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ARS GRATIA ARTIS

I was very gratified and appreciative of the restrained criticism you offered in the April issue, a review of which I doubt I would have read, had I not been associated with the book in some way. It is the most articulate and perceptive judgment of the book concerning the birthplace of jazz that I have read, and the musical example you cited is a masterpiece in its own right. I am happy to have you as a reader andmathrm{...}

IN OUR BACH DOOR SOMETIMES

The February issue of J.R. shows signs of improvement, but you're still a long way to go. The historical articles are worthwhile and certainly commendable. The musical material remains nothing to me as I'm not a musician. (How many J.R. subscribers can appreciate these articles?)

The record reviews are tiresome. The sheer volume of text devoted to reviewing recordings which I may never hear, let alone purchase, is exhausting. Here's "Jazz in Print" rambles on and on. If you are trying to please that reads every word printed on the subject of jazz, well, man, I'm convinced.

Occasional attempts at humor (a $10 offer for "Zulus' Ball") are the heavy-handed efforts of helpless individuals.

So, my interest in jazz has not lessened. I spend more on records than ever before, and enjoy reading "Jazz Beat" as much today as I did twenty years ago when I bought my first copy. The trouble here seems to be that you fellows are not communicating very well.

How does one go about successfully communicating? Well, I've just finished re-reading "The Hot Bach" by Richard O. Boyer, the reprint of the 1944 New Yorker series on Duke Ellington, which appears in the new volume, Duke Ellington, His Life and Music. Boyer is a good writer, and the articles are immensely enjoyable. (I suppose that some of the hippies in your crowd object to anything being written in a manner that all can understand.)

To close with a suggestion, I will stay with the subject of Ellington. I think the fine Coral albums under the leadership of Son Mercer may be something of an intellectual milestone. At any rate, the possibilities in arranging, May Duke continue successfully for another 15 years. But the fact that Mercer may carry on in his father's footsteps, is certainly gratifying. I wish you would interview him for some of his thoughts on the Coral sessions.

I. L. Jacobs
San Diego, California

YOU CAN'T FORCE THE BEAT

An item on page 50 of The Jazz Review referred me to an incident in the history of jazz in Russia told in a book, Taming of the Arts, by I. Jelagin, a refugee who, I think, is playing in a symphony orchestra in Houston. He describes an attempt by the Kremlin in 1938 to "fit jazz into its musical scheme and create a jazz band which would be Soviet in spirit." The Russian composers, including Shostakovich, were ordered to write music for the band of 40 drafted musicians. If you haven't read his book, I know you would find it interesting.

Cora Worth Parsons
Guilford College

REISSUES FROM ENGLAND

I read with interest the Rudi Blesh review of the booklet, Recorded Jazz: A Critical Guide, by Messrs. Harris and Rust. Mr. Blesh rather oversimplified the position in saying that "the number of jazz records available in England is small compared with our American output." In fact, I believe that the number of issues available in England is reasonably well in line with the position in your country. Certainly, we have managed to retain in reprints a selection of early recordings as is currently available in the home of jazz.

However, the prose made by Rudi Blesh that many records listed in the booklet are only available in British might be reasonably corrected if you will grant us a slice of free publicity. Any of your readers interested in purchasing discs listed in the Penguin book can do so at least export prices by ordering from the company or, for that matter, any other reputable mail order house. We shall gladly supply details to interested readers.

Ken Lindsey, manager, Agate & Co. Ltd., 77, Charter Cross Road, London W.1, England

INTELLECTUALIZING THE INTANGIBLES

Your magazine really does an excellent job! You've upheld certain ideals in this fine art form plus doing something that's needed—articulating certain aspects of jazz that people in the past have passed over. "Man, you've gotta feel it!" Of course you do, but I love this magazine by saying, "Man, you've gotta feel it!" My interest has not lessened. I spend more on jazz than ever before.

ARS GRATIA ARTIS

I was very gratified and appreciative of the restrained criticism you offered in the April issue, a review of which I doubt I would have read, had I not been associated with the book in some way. It is the most articulate and perceptive judgment of the book concerning the birthplace of jazz that I have read, and the musical example you cited is a masterpiece in its own right. I am happy to have you as a reader and...
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New Contributors

Bob Freedman is a saxophonist and arranger who has contributed to the books of many bands. He has played with the Herb Pomeroy band.

Hall Overton is a composer and pianist who works in both jazz and classical music. His most recent jazz work, orchestrations of several Thelonious Monk compositions, was presented at Town Hall last February.

Dr. Joseph R. Rosenbloom is chaplain at the United States Public Health Service hospital at Lexington, Kentucky.

Tom Scanlon writes regularly on jazz for the magazine, The Army Times.

Jay D. Smith is a long time jazz record collector who probably has the most complete collection of Jack Teagarden records in existence.

Robert C. Smith edits and writes on jazz for the Virginian Pilot of Norfolk and Portsmouth. His article on school desegregation in Norfolk appeared in the March issue of Commentary.

Francis Thorne, pianist and director of the Great South Bay Jazz Festival, now makes his home in Italy.

Israel Young and Leonard Feldman were among the founders of the Jazz Review.


Unsolicited manuscripts and illustrations should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Contributions are handled with reasonable care, but the Jazz Review can take no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or illustrations.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

NEWPORT AND GREAT SOUTH BAY by Francis Thorne 37
WASHINGTON JAZZ JUBILEE by Tom Scanlon ............... 41
Crowding fifty-four, Jack Teagarden's black hair is streaked with gray at the temples, the planes of his broad face furrowed. He reissues today as great an enigma as he was when he blew into New York in 1927 and in concert with Jimmy Harrison promptly liberated the trombone from its draft huff and puff, sourar and swipe role in jazz.

The mystery of Teagarden is not so much what he is but rather how he came to be so. Few erudite jazz writers have attempted a profound analysis of the trombonist, for he defies scrutiny. Otis Ferguson, who wrote of his jazzer in a brawling, earthy style captured and set down a fleeting glimpse—so did Charles Edward Smith. But, through his thousand-odd recorded sides, listen to them and to his contemporaries—the influence is there, though the feeling is often absent. The puzzle may never be solved but we must ask ourselves if solving it truly matters.

The paradox of Teagarden's growing popularity is the vigor with which he characteristically shaves it. His public is virtually non-existent; television appearances are infrequent, tours rarely take him into "name clubs." Yet the jazz polls in nearly every publication faithfully place him in the company of such commercially successful men as Armstrong and Goodman and his instrumental contemporaries J. J. Johnson and Bob Brookmeyer. With all their evils we must assume that the polls are at worst a dim reflection of mass taste.

In conjecture, this feat can be at least partially attributed to a universal affection shared by his admirers for he unconsciously creates mass empathy, an elusive quality derived from many performers, attainted by so few. What he plays is genuinely what he feels, and the reception, in spirit, is returned by his audiences.

An assessment of the Teagarden style would necessarily include such terms as lazy, brilliant, facile, effortless, sentimental, and whimsical. Though less evident than the other qualities, whimsicality flows unobtrusively through much of his playing and singing. During the hours which are his own he rarely indulges it. Only on occasion does it seep through his bland demeanor.

Like the night he was strolling around Manhattan flanked by a pair of veterans of jazz clubs, Jack was recalling the old days—Plunkett's, the Okeh recording studio, the Little Club. "And there's Birdland," he explained as though to bring the tour up to date. One of his companions wisecracked, "Guess you used to play there with Pollack." Jack's face was impasive. "Nope. It wasn't here then...."

Or the night a young man wandered over to the stand during a club intermission. The master was working the kinks out of his horn. The lad noted that Jack was using a leading hair oil to lubricate his slide.

"You mean you use that on your horn, Mr. Teagarden?"

Jack glanced up at him. "Yes—it gives me a fuzzy tone."

The years subsequent to the decline of Jack Teagarden as a big band leader were lean and hungry. His name was mentioned only in retrospect. He was unhappy, broke, convinced that he could never again regain a position of esteem in jazz music. But he tried, at first as a single attraction, and was soon a member of the Armstrong All Stars. For a period of nearly five years he contributed his horn and dignity to a group which at times was devoid of dignity. At the end of it, Jack broke out on his own with a small group, his finances restored, able to play for the most part in a cordial atmosphere, clinging to the music he loves, be it jazz or dreamy ballads.

It is doubtful that Big T will ever find the security and peace of mind in jazz for which he searches. He expects too much of himself and his audiences. Even now, with the resurgence of his popularity, he is at times bewildered and moody.

"I don't know," he says with sadness, "I try to play what people like and sometimes I wonder if I'm getting through."

If Jack needs reassurance, all he has to do is shuffle through his thousand-odd recorded sides, listen to them and then to his contemporaries—the influence is there, though the feeling is often absent. The puzzle may never be solved but we must ask ourselves if solving it truly matters.

JULY
Jazz at Narco
by Rabbi Joseph R. Rosenbloom

Among the many activities in the recreation program provided at the United States Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, the musical program seems to be the most meaningful for the patients who participate in it. The most important part of the program is that it permits a patient to spend the greater part of his day with music and with other musicians. Within the time allowed in the program, he can study, practice his instrument, rehearse with other musicians, write, prepare shows for performance within the hospital, and perform in the shows. He may spend five or six hours during the day working on music, either alone or with other musicians, and although some patients have nonmusical work assignments, these are often scheduled to permit him to devote the major part of the day to music. In addition, another hour and a half or two hours are available in the evenings for rehearsals.

On the simplest level this program is therapeutically important because it gives the patient an interest in something other than drugs; those involved in the musical program spend most of their time playing, talking about music, or listening to music. Most are very serious. They find stimulation in their fellow musicians and keep up on the developments of the musical world. One of them said, "One thing that I think we should clear up is that just because a person is here, whether it's for a few minutes or for years, the fact that he is locked up, so to speak, in a God-forsaken community in the middle of the state of Kentucky, doesn't mean that he is away from the music. We keep up through the arrival of musicians who have fresh information, and through the musicians here whose thinking remains ever fresh, plus our listening to records and the radio."

Other musician-patients feel that being in Narco can be a special creative opportunity, like the man who said, "I really feel it's no different here than it is on the outside. A creative musician might decide, 'Well, I'm going to Waterville, Iowa, for two years to create.' I have come to Lexington for two years to create."

During an average day there are all kinds of sessions going on, small groups and a big band. The band at Narco is especially interesting because almost all the members are good soloists as well as good ensemble musicians. For instance, the lead trumpet player is a musician who has spent most of his career in big bands, including those of Herman, Kenton, and Thornhill, and he now also writes arrangements for this band. The band has an excellence that would be difficult to match on The Street; it needs to make no compromises.

Such freedom explains some of the enthusiasm of some musicians for the program at Narco. Here a player must spend no time playing requests, or playing the tunes from current records; a writer will find no difficulty in getting his scores performed.

The writers among the patients feel that the hospital offers them a unique opportunity to hear their own music played. One patient said, "You can't go bugging a person on the street and say, 'Please play my music, man,' but here in the hospital you have an ideal opportunity to hear what you have arranged and created."

The stimulus of hearing their work performed has reawakened the joy of music for some of the patients. One
patient has said that working with the band, and hearing it play his own music, he had been able to recapture some of the excitement he felt about music that he had lost for ten or twelve years. "It's like I was studying in the music school again and had that old drive in me to write and try new things that many of us seem to lose after we get our first taste of professionalism. I don't know quite what it was."

Even in small-ensemble playing, the same freedom to experiment is a strong stimulus. Some of them feel that writing for the small groups is more challenging than big-band scoring—that getting a full sound and rich harmonies from only five pieces is more interesting than dealing with twelve or thirteen horns. But even those who prefer small-ensemble writing make a full contribution to the big band.

There are some special and unusual problems in keeping a big band going at Narco. Some of the patients are at the hospital voluntarily, and they are free to come and go. As a result, the turnover of personnel is unusually high. But even this turnover can be an advantage to the musicians, for the writers have a chance to experiment with different combinations of instruments and a variety of voicings. The players in the band also learn to be flexible in their playing, to adapt themselves to good ensemble work in spite of constantly changing section mates.

About three months ago, the band reached a high point in the opinion of most of the musicians. One said, "As for the sound of the band, I think at times we reached the excitement of the old Dizzy Gillespie band, and also harmonically, it's just as interesting as anything around today, with X's scores anyway, and naturally all Y's things are beautiful and swinging." X and Y are two of the most creative musicians in the hospital.

Although there has never been any formal musical education in connection with the hospital's musical programs, there almost always have been several well-known and accomplished musicians here, who seem to stimulate other musicians by their personalities and creative examples. These outstanding musicians who have become patients at the hospital generally like to help their fellow patients by passing on musical insights and discoveries, helping them to broaden their understanding of music and to improve their playing.

Sometimes the influence of these musicians is stylistic, as one patient noted in saying, "One of our boys is writing music which brings out an esoteric sound. He has an ability to run almost the entire harmonic gamut in everything he writes. That has influenced my writing and almost all the other arrangers, and I think through this we have achieved a different sound. I also want to mention Y's influence, which all musicians are familiar with these days of the Dizzy Gillespie band and the Billy Eckstine band. We seem to be able to get both these feelings going."

Another patient has felt their influence in a different way, "I consider myself a very good example of what the influences around here can do. I came here just being what you might call a sometime piano player, and have been for the last ten or twelve years. I came here and found myself surrounded by these overwhelmingly good influences. Never had I written a note of music, and was stimulated solely by the influences here to write an arrangement or two. Now I see a possible future for me since these arrangements have met with a fair amount of success."

Another patient describes the program in this way: "As for the therapeutic aspects of the program, it is chiefly in getting us back into the swing of things. Most of us have gone through this at some time in the past. We have been in some kind of regulated program of musical endeavors here, and the use of drugs, we got away from this pattern, and before you know it you are away from your instrument completely. Drugs take all of your time; you are not really interested in playing or creating. And yet when you are here, you find yourself thrown back into it. Either you sink or swim. You enter into the musical program or you don't. And you are soon weeded out either by others or by your own conscience. A person just doesn't stay in it floundering around doing nothing. If you're in it, you accomplish something. It's that overwhelming. And I think it is therapeutic from that point of view; it prepares us once again to meet the kind of obligations we will face on the street: the daily patterns of practice, writing, re-rehearsing, playing. One aspect of influence here is intangible and yet most important. The very presence of some extremely creative people around here tends to rub off on some of us who are potentially creative but haven't come to our full real fruition as yet. While some of the patients here have been recognized names in various musical fields, there are many who have never been recognized, but who are potentially equally creative."

