

down beat®

MUSIC '65

10th YEARBOOK \$1

The Foundation Blues

By Nat Hentoff

Jazzmen As Critics

By Leonard Feather

The Academician Views The Jazz Musician

By Malcolm E. Bessom

The Jazz Musician Views The Academician

By Marjorie Hyams Ericsson

Jazz 1964: Good, Bad, Or Indifferent?

Two Views Of The Year By Don
DeMicheal And Tom Scanlan

Articles by Stanley Dance, Vernon
Duke, Don Heckman, George
Hofer, Dan Morgenstern, Pete
Welding, and George Wiskirchen,
C.S.C., Plus Many Other Features



where there's music there's

Harmony

Try a Harmony Soon
AT YOUR
Favorite Music Dealer



Write for FREE full-color catalog • Address: Dept. DY5

THE *Harmony* COMPANY
4604 S. KOLIN AVENUE • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60632, U.S.A.

*Harmony**

GUITARS
ELECTRIC
GUITARS
& AMPLIFIERS
MANDOLINS
BANJOS
UKULELES

*Trade Mark Registered



**i!
impulse!**

introduces a major current in

The New Wave in Jazz

as COLTRANE presents SHEPP



Highlighting a release of 12 distinguished new albums, is the brilliant debut recording of ARCHIE SHEPP, who was discovered and introduced to us by JOHN COLTRANE. We think you will agree that the young saxophonist's lucid style and intuitive sense of interpretation will thrust him high on the list of today's most influential jazz spokesmen.

As for COLTRANE himself, the 1964 *Downbeat* Poll's 1st place Tenor Man has again produced a performance of unequalled distinction.

Other 1st place winners represented by new Impulse albums are long-time favorites J.J. JOHNSON and MILT JACKSON. Add to these another impressive debut by THE RUSSIAN JAZZ QUARTET; a delightful jazz excursion by the inimitable HAMP; and other scintillating performances by Impulse's dazzling artist roster. Here is truly one of the most important groups of new recordings ever assembled by one label.

- A-68 J. J. JOHNSON — PROOF POSITIVE
- A-69 YUSEF LATEEF LIVE AT PEP'S
- A-70 MILT JACKSON — JAZZ 'N' SAMBA
- A-71 ARCHIE SHEPP — FOUR FOR TRANE
- A-73 SHIRLEY SCOTT — EVERYBODY LOVES A LOVER
- A-74 JOHNNY HARTMAN — THE VOICE THAT IS
- A-75 OLIVER NELSON — MORE BLUES AND THE
ABSTRACT TRUTH
- A-76 MORE OF THE GREAT LOREZ ALEXANDRIA
- A-77 JOHN COLTRANE — A LOVE SUPREME
- A-78 LIONEL HAMPTON — YOU BETTER KNOW IT!!!
- A-80 RUSSIAN JAZZ QUARTET — HAPPINESS
- A-100 DEFINITIVE JAZZ SCENE — VOLUME 2

(All albums available in both monaural and stereo)

For Free, Full-Color Catalog, write:

IMPULSE RECORDS

A product of ABC-Paramount Records, Inc.

1501 BROADWAY NEW YORK, N. Y. 10036

"...as
complete
an
original
as it is
possible to be."



With quiet awe for a long-neglected near-genius, observers and critics are beginning to suspect that Thelonious Monk may be the dominant jazz musician of his time. His lifework of more than 50 compositions...his inimitable piano style are, to those who know him, a complex testimony to a swooping, spirited, enigmatic life. BMI is intensely proud of Thelonious Monk and all the many other great jazz musicians whose music we are entrusted to license for performance.

BMI

BROADCAST MUSIC, INC.

ALL THE WORLDS OF MUSIC FOR ALL OF TODAY'S AUDIENCE

Among Thelonious Monk's extraordinary compositions are:
Misterioso, Monk's Dream, Rhythm-A-Ning, Worry Later, Straight, No Chaser, Blue Monk, Brilliant Corners, Bemsha Swing.

down beat's MUSIC



PUBLISHER
JOHN J. MAHER

EDITOR
DON DeMICHEAL

ASSISTANT EDITOR
PETE WELDING

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
DAN MORGENSTERN
JOHN TYNAN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
LEONARD G. FEATHER
BARBARA GARDNER

ADVERTISING SALES
FRED HYSELL JR.

ADVERTISING PRODUCTION
GLORIA BALDWIN

PROMOTION MANAGER
JOHN F. WELCH

Cover photograph by Richard Schaefer

OFFICES: 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill.,
Financial 6-7811; 1776 Broadway, New York
City, 19, N.Y., PLaza 7-5111; 6269 Selma
Blvd., Los Angeles 28, Calif., HOLlywood 3-
3268.

Published by Maher Publications, division of
the John Maher Printing Co., 205 W. Monroe
St., Chicago 6, Ill. Printed in the United
States of America. Copyright, 1965, by Maher
Publications, all foreign rights reserved.

MAHER PUBLICATIONS:
DOWN BEAT
MUSIC '65
NAMM DAILY
JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS

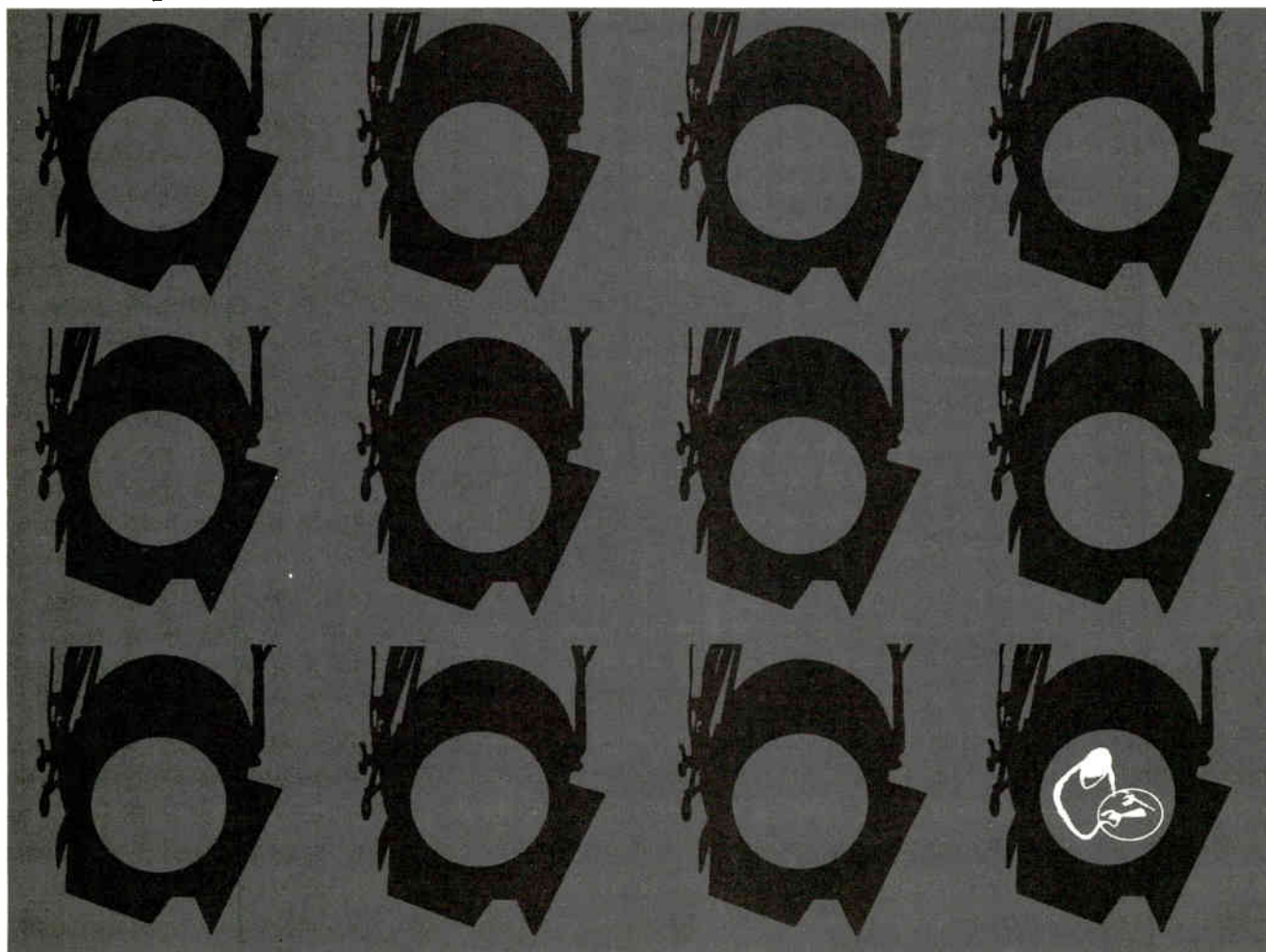
'65

- 7 ABOUT THE WRITERS
- 11 THE YEAR IN REVIEW
By Don DeMicheal
- 15 1964—COLOR IT DULL AND
SPELL IT HELP
By Tom Scanlan
- 20 JAZZMEN OF THE YEAR
- 22 THE BUSINESS SIDE OF JAZZ
By John Tynan
- 26 FOUNDATION BLUES
By Nat Hentoff
- 32 WHAT NEXT FOR JAZZ?
By Don Heckman
- 35 THE JAZZMAN AS CRITIC
By Leonard Feather
- 40 PLEASE TAKE IT SERIOUSLY
By Stanley Dance
- 44 DICHOTOMIC DIALOG
By Vernon Duke
- 48 BESSIE AND ME
By Jack Gee
- 55 THE WHITE BLUES MEN
By Pete Welding
- 58 JAZZ PHOTO GALLERY
- 66 CREAM OF THE CROP—THE BEST
RECORDS OF 1964
- 68 COTTON CLUB PARADE
By George Hoefer
- 80 THREE FORGOTTEN GIANTS
By Dan Morgenstern
- 87 THE JAZZ AVANT GARDE: PRO
AND CON—A DISCUSSION
- 96 THE ACADEMICIAN LOOKS AT
THE JAZZ MUSICIAN
By Malcolm E. Bessom
- 101 A JAZZ MUSICIAN LOOKS AT THE
ACADEMICIAN
By Marjorie Hyams Ericsson
- 103 THE PROBLEMS OF THE STAGE
BAND
By George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.
- 106 IGOR, A BIG-BAND ARRANGEMENT
By Clare Fischer
- 113 DOWN BEAT INDEX FOR 1964

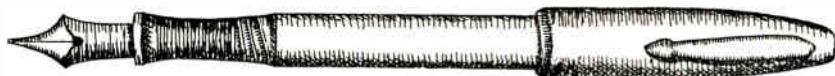
LIMELIGHT

will become the most distinguished
name in jazz recording in 1965. Its roster comprises
the following artists; all exclusively on Limelight:

chet baker • art blakey • dizzy
gillespie • milt jackson • roland
kirk • gerry mulligan • oscar
peterson • the double six
of paris • the three sounds



LIMELIGHT IS A DIVISION OF MERCURY RECORD PRODUCTIONS, INC.



ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

Don DeMicheal's *The Year in Review*, which begins on page 11, is written from the viewpoint of one who has read every item small and large that crosses the desk of *Down Beat's* editor, which DeMicheal has been since August, 1961. The author's stance, however, is more reportorial than editorial.

A more subjective view of the year's jazz happenings is taken by **Tom Scanlan** in 1964—*Color It Dull and Spell It Help* (page 15). Scanlan, whose jazz column appears regularly in *Army Times*, is admittedly a jazz mainstreamer, but he also is a forceful writer, whose opinions on jazz are always heartfelt.

John Tynan, *Down Beat's* associate editor located in Los Angeles, has long been concerned with the jazz business. His *The Business Side*, beginning on page 22, takes into consideration the problems faced by those who do the hiring and selling in the jazz world.

Nat Hentoff, one of the most respected jazz critics, seldom indulges in daydreaming. An exception is his *Foundation Blues*, which begins on page 26. Hentoff's wide experience in jazz and his concern for it, are brought to bear on a hypothetical situation in which a foundation makes a large amount of money available to the jazz cause.

Don Heckman, an alto saxophonist and composer, is one of the few active jazz musicians who regularly write about the music. His article on the shape of things to come—*What Next for Jazz?*—starts on page 32.

Down Beat contributing editor **Leonard Feather**, who has been an active jazz critic for almost 30 years, looks at *The Jazzman as Critic* (page 35). Using his own *Blindfold Test* and the critical-analytical writings of various jazzmen, Feather draws provocative conclusions about musician-writers.

Stanley Dance can be one of the wittiest jazz writers of our time when the mood is on him, and there is more than a trace of ironic humor in his essay on jazz criticism—*Please Take It Seriously*. The article begins on page 40.

When better pop tunes are written, **Vernon Duke** will pen his share. But the composer of such standards as

April in Paris and *I Can't Get Started* also is a composer of concert music, which is published under his real name, **Vladimer Dukelsky**. Duke and Dukelsky indulge in some heated conversation in *Dichotomic Dialog*, which starts on page 44.

Down Beat assistant editor **Pete Welding** is steeped in the pungent and thrusting country blues. His unsentimental, slightly barbed article about white blues men deals with the shortcomings—and virtues—of the growing group of young white men who would be singers of the blues. The essay begins on page 55.

George Hoefer is one of jazz' most astute and respected historians. On page 68 he begins an intriguing account of one of Harlem's most famous clubs, the Cotton Club, for years the stomping grounds of such artists as Ethel Waters, Duke Ellington, and Cab Calloway.

Down Beat's associate editor located

in New York City, **Dan Morgenstern**, is a man who has felt the heartbeat of jazz. His warm and moving tribute to *Three Forgotten Giants* (page 80) deals with the careers of tenor saxophonist Chu Berry and trumpeters Frank Newton and Oran (Hot Lips) Page.

Malcolm E. Bessom is a director of vocal music at a high school in Chelmsford, Mass., and a long-time and literate student of jazz. Beginning on page 96, an article by him—*The Academician Looks at the Jazz Musician*—outlines the sociological forces involved among various groupings of jazzmen and their audiences.

Marjorie Hyams Ericsson was the first vibraharpist in the George Shearing Quintet. She also worked with the Woody Herman Band and other groups. Now teaching privately in Evanston, Ill., Mrs. Ericsson offers a sometimes-humorous essay, *A Jazz Musician Looks at the Academicians* on page 101.

The Rev. **George Wiskirchen**, C.S.C., is the band director of a Niles, Ill., high school. He also is one of the most respected stage-band leaders in the country. He writes with insight and compassion about *The Problems of the Stage Band*, which begins on page 103.



"Some day
I'm going to play
one of those things!"

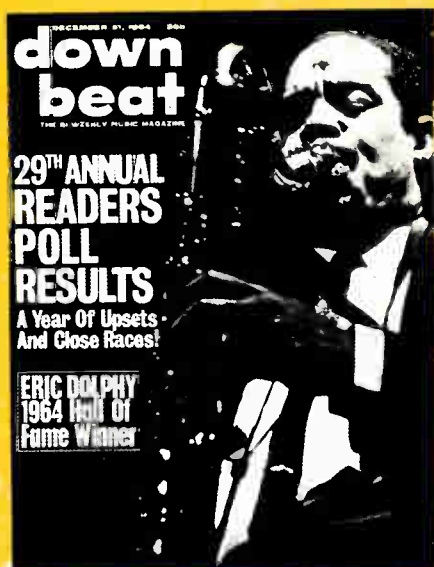
Bet he will too! Give him a few more years and he'll be happily cuddling a guitar on his lap. And if he does what most guitar players do (both amateur and pro), he'll use a DeArmond pick-up to bring out the full beauty and volume of tone. He'll find too that a DeArmond pick-up makes playing less work and more fun.

There are 9 different DeArmond pick-ups for guitars, from inexpensive models for beginners to the finest precision types for professionals. Why not write for our illustrated brochure?



ROWE INDUSTRIES, INC.

1702 Airport Highway
Toledo, Ohio 43609



You'll play and look at the

HALL OF FAME

1. Eric Dolphy (—)	687
2.	518
3.	459
4.	329
5.	277
6.	272
7.	262
8.	255
9.	240
10. Stan Getz (9)	223
11. John Coltrane (6)	207
12.	186
13. Gerry Mulligan (11)	175
14.	149
15.	132
16.	121
17.	109
18.	106
19.	101
20.	96
20.	96
21.	89
22.	82
23. Ben Webster (—)	79
24.	77
25.	76
26.	73
27.	68

(None under 50 listed)

TROMBONE

1.	3104
2.	1201
3.	621
4.	218
5.	204
6.	202
7.	186
8.	183
9.	178
10.	168
11.	75
12.	64
13.	63
14.	61
14.	61
15.	51

(None under 50 listed)

ALTO SAX

1. Paul Desmond (1)	2167
2.	1553
3.	724
4.	491
5.	397
6. Sonny Stitt (7)	367
7. Lee Konitz (10)	180
8. Charlie Mariano (12)	161
9.	151
10. Bud Shank (15)	114
11. James Moody (—)	112
12. Paul Horn (17)	85
12. Lanny Morgan (16)	85
13. Frank Strozier (—)	63
14.	57
15.	53

(None under 50 listed)

TENOR SAX

1. John Coltrane (2)	2455
2. Stan Getz (1)	2295
3. Sonny Rollins (3)	538
4. Ben Webster (6)	325
5. Coleman Hawkins (4)	320
6. Zoot Sims (5)	266
7.	121
8.	108
9. Charlie Rouse (8)	102
10.	86
11.	80
12. James Moody (—)	78
13. Paul Gonsalves (13)	76
14.	71
15.	69
16. Sonny Stitt (7)	65
17. Stanley Turrentine (15)	55
18. Hank Mobley (—)	54

(None under 50 listed)

BARITONE SAX

1. Gerry Mulligan (1)	5024
2. Pepper Adams (2)	744
3.	581
4.	221
5.	207
6. Sahib Shihab (6)	115
7. Jerome Richardson (7)	104
8. Frank Hittner (5)	97

(None under 50 listed)

TRUMPET

1.	2861
2.	996
3. Clark Terry (4)	524
4.	340
5.	329
6.	249
7.	243
8.	225
9.	207
10.	175
11. Louis Armstrong (9)	111
11.	111
12.	96
13.	93
14.	79
15.	73
16.	59
17.	57
18.	53
19.	52

(None under 50 listed)

CLARINET

1. Jimmy Giuffre (2)	1305
2.	1179
3.	732
4.	616
5.	436
6. Benny Goodman (5)	402
7.	227
8. Tony Scott (8)	225
9. Phil Woods (10)	207
10. Bill Smith (11)	127
11. Paul Horn (12)	119

(None under 50 listed)

better with a Selmer... company you'll keep!

MISC. INSTRUMENTS

1.	2337
1. John Coltrane, SS (2)	1421
2.	647
3. Steve Lacy, SS (7)	213
4.	132
5.	110
6.	81
7.	80
7.	80
8.	69
9.	64
10.	63
11.	57
12.	54

(None under 50 listed)

LEGEND: SS—soprano saxophone; MS—manzello, strich;
Oe—oboe; Fr—French horn; Me—mellophone; Ac—ac-
cordion; BH—baritone horn; Vi—violin; Mm—mellopho-
nium; Hc—harmonica.

BIG BAND— DANCE *

1.	2253
2.	667
3.	579
4.	374
5.	352
6.	281
7.	271
8.	254
9. Les Elgart (9)	219
10.	148
11.	114
12. Quincy Jones (12)	90
13.	89
14. Gerald Wilson (—)	64
15.	62
16. Benny Goodman (14)	54

(None under 50 listed)

ARRANGER/ COMPOSER

1.	1229
2.	1086
3. Quincy Jones (3)	680
4.	511
5. Oliver Nelson (4)	474
6. Gerald Wilson (7)	414
7.	314
8.	284
9.	171
10.	153
11.	151
12.	136
13.	98
14.	89
15.	87
16.	84
16. Bill Holman (23)	84
17. Gerry Mulligan (16)	83
18.	82
19.	65
20.	64
21.	63
22.	53

(None under 50 listed)

BIG BAND— JAZZ *

1.	2257
2.	1232
3.	1154
4. Gerald Wilson (6)	746
5.	529
6.	483
7. Gerry Mulligan (7)	317
8. Quincy Jones (8)	206
9.	188
10.	138
11.	127
12. Oliver Nelson (10)	117
13.	108
14.	77
15.	53

(None under 50 listed)

COMBO *

1.	1038
2.	655
3.	629
4. John Coltrane (8)	604
5.	568
6.	556
7.	366
8.	327
9.	261
10.	228
11. Stan Getz (20)	213
12.	200
13.	187
14.	181
15.	164
16.	151
17.	113
18. Terry-	97
19.	70
19. Gerry Mulligan (15)	70
20.	69
21. Louis Armstrong (—)	65
22.	56
23.	53
24.	52

(None under 50 listed)

**More top
musicians
play Selmer
than any other single brand!**

Selmer

H. & A. SELMER, INC., Elkhart, Indiana

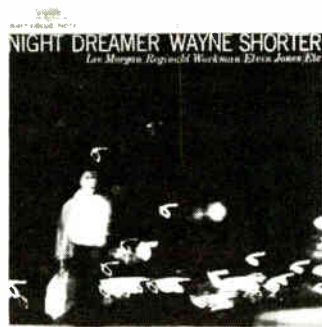
Outside U. S. A., Bach International, Box 310, Elkhart, Indiana

Personal instrument of leader is Selmer.

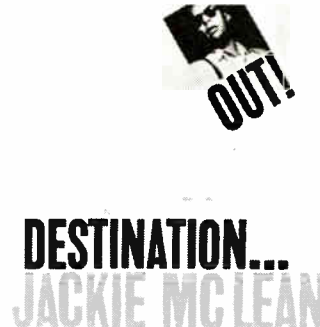
World Radio History



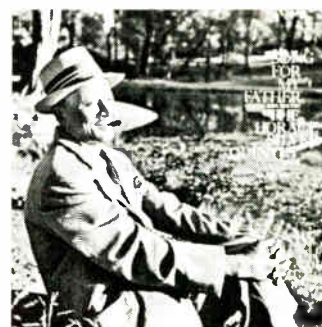
DONALD BYRD
A NEW PERSPECTIVE BLP 4124



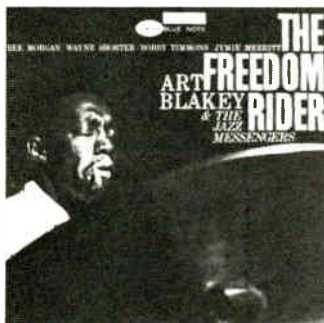
WAYNE SHORTER
NIGHT DREAMER BLP 4173



JACKIE MCLEAN
DESTINATION OUT BLP 4165



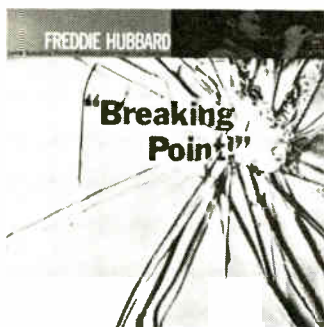
HORACE SILVER QUINTET
SONG FOR MY FATHER BLP 4185



ART BLAKEY
THE FREEDOM RIDER BLP 4156



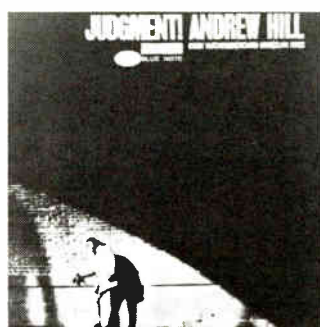
DEXTER GORDON
A SWINGIN' AFFAIR BLP 4133



FREDDIE HUBBARD
BREAKING POINT BLP 4172



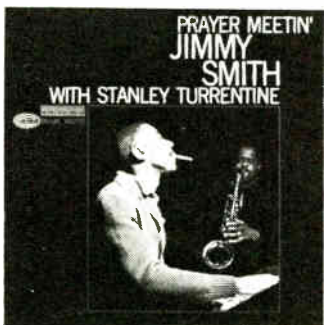
GRANT GREEN
AM I BLUE BLP 4139



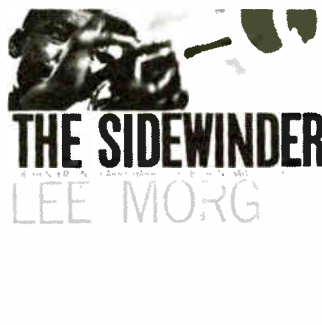
ANDREW HILL
JUDGMENT BLP 4159



FREDDIE ROACH
BROWN SUGAR BLP 4168



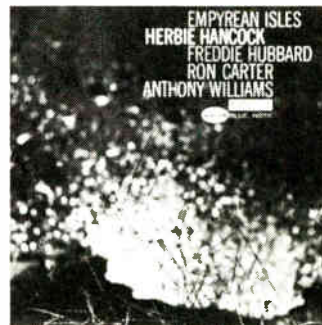
JIMMY SMITH
PRAYER MEETIN' BLP 4164



LEE MORGAN
THE SIDEWINDER BLP 4157



STANLEY TURRENTINE
A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK BLP 4150



HERBIE HANCOCK
EMPYREAN ISLES BLP 4175

The story of jazz is best told by those who love it. The same holds true for good jazz recordings. There must be more to etching a groove than making an impression. There must be feeling and care, warmth and individuality—things that can never come from mass production. We at Blue Note feel it's not how many records we can produce that's important, it's how many good ones. For over 25 years we have encouraged the free spirit of jazz because we are jazz enthusiasts at heart. The list of artists who got their first chance on Blue Note has become a veritable Who's Who of the jazz world. In 1965 you can look to Blue Note again for the newest and most creative sounds in jazz performed by the most talented artists in the field.

26 Years **BLUE NOTE** 1st Name in Jazz

ALL AVAILABLE IN MONO & STEREO

THE YEAR IN REVIEW

By **DON DeMICHEAL**

IT WAS A YEAR in which Thelonious Monk graced the cover of *Time* magazine, and many in the jazz community wrung hands over the coverage; a year when Dizzy Gillespie ran for President, but it was Charlie Byrd, Gerry Mulligan, Dave Brubeck, and the Swingle Singers who performed at the White House.

It was a year in which it became apparent that listeners and critics were lining up for and against jazz' avant garde, whose New York members began to organize, as if in defiance of all, friend and foe.

It was a year in which reissues almost always outshone new releases in quality, and big record companies announced preparations to go heavy into jazz, while small companies struggled to stay afloat.

It was a year in which two Russian musicians defected to the United States to play jazz, and a number of American jazzmen returned home from stays in Europe, though more than a couple set sail for the Continent, probably not soon to return.

It was a year in which the jazz-club scene was fluid, to say the least; jazz festivals did almost boom business; Stan Kenton declared jazz finished, and many middle-aged fans and critics secretly—some openly—agreed with him.

In a phrase, 1964 was a mixed blessing.

Monk had an exceptionally good year, though. Besides the *Time* cover story, he was the subject of a *Saturday Evening Post* article—and this kind of exposure is good for jazz, no matter what the worriers say. But above the printed word was Monk's music. He was showcased with his quartet and a large ensemble playing Hall Overton arrangements of Monk's themes at well-attended concerts at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall and at Carnegie Hall. The Lincoln Center concert, according to critics, was the better of the two. The pianist also enjoyed a long run at the Five Spot in New York City and a well-received tour of Europe.

Charlie Mingus, a volatile person but a magnificent musician, also had an eventful 1964. His tour of Europe won't soon be forgotten. Several observers there reported Mingus' ill-tempered behavior, but to a man they were beside themselves in praise of his music.

(There was tragedy connected with the Mingus European sojourn. Trumpeter Johnny Coles was hospitalized in Paris before the trip ended; he had undergone surgery for ulcers before leaving the United States and suffered a relapse. Reed man Eric Dolphy stayed in Europe when Mingus came home and soon afterwards died in Berlin, Germany, of a circulatory collapse complicated by diabetes, according to doctors.)

But in 1964, Mingus was more widely acclaimed than he ever had been before. In an electrifying concert at the Monterey Jazz Festival he brought the audience to its feet in acclamation of his *Meditations*, played by a 12-piece orchestra. And like Monk, Mingus had a long engagement at the Five Spot. Mingus also won the bass division in both *Down Beat's* polls.

Duke Ellington, as usual, was everywhere, sometimes seemingly at once. He, too, toured Europe. And Japan. And most of the United States. His Easter concert at Carnegie Hall was triumphal. Television producer Robert Herridge devoted an hour-long program to Ellington, his band, and his music. Ellington and men also were viewed on *The Ed Sullivan Show* and *Today*. He and Dave Brubeck's quartet set an attendance record at the Singer Bowl at the New York World's Fair. A swimming pool in California was even named for Ellington, who also received in 1964 an honorary Doctor of Humanities degree from Wisconsin's Milton College.



TED WILLIAMS



LEE TANNER



DAN RANDOLPH

Louis Armstrong stunned the pop-record industry by knocking the Beatles out of No. 1 spot on Top-40 charts with his charming *Hello, Dolly*—at least Armstrong and *Dolly* reigned for a while before the British singing quartet hit with another hot one.

Stan Getz almost singlehandedly revived bossa nova with *The Girl from Ipanema*. The tenor saxophonist had more than able assistance, however, from guitarist-singer Joao Gilberto, composer-pianist Antonio Carlos Jobim (who wrote the music for *Girl*), and Joao's wife, Astrud, who made her recording debut on the album—*Getz and Gilberto*—from which the hit was culled. Mrs. Gilberto later toured the country with Getz and his quartet.

But generally the jazz-record scene was lackluster. New recordings issued seemed to fall more and more into a good-but-not-outstanding category. The exceptional record seemed to come along less often than in years past, and in more cases than not the exceptional 1964 record was a reissue.

Nor was jazz-record business exceptional. One company, Riverside, the largest jazz independent, went bankrupt in the summer. The other established jazz labels held on, however. And the activity among Columbia, RCA Victor, Capitol, and Mercury-Philips indicated that those four larger companies expect an upsurge in jazz sales in 1965. Last year all signed several jazz artists, some of whom did not have big reputations. In late November, Mercury-Philips announced the birth of an all-jazz label, Limelight.

But if the record outlook was cheerier at year's end than earlier, the same could not be said about night clubs that hired name jazzmen. It was a tough year for the clubs.

Among the casualties were San Francisco's Sugar Hill and Chicago's Sutherland (which began the year closed, then opened as a high-tariff show lounge, folded again, and finally opened as a club that sometimes had jazz attractions but not very often). The Showboat in Philadelphia closed down in the summer but reopened on Labor Day under new management. Detroit's Minor Key and Baker's Keyboard were long gone.

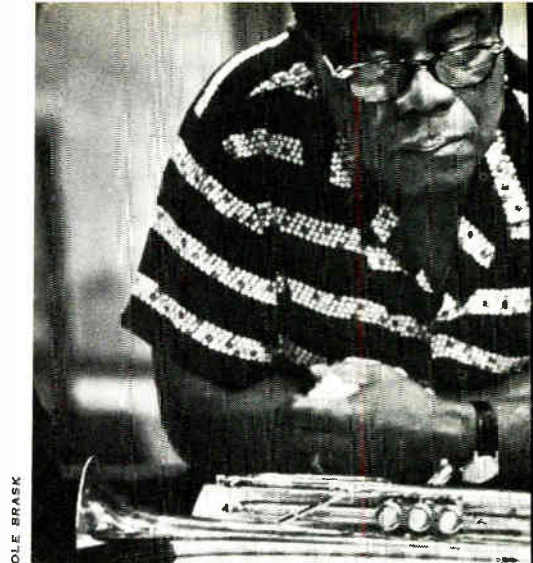
Birdland's 1964 history was curious. The New York club cut to a week-ends-and-Monday policy early in the year; then it went back to jazz every night but soon switched to rhythm and blues. Next the club closed, only to reopen with a strong jazz policy, to which it hued for the rest of the year.

Another long-established New York jazz club, the Village Vanguard, flirted with ragtime for a while but eventually returned to jazz. The Cafe Au Go Go in Greenwich Village seemed to do well with varied programing that included tenorist Zoot Sims, comedian Mort Sahl, pianist Bill Evans, singer Oscar Brown Jr., and blues man Muddy Waters; the club even had a series of late-night avant-garde sessions in December. The Village Gate also did all right with a varied program that most often was strong in jazz. The Half Note stuck with jazz all year and seemed to prosper.

None of the established U.S. jazz clubs—prospering or floundering—hired any avant-garde jazzmen on a regular basis, however. One of the a-g's, trumpeter Bill Dixon, took things into his own hands and found a club, the Cellar, in New York, that would serve as a showcase, small though it was, for the avant garde. The club was the site for what was called "The October Revolution in Jazz," a four-day event that drew enough listeners to strengthen Dixon's and others' belief that the avant garde has an audience.

Several of the avant garde—including Dixon, pianist-composer Cecil Taylor, tenorist Archie Shepp, trombonist Roswell Rudd, and altoist John Tchicai—formed the Jazz Composers Guild after the successful revolution. The organization was to present another four-day series of concerts at the end of December, but this time the musicians would be heard in the more formal setting of New York's Judson Hall.

THE NUMBER OF U.S. musicians making quick tours of Europe was staggering, as it has been for several years. But there was something perhaps significant in the return home of U.S. musicians who had more or less taken up residence on the Continent. Trumpeter-flugel-hornist Chet Baker, after numerous scrapes with European police because of his drug addiction, returned—reputedly "clean"—and met with at least critical acceptance. Trumpeter Donald Byrd, after study with Nadia Bou-



OLE BRASK

STEF LEINWOHL





ROBERT PARENT

langer, in Paris, resettled in New York City. Tenor saxophonist Dexter Gordon was to come back to work a while in Los Angeles at the end of the year. Trumpeter Ted Curson and tenorist Bill Barron also returned near year's end, as did composer Bill Russo, who had been living in Italy and England.

The most dramatic return was pianist Bud Powell's. At the beginning of 1964, Powell was hospitalized in Paris for treatment of tuberculosis. In the spring he was able to leave the hospital, the disease evidently under control. In the summer, after a couple of false starts, he flew to New York City accompanied by Francis Paudras, a French commercial artist and Powell's close friend, who was to keep an eye on the pianist during his relatively short visit in New York. Powell went to work at Birdland, and jazz fans and critics were happy to hear him in person after his six-year absence from the United States though his playing was varied in quality. In mid-October Paudras and Powell were to return to Paris, but the night before they were to leave, Powell disappeared. A few days later he was found, disheveled but otherwise all right. Again plans were made for him and his friend to enplane for France. But when the 30 or so friends of Paudras and Powell met the plane in Paris, it was only a saddened Paudras who emerged; Powell had remained in this country, reportedly living in Brooklyn.

In 1964 Europe sent some of its own abroad. To this country from France came the Swingle Singers, a group of expert singers who rendered selections from Johann Sebastian Bach and other baroque and classical composers, with backing by a jazz bassist and drummer. The Double Six of Paris, which walked away with *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics Poll and the magazine's Readers Poll awards as best vocal group, also made the trip to the New Continent but spent most of its time in Canada. French pianist Martial Solal played a San Francisco engagement, and Gallic saxophonist Barney Wilen settled in New York. England, of course, sent a large contingent of hirsute troops.

German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff's quintet, representing German culture, toured the Near and Far East for his country's Goethe Institute, much as American jazz groups have been sent by the U.S. State Department as representatives of this country's culture, though not in 1964. Mangelsdorff's quintet also was the first Western jazz group to tour East Germany.

Though Czechoslovakia had its first jazz festival in the fall, and though Poland has had several in recent years, Communist states do not seem to provide the most fertile environment for fledgling jazzmen—at least judging by the actions of two Russian musicians, reed man Boris Midney and bassist Igor Barukshtis. The two musicians, in Japan with a Soviet vaudeville show in August, asked for, and received, asylum in the U.S. Embassy in Tokyo. They said they were not allowed to play as they wanted in Russia and sought entry into the United States to play jazz. They arrived here in October, were greeted warmly by most New York jazzmen, formed a group, appeared on television, cut a record, worked clubs, and seemed happy with capitalism.

Though Japan proved a good absorption point for the two Russian musicians, the islands could not absorb the number of U.S. jazzmen touring there in 1964. Japanese promoters bid against each other for jazz groups, until the price offered, and accepted, was often beyond what the promoter could realistically expect to recoup from concerts. Evidently some of the promoters felt it was better to lose money than face. As a result of the attempts by the promoters to outdo each other, Japan was flooded with jazz artists, playing concerts at extremely high admission prices; at times there were two or three groups touring at the same time. The saturation point was passed, and several tours bombed.

In July there was a Japanese jazz festival, an event that boasted three groups of jazzmen (Dixieland-swing, popular, and modern) who shuttled between Tokyo and four other Japanese cities. George Wein produced the festival in conjunction with the Japan Booking Agency, the head of which said after the festival that he planned to have two jazz festivals this year, even though the 1964 event did not make money.

In the fall Wein also put together a festival package for European consumption. The assemblage was quite well rounded and included among its members representatives of New Orleans and Chicago jazz, swing, bebop, post-bebop, and the avant garde. The groupings, and most of the musicians,



PETER CAINE



FRANCIS TAYLOR



were first suggested for a Berlin festival by German critic and Suedwest Funk executive Joachim E. Berendt, but Wein did the assembling and got the bookings in other cities, which made the package economically feasible.

Also touring Europe in 1964 were blues men, singly and in large groupings. The European interest in blues was ever-growing, and blues men who had a tough time of it in the United States found themselves almost household names on the other side of the Atlantic, not only on the Continent but in Britain as well, where the popularity of the Beatles, Rolling Stones, Manfred Mann, and other rhythm-and-blues-based English groups helped focus attention on U.S. blues men and, in the process, all but killed Trad jazz, the British people's previous favorite.

EUROPE, ALL TOLD, had more than two dozen jazz festivals, but none were of the proportions of those held at Newport, R.I., or Monterey, Calif. Both Newport and Monterey were better musically in 1964 than they were in '63, and each drew more listeners than the year before. (The Newport Folk Festival, held a month after the jazz event, drew so many customers that the city tried to forbid festivals of any sort.) Two other U.S. jazz festivals were held at Pittsburgh, Pa., and Cincinnati, Ohio, but neither was as rewarding as Newport and Monterey, though the exposure of quality jazz they provided served jazz well.

Jazz also did well for itself at 1964 college festivals held at the University of Notre Dame, Villanova University, the University of Kansas, and Arizona State University. The musicianship and imagination of college jazzmen heard at these festivals was impressive. Still, there were bugs in the collegiate festival scene. Too many of the participating musicians were veterans of name groups, giving them unfair advantage over the younger musicians in the quest for festival prizes. Some prizes offered winning groups never materialized. Judging panels were not always well balanced with men of varying orientations. But there were signs by year's end that some of these problems were being met and, hopefully, solved.

The stage-band movement—that is, the growing number of big jazz bands made up of high-school and college students—came under fire more than once during the year. Some of the more stodgy music educators looked on the stage band merely as entertainment for its members and detrimental to the development of a true appreciation of “good music.” Such attacks were, and are, without justification, since in most stage bands only the schools' outstanding instrumentalists are allowed to participate.

More justified—though not completely—was the charge hurled by the stodgy ones that there was a taint of commercialism connected with the movement. It was undeniable that most band clinics are sponsored by music-instrument manufacturers, but it is doubtful that the manufacturers' prime purposes are commercial and not educative. There were, however, elements connected with the stage-band movement that were more avaricious than educative, but these eventually will be smoked out.

IN 1964 the death toll was heavy, as it has been for several years running. Jack Teagarden, who must be considered one of the most important trombonists in jazz' history, died in a New Orleans motel room in January. In November the arranger-composer many jazz historians look upon as the father of most big-band scoring, Don Redman, passed away. The unexpected deaths of Eric Dolphy and Joe Maini (who accidentally shot himself in the head while playing with a revolver) were the more shocking because of the two reed men's relative youth and unfulfilled promise. Others who died in 1964 were bassist Artie Bernstein, clarinetist Frank (Big Boy) Goudie, bandleader Willie Bryant, trumpeter Doug Mettome, baritone saxophonist Joe Rushton, New Orleans clarinetist Willie Humphrey, boogie-woogie pianist Meade Lux Lewis, jazz critic Wilder Hobson, organist-pianist Clarence (Sleepy) Anderson, pianist Teddy Napoleon, ragtime pianist Glover Compton, baritonist Jack Washington, pianist Buddy Cole, trumpeters Conrad Gozzo and Nick Travis, orchestra leader-arranger Russ Case, drummer Jasper Taylor, and composer Cole Porter.

But the number of deaths aside, 1964 was not as bad as some would have it. There were signs of vigor and vitality on the jazz scene, and if things weren't so hot economically, they might—just might—be better in 1965. **AB**



1964

COLOR IT DULL AND SPELL IT HELP

A Disenchanted View Of The Past Twelvemonth/By Tom Scanlan

IN 1964 the audience that jazz somehow had lost on its way to the forum and concert stage remained lost.

No one needs to tell a professional jazz musician that there are more tin ears than ears and that most people can't keep time. Still, he must live on the belief that his lost audience is out there somewhere in that amorphous, inscrutable maze called the public—out there and just itching for freedom now. But jazz didn't rediscover its lost soul brothers in 1964.

And the dwindling jazz crowd, in turn, often found jazz hard to find in the clubs and even in the record shops. There was much wonderful jazz played last year, and most of the jazz festivals drew large crowds. But make no mistake: 1964 was a bad year for jazz. Bad, in this instance, meaning the opposite of good.

Too many highly skilled musicians—musicians with that old pepper and something to say, as the jazz jargonists explain it—had to scuffle.

Too many clubs gave up on jazz and found easier ways to remain solvent. Some clubowners even turned in their live musicians for record players, raising the price of drinks at the same time, a financially successful twist that might amuse the ghost of Aldous Huxley.

And too much angry, pounding, repetitious noise—dripping with self-conscious intensity, squealing with emotional immaturity, and scowling with intellectual pretentiousness—passed for jazz.

Even most of the highly publicized "new thingers" involved in nonharmonics, nonchord progressions, non-melodies and nonsongs failed to titillate, suggesting that

their run of luck in the jazz press may be running out, that a little woodshedding on tunes might be in order to please even their slim audience, a tight little group of humorless, pompous, and word-heavy folk who see revolution where revolution is not, who view the entire history of jazz as a series of revolutions, and who sneer at foot-tapping music as Neanderthal stuff.

The year began with a tragedy, the death of one of the few irreplaceable musicians jazz has yet known. At the time of his death, he was playing as marvelously as ever. With grace and virility. With ease and power. With authority. With good humor and joy. With all those qualities once known as the blood and bone of jazz music when it was more heart than cranium. I keep thinking that years from now the only thing a jazz historian might care to write concerning last year is this: in 1964 trombonist Jack Teagarden died at 58.

The big "music" news of the year did not involve jazz musicians. It didn't even involve musicians. Ask any girl between the ages of 9 and 16. Hungry for a new thing to conform to, millions of musically illiterate, crowd-following young girls conformed with a vengeance, screamingly, as they discovered four effeminate-looking young English noisemakers. They made these noisemakers rich and in the process even confused some knowledgeable music people. Gene Lees, a former *Down Beat* editor, for example, suggested in print and in all sincerity that "the Beatles are the best thing to happen to pop music in years." How about that, sports fans?

Last year was also a big year for those clubowners who

discovered it was tres chic, and tres profitable, to do as the French do. This was done by replacing musicians with record players, pasting up French posters, raising the booze prices, and announcing a discotheque. A good many affluent young adults who had once been Elvis Presley worshipers decided these record-playing clubs were just too much. Like, wow!, a place to twist and frug all night.

While all this snappy frugging was going on, a great many jazz musicians searched in vain for steady work that did not involve playing the way some grating singer or some grinding stripper demanded.

THOUGH JAZZ apparently is increasing in popularity overseas, though the economic condition of the United States is better than usual, though television (if that's competition for live music) gets worse every year and movies aren't better than ever even if movie prices are higher than ever, though there are many able musicians ready to play honest music, the audience for jazz remains slim. And spare.

To begin with, youngsters don't like jazz. Jazz lost them a good many years ago. They like something else, a kind of white kid's race music inspired by rhythm and blues that brazenly prostitutes rhythm and the blues.

The Presley wiggle-club members of the mid-'50s are now young adults, and some government bureau has figured out that by this year about 46 percent of the U. S. population will have grown up—to speak loosely—with rock and roll. A man can be aware of the fact that Elvis is included in the deservedly respected and most useful *Encyclopedia of Jazz* and still wonder just how many former Elvis-ites have gone on from Elvis-ism and related isms to an interest in some kind of jazz. The guess here is not too many, even though college audiences have been helping to keep jazz alive for some time.

Perhaps the cancer began when the sharpies in the Brill Building, thumbing their nose at music all the way to the bank, eagerly turned their end of the music business over to children. But who knows where or when or how or why any form of cancer begins? The dreary fact is this: children now have more to say about the music business than they did way back in those days when many children liked music.

