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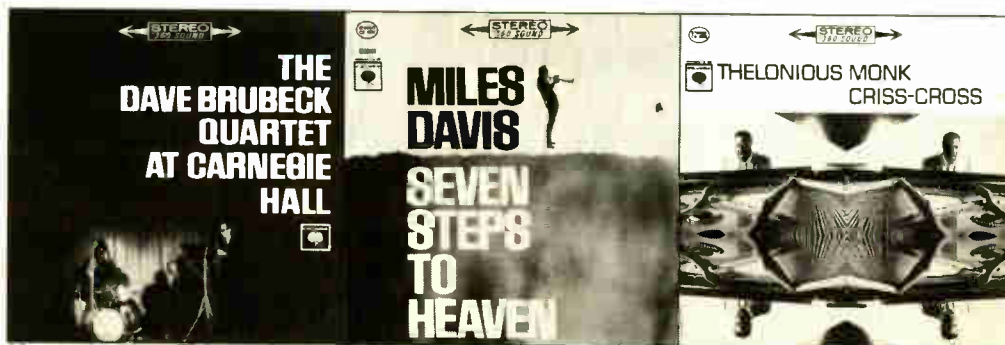


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down beat's MUSIC



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IF YOUR LIVING DEPENDED ON IT,

Top row, left to right: Jim Amlotte, trombone, Stan Kenton Band; Cat Anderson, trumpet, Duke Ellington Band; Wayne Andre, trombone, N.Y.C. artist; Myron Bloom, Fr. horn, Cleveland Symph.; William Brown, Fr. horn, N.Y.C. artist; Morton Bullman, trombone, CBS, N.Y.C.; Harry Carney, sax, Duke Ellington Band; Vincent Clarke, trombone, Montreal Symph.; Bill Corti, trombone, Chicago artist; Vincent DeRosa, Fr. horn, Hollywood artist; Joseph Eger, Fr. horn, concert artist; Don Elliott, mellophonium, N.Y. TV & recording artist; Maynard Ferguson, trumpet, Maynard Ferguson Band; Herb Flemming, trombone, N.Y. artist. Second row: Charles Fowlkes, sax, Count Basie Band; Frank Franano, Fr. horn, K.C. Starlight Symphony; Bud Freeman, sax, New York artist; Pnina God, trumpet, Sammy Kaye Orch.; Marvin Gold, trombone, New York TV & recording artist; Herbie Harper, trombone, Hollywood TV & recording artist; Bill Harris, trombone, Las Vegas artist; Wes Hensel, trumpet, Las Vegas artist; Bill Hughes, trombone, Count Basie Band; Charles Larnutti, Fr. horn, Phil. Orch.; Freddy Martin, sax, Freddy Martin Orch.; Joe Masek, sax, Chicago artist; Lew McCreary, trombone, CBS, Hollywood; Murray McEachern, trombone, Hollywood TV & recording artist; Irving Miller, trombone, K.C. Phil. Third row: Marty Mitchell, clarinet, Detroit artist; Keith Moon, trombone, Las Vegas artist; Turk Murphy, trombone, Turk Murphy Band; Bob Nagel, trumpet, N.Y. Brass Quintet; Dick Nash, trombone, Hollywood TV & recording artist; Dick Noel, trombone, Hollywood TV & recording artist; Bill Page, sax, Lawrence Welk Band; Porky Panico, trumpet, CBS, Chicago; Emie Passoja, trombone, Chicago artist; Tommy Pederson, trombone, Hollywood TV & recording artist; Byron Peebles, trombone, L.A. Phil.; Bill Perkins, sax, Hollywood TV & recording artist; Bobby Plater, sax, Lionel Hampton Band; Benny Powell, trombone, N.Y. artist. Bottom row: David Remington, trombone, Dave Remington Band; Elmer Ronka, trombone, Hollywood TV & recording artist; Frank Rosolino, trombone, Hollywood TV and recording artist; Marshal Royal, sax, Count Basie Band; Babe Russin, sax, ABC-TV, Hollywood; Ray Sims, trombone, Harry James Band; Butch Stone, sax, Les Brown Band; James Tankersley, Fr. horn, Houston Symph.; Ross Taylor, Fr. horn, San Fran. Symph.; Jack Teagarden, trombone, Jack Teagarden Band; Dave Uber, trombone, N.Y.C. Ballet; Roy Waas, Fr. horn, Cleveland Symph.; Eddie Webb, trumpet, WJR, Detroit; Frank Wess, sax, Count Basie Band; Cootie Williams, cornet, Duke Ellington Band.



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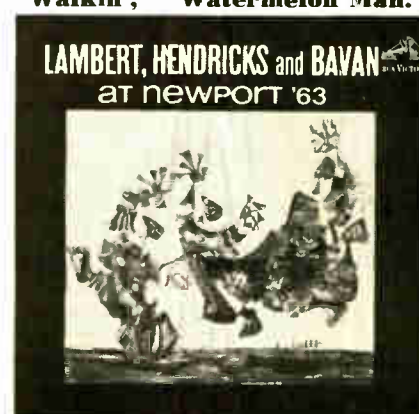
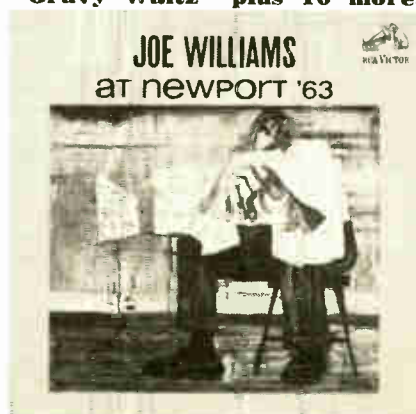
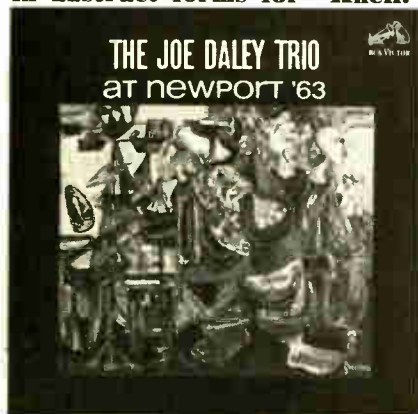


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THE YEAR

AN AIR OF DISCONTENT overhung the jazz community during 1963. Much of it had its base in the general lack of job opportunities for jazzmen. True, the handful of financially successful musicians continued to do well, but the majority found it harder and harder to make their daily bread playing jazz. Most had to depend on work in jazz clubs for subsistence, and business was not what it used to be. Perhaps as signs of the times, three long-established clubs closed their doors in 1963: the Black Hawk in San Francisco, the Sutherland Lounge in Chicago, and Nick's in New York City, the last-named being the oldest jazz night club in the country.

But it was not only the scarcity of work that led to discontent; there also was a pervading something's-in-the-air-musically feeling, so strong at times that one could almost touch it. There was no doubt that the music was undergoing change; the amount of experimentation, particularly by young musicians, would surely lead to something. (Some of the older jazzmen felt it already had led to something—the ruin of the jazz business. But that feeling seemed more a sign of age than anything else.) That young jazz musicians were getting across to some listeners could be seen in the number of them making their first appearance in *Down Beat's* Readers Poll.

This work crisis is a recurring thing in jazz. It's as if forced leisure time is periodically needed so that musicians can take their eyes from the cash register long enough to look at the music.

Further, the bad business in clubs might indicate that the era of night clubs as noisy recital halls is ending. Certainly most jazzmen expressed thoughts that they and the music would be better off presented in concerts. In the meantime, members of the New York avant garde took to Greenwich Village coffeehouses and lofts to play their music for audiences.

What seemed most needed for young and old jazzmen alike was an organization to look after the best interests of all. The Conference of Jazz, started hopefully at the 1962 Newport Jazz Festival, would have been able to do much good for jazz if it had been supported and if it had survived 1963. But it didn't, and all its laudable goals died with it.

Some musicians felt the European grass looked greener in 1963 and left to take up residence there, usually with a parting shot about the economic—and social—conditions for jazzmen in the United States. Among those joining such musicians as Don Byas, Kenny Clarke, Albert Nicholas, Idrees Sulieman, Bud Powell, and Herb Geller as European residents—at least temporarily—were trumpeter Donald Byrd, who said he intends to study with Nadia Boulanger, as well as play in Paris; tenor saxophonist Johnny Griffin; Dexter Gordon, who spent much of the year as reigning jazzman in Copenhagen, Denmark; drummer Art Taylor and bassist Leroy Vinnegar, who crossed the Atlantic together; and reed man Leo Wright.

Two expatriates returned here during the year—tenor man Lucky Thompson after several years as a Parisian, and singer Helen Merrill, who had spent the last couple years in Europe and Japan. But despite occasional rumors—"Bud's coming home," "Klook says he's going to come back," etc.—there was no sign that Europe had lost its attraction for most American musicians living there.

Europe also provided a good deal of work for touring U.S. musicians. Among those visiting the continent and/or Britain during the year were

Don DeMicheal takes a retrospective view of jazz events during 1963.

IN REVIEW



Duke Ellington and His Band, who toured triumphantly; Erroll Garner, who repeated his 1962 successes; Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan; Gunther Schuller, as guest lecturer and conductor in several Eastern European countries; Don Ellis, who upset clubowners, waiters, journalists, and public with his musical "happenings," which included pouring salt into a piano; Jeanne Lee and Ran Blake, who met with more success than they ever had in this country; Bud Freeman, Dizzy Gillespie, and Buck Clayton at the Manchester, England, festival; Quincy Jones; Sonny Stitt; Count Basie; John Coltrane; Roland Kirk; Miles Davis; the New York Contemporary Five, which included avant gardists Don Cherry, trumpet, and Archie Shepp, tenor saxophone; a bevy of blues singers, including Big Joe Williams and Muddy Waters; Bud Shank; Sarah Vaughan; and Babs Gonzales.

Toshiko and Charlie Mariano went to Tokyo, Japan, to live and raise a family, which rose from two to three in September. Japan also became a greater source of tour exposure for U.S. jazz, when Count Basie, Jimmy Witherspoon, Thelonious Monk, Jimmy Rushing, Max Roach, Quincy Jones, and Lionel Hampton visited there during 1963.

But Europe and Japan couldn't absorb all jazz musicians who might want to go there. In fact, there were definite signs that the bad business afflicting clubs here was just as common in Europe. And Japan never has had clubs where live jazz was played, though there are a number of coffeehouse-like establishments that feature jazz on records.

On the other side of the U.S. business coin, the two major festivals held in this country during 1963—those held at Newport, R.I., and Monterey, Calif.—were financial successes. Neither was a wholly musical success, however.

The Newport festival depended on names to draw crowds, and they did. (The folk festival held at the resort town featured many non-name attractions and outdrew the jazz festival by thousands of attendees.) The jazz programs were so packed—and long—that listeners grew weary. Added to this was the overuse of the stage as a recording studio by companies eager to capture the excitement (if there was any) of a festival appearance by their artists.

There were what could have been interesting combinations of musicians—such as Pee Wee Russell with Thelonious Monk, and Coleman Hawkins with Sonny Rollins—but little, if any, rehearsal time was available to or, in some cases, sought by the musicians.

The Monterey festival offered more interesting programs than Newport but also suffered from lack of rehearsal as well as a hectic what's-happening-next? aura. Neither festival brought forth anything startling or gave much room to the avant garde; it was as if conservatism had taken hold of both.

JAZZ RECORD SALES nosedived in 1963. The glutted market almost collapsed under overproduction. Several jazz record companies were rumored for sale, sold, about to file for bankruptcy, or in the act of disappearing. But none were sold, and none went bankrupt. At least one, Charlie Parker Records, disappeared—or rather nothing was heard from it after the first few months of the year.

The summer months were the roughest for the companies, but with the coming of colder weather and less-ambitious release schedules, most companies appeared as if they would survive—at least till the next crisis.

The over-all quality of jazz releases was as high as 1962's. But where before a record might be made up of, say, four or five selections, there was a marked tendency to make short tracks—not so much for artistic reasons or because critics had been bemoaning the monotony of blowing sessions by musicians with little to say, but because a short track had a chance of being played on the air.

The power of disc jockeys to help record sales became something to respect among a&r men and companies who had, in the past, prided themselves on their artistic achievements. "Hit" mentality was beginning to take over the jazz record business.

There had been hit jazz singles in the past, but these had been more or less accidents, unpredictably attractive to a large number of general record buyers. But with the success of a few singles, some a&r men began producing records that were made with only one goal in mind—the best-seller charts. No gimmick was too unmusical to use in trying to get a hit, no distortion or debasement of talent—either the musician's or the a&r man's—was given much consideration. Nor did it seem as though any consideration was given the fact that the records that did hit were usually honest, ungimmicked, and made with musical sincerity.

In the unsettled atmosphere of the record industry, young, unhackneyed musicians found it difficult to get a record date, while many of the middle-

aged—usually the most clichéd—jazzmen seemingly lived in the studios plying their craft. Few of the avant garde had record contracts, and the prospects of their getting any dimmed during the year. A similar situation obtained for the old jazzmen; few companies were interested in taking a chance on recording veterans of, for example, the Chicago school.

Unfortunately, the companies had undeniable points in their favor about records by the avant garde and the old-timers not being salable on the market—more a comment on the jazz public than the companies.

But if young experimentalists had few opportunities to display their talents, the young school musicians did—in the many excellent college big bands and extracurricular small groups. The quality of college musicians was displayed at two college jazz festivals in 1963—those held at Villanova University, near Philadelphia, and the University of Notre Dame in South Bend, Ind.

The big bands heard at these festivals still reflected the impress of Stan Kenton and standard big-band orientations, such as Count Basie's and Woody Herman's, but in the small groups the young musicians showed the influence of more modern musicians—among them some of the most deep-dyed avant gardism.

In all, the prospect of tomorrow's provocative musicians being produced by the schools seemed even greater in 1963 than 1962. One could almost envision a coming clash of interests between the generally conservative band directors and the more adventurous students.

And there was an abrupt clash of interest within the usually closed-ranks stage-band movement when Stan Kenton disassociated himself from the National Stage Band Camps, of which Kenton Clinics had been the whole show since the camps' inception five years ago. The bandleader, a father figure in the stage-band movement, charged, among other things, that he and other camp personnel were not allowed to see the camp's financial statements. Ken Morris, president of the nonprofit corporation that runs the camps, expressed dismay at Kenton's charges and said that Kenton had indeed seen financial statements.

Despite Kenton's withdrawal, the camps are scheduled to be held in 1964, but the clinics will be called the Summer Jazz Clinics. If nothing else, the dispute led to the use of the term jazz, which had been carefully avoided in past years by the camps.

WHAT HAD LOOKED like official recognition by the U.S. government of jazz' importance and artistic validity in 1962 came to almost nought in '63. The shakeup in the State Department's cultural presentations division—which in 1962 had sent Benny Goodman to Russia, Paul Winter to Latin America, and Cozy Cole to Africa, all to resounding successes—led not to greater use of jazz on State Department tours but to less.

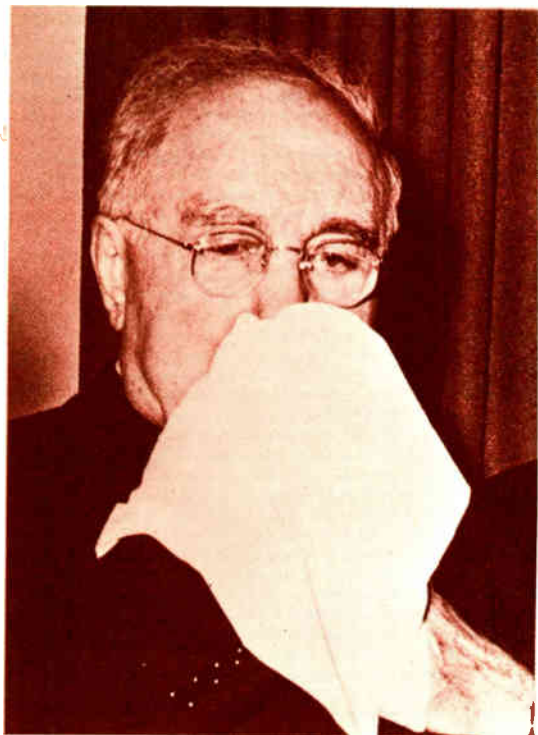
The presentations division had offered Duke Ellington or Count Basie to the USSR for a 1963 tour, but the Soviets rejected both. The department then announced that Ellington would be sent on a tour of the Middle East and southern Asia. But this was the only jazz tour during the year, despite the prior successes racked up by Goodman, Winter, and Cole. When chided about this, the cultural presentations division mumbled something about a lot of jazz in the past and spreading the tour work more evenly, but no reasonable explanation was ever forthcoming. As if to add insult to injury, when President Kennedy was assassinated, the Ellington tour was immediately halted, supposedly in keeping with the 30-day national mourning period, but other tours in progress—the Joffrey Ballet and Jose Limon dance troupes, the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, and the Dorian Quintet—were allowed to continue. It made one wonder if, despite all the evidence to the contrary, the State Department still thought of jazz as some sort of frivolous music, all right in its place, but not really to be taken seriously.

At year's end there was no indication that jazz would fare any better in 1964 among the Washington bureaucrats than it did in 1963. And with national elections upcoming in 1964, what with the vigorous opposition by some members of Congress to the State Department's cultural presentations program and particularly to its use of jazz, one could wager that there would be even less jazz sent overseas by the government.

Paul Winter, who had labored hard in the Washington vineyards for greater use of jazz by government, publicly suggested that, in effect, jazzmen give up on the State Department and seek private funds from foundations and corporations for overseas ambassadorial work. There was no stampede to be the first to give money to the cause, however.

But if jazz had its problems with the government, they were as nothing





compared with the problems the American Federation of Musicians had with many of its members during the year. It can be said, without reservation, that it was a tough year for the union.

Perhaps in the it's-time-for-changes spirit that swept the country in the civil-rights demonstrations, union members began to question and sue—mostly the latter—their union.

One of the bones of contention had been long-standing—the 10 percent surcharge imposed by the union on all bands playing in a jurisdiction other than their home locals. A group of orchestra leaders centered in New York City successfully had the surcharge, or traveling tax, rescinded by gaining a court injunction against the AFM's collecting it. The union, obviously seeing the handwriting on the wall, abolished the surcharge and then introduced a set of resolutions at its June convention that would, among other things, raise the prime initiation fee (that part of the initiation fee sent by a local to the federation) and the per-capita tax (the annual amount paid to the federation by a local for each of its members). The resolutions were designed to make up revenue that would be lost because of the travel-tax abolishment.

The reaction was varied among the locals, which had to come up with some means of getting the money to pay the per-capita increase, probably through dues increases, things never easy to get passed by the memberships. Some threatened disaffiliation. Others, caught in the bind between their members' refusal to increase dues and the AFM's financial levies, threw up their hands in despair.

A group of dissidents in New York City obtained a court order voiding the per-capita increase because the proposed resolutions were not presented to convention delegates 30 days in advance of the convention.

The union revolt—and it was revolt—has been long coming. It has been growing for a number of years among younger members of the union. The first group of dissidents to break the hold of entrenched union officials won its victory over James C. Petrillo in Chicago in December, 1962. The casting out of Petrillo, who had been head of Chicago's Local 10 for 40 years and who also had been president of the AFM for a number of eventful years, gave heart to other groups battling their locals. And it seems that if the entrenched ones in locals all over the country are not turned out, at least the demands of the younger—and full-time professional—musicians will be heard and probably accepted.

As if all this were not enough, the AFM had an integration headache to cure also.

Herman D. Kenin, the AFM president, for some time has urged that where there are white and Negro locals in a single city these locals merge. Early in 1963 he made a speech in which he said that it was now a matter of AFM policy that no local could refuse membership to any musician because of his race. Within a short time after the speech, a delegation of musicians from Chicago's Negro Local 208 asked for and received membership in Local 10. Officials of 208 were not long in accusing the newly elected Local 10 officials of stealing members. At one point, the president of 208 declared that members of that local could not simultaneously belong to 208 and 10. Kenin immediately announced that they could and that Chicago had better get its merger problems straight by March, 1964, or the federation—Kenin—would see to it that the two locals became one. Columbus, Ohio, had a similar situation existing between its two locals.

The irony of the integration fight within the union is that the opposition comes not from the white locals but from the Negro local officials, who, seemingly, do not want to give up their jobs. Whether or not they would have to give up their jobs when integration comes is unknown, but it is a definite possibility.

IN ALL, THEN, a not-so-good year in the jazz world, one made even sadder by the number of deaths among jazz figures: pianist Sonny Clark, tenor saxophonist Ike Quebec, drummer Specs Wright, bassist Addison Farmer, trumpeter June Clark, pianist Herbie Nichols, tenor saxophonist Gene Sedric, trombonist Eddie Edwards, trumpeter Bob Scobey, tenor saxophonist Nicky Hill, bassist Curtis Counce, altoist Pete Brown, trumpeter Joe Gordon, leader Luis Russell, vocalist Dinah Washington, and pianist Wade Legge. Among those connected in various degrees to the jazz world who died during the year were clubowners Jimmy Ryan and Oscar Marienthal, ballroom operator Tom Archer, arranger Axel Stordhal, and record-industry figures Bill Grauer, Jack Crystal, and Frank B. Walker.

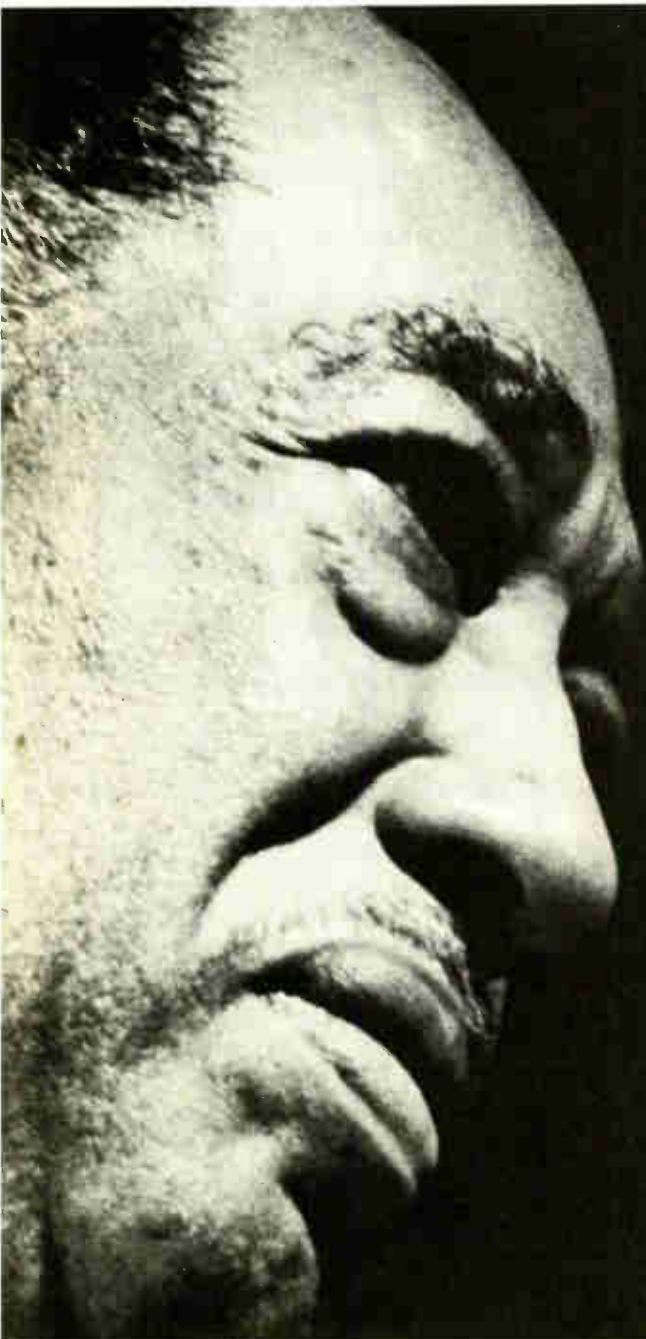
But if nothing else, the tough times of 1963 made for an optimistic 1964 outlook—things have got to get better. □

Jazzmen of the Year

Jazz' quality during 1963 was high. The number of fine musicians active in the field seemingly increases as each year goes by. But in any given year, there usually are only a few who clearly outdistance their fellows in achievement. It is these who stand out and deserve the accolade Jazzmen of the Year, a commendation awarded annually by **Down Beat's** staff of editors—Don DeMicheal, Pete Welding, John Tynan, Ira Gitler, and Leonard Feather

—to those jazzmen the editors feel have enjoyed a year of particularly important musical accomplishment.

Those who have been named Jazzmen of the Year in the past are John Coltrane in 1961, Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, and Sonny Rollins—all in 1962. This year, as last, three musicians are commended for their efforts during the year: Duke Ellington, Woody Herman, and Bill Evans. Each, in his own way, has contributed valuably to jazz.



If any of the many years Duke Ellington has been a major force in jazz can be termed outstanding, this past year must be among the candidates. During the year the 64-year-old leader made two extended tours, one in Europe and one for the U.S. State Department in the Middle East and India; composed music for a production of *Timon of Athens* at the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Ontario; adapted and added to his *Black, Brown, and Beige* suite for a stage production, *My People*, honoring the centennial of the Emancipation Proclamation; supervised several recording dates in his capacity as a&r man for Reprise; and was named to first-place awards as big-band leader and arranger/composer in both *Down Beat's* Readers Poll and International Jazz Critics Poll.

Contributing Editor Leonard Feather said he voted for Ellington because "he is the musician of *every* year; because this was the year that the State Department finally acknowledged the fact; but most of all, because his music continued to set a standard by which everyone else had to be gauged."

Terming Ellington one of the truly phenomenal men of jazz, Editor Don DeMicheal cited the amount of work accomplished by Ellington during the year as the major reason for voting for him. As to the quality of that work, DeMicheal said, "It would seem that Duke does his best under the greatest pressure."

Associate Editor John A. Tynan commented that he was impressed with Duke's undiminished vigor in following the jazz muse in his own ways. His tours of Europe and for the State Department demonstrate his determination to disseminate American Negro music, to use his own term, to as wide an international audience as possible."

Duke Ellington

Woody Herman

The return of Woody Herman to the upper echelons of big-band jazz was among the most dramatic occurrences in the jazz world during 1963. Some critics were shouting the praises of the band in 1962, but the wave of acceptance broke on jazz shores in 1963.

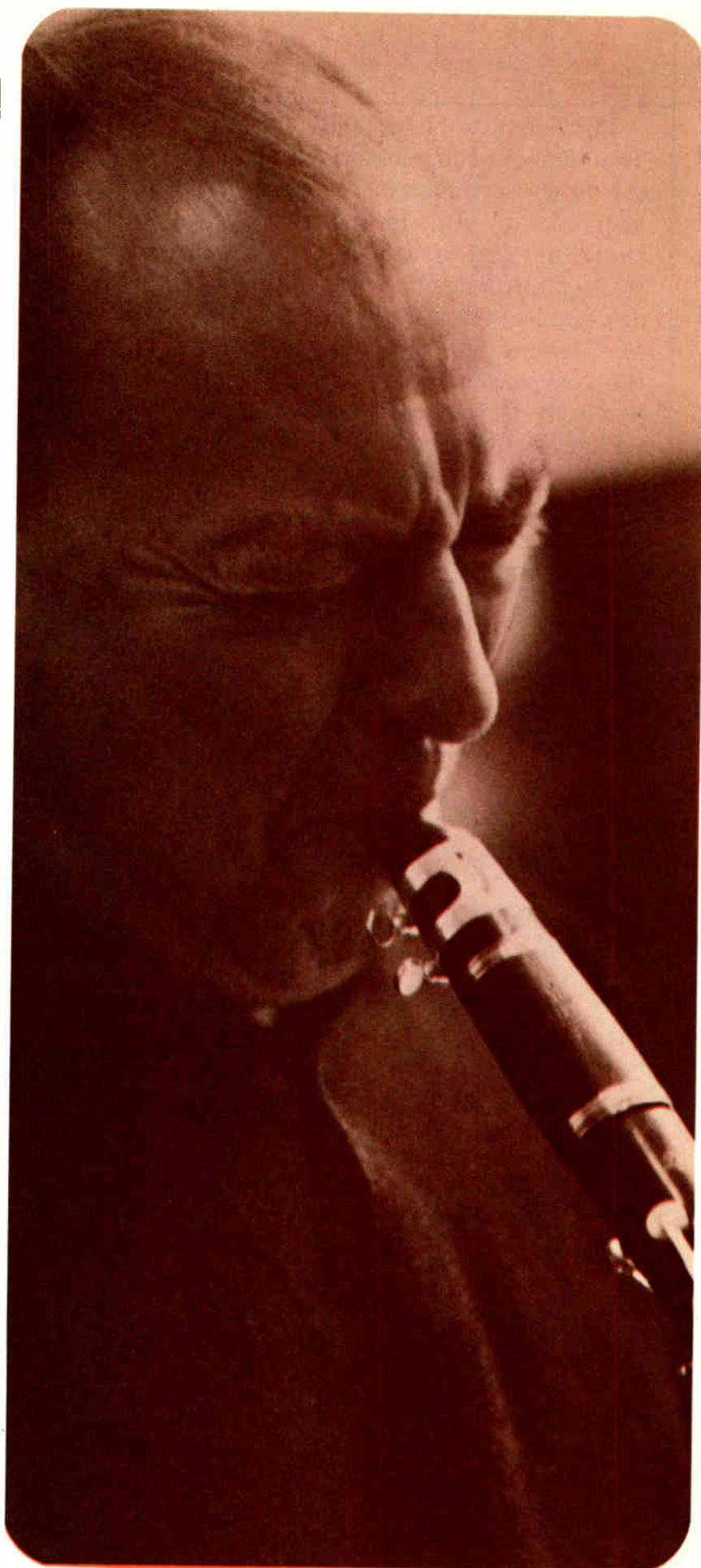
Assistant Editor Welding described well the band's impact when he said, "Woody Herman and his roaring, free-booting band are keeping alive—and very much alive (no beating a dead horse, they!)—one of the most exciting, spirited sounds in all of jazz: that of a big, full-throated band in all its screaming, exultant power. This present Herman Herd swings with all the gusto, shouting intensity, and infectious enthusiasm of the first Herd—yet does so within the framework of all that has occurred since. The excellence of its book and soloists notwithstanding, what I like most about this band are its bite and drive, two qualities all too lamentably absent from most similar-sized aggregations in recent years."

Feather named many of the same qualities as Welding in casting a vote for Herman and added, "It was, in a sense, a comeback year for him as a leader of a permanently organized big band."

In naming Herman as one of his choices for Jazzman of the Year, Associate Editor Ira Gitler said he voted for the bandleader "for his perennial youthful outlook and his ability to continually put together bands of a quality and a fire that embody a surging, happy jazz spirit."

Tynan echoed Gitler's words when he said, "Herman's present band is happy evidence that quality, true quality, will ever be at a premium and that invariably Woody Herman has a corner on the quality market."

DeMicheal commented, "The impression made by Herman's band during the year made him an automatic choice for the award, as far as I was concerned. It was a year that came as just reward for all the recent years Woody has struggled to keep a big band going. His love of big-band jazz and his ability to put together and inspire 15 men overcome whatever limitations he has as a clarinetist. The two fine albums by the Herman band released this year also serve as testament to his 1963 accomplishments."



Bill Evans

In the last four years pianist Evans, 34, has steadily grown as an artist.

Evans, who also was chosen as No. 1 pianist in *Down Beat's* 1963 International Jazz Critics Poll, is cited as a Jazzman of the Year because the promise of his work since he first became known in jazz bloomed in magnificent fulfillment in 1963.

There were several excellent records issued that featured him, either as leader or as sideman. The records cast Evans in a number of musical contexts, from blowing session to his own well-knit trio. The two outstanding records involving Evans were a duet album he did with Jim Hall, *Undercurrents*, and the astounding *Conversations with Myself*, a set of three-way, thanks to overdubbing, solo piano excursions.

Gitler termed the *Conversations* album "a masterpiece of logic, beauty, and swing, a brilliant tour de force."

Tynan commented that he voted for Evans "for dissipating the last vestiges of doubt—if there were any—that he has become the most influential pianist in jazz. He has prodded contemporary jazz pianists to seek out fresh avenues of expression and to break away from old habits of thought in their playing."

In naming Evans one of his choices for Jazzman of the Year, DeMicheal said, "There is no doubting that Evans is the most important pianist in jazz today. His graceful style has been emulated by pianists the world over. That alone would mark him as a jazzman of stature, but in 1963 Evans' influence became even more pronounced than it had in years past." DeMicheal closed his remarks with, "I hope the success he enjoyed in 1963 will continue and that Bill will use the responsibility that comes with it to best advantage."

Welding said he hadn't heard Evans in person during the year, but the several remarkable Evans' albums released in 1963 convinced him that the pianist was playing at a "level of artistry and creativity that is among the highest within memory." Welding added, "The introspective calm of his usual style has been implemented with a more forthrightly rhythmic approach and a certain sense of joyous, but quiet, abandon that I find particularly invigorating. If possible, Evans seemed more assured, his singing lyricism brighter and more buoyant."



A penetrating essay by Gene Lees on **THE**

CORRUPTION **OF ART**

LATE IN 1963 Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall addressed a symposium sponsored by the Manhattan School of Music in New York City. Udall said, among other things:

"We must find time, amid the tumult and tension of the cold war, to encourage those pursuits that might inspire a cultural revolution to equal the amazing revolution of contemporary science."

He was quoted in newspaper accounts as saying that if the United States is to become a noble nation, "we must allow art and philosophy to flourish."

Unless Udall chose his words with extraordinary carelessness, his observations suggest (a) that the United States has not yet become a noble nation and (b) that art and philosophy are not finding a particularly favorable environment in this country now.

A few months before Udall made that speech, music critic Harold Schoenberg attacked as a myth the so-called cultural explosion in this country. In an article for *The Saturday Evening Post*, Schoenberg rattled off all the statistics that are usually cited to prove that the United States has become an enormously cultured nation—the country has 1,200 symphony orchestras, 71 cultural centers, more persons attending concerts than baseball games, and so forth. Then he tore them apart.

"A cold, hard look at the facts," he wrote, "indicates that a good deal of the cultural explosion is as phony as a robe in a full-dress suit. The external trappings are there but not the content. Indeed, if Broadway is an example, a good case can be put forward that the American public will support only light entertainment. The serious, thought-provoking play is generally the one with the shortest life—if it ever gets to Broadway at all."

Schoenberg dissected the statistical fiction that Americans have become a nation of readers, citing Gallup Poll figures of February, 1962, showing that fewer than half the people interviewed had read a single book in the preceding 12 months.

"Did you ever try to pick up good music on your car radio?" Schoenberg asked. "Try. And consider the money we spent on classical recordings: \$100 million annually. This sounds substantial; yet in the *Billboard* weekly survey of best-selling records it is very seldom that a classical disc appears; and when it does, it is 35th or so on the list."

As for the spectacular figure of 1,200 symphony orchestras in the United States, he points out that perhaps only a dozen can support their musicians with a yearly living wage. "The vast majority of 1,200 are semiprofessional groups that give very few concerts."

Of some 50 brilliant young concert pianists that the United States has produced since World War II, Schoenberg said, "Perhaps six can make a living giving concerts."

Now, it happens that Schoenberg knows nothing of jazz, a fact ascertained in a conversation with him some time ago, and is not particularly interested in popular culture. If he were, he would know that the case he made in his essay obtains in nonclassical music as well.

Many of America's finest jazzmen are leaving the country. Kenny Clarke, Don Byas, Keg Johnson, Bill Coleman, and Bud Powell have lived in Europe for years; lately a new stream of refugees has been joining them. Within the last year or so, trumpeter Donald Byrd, bassist Leroy Vinnegar, drummer Arthur Taylor, and saxophonists Johnny Griffin, Sahib Shihab, and Dexter Gordon have left to live in Europe.

Benny Bailey, the trumpeter, returned from Sweden two years ago, surveyed the American dilemma, and went back to Europe. Trumpeter Art Farmer, who had to sell his car recently to meet some of his bills, has been thinking of leaving.

All these men are Negroes, and racial pressure in the United States has much to do with their leaving. But so has economics—fiscal pressure hits the Negro first. Byrd and Taylor are both fairly close friends of mine, and racial discrimination at the emotional level had less to do with their departure than the fact that they simply could not make a living here. Furthermore, some white musicians have lately begun to wonder if they should leave America—alto saxophonist Phil Woods, for one, has been pondering it. Saxophonist Herb Geller made his decision in favor of Europe last year.

Of those jazzmen who remain, the majority of the good ones must make their living from studio work, playing on rock-and-roll record dates, and recording jingles—the music, usually odious, used in television and radio commercials. Their talents have been reduced to helping sell Durr, Flonistan, and Ford. Some former jazzmen—Chicago pianist Dick Marx, for example—have given up playing altogether to write music for commercials. The simple fact is that it has become almost impossible to make a full-time living playing jazz in the United States today.

These are aspects of American art that do not concern Schoenberg. But they do concern many of us.

Commentary magazine recently carried an article on the shrinkage of the night-club business to almost nothing. The article was humorous in tone, indicating perhaps that the magazine and the article's author did not understand the significance of the observations.

Since vaudeville was killed by the movies, night clubs have served as the training ground for pop singers, jazz musicians, and comedians. Their disappearance is so serious that singer-pianist Nat Cole has said several times that if he were trying to get started in the music business today, he probably couldn't make it. He expressed worried wonder about where tomorrow's talent will come from.

THESE AND MANY OTHER signs add up to an inescapable conclusion: the arts in this country are in serious trouble. Why?

Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, who last year put aside his tenor saxophone to become a booking agent for Shaw Artists, offered an explanation recently.

"People in this country," he said, "no longer have any respect for the artist. Years ago when they came to a night club, they admired the man on the bandstand. Today they think, 'So who's he? I make as much money as he does.' And so they do. In fact, the way things are now, they probably make more."

Davis' comment touches on the problem. But it is only the beginning of it. What is ruining the arts in the United States—jazz, television, popular music, the theater—is materialism, plain and simple. A materialism so pervasive that a record or television company will evaluate an artist only in terms of how much money he can make for them, and the public will evaluate him only in terms of how much money he makes for himself. In his 19th-century masterpiece, *Democracy in America*, Alexis De Tocqueville foresaw what egalitarianism and materialism would eventually do to the arts in the United States. Ortega y Gasset detailed the process in his *Revolt of the Masses*, written in the early 1930s. He discussed it again in his classic essay *The Dehumanization of the Arts*.

Look magazine recently devoted a large part of an issue to the moral crisis now facing the country.

These problems are becoming so obvious that even the slick magazines are taking note of them. Part of the *Look* treatment dealt with that crisis as it affects business. What is the businessman to do when he is given two alternatives—one that is morally sound but which does not guarantee a profit, another that is morally wrong but will certainly turn a profit? In far and away the greatest majority of cases, he will opt for sure profits.

In the record industry, this means that if an a&r man is confronted with a choice between making a bad record that is sure to make money and a good one that entails profit risk, the bad record will almost always get the nod.

Many a&r men in popular music and jazz are untalented parasites. There are others, however, who are genuinely gifted—and yet produce bad records.

To my mind, the most gifted a&r man in the business is Creed Taylor of Verve records. Intelligent, perceptive, sensitive, and trained as a musician, Taylor brings his skills to bear at a record date by functioning rather like the producer-director of a movie. He has demonstrated a unique capacity to get the best from his artists.

Taylor is the man who got from Bill Evans the two best albums the pianist has made—*Empathy* and *Conversations with Myself*. Yet, Taylor also made the worst record Evans ever did, an LP of the themes from *The V.I.P.s* and other movies, which features some dreadful



Record producer Creed Taylor

Mantovani-cum-Fabian arrangements by Claus Ogerman. Taylor also has produced some of the finest records Stan Getz has ever made, including *Focus* and *Big Band Bossa Nova*—and, lately, some of the worst Getz records, including a dreary disc made with what one musician described as "a bordello-style vocal group." Taylor also made that discouraging Kai Winding recording of *More*.

Musicians are puzzled by Taylor—by this seeming esthetic schizophrenia. They needn't be. The quality albums Taylor has produced (some of which, be it noted, have been quite successful commercially) reflect his own esthetic conscience, his talent functioning at its highest level. The bad albums reflect front-office pressure on him to produce records that will sell *quickly* and well, thereby making a *fast* buck for the company.

The result is a corruption not only of the talents of such men as Evans, Winding, and Getz but also of Taylor's own talent—an equally sad consequence. The villain of the piece is not Taylor: it is the people upstairs. Since Verve is owned by MGM records, and that company is in turn owned by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the responsibility ultimately lands in the lap of that movie company.

The case is not unique. Operations in Columbia, RCA Victor, and other record companies follow a similar pattern.

THE NOVEMBER, 1963, issue of *Harper's* magazine contained two provocative articles. One, by Russell Lynes, was titled, *Is Kindness Killing the Arts?* Lynes, too, took a polshot at the statistical myth of the cultural explosion, though he did not go into as much detail as Schoenberg did in his *Post* essay. After examining the eager dilettantes and other segments of the audience, Lynes makes this pithy observation: "We seem to be bent on the creation of the audience for the arts at the expense of the

arts and the artist."

The other *Harper's* article of pertinence was written by David G. Wood, a public-relations man in the steel industry. It is titled *How Businessmen Can Fight 'Big Government'—and Win*. Wood's thesis is that businessmen must stop failing their responsibilities to the community or else be prepared to have government move in to fill the void left by their indifference.

Wood is particularly concerned about full employment, job training, fair-employment practices, equal rights for all citizens, consumer protection, medical care for retired men and women, and the like.

He wrote, "I can hear businessmen I know: 'None of these things is our concern. Our job is to make a respectable profit for our shareholders.' To them I say, 'Then stop raving about Big Government!' If private citizens with power and influence refuse to concern themselves with improving our society beyond offering new and better products, they have only themselves to blame if their power atrophies. Negativism is not leadership. And that is what the business community all too often exerts.

"Until we businessmen demonstrate some positive leadership in the solution of social and economic problems, I'm afraid the country is better off in the hands of the politicians and their allies, the labor leaders and intellectuals."

Wood said that "by and large, government has stayed out of those areas where private citizens, businessmen mostly, have done the job. Cultural activities of all kinds are generously supported by the business community."

Though his essay is generally sagacious, Wood demonstrates in that paragraph that he knows little about how the arts operate in this country. For business does *not* do well by the arts. It is failing its responsibilities there as much as it is in the areas that Wood cites.

To be sure, businesses often make contributions to cultural societies. But here is the irony: these contributions from businesses that are not directly involved in the arts serve to help repair the damage done by those businesses that are. The businesses that are in the arts—television, radio, the record industry—are not doing well by them.

Therefore, the danger of creeping socialism—if that's what you want to call it—is as real in the arts as it is in other areas. The reason the United States does not have a truly extensive program of federal aid to the arts is not that private business is doing so well by the arts but simply that those who are concerned for the arts—

whether as creators or appreciators—do not constitute a sufficiently powerful group to get such legislation passed.

Despite that fact, however, a bill to provide some federal aid to the arts was before a Senate committee even as Wood's article appeared on newsstands. Perhaps it will not be passed—few legislators were really interested in it, since it has little vote-catching appeal, and if passed, it would provide a drop in the bucket for the arts. But in years to come, a similar bill is bound to be passed, and after that the federal government could conceivably involve itself more and more in the arts.

Is this the answer?

It is *an* answer. It is not the ideal answer.

A better answer would be a moral revolution in those industries that make money from the arts.

The arts are a special area of human activity. They produce food for the mind and the soul and, therefore, by definition are nonmaterialistic. To expect them to thrive and prosper in a system of materialism is probably preposterous. Yet it is foolish to expect the executives of any large record company to announce, "All right, gentlemen, from now on money doesn't matter. Just get in there and make records of high artistic quality, in whatever field of music you're dealing with."

If it ever happened, the company would be out of business in a year, its throat slit from ear to ear by its competitors.

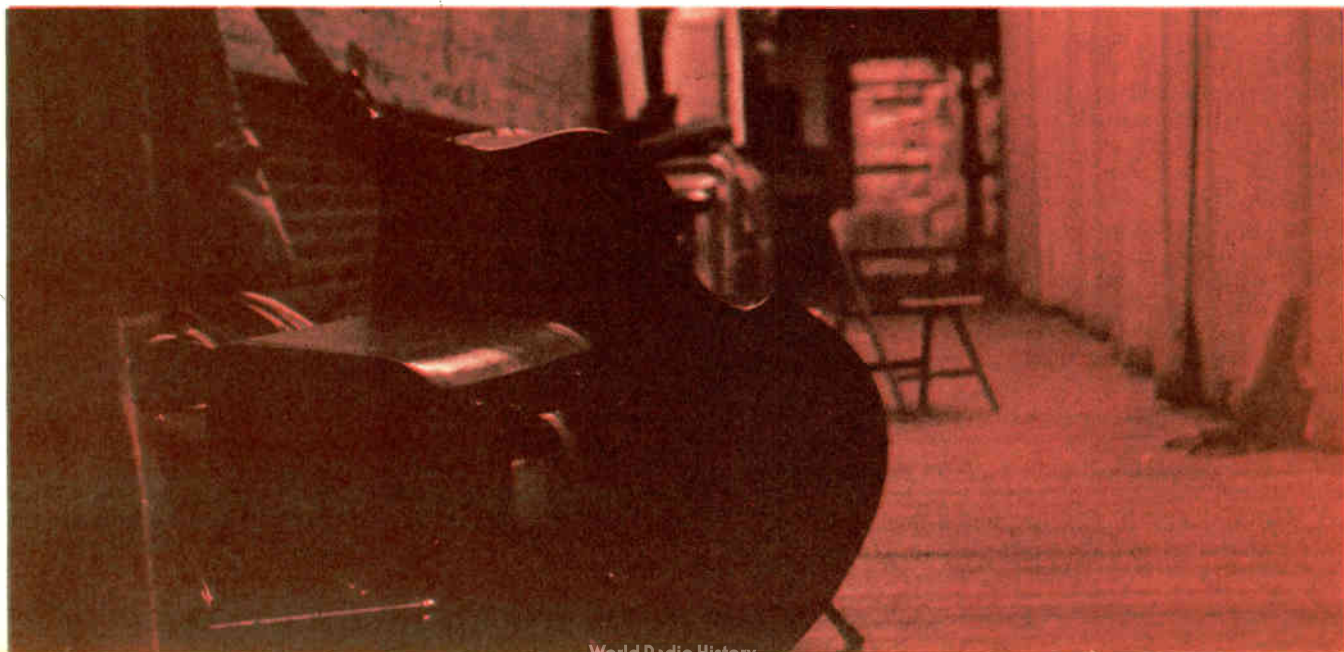
What is really necessary is an industrywide agreement on the need for esthetic reformation.

I am neither fool enough nor idealist enough to think such an agreement will ever happen. I expect record companies to continue thinking primarily in terms of profit—and of art primarily as a product to be marketed.

And because that is what is going to happen, there will be eventually—not this year, not next year, but eventually—a slow movement toward socialization of the media of communications. Radio and television are now nationalized in virtually every nation but the United States. That is where it has started in other countries. From there it can and will spread.

It seems inconceivable in U.S.A., 1963, that such a shift of social direction could ever happen. But history moves very quickly now, and in another 10 years it may not seem so fantastic.

If the United States is to survive culturally, somebody must feed its soul, its mind. The record companies, the television networks, the booking agencies, and all the other businesses involved in the arts obviously do not think it is their responsibility. □



RON HOWARD



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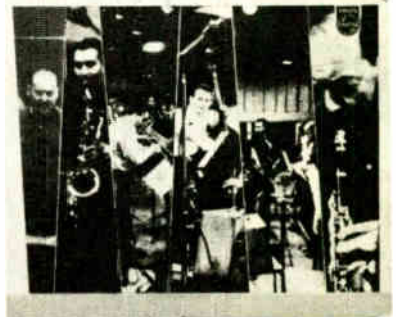
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Woody Herman, 1963
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WOODY HERMAN:1964



WOODY HERMAN, 1964
PHM 200-118 PHS 600-118

DIZZY GILLESPIE

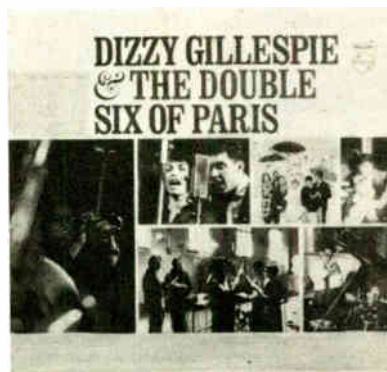
Down Beat's Jazz Man of the Year—1962

The new one by the fabulous Dizzy tops even his own previous efforts. All Gillespie originals with a unique vocalized background sung and swung by the famous Double Six of Paris.

Something Old, Something New
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New Wave
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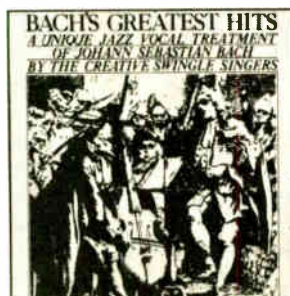
Dizzy At The French Riviera
PHM 200-048 PHS 600-048



DIZZY GILLESPIE AND THE
DOUBLE SIX OF PARIS

PHM 200-106 PHS 600-106

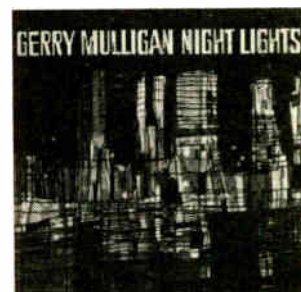
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A Unique Jazz Classic



BACH'S GREATEST HITS
The Swingle Singers

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Just Released—The Great New
One From Gerry and The Sextet



NIGHT LIFE
Gerry Mulligan

PHM 200-108 PHS 600-108

PHILIPS RECORDS 35 E. WACKER DRIVE One World of Music  On One Great Label!
CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

A large, dense crowd of people at a protest, holding numerous signs demanding civil rights, jobs, and an end to segregation. Visible signs include "WE DEMAND AN END TO POLICE BRUTALITY NOW!", "WE DEMAND DECENT HOUSING NOW!", "WE DEMAND VOTING RIGHTS NOW!", "UAW SAYS END SEGREGATED RULES IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS", and "WE DEMAND JOBS FOR ALL NOW!". Other signs mention "WE MARCH FOR HIGHER WAGES", "EQUAL RIGHTS NOW!", "I.U.E.", "FEDERAL GOVERNMENT", "AN FEPC LAW NOW!", "JIM", and "WASHINGTON BOARD RABBIT". The crowd is diverse in age and appearance, and the scene is filled with the energy of a large-scale demonstration.

From the first standpoint it is instructive to observe the picture, as it stood during most of 1963, among the leading jazz groups. In the following list the term "integrated" is used to denote the status of any combo or large band that had at least one Negro member in a white personnel or vice versa; however, "token integration" might be more appropriate. Trios and quartets are excluded from this list because,

When a leader of a segregated group has a chance to choose between two potential sidemen of equal merit, one white and the other Negro, it behooves him to select whichever of the two will enable him to present an integrated lineup to the public.

1963 was a crucial year in race relations. How did jazzmen respond to the cry 'Freedom Now'? A Special report by Leonard Feather.

NAACP; a benefit staged by Ella Fitzgerald at the Hollywood Crescendo that raised \$5,000 for various civil-rights groups; and a highly successful *Salute to Freedom* benefit held in Los Angeles by Nat Cole, featuring his touring revue, *Sights and Sounds*, which netted some \$50,000 for SCLC, SNCC, CORE, and NAACP.

Perhaps the most remarkable events of the year along these lines were the shows staged June 23 and Sept. 8 at the Stamford, Conn., home of Mr. and Mrs. Jackie Robinson.

George T. Simon, who helped assemble and run these events (and, it was unanimously agreed, did a magnificent job), said, "Never in all my years of organizing concerts and sessions have I come across more enthusiastic co-operation, not only from white and colored musicians, but also from nonperforming participants. This included V Discs, for which the guys didn't get paid either.

"At the first show we had the Dave Brubeck Quartet—later, Brubeck not only sent a letter of thanks but also a check—Mercer Ellington and the Ellington All-Stars (including Zoot Sims), Billy Taylor, Carol Sloane, Jimmy Rushing, Joya Sherrill, Randy Weston, Jimmy Jones, Luther Henderson, Dizzy Gillespie, Cannonball Adderley, and many others. At the September show were Gerry Mulligan and Quincy Jones with their big bands; Erroll Garner, Horace Silver, Herbie Mann, Sal Salvador, Billy Taylor, Wes Montgomery, Clark Terry, Tyree Glenn; also Joe Williams, who had worked in Chicago the night before and had had no sleep. After hanging around four hours, during which time he contributed \$500, Joe closed the show without any gripes after many had left, sang *Jump for Joy* and a highly emotional and stirring *Lord's Prayer*.

"That second concert was a big success; we raised \$18,000 and had Martin Luther King [SCLC head] and Roy Wilkins [NAACP head] present. Jim Farmer [CORE head] was still in jail, but all three groups shared in the take."

It was the year when certain musicians spent possibly more time working selflessly and without pay at benefits than at jobs for profit. Notable among them were two fine musicians, both of whom also happen currently to be popular disc jockeys, Billy Taylor of WNEW and Mercer Ellington of WLIB in New York City.

"Mercer and I kept running into each other on benefits," Taylor said. "We did one in Atlanta with Lena Horne for Martin Luther King, to help him raise money for the march on Washington. A terrific show, with Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan, Mercer leading a local band, and George Kirby. We were, or I should say Lena was, successful in integrating the hotels in Atlanta; they had already agreed to lower the barriers at the hotels, but nobody had taken advantage of it, so Lena became the first. There were no incidents, and everyone was wonderful to us at the Americana Hotel."

One of the most startling events of the year, in which Taylor took part, was the show sent by AGVA to play in Birmingham, Ala. The city refused the use of any public auditorium or stadium, so the integrated show, with AGVA president Joey Adams, Ray Charles (who flew his whole band to Birmingham in his own plane at his own expense), Johnny Mathis, Nina Simone, Harry Golden, and many others, was presented on a makeshift stand on the football field at the all-Negro Miles College campus.

The show, historically unique and one would think of great news value in itself, was almost completely ignored in the newspapers around the country, except for a story focusing on the fact that part of the stage collapsed and a few people suffered minor injuries.

"All those people should have made the event newsworthy," Taylor pointed out, "without any need to peg the story on this small incident.

"I must say the police were co-operative and cleared the

area of trouble-makers of either race. It just showed that when they put their minds to it, they can keep incidents to a minimum. There were at least 15,000 people there, and about 20 percent were white."

In addition to expressing their feelings through benefit appearances, musicians were more active than ever in dedicating actual music to the cause. A highly publicized event was the premiere of Duke Ellington's *My People*, presented for more than two weeks as part of the Century of Negro Progress exposition in a 5,000-seat theater in Chicago.

NOW WE COME to the third level of involvement, that of participating actively in the freedom movement itself. And in this department many observers feel that the showing of most musicians was inexcusably lax.

Show business was in the forefront of the march on Washington. Among the first to volunteer for participation were such as Marlon Brando, Dick Gregory, Paul Newman, Rita Moreno, Harry Belafonte, and Bobby Darin. These and dozens of others took time off to fly hundreds or thousands of miles to be present. But where, cry the critics, were the Hermans and Ellingtons and Basies and Brubecks and Goodmans and Hamptons during the historic march?

The musicians' lack of militancy on this level is extraordinary, especially in view of the good will shown on other levels. The initiative in these matters should not need to be taken over by Hollywood actors and actresses or by comedians, night-club singers, and vaudeville stars.

Saxophonist John Handy III of San Francisco went to Washington for the march. Billy Taylor was there; so were Herb Ellis, Dave Bailey, and a handful of others. But the general attitude, toward the crisis in general and the march in particular, seemed to reflect an apathy and ignorance in sharp contrast to the spirit of, say, the Jackie Robinson benefits.

Once, soon after the march, a white musician, a distinguished figure and a former *Down Beat* poll winner, was told that a certain friend of his was due to play a benefit that week for CORE. "What's CORE?" he asked.

Despite the barrage of news about atrocities in the South, deaths and injuries among civil-rights leaders, and heart-wringing events that should be of vital concern to every musician, the white jazzman in particular has never quite come to grips with the issues.

His position, more often than not, can best be expressed by the English slogan "I'm all right, Jack." When he hears on television of a particularly shocking incident in Alabama or Mississippi or Chicago, he will cluck sympathetically and flip the dials to get the baseball results. When he is asked to give his services for a benefit, he will do so, most often willingly (or occasionally because he is ashamed to refuse), and will return to his home in his all-white neighborhood where his children attend all-white schools and the family goes to an all-white church, and his conscience will be unbothered.

My own feeling is that whites are far more guilty than Negroes in this display of apathy, since the Negro pays dues enough merely by being a Negro. If he doesn't feel like getting into the fight, at least he has the excuse that he didn't start it. What excuse does the white man have?

Many observers feel that both sides are at fault. Dave Hepburn, in the New York *Amsterdam News*, expressed shock at the predominance of white celebrities and the shortage of Negro performers at the capital march. He complained about the absence of, among others, Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald, Billy Eckstine ("if Sammy Davis could fly from Detroit, without sleep, Billy could have left his golf clubs"), Sarah Vaughan, Gloria Lynn, Billy Daniels ("who nearly starved to death for years because of discrimination"). Note to writer Hepburn: Eckstine and Quincy

Jones are planning a big show to tour the United States in a \$100,000 freedom fund drive early in 1964.

