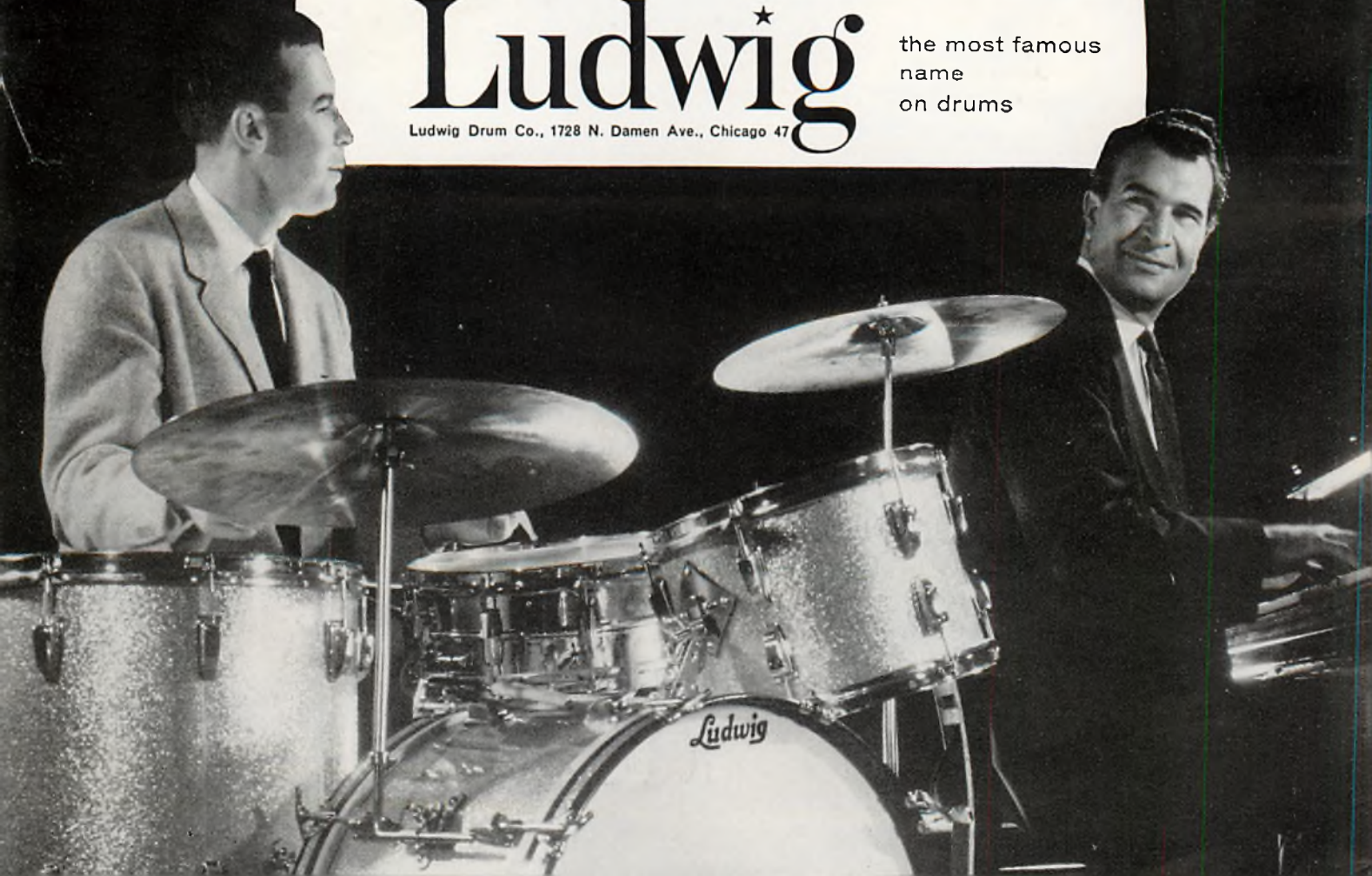
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THINGS TO COME The April 12 *Down Beat*, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, March 29, will feature a stimulating and provocative article titled *John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy Answer the Jazz Critics*. Also there will be exciting and informative articles on trombonist Jimmy Knepper and pianist-arranger Lalo Schiffrin.

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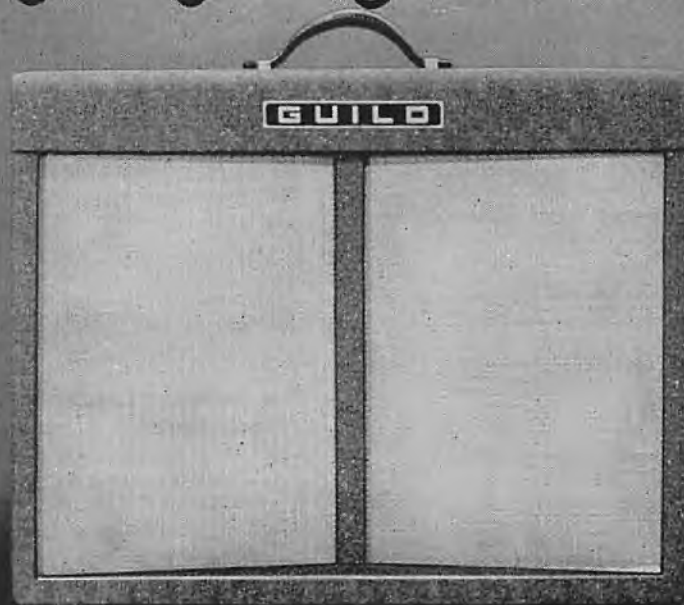


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Mingus' Message

The record review section of the Feb. 1 issue is highlighted by a review in which Richard B. Hadlock tells us all there is to know about Charlie Mingus:

"He has had a fling at every trend in jazz that has come along—cool jazz, hard bop, Third Stream, soul jazz, and more recently 'all-out' jazz—yet has failed to make a lasting stylistic impression or even to create for non-Mingus jazzmen a body of really playable tunes."

I had never realized that Mingus was ever a "cool" jazzman, but anybody who has recorded in San Francisco must be one, whatever it is. I had never realized that he was a hard bopper, but then what else could we call someone who uses Jackie McLean and J. R. Monterose on the same date? I had heard his Third Stream recording, but never realized that it came during the Third Stream trend. I had heard his few "soul jazz" tunes without realizing his great debt to Les McCann and Bobby Timmons.

As for failing to make a "lasting stylistic impression" or create a body of tunes for other jazzmen—well, I never thought that mattered. I was satisfied that he had created many beautiful things unlike anything ever done before. I still don't know what "all-out" jazz is, unless it means a form of jazz for which Hadlock is temporarily "all out" of names.

I am eagerly awaiting a one-sentence devastation of Gil Evans.

New York City

Paul Jablow

The Arranger-Composer Issue

Congratulations on the arranger-composer issue (Feb. 15)!

With his article *Jazz Composition: What Is It?*, Martin Williams—a writer whom I didn't dig at all when he first came on the scene—has contributed a very learned, thoughtful, and significant piece of historical jazz criticism. Excellent in every respect, the article suffered from the malady common to most good *Down Beat* pieces: it was too brief. I hope that in the future—the near future, please—Williams will spend some more time on similar assessments.

In the article, Williams attributes the composition *Boplicity* to Miles Davis, but I believe that Cleo Henry composed it, or so at least say the label and liner notes on my copy of *Birth of the Cool* (Capitol T762).

I'm very glad to see that Tadd Dameron is back on the scene. His most famous compositions are certainly among the most durable of the bop and early post-bop periods. But I do think your staff is going a little too far in its gross assumption of reader ignorance. I'm not so very old (24). I didn't become interested in jazz until 1955 (and even then I had a rather long incubation in the Benny Goodman-

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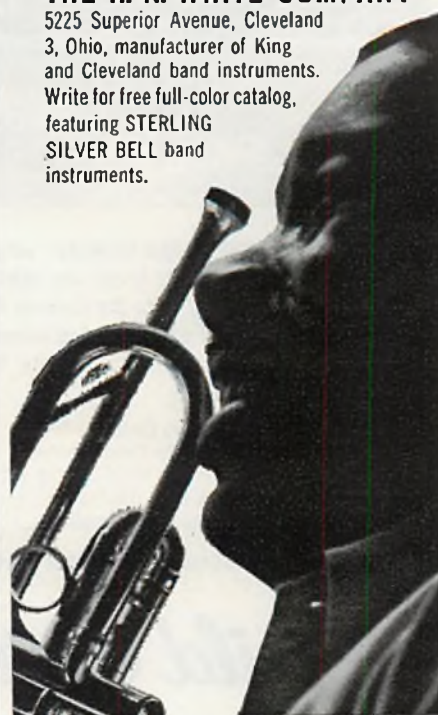
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Gene Krupa swing idiom), and I spent a very busy and broke two years (1959-60) without reading *Down Beat* and without buying records. Yet I certainly know who Tadd Dameron was and is. . . .
Bloomington, Ind. Gary A. Soucie

Bill Evans and Harmonic Players

In referring to Bill Evans' "problem of communication," Martin Williams, in his review (*DB*, March 1) of Evans' Village Vanguard album missed, it seems to me, an important point. Though Evans' playing appears to me to be excellent in all departments, his prime contribution is a harmonic one. And really "harmonic" players are rarely understood even by their own contemporaries.

I don't think there is too much danger of Tommy Flanagan, Hank Jones, Lennie Tristano, Lee Konitz, or Jimmy Raney winning any popularity polls this or any year, and the reason is apparent. They are all harmonic players. It's a way of playing that calls for an extension of the chords to their fullest and a horizontal way of going through them.

Cannonball Adderley is not a harmonic player and neither is Horace Silver (though some of his tunes actually call for a more harmonic way of playing than his group gives them). Adderley and Silver are essentially "lick players," in that their solos usually pile one hot lick upon another with a heavy emphasis on getting a groove. I'm not saying this is wrong, only that "hot lick" players don't ask for as much concentration on the part of the listener and are thereby more easily understood.

Another factor involved is that harmonic players as a rule do not repeat themselves in their solos, making it all the more difficult for the casual listener to grasp their intentions. It's hard to remember single phrases by these men, for their long, singing lines seem almost to come in waves of sound upon the ear. It's a serious way of playing and calls for a serious way of listening, something that most jazz fans and very few musicians are willing to give it.

Hollywood, Calif.

Charlie Shoemake

Where's Crater?

Although I never miss reading an issue of *Down Beat*, I must admit I'm always a little disappointed when George Crater isn't represented. Taking for granted the news about what's happening in jazz in *Down Beat*, my first impulse is to look for *Out of My Head* and then to read the rest of the magazine. Let's hope that Crater can keep out of the hospital long enough to write *Out of My Head* regularly.

My address should prove I'm not prejudiced; I dig Crater even if he does knock my home town.

Maumee, Ohio

Margaret LeFevre

Crater's absences from *DB* are the results of his ever-more-consuming search for his forebear, Judge Crater. When he completes his present expedition in the vicinity of Birdland and Charlie's, George promises to make another *DB* appearance.

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The Musicians' Clinic, whose members include doctors, lawyers, night-club managers, personal managers, agents, clergymen, writers, and musicians (among them, **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Billy Taylor**), has declared April as smash, splash, and sensible swinging month. The clinic, a nonprofit, New York group dedicated to helping musicians who have narcotics problems (16 musicians as full-time patients thus far—14 diagnosed as cured), owes close to \$5,000 to various doctors it employs for the cure and rehabilitation of musicians so afflicted. During April, it intends to present a series of benefits with jazz stars and sympathetic entertainers from other fields.

Cities do not often confer special awards on jazz musicians, but Boston's mayor, **John F. Collins**, presented **Erroll Garner** with such an award recently. The award was for Garner's "outstanding contribution to modern music in the field of piano and composition." Garner is set for his British debut at London's Royal Festival Hall on May 26. **Martha Glaser**, Garner's manager, is eager to find photographs and discographies of her pianist client. In both cases, the work should be of professional quality; whether the person submitting is really a professional is of no importance. Her address is 520 Fifth Ave., New York City.



Garner

The New York Institute of Technology will co-operate with the International Contemporary Culture Society in a series of concerts titled Rhythm and Style. The first of these, to be held on March 23 at the Institute, features **Olatunji**, quintets led by **Ted Curson** and **Pete LaRoca**, and the steel drums of **Rupert Sterling**. All concerts will have a theme—this one's is the significance of rhythm in contemporary American music—and all will be staged and lighted as for a theatrical presentation, to surround the musicians with "as much external help as possible."

Louis Armstrong is off for Europe for three months, beginning with a tour of England from April 28 through May 13 . . . While the **Montgomery Brothers**

were at the Village Vanguard, both **Mel Tormé** and **Horace Silver** sat in with them . . . **Count Basie** is working on his autobiography . . . **Duke Ellington** has recorded the score from the forthcoming Broadway production *All American* . . . **Bobby Scott** will be singer, pianist, and general music director of a musical review, *Ya Gotta Cut Loose*, opening in New York in April.

New York's *avant-garde* club, the Five Spot, will be torn down to make way for a building boom. The club will relocate, and for opening night the management promises groups led by **Sonny Rollins** and **Ira Sullivan** . . . In the meantime, the opening of **George Wein's** new club in New York, announced in the last issue, was postponed until Wein finds what he considers a place proper for a special audience.

Brooklyn's Brevort Theater was the site of a jazz spectacular last month presented by **Nat Cohen**, owner of the Coronet, a Brooklyn jazz club. For three nights, **Miles**



Basie

(Continued on page 50)

down beat

March 29, 1962 / Vol. 29, No. 7



Parker

THE END OF A COMEBACK

Leo Parker, no relation to Charlie Parker, one of the few baritone saxophonists produced by the bop era, had been more or less off the jazz scene since 1948. But late last year, his name began popping up in news items; Blue Note recorded him; and a few jazz clubs hired him for short engagements. It appeared Leo Parker was making a comeback.

It had been a long, hard road for Parker from the time he made his first big-time appearance with the 1944 Billy Eckstine Band. He subsequently played with, among others, Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Carter, and Illinois Jacquet.

It was with Jacquet that things began to catch up with him. That was 1948. Among other things, he was caught up in the honking, rhythm-and-blues format favored by Jacquet. He occasionally made a jazz record—there was one for King and another for Prestige—but, apparently, his career as a jazzman was at an end. His personal problems also brought him grief and trouble.

Then, a few months ago, things brightened. There were two recordings for Blue Note (the second is about to be released).

On Sunday, Feb. 11, Parker conferred with Blue Note officials about a third session to take place the following Tuesday. After the conference, Parker returned to his hotel, told his wife he was going to bathe, locked the bathroom door, drew a tubful of water, collapsed, and fell dead into the tub. The official cause of death was listed as a heart attack.

PERFORMING ARTS INQUIRY ENDS ON NOTE OF HOPE

The Congressional inquiry into the economic problems of the performing arts (*DB*, Jan 18) ended in Washington, D.C., last month with a series of witnesses for the arts appearing before the House select subcommittee on education under the chairmanship of Rep. Frank Thompson Jr. (D-N.J.).

As had been so in the prior hearings in New York and San Francisco, the testimony was unanimously in favor of speedy enactment of the Thompson-Lindsay bill (H.R. 4172), calling for the creation of a federal advisory council on the arts. In fact, before the hearings concluded, Rep. Thompson reported that President John F. Kennedy has sent "a strong personal indorsement" of the bill to Congress.

Considering his importance in the government, Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg was the most important witness of any of the sessions.

"The problem of the arts today," he said, "is not that they are dying but that they are existing on a starvation diet. In so many instances the artists are the ones who are subsidizing their performances by the very fact of the low wages they receive."

But he emphasized that the federal government's role "should be supporting only." He also advised enactment of the Thompson-Lindsay bill to help co-ordinate the supports he suggested. The public, he said, must carry a larger share of the load. Individual patrons will always exist, but their numbers are being reduced by death and taxes.

His hope is for "private corporations to greatly expand their patronage. Labor unions also have a responsibility in this area. Local government, and to a lesser extent, state government, must move more aggressively into the picture. Finally, the federal arm must be counted upon for a supporting role."

Mingus Mania

Charles Mingus, often discussed as a petulant stormy petrel, is often more victim of the news-conscious than he is really two-gun notorious. Witness his last engagement at New York's Village Gate.

Co-owner Joe Tremini called Mingus' manager to demand some action. "What's going on?" asked the manager.

"Mingus has been here for a week now; no trouble; no telling the customers off. Talk to Mingus, will you? It's bad for business . . ."

THE OTHER LEE WILEY —PART THE SECOND

The case of the two Lee Wileys (*DB*, March 15), wherein Lee Wiley, renowned jazz singer, now in semi-retirement in New York, finds a Lee Wiley—not she—booked around the country. The Wiley situation becomes both more and less clear as jazz writers veer varying miles to hear their favorite jazz singer, only to discover there is another Miss Wiley, not their favorite jazz singer.

The favorite, as much-reported in these pages, sings seldom these days. The current Lee Wiley is a singer and pianist, part of a duo (with Bill Pollack), a duo usually billed as the Smart Set. Wiley is the current Lee's real name, and the real name, too, of a male comedian, though *he* is not billed as a singer.

ELLINGTON TV SHOW READY TO ROLL

The first week of April will see production start on the forthcoming Duke Ellington television spectacular (*DB*, Feb. 1).

Executive producer Jimmie Baker announced that the color-filmed and stereo-recorded program will be written by Bob Arbogast and directed by Steve Binder.

The show also will be the occasion of the premiere of a new Ellington six-minute work titled *Jazz Is a Child*, composed expressly for the program. Ellington's music will be set to cartoon animation with live action created by producer Fred Rice. Animation will be by Walt Peregoy. Present plans, Baker said, call for the cartoon segment to be released later to theaters.

Portions of the show, to be narrated by actor Raymond Burr, will be augmented by the choreography and dancers of Gene Loring.

Baker said tribute will be paid to past and present Ellington musicians by means of film clips and medleys of works associated with such former sidemen as bassist Jimmy Blanton and trumpeter Cootie Williams.

The program, according to Baker, will commence with "*A*" *Train Overture*, followed by the Loring dancers and *Satin Doll*. Then Ellington sidemen will be spotlighted in a medley of *Mood Indigo*, *Sophisticated Lady*, *I Got It Bad* and *That Ain't Good*, *I Let a Song Go out of My Heart*, and *Cotton-tail*. The *Jazz Is a Child* segment follows. The dancers return with *It Don't Mean a Thing* and *Black and Tan Fantasy*. At the program's close, Ellington will be at the piano leading the

orchestra in *Take the 'A' Train* while Burr and selected guests pay tribute to the leader.

THE BOOKER LITTLE BENEFIT TANGLE

In the wake of trumpeter Booker Little's death (*DB*, Nov. 9), his friends gathered at the Jazz Gallery to pay homage and to pay money into a benefit fund for his three children. The friends contributed \$1,692.90 into the fund.

What has happened since is a lesson in humanity: kindness, patience, understanding—all of those things and anything else that might be named.

For the benefit happened in December, and as late as last month, the Booker children had not received the money; the *Down Beat* office had been besieged by calls; such jazz personages

as Max Roach were seeking answers to why the money had not been given to the children; a prominent publishing firm was phoning tips; New York state's attorney general was requesting information about the fund.

The yarn was tangled, but the facts were clear enough.

Much of the royalty of the jazz world had appeared for the performance. Little's lawyer never appeared that night to claim the money. Kay Norton, part-owner of the Jazz Gallery, hired Paul Marshall, a most-respected lawyer in the entertainment business. He put the money into bonds for the children, a process complicated because fund checks often were made out to the children, to others in the family—even to the club.

An added complication came from the federal government, which feels strongly about benefits—to the tune of

a 15 percent cut of the gross.

As attorney Marshall tells it, substantiated by letters from Memphis, Tenn., where the three Little children now reside, the trouble has only begun. The former Mrs. Booker Little does not live there. The children have been brought there by Booker's father but are being kept by Mrs. Little's parents.

Law is a funny thing. It is proud of being blind, and this case is confusing even without that. As explained by attorneys the problem resolves itself around who really has custody of the children and who can serve as guardian of the money.

Paul Marshall, through a Memphis law firm, has applied for the maternal grandparents to be appointed legal guardians by the state of Tennessee. Since the mother is not in Tennessee, there may be delays beyond the usual cumber and as late as last month, the

'The Trouble With Jazz ...'

