

The Jazz Review

VOLUME TWO, NUMBER THREE, APRIL 1959

FIFTY CENTS



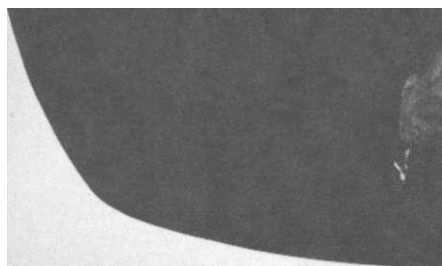
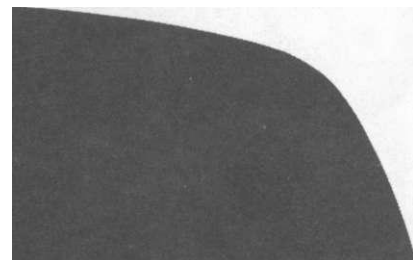
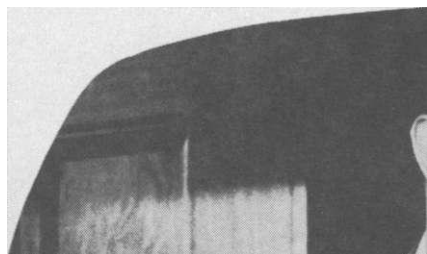
THE STYLE OF DUKE ELLINGTON by Mimi Clar

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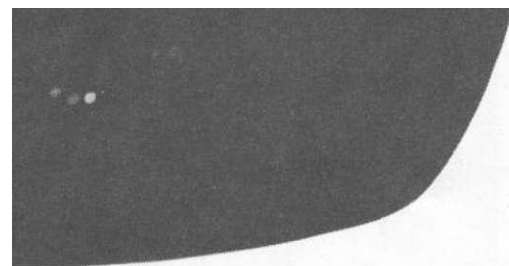
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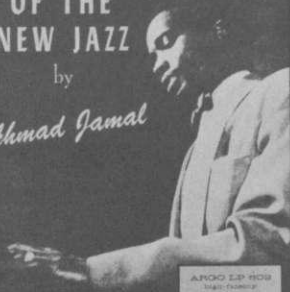
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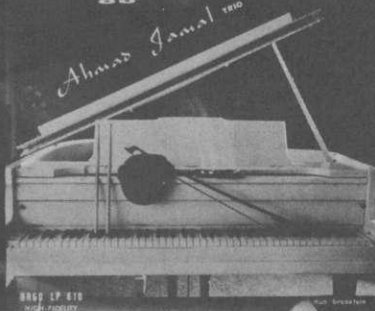
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LETTERS

WORD FROM THE WEST

May I express my appreciation of the first issue of *The Jazz Review*? I think the need for such a magazine has long been felt by fans on the Pacific Coast. I particularly enjoyed the very perceptive pieces on Monk and Davis by Gunther Schuller and Dick Katz, though there was much more in the mag that was exceedingly valuable.

C. H. Garrigues

Jazz Editor, *San Francisco Examiner*

AND THE EAST

Long may your new publication prosper.
Gil Evans, New York

BUT

I love you madly, but . . .

Some of the articles are so pretentiously scholarly (over-documented, over-footnoted, over-discussed) as to be meaningless. This is a minority of your articles. If I were anti-intellectual, I wouldn't be reading *The Jazz Review* in the first place. Hodeir; Schuller on Monk; and most of the others were fine. *The Negro Church: Its Influence on Modern Jazz* is a little ridiculous, not to say boring. A few of the reviews have been like this too. Just thought I'd let you know . . . Miles Davis article was stupendous. So is *Jazz in Print*. My personal view: Stanley Dance is 25% right, 50% hogwash, and 25% exaggeration.

A *Letter to the Editor* section would be fascinating if limited to critics and musicians, just as the *New York Times* section is not for just "anybody." Comprenez?

MORE! MORE! MORE!

Peter Loeb

Saranac Lake, New York

THE BIG SOUND AND THE HARSH SOUND

Your magazine is quite a disappointment! Long and boring stories about moldy figs are as dull as the repetitious boring solos of the hard boppers playing on and on and on and on. None of your writers seem to care a darn about sound, polish and teamwork. I would rather the Ted Heath band take the idea of one of the non-disciplined musicians you rave about and make something of it than the harsh sound of the idea in embryo.

The egotistical soloist today gives me a pain and I would much rather read about the big bands. Alas your writers don't care about them, and thus the big band lp's either don't get reviewed or are unkindly commented upon. Martin Williams' comment on Dave Pell, by the way, in *Down Beat* was assinine. I'll take the big sound and the wonderful West Coast groups every time. The only reason you guys won't admit West Coast is best is that you are here, and it would lessen your importance.

Ronald Wier, Jr.
Shelton, Conn.

IN DEFENSE OF GIANTS

Have just been listening to some of the tunes on the Ella-Duke Songbook album, in particular the ones with Ben Webster. You know I can't listen to him on this album without getting a lump in the throat, and in some cases he is completely devastating. There never was a man who played so much tenor sax, and I'll throw in Hawk, Chu and Sonny. It's a damn shame nobody listens to those Englishmen, McCarthy and Dance, about neglected jazzmen.

Much of the blame rests with the jazz mags. For circulation purposes they must come up with a new sensation (in quotes) almost every issue. The older jazzmen have been the victims of this lousy business for too long. Webster, today, is playing greater even than during his years with Duke. I admit to the belief that jazz is not jazz without "soul" or "heart" or "lyricism" or whatever you wish to call it. That's why to me, it is pure pleasure, a treat to be savoured over and over again, to hear Ben play.

To keep up with the march of progress (again in quotes) I listen to Sonny and Stan and Cannonball. But, hell this is not pleasure, it's an effort, like reading a technical volume on a subject alien to one's own field of interest. Frankly, I don't feel this problem will ever get so serious that what these new fellows do will be called "jazz" and what I like will be called something else.

Eventually appreciation of those facets of jazz which are now being neglected by these young technical dynamoes, will be revived. *JR* could play an important role (if it is truly interested in publishing a fair magazine, and not just propagandizing for its own "pets") by publishing serious studies of the work of the "mainstream" men. Lay off the "historical" theme, and concentrate on the fact that men like Roy and Ben and Hawk are *today's* great jazzmen. I don't know of any other field of endeavor where middle-aged men, giants of accomplishment, have been fluffed off so badly. (Just look at the latest list of Hollywood box-office stars, for example. The young punks just don't have a chance against the great ones: Cooper, Grant, to name two.)

I. L. Jacobs

San Diego, California

P.S. When Mose Allison sang that line about a young man not having a chance because the old men have all the money, this must have seemed rather ironical to some of the middle-aged jazzmen who can't get inside a recording studio these days. (How many albums were there by Stan Getz, at last count?)

(*The Letters to The Editor* section is open to any reader. If, however, you have a long reply or addition to anything appearing in the magazine, try sending it in as an article.)

MORE MISSING MODERNS

The J. J. Johnson solo on Benny Carter's *Love for Sale* is definitely his first on records. It is a smooth, simple affair that shows no trace of his later style. J. J. solos on three of the Karl George 1945 Melodisc titles. On *How Am I to Know* he plays in a simple balled styled not far removed from the Carter. In *Peek-a-boo* he takes a fast solo that has overtones of his mature work while on *Grand Slam* his chorus is definitely boppish.

In *Inside Bebop* Feather stated that in Cootie Williams's *Echoes of Harlem* on Hit, Bud Powell "can be heard playing the same bop style he features today" and this statement has been taken for granted for too long. In fact Bud plays a remarkably advanced bop solo on *Floogie Boo* and an involved improvisation with strong bop overtones on *Honeysuckle Rose*. That's about all. In *Sweet Lorraine* he has a simple but quite pleasant ballad-style solo. Incidentally, Cootie's recording of *Round About Midnight* on Majestic, also made in 1944 should be noted. Williams plays the melody very well but its contours do not suit the character of his tone. (It's regrettable Fats Navarro never recorded this.) On the other side Powell can be heard behind Eddie Vinson's vocal on *Somebody's Gotta Go* but nothing much happens.

There are still a few Gillespie solos that are not too well known. He is heard to fine effect on Tony Scott's *Ten Lessons with Timothy* on Gotham (which he recorded as B. Bopstein) and he plays a fine obbligato to Rubberlegs Williams's dreadful singing on Clyde Hart's *I Want Every Bit* on Continental. From the same session Parker contributes a good obbligato to Williams on *Four F Blues*. A really memorable Gillespie solo can be heard on Oscar Pettiford's *Something For You* on Manor. This is a powerful big band performance and Gillespie's solo is played with great fire and a Strong tone. Other tracks from this session feature more distressing singing by Williams.

A few brief points may be added. On the Hawkins-Monk date in 1944 on Joe Davis Monk soloed on *Flying Hawk* and *On the Bean*. The former is a loosely-constructed but quite conventional solo but the latter has hints of what the pianist was to do in a few years. A little-known Sarah Vaughan vocal can be found on Dicky Wells's *We're Through*, recorded for H. R. S. in 1946. It is an average example of her work at that time but the band drags badly. Edmond Hall's 1941 Blue Note session is worth remembering. It included Meade Lux Lewis on celeste and Charlie Christian. The latter took a fine blues solo on *Profoundly Blue* and also had a chorus on *Jammin'* in *Four*. The effect of his *Jammin'* solo is heightened by Lewis's background riffs.
(Continued on page 42)

The Jazz Review

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Ralph Berton grew up in and around Chicago in the early twenties as kid brother to Vic Berton, drummer with Red Nichols Five Pennies and manager for a season of the Wolverines. Ralph was a professional drummer by the age of thirteen. In the early forties, he pioneered in jazz musicology programs on WNYC, New York. He conducted jam sessions and lectures at music schools, colleges, and on his own; but he eventually "found jazz too costly a hobby" and returned to his regular trade as a writer of educational and industrial films.

Tom Dowd is a recording engineer with Atlantic Records. He has long been a follower of jazz.

David Griffiths is in the editorial department of *TV Times*, one of the largest-circulation magazines in Britain. He has been a discriminating and independent supporter of jazz for several years.

Poet (and secret ex-trumpeter) *he Roi Jones* edits the poetry quarterly *yugen*, manages the Totem press in New York, and has contributed to the *Partisan* and *Evergreen* reviews.

James Lyons is editor of *The American Record Guide*, the oldest journal of opinion in the recording field.

Ross Russell, probably best known as producer-supervisor of Dial records, has long been a student of jazz and his previous essays (on James P. Johnson and on the bop style) are considered classic criticism. He will be a regular contributor to this journal and to *Jazz*.

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An explanation: Rapid circulation increases and the corresponding expansion of our distribution have obliged us to date this, our 5th, issue *April* instead of *March*, in order to facilitate uniform delivery of all subsequent issues throughout the country by the first of each month. Subscribers will of course receive the full 'number of issues.

PHOTO CREDITS: Photos of Duke Ellington courtesy Columbia Records; photos on pages 11 and 12 by Larry Shustak; Garvin Bushell by Burt Goldblatt, Fletcher Henderson courtesy Record Research; Drawing on Page 19 by David Brown; photo on page 24 by Al Avakian, courtesy Columbia Records; photo on page 25 by Dennis Stock, courtesy Columbia Records; photos on page 36, Jimmy Rushing courtesy Columbia Records, Joe Turner courtesy Atlantic Records.

THE STYLE OF DURE ELLINGTON



by Mimi Clar

THE JAZZ REVIEW

The problem of talking about Duke Ellington's style is neatly summed up by Andre Previn:

"You know," he said, "Stan Kenton can stand in front of a thousand fiddles and a thousand brass and make a dramatic gesture and every studio stranger can nod his head and say, 'Oh, yes, that's done like this/ But Duke merely lifts his finger, three horns make a sound, and I don't know what it is!'"

Much has already been written about how the Ellington orchestra reflects the styles of the men within the band; how at an Ellington rehearsal the composition and orchestration occur simultaneously; how an arrangement usually doesn't get written into the Ellington book until a certain amount of experimentation has taken place before live audiences; how Duke builds his arrangements around the strengths and weaknesses of his orchestra members; and how the force of his own personality seems to bring out the best in each single man yet moulds him to advantage into the orchestral whole. These factors contribute to the intangibles that defy the printed word or note.

Also eluding the analyst's pen, and forming the key to the Ellington sound, are the tone colors of the band. Duke's men produce a collective and individual intonation which cannot be easily duplicated by outsiders. Individually, the sound* of each artist is free from the restriction of ensemble conformity: an infinite number of false notes, out-of-range notes, muted brass growls, reed slurs, smears, slides, laughing, crying, preaching, and talking emanates from every instrumentalist. Thus the stylistic attributes of the men infuse themselves into the overall aural picture: Rex Stewart with his peculiar in-between notes; Johnny Hodges' singing alto; Harry Carney's swooping baritone; Lawrence Brown's alternately sweet and barrelhouse trombone; Tricky Sam Newton's, Cootie Williams', and Ray Nance's gutbucket jungle inflections; Jimmy Blanton's bedrock bass; Cat Anderson's shrieks; Ben Webster's and Paul Gonsalves' warm tenors; not to mention Duke's own romping piano. These men, to mention only a few, at one time or another have become an integral part of the Ellington sound.

¹ Hentoff, Nat and Shapiro, Nat, *The Jazz Makers*, p. 200.

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Collectively, the Ellington sound reflects not only the written notes being exercised, but the timbres of each instrument, the various overtones of each instrument and each note, plus the intonation of the group (which differs from individual intonation in that if off-pitch, the notes must be blued simultaneously to the same degree by each person—no routine task). The complexity of the sound arises from the overtones and intonation more than from the notes themselves. For example, the brass section can change its overtones and inflections by the use of mutes, much as an organist pushes in or pulls out the stops of his instrument. The mutes impart to the orchestra a quality of balance in volume and color between the brass and the reeds.

Among the many contrasted instrumental combinations within the

band may be found alto solo with clarinet obligato above; alto solo and muted trombone behind; alto solo backed by two clarinets on top, trombones in the middle, baritone on the bottom; duets between high muted trumpet and low baritone sax, between clarinet and string bass; piano combined with baritone sax; clarinet, muted trumpet, and muted trombone (*Mood Indigo*); sections employed in unison: brass played in counterpart against reeds. The typical Ellington reed sound of the forties and fifties springs from the blend of two altos in the top voices two tenors in the middle, and the baritone on the bottom. The well-known "jungle style" arising in the late twenties developed with the beat of the rhythm and plaintive wail of the reeds, as well as with the muted growls, dirty tones, and wah-wah lines in the brass. (See musical example 1)

As for the notes that the sections or combinations play, Duke conceives much of his music in terms of piano chords; he indicates certain notes to be blown regardless of whether the intervals or sequences are convenient or conventional for the instruments to execute. His men proceed to play them, unmindful that all the rules say such things are impossible. (Duke remembers trombonists complaining, "Man, this thing ain't got no keys on it, you know.")

Duke frequently constructs the chords so that the melody lands in the bottom or middle voices. As the melody is so subdued, the sound of the harmony is automatically pronounced. When the melody note falls in the upper voice, it enriches the harmony by forming the ninth, eleventh, or thirteenth of the chord. *Chelsea Bridge* and *Passion Flower* present the latter concept to advantage. (See musical example 2)

It takes many listenings to absorb all that takes place in an Ellington performance. After initially stating the main theme or tune Ellington elaborates upon it or develops it by introducing counter-melodies, by interchanging the theme between soloist and ensemble, by combining parts of the theme so that several versions of it are showcased simultaneously, melodically and/or rhythmically. The themes are developed through *both* solo and ensemble; when a section or single instrument undertakes the solo chores, the remaining sections or instruments rather than merely outlining harmonic changes or dropping out altogether, contribute vitally to the goings-on, either in subordinate melodic activity, in antiphonal interplay, in tonal or harmonic foundations, or in rhythmic impetus.

Duke's recording of *I Don't Know What Kind of Blues I've Got* is unusually rewarding in its multi-thematic aspects. The vari-textured layers of musical strata so effectively carry out the message and mood of the title and lyrics as sung by Herb Jeffries:

There's two kind of woman, there's
two kind of man,
There's two kind of romance since
time began:
There's the real true love, and that
good old jive;
One tries to kill you, one helps to
keep you alive.
I don't know—what kind of blues I've
got.

(Instrumental Interlude)

There's no rest for the weary; I'm
going to see Snake Mary;
'Cause I don't know what kind of
blues I've got.

After the moody piano introduction,

EX2 Melody note in 9th, 11th, 13th of chord: *Chelsea Bridge*



EX3. Counter-melody, antiphony: *I Don't Know What Kind of Blues I've Got*



EX4 Counter rhythms: *I Don't Know What Kind of Blues I've Got*



EX5 Accents on off-beats: *Perdido* intro



the low clarinet simply and lucidly establishes the lovely theme which is perpetuated by various instruments as a sort of repeated passacaglia-like ground throughout the record: a melody, neither major nor minor, which further reflects the perplexity expressed in the title. Different blues spring forth almost immediately as the trombone cries a counter-melody to the clarinet. (See musical example 3) A slight variation of the ground is delegated to the muted brass section as the tenor takes up the counter-melody in the second chorus. Next, the clarinet, this time in a high register, again repeats the ground to

a trombone counterpoint. Following a brass and reed introduction, Jeffries enters for a vocal chorus which rides over the omnipresent ground (still in the saxophone, which is later joined by more reeds, then brass). An instrumental interlude wherein the unison reeds catch up the "real-true-love" ground with the brass rifling the "good-old-jive" counter-rhythms (See musical example 4) intensifies the dualism in the sung text and spans a final vocal passage by Jeffries, whose voice travels in contrary motion to the terminating bars of the slightly varied tenor ground.

EX.6. Piano accompaniment rhythms

EX.7 Muted brass accompaniment rhythms: *Sophisticated Lady*

EX.8 Rhythm section beat: Bojangles

EX.9 Syncopated melody: *Cottontail*

EX.10 Tonal melody: *C Jam Blues*

EX.11 Atonal, chromatic melody: *Passion Flower*

EX.12 Diatonic melody: *In a Mellow Tone*

Harlem Air Shaft affords another illustration of how Duke volleys thematic assignments from one end of the band to the other. The brass repeat riff-like figures over a light singing unison reed melody during the choruses, which are interspersed with a bridge where the reed section statements are exchanged with muted brass replies. Reed section and trumpet share solo assignments throughout, with drum breaks strategically placed here and there. The record closes polyphonically, with the clarinet improvising above repetitive brass theme motifs and buoyant unison reed lines.

Ellington compositions and orchestrations reflect both conservatory-approved techniques and typical jazz unorthodoxies. In the conservatory traditions, some Ellington melodies are very diatonic in nature, the lines conforming to the strict rules of counterpoint (*i. e.*, careful closure of leaps, making certain that ascending phrases descend and *vica versa*, etc.); harmonies in which the voices move in contrary motion; canonic entrances among several voices (vocal in *It Dont Mean a Thing*); consecutive bass lines, both ascending and descending; and melodies very much on-the-beat, in the man-

ner of Bach chorales. Turning from the conservatory to jazz, we discover the rhythms of which Ellington is fond: ragtime, tango, rhumba, stop-time, not to mention the poly-, off-, and cross-rhythms in his works. (See musical examples 5, 6, 7, 8)

Duke has a penchant for chromatic and syncopated melodies [*The Mooche* and *Prelude to a Kiss* = former; *Cottontail* = latter]. Ellington's melodies have continuity and unity, simplicity and complexity, tonality and atonality. (*C Jam Blues*, about as tonal and simple as one can get, sharply contrasts with the chromatic *Passion Flower*, which is of a very indecisive tonality when played without the harmonies.) In *a Mellow Tone*, with its diatonic melody, offers a clear example of how Duke unifies a composition by transferring a brief melodic idea from one chordal structure to the next. The same holds true for *Sophisticated Lady*. (See musical examples 9, 10, 11, 12)

Besides diatonic, chromatic, tonal, atonal, and sequential melodies (alone or in combination), Duke's lines often spell out harmonic changes or specific chords within themselves. (Examples: *Things Aint What They Used To Be*, *It Dont Mean a Thing*, *Black and Tan Fantasy*). Some Ellington melodies require a slow languid tempo while others demand faster execution; the latter maintain a heavy rhythm as solos and ensembles are planned to fit within this rhythmic niche.

