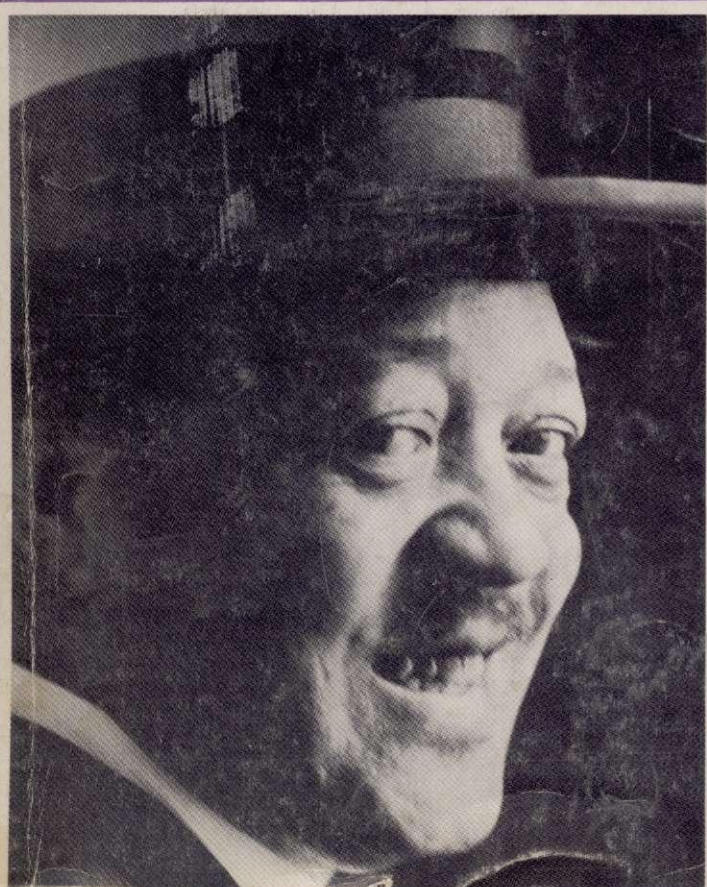


THE

Volume 2/Number 8/September 1959/Fifty Cents.

REVIEW



Lester's
Last Interview

Quincy Jones'
Big Band

Introducing
Steve Lacy

IN FUTURE ISSUES / IN FUTURE ISSUES

Don Redman's Story / by Frank Driggs

Early Dizzy Gillespie Recordings / by Max Harrison

The Jazz Compositions of Andre Hodeir / by Don Heckman

Charlie Parker Jam Session Recordings / by Cannonball Adderley

Ruby Braff and Buck Clayton / by Art Farmer

a debate on Lee Konitz by Max Harrison and Michael James

The style of Horace Silver / by Martin Williams

The Style of Art Blakey / by Zita Carno

George Russell / by John Benson Brooks

Jackie McLean / by Michael James

Fats Navarro Reconsidered / by Michael Pekar

The Jazz Dance / by Roger Pryor Dodge

Jimmy Yancey / by Max Harrison

John Benson Brooks' Alabama Concerto / by Don Heckman

Duke Ellington's Black Brown and Beige / by Gunther Schuller

Jazz--The Word / by Alan P. Merriam and Fradley H. Garner

Charlie Mingus / by Diane Dorr-Dorynek

Wayne Shorter / by Le Roi Jones

Wilbur Ware / by Bill Crow

Steve Lacy / by Hall Overton

Manny Albam / by H. A. Woodfin

and many others....

Letters

A Word from Hodeir

... **The Jazz Review** maintains its high standard ... Bravo! ... I do have one thing to ask. In your translation of Bobby Jaspar's article, one thing escaped you: the last footnote, number four, is not mine but was written by Bobby himself. ...

André Hodeir
Paris

Quizzical ...

The "Jazz Quiz" in the February issue was a ball; the whole issue, in content as well as make-up the best to date. But that quiz ... It is a true delight for an old obscurantist to have this opportunity to display some pedantic erudition hitherto considered entirely useless (except for the occasional purpose of annoying defenseless friends). Yes, it is my sad but bounden duty to file several complaints in reference to the answers (and in some cases, the questions) in the quiz. Here goes in order of appearance, not coincidental with importance:

A: question 1 (a): Chu Berry also plays on Basie's **Lady Be Good**. Master, if not catalogue number, will verify this (64985), as will aural evidence.

B: Question 4 (d): Miff Mole's first name is not Irving, but Milfred (seems more logical, no?). Authority: Panassie's **Guide to Jazz** and Otis Ferguson's chapter in **Jazzmen**. Ferguson was a great fan of Miff's, in case someone should care to question Panassie (who's usually quite reliable in such matters).

C: Question 7 (b): Trummy Young is one of two correct answers. The second is Alton "Slim" Moore, who is on four sides with Louis on Victor and on all the Dizzy big-band Musicraft sides.

D: Question 12 (b): **Night Wind** is so titled on the second HRS issue and

credited to Billy Taylor (the bassist) who later recorded it with his "Big Eight" on Keynote; on the 78, composer credit goes to himself and Robert Sour. Rex did not play on the first (Columbia) version, but Taylor did. (d): **Blue Mood**, also recorded in 1932 (for nonclarity) is, in fact, the theme of the sax (second) strain in the original recording of **Echoes of Harlem**. (d) The Gotham Stompers recorded **Alabama** (not **Alabama**) **Home** on March 25, 1937. This was a date joining Ellington and Chick Webb personnel. Composer credit goes to Dave Ringle and Duke. Barney Bigard recorded **Caravan** for the same label (Variety) on December 19, 1936.

E: Question 14 (a): This is pure conjecture. **White Heat** is not "obviously" based on **Toby**, which, by the way, is by **Buster**, not Benny Moten and Eddie Barefield. There are scores of scores based on **Sweet Sue**, but **White Heat** isn't one of them. **Toby** has a release; **Heat** doesn't. To me it sounds like a free variation on the fourth (Hold that) strain of **Tiger Rag**. And **Toby** could very well be **Honey-suckle Rose** (composed in 1929), which anyhow resembles **Sue** quite a bit. But this is also conjecture. What I object to is the "obviously." Will Hudson had pretty much his own style.

Dan Morganstern
New York

British Balance Changes

... You may be interested to hear something of the direction of tastes in jazz over here. If our society is anything to judge by, there is a rapidly growing interest in contemporary jazz forms. Two years ago, jazz activities centered rather around the New Orleans style (American Music discs issued over here would sell like hot cakes), but now mainstream and modern have gained the upper hand. Destruction of figgish preju-

dices which stem largely from Rex Harris' book is very noticeable in our society—the writer being a case in a point while still a traditionalist at heart ...

Peter W. Mitchell, Secretary,
London School of Economics
Jazz Society

The Threads

Dear Sir: In reply to Bill Crow's query in the June issue "Who is Denzil Vest?" I would like to suggest the possibility that he is a collateral descendant of that pioneer jazzman Illinois Jacket.

Ralph Gleason
Berkeley, Calif.

Appeal

I found your name and address in one of the Polish magazines.

I am a student of medicine, 23 years old, and my hobbies are collecting the jazz records, photos with autographs of Great Jazzmen, study of the story of Jazz, and learn to speak English. I am a correspondent of our illustrated monthly "Jazz" and write a jazz column for a local weekly. I have received fine photos dedicated to me by Louis Armstrong, The MJQ, Jimmy Rushing, Benny Goodman and Dizzy Gillespie. Now these photographs are on the principal wall of my cabinet.

Unfortunately most Polish jazz enthusiasts are very divided, some liking modern jazz only and some liking "traditional" or New Orleans jazz only and of course those who only like "sweet" dance music (H. James, etc.). Most of the younger "teenagers" here only go for R&R which I expect you have heard of!!! Although this obviously has its origins in jazz I cannot accept this as jazz or even as music!!!—It is just a dreadful noise to me. ...

I am very interested to establish a lasting contact with American jazz fans for exchange the jazz records and also Polish illustrated magazines (printed in English!) for your leading "The Jazz Review" magazine. Can you help me and print my name and address in your magazine? Can I get some back copies of "The Jazz Review?" Thank you.

On a non-musical note, let me say that we in this country wish the people of yours good health, happiness, and all prosperity.

Dariusz Mackowski,
ul. Stalmacha 7/10
Chorzow—Poland

JAZZ BULLETIN

NEW YORK NEWS compiled
from reports by Dan
Morgenstern, Frank Driggs
and others.

THE UPTOWN SCENE...

There is a lively jazz revival in Harlem. Min-ton's is back on a full-time jazz policy with a group led by JEROME RICHARDSON. The cocktail lounge at the HOTEL THERESA has presented organists MILT BUCKNER and JIMMY SMITH and a septet led by JAMES MOODY.

Small's has Featured ART BLAKEY and the Messengers, Young tenor man KING CURTIS with Al Casy on guitar, and HORACE SILVER, who recently recovered from a hand ailment. Monday night sessions have featured LAWRENCE '88' KEYES with a quartet, and former lucky Millinder trumpeter FRANK 'FAT MAN' HUMPHRIES, whose current playing was praised by Coleman Hawkins after recent gigs together. SIR CHARLES THOMPSON is still at Basie's, Playing organ and piano with Percy France on tenor, Rudy Rutherford on clarinet and flute, and drummer Danny Farrar. The piano conscious management recently installed a new instrument for him. Drummer Frank 'Downbeat' Brown has a group down the street at the Zambesi Lounge. EMMETT BERRY and PAUL QUINICHETTE lead bands on alternate Mondays for sessions at the Dream Ballroom at 160th and Amsterdam Avenue. A series of free summer concerts in Colonial Park, co-sponsored by the Afro-Arts Theater and the department of Parks, presented the RANDY WESTON QUINTET and the famous old team of NOBLE SISSLE and EUBIE BLAKE, among others.

THE BOROUGHES AND THE SUBURBS

GENE RAMEY has been working with the Conrad Janis group which also features clarinetist Gene Sedric and pianist Dick Wellstood at Henry's in Brooklyn on Wednesday, Friday, Saturday and Sundays. Tenor man GEORGE NICHOLAS plays at the Elegante in Brooklyn Wednesday through Sunday. Former Chick Webb tenor man TEDDY McRAE is working at the Town and Country in Brooklyn with Linton Garner, Erroll's brother, on Piano.

TAFT JORDAN and Herbie Lovelle have been working with Sam 'the Man' Taylor at the Backroom in Jackson Heights on weekends. The LLOYD TROTTMAN trio with pianist AL WILLIAMS (who recorded with Buck Clayton's group for Columbia) and drummer SONNY GREER play at Frank's on Astoria Boulevard. Pianist FRED WASHINGTON heads a group in Bayside that features trumpeter SHAD COLLINS and clarinetist PRINCE ROBINSON.

And for those interested in blues, there are several New Jersey clubs that are worth a visit, including Frederick's Music Lounge on Boston Street in Newark (tel. Ma 2-9563) with sessions on weekends and Mondays, Club 38 in Paterson with sessions on weekends and Tuesdays, and Leon's Club at 204 Central Avenue in Hackensack (tel. Hu 7-9634) with weekend sessions.

In New Jersey, arranger JOE GARLAND is leading a big band that includes Charlie Holmes on alto, Clyde Bernhardt on trombone, June Coles on bass, and sometimes Garvin Bushell and Louis Metcalfe. DONALD LAMBERT, the early student of James P. Johnson, still plays stride piano at Wallace's

in Orange. SKIP HALL plays organ in Elizabeth.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO...

Drummer SHADOW WILSON died during the second week in July in obscurity. Trumpeter IRVING 'MOUSE' RANDOLPH is working with Chick Morrison's society band at the Martinique on 57th St.

JABBO SMITH is in the Milwaukee area, still gigging on trumpet, and playing well according to John Steiner.

A rundown on the leaders of the great territory bands of the South-West: BUS MOTEN is running a chili parlor in Chicago and working with a gig band on weekends. ALPHONSO TRENT, who lead a band that included Peanuts Holland, Snub Mosely, Stuff Smith and others in the twenties, still plays five nights a week with a quintet at the Branding Iron in Fort Smith, Arkansas. He is working in real estate during the days. JAY McSHANN still works as pianist-organist in Kansas City. HARLAN LEONARD has left music, and is working as a revenue agent in Los Angeles. Bassist NAT TOWLES and trumpeter LLOYD HUNTER, who both led fine bands in the Nebraska territory, are still gigging around Omaha. Pianist SNOOKUM RUSSELL (J. J. Johnson and Fats Navarro both started with his bands) is working at the Paddock Lounge on Bourbon Street in New Orleans.

The legendary Kansas City altoist BUSTER SMITH, said to have been the principal influence on Charlie Parker, is working with his own group in Dallas. He was recorded by Gunther Schuller, who passed through on tour with the Metropolitan opera, for release by Atlantic records.

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NEW CONTRIBUTORS

Ernest Borneman, an anthropologist and movie scenarist, was the author of "An Anthropologist Looks at Jazz," a classic of jazz writing.

Sidney Finkelstein is a music critic of many years experience, and the author of "Jazz: a People's Music." François Postif is a French journalist and frequent contributor to the French monthly, "Jazz Hot."

J. S. Shipman is a mathematician whose particular delights are the blues and Marx Brothers movies.



by FRANCOIS POSTIF

Although he wasn't free until five o'clock in the morning, I was determined to interview Lester. I knew he wasn't very talkative, but he wanted the interview to be taped, and that encouraged me.

One afternoon at six o'clock I knocked at his door. Lester told me to come in: he had been waiting for me.

When he saw my tape recorder he shouted happily. He asked me: "Can I talk slang?" I agreed, and from then on he relaxed. I felt during the interview that he was pleased to be able to speak freely.

LESTER PARIS59

ART KANE

You weren't really born in New Orleans?

Uh, uh. Should I really tell you? I could tell a lie. I was born in Woodville, Mississippi, because my mother went back to the family; so after I was straight, you know, everything was cool, she took me back to New Orleans and we lived in Algiers, which is across the river.

I left when I was ten. They had trucks going around town advertising for all the dances, and this excited me, you know? So they gave me handbills and I was running all over the city until my tongue was hanging out. From there I went to Memphis and then to Minneapolis. I tried to go to school and all that . . . I wasn't interested.

The only person I liked on those trucks in New Orleans was the drummer, you dig?

Drums now? No eyes. I don't want to see them. Everytime I'd be in a nice little place, and I'd meet a nice little chick, dig, her mother'd say, 'Mary, come on, let's go'. Damn, I'd be trying to pack these drums, because I wanted this little chick, dig? She'd called her once and twice, and I'm trying to get straight, so I just said, I'm through with drums. All those other boys got clarinet cases, trumpet cases, trombone cases and I'm wiggling around with all that s—t, and Lady Francis, I could really play those drums. I'd been playing them for a whole year.

How did you get started on tenor?

I was playing alto and they had this evil old cat with a nice, beautiful background, you know, mother and father and a whole lot of bread and like that, you know, so everytime we'd get a job . . . this was in Salinas, Kansas, so everytime we'd go see him, we'd be waiting ninety years to get us to work while he fixed his face you know, so I told the bossman, his name was Art Bronson. So I said, 'listen, why do we have to go through this? You go and buy me a tenor saxophone and I'll play the m-f and we'd be straight then.'

So he worked with this music store, and we got straight, and we split. That was it for me. The first time I heard it. Because the alto was a little too high.

When did you learn to read music?

When I first came up in my father's band I wasn't reading music; I was faking it, but I was in the band. My father, got me an alto out of the pawnshop, and I just picked the m-f up and started playing it. My father played all the instruments and he read, so I

had to get close to my sister, you dig, to learn the parts.

One day my father finally said to me, Kansas, play your part, and he knew goddamn well I couldn't read. So my sister played her part and then he said, Lester play your part, and I couldn't read a m-f note, not a damn note. He said get up and learn some scales. Now you know my heart was broke, you dig, and I went and cried my little teardrops, while they went on rehearsing. I went away and learned to read the music, and I came back in the band. All the time I was learning to read, I was playing the records and learning the music at the same time, so I could completely foul them up.

I don't like to read music, just soul . . . there you are.

I got a man in New York writing music for me right now, so when I get back it'll be for bass violin, two cellos, viola, French Horn and three rhythm. I'll just take my time with it, if it don't come out right, I'll just say f—k it, no. This is the first time, and I always wanted to do that. Norman Granz would never let me make no records with no strings. Yardbird made million of records with strings. When I was over here the last time I played with strings, the first winners, I think they were. Germans. Anyway I played with them, and they treated me nice and played nice for me.

Who were your early influences?

I had a decision to make between Frankie Trumbauer and Jimmy Dorsey, you dig, and I wasn't sure which way I wanted to go. I'd buy me all those records and I'd play one by Jimmy and one by Trumbauer, you dig? I didn't know nothing about Hawk then, and they were the only ones telling a story I liked to hear. I had both of them made.

Was Bud Freeman an influence?

Bud Freeman??!! We're nice friends, I saw him just the other day down at the union, but influence, ladedehumpedorebebob . . . s—t! Did you ever hear him (Trumbauer) play "Singing the Blues"? That tricked me right then and that's where I went.

How about Coleman Hawkins?

As far as I'm concerned, I think Coleman Hawkins was the President first, right? When I first heard him I thought that was some great jazz I was listening to. As far as myself, I think I'm the second one. Not braggadocious, you know I don't talk like that. There's only one way to go. If a guy plays tenor, he's got to sound like Hawk or like Lester. If he plays alto, he's got to be Bird or Johnny Hodges. There's another way, the way I hear all the guys playing in New York, running all over the place.

In Kansas City, when I was with Basie, they told me to go and see Coleman Hawkins, and how great he is; so I wanted to see how great he is, you know. So they shoved me up on the stand, and I grabbed his saxophone, played it, read his clarinet parts,

everything! Now I got to run back to my job where there was 13 people and I got to run ten blocks. I don't think Hawk showed at all. Then I went to Little Rock with Count Basie, and I got this telegram from Fletcher Henderson saying come with me. So I was all excited because this was bigtime, and I showed it around to everyone and asked them what I should do. Count said he couldn't tell me, so I decided to split and went to Detroit. But it wasn't for me. The m-f's were whispering on me, everytime I played. I can't make that. I couldn't take that, those m-f's whispering on me, Jesus! So I went up to Fletcher and asked him would you give me a nice recommendation? I'm going back to Kansas City. He said "Oh, yeah" right quick. That bitch, she was Fletcher's wife, she took me down to the basement and played one of those old windup record players, and she'd say, Lester, can't you play like this? Coleman Hawkins records. But I mean, can't you hear this? Can't you get with that? You dig? I split! Every morning that bitch would wake me up at nine o'clock to teach me to play like Coleman Hawkins. And she played trumpet herself . . . circus trumpet! I'm gone!

How did you first go with Basie?

I used to hear this tenor player with Basie all the time. You see we'd get off at two in Minneapolis and it would be one in Kansas City, that kind of s—t, you dig. So I sent Basie this telegram telling him I couldn't stand to hear that m-f, and will you accept me for a job at any time? So he sent me a ticket and I left my madam here and came on.

How did you get along with Herschel?

We were nice friends and things, but some nights when we got on the stand it was like a duel, and other nights it would be nice music. He was a nice person, in fact I was the last to see him die. I even paid his doctor bills. I don't blame him; he loved his instrument, and I loved mine . . .

Why did you leave the Basie band?

That's some deep question you're asking me now. Skip that one, but I sure could tell you that, but it wouldn't be sporting. I still have nice eyes. I can't go around thinking evil and all that. The thing is still cool with me, because I don't bother about nobody. But you take a person like me, I stay by myself, so how do you know anything about me? Some m-f walked up to me and said, "Prez I thought you were dead!" I'm probably more alive than he is, you dig, from that hearsay.

You've known Billie for a long time, haven't you?

When I first came to New York I lived with Billie. She was teaching me about the city, which way to go, you know? She's still my Lady Day.

What people do, man, it's so obvious, you know? If you want to speak like that, what do I care what you do? What he do, what he does, what nobody do, it's nobody's business!



Man, they say he's an old junkie, he's old and funky, all that s—t, that's not nice. Whatever they do, let them do that and enjoy themselves, and you get your kicks yourself. All I do is smoke some New Orleans cigarettes, don't sniff nothing in my nose, nothing. I drink and I smoke and that's all. But a lot of people think I'm this way and I don't like that, I resent that. My business is the musical thing, all the way . . .

Do you think you play modern today?

In my mind when I play, I try not to be a repeater pencil, you dig? Always leave some spaces—lay out. You won't catch me playing like **Lester Leaps In** and that s—t, but I always go back.

I can play all those reed instruments. I can play bass clarinet. If I brought that out, wouldn't it upset everything? I know both Coltrane and Rollins. I haven't heard Coltrane, but I played with Rollins once in Detroit. I just made some records for Norman with clarinet. I haven't played it for a long time, because one of my friends stole it. That's the way it goes. I made them in 1958, in the Hollywood Bowl. Oscar Peterson and his group.

I developed my tenor to sound like an alto, to sound like a tenor, to sound like a bass, and I'm not through with it yet. That's why they get all trapped up, they say 'Goddam, I never heard Prez play like this'. That's the way I want them to hear. That's **MODERN**, dig? F—k what you played back in '49—it's what you play today, dig? A lot of them got lost and walked out.

Do you play the same thing everyday?

Not unless you want to get henpecked.

What kind of group would you like to have?

Give me my little three rhythm and me—happiness . . . the four Mills Brothers, ha, ha. I can relax better, you dig. I don't like a whole lotta noise no goddamn way. Trumpets and trombones, and all that—f—k it. I'm looking for something soft; I can't stand that loud noise. Those places, in New York, the trumpets screaming, and the chicks putting their fingers in their ears. It's got to be sweetness, you dig? Sweetness can be funky, filthy, or anything. What ever you want!

The Blues? Great Big Eyes. Because if you play with a new band like I have and are just working around, and they don't know no blues, you can't play anything! Everybody has to play the blues and everybody has them too . . .

Am I independent? Very much! I'd have taken off the other night if I had 500 dollars. I just can't take that b-s, you dig? They want everybody who's a Negro to be an Uncle Tom, or Uncle Remus, or Uncle Sam, and I can't make it. It's the same all over, you fight for your life—until death do you part, and then you got it made . . .

Republished from **Jazz-Hot** by permission of Charles Delaunay, redacteur. Transcribed from tapes of the interview.

LESTER YOUNG ON RECORDS by Erik Wiedemann

This is a chronological survey of Lester Young's record production. For records made or reissued under his own name, full details are listed, but only the most recent releases are noted. For other recordings, details are limited to the name under which they were recorded, the name of the company that owns them, the number of titles recorded with Young present, and the place and date of recording. 78 rpm records are indicated by (78), ten inch lps by (10"). All others are twelve inch lps.

It may be of interest to note that Young played the clarinet at least on the four consecutive sessions of June 6, August 22, September 8 and 15, 1938.