Irving Townsend, executive producer of Columbia Records' West Coast division, is usually a quiet, self-contained New England type person with a reputation for being even-tempered and cool-headed in a business where temperament is the rule rather than the exception.

Recently in Hollywood he sounded off for *Down Beat* on the ills besetting jazz in general and on the problems confronting him as a jazz a&r man.

For one thing, jazz is "too snobbish" and jazzmen "too don't-give-a-damnish" about how their music is presented.

For another, jazz musicians have not learned the basic elements of presentation, according to Townsend, and have no idea of production or anything resembling it when it comes to the performance of their music.

"For some reason, jazz thinks it doesn't need showmanship," he said. "It couldn't be more wrong, in my opinion."

Having unburdened himself of these strong declamations, Townsend zeroed in on Los Angeles-Hollywood jazz.

"We can't have jazz out here," he said, "because this is a town that spurns it."

"It's a strange town. Geographically it's wrong. Why, you've got to drive 30 miles from one club to another."

With that exaggeration out of the way, Townsend turned his fire on the Hollywood entertainment industry as a whole.

"I think the industry here is very bad in its treatment of jazz," he declared. "Big jazz names are dying for TV and

movie work and they seldom get it."

"The funny thing is," he added wryly, "there are so many movie stars and influential people in the entertainment industry who profess to like jazz. But they don't do anything about getting it here. If these people would push for it in television and movies, Hollywood could do more for jazz than any other city in the country."

Turning to his personal involvement as a recording executive, Townsend waxed bitter.

"If you're working in Hollywood," he exclaimed, "you just have to forget jazz. I have to forget it, so far as record-



Townsend

ing is concerned.

"We as a company have spent more money on jazz than any other. And we'd be interested in doing *more* jazz here. But with such a lack of it we simply cannot."

"My God," he complained helplessly, "it's nearly impossible to find a place to record it live."

So far as Hollywood audiences for jazz are concerned, Townsend added a word or two on that subject.

"The type of jazz fans here," he explained, "are younger, alive married people. Many of them are working in the entertainment field—TV, films, and

so on. So they're used to quality entertainment, and they're blasé."

By contrast, he cited his last trip to San Francisco where he recorded Miles Davis live at the Black Hawk club.

"It was like the old days," he recalled. "In the pouring rain, people lined up outside to get in. They were grateful just to get to hear one number."

But back in the Hollywood disaster area, "Even the guys that like to play it won't push jazz."

"There's an isolation about L.A., too," he said. Sarcasmically, he added, "The disc jockeys can't even pronounce the artists' names, much less play their records."

Basic to what he termed "this disastrous situation"—in addition to the jazz musicians' apathy—is a lack of jazz promotion. "This," he declared, "is related to the sad picture of not being able to get jazz out here."

"Take Brubeck," he elaborated. "He's had his biggest year, yet he hasn't played out here in a year. What can he do here? And most of the guys who try to maintain jazz groups here can't go on the road for one reason or another."

Even the relatively close Nevada gambling and entertainment towns are no encouragement to more jazz, Townsend feels.

"The Las Vegas-Reno-Tahoe circuit," he said, "won't touch it." Disgustedly, he added, "Reno won't employ a Negro, and Vegas is only minimal."

"In Tahoe," continued Townsend, "they have a hell of a time getting Negroes living quarters. This, of course, is on the rare occasions when they do employ Negro artists there."

"But," noted the executive with a final sardonic smile, "People in Hollywood *do* come out—to hear Lawrence Welk."

And he left to return to his jazzless studio.

—Tynan

bate matters in that state.

We said earlier that three parts of humanity were patience, understanding, and kindness. The latter is a very special kind of thing. The contributions, we said, amounted to \$1,692.90. There is no way to disguise, nor any reason to disguise, that the bonds now are valued at \$2,255, the additional \$562.10 donated by Kay Norton for the children of the late Booker Little.

THE SUN ALSO RISES

Sun Ra is a pianist, most of whose professional life has been spent in Chicago. He has a reputation as a musical eccentric. For his upcoming New York debut, he will present a group, easily eccentric and much in the tradition to which he has become accustomed.

According to his own publicity, Sun Ra has now become Le Sun Ra, and he is leading his Cosmic Space Jazz Group (incidentally, Ra was the Egyptian sun god, so the name, while redundant, is certainly emphatic).

In any case, Le Sun Ra plays piano and "sun harp," so the press releases state. And with him are Bernard McKinney, trombone; Tommy Hunter, drums; Pat Patrick, baritone saxophone and flying saucer; Marshall Allen, alto saxophone, Japanese flute, and morrow; John Gilmore, tenor saxophone and zebra drums; and—hold on now—Ronald Boykins, bass and fireplace.

LES HITE DIES OF HEART AILMENT

Les Hite, whose bands during the '30s and '40s included many of today's best-known jazzmen, died of a heart ailment Feb. 6 in Santa Monica, Calif. He was 58.

Admitted to St. John's Hospital, Santa Monica, following complications

arising from a virus infection, the former bandleader succumbed to a heart condition from which he had suffered for some time.

Retiring from the band business in 1945, Hite had been a partner in the Hite-Fain Artists Agency, Los Angeles,

from 1957 until his death.

Born in DuQuoin, Ill., in 1903 (he would have been 59 on Feb. 13), Hite took over the leadership of Paul Howard's Quality Serenaders in 1930. The Hite band was fronted from time to time until 1932 by Louis Armstrong.

Editorial

The Slowly Draining Wellspring of Jazz

When you stop to consider, most jazzmen are very strong persons. Strong in character, strong in fortitude. There are weak ones, of course, but to live jazz and hold onto life, health, integrity, and honesty takes guts and determination. For the jazz life most must live is fraught with danger. Must lead, because the socio-economic facts of life in this country determine when and where the jazzman can play for profit; dangerous, because to meet these economic realities he often must work in a social environment that includes in its composition the scum of mankind.

Dangerous. For example, if the jazzman doesn't starve to death because of lack of work in his home locale, there's always the road waiting for him. Waiting for him to fall asleep at the wheel making those long trips from job to job across the country—witness Doug Watkins, killed at 28. Waiting for him to be pulled lifeless from the wreckage of an automobile he wasn't driving witness Frank Teschemacher, Clifford Brown, Richie Powell, all killed before they were past their middle 20s.

If it's not the road, there's alcohol and narcotics usually present in the jazz milieu. True, the number of men stabbing themselves to death with needles every day and the number of men drowning themselves in bottles every night has lessened in the last few years. Yet there are still those mysterious deaths about which no one will say, for print, what happened but, if the truth be known, stemmed from narcotics or alcohol—witness several jazzmen.

And even if the jazzman escapes the road, booze, and junk, there are many reasons why he finds it difficult to get life insurance. "Drives at night." "Works in liquor-serving establishments."

It has been this way since the beginning, it seems. They say Bix Beiderbecke loved a good time and almost any kind of liquor—dead at 28. Leon Rappola, the great New Orleans clarinetist, is said to have become so taken with marijuana his mind snapped—dead at 41.

The list could go on, the list of dead at 21, at 25, at 30, at 35, at 40, at 50—Dave Tough, Charlie Parker, Sid Catlett, Oscar Pettiford, Scott LaFaro, Booker Little, Lem Winchester, Art Tatum, Charlie Christian, Jimmy Blanton, Chu Berry, Rod Cless, Irving Fazola, Billie Holiday, Lester Young, Fats Navarro, Wardell Gray, and on and on and on.

None of these men died old. And therein lies the real tragedy of it all. None was past what is considered, in the outside world, the prime of life. The loss to jazz—to the world—is staggering.

Why this loss?

For one thing, the social environment.

For another, the stupid belief—not as widely-held now as 30 years ago but still heard—that jazzmen are morally weak (who's version of morality is violated?), that they are, essentially, bums. And how many jazzmen—either consciously or subconsciously—enact the role society expects of them? How many live the eccentric-artist life because deep down they want to conform to society's image of them? And how many kill themselves living up to it? Too many.

The short life expectancy, then, is partly the fault of society (including the economics of jazz), its demands and exigencies. It is partly the fault of the jazzman, because too often he lives the role society expects of him, his own need for social acceptance distorted and perverted into the social behavior necessitated by the "eccentric-rebel" image in which society itself has cast him.

What can be done? Change the social structure? That's hardly realistic. But the jazzman who leads the dangerous life can change his behavior pattern or can enlist professional help in changing it.

Will change come about tomorrow? It would be foolish to expect it. But it well might come about the day after tomorrow—just as soon as the young men in jazz, and those who will lead the jazz life of the future, realize the great loss already suffered and determine that this waste must stop.



Hite

A DAY WITH GENE KRUPA

BY BURT KORALL

THE NAME Gene Krupa still means drums to most of the world.

Though 27 years removed from his first triumphs with the Benny Goodman Band, he remains "that ace drummer man"—so deeply has his image been burned into the public consciousness. The years may have brought a streaking of gray to his mop of dark hair and a few lines to his boyish face, but as far as his legion of fans are concerned, Krupa is an unaging bearer of excitement.

True, he has retained much of his buoyancy and fire; his technique is certainly impressive, and he's as graceful as ever. But Gene Krupa is a different musician today than he was in the 1930s. Like a knowing fastball pitcher who has been around the major leagues for a while, he no longer wastes energy, discreetly saving his resources for when he most needs them.

"I work only 19 weeks a year," Krupa told me, shortly after our day together began at his Yonkers, N. Y., home. "And 18 of those weeks are spent at the Metropole in New York and the remaining week at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City. This schedule permits me to be at home with my wife, to take care of chores around the house, and to practice and experiment, all of which were next to impossible during my traveling years.

"Don't misunderstand . . . my taste for playing has not dulled. I'm still deeply involved with drums, but you can't fly at a fast pace forever. A time comes when you stop and take stock. After my heart attack [November, 1960], I came to the realization that, considering my situation and the condition of the music business, I would do well to cool a bit and concentrate on several things I had been putting off for years."

We moved from the attractive and comfortable main floor of the Krupa home to the large, well-appointed basement. Gene discussed some of his current activities. He was particularly enthusiastic about a new record.

"It features a percussion section," Krupa said. "Joe Venuto, a fine, young percussion talent, came up with the idea. After coming over for a few practice sessions, he suggested that it might be interesting to experiment with several percussionists. He wrote out some parts. Soon after that, we brought in two more percussionists, Mousie Alexander and Doug Allen. The concept really began to take shape. I was so captured by it that I talked to Verve records about doing a series of albums."

The record company listened and agreed. The first of four albums, *Percussion King*, was recently released.

Venuto, a next-door neighbor of Krupa's, ambled into the basement.

"This marks only the beginning," Venuto said, referring to the record. "We worked in several different meters, playing in unison or juxtaposing one player against the other. A variety of sounds and feelings was created by using percussion instruments in many ways."

"Working with the percussion section is a constant challenge," Krupa added. "The concept calls for team play, a blending of personalities. You not only have to take care of your own business but it is necessary to feel and relate to what the others are doing as well."

Out of the album discussion came comments concerning current jazz drumming. I contended that many contemporary drummers did not seem as concerned with over-all facility as did their predecessors.

Venuto agreed: "Being able to swing and play little bombs and fills and things of that sort consumes most young drummers. A fine sense of time,



reading facility and being comfortable playing all sorts of music has taken a back seat. I realize that all drummers go through phases when things like that seem important; however, more so than ever before, I feel drummers have gotten away from the basic elements."

I suggested that the disappearance of big bands, plus the fact that other training grounds also have gone by the board, leave the young drummer little opportunity to learn his craft.

"It's not the fault of the youngsters, particularly when we speak of their big-band work," insisted Krupa. "Years ago, the drummer coming up had places to go where he could listen and learn. He also had minor-league outlets which prepared him for big-time competition. Today, there is little he can do other than study and hope to accumulate enough experience to make a go of things."

What of the friendly interchange so common among drummers in the 1930s, '40s, and early '50s? Had stiff competition for work affected the fraternal feeling in the profession? Had the romance gone out of the field?

Krupa paused to think. Then he said that he didn't think that today there was as intense a feeling of fraternity as in years past.

"About the romance idea," he went on, "the first thing you have to realize is that these are altogether different times. During the '30s and '40s, in particular, there was a rash of activity. The whole picture encouraged the young percussionist. Vitality abounded. The climate made for a different kind of drummer. Today the youngsters are not exposed to as many sides of the percussion story. It's as simple as that."

Krupa turned to the subject of young drummers he finds stimulating. "Oliver Jackson, the kid with Lionel Hampton, has something," he said. "He plays with assurance and authenticity and has a fine grasp of the essentials of jazz drumming. His time is good—that's so important. And because he plays so well for others, he reminds me of a young Jo Jones."

"Joe Morello is another whose playing I enjoy. Did you see him on TV with Dave Brubeck? Excellent technique and co-ordination give his work dimension. Everything he plays is clean, crisp, and well defined."

"Mel Lewis—we met outside a theater in Buffalo many years ago—has come a long way. He's one of the few young drummers who knows how to move a big band."

Krupa reminisced about his development as a drummer: "I guess the teacher who taught me the most was the late Gus Moeller. He used the up-and-down stroke method, which incorporates movement of the arms in concert with wrist and finger action. 'Music is motion; you have to move fluidly and with grace and ease,' Gus insisted."

"Because of my training with him, I am able to move easily around the set. He also made it possible for me to extract a better sound from the instrument. There are far too few teachers of his caliber."

"Jazz drummers who helped mold my style? Baby Dodds, for one—how he could work the snare drum!—and Zutty Singleton—he's still as great as ever. And of course, Chick Webb. It's too bad that his greatness was never captured on records."

"Like all great drummers, these chaps came to the scene with special gifts. There was something in each one's playing that set him apart from the others. How do you come by this individuality? It's something you have naturally, something that studying cannot bring you."

"Make no mistake, however; studying is of prime importance. Only three drummers who have evolved on their own come to mind—Ray McKinley, Ray Bauduc, and that firebrand Buddy Rich. Buddy, specifically, is a fantastic exception to the rule. He plays most cats under the table, and he has no idea how he does it."

The afternoon was coming to a close, and Krupa had to get ready for a long night's work at the Metropole. We parted and planned to meet later at the club to continue our talk.

BAR AND TABLES were jammed when I arrived at the club. Trumpeter Charlie Shavers was playing heatedly as I went up the stairs to Krupa's dressing room.

When I was settled in the dressing room, the conversation began where we had left off in the afternoon.

"There's one chap you really ought to mention," Krupa said. "Tommy Miles . . . from Baltimore. He wore a green eye shade and would sit flush up against the wall when he played. Tommy was something like Miles Davis—you know, never paid the audience any mind, never showed any emotion. But could he swing! Chick Webb learned a lot from him. I couldn't wait to get to Baltimore in the old days."

The conversation turned to the present and the question of small bands versus big ones.

Krupa has worked with a quartet for several years (his group at the Metropole included Eddie Wasserman, tenor saxophone; Bill Takas, bass; John Bunch, piano). Seemingly happy working in this small group context, Krupa said he did, however, prefer working with a big band.

"I do enjoy it," he said, "though I feel more responsibility in a large band. And after all, small bands are what the public is buying today. It doesn't seem likely that the big bands will come back. But you never know, perhaps the Twist will create an interest in dance bands again. As for my putting together another big band . . . No, I don't think I could make that one-nighter grind, or the five-shows-a-day theater routine. I'll stick with this set-up for personal appearances and leave my big-band playing for record dates."

Krupa has had much influence on other drummers, but have any of the modern drummers influenced him? Krupa reflected and then said: "My style hasn't changed too much. I still play on the drums rather than leaning heavily on the cymbals. Unlike the modern guys, I keep the bass drum going. I feel the big drum should be used to keep time and for accents. But I must admit that certain things I've heard Art Blakey, Shelly Manne, and Max Roach do have found their way into my repertoire. And often I incorporate some of the modern things to accommodate the youngsters in my group."

Krupa concluded, "My job, however, remains the same—to keep time, to extract appropriate, supporting 'sounds' from the instrument, to be a musician . . ."



A DAY WITH ROY HAYNES

BY LEROI JONES

IT WAS IN New York's Jazz Gallery and just after a young woman had come up to me and asked if I were Roy Haynes, that Roy Haynes himself took my arm and began berating me for the various *faux pas* and indiscretions committed on his person by that breed of noisy opportunists known as jazz critics. (Haynes was working with the Stan Getz Quartet at the club.)

Part of the diatribe, I must admit, was aimed directly at me for the various injustices that I had subjected him to in print. But I weathered the storm and at the end of it found myself invited to his home to trade confidences.

And though I accepted graciously, and perhaps too hastily, I left the Gallery with the feeling that Roy didn't believe I'd show. But two days later, and four hours after the time I'd given, I was calling Roy from a pay phone asking him to pick me up at the subway station.

Roy Haynes drives a long white Cadillac that looks as if it just arrived from the plant. It gleams with the same kind of middle-class impeccability that Roy himself displays with his choice of clothes and homes and personalities. And the car, like the clothes and the home, and perhaps the personality, is not a superfluous affectation with him; it is a thing he admired and wanted and also something he felt he deserved.

Haynes' attitude towards his music is similar. Playing jazz was something he wanted to do and something he learned to do well after a long apprenticeship. Recognition in his chosen field, he has found, is not as easily attained as the others. It has been long coming, even though Roy feels, and quite justifiably so, that it is something he deserves.

The Haynes' home is in Hollis, Long Island—an impossible place for a jazz musician to live according to popular fiction (not to mention popular jazz sociology). It is a neat brick house with built-in garage. It looks like the kind of house out of which each morning at 8 a.m. some less-than-intrepid Organization Man makes his dash for the 8:20 to Madison Ave.

With a photographer friend of his, Haynes and I sat around most of the afternoon drinking beer and discussing his life as a jazz musician. While we talked, Roy kept the phonograph active (sometimes if only to emphasize a particular point by playing the music in question).

Our conversation began pretty much as it had ended two nights before. Roy berated me mildly in a mock conversation with his friend for many affronts, the most recent of which were my liner notes for an Etta Jones record.

"Now, here I've worked with one of the greatest vocalists in the business, Sarah Vaughan, for five years, and this guy doesn't even mention my name once in the notes," Haynes declared. (The friend was properly impressed and outraged.)

"Wow! What's a person have to do to get some kind of notice from you critics?" he continued. "I'm supposed to know how to back up singers as well as anybody around, and this guy doesn't even put my name in the notes even once. How about that?"

There wasn't much I could say, except to protest I thought the mere mention of Roy's name among the credits was enough to let anybody who'd been around jazz for very long know that there was an excellent craftsman on the job. Roy didn't buy it.



Happily, the talk turned to his earlier days in jazz and his pre-New York background.

Haynes was born in Boston, Mass., 37 years ago, and 37 is not such an advanced age for a man who is listed among the pioneers of bop drumming. He studied briefly at the Boston Conservatory and then began playing with local groups.

"I was at Martha's Vineyard in 1945," he said, "when I got this telegram from Luis Russell asking me to come to New York. I don't know how he heard about me, because I hadn't played anywhere but in Boston and places in Connecticut. I think maybe there was a musician who was playing with Luis who heard me when he passed through Boston. Anyway, I was excited and wanted to go to New York, but I also wanted to stay up at Martha's Vineyard until I finished the gig. It was really a swinging place then, kind of a resort for really rich people. So I wrote Luis Russell and asked him could he wait until I finished the job. He wrote back telling me when and where to show up and enclosed my ticket. When I got to New York, we were opening at the Savoy."

He paused and put John Lewis' *Morpheus* on the phonograph; it sounded amazingly like today's *avant garde*, though it was made in 1950. Haynes was the drummer in that group boasting Sonny Rollins, Miles Davis, Percy Heath, and Lewis.

He continued his reminiscences: "What really turned me on to jazz was one particular record. You know that record Basie made called *The World Is Mad?* Well, that's what really got me moving. Jo Jones' solo on that tune was really out of sight. I knew right away what I wanted to do, after that.

"I quit Russell's band in 1947. Those one-nighters got to me finally, although I thought it was a pretty swinging band. We had some good people. And it was the first time I had worked with a really big band. Luis had a lot of faith in me . . . I was just a young kid, a little over 20. My brother told me something years after I'd left Russell. He said that I'd really been a big influence on that band. Some of the musicians told him that. I mean, that they had started picking up on some of the things I was doing, and it changed their playing. And I was just trying to get myself together. It's a strange thing."

