

THE JAZZ REVIEW

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LETTERS

SUCH IS LIFE?

I want to take particular issue with one of the points raised in Mr. Hentoff's generally ineffective rebuttal of Mr. Morgenstern's long needed letter in the last issue of **The Jazz Review**.

Although it is nice for a change to have any critic talk about his primary responsibility, I cannot agree that it "is to his readers." The critic's first regard must be for neither his readers nor the musicians, but for the art. Devotion to the muse should be his cardinal principle.

The attack, then—as distinguished from the objective analysis balancing virtues and faults—is a method to be used sparingly, and only on those who would destroy or subvert the music. Stuff Smith's intonation or Ed Hall's conception, whether they be fair or foul, are not the enemies of jazz, and therefore do not deserve abuse.

A threat to a musician's livelihood, unless he be among the foes of jazz, is a threat to jazz itself. Thus, Mr. Hentoff is carrying objectivity to the point of sophistry if he really believes that, "The effect of criticism on a musician's livelihood has absolutely no bearing on how a critic should function."

Paul Nossiter
Wellfleet, Mass.

SUCH IS ART?

I don't know how Horthy Geist was feeling when she took in **The Connection** last October. Jack Gelber deserves a little more consideration for this effort than to be told to go listen to a good

blues singer. Although I went to the theatre expecting jazz with drama make it, hear ye: From 8:40 you get junky-life (for an hour) waiting for their connection . . . natch with blowing music and personal histories. For another hour you get their 'score' . . . with its switch in mood, spirits and language. The ending shapes-up out of two factors (1) it seems **The Connection** after straightening everybody isn't sure he hasn't been followed by the police who almost nabbed him when he 'picked up' and (2) everybody has ransacked their brains (unsuccessfully) as to WHY (do I give up chicks, loot and fame) and FOR WHAT (this mortification of the esh which makesfl me a social outlaw and subject to being put-away against my will for a period). Following an impassioned speech by the connection (Canada Lee's son in a brilliant white suit) which brings the last question (FOR WHAT) to a scream—comes a knock at the door—Police? No!, it's (as your reviewer described: . . . "a queer meaningless personage takes stage simply as a means of bringing on a phonograph which he plugs in and then uses to play a Charlie Parker-Miles Davis record in the stony silence of the junky's room. That done he tucks his phonograph under his arm and worldlessly exists. What is his implication? Or Is that what Mr. Gelber means by a 'jazz play'? Is there some illumination in this oddball behavior which reveals anything about the nature of either jazz or junk? Or does he suppose that an accumulation of disjointed acts and inferences will result in the image of a junky?"

Yeah, baby; there it is. How do you like

it? It's all for this . . . a lower middle class adult on the totem pole of status USA 1959 and the best thing about him is he's completely and devotedly **fixed** on listening to this record. Shocking? Cheated? Speaking for myself I confess I was thrilled and so far (couple months) I haven't been able to exhaust it in my understanding. Such is art?

John Benson Brooks
New York City

SOCIAL WORK

In recent months:

1. Chris Strachwitz, 17650½ Navajo Trail, Los Gatos, California, has announced the formation of the International Blues Society. The main purpose of the society is to get the forgotten bluesmen on record, both by reissuing out of print material (Down Town, Cava Tone, Rhythm, Jaxson) and by recording men afresh (Bo Carter, Leroy Dallas, Dan Pickett, Son House, Tommy McClennan, Jaybird Coleman). Membership in the society is \$10, for which the charter member gets three Lps (probable retail price, \$4.50); more capital is needed to pay recording fees and royalties to the men. (Don Brown's **Record Finder**, March 1960).

2. Robert M. W. Dixon, Trevor Benwell, Derek Collier, Tony Standish, and Derrick Stewart-Baxter have formed a Blues Recording Fund, c/o Dixon, 5 Wollaton Vale, Beeston, Nottingham, England. The purpose of the fund is to enable Jacques Demetre and Paul Oliver to do some recording on their forthcoming blues research trip to the U.S. (New York, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, Clarksdale, Jackson, New Orleans, etc.). Loans in multiples of £3 and outright donations are solicited. (**Jazz Monthly**, March 1960).

3. Derrick Stewart-Baxter has written that the blues singer and pianist Curtis Jones (**Lonesome Bedroom Blues, Highway 51**) is living under extremely straitened circumstances at 3953 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 15, Illinois. Stewart-Baxter asks (or hopes) that work be found for Jones. (**Jazz Journal**, March 1960).

4. Bill Colyer and Graham Russell have formed the New Orleans Jazz Society, 121 Sandringham Flats, London W. C. 2, started publishing the magazine **Eureka**, and are setting up a fund to record veteran New Orleans musicians and blues singers. Donations are now being solicited for the fund, which will covered musicians' wages (union scale), recording costs, technicians' fees, etc. March newsletter of the Bunk Johnson Appreciation Society).

I suggest that a regular department—perhaps called The Eleemosynary Scene—be started in **Jazz Review** to keep us up to date on these and similar projects.

J. S. Shipman
Waban, Mass.

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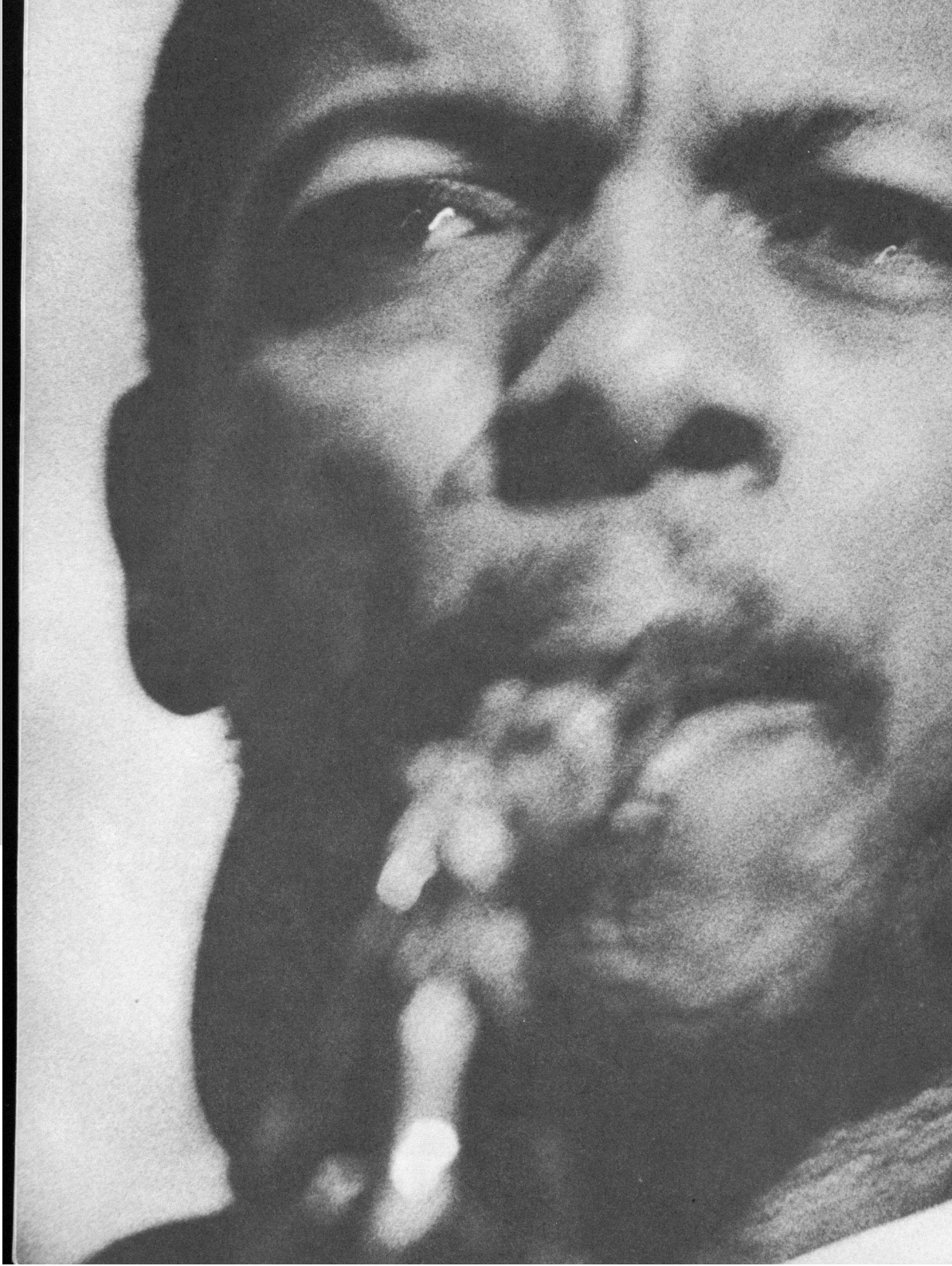
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NEW CONTRIBUTORS

John William Hardy is a zoologist now engaged in research on the social behavior of parrots at the University of California at Los Angeles.

I. L. Jacobs has been listening to jazz since the thirties and has long conducted a jazz radio show in San Diego.

Robert Farris Thompson is a student of Afro-Latin music and dance who has written on his specialty for **Dance Magazine**.



ORNETTE COLEMAN AND TONALITY

GEORGE
RUSSELL
AND
MARTIN
WILLIAMS

This dialogue began as a conversation about an Ornette Coleman recording, and quickly spread to the theoretical implications of Ornette's tonal practices. Though George Russell's exposition of the tonal problem is lucid and supported by many illustrations, it is also, like one of Coleman's shrieks, an intense and deeply felt appeal for the liberation of the melodic idea from the chord prison.

George, you wanted to discuss Ornette Coleman. I have another subject too, but we'll get to that later.

Well, you know, if there weren't new things happening in jazz since Charlie Parker, jazz wouldn't be ready to accept Ornette. I believe it now is ready to accept not only him, but other innovators as convincing as he is. The way has been paved and the ear prepared by rather startling, though isolated, developments in jazz since the 'forties. Since the bop period, a war on the chord has been going on, I think. You might characterize the whole era as the decline and fall of the chord.

In other words, Charlie Parker is a kind of end, or the beginning of an end. Is that it?

Yes. He probably represented the last full blossoming of a jazz music that was based on chords. Now, that isn't to say that after Charlie Parker there aren't people who play very well using chords, but over-all, this decline and fall of the chord has been happening. Back in the 'thirties, there was a pianist, Spaulding Givens, who played with great tonal freedom. Lester Young probably led the attack long ago, because you know Lester didn't really enunciate every chord, but he sort of felt where the chords were going and anticipated it by imposing a scale which would cover a series of chords. He played on top of the chords; he used a scale, and the scale implied the gravity, to sort of let the listener know where the chords are going. In jazz composition, I'd say of Gerry Mulligan that his main contribution was in horizontal thinking. That goes for Bill Holman too, and for Bobby Brookmeyer. The whole school of horizontal writing is updated from Count Basie via Tiny Kahn. Mulligan seemed able to impose on music, other than the blues, a scale, and to impose that scale on various tonal centers, but it was really the scale and all the contrapuntal things that were happening in the scale rather than the vertical tonal centers that gave the music motion. For instance in *Young Blood*, and in Bill Holman's wonderful *Theme and Variations*. Mulligan's whole approach to writing was horizontal. This is, in a sense, an assault on the chord. (That isn't to say that all these people were doing it consciously.) In being horizontal, or in using or feeling things horizontally, there's much more freedom of movement. When you're playing vertically, and you have to articulate each chord that comes up, it can be very inhibiting rhythmically and in line. The horizontal approach frees you to get something going in motion.

George, many people have wondered why Mulligan's playing and improvising remained conservative harmonically after he dropped the piano. The freedom that everybody expected never happened. This isn't about Gerry as a composer of course.

Well, I thought it happened; maybe only a beginning, but I thought it happened because Gerry was showing that you didn't need strongly implied vertical structures to make music. And so I thought that it was a very important thing even though harmonically he didn't venture out too far, he did show that the scale itself is strong enough to satisfy your feeling of tonality.

But getting back to the main subject, between Charlie Parker and the present time, you have Mingus and Teddy Charles and Gil Evans and Johnny Carisi and any number of other people. They were people who in various ways were leading an assault on the chord. In Gil Evans, the motion he introduces into the orchestra is, in a sense, a rebellion against the set chord change. In Mingus and Charles, it was the extended form. The modal period that Miles Davis is in now is a rebellion against the chord—he plays perhaps, a whole piece that's built on just two modes. It's essentially a horizontal approach; it's a rebellion against the chord. I don't think Bill Evans plays chordally behind Miles on those things. He plays modally, in the prevailing mode. As I was saying before, even the need to do extended-form pieces, whether successful or not, is a desire to get away from a set chord change. And Ellington can't

be overlooked in a discussion of this kind, because he, like Charlie Parker, had a well-developed sense of both the horizontal and the vertical approaches to jazz, and like Charlie Parker, he let both influence his music. To me, vertical and horizontal thinking are the two basic forces underlying all jazz.

Let's take the vertical approach first; we'll call it the vertical assault on the chord. The logical end of vertical playing is playing by chord in vertical chromaticism. In other words, playing chromatically upon the single chord. And that doesn't mean just using chromatic half steps but using all the intervals. Schoenberg said that the twelve tones of the chromatic scale were equal. But to me the most important fact underlying modern music is that the chromatic scale, since it contains all twelve tones, contains all intervals, all chords and all scales. In other words, you have a C chromatic scale, then, it's possible to rationalize that D major scale is a part of that C chromatic scale, that Db major scale is a part and that the F chromatic scale is a part of that C chromatic scale. So all tonal elements are a part of that chromatic scale. So you might say that all the music that has ever been written is a part of that single chromatic scale.

Now, if you're an atonalist you will say that all the tones of that chromatic scale are equal and that there is no tonal center. In other words, it's not the C chromatic scale, it's just a chromatic scale. And so consequently there is no tonal center or tonal gravity or close to distant relationship of tones—so there are no definable chords and no definable scales. There are only vertical and horizontal rows or arrangements of the single chromatic scale. If you believe in a tonal center and yet you believe in a chromatic scale too, then you might say that all tones are relative to the tonal center and therefore all chords and all scales and all chromatic scales within this single chromatic scale are relative to the tonal center. You understand? Since it is a twelve-tone scale is contains all intervals. New melody is a horizontal sequence of intervals, and chords are simply a vertical sequence of intervals. And if one chromatic scale contains all intervals then it also contains all melodies; it could conceivably contain all melodies and all chords, because it is all intervals and all chromatic scales. In other words, another chromatic scale might just be a mode of this one chromatic scale because chromatic scales are also intervals.

So, there seem to be two schools of modernism: those people who believe in a tonal center but also believe in chromaticism and those people who don't believe in a tonal center. One thing we all have in common is the chromatic scale. If we believe in a tonal center then we might be called pan-tonalists. In other words, we believe in a tonal center but we believe that all chords, all scales are relative to that tonal center. If we don't believe in the tonal center, then we are atonalists, and all tones are equal. But we still believe in the chromatic scale.

Now in jazz I believe that there are two melodic approaches, either vertical or horizontal, and the logical end of vertical playing is vertical chromaticism. The single chord does exist, each single chord does exist for the player. But rather than just using the intervals of the chord or the intervals around it, the player utilizes the chromatic scale implied by the chord—

and not just step-wise, he realizes the whole implication of the chromatic scale. He is relating to the chord, but he is relating to the chord chromatically. To me this is the logical, this is what Coltrane in his playing is illuminating, the vertical, the chromatic relationship to the chord. X number of chords upon one single chord. You can call it "sheets of sound," but that doesn't really say what it is. And I don't think that John has reached the end of that. I think that he is in it, though, and I think that he will probably go on. He really does believe in the chord. So if he does believe in the chord then this is the logical end of his playing—a kind of vertical chromaticism.

And so with the horizontal approach, and this has really been unexplored up until Ornette; the logical end of the way Lester Young started out playing is a horizontal chromaticism. That is, utilizing a chromatic scale that might be inferred by a series of chords.

Briefly could you make a comparison between Coltrane and Hawkins?

Well, Hawkins, to me, sticks very close to the sound of the chord. While Trane knows the chord exists but he also seems to sense that there is a whole unexplored universe that that chord implies.

But they're both vertical players.

To me, they're both essentially vertical players. Lester is essentially a horizontal player. But the interesting thing is that since the logical ends of both of these ways of playing is chromaticism then the result is the same. Ultimately, if you have a skillful vertical player who is chromatic and a skillful horizontal player who is also chromatic, it'll sound the same; their tonal things will be in the same area. These two things fuse when you really get them out. So Ornette cannot be called vertical or horizontal because he seems to be fully aware of both of these two aspects of music and where they lead.

Well, I think it might be a good idea if we made it clear that this is a matter of Ornette's inner demon and ear telling him these things.

Well, Martin, most worthwhile jazz knowledge has grown organically, right along with the growth of the music. Ornette through his own intuitive logic came to these conclusions. And from talking to him, I know he knows these things. He knows about these things; he's not just playing that way just because he feels it. He's playing that way because he feels it and knows it too.

I'm trying to make a distinction between, well, let's say it this way: there have been a couple of false prophets in the last fifteen years who have what I will call a "Juilliard guilt complex." They've gone to music school; they've learned theoretically what atonality is all about, and they think they're going to impose something "high-toned" and "meaningful" on jazz because of what they learned in school. But this is an organic growing. Ornette is not that kind of thing at all.

I agree. But back to the tonal problem. So there is a fusion of vertical and horizontal thinking when they are both approached chromatically. When the soloist does graduate into the chromatic implications of vertical playing and horizontal playing, then the two things fuse. Vertical thinking leads to chromatic freedom relative to a vertical tonal center; horizontal thinking leads to chromatic freedom relative to a horizontal tonal center. Then if a soloist chooses to be

completely free, it really makes no difference to which of these centers he attaches his thinking. A result in any given number of measures will be the same kind of what I call pan-modal chromatic expression. He will never be wrong, whatever he does; he'll only be in different stages of tonal gravity relative to existing vertical or horizontal tonal centers. Because once you say that the chromatic scale contains all intervals and therefore all of music, then all music must be relative. And if all music is relative then it can't be right or wrong. If you belong to the group that believes in the tonal center, then you have to believe in relativity, and if you believe in relativity, you have to believe in a gravity. Because the tonal center is the center of tonal gravity. So if a chromatic scale, let's say the C chromatic scale, contains all chords, then it contains Gb min7 as well as C major 7th and Abmin7. And these chords don't have a right-wrong relationship to each other, they have a relationship to the tonal center in terms of their closeness to each other; in terms of their closeness to the tonal center or in terms of their distance from the tonal center or each other. If you think this way and you're going to make a substitution for a chord in a song, it's impossible to choose the wrong chord. You may choose a chord that in relation to the key of the music is not as close as you would like it to be the key of the music or to the preceding chord, but it is not "wrong." It's just a matter of gravity.

The standard would be ultimately . . .

Just a matter of the closest gravity. In other words, everything in music is related in terms of close to distant relationships and there is no "right" and "wrong." You follow?

Yes. It frightens me, but I follow it. I know that a world without absolute rules is not necessarily a disorderly world.

It must have been frightening too when Schoenberg announced his theory, that all the tones of the chromatic scale are equal. Yet somehow music survived, and new values of good and bad evolved right along with music, to lead to the recognition of Alban Berg and Webern and a few others as true masters of music. To go on, now, let's say a horn player and the bass player improvise simultaneously and they both realize that there is no "right" and "wrong" in music, there's only relativity. They improvise simultaneously in this chromatic pan-modal way. (By pan-modal I mean, that since all things are relative then you can use all things; you are free to use anything with anything else.) If the horn player and the bass player improvise simultaneously in this chromatic pan-modal way, entirely new vertical centers are created just naturally; they just happen. And all of the horizontal centers, except maybe the one big over-all tonal center of the whole piece, are abolished, really. It even becomes academic whether the one big over-all tonal center of this improvisation exists or not. The over-all tonal center can exist for the performer or listener, or not, but it doesn't have to.

Well, this is what Ornette meant when he asked at Lenox last summer, "What is the tonic . . . or where is it?" The only answer that I know of is that vertical and horizontal tonics can exist for you if you choose to acknowledge them. You don't have to if you don't choose to. Actually in music everything is relative. The

fact that Ornette has liberated himself from tonal centers has a metric implication because since all tonalities are relative to each other, it doesn't really matter where he is in this tune. What he is doing is still relative to what the bass player is doing. So he might feel like saying the bridge in two bars while the bass player plays the full eight bar bridge. However, in listening to them, I don't think they do it this mechanically because Charlie Haden seems to sense where Ornette is going and is able to follow him. But if everything is relative, it's theoretically possible to do anything.

Pan-tonal jazz is here. It seems logical to me that jazz would by-pass atonality because jazz is a music that is rooted in folk scales, which again are rooted strongly in tonality. Atonality, as I understand it, is the complete negation of tonal centers, either vertically or horizontally. It would not support, therefore, the utterance of a blues scale because this implies a tonic. But pan-tonality is a philosophy which the new jazz may easily align itself with.

At the most elementary level, does a blues scale necessarily imply a tonic . . . to the performer at hand, I mean?

Well, yes. If I play a phrase of blues it implies the tonic. **But does it in practice? I mean to a guy like Sonny Terry. He just runs blue notes to accompany his vocal lines usually, without worrying about keys or chords.**

Well, I think guys have been thinking horizontally since jazz began, but they didn't rationalize it. I think there's been pan-tonal music before now, but I don't think people really thought about it in those terms. So, pan-tonality emerges to me as a kind of philosophy of the new jazz. Now, of course, to the listener and to the person who enjoys art, pan-tonality doesn't have to mean a thing. But I think it should mean something to musicians. Ornette is a pan-tonal musical thinker.

I think it's wrong to think that you can just jump out there to pan-tonality without having evolved. Coltrane is showing us how to evolve there through vertical and super-vertical thinking. One great trumpet player, said that it's awfully easy to shuck if you ignore chords, and it is, if you don't have anything strong or convincing to put in their place. Of course, if you don't, then it will be pretty obvious that you're only shucking—if you don't have anything like Ornette has . . . the intensity, the belief.

On the other hand, chords have always helped the jazz player to shape melody, maybe to an extent that he now is over-dependent on the chord. Ornette seems to depend mostly on the over-all tonality of the song as a point of departure for melody. By this I don't mean the key the music might be in. His pieces don't readily infer key. They could almost be in any key or no key. I mean that the melody and the chords of his compositions have an over-all sound which Ornette seems to use as a point of departure. This approach liberates the improviser to sing his own song really, without having to meet the deadline of any particular chord. Not that he can't be vertical and say a chord if he chooses. I've heard Ornette stick pretty close to the changes when he wants to. And as I say, Coltrane, it seems to me, is just bursting at the seams to demolish the chord barrier, and because of this, he is enlightening everyone to what can happen on a single chord. However a person evolves, whether it's through their own intuitive logic or from outside influences, it has to be con-

vincing. If the artist **really** believes in what he is doing and is capable, the result will be satisfying. Maybe it won't satisfy us on the basis of our old criteria of good and bad. But our sense of good and bad is reconstructed every time there is valid artistic revolution anyway. And that's where we in jazz are today, in an artistic evolution or revolution.

As for Ornette's sense of form in improvising, I don't see how you can be a skillful improviser and not at least construct a solo that has over-all meaning in terms of feeling, even if its formal structure is not obvious. I believe Ornette's solos communicate powerfully. This is the most important thing. I think there are times in one single solo when he is more interested in intensity of statement than in thematic elaboration, but this is his own aesthetic decision. In fact, it may be in good taste to sacrifice thematic elaboration for the sake of over-all impact. There can be a great debate on whether innovations in form in improvised jazz outrank innovations in content in improvised jazz.

Though one may say that Bird's solos were not masterpieces of structure (I prefer to think that they are simply not rigidly designed nor needed to be), the rhythmic, melodic phrases and the message had an historical impact. Form can be anything that interrupts space. The only criterion of form is whether the content as a whole is believable. There are millions of forms. Coltrane's intense melodic and rhythmic phrases take on their own multi-forms and the result is one indigenous form. It seems to me perfectly logical that an improviser might have to play thematically. (He would have little choice in the matter if he is dogged by limited technique and still wants to be tasty.) On the other hand, the improviser who is the master of his instrument may or may not consider thematic development an important part of his vocabulary.