The shows produced by the patients are another source of satisfaction and new experience for the musician-patients. The experience of working with singers and dancers in preparing these shows and of writing music for the shows moved one musician to say, "As far as I am concerned, all of the experience I have had writing for singers and dancers, working out their problems and our own problems, has been immeasurably good for me. I feel confident now that I can write for anyone at any time. So in a sense, the program here is that we really prepare for a livelihood for music and to be sincere about our music."

In all these ways the musical recreation program reinforces and aids the individual therapy provided by the psychiatric staff and the twice-a-week group-therapy sessions with a staff member and fellow musicians. The therapy helps them to develop insight into their own behavior and into their relationships with those they live with in the hospital and work with in their profession. It helps them to understand themselves, to accept themselves, to realize their limitations, and to come to grips with their strengths. As one patient said, "The thing that I appreciate so much about this is that on the street I would never seem to have the time to sit down and think, or take a look at myself. Of course, I was always involved in the narcotics business." While the therapy program helps them to rebuild, or in some cases to build for the first time, a sense of individual integrity, the musical recreation program helps them to develop their creative abilities and professional skills, and to learn to appreciate the satisfactions of creative effort—strong bulwarks against a return to narcotic use and addiction.
Conversations with James P. Johnson

Q. James P., how did you get launched as a professional pianist?

A. I told you before how I was impressed by my older brothers' friends. They were real ticklers—cabaret and sporting-house players. They were my heroes and led what I felt was a glamorous life—welcome everywhere because of their talent.

In the years before World War I, there was a piano in almost every home, colored or white. The piano makers had a slogan: "What Is Home Without A Piano?" It was like having a radio or a TV today. Phonographs were feeble and scratchy.

Most people who had pianos couldn’t play them, so a piano player was important socially. There were so many of them visiting and socializing that some people would have their pianos going day and night all week long.

If you could play piano good, you went from one party to another and everybody made a fuss about you and fed you ice cream, cake, food and drinks. In fact, some of the biggest men in the profession were known as the biggest eaters we had. At an all-night party, you started at 1:00 a.m., had another meal at 4:00 a.m., and sat down again at 6:00 a.m. Many of us suffered later because of eating and drinking habits started in our younger socializing days.

But that was the life for me when I was seventeen.

In the summer of 1912, during high-school vacation,
I went out to Far Rockaway, a beach resort near Coney Island, and got a chance to play at a place run by a fellow named Charlie Ett. It was just a couple of rooms knocked together to make a cabaret. They had beer and liquor, and out in the back yard there was a cell house for fast turnovers.

It was a rough place, but I got nine dollars and tips, or about eighteen dollars a week all told. That was so much money that I didn't want to go back to high school. I never got but quarters when I played before.

Q. Oh, you did play professionally before?

A. Yes, but it didn't count. When I was about eight in Jersey City, I was walking down the block, and a woman came out of a doorway and asked me if I wanted to make a quarter. She knew I could play a little, from neighbors, so she took me into her parlor where there were about three or four couples drinking beer, set me down on the piano stool and said: "Go ahead and play and don't turn your head."

I played my Little Brown Jug tune and a couple of other hymns and nursery-rhyme arrangements for a couple of hours. I never looked around.

She gave me a quarter, and I went on my way. I guess she was running some kind of sporting house. They were all around the neighborhood.

Q. Excuse my interruption. Tell me more about Far Rockaway.

A. There was another place there called "The Cool Off," located down near the station, Some Clef Club members played there, and they used to come over after hours to hear me play dirty. Kid Snore was among them, and Duke Finley, a pianist who played a rag in D minor that had the same trio that was later used in Shake It. Break It, Throw It Out The Window; Catch It Before It Falls.

That fall, instead of going back to school, I went to Jersey City and got a job in a cabaret run by Freddie Doyle. He gave me a two-dollar raise.

In a couple of months, Doyle's folded up, and I came back to Manhattan and played in a sporting house on 27th Street between 8th and 9th Avenues, which was the Tenderloin then. It was run by a fellow named Dan Williams, It was a rough place, but I got nine dollars and tips, or about eighteen dollars a week over all. That was so tough in the white section of Hell's Kitchen.

Q. Where did you play there?

A. In 1910 and 1911, I used to drop in at Jim Allan's place at 63rd Street and 10th Avenue, where I'd wear my knickers long so they wouldn't notice that I was a short pants punk. After they heard me play, they would let me come when I wanted.

So, in the spring of 1913, I went uptown and got a job playing at Jim Allan's. It was a remodeled cellar, and since it operated after hours, it had an iron-plated door—like the speak-easies had later. There was a bar upstairs, but downstairs there was a rathskeller, and in the back of the cellar there was a gambling joint. When the cops raided us now and then, they always had to go back to the station house for axes and sledge hammers, so we usually made a clean getaway.


One night a week, I played piano for Drake's Dancing Class on 62nd Street, which we called "The Jungles Casino." It was officially a dancing school, since it operated after hours, but downstairs there was a rathskeller, and in the back of the cellar there was a gambling joint.

When the cops raided us now and then, they always had to go back to the station house for axes and sledge hammers, so we usually made a clean getaway.

The Jungles Casino was just a cellar, too, without fixtures. The furnace, coal, and ashes were still there behind a partition. The coal bin was handy for guests to stash their liquor in case the cops dropped in. But you could get a license to open a dancing school very cheap.

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Q. Were you long at Dan Williams' place?

A. No, only a couple of months. I had a number of jobs in the winter of 1912-13. One was playing movie piano at the Nickelette at 8th Avenue and 37th Street. They had movies and short acts for short money. Many vaudeville acts broke in there. Florence Mills first sang there I recall.

In the spring of 1913, I really got started up in The Jungles. This was the Negro section of Hell's Kitchen and ran from 60th to 63rd Street, west of 9th Avenue. It was the toughest part of New York, There were two to three killings a night. Fights broke out over love affairs, gambling, or arguments in general. There were race fights with the white gangs on 60th and 67th Street. It was just as tough in the white section of Hell's Kitchen.

Q. What kind of music were you playing in 1912?


Then there were "instrumentals"—piano arrangements of medleys of Herbert and Friml, popular novelties and other hymns and nursery-rhyme arrangements for a couple of hours. I never looked around.

In a couple of months, Doyle's folded up, and I came back to Manhattan and played in a sporting house on 27th Street between 8th and 9th Avenues, which was the Tenderloin then. It was run by a fellow named Dan Williams, and he had two girl entertainers that I used to accompany.

Q. How did you do any composing by that time?

A. No, but I was working out a number of rags of my own that they wanted to publish at Gotham & Attucks, a Negro music publishing firm whose offices were at 37th Street, off Broadway. I couldn't write them down and I didn't know anybody who would do them for me.

Cecil Mack was president of Gotham & Attucks. All the great colored musicians had gathered around the firm—Bert Williams, George Walker, Scott Joplin, Will Marion Cook, Joe Jordan, Tim Rymans. They had a lot of hit songs . . . Just a Word Of Con­viction . . . Red Rose . . . Down Among the Sugar Cane . . . Good Morning, Carrie. Gussie L. Davis, who wrote white-style ballads for them, was the composer of The Baggage Coach Ahead, the greatest tear-junker of the time.

Q. Were you long at Dan Williams' place?

A. No, only a couple of months. I had a number of jobs in the winter of 1912-13. One was playing movie piano at the Nickelette at 8th Avenue and 37th Street. They had movies and short acts for short money. Many vaudeville acts broke in there. Florence Mills first sang there I recall.

In the spring of 1913, I really got started up in The Jungles. This was the Negro section of Hell's Kitchen and ran from 60th to 63rd Street, west of 9th Avenue. It was the toughest part of New York. There were two to three killings a night. Fights broke out over love affairs, gambling, or arguments in general. There were race fights with the white gangs on 60th and 67th Street. It was just as tough in the white section of Hell's Kitchen.

Q. Where did you play there?

A. In 1910 and 1911, I used to drop in at Jim Allan's place at 63rd Street and 10th Avenue, where I'd wear my knickers long so they wouldn't notice that I was a short pants punk. After they heard me play, they would let me come when I wanted.

So, in the spring of 1913, I went uptown and got a job playing at Jim Allan's. It was a remodeled cellar, and since it operated after hours, it had an iron-plated door—like the speak-easies had later. There was a bar upstairs, but downstairs there was a rathskeller, and in the back of the cellar there was a gambling joint. When the cops raided us now and then, they always had to go back to the station house for axes and sledge hammers, so we usually made a clean getaway.


One night a week, I played piano for Drake's Dancing Class on 62nd Street, which we called "The Jungles Casino." It was officially a dancing school, since it operated after hours, but downstairs there was a rathskeller, and in the back of the cellar there was a gambling joint. When the cops raided us now and then, they always had to go back to the station house for axes and sledge hammers, so we usually made a clean getaway.

The Jungles Casino was just a cellar, too, without fixtures. The furnace, coal, and ashes were still there behind a partition. The coal bin was handy for guests to stash their liquor in case the cops dropped in. But you could get a license to open a dancing school very cheap.

The Jungles Casino was just a cellar, too, without fixtures. The furnace, coal, and ashes were still there behind a partition. The coal bin was handy for guests to stash their liquor in case the cops dropped in. But you could get a license to open a dancing school very cheap.
The older ones didn’t care too much for this, but the younger ones were really good. I would music with them with a lot of rag in the dance music now and then.

The floor of the dancing class was plain cement like any cellar, and it was hard on the dancers' shoes. I saw many actually wear right through a pair of shoes in one night. They danced hard.

When it rained, the water would run down the walls from the street so we all had to step and mop up the floor.

The people who came to The Jumbles Casino were mostly from around Charleston, South Carolina, and other places in the South. Most of them worked for the Ward Line as longshoremen or on ships that called at southern coast ports. These were hard times for the workers of that time.

They picked their partners with care to show off their best steps and put sets, cotillions and cakewalks that would give them a chance to get off the dance floor. The Charleston, which became a popular dance step on its own, was just a regulation cotillion step without a name. It had many variations—all danced to the rhythm that everybody knows now. One regular at the Casino, named Dan White, was the best dancer in the crowd and he introduced the Charleston step as we know it. But there were dozens of others steps used, too.

It was while playing for these southern dancers that I composed a number of Charlestons—eight in all—all with the same rhythm. One of these later became my famous Charleston when it hit Broadway.

My Carolina Shout was another type of ragtime arrangement of a set dance of this period. In fact, a lot of famous jazz compositions grew out of cotillion music—such as "The Wildcat Blues," which was laid out the same as Allan's, except that it lay off at Allan's, I would play at Georgie Lee's near by, me at The Jungles Casino now and then. When I would play at Phil Watkin's place on 61st Street. He was a very clever drummer.

I played at Allan's before me. He wrote his Porter Stamp and High Society were taken from cotillion music.

The dances they did at The Jumbles Casino were wild and comical—the more pose and the more breaks, the better. These Charleston people and the other southerners had just come to New York. They were country people and they felt homesick. When they got tired of two-steps and schottisches (which they danced with a lot of spieling), they'd yell: "Let's go back home!" . . . "Let's do a set!" . . . or "Now, put us in the alley!" I did my Mule Walk or Gait Stomp for these country dances.

Breakdown music was the best for such sets, the more solid and groovy the better. They'd dance, bollocking and screaming until they were cooked. The dancers ran from fifteen to thirty minutes, but they kept up all night long or until their shoes were worn—most of them after a heavy day's work on the docks.

Q. Who were some of the other ticklers in The Jumbles at that time?

A. Well, there was Bob Gordon, the March King, who played at Allan's before me. He wrote "Oh, You Drummer," which was popular because it had a lot of breaks for drummers.

Then there was Freddie Singleton who used to relieve me at The Jumbles Casino now and then. When I would lay off at Allan's, I would play at George Lee's near by, which was laid out the same as Allan's, except that it had a cabaret in the back, rooms, instead of gambling.

About this time, I played my first "Pigfoot Hop" at Phil Watkin's place on 61st Street. He was a very clever drummer and he paid me $1.50 for a night's playing with all the gin and chitterlings that I could get down.
In practicing technique, I would play in the dark to get completely familiar with the keyboard. To develop clear touch and the feel of the piano, I'd put a bed sheet over the keyboard and play difficult pieces through it.

I had gotten power and was building a serious orchestral piano. I did rag variations on William Tell Overture, Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite and even a Russian Rag based on Rachmaninoff's Prelude in G Sharp Minor, which was just getting popular then.

In my Initiators' Rag the last strain had Dixie in the right hand and The Star Spangled Banner in the left. (It wasn't the national anthem then.) Another version had Merry, Merry Home. I used to play this at the 138th Streets and Lenox Avenue. He was a great technician who played an arabesque style that Art Tatum made famous later. He played swift runs in sixths and thirds, broken chords, one-note tremolandos and had a chimes effect in syncopation.

While in New Jersey that summer, I won a piano contest in Egg Harbor, playing my Twilight Rag (which had a chimes effect in syncopation), Steeplechase Rag, and Nighttime in Dixieland.

Both were great players. I don't have to tell you about Fats Harris, who looked like Waller did later. He had a rag in D called Fats Harris's Rag, a great stomp tune.

In the fall of 1914, I went over to Newark, New Jersey, and met Willie (The Lion) Smith and Dickie Haff who were playing on "The Coast." A tough section around Arlington and Augusta Streets. I played at Kennedy Hall and Lewis', which was located in an old church. Both were great players. I don't have to tell you about Willie, he's still playing great. He's the last of the real old-time ticklers—along with Luckey.

Q. Were there other pianists you learned tricks from at this time?

A. Oh, yes. I was getting around town and hearing everybody. If they had anything I didn't have, I listened and stole it.

Sam Gordon played at The Elk's Cafe at 137th and 138th Streets and Lenox Avenue. He was a great technician who played an arabesque style that Art Tatum made famous later. He played swift runs in sixths and thirds, broken chords, one-note tremolandos and had a chimes effect in syncopation.