Every new teen or subteen favorite seems to be assured of prime time television exposure. But if one's name isn't Armstrong or Ellington or Goodman or Fitzgerald, a jazz musician's hope for a "noneducational" television spot, even between the "big, big" acts, is faint.

One of the world's finest jazz musicians, trumpeter Clark Terry, is on television several nights a week, in the studio band on the *Johnny Carson Show*, but it is a rare night, indeed, when he is featured, even briefly. That's show biz these days, and why shouldn't a producer defend this policy by asking, "So who's ever heard of Clark Terry?"

Also, in reference to television, don't expect to find a Negro, even one as light-skinned as most political appointees, with a TV series of his or her own. Television is an advertising medium—this above all—and Madison Ave. stomachs do not hunger to bite the hand that feeds it. Them advertising executives would rather knuckle under than fight. And it's the same with sponsors. Thinking down, as well as butchering the English language, is their game.

There is hardly any freedom now in sight until an Ella Fitzgerald or a Lena Horne has the opportunity given inferior singers and inferior entertainers who "belt" out of tune and out of time but who are white. Television tells us much about what we are. It is not a pleasant truth to contemplate.

IN 1964, as has been true in recent years, every now and then an enterprising word merchant sniffed a hint of mint and predicted—or even worse, proclaimed—a jazz renaissance. One well-meaning young man even found a revival of jazz interest in Washington, D.C., my home town. That's going some. Washington musicians who scuffle and understandably delude themselves into thinking that their next "limited engagement" will be the start of something big, or maybe just a steady gig for a few months, must have chuckled wryly over that Washington *Star* magazine piece.

Jazz boom. JAZZ BOOM. JAZZ BOOM. Say it over and over again. But wishing won't make it so.

Washington may be less interested in jazz than most cities of comparable size, though I doubt that. So does Washington's guitarist Charlie Byrd, who gets around the country a good deal these days. In either case, whether Washington is typical or atypical, there is no jazz revival in Washington.

Ask another guitarist, Bill Harris. Or attend his next concert. Harris' last two concerts were excellent, but you couldn't prove that by many people. The people who attended these concerts were stranded in a sea of empty chairs.

Or ask pianist John Malachi. If there were much interest in jazz in Washington, this accomplished musician would be assured of satisfying steady work in his home town. He would not have to hit the road to accompany a name singer, Joe Williams.

Ask tenor man Al Siebert or nonpareil accordionist Dick Bailey. Ask the fine bass player Keter Betts, now on the road with Ella Fitzgerald. Ask pianist John Eaton, a rare kind of continually improving young jazz player blessed with the gift of self-criticism. Ask bongo whiz Buck Clarke, who plays bongos even better than he paints, and he is quite a painter. Ask clarinetists Tommy Gwaltney or Wally Garner. Ask trumpet player Hal Posey, a good non-Dixieland musician working in a so-called real Dixieland band in a club whose big attraction is a stripper (and Washington's a city where strippers are not permitted to go too far). Ask expert rhythm guitarist Steve Jordan, a chief member of a dying breed. Ask vibes player Lennie Cuje. Ask trumpet player Kenny Fulcher. These men are some of the city's most accomplished jazz musicians. Ask them about the jazz revival in Washington.

True, the now nationally famous guitarist Charlie Byrd—who earned every bit of that national attention—continues to pack them in at the Showboat Lounge. But his appeal is enormously broad and is by no means limited to the jazz crowd. His versatility is a major reason for his artistic and commercial success. If he had limited his playing to jazz, he would not be the name he is today. In this regard, it is refreshing to realize that Byrd is a bigger name in Washington than most players on the Washington baseball team and some members of the President's cabinet. John Gronovski? Who's he? Eddie Brinkman? Who's he? But Charlie Byrd they know. Still, there is no jazz revival in Washington.

IT IS EASY to be aware of something increasing in popularity. It is much more difficult to notice something decline in popularity. And jazz may be on a rocky slope rolling down to nowhere but a small reservoir for a small group of jazz practitioners and believers.

Perhaps Stan Kenton was wrong about the importance of his jazz a decade or so ago, but he may be truly avant garde when he suggests that jazz is dying, as he did last year (an opinion that was quickly attacked by special

interests, of course). The jazz spirit is not about to die, true. But where's the audience? I keep meeting people, ages 25 to 40, who "used to be" interested in jazz.

Jazz musicians do seem to be getting a little more attention in the slick magazines than they once did. But more often than not, the articles are infuriating—if you permit slick magazine pieces to bother you—or amusingly inaccurate (Lester Young was a leading bopper who died young, *Newsweek* informed its readers in August).

The truth is that few people know or give a damn about jazz. *The Blues Is Everybody's Business* was a brilliant album by Manny Albam that has met the test of time on a number of phonographs, I trust. But the title was a joke. Perhaps the blues should be everybody's business, but it isn't.

A record company may be wise to slap a title such as *Everybody Knows Johnny Hodges* on one of 1964's albums, but the record company and everyone involved in jazz knows that most everybody in this country has never heard of Johnny Hodges. Ringo they know. Elvis they know. Eddie Fisher, Ethel Merman, and Lawrence Welk they know. But Hodges? "Let's see . . . used to play first base for the Dodgers, right?" And if this exceptional musician were not with Duke Ellington, even fewer would know him.

In the same groove, former jazz musician Nat Cole would not be making the money he is making now if he had stuck with jazz. And one wonders just how solvent Louis Armstrong and Dizzy Gillespie would be if they were not entertainers as well as great jazz trumpet players.

Even the very word "jazz," after all these years of heartfelt explanation by so many with the "message," is misused repeatedly in the nation's press. The banner headline on page 1 of the *Washington Post*, January 29, 1964, provided an excellent example.

"MUSICIAN GIVES UP IN SLAYING" the headline read. "JAZZ ARTIST COLLAPSES AT BOOKING" the subheadline read. And the first sentence of the story began: "A 30-year-old jazz musician wanted for the murder of an Arlington college student. . . ."

The *Washington Post* is regarded by many as one of the nation's best newspapers. But the *Post*, typically, did not know a jazz "artist" from an apprentice television repair man who was an amateur hillbilly singer on the side.

In 1964, despite all the jazz books (usually introductions to the subject, rewritten from other introductions to the subject, the most recent to arrive on my desk being *I Like Jazz* by Donald Myrus), most jazz musicians know that most people don't know what in the world jazz musicians are trying to do.

Only a man just reaching earth from another planet would expect to find jazz on television and radio. Many of the so-called jazz disc-jockey shows on radio necessarily concentrate on *safe* jazz, the softer the better. No rip-roaring Roy Eldridge, man; that's too dangerous. More soothing bossa nova with a jazz garnish, more ballad playing by cool and undeniably expert technicians—that makes it. That tickles the eardrums of the "jazz" listener as well as the sponsors and the station manager. It is jazz to wiggle your little toe to. It is good, real good, and it is *safe*. One of the better disc jockeys in the business even avoids use of the word jazz.

Today men who are "names" to jazz fans are almost always not "names" to the general public. What happened to Wes Montgomery during his only two club appearances in Washington is a case in point.

Montgomery is an amazing guitar soloist in the real, not the commonly perverted, Charlie Christian tradition. To

SAMMY WELDING



'Jazz was once characterized by joy, by its hell-for-leather spirit of fun and games.'

the insulated jazz world he is quite properly a "name."

I first heard Montgomery in person in 1961, at a small Washington jazz club that no longer exists. High tariffs and a general lack of interest in jazz were two of the reasons it folded.

Montgomery, a modest, unassuming, and wise man, had a ready answer as to why there were not more people in the club. (There were a few musicians and a dozen others at most.)

"Ours isn't a name group—that's all," said Montgomery of the Montgomery brothers quartet.

"But Wes Montgomery is a name now," I countered.

"Oh, no, I'm no name," he said. "And there's no one song we play that the public comes to hear. Take John Coltrane. They come now to hear him play *My Favorite Things*. That's all they care about. Before he made that record, the public didn't care anything about him; at least they didn't turn out to hear him."

And later, after Montgomery was presumably much better known by the public, I went to hear him open a two-week engagement at the Showboat Lounge. Montgomery's appearance was properly advertised in all the Washington newspapers, but hardly anyone showed up to hear this splendid musician. And the appealing Tommy Gwaltney Trio was then working at the Showboat, too, as the house band.

As I left the club that night, the assistant club manager,

Mike Thornton, a wit who has been around the music business for a long time, said he had one word to say to me.

The word was "help."

That word tells much about the state of jazz in 1964.

EXCELLENT JAZZ RECORDS are still being produced, but but they are becoming increasingly hard to find amid the mass of trivia and gimmick-jazz based more on an album-title idea than on a musical idea.

That is one reason why a recent release combining the rare skills and mature emotions of the Oscar Peterson Trio and Clark Terry was such a delight. This is jazz that crackles and surprises, amuses and amazes, and does not necessarily put down that old-time religion merely because it is old. In this regard, Terry's brilliant and hilarious singing, demonstrating the cadences and habits of the "pure" blues singer with good humor and wailability, adds much to the joy of it all.

Willis Conover says he likes an LP if it has only one good track, and that about sums it up these days. But this Peterson-Terry LP is good from start to finish. Also, surprise of surprises, the tunes are presented with an awareness of programming.

The kind of jazz spirit that is apparent on this album is becoming increasingly rare on records and in the clubs. Several of the more prominent jazz writers—who hesitate dislike but are willing to wound though afraid to strike—would no doubt have little to say about this Peterson-Terry set. This is because the music here is not "new" or "challenging" or "experimental." Or maybe that's wrong. Although Peterson is "out," Terry may still be "in" with them, for the moment at least.

It has been said, not without reason, that musicians who do not have a good deal of hate in their systems, and hence in their music (jazz being self-expression, and all), are in deep trouble with some of our jazz commentators, meaning those who major in Olympian attitudes, who praise *spare* but write turgid.

Jazz was once characterized by joy, by its hell-for-leather spirit of fun and games. But such is juvenalia for old man jazz now, some experts tell us, suggesting that jazz is now a cerebral plaything and a most vital one at that. "Important" jazz has come to mean anger, social consciousness, intellectual posturing. Zoot Sims is out, John Coltrane is in. Ornette Coleman may not play well, but he's "important." Cecil Taylor is more artist than Teddy Wilson or Oscar Peterson or Erroll Garner. And Jimmy Giuffrè's one-man band of clarinet doodling in the middle register is deemed provocative and where jazz is heading, believe it or not.

On the less esoteric level, the good-time level, jazz has come to mean plugging in an organ and guitar and butchering the blues progression or some saccharine movie theme loudly and tastelessly all night. Perhaps this sort of near-music appeals to our young adults because they were reared on similar music by their former rock-and-roll champions. In any event, too many have endured, then pitied, and then embraced such "jazz."

If you want to succeed in jazz without even trying, you might try making sure that your drummer never puts down his sticks. That wire-brush jazz is for a lost generation, it would seem.

And there is another somewhat successful kind of almost-jazz being played today. You might call this the delicate school. Restraint is the thing. To excel, you must be fearful of hitting a high note—by all means, don't stay up there for more than a split-second—and you must not

suggest anything approaching a demonstration of emotion. Rhapsodizing, understatement, and drag tempos are favored. The music may be slight but not so the critical praise.

ONE MAN'S JAZZ is another man's precious noise, to be sure, and there should be room for many different kinds of jazz. Jazz is not any one thing or any one approach, or any one bag, if you favor that term.

But jazz has lost a good many of its long-time friends who had the notion that jazz was honest, if not 100 percent pure, and a music that was of no moment if it didn't swing.

A decade ago some misinformed people suggested that we were living in a golden age of jazz. Some golden age. So golden that many exceptional jazz musicians couldn't find work. But not even the misinformed are suggesting that we are living in a golden age of jazz today.

And perhaps all of the blame should not be leveled at the audience, as many musicians and jazz enthusiasts are quick to do, including this writer. At least, the unwritten rule that says "when in doubt, blame the audience because it is just too stupid to understand my music" does not always apply.

What with its rockhouse upbringing—in this our confused age of anxiety mixed with affluence, conformity mixed with social revolution—the audience today may be ignorant and confused about what music is. Or perhaps that is wrong. Perhaps the audience is merely jaded. Or tired. No matter. The jazz audience—real, lost, or potential—can feel the draft of grudging condescension. Some jazz musicians seem to think their work rivals Beethoven's for profundity and seem to view themselves as more artist than musician. Such thinking can be a dangerous thing. Musicians, the real ones, are concerned with the problems of music, not with ways of translating music into verbal ideas or some mystical "art."

A good many young jazz musicians today appear to be so worried about "art" that they find communicating with an audience something that talentless squares or mere show-biz "talents" stoop to, not something they need even attempt in order to conquer.

But communication remains the name of the game, and having some concern for an audience that pays money to hear you play need not mean "playing down."

A good many young jazz musicians—weaned in this period when long, long improvisations are the thing—might do well to attempt a little more editing of their work as they search for the audience that jazz once had. Even if Ben Webster's marvelous playing is not in their bag, it is quite possible that they could learn something by listening closely to him. Or by listening to Bud Freeman, who is nearly certain not to be in their bag.

Some musicians who complain about the insufferable squareness of the public might remember that some of the most successful jazz musicians, artistically and commercially, are those who have a real concern for communicating, for programming, for editing. A few who come immediately to mind: Ellington, Gillespie, Fitzgerald, Armstrong, Peterson, and the late Jack Teagarden.

Jazz, by its very nature, is not a one-man thing. It is not starving in a garret, alone, creating "ahead of your time," although such an idea is current today. The groovy part of jazz is playing *with* and *for* others.

The silver linings were few for jazz in 1964. What didn't happen seems more important than most of what did happen.

The year 1964? Color it dull and spell it help.

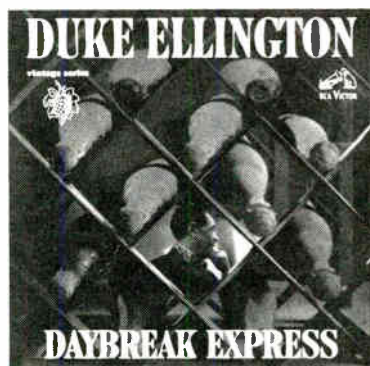


FROM RCA VICTOR:

THE NEW VINTAGE SERIES

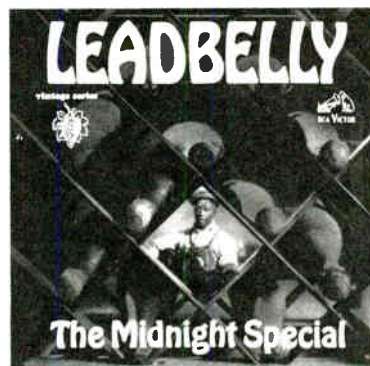
EXCITING NEW COLLECTIONS OF RARE ORIGINAL PERFORMANCES

Chosen from RCA Victor's vast vaults, these classic recordings are available for the first time in this new "Vintage Series." Here are stars, sounds and performances that helped shape America's musical heritage. You'll find these albums a source of continuous listening pleasure.



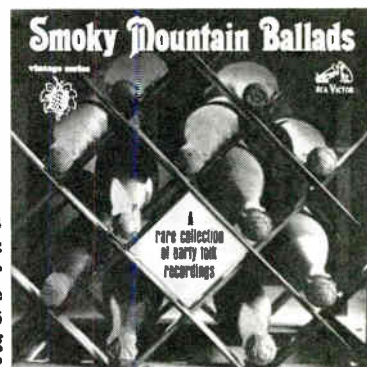
Essential for any complete collection of Ellington. 16 performances from the early '30's: "Stompy Jones," "Daybreak Express," "Ebony Rhapsody," "Solitude," "Dinah," others.

Extremely rare! Includes Lizzie Miles vocals plus Jelly Roll memorabilia never before issued on L. P. records. A great jazz pioneer in such numbers as "Shreveport," "Low Gravy," "Primrose Stomp," 13 more.



A legendary giant of American folk music (with his 12-string guitar) is heard here in such selections as "Easy Rider," "Good Morning Blues," "Rock Island Line" and 13 others. Recorded in 1940, first time on one L. P.

Early recordings by the "Who's Who" of authentic folk music: The Carter Family, Gid Tanner and His Skillet Lickers, Uncle Dave Macon and 5 others. 16 songs like "Ida Red," "Darling Corey," "Worried Man Blues."



COLEMAN HAWKINS: "Body and Soul"—35 years of a fantastic jazz career in one unique album! WOODY GUTHRIE: "Dust Bowl Ballads"—One of the true originals of American folk music heard in 14 rare performances. KURT WEILL CLASSICS: Two celebrated stage classics in one album: Gertrude Lawrence in "Lady in the Dark," and the American folk opera, "Down in the Valley." THE GREAT ISHAM JONES AND HIS ORCHESTRA: One of the pace-setters of the big-band era in a one-album collection of mid-30's recordings.

RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound

JAZZMEN

THELONIOUS MONK



Recognition of Thelonious Monk as a valuable jazz original was slow in coming. A veteran of the earliest days of bop, Monk for years was an obscure—even laughed at—figure. The humorous accounts of his actions gained the attention his music deserved.

In the late 1950s, however, the jazz audience began to appreciate the music of the bearded composer-pianist. The stories continued—and continue—but people began to listen more to Monk's music.

But it was 1964 that Monk came into his own as far as a more diversified audience than one consisting of hard-core jazz fans was concerned. National magazines featured long articles about him. Festivals considered it sure-fire box-office if he played on their stages. Monk was presented with his quartet and a large orchestra at two important New York concerts.

Down Beat Assistant Editor Pete Welding commented concerning the big-circulation magazine articles about Monk in 1964: "While they stressed the personal foibles and eccentricities of the pianist, the articles, happily, were sympathetic and gave middle-brow America some inkling of the accomplishments for which Monk is justly noted in jazz circles."

Down Beat Associate Editor Dan Morgenstern pointed out that "though he has never compromised his musical iconoclasm and always remained himself, the world caught up with Monk last year to give him some of the popular acclaim which has been so long his due."

Said **Down Beat** Contributing Editor Barbara Gardner, "Monk has seldom campaigned as an active jazz ambassador; however, the recognition the general communications media has heaped upon him has drawn favorable attention to the entire jazz industry."

"Success," **Down Beat** Editor Don DeMicheal said, "can be a terrible thing for a jazzman. Some who succeed soon water the music that got them to the top. But though the wreath of success lay on Monk's brow in '64, his music was as strong—perhaps even stronger—than it ever was. A man who can do this, has my vote as a jazzman of any year."

AVE PILGAS

THE YEAR

Emotion, to many, is the keystone of jazz. It can be anger, love, melancholy, or any other emotion. To others, jazz must have an aura of intellectualism or complexity. Most look for heated improvisation in any jazz performance.

All these qualities, and then some, are in the music of one of jazz' most provocative players—bassist-pianist-composer Charles Mingus.

Mingus has been an integral part of the jazz scene since the '40s, his strong bass work a source of inspiration for hundreds of bassists.

In more recent times, Mingus' compositions—and performances of those compositions—have gained as much attention and acclaim as his bass playing.

In 1964 Mingus scored a singular ovation at the Monterey Jazz Festival for the performance of his **Meditations**, a long work played by a large group. The Monterey triumph was the pinnacle of Mingus' year, one that included a tour of Europe and a long, successful engagement at the Five Spot in New York City.

"In 1964," writes Dan Morgenstern, "on records, in concerts, and on night-club bandstands, the volcanic, impassioned music of Mingus revealed new dimensions in one of the largest and most fertile creative talents in jazz."

Barbara Gardner, noting that Mingus has surrendered little musical integrity in light of his growing acceptance, said, "His direction continues to be individualistic, probing, and creative. Artistically his recognition is long overdue, and perhaps we have let extraneous factors influence our evaluation of his musical worth."

Commented Don DeMicheal: "I have always listened to jazz subjectively—I look for something to move me emotionally. Mingus' music does this. And it did more often in 1964 than previously."

Pete Welding said: "I've always felt Mingus has been one of jazz' most vital, restless, probing individual musicians. Last year, he gained some of the recognition he has long deserved."

Jazzmen of the Year are selected by *Down Beat's* staff of editors. Though unanimity was not reached this year on selections, the majority picked Monk and Mingus.

CHARLES MINGUS



LEE E. TANNER

THE BUSINESS

By JOHN TYNAN

WHERE HAVE the jazz clubs gone? If 1964 revealed nothing else to music lovers, it disclosed a deepening depression in the jazz-club area. More and more clubs that feature jazz—mostly modern—have gone under in the major metropolitan centers. New York City, jazzmen tell me, is a depressed area. Chicago appears to be doing not as badly but not at all on a level with, say, five years ago. Los Angeles-Hollywood is a sad joke.

Is the diminishing number of jazz rooms linked to a general basic sickness in jazz today or is the presumed demise of the jazz club tied wholly to economics? Whatever the reason, one thing is plain: business in the clubs stinks.

It is not entirely for lack of customers, either. The customers come to listen, nurse their one or two drinks, and go home to dig records. But even if each customer every night drank to stupefaction, it is a certainty that the average jazz club could not stay in business.

The average jazz room in the United States is being strangled by the very economic system in which it seeks to thrive. The word average must be stressed, for there are exceptions to the rule. The exceptions may be found in many big cities; they are the hardy annuals, their staying power drawn from sources diverse . . . and even mysterious.

Who is to blame? What's the root cause? Whenever a club folds, these questions, more emotionally than scientifically inspired, inevitably follow. Traveling counterclockwise, the routine goes like this:

The lousy clubowner. What a clip joint! Those hustling waitresses. Two-fifty admission! Forget it! . . .

Those thieving agents. Held me up for three grand a week. And I got to take Morty Glutz just so I can get Miles. . . .

Musicians! How can you book 'em? Always telling me, "Get more for the gig." So I get more; every time it's more. Sure, it's more coin for the agency, but where am I gonna book 'em next? With only one club left in the city willing to meet their price. . . .

Rotten, blood-sucking agents. Where do they get off booking me into a dump like that? Not even a clean toilet for the artists. Damn owner clocking you like it was an auto plant, looking at you like you're some kind of insect. And that crack about funny cigarettes. Why, for two cents. . . . All night on the stand trying to talk to people on the horn. Nobody digs, man; nobody digs. . . .

He was late again tonight. For the kinda dough I'm payin' him he was late again. Why can't he smile a little at the customers. Or even just look at 'em with a civil expression. And those lectures! "Where are all the people tonight? Why aren't they here supporting America's only native art form?" Why aren't they here? That's what I'd like to know. . . .

Blakey at the Blast Room? Man, I'm never gonna get clipped there again. I dig the Messengers and all that, but the prices are ridiculous. Hey, let's get a six-pack and dig my new sides. . . .

So it goes. Colloquy to nowhere.

IT WAS RECENTLY SUGGESTED in semi-jest to Dizzy Gillespie that there should be civil-service jazz clubs. He said he approved of the idea, and I do not believe he was even half-kidding.

But however visionary the

notion of civil-service jazz clubs may be, it is a fact that so far as jazz is concerned, the free-enterprise system is not what it's touted in other areas of commerce. And that's what jazz is tied to: commerce. It is a product; it is packaged, merchandized, a profit realized; its exponents are paid—sometimes quite handsomely—for their services. Art? Sure, how much does it cost?

An expert in the cost of jazz is manager Maynard Sloate, for many years operator of jazz clubs in Los Angeles-Hollywood and now a successful manager of the business affairs of entertainers. Sloate, who began his adulthood as a jazz drummer with the Freddy Slack Band, sees the jazz-club situation as a dual problem in causal terms. Both economics and musicians' attitudes, he feels, lie at the heart of the question.

"Basically," he said, "it is a question of economics. Generally, those clubs that featured jazz were very small, seating only from 100 to 200 customers. So the only entertainment names they could afford were jazz names—not the big names, now—and they could buy these attractions at prices in line with the room's capacity."

Reminded of the groups in jazz today asking, and getting, more than \$3,000 a week for a club engagement, Sloate pointed out that the Miles Davises and Dave Brubecks are still exceptions in that they have developed as commercial attractions beyond the strictly jazz category.

Proceeding with his point on the physical limitation of most jazz clubs, Sloate explained that in order to compensate monetarily for the necessarily limited jazz audiences, the clubowner is compelled to charge

\$IDE OF JAZZ

his customers prices that are out of line with what the average jazz fans can afford. Then, he added, there is the additional but no less important factor that these jazz fans are most often moderate consumers of liquor or beer so, again, the club-owner must counter this by raising the prices of his drinks.

Nor are the price increases to be blamed solely on costs of attractions or the customers' drinking habits, Sloate continued. Other operating costs also tell, he said, and the general inflation factor must be considered too.

"Sure, musicians are making more money, but it's costing them more to live on the road," he said. "So they are not really making that much more. Transportation costs alone are exorbitant today."

The factor of musicians' attitudes next entered Sloate's sights.

"Jazz musicians," he contended, "have never done a thing to foster a larger audience for their club appearances. That's why the jazz audience is still basically a hard-core audience, limited in number, a minority. There was a time—it goes far enough back too, back to the days of bop—when there might have been a chance to enlarge the audience. What happened? Nobody really gave a damn, and a very good chance was lost."

Though Sloate had received, he said, "a great deal of co-operation" from all the jazz groups he bought through the years, he averred that the simple fact of dealing with a group of musicians in terms of scheduling sets and getting them on the stand on time is also an obstacle in the path of a jazz club's smooth operation. This basically negative attitude toward

punctuality and order on the part of the musicians, Sloate said, is transmitted to the audience. The upshot is not conducive to audience contentment or even satisfaction.

Hope? Sloate is not bubbling with optimism; he knows the business too well. "But," he said, "if there is any hope it must come from recordings; it's certainly not going to come from the clubs. What we need is records, lots of records, sold by those smaller units that the jazz clubs can afford to buy. Maybe that would help."

BEN SHAPIRO is a club-owner turned booking agent. Now a vice president of General Artists Corp.—International Talent Associates in charge of the agency's concert department on the West Coast, Shapiro started in the club business with a Hollywood coffee house featuring folk music "with jazz around the edges." He then opened the Bohemian-oriented Renaissance club on the Sunset Strip with more jazz than folk, and finally had his last successful fling with an all-jazz policy (with occasional comedy acts thrown in) at Renaissance Number Two on the site of the once-famous Mocambo.

"The jazz-club business goes in cycles," Shapiro said. "If somebody sat down and did a careful analysis of these specialized clubs—whether folk or jazz—it would show that you do get a cycle going."

What causes the death of clubs, Shapiro said, is the trend to overbuild, overextend, and saturate the market. He cited examples of sudden spurts in the number of jazz rooms in a given city, followed by a decline that is as rapid.

"Look back over the last 10 years," he urged. "Take

Los Angeles alone. There were perhaps one or two clubs doing very well 10 years ago. Then suddenly there were five clubs booking jazz names. And then it was back to just a couple again."

He pointed out that in the second year of the Renaissance's success there were five jazz rooms doing well. But what set his club apart from the others and what made and kept it successful, he said, is that the room was "not geared to sell whisky but to sell music on the stand." This, he contends, is the vital ingredient in the prescription for a successful jazz club. As another example, Shapiro cited Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood, in its fifth year now and a proven success. Shapiro noted that the Manne-Hole, too, is primarily geared to the music, not the sale of drinks.

How much of the responsibility for the sad state of the club business falls on the agent with his 10 percent commission for selling attractions, and how much on the artist with an alleged attitude of evermore, evermore?

"The agent or the artist is not to blame," Shapiro stoutly asserted. "If an artist is offering himself or herself to me for representation, then I must prove I'm worth it. And if the clubowner is offering me a certain sum for an artist, then the artist and I must be worth it."

"Now, so far as artist-agency relationships are concerned, it is the responsibility of the agency that the artist takes the agent's word in a given situation on the matter of money. Don't forget, the agent has a responsibility not to harm the artist by presenting him in a given situation. It's my personal belief that it's as wrong to oversell an artist as to undersell

him or her."

Shapiro went on to stress the role of a sense of responsibility of the agent in not selling the artist "just for the higher commission." To illustrate the point that frequently the artist is by no means the better judge of his monetary worth, he cited the case of an artist based in New York City who usually works on the West Coast once or twice a year and hence has no real knowledge of his authentic worth to clubowners in that region. This is the point, Shapiro said, where the agent must take over, employing his specialized knowledge of the area and of the current supply-and-demand situation.

In Shapiro's opinion, the fast-buck, short-view attitude of the agent may apply validly in nonjazz situations involving booking overnight pop recording stars. But, he insisted, this is not, or should not be, the case in the jazz field.

"When a jazz artist builds his appeal, it is as a legitimate artist. Each time he comes to an area he builds some more. If he happens to have a hot record at the time, so much the better. But even without a hot record he builds fans wherever he appears. So he really doesn't need a hot record in the long haul; he's a legitimate artist."

One of the most compelling needs in jazz booking at the present time, Shapiro said, is the need to find agents active in the presentation of jazz who know what it's all about, not merely for the quick buck. He feels there is an urgent need for more proper representation of jazz artists and a corollary cognizance on the part of the artist on the importance of being properly represented. Mutual respect between musician and agent, he emphasized, is a must: "Communications between the two must always remain direct and open."

Summing up his cyclical theory, Shapiro guessed,

"I'm sure there will be another upsurge in jazz rooms in the near future. Then it will subside once more."

LAST FALL, when hard liquor was sold for the first time in the four years of the Manne-Hole's life, voices of doubt could be heard predicting a somber fate for the popular jazz spot. This was the beginning of the end, said some, because it was the signal for whisky-pushing to take precedence over the presentation of jazz.

Proprietor Shelly Manne vigorously denies this and, since the liquor license went into effect, has backed up his denial with action.

"You don't see any signs out front advertising the place as a cocktail lounge, do you?" he asked rhetorically. "And you won't. I don't want to make it look like the place is just a saloon. It's still a jazz club, and that's the way it's going to stay."

And this, of course, is the basis of the Manne-Hole's success, just as a similar attitude became the underpinning of the success of Shapiro's clubs.

First opened during the Los Angeles coffee-house boom some half-dozen years ago, the Manne-Hole underwent a couple of changes in name and ownership before the jazz percussionist acquired title and turned the room's operation over to Rudy Onderwyzer. From the beginning, Manne adhered to his original conception of the Manne-Hole, i.e., a jazz home for his own quintet. With an established local following, the drummer therefore felt he was ahead from the beginning; he could pursue a policy independent of booking agents' designs and of the need to pay a lot of money for name jazz groups from New York. The policy worked.

Today Manne is buying regularly those name groups from New York—and not cut-rate, either. He pays the going price but feels he can afford to because the

regular customers don't mind paying a door admission to hear well-known groups from the East.

The highest door admission ever charged at the Manne-Hole, said the proprietor, was \$2.50 for a one-nighter by the Woody Herman Herd last fall. The tariff discouraged few; the club was like Macy's on Christmas Eve.

Door admissions prevail during engagements of name groups; weekends, when Manne's quintet is featured, usually with a female jazz singer, it costs \$1 to make the scene.

A unique feature of the Manne-Hole and, many feel, a major contributing asset to its success, is the variety of local jazz groups booked in there during gaps in "name" bookings. From Monday through Thursday, the groups of, for example, Victor Feldman, Clare Fischer, Curtis Amy, Paul Horn, Mike Melvoin, and others have a regular spot to work even if it is for only one night. But at least the work gets more or less evenly distributed among the musicians; the regular patrons are given a variety of choice throughout most weeks.

Manne attributes the successful operation of his club to the fact that he need not depend on its earnings for a living. As one of Hollywood's busiest studio musicians in phonograph, television, and motion-picture recording, he is in a high-income bracket; the club is most certainly a sideline and, in a way, a hobby. Without the need to draw a regular salary from the club, as most operators must, the Manne-Hole is that much more in solvency.

If the Manne-Hole is a happy exception to the rule prevailing in the present jazz-club travail, then it is a hopeful exception indeed. Hopeful because in other cities, there may be musicians or jazz lovers in the position to emulate the Manne concept and operation.

Tax write-off, anyone? **45**

Just pressed...**available only through this announcement!**

The world-acclaimed performance

mingus at monterey

On September 20th, Charles Mingus, the greatest bassist in modern music, made jazz history at the Monterey Music Festival.

Every serious music critic has agreed that *Mingus at Monterey* was something historic—not only in the personal, musical development of Charles Mingus, but in the growth of contemporary music itself. Unquestionably it was one of the most exciting concerts of all time:

*"Mingus in a nerve-tingling Sunday afternoon program erased the memory of any other bass-player in jazz...not only was his composition, *Meditations*, the single outstanding event of the festival, but his own bass-playing was so far past what anyone does that it was out of sight."*

—RALPH J. GLEASON

"The music was thunder, it was Dante's Hell opened up and Mingus was dancing, exhorting, shouting, roaring laughter like a man before a hurricane he had conjured up himself...he must be ranked among the greatest of jazz composers."—Time

*"Unforgettable... *Meditations* was raucous, it was tender; it was deafening, it was sweet. It had complex, whirling phrases and majestic ballad lines...and it had Mingus bouncing a percussive bow across the strings and then caressing the instrument as if it were a violin...The audience stood on its chairs."*—JOHN WOLFENDEN, *Monterey Peninsula Herald*

and from Charles Mingus' severest critic:***** "This album is so perfect a fulfillment of what I mean in my music that I cry when I hear it."

***** Charles Mingus

Now, *exclusively* on these two Lp records (balanced stereo, which can be played on any unit), you can hear every beautiful sound from this concert—captured live—including sandal-tapping, laughter, exultations and Mingus pungent chatter providing high-frequency background information that will never appear on any record jacket).

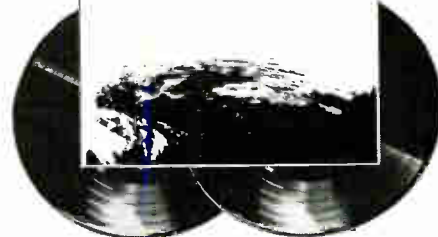
PERSONNEL: Bass: Charles Mingus. Reeds: Buddy Collette, Charlie McPherson, John Handy III, Jack Nimitz. Trumpet: Bobby Bryant, Lonnie Hillyer, Melvin Moore. Trombone: Lou Blackburn. Tuba: Red Callender. Drums: Dannie Richmond. Piano: Jaki Byard.

SELECTIONS: Duke Ellington medley (ASCAP): "I've Got It Bad," "In a Sentimental Mood," "All Too Soon," "Mood Indigo," "Sophisticated Lady," "A Train," "Orange Was the Color of Her Dress, Then Blue Silk." (by Charles Mingus, BMI) "Meditations on Integration." (Twenty-four minute extended composition by Charles Mingus, BMI).

(This album can be purchased only by mail from Charles Mingus, Dept. DB, 128 East 56 Street, N.Y., N.Y. \$10 per album (make checks payable to Charles Mingus). **This album will not be sold at record stores!**

Photo by Jill Krentz

MINGUS AT MONTEREY



**DIG YOU MUST!
ORDER THIS COLLECTOR'S ITEM NOW!**

Custom-Pressed—Charles Mingus' Private Label

Mail direct to Charles Mingus, Dept. DB
128 East 56th Street
New York City 22, N.Y.

Please rush me _____ album(s) of Mingus at Monterey (2 Lp's). Enclosed is cash, check or money order (payable to Charles Mingus) at \$10.00 per album. (We pay all postage.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ **JUST FOR KICKS**, Charles Mingus will number and personally autograph the albums in this special collection edition for those who order now. (N.Y.C. residents please add 4% sales tax.)

THOSE FOUND

BEING A WILDLY FANCIFUL



Drawing by Lorenz; © 1964 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

A RECURRING COMPLAINT since shortly after the advent of the LP is that too much jazz is being produced. The complaint is justified with regard to the quantity of mediocre, repetitive, and unabashedly commercial jazz albums that appear in the course of a year and soon slide into the limbo of cut-price record racks. But there is a corollary to the complaint—the quantity of valuable jazz that is *not* being recorded and may never be.

One of my fantasies (along with electing the Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee's Robert Moses to the Presidency) is what I would do if some foundation, suddenly aware that jazz does merit some attention, were to say, "Here is X hundreds of thousands of dollars. Record what you consider important. The only rule is that you should not record what the private-enterprise companies are already cutting."

My first project would be The Hidden.

For more than 20 years, I have heard tales of musicians all over the country who, for various reasons, have never left their home cities but who have a considerable local reputation. (Some never left because of family responsibilities. Others may be junkies or strung out in some other way. Others just never had the self-confidence to make the break.) Their local renown may exist only among other local scuffling musicians; but when the latter get to travel, they spread the word around. Every time I hit a different city, I'm told of certain members of this lost tribe who ought to be recorded fast while they're still here.

Once in a great while, a local musician does break through. Wes Montgomery was one. But

more often those who stay, who never find some kind of niche in New York City or Chicago or on the West Coast, remain hidden all their lives. Obviously, not all would measure up in faster company to their home-grown reputations, but there has never been any systematic attempt to go out and look for them, tape them, and find out what is really going on outside the major centers.

I know the theory that talent will out, that if a man can play, he'll be recognized sooner or later. I don't believe it. And even if it were true, it often takes much longer than it should for such a man to be found—if he stays home.

Therefore, I would first assemble a network of local musician-reporters around the country to search out the hidden. I know a man in Monterey, Calif., for one example, whose previously extra-legal line of business kept him on the move all the time and usually under cover of darkness. So he knows scores, hundreds of places where the hidden, the relatively unknown, gather. To hear him tell it, there are men beyond Ornette Coleman in Washington, D.C., others in Dallas, Texas, who make Cecil Taylor sound conservative, and so on. He may be putting me on, but I'd like to find out.

I remember, as a youngster in Boston, musicians who should have been recorded and never did get their chance. A few made a couple of records with Sabby Lewis, but the records didn't indicate what they could do. One, the last I heard, became an electrician. A couple of others died. And then there were young musicians who were saying something of value at the time but waited years to be recorded. The late trumpeter Joe Gordon was one. And pianist Jaki Byard is a particularly clear example of a man who should have been on records years ago.

Once that project—The Hidden—was under way, I would focus on taping oral history.

It is incredible that although we live at a time when practically the entire scope of jazz (from marching bands on) is represented among the living, so comparatively little documentation has taken place. Certainly, there are some attempts to allow posterity a chance to hear and see what the jazz life of the last 70 years has been like. There is the New Orleans series done by Karl Genus for the National Educational Television network. And I hope Ralph Gleason's *Jazz Casual* programs will be preserved. But in the field of recording, there has been all too little oral history.

It is easy enough to predict that the Jelly Roll Morton Library of Congress series, the Coleman Hawkins reminiscences on Riverside, and the few other such sets will increase in historical value each year. But so many other men have stories to tell and historical gaps to fill. Danny Barker alone could fill 10 LPs. So could Red Allen and Freddie Green and Ben Webster and hundreds of others.

It simply is not enough to have written interviews with these men—and even there we don't

FOUNDATION BLUES

FAIRY TALE FOR OUR ENLIGHTENED TIMES, BY NAT HENTOFF

have a large enough supply. But letting a man talk into a tape recorder over a period of days, so long as he has something to remember, provides so much more dimension, let alone plain facts, than the usual space-limited interview for a jazz magazine.

Therefore, part of that mythical foundation bread would be used to establish a Jazz Oral History Project, which would encompass the country. In view of similar activities in New Orleans in recent years, we might not have to spend much time in that city. But I'd like to double check.

THE THIRD MAJOR way of utilizing this money for recording would be a series of commissions.

The Rockefeller Foundation, through the Louisville Orchestra, provided sizable sums to commission and record contemporary classical pieces that no commercial company would be likely to take a chance on. In avant-garde jazz, the need for such an approach is acute. As I've tried to indicate in *Down Beat* columns, there is the obverse of a jazz boom among the experimental players. And I see no signs of times getting any better for them.

Record companies, by and large, have become quite conservative. Pacific Jazz has almost evaporated as a source of new concepts in the music. Contemporary issues Jimmy Woods but not much else in this vein. In the East, Columbia waits until a man has made it before adding him to its list (with a few exceptions, such as Denny Zeitlin). RCA Victor is moribund most of the year so far as jazz is concerned. Verve is largely playing it safe. Prestige does do some useful work along this line. Impulse is more consistent than most in what it chooses to record, but Bob Thiele, the label's jazz producer, is limited by profit-and-loss statements in the context of a larger, parent company (ABC-Paramount) in terms of how much experimental jazz he can undertake. Atlantic appears to be going through a ruminative period, and I no longer look to that label for many avant-garde surprises.

Blue Note, to its credit, is building an avant-garde catalog—slowly but valuably. And all of a sudden, Savoy has come alive for at least two recordings—one by Archie Shepp/Bill Dixon and the other by Paul Bley.

However, there are still not enough recording opportunities for the experimenters. What sessions some of them do get return them very little money. Often they get a date on the basis that the company will not be charged for arrangements. Hence, there are hardly any chances of a man being commissioned to write pieces for a specific recording date.

With foundation money, I would anticipate for avant-garde jazzmen the kind of society economist Robert Theobald envisions with his concept of the guaranteed annual income.

Each musician selected—and the methods of selection would be the subject of yet another article, but let's wait until we have the bread—would be given an annual income for the time of his grant. Let's say \$5,000. He would be expected to record at least once a year. But *he* would determine when he was ready. He would also have complete musical control of his sessions, and the \$5,000 would be considered, in part, commission money. With it, he might want to write a long piece or a number of short ones or whatever. If the foundation had capital investments large enough to have rising returns from interest each year, those commissions could be enlarged.

As for distributing those records, I would not, considering the current state of the record business (let alone the nonprofit strictures on foundations), send the albums through regular distributor channels. Instead, like the Louisville Orchestra series, this would be a mail-order, subscription arrangement. I may be overly sanguine, but I believe that if news of these recordings were widely enough broadcast, there would be a fairly strong core audience for such recordings. (Special rates for students.)

There would be another division of commissions. It is true that not all the older players are still saying that much, but a sizable number are, and, with few exceptions, they have been shunted to the periphery of jazz or entirely outside it.

We would, therefore, give annual grants to such as Willie (The Lion) Smith, Ben Webster, Don Ewell, Dickie Wells, Edmond Hall, Bud Freeman, Earl Hines, etc. These grants would be for recording sessions with musicians and material of their choice—and for the time to prepare and rehearse them properly.

It would be made clear that no commercial considerations were in effect. These albums would be for the long pull, not for immediate sales, and would permit these musicians to get down exactly what they want to get down while they still can.

A corollary of this last venture would be a series of commissions to younger composers who have particular affinity with the playing of some of their elders and could be depended on to write pieces for them that would heighten the singular contributions to jazz of each of the older musicians. I mean younger composers such as Gerry Mulligan, John Lewis, Benny Golson, and Gary McFarland. These commissions would cover not only the works themselves but also adequate rehearsal time.

ASSUMING WE still had money left, the next project would be international in scope. An American jazzman with a special interest, let us say, in Hindu music or Near Eastern music or, as in Randy Weston's case, the music of Africa, would get a grant that would enable him to travel to those

places, meet with the local musicians, and tape the indigenous music.

Nor would these commissions be for only the impecunious. In the usual sense, for instance, Dizzy Gillespie doesn't need financial aid. But it is one thing for him to try to absorb the music of the Far East while rushing through on a tour and quite another experience—probably with more provocative results—if Gillespie were able to take six months off and travel through the Far East as a student.

The reverse end of the international project would be a series of grants to enable musicians from outside the United States to come here as students of indigenous jazz. They could record here if they felt ready, but the main purpose of their trip—preferably at least a year in duration—would be to absorb, to ask questions, to get the feel of the different life styles and social milieux from which jazz comes.

This kind of exchange would be far better accomplished through this kind of foundation than through State Department auspices, since the State Department often has peculiar ideas as to whom to select and where those chosen can best utilize their time.

A blues project would also be part of this millennial grant.

To be sure, there have been valuable recordings of blues men in recent years by Arhoolie, Delmar, Folkways, Piedmont, Pete Welding, Harry Oster, and those who have worked on the Prestige blues series. But there have not been the time and money to allow most blues singers still active to document their life work. I have in mind the kind of large-scale project (only larger) represented by the Woody Guthrie and Jelly Roll Morton Library of Congress sets, Fred Ramsey's sessions with Leadbelly on Folkways, and Bill Randle's extensive date with Big Bill Broonzy.

The blues men would be taped over a period of days and weeks, singing their material and reminiscing about other blues performers, about the places they've been and how they've survived, about the nature of the blues as they feel it. And if we could get a broad enough representation in this blues project, a further task would be transcribing all the blues and editing them into what would be a book of the blues as poetry. This has been done, I know, but I think it can be done better, with a wider selection of material and with more space.

A corollary volume, or series of volumes, would be made up of the reminiscences; and for this, it would be useful to ask the blues singers themselves to explain their particular uses of imagery and what *they* consider to be the meaning of their lines. (I have in mind the Paul Oliver book, *Blues Fell This Morning*, which, while well intentioned, was often fanciful in its interpretations.)