As for Ornette's composed jazz, well, the large-form work is the real test of the jazz composer's formal abilities, because it lends itself least to jazz. John Lewis and Jimmy Giuffre deserve praise as composers of larger forms; they have worked in large forms successfully. On the other hand, Monk, Miles, Bird, Mulligan have excelled in small forms. I'm sure it must be glaringly obvious that the examples of great large jazz works after Ellington have been few indeed. It therefore seems appropriate to me that when making a statement on the subject of a jazz composer's formal ability, one should specify in just what area of forms the composer excels. We've only seen Ornette working in smaller forms, so far.

But perhaps complete freedom all the time is not desirable. Perhaps it's only one of the many facets in idioms in the jazz vocabulary. Perhaps the ideal jazz player will be able to acknowledge tonal centers, or, to any degree, reject them. There is a lot of gorgeous music still left to be said between the two poles of tonal music and centerless music.

George, I want to ask some more questions, but before I do, there are a couple of incidents about Ornette I'd like to tell you about. One happened the night he opened at the Five Spot. He was very nervous, of course, and in the first two sets, I thought his rhythms and melodies were very fragmented. They kept coming, but they were agitated the whole time. He said, "I'm so nervous I don't know whether to play my fingers."

And someone answered, very casually, meaning not much, "Well, you're a man, why don't you play your mind?" After that, the set was flowing and really creative. Also, I've heard it said that so far on his recordings, that the up tempo things don't come off as units, that on them especially, things seem to fall into bits and pieces. Do you think this is true?

Well, with Ornette, I listen, so far, to the over-all impact first, because he comes through most of the time with such an intense statement. Ornette is the most dramatic example of a new music, I think. And he is that because he is as intense as he is.

A lot of people are saying (though this is bound to be said about anybody who does anything new) that when Bird came, Bird had it all ready, and they feel that Ornette has so much of it still to discover himself.

Well, I hope so.

Another thing I feel is that all the great innovators have reshuffled in all three areas; you know, rhythm, line and harmony or . . .

Yeah, tonality. What do you mean by shifting?

Well, of course, if you distinguish between rhythm and line you're obviously distinguishing between two things that aren't really distinguishable. But if the great innovators are Armstrong and Bird, then they really did bring about harmonic, rhythmic and linear revisions in the jazz language by what they played. There have been others who have attempted innovations—extreme harmonic ones like Tristano—that didn't take root because they were one-sided. See what I mean?

Oh yes, and I think Ornette is so satisfying because he is so complete in all these things.

How do Ornette and Don start playing together? John Lewis said he still didn't know by the end of the session at the school of jazz.

Ornette told me they just give a down beat, and somehow on that one beat, they know what the tempo's going to be. It seems rather fantastic.

Sometimes they don't even give the down beat; it's an implied down beat. And after it's passed, you know it was there, but you never saw it.

Which seems to say that any group in the future that's really going to be successful esthetically will have to be awfully close-knit. Well, Billy and Charlie, they're just amazing. Charlie Haden's sound is so beautiful on the Atlantic record. The whole thing is laying down a rhythmic palette for Ornette, you know, that is colored with the tonality of the bass. The whole thing forms a sort of tonal-rhythmic palette. And the way Billy feels drums. I don't think drums are an instrument to be pounded and wailed at you know. He doesn't play loud, but he plays with such intensity, and he really puts down a palette for Ornette.

And how he listens.

All of them listen.

Charlie listens to Billy as well as Ornette or Don . . . or Billy will pick up Charlie's pattern . . .

I think they're awfully good for jazz right now. I'm glad they happened.

Did you hear about the time when somebody asked him to play like Buster Smith, then play like Bird, then play like Ornette, and he did—each one?

Well, I suppose he can do it.

And he's got the hippies all shook up. But on the other hand, can you go on playing the alto like it was a kazoo all your life?

THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

Mack McCormack

The overnight train to San Antonio used to roll out of the Houston depot a few minutes past eleven every night. The Southern Pacific called it "**The Alamo Special.**" Twenty-five miles beyond the city, where it crossed the Brazos River bottoms, the black men staring out of the grilled dormitory windows of Central Unit #2 called it "**The Midnight Special.**" To them the train was a howl and a stabbing cone of light, a rush of yellow squares framing glimpses of freedom. In a moment it was gone, the thundering vibration fading, the song and the convicts to sing it left behind.

"Oh, let the Midnight Special shine its light on me;
Let the Midnight Special shine its ever-lovin' light
on me."

Roaring across the dark prairie, the train seemed the embodiment of "freedom's chariot". It was escape from the prison described in one blues: "That Fort Bend County bottom is a burning hell". Escape in the sense of travel; escape by suicide beneath the grinding wheels. Many trains invade the prison, the tracks cut through the long-stretching, exact rows of corn, cotton, and cane worked by the prisoners. But this was a passenger train, a slice of an utterly different world. And it came just on the edge of midnight, when a prisoner gets "to studying 'bout my great long time."

James Baker, Moses Platt, and Huddie Ledbetter have lain in chains at Central Unit #2, watching this train. These three—better known by their prison names as Ironhead, Clear Rock, and Leadbelly—were among the thousands who have eased themselves by singing the stark reflections.

"If you ever go to Houston,
You better walk right,
You better not stagger,
And you better not fight."

A notable failure to heed this advice occurred in 1923, when Jack Smith held up a bank messenger in broad daylight. Quickly captured and sentenced to twenty-five years at hard labor, Smith sat in the county jail at Houston, waiting to "pull chain." It was a bad time to be going to the penitentiary. Previously, he could have bought a pardon, an easy matter during Big Jim Ferguson's administration as Texas governor. But Ferguson had been impeached for this and other shady activities. Pat Neff, the new governor, had campaigned with a promise to end the traditional practice of selling pardons. To hold the voters' confidence he was refusing to grant any pardons. (During his four years as governor, he released only five men. One of these pardons

is the act by which history will remember Pat Neff.) Jack Smith sat in jail, brooding about the notorious transfer man, Uncle Bud Russell, who was to arrive shortly.

Apparently contemplating a variety of escape methods, Jack Smith got a friend to smuggle caustic acid, saw blades, and a pistol into his cell. Only the gun proved necessary. It was then common practice for lawyers to see their clients in the courthouse lobby; during such a visit, Smith pulled his gun, clubbed a deputy, and dashed outside to jump on the running board of a passing auto.

At the time, the sheriff's residence was in its Old-West location, adjoining the jail. Sheriff T. A. Binford was at home for his little girl's birthday party, when a groggy deputy ran over to tell him of the escape. Binford commandeered a second auto and a running gun battle ensued through the business district. Hundreds of pedestrians flattened themselves on the sidewalks as the Sheriff got his man.

Now retired to a farm on Houston's outskirts, Binford recalled the incident recently: "I stayed with Jack all that next night. Just the two of us in a dark cell. I didn't beat him like they say. Just talked until finally he told me who it was had slipped him that gun and stuff. I got that fellow and he went to the 'walls' too. Jack told me he prayed to get out, said he figured if he prayed hard enough it could be done even though no one had ever broken my jail. 'But, Sheriff,' he told me, 'I just didn't pray not to get caught.'"

A few days later, with Jack Smith again sitting in his cell, the corridors began to echo with a song about the escape. Binford vaguely recalled the lines;

"If you ever go to Houston,
Better not break that County Jail,

Sheriff Binford went a-running,
Chased ol' Jack Smith down.
You can bet your bottom dollar,
He's Sugarland bound."¹

until Ed Badeaux, vacationing in his hometown, made a point of visiting the Sheriff to sing him the song as it is familiarly known (and included in Ed's Folkways album "**American Guitar**"). The ex-sheriff snorted with surprise at hearing this odd memorial to himself. "They was always singing something you know—but I never thought anybody'd be interested."

Commenting on the Sandburg variant where the name is given as "T. Bentley", he said: "That's closer in a way. Most people just called me T." A crusty individual

who characterizes himself as a "hound dog man", Binford acquired his gun lore as a youth in the frontier west. He began police work as a mounted officer and came to public notice in the tragic riot of Negro soldiers in 1917. Northern recruits, unused to the southern caste system, staged a revolt against their officers and charged toward Houston's business district screaming their protests. Binford, among the first to meet the mob, was promptly wounded and woke next morning to find himself hero of the incident. Thirty-seven of the Negroes were hanged; Binford was made sheriff in the next election.

"Well, yonder comes Bud Russell,
How in the world do you know?
Tell him by his big hat,
And his forty-fo'."

Uncle Bud Russell is an oft-mentioned figure in songs originating in Texas. Like another prison transfer man who gave rise to **Joe Turner Blues**, the folk-image of Bud Russell is one of an evil spirit wandering the land, kidnapping the men into slavery.

Often the sole guard to handle the transfer of large groups of prisoners from the far-flung Texas counties to the Huntsville "walls", and thence to the prison farms which spread along the Brazos and Trinity river bottoms, Bud Russell has been held in awe by all who have dealt with him. Both convicts and prison officials seem to have feared him. Two generations of Texans have been brought up on the warning: "Don't do it unless you want to see Uncle Bud come for you."

"He walked into the jailhouse,
With a gang a' chains in his hand.
I heard him tell the trustee,
'I'm the transfer man'."

Binford described the 6-foot, 200 pound Bud Russell as "most successful" among the transfer men. The present Harris County jailer, C. K. McAlpine, remembers him as a "very strong man with a very big knife." On one occasion McAlpine turned over a total of 64 prisoners to the transfer man. As was the custom in those days, Russell chained the prisoners in one long line, then marched them across downtown Houston, boarding the train to Huntsville with only himself to guard the entire group.

In his song for Governor Pat Neff, Leadbelly chants between the verses, giving an account of his own experience: "Bud Russell, which traveled all over the state and carried de men down de state penitentiary, had me goin on down. Had chains all around my neck, and I couldn't do nothin but wave my hands."

Lightnin' Hopkins recently recorded a blues—adapting lines from **Ain't No More Cane On The Brazos**—which commemorates Russell's days as a prison guard: "They say you ought to been on the Brazos nineteen and ten, Bud Russell drove pretty women just like he done ugly men." The old song "Uncle Bud" which describes a bullish, hell-with-women kind of man, has in Texas become associated with the specific menace of Bud Russell.

"Uncle Bud's got this, Uncle Bud's got that,
Uncle Bud's got an arm like a baseball bat.

Uncle Bud's the damnest you ever seen,
Uncle Bud's got plenty of gasoline."

The last line has reference to the out-size gasoline tanks with which the transfer wagon, used in recent years, was supplied. These tanks enabled Russell to drive his charges to prison non-stop from any point in Texas.

Having died a few years after his retirement to his home in Hill County, Uncle Bud Russell is vividly remembered in folk songs.

"T. K. Edwin went to Austin,
With a paper in his hands,
To get the intermediate sentence
Passed on de convict man.

He hand the paper to the gov'nor,
And there it stood.
I know she gonna sign it,
Cause she said she would."

T. K. "Kirk" Irwin served as chief of city detectives at Houston for a number of years. Again a name is somewhat blurred in singing. Now 84 years old, blind with cataracts, Kirk Irwin is a lonely man who says: "I walk all downtown where I used to know everyone and now I don't see anyone and no one sees me." His lasting fragment of fame may be this verse of **The Midnight Special**.

The stanza relates to the legal procedure under the Texas habitual criminal law which provides an indeterminate ("intermediate") sentence from five years to life imprisonment after a third felony conviction. The use of the feminine gender in referring to the governor identifies the stanza with Mariam C. "Ma" Ferguson who held office 1925-27 and again 1933-35. The stanza was published in **"American Ballads and Folk Songs"**, and according to Alan Lomax came from either Leadbelly or Ironhead. Chances are it was the latter since Leadbelly was free of the Texas prison during her administration.

Kirk Irwin nodded vaguely when asked if he recalled anyone known as Leadbelly—who worked for the Houston Buick agency and gained a minor police record in the city following his pardon. "I remember a great big fellow," Irwin said. "Always played guitar and sang when you'd take him in. That the one? Some of the boys would see him on the street and pick him up just to hear him make up songs. Great big, black man."

Four of these officers are recorded in one of Leadbelly's stanzas:

"Bason an' Brock will arrest you,
Payton an' Boone will take you down;
The judge will sentence you,
An' you Sugar Land bound."

Fragments of other lines remembered were "Jack Smith sittin' on appeal", and "Sheriff got him 'bout forty years more."

With the Sheriff's name slurred in the singing, the song has spread throughout the Texas prison system:

"Or Sheriff Benson will arrest you,
He will carry you down.
If the jury finds you guilty,
Then you're Sugarland bound."

Following the jailbreak incident, Jack Smith was sent to the penitentiary and labeled #50344 to serve his twenty-five year term for armed robbery. He served slightly over one year. During this first year, while Pat Neff was governor, pardons were exceptionally scarce. Leadbelly managed to obtain one after having charmed the Governor with an evening of songs, concluded by an especially composed plea for his release. Even then, Neff waited until the last few days of his term before granting Leadbelly's pardon. A few months later, Jack Smith obtained a pardon by using different resources. The Ferguson regime succeeded Pat Neff. Unable to run himself after being impeached, Big Jim Ferguson blandly had the voters elect his wife and things were as before. Three months after "Ma" Ferguson came to office, Jack Smith, son of a well-to-do Austin family, was granted a pardon.

The distinctive text now associated with **The Midnight Special** seems to have begun as a progression from a cycle of jail songs common in Texas. Interchange of texts is particularly common between songs such as **Down In The Valley** (Birmingham Jail, etc.) **Hard Times, Poor Boy** (Durant Jail, Cryderville Jail, etc.). The lines and fairly fixed rimes lend themselves to topical events. "Negro Folk Songs as sung by Leadbelly" provides a transcription of his **The Shreveport Jail** which has verses and sentiments in common with, and seems to lie exactly midway between all three songs: **The Midnight Special, Down In The Valley, and Hard Times, Poor Boy.**

Growing out of a loosely knit group of jail songs, the narrative of a 1923 Houston jailbreak seems to have then passed on to the prison farms, evolving finally as a person-by-person account of those foremost in a convict's mind.

"Yonder comes Miss Rosie,
How in the world do you know?
I can tell by her apron,
And the dress she wore.

Umbrella on her shoulder,
Piece a paper in her hand,
Goes a-marching to the Captain,
Says, 'I want my man'."

Doubtless there were other songs which contributed to **The Midnight Special's** formation—an old spiritual contributed the lines of the chorus and perhaps the tune—but the best known version mentioning a specific Houston sheriff must have taken shape during his term. Binford's eighteen years as Harris County sheriff began in 1919. Others mentioned in the song held office during this same period.

The deceptive titles of much folk music make it difficult to determine the earliest recordings of the song. Around 1925 there was a **Midnight Special** by Sodarisa Miller on the Paramount label. Sam Collins recorded a **Midnight Special Blues** for Gennett in 1927.

The song's first publication was in Carl Sandburg's "The American Songbag", in 1927. It is Alan Lomax's belief that this version was obtained from his father's early collections of Texas lore. Sandburg failed to credit his source. The later Lomax books "American Ballads and Folk Songs" and the Leadbelly volume published distinctive variants. Now, of course, it is standard in

all anthologies.

The Library of Congress archives include seven recordings, the earliest from the Texas penitentiary "walls" at Huntsville, sung by Jesse Bradley in 1934. Later recordings were made by Leadbelly while in the Louisiana prison at Angola, by the Gant family of Austin, by several convict groups at Mississippi's Parchman Farm, and finally by Woody Guthrie in 1940. All of these were collected by John and Alan Lomax.

It was the title song of the historic RCA Victor album of prison songs made by Leadbelly in 1940. Pete Seeger's transcription of this record appears in B. A. Botkin's **A Treasury of American Folklore**. Here Leadbelly sings, unlike his other recordings, the line referring to "Sheriff Benson". Leadbelly, who certainly knew the Houston sheriff's proper name, may have been influenced by the printed versions then circulating. Pete Seeger also admits he may have erred in transcribing the exact name Leadbelly sang.

Since then, the song has been recorded twice again by Leadbelly and by artists such as Odetta, Big Bill Broonzy, Pete Seeger, The Weavers, and Josh White. Blues shouter Joe Turner has contributed a rock 'n' roll version, dance bands have recorded instrumental arrangements, and movie star Andy Griffith's recording has had a fling on the hit parade.

"Well, you wake up in the morning,
Hear the ding-dong ring,
Go marchin' to the table,
See the same damn thing.

Knife and fork on the table,
Nothing in my pan,
If you say anything about it,
You're in trouble with the man."

Despite the song's widespread fame, Sheriff Binford had never heard it except from his own prison charges. Three of these men have been identified as former members of the Houston police force. A. W. Brock was chief of police for a time. George Payton and Johnnie Boone were a team of city detectives who specialized in prowling the Negro wards. There was at one time a song devoted to these two although no text has yet been found. Boone is now deceased according to his former buddy, George Payton, who in recent years has served as house officer at the Texas State Hotel.



Sheriff T. A. Binford

"Well, yonder comes Dr. Melton.
How in the world do you know?
Well, he gave me a tablet,
Just the day befo'.

Well, there never was a doctor,
Travel through the land,
That could cure the fever
Of a convict man."

No physician by this name was ever employed in the Texas prison system. Of the three Dr. Meltons listed by the Texas State Board of Examiners, none were in practice near any of the prison farms. Unlike the many other persons named and accurately described by the ballad, Dr. Melton eludes the grasp of research. The consensus of ex-convicts and ex-guards who were asked about a "Dr. Melton" was that he may have been a hospital steward at one of the farms, titled by his fellow prisoners. Two men remembered in the vaguest way someone called by this name.

None of the physicians employed by the prison were found to have a first name such as Milton or Melton. The text can be taken to suggest a convict steward—who'd be handing out salt tablets, aspirin, and bromides constantly—rather than a physician who'd only appear in the event of more serious illness. Houston physician Robert K. Blair who was at one time medical officer for Clemens, Ramsey, Harlem, Retrieve, Darrington, Blue Ridge, and Central farms, recalled the use of convict stewards as typical practice. "You take an intelligent murderer who's going to be in at least five or ten years and a doctor can train him and be able to depend on him just as you would on an Army corpsman."

"One day, one day,
I was walking along,
I heard the Midnight Special
Blowing a lonesome song."

The Midnight Special is but one of the songs which have flown from the rich springs of the Texas prison system. This ballad remembers the jail officials just as **Black Betty** remembers the whip and **Shorty George** recalls the Sunday visitors' train from Houston. **Ol' Riley Walked the Water and Here Rattler Here** and **Long John** tell the escape legends. **Go Down Ol' Hannah** pleads with hot, hanging sun. **Ain't No More Cane On The Brazos** and **Hammer Ring** and **Pick A Bale Of Cotton** and **Choppin In The New Ground** describe the relentless "rolling" of a man on these vast convict plantations.

On the most recent recording trip to the prisons, these songs were again found in tradition. Pete Seeger who initiated the 1951 visit, together with Houston Folklore Group members John Lomax Jr. and Chester Bower, recorded a new verse (above) which the prisoners had added to **The Midnight Special** as well as such new songs as the eloquent and mystic **Grizzly Bear**. The original tapes from this trip are now in the Library of Congress, and an interesting but poorly organized selection of them has been released on a Folkways lp. Four other selections have been included in **"A Treasury of Field Recordings"** which has been released on the English 77 label. With the magnificent recordings from Mississippi's Parchman Farm made

by Alan Lomax and released by Tradition records, these are the only example of actual convict singing available outside the Library of Congress discs.

Looked at from afar, prison songs are easily misunderstood. The understatement, the wry, almost comic tone is misleading. In singing for themselves the men need only hint at their meanings. An article such this adds only literal understanding of the references. The songs themselves tell their story best. Listening to the entire group of songs from the Texas prison farms, one glimpses the reality of life on these slavery-oriented institutions. Ultimately, the glimpse is terrifying. The songs are often a prisoner's last hold on his sanity. The escape of Long John is a glorious, treasured event in history. The blam-ba-lams of **Black Betty** are the scars on a man's body. "You ought to been on the river nineteen and four, you could find a dead man on every turnrow . . ." means exactly that. These songs are a proud evidence of suffering and the prisoners' ability to rise above it. Only the convicts themselves can enjoy the cynicism of such jokes: "Get up dead man, help me hoe my row . . ."

From time to time a Houston newspaper will run an item indicating present conditions in the prison. Recently a one paragraph note stated that several dozen convicts had cut their heel tendons and used other forms of self-mutilation to escape work in the fields.

Working twelve or more hours a day in the naked, sun-scorched land of the river bottoms, the men are subject to torture at the slightest mistake or a guard's whim. Routinely, they are kicked by mud-crust boots and held under the perpetual threat of death from a shotgun blast. One famed guard employed a moron's method of counting. Collecting his gang at the beginning of a work day, he'd pick up a stone for each prisoner. In the evening he'd discard one for each man returning to barracks. If, for any reason, the men and stones failed to even out, the guard's solution was to beat the men with a chain.

A former inmate of the Ramsey farm has described the night hours. "You are placed on a narrow bench with your feet straight out and your hands behind you. Handcuffs are then snapped on. Sometimes a convict's wrists swell so much they lose the use of their hands. You have to get up and get just the same—they have a graveyard there all their own."

"I'm going away to leave you,
An' my time ain't long,
The man is gonna call me,
An' I'm going home.

Then I'll be done all my grievin,
Whoopin, hollerin, an' a-cryin;
Then I'll be done all my studyin,
'Bout my great long time."

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THE BLUES

SPORT MODEL MAMA

I'm a sports model mama, out on the rack for sale.
I'm a sports model mama, out on the rack for sale.
It's a mighty poor dog, won't wag its own tail.
I'm just a plain little sport, have punctures every day.
I'm just a plain little sport, have punctures every day.
You may want a limousine, but they puncture the same way.
You can come down and buy me, take you where you want to go.
You can come down and buy me, take you where you want to go.
Old saying is: "Hello but come back for mo!"
I know you women don't like me because I speak my mind.
I know you women don't like me because I speak my mind;
I don't like to make speed, I'd rather take my time.

When the man comes to buy me, you'll always hear them say.
When the man comes to buy me, You'll always hear them say:
"Give me a sports model mama because they know the way."

(Sung by Bertha "Chippie" Hill with Richard M. Jones on
Okeh 8473. Transcribed by Fred E. Cox.)

SAW MILL MAN BLUES

I didn't build this world, but I sure can tear it down,
I didn't build this world, but I sure can tear it down,
And when I'm on my job, mama, I don't want no man around.
My breakfast ain't never ready, baby, and my supper is never on time.
My breakfast ain't never ready, baby, and my supper is never on time.
If you want me, hot mama, you'd better try and make up your mind.
Gimme hot biscuits with my pork chops, hot liquor with turnip greens!
Gimme hot biscuits with my pork chops, hot liquor with turnip greens!
Don't try to jive me, baby, 'cause I'm the cruelest man you've ever seen!
Yes, I'm working in a saw mill, sleepin' in a shack about six feet wide.
Workin' in a saw mill, baby, sleepin' in a shack about six feet wide.
I sees my new gal every pay day and I'm perfectly satisfied.

(Sung by Pleasant Joe with the Mezzrow-Bechet Septet on
King Jazz 144. By Sox Wilson and Sammy Price. Transcribed
by Eric Townley.)

RISING' HIGH WATER BLUES

Back water risin',
Southern people can't make no sign.
I say back water risin',
Southern people can't make no sign.
And I can't get no hearin'
From that Memphis girl of mine.
Water in Arkansas
People screamin' in Tennessee.
Oooo,
People screamin' in Tennessee.
About the only Memphis,
Back water been all over poor me.
People says it's rainin'
It has been for nineteen days.
People says it's rainin'
Has been for nineteen days.
Thousands people stands on the hill
Lookin' down where they used to stay.
Children started screamin'
Mama we ain't got no home.
Oooo,
Mama we ain't got no home.
Papa says to children,
"Back water left us all alone."
Back water risin',
Come in my windows and door.
Back water risin',
Come in my windows and door,
I leave with a prayer in my heart,
Back water won't rise no more.

