The Jazz Review

FIFTY CENTS

Volume One, Number Two December, 1958

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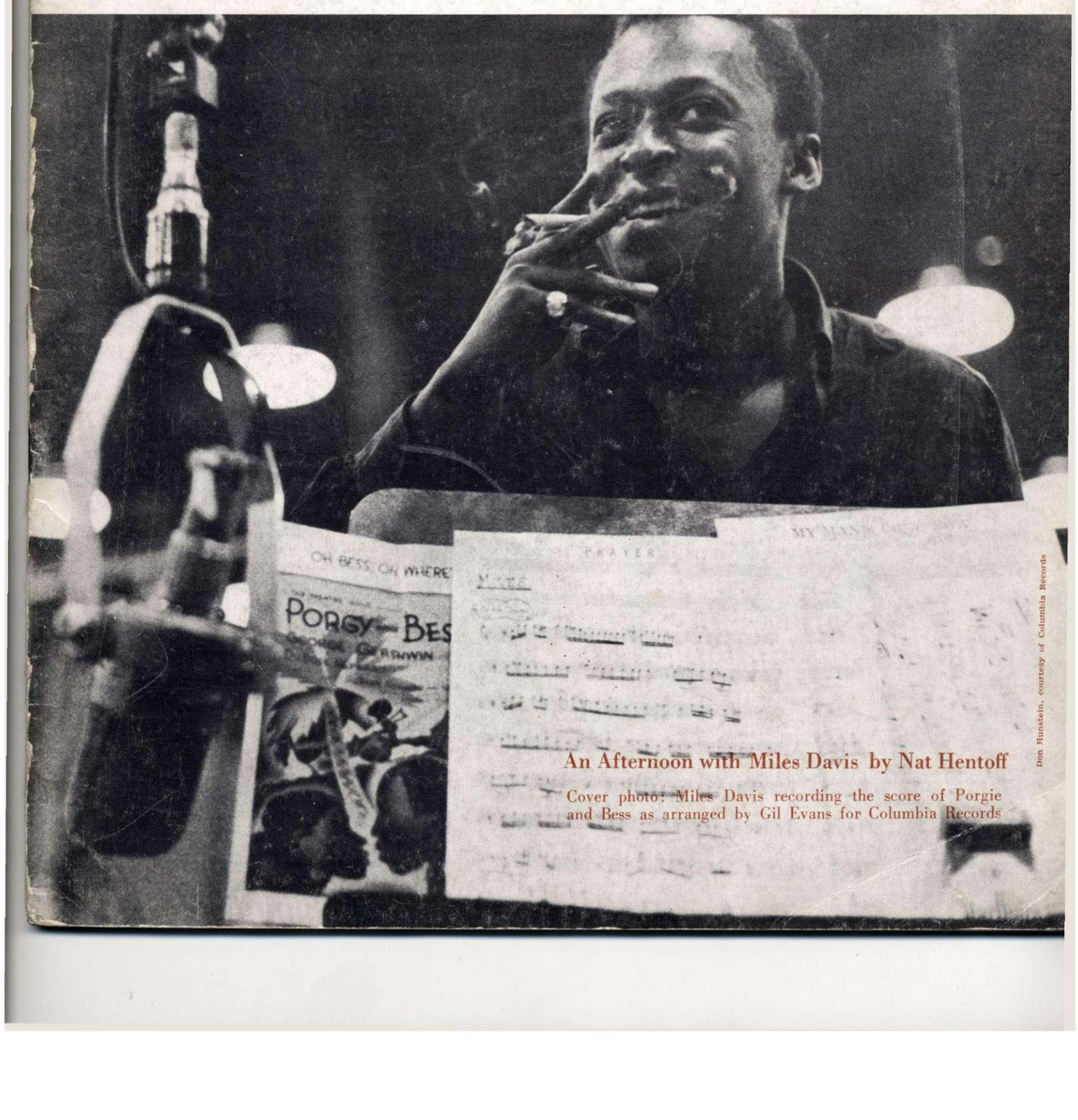

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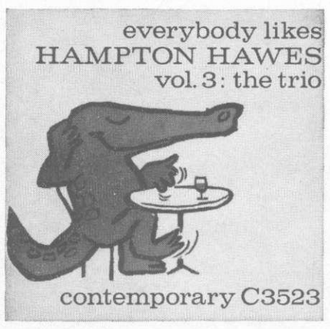

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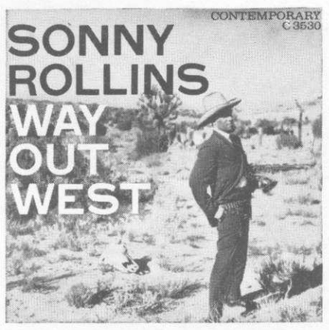

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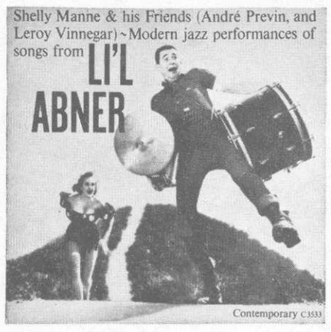

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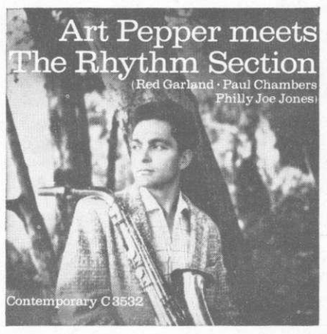

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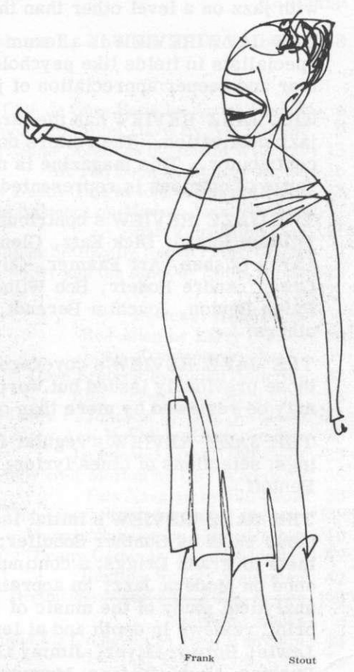

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THE JAZZ REVIEW will print the work of internationally known musicians and writers, but will also introduce - as it already has - several new names in jazz criticism and historiography who have new insights.

The Jazz Review

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Du Côté de Chez Basie

An Appraisal of the Count Basie

by André Hodeir

It has taken more than twenty years for Count Basie's orchestra to develop its style. That isn't so long. Many others, no lesser musicians, never got that far.

If we compare Basie's pre-war records to his recent ones, a shift in the center of interest is obvious. Lester Young, Buck Clayton, Dickie Wells, Harry Edison, and Hershel Evans held our interest then; now we listen to the orchestra as a whole. Works like *Doggin' Around* and *Swinging the Blues*, dazzling strings of solos with the ensemble appearing only in introduction and support, not for its own sake, have been replaced by a more purely orchestral conception which is most highly developed in the fine Frank Foster arrangement *Shiny Stockings*. Now the solo has become an inlay firmly set in the arrangement; it seems called up by the arrangement rather than creating it, though it is actually not so well integrated as the best solos by Cootie, Hodges, or Bigard with Ellington.

The quality of the solos themselves, let's admit it, doesn't justify serious study of the Basie orchestra. But that in itself suggests a question that lies on the border of mystery. The question is this: how can twelve men (leaving out the rhythm section) three-quarters of whom cannot play a swinging solo, combine to become the most magnificent wind section, and the most swinging one, in the history of jazz? How can X the saxophonist or Y the trombonist prove in one solo that he is incapable of projecting the rhythmic excitement that all great jazzmen breathe (and which Hampton and Jacquet, despite their limited invention, have forged into a tool for creation) and five minutes later, in the company of other Xs and Ys, suddenly come to life in an extraordinarily swinging ensemble?

THE MASSIVE PHRASE

Basie and his arrangers seem reconciled to a schism in form, if not actually in style; their conception is based on a perennial contrast between two worlds. Phrases scored for big band ensembles have always been tailored differently from those that soloists play; and arrangers have always had to try to bridge the gap—sometimes going as far as to score harmonized versions of famous solos (though this only worked for the section of the original solo instrument and never helped the writing of tutti). The present Basie band shows its originality by going in exactly the opposite direction, which appears in their best arrangements—I might almost say the only good arrangements in their book. *Shiny Stockings*, after a labored opening, exploits to the ultimate the static quality of the orchestra—using the seven brass and five saxophones, throughout the closing ensemble, as one single wind section.

Two factors work together to reinforce the impression of lack of motion—I might almost say of immobility; the choice of tempo and the density of the writing. The tempo is hard to pin down: it lies between medium slow and slow. But the tempo (♩= 68) permits a perfect balance of the triplets and ternary figures, sometimes syncopated, which Basie never gave up, and which his influence has done much to restore to a place of honour in modern jazz. The strong two-beat pulse also helps to reinforce the static quality. Over this foundation the phrasing could not avoid being open and airy in its horizontal unfolding nor tight and dense in its vertical voicing. And the soloist must free himself of this straight-jacket and make a try for greater mobility by jumping into double time, in a seeming denial of the infra-structure. The result is an absolute contrast.

Still, let's try to imagine a swap. Would the phrase that Foster gave to all the wind instruments, which they carve out so neatly, sound like good jazz if it were played by a soloist? Absolutely not! Without its specific gravity it loses its full meaning, and that weight can't be produced by less than ten or twelve horns. It would seem feather-weight with even three brass and three saxes.

Orchestra

It deserves to be called the *massive phrase.*

Here we have esthetic evidence that forces us to re-examine the merits of the big-band conceptions of Kenton's band (Bill Holman's) and the current Ellington band (Billy Strayhorn's) which are still in the experimental stage, and which have never managed, to my knowledge, a complete technical and esthetic success. Contrapuntal writing for big bands, especially when such writing reduces the specific gravity of the wind instruments, and therefore dilutes the phrase instead of densifying it, can already be considered a dead-end condemned by history, as much as the old fashioned scoring "by sections". That kind of counterpoint has no place, it seems, except in middle-sized (six to ten horns) groups; the big band should concentrate on the massive phrase, though an intermediate solution is possible for bands that can be broken down into several smaller groups of musicians in contrast to the ensemble. That was the solution of the seventeenth century Italian composers in their "Concerti Grossi", adopted by Ellington, however timidly, in *Jam-a-Ditty*.

CIVIL SERVICE SWING

The idea of the massive phrase suggests the answer to our original

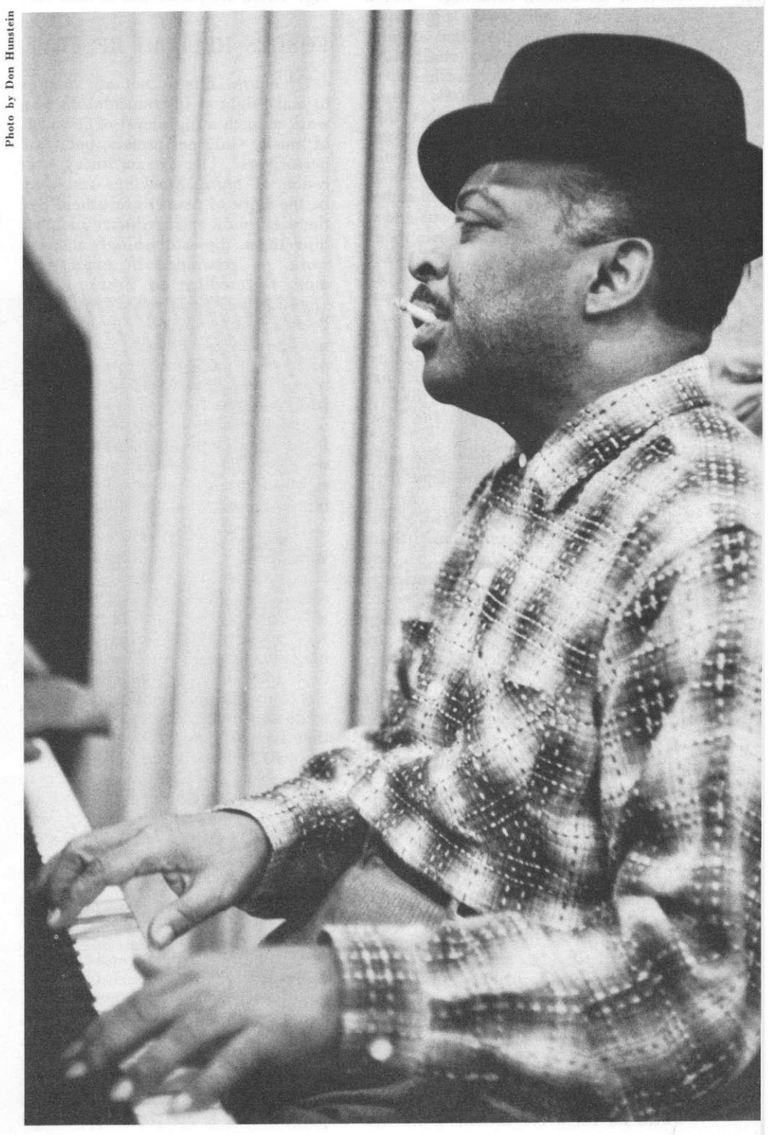


Photo by Don Hunstein

question. The musicians in Basie's orchestra, unquestionably victims of deficiency in rhythmic imagination (that's true of most of them anyway), who swing only moderately in solo, are perfectly capable of *performing* accurately a different kind of phrase when they have been conditioned by many repetitions and they manage to produce a nearly mechanical surface. Who has not been struck by the smooth operation of the Basie orchestra, that jazz machine — the phrase is not new, but have we absorbed its human meaning?—which can produce intense swing, night after night, but always the same amount without ever exceeding itself? All signs of originality, of freshness, of discovery must take a back seat in the life of these musicians when they play nearly the same things every time. To place the same accent in the same passage with the same force in the same context is a job for super-civil-servants with a patience and a passivity that rivals that of symphony orchestra musicians. (But really they go further: whoever heard a symphony orchestra that didn't have a more varied repertory than Count Basie?) In spite of the generally accepted idea that a jazzman must be somehow a *creator* jazz now has musicians who are purely performers who are nevertheless genuine jazzmen.

If they can swing then they must be jazzmen, no one can deny that. But if they have no *creative* powers then, however much they swing, the whole question is open again. I think that's the wrong approach. To say creation is to say change, experience, sorties into the unknown. None of that among the Basie musicians: they live in frozen perfection, always the same. But did they create that perfection? No more than the mason creates the building. They didn't think it up themselves: somebody, the arranger, did that; and Basie's careful supervision played a perhaps equal part. Probably all the work was done in advance, and the first public performance was as finished as the latest.

From there on the musicians just *perform*, like their symphonic colleagues. There's only one difference between the work of a Basie reedman and a cornetist in the orchestre de la Suisse Romande: the latter "recreates" Debussy according to the mental picture of Ernest Ansermet while the former recreates works of Frank Foster or Ernie Wilkins under the guidance of Basie and his arrangers.

That guidance undoubtedly must be strict and definite; our man is left with no room for initiative. He has to make swing through someone else's ideas and sensibility, like wearing a uniform—not just a tunic but a coat of armour or a diving suit: he can't be recognized as an individual through it. He is consecrated to the anonymous and endless repetition of the same pieces with the same effects every night, and every night he puts on the same uniform like an actor making up for the thousandth performance of the same part. Of course spontaneity has no place in this life: the job comes first. *The job of swinging!* There are paradoxes in jazz, too.

FORCES HELD IN RESERVE

Of course this is not an attempt to make light of instrumentalists who work at such a high level of jazz and of music. Only performers, but what performers! The extraordinary precision of *Shiny Stockings* can only be the work of master craftsmen. But the even more extraordinary idea behind them, the astonishingly modern work, so restrained in expression, must be credited to Frank Foster (and perhaps also to Basie). Here Basie's band breaks through from neo-classicism to hammer on the door of modern jazz. This force held in reserve was born in 1950 in "cool" jazz: without this the first tremolo of the winds would have been played forte, as in "hot" expressionism, and we would have lost the final impression of a gradual but effective loosening of the accumulated energy.

Though he is genuinely creative with pen and manuscript, Frank Foster showed little daring when he soloed with Basie's orchestra during a recent stay at Birdland. The civil service job-holding attitude in the band has infected all the soloists except Joe Newman and Thad Jones. Not only do the soloists rarely try to do something new, but even worse they are so careful to avoid risks they are satisfied with the mediocre. To hear solos repeated note for note over and over seems an insult from such a fine band. Then too Joe Williams seems to have perfected the art of routine interpretation. There is nothing more like his performance of *Every Day* tonight than last night's performance, unless it's the one he is going to do tomorrow night. The most obviously spontaneous touches in *Every Day*, like a touch of hoarseness on the word "me" in his fourth chorus, reappear every day with deadly sameness. Joe Williams, a model Basie associate, seems to sing only to reproduce his records. Close your eyes—quick, is it Williams in person or is it the record spinning? But he'll get along; he has a great deal of talent, and you don't get bored with that.

Apparently Basie's orchestra has trouble finding new works to add to the book. Perfection of style is a hard thing to maintain; it depends on many circumstances, and besides the works are not the work of a single person. But perfection of style is the most important thing. The current book is not all on the same level. Some pieces are really bad, like *April in Paris*, which is Basie's biggest commercial success since *Every Day*, but which has no musical merit. It is sad that the usually dignified Basie, one must admire his smiling composure, allows himself, while playing a "ballad" on which the arrangement does not fit the theme, nor the theme his orchestra, to flatter the public: it's hard to see the point of, like Louis Armstrong, re-doing "one more once" the last bars of an arrangement, an unworthy trick. Let us hope that the Count will give up such easy empty successes—and that he will again program his performances as seriously as he did during his last Parisian visit in October 1956.

At the risk of monotony, let me repeat that Basie's orchestra should only play blues or arrangements strongly saturated in blues feeling. Francy Boland has written some for Basie, and there must be many other arrangers who don't feel that the blues are a dead letter. Perhaps we should also hope for the elimination of fast tempos which the orchestra has trouble in sustaining: doesn't it swing most on medium slow pieces like *Shiny Stockings* and *Every Day?* The best hope of the Basie orchestra should not be to extend its range; it should be to take the greatest possible advantage of the possibilities available within its limited range, within which it has no peer.

To expect Basie to produce the modern big band we have all been awaiting, and which neither Stan Kenton nor Dizzy Gillespie have given us, would be a mistake. The Count and his orchestra are giving us a magnificent lesson in classicism; even more, they are still evolving and even, on a purely instrumental level, improving. That is a unique situation. The revitalization of big band jazz will take place elsewhere: we'd like to bet that the spirit of Duke Ellington, in hibernation now for fifteen years, will play a major role.

(This article is reprinted from Jazz-Hot, *November, 1957 by permission of the author and of Charles Delaunay, directeur. It is translated by Hsio Wen Shih.)*

An Afternoon with Miles Davis

by Nat Hentoff

Don Hunstein, courtesy of Columbia Records

Miles lives in a relatively new building on Tenth Avenue near 57th Street. The largest area in his apartment is the living room. Like the other rooms, it is uncluttered. The furnishings have been carefully selected and are spare. Miles has a particular liking for "good wood" and explains thereby why his *Down Beat* plaques—and even his Four Roses Award from the Randall's Island "festival"—are all displayed. He has a good piano and an adequate non-stereo record player.

The idea of the afternoon—the first of a series of observations by Miles to be printed at regular intervals in this monthly—was to play a variety of recordings for him and transcribe his reactions. This was not a blindfold test, for while I find those adventures in skeet shooting entertaining, I doubt if they serve much purpose except transitory titillation.

First was Billie Holiday's 1937 *I Must Have That Man* with Wilson, Clayton, Goodman, Young, Green, Page and Jo Jones. "I love the way Billie sings," Miles began. "She sings like Lester Young and Louis Armstrong play, but I don't like all that's going on behind her. All she needed was Lester and the rhythm. The piano was ad libbing while she was singing, which leads to conflict, and the guitar was too loud and had too much accent on every beat."

Miles was asked whether he agreed with most of the writers on jazz that the Billie of 20 years ago was the "best" Billie and that she is now in decline. "I'd rather hear her now. She's become much more mature. Sometimes you can sing words every night for five years, and all of a sudden it dawns on you what the song means. I played *My Funny Valentine* for a long time—and didn't like it—and all of a sudden it meant something. So with Billie, you know she's not thinking now what she was in 1937, and she's probably learned

more about different things. And she still has control, probably more control now than then. No, I don't think she's in a decline.

"What I like about Billie is that she sings it just the way she hears it and that's usually the way best suited for her. She has more feeling than Ella and more experience in living a certain way than Ella. Billie's pretty wild, you know.

"She sings way behind the beat and then she brings it up—hitting right on the beat. You can play behind the beat, but every once in a while you have to cut into the rhythm section on the beat and that keeps everybody together. Sinatra does it by accenting a word. A lot of singers try to sing like Billie, but just the act of playing behind the beat doesn't make it sound soulful.

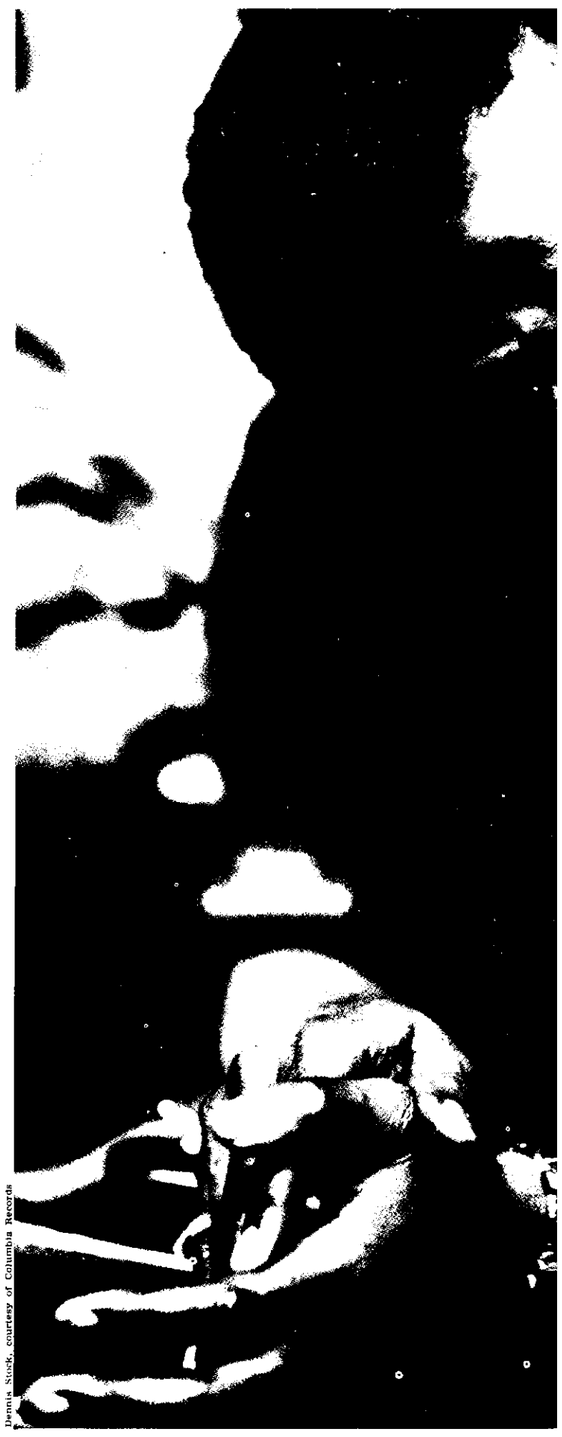
"I don't think that guys like Buck Clayton are the best possible accompanists for her. I'd rather hear her with Bobby Tucker, the pianist she used to have. She doesn't need any horns. She sounds like one anyway."

Miles' reaction to Clifford Brown's *Joy Spring* as played by the Oscar Peterson Trio on *The Modern Jazz Quartet and The Oscar Peterson Trio at the Opera House* (Verve MG-V 8269) was intensely negative. "Oscar makes me sick because he copies everybody. He even had to *learn* how to play the blues. Everybody knows that if you flat a third, you're going to get a blues sound. He learned that and runs it into the ground worse than Billy Taylor. You don't have to do that.

"Now take the way he plays the song. That's not what Clifford meant. He passes right over what can be done with the chords," and here Miles demonstrated on the piano, as he did frequently during the afternoon. "It's much prettier if you get into it and hear the chord weaving in and out like Bill Evans and Red Garland could do—instead of being so heavy. Oscar is jazzy; he jazzes up the tune. And he sure has devices, like certain scale patterns, that he plays all the time.

"Does he swing hard like some people say? I don't know what they mean when they say 'swing hard' anyway. Nearly everything he plays, he plays with the same degree of force. He leaves no holes for the rhythm section. The only thing I ever heard him play that I liked was his first record of *Tenderly*.

"I love Ray Brown. As for Herb Ellis, I don't like that kind of thing with guitar on every beat—unless you play it like Freddie Green does now. You listen and you'll hear how



Dennis Stock, courtesy of Columbia Records

much Green has lightened his sound through the years. If you want to see how it feels with a heavy guitar, get up to play sometimes with one of them behind you. He'll drive you nuts.

"Back to Oscar. He plays pretty good when he plays in an Art Tatum form of ballad approach. And I heard him play some blues once at a medium tempo that sounded pretty good. But for playing like that with a guitar, I prefer Nat Cole. I feel though that it's a waste to use a guitar this way. If you take the guitar and have him play lines—lines like George Russell, Gil Evans or John Lewis could make—then a trio can sound wonderful.