Fred Bryant from Brooklyn was a good all-around pianist. He played classical music and had a velvet touch. The piano keys seemed to be extensions of his fingers. Incidentally, as far as I know, he invented the backward bass.

I fell on his style and copied a lot of it.

Q. Were there other pianists you learned tricks from at this time?

A. Yes, I was getting around town and hearing everybody. If they had anything I didn't have, I listened and stole it.
Dear Sirs:

Kindly send me a copy of Playboys like in Downbeat Magazine. I think it's on a Victor or something. Kindly care how you pack it.

Sincerely,

Jason Beasley IV

Casmir Falls, Kansas

November 17

Dear Mr. Beasley:

Your copy of World Pacific (PJ 1234) featuring Chet Baker and Art Pepper has been forwarded under separate cover. We here at Jack's trust that it has arrived in cool condition.

As you may know, we try to maintain personal correspondence with our many mail-order jazz customers here at Jack's (and quite a heroic task it is, too). Since you apparently dig the mellifluous improvisations of the Baker-Pepper sextet (and who doesn't, we may ask?), let us suggest the following albums for your next order:

- Chet Baker in New York (River- side 12-291)
- The Return of Art Pepper (Jazz West JWLP-10)

From what we know of you already, and let us say that your first order was a knowledgeable one, we think that these two sets will fit you for real. They would be excellent additions to your collection, a fine way to continue your JACK'S COLLECTION PROGRAM.

Sincerely,

Jack

November 21

Dear Jack:

I hate it, having to bring it up and all, but the Playboys wasn't in what I'd call cool condition. I guess you mean by that O.K., don't you? Well, it wasn't. The cover was bent at one corner and there was a wrinkle running all over the girl.

I haven't seen pictures of those others you mentioned, but I'm buying some more of those Downbeat magazines. You might send along Double Play on whatever label it is puts it out. Kindly be careful.

Sincerely,

Jason Beasley IV

November 28

Dear Mr. Beasley:

A replacement copy of World Pacific (PJ 1234) has been sent to you along with a copy of Contemporary (C 3334), which you ordered.

Sincerely,

Jack
Jack's Jazz Shop
Hollywood, Cal.
December 11

Dear Jack:

It took me a while to get through your letter. You really do go on about this stuff, don't you? I looked up in the magazine Downbeat about this girl Lee, but I didn't see any picture. This girl Shelly looks pretty good way off in the distance only there's a guy playing a tambourine in her way. I don't know why.

Look I'm trying to get up a collection for a Christmas party. Maybe you can get up "Pretty Wild," "The Swing's to TV," and "Phil Sunkel's Jazz Band" for me, huh? And please be careful about that packing. Since you asked me to remind you about this sort of thing, the "Double Play" had a kind of embarrassing crease in it, kind of under the girl's face. I don't know what you mean about bugs. I didn't find any.

Sincerely,

Jason Beasley IV

Casmir Falls, Kansas

December 14

Dear Mr. Beasley:

All of the swinging sets you ordered are on their way to you. We here at Jack's must say that while you may have been collecting just a short while and perhaps don't understand jazz argot or all about derivation yet, you've certainly got wonderful musical tastes. It's a pleasure nowadays to correspond with a collector whose tastes are Catholic. Like you dig Davison Pretty Wild, Columbia (CL 871) just as much as you do Coop and Bud The Swing's to TV. (World Pacific WPM 411).

We will drop you a line about your JACK'S COLLECTION PROGRAM for the new year after the holidays. We hope the party is a good one. May you be gassed.

Sincerely,

Jack

Jason Beasley IV

Casmir Falls, Kansas

December 14

Dear Jack's Jazz Shop

Don't bother to send any more letters. Half the time I don't know what you're talking about anyway. The stuff arrived all right, but it wasn't in cool shape again, like you said the first time—whatever that is. Looks to me sort of like I'll have to go to Griswald, Kansas, which has a very big record shop, next time I look at Downbeat, the picture magazine. Leastways, the covers won't be bent.

Sincerely,

Jason Beasley IV

P.S. I'm a Protestant.
The Titans
Bill Russo’s Second Symphony in C
Reviewed by Hall Overton

The Second Symphony in C by William Russo, subtitled Titans, is the work of a young man whose musical experience has been chiefly in the area of big-band jazz. In the field of “modern classical” composition he is, I believe, largely self-taught. These two facts account for most of the strengths and weaknesses of the present work, which is in four movements marked Allegro, Theme and Variations, Scherzo, and Finale.

The first movement begins well with a slow introduction—polychords on a C pedal in strings and percussion, over which a solo clarinet states modal melodic figures utilized later in the movement. A couple of Kentonish brass grunts serve as a bridge into the Allegro. Here the strings take over with a strong melodic line, although hampered by a squarish rhythmic feeling which seems to afflict some jazz-oriented composers when they venture away from the familiar. This same defect shows up in an almost embarrassing form later during one of the variations in the second movement. A chordal section in the brass is followed by the most appealing idea in the movement, a light, dance-like theme which unfortunately ends too soon. From here the movement becomes lost in a sequence of short-winded developmental sections that obscure a clear sense of return in the recapitulation.

The second movement begins with a slow chordal theme in the brass with a solo oboe added after eight measures. The variations which follow generally suffer from the same student-like short-windedness noted before.

Elements of Afro-Cuban jazz are supposed to flavor the third movement, marked Scherzo. They are there in rhythmic figures assigned to the bassoons, low strings, and percussion, but are hopelessly lost under the melodic writing which is heavy and serious sounding, completely out of character with the feeling of a scherzo. This movement, more than any of the others, felt much too short and undeveloped.

In the Finale, which follows the Scherzo without pause, trumpeter Maynard Ferguson joined the orchestra as featured soloist. Again a slow introduction with solo trumpet climbing rapidly into orbit. The Allegro is in rondo form incorporating material from previous movements. Ferguson is required to stay pretty consistently in the upper register right up to the coda where he goes upward to even greater heights, leaving no doubt that his is truly an amazing kind of upper-registry artistry. However, I can’t resist conveying my impression during the coda of witnessing a musical weight-lifting act with each new record-breaking “lift” being supported by a chord and a drum roll from the pit band.

The harmonic idiom is completely safe, “conventional modern,” a bland mixture of modal, pan-diatonic and polychordal devices. And if this symphony fails to communicate—a condition which greatly concerns Russo and which he feels more diatonic music does not do, to judge from his statements during a radio interview—it will not be due to any personal or original harmonic qualities in the piece. The orchestration leans heavily on the brass writing. Not so with the strings and winds, which are used fragmentarily throughout the general orchestral fabric.

This work, with its many attractive ideas, indicates that Russo is a composer of talent, but the lack of formal control and the immaturity of style strongly suggest that he isn’t ready to be writing symphonies yet.

THE JAZZ REVIEW
JULIAN ADDERLEY: Portrait of Cannonball. Riverside 12-269.

Julian Adderley, alto; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Bill Evans, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Minority, Straight Life, Blue Funk, A Little Taste, People Will Say We’re In Love, Nardis.

Whatever else this music does, it certainly swings. Both the rhythm section and the horns are very free in this sense, and the whole date is charged with strong energy. Julian is an enigma to me. He plays with form, vigor, and a great deal of originality, his grasp of both instrument and idiom is excellent, yet he produces a sound that seems calculated to irritate. Why he will put such a shrieking edge on his tone, why he will so frequently use that burlesque vibrato, why he will exaggerate occasional phrases to the point of insult, is beyond my understanding. He seems unable to tap his own strong creativity without simultaneously sticking out his tongue at it. He is a big-souled, intelligent, perceptive, articulate musician, but he disfigures his good work with this sort of affectation. It may be true that such sneering and jeering is the result of everyone putting him up alongside Bird for comparison, but if this is so, then the artist has allowed himself to be distracted from his work.

Blue Mitchell’s debut here is a welcome one. He has a pleasing sound and a well-proportioned conception, plays with straightforward seriousness, and knows his instrument. I wonder if he’s using a good horn on this date? It seems as though he often has difficulty getting it to sound. It isn’t the same sort of tone a player gets who has no chops—this definitely sounds like a recalcitrant instrument in the hands of a very good player.

The rhythm section is a strong one. Riverside has a fine collection of excellent rhythm players. Philly Joe and Sam lay down a roadbed six lanes wide and straight ahead, and Bill Evans contributes sensitive accompaniment and several intelligent, beautiful solos. Philly’s solo work on People Will Say is good, but I wish they hadn’t recorded it with so much echo. The fast passages are muddied because the echo of each beat intrudes on the one that follows it.

The tunes are well chosen. I especially like Miles Davis’ Nardis, a lovely minor thing that elicits some fine choruses.

—Bill Crow
Lenny Bruce: The Sick Humor of Lenny Bruce. Fantasy 7003.

I could rationalize my reasons for reviewing this record in this magazine by some talk about Bruce's hip jargon, his associations with jazzmen and presence in jazz clubs, but why bother? The man's talent fascinates me, and I have played the record many times since the first time, in much the way that we all used to play a favorite jazz record over and over when we were in high school.

Bruce will inevitably be called a satirist, and someone will undoubtedly come up with a catch phrase like "the hard hop Mort Sahl." Neither will be accurate, for Bruce's humor is much too broad to be satire. What he does is intelligent lampooning of, in the best sense, burlesque, and since he does, he hardy has the essentially middle-brow, middle-class attitudes of the ingenious Mort Sahl. Only a bourgeois (and there is a bourgeois in each of us) will describe what he does as "sick," but, for several reasons, his kind of outspoken audacity could probably only happen in Southern California.

Lenny Bruce's appearance is inevitable. His comedy is at least the obvious successor to the long line of nihilistic, "throw away" comedians which most of us first came to know with Henry Morgan, an earlier Jack Paar, Ernie Kovacs, Steve Allen, Bob and Ray, Sahl, and the rest. One might say of the rest of them what The New Yorker writer said of Mad magazine, that it "expresses . . . emotion about the world in a media that fits . . . elders have created the comedy of the best—and worst—sort; Bruce plays all the parts with little effort to differentiate among them in voice, speech pattern, or basic attitude; and almost everyone involved is recast in the role of a hipper version of the Los Angeles actors' agent, equipped with office, intercom, secretary, and an inside track. Satire, of course, demands far subtler and more pointed comment than that.

But not necessarily more comedy than that, and Bruce's only failures at good burlesque—of course I don't mean slapstick—come at moments when an implicit disgust and spite becomes too overt for any kind of comic. Perhaps Lennie Bruce's appearance is inevitable.

—Martin Williams

Ornette Coleman: Something Else!!!, Contemporary 03551.

Invisible: The Blessing; Lover, Chippie; The Fugitives; Angel Face; Right, Aright, When Will The Blues Leave?; The Sphinx.

Ornette Coleman writes some very nice tunes, but after he plays the tune, I can't find too much of a link between his solo and the tune itself. From what I've heard though that's the way he looks at it. He apparently feels there shouldn't be too much concern about the tune and chord structure—they're prisons to him. He just goes on and plays what he feels from the tune.

There's Bird in spots in the timbre of his tune. Bird, however, wouldn't throw that particular timbre at you all night long. It's a real cry, a real shrill, a squawk.

It doesn't seem valid to me somehow—to get back to where he does after he states the line—for a man to disregard his own tunes. It's a lack of respect. Maybe he'll eventually get to have more respect for his tunes.

Coleman doesn't know his instrument in the ordinary sense, but then, most of the alto players I know don't know their instruments in the way he does. He certainly plays in a different way and he makes combinations of notes I haven't heard.

He does sound like he's out of tune. But I've heard guys play out of tune on purpose. Maybe that's what he's doing. It's going to take me a while to get used to that, you have to be able to hear him play another melody on those original lines. They seem to be good chord lines. This is not new in jazz, but Coleman does it more than any other. I've heard it. I'd guess, all in all, that he may be deliberately out of tune when he is.

His whole attitude is different from the tune when he is.

What I'm used to. It's going to take time for me to evaluate him. He does have an immense amount of feeling in his playing.

The tunes are very nice ones. They hint at quality. In some it feels Monk and George Russell. The rest of the players seem to be sympathetic to what he was trying to do—and especially Don Cherry—and they were pretty successful in playing with him, even a Groucho Marx or a Sid Caesar probably would not understand at all.

As I say, he could only happen in Southern California.

—Art Farmer

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Jazz Review
JULY


Gil Evans has taken Gershwin's melodies and has made them his own. The arrangements in this album give as much meaning to such arias as My Man's Gone Now, as did the original score. Evans' ability to project powerful emotion in amazingly sensitive ways is beautifully matched by Miles, whose solos approach being magnificent. Davis is the first instrumentalist I've heard play a.recitative that is convincing and completely devoid of burlesque.

And then comes the swing. There's a thing which Evans calls Gene, which should have been the original mold when that word was first received for music. There is a time during Miles's solo (accompanied by excellent rhythm playing by Paul Chambers and Philly Joe Jones) when you'll think that the phonograph is going to walk right out of the room!

Miles seems to have reached the point where nearly every note that he plays seems to be the absolute best note that could have happened in the place he put it, and his talent also expresses the treasured ability to play each arzieten note with the feeling and interpretation that the writer imagined when he wrote it. And Davis' horn is an instrument which Evans has learned to play very well. Technically, the album could have been engineered much better. Whether the fault lies in the actual recording or in the mastering, I can't say; but there is an occasional washed-out sound to the orchestra. Inasmuch as Miles himself was recorded very ably, the deficiency will probably bother the most critical and competent who will listen to the record. And there are enough highs and lows on the disk to keep the hi-fi-ers from worrying about the fidelity of their rigs.

But the music. There are so many wonderful moments of beauty and swing, so many ingenious turns of phrase; there is so much that is good in this lp, that it would take thousands of words to describe it fully.

This one is worth your time. Listen to it; and if they ever ask you, you can say that you've heard some of the finest music, jazz or otherwise, that's happened since Savvy Ogg and his Neanderthal Six collectively composed the first blues.

