

The Jazz Review

FIFTY CENTS

VOLUME TWO,

NUMBER ONE

January, 1959

ERROLL GARNER by Mimi Clar



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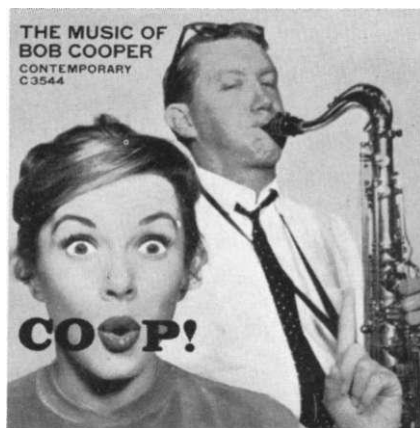
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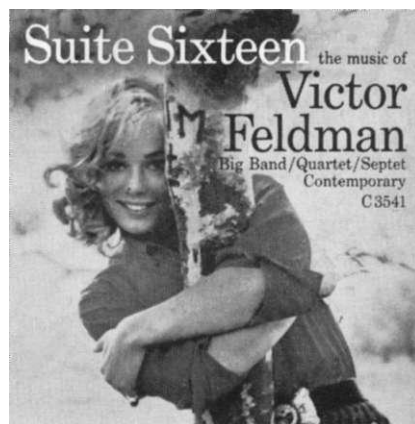
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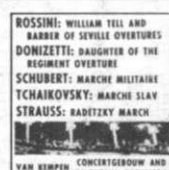
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The Jazz Review

VOLUME TWO, NUMBER ONE January, 1959

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 Publishers: Leonard Feldman, Israel Young
 Art Editor: Hsio Wen Shih
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 Production Manager: Hortense Geist
 Editorial Assistant: Margot Wolynski

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new Contributors:

Joachim Berendt, one of the leading jazz critics in Europe, was born in Berlin in 1922. Since 1945, he has been with the Southwestern German Radio.

Rudi Blesh is a well-known writer on jazz. His book, *Shining Trumpets*, has recently been reissued with additional material on recent developments in jazz.

Jimmy Giuffre is the multiple reedman and composer who is developing his own distinctive body of music. He is a faculty member of The School of Jazz.

Playwright **Joe Goldberg** reviews regularly for *Jazz V Pops* and *The American Record Guide*

Benny Golson is a tenor saxophonist and composer-arranger. He has played with Dizzy Gillespie's former big band and is currently musical director of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers.

Clarinetist **Dick Hadlock** was formerly editor of *The Record Changer* and is a regular contributor to *Down Beat* and *Jazz*.

T. P. Hoffman is a research chemist with Esso Standard Oil Company. He has been conducting a study of the repertory of jazz 1930-40.

M. Arif Mardin, a Turkish musician and composer-arranger, has been studying at the Berklee School of Music in Boston. Several of his arrangements have been performed by American bands.

Tupper Saussy of Georgia and Florida attended The School of Jazz during its first session, August, 1957, and was pianist at the Potting Shed on the grounds of Music Inn during The School's second session.

Cecil Taylor, a pianist and composer, has performed at the Newport and Great South Bay Festivals, Cooper Union and the Five Spot in New York, and other clubs. New albums by him are due shortly on Contemporary and United Artists.

Bob Wilbur led his own Wildcats in the mid-forties and in the fifties was a member of The Six, the Condon house-band, and Bobby Hackett's group.



ERROLL GARNER

by Mimi Clar

To analyze the output of Erroll Garner involves an examination of not one but several styles of playing. Perhaps more than any other jazz pianist he has continued to develop and create anew. From fairly simple beginning Garner has forged ahead to produce an ever-increasing complexity of ideas and sounds. But no matter how radical the style change Garner always manages to place the unmistakable imprint of his personality on all his work.

Three main influences or roots are discernible in Garner's style; namely ragtime, Impressionism, and Harlem stride piano like that of Fats Waller. The lush harmonies and dreamy meanderings of Erroll's slow ballads come from Impressionism. The bounce and gaiety of his up-tempo tunes come from ragtime. The robust vitality and sly humor which permeate his playing come from Fats Waller and the stride school. It must be observed that these roots are purely *vianistic* ones rather than *WibSard L t o o S*.

I have divided Erroll's style into the following categories, each best exemplified by certain tunes. (These styles are not necessarily in chronological order.)

Style Characteristics

1. Stride influence: swing, bass, grace notes, tone clusters, consecutive tenths in bass.
2. Early swing bass style in middle or up-tempo; own sound starts emerging.
3. Flowing style: much pedal used, swing bass, tenths.
4. Latin style: beguine beat, left-hand melodies and arpeggios.
5. Impressionistic style: slow ballads, full chords, runs, lush sounding.
6. Bop style: concentration on right hand, closest approximation of horn playing.
7. Contemporary style: 4 staccato chords in left hand, much bounce.
8. Very slow bounce style: beats subdivided into small parts.
9. Mambo style: mambo beat.
10. Orchestral style: ever-increasing fullness and variety of pianistic devices.



Recordings

1. *Easy to Love* (Gaslight album on Dial)
2. *For You* (Mercury A1034)
3. *Always* (Mercury MG 20009 A); *It Don't Mean a Thing...* (Columbia CL 6209)
4. *Where or When* (Mercury 5000-A); *I've Got You Under My Skin* (Mercury MG 20009 A)
5. *Laura* (Columbia CL6173)
6. *Blue Lou* (Modern 20-640B); *Bird's Nest* (Charlie Parker, Dial 905)
7. *Caravan* (Columbia CL 535)
8. *I'm in the Mood for Love* (Columbia CL 6173)
9. *Mambo Moves Garner* album. (EmArcy MG 20055)
10. *The Most Happy Piano* album (Columbia CL 939); *Concert by the Sea* album (Columbia CL 883)

The most satisfactory approach to a study of Garner's style in general will be to examine it with regard to melody, harmony, rhythm, tone color, and emotional expression!

Melodically, Garner employs just about every possible device in his improvisations. Both hands play melodic roles: left-hand patterns, crossed-hand fabrics, and alternation of melodic fragments occur frequently. In single-finger melodies Garner employs grace-notes triplets appoggiaturas double-appoggiaturas ascending and descending triplets chromatic and repeated notes

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at end of article)

Repetition of melody notes is one of the earmarks of Garner's style; notes or chords are repeated two or three times per beat. Below is a line from *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone* as it is written, and as Gar-

ner would play it.

(Musical Example 1:

Please Don't Talk.. .)

Garner's melodies are often chordal. When they are, the chords may be tremoloed or broken; they may be presented in locked-hands style; they may be thirds, fourths, or filled-in octaves used chromatically, diatonically, or in parallel motion; or they may be employed in contrary motion in both hands. The chordal melodies are executed with the same facility, at the same rate of speed, and within the same stylistic framework as are his single-finger efforts.

A favorite trick of Erroll's, and an example of his omnipresent sense of humor, is to build a series of crashing chords to a tremendous crescendo, then suddenly to break off (at what should be the all-out climax) into a high, pianissimo, delicate single-finger line

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The principle of canon is applied continually in Garner's lines. One idea is restated with slight variation throughout the entire chorus. Each motif is developed to its fullest extent. *{Caravan* in Columbia CL 535 is full of canonic figures.)

Erroll usually improvises around the melody of a song. Although not always literally stated, the melody is always readily apparent just beneath the surface of what is being played. As Erroll himself says, "I like to play certain tunes because of their melody. Why should I disguise that melody?"¹ Even in his initial statement of a tune as written, Garner's own fill-ins seem to perpetuate rather than punctuate the melody; the breaks in melodic phrases are bridged with structural

2fe2.g^thata*,^S^tSTS.

Harmonically, Garner employs devices which are individual sounding. He utilizes certain techniques of Impressionism and bebop. Like Debussy, Garner uses thirds and fourths, parallel chords and chromatic modulations quite liberally. These Impressionistic harmonies impart a delicate, misty, Uan^rent quality to much of his slow work which has been referred to as Cte'rfall music.²

Like the boppers, Garner uses seconds, very rich chords, passing and substitute chords, and voicings with altered notes. He takes full advantage of polytonal harmonies, tone clusters, pedal points, inversions, ninths and tenths. He translates the everyday sounds around him into his own musical terms:

"The harmony I just hear or feel as my own. Things I see every day and hear I combine into my music. The sound is the way I adjust myself to living in that city at that time. Cities have different sounds and there are different things I feel good about because I can hear them. I got a wide expansion of hearing, please believe me!"³

This expansion of hearing has produced harmonic effects which constitute Garner's very own sound. His chords seem to come out of the cracks of the keys and his voicings make one wonder if he has had a special piano designed to fulfill his own aural concepts.

Rhythmically, one of the most unique things in Garner's playing is the delayed beat or lag of his right hand behind his left. His left hand keeps the main pulsation going with staccato chords while his right hand retards the melody almost a full half-beat behind. This sets up a polyrhythm

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between the two hands. Of this trademark, Garner says:

"It creates excitement. It's hard for me to explain what I do, but when I play I try for a sort of underneath beat, if you know what I mean. It's strictly a feeling. I guess the closest thing to describing it is that instead of being a drive it's kind of an *extra* drive like Fats and Jimmie Lunceford used to have."

Erroll's left hand pattern is of interest. Basically, it looks like this on paper: (Musical ex. 2: left-hand) It is varied by adding extra accents or by placing stresses at contrasting places in different measures. Sudden accents are liberally employed.

Garner divides each beat in his right hand into three parts. Generally but two notes are played per beat. These notes are equal in time value. What results from this triple division of the beat is a series of triplets with missing middle notes. The figure is notated thus:

During very slow ballad renditions, he further subdivides the beat into four or even six parts. This is done in his recording of *Penthouse Serenade*:

Music ex.3: "Penthouse") The slow-bounce ballads are notable for Garner's suspension of the beat in mid-air, which gives his entire performance a volatile, *up* character.

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3 r C
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5 E ———TT*—

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¹ Hentoff, Nat, & Shapiro, Nat, *Hear Me Talkin' To Ya* (New York: Rinehart, 1955), p. 365.

² Album notes, *Erroll Garner Gems*, Columbia CL 6173.

³ *Down Beat*, 23:16 (Aug. 8, 1956), p. 10.

⁴ *Metronome*, 71:1 (Jan. 1955), p. 14.

Erroll frequently switches meter or tempo in one selection. He may go from an ad-lib chorus into a very fast up-tempo section, or from a Latin beat he may settle into a firmly rocking 4/4 groove. Erroll has the ability to carry off these extreme **temDo** chanees vet maintain a rhvth-
m k b a W m l a uS of thematic material whileling so

Also heightening Garner's rhythmic interest are polyrhythmic patterns such as those in *But Not For Me* (Columbia CL 939) ; and his favorite block chord rhythmic pattern (found in *Will You Still Be Mme?*-Columbia CL 535) :

(Music ex. 4: "Will you . .")

Tone color or timbre is an aspect of style usually reserved for the analysis of horn players. But tone is as much a part of the Garner sound as it is a part of any horn man. To get "blue" or "dirty" intonation on the piano is not an easy task, since the pitch of the instrument is fixed. But to Garner this poses no problem. He achieves blue (that is slightly flat) intonation by sliding into chords from a half-tone below, like **SO***

(Musical Example 5: blue tone)

He can obtain further blue sounds through subtle use of the pedal which he employs generously at times and from which he breaks sharply at appropriate moments. Tremoloed chords, sharp contrasts in color, range/and volume, and the actual banging of the keyboard with the left hand further enhance his tonal palette.

At slow tempos, the Garner sound may be described as shimmering; at faster speeds, the sound becomes kaleidoscopic, constantly shifting and cascading into new combinations.

Emotion is the key to Erroll's individuality. Though scores have copied his technical devices, few succeed in capturing the Garner personality, which permeates his work and which envelopes his audience. This personality is sometimes lyric, delicate, and tranquil; sometimes iauntv, vigorous and ebullient- always warm and overflowing with good humor. As Erroll himself firmly states "I feel what I'm Dlaving " His own enjoyment and confidence in h work filter through to hh audience Ask him who hi favorite piano **lay-**

"Well, I like the way I play, you know, and I've got several I like to listen to. Tatum, Powell, Wilson, I like to hear them, all of them. But I don't get carried away. You know what I mean? Not to the point where I go home and want to play like them."

NEGRO FOLK ELEMENTS IN THE GARNER STYLE

Though modern jazz has become a highly sophisticated and involved form of music, and though the Garner style sounds and is extremely complex, Erroll himself may be compared to a folk musician in many respects.

The fact that he doesn't read music contributes to his "folk" status, as does the fact that he is able to improvise so freely. He is completely unhampered by the do's and dont's of formal music training—his lack of acquaintance with theory has enabled him to transcend the limitations which might have been imposed upon him by tradition. What results is a highly personal original product unique in its rhythmic melodic and harmonic aspects This playing by instinct counted with the abilify to

a ST and spontaneity in Garner's work Like SefSk music no two Erroll Garner^rLStLTare alike

Of course, Garner is a folk musician in that he arouses such a high degree of participation from his audiences. Go to any club or concert hall where Garner is appearing and you will see the entire audience tapping its feet to his rhythm, laughing at his humorous musical statements and held completely spellbound by the warmth and exuberance of his personality. Erroll obviously derives so much enjoyment

from his own playing that he communicates this spirit to his listeners. He is completely uninhibited as he performs: his own humming and outcries of pleasure are as much a part of the Garner sound as is the music itself.

The technical folk elements in his style are readily apparent. His use of repeated notes, tremoloed chords, and triplet patterns is in keeping with the use of these techniques in Negro folk music. Often he will tremolo a chord for several beats and follow it with an accented descending figure, as in *There Is No Greater Love*:

(Musical Ex 6- " Greater Love") This figure corresponds to the voice drop at the end of vocal lines so com-
mon anions Neero folk siners Like folk singers

ends a melodic phraSeon an upbeat

a feJbeats o • hcan Ttend one note over a number of beats abo a feature oT^oTolk music

The elements of antiphony and blue intonation are present in most Negro folk products. They may be found in Garner's playing also. Erroll's style is antiphonal in that ofttimes there is a definite dialogue between his hands or between the statements and answers in his melodies. Erroll achieves the character-

* *Down Beat*, Aug. 8, 1956, p. 10.

* Ibid.

istic flat sound of Negro music by utilizing tone clusters, grace notes, blue notes, and such unorthodox procedures as crashing with the fist and banging with the palm of the hand in the lower registers of the keyboard.

Erroll's lines illustrate another trait of Negro folk music: the playing of notes for rhythmic rather than for melodic purposes. Sometimes his notes are such that their melodic significance becomes neutralized by the sheer onslaught of his rhythmic drive.

One peculiarity of Garner's style can be traced back to Negro work songs. Many of the latter seem to have an irregular number of beats between each sung statement of the worker. This same irregularity occurs in such Garner recordings as *Penthouse Serenade* and *I'm in the Mood For Love*, in which the first beat of the measure is followed by a silence that appears to be maintained for too long a period before the second beat is realized.

Like work song leaders who would incorporate events of the day into their songs, Garner often gets ideas for compositions from objects or scenes which happen to attract his attention. Pianist Mary Lou Williams tells how

"... I found that the slow tunes, especially the medium slow tunes, did more for the development of jazz than any other type, due to the fact that you could always hit a note twice in such a tune, when ordinarily you could hit it once, which gave the music a very good flavor." Here is a perfect account of the repeated notes so prominent in Erroll's work today.

Garner's future endeavors will probably involve more and more of a development along the orchestral lines with which he has lately begun to experiment. His own declaration bears this out:

"There's those 88 keys! The guy who made it must have had *something* in mind. I've always felt a piano was to be as full as possible. If I had 13 fingers I'd be trying more. Always trying to get a band sound... that's what I'm working for."

Erroll occupies an important position in jazz history since in his playing, he maintains elements of traditional jazz while developing the resources of modern jazz. Out of this, he manages to emerge a completely original and individual performer.

Just as in slow tempos Erroll divides the beat into many parts, so do Negro church artists. A final parallel may be noticed in a comparison of Garner's block chord rhythmic pattern

(Use Music Ex. 4 here: left-hand) with an excerpt of *Jesus Gettin' Us Ready For That Great Day* from a service at the Temple of the Holy-Ghost and School of Instruction in Los Angeles;

(Music Ex. 8: Holy Ghost)

POSITION OF ERROLL GARNER IN JAZZ HISTORY

Erroll Garner cannot be pigeonholed into any particular style of jazz, though his career began during the bop era. Strictly speaking, he is a modern pianist in that he takes advantage of the rich harmonies, polytonality, frequent modulation and altered melodic tones used by modern jazzmen. Though his style fits in with the modernists, Garner is in a class by himself as Duke Ellington. As was pointed out in the analysis of Erroll's style, his playing contains traces of Sime and Harlem stride piano with the traditional addition of a category

modern ingredients. Garner rejects the line between the present and past in jazz.

Garner can be classified with Louis Armstrong and Fats Waller, the two great humorists of jazz. Like his predecessors, Erroll can make jazz out of anything. He says, "I can play *Mairzy Doats* and make you like it."

Jelly Roll Morton, the New Orleans pianist and self-named authority of jazz, made an interesting statement which has been carried out to the letter by Erroll Garner. He said:

"... I found that the slow tunes, especially the medium slow tunes, did more for the development of jazz than any other type, due to the fact that you could always hit a note twice in such a tune, when ordinarily you could hit it once, which gave the music a very good flavor."

Here is a perfect account of the repeated notes so prominent in Erroll's work today.

Garner's future endeavors will probably involve more and more of a development along the orchestral lines with which he has lately begun to experiment. His own declaration bears this out:

"There's those 88 keys! The guy who made it must have had *something* in mind. I've always felt a piano was to be as full as possible. If I had 13 fingers I'd be trying more. Always trying to get a band sound... that's what I'm working for."

Erroll occupies an important position in jazz history since in his playing, he maintains elements of traditional jazz while developing the resources of modern jazz. Out of this, he manages to emerge a completely original and individual performer.

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- ⁷ Hentoff & Shapiro, *Hear Me Talkin' To Ya*, p. 365.
- ⁸ Broadcast on KGER, Sunday, October 14, 1956, 11:30 P.M.
- ⁹ *Down Beat*, Aug. 8, 1956, p. 10.
- ¹⁰ Alan Lomax, *Mister Jelly Roll* (New York: Duell, Sloan, & Pierce, 1950), p. 63.
- ¹¹ *Down Beat*, August 8, 1956, p. 10.

Garvin Bushell

and

New York Jazz

in the 1920's

by Nat Hentoff

courtesy Garvin Bushell



Garvin Bushell was born in Springfield, Ohio, September 25, 1902. Both his mother and father were singers and voice teachers. An uncle played clarinet in a circus band. Bushell grew up in Springfield until 1919 when he settled in New York.

One of the early Springfield bands he remembers was the Willis and Wormack unit which included tenor saxophonist Milton Senior. "He was about the first tenor saxophone anyone in that area had heard. He eventually joined the McKinney Cotton Pickers. When I got to New York, I was told about Nappy Lee, who was said to have been the first' saxo-
^ n i r t h e r r a b o u r i 9 1 0

"We didn't call the music jazz when I was growing up," Bushell says, "except for the final tag of a number. After the cadence was closed, there'd be a one bar break and the second bar was the tag—5, 6, 5, 1. Sol, la, sol, do. Da da da DUM! That was called the jazz. The first time I saw the word was on Earl Fuller's record of *Oh Miss ZL/ane* around 1916. The label said 'Earl Fuller' Jazz band. Around the same year I also heard a song that was called 'S'.

"Ragtime piano was the major influence in that section of the country. Everybody tried to emulate Scott

Joplin. The change began to come around 1912 to 1915 when the four-string banjo and saxophone came in. The players began to elaborate on the melodic lines; the harmony and rhythm remained the same. The parade music in Springfield was played by strictly march bands, but there was instrumental ragtime and improvisation—in the dance halls.

"I started on piano when I was six and continued for four years. I took up the clarinet at 13. Another uncle was a pianist, a devotee of Scott Joplin, and *Maple Leaf Rag* was one of the first things I heard. People then were also playing the fast western, what later came to be called boogie-woogie. It meant a fast bass, and it was said to have come out of Texas.

"We first heard instrumental ragtime in the circus bands which usually had about 14 men—brass, clarinets and rhythm. They were Negro hands; the players improvised; and they played blues. They traveled all over the country, but the men in the band were mostly from Florida, Georgia, Tennessee, Louisiana. I don't know how my uncle got in there. I don't know when they started, but in 1912, my uncle was in his 30s and he'd been playing in circus bands nearly all his life."

Bushell started to go to Wilberforce University and during the summer vacation, he played in tents and theatres as part of the band for *OV Kentucky*. "In the shows, we played and improvised on pop tunes and all of Scott Joplin. Everybody played Scott differently. The main theme would be stated, but then everybody did little things of his own."

Leaving Wilberforce, Bushell went to New York in 1919 to stay. "The Negro dance bands I heard were often from 30 to 50 pieces. They played dance music at places like the New Star Casino on 107th Street and Lexington and at the Manhattan Casino, now Rockland Palace. There were sometimes 20 men playing banjos, a combination of the banjo and violin that was plucked. Among the leading conductors were John C. Smith, Allie Ross (who later conducted *Blackbirds*), Happy Rhone, and Ford Dabney who had been in it from the beginning and was much bigger than Jim Europe.

"They played pop and show tunes. The saxophone was not very prominent as a solo instrument, but the trumpet, clarinet and trombone were. The soloists, especially the trumpet players, improvised, and those trumpet players used a whole series of buckets and cuspidors for effects.