The next record was a track from *Kenny Clark Plays André Hodeir* (Epic LN3376). It was Miles' own *Swing Spring* and these are Hodeir's notes on the arrangement: "*Swing Spring* is also treated as a canon, after an introduction featuring an elaboration of the main element of the theme, the scale. Martial Solal's brilliant solo is followed by a paraphrase with integrated drum improvisations. Both Armand Migiani (baritone sax) and Roger Guerin (trumpet) take a short solo."

Miles hadn't looked carefully at the liner notes and was puzzled for the first few bars. "That's my tune, isn't it? I forgot all about that tune. God damn! Kenny Clarke can swing, can't he? That boy Solal can play, but the pianist I like in Europe is Bengt Hallberg. Damn! You know, I forgot I wrote that. That's the wrong middle—in the piano solo—why does he do that? Because it's easier, I suppose. The arrangement is terrible. It was never meant to be like that. It sounds like a tired modern painting—with skeletons in it. He writes pretty good in spots, but he overcrowds it. Kenny and Solal save it. I think I'll make another record of this tune. It was meant to be just like an exercise almost." Miles went to the piano and played the theme softly. "It was based on that scale there and when you blow, you play in that scale and you get an altogether different sound. I got that from Bud Powell; he used to play it all the time."

Miles started to talk about his strong preference for writing that isn't overcrowded, especially overcrowded with chords. He found some acetates of his forthcoming Columbia *Porgy and Bess* LP which Gil Evans had arranged but for the scoring of which Miles had made a number of suggestions. He put *I Love You Porgy* on the machine.

"Hear that passage. We only used two chords for all of that. And in *Summertime*, there is a long space where we don't change the chord at all. It just doesn't have to be cluttered up."

From the same Verve Opera House LP, I played the Modern Jazz Quartet's version of *Now's The Time*. "If I were John," Miles began, "I'd let Milt play more—things he'd like to get loose on—and then play these things. It would be all the more effective by contrast. You can do a lot by setting up for contrast. Sometimes I'll start a set with a ballad. You'll be surprised at what an effect that is."

The conversation turned on pianists. "Boy, I've sure learned a lot from Bill Evans. He plays the piano the way it should be played. He plays all kinds of scales; can play in 5/4; and all kinds of fantastic things. There's such a difference between him and Red Garland whom I also like a lot. Red carries the rhythm, but Bill underplays, and I like that better."

Miles was at the piano again, indulging one of his primary pleasures—hearing what can be done with voicings, by changing a note, spreading out the chord, reshaping it. "You know, you can play chords on every note in the scale. Some people don't seem to realize that. People like Bill, Gil Evans and George Russell know what can be done, what the possibilities are."

Miles returned to the MJQ recording. "John taught all of them, Milt couldn't read at all, and Percy hardly. All John has to do is let Milt play with just a sketch of an arrangement. That's what we do all the time. I never have anybody write up anything too difficult for us, because then musicians tighten up.

"I love the way John plays. I've got to get that record where he plays by himself. I usually don't buy jazz records. They make me tired and depressed. I'll buy Ahmad Jamal, John Lewis, Sonny Rollins. Coltrane I hear every night. And I like to hear the things that Max Roach writes himself. A drummer makes a very good writer. He has a sense of space and knows what it feels like to be playing around an arrangement. Philly Joe plays tenor and piano, and he's starting to write."

The talk came to Coltrane. "He's been working on those arpeggios and playing chords that lead into chords, playing them fifty different ways and playing them all at once. He's beginning to leave more space except when he gets nervous. There's one frantic tenor in Philadelphia, by the way, Jimmy Oliver."

Then came Louis Armstrong's *Potato Head Blues* of 1927 with Lil Armstrong, Kid Ory, Johnny Dodds, Johnny St. Cyr, Baby Dodds, and Pete Briggs on tuba. "Louis has been through all kinds of styles." Miles began. "That's good tuba, by the way . . . You know you can't play anything on a horn that Louis hasn't played—I mean even modern. I love his approach to the trumpet; he never sounds bad. He plays on the beat and you can't miss when you play on the beat—with feeling. That's another phrase for swing. I also love the way he sings. He and Billie never made a record, did they?" Miles was informed they had, but the material was poor (c.f. Billie's *The Blues Are Brewin'*, Decca DL 8707).

"There's form there, and you take some of those early forms, play it today, and they'd sound good. I also like all those little stops in his solo. We stop, but we often let the drums lay out altogether. If I had this record, I'd play it."

Before four bars of Ahmad Jamal's *But Not for Me* on Argo LP 628, Miles said happily, "That's the way to play the piano. If I could play like Ahmad and Bill Evans combined with one hand, they could take the other off. Jamal once told me he's been playing in night clubs since he was eleven. Listen to how he slips into the other key. You can hardly tell it's happening. He doesn't throw his technique around like Oscar Peterson. Things flow into and out of each other. Another reason I like Red Garland and Bill Evans is that when they play a chord, they play a *sound* more than a chord.

"Listen to the way Jamal uses space. He lets it go so that you can feel the rhythm section and the rhythm section can feel you. It's not crowded. Paul Chambers, incidentally, has started to play a new way whereby he can solo and accompany himself at the same time—by using space well.

"Ahmad is one of my favorites. I live until he makes another record. I gave Gil Evans a couple of his albums, and he didn't give them back. Red Garland knew I liked Ahmad and at times I used to ask him to play like that. Red was at his best when he did. Bill plays a little like that but he sounds wild when he does—all those little scales."

Miles by now was back at the piano, talking with gathering intensity about the need for more space and les chord-cluttering in jazz. "When Gil wrote the arrangement of *I Love You, Porgy*, he only wrote a scale for me to play. No chords. And that

other passage with just two chords gives you a lot more freedom and space to hear things. I've been listening to Khachaturian carefully for six months now and the thing that intrigues me are all those different scales he uses. Bill Evans knows too what can be done with scales. All chords, after all, are relative to scales and certain chords make certain scales. I wrote a tune recently that's more a scale than a line. And I was going to write a ballad for Coltrane with just two chords.

"When you go this way, you can go on forever. You don't have to worry about changes and you can do more with the line. It becomes a challenge to see how melodically inventive you are. When you're based on chords, you know at the end of 32 bars that the chords have run out and there's nothing to do but repeat what you've just done—with variations.

"I think a movement in jazz is beginning away from the conventional string of chords, and a return to emphasis on melodic rather than harmonic variation. There will be fewer chords but infinite possibilities as to what to do with them. Classical composers—some of them—have been writing this way for years, but jazz musicians seldom have.

"When I want J. J. Johnson to hear something or he wants me to, we phone each other and just play the music on the phone. I did that the other day with some of the Khachaturian scales; they're different from the usual Western scales. Then we got to talking about letting the melodies and scales carry the tune. J. J. told me, 'I'm not going to write any more chords.' And look at George Russell, His writing is mostly scales. After all, you can feel the changes.

"The music has gotten thick. Guys give me tunes and they're full of chords. I can't play them. You know, we play *My Funny Valentine* like with a scale all the way through."

The next record was *Ruby, My Dear* with Thelonious Monk, Coleman Hawkins, Wilbur Ware and Art Blakey (from *Monk's Music*, Riverside RLP 12-242).

"I learned how to play ballads from Coleman Hawkins. He plays all the chords and you can still hear the ballad. Who's playing bass? He doesn't know that tune. As for the performance as a whole, the tune wasn't meant to be played that way. I guess Hawkins figured that with young cats, he should play 'young.' It's a very pretty ballad and should be played just even. This way you can't hear it the way it is; I'd play it more flowing. Monk writes such pretty melodies and then screws them up.

"You have to go down to hear him to really appreciate what he's doing. I'd like to make an album of his tunes if I can ever get him up here.

"Monk has really helped me. When I came to New York, he taught me chords and his tunes. A main influence he has been through the years has to do with giving musicians more freedom. They feel that if Monk can do what he does, they can. Monk has been using space for a long time.

"The thing that Monk must realize is that he can't get everybody to play his songs right. Coltrane, Milt Jackson and maybe Lucky Thompson are the only ones I know that can get that feeling out of his songs that he can. And he needs drummers like Denzil Best, Blakey, Shadow, Roy Haynes, and Philly.

"I love the way Monk plays and writes, but I can't stand him behind me. He doesn't give you any support."

The final record was Bessie Smith's *Young Woman's Blues*, 1926, with Fletcher Henderson, Joe Smith and Buster Bailey.

"Listen to Joe Smith's tone. He's got some feeling to it." Miles laughed while listening to the lyrics (c.f. the first issue of *The Jazz Review*). "They're pretty hip. This is the first time I've heard this record. I haven't heard much of Bessie, but I like her everytime I hear her. She affects me like Leadbelly did, the way some of Paul Laurence Dunbar's poetry did. I read him once and almost cried. The Negro southern speech.

"As for those lyrics, I know what she means about not being a high yellow and being a ¾ brown or something like that. In those days high yellow was as close to white as you could get. It's getting more and more mixed though and pretty soon when you call somebody an m.f., you won't know what kind to call them. You might have to call them a green m.f.

"I'd love to have a little boy some day with red hair, green eyes and a black face—who plays piano like Ahmad Jamal."

Extended Improvisation and Form:

Some Solutions

by

Martin

Williams

Jimmy Yancey at Home

Photo by William Russell

I

In 1939 in a discussion of Jimmy Yancey's style, William Russell said, "the usual ending, with an abrupt modulation and final dissonance, need not surprise anyone who remembers that Negro improvised folk music has no fixed beginning nor definite end, and its formal length of no more consequence than the title. Such a dance as *Yancey Stomp* [*The Fives*] could probably go on all night without decrease in effectiveness." Form, in other words, is a question of length and length is almost entirely a matter of the emotional climate of the moment which may even be indicated on a physical level.

However, writing at about the same time, Russell could praise Meade "Lux" Lewis's *Bass on Top* on the basis of its "motival development." "The germ motive itself is derived from the bass accompaniment figure. It is treated by extension (chorus 2) by diminution and inversion (chorus 4 and 6) twisted about until its possibilities of elaboration are seemingly exhausted. Finally, in the eleventh chorus there begins a liquidation in which not only the melodic but the rhythmic motive and accompanying bass figure, as well, are reduced to their most essential features."

Behind Russell's first statement, of course, lie the "romantic" standards of imagination, inventiveness, emotional projection, power, etc.—even, perhaps, of endurance. Behind his second, "classical" standards of form, inner cohesion, development, structure.

These two attitudes are not necessarily opposites. It seems to me that one of Yancey's best recordings is the one called (after the fact by the record company) *How Long #2;* it has a discipline of form. Each chorus is based on a separate approach to the simple eight-bar blues melody, and the way Yancey handles the improvisation makes it clear that his unit is a pair of choruses. The first bass figure is the "four-beat walk" (like the one "Lux" Lewis used in his *Bear Cat Crawl*). At the third chorus, Yancey begins a more elaborate base line, obviously improvised, as an integrated response to what he is building in his treble. The right hand continues to build in complexity, then in tension, and by chorus five this tension has produced a series of by now simple trills and the main improvisation is in the bass line. By chorus eight, Yancey abruptly breaks the mood, descends to the middle of the keyboard, decreases his dynamic tension—but he has prepared for this descent previously by gradually simplifying the base line until he has reduced it to the figure he began with. At the end, this pensive mood is changed: the brilliant flash of the middle of the piece returns momentarily to the treble, but with the opening bass figure solidly anchoring the unity, and the piece ends suspended on an odd-numbered chorus which echos the tone he had set in the beginning. Thus, by a reiteration and overlapping of motifs, Yancey maintained a continuity.

My subject is the problem of form in extended solos. I bring it up because (aside from a rather classic bent of mind of my own) certain horn-men have now directly faced it and it seems to me that in the work of both Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins, we hear men attempting unique solutions to it, with an awareness of continuity and inner-structure. I think that an account of their efforts will have more meaning if they are placed in the context of the past—if only to support my contention of their value. I do not intend what follows to be exhaustive, but I hope it will include some exemplary solutions to the problem. I had best add that I do not intend to discuss formal conceptions which seem to me to be imposed from without. That is, if the problem of form does not arise after the "romantic" facts of inventiveness and conviction, then it does not really arise at all. Like "style" in prose, it must ultimately be a consequence of having something to say. It cannot be a kind of mold which needs only to be filled out for a man to have produced something of value.

The man who has long been faced with the problem of extended improvisation is, of course, the solo pianist, and he faced the problem of continuity quite early. One of the reasons for this is that in his immediate background lay both a vocal tradition and the compositional approach of ragtime, and it will help if we briefly review ragtime.

II

Ragtime is a sophisticated and formal music, further removed, in several respects, from the basic blues than is the playing of, say, Charlie Parker or Milt Jackson. Today, it may seem a tangental movement which, however strongly it contributed to jazz (and still contributes indirectly) and however many fine individual pieces it produced, was, as a movement, a kind of blind alley. Perhaps one of the reasons for its ultimate failure was its formal rigidity and its compositional removal from the folk-blues.

I think that the first of the great rags, Scott Joplin's *Maple Leaf*, is typical enough for us in its form, but I hope I can be forgiven if an exposition of this well-known piece forces me to repeat a few truisms.

Ragtime is a multi-thematic, compositional music with rather limited rhythmic resources, frequently dominated by only one kind of syncopation. Although there is evidence that improvisation (or at least embellishment) was at least sometimes a part of ragtime performances, neither improvisation nor written variation is essential to it. The form of *Maple Leaf* is basically A, B, A (all in A flat), C (a modulation to D flat), D (a return to the original key). It gets its form, its feeling of completeness from the thematic and tonal relationships. Theme C is melodically related to B and both are a kind of cakewalk-like strut. Theme A falls into two parts: the first is a kind of introductory "call" (again suggesting B in quality) and the second a "response" rather like the romping, almost swinging, D theme. But D almost combines the quality of all the themes. If one wanted to describe this piece, almost metaphysically, as a kind of thesis, antithesis, deliberation, synthesis, I would think the description valid; at any rate, it should be clear that, as in several Western forms, some kind of statement and resolution of opposites is involved in its exposition.

When the ragtime movement waned, it was replaced by a "blues craze", and when we remember that W. C. Handy's publications announced it, it should be obvious that at least the *public* face of this movement was in some ways as formally compositional as that of ragtime. Handy's best blues are, like rags, multithematic and depend on internal contrast and parallel, chiefly of melodies, for their form. Like many ragtime men, Handy began by writing down and more or less formalized the music around him. We might almost call him a ragtime-blues writer, and I intend that description to mean that the musical sensibility that chose and juxtaposed the themes of *Memphis Blues, Beale St. Blues,* and *St. Louis Blues* was an excellent one. What such a description of "ragtime-blues writer" might not include is important however: there are rhythmic and harmonic devices to be found in the work of Handy and his followers that are at least rare in ragtime and, more important, there can be a deep passion, even in the most rigidly compositional blues, that ragtime seldom captured.

III

The next dominant movement was what came to be called the "jazz" of New Orleans. In this context, it is valid to say that this music represents a combination of elements in two previous movements—a combination of ragtime and blues conceptions. It seems to me that Jelly Roll Morton's work reflects the maturity of an earlier stage in this style—I mean earlier than the work of King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band—and it is the one we shall examine.

Obviously there are some new things: there is a developed polyphony; there is a great extension of rhythmic resources (undoubtedly adapted and assimilated *directly* from folk blues and church music, as well as the "Latin" rhythms in the musics of the city), there are somewhat different kinds of molodies (of French and Spanish origins), etc. Most important there is variation and improvisation. Even if we were, through a comparison of various recordings and printed scores, to subtract everything from Morton's music that could conceivably be improvisation, written variation would still be a part of its substance. Furthermore, these variations are on theme and they are not embellishments or decorations; in Morton's compositions, even his most rag-like multithematic pieces, there is at least one chorus of melodic variation. If such a conception is extended, it obviously raises the problem of over-all form. It is quite possible, since these variations are melodic, to drop the problem of form at the level of a chorus-by-chorus conception without taking up the question of the developmental relationship of these choruses. But Morton did not stop there and it is a great tribute to his musical sensibilities that he did not.

An explication of the rag-like *Kansas City Stomps* in the long version on the Library of Congress recordings will serve as good transition to his most ambitious performances. As published, the piece consists of three themes, thus: A, A (an exact repeat), B, B (a repeat), A (as before), C, C (a variation). A and B are each sixteen-bar themes in E flat. C has an unusual twelve-bar structure with "breaks" in bars one and two, seven and eight (making two six-bar parts), in A flat. When Morton extended this, he played A, A′ (a melodic variation), B, B′ (a variation), A″ (another variation), C, C′ (a variation), A‴ (a third variation). Not only is the rondo completed (in the final return to A he uses the "tune up" introduction to the piece as a transitional and modulational interlude), but in each return to each theme he plays a variation on that theme. This effort to handle improvisation on multithematic material seems to me surpassingly successful, and, of course, if a young musician were even to undertake such a thing today he would be hailed as an "experimentor" or "searching innovator."

On the other hand, a performance like the piano version of *Hyena Stomp*, based on one fairly simple theme, reveals another kind of structural ingenuity.

There are eight choruses, one theme and seven variations. The theme-statement is gently melodic and carefully harmonized, played in time but with the pulse almost implied. The first variation is a more rhythmic and both the melodic line and the harmony are drastically simplified in a kind of barrelhouse "destruction" of all the elements of the piece, which are subsequently rebuilt in various ways. We next hear an elaborately lyric transformation of the theme, lightly dancing after the preceeding and singing by complexity in both echo of and contrast to the way the opening statement had sung by simplicity. From this point on, we gradually return to and build on the pulsating rhythm of the second variation, with an increasing melodic simplification and dynamic building. The fourth variation is an excellent stroke for it transforms the third, by simplification, and makes a two chorus unit with it. Also in the latter part of it, Morton begins a polyphonic bass figure. This prepares for variation four which is a contrasting improvisation in the bass. Toward its end, Morton introduces simple brass-like figures. In the final chorus, Morton's right hand not only lays down more simple brass-like "call" riffs but also reed-like "responses", also reminding us of the way his left and right hands had previously conversed.

The performance reveals more structural principles. The chorus is sixteen bars in a sequence common in ragtime. As we have seen, these are often made into double choruses:

variations four and five, and the two final "brass" choruses. However, each chorus may readily fall into two eight-bar units and each of these, in turn, into two four-bar units. Then there is an initial fact of which Morton was well aware: the basic melodic material is a two-bar phrase. Morton takes advantage, makes these facts (which another man might see as a melodic limitation) principles of his architectonics and chief virtues of his playing. The final chorus consists of a continuous eight-bar line followed by two four-bar units which contrast melodically. The third variation (the most melodically complex) is based on a parallel repetition of two-bar units, while its "sister" variation (the fourth) begins with contrasting two bar units. Etc.

The performance may sound rigid under such scrutiny, but it is not. The scrutiny serves to bring out principles of structure in a developing improvisation, and the principles are there, however they may be applied spontaneously.

Another post-ragtime school of musicians, the Eastern "stride" pianists, also used the principle of sets of melodic variations. It seems to me that the work of several of these men is inclined to be almost decorative—at times a matter only of repeating melody with various embellishments imposed on it. And a performance like Willie "The Lion" Smith's *The Boy in the Boat* (*Squeeze Me*) clearly depends on rather mechanical changes of tempo to compensate. "Fats" Waller carried the "stride" conception further. In an early blues like *Numb Fumbling* we can hear Waller's excellent melodic inventiveness complimented by a fine sense of internal contrast and echo—powers which could inform even his loosest improvisations. In Waller and in Earl Hines we see, of course, the beginnings of the transition away from melodic variations played on theme to variations which create entirely new melodies out of chord structures.

The melodic approach continues if it no longer dominates. We hear it today in Erroll Garner who, despite his limitations, his sentimentalities and his mannerisms, can show a genuine (often reductive) feel for the nature of a melody. And in Thelonious Monk's approach to a "standard" we hear a continuation of the stride approach: there is the same interest in unusual sequence of harmonies that we can hear in "The Lion", the same emphasis on melody. Indeed since Monk's primary emphasis is through rhythm, metre, and accent, he has produced choruses which are little more than direct rhythmic variations on theme, and in, say, *Just You, Just Me*, a set of melodic variations of a kind no contemporary pianist even attempts.

IV

I don't think that the origin of the harmonic variation which has gradually dominated jazz is difficult to trace within the music: like the rhythmic changes which have taken place in the last thirty years, it comes from the blues. Longer ago than we know (and probably ever shall know), playing the blues could mean freely improvising in an harmonic frame. And this is true whether the soloist is aware of an implicit harmonic frame or not, whether he uses one chord per chorus (or just one thump) two, three, or whatever, and whether he limits himself to "regular" eight, twelve, or sixteen bar choruses or lets inspiration dictate chorus length. It was evident that a man could take this conception and apply it to any chord and chorus structure—whether it came from his grandfather or the radio.

The question is, once this conception has dominated the music, whether a soloist can structure a long improvisation and, if so, how.

If one understands Louis Armstrong's way of stating a melody with the slight shifts of accent and alterations of line which discover beauty and passion in triteness, he should have no trouble, despite the differences of tone, rhythmic and harmonic conception, and quality of emotional projection, with Miles Davis's opening statements of familiar melodies. From such statements Davis gradually departs from melodic line, often by a kind of ingenious disintegration, into direct use of harmonic material, creating an entirely new *melody* out of chord structure. Since he is a leader today, it falls to him to both open and close a performance, and his closing chorus or choruses frequently take the same approach, condensing the process into briefer form.

I do not say that this way is an entirely new one, but I do think that, at his best, Davis makes something unique out of it. The first thing to notice is that one does not often feel that usual abrupt abandonment of melody after the first statement. Miles can make the transition gradually and his unique presence and lyric gifts obviously are invaluable in maintaining a sustained flow of line. While it may not be his best performance in other respects, *When Lights Are Low* is an excellent example of his conception. By the end of his long opening solo, Miles has turned a chord structure and a sustained lyric mood over to his sidemen and, when he re-enters at the end, he takes the changes and gradually and logically rebuilds the initial melody. Even if he had no other virtues, Davis's work could provide some of the best introductions to what the harmonic variation means in modern jazz that can be found.

Sonny Rollins does not have such a gentle lyric quality, neither as Davis does nor as Parker did. Nor does he have the harmonic sense of Davis or Parker. But he does have something that Parker had and that Davis has learned that he does not: he has a technical virtuosity—and he is learning to use it with discipline.

Rollins' imagination although it is constant is not so daring in line and harmony as Parker's. Also, unlike Davis, Rollins has, I think, produced hardly any balanced single or double choruses of really memorable quality. What Rollins can do at his best is face directly the problem of long solos with an ordered use of the equipment he does have. And in a *milieu* where so many men gush out all their resources and tricks in second and third choruses in the belief that they are following in Parker's steps, his approach is exemplary.

I have heard Rollins play long solos which are better than anything he has recorded (I have also heard him exploit his talents, but that is another question), but with the basis on which he operates in mind, we can hear at least a good sketch of his approach on such LP's as *Saxophone Colossus* and *Way Out West*. He begins, like Davis, with melody, gradually departs from it into a relaxed harmonic variation with simple short lines and simple note values. Gradually he builds into longer lines, shorter note values, double-time runs—all the Parker-derived resources of the modernistic virtuosity—then gradually reverses the process from this peak, returns to simpler harmonic variations and then to the melody itself. The basic approach may seem rather obvious if it is exposed this way, but it seems to me that this gradual revelation of the soloist equipment takes advantage of the long solo passage in a way that can make the less ordered efforts of many young modernists sound like an angly reaction to their having been intimidated by the task.

The way to hear a good solo by Rollins is to try to hear it whole, not chorus by chorus. The exposition is never so pat as my account is bound to make it seem. In the midst of the second or third comparatively simple chorus, a rapid run may appear; in the middle of a virtuoso chorus, sim-

(Continued on Page 49)

ALL TOO SOON

by Stanley Dance

To saw a woman in half is, professionals insist, a trick demanding finesse. Though jazz was sawn in half after World War II with a notable lack of finesse, a far more magical result was achieved. The arms and legs remained, but the torso disappeared.

Suddenly, there seemed to be nothing but Dixieland and Bop, or—depending where you lived—Traditional and Modern. How to account for this spectacular dismemberment? What had happened to all the fine music that lay between? The musicians that made it were alive and mostly in their physical and technical prime, but with the collapse of the big bands and increasing disinterest in their idiom, work for them became hard to find. Duke and Basie, almost alone, could continue to prove that there was still an audience for jazz that emphasized swing and warmth.

In England, where a neat balance of power existed for a considerable time between Traditional and Modern, it was possible to reassert the values of what is now known there as Mainstream Jazz. (Since all good jazz theoretically swings, Swing became both inadequate and ridiculous as a distinguishing label.) John Hammond's series of Vanguard Jazz Showcases coincided very conveniently with this movement, and it has now carved out for itself a comfortable place between the other two.

The English record companies soon found they had a demand for Mainstream Jazz which was not being met from America. Instead, they were being surfeited with jazz described as Modern, Cool or Progressive, much of which turned out to be, in fact, Immature, Puritanical or Pretentious. In these circumstances, and on the personal initiative of the head of British Decca, Mr. E. R. Lewis, I was sent to New York earlier this year to attempt a recorded cross-section of the "mainstream" scene.

I was under no illusions as to what I would find. This was my fourth visit to New York since 1937, and each time a deterioration in the condition of jazz was undeniable. No one should be deceived today by the fact that more jazz records are made and sold than ever, nor by that of the publicity obtained for summer festivals that last only a few days. The health of jazz can best be determined by the number and *duration* of opportunities open to jazzmen to work *as jazzmen.*

In 1937, in three weeks, I heard a dozen big bands of quality (Duke Ellington, Jimmie Lunceford, Fletcher Henderson, Chick Webb, Earl Hines, Count Basie, Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Lucky Millinder, Willie Bryant and Luis Russell). In 1958, in six weeks, I heard only two, both of which were assembled solely for recording purposes. As for small groups, I need not list what there was along 52nd Street in 1937. This year there was just Wilbur DeParis. Uptown and downtown, too, there was shrinkage rather than expansion. Even at the Savoy, jazz was in full retreat.

