

THE JAZZ REVIEW

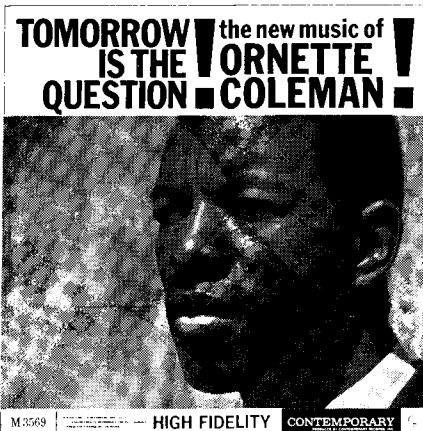
Volume 3 / Number 1 / January 1960 / Fifty Cents

Art Blakey  
Duke Ellington  
Lightnin' Hopkins



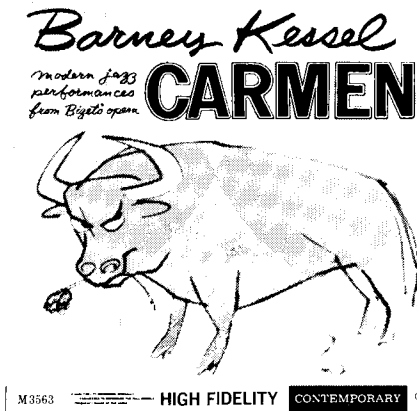
# '59

## CONTEMPORARY'S year!



### ORNETTE COLEMAN

amazed many critics and musicians who believe he may "change the direction of jazz!" For his second CR album Ornette and trumpeter Don Cherry are joined by Shelly Manne, drums; and bassists Percy Heath (Side 1) and Red Mitchell (Side 2). M3569, stereo S7569.



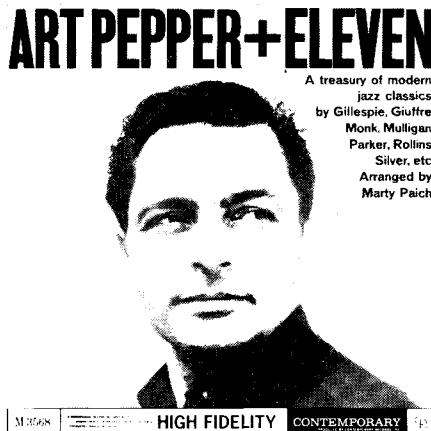
### BARNEY KESSEL

scored with a brilliant adaptation of Bizet's "Carmen," the first modern jazz version of an opera. The poll-winning Kessel guitar is featured in an orchestral setting with André Previn, Shelly Manne, Buddy Collette, Victor Feldman, Joe Mondragon, etc. M3563, stereo S7563.



### SHELLY MANNE

followed his first hit "Gunn" (M3560 & stereo S7025) album with "Son of the Gunn." The TV material gets a free-blowing treatment from Men: Joe Gordon, trumpet; Richie Kamuca, tenor; Russ Freeman, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; & Victor Feldman, vibes & marimba. M3566, stereo S7566.



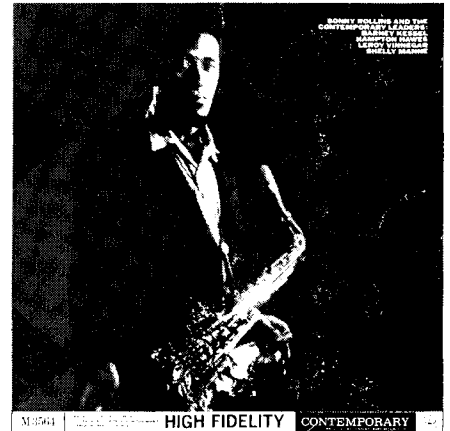
### ART PEPPER

the alto star also plays tenor and clarinet on this album of a dozen best-known modern jazz classics arranged by Marty Paich. In this uniquely integrated album Pepper & Co. play 12 compositions by Gillespie, Parker, Monk, Mulligan, Giuffre, Rollins, etc. M3568, stereo S7568.



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### SONNY ROLLINS

the "boss of the tenor" followed his successful first CR album ("Way Out West," C3530, stereo S7017) with "The Leaders." It features him with Contemporary's top stars Shelly Manne, Hampton Hawes, Barney Kessel, Leroy Vinnegar and Victor Feldman. M3564, stereo S7564.

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**LESTER YOUNG**      **1909–1959**

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# JAZZ THE REVIEW

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**NEW CONTRIBUTORS**

Ira Gitler is the well-known man-about-Juniors, who has made an enviable reputation as George Crater's favorite whipping boy.

David Lahm, a student at Amherst College, studied at the School of Jazz in 1959.

Louis Levy is a long-time jazz follower and Duke Ellington Collector.

Mack McCormack is a Houston blues collector, and was responsible for the recent recording of Lightnin' Hopkins by Tradition Records.



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## **Art Blakey plays Gretsch Drums**

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# Art Blakey

ZITA CARNO

Art Blakey's name has become synonymous with hard drive and pulsating excitement. His playing makes listeners jump with amazement. There are no dull moments even in his longest solos, and in his rhythm section work he forces the group to play with his infectious excitement, but, for all his drive, he is the subtlest of drummers, one who knows how to push a group without overpowering them.

He is a musician who believes that a jazz group should be a solid cohesive unit, not just "five guys blowing on the same changes." The rhythm section in a Blakey group doesn't just "play time" behind the horns; it must back up solidly without overwhelming, fill in, and set up the soloist, who in turn must listen and pick up cues that may be thrown his way. One of the best examples of this concept is the lp called **The Jazz Messengers** (Columbia CL-897). Listen carefully, and you will hear the rhythmic interplay between Blakey and the group, the tightness of the rhythm section, and the way everyone seems to anticipate what the others are going to do next.

Blakey listens, absorbs, assimilates and experiments, always seeking to improve his work. He picks up and works with any elements he feels will fit with his carefully planned scheme of things. Once he visited Africa, spending a lot of time listening to African drummers and making note of things that he felt would be useful to him.

Although Blakey is one of the best technicians among drummers, the extent of his technique is not immediately apparent to most listeners. He subordinates his technique to musical ideas and, even when going full-tilt through a solo, never deliberately makes an out-and-out display of his ability to climb all over his drums. The listener, caught up in the fantastic rhythm patterns, does not fully realize how much technique and control are required.

He has extremely fast hands and very clean, accurate stick technique in ride cymbal work as well as on drums. His bass drum foot is a blur at up-tempos. Many drummers have fast feet, but he is unique in the way he uses the bass drum in solos and in playing cross-rhythms.

His uncanny control makes possible his wonderful use of dynamics. His timing is perfect, and he always knows just what to do, and when. His co-ordination is something else.

Many people accuse him of pushing tempos. Sometimes he does push but when he feels that the tempo of a tune should be faster. He could never be accused of dragging the tempo. In fact, his time is nearly perfect.

His wrist action is one of the most startling features of his playing; it enables him to control the sticks or brushes from his wrists, or even his finger-tips, so that they appear to be moving by themselves. It is a breathtaking sight, and is the basis of his fast ride cymbal work, his press-roll, and one of his subtlest and most beautiful effects, a light, almost transparent sound on the drums.

As a rhythm section drummer, Blakey combines drive and subtlety in a way unlike that of any other drummer; he is strong but never overpowering, very sure, capable of varying dynamics to an almost unheard of degree, and always working to keep the group together and to propel them along.

Many aspects of Blakey's rhythm section work set him apart from other drummers. Perhaps the most famous is that sock cymbal sound, the heaviest and most powerful I know but strangely, not the loudest. His control is such that he can play very softly and still get a heavy effect. At times, he plays with a pronounced, but not obtrusive, back-beat, as on **I Mean You (The Messengers with Thelonious Monk, Atlantic 1278)** or behind the solos on the famous **Night in Tunisia** track with Clifford Brown and Horace Silver (**Blue Note 1521**).

His ride cymbal work is imaginative, exciting, and rock-steady. In his hands, the ride-cymbal turns from a mere timekeeper into a vital part of his overall pattern. He has many variations of the ride cymbal beat, and no matter what he does with it, he never loses the beat. Sometimes he plays a straight four with only a slight accentuation on the second and fourth beats. He'll combine this with the usual ride rhythm in various ways, and on occasion he'll shift the accentuation so that it comes out something like Example 1. Another variation of the ride cymbal beat, a rather difficult one to spot because of the sustaining quality of the sizzle cymbal he uses most of the time, is shown in Example 2.

Every drummer uses the familiar device of double timing with the hi-hat, but Blakey also does the opposite: he plays the ride cymbal at half tempo.

His snare drum fill-ins and his use of them differs sharply from the ideas of other drummers. Blakey's fill-ins always have a direct relation to the solo line. One kind of basic fill is rhythmically practically—note, I said practically—the same as that of the line. Here it is at the beginning of **Wierdo (Miles Davis, Blue Note 1502)** in Example 3; it is almost not so much a fill-in as an accentuation, an emphasis, of the rhythm of the theme. The figure he uses on **Purple Shades (Atlantic 1278)** is more complicated. Here he really fills in (Example 4a and 4b). Note the little triplet figure in 4b. At medium tempos, he often uses the fill-in shown in Example 5, a reversal of the ride cymbal rhythm, to build tension. He is famous for using fill-ins to push or to set up a soloist. One characteristic pattern is shown in Example 6.

Blakey has an uncanny ability to pick up instantly the soloist's rhythm patterns, expressed or implied, and play right along with it or set up cross-rhythms against it. A fine example is his work behind Miles Davis' second



A fine example is his work behind Miles Davis' second solo on **Weirdo**, Example 7. But he also uses fill-ins for special effects. In the theme of Thelonious Monk's **Locomotive** (Prestige 7075) Blakey uses brushes on the snare drum in combination with his ride cymbal beat. The sound, combined with the strong bass line and the tune itself, sounds very much like a locomotive.

Blakey's use of cross-rhythms in rhythm section work is again something else; they are one of his most effective means of adding an extra push to the group. Some of these figures involve the entire rhythm section, and to hear the piano, bass and drums together playing one of them is spine-tingling. One of his most characteristic figures—perhaps the best known one—is a simple but deceptive one which looks like Example 8a in its basic form. It is deceptive because the unwary listener might think that the whole group has suddenly gone into  $\frac{3}{4}$  time. The Jazz Messengers' rhythm section uses it as an effective break in the fifteenth and sixteenth bar of **When Your Lover Has Gone**, Example 8b.

At slower tempos he uses another variation of this pattern together with the ride cymbal figure usually used by other drummers for playing in  $\frac{3}{4}$  (Example 8c). This cymbal figure played with displaced accentuations produces some strange cross-rhythm effects when combined with one of his characteristic fill-ins, as in Example 9.

Another clever device, again not exactly a cross-rhythm, is his combination of the ride cymbal rhythm with a Latin or Afro beat, as on **Chicken 'n' Dumplin's**. Example 10.

Blakey is the only drummer besides Max Roach who knows how to play in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time. He leaves the basic pulsation to the sock cymbal and the bass drum so that he is free to do all kinds of things on the drums. Example 11, in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, also shows the degree of Blakey's control. The temptation must be overwhelming to go thump with the bass drum, but with Blakey, it is just a pulsation—you know it's there, but it never gets in the way.

An important part of Blakey's bag of tricks is his beautifully timed, perfectly placed and always compelling use of an endless assortment of sound effects, which he never uses merely as sound effects, but only to make musical points.

One of the most startling is his press-roll, which he uses in solos, as a one-bar break, to push a soloist and in other ways. On **Drum Thunder** he does it with tympani mallets. His control is such that you hear a continuous solid sound, very much like the breath-taking effect Coltrane produces on tenor.

When Blakey plays Latin or Afro rhythms, he will use the metal rims and sides of the drums as well as the tomtoms, as he did on several percussion ensemble records or his characteristic introduction to **Night in Tunisia**. Or he'll play on the dome of the ride cymbal or the hi-hat. On **Nica's Dream** he confines himself to the hi-hat and the side of one drum, and never uses the sock cymbal as such.

He slaps two sticks together in mid-air, producing a sound like a muffled rim-shot. He shifts from the sizzle cymbal to the splash for a change in timbre. But perhaps his most famous sound effect is that very insistent per-

Example 1

Example 2

Example 3: **Wierdo**

Example 4a: **Purple Shades** (beginning)

Example 4b: **Purple Shades** (2nd chorus)

Example 5

Example 6

Example 7: **Wierdo** (Miles' second solo)



Example 8a

Example 8b: When Your Lover Has Gone

Example 8c

Example 9

Example 10: Chicken 'n' Dumplings. This rhythm prevails throughout the tune

Example 11

Example 12: Ecaroh

empty knocking at the door, which occurs at the end of *Locomotive*. He uses it in a variety of ways. Occasionally he plays this on the rim of one of the drums, but more often he muffles the snare drum with his left elbow and plays with his right-hand stick. Starting with his elbow near the center of the drum head, he changes the pitch by moving his elbow toward the edge while he controls the volume for all kinds of dynamic gradations with his right hand. Example 12 (his four-bar break on *Ecaroh*) shows how he uses this device to lead into the out-chorus. He uses it at full volume for a very effective introduction to *Hippy* on Blue Note 1518.

He has many other sound effects, including the many ways he uses brushes and sticks together (as on Example 7). But he always uses them to emphasize musical points, not for their own sake.

All these facets of Blakey's playing come together in his solos. He plays solos with an unbelievable sense of timing, an awareness of form, and ideas which are beautifully connected, leading one into another with such a "right" feeling that it is hard to believe that what he is doing is not preconceived. He also makes most effective use of dynamics and sound effects. He knows how to reach and maintain a climax, and under it all runs that deep pulsation and that current of excitement and tension. The result is always solos of unflinching interest, loaded with power, sensitivity and soul.

Blakey, like many other instrumentalists, has favorite phrases or rhythm patterns which recur in his solos. But these rhythm patterns take different forms, and Blakey never plays anything exactly the same way twice. There is always a subtle shift of accentuation, different dynamics. Some of these patterns are cross-rhythms in themselves, further enhanced by the fact that he never uses the sock cymbal as a timekeeper. He relies on his own perfect rhythmic sense, and woe to the listener who loses the track!

Example 13 is one of his typical phrases—in itself a cross-rhythm.

A frequently used variation of this run is Example 14. Looking back at Example 12 (*Ecaroh*), notice how he shifts the accent to the first note of each group. The pattern is the same as Example 13, but the feel is completely different.

Another pattern that occurs often in his solos and in his fours is a marvelous demonstration of his coordination. It most frequently goes something like Example 15.

And frequently he will have that bass drum going at top speed while he plays all kinds of rhythm patterns on the other drums—again something that has to be seen to be believed. Example 16 is one of his characteristic ways of doing it.

Analysis of any of his solos will reveal how developed his structural sense is. His solos generally take one of two forms—in one, consecutive ideas lead one into another with perfect ease and smoothness; the other is the "theme and variations" solo.

As an example of the first, listen to the solo on *Work* (Prestige 7075). Blakey starts with a very simple rhythm pattern, a triplet figure. In Measure 8 the figure changes

and becomes more complicated, with the bass drum keeping up steady quarter-note triplets against the left-hand figure. Here is a beautiful example of cross-rhythms produced by accent shifts; except for the unwavering ride cymbal in straight four, one would think that the meter had changed. In measure 16 we have a new idea, no longer a triplet figure but straight eighth and quarter-notes. Here the phrasing becomes almost a-rhythmic, and again it is only the ride cymbal that keeps us on the track. (This, incidentally, is one of the few instances where the hi-hat is not used at all.) The rhythm again changes, and once more we have the triplets, but this time they are different. The right hand suddenly switches to the regular ride rhythm as the left hand and the bass drum continue to build up (note the use of dynamics). At measure 30 the ride cymbal rhythm breaks, picks up again only momentarily and then stops for good. Measure 32 begins the climactic section of the solo, which continues at fever pitch till the last measure-and-a-half and suddenly fades out into the bass solo.

A striking illustration of Blakey's "other kind" of solo is his classic **Nothing But the Soul** (Blue Note 1520, with Horace Silver). Here we get an even greater insight into that incredible fusion of spontaneity and structural sense that is Blakey. Basically this consists of an eight-bar introduction, the "theme," six variations, the reprise of the "theme" and a coda.

After the introduction, the theme (basic rhythm pattern) enters immediately, played on the low tomtom against the steady rhythm of the sock cymbal (Example 17a). It quickly develops to a climax via a number of typical Blakey devices—dynamics, rhythmic shifts and what-not—and Variation 1, on the snare drum, makes its appearance. Notice how it is derived from the theme (Example 17b).

Variation 2 finds the rhythm pattern divided between the bass drum and the snare drum (Example 17c), and leads quickly into Variation 3 (Example 17d), one of Blakey's favorite rhythm patterns and one which fits in perfectly here. He works on this idea for a while, bringing it to a climax which is suddenly interrupted by the return of the introduction, and then the volume suddenly drops and Variation 4, a simplification of the theme (there aren't as many eighth notes) appears. (Example 17e).

This leads into a series of press-rolls, each one more intense than the last. Variation 5, derived from #4, consists of this short phrase (Example 17f) repeated several times. Variation 6 is simply Variation 4 on the higher drums, but the sound is completely different. Just before the theme returns, that rhythm pattern shifts back to the lower drums. It works up again to a climax, and then the theme reappears. The coda is an ingenious combination of a series of press-rolls with the rhythm pattern of Variation 4. It ends abruptly, leaving the listener limp.

Again, I'd suggest that you listen to the record and follow this simultaneously.

Art Blakey is first the musician who knows what to do and does it. He's by himself.

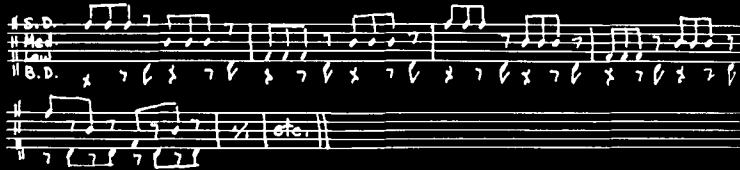
#### Example 13



#### Example 14



**Example 15:** Usually he plays this figure using both hands on the drums, but occasionally he uses just the left hand, keeping the ride cymbal beat simultaneously.



**Example 16:** Notice how he keeps shifting the accentuation of the rhythm patterns on the drums. At times he stops the hi-hat and continues on drums alone.



**Example 17a: Nothing But the Soul.** Tempo about 126-132; low tom against hi-hat beat.



**Example 17b: Variation 1 on snare drum.**



**Example 17c: Variation 2.**



**Example 17d: Variation 3.**



**Example 17e: Variation 4, an alteration of the basic rhythm pattern itself on bass drum.**



**Example 17f: Variation 5 repeats several times, gradually getting louder.**



CONVERSATIONS  
WITH  
BUSTER SMITH,  
PART II

██████████  
DON GAZZAWAY

I stayed with Bonnie Moten's band till he died in 1934. His brother, Buster Moten, took over the band then but he couldn't get along with the club owners—he was too hot-headed. If he got mad at the boss in a place, he would just pull the band out without talking it over with the fellows or anything.

**Did you stay in Kansas City most of this time?**

Yeah, we stayed around there mostly in '33 and '34, but we travelled quite a bit too—around the country I told you about before.

**Tell me something about how you travelled, where you stayed and that sort of thing.**

**Did you have Jim Crow trouble? In hotels?**

We didn't have much Jim Crow trouble. Up in Iowa and Nebraska you didn't find any Jim Crow. Now down in Missouri say, it was a little different.

But in those days musicians were respected just like doctors and professional people. People were always inviting us to their homes. And we liked that all right too, 'cause you'd usually get a good bed and a couple of good home-cooked meals. Once in a while the police in some town would make a big thing out of nothing and we'd get our cars attached and we couldn't get out of there. But we usually got it straightened out all right. I found out that you would get treated like a gentleman if you acted like you were one.

**Many musicians have talked about what a great town Kansas City was for musicians. Would you agree with that?**

That's the truth, and I was right there. One reason for that town being good was all the great bands around there: Jap Allen, Terrence Holder and his Clouds of Joy; that was the band Andy Kirk took over when T. Holder left. Then there was George Lee, Bennie Moten, a guy named Payne had a great band. There were at least six or seven big bands around there and a lot of little ones. It was like Dallas used to be, only more so.