The hands played foxtrot rhythm and still adhered to the two beat rhythmic feel. The jazz bands, however, that I'd heard in Springfield or had heard about played in four. The Creole Band with Freddie Kppard and Sidney Bechet had come to New York around 1915, and I was told they played in four. In fact, Tony Wo with the Original Dixie^ land Jazz Band was about the only jazz player I heaTd doing it in Zo remember I went t t S that bT. at S nwebe S I had to stand at ^ bacTror with the dish washer. I alsknow tha in ^ ^ v i S S Ste

beats

"The top jazzman around 1919-20 was Jack Hatten, a trumpet player. He had been in New York most of his life. He played with a lot of power and a lot of flutter-tonguing. He was very exciting. Yet his playing and ^{thai} of the fther New York musicians of the time was different than the olavine of men in Chicago S Louis Texas and New Orleans'

S ^ style and hadleTblueT Srwas an Eastern performer who could really pkv the EJeTwe kter absorbedhowrfromL somhem musicswe hZrc^1^*12 SnaTwith u^ We didn't outTa auartertZl phehin the music the wav tie^Southerners did UP North we lea ner ^ [Z ^ o o i ! , . lot o7 notes conception-a

Ernest Elliott, cl; Dope Andrews, tb; Willie 'the Lion' Smith, p; Addington Major, tp; Leroy Parker, violin.



courtesy Record Research.

"Small dance bands played in cabarets like the Orient on 135th Street between Lenox and Fifth Avenues. It was a characteristic gutbucket joint, and it was there that Mamie Smith found her band. The instrumentation in the place was trumpet, trombone clarinet piano drums and sometime! saxophone. The **trombone** player Dope Andrews was Charlie

called teiSte late on but here was

his work than in George Brunis' for example M of hX hadbanX lTeTat- if they couloVt getVclari net they usedasaxophone There was Terrv Preston'rari^ih near Lenox LerovN It 135th and Fifth downIn the clla where aH hut one of X m i l l s with Fthrf Wa S s ffcTon ir_a t iTCl

met drivTrn id ^J^Z

plug hats, and Ted got the idea from him of incorporating it into his act.

"Most cabarets had a five piece band and seven or eight singers. The singer would sing one chorus at each table and would make every table in the joint. If you didn't know the song when she started, you would bv the time she'd completed her rounds. The pianists could improvise very well: for one thing they got a lot of practice working rom 9 p m to 6 am After each singlr-enteminer the banXould p k ^

"My first year in New York I was a clerk, drove a truck, and was an elevator operator. On Sundays I rehearsed with a band from Florida. The way they played reminded me of my uncle's work in the circus band. They played real blues.

"Gradually, the New York cabarets began to hear more of the real pure jazz and blues by musicians from Florida, South Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, etc. What they played was more expressive than had been heard in New York to that time.

"Most of the Negro population in New York then had either been born there or had been in the city so long, they were fully acclimated. They were trying to forget the traditions of the South; they were trying to emulate the whites. You couldn't deliver a package to a Negro's front door. You had to go down to the cellar door. And Negroes dressed to go to work. They changed into work clothes when they got there. You usually weren't allowed to play blues and boogie-woogie in the average Negro middle class home. That music supposedly suggested a low element. And the big bands with the violins, flutes, piccolos didn't play them either. Like when I was in Russia and suggested we do *The Volga Boatmen*, but they said they wanted to forget that.

"You could only hear the blues and real jazz in the gutbucket cabarets where the lower class went. The term 'gutbucket' came from the chitterlings bucket. Chitterlings are the guts of a hog and the practice used to be to take a bucket to the slaughter house and get a bucket of guts. Therefore, anything real low down was called gutbucket. So far as I know the term was used in St. Louis, Kansas City, New York, Kentucky, Tennessee, many places.

"They improvised in the cabarets and what they played had a different timbre from the big dance bands. What the white man in New York called the blues, however, was just more ragtime. The real blues used a special melodic line together with a way of playing in between the quarter tones like the Irish cadences and the Indian quarter-tones combined with the Negro's repetition of melody. And Indian music, incidentally, also has a repetitive beat.

"I think the influence on jazz of the American Indians has been underestimated. There were plenty of Indians back of our house in Springfield, and part of my family is Indian. There were Indians all through the South, Southeast and Southwest—the Carolinas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Florida, Virginia, Louisiana. When the slaves ran away, Indians would

often take them in because the Indians hated the white man too. How do you think there came to be so many Negroes with Indian blood?

"By the Irish cadence I mean the 1 5 4 5 7 1 sequence that was somewhat like the blues. There were a lot of Irish in the South.

"Now, about the piano music in New York around 1920. I remember Alberta Simmons. She was in her thirties, and was one of the first pianists I'd heard who played a style that sounded a little different. I hadn't heard James P. yet. She seemed to use few notes was more expressive. I had more to live. It's true but it was definitely her style. She played a very different kind of music.

inant pattern. It was a walking mant pattern. It wasn't walking.

"Then I heard Willie 'The Lion,' James P., Willie Gant and Freddie Tonsil. Fats at that time—the latter part of the '20s—wasn't in their class. They wouldn't let him play.

"Willie 'The Lion' played more ragtime than James P. Johnson. James P. was cleaner and more inventive, as those early QRS rolls demonstrate. He played things that were very close to what pianists in Ohio and the West were doing. He was getting away too from the ragtime of Jelly Roll Morton. What he retained and expressed in his own style was the major influence of the

Abba Labba. He and Tonsil never took a steady job. Abba Labba would come in and play 30 minutes, cut everybody and go out. That's both for him and the audience.

"An important piano influence came out of Baltimore. Players like Eubie Blake, Madison Reed, Edgar Dow were early exponents of ragtime and came to New York. They played modified ragtime—technically and musically more than Jelly Roll had done. The important banjo players came out of Baltimore too."

"James P., due to the influence of Abba Labba and his own capacity, was one of the few great pianists in New York. Fats came to be another. When you heard James P. at his best, that was Abba Labba, except that James P. who had studied played with a little more finesse and taste. When Ellington came to New York will Elmer Snow's band he was like James P. He'd apparently learned the ragtime rolls.

"Abba Labba used tenths in the bass, and he could swing. They called it 'shout' in those days from the church when the Baptist minister would start preaching and the congregation would get all worked up emotionally. Negro church music had

courtesy Record Research.



Lotice Perkins, d; Garvin Bushell, cl; Ed Cox cor; Lillyn Brown, v; Demont, th; Willie Gant, p; John Mullins, vio.

great influence on jazz. They sang the blues in church; the words were religious, but it was blues. They often had a drummer and a trumpet player. You can still hear it in a church like the one at 8th Avenue and 123rd Street. The Negro carried his trouble to church and talked to God about them."

It was Bushell who took Fats Waller with him into vaudeville in 1922. Before that Bushell's first job in vaudeville had been with singer Clarence Potter in the latter part of 1920. He did Harry Lauder songs. He was real dark but looked like Lauder. He wore kilts in the act, but he was born on the East Side and had a typical Brooklyn accent. There was nothing Negro about him except his accent. In those days, instrumentalists were secondary in show business. The limited work of the string players!

"My first recording date was in 1921 as part of a band backing Daisy Martin for Okeh. We got \$30 for two sides; didn't matter how long it took to cut them; and we had to wait months for the money. She was a singer—not a blues singer—with a Northern accent. In the band was Sr. Sen. O. Trumpet, a trombone, and Z. Gathers.

"Speaking of trombone reminds me that another influence on Northern musicians were the Jenkins Orphanage Bands out of Charleston, South Carolina. They started going around the country in 1910 and went to Europe in 1913. It was a Swing Band, like the ones that the K. K. bands—that would play in the street and then be passed

like trombones.

"By and large, the Negro musicians from the southeast were technically better than the musicians from the southwest and Louisiana. I

except the New Orleans creole players. When I hear youngsters trying to emulate the sound of the New Orleans players, I wonder if they realize that those men were doing the best they could but weren't doing all they wanted to on their instruments. I will say though that the musicians from the southeast—Virginia and Baltimore, etc.—had the blues feeling but not the soul of the players from Louisiana, Texas and Mississippi.

"I began to record with Mamie Smith in 1921. I lived back of Perry Bradford's house; he heard me practicing one day, and asked me if I wanted to make some records. He was Mamie's manager. Up to then, I'd kept doing vaudeville. I played in 'OF Kentucky', a book show, at 14th Street. We did three shows a day and before each show, we went out front to ballyhoo. We played on the stage and improvised. We didn't have any saxophones; we did have three clarinets, tuba, three trumpets, two trombones, two upright baritone horns, and two drums (bass and snare).

"Mamie Smith wasn't like Bessie. Bessie was the real McCoy. She didn't get in between the tones the way Bessie did. I soon went out on tour with Mamie, and Bubber Miley was in the band. Bubber replaced Johnny Dunn, the original trumpet player with Mamie. It was Dunn who first took a bathroom plunger and used it as a mute. When we were in Chicago, Bubber and I would go to the Dreamland and hear King Oliver every night. Bubber got his growling from Oliver. Before hearing Oliver, he never growled. That's where Bubber changed his style and began using his hand over the tin mute that used to come with all cornets. It was hearing Oliver that did it."

(This is the first of a series of articles.)



Cellist-pianist-composer-arranger-recording director Fred Katz was recently quoted by columnist Jack O'Brian in *The New York Journal American* to the effect that no jazz critics had ever been right. Here are reactions to this statement as they *might* have come from some musicians, jazz writers, and entrepreneurs.

l a n t t t t p n .

Stan Kenton: "When the history of our great American art form, and I have been touched to tears by the way those people overseas feel about what we feel so deeply about, it will be seen that the critics lacked the scope, I mean the historical as well as the overall cosmic and spiritual perspective, to realize where the future was coming from, and that it already was, as I know from travelling with it and on it across and through the length and breadth of our country and beyond and all they were talking about was Count Basie and Duke Ellington, and I certainly admire them and go to see them whenever I can, but they did not have the ears to hear and the blood to absorb what else was happening, the sounds and the volume and the great sweep of that other thing that was happening, that was bursting—What was the question?"

Whitney Balliett: "I do not believe that jazz critics should discuss music with musicians."

George Wein: "Since Fred Katz is not yet enough of a draw to have appeared at either Newport or Storyville as a leader, I have not had the opportunity to comment on his work in my weekly column of news and criticism in the *Boston Herald*. Furthermore, it would be poor taste for me to comment on other critics except to say that, as anyone could see who read what they said about Newport this year (it may not be a conspiracy, but it does seem to me that all that lack of taste cannot have been accidental), they are incompetent and besides, can any of them sit down and play piano with Sidney Bechet or call Joe Glaser by his first name, or otherwise show that they really know what's happening?"

Joe Glaser: "What the hell do I care about Fred Katz or the critics? Who do you think owns all this jazz?"

Dom Cerulli: "Fred has a point. It's certainly worth considering anyway. But here at the *Beat*, we try to give our readers all the latest on the events in the jazz world and I do think we're doing a good job."

Leonard Feather: "I don't think that Fred Katz (see the *Encyclopedia of Jazz* and the *Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz* [Horizon] realizes that I knew from the beginning that Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie were important (see *The Book of Jazz* [Horizon]. Besides, it's your immediate reaction that counts. Just because a girl comes from a foreign country, sounds exactly like Billie Holiday, and sings at Newport doesn't necessarily mean that she *can't* be a good jazz singer. Fred Katz by the way, is not featured on *The Weary Blues* (MGM) but he might have been. Jelly Roll Morton couldn't haZ played good cello if he'd tried."

Duke Ellington: "We love you madly!"

Nat Hentoff: "It is seemingly obvious that Fred Kate' *ex cathedra* pronouncement has some relevance in the present context, but what makes him think any critics exist? I mean functional, mainstream, blues-rooted critics. And anyway, what about the way they're running Newport? What do Fred and Dr! Suzuki have to say about that?"

BiU Coss: "None of the critics is conscious enough of the important experimental work being done by Teddy Charles, Teo, and John La Porta. Charlie Mingus has even experimented with a group including *two* cellos."

Don Gold: " * * * * Although not one of the jazz greats, Fred does do meaningful work at times, here succeeds in communicating, and may become an important voice."

Norman Granz: "I've never met a critic yet who wasn't looking for free records. This, then, is what they call critics."

Ralph J. Gleason: "Fred Katz doesn't know the business. The critics don't know the business. There's too much pretentiousness around. Do you think Katz or those critics know how much lps actually sell? Do you think they ever talked to Bunk Johnson? Or went to the Savoy? Or the Onyx? Those were the days, and these could be too if we would just remember that jazz is fun and Erroll Garner."

Martin Williams: "Of course, Fred Katz (what are we to make of the rhythmic manner-isms, bordering on cocktail cello, or of the mystical-post-Zen-cool-jazz pretentiousness, or the lack of genuine thematic development (compare him with Joplin or Morton) that in spite of his musicianship, taste, clarity, and craftsmanship threaten the *jazz* content of Katz' compositions(?) is attacking a straw man. There are *no* jazz critics."

Morris Levy: "What the hell do I care about Fred Katz or the critics? Who do you think owns all this jazz?"

Marshall W. Stearns: "I speak as an historian and not as a critic, but I think Fred Katz should read some of the studies of jazz made by trained minds from other allied fields: sociologists, psychologists, anthropologists, and musicologists."

George Frazier: "I kid you not, there are no jazz critics—certainly none of the younger bearded ones—who go to or know of a decent tailor. And I tell you true, if a man has no taste in collars and cuffs, how can he understand the meaning of the difference between Bobby Short and George Wein? Actually, the best of the younger critics is Joe Glaser although, critic me no critics, none have the Scott Fitzgerald flair of Otis Ferguson, who wrote with the laughter of Tommy Ladnier and the grace of Kid Ory, because he knew that jazz was the Stork Club and Mabel Mercer and that November afternoon at the Plaza when the tawny girls swept by in a pride of Gibsons, and the girl I lived with asked me as she held out her slipper for another drink "When are you going to finish your book on *Time?*"

Joe Newman: "All I want to do is swing."

BiU Russo: "I have considered the problem of using cellos in jazz, and I am writing a new piece for four cellos, three valve trombones, and Lee Konitz. I won't have anyone improvising. I don't think musicians should be *allowed* to improvise. I hope Fred read from a prepared text. I don't think jazz critics should be *allowed* in their present state of ignorance. I am willing to give a course on the fundamentals of music for critics free of charge! Fred is welcome too."

Father Norman O'Connor: "In the long run, Katz is right and the critics are right. In the short run, however, I am available to moderate a symposium on the subject."

William Russell: "Who is Fred Katz?"

by the Staff.

The School

Faculty Views

by Jimmy Giuffre by B. Brookmeyer

It is inconceivable that a student of the School of Jazz at Music Inn will not get something out of his three weeks.

The teachers at the school are all active in jazz today; they are all at the center of things; and some have been playing for as long as twenty-seven years. True, not all of them have been trained to teach (and the best teachers and best "doers" are not always the same men) but all have plenty to offer their students. They are active, even famous, professionals who communicate their personal approaches and ideas. In ia/7 an artist is allowed to *he* himself he is no toldI how to play And at the School of Jazz there are no

ati^^nl^o^^yania^e

It has taken a lot of work to get it started and keep it operating for two years. And it takes a staff working the year round to maintain it. Philip and Stephanie Barber, the owners of Music Inn; Jule Foster, Dean of the School; and John Lewis, Director of the School, deserve the highest credit.

The atmosphere at Music Inn and the attitudes of hosts, faculty, students, and guests are excellent, even inspiring, and Music Barn is a wonderful place to play and listen to music. All elements seem to come together there to inspire players and to involve listeners.

At the very least, the School is unique in providing help and advice from professionals. Except for a few men who teach privately in Los Angeles and New York such instruction is not available anywhere else.

Well, reader, dear or not, I have been asked to say a few words about three of the happiest weeks of my life, the time I spent at the School of Jazz, held yearly in Lenox, Mass. I imagine you have read a few words on the subject before. I certainly pray that you will read many more Fn months to come Were I getting pli? newspaper scale for babblinf on I *cZTwbahfrdoa* short no vella on thesuSeX-but for free S have to be conten7'with some

lication to do will, the arts these For any other) dayI

I think that by way of breaking my ice, I can best say I was extremely flattered to be asked by John Lewis (for whom I have the most unqualified love and respect) to be part of SO treacherous and uncharted an undertaking Not being a Polar Bear Club member, I am more than a bit hesitant at taking the icv dips in winter-but reader this man (Mr Lewis) could read sense into Calvin *cZuL* so what^,r. mere morta" offer against Tuch divine opposTS In facf the essence of Zt school ran be summed ud in this one man's devourZdntingefforHnTwie hfm muchthatw'take for Wanted Tn n ^ TM ; , nf today would he still *ZZtZLdrI*

Hurrahs too for the dear old dean of S.O.J. (Jule Foster, Admissions. Music Inn, Lenox, Mass.)

You know, they got people running around this earth sayin' you and I can't teach a man to play jazz music! I grant you we can't teach that man to feel it, but I'll be damned if we can't show that fellow what he's doing wrong, what he's doing right, *(continued on page 18)*



1 o f J a z z

S t u d e n t

V i e w s

by

Tupper Saussy

by

M. Arif Mardin

That The School of Jazz is a kind of noble venture is unquestionable; that it is a necessity is also beyond range of dispute; that its faculty roster reads like a Newport Jazz Festival billet and that its students and faculty alike have access to the pleasurable grounds and surrounding communities of Music Inn are by now common knowledge. But that its true virtue has been deferred

Heve subject to argument

In its second session this past summer, the School of Jazz was, to my mind, a failure. It was the sort of failure that besets any institution having no real meaning. To be sure, it had a purpose, and there is no reason to believe that this purpose was not realized.

Sore man moderately in rhythm to Sach and ioster than sturdy of Jazz in all its aspects including its techniques

his composition also its history originate in the international development of jazz, from its roots to other aspects of its students' experiences in

But what little concreteness had made up their belief in jazz—what tiny thread of consistency they had developed in their jazz thought—was torn and twisted and confused at the outset through the lack of any moral understanding or, if you will, humanism between teacher and pupil.

John Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School, London, had a shield fashioned on the wall behind his lectern which read: "Either teach, or learn, or get out." The educator has as his first motive, devoid of

(continued on 18)

For three weeks last August, I was a student at the School of Jazz in Lenox, Massachusetts and found it to be a valuable and memorable experience.

Because I come from a country which is visited by few outside musicians, I was especially awed by my proximity to the almost legendary idols who composed the faculty of the School. The night before I was to conduct the all-star faculty orchestra in a rehearsal of my composition, *Faculty Meeting*, written for the Student's Benefit Concert, I was too excited to sleep.

My feelings may seem naive to Americans who have frequent opportunities to hear jazz musicians in person. In Turkey, however, I was able to hear jazz only on records and even these were, at times, difficult to obtain. I learned to compose and arrange by trial and error, often writing for imaginary big bands. I had no formal education in jazz until I met jazz critic Cuneyt Sermet, under whose guidance I came to America. Last January, I enrolled at the Berklee School of Music in Boston on the Quincy Jones scholarship. This past summer, a BMI scholarship made it possible for me to attend the School of Jazz.

Because of severe time limitations, the School of Jazz makes no attempt to teach basic playing technique. All students are expected to have a certain amount of proficiency on their own instruments. Once at the school, they are thrown into close association with professional musicians in private lessons, group classes, and ensembles.

In the small ensemble to which I

(continued on page 19)



and what the devil he wants to do in the first place. As Kenny Dorham (a fellow toiler this summer) said:

"When I came to New York as a young boy to play, those fellows wouldn't tell me anything—even Bird, with whom I worked for over a year. If I had this kind of chance then, I'd have been poundin' at the sates to get in. I hope these kids realize what they're getting."

That's from a man who knows far better than I how the refrain goes, so you believe him, if not me. In spite of the obvious hazards any such undertaking involves, the School of Jazz is something *positive* in a world ruled by the minus sign—so you better cherish it while it's on the scene.

So much for the prose—on to the facts. If there could be one criticism leveled, I should say it was lack of money (admittedly the one universal problem facing mankind *anywhere* on the earth). This year, we had a bit over thirty students. In my eyes the number should at least be doubled and if at all possible an extra week or so. Lked onto t& Z mester With morpupils the genera level of Mrformance might be rSed consideSv Tn^ft would be

A and B groups both benefitdng con Sderably Terem whita U the bands

at the Tnal concerf I sSon.lv fel both as a istener and as a t J a S o l l , I T , there w A S

rank amateurs (however promising they might be) The solution is to have more of a choice and hat neces- sitates a greater enrollment.

Now readers, much of the help can *only* come from you. We have no way to transport, audition, and screen every aspiring jazz musician in the country—so the mailing of tapes and audition discs to either your local responsible radio station or preferably, to Jule Foster (care of this magazine if need be) is the only way. Lia importatproj can be righdy X p S i F o r ^ S i a S Grangers T c ^ w l H E E and the listening p3ire there is no more 0 ^ ^ ^ to musical maturity mTnm^ one that h ^ ^ Parted You got a better one—SaU us So much for the oersonal^m merical

From the impressions I could garner about last year's session, I

would say that the faculty spirit could hardly be higher but that the student morale had possibly dropped a bit. I can't really say why. I can say, however, that I was very shocked by the apparent "hip" attitude of a few of the more advanced pupils—so much so that I felt myself going out of my normal open^ossible way to Try t ^ t a b M some sort oTfrendlv foeli^Outapossibly the 7ustdidnt care foVmv play ng rirLnaitv or face^iutTfee there

mu^cian!srew onto iazfin the lasl

makers. This attitude was so obnoxious aped by bop's subsequent detractors (who fancied themselves mutators) that one can scarcely blame those young musicians who assumed such attitudes to be much in mode and correct.