Many of the greatest jazz musicians were existing on week-end gigs and recording, but the recording often consisted of rock 'n' roll and backgrounds to vocals, all calculated to stultify rather than ennoble their talents. Musicians of the calibre of Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Vic Dickenson and Buster Bailey were playing at the much-maligned Metropole, a fishbowl that at least provides regular work. The Stygian gloom of Birdland was as depressing as its music and forlorn audience.

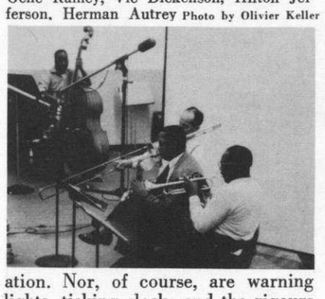
There was just one regularly constituted group that was consistently a pleasure to hear, and that was Buddy Tate's septet at the spacious Celebrity Club on 125th Street. This combination has been playing around New York for several years, and Buddy has been recorded as a soloist on Columbia and Vanguard, yet recently an item was printed in the news section of *Down Beat* enquiring whether Buddy was engaged as a chauffeur in Hollywood. Prophets might seem to be without honor in New York.

The virtual demise of the old-style jam session during recent years has been a severe blow to jazz. The "staged" jam session has as little in common with it as most of the "blowing sessions" that take place in recording studios. In each case there is, in varying degrees of desperation, a need to astound, which is not at all conducive to genuinely artistic cre-

The Buddy Tate Band

Photo by Olivier Keller

Gene Ramey, Vic Dickenson, Hilton Jefferson, Herman Autrey Photo by Olivier Keller



ation. Nor, of course, are warning lights, ticking clocks and the rigours of stereophony.

Inspiration in a recording studio can never be guaranteed, but I have long felt that the most rewarding jazz experience is the swinging solo above a swinging rhythm section *plus*—most important — spontaneous-sounding riffs from two or three other horns. Even if the solo itself is not particuarly inventive, the total effect will be invigorating and exciting.

In the 1930s, when the public was intelligent enough to demand that its jazz be danceable as well as listenable, this was a sure, immediately communicable formula. It still provides one of the more valid forms of jazz expression, but it requires an affinity among the participating musicians that extends to both style and tempo. (A feeling for tempo was an early casualty in the bop revolution.) At its best, it was heard from musicians working regularly together, as on, for example, the small-band records made by Johnny Hodges when Cootie Williams was also a member of the Ellington band.

I found there were plenty of jazzmen in New York still, who not only could, but loved to play in this idiom. Buck Clayton has helped keep it alive on records under his name (on Columbia and Vanguard), and Buddy Tate's group plays it all the time, but several other studio combinations proved, to my mind, successful. Among these, I would mention, Buster Bailey with Herman Autrey, Vic Dickenson, Hilton Jefferson, Red Richards, Gene Ramey and Jimmie Crawford. Autrey has hardly been heard on records since the days of Fats Waller and it was a great surprise to find that he sounded better than ever. Budd Johnson, with Charlie Shavers, Vic Dickenson, Al Sears, Bert Keyes, Joe Benjamin and Jo Jones, also produced the kind of swinging ensemble I wanted. Groups including ex-Basieites like Dicky Wells, Buddy Tate, Buck Clayton, Earl Warren and Rudy Rutherford, naturally fell within the scope of my programme, but Dickie Wells also led a trombone quartet consisting of himself, Vic Dickenson, Benny Morton and George Matthews that sounded, as Jo Jones put it, "like a million-dollar trombone section".

It is the neglect of men like Dickie Wells that causes so many of us in Europe to look askance at the American jazz scene. Here is one of the outstanding trombones in jazz history, one who has contributed much but has no need to rest on past achievements. Dickie's control, tone and range are still impressive; his style is completely individual; his conceptions are imaginative, daring and humorous according to mood. So when we read yet another article in *Down Beat* or *Metronome* about Dave Brubeck or André Previn, we think first about criteria and then about ethics.

We believe that really homogeneous, swinging groups, like that now planned to tour Europe under Buck Clayton's leadership, should hold an important and regular place on the jazz scene. This one, as at present projected, will comprise Buck and Emmett Berry (tp), Dickie Wells (tb), Earl Warren (as), Buddy Tate (ts), Sir Charles Thompson (p), Gene Ramey (b), and Herbie Lovelle (d). Musically, it cannot help but be more satisfying than the contemporary combinations of mainstream musicians who are compelled to play a bastard kind of Dixieland.

The post-war generation has been fed a lot of nonsense about the stagnation of jazz prior to the life-saving act of Messrs. Parker and Gillespie. Jazz was not standing still before them, nor would it have done so without them. It is quite possible that it might have taken a different, better road. The absurd demands for jazz to change, change, to hurry, hurry, are merely indicative of bad nerves. The pace of modern life is sometimes referred to as though it accounted for the rapid changes in jazz. But ennui, "a disease of modern life," as P. A. Sheehan wrote many years ago, "is simply the repletion of those who have tasted too speedily, or too fully, at the banquet of life."

This disease, with its insatiable demand for novelty at all costs, can only lead to the early decease of an entrancing music. As some characteristics are torn away and discarded, others twisted and tortured, a point must surely be reached when jazz will no longer be recognizable as an entity. Even now, the outsider could not hold an art of much account whose most-acclaimed products are denied as dated and outclassed within a decade. Geniuses and real artists emerge but seldom. Thelonious Monk and Dizzy Gillespie, in 1958, are not greater as *artists* than Earl Hines and Louis Armstrong in 1928. They have nothing of greater value to communicate, no superior stories, only different words.

A young musician might well be wary of entering jazz today. While he is still mastering his horn he will be acclaimed. In his twenties he will be approved. In his thirties he must expect the sneers of the *avant garde*. In his forties, he will be compelled to repeat the successes of his twenties. Thereafter, he should be prepared to quit music. In refutation of Mose Allison's song, the old men of jazz don't have all the money. The young men, on the other hand, seem to be escaping the formative period in the garret.

A kind of puritanism is in vogue today. The inner beauty may be there, but the outer beauty, the easiest given, is shunned. The young musicians mostly sound like tired, doomed men. The older men sound as though they still savoured the challenge and joys of life. A musician should be mature at forty, not exhausted. The premiere of Vaughn William's Ninth Symphony took place on April 2nd this year. Williams was in his mid-eighties. Because the audience was familiar with Williams' "style", there were no hoots of derision, no suggestions that he should incorporate the tricks of younger men.

Those critics and that part of the jazz audience whose appetite for "new styles" is so insatiable, obey a commercial principle as obvious as that which determines the yearly fashion changes of Paris. In so doing, in failing to realize that novelty and quality are not synonymous, they do jazz a great disservice.

Vic Dickenson, Benny Morton, Dickie Wells

Photo by Olivier Keller

MY STORY

by Buddy Tate as told to Frank Driggs

. . . My brother was a saxophonist, you know, and I used to listen to him because I always wanted to play the sax myself. He was with Troy Floyd in the early years before Troy really got started. He used to sit in with Alphonso Trent's band for rehearsals and things like that. My aunt had a rooming house and most of the guys from Trent's band used to stay there. My brother bought me an alto and I stayed around the house for about a year before I started taking lessons on it. There weren't many people in my home who could give me lessons and my brother was in Dallas at the time . . .

After I'd been rehearsing, I joined a big brass band around Sherman and played with them for a while. My cousin, Roy McCloud, was a trumpeter, and just about all my relatives could play something, so we formed a family band and put it in his name . . . McCloud's Night Owls. We'd go and listen whenever Trent or Troy Floyd came to town, and after we rehearsed for a while we got to be quite a good little band. We started getting club dates and got good enough to be booked out around the different territories. We stayed together about three years [see personnel]. Roy McCloud and myself were the cause of the band breaking up because we went to Wichita Falls and joined another band called the St. Louis Merrymakers. They weren't from St. Louis, they were an original Texas band. I first met Herschel Evans when he was with the band a little earlier. When I got there he had gone to San Antonio and joined Troy Floyd. I met him in 1926 when I made my first professional engagement away from my home town. Herschel had also been with "T.N.T.", Trent Number Two, which was also a Texas band. They had gone to New Orleans to bring Don Albert back. They patterned themselves after Trent and they had a good band, about 12 pieces.

. . . The St. Louis Merrymakers wasn't any hell as a band so I stayed around there for six months or so then joined Troy Floyd. This was after they made the records of "Shadowland Blues" and the "Dreamland Blues". Don Albert had left the band then, but it was still the best band around there after Trent. Herschel used to tell Troy to let him off whenever Trent was in town, so he could go hear Hayes Pillars play. He was something in those days . . . so was the band . . .

. . . They would come up and play from 9 to 12 every Sunday after they got finished their date at the Adolphus Hotel, and, man, you couldn't get in when they played. They used to make as much as $75.00 a night a man, they were so popular. They had all that airtime over WFAA in Dallas, and they were heard all the way to Canada. I hated to see that band break up, they had so much, and they were so far ahead of their time. Trent wasn't much of a business man and he left that end to Gene Crook. In those days, they were outplaying Duke . . . I really think so. He quit the band in 1932 and went back to Fort Smith. If they had kept going with him they would have been as big as Duke or any of them . . .

There were a lot of great musicians around Texas in those years. Claude Kennedy, they called him "Behno", was a terrific trumpet player. He was very far advanced over everyone else then, and he left early to go to California. He took a Texas band called the Oleanders and went to Los Angeles. I believe they made some pictures out there. Buck [Clayton] remembered him and said he was a wonderful trumpet player. He died some years ago.

I used to listen to Budd Johnson a lot when he was around. He left early with Jesse Stone and went to Kansas City to join George Lee. He was very advanced, even then, and he's still great today.

Frenchy? Do I remember him? He was a wonderful person, from New Orleans . . . a real Frenchman. His name was Polite Christian, and talk about a big, pretty tone on trumpet! He used to come to my home town every week with a different band, and I think just about every musician in Dallas played with him at one time or another. He had a nice reputation and always had a nice band with him. He could play louder and longer than any trumpet player you ever heard in your life. He could be heard all the way from here to the Apollo [from 145th & Amsterdam to 125th & B'd'way]. I stayed with Troy about six months or so and then joined T. Holder. He was just reforming his second band, after Andy Kirk had taken over his first band in Tulsa. Jesse Stone took the rest of them and went to Kansas City and T reformed again.

We just had about eight pieces with Sammy Price on piano. We were playing at the Fannin County State Fair in Bonham, Texas when this band from Austin, Texas came through. They were called the DeLuxe Melody Boys. When we finished our dance, we went over and listened to them. They were a nice outfit and T liked the way they sounded, so he said, "I'm going to take over this band". He had a big reputation in that part of the country, so he maneuvered himself into the leadership of that band. Just he and I went in with them, because T dropped the rest of the combo [see personnel].

When we got back to Dallas, we went out to Midland and rehearsed for a month and came to San Angelo and went on location and in three or four months this band was the best he ever had. He could build a band better and faster than anyone I ever saw. He was a wonderful person and if you did what he said, everything worked out right. He could build a band in three weeks with knowledge of music, and he should have been

Courtesy Frank Driggs

a big-time leader. He's over 60 now and still playing wonderful horn. He's been with Nat Towles a long time now, in Omaha and on location in Billings, Montana. That T had everything . . .

We stayed together for nearly five years and made it. It was a hell of a band. T could play first, get-off, parts, anything. Earl Bostic was in the band then, and really wailing. We had three little violins that played tricky stuff just like the sax section would, and a tuba player, Leslie Sherrifield, who could play get-off tuba like Eppi Jackson in Trent's band. We used to book ourselves then, all over the South, before the booking agents came in. We were called T. Holder's 12 Clouds of Joy. We always wanted to battle Trent's band, but it never came off. We did battle Troy Floyd and that used to be something.

After we closed the Winter Garden in Oklahoma City in the summer, T would jump in a car and go off to California. This would break up the band, more like a vacation, because we all saved up some money and some of us hadn't seen our families for quite a while. Gene Coy came into Seminole, Oklahoma with Clyde Hart, Ben Webster, Slim Moore, Joe Keys and those guys. Some of his men had left and joined Jap Allen and he needed some replacements. Wesley and I joined him for three months or so until T called us from San Antonio and got a bunch of us together. This was in 1931. Then we went to California with T and played in Los Angeles for a week and then on location in Bakersfield for about six months and then came back to San Antonio. Carl "Tatti" Smith joined us then.

Tatti had a fine tone and could always read. His father was principal of Wiley College and I first heard him in 1925 when he ran away with a road show. He was hot tempered but I remember once when we were in DelRio, Mexico on a job, when he and Jack Ransom, another bandleader got high on tequila and started fighting over gambling. Tatti pulled a pistol on Jack and he had a knife. Tatti pulled three times and the gun didn't go off, so he went outside and threw it down on the street, and I swear it made a hole in the pavement. I'd like to see him again, because I understand he's in South America somewhere.

We also had a guy called Hugh Jones who was a hell of a solo man, but couldn't read, and when it came to playing parts, he'd miss all over the place. He had some chops then, he could play so high, but he never made it. He used to slip off on the job all the time. You'd look around for him and he'd be gone. He'd go back to Kansas City.

T's band broke up around 1933, and a small group of us led by Wesley Smith formed an eight-piece band to play for an open-air theatre. It was a wailing little band, and we stayed together about six months or so before things got tough. Then Al Johnson, one of the trumpet players, Nat Towles and myself went to Little Rock and worked around there for about a year for a lady named Ethel Mays.

While I was in Little Rock, this band and Chester Lane's were the top outfits. He had a wonderful band with guys like Aubrey Yancey and Forrest Powell in it. I remember him as far back as 1931. He's out on the coast now.

Coleman Hawkins left Fletcher to join Jack Hylton in England, and Fletcher sent for Lester Young to join him. Basie came through to fill a job, because he had just taken over Bennie Moten's band, all except Herschel and Jack Washington. I joined him there in Little Rock and stayed until the guys left one by one to go back to Kansas City to Join Bennie. Lester joined Basie in Little Rock, because Herschel wouldn't leave Bennie. There wasn't any falling out, because Bennie told Basie to take the job and see what he could do with it. It didn't last too long because Basie didn't have a name then and he didn't have any records. Basie was the last man to go back, even though Bennie wanted him to come back.

Nat Towles got a guy in Dallas who owned a string of night clubs, and Buster Smith, Joe Keys and myself went to Dallas with him. Buster quit and went back to Basie, still trying to make it. Meanwhile Jo Jones sent for Joe Keys to come to Minneapolis to join Rook Ganz' band, and Lester left Fletcher and went in that band too. I got a telegram to join Andy Kirk and I walked around with it for a long while, because I didn't want to leave Dallas then. I did join him after a while, and he'd been after me earlier to join his band. I replaced Ben Webster in Andy's band. Basie had gone back to Bennie then and they had a bitch of a band. They were supposed to go into the Grand Terrace behind Earl Hines, but the deal fell through.

Andy got this little break before that and went East with Mamie Smith who had come through. We were at the Vendome in Buffalo the night Bennie died on the operating table. Someone called from Kansas City and told Pha Terrell. After that Big 'Un [Walter Page] tried to take the band, and Bus Moten tried to make it, but Basie was really the only one to survive.

We played some dues with Andy, man, things really were bad, you have no idea. I quit and went back to

Courtesy Frank Driggs

Dallas. Andy hadn't gotten his break yet. I went back to Wiley College and played with their band for a while. That summer Nat Towles had gotten some good territorial work around Omaha and he took over the Wiley Collegians. I worked with him until I joined Basie in 1939. We had a hell of a good band, and when we came to town, we just took over, in the face of established competition, because we were so much better music-wise. They had as many as five big names going at that time, Red Perkins, Lloyd Hunter, The Night Owls and a couple of others. The Dreamland ballroom, where all the names still play today, was the spot around there and we had it sewed up. Before we came to Omaha we were working out of Dallas, and used to Battle Milt Larkins band in Houston all the time. Arnett Cobb and Illinois Jacquet were in that band, and they used to battle us every Sunday at the Harlem Square in Houston.

Basie didn't have any organized band like ours then, and ours was definitely the better band. Andy Kirk called me when Hammond was coming to Kansas City, because we were playing a dance in Trenton, Missouri. Nat and I drove to Kansas City and contacted John, and the only reason he couldn't come up to Omaha and hear our band was that he was just stopping over before going out to California for Benny Goodman's opening at the Palomar. Hammond wanted to hear some good jazz that night and he went to the Reno Club and signed Basie on the spot, and that was that. Tatti Smith was playing trumpet with Basie then, because Lips had signed with MCA. Nat had a lot more to offer, because he had five arrangers, and all of us were writing, and many times we had several different arrangements on one tune, like *Marie*. We rehearsed every day when we weren't playing. Basie couldn't have touched our band. We caught his broadcast when he opened at the Grand Terrace, and we would have torn his band apart. Our band was swinging all the time, could entertain, and play pretty. We played all the best territory work and all the college proms. John Hammond picked up Ernie Fields band out of Tulsa a couple of years later, and I'm telling you, there was no comparison. Sir Charles Thompson was in that band, Fred Beckett, Henry Coker (with Basie now), Archie Brown, who played like Tricky Sam; C. Q. Price who was terrific alto man and could write some wonderful things. N. R. Bates was really something on trumpet, he could play first too, and was compared to Buck in style. He quit over some woman, and Paul King replaced him, after he quit Andy Kirk in early 1937. That was a band that really should have made it. I replaced Herschel when he died and stayed with Basie until 1949, and then went with Rush's group, then into the Savannah Club, and into the Celebrity Club with my own band which I've had about five years now . . .

A. G. Godley was the top drummer all around in those early years, and Alvin Burroughs was great then too. That's one thing about Basie, he knows how to pick drummers.

We used to hear Sugar Lou and Eddie out of Tyler when we had the family band, but they never did anything. They had a wealthy guy who owned a radio station and he used to give them all the airtime, and that built their reputation up. *KWKH Blues* and numbers like that did it. Lips used to work with them at one time.

Clarence Love came from Kansas City and I met him in Mushogee in 1929. He didn't have as good a band as T. Holder or Nat Towles, but he was established.

For my money the best trumpet player around was Eddie Tompkins. In fact he was the only trumpet player Lunceford ever had. He didn't stay around Kansas City much, and was with T. Holder group that Jesse Stone took back with him to Kansas City. I think he went with either Grant Moore or Eli Rice in the early 30's, before Lunceford grabbed him. He went to all the colleges around that part of the country and was just short of being a doctor. He was terrific, he could play first, get-off, had a hell of a range, and he had to play some hard music in those days. He died in the Army.

I remember Boots and His Buddies. They didn't have much of a band, and didn't get started until 1935 or so, because when I first saw him, he was playing with Johnson's Joymakers. There were the McDavid Brothers who had a band around there in the early years, and they went to California.

I'll tell you one thing about the South, they'll recognize your talent, because we played all the best white dances and the best locations and broadcast all the time, but up North they'll tell you "we'd like to put you on a commercial program, but the South won't accept you". That's their way of telling you they won't hire you. They don't want you to get where the real money is. I know it isn't true because Trent played the Adolphus Hotel every day for a year and had a radio wire, and Basie just got into the Waldorf last year.

(Continued on Page 27)

The Negro Church:
Its Influence on Modern Jazz

by Mimi Clar

Rhythm Part 2

One of the most famous breaks in jazz is executed by Charlie Parker during a performance of *Night in Tunisia.* This break contains around sixty-four notes in just two bars. A more concise drum break is taken by Art Blakey on Horace Silver's recording of *Quicksilver:*

(Musical Example 7: drum break)

Breaks are part of Negro church music, too. On *Heaven* by Mahalia Jackson, the guitar has the following break:

(Musical Example 8: guitar break)

Negro church music and modern jazz share the concept of delayed action. In jazz this is found clearly in the music of Erroll Garner. He often plays locked-hands style at a steady tempo without explicitly stating the beat. He does so by way of introduction to a number or throughout the entire first chorus, thus creating a tension in the listener as he waits for the beat to commence. A guest speaker at the Southern Missionary Baptist Church of Los Angeles did the same thing in a prayer recently.[8] As he intoned his supplication, he repeated the pronouns in his sentences:

"Lawd, you—you—you—you—
you—told me . . . "
and
"We—we—we—we—know
that you . . . "

This repetition has the same effect upon the listener as Garner's delayed manifestation of the rhythmic pulse.

We complete the survey of rhythmic frameworks and forms common to modern jazz and Negro church music by noting the concept of an ad-libbed section in a piece being followed by a section with a steady tempo. Oscar Peterson's *Tenderly* with its florid, rhapsodic first chorus proceeding to a succession of choruses "in the groove" is a good example. A duplication of this idea in Negro gospel music is the Radio Four's *An Earnest Prayer,* which opens with a beseeching, melismatic supplication and closes with a toe-tapping call-to-prayer sung and swung mightily.

Moving from the general to the more specific, we find a strong similarity and close relationship between many of the individual rhythmic motifs and figures in modern jazz and Negro church music. While differing in notation, these patterns bear a striking resemblance to each other when actually heard performed. This kinship is fostered by the emotional drive and inspiration referred to in the paragraphs dealing with swing (and to be discussed in more detail in a future section).

Similar patterns may be found most abundantly in the repetitive ostinato figures played in the accompaniment of a rendition to establish a swinging beat. These patterns are most effectively presented by placing them in parallel columns and proceeding to compare them.

(Musical Example 9: *Jazz Negro Church*)

Similar patterns are also apparent

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9

Jazz:

1. Thelonius Monk—Bye-Ya
   Art Blakey; drums:
2. Horace Silver—Safari
   Art Blakey; stick on cymbal:
3. Bill Davis—Ooh Ah!
   organ:
4. Curtis Counce Quintet at The Haig
   August 31, 1956
   Frank Butler—drum
   figure behind sustained notes:

Church Music:

1. Sammy Lewis—I'm Heaven Bound
   piano and organ accompaniment:
2. St. Paul's Church, KFWB, Sunday, Oct. 14, 1956, 10:30 P.M.
   tambourine:
3. Alex Bradford—Lord, Lord, Lord
   organ (left hand):
4. Pres Dixon—I Made a Step in the Right Direction
   piano:
5. White Rose Church of God in Christ, KFOX, Sunday, July 29, 1956, 9:30 P.M.
   drum:

in the rhythmic interplay between instruments in jazz and between hand-claps and foot-stomps in the church. In Alex Bradford's *I Don't Care What the World May Do, I'm Gonna Praise His Name*, the drum plays four quarter notes per measure, accenting beats two and four; over this, hand-claps enter on the second and fourth beats:

(Musical Example 10: hands, drum)

The Comeback by Count Basie features the pattern just illustrated in diminution. Here, the guitar chords function in parallel fashion to the church drum; the brushed snare drum now occupies the place of the church hand-claps:

(Musical Example 11: drums, guitar)

Repeated notes are often used at the end of phrases for fill-ins in both jazz and Negro church music. These repeated notes frequently fall into similar patterns when they are placed side by side. For example, the fill-in below, used by the pianist in a Southern Missionary Baptist Church service,[9] and extremely popular among gospel instrumentalists—

(Musical Example 12: fill-in)

—is quite reminiscent of the fill-ins employed by Kenny Drew on *Talkin' and Walkin'* and by Gerry Wiggins on *Night and Day* (Zoot Sims Quartet):

(Musical Example 13: Drew, Wiggins)

On the recording of *Count Your Many Blessings* by The Four Interns, the piano enters with a repeated note motif:

(Musical Example 14: motif)

which is duplicated in most of the recordings by Oscar Peterson, who applies it within the framework of an octave:

(Musical Example 15: Peterson)

A final figure of similarity exists in Erroll Garner's *There Is No Greater Love* and Mahalia Jackson's *I'm So Glad Salvation Is Free*. In the latter, Miss Jackson holds a syllable on a repeated note and follows it with an accented descending triplet which ends before the downbeat:

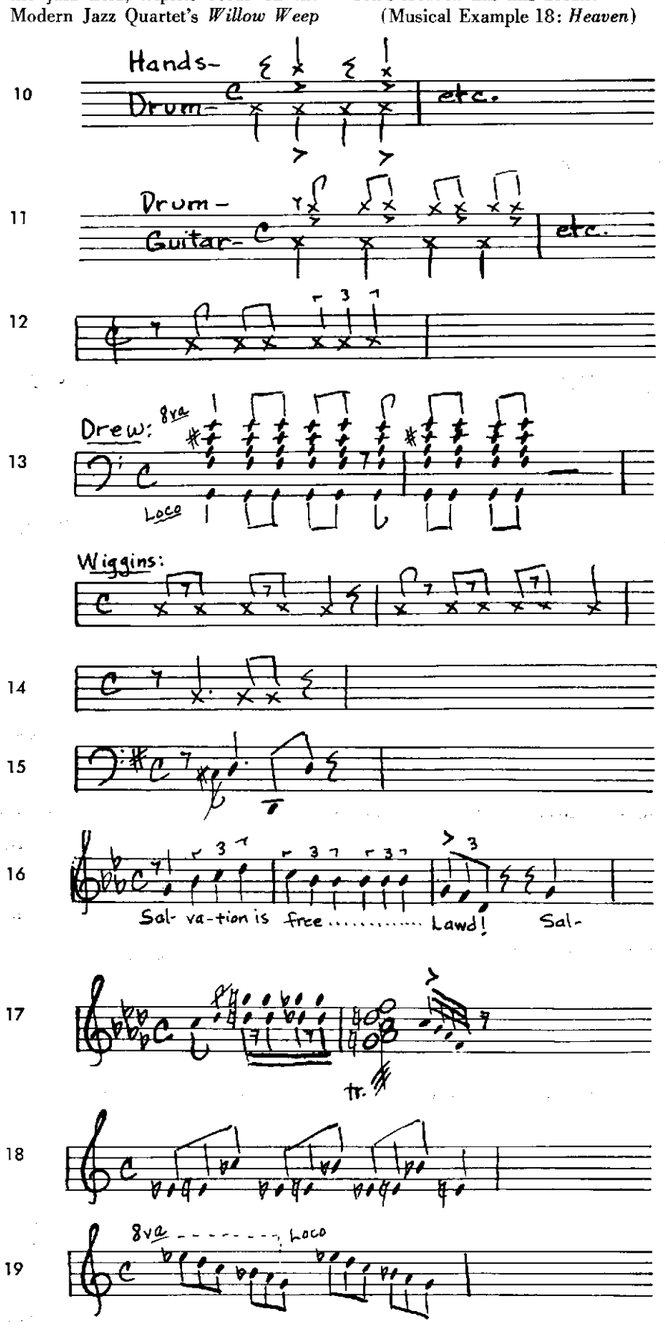
(Musical Example 16: Jackson)

In the Garner record, the note is tremoloed instead of repeated, then proceeds to the accented descending figure:

(Musical Example 17: Garner)

Many motifs in Negro church music and modern jazz are identical. In both idioms, triplets are sometimes utilized for accompaniment purposes. In the gospel field, they occur on Marie Knight's *I'll Tell It Wherever I Go*, and on The Davis Sisters' *Jesus Steps Right In When I Need Him Most* as ostinato piano rhythms. In the jazz field, triplets occur on the Modern Jazz Quartet's *Willow Weep For Me* and in the work of drummers such as Art Blakey and Frank Butler. Triplets are also used in breaks and fill-ins. The guitar on Mahalia Jackson's *Heaven* has this break:

(Musical Example 18: *Heaven*)



while the piano on the Soul Stirrers' *Nearer My God To Thee* fills a gap with:

(Musical Example 19: triplets)

The piano on *West Coast Blues* by Sonny Criss replies to a horn statement in this manner:

(Musical Example 20: piano)

Further rhythmically identical fill-ins may be observed in a comparison of a Sister Rosetta Tharpe performance (title unknown) with records by Hampton Hawes and Kenny Drew. The Tharpe pianist plays:

(Musical Example 21: Tharpe)

pianist Hawes plays (*Hamp's Blues*):

(Musical Example 22: Hawes)

and pianist Drew plays (*Drew's Blues*):

(Musical Example 23: Drew)

Notice how all these patterns begin and end on upbeats.