There were some singers around too. Ida Cox was there occasionally and I understand Ma Rainey turned the

town upside down when she came in, but that was before I got there. Then there was Jimmy Rushing of course, and Joe Turner.

Joe was a chef at a place called the Cherryblossom making \$11.50 a week just cooking. They had these big shows from Chicago and New York coming in there all the time. Two Italians running the place. Joe would be back there cooking, and when the last show was over he would come out and sing. Everybody thought that was a novelty to have the cook come out in that tall chef's hat and sing some blues. Joe would come out with that tall, white hat and his apron still on. Later on Joe's singing got so popular that he quit cooking altogether and started singing. He went over on 12th Street to a place called the Lone Star and started singing with Pete Johnson. Pete was over there with just a drummer. They were real popular together. One time John Hammond came to town and asked me about some good honky-tonk piano players, so I recommended Pete Johnson. Hammond went over there and got Pete and Joe and took them to New York City and put them with Meade Lux Lewis and Albert Ammons. Made a regular boogie-woogie show out of it.

**Had you heard the boogie-woogie piano style before you heard Johnson and the others in Kansas City?**

Yeah, well it was old stuff then even. I'd heard it a long time before back in Texas when I was just starting out. There were two or three piano players around Dallas here; in fact, Voddie White played boogie, and I remember a guy named Frank Ridge that always played by himself. And then there was a couple of other guys—R. L. McNeer, and a cat named Elliot. They all played it—the same thing, and that was back in '21 or '22 when I first started.

**Did the jazz bands around then have any encounters with the "sweet" bands of the day? What was the relationship, if any, between the jazz and sweet bands, I mean?**

We usually called our music barrelhouse or gutbucket. It was considered sort of rough music. We didn't use the word jazz very often. But about the sweet bands, we saw them occasionally, but they usually had their territory and we had ours. Most of the time they had Illinois and Wisconsin and Minnesota and around there sewed up pretty well. The two big sweet bands we heard most about were Lombardo and Garber. Of course most of us played that sweet stuff once in a while. It was all according to the kind of audience you had. You couldn't play our kind of music in some of the big places, the "high collar" dances. No, they wanted that hotel music. We found out our stuff was too rough.

The first time we learned about that was in 1932 when we went to Iowa and got booked around Sioux City and later in Illinois and Minnesota. Now, like I told you, Lombardo and Garber had that territory all to themselves. When we went up there with that repertory we had, we couldn't play it at all; we had to lay it down and go to playing that sweet music. We didn't mind too much though because the sweet stuff was easier to play; there was nothing to it. We played hotels where they wanted

to have dinner with their music. A lot of them, of course, were sitting within eight feet of the bandstand, and they didn't want a noise in their ear. They didn't pay much attention to what we were playing anyway.

Of course in Kansas City we could play what we wanted to. The club owners never got in our way 'cause what we played was what the customers wanted to hear.

The scene in Kansas City was so fine, nobody wanted to leave. The only time anybody left was when some big New York or Chicago band would send for them, like when Fletcher Henderson sent for Lester to come to New York. Eddie Durham left too, to join somebody, but they both came back later on.

The guys around there in those days didn't care anything about the amount of money they were making because we had good bands around there, and when they'd find a good bunch of fellows they'd just stay with them—like I stayed with the Blue Devils so long. I had offers to leave, but I liked the boys; they were a bunch of regular fellows—just like brothers. If we had a dime we would split it as much as we had to for everybody to get some. As a matter of fact, Bennie tried to get me first to leave the Blue Devils but I wouldn't do it. I didn't want to go off and leave Page, and Rushing, and Lips and all of them, but the first thing I knew, they went off and left me. So Ernest Williams and I decided to keep the band and build it up, and we said we'd catch those cats and blow them clean out of existence. We built up a tough band—we were plenty tough, and they wouldn't let us catch them either. Hardly anybody would hang around to have a battle of music with us. We did have a battle with George Lee though, and we didn't catch him again after that. We didn't care anything about any band till we met Andy Kirk—he gave us a rough time. He always did keep a good brass section; he had a tight brass section. Our reeds had them going, but we couldn't get our brass to hit like Andy Kirk's boys.

**Tell me something about the "battles of music."**

Whenever we'd meet a band in some town we'd arrange a battle of music. Of course, a lot of the time there'd be two bands and sometimes more playing the same places and we'd always have a battle then. We'd usually just have one bandstand and one band would play thirty minutes, and then the other one would play thirty minutes. One band would try to cut the other one with their arrangements and their attack and so forth, and the soloists in the bands would have personal contests. The Blue Devils was a great band for a battle of music. Every time we'd find another band, we'd grab them and give them a hard time. In our band we had three reeds that would help ourselves a little extra. It was me and Lester Young and Theodore Ross. Ross and I played alto and would put tenor reeds on our horns, and Lester would put a baritone reed on his tenor and then that brass couldn't drown us out. We played as loud as the brass did. People thought it was real great, the reeds being as loud as the brass section. Of course they didn't know the real story.

**Were you playing mostly alto in those days?**



Alto and a little clarinet. I didn't play clarinet much till New York City in '39 and '40. A lot of the boys used to compliment me there on the tone I got out of the clarinet. Since I came back home in 1941, I've hardly picked one up.

**What about arranging? When did you start that?**

It was before I left here that I first started trying to do a few arrangements. I knew a banjo player named Johnny Clark [his brother owns a pool hall in Dallas now] that took a liking to me, and he used to come around and say, "Buster, you don't read, come on out to my house and I'll show you the value of the notes." So I went down after he got off work at the Tip-Top and he took me over to his place and showed me the value of the notes.

I got to fooling around with my clarinet and I learned that the clarinet was the same key as the baritone was in, and I found out you could take the note the alto player was making and put it down for the bass, only the bass was in bass clef and the alto was in treble clef. I found out the trombone was playing the same line as the alto and bass, but he was in bass clef. I learned the trumpet and the tenor was the same thing. So I started writing reed choruses first and stuck them onto orchestrations and started writing for trumpet—and it sounded pretty good. Page would say, "It sounds all right Bus, you're doing all right with it."

I did some arranging for the Blue Devils, but I didn't really get started on that till later with Moten and with Basie and in New York.

**I understand Moten was the band for head arrangements. Is that right?**

Bennie did have a lot of head stuff but the Blue Devils had more. You see Benny always had two or three arrangers around—Eddie Barefield and some others, but the Blue Devils had just one and that was me, and I was just learning. So we had to play a lot of head stuff. We needed about forty numbers to play a dance without doing a lot of repeating, so we got ideas from everybody. Rushing, Lips, Joe Keyes, Dan Minor, they all had good ideas but couldn't write them down. So they'd get me and I wrote down the stuff—made an arrangement out of it.

**What about visitors to Kansas City? Did many of the musicians from the North and East get down there very much?**

Just about all the big boys made it now and then. Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson—all of them. In fact Hawk made a trip with Fletcher when Hawk was in Smack's band. I don't think Fletcher knew much about the Kansas City musicians. He sure seemed surprised that we had so many good men around there.

**Was this the time the big contest took place between Hawkins and some of the other tenors?**

I guess you mean the one with Lester and Hawk and Herschel Evans? Fletcher came to town and Hawk was in the band. The boys were playing a dance at the Cherry-blossom that night and things got started late. Fletcher had a table down there with all his boys and Hawkins got upon the stand to play with them—they played **Body**

**and Soul.** Herschel Evans was there and they all jumped on Hawkins: Lester Young, Evans, Ben Webster—all four of them up there blowing **Body and Soul.** I think Dick Wilson came in later, but I'm not sure—I think he was in town, anyway. Hawk played about four or five choruses and then went down and started dancing and let them have it.

But, I'll tell you they were crazy about Hawkins. Oh, man, they were crazy about Hawkins. They thought the only tenor player in the world was Hawkins. A little later they jumped on Chu Berry, but even then Hawkins was still the man.

**Did Duke come to town often?**

He did around 1933 or 1934, but we'd heard him before that in the late 20's. Even back then he was playing good—something new. Fletcher Henderson too, we liked them both, but Fletcher's arrangements seemed more, well, professional to us—they seemed to play with more feeling. Duke was playing some weird stuff; he was a little over our heads in those days. We'd never heard anything like that before. Duke had a great band, some great musicians in his band. But the band would play one or two choruses and then they'd take off on one of those solos and that's what we always thought was funny. Fletcher didn't have as much soloing and when he did, he always still kept a lot of background going. Duke would always put a lot of his stuff in a strange key that we weren't familiar with. I found out that that was what made Duke sound so good—so different.

One thing about Duke, his boys would never jam. They'd come around and listen, but they'd never sit in. That's one reason the boys liked to see Fletcher come around; his boys would always jam. Duke's boys would look and listen. Duke didn't want them going around and detracting from his date, I guess. Some of the cats used to razz Duke's boys 'cause they wouldn't sit in, but it didn't bother them much. Duke came to Kansas City once in a while, and he was always at some big theatre or show.

**Did the Kansas City musicians hear many of the white players of the time? Bix? Any of the Chicago musicians?**

Bix had a big reputation around Kansas City. Whenever he came to town it was like a circus come to town. He'd play the big hotels. Of course, he died before I joined Moten. Another white musician was Jack Teagarden. He came in from Texas and played the town-houses. He'd go around and find all the colored cats and they'd play all night. Jack loved to play **St. Louis Blues.**

**Were you all influenced by any of the white musicians?**

Yeah we were. Plenty of them, but they didn't come around Kansas City much. They were playing the same kind of stuff we were.

There were three of us: Eddie Barefield, Lester Young, and myself used to follow a white guy—Frankie Trumbauer—yeah, we were crazy about him. And we liked another white guy very much, and that was Dick Stabile. They were the ones we listened to, and a little later the boys tore out after Jimmy Dorsey.

**This is the second of a series of conversations with Buster Smith.**





MACK McCORMACK

## LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS: BLUES



There's a tinsmith on Houston's narrow, throbbing West Dallas Street who's watched the shuffling crowds pass his window for more than forty years. He's seen all the great Texas blues minstrels begging up and down the sidewalk.

When the shop first opened, it was the hulking figure of Blind Lemon Jefferson who came with a guitar in one hand, a folding chair in the other, to sit at the corner and moan his songs in a voice like a gasping trombone.

O-o-o-oh! Black snake crawlin' in my room . . .

Between brawls and prison terms Leadbelly spent his time dodging from one bar to another with his 12-string guitar, singing the ballads and chain gang songs that had just won him a pardon from the Texas Prison System.

Lawd, I been down yonder where the lights burn all night long . . .

Blind Willie Johnson wandered by dangling a tin cup and shouting his blues-patterned spirituals.

When I get to heaven gonna sit and tell,  
Tell them angels ring dem bells.

Texas Alexander worked the street with youthful Lonnie Johnson providing the guitar accompaniment.

White man born with a veil over his face,  
could see the trouble before it taken place.

In recent years the undisputed monarch of the street has been a lanky, animated man whose songs are a mixture of the traditional motifs and his own casually made improvisations.

If I miss the train, I got a big black horse to ride.

Like the minstrels before him who've come bubbling out of the East Texas "Piney Woods," his songs speak the esoteric language of the blistering cotton lands and river bottom prisons. The guitar sets the mood, underscores the sharply drawn tales of poverty, gambling, bad men, hard work, and escape. A flow of imp-like gestures and mocking asides to the circle of listeners makes the songs as personal as an intimate conversation.

Well, I come down here with my guitar in my hand,  
I'm lookin' for a woman who's lookin' for a man.

Sam Lightnin' Hopkins is unaware of contemporary jazz-and-poetry; yet he is one of its finest exponents. He lopes through Houston's Negro wards singing about a bus strike, about a fight with his wife, about evil-doing of the mythical Jack-stropper. He meets a friend out of a job and a moment later a lightly rocking boogie figure sets the background for a broken verse line of patter about the pains of job hunting. After a moment of whispering in some girl's ear, his guitar chops out bitter, ringing crys as he half-talks, half-sings the ironies of being a man in world full of fickle women. A line can have the blunt stab of T. S. Eliot:

you ever see a one-eyed woman cry?

In another moment Lightnin' can become a playwright, staging, acting and ad-libbing the dialogue of some spontaneously conceived drama. It may be about a vagrant farm boy coming home from prison, pausing to ask worried questions of a neighbor, and wryly capsuling his own experience:

bad on me . . . and you know it was a shame on everyone else.



For the greater part of his 47 years this has been Lightnin's contribution to his oddly-private society—the dependent but isolated Negro wards of a southern city. He is a fascinatingly complete man: even the least of his routine actions seem in tune with the earthy cynicism that characterizes his songs. A man with a tribal sense of belonging to his culture, he is outside the modern dilemma. Lightnin' the man is the same as Lightnin' the artist. Rising from a tangle of bed clothes in a cheap rented room to breakfast on two bottles of beer, he's fully attuned to the tragic sense of life. "Now is the time," he's liable to mutter, "any other time and I may be dead and gone. So I can't help but get up and sing the blues . . ."

The essence of Lightnin's art is a special form of autobiography. His songs all have their basis in actual experience which he recaptures with dramatic gravity and a gift for succinct detail. At times he generalizes, just as often he simply reminisces. One such is of a ritual soup prepared for birthday parties at his home. ". . . every-time the ground cracked, ole Pa gets a 'tater. Ma says 'Look around here' and there she stands with a 'mater. . . . They used to call it Bunion Stew."

In both song and conversation Lightnin' often looks back to his family and life in the Piney Woods: "All my daddy could do was shoot people and call set—you know, call set for square dancing and all that? He wasn't nothing, my daddy. My momma is Frances Hopkins—she's 76 years old now and she always say, 'Sam, I depend on you,' and I always say, 'Momma, you know I'm here.'

"Used to pick cotton, make forty cents a hundred. Times

was kinda hard then. Make fourteen dollars and give my momma seven. There's my sister and two brothers living but I take care of her, go back all the time just to see her. Sundays I'd sing for the church just to make her happy. It was in the church they let me fool with the organ and the piano, and I learn to play them too. I'd sing them sanctified songs but not so much 'cause mostly I'm with the blues.

"When I was eight, nine years old, there wasn't no flour in the barrel and I walked away from there with a guitar slung across my shoulder and a-singin' 'I'm gonna trip this town, and I ain't gonna trip no more.' I'm from up at Leon County—that's about half way between Houston and Dallas. Fact of the matter, town where I was born is called Centerville because of that. And I was born March 15—you know the government made that day into income tax day—March 15, 1912.

"All them blues singing people come from up there. Right next to where I'm from it's Limestone County where Blind Lemon is from. Across the Trinity River, it's Houston County and that's where Texas Alexander came from—he was my first cousin. When I was just a little boy I went to hanging around Buffalo, Texas where all them preachers came together for them association meetings. Blind Lemon, he'd come too and do his kind of preaching and I'd just get up alongside and start playing with him. He never run me off like he did them others who'd try. So I complimented ole Blind Lemon on **I walk from Dallas, I walk to Wichita Falls and You ain't got no mama now (Black Snake Moan)**. Just a little kid I was.

"At that time I was working for a white family and they treat me just the same as their own boys. They treat me so good I thought I was just as good. They taken me in because I was hungry. I did work around the house and they sent me to school and all. Then I didn't know about things; it was later I found out I wasn't supposed to be as good as white people. Yeah, I was half grown before I found out about how some people'd call you 'son of a bitch' or 'nigger' and it didn't mean nothing. Other people'd say the same words and it'd mean you something lower'n animals. So I took to living off gambling and my singing—never had nothing to do with people that call me 'boy' and then wait for me to say 'yessuh.'

"I stay with my own people. I have all my fun, and I have all my trouble with them. Trouble, yeah. One time I had to cut a man that kept foolin' with me and that put me in the county farm up at Houston County. Several times I had them chains around my legs for stuff I'd got into. Another time—it was the night before I was supposed to go into the army—I was in a gambling game and I took an old boy's money. That fool waited outside for me and when I came out he slipped a grizzly knife right in close to my heart. That took care of the army. I laid up in that Jeff Davis hospital and made a song about all the men going across the water, all the women staying home with me.

"I been married nine times and everyone of them gals I stayed with has a song I made up about her . . . Katie Mae, Ida, Glory Bee. I ran a little policy around town,



had me a secret gambling place, maybe even had a few money women on the line, but I gave up all that when I started recording. Recorded here in Houston, out in California, once in New York. Don't you know that's a lot of records? But mostly I got cheated out of my royalties. One time I got \$5100 royalties but most the time I didn't get nothing. Once it was \$2500 I was supposed to get and didn't. I was gonna get a lawyer on it, but he was here, and he couldn't do nothing out there. Plenty people cheated me, singing my songs. All them songs, I made 'em up. Make up a song about everything that happens. The time I was in Los Angeles I sang them **My California** and the time they called me to New York I sang 'I come a long way from Texas to shake glad hands with you . . .

Lightnin's recording career is dotted with songs reflecting his highly private moods. A hang-over turned into **Lightnin' Don't Feel Well** and a personal phobia became **Airplane Blues**. He refuses to sing one song of protest, **Tim Moore's Farm**, because after its release on the now defunct Gold Star label Mr. Moore's brothers paid Lightnin' a visit. His most famous composition is a narrative of a woman's costly attempts to have her hair straightened. **Short Haired Woman** (reprinted, **The Jazz Review**, May, 1959) typifies Lightnin's orphic mannered handling of subjects and problems close to the heart of his environment.

I went to make a swing out with my woman and a "rat" fell from her head like one from a burning barn.

Lacking the guile and aggressive ambition of others who have been led far afield by rock n' roll, Lightnin' has never been a success in the terms understood by the music industry. Despite his nearly 200 recordings (scattered on Aladdin, Gold Star, Modern, Score, Jax, Sittin' In, Herald, RPM, Decca, TNT, Harlem, Chart, Ace, and Mercury) only glimpses of his personality are to be found in these sides. Recording directors have consistently forced tasteless material, amplified guitars, and heavy-handed drummers on these sessions.

He first came to the attention of the music business just after World War II when a virtual pipeline to the west fed Texas artists to Los Angeles record companies, shaping the experimental models of what is now rock n' roll: a form of the blues designed by sound engineers for the thump and screech acoustics of a jukebox. Aladdin records asked a Houston businesswoman to locate an authentic country blues artist (Capitol Records had recently recorded Leadbelly and the other labels were suspecting a trend). She found Texas Alexander and Lightnin' on Houston's Dowling street. Alexander had just been released from prison and was eager to resume his recording career (64 sides on the early Okeh and Vocalion labels) which had been cut short by his conviction. Making a good story out of a sordid incident and trying to ease the woman's fear of Alexander, Lightnin' told her the man had been sent to prison for one of his records about "she got box-back nitties and great noble thighs, she works under cover with a boar hog's eye."

But the lady refused to have anything to do with the aging blues singer (Alexander died about 1955, for-

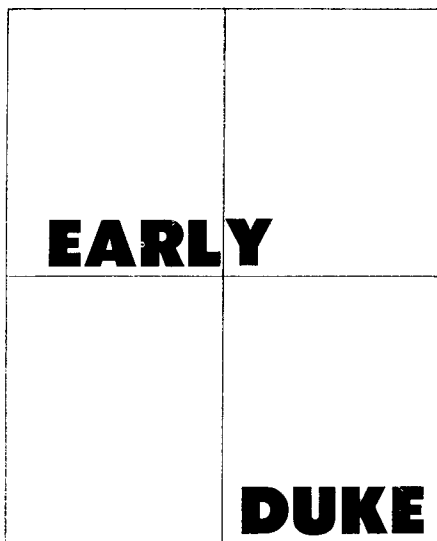
gotten and never again recorded). A trip to Los Angeles was arranged that included Lightnin and two boogie-styled pianists, Amos Milburn and Thunder Smith. A recording session was held at the RKO studios with several movie stars standing around, delighted by Lightnin's raw, traditional art. Song writers who had prepared material in keeping with the current trends despaired as Lightnin' used it merely as a basis for his own impromptu verse. Engineers cursed as two takes of the same title were found to be utterly different songs. While in Los Angeles, he was outfitted with an amplified guitar and a small combo and booked into dance halls. He was saddled with the name Lightnin' because "when I did **Rocky Mountain** where I'm fast with my fingers they said 'we'll call you Lightnin'.'" Refusing to accept the mold into which he was being pressed, and disgusted with the process, Lightnin returned to Houston's sidewalks.