(This is a correction to a transcription
published in **The Jazz Review**, Decem-
ber, 1959. Sung by Blind Lemon Jeffer-
son on Riverside RLP 12-125. Tran-
scribed by John Randolph Beverly II.)

INTRODUCING ERIC DOLPHY

Martin Williams

Hearing Eric Dolphy play with the Charlie Mingus quartet at the Showplace, it was hard for some of us to realize we had heard him before. But it was he who took over Buddy Colette's book with Chico Hamilton in 1957. And Dolphy was for many years a part of that Los Angeles jazz underground about which a great deal more should be known; that city is full of talented musicians only a few of whom make the recording studios or are able to earn their livings by playing their horns.

When I asked Eric Dolphy whom he listened to, the first two names that came to him were Art Tatum and John Coltrane. It is not surprising to one who has heard Dolphy that he should name them, for both of them have very special harmonic senses. But Tatum's imagination was almost exclusively harmonic; and Coltrane is, like Coleman Hawkins, frequently an arpeggio player. Dolphy's talent seems to be melodic, and as he develops we should hear him more and more using his very flexible harmonic ear to select the notes for the creation of original melodic lines. He is already a nearly virtuoso alto saxophonist as well as an exciting soloist.

Eric Dolphy was born in Los Angeles thirty-one years ago. He started playing clarinet at eight and saxophone at fifteen. The first jazz musician he remembers having heard was Fats Waller, and when he began to hear Duke Ellington and Coleman Hawkins, his ears were opening. "I used to ask myself, what is that? at the things they played. I wanted to know how they did all of them." He heard everyone he could hear he says: Ellington, Hawkins, Benny Carter, Benny Goodman, the Basie band. Then Charlie Parker.

"Then Bird was it," he says. "I went to school with Hampton Hawes, and he was the first to tell me about Bird. I didn't believe him at first. I couldn't believe anybody could be **faster** than Hawkins, for one thing."

The first professional job Dolphy had was at a dance and Charlie Mingus was on bass. "He played the style he does now in high school," interrupts Mingus. "A lot of guys out there did, including Buddy Colette—I don't know what happened to him. We used to play that way with Lloyd Reece."

One of the most important men in Los Angeles to many a young jazz musician is trumpeter-leader Gerald Wilson. "He's very encouraging and helpful to all young musicians," Dolphy says, "no matter how well he may be doing himself. He keeps everybody aroused and interested in music. It's so important because otherwise so many people would have nothing to look forward to and no hope of being able to earn their way in music. I have recorded an arrangement he wrote eighteen years ago—it hasn't been released yet—and it sounded so fresh. He was 'modern' when I was very, very young. There are other people I should thank too, but if I name Chico, Harold Land, Buddy, Walter Benton, Lester Robinson, Ernest Crawford—that's just a beginning." On Gerald Wilson, Addison Farmer adds, "Just about everyone out there has learned from Gerald. It is such a pleasure to play his music. And he always keeps learning too."

When he joined Hamilton, Dolphy learned all the reeds, and he traveled, "hearing everyone in the country." He says, "I listen and try to play everywhere I go. In Kansas City I heard John Jackson and lots of good saxophonists. I played with a pianist called Sleepy that they say Bird used to play with all the time. So many wonderful players."

Dolphy stayed a year with Hamilton, contributed some pieces to the book (**Miss Movement** is his) but left in 1958 in New York. His chief jobs since then have been with George Tucker at Minton's and with Mingus.

"In my own playing, I am trying to incorporate what I hear; I hear other resolutions on the basic harmonic patterns, and I try to use them. And I try to get the instrument to more or less speak—everybody does. I learned harmony from Lloyd Reece; he really opened my ears to it, and I also studied it in school."

Comparisons between Dolphy's work and Ornette Coleman's are probably inevitable and will just as probably plague both of them from now on. "Ornette was playing that way in 1954. I heard about him, and when I heard him play, he asked me if I liked his pieces and I said I thought they sounded good. When he said that if someone played a chord, he heard another chord on that one, I knew what he was talking about because I had been thinking of the same things." Mingus adds: "He doesn't sound a thing like Ornette Coleman. He phrases more like Bird. And he has absorbed Bird rhythmically."

"Yes, I think of my playing as tonal," Dolphy said in answer to a question. "I play notes that would not ordinarily be said to be in a given key, but I hear them as proper. I don't think I 'leave the changes', as the expression goes; every note I play has some reference to the chords of the piece."

"I feel very happy to be a part of music," he added modestly. "It is really wonderful to feel I can make my living as a musician now because I never wanted to do anything else."





LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-ROSS

RECORD REVIEWS

LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-ROSS: "Sing a Song of Basie." ABC Paramount, ABC-223.

Everyday; It's Sando Man!; **Two For the Blues;** One O'Clock Jump; **Little Pony;** Down For Double; **Fiesta in Blue;** Down For the Count; **Blues Backstage;** Avenue C.

What is it about singers—especially mediocre ones—that makes otherwise perceptive critics and listeners lose their standards? Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, and Annie Ross are only the latest in a succession of minor vocalists to be embraced by the jazz world. They take an instrumental record and substitute human voices for instruments, setting words to the notes. Isn't this like deciding to re-paint *The Blue Boy* in red?

No human voice has the range of an instrument; if a human voice tries to reproduce what an instrument has played, it will have to resort to falsetto, growl, slur skipped notes to fulfill the technical demands on the voice. Unless one is an exceptional jazz singer these effects come out unpleasantly forced.

Replacing reeds, brass, and piano parts with human voices loses the variety of instrumental timbres and colors and the particular character and quality of each instrument. Though each human voice is individual, each is still the same instrument—a human voice. How can a human voice do justice to a solo conceived for the piano and utilizing the special resources of the piano, any more than a piano can adequately reproduce a Billie Holiday solo?

And the lyrics—what good are they if the tempo is so fast you can't understand them and have to follow the microscopic texts on the back of the jacket with a magnifying glass? And if the words distort the musical sound so that most of the melodic value of the lines is swallowed, what's the gain? Though many of the words are clever and though Hendricks has a real flair for fitting words in rhythm and phrasing to previously improvised lines, I find after several tracks that there is a sameness about the lyrics. And I don't think the words Jon chooses always fit what the musician has said with his horn on the original record.

It seems to me that L-H-R are adding nothing to the instrumental records

they revive. Listen to the punch and snap of Basie's original *One O'Clock Jump*, then put on L-H-R.

Although they aren't bad rhythmically and they do get the jazz "feel," their individual intonation is atrocious, their voices strident and without depth, and their blend is muddy and lacks cohesion.

On this record, Jon has some particularly painful pitch problems on *Blues Backstage* and *Little Pony*, Dave on *One O'Clock Jump*, Annie on *One O'Clock* and in her section work on *Everyday*.

Why are jazz musicians criticized for borrowing from Bird or Monk, and L-H-R lauded for copying solos note for note? The jazz musician who incorporates Bird or Monk is at least adding a part of himself to his creation; he is improvising and looking for a way to express himself in spite of relying on Bird or Monk for source material.

Jon Hendricks might use his talents better by writing lyrics for original music.

Mimi Clar

LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-ROSS: "Sing Along with Basie". Roulette R-52018.

Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, Annie Ross vocals; with Count Basie's Band and Joe Williams.

Jumpin' at the Woodside; Going to Chicago; **Tickle-Toe;** Let Me See; **Every Tub;** Shorty George; **Rusty Dusty Blues;** The King; **Swingin' the Blues;** Li'l Darlin'.

The initial appeal of jazz vocalese is obviously its novelty. It is undeniably intriguing to hear words added to a familiar instrumental, words that fit every note, lines that rhyme and even tell a story. If the performance is to have more than novelty appeal, however, the words need to do more than fit. They should, theoretically at least, add to the expressiveness of the music. One suspects this to be an impossible task because it involves producing exact literary equivalents of music—a thing that cannot be done because of the quite different, almost mutually exclusive, things that language and music express. For this reason, no matter how great his musical sympathy, the vocalese lyric writer is defeated before he has begun. Jon Hendricks has met the challenge bravely with enormous ingenuity—particularly in setting words to Lester Young's solos—but it is not surprising that these performances sound like, and are, diminutions of the originals. So much work and skill has gone into this record that one regrets not being able to commend it more. Quite incontestable, though, is the singers' musical fidelity to the originals. The notes of the solos and ensembles are reproduced with an accuracy that is surprising, even if not quite

complete, and despite the sometimes difficult intervals the words are sung expressively. Most notable are Annie Ross's versions of Edison's solos in *Jumpin' at the Woodside* and *Shorty George* and her 'brass' shakes in *Going to Chicago*. Hendricks is astonishing in Jacquet's three choruses at the end of *The King*, and his version of Clayton's opening. *Going to Chicago* solo is probably the best piece of lyric writing in the set. Lambert has fewer solos but takes some of the most difficult, especially Dickenson's *Let Me See* chorus and Lester's in *Swingin' the Blues*. Some of the lyrics are rather trivial—*Every Tub* and *The King*, for example, but the best, *Jumpin' at the Woodside*, *Shorty George* and *Swingin' the Blues*, are entertaining light-weight jazz novelties that surely have a place in the scheme of things.

Max Harrison

LAMBERT, HENDRICKS, AND ROSS:

"The Hottest New Group in Jazz".

Columbia CL 1403.

Charleston Alley; Moanin'; **Twisted;** Bijou; **Cloudburst;** Centerpiece; **Gimme That Wine;** Sermonette; **Summertime;** Everybody's Boppin'.

The overwhelming, open-armed acceptance of Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross even by serious jazz listeners and writers has reached the point where the title of this album is probably an accurate estimate of the situation. This is puzzling until one stops to think that they have penetrated areas jazz has not previously reached, and the missionary zeal attendant to new-won territory tends to obscure the fact that they do not do very well what they are doing—and that they shouldn't do it at all.

Vocally, the group is of varying quality: Annie Ross is a fine jazz singer; Jon Hendricks could probably sing good blues; and Dave Lambert hardly sings. And what they do is not too difficult; if you have ever hummed a favorite solo while walking down the street, you know that scat singing is much easier than playing a musical instrument. Lambert, Hendricks and Ross are essentially an act like the Chipmunks or the Nutty Squirrels (there is high praise for them, too) and, like such an act, they have very early begun to run out of material. Columbia Records catches them at this point, which is simultaneously the peak of their career. But that company, which specializes in giving an official cachet to jazz musicians built up by smaller labels, should be used to that by now.

The essential point is this: Jon Hendricks (and when will he assume the title of Musical Director?) is not Lester Young or Miles Davis, but he is not James Joyce either, even if *Time* thinks he is. He has chosen to work

under crippling constraints—following slavishly rhythm and melodic patterns originally set down by improvising horns (have you ever noticed how many of the rave reviews this group has gotten are based on how well this group imitates horns? Even Sammy Davis, Jr. has learned that an act based on mimicry, no matter how excellent, has to have some originality, or it will fail), and adhering to titles that were often carelessly tacked on to originals with little or no thought. Of course, certain people work best under constraint, but Hendricks is apparently not one of them, at least not in the situation he has chosen for himself. All that happens is that he is left with nothing of his own to say—*Goin' to Chicago*, for instance contradicts *New York, New York*. And as for originality (or hipness in case there are those who are willing to settle for what is hip instead of what is musical), a few quotes, all from this album, should take care of that. Each sentiment has been covered more than adequately along Tin Pan Alley over and over again, with somewhat less banality.

From **Centerpiece**:

"I'll buy a house and garden somewhere,

Along a country road apiece."

From **Sermonette**:

"It tells you to love one another.

To feel that each man's your brother."

From **Bijou**:

"In Istanbul when we met she was dancing in a small cafe . . .

My very soul was made of flaming desire

I felt the fire I could never love another
Love is blind, no peace I'd find
'Til I made Bijou mine."

But, since we are told that Hendricks is a poet and philosopher, perhaps it is best to let him have his own last word. Here he is, in a "Blindfold Test", reacting to a record of *Twisted*, one of the things that gave Hendricks' kind of poetry its start: "What they want to mess with Wardell's tune like that for? I liked it better the old way, so that spoiled this one for me. Don't mess with something good."

Joe Goldberg

"CANNONBALL ADDERLEY Quintet in San Francisco". Riverside RLP 12-311.

Julian "Cannonball" Adderley, alto; Nat Adderley, trumpet; Bobby Timmons, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums. *This Here*; *Spontaneous Combustion*; *Hi Fly*; *You Got It*; *Bohemia After Dark*.

Julian "Cannonball" Adderley is one of those gifted people who are perfect for their times. He reflects perfectly what seems to be the predominant musical thinking in jazz of the 'fifties. Adderley and this new group represent almost a complete cross-section of what is fashionable today: the hard-boppish feeling that

Adderley's group maintains stoutly: all the Silver/Blakey influences extant and fashionable now, the "gospel" sound, also a Silver/Blakey—and Ray Charles—thread. In fact, Cannonball's pianist, Bobby Timmons is about the best gospel pianist I've heard since a guy named Robert Banks at the Abyssinia Baptist Church in Newark, New Jersey. The group also manages to maintain good unison feel.

Trumpeter Nat Adderley takes care of the Miles semi-cool side of things.

Also, the group has a fine rhythm section in Timmons, Sam Jones and Louis Hayes; they often cook and they're always funky. (As what jazz musician ain't these days?) A perfect 'fifties group, reflecting just how far the new mainstream has gotten since bop.

The only major drawback with this group is that they are unoriginal and dull, a group of musicians who've learned all they can about what they're doing. But everything is learned. No invention anywhere! A jayvee Miles Davis rhythm section, a fair contemporary trumpet player (contemporary because he can sound like almost anybody), and one very good alto player, now beyond being a Charlie Parker initiate. The feeling is that we are being confronted by the style alone, and that content is inexorably lost under the mass of the fashionable. At best, it is pleasant dilution . . . at worst it is ugly and boring. A willingness to use us, to fool us into thinking that what is happening is serious, meaningful, or emotionally valid. It makes me think that if any of us are going to listen to jazz seriously it is better that we resist this kind of dross.

LeRoi Jones

"LOUIS ARMSTRONG MEETS OSCAR PETERSON." Verve MG V-9322.

Louis Armstrong, vocal and trumpet; Oscar Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Louis Bellson, drums.

That Old Feeling; *Let's Fall in Love*; *I'll Never Be the Same*; *Blues in the Night*; *How Long Has This Been Going On*; *I Was Doing All Right*; *What's New*; *Moon Song*; *Just One of Those Things*; *There's No You*; *You Go to My Head*; *Sweet Lorraine*.

To say that Louis Armstrong is a great jazz singer and that his singing is a replica of his trumpet style is to say everything and nothing. Everything because Armstrong's vocal style is an extension of the Armstrong musical personality which can only find expression in terms of the instrumental style he perfected; nothing because it does not describe the way Armstrong has adapted his talent to the various types of songs which his *metier* has presented him.

The earliest recorded Armstrong vocals with the Hot 5 and 7 give us a rough-hewn singer who seems only to have just found that he is a singer,

and the discovery still seems a surprise. The words and emotions of these early recordings seem to bubble forth virtually independently of any choice on the singer's part, and the trumpet work of this period has a similar quality. These performances are characterized by a vitality which seems to override all human suffering with a carelessness tempered by knowledge and confidence.

However, by 1928 when he recorded such things as *Our Monday Date*, *No One Else But You*, and *Save It Pretty Mama*, this rough effervescence changed to that jocular, kidding approach which Armstrong was to develop fully in his treatment of pop songs from the 'thirties on. It is this approach of Armstrong's which has characterized the bulk of his recorded vocal work. Essentially Armstrong kids a song by refusing to take it seriously; he wryly twists the words and the stock emotions they are meant to convey until the original is all but lost. Yet he is not a satirist; he uses the song to convey the emotion he wants to convey. So on such numbers as *I Hate to Leave You Now*, *Star Dust*, and *Pennies from Heaven* he projects a feeling of jovial tenderness and affection but transcends it. It is not easy, or perhaps even possible, to say in detail how this is done; one can only stammeringly mention resources of personality and feeling which enable him to carry it out. Of course, these resources are inextricably bound to a musical sense which, while often narrow, can constantly surprise and gratify the attentive listener with its wonderful skill.

At the same time, Armstrong developed the fast rhythm style with which he worked in numbers such as *Shine* and *I'm A Ding Dong Daddy*. Here the song scarcely mattered save as a vehicle for virtuoso effects which often disregarded it (which could not be done with the unfortunate *Shine*) in an attempt to dazzle.

Armstrong is also an excellent blues singer, and the stylistic differences between his work on popular songs and on songs like *Yellow Dog Blues* and *Black and Blue* are immediately apparent. There is a sobriety and nearly tragic feeling which marks his work on these and which suggests a side of Armstrong which has never been adequately recorded.

The lp which started these reflections is devoted to Armstrong the singer of popular songs and it is an excellent presentation. In *How Long Has This Been Going On*, for instance, we have, I think, one of Armstrong's vocal masterpieces. After singing an unfortunate verse (it is difficult to deal with the image of Armstrong in "little velvet panties") he works the song over in his usual manner and presents an emotional surprise and delight which, if not deep or complex, is valid and moving.

Only slightly less effective are **That Old Feeling** and **Blues in the Night** which he dominates without difficulty and remodels and remolds until they are recognizably human. On **What's New**, however, he falls into bathos when he tries to treat the piece with a deep seriousness more natural to Billie Holiday. **There's No You** is also handled in the same manner and with the same results, while **Just One of Those Things** is supper club chic throughout.

On the numbers with trumpet, Armstrong is a delight, but a delight which may be too easily passed over. True, there is little here that is stylistically new; the style is the Armstrong style which we know. But style is the way things are done and does not necessarily involve repetition. His solos on **Blues in the Night** and **Sweet Lorraine** merit anyone's attention.

Peterson provides the accompaniment with his usual simulacrum of swing, and otherwise stays out of the way.

H. A. Woodfin

COUNT BASIE: "Basie's Basement". Camden CAL 497.

Collective personnel: Trumpets: E. Lewis, E. Berry, G. Young, H. Edison, C. Terry, J. Nottingham, G. Wilson; Trombones: B. Johnson, T. Donnelly, G. Matthews, G. Washington, D. Wells, G. Simon; Saxes: C. Q. Price, R. Washington, P. Gonsalves, B. Tate, P. Love, E. Warren, W. Parker, E. Rutherford; Piano: Basie; Guitar: F. Greene; Bass: W. Page, S. Palmer; Drums: J. Jones, R. Ballard. **Hey Pretty Baby**; 7th Ave. Express; **Walking Slow Behind You**; Mr. Roberts' Roost; **Don't You Want a Man Like Me**; South; **Jungle King**; **Sophisticated Swing**; **House Rent Boogie**; **Basie's Basement**; **Brand New Wagon**.

"Basie's Basement" is the title, and Basie's basement it almost is. Even the dark at the top of the Basie cellar stairs, however, reflects a little of that Kansas City light—orchestral playing is crisp, the original rhythm section swings, and there are echoes of the great days. Goodman excepted, Basie's band is currently represented in depth more than any other major jazz orchestra. Aside from approximately fifteen important Decca properties, virtually every worthwhile title recorded by the band is available or easily obtainable.

With the post-war years, there was a falling-off in quality of the Basie recordings, as the original spirit of the band dwindled into an empty section-against-section riff formula featuring repetitive, familiar arrangements with limited free solo space. The nadir of the Count's recording activities was reached when he signed with Victor in 1947 and produced a steady series of commercial ballads, desperately banal novelties, trite mechanical blues, and a few generally disinterested instrumentals. These were the last years of his

original band, and records would seem to indicate that the group expired of general arteriosclerosis rather than the post-war loss of interest in bands. (But someone, somewhere, probably has air shots of this group which prove me wrong.)

Of the selections reissued here, five are Jimmy Rushing vehicles, and while he is competent, the material is third-rate. Aside from Rushing and the Basie piano, Paul Gonsalves, of all possible choices, is the only regularly featured soloist despite the personnel. The gems of this collection, rhinestones all, are, in descending order, **7th Ave. Express**, **Mr. Roberts' Roost**, **South**, and the title selection, all of which were available in the recently deleted "**Count Basie**," Victor LPM 1112. Gunther Schuller has a brief appreciation on the album liner, which also lists full personnel and recording data.

Louis Levy

BERKLEE SCHOOL OF MUSIC: "Jazz In The Classroom". Berklee BLP 1A.

Toshiko Akiyoshi, Composer-Arranger; Charles Bechler, Jr., Composer-Arranger-Piano; Anthony Bisazza, alto; William Briggs, drums; Gordon Brisker, tenor; Joseph Cardinale, bass; William Chase, trumpet; Joseph Ciavardone, trombone; Roger Delillo, trombone, bass trumpet; Joseph Egidio, guitar; Paul Fontaine, trumpet; Harold Galper, piano; Les Harris, drums; John Hening, trumpet; Gene Langdoc, composer-arranger; William Legan, trombone; Kenton Morrow, composer-arranger-alto; James Mosher, composer-arranger-alto, baritone; Daniel Nolan, Jr., trumpet; Lester Powell, trumpet; William St. Laurent, composer-arranger; Dodge Terlemezian, tenor.

East Wind; Katherine; **Amber's Folly**; **Neo-Gene**; **Silhouette**; **Quiet, Please**; **Chaotic Suite**; **Wandering**; **Wondering**; **A Certain Degree of Uncertainty**; **Return**; **An Interlude**; **Prelude and the Game**.

With this recording, the reviewer must resist the temptation to relax critical standards because of the relative youth and inexperience of the participants. The Berklee School apparently asks only that the recording be listened to with an open ear. None of the compositions is outstanding. No date is listed, but the session apparently took place within the last year or so, which makes me doubly surprised at the dated quality of the compositions. Practically all the works are within the extremely limited stylistic area of the Basie and Kenton big bands. One quintet number, **Katherine**, is innocuously West Coast and sounds somewhat like the Stu Williamson-Charlie Mariano group of a few years ago. But none has been influenced by the important new wave of composers and performers presently active in jazz. Not that this is terribly surprising. For some peculiar reason, academic students of jazz have traditionally been more concerned

with massive bodies of sound than with the integers which go to make the finished product. Yet, even within the context of loud, screaming brass and blues-oriented riff tunes, no one seems to be trying for an original approach. Most of the effort goes to duplicate the source model as closely as possible.

East Wind is the first Basie mutation. It's pleasant in a harmless way, although the thunder and wind effects are ridiculous. I can't imagine what educational function they are intended to serve except to demonstrate that the composer, Charles Bechler, Jr., can use programmatic stunts competently—and that ability has never been a prerequisite for a successful jazz composer. **Katherine**, the quintet track, is competent except for the solos. A problem with time exists throughout, and the tenor and trumpet men tend to follow the changes rigidly with little, if any, variation in harmonic content. But this is a failing of most young improvisers, and does not necessarily imply that talent isn't there.

Amber's Folly is like those roccoco Kenton monstrosities that used to feature Maynard Ferguson or Conte Candoli. The rhythm is again very shaky, and the trumpet section makes a particularly bad fluff on the octave unisons. It's difficult to determine if rough spots like this were caused by an insufficient number of takes or simply poor tape editing. In either case, the composers and performers should have been given a better deal. While **Neo-Gene** is not really derivative, it does have elements which bring Basie flagwavers to mind. Someone (the notes don't say who) plays a fairly interesting Zoot-like tenor solo. The main problem is the screamingly poor intonation of the sax section; a difficulty which also plagues the other performances.

Toshiko's **Silhouette** is the track that I expected the most from, but the results were disappointing; the composition doesn't sound too different from the ex-Herman sidemen small band things of the 'forties. Toshiko uses a modulating chord movement with many flatted fives and nines. But this thick harmonic texture sounds terribly limiting. The prospective improviser is so surrounded with suspensions and altered chord tones that he must spend all of his time breaking loose rather than winging freely over and through his accompaniment.