Ralph Gleason, commenting, "I don't think *any* of the musicians are doing as much as they can," pointed out the shortage of jazzmen at the march on Washington and added, "Where were all the freedom-suite composers?"

Gleason said, "It has never been my experience that jazz musicians of any color mixed in any movements outside of jazz to any great degree. It's my feeling that all jazz musicians are apathetic on political and social issues . . . on the other hand, perhaps the jazz musicians instinctively feel they've done their marching long ago."

Nat Hentoff pointed out that the march didn't ask for musicians because of the difficulties in transporting instruments (but couldn't they have lent their presence without horns?). He observed that white jazzmen have played many benefits but said, "I don't know of any white jazzmen having made *extra* efforts to help (few Negro players have either, by and large). I'd agree that there is apathy among the white musicians and also among the black ones. The jazz community as a whole has been far behind the folk singers in volunteering and initiating aid."

As for those musicians who may react to these comments by asking why they should become mixed up in political or social issues, one can only ask whether they have ever taken the trouble to vote in an election. The same indifference probably exists in every phase of their lives.

That there is a simple way to express oneself without becoming deeply involved was demonstrated two or three years ago in England. After a series of ugly racial disturbances in London, the *Melody Maker* published a front-page statement signed by 27 prominent musicians, most of them white, protesting violence and appealing to audiences everywhere to oppose every form of prejudice. The signators included Johnny Dankworth, Chris Barber, Ray Ellington, Ronnie Scott, Ted Heath, and many pop music stars.

Why has there never been even a simple organized gesture like this on the part of the U.S. jazz world? Why, in a profession that owes such a vast amount to the talent of the Negro, should leadership in the civil-rights fight go by default to members of the theatrical profession, in which Negroes are a comparatively small minority?

Part of the answer can be found probably in general inertia.

One observer, in Washington for the march, said, "All of white Washington closed up shop and fled to the suburbs; the city was dead. They were afraid of rioting and violence. The white man in America—even those liberals who work with civil-rights groups—never has known what the Negro is thinking. It's a major disease of ignorance." Clearly, though, there is less of such ignorance, more sensitivity, more activity among Hollywood figures than among top jazz personalities.

Obviously there are important exceptions. Dizzy Gillespie, who often preaches with subtle humor to his audiences, spent most of his time at the 1963 Monterey Jazz Festival selling CORE buttons at \$1 apiece; he had vowed to collect \$1,000 to turn over to Martin Luther King. But the Gillespies should be the rule, not the exception.

During the year certain locals of the AFM were criticized for their sluggishness in effecting integration between white and Negro locals. In Chicago during 1963 there were many political maneuvers, due in part to the "I'm all right, Jack" position of Negro Local 208 officials to whom the retention of their salaries as officers apparently was more important than the dissolution of a Jim Crow local. The white Local 10 had already broken the ice by offering admission to all Negro musicians who cared to join, and a Negro musician, Red Saunders, who was among the first to join, became assistant

to Local 10 president Barney Richards.

In television, it was not a very productive year. The only jazz show of any significance was CBS' *International Hour*, which used integrated groups and, most significantly, had Willis Conover and Lurlean Hunter in tandem on a Miller's beer commercial—certainly a first, though it was seen in only five major cities.

As far as job opportunities for Negro musicians in general are concerned, the situation seems to have been growing worse, despite the misleading fact of better breaks for those who happen to be in the jazz field.

Negro musicians who work in commercial, cocktail-lounge type jobs have found the going rougher. One agent who books a large number of casuals and lounge jobs in southern California told me: "At one time, about 50 percent of the musicians I booked were Negroes. Now I don't think it's more than 10 percent. And no matter how many times you're told 'We don't want to use any Negro groups,' it's the hardest thing in the world to prove it, or make a union issue out of it. Believe me, this is a cancer in our profession."

Similar situations are constantly arising, of course, in classical music, as was made clear during the year by the case of a young Negro girl violinist whom local racists almost succeeded in barring from a suburban Chicago symphony orchestra. This case happened to make the papers; hundreds of others no less ugly doubtless went unpublicized.

THE READER who may be moved by these observations to a desire for more active participation during 1964 can find many ways in which to keep in touch with the situation and do something concrete about it.

A first step might be buying Langston Hughes' book *Fight for Freedom* (Berkeley Publishing Corp.), a superb documentation of the history and up-hill battles of the NAACP. The second step, which could be stimulated by a reading of the book, is membership in the NAACP; the number of musician members is apallingly low.

Whenever segregation is observed, whether at a night club or in the band or a TV show, active moves against such practices should be initiated by protesting to the bandleader (or the station, sponsor, agency, etc.). Similarly, wherever integration is shown, a letter praising this policy can be of definite value in allaying the outdated fears of the network and Madison Ave. powers.

There are important moves that can be made on a purely personal level, in conversation with white musicians who are insufficiently aware of the gravity of the problem.

Almost everyone has heard stories about the night an entire traveling band walked out of the hotel because the clerk refused to register the solitary Negro member. Moves like this, admirable though they are, show only what is done when the white musician is directly brought face to face with the issue. What is needed is a constant awareness that these rejections, millions of them, take place every day in countless hotels or restaurants or theaters or parks or schools throughout the country (and not only in the South) and that the jazz musician, as part of a group that has always been identified with the ideals of brotherhood, owes it to himself—whether as a matter of conscience, of human decency, or of sheer pragmatism—to do more than just face the problem correctly when it happens to confront him.

Passivity is passe. The jazzmen—and this applies to Negro and white alike—is inextricably a part of the dramatic events that shook the United States in 1963, events whose impact will be felt for many years to come. It is time for him to get up off his apathy and take an active part in assuring that the democracy to which we all render regular lip service can become at last a full reality—no longer, as Langston Hughes once said, a dream deferred. □



Gene Krupa



Buddy Rich



Max Roach



Joe Morello



Shelly Manne



Louie Bellson



Roy Haynes



Don Lamond



Joe Jones



Sonny Payne



Frank Butler



Alvin Stoller



Stan Levey



Lex Humphries



Bert Dahlander



Ed Thigpen



Connie Kay



Vernel Fournier



Louis Hayes



Roy Burnes



Mickey Sheen



Frankie Dunlop



Dave Bailey



Rufus Jones

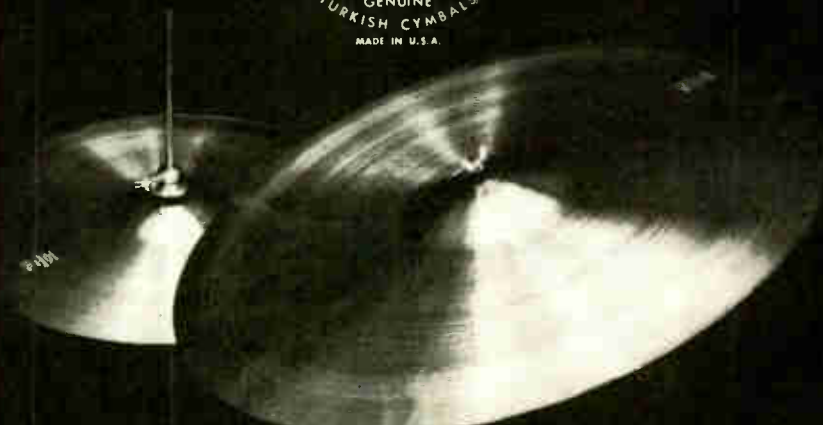
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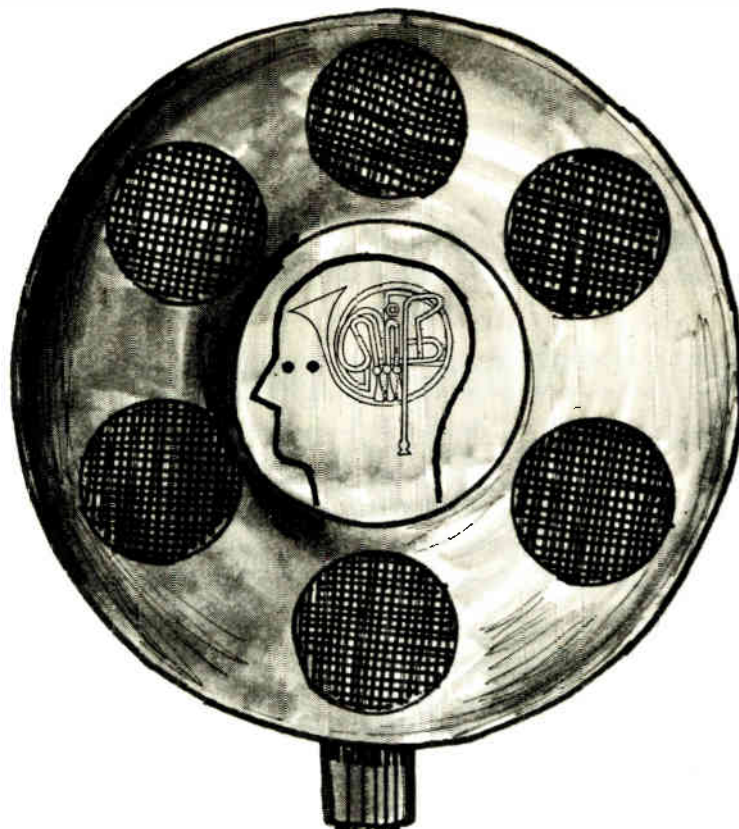


Chico Hamilton



Jake Hanna

George Crater's REPORT TO THE NATION



DEC. 24, 1957

The night was cold. The snow was more than a foot deep in some spots, and the wind whistled fiercely through the pines.

The four young musicians, warmly clad in parkas, nestled in the shadow of a huge tree, bracing themselves for what was to follow. Within two minutes, at 11:58 p.m., their bold experiment would commence.

They readied their instruments and looked toward the sky. He was coming, on time. Soon, it would all be over.

At one minute to midnight they watched as he landed his team on the roof of the nearby house. His milky white beard and red suit glimmering in the moonlight, he threw his bulging bag across his shoulder and headed toward the chimney.

Midnight sharp, and he slid down the chimney with a happy, throaty laugh . . . into the blazing timbers of the fireplace.

The four young musicians lifted their instruments and played 64 bars of somber dissonance. It was more than just a musical eulogy; it was the beginning of a new musical era.

The experiment was a success.

AUG. 13, 1963.

The afternoon was warm and festive. The amusement park was jammed with modern-jazz enthusiasts listening to the New Fling Quintet.

It had been nearly five years since Rason Durbill, then a&r man at Hipsville records, had released a single, called *Snow Job*, by four young musicians. The record had met with much criticism, all unfavorable, from both musicians and the public. When it was infrequently aired on radio or jukebox, there were cries of "Stop rehearsing and play!" "Are you sure Gunther Schuller started this way?" "No, I can't blow the melody—can you?" Durbill was so

incensed by the unfair criticism that he resigned his job with Hipsville, fled to a monastery in Tibet, and became known there as the loneliest monk.

Now, a few years later, all has changed. True, the four young musicians who started it all are virtually forgotten, but the music they made on their only recording had spawned such popular jazz groups as the one packing the amusement park on this humid day. And, more important, it has begun a fad from which this nation shall never completely recover.

RECAP—1963

This was the year that history will long remember as the year of revolution. Social unrest in the United States came to a head in the middle of the year.

But the revolution in the music world had come into prominence a bit earlier. It was the middle of January when the music now dubbed the "new fling" began to catch on with jazz fans.

Improvised ensembles, ultralength solos—these were the sounds.

Pouring salt into the piano; exploring the piano pedals on all fours; painting at the piano, later using the brush on the strings—these were the happenings.

Soprano saxophone, pocket trumpet, bass clarinet, gorkaphone—these were the instruments.

Surely, the average jazz fan couldn't like this new musical concept, most critics agreed. But, as usual, the critics were wrong. The loyal fans of jazz loved the "new fling." Jazz disc jockeys who had shied from playing the music soon were programing nothing but "new fling."

Trade publications like *Bill's Board* accorded more space to the "new fling" and its innovators than ever before.

In no time, the "new fling" caught on among the mu-

sicians. Avant-garde musicians vowed to traditionalists, beboppers, hard boppers, West Coasters, and funk-Gospel enthusiasts:

"We will bury you!"

(Beboppers, hard boppers, West Coasters, and funk-Gospel enthusiasts reacted by recording 2,137 MORE versions of *On Green Dolphin Street*, and traditionalists whistled *Big Noise from Winnetka* off key.)

In mid-March the final step in popularizing the "new fling" was assured when all America became enmeshed in the revolutionary craze. When asked their opinion of the "new fling," these well-known personalities reported:

Paul Hornung: "Some of the guys around the league say the 'new fling' is not here to stay. Wanna bet?"

Hugh Hefner: "It's all a question of Victorian morality, and my philosophy on this subject has always been. . . ."

Mickey Spillane: "Its initial impact hits you like a bulldozer square in the groin, making the vilest flow of liver bile streak through your digestive track and seethe through the sides of your full, shapely chops."

Casey Stengel: "I ain't so sure that the 'new fling' wasn't invented by one of my so-called ballplayers."

David Susskind: "Were it not for my incessant sesquipedalian vociferations, my pedantic conceptions on this proposition would never exact desideratum. Consequently, any analytic mensuration of the unfledged substance I could give would only be construed as a bourgeois attempt at being hip."

Christine Keeler: "It's not THAT new!"

With all the land taking part in the "new fling" fad, the music that was created by four young musicians dwindled in importance and lost its identity. The "new fling" was flung far into the background as hard-core mercenaries from coast to coast began cashing in.

Hollywood started making such "new fling" spectacles as *Come Blow Your Nose*, *Gidget Gets Pregnant*, *Crud*, and *Days of Wine and Hangovers*.

Novelists got into the act with best-sellers: *Another Happening?*, *My Life in Birdland*, *I Owe Georgia 1,200 Chitlins*, and *Nobody Knows My Key*.

There was even D. D. Goings, who described himself as a "new fling" poet and walked off with a Pulitzer Prize with his classic:

ODE TO A PYGMY BASKETBALL PLAYER

*Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Why the hell am I so tall?
All my friends are 3 foot 7,
And here I stand 4 foot 11.*

Manufacturers flooded the markets with "new fling" gadgets like the "new fling" bra with one cup, and an advertisement: "I dreamed I went walking in my Maiden-form bra, and all the cats' eyes popped right out of their skulls."

There were "new fling" pastries that were 16 feet long so the customer could eat his cake and have it too, and "new fling" credit cards (made in Japan—for use in Japan).

Some of the gadgetmakers, however, didn't forget that the "new fling" had begun in the jazz world and made products that were jazz-oriented. Included in this group were detergents that wouldn't clog drains, make suds, or clean clothes. They just were ground into clothes, keeping them dirty and funky. (After this product was launched, Lever Bros. changed its name to Soul Bros.)

There also were "new fling" automobiles complete with complicated ignition systems that you couldn't start unless you knew the changes. There was a stereo stylus that not only wouldn't skip over butter but could distinguish margarine from the high-price, 70-cent spread.

Some manufacturers went even further than having

mere token identification with jazz and recorded albums featuring their products: *Mr. Clean at the Jazz Workshop*, *Dristan at Basin Street East*, and *Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Betty Crocker Cookbook*.

There was even a "new fling" coloring book. ("My name is Miss Jones. I have a B.A. in Sandpile, a M.A. in Tinkertoy, and a doctorate in Finding Lost Gloves. I teach high school. Color me bright.")

IN ALL, THE "new fling" boom created a Frankenstein monster. A strong course of action had to be taken by someone to help restore the "new fling" to the respectability it had once known.

So, late in the year, I conducted a panel discussion with prominent jazz figures to determine what, if anything, could be done to save a sinking ship.

Present at this discussion were Gimp Lymphly, gorkaphonist with the Zoot Finster Octet; Quintzy Queen, alto saxophonist and spokesman for the New Fling Quintet; Wailin' Wanda Wonnote, vocalist; Victor Lockbond, newly appointed a&r man at Hipsville records; Basil Khoolbrease, disc jockey at KUSS in Breakwater, Ore.; and Stitch Miggins, orchestra leader. The discussion was taped and is presented here in its entirety:

Crater: Well, panel, I see that you're all smiles and ready to go.

Miggins: Yeah, man, like which way is it?

Lymphly: How come there ain't any chicks here, man?

Miss Wonnote: What do you think I am, baby, one of the MJQ?

Lymphly: Well, I'll be . . . that beard had me fooled.

Crater: Does anyone here—and I'm sure you all must have had some thought on this at one time or another—think that the "new fling" has become involved in politics?

Miggins: I'd simply like to say that if it weren't for politicians, Cal Tjader wouldn't have so many Cubans playing with him today.

Khoolbrease: Right-wingers are too conservative, left-wingers are too liberal, and middle-of-the-roads are too safe. Personally, I have a tendency to lean a little toward the right.

Miggins: Like why, man?

Khoolbrease: Faulty suspenders.

Lymphly: I dug a Turhan Bey movie once where all the politicians were turned into cobras and cast into the Red Sea. Then Turhan Bey and this chick, who was a part-time belly dancer, run off together in the hills.

Queen: Take the other night at the club, for instance. We were doing a number called *Intermission*. After a couple of short solos, the group and I left our horns on the stand and split for two hours. That was our happening. When we came back, the club was empty, you know what I mean? Like, the whole audience was gone. So as we went back to the stand to pick up our instruments and continue the number, Ahmad, our pianist, found about 10 dozen paper napkins and coasters piled on the piano strings. Nesbitt, our drummer, discovered close to 50 ice cubes floating around in an inch of vermouth on the top of his snare and tom-toms. Melchoir's bass was crammed with toothpicks, and the bell of my horn was filled with two fifths of gin and heaven knows how many bottles of olives. Orlio, our trombonist, then found a note attached to his horn that read, "The name of this number is *Dry Martini*, and this is *our* happening. The Audience."

Crater: I'm sure that has some bearing on my question but. . . .

Queen: That's nothing. I once asked a chick what she thought about Red China, and she said that as long as

the food was good, she didn't care what kind of dishes she. . .

Crater: Panel, I think we're getting off. . .

Lymphly: They think they know all about the race for space in Washington; well, just let one of them congressmen try to park his car in downtown New York. That's the real race for space.

Crater: Wanda, you're billed as a "new fling" vocalist. Exactly what is that?

Miss Wonnote: Well, you see there's a certain quality about the type of lyric I sing. It's mellow but not what you would call soulful. It reaches everyone who hears it and exacts a type of rapport between them and me that, say, a *Stardust*, couldn't bring.

Crater: You mean then. . .

Khoolbrease: She means they're dirty.

Miss Wonnote: That's about the size. . .

Crater: So far, we've failed to hit upon the real reason for the gigantic "new fling" movement.

Lymphly: Blame it on the bossa nova.

Khoolbrease: What I'd like to know is where does art enter into the whole "new fling" picture?

Queen: Hey, I once did an album cover in crayon that was a stone gasser.

Miss Wonnote: I thought Art was touring Europe with his group.

Lymphly: Yeah, did you dig him last month when he did a guest stint on TV with Bernstein?

Queen: Came on pretty strong, didn't he? Boy, did you see that look on Lenny's face when Art told him that all those kids in the audience were really waiting for him to bring on Captain Kangaroo?

Miggins: That Art is really a card.

Crater: How will jazz be affected if the American merchandiser continues to exploit the "new fling"? Anyone care to take a shot at that?

Miss Wonnote: I'm going to take a shot at this jerkwater disc jockey if he doesn't keep his hand off of me!

Miggins: What's wrong with merchandisers exploiting the "new fling"? If a guy wants to make a buck, let him.

Queen: You're only saying that because you're in that television commercial that advertises a "new fling" hair tonic.

Miggins: *Hey, kid! Don't put that sticky stuff on your hair. Use my stuff, kid. "New Fling" hair tonic. Makes your hair shine like a silver dollar. Even on a rainy day. Here, kid, try it. No, no, don't drink it. On your scalp, on your scalp. Atta boy. You want a seat in my band?*

Miss Wonnote: That's the most vulgar thing I've ever heard in my life.

Khoolbrease: I used to be sponsored on the radio by a tobacco company. One day the advertising agency that handled this company's account sent a luscious doll over to the studio to pose with me in an ad for the product. As she put her arm around me and I put my arm around her, I wondered how we plug the sponsor's goods. Just as our lips were about to meet, I smelled a funny odor. I backed off and asked the chick to smile, and sure enough, there was the sponsor's product. This gorgeous chick had a mouth full of snuff.

Lymphly: You know, the same thing happened to me when I first joined Zoot's group. I mean, like he didn't know how to write me and my horn into the ensemble parts, since he had never heard a gorkaphone before. So after a couple of hours of hard debate, we hit on a solution.

Queen: What happened?

Lymphly: Well, while the group was playing, I would go out into the audience and pass the hat.

Queen: Didn't that make you mad?

Lymphly: Not really. I realized that a cat has to pay a lot of dues before he can become a big star.

Miggins: Seems like you were backing into stardom this way, collecting dues.

Crater: Do any of you think that the average man on the street actually understands what factors made the "new fling" in jazz come about? And if so, wouldn't this understanding tend to lead him away from the patronization of those persons who have simply made the "new fling" a fad?

Queen: As far as that goes, I think that with the closing of more and more jazz night clubs lately, it's hard for even a chick who likes to take photographs of a cat guzzling setups with his girl to make a decent living.

Lymphly: Yeah. Like way out really means how to get off a crowded subway.

Khoolbrease: You know, you're always hearing some jerk talk about "the man on the street." I've never seen a man on the street. What does he look like?

Miggins: I saw a man on the street once, but the fuzz had busted him on the noggin for snatching some poor Girl Scout's cookies.

Miss Wonnote: I think most people are unaware that they're hung up in a fad. The "new fling" means as much to the average Joe as a square hula hoop. I just hope that maybe someday, someone will come along and lead the squares out of the fog and into the light. You know, show them where it's at. Somebody like Pinky Lee.

Lymphly: Everybody wants to go to heaven, but nobody wants to die. That's the problem. The real and only problem. There's really no such animal as the "new fling." The music Quintzy and the rest of those clowns are playing today is the same thing we used to sneak behind a woodshed and play when I was a kid. That's why I stopped wearing those fancy 10-button band jackets and started wearing Ivy League shoelaces. The whole scene's too much.

Crater: How can we restore the "new fling" and jazz to the respectability it once knew?

Miggins: I think something can be done in the area of proper diet. For instance, what can we do to keep female singers from getting so fat?

Miss Wonnote: Are you trying to start something?

Queen: Respectability? I will have to go on record as saying that the fault lies in big bands. I know a reed man who is a member of one of the more famous big bands, and he says. . .

Khoolbrease: I disagree. I think that jazz and classics ought to seek a closer alliance. Because if they did. . .

Miss Wonnote: It's entirely up to the Voice of America. If they played a few more of my. . .

Lymphly: Jazz critics are to blame. There should be a Mafia made up of musicians to exterminate all jazz critics. And furthermore. . .

Crater: Vic, you've sat here during the entire discussion without saying a word. Why?

Lockbond: I simply felt that the others had the situation well in hand so I deliberately kept cool.

Crater: But, Vic, that's not like you!

Lockbond: I know. But there comes a time when everybody has to cop out.

Crater: Is that a cue? □



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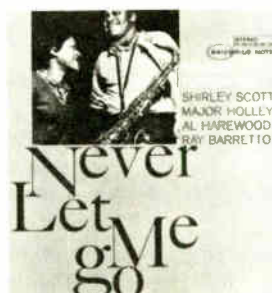


GRANT GREEN
FEEL IN THE SPIRIT
BLP 4132

DEXTER GORDON (but povelly/pove michelot/henny carlie)



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NEVER LET ME GO
BLP 4129



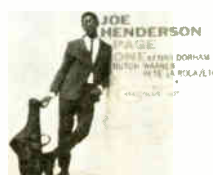
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THE THREE SOUNDS
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January 1964***

25 YEARS
BLUE NOTE
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***Best in music. best in sound,
best in presentation***

THE RECORD

IT USED TO BE that records were like old friends. You knew every nuance, contour, and groove. Today, even the records you own can often be strangers. And this does not take into account the vast unknown or, more precisely, unheard. ("Did you hear the latest one by Zoot Case—*Blues En Route*?" "Well, no, man, not really, but I dug one track on the radio, and I saw the cover in the \$1.97 bin at the record store.")

The jazz record glut was certainly not a phenomenon of the year 1963. It was merely a continuation of a situation that has been in existence since the mid-'50s when the 12-inch LP became a staple item.

A list of LPs issued from January through October, 1963, was compiled by writer Stanley Dance in order to give critics a checklist from which to choose the best records of 1963 for a poll conducted by the magazine *Jazz*. The total came to 626. Of these, 105 fell into the reissue and repackaging category. There surely were some albums omitted from the list, and from October to the end of the year there appeared many others.

No one knows the exact total for the year or how it compares against last year's output, but no matter how you stack them, the LPs of '63 make a towering pile. With all that quantity, however, there is bound to be some quality even if the percentage is small. And for all the dross produced, there are many good albums in the \$1.97 (and less) bins of record shops, never to enjoy a wide listening audience even within the jazz public.

When the facts are faced, it must be realized that the jazz audience is unable to absorb the vast amount of music that is set before it. It is not a matter of the wallet, but as every critic who is on the free list of record companies knows, it is a matter of time and the central nervous system.

Jazz records, like any other records, were always made with the hope of selling them, but it wasn't until the last 10 years that jazz became a business per se.

In the structure of the record business, the distributor and the dealer look at an album as a commodity. Therefore, 50 "pieces" of Miles Davis could just as well be 50 ventilator fans if the same retailer were in the hardware business.

Perhaps the history of a record company of the 1950s illustrates some of the reasons for the overproduction of jazz records. In 1955 a small company, Signal, was started. It was dedicated to jazz, very perceptive artistically in its choice of musicians, and extremely meticulous in its production of each album. Its releases did not come tumbling on each other's heels—therein lay the seed of its destruction. It took only a few years. Record companies have learned not to hold their collective breath when waiting for a distributor to pay them. One effective prod, however, is the release of a new album that the distributor wants. He pays you; you ship to him. A cycle starts. Competition being what it is, all the companies are in the cycle.

Alfred Lion, co-owner of Blue Note, an independent that has usually been judicious in its release schedule, said it this way: "There are, and have been, specific companies that have issued jazz records through the years and more



YEAR

IRA GITLER EXAMINES THE YEAR'S RECORDED JAZZ OUTPUT.



or less specialized in them, but when the renaissance in jazz became more popular, a lot of people, who had no business to, jumped on the bandwagon and issued all kinds of records that were supposed to be jazz records. It's very interesting to see some of the covers those people selected. You can tell what kind of record to expect. They were not really what we call jazz records. Some of them were old things that were thrown together; others were made in a hurry. The stores were flooded with records of this type, some of them at the lowest prices. It didn't do anyone any good."

Blue Note has gone in heavily for a blues-drenched policy lately. Organist Jimmy Smith's records—although he is no longer with the company—continue to sell very well. Now they have added Freddie Roach and John Patton to their organ stable, and guitarist Grant Green did an album of Gospel tunes. Now, the best of rhythm and blues was always heavily influenced by, and infused with, jazz. These records are not rhythm and blues, and they certainly are played by jazzmen, but they are not the sophisticated blues of the players in the modern mainstream. They appeal to a wider audience than the average jazz record.

Since the rise of Smith at Blue Note, Prestige and Pacific Jazz have delved deeply into the organ bag too. Prestige has big sellers in Jack McDuff and Shirley Scott; Pacific Jazz has record movers in Richard (Groove) Holmes, newcomer Charles Kynard, and pianist Les McCann.

The word "soul" continued to crop up in connection with this music, but it was no longer utilized with the same heavy emphasis that marked its entrance into the consumer's dollar sweepstakes of a few years ago.

AS "SOUL" LEVELED OUT, a newer fad did the same. Bossa nova, one of the commercial successes of 1962, was literally used up, but its best attributes—the infectious rhythm and the lyric melodies—became integrated into the body of jazz.

Orrin Keepnews of Riverside discussed "soul" and bossa nova as separate entities as well as their relationship as trends.

"Bossa nova," he said, "followed a fairly predictable course: a new rhythmic thing came along, it clicked specifically with the record that Charlie Byrd and Stan Getz did [*Jazz Samba*], and then began to be exploited, super-exploited, overexploited, abused—it got to the Eydie Gorme vocal stage of things—and it got all the blood sucked out of it and it collapsed. It has now reached a stage that is in a musical sense the stage it was aiming at all the time—whether anyone knew it or not—which is that this is a very interesting and jazz-valuable rhythm.

Now there's probably one use of the bossa nova rhythm in every other record date you get involved in, much the same way that Latin or Afro things have had the same degree of acceptance for quite some time. It will, I think, remain one of the standard utility forms, one of the different rhythms it makes sense to use.

"The 'soul' thing was a different matter. There was simply a case of an emphasis—or an overemphasis at times—on a particular area (if you like it) or gimmick (if

TED WILLIAMS

you don't like it) attached to the blues. In a sense, it was the same kind of thing—something that looks good and gets pushed to its hardest.

"But there was something I was pretty closely involved with in a couple of ways, and I see it's a two-way street. It's not just simply a matter of the avaricious record company or the avaricious bandleader saying, 'Well, I'm making it on "soul" so I'm going to keep stuffing "soul" at them all the time.'

"When you find the only numbers of yours that the crowd whoops it up for and comes back for night after night—thereby enabling you to be successful in your chosen art and profession—are numbers of a certain type, you'd be a damn fool not to stay pretty close to that type."

"The measure of eventual success," Keepnews continued, "becomes the degree of ingenuity that you can have in creating and performing within that area and also the degree of ingenuity, again, that you can have in varying it, and trying to make them stand still for that ballad you dig doing, as well as the funky thing that they're going to tear the house down for.

"If you don't keep it moving around, if you keep dishing it out automatically the same way, sooner or later you're in trouble just through overexposure, boredom, or whatever you want to call it. It gets pretty boring for the musicians, too, playing the same thing the same way all



KEEPNEWS

the time—but if you can vary it—as for example the man with whom we did the most in 'soul'—Cannonball Adderley—has managed to do. . . ."

Keepnews was alluding to the way Adderley added reed man Yusef Lateef to the group and thereby also added another dimension. This is true enough, but in 1963 Adderley's big hit was something he could have done without Lateef, *Jive Samba*, which was more funk than bossa nova despite the *Samba* in the title.

"Basically, Cannonball and Nat [Adderley]," said Keepnews, "and most of the guys that have played with them over the years, have been blues-based musicians naturally, and they'd be blues people if no one had ever said the word 'soul'. 'Soul' is not an automatic record seller anymore, the way it was a couple of years ago—and fine. I'm delighted. . . ."

"The whatever-happened-to-'soul' question is very different from the whatever-happened-to-bossa-nova question because, with 'soul', you were dealing with a really basic, intrinsic form that got heightened and puffed up and leaned on rather heavily for a while but still is much, much more fundamental. . . . One is the bloodstream, and the other was picked up into it."

True, to a point, but Keepnews, in acknowledging bossa nova's rhythmic contribution, fails to give credit to the renewed lyricism it brought to jazz. The melodies that came from South America were originally inspired by modern jazz harmonies and thereby represent a cycle.

On the subject of fads, there was the continued rise in the popularity of folk music, the high incidence of the

hootenanny, and the effect of this on the jazz audience. Keepnews did not deny that it robbed jazz of many potential young listeners but insisted that there is nothing jazz can do about this but follow its own inclinations, rather than "become more like folk music, or more commercial, or more simplified."

Alfred Lion, on the other hand, said he does not feel that Blue Note has lost listeners to the hoots, and Bob Weinstock, president of Prestige, a company that has done much recording in the folk field, says the folk listeners of today will be jazz listeners in two years.

NEXT FOR CONSIDERATION is the jazz "hit." According to Creed Taylor, Verve a&r man, a 45-rpm record "makes the charts at 50,000." Taylor is well aware of the distributor, dealer, consumer, and pop disc jockey when he produces a record. He eschews all but the hard facts when he considers the first two.

"They only buy what they can sell—and sell within two months," said Taylor. "They won't stock inventory of even very good esoteric jazz unless they're very special. So what happens, at least from my point of view? In order to get a jazz album selling, it has to be related to a single record—and the single record has to be more than a moderate hit—it has to be a *hit*. That pulls the album along. From that point on—at least for a year—the dealer and distributor will continue to stock and buy that artist's subsequent LPs."

Taylor claims that the "new thing" has "far less chance of selling records now than two years ago. The dealer will not stock a record that does not move out of his shop fast enough, and the esoteric record does not do this. When I say the dealer, I am indirectly referring to the consumer, because all of us are geared to the consumer's ability or desire to purchase records.

"Snob appeal has ceased to be a way to sell jazz records. Some people accepted it [the "new thing"] because they were supposed to—because their friends accepted it. This applied to flamenco music three or four years ago. People bought it because it was something new to have around the house. I would call it east-side social attitudes."

An example of Taylor's two-pronged attack in recording a jazz artist in both a jazz and pop context is pianist Bill Evans. Evans' pop version of *The Theme from the V.I.P.s* is repugnant to most who follow jazz, but Taylor said, "It's gotten him distributor acceptance and pop DJ acceptance. After the distributors heard the *V.I.P.s*, Bill Evans suddenly became a known quantity, an accepted quantity."

As a result, Taylor said, he feels that *Conversations with Myself*, Evans' highly artistic three-piano album, has been helped. "It will be a lasting album," he said, "There has been a steadily building reaction to it."

"Jazz is getting more and more into the popular 45," he added, "but it is more detrimental to the album if the 45 doesn't hit. It's got to be in the Top 40. This is a fact. It's not my theory. They [distributors] look at it this way: if you're a hit, you're a pop artist; if you don't sell, you're a jazz artist."

That is a bit like saying, "If you're rich and act strangely, you're eccentric; if you're poor and act the same way, you're crazy."

IN 1963, there were big jazz sellers. Guitarist Charlie Byrd made the charts. There were also the earlier-mentioned *Jive Samba*, Jimmy Smith's *Walk on the Wild Side*, Vince Guaraldi's *Cast Your Fate to the Winds*, and Mongo Santamaria's *Watermelon Man*. An out-an-out attempt by a jazz artist, trombonist Kai Winding, to make a pop hit in *More* sold 300,000 singles, and his subsequent album reached the 76,000 mark. Then there was bassist Ray Brown's *Gravy Waltz*, which received wide exposure.

Reissues, repackages, and recombinations were an important part of the year's activity.

Taylor said, "Except for certain things, I deplore repackages. They confuse the issue. It is a short-sighted policy. They don't move out of the record store."

Dick Bock of Pacific Jazz said, "Everybody seems to be repackaging like mad. Actually, we haven't repackaged much—just a couple of things in the past few months such as the Chet Baker-Gerry Mulligan things that previously had not been available on 12-inch LP. But we will repackage a Jim Hall LP around the first of the year."

He stressed, however, the company's principal aim is "going ahead for new product."

Blue Note's Lion has not done any repackaging and plans to do so only on a limited basis and then "not just to put a new cover on an old record." He is reluctant to reissue some of the fine mainstream and traditional jazz recorded by the company in the 1940s that has never appeared on 12-inch LP because of what he says is limited sales potential.

"It would not be sold fast enough in the store and just lay around," he said, "which no dealer at this particular time can afford."

Speaking about the same subject, Riverside's Keepnews brought up the "new audience" that is constantly coming to jazz. This audience exists, he said, "strictly through bi-



LION

ology. Every few years there are enough people who were 10 years old five years ago—they are now 15 years old, and they've got a better shot at being a new jazz audience."

This is one of the reasons Riverside and Prestige have continued to repackage, especially the latter company. It makes sense to assume that the young jazz fan of today never was aware of *Dig* by Miles Davis, so that when *Diggin' with the Miles Davis Sextet* is issued, it is like a new record to him. It is also this to the distributors. Keepnews said:

"Even though a jazz record tends to have a longer life than most other kinds, still when you get to the point where the distributor and the retailer feel that something is old merchandise, they're not that interested in keeping it on hand. They're aware of the fresh and the brand new. So you make it a 'new product'—not for the purpose of fooling the public, because anyone who really thinks he can get away with that is being stupid—so it will be treated like a new product with the amount of respect that distributors and dealers do, even briefly, treat new products and, therefore, get it out there to the new audience."

Columbia has done some of its most valuable releasing in the field of reissues with some elegantly packaged sets that contained music never before available on LP.

The man who worked almost exclusively on these projects is Frank Driggs. In 1963 there were two three-LP sets, attractively boxed and extensively annotated, on Woody Herman's Herds of the 1940s and Duke Ellington's orchestra from 1927-40. On Epic, Columbia's affiliate, there were a Jack Teagarden set, which takes in roughly the same years as the Ellington, and *Swing Street*, an an-



DRIGGS

thology of music played at 52nd St. clubs, featuring a diversified personnel, from Joe Marsala to Dizzy Gillespie, and encompassing the decade 1936 to 1946. A two-LP set, on Columbia, of Gene Krupa's band of the mid-'40s was released in December.

Driggs said Columbia is well satisfied with the sales of these sets and more are being planned. Two more Ellingtons are scheduled, but the first of these will not be released until spring. A "city" reissue series of multiple LP sets will begin with *New Orleans*, to be released early in 1964.

Driggs also produced clarinetist Pee Wee Russell's *New Groove* album, which met with critical acclaim, but he plans to concentrate on the reissues rather than new recordings.

"I'm not anxious to rush in and do a lot of live recording," he said, "simply because there are so many albums being turned out here that unless you have something that's really strong, it gets lost. I know I'm on solid ground with the reissues. It is successful, and it's going to continue to be so because people are always writing in and asking, 'When are you coming out with Benny Goodman, Cab Calloway, more Louis Armstrong, more Bessie Smith,' all of which we'll get to in time, but it will take time."

Driggs pointed out that the elaborate packages seemed to sell better than a reissue that comes out as a single 12-inch LP. Here again distributor and dealer acceptance was mentioned as a strong factor.

IF THE READER has gotten the idea that the wholesaler and retailer are completely controlling what can be bought in the jazz field, he is wrong. In the end, it is still up to the jazz public what will be recorded. This public may be confused by the flood of LPs, but even that seemed to have slowed in the second part of 1963 and promised to flow more evenly and sanely in 1964. Alfred Lion put it this way: "The good jazz records will be appreciated in the future. Once the decks are cleared, the good jazz records will rise to the top."

Despite all the fads and commerciality (both major factors in jazz records 1963), a lot of cream did rise to the top this last year.

In addition to the companies mentioned so far, Atlantic, Impulse, United Artists, Contemporary, Argo, Philips, Mercury, RCA Victor, and Charlie Parker produced records that were of a high artistic level. There was something in every category for all kinds of jazz fans.

If the companies space their releases more wisely, perhaps the many good records committed to limbo (and that's no pun) will have a little more exposure, promotion, and a fighting chance to be heard. It is just as feasible for a company to make the same amount of money from six good records as from three good ones and nine mediocre ones. And maybe we won't have the feeling of impending avalanche every time we pass the shelves of our favorite record store.

□

cream of the crop

Following is a list of very good (★★★★) to excellent (★★★★★) records as rated in *Down Beat*, 1963.

★★★★★

Kenny Burrell-John Coltrane (New Jazz 8276)
John Coltrane, *Impressions* (Impulse 42)
Ornette Coleman, *Ornette on Tenor* (Atlantic 1394)
Miles Davis, *Seven Steps to Heaven* (Columbia 2051 and 8851)
Walt Dickerson, *To My Queen* (New Jazz 8283)
Duke Ellington-Charlie Mingus-Max Roach, *Money Jungle* (United Artists 15017)
Bill Evans, *Conversations with Myself* (Verve 8526)
Art Farmer, *Listen to Art Farmer and the Orchestra* (Mercury 60766); *Interaction* (Atlantic 1412)
Clare Fischer, *Surging Ahead* (Pacific Jazz 67)
Benny Golson, *Free* (Argo 716)
Dexter Gordon, *Go!* (Blue Note 4112)
Lionel Hampton, *Many-Splendored Vibes* (Epic 16027)
Joe Harriott, *Abstract* (Capitol 10351)
John Lee Hooker, (vocal) *Folk Blues* (Crown 5295)
Antonio Carlos Jobim, *the Composer of "Desafinado," Plays* (Verve 8547)
Bunk Johnson and His Superior Jazz Band (reissue) (Good Time Jazz 12048)
Leadbelly (vocal reissue) (Capitol 1821)
Jackie McLean, *Let Freedom Ring* (Blue Note 4106)
Thelonious Monk, *Monk's Dream* (Columbia 1965)
Gerry Mulligan '63/*The Concert Jazz Band* (Verve 8515)
Oscar Peterson, *Night Train* (Verve 8538)

George Russell, *The Outer View* (Riverside 440)
Pee Wee Russell, *New Groove* (Columbia 1985)
Bola Sete—Bossa Nova (Fantasy 3349)
Zoot Sims in Paris (United Artists 15013)

★★★★ ½

Cannonball Adderley, *Jazz Workshop Revisited* (Riverside 444); *Cannonball's Bossa Nova* (Riverside 455)
Louis Armstrong-Duke Ellington, *The Great Reunion* (Roulette 52103)
Art Blakey, *Buhaina's Delight* (Blue Note 4014); *Ugetsu: Jazz Messengers at Birdland* (Riverside 464)
Jaki Byard, *Hi-Fly* (New Jazz 8273)
Benny Carter, *BBB & Co.* (Swingville 2032)
Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland, *Clarke-Boland Big Band* (Atlantic 1440)
Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina, *Polytones* (Mercury 60833)
Don Ellis, *Essence* (Pacific Jazz 55)
Bill Evans, *Interplay* (Riverside 445)
Bud Freeman, *Something Tender* (United Artists 15033)
Red Garland, *When There Are Grey Skies* (Prestige 7258)
Dizzy Gillespie, *New Wave* (Philips 200-070)
Chico Hamilton, *Passin' Thru* (Impulse 29)
Coleman Hawkins, *Desafinado* (Impulse 28)
Jimmy Heath, *Swamp Seed* (Riverside 465)
Woody Herman—1963 (Philips 200-065)
Billie Holiday, (vocal) *Lady Love* (United Artists 14014)
John Lee Hooker, (vocal) *Don't Turn Me from Your Door* (Atco 33-151)
Paul Horn, *Profile of a Jazz Musician* (Columbia 1922)
Kid Howard, *The Heart and Bowels of New Orleans Jazz* (Icon 8)
Milt Jackson, *Invitation* (Riverside 446)
Bob James, *Bold Conceptions* (Mercury 20768)
J. J. Johnson, *J. J.'s Broadway* (Verve 8530)
Roland Kirk, *Domino* (Mercury 60748)
Harold Land, *Jazz Impressions of Folk Music* (Imperial 12247)
Junior Mance, *Junior's Blues* (Riverside 447)
Do the Bossa Nova with Herbie Mann (Atlantic 1397)

Shelly Manne-Bill Evans, *Empathy* (Verve 8947)
The Gary McFarland Orchestra (Verve 8518)
Modern Jazz Quartet, *The Comedy* (Atlantic 1390)
Thelonious Monk, *Criss-Cross* (Columbia 2038)
Wes Montgomery, *Full House* (Riverside 434)
Phil Moore, *New York Sweet* (Mercury 60763)
Mark Murphy, (vocal) *That's How I Love the Blues* (Riverside 441)
Singleton Palmer, *At the Opera House* (Norman 106)
Dave Pike, *Oliver!* (Moodsville 36)
The Immortal Django Reinhardt Guitar (Reprise 6075)
Gene Shaw, *Breakthrough* (Argo 707)
Archie Shepp-Bill Dixon Quartet (Savoy 12178)
Zoot Sims, *New Beat Bossa Nova, Vol. 2* (Colpix 437)
Sonny Stitt, *Rearin' Back* (Argo 709)
Lucky Thompson Plays Jerome Kern and No More (Moodsville 39)
McCoy Tyner, *Reaching Fourth* (Impulse 33)
Various Artists, *Norman Granz Presents Jazz at the Philharmonic in Europe, Vols. 1-4* (Verve 8539, 8540, 8541, 8542)
Dinah Washington, (vocal) *Back to the Blues* (Roulette 25189)
Paul Winter, *New Jazz on Campus* (Columbia 2064)
Jimmy Witherspoon, (vocal) *Roots* (Reprise 6057)
Jimmy Woods, *Conflict* (Contemporary 3612)

★★★★

Henry (Red) Allen, *Mr. Allen* (Swingville 2034)
Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt, *Dig Him!* (Argo 697)
George Auld *Plays the Winners* (Philips 600-096)
Count Basie, *On My Way & Shoutin' Again!* (Verve 8511)
Charlie Barnet (Ava 10)
The Immortal Sidney Bechet (Reprise 6076)
Berklee Students, *Jazz in the Classroom, Vol. VII* (Berklee 7)
Lou Blackburn, *Two-Note Samba* (Imperial 9242)
Art Blakey, *Caravan* (Riverside 438)
Boll Weevil Jazz Band Plays One More Time, Vol. 3 (Liberty 3)
Luiz Bonfá, *Bossa Nova* (Verve 522); *Brazil's King of the Bossa Nova*

and Guitar (Philips 200-087)
 Dave Brubeck *At Carnegie Hall* (Columbia C2S-826)
 Kenny Burrell, *Midnight Blue* (Blue Note 4123)
 Kenny Burrell-Coleman Hawkins, *Bluesy Burrell* (Moodsville 29)
 Charlie Byrd, *Bossa Nova Pelos Passaros* (Riverside 436)
 Donald Byrd, *Royal Flush* (Blue Note 4101)
 Leroy Carr, (vocal reissue) *Blues before Sunrise* (Columbia 1799)
 Betty Carter, (vocal) *'Round Midnight* (Atco 33-152)
 John Coltrane, *Standard Coltrane* (Prestige 7243)
 Ted Curson, *Fire Down Below* (Prestige 7263)
 Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, *Misty* (Moodsville 30); *Trackin'* (Prestige 7271)
 Paul Desmond, *Take Ten* (RCA Victor 2569)
 Paul Desmond-Gerry Mulligan, *Two of a Mind* (Victor 2624)
 Walt Dickerson, *Relatively* (New Jazz 8275)
 Kenny Dorham, *Matador* (United Artists 15007)
 Champion Jack Dupree, (vocal) *Cabbage Greens* (Okeh 12103)
 Duke Ellington, *Afro-Bossa* (Reprise 6069); *Duke Ellington Meets Coleman Hawkins* (Impulse 26); *Ellington & Coltrane* (Impulse 30)
 Herb Ellis-Stuff Smith, *Together!* (Epic 17039)
The Legend of Sleepy John Estes (vocal) (Delmar 603)
 Ella Fitzgerald, (vocal) *Ella Sings Broadway* (Verve 4059); *Ella Swings Gently with Nelson* (Verve 4055)
The Four Saints (vocal) (Warner Bros. 1477)
 Don Friedman, *Circle Waltz* (Riverside 431)
 Frank Foster, *Basie Is Our Boss* (Argo 717)
 Curtis Fuller with Red Garland (New Jazz 8277)
 Stan Getz-Luiz Bonfá, *Jazz Samba Encore* (Verve 8523)
 Joao Gilberto, (vocal) *The Boss of the Bossa Nova* (Atlantic 8070)
 Dizzy Gillespie, *Dizzy on the French Riviera* (Philips 200-048); *Something Old, Something New* (Philips 600-091)
 Johnny Griffith, *Jazz* (Workshop Jazz 205)
 Vince Guaraldi, *In Person* (Fantasy 3352)

Chico Hamilton, *A Different Journey* (Reprise 6078)
 Jimmy Hamilton, *Can't Help Swinging* (Swingville 2028)
 Coleman Hawkins, *Hawkins! Alive! At the Village Gate* (Verve 8509); *Make Someone Happy* (Moodsville 31); *Today and Now* (Impulse 34)
 Roy Haynes, *Cracklin'* (New Jazz 8286)
 Woody Herman, *Encore* (Philips 600-092)
 Solomon Ilori, *African High Life* (Blue Note 4136)
Illinois Jacquet (Epic 16033)
Jazz at Preservation Hall, I: The Eureka Brass Band of New Orleans (Atlantic 1408); *II: Billie and DeDe Pierce/Jim Robinson's New Orleans Band* (Atlantic 1409); *III: Paul Barbarin's Band/Punch Miller's Bunch and George Lewis* (Atlantic 1410)
Jazz Crusaders at the Lighthouse (Pacific Jazz 57)
 The Jazztet, *Another Git Together* (Mercury 20737)
 Marv Jenkins, *Good Little Man* (Reprise 6077)
 Pete Jolly, *Little Bird* (Ava 22)
 Etta Jones, (vocal) *Lonely and Blue* (Prestige 7241)
 Sam Jones, *Down Home* (Riverside 432)
 Sheila Jordan, (vocal) *Portrait of Sheila* (Blue Note 8002)
 Stan Kenton, *Artistry in Bossa Nova* (Capitol 1931)
 Prince Lasha, *The Cry* (Contemporary 3610)
 Yusef Lateef, *Lost in Sound* (Charlie Parker 814)
 John Lewis-Svend Asmussen, *European Encounter* (Atlantic 1392)
 Mundell Lowe, *Blues for a Stripper* (Charlie Parker 822)
 Johnny Lytle, *Moon Child* (Jazzland 81)
 Mike Mainieri, *Blues on the Other Side* (Argo 706)
 Chuck Mangione, *Recuerdo* (Jazzland 84)
 Charlie Mariano, *A Jazz Portrait* (Regina 286)
 Bill Marx, *My Son the Folk Swinger* (Vee Jay 3035)
 Brownie McGhee-Sonny Terry, (vocal) *At the 2nd Fret* (Bluesville 1058)
 Howard McGhee, *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out* (United Artists 15028)
 Ken McIntyre, *Year of the Iron Sheep* (United Artists 15015)

Punch Miller, *The River's in Mourning* (Icon 7)
 Dudley Moore, *The Theme from "Beyond the Fringe" and All That Jazz* (Atlantic 1403)
 Gerry Mulligan, *Jeru* (Columbia 8732)
 Sal Nistico, *Comin' On Up!* (Riverside 457)
 Charlie Parker, *The Happy "Bird"* (Charlie Parker 404)
 Horace Parlan, *Up and Down* (Blue Note 4082)
 Joe Pass, *Catch Me!* (Pacific Jazz 73)
 Art Pepper, *Intensity* (Contemporary 3607)
 Max Roach, *Parisian Sketches* (Mercury 20760)
 Sonny Rollins-Coleman Hawkins, *Sonny Meets Hawk!* (RCA Victor 2712)
 Jimmy Rushing, (vocal) *Five Feet of Soul* (Colpix 446)
 Lalo Schiffrin, *Piano Strings and Bossa Nova* (MGM 4110)
 Bud Shank, *Brasamba!* (Pacific Jazz 64)
 Bud Shank-Claire Fischer, *Bossa Nova Jazz Samba* (Pacific Jazz 58)
 Charlie Shavers, *Excitement Unlimited* (Capitol 1883)
 Horace Silver, *Silver's Serenade* (Blue Note 4131)
Martial Solal At Newport '63 (RCA Victor 2777)
 Sonny Stitt and the Top Brass (Atlantic 1395)
 Sonny Stitt-Jack McDuff, *Stitt Meets Brother Jack* (Prestige 7244)
 Billy Strayhorn, *The Peaceful Side* (United Artists 15010)
 Ira Sullivan, *Bird Lives!* (Vee Jay 3033)
 Ralph Sutton, *Ragtime U.S.A.* (Roulette 25232)
 Teri Thornton, (vocal) *Somewhere in the Night* (Dauntless 6306)
 Cal Tjader, *Sona Libre* (Verve 8531)
 Mel Torme, (vocal) *I Dig the Duke/I Dig the Count* (Verve 8491); *Comin' Home, Baby* (Atlantic 8069)
 Stanley Turrentine, *Up at Minton's, Vol. 2* (Blue Note 4070)
 Various Artists, *All Night Long* (Epic 16032)
 Various Artists, (reissue) *Swing Street* (Epic 6042)
 Dinah Washington, (vocal) *In Love* (Roulette 25180)
 Frank Wess, *Yo Ho!* (Prestige 7266)
 Gerald Wilson, *Moment of Truth* (Pacific Jazz 61)
 Paul Winter, *Jazz Premiere: Washington* (Columbia 1997)

JAZZ CRITICISM

THE GROWTH OF AN ART FORM is one of the most profound phenomena in the slow, painful history of man. The process, in fact, is so complex, so many-sided and ever-changing, that its accurate chronicling is sometimes more based in fantasy than fact.

It is the *choice* of events that is the critical factor in the collection of historical material. This raises special problems for the more limited histories of art forms. Values that may be crucial to a historical view are not always synonymous with esthetic truths. Given two contemporary musical works of markedly different structure and esthetic value, it frequently will not be the one with the greatest esthetic distinction that survives historically but rather the one with the most lasting influence. Not infrequently, of course, both these elements exist in a single work.

Only the rare historical treatise has either the space or the interest to take facts into account that do not have chronological significance. More frequently, the various philosophies of history—the cyclic approach, the theory of fluctuation, the genetic method, and so on—assume the importance of given events primarily in terms of their relevance to the system. But if all historical philosophies have shortcomings, especially in their understanding of the creative process, they at least provide a cogent view of a bewilderingly vast array of material and a useful working premise for the historians of art.

Almost from its beginnings in Western society, music has presented a special problem. The narrative method of Herodotus or the pragmatic method of Thucydides, for example, have distinct drawbacks when dealing with topics that have both chronological and esthetic elements. So, in differing ways, do many of the other historical methods.

It was many years before music commentators and theorists approached music from other than the analytical viewpoint. The theoretical approach, however, came early, in the works of such as Pythagoras, Aristoxenas, and Ptolemy. In the second century A.D., a Greek named Aristides Quintilianus devised an interesting system of musical knowledge divided into two main parts: theoretical and practical. The former included a physical section encompassing arithmetic and physics and a technical section for the study of harmony, rhythm, and meter. The practical part included a section on composition and a section on instrumental, vocal, and dramatic execution. Quintilianus dealt with aspects of music other than historical, but his approach contained the seeds of a method that eventually led to a far more inclusive discipline, one that we have come to call musicology, or the science of music.

Not until the 17th and 18th centuries were theoretical interpretations combined with an equal interest in the historical aspects of music.

Guido Adler, writing in 1885 for the *Quarterly for Musicology*, suggested that a distinction be made between the historical and systematic in the study of music. This was an important distinction. It pointed out the critical

separation that must be made in the study of an art form between the purely chronological facts of its history and the more intangible, but equally important, elements of which it is made.

Adler's historical division was effectively complete; it included the study of notation and all methods of record, the study of art forms and the resulting classes of musical works, the study of composition (or the inner texture of works), and the study of instruments. His systematic section included speculative theory (the study of harmony, rhythm, and meter), pedagogics, esthetics, and musicology (which he considered the study of ethnic and non-Western musics).

By the first half of the 20th century, musicology had become established as one of the important artistic studies, and both courses and degrees were offered in many colleges and universities.

Although most important musicologists have their own systematic approaches, they generally follow the pattern established by Adler. A significant new development has been the inclusion of more diverse fields of study. Acoustics, long considered a rather innocuous adjunct of mathematics, has been shown to have great relevance to the performance of music (as the recent publicity over Philharmonic Hall in New York City more than proved). Psychology and physiology have also demonstrated increasing importance. Through them we are able to study the psychological and physical responses of the human organism to musical sounds. If music can indeed "soothe the savage breast," it will take experimental work in these fields to find out why. Perhaps most important of all are archeology, anthropology, and ethnology—scientific disciplines that cast new light not only on the development of Western music but also upon the bewilderingly complex manner in which man expresses himself through art.

THE LITERATURE OF JAZZ is a kaleidoscope of confusion beside the order that musicology has brought to the study of classical music.

The few existing bibliographies of jazz material underscore one of the problems—an overwhelming preponderance of biographies and jazz "histories." In far lesser quantity are discographies, encyclopedias, and the books that profess to explain the "theory" of jazz. Many of these works, of course, are extremely valuable. But too often work has been done in duplication and at cross purposes. The largest amount of scholarly research in jazz has probably been devoted to discography, but a good deal more must be done before the hectic history of jazz recording can be considered thoroughly documented.

Here and there, writers of one persuasion or another have advanced esthetic interpretations of jazz. But only in a few instances have these esthetics applied philosophical premises that extend beyond the limitations of the writer's likes or dislikes. Jazz biographies and interviews, when

Critic-musician Don Heckman argues the need for an informed, musicological approach to jazz criticism

JAZZ CRITICISM

they are done well, provide some of the most valuable research material available to jazz, and a clear need exists for the accumulation of more such material. The writing of jazz history offers few major achievements, with the good ones almost always written by authors who have approached their material from the viewpoint of an over-all historical principle. Unfortunately, this principle is frequently evolutionary, a premise that is more applicable to biological than cultural growth.

It has become increasingly clear that the limits of jazz extend far beyond the confines of either a folk or a popular art form.

As its audience expands and the demand grows for musicians who are trained in its disciplines, there will be an intensifying need for a reasoned and informed approach to the music—one that outlines the systematic and historical elements that make it so uniquely representative of our contemporary society.