He has continued to record but refused any other dealings with music industry. His fear of alien territory (the world outside Texas) and his unpredictable streaks of self-assertion have put off subsequent offers of bookings on the rock n' roll circuit. Lately there have been offers from the concert-hall field which, since the death of Big Bill Broonzy, lacks any comparable artist in the blues idiom. With the urging of friends his qualms have gradually abated and he recently appeared on the Houston Folklore Group's "Hootenanny-in-the-Round" held on the Alley Theater's arena stage. It was his first appearance before a large gathering of white people as well as his first formal concert. "Things that's different always make me hold back," Lightnin said explaining his caution, "but they seemed to like me and that makes me like to sing."

In the same leery fashion he's mused the possibilities of traveling to Europe. "I get to thinking about all the women over there — and then I get to thinking all that water to cross."

Lightnin' does not understand the outside world and is only slightly tempted by what it offers. Fame does not appeal to him — as a man adulated throughout Houston's Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Wards, he regards wider fame as unimportant. Lightnin' seldom mentions his birthplace because his friends are busy claiming him from their own hometown; walking half a block along Dowling Street he'll stop to exchange mystic comments and promissory kiss with half a dozen young ladies. The possibility of money always interests him. But he knows it will disappear in flurry of hand-outs, gambling, and spending.

This year, however, brought one marked change in his career. For the first time he was recorded singing, talking, and playing according to the bent of his own personality. In these documentary recordings filled with extemporaneous comment and verse — 8 selections released on a Folkways lp and 15 selections on a Tradition lp — he sings his own unique blues, about a twister howling across Texas, about a chain gang in the Trinity River bottom, about the women he likes to exhort with the cry "Okay, now . . . Twist it!"



GUNTHER SCHULLER

## PART 2

As important as the contributions of Miley and the others were, Ellington's influence was, of course, far from negligible. We have seen how, in some cases, it affected certain pieces negatively. But in the early years Ellington also managed occasionally to contribute wonderful little touches, which foreshadowed similar moments in later records (in some cases as much as a dozen years later!) or prophesied whole future developments.

Since early Ellington records are often passed over in favor of the masterpieces of 1939 to 1942, it might be interesting to point out some of these early signposts of things to come. In **Birmingham Breakdown**, an Ellington composition, he uses for the first time phrases not based on either the thirty-two-bar song form or the various blues forms. The main theme, a jaunty twenty-bar phrase, consists simply of a succession of similar two- and four-bar segments. I think this odd assortment of measures came about because the theme really has no melody to speak of. It is simply a rhythmicized chromatic chord progression. As fetching as it is, especially in its initial exposition, with Ellington's sprightly piano obbligato, it is rather static thematically and wears thin after several repetitions. Ellington wisely switched to the twelve-bar blues for the last two (collectively improvised) choruses. In its simple way, **Birmingham Breakdown** broke the ice for the five-bar phrases of **Creole Rhapsody** or the ten- and fourteen-bar lines of **Reminisce in Tempo**. These in turn, of course, led eventually to the larger asymmetrical formations of **Black, Brown and Beige** and other extended works.

As was the case with **East St. Louis Toodle-Oh**, the Vocalion and Brunswick versions of **Birmingham Breakdown** are structurally identical. However, except for a badly muffed ending, the earlier performance (Vocalion) is superior. On the whole, the ensembles are better, and Bass Edwards plays a more interesting (and more audible) bass line than Braud. But what really makes the Vocalion recording unique is something that, to my knowledge, never occurs again in an Ellington record (in the Brunswick version it is already eliminated—i.e., a dual improvisation, in this case by two trumpets, Miley and Metcalfe. Of course, even the New Orleans or Oliver-influenced collective improvisation of the final choruses (on both discs) was already a rarity by 1926 and 1927, giving way to the arranged ensemble. Although one may bemoan the demise of collective improvisation, with its unpredictable excitement, it is obvious that Ellington, had he retained this course, would never have attained his later creative heights.

**Immigration Blues** contains, aside from the already mentioned Miley solo, an interesting organ-like opening sec-



tion which at moments resembles **Dear Old Southland**, a later Ellington recording based on the spiritual, **Deep River**. Very likely **Immigration Blues** was based on similar gospel material. (The same material was also used in the middle section of the **Blues I Love to Sing**.) The performance features a touching Nanton solo and some fervently singing tuba by Edwards. The reverse side, **The Creeper**, is a spirited piece based in part on **Tiger Rag**. In fact, the four-bar break in the brass (incidentally, borrowed from King Oliver's **Snake Rag**) that we know from the Ellington record of **Tiger Rag** makes an early, rather frantic appearance on **The Creeper**. This side again features good Nanton and typical Hardwick, and in general is relatively well-organized for the time.

In **Hop Head**, an Ellington-Hardwick collaboration, one can hear in embryonic form the arranged brass-ensemble chorus which, with the gradual enlargement of the brass section, became another of the Ellington trademarks. In **The Blues I Love To Sing**, for the first time with Ellington we hear Welman Braud abandon the usual two-beat bass line to double up in four beats to the bar.<sup>21</sup> (And once heard, who can forget Nanton's haunting eight-bar phrase, fluff and all, or for that matter this record's perfect evocation of the aura of the 1920's?)

On the final choruses of both **Blue Bubbles** and **Red Hot Band**, Ellington again uses the driving brass ensemble in a repeated, riff-like, wailing phrase that makes effective use of the blue minor third. On the orchestral version of **Black Beauty**, one of Ellington's most beautiful compositions,<sup>22</sup> he plays what could be considered his first good piano solo. For once, his playing is fairly clean and unhurried. The disarming charm of the melody, embroidered in a way reminiscent of Willie "The Lion" Smith, contrasts well with Braud's driving double-time slap-bass interpolations.

**Jubilee Stomp** (the Victor version, recorded on March 26, 1928, after Bigard and Whetsol had joined the band) is one of the few **great** early Ellington records. Except for Duke's frantic piano, it has a controlled, driving beat, rare in early Ellingtonia, and contains not only some striking solos (especially Miley's puckish sixteen bars), but some greatly improved ensemble work. It also has an early, albeit very short, instance of unison saxophone writing, a rarity in those days. Above all the performance **builds** through these solos until Whetsol's sure lead-trumpeting takes the band through the final chorus with a surging momentum, capped in the final eight measures by Bigard's New Orleans-styled, high-riding obbligato.

In the introductions of **Got Everything But You** and Spencer Williams' **Tishomingo Blues**, Ellington experiments with "modern" harmonies. Through the highly popular piano playing of Zez Confrey, Rube Bloom and others, it had become very "hip" to use chromatically parallel ninth chords (Ex. 9) in introduction and bridges.<sup>23</sup>



Example 9. **Tishomingo Blues** (Introduction)

Both pieces start with these stereotypes. But in the fifth bar of **Tishomingo Blues** we hear for the first time something that, it seems to me, is one of the striking characteristics of Ellington's voice leading. In the C-ninth chord (Ex. 10), the baritone plays, not—as might be expected



Example 10

—the root of the chord, but the B-flat directly below. This may seem a minor point to some, but it is, in fact, to this day one of the two consistent characteristics differentiating Ellington's saxophone section from all others (the second being its distinctive tonal color). Ellington ingeniously avoids duplication and the wasting of Carney's very personal tone quality by keeping him away from the bass line and giving him important notes within the chord that specifically determine the quality of that chord. It is this seemingly minute detail of voicing which adds that unusual, rich, slightly dark and at times melancholy flavor to Ellington's saxophone writing. Another remarkable moment occurs during Miley's muted solo in **Tishomingo Blues**. In an old tried-and-true pattern that was usually played as in Example 11a, Ellington changes the last chord (Ex. 11b). Miley, building an idea based on gradually enlarged intervallic skips, muffs the first two, and in stretching for a higher note than the C in bar three, comes up (perhaps accidentally) with a high B (see Ex. 11c and footnote 8). Thus Ellington's altered chord and Miley's luck combine to turn what would otherwise have been a routine break into a very special moment.



Example 11a



Example 11b



Example 11c

N.B. As indicated in the text, Miley muffs the notes in the first two bars of 11c. For the sake of accuracy, I have notated the notes he actually played, whatever else his intentions may have been.

Example 11



The new voice on this side and its coupling, **Yellow Dog Blues**, is Johnny Hodges', once more enriching Ellington's palette. The ragged brass work<sup>21</sup> points up by contrast the unusually clean and solid playing of the sax section, now dominated by Hodges' rich tone. **Yellow Dog Blues** has Hodges on soprano sax, which gives Ellington another chance to write (as in **Creole Love Call** and countless others) a very high reed trio, with Bigard and Carney on clarinets. Aside from the already-mentioned Miley and Nanton solos, the performance, a very good one from this period, contains another minute touch which was to become in later years one of the salient features of Duke's piano playing. In the twelfth bar of Miley's solo, Ellington superimposes over the three sustained clarinets a short figure which momentarily clashes



Example 12

with them in a very subtle way (Ex. 12). Again, this is the original predecessor of a long line of such harmonic clashes, most notably those in **Ko-Ko** (see Ex. 13). Obviously an examination on this level of over thirteen hundred Ellington recordings could fill several volumes. A short series can only graze the surface. But I have gone into some detail regarding these early records because it is in them that the explanation for the entire musical development of Ellington and his orchestra is to be found. What emerges from even as limited and selective an analysis as the above are two important points.

Example 13

First, Ellington began a process of writing (or dictating to the band in head arrangements)<sup>22</sup> pieces which, in retrospect, turn out to be in five categories: 1) numbers for dancing; 2) jungle-style and/or production numbers for the Cotton Club; 3) the "blue" or "mood" pieces; 4) pop tunes (at first written by others, later in increasing measure his own); and 5) pieces which, although written for specific occasions, turned out to be simply abstract "musical compositions."<sup>23</sup> And within categories Ellington

was to work on specific musical ideas—a certain progression, a certain voicing or a certain scoring—repeating them in successive arrangements in a process of trial and error, until the problem had been solved and its best solution found. From there he would move on to tackle the next idea or problem.

The second point gives us the answer to my original question: how did Ellington, at first a musician with a decided leaning towards "show music,"<sup>27</sup> develop into one of America's foremost composers? It was precisely due to the fortuitous circumstance of working five years at the Cotton Club. There, by writing and experimenting with all manner of descriptive production and dance numbers, Ellington's inherent talent and imagination found a fruitful outlet. A leader playing exclusively for dances (like Fletcher Henderson in the 1920's, for example) would have very little opportunity to experiment with descriptive or abstract, non-functional<sup>28</sup> music; whereas the need for new background music, new material for constantly changing acts at the Cotton Club, in a sense required Ellington to investigate composition (rather than arranging) as a medium of expression, and he found in his band more than sufficient raw material to implement this idea.

Thus, from early 1928 to 1931, the greater part of his Cotton Club tenure, Ellington's recordings reveal a multifarious experimentation and intuitive probing. Except for hints of orchestration or of harmony that he garnered from Will Vodery,<sup>29</sup> the chief arranger for the Ziegfeld Follies, Ellington developed his ideas quite independently within his genre, with almost no borrowing from outside his specific field. There are certainly no traces of any influence from classical music, except perhaps very vague ones, which, in any case, had long before infiltrated jazz and popular music. It was in these years that the personalities and sonorities of his orchestra became the instrument upon which the Duke learned to play.

The ability to play this instrument could not, and did not, come overnight. Although Ellington made some 160 recordings between mid-1928 and mid-1931, all of them interesting, very few were completely successful artistically. Only one could compare in originality of conception with **Black and Tan Fantasy**, and that was **Mood Indigo**. Almost all the others suffered from one or more of several ailments. Some were thematically weak, some had poor or indifferent solos, others were too hastily thrown together and badly played; still others had some fine moments, but a bad introduction or an awkward bridge. In some cases mawkish pop-tune material, used in the Cotton Club shows or foisted on Ellington by Irving Mills' business associates, proved too much for the abilities of even these remarkable players.<sup>30</sup> But slowly and relentlessly, through a process of continuous reappraisal, of constant polishing and refining, the Duke's musical concepts began to crystallize.

In this welter of pseudo-jungleistic dance or production numbers—the kind of thing the "tourist," expecting to be transported to the depths of the African jungle, had come to look for at the Cotton Club—certain performances stand out like signposts along the way.

In the "blue" or "mood" category, Duke in 1928 penned **Misty Mornin'** and **Awful Sad**, both leading up to the immortal **Mood Indigo** of 1930. The man who primarily imparted that special nostalgic flavor to these pieces was Duke's old Washington friend, Arthur Whetsol. His poignant style and tone quality—probably unique in jazz, then or now—were the perfect melodic vehicle for these three-minute mood vignettes. Duke loved the melancholy, almost sentimental flavor in Whetsol's playing, and in speaking of **Black and Tan Fantasy**, Ellington once remarked that Whetsol's playing of "the funeral march" used to make "great, big ole tears" run down people's faces. "That's why I liked Whetsol."<sup>31</sup> In the two earlier pieces Whetsol's blue-colored tone and Bigard's low-register clarinet were still used separately, but in **Mood Indigo** Ellington combines their sounds, adding the even more unique tonal color of Nanton's trombone, and thus returning to the classic New Orleans instrumentation but in a totally new concept—a sound which the Crescent City pioneers would never have imagined in their wildest fancies. From a compositional point of view, all three pieces have one feature in common which is important for the development of the Ellington style: namely, a kind of winding chromaticism **not** to be found in the faster dance numbers or stomps. Completely instinctively and very logically, Ellington found that chromatic melodies and chromatic voice leading gave these slow pieces just the right touch of sadness and nostalgia. **Awful Sad**, recorded in October, 1928, goes furthest in this direction, in its very unusual chord changes and especially in two of its two-bar breaks<sup>32</sup> (Ex. 14a and 14b). The first (in the trumpet) is in a shifting whole-tone pattern; the second (with Bigard on tenor) momentarily goes quite out of the key (B-flat major) into a slightly "atonal" area, only to modulate suddenly to D major.<sup>33</sup>



Example 14a

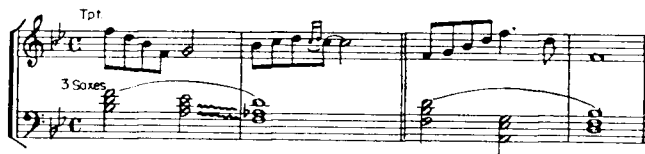


Example 14b

#### Example 14

**Misty Mornin'**, based on somewhat altered blues changes, once again has that characteristic move to the lowered sixth step of the scale (B flat to G flat) which we have already encountered so often; and in the fifteenth and sixteenth bars of Whetsol's solo the unique inner voicings that helped to make **Mood Indigo** so special are tried out very briefly (Ex. 15). Such voicings were unorthodox and wrong, according to the textbooks. But Ellington did not know or care about the textbooks. His own piano playing gave him the most immediately accessible answer to voice-leading problems. Examples 15 and 16 have the kind of parallel motion that a pianist would use, and what was good enough for the piano seemed good enough

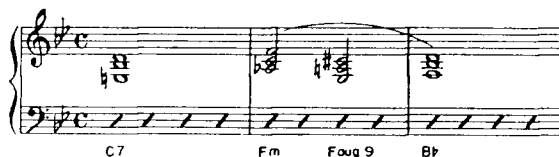
for his orchestra! It must be remembered that Ellington was an almost completely self-taught musician. As such, contrapuntal thinking has always been foreign to him; but the parallel blocks of sound he favors so predominantly are handled with such variety and ingenuity that we, as listeners, never notice the lack of occasional contrapuntal relief. To Duke's ears, reacting intuitively, and unfettered by preconceived rules, the effect of this kind of "piano" voicing, though novel, sounded good. As I've indicated, out of such almost chance discoveries, worked out mostly in this three-year "workshop" period, Ellington forged his unique style.



Example 15a

Example 15b

#### Example 15



#### Example 16

<sup>31</sup> In **Washington Wobble** Braud goes one step further and creates a "walking" bass line, the discovery of which is often loosely credited to Walter Page, despite the fact that Page admits his great indebtedness to Braud. (See *The Jazz Review*, "About My Life In Music" by Walter Page p. 12, Vol. 1, Nov. 1958).

<sup>32</sup> In his biography of Ellington, Ulanov asserts that Miley was responsible for the melody.

<sup>33</sup> To this day Tin Pan Alley sheet-music "piano solos" are filled with these dated clichés.

<sup>34</sup> Nanton obviously had trouble maintaining the beat while turning from the microphone to blend with Whetsol and Miley.

<sup>35</sup> A fairly informative account of this process is contained in **The Hot Bach** by Richard Boyer, reprinted in **Duke Ellington**, edited by Peter Gammond, pp. 36-37.

<sup>36</sup> It should go without saying that a) these categories were not always consciously developed, and b) some pieces defy exact categorization and could belong to several groups.

<sup>37</sup> To this day Ellington's overriding ambition is to compose a successful jazz musical or jazz "opera."

<sup>38</sup> I use these latter two words in their broadest meaning, synonymous with non-descriptive or non-representational.

<sup>39</sup> From Vodery, Ellington got an indirect knowledge of modern orchestration and harmony as practiced by Ravel. Delius and other composers, much favored in the twenties, albeit strained through the sieve of Broadway commercialism. The rather widespread notion that Ellington was influenced directly by Ravel and Delius is untenable, since he never heard or was interested in hearing these composers until years later when his own style had long been crystallized.

<sup>40</sup> Ellington was not above trying to hit the white market with established "pop" successes. An early instance of this was **Soliloquy** (1927), a Rube Bloom tune which had become a big hit with Whiteman. Ellington tried to cash in on the success of the tune. Without prior knowledge, however, it is barely recognizable as an Ellington item.

<sup>41</sup> This writer recalls a sleepless night—during which Ellington delivered a lengthy and movingly simple eulogy on Whetsol, who died in 1940.

<sup>42</sup> These breaks are unfortunately rushed in tempo every time.

<sup>43</sup> The chromaticism of the "blue" pieces became one of the most original contributions to jazz of the maturing Ellington style, leading Duke eventually to bitonal harmonies and to such masterpieces of the genre as **Dusk**, **Ko-Ko**, **Moon Mist**, **Azure** and **Clothed Woman**.

# RECORD REVIEWS

**JULIAN ADDERLEY: "Cannonball Takes Charge". Riverside RLP 12-303.**

**Julian 'Cannonball' Adderley**, alto; **Wynton Kelly**, piano; **Percy Heath**, bass; **Albert Heath**, drums.

**Poor Butterfly**; **Barefoot Sunday Blues**; **I Remember You**

**Adderley**, alto; **Kelly**, piano; **Paul Chambers**, bass; **Jimmy Cobb**, drums.

**If This Isn't Love**; **I Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry**; **I've Told Every Little Star**; **Serenata**.

In the past Adderley has shown a tendency to play Parker phrases in an exaggerated manner, distorting them almost to the point of caricature. Possibly this was because of an exasperation at being always compared to Bird, or an attempt to escape or rebel against the debt that Adderley, like most young musicians, owes him. He no longer does this, and his work must be considered in its own light—not in how far it reminds us of Parker.

At different times Adderley has displayed all the elements of a style that, if not deeply original in the manner of the greatest musicians, is genuinely personal and a real contribution to jazz. What is notable about this recording is that on three tracks—**Poor Butterfly**, **Barefoot Sunday Blues** and **I'll Remember You**—he gets it all together and creates music that remains stimulating with repeated hearings. He communicates most emotion on the blues where his forthright solo has long, singing, forceful lines. The balance of these extended phrases reminds us of Adderley's admiration for Benny Carter, no matter how different their tones may be. Aside from occasional tonal eccentricities he has admirable control of his instrument; not only is his agility secure but he usually gets a full sound over the whole register. The alto sings consistently on the

medium tempo of **Poor Butterfly** and it is particularly interesting to follow Adderley's variations and expansions of the theme's opening phrase.