—Bob Freedman


It is quite legitimate to assume, when reading certain modern poets, that their main interest lies in supplying someone with a topic for a master's thesis. I doubt that any jazz has been recorded so that someone may indulge himself in speculation into the murkier areas of criteria, but Art Farmer's United Artists recording does raise such questions, and answers a few of them.

The author of The Encyclopaedia of Jazz has said at various times that originality is not a criterion. This has always seemed to me ridiculous on the face of it, because if one imitates another's style in as hybrid a medium as jazz, one crosses the slippery boundary between creative and imitative art. The matter then becomes one of simply judging how well the imitation is accomplished. Sometimes, as with human anthologies such as André Previn, it is like Doctor Johnson's dog walking on its hind legs, and the only reaction is one of amazement that the feat can be accomplished at all.

Anyway, some tentative criteria:

If a musician is not original, he is then not a first-ranking musician—at the moment. If he is imitating, he will never be. If he is, to fall back on jargon, "assimilating" an "influence," he may well become a first-rank musician, depending on what he does with that influence. A great deal of the development of a talent depends on the astuteness with which he chooses his models. Miles Davis once imitated Bix Beiderbecke.

I choose Miles Davis as an example because his influence is felt, both directly, and indirectly, through out this lp. Farmer is under his influence, Coltrane is under Coltrane's influence, Miles's rhythm concepts are used, and so is his pianist (of the time), Bill Evans. All of these elements combine on one number, I Love You, to produce a virtual carbon copy of a Davis performance.

Because and in spite of this influence, the lp is one of the most satisfying and exciting in several months. For the same reasons, it is one of the most disquieting. My points can best be made by discussing Farmer and Golson individually.

There can be no doubt that Farmer gets his tone and general approach from Miles Davis, but he has gone about it with the greatest honesty, adding one element: a melodic gift that is superior to Miles's. He is capable of improvising original melodies that are complete thirty-two-bar compositions in themselves. They have neither the audacity nor occasional piercing emotional quality of Davis, but they have a structure of a type that Davis does not employ.

At the moment, Farmer is the best of the young trumpet players, and one can predict that he will get consistently better.

Golson also is subject to influences, rather than employing themes from within, as Farmer does, he grabs at them from without, to suit the needs of the particular piece. He can be, by turns, Hawkins, Lucky Thompson, Webber, and now most notably Coltrane.

At one time or another, Martin Williams and I have wished in print that Coltrane had more "discipline." Well, here is Benny Golson to answer that wish perfectly. Unfortunately, the result is supremely effective—and nothing else. His compositions have the stamp of Broadway on them, and, in a peculiar way, so do his solos. They have all the showmanship, startling effectiveness and lack of true emotion of a play directed by Elia Kazan.

This record should be heard for several reasons, not the least of which is that the first time around, Golson will startle you, but after five or six hearings, Farmer will command your entire attention. That is, after all, the supreme test.

—Joe Goldberg
JAZZ/HIFI NOTES
from CONTEMPORARY RECORDS, INC.

Barney Kessel has an exciting new album in What Can I Do?, a Billy Wilder smash film starring Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon. The stars of Barney's album are Shelly Manne, Art Pepper — CR's newest exclusive recording artist on alto, tenor and clarinet; the sensational young trumpeter Joe Gordon, who just joined Shelly Manne & His Men; pianist Jimmy Rowles and bassist Monty Budwig. Tunes are a delight in modern jazz.

We've priced Andre Previn and Louie Bellson (from an Accent) album at $4.98 for all our stereo albums, and $5.98 for stereophonic albums, and $5.98 for all our stereo albums.


Farmer, trumpet; Addison Farmer, bass; Hank Jones, piano; Roy Haynes, drums.


Having heard Art in so many situations where much of his concentration is devoted to blending his own conception with that of other strong soloists or arrangers, I find the simple structure of this group a satisfactory fulfillment of the desire to hear him stretch out on his own. As this album indicates, he is quite capable of developing a full treatment of a tune assisted only by a rhythm section.

He has chosen his tunes well, allowing himself the freedom of blues changes on three originals, and finding strong stimuli for improvisation in three tunes from musicals and two by contemporary jazz composers (George Russell's Nine and Benny Golson's Stablemates).

Addison, Hank, and Roy compliment Art tastefully. Hank is especially in rapport with Art's feeling for each tune. He chooses accompanying chords that both stimulate the soloist and properly display the solo, and on his own choruses manages to create some delightful moments without losing the thread of what has gone before. Roy helps create a lively, easy quality that is the strength of this rhythm section, and he plays some interesting fours. Though he plays well with his associates here, he seems to stay slightly aloof in a way that prevents anything perfect blend of conception. His accompaniments are provocative but do not, as the record well to what the soloist is doing. Addison's straight-ahead lines and warm tone effectively tie the piano and drums together and give the group sound a healthy foundation.

Art's treatment of melody, especially on the ballads, is simple and sensitive, and his subtle alterations of the original lines are richly imaginative. It is a pleasure to hear such purposeful and unpretentious use of dissonance; he is one of a handful of born players who find superimposed dissonant scales a source of beautiful melody rather than weird affectation. Also a rarity among musicians his age is the depth of expression that comes through his sound alone. Rather than placing all of his concentration on the relationship of combinations of notes, he often finds as much beauty in tenderly sustaining an almost vocal tone quality on a single pitch. Whatever his approach at a given moment, his playing is consistently affirmative, affluent, animative. I could go through each tune, attempting to describe how satisfyingly Arthur spins his song, but it seems much better to enjoy as much as possible in this form.

Perchance Thad could cook up a few originals for the affair? As things turned out, he was able to do just that. After they ran out of Thad's tunes, research revealed that Isiah Jones, that ancient veteran of the jazz business, had composed a few pleasing ditties in his day, like It Had to Be You, No Greater Love, And On the Alamo. I've had the date filled out. In other words, Jones playing Jones in what will unquestionably constitute a definitive performance. Finally, on the cover, there's a Kodachrome color shot, archly canonic, of Thad and his associates here, performing in the Jones kitchen, where performer-composer Thad is reading the New York Daily News.

—Bill Crow

THE JAZZ REVIEW
JOHNNY GRIFFIN: Johnny Griffin Sextet, Riverside 12-264.
Griffin, tenor; Donald Byrd, trumpet; Pepper Adams, baritone; Kenny Drew, piano; Wilbur Ware, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.
This is essentially a blowing date, each soloist having plenty of room to develop whatever he likes with the rhythm section. The writing is limited to the opening and closing choruses. Consequently, the strength of each track lies in the rhythm section itself and the improvisational abilities of the individual horn men. It's one hell of a rhythm section—Kenny, Wilbur, and Philly Joe are all strong, warm, sensitive swingers. Wilbur has a magic touch, setting up such a rolling, naively profound quality on his solos and generating such a good feeling on his line that it would be quibbling over rivulets and ignoring the sea to complain about his occasional crude attack, stumbling time, sloppy intonation. His enthusiasm for the simplest instrument but allows him fast response ing as though he were about to fall asleep, but turning in a generally commendable performance.

JELLY ROLL MORTON: The Incomparable, Riverside 12-123.
Moly: Fats Waller Blues, High Society, Fish tail Blues, Mr. Jelly Lord (Gennett), My Gal (quartet) Alcorto Blues (chart), Mamboin (vocal), 36 street Blues (vocal), Fats Waller Blues, Tiger Rag, Big Fat Ham, Mr. Jelly Lord (Paramount, trial).

Morton's reputation depends on two groups of recordings: the generally excellent series of piano solos he made for the early Midwestern jazz labels (Gennett, Paramount, Rialto, etc.) which can be supplemented by at least some of the performances on Commodore 3001, and by the brilliant series of orchestral records made for Victor in 1926-8.

Riverside owns the piano solos and has a collection on RLP12-111, but failed to include such performances as Frog-Mort, The Peals, and London Blues (Shoe Shiners Drag), and their occasional delights.

A collection drawn from the Victor orchestral series is now out (RCA Victor LPM 1649) but since it will soon be reviewed in these pages by Larry Gushee, I will confine myself to one warning; some decidedly inferior takes have been used on that set, and that is true of Dead Man Blues which may otherwise be Morton's masterpiece of orchestration and performance.

Before the Victor series, Morton made orchestral records, and some of them are so bad that at the time they must have seemed to irked him to be later brought off so brilliantly on the Victors.

Except as indicated above, this set collects some (but not all) of the early orchestral records, and it includes the one unquestionable success among them. Like several Riverside qualities from a number of schools of piano playing and utilizes them cleanly and intelligently in his own way. He produces a beautiful sound on his instrument and plays that good, sweet time that revives us all in the same terms. The piano is a versatile instrument in his hands, and jazz a fun-lover's paradise.

Griffin plays his best where the tempo moves him right along. When he sustains notes, his tone thins out, and his attempt to give it more body by using an exaggerated vibrato only adds to the impression of strain and rigidity. Some of his best choruses are those with only Wilbur playing time behind him; he gets a much less hard-jawed sound and lets the notes roll out more freely. Woody's Yo is played without the assistance of the other two horns and sustains very well.

Donald Byrd sounds better every time I hear him. His choruses here are strong and straight, played with a good, full trumpet sound, well in tune and thoughtfully constructed.

Pepper Adams' stiff read often cheats him out of the bottom half of the available resonance of his instrument but allows him last response and subsequent clean articulation. He puts together well-ordered lines, often running each change of a series with the same pattern, sometimes sounding as though he were about to fall asleep, but turning in a generally commendable performance.

—Bill Crow
BUDDY TATE AND HIS ORCHESTRA. TRA: The Natty Autograph Band. 12" LP FAJ 7004.

This is the first time Buddy Tate has had an album out under his name, and it's about time. He has been a major figure in the Harlem scene for years now, with a first-class band and arrangements, and now that the Savoy is closed, he is the number-one band leader.

The first three titles are with members of his own band and are arranged and written by Skip Hall (his former pianist), Dickie Wells, and Eli Robinson. They are all blues and all effective in their own right. Buddy has improved his tone and his technique over the years and can always be counted on to give impetus to any record date on which he appears. As

individuals, his bandmates are no more than average soloists, capable of good work, but as a unit they function quite well together and play with verve, the sort of verve that keeps them in constant demand at the Celebrity Club and most of the big ballrooms and clubs in New York. Ben Richardson's warm clarinet comes off best in "Walk that Walk"; Eli solos on "Bottle It," and Pat Jenkins has a good solo, after a stock Pop Goes the Weasel intro on Sadie Brown. All of these are numbers that Buddy does when the crowds get heavy, so in order to enjoy the music, imagine yourself seated at a table with lots of talk and laughter all around and several hundred couples dancing like mad, filling up the dance floor, and the music will communicate. There isn't anything here that will go down in history, but it is enjoyable.

I would have liked to hear Buddy's good clarinet work, and some ballads, such as "You Don't Know What Love Is" on which he does such a fine job.

Everett Barkadale should have been allowed to play the fender bass with which he works in Buddy's band, rather than the guitar, which, in his ease seems at odds with Buddy's drive. His solo on "Bottle It" has a curious Django quality, with a thin, tight sound, which is in contrast to the rhythm and solo of Lord Westbrooks on the reverse side. Joe Benjamin does some nice things behind Buddy on "Walk that Walk," which is also Buddy's best work on the first side.

The B side indicates the producers wanted to play it safe and go with break in present, but he swings more and solos on all three titles, and Dickie comes on well in the last, a Tate title based on I got Rhythm. Especially interesting is the chug-chug rhythm that the quality section imparts on Rockin' Steve, Buck's tune and arrangement, reminding one of the successful rhythm Don Redman's band used to use. This is the best title on the lp, with excitement building under Buck, Earl, and Buddy.

The last track is good until the last half of Buddy's otherwise excellent solo, when he Joneses the works and destroyed Buddy's line. For those who haven't heard Buddy on his band in person, this lp will help; for those who know his work somewhat better, they might wish for a second crack, one that will display all the facets of a constantly improving and quite often rewarding jazzm.

—Frank Driggs

THE JAZZ REVIEW
CLAUDINE THORNHILL AND HIS ORCHESTRA: The Thornhill Sound, Harmony HL 70130.

Snowfall, Anthropology, Polka Dots and Moonbeams, Donna Lee, Lover Man, Bobbin's Nest, Yardbird Suite, La Paloma, Sorta Scuttlebutt.

CLAUDE THORNHILL AND HIS ORCHESTRA:

CLAUDE THORNHILL AND HIS ORCHESTRA:

JULY

CLAUDE THORNHILL AND HIS ORCHESTRA:

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JULY

JULY
DICKIE WELLS: Bones for the King,辨识12" LP, PAI 7006.
George Matthews, Bennie Morton, Vic; Dickerson, Dickie Wells, Trombones; Skip Hall, organ; Major Holley, bass; Jo Jones, drums.
Bones for the King, Sweet Daddy Speaks—You took my Heart.
Back Clayton, trumpet; Dickie Wells, trombone; Rudy Rutherford, clarinet, baritone sax; Buddy Tate, tenor-baritone sax; Skip Hall, piano; Everett Barkdale, guitar; Major Holley, bass; Jo Jones, drums.
Hello Smack, Come and Get it, Stan's Dance.
The trombone quartets are really enjoyable and full of the fun that Dickie loves to have with jazz. The first is a slow blues dedicated to Tommy Dorsey and begins with mournful mutes, quite Dickieish in effect, and has good solos from each man: Matthews, Morton, Dickie and Vic in that order, and very good organ by Skip Hall, who knows how to handle the instrument without abusing it. George Matthews hasn't been in a studio for nearly a decade, since his Basie days, and it would be nice to hear more from him at another sitting. The contrast between his solo and Bennie Morton's which follows is quite interesting, since both have been closeknit musicians—first.
NEw Echoes at Newport: The RANDY WESTON Trio; The LEM WINCHESTER Quartet. Metrojazz E1005.
New Voices at Newport: The RANDY WESTON Trio; The LEM WINCHESTER Quartet. Metrojazz E1005.
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The B side reverts to an ordinary combination with less successful results, although some of the solo work is interesting, especially Skip Hall's piano. They don't come together as a group, and the tunes are relatively casual. The rhythm in the first, Buddy's tune and arrangements are in the Fletcher tradition circa 1956. Barkdale has some guitar solos here from catching fire has been dispelled. He is in great form here, sure of hand and bubbling with inspiration.