I was a very independent chap in my infancy—still am, for that matter—but each passing day makes me more and more and more aware of my faults and more and more and more humble toward such a lovely thing as a music (from minus B.C. to plus A.D. If you've got a calendar) Most of the students at the school were very interested in "blowing" and to blow you Tot to know and to know yc^ got fo blow I think^ they should hve rorneto he school to know We weren't Z St to rehearse' with Zn I be tLir andtnre or o hTns ^tmwUV, th ^m Z THr or coke We were there to show them what we knew that had made us successful jazz performers as compared with those who are merely adequate.

The entire faculty had given up some (in some cases, a great deal) monetary and personal considerations to be part of the school and I know that a very large majority of the students were completely aware of this. Those who had enough sense also knew that we were all part of a new lb project and as such would be sublet to al the iniquities Xrent Again may I say E almost aH the students showed at east Tome realiza on of his^but it is uTmincrS worryabout for in most cLesthev were extreme v taT S ^ ' a o K L n ^ S e ^ S h a w . T f a i u t i ^ S k L ^ L S S S

(continued on page 49)

frivolity, to teach. Personal tastes or idiosyncrasies have no part in his course; he teaches the form, not the accidents. In the same process, the student absorbs and evaluates simply what the teacher has to teach and, to draw the parallel, his first motive is to learn. Of course, any deviations from this scheme detract from soundness and value by establishing superficial prejudices and opinions. But jazz must be performed (at Lenox, to learn was to perform) by individuals with equally distinctive talents and abilities, and when a falling away from this occurs a less perfect product will result.

Now, this negative truth should not have been carried into the classrooms at Lenox. But it was forced because of a relatively poor standard of musicianship in the student body. One instructor had to have several drinks before his small ensemble met because he couldn't deal with its shoddy quality soberly and by the end of the term he has locating more rigid requirements for a 2nd Son This tendon Tfeel s no S t of the student neither is it a fault he teaches The blame is ultimately on both the lack of funds and

3 a b l e scholarships

Another important factor contributing to the denial of humanistic relations at Lenox might be termed "lack of intense seriousness." There was a group of students who felt that a minimum of musical education is necessary for good playing; after the chords are made second nature to you, all you need is plenty of soul, and with the proper proportions of the two—that is, more of the latter than the former—nothing can exude but the finest in jazz. (Obviously, the misconception here is that all primitivists become great.) If this, then, is all it takes to achieve prominence, why should such a group attend a school for jazz. I think that in answering this question one gets at yet another kind of malady suffered at Lenox.

To these people—and let me immediately assert that there are many of them, and I was one at one time—the periphery serves as the whole. And the periphery of jazz, as in all the arts, is quite attractive. Lenox affords the opportunity to know renowned players personally, and to play for them and to invoke their hurried opinions of your playing, and

to go back home delightedly dropping a gamut of celebrated names. And you are in no real way wiser and yet you have got your money's worth.

This attitude was characteristic of the majority of the students, and it is not at all abnormal; it is merely not found in those who share a genuine interest in anything. The School of Jazz, then, was not a school as much as it was a backstage.

A student of jazz music should be more studious than ambitious. Like a student of literature, he should be thoroughly familiar with the social, emotional; economic, and even moral conditions in which the technical and improvisatorial innovators were productive. Biography is of utmost importance in understanding the phenomenon of change in the arts as well as the works themselves. Perhaps the student should obtain record n^ of the artists p e s r t h i s u m e n ^ and i n ^ a t f w t h d u e S c e r i t T t f S r s x d T a n d f S g s

And from imitation will flow, naturally and unconsciously, a uniqueness that is well-founded and logical; an individualism which embraces the past and of which tradition is at once a foundation and an active part.

It is at this point in his development that the student should attend a School of Jazz, where he will be

(continued on page 49)

was assigned, instructor Max Roach's energetic personality was inspiring and Bill Russo's suggestions about conducting and orchestration were extremely helpful. For me, however, the most valuable part of the course was the private instruction in composition with George Russell. I feel that his philosophical approach to composition was largely responsible for broadening my own conception

In Russell's group classes, he encouraged us to delve into the "Chromatic Universe" in order to broaden the scope of our jazz improvisations. Lee Konitz and Jim Hall contributed a great deal by attending these classes. Bill Russo's arranging classes were more conventional. He taught basic principles of writing for voice lead and song and counterpoint.

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exjSed learning hi^Luh dasses

I found Marshall Stearns' lectures on jazz history enormously stimulating. It is obvious that the appeal of this subject to a foreign student is very strong. There were, however, some American students who knew almost nothing about jazz before 1952. I saw we all earned to tolerate and appreciate the jazz of the

HberaTlvSuXSXleX^wS

In the evening, visiting lecturers spoke on subjects related to jazz. Among the lectures I most enjoyed were, Gunther Schuller's *Modern Music and Jazz*, in which he discussed the possibility of a future fusion between the two forms; Leslie Katz's examination of the effect of sociological events on the creativity of the artist in jazz and other art forms; Willis James' demonstration of field cries and their relation to jazz; and Nesuhi Ertegun's informative talk on the record industry.

There were also panel discussions on jazz education in the schools, the function of critics, and one on unions which greatly increased my knowledge of the subject. I believe that these lectures and discussions gave me much valuable information which I would have found difficult to collect on my own.

There was one minor disappointment: although the students were able to play solos, their ensemble playing was, in general, rather weak. While the school is not responsible for the inexperience of its students, I believe they could aim for a higher level. This is one of the areas in which the School of Jazz and the Berklee School might cooperate. If the School of Jazz increases the number of scholarships, the ensembles could then be strengthened with some more advanced students from the Berklee School. In my judgment, the two schools complement each other extraordinarily well.

Another suggestion: the progress of each ensemble might be checked by tape recordings at periodic intervals. Further, if it were possible to issue a commercial recording of the Students' Benefit Concert, the students might be spurred to greater effort.

In summary, the School of Jazz has a unique function in jazz education. The very presence of such faculty members as John Lewis, Jule Foster, Jimmy Giuffre, Max Roach, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, Bob Brookmeyer, Jim Hall, Lee Konitz, Kenny Dorham, George Russell, Bill Russo, and Marshall Stearns is a source of inspiration no other jazz school can offer. The fact that most of the teachers are active musicians indicates the realistic approach of the school. I feel that my musical education would have been incomplete without this experience, and I hope that the School of Jazz will continue to occupy its valuable position for many summers more.



photo by Clem Kalischer

German Radio: Jazz As Public Service

by Joachim E. Berendt

At last year's German Jazz Festival in Frankfurt, a visiting American jazz authority was so astonished to find Radio Frankfurt sponsoring the concerts that he virtually ignored the music in favor of discovering more about the role German radio plays in the cultural life of the country.

There are three yearly jazz festivals in Germany: The Amateur Festival in Dusseldorf, the big Jazz Festival in Frankfurt, and the *Jazz Salon* in Berlin. None of these could be held without the financial assistance of German radio.

Germany has six radio networks: the North German Network in Hamburg, the Western Network in Cologne, the Bavarian Network in Munich, the Network of the Federal State of Hessen in Frankfurt, The Southwestern German Network in Baden-Baden, and the Southern Network in Stuttgart. There are two additional radio stations in Berlin, and a third in Bremen.

With the exception of one Berlin station, which is supported by the American State Department, each of these networks and stations is completely independent. They have neither commercials, nor are they state-owned (as in France, England, and Italy). German radio networks are independent "companies of public interest" (*Gesellschaften öffentlichen Rechts*) and as such, are entitled to, and often do, criticize the State.

The money to support these networks comes from the listeners. Each radio set owner pays two German

marks (about fifty cents) per month. The fee for television sets is five marks. The money is collected regionally. In Northern Germany, for example, the money goes to Radio Hamburg. In the Southwest, it goes to the Baden-Baden Network and in Bavaria, Radio Munich is the recipient of all the fees collected.

The networks have a kind of monopoly in their own regions which the state guarantees. In return, it is expected that the networks spend large sums of money for cultural purposes. In Southwest Germany, for example, almost all the big symphony orchestras get financial contributions from the Baden-Baden Network. The network itself has no need for these orchestras inasmuch as it has many of its own: a one-hundred and ten piece symphony orchestra (conducted by Hans Rosbaud), a sixty piece symphony orchestra, a thirty piece light music orchestra, a jazz and dance big band (which was, until recently, conducted by American arranger Eddie Sauter), and three other small dance-music ensembles. The network, nevertheless, supports other orchestras and uses them occasionally. The Bavarian Network also has five or six of its own orchestras, yet it supports nine more symphony orchestras in the area.

The musicians in the network-owned orchestras are radio employees. They are organized in a union and it is difficult to dismiss them from their jobs. This, of course, leads to the fact that the average age of

the musicians is getting higher, which—especially in the jazz and dance-music field—is not a healthy situation. Ten years ago, Hamburg Radio's big dance band consisted largely of jazz musicians. Today, these same musicians belong to an older generation no longer interested in jazz. As a result this band which once played *Tome* in eresting jazz *mate-Hall haTSomTmore* and more a "Guv *LombaXtv^*" o[^]bation Th 7 s a m r s i t u a S

w i l l " s o m e networks founded new Jazz' eZmWes so that they *IZJZlongerhe^* denendent on the big[^]dance bands for jS

At present, there are hundreds of musicians who support themselves with their radio work and among them are many jazz players. Radio Cologne has the Kurt Edelhagen Orchestra which is considered one of Europe's leading big bands. Edelhagen presents his band as a "UN in Jazz" because his musicians are drawn from many countries including Italy, England, Belgium, France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and even Indonesia (the excellent trumpet player and arranger, Rob Pronk is Indonesian).

In Frankfurt, at the *Hessische Rundfunk* (Radio in the Federal State of Hessen), Albert Mangelsdorff leads a seven piece jazz ensemble. In Hamburg, tenor-saxophonist Hans Roller (who until a few months ago, was at the Baden-Baden Network) is now forming a small

jazz group with Oscar Pettiford as a possible future member. Mangelsdorff and Roller are considered two of the best German jazz musicians.

In addition to the foregoing, the networks also use their money to support big cultural events. The program of the Donaueschingen Music Festival for example, is organized by the Southwestern German Radio Network in Baden-Baden. The Donaueschingen Festival is considered Europe's leading contemporary music festival. Paul Hindemith was among its founders after the first world

The Theatre Festival in the old baroque castle of Schwetzingen is supported by Radio Stuttgart. This network also organizes and finances the *Woche für leichte Musik* (the annual Light Music Festival) where the Modern Jazz Quartet and the Hi-Los have performed. The Bavarian radio supports the famous *Musica Viva* the best contemporary symphony concerts; in Germany

The fact that Germany has become one of the leaders in experimental electronic music is due, in large part, to the networks. Radio Cologne built a special electronic studio where Hans Stockhausen, among others, prepared his much-discussed experimental compositions. The Baden Baden Network installed a most modern electronic studio solely to enable the Boulez to prepare one niece "PoSie pour

Festival

All this is done without discussion. The networks are aware that they can exist only if the monopolies in their regions are maintained. They also know that living up to their cultural responsibility is the best way to protect their position.

The system, of course, has certain drawbacks. The greatest is, perhaps, lack of competition: each network is alone in its region. Further, since the networks collect their two marks per listener in any event, they do not have much concern with their financial position.

The bigger networks, however, have transmitters of one-hundred or one-hundred and fifty KW power and can be heard all through Germany, and even across Europe. There is, then, competition in public appeal and artistic contribution, if not on commercial grounds.

The main advantage of the system is that a radio station is able to broadcast something other than hit records and pre-recorded shows from morning to night, and can afford an interest in music as an art form and in musicians as human beings.



A rehearsal for the T-V presentation of the *Fontessa* ballet with Yvonne Meyer Columbine. Music by John Lewis.



photo by Gerhard Schafer

Donald Byrd's group with Byrd, tp; Hans Roller, ten; Hans Hammersmidt, p; Doug Watkins, bs; Art Taylor, dm., improvising on four themes from *Fontessa* for the same T-V production.

Joachim Berendt and John Lewis



photo by Susanna Schapowalow

The Negro Church:

Its Influence Modern

Melody

Frederic Ramsey, Jr., who has done a great deal of research in primitive jazz, states: "It is interesting to note that many [blues singers] who are still living are finishing their careers in church work. Virginia Liston and Sara Martin at this writing are both singing spirituals in churches. There is no doubt that blues and spirituals are closely interwoven."

An examination of the melodies of the Negro church and those of jazz offers a partial explanation as to why this exchange is possible. Both jazz and gospel melodies are strongly flavored with "blue notes," notes that are flatted anywhere from a full half step to the smallest microtonal degree. The notes of the scale most commonly lowered are the third and seventh and on the surface the resulting scale resembles the Dorian mode (Musical Example 1)

However, the blues scale behaves differently from the Dorian mode. In the first place, the altered tones of the blues scale bear no influence on any of the chords beneath, which remain unaltered. Secondly, the blue notes themselves vary in sound according to their degree of alteration. Thirdly, the seventh and third do not occupy an exclusive position as blue notes- the blue-note Drinciole may be applied to any degree of the scale. Finally the blue notes are interchanged freely with the non-blue notes so that the blues scale strictly speaking, is this. (Musical Example 2 blues scale) And, to go a step farther, since any degree of the scale may be altered the entire chromatic scale is actually at the disposal of the performer.

The blues scale comprises the basic melodic language of every Negro gospel singer, every Negro preacher, and every Negro congregation. It also forms the foundation of every

jazzman's vocabulary. The scale is eloquently stated by Bud Powell in his initial phrase in *Blues in Bebop* (Sonny Stitt Quartet): (Musical Example 3: Powell) The tenor sax player in Joe May's *Going Home* not only outlines the blues scale but introduces an additional blue note- (Musical Example 4)

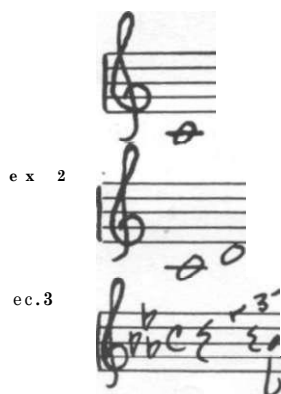
the flatted fifth. Reverend Kelly Key of the Southern Baptist Church of Los Angeles constantly incorporates the blues scale in his sermons: (Musical Example 5)

There is a tendency for Negro church artists and jazzmen alike to give a slightly flat intonation to all the notes they may and sing. This so-called "dirty" intonation is widely sought after by jazz performers. It is achieved through the utilization of various microtonal glissandi grace notes and smeared or wobbled notes. The tenor sax player on Joe May's *CLTHOZIA* on Annette May's *My Z L r Me* obtains this intonation as does Paid Gosafv on *Take the*

"A" Train (Duke Ellington band) and Charlie Parker on *Cosmic Rays*.

The melodies of both the Negro church and modern jazz are highly syncopated. Lending a special character to these melodies are unexpected rests, held notes, up-beat entrances, up-beat accents, anticipation, and off-the-beat lines. The rhythmic phrasing of these melodies is similar. Both jazz and gospel melodic lines may be composed of "funky" eighths, triplet eighths, triplets, or various combinations of quarters, eighths, triplets, and sixteenths.

Both jazzmen and gospel performers employ the same embellishments in their melodies. Such devices as turns, mordents, appoggiaturas (above and below,) double appoggiaturas, acciaccaturas, arpeggios (ascending and descending,) and repeated notes are amply represented in both idioms, as are ascending and descending scales of all varieties: diatonic, chromatic, blues, and pentatonic.



use up the full amount of beats allotted to him. This gap of about six or eight beats is filled in by the instrumentalist who makes an apt musical comment to what the singer has expressed. *Every Day* by Count Basie and Joe Williams, is one excellent example of this second type of antiphony.

Sometimes the answers of the instrumentalist overlap the statements of the singer, or sometimes the singer begins his statements before the instrumentalist is finished. In cases such as these the principle of polyphony comes into play. (Basie's *Every Day* and the Jewel Gospelaires' *Somebody Knockin at the Door* contain this overlapping.) The use of

more than one melody at a time may be found on Oscar Peterson's *Soft Winds* (where the guitar states the melody while the piano simultaneously improvises around it), in Jimmy Giuffre's / *Only Have Eyes For You*, in The Golden Gate Quartet's *Didn't That Man Believe*.

The principle of canon is applied to melody in jazz as well as Negro church music. A melody is frequently constructed so as to feature like or similar entrance phrases in succeeding lines. These entrances aid in maintaining unity throughout a chorus. Alex Bradford's / *Don't Care What the World May Do, I'm Gonna Praise His Name* and The Caravans' *What Kind of Man Is This?* illustrate

the canon principle quite well. Erroll Garner's *Caravan* is a notable instance of canon in the jazz idiom, while Charlie Parker's *A Night in Tunisia* is a canonic riff.

The principle of implied or "ghosted notes" (as Andre Hodier terms them) is a trend common to funky jazz melody and its counterparts in the church field. These ghosted notes usually occur after an extra-heavy stress in the melody. They are either played so softly as to be hardly audible or they are not played at all but merely *suggested* by the logical flow of the melodic line. The Original Gospel Harmonettes' *You Must Be Born Again* is liberally sprinkled with ghosted notes; so is Horace Silver's *Quicksilver*.

The quality of individual style is important in the melodies of the Negro church and jazz alike. Gospel performers, Negro ministers, and jazzmen usually manage to place the stamp of their own personality upon their melodies—either through phrasing, or through distinctive sequences of notes. Erroll Garner's style contains melody notes repeated twice or three times in succession; the Soul Stirrers' style contains the inevitable appearance of this figure:

(Musical Example 7) Adding distinction to the style of Reverend Kelly Key (Southern Baptist Church of Los Angeles) are the phrases "Lord have mercy!" and "My, my, my!"

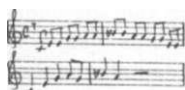
Jazz and Negro church melodies possess many similar figures and patterns. That the blues scale is used in both idioms has already been attested to. The following examples offer further testimony to the similarity that exists between melodic patterns in both idioms: (Musical Example 8)

Identical melodic figures are not as abundantly found in modern jazz and Negro church music. That they do exist, though, is substantiated by the pattern found in both the Soul Stirrers' *Nearer My Cod to Thee* and Erroll Garner's *Blue Lou*: (Musical Example 9: Garner, Stirrers) and is further proved by bearing in mind the first line of *When the Saints Go Marching In** when glancing at an excerpt from the sermon of Reverend T. M. Chambers of Zion Hill Baptist Church of Los Angeles:

(Musical Example 10)

This is the third of a series. Future issues will include examinations of harmony, emotion.)

Horace Silver, *Buhaina*, boogie bass pattern in right hand melody:



Horace Silver, *Opus de Funk*, tritone:

Horace Silver, *Silverware*, intervals:

Mahalia Jackson, *Heaven*, boogie bass pattern on string bass

White Rose Church of God in Christ, KFOX, Sun. Oct. 14, 1956, 10 P.M., guitar tritone:

Annette May, *Consider Me*, pentatonic scale by tenor:

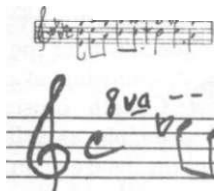
Southern Baptist Church, KPOP, Sun. Nov. 25,

^ e d r % M n p v o l c e : ^ h m i n o r e f f " w i l k

Oscar Peterson, *Oscar's Blues*, glissando down from chord:



Erroll Garner, *Blue Lou*, pentatonic scale:



Annette May, *Consider Me*, piano intervals:

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Ramsey, Frederic, Jr., *Jazzmen* (New York: Harcourt & Brace, 1939), p. 115-16.

* KPOP, 10:15 P.M., Sunday, Oct. 14, 1956 (Ex. A) ; Sept. 23, 1956 (Ex. B).

* KGER, 10:00 P.M., Sunday, Dec. 30, 1956.

* Though mostly used by traditional rather than modern jazzmen, *The Saints* has been recorded by the Dave Brubeck Quartet & other modern groups.

The tune itself is often sung in Negro churches.

* KGER, Sun., Dec. 30, 1956, 10:00 P.M.



An Interview with John Coltrane.

by August Blume

J — I still like Johnny Hodges and Lester Young as much today as I did thirteen years ago. They were my first major influences.

A — Can you remember the different groups you've worked with?

J — Well, let's see. My first job was with a band from Indianapolis, led by Joe Webb. This was in 1947. Big Maybelle, the blues singer was with this band. Then King Kolax, then Eddie Vinson, and Dizzy's big band. Earl Bostic, Gay Cross from Cleveland. He used to be with Louis Jordan. He sane and played in Jordan's style. Then I was wkh Dalsev May and The He" Cats and then with Johnnynlodges" in 1953 for

on pano Lawrence Brown on trombone' Emmett Berry on rumpet Jimmy Tohnsoi on drums and TTan't seem to re memberthe bass playeVs name"

some sometruemJic I didS annredate guvsHk?BMtic at the rimbecaused had swavel me lc"muchAfterI'dtZfzrom undThis spell I beJn o appre date them more After HodJes' I spenTcZle of wLks wfh Timmv Smith Wow Fd waJup n the mTddle of The niX and hear thTt orLn ise chords screamini at me! Rack in 1049 wTked S iohwi h Rnd Poll It was J 5.,JP ™ »t the Audubon N Z York

Sonny Rollins and Art Blakey were with him. Bud was really playing, so was Sonny. Those guys you can call really great. Then in late 55 I went with Miles. He had Red Garland, Paul Chambers and sometimes Philly loe Tones other times Art Taylor. Last summer I started with Monk down at the Five Soot. Monk had Wilbur Ware and Shadow Wilson. And now I'm back with Mfc. J n with Cannonball on a to S EyZ onianc. Paul Chambers sHl withnimand.local'Washmeton bov Zned Timmv Cobb on drums

A — Did you have rehearsals with Monk before you got the job at the Five Spot?