JONES-SMITH INC.	Columbia: 4	Chicago, Oct. 9, 1936.
COUNT BASIE	Decca: 4	New York, Jan. 21, 1937.
TEDDY WILSON	Columbia: 4	New York, Jan. 25, 1937.
COUNT BASIE	Decca: 4	New York, March 26, 1937.
TEDDY WILSON	Columbia: 4	New York, May 11, 1937.
TEDDY WILSON	Columbia: 4	New York, June 1, 1937.
BILLIE HOLIDAY	Columbia: 4	New York, June 15, 1937.
COUNT BASIE	Decca: 4	New York, July 7, 1937.
COUNT BASIE	Decca: 4	New York, Aug. 9, 1937.
BILLIE HOLIDAY	Columbia: 4	New York, Sept. 13, 1937.
COUNT BASIE	Decca: 4	New York, Oct. 13, 1937.
COUNT BASIE	Decca: 2	New York, Jan. 3, 1938.
TEDDY WILSON	Columbia: 4	New York, Jan. 6, 1938.
BILLIE HOLIDAY	Columbia: 4	New York, Jan. 12, 1938.
BENNY GOODMAN	Columbia: 1	New York, Jan. 16, 1938.
BILLIE HOLIDAY	Columbia: 1	New York, Jan. 27, 1938.
COUNT BASIE	Decca: 4	New York, Feb. 16, 1938.
BENNY GOODMAN	RCA Victor: 6	New York, March 9, 1938.
COUNT BASIE	Decca: 3	New York, June 6, 1938.
COUNT BASIE	Decca: 4	New York, Aug. 22, 1938.
KANSAS CITY SIX	Commodore: 5	New York, Sept. 8, 1938.
BILLIE HOLIDAY	Columbia: 4	New York, Sept. 15, 1938.
TEDDY WILSON	Columbia: 2	New York, Oct. 31, 1938.
TEDDY WILSON	Columbia: 4	New York, Nov. 9, 1938.
COUNT BASIE	Decca: 5	New York, Nov. 16, 1938.
COUNT BASIE	Decca: 2	New York, Jan. 5, 1939.
COUNT BASIE	Decca: 7	New York, Feb. 2, 1939.
COUNT BASIE	Columbia: 7	New York, March 19, 1939.
COUNT BASIE	Columbia: 4	New York, April 5, 1939.
COUNT BASIE	Columbia: 3	Chicago, May 19, 1939.
COUNT BASIE	Columbia: 4	Chicago, June 24, 1939.
GLENN HARDMAN	Columbia: 6	Chicago, June 26, 1939.
COUNT BASIE	Columbia: 4	New York, Aug. 4, 1939.
COUNT BASIE	Columbia: 2	New York, Sept. 5, 1939.
COUNT BASIE	Columbia: 8	New York, Nov. 6, 1939.
BILLIE HOLIDAY	Columbia: 4	New York, Dec. 13, 1939.
COUNT BASIE	Columbia: 7	New York, March 19, 1940.
COUNT BASIE	Columbia: 4	New York, May 31, 1940.
BILLIE HOLIDAY	Columbia: 4	New York, June 7, 1940.
COUNT BASIE	Columbia: 5	Chicago, Aug. 8, 1940.
COUNT BASIE	Columbia: 4	New York, Oct. 30, 1940.
COUNT BASIE	Columbia: 4	New York, Nov. 19, 1940.
UNA MAE CARLISLE	RCA Victor: 4	New York, March 10, 1941.
BILLIE HOLIDAY	Columbia: 4	New York, March 21, 1941.
SAM PRICE	Decca: 4	New York, April 3, 1941.

LESTER YOUNG (ts), KING COLE (p), RED CALLENDER (b).

Hollywood, July 15, 1942.

Van 1000	Indiana	
Van 1001	I Can't Get Started	Aladdin (10") AL 705
Van 1002	Tea For Two	—
Van 1003	Body and Soul	—

DICKY WELLS	Brunswick: 4	New York, Dec. 21, 1943.
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LESTER YOUNG QUARTET: Young (ts), Johnny Guarnieri (p), Slam Stewart (b), Sidney Catlett (dm).

New York, Dec. 28, 1943.

HL 1	Just You, Just Me	EmArcy MG 36050
HL 2	I Never Knew	—
HL 3	Afternoon of a Basie-ite	EmArcy MG 36051
HL 4	Sometimes I'm Happy	—

KANSAS CITY SIX Commodore: 4 New York, March, 1944.

KANSAS CITY FIVE & SEVEN EmArcy: 4 New York, March 22, 1944.

EARL WARREN & H. ORCH.: Ed Lewis, Harry Edison, Joe Newman, Al Killian (tp), Dicky Wells, Ted Donnelly, Louis Taylor, Eli Robinson (tb), Earl Warren, Jimmy Powell (as), Young, Buddy Tate (ts), Rudy Rutherford (brs), Clyde Hart (p), Freddie Green (g), Rodney Richardson (b), Jo Jones (dm).
New York, April 18, 1944.

S 5440	Empty Hearted	Savoy (78) 507
S 5441-2	Circus In Rhythm	MG 12071
S 5443-2	Poor Little Plaything	unissued
S 5442	Tush	MG 12071

Note: MG 12071 under Young's name.

JOHNNY GUARNIERI SWING MEN: Billy Butterfield (tp), Hank D'Amico (cl), Young (ts), Johnny Guarnieri (p), Dexter Hall (g), Billy Taylor (b), Cozy Cole (dm).

New York, April 18, 1944.

S 5446	These Foolish Things	Savoy MG 12068
S 5447-3	Exercise In Swing	Savoy MG 12071
S 5447-4	Exercise In Swing	—
S 5447	Exercise In Swing	Savoy MG 12068
S 5448-2	Salute to Fats	Savoy MG 12071
S 5448-3	Salute to Fats	—
S 5448	Salute to Fats	Savoy MG 12068
S 5449-2	Basie English	Savoy MG 12071
S 5449	Basie English	Savoy MG 12068

Note: MG 12068 and 12071 under Young's name.

LESTER YOUNG (ts), Count Basie (p), Freddie Green (g), Rodney Richardson (b), Shadow Wilson (dm).

New York, May 1, 1944.

S 5454	Blue Lester	Savoy MG 12068
S 5455-2	Ghost of a Chance	Savoy MG 12071
S 5455	Ghost of a Chance	Savoy MG 12068
S 5456-2	Indiana	Savoy MG 12071
S 5456	Indiana	Savoy MG 12068
S 5457	Jump, Lester, Jump	—

COUNT BASIE: V-DISC: 4 New York, May 27, 1944.

LESTER YOUNG & H. BAND: Vic Dickenson (tb), Young (ts), Dodo Marmarosa (p), Freddie Green (g), Red Callender (b), Henry Green (dm).

Hollywood, Dec. 1945.

123A	D.B. Blues	Aladdin LP-801, Score LP-4028
123B	Lester Blows Again	—
124A	These Foolish Things (÷ tb)	—
124B	Jumping at Mesner's	—

LESTER YOUNG TRIO: Young (ts), King Cole (p), Buddy Rich (dm).

Hollywood, Dec. 1945.

Peg O'My Heart (÷ dm)	Verve MG V-8164
I Want to Be Happy	—
Mean to Me	—
The Man I Love	—
Back to the Land	—
I Cover the Waterfront	—
Somebody Loves Me	—
I Found a New Baby	—

HELEN HUMES Aladdin: 5 Hollywood, Jan. 1946.

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC Verve: 3 Los Angeles, Jan. 29, 1946.

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC Verve: 4 (Vol. 2 & 5) Los Angeles, Spring 1946.

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC Verve: 4 (Vol. 1 & 2) Los Angeles, April 22, 1946.

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC Verve: 4 (Vol. 4)

LESTER YOUNG & H. BAND: Howard McGhee (tp), Vic Dickenson (tb), Willie Smith (as), Young (ts), Wesley Jones (p), Curtis Counce (b), Johnny Otis (dm).
Aladdin LP-801, Score LP-4028
Hollywood, Spring 1946.

Its Only a Paper Moon	—	—
After You've Gone (ts ÷ rhythm)	—	—
Lover Come Back to Me	—	—
Jammin' with Lester	—	—

Young (ts), Joe Albany (p), Irving Ashby (g), Red Callender (b), Chico Hamilton (dm).

Hollywood, Aug. 1946.

137A You're Driving Me Crazy Aladdin LP-801, Score LP-4028

137B New Lester Leaps In — —

138A Lester's Be Bop Boogie — —

138B She's Funny That Way — —

Maurice "Shorty" McConnell (tp), Young (ts), Argonne Thornton (p), Freddy Lacey (g), Rodney Richardson (b), Lyndell Marshall (dm).

Feb. 18, 1947.

46 Sunday Aladdin LP-802, Score LP-4029

S.M. Blues Aladdin LP-801, Score LP-4028

Jumping with Symphonic Sid (÷ tp) Aladdin LP-802, Score LP-4029

49 No Eyes Blues (÷ tp)

50 Sax-O-Be-Bop — —

51 On the Sunny Side of the Street (÷ tp) — —

Note: At least on LP-801, the titles of 49 and 50 are reversed.

LESTER YOUNG & H. TENOR SAX: Young (ts) with unknown p, g, b, dm.

New York, Summer 1947.

JB 347 Lester Leaps In V-Disc (78) 764

LESTER YOUNG & H. SEXTET: as for Feb. 18, 1947, with Tex Briscoe (b) and Roy Haynes (dm) for Richardson and Marshall.
Chicago, Dec. 29, 1947.

123 One O'Clock Jump Aladdin LP-802, Score LP-4029

124 Jumpin' at the Woodside — —

Easy Does It — —

Confessin' (÷ tp) — —

Just Cooling — —

LESTER YOUNG QUINTET: Young (ts), Gene Di Novi (p), Chuck Wayne (g), Curley Russell (b), Tiny Kahn (dm).

New York, Spring 1949.

1020 Tea for Two Aladdin LP-802, Score LP-4029

1021 East of the Sun — —

1022 The Sheik of Araby — —

1023 Something to Remember You By — —

Note: 1020 has only been issued on English and French Vogue.

LESTER YOUNG SEXTET: Jesse Drakes (tp), Jerry Elliott (tb), Young (ts), Junior Mance (p), Leroy Jackson (b), Roy Haynes (dm).
New York, June 28, 1949.

Sav 5240-2 Crazy Over Jazz Savoy MG 1207

Sav 5240-3 Crazy Over Jazz —

Sav 5240 Crazy Over Jazz Savoy MG 12068

Sav 5241-2 Ding Dong Savoy MG 12071

Sav 5241-3 Ding Dong —

Sav 5241 Ding Dong Savoy MG 12068

Sav 5242-2 Blues 'N Bells Savoy MG 12071

Sav 5242-3 Blues 'N Bells —

Sav 5242 Blues 'N Bells Savoy MG 12068

Sav 5243 June Bug —

Note: 5240 or 5243 issued as Lester Digs on Savoy (10") MG 9029.

BILLIE HOLIDAY Decca: 2 New York, Aug. 17, 1949.

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC Verve: 4 (Vol. 7) New York, Sept. 18, 1949.

LESTER YOUNG QUARTET: Young (ts), Hank Jones (p), Ray Brown (b), Buddy Rich (dm).
New York, March 1950.

C-366-2 Too Marvelous For Words Verve MG V-8162

C-367-1 'Deed I Do —

C-368-4 Encore —

C-369-2	Polka Dots and Moonbeams	—
C-370-2	Up 'N Adam	—
Young (ts), John Lewis (p), Joe Shulman (b), Bill Clark (dm). New York, June 1950.		
C-430-1	Three Little Words	Verve MG V-8162
C-431-2	Count Every Star	Verve MG-8181
C-432-2	It All Depends On You	Verve MG V-8162
C-433-4	Neenah	—
C-434-1	Jeepers Creepers	—

JAZZ CONCERT Verve: 4 New York, Sept. 16, 1950.
LESTER YOUNG QUARTET: Young (ts), John Lewis (p), Gene Ramey (b), Jo Jones (dm).
 New York, Jan. 16, 1951.

C-483-1	Thou Swell	Verve MG V-8162
C-484-2	September In the Rain	Verve MG V-8181
C-485-1	Undercover Girl Blues	Verve MG V-8162
C-486-3	Frenesi	—
C-487-2	Pete's Cafe	Verve MG V-8181
C-488-1	Little Pee Blues	Verve MG V-8162
Same.		
New York, March 8, 1951.		
C-529-3	A Foggy Day	Verve MG V-8161
C-530-1	In a Little Spanish Town	—
C-531-1	Let's Fall In Love	—
C-532-2	Down 'N Adam	—
C-533	Lester Swings	Verve MG V-8181
C-534	Slow Motion Blues	—

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC Verve: 3 (Vol. 8) New York, Sept. 1952.

LESTER YOUNG QUINTET: Young (ts), Oscar Peterson (p), Barney Kessel (g), Ray Brown (b), Buddy Rich (dm).
 Same Concert.

I Can't Get Started

Verve MG Vol. 8

J. C. Heard (dm) for Rich.

Hollywood, Oct. 1952.

C-888-2	I Can't Get Started (÷ p)	Verve MG V-8144
C-889	These Foolish Things	Verve MG V-8181
C-890	Stardust	—
C-891-1	On the Sunny Side of the	Verve MG V-8144
C-892-3	Street	—
C-893-4	Almost Like Being In Love	Verve MG V-8181
C-894-1	I Can't Give You Anything	Verve MG V-8144
C-895-2	But Love	Verve MG V-8181
	There'll Never Be Another You	Verve MG V-8144
	Confessin'	—
	Ad Lib Blues	—
	Just You, Just Me	—
	Tea For Two	—
	Indiana	—

METRONOME MGM: 3 New York, July 9, 1953.

ALL STARS

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC Verve: 1 (Vol. 9) New York, Sept. 23, 1953.

LESTER YOUNG QUINTET: Young (ts), Oscar Peterson (p), Herb Ellis (g), Ray Brown (b), J. C. Heard (dm).

Same concert.

Verve MG Vol. 9

I Cover the Waterfront

Lester Gambles

Lester's Blues

Jesse Drakes (tp), Young (ts), Gildo Mahones (p), Gene Ramey (b), Connie Kay (dm).
 New York, Dec. 1953.

C-1395-2	Willow, Weep For Me (÷ tp)	Verve MG V-8161
C-1396	This Can't Be Love	—
C-1397	Can't We Be Friends?	—
C-1398-3	Tenderly	—
C-1399-2	New D.B. Blues	—
C-1400-2	Jumping at the Woodside	—
C-1401	I Can't Believe That You're ...	—
	(÷ tp)	—
C-1402	Oh, Lady Be Good	—
	Prob. similar personnel.	prob. 1954.

RR 122 Movin' with Lester Aladdin (78) 3257
 RR 142 Lester Smooths It Out —
 Ase before, with John Ore (b) for Ramey.
 New York, Dec. 1954.

C-2107-1	Another Mambo	Verve MG V-8187
	Somebody Loves Me	—
	Come Rain Or Come Shine	—
	(÷ tp)	—
	Rose Room	—
	Kiss Me Again (÷ tp)	—
	It Don't Mean a Thing	—
C-2113-1	I'm In the Mood For Love	—
	(÷ tp)	—
	Big Top Blues	—

PRES & SWEETS: Harry Edison (tp), Young (ts), Oscar Peterson (p), Herb Ellis (g), Ray Brown (b), Buddy Rich (dm).
 1955.

Mean to Me	Verve MG V-8134
Red Boy Blues	—
Pennies From Heaven	—
That's All	—
One O'Clock Jump	—
She's Funny That Way	—

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC Verve: 3 (Vol. 11) New York, Oct. 2, 1955.

LESTER YOUNG (ts) with Oscar Peterson (p), Herb Ellis (g), Ray Brown (b), Buddy Rich (dm).
 Same concert.

I Didn't Know What Time It Was	Verve MG Vol. 11
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THE JAZZ GIANTS '56: Roy Eldridge (tp), Vic Dickenson (tb), Young (ts), Teddy Wilson (p), Freddie Green (g), Gene Ramey (b), Jo Jones (dm).
 Verve MG V-8146

New York, Jan. 12, 1956.

I Guess I'll Have to Change

My Plan

I Didn't Know What Time It Was

Gigantic Blues

This Year's Kisses

You Can Depend On Me

PRES & TEDDY: Young (ts), Teddy Wilson (p), Gene Ramey (b), Jo Jones (dm).

New York, Jan. 15, 1956.

Our Love Is Here to Stay ARS G 417

Pres Returns

Louise

All of Me

Prisoner of Love

Taking a Chance On Love

COUNT BASIE Verve: 6 Newport, R. I., July 7, 1957.

JAP ALL STARS Verve: 3 Los Angeles, Oct. 25, 1957.

COUNT BASIE Columbia: 2 New York, Dec. 4, 1957.
 (Sound of Jazz)

BILLIE HOLIDAY Columbia: 1 New York, Dec. 5, 1957.
 (Sound of Jazz)

LESTER YOUNG (cl) with Harry Edison (tp), Oscar Peterson (p), Herb Ellis (g), Ray Brown (b), Louie Bellson (dm).
 1958.

Unknown titles Verve

LESTER YOUNG (ts) with Harry Edison (tp) and unknown rhythm.
 1958.

Unknown titles Verve

LESTER YOUNG (cl) with Roy Eldridge (tp) and unknown rhythm.
 1958.

Unknown titles Verve

LESTER YOUNG, (ts) with René Urtreger (p), Jimmy Gourley (g), Pierre Michelot (b), Kenny Clarke (dm).
 Paris, March 2, 1959.

Unknown titles Verve



ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

CREOLE ECHOES

by ERNEST BORNEMAN

During the last two decades there has come into existence a potted version of jazz history which dissenters have christened "The Buddy Bolden Myth." Every jazz book since **Jazzmen** has retold the same tale with all but minor variations. Even Hodeir's book, one of the few original pieces of jazz writing since Panassié's **Jazz Hot**, has done little more than reverse the prefixes: what was good in the past is bad now; what was bad in the past is good now. The years 1935 to 1945, ranked by the earlier writers as a period of decline, now rank as the age of "classical jazz" in Hodeir's timetable—but the timetable itself, and the events that it records, have remained the same as with Rudi Blesh, Robert Goffin, Dave Dexter, Wilder Hobson, Sidney Finkelstein, Rex Harris and Marshall Stearns.

As one of the culprits who started the Buddy Bolden Myth on the basis of eager but insufficient field work in the 'thirties and 'forties, I have tried for close to 15 years now to make amends for the mistakes that had crept into **An Anthropologist**

Looks at Jazz and other early contributions to the jazz cult. But quite in vain: the old fallacies keep cropping up in one jazz book after another—quoted and subquoted and sub-subquoted. And since every critic who quotes another critic's mistakes acquires a vested interest in the collective blunder, it has become almost impossible by now to untangle the skein. If you try to do so, you incur the wrath of the whole critical fraternity as a kind of deviationist from your own gospel.

Yet the job has to be done because the facts that have come to light since the pioneer days of **Jazzmen** no longer bear out the old conclusions. The main fallacy, I think, is the suggestion that jazz somehow came into existence in the 1890s by an act of spontaneous creation. This seems impossible to me, however much credit we place in the stories of Buddy Bolden's genius. Obviously something must have preceded him—but what? What kind of music did exist in mid-nineteenth century among New Orleans Negroes and Creoles of color?

According to all ear-witnesses from George Washington Cable to Lafcadio Hearn, from Charles Dudley Werner to the writers in the **New Orleans Times and Picayune**, there flourished at that time a mature and developed form of Afro-Latin music similar to that of Martinique, Guadeloupe, Trinidad and San Domingo.

How did such a music come into existence? The moment you ask the question, you reopen the inquest on jazz and face a new trial. Another dozen questions almost immediately pose themselves, and if you pursue them in the light of what academic musicology has learnt about African music in the course of the last twenty years, the whole image of jazz and its pre-history changes. Let me sum up as briefly as possible what I mean:

1. The conflict between African and European strains in jazz turns out to have been largely an artificial one created by critics ignorant of the nature of African music. There is a conflict—but it takes a form entirely different from that which the jazz critics have expounded.
2. African and European music are variants of the same idiom which has developed along both shores of the Mediterranean and may, in fact, have a common origin in pre-Mediterranean times.
3. The real dividing line is not between European and African music but between the common heritage of Europe and Africa on one side and, on the other, an Asian form of music which spread outwards from both shores of the Mediterranean when the Arabs brought the gospel of Islam to Europe and Africa.
4. Thus many of the elements which the first European students of African music took to be characteristic of Negro music have turned out to have been Arabic in origin.
5. On the other hand, many of the elements which European scholars of Moorish music have considered as characteristically Arabic have turned out to be African. This means that a reunion of the African and European strains of Mediterranean music occurred during the Moorish conquest of Spain—a reunion which changed the structure of Spanish, Portuguese and Southern French music.
6. When slavery brought Africans once more into contact with Europeans, the Africans recognized many familiar traits in the music of the Spanish, Portuguese and French settlers—but only few familiar ones in the music of the other Europeans. Contrary to almost everything the jazz critics have said, this familiarity was precisely in the field of harmony.
7. While Anglo-Saxon music showed only harmonic similarities to African music, the music of the French, Spanish and Portuguese settlers also showed similarities in the handling of rhythm and timbre. The slaves thus found it easier to assimilate the latter than the former, and this meant that Creole music had a head-start over the development of spirituals, blues and other forms of Anglo-African music.
8. There is a significant gap in the so-called history of New Orleans jazz—the gap between the Place Congo rituals and the Buddy Bolden band. This gap has been left open by so many jazz historians because to fill it would have meant blowing up the myth that jazz somehow mysteriously sprung fully fledged out of Buddy Bolden's head. What must have happened instead is that it grew up slowly from natural roots, and these roots were Creole music of the kind which Louis Moreau Gottschalk notated in 1847.
9. If this is so, then jazz began as a Latin-American form of music—the music of French and Spanish speaking Negroes and Creoles—a music very much more complex than the first recorded examples of jazz.
10. In that case jazz went tangent during the very years which, in recording history, appear to be the most fruitful ones—the years when the New Orleans jazzmen migrated to Chicago and were recorded there for the first time. It must have been during these very years that jazz lost its "Spanish tinge" and reduced itself to a series of improvisations in straight 2/4 and 4/4 time on Tin Pan Alley tunes. What got lost at that time was the essence of jazz: the African and Creole themes of the formative years, and the Creole manner of rhythmic accentuation.
11. The so-called "Afro-Cuban" movement in jazz, which occurred roughly a hundred years after Louis Moreau's Creole songs, therefore was not a fad or a deviation from the straight and narrow path of true jazz but the very opposite—a return to the roots of jazz: a homecoming after years in the wilderness.
12. If this is so, and the standards of value employed by the jazz critics are wrong and we must start all over again with a new yardstick. I am not suggesting that the archetype of an art form is also its pinnacle, but I think that art can only be measured in terms of its own tradition. What I am trying to set out briefly below is a statement of what I consider that tradition to be. Jazz is not a form of musical miscegenation but a reunion of two branches of the same family. That family has its origin in the era prior to the Upper Paleolithic when Europe and Africa were part of the same land mass and when that land mass was divided from the rest of the world. Professor Richard

A. Waterman has summed up most concisely what we have learnt about the music of this era in his introduction to the Field Album of **Tribal, Folk and Café Music of West Africa**:

"Music, too, seems to have stemmed in this Euro-African area, from a common stock of musical concepts, from a basic musical orientation that differs from both that of the Indo-Arabic area in the southern half of the East, and that of the Sino-Mongolian area in the northern half.

"Two fundamental differentiating elements of this Western Style are the use of the diatonic scale and the employment of harmony. Although the former appears sporadically elsewhere, as, for example, in China, it has not, except in the West, been used as the basis for musical development, and is to be distinguished sharply from the microtonalism of the Indo-Arabic area.

"Harmony, on the other hand, appears in aboriginal music nowhere but in the western one-third of the Old World, where it is common in European folk-music and African tribal music."

But "there exists a broad intrusive belt of Arabic and Arabic-influenced music which stretches across the middle of the Western area, along both borders of the Mediterranean. Since the times of ancient history this alien musical peninsula has masked the fact of the previous existence of a continuous harmony-using bloc of cultures earlier established in this area."