Quiet Please, is the most impressive selection, probably because it is the least pretentious. The arranger, Bill St. Laurent, does make several bad rhythmic choices, particularly in the line he uses for the bridge, and he isn't helped by the out of tune saxes. The second side of the recording is devoted to several works by an instructor at Berklee, Robert Freedman.

Chaotic Suit, is a program piece depicting the dissolution of a psychotic personality. Such compositions are often distressingly similar to early Rugolo-Kenton. This one is no exception. There seems to be no particular justification for using the 5/4 time signature in the opening largo. The same thematic motive is repeated later in the work in 4/4, but the results—considering the differences in emphasis—are the same. Freedman's rhythms in general are rather trite and are based primarily on eighth notes accented on the up-beat and the superimposition of 3/4 figures on 4/4 measures—techniques which were hackneyed in the 'thirties. **An Interlude** is better, although the short slow sections are unnecessarily pretentious. The middle section, a subtle, medium-tempo swinger, is the best thing on the record. The logic of the contrapuntal writing does not conflict with the implicit jazz feeling. Such is not the case with **Prelude #2** and **The Game**, where the interweaving lines seem contrived. Freedman is an extremely competent composer, but only in rare instances does he allow his jazz to break loose from his technical ingenuity. The Berklee School has also published the scores of all compositions on these recordings. Although this is a commendable acknowledgment of student abilities, it strikes me as somewhat misguided. Both these students and others throughout the world would benefit far more from the availability of accurately transcribed charts of important jazz composers. As an educational institution of the first order, Berklee would be better advised to advance its efforts in those directions.

Don Heckman

"ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS at the Jazz Corner of the World." Volume 1, Blue Note 4015. Hipsyppy Blues; Justice; The Theme; Close Your Eyes; Just Coolin'. Lee Morgan, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor sax; Bobby Timmons, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Art Blakey, drums.

Art Blakey is one of the great individualists in present-day jazz, and perhaps because of this has been censured for his intransigence behind the soloist by those whose chief concern is with melody. Such a charge seems to me misdirected, at least when he is playing with musicians of suitable temperament. The power of contemporary Eastern style stems not least from the kind of group tension that requires continual interaction between the playing of soloist and drummer. Blakey has shown that he can meet the needs of this style brilliantly without for one moment sacrificing his responsibility in so far as swing is concerned. On this album he plays as fervently

as ever, working with Merritt, a strong and dependable bassist, to set up the tremendous rhythmic urge that has characterized each and every one of the Messengers' recordings. The rhythm section, in fact, is the focal point of interest, for Timmons, unconcerned with the felicities of asymmetry, sweats out the call-and-answer patterns, his solos boiling up to the inevitable chorded climax. There is neither the same logic nor compact emotional power to the hornmen's efforts. Morgan makes occasional judicious use of inflection, but rarely manages the sense of continuity he achieved on Blue Note 4003, his first record as a member of Blakey's band. Mobley plays with some intensity, especially on **Hipsyppy**, but for the most part his contributions are little more than unhappy strings of clichés, his own and others, while his time is as unsatisfactory as on most of the albums that have featured him in the past two years or so. Musing on the quartet sides with Max Roach, the fleet solos with Gillespie, one wonders why his early lyrical promise should never have been fulfilled.

Michael James

DON BYAS: "Free and Easy."

Regent 6044.

Don Byas, tenor; Benny Harris, trumpet; Jim Jones, piano; John Levy, bass; Fred Radcliffe, drums.

Canpy; How High the Moon; Donby; Byas a Drink.

Don Byas, tenor; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Clyde Hart, piano; Slam Stewart, bass; Jimmy Parker, drums.

Free and Easy.

Don Byas, tenor; Teddy Brendon, piano; Franklin Skeet, bass; Fred Radcliffe, drums. September in the Rain; Cherokee.

During the middle 'forties, Don Byas was probably the best tenor man in jazz. The quality of his recorded work varies quite a bit but the best is astonishing. He played then (and may play now—I haven't been to Europe for a couple of weeks) with the fierce drive of Hawkins but he was rhythmically much more supple. His technique was flawless and he managed to achieve a lovely pure vibrato on even the fastest tempos. He was not interested in form in the same way Rollins is, but this posed no problem because he was so inventive and resolved everything he played. If you can keep coming up with fresh ideas and resolve them, you don't have to worry about construction. His melodic vocabulary was considerably enriched by the influence of Charlie Parker, but he generally was not so modern rhythmically then as he was on the **"Dizzy in Paris"** album cut several years later. His conception of ballad playing on this set is pretty standard swing era practice: he is very concerned with producing a beautiful sound and stays

pretty close to the melody. **How High the Moon** is a masterpiece. Byas is driving but calm. He builds more climaxes than most jazzmen do in a whole lp. His melodic lines are quite long and the rests between the phrases are very short. (In a review of another lp published a couple of months ago, I said Byas' phrases were short. This was a typographical mix-up; I meant his rests.)

Donby and **Byas a Drink** are not too original originals based on standard changes (**Perdido** and **Savoy**). Byas is playing too much on the beat here for my taste. His ideas are nice; he's quite powerful, but I don't think he varies his dynamics enough on these sides. Jimmy Jones comps too much I think. It's enough for the bass to play four beats a measure. Byas is more gentle on **September in the Rain**, a very good track. **Cherokee** is too frantic. Byas forces instead of swings. It includes a perfect example of how he breaks time, though. After reaching the end of a series of climaxes he'll lay out a few bars. Then he'll start jazzing at about half the speed of the rhythm section. He'll gradually increase his tempo until he's with them. He's not really laying behind the beat like Lester Young. It's like two independent solos in one.

Benny Harris is a sensitive trumpeter. He's influenced by Diz, but is emotionally a pole apart. The solos are still fresh. I like Charlie Shavers better muted; it covers up some of his stiffness.

Harvey Pekar

"AL HAIG Quartet." Period SPL 1104.

Al Haig, piano; Benny Weeks, guitar; Teddy Kotick, bass; Phil Brown, drums.

Sweet Lorraine; Tea for Two; You Go To My Head; You Stepped Out of a Dream; Undecided; Man I Love; Woody'n' You; Stella by Starlight; Someone to Watch Over Me. AL HAIG: "Jazz Will-O-the-Wisp".

Counterpoint CPT-551.

Al Haig, piano; Bill Crow, bass; Lee Abrams drums.

Autumn in New York; Isn't It Romantic?; They Can't Take That Away from Me; Royal Garden Blues; Moonlight in Vermont; If I Should Lose You; All God's Chillun Got Rhythm; Body and Soul; Gone with the Wind; On the Alamo.

Piano solos:

Don't Blame Me; April in Paris; My Old Flame.

To those who have followed modern jazz since it first appeared on records, it is something of a surprise to realize that Al Haig's name can mean very little to those who have come to the music during the past decade, so it is appropriate to begin with a few biographical details. Haig was one of the very first pianists able to meet the demands of modern jazz and became identified with the music in 1945, when he was an important member of the 52nd Street scene.

During the following years he was present on many significant modern small group sessions in which he played memorably both as soloist and in ensemble. His association with Parker and Gillespie (he accompanied the former to Europe in 1949) was of particular importance. He was in many respects the most sympathetic pianist to record with Parker, and, in collaboration, with Max Roach, he produced, on such recordings as *Segment* (Verve 8009), *Chi Chi* and *Now's the Time* (Verve 8005), a nearly perfect setting for the altoist's ideas. Indeed, Haig gained a special reputation as an accompanist, and was once described by Stan Getz as "the best in the business." He has an apparently intuitive understanding of a surprisingly wide range of soloists and, with his fine technical equipment, he is usually able to execute the best possible support for their improvisations. At their best Haig's accompaniments, like those of John Lewis, are enhancing commentaries rather than mere backgrounds. His technique is altogether exceptional, and there can be few pianists who would not admire the unfailing consistency of his light touch, or the absolute evenness of his scales and arpeggios. Haig made comparatively few recordings during the 'fifties, so these two are especially valuable. The *Period* is an old ten-inch issue but is well worth searching for, as it gives a clear idea of Haig as a soloist. In his solos he is never content either merely to decorate the melody, or to abandon it altogether and base his lines solely on the chords. He often demonstrates a quite exceptional power of conceiving an independent melody that, while distinct from the theme, is a true variation on it. The first sixteen bars of the fourth *Man I Love* chorus and the second chorus of *Sweet Lorraine* (except the middle eight) are good examples of this. At other times, as in *Someone to Watch over Me*, he will present the original melody with a deceptive simplicity and directness but still make convincing jazz out of it. While so many modern pianists have based their styles almost exclusively on Bud Powell's work, Haig, during the period in which Powell's influence became established, developed an independent approach which is only superficially similar to Powell's. Haig's melodic grace and delicate touch form an obvious contrast to Powell's almost unrelenting attack and intensity, though *Woodyn' You* and the second chorus of *Tea for Two* find him approximating Powell's up-tempo method. The fast right-hand single lines are similar and so are the detached left-hand chords, yet the total effect is very different. Haig may lack Powell's rhythmic diversity

and be a little more conventional in phrase lengths, but his melodic sense is equally strong and individual. Also, his technique is such that his playing has a flexibility which lends to even the fastest of his performances a relaxation that is a positive quality of his style because it allows him to think melodically at all tempos. Even the fleet *Tea for Two* is no mere compilation of arpeggios but, again, presents a true melodic variation on the theme. The early bop records by which he became known gave little scope for Haig's ballad playing and, towards the end of the forties, many of his admirers were surprised by the richness of his work on records like Wardell Gray's *Easy Living*. *You Go to My Head* and the out-of-tempo introduction to *Stella by Starlight* are particularly fine instances of his ballad style. Superficially this might seem nothing more than very superior cocktail piano but, although the harmony is conventional enough (nothing new here), the filigree melodic decoration and variegated keyboard voicings have an unobtrusive yet definite originality. The opening and closing sequences of *You Go to My Head* illustrate his subtle alterations and extensions of a melody, and his use of arpeggios. Modern pianists are often accused of having weak left hands and of not utilizing the instrument's full resources, but tracks like these show that no such criticism applies to Haig. Weeks' guitar solos are dull. However, the piano behind Weeks on *You Go to My Head* is of such beauty that one finds it hard to give any attention to the guitar at all. There are no unwanted instruments on the *Counterpoint* lp but it might seem that there are too many tracks. In fact, it is surprising—though perhaps only surprising in these days of over-extended lp 'blowing' sessions—just how much Haig gets into these relatively brief performances. The truth is that his powers of melodic variation and of building improvisations that have continuity over several choruses lend his solos an unusual degree of concentration. *Isn't it Romantic?* and *Gone with the Wind* are two beautifully developed solos in which almost every idea is properly related to the next, played with a casualness that is deceptive. The perfectly controlled touch and phrasing are evidence enough of a vigilant sensitivity. *Autumn in New York* is another subtle ballad improvisation that depends not so much on decoration or the invention of new lines as on fascinating deviations from the original melody without ever quite losing it. The theme is seen, as it were, from a number of different angles. While relaxation is an essential of Haig's style and playing he has a good

blue note

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sense of the necessary balance between tension and release. The way in which the phrases of **On the Alamo** are sensitively diversified with double-time passages illustrates this effectively. Haig's technique is such that comparison with Tatum is almost inevitable. Actually, even in the unaccompanied **Don't Blame Me** and **April in Paris**, Tatum is only recalled rather incidentally. For all their brilliant pianistic effectiveness the most essential quality of all these solos is Haig's true feeling for melody.

Max Harrison

BARRY HARRIS: "Breakin' It Up".

Argo LP 644.

Barry Harris, piano; William Austin, bass; Frank Gant, drums.

All the Things You Are; Ornithology; Bluesy; Passport; Allen's Alley; Embraceable You; SRO; Stranger in Paradise.

Intelligence and its wise use are the outstanding features of Barry Harris whose playing here is a pleasure and a delight. The first thing which compels enthusiasm is his patient and loving attention to melodic detail, the care and delicacy of skilled miniaturist who knows precisely what he wants to do. **Embraceable You** particularly shows a devotion to detail, precision, and finish. The scope of his talent is displayed nowhere more clearly than on **All the Things You Are**. His first chorus is a remarkable piece of counter-melodic construction and a felicitous union of conception and execution. Each part of the performance is consistently ordered in itself and it contributes to the overall pattern of the complete improvisation.

Every track here has something of significance and interest to offer.

Allen's Alley and **Passport** are disappointing, but only relatively so, and are more than compensated for by the positive successes. His blues work on **Bluesy** has a great deal to show us of the importance of an imagination which can turn near clichés into statements both new and directly meaningful.

The only really weak spot here is the accompaniment which never rises to Harris' level.

H. A. Woodfin

LIGHTNING HOPKINS: "Country Blues". Tradition LP 1035.

LIGHTNING HOPKINS: "The Last of the Great Blues Singers". Time LP T 70004.

Fourteen years ago, Sam Hopkins left Houston with pianist Thunder Smith to record in Los Angeles. There he was renamed Lightning, and they recorded as Thunder and Lightning on the Aladdin label. Since then, he has recorded some two hundred sides. The Time lp consists of reissues of a dozen of his best sides from the

time when he was well-known to thousands of Negroes; but almost completely unknown to the rest of the world. On them, he plays amplified, but not overly electrified guitar. Some of the tracks were hits on the Jax and the Sittin' in With labels—**Hello Central** is a sensitive, meaningful and moving performance and **Coffee Blues** is a boogie at medium tempo filled with Hopkins' rich, sly humor and fantasy. Others are tunes associated with other singers, like **Freight Train** (John Lee Hooker) and **Everything Happen to Me** (B. B. King). The hilarious **New Short Haired Woman** was a remake of his Aladdin hit. The most impressive is the overpowering outcry, **Everybody's Down on Me**, originally issued on Mercury. Let's hope there will be more such reissues from Time Records. The tradition lp presents **Lightning** in a more solemn and introverted mood playing acoustic guitar. On several tracks, he is joined by 'Long Gone' Miles, singing duets on **Baby**, a powerful, work-song-like cry; ad-libbing conversation on **Prison Blues Come Down on Me**; talking about their private party on **Gonna Pull a Party**. **Lightning** reminisces about his childhood in the two versions of **Bunion Stew**, sings some rather tepid versions of well-known material like **See See Rider** and **Back Water**, but closes the lp well with a charming personal interpretation of **Go Down Old Hannah**, and a sad, plaintive, ambiguous **Hear My Black Dog Bark**, one of those songs that will give folk-singers twenty years from now, or two thousand miles away, lots of chances for misinterpretation.

Chris Strachwitz

BUNK JOHNSON/LU WATTERS: "Bunk

Bunk Johnson, trumpet and vocal; Turk Murphy, trombone; Ellis Horne, clarinet; Burt Bales, piano; Pat Patton, banjo; Squire Girschback, bass; Clancy Hayes, drums and vocals; Sister Lottie Peavy, vocals.

Careless Love; 2:19 Blues; The Girls Go Crazy; When I Move to the Sky; Ace in the Hole; Ory's Creole Trombone; Nobody's Fault But Mine; Down by the Riverside.

& Lu." Good Time Jazz. L-12024.

Lu Watters, Bob Scobey, cornets; Turk Murphy, trombone; Ellis Horne, clarinet; Wally Rose, piano; Clancy Hayes, Russ Bennett; banjos; Dick Lammi, tuba; Bill Dart, drums.

Georgia Camp Meeting; Irish Black Bottom; Original Jelly Roll Blues; Smoky Mokes; Maple Leaf Rag; Memphis Blues; Black and White Rag; Muskrat Ramble.

Virgil Thomson wrote about a jazz concert he had heard: "The music was executed in a style known as New Orleans . . . Piano, clarinet, trumpet and trombone improvised with the greatest freedom but also with an astonishing sobriety. Nobody tried to show how fast he could play or how high. At no point was there any attempt to swing the beat or fake

a flurry. Neither did any soloist try to conceal the tune. Variations were developed out of it and never left its expression for mere flamboyancy." The band was Bunk's Johnson's, not exactly the band on this lp, but close enough. About Johnson himself, Thomson said, "an artist of delicate imagination, meditative in style rather than flashy, and master of the darkest trumpet tone I have ever heard. He is also the greatest master of 'blue', or off-pitch, notes it has been my pleasure to encounter. The degrees of his deviation from the normal pitch are infinite, and the taste with which he exploits this variety merits no less a word than impeccable. His timbres, his intonations, and his melodic inventions are at all times reasonable, and at all times completely interesting. His work takes on, in consequence, and so does that of those working with him, depth, ease and lucidity. Nothing could be less sentimental or speak more sincerely from the heart, less jittery, or move around more freely. Certainly no music was ever less confused." That says it, as far as the first four tracks of Bunk's side are concerned; I would only like to add some incidental remarks. For a number of reasons, not all of them clear to me, the other four tracks are less good. **Ace in the Hole**, in fact, is a compact demonstration of everything that went wrong with revival jazz, from the wrong material and peg-leg rhythm to Bunk's dropping out of the ensemble. **Careless Love** has a fine, strong, Dodds-like solo by Ellis Horne, and two beautiful choruses by Bunk. As on 2:19, Bunk rounds off the number in a wonderfully satisfying way by leading the final chorus with the opening melody, in effect, turned upside down.

2:19 has the tune Bunk later used in **New Iberia Blues** as the theme for the opening two choruses, Jelly's **Mamie's Blues** for the vocal choruses, and **New Iberia** inverted to finish up; the contrasting melodies add up to a modest, almost circular, form. Clancy Hayes sings so well, not at all like a real blues-singer, of course, but that's just the point. The band behind Clancy's first chorus use all the clichés—woodblocks, piano tremolos, stock blues phrases from the trumpet and clarinet—in a way Virgil Thomson would, I am sure, call impeccable.

The Girls Go Crazy is all ensemble except for a piano solo in the fourth chorus. It starts right off crisp and and lively and manages to stay that way throughout. Bunk's invention flags for the fifth and sixth choruses—he works over substantially the same two-bar riff for thirty-two bars—but he seems to get a second wind in the seventh. After that, the ensembles get looser in texture and the music just gets better and better.

Burt Bales' sober introduction leads into Sister Peavey's singing of **When I Move to the Sky** over bowed bass. Bunk, Turk, and Ellis Horne fill in beautifully behind her first chorus and play what amounts to four part ensemble on the chorus she hums (Bunk switching to a second trumpet part). Ellis Horne, who is good on all the numbers (mostly, I think, because he had gained confidence in himself and command of the idiom) particularly so in Sister Peavey's last chorus.

According to Ralph J. Gleason's informative notes (two paragraphs shorter than their original on 10" lp), Bunk later claimed that this was the best band he had during his comeback. Bunk was always better as artist than as critic; the best band he had was the one that recorded for American Music in 1944. But this Hot Seven was a fine band musically and of some importance historically, if only for its role in promoting good jazz in the Bay Area after the Yerba Buena broke up. Virgil Thomson's 'this sort of music is as cultural an activity as any and more so than most' seemed like a truism when he wrote it. Today, it seems a cry in the wilderness. It is easy to forget just how strange the early Yerba Buena records sounded on first hearing. At a time when I was used to hearing Basie, Ellington, and Lunceford, I didn't know what to make of them. No music new to my experience, certainly no jazz, since then has seemed quite so bizarre. That's partly because publicity is so much more efficient now than it was then. (A few weeks ago I turned the radio on in the middle of a record. I guessed it to be by Ornette Coleman whom I had read about, but not heard. It was.) It's also because the Yerba Buena band changed our whole view of New Orleans jazz.

When they first began recording hardly anybody thought that it was possible to play **Original Jelly Roll Blues** the way the Red Hot Peppers did, let alone considered whether or not it was worthwhile. The people then who said it couldn't be done—after the Yerba Buenas had started doing it—are the ones who mutter today that it can't be done well. If the Yerba Buena experiment (one of the boldest experiments in jazz) proved anything, it proved that New Orleans jazz produced in the 'twenties a body of performances ('compositions') with enough musical substance to be good music when played well by somebody else, and that it was possible to learn to play them. Obviously Lu Watters thought it was not only possible, but worthwhile. He must have grasped intuitively that there was something more than pleasurable listening in the old records. And once he had the vision, it must have taken an extraordinary

will, perseverance, and several years of hard work to make the vision reality. The trouble, as everybody knows now, is that along the way he, the Yerba Buenas, and in the end the whole revival movement got hung up on non-essentials. In the early 'forties there were a number of articles that explained patiently what Lu was trying to achieve, why he used the banjo and wind bass, how he had Bill Dart playing, why the rhythm was the way it was. A lot of what came to be Yerba Buena characteristics were only supposed to be temporary features. ("You have to learn to walk, before you can run," my music teacher used to tell me.) But practice had run ahead of theory, and by the time the theory was developed (by Roger Pryor Dodge in the **Record Changer**) it was too late. The Yerba Buena band from the start has been surrounded by so much polemic that the music itself tends to be obscured at times. Admitting all that, there are still some very good tracks on the lp. **Georgia Camp Meeting**, with good solos by Ellis Horne, Lu, and Turk (Turk's has a stunning passage at the beginning), conveys a real cakewalk feeling without being obvious about it. **Original Jelly Roll Blues** stands up well, and the brilliant **Maple Leaf Rag** is much better than, say, the New Orleans Feetwarmers' version. But then I like the bright brassy sound the Yerba Buenas got (at the expense of overbalancing Ellis Horne's delicate ensemble clarinet), good and loud without being raucous, and their cohesive, but not overly tight, ensembles. Nesuhi Ertegun's notes to the Lu Watters side are invaluable, tracing Lu's life from his birth in 1911 up to 1936. The personnels of the Bunks could stand some looking into. For one thing, although Squire Girsback is listed on string bass, there is a wind bass at least on **Ace in the Hole** and **Ory's Creole Trombone**. For another, considering how unsettled things were at the time, it is strange that "the longest recording session in history" should have maintained so stable a personnel. Assuming one likes the music, the sixteen tracks on this lp make it an exceptionally good value for those who worry about good values. But those GTJ covers are terribly cute anyway.

J. S. Shipman

STAN KENTON: "The Kenton Touch".
Capitol ST 1276.

Salute; Monotony; **Elegy For Alto**; Theme for Sunday; **Ballade For Drums**; Minor Riff; **The End of the World**; Opus in Chartreuse; **Painted Rhythm**; A Rose For David.

After "progressive," the word most often associated with Stan Kenton is "innovation." An album like this is neither progress nor innovation;

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RALPH J. GLEASON,
San Francisco Chronicle

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it is convention—convention at its most predictable. If you've listened to modern classical compositions you've heard this Kenton, and if you've listened to Kenton once you've heard Kenton; pat techniques and formulas—modern and contemporary and progressive to be sure—but formulas too much in use by modern classical composers of yesterday and today to impart to the music any of Kenton's own personality. It's gotten so you know exactly what to expect from Kenton: brassy dissonance, "atonal" meanderings, vague linear direction, an occasional jazz cadenza, and that oh-so-somber ponderousness in the slow works. You half expect Stan to yell out "This is an orchestra!" at the end of each section. There is little contrast in "The Kenton Touch." Now and then a Latinish beat will be turned on or a guitar will surface above the strings, but the break is only momentary. The works consist mostly of tonal masses of sound overloaded and laden with strings and lacking dominant and subordinate elements. The lines wander around indecisively, and one track leads right into the next with little if any change. What results is not jazz, nor is it modern classical—hardly music.

I understand that Stan Kenton really believes in what he is doing, and that he is earnest and dedicated and, undaunted by past failures, persistently strives for a new balance between symphonic music and jazz. Perhaps when he discovers a composer capable of successfully carrying out out his ideas, he will attain the status he apparently seeks.

Mimi Clar

THELONIOUS MONK: "Thelonious Alone in San Francisco".

Riverside RLP R-312.

Thelonious Monk, piano.

Blue Monk; Ruby, My Dear; Round Lights; Everything Happens to Me; You Took the Words Right out of my Heart; Bluehawk; Pannonica; Remember; There's Danger in Your Eyes, Cherie; Reflections.

"GIGI GRACE". Savoy. (Signal S1201).

Grace, alto; Thelonious Monk, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Art Blakey, drums.

Shuffle Boil; Brake's Sake; Gallop's Gallop; Nica's Tempo.