J — I'd go by his house and get him out of bed. He'd get up and go over to the piano and start playing. He'd play one of his tunes and he'd look at me. So I'd get my horn out and start trying to find what he was playing. We'd go over and over the thing until we had most of it worked out. If there were any parts that I had a lot of difficulty with he'd get his portfolio out and show me the thing wrhten out. Fte wouldI rather a X would learn

it better and S u S Aa? waT SonSimeTwe'd wHus oneTune TdTfAs soTn a! we go^he iob we went right Tn because this learning had startedTearHer

When I met him I started hanging around with him because I liked his kind of music. We'd already recorded one song together, *Monks Mood*. I liked it so well I told him I wanted to learn it so he invited me around. Really enjoyed it, I sure enioved working with Monk.

A — When Monk would get up from the piano to do his dance how would you be able to know where you were?

J — I felt sort of lonesome, but I would count on the bass player. And with a guy like Wilbur Ware, he's so inventive. He doesn't always play the obvious. He plays the other way sometimes. If you didn't know the tune you wouldn't be able to find it. He's superimposing things building the tension so that when he comes back to it you feel everything suck in. I knew the changes so we would manage to

Xingthafway^'Sometimes he would be padng a dTfferTnt set of altered chanles from lose that I'd be 2 and neither of us would oe plavinT the changes to he tune We Ldd reach acertainsoofandif T i t then ^toSeTwFdSlnc^ henEwould^comeback in tosav^^^ used to askushow we remem reredallthatsuffbutweweW^

fried anythfng thev win ed to Monk's alwafv doing something

rious but £not I mvysterious

St at , ™ Z A ; leave ththind ZT Yet wi nl>v, the STwm iJ tintl the right place and voiced the right way to have a minor feel, but its still not a minor chord. I learned a lot with him. If you work with a guy that watches ihe finer points, it Kind of helps you to do the same. In music it, he htle things that count. Like the way you build a house. You get all the htle important things together and the whole thing will stand up. You goof them and you got nothing.

A — Is it the same kind of experience playing with Miles?

J — No, it's altogether different. I don't know what it is. It's another great experience but of a different nature and I can't quite explain it.

Monterey Jazz Festival 1958

by Dick Hadlock

There were thoughtful, un-Newportlike touches that reflected intelligent planning behind Monterey's first jazz festival: concession stands charged reasonable prices for food that staved down; a carpet of grass covered the extensive grounds where one could walk or rest outside the JrenrovertSrSs the musk for an outiav of fifty cents **Tt** the gate overnight accommodations and okces to park were plentiful. the Wx svstem canned balanced **undfc&sou**nd to the most remote benches Dhotograohers"wen**Tmo** vTded with b S

restricted to assigned benches out front. nlformers were taken to and hotel by the festival's own drivers, the more than adequate closed quarters on the grounds served ideally for orchestra rehearsals, dressing rooms, the press, panel discussions, administration, commercial displays, restrooms bars and peaceful lounging. The dates of the festival were October 3, 4, 5.

Because the amplification was excellent, a more favorable balance of show-biz projection and musical content occurred than is usual for festivals. When Burt Bales crashed on with an excited six-man dixieland unit, it was almost too frenzied for the sensitive microphones (Altec 21-B heads wkhM-11 system for those who **car?**) and the 3mannered crowd t'ingest A their inidaltens^ nessworeoff hough, Balef(pianot

tereTimaS

TM TrvHazz **CaSXa narticu"** aZ blew with condsent creatTve orce' carving felZ **C n n l S** **Peanuts** Hucko who anneared kter Sth Armstrong.

Lizzie Miles broke it up with vintage material delivered in animated and charming fashion. No one expected a great voice.

Louis, Trummy, Velma, and company ground out their routines with strength, efficiency, and almost no musical interest. The evening's scattered kicks came largely from the Bales band

Dizzy Gillespie, the disorganized and uninformed master of ceremonies for the foregoing, managed to inject fragments of broad humor and poor taste into the carrousel without insulting anyone too much.

Saturday's forum was slated to deal with jazz as an international language. Though moderator Ralph Gleason struggled to stay on course, the worthwhile comments (mostly Dizzy's) related only remotely to the subject. Gillespie discussed his conceDt of iazz as time Datterns to which notes are added onlfa ter pre" TvisW specif **CrlfrAlbeK** me Lie of ^

theTr current unemnloved status Lous C n . S S . t f S ' wsted "Sess"rrefusin! to travel" ftc.) as a maTor cause of idleness!

The beginnings of a valuable exchange were made when someone asked Dizzy if he felt treated as an artist at festivals. In reply, Gillespie observed that economics, not artistic considerations, determined the time allotted to musicians. Armstrong agreed ciing Newport as a cTnspTcu **oil** example

Dizzy concluded: "So you keep your head down and take their money."

Six long afternoon hours were consigned to bands from San Francisco and Los Angeles. Moments of more than routine interest were infrequent, with only Brew Moore and John Marabuto saving San Francisco's contribution from dullness. (Virgil Gonsalves' sextet went on and off during the forum and could not be included in ^Ts review.)

Marabuto's piano improvisations and scores were fresh and whimsical.

Med Flory's big band possessed fairly good material but suffered from sloppiness and monochromatic soloists with interchangeable improvisatory lines. Some of the often-impugned blandness of Los Angeles saxophonists sterT I believe from t he i r C c **TM**

aconvinc ng voic**TonanyoTe** saxophone is a full-time project (notwithstanding he ex^eXnal gift**Tot** men like^ S o n n l f f i & t of the reedmen to whom I refer have at! taTned **IMick** Wesson alto tenor and haHtone? hut while skXd havers thev'lack the dividualex n r t E impant that " fr m **VrT^nTFrTL** Herb <^> very total involvement. Herb <^> very devoted to the alto saxophone, redeemed the afternoon with solos that were absorbing and authoritative. He dominated a set featuring the impressive hbelly Manne.

For simple, unprofound swinging though, the Leroy Vinnegar Quartet, while hardly inspired, surpassed the lot.

Betty Bennett directed her small voice and silly bopping to the emptying chairs with a stage courage That mfde one sad and embarrassel

There seemed barely enough time to swallow a sandwich before the evening performers commenced their march.

Saturday night began with Gillespie's quintet, after the band scheduled to open refused to appear in that "undesirable" spot. Junior Mance and Les Spand made sound contributions while Dizzy came off just short of magnificent. The concern over timing that grew out of th^afternoonTM marathofhad an inhibiting ^S rmosrof L eiS-

ruptedlbSstag^ worrLrs Tand by low flying aircraft **as** well)

Vince Cattolica, Bill Smith, Marty Marsala, Lizzie Miles, Dizzy Gillespie.

Giuffre, Hall, and Brookmeyer survived all this with astonishing resiliency. The trio (offering what Mort Sahl called "folk funk") reached the back rows through sustained projection of its members' belief in their music. Giuffre seems to have crystallized a mature personal style at last—the tentative foray and the self-imposed

be replaced by affirmation on self-confidence and the survival urges of

There were still remnants of the "get hot" affliction that plagues most anachronistically inclined musicians.

Instead of allowing intensity to be a natural outcome of the music's implications, the self-conscious jazzman sometimes dips into a kit of "effects." When the Giuffre Three go that way, their music sounds counterfeit and boring; when there is spontaneous melodic exchange and personal identification with the material they can and do create meaningful expression.

An almost belligerently extroverted Gerry Mulligan appeared next with the ingredients of a superb quartet: Art Farmer, Dave Bailey, and Bill Crow. By the fourth, and last, tune they had nurtured an exquisite ensemble tissue only to be yanked off to make way for Max Roach.

Roach went on and on, encouraging the loose-bowelled trumpeting of Booker Little, the twitchy tuba honking of Ray Draper, and the deft but wearing tenor work of George Coleman. Max would benefit from cutting the length of each rendition by a half or more. Even then jazz must be more than competitive. *techy li* one is aiming for the high level. Sic Prolonged Surreal Kanading such as *mdotki!* offensive in a concert that has more identity than time.

The Modern Jazz Quartet squeezed in an effective *Django* and music

from *No Sun in Venice*. The latter proved better concert material than movie music. The quartet was in good form, swinging easily and convincingly.

Ernestine Anderson, a superfluous ornament in a parade of prime jazz talent, sang adequately and with reasonable taste. Her voice is pleasant, but her diction is poor.

Cal Tjader had no chance to play an uninterrupted selection from his regular book. Facing disappointment manfully, he and a most "funky" Vince Guaraldi were hosts to Buddy De Franco, who worked very diligently at blowing earthy and direct patterns. It was somewhat painful to hear Buddy holding his fingers back but there was no doubt about the new warmth. The crickets played

The vertiginous evening concluded with Tjader's conga drummer, Mongo Santamaria, cooking on *Cubano Chant* while Dizzy Gillespie attempted, unsuccessfully, to draw attention upstage to his own clownish ballet.

(The writer was unable to attend Sunday afternoon performances. The following comments are based upon an audit of stereophonic tape recordings of that portion of the festival.)

Sunday afternoon was devoted to a curious mixture of overrated "classical" compositions, smatterings of good jazz, and alternately abortive and provocative attempts to combine the two, all surrounded by the atavistically solicitous awe that persists in jazzmen confronted with "respectable" music. Then are those who insist that this was a red-letter day for jazz. Perhaps so but only if it was an unimpaired day for jazz which it probably

Gregory Millar conducted the San Francisco Little Symphony plus the Monterey County Symphony through

photo by Gordon Greco.

a portion of Stravinsky's *Petrouchka*, apparently for the sole purpose of hearing Dizzy Gillespie improvise the trumpet passage. Gillespie fluffed notes, faltered, and ultimately wriggled into stock blues phrases! When he finished, the orchestra returned to its charts and completed the piece. *Kittin' the score* his stature by the costly (80 men rehearsed for this) *Sack* Perhaps Joe Wilder or Cootie Williams showed it off.

Paul Desmond, more than any performer of the day, came close to combining the cool, sharp-edged austerity of the symphony soloist with the spontaneous wit and bodily warmth that distinguishes the jazzman. Desmond's pellucid saxophone solos were a high tide occasionally inundated by strings and things Dave Brubeck learned at home playing the pastime. His brother Son-

Troff but did last in the quartet function. Sainsbury a jazz unit despite of orchestral backgrounds! that Brubeck's new work cracked with au-

ajv *antiferret* by *era* *ts* *True* ments, in three selections designed

Near East.

Hindemith's *Jazz Fugue* achieved little more than to demonstrate the unenlightenment of the composer. Replete with comic trombones and military press rolls, the score follows the time-honored doctrine of exposition and development of a simple theme (in this instance just four notes).

Following an intermission, Gregory Millar's wife played the third movement of Bartok's *Third Piano Concerto* for six minutes.

John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Connie Kay, Percy Heath, and Millar's orchestra executed three thoughtful

(continued on page 50)

Reviews : Recordings

CECIL TAYLOR: Jazz Advance. Transition 19.

CECIL TAYLOR Quartet at Newport. Verve MG V-8238.

The history of harmonic-melodic developments in Western music has been-allowing for an occasional detour here and there—an almost continuous process of tonal expansion. Starting with a nucleus of harmonically fundamental tones, the triad, a concept that became crystallized during the middle ages in the late stages of polyphony, the tonal boundaries were gradually widened to include seventh and ninth chords and all manner of chromatic deviations thereof, until early in our century the powerful hold that the "tonal center" had over musical thinking was broken, and the tonal equality and independence of the twelve tones of our chromatic scale were established. In the years just prior to this breaking through of the tonal sound barrier, composers such as, Schonberg, Stravinsky, Scriabin, Debussy, to name but a few, were working with the outermost extensions of tonally centered chords and melodies; and it was the increasing importance and independence that these outer extensions assumed that led to concepts of bitonality and polytonality (Stravinsky, Milhaud, etc.), and eventually pushed music across the borderline into the realm of atonality (Schonberg, Berg and Webern).

The history of jazz, which is taking a course virtually parallel (though in a drastically condensed form), has now reached, at least in so far as harmony and melody are concerned, a similar juncture as described above. A small minority of jazz composer-performers are working primarily with the outer reaches of tonality, and have reached that borderline where their music often spills over into areas so removed from any cen-

ter of tonal gravity, that it can be thought of as "atonal." Foremost among these is Cecil Taylor, of whose work one and a half lps are now available, with others (on Contemporary and United Artists) soon to be released.

It has been said that Cecil Taylor's music is not really atonal, and indeed he himself is quoted as saying he thinks of it "definitely as *tonal*." Basically this seems to me to be an academic question, especially in view of the above-mentioned borderline nature of most of his playing. One can judge the work of art ultimately only with qualitative criteria. What matters in any artistic procedure is not what it *is*, but what it can become, what it can create—a hard lesson many critics have difficulty learning.

Nevertheless, since there is some confusion not only about the question of whether Taylor's music is atonal or not, but also about the whole semantics of these much bandied-about words "atonality" and "tonality," perhaps a few clarifying words should be set down before discussing the records.

Much confusion arises from the fact that the words "tonality" and "tonal" are used in two different meanings. On the one hand they are used to indicate a specific harmonic system (often wrongly equated with the diatonic system), while on the other hand they may mean in a very general way *all* intervallic relationships between *tones*. Many discussions on the subject bog down because these terms are not thus defined beforehand and because the word "tonal" is often used interchangeably in both senses within even a single sentence.

It is, of course, obvious that if one applies the second more general meaning, Cecil Taylor's music is tonal. His playing is even tonal very often in the other sense of the word,

especially in his expositions, and in the basic fact that the bass parts in his groups so far have not ventured beyond the conventional diatonic (occasionally chromatic) walking bass-line we all know from Basie. Listening carefully to his playing leaves no doubt of the fact that Taylor indeed does *think* tonally, but the result of his thinking most of the time cannot be analysed on tonal terms (using the word now in the most specific historical sense). That is to say the implied underlying sound and chord structure on let's say a blues of £2 *Azure* is the specific impetus that determines his choice of notes especially phrase beginnings and endings. The bulk of his improvisations however—and this is twofold—of the less conservative solo in his purely atonal or at least to the borderline between tonality and atonality.

Seal analysis of tonal center

How a sound of academic significance and meaningless

That Taylor's improvisations are in effect primarily atonal—whatever their tonal motivation may be—is indirectly attested to by certain discrepancies in the bass part, as played on these recordings by Buell Neidlinger. In the course of the proceedings, he occasionally wanders off from his "changes"—whether on purpose or not I cannot say. If one is listening objectively to the piano improvisation and the accompanying bass and drums in their *totality*—if one is not listening to the bass line by itself—the deviation in the bass seems not to matter. Since come absorbed in the already strongly atonal sound fabric (in a more on a context such deviations would be very disturbing) a further though never happens.

tions—would be to eliminate the bass part altogether. At any rate, I defy anyone to analyse the following excerpt, picked more or less at random from dozens of similar moments, in terms of tonal centralitv: terms oyonai centramy.

Example 1 is taken from one of the later choruses on *Azure*. (Measures 2 and 3 are strongly reminiscent of a certain phrase in Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps*). Example 2 is the original bridge of *Azure* upon which these particular measures in example 1 are founded.

•J

£ 3 b

TilfcO



VI:

m

m

4*

etc

7 T T x
«WW—

Ex. 2,

I

But then not all of Cecil Taylors^r music is that advanced. It might be instructive to show those who would simply reject music such as this as senseless or not jazz! that it has *its* origins in a fairly harmless point of departure, and that what Taylor does is really quite logical and, in my opinion, imaginative and stimu-

¹³ The opening of His own *Tune*^T Q on the Newport LP, for instance is an excellent example of the germinal

ideas upon which he builds his im-
provised abstractions. *Tune* 2 is cast
in a somewhat extended form, con-
sisting of the following schema:

A A' B C C' D B' C' Di B' D' A'
8 8 8 8 8 6 6 4 4 8 8 12
- 88 Bars

(The numerals 1 and 2, qualifying the letters, are used to indicate the fact that such sections are not exact repetitions but variants of the original letter. The D sections are pedal-points using a particular prescribed rhythm different from the rest of the piece.)

With this as the basic composi-
tional material, the quartet plays a
short introduction, the exposition by
all four, a chorus by Steve Lacy, one
by Taylor, the fourth chorus divided
between the two soloists, and a tag-
ged-on 14-bar coda consisting of A'.

As with that of many jazz soloists,
Taylor's improvisations start in rela-
tive calm, close to the theme, and
gradually reach a more excited and
complex level as they become less
tonally oriented. If our example 1 is

1. It is on the basis of the second definition that some people claim that truly atonal music cannot exist, that "atonality" is a mis-
nomer.

2. Discussions about whether something is atonal or tonal always remind me of current arguments about whether such and such a
piece is jazz or not.

Ex. 3a represents the original melody with its bass line and chords. Ex. 3b is the beginning of the piano improvisation thereon. (In measures 1 through 4 the piano is still accompanying the overlapping end of Lacy's soprano saxophone solo.)

[illegible][illegible]

T^vWle'ts us in 1 1 ^ 1
his mind but not his soTd Ind he
h de^ron.us what hfeels*about*

the blues. But as I say, the Newport record and several excellent live performances of Taylor that I have heard, indicate that such moments are in the minority.

Yet it is a point worth discussing, because it relates to the whole question of atonal improvisation, or for that matter atonal jazz composition. The performer is caught between two cross-fires, as it were. He wants to free himself from the conventional tonal strictures set down by the bass (or at least implied by the chord patterns upon which he is supposed to be improvising), but at the same time, as long as the bass and drums participate in the accented conventional manner, the improviser will

constantly feel the gravitational pull of both their tonal and rhythmic weight. One can hear this on the Transition lp, especially on *Charge 'Em Blues*. Time and time again Taylor is pulled back from his intentions by the conventions of tonality, of phrase lengths and the "beat." The rhythm section, pushing relentlessly forward in its duty as supplier of the beat, sets a perfect trap for the improviser. It propels him onward while he hazardously clutches at ideas that may come to him—some good some commonplace. The relentlessness of the accompaniment can easily push him into mechanical and rhetorical solutions unless he can free himself from the influence*

Thus in *Charge 'em Blues*, Taylor starts an idea, spins it out a little by repeating it or using slightly varied imitations, then breaks it off and starts another idea. It's almost like listening to a solo consisting entirely of "foufs." To sustain this Lormous variety of ideas in this manner is, of course extremely difficult, and probably impossible in pure improvisation. To help himself, Cecil had several musical ideas in readiness (others might call them cliches, although let it be said that they are at least his own) which he could throw in whenever necessary. Example 4 is y,7cal ii^{AA} various gu ses it appears at lea t Tdozen timTs on the Transition p



I called this situation a dilemma, and I really do not mean to criticize Cecil for failing to solve it. For no doubt the problem is a difficult one. If the soloist is strong enough to resist this pull of the bass and drums, and can soar in relative autonomy; above the accompaniment, the question promptly arises: well, why not eliminate the bass and drums? But that in turn immediately produces the next question, which is: can this bass-less, drum-less, atonal wonder still be considered jazz?*

However, my impression is that Cecil Taylor *is* concerned about playing jazz; and to his everlasting credit, on the Newport lp—made almost a year after the Transition recording—Taylor walks the tightrope between the two cross-fires with razor-sharp accuracy, and with all the emotional, swinging intensity associated with good jazz. The segmentation which marred the earlier recording is no longer in evidence. The ideas—again presented with a seemingly endless variety—all relate logically and smoothly to each other, so that one hears a musical edifice; made up of many contrasting elements, but all coalesced into an expressive entity.

I like, aside from Cecil's solos, his accompaniments behind Lacy! and his ability to relax into a groovy, slightly-behind-the-beat swing. I no-

ticed too, that in *Tune 2* the entire group loosened up to swing every time the last twelve bars (starting with the **A** minor chord) appeared. It seems that the pent-up tension of the preceding eight-bar pedal-point (on **E**) found release in the resolution to **A**. It worked all four times.

One thing the group has yet to learn is not to rush, especially on medium tempos. *Tune 2*, for instance, picks up considerable speed before the exposition is sixteen bars old! But at least this is a sign of life and energy.

Buell is a continually improving bass player. His tone is rich and full (meaty is the word), but it does not quite fit in character with the harder, more acrid quality of Cecil's playing. As a matter of fact, a player with more bite could add to the quartet-ness of the group. One thinks of Mingus, for instance, as ideal. Buell's occasional erring, as on the end of *Azure*, can be discounted, considering the fact that the bass player's lot in a group like this is a very lonely one.

This brings us to the point of whether it matters ultimately if we call it jazz or not. Again, should it not be sufficient to ask how *good* it is, rather than *what* it is?

Dennis Charles, the drummer, is a sympathetic accompanist and often enters into interesting, though by no

means startling, musical exchanges with his leader

Steve Lacy I respect and admire for his consistent astute work, but I wish he would avoid using such a choked *tarrogato-like* sound, especially in the low register. It's improbable, but I suppose it could be argued that this is the sound he or the group wants. But I find it terribly distracting—and that, I don't think, was its intention.