What has complicated the identification of European and African forms of music still further was, of course, the invasion of Europe and Africa by Mohammedan warriors. Breaking out of their Arabian deserts, they conquered in a few years the old Sassanian kingdom of Persia, took Syria, Egypt and Africa away from the East Roman Empire, and pushed their conquests to Spain on one side and India on the other.

The music of all these regions became Arabicized—so much so that it is impossible at this stage to separate the original Negro elements in today's West African, Central African and East African folk music from the Arab elements that were superimposed on them some 800 years **before** the first slaves were brought to America.

On the other hand, there has been a powerful influx of African music into Arabic music, and these African elements in the music of the Moorish conquerors left unmistakable marks on the music of Spain, Portugal and France. Let us remember that the Moors stayed in Spain for nearly 800 years—from 711 to 1492—and that at least three of the key figures of Moorish music during its formative period were of Negro descent.

Mabed Ibn Ouhab, court singer to Yezid. Calif of Damascus who died in 628, was a Negro. **Bilel**, the

Prophet's own muaddin, who fled with him to Medina and died in Damascus in 641, was a Djumah Negro. It was he who composed the **adhan**, the traditional devotional hymn of all Islams. **Ibrahim ibn al-Mahdi**, the third and greatest of the three, was the son of Shikla, an African slave girl. Directly descended on his father's side from Hashin. Muhammed's grandfather and Haroun-al-Rashid's brother, he was born in July 779 to the Caliph Muhammed-al-Mahadi, a member of the Abassides dynasty of the Caliphs of Bagdad.

Turning to music at an early age, Ibrahim played all the string and percussion instruments of his day, became a master of the lute and excelled as the greatest singer of the Arab world. Arabic music was at its height then. He became the leader of the "progressive" school (which was opposed to the traditional one of **Ishak-al-Mausili**) and died in 839 at Surr-man-rá rá. Through him, and through the many lesser Africans who came to Spain as singers and dancers, Spanish music became transformed into an idiom which was so to speak pre-digested for consumption by the African slaves who came to the New World in the 17th and 18th century.

Almost all of the Caribbean islands were in French or Spanish hands before the British took over, and many of the slaves who reached the British colonies on the mainland had previously been exposed for months and sometimes years to French and Spanish influences on the islands that served as clearing houses for the slave trade.

Louisiana, of course, was a French colony, but New Orleans, its capital, was ceded to the Spaniards in 1764. It remained under Spanish influence till 1800, and during that time there occurred a vast influx of slaves from the French and Spanish islands of the Caribbean. During 1776 and 1777 alone, some 2,500 slaves were imported from Martinique, Guadeloupe and San Domingo. In 1782 Governor Galvez found it necessary to impose a special decree banning the import of Negroes from Martinique—nominally because they practiced voodoo, but in actual fact because the French were gaining a monopoly on the importation of slaves from their own colonies, and the Spanish slave traders were losing business.

Another 3,000 slaves arrived from San Domingo after the Toussaint-L'Ouverture rebellion had driven their masters abroad. These slaves reached Louisiana via Cuba, effecting a still further linkage between Africa, Spain and France. In 1817 there began the famous dances in the Place Congo which have been accurately and faithfully recorded by many eye-witnesses. The music here ran from almost unaltered African survivals to new cross-bred idioms using French and Spanish melodies against an essentially African rhythm. (To be continued)



BOB CATO

Starting a Big Band

by QUINCY JONES

When I came back last November after 19 months in Europe, I decided to try to form a band. I'd seen signs that indicated—to me, anyway—that this is the time. I soon discovered that the amount of planning required was more than most writers on the subject—and most people asking what's happened to the bands—realize.

First, some of the signs. In Europe, there's unusually large interest in big bands, and with the way transportation is developing, Europe will be a much more important part of any band's itinerary in the years to come. By 1964, a band should be doing one-nighters to England or Germany with the same regularity as it goes to Pittsburgh.

What's helped arouse and sustain the enthusiasm in Europe is that nearly every country has a first-rate band of its own, and so the audiences are conditioned: Edelhagen in Germany, Arnold in Sweden, Dankworth in England. Even Yugoslavia has one. As a result, I think new bands will find they'll be able to play more music in Europe than here.

A domestic sign was the sales success of several of the relatively few instrumentals that have been released in the past few years. Those chart records made me believe even more that you can educate the majority, and that there's no reason why some of those hit instrumentals couldn't have a stronger jazz base.

A key reason for wanting a band—and I know this feeling is shared by many musicians—was the constant discouragement and frustration of assembling a superior group of musicians for recording, of having them right there, and knowing what could happen if they could stay together for a month.

First, I had to realize that I couldn't get the good musicians I wanted unless I had enough work guarantees **before** I went out to assure them at least a few months. Finding musicians who'll travel at all was one problem. Finding musicians who had had big band experience—in a period when there was practically nowhere for them to get it—was another.

I also had to have musicians who were men as well as creative. Oddly enough, the two elements don't often seem to go together. My men had to have good conception—not a studio approach—but they also had to be straight guys. One man with a dissonant personality can ruin a section, no matter how skilled a musician he is. I mean, for one example, guys we call "union book" men. If you play a minute overtime, they've got the book out. They make no concessions.

And no junkies. They mess-up in every way. Their attitude runs through everything they do on and off the stand. They're late to gigs, careless in appearance, and they goof musically. It's hard enough

to get a big band going without them on hand.

As of this writing, I haven't the full personnel set yet. Some sent in tapes. Musicians I knew recommended others. And I'd kept my ears open during all the time I'd spent on the road. It looks like the pianist will be Patti Bowen. She, like Melba Liston in the trombone section, is a fine musician, not just a good girl musician. I'm against using women for novelty effect. I've known Patti since we were both about 12, when her mother wouldn't let her play jazz.

Also from Seattle originally is the bass player, Buddy Catlett. In the trumpet section there'll be Benny Bailey. Benny's been with Dizzy's big band and Lionel Hampton, and has influenced a lot of players, Art Farmer among them. He's been in Europe seven years and felt it was time he returned to closer contact with American musicians. Lenny Johnson is a trumpet player who's been with Herb Pomeroy's band, and also from Seattle is Floyd Standifer. He's a great talent; he's been there a long time. His father made him study physics. In both the trumpet and trombone sections will be two well known musicians from a major band, but I can't tell their names yet. Phil Woods and Sahib Shihab will be in the reed section. A vocalist will come later.

I'd seen John Hammond in Europe, told him of my plans, and he brought me together with Willard Alexander, who has always had faith in big bands. He has Basie. First we needed records for exposure. Fortunately, Irving Green, president of Mercury, and Jack Tracy, who headed the jazz end of the label, are for big bands too.

Frankly, the first releases were singles and were deliberately geared for air play. We're going to have competition from the Elgarts, and the ghost bands, and we can't run away from them. So we'll have the so-called commercial material—which we'll still play in our own way—and a straight jazz book, and where we can, we'll mix the two. One thing a jazz leader has to keep in mind is that there are only three or four jazz clubs in the country that can afford a big band. There's a lot of space in between, and that'll have to be filled in by college dates and ballrooms. Eventually, though, I think we can spend six months each year in Europe.

Anyway, among our first titles were **'Tuxedo Junction,' 'Syncopated Clock,' 'Midnight Sun' and 'After Hours.'** They swung, and had improvised solos, and the writing was straightaway. So far, incidentally, I've been doing all the writing with some help from Melba and Ernie Wilkins, but I'll need more help, and I'm hoping to get other writers like

George Russell to contribute to the book, and Gil Evans for ballads.

The basic point about the writing, however, is that I won't know what the personality of the band is until we're on the road several months. You can't fully plan the personality of a band. It's created by what happens when the men get to know each other, feel the rhythm section, react to the book, etc. You can't expect the writing to do it all. Even 12-tone things can sound trite in the wrong hands.

Once we're on the road, there are other problems—financial. You have to pay a traveling tax on each musician every time you go into a new local's jurisdiction, that can add up with 17 men. Then there's the ten percent commission to the booking agency (15% for one-nighters). The leader also has to pay transportation for all and the cost of insurance for each man whatever way they travel. Arrangements start at \$125, average \$150-175 and can be \$250 for longer ones.

It's hard to say what the average pay will be. An inexperienced sideman might start at \$25 a night. In some bands, they start lower. Others may be \$150 a week with more for featured men. At first most of the men will have to go along with the band, because the first time around it's very close to scale—unless the records are in action. To make the salary and all the other expenses like record promotion and an accountant, this band at the end of a year will have to make \$7,000 a week, or disappear. And I'm not counting myself because I don't expect to make money out of it for a while. As an idea of the going rates up top, Basie gets \$10,000. We'll have a big book. The hardest problem isn't with ballad arrangements, but rather with finding a really fresh writer of up-tempo numbers that swing. Bill Holman came pretty close, and Thad Jones is coming up with some new ideas.

Anyway, although I may be proved wrong, and I've only begun to list the problems, I do think this is a good time. If you wait until it's obviously a good time, it's too late to start, because everybody's doing it. We may stumble, but we'll be among the first.



PABLO PICASSO

Bela Bartok, in his book on Hungarian folk music, draws a distinction between two kinds of folk music that has fascinating applications to jazz. He draws a line between what he calls **parlando-rubato** music and **tempo giusto** music. We can roughly translate these terms as "speech inflected" and "rhythm dominated". In the first, **parlando-rubato**, the melodic accents create a free and highly flexible rhythmic pattern, like the accents of speech. In the second, **tempo giusto**, the melodic accents form a fixed, regular pattern, like that of dance.



by SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

In the first, the melody may be said to expand and contract the rhythm. In the second, the melody is enclosed within the rhythm, and its main accents coincide with the rhythmic beats. The distinction is easy to hear in any folk music. In American folk music, for example, street cries, field calls and hollers are a **parlando-rubato** or speech-inflected music, while hoe-downs like **Ida Red** are **tempo-giusto** or rhythm-dominated. The song, **Water Boy** starts and ends with speech-inflected music, and has a rhythm-dominated middle section.

The distinction is most clear in what Bartok calls the earlier or more primitive areas of folk music, these, in which the song forms are "open," repetitions and continuous, coming to an arbitrary end when the particular chant, event or ceremony which they accompany comes to an end. In this early music, the distinction also points up the dual origins of music: on the one hand in a heightened speech or chant; and on the other an accompaniment to controlled and regular human movements, like those of dance or work. But the separation persists in all the later developments of music. It is no longer an absolute separation. The two styles tend to combine, affect or influence one another. There is very little absolutely speech-inflected or rhythm-dominated music. But this does not mean that they cancel one another. Rather, the difference arises again on a new level of psychological meaning. Speech is a medium not only of communication but of thought, and the rhythms of speech, whether reflective or declamatory, are the rhythms of thought, and

speech-inflected music, especially with rich harmonic clothing, becomes a door to the inner world, of meditation, reflection, complex moods and inner conflicts. Rhythm-dominated music goes far beyond dance, work, or other regularized activities like marches to embrace the outer world of human movement and activity.

The difference can be heard in what Bartok calls the "later" folk music, which tends towards rounded or "architectonic" songs, songs with a defined structure: a beginning, a middle and end apparent to the ear. He points this out in Hungarian folk song; we can find it equally well in American song. **Yankee Doodle**, **Turkey in the Straw**, **John Brown's Body**, are all rhythm-dominated songs. **Shenandoah**, **Go Down Moses**, **He Never Said a Mumberlin' Word**, although they have a definite rhythmic pattern and flow, are all essentially speech-inflected songs. The difference has no relation to tempo, or whether the song is fast or slow. A fairly fast song, for example, like the great Negro work songs, **Pity a Poor Boy** (arranged by Willis L. James, and a favorite of Roland Hayes) is declamatory and speech-inflected, while **Swing Low Sweet Chariot** is a rhythm-dominated song.

The distinction takes on great importance in classical musical composition. In 18th century opera, for example, we can find it most sharply in the duality of recitative (speech-inflected) and aria (generally rhythm-dominated and, in this period, often in dance form). In Bach's **Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue** for clavier, the **Fantasy** is a wonderful piece of speech-inflected music, while the **Fugue** in this case is highly rhythm-dominated. Bach will often gain an especially haunting effect by throwing a speech-inflected melodic line over a rhythm-dominated dance form, as in the **Sarabandes** of his six keyboard **Partitas** or the great **Chaconne** for solo violin.

In the classic form, as developed by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, these two sides of music tend to merge within a single musical form. And yet the composer, in combining them, handles both with a keen awareness of their different, respective qualities. Thus in Beethoven's **Appassionata** sonata for piano, the entire opening group of motifs, together with their expansion, is speech-inflected music, while the contrasting "second theme" is a rhythm-dominated melody.

The entire first movement may be called a development of the conflict engendered by these two different kinds of music. In Beethoven's **Kreutzer Sonata** for violin and piano, the first movement, for all its fast and highly charged rhythmic passages, is essentially all speech-inflected and declamatory music, while the seemingly reflective slow movement is for most of its course rhythm-dominated music.

The applications to jazz are very revealing. The twelve bar blues, for example, especially in its early or "folk" form, is essentially a speech-inflected music, despite the regular rhythmic pattern under-

neath the melody. A powerful example of such a speech-inflected performance is Bessie Tucker's **Penitentiary Blues** (Jazz, Vol. 1, **The South**, Folkways). The marches that New Orleans music embraced were, in their traditional form, a rhythm-dominated music. Ragtime piano tended to be a rhythm-dominated music. Rhythmic tricks, deviations, syncopations, cross rhythms, did not change this rhythm-dominated quality, but only served to emphasize further the rhythmic form.

A genuine speech-accented quality does not come from such rhythmic deviations, or from deliberate anticipating or lagging behind the beat. In speech-inflected music, like the blues, we can feel the melody line pulling away from the rhythm and at the same time locked to it, but the free accents are the natural and inevitable clothing of the musical thought. A speech-inflected melody like the blues seems wrong if performed in a strict, rhythm-dominated style, unless this is done for special effect. Early in jazz development, the two sides of music came together to reveal their unique expressive powers on a new level. Thus within a rhythm-dominated piece of marching jazz, a speech-inflected quality could enter through a free, soaring solo. In ragtime pieces, both for piano and band, the "breaks" could be handled as a strictly rhythmic effect, or could become a little, injected blues phrases and take on an affecting speech-inflected quality. One of the great qualities of Jelly Roll Morton as a pianist was his ability to give ragtime pieces fine and touching speech-inflected qualities, as in his **Miserere** (out of Verdi), in the Library of Congress records (Circle and Riverside), or in the "trio" section of **The Pearls**.

When, in this same series of records, he contrasts the St. Louis way of doing **Maple St. Rag** with his own way, the St. Louis style is rhythm-dominated, while his own version is more speech-inflected. The same quality is found in his **Red Hot Peppers** band records, as in **Wild Man Blues**, with its rhythm-dominated melody and haunting speech-inflected breaks. Bessie Smith sang rather sophisticated blues, ragtime songs and ballads, often a highly rhythm-controlled music. Yet she had the special ability to give the songs a declamatory, speech-inflected quality, which became the medium for her own powerful personality.

When, in the late 1930's, a distinction began to be made in the writing on jazz between "Dixieland" jazz and what was getting to be known as the "genuine New Orleans music," a feeling for the division between rhythm-dominated and speech-inflected music lay behind this distinction. For example, the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and most of its followers had played a music almost exclusively rhythm-dominated, lacking a speech-inflected quality even in the breaks. This was also true of many of the Dixieland "revival" groups of the late 1930's and early 1940's. On the other hand, the great jazzmen who had grown up in New Orleans style, like King Oliver, Sidney Bechet and Louis Armstrong, played

a speech-inflected music. King Oliver's famous solo in **Dippermouth Blues (Sugarfoot Stomp)** is a remarkable example of a declamatory, thoroughly speech-inflected music in fast tempo. The celebrated New Orleans feetwarmer discs are made up of beautiful speech-inflected melodic lines and phrases thrown by Sidney Bechet and Tommy Tadnier over a furious fast tempo beat, as in **Maple Leaf Rag** and **Everybody Loves My Baby**.

ords are rich in speech-inflected music, not only in slow blues like **Skid-Dat-De-Dat** with its touching breaks, but in faster tunes that are basically rhythm-dominated music, like **Willie the Weeper** and **Savoy Blues**, and their **Twelfth St. Rag** is a particularly heartwarming example of a rhythm-dominated tune being transformed by a speech-inflected style. Applying this touchstone to the jazz of the "swing era," the middle and late 1930's, the following picture seems to take shape. The commercial swing bands all play a rhythm-dominated music. Many of the players with real invention and taste also play a largely rhythm-dominated music. Thus Benny Goodman's solo style falls in this category. So does Teddy Wilson's. "Fats" Waller plays largely rhythm-dominated music. Art Tatum, for all the brilliance of his keyboard handling, and all the flourishes, runs and rhythmic halts, plays essentially in a rhythm-dominated style. Coleman Hawkins plays essentially a rhythm-dominated style. On the other hand Louis Armstrong, in his solos with large bands, on popular ballads, still plays a speech-inflected style. Bix Biederbecke gives his solos subtle speech-inflected touches.

While commercial "boogie woogie" is all rhythm-dominated, the great "boogie woogie" pianists, like Meade Lux Lewis, Pete Johnson and Jimmy Yancey, play a fine speech-inflected music within their highly-charged rhythmic form. Thus, the classic **Honky Tonk Train** by Lewis is basically a blues declamation, with speech-inflected touches in fast tempo, with an eight-to-the-bar bass. One of the greatest of all masters of a speech-inflected style, as if it were second nature to him, is Lester Young. (A post-war disc, the **JATP Blues** in Jazz at the Philharmonic, Vol. 6, puts Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins side by side, thus making possible a comparison between Young's **parlando-rubato** and Hawkins' more **tempo-giusto** style, both applied to the blues). One of the greatest and most haunting of singers in a speech-inflected style, so that it seemed part of her being, was Billie Holiday, and she transformed practically every song she sang with this style.

An outstanding quality of both the Basie and Ellington bands was their fine ability to interweave rhythm-dominated and speech-accented music in the same performance, achieving a rich combination and contrast of styles and moods. They did this in different ways. Basie drew essentially upon speech-accented melodic material, such as blues and spiritual-like motifs, playing them with a powerful

rhythmic drive and with his band at the same time these contrasting elements. The two trumpet show pieces, **Boy Meets Horn** and **Concerto for Cootie** preserving their speech-inflected, vocal or chanting quality. Basie himself helped in this drive, playing a rhythm-dominated piano of the most subtle and sparkling kind, with little speech-inflected touches. And his soloists, like Lester Young, Buck Clayton, Dickie Wells, Bennie Morton were all masters of a heartfelt speech-inflected phrasing.

Ellington on the other hand had a wonderful flair for inventing rhythm-dominated melodies and themes of the most lifting and captivating life, like **Ducky Wucky** and **Rocking in Rhythm**, with his soloists, like Bubber Miley, Rex Stewart, Cootie Williams, Lawrence Brown, Barney Bigard and Johnny Hodges throwing little speech-inflected phrases against this. And more than Basie Ellington and his band worked out rounded forms with a sensitive, planned use of are beautiful examples of such rounded forms, being a speech-inflected music with little rhythm-dominated touches. In the remarkable **Cottontail**, rhythm itself, instead of being confined to the underlying beat, becomes a strong declamatory element, producing a little masterpiece of interwoven rhythm-controlled and speech-accented music. In **Conga Brava**, speech-accented phrases are played against rhythm-controlled ones, in **Just a-Settin' and a-Rockin'** he takes the kind of rhythmic pattern that, more than a decade later, would be vulgarized to the point of nausea in commercial "rock and roll," and handles it with the happiest lightness (with Ben Webster of course contributing) and the music constantly taking on blues speech-inflected accents.

Before touching on modern jazz in this respect, the following propositions are offered for consideration.

1. Both speech-accented and rhythm-controlled music have absolute validity, and are necessary for a full, rounded music.

They represent two opposite sides of life; on the one hand, the inner world of reflection, thought, meditation, anger, pathos, introspection; and on the other, the outer world of action, social intercourse, movement and joy in life.

2. It is much easier to produce fake or superficial music in a rhythm-controlled than in a speech-accented style.

Lively rhythmic patterns have an effect even when handled tastelessly. People can move to them, react to the beat, get a sense of life out of them, even if it is an imitation life. On the other hand, a speech-accented music generally has to be deeply felt. It has to have something to say, or it falls dead. There are obvious analogies to literature. Doggerel, and even a nice, witty verse with a fancy rhyme and rhythmic beat (rhythm-controlled) come fairly easy, and have their attractions. However, to write speech-inflected lines that are at the same time poetry takes a genuine poet with something to say. Similarly in what passes for "popular fiction," it is easier to grind out pieces of "fast-paced action"

(outer world, superficially depicted) than to take on human character, inner probing, and inner life. This does not detract from the truth that to create a genuinely happy, open air and outer world feeling, whether in song, symphony, jazz, or for that matter in poetry and novels, requires a great man. All I am saying is that it is easier to fake the one than the other.

3. The greatest masters of a genuine rhythm-dominated style are those who also are great in a speech-inflected style.

An explanation of this would be very philosophical.

4. Commercial jazz is practically all rhythm-dominated.

5. The outstanding figures in jazz history, those whose improvisations and inventions have been most treasured and have lasted longest, who have moved their hearer most deeply, played in a speech-inflected style. Often, and with great effect this has been combined with fine rhythm-dominated music, but the first has been the more necessary.

A rhythm-dominated improviser may often be admired and praised for his technique, tone, and pretty novelties. Sometimes, as with a Goodman, Waller, Tatum, Wilson, Hawkins, there is a genuine and treasurable drive, charm, wit, high spirits, musical laughter, force, inventiveness and imaginative ornament. But in the long-run, music, to remain with its hearers, and to touch them deeply, has to do justice to the psychology of the times, to the "inner world" and even the anguish, suffering and protest people feel. The speech-inflected player in a sense turns himself inside out, goes out on a limb. Terms like "speaking from the heart" sound corny, but refer nevertheless to something that jazz, all music, and in fact all art, must have.

With this said, the following very tentative comments are offered on modern jazz. The greater part of it, including a lot of earnest and tasteful music, seems to me to be in a rhythm-dominated style. This applies as well to many of the highly imaginative, sensitive and inventive experimenters. "Dizzy" Gillespie plays mainly a rhythm-dominated music, for all his flourishes and rhythmic effects, although sometimes, in performances with Parker, he played a Parkerish speech-inflected music. The Dave Brubeck quartet plays rhythm-dominated music. The harmonic investigations of Lennie Tristano and Thelonious Monk, exploring the realm of "dissonance," suggest a move to the "inner world," and yet what they play is basically a rhythm-dominated music. The combination of these "off beat" harmonies with rhythm-dominated patterns results in not so much an "outer-world" feeling as a wry wit or capricious whimsicality. The Modern Jazz Quartet plays basically a rhythm-dominated music, although with great imagination and fine texture. Erroll Garner plays an elegant, witty, rhythm-dominated music. The genuine speech-inflected players are relatively few. Charlie Parker was perhaps the greatest of them. Miles Davis plays a speech-accented music, although with great emotional reserve. Bud Powell

plays in speech-inflected style, but one carried to the verge of formal disintegration. Charlie Mingus plays a speech-inflected style, and infuses his composition with this same quality.