When *Morpheus* ended, the photographer suggested Roy play a Sarah Vaughan album.

"You know people are always asking me how it was to play with Sarah," Haynes said. "They figure it must have been a drag, you know, playing behind a singer and never really getting a chance to stretch out. But that's not the way it was. I thought it was a gas. Sarah's not just another singer. I mean she's fantastic and playing with her was a ball for me. When I got tired of working with her I left. It was as simple as that. But she's a beautiful singer."

Haynes' recollection turned back to his days with Russell.

"When I started playing with Luis Russell, it was the first time I'd ever seen the South. We went through the South a lot doing all those one-nighters the band had to do. The first place we went when we left the Savoy was Maryland, which is not really the South, I guess, but it was still something else. And the rest of those tours . . . you know,

sometimes we played in warehouses. I made a lot of southern tours with Sarah, too. Those terrible package deals. Sarah didn't dig those too much either."

When he left Russell, Haynes said he hung around New York's 52nd St., at that time the location of several jazz clubs. "I'd already been going up to Minton's and sitting in. I learned a lot up there, too. Drummers used to have to stand in line to get a chance to play. There were so many people around who wanted to sit in—Teddy Stewart, Max [Roach,] Klook [Kenny Clarke]. And everybody really tried to show up good—every night. No matter where somebody might be working, if they were in town they'd try to make Minton's. There was a lot of good music.

"I just gigged around 52nd St. for a year, but then I went back to Russell. I just stayed with him a year this time. When I left, I started playing with Lester Young. That was a really great experience. Prez could do anything. I really learned a lot being in that group. He always knew just the way he wanted everybody in the band to sound. I stayed with Prez for about two years. He was a really creative musician; he'd never do the same thing twice. Playing with Monk was the same, in a way, or with Bird. You never knew what they'd do next. Monk was like going to school, every night. He'd play anything and do anything."

AT THIS POINT Roy put on an airshot taken from a 1951 broadcast from Birdland.

Symphony Sid Tobin's baleful monotone was announcing a group about to play *Blue 'n' Boogie*. The group was made up of Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Tommy Potter, and Haynes.

"It was Max Roach's gig," Roy explained, "but he couldn't make it. He called me up at the last minute, and I got there. Listen to Bird. Sometimes you wouldn't believe the things he would do. And I sometimes wondered how I could follow him. I mean he would do anything. I was lucky to get this record. There was some guy walking around asking a fantastic price."

The group went off into *Ornithology* and another wild Parker solo.

"Yeah, I was doing just about the same things then I'm doing now. A little more certain now, that's all. You know, I was the first drummer to work in Birdland, back in 1949. And just about that time I really got busy . . . '50 and '51 I was always working; that was just before I went with Sarah."

The conversation shot around into a great many areas, musical and nonmusical, but always there was Roy's insistence upon the short-sightedness of critics and the difficulties arising when one is trying to make a living playing jazz.

"What is it, almost 17 years I've been around the jazz scene?" he asked. "You know, I've never yet won any kind of poll. I haven't even been voted new star or anything. And that's the only place I ever get any votes in those polls—as a new star. Isn't that something? A new star, and I've been around longer than most of the old stars. I don't know what it is.

"And then among the critics, people who are supposed to know what's happening, I still barely get mentioned.

People are always saying I'm underrated . . . like it's something to be proud of. There was even a picture of me in a *Metronome* yearbook a few years back, backing up Bird, and you know what they had in the caption? They had Klook's name. If it wasn't so funny, it would really make me mad. I bet if I was some kind of nut or something, you know, weird or a junkie or something, I'd get a lot of notice. But there doesn't seem to be too much attention paid to guys who make a normal scene. I mean, who make all their gigs and raise families. It's a wild thing."

I agreed that it was a crazy kind of situation when a musician like himself, who is really so well known and respected by critics and musicians alike, had never won any kind of poll. Haynes is usually mentioned in any critic's or musician's list of best drummers, and judging by the frequency of his appearances with some of the younger *avant garde* musicians such as Eric Dolphy and Oliver Nelson, there has certainly been no lessening of Roy's gifts.

"I'll tell you a funny story about what some musicians mean when they say they respect you" he said. "I was in Chicago once, playing opposite this very well-paid group. So the drummer, whom I'd known only casually before, comes over after one of our sets and tells something like, 'Roy, you are the greatest. I've listened to you for years and really picked up so much. Man, if it wasn't for you and Max, I don't know what I'd be playing.' You know . . . and it was kind of nice to hear. But just a few days later I read in a magazine where this same drummer is quoted as saying his biggest influences have been Buddy Rich and Sonny Igoo. Whew, I mean, what can I say?"

During the last few minutes of talk, Roy had begun to exit and re-enter the room in various stages of dress and undress, readying himself for the trip to Manhattan and his job with Getz. At one point he came back into the room waving a carefully framed plaque. It was the award he had received from *Esquire* magazine for being one of the best-dressed men in show business.

"Did you see the issue of *Esquire* the award was announced in?" he asked. "Miles got one, too. You know this really means a lot, because I guess they must be just getting around to giving them to Negroes. But I don't get any awards in music, my profession, just for clothes."

Roy was just about dressed, in an extremely fashionable suit that could probably bring another *Esquire* award. The photographer and I hurriedly emptied our cans of beer; Roy looked at his watch, made his family goodbyes, and we left.

AS WE DROVE toward the city, Roy checked his watch every few minutes.

"Well, we still have some time," he said after one watch glance. "I hate to be late for any gig. If you're late you just don't have any excuse. You're wrong. This is a tough business in a lot of ways. I mean, nobody really makes any large money. A few guys—people that get in magazines all the time—but most don't make so much. Working with Sarah was what straightened me out financially. Helped me to get the house and things. But even when you're working, I mean freelance, and fairly regularly, you don't work that much. And then records are not that much. You know, I just made my first date as a leader a couple of years ago."

We were coming off the bridge into Manhattan and Roy glanced at his watch again.

"We made good time," he said. "I still have about five or 10 minutes. You can't tell, when you're following Trane. [John Coltrane's was the group playing opposite Getz'.] There's no telling how long that cat will stay once he gets started. And then sometimes he plays very short sets. So I like to be fairly early."

We walked into the club just as the Coltrane quintet was leaving the stage. Getz walked in soon after, but the group didn't go up immediately because the bass player was late. I sat and talked with Roy, while Getz looked nervously at his watch.

"Talking about working regularly," Haynes said, "Stan wants me to go with him to Europe. He wants to work six months in Europe and six months here. But I don't know . . . I really don't want to leave New York for that long. It's my home, I really dig New York. I was thinking of maybe moving further out on the Island or maybe up to Connecticut. That's still close, if you've got a car."

McCoy Tyner and Eric Dolphy, two of Coltrane's cohorts, came over to exchange greetings with Roy while he waited for Getz to finish shaking his finger in the finally-arrived bass player's face. The set began shortly after, and Roy Haynes went to work.

FOLLOWING THE FIRST SET, we walked down the street to a delicatessen. He ate some matzoh ball soup, watched the clock, and answered some of my last questions. I wondered, since Roy had played with so many masters of modern jazz and had been in on the music called bop almost from the beginning, what he thought of the young innovators, many of whom he also has played with.

"Well, I don't think Ornette Coleman's doing anything really new," he answered. "I like some of the things he does, but a lot of people were doing the same thing—years ago. Oliver Nelson is a very good saxophonist, and he's written some fine things, but essentially I don't think it's anything new. There's no reason why it should have to be. Maybe he's using some different voicings or something, but Duke Ellington has used those way-out voicings for years."

"Young drummers? Well, there's only a couple I could pin down. So many of these young guys sound so much alike. There's one guy, Donald Bailey, who plays with Jimmy Smith. He doesn't play many solos, but I really like what he does with the group. I like Billy Higgins a lot. He thinks about drums the way I do. We've talked a lot of times. He doesn't play enough though. But he's real. He plays the truth. A lot depends on conception. You've got to draw things out of drums. You can't just beat on the drums. There's much more to drumming than that."

It was time to get back to his job. We left the delicatessen and got back to the club in time to hear Coltrane's last tune. Trane was looking up and down a scale for some note and thrilling the audience doing it. Roy and I joined a crowd of musicians and ecstatic hippies and listened.

I left Roy as an autograph hunter came up and said, "You were playing with Stan Getz weren't you? Will you sign this so I can have all your names here?"



A Tribute To



Baby Dodds

You take a 28-inch bass drum; a 6½-inch, all-metal snare drum; an overhead pedal; four tuned cowbells; a woodblock; a slapstick; a 16-inch Chinese crash cymbal; a 16-inch Zildjian cymbal; and a 10-inch Chinese tom-tom. You've got the drum setup that Baby Dodds used at the Lincoln Gardens (formerly Royal Garden Cafe) in Chicago when he played there with Joe Oliver in the middle 1920s.

I'll never forget the first time I heard Baby with the great Oliver band. The band had a beat that guys are still trying to get. I can still feel and hear it. From that time on, I became a Baby Dodds fan.

After the Oliver band left the Lincoln Gardens, Baby went with Lil Hardin, Johnny Dodds, and Louis Armstrong to the Dreamland Cafe. This was at the time Louis made his famous Hot Five and Hot Seven records for Okeh.

The Dreamland had a balcony, and you could sit up there and look down on the band, and many a night Dave Tough and I would pool our money and sit up there as long as our money held out and dig Baby. We both agreed that Baby played with a clean, forceful beat and, above all, didn't mess up the band with a lot of technical nonsense.

Baby used both feet and hands when he played. In those days the important thing was keeping time, and that meant a steady foot on the bass drum. The only time fancy foot beats were put in

was where they belonged—that is, when you fit them in with the rhythm of the tune they were playing.

Baby was what you would call a subtle drummer with a variety of color and effects. He also had the greatest press, or shimmy, roll I have ever heard.

When Armstrong left the Dreamland for New York to join Fletcher Henderson's band, Baby went to Kelly's Stables with brother Johnny's combo.

The Stables was slightly different from the Lincoln Gardens and the Dreamland, mainly because the prices were higher. I did manage to get in often, but many times Mugsy Spanier, Frank Teschemacher, and I would sit outside on Rush St. in my old Nash sedan and just listen to the wonderful rhythm and sounds coming from inside upstairs, especially Baby's drums, Johnny's clarinet, and Natty Dominique's trumpet.

In the days when Baby was doing his greatest drumming, the recording engineers were not as booted as they are today, so you can't really get the entire picture of what Baby was up to by listening to his records. Most drummers who recorded then were confined to playing on woodblocks or the rims of both snare and bass drum and now and then were allowed to hit a cymbal.

When it came to playing on rims and woodblock, Baby was a master. He had a triplet beat that was really something, and Dave Tough, George Stafford, Chick Webb, and I all did our own versions of it. We used it mostly behind a piano chorus. Listen to Dave Tough with Tommy Dorsey's Clambake Seven playing *Twilight in Turkey*, George Stafford playing *I Want to Stomp*, Mr. Henry Lee with Eddie Condon, Chick Webb playing *Liza* with his own band, or some of the recordings I made for Commodore records with the Bud Freeman Trio, and you will hear what I mean.

If you want to get a good idea of Baby's style, I suggest you try to get the drum solos he recorded for Rudi Blesh on Circle records. These are strictly drum solos with no other accompaniment, and the recording is far superior to that of the '20s.

As I remember, Baby was the first drummer I ever heard play the basic cymbal beat that we all use today on our ride cymbal, that is, in 4/4 time, a quarter and two-eighths and a quarter and two-eighths, or one, two *an*, three, four *an*, etc.

Baby usually played this beat on his 16-inch Zildjian cymbal. I often told Baby how crazy I was about the cymbal and how I wished I had one like it.

In what I thought to be a kidding way, Baby said he would will it to me. All through the years, whenever I would go to hear Baby play or we would happen to meet some place, Baby would always say "Don't forget, George, I'm willing you that Zildjian—that's yours."

The last time I saw Baby was at a party I played for Francoise Sagan, the French writer. We posed for pictures together. Baby was crippled by a couple of strokes he had had. Shortly after that night, Baby went back to Chicago. After a couple more strokes, he died.

A few weeks later, I received a phone call from Frances Reitmeyer, who had also been a friend of Baby's. Miss Reitmeyer told me that she had attended Baby's funeral and had talked with Dorothy Dodds, a relative of Baby's.

Miss Dodds told her that Baby's drums were being sent to Tulane University in New Orleans for posterity, but she had told the men who came to pick up the drums that everything could go except the Zildjian cymbal. That was to go to George Wettling. You can imagine how that touched me—to know that Baby had remembered after all those years.

I wrote to my nephew, David Shutter, who lives in Chicago, and had him pick up the cymbal. He brought the cymbal to me in New York, and I made some recordings recently using it.

It sounds better than it ever did.



From George



Wettling

RACIAL PREJUDICE IN JAZZ PART II



In the first part of this discussion on race in jazz, the participants, Abbey Lincoln, Max Roach, Nat Hentoff, Don Ellis, Ira Gitler, Lalo Schiffrin, Bill Coss, and Don DeMicheal, discussed Gitler's review of an Abbey Lincoln record. As the discussion continued, the topic became the difference—if any—between Negro and white jazzmen. Roach maintained that the best players were Negro and that the excellent white players were exceptions to the rule.

Gitler: I want to read a letter to the editor. It's in *Down Beat* apropos an article that was written on Cecil Taylor. This guy writes: "Cecil Taylor stating that Zoot Sims 'only simulates the feeling of the American Negro' is absurd. How can feeling be simulated? Expression may be simulated or emulated, but one feels or does not feel. Also, it would have been hipper for Taylor to have said that jazz is Afro-European, seeing that American Negroes are just that—ethnically and culturally Afro-European. Psychologically we are Americans. . . ."

Hentoff: What does he mean, "We are all Americans"?

Roach: What does he mean, "Afro-European?" By choice or by force? Which way?

Hentoff: An American Negro has a wholly different feeling about being an American than the average white American. The Peace Corps, for instance, has had a great deal of trouble attracting Negro candidates. For the very obvious reason that if they're going to have a Peace Corps, it ought to be down South and up North and all that sort of thing. This kind of letter is the kind of self-righteous do-gooder that bugs me, because it's unrealistic. It's psychologically unrealistic. He's talking about the millennium. Well, it isn't here yet . . .

Schiffrin: That word, "Afro-European," in the meaning of society, is, of course, not true. Jazz is an Afro-European melding because the rhythms and scales from Africa, combined with the form and tonality from Europe—the songs that the French and Spanish used—

Ellis: And the instruments.

Schiffrin: The instruments came later. Because of the feeling of tonality and form from Europe, we are using, for instance those strains with eight bars, then again eight bars, and then the bridge; that was the old French march—the old French popular music that was in the West Indies and New Orleans, and that . . . combined with the music from Africa, makes possible jazz.

Roach: That makes sense, musically.

Gitler: Of course, we're all Americans. But we are unequal.

Hentoff: Yeah, and feel quite differently about it.

Gitler: By the same token, though, Zoot Sims should not be denied the right—I'm talking about fans saying, "Well, he can't say anything, man; he's white."

Miss Lincoln: He's not denied the right, though, is he?

Gitler: He's not denied the right, but a lot of people won't buy his records—a lot of young Negro guys won't buy his records because he's white. There's a lot of thinking like this.

Miss Lincoln: A lot, do you say?

Gitler: I don't know exactly how much it is, but it's prevalent. Sonny Rollins was playing, and some young cats sitting in back [of the Jazz Gallery when Rollins, with Jim Hall playing guitar, returned to public playing last fall] saying, "Yeah, Sonny's crazy. What does he need that Jim Hall for?"

Roach: Were they speaking musically or were they speaking socially?

Gitler: Socially. They were the buying public.

Roach: How do you know? Maybe they were speaking musically. Maybe Jim Hall didn't affect them.

Coss: You know better, man.

Roach: The trouble with you, Ira, is that you judge without knowing the facts. They didn't tell you if it was a musical or a social grievance. You just surmised that it was because he was white.

Gitler: It was obvious.

Roach: If someone says, "I don't dig Jim Hall," . . . right away you don't

think of it musically but always he's talking about—he's a white guy. You got that conception from them, but this is what I get from you . . .

Miss Lincoln: You said you got the impression [from *In the Red*, a track from Miss Lincoln's album, dealing with poverty] that I was singing only to the Negro musicians in the room . . . When I think about poor people, I think about all the poor people in the world—green, orange, or purple . . .

Ellis: Would you say this, that as far as listeners go . . . you've said that white people can't really play jazz with the true Negro feeling.

Abbey: I said differently.

Ellis: Would you say, then, that really only Negro listeners can appreciate what you say.

Roach: She didn't say that.

Miss Lincoln: I'm saying that because of the emotional—for instance, I always go back to Billie Holiday, because she's an example of a lot of things to me. Billie Holiday sang to women—more than to men—a woman who is in her same circumstance, who had a man and she was frustrated. It was more profound to that woman than it would be to anybody else . . . Negro women are in a class to themselves, too. Women really have a problem. But the black woman has another problem because her man has another problem. She's a part of her man. I don't understand this theory that everybody is the same. That's corny. Because everybody is not the same.

Gitler: Only on one level are they the same—as human beings.

Miss Lincoln: Everybody bleeds . . . But people are not the same. Their environment and their experiences make them different. Otherwise, you wouldn't have individuals.

Roach: And that's a social evil, really, basically. It makes it more interesting because this guy has to work in a sweatshop, and that guy is on Park Ave.? And they're both going to produce music? It doesn't make sense to me. **Schiffrin:** For instance, in France. The Algerians are fighting for independence. So that means that only Algerians can fight for their own independence be-

cause they're the only ones who understand what it is to have their own country. But do you know who's helping them — and they know it? The French people. Because the French people are going everyday to the streets—the labor unions—and they are fighting against the same oppressors because they know the oppressors of the Algerians are their *own* oppressors.

Roach: Right. Right. Right.

Schifrin: So that makes the problem not being Algerian or French but belonging to the working-class group. In Cincinnati there is a Negro who belongs to the chamber of commerce. Of course, he is an exploiter, too. You are proud of people of your own race who are members of the chamber of commerce, which means he is a big business man?

Roach: No. He could be a dirty dog, he's sold out . . .

Miss Lincoln: Why is it that because I love my people and I want human dignity, must I be a racist? Why is that I say to you, Don, Dizzy Gillespie is a great musician. Does that mean that you are inferior? This is the whole thing. Because I say my people are worthwhile and should be free, does this mean I hate the white man?

Coss: No, Abbey, it only means that, if you say *only* my people can be.

Miss Lincoln: Only? That's true. But have I ever said this?

Coss: I don't know. I'm asking you.

Miss Lincoln: Did I ever say this in the album?

Gittler: No, but you implied in the article that Barbara Gardner wrote [*DB*, Sept. 14, 1961] and in the album.

Miss Lincoln: I'd like to tell you that in the article Barbara wrote she put too much emphasis on Scarlett O'Hara and *Gone with the Wind*.

Hentoff: What did she [Barbara Gardner] imply by this?

Gittler: This bitterness to the point of hatred for all white people.

Miss Lincoln: How did you get there? Because you're bitter doesn't mean that you hate all white people. I'm bitter.

Roach: I can explain it. The oppression that we suffer is associated with the white man who is also screwing everybody else white who is just a wage earner.

Schifrin: It is not only white people. Tshombe is black.

Roach: All right. But I mean in this country, Lalo, in our circumstance . . . we are faced with our problem today.

Schifrin: And then this leads to a distortion of the truth when people borrow from some theory. . . .

Miss Lincoln: He's saying that the

people who exploit who are white, they are not aware that they are white—

Schifrin: They're aware of money and power.

Miss Lincoln: Anyone who's got a white skin must be aware he's white when he looks at himself in a mirror—and because he does not get refused at a restaurant. He does not have to go through the changes that I go through.

Schifrin: He's thinking too much how to make more money!

Roach: Let me explain something to the both of you. Here is what he means. Take the Russian revolution. These were white against white. This was a matter of change, socially and economically. It was all white people involved with this scene. There wasn't any way somebody could look in the mirror and say, "I'm a slave because I'm white." Everybody was white in Russia. By those standards, they aren't conscious of white and colored. This is a situation that only exists here.