In discussions on music such as *this*, one often hears the expression "twelve-tone jazz" bandied about. It seems like such a nice, new, catchy word. I should like to make it explicitly clear that the term "twelve-tone" in connection with jazz is only applicable to written or composed jazz. "Twelve-tone improvisation" **does not and can not exist**. The procedures of twelve-tone or serial composition are of considerable complexity and if they were applied to pure improvisation the improviser would have to have a memory and calculating ability greater than Univac's. Even if were possible I doubt if *it* were desirable. This is not to say *haT* since they cannot be used for *StaitivnmDro*^Son mediots of serial c o ^

Sa? Aeir , T 3 more S T S S
bavStable^«topStioT

—Gunther Schuller

3. I realize that these problems exist in all ordinary jazz improvisation, but the problem is even more acute when the improviser has the added burden of making a less familiar atonal context intelligible.

4. The question of whether Taylor's playing is to be considered atonal or not comes up again in connection with the concept of repetition. Nearly a half a century of atonal composing has taught us the bitter lesson that most forms of symmetry, including repetition—especially *immediate repetition*—are out of place in atonality because they have lost their functional ties with the symmetrical tonic-dominant relationship that governed diatonic music.

5. Other questions that arise in this connection are: Is it logical at all to mix an atonal improvisation with a tonal bass line? Does it make sense to pour a highly complex idea into a conventional rhythmic mold? Do not such discrepancies ultimately detract from the stature and validity of such a concept?



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RAY CHARLES: Atlantic 8006

This is like hearing a preacher sing the blues. It's like going to church. It's hearing Ray Charles deliver a sermon like no one else around.

Simultaneously continuing the folk blues tradition, drawing from the resources of gospel music, elevating rhythm and blues to a musicianly level, and providing a gold mine of inspiration for jazzmen Ray Charles has evolved a way of singing the blues that is one of the few real bonanzas in the limited vein of rhythm and blues. Does Ray afford ample testimony that rhythm and blues is of more than passing interest to a n y o M M M e d ^ S jazz or its antecedents

The album is a sort of capsule history of this type of music. Starting with *Funny But I Still Love You*, we find a pre-rhythm and blues era sound (circa 1950-51), notable for its absence of the stereotyped heavy beat and rasping horn tones, in which Ray's directive phrasing and heady, caressing delivery of off pitch lines is reminiscent of Charles Brown's work with Johnny Moore's Three Blazers. *Greenbacks* representative of the early phase of commercially accepted early phase of commercial acceptance with energetically chorused and Tied Sweeney slyly reeked verses

horns forced to honor competitive over the sovereign standards like what emerged from jukeboxes for so S! it's true. Sifts *Mur Ann* exemplifies the vogue for Latin rhythms tuxtonosed with and injected with horn rhythm and Wines' traditional Th's eventual /ave wavy tone X

who were to a high Tnfamilial Th the vines and refiled a brand new a* forth JZ J .. ^ h n i f v neither th l nor th. r.

Finally, there is Ray's own interpretation of rhythm and blues, individual enough to transcend the idiom itself, yet perpetuating the vitality of the folk tradition: *Ain't That Love* with its antiphonal interplay, tambourine and handclaps, and Ray's preacher-like "Aw plav it son!" urging the horn player on *Hallelujah's* funky rhythms and groans and / *Got a Woman* a treat outstanding judged by the standards of any music. The remainder of Ray's offering a dwell on Z go soe blues latticed f ^ ^ h o ^ J 7 a h M o ^ demotion breath exhalations sk! n p m ? melismatir %

syllabic phrases so basic to church music.

One last thought comes to mind hearing *Sinner's Prayer*, a basic, earthy no-nonsense atonement with a bristling piano accompaniment. Ray Charles knows the blues, his message is unvarnished and sincere, and his association with an idiom scorned by scholars and "serious" musicians has no bearing on the genuine musical worth of his performances. His unabashed emotion and exhilaration in sound and many over-educated musicians could learn a lesson from him.

Atlantic, incidentally, has programmed this album so that Side 1 contains predominantly slow tracks, Side 2 predominantly fast ones. I personally find this violation of the prevailing fast-slow-fast-slow arrangement of numbers on the majority of albums most satisfying; the listener's, as well as the artist's mood is thus sustained rather than chopped up.

—Mimi Clar

RAY CHARLES: Atlantic 8006.

RAY CHARLES: Yes Indeed! Atlantic 8025.

RAY CHARLES: Ray Charles at Newport. Atlantic 1289.

HARRY BELAFONTE: Belafonte Sings the Blues. Victor LP 1006.

Any of the records discussed here is likely to offend purists, the last for far different reasons than the other three. Bill Broonzy, for instance, has said of Ray Charles, "He's got the blues he's cryin' sanctified. He's mixin' the blues with the spirituals. I know that's wrong . . . He should be singin' in a church." Considerations of taste aside, Broonzy made an accurate appraisal of Ray Charles' method. The conventions of his music are those of the gospel song, and his performances are replete with choral groups working on call-and-response pattern, piano triplet figures, and the 3/4 that gospel singers mad; swing long before the "new" jazz wallz become prominent. Admittedly Charles has channeled lyric matter if not the manner of the blues into the gospel Tong that goes to one's heart

becomes 'Tgot a woman way over town. Although Charis has sung with gospel groups in church it's! Tafe soecula that when he sings of good and evil woman L is dealing with matters of more immediate

concern to him than eventual salvation.

The point to consider, I think, is that an artist is free to employ any vocabulary or set of conventions available to him in order to make his statement, and perhaps the personality of the artist is made most clear when it operates through such a set of conventions. If an individual is working honestly, he is dealing with the matters that most greatly concern him in the manner he finds most suitable. Artistry lies in the ability to objectify the individual's private needs to the extent that an audience is able to have unanimity with them.

Charles has several limitations, and they seem to be directly involved with these problems. His lyrics and his use of them are pure blues-poetry. The lyrics are concise, full of sharp psychological truth, and no matter how resigned at times, always conspicuously lacking in self-pity. Compare the closing lines of Charles' *It's All Right*:

"You know, someday you'll need
these arms of mine,
I said it may take a long, long
time.
And when things ain't what they
used to be, now
You can bring your fine self
home to me.
To prove my love is true, I'll
hug and kiss you too
And I'll say, "It's all right." "
with the closing of a better-than-most
popular song:
"And when things go wrong,
Perhaps you'll see you're meant
for me,

So I'll be around when he's gone." The latter, for all its brevity, seems to have much more whine in it. On *Come Back, Baby* the girl is referred to within the first twelve bars as "baby," "mama," and "child," which takes care of most of the psychological possibilities. Charles is a rough performer with jagged edges, a shoufthat might frighten neighbors, and, at times, an almost paralyzing honesty. It is only when he tries to be a showman that he fails. His band, in the "jump" vein, is a good one, but not exceptional. When the band is used to please the crowd, or when Charles sings a number for the same reason, the performances deserve the rock and roll label attached to them. The difference between Charles and his surroundings are best exemplified by the concert and studio recordings of / *Got A Woman*, on which Charles' vocals are vastly different, but the saxophonist plays precisely the same solo. The different mSTcharles^an dt

rive from the same material show on the concert vs. studio versions of *A Fool For You*. The latter is brief and touching, but the Newport version is a slow, agonizing recital of pain, with a powerful cumulative effect achieved by seemingly uncalculated repetition. On other numbers he merely goes through the motions, and these are the numbers I feel have no urgency for him. The fact that both types of number appear indicate that Charles may not be aware of the difference, and is an instinctive artist. The quality of his piano playing, incidentally varies in the same way and apparently for the same reason. When he accompanies himself on one of the meatier tunes he is superb.

Five of the eleven songs on the Belafonte record were recorded by and are closely associated with Charles. A quote from Belafonte on the liner reveals a fine understanding of Charles: "Ray Charles is one of the very few contemporary artists to know and appreciate and take advantage of his folk heritage in order to expand and develop his own identity. In fact, what Ray writes are folk songs in almost the traditional sense of spontaneous material that comes out of a people's needs." This sounds more like the statement of a critic than a performer, and what Belafonte has done, essentially, is to execute a work of criticism on these pieces. Apparently unable to cope with the richness of the originals, he has pared them down to formula size, where they are readily accessible and understandable. This is what happens when a 7 i d e r i ^ n ^ W S S

are left wiuh the Xnerisms of the oris nailHere you a T S ^ t h B e k * faSfr ^erteLHe^rSentsAe materLl and h T ^ w n cha™ with dS-and^precision That chaTm along with BelafTnS fantastic and undeniab e energy and showmaLhip

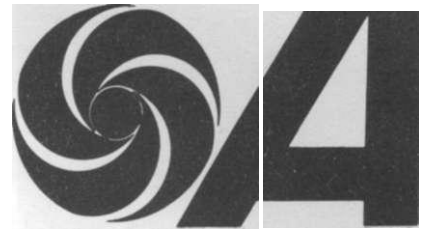
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WsTeauallv « S™ diti^ns of music from Israel Z Wes Indies

he blues £^ havingvou^ voice break i the end of a phrLe

The paradox is that it is so much easier to discuss and point to the artistry of Belafonte's work, when Charles is more deserving of the word. And the unfortunate thing is that it is only rarely that a choice does not have to be made between the approaches these men represent.

—Joe Goldberg



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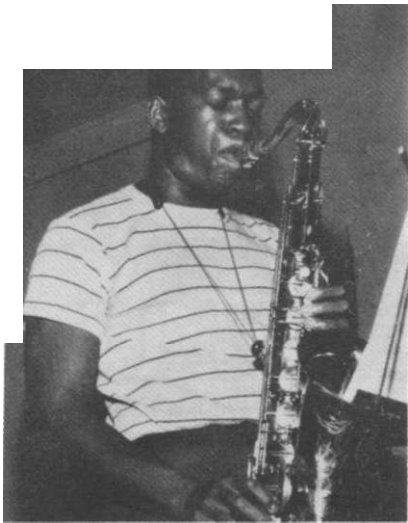


photo by Edmond Edwards

JOHN COLTRANE: *Soultrane*,
Prestige 7142.

Good Bait finds Trane rocking and bouncing in a dancer's groove. He is a shouter, indeed at times a screamer. The intensity of feeling is hot and one's foot is apt to start tapping. Red Garland lays down some petunil-scented chords loaded with tension, heat and song which have the effect of bringing everyone closer together and in his solo he delights the ears with a few dazzling figures employing most of the keyboard lines that contain a rhythmic vitality and a blinked slyness. After Paul's solo we have a section of fours, notable for Trane's hot return, making two statements which are happy hair raisers.

The ballad, *I Want to Talk About You*, is realized in Trane's particularly haunted way. His ballad approach in general is one in which the realities of the day assert themselves—he is detached, dry, melancholy, fearful and yearning.

Devices such as tremolo and rubato can be interesting depending on the ingenuity of the person playing. If the tremolos lack interesting harmonic implications, the result is a throwback to silent movie days or the piano roll. If the rubatos are pompous and devoid of all musical life (which would come from interesting sounds and rhythms culminating in a logical musical thought) then they are lies because they have no basis in reality.

During the second and third chorus of Coltrane's improvisations on the attractive *You Say You Care*, the group attains a good group feeling (all the players support Trane, attaining an intensity that complements his playing.) The selection of this tune demonstrates another facet of Trane's ability, the ability to see

unfamiliar material and turn it into a forceful jazz expression. This is one way of gauging his musical ability and is also additional evidence of his stature in relation to the rest of the field. *Russian Lullaby* is taken at a jet's tempo with Paul Chambers playing in an even rockbottom way which anchors the rhythm section and makes it easier for Coltrane to fly.

Coltrane at times seems to play away from everyone rhythmically, and yet his line has a time that is angular and evil and laden with its own rhythm. His playing sometimes becomes a mirror of the past reminding one of the precision of Benny Carter, Stitt, and Gordon of the late 40s, with the texture of Pres. His interval conception is a whole one as he utilizes large and small intervals. He uses the entire range of his horn. In ballads, he ventures into areas of sound that are uncommon. One is reminded of Hodges, his security of tone in the higher registers. Also the vocal feeling of Eckstine and Sarah. In his blues playing there is Bird as well as Rollins. In short his expression is a Lautiful and meaningful one. His education and ex-

SdtiTSen Hfc Hodel GffIS
Miles and Monk

His own ability, his perception and wisdom show themselves in his own compositions, the organization sound-wise in such pieces as *Training In, Straight Street*, etc. In short, his tone is beautiful because it is functional. In other words, it is always involved in saying something. You can't separate the means that a man uses to say something from what he ultimately says. Technique is not separate from its content in a great artist.

—Cecil Taylor

MILES DAVIS: *Milestones*, Columbia CL 1193

Side 1: *Dr. Jekyll*, while not especially melodic, gives the group an excellent opportunity to "stretch out." The eights and fours between Miles and Philly Joe Jones are fiery and invigorating. Paul Chambers, in spite of the fast tempo, takes a soulful solo. The exchange of choruses between Coltrane and Cannonball is the high point of the track, and the rhythm section is very stable throughout.

Sid's Ahead is, in reality, the old, and now classic, *Walkin'*. During his solo, Coltrane is very clever and cre-

ative in his handling of the substitute chords. Miles strolls (without piano) beautifully. He is a true musical conversationalist. Cannonball is quite "funky" at times, and Chambers exemplifies his ability to create solo lines in the manner of a trumpeter or saxophonist.

The third track, *Two Bass Hit*, opens with everyone on fire—particularly Philly, whose punctuation and attack are as sharp as a knife. Coltrane enters into his solo moaning, screaming, squeezing, and seemingly projecting his very soul through the bell of his horn. I feel that this man is definitely blazing a new musical trail. Philly and Red Garland back the soloists like a brass section, an effect which always creates excitement.

Side 2: The theme of *Milestones* is unusual, but surprisingly pleasant—particularly the bridge where Miles answers the other horns, achieving an echo effect. Philly's use of sticks on the fourth beat of every bar is quite tasteful. Cannonball cleverly interweaves melodies around the changes. Miles is as graceful as a swan, and Coltrane is, as usual, full of surprises.

Red Garland, who is undoubtedly one of today's great pianists, is spotlighted in *Billy Boy* with Philly and Paul. The arrangement is tightly knit and well played. Red employs his block chord technique on this track and plays a beautiful single line, as well. Philly and Paul do a wonderful job, both soloing and in the section.

Straight No Chaser is a revival of a Thelonious Monk composition of a few years ago—the spasmodic harmony makes it quite interesting. Cannonball is excellent on this track. I may be wrong, but he seems to have been influenced somewhat by Coltrane. Miles paints a beautiful picture, as surely as with an artist's brush. He has a sound psychological approach in that he never plays too much. He leaves me, always "wanting to hear more."

I have heard no one, lately, who creates like Coltrane. On this track, he is almost savage in his apparent desire to play his horn thoroughly.

Red plays a single line solo with his left hand accompanying off the beat. He closes the solo with a beautiful harmonization of Miles' original solo on *Now's The Time*. Here, Philly goes into a subtle 1-2-3-4 beat on the snare drum behind Red's solo, setting it off perfectly. This is the best track of the album.

In closing, I'd like to say—keep one eye on the world and the other on John Coltrane.

DUKE ELLINGTON: *The Cosmic Scene*—Columbia CL-1198.

Personnel: Duke Ellington's Spacemen: Ellington, piano; Sam Woodyard, drums; Jimmy Woode, bass; John Sanders, Britt Woodman, Quentin Jackson, trombones; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Paul Gonsalves, tenor; Clark Terry, trumpet.

Perhaps I was misled by the title of this album or perhaps by my own admiration for Duke Ellington, but I expected the Spacemen to really take off in *The Cosmic Scene*. However, these Spacemen are a most nonchalant group of explorers

My first reaction to the record was that here is a lukewarm session in which no one really extends himself, a sort of restrained, watered-down Ellington group with none of the excitement or extroverted crackle of the big band. After more careful re-listening I decided that while far from great Ellington the music is rehed ver^adequate jazz played

aren' trying to make the moon after

Still, I had hoped for more, because of Duke. I think the basic trouble lies in the fact that the listener does not feel Duke's presence strongly enough. If you have ever been to a club where the Ellington band is appearing and have arrived before Duke has come to work you will remember how the orchestra plays along just fine without him, but the 2ute he show ^T a front the band the entire suddenly ignited inspired by h s Presence and S m S ^ ! W

work yet

Body and Soul is the most blowing track on the lp, with Paul Gonsalves' warmly sensual tenor snowballing several slow choruses into a soaring up-tempo flight. The ensemble is in a more mellow tone on *Early Autumn* and *Midnight Sun*.

Of the three originals, *Jones* (by Ellington and Clark Terry) is the least routine and most swinging—a blues with the brass gurgling out riffs behind Gonsalves at the close. *Bass-ment* features some good piano, rather un-Dukish sounding low-register lines (you could almost say "funk")? vet iLntifiably EUington in touch and phrasing

The rather down-home *St. Louis Blues* concludes with a good deal of polyphonic recreation: the repetitive melodic figures of the tenor and trumpet are answered by the trombones, while Jimmy Hamilton's clarinet fluently spins counter-melodies above. Throughout, Duke's piano is

sparse, even dropping out completely for a time, outlining chord changes sparsely enough to give the solo horns plenty of leeway.

Quite frankly, I don't believe the Spacemen ever really get off the ground long enough to make *The Cosmic Scene*. But maybe they didn't intend to.

—Mimi Clar

JIMMY LUNCEFORD and his Orchestra. Decca DL 8050.

JIMMIE LUNCEFORD in Hi-Fi. Capitol TAO 924.

The Decca album, "Jimmy Lunceford and His Orchestra," is made up of 78's originally recorded between 1935 and 1940. The Capitol album, "Jimmie Lunceford in Hi-Fi," is a "reconstruction" of Lunceford. It was produced with great love and care by Billy May who used top Los Angeles players/including four or five men who held important chairs in Lunceford's band during the 30's.

The music itself in the first album is far from fine art. It is nowhere near say, Ellington's work in quality, but it does, however, have great charm and an open, almost infenuous flavor. The portions of compositional validity do not usually extend for any length. One passage may be lovely and complete, followed by another passage as good but bearing no relationship (not even contrasting relationship) to the first passage. Worse an imaginative and spontaneous passage may be followed by a passage of utter nonsense.

Impromptu is excellent writing, but too much writing; the result is confused. The saxophone background on *By the River Saint Marie* is worse than that on a stock orchestration. The voice-leading of the saxophones on *Annie Laurie* is inept, as it is frequently in this album. (The brass voice-leading is not much better, but brass cover up internal trouble more easily than saxophones do.)

The first two sections of *Yard Dog Mazurka* are excellently connected; the contrapuntal *pot pourri* is great. How sad that the guitar bridge was inserted. Even worse is the attempt (right after the guitar solo) to pick up where things left off.

HeU's Bells is the most uneven piece of music in the album. The use of wood blocks is delightful. They help create a gay macabre tone—a touch of Hallowe'en. This goblin-esque is heard on *Stratosphere* also.

Perhaps the most serious compositional flaw is the way the pieces are ended. Somerset Maugham said,



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"Anyone can begin a good book but not anyone can end it." The endings of more than half the pieces are incomplete or brutalized. The most incomplete is *Saint Marie*, which bees for two more quarter notes on the fourth and first beats following. The most brutal ending is that of *Annie Laurie*, one of several which are "buttoned" with a choked high-hat.

The improvised solos in this album are on the whole not good. Only Trummy Young comes anywhere near making an organic and developed statement. On a different level, however, several of the alto saxophone and trumpet solos are very good "band" solos. That is, they are not of great compositional importance in themselves but they fit the general tone of the preceding and following material; they mark time graciously (the alto solo on *Marie* for example) and connect with the prevailing nature of the piece.

The worst of the improvisation is an absurdity. It is like the incoherent rambling of a "third" alto man who writes some of the vocal charts and gets three chances a night to express himself at our expense. See the clarinet solo on *Siesta at the Fiesta*.

Although I approve of pre-1940 solo length, not believing that Sonny Rollins has gone beyond Lester Young on any level, the cut-up solo segments in these pieces would hamper even the good improviser. He is here asked to play for sixteen bars, lay out for a bridge, and then pick up the chain of thought.

In addition, the whole setting of the music is not particularly conducive to improvisation. The chord progressions do not suggest melodic connection, the backgrounds are too prominent or too jerky, and the music is basically orchestral rather than soloistic.

As a performing group the band is a marvel. It is not as good as good could be, **but it is something!** The brass as a unit and the trumpets as a section know moments of fire and spontaneity and art and cohesion. The plunger brass passages on *Pigeon Walk* are wonderful. Do listeners who don't play brass instruments know the difficulty of a passage like this? The trumpets call to God or *Annie Laurie*. They are loud and brassy but they do not attack *^oM^y^oioye* and *sun-iir*. The stiffling of *Yard Dog* *MYzurkc* is like a caricature. It is affirmative caricature.

This band at times plays with an untouchable ensemble—with good attack and release, matched articulation throughout the winds, and beau-

tiful shadings of volume.

However, the intonation is often bad (especially in the saxophones) and the section balance of saxophones or of trombones is rarely uniform (the fact that these were recorded before our era of Enlightened Stereophony will not excuse this). The drums are badly tuned throughout and the drummer's playing is often sloppy.

On the whole, though, this band can teach us much. Few groups play with the enthusiasm and elan of Lunceford. The glory of being an ensemble player is not even comprehensible to most musicians now. Goodbye to a sweeter day!

There are two ways to approach old material. One is to extract and re-form. Since this is often done so badly it is less popular but is still tempting. This is what Shorty Rogers did in his Basie album. He re-cast Basie in his own image—giving Basie higher brass, better individual playing, some new harmonies more players, and more uniformly good soloists. He lost though the best qualities of Basie. What is more important he did not come up with an art object as good as Basie's band (the old one for this case. A new one has made even greater error than Rogers did).