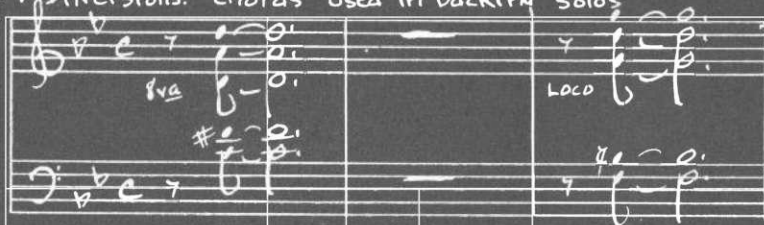
Instrumental color heightens the tonal variety in an Ellington orchestration. The string bass occupies a paramount position in driving the orchestra, for it is in the bass that much of the band's rhythmic energy is harnessed. I believe at one period Duke used two basses, but upon Jimmy Blanton's arrival, the band boasted an equivalent of four or five bass players in one. Blanton, as we all know, not only swung powerfully but transformed his instrument into a blowing melodic voice. Jimmy can be heard to best advantage with the orchestra on *Jack the Bear* and *Chloe*, where his bass lines (sometimes re-enforced by corresponding piano notes) ring out even behind the ensemble passages, as well as illuminating their assigned solo spots. After Blanton's unfortunate demise, succeeding bass men have retained an active role by playing riffs and subordinate melodies, as well as straight rhythm.

Ellington's device of maneuvering the brass section into a rhythmic function shows up on *Boo-Dah*,

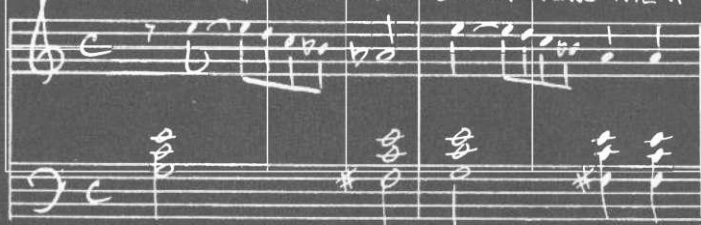
EX.13 Chords built on 4ths: Caravan



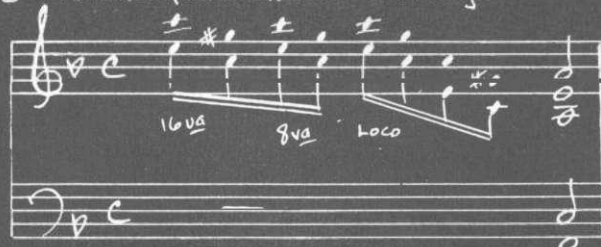
X.14 Inversions: chords used in backing solos



X.15 Inversions & whole-tone scale: Take the 'A' Train intro



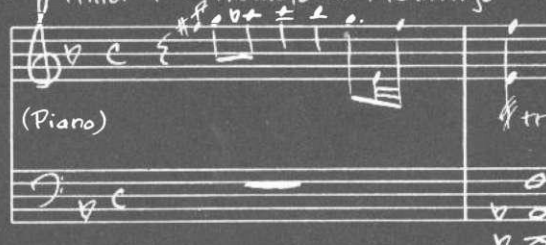
EX.16 A. Broken piano chords: Flamingo



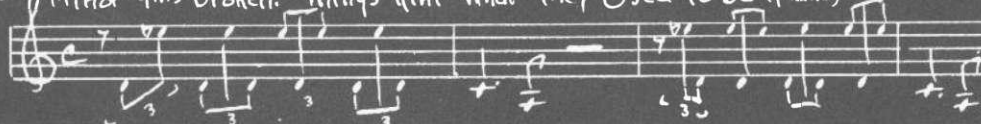
B Series of augmented chords: Flamingo



EX.17 Minor 9ths tremoloed: Flamingo



EX.18 Minor 9ths broken: Things Rint What They Used to Be (piano)



where muted brass enters on off-beats during the last eight bars of the first chorus. Brass riffs frequently double as melodic embellishments and rhythmic punctuations.

Ray Nance's solo violin definitely lies off the beaten track in the jazz scene. His bluer-than-blue bowings plus a few mischievously plucked strings in *Caravan* lend a touch of subtle humor, in addition to new color dimensions. (Ray's violin is also present in *It Dont Mean a Thing*, to mention but one more example.)

Duke's piano forms the undercoat for the orchestral painting. Besides an economical accompaniment which prods, supports, and lifts the bandmen at exactly the proper spots, Ellington supplies piano interjections over, under, and in-between the entire band, which enhance the overall hue and texture of the orchestra. Some such Ellington pianisms are: chords built on fourths (*Caravan*); tremoloed minor ninths (*Stormy Weather* intro); single notes inserted for rhythm as well as polytonal effects (*Caravan*); pungent harmonic voicings (*The Mooche*); polytonal chords (ending of *The Mooche*); major seconds (*Jack the Bear*); and runs seemingly polytonal in sound relationship to the rest of the band (endings on *Koko*, *Chloe*). In solo, Duke's piano is a myriad of fluttering arpeggios, cantering chords, pretty runs—a florid rambunctious style availing itself of the entire range of the instrument. (See musical examples 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.)

I have treated Duke Ellington within this text as a composer and as a performer. The two facets of his career can hardly be divorced, since Duke writes with the band in mind or composes on the spot with the cooperation and inspiration of the band members. The band is his instrument and means of expression. Indeed, with Ellington, it is always "we" (not he as an individual) who achieves his musical accomplishments. While dealing with the Ellington compositions themselves, we must bear in mind that whether a piece be of Ellington origin or not, it will become thoroughly inundated with the stylistic harmonies, tone colors, inflections, and emotional interpretations of the Ellington orchestra.

All musical examples and titles referred to in the text were taken from the albums listed below:

Victor 12" LPM 1364
Columbia 12" ML 4369
Victor 10" LPT 3017
Victor EPBT 1004 (45 RPM)
Capitol EAP 1-638 (45 RPM)

SHOWTIME AT THE OLD CORRAL



BUDDY TATE AT THE CELEBRITY CLUB by Le Roi Jones

April, 1959

I arrived at the Celebrity Club about 9:00 p.m. on a Sunday night. It's up on 125th St. just off 5th Ave. Usually at nightclubs up in Harlem, people are crowded around the entrance; not necessarily going in, but just crowded around the entrance of their particular club, the Baby Grand, Small's, Spotlite, or whatever. But there was no one crowded around the entrance of the Celebrity Club. A long neon sign over the entrance popping on and off, and an amateurishly painted sign in the doorway, "Celebrity Club for club meetings, banquets, parties, etc."

I thought how strange that was. I had expected the club to be a sort of night spot . . . with a bar and show, with big wide windows so people could see the performers from the street. But the Celebrity club is rather like a lodge club, with several floors that can be used as advertised, "for banquets, parties, etc." When I got inside the door, there was a nice fat woman sitting at a little card table right near a stairway going downstairs and a hall leading into the back, just behind her. Another woman stood right beside the table with a little blue cape on, counting tickets. Both of them were about my mother's age, probably older. I asked about Buddy Tate. The woman at the table handed me a ticket, smiling, "Nope, that's downstairs." The ticket read, "The Mature Debs present their anual Dance Party".

The door behind the two mature debs was closed, but I could hear lots of noise and high middle-aged laughter. I grinned and handed the ticket back, then turned and went downstairs.

At the bottom of the stairs was another card table. Only behind this one were two men, both in dinner jackets with white carnations in the lapels. One was leaning on his elbows smiling up at me as I descended the steps; the other was standing just behind him with an open cigar box, counting dollar bills. The door behind them was open and there was music blasting out into the hall. "Buddy Tate in here?" I asked when I got to the bottom of the stairs.

"Yep," the man counting the money looked up at me.

"How much to get in?"

"Dollar, seventy-five," the man with the money smiled.

I went in my hip pocket for the money handing it towards the table. The man with the money reached over and got it, dropping it into the

box. The fellow at the table picked up a ticket from the table and handed it to me. "You want a table?"

"How much is that?"

"Five dollars," the man with the money smiled again.

"No, no, I'm afraid I don't have that kind of money."

"Well", the guy at the table looked up, "If you wanna dance with the prettiest women, you've got to have a table so you can be right on the dance floor and don't have to run in from the bar."

"Well, gee, thanks ... but I don't think I'll be doing any dancing. I just came to listen."

The man at the table put his chin in his hands, "Jeez, I don't know what's wrong with you young people. None of you dance anymore. It sure was different in my day!" The two men roared.

I dropped the ticket in my pocket. "Yeh, I bet you're right", I said, going past the card table and into the ballroom.

The Celebrity Club was still only half crowded at 9:30, but people

were coming in steadily; and by the time I left, around two hours later, the house was just about packed. It is a very large and ballroomy place, with tables placed around the inside of a high wooden corral-style fence which separated the dance floor and the tables from the bar. The whole ballroom was decorated with what looked to be real branches and red brown dried leaves. The huge pillars throughout the club made it look real 1930's despite the fact that they were covered with painted canvas made up to look like tree trunks.

When I came in the Tate band was in the middle of an old Duke tune. I was busy circling the long corral fence trying to find a good vantage point to stand and take everything in but still not be in anyone's way, so I never did identify the tune. Finally, I settled for a spot right near the door I had first come through; took my coat and draped it across one of the fence rails, just as the band finished the Ellington tune and swung into *Angel Eyes*. I have come to identify this tune so much with Milt Jackson and The

Modern Jazz Quartet, that I had forgotten it was just anybody's standard.

The band wore red and black plaid dinner jackets, except for Buddy Tate, who, in his 1930's conservative blue suit and 'preacher's' tie looked much like Baptist ministers I can remember. *Angel Eyes* was played slow and bluesy by the entire ensemble with only one short solo by the guitarist Everett Barksdale which shrilled and shrieked with such a hard driving beat that it served well to move the dancers around the floor.

After *Angel Eyes* the band took an intermission. All the dancers went back to their tables to partake of the general plenty that prevailed. These affairs at the Celebrity Club have been going on every weekend for something like eight years and, from what I was told, are always crowded; and Buddy Tate is always there. All the tables were crowded with bottles, usually brought to the club by the dancers. This is normal at most uptown club affairs; people are allowed to bring as many bottles as they please, and usually bring

food as well. There were boxes of Ritz crackers, fried chicken, all kinds of wierd *hors d'oeuvres* as well as several brands of liquor on many of the tables. The bar usually makes its money by selling 'set-ups', trays of ice-cubes, gingerale and club soda, although there are a few people who get an occasional beer.

The next set opened up with a medium tempo blues, and a long piano introduction—the way Red Garland does on Miles Davis' *Blue Haze* or with Coltrane on *Traneing In*. I was surprised how close Garland's concept of 'blues piano' is to pianist Sadik Hakim's. A wierd mixture of thirties big band chords, cocktail rambling, and latter day funk. But like Garland, Hakim made his point and also served as a perfect springboard for the big, almost electronically broad Tate tenor sound. All that tinkling then *wham* . . . just like Garland/Coltrane.

Basically, Tate's style is that of most post-Hawkins, pre-bop reed men. One that you can hear in almost every older Negro 'club' or 'dance' band throughout the country. Simple lines, broad tone (or at least as broad as the instrumentalist can manage), and an occasional heavier growling accent on the end of phrases. Tate is a good technician and possessed of an extra broad and extremely warm sound; but *stylistically* there is nothing that couldn't be heard in any other reed soloist in the Hawkins-Webster tradition.

After about twelve bars Tate switched to clarinet. His clairinet style is much like his tenor—a clear easy line coupled with the broad warm sound, with about equal facility. After the solo, the front line (two clairinets, trumpet and trombone) took off with a nice 'Kansas City feeling'; then they parked their instruments and went into a quartet vocal of the tune which turned out to be called *Walk and Walk*. The quartet was rocking back and forth and from side to side, all laughing like hell, singing the silly lyrics, pointing at the audience, ogling the pretty women and in general having what appeared to be a great time. Then, before the dancers had even left the floor, the band went into a "latin" number—but the only scoring that changed was the drummer simulating a latin rhythm and the guitarist slapping two drum sticks together in place of clav'es. The other instrumentalists played just the way they would on a regular up tempo number. The pianist did startle me by playing a very 'mod-

ern' solo. Many boppish phrases and lots and lots of what I usually call Horace Silverish effects (or was *that* where Silver got his conception of funk . . . thirties type 'latin' bands?). But the pianist obviously had incorporated a lot of latter day 'hard' techniques and sounded quite fresh, even frightening in the context of the Buddy Tate band.

When the 'latin' number was over the band began a very slow draggy ballad; but given an 'immediacy' (the immediacy necessary for any *dance* band) by the heavy beat of the electric rhythm guitar. It was the kind of music we used to call the 'slow drag' or 'grind', when we were kids. Or rather, that has always been called slow drag or grind; I'm sure were just carrying on a tradition.) The lights dimmed and Tate's tenor solo, wide, strident, seemed properly solipsistic. It was a long, long tune and almost everybody danced. When it was finished I finally got the 'feeling' of the band: it was the kind of music I had grown up on, at the many public and club dances of my youth. A kind of music that is probably exclusive to Negro dances etc. In Jersey you can hear approximately the same thing (with not so competent soloists as Tate, Barksdale, Hakim) from bands like Nat Phipps, Ernie Phipps, Billy Anderson and many others. The old Arnett Cobb band used to do this at my father's club dances. The Tate band is a dance band. And Tate, whatever his individual background and talents, has become a dance band soloist.

There was another shorter intermission and then Buddy began passing out sheet music. A microphone was brought on to the dance floor and the front line came off the stand and stood around it. Two more instrumentalist came on the floor from the sidelines. A fat man in a tuxedo with papers in his hand came on the floor also, and began to try to quiet the crowd. He said, "Ladies & Gendemen, it's showtime . . . Come on now, pay attention. We've got some great talents here tonight." Presently, the crowd was quelled into a low happy roar and the m.c. began the announcements. He began introducing some of the prominent guests . . . a fighter, the first Negro marine captain, and a few others; then he made an announcement about the following week's show. Now, he began introducing the individual members of the Tate Band. Sadik Hakim, piano, Everett Barksdale, guitar, Fats Donaldson, drums,

Pat Jenkins, trumpet, Eli Robinson, trombone, Ben Richardson, alto and clarinet. Rudy Rutherford, clarinet and Dickie Wells on trombone were the two new-comers. The announcer said, "The Buddy Tate All-Stars, playing *One O'Clock Jump*."

From the first note, the crowd started clapping in time, and although this portion of the night was supposed to be strictly the musicians' show, with no audience participation, one hefty miss in a gold sequin dress got out on the floor and really upstaged the band. But this was the best number, musically, of the night. Dickie Wells played a long very fine solo, doing, what Coleman Hawkins has so accurately described as "funny things with his horn". Then Tate, as if seeking to equal Wells, played his freshest solo; a solo, that, while probably plucked from his more exciting days with the Basie groups of the 30's, still finally had to rely on the easiest and most obvious 'dance' licks. But from this solo it was easy to see that Tate probably once had the power to 'create', to 'make it new', and also it was just as easy to see how his sharp ear and sense of 'departure' (from the oversimplifications of rhythm and blues) had been 'dulled' by years of playing 'dance' music.

It was a very loud and very fast number, and soon people were dancing in all corners of the big hall. Tate switched to clarinet and started making all the high 'exciting' notes. The rest of the front row started 'apple jacking' behind the soloist. Now everyone started dancing: another woman in a gold sequin dress came up to me and asked me to dance, but, as the man at the door said, I was strictly out of my league. I had to decline. The band was still screaming, and Tate was trying to solo above them. And it was suddenly so amusing to me that even though I thought the Tate band to be strictly for dancing, I readily decided that they were swinging now, as hard as any big band I had heard in the last few years, with the probable exception of Dizzy's last venture: certainly as much as the current Ellington and Basie organizations. (Duke, in the jazzically vapid wastes of Shakespeare and numb rehatchings of his old hits, and Count beating up on old 'Lunceford' arrangements.)

Tate was taking that last high long note that means *finis*, and I had my hat and coat on, making towards the exit. I thought, a dance band, but if you come to dance, Whew!

Jazz Clubs in LONDON

It's a theory—a fairly tenable one—that jazz thrives on adversity. It has had much to endure and probably developed as much because of this as in spite of it. Certainly, plenty of flaccidity is detectable in the increasingly popular and socially acceptable jazz of today.

If then, adversity is, in its grim way, an aid to good jazz, there's a good deal in Britain's favor. For there is adversity but not really the soul-destroying (race-prejudiced, vice-laden) kind. Just enough, perhaps, to produce good jazzmen. Anyway, there's a remarkable amount of good jazz being made—seemingly against all the odds.

The hardship comes in the strange working conditions British jazzmen have to suffer.

A survey of British jazz clubs can be narrowed down to London clubs. True, there are a few talented musicians who don't make the trek to the capital and who find employment in cellars and dance halls in provincial towns, but there aren't enough to warrant attention: Britain is small enough for virtually all the jazz talent to congregate in London.

And, such is the night club "tradition" of London, there are only around half a dozen clubs (of which hardly one could really be termed a night club) where good jazz is played. Almost invariably, London night clubs are of two kinds: the girlie, drinkie establishment (from cheap and nasty to lavish and discreet) and the "high-class", snob-appeal (frequented by royalty, no less) expense account restaurant/cabaret. Neither kind features jazz or would meet with much success if it did. An embryonic, third type of night club caters for young people but such places are too new and rare to have done more than flirt with serious jazz, so far.

The average London jazz club opens around 7 p.m. and closes around 11 p.m. It is unlicensed for the sale of alcohol. It operates in hired premises (the back room of a tavern, or a restaurant that caters only to luncheon trade, or a rehearsal room) on one or two nights a week. You pay an admission fee and are not expected to pay anything further. Soft drinks are usually available inside but there is no hustling. (There are one or two clubs open nightly in permanent premises where, alcohol is served—and there's even one place that opens at midnight on Saturday nights—but they are far from typical.)

The typical London jazz club is run by a promotor who advertises his club in a couple of music journals, puts a notice outside his temporary premises and charges about \$1 for membership of his club and about another \$1 for admission. The customers are nearly all teenagers. A few of them get seats, the rest stand around or jive, stiffly and self-consciously. Few clubs have a plentiful supply of chairs and tables. The acoustics are sad.

Up to this point it has been possible to generalize. Now I come to the curious fact of the difference between the audiences at modern and traditional jazz clubs.

Until recently the position was clear but in the last few months a blurring—called mainstream—has taken place. However, mainstream jazz clubs have not so far proved particularly popular—though they have virtually ended stylistic dissensions among musicians.

Neither traditional nor modern clubs attempt to appeal to more-or-less mature fans who wish to listen in (necessarily rather expensive) comfort. The aim is mass audiences who, generally, are there for reasons other than the music.

It is, I think, undeniable that the traditional fans are better behaved and provide the musicians with a more edifying spectacle than modern enthusiasts. A trad audience consists in the main of private school and university students and their middle-class girl friends. They tend toward earnestness, their heads stuffed as much with personnels and matrix numbers of Hot Sevens and Red Hot Peppers as with music. Among them are the self-conscious bohemians and the balling-it-up upper class glass breakers ("Hooray Harrys") but they are very much in the minority and practically never get obstreperous (perhaps because they have to do their drinking off the premises). I'd say the girls are wilder than the boys, no doubt because they are not strongly gripped by a passion for jazz (except in so far as it connotes spicy vice) and their attention is therefore not concentrated on the music (except in a dancing sense).

A stand's-eye view of such an assemblage is quite pleasant.

In a modern jazz club the likelihood is that the musicians will be confronted by numerous slack, vacant faces and Teddy Boy suits. There is very little concentrated interest in the music—the sexes are too busy eyeing each other—and practically nobody in the audience has any grasp of the complexities of the music. The audience, in the main, is clearly ignorant of any kind of art. Small wonder that British modern jazzmen are cynical and depressed about the clubs they play in. They much prefer to play concerts (often extremely well presented before reasonably intelligent audiences many of whose members have given up clubgoing) and radio and TV dates (very few of those; TV sound usually abysmal and vision gimmicked).