Gospel and jazz percussionists oft-times keep the beat going in exactly the same way. The hand-clapping pattern C the most common in Negro churches today, is an exact replica of the cymbal accents used by Art Blakey and other funky drummers. A hand-clapping pattern heard in the White Rose Church of God in Christ [10] is duplicated by the muted brass section repeating a note behind the melody on the Duke Ellington record, *Boo-Dah:* C / etc. A later White Rose Church service[11] yielded a drum pattern which is identical to the drum patter on Gene Ammons' *Great Lie:* / etc.

Perhaps the most prevalent of the drum figures in the gospel field (exemplified on *Life Is a Ball Game* by Wyona Carr and *In That Day* by Joe May) is a perfect duplication of Erroll Garner's left-hand chord pattern: C /. Erroll Garner provides another instance of similarity with the Negro church when he introduces the unexpected rest at the beginning of a measure preceding an accent on beat two in *Will You Still Be Mine?:*

(Musical Example 24: Garner)

The same rest and accent situation prevails in the Ward Singers' *How Many Times?:*

(Musical Example 25: Ward Singers)

and in *Jesus Gettin' Us Ready For That Great Day* from a service at Los Angeles' Temple of the Holy Ghost and School of Instruction:[12]

(Musical Example 26: Holy Ghost)

This is the second in a series. Future installments will deal with Harmony and Emotion.

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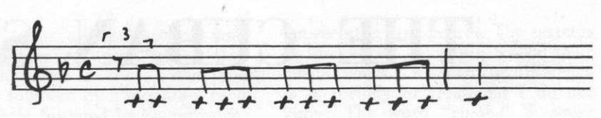

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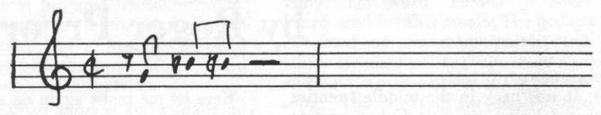

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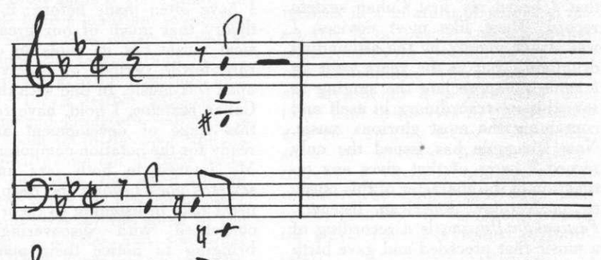

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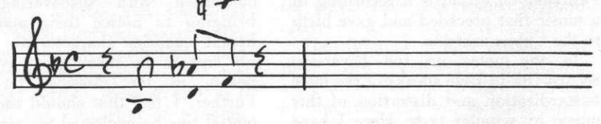

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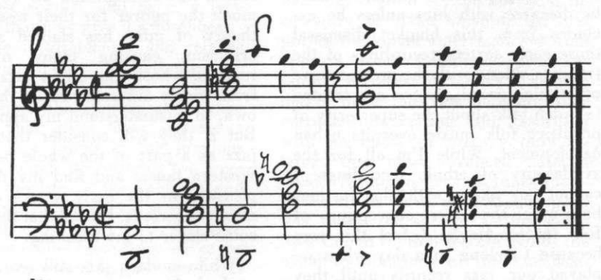

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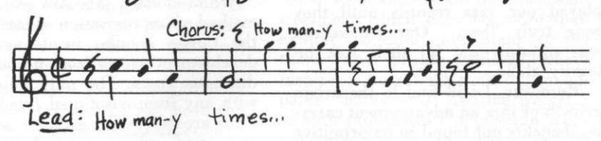

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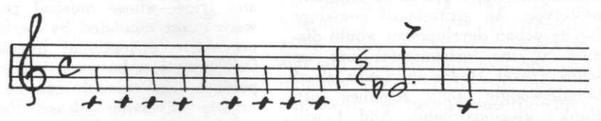

[8] Southern Missionary Baptist Church, KPOP, Sunday, Dec. 30, 1956, 10:15 P.M.

[9] KPOP, 10:30 P.M., Sunday, Oct. 14, 1956

[10] KFOX, Sunday, April 29, 1956, 9:30 P.M.

[11] KFOX, Sunday, August 5, 1956, 9:30 P.M.

[12] KGER, Sunday, October 14, 1956, 11:30 P.M.

THE CUBAN SEXTETO

by Roger Pryor Dodge

It was back in the middle twenties that I heard my first Cuban sexteto record. Then, like most novices, I was struck mainly by the astounding drumming, but as the years went by I came to appreciate the singing as something extraordinary in itself and containing the most glorious music. Now Riverside has issued the only record I know of that gives any intimation of the character of this music to present-day American listeners. *Festival in Havana* is a recording of a music that preceded and gave birth to the Cuban sextetos.

In the notes on the Riverside record Odilio Urfé speaks of the later bastardization and distortion of this music by popular taste. Here I have to disagree with him unless he excludes from this blanket dismissal those early sexteto recordings of the twenties. Along with the present wave of ethnic recordings we are treated to much talk about the superiority of primitive folk music over its urban development. While I'm all for the availability of ethnic recordings, I cannot go along with the further-back-we-go-the-better conception of folk music. Maybe I feel this way because I belong to a day when we played our jazz records until they were truly "beat." Our enthusiasm was certainly not for their folk integrity alone.

Moreover, I still find in the urban growth of jazz an advancement carrying benefits not found in its primitive prototype. An attitude of contempt for its urban development would dismiss all the instrumental jazz we know: Oliver, Dodds and Louis, all of boogie-woogie piano, together with Bunk's glorious band. And I will remark right here that my listening pleasures have gravitated to certain jazz records made during a short period in the twenties, and extending, of course, to those later discoveries in the same vein, rather than to any singing, solo or ensemble, that preceded this music. In Cuba during the twenties there was a short comparable period when the sextetos were of the most listenable character before they sank into banality. By listenable I mean that the music is not only charged with good melody, brilliant intonation and playing style but that the development of its material is made intriguing and exciting.

Here let me insist again on a point I have often made before: it is my theory that much of our great classical music has its roots in certain rare fertile periods of highly-developed folk-music. In line with this, the Cuban sextetos, I hold, have reached this stage of development and lie ready for the notation-composer's use. My interest in both jazz and the sextetos goes beyond the deep pleasure I take in listening to them; I am concerned with discovering and bringing to notice their many inherent qualities characteristic of an art ripe to be taken over by composers in the classical tradition. Further, I feel that should their potential ties be neglected we would be much the poorer for their loss. This theory of mine has slanted all my criticism, causing many of my readers, whose interest in jazz stems from widely different reasons than my own, to misunderstand my approach. But if they will consider that I see jazz as a part of the whole body of Western music and find my deepest pleasure in the early works of the classical periods, I think that they will come closer to my meaning.

While modern jazz still retains the method of improvisation of early jazz, the Cuban mambo in its synthetic development grows from no such indigenous roots. The only musicians with any improvisational freedom in Cuba are the smaller groups—sextetos and trios—whose musical practices were never emulated by performers on more conventional instruments. One exception, however, is the trumpet; its best example can be heard on the Riverside release. Performances on conventional instruments taken over from the military bands and *danzon* orchestras always show the hand of the arranger, whether in assigning to the various pieces their harmonic and rhythmic roles or in creating more ambitious compositions like those by our own big band arrangers. As the sextetos, unlike the New Orleans improvisers, never employed conventional instruments they could not develop a school of instrumental improvisation ready to be taken over by the popular bands.

The most infectious part of Cuban music is the *montuno*. By concentrating on this infectious section certain musical leaders of popular bands in fashionable musical spots of Havana established the mambo. Their prototype was the *montuno* of the *danzon*. The peculiar character possessed by the style and form of a *danzon* gave way to a more popular and modern approach, utilizing amongst other older types, the music of the sextetos. However, it would have taken the integrity of a revivalist's fervor to establish anything of solid merit.

The mambo as played in New York consists of nothing more than a Cuban rhythm section together with large choirs of trumpets, trombones and saxes playing an arrangement derived from modern jazz. It is completely written out and as characterless as is big band scoring in jazz.

There have been some indications that Cuban rhythms are creeping into American jazz. To do what Gillespie did with Chano Pozo is mere novelty. Any great drumming—East Indian or African—combined with the melodic virtuosity of jazz would always prove exciting. When two types of music are near neighbors in the same city marriage is inevitable. But the glory of Cuban rhythm cannot be fused with American jazz merely by seating a Cuban drummer in a jazz band any more than jazz could be injected into Cuban music by the reverse process. There would be no real union. On the lower level, if Cuban and jazz players were to sit down together year after year in small Harlem joints the outcome will certainly be momentous for the Cuban-jazz amalgamation. But imagine a snare drum-bass drum type of drumming in Cuban music! In the United States only Baby Dodds has given us a style that seems to belong by right in a jazz band. The fact that our snare drum-bass drum outfit has never been really integrated into jazz playing leaves room for a style of drumming that fits as naturally into its context as do the drums of a Cuban band.

But to come back to the two musics of our subject. My attachment to them as well as to classic music derives from the perennial interest I find in them, an interest I do not find in other folk musics. As an example, the dance music of Chambonnieres, which is certainly classical, not folk music, is a genre made possible by the status of the earlier improvised music of

his time. It seems to me, moreover, that had this improvised music been notated it would appear very little different, if at all, from Chambonnieres!

The sextetos are definitely a music of professionals. They were concerned with creating a form of music to be listened and danced to, and with the necessity of staying within the confines of a more compact ensemble, than did their predecessors. Of all the pre-sexteto records that I have heard I find that none of them gives the completely relaxed and pleasurable effect of the sextetos, nor does this relaxation ever lead to any let-down of interest and virility. In consistency of folk tune integrity, the Riverside release is preeminent. But this unspoilt state is characteristic of most primitive art and does not necessarily make for satisfactory daily fare. The great importance of the sextetos lies in what they have done with this folk material, an achievement that far outweighs any compromise they have made with popular taste. The ensemble balance within a sexteto and a New Orleans jazz band did not exist in their prototypes. It is the specific nature of the instruments and their particular duties when working within a traditional form and accepted style, that transforms basic material into a higher work of art.

For example, the Cuban *danzon* is a form with exciting possibilities but its evolution out of a sedate past never gave birth to any truly great music. A great deal of material out of the sextetos can be seen in it but the whole character of melody and treatment is that of a written composition in a popular vein. If we can forget the paucity of its melodic content, we will find that the styles peculiar to its different sections and their specific sequence, are highly intriguing. One or two ballad-type sertions followed by a *montuno*, each of which is initiated by an introduction—abacadac—is the structure of the *danzon*. But it was not destined to flower into the great music found in the *son* of the sextetos.

The Cuban rumbas and congos on Riverside have a luxuriant sound due to the many voices which, played at fast tempos with fervid drumming accompaniment, grip our attention. This is music for a festive gathering—musicians and spectators—either in a packed room or in the open and its whole spirit grows out of their back-country cult rites. But when we are not on the scene and are not brought out of ourselves by the spirit of the occasion, a subtler and somewhat more involved approach wears better from day to day: something like what Hamlet told the players, ". . . for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." It is the inevitableness and relaxed momentum of the solid rhythm section of marracas, guitar, tres and string bass behind the singing and bongo playing that gives these sextetos a stability not found in the previous music. Though the sextetos too were part of the life of the cantinas and dance-halls they achieved a style that is self-sufficient apart from this context. Most ethnic recordings strike me more as reports of happenings I was not fortunate enough to witness rather than a presentation of a piece of music in its own right.

I cannot claim to be an authority on the sextetos and do not have the knowledge to point out the differences between the tune genres. The sextetos of the earliest recordings called their music "sones." Whether the difference is in melody or treatment I do not know. The word "rumba" I never heard used for this music. The groups consisted of six men—guitar, tres (three stringed guitar), claves, bongo, and bass. Three or four of the players sang. The singing on the sexteto records is a mixture of solo and ensemble. It is loosely knit, somewhat analogous to the freedom of the melody instruments (trumpet, clarinet and trombone) of a jazz band. The tunes lend themselves to full throated and rich singing either in complete solos or injected breaks, giving, thereby, a rhythmic outline to the melody. The bongo acts as a free voice, pointing up the music where the player feels it is needed rhythmically.

courtesy *Roger Pryor Dodge*

The different groups usually have their own particular introduction after which the theme may be stated by the tres. The voices enter easily with the rhythm section carrying incessantly on. After finishing the first phrase the voices enter again at what appears some seemingly arbitrary point. The incessant march of rhythm makes these intervals between voice entrances interesting and absorbing with an effect of artistry only attained in a most advanced classical music. Although the folk tunes themselves are as short as most European folk tunes, the specific setting given by a Cuban rhythm section avoids the usual terminations of the European treatment which does no more than exhibit the little tune. Many of the tunes have phrase endings which inspire a long held tone of no apparent definiteness. As sung we get a smooth impressive composition without attention being drawn to the briefness of the theme. The tune in a few instances appears to be cut up and laid on a rhythmic webbing. The interdependence of the two forestall any feeling of brevity and the effect exceeds in grandeur anything possible to the little tune itself. The protruding rhythm between the melodic sections makes for a most ideal form of early composition. *La Mujer Podran Desir* by the Sexteto Nacional is an exquisite example of this laid on choral singing with protruding rhythm between sections and is but one of the many ways of presenting material of compositional status. It goes beyond the mere repetition of the tune.

After the first tune has been sung a few times the original choirs go into a repetitive coda that has become in many instances the glory of the Cuban sextetos, the *montuno*, and a contribution of great importance. It

gives the son a most balanced proportion. We appreciate the contribution of the *montuno*, if we compare the sextetos with the small trios that abound in Havana, playing at tables singing popular and folk tunes similar to those used by the sextetos. The solidity given the whole piece by the sexteto style is tellingly different from the mere singing of folk or popular tunes. The transition from opening son to the montuno is often a most inspired indication of great delight to come. There is a controlled lift of tempo, especially at the introduction of the montuno that imperceptibly accelerates to the end without giving the least impression of being hurried.

The sextetos had a great vogue throughout the twenties. Judging by their records the two greatest groups were the Sexteto Habanero and the Sexteto Nacional. There were some excellent records by such groups as the Septeto Matamoros, Estudiantina Oriental de Ricardo Martinez, and the Sonora Matacera, but I could not judge their continued worth by the few discs available. Just as the country dance music of the 16th century became fashionable and was subsequently used by composer-improvisors to be glorified and preserved in the dance suites we know. so the primitive music of the pre-sexteto days became popular. We must remember that the popular "taking up" of a music is not the same as a popular influence being exerted on a music. Folk musicians who find themselves "taken up" and then become professionals, deriving their living from their art, have no desire to participate in the current popular music they may be displacing. The conditions of their new set-up may prove so beneficial that they are enabled to create an art which even out of context of its original locale is still self-contained.

Whatever the popularity of a folk music, its wide appeal is not because of its depth of meaningfulness. Imitators without the ability of its innovators will naturally appropriate more and more of the popular element until a new genre has been created. This new genre will strike a chord in a larger public who will respond to it as a music after its own heart. Then gradually the original folk artists find their popularity waning until they themselves start incorporating some of the more saleable elements into their music. At first they so transform these elements that they lose none of their delight; eventually they degenerate into something no different from the cheapness of their competitors. Or, if the performers

Courtesy *Roger Pryor Dodge*

Guiterrez, Jimenez, Cabrera, Martinez, Castillo, Godinez

maintain their integrity, find themselves so outmoded that they rarely work. Except in times of revival these players become the sad cases we read of—King Oliver, Johnny Dodds, Jimmy Yancey and the Sexteto Habanero.

The music of Cuba differs entirely from jazz. What happened to instrumentation in this country is unique and resembles no other music deriving from Africa. In African music melody has been the province of the singer and rhythm the province of strictly rhythmic instruments. The rhythms in the sung melodies never showed the freedom and inventiveness so characteristic of jazz. The few melody instruments either played rhythms hardly more extended than the voice or played rhapsodically around the voice. This African element remained basically unchanged in Cuba. On the Riverside release we hear both solo and ensemble voices singing simple tunes with a rhythmic lilt in the tune itself. The soloists participate in a semi-declamatory manner that has its own rhythmic and rhapsodic style. We also find this in Flamenco and Cuban Punto Guajiro and in the Spanish Saetas. It is either strident or tends to monotony. In its proper setting I find it most enjoyable but a little goes a long way on records and is best as an ingredient of a composition rather than a thing in itself. The melodies the Negroes have evolved out of Western and African music are beautiful and simple with a richness than can only be described as pure gold. It has not become overly fixed as has the folk music of Europe, but allows the singer to sing on and on without ever becoming monotonous.

Although there may be found both folk and non-folk tunes in the sexteto records, we can be assured that on the Riverside release we are listening to truly great folk music. From the scanty specimens of Cuban cult music that I have heard, only in the Abakwá Song by male chorus and drums (recorded by Courtlander) did I find any indication of what may have been the prototype of the music on Riverside. Much of the cult music appears African in character, but the Abakwá Song is certainly an early example of what eventually flavored the sexteto sones with their Afro-Cuban character. The form of the music does not keep to a definite number of bars—twelve, thirty-two—and through variation give us what appears to be a continuous creation. Blues and gospel singers follow the tune; their inflec-

tions are more subtle than bold, and it is only from the words alone that we get any real compositional progress. The same can be said of the inflection of Cuban singing, except that the boldness of jazz instrumentation is here realised by a freedom in laying out the composition. The integration of Cuban rhythmic instruments does more than merely provide a solid web of chordal rhythm (guitar, tres and bass); it is integrated throughout. This contribution, which I feel to be significant, no doubt was made by the sextetos. The early sextetos were not much more than copies of the choirs we hear on Riverside, but with fewer men. In the earliest record I know, the guitar family was present while the old marilbola had already been displaced by the string bass. I find the *montuno* on the sexteto records more relaxed and a more integrated part of the whole rather than the frequently used hurried ending consisting of a repetitious phrase.

The personnel of the Sexteto Habanero changed at times but I believe the line-up as seen in the accompanying picture represents it at its best. The director Geraldo Martinez (3rd voice) played the bass, José Jimenez (1st voice) played the claves, Felipe Neri Cabrera (2nd voice) played the maracas, Carlos Godinez played the tres, Guillermo Castillo played the guitar and Augustine Guiterrez the bongos. When we hear a trumpet it is no doubt José Interian. Except for Martinez, Guiterrez and Interian they are all dead. Martinez and Castillo divided most of the solos between them. Martinez is still carrying on with his Conjunto Tipica Habanero de Gerado Martinez. Castillo's voice is one of the most wonderful of its kind. It is deep but when he sings solos he raises it a little, giving the impression of reaching for the tones. José Jimenez, although he sang no solos, had the most celestial voice. In the ensembles his voice always trailed and lingered on at the end of a phrase. That wonderful ability to ease into an ensemble and fade out at the end they had to perfection.

Their singing has the beautiful relaxed drag found in Bunk's band. Combined with the rhythmic sections it gives a feeling of solidity that makes all other types seem thin. Their delivery of the popular tune *Mama Inez* is a revelation. Comparison of their version of *Mama Inez* with that of another inspired group, Ignacio Pineiro's Sexteto Nacional, only emphasizes their supremacy and makes us realize the heights singing can rise to: while further comparisons between the Sexteto Habanero and others treating the same tune reveal that besides their supremacy in quality they are superior in their extraordinary improvisations of solo incidentals.

Because the beauties of singing are not easily handed on, the sextetos of secondary importance never had the interest of the few great ones, something not true of the early jazz groups. Singing depends more on rare vocal quality than band playing does on rare instrumental ability. Thus, the followers of Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith are extremely limited, and unless we go to the more stark school of singing stemming from a Leadbelly or a Blind Lemon Jefferson, the contemporaries and followers of the Rainey-Smith high point are nobody to adulate truly. The full-throated singing quality of the Cuban Negroes both in ensemble and in many of the solos usually do not have the peculiar folk quality of a blues singer, though many of their voices do possess a nasal folk intonation. Generally speaking, however, their songs sound more like lusty Western singing but without the bad effects of academically trained voices.

Cuban trumpet playing is a most beautiful off-straight style that either plays the tune in simple fashion in answer to the singers or indulges in what may best be called cascading cadenzas. When these cadenzas are simple and not over-done, as with so many players, they are a most useful adjunct to the music. In the choirs the trumpets are most virile. The sextetos, when they add a trumpet player, actually have seven men, but as a rule they keep the name "sexteto."

Although the number of sexteto records made during the twenties is small, these few preserve for us a rich store of music. Whereas the Riverside record stands up amongst the world's ethnic records in quality and esteem, I am inclined to believe that because these sextetos superficially appear similar to the cheap music of the thirties, they are not appreciated by the casual listener like the older music. The same situation holds with jazz. One who likes the church revival music of the 1900s might consider the music of Oliver's band inferior, especially in the pop tunes. Although some Cubans consider these early records to be collectors' items, on the whole they have no great standing. Let us hope the Riverside release starts a revival of Cuban sexteto in the United States, now that we have such a large audience for Latin-American music. Enthusiasm for them could lead to an lp re-issue from Victor's vast store.

TATE

(Continued from Page 20)

McCloud's Night Owls (Sherman, Texas, 1927-29).

Roy McCloud, tp; Buddy Tate, alto; Hazel Jones, pf; Bernice Douglas, bjo; Ralph Atterbury, dms.

St. Louis Merrymakers, 1928 (short while only—Wichita Falls, Texas).

Troy Floyd Shadowland Orchestra (1929, San Antonio, Texas—six months only).

Willie Wagner, Al Johnson, tps; Bert Johnson, tb; Hershel Evans, Buddy Tate, tnr; Siki Collins, alto; Allen Van, pf; John H. Braggs, bjo; John Humphries, dms; Charlie Dixon, sousaphone and tb.

T. Holder's 12 Clouds of Joy (1930-33, Dallas, Texas).

T. Holder, Wesley Smith, Reginald Corley, tps; George Corley, tb; Wallace Mercer, Buddy Tate, Earl Bostic, reeds; Lloyd Glenn, pf-arr; Leslie Sherrifield, tuba; Joe Lewis, dms. Add Carl Smith, tp; Hugh Jones, tp; J. K. Miller, tp in 1931, 32, 30 respectively.

Ethel Mays Band (1934, Little Rock, Ark.)

Al Johnson, tp; Buddy Tate, tnr; Nat Towles, bass.

Count Basie Orchestra (1934, Little Rock) several months in later 1934. Joe Keys, Dee Stewart, Lips Page, tps; Dan Minor, tb; Buster Smith, Jesse Washington, altos; Buddy Tate, tnr; Basie, pf; Cliff McTier, gtr; Walter Page, bs; Jo Jones, dms.

Nat Towles Orchestra (1935-early 1939, Dallas, Texas and Omaha, Nebraska).

N. R. Bates, Harold "Money" Johnson, Weldon Sneed, tps; Fred Beckett, Henry Coker, Archie Brown, tbs; C. Q. Price, Siki Collins, altos; Lemuel Talley, Buddy Tate, tnrs; Charles Thompson, pf; Casey Smith gtr; Tom Pratt, bs; Little Nat Williams, dms; Duke Groner, vocals, and director. Nat Towles, director. Paul King replaced N. B. Bates in 1937.

Count Basie Orchestra (New York, 1939-49) personnel in discographies.

Jimmy Rushing's Kansas City Seven (N. Y., 1950-52).