A really deplorable example of this approach was Georgie Auld's Broadwayizing of Lunceford. Auld took Lunceford's charm and turned it into a species of Bronx show-biz. His tribute to Lunceford was loud, fast, fierce, and filled with trumpet screams and trombone splats.

May, on the other hand, has tried to produce a Lunceford sound as it would be if recorded today. He has been scholarly, perhaps excessively so. He has added a couple of men but I don't think he has added actual parts. (I'm not positive, of course since all the original versions of these pieces are not available to me.) In general May has stuck with the letter and the spirit of Lunceford.

The defects of the music noted in the above Decca album are, of course, still here. But the performance is different.

The drummer is not quite right for the music but he gets a lovely lightness at times, especially with the high-hat. The brass shakes on the introduction of *Uptown Blues* are fantastic. On this *Annie Laurie* the brass play three different types of 8th notes (roughly (a) even (b) dotted 8th's and 16th's, and (c) quarter and 8th triplets) with cohesion and sensitivity. The intonation throughout the album is im-

peccable.

When I played this album for Paul Desmond he commented: "Wouldn't Lunceford have loved to take these guys (Conrad, Gozzo, Pete Candoli, *et al*) on the road!" The players here are superb. Man for man they are better than those Lunceford had.

May's band is a better band but they don't play better than the Lunceford band. They could, I'm sure, if they spent three years or even three months together. But they haven't the sound a group gets through night-after-night performance with little change of players and just about the same music is not to be gotten any other way.

The moral is, of course, that superb players should in some way be fielded together so that the heights of large jazz orchestra performance could be reached. These two albums direct us toward the heights, certainly.

—William Russo

SONNY ROLLINS: Freedom Suite,
Riverside 12-258

Side 1: The opening theme of the *Suite* has a strong folk quality and is also reminiscent of a show-type tune. Max Roach creates a great deal of rhythmic excitement and Pettiford, one of the all time giants of jazz, walks like an elephant.

Following the opening theme, Rollins, as usual, fully exploits his instrument. He seems to possess a rare gift which enables him to play whatever comes to his mind and make it sound good. Pettiford indicates that, even after years of being one of the top bassists, he still retains the brilliance and creativity of a true genius.

The second theme is Russian in feeling. It is in the minor mode and played in a 6/8 meter.

The third theme, a beautiful lush ballad, brings to my mind the image of a city after hours. It loses some of its character, however, when Max solos along with Pettiford.

After a recapitulation of the second theme, Rollins goes into a fourth, up tempo, theme. The rhythm punctuation adds tremendously to the mood. Rollins, Max, and Pettiford then let their hair down in an exchange of fours.

The *Suite* is ended tastefully with two bars of a folk theme played at a much slower tempo.

I should like to mention, at this point, my feeling that Sonny Rollins has been almost completely unrecognized as a composer. It is my belief that his compositions are worthy of being classified with those of Horace Silver, Gigi Gryce, John Lewis, George Russell, and Thelonious Monk. It is surely time for the public to become aware of this other talent.

Side 2: On track 1, Rollins plays *Someday I'll Find You* first in 3/4 time and then in a deep-rooted 4/4. Pettiford again proves his mastery of the bass. Rollins and Roach, playing a bar each, build to an unusual climax.

Rollins' playing on *Will You Still Be Mine*, especially in the bridge, is extremely soulful. During his solo he seems to glide along, lazily weaving in and out of the changes. The switch back to 3/4 time is unexpected and effective.

With the exception of a 1-2-3-4 cymbal beat behind Pettiford's solo, *TU There Was You* was played by Rollins and Pettiford alone. Although the solos were good in form, there is little excitement on this track.

Although Rollins managed to be quite subtle on *Shadow Waltz*, I don't especially like the sound of his horn on this track. The timbre (distinguishable sound) of the horn resembles that of a baritone sax. Possibly his reed went soft.

The exchange of fours between Rollins and Roach while Pettiford continues to walk is very exciting. Roach moves very cleanly out of his 4/4 solo back into 3/4.

—Benny Golson

CLARK TERRY WITH THE-
LONIOUS MONK: *In Orbit*. Riverside 12-262.

Only churls could have serious objections to Clark Terry's *In Orbit* album and yet it may go undervalued. Its most immediately striking quality is friendliness; everyone wants to be agreeable, and is. This quality is rare enough nowadays to be worth remarking, and Clark's gifts are exactly suited to bringing it out. He has a limited fancifulness rather than any wide-ranging imagination, and a formal melodiousness that is not "hard" enough to be epigrammatic—it would be more just to say a made-by-hand quality.

Thelonious Monk adapts himself with great tact, and on the whole the record gives the impression of try-

ing to sustain this lyrical quality, much more poignant because it isn't really trying to break anybody's heart. The exception seems to be *Pea-Eye*, which is rather hard-breathing. And Sam Jones's long solo in *One Foot in the Gutter* is too much a string of standard bass figures, too little an attempt to prolong the rather special twilight atmosphere of the whole. But *Trust In Me* is in a way the lyrical center of the program; Monk has an uncharacteristic, very successful light chorus. Terry evidently likes this tune (I wonder if he ever heard Dakota Staton's record?); *Argenuea*, one of his originals, is a kind of unconscious reminiscence of it. This piece is allowed to go on too long, but it is characteristic of Terry's work that after he runs out of ideas he doesn't react by punishing his instrument—he sort of clears his throat and waits for something to turn up.

The record has not only an unusual emotional continuity (not in the least suggested by the album title nor in the liner-notes) but a consistency in exploring certain musical devices. With all the recent talk about polyrhythms, it is difficult to recall that the business of implying a superimposing of one tempo on another not by rhythmic devices but by monkeying around with melodic and harmonic resources—that this sort of exploration, though common in classical music, has only recently been investigated in jazz, doubtless because improvising such a complexity is unusually risky. However, Monk has done this kind of thing before, of course: mainly by setting up an ostinato against which single notes are intermittently sprayed, and Clark really has the ability modern horn-men are alleged to have, to suggest a leisurely tune in the midst of very-up figuration. The combination of these skills works out fruitfully on this record. So does the trick—it is really no more than that, I suppose—of forcing the listener to belle in a simultaneous three-four and four-four in *One Foot in the Gutter*, by roughly the same means Ravel uses in the second movement of the Concerto in G. And *Moonlight Fiesta* is not the customary languorous Latin melody against a busy background mainly because Philly Joe's drumming is itself polyrhythmic and Monk, who never plays rhythm niano' partners Terry as if both were off in another room somewhere. It is stated no more perhaps because nobody trusted in the possibility of carrying such a precarious situation for more than a chorus and a half.

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The team of Terry & Monk holds
together not only because both men
have musical tact, but because their
melodic practise is so divergent:
Terry's pet figure seems to be the
third, especially the third descending
(though he sometimes makes a toy
like fanfare by repeating the top
note); Monk's taste for dissonance is
beautifully complementary.

A word must be said, I suppose,
about Terry's use of fluegelhorn
throughout. But it is so obvious that
he has used the tone of his instru-
ment with the surest taste, aware of
its humble, mournful character. *Very
Near Blue*, a march-to-the-gallows
kind of piece, is the frankest exam-
ple of this, but this subtle considera-
tion is still more gratifyingly shown
elsewhere in the album.

—Glenn Coulter

JEAN THIELMANS: *Man Bites
Harmonica*. Riverside 12-257.

This is another "blowing date," i.e.,
a pick-up group, no arrangements or
extended composition to speak of, and
little or no rehearsal time. These limi-
tations make it essential in an extem-
poraneous session to have either the
bond of a common style or to have
one or two players with musical per-
sonalities strong enough to give the
music direction.

This might have been a "hard-bop"
date, very stylized but very intense
except for Thielmans who really
doesn't feel it that way. He's more of
a lyrical player a romanticist, not as
concerned with "the" changes and
very precise! time as for instance,
ISJSSZLBhi feel the same lack

as Td7betw.r.n Miles DavS and
Tohn ColtranTwhose connection mu-
sica UvS
and lLnarS
r&n.hut neither of ffZ
or frncef,l enouJbfo direct the music
intclsJ consistent groove

The most swinging moment in the
album belongs to Kenny Drew. His
approach is light and happy. He is
not savagely intent on proving that
the piano is a horn. Rhythmically, he
reminds me of Peterson without
Oscar's Hamptonesque franticism.
WilbuJ Ware demonstrates again
what an intelligent soloist he is, and
Art Taylor is an unobtrusive drum-
mer—which is a compliment in this
day and age

_Bob Wilbur

GOSPEL SINGING IN WASH-
INGTON TEMPLE. Westminster
WP-6089.

Some of the finest music today
emanates from the Negro churches
of America. Unfortunately, too few
outsiders get the opportunity to hear
it.

Ernestine Washington and the con-
gregation of the Washington Temple
in Brooklyn, New York, provided an
illuminating cross-section of the Ne-
gro church service as it takes place
every week "come Sunday." The
sincerity the exaltation the power-
ful S K S S k S
gospd songs are in themselves a
C.^Z i r a ^ o n ^ o r ^ I S e r
But one nmtow^on
when the mush L offeree fan in-

Sf Tbi "some binrmore" 7s a
sense of completeness « a realization
that this is not just music for arts
sake but ,s a functioning, organic
vehice of the religious experience.
Excellen though the singing remains
by itself, it is the constant anti-
phonal responses of the congregation
to the singers and musicians-the
handclaps, the remarks of assent, the
interjections of encouragement, the
repetition of musical phrases-that
lift the gospel song to its truly glon-
ous heights.

The essence of the entire service is
given here: preaching, choral and
solo singing, instrumental music, per-
sonal testimony, and congregational
outcries. *J-E-S-U-S Spells Jesus*,
which leads directly into an address
by Bishop Washington is one of those
all-stops-out bursts of rhythmic ener-
gy that reaches a blasting conclusion.
(Notice troughthat no matter how
renetic' the song the ending is al-
ways slowed to a dignified ritard.)
So ^ Washington's S sermon
contains a blendPo^Biblical imaTry"
anreverydarexmrience^underlined
as heSnd ^ thSn i U o r ^ h a S
BlshorW^m^S^r«Ses^
ITrtt in Gof uttering the words
to each nbrase before it is sung by
Sister WasSgton

Holdin' On is notable for the slow,
ad-libbed first section which paves
the way for a shouting, hollering up-
beat rock, when everybody picks up
the tempo at once-bang!-in per-
fect rhythm. The number then comes
to a halt only to be resumed a key
higher As the intensity of feeling
builds throughout the piece, the
speed rate of the performance also
Ureases

Sister Washington, of course, is
the key artist on the record. Hers is

a voice which, in the true spirit of the Psalms, makes a loud, joyful noise in praise of the Lord. Her song is the moving expression of one who does not sell out spiritually or musically.

The album notes by Chuck Gerhardt bring out some significant points about gospel music and also offer texts of the various songs. Lester Krauss's color cover photo well-captures the spirit of music presented,

—Mimi Clar



THE DRINKARD SINGERS and the BACK HOME CHOIR: Gospel singing at Newport. Verve MG V-8245

ANITA O'DAY: The Winners. Verve Verve MG V-8283.

JUNE CHRISTIE: Gone For the Day. Capitol T-902.

CHRIS CONNOR: A Jazz Date. Atlantic 1286.

MEL TORME: At The Crescendo, Coral 57012.

JACKIE PARIS: The Jackie Paris Sound. East-West 4002.

All these records are of only peripheral interest to jazz listeners. One of them offers music of a kind that was and is important to the jazz musician; the rest show the exploitation of jazz devices. But I think a great deal is lost by blurring the classifications that must exist.

Much has been made, lately, of the place of church music in jazz. The men currently most in favor eagerly claim kinship with it, and a number of pieces deliberately explore the supposed similarity (with more or less respect and affection). There is no doubt about the value of this awareness, even if at times one feels that certain musicians make the claim only to make us believe in their possession of an emotional power they plainly lack. In any case the best "use" of church music is' not being made by any particular hornman; rather it is the structural influence on Mingus most notably that is worthy of study.

Both the Drinkard and Back Home groups retain a devotion to the original purpose of their music. They are dramatic in the way of any liturgical act; that is, they risk monotony in order to enforce conviction. This is most evident in the numbers which are founded on antiphonal principles, and those which create momentum by the incessant repetition of a brief figure—a riff, in jazz, but in this context a devotional response as

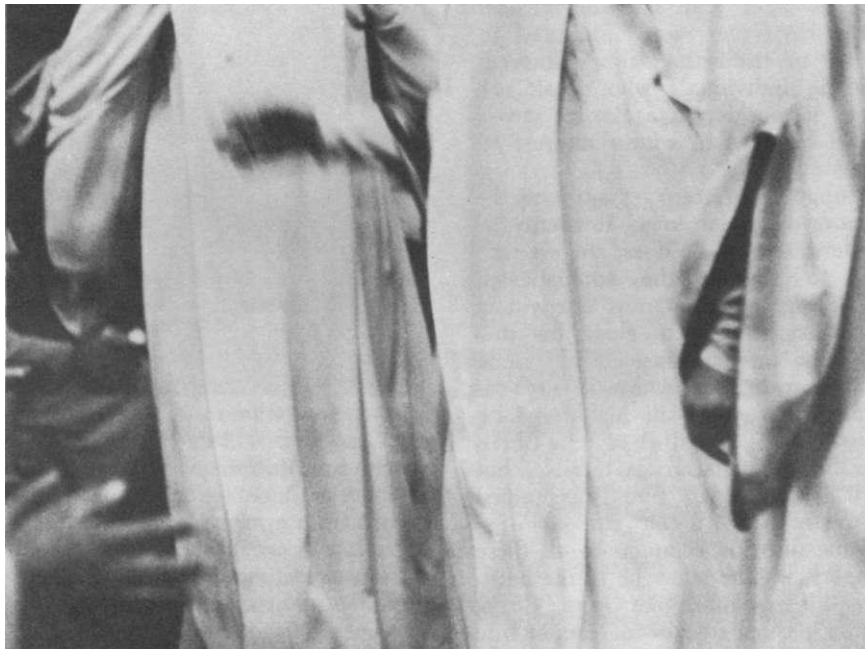


photo by Roy de Carava

in a litany.

The other structural principle used by these gospel singers is the most familiar nowadays, thanks to the gifted Mahalia Jackson: a few simple chords, very slow, decorated by the most poignant melismas. (Mingus's *Love Chant* seems based on this idea.) All church music has retained this style. In very early organum however the intention seems to be almost maaly ecstatic (nothing could be more^fooHsh than the modern practice of smother^ligious musk^ in decorum) ^gopddwin aremonTaptte'suggest So n The eaXrrmsk portrays E induces portrays,

Having to speak so much in terms of intention raises the problem of sincerity, for what it is worth. There is no doubt that from the standpoint of the esthete these singers stir up an excess of emotion; they are, in a sense, faking. Recognizing this, how-

ever, one must keep in mind that these are not intended as public performances. They have a religious motive primarily, and the necessity for religious ceremonial has nothing to do with what the critic calls sincerity.

Much of this record presents extraordinarily harsh singing (part of the trouble is mike placement). Indeed however necessary the record is—and it is most illuminating—very little of it seems to me enjoyable for its own sake. Except for Carrie Smiths singing of / *Want Jesus to Walk With Me* which is on the same level as Mahalli Jackson's work. hht record is better for reference for oSonaT doping into than for repeateriistening

The use by Mingus and others of church music hardly needs defending as a true instance of inspiration.

We must now turn to those elements of jazz which have made their way into popular music.

In all artistic activity there is likely to be some confusion of esthetic and erotic claims. Accordingly, it is tempting to form our taste on this non-rational basis. Popular music has learned to capitalize on our confusion. If the average sixteen-year-old likes, say, Pat Boone or Doris Day, he does so because the sound and style of these singers suggest the boy or girl next door: someone familiar enough to rob sexual experimentation of its terrors. At eighteen, the same teenager likes rock and roll, with its implication of desires **SO** furious as to be past remedy. It would be foolish to charge this teenager with lack of **mS** taste. He is no more interested in music in itself than the **tb^sTrtarUS** looking individuals who leak off hand in pocket to a Bardot movie could be accused of an **ZreTin** cinematic art

Suppose our teenager survives the terrors of adolescence. At twenty he prefers, or says he does, singers who try to suggest the sophisticated worldling. Only by now our young man has learned to cloak his predilection in a pretense of judgment. It is a rare man who will say (as Martin Russ says in his absorbing journal of marine life) of June Chris-

V 1'A ty: "Her intonation is terrible, but will say, as Sylvia Sims was quoted in **Down Beat**, "I sell sex."

One thing is common to all these singers, whether they be of the hard-breathing school, like June, Chris, Anita on ballads or of the belting school, like Dinah, Lena, Dakota. They are not engaged in making music; their business is to use music as a pretext for erotic convention. Usually the conventions are the well-worn ones: candlelight, wine, the bearskin rug before glowing embers, and the lyrics offer \ fair jumping^ off place.

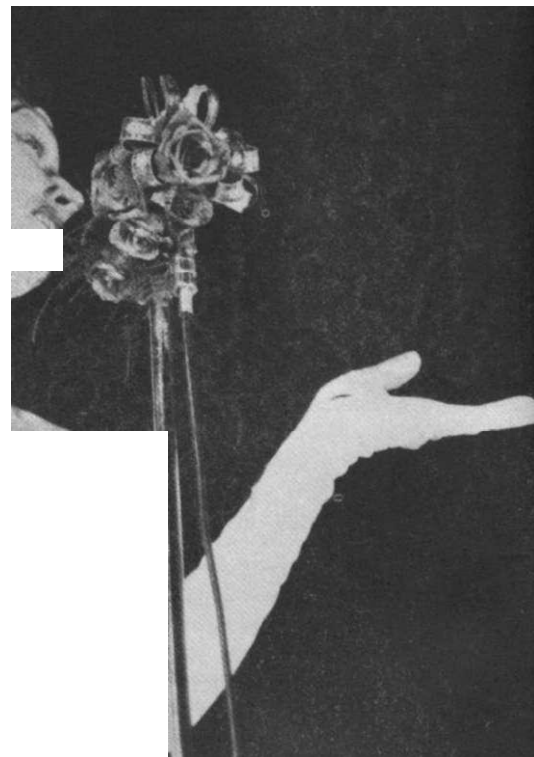
In saying all this I don't mean to deny a certain amount of skill to the singers I am writing of; I only question the use to which these skills are put. June and Chris and others have the usual qualities of those ladies who sing with a band. As old-timers will recall, such ladies had to meet at least one musical requirement: they had to have the savvy to get up a number rather quickly, and show the audience how the melody went and what the lyrics said. For the rest, they provided the show with its sex appeal. These girls, most of whom were named Helen at one time, were appropriate to the innocuous dance music popular in their day. So were June and Chris appropriate to the band of Stan Kenton: there was the

photo by Leroy Lucas

same substitution of tenseness for drive, the same agreeing to be different from everybody else, the same agreeing to occupy a sort of twilight zone between popular music and jazz.

Where these singers are concerned, tenseness is a disturbingly literal description. The vocal chords are continually tight, perhaps to simulate that hoarseness which in time becomes a permanent result. This sonority is as far as possible from the aerated sonority of Lester Young, which it was no doubt intended to resemble. And of course the procedure makes everyone sound alike, completely defeating what is apparently of paramount concern to these ladies: to get a "new" "sound," though what virtue this is supposed to be, in itself, has always escaped me.

So with the melodic approach. Mere embellishment does not make a jazz performance, least of all embellishments so executed as to be indistinguishable from the melodic line: the result is to overburden a tune which may already be too flowery for the threadbare underlying progressions. And if these singers were truly interested in jazz, they should have been told that hot intonation is something other than singing flat, just as swing is more than a matter of lagging behind the



beat. The constant flattening isn't consistent, however, except in intention; something in faulty technique makes these singers go sharp at inconvenient times.

Having undertaken this general discussion, I see little reason to examine the records at hand in any detail. By now everyone knows how to trace the Anita School through June down to Chris; what happens is not dilution of the original set of mannerisms but exaggeration. What distinguishes Anita is not so much her comparative restraint as her humor. She has very evidently an alert imagination, almost a dada quality in the way she monkeys with words (her melodic variations are less remarkable and in her singing all the qualities I have mentioned). Line 2 produced a headmistress like the two people. Any rate, she is one of those whose special delight is the first time around; repetition serves only to diminish pleasure.

The notion of singing a few instrumental classics is of course a kind of stunt, where it is not simply a matter of Anita's singing a ballad that originally was a ballad. Doubtless there are those who will take to the stunt more amiably than I do. Strangely enough, the ballads fare

less well than such things as *Move*; one waits impatiently for *Tenderly* to be done with, and the extreme elaboration of *Body and Soul* is too curious to be an effective communication.