Gittler: And when the slaves were sold in Africa, there were Negroes who made a buck out of that, too. Right?

Roach: That's very true. By the same token, they only bought black men and women. See that's the only difference . . . I'm talking about this country.

Miss Lincoln: They bought the Irish, they bought the English, they bought the Germans. They bought white slaves over here. But the black man is the only slave left in the country. Why is that?

Gittler: His color.

Miss Lincoln: Of course. You must admit that it is because of his color.

Roach: What she's talking about can only happen here.

Coss: It was not till I was 28 or 29 that I became friendly with Charlie Mingus. He said to me at that time, "You know, we know each other very well, but you don't really know me. When you get up in the morning and I get up in the morning, we're quite different when we look in the mirror."

Schifrin: But it is social pressure that makes a Negro be aware of that. I was not aware of being white till I came to this country. I never thought when I looked in a mirror, "I am white." Only when I came to this country and started worked with Dizzy and started living in—

Miss Lincoln: But, Max, they don't have that fine line of difference [where Schifrin comes from, as we do here].

Roach: But the same thing would apply to—let's take the French over there who feel they're being oppressed. They're white, so they are not conscious of the fact that they are white.

Schifrin: Do you think an African is looking into a mirror every day and saying, "I am black"? He is not aware of that, because he has the dignity already.

Miss Lincoln: But he doesn't have to look in the mirror, if he lives in South Africa . . .

Schifrin: No, no, I am talking about one of those countries like Ghana. I'm not talking about South Africa, which is one of those countries of nazism and reaction. I'm talking about an African country where there is dignity, they don't have to think they are black . . .

Roach: But here you are made aware of it when you go down South—and I was born in the South—when I go down to visit my relatives and they don't let me sit in the train stations—

Hentoff: Max, when you look for an apartment in New York, it's—

Roach: But in the South it's made so obvious. They say "no colored." So, therefore, the first time you see this sign—when you are a child—you are conscious you are colored because they make you conscious of it.

Miss Lincoln: You can't get away from it.

Schifrin: I know. I know. But that is the distortion that can lead to . . .

Roach: I hope it's a distortion that leads to a social change.

Hentoff: There's one other point I'd like to bring out. Suppose there were a singer who hated all whites. Who was, in that sense, a racist. I still think—and we now come from the sociological back to the musical—it is a critic's function, if he is reviewing it as music, to judge it just as music. Dostoevsky, for example, during the last part of his life, was virulently anti-Semitic, which doesn't negate the power of his best works. So I think if you're going to write a sociological critique, this should be somewhere else than in a musical analysis, because it's a whole different thing . . . What I'm trying to say is that more and more of this is going to happen in jazz, that there'll be more and more social content in the music . . .

DeMicheal: Can we go back to Jim Hall and Sonny Rollins for a minute? Max was saying that because some people said they didn't dig Jim Hall, that right away we're jumping to the conclusion that this is a race thing and not a musical thing. All right. Do you know of any experience where a Negro sideman in an all-white group has felt this draft from other Negro musicians?

Ellis: Oh, definitely. Yes.

Miss Lincoln: Why not? Do you know of any all-white group . . . there's al-

ways a first. They've been integrated into this, they've been integrated into that.

DeMicheal: I don't quite follow—

Miss Lincoln: For instance, what the Negro in this country is trying to integrate into now. Marian Anderson really had a time, didn't she? Why do they say we are less than human? The things that white people have done—why wouldn't you allow the black man to do the same thing to you?

DeMicheal: All right now, Abbey. Back in the '30s when Benny Goodman had Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton . . . What I feel, what I dislike about these drafts is that I feel the prejudice—the reaction, which is a “natural” thing—is directed toward the wrong people. It's directed toward the white jazzman . . .

Hentoff: I think what Don is saying is indisputable. All prejudice is bad. You know, based on a racist line, or a belief line. But also, I think this is part of the catharsis. And while you can deplore it, its going to happen for a while. When I was a kid, this was an all-Jewish neighborhood . . . and a guy opened a butcher store, and he had the temerity to sell both kosher and non-kosher meat. His window was broken every night, till he finally moved out of the neighborhood. This was appalling. I was shocked by it as a kid. This was also the time when the Jews were being killed in Germany. And this was a kind of emotional wave. It had to get out. It got out against this poor guy . . .

Miss Lincoln: Don, if it were true that Crow Jim really did exist, there would be no white musicians in jazz.

Gittler: It exists, but it's not a force like Jim Crow.

Roach: Miles hired Bill Evans because he hears that [way of playing]. Dizzy hires Lalo; he hears that . . . But there're only a few Lalos, there're only a few Bill Evanses. But how many drummers are you going to get to play like Philly Joe Jones? How many piano players are you going to get to play like Wynton Kelly and Red Garland?

DeMicheal: How many drummers are you going to get to play like Dave Tough?

Roach: Well, Dave—there was another cat. That's an exception to the rule.

DeMicheal: There's too much putting into categories and not enough thinking about individuals.

Roach: They're exceptions to the rule.

DeMicheal: Who's rule?

Roach: This is the rule of the society . . . At that time [the 1930s] when Dave Tough and Gene Krupa, who

were the drummers working, there was Sidney Catlett, there was Chick Webb, there was O'Neil Spencer, there was Jimmy Crawford . . . oh, man, there was a host of them.

DeMicheal: And there was Buddy Rich.

Roach: Okay, there were three, then. Gene Krupa, Dave Tough, and Buddy Rich. But there were about 20 Negro drummers for these three cats . . .

Miss Lincoln: And they did Gene Krupa's life story, and Jo Jones [is eating] grits.

DeMicheal: Commercially speaking, was Jo Jones ever the name that Krupa was?

Miss Lincoln: You know why he wasn't the name, don't you?

DeMicheal: You're assuming why he wasn't.

Miss Lincoln: I'm not assuming—

DeMicheal: You're assuming it was a racial thing.

Hentoff: Oh, no, Don, look. Basie was never the draw Benny was because Basie never got the publicity—

Roach: We're talking about the Gene Krupa story in the movies.

Miss Lincoln: That's right.

Hentoff: For the same reason—if Jo Jones had been white and had been in Benny Goodman's band, there would have been a terrible movie made of his life . . .

Miss Lincoln: Just for the record, I would like someone to name just one person who happens to be white, who is a great jazz musician, who can't work, and who has not been accepted into the fold?

DeMicheal: Ira Sullivan . . .

Roach: Whose fault is that?

DeMicheal: I would say his . . .

Miss Lincoln: But the reason we don't get in is because—we may be the greatest ever—we are not allowed in because of our black faces. Is this true or not?

DeMicheal: Wait a minute. Let me say something about Ira [Sullivan]. Ira has not been able to work much in the last two years because he has always worked with Negro musicians, mostly on the south side of Chicago, and now those guys won't hire him because he's white. Now, you explain that.

Roach: That's the catharsis [laughter].

Gittler: Why should they take it out on . . .

Roach: It's a natural reaction.

Gittler: . . . on somebody who really isn't against them?

Miss Lincoln: Yes, but why expect more of us? . . .

Roach: It's not just toward Ira. It's

toward all white people . . . It's directed. So Ira now becomes an outsider, even though they realize who Ira is . . . Now, this is the time for Ira to get all white musicians, because now there is just too much hostility over there for him to enjoy himself, not against him personally, but against the white settlement now. That's what's happening in Chicago. Don't you know the ferment of the people? Do you feel it? The black people of this country have taken on a different role as far as the social scene is concerned. Every black area you go in you hear this talk which Nat has explained . . . I didn't realize it. It's just a natural thing. You just have to react some way. So now this is the thing that's happening. Ira is probably just outside. Now is the time for Ira to really go make some money, hire all white musicians because he knows the whole story.

Hentoff: What you've got now is the harvest of 300 years. And it's going to hurt a lot of people of all kinds of colors for at least one or two more generations.

Gittler: Listen, I said this 10 years ago. There's going to come a time when the Negro's going to get a chance to give back all his hatred that he's been receiving.

Miss Lincoln: He hasn't done it—

Roach: This goes back to our point about why does Ira Sullivan work with Negro musicians? When he wants to get guys to play with, he feels that these guys satisfy him better. Now, I remember Ira Sullivan—I think it was in that old band that this guy had when he was very young, he worked with all-white big bands. Jay Burkhart. Now that was a long time ago. When he started going out for himself, he'd go to the south side to get his real satisfaction. . . . They were more competent. And now he won't work unless he works with Negro musicians. He is not prejudiced. He would just like to play with the best guys he knows. Socially he knows, too. So he's aware of these guys. . . . You don't have to explain to them what's supposed to happen. He calls up these guys because they know. He doesn't have to say, “You play this and you play that.”

Ellis: To emphasize the differences is only going to make the schism worse. Now as I understand it, the Negro position—and I'm in full agreement, of course—is that everybody should have equal rights. That there shouldn't be discrimination. Abbey, you brought up that there is a difference. I don't necessarily. . . . If you want to get this by pointing out the differences, by making the thing harder for the jazz musicians to work together—the Negro and white

—the classical musicians, this is only going to make this thing worse. The best way, I think, for all of us that are concerned about this problem is to ignore the differences as much as possible. And to try to get together as much as possible. I think in the long run this will do more good.

Roach: Psychologically, speaking to what you said, when a doctor treats a patient who has some mental problem, say, he's suicidal, he feeds him drugs . . . that brings out the worst in this guy, and will see him at his worst, and then he'll give him something to bring him up to his highest level where he does not want to commit suicide. And somewhere in between this thing they try to catch him and straighten him out. Somewhere between those two extremes. So it's a natural thing—this bitterness, this anger toward the white man—this is a natural thing to happen.

Ellis: That doesn't mean it's right.

Roach: There's nothing anyone can do about it.

Ellis: Yes, there's something *you* can do about it.

Roach: What do you want me to do—take a gun out?

Ellis: No. There's something you can do about it as Max Roach.

Roach: Look, the revolution starts between black and white, say if it got that bad. . . . We've all got guns against each other. No matter how I feel about you, I'm going to have to shoot because white guys over there are going to shoot everything black, and black guys are going to shoot everything white. Where am I going to go, man?

Ellis: You don't have to.

Roach: What am I going to do? Stand on the side? I'm going to be in between? I'll be *really* in between. I'll get it from both sides.

Ellis: If everybody thought that way, there wouldn't be any fighting, see?

Miss Lincoln: Everybody doesn't think that way.

Ellis: So the way to go is not the worst way. The way is to go the best way.

Roach: The best way would be to be with your people if there's a black and white war. . . .

HUBBUB

DeMicheal: I'd like to see things half and half in jazz. . . .

Miss Lincoln: Gerry Mulligan—how many Negroes did he have in his big band?

Gitler: Clark Terry—

Miss Lincoln: Clark was taking the place of somebody else. How many? Now if you wanted to really go to it,

we are not the ones who have done this. The black man is so eager to integrate that it makes me sick. He's eager for anything he can integrate into. It's the white man who doesn't want to integrate. Do I want to integrate? Not necessarily. Integrate into what? Why do I necessarily have to want to integrate? I have been refused all this time. Maybe I have decided I like being with my own people. Do you believe you have the right to tell me I must integrate with people who have always abused me and looked at me askance. . . . ?

Roach: I believe this. Integration shouldn't be—that's a terrible word, "integration"—for this reason, integration always seems to mean that we have to all get together . . .

Ellis: Well, to integrate into a society, you have to accept its norms.

Roach: Yes, but "integrated," to me, shouldn't mean racial integration—mental integration is how I prefer it. An integration where everything that's available at this particular time—1962—that's available to the white man, make it available for the black man. . . . Integration of necessities and luxuries.

Hentoff: But there's more than that. And this is what I hope is going to come out of this increasing Negro militancy, hostility, and disaffiliation. That once this kind of integration is achieved—and it's a long way off, economically and every other way—that those people who have gotten into the habit of thinking in terms of social dislocation, of opposing the society, will go further and question the very economic and social bases of the society aside from prejudice.

For example, I'm a unilateral disarmament man. I think this is a psychotic society—on both sides—that we're rushing into war. I think that there's what Eisenhower—of all people—called the military-industrial complex that constricts *everybody's* opportunity, economic and every other way. And if this kind of direct action against this sort of thing, that has been started by the Negroes primarily, goes on farther to question the very core of society, then a lot will have been accomplished for everyone. . . . I'm with people like Lorraine Hansberry and Baldwin who say "integrate into what society?" They are the ones who don't agree anymore with many of the white standards of success.

Schiffrin: The whole thing is not because it's a *white* society, it's because it's a *wrong* society.

Hentoff: That's right.

Miss Lincoln: But it does happen to be

a white society.

Schiffrin: You should see that in India; it's a wrong society, too.

Hentoff: Or in Liberia.

Schiffrin: The color of the skin has nothing to do with it. They are all the same colors. But there are the untouchables.

Miss Lincoln: But still, in this country, you know.

Roach: You're right. The problem is here that we're faced with. You can't go down South with Dizzy. So you are suddenly made conscious that there is something wrong.

Schiffrin: Not only this. In some hotels, they don't let me go to the same floor they go. I ask, "Do you have a room on the same floor?" "No, we don't have."

Roach: Therefore, if you want to rehearse some music you have written, you might break the segregation law and go to jail.

Schiffrin: No! No! No! I'm talking even about in the North. Some hotels send the other musicians to one floor and they send me to another floor.

Hentoff: See, that's why, in that letter you read to *Down Beat*, when he said let's all be Americans . . . I think we ought to question what kind of Americans we are and what kind of Americans we ought to be.

Ellis: But when you say "integration" that doesn't necessarily mean into a society. It just means you've got two opposing things, and you integrate. But not necessarily one comes over here and one goes over there. You read that into what I said.

Miss Lincoln: But integration in this country means assimilation for the Negro.

Ellis: It doesn't have to.

Roach: This is the way it's inferred. Everybody seems to be . . . who's worried about assimilation?

Gitler: We're talking about legal rights.

Roach: The integration of the economic and social things.

Hentoff: If Negroes equate with the whites in accepting the economic system as it is, in accepting the political system as it is, then I don't think integration will have done Negroes enough good.

Coss: Integration, I would imagine, means not exchanging customs, or not exchanging rights, but just clasping hands.

Miss Lincoln: If you clasp hands, though, you would have to exchange.

Roach: It means something else to me. It means let's take these problems and solve them together.

record reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, Don Henahan, Frank Kofsky, Bill Mathieu, Harvey Pekar, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, Martin Williams, John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.

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

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW*

Stan Getz

FOCUS—Verve 8412: *I'm Late, I'm Late; Her; Pan; I Remember When; Night Rider; Once Upon a Time; A Summer Afternoon.*

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Hershy Kay, conductor; Roy Haynes, drums; Gerald Tarack, first violin; Alan Martin, second violin; Jacob Glick, viola; Bruce Rogers, cello; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Getz, one of the relatively few jazzmen who truly deserve to be called creative artists, and Eddie Sauter, an important arranger who should be heard from more often, have produced a magnificent work that is almost sure to be counted among the dozen or so best records of 1962.

Focus is a pithy, thoughtful, and extraordinarily attractive set of seven pieces for string orchestra and tenor saxophone, not quite like anything ever before attempted. It ranks with the best of the Gil Evans-Miles Davis collaborations and, more fittingly, the Neal Hefti-Charlie Parker gem *Repetition*. Yet it is better bal-

anced and even more ambitiously planned than any of those works. Moreover, it does not lose the spontaneity, lift, and inventiveness of good jazz playing.

Sauter wrote each of the thematically interrelated sections of the album as a nearly complete composition-orchestration, leaving the task of finishing the design to the ingenuity of Getz. His plan worked beautifully, for Getz plays like an angel from one end to the other of the 33½-minute work. Improvising *with*, rather than *over* or *against*, the composer's moods, Getz creates elegant counter melodies and independent lines that simultaneously draw substance from and give life to Sauter's handsome score.

The saxophonist's proliferous imagination, impeccable taste, and purity of tone can be heard at their best in *Her*, a delicate but unsentimental vignette of almost overwhelming beauty. Here, as in other parts of the larger composition, conventional tonality seems to hang suspended for minutes at a time while Getz' incredible ear finds just the right notes to fit the melodic images suggested by the strings.

I Remember When is similarly effective

as Getz moves sensitively in and out of the piece with sureness and finesse.

In each of the other sections, a complete idea is stated, developed, and completed with none of the usual clichés that so often turn up in the cyclic form applied to jazz. The strings do not interfere with the rhythm, they *are* the rhythm. There is no use of superficial waltz or mambo effects to hide the composer's lack of imagination. Sauter does not borrow classical forms but creates his own to fit his needs.

This is, in short, no pompous "jazz suite," "concerto," or warmed-over program stuff. Neither is it "mood" jazz nor "Stan Getz with Strings" in the usual sense. It is pure art music, encompassing a wide range of human reactions and feelings, from wonder and surprise through enchantment and joy to impatience and agitation. Here is an outstanding example of two fine artists, composer and improviser, creating together a whole piece greater than the sum of its individual parts.

Focus is an important milestone for Getz and Sauter alike. (R.B.H.)

*FOOTNOTE TO "FOCUS"

It seems impossible that anyone could be unaware of the importance of Eddie Sauter.

Still, some simple research shows young listeners thinking of Sauter *sorta* like Finegan, both involved with a band sometimes involved more with sound than fury. Few know Eddie Sauter as an important composer and arranger in the '30s and '40s for Red Norvo, Benny Goodman (*Superman, Benny Rides Again*), Artie Shaw (*The Maid with the Flaccid Air*), Tommy Dorsey, Woody Herman, and Ray McKinley.

But, early in 1960, Stan Getz asked Sauter to write something for him. "Anything you want," said Getz.

Said Sauter recently, "The inspiration was the possibility of just being free. It was the first time anyone ever told me to do just what I wanted to do. It scared me. Especially because I was dealing again with a jazz musician. You have to remember that, even in the days when I was writing for jazz bands, I was always an also-ran. I think the closest I ever got was a second place in a poll."

The result of Sauter's writing and Getz' playing is the Verve album *Focus*, reviewed above.

"All of the titles, you understand, came after the recording," Sauter points out quickly. "I wasn't really concerned with a particular style of writing at first, but with finding an over-all idea. I knew I didn't want to write a suite. I thought that too pretentious. And I wasn't out to write jazz. I guess I'm not a jazz writer. I haven't been associated with it for years. If it turned out as jazz, it must be because our environment has been jazz-oriented.

"So, anyway, I began thinking about how to use Stan. The thinking took the time, not the writing. Before I started writing, I conceived the compositions as seven different fairy tales—that's what they are—as if Hans Christian Anderson were a musician. They're not songs as much as they are short stories. I decided on that because Stan tells stories so well. He's a musical poet."

Once he had decided on that, a short-story approach, Sauter said he decided to write for the string section used on the recording in a manner similar to the way he would write for a string quartet. Nor would there be a rhythm section (only one track had a drummer—Roy Haynes). "I knew we could make our own rhythm," Sauter said.

"When we went into rehearsal without Stan playing, I heard something besides the fairy-tale conception I had originally heard. Without Stan, the music gave me an image of Greek columns standing

alone, and Stan appeared as Pan, dancing among those columns."

Sauter said the Pan dance worked out only because Getz is the musician he is. For the first of the six sessions necessary to complete the album, Sauter gave him only a rough lead sheet of what the orchestra would play, similar to that which a conductor would use. Sauter said Getz never had been faced with anything like that before.

"I had not written in a normal way for a soloist," Sauter explained. "The pieces had enough continuity and strength to stand by themselves. I left few holes for the soloist. I wanted Stan to use the orchestra and what it was playing.

"He felt unsure about that and asked me to write out chords for him. I did and we played it, and it sounded awful. So, instead, he listened carefully to the strings rehearsing. Like all artists, Stan reacts to his surroundings. He has a fantastic musical memory. Well, let's just say it worked. He listened, then he played over, around, in, and with them.

"Everything can be better," is the typical Sauter answer to a question about his feelings about Getz and Sauter with strings attached. But both men reflect pride in the finished product, exemplative of a stream without number—stream of consciousness and conscience, if you will—the river, really, of much return.