Here are some suggestions that might explain the trad-mod audience difference:

Folk music, among the "intellectuals" is considered sacrosanct, and early jazz has a folk-music aura. The well-educated have "classical" music pumped at them continuously and those who admire musical complexity have every opportunity to become devotees of the classics. Those who reject European music and embrace jazz are likely to do so for jazz's simple virtues. They won't be impressed by the relative complexity of modern jazz.

Less expensively educated boys, on the other hand, can judge the aesthetic values of jazz only in relation

and PARIS

by David Griffiths

to pop music. As they are unaware of the splendors of the classics, modern jazz probably represents the ultimate in musical creativity. But of course such serious enthusiasm is little in evidence at modern clubs. Those youths are probably there because of the attractively slick dance band backgrounds of some modern jazzmen, because of the spurious "jazz in luxury" claims of modern promoters, and because such clubs are somewhere fashionable to go; Teddy Boys (whose dress is not unlike that of a riverboat gambler) certainly feel uncomfortable in trad clubs.

I've been asked a couple of times by visiting American jazz stars where they can go to jam after concerts. Where indeed? Virtually no respectable club is open after midnight. A decade ago, when there was a complete Musicians' Union ban on American jazzmen playing in Britain, visiting Americans were so rare that parties would often be organized in their honor. For example, Rex Stewart played at a free-admission party with the Humphrey Lyttelton band and it was the first time most of the few dozen of us who were there had ever heard a jazz star in the flesh. About three years ago, Albert Nicholas came over from Paris for a weekend and a record store organized a party for him: the poor man had to sit through an evening of mostly dire efforts by local traditionalists.

Nowadays, though, many of the great jazz stars have been presented in concert (and only concert: there's still an MU-AFM ban on club work) and there's little scarcity value in a jazz giant.

Incidentally, although London now has quite a large Negro population, Negroes are seldom seen at jazz clubs. Africans don't have much genuine interest in jazz (though I think it often serves as a Negro success-symbol to them). West Indians are more concerned with calypso and the like. The days when Britain was a trifle Crow Jim (when jazz meant an extrovert black man and several none-too-talented guys with coloured skins made comfortable livings in show business) are long gone and such British-based Negro musicians as there are have to get by on their merits. There are so far disappointingly few of high quality but two deserve mention: Joe Harriott, a passionate, Birdlike altoist, and Dizzy Reece, a continually improving trumpeter.

Several Negro clubs exist—patronized considerably by American servicemen—but their appeal is not to jazzmen.

I'm not going to presume to speak with confidence about jazz club conditions in towns I've never been to (such as Stockholm), or only visited briefly, but I think it is accurate to say that only one European city can offer the jazz clubgoer better entertainment than London. And that, naturally, is Paris.

Throughout Europe there are irksome conditions of employment for foreigners and any American musician who steps off a plane thinking he can get a job straight

away is likely to have a shock coming to him—particularly if his head is stuffed with all those puzzling quotes about the maturity of European audiences and how jazz is regarded much more seriously than in America etc.

From conversations with French small-time impresarios and expatriate American musicians I have learned that it is not too difficult to get round regulations. But you won't make any reasonable money that way. (European living standards, including musicians' rates, are much lower than American.) Clubs that use Americans "en attraction" pay them very little: the big money has to come from concerts and recordings.

Parisian clubs are usually rather expensive, by European standards, but they frequently offer good value. The Dixieland joints are generally smoky dancing cellars. The modern and mainstream clubs are usually acoustically acceptable and pleasantly decorated. They are small and provide a dim, smoochy night-club atmosphere. They open around nine or ten and close around two or three. Often no admission is charged, though several require you to join the club and the membership card costs about \$1.50. *Consommations* are *obligatoire*, i.e., you gotta buy a drink—for between one and three dollars.

Until recently it was the practice to hire one (or at most two) American star(s) to appear twice a night and play for half an hour. This made them real top-of-the-bill attractions. Those days are fading. American jazzmen are no longer rare enough. Now, instead of lounging at the bar letting their chops loosen—a few Americans in Paris have become very sloppy performers through this easy living—they are expected to *work*.

Paris is a wonderful city to live in with practically no Jim Crow, so far as I know, and there's not much left of once-violent Crow Jim—thanks to such distinguished white visitors as Stan Getz and Bob Brookmeyer. The jazz clubs in the main are good places to work and listen to jazz in. The small audiences are discerning with a minority of loud talkers and sensation-seekers imbibing Left Bank atmosphere. With the price of drinks so high, there aren't any drunks! And there are no "hostesses".

Throughout Europe, the highly organized package shows, such as Jazz At The Philharmonic, have largely killed the market for the solitary American jazz giant who wants to play a concert accompanied by local musicians. Blues/folk singers still have a chance. So Americans who come over expecting to be lionised and enriched will be disappointed. But there is enormous satisfaction to be had from simple tourism, with a little blowing on the side. AH jazzmen of stature can be assured that they will find record collectors all over Europe who are often more familiar with the musicians' work than the musicians themselves.

by Nat Hentoff

GdTVifl Bushell and New York Jazz in the 1920s

Garvin Bushell had joined Ethel Waters toward the end of 1922, and went on tour with her. The narrative resumes at this point.

"After Philadelphia, we went to Baltimore. At that time, Baltimore had a great variety of jazz and many excellent performers. They came to New York in droves, and a large proportion of the significant figures in early New York jazz turn out to have come from Baltimore or nearby. There were pianists Eubie Blake, Edgar Dow, Bobby Lee, John Mitchell, banjo, Perry Glasgow, clarinet, etc. Chic Webb later came out of Baltimore and so did trumpeter Pike Davis.

"There was good jazz in just about every cabaret, no matter how low or cheap. They had more technique than the New York musicians; I don't know why. They were very fly, smart, creative improvisers. But they too didn't play the blues the way the musicians from the South did. Their jazz was based on ragtime piano practices, and piano ragtime influenced the way they played their horns—they tried to do what the pianists did. They also had the best banjo players in the world.

"New Orleans musicians, of course, were not the first to improvise. Perry Bradford went from Georgia to New Orleans in 1909. He says there were no technicians to speak of there then, and they didn't know much about ragtime. He claims ragtime came up the East Coast from Florida and Georgia and that when they did bring it to New Orleans, the musicians there put the blues to it.

"After Baltimore, we did one-nighters in and around Pennsylvania for about a month. I heard Joe Smith for the first time at the Grape Vine in Pittsburgh. He was out of New York, but I hadn't heard him until then. His style was similar to that of Johnny Dunn, but he had a much better sound. Joe actually played more like some of the white trumpet players. I mean that he was more lyrical and had a finer sound. Joe played for beauty rather than drive. He was a trained trumpet player; he had the right embouchure. You see, 90% of the Negro musicians were self-taught. The opportunities for training were mostly for the whites, and that's why they generally had a better sound. Several Negro musicians of the time, however, had the talent and capacity to have become first-rate classical musicians—if there had been openings for them. There was Joe's brother, Russell Smith for example, who was one of the best legitimate trumpet players in the business. Anyway, Fletcher Henderson was very impressed with Joe's sound, and he never forgot it.

"When we got to St. Louis, I heard the greatest blues player of his time—Charlie Creath. He played at Jazzland, a huge place with the bandstand up in the balcony. The bandstands in the dance halls at that time were usually near the ceiling; the musicians felt safer there. Gene Seduc, a big, fat kid was playing clarinet in his band. We were the invited guests and were asked to play.

"Creath had a Joe Smith-like tone, but with much blues feeling and drive. He had beautiful sound and soul, and the blues were his forte. He had command of the high register too; most New Orleans players couldn't go above B-FLAT. Tommy Ladnier, for instance. Louis Armstrong was an exception. He went up to C and D and later to F and G whenever he wanted to.

"There was great music in St. Louis then. New Orleans influences had come up the river, especially blues playing. The St. Louis musicians had a lot of originality and a great desire to broaden their music. There were many places to play, and they slept and ate music there. By contrast, the bands just out of New Orleans were limited.

"There was a battle of music and a lot of the people there said we outplayed the Creath band. In our band, Gus Aikens was a good trumpet player and his brother, Buddy played somewhat in the style of Jimmy Harrison. He was a good legitimate trombone player and whatever he thought of, he could play.

"But Creath was a phenomenon. I've heard Tommy Ladnier say: 'When Charlie used to hit certain notes, the whores would just fall out and throw up their legs.' He made his biggest impression on women—not so much his looks as his playing. The way he played the blues mellowed you; people threw their glasses in the air. He'd hit a seventh chord and sustain it and the people fell out. He later committed suicide; a woman was involved in some way.

Ethel Waters

His sister married Zutty Singleton.

"Creath didn't get to New York except maybe for a visit. Even then there was a myth about New York. A lot of groups were afraid to come here, because everything big seemed to come out of New York. Look how long Joe Oliver stayed in Chicago before he came to New York; and Louis Armstrong and Tommy Ladnier wouldn't have come if they hadn't been sent for. New Orleans people anyway believe in security; they don't usually take chances. And they're clannish, they prefer to be where other New Orleans people are.

"In Louisville, where we went next, the music was like the kind we'd heard in Peoria, the kind Fess Williams had played there. Fess was from Kentucky. It wasn't based on the blues, but was good, flexible, moderate tempo ragtime. It wasn't as corny though and they had a lot of tricks. The usual instrumentation was alto and trombone, trumpet and alto, trumpet and trombone, and rhythm section. Sometimes there were three horns in the front line. The saxophone—not the tenor though—was very popular in Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee. There wasn't too much clarinet.

It was in Louisville that I ran into another kind of hazard you could meet on the road. Our show closed for a week, and there was a woman I'd met in Louisville who tried to shanghai me. She owned seven buffet flats (whorehouses), and had been giving me two to three hundred dollars a day. When the show closed, she put a razor to my throat and

said, 'You're going with me.' So for four days, I stayed. One morning while she was making eggs in the kitchen, I ran fifteen blocks to the railroad station. I'd had my bag packed in preparation, and ran with my clarinet case under one arm and my suitcase under the other. I hid in the men's toilet and told the porter, 'If you see a big woman, you didn't see me.' She came to the station, looking for me, but I escaped to Chicago where we were due to play the Grand Theatre.

"The first day there, I met Gus Aikens and we went out to a buffet flat and stayed until four in the morning. (They called it a 'buffet flat' because they served all the liquor and food from a buffet.) As we were leaving, some white fellows crossed the street toward us. I pulled out my gun and Gus his knife. They said, 'Drop it!' I never saw so many guns in my life. They were cops. They kept us in jail for three days. Fletcher didn't know where we were, and Buster Bailey had to play my parts.

"It turned out a lot of cops had been killed in New York that year, and when they found out we were from New York, they held us until they communicated with the New York Police. Buddy Aikens and Charlie Jackson, our violinist, finally found us and we were bailed out. It took all the money I had—about \$600 or \$700—to pay the bondsman, the fine, and the lawyer. But all that saved me from that Louisville woman. She had come to Chicago looking for me intending

Fletcher Henderson

to kill me. She left after two days while I was still in jail.

"That band behind Ethel, by the way, had Gus and Buddy Aikens; Charlie Jackson; Bill D. C. on baritone saxophone; Joe Elder, tenor; Raymond Green, xylophone and drums; and Fletcher, piano. Like any band then that got on stage, we had to do a specialty of some kind. So we had an act in which I was a cop and Green was a preacher, by the way. Some of the others were also armed. Jackson kept a .45 in his violin case and Buddy had a .22 under his derby. When he took off his hat, he meant business.

Ethel was going South. Gus, Buddy, Jackson and I weren't going. We left the band in Chicago. We had just enough money for the four of us to get to Pittsburgh. We went to a dance, were asked to sit in and were invited to pass the hat. We got enough money to pay our fare to New York with \$1.50 left over. That wasn't much for food. While on the train to New York, we started practicing. The sandwich man heard us, and we were told by the steward, that if we'd play in the diner, they'd feed us for free. Life on the road was like that. There was no telling what conditions you'd have to adjust to. Once in Illinois we slept in a church; we couldn't get a room.

"A lot of the traveling was on the T. O. B. A. 'Take Old Bailey's Advice,' some of us called it. A man named Bailey ran it with headquarters in Atlanta. We also called it 'Toby' and another way of spelling (Continued on page 40)

THE LEGENDARY JOE ALBANY

In this day of the independent record company and its indefatigable directors of artistry and repertoire all legends come to an end. The Joe Albany legend is admittedly a minor one, but it is a genuine legend of our own time, and it has given the *cognoscenti* something to talk about for the better part of ten years.

The Albany myth has been supported by two bodies of evidence. First, verbal reports of the usual reliability. These were of sporadic appearances and brilliant piano work, both as a soloist and section man, at various way out jam sessions. Second, the fragile but impressive evidence of two 78 rpm records. The latter were made one afternoon in 1946 when Albany, by some miscalculation, got himself trapped in a Hollywood studio and made four sides with Lester Young. The records appeared on a blues label called Aladdin.

In those days Joe Albany was one of the handful of jazz pianists who could hit the big league pitching of Bird and Diz. About the only real originals around were Monk and Bud Powell. Clyde Hart had already gone. The future seemed to depend upon a very few piano players, curiously enough all of them white, all well trained academically, who possessed that unusual combination of qualities: technique, harmonic depth, jazz sense, and a grasp of the new idiom. One thinks immediately of Al Haig, Dodo Mararosa, Albany, and after that names do not come to mind easily.

There is some reason to believe

that, after Bud Powell, Albany was Charlie Parker's first choice for band pianist. When Parker remained behind in California upon completion of the historic Gillespie Sextet engagement at Billy Berg's (he missed the plane home actually) and settled down to an uneasy career in Los Angeles, Joe Albany was the piano player in the first Bird band. This was organized by Howard McGhee and appeared at an after-hours spot called the Club Finale, at First and San Pedro streets, for some weeks in early 1946. It was in fact the band which was supposed to have made the first Parked session for Dial Records, which the writer headed, and during the period of Albany's tenure such pieces as *Ornithology* and *Yarbird Suite* were worked out.

I was always sorry Joe did not make this date. His replacement, Dodo Marmarosa, is a wonderful pianist, but Joe had something special. I recall walking into the Finale early one morning during an embittered altercation between Bird and Albany over some musical detail. The Bird was no man to brook under such circumstances. Albany, who is nothing if not sensitive, did what for him has become a pattern. He walked out. Apparently he had been walking out on one opportunity after another ever since.

Before looking at the new Albany lp on Riverside, let's return to the Aladdin date for a moment. Two of the sides are not very important, but there's a 12 bar solo on *Lester's Bebop Boogie*, a light, lacey thing laid on with a sure hand and a lots-

of-time behind-the-beat phrasing. On *New Lester Leaps In*, the piano swings right out with a lyric solo that keeps building to a big convincing rhythmic period. One notices for the first time a blurred fingering of the runs and a sense of texture that only the good ones have. The accompaniment work behind Prez is out of the ordinary, too. It's full of exciting little pick-ups, percussive figures and luminous, right chords. This was one of Lester's better independent dates, and its possible the piano player had something to do with that.

But these sides, as fine as they may be, are after all only bits and scraps of a style. They do indicate how far Albany was ahead of pianists who have come forward to popularity since. In 1946 Dave Brubeck was still playing an obscure spot in San Francisco and known only to local audiences. Oscar Peterson existed in a comparable vacuum in Montreal. Andre Previn was just emerging from his Art Tatum period, and George Shearing had hardly gone into his.

What followed for Albany was twelve years of silence.

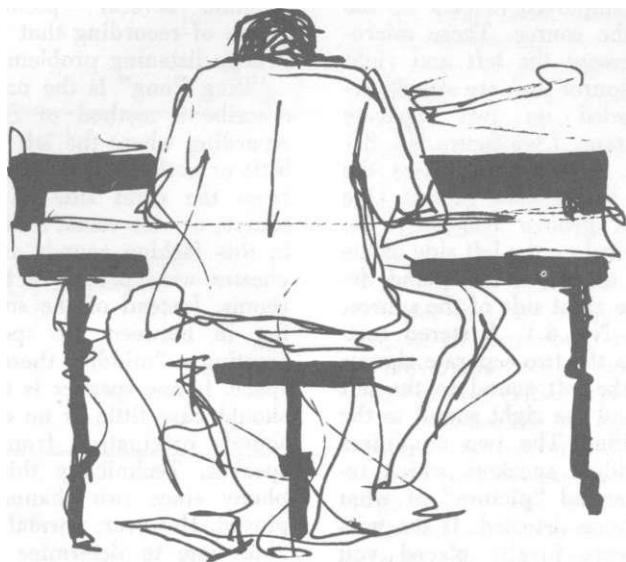
No record company, not even those on the West Coast, where Albany has lived in musical semi-seclusion, has been able to again lure him into a recording studio. Nor was Riverside so fortunate. The new lp is made up from a rehearsal taped one afternoon last year in the Long Beach, California, home of sound engineer Ralph Garretson.

Technically the recording has a few disadvantages, but they need dis-

courage no one. There are occasional balance troubles and spots of over-cutting. There is, too, a general looseness in programming that derives from the fact that this was a rehearsal. But the over-all sound is good and the piano comes through in full dimension.

It's a painful duty to criticize the production of this record. The hunk of cover art, however gorgeous it may seem on first viewing, is Madison Avenue *moderne*, suggesting that it may date much faster than the boys in the charcoal black uniforms suspect. There's a color shot of a model making like Raffles in front of the largest safe manufactured by the Mosler Company. Mosler even gets a credit on the liner notes. Seems as though Raffles is about to torch his way into the vault and record a locked-up Joe Albany. "The Right Combination!" Get it? Okay, so we have to catch the public eye! . . .

But what about the liner notes?



This time Riverside has really original merchandise. But the now threadbare tag of "funky pianist" simply will not do. Albany is not a very funky pianist, nor is his style particularly blues oriented. The notes are more than vague and cliché-ridden. They are inflated and they are inaccurate. Mosler Safe Corp. gets a liner credit but the drummer who plays throughout the record gets none. Finally there is the bad judgement in lining up the cuts; otherwise why should *Daahoud*, probably the weakest, be picked for the first track? Since this is the one on which the drummer can barely be heard, one wonders how many of the cuts the producers actually listened to, and on what kind of equipment?

Besides Albany and the anonymous drummer the musicians on this date are Bob Whitlock and Warne Marsh. Whitlock will be remembered for his bass work on the first Mulligan piano-less band date (*Pacific*). He does an excellent job behind Albany. Marsh is a tenor sax man who sometimes sounds like Lester Young and sometimes like Lee Konitz, all on the same instrument. He likes the upper end of it and has a thin sonority, but is capable of average or better solos. The main interest of course is Albany.

Let's pretend "The Right Combination" leads off with *Angel Eyes*. Albany opens and stays on center mike for more than four minutes. It's a grand sweep of piano playing, too. What's more, the pleasant tune is taken in that strict ballad tempo which is so often fatal for pianists, the kind where the metre falls apart and the player gets lost in a lot of

harmonic changes and ceases to play jazz.

Albany makes this a jazz performance. To begin with he is not primarily concerned with harmonic possibilities. His changes are phrased in terms of counter rhythms and little melodic fragments. The product is a closely organized flow of sound that has continuity and a sustaining beat.

This general method applies to Joe Albany's playing in all tempos. He is not just a chord changer. Like Charlie Parker he is primarily a melody maker. A minor melodist perhaps, but still a rarity among so many contemporaries who assume progress lies along the way of harmonic progression.

All The Things You Are begins

with a Parker reference. After some good sax work by Marsh, Albany contrives a solo that is about the closest thing to Parker today, contemporary alto players notwithstanding. Phrasing structure, dynamics, and especially the rhythmic suspenses are remarkably like the Bird himself.

Indeed there is a good deal of the Bird in Joe Albany's playing. Not the daytime, aggressive Bird, male and tempestuous, that is represented on piano by Bud Powell. But the nether side, nostalgic, nocturnal, and a little tragic—the *Yardbird Suite* side. First hand contact with Parker's statement of jazz has been chiefly alive in the playing of Miles Davis and Max Roach. Now it is given a fresh and valuable reinterpretation.