**I'll Remember You** has a lengthy solo that is especially impressive for unflinching invention and the vigorous performance. However—and here we come to the limitation Adderley shares with most jazzmen—it remains a series of episodes in which two choruses could change places without the solo producing a very different effect. That is, while each chorus is excellent in itself there is no real continuity of development from one to another. And this solo, impressive though it is, is not brought to an effective climax.

Ballads are still Adderley's weak point. **I Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry** altogether lacks the urgency of the titles already discussed and rambles without much purpose. His tone is less appropriate here than on the fast tempos and blues. **If This Isn't Love** is a poor melody and unsuitable material for Adderley. Some of his phrases are played in detached staccato notes that are unattractive and momentarily impede swing. These popping, detached notes also occur on **I've Told Every Little Star** but in the final chorus of this Adderley varies the theme in its restatement with imaginative simplicity.

Kelly accompanies fluently and well, but generally in a rather commonplace way. As a soloist, he is best on ballads. The piano solo on **I've Told Every Little Star** is clearly developed with well-shaped ideas, particularly in the first chorus. Kelly's solo in **I Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry** is also pleasant but unfortunately brief. At the fastest tempos he appears at a disadvantage, especially alongside Adderley. Following the conviction of the alto solo on **I'll Remember You**

Kelly's improvisation is an anticlimax and some of his phrases a little stiff. Albert Heath sounds like a promising newcomer and Percy's solo in **Barefoot Sunday Blues** is excellent.

Max Harrison

## "THE SIDNEY BECHET STORY":

**Brunswick BL 54048.**

**Noble Sissle's Swingsters**: **Bechet**, clarinet and soprano sax; **Clarence Breerton**, trumpet; **Gil White**, tenor sax; **Harry Brooks**, piano; **Jimmy Miller**, guitar; **Jimmy Jones**, bass; **Wilbur Kirk**, drums; **O'Neil Spencer**, vocals. **Blackstick**, *When the Sun Sets Down South*, **Sweet Patootie**. Recorded 2/10/38.

**Claude Luter Orchestra**: **Luter**, clarinet, **Gay Longnon**, trumpet; **Bernard Zacharias**, trombone; **Christian Azzi**, piano; **Roland Biachini**, bass; **Moustache Galipides**, drums; **Sidney Bechet**, soprano sax.

**I Remember When**. Recorded in France, 1/18/52.

**Claude Luter Orchestra**, dates and personnel not listed. *My Man*, *The Fish Vendor*.

**Andre Reweliotti Orchestra**: **Reweliotti**, clarinet; **Guy Longnon**, trumpet; **Jean Louis Durand**, trombone; **Eddie Bernard**, piano; **Georges "Zozo" O'Hallain**, bass; **Jaques David**, drums; **Bechet**, soprano sax. **Cotton Ball** Recorded in France 6/26/56.

**Andre Reweliotti Orchestra**, dates and personnel not listed. **An Angel Like That**, **The 14th of July**, **The Bagatelle**, **Touch of the Blue**, **Passport to Paradise**.

This combination of three sides made in 1938 with a small unit from Noble Sissle's band and nine tunes recorded in France during the 'fifties by Vogue P.I.P. Records is obviously not a definitive collection of Bechet on record. RCA Victor is the company for that project; imagine a complete collection of the Feetwarmers dates from the early 'thirties into the 'forties, plus the Panassie-Mezzrow sides, plus some second masters for comparison! (Get on with the review, Wilber, wishful thinking will get you nowhere.) Why didn't Brunswick include more sides from the Noble Sissle days on this lp? **Loveless Love**, **Basement Blues**, **Polka Dot Rag** are all good Bechet. However, **Blackstick** and **When the Sun Sets Down South** are musts for any collection. They are two of Sidney's best originals, the arrangements are well-constructed around his clarinet and soprano and his playing is superb. **Sweet Patootie** contains some unimpressive blues-singing by O'Neil Spencer but the short clarinet and soprano choruses are marvelous. I would call this Bechet's "middle period." His playing is refined and disciplined, his solos carefully constructed. I get the same feeling of purity listening to Armstrong's playing in the late 'thirties. On the other hand, the early Feetwarmer sides, **Maple Leaf Rag**, **Lay Your Racket**, and **I Found a New Baby** are full of wild passion and daring flights as are Louis' works in

the late 'twenties.

The nine sides made in France in the 'fifties are still another Bechet. His tone is deeper and heavier, his vibrato more pronounced. The relationship with his fellow players has changed too. On the 1938 sides he is a member of the band, albeit the star soloist. On the French sides he is the band with the other musicians tagging along, at times straining to keep up. There is an unrelieved intensity here which I find a little wearing. Sidney plays all through the arrangements in an unrelenting manner as though he is afraid the band will fall apart if he lets up for one moment. The mediocrity of his accompaniment, the pressures of being a top star and his increasing illness all took their toll in his playing. The powerful self-assurance and drive are still very much evident, almost overwhelmingly so, but the serenity and beautifully controlled expressiveness of 1938 has been replaced by a feeling of constant tension and an emotional outpouring bordering on the maudlin at times. And yet these sides contain fine examples of Sidney's ability to build to a climax over a long series of choruses. Listen to how he builds chorus after chorus in **The Fish Vendor** managing to lift the plodding band off the ground and carry it along with him!

The tunes on the French sides are mostly originals written with the popular market in mind 'I'd say, rather than as jazz compositions. This was not a new approach from Sidney. He had been writing pop tunes since the early 'twenties when **Ghost of the Blues** had a mild success. But it wasn't until he moved to France that he hit paydirt with million record sales and the royalties pouring in. I find none of them as interesting as **Blackstick** or **When the Sun Sets Down South**, but they all exhibit characteristic Bechet touches: the unusual progressions of simple seventh chords, the juxtaposition of major and minor tonalities (Sidney loved to play Cole Porter) and always the rhythmic cohesiveness.

For the memorable 1938 sides and for an illuminating picture of Sidney's work during his last years, I'd recommend this lp. But the Sidney Bechet story is considerably more than we have here. It is up to Victor with perhaps an assist from Blue Note and King Jazz to give us a rounded picture of this self-taught genius at his greatest.

Bob Wilber

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**RAY BRYANT: "Alone with the Blues".**  
New Jazz 8213.

Ray Bryant, piano.

**Blues #3; Joy; Lover Man; Me and the Blues; My Blues; Rockin' Chair; Stocking Feet.**

An album of solo piano is a rare thing these days. Four tracks are

blues, two are standards, and **Joy** is a light gospel-flavored original.

Bryant has proved himself capable in a number of contexts, but the one becoming most associated with him is that of the blues, down-home style. Horace Silver and others turned for roots to primitive blues and gospel music a few years ago; Bryant has done the same, but with rather different results which I think reflect his own tastes and abilities as well as his musical origins.

For one thing, his touch is light and legato, in contrast to the percussive approach of the funky players. For another, when he draws on the old blues pianists he does so more literally. He uses some of their phrases and voicings virtually unchanged, and his harmonies are basically the same, only more sophisticated in the use of passing chords, etc.

He also draws heavily on the Teddy Wilson tradition, particularly in the left hand, where he plays almost every beat, using a lot of tenths and other open voicings. In the right hand he favors long triplet patterns, either chords or single notes, phrases in octaves, descending phrases in thirds, and that kind of downward run (by now a cliché) using tonic, minor seventh, fifth, flatted fifth, subdominant, minor third, tonic, etc. (this is one of several similar variations) over either the tonic or subdominant root.

Silver did not use (past tense because his playing is somewhat different now) that kind of left hand, but depended primarily on sevenths, kicking single notes (usually the dominant), and a lot of chromatic motion. His melodic phrasing was a kind of regularization of bop phrasing, with strings of eighths, occasional triplets, and use of many repeated or rhythmically related patterns. When you play a four-bar phrase over the tonic and then play it again over the subdominant without change other than lowering the third or putting the whole thing up a fourth, you get a traditional sound no matter what harmonic sophistications are implied. There remains a final difference which is subjective (not conclusively demonstrable simply by putting on a record) and my reason for dragging Horace Silver into a review of Ray Bryant. At his early best Silver somehow recaptured the feeling of the best blues players in his own blues and even in some of his non-blues originals like **Ecaroh**. In spite of his different harmonic equipment there's the same kind of tough sadness and sense of inevitability. I don't get this from Bryant's playing. His blues are not tight, sad structures, but rather pleasantly rambling pieces of reflection. There are some fine things here: a lot of pretty, dancing gospel figures and nice changes in color. **Lover Man** has an excellent first chorus, all out of tempo except for the bridge, all

tasteful, unfrilled understatement. But there's a lot of vacuous repetition too. All the blues are in the same key, and all contain the same constantly repeated phrases. They wander rather than build. As a whole, the album is easy, gentle listening and makes few demands on your attention.

Mait Edey

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**BENNY CARTER: "Swingin' the 20s".**  
Contemporary M 3561.

Benny Carter, alto and trumpet; Earl Hines, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

**Thou Swell; My Blue Heaven; Just Imagine; Sweet Lorraine; Who's Sorry Now?; Laugh! Clown! Laugh!; Mary Lou; In a Little Spanish Town; A Monday Date; If I Could Be with You; All Alone; Someone to Watch over Me.**

The restraint and elegance of Carter's best work might seem ill-matched with the power and attack of Hines, but on this, their first lp together, the styles unite with some compatibility. Unfortunately the limitations imposed on them prevent the singular combination of talents from fully representative work. Time is confining, for twelve items are crowded in, and most of the improvisations are too brief for the soloists to develop their ideas with the freedom to which they are entitled. **Someone To Watch Over Me** is a mere chorus and a half, six of the tracks last less than three minutes, and on **Monday Date** Hines has no more time than in the original recording of thirty years ago.

Many of the tunes are poor, especially **Laugh! Clown! Laugh!, All Alone** and **Just Imagine**. And artists of this stature, even if they are not as widely-known as they should be, don't need a **Swingin' the 20's** gimmick. The liner notes celebrate the spontaneity of the music. While these men are able to create impromptu, repeated hearings suggest the date was a little too casual. Much is superficial in view of the extent of the participants' gifts and this can be aptly demonstrated by comparing the piano here with Hines's magnificent work on Felsted FAJ 7002. Even so, some idea of his powers can be heard on this record. He has an unflinching abundance of ideas (though his **best** ideas seldom come out here) that are fluently expressed in a wide range. His phrasing is immaculate without a suggestion of stiffness, and each performance has a degree of "finish" that is the result of Hines knowing exactly what he wants to do. On the basis of this record, it would nonetheless be fairly easy to underrate him, particularly on one hearing, but it should not for a moment be supposed his qualities are commonplace. **Sweet Lorraine** is the only track approaching a sustained performance and gives Hines practically his only

chance to get to grips with the material seriously. The result is easily the best solo on the disc. In its opening chorus he makes much of the slick **Blue Heaven** melody, implying rather than stating it. Generally he plays with more positive jazz qualities on the fast tempos, especially **Thou Swell** and **Who's Sorry Now?**, but has an attractively delicate sixteen bars on **One Hour**. He accompanies well, if not with quite all the verve of which he is capable, and is particularly worth hearing behind the alto in **Just Imagine**.

Carter's tone is not so beautiful as it once was. He is still able to impart real formal unity to his improvisations but the ideas do not have quite his former melodic grace. Some otherwise good solos are marred with moments of perfunctoriness but perhaps this is understandable in view of the limitations of the session. He comes off a rather poor second to Hines in the chases in **Monday Date** and **Thou Swell**, and the sentimental inflections of some of the trumpet playing, e.g. **One Hour**, can hardly be excused on a jazz lp. In **Just Imagine**, his longest solo on the disc (three choruses), he plays with more vigor than elsewhere and this is his best offering here. More typical, unfortunately, is his theme chorus to **Sweet Lorraine**, a tasteful but rather too stereotyped statement. His phrasing is more diversified in **Blue Heaven** but the abiding impression is that Carter is even less often fully involved in the music than Hines.

This lp will be a disappointment to the long-term admirers of these artists who know what they can really do. One can only hope Contemporary, or someone, will record them together again. If it is done with a smaller, more positively jazz-based program, an exceptional lp should result—particularly if Carter leaves his trumpet at home.

Max Harrison

**JIMMY CLEVELAND:** "A Map of Jimmy Cleveland." Mercury MG 20442. Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Ray Copeland, trumpet; Ernie Royal, flugelhorn; Jerome Richardson, tenor saxophone and flute; Don Butterfield, tuba; Junior Mance, piano; Art Taylor, drums; unidentified bassist. **Swing Low**, **Sweet Chariot**; **A Hundred Years From Today**; **Marie**; **Jay Bird**; **The Best Things in Life Are Free**; **Stardust**; **Jimmy's Old Funky Blues**. Ernie Wilkins' arrangements for this lp are sometimes reminiscent of the charts that Gil Evans did for the Thornhill band. Indeed the idea behind this date seems to have been to simulate the sound of a large dance band playing jazz-oriented arrangements. In a sense this is to say that the record is not a jazz recording, and I do not think it was meant to be. Of course, the jazz is

there, but it is subordinated to the idea of playing easy-to-listen-to, danceable music. Taken on its own terms, the lp seems to fulfill its purpose most adequately.

From a jazz standpoint, there is much good, but scarcely inspired, solo work on the lp. Cleveland, as usual, I found disappointing. He seems to have all the requirements of a good jazz soloist save imagination, and in place of that indispensable quality, he substitutes feats of technical skill. The real star of the date for me is Don Butterfield who demonstrates again and again, and particularly on **A Hundred Years From Today**, that he is one of the few men about today who can deal with the tuba as a melodic instrument. Royal, Mance, Copeland, and Richardson work in the professional manner that is expected of them, and Art Taylor is his adequate self.

The Wilkins arrangements have all the earmarks of a thoroughly competent, workmanlike job, and they certainly achieve their goal of obtaining a big band sound from the group. There are several good moments in the contrapuntal sections of **Swing Low**, **Sweet Chariot** and **A Hundred Years From Today**; on the last, the work of Butterfield and Richardson is noteworthy. **Jay Bird** is strictly dance band bop without authenticity.

H. A. Woodfin

**CHRIS CONNOR:** "Ballads of the Sad Cafe". Atlantic 1307.

**These Foolish Things**; **Bargain Day**; **The End of a Love Affair**; **Glad to be Unhappy**; **Ballad of the Sad Cafe**; **Good Morning Heartache**; **Something I Dreamed Last Night**; **Lilac Wine**; **One for my Baby**.

The melancholy has been laid on thick and turgid in some of Miss Connor's previous albums, but never with such a heavy hand as on this. From the embarrassing *gaucherie* of the **End of a Love Affair** verse, through the unmute reproach of **Something I Dreamed Last Night** to the facile misery of **Bargain Day**, heavy handedness is the foremost quality. Some of the accompaniments, like that of **Lilac Wine**, make no reference to jazz while others, particularly the introduction to **Glad to be Unhappy**, have a ponderous heaviness that effectively, but no doubt accidentally, makes fun of the songs' slight musical and emotional content. Quite without regard to their real characters, singer and accompaniments force every song, from the nostalgic remembrance of sophisticated living in **These Foolish Things** to the humorously regretful **One for My Baby**, through the same strait-jacket of unrelenting solemnity.

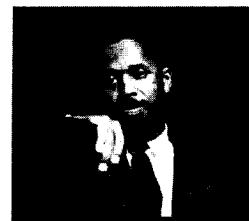
The consolations are few, but welcome. Miss Connor's diction is excellent and in the lower register where it is more relaxed, her voice does have just a tinge of warmth. Moments of

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interest come when her fleeting sensitivity leads her to pace a group of notes with musical understanding or time a key word in one of the lyrics with some show of emotional insight. For the rest her phrasing is conscientious and her voice steady, but the dolefulness of her interpretations is too consistent to be convincing. It has—and this is what makes the album unusually repellent—a tinge of masochism because there is no hint of any other emotion. The combination of pretentiousness and ineffectually disguised commonplace makes it a rather good definition of bad taste. Happily any quality if pursued far enough goes full circle and becomes a reversal of itself. In the absurdly melodramatic title number, **The Ballad of the Sad Cafe**, the alliance of bad taste and solemnity is very funny—alas unintentionally so.

Max Harrison

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**STAN GETZ: "The Soft Swing".**  
Verve MG V-8321.

Stan Getz, tenor; Mose Allison, piano; Addison Farmer, bass; Jerry Segal, drums. **All The Things You are**; Pocono Mac; **Down Beat**; **To The Ends of the Earth**; **Bye Bye Blues**.

About three years ago the Jazztone club issued a collection of Stan Getz's Roost recordings. I wrote a review of it which I had better quote from. "These . . . have a surface excitement and motion, an immediately appealing tone. They have been highly praised and Getz's reputation greatly depends on them. They certainly reveal a large talent and possibly an individual voice, however obviously derived in some respects from Lester Young. "But under the surface there are other things. The first is the structure of some of Getz's solos: despite the apparent flow, they aren't always melodic and may consist merely of runs and riffs—mostly swing licks and riffs—carelessly strung together, sometimes with a certain hesitation between licks, rather different from the effective pauses of, say, Miles Davis, however much they may sound like them. Also, he knows that nowadays one is supposed to make transitions from one chorus to the next, not stop dead at the end of one and begin the next as a very separate unit; he is therefore always ready with a phrase which crosses from, say, bar thirty-one to bar two . . . But there is sometimes an awkward moment before he gets that phrase, and it amounts to his stopping a chorus dead at bar thirty and beginning a new one at thirty-one or two . . . Again, his sometime efforts at Parkeresque double-timing can be badly fumbled. Most important—and I am frankly subjective—is the emotional element. It seems to me that despite the 'cool' surface . . . there is sometimes an almost

harrowing frustration and excruciating tenseness (not tension) under the surface . . . like a man walking down a very steep hill trying desperately to move at a steady pace."

That is the feeling about Getz's work which I brought to this record. Almost none of it applies here, and for the first time I was able to enjoy rather than merely "appreciate", Stan Getz's wonderful musicianship, ear, and melodic spontaneity. The reason, chiefly, is that he is relaxed and the music simply flows out of him. One of the things that comes through beautifully here is that a master of his own rhythmic idiom Getz is. It matters little that basically he is "old fashioned," that he has taken the metric conception of the more "advanced" men of the late thirties as his basis, made it more "regular," and been little affected by Parker rhythmically. Here, without the usual inside pressure, he almost rolls around in his rhythmic idiom, teases it, coaxes it with an almost astonishing sureness.

There is very good stop-time on the two blues, **Pocono Mac** and **Down Beat** (that admission comes from one who still resents having heard Getz play **Lester Leaps** in almost note for note off the Basie-Young record at a public concert three years ago) and that second chorus on **To The Ends of the Earth** comes very close to being one of those brilliantly wrought improvisations that jazz records were made to preserve—and there's no whining either. Allison's solos seem almost listless to me. Some Philly Joe-ish things that Segal does fit beautifully as a kind of rhythmic counter-voice to Getz. As you can deduce, this record (made, by the way, in 1957) is, for me, the Stan Getz record. I tried it on a square friend. Comment, "That sounds lovely." I tried it on a friend who lost interest in jazz about 1940. Comment, "Is that modern jazz? I like it." I tried it on a critic. Comment, "But he sounds like Zoot."

Martin Williams

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**"The Discovery of BUCK HAMMER".**  
Hanover-Signature M8001

Buck Hammer, piano with unidentified accompanists.

The liner notes declare solemnly that the late blues pianist Buck Hammer is a legendary figure (comparable in some way not made explicit to Peck Kelly, Joe Abernathy, and James Dean), "a lonely, lost soul . . . a great artist cut off in his prime." Could be, of course—very likely there are superb blues pianists you and I haven't heard of—but there is such a baffling discrepancy between these claims and the noises on the record that I was suspicious on first hearing. Hoax? Parody on legendary semi-folk musicians and their enthusiastic

discoverers? Sincere but horribly misguided evaluation of a musician? I can't say.