—Coss

JAZZ

Cannonball Adderley

THE LUSH SIDE OF CANNONBALL—Mercury 20652: *I Cover the Waterfront*; *A Foggy Day*; *The Surrey with the Fringe on Top*; *Two Sleepy People*; *I'll Never Stop Loving You*; *The Masquerade Is Over*; *I've Never Been in Love Before*; *Lonely Dreams*; *Falling in Love with Love*; *Street of Dreams*; *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*; *You Are Too Beautiful*.

Personnel: Adderley, alto saxophone; string orchestra; Richard Hayman, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Adderley's wide range as a saxophonist is emphasized in this set. He plays these ballads with a fresh, warm tone, a pleasantly lilting attack and an obvious appreciation for the potential of the melodies. It is a type of playing that jazz saxophonists seem to have turned their backs on for the past decade, and it is striking to hear it coming from a saxophonist who can, when he wants, play strongly in the current fashion.

Hayman's string backgrounds are in the tradition of such things—cushions to carry the soloist.

But Adderley makes a great deal more of these solos than one normally expects. The jazz elements in them are only peripheral—and presumably were intended to be no more than that—but they have far more interest than the usual set of moody ballads. (J.S.W.)

Gene Ammons

NICE AN' COOL—Prestige/Moodville Vol. 18: *Till There Was You*; *Answer Me, My Love*; *Willow Weep for Me*; *Little Girl Blue*; *Something I Dreamed Last Night*; *Something Wonderful*; *I Remember You*; *Someone to Watch Over Me*.

Personnel: Ammons, tenor saxophone; Richard Wyands, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; J. C. Heard, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The most important contribution Ammons makes to this recording is his ability to exert relaxed authority. He is firm without being harsh, his sound full without being bawdy, his flow even and interesting throughout.

It would be difficult to pinpoint either the high or low spot of the album, because each selection is handled with the same thorough, imaginative blowing. *Little Girl Blue* is, on the strength of the tune itself, one of the most interesting of the plaintive pieces. *Someone* also is commanding.

My major reservation is the occasional repetition in phrasing and the few Ammons clichés that crop up from time to time.

Of all the musicians who attempt this mood-jazz approach, Ammons is perhaps the most acceptable in consistency, concept, and execution. As a relaxed blowing session by one of the deans of the saxophone, this album is recommended.

(B.G.)

Dave Brubeck

TIME FURTHER OUT—Columbia 1690: *It's a Raggy Waltz*; *Bluetie*; *Charles Matthew Hallelujah*; *Far More Blue*; *Far More Drums*; *Maori Blues*; *Unsquare Dance*; *Bru's Boogie Woogie*; *Shadows in the Street*.

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

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This set is subtitled *Miro Reflections*, and in keeping with this, there is a Joan Miro painting reproduced on the album's

cover. According to Brubeck, who wrote the notes, the music was conceived as a blues suite, and "each reflection is in the form of 12-bar blues or a variation thereof." Much is made of the selections' time signatures (3/4, 4/4, 5/4, 6/4, 7/4, 8/8, and 9/8); the numbers visible in the Miro painting; and the "link" between the painting and the music. The notes, the reflections on Miro, and the music come off as being a bit strained—if not put-onish.

Two of the compositions, *Raggy* and *Unsquare* are clever—no, cute. The melody line of *Raggy* gets a feeling of 4/4 superimposed on the basic 3/4, which is ear-catching and tricky on first or second hearing but soon loses its novelty value. *Unsquare* is a primer in 7/4. Obviously 7/4 is a composite of 4/4 and 3/4, but nothing is left to chance. There is handclapping throughout (umph-clap, umph-clap, umph-clap-clap, *ad nauseam*) with Wright playing a simple blues line over and over. The first and last choruses find Brubeck playing rather stiffly (it sounds as if he's counting); Morello is featured in the middle section playing on the rims of his drums with bass and clapping accompaniment—it sounds like one of those American Legion drill teams in action. Evidently there was some heavy-handed splicing done on this track, too; there is an abrupt change in sound when Brubeck re-enters after the Morello bit.

But what really bothers me about *Unsquare* is that nothing of much value was done. All one has to do is compare it with Max Roach's 7/4 *Man from South Africa* in his recent Impulse album to hear the difference between a novelty and a musical approach to an "odd" time signature.

Two other tracks are weak—*Boogie* and *Maori*. Neither, I feel, do what Brubeck claims for them. *Boogie* is supposedly in 8/8—it's not; if this track is not looked upon as being in 4/4, then it must be considered in 12/8, since Brubeck plays in treble rather than duple meter. The first part of *Maori* is in 6/4, the time claimed for it in the notes. But Brubeck, instead of staying in 6/4 with a "two" feeling, doubles the two and proceeds to improvise, not in 6/4, but in 4/4. A minor point, perhaps but one that bothered me.

Perhaps I have dwelt on minor points, for there are surely good moments—most of them provided by Desmond, who is not on *Unsquare*, *Maori*, *Boogie*, or *Drums*.

I liked best *Bluetie* and *Blue Shadows*, both as compositions and performances. Both have delightful Desmond solos, which are studies in lyricism. Desmond also plays well on *Raggy*, his solo lyrical, as always, but with a sharp rhythmic edge and just a touch of hardness—ingredients of his work sometimes overlooked by listeners.

In addition to Desmond's excellence on these tracks, Brubeck is in his best form,

JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

For the benefit of record buyers, *Down Beat* provides a listing of jazz, reissue, and vocal LPs rated four stars or more during the preceding five-issue period. LPs so rated in this issue will be included in the next listing. Use this guide as a handy check list.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

- ☐ Don Ellis, *New Ideas* (Prestige/New Jazz 8257)
- ☐ Stan Getz-Bob Brookmeyer (Verve 8418)
- ☐ Lightnin' Hopkins-Sonny Terry, (vocal) *Last Night Blues* (Prestige/Bluesville 1029)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

- ☐ Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt, *Boss Tenors* (Verve 8426)
- ☐ John Coltrane, *Settin' the Pace* (Prestige 7213)
- ☐ Red Garland, *High Pressure* (Prestige 7209)
- ☐ Claude Hopkins, *Let's Jam* (Prestige/Swingville 2020)
- ☐ Gary McFarland, *The Jazz Version of How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying* (Verve 8443)
- ☐ Ken McIntyre, *Stone Blues* (Prestige/New Jazz 8259)
- ☐ *Introducing Memphis Willie B.* (vocal) (Prestige/Bluesville 1034)
- ☐ Oscar Peterson, *The Trio* (Verve 8420)
- ☐ Gerald Wilson, *You Better Believe It* (Pacific Jazz 34)

★ ★ ★ ★

- ☐ *The Cannonball Adderley Quintet Plus* (Riverside 388)
- ☐ Brun Campbell-Dink Johnson, *The Professors* (Euphonic 1201)
- ☐ Bill Evans, *Sunday at the Village Vanguard* (Riverside 376)
- ☐ Ella Fitzgerald, (vocal) *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie* (Verve 4053)
- ☐ Roland Kirk, *Kirk's Work* (Prestige 7210)
- ☐ Booker Little, *Out Front* (Candid 8027)
- ☐ Charlie Mingus, *Mingus* (Candid 8021)
- ☐ *Fats Navarro with the Tadd Dameron Quintet* (Riverside Jazzland 50)
- ☐ Sonny Rollins, *Sonny Boy* (Prestige 7207)
- ☐ Charlie Rouse/Seldon Powell, *We Paid Our Dues* (Epic 16018)
- ☐ Clark Terry, *Color Changes* (Candid 8009)
- ☐ Various Artists, *Chicago and All That Jazz* (Verve 8441)
- ☐ Various Artists, (reissue) *A History of Jazz: the New York Scene* (Folkways RBF 3)

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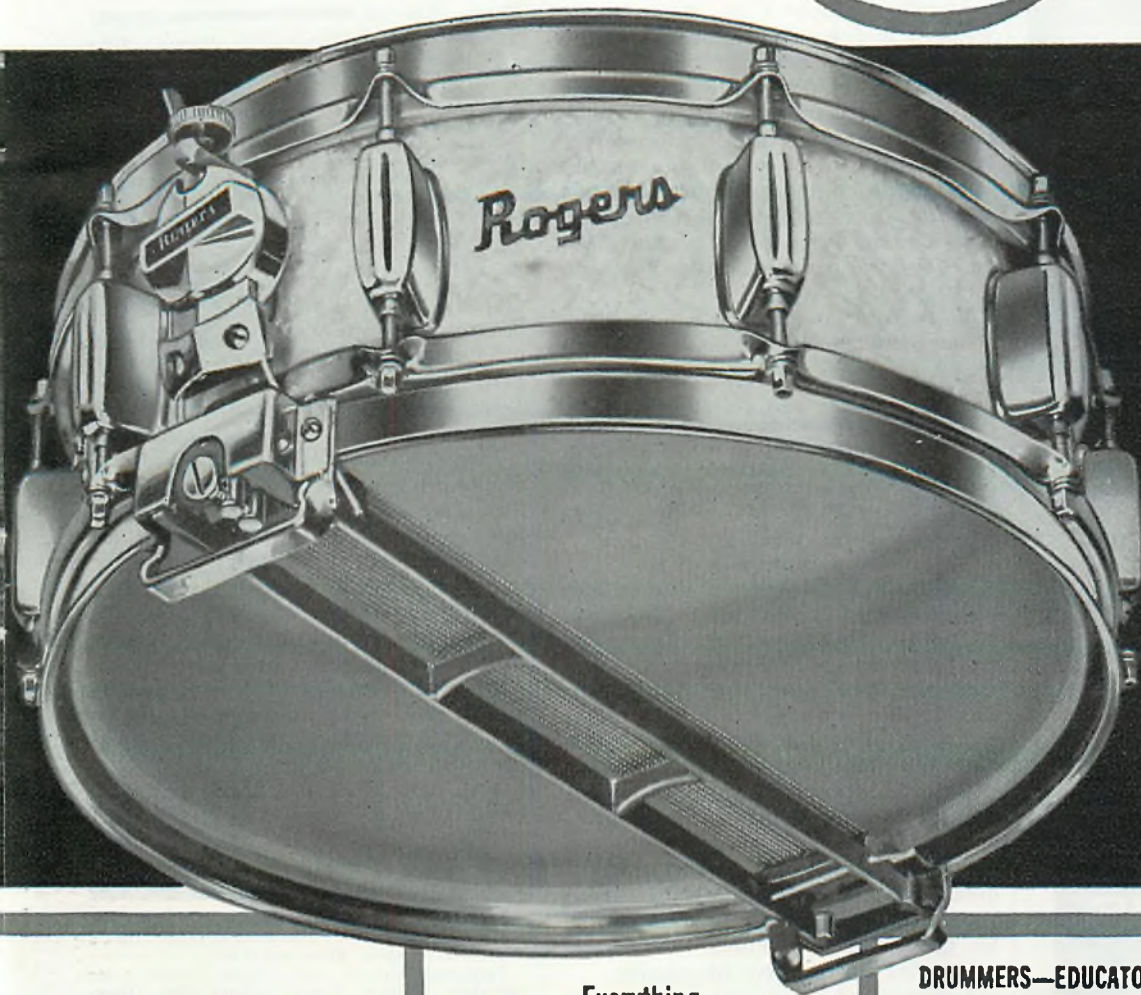
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spinning out thoughtful solos that seem segmented into moods and approaches, the parts adding up to an impressive whole. Both compositions, by the way, are similar in mood (introspective and poignant) and time (3/4, though *Shadows* is in 9/8, which is basically 3/4).

Morello is featured on *More Drums*, which is in 5/4 and is really *More Blue* played faster and minus the good Desmond and Brubeck of *Blue*. Most of the drum solo is confined to tom-toms and is reminiscent of *Sing, Sing, Sing*. There seems to be another bad job of splicing on this track; again, Brubeck re-enters abruptly after the drum solo, too abruptly to be real, it seems to me. Morello sounds best on *Hallelujah*, during which he does some very tasty brush work.

But, sad to say, the bad points of this album outweigh the good ones. (D.DeM.)

Barry Harris

LISTEN TO BARRY HARRIS—Riverside 392: *The Londonderry Air*; *Mutattira*; *Louise*; *Body and Soul*; *Ascension*; *Anachronism*; *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*; *Teenie*; *Sphere*; *Dancing in the Dark*.

Personnel: Harris, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

The mark of Art Tatum is all over these unaccompanied piano solos. Not that Harris self-consciously imitates Tatum. But the Tatum manner of development appears time and time again—the ad lib first chorus, then moving into tempo in the second, breaking it up with gracefully running fills while ideas unfold, layer upon layer, in an atmosphere of utter relaxation.

Harris' playing is becomingly unfurled and casual, subdued much of the time and then opening up with a sudden grandiloquent sweep. Like Tatum, Harris makes you listen not by frenzy or by force but by the constantly shifting timbres and pulses that emerge from his playing.

Sensitive and imaginative performances like these are a rarity these days. (J.S.W.)

Thomas Jefferson

NEW ORLEANS CREOLE JAZZ BAND—Southland 234: *Blues for Yesterday*; *Dipper Mouth Blues*; *If I Could Be with You*; *Rose Room*; *Basin Street Blues*; *Who's Sorry Now?*; *Fine and Mellow*; *Mardi Gras Parade*.

Personnel: Jefferson, trumpet, vocals; Sam Dutrey, clarinet; Waldron Joseph, trombone; Lester Santiago, piano; Jerry Adams, bass; Paul Barbarin, drums; Blanche Thomas, vocal.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Jefferson's Armstrong-derived trumpet playing and singing carries the whole load on this set. And while his trumpet work is crisp and clean, his tone and phrasing properly edgy, and his singing quite obviously a gravel-throated bow to Louis, still he lacks the creative spark that has made Armstrong what he is.

This is particularly true in his vocals, which are usually launched with an effort at Armstrong-like effervescence but quickly lose their sparkle. He has absorbed more of Armstrong's spirit instrumentally and occasionally shows touches of another Armstrong descendant, Muggsy Spanier. There is even a suggestion that there may be a valid Jefferson style on *If I Could Be with You*, which he does in a smooth ballad style.

Though he works constantly in the shadow of Armstrong, Jefferson is still

the most vivid musical personality in this otherwise pale group. Dutrey tries a few short, unimpressive, low-register clarinet solos, and Joseph is a most unventuresome trombonist. (J.S.W.)

Henry Mancini

COMBO—RCA Victor 2258: *Moanin'*; *Sidewalks of Cuba*; *Dream of You*; *Swing Lightly*; *Castle Rock*; *A Powdered Wig*; *Playboy's Theme*; *Tequila*; *Far East Blues*; *Charleston Alley*; *Scandinavian Shuffle*; *Everybody Blow!*

Personnel: Pete Candoli, trumpet; Dick Nash, trombone; Ted Nash, alto saxophone, flute; Ronnie Lang, baritone saxophone, flute; Art Pepper, clarinet; Johnny Williams, piano, harpsichord; Bob Bain, guitar; Larry Bunker, vibraphone, marimba; Rolly Bundock, bass; Ramon Rivera, conga; Shelly Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

It must have taken a lot of careful planning to get this disc to fall so neatly into dead center in every respect. The Mancini on display here is neither the flamboyant *Peter Gunn* Mancini or the gentle *Moon River* Mancini. It is a polite, business-like character with no individuality whatever.

The musicians, with a couple of exceptions, represent the pale Pell school that came out of the Les Brown Band a few years ago. What they play is not exactly dull but it's not very interesting; it isn't really bad but it isn't good. It is neat, professional and almost faceless, with the only evidence of personality coming from Pepper's appearances on clarinet.

Apparently even RCA Victor has had a hard time trying to decide what to do with this collection: they've had it hanging around since June, 1960.

Well, now it's out and everybody can forget about it. (J.S.W.)

Jack McDuff

THE HONEYDRIPPER—Prestige 7199: *Whap!*; *I Want A Little Girl*; *The Honeydrinker*; *Dink's Blues*; *Mr. Lucky*; *Blues and Tonic*.

Personnel: McDuff, organ; Jimmy Forrest, tenor saxophone; Grant Green, guitar; Ben Dixon, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

If only one had not heard so much of this before . . . By now, these organ-cum-tenor sessions all seem cut to a pattern. The blues form is the byword; but even this, if hammered away at long enough, gets hung with the curse of monotony.

McDuff is another of the apparently growing tribe of sock-'em-in-the-chops variety organists. His style alternates between the by-now familiar flurry of fast, single-note runs and figures overbalanced by an almost obsessive proclivity for blasting out sheer blocks of sound to belabor a point already logged to death.

Girl, which starts out all right with some slow, strong Forrest tenor, eventually collapses under the weight of the roaring organ chords and deteriorates into a confused mess. *Honeydrinker*, too, runs the gauntlet of blast and blow, as does *Dink's*. *Mr. Lucky* is just a mistake, so let it go at that. The closing *Tonic* is saddled with a tired feeling; even Forrest can't seem to work up much steam.

For young St. Louis guitarist Green, this was his first record date. Some of the promise that is evident in his more recent work may be divined here but not much. His best solo is on *Honeydrinker*, during which he is afforded the time to stretch out and develop ideas.

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Forrest is the stalwart on this date, but even that Paul Bunyan cannot carry the whole burden alone. (J.A.T.)

Montgomery Brothers

THE MONTGOMERY BROTHERS IN CANADA—Fantasy 3323: *Jennie*; *Snowfall*; *Angel Eyes*; *Barbados*; *This Love of Mine*; *Green Dolphin Street*; *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *Beaux Arts*.

Personnel: Wes Montgomery, guitar; Buddy Montgomery, vibraharp; Monk Montgomery, bass; Paul Humphries, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Playing before an audience in Canada, the Montgomery Brothers are loose, relaxed, and swinging in these pieces.

Wes is the main focus of interest, particularly when he is building a strong, slow treatment of *Eyes*. Monk makes a remarkable melodic bass show-case of *Dolphin*. Buddy is on vibes all the way, moving lightly and brightly at up-tempo.

But there is a surfeit of Buddy on the second side, which carries two long vibes solos (*This Love* and *You Don't Know*) that ramble on to no special purpose.

Yet there is an easy, unforced quality all through the set that makes even the least stimulating pieces attractively unpretentious. (J.S.W.)

Oliver Nelson

STRAIGHT AHEAD—Prestige/New Jazz 8255: *Images*; *Six and Four*; *Mama Lou*; *Ralph's New Blues*; *Straight Ahead*; 111-44.

Personnel: Nelson, clarinet, alto and tenor saxophones; Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone, bass clarinet, flute; Richard Wyands, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The more I listened to this record the more I liked it.

I like the contrast of styles between Dolphy and Nelson—Dolphy comes at you from off the wall, and Nelson usually charges straight at you. Then there are Nelson's themes, in this case mostly frameworks for blowing, but interesting and artistic as always. But what I like best is the loose, warm feel of the record and the impish humor of the hornmen, especially Dolphy.

Dolphy's humor—and the humor of other members of the "new thing"—is sometimes missed by those of us who sometimes take ourselves and the music more seriously than do the men who play it. Jazz has always been and continues to be *fun* to play, despite the serious aspects of it.

Dolphy is particularly humorous, and heated, on *Mama Lou*, *Ralph's*, and *Straight Ahead*. I think that sometimes he plays those squeaks and ripping figures as leavening for his more serious passages. And it knocks me out when he sounds as if he's swallowing his bass clarinet.

This is not to say that everything he does on this album is lighthearted; his solo on *Images* is anything but that. It's sort of corkscrew and has the primitiveness of a Roland Kirk—or a Thelonious Monk. And then there are those little cries he puts in now and then. Of course, there is sometimes an eccentricity about Dolphy's playing that borders on the meaningless, and at times he sounds as if he's playing technique instead of ideas, but these can be overlooked in the light of his good qualities.

Though not as humorous as Dolphy, Nelson gets in some pretty funny licks parodying Dolphy in the first part of his *Ralph's* solo. But he only toys with this, finally breaking away to build to an exciting, driving climax. Nelson also is effective in a bittersweet alto solo on *Images*, his best composition of the date, and he builds a controlled and straightforward solo on *Six and Four*, a solo that seems to grow organically out of the theme.

Nelson picked a fine rhythm section for a session such as this; the three work together as if they've been on the same bandstand for years. Wyands, however, isn't especially interesting in his solos.

A couple of Nelson's themes are interesting in their similarity to other jazz tunes. There's a running figure in the bridge of *Straight Ahead* that is reminiscent of something George Shearing, I believe, recorded some time ago; and 111-44 reminded me of some of the things people like Herbie Steward wrote, such as *Passport to Pimlico*.