On *Body and Soul* there is a bit of Parkerian legerdemain, a kind of Stanislavsky entrance which projects the soloist in full heat and stride at the very opening bar. Albany's solo also recalls the fleet, frothy *World is Waiting for the Sunrise* which Mel Powell made for Commodore but was never able to duplicate. On *You Are the One* there is a section of polyphonic voicing with Marsh and we are reminded of Miles and Parker on *Bird Gets the Worm* (Savoy). (Why wasn't this enticing experiment followed up, incidentally?) Albany's references suggest how strongly he lies in the jazz tradition. Even his use of such pianistic devices as grace notes, crushed notes, and turns are in the tradition that goes back to blues and parlor-house playing.

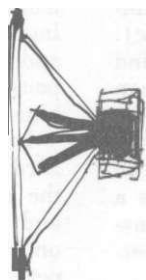
Besides being a musician with a very strong sense of rhythm, Albany is a pianist of texture, achieved by close control of rhythmic and melodic elements, and reinforced by deliberately blurred fingering, a useful example of how the "wrong way to play" (by academic standards) is often the right way to play jazz.

The flair for fine accompaniment work observed on the Lester Young sides is still in evidence. Playing behind the horn requires both exceptional chord sense and rhythmic awareness. The want of these qualities in pianists has driven such musicians as (Jerry Mulligan and Max Roach to experiment with the piano-less band. Like John Lewis, one of the great accompanists today, Albany always finds the right chord and stimulates rather than impedes. Behind an average horn player like Marsh however, he takes the play

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Two Views of Stereo

Tom Dowd Explains



Stereophony is a new name used to describe an old technique of recording; dimensional recordings were made as early as 1913. However, the fidelity and the leakage between adjacent tracks made such recordings not good enough for commercial uses.

There is no *absolute* definition of stereophony, and about the only way to describe what it implies is to compare it to monophonic, up until recently, "normal" recording.

The standard procedure in recording over the years has been to deploy anywhere from one to ten or more microphones over the sound source, mix what they pick up together (to the engineers and/or the producers liking) and record the resultant complex signal in one groove (on disc) or track (on tape). (See figure No. 1.)

The resultant recording would then be played on a home system that employed a cartridge (for disc) or head (for tape) to detect the signal, amplify it, and play it back through one or more loudspeakers. (See figure No. 2). But no matter how many speakers were employed, each one carried exactly the same sound. It is easy to see (figure No. 1, and No. 2) that the sound was being funnelled to the recording machine, and "funnelled" again by the playback machine, and because of this, it was impossible to detect the placement of the instruments, which were, say, on the left or on the right. All instruments seemed to come from one central source with some *further forward* than others. The latter effect could be created artificially by varying the intensity of the different instruments in recording. The louder one recorded an instrument, the further forward it would sound, or the more "presence" it had. Thus the only dimension afforded the listener was depth, and this was not always an

honest representation of what actually took place; sections or individual instruments could be *made* to sound louder or bigger than the rest of the orchestra.

Stereophonic recording enables the listener to determine width, and depth. In it, two or more microphones are employed to pick up the sounds of the source. These microphones represent the left and right side of the source and are simultaneously recorded on two separate tracks of a tape. (See figure No. 3.) A resultant stereo disc carries the two sounds in the same groove. One side of the groove has only the sounds detected on the left side of the source and the other the sound detected on the right side of the source. (See figure No. 4.). A stereo cartridge detects the two separate signals and sends the left sound to the left amplifier, and the right sound to the right amplifier. The two amplifiers drive individual speakers which reproduce a sound "picture" of what the microphone detected. If the microphones were ideally placed you should be able to "see" as well as hear the orchestra, just as if you were seated tenth row center. If the microphones were improperly placed, your listening vantage point should change accordingly, left or right, front or back.

The word *see* as well as *hear* will become more significant as one's stereophonic listening improves. Your eyes govern sixty to seventy percent of what you hear, since they involve a faster sense than ears and hearing. The ears are among the slower senses. For example, too often a man will step into the path of an oncoming car only because his eyes are preoccupied and his hearing at that moment has not registered the presence of the car on their minds.

Blind people "see" objects by training their hearing sensitivity to

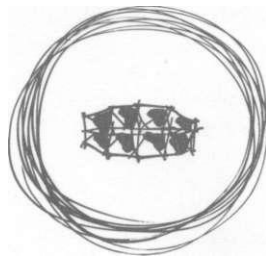
such a degree that they can detect buildings, trees, water, etc. By developing stereophonic listening habits one should soon be able to "see" what he is listening to.

Ideal stereophonic recording technique and good stereophonic listening habits having been described, let us examine several "pseudo stereo" means of recording that will present strange listening problems.

"Ping Pong" is the name used to describe a method of Stereophonic recording where the left side detects little or nothing of what is emanating from the right side of the sound source, or vice versa. Music recorded in this fashion sounds as if the orchestra were placed in two isolated rooms. Instead of the sounds merging in between the speakers, and creating a "middle" there is a blank space. If one speaker is turned off it should have little or no effect on the sounds originating from the other speaker. Technically this is stereophony since two channels are employed. However, normal hearing enables one to determine front from back, as well as left from right. Thus, this method of recording does not permit the listener to truly "see" what he is listening to.

More often than not, stereophonic recordings are made in a studio simultaneously with monophonic recordings. One combination of microphones is employed for the monaural recording, and another combination is used for the stereophonic recording. Unfortunately, the orchestra must then be placed in the best physical position to produce the most satisfactory monophonic results. Brass sections must be kept away from strings and woodwind sections etc., so that the orchestra cannot be set up the way one is accustomed to seeing it in a concert hall or theatre. Before stereophony, this made little

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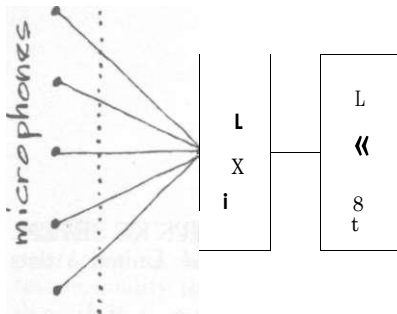
James Lyons Complain

[Note: the following editorial is reprinted with permission from *The American Record Guide*, December, 1958. I feel it may also be taken as typical of the kind of frank and perceptive comment which that publication offers on recordings of classical music. — M. W.]

I have been asked by numerous correspondents for my "private" opinion about stereo. I have no private opinion about stereo; no editor is entitled to have a private opinion about anything so important to his subscribers. So saying, I submit that (a) stereo sound as its best is decidedly superior to the best we knew before, and (b) perhaps one out of ten stereodiscs is *that* much better than its monophonic counterpart. In short, bugs remain. So that conversion makes sense right now mostly for critics and for compulsive or well-heeled audiophiles. Also, it stands to reason that those making their *first* investment in hi-fi should go stereo. The tragicomedy that is the record business today (sales are way off) may be attributed partly to the amorphous, acephalous character of this latter group. I am charmed by the childlike innocence with which certain record manufacturers have delivered themselves to the merchandising geniuses of the hi-fi components fraternity. During the past year I have heard no end of prattle about the "new market", about "broadening the consumer base". Roughly translated, this is to say that the future of recordings will be determined by the continuing enthusiasm of those thousands who never bought a record in their lives until somebody sold them on stereo. The efficacy of this proposition seems to me dubious in the extreme. But that is of no consequence to the component maker; after all, one sizable sale to a customer is his modest goal.

Nor can the more responsible equipment manufacturers be condemned for wanting to survive in the face of this Johnny-come-lately and very promotion-conscious competition. Indeed, so successfully have "new markets" been spawned that one actually encounters stereo departments, if you please, in mass-circulation media that do not even review records or tapes (the ad agencies can use those fat commissions). The chief trouble with this revolution in our cultural mores is that the genus record collector (music-loving, pre-stereo type) has been consigned to second-class citizenship. The "new" proletariat of the company-sponsored clubs and the "new" bourgeoisie of stereo have conspired to reduce the old cadre to insignificance as a factor in the industry's planning. It is the sound and the fury and the gimmick that counts today, my dears, and to hell with musical values. The smart A & R fellows tell me that the only way to survival in these parlous times is to hard-sell either of these "new markets". If pressed they will admit that stereo came a bit too soon, that they would rather have waited another two to five years, that in fact the equipment people and a couple of canny record makers forced their hand. Be that as it may, and happily for the bewildered buyer, free enterprise has been accelerating the development of stereo processes so that the day is perhaps nigh when stereo *will* be the rule. But it is not yet, no matter what you may infer to the contrary elsewhere. And I do hope that the record industry will soon enough realize what a hideous error it made in turning its back on the hard core of its tried and true consumer market—those fifty thousand or so who had been buying records regularly for years and who have now slowed down or stopped

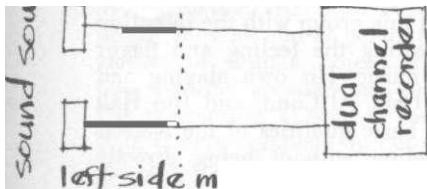
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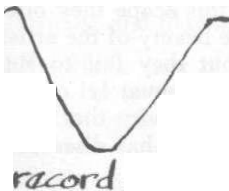
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REVIEWS: RECORDINGS

SIDNEY BECHET: *The Fabulous Sidney Bechet*. Blue Note 1207.

Side 1 consists of five reissues from a November, 1951 date, side 2 of five more from August, 1953. While the tunes are all from the overly-familiar standard repertoire, and the performances hold few surprises, this presentation of Bechet in two different settings should have interest for those who care. I might as well admit at this point that I think any attempt to record Bechet in a conventional Dixieland (or neo-New Orleans) environment is doomed to comparative failure. The reasons are obvious enough: not only do the timbre and range of the soprano saxophone place it in implicit competition with a trumpet lead, but Bechet's unremittingly forceful and highly individualistic style militates against any integration of his sound with the band's. It is equally obvious, I think, that the problem is not Bechet's alone, but one confronting all musicians with a particularly aggressive style. Nonetheless, it seems a pity that so many of the records Sidney has made since the war use the Dixieland format.

I find a good deal of support for this by no means original thought of mine in the fact that the five sides made with a rhythm section of Buddy Weed, Walter Page, and Johnny Blowers are better music than the five with Don Kirkpatrick, Pops Foster, and Manzie Johnson. By this I mean to say that the former

rhythm section is less committed than the latter to the kind of artificial Dixieland which became commercially successful in the forties, and which absorbed so many musicians nurtured in the big bands of the depression years and before. The differences are individual as well as collective. Buddy Weed can play a new tune to the old changes where Kirkpatrick can only state the original tune phrase by phrase with fill-ins of a more or less uninteresting kind; and it is almost superfluous to note that a rhythm section with Walter Page is superior to one with Pops Foster. For all his experience on the riverboats and association with the great figures of jazz, Pops' playing is amazingly insensitive. It is doubly fortunate that Jonah Jones rather than Sidney de Paris is allied with the livelier rhythm section. Bechet does better, I think, with a simpler lead, and while some may find Jonah's style overly cautious alongside De Paris' exuberance, it does leave room for Bechet's more overwhelming fancies. (The same contrast can be heard, more strikingly, in comparing the sides Sidney made with Muggsy to those made with Wild Bill.) In passing, let it be noted that the recording of the Kirkpatrick-Foster-Johnson rhythm section is rather muddy.

If you should be in the market for Bechet reissues, the first Blue Note release (BLP 1201) gives more variety and better music.

—Larry Gushee

BOB BROOKMEYER'S KC SEVEN: *Kansas City Revisited*: United Artists UAL-4008.

Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Al Cohn, tenor sax; Paul Quinichette, tenor sax; Nat Pierce, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Addison Farmer, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Big Miller, vocals. *Jumping at the Woodside, A Blues, Blue and Sentimental, Doggin' Around, Moten Swing, Travlin' Light*.

The subject of this album is the traditional jazz form called the Kansas City style, best done by the early recordings of the Basie band, the Kansas City Seven, and the Lester Young Quartet. Brookmeyer assembled this group with the intention of recreating the feeling and flavor of that music. His own playing and that of Osie, Al Cohn, and Jim Hall has the basic qualities of the Kansas City feeling without being directly imitative. On the other hand Pierce and Quinichette have based their musical approach on duplication, concentrating their imaginative resources on the creation of an example of how their idols might have played. Within this scope they often remind us of the beauty of the artists they emulate, but they fail to support the group adequately on the deeper level of creativity that exists for the musician who has discovered his own identity.

Brookmeyer moans, growls, and half-valves his way through a good

portion of his solos on this date, producing an eccentric slightly grotesque quality that approaches abandon, if it is possible to apply that word to him. Even his most raucous bleats seem to express a denial of propriety rather than an absence of it. Throughout phrases where he distorts his normally rich, mellow tone into what used to be called "dirty" playing, his sense of form and order never deserts him, and the tension built up by such passages makes subsequent fat, lyrical phrases sound very pure. His enthusiasm for the group spirit in this sort of playing brings the ensemble passages energetically to life.

Al Cohn solos beautifully on *Moten Swing*. His huge sound is as deeply moving and as personal as the richest of human voices. He is a one-of-a-kind spontaneous composer. His conception of sound, song, and time is very complete and consistent. He fills the ensemble passages with incredibly sumptuous color, blending the horns together into one delicious voice. On faster tempos his fingers don't always keep up with his ideas, possibly because Al devotes more time nowadays to writing than to practicing and playing.

Jim Hall's best chorus is also on *Moten*. He seems to be more adventurous at this tempo than on the faster tunes, where he confines his improvising to rhythmic development and the swinging of simple figures. His attention to sound and rhythmic

continuity throughout the album is a real contribution to the way these long blowing tunes hold together. Osie is also a pillar, keeping the time wide awake and happy all the way. Addison plays well, but doesn't sound entirely comfortable. Nat gets ahead of himself in places, especially when playing up-beat figures, and the whole rhythm section sounds uneasy in those spots.

Quinichette seems attracted to the most eccentric parts of Lester's early playing. He sometimes finds a nice resonant tone, but more often seems to be working at the production of a squawky, drunken sound that would really be puzzling to anyone who hadn't heard what Prez did with it. He has a good ear for charming melody, but I find his preoccupation with style annoying.

The two tunes that Big Miller sings are disappointing. His *A Blues* is not much of a statement poetically or musically. He sounds uneasy in his phrasing, and consequently doesn't allow the simple melody to generate any swing. The band has a party behind him, and the whole track is worthwhile if only for the two Al Cohn choruses. On *Travlin Light* Miller confuses the lyrics, diminishing their effectiveness, and again anticipates his phrasing in an unrelaxed manner.

Brookmeyer has written his own album notes. His ear for the music of language and his unique sense of

humor make his comments as welcome as his playing. In both he expresses his longing for the "good old days," but I doubt that anything in the old days, as good as they were, was in any way superior to the best of Brookmeyer today. His yearning for the comforts of a more gracious era seems self-indulgent. The problems of being alive in the world are relatively the same in any age, regardless of how simple things apparently were back when musicians seemed to love one another and Kansas City was jumping. "Now's the Time," as someone else from K C once said. As delightful as those days sound to those of us who missed them, I think it's good to remember also how far we've come from there in a lot of ways. Just the fact that it's now more likely that a band-leader will hire his musicians according to their merits regardless of pigmentation and superstition about the racial origin of talent makes me prefer the musical scene today to any of the ones I've heard about.

However much Bobby might like the idea of living in the past, he fortunately continues to function in the present. His music is an expression of his immediate feelings, though they may be of admiration for the past, irritation with the present, or cynicism about the future. The result is an admirable contemporary standard of high quality work.

—Bill Crow

JOHN COLTRANE: *Soultrane*. Prestige 7142.

John Coltrane with the Red Garland Trio. Prestige 7123.

"Ripping, soaring, hotly-pulsing, cooking, wailing, smoking, moving, grooving, cutting, riding, gliding, human-voiced, searching, searing, air-clearing" says Ira Gitler in his liner-notes and that just about depletes the adjectives descriptive of John Coltrane.

Coltrane's much-discussed "sheets of sound" I would liken to yards of accordion-pleated fabric hastily flung from the bolt. I would analyze his sound sheets technically as a perpetual series of sixteenth notes, basically bridging pivotal tones that fall on downbeats (the first of four sixteenths per beat) with rapid spans of lesser melodic note values. John ambitiously undertakes chorus after chorus of these sixteenths.

Coltrane's sixteenth note choruses individulize themselves from bebop sixteenth-note work (using Parker as an example for comparison) because John's dynamics and accentuation are of equal intensity throughout a solo, whereas Parker's volume and stresses are uneven. Parker's sixteenths, frequently just a phrase or so between eighth note lines rather than continuing choruses, feature

"ghosted" notes which the listener's ear must supply for him; Coltrane's work, however suggests nothing; everything is poured out by the horn in a continuous, unbroken, multi-noted line. To term the comparison concretely, Parker's playing is like an electric fan being switched on and off; Coltrane's playing is like an electric fan turned on and left on.

To this reviewer, an entire Coltrane lp at one sitting becomes a trifle wearing. I can better appreciate John diluted with tracks from other albums, or on sessions such as Miles Davis' *Relaxin*. Possibly the reason for my difficulty in swallowing John whole stems from the problems intrinsic in his stylistic approach, which he will eventually have to solve. At times the sixteenths lean toward virtuoso display; at uptempo, chorus after chorus of sixteenth improvisations either begin to sound alike or take on aspects of running up and down scales to warm up. I wish John would soften his tone just a little around the edges (as he does in *Soultrane's* *You Say You Care* and in the stated theme of *Good Bait*), since his often strident intonation reminds me of Rock and Roll instrumentalists. But this is a question of my own personal taste.

I prefer Coltrane's ballads to his cookers because his phrasings and

note values vary more (hear, in *Soultrane*, *I Want to Talk About You* and the soulful *Theme for Ernie* [Henry] where the dynamic range is broadened). John begins his take-off on *You Say You Care* with eighths and longer note values and when he eventually gets around to the sixteenths, he treats them more sparingly and occasionally relieves them with eighths.

Red Garland, Paul Chambers, and Art Taylor lay down well-constructed rhythmic foundations in both albums. Garland does well on *Traneing In* (Coltrane and Garland album); his misty block chords provide temporary ear relief to the blasting Coltrane. *On Russian Lullaby* (*Soultrane*) Red's melodies and harmonies turn Powellish. Garland absorbs much of Coltrane's spirit and also frequently solos in sixteenths. Chambers, incidentally, is one of the few bass players in jazz whose bowings I find really effective.

The listener cannot help but be impressed that John Coltrane makes a real effort to go somewhere. In fact, he has so much to say that at present he almost says too much. It will be interesting to watch his development and see how he surmounts the difficulties with which he has challenged himself.

—Mimi Clar

MILES DAVIS: *Relaxin' With the Miles Davis Quintet*. Prestige 7129.

MILES DAVIS: *The Musings of Miles*. Prestige 7007.

Both albums demand a minimum of comment. Neither warrent painstaking analysis nor roadmaps of instrumental entrances, linear paths, melodic landmarks.

The lp's are aptly titled: the music is indeed relaxed and musing, also somewhat pensive. Miles is introspective throughout the majority of tracks, almost as though he and Red Garland and John Coltrane and Philly Joe and Paul Chambers (*Relaxin*) and Oscar Pettiford (*Musings* replacement for Chambers) were playing among themselves after work to cast off fatigue.

Relaxin is the better of the two packages by a nose or so. Neither lp measures up to Miles' *Blue Haze* album (Presige 7054), cut four years ago, which was the same type of record: not a lot of frantic blowing at up-tempo, no experimental excursions—just easy listening to musicians playing for recreation. In *Re-*



laxin and *Musings* Miles is more restrained, "cooler," if you will. *Green Haze* on the *Musings* track becomes less groovy than its twin, *Blue Haze*, in the album of same title, mostly because the drums fall into double time in the former, and because Garland's choruses penetrate less pungently than Horace Silver's on *Blue Haze*.

It Could Happen to You (a very successful track along with // /

Were a Bell) from *Relaxin*, though its meter is 4/4, has a waltz feeling caused by Garland's and Chambers' stating chord changes on beats one and three plus Jones' shuffle rhythms beneath Davis' economical long-noted solo. My favorite Garland solo came on *Bell*. Coltrane, who appears on the *Relaxin* session only and who I liked best also on *Bell*, in comparison to the muted Miles, sounds like a blowing brontosaur.

Miles' remarks to the recording supervisor and musicians, his comment preceding *Bell*—"I'll play it and tell you what it is later"—his shrill whistle interrupting Garland's intro to *You're My Everything* ("Play some block chords") bring the listener a glimpse into the inner workings of the *Relaxin* recording session.