WESTON Trio; The LEM WINCHESTER Quartet. Metrojazz E1005.
New Voices at Newport: The RANDY WESTON Trio; The LEM WINCHESTER Quartet. Metrojazz E1005.

Barkdale's solo here which remind one of Django again.

Come and Get It is a slower blues with Barkdale's solo this time coming closer to Tampa Red, and thereby more in keeping with the proceedings. Interesting here is the use of a gentle, long, blues in place of the unmistakable solo, which contains some of his oblique "what-for?" phrases. Major Holley's gentle, brisk swingy music. Apparently Winchester is not faced with mulling the decision to turn in badge and strike out on his own in jazz. It's a tough grind, but he should have the sense to continue making it.

—Ross Russell
LESTER YOUNG: The King Cole Trio with Lester Young and Red Callender, Score SLP 4019.

Personnel: Lester Young, King Cole, Red Callender (A titles, 1st title on B); July 15, 1942.

Vic Dickenson, trombone; Lester Young, tenor sax; Dodu Marmarosa, piano; Fred Greene, guitar; Red Callender, bass; Henry Tucker, drums.

Jannin' at Messner's. 1945. Martin "Sherry" McConnell, trumpet; Lester Young, tenor sax; Argonne (Smith Hakim) Thornton, piano; Fred Lacey, guitar; Red Callender, bass; Lydell Marshall, drums.

S. M. Blues, 1947. Howard McGhee, trumpet; Willie Smith, alto sax; Lester Young, tenor sax; Wesley Jones, piano; Curtis Counce, bass; Johnny "Gromes" Callender (A titles, 1st title on B), July 15, 1942.

Score, a West Coast label, pegged at bargain price of $1.00 has released some excellent Lester Young sides, which with his death become even more valuable. The masters here are taken from Philo and Aladdin, from 1942 through 1947.

The most interesting are these four 1942 sides with King Cole and Red Callender accompanying. These have been out of print for some time now, and although good as Cole is, he is not the ideal accompanist for Prez. He is most often too busy in the background, not giving Prez the firm chords that propelled him into the heights he reached during his Basie years. Yet there is still much excellent Prez on their four titles. Prez still had the flow that was so noticeably lacking from the majority of his postwar work.

Jannin' at Messner's has good sensitive drumming by Henry Tucker, who was aware of what was necessary behind each soloist, and has some interesting near-stride piano by Dodu Marmarosa. Prez's solo here has near-cohesiveness. Vic Dickenson takes a fast turn on what is the most even group performance on B side.

S. M. Blues does not have particularly good Prez, and only a short solo by trumpeter McConnell who was a brilliant find of the 1942-43 Hines band.

No composer credits are given for the tunes, nor are there any liner notes. Just the usual publicity blurb, although it probably was credited to Page had made the presence of the rhythm felt but not obvious, the way Basie does. He plays all the notes but with out the crispness that Basie has, and only a short group performance on B side.

I'd like to hear another session like this, with perhaps some other Basie alumni who, as soloists have not been given their due: Ed Lewis, Dan Minor, Eddie Durham (whose guitar and trombone and arranging talents are readily available, C. Q. Price, Tab Smith (it would be nice to hear him out of the R & B field again), and others. Bring Jack Washington back again, but give him a month or so to woodshed on baritone, please. Don't forget Buster Smith, either.

—Frank Driggs

Basic Reunion, Prestige LP 7147.

Back Street, Les Claypool, trumpet; Jimmy Jones, tenor sax; Nat Pierce, piano; Fred Greene, guitar; Eddie Jones, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

John's Idea, Baby Don't Tell on Me, Blues I Like to Hear, Love Jumped Out, Roseland Reunion.

Prestige LP 7147.

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Prestige LP 7147.
Somebody named Abbot Lutz has written a brace of liner notes describing how he conceived the idea for this series: his chance meeting with Claude Hopkins and their compilation of a "bunch of a list" of Dixieland sidemen for a record date. He describes the musicians and their music in good old Broadway lingo. Though the impact of the essays is stronger if they are read in their entirety, the following excerpts may serve to indicate Mr. Lutz's pithy style.

"On trombone...glum, and faced Vic Dickenson [sic]. Vic gets that old fashioned shush bucket sound and no man alive today can gargoyle a vibrato into a Note with any more raisin [sic] virility."

"Listen to him [Milt Hinton] get pinch music and a firm slapping sound when he takes off in Saints. You've got to jump...I'll have to smile...and if you can picture Milt slapping away with a cigar dropped from the corner of his mouth, a big happy grin on his face and all the music in the world coming out of that doghouse fiddle, you'll have a picture of a true dixieland scene."

"It all started real great...Marty Napoleon forgot all about the session and had to be called at home. He raced in 1/2 late [sic]. The first time this has ever happened to him. He forgot to put on a shirt, although he had a tie around his neck."

George Wettling...the only man on the date that didn't undo his collar and tie. The only time a cigarette left his mouth was to take a drink. [Thirsty fibers?]"

"Vic Dickenson didn't want to talk, just wanted to play trombone. He's a musician's musician, if there ever was one."

"Everyone brought their own brand plus an extra bottle for a friend...That snap in Relaxation Blues is a cork being pulled out of a bottle."

Mr. Lutz's writing is so evocative of the atmosphere of exotic abandon that is known to pervade late-hour record dates (he invests the phrase "4 a.m." with an air of delicious depravity) that I found myself feverishly clawing open the envelopes and rushing the records to my turntable. I wanted to revel in the "shere de-light" of...basic dixieland, easy to understand, easy to listen to, and primly music that was indicative of the golden era of this great standard bearer of American Music the between the heyday of Storyville in old New Orleans and the Goodman era."

The actual music on the records, and a few cold towels, restored my equilibrium rapidly, and I realized that I had been had. This is music of 1926, not 1887-1937. You can hear it any evening at the Metropole, or Nick's, or Condon's, being served up by basically the same musicians in the same sort of package. The tunes seldom change because the customers have learned that it is de rigueur to ask for the traditional repertoire, and the musicians have learned that adherence to this tradition eliminates the necessity of writing, rehearsing, or memorizing new music. Their playing within these confines, however, is contemporary music with roots in the so-called Golden Era.

The original melody of each tune is given a much more perforatory treatment than the individual solos. Everyone knows how tunes like The Saints are supposed to go, but no one sounds very enthusiastic about playing them. Here and there I detect a note of weariness, irony, and in a place or two, downright satire. It may be the attitude toward bass players typified in Mr. Lutz's remarks about Milt Hinton that caused the slap-bass solo to go out of style. It's discouraging to have a musical endeavor mistaken for some sort of sideboard hula-hooping. Milt demonstrates on several tracks that he is still a master of this difficult technique, delicately balancing the clog-dance patterns of the slapped sound with the central pizzicato line. Beautiful, musical fun.

George Wettling plays stimulating time all the way, and a couple of his solos are marvelous. (Did you ever notice how similar Frank Iola's conception of time is to George's?) Buster, Vic, Pee Wee, Marty, and Arvell have made their peace with this form and repertoire long ago, and function musically within it, adding a few modern fixtures, but generally producing what is expected of them by the dixieland buyer. Claude is not the improviser-composer that some of his associates are; his playing sounds a little more Old-fashioned because of the absence of inspiration. There are moments when flex reminds one of his early playing, but he has a terrible tendency to pander to the tasteless dance patterns of the slapped sound with the central pizzicato line. Beautiful, musical fun.

—Bill Crow
BROWNIE McGHEE, SONNY TERRY: Back Country Blues, Savoy MG 14019.
JOE TURNER: Careless Love, Savoy MG 14016.
JOE TURNER: And the Blues'll Make You Happy Too, Savoy MG 14012.

Ostensibly, there doesn't seem to be any reason to lump these three albums into a single discussion. After all, Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry are country, Joe Turner typifies city. And though "blues is blues," each artist portrays the regional outlook, social customs and circumstances of his own environment. The more sophisticated Turner blues jump from wine to women to song and back to women, while the McGhee blues explore more thoroughly the subject matter of life as a whole. However, the one thing that strikes me about these records and the thing that links them is the interchange of certain stanzas and motifs from one song to another—what students of folk music designate as "Boating" lines or verses. In the true sense of folk music, the blues is not just the singer's property, but that of the encompass stanzas and motifs from one social customs and circumstances of the same verbal elements and change in together out of existing ballads, and qualify as exponents of the sticking own blues songs, McGhee and Turner ple as a whole. As authors of their reflects the mind and heart of the pe­ ture folk; a man's "composition" con­ folk music, the blues is not just the folk music designate as "floating" song to another—what students of plore more thoroughly the subject matter of life as a whole.

However, the one thing that strikes me about these records and the thing that links them is the interchange of certain stanzas and motifs from one song to another—what students of folk music designate as "Boating." lines or verses. In the true sense of folk music, the blues is not just the singer's property, but that of the entire folk: a man's "composition" contains enough of his personality as an individual human being but also reflects the mind and heart of the people as a whole. As authors of their own blues songs, McGhee and Turner qualify as exponents of the sticking theory, the term ballad scholars em­ ploy to classify a song stitched to­gether out of existing ballads, and which applies in the case of blues as well. Indeed, various blues stanzas have floated through the blues of pre­ recording times (which we know of through oral tradition or written collec­ tanea) to Ma Rainey to Joe Tur­ ner to Ray Charles and rock and roll —blues from the country to the city which speak of the same ideas in the same language. Texts contain the same verbal elements and change in the manner of a kaleidoscopic pat­ tern: each singer improvises them into his own design.

For example, a quick check of the McGhee-Terry record against the two Turner sides yields the following parallel (in stanzas): EXAMPLE A. Other Turner and McGhee lines and stanzas call to mind sister texts on other records, or have appeared so often as to become standard in the idiom: EXAMPLE B.

EXAMPLE A

1. McGHEE-TERRY: Tell Me Baby. Tell me, baby, Where did you stay last night? (Lowed, lowed, lowed) Your shoes ain't buttoned, Your clothes don't fit you right.
2. McGHEE-TERRY: Tell Me Baby. Tell me, baby, Who can your lover be? (Lowed, lowed, lowed) Well, the reason I ask You sho' look good to me.
3. McGHEE-TERRY: Dissatisfied Blues. When you see, see me laughin' Laughin' to keep from cryin' Gonna change my ways of livin', Sure want to change my mind.
4. McGHEE-TERRY: Bottom Blues. Well, meet me in the bottom, Bring me my boots and shoes You can tell by that I ain't got no time to love.

EXAMPLE B

1. McGHEE: Tell Me Baby. Tell me, baby, Where did you stay last night? Lowed, lowed, lowed Your shoes ain't buttoned, Your clothes don't fit you right.
2. TURNER: Milk and Butter Blues. If you see my baby Tell her I said, "Hurry home." I ain't had no milk and butter Since my girl's been gone.
3. TURNER: Hollywood Bed. She's got great big legs, And she's built up from the ground She's a tailor-made woman She ain't none of those hand-me-downs.
4. TURNER: Playboy Blues. I walk the streets all night long Till my feet are soakin' wet, I ain't seen nobody Look like my baby yet.
5. TURNER: Last Goodbye Blues. Well, I asked my baby Could she stand to see me cry She said, "Yes, doggone you big boy, I could stand to see you die."
6. McGHEE: Dissatisfied Blues. I woke up this mornin' Rollin' from side to side I was not sick But I was just dissatisfied.

See See Rider:
See See Rider, Where did you stay last night? Lord, Lord, Lord! Your shoes ain't buttoned, Clothes don't fit you right. You didn't come home Till the sun was shinin' bright.

RUSHING: Evil Blues: If you see my baby Tell her to hurry home I ain't had no lovin' Since my baby's been gone.

RUSHING: Evil Blues She's little and love, She's built up from the ground. But that's my baby; She makes my love come down.

 Mamie Desdume's Blues: Stood on the corner With her feet soakin' wet, Beggin' ain't with nobody Man that she met—

WILLIE MABON: I'm Mad. At my baby Could she stand to see me cry She say, "Yes, I could stand to see you Warner after."

Good Morning Blues I laid down last night Turning from side to side Yes, I was turning from side to side, I was not sick. I was just dissatisfied.
STANDARD LINES AND VERSES
   Don’t believe I’m singing,
   Just look what a hole I’m in.
   I can read your letters but I
   Sure can’t read your mind.
   When a woman gets dissatisfied
   She hangs her head and cries;
   When a man gets dissatisfied,
   Heflags a train and rides.
4. TURNER: Last Goodbye Blues.
   The sun’s gonna shine in my back
   Door someday.
5. McGHEE: Diamond Ring.
   I got myself a pistol,
   It was a forty-four.
6. TURNER: Mad Blues.
   I woke up this mornin’ and found
   my baby gone.
7. TURNER: Rocks In My Red.
   If there two people in the world I
   just can’t stand,
   That’s a two-faced woman, yes and
   a lynnin’ man.

By reason of the floating stanzas,
the circulation of the material by ear,
as well as the participation in the
idiom of many individuals with a
common type of language and social
status, the blues of the country, of the
city, the North and Blues rotate on
one universal axis of tradition, de-
spite surface country-city-john-box
dissimilarities that show up under
close scrutiny. Thus the connection
between Back Country Blues, Careless
Love, and And the Blues’ll Make You
Happy Too.

Now for an individual examination
of each lp. Since I’ve been preoccu-
pied so far with texts, I may as well
poses sacred and profane ideas in a
capitalize by immediately establishing
the time, setting, and mood that is to
remain with them a little longer.

McGhee’s Diamond Ring, offers a
paradox in its narration of the rough
goings-on in a jewelry-store robbery
and the thieft’s subsequent jailing,
delivered incendiary to a sweet, ballad-
like tune. Brownie tags some of his
verses with spoken asides to Sonny
Terry as the latter begins his solo:

Ooh Wee Baby Gone:
“Play me some blues.”
Bottom Blues:
“Walk awhile!”
When It’s Love Time:
“Oh yes, Sonny boy!”
And I love McGhee’s dolefully re-
signed “Trouble, trouble, trouble,”
spoken at the end of So Much
Trouble.