As a starting point—a station from which we can examine the roads that lie in all directions, I would like to propose the following general organization for the study of jazz:

- A. Systematic
 - 1. Tonal Theory
 - 2. Rhythm
 - 3. Procedures
 - 4. Acoustics
 - 5. Esthetics
 - 6. Pedagogy
 - 7. Psychology/physiology
- B. Historical
 - 1. Discography
 - 2. Biography
 - 3. Recording
 - 4. Archives
 - 5. Ethnology
 - 6. Sociology
 - 7. Criticism

The systematic section deals with the music itself, with its performance, its composition, its scientific basis, its teaching, and with the special relationship between players and audience.

The problems of tonal theory are vast but have the small advantage, at least, of being rooted in a familiar tradition.

Jazz, until the present time, has been based upon a special modification of 18th-century European harmony. As sophistication grew, jazzmen quickly grasped the more complex implications of this harmony—chromatic substitution of chords; altered chords; triads extending into 9th, 11th, and 13th chords, etc. These are easily discerned elements. More complex are the scalular alterations of line that occur within this harmonic framework—a technique that is not European but is drawn from the folk music of the American Negro.

It would be interesting in this respect to apply Alexander J. Ellis' System of Cents to the examination of jazz playing. Ellis' system accounts for the fact that most non-Western and ethnic musics use intervals that do not coincide with our tempered scales. In order to provide an accurate notation for the study of these musics, Ellis divided the octave into 12 equal parts, or semitones. Each of these parts is allotted a value of 100 cents. Thus, in

Western music, a minor third will consist of 300 cents. But a blues singer, humming a note somewhere between the major and minor third, might sing an interval consisting of 350 cents. The use of Ellis' system for an analysis of the music of important players might furnish some insight into the effectiveness of the so-called blue notes.

Our understanding of jazz would also benefit from an analytical study of, say, the music of Duke Ellington—its voicing, timbres, harmonies, etc.—in much the same fashion that a musicologist analyzes the music of Brahms or Beethoven.

One part of George Russell's Lydian Concept of Tonal Organization is devoted to its possible application to important recorded solos by improvisers like Charlie Parker. Surely this is an area that merits further study, not just with Russell's system, but from a variety of interpretations.

The improvisers have, almost without fail, brought the first glimmer of new ideas into the body of jazz. How and when has this taken place? What are the distinguishing differences between a Charlie Parker and a Johnny Hodges chorus in the early 1940s? Jazz choruses cannot be notated accurately, but neither is any other music ever notated with absolute precision, and the use of Ellis' system is, at least, one untried technique for the further comprehension of jazz improvisation.

RHYTHM, OF COURSE, is one of the cornerstones of jazz. Its accurate study would not be an easy task. The very nature of jazz rhythms is such that they produce reactions of one sort or another in even the most casual listener (a number of critics have practically made careers of discovering appropriate euphemisms for their personal responses).

But we are due for a more serious approach. What has been the change in rhythmic accents, for example, between 1925 and today? What is the difference between the way Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young play eighth notes? What is the relationship between swing and meter? All these questions (and many more that could be asked) are important for the facts they request and for the significance the answers could have to contemporary musicians and composers. They are not unanswerable, although their exploration will require a serious and time-consuming effort. But certainly the amazing effectiveness that jazz rhythms have always had, both artistically and emotionally, merits exhaustive study.

Jazz is, by and large, an art based on procedural rather than structural forms. Instead of building musical ideas upon predetermined forms, like the sonata, jazzmen tend to think of form as a verb—to construct their music as they go along. Superficially, this makes jazz appear to be an endless sequence of theme and variations, but the actual procedure is more complex. Jelly Roll Morton used melodic ornamentation for his improvisations; Charlie Parker generally played harmonic variations; Sonny Rollins uses a combination of both techniques.

Here and there, articles have appeared probing the improvisational procedures of one player or another, but no broad picture has been drawn of the sweep and flow of techniques used by jazzmen over the last five or six decades. The growth of big-band music and contrasting styles of the midwestern and the eastern bands is another topic for exploration. Regrettably, extended composition in jazz has been rare, but some study should be devoted to the

JAZZ CRITICISM

methods used by masters such as Ellington and Morton in the few works where they have used expanded forms.

Acoustics and the study of the properties of sound hold special interest for jazz. Unlike classical instrumentalists, jazz musicians consider uniqueness, rather than similarity, of tone to be the most desirable characteristic. Jazz history is replete with truly personal sounds—compare Coleman Hawkins' growling tenor saxophone with the clear pan-pipe timbre of early Stan Getz, or Roy Eldridge's assertive, vibrato-laden trumpet tone with the pointedly motionless sound of Miles Davis. Classical music, on the other hand, relies upon the composer for timbral variety. Symphonic instrumentalists are generally anonymous to a composer, and he knows that the sound of the woodwind section of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra will differ only in minor respects from that of the Philadelphia.

The jazz composer's task is considerably different. Ellington's orchestra is the classic example of the variety of concerted sounds that can be got from a group of markedly different individuals. But the point is that Ellington, like most jazz composers, makes use in his writing of the fact, for instance, that one of his tenor players has a wonderfully gravelly lower register or that a clarinetist has a clear, bell-like top range. And the mutes used by the brasses are a whole area in themselves.

Where the classical musicologist examines instruments and explores their histories, the jazz musicologist should examine the acoustical properties inherent in the special instrumental sounds produced by jazz musicians.

The esthetics of the performance and composition of jazz music also await examination. In approximately 60 years jazz has changed from a folk art to a popular art and now, apparently, to a serious art form in itself. This development has taken place at such a rapid pace that it has left many of its listeners and practitioners behind, and what was a meaningful esthetic for it as a folk or popular art is no longer meaningful for it as a serious art form. A further complicating factor is that certain parts of jazz, sometimes certain parts of the same performance, can include aspects of all the stages of its growth, simultaneously. What is most needed now in jazz is some understanding of the basic problem of value.

There is a feeling prevalent in jazz, as in the other arts, that analysis can destroy one's appreciation for a work of art. Yet analysis is the only way in which we really can apprehend not only an individual work but also the elements that are necessary for the production of all superior works of art. Understanding jazz and responding to jazz, therefore, are two sides of the same coin. We can, of course, think only of the effect that jazz produces, but does not this approach lead us to a musical value that is based solely upon the effectiveness of emotional appeal?

The problem is far too complex to deal with in this limited space, and I would like only to advance the idea that the uniqueness of jazz—the fact that it is a complex artistic form of short and recent history that depends upon improvisation and spontaneity—calls for an esthetic examination unlike that applied to any other art.

Jazz pedagogy has generally had two separate and frequently antagonistic divisions—practical and theoretical.

It is self-evident that jazz performance techniques are learned only through the pragmatic exercise of continuous experience, and some educators have suggested that any other approach is a waste of time. But the road to effec-

tive and intelligent musical expression, as opposed to a more limited musical craftsmanship, lies through a knowledge of the history and the methods of the discipline in which one is working. The teaching of jazz in both the high-school and collegiate levels broadens every year. Although current emphasis is too strongly upon the performance aspect, time will undoubtedly bring a more balanced curriculum—hopefully, one that will explore some of the areas mentioned in this outline.

The special problems that jazz offers to the fields of psychology and physiology are a further variation of those offered by concert music. What, for example, are the mental and physical responses to the acoustically defined elements of tone (frequency, intensity, overtone structure, and duration)? Psychologists understand the connection that exists between the brain and ear—and the motor responses that are provoked by this connection—but what are the special stimulus-response patterns that take place in the mind of the jazz improviser?

The question of the relationship existing between rhythm and mental and physical sensation also seems to be pertinent for jazz. What does this imply about the emotional response of the jazz listener? The interpretive area offers the problem of the mental organization of melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic patterns, plus the way in which the improviser uses them as a means for the creation of tension and release. In addition, the nature of inspiration and stimuli it involves becomes especially fascinating in the cases of artists whose inspiration appears to be spontaneous. What are its sources? How does it effect the choice of material during the course of an improvisation? How original can an improviser really be? Jazzmen, like all performers who function in a dramatic context, are acutely aware of the ambience between themselves and their audience. Is there something about the serialistic nature of jazz improvisation that corresponds to the streamlike character of human memory? Is there an unconscious ritualistic recall that lies at the heart of the interaction and mutual provocation that takes place between performer and audience?

The historical section of the outline is not especially unusual. A great deal of the significant jazz research that already has been done falls within this category.

Discography, which can be considered, at least in one sense, the bibliography of jazz, has been explored, both in the United States and Europe, with unrelenting thoroughness. This is all to the good. But the job will not be complete until it is possible to publish the complete discographies, with exhaustive cross-indexing, of all jazz recordings and have them made available in the major libraries. Although this may appear, on the surface, to be a request for excessive rigor, it is really no more unreasonable than asking for a complete guide to periodical literature or a listing of Library of Congress entries, etc., all of which are readily available.

I have listed biography as an inclusive subdivision for several reasons.

Jazz is blessed (at least at the present moment) with the unusual fact that a number of performers who were active in the frontier period of the art are still alive. As many commentators have urged, a crash program should be undertaken to record both the music and the reminiscences of these pioneers. The importance of this work will grow in years to come. Jelly Roll Morton's reminiscences for the Library of Congress are descriptive not

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only of an individual, but of a period of United States history. The same is true of the recent (and nearly too late) marathon session of Big Bill Broonzy memoirs. Other material of a similar nature exists, not always in actual recordings and sometimes in the form of exceptionally well-handled interviews.

Undoubtedly it will take some sort of foundation help to acquire adequate financing for the preservation and reproduction of such material. The large foundations have demonstrated no special sympathy toward jazz in the past, so the task will probably not be an easy one. But there is no doubt that it must be done and done soon.

Since jazz is not always notated on paper, the science of recording must be considered a necessary adjunct to the musicology of jazz. Naturally, the truth of the matter must also be considered; jazz recording is, first and foremost, a commercial operation. No amount of wishing to the contrary is going to change this fact.

Recognizing it, however, work can still be conducted within the necessarily confined limits that it sets. Many record companies have realized the implicit commercial value of the historical material that clogs their vaults and have started reissue programs of varying intensities. One might wish for a more consistent degree of intelligence in the listing of personnel information, recording dates, etc., but the important thing is that the material is being made available. Correct discographical data can almost always be supplied later.

At this point, recording and archives merge. There is an imperative need that public facilities be maintained for the continuing preservation of jazz recordings. A variety of semiprivate libraries are now making some efforts in this direction. Other groups have been organized for the preservation of recordings, artifacts, and memorabilia from certain periods or certain geographic areas. Again, this is all to the good, but a vastly more organized and better-financed effort is needed.

It certainly would be worthwhile, for historical purposes, to preserve the original shellac pressings of recordings made before the LP era. But these pressings are exceedingly fragile and could never suffer the constant wear of, say, being made available for students of jazz. Since libraries long ago recognized the value of preserving significant literary and technical treatises on microfilm for the purpose of research, why would it not be possible for a number of centrally located libraries to provide room for tape collections that would include as much jazz material as can possibly be made available?

The same is certainly true of jazz scores. The value to the jazz student of microfilmed copies of Duke Ellington's compositions, for example, would be inestimable.

The need for a central repository for original shellac pressings and scores, where they can be preserved and cataloged, is also apparent. Again, this can never be done without either foundation support or the assistance of a federal agency (would it be too presumptuous to suggest that such a project would warrant assistance from the new National Cultural Foundation?). We can only wait to see what will happen. But, as with the surviving players of the early jazz era, our time grows short, and in some cases, such as the preservation of original Ellington scores, our time has probably already passed.

Ethnology and folklore research already have accumulated an abundance of materials about the prehistory of

jazz. A concentrated study of this material should now be made to establish historical and artistic antecedents. In a more general sense, an exploration might be made of the connection between jazz and the other improvisatory musics of the world. What are the similarities and the differences between jazz and classical Indian music? Between jazz rhythms and percussion music of Africa? Why have not other improvised folk musics led to forms similar to jazz?

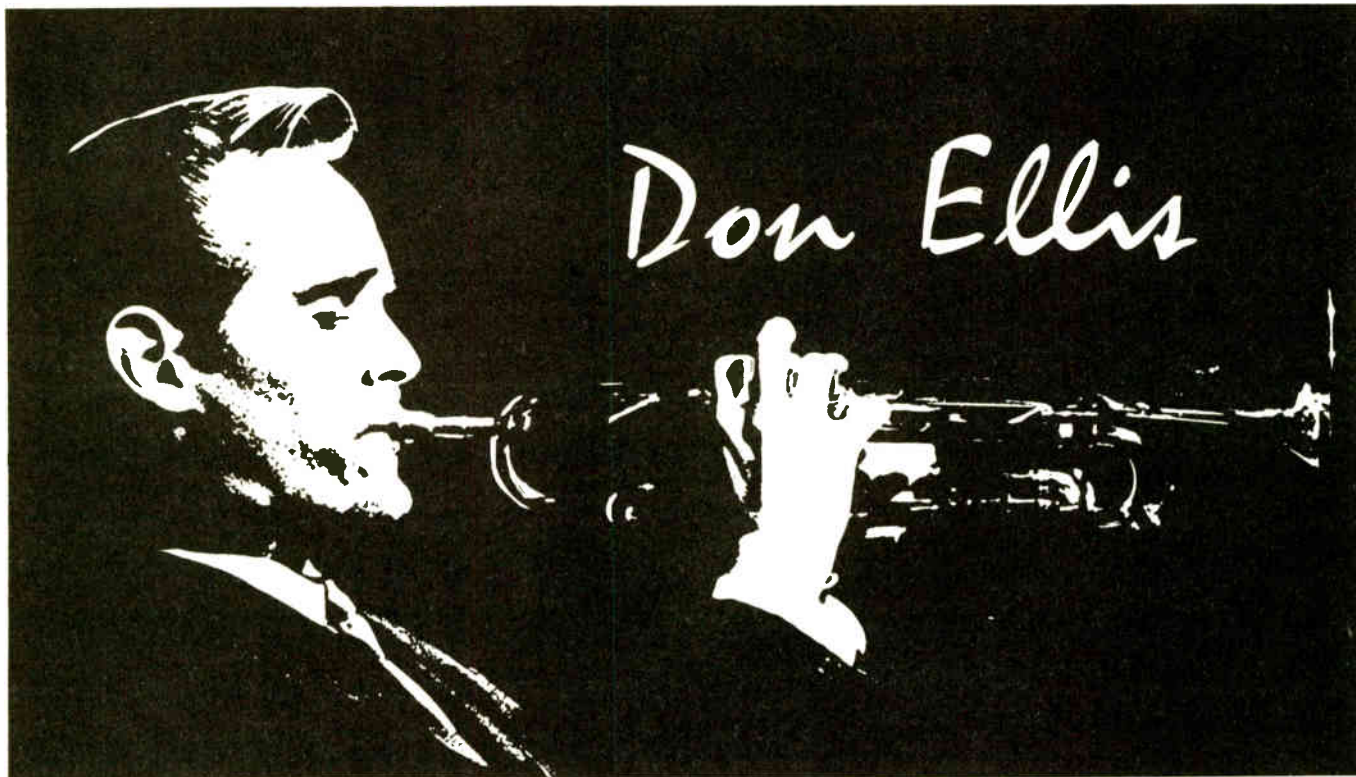
Sociology has certain elements that might include it under the systematic category. Certainly the relationship of the jazz musician to the community and his special qualities as a romantic rebel have some relevance to the kind of music he produces. For all the articles that have been written about it, more questions should be asked about the relationship between jazz and narcotics. And too little is known about the strains and stresses of the Negro-white interrelationship in jazz and about the economic, personal, and social stability of the jazz musician.

I must confess to a certain amount of apprehension about devoting a separate category to criticism. But after some soul-searching, I have come to the conclusion that it is not criticism as a responsible musical activity that bears a stigma of ill repute but some of the critics themselves. There is no greater insult that can be offered to a creative artist than to sit in judgment of his art solely on the basis of one's personal reactions. This is a perversion of the concept of communication and does the further damage of encouraging those charlatans whose single goal is the arousal of the most obvious type of audience response. Yet it is a common approach for many jazz critics.

Fortunately, there is some reason to believe that jazz is in a transitional stage not only musically but also with the people who write about it as well. Is there any reason why jazz musicians themselves should not write the type of enlightened commentary that was written by Louis Hector Berlioz, Robert Schumann, Richard Wagner, or Hugo Wolf? I think not, and hopefully we can expect to see not only more critical commentary from musicians but more musical commentary from critics as well. That this is a necessary and meaningful part of jazz seems certain to me. Critics cannot make bad music good or good music bad (as some musicians seem to think), but they can point out directions and goals that their objective separation permits them to see. All of this, of course, assumes a musical education on the part of the critic—and assumes it as an absolute necessity.

I DO NOT MEAN to suggest in this brief outline that scholarly, comprehensive studies of one sort or another are not being conducted in all of the areas that I have mentioned. But too frequently the emphasis has been placed upon the gloss, upon silly bickerings over definitions, or upon the relevance of one style over another.

It surely is time to consider the body of jazz as a solid and continuing entity. Whether or not one likes certain developments or prefers one style to another should be considered in the total historical context. Jazz has room for Jelly Roll Morton and Bud Freeman and Ornette Coleman; the sooner the limiters and the definers realize this fact the better. The only real purpose of this article is to offer a viewpoint that looks at jazz as an entity, deserving and requiring a study of its many parts and of its exceedingly complex whole. □



Bachelor of Music in Composition from Boston University, 1956.
Studied trumpet under John Coffey of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Studied composition under Claus Roy, Gardner Read, Hugo Norden. Compositions include *Improvisational Suite No. 1*, using a twelve-tone row. *The Creation of Life*, a half-hour piece for 42-voice chorus, organ and trumpet solo, *Frontiers in Worship: Experiment in Jazz*, and other works both secular and religious drawing on both jazz and classical traditions.

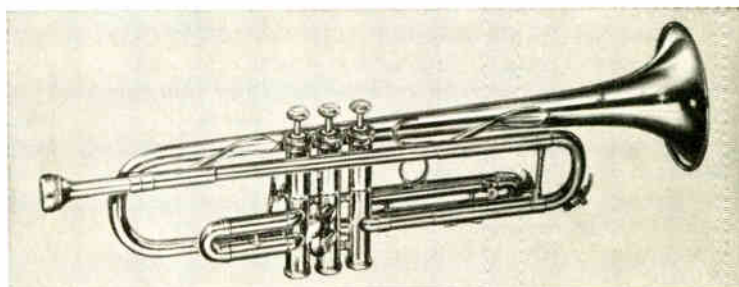
Jazz-influenced by Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, Fats Navarro, Joe Gordon, Clark Terry, Gunther Schuller. Band experience with Herb Pomeroy, Ray McKinley, Charlie Barnet, Maynard Ferguson, Kenny Dorham, Sam Donahue, Woody Herman, Lionel Hampton, Count Basie, George Russell.



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JAZZ BASICS

By DON DeMICHEAL and PETE WELDING

Of the thousands of jazz LPs available, we have chosen 53 that we feel present a true picture of the music's development and of its major figures. In selecting the albums, we attempted to find ones that were representative of styles or of major artists. In a few cases, the record by a certain artist or school finally decided on was not as good musically as others by the same man or school, but it was felt that the album chosen would either give a more rounded view of the man or would offer the listener a variety that would have been unobtainable except by listing a number of records from the same school.

We arbitrarily excluded representations of the various jazz singing styles, though there are three albums by vocalists included in order to establish a point of departure (the blues listing) or because the artist was of unignorable stature and the accompaniment was of high order and a good cross section of a style (the Billie Holiday listing).

After each listing there are further recommendations for the particular artist or style. This is meant to help guide those who are more interested in one phase of jazz than they are in the others.

Albums are listed in generally a chronological-developmental order.—*The authors*

VARIOUS ARTISTS, *The Country Blues* (Folkways RBF 1)

BESSIE SMITH, *The Bessie Smith Story, Vol. 1* (Columbia 855)

Of all forms of American Negro folk music, the one most closely related to instrumental jazz is the secular blues. Of somewhat uncertain ancestry and antiquity, the blues were evolved in the rural South by scores of anonymous folk bards who developed the predominantly 12-bar, three-line blues form into an expressive vehicle of singular power and dramatic intensity.

The blues were, moreover, the most determinedly individual of all American Negro folk musics, and it was in this form that the so-called "blue tonality" (a certain tonal ambiguity primarily in the third and seventh steps of the scale), the use of melisma, etc., reached their most widespread use, ultimately being translated to jazz by instrumentalists bent on imitating the vocal inflections of the blues singers. (These characteristic tonal devices were likewise present in other Negro vocal musics as well.)

Author-historian Samuel Charters has assembled in the Folkways LP an anthology of blues singers that brings together some of the more persuasive, emotionally potent workers in the rougher country blues traditions (Blind Lemon Jefferson, Blind Willie Johnson, Peg Leg Howell, Tommy McClennan, Bukka White, the magnificent Robert Johnson, and Sleepy John Estes) and some exponents of the more sophisticated urban blues (Lonnie Johnson, Leroy Carr, Big Bill Broonzy, Washboard Sam). The selections are uniformly good, and the whole set offers a glimpse of the force, imagistic power, and emotional depth this relatively simple form is capable of spanning.

No less powerfully expressive were the dramatic female blues singers like Bessie Smith, easily the greatest in a long line of blues interpreters whose roots lay in the traveling medicine shows that plied the rural South in the early days of jazz and whose vocal style was perhaps as much indebted to the emerging instrumental style and the minstrel traditions as it was to the cruder spontaneities of the country blues.

Bessie Smith, with her rich, full-throated voice and emotion-packed delivery, stands head and shoulders above her contemporaries, as the Columbia set's dozen selections, made in 1923 and '25 eloquently attest.

On eight of the tunes she has a perfect complement in Louis Armstrong's jabbing, explosive cornet, and on three of these, Charlie (Big) Green's smearing, vocal trombone provides further foil and comment.

Further recommendations: The blues revival of recent years has resulted in the issuance of a number of excellent blues reissues as well as a spate of new recordings of older blues performers. Among the best reissues are Robert Johnson, *King of the Delta Blues Singers* (Columbia 1654); Blind Lemon Jefferson, *Folk Blues* (Riverside 125); *The Story of Blind Willie Johnson* (Folkways 3585); Huddie Ledbetter, *Leadbelly's Best* (Capitol 1821); *Great Blues Singers* (Riverside 121), an anthology of such female blues performers as Ma Rainey, Ida Cox, Chippie Hill, Trixie Smith, and others; Leroy Carr, *Blues before Sunrise* (Columbia 1799); Ma Rainey, *Classic Blues* (Riverside 108); a fine anthology, *Out Came the Blues* (Decca 4434); and *The Original Rhythm & Blues Hits* (Camden 740), which brings together some of the finest

modern urban blues recordings of the late 1930s and early '40s.

Among recent recordings are *Blues 'n' Trouble* (Arhoolie 1006); *The Legend of Sleepy John Estes* (Delmark 603); Lightnin' Hopkins, *Country Blues* (Tradition 1035); Various Mississippi Delta singers, *I Have to Paint My Face* (Arhoolie 1005); Furry Lewis (Folkways 3823); Mance Lipscomb, *Texas Sharecropper and Songster* (Arhoolie 1001); *Negro Prison Songs* (Tradition 1020); *The Best of Muddy Waters* (Chess 1427); Big Joe Williams, *Piney Woods Blues* (Delmark 602); and Robert Pete Williams, Hogman Maxey, and Guitar Welch, *Angola Prisoners' Blues* (Folk Lyric 3).

KING OLIVER, *King Oliver and His Orchestra* (Epic 16003)

The Oliver Creole Band was possibly the finest New Orleans style of band to record. The personnel included such Crescent City musicians as Louis Armstrong, playing second cornet to Oliver's lead; Johnny Dodds, whose biting clarinet work was particularly inspired on blues; and Baby Dodds, Johnny's brother and the man most often cited as epitomizing New Orleans drumming. (It is difficult, however, to tell too much of what Baby does on these tracks recorded for the Okeh company in 1923, when the band worked at Chicago's Lincoln Gardens.)

Another New Orleans clarinetist Jimmie Noone, whose influence was to have great consequence through the work of Benny Goodman, is present on two of the tracks—*London Blues* and *Camp Meeting Blues*, the last-named containing a melodic Noone solo that became *Creole Love Call* in the hands of Duke Ellington.

The album also includes stimulating

versions of *Dippermouth Blues*, which has three excellent choruses by the leader's cornet; *High Society*, with Dodds playing the traditional Alphonse Picou clarinet solo; and *Snake Rag*, one of the classic examples of collective improvisation, replete with two-cornet breaks, a characteristic of the Oliver band.

Further recommendation: *Louis Armstrong: 1923* (Riverside 122) is actually by the Oliver band. Some titles, but no performances, are duplicated in the Epic and Riverside albums.

JELLY ROLL MORTON: *The King of New Orleans Jazz* (RCA Victor 1649)

While admitting the excellence of the various quintets and septets so utterly dominated by cornetist Louis Armstrong in the late 1920s, many traditional fans hold that the consummate New Orleans-styled band was that led by the flamboyant pianist-composer-entrepreneur Joseph Ferdinand LeMenthe, otherwise known as Jelly Roll Morton.

Organized by the pianist for recording purposes in September, 1926, and designated (with Morton's usual aplomb) as the Red Hot Peppers, the original band was set apart from its contemporaries by its superb ensemble playing, always marvelously controlled and balanced, with an interaction among the front-line horns that was uncanny and all but matchless in the history of the music.

The lead work was handled by the relatively unknown George Mitchell, a cornetist whose playing was warm, poignant, melodic, but quietly explosive in its jabbing thrust. The dancing, rolling clarinet of Omer Simeon darted in and out of the ensemble texture, and underneath all swelled Kid Ory's blues-rich trombone. Morton drove the band from his piano bench and filled in any open spaces left by the horn men. Banjoist Johnny St. Cyr, bassist John Lindsay, and drummer Andrew Hillaire rounded out the basic group, to which were brought occasional substitutes and additions (two extra clarinets and an added trumpet on *Sidewalk Blues* and *Dead Man Blues*, for example).

Considering the casual nature of its formation, the band's rapport was astonishing—but perhaps less so when one considers Morton's organizational ability. It was he who firmly guided the band through its recording sessions, picking the tunes, rehearsing them until they satisfied his rigorous standards, sparking the bandsmen to improvisational heights (and coming up with helpful suggestions when they ran dry)—leaving, in short, his stamp

on every tune and performance.

Despite Morton's careful planning and firm control—or because of it—there was nothing contrived or forced about the Peppers' performances; rather, they were shot through with blithe exuberance, infectious charm, soaring spirits, relaxed drive, and utter inevitability and spontaneity. The use of Morton's arresting, singing multi-themed compositions made for further interest and doubtless spurred the improvisational talents of his sidemen; they rose to the challenges.

The 16 selections comprising this RCA Victor album were recorded in the period from mid-September, 1926, to mid-June, 1928, and are among the band's finest accomplishments. Such selections as *Black Bottom Stomp*, *Smoke House Blues*, *The Chant*, *Sidewalk Blues*, *Dead Man Blues*, *Original Jelly Roll Blues*, and *The Pearls* are brilliantly conceived and executed seamless wholes and are peerless samples of the New Orleans genre at its developmental peak.

Further recommendations: Morton's pianistic prowess is on display in Commodore's exemplary reissue of his 1941 solo recordings (made shortly before his death) for the General label; the album is *New Orleans Memories* (30000). Four band tracks by a hastily recruited Red Hot Peppers (featuring trumpeter Red Allen and clarinetist Albert Nicholas) are happy surprises and round out the collection.

From its 12-LP release of Morton's monumental 1938-recorded memoirs for the Library of Congress archives, Riverside records has excerpted a number of the pianist's piano and vocal performances; the albums are *The Incomparable Jelly Roll Morton* (128), *Mr. Jelly Lord* (132), and *Jelly Roll Morton Plays and Sings* (133).

LOUIS ARMSTRONG, *Armstrong and His Hot Five* (Columbia 851); *Armstrong and Earl Hines* (Columbia 853)

Armstrong, after working with Oliver and then Fletcher Henderson, formed his Hot Five and cut a series of what were primarily New Orleans-style records for OKeh. The first recording was done in 1925, the year Armstrong returned to Chicago from his New York stay with the Henderson band.

Though the collective improvisation was well done, there was less emphasis on ensembles than in the Oliver band, for Armstrong was growing into jazz' first great soloist, and he had opportunity with his own group to display his wares to the fullest. The other

members of the quintet were clarinetist Dodds; trombonist Kid Ory (another New Orleanian); Louis' pianist wife, Lil; and banjoist Johnny St. Cyr, who also hailed from New Orleans.

The Hot Five album has excellent examples of Armstrong's horn work; there also are tracks on which he sings in his inimitable style. The other Hot Five members, though not soloists of Armstrong's quality, contribute some very good playing, particularly Dodds on the blues. Occasionally Ory and Lil dip too deeply into the hokum barrel, though. Titles include *Muskrat Ramble*, *Heebie Jeebies*, *Gutbucket Blues*, *Cornet Chop Suey* (an Armstrong tour de force), *Hotter Than That*, and *Skid-dat-de-dat*.

The album with Hines offers examples of the Armstrong genius in full flower. The trumpeter never surpassed—though he certainly sometimes equaled—his work on some of these 1928 recordings. Armstrong had almost completely done away with collectively improvised ensembles, though the bands were small, by this time and was spiraling his trumpet improvisations to dizzying heights of imagination and construction.

Hines, too, had become a soloist of rare ability, and one who was to inspire many pianists, when these records were cut. His hard-hitting style employed many octaves and broken rhythms, and the melodic curve of his solos often was similar to Armstrong's—one can transpose the piano melodies to trumpet and most times come out with an Armstrong-like solo.

The two men's virtuosity is unencumbered by accompaniment on *Weather Bird*, and the empathy the two had for each other can be clearly heard. Each track included in the LP has something highly notable about it, but the finest performances are *Basin Street Blues*, *Weather Bird*, *Muggles* (impressionistic Hines and double-timing Armstrong in one of his greatest solos), *Tight Like This* (a marvelously building trumpet solo plus a Hines excursion into abstracted playing quite daring for the period), *West End Blues* (the famous Armstrong opening cadenza still stands as an awesome feat), and *Squeeze Me*.

Further recommendation: *Armstrong and His Hot Seven* (Columbia 852) covers the period between the Hot Five and Hines albums and, in addition to Armstrong's playing and singing, contains fine Dodds clarinet work.

SIDNEY BECHET, *Jazz Classics, Vol. 1* (Blue Note 1201)

Bechet never had the influence Armstrong did, always remaining

something unto himself, but he must be considered the second great New Orleans soloist, after the trumpeter.

His dramatic, sweeping improvisations on clarinet and particularly soprano saxophone were always melodic, and the emotionality of his playing was at times overpowering.

This record finds him in varying company, ranging from trumpeter Bunk Johnson to pianist Meade Lux Lewis. There are two classic Bechet performances included—*Summertime* (1939) and *Blue Horizon* (1944)—and one near-classic, *Dear Old Southland* (1940). Though the time span of these recordings is 1939-46, long after the supposed golden days of New Orleans jazz, they should be considered in the early genre.

Others on the tracks include pianist Art Hodes (who did some of his most expressive work with Bechet), trombonist Vic Dickenson (he contributes some wonderfully wry solos), trumpeters Max Kaminsky and Sidney DeParis, clarinetist Albert Nicholas (on a *Weary Way Blues* duet with Bechet), bassist Pops Foster, and drummers Sid Catlett and Freddie Moore.

Further recommendations: *In Memoriam* (Riverside 138/9), consisting of two LPs, has the delightful quartet sides made in 1940 with cornetist Muggsy Spanier for the Hot Record Society label; *New Orleans Jazz* (Decca 8283) has Bechet with a Louis Armstrong small band especially assembled for this 1940 date (the album, one of the first ever cut as a strictly jazz release, also has selections by Red Allen, Zutty Singleton, Jimmie Noone, and Johnny Dodds, who died shortly afterwards).

BIX BEIDERBECKE, *Bix and Tram* (Columbia 845)

It is said that Beiderbecke first became interested in jazz when he heard records by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and turned from piano to cornet because of his liking for the work of ODJB cornetist Nick LaRocca. It also is said that Beiderbecke, while still a youth, heard bands from New Orleans on the riverboats that stopped at Davenport, Iowa, his home town.

When Beiderbecke was enrolled in Lake Forest Academy, near Chicago, he often went into the big city to hear such bands as the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. Undoubtedly he heard the New Orleans Negro bands on Chicago's south side too. But Beiderbecke, despite the many influences, early developed a style of playing that was unique.

The tracks included in this album are among the best he made in his relatively short career (he died at 28) and show his "pure" and uncluttered

tone, his careful solo construction, and the attraction certain classical composers held for him. A case can be made for his being the first "cool" jazzman (understatement, delicacy, no pronounced vibrato) and the original Third Stream musician (his piano work on *Wringin' and Twistin'* and *For No Reason at All in C* combines Impressionism and other classical orientations with ragtime and jazz playing).

Beiderbecke's cornet shines like a beacon on all tracks but particularly so in his solos on *Singin' the Blues*; *I'm Comin', Virginia*; and *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*. Guitarist



Eddie Lang and saxophonist Frankie Trumbauer (Tram) can be heard to advantage on several tracks. Most of the selections, recorded in 1927-28, are ornately arranged, but the fluff is worth blowing away to get to the meat of Bix' horn.

Further recommendations: The other two volumes of the *Beiderbecke Story* (the recommended album is Vol. 2) have several excellent Beiderbecke performances. The first volume (Columbia 844) contains *Jazz Me Blues* and *At the Jazz Band Ball*, both of which have Bix not only soloing effectively but also driving the ensemble. The third volume, also made in 1927-28 when Beiderbecke was buried in the Paul Whiteman Orchestra, has several tracks by the full Whiteman band but also moments of gold as Beiderbecke's cornet steps front and center, most notably on *Sweet Sue*. The album also includes Bix playing his most famous composition, *In a Mist*, as a piano solo.

VARIOUS ARTISTS, *Chicago No. 2* (Folkways FP 65)

It was not long after the New Orleans jazzmen trekked to Chicago and found music jobs in the Windy City when fuzz-cheeked Chicagoans became enamored of what was being played by the Negro bands on the

south side and by the New Orleans Rhythm Kings in the Loop.

The Oliver Creole Jazz Band and the NORK—and their members—had perhaps the strongest hold of any groups of jazzmen on young musicians such as Frank Teschemacher, Jim Lanigan, Bud Freeman, Dick and Jimmy McPartland, Dave Tough, Joe Sullivan, Muggsy Spanier, Floyd O'Brien, Mezz Mezzrow, Benny Goodman, Eddie Condon, and Gene Krupa—in a phrase, the Chicagoans.

This collection, the sixth volume of Folkways' generally excellent 11-album series on jazz, has examples not only of the Chicagoans but also of the two aforementioned bands of influence. In fact, the Oliver group and the NORK perform the same tune, *Sweet Lovin' Man*, showing the similarities and differences between the two clearly.

Outstanding among the Kings is clarinetist Leon Rappola, either when floating lazily over Paul Mares' cornet and George Brunis' trombone or soaring into a lyrical break. Mares also is heard here in a 1935 version of *Maple Leaf Rag* with, among others, Chicago-styled Jess Stacy, piano, and Boyce Brown, alto saxophone.

Early Beiderbecke is represented by the Wolverines' *Jazz Me Blues*. The Wolverines were one of the first white jazz bands and cast in the ODJB-NORK mold. Beiderbecke plays excellently on the album's *Margie* and *Somebody Stole My Gal*, both made later in the cornetist's career. Beiderbecke's influence on the Chicagoans cannot be overstressed; his approach can be heard in most of the early Chicagoan records, even to some extent in this collection's *Everybody Loves My Baby* by the Stomp Six, a group that featured the driving cornet of Spanier, the most un-Bixian of all the white Windy City jazzmen.

But after the initial influences had been absorbed, the guiding force of most Chicagoans became clarinetist Teschemacher. It was Tesch who is given credit for arranging and musically organizing the first Chicagoan date—the McKenzie-Condon 1927 Okeh session that produced this album's *Sugar*, *China Boy*, and *Nobody's Sweetheart*. The personnel was made up of Jimmy McPartland, cornet; Teschemacher; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Joe Sullivan, piano; Eddie Condon, banjo; Jim Lanigan, bass, tuba; and Gene Krupa, drums. Teschemacher also is heard on versions of *Jazz Me Blues* and *There'll Be Some Changes Made*, which also has a Red McKenzie vocal and Spanier's cornet to recommend it.

There is a 1933 *Tennessee Twilight* by a Condon small band that

included cornetist Max Kaminsky, trombonist O'Brien, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, and Freeman. O'Brien and Russell offer excellent solos on the track.

Further recommendations: *New Orleans Rhythm Kings* (Riverside 102) is a fine collection by the NORK, with varying and expanding personnel; the tracks with Jelly Roll Morton sitting in are best. *Bud Freeman and His All-Star Jazz* (Harmony 7046) has excellent playing by trombonist Jack Teagarden, Russell, Freeman, Kaminsky, and Tough, and though made in 1940, it is representative of the Chicago style, at least as it was at that time (which is about where it has remained).

VARIOUS ARTISTS, *New York—1922-1934* (Folkways FJ 2807)

New York City is left out of the jazz-came-up-the-river theory, but there was jazz activity in that city early in the music's history. The ODJB was a hit at Reisenweber's famous restaurant in 1917, giving impetus to the formation of such groups as the Memphis Five. Farther uptown than Columbus Circle, where Reisenweber's was located, men such as James P. Johnson had been playing ragtime-flavored jazz piano since the early years of the century, developing what is usually termed Harlem stride piano.

It was New York that drew Duke Ellington from Washington, D.C., in the early '20s, and it was New York that became the apple of nourishment for the Chicagoans in the late '20s. The city has been the main center of jazz development ever since.

This collection, the seventh in the Folkways series, is wide ranging, covering the distance from a 1922 *Sister Kate* by the Cotton Pickers (a group similar in concept and personnel to the Memphis Five), a 1923 James P. Johnson piano solo, and a 1925 performance of *Papa De-Da-Da* by Clarence Williams' Blue Five (with Armstrong and Bechet) through Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, Miff Mole-Red Nichols, Fats Waller, and Beiderbecke, to Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden, and Henry (Red) Allen.

The 1927 Mole-Nichols track, *Original Dixieland One-Step*, is an excellent example of what was sometimes called New York style, as opposed to the New Orleans and Chicago styles. It was a less roughhewn manner of playing than that attributed to the other two cities and was characterized by crispness and, to some, lack of emotion.

Teagarden's lazily etched tromboning is heard on several tracks—*Makin' Friends*, with a group from the 1929

Ben Pollack Band; *Basin Street Blues*, made the same year under the name of the Louisiana Rhythm Kings and including such stalwarts as cornetist Nichols, Pee Wee Russell, and Bud Freeman; *Junk Man*, a strange 1934 performance featuring, in addition to Teagarden's trombone, the harp of Casper Reardon; and the 1929 classic *Knockin' a Jug* by Louis Armstrong and containing some of Teagarden's and Armstrong's most expressive blues playing, plus very good Joe Sullivan piano and Eddie Lang guitar. Teagarden also is present on the Eddie Lang-Joe Venuti *Beale Street Blues*, cut in 1931, but he sings only. Goodman is featured along with Lang's guitar and Venuti's fiddle.

In addition to the Johnson solo record as an example of the Harlem style of piano playing, there is Waller's rollicking work on *Harlem Fuss*, made in 1929 with a hastily assembled quintet.

Allen's *It Should Be You*, also recorded in 1929, offers driving examples of extroverted playing by the trumpeter-leader and his confrere for many years, trombonist J. C. Higginbotham.

Further recommendations: The development of Harlem big bands is outlined under the names of Duke Ellington and Fletcher Henderson in this article, but for those interested in stride piano and Harlem small bands, James P. Johnson's *Father of the Stride Piano* (Columbia 1780) offers representative examples of both (Allen, Higginbotham, and tenorist Gene Sedric are among the small-group members). *Thesaurus of Classic Jazz* (Columbia C4L 18) is an almost definitive collection of performances by white musicians active in New York City during the '20s, though four LPs might be more than the casual listener may care to bother with.

FLETCHER HENDERSON, *A Study in Frustration* (Columbia C4L-19)

Virtually the entire course of big-band jazz has been determined by two men, Fletcher Henderson and Don Redman. The former, an early '20s pianist with a wide range of musical experience, formed his first band in 1923; altoist Redman became the orchestra's chief arranger, a post he held until leaving in the late '20s to form his own group. The orchestral style the two developed became the dominant approach hewed to by just about every big jazz band that has succeeded them.

Basically, it consisted in formalizing the enlarged jazz group into sections: reeds, trumpets, trombones, and rhythm, and pitting the horn sections

against each other in antiphonal interplay. Additionally, Henderson's band employed such devices as unison riffs behind its soloists, harmonized soli choruses, and was chiefly noted for its superb original compositions and special arrangements of standard numbers in lieu of the stock orchestrations usually employed by the large orchestras of the day.

The band, moreover, was one of the most polished and sophisticated musical aggregations of the '20s. Henderson's musical standards were high, and he consistently employed only the most capable jazz musicians. As a result, a number of superb talents were on display in the band—among them, at various times, trumpeters Louis Armstrong, Tommy Ladnier, Joe Smith, Bobby Stark, Roy Eldridge, Red Allen, and Emmett Berry; trombonists Charlie Green, Benny Morton, Jimmy Harrison, and Dickie Wells; and saxophonists Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, Ben Webster, and Chu Berry—and further enlivened the band's supple, propulsive, and musically arresting recordings with excellent solo work.

The band started recording in 1923 and, from his joining in 1924 until he left in mid-1926, its most consistently brilliant solo voice was Armstrong, whose work is a prominent feature of just about every one of the band's recordings during his stay. Armstrong, fresh from the King Oliver group, was easily the outstanding jazz musician of the day, and his forceful, imaginative, and flaringly beautiful trumpet improvisations on such pieces as *Shanghai Shuffle*, *Copenhagen*, *Everybody Loves My Baby*, and *Sugar-foot Stomp* (a refurbished Redman version of the King Oliver *Dipper-mouth Blues*), among others in this collection, are set like perfect jewels in Redman's artful and appropriate settings.

Second only to Armstrong in solo capabilities and inventive daring was tenorist Hawkins, whose darting, explosive playing is also heard on most of the band's records for the 10 years he remained with it. Trombonist Charlie Green and trumpeter Joe Smith are two other solo talents whose work should be singled out for special mention during the band's early and middle years.

But to try to make mention of all the significant voices who played and recorded with Henderson is very much beside the point. Suffice it to say that through the band's heyday (until its dissolution in late 1934), it never wanted for strong, individual solo voices: many of the best jazzmen gravitated to the band, drawn by its reputation as the finest, hardest swing-



ing, and musically most arresting big jazz unit in the country.

This impressive four-LP set (64 selections in all) covers the band's entire career and gives an accurate, well-rounded portrayal of its accomplishments. In addition to the recordings up until December, 1934, when Henderson disbanded and joined Benney Goodman as staff arranger, the set also contains some fine numbers by the resuscitated Henderson band of 1936 through '38.

Further recommendations: Among the foremost exponents of the Henderson orchestral approach was Jimmie Lunceford, whose excellent band utilized an even more sleek and polished (and hence more popular) version of the Henderson big-band formula.

Hewing a sort of middle line between popular music (reflected in its repertoire) and out-and-out jazz, the Lunceford band was perhaps the outstanding Negro successor to the original Henderson unit. It, too, was blessed with a number of fine soloists, chief among them trumpeter Sy Oliver (who later abandoned his horn in favor of arranging, a result of the experience he gained in this area with the Lunceford unit), alto saxophonist Willie Smith (whose graceful, airy improvisations decorate many of the band's finer recordings), tenorist Joe Thomas, and drummer Jimmy Crawford.

Unfortunately, none of the band's best records are available, but a very fine, representative sampling of its talents, *Jimmie Lunceford and His Orchestra* (Decca 8050), occasionally shows up in record shops and is highly recommended.

Folkways' *Jazz, Vol. 8* (2808) is given over to a survey of big bands before 1935 and is a fine, representative sampler. Of the disc's 14 tracks, four are by the Henderson band, but only two duplicate selections in the recommended set. Among the other selections and groups are *Kansas City Breakdown* and *Moten's Swing* by Bennie Moten's Kansas City Orchestra; Charlie Johnson's 1928 *The Boy*

in the Boat; Luis Russell's 1930 *Saragoga Shout*; *Four or Five Times* by McKinney's Cotton Pickers; *Six or Seven Times* by the Little Chocolate Dandies, an offshoot of the Henderson band; Ben Pollack's *Buy, Buy for Baby*; *Beale Street Blues* by the Charleston Chasers (and arranged by trombonist Glenn Miller in 1931); and Lunceford's 1930 recording of *In Dat Mornin'*.

DUKE ELLINGTON, *The Ellington Era, Vol. 1* (Columbia C3L-27); *At His Very Best* (RCA Victor 1715)

If Fletcher Henderson pioneered the approach to big-band jazz that has been followed by virtually every jazz orchestra since his time, it was Duke Ellington who, from his earliest years as a bandleader-composer-arranger some three decades ago, worked out the second major orchestral jazz style.

Ellington's approach consisted of cutting across section lines to achieve the pungent and delicate orchestral voicings his impressionistic style dictated. It was a style of astonishing subtlety and infinite tonal and coloristic variety, a style that grew naturally out of the composer's conception of the orchestra as an entity (not merely a grouping of instrumental sections or soloists) and of his uniquely personal compositional approach.

At their best, Ellington's compositions are miniature tone poems, organic wholes that are either built around and support a series of solo statements or are designed to set off the improvisational talents of a single artist (and for whose special abilities the piece was individually tailored). Among the latter are such lovely and effective efforts as *Clarinet Lament* (which features clarinetist Barney Bigard), *Echoes of Harlem* and *Concerto for Cootie* (designed to spotlight the trumpet of Cootie Williams), and *Boy Meets Horn* (trumpeter Rex Stewart's showcase).

Above all, however, were the remarkably lyrical songs that Ellington has turned out with astonishing prolixity during his entire career and whose soaring, graceful, airy melodies have so enriched the popular music of America—such delightful compositions as *Mood Indigo*, *It Don't Mean a Thing, Drop Me Off in Harlem*, *Solitude*, *I Let a Song Go out of My Heart*, *The Gal from Joe's*, *Prelude to a Kiss*, and *Sophisticated Lady*, among scores of other examples of superior popular songs that the pianist has produced and continues to do.

Ellington has been blessed with an

orchestra that has responded to every challenge he has posed it, and the truly astonishing thing about his orchestra has been that so many distinctly individual solo talents have been able and willing to submerge their personalities in his music and act in concert so superbly, producing in the process performances that are masterpieces of group interaction. It has been wisely said that his orchestra is Ellington's real instrument—all his great works have been conceived as orchestral wholes and have depended for their success on a fine, delicate meshing of all the parts.

In addition to the excellence of the Ellington group achievements, a glittering array of soloists have further contributed to the band's palpable artistry; among the band's great trumpeters have been Bubber Miley (master of the growling, human-sounding horn), Williams, Freddy Jenkins, and Stewart; trombonists Joe Nanton, Juan Tizol, and Lawrence Brown; reed men Bigard, Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, and Ben Webster; bassist Jimmy Blanton; and drummer Sonny Greer.

The three-LP Columbia set is made up of 48 selections and spans a time period from March, 1927, through early 1940, when the band began recording for RCA Victor.

The progression of the orchestra from a small, ragged band of good soloists into the polished, sophisticated unit it became and Ellington's own development into the most arresting composer-orchestrator jazz has produced are handily charted in the course of the selections, which range from the *East St. Louis Toodle-oo* and *Hop Head* of the band's first Columbia recording session to *Sophisticated Lady* and *Stormy Weather* from its February, 1940, recording date. In between are some of the most delightful, vital, and viable orchestral performances jazz has produced.

The RCA Victor set continues where the Columbia album leaves off and contains some magnificent samples of the work produced during what many consider the Ellington band's golden years—1940 through '42—such classic pieces of Ellingtonia as *Jack the Bear*, *Ko-Ko* (particularly stunning), *Concerto for Cootie* (perhaps better known in its song setting, *Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me*), *Harlem Air Shaft*, and *Warm Valley*.

Additionally, the album contains the band's 1944 recording of excerpts from Ellington's first large-scale tone poem, *Black, Brown, and Beige*; its 1927 recording of *The Mooche* (featuring the wordless vocal of Adelaide Hall and Miley's vocally inflected trumpet); and a 1946 work, *Trans-*

bluency, containing vocal work by Kay Davis and Joya Sherrill.

Further recommendations: A pair of fine collections of the Ellington band's work from its 1940s' association with RCA Victor are currently available and nicely supplement the cited Victor set. These are *In a Mellow-tone*, 1364, (heartily recommended) and the two-LP set *The Indispensable Duke Ellington*, 6009. Both sets contain music of a consistently high order of artistry, for the Ellington output has been astonishing both quantitatively and qualitatively. (Columbia, for example, has plans to issue another multi-LP set of Ellington material this year.)

The composer's earliest work is documented on *The Birth of Big-Band Jazz* (Riverside 129), which also contains samples of early Fletcher Henderson music.

BENNY GOODMAN, *Carnegie Hall Jazz Concert* (Columbia 160)

In 1936 the United States was beginning to pull itself out of the depression that crashed down in 1929. And a young jazz clarinetist, originally from Chicago but who, since the beginning of the depression, had found haven in New York's radio studios, began a cross-country tour with a big band that was to make his name and the name given his music by a press agent household words—Benny Goodman and swing.

It was Goodman who was most responsible for making the country aware of the stimulation available to dancers and listeners from a big band. He certainly did not invent the big band or the music called swing—much of his band's popularity was hinged on Fletcher Henderson's arrangements and approach, and there were big "swing" bands before his—but it was Goodman who became the most popular figure in the big-band field during the '30s.

Neither the clarinetist nor his band (which included excellent jazzmen such as Harry James, Gene Krupa, and Jess Stacy) were innovators, but Goodman and the others built personal styles of high order from those who preceded them—Goodman had his Jimmie Noone and Frank Teschemacher, James his Armstrong, Krupa his Baby Dodds and Chick Webb, Stacy his Earl Hines; each in turn influenced many young musicians in the '30s.

In addition to his big band, Goodman displayed his prodigious talent in small-group settings also, first in trio context, then in a quartet, and later in quintet, sextet, and septet forms.

Two of the members of the first

Goodman quartet were more than musicians of extraordinary talents—pianist Teddy Wilson and vibraharpist Lionel Hampton. Wilson took off where Hines had left off and developed jazz piano to a high point of sophistication. Hampton was the first to play a high caliber of jazz on vibes.

This two-record set was cut at Goodman's first Carnegie Hall concert in December, 1937, at the peak of the band's popularity. The band tracks display the power and precision of the Goodman organization, and the presence of an audience, with the consequent crowd reactions to the music, gives the performances an excitement missing from the band's studio recordings of the same time.

But as stimulating as the big-band tracks are (at times the feeling almost becomes one of hysteria as Krupa becomes overexcited and rushes the tempo), it is the small-band performance that contain the best jazz (this despite consistently excellent playing by the leader and James, and one of the finest Stacy piano solos on record, that on *Sing, Sing, Sing*, the band's big hit of the time). The trio and quartet tracks vary from the slightly up-dated Chicago style of *China Boy* to the precision playing of *Dizzy Spells*. In most of the trio and quartet performances, as in those by the band, there is an air of tenseness, but, then, this was the way it usually was in those days with Goodman.

The album also offers two exquisite tracks by non-Goodman soloists: Bobby Hackett's touching re-creation of Beiderbecke's *I'm Comin'*, Virginia and Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, and Cootie Williams on *Blue Reverie*, a fine bit of small-band Ellington (both the Hackett and Ellingtonian performances were part of a history of jazz offered the Carnegie Hall audience). There also are some relaxed choruses on *Honeysuckle Rose*, presented as a jam session, by Lester Young, Count Basie, Hodges, and Buck Clayton.

Further recommendations: Goodman's *Jazz Concert No. 2, 1937/38* (Columbia 180) is another two-LP set, these taken from broadcasts by the Goodman band, trio, and quartet. Many of the original Goodman records of the '30s are available on several Victor albums by the clarinetist.

COUNT BASIE, *Lester Young with Count Basie* (Epic 6031)

The Basie band, fresh from Kansas City's Reno club, lacked the spit and polish of its 1936 rivals in the big-band field—bands such as Goodman's and Jimmie Lunceford's—but Basie had something that has made the records his band cut during the swing

era stand up well over the years—a flowing, graceful swing. And Lester Young.

The Basie band, then and now, has been, at root, another version of the Fletcher Henderson-Don Redman approach to the big jazz band—that is, a compartmentalized group with sections juxtaposed in antiphony, playing background to soloists, or joined in common purpose. But the Basie—or Kansas City—concept of how a rhythm section should perform was like a fresh breeze in the tensed swing world of the '30s. One need only play the records of the other bands of the time to hear in contrast the suppleness of Basie's rhythm section (made up of himself, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Walter Page, bass; and Jo Jones, drums). Added to the resilience of the rhythm was the relaxation that has always been a Basie hallmark.

The band was at its height when the tracks included in this two-LP set, issued as a Lester Young memorial album, were cut in 1939 and '40.

There are several excellent Buck Clayton trumpet solos and a few by altoist Earl Warren (who also led the sax section masterfully, drawing a rich, creamy texture from its members) and by trombonist Vic Dickenson. But it is Young who dominates among the soloists.

Included in the album are titles that set a concept for a legion of young tenor men because of the nonpareil Young solos, performances such as *Pound Cake*; *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie*; *Broadway*; *Taxi War Dance*; *Tickle Toe, I Never Knew*; *12th Street Rag*; and *Song of the Islands*.

There are three tracks cut in 1936 in Chicago by a Basie quintet while the band was playing at the Grand Terrace Ballroom, its first date outside Kansas City. These were the first records that featured Young, and the youthful tenorist played solos on that date that have become classic examples of horizontal improvisation and utter relaxation. Included were two of the best choruses Young ever recorded, those on *Lady, Be Good*. The other titles are *Boogie Woogie* and *Shoe Shine Boy*. The album contains two other Basie small-band classics, made in 1939—the marvelous *Lester Leaps In*, which features Young and Basie, and *Dickie's Dream*, which has an excellent Dickie Wells trombone solo.

Further recommendations: Basie recorded for Decca in 1937-38, and the two LPs kept in Decca's catalog (*Count Basie and His Orchestra*, Decca 8049, and *Count Basie*, Brunswick 54012) find the band paying more attention to clean attack and intonation

but lacking the looseness of the later records. At the time of the Decca recording, the band featured another tenorist, Herschel Evans, in addition to Young. Evans, who died in 1939, is heard to advantage on many of the Decca tracks, particularly *Blue and Sentimental*, which also sports some feathery Young clarinet. The Decca album includes *One O'Clock Jump*, *Swinging at the Daisy Chain*, *Panasie Stomp*, *Swinging the Blues*, and *Jive at Five*, among others. The Brunswick issue contains *Jampin' at the Woodside*, *Every Tub*, *Out the Window*, *Cherokee*, and *Topsy* among its 11 titles. *Blue and Sentimental*, *John's Idea*, and *Texas Shuffle* are included in both albums.

ROY ELDRIDGE, *Dale's Wail* (Verve 8089)

LESTER YOUNG, *Kansas City Five* (Commodore 30014)

BENNY CARTER, *Further Definitions* (Impulse 12)

BILLIE HOLIDAY, *Lady Day* (Columbia 637)

CHARLIE CHRISTIAN, *With the Benny Goodman Sextet* (Columbia 652)

ART TATUM, *The Art of Tatum* (Decca 8715)

Despite the popularity of big bands in the '30s, it was a handful of soloists during that time who made the most lasting impression on jazz, not only for the excellence of their playing during the period (and, of those still alive, today) but also for the impact they had on the young musicians just beginning to find themselves in the early '40s and who were to take jazz another step in its development—the boppers.

The men of most significance who bridged the gap between the music of the '20s and bebop were trumpeter Roy Eldridge, who took his inspiration from Armstrong but shaped his own volatile style, influencing countless trumpeters, including a leader of the bop movement, Dizzy Gillespie; tenor saxophonists Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young, Hawkins' sweeping vertical or harmonic approach contrasting with Young's horizontal or melodic manner of playing; alto saxophonist Benny Carter, one of the most urbane and polished jazz performers; pianist Teddy Wilson and clarinetist Benny Goodman, both agile technicians and stimulating artists; pianist Art Tatum, whose remarkable technique was matched by his use of harmonic surprise in his dazzling work; and Charlie Christian, the first to gain wide recognition for amplified guitar and whose melodic conception and sense of time displacement served

as a direct inspiration to the burgeoning boppers at New York City sessions in the early '40s.

All these musicians, and others of importance, are heard in excellent form on the records listed. Some of the characteristics shared by several of these men were an abundant use of eighth notes in place of dotted-eighths-and-16ths, occasional departures from two- and four-bar phrases, and a complexity not often found in the work of their predecessors. The boppers were not left unimpressed by these characteristics.

Among the precursors not represented in this group of LPs, but who

can be heard on others listed in this article, are bassist Jimmy Blanton and drummer Sid Catlett. And though Billie Holiday cannot be considered of great importance to the development of instrumental jazz, she was, nonetheless, an innovator, and the most expressive jazz vocalist of the '30s—if not of all time.