Relaxin and *Musings* neither disappoint nor do they set the world on fire. Both call for no excess wordage on the part of a reviewer; they should be enjoyed and not analytically picked apart. I enjoyed them.

—Mimi Clar

WILBUR DE PARIS: *Wilbur De Paris Plays Cole Porter*. Atlantic 1288.

After listening to this release, it's difficult to keep from repeating the old joke about somebody playing Beethoven, etc. It is undeniable that de Paris' approach to Cole Porter, whatever its other failings may be, manages to denude the songs of their very special charm, without supplying much in the way of replacement. That the very formula which has enabled this unusual and highly competent group to survive commercially is at the same time a source of critical dissatisfaction is, I know, an unhappy paradox. But this is possibly an inescapable result of the fact that popular acceptance of bands falling within the flexible category of Dixieland depends on a great many extra-musical factors. To get back to present business, I can't help but

think that de Paris' use of the banjo is too much of a novelty, particularly in Cole Porter tunes, and that harmonica solos (as in *Wunderbar*, and *You Do Something to Me*) should stay in the trunk along with the funny hats.

Some of my grouchiness regarding this record undoubtedly stems from the difficulty any jazz band has in rendering Cole Porter. It has always seemed to me that there are too few changes in proportion to the length of the tunes, making any distant excursions from the melody perilous indeed. Nevertheless, within the limitations imposed by the nature of the tunes, and gimmicky format, the band acquits itself very well. A good deal of the credit should go to Sonny White and Omer Simeon. The latter's acrid, expressive sound is a particular delight in an era of facility and blandness in clarinet playing.

—Larry Gushee

RED GARLAND: Red Garland's. *Piano*. Prestige 7086.

RED GARLAND: *Groovy*. Prestige 7113.

RED GARLAND: *A Garland of Red*. Prestige 7064.

RED GARLAND, RAY BARRETO: *Manteca*. Prestige 7139.



The word "cocktail" continually pursues the name of Red Garland and whacks it with an accusing clout. The brand, I feel, is generally unjustified in Red's case, but probably originates from several stylistic facts. Garland is essentially a very refined pianist. His playing, while modern, is unfunky enough not to tax the aural capacities of the uninitiated who might find Horace Silver or Monk hard to take, and his music is "nice" enough not to interfere with the gastronomic and conversational appetites of, say, the groups of unescorted women who dine at places like The Embers. Then, too, a point further confusing the issue is touched on by Ira Gitler: Garland has jazz roots, which predate Minton's. While

Powell-ish modernisms and shavings of Silver are basic to Red's piano, an awareness of the older feeling—Tatum, Wilson, Cole, Garner—also penetrates the Garland output.

I can identify Garland by several of his devices. Primarily I do it by his block chords, upon which he depends to more or less of a degree in each number. Red's block chords differ from the Buckner-Shearing type (where the right hand plays the chord and the left hand doubles the upper melody note immediately below) in that Garland's left hand remains in the same keyboard position, altering inner notes as the harmony changes, while his right hand roams around in Garneresque fashion. Another Garland trademark is a Garner-in-another-gear left hand of two chords per measure, reiterated just before beats one and three below right-hand eighth note lines; this sets up a polyrhythm between the hands that is just the opposite of Garner's right hand lag: the left hand is off-the-beat, the right hand on.

Red Garland, Paul Chambers, and Art Taylor perform on a pretty even keel throughout the four lp's. *A Garland of Red*, *Red Garland's Piano*, and *Groovy* sound like they were made at one extended session, the type of music played and the feeling projected by it being of a like nature throughout. *Manteca*, due to the addition of Ray Barreto's conga drum, gets into a little more blowing groove. Only interference from the conga (to my listening, maybe not to the pianist involved) comes in

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Mart's Report where Ray plays double time when Garland continues to play in a slow context. Otherwise, the conga detracts in no way from the *Manteca* package, largely because backing on standards like *S'Wonderful* concentrates on conga blows on beats two and four only, which enhances rather than hampers the overall swing. *Exactly Like You* is Latin-flavored so lightly as to sound like earlier Nat-Cole-with-Jack-Costanzo records. Arthur Taylor handles a goodly share of the work in the featured conga solos of *Manteca* and *Lady Be Good*. Latter tune's "melodic" drum solos revolves around the interval of a third.

Red deals with the routine or "non-jazz type numbers well, as for example // *Were a Bell* in *Red Garland's Pidno*. *Almost Like Being in Love*, from the same album, contains a habitual melodic figure of Red's—flatted fifth, fourth, flatted third to tonic degrees of the scale repeated. The pungent chords with which Garland often ends a piece, such as on *Can't Give You Anything But Love* are pleasing.

Garland's roots sprout in *Willow*

THE RED GARLAND QUINTET:
All Mornin' Long. Prestige 7130.

All Morning Long, the title tune from the album, lasts for an entire side of the lp. To take as many choruses as everyone does here is a challenge. The disadvantages of such lengthy sessions—tendency of musicians to rely on cliché or repetition, to throw forth pack-in-the-box fashion all technical devices at hand, to grow bored with the tune—can prevail to the point of creating an album best described functionally as "Music to Set Your Hair By."

All Morning Long, though a loose session, is not that kind of an album. While not ponderous, the music is pleasant enough to go on all morning long on one's phonograph. Red Garland, Donald Byrd, John Coltrane, George Joyner, and Art Taylor utilize the advantages of a session where everyone gets plenty of room to stretch and is reasonably free from recording-studio tension of putting something down for posterity.

The *All Morning Song* track, a spontaneous, jazz-of-the-moment, works into an effective device of a kind of stop-time rhythm where the first three beats of each measure are chugged out by the rhythm and the fourth beat left silent. The momentary hesitation of the bass, drums

Weep For Me (Groovy album) and on the reflective *Blue Red* (a Garland of Red track) at the appearance of "after hours" figures of groupings of six notes per beat, à la Avery Parrish. *Groovy* offers a good *C-Jam Blues*, in which Red develops some choruses thematically, evolves independent melodies in some, and riffs others.

Paul Chambers' almost entirely unaccompanied pizzicato solo at the start of *Blue Red* is a fine blues statement and on the Nat Coleish *What Can I say Dear* he plays rhythm bass strongly enough to emerge as an interesting melodic counterpart to the piano lines.

My main complaint about Red Garland is that he sometimes tends to play too many choruses of block chords at one stretch. The chords in themselves have a nice color but if dwelled upon too long, lose their effectiveness as the ear gets used to the sound. Like using all dissonance with no consonance for contrast, an originally interesting texture can become pedestrian as a result of over-exposure.

—Mimi Clar

and piano behind Byrd's smoothly travelling flight is arresting. Byrd possesses much of Clifford Brown's brilliancy of tone and execution. Coltrane ever-strives, reaches out and forges ahead. He fits into the group well. Red's *Morning* piano sounds "pre-Rhythm and Blues" (like the kind of blues piano on Red Calender's *Dolphin Street Boogie*) with all the triplets behind the riff and in-between the horn phrases, and some right-hand boogie-type improvisations. A bit of matter-of-fact humor occurs as *Yankee Doodle* emerges twice on Joyner's solo.

The expanse of the reverse side of the lp divides into two parts: a lilting *They Can't Take That Away From Me* and Tadd Dameron's *Our Delight*. The former's theme antiphony (Byrd against rhythm) paves the way for a soul-baring Coltrane and a Garland solo which boils down to a Lester Youngish "essence" chorus of one or two basic melody notes. Taylor free-wheels in the Blakey tradition, while Joyner at once propels and anchors the soloists.

Our Delight finds a more driving Red, very much in the Powell vein. Garland's tea-roomy Latin breaks of chromatic intervals, pointless in this context, constitute my only bone to pick with him here. Byrd stands out on all tracks.

—Mimi Clar

JIMMY WITHERSPOON WITH JAY McSHANN: *Coin to Kansas City Blues*. RCA Victor LPM 1639.

This album had all the ingredients that are necessary to produce good jazz, whether it be blues-based or otherwise. It does not make it in spite of Witherspoon who is a good urban singer of the middle forties period; McShann who is one of the best blues men and accompanists to come out of jazz since the middle thirties; and the arrangements of Budd Johnson, a longtime Kansas City musician and one of jazz's finest band arrangers. Outside of Gene Ramey, Jay's longtime associate, none of the other musicians have been associated to any degree with blues recordings, but most have sufficient jazz background to play well in this style.

Jack Higginbotham comes off as the best soloist and accompanist after McShann on these tracks, although all the others do their job well, with the exception of Mousie Alexander, a last-minute replacement for Gus Johnson, who couldn't make the date. Mousie is a good band drummer, but has had little or no experience with the relaxed, lag-along style that can float a combo like this. Most of the time he is too stiff, or pushes too much. He is not the sole reason for the success or failure of the lp however. Some of the sides are just about getting off the ground (*Hootie Blues*) when they come to a halt, and the majority of them suffer from too little time, both in actual rehearsal and in playing time. I feel

the only sides that move at all are the *Jumpin' Blues* and *Oo-Wee*, while *Piney Brown* sustains a somber mood well, but suffers in comparison with either of Joe Turner's versions on Columbia and Atlantic or Jimmy Rushing's, also on Columbia. This could be due to Witherspoon's having come on the scene later than Turner and Rushing, and being infected with certain vocal mannerisms that Billy Eckstine and others during the forties pushed to popularity, and which replaced the straight sincerity that Rushing, for example, had.

The lp could have benefited from a larger band that worked so well for Rushing, and perhaps other musicians, although Seldon Powell and Hilton Jefferson both soloed well (Powell on *Jumpin' Blues* and Jefferson on *Until the Real Thing Comes Along*). Emmett Berry, who is a fine trumpeter with a good style, must have been uncomfortable at this session, because he played somewhat below par. Ray Copeland did better, but wasn't given enough space to develop a statement. Gene Ramey's bass work, as always, was fine, and helped considerably in balancing Mousie's uncertainty. Perhaps the next time, if there is one, Witherspoon and McShann will be able to work with a bigger group. One other question, have a & r men forgotten that Budd Johnson in addition to being a terrific arranger, is also a very gifted tenor soloist, and makes the use of another tenorman, no matter how good, unnecessary, especially at a blues session?

—Frank Driggs

NEWPORT 1958. *The International Youth Band*. Columbia CL 1246.

The 1958 Newport Festival has given rise to so much bitter comment that I would like to be able to take the underdog's part in reporting on this recorded sample of the proceedings that took place in July. Alas, it can't be done; the International Youth Band is no recommendation for the Festival or for the quality of European jazz. Much of the difficulty lies in the idea itself. To expect to put together a swinging seventeen piece band in under a month verges on the fantastic, not to speak of the additional rehearsal problem created by the diversity of languages represented in the group.

One of this record's biggest failings is the quality of the arrange-

ments. With the exception of Bill Russo's *Newport Suite, Op. 24*, none of the seven tracks is anything to write home about, and I think it is no coincidence that the band sounds best on Russo's piece. Now and then Adolph Sandole's voicings in *Too Marvelous for Words* catch our attention, but the leads, especially in the brass, are trite, sometimes verging on the corny. Two of them, Marshall Brown's *Don't Wait for Henry*, and a collaborative arrangement by Brown and John La Porta, *Swingin' the Blues*, are humdrum treatments of the blues; two are ballads with a minimum of arrangement, *Dont Blame Me*, featuring Andy Marsala, and *Imagination*, with Belgian trombonist Christian Kellens. One more piece, John La Porta's so-called *Jazz Concerto for Alto Sax*, featuring Marsala again, completes the set.

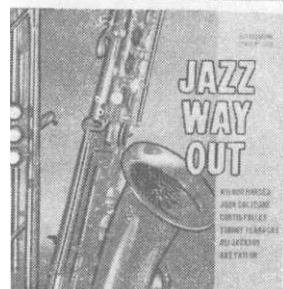
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Given the generally uninspired writing and insufficient rehearsal time, it is evident that the only thing which could have saved the venture would have been good solos. That the solo spots are as good as they are, in spite of an unfamiliar environment, is sufficient evidence of the musicians' talents and good will, although they are not good enough to redeem the unswinging frame in which they are heard. To be praised especially are the two Swedish jazzmen, Bernt Rosengren, tenor (who generally leads off the solos for reasons readily apparent, and Kurt Jarnberg, trombone. Dusko Gojkovic, a trumpeter from Yugoslavia, does well on *Swingin'*. His section mate, Roger Guerin, has a fundamentally better sound, but is sloppy in execution, possibly because of nervousness. Albert Manglesdorff (does *he* qualify as a "youth"?) does rather badly for someone of his experience, on three separate occasions. The real booby prize goes, however, to Gilberto Cuppini, the drummer, who could have done much to save the day.

—Larry Gushee

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KANSAS CITY in the THIRTIES Capitol T-1057

Moten Swing—Jay McShann, pf; Oliver Todd, tp; Claiborne Graves, ts; Tommy Douglas, as; Effergee Ware, gtr; Walter Page, bs; Baby Lovett, dms

Draggin' my Heart Around—Julia, organ and vocals, with Clint Weaver, bs

When You're Smiling—Julia Lee, pf-vo, Benny Carter, as; Red Nichols, ct; Vic Dickenson, tb; Dave Cavanaugh, ts; Jack Marshall, gtr; Red Callender, bs; Baby Lovett, dms.

It's Hard to Laugh or Smile—Bus Moten, vocal and piano, acc by unknown ts

Lights Out—Tommy Douglas, bs; Clarence Davis, tp; Bill Hodge, tb; Bob Williams, bs; Herman Bell, ts; George Salisbury, pf; Leonard Johnson, bs; Josh Reeves, dms

Ain't Mad at You—Jesse Price, vo; Snooky Young, tp; Buddy Tate, Gene Porter, ts; Allen Beal, pf; Nappy Lammare, gtr; Bill Davis, bs; Al Wichard, dms

My Sin—Julia Lee and Norvo, Carter, Dickenson, Nichols, et al

Was Wrong—Julia Lee with same
Leaping Boogie—Charles Waterford, vo, with unknown pf, ts, bs, dms

Living my Life for You—Walter Brown, vo; acc by Ben Webster, ts; unknown pf, bs, dms

Let's Love a While—Charlotte Manseld, vo-pf; acc by unknown as, bs, dms

Days—Joshua Johnson, pf-vocals acc by Baby Lovett, dms

This lp is a reissue of a series originated in 1944 by Dave Dexter, who got Capitol to sign up the majority of good talent then working in Kansas City and started off with a few good recordings. Soon his hands were tied, and others with less jazz knowledge took over and used the Kansas City men in a general rhythm and blues framework.

Side 1-track 1 *Moten Swing* by a Jay McShann-led pickup band is the best jazz side in the lp, containing good solos by trumpeter Oliver Todd, altoist Tommy Douglas, and McShann, and excellent rhythm from Walter Page, Effergee Ware and Baby Lovett. Track 2 is a typical Kansas City pop sung by Julia Lee who accompanies herself on organ to good effect. This side was goosed up to so-called high fidelity by the use of an echo chamber. Track 3 is Julia Lee again, but in a jazz setting with good vocal, and solos by Red Norvo, (good), Red Nichols, (fair), Benny Carter, (good), Vic Dickenson, (good), Jack Marshall, guitar (good), Dave Cavanaugh, tenor (fair). Track 4—Bus Moten, Bennie Moten's nephew singing an old Moten standby in a sentimental vein, accompanied by a bad dance-hall tenor and capitol's echo chamber.

Not jazz, but Bus does have a fine voice. Track 5. This side is by Tommy Douglas' band but has no solos by him and sets a typical rhythm and blues mood, something almost any band could play; the tenor solo is by Herman Bell, and is only fair. A poor choice of material compared to some of the other Douglas items like *Jackson County Romp* which afforded a better idea of Douglas and pianist George Salisbury's ability. Douglas fought to break his contract over this sort of recording. Little wonder. Track 6—Jesse Price is far better known for shouting tunes, and this was also a bad choice with only fair solos by trumpet (Snooky Young) and tenor (Gene Porter). Much better was his *Froggy Bottom* with good vocal and driving trumpet by Young. Side B—Track 1—Julia Lee in another pop with good accompaniment by Carter, Norvo, Dickenson and fair Nichols. Side 2—Better song, better vocal, and good accompaniment from everybody. Track 3—Crown Prince Waterford is a good blues shouter, but the tune and the accompaniment is poor. He's made many better sides than this. Track 4—Charlotte Mansfield has an excellent voice, and is still a favorite in Kansas City today. She has done better and this song isn't exactly a good indication of what she is capable of. There is a nice alto break in the record, done by an unidentified musician. Track 5—Walter Brown singing a pop tune and really out of his element. The record is saved by some good choruses by Ben Webster, and comes to a very abrupt stop. Track 6—Joshua Johnson is a fine ballad singer, as is heard here, and has the subtle accompaniment of Baby Lovett's fine drums. Lovett is also on the Lee and McShann tracks as well, and is still one of the best drummers in jazz. Johnson is just as well known for his boogie-woogie sides, and one of them would have been better in this lp.

Capitol has not really done justice to the talents of the Kansas City musicians they *had* under contract, and with the exception of Julia Lee and McShann (his track is a second master, and not as good as the one originally issued, in my opinion) all the other tracks could have been better. Since there is plenty of good talent working in Kansas City today, it would be nice if some enterprising firm did the job well, or perhaps untied Dave Dexter's hands.

This set has incredible "notes" by John Cameron Swayze.

—Frank Driggs

REVIEWS: BOOKS

The Book of Jazz: A Guide to the Entire Field, by Leonard Feather. Horizon Press, N.Y., 1957.

Almost every knowledgeable writer on jazz suffers from a certain ambivalence of expression, as if he were not quite sure whom he was writing for—jazz lover or square, hostile square or friendly square. Sometimes it seems that the more knowledgeable he is, the more noticeable the ambivalence. On the one hand he tends to sound like a reporter for a house organ; on the other, like a pilgrim crying in the wilderness. On the one hand he may lapse into "inside" references and family jokes and an argot unintelligible to the *goyim*; on the other, he tends to preach, to defend, to repeat the abc's, to explain the obvious, and (at times) to let the reader know he is Cultured. All this is, of course, a perfectly understandable reflection of the ambiguous position of jazz itself in the world of the arts, as an art form not yet granted its rightful status, and compelled to get on as best it can as "entertainment."

Leonard Feather's *Book of Jazz* exhibits some of this ambivalence. Written primarily and frankly for the literate square, it appropriately devotes more than half its pages to an attempted capsule critique of, and guide to, all the important jazz musicians in the world; many other passages are also designed for the enlightenment of beginners. Side by side with this, however, is a thorough-going and reasonably well documented attack on "the New Orleans myth" which I personally read with unwavering interest, but which must be merely puzzling to the innocent bystander.

Despite all this, however, and despite its perhaps over-ambitious subtitle, I unhesitatingly recommend the book to anyone who wants to learn more about jazz. I am satisfied that

if this hypothetical reader follows instructions, studies the book conscientiously, and digs the recorded illustrations, he will certainly arise from his labors a lot less of a square than he was when he sat down.

Needless to say, the portions that will appeal most to hip readers are exactly those which the square will find hard going, and there are enough of them to justify buying the book. There is, for example, an excellent chapter on *Jazz and Race* which, though it says nothing that will be new in essence to anyone who has ever hung around with Negro musicians, has the merit of putting on the record a number of cold facts that certainly belong to the record, and does it with refreshing candor; there is the abovementioned assault on the worshippers of the New Orleans shrine, and there is a closely related one on the musical merits of the New Orleans revival, which, whether you agree with the author's views or not, does bring a sore point into sharp focus; there is a nicely done section, *The Anatomy of Improvisation*, explaining how a jazzman plays jazz, with good examples and sensitively appreciative "program notes"—and a number of other goodies.