If this is a parody, the liner notes are very clever. We're told that Hammer was a peculiarly shy native of Glen Springs, Alabama, who for years engagingly refused to leave home in spite of the tempting offers of at least a dozen bandleaders and agents. He nevertheless enjoyed considerable (though presumably local) renown. The notes say: "Hammer's reputation is all the more remarkable when one considers that he never took part in an important jam session, never bet or hob-nobbed with any name musicians, never played with any accompaniment but piano (sic) and bass, and never, until 1956, played in a town even as large as Nashville. But word of his tremendously electric performances at backwoods dances and beerhalls began to filter out to the large cities as far back as 1939 when he must have been in his late teens." He was sought out by agents and bandleaders, "but some personal peculiarity, some deep sense of insecurity, made Buck reluctant to step into the spotlight that was waiting for him."

All the elements of a paradigm folk legend are here: a solitary down-home character, hints of personality problems (artistic temperament), Sunday organ performances in the local Baptist church, and a name that seems made to order.

Predictably, there is the usual claim that the player has extraordinary technique. Hammer is a "twohanded" pianist. The fact is, each track is a blatant double take (or there are two pianists involved); three hands are almost constantly audible. The writer of the notes admits this is true of **one track, Practice Boogie**, leaving you to draw the incorrect inference that the others are normal. He puts it very nicely: "It is thought that George Miller (director of the session) double tracked this particular number, otherwise some of the left-hand figures seem literally impossible to have achieved." Other incongruities are **Tenderly** and **Tea for Two**, both played eight to the bar, but with bongo drums, and **Jungle Boogie**, which also has bongos and an Afro-Cuban flavor. The liner notes are at their academic, sociological best on this: "That the tunes should be in his repertoire is not surprising for we know he did listen to records and to the radio but that he would perform the songs in this peculiar half-boogie half-Latin style is something of a puzzle." The other tracks are stilted boogie-woogie in a coarse, sloppy hybrid style (including a few popular swing elements and a touch of the modern voicings on **Tenderly**) with unidentified bass and drums accompaniment. The music throughout is perfectly bad



enough to be parody, but not good enough to be interesting for any other reason.

Mait Eddy

**"HARRY JAMES And His New Swingin' Band".** MGM E-3778. Personnel unlisted.

**Shiny Stockings;** How Deep Is The Ocean; **Slats;** Blues Like; **Cotton Tail;** Too Close For Comfort; **Kingsize Blues;** M-Squad Theme **Deep Purple;** Walkin'; **Get Off The Stand.** This is not really a jazz record, despite the references in the insipid liner notes to Harry James' "new swingin' band." There is, admittedly, a superficial swing, mainly attributable to the Basie-oriented lines by Ernie Wilkins (**Blues Like, Kingsize Blues, Get Off the Stand**), Frank Foster (**Shiny Stockings**) and Joe Newman (**Slats**). But if good charts can help to make sidemen into swinging units, good charts cannot make a successful jazz band. Good soloists are required, too, and (with the possible exception of Willie Smith, who is unbilled) all the individual work here is negligible. No doubt true a good jazz-oriented dance band comes along far too rarely, and in many respects this group, as a unit, is very much alive. But why must the orientation come from another band's style? Are dance band arrangers really so bankrupt for ideas that they cannot conceive an original jazz approach to dance music? The answer to both questions is no; there are plenty of young arrangers around who are perfectly capable of writing good, original things. But it's easier to jump for the band wagon, even if you have to grab on with your fingertips.

The Basie-styled things are the most interesting, despite the rhythm section's obvious failings. (I might also mention that the section harmonization of jazz solos does not necessarily make an arrangement successful either.) **Cottontail** is a poor approximation of the original and, in the last chorus, it sounds more like **Apple Honey.** **Walkin'** has been most adequately translated into the dance band idiom, possibly because of the riff-like nature of its line. The two ballads, **How Deep Is the Ocean** and **Deep Purple,** are average dance interpretations featuring the leader's vibrating trumpet.

James is wise enough not to try to duplicate the Basie band, but he makes a mistake in presuming that he can play in its style. Charlie Barnet made the same error with Duke Ellington. James should allow this band to find a personality, and rise or fall on its own merits. It just might be good enough to make it.

Don Heckman

**DICK KATZ: "Piano and Pen".** Atlantic 1314.

Katz, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Connie Kay drums. **Aint Misbehavin'** and **Glad to be Unhappy.**

Chuck Wayne, guitar, added **Timonium;** **Duologue no. 1;** **Scrapple from the Apple.** Jimmy Raney replaces Wayne; **Aurora;** **Round Trip;** **Afternoon in Paris.** This is Dick Katz's first full lp as a leader, and it is excellent. Credit is due Atlantic for fine recording (Tom Dowd). As the title implies, his composing and arranging is on exhibit as well as his playing. Actually the two facets of his talent shouldn't be separated in discussion any more than they are in fact. A Katz original—there are four here—is apt to be a pretty firm compositional framework (written themes, variations on themes, interludes, breaks, etc.) as a vehicle for more or less related improvised passages. It's an indication of his success as a composer that there is no sharp dichotomy; the solos seem to grow out of the writing, and are so smoothly incorporated, so carefully accompanied, that the feeling of unity is rarely lost. This controlled craftsmanship by no means implies lack of passion; some of Katz's best writing (like **Aurora**) is deeply emotional, and none of the soloists seem to suffer any restraint. None of the originals are simply opening and closing themes; all have some internal structure, and **Aurora** is very densely put together.

John Lewis is the most immediately obvious compositional influence. There's the same preoccupation with form and development, interest in contrapuntal writing, and a lot of playing in that fringe zone between accompanied solos and polyphonic blowing (hear, for example, the first chorus of what is ostensibly Wayne's solo on **Timonium;** Katz's accompanying line is so powerful that it dominates the chorus). But Katz does not have those irritating minor faults that mar some of Lewis's achievements: pseudo-European effects, occasional touches of nursery-rhyme banality, cuteness, etc. Like Lewis, Katz is conservative harmonically and prefers clarity to melodic complexity. The unity of a composition seems very important to him, and what I dig here (among other things) is the shower of simple compositional touches, head as well as written, which contribute so much to that sense of unity.

A few examples: When he wants to build on a solo, he might see to it that the rhythm section builds with him, as on **Duologue No. 1.** On **Round Trip,** at the beginning of each of his first two choruses, he has Benjamin sit out for two bars, creating wonderful suspense. On **Timonium** he begins his solo with a phrase picked up from Wayne. Etc., etc.

His playing is like his compositions: crisp, clear, simple, and formal, with occasional shadows of John Lewis.

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His lines are solid and deliberate, with each note distinctly articulated. Fast passages are rare, but no less clear and careful. Occasional phrases are played in octaves with an almost Hines-like effect; occasional chordal statements appear briefly, usually to form a four bar unit, as in one place in **Round Trip**. Katz's time is very good, but not complex; he avoids (or doesn't conceive) ambitious rhythmic patterns, prefers to swing simple patterns or single notes hard. His lines are well-formed, generally fairly short and well-punctuated with rests. His left hand deserves a couple of words. So many young pianists stroke tedious chords at regular, almost automatic, intervals, on the first beat of every bar or wherever else habit demands it. Katz, in contrast, uses his left hand. His first two choruses (separated by a theme chorus) on **Round Trip** are a fine example. Bars go by before the left hand touches the keys at all. When it does, such precipitous swing has already been developed that the small staccato chord (lifting, pushing) sounds like an involuntary grunt of joy from some listener. Who else does this just this way?

I don't think Katz could have chosen much more congenial supporting players. The two guitarists are radically different in style, but both work well with him. I think Raney is in somewhat better rapport, but the edge is slight. He's a constantly improving player. His lines are delicate and deliberate; his tone is one of the warmest I have heard from an amplified guitar. There is the slightest trace of beautifully controlled vibrato on the final notes of his phrases, rarely elsewhere. At least part of his warmth derives from his skillful use of pitch: subtly bent notes, slurs, etc. Wayne, in contrast, is crisp, almost metallic, in sound, lashing out fleet shifting lines and broken chords with his usual virtuosity. Unlike Raney, he sometimes chords and riffs under Katz to great effect, most subtly perhaps on **Timonium**. Benjamin is effective in the ensemble, playing driving, straightforward lines. His solos are interesting but not quite as successful; he loses some of his momentum and gives an impression of hesitancy. His tone is full. No drummer I can think of would fit this context better than Connie Kay. He recalls some of the older men (Jo Jones, Sid Catlett) in that he maintains the most lovely elastic beat with terrific economy; choruses go by with only the most subtle punctuation. A listener accustomed to Max Roach or Philly Joe Jones might well wonder how so much is accomplished with so little. Kay is a master of dynamics. He can swing savagely at any volume he wants, always with that same lacy delicacy.

Mait Edey

#### LEE KONITZ-JIMMY GUIFFRE.

Verve MG V-8335.

Lee Konitz, Hal McKusick, alto; Warne Marsh, Ted Brown, tenor; Jimmy Guiffre, baritone; Bill Evans, piano; Buddy Clark, bass; Ronnie Free, drums.

**Palo Alto**; Darn That Dream; **When Your Lover Has Gone**; Cork 'n Bib; **Somp'm Outa' Nothin'** Someone To Watch Over Me; **Uncharted**; Moonlight in Vermont; **The Song Is You**.

Despite prolific recording since the first Thornhill session in 1947, Lee Konitz has rarely performed as ably on records as he has live. His tone, full and vibrant in person, usually sounds cold and impersonal on records. Unfortunately, his immense abilities as an improviser are not matched by a comparable rhythmic gift, and a deficit in this area is more than apparent in the hard glare of the recording studio. Konitz has not helped matters any by his tendency to choose rhythm men who function merely as pulse indicators rather than as equal partners. The result has been a kind of imbalance, with Konitz's complex lines hanging statically over a rhythmic foundation unable to support them. In the recordings with the Gerry Mulligan quartet and the Atlantic sides with Oscar Pettiford and Kenny Clarke, the balance is radically altered by rhythm men who do more than just beat time. The results were gratifying, and the Atlantic sides, in particular, are among my favorite Konitz.

I wish I could say the same for this one. If there is really any curiosity over the novelty of hearing Konitz with a sax section (as Guiffre notes on the liner), then the questioner should be referred to the large number of sides made while Konitz was with Stan Kenton in 1951-1952. To record him in a section with men whose styles he has strongly influenced makes no more sense than the recent multi-tracking of Guiffre. The result is stifling and serves more as a handicap than a point of departure.

Guiffre's arrangements, however, are quite good, despite the fact that he could never have envisioned the difficulty that these horn men did have in agreeing upon just where the beat would fall. The worst offender seems to be Warne Marsh, and in **The Song Is You**, what might have been a good solo is ruined by the hesitancy of his rhythmic inflections. On that tune, the ensemble work is terrible; there are times when the concerted passages are so poorly played that they sound disconcertingly like an out-of-tune high school clarinet quartet. The best track in terms of group and solo performances is probably **When Your Lover Has Gone**. The arrangement is a rocker; not the type of thing best suited to these musicians, but they almost bring it off. Konitz and Marsh exchange some good twos and fours and then go on

to play excellent individual choruses. But the last ensemble comes very close to ruining the whole track. Wouldn't some more rehearsal time have helped rough spots like this? Guiffre's chart for **Moonlight In Vermont** is peculiar. The mood varies inconsistently between a sort of two-beat bounce and a turgid, humorless middle section. But **Darn That Dream** is a lovely piece of legato writing, including the sly use of the release to **Deep In A Dream of You**. **Someone To Watch Over Me**, the other standard in the set, is performed at a moderate dance tempo. The unison sax sound is reminiscent of Guiffre's **Music Man** album, but the solid sections further emphasize that, regardless of Guiffre's harmonic ingenuity, the section sound remains thin and unattractive.

**Cork 'N Bib**, a standard sort of blues, has a short, excellent Konitz chorus after the ensemble—only twelve bars, but there is an indication here of the sort of blowing Konitz can do under happier circumstances. Solos go down the line; Marsh, McKusick, Brown, Guiffre and the rhythm section all have a chance to say something. Ted Brown's short performance is encouraging. He seems to be able to play complex rhythmic ideas while retaining a strong sense of regularity in his time. Bill Evans' piano solo is interrupted by what sounds like a free group improvisation without rhythm (with Guiffre you can't tell; the whole thing may have been written out. The notes, woefully inadequate, give no indication).

**Palo Alto**, a Konitz original, first recorded in 1950 with Billy Bauer, is fairly typical of the lines then being written by Tristano disciples. The melodies were usually composed with an extensive use of altered chord tones and upper harmonic partials, the chord changes generally came from standard tunes, and little effort was made to evolve more complex source material. Guiffre has fragmented the line somewhat, spreading it out among the five horns and emphasizing its throbbing bass. Konitz's solo is adequate but the ensemble work, again, is not.

**Somp'n Outa' Nothin'** and **Uncharted** are both Guiffre's. As with some of his other work, they stress the tonal ambiguities in scales which lower the third, fifth and seventh. Some of Guiffre's instrumental style may have communicated itself to Konitz. In **Somp'm Outa' Nothin'** listen to his use of the triplet figure winding around the flat fifth, fourth and flat third so characteristic of Guiffre's clarinet work.

Despite his versatility, Konitz does not really seem at home in this type of setting. He is an improviser, and external restrictions are debilitating to his art, unlike Marsh, who seems to function better in a structured

musical environment. It would be interesting to hear Konitz with a rhythm section as good as the one on Marsh's recent date for Atlantic (Philly Joe and Paul Chambers). I'm sure the results would be far better than the dull, pedestrian performances on this one.

Don Heckman

**THE GEORGE LEWIS BAND: "Oh, Didn't He Ramble!"**. Verve MG V-8325. George Lewis, clarinet; Jim Robison, trombone; Alvin Alcorn, trumpet; Alcide Pavageau, bass; Joseph Robichaux, piano; Joe Watkins, drums. Say Si Si; Beale Street Blues; Down Home Rag; Riverside Blues; Streets of the City; Somebody Stole My Gal; Runnin' Wild; Lily of the Valley; Oh, Didn't He Ramble; Weary Blues.

The New Orleans veterans have enjoyed considerable popular success in the past fifteen years, and of all the New Orleans groups probably none has had more acclaim than George Lewis', but the popularity has been accompanied by a considerable change in style. From a roughly knit, driving band, the Lewis organization has changed into a slick, glibly coordinated group which seems to toss off its material in the rather disdainful fashion of those seeking to please a crowd. The style has, by now, become a bastard one composed of echoes of the New Orleans revival, parts which have the air of the Condon/Chicago school, and even some Chris Barber sounds. The resulting music is no longer particularly convincing either emotionally or musically.

Lewis himself is an exceptionally unimaginative soloist. His style is a mosaic of frills and furbelows which conceals a center of melodic indigence, and in the ensemble he often dominates. Essentially his style has changed little with the years, but here he plays with what seems rather ersatz enthusiasm.

Alvin Alcorn is one of the most inadequate and indecisive ensemble performers I have heard in this style, frail and hesitant, and easily dominated by the other horns. As a soloist his ideas are quite conventional. He is best here on **Runnin' Wild**.

Jim Robison is his usual stiff, stolid self. Never a particularly remarkable musician in the ensemble, as a soloist he makes one appreciate George Brunis.

The rhythm section is a strange one. Robichaux's ideas date from the early 'thirties and, such as they are, trip and stumble over each other clumsily. Joe Watkins is stiff and rushes tempos. Pavageau sounds like Pops Foster on an off day.

**Weary Blues** is probably the best track in the sense that it is closest to Lewis' original style, but the last chorus is closer to Condon. **Lily of**

the Valley could become a juke box hit with its gospel message and bad Joe Watkins vocal. There are better Lewis recordings available.

H. A. Woodfin

**THELONIOUS MONK: "5 by Monk by 5"**. Riverside RLP 12-305.

Theolonious Monk, piano; Thad Jones, cornet; Charlie Rouse, tenor; Sam Jones, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Jackie-ing; Straight No Chaser; Played Twice; I Mean You; Ask Me Now.

Orrin Keepnews' liner notes claim that Monk represents a rarity in modern jazz in that his preparations for a recording date include a consideration of the personnel and instrumentation to be involved. This is a very noble sentiment, but after a few hearings of Monk's fourth release within eleven months, I felt that this was an occasional rather than regular practice and the results were buried under the challenges of Monk's difficult, personal music. **Played Twice** may have been originally conceived with the addition of Thad's cornet in mind but how did the dispirited performance ever pass the censorship of the man who ordered one of his own solos cut from the Town Hall Concert record?

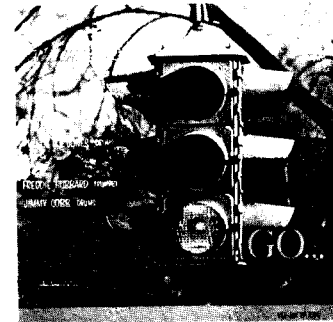
Besides **Played Twice**, there is another new composition, **Jackie-ing**, played with a great deal more spirit. This may be partly due to the fact that this is the only track that approaches up-tempo. After a unison statement that recalls to me the **March of the Siamese Children**, Rouse enters with a four-note musical whoop of enthusiasm and plays energetically around the tonic. His somewhat "hollow" tone and habits of accentuation seem more personal than his choice of notes, which remind me of some not-too-recent Sonny Rollins. Although he may not as yet be "one of the abler eastern tenors," Charlie has improved a great deal in his tenure with the Monk foursome. Thad handles the intervals with good control, not overplaying the "oriental" raised fourth, which Monk used here without the minor seventh degree. The effect is quite original and Thelonious doesn't neglect it in his own solo, even though he seems primarily concerned with variations on the already odd meter.

**Ask Me Now** (one of the several tunes that seem to have been christened with Monk's replies to questions about their titles) is a trio number written several years ago, which fails to inspire any of the players much. It is almost reasonable to say that there is no melody for the soloists to work with. The harmonic pattern is a descending series of circles of fifths, while the treble line is nothing more (or less, depending on your point of view) than a perfectly ordered series of chordal tones. Monk's use

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of waltz time at the end of the A theme is interesting if only to drag Art Taylor out of his little world of 4/4. The drumming problem is more dramatically highlighted in *I Mean You*, where Thad almost begs through his horn for double-timing, but Taylor staunchly refuses to be swayed. **Straight, No Chaser**, one of Thelonious' most often-played compositions, is a clear example of the demarcation that may be drawn between "blues" and "blues form." While it has the same chord structure as, for instance, **Blue Monk**, it is noticeably lacking in the latter's blues feeling. **Straight, No Chaser** has a five-note theme which is melodically and rhythmically embellished in a self-perpetuating manner more direct than even **Now's The Time**. Additionally, the meter is so tricky that anyone who plays it with any concern for rhythm at all can produce reasonable variations on the time structure. Monks' best solo emerges from this context, beautifully ordered, but, for him comparatively unadventurous. Too much of his work on the record can be dismissed this way for the album to be a significant sampling of his talents.

David Lahm

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**"OSCAR PETERSON plays My Fair Lady". Verve MG V-2119.**

Oscar Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Gene Gammage, drums.

*I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*; *Get Me to the Church on Time*; *Show Me*; *I Could Have Danced All Night*; *On the Street Where You Live*; *Wouldn't It Be Lovely*; *The Rain in Spain*.

If Peterson's work is individual and always immediately recognizable that is because of its negative qualities. His technique, at least in digital dexterity, is formidable and he clearly has abundant vitality. Unfortunately these admirable qualities usually are employed to little purpose. Peterson's figurations derive, rather obviously, from Art Tatum but have none of that great musician's harmonic vision or skill in melodic variation. This is partly because they are so firmly based on commonplace scale and arpeggio formulae. Almost entirely unrelated to the themes, his improvisations often seem to be haphazard structures of more or less complexity imposed upon the material without much thought and not arising from any overall conception. Most of us have been bored by the monotony of Peterson's mechanical posturings but it is hard to convey their meaninglessness in words. Perhaps it is enough to say that he appears to be concerned mainly with playing the piano and only incidentally with making music. This monotony is accentuated by the lack of variation in dynamics and altogether the impression with which Peterson's work leaves us is one of insensivity,

of a man who has played so much piano he no longer bothers to listen. It is sometimes claimed, in extenuation, that Peterson swings so well and so consistently that much else should be forgiven him. Even this is debatable. Swing may be conveniently half-defined as getting the notes in the right place in relation to the beat but essentially it arises from the rhythmic pace and structure of a performance and is a fluid, not static, phenomenon. Peterson's meter and accent are far too mechanical to mean anything very positive. While they sometimes convey a frantic, hypnotic impression of swing, that swing almost always seems to be something imposed from outside and not part of the music's essence. Usually one is forced to conclude that, for all its busyness, little of Peterson's vitality is really communicated through his music.