Turner, too, talks to Pete Johnson
on Johnson and Turner Blues (“Care-
less Love”): “Yeah, look out gate!”
when the piano starts to walk. Joe
makes use of his speaking voice like
a swinging instrument by rhythmical-
ly stating comments after vocal lines:

“That’s the stuff you got to watch!”
(Watch That Issue from “Careless
Love” and “What’s the matter now?”)
In “Careless,” Joe also
rides over the instrumental portion of
Whistle Stop Blues with a sweet-
talking eerily that any girl would
find hard to resist.

It’s a relief to hear Turner in an
authentic blues context rather than
the manufactured rock-and-roll set-
tings in which he so often gets in-
volved nowadays. Though Joe can
brighten and enliven even rock and
roll, he naturally comes out ahead
with superior working material.

McGhee, too, talks to Pete Johnson
on Johnson and Turner Blues
(“Careless Love”): “Oh, just can’t
stand,
I got myself a pistol,
It was a forty-four.
But McGhee’s

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THE JAZZ REVIEW
THE FAMOUS WARD SINGERS, THE
DRINKARD SINGERS, JEFF AND
CHARLES BANKS; Newport Spirit­
ual Stars, Savoy MG 14013.

It is significant, I think, that the past couple of Newport Jazz Festivals have included gospel music in their programs. It is somewhat symbolic of the growing concern and awareness of listeners to the backgrounds and traditions of jazz, not merely as esoterically interest­
ing lore of the past, but as an immediate reality, vitally interwoven and bound up with the present. Thanks to the Newport Jazz Festival; the recording companies who are in­
creasing their output of gospel LP's; and the rare lapses into sanity on the part of television powers; Mahalia Jackson most frequently visits us via video but Clara Ward recently brightened up a Steve Allen broad­
cast; gospel music is gradually be­
ing revealed to a wider audience than
ever before.

The Newport Spiritual Stars—the Famous Ward Singers, the Drinkard Sings, and Jeff and Charles Banks (directors of the Back Home Choir) have recorded for Savoy a number of select performances. The liner stresses that the session did not take place as the artists sang in a church in Newport the last Sunday of the festival; rather the date was made in the studio as a result of the enthusiasm of the critics and the audience.

Each of the groups has four tracks; the Ward Singers do Talk About Rain, Our God Is Real, I'm So Glad, and In His Arms; the Drinkard Singers, a female group, do When I Rise in the Morning, A Sinner Like Me, When Jesus Shall Come, and I Can't Turn Around; Jeff and Charles Banks do Happy in Glory, Show Me the Way, I've Got the Witness, and For My Sake. The package sections

THE ROBERTA MARTIN SINGERS, Savoy MG 14008.
THE FAMOUS WARD SINGERS: Packing Up, Savoy MG 14020.

To one newly exposed to gospel singing, certain aspects of it may re­
quire a bit of acclimatization and ex­
planation. First gospel music is fresh pair of ears may become exasperated at trying to catch the words of the up­
tempo songs, and fail to realize that eucution is sacrificed in such cases for the sake of rhythmic propulsion. The new listener may wonder also at the shouted interjections and hol­
ered climactic phrases of the singers, until he recognizes the emotional and spiritual impetus that leads to "saying it." Later, too, he will become aware that the almost whistling soprano cries of the women with their counter­
part in the falsetto voices of the men issue from the same emotional stream. Pretty soon, the newcomer might come to identify the standard musical formulae that have crystallized into

JULY

...
These Foolish Things by Lester Young
—1st version 1945—Aladdin 601
These Foolish Things by Lester Young
—2nd version early 1950’s—Norgran MGN 1005

The career of the late Lester Young is rather oddly chronicled in jazz criticism and history. While he is nearly unanimously credited as being one of the seminal creators in the history of the art, nevertheless his greatest works are seldom commented upon. Sometimes one has the impression that the greatest weight is given to the works produced in conjunction with Basie, such as The World is Mad and Taxi War Dance. Certainly, performances such as these are well deserving of the honors granted them, but they are not creations of Lester Young. Rather their greatness lies precisely in their totality, which is made up not alone of Young’s contributions, as interesting as they are, but of those of Basie and the band with the other soloists such as Wells, Clayton, and Edison as well.

A thesis worth considering is that Young’s finest works were made after he left Basie and that they extend from Afternoon of a Basie-ite in 1943 to This Year’s Kisses in 1956. Now, this is somewhat of a heterodox opinion. The by now usual approach is summed up in the following citation from Raymond Horricks’ Count Basie;... running from the mid-1940’s to the present day, there is the evidence of a decline in spirit; his playing style, once so radical and full of fresh ideas, has become more of a routine, and the majority of his record dates seem to be treated with the “just another job” attitude. In this last phase of his career Lester has been financially successful while replacing the various phrases and devices which were once so revolutionary; frequently he has given to sensationalist audiences exactly what they wish to hear (namely, honking noises and other vulgar mannerisms). As a result he has become the victim of an increasing ennui, the tiredness of his appearance overflowing and spreading its way into the once so inventive mind. Nowadays Lester is seldom jogged out of his state of lethargy.

I submit that such a judgment as the above is quite false and that a simple examination of Young’s recorded work from the mid-forties on will amply verify my contention. As evidence, I propose that we consider two of Young’s purest masterpieces, his two versions of These Foolish Things, one dating from the mid-forties, the other from the early fifties.

Only three factors are constant in both improvisations. First, they are both examples of the free variation approach which Gunther Schuller has described as “in the strictest sense no variation at all, since it does not proceed from the basis of varying a given thematic material but simply reflects a player’s ruminations on an un­varying [Schuller’s italics] chord progression.” Secondly, both exhibit the phenomenal rhythmic flexibility of Young at his best, which is most apparent in his uptempo works but which is equally present in slower tempi as well. This flexibility makes the constant 4/4 rhythm act as a place to which Young can return from time to time, only to begin a fresh rhythmic flight, as well as a stable element from which his own rhythmic ideas rebound. Indeed, in uptempo works this freedom almost draws the attention away from his great melodic gifts. Thirdly, these works are in an AABABA form, each lasting forty-eight bars.

From the opening bars of the first version we are aware Young has begun to construct a melodic study of great originality. Constantly floating in and around the beat, Young continues a steadily developing rumin­ation (to use Schuller’s term) until in the last bars of the first bridge he briefly states a fragment of the original melody, only to abandon it almost immediately to surge on to the last eight bars of the first chorus and from there to the half chorus follow­ing. There are no further citations of the original.

THE JAZZ REVIEW
Considering this work in the line of Young’s development, certain things are striking. His sonority became slightly heavier and thicker, although he still continued to eschew the use of a vibrato, thus maintaining an airiness of sound made possible by this lack of vibrato combined with the rhythmic interplay of Young’s rhythm with the rhythm section. This provided a strange contrast taken together with heavier sonority which Young began to utilize. Yet it must be emphasized that the essential greatness of the work lies not in these elements alone, but only taken in conjunction with the melodic beauty of Young’s line.

There is the similarity in formal outline mentioned above between the two versions, and it is very probable that Young had the earlier version well in mind when he produced the second. Young begins the second version with a brief quotation of the original in the opening bars to which he does not again recur. Once more the most striking feature of the work is the melodic development, which is surely equal to the first version in beauty, and which in the last eight bars of the first chorus rises to a peak that is clearly superior to anything in the first version and that, to my knowledge, is not surpassed by anything else in Young’s recorded work.

But again it is not just the melodic elements in isolation which make the greatness of this performance. We find still that the rhythmic contrast between Young and the rhythm section is of great importance, plus the beauty of his sonority. And a word must be said of this factor. Young’s sound has in this record, and in others of the same period, become even thicker and heavier, and there is a slightly more perceptible use of vibrato. Indeed, in some works of this period, although for brief moments only, Young almost sounds like Ben Webster. Yet there is still the fundamental airiness of sound which is a constant characteristic of Young’s work.

Nor should it be thought that these works are untypical of Young’s production in the latter part of his career. One could cite such equally effective recordings as the splendid "Slow Motion Blues" and "Swingin’ Out." It is most unfair to ignore such fine items as these simply for the lack of spade-work on the part of critics who are content to accept critical errors and clichés without investigation.

—H. A. Woodfin
Brilliant Corners; Functional.

Charles Grauer asked Monk what he thought Monk. In the course of the broadcast WNYC in 1946 or 1917 with Bob Wilber's Wildcats (of whom, or which, I was one) and a group headed by Monk. In the course of the broadcast Grauer asked Monk what he thought of the Wildcats. "Well," said Monk, over the air, "at least we're musicians." His remark shook me up, thank God, and I owe to it the incred…

The quality of the transcription is very uneven. Some of Monk's most difficult passages (such as in the up-tempo section of Brilliant Corners) seem to be notated perfectly, whereas simple quarter notes in a quiet section of Functional are left out, and mysterious bass figures appear, perhaps left over from Play Popular Piano by Walter Stuart or East Coast Jazz Scene by Jazbo Collins. The transcription explained to me that he wasn't trying to be completely accurate, and this striving for perfection is so well realized that it would be impossible to list every error (such as the eleven mistaken D-flats in the third bar of the twelfth chorus of Functional). Geminat peccatum quem delicti non pudet, as I murmured to myself at the time.

It's perhaps not worth mentioning, but the cover picture of Monk is hideous. Whoever retouched it gave him one eye and thought his beard was a double chin. His name is misspelled on the title page. The cover says that the source record is Riverside RLP 12-242 ("Monk's Music"); the source records are correctly listed in the text as RLP 12-226 and RLP 12-235.

Charles Colin publishes a great deal of valuable material for young musicians, rather than for musicologists. One therefore shouldn't expect such volumes to have strict accuracy, and I wasn't looking for it when I collated this music with the recordings. But I can't help feeling disappointed that the music of Monk, who is so influential at the present time, could not have been more carefully prepared, Mr. Colin has also published Sonny Rollins' Freedom Suite and many of his other works. I hope Bud gets a better presentation than Monk did. Maybe they ought to put out a book of Red Garland solos; Garland used to be a boxer, and could see that justice was done.

—Dick Wellstood

THE JAZZ REVIEW
Ralph Gleason in The San Francisco Chronicle, in a piece titled "Down Beat Having Another Shake-Up: "Despite its importance, which grew upon it almost by accident, there has seldom been any evidence that the magazine itself was edited or published with any sense of responsibility commensurate with the effect that its stories and reviews have had on jazz musicians. . . . Radio stations are licensed by the FCC to operate in the public interest. Magazines like Down Beat, which have a sometimes vital role in the lives and careers of important American artists, have at least the moral responsibility to operate in the public interest. One can only hope that the incoming regime has the desire—and will be allowed—to do this."

Time, March 9, has a story on Ralph Gleason in its press section. First time, to my knowledge, a jazz critic has received that kind of attention.

The February Jazz (36, rue George, Marseille) has an interesting interview with Andre Hodeir and a piece on Boris Vian. "C'est Basie" says Hodeir, "qui a tue la mode du cool."

The March, 1959, Goodchilds Jazz Bulletin (172/4 Arkwright Street, Nottingham, England) notes among new lp albums: George Lewis Plays Herbie Mann.

Same issue has a valuable listing (with critical commentary) of most of the jazz magazines in England with addresses, price, etc.

Now that Pete Rugolo is writing the "jazz" background for Richard Diamond, following Henry Mancini's work for Peter Gunn, John Canerettes will star as Johnny Staccato, another private eye series. Of course, there'll be a jazz background. The Candoli Brothers would be good for that one.

The Traditional Jazz Club of Montreal issues a club bulletin. Peter Evans is Chairman of the Club, P.O. Box 1422, Place d'Armes, Montreal, P.Q. Bulletin No. 27 quotes from Joe Butten's Story of Sound Recording (publisher?): "At this time Ma Rainey, the first of the great blues singers to record and achieve general popularity, made her first record for an American company. It was advertised as electrically recorded; this led to protests on the part of purchasers, whereupon it then transpired that the justification for these words on the label was that when Ma Rainey had sung into the old recording horn an electric light had been turned on in the studio."

The February 8 San Francisco Sunday Chronicle had another special Record and High Fidelity section, equalled in the newspaper field only by The New York Times supplements. Reprinted in Bob Cooney's excellent article on the stereo pioneers, originally in the Times.

Win Holland submits this quote from an article by Douglas Haskell in the February Architectural Forum. Haskell is walking down Broadway: "Under the bewildering play of light and shade and reflection and cross-reflection, the whole cubistic pile-up takes on a fascinating aerial quality. Moreover, as in modern jazz, and in some kinds of modern painting, the process seems to go on and on being 'made up as it goes along,' and there is no such thing as a definite, strongly willed final shape, but simply an endless play with a set of themes. . . ."

Like many experts in other arts who try to transassociate. Mr. Haskell is out of his depth. Works the other way round too, often, when writers on jazz use terms from painting, classical music, literature, etc. The knowledge of other arts can always help an expert in his own, but one should always be sure of his terms. It's too bad S. I. Hayakawa is so limited in his jazz tastes. A Language in Action supplement for jazz criticism could be valuable. Anybody like to start submitting a series on semantics in jazz criticism? I don't mean only parody, which is easy enough, but ideas on how some common ground in re terminology can be reached between writers, musicians, and audience. If one reads The Score, for example, it's usually possible to understand the classical critic's terms, whether one agrees with him or not, but most of jazz magazine writing, whatever else it is and isn't, is vague, and often so fuzzy as to be worthless.

A record shop near Lenox Avenue and 125th Street advertised The Alabama Concerto (Riverside) by John Benson Brooks and featuring Cannonball Adderley as "Cannonball Plays Classical Music."
The March Jazz monthly has Bruce King's "A Reassessment of New Orleans Jazz on American Music Records" and "Johnny Hodges" by Burnett James. Also good to see Albert McCarthy's page, Discographi­cal Forum. He announces that Cassell will publish his Jazz Discography 1938, a listing of all new jazz record­ings issued in 1938. McCarthy wrote "welcome data from collectors in Australia, the Argentine, Brazil, Hol­land, Japan and Norway concerning any jazz items issued in those coun­tries during 1938. . . . Collectors who can send information should include personnel, recording dates and labels numbers wherever possible. . . . You can write McCarthy at Jazz monthly, St. Austell, Cornwall, England.