This isn't to say that I agree with Leonard's opinions in all essentials; on the contrary, I find myself in sharp disagreement with some of the most important; but the questions are questions that he was right in raising. Incidentally, I confess I was astonished to learn how inadequately this book has been reviewed. Most of the major newspapers simply ignored it—the *N. Y. Times* was an honorable exception—and even the music and trade journals more or less overlooked it. This is as good a place as any, I guess, to say a word or two for Leonard Feather. I am no admirer of success *per se*. As a member of a culture that has been incurably corrupt and philistine for fifty centuries, I join my betters in a deep

and wholehearted suspicion of success, and habitually look upon the success of any really good man (in his lifetime) as something that needs to be explained. Thus, the fact that Feather is, today, probably the most successful and influential jazz critic on the American scene is nothing in his favor; some at least of his prosperity is attributed to an early perseverance in pursuit of that success, and in adroit self-promotion, that left the rest of us schlemiehls blinking in baffled envy, like Al Manheim in *What Makes Sammy Run?* But this has ceased to be relevant.

Whatever he was before, Leonard Feather has legitimately become one of the most important figures in the field. He has long been identified with the most progressive aspects of jazz that have the right to be called jazz; he has often been chivalrously outspoken when a more prudent man might have kept his mouth shut; he has shown a deal of originality, taste, and musical judgment; and he expresses himself in a prose that is a model of clarity, modesty, and unsentimentality. More than most people in his position, he has been content to let the music and the musicians speak for themselves, adding just the minimum commentary required for easier appreciation, a policy many other jazz critics might profitably imitate.

This book is an apt example; once again Leonard has come up with a significant contribution to the literature of jazz, one that measurably transcends the half dozen or so other books on the subject that have appeared in this period, and that is well worth a review even at this late date. I speak as a fellow critic who, at one time, was not unwilling to let fly a quip or two at his expense—but over the years his writings have earned my respect, which ceases herewith to be grudging.

To return to the book, two chapters, *Big Towns and Brass Bands*, and *New Orleans—Mainspring or*

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Myth?, should have raised a real furor among the traditionalists, if they have any fight in them. It is a bold and icon-smashing onslaught upon two fiercely held tenets of their religion; namely, that (a) jazz was born in New Orleans c. 1900, and (b) all the early New Orleans musicians were the greatest.

Though, as we shall see, not all of Leonard's supporting arguments are quite what they should be, his main diesis seems unassailable:

"Eubie" Blake, who came to New York soon after the turn of the century, confirms that jazz . . . was a firmly established entity . . . and that the musicians from New Orleans were practically unknown until about 1915, when Freddie Keppard visited New York . . . The picture that emerges . . . can point to only one conclusion . . . Jazz was simply born in the United States of America."

I'm something of an old-timer myself, having been born in 1910, and naturally am not without an opinion of my own about this matter. It is this: Jazz is too broad a phenomenon to have originated in one little geographic area and in such a narrow span of time as the New-Orleans-1900-legend suggests. It is somewhat as though we were to believe that the English language originated in London between 1066 and 1095. Languages, musical or verbal, just don't happen that way.

I was living in Chicago from 1916 to about 1924, and remember perfectly the coming of the New Orleans musicians—black, brown, beige, and ofay. I was intensively acquainted with Joe Oliver's band. Every jazz musician in "Chi" rushed to hear it, and stayed to revel. As Vic Berton's precocious kid brother, I went everywhere with him and was lucky enough to be in the thick of the Oliver binge. The gorillas who ran the Royal Gardens (or Lincoln Gardens or Sunset Cafe or wherever it was Oliver was playing—I find these things tend to get a little mixed up in my memory these days) would always make Vic hide me behind the bandstand when The Law came in for its nightly graft.

There was *almost* no limit to what was permissible in the "black and tan" cabarets of that era on Chicago's south side, but it was felt that even Big Bill Thompson's cops might draw the line at a seven-year-old kid. When the coast was clear I was allowed to come out, even to sit in on drums and get out on the floor and shout the blues and tunes like *Aggravatin' Papa*. King Oliver, whom I remember as a big, fat, gentle fellow

with one bad eye, would sit me on his lap afterward and demand to see my Union card.

Excuse the digression. My point is that this nightly pilgrimage is something I recall vividly and that it was being made by *jazz musicians*, full fledged jazz musicians, of whom there were a fair number in Chicago before the end of World War I. None of us had any sense of coming to listen to some new form of music—far from it. It was just that this was being played better and hotter than we usually heard it, and with quite a few differences of melodic style.

How can I set the date so accurately, with my admittedly bad memory? Easy. When the United States declared war in 1917, my brother Vic, a red-hot patriot who hoped to assist personally at the Kaiser's hanging, rushed to join the Navy, was accepted, and promptly assigned to Sousa's Band at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, a mile and a half from our home, where Mr. John Philip Sousa saw to it that he stayed for the duration of the war.

Now, I can recall that when Vic "enlisted in Sousa's Band," as he bitterly put it, he left some jazz gig or other to do it, I believe at Weiss's Cafe in the Loop. This was a jazz spot. (The Dixieland Band, I think, played there when it first hit Chicago.) There were many others—and after the first fine frenzy of patriotism had cooled a bit, and Vic began to learn How To Get Along In The Navy, he used to sneak out of Great Lakes at night and play jazz gigs—

The distinction between his work with Sousa and his work after dark was very clear. I was his pupil on drums at the time, and I remember having to distinguish between rudimentary or military (legitimate) roll (the two-beat, hand-to-hand roll) and the roll used in jazz drumming (the press-roll, known then as "fake" roll). There was constant discussion, at lessons especially, of the two styles.

When I say there were many other jazz spots in Chicago, I know whereof I speak. Probably it was the impact of the Original Dixieland Jass Band's tremendous recording and personal successes; in any event, by the beginning of 1918 it seemed as if nearly every cabaret and chop-suey joint wanted a jazz band, and lots of them got one. I spent a great deal of time hanging around at places where Vic played jazz—the Green Mill, Cascade Gardens, Mari-gold Gardens, White City ballroom, Midway Gardens, Edelweiss Cabaret, and the Trianon ballroom. These

were all strictly okay places, and in those days Jim Crow in Chicago's "white" joints was absolute and unquestioned. (White musicians could visit their colored friends' gigs, but never *vice versa*.) Vic worked at those places with musicians like Steve ("Red") Brown, a wonderful string-bass player, Elmer Schoebel, Mel Stitzel, and, later on, Paul Mares. Mares was an idol of mine, and he and Vic often hung around together after hours, driving around the north side in Vic's roadster (we had a 4-cylinder Buick) looking for places to sit in and jump a little.

As a kid performer, I also worked informally in some of the north side joints myself. I had a partner a year or so older than myself—he was about 10, and played a banjo-uke—named Jack Goss, a kid from Paducah, Kentucky. He afterward became a guitarist (I know he made a record date in 1940 in Art Hodes' Chicago Rhythm Kings, with Rod Cless, Marty Marsala, and Earl Murphy). We sang duets and did pop novelty tunes together like *Oh By Jingo, Mr. Gallagher & Mr. Sheehan, Lovin' Sam* and of course the war tunes like *Over There, How You Gonna Keep 'Em Down On The Farm (Now That They've Seen Par-ee) ?*, and *K-k-k-Katy, Parley-Voo*, &c., in the places that preferred commercial corn; in the jazz spots like the Cascade Gardens we sang "hot"—i.e., blues, and what the customers shouted for as "nigger music."

With us, as with Vic's dance work, there was a sharp distinction drawn—then as now—between "hot" and "corn" ("tin-ear" or "commercial") music. The jazz musicians were sure-enough jazzmen—real, bad, hard-swing, *a la* wild Bill Davidson.

Even one of the big Loop department stores gave in to the fad for real jazz. For several months my brother Vic played luncheon dances from 11:00 AM to 2 PM at the cafeteria on the roof of . . . I think it was *The Fair* (or maybe Carson, Pirie's)—a Chicago equivalent of Gimbel's. They were a tough bunch; on trumpet was an Italian cat named Frankie Quartell, the first man I ever saw use a water-glass for a mute, and who had one of the dirtiest tones I have ever heard, then or subsequently. I cite these names at random, as representative of a sizable army of seasoned jazzmen to be found in the Chicago area, and around nearby Indiana and Michigan at that time.

Now, it takes quite a lot of time to learn to play creditable jazz. In that

era particularly, it was never formally taught, but rather absorbed—osmotically, as it were—through many hundreds of hours of soaking in the atmosphere, digging the right musicians, a lot of painful and solitary woodshedding, gradual improvement at jazz sessions, &c. Can any reasonable person doubt that the growth of such an army as I have described took time, and plenty of time? Is it conceivable that it could have sprung full-panoplied from the brow of Freddie Keppard in 1915?

The second chapter calculated to give the figs an embolism is the one titled *New Orleans—Mainspring or Myth?* Four of its eight short pages are comprised of contrasting opinions, set in parallel columns like the "political battle page" of the *New York Daily News*. The opinions are those of jazz critics and jazz musicians, respectively; the subject is the recorded music of Bunk Johnson as resuscitated by Gene Williams *et alii* in 1942; also of Johnny Dodds, Kid Ory, Kid Rena, Big Eye Nelson, George Lewis' revivalist band, and Jelly Roll Morton. The records selected were all items considered great classics by traditionalists and New Orleans specialists, and the jazz musicians were asked to take Leonard's well-known "blindfold test," that is, listen to the records without any information whatsoever except that conveyed to their ear by the music itself. Leonard's stated purpose was to demonstrate "the extraordinary dichotomy that has existed for some 15 to 20 years between . . . the non-musician advocates of some of the New Orleans jazz personalities, and . . . professional musicians who have listened to jazz played by (them)..."

The quotes from the critics were all taken from their published writings, enthusiastically praising the classical New Orleans records of the '20s, and the revivalist records of Bunk Johnson, &c.

And, finally, this remarkable admission that, when revivals are the thing, the music ain't:

"Bunk was on occasions quite magnificent, and even when he faltered, the combination of what he was trying to play and the overwhelming aura of nostalgia and romance felt by his audiences was enough to make it clear that this particular noble experiment had been a most valuable one."

—Grauer & Keepnews,

A Pictorial History of Jazz

To my mind Leonard deserves a small round of applause just for thinking up this format and carrying out this idea, as well as for raising these issues in such a forthright fashion. Repercussions among jazz lis-

teners, whether they agree with Leonard or not, are bound to be interesting, and, in the long run, significant for the future of "revivals."

It would be useless to deny that part of my approval of Leonard's contribution is due to what I call his keen judgment, meaning his taste agreed with my own in this instance. In short, I always thought the exhuming of Bunk Johnson was (1) a noble effort, well worth doing from the historian's point of view, and (2) almost wholly unproductive of anything that could be called listenable jazz. The fanatics who undertook it, at incredible financial and spiritual cost to themselves, can be forgiven most of the mountain of nonsense they spoke and wrote subsequently.

Only fanatics can accomplish certain "impossible" tasks, and some nonsense is inevitable when you are dealing with fanatics. But the others, the fools who managed to convince themselves, by sheer Emperor's New Clothes mass hypnotism, that everything Bunk played was shining gold, ought to be ashamed of themselves. What is one to say? Among all segments of this mighty nation, including alleged music lovers and their authorized representatives, the critics, a real sense of musical values is the exception, not the rule.

As for the Armstrong Hot Fives, my own unpremeditated reactions to them, in the days when there were no jazz critics (including me), may be revealing. My brother Vic and I naturally bought them all as they were released. That was thirty-odd years ago, and I can't vouch for the responses of other musicians at the time, but ours were unequivocal. We listened only to Louie (and, later, Earl). When the needle got to Johnny Dodds, Kid Ory, Johnny St. Cyr, or Lil, we simply lifted it and put it back or ahead to Louie again. In this fashion we wore out several copies of such discs as *Potato Head*—I mean we wore out the Armstrong portions; the rest of the grooves remained more or less in mint condition.

For what it's worth, this was the spontaneous reaction of two musician-fans, in the Age of Innocence, and at a time when Louie was no legend, but a young musician who was killing everyone. In those days I hung around with musicians a great deal. Bix was around; Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Fud Livingston, Adrian Rollini, and Miff Mole were frequent visitors to our home. At one time, when Vic and I were

living in a flea-bag on West 47th Street, Jack Teagarden lived across the hall from us. I recall the general impression of Tea's apartment—almost bare of furniture; an unmade bed, a trombone, a stack of Armstrong records, naked on the floor beside his bed, and a wind-up portable Victrola, right next to a bottle of gin. That stack of naked records, all red-label Okeh's and all Armstrong, was a familiar sight in most of the other musicians' "homes" too, if we may call them that. Everyone talked about Louie. I don't recall anyone talking about Ory or Dodds or Lil Hardin. You accepted the fact that when you bought Louie's records you got Ory and Dodds, just as when you marry a girl you also get her relatives—but nobody ever discussed them. Such, at least, is my recollection.

Of course this isn't the whole story on Dodds and Ory. It's no disgrace to either party to say that working craftsmen in any field are almost bound to be narrowminded to some degree—sometimes a very marked degree. An artist must take what he wants from his environment and reject all else—there is no reason why his tastes should be broad. If Stravinsky finds himself more inspired by an inferior artist like Tchaikovsky than by a giant like Beethoven, who are we to object? So long as the results are what they are, we *dare* not object.

Many years later, when I began writing and lecturing about jazz, I came in contact for the first time with Purists and Traditionalists and Collectors, a breed I had never bothered my pretty head with before. They were shocked at my insensitiveness to their heroes. Always open-minded, at times to the point of being considered a little weak in the head, I listened harder—and, lo! I found some good music in Ory and Dodds. It was folksy rather than hot, but it was valid music all the same. Now, in the perspective of 1958, I can still find considerable charm in some of it but it just isn't in the same world with Louie's music. Side by side with an Armstrong solo (which, unfortunately, is where it is generally to be heard), a Dodds solo disappears like an oil lantern in the glare of a Sperry searchlight.

Substantially the same thing applies to Jelly Roll Morton's solos. These men just didn't swing, and anyone who enjoys them is enjoying them for something other than swing.

Thus far I'm obviously in agreement with Leonard, but there are

some flies in his ointment. The argument as such is not overscrupulously constructed.

For example: Is Willie The Lion any more reliable a witness than Jelly Roll was? If the object of the parallel columns was to pit musicians against critics, which is Hodeir? It's not quite enough to say, as Leonard does, that Hodeir is "primarily a musician." What about Leonard himself? What about me? Leonard is credited with some hundreds of published pieces, plays piano sometimes on records, &c; I was a paid up and working member of 802 when I was 13 years old—so what? We three would certainly be eligible to vote on either side. Also, Leonard's readers are entitled to ask whether his "musicians" column is really a fair sampling.

We note that there are "revivalists" among bona fide musicians too. What would Turk Murphy, Mezz Mezzrow, Bob Scobey, and Humphrey Lyttleton have thought of the records cited? I don't know, but neither does Leonard; and the very fact that such questions can be asked somewhat weakens his case.

But, I repeat: it is a critic's job to raise questions as well as try to settle them, and Leonard's attack is doing it; more power to him.

I must however take serious issue with Leonard over his contention that there is no distinct "jazz scale." In the *Anatomy of Improvisation* chapter, he says:

"A . . . misconception . . . is that jazz has its own scale . . . The scales used in all tonal jazz are the normal major and minor diatonic scales . . . The diatonic scale is, after all, merely part of the chromatic scale, bearing to it the same relationship as that of the vowels in the alphabet. (My emphasis—RB) All the notes in the diatonic and chromatic scale are fully used in jazz, as in most European music! the status of the flatted third and seventh might be compared with that of the letters W and Y, which in certain areas and contexts may be considered vowel members of the alphabet."

I am but a home-made musicologist, but I venture to think it is Leonard who has the misconception.

First of all, an alphabet is not a good analogy to a musical scale or mode. A scale is a *series*; an alphabet is only a heap of phonetic symbols in no meaningful order, from which the user takes what he wants, like a *pater familias* raiding the icebox.

Let me see if I can make this distinction a little clearer: "12345" is a *series*; "A B C D E" is not. Many proofs occur to us: "5" is of course bigger than "1," and one of the

basic facts about a series is that its members get bigger (or smaller) as you go along; an alphabet has nothing analogous to this; E is clearly no "bigger" than A. In fact, "5" *presupposes* "1" and would be meaningless without it ("5" really means "5 x 1"); but "E" would be just as meaningful if there had never been such a letter as "A." (It so happens that this is literally the case in most world languages, which do have the sound "ee" but don't have the sound "ay.")

But there is even a more fundamental distinction between "12345" and "A B C D E" (the alphabet, not the notes of the scale). Between 1 and 2 there is a certain *interval*, which is the same as the interval between 2 and 3. This interval is basic to the whole meaning of the series; in truth, a series is just that—a way of expressing intervals. And this is exactly what a musical scale is: a series, a way of expressing certain intervals. Needless to say, no alphabet has anything even remotely corresponding to such a relationship; the fact that we say "A B C D E" rather than "B C A E D" is the sheerest historical accident, like the fact that we eat our salad before our meat, instead of the other way around, as in

How different all this is from a musical scale can now be appreciated. A scale is a *series*, each unit separated from its adjacent ones by a definite physical *interval*. Thus if we call 256 vibrations per second "middle c," the next white note, D, must be 288 per second, E must be 320, and so on up, at a definite inexorable rate of increment.

I submit, in view of the above, that Leonard's glib analogy of alphabet and vowels has no application whatsoever and cannot be taken seriously. There is no more *serial relationship* between them than there is between the various foodstuffs in your refrigerator. To sum up: a scale is a *series*; an alphabet is only a *collection*.

To destroy Leonard's "theory" is easy; but I have still put forward no evidence that there is a jazz scale or mode. On that point I can do no better than quote (of all people) Winthrop Sargeant—a man who generally seems to miss what is most worth hearing in many kinds of music, but to whom we are eternally in debt for a heroic job of analysis, in a long-out-of-print book titled *Jazz: Hot and Hybrid* published in 1938. Since most of you will never see this slim volume, I have ventured

to abridge herewith the relevant passages and to add my own emphasis in italics wherever I saw fit.

Sargeant, who, whatever his failings, is a musicologist, sails into his subject without waste of time:

"More important than the discussion of scale as a cut-and-dried mathematical relationship of relative pitches, is the discussion of the *melodic behavior* of individual tones. Are some used more often or held longer? Are certain tones likely to be preceded or followed by certain others? Are some used incidentally and passed over quickly as mere embellishments? These characteristics are more vital in denning musical style than the abstract relations between pitches.

"Four pentatonic melodies—one Chinese, one Negro, one Scottish, one Peruvian Inca, may be quite similar in pitch-tone-relations, but the patterns in which the tones follow each other may differ greatly."

Sargeant's next ten pages present convincing proof that no less than five different scalar modes—a pentatonic, hexatonic, "gypsy," and the two "normal" diatonics—had been observed in earlier Negro-American music. But now we get to the meat course. Sargeant is wonderfully acute here:

"Though all these scales are found here and there in jazz, the most characteristic is still another, more definitely Negroid one. Its use is not continuous; the jazz soloist must make his improvisation fit the prevailing harmonies, and hence uses European scalar patterns made up largely of *arpeggios* which merely reproduce the underlying chords, plus a few incidental passing tones.

"But there are passages in nearly every jazz improvisation where the Negroid melodic instinct asserts itself more fully, with a remarkable conformity of scalar elements."

(It is plain that he is talking about the especially "hot" or funky passages.)

"However related to European equivalents, there is no European precedent for the system of intonation to which these hot passages respond."

Sargeant now reveals the source for these observations: he took 14 good jazz records (by Bix, Goodman, Duke, &c) recommended to him by hip friends, and patiently analyzed their *melodic movement*.

"Frequency of appearance of each note was carefully checked, with its intonation and what notes preceded and followed it; a 'behavior table' was compiled, with such facts as the number of times the third moved to the tonic as compared with how many times it moved to the sixth, &c."

Half a dozen pages of exhaustive illustration follow, from which there is finally distilled this essential conclusion:

"If we arrange the most important tones of the scale according to *tendency of movement instead of in the*

conventional extension from tonic to tonic, the relationship becomes clearer."

The squared notes represent the flatted "blue notes." Sargeant terms each 4-note grouping a *blues tetrachord* and the two tetrachords together the *blues scalar mode* or simply *blues scale*.

Every reader who plays or sings the above scale will instantly recognize that this—and not the European diatonic scales—is what he has heard as the scalar framework (the "grammar") of a thousand jazz melodies, *especially the improvised and funky ones, and especially in playing the blues*. It is as distinctive as a French accent.