THE MOST AMBITIOUS of all the projects I fantasize would encompass more than recording, but since recording is part of it, it is in context here. What I envision is a jazz center. Maybe more than one, but let's examine what one could be.

It would be a building with living space, a re-

cording studio, a comprehensive library of jazz books and records, an auditorium, practice rooms and a jazz film section. It would not be a school in the sense in which the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass., is a school or the stage-band clinics are schools.

The center would have jazzmen-in-residence for varying periods of time. Like poets-in-residence and composers-in-residence at universities, these musicians would be paid.

Their duties would involve not formal classes but various kinds of seminars and other small gatherings with those who enroll at the center. The latter would include not only aspiring young musicians but also older men who feel the need for more study or simply more communication with particular colleagues they admire than can be achieved at the bar of a club or in quick social visits. Critics, I would hope, would also enroll in the center.

The jazzmen-in-residence would comprise as wide a range as possible of jazz musicians.

They would be sources not only of musical instruction but also of the jazz history they've experienced. A Rex Stewart in residence, for instance, would have much to tell not only of the history of trumpet styles but of the ambiance of the Fletcher Henderson and Duke Ellington bands and much more. Much of this material might already have gone into the oral history project, but if men such as Stewart and Dickie Wells and Buck Clayton could be engaged in the give-and-take of seminars and in sessions with graduate students in American civilization, let us say, insights that might not come out in straight taping could emerge at the center.

The recording equipment would not only be used to tape particularly promising lectures and seminars but would also be geared for students' use.

The chance to experiment under professional studio conditions, to learn by doing about ways of reproducing sound (in order to guard against an authoritarian recording engineer later) can be of great use to the apprentice jazzman. Members of the faculty, too, would be able to utilize the equipment for their own purposes. If, as I would hope, a George Russell were a member of the faculty, he could use the studio to rehearse and record his own groups—an experience that would be multiply educational to those students he permitted to attend.

I should make clear that this center would not be a vocational school in the ordinary sense. Young musicians enrolled would either already have a prescribed level of professional skill or would be taking their formal courses in theory and in instrumental techniques elsewhere. It would be possible to take private lessons at the center with the musicians-in-residence, but there would be no large classes and no straining after a degree.

If I seem vague (and I do) the reason is that this kind of center could only take on life and direction as it operated. I am only suggesting here that it could be free enough in its structure to benefit the young and untried, men who are already full-time professionals but want to keep on learning, and musicians-in-residence who can use

a base of operations to avoid for the time the scrabbling for economic survival on the street.

Since many of those, young and older, who might get the most out of this kind of center are not especially affluent, there would be a high percentage of scholarships.

The periods of residence by faculty members, incidentally, would be flexible. If a man wanted to stay a year but take some time out for tours he particularly wanted to do, that would be okay. If, say, Duke Ellington wanted to try it for two weeks or a month (a longer time for him to be at rest is difficult to imagine), that would be okay.

Although there would be no large, formal classes, one regular course at the center would be the training of those musicians interested (established and not established) in becoming a&r men. This would be done on a one-to-one instructional basis with perhaps someone like Tommy Dowd or Ray Hall explaining the technical elements. As to which a&r men might serve best as instructors, I expect one would first have to poll the musicians on the faculty.

Once the center became operative, it would take over several of the projects I described earlier. Students could act as field workers in searching after *The Hidden*. Other students would travel in order to continue building the oral-history project that would be kept at the center. Visiting musicians from abroad could make the center—or centers—their base of operation.

ALL THIS FANTASY ASIDE, is anything I've described feasible right now? Without foundation money? Alas, very little.

The costs of the oral-history project or the blues project wouldn't be very high, but I can't conceive of any record company subsidizing either. If enough labels combined to support either one, it could be done; but the instances of intra-industry fusion for the good of the cause are too few to warrant optimism.

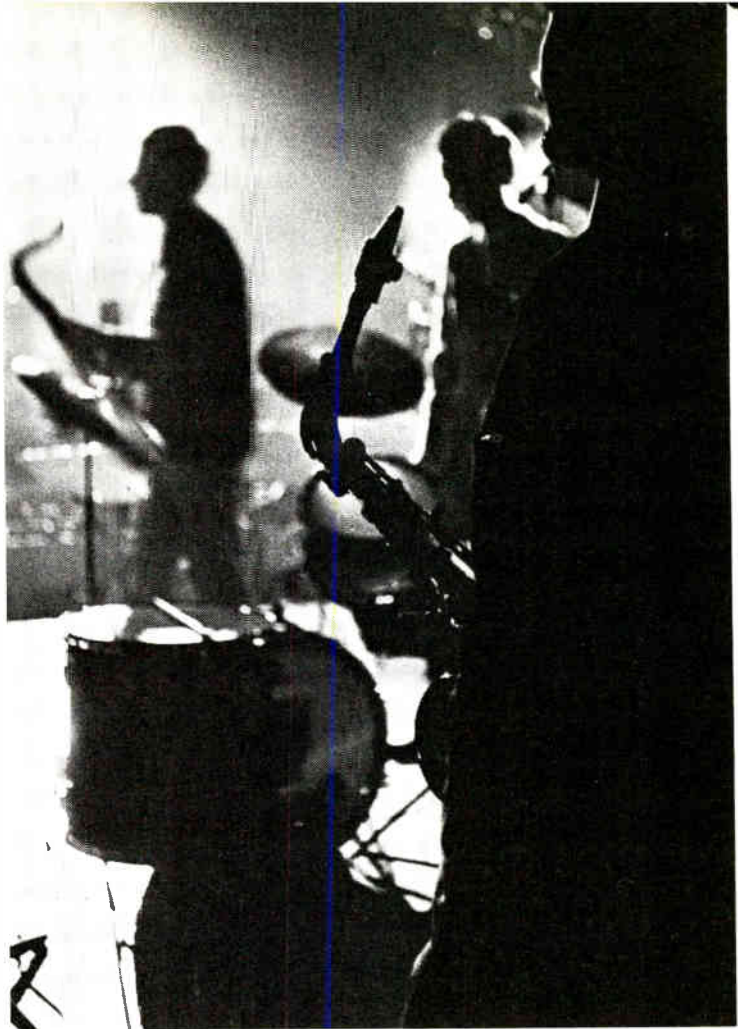
For a long time to come, federal support—which has its own built-in questionable elements—is not going to happen. If this country ever does get to the point of federal subsidization of the arts (in the manner of the British Arts Council), jazz is going to be way, way down on the list.

In any case, I can imagine how a federally appointed staff member of an American Arts Council, even if he had autonomy on paper, would respond to the President—any President—when some politically key legislator from South Carolina explodes over a commission to Dizzy Gillespie to study in India: "It will never happen again, sir."

What is going to happen, then, is very little.

A few committed people like Chris Strachwitz and Bob Koester will record what blues men they can on limited funds. Musicians will keep dying who felt to the last that they still had something more to say on at least one more record session or something to tell that wasn't in any of the books. *The Hidden* will remain hidden. There will be no jazz center. The avant garde will continue to scuffle. And there will be a chapter in a book a hundred years hence in a more civilized country—if we ever get there—about how shockingly callous

LARS SWANBERG



'Sources not only of musical instruction but also of jazz history'

the United States of this century was about its most important music.

The foundations? A very few have done a very small amount in the jazz field—a couple of Guggenheims here, help with the New Orleans history project there. But to the foundations and their executives, jazz simply exists outside the pale of "worthwhile" enterprises.

Some officials of some foundations may play their Goodman records once a year, and a few may even know who Charlie Parker was, but jazz is no more a vital part of their lives than landlords who don't give heat in the winter. I make that analogy because of what happened when President Johnson's legislation to combat poverty was introduced in the Senate. An aide to one of the senators told a reporter for the *Wall Street Journal*, "Nothing much is really going to happen. None of these senators know any poor people."

So long, therefore, as jazz remains outside the concerns and pleasures of the Establishment, the Establishment isn't going to do much for it. (But if jazz were the kind of music that could be adopted by the Establishment as the Establishment exists now, it might not be worth doing anything for.)

Jazz is so far too alive and too unpredictable and too close to emotional reality to draw the support, let alone the enthusiasm, of those who have settled into narrowing life circles. And that's why what I've written is indeed a fantasy. The way we live now, anyhow.





IF YOUR LIVING DEPENDED ON IT,

Top row, left to right: Jim Amlotte, trombone, Stan Kenton Band; Cat Anderson, trumpet, Duke Ellington Band; Wayne Andre, trombone, N.Y.C. artist; Myron Bloom, Fr. horn, Cleveland Symph.; William Brown, Fr. horn, N.Y.C. artist; Morton Bullman, trombone, CBS, N.Y.C.; Harry Carney, sax, Duke Ellington Band; Vincent Clarke, trombone, Montreal Symph.; Bill Corti, trombone, Chicago artist; Vincent DeRosa, Fr. horn, Hollywood TV & recording artist; Joseph Eger, Fr. horn, concert artist; Don Elliott, melo-phonium, N.Y. TV & recording artist; Maynard Ferguson, trumpet, Maynard Ferguson Band; Herb Flemming, trombone, N.Y. artist. Second row: Charles Fowlkes, sax, Count Basie Band; Frank Franano, Fr. horn, K.C. Starlight Symphony; Bud Freeman, sax, New York artist; Pinie God, trumpet, Sammy Kaye Orch.; Mervin Gold, trombone, New York TV & recording artist; Herbie Harper, trombone, Hollywood TV & recording artist; Bill Harris, trombone, Las Vegas artist; Wes Hensel, trumpet, Las Vegas artist; Bill Hughes, trombone, Count Basie Band; Charles Lannutti, Fr. horn, Phil. Orch.; Freddy Martin, sax, Freddy Martin Orch.; Joe Masek, sax, Chicago artist; Lew McCrea, trombone, CBS, Hollywood; Murray McEachern, trombone, Hollywood TV & recording artist; Irving Miller, trombone, K.C. Phil. Third row: Marty Mitchell, clarinet, Detroit artist; Keith Moon, trombone, Las Vegas artist; Turk Murphy, trombone, Turk Murphy Band; Bob Nagel, trumpet, N.Y. Brass Quintet; Dick Nash, trombone, Hollywood TV & recording artist; Dick Noel, trombone, Hollywood TV & recording artist; Bill Page, sax, Lawrence Welk Band; Porky Panico, trumpet, CBS, Chicago; Ernie Passoja, trombone, Chicago artist; Tommy Pederson, trombone, Hollywood TV & recording artist; Byron Peebles, trombone, L.A. Phil.; Bill Perkins, sax, Hollywood TV & recording artist; Bobby Plater, sax, Lionel Hampton Band; Benny Powell, trombone, N.Y. artist. Bottom row: David Remington, trombone, Dave Remington Band; Elmer Ronka, trombone, Hollywood TV & recording artist; Frank Rosolino, trombone, Hollywood TV and recording artist; Marshal Royal, sax, Count Basie Band; Babe Russin, sax, ABC-TV, Hollywood; Ray Sims, trombone, Harry James Band; Etch Stone, sax, Les Brown Band; James Tankersley, Fr. horn, Houston Symph.; Ross Taylor, Fr. horn, San Fran. Symph.; Jack Teagarden, trombone, Jack Teagarden Band; Dave Usher, trombone, N.Y.C. Ballet; Roy Waas, Fr. horn, Cleveland Symph.; Eddie Webb, trumpet, WJR, Detroit; Frank Wess, sax, Count Basie Band; Cootie Williams, cornet, Duke Ellington Band.



YOU'D PLAY CONN, TOO !

The nation's leading professional musicians rely upon Conn musical instruments to project and interpret their own unique creative talent. And they have found that Conn instruments deliver the goods—the finest sound and response, the fastest action, dependable artistic performance every time. These are instruments to take pride in, to play with satisfaction and confidence, whether you're one of nearly a million who have bought Conn, or someone who intends to do so soon.

CONN CORPORATION, ELKHART, INDIANA **CONN**

WHAT NEXT FOR JAZZ?

By DON HECKMAN

The history of concert music in the last two or three centuries reflects a steady move away from spontaneity and improvisation toward the total, deterministic control of composition and performance. What little improvisatory tradition persisted into the early 19th century had nearly disappeared by the beginning of the 20th. Even the great 19th-century performer/composers—Liszt, Chopin, Franck, etc.—limited their improvisational activity to cadenzas within written compositions (although it was not uncommon for composers to extemporize while playing for private salon audiences).

In part, the move away from improvisation traces to the fact that tonality and the structural implications of harmonic cadences and modulations provided such a fertile area for compositional exploitation—in both large and small forms—that improvisation must have appeared to be a hopelessly limited technique. But what was gained in structural complexity was offset by what was lost in spontaneity, immediacy, and rhythmic urgency. The separation of performers from audience, the growing importance of “absolute” music (music conceived solely in terms of its own implicit definitions), the widening boundaries of the individual composer’s expression (Wagner’s music-drama, Bruckner and Mahler’s vast orchestral complexes), all certified the growth of an art in which form and technique superseded spontaneous individual expression.

Rhythm, the component of music that perhaps more than any other reaches out to the listener, became of secondary importance. The structural demands of Western concert music, the need for conducted performances, and the cadence patterns of tonal harmony reduced rhythms to their most fundamental character. The extent to which audiences became indoctrinated to such music is best demonstrated by the horrified reaction that greeted the first performance of Stravinsky’s *Le sacre du printemps*, one of the few rhythmically adventurous pieces in the repertoire of concert music.

In light of these historical developments, it seems to me (admittedly, with the clarity of vision that hindsight provides) that the rise of an improvisatory music as a serious alternative to the determinism of concert music was, by the early 20th century, a virtual necessity. That this music evolved in the United States resulted from a coincidence of sociological and historical events far too complex to examine thoroughly in a short essay. If jazz had not emerged as it did (assuming one can ever really imagine the failure of a historical event to happen), I believe that another improvisatory music—possibly drawn from European music halls, Indian classical music, or Middle Eastern popular music—would have achieved similar importance. As it was, the gradual evolution of pre-jazz forms throughout the 19th century in the amalgam of racial, ethnic, and national influences permeating New Orleans reached a critical point around the beginning of the 20th century.

But at least as significant as the musical considerations is the fact that the need—if one chooses to call it that—was there, and, like an idea whose time has come, it was to be fulfilled, in one way or another.

A prevalent and, I think, misleading view interprets jazz history as a kind of lightning-fast reduction of the growth of classical music in which all the comparable historical stages—from simple harmonic triads to 12-note music and atonality—are present in compressed chronology. Yet an examination of the early work of Jelly Roll Morton, Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, Fletcher Henderson, etc.—the fountainheads of jazz—reveals little that is harmonically primitive or melodically naive about their music. Thus, a comparison of the relationship of, say, New Orleans jazz to bop with that of Monteverdi to Ravel lacks sufficient parallels to support this argument.

This is not to suggest that important harmonic changes did not take place. The bop period of the 1940s, for example, produced a music that had more chromatic motion and more altered chords (with the corresponding melodic development) than the period that preceded. But it is doubtful that this can be attributed as much to accelerated artistic growth as to the fact that the information available to the average bop player, and his ability to assimilate it, had become enlarged by better education, changing social conditions, and the availability of recordings.

Unlike concert music, it is in the area of rhythm, rather than harmony or structure, that the crucial growth of jazz has taken place. The first great improvisers—Armstrong, Hawkins, etc.—were influential primarily because of their intuitive ability to make something both complex and deceptively simple of their rhythmic accents. As Martin Williams has pointed out, “It is not coincidence that the word *swing* came into use among musicians while the music was under Armstrong’s sway, for it is their word to describe his idea of jazz rhythms.”

Subsequent innovators—Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Ornette Coleman, to name only a few—extended and further elaborated Armstrong’s original rhythmic conceptions by subdividing the bar, playing on top of or under the beat, breaking cadence patterns imposed by harmonic deadlines, etc. This aspect of their playing—an increasing rhythmic sophistication—seems to me far more important to the evolution of jazz than the use of complex or dissonant harmonies.

The consequences of this evolving rhythmic sophistication are especially significant when one considers a number of players generally excepted from jazz greatness.

Bix Beiderbecke, for example, if unable to match the sheer rhythmic genius of Armstrong, provided melodic and harmonic alternatives to the Armstrong style that had a profound influence on many players in the ’30s and ’40s. Other jazz players, usually white—Benny Goodman, Lennie Tristano, Lee Konitz, Bud Freeman, Art Pepper, Stan Getz, to name a few—played (and play) a jazz that, defined in its own terms, was an important adjunct to the prevailing styles but that lacked sufficient rhythmic power to establish its practitioners as major innovators.

My own opinion is that the rhythmic basis of jazz is critical to its identity and cannot really be left out of a consideration of the music, its players, or its development. Musicians like those mentioned above, however, occupy a valid peripheral jazz stream. Their playing, excellent for what it is, has too often been disregarded because of what it isn’t.



ROBERT PROKOP

The question of why there have been so few major contributions to jazz from white players has often been raised. Considering the antecedents of jazz and the importance of rhythm to the art, the question has a curiously unreal quality. There have been no great white innovators in jazz for the simple reason that the traditional standards of jazz excellence have until very recently been closely reflective of elements indigenous to the Negro community. It is not disparaging to point out that the average Negro jazz player has had a familiarity with jazz rhythms—as we have traditionally perceived them—that most white players have not. It is difficult to attribute this to anything other than a difference in environmental conditioning, an early exposure to rhythm and blues, Gospel, and the other musics that lie so close to jazz.

Some of today's players conceive of jazz as a symbol of social change—even social revolution. They feel that the contribution made by the Negro to jazz and the popular entertainment arts in general has been inadequately recognized by the public and subject to continuing economic exploitation by the music industry. There can be little doubt of the accuracy of these views. But the long-range problem for jazz lies not in the failure of the mass audience to acknowledge the importance of the Negro contribution—deplorable as this failure may be—but in the inability of all mass audiences to respond to artistic creativity.

The public accepts Dave Brubeck and rejects Cecil Taylor (in the broadest sense) because Brubeck is a popularizer and Taylor a creator. (This does not alter the

fact, however, that Taylor, were he willing or able to play music as banal as Brubeck's, would still encounter difficulties far greater than those experienced by any white musician. To suggest otherwise would be extremely naive. But even granting the not-so-subtle discriminations of the entertainment industry, there have been Negroes who, having chosen to be popularizers, have had notable success.)

The problem of art as a symbol of social commentary is an extremely knotty one. Inevitably, the artist encounters inconsistencies between means and ends, artistic and social objectives. I am not suggesting that art is, or should be, detached from the surrounding community. But the artists who have successfully incorporated specific social commentary into their work—the French painter Honore Daumier is one of the best examples—are rare. More often artistic elements are subordinated to social message, and we are left with little more than proselytizing tracts.

It may be, as has been suggested, that the refusal of the mass audience to recognize the fundamental implications of the Negro's contribution to jazz and the popular arts reflects the need for a "white hope," so to speak, who will reduce the Negro's artistic effort to a more bland, palatable form for the white audience. But the apparent lack of interest in jazz on the part of the majority of Negroes as well as whites suggests that the problem has wider implications.

The ingredients that make great jazz performances (and indeed all great music)—the subtle conflict of differing planes of rhythm, emotional expression that is at the

same time personal and universal, the meaningful inter-relationship of musical parts—are the elements that produce the least response from the mass audience. Yet these elements, which frequently cause the mass mind to seek blindly for more accessible, less-demanding artistic efforts, have been common to all great music in all societies.

The consideration of these historical and social interpretations leads to several conclusions regarding jazz—present and future. First, our definitions of jazz excellence have been deeply identified with socially and environmentally determined factors that—however important they may have been—unnecessarily proscribe the potential artistic growth of the art. Given the rapidly altering social climate of the '60s and increasing cultural homogenization, the importance of socially influenced stylistic patterns will diminish. Second (and intimately related to the first), it has been obvious for a number of years that the catalytic effect of the encounter between European tonal harmony and African rhythms and monody has become dissipated. In a superficial sense, the improvisational material of jazz (blues, ballads, pop songs, etc.) has changed in the last 50 years, but the basic jazz premises (theme-and-variation procedure—tonal harmonic language) and the nature of their challenge to the improviser have altered only in the most limited sense.

As the influence of environmental and social conditions upon stylistic patterns lessens or changes, one of two things can happen: either jazz will metamorphose into a set form, mirroring and repeating the images of its first half-century of life, becoming in the process a popular entertainment; or it will find internal strengths to sustain itself as an art form.

The current crisis in jazz stems from the instability of these diametrically opposed forces. Such basically reactionary movements as hard bop and soul jazz represent efforts to find artistic answers in a re-examination of the past, but like a similar neo-classical movement in 20th-century concert music, they failed because they were unable to transform the materials of an older style of music into dynamic contemporary artistic products.

The latter alternative—the discovery of internal strengths—suggests the more likely, and certainly the more desirable, direction for jazz.

In the past, disregarding familiar styles and transitory fashions, the components generally considered vital to jazz have been: (1) it is an improvisatory music; (2) it is a music that has—in various forms—a vigorous rhythmic base; (3) it is a music improvised “on” something (for the most part, tonal harmony, which now offers a diminished challenge to the improviser). In developing the internal strengths mentioned, the traditional aspects of these components will necessarily undergo profound transformation.

A further rhythmic evolution obviously is in process now; the sudden wave of bassists, all playing more melodic, less metrically persistent styles, confirms this. Other experiments—the melody-rhythm relationship worked out by players like John Coltrane and Elvin Jones, Ornette Coleman, Billy Higgins, and Charlie Haden; the increased use of nonfundamental time signatures and, in some rare cases, of rhythm rows similar to Indian talas; the freeing of the rhythmic pulse from the limitations of harmonic cadences, with the resulting establishment of rhythm as an equal, but distinct, element of the improvisatory act—all indicate the gradual emergence of a new rhythmic vocabulary. What directions jazz takes for the next few years will be critically affected by the

nature of these rhythmic developments.

If jazz players are to continue playing improvisations “on” something—and the question is far from settled—a new body of adequate material from which to improvise will certainly have to be found.

Coming years will bring new improvisational starting points that would fill roles similar to, but not necessarily identical with, the role of tonal harmony in the first 50 years of jazz. Like the ragas of Indian music (and like the blues), these improvisational starting points would suggest more than just musical connotations, perhaps including aspects that are poetic, philosophic, ritualistic, and even religious.

The violent uprisings that have shaken jazz since the late '50s affirm the necessity of developing new bases for improvisational organization. John Coltrane's modality, George Russell's pantonal scales, Cecil Taylor's massive harmonic and rhythmic densities, Ornette Coleman's free improvisations, etc., are diverse solutions to a similar problem—the need for musically and artistically meaningful alternatives to tonal harmony as an organizing principle for their music. One can interpret this—as some commentators have—as an effort to expel the influence of Western European music from jazz, but the impetus was more likely artistic than sociological.

Above all, it seems to me that the improvisational tradition is inescapably linked with jazz. Attempts at through-composed jazz have never proved completely successful, even when attempted by one so skilled as Duke Ellington. The individual, the unique sound he produces from his instrument, his ability to mold rhythms and notes, his grasp of the over-all function of an improvisation—whether it be to satisfy purely spontaneous or more calculatedly formal requirements—all these comprise an aspect of jazz I believe to be constant, regardless of the specific musical requirements of one or the other style.

The obvious question is whether music that does not include some or all of these elements can be defined as jazz. Some players insist that it makes no difference; they say, in effect, if the name “jazz” is not adequate or accurate to describe what they play or compose, then another should be used. Others feel that they can alter, vary, or eliminate one or all of these elements and still be considered jazz players.

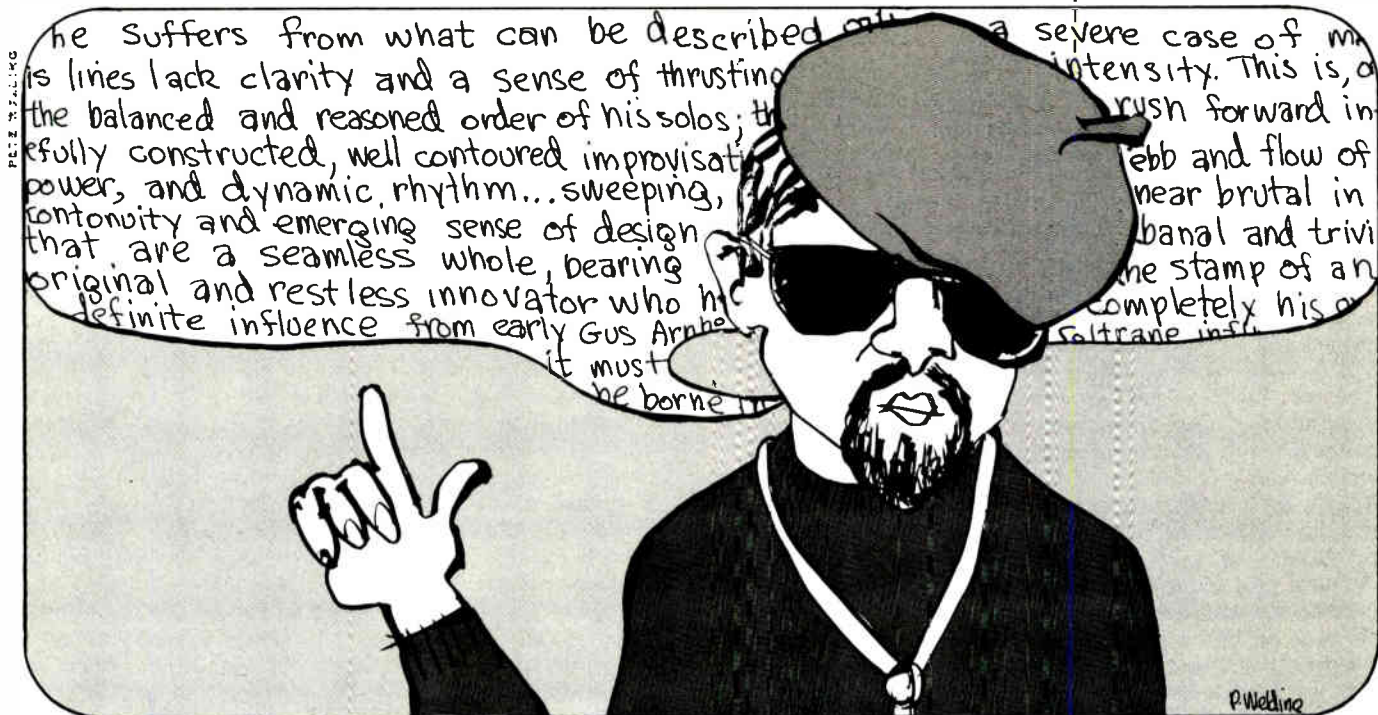
The first viewpoint has a certain validity; few artists care to be limited by definitions. It would be absurd to assume that a serious artist decides what he can or cannot, what he will or will not, do on the basis of externally imposed conditions. In this sense, it hardly matters what word is used to identify the work of those artists called jazzmen. But the question of whether traditional jazz forms are fixed and unalterable remains unanswered.

The latter viewpoint, which allows for diversity of artistic activity, supplies a more adequate answer, although some qualification is necessary.

It suggests, I believe accurately, that the nature of jazz requires the listener to understand the spontaneity and personal expression of the individual jazz player and his music.

Understanding this, current events in jazz do not seem so frighteningly antimusical. Unlike Western concert music, in jazz the player makes his own definitions, and it is our test as listeners to make the fine distinction between those that are artistically valid and those that are not. It is equally important, but much more difficult, after perceiving these definitions, to respond or reject according to our understanding of how closely and how well the artist met his own standards.





JAZZMEN AS CRITICS

By LEONARD FEATHER

DURING 1964 there raged in the pages of *Listen*, a classical-music journal, a controversy between two distinguished musicians, Igor Stravinsky and Vladimir Dukelsky (Vernon Duke). Both were responsible for the writing (obviously without any assistance) of some of the most furious invective ever unleashed in print. Duke pointed at Stravinsky's alleged musical infirmities and excessive publicity. The latter, on the same front page, referred to Duke throughout by his initials and even called his own article *A Cure for V.D.*

To quote a sample at random, Stravinsky stated: "That the composer of *Zephyre et Flore* became the composer of *April in Paris* is, I think, the very definition of the composer who fails and who, growing bitter and rebarbative, devotes his decline to Philistine diatribe." Later referring to Duke as the writer of *London in Leapyear*, *February in Fujiyama*, and *Christmas in Caracas*, he concludes: "Kindly send me whichever future issue of your sheet happens to contain notice of the completed vital statistics of V.D., so that I can send an appropriate wreath."

Duke wrote that Stravinsky's dance drama, *Noah and the Flood*, "was the only TV show within memory wherein the commercials provided a welcome and soothing relief." Several thousand words later he concluded that Stravinsky is "a musical Father Divine, who succeeded in selling his own brand of musical religion to the gullible multitudes."

Does this kind of vitriolic abuse achieve any objective for either participant, or for the reader, or is it mere senseless, tasteless mudslinging?

To this reader, and I am sure to many others, the answer is yes to the first half of the question. Each composer in this battle made telling points against the other; each unconsciously told us as much about himself as about his antagonist. The result of this knock-down, drag-out affair was stimulation, provocation, and enlightenment. Even if in the final analysis nothing was proved, music students

were given plenty to weigh and discuss and were better off for the airing of these irreconcilable antagonisms.

What struck me as highly relevant and regrettable was the fact that this kind of thing almost never happens any more in jazz.

Only in the early, fiery-youth days of *Down Beat* could we read the angry statements of A accusing B of stealing his ideas, the chip-on-shoulder claims of the soi-disant pioneers who announced in big, black headlines that they had been robbed of due credit for a school or style. That era ended with the early 1950s, the various Stan Kenton battles, and the newspaper-size, pre-intellectual *Down Beat*. Not only were these public baths amusing, and probably good for circulation, but they also ripped from the faces of many musicians the masks they now, it seems, prefer to wear.

I am thinking not only of the jazz musician as participant in a controversy but also of his role as a commentator, in print, on the art to which he contributes.

Jazz has a lopsided literature. Classical musicians have often extended their critical necks; yet until very recently few of the most creative artists in jazz contributed anything of lasting value to the body of writing about the art.

It is not universally conceded that the performer in any art necessarily makes the best observer or evaluator. Non-performing critics are, of course, among the first to point out that musicians are no more in agreement among themselves than are the professional experts.

Nevertheless, musicians in any branch of the art are bound to be among the best-informed and most useful commentators, other things (such as literary qualifications) being equal. It will be the purpose of the following observations to survey some of the roles played by jazz musicians as critics, reporters, and reviewers through the years, to compare their vantage points with those of the full-time critics, and to assess the contributions of both groups.

SINCE THERE was virtually nothing written about jazz by anybody, musician or critic, until the middle 1930s, the first three or four decades were irretrievably lost. The typical jazz musician during those years was a man of comparatively limited education; in many instances he could scarcely read or write music, let alone write about music. Think how much richer our jazz libraries would be if, say, Louis Armstrong, whose own special brand of literacy is as personal and vital as his playing and singing, had happened to keep a diary in the 1920s, or had written, say for *Metronome*, evaluations of King Oliver, Bix Beiderbecke, Bunny Berigan, Joe Smith, and the rest while they were still his living contemporaries.

It was in *Metronome*, by the way, that the late Dave Tough, some 28 years ago, wrote a series of pieces that were all too short, often limited to the subject of drumming, and too little appreciated in their time. They were among the first articles actually written by a jazzman. Tough, a frustrated writer all his life, was a rare bird in his day, a man who could preach as colorfully as he practiced.

During the swing era, when musicians in the public eye became desirable subjects for byline stories, it was not uncommon to find a brief piece attributed to some leading jazzman, but inevitably they were of the as-told-to type, virtually nothing more than interviews with the quotation marks removed and the subject of the interview given credit as author. There were during this period two autobiographies, Benny Goodman's *The Kingdom of Swing* and Louis Armstrong's *Swing That Music*, both ghost jobs.

The most articulate product of the swing era was a man who waited until he had almost given up music before he finally began to express himself at the typewriter. Artie Shaw's fascinating mixture of autobiography and philosophy, *The Trouble with Cinderella*, was not published until 1952, 14 years after his band had hit its greatest peak. Despite its value as a historical document and a mirror of the times it discusses, it contained regrettably little in the way of music criticism.

Among the professional critics, for many years I had the unfortunate distinction of being the only one with any empirical background of reading, composing, and playing the music about which I wrote. This situation persisted until the mid-1940s, when Mike Levin, a capable pianist and arranger, was associated with *Down Beat* for several years.

Mention should also be made of the late Sharon Pease. Although not too active as a blowing jazzman or composer, Pease pioneered in a field that was later to expand immeasurably, that of documenting and analyzing jazz solos. His columns in *Down Beat*, the first pieces of this kind, reproduced and discussed recorded performances by pianists of every jazz school.

IT IS DIFFICULT to say where the turning point was reached at which musicians finally began to become aware of their identities and of the need to express themselves in words as well as in music. Perhaps the pivotal years were 1950-'51, when such musicians as Bill Russo and Louie Bellson began to write for *Down Beat*. But one could go back further by stretching a point, for it was in September of 1946, in *Metronome*, that the first *Blindfold Test* appeared.

The series was begun because of the gap that existed between the musician and the layman. Because of the differences of outlook that separated jazz critics' views from those of leading jazzmen, I felt the tests would help fill the gap and give the musicians a long-missing outlet for appraisal of the work of their contemporaries. A prolog to the first article read:

"Clearly, the best way to listen to music is without any

advance information regarding the artists, the tune, composer, or arranger. To allay all prejudices, to cut through all the vast variety of viewpoints, we propose to play a series of records each month to a noted figure in the jazz world. With these records, we will test his or her reactions to all kinds of music, from Dixieland to bebop. And we will test all kinds of musicians. This month, it's Mary Lou Williams; next month, Mezz Mezzrow.

"Mary Lou Williams . . . is genuinely alarmed by the ignorance that prevails in the dissemination of jazz knowledge. Her signed statement, attesting to the complete accuracy of this article, is in our possession."

The James Bondish quality of the last sentence was due to the intense hostility then prevailing in jazz between the contemporary and traditional schools.

A prime objective of the series was immediately achieved when Miss Williams, in her afterthoughts, said, "I liked almost all types of music, if they're well played, except Dixieland. Dixieland fans . . . are just following the crowd. . . . It's a bad idea for youngsters who are interested in music to pick up on Dixieland; everyone should try to progress. . . . What do I like? Most of all I like originality in jazz. The kids should follow Don Byas, Ben Webster, Dizzy, Trummy, Tatum, Erroll Garner, Monk—he was the originator of Dizzy's style—and Earl Hines; his style is still being played with modern trimmings."

Among bands and arrangers, Miss Williams recommended Stan Kenton, Lionel Hampton, Ralph Burns, Duke Ellington, and Sy Oliver. She concluded, "New ideas and good taste and execution—put them together and you have good music, whether its jazz or anything else."

The musician as critic, on what was generally a non-technical level via the *Blindfold Tests*, made some headway in the late 1940s. But jazz musicology on the basis of technical analysis, which in those days was scorned by the nonplaying critics, became a valid and valuable reality in 1950, when Bill Russo (aided at times by Lloyd Lifton) began his *Jazz off the Record* series in *Down Beat*.

A few sentences of Russo's dissection of, say, the Stan Getz solo on Woody Herman's record of *Four Brothers* told more about the realities of jazz than a hundred pages of the prejudiced criticism.

Here is a typical passage from Russo:

"The Kai Winding solo on *Waterworks* is really an inspired performance. Here is a good example of an improvising musician operating at his top creative and technical level. One of the most interesting things about the solo is the unusual length of the phrases. . . . The eighth-note rests within the phrases merely indicate detached notes, not pauses or breaths. In jazz generally, and in jazz trombone especially, these long phrases are indicative of a much more mature developmental approach.

"A remarkable feature . . . is Kai's complete use of the instrument's range. Extending from the high C in bar 2 to the low F# in bar 9, the entire solo embraces 2½ octaves. The use of ranges, however, is not for effect. Nowhere does Kai struggle to produce out-of-range sounds. The solo is well articulated, well tongued, each note having distinctness. . . . Each group of notes is a clear rhythmic entity, meaningfully separated and related to other groups of notes. There are four significant harmonic alterations: lowered ninths in bars 9, 25, and 26 and a raised fifth on the fourth beat of bar 29."

Now hear this, also from the early 1950s, by a writer who has never blown a note of jazz in his life:

"Jones in recent years has developed a beat, but it is a beat that doesn't flow deeply enough for my criteria. But the main flaw is in the way he develops his solos. The ballads, for instance, are intended as lyrical concepts but are brittle in conception and rather lapidary in effect . . .

on the up tempos the heaviness of approach is even more pronounced. I fail to find any of the extended solos meaningfully fresh or even consistently good jazz as a whole. There is exuberance aplenty, but it is exuberance with mainly surface things to say; and on the up tempos, although he tries hard to approach funkiness, he doesn't make it." (I have changed the musician's name to Jones and prefer not to identify either him or his assailant.)

What is the chief difference between these two approaches? It is simply that Russo gives you his evaluation of the artist and immediately proceeds to the what, why, and how of it. The critic, on the other hand, has no tools but a set of adjectives along with judgments that are at best entirely subjective and, in the final analysis, meaningless.

The realistic approach represented by Russo is reflected in a series of pointers he once devised, telling the reader what to look for in a solo: (1) notes of harmonic interest, (2) the length of phrases, in themselves and in comparison with others, (3) the ranges used, both up and down, how and where, (4) phrase placement in relationship to the contour of the chords, (5) rhythmic characteristics: is there a predominant note valuation? (6) any similarities of any kind in different parts of the solo.

"These six hints," Russo added, "do not exhaust the possibilities for investigation. They merely give a direction. . . ."

Russo was the precursor of a pioneer generation of analytical critic-writers. Andre Hodeir came along later in the '50s with a style that fluctuated between Russo-style analysis, with musical illustrations (all highly opinionated but grounded in a thorough knowledge of music), and a conflicting tendency toward metaphysical-esthetic-philosophical excursions.

It must be borne in mind that all my comments here are generalizations. There are nonmusician critics whose instinctive perception compensates to some degree for their inability to dissect a performance. In a few cases, notably that of Whitney Balliett, the color and skill of the writing style may also lend value to the review.

Conversely, the opinions of musicians are not necessarily consistent, coherent, or even musically sensitive.

One of the most celebrated *Blindfold Tests* was that of Sy Oliver in 1951. A superlative composer-arranger, whose contribution to jazz is beyond cavil, Oliver as a critic mistook Stan Kenton for Les Brown; said there was "nothing more wrong with bop than there is with opium"; observed of the Sarah Vaughan-Percy Faith *Deep Purple*: "Such a beautiful background and such a horrible voice!"; described Dave Brubeck's *How High the Moon* as "the first Shearing record I've ever heard that I didn't like"; and stated that "in the final analysis, the music that lives is the music that the greatest number of people buy."

PERHAPS IT CAN BE ARGUED that a musician should only assess works that lie in an area with which he is familiar, or has some basic sympathy or technical understanding. (Reviewing Stravinsky's *Song of the Nightingale* in an early *Metronome* test, Dizzy Gillespie said, "I often wonder what chords they use when they're doing these things.") But by the late 1950s a number of musicians had emerged who seemed capable of appraising music of any school.

An eminent example is Gunther Schuller, whose attitude and philosophy as a musician-reviewer was effectively expressed when he observed: "I gather that for many jazz enthusiasts, any remotely analytical thinking about notes, pitches, and chords is simply odious. Nonetheless, musicians deal with sounds, chords, and notes; and it is precisely by what they do with these basic ingredients—



ANDRE HODEIR



GUNTHER SCHULLER

how they 'select' them—that we are able to differentiate one from another. The choice of notes is still one of the basic means by which a musician can reveal himself artistically."

In his breakdowns of solos by Sonny Rollins, Thelonious Monk, and others, mostly in *Jazz Review* in the late 1950s, Schuller took the art of jazz analysis a step beyond even Hodeir, for his views were more often directly concerned with the actual ingredients of the performance and less inclined to wander off the track.

Despite Hodeir's talent for brilliant factually based analyses, he also is capable of statements such as the following:

"Jazz is the reflection of a civilization in motion rather than of the static world; because this is true, it is governed by an evolutionary dialectic, and the jazzman, like any creator worthy of the name, is physically and intellectually bound by the uncompromising salutary law of effort."

It didn't take any musician to write *that*. Schuller would be incapable of such flights into the clouds beyond clarity.

A light, diverting, and incisive musician-writer who emerged in the 1950s was the British trumpeter Humphrey Lyttleton. Though they included no music and virtually no technical analyses, his two anthologies of essays, published in England under the titles *I Play as I Please* and *Second Chorus*, were admirable examples of the literate musician at work in the field of musico-social observation.

The first books to include music and technical examinations of improvised solos were *Inside Jazz* (originally *Inside Bebop*), my own 1949 maiden voyage; Hodeir's *Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence* in 1956; and since then a number of volumes by Hodeir, myself, and others, the most valuable, in my opinion, being composer Leroy Ostransky's *The Anatomy of Jazz*.

In the last five years the how of jazz playing has been explored more thoroughly than in the entire previous history of the music.

There has been the series of volumes on improvisation by John Mehegan, all highly technical and specialized; more recently we have had such works as *Improvising Jazz*, by tenor saxophonist Jerry Coker, and *A Study of Jazz*, co-authored by Coker and trombonist Paul Tanner. Innumerable musicians have lent their names to instrumental method books, but these contain little or no evaluative criticism and more often than not are the work of ghost writers.

Nonmusician critics are far from unanimous concerning the value of the musicians' contributions in the field of

criticism. Nat Hentoff gave a succinct summary of the pros and cons:

"The fact that a musician is a critic and knows exactly what he's hearing doesn't automatically make him a good critic. For one thing there is that elusive quality of taste; there is also an endemic obstacle in some musicians who, impressed with technical expertise, because they know how hard certain things are to play, praise technique over content (imaginative and emotional).

"On the other hand, a musician with taste and with the capacity not to be mesmerized by technique is a better critic than a layman. On the *Jazz Review* I thought the best critical pieces were by musicians."

Ralph Gleason, who ran the quarterly *Jazz*, while Hentoff was co-editor of *Jazz Review*, has an almost directly contrary view:

"The *Jazz Review* reviews by musicians were silly on the whole. Musicians as writers seem to be better musicians. As critics, nothing is so revealing as your *Blindfold Test*, though I have learned things by reading Schuller—but whether he is a jazz musician or not is debatable. Ellington's writing on music makes more sense to me than almost anyone else's in jazz." (This is based on a false premise: Ellington leaves the writing to friends who he feels can reflect his views, a job that has been undertaken through the years by Stanley Dance, by me, and at least once by Billy Strayhorn.)

Hentoff points out, and I agree, that "as the number of active musician-critics increases, so will the quality of jazz criticism." The truth of this observation has begun to become evident already; one need only examine the developments of the last four or five years.

By the beginning of the 1960s the musician-critic was no longer a rarity; there were hundreds of jazzmen educationally and esthetically qualified for evaluative writing, as opposed to a handful in 1940. One could now read an honest, objective, helpful review by Cannonball Adderley of an album by Tony Scott, or even an unbelievably detailed dissection by Bill Crow of a bass solo by Wilbur Ware. Pianist Billy Taylor has contributed a number of helpful pieces. Don Heckman, Bill Mathieu, and Dick Hadlock are even more-frequently published musician-critics.

Of course, there were still no absolutes, no unchangeable fundamental values for critic or musician-critic. This was amusingly pointed up in the 1960 controversy over Ornette Coleman.

Never in the history of jazz had there been as much fence-sitting as in the evaluations of Coleman.

Quincy Jones tried to be realistic ("Ornette speaks of letting the melodic lines form the harmonic patterns, but you can't do that, with the pianist playing fixed changes and the bass player playing a set line"), yet he wound up as noncommittal as his colleagues ("Coleman has something to build on, and I think he believes in what he's doing").

One respected nonplaying critic, in *Down Beat*, wrote a Coleman review that was an all-time political masterpiece:

"Since we don't know the tunes themselves, we don't know if the various shiftings, etc., take place all the time. . . . If you don't know the reference, you can't get the real point. It would be helpful for evaluation if there were an LP of the group playing standards. Then there might be some clue for us tin-eared critics. . . . If this is what he wants to sound like ultimately, I am sorry, but it is an annoying and unmusical sound to my ears. . . . I find the tunes difficult to judge. . . ." And to this review was appended a rating of—are you ready?—four stars!

Adderley was slightly less equivocal:

"At first . . . his performance was seemingly unintel-

ligible and insincere. I purchased his first recording. I was still confused. . . . Subsequently, I have become an Ornette Coleman booster. I am sure there is a place in jazz for an innovator of this type. . . . His intonation theories, however, disturb me. . . . I have also questioned [his] unfaithfulness to chords. . . . The so-called 'music of tomorrow' theme, which accompanies his performances, does more harm than good. . . . Ornette is a man to be reckoned with today. He is an innovator of the first water. But he is certainly no messiah."