The above might have been written about almost any of the pianist's very numerous lps for Granz but the present issue of the mediocre **"My Fair Lady"** tunes is rather more subdued than most. There is the usual pointless double-timing on **Street Where You Live** but much of the time the by now achingly familiar melodies are kept well to the fore. These restrained and neutral performances are uncommon for Peterson but reveal that when he resorts to simplicity his playing is even more devoid of character than usual.

Max Harrison

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**DIZZY REECE: "Blues in Trinity". Blue Note 4006.**

Dizzy Reece, trumpet; Tubby Hayes, tenor; Terry Shannon, piano; Lloyd Thompson, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

*Blues in Trinity*; *Color Blind*. *I had the Craziest Dream*; *Color Blind*; *'Round about Midnight*.

Donald Byrd, trumpet, added: *Close-up*; *Shepherd's Serenade*.

The first striking thing about Reece's playing is economy. The cynic would probably claim that his taste for extended notes stems from a shortage of technique. This is perhaps true of earlier records, but here Reece is the opposite of the performer who aims only for effects he is certain of attaining. He seems ready to try anything and in the abortive final trumpet break in the chase on **Color Blind** he pays the penalty for his adventurousness. In contrast, a similar passage in *Shepherd's Serenade* are the highlights of his questing style. His fondness for wide intervals and his grasp of dynamics give his lines true dramatic strength, and playing more intricate passages at low volume gives extra point to the triumphant harshness of the sustained notes. **Close-up** (better known as **On the**

**Scene**) shows this particularly well. It also shows his relation to the rhythm section. Each phrase is closely wedded to the propulsive beat; Reece revels in Taylor's virtuosity. His interpretation of **I had the Craziest Dream** indicates a true feeling for melody, but when he is improvising, he seems to be just as concerned with rhythmic factors. This interest of his is most evident on **Blues in Trinity**. He makes good use of the possibilities of this clever composition, now building his lines on one tempo, now on another. Many of the phrases he uses are distinctive, yet, owing perhaps to this preoccupation with variety of rhythm, he does not show the sense of continuity that less gifted performers achieve. He plays some striking figures and some poor ones; but his work is seldom dull. Time will tell whether he can learn how to marshal his decidedly original ideas into a sequence that will set them off to better advantage.

Lloyd Thompson does all that is asked of him. Terry Shannon shines as an accompanist rather than as a soloist. Hayes' tenor playing is confident and powerful; without apeing, he has successfully assimilated features of both Griffin and Coltrane's playing. To be sure, he never rivals the latter's flair for shifting the stresses with such intriguing results, but he has structural freedom and never stops swinging. His mood of resentful petulance is an apt foil to Reece's more varied flavor. Donald Byrd contributes exciting choruses to **Shepherd's Serenade**, but on **Close-up** he seems less alert, all too reluctant to end a phrase when he is not forced to by lack of breath. **"Off to the Races,"** the album he made soon after his return to the States, is a much better showcase for his skill. Whether Reece or Hayes will be able to fulfil the promise shown here is a moot point. Now, more than ever before in jazz, the young musician needs time and practice to sort out a myriad of ideas and he needs a sympathetic musical context. In fact, if these men are to realize their potential, they must find support of the caliber they receive here. Only a handful of European drummers (Phil Seamen, currently working with Hayes, is one) can emulate Taylor's fiery craftsmanship. It would be a pity if mere distance were to have the last word.

Michael James

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**"SARAH VAUGHAN Sings".**

**Masterseal MS-55.**

With Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Charlie Parker, alto; Flip Philips, tenor; Tad Dameron, piano; Bill DeArango, guitar, Curly Russell, bass; Max Roach, drums: **Mean to Me**; **What More Can a Woman Do?**; **I Rather Have a Memory Than a Dream**. With Gillespie; Aaron Sachs, clarinet;

Georgie Auld, tenor; Leonard Feather, piano; Chuck Wayne, guitar; Jack Lesberg, bass; Morey Field, drums: *Singing Off; No Smoke Blues; East of the Sun.*

Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Hank D'Amico, clarinet; Walter Thomas, Coleman Hawkins, tenors; Clyde Hart, piano; Tiny Grimes, guitar; Slam Stewart, bass; Cozy Cole, drums: *Take It on Back; Look Here.* Red Norvo, vibes; Johnny Guanieri, piano; Slam Stewart, bass; unknown guitar and drums: *Bell for Norvo.*

SARAH VAUGHAN. Lion L 70052.

Various ensembles, usually with strings, some featuring jazz soloists and rhythm. *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter; Tenderly; A. Hundred Years from Today; I Can't Get Started; I've Got a Crush on You; I'll Wait and Pray.* Ensemble includes Freddie Webster, trumpet playing Tadd Dameron arrangements: *My Kinda Love; You're Not the Kind; I Can Make You Love Me; If You Could See Me Now.* With a Teddy Wilson group: *What a Difference a Day Makes; Don't Worry 'bout Me.* The material on these two low-price lps comes from 1945 Continental sessions and tracks made for Musicraft in 1946-7. For me, the best of them are still the best of Sarah Vaughan. She has learned since then to be sure, but these were made before she was exploiting her vibrato and "bent" notes, as substitutes, I suspect, for emotion.

And they were made when her harmonic ear was still allowing her to form interesting melodic lines, not boxing her into the kind of stunt work of which her current scat vocals seem to me symptomatic. Sarah Vaughan has great vocal equipment and, as Neshui Ertegun has said, it has been trained and bent along "classical" lines further than any other voice jazz has been. (Both Bessie Smith and Mahalia Jackson have the equipment but almost everything that each did with her voice went counter to "legitimacy".) Perhaps it's fitting that she may turn out to be the last singer in jazz, and, now that Carmen McRae has made her "cabaret" intentions evident, it seems all the more likely that she will. Only a jazz singer could have made these recordings, and only an outstanding one could have made *Mean To Me, East of the Sun, Don't Worry 'Bout Me, My Kinda Love* and the three other Dameron tracks, and that last chorus on *I'll Wait and Pray* — only an outstanding singer and only a very original one. Her way of swinging at medium tempos, for example, seems to me unique in jazz, however much it owes to Billie Holiday's way.

Sarah Vaughan does not have the ironic emotional depth of a Billie Holiday, nor the profound *joie de vivre* of an Ella Fitzgerald. If she had an ounce of sentimentality, she would be impossible. She hasn't an ounce. Far from projecting the kind of jaded sophistication some have heard in

her, at her best she has a kind of pixie-wisdom — something like that of the disarmingly straight-forward child who looks at adult complexity and points directly to some essence or to some incongruity in a way that leaves her elders gasping at her audacity and intuitive insight. The Dameron scores are commercial but interesting, and not just because he managed to drop a hint about how to use strings in a small jazz orchestra; *You're Not the Kind* has a Freddy Webster solo that will make you believe almost anything you may have heard about that man's talent.

The Masterseal lp has some takes I am unfamiliar with, some of them better than the original releases, but "high fidelity" in the form of spurious echo has given the voice a most peculiar muffle. And hear Parker and Gillespie in the largely unfamiliar roles of accompanists by all means. (I wonder if the company that runs "Masterseal" knows how much valuable early bop it has, or has any idea what to do about it.) The tracks by Cole and Norvo seem real period pieces (aside from moments, particularly by Hawkins) of "the Street" in transition.

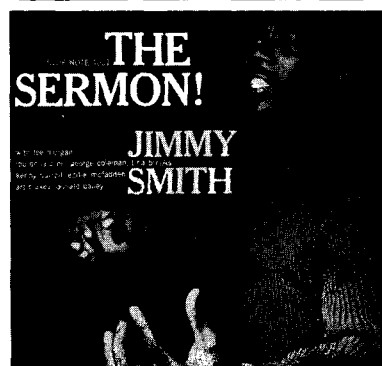
Martin Williams

"BEN WEBSTER & Associates". Verve NGV 8318.

Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, Budd Johnson, tenors; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Ray Brown, bass; Jo Jones, drums; Jimmy Jones, piano; Less Spann, guitar. *In a Mellotone; Young Bean; Budd Johnson; Time after Time; De Dar.*

This is a date featuring three tenor men from the swing era who would have to be considered at least excellent. Roy Eldridge adds variety and color to the ensemble. One of the main points of interest is the contrast among the tenors who were originally Hawkins influenced, and the paths they have since taken. The best place on this album to compare them would be *Mellotone* since it occupies a whole side of the lp. By the time Johnson enters a relaxed easy going mood had been created by Brown, Jones, and Spann who have previously soloed. Johnson continues in that groove. His style is the most modern and extremely interesting. His tone is big but with less vibrato than the other two men. Indeed, he sometimes recalls Prez in the upper register. Of course, he is known first as an arranger and this is reflected in his playing here. His solo is well constructed. The building to double-time passages is very subtly and effectively done. Budd's rhythmic approach is quite varied. He may play right on top of the beat sometimes or slip off slightly behind it at others. Hawk makes me laugh. His crashing intensity completely spoil the sitting-

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by-the-fireside-on-a-cold-winter-night atmosphere. He's the big bully who breaks up the marble game. He sure makes it though. His sound is huge and tough. He never relaxes. You get the feeling someone is holding your mouth open and jamming licks down it. The effect of Webster's playing is in between the first two; cooler than Hawk, hotter than Budd. His melodic figures are quite short primarily, I believe, because he is a somewhat limited technician. This causes no problem's at a medium tempo, however and Ben's fertile imagination makes up for it. The B side of this lp is made up of four cuts. The first two are up-tempo blues and exhibit the faults I think Ben and Hawk have most clearly. Hawk is too unvaried rhythmically. He always accents in the same place giving the impression of pushing rather than swinging. On first hearing, you think he's having trouble making the tempo. Ben, as I had mentioned before, plays those short little lines on up-tempo tunes; I think — yeah, yeah, but when is he going to release what he's building. Many times he doesn't. Of if he does lengthen his phrases he seems to lose control of his sound. It gets raunchy and distasteful.

He has the next track, **Time**, to himself and this spotlights what Ben Webster can do best: play ballads. He really sings. No one can state a melody better. The set closes with a slow blues **De dar** where everyone plays well. Ray solos up to his usual standard. His drive and intensity matches Hawk's. Perhaps his best moments, though, are the thoughtful meanderings on **Mellotone**. O.K., everybody talks about the rhythm section last. As you would expect it's in a Basie groove. Everybody is nice and tasty and right. Jimmy Jones carries off his spots very well. Maybe now that Jamal and Garland are getting all that attention someone will notice him.

Harvey Pekar

**"Barrelhouse, Boogie Woogie and Blues." Harmony HL 7104.**

Pete Johnson, piano: **Boogie Woogie**; Albert Ammons, piano: **Shout for Joy**; Meade Lux Lewis, piano: **Bear Cat Crawl**; Johnson, Ammons, and Lewis on two pianos: **Boogie Woogie Prayer**.

Red Allen, trumpet; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Ken Kersey, piano; Billy Taylor, bass; Jimmy Hoskins, drums: **K. K. Boogie**.

Pete Johnson, piano; Harry James, trumpet, John Williams, bass; Eddie Dougherty, drums: **Boo-Woo**. Albert Ammons, piano replaces Johnson: **Woo-Woo**.

Mary Lou Williams, piano: **Little Joe from Chicago**; James P. Johnson, piano: **A-flat Dream**.

Jimmy Yancey, piano: **Bear Trap Blues**. This is a \$1.98 reissue on Harmony of material which is, or was, also available in expanded form (five more side included) on a Columbia lp at the regular price. Two of the missing five are definitely not expendable: **Going Away Blues** and **Roll Em Pete**, both by Joe Turner and Pete Johnson, the latter one of Turner's finest records. Several of the tracks on this reissue could have been replaced with profit by either or both of these.

The material here is fairly varied—seven out of the ten tracks feature players in the "pure" boogie woogie tradition; the other three are only peripherally examples of the style. All the selections were recorded between 1938 and 1941, during that era when boogie woogie in a more or less dilute form briefly became part of the national popular music very much the way rhythm and blues is now, though without the extensive and ambitious publicity of contemporary rock and roll.

The "pure" blues players represented are the best of the school: Jimmy Yancey, Meade Lux Lewis, Albert Ammons, and Pete Johnson.

Yancey is the oldest, and, in a way, the most individual of the "pure" players. His **Bear Trap Blues** is built on one of his eccentric pitching (rather than walking or rolling) basses, which enables him to work with more complicated rhythmic patterns than the other pianists characteristically use, and gives his playing a more open and varied texture. It's taken moderately slow and is a good sample of his poignant playing. Meade Lux Lewis also uses a pitching bass in his **Bear Cat Crawl**, but with less success. This is not one of his better things.

Pete Johnson and Albert Ammons are players with superficially very similar boogie styles a similarity which is emphasised here by the fact that on their solo tracks they both use the same rolling bass. Neither was limited as Yancey probably was, to playing the blues; Johnson in particular was known as a Kansas City jump pianist (Kansas City right hand phrases some of them the same ones as Basie uses crop up all through his playing boogie and otherwise), and he could play a fairly convincing Earl Hines style. Johnson was also the more complex and adventurous of the two as a boogie player, but he tended to edge a hair ahead of the beat from time to time, and was not as steady as Ammons, whose time was always rock solid, and whose phrasing, though more conservative, was more balanced and soaring. Ammons' **Shout for Joy** is curious in that he departs from the rolling bass after six choruses of excellent classic boogie and begins to stroke steady chords with his left hand, somewhat as Garner was to do later. Ammons, however, plays it eight to the bar, moving around over some two octaves. Since he changes his chord every beat it's something of a

virtuoso performance but it doesn't have the emotional impact of the previous choruses of steady blues. The tracks with Harry James are surprisingly successful. James shows neither rhythmic nor melodic imagination, but he plays with real restraint and taste, and gets some variety by alternating muted choruses with open ones. Both pianists are excellent as accompanists as well as on their own choruses.

**Boogie Woogie Prayer** has Ammons, Johnson, and Lewis at two pianos. The hazards of this kind of experiment precluded really good blues playing. There are two basses going at once; otherwise the system seems to have been to have one "soloing" by playing treble phrases while one of the other two fed him little chords and riffs at a slightly lower register. Ammons and Johnson have most of the "solo" work. It gets out of hand about half way through; the second half is sloppy.

The remaining three tracks, to repeat myself, are not in the same blues tradition. **Little Joe from Chicago** is a Mary Lou Williams solo, and has her characteristic light, stroking touch. She uses the octave walking bass, but varies it each chorus; her phrasing includes boogie, swing, and bop elements. I've never liked Mary Lou's boogie playing as much as her other work but this is as fine an example of it as I know. James P. Johnson's **A-flat Dream** is on the blues changes and has a rolling bass of sorts for seven choruses, over which he plays descending phrases which are Harlem ragtime, related in no way to the Western blues style. After these seven choruses he introduces a totally different motif with its own progression, carries this through a kind of interlude characterized by lines in the left hand accompanied by chords in the right, and ends, still with the second motif, in several choruses of stride. I greatly admire James P.'s work, but I don't think he was ever a blues player, and the blues choruses on this tune, completely divorced from the funky sorrow or joy of players like Yancey and Ammons, sound a little silly. The stride choruses are much better.

**K. K. Boogie** is played by a Red Allen group in a hot jump style. This pianist is Ken Kersey, the fine transitional swing-bop player. Kersey opens with three choruses of quasi-boogie, the band riffing under him. Hall, Allen, and Higginbotham each have a chorus, all respectable but ordinary (though Harry James could have learned something about time from Allen here), and Kersey has two more choruses of what was then very modern playing including the chromatic changes. Loud riff rideout. Boogie woogie was, God knows a limited form but it was not an emotionally lightweight music. Like Albert Ammons boogie woogie shouts for joy, but always with the undercurrent of sorrow common to good blues of any era. Those interested in roots can hear where funk came from.

Mait Edey



# RECONSIDERATIONS / Duke Jordan

**They Can't Take That Away From Me** by Duke Jordan. Signal S-1202.

There is always a tendency in the criticism of any art to devote almost exclusive attention to its major artists. Only too often men of smaller but nonetheless fine talents are forgotten, and the notice due them is non-existent, slight, or late in coming.

Duke Jordan, an apt case in point, has been a part of jazz since the 'forties and bop. He recorded, as a sideman, with the most respected leaders of the "modern" movement. For about three years he was the pianist with Charlie Parker's quintet when such remarkable recordings as **Dewey Square** and **Scrapple from the Apple** were made. Yet Jordan has been the most consistently underrated and ignored pianist in modern jazz.

Reasons for such lack of appreciation are not obscure. Jordan's is not a major talent like those of such diverse figures as Waller, Tatum, Powell, and Monk. Furthermore, in many respects his style has not even had the advantage of being a fashionable one, for Jordan's roots are more in the swing piano style of a Teddy Wilson than in the archetypical modern style of Bud Powell, from whom the majority of modern pianists, in one way or another, stem.

Now, of course, Powell's is, at its best, an extremely personal style which can be copied, but which can not be easily assimilated. Like Parker's, Powell's improvisations often consist of short fragments yoked together by their mood of intense exacerbation. But, in strictly pianistic terms, Powell introduced the single note lines punctuated by short thrusts from the left hand which were the pianistic counterpart of the weirdly dancing horn lines of bop. Adapting the piano to bop as a full solo instrument, Powell became the dominant influence on jazz piano, an influence which has held. Of course, we are now witnessing in the work of a man like Bill Evans and in the recent interest in Thelonious Monk (who was not and is not a bop stylist) a reassessment of the solo piano in jazz, actually as a part of the general reassessment and realignment now occurring in jazz. However, during the past ten or twelve years many pianists have been discovered and hailed almost solely for their ability to run the changes of standard tunes in the Powell manner, although they lack Powell's gift of making a whole of fragmented melodies.

Duke Jordan has, certainly, not been untouched by Powell's influence. His right hand patterns frequently show a debt to Powell. Yet Jordan's style is essentially his own, and bears its own mark of excellence. Jordan manifests little interest in developing melodic fragments on the changes and linking

them together in complexes of musical thought. Essentially Jordan develops his solos into wholes which have a striking yet obvious internal logic of their own. Perhaps one can hear this most clearly heard in his solo version of **They Can't Take That Away From Me**, a work which exhibits, nearly flawlessly, all of his virtues. His finely balanced sense of time and placement produces the neatly articulated attack of the recording. But the most impressive feature of this improvisation is, quite simply, its own development, for Jordan places prime emphasis on flow and continuity; he approaches his solo almost as an exercise in unity. And throughout, we are aware of a developing melodic entity which exhibits a tight internal logic. We feel the presence of a probing, if somewhat conservative, musical intelligence shaping a variation of great subtlety and beauty.

This performance is, I think, Jordan's masterpiece. However, we must not think of it as an isolated item in his work. Although he has not been well served by recording companies as a solo pianist on his own, enough examples exist to testify that an additional point in Jordan's favor is his consistency. We can find this same scrupulous attention to coherent devel-

opment in his solo on **Brill's Blues** with Louis Smith (Blue Note 1584) where he again develops a unified melody which stands out sharply against the rather routine running of changes on the rest of that piece. A blowing date is notoriously not the place to expect much consistent melodic development. Yet, on the above mentioned recording, we find Jordan paying constant attention not to the changes themselves, but to possibilities inherent in them. One may well contend that such attention is only to be expected from any serious jazz musician. But on the bulk of recordings solists often lend them to a facile running of the changes to disguise their lack of ideas.

Any discussion of Jordan would necessarily be incomplete without some mention of perhaps the most striking quality of his work, its essential lyricism, a lyricism which virtually thrusts the melodic line upon us by simple and beautiful singing qualities. Jordan's lines do nearly sing themselves in their purity of phrase and flowing ease of development.

Surely, Duke Jordan is a remarkable and original pianist of great talent, and it has never been just to allow such a talent so few outlets as his has had.