Buck Clayton, tp; Dickie Wells, tb; Rudy Powell, alto, Buddy Tate, tnr; Sir Charles Thompson, pf; Walter Page, bs; Jo Jones, dms.

Buddy Tate Orchestra (1953 until present) Celebrity Club, Savoy, Palm Gardens, etc., etc.

Pat Jenkins, tp; Eli Robinson, tbs; Ben Richardson, alto-clt-bari; Buddy Tate, tnr-clt; Sadi Hakim (Argonne Thornton), pf; electric brass; Clarence "Fats" Donaldson, dms.

On Big Bill Broonzy and the Blues

by Studs Terkel

Courtesy Studs Terkel

If the blues is a poetic remembrance of things past—or of today's trauma — small wonder Big Bill Broonzy is a most natural bard. He has no forgettery.

I was in a place one night
They was all havin' fun
They was all buyin' beer and wine
But they would not sell me none.

It was 1947. Or was it '48? Four of us in a jalopy were passing through a pleasant Indiana town on our way to Purdue. Lafayette, it was. We were thirsty. We saw a tavern, a workingmen's hangout. Bill tossed a casual glance, almost imperceptibly. He smiled. "Uh-uh. They won't serve me. You guys go on in." He was outvoted. After all, these were hard working guys, decent men. Bill had no right to jump to conclusions. As we entered, all conversation ceased. Shot and a beer was the order for four. The pudgy gent behind the bar was genial enough. Politely, he murmured: "I can serve three of you."

They said if you white, you all right
If you brown, stick aroun'
But as you black
Mmm, mmm, brother, get back, get back, get back.

The profane gibberish three of us mumbled is of small matter. We were licked as we slunk out, x-rayed as we were by the hostile eyes of good, solid workingmen. One man laughed softly. It was Bill. We were losers, the three of us without and the wretched clods within. Only Bill was the winner, a laughing winner.

You know I can't lose
Baby, I can't lose
Not with this moppin' broom I use.

Big Bill, porter. Aside from work in railroad gangs, led by Sleepy John Estes and Leadbelly among others; plow hand; cook; molder; preacher; piano mover. Mover and Shaker.

I was born in Mississippi
Arkansas is where I'm from

"Man I worked for in Arkansas, all his kids went to college. Come home doctors, lawyers, girl a school teacher. I wished I could go to college someday. Well I did. I went to college in Ames." He wasn't kidding. At Iowa State, he landed a job as a campus janitor.

It's Big Bill's razor-whet, lovely sense of irony that's enabled him to overcome. Cheated, euchred, gypped, triple-crossed most of his live-long days—by men and by fate—he's invariably come up with an ace.

On a visit to his mother (born in slavery, died in 1957 at the age of 102), he drove his big second-hand car into a filling station. Just outside Little Rock. The red neck was about to get nasty. A black man in what appeared to be a luxury auto . . . "Whose car is this, boy?" Came the deadpan retort: "Man I work for. My boss." The answer satisfied the white American. But if this black man owned that car . . . boy!

Double-talk? Sure. You must understand one thing, though. Bill spoke the truth, *his* truth. Always, Big Bill has been *his own* boss. No matter how humiliating the circumstance, he never allowed himself to be humiliated. A servant, often; servile, never. Neither has he been belligerent. Just Bill The Man, rich in his own secret humor. Sure, he's made adjustments, but they've been of *his* choosing. He has borne his dignity as gracefully as his guitar.

I love you, baby
But I sure ain't gonna be your dog.

Not just a woman he's singing about. Life itself. As for his feelings toward members of the fair sex, Leporello's "Madomina" could easily have applied to the roving Bill. One difference: the blues singer was far more gentle than the Spanish Don. He evinces a genuine affection for women.

My suitcase packed, my trunk's already gone
Now you know about that, baby
Big Bill won't be here long . . .

No scenes, no recriminations. Never has Big Bill sung of bad women. They've all been good, warm-hearted. Some less than others. Some more so.

Willie Mae, don't you hear me callin' you
If I don't get my Willie Mae
I declare there ain't no other woman will do.

Fond memories. Sly ones, too. Consider his way of kidding phonies and pretenders. Often, he's tossed darts at caste—even among his own people.

She said her mother was a Creole
And an Indian was her dad.

The dark-skinned singer remembers being denied admission to the church to which his light-skinned grandmother belonged. And so he speaks a universally ethnic truth. (How often the nose of the German Jew was out of joint when he encountered the Polish Jew! Till Mr. Shicklegruber refused to be selective in this matter. How the blonde Florentine passed by the swarthy Calabrian!

And in what tone of voice did the "lace curtain" Irish refer to the "turkeys?")

Unfortunately, in his latter years, Big Bill's poetry and mother-wit have been less than appreciated in some quarters. Trying to hide his hurt, he has recounted the numerous times Anatole Broyard's hipsters have hooted him, walked out on his blues. And young jazz fans who should know better. Cool children of a cool evening can be awfully cold. "Place I work for in Buffalo, man pays me off first night. First set. He says they don't like what you singin'. Who wants to hear that old time stuff? Nobody's gonna pay to hear that these days."

Duke never walked out on Big Bill. Nor did Count. They know. That's why they're the artists they are.

He's lost track of the exact number of blues he's written; some 360, give or take half a dozen. So many he has handed to others. "Why not? If it suits 'em better'n me, why shouldn't they have it?"

And he insists on keeping green the memory and song of his friends no longer here. "Leroy Carr, he's gone. Big Maceo, he's gone. Jim Jackson, Richard M. Jones, ol' Lead, they're gone. If I don't sing their blues, who will? Maybe the blues'll die someday. But I'll have to die first."

And what of Tampa Red talking to himself? And Memphis Minnie shouting somewhere in the darkness? Does anybody really give a hoot out there? Who cares? In the Age of Indifference, of bland Ivy and Jivy Leaguers on the make, jazz fans all, according to the Gospel of *Playboy*, to care deeply is archaic. Moldy. To these careful young men who couldn't care less, Big Bill says: "I care."

He missed out on a critical appointment with the doctor not long ago.

"What happened, Bill?"

"There's a kid just come up from Mississippi. Gotta a lot of blues. Went over to talk with 'im about copyright so's he don't get gypped like I done."

To keep the blues alive . . . Big Bill Broonzy is dedicated. For they are a piece of a man and he is something of a man. In this Period of the Pipsqueak, that's really something.
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The Blues

THE MURDER BALLAD

She got in the jail house, they asked her what she's there for.
Her inmates in the jail house, "What are you here for?"
She said, "I killed that bitch—that's what I'm here for."
"You're a murderer, that's why you're in jail.
"You're a murderer, that's why you're in jail.
They would have had you pretty soon; they were on your trail."

Her trial came up, she was in front of the judge,
Her trial came up, she went in front of the judge,
Her attorney tried to give the judge a nudge.
The jury said, "That girl is here."
The jury said, "That girl is here."
The jury said, "That murdering girl is here."
The prosecutor said, "Today we're dishing out years."
The prosecutor said, "Today, gal, we're dishing out years."
So be careful, don't have your fears."

She said, "I killed her because she had my man."
She said, "I killed her because she had my man."
I killed that bitch 'cause she had my man."
I rather be dead in my grave than here (that bitch had my sweet man!),
I rather be dead and graved 'stead of her having my sweet man.
I'd be dead and graved! Let her have my sweet man!

Jury found her guilty: she must go to jail.
Jury found her guilty: she must go to jail.
Up the river to Baton Rouge is her trail.
Judge said, "Fifty years for the woman that you killed loving your man."
Judge said, "Fifty years for the woman that you killed loving your man."
I wish I could help you, but I'm not sure that I can."

(Traditional, Performed by Jelly Roll Morton, Riverside RLP9008. Transcribed by M. W.)

LOSING HAND

I gambled on your love, baby,
And got a losing hand.
I gambled on your love, baby,
And got a losing hand.
Your ways keep changing
Like the shifting desert sand.

While I was playing fair, baby,
You played a cheating game.
While I was playing fair, baby,
You played a cheating game.
I know you didn't care,
But I loved you just the same.

I thought I'd be your king, baby,
Yes, and you could be my queen.
I thought I'd be your king, baby,
And you could be my queen.
But you used me for your joker
'Cause I thought your deal was clean.

Way you did me, pretty baby,
I declare I'll never understand
Way you did me, pretty baby,
I declare I'll never understand.
I gambled on your love, baby,
Hey, and got a losing hand.

(By "Charles Calhoun" (Jess Stone). Copyright by Progressive Music. Performed by Ray Charles on Atlantic 8006. Transcribed by M. W.)

(Contributions to this department are invited.)

Reviews: Recordings

Red Allen: Ride Red Ride, RCA Victor LPM 1509

According to the notes, three sessions were required to produce this lp; I really can't imagine why. There are no arrangements or ensembles to speak of, every tune begins with the conventional four-bar piano intro, every tune has the same show-band, grandstand ending, and most of the time is taken up with solo chorus after chorus, some o.k., some completely dull or worse, in rotation.

Hearing Red Allen play is, to me, always a frustrating experience. He amazes me with his sense of pattern, his ability to vary a simple, initial phrase (frequently by an ingenious rhythmic dislocation), and to construct a fine half-chorus from it. But then he gives up, and is prone to play any one of a number of stock figures, often senseless and quite out of context. He is wont to toss in a characteristic short descending chromatic run in such a way that it seems he just can't bear to leave a few beats or a measure of silence. Sometimes, he ends a phrase early, and sustains the final tone over a couple of measures (first chorus of *I Cover the Waterfront*). Other times, a bop lick, or a Milesish figure, makes its appearance out of nowhere (third chorus of *Sweet Lorraine*). With less finger twitching and more staying power, Red could lead the pack; he has a rich, plump sound and good technical equipment. As it is, trumpeters like Herman Autrey and Emmett Berry outclass him.

Hawk is, of course, largely responsible for the recent and belated respect shown towards older jazzmen, and rightly so. His dense, harmonically sophisticated style can on occasion become monotonous, because it is basically unmelodic, or unthematic, if you will, and a great deal of the time employs the same wavelike rhythmic motion as a trellis for the changes. This record shows him in a vaguely bilious mood, although his spot in *Love Is Just Around the Corner* is representative of his best playing.

I should have liked to have avoided comment on Higgy and Buster Bailey. Whatever the reason, Higgy hasn't played on the level that he once did for some years; and Bailey knew his heyday some thirty years ago. Now he relies on a *potpourri* of Goodman licks, freak noises, and a truly facile finger technique, rather than on cogent musical ideas. Higgy surprises, however on a Bb blues, *Algiers Bounce*, and on *St. James Infirmary*. On the former, he is eloquent, in tune, and begins to swing in the fourth chorus. The succeeding chorus sees him at the end of his rope, and the riffs begin to fly. Buster does do one kind of thing better than any clarinetist I can think of; the cock-eyed, really *witty* phrase is his forte, and the backing he gives Allen's vocal on *Ain't She Sweet* should convulse anyone.

Frank Stout

No accusation of sluggishness can be leveled against the rhythm. They do not always have the same end in view, apparently, judging from fairly frequent conflicts between, particularly, piano and drums. Nevertheless, their separate contributions are considerable. Cozy Cole seems gifted with startling prescience when playing behind solos, and his brushes on *Ain't She Sweet* swing elegantly. Marty Napoleon plays lightly, not too politely, and his synthetic style fits in this band.

I listened to the title tune once. Fortunately, the mind has remarkable powers of recovery. Everyone, including onlookers in the studio, sounds as if he were having a jim-dandy time, but why make a record out of it?

—Larry Gushee

Louis Armstrong, Collector's Items. Decca D18329.

Louis Armstrong, My Musical Autobiography. Decca DXM-155.

Apparently the method of selection for the *Collector's Items* set was to pick "best sellers"—with no thought about whom the records sold to or why. Thus the vocal performance of the pseudo-spiritual *Shadrack* (complete with "mixed chorus") is placed next to that splendid series of displaced accents in the trumpet chorus on *Jeepers Creepers*, and it isn't long after we have met *Brother Bill* that we hear such a magnificent harmonic variation as that on the Decca version of *I Can't Give You Anything But Love*, and not long after we have heard all about *Old Man Mose* that we hear that *Confessin'* on which grandstanding and art go hand in hand in the way that only Armstrong can bring off—and Armstrong not often.

The Armstrong on that set is the Armstrong heard in the "*Autobiography*" set—and that fact forces me to repeat the truism that Armstrong the soloist is not the Armstrong of *Canal Street Blues, Mandy Make Up Your Mind*, or even of *Muskrat Ramble*. That is, Louis the sublime soloist necessarily soon abandoned Louis the integrated lead ensemble voice and, despite his having played again with small groups for over ten years now, never re-learned that role. The loss was a gain, the gain a loss, and all of it necessary to Armstrong's growth.

The omnibus has four lps, has forty-eight selections, all but six of which *(New Orleans Function, Muskrat Ramble, Struttin' With Some Barbecue, My Monday Date, Basin Street Blues, Sleepy Time Down South)* were redone especially for it, and none of which dates earlier than 1947. Fully twenty-four of those forty-eight selections were originally done on records before 1929 (Armstrong for the time being is apparently as willing as a record collector to present his autobiography largely in terms of what happened in recording studios before that date).

There are further troubles. On all but six titles, we are treated to the bouncy, monotonous, un-responsive drumming of Barrett Deems—drumming to which the presence of Kenny

John on two tracks and Cozy Cole on two others (even whopping after beats), and, of course, Sidney Catlett on one, is an enormous relief.

Armstrong introduces the collection with a pronouncement about "the music just the way it was played in those good old days." Hardly. And, of course, impossible.

Judged against the original records the three Oliver Creole Jazz Band numbers are near travesties. Yank Lawson might seem a good choice (if one were in a hurry) at first, but he plays with what seems a monotonous affectation. Some effort, (by Bob Haggart) was made to take parts off of the 1920's recordings but, in every case, the original conception is soon abandoned for a string of solos—fairly conventional ones really—and there are such details as the Oliver choruses on *Dippermouth* being reduced to two, played in unison by the two trumpets at the beginning and then abandoned for some of Armstrong's familiar current blues style. Edmond Hall, a brick throughout and certainly the best clarinet Louis has had in ten years, should surely have been given another shot at *High Society*. *Canal Street* is the sincerest effort at re-creation and in it the deep rocking swing and integration of parts of the Oliver band is totally absent.

The Clarence Williams Red Onion and Blue Five dates are referred to only by using some of the tunes made on them, and Louis' solo after the generally rejuvenated Trummie Young chorus on *Everybody Loves My Baby* is very good current Armstrong.

Next come four blues numbers. Admitedly Velma Middleton is not a Ma Rainey or a Bessie Smith or even a Trixie Smith or a Chippie Hill. Actually she is not a singer and is almost totally insensitive to the works done. Most of Louis' accompaniments are rather bland and nearly coast.

We go back to New Orleans for that 1950 night club act "New Orleans Function" on which Louis' playing of *Free As a Bird* was fairly straight and full of feeling. And what a relief this Hines-Cole-Shaw rhythm section is! On *Gut Bucket*, Louis' recreation of that superb solo is a shadow and the performance ends on some light riffing.

On the third side begins a series of seven more numbers from the Hot Five-Seven period, and one ringer—a *Snag It*, spoiled from the start by the substitution of a trite and silly riff for the answering bass figure in the once plaintive introduction. Suffice it to say that Deems plays all the way through the stoptime sections on both *Potato Head* and *Gully Low (S.O.L.) Blues:* the powerful effects (even in the solos) of the original records are ignored, misapprehended, gone, and a good Armstrong solo on *Wild Man Blues* does not save an otherwise tricky, even superficial, performance. Of *Strutin' With Some Barbecue* we shall speak in a moment.

On *Cornet Chop Suey*, guitarist George Barnes, incongruously present on several of the small band numbers (imagine him taking Lonnie Johnson's role in *Hotter Than That;* that's the way they set it up!), has an innane guitar solo that all but characterizes the whole performance. (For *Heebie Jeebies*, Armstrong, incidentally, scatted, this time in nonsense words "old fashioned" as those Morton used.) *Muskrat* is represented by the "Symphony Hall" version. Of the astonishing *King of the Zulus*, a word later.

Next come three from the Armstrong-Hines period, one of them *(A Monday Date)* a really fine 1951 performance by probably the best permanent band Armstrong has ever had (individually if not collectively) with three major soloists in Teagarden, Hines (playing especially well), and Louis. The *Basin Street* here is the one from the "Glenn Miller" soundtrack: of it too, more later.

At this point, we have entered the period when Armstrong the great soloist has abandoned all pretense of being anything but that. Again, to discuss most of these records is to harp on details—the sublime way Armstrong incorporates a fluff in *Dear Old Southland;* Billy Kyle's excellent introduction to the vocal on *Body and Soul;* the fine vocal on *I Surrender Dear;* the banal riding on grandstand mannerisms on *Exactly Like You, Hobo You Can't Ride This Train,* and *Sunny Side of the Street.* Of *Lazy River* and *Georgia on My Mind,* later.

Out of the research for the narration, done by Milt Gabler and Leonard Feather, comes the news that on *Gully Low Blues*, Johnny Dodds was too frightened by the recording horn to speak the line "Oh, play it, Pappa Dip"—of course, the story goes with *Gut Bucket Blues*, heard two LP sides earlier. Louis Armstrong also informs us what "leading trumpet men" Humphrey Lyttelton and Yank Lawson are. He is clear, however, about the fact that the sides for Clarence Williams led groups were made at separate sessions with different personnels, but the liner (which lumps them all as "the Blue Five in November and December, 1924") is not. The liner will also tell you that on *Memories of You*, Ed Hall is replaced by Hilton Jefferson. Jeff may have been there, but if that isn't Ed, it's brother Herb.

Courtesy Riverside Records

The handsome, not to say garish, production begins with a biographical essay by, of all people, that collector of poetry and verse for the American middle-brow, Louis Untermeyer. He quotes everyone from critic William Russell to disc jockey Gene Norman to give Louis his credentials, and in a burst of phrase-coinage, wishes to add "a loud and fervent Amen." The essay is a tepid, facile re-hash of some of the usual biographical sources.

There follows what is billed as "an appreciation" by Gilbert Millstein. It is skillfully slick anecdotal prose, initially built on a simile between Armstrong and Charles G. Finney's *Circus* (n.b.) *of Dr. Lao* plus the proposition that Louis is "beyond praise", and is, I think, quite imperceptive and unenlightening about the music or the man.

Am I calling this an un-even set, a mistake, a bad set with a few good moments, an effort to re-capture what cannot be re-captured? I don't know, quite honestly, what it is on the whole, except that on the face of it, it is a bit imbalanced in favor of an Armstrong who now exists only on important re-issue albums from Brunswick, Columbia, and Riverside. But about *Struttin' With Some Barbecue, Basin Street Blues, Lazy River,* and *Georgia On My Mind* and particulraly *King of the Zulus* I do know something of which I would like to try to speak.

It is very well to talk about Armstrong's rhythmic conception, about his transformations of banal melodies, about the superb imagination on an harmonic variation like that in the 1938 *I Can't Give You Anything But Love,* about "the first great jazz soloist." It is also all very well to say that this *King of the Zulus* is not like the first. It happens to be better. On it, and on the other titles for which I have reserved comment, Armstrong is astonishing and astonishing because he plays what he plays with such great power, authority, sureness, firmness commanding presence as to be beyond style, beyond category, almost (as they say of Beethoven's last quartets) beyond music. When he plays the trumpet this way, all considerations of "schools", most other jazzmen, most other musicians simply drop away as we listen. The show biz personality act, the coasting, the forced jokes and sometimes forced geniality, the perpetual emotional content of much of Armstrong's music past and present (that of a marvelously exuberant but complex child)—all these drop away, and we are hearing a surpassing artist create for us—each of us—a surpassing art.

—M. W.

Dave Brubeck: *The Dave Brubeck Quartet in Europe,* Columbia CL 1168

I used to be one of the crowd that just dismissed Brubeck. When I started playing with Miles, I found out Miles had a lot of respect for him. Miles told me to listen to his harmonies and to what he does with a ballad, and I've come to appreciate some of Brubeck.

I'm especially fond of his compositions in general. He has a remarkable way of creating moods in his compositions. Oddly, these are moods he can't establish often in his playing of his own works; but give the works to somebody else, and it can work. I don't think, in short, that his own group interprets his material properly.

Now, when Brubeck plays his own material by himself, I get a different and better impression. I wonder whether Paul Desmond and the other members of the group feel what Dave is doing. And I hear Miles play *In Your Own Sweet Way* with the feeling I think Brubeck intended.

In fact, Brubeck once told me he had a lot of originals that the group doesn't play because he has a policy of not playing anything the guys don't want to play.

As for Desmond, I've heard some people say Paul is entirely original. It seems to me though that he's not completely so. I hear a lot of Art Pepper (in the period when Art was with Kenton, although maybe Desmond influenced Pepper), some Konitz and some Benny Carter. Desmond's sound is pretty close to being original; it's not the kind of sound I like. He uses the end of the horn I don't like, and that coupled with the sweetness misses me. I heard him, for example, play a figure a lot of the blues players use, but it sounded so sweet.

Now Johnny Hodges or Scoops Carey come closer the getting the sound I like. With Hodges, that sound has nothing to do with his sweetness but with the basic sound of his instrument. I mean a strong sound that is the same in strength regardless of the volume. With Paul, his sound changes as the volume does. It gets thinner as he gets louder. I have a feeling, by the way, it was Scoops' sound with Hines that got to Bird. In fact, Bird didn't have that sound when he was with Jay McShann.

Paul's time is very good. Dave's depends on the tempo. He's O.K. on medium tempos, but when he's playing his rhythmic things — locked hands on faster tempos — his time

varies a little. That variability causes the swing to fall off.

Joe Morello added a sudden spark to the group. When I heard Brubeck, I think in 1952, with Herb Barman and Wyatt Ruther, I thought it was a swinging thing. But with Joe Dodge and Bates, nothing was happening. Now Gene Wright and Joe Morello make it sound more like anybody else's rhythm section.

Having begun to pay more attention to Brubeck, it seemed to me that there is a Tatum influence on his harmonies that I hadn't noticed before. I'd always been aware of his studies with Milhaud, but now I'm also aware of the traditional jazz piano influences in his piano conception.

I suppose what I like best about Brubeck is the harmonic craftsmanship of his compositions. I'm less impressed by the group. I would go to hear his group now, to hear what he's thinking about. Paul Desmond is a very nice guy, and it's hard to separate his music from his personality, but I have to because he is not one of my favorite players. His playing is too pretty. Joe Morello is a good drummer, although he too is not one of my favorites (I prefer, let's say, the Art Blakey tradition); but Morello is a steady drummer who swings.

Back to Paul—what he plays is kind of superficial. He skims over the surface; he doesn't get into the thing the way Art Pepper does. And as for Dave's playing, I'd like it better if he'd take the cute things out of his playing. Like Horace Silver is noted for funk, Dave has established himself by cuteness. It's hard to verbalize.

Anyway, this album is one of the best I've heard by them, mostly because of the rhythm section.

—Julian Addlerley

Billy Eckstine: *Blues For Sale, Em-*Arcy MG 36029

Blues For Sale is a significant album. It is a vivid illustration of the difference between jazz singing and pop singing.

In the eyes of this reviewer, Billy Eckstine was at his peak with Earl Hines, never quite equaled his own efforts on the National sides of his next period with his own band, and began to backslide during his tenure with MGM (in spite of fairly acceptable beginnings with things like *Blue Moon, Caravan, What's My Name*) until he became the caricature of himself that he is today.

The degeneration of the Eckstine style is easily heard on *Blues For Sale*, which couples some of Billy's fine National recordings with some very poor sides made around the time of his entrance into the popular field (notes fail to designate original recording dates or labels). At its best, Billy's was a potent, inspired voice that was going somewhere, that had something important to say and knew exactly how to say it. And the band, having exactly the same message in mind, helped him deliver it. In both singer and instrumentalists was that quality of tension that is like watching the flame slowly consume the long fuse on a lighted stick of dynamite and wondering when it will go off, *if* it will go off, and what will happen after the explosion. The lumpy jagged roughness, the free excited newness of Billy and his band were a far cry from the restrained uninspired molasses drooled out by the singer later on.

The best tracks in this package (*It Ain't Like That No More, Long Long Journey, Lonesome Lover Blues, All I Sing Is Blues*) contain that terseness of pronunciation and phrasing coupled with an intensely controlled wailing deliberateness that marked Billy's best efforts. The singing on these sides is proud, almost defiantly so.

In the unsuccessful tracks (*Blues For Sale, Blues, Jelly, I Do, Do You*), it's as though Eckstine let his belt out a few notches: the phrasing and intonation are relaxed to the point of lethargy and merge into an even flow of syrupy goo; the beautiful voice is lost in a maze of sugary vibrato; all the jazz feeling has evaporated; and the stylistic devices emerge as mere ends in themselves. *Jelly*, by the way, is sacrilege. To recut what was once a perfect gem with the Hines band was unwise of Billy, as he is forced to compete with himself and fails badly.

Blues, My Deep Blue Dream, and *I Do, Do You* are not even blues; the first two were probably included in the set because they have minor melodies (*Dream*, otherwise, is good Eckstine). And *Blues* is in the twelve-bar form but has that feigned melancholy and lack of emotional conception which negates any technical frameworks.

Blues For Sale is an album that a jazz listener will not be able to take straight. He will have to skip the needle around to the offerings which satisfy his standards of judgment.

—Mimi Clar

W. C. Handy Blues. Sung by his Daughter Katharine Handy Lewis. Accompanied by **James P. Johnson.** Folkways FG3540

One of the most famous quotes of 1957 was the remark made by Thelonious Monk while he was listening to the playback of one of his solos: "That sounds like James P. Johnson". Strangely enough, Monk does sound like James P. from time to time, and so do Fats, Basie, Tatum, and Duke (as well as Willie Gant and Q. Roscoe Snowden). Since James P. has had such a strong influence on so many well-known pianists, it is amazing that most people have never heard of him. The average fan confuses him with Pete Johnson ("Do you really *like* boogie-woogie?") and the average musician thinks of him affectionately, if dimly, as an early teacher of Fats Waller.