SO EVEN IN THE 1960s we have a curious parallel with the events of 20 years ago: there are sharp differences within the critical ranks, and within the ranks of musicians, about a new controversial figure, and neither the critics nor the musicians can lead the listener to any firm evaluation—his own ears and intelligence and taste are the ultimate guides. Yet it is possible to differentiate to some degree between the critic-critic and the musician-critic and between the roles they can play in steering the lay listener.

First, the musician does know, literally, what he is talking about. He has been inside the cave with floodlights; the critic can merely stand outside and throw toward its entrance the beam of a kerosene lamp.

Second, the musician is less likely to be fooled into believing a bad performance is good. He is qualified to tell us whether or not the emperor is wearing clothes. He will not fall for a silly hoax like the "Buck Hammer" incident pulled pseudonymously a few years ago by pianist Steve Allen, who earned a four-star rave in *Down Beat* from a nonmusician reviewer enchanted by Hammer's "long-neglected" boogie-woogie genius.

Third, the musician is more likely to show a warmth, a humanity, a kinship that is often lacking in the cold adjectivalism of the professional writer.

Marian McPartland's *Down Beat* articles on Mary Lou Williams, Joe Morello, and other contemporaries are not strictly critical writing, but they have an advantage over many similar pieces by critic-critics: they are motivated by an honest desire to pay tribute to the subject, rather than to make money, and they show an affection for their subjects that one seldom finds among nonmusician writers, most of whom have listened too long, heard too much, and enjoyed too seldom. (Enjoyment is a taboo subject among the intellectual fraternity, who dismiss it as a superficial reaction.)

There is also the case of the ghost that runs around looking for a body. Someone wrote an article a few years back, the gist of which was that jazz was not appreciated in the United States and only had genuine acceptance abroad. Though its premise had some basis, it was a synthetic piece, full of half-truths and outright misstatements. Several attempts were made to get a well-known musician to append his byline to it. Everyone refused. Finally a famous trumpeter was persuaded to lend his name, and the article came out in a national magazine. It is discomforting to reflect that many readers may have believed that he wrote it himself or that, because it carried his byline, the lies and distortions in it were truths.

But this is a side issue. Certainly when a musician personally writes an essay or a critical analysis, his individual touch should not be hard to discern. Today, in a jazz society populated by more articulate, sensitive, qualified musician-writers than ever before, we are welcoming a new phase in which the creators of the art play an increasingly meaningful role in explaining it to their listeners. It is happening about 40 years too late, but we should feel gratified and relieved that it has begun to happen at all.



You won't part with yours either*

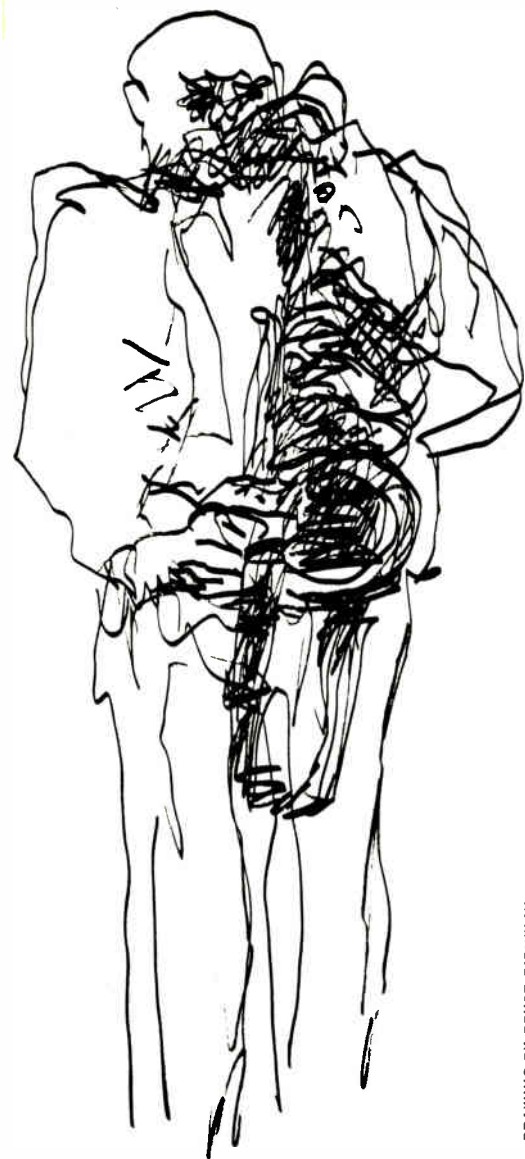


Wherever you go, you'll find Fender!

**For your personal selection see the complete line of Fender Fine Electric Instruments (like the popular "Jazzmaster" guitar shown above) on display at leading music dealers throughout the world.*



SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA



DRAWING BY BRUCE BIRME LIN

PLEASE TAKE IT SERIOUSLY

By STANLEY DANCE

THERE IS A SECRET and solemn side to the Newport Jazz Festival that few experience. Most visitors spend the afternoons in the privacy of their expensive chambers, lethargically licking the wounds incurred the previous night. Others, younger and healthier, seek to restore their musical appetites at the beach in the sun and surf. Only a hardy handful attends the annual panel discussion, which takes place rather furtively, often sandwiched between rehearsals, late one afternoon.

For the dedicated critic who found

himself in the arena on such occasions the last two years, there was no solace, no comfort for his throbbing head and disturbed digestion.

The panels consisted chiefly of men essential to the "industry," who could help the festival in some way—disc jockeys, an editor, a&r men, impresarios, and those with platform presence who esteem public exposure indecently. Most of them clearly relished the opportunity to make clear that they neither liked nor valued jazz critics. Critics have no influence. Critics do not sell records. Critics write liner notes. . . .

No doubt the feeling of antagonism was mutual (generally, the critics do not think the industry does right by the art), but this adoption by the panelists of an attitude prevalent among musicians themselves seemed almost designed to outlaw the critic from jazz society. Though this is not a position peculiar to the critic of any art, the jazz critic is perhaps attacked more often and more ignorantly than most, and he is seldom defended.

It may be necessary to define the critic, especially since there are those who wish to make nice distinctions between reviewers and critics. For the purpose of this essay, the critic is simply a writer who criticizes publicly. The *Oxford Universal Dictionary* describes him as "one who pronounces judgment on any thing or person" and then offers as an alternative, "a professional reviewer."

There is a slight conflict here, because few jazz critics are truly professional. The art or industry cannot support them at a professional level. Few can make a living writing jazz criticism only, and fewer can afford to devote all their time to a subject of increasingly broad scope, one that incidentally demands a comprehensive knowledge of an impossible mass of phonograph records.

Time, economic factors, and this growing recorded library of jazz are thus together responsible for both the specialization and conformism that exist in jazz criticism. The specialist writes about the kind of music he esteems, but space is rarely permitted for his views on the kind he abhors. The conformist juggles with history, deviates to accommodate a George Lewis or an Ornette Coleman, and endeavors to anticipate trends as successfully as the ancients read omens in the entrails of animals.

It is a harsh fact that, beyond the general dislike, critics themselves seldom like one another. Their intellectual pride is such that they are

impatient of others less able than themselves and ever ready to curl the lip. Incipient feelings of superiority and a thick skin are not enough. The tip-off is in the firmly curled lip—the lower one, not the upper, which is difficult to curl and looks silly, or both.

There have been plentiful examples of internecine critical warfare in the last year or so. *Show* for October, 1964, carried Leonard Feather's attack on a group of writers whom he labeled the Disestablishment, though they compose the nearest thing jazz has ever had to an Establishment. Four years ago, in the sixth *Down Beat* annual, *Music '61*, Gene Lees had examined some of the ramifications of much the same group in an article that was never challenged or refuted in print. Essentially, what each was expressing was a distrust of the party-line approach to jazz criticism.

It is only in recent years that critics have thus begun to band together for mutual promotion and protection, or, in other words, for offense and defense. Previously, it was a matter of dog eat dog, but now the intimation is that individual dogs must join the pack, keep out of its way, or run very fast to survive.

What was ironic about Feather's stand was that he and Barry Ulanov, 20 years before, had been similarly attacked for their championship of bebop, then also a music cordially disliked by most older musicians and critics. The experience may be considered to have given more weight to his charges, however much one may sympathize with the Disestablishment for disestablishing bossa nova, Buddy DeFranco, Stan Kenton, and Herbie Mann.

Among those Feather called to account were Martin Williams and Le-Roi Jones. Earlier in 1964, the former had wrought his own havoc in the *Saturday Review* when he devoted most of a page to disparaging the choices of other critics in Columbia's *Critics' Choice* album. Some of them had interpreted the invitation to select a favorite recording literally and not as an opportunity "to get a worthy but neglected performance currently back into print," especially since Frank Driggs was so rapidly reissuing items of historical and musical significance on the same label. In this they were evidently wrong, for Williams did not hesitate to rebuke them publicly, even including in their number, it would appear, one erring member of the Disestablishment.

Jones had an article deploring the work of "white middle-brow critics"

in an August, 1963, issue of **Down Beat** and then showed in his subsequent book (**Blues People**) that he had swallowed whole many of the basic premises of the predominantly white Disestablishment.

"Most jazz critics have been white Americans," he wrote in **Down Beat**, forgetting that jazz criticism began in Europe and that there have been, and still are, more European jazz critics than American. Moreover, the European critics have been of all brows and classes, from highest to lowest, from castle to gutter, and it is they who have often been accused by the white Americans of Crow Jim attitudes toward the music.

If these examples offer some evidence of the kind of confusion that prevails, there was more than a hint of how it is likely to be compounded when, in the **Down Beat's** 1964 International Jazz Critics Poll, Yuri Vixharieff of Leningrad advised the critics to "stop joking." He is a Disestablishment man, too, voting for Ornette Coleman, Don Cherry, Eric Dolphy, Jimmy Giuffre, Cecil Taylor (and—the result no doubt of a garbled message on the cool line—the Double Six.) "You are not able to stop jazz," he warned, and then added menacingly, "while it can easily stop your careers. Please take it seriously."

Inevitably, this suggests a plot for a novelist to consider:

Jazz is one of the great sources of international good will toward the U.S.A. Heroin having failed to destroy the music, subversion from within must be tried and the unlikeliest performers extolled as the greatest. As the music becomes more and more incomprehensible, the proletariat begins to turn its collective back on it. Bars, clubs, ballrooms empty, and jazz musicians starve. Just when all seems lost, two incorruptible critics save the situation (John Wilson and Stanley Dance are played in the movie by Quincy Jones and John Lee Hooker, respectively), and the music is returned to an honored place in an integrated and patriotic society. In the final scene, Count Basie (played by Woody Herman) conducts Orchestra U.S.A. at Philharmonic Hall as Gunther Schuller (played by Julius Watkins) and Milt Jackson (played by Red Norvo) interpret **Saltarello for French Horn and Vibraphone** by John Lewis (played by Gil Evans).

PLEASE TAKE IT SERIOUSLY. . . . The chief purpose of the critic in the eyes of the "industry" is praise and promotion. "If you can't say anything nice,"

it enjoins, "don't say anything at all." Praise and promotion are what it wants, more than health, and it exerts its subtle pressures to get them. The critic resists as best he can, or according to his nature. There are many parallels.

For example, in the New York **Herald Tribune** at the end of the World Series, Jack Mann wrote: "If a man is fired as a drunk or a malingerer, he has a better chance of finding a job than if he goes out on a matter of principle. A man who makes a stand on ethical grounds becomes marked as a boat rocker. 'He's too independent,' prospective employers say. 'We have enough troubles without one of them.'"

This applies, to a considerable extent, to jazz musicians and critics alike, except that clubowners have come to recognize the value of personal eccentricity, contrived or otherwise. It paid off pretty well for 20 years, and the audience is only now beginning to get hip to it, because the promotion presumed too much, pushing eccentricity rather than quality. Men like Ruby Braff and Lucky Thompson are the true rebels of the business, rather than the heavily publicized "characters" who work in the tourist traps.

The critic's business is not, of course, to praise and promote, but to provide interpretative liaison between artist and audience. This involves—or should—humility before the artist, enthusiasm, and recognition of an indebtedness to the audience that pays the wages. The balance is finely adjusted—tipped either way, it results in injustice. What the artist likes to play and what the audience likes to hear must somehow be related to the mutual benefit of both, without relinquishing distinctions of taste.

Since the jazz audience is composed of many kinds of people, few of whom are musicians, criticism is written at many different levels. The principle of enjoyment is the only guiding rule, for the belief that it is necessary to understand music to enjoy it is a major fallacy. Its mystery fascinates more than does its mechanics. Some people cannot differentiate between the sounds of a tenor saxophone and a trombone, but they enjoy both. Some like music sweet, some sour, some hot, and some cool. Others go to clubs and listen to music that they don't enjoy, but for a time they enjoy acting hip before what they have been told is the latest and best. And with this the question of critical honesty and integrity is reached.

In keeping with his conception of an ever-improving music, the new critic tends to regard today's criticism as a great boon to the diminishing audience and a great advance on anything that went before.

He doesn't hesitate to make derogatory generalizations about his predecessors, despite the fact that with their limited perception and unlimited enthusiasm they helped bring about the busiest era in jazz history. He isn't going to make a mistake like they did, either; he isn't going to knock the contemporary equivalents of Bird and Dizzy. Come one, come all, and welcome, noble avant garde!

THE NEWPORT PANELS to the contrary, the critic does influence people; otherwise there would not be so much trade resentment of his condemnations. People do go to record stores to buy the albums he praises and to clubs and concerts to hear the artists he recommends.

Sometimes the changes he helps bring about in the climate of public opinion happen gradually, sometimes quickly. Sometimes, too, his warnings and exhortations go unheeded. Dave Brubeck may triumph without his aid, and Ornette Coleman fail despite the maximum assistance. In the latter case, of course, more softening up—in a military sense—may be required before acceptance is achieved and the record companies begin recording Coleman with strings. Charlie Parker, Johnny Hodges, and Benny Carter didn't get to record with strings until long after the critics acclaimed them. Fess Williams is still waiting.

Because it is influential and because it affects the livelihood of musicians, criticism must be taken seriously. Beyond lip-curling is the matter of experience.

Experience as a musician would seem desirable in the critic, but, while nearly all are **musiciens manques**, no musician would tolerate for long the critic's conditions and monetary rewards. So, for better or worse, the critic is usually a person who loves music but cannot play it worth a damn. This should assure his humility before the artist and his ability to relate to an appropriately ignorant stratum of the audience, over which he will acquire superiority in terms of listening experience. Listening is very important and some listen better than others, but without much listening, the critic cannot make those comparisons that enable him to pronounce with seeming authority that this is bad and that even

worse.

What he thinks is good or bad will very often depend upon when he came on the scene.

Some of the earliest jazz criticism appeared in England during the 1920s, and its effects were unfortunate. Boys away at school, for an example, discovered that of all the records brought back after vacations, those that remained endurable at the end of 13 weeks were not by Jack Hylton, Paul Whiteman, George Olsen, Ben Bernie, or the Savoy Orpheans but by men with unfamiliar names like Jelly Roll Morton and Bennie Moten, who played numbers with strange titles like **Black Bottom Stomp**, **The Chant**, **Harmony Blues**, and **Thick Lip Stomp**.

When this experience awoke in them an interest in jazz, there followed an encounter with a monthly magazine called **Melody Maker**, whose record critic stated that, in effect, they had a taste for the "crude" and "negroid" (sic), that Red Nichols, Miff Mole, Bix Beiderbecke, Frankie Trumbauer, Joe Venuti, and Eddie Lang were the chaps to whom they should give their attention. This they and many others did, not trusting their own judgment, and, until the advent of critics like John Hammond, Hugues Panassie, and Spike Hughes in the 1930s, there was general credence given to the belief that white jazz was superior.

For a time, much of the new criticism of the 1930s tended to regard Dixieland and even figures like Sidney Bechet—because of his broad vibrato—as too old-fashioned for serious consideration. The re-evaluation of the New Orleans idiom at the end of the decade resulted in a more logical perspective, but then the bop revolution upset the picture completely, necessitating new criteria and causing the biggest of all critical battles.

In a society with an obsessive faith in the new model every year, it was inevitable that the progressive party should triumph. As opposing critics and musicians learned to live with the new conditions, jazz criteria grew ever more elastic and accommodat-ing until, in 1964, lines began to be drawn once more. This time the issue was suicide or survival.

PLEASE TAKE IT SERIOUSLY. . . . Jazz is a small part of music with a short history, but this history is more truly found on phonograph records than in books. Yet even the records lie, just as cameras lie when people, seeing movies of Hitler today, see only a comic, Chaplinesque figure.

The records often can tell how a band played early one morning, in a studio, tired, and maybe hung over. Hearsay will contradict the records and tell how the band sounded on such and such a night when the men felt good and the crowd was swinging. And hearsay can be right, more accurate than the critic-historian who hadn't then been born.

Distance does indeed lend enchantment to the view, just as nostalgia can exaggerate, but reason has to strike a balance between questioning and faith. There is every reason to suppose that the many witnesses are right and that no record ever did justice, for example, to Fletcher Henderson's band in its heyday.

The jazz books feed off one another and compartmentalize jazz history, repeating—until they are accepted as fact—intellectual speculations that have run ahead of reason.

The noisy revolutions never destroy the standards of the previous regime, and almost every jazz style is still being played somewhere in the world to this day, but the Johnny-come-latelies haven't even enough time to digest the current output of records, so all they want of the past is a precis, a simple, an elementary precis. That is, they did until recently, when the present perhaps began to seem insufferable.

The trouble with the precis has been its distortion. Take the case of Duke Ellington. The critics who came on the scene during and after World War II emphasized, over and over again, the importance in Ellington's career of the 1940 period (the period in which **they** happened to reach a kind of maturity) until his records that went before, like those that came after, were made to seem of relatively far less significance. There was an accompanying implication of subsequent deterioration, or dating.

Reissues like **The Ellington Era** on Columbia and **Daybreak Express** on Victor are not, apparently, going to open any ears or change any views. In **The New Yorker** for Oct. 3, 1964, Whitney Balliett compared the ability of the Ellington and Count Basie bands to swing and said Basie "learned first," this despite the fact that Ellington had a band 10 years before Basie. In all that time, the Ellington band didn't learn to swing; it was just getting itself ready to be the 1940 band of the critics' precis.

Basie would be the first to admit that big bands were swinging before 1936. He was in Bennie Moten's band in 1932, and there are records to prove that that one was swinging. The same year, Ellington was record-

ing items like **It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing**, **The Sheik**, and **Ducky Wucky**. Fletcher Henderson, Claude Hopkins, Earl Hines, Jimmie Lunceford, Don Redman, Luis Russell, Chick Webb—all had big bands that were swinging, with or without well-knit rhythm sections, long before the so-called swing era.

Swing, of course, is relative, a matter of degree. What swings intensely for one person swings mildly for another, or not at all. The view that swing is not essential to jazz is heard more frequently nowadays, perhaps because many young musicians, trained in the newer idioms, cannot swing, or do not want to. This is a new direction, a change, but it isn't necessarily progress. Those who shout loudest for "progress" and "freedom" always profess themselves opposed to categorization or "pigeon-holing." What was the musician trying to express and how well did he do it? That is the question, and it demands infinitely flexible criteria, but there is no logic in it when accompanied with a belief in constant progress (in the sense of betterment), unless Louis Armstrong's ability may be compared with Miles Davis', J. J. Johnson's with Jimmie Harrison's, Coleman Hawkins' with John Coltrane's, Ornette Coleman's with Johnny Hodges', Art Tatum's with Thelonious Monk's, Jim Hall's with Django Reinhardt's, Jimmy Blanton's with Charles Mingus', Chick Webb's with Max Roach's.

Quite apart from the measurement of content, the findings are likely to be inconsistent and confusing, for art does not march on a steady upward curve like General Motors.

Critical acceptance of every new development denotes more than a lack of taste; it denotes a lack of nerve and, often, opportunism of a disreputable kind. As Willie (The Lion) Smith says in **Music on My Mind**, "60 percent of the musicians and 90 percent of the record men should be hod carriers."

It is important that the young should be introduced to jazz but not to its garbage—unless there is to be a general deterioration of taste paralleling conditions in the manipulated market of teenage popular music.

Judging from the current state and status of jazz, it doesn't look as though a stronger stand some years ago would have done any harm. But it is so much easier to go along for the ride on the back of the tiger—until the tiger turns into a blind (Tin Pan) alley.

Please take it seriously. And hold that tiger!

45



AVEDIS ZILDJIAN HALL OF FAME

AVEDIS ZILDJIAN takes great pride in presenting America's foremost drummers . . . all players of AVEDIS ZILDJIAN cymbals exclusively.

AVEDIS ZILDJIAN cymbals are the ONLY cymbals made ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD by Zildjians and their 340 year old secret process.

always look for this trademark


 AVEDIS
 ZILDJIAN CO.
 GENUINE
 TURKISH CYMBALS
 MADE IN U.S.A.



1st Column: 1. Gene Krupa. 2. Max Roach. 3. Don Lamond. 4. Sonny Payne. 5. Alvin Stoller. 6. Lex Humphries. 7. Jack Sperling. 8. Kenny Clarke. 9. Lionel Hampton. 2nd Column: 1. Buddy Rich. 2. Roy Haynes. 3. Jo Jones. 4. Frank Butler. 5. Stan Levey. 6. Sonny Iggoe. 7. Gus Johnson. 8. Barrett Deems. 9. Ray Bauduc. 3rd Column: 1. Joe Morello. 2. Louis Bellson. 3. Connie Kay. 4. Louis Hayes. 5. Frankie Dunlop. 6. Rufus Jones. 7. Rudy Collins. 8. Sam Woodyard. 9. Willie Rodriguez. 4th Column: 1. Shelly Manne. 2. Ed Thigpen. 3. Vernel Fournier. 4. Roy Burns. 5. Dave Bailey. 6. Osie Johnson. 7. Larry Bunker. 8. Cozy Cole. 9. Chico Hamilton.

DICHOTOMIC

Vernon Duke is one of the country's best songwriters, the composer of such standards as *April in Paris*, *I Can't Get Started*, and *Cabin in the Sky*, the title song of the Broadway play for which Duke composed the score.

Vladimir Dukelsky is a composer of concert music, including several symphonies and concertos for various solo instruments.

The two men, however, are the same person; he uses the name Duke for songwriting and Dukelsky for more serious work. Following is an imaginary conversation between the two written by one or the other.

Duke bumps into Dukelsky in the Beverly Wilshire bar. The former is busy with a gibbon, the second with a lemonade. Tableau.

Duke: (Taken aback) Well, well, Dukelsky, of all people! . . . Where did you spring from? I didn't know you were still around.

Dukelsky: (With becoming modesty) Actually, I am and I am not . . . "around," as you put it.

Duke: Hmmm. . . I was told that you ceased to function circa 1950, which is fine with me; but I also heard that you had the gall to use my name. True?

Dukelsky: That's true enough. You see, I felt I *had* to.

Duke: Rubbish! What was wrong with Dukelsky—Diaghilev's find, Prokofiev's closest friend, Koussevitsky's fair-haired boy?

Dukelsky: Nothing, except that by the time the fair (black, really) hair started turning gray, Diaghilev was dead, Prokofiev back in Russia, and Koussevitsky on a neo-American kick. The fair-haired Europeans were replaced by native crew-cuts.

Duke: (With a sneer) Longhairs, all of 'em.

Dukelsky: Anyway, I saw the handwriting on the wall. Music isn't ballet; in Diaghilev's days, English dancers used Russian names for glamor's sake. Thus little Alice Marks became Alicia Markova, Hilda Munnings was rechristened Lydia Sokolova, while the elaborately named Sydney Francis Patrick Chippendall Healy-Kay achieved fame as Anton Dolin "tout court." In the music field, Lady Dean Paul signed her pieces Poldowski, and Sir Henry Wood, married to a Russian, composed under the nom de plume of Klenovsky—"Klen" being Russian for maple tree. All these people were English, half-English, or Irish—but functioning as an American composer under a Russian name simply isn't cricket . . . beg pardon—baseball.

Duke: You an American composer? Since when?

Dukelsky: Well, as a matter of fact, I became a citizen in 1936 . . . (blushing) using your name.

Duke: So I heard. That was bad enough, but crediting me with some of your would-be "classical" stuff was worse. Why did you have to do *that*?

Dukelsky: Simple. The two-headed Janus trick seemed to work at first. Everybody has flops, as well as successes, and I had my share of both. So, when you, Duke, bombed with a show in New York or on the road, Dukelsky had himself a ball—Roland Petit's *Washerwomen's Ball* in 1946 was a sample—in Paris. On the other hand, when Dukelsky's latest misfired. . . .

Duke: . . . I see what you mean—1946 was the year Ogden Nash and I contributed the score to an S. J. Perelman-Al Hirshfeld extravaganza called *Sweet Bye and Bye!* I still think *Roundabout* my all-time high as a song, but the show

expired painfully in Philadelphia, and the only sweet thing about it was Dolores Gray. Rodgers and Hammerstein picked her up for the London company of Irving Berlin's *Annie Get Your Gun*.

Dukelsky: Good for her. As for me, I soon discovered that the public, and particularly the critics, didn't take to the spectacle of a man who was *up* and *down* at the same time.

Duke: Yeah, when you're down you're really down, man—I dig.

Dukelsky: Do you mind refraining from this ghastly argot? Let's speak English, shall we?

Duke: Once a square, always a square. Why didn't you stick to "Dukelsky" for all your efforts—square and otherwise?

Dukelsky: Great Scott, Vernon . . . don't you recall that it was George Gershwin. . . .

Duke: . . . A nicer guy never lived.

Dukelsky: . . . Who truncated my Slavic family name, because Koussevitsky, then my publisher, wouldn't let me use it for "commercial" purposes?

Duke: I give up—but I want some *facts*. What have you been doing with yourself since we both moved to California?

Dukelsky: Oh, nothing much . . . (slyly) watching your progress—or the lack of same, according to certain authorities; going over musty scrapbooks; composing symphonic and chamber music for you to sign.

Duke: That's terribly good of you. I was somewhat startled when Skrowaczewski led the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra through *Ode to the Milky Way* about a year ago. I never knew I wrote it.

Dukelsky: I was well received, so why worry? But to return to purely Dukelskian activities . . . I'm writing scads of Russian poetry; believe it or not, I blossomed out as an emigre poet, with two Munich-published books of verse, and a third one on the way, to my credit (notices satisfactory, sales nonexistent); entertaining Kirov Ballet people, who read all about Dukelsky in the new Prokofiev volume (*Documents and Reminiscences*) and were suitably impressed.

Duke: Entertaining, eh? Sounds like your old partying days in Paris and London—weren't you one of the Bright Young People, the "Vile Bodies" Evelyn Waugh wrote about?

Dukelsky: What if I was? We were more decorative than today's Vile Nobodies who stare at you from the pages of fashion magazines.

Duke: The girls too?

Dukelsky: Those silver-lipped, swivel-hipped horrors! . . . The creatures with Hottentot coiffures who "swim" or "fish" or "watusi" or whatever in joints, oddly styled discotheques. The girls in skin-tight capris, Brooklyn Toreador pants, sleazy leotards, who chew gum, stare into space and never get close to their dancing partners . . . for which, incidentally, many thanks. Who needs females who look like homos in drag? As for the Vile Nobodies of the masculine sex you encounter at Vodka a Gaga, or some such place, they used to imitate Beatniks, but now they ape the Beatles.

Duke: Why pick on the Beatles? They do have a sense of humor, and their film was surprisingly refreshing. As for their singing. . . .

Dukelsky: . . . You never hear it, because it's drowned out by the shrieks of sex-starved teenagers. Not allowed to touch their partners on the dance floor—it simply isn't done—the frustrated kids achieve physical bliss by practic-

DIALOG

PETE WELDING



ing voyeurism. . . .

Duke: . . . On the Beatles.

Dukelsky: . . . And their countless imitators. Actually, the Beatles could be renamed the Four Stooges—juvenile variety, of course. All that hair! I sometimes wonder (although their masculinity is unmistakable) whether it's the lads' suppressed longing for the upswept Italian beehives of their fans that's responsible.

Dukelsky: *Nobody* longs for *that* any longer—and you know it. Hey! What would happen if we recruited four youths, shaved their heads, and foisted them on some enterprising a&r man as the Brindles?

Duke: Forget it; hair is here to stay. Let's get back to the girls—the Untouchables of the Discotheque or the jukebox parlor.

Dukelsky: Must we?

Duke: (Dreamily) I remember *The Nights* when an invitation to a dance was a prelude to a roll in the hay; that roll may have never materialized, but just the thought of it is better than rock and roll.

Dukelsky: I'm with you; my kingdom—or your dukedom—for a girl wearing a skirt.

Duke: Okay, now that that's settled, isn't there a way for us to join forces on a project of two?

Dukelsky: I doubt it. You probably mean another abortive attempt to fuse respectable music with jazz. That's been done and redone.

Duke: But the Third Stream. . . .

Dukelsky: *Third stream*? Don't make me laugh; you must mean the *33rd* stream. Gershwin may be anathema to a bearded jazz buff, but he did manage to bring light music to Carnegie Hall. Kurt Weill gave up string quartets for Broadway shows; he was Gershwin's exact antipode. Theater audiences gladly swallowed his serious music dressed up in Broadway garb.

Duke: There was also Milhaud with his *Creation du Monde*.

Dukelsky: And Constant Lambert with *Rio Grande*.

Duke: And Ravel who toyed with blues and fox trots.

Dukelsky: And Raymond Scott.

Duke: And Morton Gould.

Dukelsky: And Lenny Bernstein, who is bilingual, musically speaking.

Duke: Say, didn't the Swiss Rolf Liebermann write a concerto for orchestra *and* jazz combo? Not a bad piece, either.

Dukelsky: Add him to the list, but don't let's forget Charles Ives, whose violin sonatas written at the turn of the century (well, almost) were full of ragtime. So why bother with *deja vu*?

Duke: To hear you talk, they *deja blew*.

Dukelsky: Don't you believe it. They're still blowing. . . .

Duke: Their own horn.

Dukelsky: (Crossly) Anything for a gag, huh? Whatever it is the so-called Third Stream boys are blowing, they get the stuff performed, recorded, and written about. We could listen to a record or two. I have a friend who lives here at the hotel, and he won't mind if we use his equipment.

(They go to the friend's room.)

Dukelsky: All right, let's try *Jazz Abstractions* by industrious Gunther Schuller, chief drum-beater for the Third Stream. (They listen.) What do you make of it?

Duke: (Unconvinced) I honestly don't know. The music doesn't swing, nor does it sing; neither jazz fish nor symphonic fowl in my book.

Dukelsky: You're probably right, although there are some fascinating moments. Let's go on to the *Variants on a Theme of John Lewis (Django)*.

Duke: (10 minutes later) Your turn.

Dukelsky: I like it somewhat better. Lewis' theme does sing gypsy-style, rather a la *Moskow Nights* by Soloviov-Siedoy, Soviet tunesmith. The theme is strictly tonal, which, in itself, is a challenge; the preceding *Abstractions* are just strictly atonal. *Variants* provides some variety and even flashes of imagination.

Duke: Agreed, but Schuller states elsewhere that this kind of music represents "a relatively new departure in that it attempts in various ways to bring together the sounds and feeling of jazz with the more extended format of contemporary symphonic literature." Would you go along with that?

Dukelsky: I would not. We read comparable statements since 1924 and would have read them 20 years earlier had Charles Ives been given to manifestos.

Duke: Did it occur to you that another Charles—Charlie Barnet—attended to this kind of "fusing" much more effectively in the '40s, right after the war? Remember the stupendous *Americoconcerto* or the *Concerto for Two Trombones*?

Dukelsky: I certainly do, and let us tell you that some of the now obsolete bop was far more modern than Lewis' *Django* theme or Jim Hall's innocuous *Piece for Guitar and Strings*. Yes, Charlie was on the right track, but he was ahead of his time. I took Henry Barraud, the visiting French composer and Radio Diffusion Francaise music head, to hear Barnet's big band (this was in 1948, I think) and he. . . .

Duke: . . . Flipped.

Dukelsky: If you insist. To use your quaint vocabulary, let's try the flip side of this Atlantic recording.

(Music resumes with another set of *Variants* on a theme of Thelonious Monk by Gunther Schuller.)

Duke: (When it's over) Well, Monk's *Criss Cross* may or may not be "one of the classics of jazz literature" (Schul-

ler's claim), but if it is, then what follows is perfect proof of the adage that classics had best be left alone. All this grandiloquent tinkering leaves me absolutely cold. Schuller says, "Everything is sustained, suspended and timeless. . . ."

Dukelsky: And joyless, if you'll pardon the interpolation. I was intrigued by the "partially suppressed interjections" by Ornette Coleman and the late Scott LaFaro—also by the vibes of Eddie Costa—but why were they "suppressed," even partially? I would have preferred the Monk thing *straight* with plentiful "interjections" by the three and a total "suppression" of the variants.

Duke: I'm not sure I agree. Speaking of Ornette, did you know that he and I talked music many a time in the days when he was discovered by Lester Koenig, who took the plunge by recording Ornette's *Something Else*, his first LP.

Dukelsky: I'm sorry I wasn't present. Ornette is an enormously gifted *creative* musician.

Duke: That he is. Not to change the subject, but what do you make of the universally admired Modern Jazz Quartet and John Lewis?

Dukelsky: It's a quartet and a darned good one, but it's assuredly *not* modern, and I very much doubt it being jazz.

Duke: (Taken aback) Eh?

Dukelsky: Take this *Da Capo* piece, the quartet being supplemented by Jimmy Giuffrè's trio. It's pleasant and palatable—all John Lewis' stuff is—also polished and suave (isn't "cool" the word?), but harmonically it's about as modern as Deodat de Severac or Charles Koechlin. Tonal throughout, which should make the U boys gnash their back teeth. *Da Capo* has a Scottish flavor and—in my judgment—doesn't differ substantially from Maxine Sullivan's tasty accompaniments of another era. The trouble is that, without Maxine. . . .

Duke: I get you. And Giuffrè?

Dukelsky: I hate to be unkind, but there is something obtuse and unwieldy about the man's writing; as a clarinet player he lacks elasticity and elan. *Da Capo* and Giuffrè's *Five* (same side) have this in common: no drive and no discernible direction. Lewis' *Exposure*, third entry on the side we just heard, is more gutsy than the other two—although it's not *my* kind of guts.

Duke: Hold it a minute. Don't you feel the spontaneity of the first two pieces. Why, Max Harrison, who wrote the liner notes, claims that the seven men "played straight through, and no one thought a second take was necessary."

Dukelsky: Frankly, I'm not convinced that the first take was necessary, either.

Duke: You're too difficult. Let's listen to Schuller's *Concertino* for jazz quartet and orchestra. . . .

Dukelsky: The opening bars struck me as a real find; the crystalline, almost celestial sonority of what follows is badly marred by the steady 4/4 beat, which doesn't seem to belong. When (in the middle of the first movement) the drums have a long rest, the music immediately becomes freer, simply by discontinuing the monotonous tempo di marcia, by discarding the unbecoming jazz clothes.

Duke: But the steady beat is back in the Passacaglia.

Dukelsky: More's the pity. The nonjazzy beginning of the finale, although unremarkable as music, is again a great relief—until the piano and drums are back with the same eternal four-to-a-bar formula; the shackles of the blues seem to be unshakable, alas!

Duke: And then John Lewis announces something for the right hand alone, which promises to become a fugue. . . .

Dukelsky: . . . But never materializes. To sum up the mixture as before. And the components are poorly mixed at that. The Schuller *Concertino* doesn't come to a logical

end; it just stops at a given point.

Duke: Easy there; that kind of criticism is dangerous.

Dukelsky: Look who's talking! What about your controversy with Straw and Craftinsky in the *Listen* magazine?

Duke: I never enjoyed anything more. Besides, *somebody* had to deflate the pair. . . .

Dukelsky: . . . And that somebody happened to be you.

Duke: Exactly. The *Deification* of S. was but a chapter from *Listen Here*, a critical essay on music depreciation, published by Ivan Obolensky late in 1963. There's lots more on S. in other chapters.

Dukelsky: Wasn't there some mention of a social disease in Straw and Craftinsky's rebuttal?

Duke: Yes: my, or rather *our*, initials were so interpreted by the brilliant duo.

Dukelsky: The sort of wit one finds on the walls of public toilets. . . .

Duke: As Wilde said about Whistler: "With our James, vulgarity begins at home, and should be allowed to stay there." Which doesn't prevent our Igor from taking his vulgarity out into the open and then accusing his adversary of being vulgar. Also, it's odd, isn't it, the pair's preoccupation with disease and death? There's something about "more of a plague on one of their houses" in one of their volumes, sorrow at being unable to attend a critic's funeral. . . .

Dukelsky: . . . Although the critic, Paul Henry Lang, was—and, I hope, is—in perfect health, and the elderly composer's junior by 19 years.

Duke: The P.S. to *A Cure for V.D.* published in *Listen* is, too, replete with morbid innuendo: something about my "completed vital statistics" being supplied by the publisher so that he, I.S., "can send an appropriate wreath."

Dukelsky: The old dear.

Duke: Still I don't think there's anything particularly odd about the old boy's penchant, although it does seem to jibe with his well-advertised religious ardor. Surely you, a hardened bibliophile, know all about George Selwyn's fancy for inspecting corpses and burial grounds?

Dukelsky: Your memory is almost as good as mine. Didn't Oliver Elton state in his *Survey of English Literature* (1730-'80) that Selwyn, Horace Walpole's friend, "attended executions as men do the first night of a play"?

Duke: So he did; but he lived in the 18th century.

Dukelsky: You don't really believe that people have changed for the better? Do you know that, only recently, a way-out composer strangled a cat in full view of an audience as *his* contribution to a "music" festival in Germany?

Duke: (Horried) A cat? Do you mean a jazz musician? Good heavens!

Dukelsky: Calm yourself: he strangled a cat, an *animal* . . . the purring kind, with a bushy tail.

Duke: Forgive me, but I can't help feeling nervous. . . . You're sure there are no cat-stranglers around here?

Dukelsky: Don't be absurd. Why should they pick on you?

Duke: Can you keep a secret?

Dukelsky: I can. Have you committed a crime?

Duke: Sh-hh. . . . Worse'n that. (Almost inaudibly) I've written a luscious tune . . . 32 bars . . . in C major. . . .

Dukelsky: Now I know we belong together, old buddy. (In a whisper) Can I confide in you?

Duke: Shoot!

Dukelsky: Keep your voice down, *please*. . . . (Locking the door and lowering the shades) I wrote a new ballet for Roland Petit. . . . It's lushly romantic and . . . and . . . I can't say it. . . .

Duke: Come on, spill it.

Dukelsky: (Almost inaudibly) It's tonal.

Not one of these drummers played Rogers 4 years ago



JACK SPERLING



LOUIS BELLSON

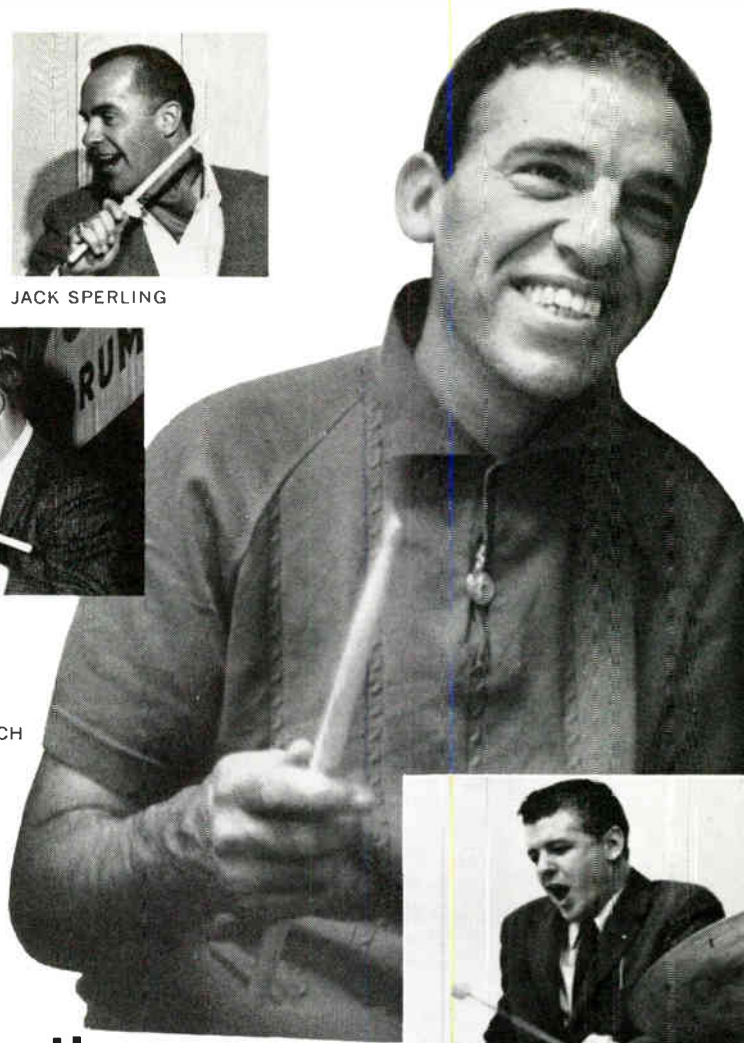


ROY BURNS



BUDDY RICH

COZY COLE



CHARLES PERRY

Today, they not only play Rogers, they talk Rogers wherever they go

WHAT CAUSED THE SWITCH? Not just one new idea, but three. First, *Swiv-O-Matic* equipment. Used to be, you couldn't tell a drummer from a plumber. Both spent a lot of time tinkering, adjusting, cussing at pliers, wrenches, screwdrivers. Now, ball-and-socket Swiv-O-Matic ends all that — lets you throw away your tool kit. Equipment stays exactly where you put it — for an evening or a year. New Swiv-O-Matic foot pedals and Hi-Hats make drumming fun again.

The second new idea: *Dyna-Sonic*, the custom-built drum with new floating snares. Drummers love the sound they get with Dyna-Sonic — crisp and clear, each beat distinct and



bright. Dyna-Sonic's feel is different, too. Your sticks are there when you want them, because Dyna-Sonic has lightning rebound along with its pinpoint definition.

The third new idea: *PowerTone*, the only popular-price drum with *full snare head action*. In building Dyna-Sonic, Rogers learned new, exciting things. These discoveries led to PowerTone — a completely new method of shell construction that gives improved sound, feel, projection.

Try Rogers. We'll bet you'll switch, too. Write for free 100 page Percussion Catalog.



DRUMS
U.S.A.

1278 WEST NINTH STREET • CLEVELAND 13, OHIO

It would be easier to tell you who isn't playing Rogers! Here are just a few drummers who are ... Buddy Rich • Louis Bellson • Cozy Cole • Roy Burns • Jim Chapin • Rudy Collins • Louis Hayes • Dave Black • Frank Capp • Jack Sperling • J.C. Heard • Barry Miles • Gil Breines • Russ Irwin • Bobby Rosengarden • Phil Kraus • Sol Gubin • Jack Volk • Stan Krell • Charles Perry • Roy Brooks • Rich Phillips • Frank DeVito • Paul Edwards • Albert Heath • Milt Holland • Jerry Friedman • Frank Ippolito • Frank Gagliardi • Lou Malin • Lloyd Morales • Weedy Morris • Earl Palmer • Gerry Rosen • Walt Sage • Dave Albert • Joe Raynor

Jack Gee is 80 and owns a grocery in Philadelphia. He relies entirely on his own memory for names and dates concerning his former wife.

The accompanying story is the result of an afternoon with Gee, my first encounter with him.

The story's final passages require some explanation.

I originally became interested in Bessie Smith when a friend told me she was buried without a tombstone in Mount Lawn Cemetery on the outskirts of Philadelphia.

One would expect Gee to be the first person to feel a certain responsibility about the tombstone; he can afford to "place a stone at her head." But as it is with many people who "talk" Bessie Smith as an esoteric subject, Gee "talks" the tombstone issue—and enjoys the attention he receives while doing it.

Asked why he hasn't purchased a stone, Gee replied with another question: "Where'd that money go from those benefits they had all over the country for Bessie? Where'd it go? I never saw 3 cents!"

—Robert E. DiNardo

I MET BESSIE IN 1922 and was married to her in 1923. She started to record in 1923.

Charlie Carson, of 518 South St. in Philadelphia, made connections with Clarence Williams, a great pianist and music writer. Bessie was sent for by Williams and was introduced to F. B. Walker, the recording boss of the Columbia records. They had her make a test record, *I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate*. Bessie came back from New York, but Walker had found that great voice that Bessie possessed. He had Clarence Williams send back to Philadelphia for Bessie two days later.

At this time we were not married, and I didn't have a lot of money. I had to pawn my watch and suit so Bessie could buy a new dress to wear back to New York. She then made a record that was written by Clarence Williams. One side was *Gulf Coast Blues* backed with *Down-Hearted Blues* (*I've Got the World in a Jug, the Stopper in My Hand*).