The Eldridge record was made in the early '50s, but it is an exemplary sampling of his work; his basic musical concept has not altered perceptively since he gained influence in the '30s. The record offers the trumpeter playing open and muted on both ballads and up tempos. The drive and



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fire of his playing, the way he alternates on-the-beat and off-the-beat phrases (a mark of the swing era), seldom have been so well captured as on this recording.

Among the selections are *Willow, Weep for Me; Echoes of Harlem*, written by Duke Ellington for trumpeter Cootie Williams; rocking versions of *Dale's Wail* and *Love for Sale; Somebody Loves Me; and Sleepy Time Down South*, obviously a dedication to Armstrong, scat vocal by Eldridge and all. The trumpeter is accompanied by Oscar Peterson, piano; organ; Barney Kessel or Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; and Alvin Stoller, drums.

The Lester Young LP is from two sessions, one held in 1938, the other in 1944.

The earlier also features Young's fellows from the Basie band of the time: trumpeter Buck Clayton, guitarist Freddie Green, bassist Walter Page, drummer Jo Jones (an important and influential drummer of the '30s), and electric guitarist-trombonist Eddie Durham, whose recorded work on the electrified instrument predates Christian's by a year.

Young plays mostly clarinet on this earlier session, his limpid work a lighter-toned version of his saxophone playing. Titles include *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*, which has delicate interplay, somewhat in the New Orleans tradition, between Clayton and Young in the last chorus; *I Want a Little Girl; Countless Blues; Pagin' the Devil*, a moving slow blues; and *Them There Eyes*, which has both tenor and clarinet solos by Young. Three other tracks from the 1938 session have excellent Clayton but no Young.

Jones is the only carryover from the earlier date on the tracks made in 1944. The tasteful Bill Coleman, trumpet, and Dickie Wells, trombone, are Young's mates in the front line; Joe Bushkin, piano, and John Simmons, bass, join Jones in the rhythm section. Wells and Young, who plays only tenor on this date, are particularly effective on *I Got Rhythm, Jo-Jo*, and *Four O'Clock Drag*, a slow blues.

Benny Carter and Coleman Hawkins have much in common: both were in the Fletcher Henderson Band; each was among the first jazzmen to take up residence in Europe, in the period before World War II; both are admirable technicians and improvise in a generally vertical manner, though both often play quite melodically, particularly Carter; each has been an undeniable force on his instrument, Hawkins, of course, considered the father of tenor saxophone; and both

are sophisticated performers.

The Carter record listed includes Hawkins, and though made in 1961, it serves as a fine example of the work of each man. (Their early work is represented in the Fletcher Henderson listing.) In addition, there is comparison and contrast offered by the playing of altoist Phil Woods and tenorist Charlie Rouse, both from another generation. The rhythm section also is a blending of two generations: Jo Jones, drums, and John Collins (who, according to Dizzy Gillespie, was an important member of the early-'40s bop clique), guitar, with Dick Katz, piano, and Jimmy Garrison, bass.

The instrumentation of four saxes and rhythm is the same as that used on a 1937 French recording date that also featured Carter and Hawkins. The two tunes from the 1937 session are repeated in the later collection: *Crazy Rhythm* and *Honeysuckle Rose*. Carter's writing for the four saxes on these two tunes has retained its freshness; the original arrangements are repeated. Carter, one of the major arranger-composers in jazz, also arranged the other tracks in the album. The titles include *Body and Soul*, which repeats, in four-part harmony, the first eight bars of Hawkins' famous 1939 recording of the tune; Hawkins also re-creates his 1939 ending.

The pairing of Teddy Wilson and Billie Holiday for a Brunswick record date in 1935 began a series of recordings, issued either under the pianist's or the vocalist's name, that maintained an astonishing level of artistry. (Though Wilson was absent on some of the later discs under Miss Holiday's name—some included in this album—the spirit of the performances was the same.)

The sidemen employed on the dates include practically every important jazz musician of the era. For example, on the Holiday album listed, which is made up of recordings made from 1935 to '37, the supporting personnel included, in various groupings, such men as Benny Goodman, Lester Young, Ben Webster, Benny Morton, Roy Eldridge, Johnny Hodges, Buck Clayton, Jonah Jones, Chu Berry, Harry Carney, Bunny Berigan, Lawrence Brown, Cozy Cole, John Kirby, Ed Hall, Buster Bailey, Harry Carney, Artie Shaw, and the Count Basie rhythm section of the time. And the LP contains only a small sampling from the series.

There is an informal atmosphere to the performances that seldom has been recaptured. Though Miss Holiday soon became the star of the series, she often sang only one chorus—and

(Continued on page 75)

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Carla Bley	Vic Feldman
Paul Bley	Maynard Ferguson
Patty Bown	Jimmy Forrest
Bob Brookmeyer	Herman Foster
Clifford Brown	Stan Free
Oscar Brown, Jr.	Curtis Fuller
Ray Brown	Barry Galbraith
Dave Brubeck	Red Garland
Ray Bryant	Stan Getz
Milt Buckner	Jimmy Giuffre
Sonny Burke	Babs Gonzales
Jaki Byard	Dexter Gordon
Billy Byers	Benny Green
Charlie Byrd	Grant Green
Donald Byrd	Johnny Griffin
John Carisi	Vince Guaraldi
Richard Carpenter	Margo Guryan
Al Casey	Jim Hall
Sarah Cassey	Lionel Hampton
Ray Charles	George Handy
Teddy Charles	Buster Harding
Charlie Christian	Barry Harris
Kenny Clarke	Bennie Harris
Sonny Clark	Eddie Harris
Cozy Cole	Gene Harris
Ornette Coleman	Hampton Hawes
John Coltrane	Coleman Hawkins
Hank Crawford	Jimmy Heath

André Hodeir
Eddie Heywood
Billie Holiday
Bill Holman
John Lee Hooker
Elmo Hope
Kenyon Hopkins
Lightnin' Hopkins
Freddie Hubbard
Chuck Israel
Calvin Jackson
Daniel Jackson
Milt Jackson
Illinois Jacquet
Ahmad Jamal
J. J. Johnson
Lonnie Johnson
Sam Jones
Cliff Jordan
Duke Jordan
Dick Katz
Fred Kaz
Wynton Kelly
Drew Kenny
Roland Kirk
Gene Krupa
Prince Lasha
Yusef A. Lateef
Wade Legge
John Levy
Curtis Lewis
John Lewis
Ramsey Lewis
Booker Little
Gary McFarland
Sonny McGhee
Ken McIntyre
Jackie McLean
Teo Macero
Junior Mance
Johnny Mandel
Norman Mapp
Calvin Massey
Gil Melle
Lucky Millinder
Charles Mingus
Hal Mitchell
Leon Mitchell
Hank Mobley

Thelonious Monk
Eurreal Montgomery
(Little Brother)
Wes Montgomery
J. R. Monterose
Lee Morgan
Fats Navarro
Oliver Nelson
Phineas Newborn
Dave Newman
Lennie Niehaus
Phil Nimmons
Michael
Babatunde Olatunji
Harold Ousley
Hall Overton
Charlie Parker
Horace Parlan
Cecil Payne
Duke Pearson
Oscar Peterson
Oscar Pettiford
Flip Phillips
Dave Pike
Herb Pomeroy
Bud Powell
Specs Powell
Sam Price
Julian Priester
Bob Prince
Joe Puma
Ike Quebec
Paul Quinichette
Freddie Redd
Dizzy Reece
Nelson Riddle
Johnny Richards
Max Roach
Gene Roland
Sonny Rollins
Pete Rugolo
George Russell
A. K. Salim
Lalo Schiffrin
Gunter Schuller
Shirley Scott
Tony Scott
Al Sears
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Sahib Shibab
Don Shirley
Wayne Shorter
Norman Simmons
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Memphis Slim
Bill Smith
Hale Smith
Jimmy Smith
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Lou Stein
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Ed Summerlin
Roosevelt Sykes
Art Tatum
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Clark Terry
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Sir Charles Thompson
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Cal Tjader
Lennie Tristano
Ben Tucker
Tommy Turrentine
McCoy Tyner
Muddy Waters
Doug Watkins
Julius Watkins
Frank Wess
Alec Wilder
Ernie Wilkins
Gerald Wilson
Lem Winchester
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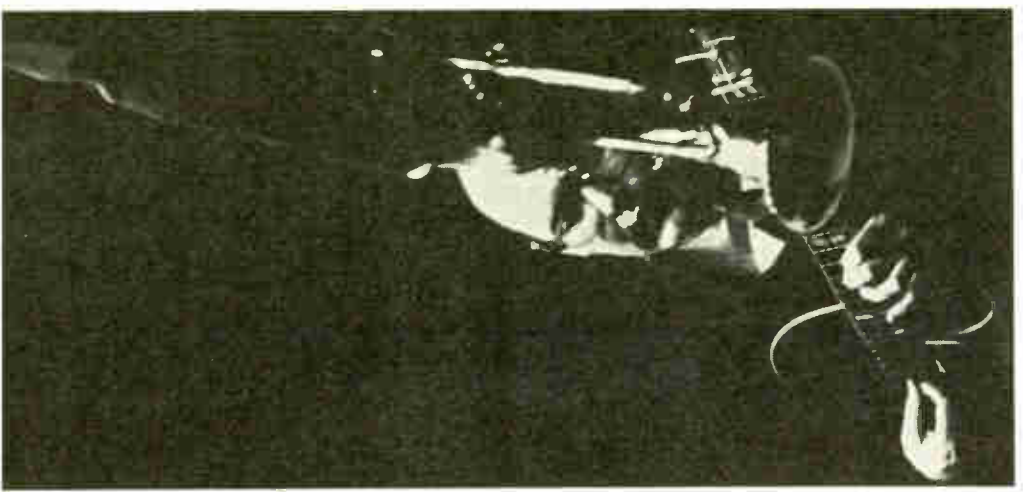
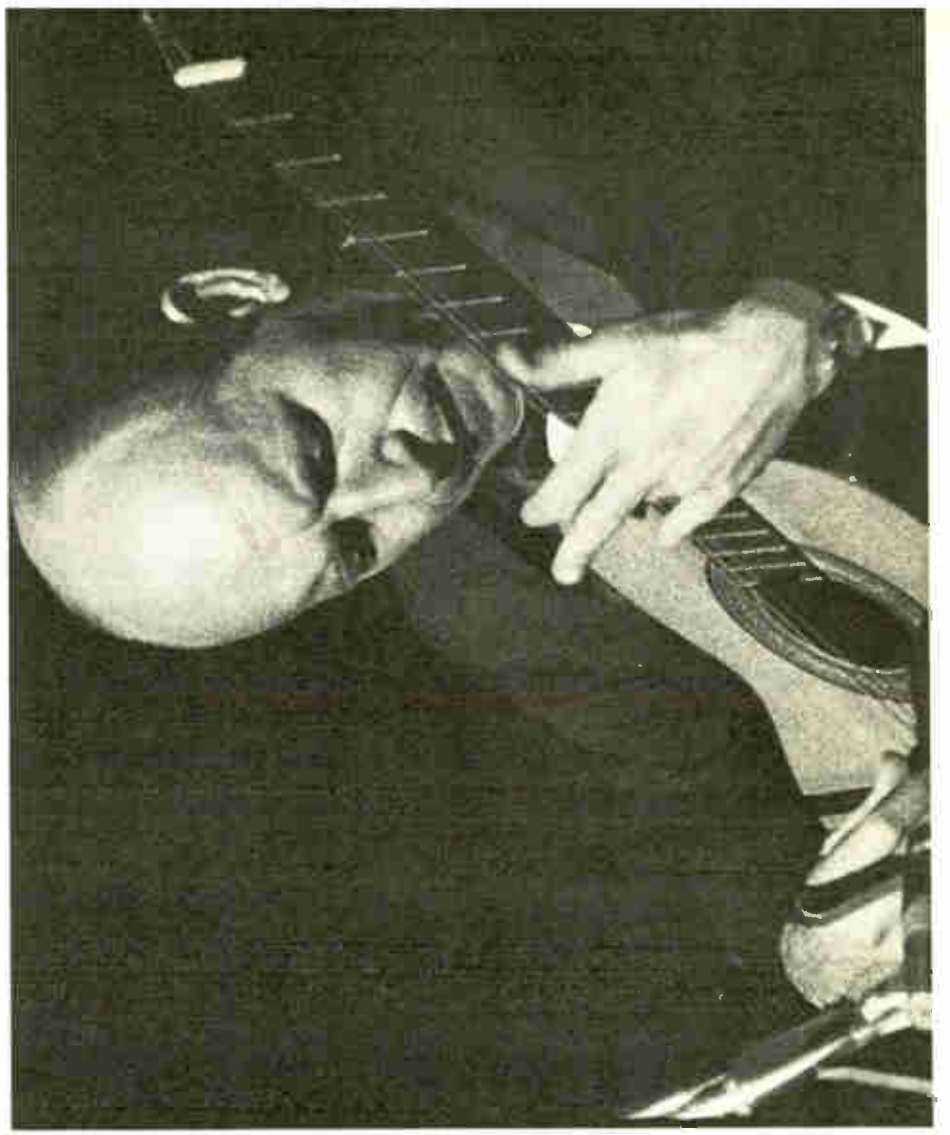
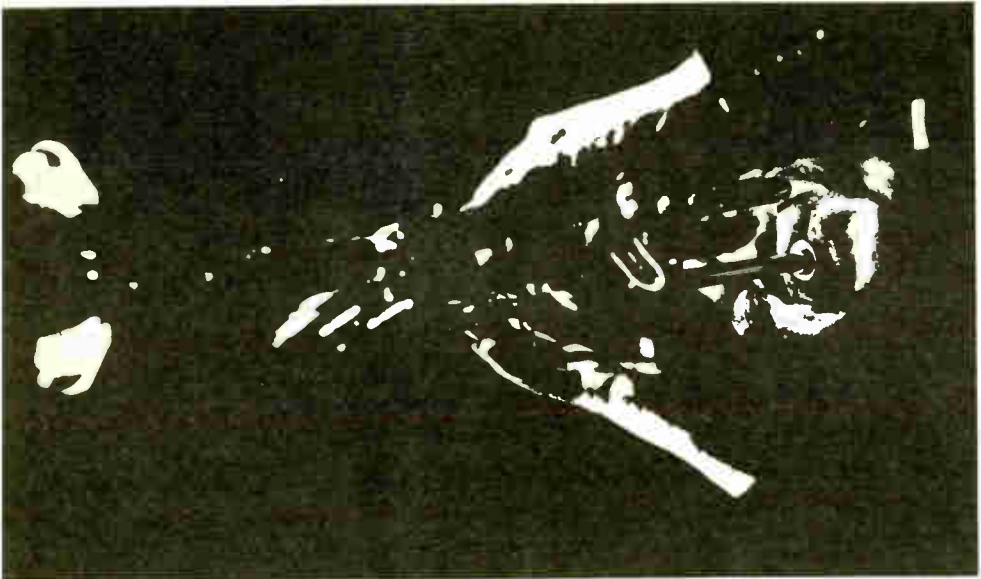








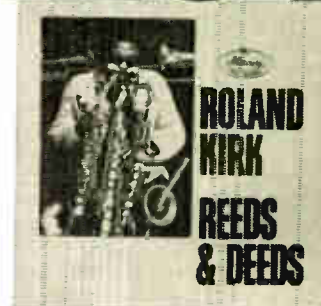
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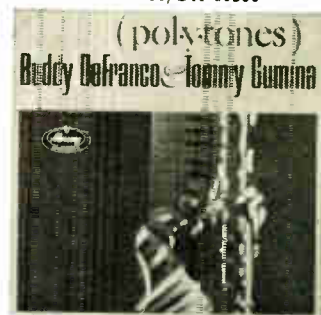
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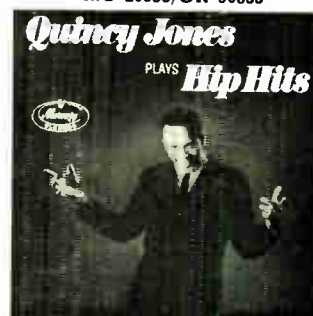
**ROLAND KIRK
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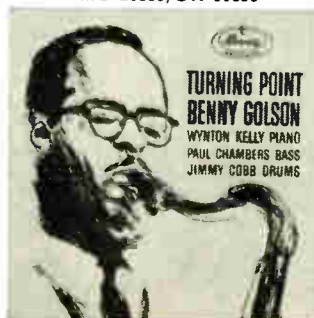
**BUDDY DE FRANCO AND
TOMMY GUMINA
POL • Y • TONES**
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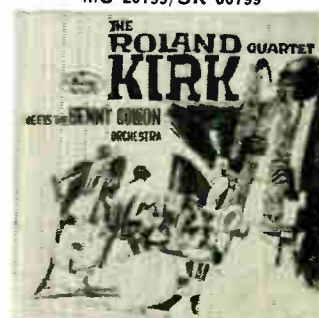
**THE THREE SOUNDS
SOME LIKE IT MODERN**
MG 20839/SR 60839



**QUINCY JONES PLAYS
HIP HITS**
MG 20799/SR 60799



**BENNY GOLSON
TURNING POINT**
MG 20801/SR 60801



**THE ROLAND KIRK QUARTET
MEETS THE BENNY GOLSON
ORCHESTRA**
MG 20844/SR 60844

Jazz fans all over the world would experience a slight shudder of sadness if they were to return to the southeast corner of Seventh Ave. and 10th St. in New York City. There have been some changes made. . . .

A mecca, the jazz landmark known as "Nick's—Since 1922," is gone. The sign on the marquee now reads "Red Garter," and the familiar bulletin board high on the outside wall by the door announces the presence of exotic dancers, but no personnel is given. All that is left of the English tavern decor are the stained glass windows, and a few small panes have been replaced

to change the horizontal wording from "Nick's in Greenwich Village" to "Red Garter in Greenwich Village." The traditional jazz, New Orleans and Chicago, has been pre-empted by badly played hokum in a gaslight-era atmosphere.

Closing festivities took place on the night of Aug. 3, 1963, and many of Nick's "boys" showed up for the occasion. Early in the morning the final version of Tin Roof Blues—the traditional signature for all the bands that played Nick's—was done with such as Eddie Condon, Pee Wee Russell, and Wild Bill Davison participating.

THE SAGA OF NICK'S

An affectionate portrait of a unique jazz club, by George Hoefer

THE STORY OF NICK'S TAVERN is closely woven with the biography of Nick Rongetti, 1899-1946, a well-educated New Yorker of Italian extraction. He was a man of mystery, a nonconformist, who liked to play the piano and listen to jazz. No one in the music world could ever find out whether he was born Dominic or Nicholas, but there was one thing for sure—he never let anyone doubt his love for Dixieland music.

He was both volatile and vociferous regarding his musical persuasion. One night a world-famous crooner broke out into song, accompanying the band from his table. Entrepreneur Rongetti jumped up as if he had been shot and exclaimed, "What's goin' on here, anyway?"

Someone said, "Don't you know who that is? It's a great honor to have him sing here."

Nick's answer: "I don't give a damn who he is. If he wants to sing that stuff, he can go outside!"

Another time, when Wild Bill Davison was making his New York debut at Nick's, a Texas playboy offered the band \$50 to play *Louise*, a saccharine melody of the 1920s, and as the driving cornetist began to bluff it through, the notes brought Rongetti storming out of the kitchen with a loud bang on the swinging doors. He came out crying, "Stop the music!" When the smoke had cleared, the money was returned to the Dallas millionaire, and the Davison group was smarting under the barrage of invective regarding the types of tunes that should be played.

Rongetti was self-taught and jazz-oriented at the piano, and he held a card in Local 802. Once when a visiting fireman requested him to play *Rhapsody in Blue*, he immediately drove hard into *Maple Leaf Rag* in the

key of G, with a certain defiance showing.

His musician employees were always tactful, saying, "Nick plays great for a cafe operator." That was the usual reaction, but there was one exception: Willie (The Lion) Smith got up from the piano and went home one night when Nick sat down at one of the extra pianos in front of the bandstand (there were three) and started to play along.

There were those, probably members of the nonmusic staff (35 waiters, cooks, bartenders, etc.), who averred the boss played one of the pianos so he could face the bartenders and make sure the drinks were being rung up on the cash registers. This tale and others like it (someone once said Rongetti closed at 4 a.m. and counted his money until 7) were not fair. There wasn't that much money coming in during most of his lifetime. When he died in July, 1946, it was said he had just begun to show a nice profit.

Cornetist Bobby Hackett once recalled that business was so bad around 1938 that Nick didn't have the money to lay in a supply of Scotch. According to Hackett, "Each night the boss would wait until 11 p.m., when he had a few dollars in the register, and then run around the corner to the liquor store to buy several bottles of good whisky to serve the Scotch drinkers who showed up after midnight."

There were many contradictions in Nick Rongetti's character. Rarely would he have the three extra pianos tuned. One night Fats Waller stopped in on his way to a gig in New Jersey, tried all three, and finally shouted, "Does Nick make his own pianos?" But then the ebullient pianist sat at the baby grand on the stage, played all night, and missed his night's job in Jersey.



Many musicians have said that when they were down on their luck, there was never a time they couldn't find a warm welcome and a hot meal at Nick's even when business was bad. But sometimes the nightly take was so low it was nip and tuck as to whether the musicians would receive their weekly pay.

Rongetti was not an easy man for musicians to do business with, and he frequently fired and hired on impulse. Two of his strongest attractions were guitarist Eddie Condon and clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, both of whom were wont to give the clubowner many headaches—yet these two had longer tenures on the bandstand than any other famed jazzmen who worked for Rongetti.

Condon brought a great many fans into the spot but was frequently fired and rehired on the same night. To insure himself against his own vagaries,

Rongetti finally gave Condon a contract calling for his presence on the stand even when the incumbent band was fired.

Nick liked action, and he was never happy unless there was a band on stage playing. There is hardly a Dixieland musician around who can't still hear him roar, "Get up on the stand and PLAY!"

THE INFRACTIONS that infuriated Rongetti the most were unannounced absence, lateness, and sitting out a set. When Condon made his debut at Nick's during the early days, he saw the possibilities of developing a spot exclusively devoted to jazz. In his book *We Called It Music*, he told of the difficulties encountered in getting Rongetti to go along with his promotional ideas.

One good illustration of Nick's thinking can be found in Condon's story about the *Life* magazine spread on Dixieland jazz in 1938.

The guitarist sat out a set talking to Alexander King and other editors from the new picture magazine sensation (the "new" *Life* had started publication late in 1936). When Rongetti eventually located Condon deep in conversation at a table in a dark corner, he shouted, "I don't hear the guitar!" After a patient explanation was made, and it was pointed out that Nick's Tavern might be pictured and mentioned in the magazine, Nick screamed, "I can't hear pictures!"

But regardless of his emotional outbursts and slave-driving tactics, Rongetti was one of the favorite club-owners among jazzmen.

Hackett, another regular with a long service record, once said, "We felt like we were in prison, but we always came back." He continued, as if to illustrate the grief that Rongetti had to put up with:

"There was never a dull moment. I remember one time we formed a club—the United Drunken Trumpet Players of America—including myself, Mugsy Spanier, Sterling Bose, and Maxie Kaminsky. We had a pact that on any given night, one of the four had to remain sober to cover at Nick's. One night we played a trick on the boss, and each one of us came in loaded, one after the other."

In spite of his all-out enthusiasm for jazz, Rongetti still was a businessman. There were times, especially during the early days, when he was not above making concessions to commercialism. He hired an accordion group (but featuring clarinetist Russell); a trio made up of singing chicks vo-do-e-doing while striking cymbals; an electric organist; and various big bands, including Al Kavelin's Cascading Chords,

all in unsuccessful attempts to build up business. His clientele was made up of a strictly jazz listening audience, and when there was no jazz on the scene, they simply did not show up.

Taking everything into consideration, one cannot blame Rongetti for sometimes taking on the characteristics of a curmudgeon. His customers during the early days were for the most part jazz fans who collected old records. They frequently nursed one beer all night (sometimes they even bought that at Julius', a dime-a-beer bar, across 10th St.) and, of course, had eaten dinner at home—they couldn't afford the "sizzling steaks" that became the second specialty of Nick's house.

RONGETTI WAS BORN in New York City on Sept. 22, 1899, to a fairly well-to-do family. He was sent to St. Anselm's preparatory school in Manchester, N.H., in 1916, and entered Fordham University to study medicine after returning to New York. Upon completion of a two-year pre-med course and a year of medicine, he transferred to Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., where he spent the school year of 1919-20. His education was rounded out with a four-month tour of Europe, a rather standard procedure for the better-fixed families of that era.

When Rongetti, then 22, returned to Manhattan in 1921, he wanted to go into business in order to support his study of law. He invested in a small speakeasy, located at 15 Christopher St. in Greenwich Village, with Joe Brown, a man who later became a bartender at Eddie Condon's jazz club in Greenwich Village.

Rongetti then got married and went back to school. This time he took up a law course and eventually obtained a degree in 1927 from Fordham's law school. (In later years when Condon was asked whether Nick passed the bar, the guitarist cracked, "No, he bought it.")

Simultaneously with his law studies, scholar Rongetti continued medical studies at both Long Island University and St. John's College. Meanwhile, police forced the speakeasy to move frequently. From Christopher St. it moved a couple of blocks to 21 Cornelia St.

A year later there was a change of partners, and Rongetti went into business with Meyer Horowitz, who later became the operator of the Village Barn on Eighth St. Their place was at 45 Grove St. in the Sheridan Square area of the Village. In 1922 Rongetti took a place by himself and brought in Joe Boggiano as manager. Boggiano later operated the Versailles uptown

and Julius' Bar on 10th St. Nick's first place was called the Village Rest and was located at Sixth Ave. and Fourth St.

After a year, Rongetti again moved. This time to 140 S. Seventh Ave. A tavern known as the Page 3 is now on the site of Nick's old location. It was a cellar speakeasy for more than 10 years, and it was necessary to walk along a plank in order to enter the place.

Rongetti had an old upright in the place that he played to entertain customers. He had a reputation for being a law student who would rather read music than Blackstone, and his knowledge of law may have helped him keep open in the same spot from 1923 through repeal.

By 1934 Nick's was becoming a hangout for musicians who came in after their nightly stints in commercial bands. Here they could let their hair down and play together in freewheeling jam sessions. This was the period that jamming was also going on up on 52nd St. at the Onyx Club but on a more commercial basis.

Rongetti was having a ball and put in another beat-up upright for his own use when the mood descended upon him. The setting was ready for him to inaugurate a policy of having a regular jazz band on tap.

The first band to play regularly at Nick's featured the New Orleans-born clarinetist and tin-whistle player, Sidney Arodin, who arrived nightly with a chorus girl's make-up kit converted to a carry-all for his dismantled clarinet, a sandwich, and a bottle of gin.

The band was under ostensible leadership of trumpeter Frankie Martinez and included, besides Arodin, a 17-year-old saxophone prodigy, Canadian-born Georgie Auld from Brooklyn, who two years before had been billed as "the youngest musician to ever conduct the orchestra at the Brooklyn Paramount Theater."

Rongetti next hired a band straight from New Orleans under the leadership of trumpeter Sharkey Bonano. The group had Bill Bourjois, clarinet; Buck Scott, trombone; Dell Zane, piano; "The Turk" Bradley, bass; and Eddie Castaigne, drums. When several of them left to return to New Orleans, Dave Bowman came in on piano, Henry Adler on drums, and a New Orleans expatriate, George Brunies, on trombone. Brunies (later changed to Brunis—and later still to Georg Brunis—on the advice of a numerologist) had been hung up in a large radio orchestra and was jubilant at being back in a jazz band. He unveiled his gimmick of lying on the top of one of the uprights and playing his horn by moving the slide with his



Trumpeter Pee Wee Erwin and band onstand at Nick's.

foot while a 180-pound customer stood on his stomach. It was during those nights at Nick's that Bonano and Brunies started the New Orleans parade around the joint, ending up in the ladies room.

Rongetti was happy about everything and frequently ambled over to the second piano to express his joy. He later said, "That was a band! Sharkey was one of the few men I permitted to play trumpet in the joint instead of a cornet." He was thoroughly imbued with the New Orleans brass-band spirit.

Nick named the band "Sharkey Banana and His Sharks of Rhythm" and hung an imitation banana over the low bandstand, located in a corner where the walls were covered with caricatures and photos of jazz musicians and celebrities.

THINGS WERE LOOKING UP, and Rongetti entertained ideas of expansion, having tired of hearing his place referred to as a cigar box or a hole in the wall. There was a vacant lot cater-corner from his place, and he constructed a one-story red-and-white, washed-brick building with stained-glass windows on the site. It was a wedge-shaped building with the entrance on an angle facing both Seventh Ave. and 10th St. At one time the exterior was decorated with the flags and coats of arms of various nations.

One entered facing a checkroom and turned right to approach a 45-foot bar, shaped like a musical note, and the room itself with booths along the right-hand side wall. The bandstand was at the farther end on a low dais against the back wall with three large wooden circles breaking the monotony of the bare wall.

The entire interior of the new building had a dignified Ivy League look about it. A rustic English decor was accentuated by the cast-iron chandeliers suspended from the ceiling between the broad cross beams. The

booths alongside the oak-paneled side wall were upholstered in leather.

There was a certain incongruity about some of the additional decorative ideas:

Over the bar were stern, old-fashioned, framed photos of Thomas Edison, William Howard Taft, Calvin Coolidge, and Teddy Roosevelt, while on the side walls were framed pictures of Bix Beiderbecke, Bunny Berigan, Bobby Hackett, and Joe Marsala. Higher up the wall near the ceiling were stuffed elk and moose heads. The side pictures were alternated with framed articles written about Nick's in the popular magazines.

Doors leading to restrooms were labeled "Les Hommes" and "Les Femmes" until Nick realized the clientele was not completely cosmopolitan and the markings were causing confusion. He then had them changed to "King of Spades" and "Queen of Hearts."

When the new place was nearing its opening date late in 1937, Rongetti decided he wanted to start things off with a splash, using two alternating bands. Red McKenzie took him up to the Hickory House to meet Bobby Hackett, then playing guitar with Joe Marsala's group, but whose fame as a jazz cornetist in the Beiderbecke tradition had preceded him from Boston, where he had led a jazz band at the Theatrical Club. Rongetti liked Hackett and heard some recordings: the result was that he made McKenzie music director for the new spot and authorized him to form a band for the grand opening.

But the inaugural date was postponed because of construction delays, and Bonano's band was being considered for a spot in a Fred Astaire movie in Hollywood. Rongetti was not to be held up on his two-band policy, somewhat of an innovation at that time, and he brought a group headed by Hackett and including Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, bassist

Clyde Newcomb, and drummer Johnny Blowers into the old club, where the two bands vied for a week.

Hackett's band took over after a week, because Bonano, whose Hollywood deal fell through, went uptown to open on 52nd St. at the Yacht Club. He left pianist Bowman and trombonist Brunies behind to join the Hackett crew.

Finally, in the middle of December, 1937, the band lugged the instruments across Seventh Ave., and Rongetti proudly unlocked the door and shouted, "All right, you guys, get up on the stand and PLAY!" Besides the band, the opening bill included the Teddy Bunn Trio and relief pianist Sunny Russin, the sister of tenor saxophonist Babe Russin.

The first shuffle, the forerunner of the many personnel changes that would become standard at Nick's, took place when Red McKenzie, the Bunn trio, and Miss Russin left in February, 1938.

Hackett augmented the band to 11 pieces, brought in a series of girl vocalists (Lola Bard, Linda Keene, and Louise Tobin), and required a reluctant Pee Wee Russell to double on alto saxophone.

George Frazier wrote in the June, 1938, *Down Beat* of an unhappy racial incident. Zutty Singleton had been sitting in with the Hackett band, and Nick thought it would be a good idea for the drummer to join the group as a regular member. Vehement objection from a Hackett bandsman was reported. Before the matter could be settled, Singleton opened at Nick's with the Sidney Bechet Quintet.

The late jazz historian, Herman Rosenberg, had taken Bechet to the club to sit in on soprano saxophone. Bechet impressed Nick to the extent that the clubowner asked him to bring in his own group. Bechet opened with Jimmy Shirley, playing a guitar with a "vibriola" attachment; Leonard Ware, a regular guitar; Henry Turner, bass; and Singleton, drums.

A big change in the order of things came in February, 1939, when Hackett and the management weren't seeing eye to eye, and the trumpeter was eager to try the road. Furthermore, Bechet's group was let out, to everybody's surprise.

Later in the spring of '39, Condon, Max Kaminsky, Bud Freeman, Gowans, Russell, Dave Bowman, and Dave Tough played a Princeton University alumni reunion. The group played so well together they knocked themselves out, and Condon told them, "I'll get Nick to hire us. There's no bunch of guys around who can get the sound we do." He made good his

pledge.

Meanwhile, Rongetti was still on a big-band kick and had tried Tony Almerico's band from New Orleans; a group led by Mike Riley, of *Music Goes 'Round* fame, with a young Chubby Jackson on bass; a Peter Dean swing band; Dick Stabile's orchestra; and Les Brown's recently organized band.

The Freeman-Condon-Kaminsky group was a co-operative unit labeled the Summa Cum Laude band with tenor saxophonist Freeman as the front man.

Trumpeter Kaminsky recalls his experiences in his recent book *My Life in Jazz*. He writes, "... the whole time in the Summa Cum Laude was one great big party." The pay was only \$60 a week for the sidemen, and they got in the habit of buying their drinks between sets over at Julius' across 10th St., to take advantage of lower prices.

Oddly, Nick didn't seem too concerned about the exodus and laughingly referred to Julius' as "the annex."

Rongetti was intrigued with catch phrases. When the late Gene Williams, founder and editor of *Jazz Information*, reviewed the Freeman Summa Cum Laude recording of *The Eel* and *China Boy*, he referred to the band style, in a subtly derogatory manner, as "Nicksieland music." Nick thought the name was fine and used it wherever he could.

The Summa Cum Laude opened in July, 1939, alternating with Zutty Singleton's Trio (Edmond Hall on clarinet and Hank Duncan on piano) and was a musical hit. Late in the fall the band was selected for a part in the stage show, *Swingin' the Dream*, which also featured Louis Armstrong and the Benny Goodman Sextet. The band doubled between the Center Theater and Nick's, with Harry Volpe's Quartet holding down the Nick's bandstand until midnight. The show was a flop and lasted less than two weeks. At the same time the enchantment the band enjoyed at Nick's was on the wane, and early in December it left to open at the Brick Club uptown.

In those days the club had Sunday afternoon sessions. Rongetti insisted on them when he learned that Condon, Russell, and others were playing the Milt Gabler concerts at Jimmy Ryan's on 52nd St. Nick was sore because he felt all his stars were too tired for their regular appearance at his place on Sunday nights.

During one of Condon's furloughs, Harry Lim took over the running of the Sabbath jazz events, and in this period the late Jelly Roll Morton made one of his last New York ap-

pearances, as the intermission pianist between the band sets.

From 1940 there were infrequent attempts to use already established bands. Many of the bands were essentially the same personnel with the better-known musicians taking turns as leaders. All the "names" in Dixieland jazz appeared at one time or another. They included Tony Spargo, the Original Dixieland Jazz Band drummer and kazoo player; George Wettling; Jimmy McPartland, who in 1941 played chase choruses with Pee Wee Russell, both men using only mouthpieces; Brunies; Wild Bill Davison; Miff Mole; Joe Marsala, with a large band featuring his wife, Adele, playing a hot harp; Condon; Spanier; Russell; Hackett; Billy Butterfield; Pee Wee Erwin; Billy Maxted; Phil Napoleon; and Sol Yaged.

The job of playing the intermission piano at Nick's was important even if it did mean occasionally competing with the boss, and to some it was a long, secure job—Hank Duncan had it for almost a decade—and to others it was a stepping stone. Young Mel Powell, who went on to be Benny Goodman's pianist and later a respected classical composer and teacher, started as relief pianist at Nick's in mid-1940. Eddie Heywood left the relief job to go on to make a name for himself. Art Hodes, who was there for a short spell, had a fond appreciation for Rongetti and once wrote, "During the years when no other spot in the country featured jazz, Nick did. There were times when he couldn't meet the payroll, but he never changed the place."

BUSINESS PICKED UP during the war years as celebrities, red-vested students from Ivy League colleges, and the regular night-clubbers began to put Nick's on their circuits of after-dark prowling. Early during the war, Rongetti is said to have made enough to put away about \$100,000 worth of liquor in storage across Seventh Ave. in a basement. It was a far cry from a half-dozen years before when he was buying single bottles in a retail store.

Anecdotes about Nick's abounded. There was the night that Tommy Dorsey was sitting at a table with his trombone by his side, and no one thought to ask him to sit in. T.D. simply picked up his horn and joined the performance from his place in the crowd.

Sometimes the appearance of odd instruments intrigued visitors. Brad Gowens played a horn of his own invention, the "valide," which was essentially a half-valve, half-slide trombone. Bass man Joe Tarto had an

eight-foot-tall tuba and used it to jam with the Joe Marsala group.

Rongetti lost his most active promoter when Condon left for good in 1945 to take over the reins of greeter and guitarist at the club that still bears his name.

Ironically, as Rongetti began to prosper materially, his health began to fail. He was afflicted with a liver ailment that put him in and out of hospitals constantly. The various doctors told him to relax, but even when in the hospital, he was always on the phone to his club every 10 minutes or so.

When Rongetti died on July 25, 1946, his widow, a small blond woman, unwaveringly carried on the tradition for the benefit of their two children, Jay and Judy, now in college.

Two of the extra pianos were removed from the floor after Nick's death. That was the only change.

As the years went on, Nick's enjoyed a steady business made up mostly of a hard core of Dixieland jazz enthusiasts. It got so it did not make much difference what band was appearing there, and even when there was a change in the leadership, the music stayed the same anyway.

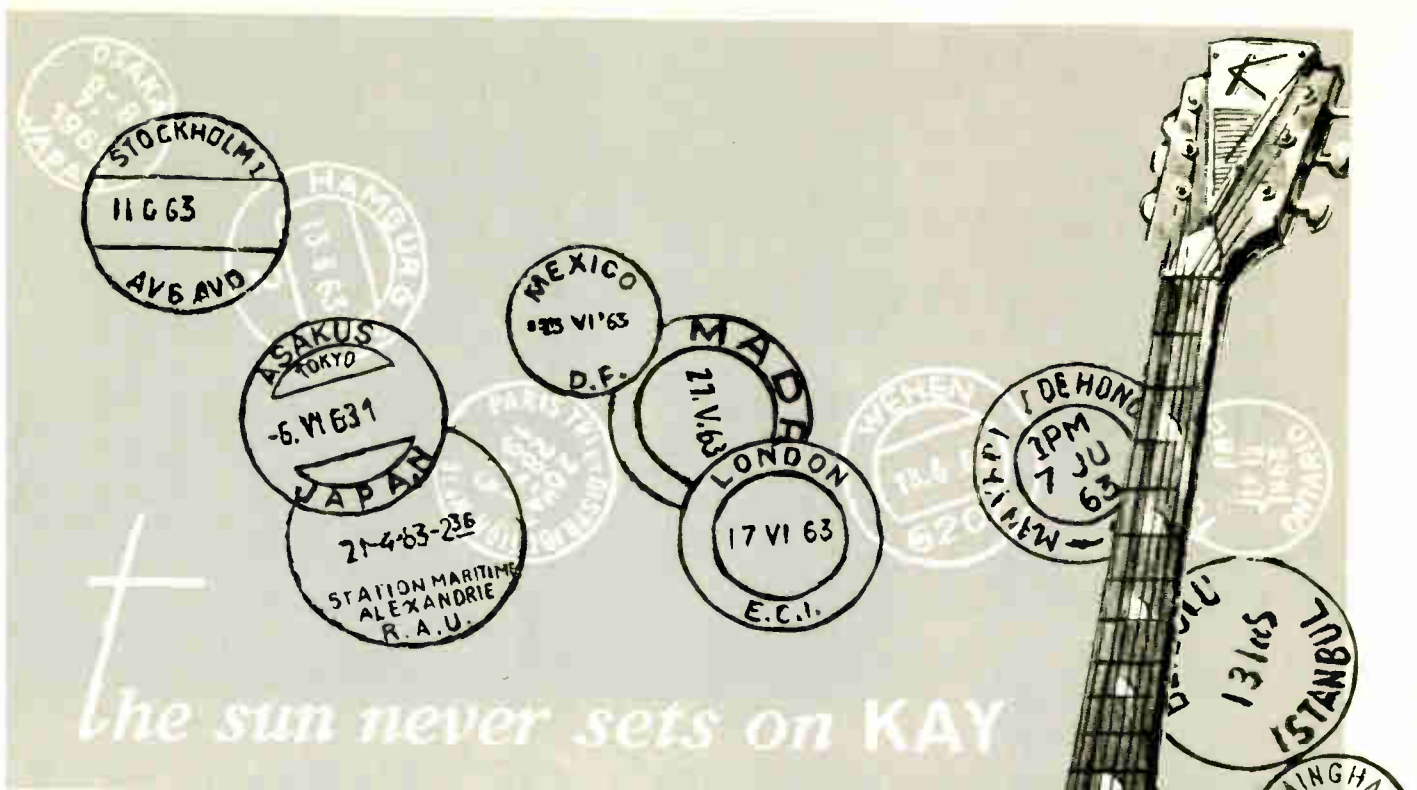
But it was no longer the jazz spot in New York. The styles of jazz evolved into new forms, and modern jazz havens materialized in midtown.

Nick's returned to nights of glory occasionally after a football game at Columbia University or Yankee Stadium, and the place would be packed with the collegians. For a decade it was a toss-up as to whether the youths would make whoopee at Nick's or at Eddie Condon's on the opposite side of the Village. Then in 1955 Condon's place was moved to the upper east side.

The Seventh Ave. spa became less and less a port of call for jazz fans. A little more than a year and a half ago a last desperate attempt was made to revive some of the old excitement when Wild Bill Davison came in with a fine band that included such stars as clarinetist Buster Bailey and trombonist Vic Dickenson, but the era of Nick's was long gone. The club was forced to let the Davison unit go and replace it with a trio led by clarinetist Sol Yaged.

Last August, instead of the usual anniversary party (the 26th), the closing festivities were held with trumpeter Pee Wee Erwin presenting a formal tribute to Mrs. Rongetti on the part of the musicians.

After all present had made their goodbyes, each in his own way, the club emptied, the doors were locked, and a jazz landmark was no more. □



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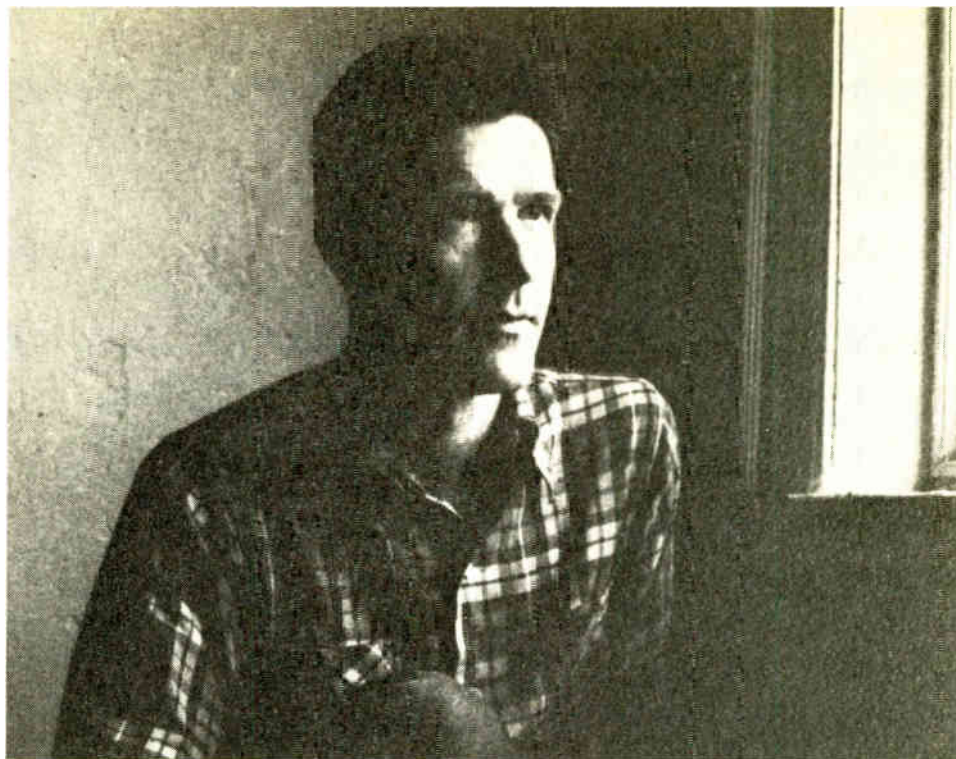


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By DONAL J. HENAHAN

THE PLIGHT OF THE YOUNG COMPOSER



Avant-garde composer John Cage

THE MOST SERIOUS problem confronting those who compose what is by common consent called serious music is simply this: Who are we, and what do we think we are doing?

Behind the formidable wordage about new techniques, new methods of notation, and the like, crouches this dark presence, the question of purpose and identity. Composers of all ages and eras known to us, of course, faced the same question, but it is likely that today's composer is more acutely conscious of the peculiarity of his place in the scheme of things than even the most intellectual artists of any former time.

Consider what a fearsome panorama of choices confronts the talented young man who has acquired his basic compositional training and now would like to do something meaningful with it.

He is faced immediately with apparently antagonistic problems. Should he really struggle to perfect himself as a craftsman in the old ways—that is, by learning all there is to know about traditional instruments and their use in combination with one another? Or would it be better to acquire only as much of that knowledge as may seem advisable, in view of the fact that traditional instruments appear not fated to continue for long to have much place in contemporary musicmaking, meanwhile undertaking the phenomenally difficult and really staggering job of becoming a craftsman in the use of electronic instruments?

If he decides on the latter course, as so many bright young men seem to be doing, he is going to be hampered by the fact that, simply from the physical standpoint, few opportunities exist for becoming a master of the new techniques.

As yet, there are only a handful of electronic centers where instruments of sufficient scope and flexibility are available for an aspiring composer's study. And even in these places, the equipment is so limited that no student can be permitted to spend as much time in playing around

with the equipment as would be necessary even to acquire basic skills. The situation that obtains in most of these electronic laboratories can be visualized if one imagines a class of 100 pupils studying touch-typing in a schoolroom that has only one typewriter.

Well, if the young composer has time to waste, it might be asked, why not put it to use polishing up his mastery in traditional ways—might he not compose something for traditional orchestra or string quartet or human voice? Perhaps, and to some extent, he does. The better electronic music centers do provide a few excellent musicians whose job it is to realize in sound the works of student composers.

But a difficulty is that the typical young composer—at least of the sort likely to be attracted to the electronic medium—is likely to feel antagonistic toward performers, and they toward him. The undercurrent of hostility that flows between the avant-garde composer and the professional performer today can be observed at every hand and is testified to by article after article in composers' publications and other music journals.

The reasons for the hostility are easy to see.

The composer is annoyed by what he regards as the performer's laziness and incompetence and accuses him of having a vested interest in keeping music from changing. A pianist who has spent 20 years in learning the centuries-old literature of the keyboard, for instance, faces backward in time almost without thinking about the strangeness of his posture at all. And this, the composer might say, is something entirely new in our century; in former times, musicians knew blessedly little about the past and were avid to play the latest work by the latest genius.

The performer, for his part, is frustrated by what he regards as the composer's own laziness and incompetence and appalled to find how little some composers know about practical performance problems. It is not rare, for example, to find contemporary orchestral scores that require entire sections to perform prodigies of rhythmic splintering, dy-

dynamic gradations on every note, and tempo changes that even a single great performer would find almost beyond his powers. And these are not only to be performed in unison but dovetailed accurately into similar miracles of unison work by the other sections of the orchestra.

As for the vocal problems confronting the young composer, it is fair to estimate that if he writes the sort of music that will win him admiration in his own circles, he will rarely find any singer capable of performing it. There are only a half-dozen vocal artists in the world today whose talents are sufficient to recommend them as superior performers of really avant-garde music. Only now are we finding any appreciable number of singers able to cope successfully with the 12-tone works of a generation ago.

In former times also, composers had to master a wide range of techniques, and we are often told, too, of their jousts with the performers of their day. But the problems are unquestionably intensified today beyond anything Mozart or Beethoven or Wagner could have imagined. No matter how much technical apparatus Mozart, for instance, acquired by study and practical experiment, all his training was aimed at one goal and forced a glorious convergence. That is to say, whether he cultivated vocal music or string-quartet writing, his ends were not in question; music was music, and one made it as well as talent could manage.

Today, however, a young composer's creative energies are likely to be dissipated in internecine struggles and in ideological and philosophical wrestling. The choice between composing for electronic and human instruments is not simply a choice such as Mozart faced in deciding whether to cast some musical idea into the form of a song or a piano sonata. Today's young artist is torn between what seem—perhaps only through specious reasoning—irreconcilable opposites.

The whole question of whether music that employs no interpretive performer is still music, for instance, must be faced by a composer at an age when he ought to be getting on with the business of squeezing his creative juices out quickly and letting others wrestle with imponderables. A thousand subtle decisions must be made about the whole course of Western music, at an age when creative energies could be straining in less academic and conceptual directions. Music, like poetry, is at least partly, and probably greatly, an overflowing of youthful elan, and, once spent, that fund of exuberance is not often replenished.

This statement of the physiological-esthetic obvious is not a plea for, nor a defense of, anti-intellectualism as the basis of music. By no means; in a time as complex as ours the intellectual stand is as necessary in composing as in any other approach to life. What we must try to understand are the fearsome pressures on young composing talents today.

CONSIDER THE FLIGHT of the young man who, examining the trend of contemporary music, sets out to master the apparatus of rigid serialism—music, that is, in which every pitch, dynamic marking, metrical change, and expressive indication is controlled according to a formula determined in advance and set in motion in the opening bars. The applications of this sort of musical chess game to electronically produced music seem obvious: it is easy to imagine a machine that, with proper programing, could go on to compose as technically perfect a work as any composer could devise and, moreover, to pass it on to a brother machine that could reproduce far more accurately the work in sound than any collection of human musicians.

Having investigated this ultimate brand of serialism, the young composer might be expected to grow apprehensive, not about the disappearance of performers, perhaps, but about the eventual uselessness of human composers. So,



Karlheinz Stockhausen

having worked to perfect his serial technique to its extreme limit, he now loses interest in it. That, in fact, has been happening all over the world in recent years: the most avant-garde composers have been beating a slow but undisguised retreat from the ultimate logic of serialism. Some have set up camp back at the place where Schoenberg and Webern reached and are proceeding to modify the serial principle beyond recognition.

Others, quite possibly frustrated and depressed by what they have learned about the possibilities for meaningful artistic action in the field they have chosen for their life work, have turned in nihilistic mood to the apparent opposite of the rigid serial technique.

Following the path worn long ago into the grass of history, many composers have thrown in with a neo-Dada movement, the high priest of which is John Cage. The cant word to remember here is "aleatoric," which means no more or less than the planned destruction of music as an art based on tradition and on the denial of any possibility of human communication through sounds. Despite its apparent destructiveness and its refusal to recognize any purpose in existence beyond the animal pleasures of random activity, "aleatoric" events (they cannot be called music, by any means, and their managers do not want to be known as artists) are worth careful study.

Some of the most promising minds among the younger generation have been attracted to the principle of chance in music (Pierre Boulez, for example), and in all the other arts some parallel manifestations can be noted. The crucial point to be determined, however, is always whether the artist has introduced so much opportunity for chance into his work that he himself is forced to abdicate authority as the controlling force. When that happens, as in the more *outré* compositions of Karlheinz Stockhausen and his followers, the composer, strangely enough, discovers that he

has followed his nose to the same place as his colleague who went the entire route to serialism and electronic music: in each case, the artist is forced out of the picture, and it is undoubtedly significant that, to the ear, the results of complete serialization and aleatoric music are astonishingly similar.

No wonder, then, that the appeal of the new Dada movement is so strong.

In Dada there is at least life, and as the composer Elliott Carter has aptly pointed out, the Dadaist is honest in his attack on traditional music and the concert ritual: "Certainly he is more interesting and amusing, if not actually to witness, at least to think and talk about." At least, too, Carter notes, the Dada "happenings" test the old audience-performer-composer relationship, and if they violate the faith that underlies the conventional acceptance of the pattern, there may be some good in putting conventional ideas to such rigorous tests now and then. But, Carter also points out (in a characteristically perceptive article in the spring, 1963, issue of *Perspectives of New Music*), the new avant-garde, whether it has gone Dada or electronic and mathematically precise, "has a very great preoccupation with the physical materials of music-sounds, their instrumental and mechanical sources, their projection in halls, and finally their method of notation." There is very little concern, he said, with the perception of these sounds, or with their possibilities for communication on a high level.

To Carter, the fundamental frustrations resulting from this refusal to deal with the matter of communication, and even the denial of its possibility, explain a great deal about the directions new music has been taking.

THE APOLOGISTS for the new music of pure chance and unmotivated change sometimes rationalize their activities by saying that what they are doing in the world of sounds exactly parallels what has been found out in physics and that modern psychology has proved that human beings themselves, for all their pretenses at logical thought, are irrational, motivated by chance and whim, and randomly active.

The naivete in such arguments would be pitiable if those who hold such views were not so often obnoxious in their presumed intellectual objectivity and condescension to all other views. The observable fact is that artists have always, consciously or not, regarded the stuff of existence as so much chaos, to be molded into meaningful sounds or shapes or designs by a superior mind.

It is the artist's traditional duty and privilege to impress his idea of existence on the putty he finds at hand. In contemporary sociological terms, he "structures reality" according to his own insights. Even the conceit of the aleatoric managers of happenings—that pure chance is operating—is hardly a sophisticated idea.

There is no such thing in our universe as chance that is not controlled in some way; the man who rolls dice knows that what we call pure chance is really calculable over the long run. So, in turning away from rigid control of musical materials to aleatoric games, today's players are doing little more than enlarging the range of possibilities. The fact that a violin sits on a chair and is burned in the course of a Dada event is not pure chance; the situation, right from the beginning, included the possibility that the



Elliott Carter

instrument would be set afire, along with a number of other possibilities, not infinite. Also included was the possibility that someone would pick up the instrument and play a tune on it.

It must be frustrating for the new Dadaists to realize that, no matter how random they believe their activities, a measure of control over them is implicit. More than that, the controls are partly of their own devising, since they put the happening in motion.

The more thoughtful of the experimenters with chance, such as Boulez, acknowledge that what they are doing has more relation to philosophy than to any hope of direct aural communication.

In speaking of his piano sonata, in which aleatoric ideas are introduced, Boulez says the evolution of musical thought and technique is "turning more and more toward a permanent discovery—comparable to a 'permanent revolution.'" A deeper investigation of this point of view is his real motive, he insists, rather than "a simple, rather banal preoccupation with rebaptizing the ear each time according to a certain innocence." (By "permanent" discovery, Boulez means here a continuously ongoing process of change, not anything fixed, as the word might imply.)

After a long and somewhat fruitful period in which he tried to apply all the techniques and phraseology of acoustical science to composition, Boulez is beginning to adopt a less plainly mechanical and technical view of music, and since he has been possibly the most influential young composer in Europe since World War II, the results will be interesting to watch.

He is certainly typical of the talented young man we have been discussing, whose potentially most fruitful years may have been consumed in artistically sterile arguments of philosophy, acoustics, mathematics, and methodology. These arguments with himself were as necessary as they were inevitable, however, for Boulez, like the rest of his young colleagues, has had to rethink the history of Western music for himself and even to question the need for going on with the profession of composer in the modern world.

In a sense, of course, young composers being now so

concerned with the philosophical and logical bases on which their art is built is a healthy sign.

Philosophy, as someone has suggested, is too important a matter to be left to philosophers. In any era of cultural upheaval, the artists themselves will be the thinkers as well as the doers, as a dozen examples from the Renaissance might illustrate. And, in the long stretch of time, it will possibly seem more important that the best creative talents of the mid-20th century devoted their energies to unraveling the problems of their art than that a dozen masterworks may have been lost in the process. Possibly, but by no means certainly. We cannot help recalling at this juncture that Leonardo da Vinci managed to produce a few respectable artistic works while struggling with philosophical and theoretical problems, and that Bach, out of his desire to popularize the new system of equal temperament of keyboard instruments, left us *The Well-Tempered Clavier*.

But, as suggested early in this essay, in fairness to today's young composer it must be admitted that the fringe problems competing for the time of the earlier composer pale to insignificance, when a look is given to the truly staggering issues and questions of method that any young man today must somehow resolve before putting down a note on a piece of paper (or sending an impulse through the oscillator).

In the same issue of *Perspectives of New Music* previously cited, composer Charles Wuorinen presents the dilem-



Charles Wuorinen

ma in cogent terms. Like everything else in this world, he notes, "the issues confronting young composers are more subtle, more ramified, and much less sharply drawn than ever before."

It is probably safe to say, according to Wuorinen—who has kept well within sight of the avant-garde in his post as co-director of the Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia University—that the major 20th-century revolutions in musical thought are behind us and that every departure now imaginable has or is being taken.

"In this context," Wuorinen amplified, "the young composer (by nature rebellious) finds himself somewhat nonplussed—for whatever new device he may invent with a radical artistic content, he will probably find that it has been already developed by a member of the older generations."