All in all, a warm, very human record. (D.DeM.)

Horace Parlan

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT—Blue Note 4074: *On the Spur of the Moment*; *Skoo Chee*; *And That I Am So in Love*; *Al's Tune*; *Ray C.*; *Pyramid*.

Personnel: Tommy Turrentine, trumpet; Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Parlan, piano; George Tucker, bass; Al Harewood, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

There is, for this reviewer, an uncomfortably wide margin between three and 2½ stars: one stands for a good album

WORTH HAVING / PACIFIC JAZZ



DORHAM & McLEAN in a powerful in-person performance by their newly-formed quintet at the Jazz Workshop ("Inta Somethin'" PJ-41). RON JEFFERSON makes his leader debut in an earthy set of six (PJ-36) with the great LEROY VINNEGAR, "TRICKY" LOFTON and BOBBY HUTCHERSON. GERALD WILSON's marvelous arranging skill is used to advantage both as an instrumental force on "You Better Believe It" (PJ-34, with RICHARD "GROOVE" HOLMES), and as an effective framework for the amazing vocal debut of LES McCANN (PJ-31). BUD SHANK comes up with a surprise hit with his inventive sound-track score from "Barefoot Adventure" (PJ-35) also featuring CARMELL JONES.



The RICHARD HOLMES-GENE AMMONS collaboration ("Groovin' With Jug" PJ-32) has produced one of the few fresh organ-tenor albums of the year. The enormously talented RICHARD TWARDZIK recorded just one album prior to his untimely death... this is it ("The Last Set" PJ-37). HARRY EDISON, RICHIE KAMUCA and CY TOUFF in an authentic jazz classic ("Keester Parade" PJ-42). The remarkable CARMELL JONES is heard for the first time as leader in a powerful album that features HAROLD LAND (PJ-29). The controversial LES McCANN, on "Pretty Lady" (PJ-25), reveals a new and especially rewarding side of his musical personality on an all-ballad set.

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As the title of the latest album tells you, the group is now bigger and better than ever, with the deep-down tenor sax (and the flute and oboe) of Yusef Lateef added to the soaring, top-rated alto sax of Cannonball, the brilliantly driving cornet of Nat Adderly, and that surging rhythm section made up of Joe Zawinul (piano), Sam Jones (bass), and Louis Hayes (drums). They're all at their soulful best, with special emphasis on a great new, blues-drenched Jimmy Heath tune called **Gemini** that you're sure to be hearing a lot of from now on.

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while the other, though but a single notch below, seems to represent something distinctly inferior. This album is indeed graced by some solid three-star musical assets, notably Stanley Turrentine's spirited solos and the excellent ensemble playing of Tucker and Harewood, but somehow it turns out to be just another session. Not really inferior, on the whole, but not really good either.

The trouble partly stems from Tommy Turrentine's cliché-studded pecking and partly from Parlan's bloodless solos, most of which are made up of melodic ideas never quite brought to completion. Another serious fault is the uninteresting way these men handle their materials; of the six pieces: two are in F, one in F minor, one in D minor (relative minor to F), and two in B \flat , with no modulations. Furthermore, there's not a ballad in the batch, although *Love* might easily have been played as one.

Skoob Chee, the most interesting composition in the set, was written by Booker Ervin. The other five pieces are not particularly distinguished. (R.B.H.)

Billy Taylor

KWAMINA—Mercury 20654: *Something Big; I'm Seeing Rainbows; Ordinary People; The Cocoa Bean Song; What's Wrong with Me?; Nothing More to Look Forward To; Another Time, Another Place; Happy Is the Cricket; Sun Is Beginning to Grow.*

Personnel: Taylor, piano; Clark Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Julius Watkins, French horn; Jay McAllister, tuba; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Frank Wess, tenor saxophone; Jerome Richardson, baritone saxophone; Les Spann, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Jimmy Jones took Richard Adler's music in hand and produced a set of arrangements for this album that redress the score of the short-lived Broadway musical *Kwamina* in pithy jazz garb.

The selection of the sidemen and soloists is high ideal. Altoist Woods is heard in some fiery and emotional solos on *Ordinary* and *Wrong*. Terry is his usual effervescent self whenever he appears alone, and he participates in a pungent dialogue on *Nothing More* with tenorist Wess. Duvivier blossoms to excellent advantage in a short bass solo on *Cocoa Bean*, and Spann makes a couple of brief but worthwhile sallies on the Gospelish *Nothing More* and the medium-tempoed *Another Time* (the latter track, incidentally, is the album's top cooker and has uniformly good solo outings by Cleveland, Woods, Spann, and Wess).

Taylor, of course, is the principal soloist. *Rainbows*, *Ordinary*, and *Happy* serve as his vehicles. It is on the tracks where he mixes with the horn men, however, that a deficiency in spirit and conception becomes evident. After the charging Woods solo on *Wrong*, for example, Taylor enters to execute a mathematically correct improvisation, so disciplined it makes the Coldstream Guards look like Coxey's Army. Again, on *Another Time*, following the excellent and gutsy Wess statement, Taylor's sounds slick, technically impeccable but singularly unmoving.

Jones' charts are fine. He makes the most of the flexible instrumentation, investing the Adler songs with depth and

color and considerable imagination.

If Taylor's performances on some of these tracks are disappointing it is surely less to his discredit than to the caliber of the company he keeps on this date.

(J.A.T.)

Diek Ruedebsch

MEET MR. TRUMPET!!!—Jubilee 5008: *Panama; Someday You'll Be Sorry; Stavin' Change; Gambler's Blues; Limehouse Blues; Avalon; Rockin' Chair; Tiger Rag; Blueberry Hill.*

Personnel: Ruedebsch, trumpet, vocals; Sonny Sievert, trombone; Chuck Hedges, clarinet, vocals; Ron Martinson, piano; Lee Burrows, bass; Al Praefke, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Ruedebsch, a protege of Woody Herman's (although he's not as young as the word "protege" might suggest—he's 36 but has been playing full-time professionally for only four years), is a trumpeter with amazing facility at jack-rabbit tempos and a big, glowing tone, a combination that might assign him to the Al Hirt category. But he also has a keen sense of jazz phrasing, and it is this that keeps him out of the showboat class.

On this disc his band plays *Panama*, *Limehouse*, and *Tiger Rag* faster than you are likely to hear them played anywhere else, but they also make valid jazz pieces of them, for both Ruedebsch and trombonist Sievert function intelligibly at high speed. Ruedebsch generally operates in middle register on these tear-it-up pieces and builds skilfully from there, avoiding overdrawn climaxes. On slower pieces, he has a big, warm, lustrous sound and an attack in the Bunny Berigan tradition.

The result is that the well-worn Dixieland repertory gets some injections of fresh vitality from this group. Part of this comes from their lighthearted approach that culminates in a *Tiger Rag* that can be described only as riotous.

Ruedebsch also sings, but without distinction, and his two vocal pieces in this set are distressingly tasteless. The recording was done in the Tunnel Inn in Milwaukee, Wis., with equipment that was jumping so much that all the piano solos have the jitters. (J.S.W.)

Cal Tjader

CAL TJADER PLAYS HAROLD ARIEN—Fantasy 3330: *Over the Rainbow; Out of this World; Last Night When We Were Young; The Man That Got Away; Blues in the Night; Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea; Ill Wind; When the Sun Comes Out; Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe; I Got a Right to Sing the Blues; Come Rain or Come Shine.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-5: Tjader, vibraphone; Buddy Mottisinger, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Johnny Rae, drums; string section. Tracks 6-11: Tjader; Mottisinger; Al McKibbon, bass; Willie Bobo, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The second side of this disc is given over to a dreary set of ballads played in tediously dragging fashion by Tjader's quartet. They can be dismissed without further ado.

The other side, however, is a fascinating collection of arrangements by Clare Fischer for 13 strings, harp, and Tjader's quartet. Fischer has used the strings—usually laced with piano, vibes, or occasionally triangle—to create some absorbingly other-worldly approaches to tunes that have, in some instances, become too familiar.

E Unum Pluribus...

It may not be proper Latin, and it's certainly not the way the slogan reads on coins turned out by the U.S. Mint (in case you haven't read any coins lately, **they** say "E Pluribus Unum"—out of many, one—meaning one country created out of many states). But it struck us as a fitting way of announcing a most important and pleasing fact:

It seems that Milt Jackson, sometimes known as "Bags," and always known as the greatest of jazz vibraharpists, was to make one album for **Riverside**. He did—and more about that in a moment—but almost before the tape ma-



chines stopped turning on that one we became able to announce that Bags has become an exclusive **Riverside** recording artist. Instead of a quick trip, he'll be calling

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His strings often take on a somewhat Bartokian quality, creating an atmosphere that is supplemented exquisitely by Mot-singer's wry, deliberate piano lines (Tjader stays fairly well in the background in most of these arrangements). The result is that even *Rainbow* comes out with almost all of the glucose removed.

Fischer previously did some very effective writing for Tjader on the *West Side Story* score, but these pieces easily surpass that earlier effort.

The mood throughout is more or less constant, and it is doubtless just as well that no attempt was made to stretch this approach over both sides of the LP. But at least something a little more stimulating than those treacly quartet performances might have been found for the second side. (J.S.W.)

VOCAL

Billy Eckstine-Quincy Jones

BILLY ECKSTINE & QUINCY JONES AT BASIN STREET EAST—Mercury 20674: *All Right, Okay, You Win; I'm Falling for You; Fool That I Am; Everything I Have Is Yours; In the Still of the Night; Don't Get around Much Anymore; I'm Just a Lucky So-and-so; Caravan; Sophisticated Lady; Work Song; Ma, She's Making Eyes at Me.*

Personnel: Eckstine, vocals; Quincy Jones big band, personnel unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Eckstine's effect on us, as evident in this album, does not depend wholly on the lyrics of the songs he sings; in a sense, the words are very nearly incidental or irrelevant. Where Billie Holiday was able to inject a feeling of reality into the most trite of songs, Eckstine simply ignores the words to concentrate on the production of sound. Perhaps this is why, unlike another singer who first achieved popularity in the '40s, Frank Sinatra, Eckstine really has never been able to recapture a mass audience in the '50s. With Sinatra we are made conscious of the words' meaning, whereas from Eckstine we obtain little more than a rich, pleasing sound. Devoid of content, this must inevitably pall; it is a steady diet of confectionery where meat and potatoes are required.

Overall, this is a workmanlike set in Eckstine's most suave manner. It is marred by three excursions into territory with which the singer, to be charitable, is unfamiliar. *All Right* is not an imitation of Joe Williams; it is a travesty. *Work Song*, taken at a ponderously slow tempo, is ludicrous. (It reminded me of that old movie in which Sinatra, spotlessly attired in white dinner jacket, rendered a dialect version of *Ol' Man River*.) An up-tempo *Ma* only reaffirms that Eckstine shows to best advantage on the ballads, where that husky baritone can work its familiar mood-inducing magic. (F.K.)

Lightnin' Hopkins

BLUES IN MY BOTTLE—Prestige/Bluesville 1045: *Buddy Brown's Blues; Wine Spodee-O-Dee; Sail On, Little Girl, Sail On; DC-7; Death Bells; Goin' to Dallas to See My Pony Run; Jailhouse Blues; Blues in the Bottle; Beans, Beans, Beans; Catfish Blues; My Grandpa Is Old Too!*

Personnel: Hopkins, vocals, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Hopkins remains one of the champions of the blues. The album is worth its price,

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if only for the tune *Buddy Brown's Blues*. This is one of the seldom-recorded illustrations of old-time, authentic blues. Hopkins has not bothered to clean up the lyrics, and it remains a blatant exposition of the thoughts of its era. There is a basic honesty in the piece which, while it impresses, also excites, and though raw, it has food for thought.

The album has other high points, including the wistful *Grandpa* and *Jailhouse*, but I was not much impressed by *Wine*, which, though it contains evidence of Hopkins' ability to convert any material to his own vehicle, remains a trite, uninteresting tune. Wrapping a ribbon around garbage doesn't make a sweet package.

(B.G.)

Ann Richards

ANN, MAN!—Atco 33-136: *Yes, Sir, That's My Baby*; *An Occasional Man*; *There's a Lull in My Life*; *The Masquerade Is Over*; *You Go to My Head*; *Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?*; *And That's All*; *Bewitched*; *Evil Gal Blues*; *Love Is a Word for the Blues*; *How Do I Look in Blue?*; *I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night*.

Personnel: Miss Richards, vocals. Tracks 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 9, 10, 12—Jack Sheldon, trumpet; Barney Kessel, guitar; Red Callender, bass; Larry Bunker, drums. Tracks 3, 5, 8, 11—Kessel, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

If there's one thing this album has it's variety—everything from Gospel (Sister Rosetta Tharpe's *And That's All*) through blues (*Evil Gal*) and "cute" things (*Yes, Sir*, and *Is You Is?*) to ballads and 5/4 jazz (*Love Is a Word*). And if there's one quality Miss Richards has it's flexibility, both vocally and emotionally. It's just that I don't believe her on some of the material, most notably the Gospel tune and the blues.

I do believe her on the ballads, however, particularly on *Head* and *Bewitched*. Her treatment of these two tunes is lovingly warm, and her voice on high notes doesn't thin as do most vocalists' but retains the firmness of her middle register. There is just a touch of heaviness, a flair of over-played drama, however, in some of her passages that detract from the over-all excellence of these two tracks.

Miss Richards' work on the other tracks in the album is pleasant, though there are times when her habit of trilling notes, a la Chris Connor and June Christy, becomes annoying (as on *Masquerade*). She does have excellent control of her voice, though, and a range that sounds as wide as Eydie Gorme's. In addition, she has good feeling for time, something lesser, but more popular singers, lack. Her intonation is admirable also.

The backing by Kessel and company is quite good in spots, as on *Yes, Sir* and *Is You Is?* and, on the whole, is in keeping with the pop-jazz spirit of the album, despite the hokeyness of *And That's All*. Kessel is quite tasty in his solo backing on *Head*, *Bewitched*, *Lull*, and *Blue*.

Leonard Feather states in his notes that *Love Is a Word* is "the first [jazz] record ever sung in 5/4 time." This is not true; Abbey Lincoln has been singing in 5/4 for a couple of years at least.

Historical inaccuracy and stated qualifications aside, this is a very pleasant record. (D.DeM.)

BLINDFOLD TEST PHILLY JOE JONES

By LEONARD FEATHER

Joseph Rudolph Jones may well be the most controversial drummer in the history of jazz. During his stint with Miles Davis last October at the Renaissance in Hollywood, I heard him praised more highly (for his extraordinary rhythmic complexity and unique solo and section work) and denounced more vehemently (for allegedly overpowering the rhythm section and the rest of the sextet) than any other percussionist now playing.

Regardless of what they may have had to say about his volume or taste, however, none of the listeners questioned his ability and technique. Philly Joe is not only a brilliant drummer but also a good pianist (his mother instructed him from early childhood), a capable composer, and a devoted student of jazz percussion history.

"Sid Catlett was my all-time favorite," Jones said. "He was fascinating; he could just hypnotize the audience. And a lot of the older drummers like Gene and Cozy and Buddy—yes, I'd call him an older drummer, too—I still go to hear them when I'm in New York. They were playing some of the most modern things then, and they sound good now."



The Records

1. Clark Terry. *Swahili* (EmArcy). Terry, trumpet; Art Blakey, drums; Quincy Jones, composer, arranger.

I know that was Art Blakey. I'd know Art anywhere, and, of course, that was Clark Terry on trumpet. . . . Nobody plays like that but Clark, and I know Clark's playing very well. Just for the two of them, I'm going to give this five stars.

The arrangement was just fair; I couldn't get the message of which way it was going, but I could hear Clark, and the timbales sounded pretty good, but I couldn't really get the mood of it—it didn't reach me.

They could have swung a little more, but I'm still going to give it five because of Clark and Art—the approach that Clark had in reference to what Art was doing. In other words, I listen to what a trumpet player and a drummer play together, because I play with a trumpeter, and it can really jell if it's right.

2. Paul Horn. *Moer or Less* (from *The Sound of Paul Horn*, Columbia). Horn, alto saxophone; Paul Moer, piano, composer; Milt Turner, drums.

I'm going to take a long shot with this, Leonard. At first I thought it was Trane, but I think it's Paul Horn. . . . I heard the soprano saxophone, and I'm pretty sure that's who it is. I'd rate this one three stars—the drummer swung all the way with that one, in my opinion, but the arrangement didn't reach me.

It's a West Coast pianist, but I can't think of his name. There's nothing else I can say about this record.

3. Shelly Manne. *So What?* (from *The Poll Winners Exploring the Scene*, Contemporary). Barney Kessel, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Manne, drums.

You've got me on this one, Leonard. I recognize the composition, and it sounded like someone trying to play like Paul Chambers, but it wasn't Paul.

Well, I'll take a long guess—it sounded like it might have been Red Mitchell on bass. The guitarist is someone I know real well, but right now I just can't think of

his name. He's a good funky guitarist.

I'll rate that one three stars for the arrangement and the togetherness. I hear that tune so much, playing it with Miles, that I guess I'm spoiled. I was trying to get a hold of the percussionist, but I don't know who it was.

4. Charles Persip. *Sevens* (from *Persip and the Jazz Statesmen*, Bethlehem). Roland Alexander, composer, tenor saxophone; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Persip, drums.

What did you say two stars meant—fair? I'll give this one star for the arrangement and the untogetherness. I know that was Charlie Persip. . . . I think that was his group, but I can't call the personnel off name by name, unless that could possibly have been Freddie Hubbard in there—it sounded a lot like Freddie, but if it wasn't Freddie, it was the group that Charlie had together.

It was very poorly recorded and played, and I didn't like that arrangement. The swapping of the drums with the horns was rushed—I just didn't like the whole thing.

5. Gene Krupa. *Arab Dance* (from *Percussion King*, Verve). Gene Krupa, Joe Venuto, Doug Allen, Mousey Alexander, percussion.

No comment on this one, Leonard. This didn't get to me at all—I didn't know who it was, and I couldn't even take a long guess. I didn't recognize any of the personnel. . . . It sounded like somebody was trying to play like Buddy Rich. No stars.

6. Herbie Mann. *Au Privave* (from *The Family of Mann*, Atlantic). Knobby Totah, bass; Rudy Collins, drums; Ray Mantilla, Ray Barretto, percussion.

This one I would only rate two stars. I know that was Herbie Mann, and I'm pretty sure that was Jimmy Garrison 'cause he sings when he plays the bass—a vocal concert. The drummer was strange. . . . I sort of guessed who it was at the beginning, and then I changed my guess later, so I don't know.

I couldn't comment on the arrangement—it didn't get to me, that one, either.

Maybe it was Patato or Jose playing

bongos. And it sounded like a conga or something. I'd know that tune if I started to play it, but the name of it? No, I just remember the melodies. . . . I know the melody backwards.

7. Quincy Jones. *Africana* (from *Around the World*, Mercury). Featuring Curtis Fuller, trombone; Michael Olatunji, percussion.

Give them the whole constellation—that was beautiful! It was a beautiful thing in 6/8 . . . the arrangement was wonderful, I'd like to hear more of that.

The trombonist sounded like J. J. . . . I'm not too sure of that, though; I couldn't identify too many of the soloists, but they were all swinging and together, and I just wanted to hear more of it. The percussion was beautiful. I can't say who it was, but it was *there*.

8. Oliver Nelson. *Butch & Butch* (from *The Blues and the Abstract Truth*, Impulse). Nelson, composer, tenor saxophone; Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Bill Evans, piano; Roy Haynes, drums.

I'd rate that four stars for the swinging arrangement. The tenor solo was beautiful, whoever it was, and I'm pretty sure that was Freddie Hubbard on trumpet. It sounded like Charlie Persip on drums, and I'd say Phil Woods on alto. This was well recorded, had a good balance, and everybody was together. I liked the piano solo very much.

9. Wynton Kelly. *Gone with the Wind* (Vee-Jay). Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

I'll rate that five stars, 'cause I know that's Wynton. I *gotta* know Wynton! That was Jimmy Cobb on drums—I recognize the rudiments . . . and I'll take a chance and say that was Paul—they must have had Paul to play with them.