Grace, alto; Art Farmer, trumpet; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Danny Bank, baritone; Gunther Schuller, french horn; Bill Barber, tuba; Horace Silver, piano; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

Speculation; In a Meditating Mood; Smoke Signal; Kerry Dance.

Eddie Bert, Cecil Payne, Julius Watkins and Art Blakey replace Cleveland, Bank, Schuller, and Clarke. Ernestine Anderson, vocals.

Social Call; The One I Love.

Any new recording by Monk is bound to create considerable interest. It is significant that, after being active

in jazz for some twenty odd years, Monk is still one of the most unmistakably original and enduring talents on the jazz scene. Even in today's sated record market, one looks forward to every new Monk record with the kind of excitement one used to reserve for six minutes of new Duke Ellington every few months, back in the halcyon days of 78's.

Because of Monk's special gifts and his preeminence in his field, we tend to expect great new revelations from him with each new record. Unlike the average classical audience, the jazz public wants to hear new things, and its listening appetite is voracious. In a music as young and vital as jazz, this is perhaps a fitting tribute, but it places a tremendous burden on the jazz artist. It pressures him into a kind of constant artistic renewal of himself. Artistic renewal is fine, but it is not to be pressured; it must arise completely out of the artist's needs. At the same time the jazz musician dare not outdistance his audience, because it will certainly desert him at that point. To hoe this fine line between artistic regeneration and commercial marketability is not easy. It is not even desirable, since the two goals are basically incompatible. And yet many a musician finds himself in this spiral shaped trap.

Such thoughts come to mind while listening to this new Monk lp, and account for my somewhat ambivalent feelings toward it. These thoughts come to mind because Monk—with characteristic independence—will not be pressured into either position. Certainly "Monk Alone in San Francisco" is in no way commercially compromising; however, it also fails to tell us anything new about Monk and his music. It thus raises the issue of whether a man of great talent must create striking new images at every turn, or whether he can sometimes be allowed to coast along on previous achievements. The answer depends, I suppose, in part on how long he coasts.

But there is more to it than that. In essence, the question this record raises is of a philosophical (artistic-moral) nature, rather than a musical one. For certainly Monk's musicianship is, as usual, beyond cavil. On this or any other record Monk creates an original self-contained musical world. Within it there may be degrees of greater or lesser inspiration, but Monk's world could never be mistaken for another's. Still the question remains: is stylistic originality enough?

I think the answer depends on the criteria one wants to assume. Taken as a single event, as a moment in a man's life, as the record of a man's feelings and thoughts on a

given afternoon in San Francisco, as a single record issued by a record company, it is enough. But in an ultimate sense, as an event within the comparative totality of a man's life and his creative output, it is not enough. To put it another way: in view of such inspired earlier pieces as **Criss Cross** or **Misterioso**, would we want to remember Monk solely by this San Francisco record? I doubt it. For myself, my feelings tell me that I expected more of Monk, while my mind and reason tell me that an artist has a right not to say something new once in a while.

Curiously enough, Monk does his most imaginative playing on this record not on his own tunes, but on the Tin Pan Alley ballads. Perhaps the reason for this is that three of the Monk originals are based on the blues changes; and even the non-blues originals are—as is Monk's habit—treated very much like blues. Within a man's own style and over a period of some twenty years, how many new ideas can he be expected to have on a series of changes as elemental as the blues? The harmonic, melodic and rhythmic discoveries Monk made in the blues form all go back ten to fifteen years, and have, by now, infiltrated the styles of dozens of other jazz men, becoming almost a common language. I think for Monk the challenge has (perhaps only momentarily) gone out of the blues.

A challenge of sorts still seems to exist in the four tunes by Berlin, Dennis and others, where Monk in characteristic fashion transforms these songs into striking vignette-size "compositions". In all four instances, Monk's unsentimental, forthright approach is in itself a devastating comment on the tunes. With typical forcefulness, he uses the material as a means to an end. Out of the flabby originals, Monk miraculously draws forth musical thoughts of rock-like implacability,—especially in the rather massive, dissonance-tinged chordal treatment of something called **You Took The Words Right Out Of My Heart**. (Here Monk applies one of his favorite devices, that of keeping both the tonic and its leading tone present in virtually all chord formations—almost like a pedal point).

Whether in his own compositions or those of other writers, the over-all mood of the record is a darkly introspective one. The album title—with emphasis on the word "alone"—seems very appropriate. A sad and lonely mood pervades these performances, in direct contrast to so much contemporary jazz, which is either happily (and superficially) funky or acrid and bitter.

But over the whole record, the sameness of mood begins to sap at one's powers of concentration,

especially since mood and atmosphere are not the only elements which are somewhat lacking in variety. On a purely musical level, the performances show the same unconcern for contrast. As one listens to the entire lp in continuity, one has the definite feeling that Monk's fingers seem to be going always to the same places on the keyboard, and finding the same patterns and figurations. A favorite Monk ending, found already on many earlier recordings



occurs no less than three times, on **Blue Monk, Bluehawk and Round Lights**—the three blues!

Likewise the endings of **Pannonica** and **Reflections** are almost identical. And many other

patterns, used on records in the last ten years, recur with debilitating regularity. This is born out by comparative listening to those Monk pieces recorded previously. Some are better here, others better there. Some indeed seem to be attempts to recapture the sound and over-all shape of earlier versions,—which is certainly a composer's privilege.

Ruby My Dear is a case in point. Here Monk emulates the whole coda of the earlier recording except for



one striking difference in the final cadence. Where the earlier record had a none-too-unusual A-flat chord revolving to D-flat, the new version—whether by accident or predetermination would be hard to say—alters one note, but with a fascinating aural difference: the A-flat resolving to D-flat changed to a B-flat, still resolving to D-flat.

I gather that for many jazz enthusiasts, any remotely analytical thinking about notes, pitches and chords is simply odious. Nonetheless, musicians deal with sounds, chords and notes; and it is precisely what they do with these basic ingredients, how they "select" them, that we are able to differentiate one from another. The choice of a B-flat rather than an A-flat may be a matter of complete indifference to some (although a tryout on the piano might convince a few). But "choice of notes" is still one of the basic means by which a musician can reveal himself artistically. And—as in the above example—Monk's choice was an unexpected one, and therefore of interest,—at least to me as a fellow musician.

A recent reissue of a three or four year old record, half of which features Monk's piano within a quartet led

by Gigi Gryce, affords us an opportunity to compare with the San Francisco set. The four pieces recorded on the earlier date included one by leader Gryce and three by "side man" Monk, among the latter one of his most original lines, **Gallop's Gallop**.

Monk's solos on these sides are among his very finest, and are much more outward going and fluent than on the more recent date. In fact, I think they are among the best of Monk's playing on records. The fluency of feeling is further aided and abetted by the tight rhythm ensemble of Blakey and Heath. Blakey especially, despite a feathery light touch, gets a pungent beat and infectious sound, that together with Percy's springy bass lines are a joy to hear. Blakey's and Monk's exchanges of fours on **Gallop** are also worth a number of listenings. By comparison Gryce seems much the least effective of the four. Some of Monk's "changes" give him real trouble, and in general, he doesn't quite connect up with the music as well as he should. This is especially true of **Gallop's Gallop**.

Gryce's own **Nica's Tempo** rounds out the side. In the context of the record, it reminds one rather forcefully that Gryce's piece—unlike Monk's—has no real melody, but rather a line consisting vaguely of the top notes of a chord progression. Hearing the new Riverside and Savoy records side by side, one is led to the hope that Blakey and Monk will some day work and record together again.

Gunther Schuller

WES MONTGOMERY: "A Dynamic New Sound". Riverside 12-310.

Wes Montgomery, guitar; Melvin Rhyne, organ; Paul Parker, drums.

Round Midnight; Yesterdays; End of a Love Affair; Whisper Not; Ecaroh; Satin Doll; Missile Blues; Too Late Now; Jingles.

Guitarist Montgomery has been preceded by the plaudits of Julian Adderley, Ralph Gleason, and Gunther Schuller, the last of whom describes Montgomery as "an extraordinarily spectacular guitarist . . . his playing at its peak becomes unbearably exciting, to the point where one feels unable to muster sufficient physical endurance to outlast it . . . towards the climax of his solos, guitar and man become entirely one and both seem no longer earth-bound." while he may orbit in the wee hours of an Indiana morning, on this record, which was cut on a Manhattan evening, he and his group offer thoughtful but essentially tune-selling performances of the current hip parade.

Rhyne, a thoroughly modern organist, approaches his instrument tonally in the style of such early masters as

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Waller and Basie, avoiding the electronic power and consequent blurring prevalent among most current practitioners, while Parker is a sympathetic, listening drummer. Montgomery sports an unusual technique, but for this non-guitarist listener, there ain't much shaking musically.

Aside from two originals, **Missile Blues** and **Jingles**, which almost happen, most of the pieces are approached as ballads, and, in comfortable background-music fashion, make no demands on one's attention. We are merely offered a highly sophisticated *Three Suns* with cajones.

Louis Levy

BROTHER JOHN SELLERS: "Big Boat up the River". Monitor MP 505.

Polished, commercial folk music by a singer who has worked in a variety of styles from blues through spirituals and gospel music to rock and roll. Sellers sings the traditional **Big Boat up the River** with a strong voice but no special distinction.

On several sides, he is accompanied by Ernest Hayes on piano; Mickey Baker, guitar; Panama Francis, drums; Lloyd Trotman, bass and Haywood Henry, tenor sax, often working a monotonous rock and roll vein. **Trouble is a Woman**, one of these, could probably make the top forty as a single.

Brother John is relaxed and easy on the down-home blues **Something Strange Going on Wrong**, and he sings well on **Crawdad**, where Baker plays acoustic guitar. On **Chain Gang**, accompanied only by steady background pounding, Sellers voice sounds amazingly strong and steady. **When I Was a Little Boy**, the play song that Leadbelly did so well, is sung to hand-clapping, and it has more than a hint of black velvet shirts open to the waist.

Sellers is a good, strong singer, not very original, who has not found either material or accompanists to fit the way he feels about music.

Chris Strachwitz

BUD SHANK-LAURINDO ALMEIDA: "Holiday In Brazil". World Pacific LP 1259.

Shank, alto sax; Almeida, guitar; Gary Peacock, bass; Chuck Flores, drums and tabla. **Simpático**; **Rio Rhapsody**; **Nocturno**; **Little Girl Blue**; **Chôro In "A"**; **Mood Antigua**; **The Color of Her Hair**; **Lonely**; **I Didn't Know What Time It Was**; **Carioca Hills**.

The world of Afro-Latin jazz is false and fabulous. False because often the listener does not get what the liner notes promise: a well-integrated blend of two musical traditions, fabulous because regardless of its phony internationalism, the gimmick, assuming the jazzmen and latin percussionists have merit,

swings powerfully. **Mambo Moves** Garner was an almost classic example of a jazzman and an Afro-Cuban drummer palming off a few similarities—swing, 4/4 pulse, even tempos—as a valid fusion of styles.

Topnotch mambo bands prove that legitimate blending operates at a much deeper level. The musicians in Tito Puente's or Machito's orchestras do not depend on conga drums or bongos alone to bind them to the West Indies; they concentrate on fusing Latin and Anglo America at melodic and harmonic levels. In the process jazz synchopations get choppy, **montuno** riffing acquires a swing accent, and the harmonic horizons of Afro-Cuban music are widened. When the trumpet section stands up to take a chorus it is obvious they are musically bilingual—for example when they recombine flattened fifths and Cuban **cinquillos** in their improvisations. A picture emerges of men who have profited by the depth of their involvement with two musical languages.

Such men are Bud Shank and Laurindo Almeida. Their **"Holiday In Brazil"** lp successfully merges modern jazz with Afro-Brazilian music. It seems to me an extremely interesting album which will be influencing latin jazz specialists in years to come. I liked **Lonely**, a composition which twice pits Shank against a fierce samba pattern. Tempo picks up and a samba-jazz fusion of startling translucency is brought in. It dazzles the ear.

In an ambitious lp it is not surprising when we are given a sampling of what might be termed 'trihybrid music'—**Mood Antigua**—which convincingly mixes jazz, Brazilian, and East Indian **tabla**. **Rio Rhapsody** examines the **baiao**, an infectious rhythm from the North-east of Brazil, the samba, then propels us home with jazz. There are excellent liner notes by Mimi Clar. A short paragraph describing a few of the inherent problems of synthesizing jazz and Brazilian music should be required reading matter for all young jazzmen who plan to "do a latin lp".

"Holiday In Brazil" gives one the impression Shank and Almeida worked carefully at understanding the tricks of the other's delivery, unafraid of what the learning process might do to the 'authenticity' of the music. We can savor the rewards of such an attitude. The "strange phrases, keys, and chords" Shank found in Afro-Brazilian become the stimulus for jazz that soars. On the other hand, Almeida's guitar, with dance pressure off and receptivity to jazz on, becomes tender, hushed, and very lyrical. **"Holiday In Brazil"** augurs well the state of Afro-Latin jazz in the 1960's.

Robert Farris Thompson

AL SMITH-EDDIE "LOCKJAW" DAVIS: "Hear My Blues". Prestige 1001.

Night Time Is The Right Time; **Pledging My Love**; **I've Got a Girl**; **I'll Be Alright**; **Come On Pretty Baby**; **Tears In My Eyes**; **Never Let Me Go**; **I've Got The Right Kind Of Lovin'**.

This is the first of a series of blues albums planned by enterprising Prestige. Al Smith's gospel-singing background undoubtedly accounts for performances which recall some of those by Brother John Sellers. The union of gospel and blues, of spiritual and temporal, does not necessarily result in uneasy compromise, but it does result in a hybrid hard to evaluate. Mahalia Jackson, for instance, presents the reverse of the case heard here. She doesn't sing the blues, but in her vocal qualities and mode of delivery she can often remind us of Bessie Smith and prove, incidentally, that the Devil hasn't all the best tunes. In the last chorus of some of his numbers, Al Smith goes into the frenzied, vocal soaring that denotes, in gospel groups, a state of possession or ecstasy, real or simulated. It is a technique that jazz may well have borrowed from the gospel field, but applied to vocal blues it often sounds theatrical. Al has a good voice and vigorous delivery, but he sings the melody line without the subtle regard for blues changes which makes Joe Turner, say, so rewarding. Two of the songs here, in a very sentimental vein, are from the repertoire of the late Johnny Ace. They will appeal to a generation of teenagers who, we must earnestly hope, will shortly grow up. The accompaniment by the Lockjaw Davis group is confident and thoroughly professional. Lockjaw's brilliant, compensatory solo on the dire **Never Let Me Go** draws attention to the fact that this exciting musician, though popular with the public, remains generally underrated in print.

Stanley Dance

CECIL TAYLOR: "Love For Sale". United Artists UAL 4046.

Cecil Taylor, piano; Buell Neidlinger, bass; Rudy Collins, drums; Bill Barron, tenor; Ted Curzon, trumpet.

Little Lees; Matystrophe.

Taylor; Neidlinger; Collins.

Get Out of Town; **I Love Paris**; **Love For Sale**.

This kind of record compensates for the assembly-line products that so frequently come the way of the jazz reviewer. Whatever its merits may turn out to be in the course of time, it at least is not susceptible to critical pigeonholing. And the musical language Taylor speaks, although not unaffected by other styles, in or out of jazz, is novel enough to force the listener to concentrate his attention. Whether the impression of artistic significance Taylor's frenzied creative energy and violently rhythmic piano technique give to his work is fictitious or not, is

open to question. But anyone interested in the contemporary jazz world should expose himself to this. The musical texture resulting from the continual use of tone clusters in which dissonance has no harmonic function is a complex one. (This also holds true for linear passages in the right hand, for then staccato left-hand chords contain many tones foreign to the harmony). I think it proper to speak in terms of harmony, since none of the tunes abandons a relatively simple fundamental degree progression. The quintet side, for instance, is mostly minor blues, with the exception of a highly effective turn to major modality at the end of **Little Lees**.

At any rate, Taylor's playing is particularly effective when it attains a balance between the complex and the simple, provided a good deal of the time by a beautifully solid metrical pulse due to drummer Rudy Collins. Contrast between choruses utilizing tones in the right hand is well conceived in this respect. Now and again in the trio performances the listener is apt to lose the thread of discourse. This is probably because Neidlinger's bass abandons fundamental chord tones more often than in some of his previous work with Taylor. This would be all right if there were more factors unifying the chorus structure; Taylor's approach, however, is too centrifugal for his accompaniment to have the same liberty.

Taylor seems uncomfortable as accompanist on the quintet bands. Here the contrast between Bill Barron's conservative tenor (in harmony as well as rhythm) and the leader's conspicuous non-background is too emphatic. Ted Curzon's harmonically and rhythmically more plastic; accordingly, it is more pertinent to Taylor's style. It is odd that the treatment of Cole Porter standards comes off better than that of Taylor's originals. Perhaps this is because the latter are a little artificially hip. It is a sad thing indeed that a record of this caliber must be merchandised with a street-walker in full color on the album jacket, particularly when Cecil Taylor's music is the antithesis of meretriciousness.

Larry Gushee

Published by permission of **The American Record Guide**; James Lyons, editor.

"Alan Lomax Presents FOLK SONG FESTIVAL at Carnegie Hall". United Artists 3050.

Jimmy Driftwood: Sal's Got a Sugar Lip; Down in Rackensack; The Unfortunate Man. **Stoney Mountain Boys:** Fire on the Mountain; Rolling in My Sweet Baby's Arms; Mule Skinner Blues.

Memphis Slim: Boogie Woogie Memphis; The Saddest Blues; How Long.

Muddy Waters: Hoochie Coochie Man; Goin' Down.

Says Ed Sherman in the blurb: "Credit should go to Alan Lomax for . . . his tireless effort in affecting (sic) such an event" but frankly, there are few inspired moments in this half hour on record. Jimmy Driftwood's very name sounds "folksy", and there is something arch in his reference to his "Southern brogue", something bogus in the talk of "Damn Yankees", something contrived in his applause-fetching final notes. But in spite of these affectations (effectations?) he can put a song over and has an easy, attractive delivery. None of his songs are remarkable though the bizarre **Unfortunate Man** sung to a tune which has more bawdy verses in the British Army than could be sung in a week, has content which would do doubt be related to an African song of Derision in a different context. An unobtrusive banjo accompanies him but most noteworthy is his own playing of the odd, marimba-sounding "picking bow." From Baltimore came the Stoney Mountain Boys, a group of remarkable virtuosi on fiddle, banjo, guitar and mandolin. A brief and exciting **Fire on the Mountain** is followed by **Rolling in my Sweet Baby's Arms** attributed "Scrugg"(s) on which the lead singer recalls the Carter family and the individual instrumentalists take some remarkable breaks before the tune comes to a snap finish. This is the high spot of the record. **Mule Skinner Blues** is attributed to Woody Guthrie, though it was first recorded by Jimmie Rodgers (**Blue Yodel No. 8**), and receives amusing treatment. For a virtuoso interpretation though, hear Jack Elliott's version on Dobell's "77" lp.1 issued in Britain.

Memphis Slim is cursed by an appallingly bad drummer. **Boogie Woogie Memphis** is a showpiece, no more, but the pianist is not even permitted to display his technique. It is followed by **The Saddest Blues** which is described as "an ideal way to illustrate the word 'funky'". It was when Little Brother recorded it as **Vicksburg Blues** with different words, but this is no more "funky" than the weak guitar is "soulful". Both these titles by Peter Chatman are credited to "Slim." Leroy Carr's **How Long Blues** concludes the set and is by far the best of the three. It "gives your fingers kinda exercise" explains Memphis Slim, and he manages to play as if the drummer were not present.

Hoochie-Coochie Man by Muddy Waters is not appreciably different from the Chess recording; it just lacks the fire. **Goin' Down** is a messy arrangement; it has only Muddy's singing to recommend it. If you are a dedicated blues enthusiast, forget this disc, but the Stoney Mountain Boys are certainly worth hearing.

Paul Oliver

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SHORTER REVIEWS

Taste, delicacy, and a judicious sense of melodic development are the marks of **TEDDY WILSON'S** style. Wilson is a significant musician because of the way in which he has used his talent and channelled his emotions to perfect an easily flowing, finely structured, and rhythmically pronounced style, with melodies which are usually both musically convincing and, on their own terms, emotionally valid. The really delightful thing about Wilson's improvisations at their best is precisely their essential rightness of mood and perception. This rightness makes it nearly impossible to find fault; one might wish for a wider range of feeling, but that would be to wish for another pianist entirely. However, "**The Touch of Teddy Wilson**" (Verve MG V-8330) is scarcely an adequate representation of his talent. His skill at variation is constantly frustrated by the rather straightforward, expository treatment he accords most of the numbers. This literal reading of such tunes as **Little Things That Mean So Much** and **If You Are But a Dream**, while impeccable, represents a sort of fatal coasting. On **Jeepers Creepers** and **Bye Bye Blues**, his variations are well done but seem unconnected and somehow irrelevant. Happily, on **Wonderful, Sunny Morning**, and **Sometimes I'm Happy** the reasons for his reputation become obvious. "**Showcase**" (Riverside RLP 12-313) is very much **PHILLY JOE JONES'** Ip; the leader sometimes seems to play for himself and to forget the horns along, and one feels in a number like **Battery Blues** that the drummer and the other instrumentalists belong to two different groups. Not that he is not a fine drummer; at his best he works with an easy and exemplary discretion in developing a rhythmic line which both supports and contributes its own interest. Here he assumes an aggressively self-conscious role, falling into certain emphatic and rigid patterns which are not always relevant to the work of the rest of the group. But "**Showcase**" has the distinct merit of presenting two interesting new soloists (new to me at any rate). Bill Barron is a tenor saxophonist of some potential. His style is obviously derived from Young's, but he speaks with his own accent and with a lightly resonant tone that is memorable, and Julian Priester infuses the ur-modern style of J. J. Johnson with a new vitality and purpose. Then Blue Mitchell shows that he is an increasingly meaningful soloist who is growing

away from the apparently inevitable debt to Clifford Brown. He is good throughout with especially fine moments on **Minor Mode**. Pepper Adams is relatively subdued, but his solo on **I'll Never Be The Same** is well constructed.