When, on a television show last summer, Eddie Condon introduced Chris Connor, with a flourish, as June Christy, his mistake was one that even the most sober among us might have been guilty of. I feel some embarrassment at having to mention, in a magazine of this sort, their obvious resemblance, to say nothing of their derivation from Anita. It is curious that imitation does not always take place by a diluting of the original; sometimes it is exaggeration. When this occurs, the latest in line offers the critic more: he can say of Christy that she gives us everything Anita does except Anita's humor, which is the best she has to offer. Chris Connor's records offer a great deal more— even less humor, a caricature of Anita's Chicago diction (Chris makes a diphthong of every vowel— in this lies her sophistication) throatier tone quality— a less fastidious and a greater concern **STazz tekZues ThfruitTo"hiTconcSn remmmre of movies which m^ducers swing no rinse have sSen^maCau**

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The trappings of jazz are here indeed, but where is its spirit? It would take a better critic than I to make the distinctions. But surely we can say that jazz, like any music, is important only when it communicates a kind of commentary on life. We all know that the best human beings can do with each other, in art or any way, is to communicate, and we know that "commentary on life" does not involve anything which can be paraphrased. Yet faced with the specific, I can only call 'em as I see 'em; and I do not see that the singers I am discussing have made any communication. They have surely spent

lives as important and arduous as any, but they present us with no record of them. Maybe they are not anxious to communicate; their aim may be only to stimulate.

Two male vocalists may help us throw some light on this matter. Neither Jackie Paris nor Mel Torme seems to have won the celebrity due him. If we forget the velvet fog days of Torme, a popularity that apparently resulted from press-agentry, we have to conclude that the public hardly knows them at all. Surely, this can't be a critically inspired neglect. Whatever their deficiencies, these men have some awareness of what they're doing. Torme in particular, on Coral's *Crescendo* record anwav reveals a fidelity to pitch and a security in florid passages that as a technical accomplishment can hardly be matched. The Paris sound, in the album of that name, is less surely controlled— two or three numbers hav him rathr ill at ease in **S... TMrmed up and » was lurerDaLimonTous** of the label not to ask for retakes— but even when uncomfortable Paris is still a **no Sonal**

Yet each of these singers leaves me dissatisfied. For all his training and experience, each is betrayed by a fundamental insecurity. Torme has switched from crooning to popularized bop to composing to straight acting, and to recording *Porgy & Bess*; Paris has vacillated between jazz and popular music most of his career. Even in the space of one record apiece, they do not settle down. Torme is obliged to heat up each of his songs; this seems almost regulation for *From This Moment On* and for the rest of course a club audience must have its money's worth. But the total effect is too much like that of the Paris recital, in which every one comes eaimjed' with the **usuaf** tacked on ol **7s** if nekhesmger could be sure he'd[done iustice O^ perWs neither reafly behive in the vaue of musk fwhimsX

The musician never lived, probably, who was impelled by wholly disinterested motives. Most need to make money; most want to shine before the public. But the true artist surely forgets these wishes in his desire to simply make music. Those who are unable to ignore the power of those stimuli seem to lose, in the end both worlds. They do not satisfy themselves, they can give an audience but a momentary or a fitful pleasure and they do not make music. *They* make use of music.

—Glenn Coulter



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Reconsiderations 3

King Pleasure: *Parker's Mood*; Annie Ross: *Twisted*. King Pleasure Sings—Annie Ross Sings. Prestige 7128.

Recent reissues of some King Pleasure and some Annie Ross recordings, and the recent revival of interest in vocal versions of famous instrumental performances, suggest a review of critical standards for assessing such records. Though their immediate popularity is based on the appeal of novelty, that novelty is soon exhausted. Their survival must depend on more solid merits which should at least include musical fidelity to their model, lyrics that reinforce the expression of the music, and an end result in performance that shows, as the Marxists would say, surplus value added by labor. Musical fidelity is no more than the duty which an adapter owes the originator, and since the singer is both adapter and interpreter the lyrics set to the musical line should interpret and reinforce the musical content. Finally, if the performance does not intensify the impact of the music, there is no justification for the vocal version except novelty.

Few tracks on this lp would sustain examination along these lines. Even a comparison of the most interesting tracks, *Parker's Mood* and *Twisted*, to their models seems like harnessing butterflies to the plow. Still, some interesting conclusions appear.

The largest obstacle to musical fidelity is technique. Take the selection of tempo: Parker played *Parker's Mood* at about 165, Pleasure at 130; Grav's *Twisted* is 192, Miss Ross' is 155.

Reducing the tempo is legitimate enough, but if the whole performance is limited to the running time of a ten-inch 78 rpm record, some cuts must be made. Pleasure made the simplest and safest cut. He was working with a no-theme blues, and he simply cut out the one chorus solo that followed the piano solo, and went right into the out of tempo tag. Miss Ross' method was more elaborate and harder to understand. Gray's *Twisted* was structured like this: a single chorus of theme running into a three chorus improvisation; three contrasting choruses, two by piano and one bass; another improvised chorus that contains a short drum solo running into two closing theme choruses. Miss Ross altered this into two theme choruses, the three solo choruses, one instrumental chorus, and two closing theme choruses. She deleted only two choruses, but she substituted a repeat of the theme for the interesting improvised chorus that included the drum solo. The result has lost the smooth flow of the first four choruses which Grav was careful to emphasize by building the theme and improvisation of the same kind of phrase and the admirer's *asymmetrical* rhythmic pattern into a dull symmetrical one.

Technical problems affect other purely musical elements too. I am reminded of Josephine Tey's comment after hearing two children practice piano, "Ruth puts in all the tiddly bits and the expression and

doesn't care how many wrong notes she strikes, but with Jane it's accuracy or nothing." King Pleasure knew the importance of producing the tonal quirks, the slurs and inflections, that were an important part of Parker's blues expression, but he does not seem to have had control enough to imitate Parker's gradually increasing volume on ascending melodic lines. He understandably omits the fluff in the 4th bar and the grace note in bar 14, but he hardly even approximates the runs in bars 8 and 9 and he seriously weakens phrases ending at bars 7, 11, 15, 17, and 23 by altering the last note to easier intervals. Miss Ross was more successful in singing all the rhythmic nuances of Grav's line but she ignored the tonal inflections that liven Grav's solo as she neglected almost everything in his playing that can not be scored—almost suspects that she worked from a transcription rather than the record itself. She never suggested the power or the "wang" of Wardell's tone as she could have with her small pure voice and *Zlot* serious for

strengths!

Setting words to jazz solos is also technically demanding, but the lyricist needs more than ingenuity; he needs musical sympathy enough to interpret the expressive intent of the original soloist. Since musicians tend to exercise their sense of irony in titling instrumentals, the titles often offer a misleading clue. King Pleas-

1. *Charlie Parker Memorial*—Savoy MG 12009.

2. *Wardell Gray Memorial*—Prestige 7009.

ure again followed a simple method; he set the most difficult passages to snatches of traditional blues lyrics and wrote a "continuity" to hold them together. The result is a set of lyrics that like many older blues, depends on emotional rather than logical cohesion a collage of great unity

Miss Ross started from the title rather than the music. She superimposed over Gray's celebration of masculine vitality another whole view of life: a cute, elaborate, and rather tricky spoof. The conflict is obvious only when her version is compared with the original for she has removed all masculine traces from her version. The sea is reduced and the intention is much less serious. The song between the words and the music has become mechanical rather than organic

Perhaps we should conclude that predominantly solo records like *Parker's Mood* and *Twisted* are not the most suitable material for singers to adapt. The complicated phrasing and the elusive and personal expressive qualities seem more than most singers can sustain. Less ambitious efforts like the early Basie band adaptations were more diffuse and

but a chance for success. Perhaps the whole school is doomed to a degree of aesthetic failure for the best creator of these records is John

years earlier and managed to extract

Our final impression of *Parker's Mood* is a mixture of admiration, pleasure, and exasperation. King Pleasure has done something difficult. He has managed to write and sing a blues lyric that reinforced the meaning of Parker's solo. Our pleasure is increased by the quality which gives the same kind of snobbish satisfaction as an unidentified reference in Joyce or Eliot. The few rhythmic asides and the substitution of the usual values *iotii* [^] *Z* [^] *Perate us in Si*, otherwise fine recording

Our feeling about *Twisted* is more ambiguous. We are convinced of the merits of Wardell Gray's *Twisted*, and we feel that Miss Ross, rather than reinforcing them, has eliminated many of their strongest qualities. This is aesthetically unforgivable yet we are still charmed, not so much by the record but by hearing her sing it in person. In the end I only regard our feeling for *Twisted* as a

swear *wti* [^] *Ito* a [^] *Srb*? TM *era*? morning - *Hsif* *Wen* *Shih*

The Blues

ANY WOMAN'S BLUES

My man ain't acting right, he stays out late at night,
And still he says he love no one but me.
But if I find that gal, that tried to steal my pal,
I'll get her told, just you wait and see.
I feel blue, I don't know what to do,
Every woman in my fix is bound to feel blue too, 'cause . . .

I love my man better than I love myself,
Lord I love my man better than I love myself,
And if he don't have me, he won't have nobody else.

My man got teeth like a lighthouse on the sea,
My man got teeth like a lighthouse on the sea,
And every time he smiles he throws them lights on me.

His voice sounds like chimes, I mean the organ kind,
His voice sounds like chimes, I mean the organ kind,
And every time he speaks his music eases my troubling mind.

(By Lovie Austin. Sung by Bessie Smith, Columbia 13001D.
Transcribed by Roger Pryor Dodge)

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN

In the evenin',
In the evenin',
Mama, when the sun goes down,

In the evenin'

St ft InneJme

~~Baby, when you're not ain't around,~~

When the sun goes down.

Last night when I lay sleeping
I was thinking to myself
Last night I lay to sleeping,
I was thinking to myself,
Well, when the woman I was thinking about
Will mistreat you for somebody else,

When the sun goes down,
When the sun goes down.

The sun rises in the east
At night it sets in the west.
The sun rises in the east, mama,
And it sets in the west.

Well, it's hard to tell,
Hard to tell
Which one will treat you the best
When the sun goes down.

Goodbye, oh sweetheart unfair
Yes, I'm going away
But I may be back to see you
Someday again,
Some old rainy day.

Well, in the evening,
In the evening,
When the sun goes down,
When the sun goes down!

(By Leroy Carr. Bluebird B-5877. Transcribed by Frank Driggs.)

Reviews: Books

Two Guides: Two Views

Recorded Jazz: a Critical Guide, by Rex Harris and Brian Rust, Pelican Books (Penguin), London, 1958.

The Collector's Jazz: Traditional and Swing, by John S. Wilson, J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia and New York, 1958.

by RUDI BLESCH

The critical discography—a kind of "How to Choose Good Records" book—is sorely needed today when the volume of new record releases baffles even the experienced collector. The high fidelity lp is now big business, a perpetually retooling industry with new models daily. It would seem that the endless shower of new disks coupled with the thousands of new collectors would produce a good many discographies. Yet these are perhaps the rarest publications among all music books. Why?

In order to answer this question, we must examine the difficulties precipitated by this new age of plenty. The collector's problem is not merely one of selecting from a huge and varied stock. It is infinitely worse: it is, in effect, the famous Feather Blindfold Test applied to the buyer, cash in advance and no refunds. Granted that the lp, in terms of playing time, is cheap^Vr than the old 78 rpm disk, it is still an expensive single package to buy "sound un^hheard" as is often the case. You can read the album blurb of course. You can read cigarette advertising too—and good luck!

The classical record buyer is more fortunate. He usually knows the opera or symphony he wants—its score is unchanging—and can rely somewhat on the performing artists. For the jazz buyer, however, the musical selection is usually of little help. What, after all, are the scores of *Muskrat Ramble* or *How High the Moon*? The jazz collector is trying to buy a very elusive thing: spontaneous creative inspiration, and neither money nor great iazz names can guarantee a great jazz record. There is in fact never an advance guarantee in jazz—and thank God for that fact, for it is surely this deliberate risky search that is the es⁷sence of jazz.

(continued on facing page)

by T. P. HOFFMAN

For those who need help to slash their way through the proliferation of jazz lps in order to select fruits to their taste, two guide volumes are presently available, both devoted to the older varieties of jazz.

Habitual readers of record reviews will need no introduction to Mr. Wilson, steadily employed by the *New York Times* and *High Fidelity* magazine. He is a rarity in the critical breed, and particularly in jazz; he *likes* things. His current book subtitled "Traditional and Swing" (with the promise of "Modern and Progressive" to come), is a collector's guide replete with Mr. Wilson's many enthusiasms and spiced with sharply critical evaluations or abrupt dismissals of the incompetent. Lest it be thought that Mr. Wilson is a man of indiscriminate enthusiasm, it must be emphasized that his chief asset can be summed up in a single word, taste.

In a short preliminary section entitled "The Background," the journey of jazz up that interminable river is belabored to an unnecessary extent, with the highly significant developments in K.C. brushed off as a "backwater" (Mr. Wilson's expression) in the old upstream surge. But oversimplifications are inevitable in a history of traditional and classic jazz to which a space of only twenty-one pages is allotted; the main value of the volume lies beyond the background.

The bulk of the book is given to a record guide, arranged alphabetically as to artist; the prime criterion for inclusion is current availability on lp. Dixielanders, traditionalists, swingmen, and revivalists each are subjected to usually sympathetic evaluation. In addition, several historical developments are noted which have not received attention elsewhere; one cogent point that does

not escape Mr. Wilson, for example, is the earthy similarity of Garner to Jelly Roll Morton. There appears to be a certain patness, however, in much of the analysis. For example, an overabundance of musical progeny (no fewer than nine) are ascribed to Beiderbecke; all are white cornetists or trumpeters habitually playing in Dixieland groups. Those among them whh a somewhat rougher ("grainy") tone are credited in addition tn .hp RpidprhprlrP nncestry with an ArmsTrong heritage.

The analytical shortcomings are no bar to the usefulness of this volume as a guide to the selection of recordings, however. Mr. Wilson's taste, at least, is sure. He is not blinded to the tawdrv *Dassages* which do pop up in the recordings of even the best, especially in the lpnrrthv pnntevt of two Rides of a 12-nchlp. But he dols point out" the hSh points of a Wording and lets u[^]now whether 2 the record w o r t h E g

The volume from England is an entirely different matter. In the cover biographies, both authors are credited with "uncompromising principles," which in this case can be translated as a narrow-minded refusal. These self-appointed guardians 'of a poorly defined tradition continually fluff off performance by superciliously declaring them not to be iazz. About Goodman's execution L o the Henderson A?L *PorTer* arrangement for examris andTompany takHhe following position: "The music whkh was produced mus noT however be confusedIwSh⁷tazz" andTeAuthors exPk in bSafor this reason they do not Hlrperinnel on the Goodman big bandT records such at **SZFZS Thl Earl MUsionUTMOSCOW**Thsina book ha cruDulously Hsts the third and fourth ban[^]board band £[^]d a n d f7ne>nSc"

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"The subtitle of the Harris book is *A Critical Guide*, a claim we must

bring into some question. The critical level of this volume is fairly represented by the following sum-up of an Art Hodes Blue Note date: "This is a fine blues session for blues lovers." No further than a paragraph away we are told that Omer Simeon has "intuitive jazz phrasing and subtle melodic line, which undulates with great effect." This has a very pretty sound, but bears little relation to the English language, whose usual function in criticism is to express ideas.

Among other howlers perpetrated herein is included the incredible accusation that Red Allen has recently turned to the "bop and modern idiom." Typical of the scholarship is a lengthy paragraph proving geographically that Al Morgan couldn't have played bass on a Blue Blowers recordings, that it must, in fact, have been Pops Foster. The pace devoted to this significant development is roughly equal to the total allotted to Jack Teagarden. Chris Barber, on the other hand, is carefully covered in three-plus pages. The extra-long coverage given many English performer! is likely due to the criterion for inclusion of recordings, which is apparently availability in England on L.P. Some American listings are given but there seems no especial pattern to these.

But enough. Simply, there seems little reason to own the Rust-Harris book when the Wilson volume is superior in nearly all respects and covers a wider range. The one exception: Rust-Harris is reference land on lp. Some American listings in detail for almost all recordings covered.

Finally, Mr. Wilson makes several points in his discussion of the traditional revival which are germane to this review. After dwelling on the purchase of teeth for Bunk and the enticement of Ory out of retirement, he tells us that "The interest in old, old jazz leaped the seas to England ..." A war developed between the two schools of jazz. Then, in the 50's, figs and boppers cooled off (no pun) and traditionalists and modernists began to recognize each others' merits. It is to be hoped that this latter attitude too may leap the seas to England.

BLESB

(continued from facing page)

How many jazz lovers in the making have read an album blurb, bought their first record, and then, discouraged, have never bought another? There must be an appreciable number. All jazz issues are self-admittedly "great." They are also highly variable in quality and nearly astronomical in quantity. Let us face it: today, when jazz is making giant strides toward recognition everywhere, its chief advocate, the phonograph record actually represents a hazard.

It is in this light that the importance of critical jazz discographies becomes apparent. The handy small volume, giving a short jazz history, thumbnail biographies of jazz artists, and a comparatively evaluated list of currently available records, is almost indispensable today.

The discographer and his publisher, however, face some severe difficulties. Records appear, are eliminated, and are replaced by "newer and better" items at an unprecedented rate. The jazz disk,—only "permanent" document of a most fugitive art, disappears almost as rapidly as it appears. To those in the record industry who are oriented toward production-consumption, no jazz disk is irreplaceable. It is a supposedly ephemeral popular item far more vulnerable to discard than the standard classic disk.

Obsolescent records mean obsolete discographies. The only real answer is frequent revised editions—ideally, once a year. But here, another big business intervenes with its particular problem of mounting publishing costs. A discography—already obsolete, mark you even before it reaches the press—must sell extraordinarily well before a revised edition can even be considered.

All in all, we can wonder that any jazz discography ever achieves publication. And yet, here are two actually on sale in the bookstores. Let us treat them with a certain respect as publishing miracles even though both, sensibly enough, are paper back volumes.

The first is a Penguin import, *Record Jazz: a Critical Guide*, compiled by two English authorities on traditional jazz, Rex Harris and Brian Rust. Unquestionably serviceable to English collectors with exclusively traditionalist tastes, this volume can, unfortunately, be of little help to American record buyers. The number of jazz records available in England is small compared with our Lucullan repast. Many of the record listings, too, are those of English bands not available here. In addition, this listing ends with records issued in December, 1956.

John S. Wilson's *The Collector's Jazz: Traditional and Swing* is another matter. Combining a broad point of view with generally sound taste, Wilson has furnished a fair yet remarkably compressed twenty-one page resume of jazz history for the period covered by his book. In the following 276 pages, Wilson has managed to include every large number of records, from "jazz back-grounds" into New Orleans and Chicago and on through the whole swing era, even covering the New Orleans Dixieland revival of the 1940's. In a smooth narrative style he weaves together Wogmphy history and comparatively evaluated record history. In the last minute grasp at a possible up-to-dateness made when the presses were already at work on his manuscript. Finally there is a full index of musicians' names.

Since *The Collector's Jazz* ends with swing, it omits the developments of that remarkably exciting decade, 1944-1954, when bop and cool came into being. A second Wilson discography, *The Collector's Jazz: Modern and Progressive*, now in preparation, will have a go at all that.

This present volume is based, as all critical works must be, on the author's taste and point of view. These, fortunately, are eclectic and fair, moderate yet capable of enthusiasm and flashes of insight. Few established collectors should find fault with it, while beginners can be safely guided by the Wilsonian evaluations in making those often crucial, and always expensive, first selections.

Jazz in Print

by Nat Hentoff

Francis Newton's description of Muddy Waters and accompanist in the October 25 *New Statesman*: "He is a large sleek-haired gypsy-like artist; at any rate he has the calculating air of the gypsy musician bending over the audience figuring how far and in what direction to let out the emotional stops. Not so his accompanist and half-brother, Mr. Otis Spand, a chubby little player designed by nature to play the blues on a piano if ever a man was, and who ravishes us by nature as Muddy Waters does by artifice." Later in the article, Newton describes Tatum's blues playing as "the *haute école* of piano blues; like Ulanova dancing Russian folk-dances_____"

Whitney Balliett has a long piece on the blues in the October 25, 1958 *New Yorker*. Substantial, as far as it goes, but he omits Leroy Carr, Peetie Wheatstraw and other major figures in blues vocal history. Worth saving for reference though, and as usual, well-written.

Department of Fuller Explanations: Anita O'Day told Harriet Van Home of the New York *World-Telegram*: "Any idiot can sing the melody. I don't sing the lyrics either. Anybody can do that . . . Also I keep forgetting the lyrics."

Contributions to *Jazz in Print* are most welcome—articles, names and addresses of jazz magazines, jazz reviewers and columnists in local papers, etc. Foreign pieces, etc. If you want them returned, say so. Send them to: Nat Hentoff, The Jazz Review, Box 128, Village Station, New York 14, N. Y.

/ **Jazz Notes** is published by the Indianapolis Jazz Club, Inc., Post Office Box 55, Indianapolis 6, Indiana. The six-page magazine contains news of the area, including the report that "Duncan Schiedt has recently turned up a piano roll of *London Blues* (vocal style) cut by Jelly Roll Morton." There is also a transcription of the lyrics of Jelly Roll's *Winin' Boy Blues*.

Russ Wilson reports in the *Oakland Tribune* that Sleepy Stein's all-jazz KNOB-FM in Los Angeles was third in the most recent Pulse rating for the city. "In July of '57, KNOB didn't even make the chart. In September of '57 it launched an all-jazz policy. The two stations that surpassed it . . . as well as a number of those trailing are of the over 60,000 watt class. KNOB is a 3500 watt station." Wilson also writes that in a parallel to Leonard Bernstein's public rehearsals with the New York Philharmonic, the Jack Taylor Quartet of Oakland is trying a similar series for jazz audiences. Good idea that could be applied in any city.

Charles A. Robertson reviews jazz records monthly in *Audio*, P.O. Box 629, Mineola, N. Y. (\$4 a year). He also often introduces his section with specific discussions of a jazz label's engineering procedures.

Mort Sahl on the Republican ticket? He is termed in a recent column by Louella Parsons a "great comedian."