She was not directly under contract to Columbia, but the contract was between her and Clarence Williams. She was supposed to get \$250 for a complete record, but they were taking half of that money, which left Bessie \$125 for her part. This went on for about a year. I found out they were taking advantage of big-hearted Bessie Smith.

Bessie and I went to New York to see Williams and Walker. Mr. Walker didn't know things like that were happening. Williams hid from me. Then Bessie canceled her contract and all connections with Williams. Bessie was then put under contract by Walker, and her salary was raised to \$450 for a complete record. Bessie at that time was making three, four, and five records a week.

She was a great, great woman, a good, kind woman and would do favors for anyone. Bessie was a girl who loved her sisters and brothers, and her greatest ambition was to bring all her family from the South. She used to lay awake nights and tell me of hardships she had to go through trying to help them. There was three sisters and three brothers and the sisters' children. I saw none of the children's fathers or heard anything about them. There were Viola, Lulu, and Tinny, of the girls. And Bud, Andrew, and Clarence, of the boys. All her sisters' children took the name Smith, but none of them tried to help her.

BESSIE WAS ABOUT 8 years old when her mother passed, and she had a hard time of it as a child. The reason Bessie had such a hard time with money problems was that she tried to take care of all her family, which was very hard on her when she was playing the

TOBA circuit. She was signed 10 to 12 weeks at a time and paid in advance every time. Every time she was paid, I had to go to the Western Union and wire checks to her brothers and sisters. And I still have those stubs in my possession. She did everything she could to help them.

She went to the expense of opening a restaurant at 1244 South St. I figured it to cost about \$1,300. It was opened up for Bessie's oldest sister, Viola, and her daughter, Laura. They didn't understand the business, and that went under. Bessie had to start paying their rent and looking out for them.

She was one of the most generous women I have ever known and come in contact with. She was kind-hearted and would give her last penny to someone she knew nothing about. She did favors for people—like paying for them to get out of jail. To my knowledge this happened on several occasions.

Ma Rainey, one of the greatest blues singers, did a great job when she stole Bessie from Chattanooga. She gave Bessie an allowance of 50 cents a week and used to tell her she was sending the rest to her sister Viola. But Bessie thought Viola didn't receive very much. Around that time Bessie was about 9 or 10 years old and worked under a tent with a show called the Rabbits Foot Minstrels, operated by Pete Werbly.

God alone had his hand around Bessie, and she was fortunate enough to overcome all the hardships. But of all the greatest things that she did for her family and others, she was misused by her own flesh and blood. I don't think any of them ever sat and thought what she really did do for them. Only when she would come home with large sums of money.

I was no angel, and at times I didn't deserve any bouquets. Bessie was a great wife. Much better, she was a woman, and I was her man. I did everything to protect her, within my power. Sometime she would go on a drinking spree. Wherever she was at that time, money was taken from her. When she got that way, money meant nothing to her. She didn't care how or where she spent it. And the ugliest part of her drinking occurred around her loved ones, who didn't treat her too kind.

I BELIEVE IT will be a long time before a good, kind-hearted, natural woman like her ever will come along. She was a hard woman and really loved her work. She was a real showman. Singing, dancing, doing straight comedy, and take any part in any show. She had a sweet personality, which made her get along with anyone when she was on stage. At times I stood in the wings, and when she would come off, she would say to me, "How'd I do? Break it up?" She was a great audience pleaser everywhere she went.

My first experience after we were married was in a lot back of Charles P. Bailey's theater at 81 Decatur St. in Atlanta, Ga. Bailey told me that Bessie was partly raised there, right there in the back yard of the theater. Daytime she would rehearse little girls to be in the chorus.

One night I came out of the theater to mail some cards to my friends. There were three lines of people trying to get into the theater. I got scared and went back and told Bessie those people were fighting like the devil. They had 10 policemen keeping them in line.

After closing there, we went into Birmingham and played the Franklin Theater. At that time Bessie was getting \$350 a week. This all happened around 1923. After we left Birmingham, we went to Chattanooga. That's when I first met her people.

A Mr. Sam E. Riggins met her at her sister's on a Sunday morning with a 10-week contract. I refused to let her sign. I knew they were not offering the money I knew

BESSIE AND ME

This Story Was Written By
Jack Gee, The Husband
Of Big-Hearted Bessie Smith



she deserved, and Riggins got very angry with me. But I told him I was making \$500 a day and felt I could take care of Bessie. After we closed in Chattanooga, I brought Bessie home.

We lived at 1236 Webster St. in Philadelphia at that time. After we got back, we'd get three, four, and as many as six telegrams a day for her. Then I knew that the public wanted Bessie. But I refused to let her sign any contracts until the money was right. Then she received a telegram from S. H. Dudley of Detroit. We signed for that date. The price was \$1,100. I thought that was great to jump from \$350 to \$1,100. I worked until she got \$1,500 a week. Then this big heart of a woman really was going to get into big money. She always gave me a lot of credit for what I did.

She used to lay in my arms and tell me how she came up—everything about how she started in life. She was such a great, great woman that she wanted me to have things like other people. In Springfield, Ohio, in 1924, we went to look at cars. She bought a 1924 Nash, cash. She also bought another car in 1926, a Cadillac, and paid cash. And she bought a ring that cost \$2,160 at Dave Sulliman's, Ninth and Locust. So that's how crazy two young people with money were who had never had anything. We never, either one of us, really knew the value of money.

I WISH TO EXPLAIN the real true story between me and my big-hearted wife. The public didn't know or understand.

In 1928 I received a telegram from Sam E. Riggins asking Bessie and me to produce two shows that season, which we decided to do.

We went into rehearse in the Knights of Pythias Hall in New York for the first show, and we picked a cast for the second show. Bessie was in No. 1 and went out on the road for two weeks. For No. 2 I found Gertrude Sommers and featured her in the No. 2 show. She had been featured as a star, and I thought she would make a hit. Bessie and I talked it over, and it was all right by her. But it soon loused up. Bessie and I both were very jealous, but I think she had some on me. She just couldn't stand me being away from her show.

We spent a lot of money rehearsing and getting the two shows ready. For instance, costumes, props, etc., cost close to \$3,000 to get the two shows ready for the road. We were looking forward to a big season. There were only three weeks on the road when Bessie closed the No. 1 in Chicago at the Copeland Theater. She left all the performers there and came to Cincinnati to see what I was doing. That threw me in the hole. I then had to bring the No. 1 show from Chicago to Cincinnati, while the No. 2 show started out for Louisville, Ky.

Bessie also joined the No. 2 show in Louisville. Bessie and I then had an argument about the show. After this, she left and went back to Chicago. This made me have to close the No. 1 show completely. Then she got some old-time performers out of Chicago and took them out on the road. That's how Richard Morgan began to manage Bessie. She was jealous of Miss Sommers and me.

I admit it was a mistake on both our parts. She really wanted no one but me, and I really wanted no one but her. We were both sorry afterwards.

Then the bottom fell out of show business. We tried to reinstate ourselves but had no luck. One good thing was we understood each other very well. And she was one big-hearted girl. She just came to the conclusion that she wanted to do nothing without me. I was very stubborn. I felt as though I could make her come back to herself. That was the misunderstanding between us.

Both of the shows closed, and she came back to Phila-

delphia to her sisters. I went to New York. It went on like that for quite some time. Almost all the money we had spent during that time, trying to make a success, had gone down the drain.

In 1929 show business was nothing; in 1930 it almost collapsed completely. At this time Bessie was accepting anything she could get to do. We both were broke, but confidence and love was still existing. She was unhappy, and so was I.

The last time I saw my wife living, she was at 48 W. 127th St. in New York. I was out late that night; when I came home, I stumbled over some bags in the hall. I asked my mother what it was all about, and she told me my wife was in my room. I went in, and Bessie was in bed. She said she had come to talk to me about doing a carnival show. I went out and bought a half-dozen Cokes, which Bessie was a lover of.

We decided that night to let bygones be bygones and get back together as before. I agreed with her to accept the carnival show for \$250 a week. We figured after the season, we'd get ourselves back to normal. This never happened, I'm sorry to say.

THE NEXT TIME I saw my wife she was lying in a handmade pine box with her left arm across her breast. Her arm was cut off in an automobile accident. This is the way she was sent from Clarksdale, Miss., where I. J. Thomas funeral and hospital establishment sent the body to Philadelphia. It was a heart-breaking experience to see the way this great woman was slaughtered.

Bill Upshur met the train and brought the body in front of the door of 1143 Kater St. for the family to see. He then took it to his establishment and fixed it up. I must say, he is one of the finest morticians in Philadelphia.

I have never really been myself since the death of Bessie. This great, big-hearted star took a lot from me.

Ever since her death, there have been people trying to make a living off her name. They have given benefits in New York, Philadelphia, and all over the country. I do wish all of them who are trying to make it by using her name would please let her rest.

A benefit was once given at the old Blue Note, right here in Philadelphia. This benefit was supposed to raise money so Bessie could have a stone on her grave. They had a small barrel and a doorman to see that everyone put \$1 or more in. I was promised \$350 for a stone for that great girl, but it turned out like New York and all the other places. Not even 3 cents was given toward the stone.

My wife made many dollars in her profession, but she lived it up, trying to carry her large family and the many other wonderful things this great, big-hearted woman always did.

Same way, \$1,800 was drained out of the First National Bank in six months. What happened to this money, I'm not able to explain. Bessie was always willing to give a helping hand to friends, strangers, or anyone who needed a hand. Today I'm sitting here telling this story, and it's nothing but the truth. All the people who have made money from the name Bessie Smith never came up and offered me one penny toward the stone I want for Bessie's grave. It is true that her grave is not marked, which is hard to say, especially of such a great, great woman. But I do hope before I pass, there will be some way for me to place a stone at her head.

They have used her name more than any other star I know in her profession. She left a lot of things that belonged to her, that she worked very hard to get. Yet someone else is enjoying them. I imagine every dog has his day.



The Rise Of The WHITE

By Pete Welding



JOHN HAMMOND

BLUES PERFORMER

ONE OF THE more interesting recent phenomena of the urban folk-music revival that has been booming for several years has been the appearance of a

host of young white blues singers, performers who sing and play the Negro blues of tradition. The last few years have seen the emergence of such urban blues stylists as Dave Van Ronk, Eric Von Schmidt, Rolf Cahn, John Hammond (who has lately dropped "Jr." from his name), Ian Buchanan, Goeff Muldauer, John (Spider) Koerner, Dave (Snaker) Ray, Tony (Little Sun) Glover—all of whom have recorded—and others such as Nick Gravenites, Paul Butterfield, and Mike Bloomfield, who, though they have not yet appeared on record, have been playing blues for folk-music audiences in northern cities, where the revival centers.

With increasing frequency the new wave of blues men has been appearing in the coffee houses and on the concert platforms that comprise the folk-music circuit—Von Schmidt and Van Ronk for some time, the others only more recently. Several have trod the stages of the large folk-music festivals—Newport, R. I.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Berkeley, Calif. Others, like Bloomfield and Butterfield in Chicago, work fairly regularly in night clubs.

A steadily growing number of LP releases attests to the burgeoning acceptance their music is being accorded. (An interesting and instructive recording is *The Blues Project*, Elektra 264, which presents representative performances by the majority of the white blues men—except John Hammond—who have recorded so far.)

The singers are young, the span of ages from the late teens to early 30s. The range of blues styles they recreate is broad, extending from the harsh, introspective blues of the Mississippi delta and Texas backwoods to contemporary rhythm and blues. Some of the singers write their own blues in folk style; others—like Hammond—draw primarily upon the

recorded work of Negro blues artists, which they attempt to reproduce as faithfully as they are able. Most perform blues exclusively, but a few—Van Ronk is perhaps the most notable example—are committed to other folk-music disciplines as well.

Their arrival has not been without incident and comment, even within the insular, inbred world of "hip" folk-music circles. They have been as roundly damned as they have been extravagantly praised, hailed as both charlatans and new messiahs.

One respected folk-music authority admitted to having been "astonished" on hearing the first recording by the trio of bluesniks Koerner, Ray, and Glover. "I did not believe," he wrote, "It was possible [for white performers] to come so close to Negro style."

In the *New York Times*, critic Robert Shelton was enthusiastic about young Hammond's disc debut, writing: "The reality with which Hammond has captured the tension, rhythmic drive and emotional anguish of the deep blues is impressive. . . . Hammond's voice is a supple, multi-colored instrument—loud and complaining, soft and moaning, at times declamatory and open, at other times traipsing off into introspective little coloratura figures of great subtlety."

Among other commentators, jazz and folk-music authority Frederic Ramsey Jr. has championed the new blues wave.

Barry Hansen, knowledgeable young blues critic for the tough-minded, independent folk-music journal, *Little Sandy Review*, was so profoundly moved by the music of several of the white blues men that he made a startling prediction about the future of the music. "It seems inevitable," he wrote, apparently in all seriousness, "that by 1970 most of the blues worth hearing will be sung by white

men . . . the Negro blues seem doomed to certain extinction. . . . Caucasians have been providing more and more of the audience for blues lately, and, sooner or later, they will be providing most of the performers (as they do in another 'outmoded' Negro form, Dixieland jazz)."

On the opposite side of the critical fence, Nat Hentoff, after describing John Hammond as "a fervent white disciple of the Negro blues masters," went on to remark of the young singer's 1963 Newport Folk Festival appearance, "He proves his sincerity, intensity, and ability to learn the lineaments of the traditional blues styles, but he is fundamentally unconvincing because he is singing of conditions and experiences that are alien to him."

"Artificiality returns," Hentoff remarked further of another white interpreter's efforts at the same festival, "in the singing of Dave Van Ronk, another white performer who is well oriented but unpersuasive in the old ethnic style and its repertoire."

THE EMERGENCE of a raft of skilled blues interpreters capable of reproducing the Negro folk-blues style follows hard on the heels of a parallel development in the urban folk-music revival which has seen such gifted city musicians as Mike Seeger, John Cohen, Tom Paley, Tracy Schwartz (i.e., the New Lost City Ramblers), John Herald, and Ralph Rinzler, among others, engaged in the assimilation of old-timey mountain string-band musical styles. As a result of long, intensive probing of the stylistic content of old-timey music—primarily through a study of recordings but supplemented by first-hand acquaintance with a number of the old musicians who made and recorded the music—these young city



Blues interpreters John Koerner, Tory Glover, and Dave Ray

performers have gained a thoroughgoing mastery of hill-country styles, and they often have evolved from slavish imitation to more or less personal stylistic syntheses.

These performers have well understood the importance of mastering folk-song *style*—the manner in which a particular song is performed, sung and played, at the folk level. They have come to a realization that song and style—matter and manner—are vitally, dynamically, related and inseparable and that if a folk music performance is to possess any degree of verity and conviction, the performer must be able to re-create faithfully the stylistic setting of the song. Their success, of course, has been in direct proportion to their approximation of stylistic fidelity.

The recent wave of city blues men is a natural, inevitable outgrowth of the advances of the citybillies. It was to be expected that a host of urban folk musicians would be drawn strongly to one of the most profound and deeply expressive of American folk musics—blues—and that they would approach the study and performance of the form with the same attempt at attaining stylistic mastery.

Hence the arrival of the white blues singer.

It was a late-blooming species, however, for the assimilation and re-creation of Negro musical style—especially vocal style—have posed the white singer-instrumentalist a set of thorny problems that only slowly are

beginning to be resolved. (That progress has been made in this area may readily be noted by comparing the work of several of the early urban folk revivalists who incorporated blues into their song programs along with other disparate folk-song disciplines—Pete Seeger and Jerry Silverman are good examples—with the work of a number of today's more involved blues devotees: Koerner, Ray, Hammond, and Butterfield. The difference in approach is startling.)

Though the work of the young blues men is often striking in its evocation of blues style, it must be borne in mind that even at its most accomplished it is nothing more than an imperfect image of the real thing, a shadowy reflection of the terrible true beauty of the blues at their most intense. No one can gainsay the fact that the white blues performers have been making increasing inroads in attaining mastery of Negro folk styles. But for the most part, the greatest gains have been made in the instrumental area. Most of the new blues performers, being more than accomplished guitarists, are quite capable of re-creating instrumental blues patterns, often with authority and conviction.

IT IS IN THE SIMULATION of Negro vocal styles, however, that most of the young blues men fall flat. Their attempt at reproducing the slurred, swallowed, often fragmentary vocal approaches of the

authentic blues singer more often than not result in a mannered, forced, tortured style of delivery that is merely distracting at best; unintentionally comic, grotesque, or out-and-out offensive at its worst—and always poles away from the relaxed, easy, supple delivery of the Negro singer, even at his most intense.

With rare exceptions (most notably Dave Ray, John Koerner, and Paul Butterfield), one is always and acutely aware that the young singers are consciously “putting on”—and their ideas of what constitute Negro vocal style range from harsh, gritty, toneless shouting of an almost constipated intensity to a high nasal whine that sounds like a small dog being slowly strangled. Their only common trait is the ludicrous exaggeration of what they believe are Negro habits of speech—softening consonants; drawing out final syllables (often to ridiculous lengths); swallowing syllables, words, whole phrases; punctuating their singing with moans, croons, yelps, and spoken asides; using poor grammar; adopting a purposefully coarse, harsh vocal sound—all as natural to them as feathers to a fish. As a result, most of the performances take on the aspect of parody—unintentional, to be sure, but parody nonetheless. Often these caricatures (emphasizing, as they do, only the most grotesque aspects of the form) of blues singing can make for extremely painful listening.

And it follows—thanks to the workings of some perverse logic—that most of the young singers have been drawn to the most intense, passionately individual, existential of blues approaches—the harsh, gripping, introspective, subtle, fantastically complex country blues—the very kind they are least capable of infusing with any degree of conviction or meaningfulness. It is these blues that most tenaciously resist the kind of interpretation the white blues men are able to give them; these songs are the ones most inextricably bound up in the social and emotional fabric of the specific culture from which they spring, the very songs that cry out for a kind of performance beyond the mere duplication of elements of style.

The difficulty stems from the fact that the white blues singer, being an eclectic, has been occupied by and large with the individual song, wrenching it from its social context and treating it as though it were an object unrelated to the demands and conditions of the culture it so brilliantly reflects and in which it is grounded.

Mastering the musical style of a particular song—which is, after all the best the eclectic blues interpreter can expect to accomplish (he can scarcely penetrate into the style-producing culture so as to speak its musical language with fluency and authority)—is to produce, even at its most brilliantly successful, a crude, incomplete counterfeit of the complex of emotional, cultural, esthetic, and personal factors that comprise a country blues performance. The touchstone that relates the song to its social continuum will always be absent in even the most facile re-creation by the white blues man.

(To say this is, of course, not to espouse any kind of Crow Jim doctrine but merely to acknowledge the existence and importance of style-producing culture. Mose Allison, for example, was raised in Tippecanoe, Miss., and from his earliest years exposed to the sounds of Negro musical culture, just as he was exposed to other aspects of that culture. As a result, his singing in the blues vein possesses an ease and naturalness that is only too patently absent in the work of the young white blues-man-come-lately.)

THE AWARENESS that there is this crucial lack in even the most adept country blues re-creation leads the white blues performer and his champions into the adoption of some strange postures and into some curiously interesting semantic byways in an attempt to justify their work and their right to perform it. (An example: "Today's white blues performer," writes Paul Nelson in *Sing Out!*, "from his luckily existential position as a sociological outsider, is able, if he wants, to consider blues solely from an artistic viewpoint; the Negro, alas, is never free to do that.") It is for this reason that they were so quick to seize upon jazz vocalist Bill Henderson's mistaking in one of Leonard Feather's *Blindfold Tests* a performance by white blues singer John Hammond Jr. for that of a Negro blues veteran as grist for their mill.

After listening to Hammond's version of *Mean Old Frisco*, Henderson speculated: "That's beautiful. Sounds like Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry. I may have the names wrong, but I'm sure I'm on the right track. . . . this is the *real* blues. I don't think anybody today would be able to duplicate this, because they haven't lived in this way. . . . I think it's beautiful, and without this, we wouldn't have any kind of blues history at all." The singer concluded by awarding the

performance "as many stars as you can give it."

Rather than serving as an unqualified endorsement of Hammond's ability to re-create convincingly the substance of the blues without having "lived this way" (which is, of course, *really* the heart of the matter), Henderson's statement must be viewed in another light, it seems to me.

His mistaking young Hammond for an authentic representative of the culture that gave rise to *Mean Old Frisco* seriously calls into question Henderson's credentials as one qualified to judge such matters. (His choice of McGhee and Terry—themselves interpreters these days—is meaningful in this light.) Merely being Negro does not necessarily give one sufficient authority to pass judgment on the validity of country blues performances.

Heresy?

Scarcely, for to make a meaningful evaluation of such music one must either be a representative of the particular cultural area from which the song springs or be thoroughly familiar (through recordings, living in the cul-

ture, etc.) with the music of the referent cultural group. Either Henderson was jiving, or he just hadn't heard enough real country blues to recognize a pallid copy of the real thing when he heard it.

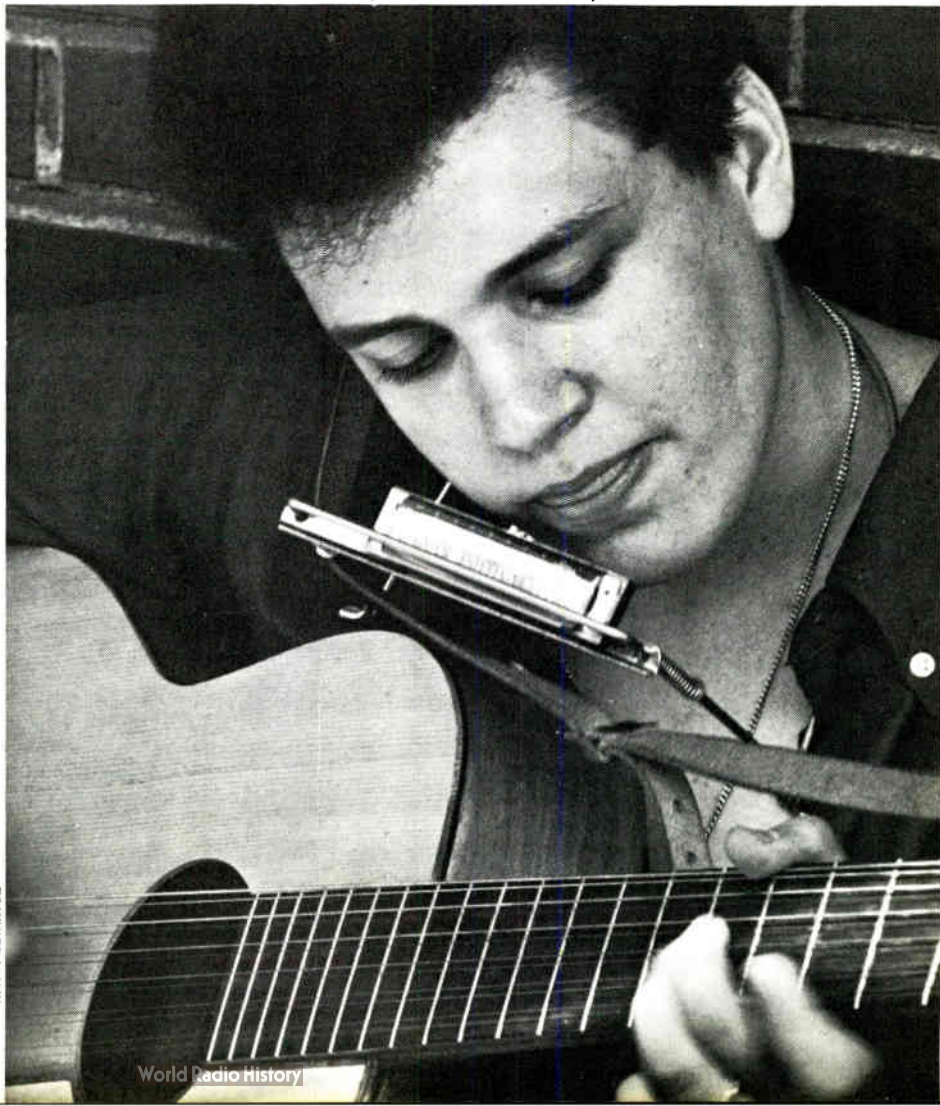
A much more meaningful test, I thought, would be to play the record for one of the older Negro blues men, a spokesman for both the time and place represented by the song and the style. An opportunity to do just this presented itself when Eddie (Son) House visited Chicago for a weekend concert performance. The recently rediscovered House is a 62-year-old singer-guitarist generally considered one of the finest living exponents of Mississippi blues.

I played House Hammond's recording of *I Got a Letter This Morning*, the young singer's adaptation of two of House's old recordings. A smile creased House's face as he listened to the recording; he obviously was delighted to hear someone remember and perform his old songs.

"Those are my words, sure enough,"

(Continued on page 85)

Chicago's Mike Bloomfield recently recorded his first performances for Columbia



RAY FLERLAGE

GALLERY

A Collection of
Jazz Photographs

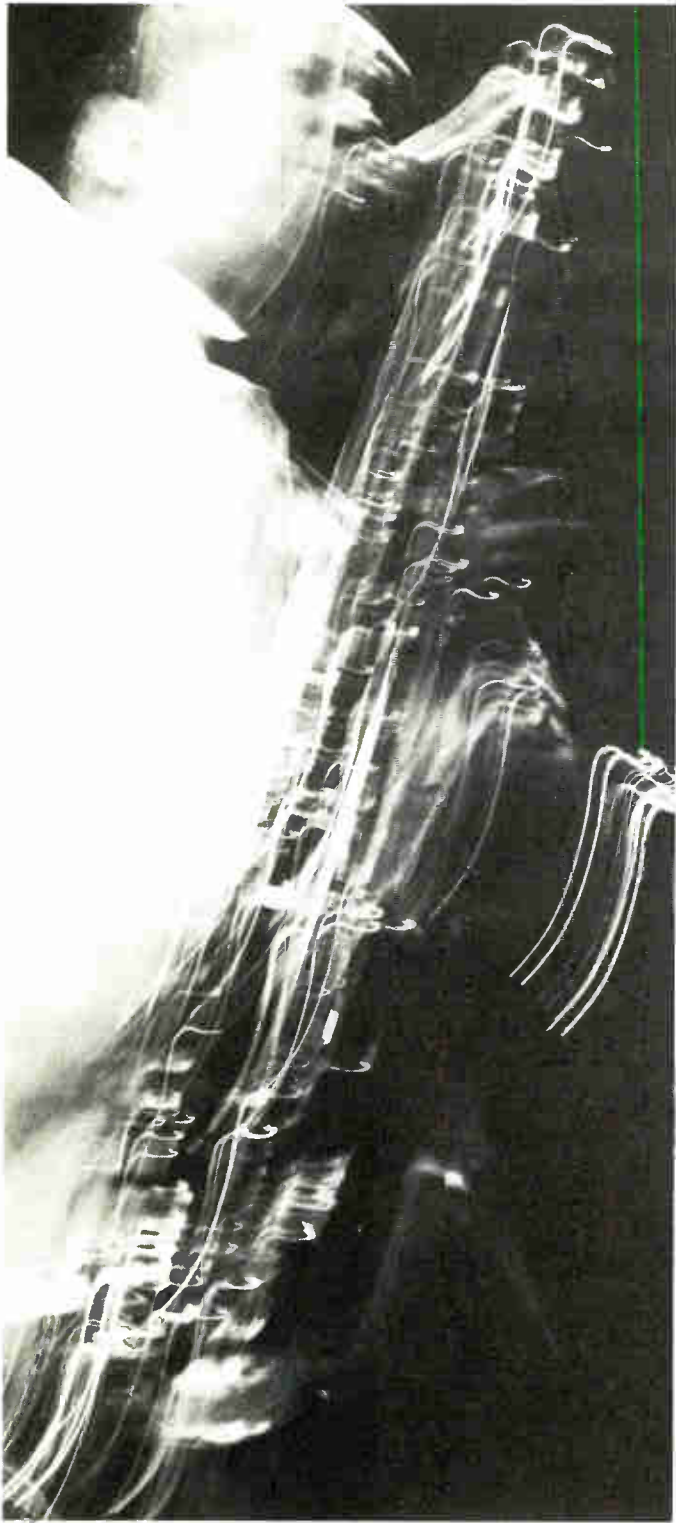


LARS SWANBERG

DON SCHLITTEN







HERB SNITZER

LEE TANNER







AVE PILDAS



DON SCHLITTEN

STEF LEINWAHL



LARS SWANBERG



JIM TAYLOR

LEE TANNER



CREAM OF THE CROP

Following is a list of very good (★★★★) to excellent (★★★★★) records as rated in *Down Beat*, 1964, with reissues denoted by an asterisk:

★★★★★

The New Sound of Ernestine Anderson (Sue 1015)

*Louis Armstrong, *Hot Five and Seven, Vols. 1 & 2* (Odeon 83211; 83261); **Greatest Years* (Odeon 83316)

**Chet Baker Sings* (World Pacific 1826)

**The Best of Count Basie* (Decca 7170)

**Clifford Brown Memorial* (Prestige 16008)

Ray Charles, *Sweet and Sour Tears* (ABC Paramount 480); **Ray Charles Story Vol. 3* (Atlantic 8083)

*John Coltrane, *Dakar* (Prestige 7280)
Miles Davis in Europe (Columbia 2183)

Billy Eckstine, *12 Great Movies* (Mercury 20834)

The Symphonic Ellington (Reprise 6097)

**Sleepy John Estes, 1929-1940* (RBF 8)

*Ella Fitzgerald, *Stairway to the Stars* (Decca 74446)

**Gilberto & Jobim* (Capitol 2160)

Dizzy Gillespie & The Double Six (Philips 200-106)

Dexter Gordon, *A Swingin' Affair* (Blue Note 4133)

Clancy Hayes, *Swingin' Minstrel* (Good Time Jazz 12050)

Andrew Hill, *Black Fire* (Blue Note 4151)

**Billie Holiday* (Mainstream 6000)
Shirley Horn with Horns (Mercury 20835)

Morgana King, *With a Taste of Honey* (Mainstream 6015)

Peggy Lee, *In Love Again* (Capitol 1969)

Rod Levitt, *Dynamic Sound Patterns* (Riverside 471)

Modern Jazz Quartet-Laurindo Almeida, *Collaboration* (Atlantic 1429)

Carmen McRae, *Bittersweet* (Focus 334)

Thelonious Monk, *Big Band and Quartet in Concert* (Columbia 2164)

The Greatness of Joe Mooney (Columbia 2186)

**Gerry Mulligan Meets Ben Webster* (Verve 8534)

**Charlie Patton* (Origin Jazz Library 1); **The Immortal Charlie Patton, No. 2* (Origin Jazz Library 7)

**Max Roach-Sonny Clark-George Du-vivier* (Time 52101)

**Sonny Rollins, Three Giants* (Prestige 7291)

Bola Sete, *Tour de Force* (Fantasy

3358)

Sonny Stitt, *Stitt Plays Bird* (Atlantic 1418)

Barbra Streisand, *The Third Album* (Columbia 8954)

Swingle Singers, *Going Baroque* (Philips 200-126)

*Jack Teagarden, *Tribute to Teagarden* (Capitol 2076)

*Various Artists, *25th Anniversary Album* (Blue Note 1001)

*Various Artists, *Jazz Critics Choice* (Columbia 2126)

*Various Artists, *Mississippi Blues* (Origin Jazz Library 5)

*Various Artists, *Really! The Country Blues* (Origin Jazz Library 2)

Chuck Wayne, *Tapestry* (Focus 333)

★★★★½

Lorez Alexandria, *Alexandria the Great* (Impulse 62)

*Louis Armstrong, *Satchmo 1930-'34* (Decca 4331)

Bill Barron-Ted Curson, *Now Hear This!* (Audio Fidelity 6123)

Duke Ellington Presents the Dollar Brand Trio (Reprise 6111)

*Kenny Burrell, *All Night Long* (Prestige 7289)

Donald Byrd, *A New Perspective* (Blue Note 4124)

Johnny Coles, *Little Johnny C* (Blue Note 4144)

*Tadd Dameron, *Dameronia* (Prestige 16007)

Johnny Dankworth, *What the Dickens!* (U.S. Fontana 27525)

*Duke Ellington, *Daybreak Express* (RCA Victor 506)

*Duke Ellington-Billy Strayhorn, *Great Times!* (Riverside 475)

Booker Ervin, *The Song Book* (Prestige 7318); *The Freedom Book* (Prestige 7295)

Bill Evans, *How My Heart Sings* (Riverside 473)

Getz/Gilberto (Verve 8545)

Terry Gibbs, *Take It from Me* (Impulse 58)

Hampton Hawes, *The Green Leaves of Summer* (Contemporary 3614)

Gugge Hedrenius, *Choose Now!* (Swedish Columbia 1007)

Andrew Hill, *Judgment* (Blue Note 4159)

Jan Johansson, *Sweden Nonstop* (Dot 25416)

Roger Kellaway, *A Jazz Portrait* (Regina 298)

Roland Kirk Meets the Benny Golson Orchestra (Mercury 20844); *Kirk in Copenhagen* (Mercury 20894)

Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan at Newport '63 (RCA Victor 2747)

John Lewis-Albert Mangelsdorff/Zagreb Jazz Quartet, *Animal Dance* (Atlantic 1402)

Albert Mangelsdorff, *Tension* (German CBS 62336)

Mingus (Impulse 54)

Billy Mitchell, *A Little Juicy* (Smash

27042)

Hank Mobley, *No Room for Squares* (Blue Note 4149)

Modern Jazz Quartet, *The Sheriff* (Atlantic 1414)

James Moody, *Great Day* (Argo 725)

The Great Jazz Piano of Phineas New-born Jr. (Contemporary 7611)

Anita O'Day, *Incomparable* (Verve 6-8572)

**Django Reinhardt, Vols. 4-6* (French Pathe 181; 184; 197)

Max Roach, *The Many Sides of Max* (Mercury 20911)

The Fabulous Sylvia Sims (20th Century Fox 4123)

Jimmy Smith, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (Verve 8583)

Martial Solal Trio in Concert (Liberty 7335)

**The Golden Horn of Jack Teagarden* (Decca 4540)

Bobby Timmons, *Born to Be Blue* (Riverside 468)

Mel Torme, *Sunday in New York and Other Songs about New York* (Atlantic 8091)

*Various Artists, *52nd St.* (Mainstream 6009)

*Various Artists, *The Influence of Five* (Mainstream 6002)

*Various Artists, *Jazz Odyssey Vol. 1—The Sound of New Orleans* (Columbia C3L-30)

*Various Artists, *La Storia del Jazz: The Blues* (Italian RCA Victor 10041)

*Various Artists, *Living with the Blues* (Savoy 16000)

*Various Artists, *Negro Blues and Hollers* (Library of Congress 59)

*Various Artists, *Three of a Kind* (Design 907)

*Various Artists, *Town Hall Concert* (Mainstream 6004)

*Lester Young, *Prez* (Mainstream 6012)

Denny Zeitlin, *Cathexis* (Columbia 2182)

★★★★

Cannonball Adderley, *Nippon Soul* (Riverside 477)

*Manny Albam, *West Side Story* (Decca 4517)

Mose Allison, *The Word from Mose* (Atlantic 1424)

*Louis Armstrong, *Born for Jazz* (Odeon 83262); **Satchmo 1928-1930* (Decca 4330)

Roy Ayers, *West Coast Vibes* (United Artists 6325)

George Barnes-Carl Kress, *Town Hall Concert* (United Artists 6335)

Charles Bell, *In Concert* (Gateway 7012)

Kenny Burrell, **Blue Moods* (Prestige 7308); *Soul Call* (Prestige 7315)

Gary Burton, *Something's Coming* (RCA Victor 2880)

Charlie Byrd, *Byrd at the Gate* (Riverside 467)

- Donald Byrd at the Half Note Cafe, Vol. II (Blue Note 4061)
- Ray Charles, *Have a Smile with Me* (ABC Paramount 495)
- Roosevelt Charles, *Blues, Prayer, Work, and Trouble Songs* (Vanguard 9136)
- John Coltrane, *Coltrane's Sound* (Atlantic 1419); *Coltrane Live at Birdland* (Impulse 50); *Black Pearls* (Prestige 7316)
- Chris Connor, *At the Village Gate* (FM 300)
- Hank Crawford, *True Blue* (Atlantic 1423)
- The Joe Daley Trio at Newport '63 (RCA Victor 2763)
- *Digging with the Miles Davis Sextet (Prestige 7281)
- *Miles Davis/Art Blakey, *Jazz on the Screen* (Fontana 67532)
- Miles Davis-Gil Evans, *Quiet Nights* (Columbia 2106)
- The Bill Dixon 7-Tette/Archie Shepp and the New York Contemporary 5 (Savoy 12184)
- Klaus Doldinger, *Dig Doldinger* (Philips 200-125)
- Eric Dolphy at the Five Spot, Vol. II (Prestige 7294)
- Lou Donaldson, *Good Gracious* (Blue Note 4125)
- Kenny Dorham, *Una Mas* (Blue Note 4127)
- Dukes of Dixieland, *Struttin' at the World's Fair* (Columbia 2194)
- Duke Ellington, *Hits of the '60s* (Reprise 6122)
- Booker Ervin, *Exultation!* (Prestige 7293)
- Doc Evans-Doc Souchon, *Source to Delta* (New Orleans Originals 1929)
- The Individualism of Gil Evans (Verve 8555)
- Art Farmer, *Perception* (Argo 738); *Live at the Half Note* (Atlantic 1421); *The Many Faces of Art Farmer* (Scepter 521)
- Clare Fischer, *So Danco Samba* (World Pacific 1830); *Extension* (Pacific Jazz 77)
- Ella Fitzgerald, *These Are the Blues* (Verve 4062)
- Aretha Franklin, *Unforgettable (A Tribute to Dinah Washington)* (Columbia 2163)
- Dizzy Gillespie, *Dizzy Goes Hollywood* (Philips 200-123)
- Benny Goodman, *Together Again!* (RCA Victor 2698)
- Urbie Green, *6tet* (Command 857)
- Max Gregor, *European Jazz Sounds* (German Brunswick 87918)
- Johnny Griffin-Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, *The First Set* (Prestige 7309)
- Friedrich Gulda, *From Vienna with Jazz* (Columbia 2251)
- Johnny Hartman, *I Just Dropped By to Say Hello* (Impulse 57)
- *Coleman Hawkins, *Body & Soul: A Jazz Autobiography* (RCA Victor 501)
- Woody Herman, 1964 (Philips 200-118); *The Swinging Herman Herd Recorded Live* (Philips 200-131)
- Andre Hodeir, *Jazz et Jazz* (Philips 200-073)
- Johnny Hodges-Wild Bill Davis, *Mess of Blues* (Verve 8570)
- Billie Holiday, *A Rare Live Recording* (RCA Victor 2001)
- *Son House-J.D. Short, *Blues from the Mississippi Delta* (Folkways 2467)
- Freddie Hubbard, *The Body and the Soul* (Impulse 38)
- Illinois Jacquet, *Desert Winds* (Argo 735)
- Jazz Crusaders, *Heat Wave* (Pacific Jazz 76)
- Etta Jones, *Hollar!* (Prestige 7284)
- Jonah Jones, *Blowin' up a Storm* (Capitol 2087)
- Barney Kessel's Swingin' Party at Contemporary (Contemporary 7613)
- Jorgen Leth Quintet/Igor Caplinski, *Jazz Jamboree '63, Vol. 4* (Polish Muza 0397)
- Ramsey Lewis, *At the Bohemian Caverns* (Argo 741)
- Johnny Lytle, *Happy Ground* (Riverside 470)
- Herbie Mann-Bill Evans, *Nirvana* (Atlantic 1426)
- Billy Maxted, *The Big Swingers* (K & H 103)
- Fred McDowell, *Mississippi Delta Blues* (Arhoolie 1021)
- Jackie McLean, *One Step Beyond* (Blue Note 4137)
- Glenn Miller, *On the Air, Vols. 1-3* (RCA Victor 2767-9)
- Charlie Mingus, *Tonight at Noon* (Atlantic 1416)
- Thelonious Monk, *It's Monk's Time* (Columbia 2184)
- Brew Moore in Europe (Fantasy 6013)
- Albert Nicholas with Art Hodes' All-Star Stompers (Delmark 209)
- Phil Nimmons, *Take Ten* (Canadian RCA Victor 1066)
- Joe Pass, *For Django* (Pacific Jazz 85)
- The Exciting New Organ of Don Paterson (Prestige 7331)
- Oscar Peterson Trio Plus One (Mercury 20975)
- *Oscar Pettiford, *My Little Cello* (Fantasy 6010)
- Gerard Dave Pochonet, *Swingin' in Paris* (Taurus 3301)
- Pony Poindexter, *Gumbo* (Prestige 16001)
- Bud Powell in Paris (Reprise 6098)
- Andre Previn, *My Fair Lady* (Columbia 2195)
- Ike Quebec, *It Might as Well Be Spring* (Blue Note 4105)
- Jimmy Raney, *Two Jims and Zoot* (Mainstream 6013)
- Lou Rawls, *Tobacco Road* (Capitol 2042)
- Vi Redd, *Lady Soul* (Atco 33-157)
- *Django Reinhardt, Vol. 3 (French Pathe 174)
- Gene Roland, *Swingin' Friends!* (Brunswick 54114)
- Sonny Rollins, *Now's the Time* (RCA Victor 2927)
- Bill Russo, *Stereophony* (FM 302)
- George Shearing, *Jazz Concert* (Capitol 1992)
- *Zoot Sims, *Trotting!* (Prestige 16009)
- Sonny Stitt-Paul Gonsalves, *Salt & Pepper* (Impulse 52)
- Cecil Taylor, *Live at the Cafe Montmartre* (Fantasy 6014)
- Jack Teagarden, *A Portrait of Mr. T.* (Roulette 25243)
- *Henry (Ragtime) Thomas Sings the Texas Blues (Origin Jazz Library 3)
- McCoy Tyner, *Today & Tomorrow* (Impulse 63)
- Various Artists, *Blues 'n' Trouble, Vol. II* (Arhoolie 1012)
- Various Artists, *The Definitive Jazz Scene, Vol. I* (Impulse 99)
- Various Artists, *Czechoslovakian Jazz 1962* (Czech Supraphon DU10123)
- Various Artists, *Die Deutschen All-Stars* (German Columbia 83418)
- Various Artists, *Duke Ellington's "My People"* (Contact 1)
- *Various Artists, *Dixieland-New Orleans* (Mainstream 6003)
- *Various Artists, *Era of the Clarinet* (Mainstream 6011)
- *Various Artists, *Jazz Sounds of the Twenties: Big Bands* (Odeon 1166)
- *Various Artists, *Jazz Sounds of the Twenties: Blues Singers & Accompanists* (Odeon 1177)
- *Various Artists, *Just Jazz!* (Imperial 9246)
- *Various Artists, *La Storia del Jazz: Traditional Jazz* (Italian RCA Victor 10042)
- *Various Artists, *La Storia del Jazz: Swing* (Italian RCA Victor 10043)
- *Various Artists, *New Orleans Jazz: The Twenties* (RBF 203)
- *Various Artists, *The Jazz Greats of Modern Times* (United Artists 6333)
- *Various Artists, *The Sound of Chicago: Jazz Odyssey, Vol. II* (Columbia C3L 32)
- Various Artists, *A Quartet Is a Quartet Is a Quartet* (Atlantic 1420)
- Sarah Vaughan, *Vaughan with Voices* (Mercury 20882)
- Dinah Washington, *In Tribute* (Roulette 25244); *A Stranger on Earth* (Roulette 25253)
- Ben Webster, *See You at the Fair* (Impulse 65)
- Bukka White, *Mississippi Blues, Vol. I* (Takoma 1001)
- Joe Williams, *At Newport '63* (RCA Victor 2762)
- Mary Lou Williams Presents (Mary Records 32843)
- Nancy Wilson, *Yesterday's Love Songs, Today's Blues* (Capitol 2012)
- Jimmy Witherspoon, *Blues around the Clock* (Prestige 7314); *Baby, Baby, Baby* (Prestige 7290)

THE COTTON CLUB, described as "The Aristocrat of Harlem" by Lady Mountbatten, attained a peak of prosperity and notable performance when the depression was already under way. The C.C.'s gangster-owners were inclined to carry their cash around in their pockets in large rolls and distrusted both the banks and the stock market.

The high point in the more than a decade of Cotton Club history came in the spring of 1933 when an edition of the Cotton Club Parade (the club produced two revues a year—the spring and fall Parade) offered a show stopper that rivaled anything on Broadway. It was Ethel Waters singing *Stormy Weather* backed by Duke Ellington's Famous Orchestra.

This event has been described in detail by Edward Jablonski in his biography of composer Harold Arlen, *Happy with the Blues*. Composer Arlen and lyricist Ted Koehler wrote *Stormy Weather* at a party with vocalist-bandleader Cab Calloway in mind. Arlen even started the tune with a three-note pickup, known as a front shout, a musical technique of which Calloway had become a master.