Thus, Carter also notes wryly that anyone who witnessed such remarkable vaudeville performances as the

clown who tore the piano to pieces playing a pseudo-Saint-Saens concerto and was swept away with the debris—and did this six times a day—can never find the "happenings" of the neo-Dadaists really entertaining.

Wuorinen puts his finger on the knot in the string when he notes that "our entire musical heritage, as well as every nonelectronic advanced technique of the moment, is conditioned by the act of performance. None of us knew, until we began working with electronic music, how our every compositional act and gesture is dependent on this conditioning. We now find that the rhetoric of performed music cannot create meaningful structures and articulation in the electronic medium."

Electronic music, therefore, must "present musical structures which *are*, rather than those which *become*, by performance." So far, there is not much indication what the new electronic mode of musical speech will be, Wuorinen said, but it definitely excludes the traditional musical rhetoric, based as it is on the expressiveness that individual performers add, often without fully realizing it, by little ritards and accent shifts.

The future of electronic music, and that of strict serialism, in composition seem destined to be bound together into one whole new category of musical art, in Wuorinen's view. But since this is a road that performers (and perhaps listeners?) will not be able to follow in appreciable numbers, "it is not inconceivable," he wrote, "that the differentiation between the rhetoric of music for performers and music for tape may become so great that the two will come to represent almost separate art forms, closely related, of course, and originating from a common source, but discrete and autonomous."

The possibility not only exists, one might add, but is already upon us as a daily reality. The question remains, however, which of the two separate forms of musical activity will prove to have the greater vitality and historical staying power.

As for aleatoric music, Wuorinen notes that "speaking personally, I lost interest in aleatoric music simply because having produced some of it, I found that the process of composing it was rather boring."

AND THAT IS the voice of the contemporary composer speaking. Pulled a dozen ways at once—between chance and rigorous serialism, between art and anti-art, between reproduction by electronics and that by human beings, between philosophical and pragmatic ways of addressing himself to his problems—he is understandably stunned and confused.

We who watch his struggles to become himself, to get on with the business of showing us in sounds what the universe is all about, can do little to help him but lend a sympathetic ear to whatever he feels compelled to produce. This may not be much, but at least we must make sure our ears are turned in the right direction—in the direction of those whose intent seems to be to communicate something to us.

There is not much sense in hoping that communication will somehow "happen" if enough people or enough machines get together and make enough random noises. A belief in the possibility of communication is not much, but it is all we have, and the wise listener will hang on to it stubbornly. □

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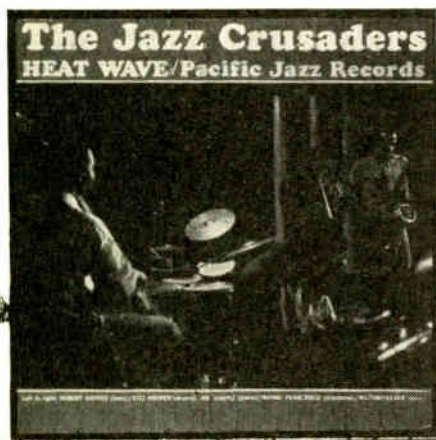
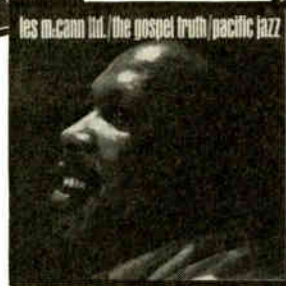
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PACIFIC JAZZ/WORLD-PACIFIC

DECLARATION

A series of statements of intent and purpose from a number of leading avant garde jazz musicians

Each new generation of jazz musicians has had to contend with a certain amount of contempt expressed by the generation preceding it. Today's avant garde is no different, and despite the walls of the opposition, it continues to experiment—sometimes brilliantly—with the music.

Down Beat asked several musicians active in the avant garde a series of questions relating to what they currently are doing and why, musical gains they felt they had made, the direction jazz should take, their personal goals, and the importance of the "new music."

(Not all avant gardists are represented—two of the most important, Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor, were unavailable for comment. Another important member, Eric Dolphy, said he just couldn't put it into words.)

Following are the replies of those responding to the questions.

Bill Barron

At the present time I am examining all the various combinations of intervals that form sonorities and melodies and am seeking a system of notation that will simplify the strange combinations of notes that comprise sonorities today.

The reason behind this work is that there is such a vast amount of material available that one can use, and all the old rules are gone. One has to make his own chords and

chord progressions (sonorities and movement between the elements thereof) and means for symbolizing them.

I cannot say how this will affect jazz. So far I have explored a vast amount of scales and melodic possibilities in an attempt to bring some semblance of order to the 12 tones we use. The searching has broadened my own scope.

As for the direction of jazz, I would like to see it continue to free itself from old fetters but with some semblance of order.

My personal goals are to devise a system of harmony and composition for myself that is not to be considered as an end but as a means to move toward an endless end.

Carla Bley

What any musician is trying to do and why exists within and is independent of any real meaning or clue to his musical self. Music is a substitute for living. If you can't live, music supports and gives meaning



to your existence. At the same time, it asks questions that people feel but are not able to voice. The unanswered questions are its beauty and communication.

Aside from my natural musical activity which has no form or system, I spend most of my time looking for basic ideas that are strong enough to support the player without the use of harmonic or structural givens.

Paul Bley

I'm against freedom. There are only a handful of players who can play on standards or originals with chord changes without allowing the changes to dominate the melodic line. An even smaller number of players exist who can play on originals that have no harmonic indications for the soloist without mak-



ing the mistake of resorting to abstract theater, classical improvising, or amateurism.

Time must pass and need must arise before a player can spin out a line with a continuity that results in an over-all structure without being tied to a key.

I've never been interested in solving particular problems such as practicing individual licks, the use of the left hand, etc. I prefer to spend time thinking about the philosophy of playing. Everything is not possible. The solo must create a continuity resulting in a structure.

Language is no substitute for ideas.

Don Cherry

Jazz has reached a point where its scope is much wider. We are in a time and period when a musician can't possibly think of just one approach. We can bring music from all over the world into one room in



a true form of improvisation. We can improvise from forms, not just a tune. I am working on setting up forms.

If a feeling is strong enough and complete enough, it will swing.

"Change" has meant chord change in modern jazz. A "change" should be more of a modulation of mood.

If you play what you feel—which is definitely a part of what you know—instead of trying to play what you know from a standpoint of technique, it causes the music to be a much purer form of improvisation. Feelings are first.

Ted Curson

At the current time I am leading a quartet that plays what I call "inside" and "outside" music. Outside means spontaneous composition: songs with no chords, no bar lines, modulating from one key to another, playing in various modes, using different dimensions of time, and free form. Inside means Clifford Brown, Charlie Parker, and Horace Silver types of songs. I use these songs to change the pace during night-club and concert engagements. They give the audience a starting point, and then we go on to more



complex music. Inside music rounds out the program and enables me to reach more people.

Although I play to audiences that include many different age groups, I want to reach everyone who comes to hear me. But also I want to educate my audiences, to bring them up to the level at which they can appreciate both inside and outside music.

If more bands will play different kinds of music, more people will become interested in jazz. More people will buy records and will come to hear musicians perform. Some musicians call this "tomming" to the audience, but I believe in being

heard. What's the difference how well you play music, if you play at home with the door closed? Growing audiences mean growing jazz!

Since I've been playing this way, I've built myself up from off nights at the Five Spot and Birdland to full weeks of work in cities such as Pittsburgh, Boston, Montreal, and even Caracas, Venezuela. Everywhere I go, people seem to appreciate variety in jazz—I've always been asked to make a return engagement.

I would like to see jazz move out of the jazz cellar onto the concert stage. There are too many distractions in a night club for people to really hear what we're doing. I'd like to see more college concerts, more opportunities for both name and unknown groups. I also approve of wider musical education for youngsters from junior high school through college. Jazz *can* be taught to the same extent that any free, creative art—painting, writing, dancing—can be taught. I would like to see someone produce a festival of new names in jazz. That would be a break for musicians and jazz fans alike.

My own personal goals in music are to get with a record company that is sympathetic to the music I play and write and to have enough bookings for my quartet to keep the group in shape musically. And I'd especially like to take a South American tour. There's not much jazz being heard down there.

The new music is important because the growth of jazz is important. An art form such as jazz cannot become rigid. It must keep growing in any and all directions in order to be interesting—in order to be worth the musicians' lives. And we have to do something for the advanced listener who is tired of hearing the same old clichés in jazz.

Joe Daly

I am trying to develop an idiom in the field of jazz that will free it from the "tyranny" of the bar line, worn-out forms (32 bars, etc.), monotony of traditional cadences, and the shackles of keys (the major-and-minor system). Many other musicians, of course, are heading in the same direction. I hope to achieve a personal style, something I can call my own.

I am doing this because I believe that mainstream jazz has reached an impasse; new materials and blood are needed. Ever since I studied composition and the works of 20th-century composers, I have yearned to play in some sort of atonal and



rhythmic manner that will be convincing.

I do not presume to think that my modest attempt will have any far-reaching impact on jazz as a whole (there are others who are much more talented than I). I do have hopes, however, that I can convince other musicians to move in the same direction and add to jazz and music.

The results of my activities have been more recognition than I've ever experienced in my musical life, a record album with RCA Victor, and most important, the feeling that I am now in a phase of music that is thrilling, provocative, challenging, and something I can grasp with both hands (no saxophone pun intended).

I would like to see jazz move toward the areas I mentioned I have been working with. But one should never lose sight of the *roots* of jazz—all the good things inherent in all of the previous styles or idioms, from blues and Dixieland up to the present.

My personal goals in music are to put back into, or contribute something to, music in return for all the enjoyment and pleasure it has given me. Also, I would like to earn a fair living from it, in return for the financial sacrifice I've made all these years trying to play good music.

This new music that has emerged in the last decade is important because music, like all of the arts, must have change, new values, esthetics, and concepts to grow and subsist. Without these it will become decadent and will wither and die.

I firmly believe these new idioms are coming, as surely as tomorrow is, and that they should be considered and analyzed without prejudice. Music has a way of taking care of fads or false directions, so one shouldn't become alarmed at apparent trends that appear too bold. Let's face it—jazz is here to stay!

Bill Dixon

When I returned from Europe last summer, I felt emotionally and artistically secure enough to start doing some of the musical things, both in playing and writing, that I have been thinking about for a number of years.

In previous years I had spent much time in doing things for jazz: organizing of the United Nations Jazz Society, giving lectures on jazz, programing of chamber jazz concerts, conducting adult education courses, and teaching trumpet and composition privately. A much needed shot in the arm for me was Europe.

In Europe both my playing and my writing were accepted on a considerably larger scale. Archie Shepp and I co-led a quartet consisting of bassist Don Moore, drummer Howard McRae, Shepp on tenor and baritone saxophones, and myself on trumpet and fluegelhorn.

The enthusiastic reception to my music by the jazz public, and by both jazz and nonjazz musicians and composers was, to say the least, most gratifying and stimulating. It allowed me, for the first time, to think of my music and playing not as something totally experimental but as something that had taken on enough shape and direction to gain acceptance from listeners willing to be exposed to someone who was comparatively unknown.

As to what I am doing musically, I can first say that I have strong convictions (as do most of my contemporaries) about how musical materials can and should be used. There is a difference between music and noise (although noise can be an active ingredient in music), and also there is the question as to what extent freedom really plays in shaping a musical statement. I view form as the ultimate goal to be

achieved after the idea itself has germinated. If a piece is three minutes long or three hours long, there must be some kind of form to it.

The form—the shape of the piece—should be so constructed as to allow the idea or ideas (in a jazz piece, this would involve the improvisers) to be stated, developed, and terminated at its (their) climactic point.

For me, the idea that freedom, as it is now in many instances being bastardized, should predominate at all times seems very much to defeat its own purpose—that the music and the musician should be free to create. In a conversation a person sometimes has to talk louder, perhaps shout, or even scream to stress a point; these devices are akin to ones used in music. Where the stress becomes the end instead of the means to the end, however, the main purpose of the stress—freedom—is on rocky ground.

For one thing there is no such thing as *complete* freedom. Freedom itself entails its own form of discipline, and if this were not the case, then the musician most qualified to play “free” on a musical instrument would be the nonmusician, a person who does not know how to finger the instrument. This would render him totally free in his choice of what to play because he wouldn’t have the digital definitions ingrained in his mind through practice. He would play “free” until he began to get acquainted with the instrument and gained some kind of control over it.

When I write a piece of music, I really don’t want it to become subservient to the improviser. True, I want him to get into the music, but I want him to understand, and thus be able to use more fully, the musical materials that are structured in the piece—be it a row, scale, mode, or what-have-you. I strive for the

identity of the piece coupled with the personality of the player.

I feel that music is not all emotion, not all social stress, not all technique, not all ideas, and most certainly not all devices. It is a sensible and logical culmination of all these elements, and although the extent and use of the forms conceivably change, the content never does. Contrary to popular opinion, man is not saying anything *that* new—or for that matter, he is saying nothing new at all. It discourages hippies to hear it said that Ornette Coleman is basic.

However, I consider the entire avant-garde as the “sit-ins” on smug, complacent society. And the fact that, despite the tremendous odds of attaining so-called success, they continue to create within the framework of what they call creation is validity enough for their work.

Of course, some of the music they have produced has been pretty bad—but that is not the point. The real importance of their work is that the will to try has not been entirely stifled despite the tremendous lack of acceptance and the fantastic amount of hostility that has been directed toward them.

I would like to make a good living out of my work. But when one views the scene—Cecil Taylor not working, George Russell not working, Ornette Coleman not working, and other groups working only spasmodically—making a living becomes secondary to remaining alive to be able to work.

I would like to believe that some of the musical things I have done or will do will have some effect on jazz or, for that matter, the world. But since that is not my problem, I shall continue to do what I feel I *have* to do. And that is to make my music and my playing all that I want them to be and hope that someone will listen.

Don Ellis

My personal ambitions in music are related to my life’s goals, which are to develop myself to my fullest extent mentally and physically. Therefore, in music, which I have chosen as my life’s work, I am continually striving to develop my musicianship to the highest level possible. This will be expressed in composing, improvising, trumpet playing, and teaching — and any other way that becomes necessary for this development.

It is because of the above that I am currently studying for a Ph.D. in





composition at UCLA and am a teaching assistant there. I want to acquire an even broader understanding and knowledge of all types of music and want to be able to teach what I have learned at a college level.

Just before leaving New York, I recorded an album with Don Heckman, Don Friedman, Barre Phillips, and Joe Cocuzzo that reflects all of my musical advances to date.

The particular gains are in the areas of rhythm, new instrumental techniques, and new ways of organizing these into a meaningful, coherent whole. This album and the Improvisational Workshop Orchestra (which I understand Heckman and Ed Summerlin are carrying on) are the most important things I have done to date. The Improvisational Workshop Orchestra explored the area of large-group improvisation and was on the whole very successful. It has opened up a whole new area of improvisation. I am hopefully trying to interest some record company in releasing the quintet album and recording the DEIWO (Don Ellis Improvisational Workshop Orchestra).

Unfortunately, these activities will have only a peripheral effect on jazz unless some new solution is found for the arousal of public interest and public performance of this new music.

Jazz is on the verge of growing into a music of unprecedented scope of expression and importance. However, unless people are willing to make the effort to understand this music (and are shown that the making of the effort will be worth their while), it will fade, and jazz will be forever relegated to uncreative, sterile dilettantes, to be revived commercially once in a while but having no import as serious music. Then, when the creators and originators of the various styles of jazz we have today are dead, the music itself will be dead, except for the vestiges left in folk music, rhythm and blues, and popular music.

And people must make an *effort* to understand the new music because

it is different, has different principles of organization and meaning, is more complex. The reward for the effort, however, is the increased enjoyment possible because of the deeper level of profundity.

If this effort will be made both on the part of the musician and listener, then my work so far could be very important to jazz because it is the beginning of a whole new idea that has within it the seeds and potential of tremendous growth and development.

I would like to see jazz musicians become much more sensitive musically and less prejudiced toward the new—less inhibited musically. I would like them to realize that they are in a rut. I would like them to recognize that in the area of rhythm they know practically nothing—that compared with the sophistication and subtleties of north Indian music, jazz rhythm is crude and laughably simple. I would like jazz musicians to realize that in the areas of melody, harmony, and form they are, for the most part, merely repeating worn-out formulas that have lost their meaning artistically. I want to see the music develop and grow. Jazz is young. It has made an important beginning, but it is only a beginning.

Don Friedman

I would like to see jazz move into the concert halls and away from cabarets, where too often its purpose is to be a background for conversation. Aside from the opportunity for a better exchange between musician and audience, the concert hall would provide good acoustics and thus a better chance for the musicians to hear one another.

Along with the physical change, there must be an internal change too. Since the recognition of musicians such as Ornette Coleman, Jimmy Giuffre, Don Ellis, and others, the trend has been more toward original compositions, which I believe is an important step toward making jazz a concert music.



Jimmy Giuffre

What am I doing? Not "in."

Why? "Boxed in."

How will it affect jazz? Prod.

What have been the gains or results so far? Feelings.

In what direction would I like to see jazz and my music move? Esthetic.

What are my personal goals in music? Esthetic.

Why is the new music important? Discovery.



Joe Harriott

To describe my musical attempts in words is difficult because this is a subject one has to demonstrate. But basically it's an attempt to paint freely. I call it "abstractions." Although there are times when I attempt to be completely free, sometimes I write a sketch as a starting point. I conceive the idea as a complete entity, which I may decide to present as it stands, or conversely, I may introduce free improvisation as an extension of the original idea. I also feel strongly about including spaces or silent passages as an integral part of the composition.

In this music there are no set harmonies, but rhythm, harmonies, and melody are used freely. In presenting any of these compositions, one soloist may decide to take an impression from the theme and work on it. Another may decide on a parallel line while another may conceive something that is completely the opposite of what the preceding soloist is doing. The general effect would be geometrics.

Musically speaking, these compositions could be enlarged for a bigger group, but otherwise I am satisfied with my quintet playing them at the moment. It has been three years since I first attempted this sort of approach, and at first the audiences were a little bewildered. Lately, however, the reception has greatly improved, and there is a



greater demand for this music. To date we have done three LPs, which should give a fair idea of what I am attempting to accomplish, and I'd like to add that I intend to continue what I am doing.

Don Heckman

I am working now in performance, composition, and commentary. In part I do this because each satisfies a special area of my interests and in part because I believe in Hindemith's dictum that a complete musician is one who can perform all these activities.

I would like to see jazz move in



JOE ALPER

many directions. The frontiers opened up by Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, John Coltrane, George Russell, Jimmy Giuffre, etc., certainly should be more thoroughly explored. We also need a breakthrough in large-group composition; with the exception of some of Charlie Mingus' scores, there isn't too much to get excited about. There also is a desperate need for new employment opportunities. I think that concerts are the best answer, but they should be conducted in a more vigorous manner than the dull formalism of classical music programs.

My own personal goals are for an increased use of ritual and drama in my music. My recent compositions have tried to incorporate elements of dance, music, and theater in a controlled framework of free improvisation. I strongly value the stimulating interaction that takes place in such a situation. The same, in a different sense, is true of my playing.

I hope to broaden my technical facility and stretch my ears to the point where I can hear and use any sound as an element in my playing. This approach seems important to me because it is another step toward the return of the individual to music. I feel that the tyranny of a detached, nonperforming composer must be broken in favor of the more liberated and basically more musical concept of the composer/performer.

Prince Lasha

I have been experimenting with new sounds on different instruments—strings, flute, clarinet, and alto saxophone. I also have been composing music with lyrics. Experimentation is necessary for music and especially for the "new thing." I hope that it will affect jazz by adding to it, particularly the experiments with strings.

In adapting strings to the "new thing," the result thus far has been beautiful music.

My own personal goals in music are to experiment with the violin and flute to see how much beautiful music there is to be found in those instruments that has not yet been discovered. Also I would like to play other musicians' compositions to find out if there is any beauty lying in their music that has been missed by the composers themselves—such as Michael White, Paul and Carla Bley, and Jimmy Giuffre.

I would like to see the music continue to move in the chronological pattern that it is moving in today. The new music is important because it employs different sounds, which pull out the raw emotions and a spiritual feeling.



ROGER MARSHUTZ

Ken McIntyre

In my work I plan to continue along the path I have chosen in writing and recording. I hope to take a group throughout this country and other countries in the not-too-distant future.

There is a place in education for jazz, and I hope to help institutionalize this by having an accredited course in improvisation in a major school of higher learning. I feel it will be an integral part of music curriculums some day.

Jazz today is an extension of music gone before it, in spite of the conscious effort on the part of most people to call it the "new thing." It



is very easy to label some music as "new," particularly if one's musical background and scope are limited to spirituals, blues, country and western, show tunes, bebop, etc. However, there is a vast musical area from which one can draw either as a performing artist or as a listener to crystallize an idea or concept of what is happening musically.

Many countries have contributed to the rise of the "extensioners," and it seems to me that one who is exposed to music from other lands is better able to comprehend (if this is necessary) and appreciate what is happening in jazz today.

I consider myself an "extensioner." In my music I try to create something that is colorful, sometimes strange, sometimes comical and interesting; in the case of a composition with a moving tempo, medium bounce or fast, there is a feeling of swing. I feel all jazz should contain, at least as a minimum, the aforementioned ingredients.

It is not my intention to effect a change in jazz; however, I do intend to keep it growing. If we have any hope to see jazz come to its full bloom—nationally, culturally, and educationally—we must not impede it.

There has been a concentrated effort on the part of many musicians to seek financial gain and popular appeal through "soul" music, which originated in the church. This music has been commercialized beyond reason and has contributed to the musical retardation of the general public as well as prejudicing them.

Commercialization of soul music

has caused a cleavage between musicians and listeners alike, but not among the ignorant; they are deeply rooted in this music to such a degree that they live and die listening to or performing it. The ignorant never take enough time during their busy sessions to lend an ear or to cultivate any interest in any other kind of music. Consequently, the "extensioners" of jazz are seldom heard. This excuse in the public's behalf is acceptable because the disc jockeys play very few recordings by "extensioners."

However, this excuse does not hold for the musician, especially to one who is in jazz. But it is fellow jazz musicians (and nonjazz musicians) who pan the "extensioners" the most. I wonder why. Could it be that these critics are uncreative, uninspired, and jealous? I think any one or all three may apply to these musicians.

Furthermore, it is apparent to me that many musicians and avid record listeners and buyers were taxed heavily in acquiring a taste for bebop only to face the "new thing." So it is natural—in a small way—to pan the "extensioners."

Sonny Simmons

I am seeking new ways to express music freely because, for the last 40 years, jazzmen have stuck to the usual routine of music. By doing this I hope to affect jazz on the whole in a beneficial way.

Applied to me personally, the results we have gained are illustrated in the form of the noticeable interest in our music by musicians and the public. So far as personal goals are concerned, I have tried to create something that is beautiful or right, regardless of what form it takes. Also, I've attempted to reflect what is happening in social and environmental terms and tried to express music as freely as it comes.

The new music is very important because of the times we're living in.



ROGER MARSHUTZ

Music has taken on a great change in the last decade. This is just a theory, but I believe there is a new kind of communication developing between people, and in certain ways this new music reflects this communication. I hope that the general direction music will take is to progress in the future.

John Tchicai

What we try to do is utilize what was passed on to us from Bird and carry on the music and try to find



new means of expression, because—as we all know—with Bird the bop music reached an extremity and was completely clarified. We try to make it a logical extension and not let ourselves be imprisoned in that particular form and way of playing, as are the greater part of the young generation of jazz musicians.

The new way to other forms has been shown very clearly by such important persons as Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman, and the fact that these two artists—undoubtedly the most important since Bird—still remain disregarded and have so few possibilities of being heard shows us that the whole jazz scene is in a very bad shape.

In Europe, for instance, we met a lot of people who simply could not understand that musicians like Taylor and Coleman, our group, and musicians such as Jimmy Lyons, Sonny Murray, Bill Dixon, Sonny Simmons, and others—who are all innovators—have no chance of being accepted. I think that the conditions for young musicians are much better in Europe. The fact that we, as a group of young musicians [N.Y. Contemporary 5] went there, got good reception and did all kinds of things such as television shows, three-month club engagements, and several concerts, all of which are completely impossible in New York (the

so-called heart of jazz), shows that Europeans are much more aware of what is happening in modern jazz today than are Americans.

I would like to see the modern jazz of today be widely distributed in the same way as the Modern Jazz Quartet, Gerry Mulligan, and Dave Brubeck played their music all over the country at colleges and festivals for the young generation at the time they were becoming known.

Today it is another generation and another kind of music.

A question: Why is it that established jazzmen, who are now celebrities, are so little concerned about their successors and heirs?

Jimmy Woods

Currently I'm playing with Gerald Wilson's band. This gives me an opportunity to perform with very superior and experienced musicians. I am also playing in a rhythm-and-blues group. I am doing this because in a few months I intend to incorporate these experiences into some type of instrumental sound.

I've never given much thought as to how my work will affect jazz, and I am not really concerned about which direction jazz goes or how it



ROGER MARSHUTZ

evolves. In fact, I'm too involved in jazz to view my own activities objectively. I do know that I have a personal need for self-expression, self-realization, and communication with others. Through jazz I hope to satisfy this need.

The evolution of an art form is the result of the attitudes and desires of the people within a society. In all technologically advanced societies there is much conflict and social change. Different voices, new ideas, and new attitudes are being expressed. Evolution and revolution are the rule. The new music is important and worthwhile because it accurately depicts the new moods and strong emotions of large segments of the world's societies. □

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four poems by *le roi jones*

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Pat your foot
and turn

the corner. Nat Turner, dying wood
of the church. Our lot
is vacant. Bring the twisted myth
of speech. The boards brown and falling
away. The metal bannisters cheap
and rattly. Clean new Sundays. We thought
it possible to enter
the way of the strongest.

But it is rite that the world's ills
erupt as our own. Right that we take
our own specific look into the shapely
blood of the heart.

Looking thru trees
the wicker statues blowing softly against
the dusk.
Looking thru dusk
thru dark
ness. A clearing of stars
and half-soft mud.

•

The possibilities of music. First
that it does exist. And that we do,
in that scripture of rhythms. The earth,
I mean the soil, as melody. The fit you need,
the throes. To pick it up and cut
away what does not singularly express.

Need.
Motive.
The delay of language.

A strength to be handled by giants.

The possibilities of statement. I am saying, now,
what my father could not remember
to say. What my grandfather
was killed
for believing.

Pay me off, savages.
Build me an equitable human assertion.

One that looks like a jungle, or one that looks like the cities
of the West. But I provide the stock, The beasts
and myths.

The City's Rise!

(And what is history, then? An old deaf lady
burned to death
in South Carolina.)

letter to e. franklin frazier

Those days when it was all right
to be a criminal, or die, a postman's son,
full of hallways and garbage, behind the hotdog store
or in the parking lots of the beautiful beer factory.

Those days I rose through the smoke of chilling Saturdays
hiding my eyes from the shine boys, my mouth and my flesh
from their sisters. I walked quickly and always alone
watching the cheap city like I thought it would swell
and explode, and only my crooked breath could put it together
again.

By the projects and small banks of my time. Counting my steps
on tar or new pavement, following the sun like a park. I imagined
a life, that was realer than speech, or the city's anonymous
fish markets. Shuddering at dusk, with a mile or so up the hill

to get home. Who did you love
then, Mussolini? What were you thinking,
Lady Day? A literal riddle of image
was me, and my smell was a continent
of familiar poetry. Walking the long way,
always the long way, and up the steep hill.

Those days like one drawn-out song, monotonously
promising. The quick step, the watchful march march.
All were leading here, to this room, where memory
stifles the present. And the future, my man, is long
time gone.

legacy

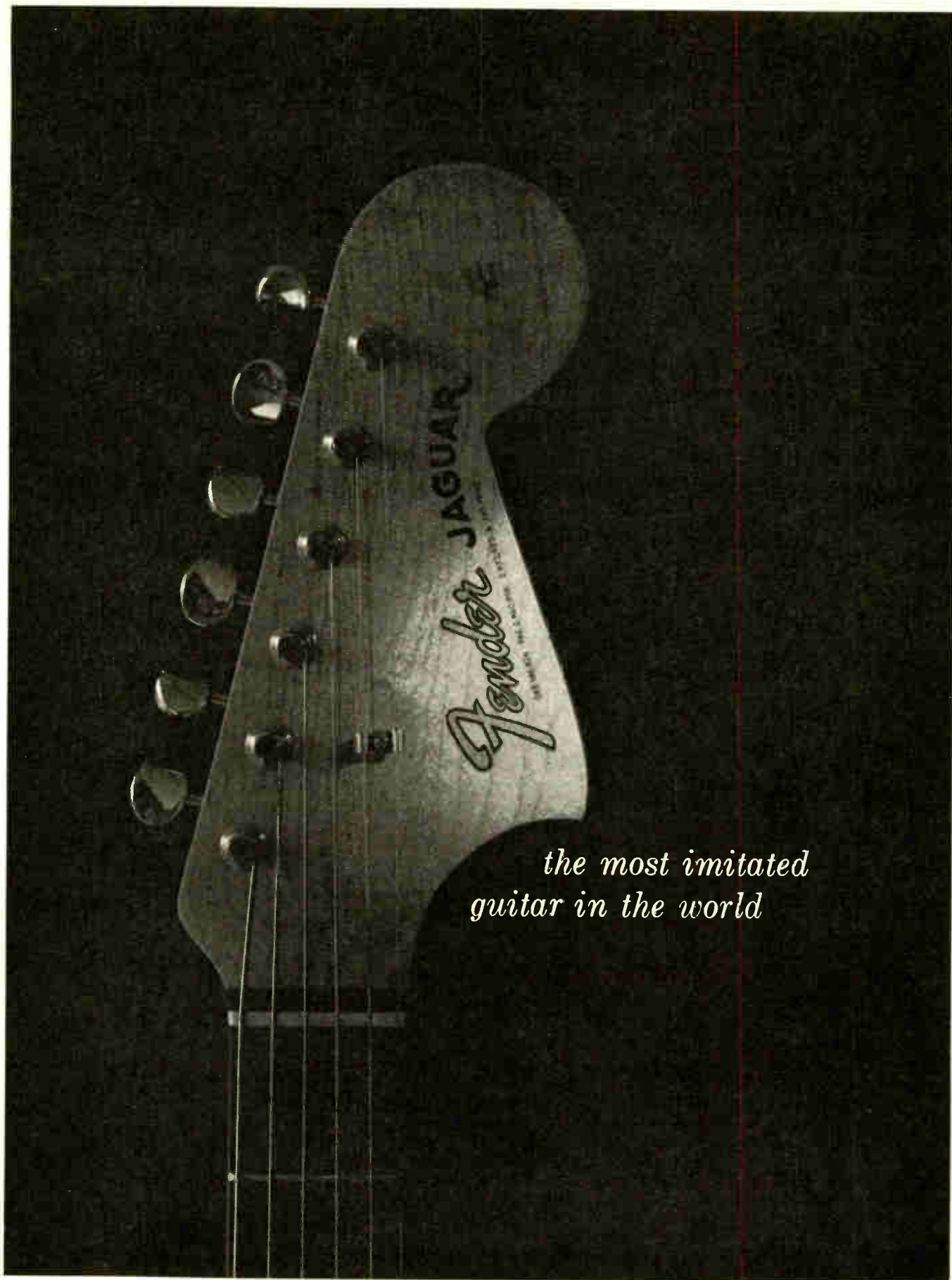
(for Blues People)

In the south, sleeping against
the drugstore, growling under
the trucks and stoves, stumbling
through and over the cluttered eyes
of early mysterious night. Frowning
drunk waving moving a hand or lash.
Dancing kneeling reaching out, letting
a hand rest in shadows. Squatting
to drink or pee. Stretching to climb
pulling themselves onto horses near
where there was sea (the old songs
lead you to believe). Riding out
from this town, to another, where
it is also black. Down a road
where people are asleep. Towards
the moon or the shadows of houses.
Towards the songs' pretended sea.

mise en scene: newark, 1947

Green swirling neon snow. Fish shack
closing. A chinaman leans
in the flour, another
recaps empty soda bottles. Fish shack
closing. Four O'clock negroes
sleep or nod or hug
the tables. 26 cents
rung on the register.
A pack of Luckies.

The vomiting bandleader
looks out wearily
from the phone booth.
He is with a white woman,
whose parents do not know
where she is.



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JAZZ BASICS *from page 46*

not always the first—and left the rest of the record for solos by the instrumentalists.

In addition to superlative jazz singing, the tracks feature outstanding work by the all-star accompaniment: Goodman and Wilson, in both solo and games of musical tag as they nudge and push each other, on *Miss Brown to You*, *I Wished on the Moon* and *What a Little Moonlight Can Do*; Eldridge on the last chorus of *If You Were Mine*; Berigan's trumpet and Shaw's clarinet on *Summertime* and *Billie's Blues*; Clayton's warm, muted backing of Miss Holiday on *Foolin' Myself*, *Easy Living*, and *Me, Myself, and I*; Young in solo on *I Must Have That Man* (classic in its simplicity and melodic construction), *Foolin' Myself*, *Easy Living*, and *Sailboat in the Moonlight*, and his backing on *Sailboat and Me*, *Myself, and I*; Hodges' alto and Carney's baritone on *I Cried for You*.

Goodman's small groups usually have been more musically interesting than the big bands he has had. The combos always featured musicians of exceptional ability, and certainly guitarist Christian was among the most important of them. He worked with Goodman from late 1939 until his death in February, 1942. In that relatively short time, Christian not only revolutionized jazz guitar but also participated directly in the experiments going on at Minton's in Harlem in 1941 among such musicians as Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, and Kenny Clarke.

In several ways, Christian is a most important transitional figure in the evolution from swing to bebop. He embodied the blues approach that was—and is—an essential of jazz playing, but he also freed his playing from two- and four-bar phrasing, cutting across bar lines, much as Lester Young did, and spinning out long phrases, very often made up of even eighth notes as opposed to the dotted-eighth-and-16th concept that had dominated jazz since its beginning. Though basically a melodic improviser, Christian quite often ran seventh chords but added the extensions of such chords—the ninth, augmented 11th, 13th, etc. He was fond of the diminished-fifth interval and used it repeatedly in his soloing, most often combining a flatted fifth and tonic or the sixth and minor third. All these characteristics can be found in bebop.

The Christian record covers a period from 1939 to 1941 and contains stunning examples of the guitarist's work. Two tracks, *Air Mail Special* and *Breakfast Feud*, have Christian solos

from previously unissued versions of the tunes spliced into the performances; the solos are striking in their variation and show that Christian seldom depended on clichés to build solos.

The album's piece de resistance, however, is the flowing, long-lined *Solo Flight*, made with Goodman's big band a year before Christian's death; it was this record that was to inspire a legion of young guitarists (it is said that Jimmy Raney, who was to become one of the leading guitarists of the '50s, bought the record when it was first issued and spent a whole day playing it and memorizing Christian's extended solo).

In addition to Christian's work, the album, which contains several previously unissued performances by Goodman's sextet and septet, is strewn with fine playing by Goodman, Cootie Williams, Lionel Hampton, tenorist Georgie Auld, and pianists Johnny Guarneri and Count Basie. There are two rehearsal performances, probably made without the musicians' knowledge: *Blues in B* and *Waitin' for Benny*. Other titles are *Seven Come Eleven*, *Till Tom Special*, *Gone with What Wind?*, *Six Appeal*, *Wholly Cats*, *Gone with What Draft?*, and *A Smo-o-o-oth One*.

Pianist Tatum is uncategorizable. Though he is included in this collection of basically swing-era musicians and precursors of bebop, and though traces of Fats Waller's and Earl Hines' work are evident in his playing, Tatum was unique. His first solo recordings, made in 1932, show this uniqueness clearly; they sound as undated as any of his later recordings—and one can only imagine the startling effect they must have had on musicians at the time.

Tatum's unexcelled technical proficiency catches the listener's ear first, but underneath the flying figures was a harmonic concept that filled his work with unpredictable shifts of color, false modulations, and a hanging-in-the-air feeling that smacked of atonality. His use of rich harmonic effects and his virtuosic approach to his instrument were Tatum qualities that had great influence on young musicians of the '40s, particularly such pianists as Bud Powell.

The Tatum album contains 10 solos cut by the pianist in 1940: *Elegie*, *Humoresque*, *Sweet Lorraine*, *Get Happy*, *Indiana*, *Lullaby of the Leaves*, *Tiger Rag*, *Cocktails for Two*, *Emaline*, and *Love Me*. Some of the technical feats are almost unbelievable. The LP also has two tracks, *Moonglow* and *I Would Do Most Anything for You*, by the trio Tatum

had in 1944 with guitarist Tiny Grimes and bassist Slam Stewart, but Tatum's harmonic imagination was restricted when he played with other musicians, and the tracks do not compare with the solos.

Further recommendations: *Spirituals to Swing* (Vanguard 8523/4) was recorded at two Carnegie Hall concerts—one in 1938, the other in 1939—presented by John Hammond. Heard in the two-LP set are the Goodman sextet with Hampton and Christian, a small Basie unit featuring Clayton and Young and with Christian sitting in on some tracks, the full Basie band backing trumpeter Oran (Hot Lips) Page, Sidney Bechet and trumpeter Tommy Ladnier stomping through a couple of spirited performances, James P. Johnson performing solo, and three of the best boogie-woogie pianists—Meade Lux Lewis, Pete Johnson, and Albert Ammons.

Billie Holiday's *The Golden Years* (Columbia C3L 21) is a three-LP album that traces the singer's development from 1933 through 1940. The album contains many extraordinary performances by Miss Holiday and the accompanying musicians, particularly Lester Young.

Eldridge, Carter, and Hawkins can be heard playing together on the recently released *Jazz at the Philharmonic in Europe* (Verve 8541). There are numerous albums by Hawkins in release, most in a quartet setting, but three of his best efforts in recent years have been with other tenor men: *Coleman Hawkins Encounters Ben Webster* (Verve 8327), *Night Hawk* (Swingville 2016) with Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, and the recently recorded *Sonny Meets Hawk*, in which Hawkins plays superbly with avant-gardist Sonny Rollins.

A Christian album cut in 1941 on a home recorder at Minton's is available on Esoteric 548. The record includes tracks by the guitarist in the company of Dizzy Gillespie and other fledgling boppers, but it is of more historical than musical interest.

Though Christian was the main force on jazz guitar, the influence of Django Reinhardt should not be ignored. His often-delicate but fiery work is heard in several contexts, including the Quintet of the Hot Club of France and a group of Ellingtonians, in the two-LP *The Best of Django Reinhardt* (Capitol 10226). The recordings were made in France in 1937, '39, and '45.

Some of Tatum's best latterday work was recorded in a marathon session in which the pianist played whatever tunes came to mind. An 11-album series titled *The Genius of Art*

Tatum (Verve 8036-40, 8055-9, 8095) stemmed from the session, but if one is interested in a less exhaustive study of the pianist, *Still More of the Greatest Piano of Them All* (Verve 8360) is particularly worthwhile. A two-LP set of afterhours Tatum solo performances titled *Complete Piano Discoveries* is available on 20th Century-Fox 102-2.

Among the happiest by-products of the swing era was the suave, sophisticated sextet of bassist John Kirby, long a fixture of New York's Onyx Club and Cafe Society during the early '40s, and one of the most polished and graceful small units of that

or any other period.

The group was chiefly noted for its light, impeccable, precision playing of the tight, controlled arrangements it featured (often jazz versions of pieces from the classical repertoire) and the airy, graceful improvising of its soloists.

Grace, in fact, was the unit's byword, and *Intimate Swing* (Harmony 7124), unfortunately out of print, contains 10 samples of its supple and insinuating filigree work at its very best.

Members of the sextet were Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Russell Procope, alto saxophone;

Billy Kyle, piano; Kirby, bass; and O'Neil Spencer, drums. Among the pieces are Grieg's *Anitra's Dance*, Chopin's *Opus 5* and *Impromptu*, and Shubert's *Serenade*.

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GILLESPIE - PARKER - POWELL - MINGUS-ROACH, *Jazz at Massey Hall*
(Fantasy 6003)

The early development of bebop is almost undocumented on records because of an American Federation of Musicians' recording ban in effect from late 1942 to early '44, the period when men such as Charlie Parker and Gillespie were working out their new approach to jazz. It was during the ban that the Earl Hines Band became a haven for several of the boppers, including the two main figures, Gillespie and Parker. The Billy Eckstine Band, which boasted several of the men from the Hines band, did record in 1944, but the band—probably the first big bop band—merely backed the leader's vocals.

There is evidence from 1941 and '42 that Parker was on to something new, as can be heard in his solos on the Jay McShann Band's *Hootie Blues* and *Jumpin' Blues* (also to be heard is the Lester Young influence on the altoist's work at that time). Gillespie also was recorded in 1941 at Minton's with Charlie Christian, and though he was still under the heavy influence of Eldridge, his trumpet solos show that he, like Parker, was experimenting with long, more complex lines and choosing "odd" notes with which to pepper his work.

But the evidence is sparse, and the classic records they made together in 1945 under Gillespie's name (some of which are included in the Savoy album) find both men playing much differently from their solos heard on the earlier records. They had developed their playing in the bop fashion by 1945, though the rhythm sections on the records did not always match in concept what the two horn men played.

The Savoy album's *Groovin' High*, *All the Things You Are*, and *Dizzy Atmosphere* clearly show this difference in concepts. The performances are essentially those of bop horn men playing with swing rhythm sections. *Blue 'n' Boogie*, which has tenorist Dexter Gordon in place of Parker, suffers the same fate. Only one small-band track in the album has what could be considered a bop rhythm section—*Hot House*. The difference is attributable to the presence of pianist Al Haig and bassist Curly Russell. Sid Catlett is the drummer, and

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though a swing musician, Catlett was flexible and altered his playing to fit with that of the others. Still, on all the Gillespie-Parker tracks there is exemplary playing by the two fountain-heads of bop, and after these records, jazz was never the same.

Both men used what were to become hallmarks of the bop style: the running of complex chords, with abundant use of major sevenths, flat ninths, major and augmented ninths, 11ths, augmented 11ths (flat fifths), and 13ths; involved phrases that gave their solos an asymmetrical shape as opposed to the balanced construction of, say, Armstrong; great numbers of eighth and 16th notes, often preceded by, or interspersed with, an eighth-followed-by-a-triplet figure (similar to one often played by Charlie Christian) that soon became a standard lick. Both had a way of kicking themselves and others with a series of short, skipping figures to set a charged atmosphere for their improvisations (this device is similar in concept to a swing musician's playing a riff to get himself started into his solo).

Gillespie's raw but powerful 1946 big band also is heard on several of the Savoy tracks. There are solos by the leader, vibist Milt Jackson (who played quite extrovertishly then), and bassist Ray Brown. Titles include the hell-for-leather *Things to Come*, which smacks of Stravinsky; *One Bass Hit*; *Ray's Idea*; and *Our Delight*. A 1946 sextet that included Gillespie, Jackson, and altoist Sonny Stitt plays *Oop-bop-sh'bam* and *That's Earl, Brother*.

The 1953 Massey Hall concert shows how Gillespie and Parker had mellowed during the years following their first meeting on record. Gone are any excesses they indulged in on the first records, particularly Gillespie's tendency to spew forth occasional many-noted phrases that seemed more a technical exercise than music.

Parker's, well-honed melodiousness is much in evidence on the later recordings, which also includes in its personnel such bop pioneers as drummer Max Roach and pianist Bud Powell, and Charlie Mingus' bass (most of it dubbed in later because the poor equipment used at the concert did not pick up bass well).

And though Parker's musical maturity is evident in his gracefully melodic improvisations, he had lost little of the fire and none of the brilliance of his youth. Gillespie is by turn humorous (*Perdido*), jubilant (*A Night in Tunisia*), and fierce (*Hot House*). Powell plays brilliantly throughout the concert, building long-lined, flashing solos that are among his best work.

The other titles are *Wee!*, *Salt Peanuts*, and *All the Things You Are*.

Further recommendations: One side of *Diz 'n' Bird in Concert* (Roost 2234) features the two with backing by Al Haig, Ray Brown, and drummer Stan Levey. The concert was probably held in December, 1945, shortly before the five men, with Milt Jackson added, went to California for an ill-fated stay at Billy Berg's club in Hollywood. The second side of the album is by a later Gillespie small group and cannot compare with the excellence of the tracks with Parker.

Once There Was Bird (Charlie Parker 408) is made up of various

takes from a 1945 Red Norvo session that included Parker, Gillespie, tenorist Flip Phillips, and Teddy Wilson. The development of the four tunes (*Hallelujah*, *Get Happy* and two blues) is fascinating.

The Greatest of Dizzy Gillespie (RCA Victor 2398) contains further examples of his big band and his first experiments, in 1947, with Afro-Cuban jazz. Included are performances of *Cubano-Be*, *Cubano-Bop*, and *Manteca*, featuring congaist Chano Pozo. There are four 1946 small-group tracks—*52nd St. Theme*, *Night in Tunisia*, *Ol' Man Rebo*, and *Anthropology*—that have fine playing by

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the leader, vibraharpist Jackson, and tenor saxophonist Don Byas.

For Gillespie of more recent vintage, *Dizzy, Rollins & Stitt* (Verve 8477) offers fiery examples of the trumpeter as well as stimulating Sonny Rollins' tenor.

CHARLIE PARKER, *Bird Symbols* (Charlie Parker 407); *The Genius of Charlie Parker, Vol. 2* (Savoy 12014)

Though Parker died in 1955, his playing has remained a dominant force in jazz for almost 20 years. It has been only in the last three years or so that jazzmen have begun to escape his enveloping influence—and even those who have been most successful in finding new jazz paths retain a spark of Parker.

Perhaps Parker's ability to play many ways, his searching for—and finding—different manners of expressing himself, partly explain the pervasiveness of his music. For example, the Parker of *Yarbird Suite*, included in *Bird Symbols*, is different from the Parker of *Koko*, in the Savoy album. The first-named is reflective, almost tentative; the other is forceful, driving, impassioned.

The *Bird Symbols* LP is made up of performances recorded in 1946, in Los Angeles, and 1947, in Los Angeles and New York City, for the Dial label.

The earliest session produced *Ornithology*, *Moose the Mooch*, and *A Night in Tunisia*, in addition to *Yarbird Suite*. To a degree, the altoist maintained the reflectiveness of *Yarbird* in his *Ornithology* solo, but he changed character on *Tunisia*, ripping off a magnificent, swirling break into his heated chorus. The rhythm section on these tracks, however, has more a swing than a bop feeling, despite the presence of pianist Dodo Marmarosa. Tenorist Lucky Thompson adds to the date's swing aura.

Two selections in the album are from a 1947 session with pianist Erroll Garner's trio, supposedly a chance meeting in the recording studio of the altoist and the others. The tracks, *Bird's Nest* and *Cool Blues*, show Parker in excellent form; the assurance of his playing and the melodic, logical construction of his choruses are exceptional.

The New York recordings include five ballad performances, all notable for Parker's tenderness and motif-filled construction. One of them, *Embraceable You*, is a masterpiece; the others—*Bird of Paradise* (*All the Things You Are*), *My Old Flame*, *Out of Nowhere*, and *Don't Blame Me*—are of almost equal quality.

Miles Davis is the trumpeter on

both the 1946 session and the tracks made in New York. Quite young at the time, Davis was no match for Parker, yet one can hear in his playing, particularly on the ballads, the forming of the highly melodic approach he was to perfect in the '50s.

The rhythm section on the New York performances is a first-class bop unit, made up of pianist Duke Jordan, bassist Tommy Potter, and drummer Max Roach.

The Savoy LP has performances from 1945, '47, and '48; it includes *Bird Gets the Worm*, *Bluebird*, *Klaunstance*, *Barbados*, *Merry-go-round*, *Donna Lee*, *Chasin' the Bird*, *Koko*, *Perhaps*, and *Warmin' Up a Riff*—all credited to Parker as composer, though some are merely Parker improvising on the chord changes of standard tunes.

The album's two versions of *Cherokee*—*Koko* and *Warmin'*, both recorded at the same 1945 session—offer contrasts in Parker's approach. *Koko*, the faster of the two, is a brilliant display of technical facility, but a facility that serves as a means to a goal, for Parker's solo is a breathtaking musical experience (there also is a Roach solo that served as a prototype of bop drumming). The *Warmin'* solo is more "melodic" in its use of fewer notes, but it is nonetheless musically complex. Both Parker solos have an attractive rhythmic jaggedness to them.

The tracks from '47 and '48 find Parker slightly less volatile than he was in 1945. He more consistently mixed multinoted passages with the lyrical ones, creating tension and release, instead of going all out one way or the other, as he sometimes did early in his career. A good example of this complex-to-lyrical is his solo on *Barbados*. Parker also achieved inner contrast by alternating short and long phrases, as on *Klaunstance*.

Donna Lee, a floating line based on the chords of *Indiana*, and *Chasin' the Bird*, which consists of two different melodies played simultaneously, are sterling examples of Parker's composing.

Davis, who is listed as being present on all the aforementioned tracks, plays with more assurance on the '47 and '48 performances than he does on the *Bird Symbols* album.

Other sidemen on the Savoy LP include Dizzy Gillespie, piano and trumpet; pianists Jordan, Bud Powell, and John Lewis; bassists Potter and Curly Russell; and drummer Roach.

Four tracks included in the album are from a December, 1945, date made in Los Angeles under the leadership of Slim Gaillard. The personnel includes Parker and Gillespie with the Gaillard group, in which New

Orleans drummer Zutty Singleton played; but the atmosphere is Gaillard's usual lighthearted one, and little of consequence occurs, though there are some good blues-based Parker solos.

Further recommendations: All the Parker LPs on Savoy are worth investigation. Some of his finest performances are contained in them, and in addition to the versions originally issued on 78-rpm, there are several alternate takes and parts of takes.

Historical Masterpieces (Charlie Parker 701) is a three-LP set made up of broadcasts by the altoist from 1948 to '50. Personnel of his quintet varies but includes trumpeters Davis, Fats Navarro, or Kenny Dorham and pianists Powell, Al Haig, or Jordan. The level of performance is generally high, particularly Parker's playing.

Parker could fit with almost any group of jazzmen, as is clearly shown on *Funky Blues* (Verve 8486) made in the early '50s with such musicians as Ben Webster, Flip Phillips, Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter, and Charlie Shavers. The contrasts between altoists Carter, Hodges, and Parker are quite enlightening. The performances are extended; one side of the album is the title tune, a slow blues, and the other is given over to *What Is This Thing Called Love?*

The Essential Charlie Parker (Verve 8409) presents the altoist with several quintet personnels, which include, at various times, Gillespie, Davis, or Red Rodney, trumpet; and Thelonious Monk, Walter Bishop Jr., or Lewis, piano. There are two quartet tracks and two from the Parker-with-strings performances. The album also has a truncated version of *Funky Blues*. Other titles include *Bloomdido*, *Au Privave*, *She Rote*, *Swedish Schnapps*, and *K. C. Blues*.

BUD POWELL, *The Amazing Bud Powell, Vol. 1* (Blue Note 1503)

Powell learned well the lessons offered by Tatum and Wilson; he blended them with the innovations of bop and developed a wholly personal manner of playing—and chord voicing—that was to be of significant influence. Without doubt, Powell must be considered—along with Hines, Waller, Tatum, and Wilson—as one of the great jazz pianists. His style became the basis for that of almost all pianists who followed him.

His best work is filled with dazzling and daring lines that spiral like flaming serpents. Powell often darts up what seem blind alleys, only to make a sharp turn of direction to bring to a successful conclusion, in a sometimes astonishing manner, that which

(Continued on page 111)

No. 6 Duke Ellington-Mahalia Jackson

BLACK, BROWN, AND BEIGE—Duke Ellington Orch. with Mahalia Jackson, Columbia CL 1162; Part I, Part II, Part III, *Come Sunday*; *Come Sunday Interlude*; 23rd Psalm.

No. 7 Count Basie

DANCE ALONG WITH BASIE—Roulette 52036; *It Had to Be You*; *Makin' Whoopee*; *Can't We Be Friends?*; *Misty*; *It's a Pity to Say Goodnight*; *How Am I to Know*; *Easy Living*; *Foots Rush In*; *Secret Love*; *Give Me the Simple Life*.

No. 13 Hall of Fame

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No. 15 Jazz Poll Winners

Columbia CI 1610
Personnel: Les Brown, Dave Brubeck, Kenny Burrell, Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, Don Elliott, Lionel Hampton, Charlie Mingus, J. J. Johnson, The Hi-Los, Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, Gerry Mulligan, Art Van Damme, Paul Desmond.

No. 23 Frank Sinatra

RING-A-DING-DING!—Reprise 1001: *Ring-a-Ding-Ding*; *Let's Fall in Love*; *Be Careful, It's My Heart*; *A Fine Romance*; *A Foggy Day*; *In the Still of the Night*; *The Coffee Song*; *When I Take My Sugar to Tea*; *Let's Face the Music and Dance*; *You'd Be So Easy to Love*; *You and the Night and the Music*; *I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm*.

Personnel: Sinatra, vocals; orchestra directed by Johnny Mandel.

No. 28 Stan Getz

FOCUS—Verse 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.

No. 31 Gerry Mulligan

GERRY MULLIGAN AND THE CONCERT JAZZ BAND AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Verve 8396: *Blueprint*; *Body and Soul*; *Black Night*; *Come Rain or Come Shine*; *Lady Chatterley's Mother*; *Let My People Be*.

No. 38 Oscar Peterson

WEST SIDE STORY—Verve 6-8454: *Something's Coming*; *Somewhere*; *Jet Song*; *Tonight*; *Maria*; *I Feel Pretty*; *Reprise*.

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Edmund Thigpen, drums.

No. 41 Sonny Rollins

THE BRIDGE—Victor 2527: *Without a Song*; *Where Are You? John S.*; *The Bridge*; *God Bless the Child*; *You Do Something to Me*.

Personnel: Rollins, tenor saxophone; Jom Hall, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Ben Riley or H. T. Saunders, drums.

No. 45 Armstrong-Brubeck-McRae-LHR

THE REAL AMBASSADORS—Columbia 5850: *Everybody's Comin'*; *Cultural Exchange*; *Good Reviews*; *Remember Who You Are*; *My One Bad Habit*; *Summer Song*; *King For a Day*; *Blow, Satchmo*; *The Real Ambassador*; *In the Lurch*; *One Moment Worth Years*; *They Say I Look Like God*; *Since Love Had It's Way*; *I Didn't Know Until You Told Me*; *Swing Bells*; *Blow Satchmo/Finale*.

No. 46 Laurindo Almedia-Bud Shank

BRAZILLIANCE—World-Pacific 1412: *Ataque*; *Amor Flamenço*; *Stairway to the Stars*; *Accorate Mas*; *Tera Seca*; *Speak Low*; *Inquietacao*; *Baa-Too-Kee*; *Carinasso*; *Tocata*; *Hazardous*; *Nono Nactambulism*; *Blue Baiaa*.

Personnel: Almedia, guitar; Shank, alto saxophone, flute; Garry Peacock, bass; Chuck Flores, drums.

No. 47 Stan Getz-Gary McFarland

BIG BAND BOSSA NOVA—Verve 8494: *Manha De Carnival*; *Balanço No Samba*; *Melancolico*; *Entre Amigos*; *Chega De Saudade*; *Noite Triste*; *Samba De Uma Nota So*; *Bim Bom*.

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Doc Severinsen, Bernie Glow or Joe Ferrante, Clark Terry or Nick Travis, trumpets; Tony Studd, Bob Brookmeyer or Willie Dennis, trombones; Tony Alonge, French horn; Gerald Sanfino or Ray Beckenstein, Eddie Caine, Romeo Penque, Ray Beckstein and/or Babe Clark and/or Walt Levinsky, reeds; Hank Jones, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Tommy Williams, bass; Johnny Rae, drums; Jose Paulo, tambourine; Carmen Costa, cabassa; McFarland, conductor.

No. 48 Shelly Manne

2-3-4—Impulse 20: *Take the A Train*; *The Sicks of Us*; *Slowly*; *Lean on Me*; *Cherokee*; *Me and Some Drums*.

Personnel: Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone, piano; Hank Jones, piano; Eddie Costa, piano, vibra-harp; George Duvivier, bass; Manne, drums.

No. 50 Bunk Johnson

BUNK JOHNSON AND HIS SUPERIOR JAZZ BAND—Good Time Jazz 12048: *Panama*; *Down by the Riverside*; *Storyville Blues*; *Ballin' the Jack*; *Make Me a Pallet on the Floor*; *Weary Blues*; *Moose March*; *Bunk's Blues*; *Yes, Lord*; *I'm Crippled*; *Bunk Johnson Talking Records*.

Personnel: Johnson, trumpet; Jim Robinson, trombone; George Lewis, clarinet; Walter Decou, piano; Lawrence Marrero, banjo; Austin Young, bass; Ernest Rogers, drums.

No. 51 Dexter Gordon

GO!—Blue Note 4112: *Cheese Cake*; *I Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry*; *Second Balcony Jump*; *Love for Sale*; *Where Are You?*; *Three O'Clock in the Morning*.

Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; Sonny Clark, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

No. 52 Ellington-Mingus-Roach

MONEY JUNGLE—United Artists 14017: *Money Jungle*; *African Flower*; *Very Special*; *Warm Valley*; *Wig Wise*; *Caravan*; *Solitude*.

Personnel: Ellington; piano; Charlie Mingus, bass; Max Roach, drums.