Well, they're together, and it's a pretty tune; however, they probably just threw the tune together for the album—not pre-arranged, you know, but just needed an extra tune and spotted that one. I'm very partial to Wynton.



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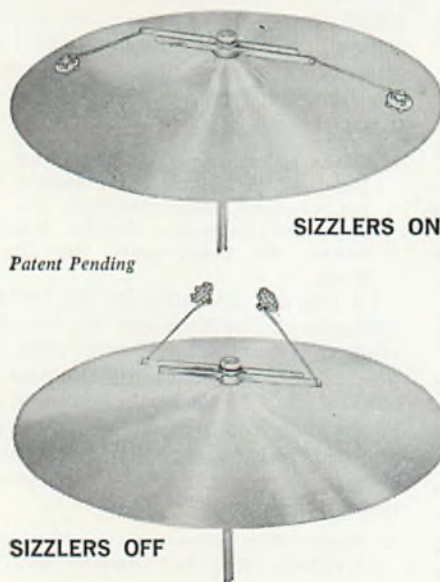


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LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco
 Personnel: Armstrong, trumpet, vocals; Joe Darenbourg, clarinet; Trummy Young, trombone, vocals; Billy Kyle, piano; Billy Kronk, bass; Danny Barcelona, drums; Jewel Brown, vocals.

Sometimes it seems to jazz reviewers that Louis Armstrong really doesn't know why he is a great musical figure.

Louis came up in the night-club business, building his reputation with the general public on high-note feats, clowning, and the ability to run a fast-moving floor show. The nuggets of pure musical gold he frequently dropped into this formula were bonus attractions for those who came to hear his music. Judging from his current production, he continues to see himself in this role of the successful showman and only incidentally as a major creative force in American music.

The Armstrong format has not changed much in 10 years; millions have watched Louis open with *Indiana*, launch into his dull routines from a couple of run-of-the-mill films, introduce the anachronistic jive mannerisms of Young, tick off several Dixieland warhorses, and "keep it moving" with tired, tasteless jokes—about which little more need be said.

What the disillusioned serious listener often forgets is that Armstrong still is dropping those nuggets—not in the same quantities as in former years, true, but they are there. Catch him sometime in a last show on a week night, a time when the crowd is thin and the expense account set has gone to bed; chances are you'll hear some good music, even from Young.

Armstrong played two shows a night throughout his stay at the plush Venetian Room of the Fairmont. His first set on the night I was there ran about 80 minutes, during which he played and sang only one worthwhile selection, *That's My Home*. Yet that single performance was an exquisite and breathtaking musical moment, well worth waiting for. It was the Armstrong of old, complete to tone, rhythmic infallibility, and majestic turn of phrase.

The magic worked again during the second show in *Back O'Town Blues*, a portion of *Rockin' Chair*, and in *Royal Garden Blues* and *Struttin' with Some Barbecue*. For several minutes the men seemed to be playing for themselves, but Louis quickly snapped back to his concept of what the public expects from him with a disheartening racial gag. (Armstrong's jokes, by the way, have a lot to do with the paucity of Negro patrons at his shows.)

There are some recent additions to the troupe. Clarinetist Darenbourg, whose chief claim to fame is his mastery of the useless art of slap-tonguing, plays well enough in Dixieland ensembles but is simply not in Armstrong's league. Bassist Kronk is essentially a modern musician

who performs ably within the constricted harmonic framework of the band's repertoire. Miss Brown is a show by herself and even manages to upstage Louis in the embarrassing finale built around *When the Saints Go Marching In*. Her work in the second show was effective, however, particularly on the Gospel-like *Looking Back*. Miss Brown is very much of the 1960s, and her presence adds a strange new dimension to the Armstrong package.

Kyle and Barcelona are thoroughgoing professionals who perform with the required amounts of energy and no more.

It is still worth one's while to attend an Armstrong production, if only to hear isolated masterpieces like *That's My Home* and *Back O'Town Blues*. Unhappily, it is not likely that Louis will ever eliminate the less musical portions of his presentation. In his mind, I suppose, these ingredients have been essential to his success pattern ever since his early triumphs at Chicago's old Sunset Cafe.

The duets are high, but great music can still be heard from this remarkable man who is about to enter his 50th year in the business. Show business, that is.

—Richard B. Hadlock

JOYCE COLLINS-BOB BERTAUX

The Summit, Hollywood, Calif.
 Personnel: Miss Collins, piano; Bertaux, bass.

Miss Collins (who, incidentally, is the first woman jazz pianist to serve on the board of directors of Local 47, AFM) is more or less solidly based at the Summit, a Sunset Blvd. night club where she and bassist Bertaux take care of intermission music between shows of a sassy revue.

The fare offered by Collins and Bertaux is far from cocktail music. For those so inclined, it might be described as music-to-forget-the-revue-by.

She is an assertive, two-handed pianist with the good taste to pick superior songs and the jazz talent to handle them excitingly. Bertaux, who served with distinction for some time in the Les Brown Band, is a jazz bassist of strength and considerable imagination.

On the night of review, the interplay between bass and piano was most evident in the medium-tempoed *Walkin'*, Bertaux providing a bass commentary to Miss Collins' chording. Though inclined to treat the blues a mite tentatively, the pianist showed considerable invention and freshness of conception. Her lyric, soft-tempered chording on the out chorus of *Walkin'* was happy evidence of this.

Other tunes selected by the duo were a medium and relaxed *Too Close for Comfort*, Benny Golson's *Whisper Not*, and a medium-up-tempoed *Witchcraft*, distinguished by a fine bass solo. Miss Collins sang the vocal of *I'm Glad There Is You* in a fetching, unaffected manner. Her singing is an astute change of pace.

The Collins-Bertaux team can fit in any intimate, hip room. At the Summit, its frequently subtle sounds tend to get overwhelmed by the size of the place and the vibrations remaining after the stomping show goes off.

—Tynan

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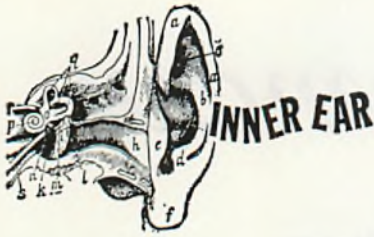
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By **BILL MATHIEU**

Many readers have written asking for a bibliography of works essential to the composer and musician. The list I've compiled for this column represents a frankly subjective review of the high points of my own reading. It is hoped that it will help others as it has helped (and continues to help) me. It is far from definitive, however, and many books I would have liked to include had to be omitted.

A brief glance at the titles will show that they cover a wide ground, though concentrating in three areas: essays on esthetics, technical texts, and biographies.

The works on esthetics are most useful to critics, to be sure, but composers are involved in criticism to some extent (if nothing more than self-criticism) and generally are familiar not only with the listed treatises but with others as well.

The technical works are indispensable to composers who do not have constant guidance.

The biographies are of interest to musicians who introspectively survey the relationship of an artist to his work.

Emotion and Meaning in Music, by Leonard Meyer (University of Chicago Press). This book has given rise in my mind to more questions and extended my thinking farther than any other book of its kind. To anyone who has ever asked questions such as "Why do dominants resolve?" or "Why do we want to march with the band?" or "Why can music be sad?" Meyer gives, if not the answers, certainly the tools of thought that are prerequisites to discovering the answers for ourselves. It is an enormously valuable book.

Art As Experience, by John Dewey. This well-known book has served as the cornerstone of my critical thought for several years. Dewey despises art for art's sake, would ideally have done with our museums, and thinks that art and daily life are too disparate in our times. His most valuable insights, however, are into the nature of the creative process. Slow, difficult reading, but more than worth the effort one invests.

By far the greatest critic *qua* critic was Sir Donald Francis Tovey. The two books of his with which I'm most familiar are *The Forms of Music* and *The Main Stream of Music and Other*

Essays, both published by Meridian Books. Tovey's erudition is great, his language lucid. There is an essay in *Main Stream* called "Tonality in Schubert" that is as fine an exposition of tonal harmony as has been published. Tovey is the founder of modern principles in music criticism and should be read by anyone who thinks in critical terms about music.

Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence, by André Hodeir (Grove Press). This is far and away the best all-round book on jazz, I think. The book is invaluable to every student of all facets of jazz. The historical accounts are excellent, the technical analyses without peer. Hodeir is to jazz what Tovey is to classical music.

Next let's consider strictly technical books.

Composing for the Jazz Orchestra, by William Russo (University of Chicago Press). This is the best of its kind in the field, but alas, it is far from perfect. Since I was studying with Russo during the years when this material was being readied for publication, I'm afraid I cannot tell whether or not it is clear to the student untutored in Russo's ideas. So to be safe, I would recommend its use with a teacher.

Orchestration, by Cecil Forsyth (Macmillan & Co.). This is a definitive text on orchestration. It is thorough in the extreme, including complete histories of every musical instrument. Forsyth is a delightful writer, and his text reads like a novel, provided you have a taste for the subject matter. One drawback: the book is somewhat dated in certain small details, so it is to be read with an open eye, or under the light hand of a knowledgeable teacher, or both.

Other useful texts:

Three by Walter Piston: *Harmony*, *Counterpoint*, and *Orchestration* (Norton and Co.) and two by Paul Hindemith: *The Craft of Musical Composition*, Books I and II (Associated Music Publishers).

There also is a delightful volume by J. S. Bach's son, C. P. E. Bach. It is not required reading by any manner of means, but for the student interested in a first-hand account of 18th century performance practices (including improvisation!) it is perfect. The title is *Essay on the True Art of Playing Keyboard Instruments* (Norton).

Here are five biographies that have given me great pleasure.

Brahms, His Life and His Works (Anchor Paperbound)


Berlioz and His Century, by Jacques Barzun (Meridian)

Mozart, the Man and His Works, by W. J. Turner (Doubleday)

Beethoven, His Spiritual Development, by J. W. N. Sullivan (Mentor)

Bach, by Philipp Spitta (Dover Press).

The essential value here, it seems to me, is the inescapable sense of continuity one gets from these lives. Bach was an actual *person*: this never ceases to amaze me. For a shock, read the several petty letters Bach wrote to the town council of Leipzig. Or read the accounting of his estate upon his death: He owed four thalers to the maid and had eleven choir gowns (white) at the laundry.

You will notice a dearth of books on jazz in this bibliography. Most technical volumes on jazz are deficient and/or unclear; to my knowledge there is hardly a critical or esthetic work on the market that is worthy (save Hodeir's). Jazz biography is in its infancy, and the Great American Jazz Novel (like the Great American Symphony) remains to be written. 

TENDER WARRIORS

When drummer Max Roach composed *Tender Warriors* (his arrangement, as heard on his Impulse album *Percussion Bittersweet*, begins on the opposite page), he named it *Tender Warriors* "for all young people who promote social change, freedom, young people all over the world who want the world healthier."

The harmonic construction of the composition captures this yearning for freedom in a subtle way. The first 12 bars is written in two-bar patterns; the chord structure gradually rises by whole steps, following a momentary descent in half steps, the last chord in the pattern being the fourth of the chord beginning the next two-bar pattern. The use of this pattern gives a cyclical effect, an unresolved feeling. The bridge also falls into a fourth pattern, adding to the restlessness effect.

The last measure of the composition is played only at the end of the performance; this, according to Roach, is the long-sought resolution. On the recording the flute plays a long cadenza while the other instruments observe the hold.

The solos played after the opening chorus follow the chord pattern beginning after the one-bar pick-up. The tempo of the 6/8 portion is a dotted quarter note equals 72 m.m. Note: the drum part is written in 3/4, though it is possible to play the part in 6/8 by performing the written 3/4 figure twice as fast. The score is untransposed.

TENDER WARRIORS

Written and arranged by Max Roach

Published by Milma Publishing Co.

Musical score for the first system of "Tender Warriors". The score is written for Flute, Trumpet, Tenor, Trombone, Bass, Piano, and Drum. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part includes chord markings: Am1, A6+4, D6m11, C7+11, Bm1, B7+9, Ebm11, and D7+11.

Musical score for the second system of "Tender Warriors". The score continues for Flute, Trumpet, Tenor, Trombone, Bass, Piano, and Drum. The piano part includes chord markings: D6m1, C7+9, Fm11, E7+11, Ebm1, D7+9, Gbm11, and Gb7+11.

Musical score for the third system of "Tender Warriors". The score continues for Flute, Trumpet, Tenor, Trombone, Bass, Piano, and Drum. The piano part includes chord markings: Fm7, E7+9, Am11, A6+11, Dm9, Gb7+9, Dm9, and Bb7+9.

I

FLUTE *Loco*

TRP.

TENOR

TRB.

BASS

PIANO *Am⁷ Ab⁷+4*

DRUM

II

FLUTE

TRP.

TENOR

TRB.

BASS

PIANO *Bb, Bb⁷, Bbm7, E⁷, A^b, Ab⁷, Am⁷, D⁷*

DRUM

FLUTE

TRP.

TENOR

TRB.

BASS

PIANO *G^b, G^b7, Am, Ab⁷+4, Dbm¹¹, C⁷+11, Bm¹¹, Bb⁷+11*

DRUM

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FLUTE

TRP.

TENOR

TRB

BASS

PIANO

DRUM

Am¹¹ D7+¹¹ Dbm⁹ C7+⁹ Fm⁹ E7+¹¹ Abm⁹ D7+⁹

FLUTE

TRPT.

TENOR

TRB.

BASS

PIANO

DRUM

Gm⁷ Eb7+¹¹ Fm⁹ E7+⁹ Am¹¹ Ab¹¹ Gm⁹ Eb7+⁹

FLUTE

TRPT

TENOR


TRB

BASS

PIANO

DRUM

Bm¹¹ Bb¹¹ Am⁹ Ab7+⁹ Db⁹ (65)



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Davis, Redd Foxx, Aretha Franklin, Eddie Vinson, and Olatunji made different kinds of sense . . . Quincy Jones will lead a band at Basin Street East three months each year, according to a recently-signed contract . . . Woody Herman will bring a 17-piece band into the Metropole for an engagement starting March 21.

Gerry Mulligan, currently leading a quartet, says his bandleading days are hardly over. He has no immediate plans, but "is open to all questions and interviews." Mulligan led Bob Brookmeyer, Bill Crow, and Gus Johnson through four numbers on a February session of CBS-TV's *The American Musical Theater*. Then he discussed his interpretation of jazz with host Earl Wrightson and his current collaboration with Judy Holliday on a musical based on Anita Loo's novel, *Happy Birthday*.

Tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan's new group includes Andrew Hill, piano; Teddy Smith, bass; J. C. Moses, drums . . . Vocalist Johnny Hartman, for two years in Europe, is now back in this country, receiving a big build-up from the Willard Alexander Agency . . . Sonny Rollins has changed drummers again. The new one is Ben Riley.

Jerome Richardson and Les Spann have formed their own group featuring two flutes and much doubling. Tentative sidemen are Richard Wyands, piano; Henry Grimes, bass; Grady Tate, drums . . . Gunther Schuller, Ted Curson, and Kenny Dorham are among the composers to be featured in a series sponsored by the Jazz Society, a non-profit organization in New York . . . Vibist Teddy Charles leads groups at a legal afterhours club in Saddlebrook, N. J., the After the Ball, where music is played from midnight until 5 a. m. and coffee is all that is drunk.

Shelly Manne recorded for Impulse while he was in New York last month. On the date were Coleman Hawkins, Hank Jones, and George Duvivier . . . Robert Farnon will conduct the orchestra and Dizzy Gillespie will be soloist for Farnon's composition *Suite for Trumpet*, to be recorded by Mercury . . . Jules Colomby is now the promotion director for three Prestige labels—New Jazz, Moodsville, and Swingsville—and will do a&r direction for the first and third . . . Raymond Scott fans will be happy that tenor saxophonist Dave Harris, once with Scott's quintet, has assembled 12 of that group's biggest hits for a Decca LP titled *Dinner Music for a Pack of Hungry Cannibals* . . . Blind Orange Adams is reportedly

set to sign with a major label.

Dave Brubeck was the latest feature on radio station WNEW's live jazz shows. Brubeck, by the way, is off to New Zealand in April . . . Louis Armstrong was the featured jazz artist on ABC-TV's *Winter Carnival at Sun Valley* . . . Kurt Edelhagen and his Orchestra were a special feature on ABC-radio's *Music for Dancing* . . . André Previn is scoring *Long Day's Journey into Night* . . . Henry Mancini has completed two movie scores—*Experiment in Terror* and *Hatari* . . . *The Jazz Nocturne*, Alan Grant as emcee, can now be heard in New York (WR-FM) every Saturday and Sunday night from 11 p. m. until midnight.

The Plainfield, N.J., Musicians Ball (Local 746) was a success, with 1500 attending. Net receipts are to go for music scholarships. Among the 18 bands appearing was one led by young drummer Barry Miles backing singer Joe Carroll . . . The Seattle World's Fair, opening on April 21, will have many jazz artists, including Erroll Garner, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, and Ella Fitzgerald . . . Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, N.Y., concentrated on jazz during its annual February festival—Dave Brubeck for a concert and Duke Ellington for a dance . . . The Student Activities Committee

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of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn is presenting the **Modern Jazz Quartet** in concert on March 17, the proceeds to go to the Student Union Building Fund.

PHILADELPHIA

Cavalcade of Jazz, the first Philadelphia jazz concert in many months, was scheduled for March 4 at the Academy of Music. Lineup included **Count Basie**, **Maynard Ferguson**, **Cannonball Adderley**, **Horace Silver**, and **Chris Connor** . . . Villanova University's second annual invitational jazz concert, featuring college musicians, was held Feb. 23. Judges were *Down Beat's* **Bill Coss**, pianist **Bernard Peiffer**, **Bruce Davidson** of Capitol records, and **Toby DeLuca** of WFIL . . . **Sylvia Sims** played her first Philadelphia date in many years at the Capri. She was backed by vibesman **Vince Montana**.

Mel Tormé is set for two weekends late in March at Joe DeLuca's Red Hill Inn . . . **Jackie Cain** and **Roy Kral** made their first area appearance in many years at the Red Hill recently . . . Jackie and Roy also kicked off a weekend jazz policy at El Condado in Trenton, N.J., the following week. **Gene Krupa** was set to follow, with **Don Palmer**, former Krupa and **Charlie Ventura** manager, doing the booking . . . **Maynard Ferguson** and **Lambert-Hen-**

dricks-Ross played recent one-nighters at Rider College in Trenton.

Jazz pioneer **Elmer Snowden** and his banjo have been featured at Club 13, which also features a Dixieland group. Dixie bands have been giving the Twist groups a run for their money, with Big Bill's, the Coach House and several other spots featuring two-beat . . . **Tony DeNicola**, former **Harry James** drummer, is playing with pianist **Al Re** and bassman **Charlie Thomas** at Alvino's in Levittown, Pa., Monday nights.

TORONTO

It's been full houses again at the Town Tavern with **Red Norvo's** Quintet (**Jimmy Wyble**, guitar; **Gene Chirico**, bass; **Larry McKenna**, drums; **Modesto Briseno**, alto saxophone, flute) and **Oscar Peterson's** trio, which followed. **Norman Granz**, here for the opening night engagement of his **Yves Montand** show at the O'Keefe Center, was among the first-night patrons at the Peterson appearance. Accompanying the French singer, incidentally, were clarinetist **Edmond Hall**, drummer **Charlie Persip**, bassist **Al Hall**, guitarist **Phil Orlando** (who has replaced **Jim Hall**), accordionist **Bob Creash**, and trombonist **Morty Trautman**.

Preceding the Norvo and Peterson dates, the Town presented a month of top Toronto musicians: pianists **Norman**

Amadio, **Maury Kay**, **Wray Downes**, and then vibraphonist **Hagood Hardy**, who has been living in New York City for the last year . . . **Ralph Burns**, who orchestrated the score for **Richard Rodgers'** new musical *No Strings*, (which opens in New York on March 1,) flew in for a one-day visit as guest of Capitol records.

NEW ORLEANS

Al Hirt's band, augmented by tenor man **Bill Kelsey** and guitarist **Bill Huntington**, cut a Victor album at Dan's Pier 600. The session was supervised by **Chet Atkins**, and special arrangements were written by **Billy May** . . . **Al Belletto** has stabilized his quintet at the Playboy Club after several shifts in personnel. The group includes **Bob Teeters**, trumpet; **Roger DeLillo**, trombone; **John Probst**, piano; **Frank Krohn**, bass; **Earl Kobble**, drums.