James P. was not Pete Johnson, nor a mere "teacher" of Fats Waller. He was a much more interesting musician than Waller. His bass lines are better constructed, his right hand is freer and less repetitive, his rhythm is more accurate, and his playing is not so relentlessly two-beat as that of Fats. Although he lacked the smooth technique of Tatum (and of Fats) and the striking harmonic imagination of Ellington, he nonetheless carved out a style which was rich enough in general musical resources to have re-created at least fragments of itself in the playing of such unlike musicians as Monk and John Lewis.

Unfortunately, James P.'s recording career was a bit too long. He was playing his best in the thirties, but he is currently represented on record either by recordings of his old piano rolls, which sound exactly like piano rolls, or by records from the forties, which were made after his health had begun to fail. This record is from the forties.

The first side is a collection of W. C. Handy's blues sung by Handy's daughter ("Accompanied by James P. Johnson and Piano Solos"). Miss Handy approaches the melodies more as art songs than as blues, and jazzical art songs are not my cup of tea, but she sings them with obvious affection, and such a gesture of filial devotion should not be criticized. There are a few intermittent flashes of fire from James P., but for the most part he is chained down beneath the melody.

The reverse contains "three" improvisations by James P. The first track, called *Blue Moods 1*, consists of six choruses of blues, prefaced by one of the little operetta-like introductions for which James P. had a fondness, and ended by a short coda. It is not the best blues playing that one can hear. James P.'s blues were not too successful, except for *Backwater Blues* and a few others. He certainly was not a blues pianist in the same way that someone like Jimmy Yancey was. He plays blues much in the same way that he plays a tune like *Blue Turning Gray Over You*, and his blues suffer for it.

In addition, he was not in good health when he made this record and his physical limitations are evident. The bass line wavers uncertainly between a dotted rhythm and straight eights, and there is a rather tentative feeling to the whole performance. It is a mystery why he made so many records of blues and boogie-woogie in his last years, when he could have recorded so many of his own wonderful pieces (such as *After Tonight*, a gem of a tune which he made for Decca in the late thirties).

The second and third tracks present a unique problem. They are entitled *Blue Moods 2* and *Blue Moods Sex* (!), respectively, and are absolutely identical, except that track #3 ends with an eight-bar coda which is absent from track #2. That is to say, they are not two masters of the same tune, but are congruent, interchangeable, and precisely the same in every respect. Since track #3 is louder and clearer than track #2, my guess is that track #2 is merely an incomplete copy of it. The author of the album notes evidently experienced a feeling of *déja vu*, for he tries to explain away what must have been a mysterious inquietude indeed:

> "Whether he intended these to be three sections of one work or only two, will have to remain a mystery. The first two differ in mood but are close in pattern. The third section, also close in pattern, was clearly designated by James P. as separate . . . What we have, therefore, is essentially one theme, approached in three different moods, the first two only slightly dissimilar. The parallel between parts is, however, the only indication of an un-resolved concept . . . The structure is wonderfully solid, especially on cuts one and three, with every note in place, every note meaningful."

It should be noted that there is not the slightest similarity between the first track and the other "two" tracks except that "the composer" was playing blues. Miss Handy on her half of the record at least serves the useful function of enabling jazz critics to tell from the lyrics whether she is repeat-

ing a previous number or singing a different one.

The playing on track #3 (or track #2, if you prefer) is far superior to that on track #1. Again there are six choruses of blues, with harmonic substitutions of one sort or another in the first four bars of each chorus, followed by a 32-bar tune seemingly patched together from every hackneyed closing period that James P. ever used. Luckily, James P.'s validity consists more in how he plays than in what he plays. He has an almost architectural way of handling rhythm, of placing pulses like building blocks, and a wonderfully subtle manner of allowing different rhythmic conceptions to exist simultaneously in both hands. Although he has played much better than he does on this record, there is certainly enough here to interest an intelligent listener if he doesn't mind buying two solos for the price of three. This is music for the man who enjoys listening to James P. Johnson.

—Dick Wellstood

Mary Ann McCall: Detour to the Moon, Jubilee VJLP 1078.

Mary Ann McCall is one of several singers who can be recognized as belonging to a school. Their work is easily told from that of classic jazz singers in their approach to the technique of singing and in their treatment of grace notes, passing tones, and embellishments generally. The voice is not placed forward; it seems to issue from the region where low back vowels are produced (which may explain how opaque their diction can be), and from there to be rolled around on the tongue like a thirsty man's first sip of water. Presumably the tone that results from this procedure is meant as a vocal approximation of the sonority a cool instrumentalist strives for, though in fact it is a cavernous sound as unlike the aerated tone of, say, Lester Young as anything could be.

This unusual approach results in a marked loss of vocal agility, therefore the second hallmark. Where grace notes receive an accent, in baroque music, or conversely are let up on, in classical jazz, these vocalists accord them the same stress as the notes of the melodic line, no more, no less. The inevitable absence of any marked profile, which is to say the establishment of the idea of equalized surface tension in place of the old principle of alternating waves of excitement and repose — this method seems to be the delight of a useful analogy, but a better parallel our time. The actor's studio idea is might be drawn between this kind of singing and what used to be called the plastic arts. Nowadays we can recognize the celebrated artists of this century not only in their canvases but in their rugs, tapestries, wallpaper, textiles; in all cases their work is the same because it ignores relief.

It is evidently easy to describe how Mary Ann McCall works. It is far from easy to assess the results, and virtually impossible to imagine a reason for this elaborately incorrect way of singing, except that it seems to be what great numbers of people wish to hear. One far less gifted singer than Miss McCall has carried the method to a point where any listener must wonder if she is gripped by nausea or aphrodisia; Schwann lists a dozen records by her. Evidently, just because it is so studied, it's got to be art.

Beneath the overlay, Mary Ann's voice seems to have an individual and touching quality, rather wistful and resembling, if anybody's, that of her onetime idol Mildred Bailey, or of that good popular singer Rosemary Clooney. It is to be regretted that she feels compelled to abuse it.

I find the accompaniments mostly inappropriate, even grotesquely so, to these modest songs, but they are notable for two reasons. One is the interesting combination of solo strings (viola, cello, bass) pizzicato, plus guitar. The other is those same strings bowed, entirely without vibrato; evidently this is one solution to the problem of using the strings in a true jazz setting without the pulse of jazz being frustrated by the classical vibrato.

—Glenn Coulter

Jackie McLean Quintet. Jubilee VJLP 1064.

Jackie McLean's admiration for Charlie Parker is obvious on this reissue album. His tone, conception, and choice of material are based on hearing things the way Bird might have played them. In places, Jackie manages to discover expressions that can't be identified as direct quotes from Bird, but in the main he sounds satisfied with being able to recreate for himself some of Bird's beauty. Somewhere there is a conflict, though, for I don't hear the joy of playing something wonderful. If he really could think of nothing more beautiful than to play the way Bird played, why, when he manages to create such a fair copy of the style, does his playing sound so grim? He plays cleanly, with energy, and with a certain amount of imagination, but he doesn't sound like it's any fun.

He handles himself best on the blues, but even there never expresses himself fully. He minimizes the value of his feelings, placing more importance on form and style. Maturity may bring more trust of his own viewpoint, but on this album his facility is far better developed than his ability to make a statement of his own.

Donald's playing is bright, clean, youthful, and often charming, but it might be easier to see deeper into it if the surface were not so shiny. Some of the same prettiness that existed in the early playing of Chet Baker and Jon Eardley is present here, with hope for future development of a stronger sense of the earth.

Waldron's comping throughout the album is listless, interfering with the flow of the soloist rather than assisting it. The strolling choruses where Donald plays with just bass and drums are much more unified. Mal's own choruses are uninteresting because he seems uninterested himself.

Ron Tucker sounds fine in general, although he gets a little pushy when he feels more should be happening. He gets a good sound from his instrument and a good feeling on each tempo.

Doug Watkins is the only one on the album who sounds like he's getting any real pleasure from playing. He's not the facile soloist that Jackie and Don are, but his quality throughout both his solos and his line is warm, thoughtful, and satisfying.

The choice of tunes is good. The standards *It's You Or No One*, *The Way You Look Tonight*, and *Lover Man* are rich stimuli for invention, and the originals (two by Jackie and one by Mal) are all interesting. The album cover is attractive, and the notes by Charlie Mack give the pertinent information about the date and the musicians, after a questionable essay attempting to justify Jackie's devotion to Bird's conception.

—Bill Crow

Jelly Roll Morton: *New Orleans Memories*, Commodore FL 30000

Side 1 here consists of the five classic blues. For traditional jazz it would have been difficult to select a more representative yet moving five: the two twelve-bar numbers, *Mamie's Blues* and Tony Jackson's *Michigan Water Blues* are combined with *Don't You Leave Me Here*, *Buddy Bolden's*

Blues, and the incomparable *Winin' Boy*. Perhaps it is wise to refrain from comment on these blues numbers on the grounds that so much of the qualities which so urgently appeal to the listener are direct in nature and almost personal.

Side 2 is susceptible to the more usual approach. For example, take the fascinating lead number, the transformation of Scott Joplin's *Original Rags* from ragtime into Jelly's jazz. (Incidentally, the LP Label erroneously identifies *Original Rags* as a collaboration between Scott and Joplin; either that or the hyphen is a misprint.)

The most obvious indications of Jelly's jazz approach stem, in the right hand, from the improvisation and, in the left hand, from the anticipated downbeats and the octave runs of four sixteenth-notes, Jelly's trademark. Actually, however, these devices do not explain the full transformation which Jelly brings about. The gulf which separates ragtime, as the early rag composers understood it, from jazz as Jelly epitomized it—this gulf has to do more with the type of beat which the two develop and the nature of the momentum which builds up. The difference is reflected in the entire organization of the tune.

The whole approach to *Original Rags* reflects Jelly's break from ragtime. Joplin, in the original writing of the tune, plainly states the standard, vigorous opening theme. He then gives the second strain a lighter, floating quality, an effect heightened by altogether omitting the left hand in bar one. Then in the third theme, Joplin comes down to classic ragtime with the typical right hand phrases of the idiom, Musical Example 1.

All three themes are repeated. Then, after a return to the first strain, Joplin moves quickly to two unrepeated final strains.

The handling of Jelly, the jazz pianist, is quite different. Dispensing with half the introduction, he establishes his momentum very quickly and moves forward. He rides over Joplin's crude attempts to set up some kind of variety of approach to the three different strains. Jelly forces all of the first three themes to be identical in spirit, fused together to build up his new jazz-type momentum. He gets the beat swinging lightly, experimenting with sixths in the left hand, a resource which ragtime never tolerated but which become more and more frequently used in jazz—as in Hines especially, or the Lion (see, for example, *Willie's Blues* on the Dot LP) or Art Tatum.

Nothing could more clearly indicate the nature of Jelly's transformation than bars four and twelve of the C strain. Recall that in Joplin's original, this is a full typical ragtime strain. In bars 4 and 5, the phrase could scarcely be more characteristic (the right hand only is significant for the contrast here) Example 2 .

Bar 12 reflects the crudeness of early ragtime's harmonic changes. The progression is from tonic to submedian, the change which all of jazz made so rich and so varied. It is the change which "makes" such tunes as *Salty Dog, A Good Man Is Hard To Find, Ballin' The Jack, Jada,* and countless others. But the change was not exploited in ragtime. Later rags did somewhat better, thanks largely to the musicianship of James Scott and Joplin's own late-developing interest in harmony and even tonality. But this is an 1899 rag, and Joplin can come up with nothing better than the figure shown in Example 3.

In Joplin, of course, this strain is repeated verbatim (at least in these two bars).

Now note Jelly's right hand in bar 4. The phrase departs from the Joplin original in the slightest and yet most important respect. See Example 4, as compared with Example 2.

Now note bar 12. The first time through, the right hand merely "jazzes up" what is really the same phrase as in the original Joplin version. But the left hand departs considerably, with one of those marvelous progressions from tonic to sub-median which abound in jazz. Incidentally, the particular series of sixths, used in the left hand, is selected so as to fit well harmonically both with Joplin's right hand (Example 3) and even more with Jelly's slight modification of it. See Example 5:

Now the second time through, the left hand contains basically the same thoughts, simplified somewhat in order to avoid dissonance with the new right hand phrase. The right hand phrase is wholly different now and clearly pursues the ideas contained in the first 11 bars, a possibility which had evidently escaped Joplin. Note for example that the last five notes are now identical (or almost—I'm not at all sure I've notated this exactly as it is played, since the last note of the phrase may be G rather that C) to the equivalent five notes in bar four. The progression to sub-median (instead of the dominant found in bar five) is made quite clear in the left hand in the first beat of bar 13. Musical Example 6.

This is the kind of thing which Joplin delighted in during later years (within the ragtime framework, of

course). His missing it is the kind of missed opportunity which is natural enough to find in this maiden flight in ragtime composing.

Just one further thing on Jelly's handling of bar 12, again in contrast to Joplin's: note how in *both* choruses the phrase established in bar 12 is used for the whole last four bars. And, since the second time through the phrase of bar 12 is tied to the first 11 bars as well, this means that Jelly has succeeded in tying the whole chorus together. Then by his handling of the D strain (discussed below), he further prolongs the momentum which is what he is striving for, as distinguished from the stop-and-go techniques of ragtime. Jelly's momentum, built up as it is without a deep breath all the way from the beginning of C —five choruses all told—makes his abrupt final ending (also discussed below) all the more effective.

This creation of bars 13 through 16 on the basis of the single phrase of bar 12 is not to be glossed over lightly. This way of tying together a piece, by having the phrasing overlap the bounds of the four-square structure is a splendid artistic achievement. I believe I am correct in saying, for example, that this is the basic resource of Charlie Parker's musical genius. I know it is what elevates J. S. Bach to his high place. In fact, it is found wherever great not simply good musicians are found.[1]

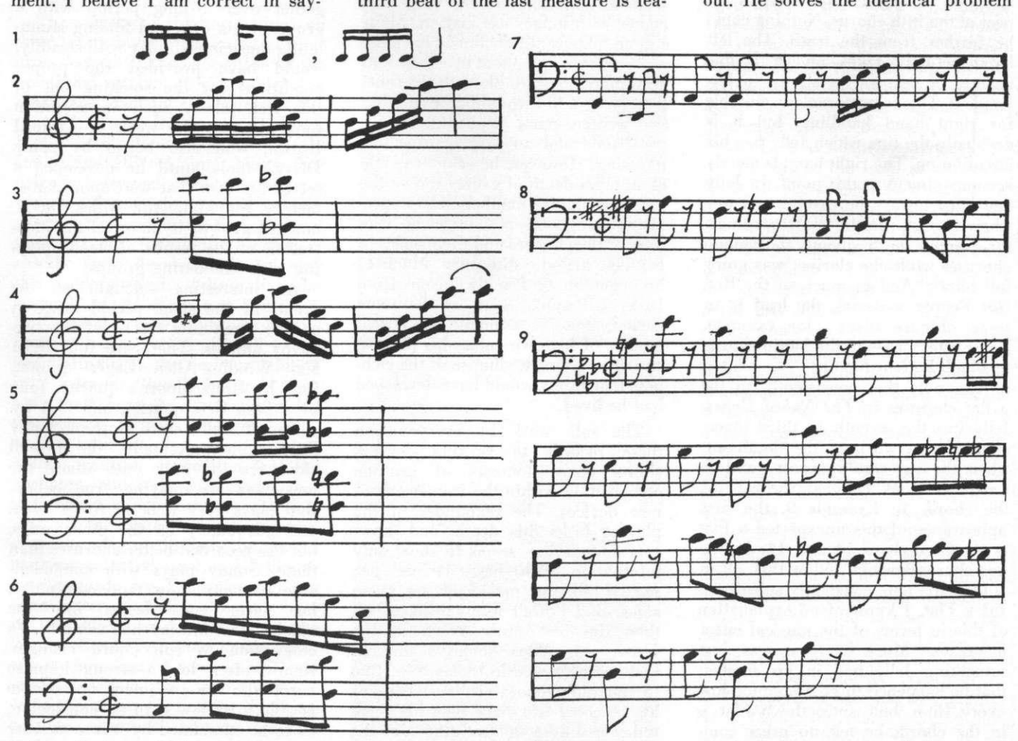
Moving on past the first three strains—*without* recapitulating strain A—Jelly revises the D strain wholesale, making it a kind of bridge rather than a separate theme of its own. He even ends it with a semicadence propelling the motion into E. This is definitely *not* in Joplin's original; in fact, note the decided stop in bar 16 of Joplin's strain D.

The E strain, which is played only once in the Joplin original is repeated in Jelly's version, suggesting (but it is only a suggestion) the "jamming out" of a jazz tune.

But note how in one respect Jelly does follow Joplin's pattern. Despite the fact that both right hand and left hand have departed far from the original in the details, the pattern remains of holding off the final return to home tonic until the third beat of the last measure, rather than the first beat as was Jelly's usual practice.

In ragtime, ending as late as the third beat of the last measure is feasible because of various permissible ways of closing the whole thing off (or going to the next strain) in the short space of two beats. Jelly and jazz generally were not used to these confinements. In the blues, for example, the performer has two full measures to finish something off. At the end of a jazz tune, he frequently can do without the final fourth beat entirely—he normally does in the blues and much other jazz. It is almost correct to say that jazz choruses are not typically sixteen whole bars but rather an upbeat plus 15 whole bars plus 3 beats of the sixteenth. The home tonic is usually reached by bar 15, the first beat of bar 16 at the very latest.

Jazz is not used to facing this problem of not reaching the home tonic until the third beat of the last bar and having to shut up shop in two beats. Nowhere else in the 10 tunes on this lp does Jelly encounter the problem. Any jazz musician who has tried to end *Save It Pretty Mama* or *You Can Be Kissed* in any but an unorthodox manner knows what the problem is. So it is interesting to note how Jelly does manage to pull out. He solves the identical problem



[1] Actually it would be more accurate to say that it is found wherever great musical moments are found since some rather mediocre musicians seem to stumble on the things very occasionally.

in identical fashion on The Red Hot Peppers' number, *Cannonball Blues* there, of course, the problem was self-imposed). The device he uses is so simple yet gets the job done with striking effectiveness. It is worth noting.

None of this is to say that the "transformation" of *Original Rags* is all net gain. While Jelly's wandering left hand sixths are most interesting, they must substitute for some very pretty little left hand lines in the Joplin original, especially the endings of the first and last strains. These are shown in Examples 7 and 8, respectively (omitting the chords which go with them, of course).

The rest of side 2 includes *The Crave,* a Spanish-tinge number; *The Naked Dance;* and *Mister Joe* and *King Porter,* the two tours de force.

The Naked Dance is hardly a first class Jelly number but one or more points are worth digging. For example, the poetic phrasing in the third chorus (the first in E Flat) is just delightful musical logic.

In the sixth chorus, which is the second B strain, listen for the left hand. In J. Lawrence Cook's transcription he indicates merely a repeat of the fifth chorus. Nothing could be further from the truth. The left hand actually takes off in a fine melody of its own, as shown in Example 9. This is not a melody suitable for right hand handling, but it is decidedly the line which Jelly has his attention on. The right hand is merely accompaniment at this point. In Jelly one must always be careful to know where the lead is. In trio recordings, for example, he frequently took piano choruses while the clarinet was going full blown. And in much of the Red Hot Pepper material, the lead is in some obscure place (for example, Pop Foster's bass in the banjo chorus in *Black Bottom Stomp*).

Also note that consistently in the A flat choruses in *The Naked Dance,* Jelly hits the seventh (a third inversion, if you will) of the dominant, when the ear would expect (and J. Lawrence Cook notates) the root of the chord. In Example 9, the first appearance of this unexpected D Flat is shown in bars 13 and 14. In the five choruses which follow this, all in A Flat, the note constantly substitutes for E Flat. I know of no explanation of this in terms of the musical effect it creates. More likely it was just something Jelly had in his fingers, that he happened to go a note too low every time, but, since the D Flat *is* in the chord, he felt no great compulsion to correct the error. At least this is my guess. —Guy Waterman

Herman Leonard, courtesy of Verve Records

Fats Navarro: Savoy MG 12119, MG 12119, Blue Note 1531, 1532.

An excellent group of albums has been released covering most of the recorded work of Fats Navarro. On Blue Note *The Fabulous Fats Navarro* Volumes 1 and 2 contain his recordings with the Tadd Dameron Sextet and Septet, the Bud Powell Quintet, and the McGhee-Navarro Boptet. On Savoy "Opus de Bop" contains four sides he recorded with Dameron and Leo Parker, and *In The Beginning . . . Bebop!* has four that he recorded with Eddie Davis.

Each of the groups was assembled for the particular record date, and though the musicians are agreed on their idiom and know each other's work, the music lacks the unity that comes with longer association. Many a good take would obviously have become an excellent one if everyone had been more comfortable with the tune. Fats plays well throughout, executing the written parts beautifully, with good tone and an easy approach to phrasing. However, he seldom reaches any real depth of expression on the more unfamiliar numbers. His improvising ranges from competent running of the changes and their scales to brilliant melodic discovery. Much of his concept is frankly taken from Dizzy Gillespie's work of the same period, but occasionally a lyrical quality of his own enters his playing strongly, giving a glimpse of the richness that surely would have developed had he lived.

The solo work by everyone on these records to varying degrees shows only moments of genuine composition within the framework of new devices. The remainder of the playing lacks this depth, and, however fascinating, seems to show only infatuation with new devices *per se.* Of all the musicians on these sides, Bud Powell seems to have had then the best inner grasp of the idiom: his solos sound connected and complete within themselves. Due to the unfortunate circumstances of his personal life since then his work today is only a mild reminder of the vigor and depth with which he played on *Wail* and *Bouncing With Bud,* for example. But the other musicians, such as Sonny Rollins, Charlie Rouse, Kenny Clarke, Ernie Henry, Milt Jackson, have since absorbed the fundamental revolutionary principles of the bop period to develop expressions of their own during the past ten years. Bird, Dizzy, Max, and Bud were then the principle voices of that idiom and were the most imitated; none of their imitators achieved their ease and simplicity in dealing with the complexities of the new form. I feel sure that, had Fats continued to play, he would have gradually discarded certain imitative facets of the playing we hear on these records and would have developed more fully his own creative individuality. Possibly working together over a long period with a group of his own and finding stimulating musicians to play with steadily, would have provided the proper conditions for the smelting out of this rich talent. Such an evolution took place in the work of Clifford Brown, who also began by using Dizzy's tools, until he developed a set of his own that were more satisfactory for him. And Miles Davis' musical growth is an excellent illustration of the results of steady playing with stimulating groups.

An interesting sidelight on the events of the same period is given on the remaining tracks of the two Savoy albums. There are four by a Kai Winding-Allen Eager quintet, four by Brew Moore's quartet, four by a Stan Getz quartet, and four by a Bud Powell-Kenny Dorham-Sonny Stitt quintet. Actually, the Powell sides are the only ones where the musicians are playing true bebop. Bud plays very well on *Ray's Idea,* and adequately on the other sides, but has recorded better choruses than these. Sonny plays with commendable intensity, flow, and continuity, but never goes deeper into the musical possibilities than using Bird's conception to run chord changes. Kenny often lets a strong impulse carry him for a moment, but seldom is able to follow it to its conclusion, or to be stimulated by it into another connected one, and so he rarely seems to be going anywhere. The

Winding sides are interesting, but not much fun. Kai was trying hard to play the style, without making any discoveries about his own expression. The rhythm section (Marty Napoleon, Eddie Safranski, and Shelly Manne) never gets into a groove since they keep trying to make something out of the music that isn't: five men just aren't a big band. Allen Eager plays well here, and I think he would have done better to stay with the Kansas City style players, since he made such good use of Lester Young's basic approach without becoming a sterile imitator.

Brew Moore's sides are much more unified, since there the bebop style is not the real consideration. Brew also displays an honest admiration for Lester without losing his own identity. Stan Getz at this stage seems drawn in several directions: a tone that is a hangover from his early admiration of Vido Musso, and a conception that borrows from Dizzy, Bird, and Lester without much regard to content. His determination to swing hard and play with a big sound was more predetermined than organic. Though a little more depth and breadth would be welcome in his present sound, it at least is his own.

The variety of rhythm sections on these four albums gives an interesting cross-section of the conception of the emotional quality of jazz which the musicians had in this period. The pianists, Tadd Dameron, Al Haig, Bud Powell, Hank Jones, Milt Jackson, Gene DiNovi, and Marty Napoleon, represent about as wide a variety of attitudes toward accompaniment as you could find, and yet they are all functioning within a specific form developed for playing this kind of music. I find the calm strength of Al Haig and Gene DiNovi and the sense of proportion and imagination of Bud Powell more stimulating than the nervous jabbing in Dameron, Napoleon, and Jackson's work here. As a measure of his tremendous growth, it is interesting to look back to a time when Milt had a less beautiful conception than he has now, and it is a reminder that everyone begins working with less than a total expression and, at whatever rate of growth, develops toward his own potential. Just as I'd like to hear records by Fats Navarro ten years later, I'd also like to hear records of Louis Armstrong in the Waif's Home Band, or Charlie Parker at his first Kansas City jam sessions. From that standpoint, I value these four albums for throwing a more objective light on an important period in the development of jazz.

—Bill Crow

Willie "The Lion" Smith: *The Lion Roars,* Dot DLP 3094

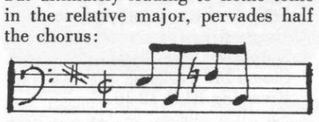
The thought that comes to mind in hearing this LP is "keep quiet and play." Willie "the Lion" Smith is a first-rate pianist. Neither he nor Leonard Feather are as interesting talkers.