From this in turn, a conclusion suggests itself. It is that the abundance of rhythm-dominated music, in what is accepted as serious, modern jazz, implies a trend towards a semi-commercial music, and in some cases, a salon music; that is, a music which is high grade, tasteful, elegant, nice-textured, agreeable, even brilliant, but without much depth or lasting power. This is not advanced to derogate or tear down the achievements, skills, taste and abilities of the great number of modern jazz players. It is only to say that entertaining as jazz has been and can be, its greatness is that there have been some players with far more to say. And for all the victories that modern jazz has won, in accustoming the ears and mind of its hearers to sounds that a while back would have been considered strange and outlandish, for all the new tools it has discovered, it has not won any victory in the most important matter. That is, a decent opportunity for the players with most to say, to be able to produce their best. A man cannot turn himself inside out, or "speak from the heart," seven days a week and twenty times a day. Or at least, if he can, it wears him down. Commercialism has not suffered any serious blows. It has merely changed its tune and style.

The demand, in live performance and on records, is for music to be poured out in a seemingly inexhaustible stream. Genuinely creative, heartfelt ideas don't come that thick and fast. The pace today is more breakneck, the competitiveness even fiercer, than in the past. And for his self-preservation, the musician has to develop a style that can continue to serve him without making too many demands upon him. He has often spread himself thin. The Festivals cannot encourage jazz of integrity if they themselves are not run with integrity. And they seem to be touched with commercial hoopla. Criticism, by and large, has become more professional, but that does not seem to have made it to any notable degree less commercial.

The basic question still remains. Should a musician by some miracle—or speaking realistically, at great sacrifice—create only in depth, taking the time and effort to work out his best ideas, putting each solved problem behind him and then embarking on the painful effort to take up and solve a new one? Is there both a performing avenue and critical atmosphere which can receive such an achievement with the proper respect, understanding, discrimination and appreciation? Jazz in the past has spoken "inwardly," as well as "outwardly," and in its classic forms brought both together. What I wonder is whether jazz, in assaulting commercialism with the one-sided approach of "new techniques," as they are, has only gotten an illusion of an illusion into which a good deal of people have been drawn—and is actually on the losing side of the battle.

Introducing Steve Lacy

Steve Lacy 25, is a native New Yorker. He has a wife, two children, two cats, and lives in a loft just off the Bowery, over a cellophane bag factory. Being in a manufacturing district enables him to play his soprano saxophone any hour of the day or night. Steve began playing jazz about eight years ago. His first gig was at the Stuyvesant Casino (not far from his present neighborhood), and he was billed as the "Bechet of Today." His work in Dixieland continued for the next couple of years with men like Rex Stewart, Max Kaminsky, Buck Clayton, Pee Wee Russell and Lips Page. He spent six months in Boston at the Schillinger School of Music (described by him as a fiasco during school hours, but at least making possible sessions at the Savoy that proved enlightening). At the school he was a curiosity as the only Dixieland musician and the only soprano saxophonist. It was during this



period, through records, that he started to absorb Lester Young and more modern jazz. Back in New York, a mutual interest in Ellington brought him together with Cecil Taylor, who was to influence his life profoundly. Cecil broadened his interests considerably and for three years they worked gigs together. With Cecil, he recorded one album for Transition and a second record resulted from the appearance of a Taylor group at the Newport Festival of 1957.

During this period Steve also led various short-lived groups (cocktail, society, Dixieland, Swing) and made recordings with Dick Sutton, Tom Stewart and Whitey Mitchell. He studied for short periods with Cecil Scott, Harold Freeman, Joe Allard, Lee Konitz and Cecil Taylor, gaining experience in a variety of directions.

Leaving Cecil's group in order to mature on his own, Steve began to study by himself. Gil Evans asked him to participate in an album for Prestige called "Gil Evans Plus Ten." (Gil had heard Steve on the Arthur Godfrey Show with his Dixieland group several years before.) As a result of this recording with Gil, he obtained a contract with Prestige and recorded '**Steve Lacy, Soprano Sax**', and, a year later, his recently released '**Steve Lacy Plays the Music of Thelonius Monk**.'

Steve says of his Monk album, "When I heard Monk's record of **Skippy**, I was determined to learn it if it took me a year. It took me a week to learn and six months to be able to play it. I had such a ball learning it that I started to look into his other tunes. I had previously recorded **Work**. Each song of Monk's that I learned left me with something invaluable and permanent, and the more I learned, the more I began to get with his system. Soon I realized I had enough material for ten albums."

"Monk's tunes are the ones that I most enjoy playing. I like his use of melody, harmony and especially his rhythm. Monk's music has profound humanity, disciplined economy, balanced virility, dramatic nobility

and innocently exuberant wit. Monk, by the way, like Louis Armstrong, is a master of rhyme. For me, other masters of rhyme are Bird, Duke, Miles, Art Blakey and Cecil Taylor."

"I feel that music can be comprehended from many different levels. It can be regarded as excited speech, imitation of the sounds of nature, an abstract set of symbols, a baring of emotions, an illustration of interpersonal relationships, an intellectual game, a device for inducing reverie, a mating call, a series of dramatic events, an articulation of time and/or space, an athletic contest, or all of these things at once. A jazz musician is a combination orator, dialectician, mathematician, athlete, entertainer, poet, singer, dancer, diplomat, educator, student, comedian, artist, seducer, public masturbator and general all-around good fellow. As this diversity indicates, no matter what you do, some people are going to like it, and other people not. Therefore, all you can do is to try to satisfy yourself, by trusting the man inside. Braque said, 'With age, art and life become one.' I am only 25, and I trust that I will one day really be able to satisfy myself and at the same time express my love for the world by putting so much of myself into my playing that others will be able to see themselves too. Jazz is a very young art and not too much is known about it as yet. You have to trust yourself and go your own way." "Since there are no soprano saxophone players, I take my inspiration from soprano singers, as well as other jazz instrumentalists, painters, authors, entertainers and that thing that grows wildly in New York, people. I like to observe people on the subways, what they express just by sitting there. I had a ball during the newspaper strike this past year, because people couldn't hide as they usually do. I would like to be able to portray what I feel for my fellow creatures. My horn has a texture, range and flexibility which is ideal for myself and my purposes. I have been grappling with the difficulties of it for sometime now and can very well understand why no one else has attempted to play anything on it more complex than the stylings of the thirties. The instrument is treacherous on several levels: intonation, dynamics, and you can't get gigs on it. At this point, I am beyond the point of no return and my wife and children have agreed to go with me all the way."

"The most gratifying and enlightening musical experience for me in the past few months was playing with Gil Evans' fourteen piece band for two weeks at Birdland opposite Miles Davis and his marvelous group. It was the first time that I had ever played with such a large ensemble and it was the start of my investigations into the possibilities of blending my sound with others. I was the only saxophone in the band and sometimes played lead, sometimes harmony parts or contrapuntal lines, other times obbligato, and quite often I was given a chance to blow with the whole band behind me—perhaps the greatest thrill of my life thus far. Gil is a splendid orchestrator, a brilliant musician and a wonderful friend. Sometimes when things jelled, I felt true moments of ecstasy; and recently, when a friend of mine who worked with the Claude Thornhill Band in the forties, when Gil was the principal writer, said that some nights the sound of the band around him moved him to tears, I knew exactly what he meant. So does anybody else who has ever played Gil's arrangements."

"The contemporary saxophonists whose work most interests me are John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, Ben Webster, Ornette Coleman, Jackie MacLean, and Johnny Hodges. Being a saxophone player, when I listen to these men I not only can feel what they are doing artistically but also follow their playing as a series of decisions. While working at Birdland those two weeks with Gil, I naturally had a chance to dig Coltrane and appreciate his, at times, almost maniacal creativity. He has a fantastic knowledge of harmony and, like the other members of Miles' group, including, of course, Miles himself, seems to be really searching out the vast resources of scales."

"Sonny Rollins, on the other hand, rather than concentrating on scales, has devoted a large portion of his mind to plastic values and the effects of various shapes on each other. Sonny's playing, it can be clearly seen, derives largely from extremely intensive research into all facets of saxophone playing per se. Ben Webster is the master of sound. His use of dynamics indicates the great dramatic sensitivity of this most mature of all saxophone players. His masculinity and authority can only be matched in jazz by that of Thelonius Monk."

"Ornette Coleman is the only young saxophone player who seems to be trying for a conversational style of playing and is the only one I have heard who is exploring the potentialities of real human expression, something which has a tremendous impact on me. I have yet to hear him in person but his playing (not his writing) on the album I did hear moved me. Jackie MacLean has the most rhythmic vitality and so far, the least discipline of all these saxophonists. He expresses his own personality with his sound and has tremendous swing and energy. Hearing his blues sounds has always been for me a haunting and, at the same time, exhilarating, experience. I have always loved Johnny Hodges. He is a true aristocrat."

"The difference in the personalities of all of these men, who manage to indelibly express their uniqueness in their music, is to me the most profound demonstration of the validity of jazz, because I feel that the communication of human values is the main purpose of any art."

"Besides jazz, I enjoy the works of Stravinsky and Webern and certain works of Schoenberg, Berg, Bartok and Prokofieff; also African and Indian music. When I get dragged with everything, I try Bach. I find they all help my ear enormously. As far as the way these musics influence my own playing, all I can say is that **everything** is an influence. When I say everything, I mean just that, from the rhythm of children's speech to the patterns of the stars. I believe that the only way for me to develop myself is the way thoroughly proven by the men who have made jazz what it is—that is, to play as often and as publicly as possible, with as good musicians as will tolerate me."

CONVERSATIONS WITH JAMES P. JOHNSON

by TOM DAVIN

Q. Let's see . . . We left your career at about 1914—before that interesting description of the old time ticklers' manners. What were you doing in 1914 and 1915?

A. I was playing at Allan's up in the Jungles, and visiting around. I told you about writing songs with Will Farrell. Well, right after publishing **Mama's and Papa's Blues, Stop it, Joe, and The Monkey Hunch**, the two of us opened an office together. We wanted to meet artists, write special material and generally contact the entertainment field. I wanted to learn how to write for the theater.

Nothing happened at first, but when things go low, somebody would walk in. We'd get jobs like social club shows . . . special music for industrial shows . . . conventions . . . topical songs to advertise something—like the first production numbers in Broadway revues. We'd put on one-night shows and dances to attract actors looking for music—or get a week at the Lincoln or Crescent in Harlem, doing music for a show.

Producers in those days would round up a couple of clever girls, work up an act with scenery and costumes, promote the music and then try to sell the whole unit to a circuit. We'd get paid for performing (not for composing). It would get our songs heard—and maybe published. All composers and lyric writers started out that way then, even those who became the biggest in their field.

We learned a lot in those shoe-string days. We'd get the Negro reaction in the South and the opera house, white reaction in upper Pennsylvania, Connecticut and New York State. I was learning how to do show music, and it was all a new experience.

I played with the Clef Club on some gigs and fast calls. That organization was well run by Jim Europe. They used to have concerts with a 110 piece orchestra and 10 pianos on the stage. They made a fine sound.

I also worked in a song and dance act with Ben Harney, who was one of the greatest piano players and who was supposed to be "the inventor of ragtime." He used to play two pianos together—one with each hand. Ben was also a great entertainer on the TOBA time, a southern vaudeville circuit. His big songs were: **I'm a Natural Born Cannon Ball Catcher**, and **Mr. Johnson, Turn Me Loose!**

At this time, I also did the music for a tab show, **"The Darktown Follies,"** produced by Frank Montgomery and Lubrie Hill.

I was getting around and known in the theatrical

music field. One day I got a message to go see Mr. Fay at the Aeolian Company. He wanted someone to cut ragtime piano rolls.

Now, I had never cut a roll before. In fact, no Negro had ever cut his own compositions before. Mr. Fay at Aeolian set me down at a piano and I played a rag. Until he played it back at me, I didn't know I had cut a roll. Later, Russell Robinson, a white pianist, taught me how to run the piano roll cutter. From 1916 on, I cut one or two rolls a month of my own pieces at Aeolian. I wrote rags in every key in the scale. Every one of them had to be written out perfectly because the manuscript of each piece was used for correcting the rolls, if any note wasn't punched right.

Being the first Negro composer to cut his own rags, I saw them become famous and studied all over the country by young ticklers who couldn't read much music. Later I did the same type of rolls for QRS, which had a bigger circulation and really spread my rags around. These were all terrific rags. They have been recut and recorded on Ip by Riverside Records. It was at Aeolian later, in 1920, that I met George Gershwin who was cutting "oriental" numbers there when I was making blues rolls which were popular then. He had written **Swanee** and was interested in rhythm and blues. Like myself, he wanted to write them on a higher level. We had lots of talks about our ambitions to do great music on American themes. In 1922, we had a show together in London. In 1917, I made my first record. It was for a company that had started up in the office building where Will Farrell and I had our office; it later became Okeh Records.

I cut a record for them, my **Caprice Rag**, which had a nocturne-like quality and sounded great. But the company never issued it. They had little faith in Negro compositions until 1920-21 when Mamie Smith and Perry Bradford made some records for them.

In 1917, Bert Williams was the only Negro singer on the Columbia Record list. Wilbur Sweatman and W. C. Handy were making records there, though. Handy was cutting a series of his blues.

At this time, I was rehearsing 3, 5, 7, and 14 piece combos and trying to introduce small chamber orchestras in symphonic style.

I wanted to be a band-leader, and not just a leader, but an arranger too. I liked to work out ideas and experiments and I tried out what were known as "skulls" or "head arrangements"—full of counterpoint and contrasting melodies.

Those 1916-1918 years were "The Giggin' Years" for me. Happy Rowan, a drummer, had various jobs to offer—working in Clef Club gigs and on his own promotions. They were all fast calls; sometimes I'd

work three jobs a day, and get eighteen to twenty-five dollars a night for a job.

So, I formed the Jimmie Johnson Trio and took on Happy's gigs with them. My musicians, all virtuosos, were Nelson Kinkaid, sax-clarinet, who could reach E-flat above altissimo and could transpose from trumpet parts on sight. The violin was Shrimp Jones and we had a relief man, Clarence Tisdale, alto sax, from the Wright Quintet who were playing at Reisenweber's.

All of them were well schooled and could play with the best people today. We had bags of music as big as trunks; all the parts were written out. There were no special arrangements in those days, but I had written some variations on pieces like **The Crocodile**, **The Sheik**, **The Vamp**, and **La Vida**. But we had learned all our repertoire by heart and never had to crack the music bags once.

Among other jobs, I played and accompanied Reece Dupree, a blues singer, at the Crescent, a little hole-in-the-wall vaudeville house on 135th Street. That was the cradle of colored entertainment in New York. Then I got a call to form a five-piece band for the play **'What's Your Husband Doing?'** which played on Broadway. It was my first five-piece band, and we had a five minute scene on stage. We went on the road with it to Boston, I met Fleurnoy Miller and Aubrey Lyles (who were later to write **Shuffle Along**) at Lucas' place on Tremont Street, which was a hangout for professionals. After the show, I used to play the piano there with Louis Mitchell, a classical violinist then at Boston Music Conservatory. He now teaches at Howard University, I believe.

When we got back to New York, there was great excitement—the Dixieland Band had hit the town and had made a big impression playing **Barnyard Blues** and **The Dixieland One-Step**. It was a white band, you know, imitating the New Orleans jazz style that had never been heard in New York before.

I saw that it was going to be popular and tried to get a similar band organized at the Clef Club, but the older men there vetoed it. They thought that kind of playing was vulgar compared to what they were trying to do. This experience, and others, was an example of their not encouraging the younger musicians. As a result, their membership fell off. There was another band that played in New York and other northern cities in the years between 1910-1916 that could really swing. That was the Jenkins Orphan Asylum Band from Charleston, S. C. It was a boys' band, Negro orphan boys from 8 to 16 or 18 years old that made the rounds of northern cities. They played in the streets and in backyards in the Negro neighborhoods and passed the hat.

They had white caps with red jackets and their drum-major was a great poser and strutter who knew all the tricks. Every boy who saw him wanted

to be a drum-major. They played marches and minstrel and cotillion tunes with real syncopation and swing.

Many jazz musicians came from this boys' school. The Aiken brothers, trumpeters in Joe Oliver's band that was playing at Leroy's in 1920, were from the Jenkins Orphan Asylum Band. "Traps" McIntosh, in my opinion the greatest drummer of all time, was trained there, as was Herbert Wright (Jim Europe's drummer) and Gene Anderson whose specialty was drumming on the wall.

Q. Speaking of drummers, who were some of the great ones in the early days around New York?

A. Well, Bob Gordon, who was known as "The March King," played the piano regularly at Allan's before I went there. He wrote **Oh You Drummer!**—a piece that made him popular because it had breaks for drums. A lot of drummers came to see him and I met them and heard them later.

Some of the famous ones were Si Moore; Buddy Gillmore, (who was The Prince of Wales' teacher when he took to the traps); a fellow known as "Battleaxe" who could do a perpetual bass drum roll with his right foot and had a comedy style. I forget his right name.

But the greatest drummer of all time was "Traps" McIntosh, who was from the Jenkins Orphan Asylum Band. He used to play with different bands and when he was out of work he would hock his traps. If any leader wanted him, the leader had to get them out.

McIntosh used a small drum, bass drum and cymbal. His drumsticks were two chair rungs, whittled down. He played the cymbal with a stick. He had a roll that was like tearing toilet paper and he was a sensational exhibitionist, flying sticks and all. He'd hit the gong, toss his sticks into the air and go right into the groove. I worked with "Traps," Herbert Wright and Gene Anderson and used to try and develop them and their effects. When the drums were tuned to a low G or A flat, it gave them a dull thud that was fine for jazz. A square, open box was used to set off the effects such as the rackazoo, chinese gong, blocks, cymbals, and triangle.

In the old days, the drummer was the salesman of the band, usually with his comedy effects. Later in the 1920's, his place was taken by the dancers and the acrobatic specialties. Still later, the band salesman became the girl singers who just looked good. The movies came in and killed novelty drummers by making them sound effects men. So now they play rhythm all through. Some day they'll come back.

Oh, I mustn't forget something important in 1917. That year I married Lillie Mae Wright, whom I met at Allan's in 1913. We've trouped together for years and have seen lots of things change.

**THE ART TATUM—
BEN WEBSTER QUARTET:**
Verve MGV 8220.

All The Things You Are; My One
And Only Love; My Ideal; Gone
With The Wind; Have You Met
Miss Jones; Night And Day;
Where Or When.

Art Tatum, piano; Ben Webster
tenor saxophone; Red Callendar,
bass; Bill Douglass, drums.

**THE ART TATUM—
BUDDY DE FRANCO QUARTET:**
Verve MGV 8229.

Deep Night; This Can't Be Love;
Memories Of You; Once In A
While; A Foggy Day; Makin'
Whoopee.

Art Tatum, piano; Buddy
De Franco, clarinet; Red
Callendar, bass; Bill Douglass,
drums.

**TATUM-CARTER-BELLSON TRIO
MAKIN' WHOOPEE:**

Verve MGV 8227.

Blues In C; A Foggy Day; You're
Mine You; Undecided; Under A
Blanket Of Blue; Makin' Whoopee.

Art Tatum, piano; Benny Carter,
trumpet and saxophone;
Louis Bellson, drums.

RECORD REVIEWS

BILL SPILKA



The idea of combining artists of the stature of Art Tatum and Ben Webster is not a new one but, in this instance, it creates unique problems—and solutions.

Those who are familiar with the nature of Tatum's unique gifts probably feel, as I do, that his kind of talent seemed to preclude his being an accompanist or group player. He was first and foremost a soloist. He enjoyed being the orchestra and soloists and rhythm section—all the time. For him to share any of these functions with other instrumentalists often appeared to the listener to be a major concession.

Through the years, Tatum devised a fantastic vocabulary of pianistic devices such as an endless variety of ascending and descending arpeggios, runs, octave slides, "dragged thumb" double thirds, etc. Many a pianist was carried away trying to master this phase of Tatum, but the passing years have taught us that these were probably the least of his artistic accomplishments. There was a certain fascination in watching his musical Sonar and Radar guide those dazzling runs right to the target, but it is a tribute to his greatness to note that he avoided the obvious horrors which many virtuosos confuse with music.

It is my opinion that Tatum's uniqueness was expressed not so much in the blinding, super-sonic piano technique, but in a sublime harmonic and rhythmic imagination. He was not essentially an inventor of melodies like Teddy Wilson or Lester Young. However, his mastery of diatonic, chromatic, and impressionist harmony has yet to be equalled in jazz with the exception of Charlie Parker. His deft and imaginative voice-leading and handling of sudden key-shifts, modulation, etc. gave him a kind of freedom that often conveyed a feeling of "any key, no key, or all keys." He was a complete musical entity and his harmonic

language has not yet been assimilated. Rhythmically, he could be unbelievably subtle. Many a so-called ad lib passage were really in strict tempo! He was also a master of rubato and cross-rhythm. Over, under, and around all this he would superimpose his carefully disciplined array of pianistic tricks and arpeggios. But this was merely the icing—and it is often necessary to tune it out in order to appreciate the substance.

Now, this complete musical independence and predilection for extravagance on Tatum's part has often made the prospect of others playing with him a dubious venture. In fact, this series of albums has a kind of "throw them to the lions" quality—the lions being Tatum's ten fingers. Most of Tatum's early recorded performances with horns had an almost comic quality; as if Art were completely unaware of their presence. (A notable exception was the Esquire All-Star session on Commodore.) His trio performances, however, while not quite so artistic as his solo ones, were nevertheless a remarkable achievement. Moreover, they spawned the King Cole and, later, the Oscar Peterson trios and a whole generation of similar sounding units. (Although the brilliant but short-lived Clarence Profit trio would figure prominently in any evaluation of the piano-bass-guitar combination.) Of the three albums discussed here, the one with Ben Webster is vastly superior to the other two. It is the least self-conscious, and the most creative and artistic.

Tatum's and Webster's respective conceptions complement each other beautifully. Both are masters at paraphrasing a melody, and both lean heavily on the "variations on a theme" technique, rather than the "running the changes" style (Coleman Hawkins, for example). Besides, Tatum's style, stripped to essentials, reveals an ingenious kind of inner thematic development. Ben Webster is a truly functional player. He makes every note important and has that marvelous sense of drama, space, and note placement shared by other great jazz artists such as Louis Armstrong, Lester Young, Miles, and Monk.

This record is blessed with a feeling of complete assurance, security, and authority. Tatum and Webster reveal their very strong sense of identity throughout. Ben Webster, happily, is obviously familiar with the eccentricities of Art's style and, very intelligently, allows him complete

freedom to stretch out. (This is one place where "stretch out" means just that.) Ben, in effect, plays an obligato, or accompaniment to Art in many places in the album.

All The Things You Are, taken much slower than usual, opens, as many Tatum solos do, with a Liszt-like ad lib chorus. (This sort of thing probably caused many a pianist to reconsider.) Webster enters like an Othello and plays with such definition that Tatum's busy, lacy accompaniment sets up a kind of rhythmic counterpoint which actually is more like a continuation of his solo. The effect is somewhat like a thousand satellites whirling around a slower moving planet; or, to put it another way, Webster, because of his uncluttered style, is like the central design in a complex mosaic. Also, there is a very satisfying kind of relaxation and poise that pervades all these performances.

My One And Only Love continues the reflective mood set by the preceding track. However, Tatum's insistence on playing the melody along with Webster is a little like an accompanist expecting the singer to forget the melody—certainly superfluous when Ben Webster is doing the "singing."

My Ideal is played slightly faster than the other two ballads and displays a more sensitive Tatum. He plays some fantastic things with Ben, and occasionally has an almost Erroll Garner-like feeling, but much more refined. Red Callender's bass and Bill Douglass' brushes accomplish the nearly impossible task of blending with Tatum and Webster while never hindering them.

Side two opens with a delicious version of **Gone With The Wind** played at a walking ballad tempo. Art's two opening choruses are extremely absorbing, featuring some interplay between left and right hands that far outdistances anything I've heard before or since in jazz piano. Ben Webster's dramatic entrance is like a beautiful surprise—what a sound—and what time!