Friends of "Sweet Emma" **Barrett** got behind a concert at the Royal Orleans Hotel to help the veteran pianist-singer regain some of her life's savings which were stolen shortly before Christmas . . . **Joe Burton** is scheduled for a 26-week WWL-radio show sponsored by a local brewery. The program will run an hour nightly in the midnight spot once occupied by jazz jock **Dick Martin**.

Trumpeter **Mike Lala** has had a run



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of bad luck lately. After turning down an offer from New York's Metropole only to lose his spot at the Famous Door here, he was signed for a gig at the Happy Landing supper club. A few weeks later the club burned down . . . The Twist has proved to be a financial as well as a musical menace to one New Orleans band. Santo Pecora's Tailgaters were fired at the Dream Room in favor of a frantic import from the Peppermint Lounge, the **Twisting Cyclones**. Little relief from the fad is in sight, since the one-time jazz club has been redubbed the Dream Room Twist Palace and earlier-announced bookings of **Bobby Hackett** and **Jack Teagarden** have been canceled.

CHICAGO

It seems wintry winds in Chicago have blown some of the city's best talent to tropic climes. First to go were the **Paul Winter Sextet** and former *DB* editor **Gene Lees** on an extended State Department-sponsored tour. Now pianist **Jodie Christian** has left for a two-month stay in the Virgin Islands. Next to make a change for the better in regards weather are pianist **Lee Lind** and her husband, drummer **Stan Shaw**, who leave their long gig at the Grapevine in April for life in Puerto Rico.

Others are leaving long-held posts, too—but not for sunny islands. **Eddie Higgins**, leader of one of the house trios at the London House, has broken up his group, which included bassist **Bob Matthews** and drummer **Marshall Thompson**. Higgins was let out at the supper club because "there wasn't enough contrast between the house group and the name group." Which could be taken as a compliment. But Higgins told *Down Beat* he was disappointed with leading his own group and would probably go back to being a sideman. Marimbaist **Jose Bethancourt**, one of the instrument's best technicians, has formed a group to take Higgins' place. **Larry Novak's** trio remains the nights-off house group.

Local bassist **Bill Yancey** has taken **Ike Isaacs'** place in the trio backing **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross** . . . Tenorist **Harold Ousley**, a recent arrival in town, was the third horn during **Howard McGhee's** three-weeker at McKie's. Trumpeter **Paul Serrano** was the second . . . McGhee and tenor man **Billy Mitchell** and trumpeter **Dave Burns** (who is now with Mitchell's and **Al Grey's** sextet) were recent attractions at **Joe Segal's** Sunday afternoon sessions at Basin Street. The rhythm section at the sessions has been made up of **Eddie Baker**, piano; **Don Garrett**, bass; **Dorell Anderson**, drums . . . Segal held his annual jazz concert in memory of **Charlie Parker** last week. He presents the con-



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cert on the anniversary of the altoist's death. This year the event was at Birdhouse; **Ira Sullivan's** was the featured group . . . **Erroll Garner** played a recent concert at the Civic Opera House . . . Tenorist **Phil Urso** worked that Great Lakes job with **Claude Thornhill**.

LOS ANGELES

Nelson Riddle takes off for his tour of Great Britain May 29. He'll work with selected **Ted Heath** men, a string section and percussion . . . **Stan Kenton** trumpeter **Bob Rolfe** and **Margaret Sharpe**, Kenton's manager, were married on Feb. 2 . . . Bassist **Harry Babasin**, resident with the **Skinny Ennis Band** at the Statler-Hilton Terrace Room, recently secured his master's degree in music and is now on the teaching staff at Valley State College as studio band director. He's aiming for a doctorate and a teaching career . . . Pianist-arranger **Bob Harrington** is now writing for the **Red Norvo Quintet**.

Leonard Feather's hillside patio and swimming pool were swallowed in a sea of mud during the recent L.A. inundation . . . And **Billy May** literally lost his garage and car under the gooey brown flood that almost enveloped his home in the Hollywood Hills . . . The **Lionel Hampton Band**, following three days at the Summit here, headed for a swing through Texas . . . Trombonist **Bill Harris** joined the **Charlie Teagarden Band** at the Silver Slipper in Las Vegas, Nev. . . . The **Bob Rogers Band** played a two-weeker at the Summit with blues singer **Larry Green**. They cut an Indigo album together at the club. Rogers' contract stays with Indigo; the deal to sell it to Reprise fell through . . . Gal jazz pianist **Kellie Green** signed a personal-management pact with the **Mike Connor** agency; was booked into the Melody Room on the Strip; was asked to play **Frank Sinatra's** Cal-Neva, Lake Tahoe, Nev., club; and was signed by **Dick Pierce** to an RCA-Victor recording contract.

There is no **Frankie Laine** television pilot with jazzmen supplying the music, as previously reported (*DB*, March 15). In fact, there is no Laine TV pilot—period. The singer is mulling over "several" TV program ideas, but he (and his agency, MCA) have not concluded anything as yet. Laine headlines the Dunes Hotel show for a month beginning June 7.


SAN FRANCISCO

A poignant grace note to the tragic auto death of bassist **Doug Watkins** (*DB*, March 15) was the disclosure that he was coming to San Francisco to establish his home, as well as to play with the **Philly Joe Jones Quintet** at the Jazz Workshop. The baggage Watkins had in his car included his

television set, books, and other personal belongings. During his last visit here—with the **Al Grey-Billy Mitchell** group just before Christmas—Watkins said he was going to move his home here. "I'm fed up with New York," he explained. Local bassist **Benny Wilson** replaced Watkins with Jones.

During his recent engagement at the Fairmont Hotel here, **Louis Armstrong** donated \$100 to a boys club in a low-rent housing project to buy bugles for the club's new drum-and-bugle corps. As another good turn, Armstrong arranged a Riviera Hotel booking in Las Vegas, Nev., for a local

jazz-oriented vocal quartet, **The Intervals**, after hearing the group at a private party. Organized five years ago, the quartet includes **Cleve O'Dear**, a janitor; **Denise Perrier**, a sales clerk; and brothers **LaMonte** and **LaValle Lee**, a missile inspector and a mailman, respectively. All have backgrounds in church music.

The **Harry James Orchestra** played one-nighters in Oakland and San Francisco recently . . . **Erroll Garner** is due for concerts on April 6 in Berkeley and April 7 in San Francisco . . . **Mahalia Jackson** and **Dinah Washington** are slated for similar gigs. 

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy Answer the Jazz Critics

The April 12 *Down Beat* goes on sale
at newsstands, Thursday, March 29.

WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

After the Ball (Saddlebrook, N. J.): **Teddy Charles** *tfn*.
Basin Street East: **Billy Daniels**, **Sheeky Green**, to 3/17. **Frances Faye**, **Treniers** open 3/18.
Birdland: **Chris Connor**, **Bernard Peiffer**, to 3/21.
Carnegie Hall: **Dave Bruheck**, 4/21.
Condon's: **Max Kaminsky**, *tfn*.
Charles Theater: **Jazz and Java**, Sun.
Embers: **Harold Quinn**, **Charlie Shavers**, to 3/17.
Ronnie Brown, 3/19-4/14.
Half Note: **Al Grey-Billy Mitchell** to 3/18. **Lennie Tristano** opens 3/20.
Hickory House: **Billy Taylor**, *tfn*.
Jazz Gallery: **Count Basie**, **Jimmy Giuffre** open 3/25.
Metropole: **Dukes of Dixieland**, **Herb Ellis**, to 3/20. **Woody Herman** opens 3/21.
Nick's: **Wild Bill Davison**, *tfn*.
Phase Two: **Carla Bley**, *wknds*.
Ryan's: **Wilbur DeParis**, **Don Fry**, *tfn*.
Sherwood Inn (Long Island): **Billy Bauer**, *wknds*.
Village Gate: **Thelonious Monk**, **Aretha Franklin**, to 3/18. **Modern Jazz Quartet**, 4/10-22. **Carmen Amaya**, 5/1-6/3. **Chris Connor**, **Herbie Mann**, 6/5-7/1.
Village Vanguard: **Lennie Bruce**, **Carol Sloane**, **Bill Rubenstein**, 3/27-4/15. **Miles Davis**, **Bill Evans**, 4/17-29.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): **Tony DeNicola 3**, Mon. Club 13: **Elmer Snowden**, *tfn*.
El Condado (Trenton, N.J.): name groups, *wknds*.
Erie Social Club: **Lionel Hampton**, 3/16-18.
Krechmer's: **Billy Krechmer-Tommy Sims**, *hb*.
Open Hearth: **Ted Arnold-Don Michaelson**, *tfn*.
Paddock (Trenton): **Capital City 5**, Fri., Sat.
Pep's: **Dinah Washington**, 3/19-24. **Cannonball Adderley**, 3/26-31.
Red Hill Inn: **Mel Torme**, 3/16-18, 23-24. **Maynard Ferguson**, 3/30-4/1.
Show Boat: **John Coltrane**, 3/26-4/3.
The Mark (Morrisville): **Don McCargar**, Mon., Fri., Sat.

NEW ORLEANS

Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt** to 3/18.
Famous Door: **Sharkey Bonano**, **Murphy Campo**.
Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain**, *tfn*.
Joe Burton's: **Joe Burton**, *tfn*.
Midway: **Alvin Tyler**, *wknds*.
Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby**, *tfn*.
Prince Conti Motel: **Armand Hug**, *tfn*.
Playboy: **Al Belletto**, **Dave West**, *hb*. **Rusty Mayne**, Sun.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Silver Frolics: **Paul Ferrara**, *hb*, afterhours.

DETROIT

Alamo: **Joe Williams-Harry Edison**, 3/19-31.
Au Sable: **Jerry Robinson**, *tfn*.
Baker's Keyboard: **Nancy Wilson**, 3/19-31. **Jack Brokensha**, *hb*.
Checker Bar-B-Q: **Ronnie Phillips**, afterhours, *tfn*.
Drome: **Dorothy Ashby**, *tfn*.
Earl's Bar: **Frank Isola**, *tfn*.
52nd Show Bar: **Ronnie Phillips**, *tfn*.
Hobby Bar: **Terry Pollard**, *tfn*.
London Chop House: **Bobby Laurel**, *tfn*.
Minor Key (Flint): **Nina Simone** to 3/18.
Momo's: **Mel Ball**, *wknds*.
Omira: jazz night, Tues. **Tom Houghton**, *tfn*.
Roostertail: **George Prino**, *hb*.
Topper Lounge: **Phil Gaberman**, *tfn*.
Savoia: **Danny Stevenson**, *tfn*.
Trent's: **Alex Kallao** to 3/18. **Bess Bonnier**, 3/20-*tfn*.

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: **Bob Scobey**, **Art Hodes**, *tfn*.
Diamond Jim's (restaurant): **Chet Roble**, *tfn*.
Grapevine: **Lee Lind**, *tfn*.
Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): **Cy Touff**, Mon., Tues. **Cliff Niep**, Wed.-Sun.
Jazz Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt**, **Blanche Thomas**, *tfn*.
Franz Jackson, Thurs.
London House: **Marlan McPartland** to 3/18.
Teddy Wilson, 3/20-4/8. **Jose Bethancourt**, **Larry Novak**, *hb*.

McKie's: **John Coltrane** to 3/18. **Dexter Gordon**, 3/28-4/15. **Jimmy Smith**, 4/18-29.
Mister Kelly's: **Margaret Whiting**, 3/19-4/8. **Marty Rubenstein**, **John Frigo**, *hb*.
Pepper's Lounge: **Muddy Waters**, *wknds*.
Sutherland: **Gerry Mulligan** to 3/18. **Harold Ward**, **Tommy Ponce**, to 3/17. **Sonny Stitt**, 3/20-4/1. **Redd Foxx**, **Nancy Wilson**, 4/3-15. **Cannonball Adderley**, 4/17-29. **Miles Davis**, 5/1-13. **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross**, 5/15-27. **Moms Mabley**, 5/29-6/10. **Ramsey Lewis**, 6/5-17. **Joe Williams-Harry Edison** open 5/19.
Velvet Swing: **Nappy Trotter**, *tfn*.
Way Out: **Joyce London**, *tfn*.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: **Teddy Buckner**, *tfn*.
Beverly Hilton Hotel International Ballroom: **NAACP Benefit**. **Sammy Davis Jr.**, **Gerald Wilson**, 3/23.
Cascades (Belmont Shore): **Vince Wallace**, *wknds*.
Coachman Steak House (Riverside): **Edgar Hayes**, *tfn*.
Cocoanut Grove: **Freddy Martin**, *hb*.
Flower Drum: **Paul Togawa**, **Marty Harris**, **Bill Plummer**, *tfn*. Sessions, Sun.
Hollywood Palladium: **Lawrence Welk**, *wknds*.
Hermosa Inn: **The Saints**, *wknds*.
Kings Surf (Santa Monica): **Jack Millman** to 3/31.
Le Grand Theatre: Afterhours sessions, Fri., Sat. Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey**, *hb*. Guest groups, Sun.
Losers: **Sandi Garner**, **Charlie Shoemaker**, Sun.
Mardi Gras Steak House (Orange): **Johnny Lane**, *wknds*.
Melody Room: **Kellie Greene**, *tfn*.
Nickelodeon: **Sunset Jazz Band**, *wknds*.
Page Cavanaugh's: **Page Cavanaugh**, *hb*. **Wini Beatty**, **Bob Bates**, *tfn*.
PJ's: **Eddie Cano**, *tfn*.
Red Carpet Room: **Richie Goldberg**, Mon.
Renaissance: **Art Blakey** to 3/18.
Roaring '20s: **Ray Bauduc**, **Pud Brown**, *tfn*.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dennis**, **Marvin Jenkins**, **Bob Martin**, *tfn*. Sessions, Mon.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shelly Manne**, **Ruth Price**, *wknds*. **Red Mitchell-Harold Land**, Mon. **Dexter Gordon**, Tues. **Buddy Collette**, Weds. **Herb Ellis-Claude Williamson**, Thurs.
Sheraton West: **Red Nichols** to 3/31.
Sherry's: **Pete Jolly**, *tfn*.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): Sessions, Sun.
Statler-Hilton: **Skinny Ennis**, *hb*.
Summit: **Cal Tjader** opens 3/22. **Dizzy Gillespie** opens 5/4.
Storyville (Pomona): **Roy Martin**, **Tailgate Ramblers**, *tfn*.
Windy's Windjammer (Sunset Beach): **John Alfano**, **Earl Treichel**, **Rick Mattox**, Fri., Sat. Sessions, Sun.
Winners: **Don Randi**, *tfn*.
Zebra Lounge: **Jazz Crusaders**, *tfn*.
23 Skidoo: **Excelsior Banjo Five**, *tfn*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: **George Shearing** to 4/8. **Oscar Peterson**, 4/10-29. **Modern Jazz Quartet**, 5/8-20.
Dizzy Gillespie, 5/22-6/10. **Miles Davis**, 6/12-7/1.
Black Sheep: **Earl Hines**, *wknds*.
Coffee Gallery: **Norman Williams**, *tfn*.
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy**, **Pat Yankee**, **Clancy Hayes**, *tfn*.
Executive Suite: **Chris Ibanez**, *tfn*.
Fairmont Hotel: **Lena Horne** to 4/11. **Pearl Bailey**, 4/12-5/2.
Hangover: **Muggsy Spanier-Ralph Sutton**, *tfn*.
Jazz Workshop: **Sonny Rollins** to 3/25. **Thelonious Monk**, 4/3-15. **Three Sounds**, 4/17-29.
Palace Hotel: **Mary Lou Williams** to 3/31. **Red Nichols**, 4/2-6/30.
Pier 23: **Burt Bates**, *tfn*.
Sugar Hill: **Mose Allison** to 4/21.
Two C's House of Jazz: **Larry Vukovich**, *wknds*.
Left Bank (Oakland): **Paul Humphrey**, *wknds*.
San Marco (Oakland): **Fred Cummings**, *tfn*.
Suite 14 (Oakland): **Al Zulaica**, *tfn*.
Monkey Inn (Berkeley): **Dixieland combo**, *wknds*.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): various jazz groups, Sun.-Thurs. **Bill Weisjahn**, *wknds*.
Tsubo (Berkeley): **The Group**, *tfn*.
The Indies (Irvington): **John Blodau**, *wknds*.
The Palace (Sausalito): **Bryce Rohde**, *wknds*.
Trident (Sausalito): **Vince Guaraldi**, *wknds*.
Zack's (Sausalito): **Jim Purcell**, *tfn*.

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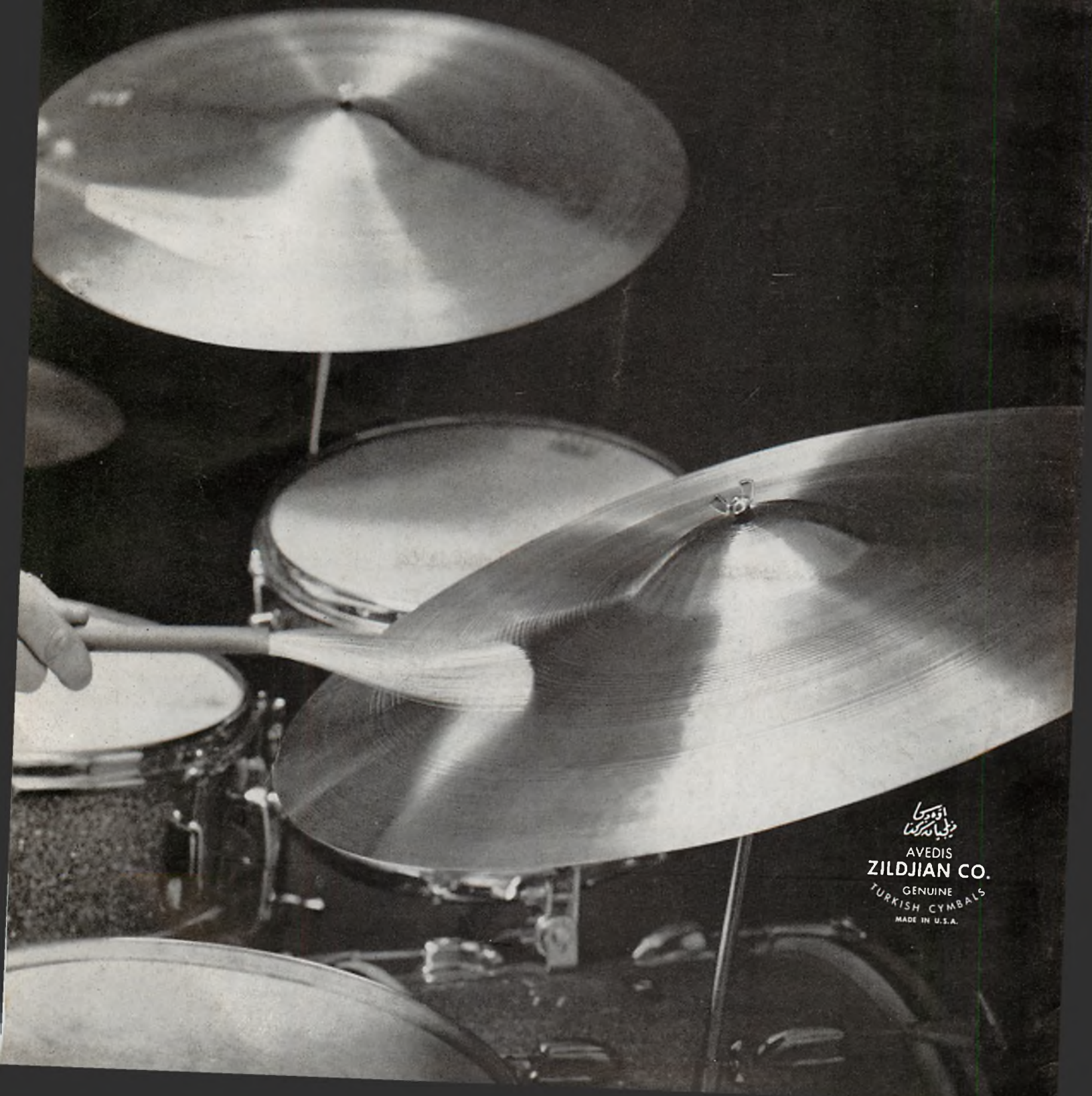
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