H. A. Woodfin

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# BOOK REVIEWS

## DISCOGRAPHY OF DUKE ELLINGTON

by Jorgen Grunnet Jepsen, with biographical notes by Knud H. Ditlevsen. Denmark, 1959. (3 volumes, 24 pp. each: Vol. 1, 1925 - Dec. 1936; Vol. 2, Jan. 1937 - Dec. 1946; Vol. 3, July 1947 - July 21, 1958.)

Available in the East from Walter C. Allen, 168 Cedar Hill Ave., Belleville 9, N. J. In the West from Ernest Edwards, 718 S. Keenan Ave., Los Angeles 22, Calif.

This set inaugurates a new series of publications by Debut Records, Denmark. Scheduled are separate discographies of Armstrong, Morton, Kenton, Basie, Lester, Yardbird, and Miles. It is to be hoped that the forthcoming publications prove as valuable as the present set, which supersedes Benny H. Aasland's *The "Wax Works of Duke Ellington"* (Sweden, 1954) and the more easily obtainable and more outdated Carey and McCarthy's *Jazz Directory — Vol. 3* (England, 1950). It is not as scholarly or as comprehensive as the Aasland work, which is a miniature coded encyclopedia that does not lend itself to casual perusal. Unlike Aasland, who attempted to list all issues on a world-wide basis, Jepsen notes only U. S., British, and Scandinavian releases, except where an exclusive or unusual title is available elsewhere.

Probably as a result of the book's having been printed in English in Denmark, typographical errors abound. These errors, few of which are crucial, and many unintentionally humorous, do not appear to extend to listings of catalog numbers, master numbers, or take numbers.

Apart from containing the first chronology of recordings of the past five years, the work cites numerous issues of alternate takes, mainly among Victor sessions recorded between 1927 and 1930, which were issued on domestic records, and Columbia properties recorded during the late 1930's pressed by foreign affiliates.

Jepsen appears to have enjoyed the cooperation of Victor and Columbia, and as a result many unissued titles and personnel are listed for the first time. Capitol, on the other hand, does

not release data on unissued recordings, although master number gaps would indicate at least seven unissued Ellington titles.

Among the highlights in this new information are a probable Ellington-Blanton duet, *Smartypants*, recorded at their Columbia session; personnel corrections for recent Columbia lp's; and the disclosure that, except for two titles, the *Newport — 1958* album was actually recorded in New York almost three weeks after the concert it purportedly documents.

While V-Discs and bootleg records are listed and the author claims to list only commercial recordings of Ellington, this work shares the weakness of its predecessors in its failure to include Ellington's numerous transcriptions. Except where a transcription is given as the source of a bootleg issue, this area is largely ignored. Thus, only twenty of his twenty-nine Standard Transcription titles are described, only several of the sixty titles recorded for World Transcriptions are noted, and the sixty-eight titles made for Capitol Transcriptions are ignored entirely. It would, perhaps, be unreasonable to expect listings of his Treasury Broadcasts and other special discs made for radio broadcasting use, but commercial transcriptions which were in general (if restricted) circulation should be taken into account.

The unhappy fact that emerges from a careful reading of the discography is the lack of availability of Ellington's works. Although he has recorded approximately 1,200 titles for commercial records, only about 200 are presently obtainable, and these are chiefly recordings of the past eight years. This neglect of the older performances is not likely to be rectified in future release schedules of the major companies. Reissues occur infrequently, while cut-outs continue steadily. Within the past few months, Columbia cut out several albums, including *Blue Light* (CL 663), and *Liberia Suite and Harlem* (CL 848); Capitol eliminated *Dance to the Duke* (T 637); and Victor dropped the almost indispensable *Duke and His Men* (LPM 1092) at approximately the same time that they reissued the *Black, Brown and Beige* album (LPM 1715).

The discography concludes with sketchy biographies of major Ellington sidemen. In view of the band's numerous repeated recordings of some material, the space might have been more profitably utilized by printing a title index such as that in Aasland's work.

Despite shortcomings, this work is the best currently available Ellington discography. This initial publication augurs well for this Danish venture and, if future discographies of major artists are as competently presented, the series will have performed a needed service.

Louis Levy

## DISCOGRAPHY OF MILES DAVIS

by Jorgen Grunnet Jepsen with biographical notes by Knud H. Ditlevsen. Denmark, 1959.

Discographies are not only valuable aids to the investigating critic and fan but often help one to find hidden treasures that he never imagined to exist. The two that come immediately to mind are Charles Delaunay's *Hot Discography* and Albert J. McCarthy's *Jazz Directory*. Since the advent of the 12-inch lp, it has been virtually impossible for the discographers to keep pace. Lately there has been a trend toward discographies of one important man at a time. England's fine magazine, *Jazz Monthly*, has done some very good work in this direction.

Europeans, in general, seem to take discography more seriously than their American jazz counterparts do. This is further exemplified by a series being issued by Debut Records of Brande, Denmark. The seriousness is represented by the very fact that they are being published but the product, in the case of their first effort, shows that this concern does not carry over to the care with which they are being prepared.

*Discography of Miles Davis* is the work of Jorgen Grunnet Jepsen, a gentleman who has been responsible, along with Alun Morgan, for much of the discography in *Jazz Monthly*. This paper-bound is cheaply put together and has enough wrong information to make one uncomfortable. After all, the prime purpose of a discography is to dispense correct information about its subject.

The reverse photograph on the cover does no good to any one. Page 2 raises the first question. Miles is listed as the trumpeter on a Herbie Fields Savoy session of May 6, 1945. McCarthy's *Jazz Directory* lists Snooky Young. Since I haven't been able to get hold of a copy or ask Miles, I must allow that Jepsen might have something if he goes out of his way to state this so emphatically. (Do any readers know these sides, *Just Relaxin', Run Down and Four O'Clock Blues*?)

He is wrong in the next grouping when he says that Miles appears only on *Billie's Bounce* and *Now's The Time* from the November 26, 1945 Charlie Parker date. Miles also plays on *Thriving From A Riff* as our ears have long told us and Sadik Hakim has corroborated (*The Jazz Review*, February 1959).

In the Billy Eckstine band listing that follows, Kenny Dorham is not listed. It has always seemed his sound and style on *Hitman* to me. The Leonard Haskins on trumpet is most probably Leonard Hawkins. Josh Jackson, alto sax, is really John Jackson. On page 3, Clap Dungee is, in reality, Flap Dungee, a Chicago altoman who later recorded with Gene Ammons on Mer-

cury. On page 11, *I'll Know*, on the Sonny Rollins Prestige side of January 17, 1957, is *I know*, an original on Confirmation changes by Sonny Miles' Blue Note date of May 9, 1952 has *Change It* instead of the correct title, *Chance It*. On the same page, in listing the Davis Prestige session of October 5, 1951, Jepsen states that Jackie McLean is only heard on master number 232 (*Dig*). Actually, he is on all but *Paper Moon* and *My Old Flame*. Page 14, the Prestige session of August 5th, 1955. *Dr. Jackie* should read *Dr. Jackle*. Just *Squeeze Me* on November 16, 1955 session is *When Lights Are Low*. This was a Prestige goof which reviewers caught. Page 15 — Prestige session of May 11, 1956. Unissued title, *A Dream I Had Last Night* could possibly be the old *Something I Dreamed Last Night* which Kay Penton did for Musicraft.

The biography on the last page by Knud Ditlevsen has a lot of history familiar to Davis fans. At the close, he describes Miles' style as "relaxed, flexible, very lyrical and perfect."

I have never thought of Miles as being perfect but compared to this discography, Bunk Johnson without his teeth might well have been. \$1.25 a copy seems to me prohibitive for this Davis discography. Let us hope that the volumes mentioned on the back cover (Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Jelly Roll Morton, Stan Kenton, Count Basie, Lester Young, Charlie Parker) are improvements on this try.

Ira Gitler

**THE COLLECTOR'S JAZZ: MODERN**  
by John S. Wilson. J. B. Lippincott Company, 1959.

This book is divided into two parts. In the first Mr. Wilson presents a summary of trends in jazz over the past two decades, concerning himself solely with the idioms that have grown from the expansion of the early 'forties. He says nothing of the swing revival, which I assume was dealt with in the preceding volume. The second and larger section is devoted to a series of short studies of musicians who have been featured on microgroove as leaders, from Pepper Adams to Webster Young. Records are listed, characteristics enumerated, and judgments passed. The limits under which Wilson chose to work were arduous and on the whole they have got the better of him. The easy way out when space is short is to indulge in generalizations, and this he is all too apt to do. He is far too fond of fitting each school into its own snug little compartment. To read his summary one would imagine that the lines of demarcation were far more rigid than has actually been the case. Miles Davis, for instance, is cited as having been a major exponent of the cool mode, but we read not a word about the asymmetry of phrase that was so vital a legacy from his early

career. I am not suggesting that Wilson should have gone into similar detail all the time, but a few hints of this sort would have toned down the impression of stylistic autonomy. Sometimes we find him craftily adjusting the facts to fit his perspective. "Mulligan himself", we read, in connexion with the forming of his quartet, "by this time, had passed out of his cool period to a guttier, earthier style". Those familiar with the 1951 Prestige album, not to mention such 1949 Kai Winding sextet sides as *Waterworks* and *A Night on Bop Mountain*, will take this with the appropriate pinch of salt.

What amounts to an obsession with schools and styles is carried over into the second part of the book, but manifests itself in a more insidious way. It is evident that a reviewer is not going to agree with all the judgments expressed. If I take exception to Wilson's estimates of, say, John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, Jackie McLean — or of their records dealt with — that is beside the point; but to condemn almost all the musicians that the public herds together under "hard bop" is a different affair. This is what Wilson has done, and the only conclusion one can draw is that the emotional flavor of the music has been too much for him. At any rate, he makes no effort to penetrate the surface. His dislike of extended improvisation seems to me very suspect, for it is hardly an attitude one expects to find in a writer with pretensions to being an authority. Nor, to judge from his summary rejection of Rollins' *Saxophone Colossus* album, can I take his implied respect for form at all seriously.

This depressing passion for brevity is perhaps no more than a symptom; the real weakness of the book lies as much in its conception as in its execution. To attempt to deal adequately with all these stylists in the space available borders upon arrogance. To be sure, the author sometimes brings it off, usually with mediocre artists who have been heavily recorded: Rogers, Shank, Previn and Graas, those veterans of the Hollywood studios, come in for at least a little of the censure they deserve. However, more often than not he does no more than scrape the surface.

The volume's chief merit is the research which has gone into its compilation. Wilson is to be applauded for his thoroughness in listing a high percentage of the records available, including those he personally dislikes. For that reason the book will serve as a guide for the casual listener or the newcomer to jazz; but not for a moment would I recommend it on the strength of the author's views, or for his prose style. Though he hits on the occasional happy metaphor, the avalanche of adjectives is enough to crush the spirit of the most patient reader

Michael James

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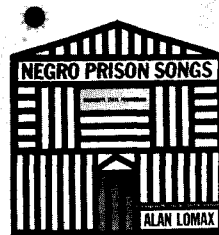


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## JAZZ IN PRINT

by NAT HENTOFF

In the steadily improving Down Beat, John Mehegan's Report from Africa in the November 26 issue is an excellent combination of factual reporting and indignant social commentary (the latter usually cancels out the former). Down Beat points out that those who'd like to help South African musicians "can send instruments, new or secondhand books of music instruction, sheet music, etc., to Mr. Mehegan at 233 E. 69th St., New York 21, N.Y. Checks or money orders should be made out to the Union of South African Artists, a group dedicated to helping African artists." The magazine fortunately has resumed identifying its record reviewers. Newly added (in three cases, re-added) are John S. Wilson, Ralph Gleason, Leonard Feather and Ira Gitler. They All Played Ragtime, an important survey of ragtime history by Rudi Blesh and Harriet Janis is newly available in a revised edition published by Grove Press. It's \$3.95 cloth and \$1.95 paper. A new jazz quarterly is announced by Nouvelles Editions Musicals Modernes 3, rue de l'Echelle, Paris, 1. First issue was

due in November and among the contents are essays by trumpeter Roger Guerin on Louis Armstrong's style; a piece on gypsy jazzmen by Michel-Claude Jalard; a history of jazz piano from Jelly Roll to Tatum by Eddie Bernard and a continuation from Monk to Silver by Henri Renaud. We wish Les Cahiers du Jazz luck.

Sam Charters, an unusually valuable field recorder who has produced several albums for Folkways, had a piece on Hunting Music in the South in the Recordings supplement of the November 15 New York Times. Worth getting almost as much for the notes as for the music is Charters' Music of the Bahamas, Volume Two, Folkways FS 3845.

Richard Watts in The New York Post: "It cheered me to be told there's a jazz musician named Sharkey Banana." Back in the days when the United Fruit Company hired the Strekfus brothers to run boats along the Mississippi? Cassell, the London publisher who has helped support the Dave Carey-Albert McCarthy Jazz Directory, has started a new series of small, inexpensive books, Kings of Jazz. The first four are Duke Ellington by

G.E. Lambert; Dizzy Gillespie by Michael James; Bessie Smith by Paul Oliver; and Bix Beiderbecke by Burnett James. What may be the most controversial review of Erroll Garner yet to appear in a major publication was Whitney Balliett's in the October 24 New Yorker. Covering his Carnegie Hall concert, Balliett wrote:

"...Garner, no longer a true improviser or even embellisher, now approaches a melody as if it were a batrack, by draping it heavily with sets of well-tested, often selfcaricaturing mannerisms that make even his accompanying vocal effects...seem predictable."

Francis Newton, reviewing Dizzy Gillespie in the New Statesman: "Mr. Gillespie (nobody who plays an instrument with such effortless technical command and musical intelligence should be patronised, even by reviewers) is as old-fashioned and vulgar a showman as Louis Armstrong: a mugger, a scene-stealer, a music-hall comedian. He is at the same time an intellectual, and doubtless the only reason why he is no longer, as he once was, the acknowledged chief of the avant-garde, is because the fashion there is for a more serious, introverted and humorless type of behavior...I rather think that he is a great man." Newton also wrote about the Brubeck Quartet that "its merits are modest...though one cannot deny talent and devotion to Paul Desmond, who lectures mildly down his saxophone like an economics don evolving a theory of international trade."

Red Allen, making his first European trip, told Max Jones of the Melody Maker: "Honestly, I feel honored. In Vienna the other week, I was entering Fatty George's club and the first thing that caught my eye was a big picture of my father, Henry Allen Senior. That was kicks."

In his October editorial in Jazz Monthly, Albert McCarthy reported with acerbity on a panel discussion at the Toronto Jazz Festival last July. He based his reactions on a report that appeared in Coda (P.O. Box 87, Station "J", Toronto 6, Ontario, Canada). "One point," wrote McCarthy, "struck me forcibly, and that was when Professor Stearns criticized Joe Glaser for wanting too much money to send Louis Armstrong to Russia. To quote him again: 'Dizzy and the others got only half the fee they'd normally get when they toured for the State Department, but they were very glad to go. Joe Glaser wanted Fort Knox for Louis' I never expected to find myself supporting Mr. Glaser on any point but are we to understand from this that the State Department is too hard up to pay an artist his normal fee when he sets off on a 'goodwill' tour on its behalf? It seems a pretty poor show when a governmental department is reduced to asking for cut prices—this in a country that boasts, correctly, of its high living standards and wages too! I feel that the American trade unions should really give Mr. Glaser an honorary award for his firm stand on the principle of an honest price for the job."

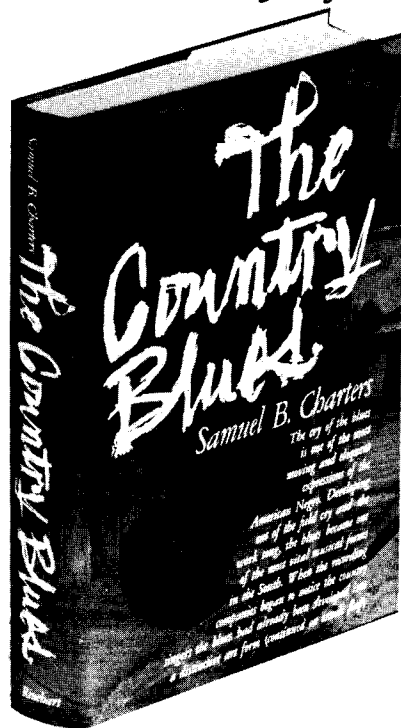
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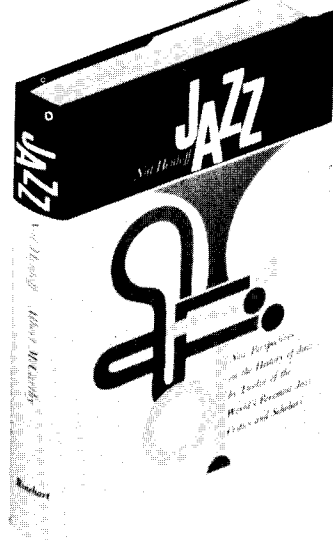
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Nat Hentoff, writer on jazz and editor of *The Jazz Review*, is also an editor of two of the foremost books in the field, *THE JAZZ MAKERS* and *HEAR ME TALKIN' TO YA*. His co-editor, Albert McCarthy is a British jazz critic and editor of *Jazz Monthly*. These two authorities in the field have now created a book with an entirely new approach to jazz. *JAZZ* is the *only* book of its kind to reflect the revolution which has been taking place in jazz criticism.

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Corrections to the conversations with James P. Johnson from an interested reader: "James P. was not the first Negro to cut his own ragtime compositions on piano roll . . . Yamekraw is a concert suite, not a movie score . . ." Same reader notes that in the review here of Brownie McGhee's album, "Brownie wasn't singing duets with himself. The album is Brownie and Sonny Terry sing."

Paul Oliver is starting a research column on blues material for the British Jazz Monthly. It'll be called "Screening the Blues." He would appreciate any help concerning themes of the blues, biographical data, etc. "It will not be a discographical feature," he explains, "but what I hope to do is to open up new lines of enquiry."

Doris Lilly, New York Post society columnist, reviewing Ella Fitzgerald at the Waldorf: "You don't have to be hip to enjoy this kind of music, as illustrated by one lady in our party who thought Ma Rainey was married to Pa Kettle, and refused to leave until after the second show."

Brill's Weekly, an enticing newsletter for bibliophiles, available from Brill's, Leiden (The Netherland) announced a two-volume set of A.M. Jones Studies in African Music, 1959. Second volume has over 250 pages of transcriptions and demonstrates "the rhythmic principles involved in African ensemble music, and includes the virtuoso playing of spontaneous 'variations on a theme' by the Master Drummer." Brill's list includes used as well as new books.

Max Jones reports in the Melody Maker that Mezz Mezzrow may release unissued takes of the King Jazz sides with Sidney Bechet...The newest edition of the Library of Congress catalogue of available folk music -- many of them examples of first-rate field work by the Lomaxes and others -- can be obtained by sending a quarter to the Music Division -- Recording Laboratory, Reference Department, Library of Congress, Washington 25, D.C. Ask for: Folk Music: A Selection of Folk Songs, Ballads, Dances, Instrumental Pieces, and Folk Tales of the United States and Latin America...According to the Boston Globe, "In experiments at Oxford University, Dr. Ian Oswald of the Institute of Experimental Psychology, has proved that some [jazz] fans are asleep nearly half the time they are listening. Dr. Oswald used eight volunteers. Two were jazz fanatics, four liked it, one was indifferent and one hated it. He 'wired up' their scalps and nerve centers to an electronic brain-wave recorder. Then, in sessions totaling nearly three hours, he played records of the university jazz band and the world's top swing musicians. The volunteers had to beat time with their feet and hands. Some, he reports, 'came to what jazz lovers call being "sent".' All their brains went to sleep, for periods of up to a minute. The six who liked jazz spent between a third and a half of the time unconscious, although their feet and hands tapped on. Two began beating in time with the jazz beat. Clarinet solos 'produced the nearest approach to ecstasy.'"

From this layman's viewpoint, one of the best and clearest books on the subject of sound reproduction is The Sound of High Fidelity by Robert Oakes Jordan and James Cunningham (\$3.95, Windsor Press, 200 East Ontario Street, Chicago 11, Illinois).