This record consists of an extended interview of the Lion, with Leonard Feather asking the questions and the Lion answering and interspersing the interview with numerous tunes, most of them designed to illustrate particular piano styles, such as the "very earliest blues," James P.'s style, Duke Ellington's style, boogie woogie, etc.

Some of the talk is delightful when the Lion gets rolling and is not interrupted by leading questions from Mr. Feather. The long bit on Duke Ellington's start, for example, is a gem.

But it is the Lion's rocking Harlem piano playing that elevates this lp.

Take *Zig-Zag,* possibly the swingingest tune on a swinging lp. The left-hand figure which gives it its unique quality is simplicity itself—yet a master stroke! The figure shown in Example 1, suggesting E minor but ultimately leading to home tonic in the relative major, pervades half the chorus:



This and similar figures, plus the Lion's exquisite right-hand touch, combine in a swinging relaxed number that alone makes the whole lp worthwhile.

Numbers like *Carolina Shout* really rock from the first note. For my taste, Fats' version of *Carolina Shout* is far more powerful and swings more, while the approach used in the Lion's second chorus builds up less tension than when the left hand tenths hit on the upbeat as they do in Hines. But it is perhaps unfair to hold any pianist up against Fats and the Father.

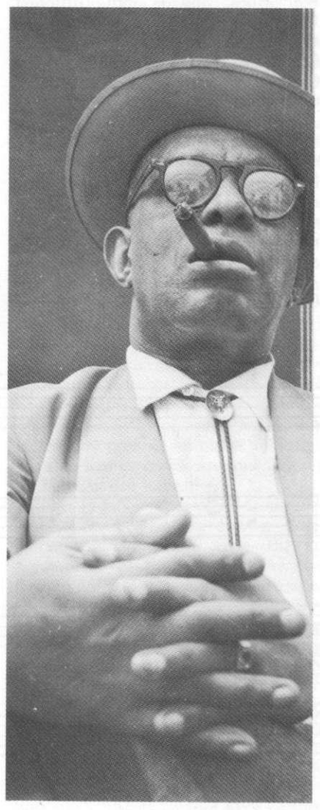
His boogie woogie is novel, with the characteristic Harlem left hand device of hitting the top note of the octave before the bottom note, reversing the usual order for boogie woogie. It is this device which contributes (with other devices) to the unique momentum of the Harlem style as in Fats, James P., and the Lion. Incidentally, it is Wally Rose's use of this device which so obviously stamps Rose's ragtime approach as erroneous (see his recordings of *Pineapple Rag, The Cascades,* and, most glaring, *Euphonic Sounds*).

The Lion as historian doesn't quite measure up to the Lion as musician. With all due respect to a wonderful pianist, the "very earliest blues" has far too modern a lilt to the beat. It is possible to have a great respect for Harlem piano, for the Lion, and for the particular style in which the Lion plays this blues—and still have no doubt whatsoever that the Lion is not recreating accurately any early blues style. It may be pointed out that this gentleman was not yet born when the first rag was published (a year in which Tony Jackson was already of age); was two years old when Joplin's *Maple Leaf* appeared; and was ten years old when Buddy Bolden went mad and stopped playing.

But the Lion swings as few do when he touches the piano. There are rare musicians who seem constitutionally unable to sound a note without it coming alive. Milt Jackson, for example, seems delightfully unable *not* to swing even on the most erudite Modern Jazz Quartet creations of Lewis. The Lion also has this quality. As a result, his piano playing survives the talk, making the LP, to repeat, thoroughly worthwhile.

—Guy Waterman

Burt Goldblatt



Muggsy Spanier:
Kid Muggsy's Jazz,
[Charles Pierce (1927),
Jungle Kings (1927),
Bucktown Five (1924),
Stomp Six (1924)],
Riverside RLP 12-107

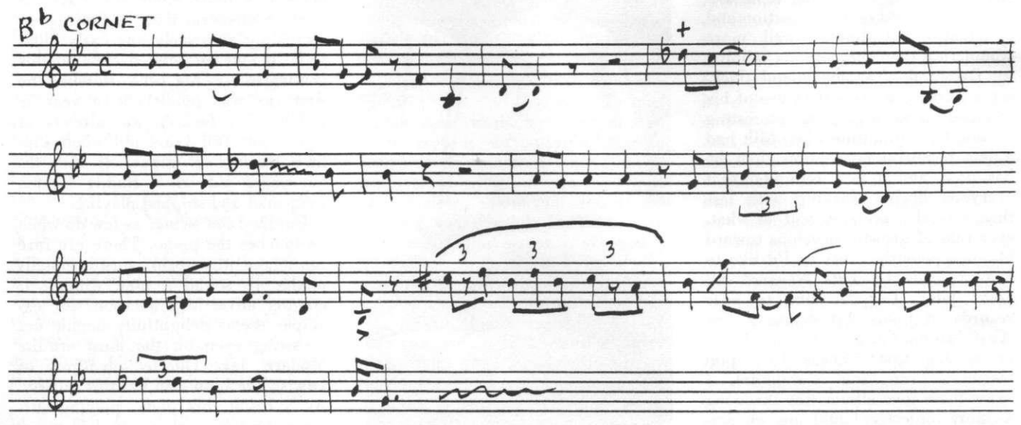
A favorite truism among jazz writers would have it that Muggsy —especially the *Kid* Muggsy of this album—was the most successful white assimilator of King Oliver's cornet style, or, to those with stronger stomachs, the "blackest" white cornetist. By extension, the Bucktown Five, the first band with which Muggsy recorded, is in direct line of descent from Oliver's Creole Jazz Band. In his commentary to this album Orrin Keepnews gives full credence to this notion, viz: "Thus Muggsy, much more than the others, was free to turn for his primary inspiration directly to the source music of groups like King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band. In effect, that would seem to be the difference between the Bucktown Five and Stomp Six selections and the 1927 work of the more celebrated Chicagoans. Muggsy's earlier group was directly influenced by the transplanted giants of Negro New Orleans jazz . . . " One is curious to know, however, what criteria, apart from Muggsy's own sound and his skillful use of the plunger mute, back up this point of view. There seems to me to be a good deal of evidence to the contrary which, so far as band sound is concerned, ties the Bucktown Five rather closely to the white "dixieland" tradition, including the original Dixieland Jazz Band, New Orleans Rhythm Kings, perhaps even the Memphis Five, and the Wolverines. It is quite true that any connection with the later Chicagoans is hard to imagine; I rather suspect that the line of subsequent influence, if any, might be to the Nichols groups of the later '20s. I don't think this should require a change of opinion regarding the Chicagoans, at least for the moment. Their music was very much *sui generis*, and disappeared as a recognizable entity within a decade after its inception.

Muggsy's band, first of all, played a great deal faster than did the Creole Jazz Band, with less variation in the tempos chosen. *Buddy's Habits, Chicago Blues, Mobile Blues, Hot Mittens,* and the Stomp Six *Everybody Loves,* are, for all practical purposes, indistinguishable in tempo. One tune which gives an impression of haste, belied by actuality is *Why Couldn't It Be.* This, one suspects, is because the tune is fairly complicated, and in the cornet solo which opens the side, Muggsy plays more notes than usual (then, and now). In this speeding up of average tempo the Bucktown Five resembles the Wolverines, and is quite different from Oliver's band and NORK; and the Wolverines show the same inflexibility, to a lesser degree. What the reason might be would be hard to explain, and harder to prove.

The tunes represented here show that the band was far from following either Oliver, or the ODJB and NORK. The already stereotyped dixieland changes (circle of 5ths) are avoided, along with the trisectional march form, and its concomitant subdominant modulations. Although they too recorded some ODJB tunes (*Tiger Rag, Clarinet Marmalade*), the NORK generally departed from this pattern too (but the harmonies are not novel), and the bi-sectional tunes (such as *Shim-me-sha-wabble*) and *Da-da Strain,* still have two independent melodies. Among the Bucktown Five records, *Chicago, Mobile, Steady Roll, Why Couldn't It Be,* are a newer type still, with a verse of lesser melodic interest, and serving more obviously as a prelude to the chorus. But the verse is down-graded in importance by being played as an interlude, rather than a prelude. It serves only to break up the unrelieved succession of choruses.

The style of the Bucktown Five is distinguished by another feature, not characteristic of the Creole Jazz Band, but quite common in the work of other contemporary white bands: the impression of discontinuity, both horizontal and vertical, in musical time and space. Although trumpet and clarinet are frequently in tandem, rhythmically (sometimes trumpet and trombone, as in *Buddy's Habits*) the total effect is less homogenous, for there is more tendency for two, or even three, instruments to stop and go together, leaving an unfillable gap. Of course, bands capitalize on this, as evidenced by the frequency of carefully rehearsed interludes and breaks, almost always with artfully placed rests. Perhaps, too, the changing character of clarinet playing has something to do with the discontinuity; there are now fewer simple scales and arpeggios, and more angular flights into the higher range of the instrument.

Really A Pain is a good example of how this phenomenon, which comes out as in an individual's



playing, operates on the structure of a tune. One can not help but think there was a conscious "progressivism" here. It is special material, not a popular song at all, and pasted together out of changes and melodic phrases from all over. The intro is a cousin of *Eccentric*, the first four bars rather close to *Fidgety Feet*, and reminiscences of other tunes continually pop up.

The de-emphasis of the verse has been mentioned in passing. This, in fact, may be ultimately responsible for the sly transitions and unusual modulations in which these tracks abound. *Chicago Blues*, for example, goes from Eb to Db to Eb. Quite possibly these were devices to alleviate monotony that comes with repetition of the same 32-bar chorus, since the Bucktown Five could not or would not find the way to play one ensemble chorus after another (or with a solo in bas-relief) in an interesting way. So, the solo becomes more and more frequent. The trombonist, Guy Carey, continues an old tradition, of course, with his saccharine solos—plain statements of a "trio" melody—on *Buddy's Habits* and *Mobile Blues*; but the two tunes by the Stomp Six actually open with full cornet choruses, and *Everybody* has solos by all three horns.

That group is an interesting one; it is also a progressive one and deserves our attention for the new things that Muggsy and Volly De Faut, in particular, were trying to do. Muggsy shows assurance that is uncanny, and a simple, but well-conceived melodic style. De Faut is one of the first to play his particular kind of bouncy, angular lines, which Don Murray was to carry on. But the band lacks cohesion in the long run because the style of trombone Guy Carey played was too close to Eddie Edwards; besides his breaks are corny, and too stiff. The rhythm is generally fine, except when a tuba is added, on the Stomp Six date; he is not content to play his two or four per measure, but tries to outdo the trombone player. The music gets lost in the scuffle.

The other records in this anthology are quite another matter. From the cornet's early entrance at the beginning of *China Boy* (not necessarily Muggsy), things are less expertly done than on the earlier records. The sound and approach are new, however, and as interesting in their own right as on the Bucktown Fives. What has happened chiefly, as everyone has known all along, is that here the solo really takes over. Each of these sides has at least three or four of them, and *Friar's Point Shuffle* after an initial ensemble chorus goes on to successive cornet, clarinet, piano, tenor sax, vocal (by Red McKenzie) and final ensemble chorus. Four out of the six choruses on *Darktown Strutters' Ball* are solo, and *Bull Frog Blues* has two blues choruses each for clarinet and cornet.

Friars Point Shuffle is an excellent example of the undifferentiated, abstract instrumental blues, without any particular melody or lyrics, and often without anything to mark it off from hundreds of other blues of the same type. This is not an innovation, for some of the Creole Jazz Band's blues approach the "blues in Bb," but in this 1927 recording the evolution from vocal blues to blues as a skeleton for solos is complete. That this is an instrumental form is demonstrated by the insignificance, if not meaninglessness, of the lyrics: "Friar's Point Shuffle, Friar's Point Shuffle, that's the dance I like" (repeated) "I'm going to do that dance, and I'm going to do it all night." Cut loose from the foundation of a specific tune, the lead can do little else than play a solo style, using the improvisational patterns that come to him the easiest. For example, Muggsy's lead from *Friar's Point*—the transcription is not to be taken as more than a rough outline.

These last four sides are unmistakeably in the "Chicago style"—the shuffle on *Darktown* is especially well done—but they are not the best examples. The *China Boy* recorded a couple of months after this one (in Columbia CL 632) is tighter, has better solos, and swings more. Mezzrow's sound on *Friar's Point* is simply hideous, although I suppose that point is a dead horse, and Sullivan's solo on *Darktown* is awkward and harmonically primitive compared to some of his other work of this period. Teschmacher only began to show disciplined musicianship in the last records he made, although here he has as much fire and fantasy as he ever did have.

This is hardly the place to discuss the "Chicago style"—but a comparison is inevitable, given the arrangement of the reissue. The two groups of sides belong together as much as Guiness and strawberry tarts: the Chicago sides are interesting only insofar as one is interested in the "chicago sound" or the separate soloists; the Bucktown Five, on the other hand, is an intrinsically intriguing and vital band, completely apart from the interest aroused by its synthetic style and venerable position as jazz artifact.

—Larry Gushee

Art Tatum: *with Benny Carter, Louis Bellson,* Verve MGV-8277

My first impression was one of again becoming intrigued by Tatum's excursions with the changes. Like in *You're Mine You,* he went into some things—with his usual subtlety—that made me wonder how he was going to work his way back to reality. It was also good to hear Benny play in surroundings like this. He's basically a relaxed musician and can be best shown off in a relaxed context rather than with Oscar Peterson and guys like that who are frantic.

Tatum, of course, harmonically set the pace for modern pianists. Bud Powell studied his harmonies. Red Garland can and does play a lot of Tatum things—including Tatum's occasional use of stride, but with modern voicings. By that I mean Red will use close voicings with occasional additional tones that are even outside the chord—for color. Tatum, however, may go out of the key but not out of the chord. With all of his subtlety, Tatum tried to sound as consonant as possible. Another difference between Tatum and some modern pianists is that he didn't imply anything. He played everything—and, of course, he had the technique to. Today more pianists imply.

I think Carter was a great innovator in modern alto playing and he's been emulated by so many players who went in so many different directions. Benny accordingly is taken for granted today. He doesn't sound "new" because you've already heard what he does many times as played by other people.

Benny was more or less responsible for alto men playing all over their horn, from top to bottom. He was one of the first of the virtuosi, one of the first with blazing speed when he wanted it, and although he could play so much, it always all worked out right on time. In fact, he played within the time with a great deal of subtlety, but he was like the Joe Dimaggio of the alto in that he could and can play as many notes as anyone, but he makes it look so easy. Some of the younger players are like Willie Mays. They make it look so hard, and therefore, spectacular.

Harmonically, I don't think Benny's been too much of an innovator. He covers all the chord, but he stays in the chord. I never heard him doing anything that was really *different* in terms of changes whereas Coleman Hawkins even in the mid-30s was using substitute and passing chords.

Carter also had a lot to do with developing the so-called "sweet" style of alto playing, and was particularly skilled in the uses he made of vibrato. He didn't have a stock vibrato; he made it slow or fast in order to set particular moods. Most of the times on ballads, he'll use a fast vibrato, for example.

Louis Bellson was effective on this album as a time-keeper, but they didn't really need him. Art plays everybody's part.

—Julian Adderley

Ragtime: Piano Roll Classics, Riverside Records, RLP 12-126

Ragtime is extremely difficult music to play well. The difficulty stems not from technical requirements, which are not as demanding as some critics seem to think they are. The difficulty is rather that the *sound* of ragtime, the approach which must be used, is foreign to the jazz pianist of today, even the revivalists. Lee Stafford came the closest, but Stafford took the "not-too-fast" warning too literally.

Ragtime is designed to have a rhythmic momentum which can so easily be lost when played either too fast or too slow. At the excessively fast speed, it is impossible to swing, without improvising and dropping the phrasing of ragtime. At the excessively slow speed, the beat becomes too stiff. It is perfectly possible to swing at either faster or slower tempos, but only with a jazz beat which is inappropriate for ragtime. Then, too, many pianists who have recently recorded rags play too light for the idiom, and get a pathetic ricky-ticky sound. Others get a humorless, plodding kind of sound.

These recorded piano rolls come much closer to the proper sound than any recorded revivalist who has attempted ragtime playing.

Fortunately, the piano rolls available for making this record included some of the greatest rags. It could be argued, for example, that *Grace and Beauty* and *Fig Leaf Rag* represent the greatest single finished achievements of Scott and Joplin, respectively, and they were, of course, the most important composers of ragtime. Unquestionably, *Grace and Beauty* is the most magnificent thing Scott ever did. One must be a little more guarded in discussing Joplin. *Fig Leaf* may have been the greatest single finished achievement of his. It reaches the heights to which it aspires. It is a thorough musical success in its idiom. After 1908, Joplin undertook more ambitious efforts—*Euphonic Sounds, Magnetic Rag,* even *Reflections Rag,* and *Scott Joplin's New Rag*—which met with considerably less success, in terms of *achieving* their musical objectives, than the classic *Fig Leaf.*

This record has good balance in the Joplin selections—the early *Original Rags* and *The Entertainer,* the classic 1908 number *Fig Leaf* and the late (1912) *Scott Joplin's New Rag.* The balance among composers is also good with Joseph Lamb, Tom Turpin, and James Scott represented, as well as some lesser lights.

—Guy Waterman

RECONSIDERATIONS 2

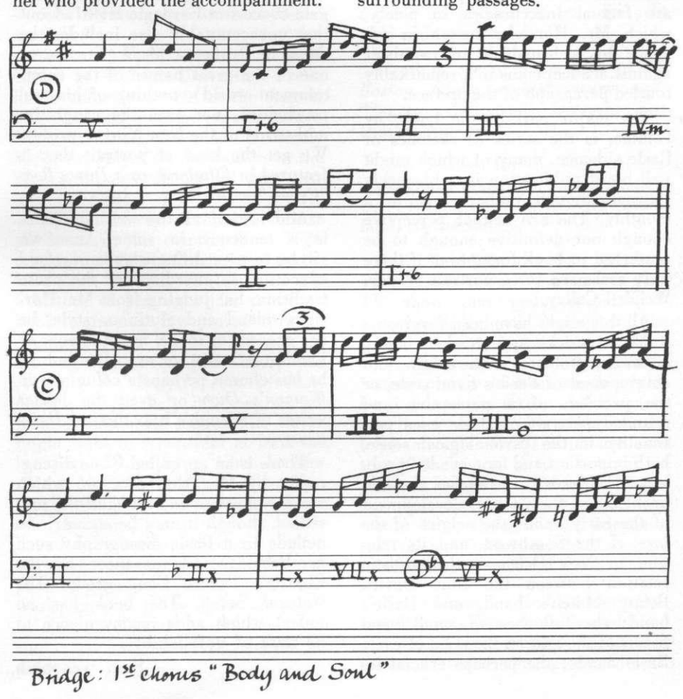
BODY AND SOUL, **Coleman Hawkins**
I'M CONFESSING THAT I LOVE YOU.
Lester Young and his Quintet

Body and Soul was recorded October 11, 1939, after Coleman Hawkins had returned from an extended stay in Europe. It was and is a surprisingly successful performance. Surprising, because there were several handicaps to overcome. To begin with, the tune is handicapped by a chord structure that is too closely allied with the melody. Further, the lyrics and the music seem to have become permanently identified in the popular American consciousness as "classic," so that any attempt to get outside of the melody line would seem to have been doomed to commercial failure. Finally, there is the uninspired personnel who provided the accompaniment.

Hawkins overcame all these obstacles and achieved a permanently great saxaphone solo, one that continues to be both a commercial and an artistic success.

He states the melody in the first few bars, and then proceeds to improvise with such melodic and rhythmic inventiveness that he is, in effect, writing a new tune. The showy arpeggios of the second chorus are absent in the first; they are unnecessary.

The bridge, it seems to me, contains the finest and most imaginative work. It is the weakest part of the tune, but Hawkins makes of it a soaring, gracefully moving passage. His intonation and phrasing are faultless; the improvisation is not imposed, but flows naturally from and into the surrounding passages.



The second chorus, however, is inferior to the first. The accompaniment, while failing to pull Hawkins down, nevertheless seems to affect his playing in some way. He is guilty of honking in several bars, and little rhythmic gimmicks creep into certain passages, interspersed with the flashy arpeggios that Hawkins sometimes allows to come out in the guise of improvisation.

This is not to say that there is no good blowing here. But, without the great first chorus—where technique and substance are fused into a brilliant whole—the record would not command the respect that it so rightly does.

I'm Confessing is a record that deserves a far wider reputation than —to my knowledge—it has. Recorded in the fifties with Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, J. C. Heard, it presents the post-Basie Young in a truly inspired performance.

Where Hawkins briefly hints his melody and then proceeds to improvise, being possessor of himself and the tune, Young seems to become himself possessed *by* the chords and the melody, so that from beginning to end he is inside the music, and never steps out as Hawkins does on his second chorus. He stays fairly close to the melody in the first chorus; but even so, his phrasing and striking intonation convey the mood he builds up to prepare us for the very moving last chorus.

There we are caught up in jazz music so imbued with blues feeling—we can almost hear Billie (or perhaps she hears Lester when she sings)—and so deeply felt. Through some magic of his horn, the listener is brought into and made a part of the music.

There is the difference between these two records. Hawkins' performance we admire immediately; Young's we admire only after we have experienced it more than once. Fortunately, it is still there to be experienced.

—Edwy B. Lee

Reviews: Books

Al Thaler

Count Basie and his Orchestra
by Raymond Horricks. Citadel Press, 1957

There is a good book in Count Basie, but don't be alarmed; this is not it.

"It is the objective of this book," Mr. Horricks writes in his preface, "to provide a survey of the Count Basie orchestra's twenty years or more of existence, examining not only the personal fortunes of the leader but also something of the band's highly individual style of playing and of the important musicians who have aided . . . in making such a style of expression possible." The emphasis of this sentence betrays the structure of the book—not only the personal fortunes of the leader, indeed! The first fifteen pages retell a series of second and third hand anecdotes illustrating "Basie's warm humanity", the next twenty-four pages survey the history of the band from Kansas City days to the present, fifteen pages eulogize Basie's piano style, and crowning this jerry-built monument, two hundred pages of sketch portraits of Basie sidemen.

This is not a very ambitious scheme for a book about Basie and his band; if it were perfectly executed it might have the quiet comic possibilities of a composite description of an elephant made by a team of blind men. But within his stated aims Mr. Horricks shows some astonishing gaps, and a surprising number of pure goofs. In chapter two he attempts an explanation of the fertility of Kansas City as a breeding ground for jazz by, apparently, looking at a map of the U. S. and "linking up its position with its economic status," inventing a city of great prosperity due to its important riverboat traffic and its direct rail connection to Chicago and St. Louis! He gets through the chapter without ever mentioning the Depression, Prohibition, or the Pendergast regime.

Then there is the passage: "Harry Edison, the *enfant terrible* of the section, a trumpeter whose extrovert, explosive phrases were completely without precedence in jazz, yet who played with such tonal force and uninhibited swing that his . . . phrases gave . . . the band a fillip." One longs to add in the archest *New Yorker* manner, "and earned him the endearing nickname, Sweets." In addition to these and other misconceptions, there are factual inaccuracies in plenty, which Mr. Horricks covers in advance by a broadside of cannister against academicians in a remarkably tousled paragraph of the preface.

The major part of the book, by volume, is the series of sketches of Basie sidemen, many of which might well merit publication in a bi-weekly journal, though perhaps not in a monthly. The are neither perceptive enough nor definitive enough to be preserved in book form, even if there were real need for a portrait of, say, Wendell Culley.

All this might have been forgivable if Mr. Horricks had attacked boldly either the problems of the origins and development of Basie's band style, or the problem of a perceptive and rounded portrait of Basie as a personality in the psychological sense, both important and long-evaded problems. But he hardly touches the real problems of the stylistic development of the early band: the origins of the jazz of the Southwest, and its relation to New Orleans; the stylistic relation between the Blue Devils, Benny Moten's band, and Basie's band; the influence of small band habits-of-thought on the style of early Basie bands; the perhaps crucial influence of Fletcher Henderson at several stages of the band's development. He also ignores the second crisis of Basie's career, when he was forced for the second time to cut back to a small group by economic pressures, and might have started a second evolution toward a new big band style, but instead surrendered, then and forever, the musical content of his book to outside arrangers and to repetition and boredom.

As for Basie's image as a man, we get nothing of his family background (except one technicolor widescreen bandanna-headed glimpse of Basie's father in a version of the gala-concert-at-Carnegie-Hall-fadeout that unaccountably also includes the debut of Professor M. W. Stearns as one of the great names of the entertainment world), nothing of his real psychology, not even the caught-in-mid-stride of the New Yorker profile. We get the kind of portrait that is featured in *Filmland*, or a *Down Beat* "Cross Section."

And last of all the writing. There is a tendency in some American circles to regard Englishmen of sound education as guardians of the prose tradition, but judging from Mr. Horricks' bland and glutinous style, he has chosen for model not Addison, or Lamb, or Hazlitt, or even Beerbohm; he has chosen perhaps a columnist in *Woman's Own* or even the leader writer of Waugh's hypothetical *Daily Beast*.

There is an appended Basie discography by Mr. Alun Morgan, which seems competent and thoughtfully presented, though it may be eccentric to include in a Basie discography such neo-Basie records as those by the Charlie's Tavern Gang group, The Natural Seven. The book has no index, which adds inconvenience to its fault of unreliability.

—Hsio Wen Shih

Jazz in Print

by Nat Hentoff

It Was Ever Thus Dept.: From a Ralph Gleason column in the November, 1941 *Jazz Information*—"Now it's perfectly all right for a man to complain, but to grouse—no. That Frazier, always grousing. In the big black morning it's one thing but right in the middle of the day it's enough to make one stop reading *Mademoiselle.* And all those lovely girls too.