Have You Met Miss Jones is quite different from any of the over-jazzy versions I've heard others do. It is played as a ballad, much slower than usual. This allows Tatum and Webster to savor and make full use of the lovely chord changes in this Rodgers and Hart classic. When played too fast, it often takes on the quality of a musical obstacle course. Art makes it sound as if his way is the only way. Ben's role on this track is confined to one gorgeous statement of

the melody.

Night and Day is Ben Webster's. Tatum opens the piece with a diffuse and over-busy chorus that is rhythmically a bit tense and stylistically stiff. Ben steps in and straightens everybody up by preaching his statements with a relaxed and elegant sense of time. **Night and Day** becomes almost like a loping blues (yet never becomes over-funky) due to Ben's blues-tinged line. Also drummer Bill Douglass uses sticks behind Ben and comes very close to sounding like a Sid Catlett or a Kenny Clarke, a tailor made sound for Ben. The contrast (no sticks anywhere else in the album) is stunning. Art, however, sounds almost mechanical in his solos on this tune.

Art Tatum and Ben Webster represent to me a kind of romanticism in jazz which has now itself become classic. Theirs is an artistry rarely matched in any era of jazz. The kind of maturity and depth of their expression is much too scarce today.

The Art Tatum-Buddy DeFranco Quartet is another matter entirely. The only thing that DeFranco seems to have in common with Tatum (on this record, at least) is that he can play the clarinet almost as fast as Tatum can play the piano. Musically, this fact proves nearly fatal. Whereas Ben Webster and Tatum provided each other with a kind of rhythmic counterpoint (slow line against a fast line), DeFranco and Tatum get to sounding like a runaway alarm clock. Admittedly, what and even, how to play in the face of a musical avalanche like Tatum is no small problem, but technical competition is not the answer. DeFranco seems trapped by Tatum's virtuosity, and Tatum is affected by DeFranco's. What results is some brilliant technical improvising—but little melodic or rhythmic development. It's a little like watching two magicians expose all their tricks in public. And rabbits are coming out of hats on every tune.

The album opens with **Deep Night** and is quite pleasant until DeFranco and Tatum start practising exercises together. Note Art's Garner-like left hand behind DeFranco.

On **This Can't Be Love**, the rhythm is not together, and there is a slight pull between Callender and Douglass. Good DeFranco—but his jazzy bop clichés don't fit too well in this context. The fours exchanged by clarinet and piano have a certain fascination, like watching a juggling act and waiting for someone to drop something—but of course no one ever does.

Memories Of You is very stiff with innumerable clarinet and piano arpeggios and few melodies—none of which are memorable except the tune itself.

Once In A While is undistinguished except for some fairly settled Tatum statements and deft harmonic shifts. Side 2 opens with a nervous, foggy **Foggy Day** which does have some beautiful Tatum. The clarinet and piano on this track reminds me of an old Decca 78 called **With Plenty Of Money And You** which sported some pretty funny Marshall Royal clarinet and a fantastic spontaneous descending run in double thirds by Royal and Tatum. Of course, Art washed the whole band away on that one.

Makin' Whoopee is about the best collaboration on the album. It has a worked-out figure on the melody (a descending chromatic chord thing) that comes off very well. Also, DeFranco plays more straightforwardly here and is less mechanical. And Tatum ate up the fast moving changes on this piece.

You're Mine You is a relaxed but innocuous - sounding performance with a Muzak-like feel. Both Tatum and DeFranco concentrate on technical matters and communicate little. **Lover Man** is much better. DeFranco plays his most arresting solo on the album—it is almost entirely in the lower register and seems to blend better with the piano. Although his ideas are mostly "chord conscious," he plays with considerable feeling, and Tatum actually settles into some beautifully spaced accompaniment, proving he could subordinate himself when he felt like it. Art's solo following Buddy's is masterful. This album, however, is useful mainly as a display of impeccable instrumental technique and craftsmanship—which is, in itself, a kind of artistry.

The Tatum-Carter-Bellson trio is still another matter. The sound or timbre of alto sax, piano, and drums is difficult for me to enjoy no matter how good the players. In this case, I find Benny Carter's sound rather objectionable. I have been a long-time admirer of his imaginative and tasteful playing and writing, but on this record, he creates a kind of romanticism that is not convincing. He brings to mind Johnny Hodges who, however, is so completely rhapsodic a player that he creates his own point of reference. But Carter has obviously been deeply affected by Charlie Parker, and thereby has added an

eclectic quality to his own work. Specifically, his lush sound doesn't seem to match his sometimes sardonic melodic ideas. Hodges, however, remains beautifully intact—a true unabashed dramatic romantic—the "Lily Pons" (to quote Bird) of the alto. I have always preferred Carter's trumpet playing to his alto.

Blues in C: Four magnificent choruses by Tatum start what promises to be a great record. Tatum proves here how masterful and towering a blues player he was, and reveals a lyricism and melodic gift that was too often buried under his barrage of technique. After Tatum's choruses, Bellson and Carter could have gone home because any further comment would have been redundant. Unfortunately, Carter breaks the spell with some very pale blues playing. Bellson switches from impeccable brushes to sticks which sound very plodding and metallic, due mostly to the absence of bass which, despite Tatum's all-time champion left hand, tends to make the drums sound isolated and noisy. The brushes, however, are effective throughout the album. Tatum saves Carter and Bellson from banality by returning with more great blues to finish a side that runs the gamut from mediocrity to greatness.

A Foggy Day doesn't compare with the DeFranco version but has good Carter and scintillating Tatum. **You're Mine You** is just too too sweet for me, and Carter's alto fairly drips with the nectar of something. Tatum's piano solo is different from the one with DeFranco—both are fine. Side 2 opens with an exciting **Undecided**. The first few choruses remind me of someone in a canoe fighting the rapids while being carried downstream to the falls—Carter is in the canoe and Tatum is the rapids. However, it sounds good and the interplay between the two is one of the high spots in the album. **Under a Blanket of Blue**, however, almost falls under a blanket of corn.

The album closes with **Makin' Whoopee**—great Tatum, but the alto-drums sound has worn me down to closing this review.

This series is an important one, though it is very inconsistent, and for recording Webster and Tatum together (to say nothing of the fantastic eleven lps of solo Tatum) Norman Granz deserves our gratitude. Norman Granz is to be congratulated for putting Art Tatum's name on all the album sleeves. It's always nice to know who the piano player is.

—Dick Katz

THE JAZZ STORY as told by Steve Allen; Created by Leonard Feather and Steve Allen. Coral CRL 57222.

In excerpts or in whole: **Allen and small group:** Opening Blues; **Willie 'The Lion' Smith:** Ragtime Reminiscences; **King Oliver:** Snag It; **Trixie Smith:** Freight Train Blues; **Jelly Roll Morton:** Mr. Jelly Lord; **Armstrong and Dodds:** Melancholy; **Red Nichols:** Indians; **Art Hodes:** Indians; **Duke Ellington:** Rockin' In Rhythm; **Meade Lux Lewis:** Mr. Freddy Blues; **Pete Johnson:** Blues on the Downbeat; **Bob Crosby:** Honky Tonk Train; **Jimmy Noone:** Every Evening; **Bob Howard (Teddy Wilson):** On the Night of June 3rd; **Art Tatum:** St. Louis Blues; **Fletcher Henderson:** Wrappin' It Up; **Don Redman:** Chant of the Weed; **Dorsey Bros.:** Dinah; **Jimmy Lunceford:** The Melody Man; **Delta Four:** Swingin' On the Famous Door; **Coleman Hawkins:** Blues Changes; **Joe Venuti:** Top Room Blues; **John Kirby:** Undecided; **Johnny Hodges—Eddie Heywood:** On the Sunny Side of the Street; **Count Basie:** Sent For You Yesterday; **Mildred Bailey:** Rockin' Chair; **Ella Fitzgerald:** Don't Worry 'Bout Me; **Billie Holiday:** Baby Get Lost; **Paul Whiteman (Teagarden):** Aunt Hagar's Blues; **Joe Turner:** Rainy Day Blues; **Lionel Hampton:** Overtime; **King Cole:** Hit That Jive Jack; **Count Basie:** Jumpin' At The Woodside; **Jay McShann:** Swingmatism; **Charlie Ventura:** The Great Lie; **Erroll Garner:** Loot To Boot; **Terry Gibbs:** Flying Home; **Jimmy McPartland:** Davenport Blues; **Manny Albam:** My Sweetie Went Away; **Bob Crosby:** South Rampart Street Parade; **John Graas:** "Andante" from Symphony No. 1.

Once again the files of Decca-Coral-Brunswick have been raided to give us a "history of Jazz," and once again, although it is not made clear just what part he played, Leonard Feather is involved. The files are inadequate, early and late, but I hardly think that excuses the presence of, say, John Kirby, King Cole, Charlie Ventura, Manny Albam or Terry Gibbs in so brief a "story" of jazz. Or is this the story of success, in one sense or another, in jazz? Largely, it is. Perhaps Mr. Feather wrote some or all of the comments Mr. Allen makes about the records. They come out with rather the same superficiality of approach as the sketches about musicians Allen does with Poston, Knotts, Nye, but with less of the

talents (Ella Fitzgerald is important because she has been winning polls for so long). If Feather wrote them and picked the records, he has made a rather tidy refutation for his largely semantic position about New Orleans as not mainspring but myth, and efforts to portray Willie The Lion as a real old-timer are rather transparent; there are New York men still around who go back further and more accurately than The Lion—and he sounds as tepid as ever back there behind Joe Turner.

One might spend a lot of time on the mistakes of fact and the questionable judgments in Allen's narration: Dodds was not Goodman's inspiration. Noone was. Meade Lux's **Mr. Freddy Blues** is not an "original composition," but J. H. Shayn's blues from the twenties. If the "way the rhythms are varied" really gives jazz its most important "identification," maybe we are wasting our time with it and should take up Latin music or Stravinsky. Were the recent Lunceford recreations really successful, and, if so, in what sense? Perhaps "sheer joyful excitement" is a description of that staged, "go go go" Gibbs concert date—although I'd vote for "sheer nervous agitation"—but is it really good music? Is the excerpt from John Graas's symphony really a "fine example" of something, or is it an example of how to use some of the devices of two honest arts in a piece of misguided pretentiousness? One could also spend a lot of time arguing with selections: Why pick that poor and schmaltzy Dodds-Armstrong **Melancholy** when a fine record like **Wildman Blues** is available? Why include Morton if all you have is that lousy record? Why represent Sy Oliver and Lunceford with a piece of trash like **Rhythm Man?** and Tatum by **St. Louis Blues?** and **Honky Tonk Train** by a Bob Crosby remake with (good heavens!) Marvin Ash?

And, as you can see above, there is some strange chronology here.

The files of this company (or any company except perhaps Columbia) are indeed inadequate for the job. But what is there could surely have been put to better and more original use. And in Decca's back rooms, there is a lot of fine unreissued material that could and should be got into print again. (All right, I mean, for example: Oliver's **Wa Wa Wa**, Noone's **Let's Sow A Wild Cat**, McShann's **Lonely Boy Blues**, Armstrong's **Easy Come Easy Go**, Lester Young and Dickie Well's **I Got Rhythm**, Sammy

Price's **Things 'Bout Coming My Way** with Lester Young, and dozens of others.)

If Steve Allen's respect for jazz motivated this venture (and I'm sure it did, at least in part), then a few moments of honest reflection on his part would have revealed the inadequate and even false picture that a set such as this gives, and suggested to him several better ways to acquaint a larger public with the achievements of jazz.

At least Mr. Allen might have tried being himself—he is always very good at that.

At any rate, this Cook's tour of jazz and most of these records have been available in one form or another for a long time. If it hasn't taken by now, it ain't gonna take. It seems to me time to try something else. Perhaps it was because he did that, that Leonard Bernstein's effort (his mistakes and occasional foolishness all being acknowledged) seemed so good.

—M.W.

CAT ANDERSON "Cat on a Hot Tin Horn." Mercury LP MG 36142.

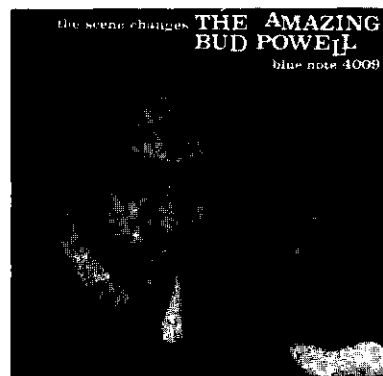
Little Man; Cats in the Alley; Blue Jean Beguine; My Adorable "D"; June Bug; Don't Get Around Much Anymore; Birth of the Blues; You're the Cream in My Coffee; Nina.

Ernie Royal, Ray Copeland, Reunald Jones, Clark Terry (on some tracks) and Anderson, tps; Frank Rehak, Henderson Chambers; Jimmy Cleveland, tb; Earl Warren, as; Ernie Wilkins, Jimmy Forrest, tes; Sahib Shibab, bs; Jimmy Jones, pf; George Duvivier, bs; Panama Francis, dms.

This lp might easily be the poorest release in 1959. Others have said that Cat Anderson isn't a jazz musician, and there isn't anything on the lp to prove otherwise. Some good solo moments from Jimmy Forrest on tenor, Sahib Shihab on baritone, and Jimmy Cleveland on trombone are the only exceptions to a blaring rock and roll sound, complete with backbeat. With the fine jazzmen on the date something surely could have been worthwhile, but Ernie Wilkins writing reflects either Anderson's horn work or Nelson Riddle's studio approach. Clark Terry, the only trumpeter on the lp with any degree of taste, wasn't allowed to solo, and when will someone using Panama Francis on a date allow him to pay the swinging drums he can, and not have him play backbeat all the time?

blue note

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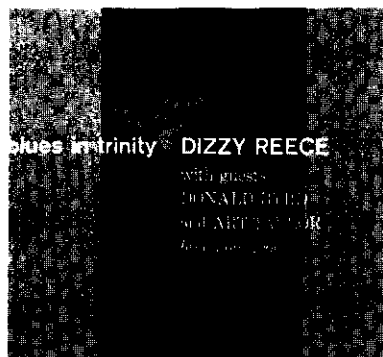
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There are some moments on the lp when Cat begins a solo that might have turned out commendably, until he began his usual ascent into the stratosphere. Such a moment occurs on "Birth of the Blues," and might indicate a further, but better directed effort both from Cat and from the producer of his future record sessions.

—Frank Driggs

DONALD BYRD: "Off to the Races." Blue Note 4007.

Lover, Come Back to Me;
When Your Lover Has Gone;
Sudwest Funk; Paul's Pal;
Off to the Races; Down Tempo.
Byrd, trumpet; Jackie McLean, alto sax; Pepper Adams, baritone sax; Wynton Kelly, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Art Taylor, bass.

This is a largely new Donald Byrd. Like that of any other good jazz player, his performance is not wholly perfect nor is it amazing from a technical standpoint. This is, however, the best recorded example of Byrd I've heard yet. His sound is strong, and his ideas have definition. The passages are gone in which he used to sound as though he were testing a new super-speed valve oil. Also, he's either abandoned the non-pressure system or learned to use it properly, because his phrases are now made up of good, clean **actual** notes that lead somewhere and usually get there.

Four of the six tunes in the album will bring royalty statements to Byrd. The ballad, **When Your Love** (not **Lover**) **Has Gone**, sounds like a conscious tribute to the well-loved Monk ballads and starts off with an introduction that could be a tip-of-the-hat to Bud Powell.

Wynton Kelly, Sam Jones, and Art Taylor take twenty-four bars at the start of **Sudwest Funk** a delightful blues that's a ball to play. The group sound on this head is fantastic (much credit going to Rudy Van Gelder). Kelly plays like he owned the record. Byrd hits a "doit" on the out chorus that is a joy to hear.

In **Off to the Races** Byrd has written some street-beat drum figures (played sometimes by the horns as well—note the bridge) that might have come off sounding very corny. For some happy reason, they sound like fun; jazz-type fun.

Unfortunately for the album as a whole, the other two horn players do not sustain the solo quality of Byrd

and Kelly. Pepper comes through like a Jaguar motorcycle. He plays some nice ideas, but there are enough of them in one chorus to last most people three or four evenings. It's something like eating a quart of chocolate sauce straight.

McLean's playing is more within the style but still leaves much to be desired. As I listen to him play, I keep wanting to send him a box of #5 ½ reeds, a mouthpiece with a wide-open lay, and a reed clipper in case the first two items don't help. His sound hints that something is keeping him from saying everything that he'd like to say on the horn. I feel that if he were able to get around whatever block he's got, there would be a much more impressive Jackie McLean.

The rhythm section plays like a real unit and swings almost constantly. My one reservation is that they fall into the seemingly inevitable practice of double-timing behind the jazz on the ballad. Granted that it's their privilege, it still doesn't seem that compulsively necessary.

As a whole, it's an album worth hearing.

—Bob Freedman

"The Fabulous Benny Carter Band."

Jump Call—January 5, 1946.
Wallace Jones, Lewis Botton, Lewis Grey, Leonard Graham, tps; Charles Johnson, Al Grey, John Morris, tbs; Benny Carter, Charles Epps. Porter Kilbert, as; Willard Brown, as-bs; Bumps Myers, Herbert Clark, ts; Rufus Webster, pf; James Cannady, gtr; Thomas Moutrie, bs; Percy Brice, dms.

Who's Sorry Now; Diga Diga Do; Some of these Days—January 7, 1946.

Emmett Berry, Joe Newman, Neal Hefti, Shorty Rogers, tps; Alton Moore, Trummy Young, Sandy Williams, Dick Wells, tbs; Benny Carter, Russell Procope, as; Willard Brown, as-bs; Tony Scott, clt; Flip Phillips Don Byas, ts; Sonny White, pf; Al Casey, gtr; John Simmons, bs; J. C. Heard, dms.

Looking for a Boy; I'm the Caring Kind; Rose Boom—January 8, 1946.

substitute Al Grey, Dexter Gordon, Freddie Greene, for Wells, Phillips, Casey. Maxine Sullivan, vocals.

12 O'Clock Jump; Mexican Hat Dance—Spring, 1946.

Paul Cohen, Ira Pettiford, Walter Williams, tps; Clarence Ross, Al Gray, tbs; Benny Carter, as Willard Brown, as-bs; Bumps Myers, ts; Sonny White, pf; James Cannady, gtr; Thomas Moultrie, bs; Percy Brice, dms.

King Records is starting to release some valuable material on its \$1.98 Audiolab subsidiary, and since there is no vintage Carter available on lp, this set is a bargain. His last big bands were on **Call Jump, Hat Dance**, while other titles were culled from studio all-star dates. All are from old DeLuxe masters, and sound somewhat better than the originals. Two boppish trumpet solos on **Jump Call**, the first by Idrees Sulieman, then known as Leonard Graham, and the second, quite good, by Lewis Botton, and a fine Benny Carter and good Bumps Meyers effort make this the best track on the lp. It's actually **Bugle Call Rag**, and features excellent rhythm as well. Arrangements are by Carter with the exception of Neal Hefti's **Sorry** and **Days** and J. Kennedy's **Diga**. Dexter Gordon, Don Byas and Trummy Young have good moments. There are no liner notes or personnel breakdowns given, and although **Be Bop Boogie** is listed, it did not get on my copy, but **12 O'Clock Jump** was repeated.

How about reissuing the Billy Eckstine sides?

Frank Driggs

**CHAMPION JACK DUPREE
"Blues from the Gutter."
Atlantic 8019.**

As the Blues lost conviction, they became more insistent, as if constant repetition could overcome self-doubt. Hence the incessant triplets in the piano's treble, echoed by the drums; the saxophone hoarse from shouting; the guitar, now amplified, glissing to attract attention, strident. The Blues, in short, became Rhythm and Blues, and then Rock and Roll, as everyone tried to sweat more to establish his sincerity. It was inevitable, in our time of pallid sophistication, that these piledriver blues should be considered the raw expression of honest emotion, instead of just raucous music.

The louder parts of Champion Jack Dupree's "Blues from the Gutter" are

right in this groove, but there are a few quiet moments which are more rewarding: **Strollin'** when only his piano, Wendell Marshall's abstracted bass, and somebody (the drummer Willie Jones?) slapping something (to suggest walking?) accompany Jack's disarming comments. A talking blues, Dupree gives a new twist to an old children's belief:

"Sprinkle goofer dust on that pony tail ...

That'll stroll her right on back to me."

throws away a line:

"I think I'll go see the Seven Sisters ...

Or the eight brothers, or somebody."

and tops that with a real joke

"Any time you see me, I'm loaded with money

—Always have 35, 40 or 50 cents in my pocket."

It's all in the inflection of his voice. Jack's piano style is derivative. That is, in his playing he sounds something like one of a hundred other blue pianists, but exactly which one, it is hard to say. Yet the style it derives from is such a great one that anyone who doesn't overdo it sounds good. When the full machinery gets going, generally in the last few choruses, he lapses into the triplets; on the other hand the introductions, like the one on **Can't Kick This Habit**, are usually good. Jack's voice falls somewhere between Joe Turner's and Jimmy Rushing's, which means not much in the way of resonant timbre or subtlety, but plenty of strained shouting in the loud passages. Jack's lyrics—all the numbers are credited to Jack Dupree, although the folk-ballad verses can't be entirely his own—are rather undistinguished too. Gary Kramer's liner notes make much of the songs about narcotics—**Can't Kick the Habit** and the eight-bar **Junker's Blues**. But as no one can believe (from the songs) that Jack is hooked; they have no impact. The Blues being an entirely personal idiom, the singer must be singing about himself to come across. Ballads can maintain a detachment impossible to the Blues. Even if a wider persuasiveness were possible, the addict psychology of **Can't Kick the Habit** and **Junker's Blues** is specious. And Jack sounds too robust to sing **T. B. Blues**, which needs a Leroy Carr.

The real objection to the phrase "Some people say I use a needle" in **Junker's Blues** is that it blunts the point of **Bad Blood**, a number in the great tradition of **Kitchen Mah**.

"You've got bad blood mama, I believe you need a shot;
I said climb up on the table, baby,
let the doctor see what else you got.

You got bad blood mama, you got bumps all in your face

Well I say one shot from this needle, mama, I'm sure gonna clear your face."

Goin' Down Slow is a blues in minor about Jack's failing health, while **Evil Woman**, sung to the twelve-bar version of **See See Rider** is interesting for Wendell Marshall's use of the **Yancey Special** bass line.

The two folk-ballads on the record, both with coherent story lines and distinctive, if non-traditional, melodies are different material altogether. Dupree's **Stack-O-Lee**, the version in which Stack kills Billy Lyons over a gambling quarrel, is close to the one Alan Lomax recorded on **Blues in the Mississippi Night** and so nothing like Ma Rainey's 1926 **Stack O'Lee Blues**. Jack, singing **Frankie and Johnnie** to a melody like his own **Junker's Blues**, introduces local (New Orleans) color, along with a euphemism:

"Johnny went down to the German's, on Rampart and Du-

maine;
he walked in the store, the German had a diamond in his hand."

Some one missed out on a good chance here: the story Jack unfolds is closer to one usually identified as **Betty and Dupree**, rather than **Frankie and Johnny** or **Frankie and Albert**. Jack's intrusion of scat verses sung to the syllables 'tee-nah, tee-nah-nah' into both numbers add nothing to the performances. Finally, **Nasty Boogie**, which has a bit of everything: momentum; a structure which uses both 12 and 16 bar verses; a verse from **The Duck's Yas Yas Yas**:

"Mama bought a chicken, she took him for a duck

Laid him on the table with his legs stuck up

Yonder come the children with a spoon and a glass

Catch the gravy dropping from his yas, yas, yas."