No. 53 Art Farmer

LISTEN TO ART FARMER AND THE ORCHESTRA—Mercury 20766: *Street of Dreams*; *Rain Check*; *Rue Prevail*; *The Sweetest Sounds*; *My Romance*; *Fly Me to the Moon*; *Naima*; *Ruby*.

Personnel: Farmer, trumpet or flugelhorn; Tommy Flanagan, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Charlie Persip, drums; Unidentified Orchestra, including trombones, trumpets, French horns, harp.

No. 54 Leadbelly

LEADBELLY—Capitol 1821: *Good Night, Irene*; *Grasshoppers in My Pillow*; *The Eagle Rocks*; *Rock Island Line*; *Ella Speed*; *Blackwater Blues*; *Take This Hammer*; *Tell Me, Baby*; *Eagle Rock Rag*; *Western Plain*; *Sweet Mary Blues*; *On a Christmas Day*.

Personnel: Huddie Ledbetter (Leadbelly), guitar, piano, vocals; Paul Mason Howard, zither.

No. 55 Thelonious Monk

MONK'S DREAM—Columbia 1965: *Monk's Dream*; *Body and Soul*; *Bright Mississippi*; *Five Spot Blues*; *Bolivar Blues*; *Just a Gigolo*; *Bye-Ya*; *Sweet and Lovely*.

Personnel: Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Monk, piano; John Ore, bass; Frankie Dunlop, drums.

No. 57 Pee Wee Russell

NEW GROOVE—Columbia 1985: *My Mother's Eyes*; *Chelsea Bridge*; *Red Planet*; *Pee Wee's Blues*; *Moten Swing*; *'Round Midnight*; *Good Bait*; *Old Fats*; *Taps Miller*.

Personnel: Marshall Brown, valve trombone, bass trumpet; Russell, clarinet; Russell George, bass; Ron Lundberg, drums.

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FREE FLOW



Critic Martin Williams discusses the interplay of secular and religious elements in American Negro music.

THE THEME MELODY for one of the most popular television programs, the panel show *What's My Line?*, was recently reorchestrated. What was once played after the manner of "cool jazz" is being played now after the manner of "soul jazz." And basically what this means is that a few triplets, bent notes, and other devices borrowed from Gospel music have been introduced into the light, muted orchestration.

This event is one of the last links in a chain of popularization that began in the late '50s; by now devices of Gospel pervade U.S. popular music, top to bottom. Hardly a rock-and-roll record, hardly a currently hip jazz performance, hardly a jazz-derived television or movie background score, indeed, hardly a sticky-string ballad arrangement appears these days without Gospel derivations of some kind.

The final link in this chain is the appearance of night clubs exclusively devoted to group performances of Gospel music itself. At least, one hopes it is the final link.

The bizarre New York club called the Sweet Chariot took the lead in such presentation (if lead is the right word). The Sweet Chariot not only features tambourines and shouting and wailing, but also it has "hostesses" costumed in abbreviated, thigh-length "choir robes," decorated with wings at the shoulders and halos at the coiffure.

One thing the Sweet Chariot probably still needs, as I have remarked elsewhere, is lightning-bolt insurance for management and patrons.

Under the circumstances, it might be well to look at this fascinating music and at some of its more important influences on jazz and popular music. With the current pervasiveness of its effects, one could hardly doubt that Gospel music expresses something currently "in the air," in the spirit of the times, if you will, in the collective unconscious mind of Americans of various backgrounds, ages, and all walks of life.

In their styles, Ray Charles and Mahalia Jackson obviously have a great deal in common. But in style, half a dozen rock-and-roll singers have just as much in common with Charles and Miss Jackson as they do with each other. But in art such singers may have nothing in common with Charles and Miss Jackson and will probably be forgotten in a couple of months.

Gospel, by an easy definition of thumb, is the religious music of American Negro Christian churches. But, to be more specific, not *all* Negro churches. And some white Protestant churches perform a quite comparable music, also called Gospel song. To a layman, however, Negro American religious music is called "spirituals."

What is the difference?

The earliest sacred Christian songs of American Negroes were called spirituals. These spirituals were sometimes derived from white Protestant hymns or, there is good reason to believe, sometimes from African melodies, and they were performed with passionate spontaneity and improvisation. Indeed, spirituals often had no more origin than the interplaying chanting of a preacher, in the lead, and his congregation, in response, and scholars justly point to Negro sacred music as a repository for musical vestiges, coming directly from Africa. (However, let us not forget there are plenty of similar practices among the more uninhibited white Protestant sects like the Holy Rollers and others.)

Persons not of Negro ancestry are more likely to have heard *Swing Low*, *Sweet Chariot* or *Little David* or any of a dozen other spirituals in performances by large choirs using the properly harmonized arrangements, rather than in performances that involve spirited improvising, polyphonic melodies, or shouting and answering from preacher to flock.

Spirituals early were recognized for their artistry and their beautiful melodies, and they were written down in

European notation. Therefore, they inevitably became the property of institutions that preserved and performed them—specifically institutions like Fisk and Tuskegee universities, Negro schools devoted to a European-American education in music as well as in other studies. So the spirituals were harmonized, rid of their "crudenesses," published, and sung in concerts by the school choirs, with only an occasional blue note or embellishment finding its way in.

Spirituals still are sung this way in many middle-class Negro Baptist churches. And many will import or train singers for a Sunday performance of Bach chorales and the like.

Meanwhile, a few blocks down the street, or out in the nearby countryside, in a less well-to-do Baptist church, or in a Holiness or Sanctified or Pentecostal church or storefront meeting place, another, more spirited, more spontaneous, more rhythmic music is being performed. And not only by voices and keyboard but nowadays often with drums and horns as well.

In using spontaneous song as a part of worship, the churches continue a tradition that goes back before the Civil War—further back than we have any record of. Somewhere along the line, a secular music seems to have been born out of this sacred song—or at least a secular music so strongly influenced by the church idiom that it is impossible to draw the line as to what musical device or form or practice is or isn't sacred by origin. Thus, the secular arts called the blues and jazz evolved from the sacred musical tradition, or at least grew up beside it.

This means human history repeated itself here in the United States. All art is originally sacred, a part of worship. Music, dancing, poetry, drama, all begin as a part of religious ceremony. Then, at some stage in the evolution of a society, they break away and become things in themselves.

By and large in the United States, we have not repeated this process, but we have borrowed from what Europe had already achieved centuries before in the arts and have continued to borrow from what it continued to achieve after 1776. Negro American culture is borrowed too. But it also repeated the cycle in condensed form, as it arrived at its own sacred art and evolved its own secular art—both heavily influenced by European art but both re-establishing the cycle of sacred and secular.

What is even more remarkable is the fact that these two traditions, sacred Gospel music and secular blues and jazz, have not only continued side by side but have also continued to influence each other in the kind of cross-breeding that did not take place so evidently in ancient Greece or medieval Europe. For example, in Europe, once the religious dramas had been moved out of the churches and into the streets, they lost their ecclesiastical cast and, gradually, most of their sacred character. But Gospel music has not only continued to develop on its own, it has continued to influence jazz and other popular music as well—and jazz and popular music have continued to influence Gospel.

WHEN JAZZ FIRST was studied and written about, its critics and scholars were naturally struck by some strong parallels between jazz practice and church practice.

For example, they could hear in a New Orleans jazz ensemble a strong lead voice taken by a trumpet, a secondary voice weaving around it taken by a clarinet, a third and simpler voice taken by a trombone, and a percussive harmonic accompaniment. Then in the recordings made in the late '20s by the Rev. J. M. Gates and his congregation, or the Rev. F. W. McGee and congregation, they could hear a strong lead melodic voice taken by the preacher, plus secondary melodies weaving around it provided by the congregation. Even in later and more sophisticated jazz forms they could hear direct use of sacred devices. Fletcher Henderson arranges a standard popular song like *Sometimes I'm Happy* and has the saxophones (the preacher) state the written melody, and the trumpets (the congregation) answer between with little phrases that are clearly saying "Yes, indeed!" or "Yes, my Lord!"

Recordings by the Rev. Mr. Gates and the Rev. Mr. McGee were fairly frequent in 1929, and I think 1929 is a key year in the history of Gospel music.

The stock market crashed and the great depression began, and that meant terrible hardships for nearly everyone—but especially for musicians and singers, for there is a lot less money for entertainment when there is less money for food and clothing.

So, in the late '20s and early '30s, many a blues artist, many a jazz musician, many a singer turned to the churches. For some, the move was probably protective opportunism, but for others it was sincere, and for still others it involved a real spiritual crisis. When these players, composers, singers began to perform sacred music, the character of that sacred music inevitably changed. By that time, after all, the blues and jazz had had considerable development on their own, largely independent of their origins.

We know, for example, that Sara Martin was a powerful blues singer in the late '20s. Her 1928 recording, with King Oliver on trumpet, of *Death, Sting Me* is one of the most remarkable blues performances of the time—indeed, one of the most arresting vocals of any time. And she recorded a couple of decidedly secular numbers that were a little less serious than *Death, Sting Me*, numbers such as *Mean, Tight Mama* and *Kitchen Man Blues*.

On the other hand, most of us don't know what she sounded like later when she was singing sacred music in the churches in the early '30s, but we know she sang it.

And we might be able to guess the style she used with reasonable accuracy, for she probably did not change her '20s blues style too much. Sara Martin is one example of what I am talking about in a move of blues and jazz artists into the churches.

Perhaps the most singular example of all is Thomas A. Dorsey. In 1924 Tom Dorsey was accompanist and composer for the great blues singer Ma Rainey, and he wrote perhaps a third of the numbers in her repertoire. In 1954 Thomas A. Dorsey was a composer of Gospel music, and he had written nearly a third of the numbers in Mahalia Jackson's repertoire. Some of these numbers are versions of 12-bar blues.

Dorsey was Thomas A. Dorsey or Tom Dorsey when he worked with Ma Rainey, and he was Georgia Tom when he worked on his own or with blues singer Tampa Red. (He and Tampa Red had a hit called *Tight Like That*, with decidedly double-meaning lyrics.) Today Thomas A. Dorsey is sometimes a little vague about his secular past. But he is not at all vague in asserting that it was a spiritual crisis that turned him to religion and instructed that he should take his talents as a composer with him into his new religious life.

There were others. Blues singer Virginia Liston turned to the churches. So did Ann Cook. So did Bertha Idaho. And it was not uncommon during the late '30s and after to find blues men such as Blind Boy Fuller (also called Brother George), Blind Gary Davis, or Son Bonds leading a double life as sacred and secular blues singers. It was also not too long ago that the highly successful rhythm-and-blues singer Little Richard embraced religion and religious song.

During this countermovement of the late '20s and early '30s in which the blues and jazz people took their secular art back into the churches, Gospel music was heavily influenced by the blues and jazz. It seems clear that there were more and more 12- and 16-bar blues forms reintroduced into the Gospel idiom, there was more and more melodic and harmonic sophistication and rhythmic skill, combined with the wailing, the shouting, and the soul.

Though this movement on the part of important talents away from the theaters and bars and into the churches was notably widespread during the early '30s, some exchanges of talents and musical ideas go on all the time.

When I first heard Rosetta Tharpe in about 1940, for example, she was singing pieces called *I Want a Tall Skinny Papa* and *Rock Me* with Lucky Millinder's band, but in style she sounded very much like a church singer. So it wasn't too surprising when she began singing *Rock, Daniel* or *You Got to Have Religion, I Tell You, Brother, That's All*. A few years later she was doing superb antiphonal Gospel things with Marie Knight, like *Didn't It Rain?* and *Up above My Head*, and she was called Sister Rosetta Tharpe. And then it was not too long before she was back in night clubs, doing her Gospel turn. She was in fact one of the first to lead the way (if lead is the right word).

An influence of early training in Gospel is probably more easy to hear in singers—Dinah Washington is a clear example—but it is certainly not confined to them.

One can hear it in instrumentalists, though it's not always pronounced. For examples, take a few of the first modernists. I hear more of the secular jazz tradition and the secular blues tradition in Dizzy Gillespie than I hear Gospel. Charlie Parker, I would say, was weaned on the secular blues. Monk, as it happens, toured as pianist with a Gospel group as a youth, but he seems, to me, by origin a blues man and a Harlem stride man, rather than a Gospel man. On the other hand, almost everything Milt Jackson plays has a strong church flavor, even his embellishments on sentimental ballads. By the mid-'50s a

large public was being made aware of the Gospel tradition in Negro churches, and this was chiefly because of the presence of a superbly gifted singer, Mahalia Jackson. Miss Jackson's repertory is religious. She performs in churches, in concerts, and, of course, she has often appeared on radio and television. But as a young girl in New Orleans she learned to sing by listening to records by Bessie Smith and Enrico Caruso. (How's that for cultural cross-breeding?)

Now, there are those who will tell you that a fine Gospel singer named Georgia Peach is better than Mahalia Jackson. Or that another fine Gospel singer named Ernestine Washington is better. Or another named Lottie Peavy. Or that still another is a better singer than Mahalia Jackson.

In any case, such declarations do show there are many more excellent and devoted Gospel singers than the general public—particularly the white public—is aware of. Some listeners may even hold out for a relatively early singer, Hattie Parker, who had recorded her Gospel style by the late '20s. Others may say that of all the many Gospel groups that have come along in the last 15 years, the greatest was the Spirit of Memphis Singers (and I would emphatically agree).

SO, THERE ALWAYS have been exchanges between the sacred and secular idioms, but in the late '20s there was a major exchange, secular to sacred. And in the mid-'50s there was another major exchange: both jazz and rock-and-roll turned to Gospel for renewed inspiration.

At first, in jazz, the results were called "funky," meaning earthy, basic, natural (and named after an old term for body odor, as a matter of fact). There was good reason in the mid-'50s for jazz to turn *somewhere* for replenishment.

After the work of the founders of modern jazz (Gillespie, Parker, Powell, etc.), the first movement to come within the idiom was "cool jazz." As it exists today (that is to say, as it exists on records) cool jazz is some scores recorded by Miles Davis in 1949 and '50 for Capitol, arranged by Gil Evans, John Lewis, Johnny Carisi, and Gerry Mulligan. It is the work of Lennie Tristano with Lee Konitz, and usually Warne Marsh. It is the playing of a flock of tenor saxophonists, directly inspired by Lester Young and led by Stan Getz. It is the Mulligan quartet of the early '50s in California. It is the work of some immediate and honorable followers of these men. And it is the derivative deluge by a hundred imitators that ensued at their success.

Trombonist Bob Brookmeyer had a good characterization for West Coast cool music: "From out of the West, came a new kind of jazzman," he would say affecting a radio announcer's ponderous tone. "Instant jazz. Just add money." California, magic name. The sunshine state? Perhaps. But in Los Angeles a derivative cool jazz froze stiff—yes, even with a spirited player like Hamp Hawes right there in Los Angeles—and the candle passed back to New York.

The early reaction to this West Coast cool jazz seems necessary, healthy, and welcome. It involved the rediscovery of major talents like Miles Davis, Art Blakey, Max Roach, and Thelonious Monk, all of whom had simply been going their own way all the time. It involved the public discovery of younger players who were working on a kind of synthesis of modern jazz—players like Clifford Brown and Sonny Rollins. And it involved the discovery of other younger players who were seeking a replenishment of the modern style by a kind of "return to roots." Chief among these was pianist-composer Horace Silver.

This return to roots meant a conscious and deliberate return to inspiration from blues and church music. But not so much a return to the early roots of jazz as such,

not so much a new look at the earliest styles of the '20s, not that sort of thing. The players simply looked back to what they heard in their own youths in the late '30s, and at what they could hear around them at the time. They looked at rhythm and blues, and they looked at Gospel; they looked chiefly for emotion and feeling and the devices and aspects of style that conveyed them.

Pianist Silver himself sounded, you might say, like Bud Powell imitating Pete Johnson. And his early work sounded like a cross between that of a little Southwestern jump blues band and a bebop quintet. But Pete Johnson was prominent in the late '30s, not in the '20s. And the Southwestern blues band really started to jump after Count Basie had affirmed the best way to jump.

All of this, in Silver, represents the funky-blues side of the question, the secular side. What about the soul-Gospel side of the question, the sacred side?

Well, there is Silver's *The Preacher*. The melody does have a shouting quality to it and a kind of clap-hands-on-the-afterbeat. But it doesn't really sound much more like Gospel music than that. And Silver's *Sister Sadie* could have gained her soul at a Kansas City dance as easily as at a Holiness Church.

Silver's roots lie in the late '30s, and he is less derivative of Gospel than some of his followers—not to mention that he is more talented and more important than most of them. But others took the hint from him. And the groove-funk-swing-wail-cook-grease-jowls-chittlins-greens-soul-baring contest was on.

It was heard all the way: from the "sermonizing" pianist who knows how to make minor thirds, fifths, and sevenths all over the place to the *Like Love* pianist who makes them with strings. A legitimate and necessary movement called funky had become a marketable commodity called soul jazz.

But devices don't make music. And groove-funk-soul isn't too hard to imitate for audiences that don't want much more than imitation. The movement as a whole can probably stand some further critical sifting. I have praised it for early help in renewing the public careers of Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis, Art Blakey, Sonny Rollins, and so forth, and I am sure that Horace Silver's is a large talent. I also think that Bobby Timmons' *Moanin'* is an excellent example of the adaptation of effects from one medium (Gospel) into another (jazz). I can't say the same for all the *This Heres* and *That Theres*, or for the Woes and Shampoos that followed. Not only are they sometimes a little fake, they are sometimes self-righteously fake, and unmusically fake.

Or take Cannonball Adderley's public successes. He is a very good player—there can be no doubt about that. But for me, one of his best solos is on *Autumn Leaves*, and it has very little calculated use of groove-funk-soul. It is a good solo because he plays a good original melody with appropriate sound and feeling. And for funkiness, the LP he made with Milt Jackson is much more successful, it seems to me, than the ones he made later, after it became more requisite for him to be funky.

And have you ever heard a *real* work song? A *real* blues of woe? If you have, I think a great deal of soul jazz will seem pretty soulless. Besides, there is more to the art of jazz than shouting and soul.

Undoubtedly what was needed at this point was a little humor, and Charlie Mingus provided it brilliantly in pieces like *Better Git It in Your Soul*, *Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting*, and particularly *Slop*.

Only a man of Mingus' particular vantage point and talent could have brought off such a complex; these pieces satirize the affectations of soul jazz without ridiculing their own Gospel roots, and they are themselves very musical.

You might work up a defense of the whole funky-soul



movement in jazz on the basis of rhythms—some persons have, in fact.

The business of playing “in two” became associated with soul jazz, but more important were the revived Charleston rhythms (as in *Sack of Woe*), the so-called “hambone” rhythms (dit-dit *DAH*/dit, dit *DAH*/dit, dit *DAH*, *DAH*, *DAH*, and variations thereof), and especially the Gospel waltz.

Jazz musicians have been trying to find a way to play waltzes effectively for a long time. In fact, the effort is older than jazz, for Scott Joplin wrote a charming ragtime waltz. Kid Ory plays *Missouri Waltz*; New Orleans clarinetist George Lewis plays in a Mexican waltz style on *Over the Waves*. Fats Waller wrote *Jitterbug Waltz*. Benny Carter wrote *Waltzing the Blues*. Mary Lou Williams wrote a waltz too. Monk scored *Carolina Moon* in 6/4. And so on. But in a 6/4 Gospel waltz rhythm, groups seem to be able to swing readily and well.

Well, if you're talking about time-signatures, that's one thing. And it is true that different time-signatures give variety to a performance or to a jazz program. But the crux of the matter in jazz is not the time-signature. It is the rhythmic variety that the player makes with his phrasing and accents, as he plays *against* the rhythm. And if the truth were told, most jazz musicians play pretty much the same way, regardless of time-signature; they just make a slight initial adjustment and then go ahead and blow more or less the way they always blow.

IT HAS BEEN NOTED that at the same time jazz turned to Gospel for renewed inspiration, rock and roll did too. And rock and roll has been, of course, the biggest popular style in the United States. In the world, for that matter. As always, there was a major talent leading the way, and the major talent working in rock and roll was Ray Charles. It should be apparent, then, that anyone even slightly acquainted with Gospel who heard Charles do *I've Got a Woman*; *Hallelujah*, *I Love Her So*; *Come Back, Baby*; *What'd I Say?*; or *Sweet 16 Bars* would know immediately that these secular pieces come directly from the Gospel idiom.

Charles' earliest records, in 1949 and 1950, now flood the bargain bins, pressed on scratchy 12-inch LPs and often labeled “stereo.” They make interesting listening, for he is obviously imitating the early Nat (King) Cole. And when he sings the blues, he sings in the Cole-esque blues style of Charles Brown, a capable performer but hardly an impassioned wailer. But also on those records, Charles is also obviously a knowledgeable and sophisticated musician.

There is a rumor that Charles sang as a youngster with a famous Gospel group called the Blind Boys. Ray Charles is blind, and he now sings like a Gospel singer, so the rumor is probably inevitable. But he never sang with the Blind Boys. His current style came about with the encouragement of producers and blues enthusiasts Jerry Wexler and Ahmet Ertegun, who signed him for Atlantic records in 1952. On his early Atlantic records, he is singing the blues as prepared for him by composer Jesse Stone

(*Losing Hand*) or as encouraged in Charles by the recordings of Cripple Clarence Lofton, Cow Cow Davenport, and Jimmy Yancey, which were played for him by Ertegun.

Then, in November, 1954, came the frankly Gospel-inspired *I've Got a Woman*. From this point on, Charles could perform anything from *Swanee River* through *Georgia on My Mind* in Gospel style. What may have happened was that Charles discovered in himself a capacity for much more emotion and power than his older style—Cole ballads or Brown blues—could carry. And he turned to the idiom he knew to be the most powerful and emotional—in his case, not really the old-style “country” blues, but the contemporary Gospel style.

Charles' incantive wails and cries and bent notes are not so uninhibited as they may seem. They are the work of a deliberate craftsman. The fact that they sound so spontaneous and uninhibited is the indication that this deliberate craftsman is also an artist.

It seems ironic that at the moment when a sacred artist of the stature of Mahalia Jackson performs in guest appearances on television, increasingly inhibiting herself almost to the point of polite, sentimental incantations on *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands* (an already secularized Gospel piece) or *I Believe* (an unspeakable piece of popular mawkishness)—that at that moment, Ray Charles should be wailing uninhibitedly from every jukebox, singing country-and-western ditties in a highly developed Gospel style!

In the beginning, church music influenced blues and jazz. By now rhythm and blues, rock and roll, and jazz probably have achieved a kind of amalgamation in a certain urban blues style one hears more and more. Think particularly of such artists as Lou Donaldson, Jimmy Smith, Grant Green, Thorne Schwartz, for whom an amalgam of modern jazz, rhythm and blues, and Gospel devices is a perfectly natural idiom.

Such a style is becoming an established one, at least in urban Negro neighborhoods and spilling over into white ones as well. It is perhaps a kind of final watering and popularizing of modern jazz and a part of the mainstream of popular music. It is contemporary rhythm and blues in short. The style can be calculated, jingoistic, affected, forced, and monotonous. It can also be unassuming, rhythmically delightful, musical, and enjoyable. No one needs to expect anything remarkable from it nor needs to expect that it will develop much. But for the best of it, no one needs to fall apologetic either.

Persons like Horace Silver, on the other hand, can be expected to continue developing along the lines they have already laid out for themselves.

I am convinced that there is one other thing that all this blues-and-Gospel-derived musical activity, high and low, has achieved in American music. Through rhythm and blues, rock and roll, and funky-soul jazz, nearly everyone has been thoroughly exposed to the raw sounds and raw rhythms that either went into jazz early or still go into it.

No one need any longer be put off by the first impact of the surface sound of jazz, its wailing blue notes, its pulse, and its manner. No longer, then, will people say that jazz does not sound like the music they are used to. They have had heavy doses of what it sounds like, often at its rawest and most relentless. (Often at its phoniest, too, to be sure.) So, from now on they should be better prepared to listen to jazz for its other qualities: for the contours and beauties of its music as well as its surface sounds; the subtleties of its rhythms as well as its beat; the honesties and flexible ironies of its emotion as well as the surface impact.

Who knows? They may even hear its ballads as well as its blues and its resourceful musicianship as well as its swing. □

About six years ago several influential jazz critics consistently put down a New York City-centered jazz movement indiscriminately tagged "hard bop" or "neo-bop" or "post-bop." They seemed to think that the music was nothing more than an imitation of bop plus the inconsequential addition of an earthy quality called funk, which was derived from Gospel and blues sources.

But was this movement really a reactionary one, or did it push the boundaries of jazz ahead, setting the stage for the currently controversial musicians grouped under the "new thing" title? This article is written from an admittedly subjective viewpoint and will attempt to demonstrate that the post-boppers did contribute much that was fresh to jazz.

A clarification of terms is in order. Certainly the critic runs a risk in trying to pigeonhole musicians, but a category, post-bop, is employed here for convenience's sake only, as a useful abstraction. Large numbers of musicians who have similar conceptions can, for expository reasons, sometimes helpfully be thought of as comprising a movement. □ By HARVEY PEKAR

POST-BOP

DURING THE '50s there came to the fore many talented musicians whose point of departure was bop but whose object was to extend its limits and to conceive their own styles rather than to copy Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. Some of these men were unknowns during the bop period; others already had established themselves as excellent musicians but were to make even more important strides.

Attention should be given the major compositional and improvisational trends of the post-bop movement, beginning with the compositional. (It should be mentioned that the interesting attempts by such men as John Lewis and Charlie Mingus to synthesize elements of jazz and classical music lie outside the boundaries of this article.)

During the bop period, most tunes played by that style's practitioners consisted of 12- or 32-bar choruses. Many "original" compositions of that time were blues or were based on the chord progressions of popular songs such as *I Got Rhythm*.

Some of the fine young writers of the '50s, however, veered from this tendency and started to write melodies of "odd" lengths: Gigi Gryce's *Nica's Tempo** is 44 bars long; his *Evening in Casablana* is 46; Benny

Golson's *Stablemates* is made up of 36 bars and is divided into sections of 14, eight, and 14 bars.

Moreover, the chords of some of these compositions—such as *Stablemates* and Jackie McLean's *Little Melonae*—do not "lie" in a conventional way, so that when even average improvisers play them, these musicians may be prodded to conceive fresh melodic ideas.

One of the most interesting occurrences during the '50s was the belated discovery and consequent influence of Thelonious Monk. Many of Monk's compositions had previously been ignored by jazzmen, partly because the chord progressions were difficult to improvise on. Some of the post-bop musicians accepted the challenge of his pieces, however, and began to play them. Steve Lacy, an excellent soprano saxophonist, devoted an entire album—and some say a whole career—to Monk's compositions.

Another important movement took place at the end of the '50s and was initiated in large part by the efforts of Miles Davis.

Davis had been disturbed by what he considered cluttered chord progressions that rushed the improviser, not giving him a chance to develop his ideas. The trumpeter's solution was to simplify or slow down the chord movement and to use a number of modal-based compositions. This use of modes, illustrated on Davis' *Kind of Blue*

album, helped lead to a new emphasis on horizontal development in improvisation and, thus, to a more songlike type of playing.

Another aspect of composition explored by the post-boppers to be considered is the use of time signatures other than 4/4. There had been few attempts at this prior to the post-bop period (Fats Waller's *Jitterbug Waltz* comes to mind as one).

In the mid-'50s, however, there arose an interest in unusual (in the jazz context) time signatures that was not to be ephemeral.

Pianist Randy Weston's waltz *Little Niles* is one of the loveliest compositions of the 1950s. Gryce also was concerned with this area. But perhaps the most important man in the revolt against 4/4 was Max Roach, a leading bop drummer and still today a musician growing and searching.

Roach's early concern with metric development is illustrated by his 1957 LP *Jazz in ¾ Time*. This album represented the boldest break—regarding time signature—made up to that year. Roach, with a great assist from Sonny Rollins, made an assault on tradition and burst open an area for exploration. Roach later went on to explore meters such as 5/4 and 7/8, and today he can be considered an excellent composer as well as a great instrumentalist.

Perhaps the most celebrated composer of the '50s was Horace Silver.

* Recorded compositions and performances referred to in this article are included in a discography on page 89.

Silver is known mostly for his Gospelish and down-home themes. As engaging as these types may be, it can be argued that his best themes have generally been his least popularly successful—beautiful melodies like *Nica's Dream* and *Melancholy Mood* and bright-tempoed tunes such as *Speculation*.

Not much in the way of big-band work was done by the post-boppers, but to be recommended is the Oscar Pettiford big-band set on ABC-Paramount, which has some excellent arrangements by Gryce. Trumpeter Art Farmer and tenor saxophonist Lucky Thompson are among the soloists.

In addition to being the writer of a number of excellent compositions (*Nica's Tempo*, *In a Meditating Mood*, *Smoke Signal*, *Satellite*, *Evening in Casablanca*) for a variety of groups, Gryce also is a brilliant orchestrator. His arrangements for various medium-size groups on Savoy and Columbia, containing instrumentation similar to that of the 1949 Miles Davis Nonet, are outstanding. They have a wonderfully crisp, airy feeling, and despite the fact that some of the tracks have voicings that are thick-textured, they are never syrupy. He uses constantly changing groups of instruments, avoiding a sameness of tone color and texture.

Another of his achievements is *Brown Skins*, a richly voiced, two-section, big-band showcase for trumpeter Clifford Brown. A majestic introduction leads to a beautiful ballad melody stated magnificently by Brown. Then the tempo picks up as Brown improvises on *Cherokee* changes.

Quincy Jones, who gained recognition in the '50s, is another excellent big-band writer, as his *This Is How I Feel About Jazz* LP on ABC-Paramount attests. He is a mainstream artist and has said that his music "... is probably influenced by every original voice in and outside of jazz, maybe from blues singer Ray Charles to Ravel...."

His work on the ABC album has a great deal of delicacy, warmth, and humor. Perhaps his outstanding achievement on the album is on *Stockholm Sweetnin'*, which has an orchestration of a Clifford Brown solo recorded on the same composition in 1953. Jones' charm and light touch come out in *Boo's Bloos* and *A Sleepin' Bee*.

THE '50s also saw a number of brilliant instrumentalists emerge while, as mentioned before, a few others, who were already established, made significant evolutionary moves. Miles Davis was one of the outstanding bop trumpeters but went on to even greater

heights in the post-bop era.

During the '50s Davis' phrasing became more staccato and his playing more economical. The latter aspect can be illustrated easily; compare the floridity of his lines on Charlie Parker's late '40s recording of *Bird Gets the Worm* with the sparsely noted, classically constructed *Tadd's Delight* made about 10 years later.

Even at fast tempos Davis' work was lyrical and utterly relaxed. This is illustrated by his remarkable solo on the Prestige recording of *Half Nelson*. As Davis' playing evolved and his range improved, his style became more vocal in nature. He began to "scream" and to use squeezed tones. His sonority became fuller and extraordinarily warm. (On a 1954 Prestige recording with the Monk and vibist Milt Jackson, he achieves such a gorgeous tone that one is reminded of Freddy Webster, the legendary trumpeter who recorded a memorable solo on the same song in 1945. Webster, a magnificent ballad player, has been cited as having had a profound influence on Davis about 1946.)

By 1959 there was no doubt that Davis was one of the most personal stylists of all jazzmen, past and present, and one of the most influential.

The late Clifford Brown was another man who had a great impact on jazz trumpeting, but, unlike Davis, he was more a synthesizer than an innovator. His phrasing was reminiscent of Davis, but his overt forcefulness and melodically and harmonically complex lines recalled Fats Navarro.

Unlike Davis and Navarro, however, Brown employed a pronounced vibrato. His range and technique were excellent, and by using grace notes he often added a touch of humor to his solos. But most importantly, he was an extraordinarily inventive musician—as his solos on *Pent Up House* and *Kiss and Run* (on a Sonny Rollins date) make clear. The richness of his melodic lines on these titles is something to marvel at.

Brown and Davis were almost certainly the most influential trumpeters of the '50s, but another trumpet player of great stature to develop during this period was Thad Jones.

Curiously, Jones has had almost no influence on his contemporaries. One possible reason for this is that he was a member of Count Basie's band for years and was not featured often. Jones also is a unique technician, and some of his figures don't seem to lie right for other trumpeters. About the only one who has been affected much by his playing is Joe Newman, for some time a section mate of Jones in the Basie band. Newman often used Jones' licks when they both soloed or

traded on the same Basie selection.

Among Jones' attributes are a full, brassy tone and an individual and subtle rhythmic approach. He makes excellent use of held notes and brilliantly contrasts long notes with short ones. He also contrasts staccato and legato phrasing interestingly. His intelligent sense of pace can be heard on *Scratch*.

Jones' choice of notes demonstrates that his melodic and harmonic conception is quite sophisticated. His recorded solos of the mid-'50s still sound far out today.

Art Farmer is another trumpeter who came to the fore in the '50s and who has considerable stature. Farmer plays with restrained lyricism. His dry, pungent tone is among the most unusual in jazz, and he employs substitute chords thoughtfully. An excellent example of his use of substitute chords is on Teddy Charles' *The Emperor*—in which the improvisers base their solos on the *Sweet Georgia Brown* chord pattern.

Other very good post-bop trumpeters include Donald Byrd, Blue Mitchell, Kenny Dorham, and Benny Bailey.

Byrd gained attention first as a member of the Jazz Messengers and Horace Silver Quintet. He has synthesized the approaches of Davis and Clifford Brown, though at various points in his career he has leaned more heavily toward one or the other. His tone isn't particularly big, but it is dark and warm. When he is in good form, Byrd can be considered one of the more lyrical modern jazz trumpeters.

Mitchell's playing also is lyrical but more overtly forceful than Byrd's. He seems to have been influenced by Fats Navarro as well as Clifford Brown. His tone is bright and brassy. Good examples of his work are to be heard with the present-day Silver quintet.

Dorham and Bailey are bop veterans who continued to evolve in the '50s.

Dorham's style around 1946 was a great deal like Navarro's, but in more recent years his playing has become much more restrained. His tone has accurately been described as having a sweet quality. At its best, Dorham's playing has an engagingly intimate, singing quality.

Bailey is one of jazz' most underappreciated trumpeters. No doubt this is partly because he spent so many years with the Lionel Hampton Band at a time when Hampton did not always seem too interested in utilizing the full jazz potential of his band. Furthermore, Bailey has resided in Europe for some time.

Bailey has a big, tart tone and good

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range. He is capable of playing with a good deal of humor. One of the best examples of his work is the *Meet Benny Bailey* Candid album. Here he is very inventive, and most of his solos have excellent continuity.

TWO GREAT tenor saxophonists made their initial impacts on the jazz public in the '50s—Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane. Rollins' Blue Note solos with Bud Powell in 1948 showed a strong Charlie Parker influence. However, he also had something of his own to say. His big tone and violent attack were reminiscent of Coleman Hawkins rather than Lester Young (it was Young who was the dominant influence on tenor men in the middle and late '40s and early '50s).

By about 1956 Rollins himself had become the leader of a "school" of tenor players. His lines are jagged, and he employs honks and vocal cries. He often places great emphasis on formal construction, building his solos deliberately, increasing the intensity of his playing in a controlled manner rather than "getting hot" quickly.

Rollins' conception of tempo was, by about 1956, quite free. His solos on *Veird Blues* and *No Line* (contained on a Miles Davis LP) show him increasing and slowing down the rate of speed of his lines unexpectedly and with stimulatingly effective results.

Another masterpiece is his *I'll Remember April* solo with the Max Roach-Clifford Brown group. In his first chorus he implies a slower tempo than the rhythm section is maintaining, and when he does pull even with them, going into a long-lined approach in the second chorus, the tremendous tension he has built is resolved, and a wave of relaxation washes over the listener.

Coltrane achieved prominence in the latter part of the '50s. His harmonic contributions are especially important. In a sense, his playing was in the tradition of Coleman Hawkins. Like Hawkins, he often ran the chord changes using complex lines instead of playing songlike solos. The multinode phrases Coltrane used were dubbed "sheets of sound" by Ira Gitler.

Coltrane explored the outer reaches of chords, employing intervals that seldom, if ever, had been used in the context in which he chose to use them. His experimentation with additional chords played on top of the ones being played by his accompaniment also resulted in some magnificent results—his playing on *Summertime* with his quartet is a good example. Occasionally his choice of notes at certain points in his solos has had so little to

do with the underlying changes that his thinking, for a few moments, seems to be nonchordal.

Among Coltrane's other interesting characteristics are his diamond-hard tone, his mastery of the upper register, and his use of harmonics. In the last several years he has been using vocal effects a great deal, which when used tastefully, can build tension very well and pack a great deal of emotional wallop.

Rollins and Coltrane are certainly the two greatest tenor saxophonists to gain prominence since 1950, but there were a number of other excellent post-bop tenor players.

One is Hank Mobley. Mobley has not achieved the recognition he deserves, perhaps partly because he has been a member of groups in which other members have been superstars. He was in the first Jazz Messenger group, which included Art Blakey and Horace Silver, and later he was with the Miles Davis Quintet, in which most listeners overlooked him while paying closer attention to Davis, pianist Wynton Kelly, and bassist Paul Chambers.

Mobley is an individual stylist. He has been influenced by Charlie Parker, directly or through others, but has a rich, creamy tone unlike the harder sonorities of most contemporary tenor men. Some of his best playing is included on *The Jazz Messengers at the Cafe Bohemia*. The relaxation and high level of melodic invention that he maintains, even at fast tempos, on these records should have been enough to win him a great deal of attention.

Benny Golson, like Mobley, has a full, rich tone. He seems to have been influenced by Don Byas and/or Lucky Thompson as well as Coltrane. Though primarily thought of as a composer-arranger, Golson also is an excellent soloist, an aggressive improviser unafraid to search for new ideas, but who always stays within the bounds of good taste.

Playing tastefully, however, is not always a virtue of Johnny Griffin, another tenor saxophonist to gain attention in the post-bop era. He sometimes uses rhythm-and-blues devices, reminding one of his background in Joe Morris' band. Griffin is inventive, though, and has the technical facility to play passages of extreme complexity, though he could do with more musical restraint.

Charlie Rouse followed Griffin as the tenor saxophonist in Thelonious Monk's group, with which he has remained since. Rouse has a thick, fairly dry tone and a rhythmic conception quite individual. He uses short note lengths often and shifts accents intelligently. He plays forcefully but

doesn't dig into the beat with held notes and honks as much as some other tenor men; he seems to swing independently of the rhythm section. Rouse is melodically imaginative, too, though he has a tendency to repeat pet figures too often.

Harold Land has lived most of his life in California where bop and post-bop music was not the road most West Coast musicians followed in the early and middle '50s. Land first gained national attention as a member of the Roach-Brown quintet. He plays vigorously, giving the impression that he could blow chorus after chorus without running out of steam. Land's playing is not as deliberate as Rollins', but he has a good sense of tension and release, and his solos are well sustained and rhythmically sinuous.

Mention also should be made of Dexter Gordon and Teddy Edwards, two of the first and best modern-jazz tenor men. They have absorbed the devices of some jazzmen who belong to a later musical generation than the one they first were members of. While they do not sound the same as they did in 1947, both are playing excellently today.

TWO OUTSTANDING ALTOISTS of the period were Jackie McLean and Cannonball Adderley. McLean's lines

have a jaggedness similar to Rollins'. His solos are economical, melodically imaginative, and display a knack of using interesting, relatively fresh intervals. He also has a beautiful tone, lonely and penetrating, and swings with explosive vigor. Recently McLean's playing has been going through a transition; he has begun to experiment with the possibilities of non-chordal playing, as on *Melody for Melonae*.

Adderley made his initial impact on a national jazz audience in the mid-'50s. Though Charlie Parker's mark on him was apparent, his playing had an earthy quality reminiscent of earlier altoists such as Eddie Vinson.

In the late '50s Adderley seemed to have picked up a Coltrane influence. This period could be called the esthetic high point of his career—at least up to now. He displayed a good deal of inventiveness and played with terrific momentum. In addition, he showed on records with the Miles Davis Sextet, of which Coltrane also was a member, and his own *Jump for Joy* album, that he was capable, despite the floridity of his work, of projecting a feeling of touching lyricism. The latter quality has, unfortunately, been absent from many of his more recent solos.

Pepper Adams' baritone saxophone

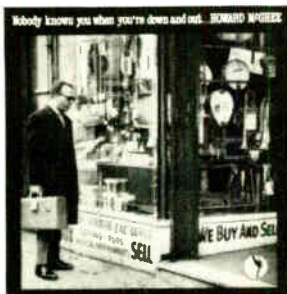
playing in the '50s was a welcome change from the gutless work of Gerry Mulligan disciples (though Mulligan himself was and is an excellent soloist). Adams' tone is huge and gruff, and he displays surging passion in his playing. Ideas pour from his horn in a constant stream, seeming to tumble one over the other. Possibly the best recorded example of Adams' work occurs on the Thelonious Monk Town Hall Concert version of *Little Rootie Tootie*. In fact, this is one of the greatest and most moving baritone saxophone solos recorded by anyone.

Horace Silver was probably the first strong, new influence on jazz pianists in the '50s. Silver's style was obviously influenced by that of Bud Powell, but Silver's was much earthier than that of most bop pianists. He used riffs frequently, and his left hand was active and heavy.

Another direction for pianists was taken by Hank Jones, Tommy Flanagan, and Barry Harris. These men have primarily lyrical styles. They use long, gracefully phrased melodic lines and have deft touches. Men with timeless styles like theirs can fit into a wide variety of groups, and Flanagan and Jones have participated in a large number of recorded pickup dates. All three men, incidentally, are

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Red Garland, Miles Davis' pianist in the middle and late '50s, also left his mark on many pianists. Garland's unique method of block-chording was one of his most influential techniques, but, more important, his work demonstrated, in general, the possibilities of chordal rather than single-note playing. Ever since Art Tatum and Teddy Wilson became influential among pianists, single-note solo work had become more and more popular while the possibilities of chordal soloing were almost forgotten.

Like Miles Davis, Milt Jackson was an excellent musician in the '40s and evolved further in the '50s. Blues-tinged melodic lines, an acute sense of dynamics, a slow vibrato, and a thoughtful method of construction are among Jackson's identifying characteristics. He is quite possibly the most influential of all vibraphonists.

Wes Montgomery had spent most of his career in obscurity, but around 1959 he emerged as one of the great jazz guitarists. Montgomery plays well in single-string and octave styles and can project a variety of moods—all enveloped by his warm, mellow tone. On fast-tempo tunes he can get very emotional, accenting notes with violent strength.

As for bassists, the post-bop period

saw the development of more good and great ones than any previous period in jazz history:

There was Charlie Mingus, a brilliant technician and extremely imaginative musician; Percy Heath, a wonderfully lyrical player, able to extract a beautiful tone from his instrument with utmost relaxation; as well as Paul Chambers, Wilbur Ware, George Joyner, Leroy Vinnegar, George Tucker, Sam Jones, and many others.

In section work, the tendency of many of the bassists was to get away from the steady walking bass lines and use a greater amount of rests and more complex figures. It was a time when a number of bass players had acquired sufficient technical skill to play long-lined, hornlike solos.

Another method of soloing, however, was illustrated by Ware, whose work had a percussive feeling. Ware's playing was economical, forceful, and often used double stops effectively.

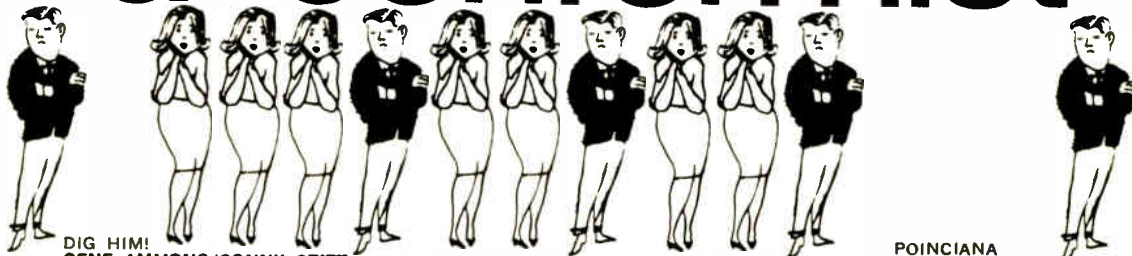
Art Blakey made some important moves in the '50s concerning the function of the drummer in the section; he simplified the basic cymbal beat, superimposing a mosaic of rhythmic figures and rolls over it. From this point, the next move, logically taken by Elvin Jones, was to imply the beat rather than state it. (It should be mentioned that Jimmy

Giuffre experimented with having his drummers imply rather than state the beat eight or nine years ago.) Jones is an extremely busy drummer. Recently he has been playing in Coltrane's quartet, and when Coltrane solos, Jones seems to be carrying on a dialog with him. His "comments" seemingly inspire the tenor man to greater solo heights.

Philly Joe Jones is another important post-bop drummer. A synthesizer, he plays with the crisp, military authority of Kenny Clarke, yet in a more "busy" manner than Clarke. The aggressiveness of Jones' work recalls Blakey. In the early stages of Jones' stay with Miles Davis he was dismissed by many as being merely tasteless in the rhythm section. However, the logic of his frequent accents gradually became clear, and he is now one of the most respected modern jazz drummers.

Not by a good deal has this article mentioned all the excellent post-bop musicians. The outstanding accomplishments of the ones cited, however, are, by now, generally acknowledged by many critics. It's about time, then, that the post-bop movement as a whole—which was, after all, initiated about 10 years ago—be recognized as having contributed much of importance to jazz. □

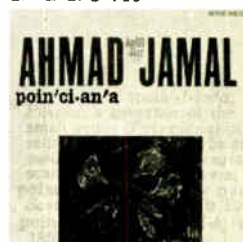
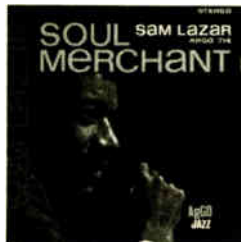
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SELECTED POST-BOP DISCOGRAPHY

The following is a list of the selections and LPs mentioned in the text:

Gigi Gryce — Columbia 998, Columbia 1058, Savoy 12137.

Benny Golson's *Stablemates* is on Columbia 1058.

Jackie McLean's *Little Melonae* is on Jubilee 1064.

Steve Lacy, *Reflections* (on which he plays Thelonious Monk tunes) — New Jazz 8206.

Miles Davis, *Kind of Blue* — Columbia 1355.

A version of Randy Weston's *Little Niles* is on Columbia 998.

Max Roach, *Jazz in ¾ Time* — Mercury 36108.

Gryce's *Brown Skins* is on a Clifford Brown French Vogue LP — LDM 30 068.

Oscar Pettiford's big-band album — ABC-Paramount 149.

Horace Silver's *Doodlin'* and *The Preacher* are on Blue Note 1518; Silver's *Nica's Dream* is on Columbia 897; *Melancholy Mood* is on Blue Note 4017; a version of Silver's *Speculation* is on Savoy 12137.

Miles Davis' *Bird Gets the Worm* solo is on a Charlie Parker LP — Savoy 12014. Davis' *Tadd's Delight* is on Columbia 949, *Half Nelson* on Prestige 7166, *The Man I Love* on Prestige 7150.

Freddy Webster's solo on *The Man I Love* is on a Frank Socolow 78-rpm — Duke 112.

Clifford Brown's solos on *Pent Up House* and *Kiss and Run* are on a Sonny Rollins LP — Prestige 7038.

Thad Jones' *Scratch* is on Blue Note 1513.

Art Farmer's solo on *The Emperor* is on a Teddy Charles LP — Atlantic 1229.

The Benny Bailey album referred to is Candid 8011.

Sonny Rollins' *Veird Blues* and *No Line* are on a Miles Davis LP — Prestige 7044; Rollins' solos with Bud Powell are on Blue Note 1503; his solo on *I'll Remember April* (with Roach and Brown) is on Mercury 36070.

John Coltrane's *Summertime* is on Atlantic 1361.

Hank Mobley's work with the Jazz Messengers is on Blue Note 1507 and 1508.

McLean's *Melody for Melonae* is on Blue Note 4106.

Cannonball Adderley, *Jump for Joy* — Mercury 36146.

Pepper Adams' solo on Thelonious Monk's *Little Rootie Tootie* is on Riverside 300.



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COAST CONVERSATION

The art of conversation, we seem to like to tell ourselves, has been lost to television, movies, babbling commercial radio, and even the funny papers. On the following pages appears, in edited form, a recent session taped in the Hollywood offices of **Down Beat**, in which the conversing art abounds with enthusiasm and esprit de jazz.

In bringing together the four young musicians participating, **Down Beat's** John Tynan sought to draw them out on matters of concern to the rising generation of jazzmen now active on the West Coast. A free flow of conversation was encouraged, and its twists and turns, we believe, provide an unusual insight into the attitudes, aspirations, opinions, and complaints of a suitably representative cross section of young jazz thinking.

Colin Bailey, a 28-year-old Australian, is considered by fellow musicians to be one of the most promising drummers in jazz today. He is a member of the Victor Feldman Trio.

John Houston, a 30-year-old pianist, is already a veteran in jazz, albeit little known to the public. A transplanted easterner, he is one of the most active pianists in modern jazz on the coast.

Herbie Lewis, a 22-year-old Pasadenan, is the only native Californian in the group. His tender years are offset by a range of playing experience including a long term with the Les McCann Trio and other contemporary groups and an aggressiveness of expressed opinions that belies his youth.

Carmell Jones, at 26, is probably the best known of the group. Several years ago he came west from Kansas City, Mo., to take his place quickly as one of the most eloquent trumpeters on the West Coast scene. He is a regular jazz companion-in-arms of tenorist Harold Land and a steady member of the Gerald Wilson big-band trumpet section. He records in his own right for the Pacific Jazz label.



PHOTOS BY SKEETZ



**John
Tynan**

Tynan: All of you are of the younger group of musicians who have come into prominence in varying degrees in recent times. Speaking for yourselves and for other musicians of your own age group, what are the things musically that command the interest of the younger jazz musician on the West Coast today? Does the younger jazz musician today part company, for example, with the older, more established musician in terms of what he's playing; or is he following along?

Jones: I wouldn't say so. I don't think the younger musicians are necessarily becoming divided from the older musicians because of their experience or knowledge.

Lewis: I would say, though, that the younger musicians on the West Coast are completely unaware of the importance of older musicians—as compared to the East Coast.

Tynan: Do you all agree on this?

All: (A chorus of assent.)

Tynan: Why do you think this is?

Lewis: I would say because there aren't any older musicians.

Bailey: Yes. It's lack of seeing them. You don't get to see many name groups here. I got the chance to work with Ben Webster once, and that was quite an experience.

Lewis: I worked with Coleman Hawkins for two nights and *nobody* came in. Nobody came down there. There wasn't even anybody aware that he was in town. That's pretty bad. On top of that they fired him after two days. Coleman Hawkins!

Tynan: The younger musicians knew he was in town, didn't they?

Lewis: No. Every young musician I talked to didn't know.

Tynan: So it was the club's fault, in other words?

Bailey: Yes. I think it was bad advertising.

Jones: That seems to be something in this city particularly. Bad advertising.

Bailey: Well, here's the thing. . . .

Buddy Rich was in town at Small's Paradise, and I didn't even know he was there. I'd go a million miles to see *him*, to see him play.

Tynan: In other words, if the club-owner is not going to do adequate publicity or advertising, then there's really little chance for the young musician to make a reputation for himself or to get people to listen to him? Is that the point?

Jones: Yeah, that's true.

Lewis: I disagree with that, really. I know when I was coming up—you know I'm a Californian, I grew up out here—nobody could come to town unless we knew about it. We didn't depend on the club to let us know through advertisement. If you talk to another musician. . . . That's another thing you probably have out here: like musicians hardly ever *talk* to each other out here. They hardly ever communicate with each other.

Bailey: I think it's the kind of town it is too. It's so spread out. I go for a month and not see guys.

Lewis: Speaking for myself, I know I used to call up people. When I was coming up, I guess maybe it wasn't quite that spread out. The musicians would play, they would session more together. Like on Tuesday night or on Monday night down to the Hillcrest everybody would be there who could play no matter who it was. And they used to always talk among each other. People get the word. It's kind of hard for me to believe that a person like Coleman Hawkins can come to town and nobody's ever heard of it. I wouldn't say that that's the club's fault.

Tynan: Well, whose fault is it, do you think?

Lewis: I would say that it's the musicians' fault.

Jones: No. The musicians aren't. . . .

Lewis: I would say it's the musicians' fault for not being conscientious enough to be aware of what's going on in their city.

Jones: Yeah, well maybe at the time

Hawkins was here the musicians weren't able to make it. They probably were working at the same time he was.

Lewis: Working musicians, sure, I can see that. But I'm saying there is no excuse for any young musician in Los Angeles, who's trying to play, to let a man like Coleman Hawkins come into town and turn around and say he doesn't *know* he's in town.

Jones: There probably is a reason for that—advertising. You don't have adequate facilities for advertising here. Somebody's afraid to spend the money for advertising. You see what I mean? I've played places myself, and nobody even knew we were there. Had they known we were there, they would have come to listen.

Bailey: Well, that's what happened to the last gig we played with Victor Feldman at Gazzarri's. No one knew we were there. No advertising.

Lewis: I can't go along with that.

Jones: I can.

Lewis: What I'm saying is there's a big difference . . . to me. . . . I mean, when somebody like *Coleman Hawkins* comes in town. . . . You know who this man is?

Bailey: Yeah!

Jones: Sure!

Lewis: I mean, like when I was 17, 18 years old, couldn't anybody *get* in town unless I knew about 'em. Not through advertisement but through talking; I'd be talking to so many people. . . .

Jones: I know.

Bailey: Were there as many clubs then, Herbie?

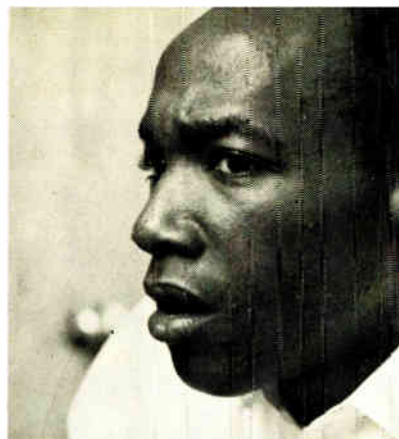
Lewis: No, there weren't as many clubs either.

Jones: Here's another thing: the music today is so *frustrated* not only the younger musicians but the older musicians can't seem to get what they're trying to get out either.

Tynan: How do you mean that, Carmell?



**Herbie
Lewis**



**Carmell
Jones**

Jones: Well, we're trying to go into a different kind of music. First of all, I think—in my opinion—music is going in a different direction. It's not really music anymore, so far as beauty and construction and so forth is concerned.

Tynan: Do you mean there's ugliness in it; ugliness in opposition to beauty?

Jones: I don't say it's ugly. I say it's disjointed, for one thing. I say it's frustrated, for another. I say that it's more or less tending to go towards the sound; just the *sound*. Not any other thing involved; just sound. No color involved; no feeling involved probably. Some may call it feeling, some may not call it feeling; but I don't call it feeling because there's a different concept I have about feeling and color. My argument is over at that point.

Lewis: I think that you can divide it up into two different capsules. I think that there are ears that're going to be leaning toward Western music and there are ears leaning toward Eastern music.

Tynan: Are you speaking about music of the Orient?

Lewis: Yes. Like Indian music. You know, it's very difficult to me to be able to get beauty out of frustration. I think that musicians are people that feel . . . and when they walk down the street they feel the influences, the things that're going on around their lives. . . .

Jones: That's right.

Lewis: I've always believed that music is the expression of emotions, and of feelings and everything. Sometimes I've heard frustrations sound beautiful.

Jones: It *can* sound beautiful.

Lewis: But I think the cut there is between Eastern and Western music. I've talked to a lot of musicians, and some people are really behind that Western music. . . .

Jones: Well, what do you classify as Western music?

Bailey: Well, Eastern music—for in-

stance Indian music—has a 22-tone scale, and it doesn't sound right to our ears.

Lewis: I'm talking about playing solos as compared to playing solos by chords.

Jones: Which has the most value?

Lewis: To who?

Jones: To anybody.

Lewis: To the person that's playing?

Jones: To the musician that's playing it, in other words.

Lewis: Yeah.

Jones: Then the person that's listening doesn't get any value from that.

Lewis: Well, like I know some people prefer music from the Western cultures; some people prefer music from the Eastern cultures.

Jones: Well, that's what jazz is: all types of music.

Lewis: All types of music, yeah. I agree with you. But I'm saying that jazz . . . as you say, it's a conglomeration of the whole thing.

Jones: But there's a tendency to get away from it.

Bailey: You mean you like some simpleness in jazz?

Jones: No, I didn't say that. Jazz can be complex and simple at the same time, as far as I'm concerned. But whoever's listening to it may not think so. He may say, "That's a little *too* complex for me"; and it might be that it's so simple that it's complex. Then on the other hand it might be so complex that it's simple. But I think that the initial point that the people that were before us were making about jazz was something altogether different than what's happening today.

Lewis: Which way do you mean?

Jones: Like Charlie Parker. Of course, he's not here now. We don't know what he would have done now.

Bailey: But it's just becoming more and more complex all the time. Especially rhythmically—from a drummer's point of view.

Jones: Because they're talking about freedom, and anytime we have freedom you're able to get your feeling out without a feeling of frustration.

Lewis: *Without* a feeling of frustration?