ART PEPPER is a very good musician indeed; on alto saxophone he is consistently inventive, and one may be sure that he is giving his best always. He has taken Charlie Parker's sonority and manner of phrasing and adapted them to his own rhythmic and melodic abilities. He develops his solos in basically casual segments but they are consistent and well thought out. His is a conservative style, but one can only admire a conservatism which enables him to proclaim both his ability and his own value so well. "**Modern Jazz Classics**" (Contemporary M 3568) finds Art Pepper on alto, tenor, and clarinet in arrangements by Marty Paich, able but scarcely memorable charts which raise the question as to whether there was much point in burdening Pepper with a band. Certainly much of Pepper's work is fragmentary because of the arrangements. I think he is most effective on alto. **Groovin' High** is a fine example of his control and rhythmic balance and a graceful and flowing line. His best alto solo here is on **Walking Shoes** where his line has a forceful delicacy which strikes one immediately and becomes more memorable on repetition. Then on **Walkin'** he digs in for a gutty, hot tenor solo which leads one to believe that he is discovering his own voice on the instrument. I have always found the electric organ repellent its tone sounds to me as though someone were blowing bubbles in a bucket of warm, sticky oil. Realizing my bias, I listened with great care to **JIMMY SMITH'S** Blue Note 1556. My previous impressions of Smith's work were verified; I found him a limited and conventional soloist whose style has its roots in the 'thirties, with some modern touches. With Smith to swing is the thing, but swing seems to mean a quality of agitated hotness not usually based on a foundation of melodic development which would make this sort of swing valid. His major device is to take hold of a sketchy (or trite) idea and ride it. It is particularly apparent in **Blue Moon** and **Somebody Love Me** where motifs are taken up, toyed with, and abandoned, undeveloped. However, Smith is a technical master of his instrument and **The Fight** amply demonstrates his capabilities. His long introduction to **All The Things You Are**, treated a la Bach, further proves this, and is sufficiently interesting in its development to suggest that an important side of Smith's talent is too little known. Donald Bailey's deftly supple drumming

is fine. He cuts Blakey, who is pedestrian on his track, **Zing Went The Strings Of My Heart**. Guitarist Eddie McFadden, whom I have heard in better form on other Smith recordings, has some good moments on **There Will Never Be Another You** and **Blue Moon**. I can make no sense of Leonard Feather's assertion, in the notes, that Smith is the Bud Powell of the electric organ. While nominally under Smith's leadership "**The Sermon**" (Blue Note 4011) is a blowing date for half the Blue Note stable. Smith is subdued throughout, coasting on clichés and trivia. **The Sermon**, a twenty minute discourse on the art of funk, finds him at his most repetitious, and Brooks, Donaldson, and Burrell do little to enhance their reputations. On the credit side in **J.O.S.** is the rather formless but suggestive alto work of George Coleman. Art Blakey is strangely lethargic on his two tracks, while Donald Bailey seems quite uncertain of his role on his one. Then there is Lee Morgan's splendid work on **The Sermon** and **Flamingo**. Morgan is a genuinely original musician, just entering the creative stage of his career. His considerable technical skill is buttressed by his strong sense of development which structures each solo. In **The Sermon**, for example, he extends a melodic fragment into a whole which has both unity and point. (He attempts the same on **J.O.S.**, but it does not come off.) **Flamingo** is devoted entirely to Morgan, with some rather desultory work from Kenny Burrell, and contains his most significant work on record to date, I think. After a rhapsodic and meaningful series of embellishments on the exposition, he breaks into a long, flowing variation which has unified melodic flow, each part developing clearly and rationally from the preceding, and emotionally alive with the joy of discovery. An astonishing performance which, like all good art, makes one happy with a world in which such things happen. "The question his later records compel us to ask is why he has failed to maintain his commanding position and go on to further achievements—for today he is just an unusually individual soloist who only occasionally extends himself." This quotation from Max Harrison's study of **DIZZY GILLESPIE** in this magazine (November, 1959) is only too applicable to "**The Ebullient Mr. Gillespie**" (Verve MG V-8328). Gillespie does not make a pretence of extending himself, and his playing has the casual quality of a man who can do very much more but who seems to feel he doesn't have to, and doesn't. Such records seem to reflect a lack of interest in his art, and what seems nearly a disdain for his listeners—an unpleasant thing to have to say

of the man who produced **I Can't Get Started** and **Salt Peanuts**. The rest of the group does its job, but that is all. **NAT ADDERLEY'S "Much Brass"** (Riverside RLP 12-301) is an example of what may be termed modern jazz academicism. In any movement, the once lively, fluid ideas of originators can become rigid devices. The idioms of the boppers, the cool school, and the hard boppers have not been immune, and the original discoveries of the three schools have become conventions. The record under review is, to put it bluntly, mediocre. Not that there is anything so gross as insincerity or poor musicianship. What is missing is creative vitality. Adderley had then only acquired the mannerisms of a style, and his solos reiterate a small stock of melodic ideas. Slide Hampton strikes me as a still developing musician who still has a rather 'corny' sense of time and accent. Laymon Jackson's work has a stiff rhythmic attack and lack of ideas, but the tuba is a difficult instrument. The rhythm section plays ably. Albert Heath's drumming supports the soloists well. Sam Jones is his steady self throughout, and he distinguishes himself as the best soloist on the recording with his cello work on **Blue Concept**. Wynton Kelly is disappointing; most of his solos have rather facile runs of little real content. The public success of **ANDRE PREVIN** is one of those phenomena which one is sometimes forced to acknowledge because of their persistence. From what little I have been able to glean of Previn's musical scope as a jazzman, his imagination rarely rises above the commonplace—or the genteelly vulgar. As a jazz pianist he lacks taste, feeling and ideas, but he makes up for it by copying the styles of Horace Silver and Red Garland rather freely. On **"King Size"** (Contemporary M 3570) I was unable to find a track that might merit more than a horrified awe at what technical facility and lack of sensibility can do. **Much Too Late** and **Low and Inside** are travesties on the blues, and they deserve disdain when one thinks of the essential nobility of the blues piano tradition. The other tracks are just as tinklingly banal. However, on nearly every number Red Mitchell shows what jazz is and how it should be played. I suppose **"ILLINOIS JACQUET Flies Again"** (Roulette R 52035) could be termed mainstream dance music. Jacquet is the soloist in a large group which plays conventionally arranged and lightly 'swinging' soft-lights-and-sweet-music and some simple 'jump' material. Jacquet is no longer the frenetic splutterer of the JATP, but a Ben Websterish tenor with fairly straight-forward ideas, competently 'romantic' on the slow tracks and simulating a certain swing on the

faster ones.

BOOKER LITTLE is a young trumpeter with good technical ability and, so far, nothing to say that wasn't said by Clifford Brown. Of his companions on **"Booker Little 4 and Max Roach"** (United Artists UAL 4034), George Coleman is a growing but still very unsteady soloist, while Tommy Flanagan plays well and forcefully throughout, with his best work on **Sweet and Lovely**. The real star is Roach. This remarkable man dominates every track by the grace of his line which provides both accompaniment and a rhythmic counterpoint of no small interest in itself. On **Milestones** and **Jewel's Tempo**, for instance, it is a joy to note how his fours flow directly from his accompaniment and are not, as with so many drummers, the result of special bursts of energy. It is such artfulness and canniness from Roach that brings in those crucial shades of accentuation and tone which are present on each number here. However, in a sense he plays alone. The company has done Little a disservice in issuing the faulty **Moonlight Becomes You**. In sonority, attack and general assurance **DONALD BYRD'S** playing on **"Byrd In Hand"** (Blue Note 4019) is considerably better than I have heard him. His tone has become much clearer and his execution is no longer troubled by the hesitations which so frequently marred the vitality of his work. Nevertheless, at his best he seems still an apt performer who is repeating, as if by rote, certain none too well thought out acquisition from the mid-'fifties. Indeed, the entire set draws from the early Jazz Messengers and the Roach-Brown group; one listens in vain for any sign that anything has happened since. Pepper Adams takes his usual chord running approach; he has yet to extend his work beyond this foundation. On the other hand, Charlie Rouse makes a continual effort to do just what Adams hasn't done, he does not always succeed, but the effort is there. Art Taylor is again on hand with his Blakey-inspired work which lacks both Blakey's faults and his virtues. Davis and Jones contribute familiar functional support. **"The GENE KRUPA Story"** (Verve MG V-15010) is the sound track recording from the film. I have no idea how these numbers function in it, but musically there is an air of cheap movie glibness in its pandering to a popular image of jazz as the property of certain rather dull dance bands. Most of the music is mediocre swing, with a clumsy nod at "Chicago style" in **Royal Garden Blues** and **Way Down Yonder in New Orleans**. The notes refer to such people as Eddie Miller, Benny Carter, Barney Kessel, Jess Stacy, Pete Candoli, and no less than four drummers (Shelley

Manne, John Williams, Jerry Williams, and Krupa) taking part. Red Nichols is listed for **Royal Garden Blues**, and the last track is supposed to be divided by Manne and Krupa. Anita O'Day sings a very mannered **Memories of You**.

LOU MCGARITY'S "Blue Lou" (Argo 654) is a quasi-mood set which makes few demands on the listener. McGarity plays Teagarden's style with assurance but little originality. The sidemen work with that mixture of the competent and the pedestrian which marks a certain type of professionalism; one is not surprised to learn from George Hoefer's very appropriate notes that most of them are veterans of radio and television work.

On **"With Four Flutes"** (Riverside RLP 12-306), **BILLY TAYLOR**, in an air man's nightmare, also has conventional rhythm and a conga drum. The flutes function as a section and in solos. On the face of it there is no reason why the flute should not be a perfectly good jazz instrument but since it has become standard in 'progressive' jazz dates, pretentious and humdrum material has been blown on it, and this record has more of the same. Richardson, Wess, Mann, and their colleagues bubble and chirp like leftovers from a Disney production. The section has a rather dull tone and no notable sectional development. Taylor is his customary bland, mechanical, emotionally uncommitted self.

GEORGE LEWIS'S "A New Orleans Dixieland Spectacular" (Omega OML-1053) is from the mid-'fifties, a period in Lewis' career midway between the ingenuous enthusiasm of his first recordings and the slicker productions one hears today. Six orchestral tracks have the advantage of Lawrence Marrero's strong and deft banjo work, and "Kid Howard's" rough but effective lead voice. Jim Robinson contributes his quota of clichés. Lewis is melodically uninteresting, but the zest of his playing here carries him along very well. The best work by the band is on **A Closer Walk With Thee** which is moving enough to require piety from anyone who might want to complain of its details. **Burgundy Street**, with the recitation of New Orleans place names by Monette Moore, is a rather ingratiating piece of nostalgia. Four quartet numbers give more solo responsibility to Lewis than he can carry. In polyphonic interplay, when Lewis' phrases act as fills for the gaps left by P. T. Stanton's cornet they serve well enough. When Stanton is out or is filling in Lewis' phrases, weakness of invention is obvious. Stanton's work is crude and rather Bixish, but he is forceful. Dick Oxtot is a firm banjoist but lacks Marrero's power and understated skill.

H. A. Woodfin

BOOK REVIEWS

JAZZ. Edited by Nat Hentoff and Albert McCarthy. Rinehart, 1959.

Jazz consists of a dozen essays commissioned by the editors "to examine a number of areas" of jazz history which have been neglected and thus "to help place jazz in fuller perspective." One of the highest compliments which can be paid the book is that it reminds one very much of a monumental book of some twenty years ago which also consisted of essays commissioned by two prescient editors. This was *Jazzmen* (1939), which started with a somewhat parallel purpose: "to relate the story of jazz as it has unfolded about the men who created it." The new book complements the older book admirably. As the title suggests, **Jazz** places the emphasis on the music itself, rather than on the stories of the musicians, as *Jazzmen* did. And to a great extent it deals with musicians and movements which *Jazzmen* did not cover. This is particularly true of its essays on Jelly Roll Morton and Duke Ellington, two musicians *Jazzmen* virtually ignored.

Gunther Schuller's examination of Ellington's early style can stand as a model of how the analytic method of the trained critic of concert music can be applied to jazz. Schuller goes beyond Andre Hodeir in striking at the heart of Ellington's unique style. Although his essay covers only the years 1926-1931, Schuller develops most that is implicit in Ellington's mature style. He also demonstrates conclusively what a massive contribution Bubber Miley made to this style. Altogether this is the best critical piece ever written on Ellington.

Jelly Roll Morton is served almost equally well by Martin Williams. While not a trained musicologist like Schuller, Williams shares with the best of earlier jazz critics a fundamental musical knowledge and the ability to listen closely to jazz and explain lucidly what he hears. Williams sees Morton as the first master of form in jazz; thus, he largely separates Morton from the New Orleans tradition and links him instead to ragtime before and to Ellington and Thelonious Monk afterward. Using Morton's music as his point of reference, Williams makes us see, as no one has before, the essence and importance of Morton's style.

Max Harrison brings the same critical

approach to bear on Charlie Parker, but he fails to break new ground as Williams has done. What he does accomplish is a good summation of what can be learned about Parker's style from listening to his recordings. On the other hand, Harrison's chapter on boogie woogie supplements brilliantly William Russell's earlier work on this relatively minor jazz form. (Can't we now have a moratorium on boogie woogie articles?) Unfortunately his excellent discussion of the style and of the major boogie woogie figures loses effectiveness at the chapter's end because he insists on throwing in a large number of minor figures.

This compulsion to list everyone in a jazz movement, whether they have any major importance or not, is the principal fault of **Jazz**, as it is of most jazz books. Most of the essayists mar their chapters by trying to crowd into their discussion more musicians and/or styles than they can adequately cover in the space allowed. Some day jazz writers may realize that the best way to cover a jazz movement or style is to concentrate on the few major figures in that style. All that need be said can be related to these major figures.

Martin Williams' article on bop and post-bop, which actually contains more insight than Harrison's Parker chapter, is so hamstrung by this approach that it never really gets off the ground. Likewise, Guy Waterman would have done better if he had concentrated exclusively on ragtime and its foremost practitioner, Scott Joplin; his excellent piece is diffuse because he skips around so much. Paul Oliver's thoughtful study of how the blues developed and spread is also harmed by his compulsion to mention every important (and not so important) blues singer. Albert McCarthy's admirable and much-needed assessment of the traditional jazz revival of the 1940's becomes bogged down in minor figures at the end.

The extreme example of this obsession with names for their own sake is John Steiner's chapter on Chicago jazz which reads like a directory of Chicago musicians and contains such ludicrous sub-titles as "Boys' Bands" and "Friendships." This trivia has no place in a serious jazz book.

New Orleans jazz is not as well served as it might be, especially since the author of the chapter, Charles Edward Smith, has already contributed greatly to our understanding of the subject. However, here Smith largely restates what is already known, and, in addition, he attempts the absurd job of tracing the New Orleans tradition down through the Modern Jazz Quartet.

Hsio Wen Shih, in his chapter on the growth of the big band tradition, is the only writer in the book who has been able to write a meaningful essay while dealing with a great number of figures. He lucidly describes how Don. Red-

mond and Fletcher Henderson fashioned the dominant band style and ably shows the important transitional role of this style and of its musicians. His main job, which he discharges well, is to gather together what is already known about the subject and to reiterate forcefully some simple truths which are often ignored (such as the fact that most of the important jazzmen of the late 1920's and early 1930's came from middle-class backgrounds). Closely akin in subject matter to this chapter is Franklin Driggs' essay on jazz in Kansas City and the Southwest, which has already been highly praised in one review of the book. There is no question about the need for an investigation of this long-neglected jazz area, and there is no denying that Driggs has done an indefatigable job of research. However, in its present state his essay impresses me as little more than research. The material is not in readable shape; it is just a collection of facts loosely organized and not clearly presented.

The editors are to be commended for making an excellent attempt to put in proper perspective the major figures and movements in jazz. However, it is unfortunate that they did not push their method further and insist that the contributors concentrate on the important figures. There is little doubt in my mind that Waterman could have done a capable job on Scott Joplin and Martin Williams on Thelonious Monk, and it should not have been too difficult to commission similar pieces. There is no question that the book as it stands ranks as one of the most important contributions to jazz literature since *Jazzmen*. If only the editors had held the reins tighter on the authors, we might have come close to finding the book which would encompass the full nature of jazz. As it is, we are still waiting.

Sheldon Meyer

DOWN BEAT JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS, Volume IV. Chicago, 1960.

Editor Gene Lees makes very modest claims for this collection of record reviews, but the reviews themselves indicate that not all the reviewers shared his limited concept of their job.

Mr. Lees makes a careful distinction between 'firing line criticism' and more reflective and analytical 'Upper Level Criticism', and he seems to imply that it would be unfair to expect more of a **Down Beat** reviewer than a general indication whether or not the record is worth buying. But the distinction between the two kinds of criticism should scarcely apply to a bi-weekly magazine which does not insist on covering every jazz release. Many critics outside the jazz field have shown us that even a weekly schedule allows time for reflection, and a few critics (you know the names; Wilson, Agee & Co. seem to make *The Jazz Review* as often

as Louis Armstrong, if not as often as Monk.) have proven that even a weekly can publish first-rate criticism by hiring first-rate critics.

In any case, acute searching criticism exists in this volume side by side with the superficial and glib. Compare the two reviews of Yusef Lateef 'experiments' on page 122, for example. Mr. Ralph Gleason shares his perplexity with us, but decides not to try to puzzle it out. Mr. Martin Williams puts the experiment into a context, explores some of the implications, exposes some pretensions, and concludes by setting the soloists into a precise hierarchy for both intention and achievement.

Mr. Williams, in this collection, seems to have developed into a critic with a serious concern for jazz, wide and detailed knowledge of its history and traditions, and genuine perceptions about both its theory and its practice. Almost all his reviews are worth several readings, and though he is rarely a quotable writer because his style is so diffuse, the impact of each review as a whole is usually both independent and just.

His best work here includes two fine reviews of Chet Baker, one each on Blakey's Messengers, Lou Donaldson, Benny Golson, Coleman Hawkins, Herbie Nichols, and a remarkable review of Hal McKusick's "Cross Section Saxes" that raises many interesting and important questions about the problems of jazz composition. The other reviewers are not so consistently rewarding. Mr. Richard Hadlock is capable of writing with both insight and precision, but he rarely does both at the same time. When he does, in reviews of a Lee Konitz-Bill Russo collaboration, of a Roy Haynes-Phines Newborn-Paul Chambers trio and of the Rex Stewart-Cootie Williams "Porgy and Bess", he is very much worth reading. Even when he is not at his best, he usually manages to put his finger on the most important point about any given record, but when he tries to expand his remarks in a closer approach to the subject, he sometimes lapses strangely. His review of a Cecil Taylor record, the longest of his reviews in this collection, seems to me provocative but wrong-headed. In what sense are the younger generation of jazzmen more concerned with rhythmic freedom than the best boppers? I would have thought just the opposite. And to what extent do Taylor's substitutes for normal jazz structure succeed? Mr. Hadlock doesn't say.

The three staff men in the three major cities wrote more than a third of the reviews. Mr. Lees, himself a singer and an aficionado of orchestration, specialized in those fields. He was (he has now given up reviewing) a perceptive if somewhat permissive critic of singers and singing, most certain of himself when he dealt with singers on the fringe between jazz and pop. His views on arranging seem, if anything, over-



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professional; he was more often impressed by technical skill in scoring and subtleties of voicing than by more overt expressive qualities.

Mr. George Hoefer is an experienced, gentle, at times uncertain reviewer who tends to resolve all doubts in favor of the musician being reviewed. I am afraid he often used the word "interesting" as a substitute for understanding. Mr. J. A. Tynan is a deplorable reviewer who firmly believes in telling them whether it's worth the price of admission, but he seems to believe that this can be done without esthetic standards. Anything goes, he seems to say, in jazz. Clowning is as good as creation and much more fun. When he uses the word "monumental" in that way in his Bill Holman review, I wonder if he doesn't think that pretentiousness is best of all.

But 1959 was a year of transition at **Down Beat**. Only Mr. Tynan functioned as a reviewer continuously through the year. Of the two who left early, Mr. Don Gold was the more reliable. Like Mr. Hadlock, he usually could grasp the most significant point of a record, though he rarely tried to go further. Mr. Dom Cerulli, based on this small sample, appears to be a man who has never heard a bad big band.

The late arrivals are more interesting, especially Mr. Don DeMichael. He obviously knows a crochet from a semi-quaver, as he shows us in his review of Miles' "**Kind of Blue**", but he appears to have heard too little jazz to have a secure background. He misinterprets a Joe Turner record because he failed to realize that Turner makes two different kinds of records today, a point neatly taken into account in an adjoining review. He thinks that "**5 by Monk by 5**" is "typical of the music of Monk". The extravagant comparisons he makes about Ray Bryant, admittedly a fine and versatile player, makes me wonder how hard he has listened to Hines, Wilson, Powell and Silver—or do I mean Ray Bryant? His comment on Tiny Grimes' tone suggests he has been neglecting rhythm and blues; when he speaks of Hawk's former 'smooth urbanity' I wonder if he might be thinking of Carter; when he says Gil Evans created something "larger" than the original works he orchestrated in "**Great Jazz Standards**" I wonder about his yard-stick in spite of my admiration for Evans; when he describes Ben Webster's "gentility", even "passionate gentility", (Ah, there, Nat Hentoff!) I gape in astonishment. And when he manages to review Sarah Vaughan's "**No Count**" without mentioning all those wonderful four-bar parodies, I begin to wonder about his ear as well. Perhaps he simply has not enough control as a writer to say what he means.

The other late arrivals are familiar to all old **Down Beat** readers; they are the old pros. Mr. Leonard Feather shows that he is still a superlative reporter

in his Quincy Jones review, and that he still could be a good critic in his review of "**Mingus Ah Um**". Mr. Ralph Gleason is an enthusiast and a determined middle-brow. Logic has small place in his make-up, but what can account for the strange review of "**New York, N. Y.**" that barely mentions George Russell? And in what sense, except perhaps the commercial, is Jon Hendricks "The most important . . ."? And who ever heard of a critic falling in love with a **boy** singer? Mr. John S. Wilson is soberer and more statesman-like. But it's often hard to tell statesmanship from copping out. Mr. Ira Gitler, not one of the old pros, apparently made the gig too late to get onto the masthead. His reviews here are not particularly good, certainly not as good as his most recent **Down Beat** reviews, which are very good indeed. Apparently some of the by-lines on the reviews originally published anonymously got lost permanently.

If all of this says that **Down Beat** record reviews are inconsistent, then I guess that's what I mean. Even the star ratings, which might act as an equalizer, don't reduce the inconsistency much; one reviewer averaged 3.56 stars; another averaged 2.76. The average for the collection is three and some odd, which seems to me self-defeating. How can the average be higher than good? Or do I misunderstand the meaning of average and the meaning of good?

But there is another way of gauging the effectiveness of critical performances. How well does this volume cope with the crucial critical problems of the last year in jazz? To pick a few key problems at random, there was Ornette Coleman's music, the Buck Hammer fraud, the curious case of Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, and behind everything, the enormous question of the relation of improvising to writing in jazz.

The reviews of Mr. Coleman were carefully non-committal. Mr. Hammer has become a skeleton, carefully hidden. L-H-R are now approved, now acclaimed, but their shaky esthetic premise is never questioned; they get by on charm, high-spirits and general hipness. And except for that McKusick review, the importance of the whole question of composition in jazz is hardly reflected in these reviews. Scoring is sometimes a matter of writing backgrounds, or sometimes the soloists fit themselves well into the framework of the writing. But in this problem it is the details that count, and they're not even touched.

But all these issues are only susceptible to attack by critics with a clear sense of the jazz tradition, an ear and (dare I say it?) firm esthetic principles. Surely criticism should be concerned not only with the technical accomplishments musicians show in their work, but with the premises of their conceptions as well. Isn't it as much

a part of the critic's task to put questions, difficult questions, to the artist as to play Virgil to the potential record buyer?

Hsio Wen Shih

THE COUNTRY BLUES.

Samuel B. Charters, Rinehart and Co., New York, 1959.

For better or worse, the task of documenting and evaluating American folk music seems to be partly in the hands of devoted fans, whose knowledge of music comes from personal accumulations of songs and records, carrying out "research" projects in the field with a tape recorder and an impassioned determination to collect new information. Their data is passed on to the public, with little or no comment, and the public, ready to accept anything that comes off a printing press, is delighted by the "authenticity" of it all. The collector, who is at best an editor but more often merely a stenographer, becomes, with publication, a critic, folklorist, author and researcher. There are three reasons why record collectors and tune collectors have taken on the cataloging and chronicling. First, much folk material has been, and still is, ignored or scorned by those who could afford to lend financial support to extensive and methodical research. Secondly, social and racial barriers have discouraged many otherwise qualified researchers from operating in their own backyard—the South. Finally, folk music, seldom preserved on paper, has been occasionally captured on phonograph records since the early 'twenties, and these recordings form an erratic but colorful short history of the sort of folk product Americans purchased from that time on.

Samuel Charters has edited his notes and tapes, collected in the course of his travels through parts of the South, into a highly readable hard-cover book of limited scope. It is essentially a collection of annotated bio-discographies of those Negro blues singers and players who have appealed to Charters on records. The value of this work lies in the hitherto unknown facts that the author has unearthed about several superb blues performers. The chapter devoted to the late Blind Lemon Jefferson, for one, is good reference material on this shadowy but impressively talented man from Texas. Charters gives us fascinating accounts of medicine show performers, sightless minstrels, untutored jug players, and relatively unsophisticated popular recording artists. A true collector of record lore, he furnishes us also with names of recording executives, company politics, and, of course, original catalog numbers of records turned out some thirty years ago, but the reader who asks for Paramount 12354 in his favorite record store is likely to be disappointed.

To fellow collectors, Charters' methods must seem inevitable and even scholarly. Unfortunately, **The Country Blues** is built upon a number of assumptions that others will have difficulty discovering or believing.