British novelist and critic Philip Townebee writes in The Sunday Ob­server, February 22, of hearing a jazz group at a party given by The Mu­seum of the City of New York: "... And at the end the great Preservation Russell, now nearing seventy . . . . What reference book does Townebee use, or doesn't he bother with one when he writes about jazz?

Tom Davin, this magazine's expert on ticklers (tagtime pianists), writes: "I see by the papers that the old pimps and ticklers' styles of full-back, flared-skirt clothes are coming back. The Men's Fashion Council in Lon­don had a showing that exhibited flared-skirt coats (in red!) with lin­ings of red, too, with patterns of foxes and hounds all over. This would be considered undignified by any stylish city pimp 40 years ago."

How about a ticklers' fashion festi­val at Newport? In the afternoon, of course, for the scholars.

John McLellan in the Boston Transcript on Ellington: "... Duke . . . running through new themes at an upright in his suite. Telling a few friends about the mocking bird he heard from his car window. And incor­porating this marvelous fragment of nature into a new song. Or seeing a cloud of fireflies on a summer night. And combining this visual image with the sound of bullfrogs in a swamp for another new sound."

A question from Paul Sampson apparently reflects some doubt among other readers concerning the page with two Steve Allen albums covers in the February Jazz Review. That page was an ad from Steve Allen, and we appreciate his support.

Composer Ulysses Kay on music education in Russia, as reported by Roman Enright in the March 22 San Francisco Sunday Chronicle: "He said that the nucleus of Russia's vast music program was the seven­year school which musically inclined children enter at the age of seven. They attend the regular elementary school as well, going to the music school for eight hours a week. There is no charge for tuition, and Mr. Kay noted that the school which the American composers visited had an enrollment of 900 under the super­vision of a faculty of 216. He added with a little awe that 'in Moscow there are 40 of these schools.' . . . He said that in the United States the early training of a musician is usually haphazard, depending on the quality of private teachers. But in Russia the parents merely take their child to a school for an aptitude test; if the youngster proves promising he is given a priceless, well-grounded background in music commencing at the age of seven or eight while his American counterpart is busy tap­ping simple rhythms on wooden blocks. After the seven-year school, competitive exams weed out the lesser talents who either go to work or fol­low some other course of study. Those who pass these tough exams attend a musical high school for four years. Only the most gifted continue their studies at one of Russia's 22 major conservatories." During his last year at the Moscow Conservatory, "the student must write a major work and if it successfully performed at the Conservatory or he does not graduate."

The February Musical America, the large annual omnibus issue (cover picture is of Zino Francescatti), has an important piece by Gunther Schull­er concerning the history of crossed fertilization on a compositional as well as a performer level between the worlds of classical music and jazz. Title (not Schuller's choice) is "Is Jazz Coming of Age?" An expanded and revised version of the article will appear in a future issue of The Jazz Review. Dig the Modern Jazz Quar­tet ad on page 167 of the same issue.

From Jet: "The Coordinating Council for Negro performers is launching a probe into the employ­ment policies of major booking agen­cies, General Artists, MCA and Wil­liam Morris, who earn thousands in commissions from top Negro stars, yet employ no sepia secretarial help in their offices."
Jazz 2, second issue of Ralph Gleason's Quarterly of American Music, is worth getting. First two articles are expendable. Duke Ellington's "A Royal View of Jazz" is as weightlessly charming as his platform manner, and Henry Pleasants' "Jazz and Classical" is as usual spectacularly confused. Among the most solid pieces in the book are Robert Crowley's "Black, Brown and Beige after 16 Years"; and Dick Hadlock's review of the Jery Roll Morton Library of Congress Riverside reissues. Of much value but somewhat disappointing are Wendell Otey's examination of Andrè Hodeir as composer, and Louis Gottlieb's review of the Brandeis Festival Album. Otey's review of the Hodeir album is far and away the most lucid and detailed exposition yet printed in this country of Hodeir's approach to jazz composition. It is, however, exposition mainly, and fails to indicate several debatable aspects of some of Hodeir's work. Similarly, Gottlieb on Brandeis is illuminating but he, too, fails to cope with the fact that not all of the pieces were successful, and a couple could well be called failures. Exposition isn't enough. Superior photographs by Jerry Stoll of the Monterey scene are also a feature of Jazz 2.

There is now a new topographical approach to jazz "criticising"—from a February 25 Variety review of the Cecil Taylor United Artists album, Hard-Driving Jazz: "... the style is more smooth sailing on cool waters than hard-driving over rocking roads."

Jazz Musicale at White House, said the March 6 Washington Post. It was a musicale following the President's state dinner for the President of El Salvador. Paul Whiteman was composer, and Buddy Weed played some Gershwin. Also, "Victor Herbert's music will be sung by Earl Wrightson and Helen Scott. Included in their repertoire will be songs from The Red Mill, Eileen, Dream Girl, Sweethearts and The Fortune Teller."

When are they going to have a show-tune musicale at the White House?

Olivier Keller has an article on blues guitarist-singer Roy Gaines in the January Bulletin du Hot Club de France. . . . A long biographical article on Bix Beiderbecke by Jean-Marie Godin in the February Jazz and night life from Mexico to New York City. . . . The Fortune Teller. . . .

For anyone interested in folk music, an extremely important book has been published by the Princeton University Press—The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads, Vol. 1 (502 pp., $25), by Bertrand Harris Brown. Alfred Frankenstein has a double-page review of the book in the February 15 San Francisco Sunday Chronicle that is also a superb introduction for the layman to the nature and problems of folk collecting. He also explains and criticizes the degeneration of the Child tradition to the point of making folk-song scholarship synonymous with the study of antiquarian texts, with the result that "the history of the ballad" gets to be regarded as a "closed book." Brown, by finding and selecting the tunes that go with the ballads, has done much to prove that "the ballad is a thing of eternally living and proliferating tradition . . . and that "a song is song and not a poem." In short, he has re-emphasized the musical significance of this field, which had—in the academies—become almost entirely a literary study. The book is handsomely printed; the musical examples are clear; and as Frankenstein writes, the volume "is essentially a study in the morphology of the Anglo-American ballad tune, but he builds no procrustean beds . . . . This book is not only a masterpiece of scholarship to be placed on equal footing with Child; it is also a masterpiece of disinterested publishing to which the world of folk lore owes an incalculable dept."

Francis Newton in the March 12 New Statesman on Lambert-Hendricks-Rose: "They make a superb cabaret act, a joy to the musicians who catch all their allusions, but basically fight entertainment." . . .

Good reporting: Russ Wilson's March 15 Oakland Tribune piece on where Little Pony comes from. It started as a riff blown by San Francisco altoist Pony Poindexter that Harry Edison heard and later told Neal Hefti about. . . .

An abridged version of Alan P. Merriam's Characteristics of African Music is one of many fascinating articles in Vol. 4, 1969, of the Journal of the International Folk Music Council. For information on how to subscribe, write the Secretary, IFMC, 35, Princess Court, Queensway, London W. 2.

We are interested in analytical pieces on Bill Evans and Art Farmer, Any volunteers? Also on Roy Eldridge.

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I was sittin' in my kitchen lookin' out across the sky,
Sittin' in my kitchen lookin' out across the sky,
I thought the world was endin', I started in to cry.
The wind was howlin' the buildings began to fall,
The wind was howlin' the buildings began to fall,
I seen that mean old hoister comin' just like a cannon-ball.
The world was black as midnight, I never heard such a noise before,
The world was black as midnight, I never heard such a noise before,
Like a million lions, when turned loose they all roar.
The people was screamin', runnin' every which-a-way,
The people was screamin', runnin' every which-a-way,
I fell down on my knees an' began to pray.
The shack where we was livin' reeled an' rocked but never fell.
The shack where we was livin' reeled an' rocked but never fell,
How the cyclone started nobody but the Lord can tell.
How the cyclone started nobody but the Lord can tell.
(By Elzadie Robinson. Paramount 12573.
Transcribed by Max Harrison.)

Better Day

Went up on the mountain, looked down in the sea,
Thinkin' 'bout the woman, the one we couldn't agree,
But that's all right, I don't worry, oh, there will be a better day.
Oh look-a here, people, I need a break,
Good things will come to those who wait,
An' that's all right, I don't worry, oh, there will be a better day.
When I had money, I had plenty friends,
Now I don't have a dime, like a road without an end,
An' that's all right, I don't worry, oh, there will be a better day.
My burden's so heavy, I can't hardly see,
Seems like everybody is down on me,
An' that's all right, I don't worry, oh, there will be a better day.
(Sung by Brownie McGhee, acc. by Sonny Terry, on Folkways FA 2327.
Transcribed by Irwin Hersey)

Fore Day Creep

When you lose your money, don't lose your mind,
When you lose your money, don't lose your mind,
When you lose your good man, please don't mess with mine.
I'm gonna buy me a bulldog to watch my man while I sleep,
I'm gonna buy me a bulldog to watch my man while I sleep,
Men are so doggone crooked, afraid he might make a 'fore day creep.
Girls, I'm gonna tell you this, ain't gonna tell you nothing else.
Girls, I'm gonna tell you this, ain't gonna tell you nothing else.
Any woman's a fool to think she's got a whole man to herself.
But if you've got a good man and don't want him taken away from you,
Girls, if you've got a good man and don't want him taken away from you,
Don't ever tell your friend woman what your man can do.
Lord, Lord, I'm gettin' up in years.
Lordy, Lordy, Lordy, I'm gettin' up in years,
But mama ain't too old to shift her gears.
I'm a big fat mama, got the meat shakin' on my bones.
I'm a big fat mama, got the meat shakin' on my bones.
And every time I shake some skinny gal loses her home.
(Written and sung by Ida Cox. On Vocalion 03298.
Transcribed by Eric Towlndy.)
The great boom in high fidelity, stereophonic sound, lp's and tapes in America in the last decade has not kept the average jazz listener from having a strong desire to hear live performances, with the attendant wonders of on-the-spot improvisations and, often enough, less than perfect sound conditions. Since the essence of this extraordinary music is to be found in the live art itself, it is not surprising that the festivals that are devoted exclusively to jazz are springing up all over the country. George Wein, the Newport director, will direct at least three more festivals next summer. Crowds of well over twenty thousand can be expected to hear marathon programs of music, demanding more and more of the serious listener every season.

One of the strangest aspects of this enormous increase in the jazz audience through the addition of the festival media is the fact that it seems to be occurring when the art itself is in a sort of doldrums. There are no panels or extra-ordinary music is to be found in the records, tons of publicity and more and more concerts, but the amount of genuinely creative and stimulating performance, in my comments to Newport and Great South Bay, is very small. Obviously the jazz listener from having a strong desire to hear live performances, with the attendant wonders of on-the-spot improvisations and, often enough, less than perfect sound conditions. Since the essence of this extraordinary music is to be found in the live art itself, it is not surprising that the festivals that are devoted exclusively to jazz are springing up all over the country. George Wein, the Newport director, will direct at least three more festivals next summer. Crowds of well over twenty thousand can be expected to hear marathon programs of music, demanding more and more of the serious listener every season.

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Programmatically, there is a marked contrast between the two festivals, Newport as the first, biggest and only nationally recognized national festival of jazz, has become an all-star panorama of jazz, with a program of eight or nine bands and soloists and singers having a normal concert. Great South Bay, on the other hand, because of its smaller conception and also because the directors have preferred it in theory, has never had more than two or three basic groups on any given program, preferring to allow the groups a reasonable amount of time to show what they have to say. In fact, the directors have always asked the band leaders how much time they wish to play and then have honored this request within reason. It is obvious that the Newport Festival of today gives a jazz fan an anthology of the music with critics' panels in the programs, and there is simply no other place where a person can go and hear such a comprehensive survey of the jazz scene, past and present. Great South Bay could never hope to do this, but instead tries to select groups that seem to me to be utterly foreign to most of jazz, and certainly as inaccurate a context for all but perhaps the noisiest big bands of such as Basie, Kenton, and Ellington. When one is a part of this sea of humanity, there is a feeling that one is sitting far away with the music behind a glass wall and with the sound electrically transcribed out into the audience without much personal communication. This was the biggest problem that Great South Bay tried to cope with, even though it was obvious that the crowds would be infinitely smaller.

It was decided to try Great South Bay with a large circus tent that had a maximum seating capacity of four thousand people. Fortunately, it worked very well in every respect. First of all, with the bandstand in the middle of the long side of a 180- x 60-foot rectangle, there was not a seat that was more than seventy-five feet from the music. This meant that the sound carried to all corners of the tent without the benefit of amplification, except for soloists, singers, and such small groups as the Modern Jazz Quartet (which played unamplified through a savage thunderstorm). There is a feeling of intimate rapport between audience and musicians in the tent setting, which gives a most warm and intimate feeling. I felt this spirit particularly during the above-mentioned storm.

News and Views

Newport and Great South Bay

by Francis Thorne

The great boom in high fidelity, stereophonic sound, lp's and tapes in America in the last decade has not kept the average jazz listener from having a strong desire to hear live performances, with the attendant wonders of on-the-spot improvisations and, often enough, less than perfect sound conditions. Since the essence of this extraordinary music is to be found in the live art itself, it is not surprising that the festivals that are devoted exclusively to jazz are springing up all over the country. George Wein, the Newport director, will direct at least three more festivals next summer. Crowds of well over twenty thousand can be expected to hear marathon programs of music, demanding more and more of the serious listener every season.

In the following paragraphs we shall go somewhat behind the scenes of several festivals and also make a short attempt to analyze just what is happening and what this development has meant to the world of jazz.

One of the strangest aspects of this enormous increase in the jazz audience through the addition of the festival media is the fact that it seems to be occurring when the art itself is in a sort of doldrums. There are no panels or extra-ordinary music is to be found in the records, tons of publicity and more and more concerts, but the amount of genuinely creative and stimulating performance, in other words, the amount of really original music one hears, is very small. Obviously the jazz listener from having a strong desire to hear live performances, with the attendant wonders of on-the-spot improvisations and, often enough, less than perfect sound conditions. Since the essence of this extraordinary music is to be found in the live art itself, it is not surprising that the festivals that are devoted exclusively to jazz are springing up all over the country. George Wein, the Newport director, will direct at least three more festivals next summer. Crowds of well over twenty thousand can be expected to hear marathon programs of music, demanding more and more of the serious listener every season.