Livio Cerro has written Il Mondo del Jazz (Nistri-Lischi, Italy). It'll be reviewed here by Gianfranco Corsini...Look for an important book by Fred Ramsey, Jr., due soon via Rutgers University Press. Been Here and Gone is based on his Southern trips on which he recorded over a hundred hours of interviews, songs, performances. Pictures also by Ramsey.

André Hodeir writing another book on jazz. His volume, Contemporary Music, on modern classical music, is being translated for publication in America by Grove Press... Louis Moreau Gottschalk, the 19th century composer and virtuoso pianist, was the first American composer to use Afro-American themes and rhythms in his compositions. For background, a new biography is Where The World Ends: The Life of Louis Moreau Gottschalk (Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge, Louisiana)... From Germany, Joachim Berendt has written Das Neue Jazzbüch with musical examples. Publisher is Fischer Bucherei, Frankfurt am Main und Hamburg, Germany...A new novel, Easy Living by Maitland Zane (Dial Press) has to do with "an ex-addict who is always in danger of going back on drugs again. He was once a first-rate jazz musician but now he only feels fat and aimless - until he meets Dolores." Review later...Spike



# Jazz Dance Mambo Dance

ROGER PRYOR DODGE

## JAZZ DANCE AND MAMBO DANCE

There is a complete confusion in our understanding of both the dance and the music of the Mambo. We often hear the chronology given as Charleston, Black Bottom, Lindy Hop, Big Apple, Apple Jack, and finally Mambo. We hear loose talk of the influence of Cuban rhythms on modern jazz either through the introduction of a lone Conga-drum artist into a band or by jazz musicians switching to Cuban rhythmic instruments. Whatever the future holds in the way of Mambo-jazz-dance or Cuban-jazz-music, at present the two musics and the two dances are quite different.

When Americans expert in the Lindy Hop, white or Negro, do the Mambo at the Palladium there is no trace of the Lindy Hop or any other dance in their performances. The differences between the Mambo and the Lindy Hop are as complete as the differences between a Viennese Waltz and a tango, though the Waltz is no longer truly Viennese nor the Tango Argentine. As exports both have undergone a process of attrition during the past fifty years, and have lost much of their original character. But dancers get their kicks from the differences between Tango, Foxtrot and Waltz, not in trying to amalgamate them. And so it is with the Mambo and the Lindy Hop. Their music is completely different—at least it is now. And the delightful feeling of relaxed "out and in" momentum, like the swing of a pendulum, in the right-hand break-away of the Lindy Hop danced at moderate tempo is not to be

found in the break-away in the Mambo.

The Mambo is primarily a development of the Rumba, with its box-step, its pivots in both directions, its break-away, its distinctive placing of feet and distribution of body weight. The basic Mambo of couple-dancing is a natural evolution of the box-step which does not change the two-step rhythm or anapest of the rumba, but flattened its box-like character into a forward and backward movement. The pivots remained the same, the breaks for all practical purposes are the same; the change was merely in the flattening of the box. With the flattening of the box, many proficient dancers have shifted the whole step from the musical count of one to that of two (4/4 time). The Rumba like all Nineteenth Century dances, was tied to the musical bar, in this case 2/4 time; the mambo, with the many beats of the rhythm section, was better expressed in 4/4, and dancers no longer felt tied down to the musical first beat. Many of them start on beat two or even beat four, which are the off-beats as in jazz. This shift in rhythm is an accomplishment that Lindy Hoppers never attained. They merely used either the first or second strong beat (first or third musical beat); they never shifted their strong beat to the weak, the two or four, of the music.

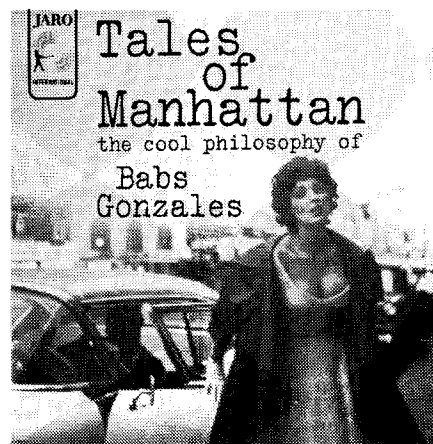
Another innovation in the Mambo is the complete break-away where the partners dance facing each other most of the time. Although the break-away is complete physically the partners follow the two-bar sequence

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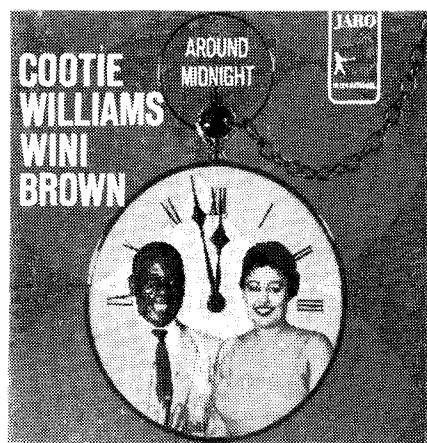


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(a step on the left foot—one bar—presumes its alternate on the other) in which the girl can either pick up her partner's step quickly or use a step of her own choice. We do not see this close connection without physical contact in the Lindy Hop. Lindy Hoppers sometimes parted and did a boogie woogie step toward each other, but constant separation through a great variety of steps was never a part of the dance.

In the separate position, arm movements become a very significant part of the Mambo. The reaching out and bringing back of the arms, somewhat analogous to arm movements in flamenco dancing, becomes a very conscious occupation. The arms move either in unison or alternately to and fro, and the movements achieve great style.

As in the Lindy Hop, the dancers in the separated position often perform antics of the most extreme kind, doing either picked-up or remembered steps or movements of the wildest abandon dictated from within. During these excursions the girl maintains the two-bar pattern to guide her partner's return.

When a dancer in the Lindy Hop or the Mambo abandons the style of either and performs personal expressionistic movements he is doing neither dance. And until this abandonment becomes organized and a procedure common to both dances established, they remain different. I would say that the greatest significance of both dances is attained when these abandoned movements, more frequent in the Mambo as danced at the Palladium than in the Lindy Hop, are absent or kept to a minimum. The great *style* of the Mambo is rarely retained in these exhibitions, and the dance seems to fall apart. For the Mambo is a great dance, certainly in a class with the Lindy Hop. But I find that the pattern of movement in the Lindy Hop, especially during the periods when complete break-away is not attempted, helps to discipline the dancers in a way that the Mambo, with its tendency towards abandon, does not.

#### THE PRESENTATION OF THE JAZZ DANCE

Great difficulties are encountered in taking an art, a "time art," out of one milieu and placing it in another. In the major arts we have an endless repertory of works suitable for exhibition. Even improvised jazz can

stand up under the scrutiny of a passive and critical audience, but dance, aside from the concert dance, has neither material nor improvisational procedures which give the semblance of completed works. Attempts to make a "show" of jazz dancing have always been abortive, in spite of the terrific impact of dancers graduated from the Lindy Hop. Short turns climaxed with their best work have been programmed, and aroused great enthusiasm from audiences, but such shows are geared to give the greatest punch possible to an audience with little understanding of the dance miracle before their eyes. There is nothing substantive which can be watched with relaxation and with keen interest.

When Herbert White presented his Lindy Hoppers at the New York World's Fair, he chose a framework which seems has since to have become standard in the presentation of Negro Dance. Whitey had to provide a fairly long program, though not a complete evening. He had no repertory of works, and could not present the dancing of the Savoy Ballroom in its original form as a stage presentation, however, enjoyable it was to watch in its own milieu. Whitey took their best dance, the fast Lindy Hop, and built a group dance around it, using all their aerial acrobatics as a climax to his program. The dancing and the acrobatics together carried a terrific effect. This was one instance where a white-heat performance carried impact of electrifying force, felt even by spectators who had no acquaintance with the Lindy. But unfortunately, the format of jazz dance history provided very tame entertainment indeed. Still for that time, and for the conglomerate audience that passed through the World's Fair, such a program probably amused and held the attention as well as, or better than, a more serious and varied use of the many possibilities in the Lindy Hop.

Mura Dehn used this same format many times without, of course, achieving the impact possible with a whole Whitey contingent. Except for those who made excursions to the Savoy people never saw the Lindy Hop by great dancers. They were usually horrified by the less professional "antics" of their jitterbug children (in spite, I would say, of the excellence of the antics), and when faced with a great Lindy Hop-

per they respond with instant enthusiasm. Mura Dehn's presentation usually consisted of many dancers and a small band. 'History telling' was a small part of the proceedings. Among the dancers were two from the original Whitey group, Leon James and Al Minns.

With Marshall Stearns as interlocutor and commentator these two dancers have expanded the format by—among other items—imitations of Arthur Murray's teaching some of these steps, followed by an exhibition of how they should be done. The demonstration of step chronology became the mainstay of the performance; actual dancing was cut to the minimum. With only two performers, a long program of jazz dancing is grueling, even though they present only bits and snatches of their material. However, at the old Savoy Ballroom we used to see dancers keep it up all evening, because they danced without bearing down too hard on their physical stamina.

It is sad that of the multitudes of fine dancers, which far exceed the number of jazz musicians, should survive no more than these two. It is easy to understand why people are so enthusiastic over them; they are authentic survivors of the magnificence that came to life in places like the Savoy. Leon James and Al Minns are the products of those days and carry in their bodies sparks of the fire that inflamed all the Lindy Hoppers. James is a great dancer who has it in him to do terrific things. Al Minns is of the same school and has much to give in the Lindy Hop and its related dances. Although both have a fine stage presence and a talent for impersonation, I find that when they burlesque an awkward Murray pupil or even Snake Hips himself, they are not nearly as great as when doing the Lindy and jazz.

There is some talk both within Stearns' presentation and elsewhere that the jazz dance is neglected. Maybe this is so, but I am inclined to believe that it is up to the dancers themselves to present their work to the best advantage by attacking the problem of stage presentation. The dance in its natural habitat does not provide for the slightest beginnings towards presentation, as music so successfully does, although the material created on the polished dance floor has great import and certainly

can be used as basis for further developments. It is up to the dancers, the only ones who really know their art, to make this effort, instead of relying on their own innate ability to 'just dance'. All the ballroom dancers back to Maurice and Walton, the Castles and Joan Sawyer, in the glorious days before lifts, developed their art, routined it, in a word, choreographed. They were very great dancers but they did much more than 'just dance'. On whatever level we place exhibition ballroom dancing, at least it was well presented. Let us see a far greater dance make use of the same advantages. The jazz dance and the Mambo dance are expressions of certain segments of our society which have now infiltrated the whole. Let us see its proponents emerge as creative exponents of this dancing and carry it to new heights of excellence.

#### **DANCE STYLE AND MUSICAL STYLE**

To the question "which came first, dance or music?" there is no hard and fast answer. Some dances show an obvious rhythmic individuality; some are made up of combinations of two rhythms, such as the two-bar steps; while some steps, although they give a positive impression of identity, have nothing about their rhythmic basis which suggests a musical phrase. The Boogie Woogie two bar step (boogie woogie music has no actual relation to the dance step) is an example. The famous single step, the Charleston, suggests the rhythm 4/4

but does not explicitly state it. For example the Charleston step has four definite beats within its length of one bar. If the music is not fast a dancer can hurry his second beat to coincide with the second strong syncopated beat in the music.

The Charleston rhythm, on the other hand, pervades all music, and for our purposes is predominate in ragtime. Nevertheless the Charleston rhythm had not, up to the time of James P. Johnson's composition **Charleston** (introduced in the musical **Runnin' Wild**), become unmistakably identified. While ragtime sheet music and piano rolls are records of the past, the elusive elements of the dance are lost. Whether the dancers actually used a charleston rhythm before James P's piece I do not know. Since that time and with the help of a music strongly accenting this rhythm, the dancers

still do not actually follow it, but give the impression that they do only because we associate the step with a music having this rhythm. Maybe James P. made a point of constantly holding to this rhythm because of the impression he got from the dancers, or very likely with the music in a slower tempo some dancers did more than just give an impression of the rhythm and did accent it. Certainly the dance was not evolved to fit James P's composition; rather James P's derived his music from his impression of the dancers, with the possibility that some of them actually may have followed the musical rhythm. Thus our visual impression of the step is influenced by the Charleston rhythm in the music so that whatever the dancer is doing we assume he is still following the musical rhythm.

Generally speaking, music and dance are free agents going separate ways, and a great deal of what appears to be an affinity is a matter of association on our part. Any music today is a highly complicated and self-sufficient entity. As an adjunct of the dance its rhythmic potentialities. This results not so much in rhythmic patterns corresponding to certain specific steps, but rather in electrifying the beat itself. This beat liberates the dancer, fortifies him in his performance as the beat of a drummer liberates the melody players and gives them such assurance that they venture into extended improvisations without losing themselves. The copying of drum work by the melody instruments, or of dance steps by the music or visa versa is not the crux of the situation. The crux is the liberty and inspiration one can give the other by vitalizing and solidifying the beat.

With the swing bands, the Lindy Hop reached its climax. They emphasized a beat highly inciting to dancing, whatever values the music had otherwise. It is the feeling for swing which differentiates the Lindy from the incessant head-over-heels character of Mambo music. The Lindy Hop did not develop further after its free association with swing music. The advent of bop was an affair of music alone, though of course it did evolve out of a strictly **dance** music. Thereafter, though the music continued to develop, it did so entirely on its own, and not as a stimulous to the dance—a common phenomenon throughout musical history.

As bop became the vogue, with its new and different beat and mood, the dancers merely interpreted it. But the interpretation of specific musical works in the concert dance is not the same as a group interpretation of music. The latter, of course, is far more self-sufficient, although dependent on the music. In the history of dancing we do not find any suggestion of a long process of growth and development, though in Western dance some growth is evident in ballet. Music has a greater potential of growth and given the right conditions can go on and on for a long time putting out heavily new shoots from its trunk. Dance usually evolves into an interpretative art, after which it only changes its style to interpret better the spirit of the music. In this process it loses any self-sufficiency it may once have had. Although music as an art eventually takes precedence over the dance, this must not bind us to the fact that at the time the dance was completely independent and at its height they were equals.

The subsequent dixieland wave in jazz spread from certain young players who, back in the forties, revived, to the best of their abilities, the early New Orleans music. Its whole value and potency is due to their having returned to the very source of jazz rather than having exercised their talents on later musical styles. I believe that only when the new "jazz dancers", those of musical comedy and TV, feel a deep enough urge to return to the real jazz dance will they be able to establish something vital as **dance** and strong enough to be the basis of a future art. Certainly taking steps from ballet, modern dance or even the tap academy, infusing them with a few jazz movements have resulted in an insipid stylistic hodgepodge that has done no justice to the dance but much damage.

Of course jazz dancing was at a disadvantage from the beginning because it never really became a commodity, which as a "presentation," it must. Presentation dancers now face two tasks: they must revitalize the dance by going back to the source, and they must take up the problem of presentation.

The audience is ready. Are the dancers?

(This is the second of two articles on Jazz Dance and Mambo dance by Mr. Dodge.)

### COFFIN BLUES

Daddy, Oh daddy, won't you answer me please  
Daddy, Oh daddy, won't you answer me please  
All day I stood by your coffin, tryin' to give my poor heart ease.

I rubbed my hands over your head and whispered in your ear  
I rubbed my hands over your head and whispered in your ear  
And I wonder if you knew that your mama is near.

You told me that you loved me and I believe what you said  
You told me that you loved me and I believe what you said  
And I wished that I could fall here across your coffin dead.

When I left the undertaker's I couldn't help but cry  
And it hurt me so bad to tell the man I love goodbye.

(By Taylor & Dickerson. Sung by Ida Cox on Paramount 12318.  
Transcribed by Max Harrison.)

### DON'T YOU LEAVE ME HERE

Don't you leave me here,  
Don't you leave me here.  
If you jus' mus' go, sweet babe,  
Leave a dime for beer.

And the rooster crows,  
The hen ran around.  
She said, "If you want my fricassee,  
"You've gotta run me down."

Never had no one woman at a time,  
I always had six, seven, eight, or nine.

Don't you leave me here.

(Sung by Jelly Roll Morton on General  
4005-A. Transcribed by Theodore F. Watts.)

### ROCKS IN MY BED

My heart is heavy as lead because the blues is done spread rocks in my bed.  
Of all the people I see why do they pick on poor me and put rocks in my bed?  
All night long I weep so how can I sleep with rocks in my bed?

Well, if there two people in the world I just can't stand  
No, if there two people in the world I just can't stand  
That's a two-faceted (sic) woman, yes and a light man.

My baby's gone, I know she won't be back.  
My baby's gone, oh but I know she won't be back.  
Well, she's lower than a snake crawlin' down in a wagon track.

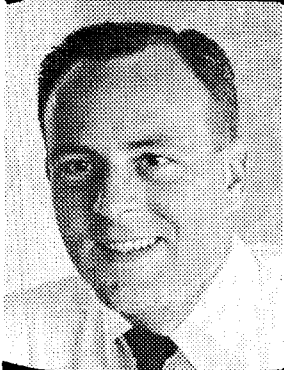
I'm gonna call up in China, I wanna see if my baby's over there.  
Yes, I'm gonna call up in China, I wanna see if my baby's over there.  
Well, I've got a feelin' my good gal's in the world somewhere.

I got rocks in my bed, I got rocks in my bed  
Rocks in my bed, yes there's rocks in my bed.  
I'm under-loved, I'm over-fed, my gal's gone so instead I've got rocks in my bed.

(By Leroy Carr. Sung by Joe Turner on Savoy MG 14016. Transcribed by Mimi  
Clar.)

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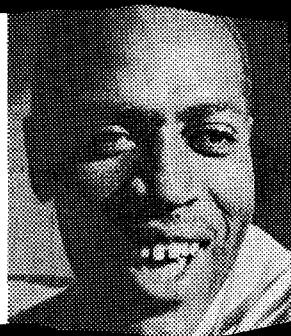
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THE JAZZ-KNOB AT THE CENTER OF THE FM DIAL

**FM 98**



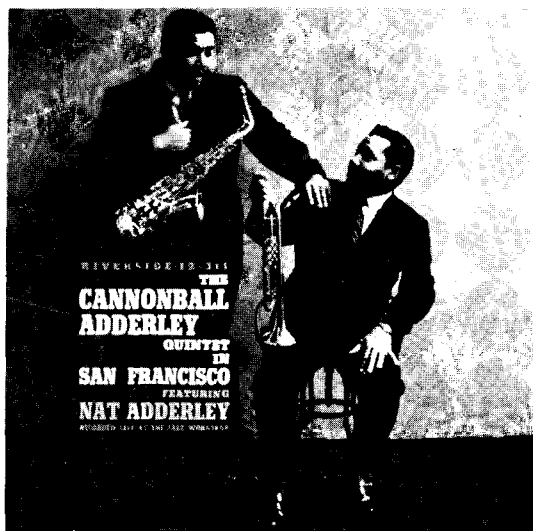
**KNOB**

# 1



One is for **THELONIOUS MONK**, that truly unique jazz giant, and also indicates that his latest on Riverside is a completely solo flight. Ten brilliant, introspective, witty and—as always—fascinating piano essays. Recorded on the West Coast, it includes Monk classics, new tunes, and at least one real surprise (dig “There’s Danger in Your Eyes, Cherie”). **THELONIOUS ALONE IN SAN FRANCISCO** (RLP 12-312; Stereo LP 1158)

# 2



Two is for **The CANNONBALL ADDERLEY** Quintet and the great Bobby Timmons tune, “This Here” (pronounced: Dish’eah — or somethin’ like that), is helping make the group’s first album a sensational best-seller. Recorded ‘live’ at San Francisco’s famed **JAZZ WORKSHOP**, the LP captures all the warmth, soul, and excitement of the new band everyone’s flipping for. **THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET IN SAN FRANCISCO** (RLP 12-311; Stereo LP 1157)

# 3



Three is for **BLUE MITCHELL**’s third Riverside album. And all indications are that this one hits the jackpot! For on this LP the richly talented young trumpet man really comes into his own as a major figure, in a remarkable display of forceful, sensitive, truly soulful jazz. Ably assisted by Wynton Kelly, Philly Joe Jones, and Jimmy Heath (a tenor man to watch, in his Riverside debut), Blue makes this a record to remember. **BLUE SOUL** (RLP 12-309; Stereo LP 1155)

# ON RIVERSIDE