Jones: Sure. That's freedom, isn't it? Don't you think you'd be free without frustrations? If you're frustrated, you're in a nervous state, right?

Bailey: When you're not able to do what you want, that's when you're frustrated.

Lewis: But I thought when they use the word freedom, they're able to do whatever they want to do. A lot of times I've found when people are doing what they want to, that's what happens to frustration . . . that *is* frustration.

Jones: Now . . . what is freedom? When you play, when a person is playing and he's free, (let's use musical terms at this point), I'm playing a solo—okay. I was playing all right until there was something I ran up on that I couldn't play. So I play it right then and I play it over and over again and I become angry at myself because I can't play it. Then I'm not free to play that. I'm frustrated at that point. But then I've quit it, and I say, "That's over, and I have to play something else now." And I play something that I *can* play.

Bailey: That to me doesn't mean frustratedness. That's just a technical thing. Frustration to me means that you're not allowed to play the kind of things you'd like to play. From a drummer's point of view, say you're in a trio and you don't get to solo at all, which has happened to me in the past, mentioning no names. In my present job I solo all I want. But if you don't get to solo, you just get so bugged and frustrated. And that's when you stop practicing. I didn't practice at all at one stage.

Jones: That's one form of frustration. I mean in just the music, just jazz music. Today to me it seems just frus-

**John
Houston**



trated. When I hear the people play, it just seems frustrated to me. It's not as free as it was a few years back. It's going into another thing, which I don't think it should go into because we haven't as yet completed what we already know about. We haven't delved into all the possibilities of what has already been done and set forth.

Tynan: Why do you think that this trend, or this influence or approach, is becoming so predominant, if it is becoming that predominant?

Lewis: I would say the musicianship is low. Low musicianship.

Jones: That's it, right there. That's the best answer that I could hear.

Tynan: Surely today the training the young musician gets is infinitely superior to the training the young musician got, say, 20, 25 years ago?

Jones: No. I'd like to say it's just the opposite. Because there weren't as many students of music as there are now. So the teacher can't take up as much time with the students.

Lewis: Now we're not talking about jazz. . . .

Jones: Oh, are we talking about jazz?

Lewis: Yeah, we're talking about jazz now.

Jones: Well, since there are more people in the world today, there are going to be more musicians and more everything. So some of them are going to drop out of school, and they're going to go right on the scene.

Lewis: I find that jazz, though, has a lot to do with a feeling, a spirit, a certain kind of spirit that they don't have out here.

Tynan: Now, what feeling are you talking about?

Lewis: Well now, for instance, Carmell and I can sit up here, and we can talk about music, and Carmell can be talking about freedom. Like he doesn't exactly go along with it. But there's about one or two trumpet players out here who can play. Carmell and two or three other trumpet players who

can play, you see? So therefore, it makes it difficult for him to find anybody. . . . I mean there's not a whole lot of people out here for him to groove with, to talk with, and have a ball with, that understand and look at things from the same way he does. You see, there're not, to me, musicians out here that can play very well. And then each musician out here has his own ideas about the way it should go. So it kinda adds a confusion with musicians. Whereas in New York there might be about 40 guys that Carmell could sit down and talk to—and they have their *own* ideas about the music *they're* trying to present. And there's going to be 40 other guys who'll say, "I don't dig him at all, and this is what *I'm* trying to present."

But still it makes a spirit—a spirit of trying to better yourself. Like cats say, "I don't dig Carmell; I don't dig him for this; I know the cat can play, I love him, but I don't dig him; I think what *I'm* doing is right." That makes everybody work harder. But one man can't carry all the load; two men can't carry all the load.

Bailey: My complaint with L.A. is that there aren't enough regular groups. Everything is just like a one-night thing. I work with Victor, but how many other organized groups are there that work six nights a week, unless it's a piano-bass duo?

Jones: I was talking to some people on one of our intermissions, and we happened to get into a good discussion about music. I immediately brought up the point: which is more important, the music or the musician? I was asking questions. I wanted to see who was listening to music and who wasn't. Because to me the music is the most important. But you have to have the musician to get the music.

These are the questions I asked: Why do you come to this club? One person said, "I like to come to this club because I like to watch the musicians on the stand." And I immedi-

ately repeated, "*Watch* the musicians on the stand?" Then I said, "Is that the only reason why you come to clubs?" "That's the only reason," this person said. "I just love to watch musicians." I said, "I can't quite go along with that. What if there was a screen here, and you couldn't see the musicians, would you still come to the club?" So the man said, "Well, no."

Some said they were listening to the music. So I said, "What were you listening to?" And they said, "We're listening to jazz." I said, "How do you *know* it's jazz?" Well, because "someone said it was." I said, "Don't you know *yourself*?" They really don't know. Some of them come to look at the musicians.

There might be a young lady that likes a handsome musician; or he may not be quite handsome, but he's standing in a certain kind of way or he's doing a certain something, not musical maybe.

Houston: I found the same thing to happen. A group might come in, say, for instance, Sonny Rollins'. Well, they hadn't heard him for awhile around the club. So they would say to me, "Well, what do you think?" Everybody was asking me, "What do *you* think?" This I don't find quite as much back east.

Bailey: Like they can't form their own opinions.

Houston: The average person back there is going to like the performer whether or not he's been acclaimed as the greatest or not. They're going to like him or not.

Lewis: What you have to take into consideration is, back east they've had music much longer. That's where all the big bands came out of. They were orientated into that groove when they were growing up. Now, out here in California if somebody does that—I really wouldn't like to get on that fact too much because at least now, if they are not doing anything but coming out to *look* at the musicians, maybe the next step will be to start. . . .

Houston: Listening?

Lewis: Listening!

Jones: Know what the next step will be? Not to come at all! Because they got tied up looking.

Lewis: But I'd rather see them there for any reason than have them *never* walk in.

Houston: That's what annoys me—when they say, "Oh, I saw Miles. . . ."

Jones: Yeah, "I *saw* him. . . ."

Houston: If they *listened* to him, they would never cease to enjoy him.

Lewis: They're not that old.

Jones: *Who's* not that old?

Lewis: The people coming out to the clubs, most of the young kids, the college students that come out to the different clubs to hear the different groups, they haven't been orientated into jazz.

Jones: That's right. Whose fault is that?

Lewis: Whose fault is that? It's nobody's fault.

Jones: Yes, it is. Definitely.

Lewis: This is a much younger part of the country than the East.

Jones: It's definitely somebody's fault.

Lewis: In Chicago, or someplace like that, they have bands all through. . . . Young kids off the streets can go in and listen to those bands and get a feeling. Out here, they don't have any big bands.

Bailey: It's the public's fault; they don't support it. . . .

Lewis: No. This place was not conducive to music. I guess when it was young, it was as conducive to music as the East. But music started in the East. That's what I'm trying to say.

Jones: Well, it might have started there but. . . .

Lewis: All the bandleaders came out of Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York. . . . Jimmie Lunceford and those cats—where'd *they* come from?

Jones: They came out of Kansas City

and 'round there.

Lewis: All right. And even before that, where'd they come from?

Jones: St. Louis, Kansas City, Cleveland. . . .

Lewis: Okay. They were still settling out there. The people out here were just like farmers. They're *still* farmers out here.

Jones: Oh, I have to agree with you there. . . .

Lewis: Well, they can't be farmers all the rest. . . . 'Cause now the kids are starting to get hip.

Jones: But they're trying to present jazz in a different light—in movies and television. . . .

Lewis: Well, you know we're Hollywood stars.

Jones: Yeah.

Houston: I think Hollywood has a lot to do with the way jazz is accepted out here. Everything out here, it must be "presented." Like a fantasy, or something. It's got to be dressed up real pretty before it's accepted. But back there I've seen musicians like Charlie Parker and a lot of the great musicians, and people weren't concerned about how they *looked*. They came there; the place would be packed. Not that I condone people not being well groomed to go to work. But the fact still remains: the people were there to see those musicians.

Jones: That's right. They came there to *listen* to the music.

Houston: That's what I meant.

Jones: And what they got was most valuable.

Lewis: A lot of those people, before that their mothers and fathers were listening to music, and their bigger brothers and sisters were listening to music and saying . . . y'know, coolin' 'em out and telling 'em just what was happening.

Jones: Again, I say that must be someone's fault. It's not being presented. . . . Somebody's holding it up.

Houston: I agree with Herbie a lot

because I think in the natural course of change it has to happen.

Jones: I would agree with Herbie, too, but there is still enough money for advertising in this city. This is the largest city in the world. There's enough money. You see it on billboards; why can't you see it on television commercials and so forth? If they're going to have commercials, why advertise . . . ah . . . ah . . . I see commercials on television every night to buy some cigarets or buy some beer. Why couldn't they have some. . . .

Bailey: But, Carmell, if people don't like jazz, they won't go to hear it.

Jones: *Why* don't they like it?

Bailey: If they don't *hear* it. . . .

Jones: Because someone else doesn't like it, *they* don't like it.

Tynan: Yet this city and this general southern California area seems to be producing more young jazz musicians of genuine promise and talent that would seem, from what you've been saying, to be out of proportion. Why?

Jones: That's because they're coming here from other places.

Tynan: But why? Is it the lure of studio work; do they want to become studio musicians or do they just dig the climate?

Lewis: I think they like it because they know if they're good enough, they'll be accepted much easier, more readily without having to go through a whole lot of professional courtesy, ah . . . bull. . . . Like in New York you might have to know somebody . . . not *know*, but you have to go through certain changes that you don't necessarily have to go through out here.

Houston: I don't quite understand you.

Jones: I don't understand it either.

Lewis: In New York the town is so big, and there're not that many places to work. In New York you have to be strong within yourself. The city's a big city. It's seeing everything there is to see. In other words, you have to take



care of your own. You have to get *yourself* together.

Houston: I think that's more or less what you have to do anywhere.

Jones: Anywhere.

Lewis: No, I won't say that. Not out of New York.

Jones: I say here . . . definitely.

Bailey: It's the same when you go to any new place, really. But it's tougher in New York because the musician's standard is higher there.

Lewis: Well, yeah. That's what I'm trying to say.

Jones: Well, that's what I say because a musician can probably make it anywhere.

Lewis: The standard's not as high out here.

Tynan: The standard of professional competence, you mean?

Lewis: Right. There are not as many.

Houston: How is that again? Wait a minute, now.

Lewis: There are not as many! See, take my own instrument. They might have four good bass players out here that can play. All right. If a cat comes out here, he has a much better chance to get a job than if he goes to New York, where there might be 20 good bass players. And these 20 good bass players have already been there for, say, five, six years, and they have the connections there. They're already together. That's what I'm saying. Do you understand that?

Jones: I understand that, all right.

Lewis: Do you understand what I'm saying?

Houston: Oh, yeah. I can see that. But still, you have to look at this too: practically every day there's another fine bassist coming to New York. Say for instance, like, ah, what is this from Washington . . . young boys. They come in and they manage to find a place.

Lewis: Right. I can understand that. But wouldn't you think it would be

easier, though, to, like, if you were from a different town. . . . Okay, take an area. Washington, D.C., is very close to New York. It's very easy to go there. You can always go back home. All right, say you come from Oklahoma. . . .

Houston: But didn't *you* manage to work around there?

Lewis: Yeah, I worked in New York.

Houston: Well, solid. That's . . . you know. That's it.

Lewis: But if there are 20 people in New York, there might be 40 here.

Houston: But here's what I'm saying: if you're proficient on your instrument, you can manage to work there. If you keep yourself together; if you're physically and musically together, well, then, you can work there.

Lewis: I believe that.

Jones: That's right.

Tynan: Can the *young* musician work there? Can the young musician in New York make out as well there (we're always told it's the jungle and the whole business) as he can out here?

Houston: I'll say according to the jobs that there are to be had. Well, he can work as much as. . . . Well, naturally he's going to have to have to get familiar with the people there for them to know what his capabilities are and whether or not he's available. This is a thing that everybody's going to have to go through. I mean if he's a capable musician, like he'll be able to work.

Bailey: Another thing, too, is that there's more sitting in in New York, isn't there? More places for guys to play. There's more brotherhood.

Lewis: Yeah, there's more *brotherhood*. That's what I want to get to, see.

Tynan: Why isn't this brotherhood here? Is it because of the geographical, spread-out character?

Bailey: That helps.

Houston: That could be.

Lewis: The young musicians out here,

for instance, they have some thing going like this: at a session the other night—I played a session with a trumpet player—I asked a guy did he want to sit in. He said, yes, he wanted to sit in. I said okay. But he called me back later on and said, "Herbie, I don't want to sit in unless you get this man—you get this other man to sit in." Now I don't know if that's right or wrong, except that I know when *I* was his age, and *I* was trying to sit in, I didn't give a damn *who* was up there. Just let *me* sit. You dig? Now I don't know what you call *that*. I know what's wrong. I'll tell you what my main peeve about Los Angeles is: there's not enough individual characters out here. There's not enough individual people that are just themselves. I think everybody gets in the same groove. Everybody acts the same out here; they talk the same.

Jones: They *act* the same.

Tynan: How *do* they act? Jazz musicians are among the most individualistic human beings in this world.

Lewis: Well, I don't understand either. But I mean, what I'm trying to say, like, cats in New York, if they feel like speaking to you, they're going to speak to you; if they don't feel like speaking to you, they're not going to speak to you.

Bailey: There's something like that out here too. Not mentioning any names; know what I mean?

Lewis: As far as I'm concerned, most people out here act all the same. Like if I'm talking to one, I'm talking to *all* of 'em. They all think the same; they all act the same compared to the guys in New York.

Jones: Well, I'd sure hate to think like that.

Lewis: What do you mean?

Jones: I think a little different. I think John [Houston] thinks *he* thinks a little different, and I think *you* think you think a little different.

Lewis: Yeah, okay. But three people. I'm talking about percentages.



Jones: But I'm speaking about individuals. They think different from everybody else. So I don't see how that could be.

Lewis: Have you every been in New York?

Jones: I've never been in New York.

Lewis: Oh.

Bailey: I've only been there once.

Houston: I notice this about New York, which I think is conducive to good musicians being a product of the town: any time—day or night—you can run into some people that are willing to really get into music with you. And a lot of times there might be three people. . . . Like I remember when I was younger, Dolo Coker and Red Garland and I used to practice together every now and then. Well, Dolo and I, we'd practice, and if we got hung up in something, we'd go to Red and say, "How do you get out of this?"

Tynan: Was this in New York?

Houston: No, this was in Philadelphia. But this was a good thing. As a result, all of us played different from each other. You could distinguish all three of us. But we'd study together. Out here you don't find this. You beg people; you say, c'mon, let's get together. It seems that they might have a little idea going, a little theory working of their own, so they want to keep it. It's like they're afraid to let you in on what this is for fear that you might, y'know. . . .

Tynan: Steal it?

Houston: Yeah. And how can two people play alike? You can't do it.

Tynan: To pursue the subject of new things in jazz' development, and to talk about the individuals involved, how would you call Ornette Coleman?

Lewis: [To Jones] You would call him frustrated!

Jones: Wouldn't you?

Lewis: I would call Ornette Coleman. . . . I enjoy Ornette Coleman.

Jones: I enjoy Ornette too. Every couple of notes or so. You know?

Lewis: I don't think I'd call him frustrated.

Jones: He's a beautiful person. One of the most beautiful persons I've ever met.

Lewis: But it doesn't mean that he's frustrated just because you can't tell what he's playing.

Jones: What would you call it?

Lewis: Are you saying, in other words, because you can't tell what he's playing, it's frustration?

Jones: No, that's not what I'm saying.

Lewis: What are you saying?

Jones: I'm saying he's trying to do something that's never been done.

Lewis: Ornette Coleman—let his playing go—has written some music. . . .

Jones: That's not what I said. What happens when he starts *playing*?

Lewis: We didn't go into that. We'll just stop at the music that he's written. I think on his first album. . . .

Jones: So do I; I think he's a musical genius.

Lewis: No, wait a minute. On his first album he has written some music that I have never yet heard any musician playing nowadays—except maybe Sonny Rollins and Trane—come up to Trane.

Jones: You know why?

Lewis: Why?

Jones: Who wants to play it?

Lewis: You mean those tunes he's written? You don't enjoy 'em?

Jones: I enjoy listening to Ornette play 'em.

Lewis: But you wouldn't have any eyes to play 'em? I'm talking about the melody.

Jones: That's what *I'm* talking about.

Lewis: But you wouldn't have any enjoyment in playing those tunes?

Jones: Well, I enjoy playing some more tunes better'n that. I'd like to say that.

Tynan: Ornette was out here, as you

all know, for a considerable time. In fact, he settled here to the extent of really paying his dues when he ran that elevator in the department store and so on, and yet when he enjoyed the first indications of fame—or should we call it notoriety, depending on where you stand?—he went to New York; he left here. He could be considered in one sense (not in years) as one of the so-called young, newer musicians at that time.

Jones: The thing he was trying to do was perfectly in order. It's not anything that's weird or anything, as far as I'm concerned. But he was doing something that was almost impossible—and that's freedom with music.

Tynan: How did he make out in New York? I don't think he made out so well. He enjoyed a brief flurry of publicity from the jazz critics and so on. . . .

Lewis: Ornette can still work. He might not be playing, but you'd be surprised the good he's doing in New York. Maybe not on a nationwide standpoint, publicity standpoint—like: "Ornette's working here and there."

But Ornette's talking to a lot of musicians. I believe you got to start taking things for what they are if they're good or they're bad. When I started out playing, I tried to play some things that were way over my head. I was not aware of such simple things as trying to get your tone together on the instrument. I know that a lot of musicians will start doing things, and they'll play all these millions of things, but they're not aware of simple things of, like, just getting your sound together. And I wasn't aware of getting *my* sound together until I went to New York and had a chance to talk to older bass players like Keter Betts; older musicians who helped me.

Tynan: Couldn't you find that help out here?

Lewis: No.

Tynan: Why not?

Lewis: Because. . . .



**Colin
Bailey**

Houston: Because of the lack of the brotherhood.

Lewis: Who's out here? The only bass players out here were Scotty [LaFaro] and Charlie [Haden], and Leroy [Vinnegar]—and I never saw Leroy. Now. . . . Ornette Coleman. His music might sound frustrated when he takes solos, and all that stuff. . . .

Jones: *Might* sound?

Lewis: I can understand from your viewpoint how you would say he's frustrated. But here's what I'm trying to say. . . . My point is this: if you just exclude his solos, and just take his melodies and play them on your instrument, they will be a technical hurdle which will be difficult to pass.

Jones: I'll have to agree with that.

Lewis: You take his changes and try to play them. He does play by changes. I mean, weird as it might sound, he *does* play by changes.

Jones: How's that again?

Lewis: He does play by changes; tonal centers.

Jones: He *does*, huh?

Lewis: Yes, definitely. I know that for a fact.

Jones: Did someone tell you that?

Lewis: No. I rehearsed with him.

Jones: You did? Did he tell you that?

Lewis: No, he had changes to give me.

Jones: He gave you *changes*?

Lewis: Yeah. He said, "These are the changes you're going to play."

Jones: I see. Did he play 'em with you?

Lewis: Yeah.

Jones: He did, huh? Could you recognize 'em?

Lewis: Yea-a-a-h, you could recognize 'em.

Jones: Umm.

Lewis: Sure. Sure.

Jones: What tunes were they?

Lewis: One was called *Lorraine*. For Lorraine Geller.

Jones: An original composition?

Lewis: And one was called *Janie* (*Out*

of Nowhere).

Jones: That was written on *Out of Nowhere* changes?

Lewis: Yeah. And a lot of them were written on *I Got Rhythm* changes. *Rhythm* changes in D major, instead of in B-flat.

Jones: Well, that's good. . . .

Lewis: The only thing I'm trying to say is this: if you just play the melody. . . . Okay, so you don't like the way he plays; but the *melody*, just to play the melody on your instrument is enough in itself. I mean, there's a whole wealth of information and worth in that—from him.

Jones: Look here—when I speak about something, I have to look at all sides before I'm able to open my mouth. So I'd looked at that side first before I said: what is it he's doing afterwards? I had to look at what he's doing in the front of it first. Then what comes after—I feel he's free to do what he wants to—but to a point.

Houston: But what is that point?

Jones: What I'm trying to say is that I could probably play some of the same things . . . *sounding* . . . in five minutes. I could pick up my horn and start pressing down valves. See what I mean? And just start pressing 'em down and run on and do all kinds of things . . . oodle-oodle-oodle . . . and everything. What value is this?

Houston: He doesn't sound like that to me. He sounds like he has direction.

Jones: He sounds like he's got direction? He sounds like he's got a direction to me too. But what I'm trying to figure out is which direction *is* it.

Lewis: I think it goes back to that cut between Eastern and Western music.

Jones: Oh, yeah? I never heard any Eastern music sound like that.

Lewis: You never had any Eastern music remind you of that?

Jones: No.

Lewis: You never did?

Jones: Not even Ravi Shankar.

Lewis: Never?

Jones: Naw. Ravi Shankar doesn't play like that. I can decipher what *he's* playing.

Lewis: Would you say that Ornette plays close to what you would call human sounds? That he tries to get human sounds out of his instrument?

Jones: Would I say that he's trying to?

Lewis: Yeah.

Jones: How would I *know*?

Lewis: If you're listening to his instrument, would you say that a lot of times you hear sounds in his music that would remind you of, ah, human or lifelike sounds?

Jones: Such as cries, and . . .

Lewis: Laughing.

Jones: . . . Wails and talking. . . .

Houston: I would say that Charlie Parker used to do that, as far as that goes.

Jones: Of course. But the big difference was that Charlie Parker was playing with beauty and direction . . .

Bailey: And swinging too.

Jones: . . . Swinging, which is jazz; that's what jazz *is*.

Lewis: All right. All I've got to say for this talk right now is, if anybody wants to question Ornette Coleman's proficiency in music, just pick up one album—'cause it's right on there for everybody to hear. The first album he ever made. . . .

Jones: I've listened to *all* his albums.

Lewis: If you can't hear *that* beauty. . . .

Jones: Then what? If I can't hear it, then what?

Lewis: Well, then, see, it goes into opinions.

Bailey: I think it's opinions anyway, really. I'm not putting him down.

Jones: Everybody's got their *own* opinion.

Lewis: I know definitely from that album—I can listen to Ornette Coleman play on that album—he was playing *music*. He was *playing* music with direction and everything.

Jones: He changed.

Lewis: He went ahead.

Jones: He changed, then, from what he used to play.

Lewis: Yeah, sure.

Jones: Oh, that's different. I'll have to get that album; I haven't heard that.

Lewis: You haven't heard that first album he made with a piano? The only album he ever made with a piano player?

Jones: I haven't heard that one yet. I would really enjoy listening to it. Was he playing the plastic saxophone then?

Lewis: Yeah! And he played some music on that. . . . See, I heard Ornette Coleman sit in when I was, like, 16 years old. I heard him down at the union sit in with a union band and heard him play Bird solos. I mean as far as I could tell, they were Bird solos. You know how cats go through studying a guy. Ornette Coleman really studied Bird—a lot, man.

Jones: I studied Bird myself.

Lewis: It's very easy to look at somebody and say, well, this cat's a drag because he's doing this. But I'm trying now to try looking at cats and see how much good I can get out of 'em.

Jones: Of course.

Lewis: I'm sayin' the most good I can get out of Carm. . . . Ornette Coleman is that his solos, his melodies. . .

Jones: Are original.

Lewis: . . . are beautiful pieces of music to play on your instrument.

Jones: I agree with that. I played some on my instrument myself. That's as far as I got. After that. . .

Lewis: But you did see some good out of it.

Jones: Of course, I saw good. There's good in everything. But the point is: I want to know where jazz is.

Bailey: Well, what do you think of John Coltrane? I think he has a much better command of music and the instrument than Ornette has.

Jones: You know why? Because John Coltrane is another kind of musician. He went through the other thing first.

Houston: Could it be that it goes back to the same thing that we were talking about, like the actual standards of musicians in New York City as far as creativity. . .

Jones: Also follow-the-leader.

Houston: . . . It's there. Probably if you had listened to jazz in New York City like you listen to it here—in other words, if you were living there—it would probably be more understandable to you. It would be natural to you. More so than like coming out cold and just hearing it. In other words, if you were around it, there'd be a chance for you to understand more of it. Because I notice the instrumentalists that have come out here from New York, they sound like they're in another dimension really.

Jones: You mean in choice of notes?

Houston: No.

Lewis: No. It's not a choice of notes. It's like a freedom of spirit, man, it's like a *love* of music that's above all, that's above anything, man.

Houston: They're improvising a little different.

Jones: They're *improvising* different?

Houston: Sure.

Jones: They're using different kinds of chords?

Houston: Well, they're using different combinations of chords.

Jones: Different combinations of chords. I've got just one thing to say about that: there's no such thing. Because they've already played those chords a long time ago. Bird played 'em a long time ago.

Houston: Yeah, well, okay, sorry. But you're missing what I'm saying.

Jones: I'm saying what you just said!

Houston: They have developed what has already been played.

Jones: Developed it.

Houston: Yeah.

Jones: Bird wasn't developed, then.

Houston: Oh, no! I'm saying they're still developing things that Bird did.

Jones: They're still developing things that he did.

Houston: In other words, not from what Bird did, but from that era.

Jones: From that era.

Houston: Yeah.

Jones: I see what you mean. Now . . . what next? Is it going to be music or is it going to be *sounds*?

Houston: I don't see how you can separate the two.

Bailey: But talking about jazz—how much farther out can it get?

Houston: Wait a minute now. We're going to sound like the old swingers when Bud Powell and them came along. We're going to sound the same way that they sounded.

Jones: Why shouldn't we?

Houston: Why *should* we? If you have a good, healthy mind, you're supposed to change. A really healthy mind changes every day.

Jones: It's natural.

Houston: When a situation is proven that it's better, or a development on what was already done, you're supposed to *make* it.

Jones: Hmm. Fine. So we gonna talk like that, huh?

Houston: Yeah. Definitely.

Jones: Okay. That's good. These musicians that we just mentioned—Charlie Parker and Bud Powell—were great musicians. They had all kinds of background. They delved into all kinds of music.

Houston: Right. Correct.

Jones: Okay. I want you to find me some young musicians coming up—just like we are—that can go and sit down and cut something like Ravel's things or something like that. Could you do it?

Houston: No.

Jones: I can't either. Can you do it, Herbie?

Lewis: Uh-huh. No.



Houston: But the fact still remains. . . .

Jones: Can we sit here and talk about these. . . ?

Houston: Well, could those fellas sit back there, the fellas that were before Charlie Parker and those guys, could they all. . . ?

Jones: Of course, they could.

Houston: All of 'em could do it, huh?

Jones: Not all, maybe.

Houston: Well, I mean there're some that can do that now.

Jones: Yeah, but the percentage is much lower.

Houston: I don't know. I wouldn't say that.

Lewis: Stop right there. I can name you bass players: Ron Carter . . . Paul Chambers . . . Richard Davis.

Bailey: Well, here's the thing: See, bass has advanced technically. So has drums. Well, all the instruments have advanced technically over the past 20 years. The things that Scott LaFaro played—15 years ago they would have thought that was ridiculous. A lot of people do it now.

Jones: They're able to play it now. But is the fact still: is it going to be music or is it going to be *sound*?

Houston: It's going to go further than it is, certainly.

Jones: I know that the thing is progressing, and we're going to the moon and so forth. What kind of music are we going to play up there?

Lewis: When we go up to the moon, and we see people walk around that are purple, or something like that, and they're walking around upside down, I know damn well we're going to start playing some . . . ah . . .

Jones: Upside-down music. Playing noise.

Lewis: No! Now wait a minute. We don't say it's noise 'cause we don't know. But we're going to be playing something that's conducive to the environment.

Jones: What if noise is conducive to the environment?

Lewis: Then it's going to be noise. But we won't call it noise.

Jones: Why not?

Lewis: Listen, when you use the word noise. . . .

Jones: Do you know what noise is?

Lewis: Do *you* know what noise is?

Jones: I know what noise is.

Houston: Irregular vibrations.

Jones: That's right. What's music?

Houston: Regular vibrations in a controlled manner, according to the dictionary.

Lewis: I've got to go get me a dictionary and start checking it out.

Houston: I remember when Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie had that quintet together, and they came out with *Bebop* and *Shaw Nuff* and all those things. I heard older musicians say, "Aw, that's a bunch of noise; all you have to do is play chromatics." All that kind of stuff. I heard *musicians* say this; well, supposedly.

Jones: Are we saying the same thing?

Houston: That's what you're saying: "Ornette Coleman is no good. . . ."

Jones: I'm *not* saying Ornette Coleman is no good. I love this musician.

Houston: Not the musicians, the *music*.

Jones: Well, I love the musician and music. First of all, you've got to have the musicians to have the music.

Houston: We had discussed that before. I wanted to make sure that we'd. . . .

Jones: Yeah, we discussed it. But I know right where I am, because I took time to listen to almost everything.

Lewis: Well, you said Ornette's music is frustrated.

Jones: That's not what I said.

Lewis: Oh, please! What did you say about Ornette's music?

Jones: His is beautiful, is what I just

said.

Lewis: After he plays it, what do you call it?

Jones: After he plays his *composition* and starts ad libbing. . . .

Lewis: It's frustration?

Jones: We don't know if it's frustration or not.

Lewis: What did you *say* it was?

Jones: What does it *sound* like?

Lewis: What did you *say* it was?

Jones: What does it sound like to *me*? It sounds like frustration to me. I may be wrong.

Houston: Well, we're having frustrating times.

Lewis: Oh, we sure *are*. We got the Bomb. Every day you pick up the paper and they're threatening to bomb you.

Houston: If we were playing just cool, we wouldn't be in keeping with the times. Who played more than Charlie Parker and Bud Powell? They were *exciting*. Who in the world played more than those people?

Lewis: Who's playing more than them . . . today? I can name you guys who haven't played any *less*.

Jones: Name one.

Lewis: Okay. Sonny Rollins.

Jones: Hasn't played *less* music?

Lewis: Ah-hah. In my estimation he has not played less music than those cats. And Miles Davis.

Jones: What I'm speaking of is *value* of the music. Who's played more?

Lewis: Value?

Jones: Yes. Isn't there value in music? Which one? Less or more.

Lewis: I'm naming musicians that haven't played any *less* as far as *value* is concerned.

Bailey: They were playing according to the times. This is another era.

Jones: Where did Ornette come from? Is Ornette doing the same thing as Duke is doing? Duke is 90 years old. □

Teaching Jazz In College

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

(Reprinted from Down Beat magazine)

EXPANSION is the keynote of jazz in educational institutions. In recent years it has been expanding at a hare-like rate, and this proliferation has continued during the last year at an even more rapid pace.

The increasing number of college stage bands offers a never-before-available advantage to the aspiring jazz musician. Well-run programs offer much experience to the young musician, and it is often remarked by professionals that they wish they had had the opportunities now available.

According to statistics just released by the National Educational Services, Inc., there are at least 6,500 high-school stage bands in the United States. In an area breakdown the following statistics were achieved:

The mid-Atlantic states of Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey, which, accounting for 19.2 percent of the U.S. population, had 10.7 percent of the existing stage bands; the west-north-central states of Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska, and the Dakotas, totaling 8.2 percent of the population, had 12.6 percent of the stage bands; the east-north-central states of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, registering 20.2 percent of the population, had 24.1 percent of the bands; the mountain states from Wyoming through Colorado to Arizona, with 3.9 percent of the population, had 11 percent of the bands; and the west-south-central states of Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, and Arkansas, with 9.5 percent of the population had 15.4 percent of the bands.

Many large population areas are weak in music-education programs across the board and, expectedly, weak in stage bands.

On the level of the individual states, Illinois leads with 9.6 percent of the stage bands, Texas ranks second with 8.8 percent, Ohio is third with 4.9 percent, Colorado fifth with 4.5 percent, Oklahoma sixth with 4 percent, and California seventh with 3.7 percent.

Jazz has come into colleges by a reverse of the usual educational tendencies. Under the usual procedures, some fact occurs in the work-a-day world that nudges the colleges into the production of a certain specialty or emphasis. This nudge is transmitted on from colleges to high schools and then to grade schools.

This normal process was followed in the Sputnik craze. Russia was the first into space. Panic produced a crash program for more and better-trained scientists. The colleges responded with beefed-up programs in science that in turn caused a revamping of the high-school science curriculum, which in its turn forced a richer and better mathematics preparation on the grade school. This procedure, while not always so breathless, has been the usual educational and curricular process.

In the study of jazz the process was almost the opposite. The first signs of a developing stage-band program came from the high schools. Most colleges, especially the conservatory-oriented ones, looked upon jazz as a corruption of their music programs. High-school directors began the

stage-band process, and then as their students graduated into colleges they exerted pressure on college music departments and their teachers. College and university jazz labs came into existence.

It might be expected that those areas that are rich in high-school stage-band programs might be the richest also in college jazz bands.

A certain correlation does exist. For example, many of the colleges in the Midwest and in the Southwest have stage bands. However, a lag develops in the percentages. On the other hand, California has a much greater percentage of colleges with stage bands than the high-school figures might suggest.

One explanation lies in the increased mobility of the college student. He is willing to travel to go to college, and at the same time, if he is really interested in jazz experience, he will gravitate to the colleges that offer complete jazz curriculums. A negative correlation certainly exists in that areas and states weak in high-school stage bands have few colleges with jazz-lab programs.

Another factor entering into the stage-band proliferation stems from the lack of training grounds once available to the aspiring jazzman. With clubs failing and with local and territory bands so much a thing of the past, the younger musicians of today are more and more getting their training in schools. The demise of the big bands has engendered the rise of the jazz workshop in the colleges.

In some ways this is an improvement, since the musician can become more rounded. His training is more organized, and he learns music as a whole while he concentrates on jazz. As a substitute though, the college lab doesn't measure up in some ways to the old apprenticeship. There usually is not the frequency of performance that gives needed experience and endurance.

A QUICK SURVEY of existing college programs might divide them into three categories that would be mutually exclusive.

First, a distinction should be made between the curricular program and the extracurricular program. The trend today is toward a much fuller inclusion of the jazz program into the formal, accredited curriculum of the music school. Currently, however, the number of extracurricular groups far outweighs the curricular.

In most of the European-oriented, conservatory style of music schools jazz is still a four-letter word. While maintaining their position with lofty logic concerning the function of a college music education, the administrators of such schools lay down a smoke screen based on fear. The fear is not recognized, but it exists. Perhaps it would be better to say a feeling of incompetence instead of fear.

The typical university band director knows little of jazz—jazz rhythms, phrasing, and improvisation. In order not to teach it he will frequently state that this is not worthwhile music or that the music his concert band performs is of much more value. The typical university theory instruc-

'While much progress has been made in selling jazz and in dissolving prejudice, there is still much to be done to establish a solid philosophy of jazz in education. If the case can be presented logically and forcefully, jazz will be accepted.'

tor knows little of jazz harmonies, arranging techniques, and improvisation. In order not to teach it he will talk about the greater depth of classical music or the complexities of modern compositional techniques and modern forms.

Whatever the rationalization, the result is the same. Today the most commonly found jazz in colleges exists as a student-inspired or student-demanded thing. The school will recognize the jazz band but will look upon it as the poor stepchild of the music department. It may appoint a faculty sponsor; it may allow the band director or some other teacher to give his free time to the program, but it never really accepts it and brings it into the house with the rest of the children.

In a second category are college jazz programs that are developing or completed. There are some advantages in each. In the developing program, jazz usually is new in the school. It is fighting for its share of attention, and this fight bestows a definite spirit on the groups. Such a program can offer greater opportunities to the student. Since the school has not yet built a reputation in the jazz education field, the student will have more opportunities to perform.

On the other side of the coin, the school will not usually attract the same caliber of student as the more established school, so the level of experience may be down. While less competition will assure a student a place more easily, he will not be stimulated by those around him as much. On the plus side, the developing school will usually present the student with more of an opportunity to develop his talents in improvisation and composition.

The school with the completed program offers the student, besides the increased competition, a more rounded program of instruction than the developing school.

Another advantage is that the college with the completed program may have jazz specialists on its music faculty. The faculty will be more experienced and will not be dividing its time between the jazz program and other duties.

The third division would be between the professional jazz school and the typical university music programs in which the education is spread over the entire field of music.

If the student is trying to decide which college to go to for his jazz training, he must first decide in which direction he wishes to go. Does he primarily want to be a music educator or a playing professional? After giving this point consideration, the type of program offered by the school will be important.

SINCE THIS WHOLE program is relatively new, there are still many problems facing the college music educator in this field. While much progress has been made in selling jazz and in dissolving prejudice, there is still much to be done to establish a solid philosophy of jazz in education. If the case can be presented logically and forcefully, jazz will be accepted.

One of the problems at the administrative level is the

already crowded schedule. Since the Russians outraced this nation into space, the entire educational world has become engulfed in an upward spiral of requirements. Higher and higher standards are becoming the by-word. The states are upping their teacher requirements, and the colleges must prepare their students to meet the state requirements. First, more professional education courses are required and then more depth in professional music preparation.

Music curriculums are notorious for their accumulation of small courses that clutter and crowd the student's day. The students get swept up in this spiral. More and more demands are made on their time. Organizations vie with one another to attract the talented student.

The complicated thing is that it is usually the best students who want to do everything. They want to learn jazz, but they also want to play in the university symphony or in the concert band. Directors of these organizations want them, and they are caught in a musical tug-of-war. No readily adaptable solution can be seen for this situation, and it will certainly continue for the foreseeable future and perhaps even worsen.

One of the most difficult problems facing the administrators of a college jazz lab is the question of its direction. A teleological philosophy must be arrived at.

Is the program going to be primarily a developmental one? That is, one geared primarily at producing professional jazzmen, one whose avowed purpose is to provide the student with as much of a varied experience as possible.

Jazzmen Stan Kenton (l) and Tommy Gumina (r) are among the many professional musicians devoted to jazz education.



Or is the program going to be aimed at merely giving the student a smattering of jazz experience and rather extensive musical knowledge across the board? Is the program's primary intent to train music educators, people who can teach stage-band programs? To what extent is experimentation going to enter the program? Is the program going to be merely a rehash of the past, swinging though it may be?

It is of vital importance that the goal of the program be firmly decided. The answer to those questions will determine the approaches used, the methods followed, the repertoire studied, the amount of performance given. In short, if the question is not answered, the program will flounder for a while but will wither eventually. Which direction to take is arguable; the necessity for having a direction, and of implementing it, is not.

Another problem facing the college jazz scene is that of personnel.

Most of the current instrumental directors in college work lack the necessary training to handle a stage band, presuming they want to. Many colleges are not in a financial position to add an instructor strictly for the jazz program.

A vicious circle becomes apparent here. If there are not enough interested and talented students, there will not be the need or justification for a specialized jazz faculty. Without the specialized jazz faculty, there will not be a complete and working jazz program. Without the complete program and the faculty, talented students will not be attracted to the school, and the circle starts again. There are ways to break out of the circle, however, and they must be found by the individual school.

Yet another problem of personnel is that once a school begins to function well and to attract relatively large numbers of students, the personnel may become unbalanced.

There generally will be an oversupply of drummers and trumpet players, while trombonists and bassists will be in demand. There is a ready injustice here. A saxophonist or trombonist will gain much more experience playing regularly than a drummer who must split his chair with three or four others. How is the personnel to be balanced and how are the educational obligations to the instrumentalists who are in oversupply to be satisfied?

What is to be the official policy with regard to the participation of outsiders, noncollege musicians in the bands?

Is it really a college program if it includes a fairly large number of local professionals?

Would it be better to give the students the experience that would come from producing the best band they themselves can or to raise the level of the group and give the students perhaps a deeper experience by having professionals in some of the key chairs?

One thing that certainly must be corrected is the use of professional "ringers" in college bands when they compete in various college festivals as college bands.

The college jazz program must avoid an academic ivory-tower approach to its program. This is a constant danger in all fields of college activity. The value of purely speculative research, thinking, and projects is not to be denied. But speculation must never be divorced from practical reality. It has long been a philosophical axiom that the speculative man is in the long run the most practical man.

The college jazz lab must keep in mind that we do not live in a beautiful make-believe world. The staffs should keep in mind that most of the livings made in the music profession today are made in the popular and jazz fields. They must shake themselves out of the all-engrossing ethereal utopia that is too often bred in colleges.

They must be aware of the esthetic and artistic problems involved with the "new things." There must be a constant

searching and development. However, it must never be so completely severed from its roots that it loses its artistic integrity. To cultivate the new for the sake of the new is extremely dangerous. The valid rebels in art have been in reality those who have not cut all ties with the past but those who have taken giant steps forward, skipping the mundane intermediary steps, while yet being conscious of the past, their debt to it, and the necessity to build on it.

The faddists, the nihilists, the destructionists in the arts have inevitably perished. The answer for the universities is a tolerant, guiding control on the part of the faculty. Music as an art is extremely personal and free, and yet the basis of valid art is extremely restricting and demanding.

THE WHOLE PROBLEM of direction, of method, and of value in the college jazz scene is quite controversial. Stan Kenton has been quoted as saying the future of jazz, at least big-band jazz, lies in the colleges. His statement has been disagreed with on many fronts. A formal and directed education in jazz is of value, yet many professionals will look askance at the collegiate programs and speak of "useless educational garbage." They say the only way to learn jazz is to get in a band or combo and learn by experience and by the making of mistakes the way they did. There is no simple answer to this or to any of the problems raised above. However, if there are going to be college jazz programs and if these programs are going to achieve whatever potential they have, these questions must be met and answered.

The situation now in our colleges looks good. There are increasing numbers of programs. The programs in existence are becoming better, as the performances at festivals such as the Collegiate Jazz Festival have indicated.

What will happen to college jazz in the future? The following events or trends can be predicted:

There will be an increase in the number of curricular programs as college administrators become more aware of the value of jazz and less prejudiced.

In the schools that have only rehearsal bands there will be a tendency to develop more rounded programs with the inclusion of instruction in jazz theory and arranging and improvisation. This will occur first by way of encouragement by the directors toward the production of original works and then by the formation of classes.

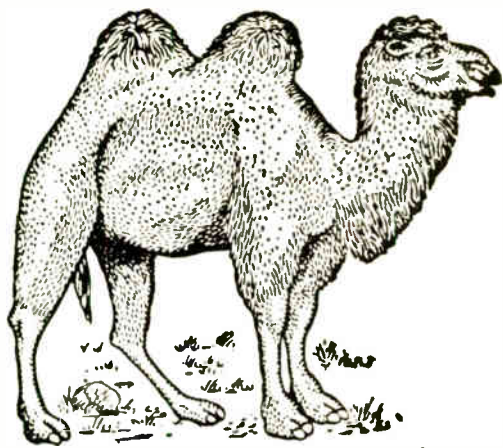
There will be more emphasis on the developmental experimentation. The trend will be away from the rehashing of the past toward new things. This should be a healthy trend although there are bound to be many frivolous adventures that will be stillborn. The day may well come when the new trends in jazz will be found on the college campuses and move from there into the professional world.

There will be more emphasis on guided and formalized combo training along with the big bands. Once the big bands are firmly established, the better soloists will push for greater expressive freedom, which will give rise to guided combo experience.

There will be an increasing interest in the college programs by the professionals, both as areas for altruistic help and as recruiting stations to staff their bands and combos.

There will be more influence exerted by the college jazz workshops on the professional jazz world. As more college-trained jazzmen find their ways into the professional ranks, more of the ideas, procedures, and trends, now limited to the colleges, will be felt in the professional world.

This is the state of jazz in the college world today and perhaps tomorrow. By and large it is a healthy infant with an almost unlimited potential for growth if the current enthusiasm is correctly guided. It is up to those involved to provide adequate guidance. □



Bactrian Camel. (100)

camel walk

Woody Herman celebrated his 25th year as a bandleader in 1963 by turning much of the jazz world on its collective ear with one of the freshest big bands to come along in some time. Tagged the Swingin' Herd—in order to differentiate it from the numerous other Herds the clarinetist has led during his career—the band is made up of excellent musicians, most of whom are young; and as always, there are certain key members, among them trumpeter Bill Chase.

Many critics have attributed much of the band's spark and drive to Chase's forceful lead work (the trumpeter also plays what he calls the "screech" parts and often solos, but it is his lead work that has been most often cited). Chase is a skilled arranger as well as instrumentalist, and one of Herman's most exciting arrangements is a Chase original, *Camel Walk*, the score of which begins on the next page.

Born in Boston, Mass., Chase attended the Berklee school of music in that city, majoring in trumpet and composition. Like other Berklee students, he gained his first real arranging experience with Boston's Herb Pomeroy Band. In 1957 Chase joined Maynard Ferguson's band and stayed for a year and a half, after which he worked a few months with Stan Kenton. He joined Herman in 1959.

The theme for *Camel Walk*, which is a medium-tempo blues, was written before Chase joined Herman, but the trumpeter put it into its current form for a Herman appearance at New York City's Metropole Cafe, because, he said, he felt the band needed a new screaming arrangement somewhat in the vein of the 1945 band's *Blowin' Up a Storm*.

The composition is scored for five trumpets, three trombones, three tenor saxophones, baritone saxophone, and three rhythm, plus Herman's solo clarinet. There is a feeling of 12/8 from the introduction to two bars before E, when the tenor soloist breaks into 4/4. At R the 12/8 feeling is re-established.

"Other than the screech part, which is optional," Chase said, "the arrangement is not hard for range. The difficulty is more a matter of endurance."

The Herman band's recording of *Camel Walk* is included in the album *Woody Herman—1963* (Philips 200-065). The composition is copyrighted by Woodrow Music and is reproduced through the courtesy of the publisher and the composer.



JIM TAYLOR

CHASE



HERMAN

CAMEL WALK

Musical score for the first system of "Camel Walk". The score includes staves for Bass, Drums, Piano, Bass, Drums, Tenors, Bari., Bongos, Piano, Bass, and Drums. The piano part features a melodic line with a "LATCHED 2ND" annotation. The drums provide a steady rhythmic accompaniment.

Musical score for the second system of "Camel Walk". This system includes staves for Tenors, Bari., Bongos, Piano, Bass, Drums, Ten. I, Piano, Bass, Drums, Ten. I, Piano, Bass, and Drums. The piano part continues with a melodic line, and the drums maintain the rhythmic pattern. Annotations include "Solo Basso" and "Tenor Solo".

Musical score for the third system of "Camel Walk". This system includes staves for Ten. I, II, III, Bari., Ten. I, II, III, Bongos, Piano, Bass, and Drums. The piano part features a melodic line with a "Blues" annotation. The drums provide a steady rhythmic accompaniment.

Handwritten musical score for the first system, featuring staves for Tenor I, Trumpets, Bones, Piano, Bass, and Drums. The notation includes rhythmic patterns and melodic lines. A handwritten note "BLUES" is visible in the Piano part.

TEN. I
TRPTS.
BONES
PIANO
BASS
DRUMS

Handwritten musical score for the second system, featuring staves for Tenor I, Tenor II, Baritone, Trumpet I, Trumpet II, Trumpet III, Trumpet IV, Trumpet V, Bones I, Bones II, Bones III, Clarinet, Piano, Bass, and Drums. The notation includes rhythmic patterns and melodic lines. A handwritten note "BLUES" is visible in the Piano part. A handwritten note "OPTIONAL CTR TRPT. SOLO IF NO CLAR." is also present.

TEN. I
II
III
BARI.
TRPT. I
II
III
IV
V
BONE I
II
III
CLAR.
PIANO
BASS
DRUMS

OPTIONAL CTR TRPT. SOLO IF NO CLAR.

BLUES

Handwritten musical score for the third system, featuring staves for Baritone, Trumpet I, Trumpet II, Trumpet III, Bones I, Bones II, Bones III, Clarinet, Piano, Bass, and Drums. The notation includes rhythmic patterns and melodic lines. A handwritten note "BLUES" is visible in the Piano part.

BARI.
TRPT. I
II
III
BONE I
II
III
CLAR.
PIANO
BASS
DRUMS

BLUES

CAMEL WALK

Handwritten musical score for the first system of "Camel Walk". The instruments listed on the left are:

- BARI. (Baritone)
- TRPT. I (Trumpet I)
- II (Trumpet II)
- III (Trumpet III)
- IV (Trumpet IV)
- BONE I (Bone I)
- II (Bone II)
- III (Bone III)
- CLAR. (Clarinet)
- PIANO (Piano)
- BASS (Bass)
- DRUMS (Drums)

The score consists of 8 measures. The first four measures show a rhythmic pattern with various notes and rests. The last four measures show a similar pattern with some changes in the brass section.

Handwritten musical score for the second system of "Camel Walk". The instruments listed on the left are:

- TENORS (Tenors)
- BARI. (Baritone)
- TRPT. I (Trumpet I)
- II (Trumpet II)
- III (Trumpet III)
- IV (Trumpet IV)
- BONE I (Bone I)
- II (Bone II)
- III (Bone III)
- CLAR. (Clarinet)
- PIANO (Piano)
- BASS (Bass)
- DRUMS (Drums)

The score consists of 8 measures. The first four measures show a rhythmic pattern with various notes and rests. The last four measures show a similar pattern with some changes in the brass section. There are handwritten annotations "H UNIS." and "OPEN" in the score.

Handwritten musical score for the third system of "Camel Walk". The instruments listed on the left are:

- TEN. I (Tenor I)
- II (Tenor II)
- III (Tenor III)
- BARI. (Baritone)
- TRPT. I (Trumpet I)
- II (Trumpet II)
- III (Trumpet III)
- IV (Trumpet IV)
- BONE I (Bone I)
- II (Bone II)
- III (Bone III)
- CLAR. (Clarinet)
- PIANO (Piano)
- BASS (Bass)
- DRUMS (Drums)

The score consists of 8 measures. The first four measures show a rhythmic pattern with various notes and rests. The last four measures show a similar pattern with some changes in the brass section. There are handwritten annotations "F. BASS" and "BACK BEAT" in the score.

Handwritten musical score for the first system, featuring tenor, baritone, trumpet, bone, piano, bass, and drums. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

TEN. I
 II
 III
 BARI.
 TRPT. I
 II
 III
 IV
 V
 BONE I
 II
 III
 PIANO
 BASS
 DRUMS

Handwritten musical score for the second system, continuing the tenor, baritone, trumpet, bone, piano, bass, and drums parts. This system includes a section labeled "12 Bar Blues" for the piano, bass, and drums.

TEN. I
 II
 III
 BARI.
 TRPT. I
 II
 III
 IV
 V
 BONE I
 II
 III
 PIANO
 BASS
 DRUMS

Handwritten musical score for the third system, featuring tenor, baritone, trumpet, bone, piano, bass, and drums. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

TEN. I
 II
 BARI.
 TRPT. I
 BONE I
 II
 PIANO
 BASS
 DRUMS

Handwritten musical score for the fourth system, featuring tenor, baritone, bone, piano, bass, and drums. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

TEN. II
 TRPT. II
 BONE II
 II
 PIANO
 BASS
 DRUMS

Handwritten musical score for the first system, featuring staves for Tenors, Baritone, Trumpets, Trombones, Piano, Bass, and Drums. The notation includes various musical symbols, clefs, and dynamic markings. The piano part includes the instruction "BLUES" and the bass part includes "BLUES". The drums part includes "HONK IT".

Handwritten musical score for the second system, featuring staves for Tenors, Baritone, Trumpets, Trombones, Piano, Bass, and Drums. The notation includes various musical symbols, clefs, and dynamic markings. The piano part includes the instruction "BLUES" and the bass part includes "BLUES". The drums part includes "STRONG AND BEST".

Handwritten musical score for the third system, featuring staves for Tenors, Baritone, Trumpets, Trombones, Piano, Bass, and Drums. The notation includes various musical symbols, clefs, and dynamic markings. The piano part includes the instruction "BLUES" and the bass part includes "BLUES". The drums part includes "STRONG AND BEST".

CAMEL WALK

JAZZ BASICS *from page 78*

at first seemed doomed to musical failure. Unfortunately, his playing is sometimes disconnected, sputtering off on tangents, but this happens seldom on *The Amazing Bud Powell*.

There are three takes of *Un Poco Loco*, and they serve to show how the pianist alters and shapes his playing till he gets the final version, one of his finest pieces of work. This 1951 trio session (with Max Roach and Curly Russell) also produced the two versions of *A Night in Tunisia* and *Parisian Thoroughfare* included in the album. An earlier trio (Tommy Potter and drummer Roy Haynes) is heard on *Ornithology*, recorded in 1949.

There are four 1949 quintet tracks—*Dance of the Infidels*, *52nd Street Theme*, *Wail*, and *Bouncing with Bud*—that feature trumpeter Fats Navarro and tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins, themselves musicians not without influence. In addition to some boiling Powell work, the tracks offer fetching examples of Navarro's long, melodic phrases and Rollins' sometimes brusque early work.

The album also includes a lovely unaccompanied Powell version of *It Could Happen to You*.

Further recommendations: *The Bud Powell Trio* (Fantasy 6006) was partly recorded at the 1953 Massey Hall concert (see DIZZY GILLESPIE) with the pianist accompanied by Charlie Mingus and Roach. Though Powell's playing is not quite up to his work with the quintet at the concert, there are several high points in the album—*Cherokee*, *Jubilee (Hallelujah)*, *My Devotion*, *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*, and *Embraceable You*.

The second volume of *The Amazing Bud Powell* (Blue Note 1504) is made up of trio tracks; some of the titles are *Glass Enclosure*, *Reets and I*, *Autumn in New York*, another version of *Ornithology*, *Audrey*, and *Col-lard Greens and Black-Eye Peas*.

Another equally rewarding Powell album is *Moods* (Verve 8154), primarily a ballad collection, with extended Powell interpretations of such romantic staples as *The Last Time I Saw Paris*, *Just One of Those Things*, *A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square*; and his own compositions *Parisian Thoroughfare*, *Oblivion*, *Dusk in Sandi*, *Hallucinations*, and *The Fruit*. Powell's playing is muscular and fluent, with his tendency towards lush romanticism vying with the lithe, coursing urgency of his more linear style. Romanticism triumphs, save for a pair of brilliant performances on *Tea for Two* and *Hallelujah*, which are demonstrations of Powell's art at its highest. On the ballads Powell is

seconded by bassist Ray Brown and drummer Buddy Rich; his originals are piano solos.

ERROLL GARNER, *Concert by the Sea* (Columbia 883)

Though Garner has not been as far reaching an influence as Bud Powell, his mark is evident on a number of pianists, and even on some organists, such as Jimmy Smith.

Like Powell, Garner came into prominence in the '40s; and, again similar to Powell, he incorporated some of the bop characteristics with devices used by older pianists, evolving something highly personal. In fact, there probably is not a more easily recognized pianist than Garner; his puckish playing laced with good humor, the four-beat left-hand offset by lagging figures in the right, and his use of tremolo are just a few well-known Garner characteristics.

Garner's sense of time is impeccable, and he is at his best on slow ballads or medium-rock tunes. He can be romantic when the occasion calls, often getting quite impressionistic, particularly when he plays ad lib passages without accompaniment. On the other hand, his playing often takes on a rhythmic jaggedness. At times he mixes rib-tickling, single-note lines, which seem pulled from the piano by brute force, with ground swells of roaring passages.

The album listed, made at a 1955 concert in Carmel, Calif., has the aforementioned characteristics in abundance. The imagination of the pianist works at fever pitch practically every moment of the playing time.

Especially noteworthy is Garner's work on *Autumn Leaves*, *Teach Me Tonight* (a strutting version of a 1955 pop tune), *They Can't Take That away from Me*, and *Where and When*.

His unobtrusive accompanists are Eddie Calhoun, bass, and Denzil Best, drums.

Further recommendations: Though no other Garner album sustains the level of inspiration evident in *Concert by the Sea*, a recent reissue titled *The Best of Garner* (Mercury 20803) contains several excellent tracks, among them *Scatterbrain*, *A Cottage for Sale* (an unaccompanied solo), and *I've Got the World on a String*.

WOODY HERMAN, *The Thundering Herds* (Columbia C3L-25)

STAN KENTON, *Kenton in Hi-Fi* (Capitol 724)

As it turned out, the big-band era—and the social conditions that spawned it—ended soon after World War II. But before the era's and the war's end,

two exceptional bands came to the fore, those of Woody Herman and Stan Kenton. Both leaders have continued to keep big bands going, sometimes unsuccessfully, through most of the years since their first popularity.

The Herman three-LP set covers the development of his first Herd (which first recorded in early 1945) to the beginning of his second (late 1947).

The 1945 band was an electrifying one, with exceptional soloists in trombonist Bill Harris and trumpeter Sonny Berman and a more-than-adequate one in tenor saxophonist Flip Phillips. Later the tasteful vibraharpist, Red Norvo, was added to the list of soloists. But the band's greatest assets were its original rhythm section (Ralph Burns, piano; Billy Bauer, guitar; Chubby Jackson, bass; and Dave Tough, drums, who was later replaced by the excellent Don Lamond), its blazing brass, and, above all, its spirit.

The band was a mixture of Basie, Lunceford, Ellington, and bop—with more than a dash of Eddie Sauter and Igor Stravinsky. Most arrangements—those that were not "heads"—were written by Burns and trumpeter Neal Hefti.

There had been a Herman band since the late '30s, but it was a semi-Dixieland outfit and did not compare with the 1945 band. The Herd's first recording session was its best and produced such exceptional performances as *Caldonia* (which was highlighted by a 24-bar unison trumpet soli that is said to have inspired Stravinsky to compose *Ebony Concerto* for the band), *Goosey Gander*, *Apple Honey*, and *Northwest Passage*. Later sessions were not quite as inspired, though they produced such tracks as *The Good Earth*, *Bijou*, *Blowin' Up a Storm*, *Sidewalks of Cuba*, *Wild Root*, *Panacea*, *Your Father's Mustache*, *Everywhere*, and *With Someone New*.