There are solos from Pete Brown's alto and Ennis Lowery's guitar, with encouragement from the others ('yes,' 'yeah,' 'play it boy, play it'); and a thoughtful fade-out at the end. The edge on Champion Jack Dupree's voice on this track recalls his well-known **Dupree Shake Dance** (1941), a number which is better than anything on this lp.

—J. S. Shipman



Something new
in the old blues



"BLUES FROM THE GUTTER"

Champion Jack Dupree
Atlantic LP 8019

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Write for LP catalogue
and stereo disc listing

ATLANTIC
RECORDS

157 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

COLEMAN HAWKINS: "The High and Mighty Hawk."

Felsted FAJ 7005.

BUDD JOHNSON: "Blues a la Mode." Felsted FAJ 7007.

REX STEWART: "Rendezvous with Rex." Felsted FAJ 7001.

My first recollection of the use of the word mainstream in jazz writing is Nat Hentoff's application of the term to designate the central jazz tradition. If I understand, he meant it to apply to the basic development of jazz from Morton to Davis. But the word has also been used by British critic Stanley Dance in a much more restricted sense. For Dance "mainstream" designates the music of the swing era and nothing else. Jazz for Dance, as for his French counterpart Panassié, virtually ends with swing. Of course, Dance's utilization of the term is, in part, a pejorative one as he seems to deny that any other form of jazz could be a part of the main jazz tradition. Yet, bearing in mind this narrowness of approach, Dance is presently performing an important function in the world of jazz as at least one of the records listed above amply testifies.

The value of Dance's work lies in his unrelenting attempts, along with those of other critics such as Nat Hentoff and Albert McCarthy, to bring the veterans of the swing era back to the attention of the jazz public. It is important to realize that his effort is not in any respect similar to that of the intransigent traditionalists who attempted to revive an already moribund jazz style. What has been accomplished is a proof that the music of the swing era did not, as many have thought, die with the birth of bop, but continued in its own way under often nearly crushing conditions. What these records demonstrate is the presence of a still vital jazz style which stems directly from the tradition of the 'thirties and the swing bands of Harlem and the midwest. How long this style will retain its vitality is questionable. For the practitioners of it at the present are nearly all veterans of the original period and it is doubtful, for many reasons both social and economic, if many younger musicians will feel inclined to continue the idiom in its original form. But this scarcely matters. What does matter is that these men should receive the homage due them as masters of a wonderful and difficult art.

Homage of any sort is precisely what these men have not received in the

past ten or fifteen years. It is, for example, incredible to realize that a man of Coleman Hawkins' stature has, until just recently, been allowed to recede gradually from the jazz scene. If any man deserves the title of master today, it is surely Hawkins. But he is only the most prominent case of a shameful neglect on the part both of critics and public.

The Hawkins' recording is, in every sense of the word, a triumph. It has been frequently suggested recently that Hawkins has somehow revitalized his style and playing. But I do not think that this is exactly the case. Hawkins' obscurity in the past few years due to the *zeitgeist* has been coupled with a rather unhappy succession of recordings in which he has often been unfortunately tied down by lugubrious string sections. Yet, with the exception of these admittedly unsuccessful recordings, very few have had the opportunity to hear Hawkins as he deserves to be heard.

What the new recording shows is that Hawkins' style and playing have now reached a stage of ripeness and completeness which is the perfection of his talent. The style as such has not really changed in any way from that which produced *Body and Soul* and *The Man I Love*, but it is here combined with that sureness of touch and expressiveness which betokens complete control and assurance.

The group itself, consisting of Hawkins, Buck Clayton, Hank Jones, Ray Brown and young drummer Mickey Sheen, is an extraordinary one. I could only cavil a bit at Sheen's drumming which is, in all respects, competent and in keeping with the spirit of the group, but which is not sufficiently dynamic behind the soloists other than Hawkins. Actually the only drummer I can think of who could do full justice to this group is Sid Catlett. Hank Jones and Ray Brown complement each other perfectly and Ray's solos remind one of just how powerful a solo instrument the bass is in the right hands. I think only Pettiford has strength equal to Brown's in this respect. Clayton is a model of decorum with a restrained yet fiery style which is essentially an art of understatement.

Yet, regardless of the individual abilities of the members, there is here a group feeling which is strong, but which does not subordinate the individuals to itself. In a way the group reminds me of the Parker-Davis unit. There is the same rapport

between the two lead instruments that Bird and Miles had. It would be a fine thing if Hawkins and Clayton could keep a group such as this one together on a permanent basis.

I have said little about the individual numbers, but any comment can nearly be summed up in a recommendation that any serious student of the art should immediately acquire the record. Suffice it to say that there are lessons here in how to embellish a melody (*My One and Only Love*) and how to play the blues (*Bird of Prey*) which, if we do not appreciate them, are our loss and so much the worse for us.

Budd Johnson's recording is interesting chiefly for the exhibition it provides of the leader's ability. Although a leading section man of the swing period, Johnson has never been extensively recorded on his own and this record is something of a revelation. While he is a son of Coleman generally in sonority, his attack is distinguished by a flowing, swooping approach in which an effect is sometimes created of the notes being suspended over the beat. It often sounds as if Johnny Hodges were playing tenor. But Johnson's ideas are original, and he seems very much his own man. His solos are all first rate with the one on *Foggy Nights* being exceptional.

It is too bad that the group with Johnson does not perform as well. Such men as Charlie Shavers, Vic Dickenson and Ray Bryant are certainly excellent musicians, but there is a desultory quality to their playing here which damages the value of the recording. Nevertheless, Johnson should certainly be recorded again. The Rex Stewart sessions are quite simply a disappointment and it is difficult to attribute the cause to any one factor. There are some good solos by Willie "the Lion," Hilton Jefferson and Garvin Bushell, but these are rather short and cannot compensate for the banal ensemble writing. Stewart's own work on the record is uninteresting to a surprising degree; he has played far better than this on other recent recordings. Arthur Trappier's drumming on half of the selection is bludgeon-like and it is a distinct relief to turn to those numbers on which Mickey Sheen takes his place.

On the whole the program is definitely overarranged in the sense that too little space is provided for the soloists and the arrangements themselves are just dull.

—H. A. Woodfin

KING OLIVER: "Back O' Town."
Riverside RLP12-130.

Duets with Jelly Roll Morton:
King Porter Stomp; **Tom Cat Blues**.

With Sara Martin, as part
of Clarence Williams group:
Mistreatin' Man Blues; **Mean
Tight Mama**; **Death Sting Me**;
Hole in the Wall; **Kitchen
Man**; **Don't Turn Your Back
on Me**.

Clarence Williams group:
Squeeze Me; **Long Deep and
Wide**; **New Down Home Rag**.

Another curiously produced and programmed reissue from Riverside.

No; curiously is much too kind a word. In the first place, the company has two alternate takes from among the Creole Jazz Band records (of Paramount **Mabel's Dream** and **Southern Stomps**) which it has never used. Why aren't they here? In the second, although there are several of the QRS Clarence Williams records on which Oliver plays solo, on **Squeeze Me**, **Long Deep and Wide**, and **New Down Home Rag (Blues)**, he does not—there, the leads and solos are by Ed Allen.

One might suppose that any recordings by Oliver, outside of the Creole Band sides (see Larry Gushee in **The Jazz Review**, vol. 1, no. 1), would be important only as they enlighten us about the man who made those records, as they help our ears with the inadequacies of 1923 acoustical recording and help us to enter further into their remarkable music. But that is hardly the whole truth, for Oliver led and appeared on some excellent records after 1923. However, it is the truth for most of these tracks.

The duets with Morton are largely Morton's: Oliver on **King Porter** plays it almost straight, but, despite a brief faltering in cornet and breath techniques here and there, it comes down to a tour de force of expressively played lines, with fine swing, and, incidentally, with some ideas about a brass-and-mute interpretation of that piece which anyone might give an ear to. On **Tom Cat** (a splicing of themes better known as **Whining Boy** and **Nobody Knows the Way I Feel This Morning** or **Mecca Flat Blues**), Oliver does some improvising, with a very good break and variation at the end—in a style, by the way, which, through Armstrongs' use of it, told everybody

which direction to take for at least twenty years.

On the blues accompaniments Oliver usually confines himself to plaintive and simple wa-wa crying, and these performances hardly compare to, say, his **Morning Dove Blues** with Sippie Wallace, but there is a moment on **Mean Tight Mama** when he breaks through with a lovely melody. And for the first time on hearing these sides I found myself listening to Cy St. Clair's tuba with a recognition of how well he played that instrument: he knew it was a brass horn and not a bastard bass drum, and hear his fine variation on **Squeeze Me**. Despite such players (there are also some very good moments by Allen, and Charlie Irvis on trombone) it still seems to me that on the whole the Clarence Williams records prove that the "string of solos" performance had a way to go before it could sustain a record the way the polyphonic playing of a few years before could do.

Sara Martin was hardly a good blues singer: she is often stiff and melodramatic and her voice was small and inexpressive; she is much better on such vaudeville as **Hole in the Wall** or **Kitchen Man** than the blues. But if you have never heard **Death Sting Me** you have not heard one of the most remarkably conceived blues monologues in recording history—it is an experience good enough so that anyone could fill in the limitations of this performance for himself.

—M.W.

**REX STEWART-COOTIE
WILLIAMS-LAWRENCE BROWN:
Porgy and Bess Revisited.**
Warner Brothers, WS 1260.

It Ain't Necessarily So (band with Stewart); **Bess, You is My Woman Now** (string orchestra with Williams and Hilton Jefferson); **I Got Plenty of Nothing** (band with Williams); **My Man's Gone Now** (orchestra with Brown); **There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon For New York** (band with Stewart); **Summertime** (orchestra with Brown); **A Red Headed Woman** (small band with Williams); **Oh Bess, Where is My Bess?** (orchestra with Williams); **A Woman Is a Some Time Thing** (band with Pinky Williams); **Oh Lawd, I'm On My Way** (Williams with orchestra). Arrangements by Jim Timmens.

W A WHO IS THE MOST ORIGINAL TENOR SAX PLAYER TODAY?



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who firmly believe
that it is*

WARNE MARSH

"WARNE MARSH"

Atlantic LP 1291 \$4.98

To be "original," according to Webster, is to be independent and creative in thought and action. It defines a quality that is "not copied, imitated or reproduced." Or to put it positively, it means "underived, new, firsthand."

That is a perfect description of Warne Marsh's work in this Atlantic LP. Many critics have written in glowing terms of the sophistication and maturity he shows here, and many of them sincerely believe that Warne is blowing the kind of horn today that will seem most significant to us ten years from now.

Write for LP catalogue
and stereo disc listing.

ATLANTIC RECORDS

157 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Subjectively and frankly, it was a great pleasure to hear this record, and something of a relief. I approached it with the misgivings one would give a gimmick recording (the parts are "cast" to the horns: Cootie "plays" Porgy; Rex, Sportin' Life; Hilton Jefferson, Bess; Brown, Serena and Clara, etc.), but with the curiosity and expectation one would award the players in any case. In several respects, it is an achievement (a minor one, but achievements of any sort are rare in this world).

And this, I think is most important: most of these men know how to state a melody—passionately, with swing, and as jazz. When they state it, one learns things about its nature, and when they improvise variations on it, they know where the variations come from and why they are there. There are few jazzmen under thirty who couldn't learn great lessons from them.

Stewart has his horn, chops, and ideas under exceptional discipline, and his *Ain't Necessarily So* is a fine and entirely winning combination of wit, invention and drive. William's variations are usually bolder and here there is nothing diminished in his playing but some of the power (I mean technical, not emotional power). This Hilton Jefferson is like the Jefferson on his recent recording appearances—a Jefferson without much swing—but it fits this context and the schmaltz is kept down. Lawrence Brown is Lawrence Brown: that secret combination of dignified elegance and blues earthiness that might instruct any man about what he is really made of, and what he can make of it if he tries.

The studio groups play with more swing and unity than anyone had a right to expect (and, incidentally, this is one of the few stereo records I have heard—and I have heard few enough—where the device seemed to make sense to me). Timmens has done no nonsense scoring (with tasteful allusions to Ellington small group writing on *Red Headed Woman*) which manage to be conservative with little effect of triteness or banality—except perhaps for a couple of moments with the string group—and that is a very difficult task.

There is not a "great" performance here but I think that no one should miss *Ain't Necessarily So*, *I Got Plenty of Nothing*, *Oh Bess*, *Red-Headed Woman*: they might restore your faith in several things.

Congratulations to all concerned.

—M. W.

CLAUDE THORNHILL:
"The Thornhill Sound."
Harmony HL 7088.

This collection of Gil Evans scores is welcome for several reasons. Recorded by Thornhill in the later 'forties, their originality is such they are still worthy of close attention and show how individual a writer Evans was even then. In addition they show the Thornhill band's scope to have been wider than is now generally supposed. While recognized as a direct forebear of Miles Davis's 1948 Royal Roost group it is usually described in the histories of modern jazz as a 'society' orchestra with nice, pasteltone arrangements that interested musicians because of the use of french horns. In fact the band was capable of powerful, almost fierce, ensemble playing as well as delicately-nuanced performances of uncommon restraint.

Notwithstanding its intrinsic quality, some of the appeal of this music does lie in its comparative unfamiliarity. After the commercial failure of Davis's group and Evans's extended retirement from the scene there were no further attempts to create orchestral jazz of this kind and the 'cool' movement—which alone of all phases of jazz had started on the initiative of arrangers—underwent a change of direction and became another solo idiom, dominated by players like Getz. Thus there was no musical activity that was open to the influence of Evan's writing and this was true right until his return to the scene a year or two ago. (Mulligan and John Lewis, the other prominent arrangers associated with the Davis group were subsequently active in small groups. Had either of them worked for a big band in the early 'fifties their scoring might well have shown Evans's influence.)

The music here is the expected mixture of ensembles and solos, but there is enough ensemble work and accompaniment to solos to give us a clear, if perhaps incomplete, idea of Evans's gifts as far as they had developed ten years ago. Then, as now, his most striking quality was the brilliance and originality of his orchestration. He seems always to have been incapable of thinking in terms of standardized procedures of conventional orchestral writing and, as a self-taught musician, was probably not acquainted with accepted methods. This prevented him from

achieving facile effects, while his singular feeling for tone-color allied to an astonishing fecundity in devising fresh instrumental textures led him to create an orchestral palette of his own. Evans's sensitivity in handling instruments is aptly demonstrated by his use of french horns. The danger of employing them with a conventional dance band instrumentation is that their sound tends to merge with both brass and reeds, and they make no individual effect of their own. This is what happens on most of the recordings in which Kenton has used horns. Evans, however, invariably employed them with telling effect so they were one of the band's most characteristic resources.

No less remarkable is Evans's harmonic vocabulary. Highly varied and sensitive, this also is entirely his own and results from a happy combination of creative ability and freedom from text-book formulae. And despite its richness and delicacy it avoids any hint of lushness.

The most interesting material here are three bop pieces by Charlie Parker: *Anthropology*, *Donna Lee*, and *Yardbird Suite*. *Donna Lee* has a brilliant introduction leading to the theme that is lightly scored in direct imitation of bop unisons. In all three items the solos are competent within an anonymous swingman framework and are inappropriate to the themes. One could go further and say on the other tracks also, which have no bop overtones, the solos are out of character with Evans's ensemble style. Along with the dull trombone, tenor and guitar solos *Donna Lee* has a remarkable sixteen-bar ensemble passage that is the arranger's own comment on the theme. The following guitar solo is an inevitable anticlimax but happily Evans has the last word with an imaginative and unexpected coda. The theme of *Anthropology* is scored in the same way and there are more commonplace solos. One is by the young Lee Konitz who seems to be groping towards Parker's style without any clear notion of its rhythmic and harmonic essentials. He has a similar solo in *Yardbird Suite* and shows how far quite 'advanced' musicians were at this time (1947) from comprehending the nature of the bop innovations. A similar remark applies to the drummer, Billy Exiner. He is evidently aware of the extension of the percussion's role by Clarke and Roach and tries to punctuate the music as they would. However, he does it in a mechanical fashion because he does not

realize the effect the punctuations are supposed to have. These are both interesting examples of musicians trying to imitate things they do not really understand.

The **Yardbird** theme is more thickly scored, but, as with the other Parker originals, is phrased correctly. The latter part of this chorus builds up quickly, but it is hard to describe the effects Evans obtains because they are so original that there is nothing with which one can compare them. His ensembles are often very fully scored but remain supple and fluent and have some unusual rhythmic suspensions. The pattern of this performance is much the same as **Donna Lee**. Evans writes a brief ensemble variant on the theme that leads to another empty guitar solo that is succeeded by a theme-restatement-coda, that is one of the two most imaginative pieces of scoring in the collection.

Loverman and **Polka Dots** and **Moonbeams** follow another pattern. Each has a brief orchestral introductions—**Polka Dots** employing the hackneyed clarinet lead idea in a new way—the theme is stated by Thornhill at the piano with an unusually crisp touch. These solos are accompanied by always-changing orchestral tapestries that suggest there are no limits to Evans's resources and show that he is able to make effective use of the simplest devices. Thus in the eighth bar of the **Polka Dots** theme chorus there is a beautiful repeated octave jump that might easily have sounded trite but does not. There are many effects, too, that only Evans would have written, such as the tremolos in the eighth and thirty-second bars of **Loverman**. Overall the accompaniment to the piano solo in this item is one of the most subtle pieces of scoring Evans did during this period. In each case the theme chorus is followed by a further statement of the melody by solo clarinet. This is redundant but in **Loverman**, the passage is enhanced by a fine counter-melody on the horns. **Robbins Nest** is similar but with some richly-hued thematic development by the ensemble that ends with a probably unconscious quotation from Kreisler's **Tambourin Chinois**. There is also a finely-graduated coda.

La Paloma has some suggestion of classical influence, and the ascending phrases of the introduction recall Ravel's **Spanish Rhapsody**. However I don't believe this should be taken too seriously. It will be remembered that by the middle 'thir-

ties Ellington had developed a harmonic style that in certain respects resembled that of Delius yet he had not until then heard of the English composer, let alone studied any of his scores. It simply happens sometimes that two musicians working at different times face the same problem and arrive at similar solutions. I think that is what happened to Evans here. Again the theme is given by the piano against an accompaniment that foreshadows **Maids of Cadiz** in the "**Miles Ahead**" album of ten years later. For all the exuberant fancy of his invention Evans has always known the advantages of restraint. This is clearly demonstrated in the ballads and again in **La Paloma**. A beautiful effect is made by a passage with the horns sustaining the melody over a pizzicato bass and to which a muted trumpet counter-melody is added. This has a still remoteness that suggests a quiet, warm Spanish evening. The atmosphere is broken by a clarinet solo but there is some marvelous writing towards the close.

Arab Dance is based on a movement of Tchaikovsky's **Nutcracker Suite** and is thus an example of the always objectionable procedure of "jazzing the classics." Evans no more justifies this than did Morton or Lunceford with their manipulations of Verdi and Chopin. It is nonetheless an interesting performance. 'Eastern' and swinging sections alternate rather in the way the blues and Spanish themes do in **Blue for Pablo** in "**Miles Ahead**." As I have been at pains to show, Evans's orchestral skill is such there is hardly a commonplace sound or texture in the whole album, but there is one in **Arab Dance**. The saxophone voicing of the first swinging section is, oddly enough, reminiscent of the Goodman band in its **Clarinet à la King** period. It comes as something of a surprise!

The latter part of this performance builds up with surprising power and the brass blow with uninhibited vigour, yet the scoring remains as identifiable as Evans's as any of the quieter, more characteristic, passages on other tracks. In closing one must note how much richness of expression Evans was able to achieve within the limits of the dance music form—for that is what most of this music is. It is only the more gifted artists who are able to respond fully to the demands of a confining discipline and to remain themselves within it.

—Max Harrison



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BOOK REVIEW

"Jazz, New Orleans 1885-1957" by Samuel B. Charters. Jazz Monographs, 1958.

It has always been my ambition to found a Museum of Jazz Mythology, a depository in which could be stored all the treasured gems of jazz history which could be drawn upon *ad libitum* by the future historians of the music. Items could be suitably classified: "Teeth" for example. Under this heading could be filed Bunk Johnson's new set of false teeth; King Oliver's bad and loose teeth; Jelly-Roll Morton's diamond studded teeth; Memphis Minnie's "cage of gold" teeth; "... ain't good lookin', teeth don't shine like pearls ..."; "... my man's got teeth like a lighthouse on the sea ..."; and so on. Or take "Socks" (subsection SOX): Wesley "Kid Sox" Wilson; Jimmy Yancey at the "White Sox" ballpark; Mamie Desdumes with no socks at all (her feet was wet); Charlie Christian in multi-colored socks; Leon Rapollo full to the ears with mariswana, improvising music to the sound of telephone wires, wearing his tuxedo with white socks ...

Of musical forms jazz is one of the least sentimental, but paradoxically there is scarcely any enthusiast of music as sentimental as the jazz fan. He treasures the unimportant narratives, the momentary incidents in the lives of the musicians and reiterates them lovingly time and again. Unimpressive utterances spoken in a careless moment are recorded and recalled long after the speaker has forgotten them. "... Play it, Papa Mutt ..."; "... Albert, I want you to learn my boogie-woogie ..."; "... Beat it out, Jones, in B-flat!" Such anecdotes are to be found in profusion in **"Jazz, New Orleans 1885-1957"** by Samuel Barclay Charters IV, and they have already endeared the book to the hearts of New Orleans enthusiasts. Here is Johnny Dave asleep on the bandstand ("banjo players have a tendency to fall asleep on the

stand") still "playing" with the band though his banjo is on the floor (Page 72). Here is Kid Howard unable to play a note because he had drunk too much whiskey (page 116). Here are Lorenzo Tio Jr. and Lorenzo Tio Sr. who "occasionally exchanged opinions as to whether or not Lorenzo Jr. should be expected to be able to play some of the harder passages. The discussions would always end with Lorenzo Sr. turning around and saying, "You got to play it." (Page 9). This is a good story and a memorable speech; so good in fact that on page 50 we can read that the Tios "exchanged occasional opinions as to whether or not Lorenzo Jr. should be expected to play some of the harder passages. The discussions would always end with Lorenzo Sr. turning around and saying, 'You got to play it.'"

Stories of incidents in the lives of musicians, however fragmentary, have their place, for they can add color to a biography and in numbers may bring a shadowy figure to life, recreating his moods and behavior. Similarly they help to illumine the modes and manners of a particular period and by example can create a picture of an exotic environment through their total impression. Such anecdotes are therefore valuable in a work devoted to a musician or to the society in which musicians have lived and performed. Jazz is a music in which the individual performer is important as a personality, and so it is to be expected that those who wish to learn more about the music also delight in the personalia of his daily life. But there is a tendency in this as in any other comparatively narrow and restricted field to overestimate the importance of such minor details and to invest them with a significance which their often trifling nature does not warrant. Then each new fragment of information discovered becomes a major event and the relation is lost between the principal biographical

facts of birth and environment, tradition and influence, form, style, development—and the insignificant if entertaining idiosyncrasies, eccentricities, narratives, and spoken comments. A "Who's Who" of jazz musicians which includes biographies of well over two hundred artists and mentions a few times that number by name in addition, can scarcely present more than the basic facts if a sense of proportion is to be maintained.