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Programmatically, there is a marked contrast between the two festivals, Newport as the first, biggest and only really national festival of jazz, has become an all-star panorama of jazz, with a program of eight or nine bands, soloists and singers having a normal concert. Great South Bay, on the other hand, because of its smaller conception and also because the directors have preferred it in theory, has never had more than two or three basic groups on any given program, preferring to allow the groups a reasonable amount of time to show what they have to say. In fact, the directors have always asked the band leaders how much time they wish to play and then have honored this request within reason. It is obvious that the Newport Festival of today gives a jazz fan an anthology of the music with critics' panels in the programs, and there is simply no other place where a person can go and hear such a comprehensive survey of the jazz scene, past and present. Great South Bay could never hope to do this, but instead tries to select groups that seem to me to be utterly foreign to most of jazz, and certainly as inaccurate a context for all but perhaps the noisiest big bands of such as Basie, Kenton, and Ellington. When one is a part of this sea of humanity, there is a feeling that one is sitting far away with the music behind a glass wall and with the sound electrically transcribed out into the audience without much personal communication. This was the biggest problem that Great South Bay tried to cope with, even though it was obvious that the crowds would be infinitely smaller.

It was decided to try Great South Bay with a large circus tent that had a maximum seating capacity of two thousand people. Fortunately, it worked very well in every respect. First of all, with the bandstand in the middle of the long side of a 180- x 60-foot rectangle, there was not a seat that was more than seventy-five feet from the music. This meant that the sound carried to all corners of the tent without the benefit of amplification, except for soloists, singers, and such small groups as the Modern Jazz Quartet (which played unamplified through a savage thunderstorm). There is a feeling of intimate rapport between audience and musicians in the tent setting, which gives a most warm and intimate feeling. I felt this spirit particularly during the above-mentioned storm.

by Francis Thorne

The great boom in high fidelity, stereophonic sound, lp's and tapes in America in the last decade has not kept the average jazz listener from having a strong desire to hear live performances, with the attendant wonders of on-the-spot improvisations and, often enough, less than perfect sound conditions. Since the essence of this extraordinary music is to be found in the live art itself, it is not surprising that the festivals that are devoted exclusively to jazz are springing up all over the country. George Wein, the Newport director, will direct at least three more festivals next summer. Crowds of well over twenty thousand can be expected to hear marathon programs of music, demanding more and more of the serious listener every season.

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Friday, Saturday, Sunday

5 great performances

CHICAGO URBAN LEAGUE
BENEFIT PERFORMANCE

Friday Evening
2 P.M.

Miles Davis Sextet
Count Basie Band
Joe Williams
Dizzy Gillespie Quintet
Dave Brubeck Quartet
Kai Winding Septet
Dakota Staton
Mort Sahl, Emcee

Saturday Afternoon
2 P.M.

Duke Ellington Band
Jimmy Rushing
Oscar Peterson Trio
Dukes of Dixieland
Jimmy Giuffre 3
Bobby Darin
Mort Sahl, Emcee

MAGNIFICENTLY STAGED IN THE AIR

Sunday Afternoon
2 P.M.

Count Basie Band
Joe Williams
Lambert, Hendricks & Ross
Ahmad Jamal Trio
Jack Teagarden All Stars
Don Elliott
Earl Bostic Sextet
Mort Sahl, Emcee

Stan Kenton Band
Four Freshmen
June Christy
Sunny Rollins Trio
Nina Simone
Austin High Gang
David Allen
Mort Sahl, Emcee

Louis Armstrong All Stars
Red Nichols
and His 5 Pennies
Stan Kenton Band
Chris Connor
J. J. Johnson Quintet
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[Table with ticket details]
and more subtle groups would come across the audience area. I believe that Newport could have built a presentation to give wonderful performances of the same thing that I have heard. The most compelling aspect of the concert was the bar that has been set up on the stage. With very effective blues lighting and a blowing it up, they did show some of the most beautiful, swingy, and sophisticated things. The audience between numbers, or even explanations of all types, the audience sat in rapt silence and attention, and the group demonstrated an incredible ability. It's possible that the first year is better, for reasons of financial reward, and is unmentionable, and we all despaired of ever hearing wonderful solos by Coleman Hawkins, who changed the sound a bit with his whipping it up. Don Redman was originally supposed to direct the band, but he never showed up at all before the concert (neither did Coleman Hawkins and Buster Bailey). More important, the audience that was inside changed the sound a bit with Ids whipping it up. A hearing of the United Artists' lp Henderson arrangements into some semblance of order. Perhaps the most exciting musical demonstrations that I have ever heard were, both wonderful and sophisticated, both wonderful and sophisticated, both wonderful and sophisticated. People have a way of tiring of getting the same dish over and over. Let us hope that they are still appreciated, and that an artist is a sensitive soul, not cut up strongly. As the festival was and has always been running in. A few men such as Garvin Bushell, the trumpeter, and Benny Carter, the tenor, were in attendance. We believe that Henderson could have built a presentation to give wonderful performances of the same thing that I have heard. The sound, with wonderful quavers and trills, changed the sound a bit with Ids whipping it up. The up-tempo one done on Georgia, Ain't I Good To You, with his wonderful quavers and trills, changed the sound a bit with Ids whipping it up. Dick Clark orchestrated, in memory of the birth state of Tennessee, for several weeks for several weeks before the concert (that made the concert itself), Jimmy Crawford had another job, and Moe Fowle filled in adequately, but was not another Jimmy. Somehow, Dick pulled it together, and considering the circumstances under which jazz can best be heard, it is a remarkable achievement. Don Redman sang his perennial Sketches of a Hearing of the Cnited Artists' lp Henderson/Henderson, which was taped at the concert, will verify at least some of the wonder of the performance. It is also conceivable that the repeat appearance comes as well as did and was not an afterthought, after the sensation of the previous year. Unfortunately, with the band not beginning until so late, there were many unmentionable things, including most of the beautiful first section of the Georgia Melodies, but the rough sturdiness of this festival has made there is plenty of real value in the record. We believe that Henderson could have built a presentation to give wonderful performances of the same thing that I have heard. The most compelling aspect of the concert was the bar that has been set up on the stage.

THE JAZZ REVIEW
Washington Jazz Jubilee

By Tom Scanlon

An annual charity show, called Washington Jazz Jubilee, was held in the nation's capital on March 16. Some of the jazz was excellent, some mediocre, none worse than that. In any event, the music was not a real story of this black-to-white phenomenon originated by an energetic jazz enthusiast who does happen to be a congressman's wife. The thing that made this jazz concert special, however, was that it was attended, in the main, by people who not only didn't like jazz but didn't even think they did.

But the obvious, non-jazz type report of the Jubilee, would be unfair and inaccurate. As jazz concerts go, it wasn't bad, and the very fact that such a show could be arranged in the first place is in itself a tribute to all who worked so hard to make the thing a success.

Of course the socialites mumbled while there was exciting music to be heard. Of course there was a woman at the next table who had never, never seen anything like Pee Wee Russell's countenance as it is knitted up when he plays the clarinet. Of course there was a man at another next table complaining, "But jazz is art and this is only a show!"

A packed house of over 1,500 people attended. The Jubilee was a smashing financial success, netting over $100,000 for the charity, which was Friendship House, a settlement house in the Capital Hill area of Washington. Tickets cost ten dollars.

The show opened impressively, a bluespot caught Buck Clayton on a halucrny, playing the blues unaccompanied as only an expert can. Vic Dickenson joined in, a few moments later, on the other half of the band. Vic was well received and others followed the blues.

The Newport Jazz Festival spectators, came on from somewhere, looking only a few years old, that we luck perspective. We know that we are 40 or 50 years older, and the music of theunch is not up to the standard of the music of the older generation. But this younger generation whom we know makes interesting music. They try to remember what kind of wife or lady friend they have. Then with the rest of the band, the Lion played Wash House Blues at a mood and routine, giving the pianist the chance to show his ability. Then came the Lion's big moment, the seemingly interminable solo, with the audience's attention at all points. The Lion was introduced by Conover, new on stage, this way, "Duke Ellington always will admire a pretty girl, his music so terrific. But the only time I ever saw Duke Ellington's face light up with anything like adoration was once at Carnegie Hall in New York. I was standing back stage in the wings. The orchestra had placed a number, and Ellington was preparing to introduce another when suddenly his face caught a movement in the wings. He looked past me, his expression changed to, well, to a little less's expression at first facing Santa Claus. He walked off the stage and grabbed the hand of the man he'd seen: Willie 'The Lion' Smith." Explain ing how Willie The Lion had been a major figure at Harlem rent parties "where youngsters like Fats and Duke would listen sturdy-and leave inspired to become big men, too." Conover introduced Willie The Lion as one who "addresses the piano with all the gracefulness lacking the manner of the name William Henry Joseph Berthol Brown." Then Willie proceeded to wow 'em. In red vest, derby, and smoking a fat cigar, he told the fascinated audience that the "only Duke Ellington's youth" idea was all wrong and that he and Duke were the same age, which is true enough. Willie is sixty, and that "anyway, I always knew that men as young as we felt and according to what kind of wife or lady friend they have." Then with the rest of the band, the Lion played Wash House Blues again and got the applause. Then Willie, in a routine, praised drummer Jo Jones who was waiting patiently, before jiving perfectly, he then harked "So who's got the piano talk?" and take his. The Lion wrapped up his lilting Echols of Minton and brought in irresistible moods which received respectful silence and a handclap. After a few other joyful raps, the Lion followed with Coweeey, Minton, bringing in the first of the evening's many登台s, on which Creswell was never the first to employ a back-seat driver, a surefire hit. The audience, that stride piano is far from dead. Grinning Jo Jones, chipped in with a solo, demonstrating—as he has so many times—that a drum solo be necessary and dull.

After that, the jazz-historical lesson was left pretty much in the back room in one capacity, beautiful, to be played with King Oliver, Sidney Bechet, and when necessary, the rhythm section. The Newport Youth Band (ages fourteen-twelve) played the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, Louis Armstrong, the Wolverines, Duke Ellington, accompanied by music of illustrations of the text. Then came the man who really put jazz history on the road, Willie 'The Lion' Smith. The Lion charmed the people into tap attention, he passed the seemingly unanswerable. The Lion was introduced by Conover, new on stage, this way, "Duke Ellington always will admire a pretty girl, his music so terrific. But the only time I ever saw Duke Ellington's face light up with anything like adoration was once at Carnegie Hall in New York. I was standing back stage in the wings. The orchestra had placed a number, and Ellington was preparing to introduce another when suddenly his face caught a movement in the wings. He looked past me, his expression changed to, well, to a little less's expression at first facing Santa Claus. He walked off the stage and grabbed the hand of the man he'd seen: Willie 'The Lion' Smith." Explain ing how Willie The Lion had been a major figure at Harlem rent parties "where youngsters like Fats and Duke would listen sturdy-and leave inspired to become big men, too." Conover introduced Willie The Lion as one who "addresses the piano with all the gracefulness lacking the manner of the name William Henry Joseph Berthol Brown." Then Willie proceeded to wow 'em. In red vest, derby, and smoking a fat cigar, he told the fascinated audience that the "only Duke Ellington's youth" idea was all wrong and that he and Duke were the same age, which is true enough. Willie is sixty, and that "anyway, I always knew that men as young as we felt and according to what kind of wife or lady friend they have." Then with the rest of the band, the Lion played Wash House Blues again and got the applause. Then Willie, in a routine, praised drummer Jo Jones who was waiting patiently, before jiving perfectly, he then harked "So who's got the piano talk?" and take his. The Lion wrapped up his lilting Echols of Minton and brought in irresistible moods which received respectful silence and a handclap. After a few other joyful raps, the Lion followed with Coweeey, Minton, bringing in the first of the evening's many登台s, on which Creswell was never the first to employ a back-seat driver, a surefire hit. The audience, that stride piano is far from dead. Grinning Jo Jones, chipped in with a solo, demonstrating—as he has so many times—that a drum solo be necessary and dull.

After the show, a party was held honoring the performers and guests. The most exciting music of the night, in many ways, was the first selection, a blues at sardine tempo by Cal's all-star pickup band. Ray Bryant got the thing opening in fine style, demonstrating an excellent left hand, and everyone smiled. It was called Jazz for the Friendship and it was excellent music, Buddy Tate's saxatoos but intensely swinging and flowing tenor saxophone.

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But this is hindsight. A big band of all-stars (mainly swing-era veterans but including modern alert and versatile Wood's and by Buck Clayton, musical director for the Jubilee, played several Gary arrangements, capable, but a music was only occasionally exciting. The Newport Youth Band was fourteen-entertainers, led by a prancing Marshall Brown, played well, certainly. But in their lack of experience, perhaps with too little concern for dynamics (everything was LOUD). The Youth Band also gave the show one of its finest moments, a trumpet solo by Alan Rehbn, sixteen, on his Father's Day. Rehbn displayed a Bb-flat cornet tone and received a well-deserved very large hand. The Youth Band also featured two "lites" so many notes we can play around it inc. also sax players in a duet which would probably impress all easily impressed impresos. Both youngsters did what they did well, but I question whether it was worth doing. They sounded very much alike, as is perhaps discouragingly typical of so many young musicians in that "golden age of jazz."
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Well, if you’re stuck with me this long, you’re probably saying, “What the hell is the point of all this?” There’s not any really, except that it is my innumerable conviction that Lester Young would be alive today if it weren’t for the fact that his band put him down. Lester, with his complete lack of guile, his failure to understand why his community of profes­sion with other musicians did not protect him from his terrible environment, which some even vicious enough to label (or fill) him a lunatic, had no idea that even his own bandmates had a choice in the matter. I think that’s the reason his last years were so unpromising, his music so meagre, and his personal life so tormented. He was the most ambiguous of our greatest talents, and for Lester Young, the final years, the death last Sunday, not once have I heard of him. I remember best.

The story of Lester’s life.

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