By the time the show opened in April, Ellington had been signed instead of Calloway, and Miss Waters had been offered the song because the writers felt that lyrically it was not suited for a male singer.

It was Herman Stark, the long-time manager of the Cotton Club, who suggested that Miss Waters join the cast for the upcoming spring edition. By this time she was a big name and had been featured in several revues on Broadway. Her recorded versions of *Am I Blue?* and *Dinah* were internationally known. As she recalled in her autobiography *His Eye Is on the Sparrow*, "I asked for a larger salary than they'd ever paid any other star. To my surprise, Stark said okay."

She said that when she went up to the club, they were using a lot of mechanical devices to get storm effects for Arlen's number. After listening to the music, she told Dan Healy, producer of the C.C. shows, that the piece should have more to do with human emotions than with noise-making machines. Miss Waters took the lead sheet home with her and worked up her own emotional presentation of the melody and lyrics.

On opening night, the Ellington band began the show with an overture; this was to be followed by 18 scenes—including skits, dance specialties, comedy, and songs. Besides Miss Waters the participants included George Dewey Washington, known as

MAX JONES PHOTO



Highlights of the 1933 Cotton Club Parade was Ethel Waters (center) singing *Stormy Weather*, a

COTTON CLUB PA

Mr. Cotton Club (singing *Calico Days*), Henry (Rubberlegs) Williams (singing *Happy as the Day Is Long*), and Sally Goodings (singing *I'm Lookin' for Another Handy Man*, the typical naughty song in all C.C. revues).

The 11th scene was titled *Cabin in the Cotton Club* and marked Miss Waters' first appearance of the evening. The singer stood under a lamp-post in front of a log-cabin backdrop. She sang *Stormy Weather* with a midnight-blue spotlight on her. George Dewey Washington joined her, singing responses to her choruses; later the Talbert Choir joined in. Then, by using special lights, the chorus girls danced practically unseen onto the floor, and a transition from song to dance was made. Producer Healy has recalled that there were at least a dozen encores on opening night.

Miss Waters, who was at a turning point in her life at the time, has recalled, "Singing *Stormy Weather* was the perfect expression of my mood, and I found release in singing it each evening. When I got out there in the middle of the Cotton Club floor, I was telling the things I couldn't frame in words. I was singing the story of my misery and confusion and of the story of the wrongs and outrages done to me by people I had loved and trusted."

THE COTTON CLUB had evolved from an all-around amusement center, the Douglas Casino, located in a building constructed in 1918 on the northeast corner of Lenox Ave. and 142nd St.

During the late teens and early 1920s there was a close alliance between sports, especially basketball, and public dancing in Harlem. News of both fields appeared on the same two-page spread in the *Amsterdam News*, Harlem's weekly newspaper. The evening might start with a basketball game between Harlem teams or one of them playing an outside team. After the game, the floor was turned over to the crowd for dancing to a large orchestra led by such men as Arthur (Happy) Rhone, Tim Brymn, John Smith, and Duncan Mayers. These basketball-dances were held in the Manhattan Casino (155th and Eighth Ave.), the Commonwealth Casino (135th and Madison Ave.), the Harlem Casino (116th and Lenox Ave.), and the Douglas.

The Douglas housed a theater (the New Douglas) on the ground floor, with a large room over it reached by a stairway from outside. Adjoining the theater was a large hall with "Harlem's finest dance floor." The Casino hall featured roller skating, shadow dancing, and weekly dancing classes



production number that also involved the Duke Ellington Orchestra and the Cotton Club Chorus

PARADE, 1923-1936

under the supervision of Charles H. Anderson, an old-time dancing master. It was also a banquet hall, a union meeting place, and the location for meetings of the New York City chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. (Music for these events was usually furnished by leader Duncan Mayers. This was several years before Mayers had organized the band, featuring trumpeter Bobby Stark and pianist Joe Steele, that later became the Savoy Bearcats, one of the first bands to play the Savoy Ballroom, in 1926, a block downtown from the Cotton Club.)

In 1921 ex-heavyweight champion Jack Johnson, who had successfully operated a cabaret on Chicago's south side, settled in Harlem. He loved night life and was an amateur bass player of sorts, but there seemed no way he could attain popularity in his new home. Harlem residents definitely did not like him, a resentment engendered partly by the manner in which he showed off his white wife by riding through the streets with her in a chauffeured limousine. Finally, he took the last of his fight winnings and opened a plush supper club, with a large orchestra and an elaborate floor show, in the room over the Douglas Theater. The place, called the Club DeLuxe, floundered along for about

eight months while Johnson used up his money. He then sold out, went to Cuba looking for a fight to recoup his losses, and ended up on the vaudeville circuits.

On the record, the new owner of the club was one Bernard Levy, but actually the place now belonged to a sort of closed corporation made up of Sam Seills, president; Owney Victor Madden, secretary; George (Big Frenchy) DeMange; Mike Best; Bill Duffy; Harry Block; and Ben Marden.

The power behind the new ownership was Madden, the former leader of Hell's Kitchen's notorious Gopher (pronounced Goofer) Gang. When Madden, in Sing Sing since 1915, got back in circulation in '22, he saw the possibilities the new prohibition law presented for getting rich illegally. He established the Phoenix Cereal Beverage Co. on W. 26th St. to manufacture and distribute a brew known as Madden's No. 1. The territory Madden assigned himself took in all of Manhattan, and he set out to be sure everybody drank No. 1.

The gangster element took over legitimate businesses by proffering money to operations that were in financial trouble. Looking for a Harlem headquarters, Madden and his men found an ideal location in the old Club DeLuxe.

They renamed the place the Cotton Club and, aware of the success enjoyed by the all-Negro musical revue *Shuffle Along* on Broadway during 1921-'22, decided to make it a tourist attraction featuring Negro entertainment. They also established a for-whites-only policy that initially provoked considerable protest from the Negro Harlem community.

The club held a maximum of 500 persons. The entrance was guarded by a couple of large doormen. Access was up one flight of stairs. On the side of the room opposite the upstairs entrance foyer, was a small stage that accommodated the band and the floor-show acts. The center of the room was taken up by a large dance floor—during the two shows a night, the Cotton Club chorus and acts frequently spilled onto the dance floor. As time went on, the club became noted for elaborate sets, dramatic lighting effects, and colorful costumes. The decor was rustic. The tables were covered with checked, red-gingham cloths. There were two purple glow lamps on the bandstand.

MADDEN RARELY appeared in the club. The owner most frequently in residence was DeMange, who was fond of sitting around and usually had his ham-and-egg breakfast at the club.

Besides the visual and musical entertainment, the club offered American and Chinese dishes, steak sandwiches (called Frivolities), Madden's beer at \$1 a small bottle, hard booze at a much higher price, and milk at 50 cents a glass—plus a \$2 (later \$3) cover charge. The prices, especially high for their day, were designed to discourage even well-to-do Negroes from patronizing the place. Nor did the club want mixed parties; it was not a black-and-tan club like Small's Paradise or Connie's Inn. There is a story that the distinguished W. C. Handy was refused admission at a time his *St. Louis Blues* was featured in a Cotton Club revue. However, there were inevitably occasional exceptions, when someone like Ethel Waters or dancer Bill Robinson was allowed to reserve a back table for themselves and a party of friends.

Another strict rule at the C.C. pertained to the chorus girls. The C.C. management insisted that the girls hired for the dancing chorus be no darker than a light olive, and this policy only further alienated the club's Harlem neighbors.

The Cotton Club presented its first revue during the autumn of 1922. Walter Brooks, who had put on the *Shuffle Along* show in the legitimate

theater, was the manager, and Lew Leslie of *Blackbirds* fame was the producer. They obtained the services of a young songwriter recently arrived from Boston to work for the Mills music publishing firm, Jimmy McHugh, who had just been accepted into the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers on the strength of his compositions *Hinky Dinky Parlez-Vous*, *My Dream of the Big Parade*, and the *Lonesomest Girl in Town*, among others. He was still to write the big hits, several of them for the Cotton Club, that would make him world famous.

Opening night, McHugh, attended with a party of friends, including Al Dubin, the writer of the lyrics for *Among My Souvenirs*. The waiter asked McHugh if he would like some champagne. The songwriter said, "Yes, that would be nice." After the pitcher was delivered, McHugh thought to himself: "Well, its about time these guys gave away something—too bad I don't drink." His friends, however, managed to consume all the champagne the waiter brought. At the end of the evening the waiter also brought McHugh a bill for \$240.

McHugh said later he didn't have a quarter on him. He told the waiter to take the check to Ben Marden, who immediately called the songwriter into his office and said, "What do you mean—you don't want to pay the check?"

McHugh's answer was: "Why should I? I do the shows here, and I don't get paid for them!"

This surprised Marden, and he tore up the bill. Then he asked McHugh how a salary of \$250 a week would suit him. (The Cotton Club was an unpredictable place—in 1930 when Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler were writing the shows, they each were paid \$50 a week plus all the Frivolity sandwiches they could eat, according to the Arlen biography.)

After his rather unorthodox beginning, McHugh spent the next eight years writing a new Cotton Club revue every six months. Such songs as *I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me*, *Harlem River Quiver*, *Freeze and Melt*, and *Don't Monkey with My Monkey* were written expressly for the Cotton Club.

By 1927 McHugh had discovered and paired up with a former school-teacher, Dorothy Fields, with whom he was to produce a number of America's great popular standards. With music by McHugh and lyrics by Miss Fields, Lew Leslie's *Blackbirds* of 1928 introduced *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby*. Two years later, they came up with *On the Sunnyside of the Street* for the *International*

Revue of 1930. The success of the last mentioned show inspired McHugh-Fields to leave the Cotton Club for good. Miss Fields had not been too happy with some of the material she had been required to write for the uptown revues. In those days each show *had* to include one or more risqué songs. Their successors, Arlen-Koehler, had to meet the same requirement, but they refused to put their names on the tunes and made a point of not allowing them to be recorded, published, or copyrighted. At the Cotton Club, this special material was usually sung by Leitha Hill—the tunes carried titles like *My Military Man*, *Pool Room Poppa*, and *High Flyin' Man*.



DUKE ELLINGTON

THE FIRST BANDS to play at the C.C. were mainly show bands.

Fletcher Henderson once said he believed Will Vodery had the first orchestra in the club. Sidney Bechet in his autobiography *Treat It Gentle* mentioned that Armand Piron's New Orleans orchestra played at the Cotton Club, as well as at Roseland on Broadway, on its New York trip late in 1923.

Andy Preer's Cotton Club Syncopators, a group that went into the club late in 1924, proved to be the first long-term house band. This unit had been formed in St. Louis, Mo., from the old Wilson Robinson Bostonian Orchestra. Two of the leading members were trombonist DePriest Wheel-

er and drummer Leroy Maxey. They, along with reed men Andy Brown and Eli Logan, went under the leadership of young violinist Preer and took to the road. The band, modeled after Bennie Moten's Kansas City outfit, was playing Buffalo, N.Y., when it received a bid to audition for the Cotton Club.

The Preer band that opened at the C.C. included R.Q. Dickerson, trumpet; Wheeler, trombone; Dave Jones, Logan, alto saxophones; Brown, tenor saxophone; Earres Prince, piano; Charles Stamps, banjo; Jimmy Smith, tuba; and Maxey, drums. At the beginning of 1925, the band, plus the featured vocalist in the club's show, blues singer Lucille Hegamin, were broadcasting over WHN from the club.

Early the same year, another St. Louis musician, who had been around New York for a year or so—young Louis Metcalf—joined the Syncopators as second trumpet.

Metcalf has commented, "Those were the great days of the brown-skin chorus girls, and many a snag-'em blues did we play for them." According to Brian Rust's *Jazz Records A to Z, 1897-1931*, the group, including Metcalf, recorded *Snag 'Em Blues* and *Down and Out Blues* for the old Columbia label in January, 1925. One night pantomiming comic Johnny Hudgins came to the club looking for a replacement for cornetist Joe Smith. The two men had been doing a feature duo at the Club Alabam downtown. Hudgins hired Metcalf, and the Syncopators replaced him with another young trumpeter, Sidney DeParis.

Operations at the Cotton Club were temporarily stalled for a short period in June, 1925, when a couple of men dressed as undertakers visited the place one night. They snapped a padlock on the door. The "boys," however, soon paid off the police, and when the C.C. reopened, it was under the managership of a former machine-gunner named Herman Stark, who was to rule the club with a firm hand for the rest of its Harlem days. Many guests have recalled the impressive manner in which obstreperous drunks were rapidly removed by Stark's bouncers.

In 1926 Stark hired Dan Healy to produce the 1½-hour-long shows. Healy, a dancer, singer, and fast ad-libbing comedian, believed in floor shows that were paced—with something happening every second—and he would call for "pace, pace, pace." Then the next year, shortly after Preer's Syncopators recorded *I Found a New Baby* for Gennett, the violinist-leader died unexpectedly, and the C.C. management decided to get a new

band. (Preer's sidemen renamed themselves the Missourians and went on the road, to return five years later to the Cotton Club fronted by Cab Callo-way.)

King Oliver's Dixie Syncopators, freshly arrived in New York from Chicago, had played a fairly successful engagement at the Savoy Ballroom in May, 1927, and Madden's group offered Oliver the Cotton Club job. Joe Oliver, not realizing his days of success were ending, turned the offer down on the basis that the money was too little for 10 men. Another factor may have been that he didn't particularly like the association with hoodlums. A year before, the bandstand at the Plantation Club in Chicago had been blown out the window by a bomb, fortunately at a time when the Oliver band members were home in bed.

THERE ARE SEVERAL versions of how Duke Ellington ultimately obtained the Cotton Club job, the most reasonable involving McHugh and his boss, Irving Mills. As far back as 1926, Mills had become interested in Ellington's Washingtonians. As Mills related recently in *Down Beat*, "Actually, I first thought of Duke's band as an accompanying group for the many vocalists we recorded during that period [1926-'27]. But pretty soon we were recording Ellington in his own right." McHugh and Mills suggested that the gangster-owners audition Ellington.

By the time the Cotton Club owners got around to agreeing to a hearing, the Ellingtonians had left the Kentucky Club, a small Times Square basement night club, and gone on a tour. They were at a theater in Philadelphia when the C.C. summoned them. They sent their regrets; their Philadelphia employer refused to release them to go to New York for the audition. Much entertainment activity in the Quaker City was controlled by Charley (Boo-Boo) Hoff, a counterpart of New York's Madden. When the theater owner, whose contract with Ellington had a week more to run, steadfastly refused to release the band, the C.C. mob wired Hoff, who sent an emissary known as Yankee Schwarz to the theater. Schwarz is reported to have told the theater magnate, "Be big or you'll be dead."

The Ellington band arrived at the Cotton Club early on a Sunday morning. Ellington has said, "We were lucky to get that job. Six other bands auditioned, and they were all on time. We were late, but the big boss [Madden] was late too. He heard our band but didn't hear the others."

Ned E. Williams, the publicity ex-

There are four new **Garrard**[®] Automatic Turntables. One of them, the Lab 80...is the first Automatic Transcription Turntable.



IMPORTANT READING: Garrard's 32 page Comparator Guide—just published. For a complimentary copy, write Garrard, Dept. GY-755, Port Washington, N.Y.

for **FINEST SOUND**
and **PERFORMANCE** it's

EKO

**PROFESSIONAL
GUITARS**

Custom-Crafted
by the World's Leading
Italian Guitar Craftsmen

The EKO Guitar is the result of years of experience and engineering know-how, coupled with a desire to create for you, the artist a new and exciting guitar concept.

EKO 290/2V Professional
Electric Guitar . . . \$299.00
Case Extra

Also available with single or twin pick-up.

DICK ELIOT
outstanding
guitar artist
playing the
EKO 290/2V
at the finest
clubs in
Las Vegas



EXCLUSIVE
IMPORTER
AND FACTORY
SERVICE CENTER



2245 NORTH
24th PLACE
MILWAUKEE
5, WISCONSIN

WRITE FOR A
LIST OF DEALER
SHOWROOMS
NEAREST
YOU

• In New England Write to . . .
• HARRIS-FANDEL, INC.
• BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
• On the West Coast Write to . . .
• RADIO and TELEVISION
• EQUIPMENT CO.
• SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

4 STARS DOWN BEAT

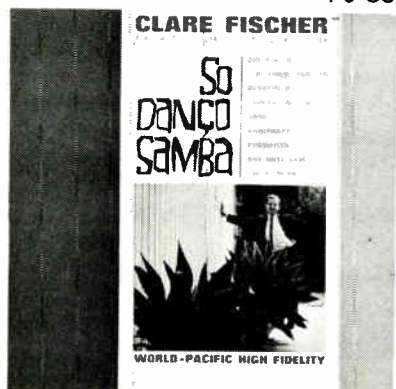


JOE PASS

FOR DJANGO

•• MONO •• PACIFIC JAZZ •• HIGH FIDELITY ••

PJ-85



WP-1830

OTHER RECENT RELEASES:

JAZZ CRUSADERS

STRETCHIN' OUTPJ-83

LES McCANN

McCANNAPJ-84

ROY HAYNES

PEOPLEPJ-82

GERALD WILSON ORCH.

PORTRAITSPJ-80

RAVI SHANKAR

RAGAS & TALASWP-1431

Send for a free catalogue containing a complete listing of all available World-Pacific & Pacific Jazz Records:

Catalogue

8715 W. Third Street
Los Angeles, Calif.

★ ★ ★ ★
**WORLD-PACIFIC
& PACIFIC JAZZ**

pert with the Mills office at the time, has written, "Duke's band arrived on a Sunday morning, rehearsed all day, and opened the show that night." The date has been given as Dec. 4, 1927. McHugh has said the band was hired for \$800 a week and that he saw to it that Ellington got an extra \$50 a week for helping him with musical arrangements.

The personnel of the band at the opening was Bubber Miley, trumpet; Joe (Tricky Sam) Nanton, trombone; Harry Carney, baritone, alto saxophone; Otto (Toby) Hardwicke, alto saxophone, clarinet; Rudy Jackson, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Ellington, piano; Fred Guy, banjo; Wellman Braud, bass; and Sonny Greer, drums. On opening night Louis Metcalf joined the Ellington crew, doubling from Sam Wooding's band then playing Loew's State on Broadway.

Ellington's opening was anything but an unqualified success. In an interview with Leonard Feather some years later, Ellington recalled, "They put a violinist, a guy named Ellsworth Reynolds, in front of us at first. He was to wave his arms, scrape his fiddle, and help us play properly for the acts. His communication with my jazz musicians just wasn't good. So after a couple of nights, when I knew the show, I just turned the piano around and started conducting with my head, my shoulders, my eyebrows, and my hands."

The owners thought Ellington's music was weird and insisted the band wasn't cutting the show music. One of the gang, Mike Best, told the band, "If you guys don't get here and start rehearsing from tomorrow on, I'll get a baseball bat, and you all know what that means!" (Before Best was killed a few years later, he became one of Ellington's staunchest supporters.) Another of the owners, one with a touch of Irish in his soul (probably Madden), didn't respond to the music on one of his rare visits and expressed a desire for something more melodic. A frantic McHugh rushed up to Ellington and cried, "For God's sake, play *Mother Machree*, or we'll all be goners." Ellington is reported to have done the best he could with the Irish anthem.

These shaky opening scenes soon ironed themselves out, and Ellington embarked on an almost uninterrupted five-year tenure at the club. Trumpeter Miley and trombonist Nanton performed nightly growling improvisations that gave the band a distinguishing trademark, "jungle style," as it came to be called, and it seemed to suit the increasing clientele from the Park Ave. mink set exactly right.

There were *Black and Tan Fantasy*, *Creole Love Call*, *Awful Sad*, *The Mooche*, *Cotton Club Stomp*, and many other numbers familiar to jazz listeners, that were introduced by Ellington in this period.

Besides the celebrities, gangsters, and society play people who made the trek uptown, college students discovered the Ellington band from its recordings. Jazz historian Marshall Stearns, while a student at Yale, caught an Ellington-played floor show at the Cotton Club. Years later, in his *The Story of Jazz*, Stearns described the scene:

"... a light-skinned and magnificently muscled Negro burst through a papier-mache jungle onto the dance floor, clad in an aviator's helmet, goggles, and shorts. He had obviously been 'forced down in darkest Africa,' and in the center of the floor he came upon a 'white' goddess clad in long golden tresses and being worshiped by a circle of cringing 'blacks.' Producing a bull whip from heaven knows where, the aviator rescued the blonde, and they did an erotic dance. In the background, Bubber Miley, Tricky Sam Nanton, and other members of the Ellington band growled, wheezed, and snorted obscenely."

BEFORE THE 1920s ran out, the Cotton Club had become one of the most famous show places in Manhattan. Its opening nights were as important on the social calendar as those of a Ziegfeld *Follies* or a George White *Scandals*. Formal dress was the rule rather than the exception for the customers. The costuming budget covering the acts and the chorus had gone up to \$15,000 a show.

Both Ellington's band and the Cotton Club benefited considerably when the Columbia Broadcasting System sent the late announcer Ted Husing up to Harlem to handle remotes from the C.C. In those days it was not necessary to clear each tune before the band went on the air, and on an off-the-air check of an April, 1929, broadcast, now on tape in the collection of Jerry Valburn of Plainview, N.Y., Husing is heard saying in an aside to Ellington, "Well, Dukie, what's coming up?"

A Sunday night special program designed for show-business celebrities was inaugurated and became very popular. One celebrity night was devoted exclusively to Ethel Waters; this honor later became a factor in Miss Waters' decision to work at the club; she had never approved of the whites-only policy.

The big names in attendance on the celebrity nights were expected to perform—and expected to pay their own

FRANKIE CAPP

now playing

Leedy **DRUMS**
with the **NEW** sound



with Red Skelton



with Andre Previn



with David Rose

Leedy **DRUM CO.**
CHICAGO 48, ILLINOIS

JOIN our JAZZ RECORD CLUB

NO "AGREE TO PURCHASE" OBLIGATION and CHOOSE THE RECORDS YOU WANT

Our special membership plan enables you to buy your records at discount price . . . we feature JAZZ but also offer popular, country folk and western, show hits, folk, classical etc.

Citadel is a unique kind of record club that features:

- No "agree to purchase" obligations. Buy as few or as many records as you want, when you want them . . . the choice is yours.
- No "preselected" record list. You choose the records you want from catalog containing virtually all artists and all labels.
- No "list price" purchases. You never pay more than the club price.
- Periodic specials. Outstanding buys are made available periodically, and again, you are under no obligation to purchase any of these specials.
- Prompt service. Many orders are shipped the day received . . . rarely later than the next several days.

We invite you to join thousands of other Citadel members who are purchasing their records at discount price, are enjoying complete freedom of selection and have not obligated themselves in any way. For complete details write. . . .

CITADEL RECORD CLUB

545 Fifth Ave. Dept. D, New York 17, N. Y.

ELECTRIC GUITARS



Spanish
Hawaiian
Amplifiers
Reverbs

SUPRO

FREE
CATALOG

**VALCO
GUITARS, INC.**

2717 N. NORMANDY • CHICAGO 35, ILLINOIS

A NEW CONCEPT IN RECORD BUYING

TOP QUALITY 12" L.P.'S JAZZ HI-FI RECORDS

All records guaranteed factory fresh and brand new. All orders shipped without delay.

Send for Free Catalog

MUSIC BY MAIL, INC.

52 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10004

bills as well. One might see at the Cotton Club on a Sunday night in the late '20s Helen Morgan sitting on top of the piano to sing a song, Marilyn Miller doing a soft-shoe dance, or Bert Wheeler doing a comedy turn.

Almost any night at the C.C. one might run into:

Mayor Jimmy Walker (who was said to spend more time there than at City Hall); banker Otto Kahn with his son Roger Wolfe, a youngster who organized his own dance orchestra to play in his own exclusive night club with a glass dance floor; composer George Gershwin; music critic Deems Taylor; bandleader Paul Whiteman with his arranger Ferde Grofe, who both admitted after visiting the C.C. nightly for a week that they were unable to steal even two bars of the intricate Ellington music; composer Igor Stravinsky, who when he first got to the United States, wanted to rush up to the C.C. to hear "Ellington's magnificent jazz symphonies."

Ned Williams recalls a night when "the entire brass section of the Ellington band arose and delivered such an intricate and unbelievably integrated chorus that the late Eddy Duchin, pianist-bandleader at the Central Park Casino and a poised and dignified man, actually rolled on the floor and under his table in ecstasy."

From their first show in late 1927 until February, 1931, the Ellington band was as much a Cotton Club fixture as the two purple glow lamps on the bandstand. The band grew and developed those years. The New Orleans clarinetist, Barney Bigard, replaced Rudy Jackson, and trumpeter Arthur Whetsol was added early in 1928. Later in the same year Freddy (Posey) Jenkins replaced Metcalf, and Johnny Hodges took Otto Hardwicke's chair. For a short time in '28 Harry (Father) White, trombonist-arranger, played with Ellington at the C.C., and it was this far back that White referred to his fellow musicians as "bugs" and to liquor as "jitter sauce," and it is asserted that these words were the original source of the term jitterbug that entered the language in the 1930s.

Hardwicke returned at the end of 1928, making it a four-man reed section. The following year found Cootie Williams replacing Bubber Miley, and Juan Tizol, the Puerto Rican valve trombonist, was added. The personnel then remained static, except for additions on recording dates, until the end of their C.C. contract in February, 1931.

The Cotton Club, being a late spot, didn't open the doors until 10:30 p.m. Consequently the Ellington band frequently doubled at Harlem theaters, the Palace on Broadway, a Maurice

Chevalier one-man show, Ziegfeld's *Show Girl*, and other outside jobs during its long sojourn at the club. The only interruption of consequence came during the summer of 1930 when it spent several months in Hollywood filming *Check and Double Check* with Amos & Andy.

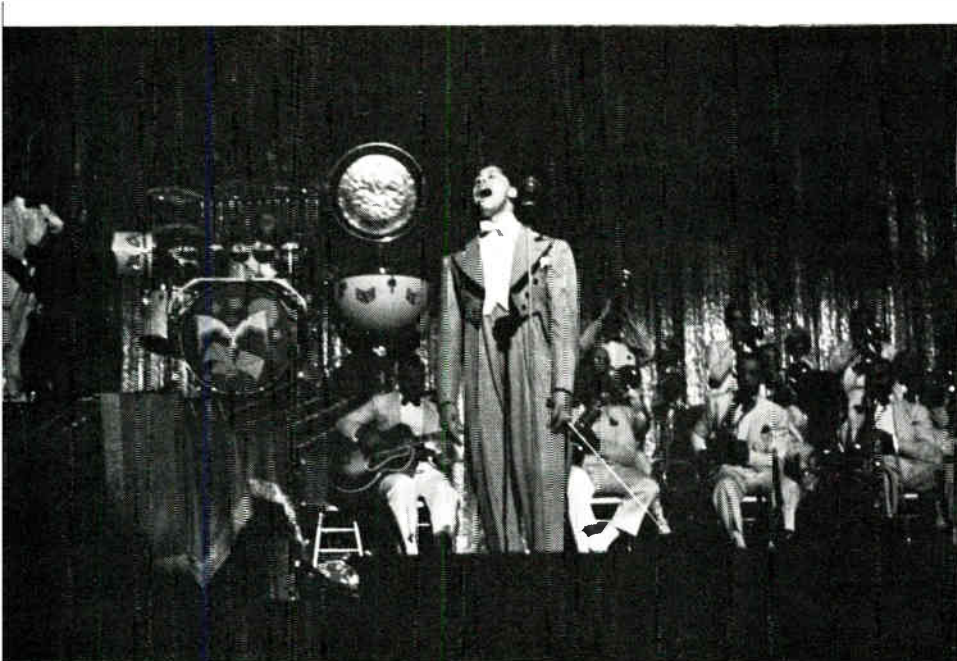
During the Ellington days the shows featured such stars as Adelaide Hall, a former chorus girl in *Shuffle Along*, whose wordless chanting on *Creole Love Call* was an integral part of the number's popularity. The famed dancer Earl (Snakehips) Tucker appeared at the C.C., as well as at Connie's Inn, and Ellington saxophonist Harry Carney and Duke worked up a special number to accompany him. It later was used to bring on all the dancing acts and evolved into *Rockin' in Rhythm*. One of the earliest and most popular dancing teams was Wells, Mordecai & Taylor. Dickie Wells (no relation to the trombonist) went on to become a well-known night-club proprietor. One partner, Jimmy Mordecai, later usually worked Wells' places as the host. It was Mordecai who played St. Louis Jimmy in Bessie Smith's movie short, *St. Louis Blues*.

Ellington's last Cotton Club show before the termination of his initial contract (he reappeared periodically in later years) was produced during the fall of 1930, and it was the first C.C. revue written by Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler. The label for the show was *Black Berries of 1931 in Brown Sugar* (Dan Healy announced it as "sweet but unrefined").

THE CLUB HAD a new band all set when Ellington closed on Feb. 4, 1931. It happened to be the same outfit as Preer's original Cotton Club band. Now called the Missouri-ans, the band had been playing the Harlem ballrooms and on the road under the leadership of saxophonist Lockwood Lewis. Back during 1930 the Mills office had taken them in charge and obtained young Cabell Calloway III as their front man.

Calloway, a fresh arrival in Harlem from Chicago during '29, had taken the town by storm with his unique singing versions of *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *St. James Infirmary*, and *St. Louis Blues*.

Young Calloway was a dapper, sophisticated showman. He was a slim man with unbounded energy. He could handle a set of drums, if necessary, but his forte was singing in a highly individual manner. His costume was always an integral part of his act—the white dress suit with black satin facings and the long tails. He wore a big star sapphire in a flat platinum setting on his little finger. As a baton-



CAB CALLOWAY AND ORCHESTRA

waver, his double-shuffling, finger-snapping, and hi-de-hoing focused attention on him rather than on the band, and as a result all the music was built around his singing personality.

The astute Irving Mills felt Calloway needed a novelty number of his own as a relief from the overworked tunes he had been using. He sat down with Calloway and lyric writer Clarence Gaskill and, inspired, they said,

by an old spiritual, *Hold On, Keep Your Hands on the Plow*, they came up with a number similar in a way to *St. James Infirmary*. It was called *Minnie the Moocher*, the story of a low-down hoochy-kootcher and her boy friend Smoky Joe, who kicked the gong around a bit together—they smoked opium, in other words.

When Calloway opened the show at the Cotton Club with this, it became

a countrywide sensation via the radio broadcast. It was to start a stream of similar tunes and to set the atmosphere for forthcoming Arlen-Koehler Cotton Club Parades.

The new Calloway Cotton Club orchestra had R. Q. Dickerson, Lamar Wright, Ruben Reeves, trumpets; DePriest Wheeler, Harry White, trombones; William Blue, clarinet, alto saxophone; Andy Brown, alto saxophone; Walter (Foots) Thomas, tenor saxophone; Earres Prince, piano; Charley Stamps, banjo; Jimmy Smith, bass; Leroy Maxey, drums.

When the show opened with *Minnie*, here is the way it went:

The room darkens at midnight, except for the pink-shaded lights on the tables. From the bandstand is heard the beat of a muffled drum. A radio announcer, again Ted Husing, tells the world: "The Cotton Club, the Aristocrat of Harlem, proudly presents Cab Calloway with his story of poor *Minnie the Moocher*." The drums are followed by sounds from piercing trumpets, clarinets, saxophones. A figure whirls onto the stage with a weird cry. The spotlight, focused front-center, is filled with a human Roman candle—Calloway in his white suit, giving out with a penetrating shout over the accompaniment, seemingly silencing it. Then the front shout,



SHOW TIME

...or spare time



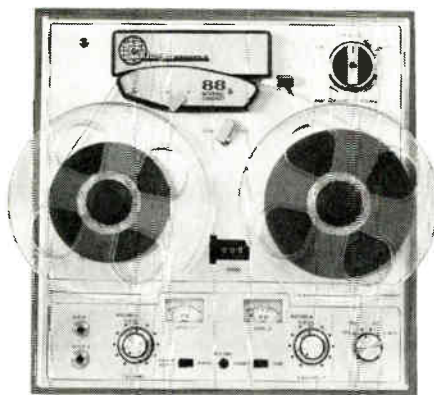
Why do famous musicians like Andre Previn, Erroll Garner, Dave Brubeck, George Shearing and Liberace choose the Baldwin Piano?

On stage, in the studio, at home, every Baldwin-built piano has those qualities which eminent pianists demand—tonal beauty, stamina and an action famous for reliability and speed. All across America, for spare time or show time, distinguished musicians specify Baldwin. Try one today at your Baldwin dealer's.

BALDWIN



Record it on an 88 Stereo Compact



Record a concert, a rehearsal, a session or when you experiment with sounds. Record from radio (including multiplex) or LP's.

Now, play the tape — hear it come to life with all the finesse of the original, in sparkling fidelity — monaural or stereo.

Don't take our word for it. Ask your Viking dealer to run an 88 Stereo Compact through its paces. Witness the practical, easy operation — and listen to the superb quality of this fine tape recorder made by **SKILLED AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN**

88 Stereo Compact for your music system \$339.95



Viking OF MINNEAPOLIS, INC.

9600 Aldrich Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota, 55420

"Now, here's the story about. . . ." As the tale of poor Min unfolds, Calloway, his eyes rolling ceilingward, his knees weaving, and his black hair tumbling over the forehead, begins interspersing the verses with the chant, "Hi-de-hi-de-hi, ho-de-do-de-ho, ha-de-ha-de-ha. . . ." He gets the C.C. customers to sing along with him—he shouts "hi-de-hi," and the listeners respond with "ho-de-ho."

The days of "boop-boop-a-doop" and "vo-do-de-o-do" were over.

When Ellington returned to the C.C. in 1933, trumpeter Freddy Jenkins sang *Minnie*. It had become a Cotton Club fixture.

The first Cotton Club revue featuring Calloway was presented in the spring of 1931. It was called *Rhythmmania*. The big musical hit of this second Arlen-Koehler presentation was *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea*, sung by Aida Ward. Calloway's feature numbers included *Kickin' the Gong Around* and *Trickerration*. Other noteworthy tunes were *I Love a Parade*; *Without Rhythm*; *Get Up, Get Out, Get Under the Sun*; 'Neath the *Pale Cuban Moon*; and *Breakfast Dance*.

Calloway's popularity became widespread, and there were demands for him to appear in theaters across the country and in Hollywood. The band was away from New York in the fall of 1931, and it was necessary to get another jazz outfit to play the club. Irving Mills had seen this as far back as the Ellington days and had kept the Blue Rhythm Band in reserve. This organization, then known as the Blue Rhythm Boys, took the C.C. stand late in 1931. At that time the group was under the leadership of pianist Edgar Hayes and included trumpeter Shelton Hemphill, trombonists Henry Hicks and Harry White, alto saxophonist Crawford Wetherington, and bassist Hayes Alvis. The Arlen-Koehler revue didn't produce the usual array of hit songs, although Calloway's image was kept intact with *Minnie the Moocher's Wedding Day*.

The next distinguished floor show came in October, 1932, and was the first edition labeled *The Cotton Club Parade*. Aida Ward introduced *I've Got the World on a String*, and Calloway did *The Trial of Minnie the Moocher* and *The Wail of the Reefer Man*.

Another event of significance in 1932 was the voluntary leave-taking of Owey Madden. He got into his armored Dusenbury and was chauffeured back to Ossining, where he re-entered Sing Sing of his own volition. There was a charge of a minor nature against him for infractions of his pa-

role. It was probably a smart move, for by this time both Mike Best and Harry Block had been murdered. DeMange stuck around a few years more and managed to die of natural causes. This left Stark the owner of the C.C. during its declining years.

Arlen and Koehler skipped the fall show in 1933 to work on a movie in Hollywood. Among their substitutes were Arlen's brother, Julius, and Jimmy Van Heusen. And in the Cotton Club chorus for that edition was a 16-year-old high-school girl from Brooklyn, Lena Horne. When Arlen and Koehler returned from the movie capital, they produced their last, and one of their greatest, Cotton Club Parades. It featured Adelaide Hall and a new band the management obtained from Buffalo, Jimmie Lunceford's Harlem Express. In it were Eddie Tompkins, Sy Oliver, and Tommy Stevenson, trumpets; Russell Bowles, Elmer Crumpley, trombones; Willie Smith, Joe Thomas, Earl Caruthers, saxophones; Edwin Wilcox, piano; Al Norris, guitar; Moses Allen, bass; and Jimmy Crawford, drums.

The composing team hoped the big number of the show would be *Ill Wind*, sung by Miss Hall, who was the edition's star. They had thought possibly it might rival *Stormy Weather*. Actually the show stopper turned out to be *As Long as I Live*, a duet performed by the now-promoted Lena Horne and dancer Avon Long.

Miss Horne, whose mother had been an actress at the old Lafayette Theater in a dramatic stock company, herself had worked at the Lafayette for producer Earl Dancer. When she joined the C.C. chorus in late 1934, through the influence of her mother, she was still under age and constantly hiding from truant officers. Her big chance came along in the fall '33 Parade when Aida Ward had a bad cold one night and Miss Horne took over her song, *It Happened on a Steamer Coming Over*. The management liked her, and when Arlen-Koehler put together the spring of '34 edition, she was given her own spot (with Long) and her salary raised from the \$25 a week then drawn by chorines.

In November, 1934, an entirely new entertainment regime had taken over at the club. A new team made up of Ben Oakland (music) and Mitchell Parish (lyrics) prepared the book, lyrics, and score for the new revue. Mills Blue Rhythm Band, now under the baton of Lucky Millinder, was on the bandstand with such men as trumpeter Henry (Red) Allen, trombonist J. C. Higginbotham, clarinetist Buster Bailey, pianist Edgar Hayes, guitarist

Lawrence Lucie, and drummer O'Neill Spencer. This was the band that evolved later into the Lucky Millinder Orchestra. Millinder, an acrobatic bandleader, used to run from one side of the stage to the other, jumping from the sax tier to the brass tier. From the drum tier he would jump onto the stage, doing a split.

The opening in late 1934 was as big as usual—celebrities in attendance included Eddie Cantor, Bob Hope, Harry Richman, Roy Atwell, Block and Sully, Eddy Duchin, Phil Harris, Rubinoff of the magic violin, Emil Coleman, and Enric Madriguera. But the handwriting was already on the wall for the uptown Cotton Club. The playboys like Tommy Manville, Jimmie Donahue, and Phil Plant were no longer coming up. These were the fellows whose spending in one night during previous years had been enough to make up for a week's slack business. Other factors discouraged the "let's go to Harlem" cry—repeal of the prohibition law, the depression, and the Harlem race riots in March, 1935.

Ellington's orchestra returned for a short spell in early 1935 with essentially the same personnel that left in 1931. Cornetist Rex Stewart and trombonist Lawrence Brown had been added, and the band now had two bassists, Braud and Billy Taylor.

The autumn of '35 found the Claude Hopkins Band playing at the club with attendance at a low ebb. The novelty and excitement of Harlem night life had run its course. Now the Cotton Club would have welcomed some business from the neighborhood, but the depression had hit Harlem hard, and the local citizens owed nothing to their outside tenants.

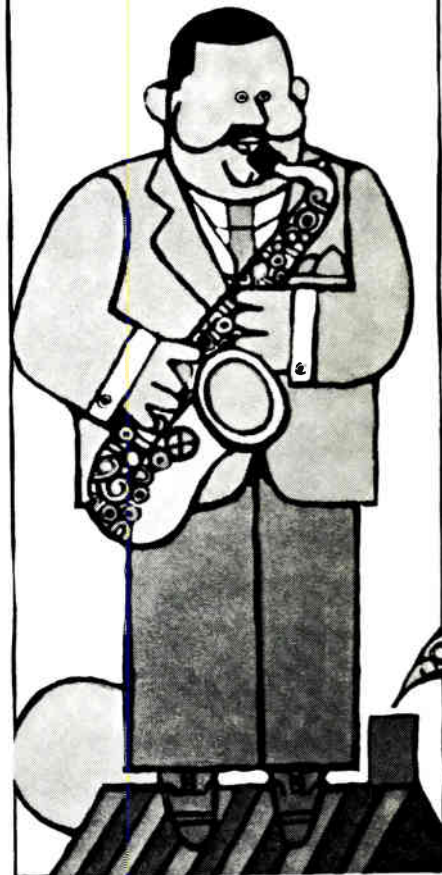
In a desperate attempt, Stark succeeded in obtaining Cab Calloway's band for Christmas week in 1935. The band was in Hollywood working in a picture and came east for the one week only. It helped a little but not enough.

Les Hite's orchestra from California opened in January, 1936. There was no show, and Hite's band played for dancing until Feb. 15, when the uptown Cotton Club came to an end.

Stark and company took over the large upstairs room at 48th St. and Broadway, where the Latin Quarter night club is located today. During the 1920s, the room was known as the Palais Royal, and it was the place where Paul Whiteman made a name for himself in New York. When Connie Immerman moved his Harlem Connie's Inn operation to Broadway in 1931, it was to this room. It had lasted a little more than two years,

Hark!

Cannonball Adderley



His alto sax—
His sextet
romps through
Broadway's
new hit musical

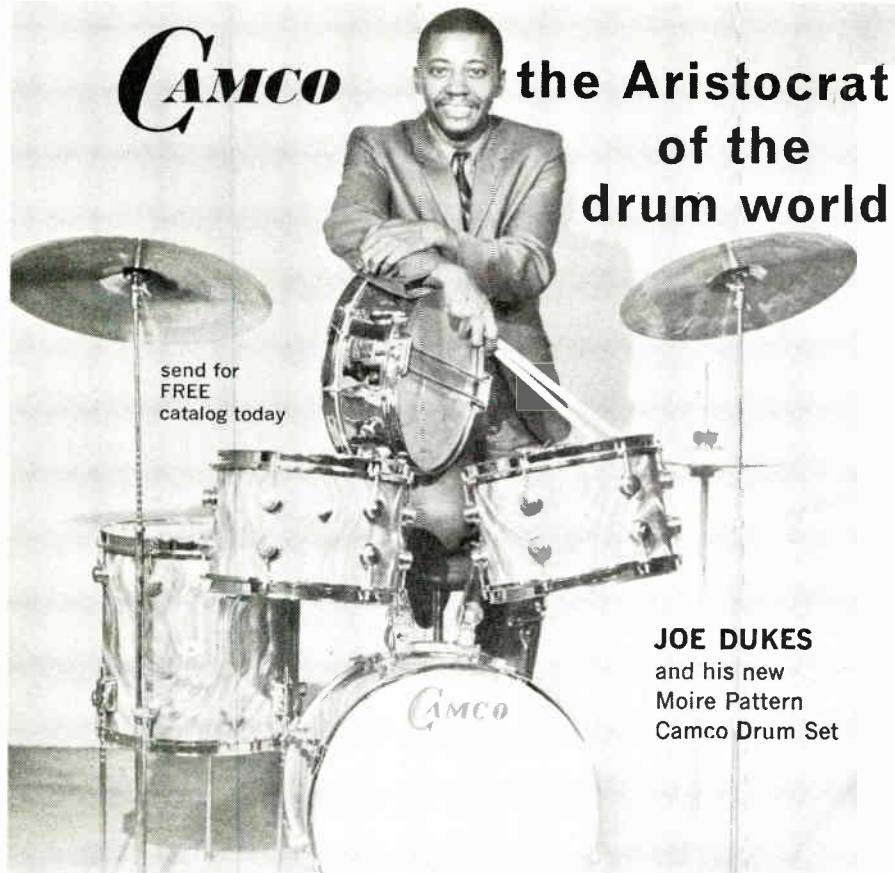
Fiddler on the roof



ST 2216

CAMCO

the Aristocrat of the drum world



send for
FREE
catalog today

JOE DUKES
and his new
Moire Pattern
Camco Drum Set

CAMCO DRUM CO. / 9221 South Kilpatrick Ave. / Oaklawn, Illinois

MILT JACKSON

plays **DEAGAN** vibes

"THE WORLD'S GREAT VIBISTS
PLAY DEAGAN VIBRAHARPS"

For information; See your Music Merchant or write:

J. C. DEAGAN, INC.

1770 WEST BERTEAU AVENUE • CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS



CHARLIE MINGUS

*Down Beat
International Critics Poll*

Number 1

JAZZ BASSIST

Plays and Praises

Framus

Write Today for FREE Full-Color Catalog

EXCLUSIVE NATIONAL WHOLESALERS OF FRAMUS PRODUCTS

PHILADELPHIA MUSIC co.

LIMERICK, PENNA.



and it was in spite of this rather unimpressive experience of a Negro night club on the Great White Way that Stark took over the location for the Cotton Club.

The new operation opened in September, 1936, with Calloway and dancer Bill Robinson headlining. It was here at the New Cotton Club that Ellington first began to write the show scores himself. He and his band appeared frequently during the four-year life of the downtown C.C. It closed for good in 1940.