In his introduction, Charters correctly refers to his book as "the first extended study" of his subject, but his subject turns out to be not country blues but rather blues performers and their records. Contrary to his claim to have included every major blues artist, the author has omitted from serious discussion all but the handful he has personally pursued. (Leadbelly, for example, is virtually erased by Charters from the annals of blues singing. John and Alan Lomax have already devoted a book to him, but there is no bibliography here, and the reader may be left with the mistaken notion that Leadbelly either wasn't important or never sang country blues.)

Again, the collector will probably accept the inherent contradictions that lead to confusion for others. Although some "country blues" performers were city-bred opportunists trying to make the grade as popular entertainers while others were rural inheritors of traditional song materials, Charters chooses to lump them all under a single ambiguous title. The English writer Max Jones once made some interesting observations¹ regarding urban influences on country blues, along with the effects of religious taboos upon rural performers, but this is apparently water too deep for Charters who ignores church influences entirely, except for a chapter about the sacred singer Blind Willie Johnson, who "seems to belong" with the blues singers. (Blind Willie, it develops, recorded on the Columbia 14000 series, as did some blues singers.)

Charters traveled much the same route that recording executives of old followed, leaving us with about the same impression that the original records themselves give—that the country blues came mostly from Texas, Mississippi, and Tennessee and settled in Memphis and Chicago. The wealth of folk blues material in Alabama, Georgia, and Florida remains largely neglected.

The author announces, in the introduction, his intention to discuss the music on the level of its "relationship with its own audience." Having thus cleared the way for digressions into the marketing of phonograph records, he dredges up obscure singers whose records flopped on the market and skips over white blues singers like Jimmy Rodgers whose records sold very well. In view of this apparent racial bias, it is curious that there is a long passage toward the end of the book devoted to Elvis Presley.

Charters' chapters dealing with the background and development of the blues are adequate as far as they go (most of this material, including the author's distinction between country

blues and formal blues songs, can be traced to Abbe Niles,² Odum and Johnson,³ or Allen, Ware, and Garrison⁴), but we are given no hints about the significance of the country blues as a folk art form, what criteria to employ in judging this music, or even the genesis of style on regional or individual bases.

As an informal collection of personal sketches on Lonnie Johnson, the Memphis Jug Bands, Jim Jackson, Leroy Carr, Robert Johnson, Blind Boy Fuller, Tampa Red, and many others, and as a sentimental peek behind the "race" record catalogs of the past thirty years, **The Country Blues** is an entertaining and incidentally informative book. As a reference work, without bibliography or complete record listings, it is useful only to those working within the scope of Charters' selected subjects. While this book does help to fill a hardcover void, it is a pity that Samuel Charters passed by the opportunity to bring genuine critical insight, beyond that of the honest and enthusiastic collector, to a field that, for many needs definitions and exegesis.

1. Jones, Max, "On Blues" pp. 72-107 in **The PL Yearbook of Jazz**, edited by Albert McCarthy, 1946.
2. Niles, Abbe, Introduction to **Blues: An Anthology**, edited by W. C. Handy, New York, Albert & Charles Boni, 1926.
3. Odum, Howard W. and Johnson, Guy B. **The Negro and His Songs and Negro Workaday Songs**. University of North Carolina Press, 1926.
4. Allen, William Francis; Ware, Charles P.; Garrison, Lucy M. **Slave Songs of the United States**. New York, Peter Smith, 1951.

MOVIE REVIEW

Jazz On A Summer's Day. produced and directed by Bert Stern; script and continuity by Arnold Pearl and Albert D'Annibile; musical director, George Avakian; edited by Aram Avakian.

A requisite for enjoying this film is that one **not** be a jazz devotee. Although it is a semi-documentary of the 1958 Newport Festival, the music in it, what little of quality there was, functioned mainly as a prop for spectacular visual effects.

Aspects of this movie other than its music were covered in the daily press. I'm sure some of the raves were justified, if only because of the excitement generated by seeing a myriad of personality types, mainly the audience, caught in the act of being themselves. And if one's personal involvement with jazz music is on a take-it-or-leave-it basis, one is free to enjoy the many hilarious, and sometimes poignant, vignettes captured so skillfully. Certainly,

the shot of that ancient little lady riding in that ancient car to the accompaniment of raucous Dixieland was funny in its incongruity. And who are better subjects for photographers than Louis Armstrong or Big Maybelle?

As an example of virtuoso photography, **Jazz On A Summer's Day** is brilliant. Messrs. Stern, Courtney, Hafela and Phealan had a field day with their cameras. Nothing of "human interest" escaped their eagle-eyed lenses. I was reminded of the fine still work done in former years by Weegee, whose marvellous candid shots undoubtedly exerted a considerable influence on photographic art.

But, because I am personally involved with jazz, it was very difficult for me to just sit back and enjoy this fascinating human circus without being frustrated and even offended. I feel the producers paid a very high artistic price to attain their success. By filming some of the worst aspects of the festival, they have only served to reinforce the widely held opinion that 1) jazz is light entertainment, guaranteed to provide a quick thrill, but couldn't, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, be considered a mature art for grown-ups; and, 2) Newport is the greatest place in the world for a beer party. I guess it could be argued that the blame belongs, not to those responsible for the film, but to the producers and performers of the festival itself. But, if the producers of the film were aware of musical standards, why did they dwell on some of the most tasteless elements, Chuck Berry, for instance. And Dinah Washington's artistry wasn't served by those camera angles either.

This concern for so-called visual interest at any cost has also long afflicted television presentation of musical performances. I happen to believe that the most valid way to photograph the performance of music is to try to capture the inherent excitement in the self-absorption of the artist and the performance. Several times in the film, the camera caught that excitement. Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden were handled very well. So was Anita O'Day—if somewhat grotesquely. But the sudden shifting of the camera from audiences, to performer, to scenic trivia and back ruined some of the music for me. I like my music straight, and I don't like it "programmed" for me. The most glaring instance of this occurred when, during Theolonius Monk's fine performance of **Blue Monk**, suddenly my eyes were assaulted with a yacht race! Monk continued playing, and then I was confronted with a shot of a zealous photographer focusing his lense on him. It's a little like watching TV with the sound off, while listening to the radio and trying to read. Or being deeply involved in the music in a concert hall while the curtain keeps rising and falling. On the other hand, I had to sit for an eternity

while Chico Hamilton's mobile features consumed the entire screen without musical interest to sustain the shots. And when someone as engrossing as Mahalia Jackson is performing, that's all I want to see. I certainly don't want to watch people dancing in the audience while she is singing! If the producers don't believe in presenting music straight, they might at least pick more judicious moments for the camera to wander. I also got the feeling that some of the shots of spectators didn't conform to the performance they were purportedly watching. Some of the scenes looked rigged. If they were, why?

There were minor distractions: the synchronization between player and sound was always a little off, but I may have seen a bad print. There were scenes of the America's Cup observation trials. Why? The editing seemed choppy—or was this deliberate, to help convey a hectic atmosphere?

The highspots for me were: the opening titles and the Jimmy Giuffre 3's music; Thelonious Monk's music; Mahalia Jackson's artistry and unassuming dignity; the straightforward presentation of the Gerry Mulligan quartet. I realize that the film producers are blameless for some of the performers' breaches of taste and for poor musicianship, but they are responsible for preserving it for posterity. Good music still has precious few mass outlets and this movie might have been one.

I came away from the theatre feeling that jazz was once again the butt of a bad joke, and, as a jazz musician, I felt I indirectly had been "had."

The foregoing notwithstanding, I still believe (I am an optimist) that someday a faithful photographic record of good music will be made, (maybe by the same people) and will draw large audiences—and even make money.

Perhaps I misinterpret the purpose of the film and the aim was to study people at an even. If so, I take exception to the producers' intent, because I feel that in that case the music is misused. And then, perhaps a different title would have been more appropriate, say "The Big Weekend."

Dick Katz

CONCERT REVIEW

I spent two days in March listening to some of the country's best collegiate jazz musicians, and some of the worst, at Notre Dame University's sec-

ond annual "CJF". The festival, really more contest than festival, was sponsored by the University with the direction and advisory support of several well-known jazz personalities, particularly Mr. Charles Suber of *Down Beat*, who helped with publicity and with the organization of the contest itself. Jazz groups from any college or university who wished to participate in the festival submitted tapes of their work. From these, a committee selected twenty-seven contestants ranging from big bands to solo performers, who performed in Friday afternoon and night, and Saturday afternoon preliminary sessions.

The judges, Stan Kenton, Frank Holzfiend (the Chicago Blue Note entrepreneur), Robert Share (Berklee School), Willis Connover and Suber, selected nine finalists, six small groups and three big bands, to perform in a final Saturday evening session. Awards were presented to the outstanding jazz group, small combo, big band, jazz instrumentalist on each instrument, leader, arranger, over-all instrumentalist, and most promising young soloist. The leading small combo was awarded a week's engagement at the Blue Note; each outstanding instrumentalist received a new instrument (only one saxophone was presented), the outstanding soloist a scholarship to the Berklee School, and the most promising soloist a scholarship to attend the Stan Kenton music camp at Indiana University next summer. Each group's performance was limited to twenty minutes. The program was well spaced; the announcers were clear and concise; the audience fairly well behaved; groups went on and off swiftly; in short, the festival was beautifully produced. The musicians varied, but most fell into one of two categories. One has been known on college campuses for years—many campuses produced another Bix in the early 'thirties, or another Benny Goodman in the late 'thirties, and today, they produce Brubecks, Garners or exact replicas of the Dukes of Dixieland. These musicians attempt to lift the "style," the superficial characteristics, of their idols without either their technique or sense of musical values; they seldom venture outside the list of tunes recorded by their idols; and their imitations often amount to parody. Better jazz musicians on college campuses may also show distinct recognizable influences, but they are assimilating important musical influences. Their attitude toward jazz is likely to be less limited by the attitudes of college communities, to refer itself to the jazz world outside. Both kinds of musicians were present at the festival. They were different in their approach to music, and they remained separate off the stand. The jazzmen played in informal sessions after the concerts; the others split.

It is not necessary to discuss most of the twenty-seven groups, for they were

mediocre to poor by any standard, but two groups were in such bad taste that they will be considered later.

To this writer there were five outstanding small groups and three exceptional big bands. The small groups were the Dave Baker Quintet, Indiana U.; the Bob Pierson Quartet; Detroit U.; the Kansas U. Quintet; the U. of Minnesota quintet; and the Bob Sardo quartet of Purdue. The three big bands were from North Texas State College, Ohio State, and Northwestern University.

Dave Baker's quintet was the unanimous choice of all musicians who heard it as the outstanding group of the festival. It included Baker's flexible bass trombone, Dave Young's hard bop tenor, Austin Crow's piano, Larry Ridley's bass, and Paul Parker's drums. Each man had mastered the mechanical aspects of playing better than perhaps any other musicians who played during the two days. Beyond, each displayed maturity, originality and a direct non-nonsense awareness of what jazz is. They challenged themselves with difficult material (for example, Ornette Coleman's *The Sphinx*), played with cohesion and showed signs of compositional talents in Baker's *Kentucky Oysters*. Paul Parker's drumming was unsurpassed—lifting and probing at any tempo. Pianist Crow, working in a Red Garland-Wynton Kelly vein was one of only three competent jazz pianists that I heard in the two days. Bassist Larry Ridley was so far ahead of any other bassist present that the others who heard him headed for the woodshed.

Bob Pierson's Quartet featured the leader's Rollins-influenced tenor, his more personal alto, clarinet and flute, pianist John Griffith whose flowing lyrical work stood out and a bass-drums team of Ben Appling and William Wood only slightly below the one mentioned above. Their deep involvement with the main current of jazz was apparent, mechanical difficulties were negligible, clichés rare and they chose challenging material like *Blue Train* and *Dr. Jackyl*.

Bob Sardo's accordion (praised by Mat Matthews in last year's festival), Gary Barone's trumpet, bassist Duke Larson and drummer Tim Froeschner provided the festival's most tightly balanced unit. More than any other group in the festival, they showed organization and a concept of group playing. They explored difficult tempos, brought off a haunting *Summertime*, (the best conceived small group ensemble of the festival) and swung hard.

The Kansas University Quintet included the only Lester Young school tenor man, Gary Foster, whose facility and fine tone combined with his improvisational abilities to produce satisfying solos. The choice of most musicians who heard him for outstanding trumpet awards was Carmell Jones, who displayed a conception derived from

Clifford Brown and mechanical dexterity one seldom finds outside of first rank jazz trumpets. Musicians who heard Jones' after hours, playing at a downtown bar early Sunday morning, went away shaking their heads. Bassist Don Ferrar's big sound and excellent arco work in a ballad, and drummer Steve Hall (a pupil of Shelly Manne and Roy Harte) and his precise sound rounded out this group. The choice of an Ornette Coleman chart **When will the Blues Leave?** and **Dig** showed this quintet's direction.

The U. of Minnesota quintet featured Jim Marentic's Golson-like tone and swing and trumpeter Jack Coan's slightly legitimate sound but fine range and ideas. With rhythm support and the blues-oriented piano of leader Jim Trost (the last of three acceptable jazz pianists present) they ripped through Al Cohn's **For Adults Only**, **Dig** and **Like Someone in Love**. Group cooperation was excellent; genuine enthusiasm and confidence pleasing. Three big bands included only four jazz soloists comparable to those in the small groups. They were an altoist, whose name I failed to get and Marvin Stamm, trumpeter, North Texas; tenorist Sonny McBroom, Ohio State; trombonist Loren Binford, Northwestern. Only McBroom had enough solo space to test his staying power, and he showed both originality and sense of structure. Trumpeter Stamm was a superb technician with more facility than ideas (on the order of Maynard Ferguson and Vinnie Tanno,—excitable, a bit melodramatic). I am told that Stamm plays excellent jazz, but he was not given much room to play solos. The strong points of the big bands were the fine idiomatic arrangements and fine playing of Texas; loose but deep swing by Ohio State; the fiery dynamics of Northwestern. All the solos except by those men mentioned above were poor. The best of the three large band drummers was the one with North Texas, although none measured up to Paul Parker and Ben Appling.

Two Dixieland (in the worst sense) Bands competed. The Wayne State Ramblers attempted to out-Duke the Dukes of Dixieland, with fussy, nagging banjo work, a disgraceful Uncle Tom treatment of **Mamma Don't 'Low** and a frantic display of pop-eyed energy that sent jazz musicians scurrying for the dressing rooms. The Dayton U. Dynamos were like the Ramblers but wore red vests, played louder, were better Toms and more embarrassing for white and colored alike. They received an award for "outstanding showmanship." That's right, "outstanding showmanship".

The Brian Hardy trio presented a naive impersonation of a Dave Brubeck trio, with an excursion to Ahmad Jamal. Bassist Warren Brown seemed to have one set of chord changes (a mail-order set) and played them relentlessly through most of the tunes. A rendering

of a "real nice beautiful ballad" (**Moonlight in Vermont**) and a ridiculous bow to the judges' bench in a treatment of **Opus in Chartreuse** were highlights in the melodrama and wooden verticality of Hardy's playing. Brubeck swings his fingers off compared to this trio.

The Free Forms of the Catholic U. of America played keyless, structureless sounds and sat in the stands later telling those around them about musical fine-points of other soloists. ("Ha! The Whole Tone Scale!"). An embarrassing display of snobbery and avant-gardism. But their work was interesting if sincerely intended, which is hard to tell in so brief a time.

Dot's trio had a drummer whose work has been called "tasty"—not in the Jo Jones sense—he hardly seemed to touch the drums at all; yet the over-all effect was rather jerky and fluctuated in time. The group also included my choice for the worst bassist in the festival, and a pianist, Tom Mustachio, who showed us everything that is wrong with Errol Garner and none of what is indubitably right. Like Hardy, Tom Mustachio played loudly and steadfastly failed to swing. Mustachio played **Misty**, and other tunes associated with Garner, and did not indicate that he had ever listened to another pianist.

The Modern Men from Dartmouth College were four young men who obviously knew where jazz was going. They played with crackling ensemble work and a jazz sound. But in improvisation, even the limberest musical rules completely evaded them. Whole bars were ignored by the soloists, changes were cast aside (not substituted for—cast aside) and only with the return to the melody at the end (an amazing accomplishment considering where the horns had wandered) was order restored. Baritonist-altoist Don Miller "thrilled" the fans with affected posturing and zipped off fast runs that covered a multitude of sins. Trumpeter Allen Houser's tone was good, but his jazz talent small. In Bassist Yassin's one extended solo on Friday afternoon, the tempo dropped as if the turntable had been shut off, rose slightly toward the end, and continued with everyone aboard at a third tempo not quite as fast as the original.

The festival, up to the announcements of the judges' decisions, had been entirely enjoyable for me. I had come expecting some good music and some bad; several groups had exceeded my expectations and only one had been more unpleasant than I had imagined. I had found myself unhappy at times with audience reaction to sounds which recalled Shearing, Jamal, Garner, Brubeck and the Dukes, which, well played or not, brought oos and aaahs. But I comforted myself that the judges would be more sensitive than the audience to the work of musicians who sounded like no one except themselves.

But after announcing that Dave

Baker's quintet would not be eligible for competition as a group because they were not able to stay through the festival, Charles Suber, as chairman of the committee of judges, announced that, based on strict professional standards and originality, finalists among small groups would include Tom Mustachio's trio (Garnerisms), Brian Hardy's trio (Brubeckiana), the Modern Men, the Notre Dame quintet (in-offensive but dim), and the Bob Pierson Quartet. The last was the only one that any musician I talked to thought worth consideration. Pierson's quartet played brilliantly that evening (pianist Griffith was so poignantly blue at times as to produce tears), and the other small groups dismally. But Tom Mustachio's Dots trio was chosen as the outstanding small group.

The Big Band finalists had been North Texas State, Ohio State and Northwestern. Their arrangers and composers deserved unlimited applause and got it. North Texas was the one with the Kenton-like approach—complex charts, involved compositions, and broad tonal contrivances. Needless to say, North Texas was selected as the top big band.

Trumpeter Carmell Jones and Gary Barone were ignored for Marvin Stamm's big band work (like choosing Ferguson over Clifford Brown); trombonist Dave Baker was out in favor of Loren Binford—a big band trombone who had little jazz space (most people couldn't remember having heard him); the worst of three big band drummers was selected over Paul Parker and wonderful bassist Larry Ridley was likewise ignored. Tom Mustachio was chosen the outstanding pianist and most promising soloist (one musician said: "You know, Bill Evans could have taken John Griffith's place with Pierson's group, and, given the same space, he would have been overlooked by the judges."). Tenor Dave Young, for some reason did receive an award. Most of the other choices were automatic; there was only one jazz vocalist competing, one flautist; and two or three guitarists offered little to choose from.

I talked to one loser afterward: he shrugged, "You get used to it; you have to play exactly like Garner or somebody they know to get a gig in Detroit." Another: "It's hardly worth the time and effort; last year was better, but this year . . . ?" Pianist Mustachio seemed puzzled. As the final words were spoken, he stood alone fingering the top of his new electric piano, looking as if he did not quite believe his success. A teenage girl rubbed her leg on a door and sighed, "I could listen to that pianist (Mustachio) all night." She was asked if she had ever heard of Errol Garner; she said "No."

Jazz had stood up to be counted, had hardly been recognized, and had gone home.

John William Hardy

JAZZ IN PRINT

by NAT HENTOFF



Four months after the sit-in strikes began, no trade paper had reported the support of the movement by Duke Ellington and Count Basie. Ellington actually accompanied 12 students on a Baltimore sit-in. Basie, in a statement to the Pittsburgh Courier, the country's largest Negro newspaper, came out unequivocally for the students. Meanwhile, Nat Cole has been active in raising money for the students and for Dr. Martin King, charged with tax evasion by desperate Alabama state officials. The most prodigious worker for "movement" among entertainers has been Harry Belafonte. And in the Amsterdam News, Max Roach and Art Blakey suggested a jazz concert for the students. As of this writing, plans are underway for a similar project.

From Down Beat's directory of vocalists in the May 12 issue--Mabel Mercer . . . "Miss Mercer has built a considerable reputation as a singer in the rock-and-roll idiom. Strongly reflecting the spirit of blues in her work, she has had many successes on single records; in addition, she counts 1p albums in her discography."

Big Mabel started on the tent shows with Ma Kettle and went on to cut singles for a Turkish r&b label that also had Noel Coward and Elsa Maxwell as exclusive artists.

Down Beat was also rather naive in printing Jack Lind's The Expatriate Life of Stan Getz in the April 14 issue, a fanciful fairy tale that is not supported by other reports from Scandinavia.

Malcolm Walker began a Charlie Mingus Discography --one's been needed for some time--in the April Jazz Monthly. In the same issue, there's a perceptive review of The Connection by Don Heckman. This editor thoroughly disagreed with The Jazz Review's report on the play. As Heckman says: "The pseudo-hipsterisms of the Kerouac-styled beats seem empty and shallow when placed alongside Gelber's vivid portrait."

When facilities at Greenville, North Carolina are completed in about two years, the Voice of America will be the most powerful single broadcasting operation in the world. Willis Conover by then will reach everywhere but America--unless you have short-wave.

Cassell, the British publisher, has issued Sidney Bechet's autobiography, Treat It Gentle. Said Bechet about revivalism: "It's like they believed the music stopped way back there." . . . Lenny Bruce is by far the most creative comedian in America.

From C. H. Garrigues in the San Francisco Examiner of a Bruce appearance there: "The remainder howled with laughter, gasped with the shock of sudden insight, and almost wept with the shame of what that insight revealed."

Daniel Halperin still lacks the courage to use his own name when reviewing books for the British Jazz News but reveals his capacities as a critic in this review of the Basie band in Britain: "Now Sonny (Payne) helps Freddie Green and Eddie Jones swing the orchestra and his self-confident showmanship adds considerably to its visual attractiveness."

Freddie appreciates the help so much he's thinking of bringing back that long stick which he used to poke Sonny when helper Payne rushed the beat.

Said Nelson Riddle in a London Daily Express interview in which he compared Ella Fitzgerald and Frank Sinatra: "I don't think she gives as much thought to a lyric as Frank. But somehow it doesn't matter because her wonderful quality of voice and her wonderful musicianship seems to make her justify

the song...Frank sizes up a song...Ella...could mispronounce the words and it would still be marvelous to listen to. But a man like Sinatra has a different approach. He uses all the tricks of his trade, and Ella uses hardly any of them except the ones that come automatically to her."

I'll take Sinatra. Anybody who mispronounces the words and places false emphasis in the lyrics indicates she doesn't understand what she's singing about. Hungary will send its National Radio Jazz Orchestra to the Antibes Jazz Festival this summer. A program of freedom songs? More real news about jazz in New York--in re the swing era players--in one Bulletin du Hot Club de France than in ten years of Down Beat. The reporters are Jeann Roni Failows and Jack Bradley. . .

Norman Granz's jazz film, Jammin' The Blues, has been released for television. It'll be part of a new series, All American Bands ...Signs of the Times: Columbia has a full-page ad in the May Harper's on its jazz catalogue alone... Same issue has a report by Eric Larrabee on the Buck Hammer hoax.

Mrs. Joseph Schillinger writes that the first jazz concert held in Moscow was April 28, 1927. It was organized and directed by the late Joseph Schillinger. Wasn't Sidney Bechet there before?...From the Melody Maker: "Copenhagen--An hour before the Modern Jazz Quartet's concert at the Tivoli...John Lewis took one look at the piano and declared, 'No concert.' His contract stipulated that a Steinway must be used, and the start of the concert was delayed an hour until one had been in-

stalled."...Ralph Gleason suggests that the new novel Girl Singer (Doubleday) by Debbie Ishlon of Columbia Records be given to Norma Jean Speranza (Jill Corey) for review.

The April Crisis, the NAACP monthly, has a useful list of books by Negro authors in 1959...Barry McRae writes about the Luis Russell orchestra in the April, 1960, Jazz Journal. In the March, 1960 issue of Notes, a quarterly published by the Music Library Association, gentle Marshall Stearns writes: "The Jazz Review . . . is known among some musicians as 'Hostility Rag.'" Our historian of jazz invective informs us that the musicians Marshall quotes are Rudi Blesh (instrument unknown) and Marshall W. Stearns (C-Melody saxophone).