In the remaining pages of that chapter Sargeant winds up:

"This is not to say, of course, that jazz melody is *restricted* to these groupings. But even in the most extended, florid solos, if the harmonic circumstances permit the appearance of the blues scale, little melodic whirlpools will be found continuously centering about one or the other of the tetrachords; the simpler form of hot solo will often stay within a single tetrachord, or move perhaps once from lower to upper and back again."

To explain adequately the nature of the jazz language, we need to know what are its definitive elements. I believe they boil down to these five:

- 1) Jazz rhythm
- 2) The jazz scale, or jazz scalar mode, or blues scale
- 3) Jazz melody
- 4) Jazz intonation or inflection (tone and attack)
- 5) Jazz instrumentation (orchestral color, and the relationship between "rhythm section" and "melody instruments").

These are the five vital organs of jazz, and I don't mean to let anybody, including Feather, remove any of them.

Aside from this one ill-fated piece of theorizing, this chapter, *The Anatomy of Improvisation*, is one of the most rewarding in the book. It has fine improvisations, written down off records so you can study them while you listen—an especially impressive thing for squares who can read music but imagine jazz is "chaotic" or "primitive." Ten of them have been combined on an lp (Verve MG V-8230) also called *The Anatomy of Improvisation* and available in record stores for five bucks. The choices are mostly happy ones, the range of style is considerable, and once more I found Leonard's comments highly intelligent (i.e. agreeing with my own).

I suppose it is hard for a busy jazz critic to whip out so ambitious an undertaking as this without leaving signs of haste along the way. In my copy there were numerous errors of both omission and commission—errors of fact, of typography, of grammar, and of emphasis amounting in a few instances to virtual, though perhaps inadvertent, falsification.

The very first musical example in the book was printed upside down (this was corrected in later editions). The E-flat alto sax is described as "so called because a piano middle C makes the same sound as the alto's E-flat" (should be the other way around). The bass viol is described as a "bass violin," and as "starting an octave and a sixth below middle c" (should be *two* octaves and a sixth).

In the chapter *The Small Combos* there is no mention that Red Nichols and his Five Pennies were part of the larger Don Voorhees Orchestra; also, it is implied a few pages farther on that Ben's Bad Boys, in Pollack's big band were the first of the bands-within-bands, whereas the Nichols group antedated them by about three years.

In a half page describing McKenzie and Condon's Chicagoans, Jimmy McPartland's name got left out, believe it or not. In telling how Artie Shaw's Gramercy 5 "achieved a novel tone color with the unprecedented inclusion of a harpsichord," the guy who played that harpsichord (Johnny **Guarnieri**) is not mentioned. Leadbelly is introduced all over again on page 151 as though we had not already had the pleasure on page 110, obviously one of those oversights that come of writing different chapters at different times.

On the whole, though, a good job, and, I think, an important one for the issues it raises, as well as its usefulness as a guide for squares.

There is an excellent foreword by Dizzy Gillespie, and a **final** chapter, *Horizons: Jazz in 1984* in which various people are asked **what** they think will happen to the dichotomy between jazz and longhair music. This is a classic of its kind in that it illustrates once again that, as Shaw remarked, a critical faculty is no necessary part of a creative artist's equipment. The statements are nearly all masterpieces of incoherence—and many of **them** don't even pretend to answer Leonard's modest and clear-cut questions.

There are thirteen **pages** of index, and a page of record references.

—Ralph Berton

The New Yearbook of Jazz, volume 3 of the Encyclopedia of Jazz series, by Leonard Feather, Horizon Press, New York, 1958.

by Bill Crow

The advertising on the front jacket flap of this book claims that it "tells the complete story of what has been happening in jazz since 1956." This and the name *Encyclopedia of Jazz* are misleading. A more apt title for this volume might be *The Yearbook of Jazz Trivia and Curiosa*. The reference material provided is of a superficial nature. Everything is discussed except the music itself.

Much of the information given here is an account of events in the business, with little attention given to trends in the art form. Leonard seems much more interested in where musicians were playing than in what they were playing. He marvels at the widespread acceptance of jazz without discussing exactly what was being accepted. The expansion of the jazz audience and consequent development of big business methods in marketing the music are factors in the economy of the artist, but do not represent the art itself.

With the exception of his mistaken evaluation of the International Band, Leonard's report on the events of the 1957-'58 period are fairly accurate as far as they go. But in his chapter titled "Jazz U. S. A." he mentions Dizzy Gillespie's State Department tour without discussing the music or the musicians involved; comparison with Dizzy's earlier big bands is not made. The great popularity of Louis Armstrong overseas is noted without evaluation of the quality or character of this playing there. Benny Goodman's unhappy performance at Newport is used as a standard of comparison with the International Band, which is referred to as "Band of the Year." There is no discussion of the attitudes that resulted in the Goodman fiasco. No mention of the fact that the majority of the members of the International Band were embarrassed about their performances, about the choice of arrangements, and about Marshall Brown's tendency to treat the musicians like children.

Feather discusses the considerable space given to jazz by writers in the lay press with an attitude of "never mind what they say as long as they say something." He mentions the existence of a couple of divergent critical standpoints, but gives no real

indication of the accurateness of these writers' representation of jazz. He uses a quote from a liner note of Nat Hentoff's (where Nat was indulging in the humorous use of ultra-literary language) as an example of the "pompous polysyllables" with which intellectual writers dissect a jazzman's work. He completely ignores the numerous articles that Nat has written with clarity and directness.

The many jazz festivals that were staged during '57-'58 are listed without comment about what sort of representation of jazz was given to this large audience, or which were the more valid packages from an artistic standpoint. The impression is given that jazz is a gospel to be spread to the unenlightened, and that any sort of jazz exposure is better than none at all, with popular acceptance the ultimate goal. On the contrary, I feel that popular acceptance presents just as many problems to the artist as does popular rejection, and should not be equated with artistic achievement.

Feather's bibliography omits a beautifully written short story by James Baldwin titled *Sonny's Blues* that was published in the Summer 1957 issue of the *Partisan Review*. It is the only fiction I've ever read that portrays a believable jazz musician. The one piece that Leonard **Draises** is Steve Allen's *Joe Shulman Is Dead*, calling it "the best individual piece of writing directly connected with jazz during this period." He adds, "If Allen ever took the time to write a novel about jazz musicians, there is little reason to doubt that it would be the first completely successful work of this nature." I disagree. The Allen piece is maudlin, self-conscious, self-indulgent sch-

FOOTNOTE 1: Though Brown had contributed toward an exposure of high-school children to jazz, his position with the International Band was an unfortunate one. He selected a group of competent musicians from Europe and proceeded to "teach" them a musical language that they understood better than he did. He would have done better to have assigned the responsibilities of musical director to a more experienced person. The tastes of the musicians involved were not considered in the choice of arrangers, and consequently the players did not relate well to what they were playing or to Brown.

maltz, dashed off in the professionally amateur way that also characterizes Allen's approach to music. His attitude seems to be: in case anyone with any real taste or ability is looking, this isn't really my line. I object to his being encouraged to write a novel about jazz musicians. He would write something trivial and embarrassing, and would do a disservice to both jazz and literature. There is every reason to doubt that it would be the first completely successful work of this nature, unless the sole measure of success is the number of copies sold.

Leonard reports the condition of the radio and television scene fairly accurately, again discussing everything but the music itself. He gives the movie industry a deserved knock for their insistence on using the vice-and-dope stereotype for the jazz world, and for the manufactured, hokey plots that are used instead of the real conflicts that existed in the lives of the famous musicians that they portray in film "biographies." He might have placed some of the responsibility for this situation with the musicians who go along with it.

Tucked in among the written sections of this book are four groups of terrible photographs. The fact that they are photographs of interesting musicians in interesting situations makes them all the more insulting. Grey, grainy prints have been retouched so crudely that the resulting plates show zombielike caricatures of the musicians they unfortunately resemble. The most offensive ones are of Milt Jackson (he should sue), Pepper Adams, Lee Morgan, Percy Heath, June Christy, and Chubby Jackson, but a closer look reveals that practically no one escaped having an eyeball darkened, an ear outlined, trousers or hair blacked in, profiles altered, and all done so artlessly that the photographic illusion is destroyed. An equally charming effect could have been achieved by drawing moustaches, beards, and hats on everyone. A note on the flyleaf says "Printed in Gt. Britain." They might have added, "as cheaply as possible."

There are a couple of lists at the end of the book: "Jazz Organizations, Schools, and Record Companies," "How to Reach The Stars," (a list of who is signed with what booking office), and "Bibliography," which are usable reference material, as are the short biographical notes on musicians and critics. I consider

his publication of home addresses a rather high-handed invasion of privacy.

Charles Graham's article "Jazz and the Phonograph" is a concise account of the development of recording techniques and their influence on the jazz musician and his audience. The explanations of technical developments are clear and pertinent and the advice on currently available music reproduction equipment is general but sound. The state of the current jazz recording boom is perceptively noted. The article is followed by a chronology of phonograph recording which fixes the dates of the important developments in recording technique, and a list of companies that have issued jazz on stereophonic tapes.

The "Jazz Overseas" chapter includes comment from an English, a Swedish, a French, and a German writer (each feels that his own country is the center of European jazz) who report the success of the recent tours of American jazzmen through their countries and the consequent increase in interest in jazz there. A few European jazzmen are listed and some indication is given of their recent activities.

"Jazz and Classical Music" by Bill Russo notes the various uses of jazz forms in some recent symphonic writing, and the music that jazz-oriented musicians such as Mingus, Macero, Charles, and Lewis have written using symphonic structures. He discusses parallels in jazz and various classical forms and the effect that each field of orientation has had on the musicians and writers of the other. His opinion on "should jazz and symphonic music combine?" seems rather pointless, since that sort of trend is never decided by a single person or group. Each artist finds his own way, and even when there is a surge in a certain direction for a time, someone always comes along who does his own thing. The simple jazz form is primarily attractive to the strong individualist because of the freedom it allows him. This sort of musician will not feel comfortable for very long in the large symphonic orchestral structure. He needs more room to breathe.

"Jazz and the Other Arts" by Martin Williams reports on the poetry-and-jazz efforts, the dancers and painters who are interpreting jazz, and jazz as background music for film drama. He notes the natural existence of poetry (blues lyrics) and dance (Bunny Briggs, Baby Law-

rence, Al Minns) in the jazz picture without the imposition of the forms of other artistic traditions.

"The Jazzman as Critic" (excerpts from *Down Beat* Blindfold Tests) is not the accurate critical cross-section that Feather claims it is. He quotes Duke Ellington as having said, "If it sounds good, it is good," and from this builds a case for the validity of evaluating someone's playing after only one hearing. If this is a criterion for appreciation of creative endeavor, then why bother to make records, found museums, publish well-bound books, and preserve beautiful architecture? A work of art means something more to the beholder each time he comes in contact with it.

Leonard's own confusion about what is "good" and "bad" in music must have led him to the invention of such a form of criticism as the Blindfold Test, where despite his claims to the contrary, the guessing game *does* concern the blindfoldees to an unnecessary degree. His frequent use of "puzzle" records (deliberate or unconscious imitations of famous styles, a well-known musician deliberately disguising his style, a famous tenor player playing baritone, etc.) indicates a desire to "fool the experts." His choices of records are often poor (or poorly recorded) examples of someone's work, so that it is seldom made clear whether the blindfolded dislikes a particular performance or that musician's entire approach.

For clearer insight into the opinions of the musicians tested, I would prefer to read their statements on music that they had listened to closely many times and had evaluated in terms of their own tastes and experience. It is not necessary to trick musicians into saying what they mean. The Blindfold Test is a cute parlor game, and makes a diverting *Down Beat* column, but represents a very inaccurate critique.

Polls are valuable to the jazz market, since they indicate market trends

to prospective buyers. There is a section in the book of poll results. Critics' polls indicate little more than popularity polls do, since the sum of all critical opinion is only an average opinion. The most perceptive critics are neatly cancelled out by the least perceptive ones. The function of critical opinion is not to discover the attitude of the majority, not even the majority of critics. The exposition of a single point of view based on one man's standard of taste can be used as a sounding board by the public. After reading a certain critic's comments on music that I have heard, I am able to weigh his comments on music that I have not heard according to the standard of taste (or lack of one) that has become evident in his writing. It is impossible to make such an evaluation from the results of a critics' poll when the critics involved are not listed. In the original publication of these poll results in *Down Beat* and *Melody Maker*, information was given as to how each critic voted, more useful data than the winning totals given here.

Subjects that are not discussed in this volume, but might have been if a more accurate picture of the 1957-'58 jazz scene were to be given are: the evolution of Sonny Rollins as a major influence on musicians; the Miles Davis group's format, and the particular role of the rhythm section in relationship to Miles' conception of improvising; John Lewis' application of European traditional forms to jazz, and his general attitude toward music as an influence on his contemporaries; the results of a greater awareness among musicians of Theolonious Monk's work; a report on the various experiments in music that have been conducted by Charles Mingus; the approach to improvisation that John Coltrane is developing; various conceptions of creative percussion (Max Roach, Philly Joe, Kenny Clarke, Art Blakey, Joe Morrello, Shelley Manne) and their effects on jazz form; the effect of time limits and the lack of adequate rehearsal on record dates; record albums that are put together around a sales gimmick rather than a musical conception; the effect of the 20% cabaret tax on the jazzman; the New York City police-card situation; a evaluation of the work of such men as Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, Taft Jordan, Buck Clayton, Lester Young, Vic Dickenson, Jimmy Rushing, who continue to function as

(continued on page 40)

Les belles

p i l l

de bien

connaître l'anglais pour
comprendre cette phrase :

"BEST OF THE FRENCH MAGAZINES

REMAINS JAZZ-HOT"

THE BLUES

BLUES IN THE DARK

*Kind treatment make me love you; be mean and you'll drive me away.
Kind treatment make me love you; be mean and you'll drive me away.
You goin' long for me baby, one of these long rainy days.*

*Did you ever dream lucky baby and wake up cold-in-hand?
Did you ever dream lucky baby and wake up cold-in-hand?
You didn't have a dollar, somebody had your woman.*

*(Credited to Count Basie. Sung by Jimmy Rushing on Decca DL 8409,
Transcribed by Mmi Clar.)*

HOMELESS BLUES

*Mississippi river, what a fix you left me in!
Mississippi river, what a fix you left me in!
At home the water lay right up to my chin.*

*House without a stoop, didn't even have a door.
House without a stoop, didn't even have a door,
Mean old two-room shanty, but it was my home, sweet home.*

*My ma an' pa was drowned, Mississippi, you're to blame.
My ma an' pa was drowned, Mississippi, you're to blame,
Mississippi river, I can't stand to hear your name.*

*Homeless, yes, I'm homeless, might as well be dead,
Homeless, yes, I'm homeless, might as well be dead,
Hungry an' disgusted, no place to lay my head.*

*Wish I was an eagle, but I'm a plain old black crow,
I wish I was an eagle, but I'm a plain old black crow,
I'm gonna flap my wings an' leave you an' never come back no mo'.*

(By Bessie Smith. Columbia 14260, Transcribed by Max Harrison.)

WORLD OF TROUBLE

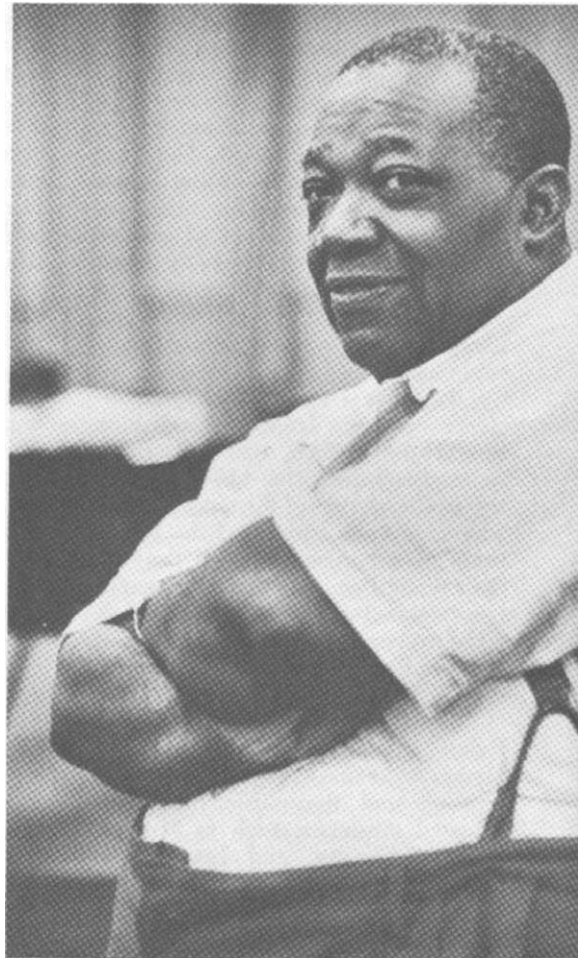
*Did you ever dream 'lucky, and wake up cold in hand?
Well, did you ever dream lucky, and wake up cold in hand?
Well, you didn't have a dollar, woman done quit you for another man.*

*You in a world of trouble, don't know what to do;
Little girl's gone, left you with the blues;
You dreamin' lucky, 'till you wake up cold in hand.
Woman done quit you, left for another man.*

*You walk the street's all night long, feet soakin' wet,
Ain't seen nobody look like your baby yet;
You in a world of trouble, whole world got its back on you.
I got news for you big boy: you got a bad case of the lowdown blues.*

*Call her in the morning; call her late at night;
Never no answer, she ain't treatin' you right;
You in a world of trouble, your heart's about to break in two.
And you cryin', 'cause you got those lowdown blues.
(You in a world of trouble!)*

*(Composed and sung by Joe Turner on Atlantic 1023.
Transcribed by Mimi Clar.)*



Jazz in Print

by Nat Hentoff

The *New York Herald Tribune* editorialized on November 21 concerning Jack Teagarden's jam session with the King of Siam. The *Tribune* says once more that "jazz is one of America's most persuasive envoys." O.K. already; but no jazzman is going to change a nationalist's drive for independence or what he conceives of as independence. You can't conduct foreign policy to a jazz beat, and I'm weary of the ingenuousness of editorial writers—in and out of the jazz press. It's fine to send good jazz groups abroad, but it's absurd to pretend that they are "ambassadors" in any significant sense. "Good will" lasts only until you're hungry again. And no solo can substitute for freedom.

Ulysses Kay, a nephew of King Oliver, was one of four American composers invited to visit Russia a few months ago. As reported by Ralph Gleason in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Kay said: "As for jazz interest in the Soviet Union, I would say it is definitely increasing. At our first meeting at the Moscow House of Composers, a young legit composer eagerly approached me with many questions about new jazz trends in America. What is Ellington doing? What's with Kenton, etc., etc?" The composer then began playing some *A-Train* on the piano, and Kay asked where he'd learned it. 'Oh, we hear a lot of good jazz—two hours a day on the Voice of America!'" . . .

Panassie's *Bulletin de Hot Club de France* usually prints one or more blues lyrics — with French translations — per issue. Other magazines have in the past, so we make no claim to having initiated the practice.

From a *Billboard* Review of Joe Castro's *Mood Jazz*, Atlantic 1264: "It's a jazz that can be listened to and enjoyed."

And the other kind?

Euphemism of the Month: In the December *Esquire*, Ralph Ginzburg describes Al "Jazzbo" Collins as "discjockeydom's most eclectic jazz tastemaker." In his basic list of rhythm and blues records in the piece, Collins recommends *Bird Dog* by the Everly Brothers: "This record, believe it or not, has a real Shakespearean quality. All through the disc, one of the Everly Brothers — I don't know which one it is — is making like Falstaff with his own off-stage dialogue. Very cute."

Falstaff beer?

Notes ("A magazine devoted to music and its literature, with bibliographies and reviews of books, records, music") is published quarterly by the Music Library Association. Non-members can subscribe at \$5.00 a year by writing the Treasurer of the Association, Miss Mary R. Rogers, Music Library Association, c/o Music Division, Library of Congress, Washington 25, D.C.) It's of most value to classical musicians and critics, although jazz books are reviewed, and there are occasional feature articles of interest that go beyond various categories of classical music. In the September, 1958, issue there's a survey of a number of foreign magazines dealing with recordings. Addresses, subscription rates, nature of content (including whether they cover jazz), and a critical analysis are given. Each issue of *Notes* contains reviews of new classical compositions in their published versions with details of price, availability, etc. Invaluable for teachers and amateurs, I would think.