"And now for Muggsy. Him, Frazier doesn't keep. Him belong to everybody. Ugh! Muggsy big bands, yes. Ugh! Them he can keep. Lee Wiley he can keep also. But Frazier, I keep. Him I keep where I want him —right between the covers of *Mademoiselle.*"

Sheldon Meyer, an assistant trade editor at Oxford University Press, has a valuable article in the August 11 *Publishers Weekly.* Titled *Publishing Jazz Books,* the piece is largely based on Meyer's contribution to the Newport panel discussion this year on *The Editors' Point of View.* He outlines a survey of books on jazz published in this country from 1936 on. Meyer believes "there is no earthly excuse for anyone bringing out a history of jazz or a jazz reference book in the next few years." Strange comment since there is as yet no thoroughly first-rate jazz history and certainly the *Encyclopedia of Jazz,* despite all the help it's been, is far from optimum. I'd suggest Mr. Meyer might want to reconsider at least the last part of his dictum when he sees Albert McCarthy's *Who's Who,* due possibly in 1959. Meyer is right, however, in that "many subjects which have hardly been touched cry out for attention. There need to be biographies of prominent jazz figures; much work remains to be done on jazz's origins and its roots; more analytical studies of jazz as music should be made." . . .

Jazz Podium, a German monthly, is edited by Dieter Zimmerle, Stuttgart-W, Vogelsangstrasse, 32. American correspondent is Eric Vogel. At Newport, he asked various observers what they thought of the International Band. The most characteristic answer came from Prof. Marshall Stearns: "Ich bin kein Kritiker, sondern ein Jazzhistoriker. Aus diesem Grunde möchte ich auch nicht kritisch beurteilen. Ich will auch keine einzelnen Bandmitglieder hervorheben oder Vergleiche mit amerikanischen Orchestern anstellen. Wenn Sie aber unbedingt meinen persönlichen Eindruck kennenlernen wollen, dann möchte ich sagen: Ellington braucht sich nicht zu fürchten!"

Reminds me of a headline in the *Boston Globe* several years ago: "Senator Saltonstall Declares For Indian Pudding."

New address for the excellent discographical magazine, *Jazz-Statistics:* O. F. Bifangstrasse 6, Reinach, Baselland, Switzerland. . . .

Jack Gould in the July 28 *New York Times,* reviewing a *Stars of Jazz* TV show that included jazz-and-poetry with Kenneth Patchen and the Chamber Jazz Sextet conducted by Allyn Ferguson: " . . . there was a framed picture of Bach on the right-hand side of the screen and a matching frame of Mr. Ferguson on the left-hand side. Mr. Troup later said that if Bach were to turn over in his grave, it would be to hear the Chamber Jazz Sextet more clearly. One would have thought that television had enough rating troubles without undertaking to poll the dead."

New address for Bob Koester's Delmar Records, Blue Note Record Shop and *Jazz Report Monthly* is 42 East Chicago Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

The Hollywood *Reporter?* In the August 27 issue of that film trade journal, a brief interview with David Rose begins: "Soviet Russia is taking ruthless measures to keep all jazz, particularly rock 'n' roll out of the country," reports composer-conductor David Rose, who recently returned from a visit behind the Iron Curtain. . . ." This is nonsense. When Bert Cowlan of WBAI-FM went to Russia in July to work out a program exchange agreement with Radio Moscow, he brought—at the Russians' request—a sizable number of jazz sets and part of the final agreement is for him to continue sending American jazz as well as classical albums. In fact, when he was there, a specific request from Radio Moscow was for Leonard Feather's recorded *Encyclopedia of Jazz* series. Other sources, including the *New York Times,* have indicated over the past year and a half how considerably the Russian attitude toward jazz has been changing. Moral, of course, is don't believe everything you read—especially in a trade paper. . . .

A beautifully designed, and I'm told by John Lewis, excellently written German jazz magazine is *Der Drummer.* For information, write Horst Lippmann, Hotel Continental, Frankfurt am Main. . . .

In *Les Arts,* Paris, the issue dated June 25-July 1, André Hodeir has two articles. One deplores the decline of Duke Ellington; the other says Miles Davis and Gil Evans can take the place left by Ellington and his musicians. We hope to run a translation of the Ellington article. In the August 3 San Francisco *Chronicle,* Ralph Gleason, reviewing Duke's new Columbia version of *Black, Brown and Beige* with Mahalia Jackson, dis-

Gil Evans — Don Hunstein, courtesy of Columbia Records

agrees and writes of Duke's "continued creativeness," calling Hodeir myopic on the subject and this writer petulant because of a reference in a *Harper's* article to Duke's showbiz performance at a previous brace of concerts at the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival.

In between the two may lie a more accurate appraisal. Duke can still create—when he has the time. Too often these days, the bandmen play new works in public with one or two or even no rehearsals, and the works themselves have been so hastily written that they are often only sketches. And if Duke's really in a hurry, he just lets Paul Gonsalves and Sam Woodyard loose.

Another good journal for discographers—which also has pungent, controversial record reviews — is *Goodchild's Jazz Bulletin,* 172/4 Arkwright Street, Nottingham, England. Peter Russell is the editor. Russell disagrees with Hodeir. "Gil Evans . . . is not of Ellington's stature either as composer or arranger." With all respect to Gil and Hodeir, André is building a case for Gil that not even Gil's staunchest admirers would subscribe to.

There are four English pop music weeklies. Two—*The New Musical Express* (143,259) and *The Melody Maker* (over 114,000) have circulations far in advance of any similar American publication. The others are *Record Mirror* (for which Benny Green writes record reviews) and the newest, *Disc* (of which Tony Hall is the modern jazz reviewer). These last two are also doing well, but one wonders about *Disc's* editor-in-chief when he passes material like this excerpt from one Maurice Neale's article on *Satchmo* in the August 23 issue:

"The is a story told about Bix Beiderbecke . . . then at the height of his short, pyrotechnic career. Bix was leading the parade and really going great guns in the knowledge that not only he but everyone knew that he was the greatest trumpet player in the world. The parade had to meet another procession at a rendezvous at the junction of the main street where they would join forces and march on together. Bix was hitting the high notes, swinging from strength to strength, when the first notes of the trumpet player came to him from the distant parade, faintly at first, but then quite clearly. The people who tell this story say that when Bix first heard the new trumpet, he went

pale. He stopped playing. He listened to the music, and they say that Bix just put down his horn and began to cry. *The new trumpeter who had dethroned Bix, was a 19-year-old youth called Louis Armstrong.*" (Italics are Mr. Neale's).

There is more in Mr. Neale's article to shatter the historical firmament, but I will quote only one more insight: "He had the racial genius of being able to detect *quarter* notes, something that evades the most talented of European or, indeed, any white musician."

Eskimos?

While on the subject of bylines to trust, Sam Goody—*the* Sam Goody—is purportedly the author of the column, *Waxing Mellow*, in *Dude* magazine. I'm indebted to Tupper Saussy of The School of Jazz for pointing out this helpful section: ". . . Most amateurs think jazz comes under just one heading, and that's either the Charlie Parker or Dixieland style. But they can think again. Since jazz primarily means that you get the same basic melody, but it comes out differently according to who plays it, then you can understand why it's divided into three different types. Swinging jazz, for instance. That's foxtrots and dancing beats, but because it's a fast tempo, it's still jazz, although it's not to be confused with other fast types of dance music, like south of the border mambos and rhumbas and cha-cha's. . . . The second kind of jazz is Dixieland, and this is closer to the original meanings of jazz than anything else, a combination of old Negro spirituals and work songs, so to speak."

To whom?

Ralph Gleason in the September 30 *San Francisco Chronicle:* "There is, in this country (and especially among the jazz musicions) a tendency to be utterly disaffiliated from any political problem. Most jazz musicians, whatever they may say or do in private, act as though they belong to a disfranchised class of citizens with no responsibilities and no duties." . . . .

First-rate, unusually angry piece by John S. Wilson on the suffering jazz concert audience in the Sunday, September 28 *New York Times*. He covers among other outrages the way record companies have taken over at jazz "festivals." "Programming in general," Wilson observes, "seems to be beyond the ability or comprehension of many of those who produce jazz concerts. . . Jazz audiences are required to endure as program annotators (in lieu of printed programs which would, of course, require advance planning) disk jockeys whose annotation usually centers on their own radio programs. They are constantly witnessing the presentation of plaques to musicians who have won some magazine's popularity poll (this was carried to a height of asininity at the New York Jazz Festival on Randalls Island last summer, when each performing group was presented with a trophy given in the name of a brewery or a whisky bottler)." . . .

In the October 4, New York *World-Telegram and Sun* magazine section, Albert M. Colegrave interviewd Pops Foster and Louis Armstrong. "Q: Was there race segregation among the musicians in New Orleans in the old days? POPS: I played around New Orleans in mixed bands, for years. It wasn't like today, like it is in New Orleans now — Q: What do you mean, 'like New Orleans now?' LOUIS: Since 1954, in New Orleans, they don't want white and Negro musicians playing together. . . . I don't run into much trouble with segregation, 'cause I don't go where I'm not wanted. And — please don't take this out, I'm going to tell this straight —I don't go to New Orleans . . . no more." . . . .

Roots and the Mainstream: The following item—contributed by Marshall Stearns—is printed without change from the May 22, 1958 edition of the South Haven, Michigan, *Tribune:* "The South Haven Music Study Club met at the home of Mrs. Lyle Weed on Monday evening, May 19, with Mrs. Weed presiding over the business session. . . . Mrs. Fred Stuckum, program chairman for the evening, presented 'Our American Jazz and It's(sic) Influence,' assisted by several members. Mrs. Nelson Bredienstein gave a resume of the history of Jazz, of which there are three types, she said. These include 'sweet,' 'symphonic' and 'hot,' of which boogie-woogie is a sample. George Gershwin was a pioneer in the jazz field, she said. Mrs. Richard Barden played a piano solo, to illustrate the boogie, *Sleigh Ride*, by Bernard Whitefield.

"Mrs. Breidernstein gave as a vocal solo, *Stardust*, by Hoagy Carmichael, accompanied by Mrs. Barden.

"Mrs. Kruzel played *Kitten on the Keys*, by Confreys and *Bumble Boogie*, by Jack Nina, as piano solos Mrs. Gertrude Cleveland sang: *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands*, adapted by Geoff Love, accompanied by Mrs. Leon Burge. . . ."

The large, $1 silver anniversary issue of *Esquire* had several jazz articles. A superficial (but possibly helpful to the unsophisticated) *Introduction to the Classics for Hipsters* by George Shearing. Not the best balanced list, but no real disasters on it. . . . The quality of Esquire's regular jazz column, *The Slipped Disc* is markedly improved with Harold Hayes writing it. This issue he is involved with an analysis of Bill Harris.

And Jean Stein went to Kansas City to talk to Jay McShann, Tutty Clarkin, and Charlie Parker's mother. The article is titled *Why They Called Him "Yardbird"*, but covers more than that. Nothing new, but Miss Stein's data clarifies and confirms the previous consensus about these parts of his life. . . .

. . . First-rate essay by pianist Billy Taylor, *The 'Lost Generation of Jazz'*, about the older men being overlooked. ". . . today too many of these men must scrounge around for weekend dates and hopes for occasional recording dates with Norman Granz or some independent recording company which still appreciates what they are playing. And they *can* play, right now, with all the power and authority of great musicians, if anyone will bother to listen. . . . The Ben Websters and Jo Joneses and Buck Claytons remain as spontaneous as ever. They swing now more than ever when they have the chance."

If you can find a back copy, the defunct *Duke* had an article by Billy Taylor in its August, 1957 issue, *Negroes Don't Know Anything About Jazz*, that's worth reprinting. He means the Negro bourgeoisie audience, not Negro musicians, and deplores the fact that there are so few Negro writers on jazz. "What needs to be done right now," wrote Billy, "is to instill in more Negroes a sense of pride in the accomplishments of their own music." "When I was growing up," Luckey Roberts said to this writer recently, "most middle class Negro homes wouldn't allow the blues to be played in them." . . .

The very best magazine on folk music, especially recordings, I've seen in English is *Recorded Folk Music*, published six times a year by Collet's Holdings Ltd., 44-45 Museum Street, London W.C. 1. The editor is A. L. Lloyd. First issue was January-February, 1958. I've seen the first four and recommend all of them. Eric Hobsbawn (who writes on jazz as Francis Newton in the *New Statesman and Nation*) has a piece, *Jazz and Folk Music* in the March-April number and there's an article on *Cante Jondo* in July-August. . . .

Duke Ellington does not usually speak in public on non-musical subjects. For that matter, he hardly says anything about anything in public. Before leaving for Europe in early October, however, he told a press conference held as a prelude to NAACP's Fund Dinner (according to the *Amsterdam News*): "The Negro has suffered to long. The United States doesn't want to have the responsibility of keeping Negroes on parole for 100 years after emancipation. We were freed 95 years ago and are still on parole." . . .

The Critics as Psychiatrist, 1: John Wilson in The August 17 *NY Times*, a review of Sonny Rollins' *Freedom Suite:* " . . . Mr. Rollins' playing is inclined to be harsh, cold and *determinedly* unattractive . . . " (Italics mine). Using this same presumptuous approach, a musician might well accuse a critic from time to time of being *determinedly* obtuse.

John Wilson, reviewing Ben Webster's *Soulville* in the October *High Fidelity:* "He is also capable of very pretty, romantic playing, as he shows on several ballads, but it seems a little ridiculous to call his ballad performances jazz when they more closely parallel what might be done with them by a skilled and sensitive supper club singer."

Like who?

The Jazz Lobby, a year-old organization of Westchester jazz fans, holds regular meetings and even publishes a regular bulletin. The Jazz Lobby, P.O. Box 731, New Rochelle, New York. . . .

If you are following the subject, V. S. Pritchett's *The Beat Generation* is worth reading in the generally provocative *American Literature Number* (September 6) of the *New Statesman*. Same issue has a surprisingly kind review of *A Handbook of Jazz* by Francis Newton. . . .

From David Daiches' *Literary Letter from England* in the September 7 *Sunday Times Book Review:* "Among university students, however, whatever their social origin, there seems to be a more general interest in and excitement about things American. They, too, though reading Faulkner as 'literature,' are liable to read any modern American fiction they can find, however much they may laugh at its literary pretensions, for the sake of the local color. (The cause of this is partly, I think, the immense interest in and knowledge of modern American jazz in British universities today.)" . . .

Credit Don Nelsen of the New York *Sunday News* for going up to the Offbeat at Broadway and 129th St. to review Stuff Smith. Stuff had been there for weeks. No reviews in *Down Beat* or *Metronome*. . . .

In his regular column, *The Lively Arts*, in the August 19 *Berkshire Eagle*, Milton Bass wrote that "Jazz seems at an impase right now, a worrisome thing that can't even sing the blues in the night. Cool jazz is now so frigidly rigid that it's practically impossible to get it out of the tray. . . . When you listen to a modern group nowadays, you hear little that is new or unexpected." And nowhere in this brave uninformed indictment did Bass name a single name. . . .

The October *Nugget* has an article on Thelonious Monk by Charles Edward Smith. Title (no fault of Smith) is *The Mad Monk*, a criterion of the hipness of *Nugget's* editors. It's built mostly from previous material; no evidence that Monk was interviewed. Smith—in a rare and commendable action—cites all his research sources. He always does, even in liners.

Max Jones interviewed Kenny Clarke in the September *6 Melody Maker:* "Today too many drummers," said Clarke, "use a lot of technique to disguise the fact that they're not swinging as they should. If they were swinging, they wouldn't play that busy way." Clark gave Sid Catlett as his conception of the ideal drummer.

The September/October *Record Research* has a fascinating article on *Edison and the Diamond Disc* by Angus Joss. It first appeared in *The American Record Guide*. There's also a jazz survey of the Edison catalogue.

The Spring, 1958 edition of *Northwest Review*, published three times a year by the Student Publications Board of the University of Oregon at Eugene, Oregon has a taped conversation with Dave Bruebeck and Lee Konitz. (First reference to the feature I saw was in a Ralph Gleason column). The interrogators were Steven Katz, graduate student in English, and Charles Ruff, instructor in literature.

Katz asked Konitz whether he preferred a small club setting like the Confucius in New York to the commercial context of the large package show with which he was playing that night in Oregon. "Well, really it all depends on how the sound is where I'm playing. I like to play at this kind of a thing generally, because it is an attentive audience. If the stage has a good enough sound, I enjoy it very much, usually. I didn't happen to enjoy playing at the Chinese restaurant too much of the time because I kept smelling sweet and sour pork between phrases." . . .

Asked about influences, Lee said: "I'm trying to influence myself, though, right now, and I'm having quite a bit of trouble." . . .

Konitz on Charlie Parker: ". . . at one time, Charlie Parker played exactly like Lester Young. He didn't admit this, but I know people that heard him play that way. . . I was on tour with Charlie once and I was warming up in the dressing room — I happened to be playing one of Lester's choruses — and Bird came noodling into the room and said, 'Hey, you ever heard this one?' and he played *Shoeshine Swing* about twice as fast as the record. He knew all that . . ."

And questioner Katz on Brubeck: "I noticed as far as audience response goes that they respond every time he plays the alma mater. He manages to get the alma mater of any particular school in when the audience is beginning to drag, you know . . . this is kind of a trick."

From Dorothy Kilgallen's column in the New York *Journal-American:* "Modern music connoisseurs will want to latch onto *The Weary Blues* with Langston Hughes. Dr. Leonard Feather supervised the poetry-with-jazz production in addition to writing some of the melodies."

Newport giving out degrees now?

George Wein reviewing the reviewers of the Newport Festival in his column in the *Boston Sunday Herald:* "I still saw several articles with a negative attitude and as of yet no one has captured the drama that unfolds in the presenting of each individual artist on stage."

Louella Parsons is the girl for Newport.

FORM

(Continued from Page 15)

ple staccato phrases or direct references to melody may come; long lines may be interspersed with phrases of one or two bars. But I think that if one "listens whole" such cross-references will appear as echos and predictions of what has happened and what will happen in a total structure, and not necessarily lacks of a cohesive development.

Rollins has at least laid excellent basis for the structure of extended solos in the modern idiom and one which seems a natural perception on how to take advantage of some of the resources at hand.

[Note: This essay is included in *Just Jazz II*, edited by Sinclair Traill and Gerald Lascelles, published by Peter Davies Ltd., London, 1958, and is used by permission. It should be supplemented by Gunther Schuller's essay on Sonny Rollins and "Reconsiderations 1" in the October issue of *The Jazz Review*.]

Contributors:

Julian "Cannonball" Adderley is a member of Miles Davis' unit after having led his own group with his brother, Nat. Prior to coming to New York, Adderley taught and played in Florida.

Mimi Clar is 23, has studied classical and jazz piano, and majored in music at the University of California at Los Angeles. She was graduated with honors. She was reviewer for the *Los Angeles Times* and worked as a research assistant on Wayland D. Hand's forthcoming *Dictionary of American Beliefs and Superstitions*. Miss Clar's analysis of Erroll Garner will appear in a forthcoming issue.

Bassist *Bill Crow* has worked with Gerry Mulligan, Stan Getz, Claude Thornhill, and others.

Glenn Coulter has written on jazz for *i.e., The Cambridge Review* and his study of Billie Holiday will be part of a forthcoming anthology on jazz for the Oxford University press edited by Martin Williams.

Stanley Dance has been writing about jazz (and supervising its recording) in and from Britain since the 'thirties. His "Lightly and Politely" appears monthly in *The Jazz Journal* (London).

Dancer-critic *Roger Pryor Dodge's* "Harpsichords and Jazz Trumpets", published in 1934 in *Hound and Horn*, was one of the earliest analytical essays on jazz published in America. He also contributed a fine study "Consider the Critics" to *Jazzmen*, and has been writing on jazz ever since.

Frank Driggs has been doing research on jazz in the southwest and will contribute a chapter on that area to a forthcoming history of jazz coedited by Albert McCarthy and Nat Hentoff to be published by Rinehart and by Cassell.

Larry Gushee, currently studying music at Yale, is a saxophonist and long-time student of jazz.

André Hodeir is the author of *Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence* (Grove Press), an important book of musical analysis. He is a jazz composer and arranger; heads his own experimental unit in Paris; has appeared at several European jazz festivals; and his *Around The Blues* was performed by the Modern Jazz Quartet and the Monterey Festival Symphony at this year's first Monterey Jazz Festival. Hodeir has worked as a professional musician; was trained at the Paris Conservatory of Music; and has done considerable writing for French films.

Hsio Wen Shih, an architect and expert in acoustics, is a student of the music of many cultures.

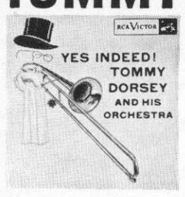
Edwy B. Lee, a student of American history and English literature, is a painter currently at work on the script of a cartoon feature film, and after years of performing Joplin, Morton, Pete Johnson and Nat Cole, studied with John Mehegan.

Studs Terkel reviews jazz and folk music and books for the *Chicago Sun-Times;* is heard on WFMT-FM, Chicago; and recently played a leading role in *The View from the Bridge.*

Guy Waterman is 26, has worked as a professional pianist and wrote two articles on ragtime for *The Record Changer*. He is an economist with the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

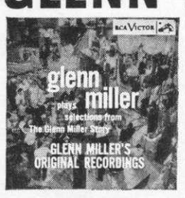
Pianist *Dick Wellstood* (who should be a member of the New York bar by the time this is in print) made his professional debut with Bob Wilber in 1946, has worked with Jimmy Archey, Roy Eldridge, gigged with Sidney Bechet, Rex Stewart, Red Allen and many others. He is a long-time student of "stride" piano in all its manifestations.

TOMMY DORSEY



The great Dorsey group of the late 1930s and early 40s playing their biggest hits. Featuring Frank Sinatra, Bunny Berigan, Jo Stafford with The Pied Pipers. 12 selections, including *Marie, Star Dust, I'll Never Smile Again, Song of India, Opus No. 1.*

GLENN MILLER



Miller's best, including *Moonlight Serenade, In the Mood, Tuxedo Junction, String of Pearls, American Patrol, Little Brown Jug, St. Louis Blues, Pennsylvania 6-5000, (I've Got a Gal in) Kalamazoo, Boulder Bluff, Farewell Blues, King Porter Stomp.*

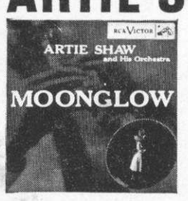
BENNY GOODMAN

The King, his band and Quartet, at their swinging best in 11 masterpieces; with Krupa, Hampton, etc. *Sing Sing Sing, One o'Clock Jump, And the Angels Sing, Stompin' at the Savoy, King Porter's Stomp, Bugle Call Rag,* etc. The original versions.

DUKE ELLINGTON

Duke's all-time best band, 1940-42, with Hodges, Webster, Blanton, Stewart, Williams, Carney, Ivie Anderson, Herb Jeffries. 16 tunes, including "*A*" *Train, I Got It Bad, Perdido, Cotton Tail, Main Stem, Blue Serge, Flaming Sword, Rocks in My Bed.*

ARTIE SHAW



Shaw's two most successful big bands in 12 history-making hits recorded in 1938-43. Includes *Begin the Beguine, Nightmare, Frenesi, Star Dust, Dancing in the Dark, Temptation, Indian Love Call, All the Things You Are, Serenade to a Savage,* etc.

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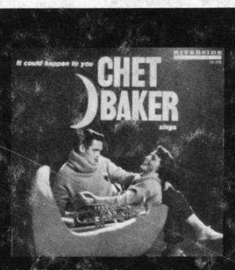
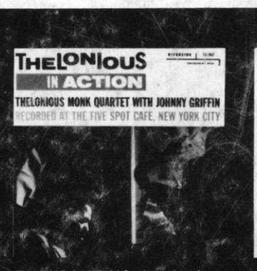
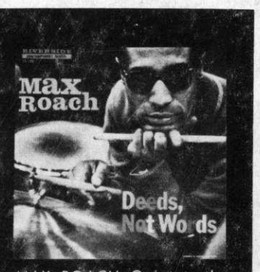


CHET BAKER Sings: 12 great standards by the West Coast star. *(12-278)*

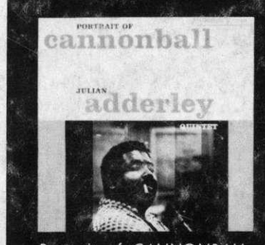


THELONIOUS in Action: Monk's quartet recorded at the 5 Spot Cafe. *(12-262)*

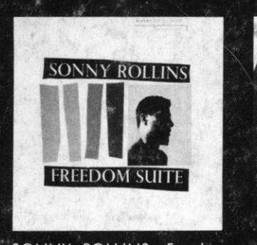
ALABAMA CONCERTO: unique new composition, featuring Cannonball Adderley. *(12-276)*



MAX ROACH Quintet: the great drummer's swinging new group. *(12-280)*

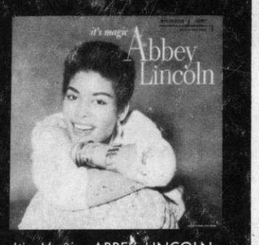


Portrait of CANNONBALL: Julian ADDERLEY at his free-blowing best. *(12-269)*

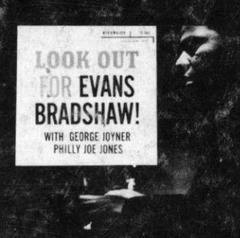


SONNY ROLLINS: *Freedom Suite* — sensational extended composition. *(12-258)*

Way Out: JOHNNY GRIFFIN —exciting tenor plus top rhythm section. *(12-274)*



It's Magic: ABBEY LINCOLN—sultry jazz voice, with Benny Golson, Kenny Dorham, Art Farmer. *(12-277)*



Look Out for EVANS BRADSHAW: debut of a great new pianist. *(12-263)*

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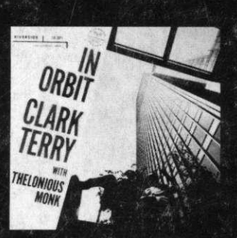

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