The monthly *Frontier: The Voice of the New West*, a stimulating regional *Nation* type of magazine, has regular jazz coverage by Charles M. Weisenberg. In the November issue, he attacks the Monterey Jazz Festival "producers who treated the musicians like second-rate circus performers." Too many musicians and groups at each concert says Weisenberg. This department is thinking of having a jazz festival with just Jesse Fuller

I would suggest you not miss Albert McCarthy's account of the Monterey Jazz Festival in the November *Jazz monthly*. Excerpt: ". . . the sight of an owner of a well known magazine swaying on his heels as he focused his eyes on the stage during the jam session and instructing one of his writers to 'comment on the deportment of those men on the stage.' Clutching the rail for support he stated solemnly that 'I suspect some of those men on the stage are intoxicated!'"

Ralph Gleason in the *San Francisco Chronicle* quotes Sonny Rollins: "I can't say I really prefer any other tenor. There are so many. Two of my contemporaries—John Coltrane and Frank Foster—those are the guys I dig the most. Then the older guys, the giants, like Hawk and Lester, Ben Webster and Don Byas. I could actually stop there. They are the guys who have the most."

Another jazz magazine to add to the list: *Jazzmania*, gascon 252 "A," Buenos Aires, Argentina.

The School of Jazz is putting out a one-page bulletin. To get on the list, write Jule Foster, School of Jazz, Lenox, Massachusetts. Among the news items: Atlantic will record a School of Jazz LP with works by Bill Russo, George Russell, Jimmy Giuffre and John Lewis. In the lead article, John Lewis is quoted: "We need endowment gifts for chairs of instruction . . . Endowed chairs should be set up for drums, piano, sax, trumpet, trombone and the other instruments; also composition and History of Jazz. These chairs could bear the names of the donors or of a distinguished musician. The yearly cost of a chair would be \$500 to cover salary, board and room of the faculty member and a share of the administrative and teaching costs for the three-week period. Instrument companies, record companies and other donors should find this tax-free gift attractive. Grants to cover two years are essential. Thus a \$1,000 grant would provide for a named chair in any subject. These grants would allow us to reduce tuition costs to all, in addition to continuing scholarship grants where necessary."

Last year only Herman Lubinsky of Savoy—of all the record companies—set up a scholarship. The only other grants were by the Newport Jazz Festival; B.M.I.; the Great South Bay Festival; and the students and faculty of the school itself through the semester-end concert. Only *one* record company!

In the October 11 *Melody Maker*, Max Jones quotes a musician's reaction on listening to the Kenton band. "I admire the musicianship, but Stan always seems to be saying to me: 'Where is it? It's round here somewhere. Where is it?'"

In the same issue, Harry Carney told Maurice Burman: "Johnny Hodges and I were school kids together in Boston. We used to exchange records. We used to listen to the Memphis Five. Red Nichols, Rollini, Clarence Williams, Bessie Smith, Louis and Bechet. When I first S I E Hington band we were St pieces and we played a battle of music with Ma T Hall S's band with Tru or on drums. It was a great bisfull dance band and we were small. When we followed I them Bub'

cried. Tha T my was first L perience of Ellington." experience

Controversy among British critics concerning the October Ellington tour. The majority view was that of Max Jones in the *Melody Maker* who complained of the general sameness of repertoire and "the unambitious level of the programme by his standards."

Johnny Hodges, interviewed by Maurice Burman in the October 18 *Melody Maker*, was asked what he thought of Ellington's program for the concerts: "I wouldn't say. What he likes and what I like are two different things." Another excerpt: "I started on drums . . . Then I went to piano and at 14 I picked up the saxophone. At first I taught myself, then I worked for Bechet and he used to school me in the difficult things. And he gave me my own soprano . . ." In the same issue, *Melody Maker* announces as another of its "exclusives" an article by Frank Sinatra. The article first appeared in *Ebony*.

Francis Newton on Duke Ellington in the October 11 *New Statesman*: "Nobody but the Duke (in a peculiarly anarchically controlled symbiosis with his musicians) has produced music which is *both* created by the players and fully shaped by the composer." On Johnny Hodges "who looks and behaves like the most impassive of Orozco's Indians until he lifts his horn T produ SX mos lyrical invention" n fhe his Torv of me aho saxophone."

The Sunday *Observer* (London) had a Duke Ellington profile October 5. Nothing new, but summarizes existing material accurately.

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British critic Stanley Dance writes that the recordings of "mainstream" jazzmen he made in America for British Decca will be issued here soon on Felsted, the London subsidiary.

The October *Jazz-Hot* has an interesting interview with Art Taylor; an article on Ben Webster; Jacques Demetre, a blues expert, on Champion Jack Dupree; and a piece asking the question, *Ahmad Jamal Est-Il he Garner De Demain?* (They asked it Martha; I didn't).

The November *Harper's* contains a good, relatively unsentimental portrait of Bix Beiderbecke by Ralph Berton. It's Bix in 1923 or 1924 as seen by a 12-year-old whose brother (drummer Vic Berton) managed the Wolverines. "I could never picture him with a wife and children. And for reasons obscurely connected with his rootlessness, he always exhibited a deep resistance to the social obligation to keep himself clean. It was as if he never had anyone to keep himself clean *for*." Berton also says that not only was the best of Bix's horn never recorded, but there is also "nothing at all that even faintly resembles the reality of Bix's unfettered improvisation at the keyboard; and this is one of the major losses of jazz history."

Not every writer can make instantly clear how significant a particular occasion is. It's a matter of having exceptionally accurate criteria. Like Jack Tynan reviewing The Monterey Jazz Festival in the November 13 *Down Beat*: "The importance of the event was keynoted early in the evening by official presentations to participating *Down Beat* poll winners of plaques awarded in this magazine's International Jazz Critics poll."

An exchange between a Southerner and Dorothy Donegan as reported in the November 3 *Time*: "Loved your playing. I had a Negro mammy myself." Miss Donegan answered: "So did I."

Very good portrait of Monk as a person by Frank London Brown in the October 30 *Down Beat*. Martin Williams' *A Survey of Modern Jazz Pianists* in the same issue is an example of jazz criticism as contrasted with most of what is called that but is actually attitudinizing.

Jazz Criticism As Fiction: James Asman in *The Record Mirror*: "Duke once roamed the Skiffle parties along Chicago's South Side and played among the great party pianists there."

Chicago, Pakistan?

Jelly Roll Renaissance? John McLellan in the *Boston Traveler*: "Desmond . . . is so lyrical on . . . ballads . . . that I am reminded of (of all people) Jelly Roll Morton, one of the most melodic improvisers I've ever heard."

The Indelible Stigmata: George Wein in the *Boston Herald*: "Leonard Feather doesn't like to think of himself as a jazz critic; and perhaps his accomplishments allow him to escape the stigma of this identification to some degree."

Valuable article on John Lomax and his Library of Congress recordings, *The Ballad Hunter*, by Fred Ramsey in the August 30 *Saturday Review*.

Alternately illuminating and infuriating sections of a panel discussion at the Annual Conference of the National Guild of Community Music Schools are in the October *Metronome*. Subject was whether jazz should be taught in the schools. Speaking for the light were Martin William!, Jule Foster and John Mehigan. One of those in opposition was the professional obscurantist (so far as jazz is concerned), Nicholas Slonimsky. Worth reading.

Record Research's Recorded Americana, Bulletin No. 5, October, has discographical data of considerable interest. In the correspondence section, it's possible to write in and ask for personnel information on recordings in your own collection. Same address as *Record Research*—131 Hart Street, Brooklyn 6, N. Y.

First-rate interview with Lizzie Miles by Ralph Gleason in the September 28 *San Francisco Chronicle*. She turned down a Broadway offer from Joe Glaser: "I guess Joe Glaser never met anyone before who didn't want money. Shucks, I give all my money to the poor, anyway. And of course I didn't tell him that wasn't the first time I had a chance to be on Broadway! You know, he told me I ought to see a psychiatrist. I don't need no psychiatrist!"

Ron Cohen doing jazz record reviews for *East*, a pocket-size magazine affiliated with The Record Hunter in New York. Address is 115 Christopher St., New York 14, N. Y. Often perceptive are Joe Goldberg's reviews in the *Jazz 'n Pops* monthly catalogue, a Sam Goody enterprise. Address is Box 346, New York 19, N. Y. If you live in a small town, the catalogue is worth the \$3 a year. It's complete in terms of jazz records available and lists each month's new issues.

In a column on the blues in the October 11 *Chicago Defender*, Langston Hughes had Simple recall some blues; one he ascribed to Blind Lemon:

"I got so many womens I
Cannot call they name.
So many womens I
Cannot call they name.
Some of them is cross-eyed
But they see me just the same."

In the *Jazz Journal* (October, for example), Derrick Stewart-Baxter conducts a section, *Blues on Record*, that deals with currently available blues recordings, including the best of "rhythm and blues." Why isn't there a similar regular column in *Down Beat*? In *The Jazz Review*?

Ralph Gleason disclosed in his syndicated column in October that Dave Brubeck had turned down a \$17,000 South African tour because the promoters didn't want him to bring Gene Wright.

Some of you may be interested to learn about the Society for Ethnomusicology. Annual dues are \$4.00 and include a subscription to the Society's excellent journal of which Alan Merriam is the editor. Merriam, by the way, reviews jazz books for *Notes*, the Library of Congress music quarterly. Among the articles in the September *Ethnomusicology* are: *The Phonograph and Primitive Music* and *The Rhythmic Orientation of Two Drums in the Japanese No Drama* plus reviews of books; an invaluable current bibliography section listing articles and books in several languages; and other departments with data you're not likely to find so easily anywhere else. There are musical examples. Address of the secretary-treasurer of the Society is Miss Rose Brandel, 40-51 Denman St., Elmhurst 73, N. Y.

Critical Insights, II: Norman J. O'Connor, C.S.P. in the *Boston Globe*: "Right now, jazz could stand the arrival of a new major instrumentalist, much in the style of a Van Cliburn. Or beter, the arrival of a personality of the vigor and imagination of a Leonard Bernstein. Not since Brubeck has there been a new talent of large dimensions to catch the fancy of the public . . . Jazz is in for some listless days unless there is lurking in the shadows someone of great caliber."

It's all so enervating these days—Monk, Sonny Rollins. George Russell, Miles, Cecil Taylor, Duke, Art Farmer etc. I suppose the O'Connor approach could be called the messianic school of jazz criticism.

From a *BMboard*, October 13, record review of Duke Ellington's *Cosmic Scene*: "There are urban notes by Irving Townsend." Thought he lived in Westport

The first edition of *Jazz: A Quarterly of American Music*, edited by Ralph Gleason, should be enough to make you into subscribers. Excellent record reviews by Larry Gushee; Dr. Louis Gottlieb is also very helpful. Lead piece by George Frazier is about jazz criticism—the naked, the dead, the hollow men, the gay deceivers. Frazier contributes his criteria of jazz criticism and is otherwise invaluable to anyone who wants to write for *Gentlemen's Quarterly* and the *New York Enquirer*.

Studs Terkel documents with much feeling *Big Bill's Last Session*; Gottlieb reviews Hodeir's *Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence* and the result is perhaps the most useful review of the book yet published in America except that there are many other points he might have gone into. Gottlieb agrees with Hodeir that "jazz is a music of young people made by young people for young people" with just a few exceptions "which prove the rule." A strange dictum, one that is widely shared and that simply isn't true.

There are other articles of varying worth, including Peter Tamony's etymological piece on *Jazz, the Word* that is a fair enough beginning on the subject. Phil Elwood's book reviews on the Harris-Rust *Recorded Jazz* and John Wilson's first volume of *The Collector's Jazz* are shallow. Albert McCarthy's *The Other Side of the Hill* goes into the matter of jazz "progress" and also touches by implication on the myth that jazz is music "made by young people" exclusively. There's also a quarterly listing of jazz lps, a regular feature of the magazine. We all wish *Jazz: A Quarterly of American Music* long and influential life.

Saussv

[continued from page 19]

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And only then will 'a School of Jazz acquire a meaning.

Brookmeyer

Speaking as a private instrumental teacher, I have nothing but praise for my four trombone students. All were musical; in some instances, to an outstanding degree. One nian from Amsterdam is already of professional status. He is twenty-three years old, a working musician in Europe who desired some real avenues and would not be content with pallid imitations, however pleasant. I mention him for this reason: it has insistently occurred to me that there are many practicing musicians in New York, Chicago, and L. A. who could certainly benefit themselves and the school by giving it a try. I know it is hard to admit, once having reached a certain level of performance, that any help might be needed—but we all got more than a lot to learn and *will* have for the rest of our natural lives, so take it for what it's worth.

On the negative side of the picture, those "know it all" attitudes became distressingly obvious in both composition and Marshall Stearns' "History of Jazz" course. There were 1% hour composition classes six days a week with George Russell and Bill Russo alternating and I understand that attendance at these classes dropped markedly toward the end of the three week session. I can find no more alarming facet in our work than the man who just ain't got the brains or desire to be taught *some-*

George Wein

(continued from page 4)

traded transportation from his fee he received less money than he would receive for a week's engagement in the United States. The sum the International Band received did not cover the transportation and expenses of Brown and Conover, the living expenses in Brussels of the band, and the overweight charges on the plane trip. All other costs, many thousands of dollars were absorbed by Newport in the overall budget allotted to the International Band project. This was completely exclusive of the jazz week at Brussels.

This examination of the economic structure of the jazz week at Brussels last August leads us directly to the answer to our last question concerning why Mr. Taubman was so critical of the concert. I have been told that Mr. Taubman, along with many American observers, felt very strongly that the American Government completely mis-handled the entire presentation of American cultural activities at the Fair. As a result of this he was antagonistic toward most everything that appeared at the American Theater.

Mr. Taubman might certainly be justified in his premise. However the fault here lies in the policies as established by our Government in Washington and not with the excellent crew of people assigned to do the difficult tasks of preparing 6 months of cultural programs with a limited budget and mountains of red tape. It's true Russia sent only their finest. However, we

thing by everyone he hears and knows. I can only recommend that he be brought under the fearsome scrutiny of John Lewis, whose anger is all the more compelling for his utter humanity. As for not attending that history course; tch, tch! They were cutting themselves off from one of the richest legacies in this world and someday they will realize it. Any man who can evince boredom while being assaulted by Jelly's *Tiger Rag* is a puzzle to be reckoned with (and one I would hardly care to work out). It's his loss, not Jelly's. May I again state that the dissenters were in the minority but, in a situation so limited by time, there is just no room for the professional "kid." He's liable to be one all his life—and Lord knows, we're saddled with enough of them in every walk of life today.

That was the end of the negative talk. It really is in the shadow, for there were so many beautiful and *positive* things that I can only close by saying that my fervent hope is for John Lewis to continue to have the patience, hope, and vision that have made this unprecedented opportunity available to the young jazz musician. May he someday be elected President of *our* world, friends—he's the ticket.

We all loved the priceless satisfaction of being a "teach" and hope that our ability to improve both ourselves and the students will keep growing.

live in a democracy and we cannot ask artists to appear anywhere without paying their price. Personally I don't understand why the Government could not have provided transportation for all artists appearing at Brussels. The fact is they did not and this immense cost had to be absorbed in the overall budget. The world of jazz was fortunate in being represented by such established greats as Bechet, Vaughan, Wilson, Clayton and Dickenson. Other art forms were not so fortunate. The sad part of the entire picture is that the fine work of such jazz giants as played at Brussels had to be diminished because Mr. Taubman of the *New York Times* felt that other artists should have been there.

One other point. The opening night concert reviewed by Mr. Taubman had several faults. An overall long speech of welcome by Willis Conover and the fact that each performing group overestimated its time (a common happening at jazz concerts) caused the program to be overly long. The shows following ran considerably smoother. In all fairness his opening night review must be comparable to a review of a Broadway show on its opening night at a New Haven tryout. Even the analogy doesn't hold because the artists involved, coming to Brussels from points all over the globe, had only the benefit of a talk over rehearsal before the concert. Let me add that in spite of these problems, and irrespective of Mr. Taubman's scathing review, the concert was a great success to all concerned.

George Wein

Monterey

[continued from page 27]

pieces: Werner Heider's *Divertimento*; Andre Hodeir's *Around the Blues*; John Lewis' *Midsommer*. The first two were first performances.

Heider's opus, composed for the MJQ, has as its chief virtue the integration of jazz instrumentalists into the guts of the score, rather than the usual condescending juxtaposition of two musics. ("Separate but equal.") In terms of structure and development, though, Heider's work added little of worth to jazz or formal music. Most of it sounded like "avant-garde" Aim flam.

Around the Blues revealed a rare concurrence of musical points of view—those of Lewis and Hodeir. There are passages of brilliant orchestration and an unprecedented understanding of jazz on the part of the composer. Yet, much of the work is tinsel and ornamentation around the vital source of expression—the Modern Jazz Quartet. It will take a composer of broader scope than Hodeir to come up with something more than "Bags with Strings."

Even John Lewis was unable to keep pace, on paper, with the communicative power and emotional intensity of Milt Jackson. His nine-minute *Midsommer* is an engrossing attempt, though, that at least establishes an agreeable setting for his quartet. Intelligent voicings and serenity without sentimentality deliver the work from a "Hollywood-classification" but it is essentially superficial. Jimmy Giuffre contributed some effective baritone sax lines to this one.

The afternoon ended with Peter Phillips' *Concerto for Percussion and Max Roach*, a ten-and-one-half minute work along accepted concerto lines. Roach played with great skill and abundant energy, though the most stimulating passages were those in which Max, with relative freedom, turned to conventional (for him) jazz drumming. The concerto's purpose—to display a solo instrument combined with the effectiveness of percussion instruments in a "classical" climate (unlike instruments of melody, which in jazz are frequently extensions of the human voice" hence more difficult to relegate to paper) wrought the most satisfactory music of the afternoon's program. One became abruptly aware of the inadequacies of all that had gone before Mr. Phillips' admirable concerto.

Sunday night was an unfortunate chain of errors and unfulfilled musi-

cal potential. Plans to pivot the night's activities on the Harry James band fell apart when James unexpectedly checked out in the middle of the evening. While it was there, the band rocked and stomped, at times cutting Basie at his own game. James blew convincing jazz, as propulsive and commanding a horn as one could hear anywhere today. The aura of elation emanating from this aggregation is a joy to see and hear. It is Accompanied, but never dulled, by a professional mien that is refreshing when so much of today's scene is studied indifference.

Mort Sahl, a kind of vocational neurotic, served as Master of Ceremonies. After humorously exhibiting some of his problems, he introduced the Dave Brubeck Quartet (Brubeck, Desmond, Morello, Wright).

Again, Paul Desmond lent musical dignity to the occasion; his solos were sublimely conceived models of logic and order. That Desmond and Brubeck still enjoy and respond to each other's playing after some seven years together is evidence of their hearty dedication to music.

The Jimmy Giuffre Three appeared for the second time in the week-end, introducing a new suite of program pieces called *Moods of the West*. The four movements consisted of *The Pony Express*, *Apaches*, *Saturday Night Dance*, and *Big Pow Wow*. This montage of western theme fragments was held together by the musical sensitivity of each man to his individual limitations and to his role in the trio's collective strength.

Billie Holiday brought her name and the remains of her art to Mon-

terey. With delicate handling, Billie's voice can still yield fragile replicas of past masterpieces, but the anxiety attending this process almost precludes enjoyment of it.

Benny Carter walked on, alto in hand, and found no opportunity to solo until Billie left the stage. Only in the final "jam session" was Carter allowed to play one chorus of the blues—a colossal waste of money and musicianship.

Sonny Rollins popped out angrily to bleat / *Want to Be Happy*, but it was too late for him to build anything. As time ran out, men with horns poured onto the stage to perpetrate a disastrous, cliché-ridden farrago, which finally dwindled into muffled confusion as patrons pushed out of the arena.

Monterey, while immeasurably superior to Newport as a festive social event (musicians were enthusiastic about the location and facilities), was only slightly better musically, in spite of an ambitious "classical" afternoon. The heart of the problem was, as at Newport, too many groups. Great South Bay, in its first year, proved the good sense of scheduling fewer name!, allowing each unit to relax and expand.

It was an intelligent audience that attended Monterey's initial festival (consider the fact that not a single "incident" or arrest occurred during the three-day event) and an intelligent force (Jimmy Lyons) that propelled it.

It remains to be seen whether the ringmasters and bookkeepers will take over future productions, as they have done in Rhode Island.

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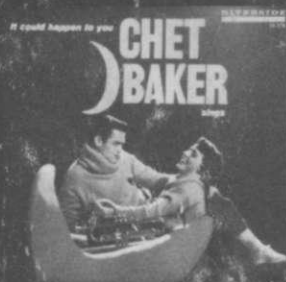
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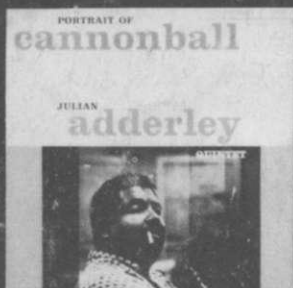
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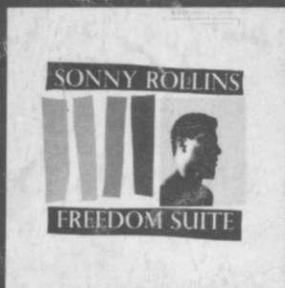
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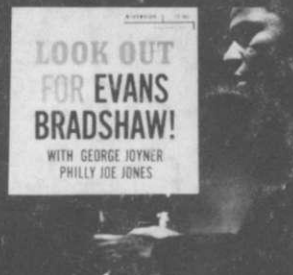
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