A marvelously put together magazine is *The Guitar Review*, 409 East 50th Street, New York 22, N. Y. It's \$1.50 an issue; for further subscription information (yearly rates, etc), write them. Numbers 19 and 20 contain some of the best material on flamenco singing, dancing and guitar playing I've ever seen. No. 21 has *An Introduction to the Folk Music of Brazil*, an interview with Villa-Lobos, etc. All issues have musical examples; sometimes full pieces; and reviews of guitar records of nearly all kinds . . .

New mailing address for *Coda* is P.O. Box 87, Station J, Toronto 6, Ontario. Editor is John W. Norris. (for details, see first issue of *The Jazz Review*.) October has an article on Herbert Hall, Ed's brother. Dear Berta Wood sermonizes for this journal too. November has an interesting interview with Josh White. He tells of the blind men he used to lead, one of whom wasn't blind at all, and how he — the kid — was victimized. "Sounds funny," says Josh, "but I wouldn't give a penny to a blind man today to save my life." Josh mentioned Willie Columbus in New York: "Don't let Willie catch you in his area if you're a blind man or there'll be open warfare. All the blind singers in New York have their own areas, and there'll be hell to pay if any one goes over the boundary lines." Josh also answers Alan Lomax's charge that he (Josh) has become too sophisticated in his singing . . .

Significant Descriptions of Music Makers, I: Sidney Fields in the *New York Mirror* tells of Tebaldi auditioning for Toscanini: "As she recalls it her voice kneels in veneration." (In the *Mirror* city room?)

Benny Goodman and clarinet featured in a full page ad for Smirnoff Vodka: "It leaves you breathless," says Benny Goodman. What did you say the name of that rum was, pops?

Occasional research material of interest is printed in *Jazz-Bulletin* (organ des hot-club basel) and *Jazz-Statistics*. New address is O. F. Bifangastrasse 6, Reinach, Baselland, Switzerland. Frank Driggs has a report on jazz in Kansas City today in the most recent issue of *Jazz-Statistics*. Kurt Mohr, *Jazz-Hot*, 14 Rue Chaptal, Paris, is trying to keep a complete record of rhythm and blues recordings. If you want to help, write him for further information.

Al Close now writes a regular jazz column for *The New Jersey Mirror* and *The Wrightstown Leader* . . . In the December 14 *Chronicle*, Ralph Gleason writes about "Hot Harry," whose identity would be clear to any of the older New York musicians who read the piece. He was the most unselfish jazz fan that may ever have existed. That piece ought to get into somebody's anthology . . . Back numbers of the specialist magazines we mention in this column are usually available only at each magazine's address; but for back numbers of general magazines, you can write Midtown Magazine and Book Shop, 1105 Sixth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y. . . . Jazz disc jockeys who want to obtain free program aid from the Berkley School of Music can write there, 284 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass. . . . Ken Austin reports in his jazz column in the *F Bay Window*, a bi-weekly in the Bay Area: "Lu Watters is living a trumpet wail away from his old stomping grounds. He is now a chef . . . hasn't played in seven years."

Dan Morgenstern comes up with more news I haven't seen anywhere else in his New York letter in the December *Jazz Journal* (England): "Trumpeter Benny Harris . . . worked with Dinah Washington a tour this summer . . . is hale and hearty." . . . Same issue has a book review by Tony Standish of *Just Jazz-2*, a collection of articles edited by Sinclair Traill: "I don't go for this wringing and twisting, over by Martin Williams. Maybe he had something to say, but the message is lost in a heavy undergrowth of verbal foliage—the writing lacks the elaborate style of writing employed continuity and form that is the theme of the article. His long sentences change direction mid-way and it becomes extremely difficult to follow

the thread of the arguments. His attempts to explain away the grotesque melodies of Davis and Rollins are singularly unconvincing, and the comparison of their music with that of Yancey, Jelly and Louis Armstrong is over-analytical and absurd. This sort of cock-eyed logic can be used to substantiate almost any theory, and no matter what similarities of form can be detected, the content quota is all on the side of the old-timers."

In other words, I would like the writing style more if I disagreed with thy ideas less.

Mr. Standish's analysis (over-analytical?) was reprinted here at Mr. Williams' request.

A good magazine for collectors of folk records is *Sing Out!*, a quarterly, 121 West 47th St., New York 36, N. Y. \$2.00 a year. Each issue contains music, lyrics and history of various songs; and features. Winter, 1959 issue has an article by Pete Seeger welcoming Alan Lomax back to the country; John Greenway's *Songs of the Ludlow Massacre* (reprinted from the *United Mine Workers Journal*). The obituary on Big Bill reveals that Yannick Bruynoghe's 15-minute film of Big Bill playing in a Belgian night club is available on 16mm from Bruynoghe, c/o Grove Press, 795 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The monthly Scandinavian magazines: *Estrad*, Tunnelgatan 12, Stockholm C. Leonard Feather is the American correspondent. *Orkester Journalen*, Regeringsgatan 22, Stockholm. Claes Dahlgren is the American bureau chief. The latter seems to me (avowedly only by looking at the pictures and trying to guess at the text) a more substantial magazine . . . The first issue of a new German monthly is in. *Jazz Musik*, Bremen-St. Magnus, An Rauchs Gut 34, Germany . . . And Bert Rehnberg, this column's Swedish researcher, sends a Danish magazine, *Musikrevue*, Fredericksborggade 46, Kobenhaven K, Denmark. An article in the March, 1958, issue on Fats Waller is by Timme Rosenkrantz whose last stay in the States was at the late Commodore Music Shop.

Jazz records are reviewed in the monthly *Gramophone* (49 Ebrington Road, Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex) by Charles Fox, Alun Morgan and Oliver King. Bulk of the magazine concerns classical recordings . . . The December *Jazz-Hot* has an article by

Jacques Demetre on *L'Harmonica Dans Le Blues* (Sonny Boy Williamson, Jazz Gillum, Sonny Terry, Little Walter, etc.); an interview with Mai Waldron; and a piece by Charles Delaunay on Jimmie Lunceford's band, among other features . . . Short story by Leonard Feather, *Double Jeopardy*, in the *Hi-Fi Music At Home*. It's about how a man gimmicks an audition with a band—via a tape machine . . .

The November issue of *Matrix* (incorporating *The Discophile*) includes a survey of *Paramount LPs* by George Hulme and John Steiner and discographical notes on Jelly Roll Morton by Theo Zwicky, among other pieces. It's \$1.25 for six issues from Walter Allen, 168, Cedar Hill Avenue, Belleville 9, New Jersey. It's edited in Toronto and produced in Canada . . . In the November 21, 1958 *Spectator* (England) Kenneth Allsop calls for more understanding about jazz, and should certainly take his advice. "It is salutary," he says, "to drop into the Metropole bar . . . and see such olympians as Buster Bailey and Coleman Hawkins blowing through their routine evening stint on a platform above and behind the cash registers, while the customersfi ignorant of the Festival Hall hush that would obtain across the Atlantic, swig their beer and talk." Certainly a fair amount of good jazz is produced at the Metropole but the musicians hardly find the surroundings "salutary" so far as they are concerned . . . Another index of the Allsop acumen is his description of Monk as the "deliberate weirdie pianist." . . . The *New Statesman* is fortunate in Francis Newton but the *Observer* with Kingsley Amis (now on leave with the much more capable Benny Green deputizing) and the *Spectator* with Allsop have strange jazz representation indeed . . . Reviewing jazz records monthly in the *Gramophone Record Review* (England, and not to be confused with *The Gramophone*) are Jeff Aldam, James Asman and usually Ernest Borneman. It's \$4 a year to Record Review Ltd., East Hill, St. Austell, Cornwall, England. Burnett James, who writes on jazz for *Jazz monthly*, does classical reviews for this publication. . . .

According to the back page of *Variety* (January 28), the Kingston Trio is booked for the Newport Jazz Festival July 5. With or without Eartha Kitt and her dancers? Jackie Gleason, the jazz buff, as m-c-?

In May the Jazz Review features

A PICTURE STORY OF A GOSPEL CHURCH MEETING
by John Cohen

AN ARTICLE ON SONNY ROLLINS' FREEDOM SUITE
by Dick Hadlock



i -

Other Articles include some reminiscences of Jelly Roll Morton by Danny Barker, and an article by Samuel B. Charters on pioneer jazz critic Abby Niles. Reviews include Ahmad Jamal by Bill Crow, Duke Ellington and Dizxy Gillespie by Quincy Jones, Max Roach and Philly Joe Jones by Ross Russell, and several gospel groups by Mimi Clar. Martin Williams reviews the film I Want to Live. And as always, the Blues, and Jazz in Print by Nat Hentoff.

ALBANY

(continued from page 19)

away from the front line and into the rhythm section.

What Albany cannot manage are the larger dramatic effects. He can't bring off the kind of major lyricism or mountainous polyrhythmics that made Waller and Tatum great. He is an artist of almost excessive refinement and taste. His style is luminous, but never incandescent. It is linear and confined. In some ways he is typical of the West Coast school. But he has a vitality that is found only in a few like Previn and Brubeck. Like the latter, Albany's performances are models of fluency and ease. But there is here nothing dated, stale or *recluse*. On the contrary, and in spite of the long absence, he plays with an abiding freshness.

These columns are not the place to go into the personal reasons for Joe Albany's self-enforced hibernation. His problems are his own and he will have to deal with them in his own way. But the success of this lp should make evident that he owes jazz if not himself a wider hearing.

We are reminded of the esotericism which became a religion with so many bop camp followers. There were special codes of speech, dress, and manners, all designed to exclude

the squares. But the desire for secrecy had disastrous effects on many of the talents associated with Charlie Parker. In some cases the desire to emulate led to a hopeless net of narcotic addiction. In others the comparison between their own talent and Parker's genius was too shattering. They lost contact with the outside world and eventually themselves as artists.

Joe Albany had avoided this fate, barely perhaps. But in itself a single lp means nothing. Standing alone it is hardly more than the newest collector's item. To achieve a reputation, Albany will obviously have to be heard at greater length, under better conditions, and in the company of peers.

DISCOGRAPHY

Georgie Auld and His Orchestra. A 17-piece orchestra that included Auld, Albany and Serge Chaloff. May 24, 1945.

Guild 135—Honey—Stompin' at the Savoy

Lester Young and His Band: Lester Young, tenor sax; Joe Albany, piano; Irving Ashby, guitar; Red Callender, bass; Forest Hamilton, drums. Hollywood, probably spring 1946.

Aladdin 137—New Lester Leaps In—Your Driving Me Crazy

Aladdin 138—She's Funny That Way—Lester's Bebop Boogie

Joe Albany with Warne March. The Right Combination. "Unlocking the door to a legendary modern jazz pianist."

Riverside 12-270

CROW

(continued from page 35)

strong individual musicians even though the mass audience has focussed its attention elsewhere; a report on the recordings made by the "New York City studio jazz band" . . . an interchangeable group of some thirty musicians who are called by most a & r men in New York to do big band dates, who have recorded together so frequently in various combinations that they have a similar rapport to that established in organized units; what is being taught in the courses on jazz at Berklee, Westlake, the School of Jazz; developments in the structure of musical instruments that have grown out of the needs of jazz musicians; . . . a little research among the musicians themselves would reveal many more subjects that would illuminate the total picture. These are only a few that come to mind at the moment.

This \$4.95 volume, if edited down to its bare essentials, omitting the inexcusably bad photographs, the trivia, the gossip, the padding, and the generalities, probably would make a worthwhile 5(W pamphlet. It is a cheap product, not worthy of the reputation that Leonard Feather enjoys.

BUSHELL

(continued from page 17)

it out was 'Tough On Black Artists.'

"There were Negro theatres all over the south and midwest. Many were very small former nickelodeons. They were often dirty with dressing rooms in the cellar—except for the biggest in Baltimore. Memphis, incidentally, was the headquarters for a lot of Negro performers.

"If a Negro musician or entertainer on the circuit was good, he came to New York, auditioned, and was put on the Independent, the Keith, Loew or Proctor circuits.

"The Negro theatres remained because Negroes couldn't go to white theatres in those towns. In some white ones, a Negro could go through the alley, up five or six flights, and sit in the gallery, above the balcony. But in those theatres he didn't get to see many Negro entertainers—and no Negro singers.

"There were local bands in the pits of the Negro theatres. They played jazz and had to improvise behind the singers. Bad notes didn't mean anything if the tempo was right.

"The tent shows played the theatres in the winter time. These all-

year-round reviews carried a comic, singer, dancer, piano, drums and maybe one horn. There were maybe 30 or 40 stops for the season.

"With Ethel, we didn't bother much with T. O. B. A. We played auditoriums or big theatres whenever we could. An attraction like Mamie Smith or Ethel could do a tour and not have hardly any T. O. B. A. bookings at all.

"I never saw a white person in the T. O. B. A. theatres. The kind of music played there the whites and the 'higher class' Negroes hadn't yet accepted. They didn't want to hear the blues; the blues were 'low class.'

"The top pianist of that day in the South, by the way, was Eddie Heywood's father in Atlanta. He played in a T. O. B. A. theatre there, the 88 Theatre. He was modern for that day, I was told. They said Eddie played just like his father.

"Well, we were back in New York in February, 1923, and went back to Leroy's for a couple of months. Then, until October, 1923 I was part of a vaudeville act—Modern Cocktail—a singer and a dancer backed by a five-piece band—that went to the west coast and back. The jazz on the

West Coast was nothing compared to the Midwest, East and South. They were using tuba and two saxophones—not trumpet, clarinet and trombone, so far as we heard—and were trying a 'symphonic' approach to popular music. It was really rickytick orchestrations, and no blues.

"I then went with Adams and Robinson. Clarence Robinson, who was a singer and dancer, and I finally took the act over, and the pianist was Fats Waller. He'd been playing the organ at the Lincoln Theatre on 135th and Leonox Avenue, and I asked him to join us. He was still a big kid; he used to come into the theatre with an apple on a stick. The act was called Liza (she was Katie Crippen) and Her Shuffling Sextet. When Robinson and I split up, I took over the band, including Fats and Katie.

"It happened in Washington, Robinson had heard Elmer Snowden's band with Otto Hardwicke, Freddie Whetsel, Sonny Greer and Duke Ellington. He hired that band to join him on the circuit, and that's how Duke Ellington got to New York in 1923."

(This is the third of a series.)

DOWD

(continued from page 20)

difference. Now, however, with the *visual aspect of listening* becoming more and more important, this is a major obstacle to ideal stereophonic results in studios. Quite often a section will seem to be on the left or right side, but the soloist from that section will appear in the middle, vocalists who appear on both sides simultaneously sound as if they are in the middle, but one can not detect whether they turn their head left or right,

Actually "on location" recordings of live performances are best for stereophonic reproduction. The musicians are accustomed to playing under these conditions, and adjust their own dynamics accordingly. The sound emanating from a group under these circumstances is truly representative of their musical efforts, and is easier to record stereophonically than monophonically. No studio has the same acoustical characters as a club, theatre, or concert hall filled, or partially filled, with people.

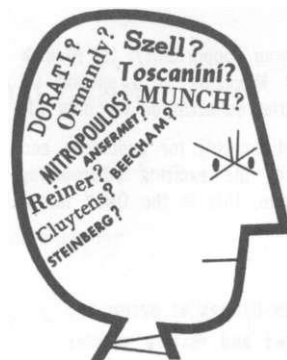
Developing a good stereophonic listening habit will provide much pleasure. Since listening is such a personal habit (and since you have these many years looked at a single speaker to hear a recorded orchestra) only hours of concentrated experience will help you to re-acquire your natural power of dimensional aural sensitivity.

LYONS

(continued from page 21)

altogether. By the time these old faithfuls have saved up enough on records *not bought* to convert to stereo, most of the "new" stereo market will have moved on to hydroponic gardening or some other hobby and we can all get back to the pleasant if only sporadically profitable pursuit of artistic perfection. Manifestly, stereo will be welcome. So far, it has meant only a fast buck for a few entrepreneurs, panic for a few others, a dreadful encroachment of willfully subliminal advertising with an inevitable consternation of the multitudes, and over-all an interregnum of nervous, no-buy optimism. But I repeat that the millennium is not distant in terms of engineering achievement and that the best stereo is worth every cent of what it costs, which is, however, plenty. At the moment, this is my opinion about stereo.

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LETTERS

(continued from page 4)

Marmarosa seems to be forgotten nowadays but in the forties he recorded some valuable solos. His *I Surrender Dear*, *Dodo's Blues*, *Mellow Mood* and *How High the Moon* on Atomic are worth looking for and he put in some good work with Lucky Thompson. They recorded together for Down Beat and *Smooth Sailing*, *Scuffle That Rough* and *Slam's Mishap* are noteworthy for Dodo, the latter two especially.

Queries: Fats Navarro played on about twelve of Andy Kirk's Decca titles during 1943-45. Some I think are still unissued but has anyone heard the others, does Navarro solo, and what does he sound like? In view of the presence at various times of Gillespie, Freddie Webster, Wardell Gray, Clyde Hart, and Navarro the Eckstine band recordings on DeLuxe and National should be thoroughly explored. Gillespie's solo on *Opus X* is well known but there must be a few other things too.

Max Harrison
London, England

The Oberstein labels (Varsity, Royale, Elite, Allegro, Rondo, *et al*) have sometimes used alternate takes for Cootie Williams releases. For one, on Royale EP331, is, I believe, an alternate of *Floogie*

Boo (titled *Sweet Lorraine*). Powell has a solo on *I Don't Know* on the same lp—and its title on the label reads *Now I Know*. Two masters of *Profoundly Blue* have been used on Blue Note ten-inch lp's. Dizzy has a solo on Eckstine's *Good Jelly Blues*. There are trumpet solos on Andy Kirk's *Fare Thee, Honey; Fare Thee Well* and *Baby, Don't Tell Me No Lie*, but they sound more like Howard McGhee in his more Eldridge-esque days than Navarro. —M.W.

HARD SOFT COVERS

After seeing the first issue of your new magazine, I have no alternative but to send you the enclosed draft for a year's subscription to it. It is a pleasure to read a magazine which is as thorough and informative as this one is. To my knowledge there has never been one like it and it is certainly much needed.

. . . Hell, there's more valuable criticism in it than you find in most hard cover books on the subject! . . .

Don Brown
Toronto

JEKYLL AND HYDE

Recently, I picked up a Columbia record by the Miles Davis Sextet entitled *Milestones* (CL 1193). In the listing of tunes on the back of the record, the title *Milestones* was included. When I played that

track, I fully expected to hear one of my favorite jazz melodies. I was fooled. Not that there was anything wrong with the song but it wasn't the same *Milestones* which Miles recorded with Charlie Parker in the forties (That one, with Bird on tenor, is now available on *Charlie Parker Memorial*, Vol. 2, Savoy 12009.)

This experience reminded me of the very fine Miles Davis—Gil Evans collaboration which produced *Miles Ahead* for Columbia (CL 1041), since the title number there had also duplicated the name of an earlier Davis composition but was different, melodically and harmonically. The first *Miles Ahead*, a quartet recording on Prestige (now on LP 7054) is, in fact, a new melody written on the chord pattern of the old *Milestones*. This is a confusing coincidence which I have just discovered as I write this.

I realize there have been duplications of titles before but usually they are by musicians isolated from each other by time, geography and/or style. It seems to me that the Madison Avenue minds at Columbia could have come up with new titles instead of confusing things for the jazz fan. In addition, on the *Milestones* lp, they have missed the obvious pun by changing Jackie McLean's *Dr. Jackie* (originally on Miles Davis's Prestige LP 7034) to *Dr. Jekyll*. But at least, this time, it's the same piece.

Ira Gitler



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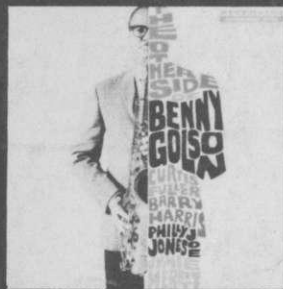
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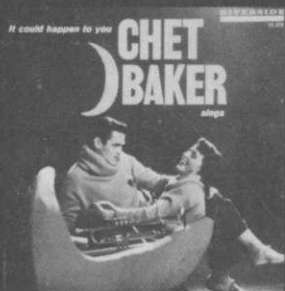
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