Uptown, the old room lay idle for almost a decade. In 1945 it was re-decorated and renamed the Club Sudan. It was a rather lavish attempt, on the part of new owners, to revive the Harlem entertainment scene with a big-time night club. The opening show featured Andy Kirk's band and vocalist Billy Eckstine. This attempt, lasting a few months, was doomed, and from then on the room was used only occasionally for special events. In 1964 the building was torn down to make way for a housing development.

THE COTTON CLUB holds an important place in the history of American popular music. Many famous hit songs were written for its floor shows by significant American composers. The club also introduced and gave a strong impetus to the extraordinary talents of Negro artists. As for the Harlem community, its residents don't recall the C.C. with the fondness reserved for Small's Sugar Cane and Paradise or even Immerman's Connie's Inn of the old days.

The views of its people were well summed up by a quotation in Gay Talese's *Esquire* article on Harlem when the twist, for a few months in 1962, looked as though it would revive the "old days" uptown. A young Negro standing outside Wilt Chamberlin's Small's Paradise said, as whites drove up in limousines to watch the dancing: "... Like in the old days ... you know, everybody wanted to live like pharaohs, and then everybody wanted to live like the Romans and hoped to get enough money so they could buy an arena and afford to have somebody eaten by a lion."

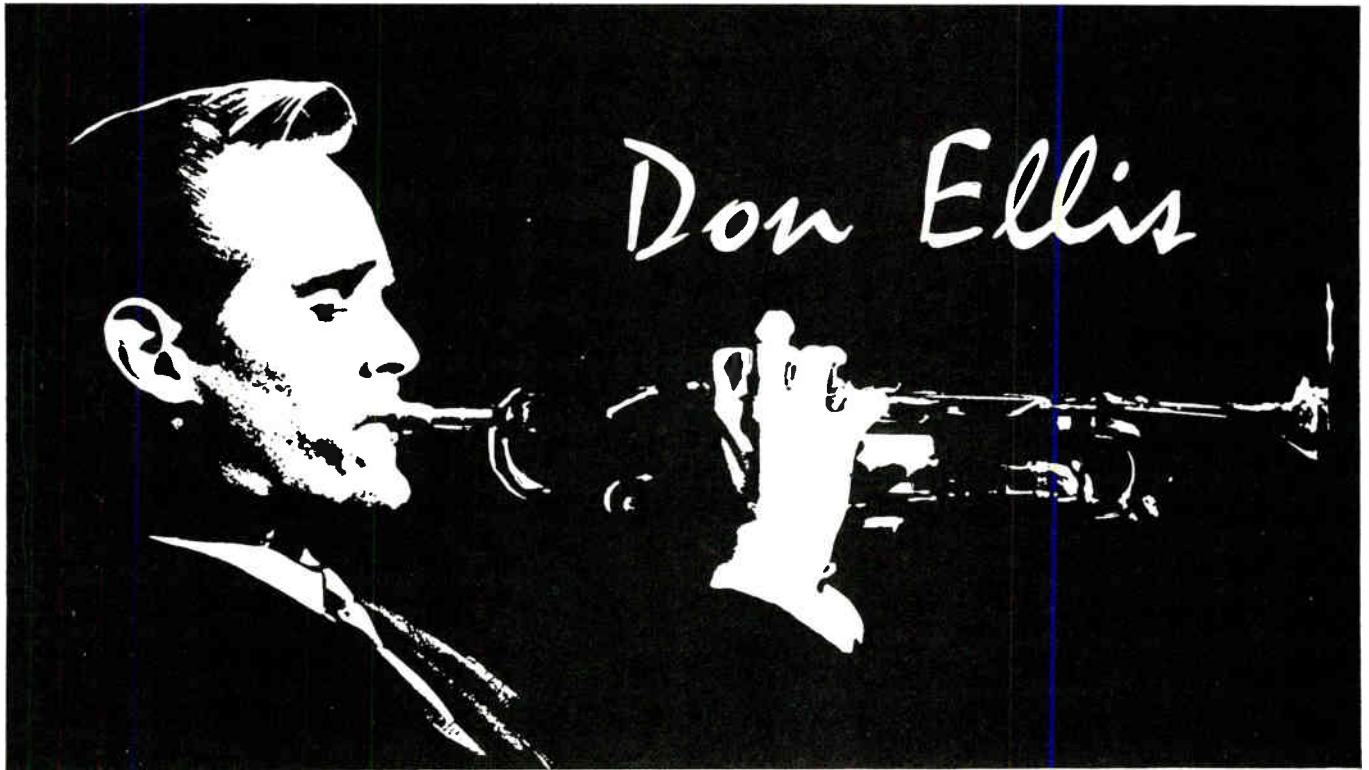
The late Harlem and Chicago newspaperman, Dan Burley, once wrote about Negroes and the '20s: "We were quaint, odd, amusing, simple people, who were tolerated only for what fun the whites could get out of us."

Such then is the context in which the Cotton Club is remembered—for all that it may otherwise have represented.

CB

A CONSISTENT WINNER...

DOWN BEAT International Jazz Critics Poll

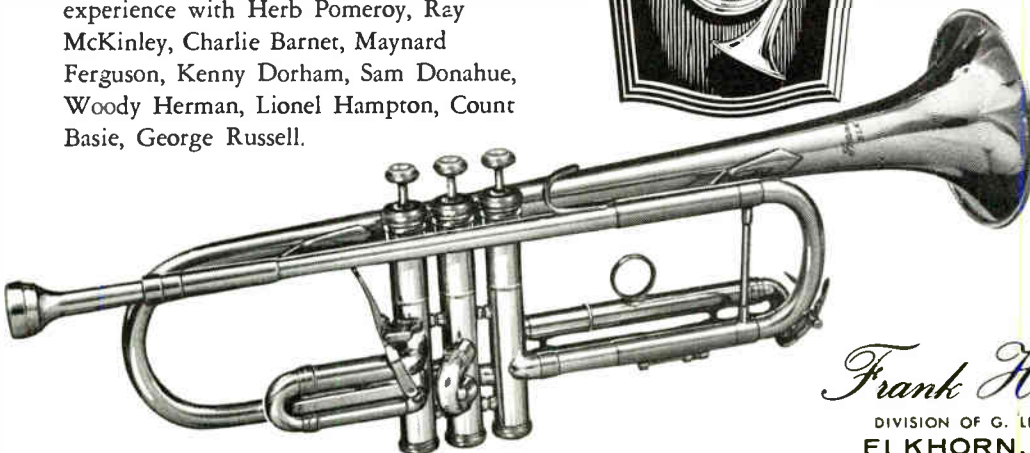


Bachelor of Music in Composition from Boston University, 1956.
Studied trumpet under John Coffey of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Studied composition under Claus Roy, Gardner Read, Hugo Norden. Compositions include *Improvisational Suite No. 1*, using a twelve-tone row. *The Creation of Life*, a half-hour piece for 42-voice chorus, organ and trumpet solo, *Frontiers in Worship: Experiment in Jazz*, and other works both secular and religious drawing on both jazz and classical traditions.

Jazz-influenced by Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, Fats Navarro, Joe Gordon, Clark Terry, Gunther Schuller. Band experience with Herb Pomeroy, Ray McKinley, Charlie Barnet, Maynard Ferguson, Kenny Dorham, Sam Donahue, Woody Herman, Lionel Hampton, Count Basie, George Russell.

Acknowledged one of the foremost avant garde musicians of his time, and technically one of the most impressive of the younger trumpeters, Don Ellis has chosen the Holton B-47 as his medium of expression. Having tested and re-tested many makes of trumpets, he has found that for his particular purposes the Holton B-47 fills the bill exactly. Its response is quick and precise, its tone alive and vibrant, and its high register rings especially clear and true. It's the "progressive" man's horn.



Frank Holton & Co.

DIVISION OF G. LEBLANC CORPORATION
ELKHORN, WISCONSIN



FRANCIS WOLFF



CHU BERRY

FRANKIE NEWTON

THOUGH JAZZ is among the youngest of arts, our view of it is almost entirely governed by historical perspective. History has its uses, to be sure, but its rigid strictures, prematurely applied, often tend to obscure the most significant aspects of a music as intensely personal as jazz.

Within the formulations of jazz history (we all know the sequence: Gospel and blues—New Orleans/Dixieland—Chicago—swing—bop—cool—“new thing”), the music emerges as a series of styles. But in fact, one of the strongest and most lasting jazz traditions is that of personal storytelling, and though the framework may change, the essence remains. And it remains relevant.

History favors the “innovators,” those who break the bonds of style and chart new territory. In emphasizing their unquestioned contributions, it may—perhaps inadvertently—do injustice to those who have realized their art and craft within a specific style, shaping and refining its elements into something quite their own.

The three men whose music is the subject of this discourse have been cast into the shadows by history. The books make mention of their names but in passing. Their recordings remain largely unreissued (and thus, in effect, unavailable to all but the most persistent students of jazz). Yet each of these men was a great player with his own uniquely personal story to tell, and the stories remain on record, waiting only to be rediscovered.

All three died untimely deaths. Leon (Chu) Berry, the youngest, was the first to go. Death took him in his prime, just 31 and not yet disillusioned, in the manner tragically familiar in the annals of jazz: in an auto crash on his way to a one-night stand in the fall of 1941. Frank Newton, the oldest, died at 48 in March, 1954, his health broken by years of struggle and disillusionment, in many ways the prototype of the sensitive artist caught in the commercial trappings of the jazz life. Oran (Hot Lips) Page, two years Newton's junior, died in November of the same year, his zest for life and living no match for the hardships of a constantly thwarted career.

These bare facts are saddening. Yet the musical legacy of these men is a testimonial to life, an affirmation of the human spirit.

FEW PERSONAL DETAILS have come down to us about Chu Berry, and biographical data are at a minimum.

He was born in Wheeling, W. Va., on Aug. 13, 1910. We know little of his education and earliest years, but in 1929 he emerges in Chicago as a member of Sammy Stewart's band, which at that time also included Sid Catlett on drums. In 1930 we find him in New York with the band of Cecil Scott and then with Benny Carter, with whom he made his recording debut on March 14, 1933, and Teddy Hill, with whose band he first teamed up with his great friend and musical brother, trumpeter Roy Eldridge.

The honor of replacing Coleman Hawkins in the Fletcher Henderson Band fell to Berry—after Lester Young had been tried and found wanting. But it was Ben Webster who became the first permanent replacement, Berry going with Hill. In late 1935, when Henderson reorganized his band, it included Berry, Eldridge, and Catlett. In July, 1937, Berry joined Cab Calloway, and he remained with the singer's band until his death on Oct. 10, 1941.

Berry's career is thus circumscribed by the “swing era.” During his eight years of recording activity, he was one of the most sought-after sidemen in jazz. He recorded with a great number of studio groups, backing such singers as Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday, Mildred Bailey, and even blues man Peetie Wheatstraw; playing in combos headed by Red Norvo, Benny Carter, Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, and Wingy Manone; and making four dates under his own name (two of which featured Hot Lips Page on trumpet and vocals).

Even on his earliest recordings, when he was 22, Berry exhibited such mastery of his instrument and such maturity of approach that he often was thought to be much older. His appearance—round and massive—confirmed this impression. Thus, Billie Holiday, in her autobiography, refers to Berry as being older than Lester Young, though in fact he was a year younger.

The sole glimpse one has of Berry as a person is contained in the late Otis Ferguson's *Breakfast Dance*, a piece anthologized in Ralph Gleason's *Jam Session*. It contains a passage worth repeating:

“‘Some of these tenor men . . .’ Chu said, coming off

THREE FORGOTTEN GIANTS

By DAN MORGENSTERN



HOT LIPS PAGE

BILL GOTTLIEB

the stand. 'I see they go copying off Hawkins and then, Shucks. A man never gets to playing it really good 'til he puts something into it. [If] a man doesn't watch out, all he'll be putting in is spit. . . . I work real hard trying to blow it out clean, like I can be proud of it. . . .'

And that's the way he played, putting something of his own into it, blowing it out clean. Chu Berry had one of the most impressive sounds ever coaxed from a tenor saxophone. His point of departure was Coleman Hawkins, but even as early as 1933, when he made a recording with Hawkins (in a band directed by Benny Carter for the British composer-arranger, critic, and sometime bassist Spike Hughes) there were touches of his own. And he played with an authority that equaled that of the grand master of the horn.

(Coleman Hawkins, once reminiscing about Berry, said, "He was my favorite. Of all the tenor players, he was the one I expected to go furthest. He was getting better all the time. The night before he was killed, we played together in a session, and he had some new things for me. I couldn't believe it when I heard about the accident. . . . Chu had genius." It should be noted that Hawkins is a man who uses the word genius sparingly.)

Berry had his own sound, but it was his rhythmic drive that was the hallmark of his style, and it has never been equaled. He was a dramatic soloist, in the grand manner of Hawkins and Louis Armstrong. What made him particularly suited for the featured solo role in a big-band context, his prime metier, was his ability to "come out swinging" from the first note. He didn't seem to need time to warm up—when the bell rang, he was there, and he was ready. A good example among many might be *Bye, Bye Blues* with Calloway.

Berry was fond of pushing the beat, playing slightly ahead of it—in contrast to Lester Young, who once described his own style as "lag-along." He articulated every note, even in a long sequence of short notes. His breath control was the envy of many a saxophonist. A good example of it is his solo on Count Basie's *Lady, Be Good* (the big-band version on Decca), which is played all in one breath—according to tenor saxophonist Paul Gonzales, who still remembers the impact this solo had on

him when the record came out in 1939.

A staggering demonstration of Berry's unflagging drive and inventiveness is *Sweethearts on Parade*, recorded with a Lionel Hampton studio group in April, 1939. His tenor is featured from beginning to end, starting with the opening melody statement, embellished with his own touches, continuing behind Hampton's vocal, emerging at full steam for a solo chorus, and continuing unabated behind Hampton's solo, through to the end of the record.

The same session produced one of the tenorist's most fascinating solos in terms of harmonic inventiveness and continuity of conception: *Shufflin' at the Hollywood*. This is one of the records from the late '30s that indicates things to come. His swing is tremendous. The two remaining sides from the session, *Derision Swing* and *Wizzin' the Wiz*, are not far behind in quality. On the latter, Berry's single chorus at extremely fast tempo is a wonderful demonstration of tonguing, as well as of the proper placement of notes for maximum swing.

Berry could play with velvet softness, as in *Lonesome Nights* (Calloway), or with a stentorian roar, as in *Hot Mallets* (Hampton). He mastered his horn in all ranges, and it is evidence of his pride as a craftsman that not a single one of his well over 100 recorded solos contains a fluff or a missed note. Yet there was none of the sterile aura of mechanical perfection about his playing. No matter how prodigious his technique, it was never displayed for its own sake. Each note he played had a musical genesis.

Berry excelled at fast and middle tempos (the middle tempo is today almost a lost art in jazz, but in the '30s it was the touchstone). His ballad playing was not as melodically majestic and sculptured as that of Hawkins, and on such records as his own *Star Dust* and *Body and Soul* (Commodore-Mainstream) he becomes a bit lugubrious and overemphatic, though there is no gainsaying the sophistication of his harmonies. By the time he recorded his most famous solo feature at slow tempo, *Ghost of a Chance* (Calloway, 1941), his ballad style was in full flower. (It is almost axiomatic in jazz that mastery of balladic improvisation comes last in a player's development.)

Among earlier examples of Berry at his best in slow tempos are Calloway's *Foolin' with You* (Vocalion) and

Hampton's *Ain'tcha Comin' Home?* (Victor, the latter a superbly relaxed and warm performance).

Chu Berry had many admirers but relatively few disciples. He himself scorned imitation. And his style was so firmly rooted in technical mastery that it was difficult to copy him. Among those who best succeeded were the late Robert Carroll (who replaced Berry in the Teddy Hill Band), Julian Dash of the Erskine Hawkins Band, and the late Herbie Haymer, who created an attractive style in the image of Berry.

Throughout his career, Berry's playing was a model of how the horn should and could be played. He stands alone—one further good reason why his music should be heard today.

FRANK NEWTON stood alone too. Though unquestionably one of the finest trumpeters of his time, he earned little fame and recognition and spent the last years of his life in semiobscurity.

For a brief few years—in the late '30s and early '40s—he was a well-known figure on 52nd St. and in Greenwich Village and acquired a small but devoted following. He was that rarity among jazzmen of his generation: an intellectual, a man of many parts. He also was a man of fierce pride, who would take no abuse, make no compromises with his artistic conscience, or willingly play the part society expected him to.

The critics have not done justice to Frank Newton. Hughes Panassie, though ordinarily perceptive in this era, dismisses him as “uneven,” and the special beauty and subtlety of Newton's music seems to have eluded him. Leonard Feather has little to say about him, and his *Encyclopedia of Jazz* entry is ambiguous in tone. Only Stanley Dance (whose wife, the former Helen Oakley, supervised Newton's fine Variety record dates in 1937) and Albert McCarthy have paid homage to Newton's rare talent.

Frank William Newton was born in Emory, Va., on Jan. 1, 1906. As with Berry, not much is known of his early years, but he attended Wilberforce University, where Benny Carter also studied, and received formal musical training that equipped him to become an excellent writer and arranger and first-rate bandsman.

Newton first attracted attention with Cecil Scott's Bright Boys, a band that also included superb and neglected trumpeter Bill Coleman, and a young dynamo of the trombone, Dickie Wells. With this band Newton made his first recordings, in 1929. He was not well featured, however (excepting a brilliant bridge on *In a Corner* and some fine breaks on *Bright Boy Blues*). It was not until Bessie Smith's last recording session, in 1933, that he got his chance on record. Between these dates, he had worked with the Harlem bands of Elmer Snowden and Charlie Johnson, and subsequently he replaced Roy Eldridge in Teddy Hill's band. (He was in turn replaced by young Dizzy Gillespie, whose style was more like Eldridge's.)

Intermittently, Newton led his own groups in Harlem, and in 1937 he took a small band to the Onyx Club on 52nd St., which was eventually taken over by bassist John Kirby, who brought in trumpeter Charlie Shavers after an argument with Newton. The earliest records of what was to become the famous John Kirby Sextet, made under clarinetist Buster Bailey's nominal leadership, have Newton on trumpet.

In 1939 Newton took his own eight-piece band to the newly opened Cafe Society Downtown. It was a band made up of his own trumpet, three saxophones (including alto and soprano saxophonist Tab Smith), and four rhythm (including the advanced pianist Kenny Kersey). That year was the peak of Newton's career. His band recorded eight

sides for Vocalion; Panassie built a recording band around him for a Bluebird session that included his long-time sidekick, altoist Pete Brown, and James P. Johnson at the piano; he recorded for Blue Note with, among others, the newly rediscovered Sidney Bechet and for Commodore with Billie Holiday (remember *Strange Fruit* and *Fine and Mellow?*); and he had a good and steady job. That was to be the last year in which he recorded as a leader or worked in a major club.

In the following years, Newton led bands in Greenwich Village clubs such as the Pied Piper, on 52nd St., and in Harlem. Among his alumni were tenorist Ike Quebec, trombonist Vic Dickenson, and Flip Phillips, who then specialized on clarinet.

In the late '40s, he made the first of his many trips to Boston, which eventually became his second home. He made his final record date in 1946, accompanying his sometime associate, singer Stella Brooks, in a band that also included Bechet and pianist Joe Sullivan.

From the late '40s on, Newton was not a full-time musician. He was a gifted painter and devoted some of his time to this. He also had a marvelous gift for working with children and spent many summers as a camp counselor. He also worked as a building superintendent in the Village, and during his tenure in that position often ran jam sessions in the basement of his home. (Scenes from one of these sessions have been preserved by the famous photographer Weegee.) This ended when a fire destroyed most of his possessions, including his record collection and many paintings.

While in Boston, Newton, among other things, had a profound influence on the young Nat Hentoff, who has described his encounter with the trumpeter in the most personal and moving chapter of his book, *The Jazz Life* (“Night School at the Savoy”). It was Hentoff who wrote Newton's obituary for *Down Beat*.

Just prior to his death of acute gastritis on March 11, 1954, Newton had made plans to resume a full-time musical schedule and had successfully auditioned a band for Arthur Godfrey's *Talent Scouts*.

Frank Newton was no ordinary man, and the music he made was no ordinary music. His singing tone had a beautifully cloudy quality, which made it unlike any other trumpet sound; once one knows it, it is instantly recognizable. He was a poet; his best recorded solos have a poignant lyricism of their own. In a spiritual sense, his music was closely related to that of Lester Young; significantly, the two musicians were good friends and often jammed together.

Newton made imaginative use of mutes, among them the rarely used buzz mute (sometimes employed by Roy Eldridge and Dickie Wells). His time was perfect: relaxed yet buoyant. He could punch out a lead like a trumpet should, as on the final chorus of *Rompin'* (Bluebird/RCA Victor LP), and he was a master at supplying obbligatos to singers (as on Billie Holiday's *Fine and Mellow* or behind Clarence Palmer's vocal on *You Showed Me the Way*, with Newton's own band, reissued on Epic's *Swing Street* set).

Among Newton's most masterly recorded performances are his own *The Blues My Baby Gave to Me* (Bluebird/RCA Victor LP); his solo on his own striking composition and arrangement, *Parallel Fifths* (Vocalion); his splendid muted work on *Lights Out* (with Art Karle and His Boys, on Vocalion); his two majestic choruses and brilliant cadenza on *Tab's Blues* (with his Cafe Society band on Vocalion/Epic LP); his solo on his own *Easy Living* (Variety), a masterpiece of melodic improvisation; his model chorus on Hank D'Amico's *Juke Box Judy* (National), and his profoundly moving solo on a side



Frank Newton and his band

from his final record date, *As Long as I Live*, with Stella Brooks (Disc). One of Newton's best small-band arrangements, *The Brittwood Stomp*, has recently become available on Columbia's *The Sound of Harlem*, in the *Jazz Odyssey* series.

Newton was, of course, greatly influenced by Louis Armstrong. He was in the front rank of the trumpeters who shaped their own stories in Armstrong's mold. In turn, he had great influence on one important trumpeter: Harry Edison. Some of Edison's early work, such as on Count Basie's *Jump for Me* and Billie Holiday's *You're a Lucky Guy*, could almost pass for Newton. Later, Edison became his own man, but when he dons his cup mute and plays *Willow*, *Weep for Me*, he still makes one listener think of Frank Newton, who also loved this tune.

Newton was a fine blues player. But the greatest blues ever played on a trumpet came from the horn of Oran (Hot Lips) Page. Dizzy Gillespie once put it this way: "When it comes to the blues, don't mess with Lips—not Louis, not Roy, not me—not anyone." But while the blues were his forte, Lips Page was an all-around jazzman of towering stature whose name—had fortune smiled upon him—would today be among the most famous in jazz.

ORAN PAGE was born in Dallas, Texas, on Jan. 27, 1908. He started to play at 12 and was a member of a children's brass band led by bass drummer Lux Alexander, which also included tenor saxophonist Budd Johnson. Among his earliest professional experiences was a tour on the TOBA vaudeville circuit with the famous blues singer Ma Rainey; later he also backed Bessie Smith. In 1924 he heard King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band with Louis Armstrong on second cornet in Chicago, and from then on, he was on his way.

From the time he joined Walter Page's Blue Devils in 1927 until he went to New York in 1935, Page's home base was Kansas City, Mo., and his working terrain the geographical complex that includes Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri and Texas, the area where some of the greatest jazz of that or any other day was then being made.

With Walter Page, Lips was the featured soloist and front man (a trumpeter makes a better leader-symbol than a bassist), and he also shared vocal chores with Jimmy Rushing. Young Bill Basie and altoist Buster Smith were in the band. Lips soon became known as "the trumpet king of the Midwest," as novelist Ralph Ellison has related.

In 1930 Benny Moten took over most of the Blue Devils' stars, including Lips. On the brilliant series of Victor records made by the Moten band in 1933 (really

the first swing-band records ever made, no matter what the books may say), we get the first real glimpse of the young trumpeter's prowess. The stamp of Armstrong is upon him, most notably on *Moten Swing*, but the tone and the inflections are his own, and the growl work on *Toby* and *Lafayette* is distinctly his own—not like Bubber Miley, not like Cootie Williams, but like Hot Lips Page.

In 1935, after Moten's death, Basie took over the band. Lips stayed with him, again in the role of front man, emcee, singer, and instrumental star. In this multiple role, he so impressed Louis Armstrong and his new manager, Joe Glaser, who had come to Kansas City and had stopped in at the Reno Club to hear the Count Basie Band, that Glaser offered to build a band for Page if he would leave Basie and go to New York.

What must have seemed like a golden opportunity to the 28-year-old musician appears, in retrospect, to have been a false move. Had Lips stayed on with Basie, he would no doubt have benefited from the band's subsequent successes and have been exposed to a wider audience.

As it worked out, Lips did go to New York, opening at Small's Paradise with a large band made up mostly of Harlem musicians, scoring some local successes but not on the scale he and Glaser might have envisioned. He did not record under his own name until early in 1938, with a band of two saxophones and rhythm, the prototype of the many small jump crews Lips was to lead until the end. The records were issued on Decca's "race" label.

Later that year, Page re-formed a big band, which recorded for Victor's 35-cent Bluebird label. It was a good band, but Harry White's arrangements were in the mold of the Harlem swing bands, rather than in the Kansas City style that led to Basie's fame, and in which Page would have felt more at home. The best of these records is an instrumental, *Skullduggery*, with a brilliant trumpet solo.

During these years, Page became a favorite in Harlem, often playing the Apollo Theater and sitting in almost nightly at the many uptown afterhours spots that were flourishing. He was the jam-session musician par excellence. He thrived on the friendly competition, he loved the freedom and informality, and he was a born catalyst. A brief but fascinating glimpse of Page at work in this environment has been preserved by Jerry Newman on the *Esoteric-Counterpoint* LP featuring Charlie Christian and Dizzy Gillespie. The trumpeter called Lips Flips on one track is obviously Page, but in spite of this giveaway, Leonard Feather's notes attribute the solo to Joe Guy, a lesser player.

Page didn't work just in Harlem. He was a familiar

figure on 52nd St., in Greenwich Village, and in jazz spots and at theaters throughout the country. In the summer of 1941, he became one of the pioneers of jazz integration, joining the Artie Shaw Band as featured trumpeter and vocalist—shortly after his good friend and admirer Roy Eldridge had assumed the same role with Gene Krupa's band.

Well featured with Shaw on several records (notably the two-part *St. James Infirmary*), Page now for the first time reached a national audience, but having been his own man for some time, the sideman role did not appeal to him for long. After six months, he left Shaw and resumed leading his own groups.

At times, it seemed as if the big break he always hoped for would come, but somehow it always seemed to escape his reach. Unscrupulous managers (he had long since left Glaser), unreliable or disloyal sidemen (Page was no disciplinarian), bad bookings, inept a&r men, and all the other trials and pitfalls of the music business dogged him.

No one tried harder than Page. He was a brilliant talent spotter; a partial list of musicians who got their first major break with him would include saxophonists Lucky Thompson, Don Byas, Paul Quinichette, Ike Quebec, and Earl Bostic; pianists Hank Jones, Red Garland, and Joe Knight (even Cecil Taylor worked briefly with Page); and drummer Herbie Lovelle. Page gave his sidemen freedom of expression; they got a chance to show how good they were, and then, more often than not, somebody with more money to offer snatched them away.

In the late '40s Page had his first million-seller record. But it was as Pearl Bailey's partner, and it was Miss Bailey, not Page, who rode to fame on *The Hucklebuck* and *Baby, It's Cold Outside*.

In his later years, most of Page's brighter moments came in Europe. He was a big hit at the 1949 Paris Jazz Festival, where he almost stole the show from such luminaries as Charlie Parker and Sidney Bechet. And in 1953 he spent a happy and fruitful summer at the Belgian seaside resort of Knokke, in the musical and fraternal company of drummer Zutty Singleton.

But the strain of keeping a band on the road was beginning to tell. The bookings got worse, the sidemen less co-operative. His cars, bought secondhand, always seemed to break down. To find release from the strain, Page would spend what was left of his nights blowing afterhours wherever he could find a spot. And he loved to eat and drink.

In late 1953 he suffered a heart attack. It scared him, and he promised himself and his friends to take it easy. Yet he could not stay put for long, temperamentally or economically, and soon he was back in action again.

A final trip to Europe the following summer consisted mostly of one-nighters. Back home, the tribulations of getting and keeping a group together began again. In November he caught pneumonia, and his heart was no longer strong enough to pull him through. He died in Harlem Hospital on Nov. 5, 1954. His funeral was most impressive, and there was a benefit for his widow and son at the Central Plaza, which was sufficiently star-studded to make *Life* magazine. The publicity came too late.

Lips Page was one of the most powerful trumpeters in jazz history. When he wanted to, he could make walls shake. But he could also play softly and tenderly, and everywhere in between. His tone was broad and brilliant, with a wide but pleasing vibrato. He was a master of the growl and of the plunger mute—only trombonist Tricky Sam Nanton could approximate the depth of feeling evoked by Page on a minor blues (his recorded masterpiece in this genre is *I Won't Be Here Long* on Decca). Yet he could also make swinging, stinging sounds with a

Harmon mute, or make a romantic ballad bloom the way an Armstrong or a Hawkins can.

Not a polished technician, Page made his chops do the work for which others used the fingers. His false-fingering (i.e., unorthodox deployment of the trumpet's valves) was perhaps as unique as Bix Beiderbecke's, though in a very different way.

He was a master at crafting swinging, often blues-based original lines for his small bands, which usually featured a front line of trumpet, trombone, and alto and tenor saxophones. Some of Page's best small bands swung as hard as the Savoy Sultans ever did and packed a far greater musical wallop. These bands combined the best of Kansas City and Harlem jazz. A good recorded example (though no record can equal the in-person excitement Page could generate) is *Pagin' Mr. Page* (Savoy), featuring Sid Catlett, Don Byas, and Clyde Hart. On this record, Page also plays the mellophone, an instrument he helped pioneer in jazz. Another fine example of small-band swing a la Page is *Gone with the Gin* (Decca) while *Harlem Rhumbain' the Blues* (Decca) is one of the most successful weddings of jazz and Latin rhythms from the pre-Cuban-influence era.


As a singer, Page had no superiors—only equals.

The texture and timbre of his voice resembled that of Louis Armstrong, but he didn't force the similarity—it came naturally. He could sing a ballad as movingly as Armstrong (*Gee, Baby, Aint I Good to You?* with Chu Berry on Commodore/Mainstream), and he was fond of ballad singing. But it was the blues at which he excelled. His were not the country blues, though a performance like *Moanin' Dan* (Circle LP) has the immediacy, the spontaneity, and even some of the roughness of a blues from the source. What Page was a master at was the art of preserving the emotional essence of real blues within the jazz context—and at a time when that essence was being watered with elements of jive and superficiality.

He had a marvelous sense of humor, as exemplified in such blues as *Buffalo Bill Blues* (Hub), *You Come in Here, Woman* (Jazztone), *Miss Larceny Blues* (Columbia), or *Six, Seven, Eight, or Nine* (Commodore), all about the trials of relations with the opposite sex. He also could be savage and scathing as on *Lips' Blues* (Savoy) or *Walkin' in a Daze* (Epic's *Swing Street*). And in the wee hours of the morning, when most of the blowing was done, Page could sit and sing the blues, happy and sad at once, making up new verses or remembering some good old ones, in a way that no witness will ever forget.

It is one of the sadnesses of Page's life that he was not around when Ray Charles made that breakthrough for the blues that no doubt would have opened the ears of the public to Page's message. It was a message full of the warmth and the wisdom that the Negro American, in spite of heavy odds, has culled from his experience—a message of enduring strength.

TODAY, little of the musical legacy of the three men of this article is readily obtainable. Surrounded by the present, the new records issue in a steady stream, affording much to listen to, much to choose from. Of the music of yesterday that is made available, it must be said that the choices made for us are sometimes puzzling. But there is comfort in the consideration that what has once been snatched from the jaws of time is preserved—by foresight or good fortune—and the certainty that, as the transitory is sifted out, the essential will emerge more fully and clearly.

When the full story of jazz is ripe for the telling, the names Leon Berry, Frank Newton, and Oran Page will appear larger in its pages than many now more familiar. In the meantime, listen if you get the chance. 

WHITE BLUES

(Continued from page 57)

he said after listening a while. He paused and then added thoughtfully, "But it sure isn't my *music*."

In his direct, honest way, House had gone to the heart of the thing. Like any true folk music, blues do not exist in a vacuum. Intimately related as they are to Negro life and experience, they do not have a meaningful existence separate from the situation and function that gave rise to them. They are the products of a particular time, place, people and their culture. A totally functional music (albeit personal), blues as a vital folk music are the tools, expression, and result of a complex of cultural, environmental, and emotional factors. The inseparable elements of song and style are further inextricably bound up in the emotional patterns and mores of the culture of which the song is truly the by-product. "A song," writes folklorist Alan Lomax, "is a complex human action—music plus speech, relating performers to a larger group in a special situation by means of certain behavior patterns, and giving rise to a common emotional experience."

It was the very absence of this special and complex relationship that House noted. The surface elements of a particular folk musical style can, naturally, be learned and approximated to a greater or lesser degree by a gifted, determined musician alien to the style-producing culture. But he must always bear in mind that what he is reproducing is at best merely, and only, an approximation, the superficial aspects of a complex musical-cultural experience of which the original performer (who is being imitated by the white bluesnik) may hardly be aware. Like an iceberg, there is a huge portion of the musical reality bulking below the surface, the end-product—the specific song (with the concomitant of style)—being only the exposed portion.

By and large, it has been this surface portion on which the white blues interpreter has concentrated his energies—necessarily so, of course.

Even so, several of the performers have made extraordinarily effective personal syntheses of these stylistic elements, occasionally producing strong, vigorous blues performances that are valid and moving musical experiences. Two Minneapolis youths, Dave Ray and John Koerner, both singer-guitarists, have recorded blues performances that are marvelously detailed, rhythmically resilient, and vocally convincing—remarkable by any standards, and as fine as anything that

has come out of the white blues movement thus far. Their accomplishments are doubly impressive in light of the tremendous obstacles that have faced the white blues man.

Ray has a supple, dark-colored voice that is perhaps the most convincing instrument for singing the taut, emotion-charged country blues of any of the white blues interpreters. His recorded performances have been of a consistently high level of sensitivity and stylistic fidelity, though his cohort Koerner has recorded a performance, *Ramblin' Blues* (on Elektra 240, *Blues, Rags, and Hollers*), that is surely one of the singular accomplishments by any white blues man.

Chicago's Paul Butterfield is to these ears the most consistently stimulating, assured, and wholly satisfying of all young blues performers, a consummate blues singer and peerless harmonica player. For some time he has been leading a group at Big John's, a club on Chicago's Wells St., made up of two whites, himself and guitarist Elvin Bishop, and two Negroes, bassist Jerome Arnold and drummer Sammy Lay, both veterans of Howling Wolf's superb band. The group is a churning, powerfully one in the best modern Chicago traditions, and over the driving, insistent rhythm of the electrified instruments, Butterfield's idiomatic voice soars effortlessly, naturally, with tremendous bite and thrust.

In marked contrast to the other white blues men, Butterfield is committed wholeheartedly to the modern urban blues style long associated with Chicago, and he has fashioned his own brilliantly personal and convincing style, much as have a number of young contemporary Negro blues singers. So individual and fully assimilated is his approach that, listening to Butterfield sing and play his blues (and they are his), the question of his aping Negro style or specific Negro singers never arises. Butterfield is simply his own man.

One feels that Butterfield, by addressing himself entirely to contemporary blues, has bystepped the problems that have prevented the other young blues interpreters from attaining a comparable degree of fluency, conviction, and authority. Putting aside for the moment the fact of Butterfield's long intimacy with the culture that produced the music he performs and his equally long apprenticeship in the style, it is apparent that the musical style itself is much less bound up in a maze of socio-cultural factors than is the older country blues. The modern style is more readily assimilable simply because these factors are not operative in the contemporary blues to the same degree

as in the older forms. To state this is not to depreciate Butterfield's achievement but simply to say that he has chosen wisely (or luckily) and has developed the skills and has the intuition to penetrate beyond the surface of the music. One feels that it will be a long time indeed before the devotees of the country styles acquire the understanding and technical and emotional powers to work from within the deep country traditions. It is more likely than not that, in view of the awesome barriers to be overcome to permit this kind of approach, they will always be on the outside, their faces pressed yearningly against the glass, looking in.

CONTEMPLATING THE WORK of the white blues men, a number of interesting parallels with jazz developments suggest themselves.

In their examination and re-creation of older folk blues forms—country blues specifically—the white blues performers invite comparison with a similarly directed movement in jazz during the 1940s: the attempts by a number of dedicated white jazz enthusiasts, among them some excellent musicians, to re-create the sound and substance of early traditional New Orleans jazz styles, those modes of playing closest to a rough, rude folk style. In their hankering after a more or less crude, earthy, unsophisticated, spontaneous folk musical expression (and the no less important notions of a romantic, simplistic, natural, uncomplicated way of life it conjures up in their minds), the jazz revivalists and the white blues revivalists are remarkably akin; it is likely that the blues revival movement will share the same fate as well.

On the other hand, the work of Butterfield and a few others—Mike Bloomfield is one—who have been drawn to the living, contemporary blues does not fall within this category, of course. Their work, if it were matched with a comparable development in jazz, most closely approximates the efforts of the young white Chicago jazzmen of the late 1920s, who, fired by the brilliant, incendiary playing of Negro jazz musicians, created a jazz form that was strong, valid, moving, lusty, and quite a bit different from the music of the men they so greatly admired. They found their own voices, sought their own means of expression, played themselves. And in doing so they gave something important back to the music, something that imitation or "authentic re-creation in the spirit and style" of an older form has never accomplished.



EVERY 14 DAYS a new issue of **down beat** is read by those who set the musical pace

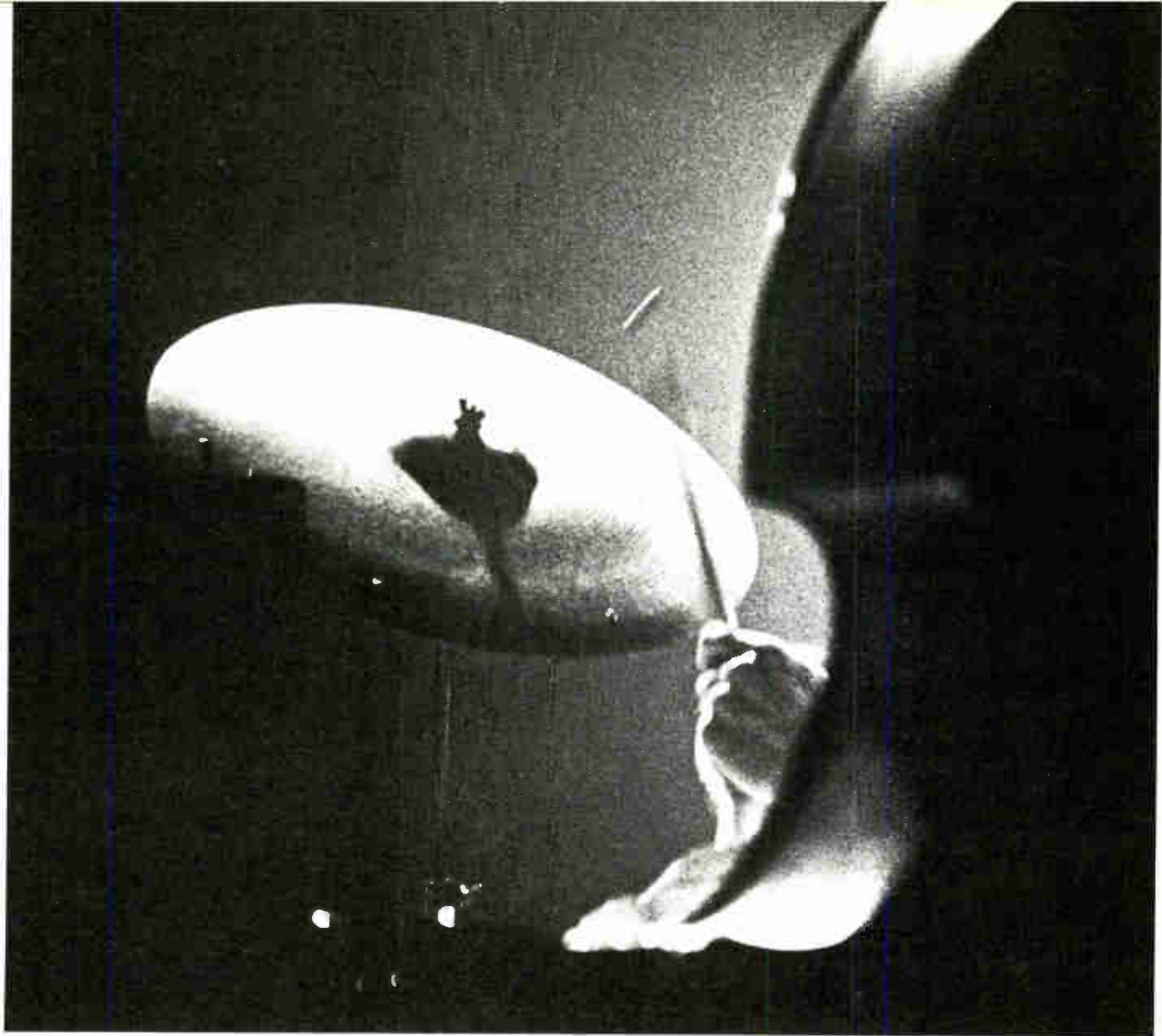
not only in 50 states but also in 124 countries



SUBSCRIBE TODAY

... and receive 26 issues of the
world's leading music magazine
plus—a free ★★★★★ record album

(Use the above premium subscription card)



LARS SWANBERG

THE JAZZ AVANT GARDE: PRO & CON

A DISCUSSION

In 1964, as in the previous two or three years, jazz' avant garde caused much controversy, not only among musicians and jazz fans but also within the critical fraternity. It seemed, if one were a critic, one had to be either wholeheartedly for or staunchly against the "new thing."

To air the pros and cons vis a vis the avant garde, **Down Beat's** associate editor in New York, Dan Morgenstern, invited Ira Gitler, Martin Williams, Don Heckman, and Don Schlitten to join him in a panel discussion. The results of the discussion begin on the following page.

About the participants:

Ira Gitler has been writing about jazz for several years, and until July, 1964, he was a **Down Beat** associate editor. Gitler currently is working on a book that deals with the bebop era.

Don Heckman is not only an astute critic of jazz, he is a practitioner of the music as well. An alto saxophonist, Heckman has performed with John Benson Brooks and Don Ellis, among other avant-garde musicians. He also was a participant in The October Revolution, a series of avant-garde concerts mentioned in the discussion.

Dan Morgenstern, in addition to being on the staff of **Down Beat**,

was formerly the editor of **Metro** and **Jazz** magazines. He is a strong supporter of mainstream jazz, but his tastes range through all the music's styles.

Don Schlitten is known primarily as a professional photographer and album-cover designer, but he also supervises recording dates for Prestige records. His love and understanding of jazz are deep.

Martin Williams writes for several magazines, mostly about jazz but also about films. He formerly was co-editor of **Jazz Review** and also has edited several jazz anthologies and authored books on the music. Williams was among the first critics to support the "new thing."



WILLIAMS: 'There is a great deal of sloppiness, a great deal of faking, and a great deal of incompetence, which is true of any type of jazz. But this kind of music invites it more than others.'

GITLER: 'The guides are fewer. You don't have chord changes to make. Therefore, many young guys think all you have to do is stand up and blow anything that comes into your head, and you're making music if you're passionate about it.'

THE JAZZ AVANT GARDE: PRO & CON

Morgenstern: It seems there is a possibility that jazz may now develop in more than one direction. In a sense it always has, but it has been a more or less unilinear development. Something like bebop, for instance, was originally a revolution in a sense, but it was definitely within the so-called main stream of jazz and was absorbed into it. It occurred to me while I was writing a review of the avant garde's "October Revolution," that possibly now there may be a new thing in jazz, *really* a new thing, insofar as it may be a music that will develop along its own lines and somehow move closer to so-called contemporary classical music—or composed music—and will lose some of the elements that we think of as peculiar to jazz, the identifying characteristics. Along with this, there may still be another development in jazz that is a kind of swinging jazz—like Horace Silver and so on—and it may be that these two musics will exist side by side, related but not necessarily the same.

Williams: I don't see how it could be like classical music. I don't understand that analogy because I don't see anything comparable that is important, any more than bebop is 19th-century European music, harmonically. But it's jazz, and there's no argument about it. It's true that some "new thing" players obviously came into it with classical backgrounds, but not all of them. And many of them, quite obviously, know nothing whatever about contemporary classical music.

Then there are so many players. You talked about it being absorbed into the mainstream of jazz, the way bop has... you know you can hear Charlie Parker licks in any barroom or on any TV show

now.

But there are so many players who can play advanced bebop, advanced traditional-modern, and also play the "new thing." Dozens of bass players. Dozens of pianists. Dozens of drummers, and a few horn men.