Walter Allen's **"Jazz Monographs,"** of which **"Jazz New Orleans 1885-1957"** is the second to be published, owe their existence to the "feeling that a market exists for books on the factual aspects of jazz and its recordings." This book must presumably be considered "factual" to qualify; indeed, the irregularity of the appearance of the Monographs depends, apart from financial considerations, "entirely upon the availability of manuscripts of suitable quality and content," again, one must assume with these criteria in mind. In the sense that facts are the data of experience, even the smallest items might be permissible, but in the assemblage of this information as in any other, some distinction must surely be drawn between essential, fundamental facts and the unessential ones. This distinction the author has failed to make, with the inevitable result that important data is often entirely subordinated to utterly trivial "facts." This might be forgivable in a book which intended to recreate the atmosphere of New Orleans and its music, but is hardly justifiable in the light of the author's declared intentions. **"Jazz New Orleans"** is subtitled "An Index to the Negro Musicians of New Orleans." The idea of a biographical Index had originally stemmed from Richard B. Allen, and in a rather embarrassing Dedication Sam Charters declares that it "is to an extent 'Allen's' work which I have carried on and finally completed."

To Charters a New Orleans musician can only be so-called as long as he lives within the city. In his opening words he states that "The music of New Orleans was so distinctly the product of the musicians whose entire life was spent playing in that city that no effort has been made to follow the career of a musician after he left the city permanently. He was no longer a New Orleans musician and his activities in another musical environment are beyond the scope of this work." This, I believe to be a fundamentally false premise, and no attempt has been made to explain or support this extraordinary statement on which the whole structure of the book is dependent. One can only assume that there is "something in the air" of New Orleans that makes its musicians thus; their special singularity might just as easily be attributed to a diet of red beans and rice with periodic dishes of bouillabaisse. Unqualified, the statement remains, and as a result the careers of many musicians who have remained close to New Orleans tradition have been truncated for no better reason than the fact that they left the city. Is jazz history to be re-written in terms of the towns wherein the musicians were born? A more elastic conception of the origins of the music is drastically needed, not a final, permanent confinement in the straight-jacket of the N.O.-K.C.-Chicago-N.Y.C. theory which has already sadly cramped our thinking. As for the foot-loose musicians who worked with the travelling shows and carnivals and had no claim to a permanent home city—what of them? A special thesis perhaps, to act as a discard pile for the wayward cards. In point of fact Charters has tacitly admitted that his argument is untenable by including a number of musicians whose formative years were not spent in New Orleans at all—from the Tios, born and educated in Mexico to Luis Russell from Paríama, John Handy from Mississippi, Amos White from South Carolina, Reuben Roddy from Missouri and many others who were already past their youth before they came to the Crescent City. Others like Harrison Brazlee were raised outside the state whilst far too many musicians to list were born, trained and active in other towns in Louisiana from thirty to a hundred and fifty miles from New Orleans though they are included for the purposes of the "Index."



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Duncan P. Schiedt

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It is in the nature of an Index that it is arranged alphabetically, a format which greatly facilitates reference. A weakness of this system is that it has no regard for chronology, and in an Index such as this, musicians of different dates of birth would be juxtaposed. Charters has clearly been aware of this and has attempted a compromise by arranging his book in periods of approximately a decade in length, with each section arranged in alphabetical order. Unless one has a foreknowledge of the date of the musician, finding a reference is still only practicable by the use of the general index. Inevitably there is much overlapping for some musicians have had a long "playing" life while others, moving early from New Orleans are excluded from the work by reason of the arbitrary definition of a New Orleans musician, for the major part of their careers. The method of subdividing the book, though it gives some semblance of a sequence of dates is in fact, largely invalidated.

No feature of the book is more irritating or more useless than the continued repetitions of the same "facts" which in many instances are anecdotes of negligible importance. At a dance in 1923 Punch Miller was introduced by the M.C. as "Kid Punchy Punchy Punchy Punchy Punch Miller" we learn on page 86. Hardly a gem of wit, but apparently good enough to bear repetition on page 58 and on page 90. On the morning of Heywood Brown's 1940 session, Willie Santiago and Big Eye Louis Nelson went downtown to find a trombonist; "They passed a saloon on the corner of Dumaine and Villere and found Jim Robinson, back from a parade. He was sitting on the step, his trombone across his lap, his head buried in his arms. He was sound asleep." (page 96). Three pages later: Jim Robinson "had just returned from a parade in 1940 when Kid Rena (sic) and Big Eye Louis Nelson found him sleeping on the steps of a barroom at Dumaine and Villere, his trombone across his lap." Page 110 tells us that "One afternoon in 1940 Kid Rena and Big Eye Louis Nelson drove around the streets until they found Jim Robinson, back from a parade, sitting on the steps of a weathered barroom, his trombone in his lap, his head in his arms . . .". Does the story, which is as weather-beaten as the barroom, really demand such retelling? Having told us on page 67 that Barney Bigard "usually played beside the clarinet player

Albert Nicholas. Nicholas couldn't read and Bigard couldn't improvise so they gave each other lessons," was it necessary to repeat on page 92 (under Nicholas) that "Bigard could not improvise and Nicholas could just barely read, so they gave each other lessons?" Such repetitions are to be found throughout the book, one of the most extreme examples being Clarence Williams' abortive attempt at forming a touring band, mentioned under Tom Benton (page 22), Jimmy Noone (page 42) and under Piron's name (page 47). This was surely sufficient if no further information was to be had, but the next page states that "Johnny St. Cyr played with a group that Clarence Williams tried to take on the Orpheum circuit in 1916," whilst overleaf, page 51 the entire story is retold with a full personnel. Yet again the threadbare tale is told under Celestin's name on pages 68-69. Johnny Lindsay (page 83) "was in the group that Clarence Williams organized for the Orpheum Circuit in 1916" whilst Ridgely's connection with the band is similarly detailed "until A. J. Piron broke it up." (page 96). The remarkable thing about this supreme example of redundancy is that it concerns a band that never performed its function.

Had the book been presented in a digestible form with the sequence of events carefully detailed as a narrative such repetitions would have been avoided — though the work might have been much slimmer. This would not have compensated for the triviality of much of the material, however, which has the quality of a gossip page or a syndicated column: Amos White's pathetic courtship of Lizzie Miles does not make essential reading. A singular lack of discriminative selection results in the details of Pinchback Touro's career being summarized in seven lines, whilst his unwise criticism of Willie Pajeaud takes twice as many. So it is that Sidney Vigne lives for 2½ lines and dies for 6½, while an unfunny incident concerning Danny Barker's trousers merits 20. Can the four lines devoted to Ed Garland and the five accorded Natty Dominique be justified for their brevity? And the virtual omission of Willie Hightower, Lottie Hightower, Charlie Elgar, Eddie Vinson, Wellman Braud, Leonard Bechet, Paul Dominiques, Preston Jackson, Buddy Christian and Joe Johnson, to mention a few, demands some explanation.

It is not to be disputed for a moment that "Jazz New Orleans" has a tre-

mendous amount of valuable material between its covers; on the contrary it is my respect for the work that has gone into collecting information, in making notes, in seeking out musicians and interviewing them that causes me to deplore the mishandling of the data thus gathered. Here are the personnels of scores of little-known bands; here are the details of Robichaux's 36-piece Symphonic Orchestra, of the Bloom Philharmonic Orchestra and a number of other "reading" orchestras that employed Creole and Negro musicians. What part did they play in the origins of jazz? How much was reading ability esteemed? To what extent did the musicians of the Magnolia plantation mould the music of New Orleans? These and a score of other fundamental questions the answers to which might well reshape our entire thinking on the music of this period, are scarcely hinted at, much less examined. Scores of shadowy figures are mentioned by name alone and I can list at least fifty who are not even noted in the book. Errors there are too, and are to be expected. These will doubtless come to light in subsequent research. My concern at the moment is not with these points but with the basic error in the narrow approach to the subject; the uncritical, indiscriminating use of the material the clumsy conception of the book as a whole; the sad failure to draw conclusions from the facts obtained and the consequent disservice done to many of the men who Samuel Charters in all sincerity declares to be some of the finest he has ever met. A considerable sum of money has been allocated by the Ford Foundation for further research on New Orleans history, and I greatly fear that the present work is an indication of the ever narrowing lines along which such research may proceed: more contributions to the Museum of Jazz Mythology still further obscuring the essential facts. Far more rewarding would have been a thorough examination of the claim of musicians from the Mid-West, the Deep South, and the East that they were playing jazz before the music of New Orleans was heard. One can feel a certain sympathy with Manuel Perez when one reads (page 44) that "in his later years he resented the emphasis placed on the city's jazz musicians, and refused to talk with anyone doing research in New Orleans." In more ways than one I can agree with Samuel B. Charters that "there is still so much more to be learned."

—Paul Oliver

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BILL SPILKA

by NAT HENTOFF

JAZZ IN PRINT

The most significant newspaper break-through for jazz in history has been the spread of Ralph Gleason's nationally syndicated column. As of this writing, he's carried in the San Francisco Chronicle, Los Angeles Mirror-News, Houston Post, Tucson Star, Wichita Beacon, Des Moines Register, Milwaukee Journal, Toledo Blade, Minneapolis Star, Cincinnati Enquirer, Chicago Daily News, Indianapolis Star, Columbus Star, Boston Globe, Washington Evening News, Philadelphia Bulletin, American Weekend (Stars & Stripes) (weekend edition), Sherbrooke Tribune, Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph, Spokane Spokesman-Review, San Diego Sentinel.

More are pending. As one newspaperman says, and I agree: "What is important about this...is the fact that so many large metropolitan daily papers will take a syndicated jazz column. This couldn't have happened two or three years ago....Its success (which is substantial for a once-a-week feature, as those are hardest to

sell) indicates an about-face on the part of newspapers. For many of them, this is the first time they have had any consistent copy on Negroes except for sports. For a number of others, this represents one of the few times they have (outside sports) run pictures of Negroes. For all of them it represents the first time they have treated jazz seriously. There is no censorship exerted either."

Sonny Rollins, in a Ralph Gleason San Francisco Chronicle interview: "People are getting to the point where they can appreciate everybody who's a good jazz artist, regardless of period. I think that things are getting better. I think that when I get to be Coleman Hawkins' age, for instance, that things will be at a point, where even though there'll be new styles and so forth, you know, I might still have a large audience. I hope so"...Gleason also writes about Jazz Lift, P.O. Box 980, Battle Creek, Michigan, which sends jazz lps behind the Iron Curtain.

Thousands have been distributed and more are needed...Miles Davis notes that in this writer's profile of Gerry Mulligan in The New Yorker, the importance of John Lewis and himself as prime organizers of the 1949-50 Capitol dates was omitted. Also vital in getting the material recorded was Monte Kay. First arrangement they had was John Lewis' of Move. Basic idea was Miles', triggered by his having heard Gil Evans' arrangements for Thornhill and Ellington's before him. "But no one man did it," Miles emphasizes. "It was a combination."...Sam Ulano is issuing a series of practical study charts for drummers at \$1.25 each (115 West 48th Street, New York 36, N. Y.) His monthly Drum Files continues.

There's some new biographical information and good pictures in Frank London Brown's piece on Monk in the May Ebony... Article by this writer on Race Prejudice in Jazz: It Works Both Ways in the June Harper's. Comments welcome...André Hodeir has an important two-part study of Thelonious Monk in the April and May Jazz-Hot. April issue also has a piece on John Coltrane....More reviews of the jazz press by Peter Russell in the May Goodchild's Jazz Bulletin, 172/4 Arkwright Street, Nottingham, England. In praise of Bob Koester's Jazz Report, Russell writes: "If you want to read about the latest activities of so important a pianist as Blind John Davis, Metronome isn't the place to look. Nor is Down Beat, and you won't find this particular Davis in any of Feather's Encyclopedia volumes."

Frank Driggs continues his valuable documentaries on musicians of the southwest with LaForest Dent in the May Jazz Journal. Also a long piece on Jesse Fuller, a Lester Young article by Benny Green, Cow Cow Davenport by Art Hodes, a reprint of Ralph Ellison's superb Saturday Review article on Charlie Christian and a discographical survey of the Jazztone albums...Down Beat has never been more dispensable than in its April, May and June issues...Paul Oliver, the indefatigable blues chronicler, has the first full-scale piece on Peetie Wheatstraw I've seen anywhere in the May Jazz Monthly. Albert McCarthy also prints the Eddie Barefield Story, and Michael James clobbers several of the magazine's writers, including the editor. From McCarthy's editorial in the April issue on that O'Connor liner note for the Mahalia Jackson set: "Not even the most militant atheist could reasonably take exception to a priest writing an lp sleeve note if he deals with the music or the performers, but if such a note is to be an excuse for a homily in favor of Christianity then it becomes objectionable. No record company would allow me to use a sleeve note for the purpose of writing a plea in favor of atheism, or would permit a member of a political party to pen an essay in support of a particular social outlook, so why should these priests... be allowed as much license." McCarthy says later on, "A company official with a sense of irony might even have commissioned Bertrand Russell to do the note to 'The Atomic Mr. Basie' lp!"

March Jazz Statistics includes a discography of Little Willie John, Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown on Peacock, the story of Erskine Tate's orchestra, etc. American representative is Ernie Edwards, Jr., 718 Keenan Avenue, Los Angeles 22, California...Mel Powell had an article on Webern's Influence on Our Young Composers in the May 3 New York Times...Mrs. Frederic A. Groves of Cape Girardeau, Missouri, has taken a stand against sending jazz musicians overseas. She's head of the D.A.R. How about more mixed bands in Cape Girardeau, then? Excellent article on discographies - classical, jazz and folk - by Kurt Myers in April 19 New York Times.

Notes of the Indianapolis Jazz Club has a 1933 autobiographical letter from Hoagy Carmichael... May issue of the club's Notes reports that Scrapper Blackwell is still in the city and would like to become active again. Looks like they're getting him a guitar. "Anyone having copies of Scrapper Blackwell and Leroy Carr records that he can copy

Onward and Sideways with the Arts: From Louella Parsons' May 11 column: "Talented Jerry Milligan, cellist who is world famous and who closed last night at the crescendo, came to our table."

Was tympanist Ed Furmer with him?

From Ralph Gleason's syndicated column, What's Missing in Jazz Concerts?: "For five out of the six concerts [he'd been to recently] the halls used were relatively new auditoriums in which the most modern of acoustics prevail, halls in which regular concert presentations of classical

instrumental and vocal attractions occur year in year out. Yet without exception the jazz artists set up and used an electronic amplification system. Piatagorsky playing in the same hall does not need it, neither do the Budapest String Quartet, Heifetz or the symphony orchestra. But the jazz artists do; or think they do...In all cases but one (the Modern Jazz Quartet, which didn't use amplification either) the program opened with the band straggling on stage while the master of ceremonies (useless adjunct most of the time) talked. The lighting was amateurish (light men at halls complain that the jazz groups give no instructions and, since the concert has no rehearsal, the light man is helpless). Further, when there is a series of small groups, the programming seems to be governed by whim rather than by a sensible feel for pacing and the necessity to put on a good, balanced evening's program...Too many jazz promoters have risen merely as opportunists with no idea of giving a good show or having an artistic responsibility themselves. This situation will change when and if they become convinced that the jazz audience will not hold still for bad shows. And that day is approaching closer and closer."

From the March 6 Yale Daily News, Hugh Romney, a member of a jazz-and-poetry group, declares: "The one thing that is absolutely essential to both poetry and jazz is 'soul.' Gregory Corso has that. In one of his short poems he speaks of a Mexican boy 'doomed by his sombrero'; that's soul. Miles Davis has got it, too. But Max

Roach, the drummer, has-
n't; he's all technique."

Hatless, huh?

The death of Sidney Bechet brought editorials in New York Herald Tribune and the Boston Herald. The Tribune remembered "that when Bechet, pianist Pete Johnson and bass violist Billy Taylor played Saturday Night Blues at a concert in Town Hall in 1946, the Herald Tribune's music critic, Virgil Thomson, said it was 'the season's high in chamber music.' "...From an article in the New York Times on a visit to Moscow by Assistant Librarian Foster Palmer of Harvard University. During questioning by people in the street, "Another asked about music in the United States. Told that Shostakovich, Khatchaturian and Prokofiev were popular, he asked if Willis Connover was highly regarded in the United States. Mr. Palmer had to confess that although he was head of the Harvard reference section, he had never heard of Mr. Connover. The questioner identified Mr. Connover as a jazz commentator of the Voice of America."

Now tell him who jazz is.

Some of the most honest record reviews anywhere are in the Library Journal. Like this one of A Child's Introduction to Jazz by Bob Keeshan (Captain Kangaroo) & The Honeydreamers: "A few years ago Folkways Records released an excellent title 'The Story of Jazz for Children, Young People and Others' FP-712. It served as a landmark in the interpretation of this kind of music to young people in a mature, thoughtful manner. Now, Golden Records presents a superficial, sugar-coated treatment of the same

subject with a disappointing approach. Depending upon a cumbersome oral and musical narration by Bob Keeshan and the Honeydreamers, the development of jazz is traced from its African origins to present-day jazz. The release never achieves its objective: to present 'a clear introduction to America's unique contribution to the world's music.' Anachronisms, improper connotations given to the role of early forms of American music result in a transmitting of information which is inaccurate, false, misleading. Not recommended." Congratulations to reviewer Spencer G. Shaw, specialist in Storytelling at the Brooklyn Public Library.

Sam Goldwyn was listening to André Previn's score for Porgy and Bess. According to Life, "Goldwyn was the first to rise. With tearful glints of pleasure in his eyes, he walked to the chair where André Previn was sitting. Previn got up and smiled at Goldwyn. The producer put his hand on Previn's head and tousled his hair. 'You should be goddam proud, kid,' Goldwyn said huskily. Then with the air of a man who speaks absolute truth, he added, 'You should never do another thing in your life.'"

Does Sam rest on the seventh day?

For listings of all kinds of rare records, try Vintage Jazz Mart, 4, Hillcrest Gardens, Dollis Hill, London N.W. 2, England...Kerry Jackson covers jazz in his Night Life column in the Los Angeles Tribune...

Bix Beiderbecke's sister lent his horn for a jazz exhibit at the Boston Public Library. John

McLellan of the Boston Traveler corresponded with the company that made it and found out more about the horn: "In the first place, it's not a cornet. Nor is it a trumpet. It is probably a cornet-trumpet - longer than the former and shorter than the later. And it evidently has the advantages of both...The instrument is one of two that Bix had made by Vincent Bach in 1927...John Coffey of the Boston Symphony explained that the gold plating was more than decorative. The famous cornet soloists of the old brass bands like Clark and Pryor used to use gold plated horns for a more mellow sound. Coffey also added the interesting information that the maker of the horn - Vincent Bach - had come to this country from Austria to play with the Boston Symphony under Muck. It was after he left the BSO that he started making mouthpieces and then a line of brass instruments of which the Beiderbecke horns must have been among his earliest models. Charlie Alden, local distributor for the Bach instruments, says Bach has some rather unusual business methods. For example, the normal procedure for someone who finds something wrong with his instrument is to return it to the company for a replacement. But, as Alden explains, this was not the case with Bach. 'As soon as he received a report of some such difficulty, he immediately wants to know who the musician's teacher is. And why he is playing improperly.' Bach is then quite likely to enter into lengthy correspondence with the luckless musician who dares to be dissatisfied with his horn."

RECONSIDERATIONS



WABASH STOMP by Roy Eldridge
—recorded January 23, 1937
—Trumpeter's Holiday Epic
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One of the most frequent clichés in current jazz writings is the constant reference to Roy Eldridge's trumpet style as some sort of link between the styles of Armstrong and Gillespie. Like all clichés, this tells us little or nothing. Furthermore, it serves almost to denigrate the really positive achievement of Eldridge as an instrumentalist.

It is, of course, true that Eldridge's style developed out of Armstrong's, although by way of Red Allen rather than directly, and that Gillespie drew a good deal from Eldridge. But it must be noted that Eldridge's approach to jazz is strikingly different from that of either Armstrong or Gillespie. Put simply, this is to say that Eldridge has always been very much his own man. He is far too original a stylist to brook classification either as an Armstrong emulator or as the inspiration of Gillespie. Actually this is quite unfair to Gillespie as well; for his own style does, I think, owe far less to Eldridge's than is sometimes supposed.

In considering Eldridge's accomplishment we must locate it within

an historical period and, viewed historically, Eldridge's achievement seems to be nothing less than the development of the most consistent and influential approach to the problems of the trumpet soloist within the framework of the Henderson-Basie styled swing band. It must be pointed out at the outset that these problems were far different from those which confronted either the earlier New Orleans trumpeters who functioned in small contrapuntally oriented groups or which confronted Armstrong himself, who broke from the New Orleans style but only as an independent virtuoso and who, from the time of his break to the present has worked, mainly, as a virtuoso soloist.

However, for a trumpeter entering the jazz world in the late twenties or early thirties the very economics of the art served to place him within a swing band context. In such a band, the soloist, on any instrument, had always to face the challenge of establishing his contribution against and within the interplay of the full band sections. It is interesting to note the way in which Eldridge's style accomplished precisely this.

Basically he thinks, musically, in four bar phrases and develops these with a rapidity more characteristic of a saxophonist than a trumpeter. Of course, he has many times acknowledged the influences of men such as Hawkins and Carter on his style, but it is worth conjecturing that this influence occurred because of the very development of the saxophone itself as a jazz instrument within the swing band framework. That is, the swing trumpet style, as exemplified by Eldridge, had to begin with Armstrong and then had to fit itself to the swing style. Whereas the saxophones, developing from swing in the beginning, had something of an edge. Rhythmically, too, Eldridge produces his ideas with a distinct emphasis and reliance upon the 4/4 swing measure. The result is a style which, with Eldridge's many-noted rapidity of phrasing and facility within the upper ranges of the instrument, is ideally suited to the large swing band or the small group with a swing orientation.

It was precisely such a small group that Eldridge formed in the late thirties with an instrumentation of trumpet, two alto saxophones, tenor saxophone, guitar, piano, bass and drums. This was truly a most remarkable organization and it is certainly regrettable that it was not more economically successful and did not

record more. However, among its few recordings, **Wabash Stomp** seems, by all odds, the most interesting.

It is important to observe, first, that the group actually breaks down into a trumpet soloist with accompaniment from a saxophone section and a rhythm section. This impression is further heightened by Eldridge's playing which almost seems to mirror the flow of the saxophones in another medium. This impression sets up its own discrepancies of correspondence which only make the impression more vivid. Then, too, there is the fact that Eldridge is the only outstanding soloist in the entire group. Thus the band serves only to offset Eldridge himself. This offsetting function is immediately apparent in **Wabash Stomp** which, like Armstrong's **Tight Like This**, is essentially a trumpeter's **tour de force**. It is true that the saxophone and piano are all featured in solo parts, but these solos really only serve as elements of contrast to the exits and entrances of Eldridge. Thus Eldridge enters first with a four bar introduction and exposition of the theme which is followed by solos from the altoist and pianist. But these factors serve only to set the stage for Eldridge's entrance with the third chorus, where he proceeds to build a series of climaxes, against the saxophones which are kept from cancelling each other only by the flexibility of the soloist as he develops his ideas from the harmony with a constantly increasing drive which does not allow the listener to lose interest. As he approaches the last climax, Eldridge wisely allows the tenor saxophonist to enter who, in his turn, prepares for the last statement of the trumpeter. At this point Eldridge does not attempt to drive into another climax, but, rather gradually, relaxes into the conclusion.

It is difficult to think of any way this performance could possibly be bettered. As it stands it is an important and vital masterpiece of the art in which every detail coheres perfectly. In other recordings Eldridge, who depends more perhaps than most trumpeters on developing his solos into a series of often startling climaxes, starts a solo with a climax in the high register upon which he builds further climaxes which sometimes nullify each other. I believe it is on some such ground as this that critics have, unjustly in my opinion, accused him of bad taste. But here all is control and finely structured development.