Bob Freedman in an Erroll Garner review in The Boston Traveler: "Like many other unschooled pianists, Erroll Garner finds himself quite at home in keys which are somewhat uncommon in instrumental jabb. This seems to prove that a key or tonality is not intrinsically difficult, but merely unfamiliar to those who choose to treat it as such." . . . John McLellan in The Boston Traveler about Ornette Coleman: "...all this "controversy" nonsense is unfair and insulting. Unfair when it frightens people away from listening to him or prevents them from relaxing and enjoying his music And insulting when it impugns his sincerity." Whitney Balliett on John Coltrane in The New Yorker: "That ugliness, like life, can be beautiful is the surprising discovery one makes after attempting to meet the challenge offered by John Coltrane. . .

Coltrane's playing allows the listener no quarter. It belabors him, it hounds him, it stares him down... Coltrane is an inventive, impassioned improviser who above all traps the listener with the unexpected...His style, to be sure, is still unfinished. His tone is bleaker than need be, many of his notes are useless, and his rhythmic methods are frequently just clothes flung all over a room. In addition, Coltrane, unlike such colleagues as Sonny Rollins and Ornette Coleman, has not yet learned what to leave out." Balliett on Tatum: "...What does it matter...if...Tatum uses his methods--the liquid, seemingly overlapping arpeggios, the Hineslike suspensions of rhythm, the immaculate, enamelled sense of touch--to construct an elaborate series of figure eights that only skim the surface of each number? Such virtuosity is its own reward."

From the Washington Post, sent in by Paul Nossiter: "A seminar on religion and jazz, led by the 'Holy Cats' jazz combo from Virginia Theological Seminary, Alexandria, will be held at Christ Episcopal Church .. Since playing together, the six seminarians say they have become increasingly aware of 'the inherent religious depths in jazz music as a unique American art form.' "

It's time for the formation of American-Secularists-for-Jazz, Inc.

In the London Record and Show Mirror, James Asman has appealed to British RCA to reissue Negro blues recordings from the Chicago era. Good luck, sir. Appeals to Victor in America have finally born fruit in a Camden LP compiled by Leonard Feather.

Some say the word "jazz" came to music from the gutter. Others think the term popped out of the blue and "just grewed." At least one writer suggested it might be a verbal imitation of some actual sound; that is, an onomatopoeic word.

the word jazz,

part III

Fradley H. Garner and
Alan P. Merriam

Vulgarity

The association of "jazz" with sex, for which the word is sometimes used as a slang synonym, has been reported and lamented by many writers beginning, apparently, in 1924 with Clay Smith's revelation in *Etude*:

If the truth were known about the origin of the word "jazz" it would never be mentioned in polite society . . . At fifteen and sixteen I had already made tours of Western towns including the big mining centres when the West was really wild and wooly. Like all adolescent boys let loose on the world I naturally received information that was none too good for me and was piloted by ignorant men to dance resorts . . . These dance resorts were known as "Honky-Tonks"—a name, which in itself suggests some of the rhythms of Jazz. The vulgar word "Jazz" was in general currency in those dance halls thirty years or more ago. Therefore jazz to me does not seem to be of American negro origin as many suppose.

. . . The vulgar dances that accompany some of the modern jazz are sometimes far too suggestive of the ugly origin of the word (Anon 1924e: 595).

Bandleader Paul Whiteman also regretfully gave this as the source of the word. Speaking of another musician, Joseph K. Gorham, Mr. Whiteman said:

He did not then note down the aggregation as a jazz band, though he undoubtedly knew the word as a slang phrase of the underworld with a meaning unmentionable in polite society . . . Sometimes I have regretted the origin of the word because I think it probably has stirred up sentiment against the music (Whiteman and McBride 1926:18,20).

Smith, and by inference Whiteman,

were taken to task by Henry Osgood. "This is an example of how dangerous a little knowledge may be," the critic declared. "It is entirely true . . . that a certain obscene meaning long ago became attached to the word, but it is not the original meaning of it, nor is jazz alone in this respect" (Osgood 1926a:17). This did not stem further speculation by Peter Tamony (1939:5), Douglas Stannard (1941:83), Robert Goffin (1946:63-4) and others. Guy B. Johnson, the Negro folk historian, layed it bluntly on the line in the "Double Meaning in the Popular Negro Blues," in the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, April-June, 1927: "Used both as a verb and as a noun to denote the sex act, . . . 'jazz' . . . has long been a common vulgarity among Negroes in the South, and it is very likely from this usage that the term 'jazz music' was derived" (Johnson 1927: 14-15).

Maurice H. Weseen, in the *Dictionary of American Slang*, gives "Jazz—Sexual intercourse; to have it" (Weseen 1934:22). Lester V. Berrey, in the *American Thesaurus of Slang*, mentions "jazz" under "copulate" (Berrey 1947:342).

H. L. Mencken also links the term with the American folk use of jazz as a verb meaning to have sexual intercourse (Mencken 1948:708-9), and Mitford Mathews, in *A Dictionary of Americanisms*, says ". . . the plain fact is that to jazz has long had the meaning in American folk-speech of to engage in sexual intercourse" (Mathews 1951:709). Mathews also connects "jazz" with "jasm," which he finds as early as 1860 in the works of Massachusetts author Josiah Holland (ibid., p. 899). Jasm, in turn, may be related to the American dialect word "gism," defined in 1935 by Allen Read:

"Strength, talent, genius, ability. Cf 'spunk.' In various parts of the South, 'gism' means 'gravy' or 'cream sauce.' In the North, it is commonly used to mean 'semen.' In Maine and eastern New England the word is pronounced 'chism,' and the writer has seen it so spelled.—Ed" (Read 1935:453).

Read's source was B. W. Green's *Word-Book of Virginia Folk-Speech* (1897) which noted: "Chism, n. *Chisum*. Seminal fluid" (Green 1897:85). Read, however, may have traced it back as far as 1848. If there is a real link between "gism," "jasm" and "jazz," the possibility of an African, Arabian or American Negro source becomes more remote. And

we are up another blind alley. Where do "jasm" and "gism" come from? Whether "jazz" is etymologically related to sex we do not know, nor do we have information on the earliest use of the word in a sexual context. But, Henry Osgood to the contrary, there is a certain amount of justification in the assumption that the use of the term in music was derived from its vernacular use in sex. Further investigation may confirm or deny this.

Spontaneous generation

Did "jazz," like Topsy, "just grewed"? This has been suggested four times in the literature. *The Outlook* in 1924 said: "Some say that it is the Negro's reminiscence of his African tom-toms. According to one story, it was an illiterate Negro in a dancehall who coined the word; for when he was asked, 'What is that you are playing?' he replied, deprecatingly, 'Oh, it's jes' jazz'" (Anon 1924a:382).

Cecil Austin, writing on "Jazz" in the journal *Music and Letters*, brushed it off lightly. "'This band is certainly some jazz,' was a fairly common expression at the time, and two dollars a night and unlimited quantities of beer always proved a strong attraction to the musicians" (Austin 1925:258).

Coeuroy and Schaeffner in their *Le Jazz* (Paris: 1926) probed no deeper. "Certains le font derivier d'une expression en usage dans les bouges de la Nouvelle-Orleans: Jamm them, boys (qui correspondrait a *Hardi, les gars*)" (Coeuroy and Schaeffner 1926:101).

Finally, a most irritating account attributed to Joseph K. Gorham and reported in a 1919 issue of *Literary Digest*:

. . . the word . . . means simply enough, and without any explanation or definition, the only thing it's possible for four such letters in such order, when pronounced, to convey—and that is just "to mess 'em up and slap it on thick." That's the verb "to jazz." The noun means just the same as the verb except that the noun implies the process and the verb the action (Anon 1919e:47).

Onomatopoeia

Henry Osgood must have had his tongue at least half in check when he offered this one: "Is it too far-fetched to suggest," he asked in *So This Is Jazz!*, "that the muffled booming of the great African drum was in itself the parent of the word; that, in other words, its origin is onomatopoeic?" (Osgood 1926a:11-12).

The Discographer's Corner

Duke Ellington on Transcriptions

I. L. Jacobs

The purpose of presenting this material is not only to fill in a sizable gap in the Ellington discography but to call attention to a large collection of recorded material which remains stored in the vaults of the recording companies and has never been made available to the public. Though all this material was recorded for the use of radio stations when Ellington was under exclusive contract elsewhere, a persistent record company might obtain rights to release some of it. The material ranges from near duplications of commercially released sides to unique recordings like the lovely **Ultra Blue** on World and one addition to the pitifully few Ivie Anderson recordings. The recorded sound on all these transcriptions is excellent, and recordings made exclusively for radio stations frequently exceeded the three minute time limit. A number of excellent lps could be compiled, whose quality would surprise those not familiar with the uniform technical excellence of transcriptions of the 'forties.

I. L. Jacobs

STANDARD RADIO TRANSCRIPTIONS

Hollywood, January 15, 1941.

Wallace Jones, Ray Nance, trumpets; Rex Stewart, cornet; Juan Tizol, Lawrence Brown, Joe Nanton, trombones; Barney Bigard, Johnny Hodges, Otto Hardwicke, Ben Webster, Harry Carney, reeds; Duke Ellington or Billy Strayhorn, piano; Freddy Guy, guitar; Jimmy Blanton, bass; Sonny Greer, drums; Herb Jeffries, Ivie Anderson, vocals.

055250-4	Take the "A" Train	Standard P-132
_____	I Hear a Rhapsody	_____
_____	(Jeffries, V.)	_____
_____	Bounce	_____
_____	It's Sad but True	_____
_____	Madame Will Drop her	_____
_____	Shawl	_____
055251-1	Frenesi	_____
_____	Until Tonight	_____
_____	West Indian Stomp	_____
_____	Love and I	_____
_____	John Hardy	_____

Hollywood, September 17, 1941.

Same personnel.

061661-1	Clementine	Standard P-169
_____	Chelsea Bridge	_____
_____	Love Like This Can't Last	_____
_____	(Anderson, V.)	_____
_____	After All	_____
_____	The Girl in my Dreams	_____
_____	Tries to Look Like You	_____
_____	(Jeffries, V.)	_____
061662-1	Jumpin' Pumpkins	_____

_____	Frankie and Johnnie	_____
_____	Flamingo (Jeffries, V.)	_____
_____	Bakiff	_____

Hollywood, December 3, 1941.

Same personnel except Junior Raglin replaces Blanton.

061946-1	Stomp Caprice	Standard P-183
_____	Bugle Breaks	_____
_____	You and I (Jeffries, V.)	_____
_____	Have You Changed	_____
_____	Raincheck	_____
061947-1	Blue Serge	_____
_____	Moon Mist	_____
_____	I Don't Want to Set	_____
_____	the World on Fire	_____
_____	(Jeffries, V.)	_____
_____	Easy Street	_____
_____	Perdido	_____

WORLD TRANSCRIPTIONS²

Various times during 1945.

Exact personnels unknown.

Unit No.		Disc No.
6019	Hop Skip and Jump	6019/6028
6020	I Don't Want Anybody at All	_____
	(B. Roche, V.)	_____
6021	Baby, Please Stop and	_____
	Think About Me	_____
6022	Boy Meets Horn	_____
6023	_____	_____
6049	Rockin' in Rhythm	6049/6058
6050	_____	_____
6051	A Slip of The Lip	_____
	(R. Nance, V.)	_____
6052	Blue Skies	_____
6053	Go Away Blues	_____
	(B. Roche, V.)	_____

6499	Three Cent Stomp	6499/6508
6500	_____	_____
6501	Main Stem	_____
6502	Do Nothin' Till You Hear	_____
	from Me (Hibbler, V.)	_____
6503	Things Ain't What They	_____
	Used to Be	_____

6029	Tea for Two	6029/6038
6030	Summertime (Hibbler, V.)	_____
6031	Sentimental Lady	_____
6032	Mood Indigo	_____
6033	_____	_____

6679	Harlem Air Shaft	6679/6688
6680	Jack the Bear	_____
6681	Honeysuckle Rose	_____
6682	Chopsticks	_____
6683	Johnny Come Lately	_____

6689	Creole Love Call	6689/6698
6690	_____	_____

6691	Rose Room	_____
6692	It Don't Mean A Thing	_____
	(Nance, V.)	_____
6693	Somebody Loves Me	_____
6819	I Didn't Know About You	_____

	(Sherril, V.)	6819/6828
--	---------------	-----------

6820	I'm Beginning to See The Light	_____
	(Sherril, V.)	_____

6821	Don't You Know I Care	_____
	(Hibbler, V.)	_____

6822	Ain't Misbehavin'	_____
6823	_____	_____

7164	Otto, Make That Riff Staccato	_____
	(Nance, V.)	7159/7168

7165	_____	_____
7166	Kissing Bug (Sherrill, V.)	_____
7167	Everything But You (Sherrill, V.)	_____
7168	Every Hour on The Hour (Hibbler, V.)	_____
7331	Esquire Swank	_____
7332	Blues on The Double	_____
7333	_____	_____
7699	I Wonder Why? (Roche, V.)	7699/1108
7700	Caravan	_____
7701	_____	_____
7702	Prairie Fantasy	_____
7703	_____	_____
7804	Midriff	7799/7808
7805	Mood to be Wooed	_____
7806	_____	_____
7807	The Air Conditioned Jungle	_____
7703	_____	_____
7869	Blutopia	7869/7878
7870	_____	_____
7871	Let the Zoomers Drool!	_____
7872	_____	_____
7873	In A Jam	_____
8319	Subtle Slough	8319/8328
8320	Blue Cellophane	_____
8321	Ultra Blue	_____
8322	_____	_____
8323	Tear Drops in The Rain	_____
8324	Jam Blues	_____
8325	Ring Dem Bells	_____
8326	I Ain't Got Nothin' But The Blues (Hibbler-Davis, V.)	_____
8327	You Never Know The Things You Miss	_____
8328	Pitter Panther Patter (piano-bass duet)	_____
8509	Frustration	8509/8518
8510	_____	_____
8511	Passion Flower	_____
8512	In the Shade of The Old Tree	_____
8513	_____	_____
8749	Hit Me with A Hot Note and Watch Me Bounce (Oya Sherrill, V.)	8749/8758
8750	Down Beat Shuffle	_____
8751	_____	_____
8752	Hollywood Hangover	_____
8753	_____	_____

CAPITOL TRANSCRIPTIONS³

New York City, March 28, 1946.

Taft Jordan, Bernard Flood, Shelton Hemphill, Cat Anderson, Francis Williams, trumpets; Joe Nanton, Lawrence Brown, Wilber DeParis, Claude Jones, trombones; Otto Hardwicke, Johnny Hodges, Al Sears, Harry Carney, Jimmy Hamilton, reeds; Billy Strayhorn, piano—some titles; Fred Guy, guitar; Wilson Meyers, Oscar Pettiford, basses; Sonny Greer, drums.

Cross Town	163
Passion Flower	163
Magenta Haze	164
Everything Goes	163
Eighth Veil	164
Riff N' Drill	164
Blue Abandon	164
Transblucency	165
Embraceable You (Kay Davis, V.)	165
Rugged Romeo	165

Jenny	165
Sono	166
Jeep Is Jumpin'	166
Take The 'A' Train (Opening theme-X-25-1)	166
Take The 'A' Train (Closing theme-X-25-2)	166
Perdido	166
Tip Toe Topic (Ellington Pettiford and Greer only)	166

Hollywood, July 11, 1946.

Personnel same, except ~~delete~~ Meyers, Hardwicks, Flood; add **Harold Baker, Ray Nance**, trumpets.

Rockabye River	245
A Gatherin' in a Clearing	245
You Don't Love Me No More (Al Hibbler, V.)	245
Pretty Woman (Al Hibler, V.)	245
Just Squeeze Me (Ray Nance, V.)	246
Hey, Baby! (Ray Nance, V.)	246
Suddenly It Jumped	246
Come Rain or Come Shine (Kay Davis, V.)	246

Hollywood, July 16, 1946.

Personnel as before.

Fickle Fling	249
9:20 Special	299
One O'Clock Jump	299
Back Home in Indiana	250
A Ghost of a Chance (Marian Cox, V.)	250
Lover Man (Marian Cox, V.)	250
The Unbooted Character	299
The Suburbanite	250

Hollywood, July 17, 1946.

Personnel as before.

Moon Mist	249
In a Jam	247
On The Alamo	247
I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me	247
Just You, Just Me	248
Someone	249
Tea for Two	249
Double Ruff	247
A Flower Is a Lovesome Thing	248
The Mooche	248

New York City, January 7, 1947.

Same personnel except add **Russell Procope**, alto sax; **Wallace Jones**, trumpet; ~~delete~~ Nanton and Baker.

Jones.	
Golden Feather	300
Golden Cress	300
Flippant Flurry	300
Jam-A-Ditty	287
Fuga-Ditty	287
Happy-Go-Lucky Local—Part 1	288
Happy-Go-Lucky Local—Part 2	288
Overture to a Jam Session	287
Sultry Sunset	288

New York City, June 9, 1947.

Same personnel except add **Tyree Glenn**, trombone; and **Harold Baker, Wilbur Bascomb**, trumpets; ~~delete~~ Cat Anderson and Wallace Jones.

Beale Street Blues	301
Memphis Blues	301
St. Louis Blues	301
Swamp Fire	302
How High the Moon	302
Blue Lou	302
Who Struck John?	302
Violets Blue	303
Royal Garden Blues	303
Jumpin' Punkins	303

New York City, June 10, 1947.

Same personnel.

Frustration	304
Blue Is the Night	304
Jump for Joy (Ray Nance, V.)	304
Far Away Blues	304
Azalia (Chester Crumpler, V.)	305
Orchids for Madame (Chester Crumpler, V.)	305
Frisky	305
Park at 106th	305

SESAC TRANSCRIBED LIBRARY⁴

New York City, March 27, 1959.

Cat Anderson, Ray Nance, Clark Terry, Harold Baker, trumpets; Britt Woodman, John Sanders, Quentin Jackson, trombones; Johnny Hodges, Russell Procope, Paul Gonsalves, Jimmy Hamilton, Harry Carney, reeds; Duke Ellington, piano; Jimmy Woode, Bass; Jimmy Johnson, drums. Title of 12" long playing album: "Ellington Moods"

K8-OP-4081-1	Fat Mouth (Vance) ⁵	N-2701
_____	Lost In The Night (Maltby)	_____
_____	Little John's Tune (Hamilton)	_____
_____	Frou-Frou (L. Young) ⁵	_____
_____	Dankworth Castle (Hamilton)	_____
_____	Moonstone (Hamilton)	_____

K8-OP-4082-1	Night Stick (Swanston) ⁵	_____
_____	Lullaby For Dreamers (Vance) ⁵	_____
_____	She Was A Tinkling Thing (Ellis) ⁶	_____
_____	Jamaica Tomboy (Hamilton)	_____
_____	Still Water (Vance)	_____
_____	Jet Strip (White)	_____

1. Unpublished Ellington discography compiled by Irving L. Jacobs and George C. Davis.

2. On April 11, 1949, a letter to George C. Davis from Ted Newton of the World Broadcasting System, Inc., reported in part as follows:

"At the time Duke Ellington recorded for World we were subsidiary of Decca Records, but on August 1, 1948 we became an affiliate of the Frederic W. Ziv Company. Whatever records might have been kept in regard to recording dates, personnel of orchestras, and other pertinent information have long since been lost in the archives and they are no longer available . . ."

Sound of orchestra, featured soloists, and tunes recorded, seem to confirm the assumption that the entire library was recorded in 1945.

3. All information on Capitol Transcriptions by Duke Ellington was taken directly from the recording contracts by George C. Davis, who did the research.

4 Kind acknowledgement for the above information goes to W. F. Myers of Sesac, Inc.

5 This cut included in SESAC Repertory Recording AD 43, a 45 rpm "sampler" which is entitled "The Duke's D.J. SPECIAL," with a spoken introduction by Duke.

6 This cut included in SESAC Repertory Recording a 45 rpm "sampler" which is entitled "Dance to The Big Bands."

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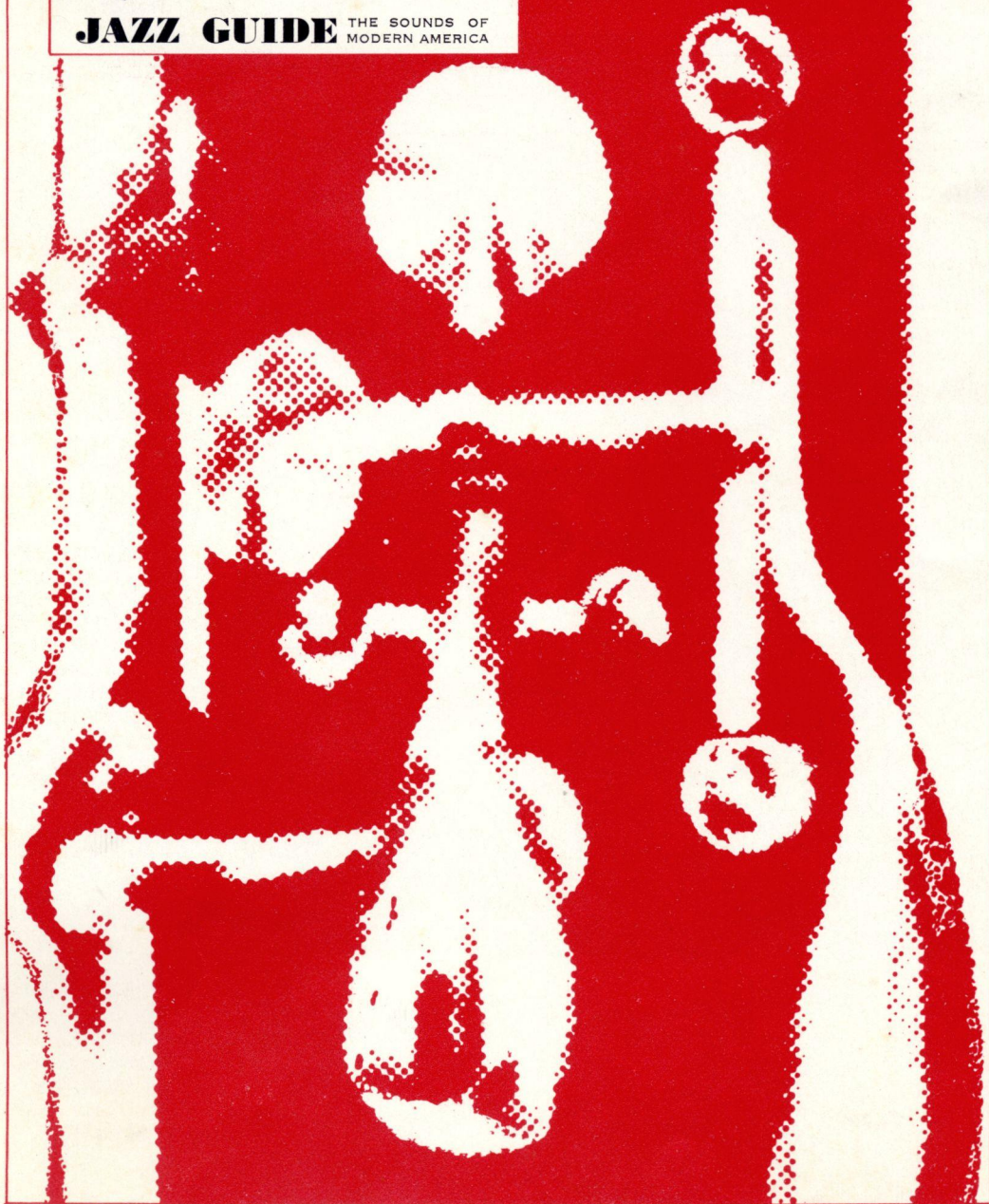
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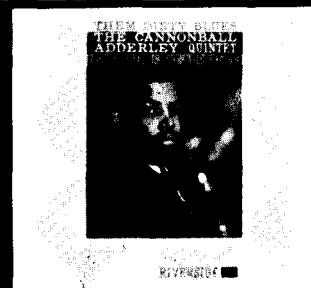
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