Included in the album are several very well-done tracks by a Herman small band that was a combination of bop and swing played by Norvo, Berman, Harris, and Phillips.

Burns, who became the band's major arranger, also tried his hand at extended composition. Two of these compositions, *Lady McGowan's Dream* and *Summer Sequence* are included; the latter is much the more successful.

The second Herd, sometimes referred to as the Four Brothers band, is not as well represented in the album as is the first. But there are included several fine examples of this second band, which featured a sax section made up of three tenors and baritone: *Keen and Peachy*; a portion of *Summer Sequence* that was to evolve into

Early Autumn; *Four Brothers*; *The Goof and I*; and *I've Got News for You*, which was arranged by one of the trumpeters, Shorty Rogers, who wrote out a Charlie Parker blues chorus for the sax section.

The second Herd was more bop-oriented than the first and included in its sax section men who were to make a great impression in the jazz world: tenorists Stan Getz and Zoot Sims and baritonist Serge Chaloff.

Kenton, who began his bandleading career in 1941, took a different tack than Herman or any of the other big-band leaders; all Kenton's bands incorporated within the basic jazz setting the leader's respect for formal composers such as Stravinsky and Ravel.

Heavy with brass, the various Kenton bands have performed a large body of music composed specifically for Kenton's organizations, including several attempts at extended composition. Kenton has championed certain composers (Pete Rugolo and Bob Graettinger) and causes (Latin-influenced jazz) in the face of sometimes heated criticism. But no matter what his turn of mind at any given moment, Kenton always has hired excellent jazzmen to work in his bands—men such as Art Pepper, Charlie Mariano, Bud Shank, Lee Konitz, Bill Perkins, Zoot Sims, Conte Candoli, Maynard Ferguson, Ray Wetzel, Frank Rosolino, Kai Winding, Eddie Sefranski, Shelly Manne, and Mel Lewis.

The album listed consists of remakes of several of his most popular recorded performances: *Artistry in Rhythm*, *Interlude*, *Intermission Riff*, *Minor Riff*, *Collaboration*, *Painted Rhythm*, *Southern Scandal*, *The Peanut Vendor*, *Eager Beaver*, *Concerto to End All Concertos*, *Artistry in Boogie*, *Lover*, and *Unison Riff*. They were re-recorded in 1956. Soloists include tenorist Vido Musso, who was with the band from 1945 to '47 and who re-created some of his earlier solos; trombonist Milt Bernhart; trumpeters Ferguson and Sam Noto; and altoist Lennie Niehaus.

It is perhaps the most typical Kenton record currently available.

Further recommendations: Some performances by Herman's second Herd, including *Early Autumn* and *Lemon Drop*, are in *The Hits of Woody Herman* (Capitol 1554), which also contains samplings of a later Herman band with such musicians as bass trumpeter Cy Touff and tenor saxophonist Richie Kamuca.

Though less typical of the Kenton approach than the recommended album, *Contemporary Concepts* (Capitol 666) and *Concert in Progressive Jazz* (Capitol 172) are better mu-

sically. The first-named is a 1955 collection made up mostly of standard tunes, arranged by Bill Holman, and features good solos by various members of the band, including altoist Mariano and tenorist Perkins. The *Concert* LP, cut in 1947, has original material by Rugolo and Graettinger and includes such titles as *Elegy for Alto*, *Lament*, *Thermopolae*, *Impressionism*, and *Monotony*. Pepper is particularly impressive on the tracks that feature his alto.

MILES DAVIS, *Birth of the Cool* (Capitol 1974)

GEORGE SHEARING / RED NORVO, *Midnight on Cloud 69* (Savoy 12093)

LEE KONITZ, *Subconscious-Lee* (Prestige 7250)

In the late '40s Miles Davis' bop-molded style moved more and more to the sparseness and simplicity of understatement, becoming progressively more introspective in character. Surrounding himself with a number of growing jazz voices (among them arranger Gil Evans, pianist John Lewis, and baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan), who felt as he the need for a more reflective, challenging approach to jazz composition that would achieve a fuller unity between composer and improviser without sacrificing either's freedom, the trumpeter assembled a nonet in 1949 to play the works these young composers would create not only for its instrumentation but also for its specific solo voices.

The group played only one public engagement, but it participated in several recording sessions for Capitol records. The recordings had a profound and far-reaching effect on jazz: the delicate, reflective sonorities of the instrumental blend; the unhurried, introspective mood of most of the compositions; and the general tenor of unruffled calm that the numbers evidenced influenced a raft of jazzmen (most notably the denizens of the West Coast, who were to spawn a whole school based in the Davis experiments).

The Davis nonet, its size placing it on the borders of both combo and big band, was in effect an offshoot of the Claude Thornhill Orchestra; two of the Thornhill band's arrangers, Evans and Mulligan, were prime forces in Davis' band of arrangers.

For several years Evans, as Thornhill's chief arranger, had considerably widened the tonal range of the average jazz-dance orchestra by the artful employment of French horn and tuba in the band's orchestrations, its sound, as a result, taking on a rich, burnished,

and decidedly cooler—or less "hot"—coloration.

Evans, Mulligan, Lewis, and trumpeter John Carisi (whose *Israel* was one of the nonet's finest achievements) carried these practices to their fullest use in their artful arrangements for the Davis unit. Chief among their accomplishments were the considerable expansion of tone colors open to the jazz group and the great variety of timbres that resulted; the production of a lighter, serene "floating" ensemble feeling; and the integration of the advances of bop into a fully ordered, homogenous approach of great attractiveness and charm. But perhaps even more notable was the freedom for exploration the recordings signaled.

At much the same time that the Davis group was being organized, another unit was also consolidating the advances of the boppers into a format that was to gain wide acceptance almost immediately, the George Shearing Quintet.

British-born Shearing was a more than capable bop-derived pianist, and the quintet's front-line harmonization and unison playing by Shearing, vibraharpist Margie Hyams, and guitarist Chuck Wayne of the group's themes were received with acclaim by the jazz public. The group had a light supple touch, its sonorities easy on the ear, the playing of its members facile.

Within a short time, however, critics labeled its work commercial and enervated—and not without reason, it must be added, for the group soon settled into the rut of formula playing, and everything it did was cast in the same mold.

The eight tracks from the first Shearing quintet recording date on the Savoy disc are exemplary samples of its airy, effervescent approach at its most effective.

Also on this album are four performances by the superb trio of vibraharpist Red Norvo, an apparently ageless musician who had weathered the rigors of New York jazz, the swing craze, and membership in Woody Herman's band, among other affiliations in a long career, before he formed his trio in 1950.

Employing the format of vibraharp, electric guitar, and bass, the trio was capable of generating the light, dulcet quality that such an instrumentation might suggest. The superb musicianship of its members (Norvo, guitarist Tal Farlow, and bassist Charlie Mingus) enabled it to transcend its supposed limitations and produce supple, entwining, ever-interesting musical mosaic work that often found Norvo and Farlow engaged in contrapuntal or unison playing, while Min-

gus furnished a powerfully propulsive but musically sensitive underlying drive. For all the delicacy, gentleness, and taste of its playing, the group was also one of the most musically satisfying small units of the post-bop years, with a rapport that was matchless.

Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz was a participant in the Davis nonet recordings, and his own recordings (as well as the more important but unavailable Capitol sides he made with his mentor, pianist Lennie Tristano) reflect his allegiance to their principles of harmonic density (so much so as to hint at a departure from strict tonality).

Konitz' dry, floating alto tone coupled with the architectonics of his playing give his work a detached, cold, mechanical quality, but considerable passion lurks beneath the surface. Much the same can be said for the work of pianist Tristano, who is heard on four of the recommended album's dozen selections.

Much of the pair's repertoire was made up of restructured and reharmonized standard tunes (*Subconscious-Lee* is a variant of *What Is This Thing Called Love?*, *Judy* is *Don't Blame Me*, and *Retrospection* is *These Foolish Things*, for example), which are in turn subjected to further reworking in the solos that follow hard on the union theme statements.

The long, untraveling lines of the altoist, pianist Tristano, guitarist Billy Bauer, and tenor saxophonist Warne Marsh heard on these selections found great favor with musicians, leading to a further consolidation of the so-called cool approach that had been initially—and perhaps best—stated by Davis in his remarkable nonet recordings.

Further recommendations: Prefiguring as they do the work of the Davis group, the arrangements by Gil Evans for the 1947-48 Claude Thornhill Band are important musical documents. *The Thornhill Sound* (Harmony 7088) is an excellent example of the band's work from this period, nine of the 10 selections being Evans' charts. Though the disc has been discontinued, it often shows up in record stores.

There are a number of attractive Konitz albums available on the Verve and Atlantic labels, among the better are *Tranquility* (Verve 8281) and *Lee Konitz with Warne Marsh* (Atlantic 1217).

An impressive disc by pianist-teacher Tristano is Atlantic 1224, which presents him in normal trio context, as well as in duets and trios with himself (thanks to tape overdubbing).

The Red Norvo Trio may be heard

to advantage on three fine discs on the Fantasy label, *The Red Norvo Trio* (3-19), *Red Norvo with Strings* (3218), and *Norvo Trios* (3244).

STAN GETZ, *Early Stan Getz* (Prestige 7255)

STAN GETZ-J. J. JOHNSON, *At the Opera House* (Verve 8490)

The lightness of the cool approach stemmed to great extent from the work of Lester Young. Of the several tenor saxophonists who based their styles in Young — and Charlie Parker — Getz was the most inspired. It was he who became the model for many aspiring tenor saxophonists in the late '40s, when he was one of the Four Brothers of Woody Herman fame, and the early '50s, when he polished his art to a high gloss with his own groups.

His early playing is more Lesterian than his later work, though the essentials of the Young style—lyricism, tripping grace, and long phrases wrapped in a light tone almost devoid of vibrato—are still heard in Getz. But where lesser musicians seemingly were content merely to imitate Young, Getz took Young more as a departure point and went on to develop his own manner of playing. Getz' command of the tenor saxophone and his remarkable ear, combined with what seems inherent taste and melodicism, make him one of the most remarkable musicians to grace jazz in the last 15 years.

The Prestige album is made up of material from two sessions, one a 1949 Terry Gibbs date, the other led by guitarist Jimmy Raney in 1954 when he was a member of Getz' quintet.

The early tracks show a very good, but still developing, Getz, and his short solos on *Michelle*, *T&S*, and *Cuddles* are unmistakably Youngish, though the influence of Parker is evident too.

The main body of the album is from the Raney date, however. The light, floating quality of the ensembles was characteristic of Getz' quintet at the time. On some of the tracks Raney and Getz indulge in a delicate interplay that bespeaks a warm empathy.

There are four performances: three exceptionally well-constructed Raney originals—*Motion*, *Lee*, and *Signal*—and Thelonious Monk's *'Round about Midnight*. The outstanding performance is *Midnight*, which has tasteful and tender solos by the two principals and bassist Red Mitchell. The other tracks are almost on the same par and contain some of the finest Getz and Raney of the period. Pianist Hall Overton and drummer Frank Isola round out the personnel.

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The album with trombonist Johnson was cut at a Jazz at the Philharmonic concert in 1957 and shows Getz' ability to fit in with whatever musical context he finds himself. Instead of the airiness of the quintet with Raney, this group is a straight-ahead blowing unit. The charged atmosphere brings out the fervid side of Getz; on the up-tempo *Billie's Bounce*, *Crazy Rhythm*, and *Blues in the Closet*, he plays with what seems limitless imagination, pouring forth chorus after chorus of driving, heated improvisations with marked ease. He retains this heat even in the ballad *It Never Entered My Mind* and the medium-tempoed *My Funny Valentine*.

Johnson can be called the father of modern trombone, for it was he who brought a prodigious facility to bear on the boppers' ideas—and the technical demands they brought forth—in the '40s and transferred them to the sometimes sluggish trombone. But in addition to superb technique, Johnson possesses a fertile musical imagination. His solos usually are agile models of construction, seldom cluttered with the unnecessary or the banal. Johnson is one of the most consistently rewarding jazzmen.

On the record with Getz he is in excellent form, playing with a heat that was sometimes missing from his playing in the early years. On the fast tunes his solos are enhanced by saucy, rapid-fire phrases that never depend on cliché. His melancholy *Yesterdays* is a fine example of his ballad work.

The two horn men are backed by the 1957 Oscar Peterson Trio (Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; and Ray Brown, bass) with drummer Connie Kay.

Further recommendations: The early style of Getz is well represented on *Stan Getz: Greatest Hits* (Prestige 7256). The quartet performances were recorded in 1949 and '50, a period when the tenorist was playing mostly standard tunes. The album has excellent Getz work on *There's a Small Hotel*, *Zing Went the Strings of My Heart* (titled *Long Island Sound*), *Indian Summer*, *When Your Lover Has Gone*, *I've Got You under My Skin*, and other songs of like nature.

The quintet, with valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, Getz led in the middle '50s is heard to advantage on *Stan Getz at the Shrine* (Verve 8188-2), a two-LP set recorded, for the most part, at a 1954 concert.

The most remarkable album Getz has made in recent years is *Focus* (Verve 8412) for which Eddie Sauter composed and arranged seven pieces for a string group and gave Getz free rein to improvise over the strings; the result is astonishing.

Johnson can be heard on several

LPs under his own name; perhaps the best of the lot is *J.J., Inc.* (Columbia 1606), which was made by the sextet he led in 1960. Included in its personnel were trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan, and pianist Cedar Walton. The album is made up of well-thought-out solos and arrangements. Johnson, who also is one of jazz' outstanding composers, wrote and arranged all the tunes — *Mohawk*, *Minor Mist*, *In Walked Horace*, *Fatback*, *Aquarius*, and *Shutter-bug*.

GERRY MULLIGAN / CHET BAKER, *Timeless* (Pacific Jazz 75)

DAVE BRUBECK, *Jazz at Oberlin* (Fantasy 3245)

VARIOUS ARTISTS, *On Mike* (Pacific Jazz 100)

The early 1950s saw the rise of West Coast jazz, a musical phenomenon drawing primarily on the advances of the Davis nonet records as well as those of bop. The movement centered largely in the Los Angeles area, where a group of young musicians had gathered to trade ideas and seek employment in the Hollywood film studios.

The movement received its initial impetus from baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan who, moving to the West Coast some time after his association with the Davis group, in 1952 organized a quartet with trumpeter Chet Baker that was somewhat revolutionary in its failure to employ piano in the rhythm section (as did most horn groups), using instead only bass and drums to provide the harmonic and rhythmic underpinning. The harmonic substructure normally stated by piano (or guitar) was instead implied by the interweaving horn patterns and bass lines—a supporting horn line was often provided behind each solo passage, in addition to the counterpoint or harmony of the theme statements.

The ear soon acclimated itself to the somewhat "empty" sound of the group, and it quickly gained in favor. The six selections by the Mulligan quartet that comprise the first side of the cited disc were recorded in 1952 and '53 and catch the group at the height of its powers. The contrapuntal texture is rich and uncomplicated, the rhythms sure and quietly sinuous, and the playing of the two soloists consistently good—Baker lyrically pensive, Mulligan more rhythmic than melodic.

Leaving Mulligan in 1953, trumpeter Baker struck out on his own, achieving his most notable successes as the leader of a quartet that featured pianist Russ Freeman. The rapport

between the two was very good, Freeman's dark, jabbing, pungent piano providing a wonderful contrast to Baker's poignant, sadness-tinged trumpet lines, as is well illustrated by such pieces as the ardent *Long Ago and Far Away* and *The Thrill Is Gone* in the *Timeless* album.

The trumpeter also was heard in larger contexts—mainly for recording purposes—and one of these, *Half Dozens*, a sextet track from 1954 with valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer and baritone saxophonist Bud Shank, has been included, as has been *Tabu*, a representative recording by the neobop group he formed in 1956 with tenorist Phil Urso and pianist Bobby Timmons.

If Mulligan and Baker were among the formulators of the West Coast style, the man to reap the greatest rewards and to call considerable attention to musical happenings there was Dave Brubeck, a classically-trained pianist whose quartet recordings quickly gained him a national prominence, popular recognition, a huge following, and a *Time* magazine cover.

Certainly the group's recordings had a strong impact. The quartet's style was an attractive blend of jazz and more-or-less classical elements, such as the use of improvised or semi-improvised contrapuntal passages. The group's chief claim to jazz excellence was its alto saxophonist, Paul Desmond, whose charming, blithe filigree work seemed an extraordinarily personal blending of Charlie Parker, Benny Carter, and to some extent Lee Konitz. Desmond was a lyricist of the highest order, his improvised lines soaring with a graceful, singing clarity. The pianist supported him admirably, and their collective improvisations often left one breathless, as they do here toward the end of the listed album's *Perdido*.

This concert recording, made at Oberlin College early in 1953, preserves a series of memorable performances by the quartet. If the rhythm is a bit sluggish, Brubeck a bit ponderous and pretentious at times, Desmond is at his ardent, lyrical best, and there are moments when all meshes wonderfully. The group work has got more polished in the intervening years, but it has yet to surpass the glowing melodic charm of these performances, for all their roughness.

The *On Mike* set is a two-LP compilation of work by various performers associated over the years with the West Coast school, and it gives a fairly accurate and interesting cross section of the school's accomplishments.

In addition to a pair of perform-

ances by the Mulligan-Baker and Baker-Freeman groups (not in the previously cited album, by the way), there are a stunning collaboration by classical guitarist Laurindo Almeida and altoist Bud Shank on *Blue Baiao*; (perhaps among the earliest recorded of bossa novas); *Shank's Pranks* by Shank and trumpeter Shorty Rogers; Chico Hamilton's original quintet's recording of *A Nice Day*; a limp version of his *Tiny Capers* by visiting trumpeter Clifford Brown with a group of West Coasters; the memorable meeting on record of tenorist Bill Perkins, pianist John Lewis, guitarist Jim Hall, bassist Percy Heath, and drummer Hamilton on the lovely *2 Degrees East*; the captivating, eccentric *Albuquerque Social Swim* by the late pianist Richard Twardzik; a Gerry Mulligan big-band recording of his composition *Sextet* in a Bill Holman arrangement; and an example of Gil Evans' arresting colorations on a big-band version of *St. Louis Blues* that features altoist Cannonball Adderley.

The second disc in the set concentrates mainly on recent happenings on the West Coast, and as might be expected there is a profusion of soul music served up by such as Les McCann, Richard (Groove) Holmes, Curtis Amy, and the Jazz Crusaders, as well as an impressive piano trio version of *Afterfact* by Clare Fisher, and Gerald Wilson's big-band arrangement of *Yna Yna*, featuring organist Holmes.

Further recommendations: There are a considerable number of recordings of West Coast music currently in print. Among the better ones are *Sunday Jazz at the Lighthouse* (Contemporary 35010), recorded in performance at Howard Rumsey's Hermosa Beach, Calif., club; *Lighthouse All-Stars, Vol. 4* (Contemporary 3520), which presents a series of oboe and flute duets by Bob Cooper and Bud Shank; *Double Play*, a set of piano duets with Andre Previn and Russ Freeman on Contemporary 3537; Shorty Rogers' *Martians Come Back* (Atlantic 1232), which finds the trumpeter leading a delightfully unhurried sounding group; and *Hampton Hawes, Vol. 1* (Contemporary 3505).

Of the scores of discs by Gerry Mulligan, one of the better quartet albums is *Paris Concert* (World Pacific 1210), which finds Bob Brookmeyer's blowsy trombone in place of trumpeter Baker, and a rhythm team of bassist Red Mitchell and drummer Frank Isola. Lee Konitz' encounter with the Mulligan-Baker quartet on Pacific Jazz 38 produced arresting results, with the altoist easily taking the solo honors.

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET, *Fon- tessa* (Atlantic 1231)

The acceptance of Shearing, Brubeck, and Mulligan cleared the way for the Modern Jazz Quartet, one of the handful of important permanently organized groups produced by jazz.

In the beginning, the quartet was a recording unit only, cutting its first records under the MJQ banner in December, 1950, for Prestige. It was not until 1954, after the group had won the *Down Beat* Readers Poll, that the original members—vibist Milt Jackson, pianist John Lewis, bassist Percy Heath, and drummer Kenny Clarke—decided to make the quartet a working unit. The only change in personnel since that time was Connie Kay's replacing Clarke, who left after a musical dispute with Lewis, the co-operative quartet's music director. It is interesting to note that the original four were all at one time or another members of various Dizzy Gillespie bands.

Since its beginning the quartet has been a combination of seemingly opposed jazz points of view—that of the formal (composition) and the informal (improvisation). It is to the members' credit that they have admirably fused these elements. And despite the formality of some of its performances, the group retains a feeling of looseness, this brought about to great degree by the amount of collective improvisation, which is one of the cornerstones of the quartet's approach.

Lewis has shown himself to be one of the most prolific and inspired composers in jazz by his writing for the group. His early compositions often were fugal in nature, creating an aura of Bachian jazz, but in more recent years he has broadened his compositional scope, though he has retained a large amount of his early formalism. His piano work also reflects his composing orientation; his solos are like songs, delicate and subtle though they may be.

At the other end of the pole is Jackson, a blues-based musician who must be counted among the most able jazzmen of the modern era. Jackson's improvisations are often contemplative but always warmly emotional, at times bursting into a passionate sweep that is extremely moving.

The album cited, recorded in 1956, is an almost perfect example of the formal-informal character of the MJQ.

There is a Jackson blues, *Bluesology*, that finds the vibist in full flight (Lewis also contributes one of his fine blues solos). Another Jackson specialty—the ballad—is well represented in *Angel Eyes* and *Willow, Weep for Me*. There is a collectively improvised duet on *Over the Rainbow* by Lewis

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and Jackson, as well as a more-or-less free-blowing quartet version of Gillespie's *Woody'n You*.

There are two Lewis compositions: *Versailles* and *Fontessa*. The first-named is fleet and has a goodly amount of improvised play between Jackson and Lewis, with Heath occasionally providing a third voice.

But the piece de resistance is *Fontessa*, a suite based on the Renaissance's commedia dell'arte. The composition consists of an introduction and three pieces, each representative of a character in the Italian plays, each different in mood, but all inter-related.

Further recommendations: The two-LP *European Concert* (Atlantic 2-603) consists of new versions of several compositions previously recorded by the quartet, among them *Django*, *Bluesology*, *La Ronde*, *Vendome*, *Odds against Tomorrow*, *Pyramid*, and *Bags' Groove*. The album was recorded in Sweden in 1960.

HORACE SILVER-ART BLAKEY, *Horace Silver and the Jazz Messengers* (Blue Note 1518)

During the mid- and late 1950s and on into the '60s one of the most widely popular modern jazz styles was so-called soul jazz or funky jazz. Representing a conscious return to more elemental considerations, funk was a successful alliance of neo-bop styles with a kind of earthy primitivism, a wedding of the subtlety and harmonic sophistication of the modern idiom and the direct emotional simplicity of basic blues and Negro Gospel music approaches. The juxtaposition of the two resulted in a style that was often slyly humorous, infectiously rhythmic, and of sufficient musical complexity to satisfy a number of tastes. The style quickly gained favor, becoming one of the most widely disseminated of all post-bop styles.

Perhaps the most successful and certainly the earliest of the soul groups was one led jointly by pianist Silver and drummer Blakey, the Jazz Messengers, formed in late 1954 with trumpeter Kenny Dorham, tenor saxophonist Hank Mobley, and bassist Doug Watkins rounding out the personnel. It was this group's work—and especially the sinuous Gospel and barrelhouse inflected compositions of pianist Silver—more than that of any other that was responsible for the crystallization and definition of the funk or soul approach in its classic form.

The message of the original Messengers was direct, spontaneous, and its appeal was as much to the emotions as it was to the mind. Silver's often multithemed compositions were

lithe, ear-catching tunes that had the virtues of being at once both infectiously appealing to the listener and of sufficient melodic interest and harmonic density to enable the soloists to build solid improvisations on them, as witness such pieces as *Doodlin'*, *Creepin' In*, *Stop Time*, *Hippy*, *The Preacher*, and *Room 608* in the recommended set.

After the dissolution of this group, Blakey and Silver went their separate ways, Blakey to pursue a harder, more bop-oriented approach, and Silver to work in the vineyards whose boundaries are outlined in this album.

SONNY ROLLINS, Saxophone *Colossus* (Prestige 7079)

One of the first neo-bop saxophonists to assimilate fully the advances of Charlie Parker into a totally personal style was tenorist Sonny Rollins, whose work shows additional indebtedness to Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins.

Rollins' melodic conception was more angular than fluid, his tone hard, and he developed his solo lines more in terms of sheer emotional force than in light of a flowing melodic continuity. He was one of the most passionate, forceful hard swingers at this phase of his development, and his solos have a brusque, brutal directness to them that all but overwhelms the listener.

This harsh force is present to a degree on this 1956 set, but it has been tempered by a grace and sense of delicacy that make it all the more effective. Rollins swings hard, as usual, but there is an even greater sense of emotional intensity to his playing on this set that unites his solo statements more tightly and cogently than had been the case before.

In a sense, the disc is a summation of Rollins' work to this date, for it most fully illustrates his mastery of the device that is so closely identified with his playing—the unifying of an improvisation through a developing sense of emotional urgency rather than through a strict melodic flow.

The tenorist receives superb support throughout from his rhythm section, pianist Tommy Flanagan, bassist Doug Watkins, and especially drummer Max Roach.

Further recommendations: Among the many musicians who have come to prominence since and under the influence of bop, only a handful have managed to fashion individual approaches to the music and which have in turn left an impress upon the music. Associated briefly with Rollins was the brilliant young trumpeter Clifford Brown, co-leader of an exemplary quintet with drummer Max Roach. Bud Powell's brother, Richard, was

the group's music director. This quintet was one of the most arresting post-bop units, and it took much of its character from the flaring incendiary playing of Brown. The group's best album is Mercury 36036, containing as it does such excellent performances as *Daahoud*, *Joy Spring*, *Delilah*, and *Blues Walk*.

Another influential neo-bop unit was that of altoist Julian (Cannonball) Adderley, whose glistening emotive work carries much of the thrust of Charlie Parker without penetrating too deeply beneath the surface. The band has enjoyed its widest successes with an amalgam of neo-bop and "soul" devices; its most successful venture in this genre is Riverside 12-311, *The Cannonball Adderley Quintet in San Francisco*.

Some of the finest of post-bop music, however, has come from the various groups of Miles Davis. Among the superior offerings in this vein are *Miles Davis and the Modern Jazz Giants* (Prestige 7150), which unites the trumpeter with vibraharpist Milt Jackson, pianist Thelonious Monk, bassist Percy Heath, and drummer Kenny Clarke for three classic numbers and also features his group with tenorist John Coltrane and pianist Red Garland on a superior reading of *'Round about Midnight*.

The trumpeter's quintet sessions for Prestige are also to be highly recommended, especially the *Cookin'* (7094) and *Relaxin'* (7129) sets, and the Columbia album *'Round about Midnight* (949).

THELONIOUS MONK, Brilliant *Corners* (Riverside 12-226)

Of the two pianists developed and identified with the bop movement, Bud Powell and Thelonious Monk, the latter represents a wholly divergent, if not totally opposite, direction and stream of development. While Powell explored to the fullest the horizontal approach represented by his cascading, overspilling, and often brilliant extemporized lines, this was often achieved at the expense of a commensurate harmonic development. (It is interesting to listen to Powell's left-hand chord punctuations in the course of one of his dazzling linear displays; the harmonic element is cut to the very bone.)

Monk on the other hand was ever an exponent of a carefully marshaled and spare melodic line; where Powell was prodigal, he was economical in the extreme. But he was one of the great harmonic innovators and one of the most original and inventive composers jazz has known. His taut, wry, epigrammatic compositions are master-

pieces of construction, often surprising in their unexpected twists and turns, but always wholly united by a tight, inner logic all their own. The harmonic substructure underlying them represents a wholly original mind at work and is of such a provocative nature as to prod all but the noncreative soloists into stimulating work: they *have* to respond to the jagged, arresting power of Monk's work.

This disc is a prime example of this process of stimulation. On the LP tenorist Sonny Rollins is the most forceful soloist (after Monk, that is), for he most fully meets the challenge of the music, especially on the blues piece *Ba-lue Bolivar Ba-lues-are*. The pianist's music demands strong, individual musicians for its fullest expression, and in this regard Rollins has it well over Ernie Henry, the capable but scarcely individual altoist who is heard with him on three of the tracks. Trumpeter Clark Terry replaces Henry on *Bemsha Swing*, and the difference is palpable. Rollins, Terry, and the rhythm team of bassist Oscar Pettiford (who is replaced by Paul Chambers on *Bemsha*), and drummer Max Roach all respond beautifully to the music. *I Surrender Dear* is a Monk piano solo and is, of course, completely remade at the pianist's hands, becoming distilled Monk in the process.

Further recommendations: At present a good number of recordings by the pianist are in print. He recorded extensively during the 1950s for the Riverside label, and much of his most creative work is available on the discs made for that company. Among the better offerings are *Thelonious Alone in San Francisco* (12-312), a series of 10 unaccompanied piano solos, more than half of them Monk originals; and *The Unique Thelonious Monk* (12-209), a trio disc on which the pianist transforms a sheaf of standard tunes into virtually new compositions, turning up unexpected delights and depths in them. A recent disc on the Columbia label, *Monk's Dream* (1965), offers a highly stimulating sampling of his present quartet with tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse.

MILES DAVIS, *Miles Ahead* (Columbia 1041)

The 1949 Davis nonet recordings, of course, made a deep impression on musicians, listeners, and critics, but it was to be eight years before Davis and another guiding light of that memorable series—Gil Evans—were to collaborate again. In the interim each had developed his art to a high point. The result of the 1957 collaboration is this classic performance.



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Evans crafted scores with care for the 18-piece band that backed Davis' fluegelhorn. There are 10 compositions included in the album, but Evans tied each to the others in such a way that the album is a whole, not a mere collection of parts.

The scores contain much of Evans' parallel-motion writing, imparting a floating quality to the performance, a quality that fits extremely well with Davis' poignant lyricism. Evans' use of brass is extremely deft, and his occasional dashes of humor are all the more delightful for their unexpectedness.

Evans reflects the essence of the Ellington approach to writing for the large orchestra in that he scores for the whole orchestra as opposed to putting together sections. Evans achieves tone colors by various combinations of instruments, particularly among the woodwinds, which also is in the Ellington spirit.

Davis plays with extreme sensitivity throughout the performance. Whether he sounds languid (*My Ship*), filled with anguished torment (*Blues for Pablo*), or pixieish (*New Rhumba* and *I Don't Wanna Be Kissed*), he proves his artistic excellence and his deserving to be called jazz' most dramatic player by his work on this disc.

Other compositions in the album are *Springsville*, *The Maids of Cadiz*, *The Duke*, *Miles Ahead*, *The Meaning of the Blues*, and *Lament*.

Further recommendations: So far, Davis and Evans have produced two other albums of artistic merit equal to that of the cited album: *Porgy and Bess* (Columbia 1274) and *Sketches of Spain* (Columbia 1480). Davis' playing on *Saeta*, a track on the *Sketches* LP, is one of his most extraordinary efforts.

Evans has two exceptional LPs under his own name: *America's No. 1 Arranger* (Pacific Jazz 28), a collection of jazz compositions, such as Bix Beiderbecke's *Davenport Blues* and John Lewis' *Django*, beautifully scored by Evans, and *Out of the Cool* (Impulse 4). On both albums Johnny Coles, a trumpeter cast in the Davis mold, is featured.

MILES DAVIS, *Kind of Blue* (Columbia 1355)

Lyricism has been at the core of Davis' playing since his days with Parker. The several albums he made during the '50s, most of which are available on Prestige, find him bringing his songlike style to maturation. His playing with his quintet in the second half of the '50s displays him building solos developed as extensions of the tune being played rather than

as fleet, multinode chord running. There was an increasing amount of stark simplicity about his work.

The melodic approach came to full flowering on this record made in 1959 by Davis and his sextet, which had altoist Cannonball Adderley and tenorist John Coltrane in the front line with Davis and, for the most part, Bill Evans playing piano. The compositions are by Davis; they are generally uncomplicated and built on modes. Before this record, Davis usually had created his lyric improvisations over standard chord changes, but here he has de-emphasized harmony by using modes and therefore set an atmosphere that would let his improvisation sail unfettered by its not having to follow a complicated chord pattern.

This album, and Davis' modal playing, had an impact on jazz that was at least as strong as that of his 1949 nonet records. Soon after this LP's release, modal jazz became prevalent—as if Davis suddenly had illumined a dark area for those not always able to find their own way.

The Davis solos are among his finest work, each one shaped with care and sensitivity. His playing, particularly on *So What?* and *Blue in Green*, is almost morose in its melancholy. The other titles are *Freddie Freeloader*, *Flamenco Sketches*, and *All Blues*.

Coltrane's work stands in contrast to that of the leader. The tenor saxophonist uses the modes as foundation on which to build whiplashing streams of notes between his more melodic phrases—and in the process showing another way to use the material at hand.

Adderley and Coltrane at this time influenced each other considerably, but on this record the altoist stands somewhere between the two approaches embodied in Davis and Coltrane.

Evans is closest to Davis' touching lyricism. The pianist contributes a particularly lovely introduction to *So What?* (and the effect of mist rising from the moors is enhanced by the bass of Paul Chambers). And he and Davis create a feeling of other-worldliness on the ballad *Blue in Green*. Wynton Kelly's appearance in place of Evans on *Freddie* offers a contrast in pianistic approaches, Kelly's generally a lighthearted, outgoing one and Evans' introspective and reflective.

Further recommendations: The Davis-Evans *Sketches of Spain* album contains compositions in which the modal approach also comes to the fore. Cogent examples of the *Kind of Blue* album's impact on other musicians are Paul Horn's *Something Blue*

(Hifi jazz 615) and *The Sound of Horn* (Columbia 1677).

JOHN COLTRANE, *Giant Steps* (Atlantic 1311)

Coltrane is deserving of being called one of the outstanding tenor saxophonists. More than any others, he and Sonny Rollins have exercised the greatest influence on young saxophonists in the last five years.

Like other important jazz artists, Coltrane has gone through periods, times when he seemingly concentrated on one area of his playing. *Giant Steps* is the ultimate statement of Coltrane's harmonic period, or as some call it, sheets of sound. Coltrane developed this multinode style during the time he worked with Miles Davis.

The style was based on running scalar figures through the chord changes and augmenting with more changes those being played behind him—a grafting of one chord onto another, as it were. This gave his playing a density that at times gives the illusion of blocks of sound piled one on top of the other. Coltrane's fluency made it possible to execute these runs at great speed, as exemplified on the album's title track.

Though he gained the reputation of being a harmonic player, Coltrane was always a melodist and most often tied lyrical passages together with these sheets (as on the album's *Spiral*). At other times, as on *Countdown*, there was an unmistakable curve to his solo, but the curve was buttressed by innumerable notes, much as a roller coaster is supported by a complex structure. And despite the abundance of notes, his was not an ornamented style—each note had its place in the over-all form.

His tone, then as now, is quite expressive. Never sentimental, it nonetheless can evoke tenderness on ballads. Most often, however, Coltrane's tone added to the urgency of his work with its sometimes raspy quality, not unlike that of a country blues singer.

He is supported on this record by the impeccable Tommy Flanagan, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; and Art Taylor, drums. Pianist Wynton Kelly and drummer Jimmy Cobb substitute for Flanagan and Taylor on the album's one ballad, *Naima*.

All the compositions are by Coltrane; in addition to those mentioned, they are *Cousin Mary*, *Syeeda's Song Flute*, and *Mr. P.C.*

Further recommendations: *Coltrane Jazz* (Atlantic 1354) is from the same period but is slightly below *Giant Steps* in quality. Of more recent vintage is the excellent *My Favorite*

things (Atlantic 1361), which includes two tracks with Coltrane playing soprano saxophone.

Early Coltrane can be heard on the Miles Davis Quintet albums and in the albums under the tenorist's name, such as *Soultrane* (Prestige 7142) and *Traneing In* (Prestige 7123), the latter with the Red Garland Trio.

BILL EVANS, *Portrait in Jazz* (Riverside 315)

Since leaving Miles Davis in 1959, Evans has grown to be the most influential pianist since Bud Powell. The essence of his style is a highly sensitive, lyrical sense that imbues his playing with a beauty that can be devastating in its intensity and emotionality.

Evans brings to his work a great amount of facility, but unlike other extremely skilled pianists, he uses technique less as dazzlement and more as a means of expression. His touch is one of the surest in jazz, and though his work sometimes gives the illusion of being of almost cobweb delicacy, its rhythmic sureness is razor sharp.

Evans has the ability to turn over-worked material into something fresh; it's as if he were exploring the material for the first time. He brings forth facets of the material that sometimes make the listener wonder if he is hearing the same tunes he's heard many times before. Examples of this can be found in this album's *Come Rain or Come Shine*, *Autumn Leaves*, *Witchcraft*, *When I Fall in Love*, *What Is This Thing Called Love?*, *Spring Is Here*, and *Someday My Prince Will Come*.

The pianist also is able to create the illusion of bending notes—an impossibility on the piano. He does this by moving the inner voices of the chords up or down a half step. This is only one of the several ways Evans builds tension and then releases it.

The trio on this album is the one Evans had until the death of the bassist, Scott LaFaro, in 1961. During his time with Evans, LaFaro came close to revolutionizing jazz bass, bringing to it an unparalleled proficiency and a concept that sometimes gave the impression of wind, so delicate was it. Paul Motian is the trio's drummer.

The three created with an empathy all too rare in jazz. They collectively improvised continually, first one taking the lead with comments by the other two, then the lead switching to another. One of the finest examples of modern collective improvisation—more abstract and esthetic than that of, say, King Oliver's band but basically the same—is *Autumn Leaves*.

Further recommendations: This Evans trio also recorded *Explorations*

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(Riverside 351), which is made up of several standards plus versions of Miles Davis' *Nardis* and John Carisi's *Israel*.

In the last year or so there have been two extraordinary Evans' releases: *Undercurrent* (United Artists 14003) and *Conversations with Myself* (Verve 8526). *Undercurrent* is a duet with guitarist Jim Hall and includes a particularly stunning version of *My Funny Valentine*. The *Conversations* album is a breathtaking triple-play album made up of Evans' grafting on two other piano parts, thanks to multirecording techniques, to unaccompanied solos.

CHARLIE MINGUS, *Mingus, Ab, Um* (Columbia 1370)

One of the strongest individualists in jazz is Mingus, long noted as a virile bassist and an exceptional composer. His bass playing has been a source of inspiration for many young bassists—one can hear much of it in the work of the late Scott LaFaro and LaFaro's followers. But Mingus' greatest contributions to jazz have been the sometimes boiling performances of his works by his orchestras. Mingus is able to draw in his listeners as few others can.

There is a sense of freedom in a Mingus group's emotionally charged performance. Sometimes the horns and rhythm seem to be going in several directions at once, but underlying all is form and musical organization. Mingus also has the ability to invest his music with most human emotions—there are cries of pain and passion, shouts of joy, and hilarity.

The cited record is made up of Mingus compositions that range from the rolling, tent-meeting flavored *Better Git It in Your Soul* to the tranquility of *Goodbye, Pork Pie Hat*, a touching dedication to the late Lester Young that features good tenor playing by Booker Ervin, to the satire of *Faustus Fables* and *Jelly Roll*, the first a combination of a ricky-tick theme and ominous background, the second, named for pianist Morton, a blending of old-time jazz and modernity.

In his work Mingus employs much of the jazz spectrum; there always is a good deal of Duke Ellington present, as on this LP's *Boogie Stop Shuffle* and *Open Letter to Duke*, as well as a deep blues feeling (best illustrated in his solo on *Pussy Cat Blues*) and tinges of Gospel music and traditional jazz. And, of course, there is the ever-present specter of Charlie Parker in Mingus' work.

Other musicians on the album include Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Shafi Hadi and John Handy III, alto saxo-

phones; Horace Parlan, piano; and Danny Richmond, drums.

Further recommendations: Mingus has said that his best record is one made in 1957 and released in 1962: *Tijuana Moods* (RCA Victor 2533). In addition to the excellent Mingus compositions inspired by a trip to Tijuana, Mexico, the album has sterling trumpet work by the little-known Clarence (or Gene) Shaw.

Relatively early Mingus can be heard in *The Clown* (Atlantic 1260), which contains the remarkable *Haitian Fight Song*, as well as *Blue Cee* and *Reincarnation of a Lovebird*. The title track combines jazz and the spoken word, as improvised by Jean Shepard.

VARIOUS ARTISTS, *Outstanding Jazz Compositions of the 20th Century* (Columbia C2L 31)

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET & GUESTS, *Third Stream Music* (Atlantic 1345)

There have been outstanding jazz composers ever since the '20s, when Jelly Roll Morton and Bix Beiderbecke were at the heights of their creative powers. And Duke Ellington, of course, has spanned more than three decades with what many consider the ultimate in jazz composing.

In the '30s Red Norvo recorded such off-beat compositions as *Dance of the Octopus*, which most observers at the time thought of more as chamber works, a la Alec Wilder, than as jazz. Later in the decade Norvo featured arrangements and compositions by Eddie Sauter, an exceptional writer, who has never received the amount of recognition that is his due. (In the early 1940s Benny Goodman hired Sauter, and the arranger did some of his best jazz work for the clarinetist's band—two examples are *Benny Rides Again* and *Superman*. The first Ray McKinley Band, which came into existence after World War II, had a book written mostly by Sauter.)

In the '40s Tadd Dameron wrote many of his finest things; though generally short pieces played by small bands of boppers, Dameron's writing must be considered jazz composition of high order. And certainly the themes of Charlie Parker are exceptional.

Later in the '40s Ralph Burns began experimenting with longer compositions, such as *Lady McGowan's Dream* and *Summer Sequence*. Bob Graettinger and Pete Rugolo wrote several extended works for the Stan Kenton Band. George Russell composed his *Cubano-Be* and *Cubano-Bop* for Dizzy Gillespie's big band. At about the same time, John Lewis con-

tributed his *Toccata for Trumpet* to Gillespie's library. In 1949 the writing of Gil Evans, John Carisi, Lewis, Gerry Mulligan, and Miles Davis for the Davis nonet set a whole school of jazz thought.

All through those decades, it can be seen that jazz and jazz composition were taking on more and more so-called classical devices and values—written composition itself must be so considered, and the concept of form stems from European concert music, but there also was a growing emphasis on instrumental technique (play faster, cleaner), harmonic structure (use more and bigger chords), and academic study.

A peak of jazz composition-cum-classical came in the mid- and late '50s with the work of musicians such as Jimmy Giuffre, Charlie Mingus, J. J. Johnson, Teo Macero, Teddy Charles, Lewis, and Russell. The two-LP Columbia album, a reissue, consists of performances of these composers' works, as well as those of Gunther Schuller, Bob Prince, Harold Shapero, Milton Babbitt—and Ellington.

The album includes three pieces from the 1957 LP *Music for Brass*—Johnson's *Jazz Suite for Brass*, Lewis' *Three Little Feelings*, and Giuffre's *Pharaoh*. Though the greatest value of the tracks lies in the compositions—and they show clearly the influence of classical composition on the composers—there are several excellent solos by men such as Johnson and Miles Davis.

These three tracks, however, are not as "experimental" as the performances from a 1958 album, *Modern Jazz Center*, Brandeis University. All the original release's performances are included in the set. The compositions are Russell's *All About Rosie*, with stunning piano work by Bill Evans; Mingus' *Revelations—First Movement*, a strong, sometimes wild, piece; Giuffre's *Suspension*; Shapero's *On Green Mountain*, subtitled *Chaconne after Monteverdi*, and the least far-out of all; Babbitt's *All Set*, the composition farthest removed from jazz; and Schuller's *Transformation*.

Some of the men performing the compositions, in addition to Evans, are Art Farmer, trumpet; John LaPorta and Hal McKusick, saxophones; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Teddy Charles, vibraharp; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Joe Benjamin, bass; and Teddy Sommer, drums.

The cited album also contains Macero's *Sounds of May*, which employs voices as well as instruments and features outstanding playing by

the composer and LaPorta on saxophones; *Avakianas Brasilieras* by Prince; and Charles' *Swinging Goats-herd Blues*, which is the least formal of all the album's tracks and has good solos by valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, trumpeter Donald Byrd, and pianist Mal Waldron.

The Ellington representation is the three-part *Idiom '59* as played by the Ellington band. The changing moods of the piece contrast the playing of clarinetists Jimmy Hamilton and Russell Procope in Parts I and II. The third part opens darkly impressionistic but comes to a climax with the band strutting behind Clark Terry's witty fluegelhorn.

It was hoped the mixing of concert music with jazz, two streams of musical thought, would produce a confluence—the Third Stream, an unfortunate term attributed to Schuller. Whether it has or not is still debated, but there has been some worthwhile music produced by using both idioms in one composition. Among the more successful experiments has been the *Third Stream Music* album released in 1960.

In it the Modern Jazz Quartet performs works by Lewis, Giuffre, and Schuller. The performances are *Da Capo* (Lewis) and *Fine* (Giuffre), played by the MJQ and the Giuffre 3, which at the time of recording included guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Ralph Pena. Lewis' bittersweet *Exposure* is played by the quartet and a chamber group, but there is more an alternation of jazz and classical than a blending of the two streams.

More successful are Lewis' *Sketch* and Schuller's *Conversation* performed by the MJQ and the Beaux Arts String Quartet. Of the two, Schuller's is perhaps the best resolved piece of writing, reflecting the impress of Bela Bartok and Anton Webern as well as that of Charlie Parker. There are excellent solos throughout the album by Lewis and, particularly, Milt Jackson.

Further recommendations: Lewis and the MJQ continue pursuing the illusive stream in *Modern Jazz Quartet and Orchestra* (Atlantic 1359), which is made up of compositions by Lewis, Andre Hodeir, Schuller, and Werner Heider. Again, the most successful work is by Schuller, *Concertino for Orchestra*.

ORNETTE COLEMAN, *Ornette!*
(Atlantic 1378)

SONNY ROLLINS, *Our Man in Jazz* (RCA Victor 2612)

JOHN COLTRANE, *Coltrane* (Impulse 21)

GEORGE RUSSELL, *Ezz-thetics*
(Riverside 375)

GIL EVANS, *Into the Hot* (Impulse 9)

It goes without saying that the jazz of the '60s will be much different from that of the '50s. The music is undergoing changes so vast in scope that the only comparison to be drawn is with the changes wrought in the early '40s by the boppers. And just as then, the members of jazz' avant garde have met with heated opposition to their music.

But jazz is a dynamic music, and it will change, no matter how vocal the conservatives. It is being changed by the men represented on this group of records and by others, some of whom can be heard on the records recommended below.

Unlike the avant garde jazz of the early '40s, today's takes several directions, which is to be expected, since the base of jazz has steadily broadened since the '40s. Much of it is still awkward and unsure of itself, but it is trying to walk, as it were, and the day is not far off when it can be expected to leap and run.

The man who did more than any other to set off the experimentation and searching for new means to express emotions is altoist Ornette Coleman.

Coleman's music, when it first received wide exposure, seemed chaotic, undisciplined, almost insane as it gyrated and exploded into showers of squirming notes. But many hailed the Texas musician as the new Charlie Parker, as a messiah.

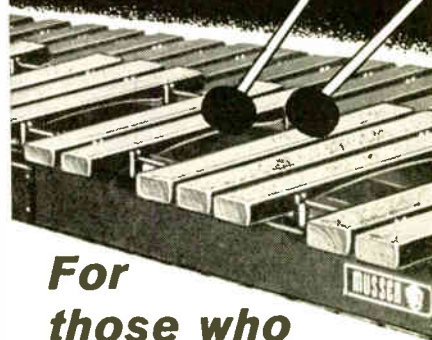
What Coleman's music represented was a return to melodic-and-rhythmic emphasis, as opposed to the harmonic emphasis dominant in jazz since 1945. In this respect it was an old concept, but the contours of the music were so shattering that the majority of listeners, among them one of the authors, missed the point. In most cases, Coleman did away with regular, recurring chord changes and allowed the soloist a terrifying freedom, that of practically no restrictions except those self-imposed.

The record listed is his most non-diffuse effort to date. His solos are filled with melodies that pop out at the listener at unexpected moments. His tone has what has been called the "jazz cry" and, combined with an underlying sadness that is a part of his work, makes his playing quite moving. This sadness is present even on such a gay, country-flavored performance as *R.P.D.D.*, the album's best track.

Coleman uses trumpeter Don Cherry, bassist Scott LaFaro, and drummer Ed Blackwell on the album; and the four, at times, bring off a

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delicious collective improvisation, as on *C. & D.*

Coleman has not been without influence among established players; the two most important ones are Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane. Of the two, Rollins evidences the greatest direct Coleman influence. The Rollins record listed, taped at a Village Gate engagement when the tenorist had trumpeter Cherry, bassist Bob Cranshaw, and drummer Billy Higgins with him, shows this influence clearly.

One side of the record is given over to an extended version of *Oleo*, in which Rollins uses fragmentation of theme in his variations, giving them a rhythmically jagged quality. But while Coleman does without chord changes, Rollins, no matter how unorthodox he might sound, most often follows the pattern of the chords. Rollins also has further developed his ability to conjure up the illusion of playing at a slower tempo than that of the rhythm section. This tension-building device sometimes gives the impression that the saxophonist is quite detached from the others.

Despite his seriousness about music, Rollins, happily, never has lost his sense of humor, which comes into play on the album's mood-changing *Dearly Beloved* and *Doxy*.

Coltrane's music has a good deal of freedom these days, and like Coleman's, emphasizes melodic and rhythmic development. A case can be made for Coltrane's approach reflecting a jazz version of Indian music—primary soloist (Coltrane) improvising melodically over a drone (provided by pianist McCoy Tyner) with percussion comments from the secondary soloist (drummer Elvin Jones). When all parts mesh, as they do in most of the cited album, the effect is almost hypnotic.

The intensity of the music is sometimes scorching, as on *Miles' Mode*. Coltrane's melodicism and sense of form are strong factors in *Out of This World* (played in 12/8 with the original chords condensed to two, which are repeated over and over) and the African-flavored *Tunji*. Coltrane plays soprano saxophone on *Inch Worm*, and the Indian aura of his music is heightened by the instrument's almost-human wailing in the upper register.

George Russell has been a member of the avant garde since 1946, when he wrote *Cubano-Be* and *Cubano-Bop*. A theorist as well as practitioner, Russell has devised what he calls the Lydian Concept of Tonal Organization and applies it to his writing. But whatever one calls his fresh, life-filled music, there is an organization to it that gives it a direction, something missing at times from the work

of the other avant gardists.

The *Ezz-thetics* album, made with a sextet of trumpeter Don Ellis, trombonist Dave Baker, altoist-bass clarinetist Eric Dolphy, pianist Russell, bassist Steve Swallow, and drummer Joe Hunt, is a prime example of Russell's theory in action. His *Lydiot* has a theme that squirms as if it were on ball bearings, and his bringing together of at-odds lines into a whole on *Nardis* is masterful. Russell's *Thoughts* is in part polytonal—or as he prefers to call it, pantonal.

The outstanding tracks in the album are *Ezz-thetic*, which has a burning Dolphy alto solo; Baker's combination of free jazz and swing, *Honesty*, in which the soloists are given places for unaccompanied, out-of-tempo improvisation before and after straight-ahead blowing sections; and a stunning *'Round Midnight* that features Dolphy's alto and some weird animal-sounds effects in the introduction and other-world sounds at the end (both of which are in the jazz tradition of the ODJB's *Livery Stable Blues* and Jelly Roll Morton's *Sidewalk Blues*).

The Gil Evans album is really a John Carisi and Cecil Taylor album, two of the most stimulating composers in today's jazz world.

Carisi employs both atonality and tonality within the same composition, which, as on the remarkable *Ankor Wat*, pulls the listener's ear first in one direction and then the other as a soloist improvises tonally against the atonal background. Carisi's compositions are multihued and change mood and tempo (*Moon Taj*), but he can also write in the older manner, as on guitarist Barry Galbraith's Charlie Christian-like feature, *Barry's Tune*.

The Taylor half of the album is made up of wonderful examples of the pianist's saw-edged, jarring compositions performed by a various-sized group that includes tenorist Archie Shepp and altoist Jimmy Lyons.

The most attractive quality of a Taylor performance is the atmosphere created, almost always one highly charged and storm-brewing, with flashes of lightning streaking out of the thundering clouds. Though at times the music sounds as if it will fly apart, exploded by its own heat, there is organization and form to it—snatches of one theme will pop up at another section of a performance.

Taylor and Shepp are the outstanding soloists on the three tracks by the pianist's group—*Pots*, *Bulbs*, and *Mixed*.

Further recommendations: Coleman's early work is well represented on *Tomorrow Is the Question* (Contemporary 3569). Cherry is his front-

line mate, as he is on all Coleman's records, but the rhythm section is made up of drummer Shelly Manne and Percy Heath or Red Mitchell, bass. The most moving performance by all concerned is the mournful *Lorraine*, written by Coleman in memory of Lorraine Geller.

Coltrane's quartet, with Dolphy sitting in for one number, was recorded live at New York's Village Vanguard in November, 1961, and the resulting album is available on Impulse 10. One complete side is taken up with a 16-minute excursion into blues à la Coltrane—*Chasin' the Trane*.

Dolphy's first album under his own name, *Outward Bound* (New Jazz 8236), contains some of his strongest work. His sidemen are trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, pianist Jaki Byard, bassist George Tucker, and drummer Roy Haynes. Dolphy is quite moving in all his solos, whether they be on alto saxophone, flute, or bass clarinet; but his bass clarinet work is the most ear-catching. The others play quite well, especially the underrated Byard.

New Ideas (New Jazz 8257) by Don Ellis displays the trumpeter's multifaceted approach to jazz. One track, *Despair to Hope*, is an improvised duet by Ellis and vibraharpist Al Francis in which they indulge in various productions of sound, following chance factors and the John Cage principle of indeterminacy.

George Russell's *Jazz in the Space Age* (Decca 9219) allows the composer to write for more men than his sextet. The Russell approach is as stimulating in a large-group setting as in a small one. Pianists Bill Evans and Paul Bley get off intriguing duets on the three-part *Chromatic Universe*.

Cecil Taylor's piano is better displayed on *Looking Ahead!* (Contemporary 3562) than on the record cited. The album's tunes are *Luyah!*, *The Glorious Step*; *African Violets*; *Of What?*; *Wallerling*; *Toll*; *Excursion on Wobbly Rail*.

Altoist Jimmy Woods is a young Los Angeles resident whose alto saxophone has been producing some of the most provocative music heard on the West Coast in some time. His first album *Awakening!* (Contemporary 3605), shows the influence Coltrane and Coleman have had on him.

A jazz musician who has taken to atonality wholeheartedly is clarinetist Jimmy Giuffrè. His concept of atonal jazz is exceptionally stimulating on *Free Fall* (Columbia 1964). The performances include several unaccompanied, improvised clarinet solos, two clarinet-bass duets, and three trio tracks. Giuffrè's confreres are pianist Bley and bassist Steve Swallow. □

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Countless jazz fans, historians, and writers save each issue of *Down Beat* as valuable reference material. To make research easier, *Down Beat* publishes an annual index of the material appearing in the magazine during the calendar year. The 1963 listing follows. Not included are record reviews and *Strictly Ad Lib* items.

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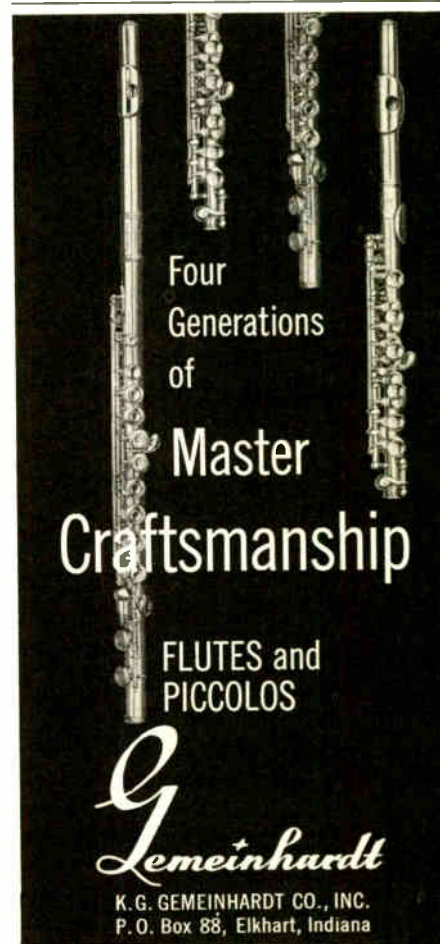
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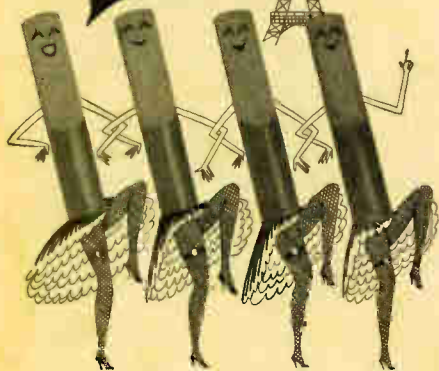
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