—H. A. Woodfin

I'M TIRED OF FATTENING FROGS FOR SNAKES

Gather round here just like leeches
Play in your orchard and steal your peaches
I wish all these chicks would let my man be
'Cause all his love belongs to me
So now I'm tired of fattening frogs for snakes
When the moon was in eclipse I hid one in the dark
But he was gobbled up by some daddy-grabbin' shark
I dressed him all up so he would look good
He chivvied all the chicks in my neighborhood
So now I'm tired of fattening frogs for snakes
How old Lucy Jane, so brazen and bold,
Laughed in my face and stole my jelly roll
Followed my man wherever he goes
Jivin' till she took him from right under my nose
So now I'm tired of fattening frogs for snakes
(Written by Perry Bradford. Sung by Rosetta Crawford on Decca 7584.
Transcribed by Eric Townley.)

THE BLUES

HOWLIN WINDS

Howlin winds are breakin my heart
and I'm frantic because I'm in the dark;
I know I love you
cause the rain
wrote it on my windowpane.
Standin in my window
gazin at the clouds up above,
Thought about you pretty baby
down comes my heavy love.
Nighttime is gone,
daylight's
tippin in; My gal done quit me
I believe she quit me for
my best friend.
Tell me that you love me
so the sun will shine down on me
once again,
And when it stops rainin baby
I'll know it's not
the bitter end.

(By Joe Turner. Emarcy MG 36014. Transcribed by Bill Crow.)

HARD TIME BLUES

I never seen such real hard times before
I never seen such real hard times before
The wolf keeps walkin' all around my door
They howl all night long, and they moan till the break of day
They howl all night long, and they moan till the break of day
They seem to know my good man gone away
I can't go outside to my grocery store
I can't go outside to my grocery store
I ain't got no money and my credit don't go no more
Won't somebody please try and find my man for me
Won't you please try and find my man for me
Tell him I'm broke and hungry, lonely as can be
If he didn't like my potatoes why did he dig so deep
If he didn't like my potatoes why did he dig so deep
In his mama's potato patch five and ten times a week
(Written and sung by Ida Cox. Vocalion 05298. Transcribed by Eric Townley.)

A Proposal for Newport

by BOB ROLONTZ

When the Newport Jazz Festival first started six years ago it was a rather small affair, and it attracted what would today be considered a tiny audience, one that could be counted in the thousands, rather than in the tens of thousands. The audience was composed mainly of serious jazz fans and critics, mostly over 25. After three years the jazz festival suddenly caught on beyond the expectations of NJF president Louis Lorillard or vice president George Wein, or probably any other board member.

In 1957 the NJF attracted audiences as many as 10,000 per night; in 1958 as much as 13,000; and the 1959 festival audiences actually reached 15,000 on Saturday and Sunday nights.

With the remarkable popularity of the festival over the past three years, the nature of the NJF itself changed. It has turned into a mass appeal and more commercial event. And the audience it has attracted from 1957 through 1959 have grown steadily younger. To the young college boy and girl, Newport has become one of the events of the year. It combined the appeal of a traditional football game, a house-party weekend and Fort Lauderdale, Fla. during Easter vacation.

The 17 to 21 corps was not at all necessarily serious or knowledgeable about jazz. The excitement, meeting people of the opposite sex, the appeal of the resort town of Newport, and a weekend without parental authority lurking nearby were the primary attractions. They liked music and that was enough.

At this year's festival the average age was 19 or 20 with young people coming from as far west as Texas, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois as well as nearby states like Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts.

But now that the NJF has changed its character and its audience, new problems are raised. As far as this reviewer is concerned, it does little good to fret about what the concerts used to be—those days are gone. It is what it is; and in sum, the NJF has helped give rise to a greater interest in jazz performers and jazz music, even if only superficially.

The planners of the Newport Festival now must take account of the new audience it attracts and provide for it—or else it is time for the NJF to leave Newport and hold its Festival

somewhere else. The NJF owes a responsibility to the 15,000 or so youngsters who pack the town at festival time. The city does not have sufficient rooms, eating facilities, or recreational facilities to handle the crowds that come each year. That is why the youngsters often sleep on the beach, on lawns, in their cars, and this is why they decorate the town with beer cans at night after the concerts are over. They are emotionally stimulated by the concerts and then have no place to go or anything else to do. And holding the saloons open until six a.m. is hardly the healthiest way to keep young college boys and girls off the streets. The Newport Festival executives, the board and the citizens of Newport must make provisions for the rooming, feeding and recreation of these youngsters before the NJF degenerates into a huge, tawdry spectacle. If this cannot be done, then the festival should move to Boston, Philadelphia, New York or Atlantic City, or any other city where adequate facilities are available.

What can be done to provide for the kids? First of all, the boys and girls pay outrageous prices for rooms and they have no place for social activities. They can't get into restaurants, and they prefer to live on hot dogs and beer because it's cheaper. The NJF could arrange for some large dormitories, perhaps in a gymnasium, or hall, or other public building. There could be a boys dormitory and a girls' dormitory where they could sleep for a few dollars each night. There should also be a huge public dining room set up indoors or under a tent) where they could eat brunch and dinner for a few dollars a day. And lastly there should be dances held after the concert in a public auditorium, in or near the town, to calm down the young people after the concerts are over. Records could be used for the music, or some of the musicians might play for the dance. It isn't enough to draw thousands of youngsters to a concert. It is time for Newport's citizens and the Festival executives, to plan for the 1960 Festival so that the young audience can have inexpensive places to sleep, to eat, and to enjoy themselves. If this can't be done, the NJF could develop into chaos—and that would hurt jazz everywhere.

by Gunther Schuller



David Baker and the University of Indiana band

DUNCAN SCHEIDT

INDIANA RENAISSANCE

Wes Montgomery

DUNCAN SCHEIDT



In traveling around this large country of ours, one is generally appalled at the lack of interest in jazz wherever one happens to venture. At the same time, diligent and stubborn search for good jazz will occasionally bring surprising rewards. For there exist in sometimes very unlikely areas isolated oases where the traveler may quite unexpectedly quench his thirst for jazz, and even sometimes encounter a calibre of jazz quite superior to the often blasé big-name jazz of the metropolitan centers. I had the good fortune to run into such a pocket of jazz interest recently in and around the Indianapolis area.

I heard there two groups—one an 18-piece band, the other a trio consisting of guitar, organ and drums—which were of such superior quality that it seemed hard to believe that none of the musicians, jazz writers, critics and assorted cognoscenti in New York knew of these groups or, if they knew of them, had ever written about them in the various jazz journals. A situation like this is, I think, typically American, in that it shows once more what an endless wealth of musical talent exists in this country, and at the same time, how often we ignore or waste such talent. And I'm afraid, we in New York tend to think of jazz solely in terms of New York, just as an earlier generation of critics tended to think of jazz solely in terms of New Orleans. The fact that in May 1959—with all the means of communication and dissemination available to us—a trio of great jazz musicians can be performing nightly for several years in a city the size of Indianapolis without reaching the ears of those who make it their business to keep up with the outstanding achievements in the field, is enough to make one pause and wonder. Such a fact, indeed, adds an entirely different perspective to our thinking about the history of jazz. For if we consider that such situations (Buster Smith, Charlie Parker's mentor, in Dallas is another case in point) can exist in 1959, I think we can safely assume that thirty or forty years ago many a great, locally influential musician remained entirely unknown to a large public because he was not recorded. And such an assumption in turn supports more recent theories that—certainly by 1920—jazz was a music played not only in New Orleans but in almost every part of the country. The band in question is the University of Indiana band in Bloomington,

which has grown from a tentative septet five years ago into a big band with a book of some 200 numbers. Its leader is David Baker, a 27-year-old bass-trombonist. Baker is quite typical of the youngest generation of jazz players, in that he is equally at home in the world of jazz and 'legitimate' classical music. As a matter of fact, he first attracted my attention several years ago in the pit orchestra for a university production of Norman Dello Joio's *The Ruby*. My attention was immediately drawn to a rich, solid bass-trombone tone coming from the right-hand corner of the pit, and upon inquiry I was told this was a fellow named Baker. In the ensuing years I heard that he was building a jazz band. However, none of the good reports regarding this band prepared me for what I finally was able to hear this last May.

Since good big bands are few and far between these days, it is perhaps saying very little that this is already one of the indisputably great bands of the country, and in certain respects superior to any of the other young struggling bands. Its book, the bulk of which is written by Baker himself, is richly imaginative, forceful yet sensitive, and very contemporary in style. Baker's writing, which reveals a natural feeling for the instruments, steers a healthy middle course between a knowledgeable application of compositional techniques and an intuitive feeling for spontaneous, highly charged jazz. The performances fully meet the demands of this repertoire. The musicians display a rare awareness of Baker's ensemble writing, its subtleties as well as its intricacies. Yet the band features nine fine soloists, young budding talents—no innovators, to be sure—but capable of interesting, sound solos in the various current instrumental styles. Outstanding among these is Baker himself, who at his best combines his big tone with a fairly brash J. J. Johnson-influenced staccato style that generates considerable heat. Other outstanding soloists are a remarkable Rollins-influenced tenor player named Paul Plummer, altoist J. Peirce, and the band's trumpet soloist, Al Kiger.

The ensemble sound, as I heard it, was polished without being slick, lightly swinging yet not without drive and depth, and in some of Baker's hair-raisingly virtuosic writing (as in *Screamin' Meemies*) fully adequate to the situation. The band swings on the basis of two rare qualities: sup-

pleness and a controlled forcefulness. Indeed, the over-all effect is one of complete control dynamically and sonically without a trace of rigidity. Perhaps the outstanding section in the band is the trombone section. Aside from boasting four soloists, it features two (!) bass trombones (one of which is Baker, of course), and the other three players use large-bore instruments with the "trigger"* which gives them the complete chromatic range unavailable on the ordinary trombone and a big sound quite removed from the "pea-shooters" once so favored by jazz trombonists. But the section is perhaps most unique for its uncanny stylistic unity. This is unquestionably due to the fact that all five, including Baker, have studied with the same teacher, Tom Beaversdorf, a composer as well as one of the top trombone teachers in the country. Instrumentally and stylistically cut pretty much from the same cloth in terms of tone and phrasing, the five players' unanimity of approach in itself practically eliminates all ensemble problems, and accounts for the distinct impression that the section consists of a single musician.

The other sections are not far below this level, and Baker is very fortunate in having found an excellent young drummer by the name of Joe Hunt, who carries the band with a sure driving beat. But more than that, I was particularly struck by the fine sound he produces on his instruments, a sound which not only keeps the band's over-all quality airy and transparent but matches the clear, clean sound of the 'horns'. The other members of the rhythm section are a fine bass player, Larry Ridley, and pianist Lanny Hartley.

The story of the band—like that of the Pomeroy band—is a story of tenacious perseverance against all odds and a faith in Baker and themselves. Having survived many tough breaks in the last two years, the band finally had a chance to appear at the French Lick Festival. Baker told me the spirit in the band is remarkably high, and he is very optimistic about keeping it together. Naturally a record date here and there would help. But in the meantime the men are continuing with post-graduate studies in various

*A thumb valve which adds some thirty four inches of tubing to the instrument, thus pitching it in F—a type of instrument very much favored by symphony players because of its increased versatility and deeper sound.

sometimes non-musical fields, and in some cases have resisted outside offers in order to remain with the band. Baker himself has spent some time with both Hampton and Ferguson, but is now determined to 'make it' with his band.

Hearing this fine orchestra was in itself sufficient cause to celebrate the renaissance of jazz activity in the Hoosier state, which once gave us J. J. Johnson, Sid Catlett and the De Paris brothers. Another family of brothers, answering to the name of Montgomery, born in Indianapolis, have perhaps not achieved similar fame and success (Leonard Feather lists only one of them in the encyclopedia), but their playing is nonetheless somewhat of a legend among musicians who have heard them. To fill out my impression of jazz in Indiana more completely, Baker took me the next night to hear one of the Montgomery brothers, "Wes," the guitarist now in his mid-thirties; and that evening was—in the jazz parlance—"something else again!"

Superlatives come much too easily in writing about Wes Montgomery. Yet all the well-chosen superlatives in the world—even an accurate description of his playing, could tell us only *what* he plays and very little about its intrinsic *quality*. This has to be heard. Knowing this, I nevertheless feel obligated to write about Wes, because even a second-hand inadequate report about a man of his calibre is better than none, and in a way almost *has* to be written, however inadequately.

The thing that is most easy to say about Wes Montgomery is that he is an extraordinarily spectacular guitarist. Listening to his solos is like teetering continually at the edge of a brink. His playing at its peak becomes unbearably exciting, to the point where one feels unable to muster sufficient physical endurance to outlast it. In its totality it is playing that combines the perfect choice of notes—i.e. purity of creative ideas—with a technical prowess that the jazz of yesteryear, the jazz of the jam sessions and cutting contests had, but that, I'm afraid, the jazz of today has almost completely lost.

Montgomery casts his solos in a formal pattern which he seemingly never varies, and perhaps never should, since it has an unflinching dramatic effectiveness and since, in any case, the content of his solos more than compensates for any limitations of form. This formal design consists of three segments in an as-

cending scale of intensity. The first part consists of a single line, primarily melodic ideas at a moderate dynamic; the second part is conceived entirely in "impossible to play" octaves; while the third section continues on yet another level, in even "impossibler" block chords, bringing the solo dynamically and in terms of rhythmic density to its ultimate climax—at which point I guarantee the listener will be limp. (I should add at this point for the benefit of any perplexed guitarists that Wes plays sans pick). In the 'octave' and 'block chord' sections of his solos, Wes employs a highly personal, unorthodox technique. (He is, as one might suspect, self-taught on the instrument). This approach, of course, owes much of its sure-fire success to the psychological frame of mind it produces in the listener. By setting up a priori an almost impossible target, Wes keeps the listener constantly on the edge of his seat as he steadily pursues this target over a period of six to ten choruses, eliminating one musical obstacle after another until the ultimate goal has been reached. The physical side of this is as fascinating as the musical. Towards the climax of his solos, guitar and man become entirely one, and both seem no longer earth-bound. (In this respect, I imagine, his playing—in effect if not in intention—comes close to the extra-musical, quasi-sexual connotations and imagery of the old-time "ticklers" in after-hours cutting contests). This getting lost in and becoming one with the music has meaning, of course, only in terms of the musical ideas he's lost in—which is the part one cannot describe in words.

Only slightly less remarkable are his two colleagues, organist Melvyn Rhyne and drummer Paul Parker. Rhyne has a definite, original style—to my knowledge quite his own—which tends to make much use melodically of perfect fourths and minor sevenths in leaping, angular lines. Rhythmically, too, he is capable of unusual things, playing at one point, for example, several choruses during which nothing occurred on the beat. The whole solo took place between the beats, which after a while made you delightfully uneasy. Just as you begin to wonder whether your rhythmic equilibrium is functioning properly, Rhyne eases into a safe landing on the beat. The satisfaction in retrospect is, of course, enormous. It is like some giant suspension, wrestling at great length with its own long pent-up resolution.

At full speed Rhyne is a sight to behold. With his left foot playing the bass line, his right foot working the volume pedal, and his hands often operating contrapuntally in opposite directions, Rhyne, a lanky man of twenty-two, looks like a jumping jack, arms and legs flailing in different orbits and speeds, with only the torso stationary—and even that seems to 'take off' at times.

Parker impressed me as a real "cooker," with a tendency to push tempos, which by the way, I'm not sure is altogether bad; and in any case almost all the drummers are doing it, unconsciously or otherwise. Parker's greatest asset, however, is his ability to listen. He has ears like a lynx. Whenever Montgomery or Rhyne fell into a new figure, Parker would be with them or, in his accompanying, subtly aware of them in about half a second and always with taste and discrimination. In these days of loud, hard drummers Parker was a delight to hear. Even at his most powerful, he is rarely 'loud,' and in this respect reminds one of that other great Indian, Sid Catlett. I should add that I didn't have a chance to hear Sonny Johnson the ex-Hampton drummer, with whom Wes plays at another jazz club earlier each evening during regular hours.

As a trio, the three musicians thrive on each other. Montgomery and Rhyne were involved all evening in their own friendly cutting contest in various chase choruses and simultaneous improvisations. One high point occurred when in a very up-tempo number Montgomery reached the peak of his block-chord solo in a frenzied cluster-like, full-of-altered-notes type of solo, only to find it repeated exactly—much to his surprise—by Rhyne on the organ. As soon as Wes heard what was happening, he joined in and repeated his own previous chorus in unison with the organ. In moments of such total awareness, the three of them seemed as if they were possessed, and the impossible things they were doing became almost painfully unbearable. It would be a gross injustice to Wes and his trio if I neglected to mention one thing: the unreserved joy and excitement they felt and communicated through their playing. As much as I am involved with 'modern jazz' as an art form, as a music to be taken seriously and listened to intently, I must sadly admit, that this kind of purely *musikantische* joy in playing and this kind of revelry in one's own abilities are too often lacking in a great deal of present day jazz. The

egos have become unhealthy and turned inward.

In this respect my recent trip was a highly edifying experience, quite apart from any musical pleasures in listening to these and other jazz groups. Having heard Buster Smith in Dallas, I realized, after encountering the two Indiana groups only a week later, that in a sense I had been privileged to hear representatives of three prototypical points of view which have marked the history of jazz. 1) In Buster Smith I heard jazz in its original sociological concept, a music which—in terms of Buster's own life—is not an art form but a strictly every-day, functional ensemble music for dancing and entertainment. 2) With the advent of the great star soloists in the late twenties and the thirties, the sheer joy of competitive instrumental virtuosity and an **almost** conscious desire to expand instrumental possibilities (and thereby the language of jazz) became a primary force. To a large extent, the Montgomery trio embodies that tradition, which is rapidly disappearing, giving way to 3) the more serious, more abstracted, more intellectually aware, more consciously specialized art of modern jazz as represented by the University of Indiana band. Each reader may of course, pick his favorite among these three jazz concepts. But ultimately his choice is an academic one, because we are dealing here with the historical process itself. That is to say, one may subjectively lament the passing of the kind of approach the second period exemplified, but there is no way of skirting the **objective** fact that today's good music is today's **valid** music for very definite, irrevocable, 'historical' reasons.

At first thought, it seems a shame for jazz in general, and for those of us who would appreciate his playing, that Wes Montgomery cannot be heard in New York. Upon further reflection, however, it occurs to me that a), it would cause considerable hardship on most other guitarists in town and b), I have a sneaking suspicion that playing in an after-hours place in Indianapolis (as he did the night I heard him) is better for Wes Montgomery and jazz in general than almost anything I can think of. In Indianapolis, a city which evidently no self-respecting name group would deign to visit, there is a real place and need for Montgomery—which, come to think of it, probably accounts to some extent for the fact that he seems to be one of the most well-adjusted, happy musicians I have met in years.

COMING IN OCTOBER / COMING IN OCTOBER

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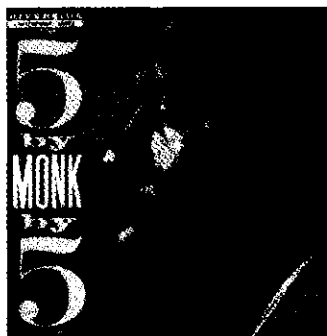
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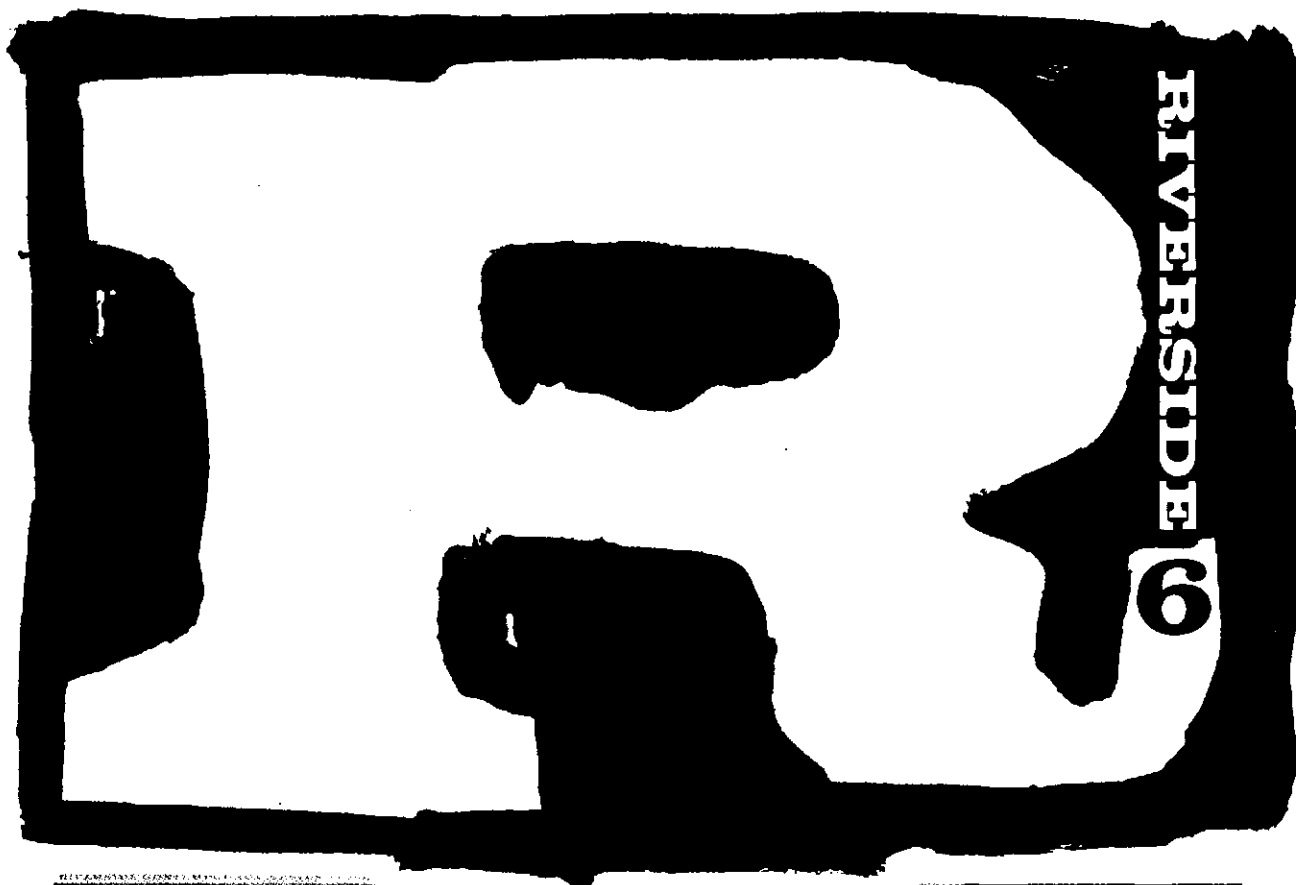
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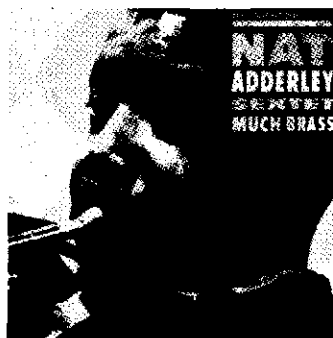
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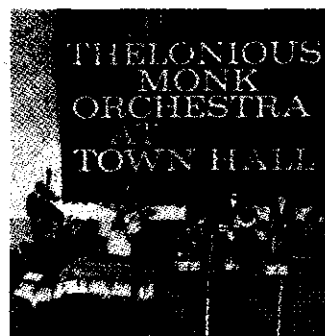
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