Gitler: Not many.

Williams: Not as many of them, because they have the greater demands put on them. But I don't see why *composed* music. There's more improvisation involved in the "new thing" than in any other type of jazz, so I don't see why composed music would evolve out of it. In a sense, there's too much improvisation for some people who are trying to play it.

Gitler: Are you referring to lengths of solos?

Williams: That again is a question of achievement. A solo is too long relative to other things. But I mean there is a great deal of sloppiness, a great deal of faking, and a great deal of incompetence, which is true of any type of jazz. But this kind of music invites it more than others. And those of us who enjoy the best of the "new thing" are automatically put on the defensive—as will always happen when something new comes along—and we tend not to talk about these things because we are on the defensive.

Schlitten: Why does it invite faking?

Gitler: Because the guides are fewer. You don't have chord changes to make. Therefore, many young guys think that all you have to do is stand up and blow anything that comes into your head, and you're making music if you're passionate about it.

Heckman: It seems that already you're setting limits, when you say there are no

changes. One of the problems in talking about the so-called "new thing" is that it covers so many different kinds of music, and it's so easy to generalize and say, "This is just a bunch of guys playing without changes." It's not just that at all. There's quite a bit more to it.

Gitler: One night I was sitting in the Five Spot, and Don Freidman was playing. You [Heckman] and Don Ellis sat in and played *Straight, No Chaser*, a blues. Yet once you finished with the melody statement, I found no relation to *Straight, No Chaser*. Not only did you abandon the changes, but I felt that you went away from the feeling of the tune, and each line does have a feeling that it implies, which musicians will carry over.

Heckman: I agree with that. I think that it's a poor choice to play tunes like Monk tunes—especially Monk tunes—and not do things in your improvisational sections that are going to have some relationship to the tune. But if you're going to improvise freely, then I think you have to either have total improvisation, with no tune in front, or, if you're going to have a tune, then do something from that tune.

Williams: There's a record of Ornette Coleman improvising on a Monk tune, that piece of Gunther Schuller's based on *Criss-Cross*. Ornette doesn't use the changes of the section. He's only supposed to play the first eight, but he doesn't use those chords, but he does use the melody—all the way through his solo, in different guises and permutations. Of course, he's supposed to be undisciplined and incapable of order, which is absurd.

Morgenstern: Even when Ornette plays his own things, which are usually quite melodic and easily identifiable as tunes,



HECKMAN: 'If you're going to improvise freely, then I think you have to either have total improvisation, with no tune in front, or, if you're going to have a tune, then do something from that tune.'



THE JAZZ AVANT GARDE: PRO & CON

his improvisations are always related to that particular thing that he's playing.

Williams: I don't always feel that, but I think it's quite often true. Sometimes he isn't free enough, you know, because he always plays modally. People say he's too free—no, he's not, he's always right in that key.

Also there's not enough of a quantitative distinction made about Ornette's work, in fact about most of the players of the so-called "new thing." Ornette's adherents, for the most part, have been guilty of saying he does 'most everything that's good; his opponents just don't listen, and they don't hear what he does. But Ornette has some very bad choruses and some very good choruses—effective choruses and ineffective choruses in terms of what he is trying to do.

Morgenstern: If there are so many different things going on which are generally lumped together, especially by the opponents of the new music, would it be possible to set up some kind of a hierarchy or some sort of guide to the leading players in different schools and say what these different approaches are and why they differ?

Schlitten: I think the problem with this whole music is the fact that the majority of the musicians don't have an identity. Ben Webster can play one note, and you know that it's Ben Webster and nobody else. But I think most musicians involved in this "new thing" have no identity whatsoever, which is another point in contrast to the so-called freedom they supposedly acknowledge.

Williams: It took Ben Webster a long time to get free of his influences. Young Ben Webster sounded a lot like Coleman Hawkins.

Schlitten: You could at least narrow it

down to an influence, but with the "new thing" it's. . . .

Heckman: I don't agree with that at all.

Gitler: But in those days they played in bands. They played gigs where they played songs.

Williams: Ornette went through all that.

Heckman: So what is the point? What this line of reasoning comes down to ultimately is that these guys had experience as entertainers of one sort or another.

Schlitten: I don't mean it from that angle. I'm talking about development of tone, for instance. One of the problems of the "new thing" musicians is that they have bad tone.

Heckman: What does good tone mean?

Schlitten: Playing your instrument as an instrument.

Heckman: Who sets the criteria of what a good saxophone tone is? Where does it come from?

Schlitten: When you take saxophone lessons, the first thing you tell the guy, I want it to sound nice. He says, you'll have to listen for it. Now, what he means by that is that you have to try, because everything in life is to attain beauty.

Williams: Did Charlie Parker take saxophone lessons?

Gitler: I don't know, but he certainly listened for beauty, because it came out. He had a beautiful sound.

Williams: I think Ornette has a beautiful sound. Now, what does that mean?

Gitler: You really think Ornette has a good sound? Do you think Archie Shepp has a beautiful sound?

Morgenstern: Let's not throw personal

impressions of individual musicians at each other.

But what Ira meant when he said playing in bands is a valuable experience, is that you have to learn how to blend in a section, how to play softly, how to play loudly, how to sometimes adapt your phrasing to the person who's playing lead, and so on. All these things round out your playing and add to it, if only in terms of learning the command and control of your instrument.

But in the new music, there is very often, I think, a conscious rejection of standards, of esthetic principles which apply to the older forms of jazz. Such as getting a good and beautiful sound, a sound, which by the musician's intention, is pleasing to the ear. And I think that is the reason behind that. In other words, I think Don Cherry, say, isn't at all concerned about sound. I read in the liner notes of a recent album released in Scandinavia that he was playing the date on a cornet that dated from the Civil War days, a dented cornet. Now older musicians wouldn't make a record if they had an instrument like that.

Williams: Maybe he liked the sound of the horn.

Morgenstern: But when you put down certain standards, playing together, playing in tune, getting a good tone, of beauty. . . . I think that the thing these conditions are associated with is a specific kind of music. Playing together is very good if the kind of music that you're going to play is playing-together music, but if you're not going to play that kind of music, then other criteria and other standards come in.

Gitler: In other words, a poorly schooled musician can get up and play; then if what he plays is valid to him, it's going



SCHLITTEN: 'If Ornette sat in with a regular band and played a regular song, do you think he would play the music? Or go right into his own thing?'

THE JAZZ AVANT GARDE: PRO & CON

have to decide.

Heckman: There's always the question of whether the artist's own standards are valid. That's something we as listeners have to decide.

Gittler: Right. So it gets down into subjectivity again.

Heckman: No, I don't think it does. I think there are certain absolutes involved.

Williams: What I now would include in my definition of jazz is very different from what it would have been if there hadn't been any "new thing." Because I like certain aspects of it, and certain players who do it. There's no other reason. It's got to be subjective. If this becomes generally accepted, then those standards will be everybody's. If not, then they won't be everybody's, and that's that. That's how anything happens. I mean if people had thought that a vibratoless alto, slightly sharp, was ugly, then Charlie Parker's standards wouldn't be accepted. But that's the way he played. So that's all right.

Schlitten: Time is going to be the answer, but I think we can certainly look at things the way they are now too. The parallel of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie is always made with Ornette and Don Cherry. . . . how Bird and Dizzy were rejected, and so many people said their music wasn't jazz. But why do you think they did find an audience more or less immediately in the jazz public, and these new guys are having a hard time. Not so much Ornette, Ornette did find an audience, but I mean the "new thing" in general.

Gittler: It's different because the beboppers were playing tunes people were familiar with.

Williams: And the breakaway now is much more severe.

Schlitten: What about the first reaction to Monk? He certainly was not playing tunes that were familiar to most people, even to the jazz public, and yet he found a certain audience. Blue Note continued to record him. There had to be some sort of a market there for his music. The same with Tristano.

Williams: There are certain ways you can say that this new music is right in the main stream of development.

In the first place, the most original thing about it is new ways of phrasing and new ways of making rhythm. I'm talking about horn men, melodic rhythm now, not percussion—doing that in a new way. And that's what all the major jazz figures have done. That's what was new in Charlie Parker's music. Everything that he did had been done before him, except that rhythmic thing. The same with Louis Armstrong; he looked at the rhythm differently. He spoke the dialect differently, if you will, the jazz dialect.

The next thing is to get to the rhythm section. All along there have been fewer and fewer people playing time—counting, one, two, three, four, or variants thereof. Simply because they're less needed.

One thing that drags me now when I hear traditional modern players is to hear a bass player walk on four beats. Because it sounds so useless.

Morgenstern: Doesn't that depend on what kind of a rhythmic feeling you want to generate in the section? If what you want is steady time, then walking in four is—

Williams: No, because players don't need anybody to count for them. I'm admittedly exaggerating to make a point. The point is a great horn man, or even a very good one, doesn't need somebody

counting one, two, three, four all night long. He knows one, two, three, four.

Schlitten: He may like it.

Williams: All right, he may like it, but I said this was subjective anyway.

My second point about this new music being in the main stream of development is that it often says, in effect, that there is no reason why variations on a theme all have to be done at the same tempo. It's a new way to explore a theme.

Other music has known about this for centuries, so it's not news. But why do we try changing tempo? That's not new either. But if this becomes a cornerstone of variation—like let's change the tempo now and then as we feel it, while we're blowing. That's not a bad idea, you know. It's so obvious, and yet nobody does it.

The other point is: why do we state a theme—even in the "new thing"—then that stops and a guy takes a solo. Nine times out of 10 we don't ever see that theme again, whether or not it sets up any changes.

It's so abrupt, the transition from theme to variations. Now, there are a couple Cecil Taylor pieces that sound—Mingus has done this, too—where the theme statement is structured so that it sounds like it gradually evolves out of a kind of semi-improvised ensemble thing. You get to the theme gradually: you state it; and you leave it gradually and go into variations, improvising gradually.

Schlitten: In other words, there were a lot of things to be done within traditional modern jazz that could have been done, or can be done, without changing the music.

Williams: I'm talking about those as natural steps in evolving music. I'm trying to tie the "new thing" to the past.

MORGENSTERN: 'In a sense, what Ornette did was going back to an earlier thing. But what has happened since then, it seems to me, is that in many cases the whole framework, which is a guide for the listener, is abandoned so that it becomes very difficult to listen to the music.



THE JAZZ AVANT GARDE: PRO & CON

Schlitten: Everything you mentioned is logical. But are the players playing it in that same logical way?

Williams: I didn't make it up. I'm just telling you what I've heard guys do.

Schlitten: But any professional jazz musician can adopt all these things into his playing without playing the "new thing."

Williams: That's not so, really.

Schlitten: Why? He can use new phrasing.

Williams: That's the thing. Listen to Jackie McLean. Some of his new things are marvelous, but he's still phrasing like Charlie Parker.

Schlitten: Booker Ervin is phrasing differently . . . yet you still know where he is.

Williams: Who knows where he is?

Schlitten: Okay. I know where he is. Tempo changes could be done with no problem. Right?

Heckman: No. It's very hard to do spontaneously as a part of improvising. I'm not talking about prearranged stuff. . . . There's one fairly critical difference: most players who came up through the main stream have come up improvising with a feeling for regular harmonic cadences, and this has affected how they play rhythmically. In other words, if you're within a structured harmonic situation, it does something to you rhythmically. And one of these rhythmic advances that Charlie Parker did was trying to break out of this cadence style. It's one of the things that Lester Young did, and, even earlier, it's one of the things that Louis Armstrong did. And I think there's been a natural tendency towards this freeing of the improvisatory mind from harmonic restrictions through-

out the history of jazz.

What Ornette plays is not really that complicated. It's just that where he places it is not in relationship to a continuing harmonic cadence pull.

Schlitten: But is Ornette's music the "new thing"?

Gitler: He's always brought in as a symbol. Let's talk about somebody else.

Heckman: If you want to use the words "new thing," I would say that encompasses Ornette's music. Ornette was one of the main people to open up this area, primarily because he did this crucial little thing (it wasn't really so little); but, in retrospect, it's astonishing that nobody did it that directly before, playing without chords. And the reason that it's so accessible, at least to me, in Ornette's music, is that he plays so traditionally. What he plays is like a traditional blues player. It's just that he doesn't limit himself to these cadence patterns. He plays blues.

Schlitten: If Ornette sat in with a regular band and played a regular song, do you think he would play the music? Or do you think he'd go right into his own thing?

Williams: I've heard him in a big band, playing blues choruses.

Schlitten: I mean other than the blues.

Williams: No. But I want to describe what he did. He followed the 12-bar chorus, but he didn't follow the changes. And he didn't break up his lines in four-bar phrases. And nobody had any trouble with it at all. . . .

Morgenstern: Is it possible that Ornette's going away from improvising on the chord structure was considered so new because, in the wake of bebop, everybody started improvising on chord

changes rather than on the melody? After the theme statement, there would be a series of improvised choruses by various instruments, all based on the chord changes. And this was beginning to be a dead end.

So, in a sense, what Ornette did was going back to an earlier thing. But what has happened since then, it seems to me, is that in many cases the whole framework, which is a guide for the listener, is abandoned so that it becomes very difficult to listen to the music, because you don't know what the players are doing.

It's all well and good to say that in time the listeners will catch up to what the players are doing, but I don't think that reasoning is sound. It's like setting up an obstacle course rather than helping to facilitate communications.

Williams: Do you think the response to Ornette was more hostile, more vehement, than it was to Charlie Parker?

Morgenstern: Charlie Parker was accepted rather quickly by certain players whom you might not have expected to accept him, such as Ben Webster, Hot Lips Page—both of whom were Charlie Parker fans after they first heard him.

Gitler: Parker's sheer virtuosity won over a lot of musicians who didn't necessarily get in with his style of playing and couldn't play his music.

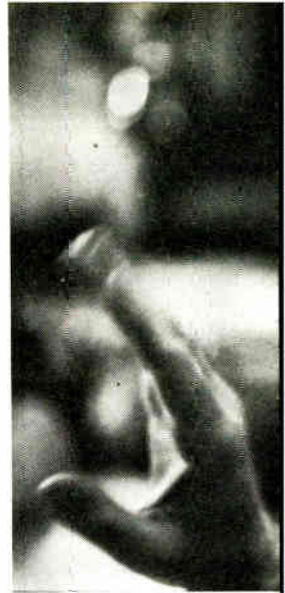
The hostility to Ornette was in some way at least on the promotion level. You know, the kind of advertising that was associated with Ornette . . . Change Of The Century, or that kind of billing.

Morgenstern: There was a feeling among musicians that there was a clique of critics who were promoting this man, and there he was all of a sudden, a big star. And, you know, "We can't get any



HECKMAN:
'What's come
from Ornette that
I've noticed more
than anything
else is this
freeing of the
rhythm.'

WILLIAMS:
'I know some
bebop fans who
have gotten
terribly interested
in Louis
Armstrong and
Duke Ellington
since the
"new thing"
came in.'



THE JAZZ AVANT GARDE: PRO & CON

gigs, but there he is getting all this publicity." But I think that the people who were among Ornette's early champions were really taken by what he played, that it was very sincere on their part, but was misinterpreted, as such things very often are.

Gitler: There's no doubt that he has contributed something to jazz and has set it off in another direction. I just feel he was overpraised. . . . Ornette was set up as the messiah of this era. I don't believe he is of that great a magnitude, although his contribution has been very important.

And the people that have come after him. . . . I find a lot of guys are shucking.

Heckman: He may not be the new messiah, but he's had a pretty astonishing effect on most of the players that I know.

Gitler: I think it's been a delayed effect though.

Heckman: What's come from Ornette that I've noticed more than anything else is this freeing of the rhythm. In emphasizing the kind of harmonic freedom that Ornette has when he plays, I think what's happened rhythmically has been overlooked.

Last year I played with a lot of younger musicians. Musicians many people never heard of, but all of them seemed to have this ability to play a kind of flowing, rhythmic stream that doesn't depend upon—

Williams: You're talking about rhythm players now.

Heckman: Yes, bass players and drummers—bass players in particular. They play this kind of flowing rhythm that isn't related necessarily to a pulse or a meter, but the swing is there, and the time is right.

Gitler: My main argument is with a lot of the horn players, because I think they are, in the making of noises and shucking and taking up a lot of space, staying in a very limited area of invention no matter what they're using as their base. . . .

Williams: I know people who are supposed to be jazz critics who still tell me that Charlie Parker didn't swing, that Milt Jackson doesn't swing.

Schlitten: There was a critic in 1947 who said that *Esquire* magazine was perpetrating the greatest fraud in America because it called Art Tatum, Oscar Pettiford, and Roy Eldridge jazz musicians.

Gitler: At that time most of the opposition to bebop came from the critics. Whereas, with the "new thing," many of the critics have supported it very strongly.

Williams: I know some bebop fans who have gotten terribly interested in Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington since the "new thing" came in.

Morgenstern: There has been a problem in reaching a wider audience for this new music, and I think—to go back to something that I said before—that a lot of the guilt for that lies with the musicians, because they refused to let the audience in on what's going on.

Take a man who plays as uncomplicated music as Dave Brubeck. I think one of the reasons he has such a big audience is that he always explains to people what the group is doing. . . . And that makes people feel very good, because then they feel that the artist is interested in communicating with them, and they also feel that they have some kind of guidelines to go by.

Gitler: Yes, but Miles Davis is the complete opposite of that. He doesn't even announce the tunes, and people dig him

too. . . .

Heckman: I don't think it's a question of communicating with them verbally. I think Brubeck provides them with a kind of music that is reasonable to them and that has meaning for them.

But we've been talking about communicating with a live audience. What about a recording audience?

Schlitten: The response there hasn't been very good either—I'm talking about the "new thing." Now we won't compare it to other fields. Prestige tried to record it—everybody up to a point, up to a number of years ago. Walt Dickerson, Eric Dolphy, Steve Lacy. . . . The only one who had any response from an audience was Dolphy. They sold Dolphy; they sold a lot. Now, there's a reason for that.

Heckman: It has nothing to do with announcing songs on the stand.

Schlitten: No.

The first 78s that came out by Bird and Diz sold. They didn't sell in the same category as Elvis Presley, but they sold. They sold enough to warrant another date. . . . There was a limited public that accepted Bird and Diz. Whereas with the "new thing," there is none whatsoever.

Williams: What happened at the Cellar Club [where "The October Revolution" was held] proves that there is some kind of audience. There is an audience.

Schlitten: Dan was talking about the fact that they're supposed to communicate with a live audience. . . . This has nothing to do with it, because their recordings are not accepted either.

Williams: There's going to be some George Shearing type to come along and popularize it. Don't worry about that. That's going to happen. . . .

Heckman: But the critical thing is not that it'll happen but who it'll happen to.



THE JAZZ A

It won't happen to Ornette. And it won't happen to Cecil Taylor.

Morgenstern: I really brought up this thing about communicating with an audience because I have something else in mind.

No. 1, I believe there are people involved in this "new thing" who are not interested in communicating, as far as the audience is concerned. It's considered a pretty hopeless proposition to begin with.

No. 2, it seems to me that this music is a far more radical break with the jazz tradition than anything to occur in the past. This is because what is being done now falls into the realm, so to speak, of modern art in other areas, which has more and more gone away from the idea of direct communication with the viewer, reader, listener—whatever and what have you—and toward a kind of private means of expression, which is available only to people who are "tuned in" to it. And by saying "tuned in" I mean people who have, spiritually and psychologically, an orientation which enables them not only to accept but also to enjoy this. It's complicated and abstract and makes great demands on concentration, attention, and so on.

And it really is a break with what Don Heckman, in the beginning to the discussion, termed entertainment. Entertainment has become a loaded word, because it brings up the Uncle Tom specter and various thing. But it is a legitimate term, because entertainment means to provide something for the general public which is absorbing, relaxing, enjoyable.

Schlitten: And still artistic.

Williams: I have never been relaxed by Charlie Parker or Louis Armstrong, never... Dan, you are bringing up the most complex questions about the state

ARMSTRONG *Emeritus 21* SOLID SILVER FLUTE

CRAFTED FOR THE FUTURE

Designed by past masters of flute craftsmanship, the *Armstrong Emeritus 21* is built for flawless performance well into the twenty-first century! This new beauty in silver flutes is also meticulously fashioned for the finest of professional expression. Performance in any register... at any volume, is an unalloyed joy. Here is a worthy companion to the illustrious products of Armstrong's HERITAGE division... yet its cost is surprisingly low. We suggest that you verify this unusual value with an Armstrong dealer... and, soon! The supply will always be limited.

...BUT PRICED IN THE PAST!



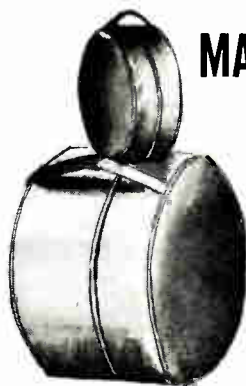
\$375 complete with exclusive *Magne/Loc* case. Choice of regular or open hole model.

Armstrong

W. T. Armstrong Company

Elkhart, Indiana

protect your drums WITH THE NEW UNITED MACKINTOSH COVERS



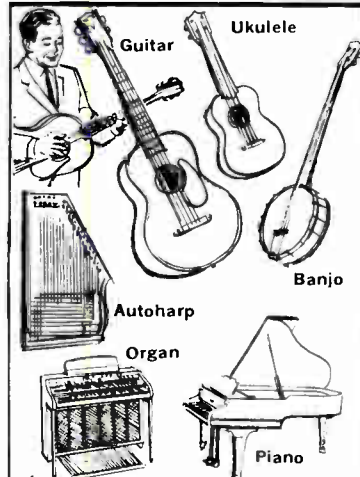
CUSTOM
MADE

All covers are made of the finest weather proof Mackintosh cloth or durable naugahyde. Select from six beautiful colors: metallic gold, metallic silver, metallic rusty red, metallic sky blue, metallic aqua green, and black.

P.S.

Have you tried our new calf skin Drum heads? Have you tried our exclusive "Vegetable Tan" Tanned by United's exclusive "Vegetable Tan" process? They're Terrific—See them at your favorite music dealer.

UNITED RAWHIDE MFG. CO.
1644 NORTH ADA ST. • CHICAGO, ILL. 60622



Learn MUSIC-MAKING AT HOME

It's easy with famous **DON SELLERS** teach-yourself music courses. Fastest, surest, most pleasant route to musical fun. Piano, organ, ukulele, guitar, banjo and autoharp courses, ready to satisfy your urge to make music. Obey that impulse! Inquire at your music store today.

DON SELLERS, Inc.
123 FRAZIER AVENUE
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Berklee

school of music

**A degree granting
institution offering
concentration in
American music.**

Degree Program majors in

- Music Education
- Composition
- Performance

Diploma Program majors in

- Arranging & Composition
- Performance

Summer Program

- Evaluation clinic
for high school
undergraduates
- Full credit 12 week
course

All majors include
instruction in modern harmony,
arranging improvisation,
ensemble.

For those who cannot attend
Berklee at this time . . .
a special **CORRESPONDENCE
COURSE**

includes:

- Modern Harmony
 - Improvisation
 - Dance Band Arranging
 - Jazz Composition, etc.
-

For information write to:

**BERKLEE SCHOOL
of MUSIC**

Dept. D

284 NEWBURY STREET
BOSTON 16, MASS.

of Western civilization and the arts in the 20th century. This is an enormous thing.

Morgenstern: It is, but I think it's impossible to discuss this without relating to it in some way.

Gitler: We don't have to solve it or go—

Morgenstern: It is a result of it. . . I mean, listening to Cecil Taylor, for me, is a tremendous emotional experience. . . But the large audience which it was possible to have for jazz in the past is not psychologically prepared to accept this kind of experience because it's not what they're looking for. What they're looking for is to be taken out of hum-drum, daily existence and be given some kind of . . . pleasure.

The new jazz, to me, just does not provide pleasure. It provides, in some sense, an amplification of the agony of modern existence, which is an extremely legitimate and worthwhile thing, but which does set it apart.

Williams: I think if music provides only an amplification of the problems, holds up a literal mirror to the situation, then it has failed. . .

But the "new thing" will never have the audience that Charlie Parker might have had. Certainly not the audience that Louis Armstrong has acquired.

Gitler: But do you think that out of the "new thing" will come something that will join with the main stream of jazz and develop the large audience?

Williams: The "new thing" is the main stream of jazz, but I think that Ornette Coleman will find his way into barroom blues in the next 10 years.

Gitler: Yes, but we're not talking about that. I'm talking about Don Ellis' band, for instance. Here they are blowing air through their instruments and not playing sounds. . . I happen to know the guys in that band, and they can play their instruments. Why just blow air through your horn and rattle your keys? Don, you played in the band; what was the purpose in that?

Heckman: Well, I don't know just what pieces are involved. But, anyhow, I think it's one wing of what is taking place now in music generally. I don't want to go into a discussion of the use of noise elements and John Cage's philosophy coming into jazz, because I don't think it's particularly germane. But it was something that had to be explored by some jazz players, perhaps productively, perhaps not. And at least in a very general sense of the philosophy behind it is something that music consists of your

arrangement of sounds in space. Blowing through your instruments and making a whirring sound or a blating sound or whatever it may be is simply another sound that can be arranged in space.

Gitler: But it's not musical.

Heckman: It might be, and it might not.

Gitler: I don't know, by any stretch of the imagination, how the music I heard that night could be called musical. . . I think we're getting away from musical values that have been established for centuries.

Morgenstern: Jazz has always done that. But what was so new and different and refreshing in the context of 20th-century art, was that, in a way, jazz had the same kind of freshness about it that movies had in their first flower, when you had things like slapstick comedy and Charlie Chaplin. It had all the things in it which had been ruined in the so-called higher arts through sentimentality. . . In jazz you had romanticism and very broad lyrical expression, and you had, even, fun and games and a certain feeling of abandon and freedom. And that's what you want: a feeling of a jazz band really swinging, which is a tremendous catharsis.

In other arts things became terribly serious. They had lost that element of play which, I think, is very essential to a real art. And now, I'm afraid, all these things are coming into jazz with a big bang, and sometimes in a—

Williams: Yes, well, I have the feeling that many of them are coming into modern jazz and that it was on the verge of the kind of sentimentality and rigidity you're talking about. And this to me saved the day.

Heckman: Yes. To go back to what you were saying earlier, Martin, you mentioned a lot of things about jazz, but you didn't mention improvisation, which, to me, is the crucial thing. Because, rightly or wrongly, I see jazz as a necessary return in Western music to an improvisatory tradition, the kind of improvisatory tradition that dominates most of the other music of the world. In a very general sense, this improvisatory tradition has used as its basis what was provided for it by the composed musical tradition that preceded it. And now having gone through what could be provided by the tradition of composition, jazz is faced with finding a starting point of its own. So that the critical question right now is whether or not jazz is going to continue to be a music that's improvised *on* something, and, if it is, what is it going to be improvised on?

Gitler: There's another question you could add to that: will it still be jazz when you get finished with it?

Heckman: If you choose not to call it jazz, that's certainly your privilege. And if you choose not to be interested in it, that again is your privilege. . .

We can get into a big hang-up about what the definitions of jazz are. To me, there are only certain elements that can be considered common to all the jazz that we have known: that it's improvisatory; that it's a rhythmic music of some



sort or another; and that up until now it's been improvised *on* something.

Gittler: How do you feel about elongated improvisations which have become more and more in vogue and which allow players to just ramble and ramble?

Heckman: Well, I think, to me, it comes very close to what Indian music does. Improvisations in Indian music will go on for a half hour or an hour. . . .

The thing that has made jazz meaningful to most of the audience up until now is that it started out from a point that the audience recognized and could understand, whether it was blues or chords or a melodic variation or whatever.

Schlitten: But it also ended that way. It started out with something people could identify with, and it ended up where people still could identify it. They didn't go out and stay out in the twilight zone. It had a power of resolving itself. . . .

Heckman: What the players are playing now is almost a kind of act of desperation to find something within the context of their improvisation which will be a communicating force with the audience that might in some way have an equivalent to what tonality and cadence is and harmonic cadence has provided before. A lot of players have tried, but it is only Coltrane who has given us an improvisatory style that isn't too closely related to harmonic cadences. And I think this is one of the reasons a lot of young players are attracted to him, because he gives them this new improvisatory premise—the premise to stretch out—and at the same time has a starting point and an ending point. But one of the pitfalls of the modal style is that it can get to be an awful droning bore.

Williams: A bass player told me recently that he was playing with a group of young musicians who know all kinds of music and all kinds of jazz. And he said the horn men would go on and on, and then they'd do something brilliant once in a half an hour. I think this is deplorable. I don't want to sit and listen to somebody play for half an hour to do one thing. . . . I feel that about any style of jazz. . . .

Heckman: Don, why is it that you find someone playing on a chord sequence so much more attractive—

Schlitten: Because when the other musicians came upon it they added things, they added progressions to the changes.

Heckman: What's the difference if they play altered chords?

Schlitten: It gave them enough of a footing to create something beautiful and—

Heckman: What makes it beautiful?

Schlitten: Something that's pleasing, that evokes a certain feeling. A feeling of love.

Heckman: Aren't you talking about familiarity?

Schlitten: No, I'm talking about love. A feeling of love that can communicate. Art is a means of communication. But it doesn't try to communicate anguish, horror, hate, and war; it tries to com-

municate beauty. If you want to look at pictures of war, look at *Life* magazine. But in art we're trying to create out of the havoc of living and of the world something beautiful, something that's outstanding.

Heckman: Presumably, you would throw out Picasso's *Guernica*.

Schlitten: No, because he did not picture war in its gory detail.

Heckman: The horror is there.

Schlitten: The feeling is there, but it's his personal impression of it. But because of its form and line and content, it's still a different thing. What I'm saying is that, when the form and the content is thrown out, the end result has to be beautiful.

Williams: It seems to me that a great deal of contemporary art of every kind has as its only purpose an attack on tradition. This seems to be necessary. I don't think this is the highest purpose that art can have. . . .

Morgenstern: The attack on tradition, which has now been going on for a good 65 years or so, was initially a response to the overwhelming force of academic art in all fields. Today the anti-traditional art has itself become the academy—because there is no academy to attack. And much of what is in the minds of young jazz players who are coming out today is really an attack on an idol that has already fallen. **ES**

TERRY GIBBS

plays **DEAGAN** vibes

"THE WORLD'S GREAT VIBISTS
PLAY DEAGAN VIBRAHARPS"

For information; See your Music Merchant or write:

J. C. DEAGAN, INC.

1770 WEST BERTEAU AVENUE • CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS



LP'S & SCORES!

for analysis and performance

New arrangements of
compositions by:

Duke Ellington
Quincy Jones
Oliver Nelson
Benny Golson
Manny Albam

- METHOD BOOKS
- ORCHESTRATIONS
- CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

Write for free catalog to:

BERKLEE PRESS PUBLICATIONS

284 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

RECORDS FROM YOUR TAPES

Concerts, recitals, training aids, etc.
economically re-recorded on permanent hi-fidelity discs. For resale, gifts, momentos. All speeds, any quantity.
Write for Free Folder and Prices

RECORDED PUBLICATIONS LABS.
1532-1544 Pierce Ave., Camden 5, N.J.

'Doc' Severinsen

felt the need for a
better trumpet . . .
so he helped
design one.

YOU TOO,

WILL DISCOVER . . .

- ★ GREATER TUNING ACCURACY
- ★ BETTER TONAL PROJECTION
- ★ GREATER OVERALL COMFORT AND CONFIDENCE

WITH THE NEW
ETERNA

Models by GETZEN

FOR additional information, write:

GETZEN
Company, Inc.

ELKHORN, WISCONSIN

THE ACADEMICIAN

By MALCOLM E. BESSOM



DRAWING BY WILLIAM L. M. RUDLING

THERE USED TO BE A MYTH in the jazz field, still perpetuated by some writers, that jazz developed as a racial music, from some in-born sensitivity of Negroes to the element of rhythm. In truth, of course, jazz is not a racial but a social phenomenon, a music that evolved because of certain sociological conditions, among which race is but one factor.

When jazz is considered as a social force, an interesting view of the jazz musician and his audience emerges, one in which various roles and behavior patterns are seen to result from different periods and situations in jazz history. For it is evident that during the last 60 years, the musician and his audience not only have grown further apart, but each in turn also has divided to create a typical subimage within the jazz society.

In the beginning, the jazz performer and listener were inseparable.

Developing as it did from the folk culture of the Negro race, jazz, like the other forms of Negro music that preceded it and influenced it—spirituals, jubilees, and work songs—was to a great extent a communal activity. It was an integral part of the social fabric that made up Negro life in the South 60-odd years ago, and in many respects it continues today. In the region of New Orleans, where there was a rich tradition of brass-band music, and where the freed Negro slaves were able to acquire discarded military instruments after the Civil War for little or nothing, it was a natural thing for the Negro to transfer the vocal music of his everyday life to an instrumental idiom. In so doing he gave birth to jazz.

Embodied in the transfer also were the circumstances of performance, for these early jazz performers played primarily for their own enjoyment, not for an audience.

When the marching bands were transformed into dance bands and began playing in the cabarets of Storyville, most musicians performed on a part-time basis rather than as professionals. Buddy Bolden was a barber; King Oliver was a butler; Manuel Perez was originally a cigarmaker.

After about 1910, many of the per-

LOOKS AT THE JAZZ MUSICIAN

formers worked full time as jazz musicians, but even then they played as much for themselves as for the patrons. It was not uncommon, in fact, for someone to be dancing or drinking one minute and to pick up a horn the next to play with the band, so interwoven were the roles of listener and performer. A perfect example of the communal nature of jazz in New Orleans was its use in funerals. The bands, early in this century, played jazz on the way back from the cemetery *not* for a musical audience but as part of a social and religious ceremony.

It was not until Chicago had developed as a center of jazz activity in the mid-1920s that a real distinction between performer and listener emerged.

As the New Orleans musicians established themselves on the south side of Chicago, a new school was organizing elsewhere in the city. The young white musicians on the west and north sides began mainly as imitators, copying solos from jazz recordings and occasionally traveling to the south side to hear some of their idols in person. The new generation functioned separately as performers and listeners. As originators of a Chicago style of jazz, they were, of course, performers; but as admirers of the New Orleans musicians, they assumed the role of listeners. Even more important, there arose a distinct audience for which both the New Orleans and Chicago musicians played—a nonparticipant element of night-club-goers and speakeasy habits, who went simply to drink, dance, and *listen*. This group was in no way involved in the communal form of musical creation that took place in the South.

The number of listeners increased during the '30s as the popular music of Tin Pan Alley infiltrated jazz (or was it vice versa?), producing the amalgam era of swing. One result was that jazz now reached a larger audience than ever before, but the period also brought a wider gap between the musician and the public. The separation grew much larger in the following decade.

Generally, the jazz musician did not (and does not) appreciate direct

and participative contact with his audience. Since jazz is basically a creative rather than a re-creative idiom—a music of the performer himself rather than of an external composer—the jazz musician is in command of what is produced. He does not want to be relieved of this command and told how to play or what to play (by a listener). He assumes a responsibility, therefore, mainly to himself, rather than to his audience. It is perhaps characteristic of professionals who are deeply involved in their work, regardless of their field, that they feel outsiders are incapable of judging their work. Consequently, during the late '20s and through the '30s, the jam session became a favorite means of escape for the jazz musician—a means by which he could leave behind the interference of an audience and create his own world with his fellow performers.

The separation of the two reached its climax with the beginning of bebop in the early '40s, when the musicians turned rigorously against the tastes of the general audience—the tastes that had brought popular tunes into the swing era—and created a form that catered almost entirely to the demands of their own musical senses.

The situation with jazz, except for Dixieland, has remained like this to varying degrees throughout the last 20 years and recently has deepened somewhat with the development of the "new thing." The leaders of the "new thing" have separated themselves not only more from popular audience demands but also from a good segment of their fellow musicians, who are still committed to "old-fashioned" styles derived from the '50s. The latter break, however, is primarily a musical one and merely a continuation of the sociological schism that occurred in the early '40s.

AS PREVIOUSLY INDICATED, both the jazz musician and his audience may be subdivided in terms of their roles and functions. The separation of jazz musician from jazz musician, beyond the obvious one of musical style, has been largely a distinction between the entertainer and the artist. The two concepts coincide

roughly with the periods in jazz adhered to by the two extremes of jazz fan—the traditionalist and the modernist. The former, in his most virulent form, will not tolerate anything after 1940 as having any connection with "real jazz." The latter blocks his ears to all that came before the bebop revolution. While not wishing to draw any conclusions about traditional jazz and the concept of entertainment, or about the modernist and art, it is appropriate to note that, like the extremes of the jazz fan, the concepts of entertainer and artist take form on either side of 1940, with the start of the transition from the swing years to the modern era of jazz.

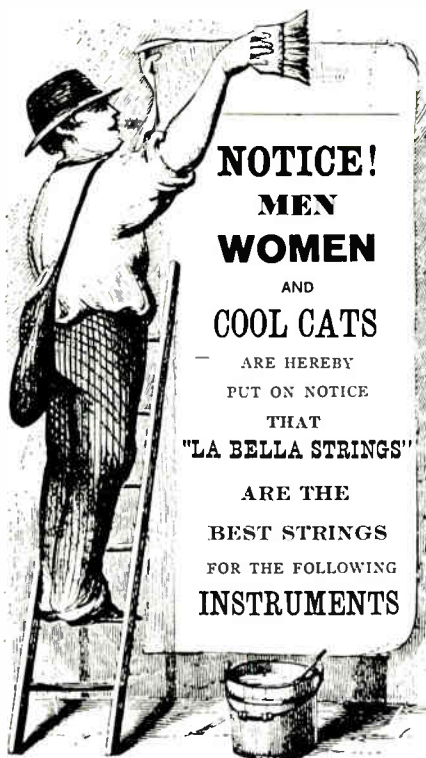
From the beginnings of jazz through the 1930s, jazz musicians were looked upon mainly as entertainers.

In New Orleans days, especially, the musician never considered himself an artist. He performed either for his own entertainment or to entertain customers in a cabaret.

Although a number of jazz musicians were looked upon as artists by outsiders (Ernest Ansermet's early appraisal of Sidney Bechet in 1919 comes immediately to mind, as does Benny Goodman's acceptance as a "legitimate" clarinetist by listeners outside the jazz field), it was not until World War II that the jazzmen themselves began actively to assume the title "artist."

The impetus came from the Negro jazzmen more than from the white and was part of a larger movement of social and economic advancement that the Negro experienced at this time because of a wartime need for his abilities.

In attempting to advance their standing in the field of music, many younger Negro jazz performers turned in resentment and outright hostility against older performers who exhibited "entertainment" characteristics. Part of this social revolt, a concomitant of the musical revolt in bebop, was a movement from the concept of "unprofessional" to the concept of "professional," from a second-class status as servant to a front-line position as leader, and from the older concept of the jazz musician as entertainer to the newer one of the jazz musician as



FOR
GUITAR

LA BELLA HI-FI

No. 670

Flat wire wound
Stainless Polished
2 gauges Light and Standard

FOR
BASS

**NUTONE
LA BELLA
SWEETONE**

Gut and Gut Wound

FOR
**ELECTRIC BASS
AND
BASS GUITAR**

"LA BELLA No. 760"

Flat wire wound
Polished stainless
High Fidelity
Individually made
for
Every make
Instrument

MADE IN U.S.A. BY

E. & O. MARI INC.

38-01 23rd Ave.

LONG ISLAND CITY 5, N. Y.

artist.

When Carlo Lastrucci, a sociologist and musician, conducted a study of jazzmen in 1941, his findings confirmed the changing attitude. The majority of cases, he found, considered themselves—in varying degrees—creative artists rather than commercial entertainers.

Suddenly, Negro musicians who used any sort of comedy routine as part of their act came in for sharp criticism from the bebop group, and any trace of clowning was regarded as a form of Uncle Tomism. Louis Armstrong endured many of these attacks, simply because he continued to exhibit a strong sense of showmanship.

This attitude assumed a larger proportion, however, than a rift between the "new" Negro and the "old." It was more strongly a case of entertainment vs. art, and, as such, spread to encompass the entire modern-jazz camp of both Negro and white performers in opposition to the older musicians, both Negro and white. The attitude became one of disdain for anyone who could not understand the new music and its practitioners.

The break between the younger and the older musicians extended into the '50s, and as the modern-jazz movement attracted more listeners, the concept of the jazzman as an artist was transmitted from the musician's own circle to that of the audience. Now, many listeners began to attack the older men, and by the middle of the 1950s the assaults on Armstrong reached their climax. At a time when Armstrong recorded an album of W.C. Handy tunes, a package including his finest performances in many years, there were complaints that he played the same music for every show. Even today, after a chorus of his theme, *When It's Sleepy Time Down South*, Armstrong will invariably open his act with *Indiana*.

What his critics have overlooked, however, is that even though he is an outstanding *artist*, he still considers himself an *entertainer*, whose job it is to give the audience a show it enjoys. Armstrong's audience, of which jazz fans are now only a small part, likes what he has to offer, and being the showman that he is, Armstrong retains the formula that has brought him success, be it as entertainer or artist.

In all fairness, one should judge a person's performance only in terms of his role in a social structure. When Maurice Chevalier or Jimmy Durante sings a song, each one generally gives a great performance; but they are enjoyed for, and judged by, their interpretation—their showmanship—not their vocal qualities. Somewhat the same thing is true in jazz performance,

and the concepts of entertainer and artist are, therefore, of more than passing significance.

GENERALLY, THE ENTERTAINMENT-art conflict has been discussed in the jazz field more in terms of commercial success vs. authenticity. To be sure, many jazz ventures are ruined artistically by commercial intentions, and of the hundreds of jazz recording issued each year, many of the failures can be traced to recording supervisors who think in terms of money rather than music. However, good jazz and commercial success are not as incompatible as many would have us believe.

The jazzman frequently distinguishes himself from the "commercial musician" by maintaining that one cannot please an audience and still uphold one's integrity as an artist. It is rather ironic that jazzmen who hold this opinion often complain that they are not understood, for such an attitude as this can only serve to deepen the misunderstanding. They neglect to see the distinction between pleasing an audience and simply catering to public taste. It is a distinction that can prove good jazz and commercial success are not irreconcilable.

The crux of the matter, perhaps, is that the term "commercial music" is too often used as a synonym for the field of popular music, when it may actually be much more. Swing was certainly commercial; swing records sometimes sold more than a million copies (and that at a time when such sales were rare). Yet, the success of Benny Goodman, the most influential figure of that era, indicates that commercialism does not always involve compromise. In later years, Dave Brubeck, among others, stands as an example of a purveyor of good music that has commercial appeal.

On the surface, then, the split among musicians is between a social and an esthetic function—between a commercial adherence to public taste and an uncompromising adherence to one's own sense of what is good. Beneath the surface, however, the commercial conflict is only a segment of a larger distinction between the roles of entertainer and artist. The jazz audience also can be divided according to roles and behavior patterns with regard to the functions of entertainment and art.

To understand the division, it might be of value to look first at the main groups that constitute the typical jazz audience. Historian Marshall Stearns has pointed out that, according to some psychiatrists, listening to jazz is a form of protest, whether the listener thinks of it this way consciously or not. Therefore, the main segments of

LEMON



When you're shopping for reeds you don't want lemons. We at RICO have provided over 15 different quality checks during production, assuring that every RICO reed is uniform and, more importantly, playable. Knowledgeable musicians find RICO reeds (not a lemon in the bunch) at their music dealers.

RICO

Four
Generations
of
Master
Craftsmanship

FLUTES and
PICCOLOS

*G*emeinhardt

K. G. GEMEINHARDT CO., INC.
P. O. Box 88, Elkhart, Indiana

the jazz audience are the main protest groups in our society—adolescents, intellectuals, and Negroes.

Assuming there are exceptions, and disregarding for the moment the question of protest, let's accept this division and see how it relates to jazz.

JAZZ IS THE PERFECT ADVENTURE for the adolescent. Desiring acceptance as an individual and as a member of a group, the adolescent can move in both directions through jazz. As a minority music, jazz is an experience that is generally beyond his parents' interests and, therefore, beyond their control. At the same time, it provides fellow jazz buffs with whom he can identify.

From the beginning, jazz drew the adolescent crowd. And if being an adolescent was not enough, there was the added pressure just after World War I of being a member of an old-country family. The teenage children of immigrants wanted to dissociate themselves from the culture patterns of their elders. The sound of jazz, hitting them squarely as they entered the 1920s, provided a distinctive and readily available Americanism to which they could attach. Even with the established American families, the movement of jazz from the South to the North in the second and third decades of this century brought with it an expression of life that was so different from northern patterns that youth immediately adopted it.

Through the years, the adolescent has not left the jazz scene. The fascination of the music has remained, augmented from time to time by passing fads—the jitterbug in the '30s and the bop glasses, clothes, beards, and vocabulary in the '40s.

If the youth attracted to jazz has changed at all, it is only perhaps that he is a little older. For with the coming of the modern era, jazz has ceased to be something for dancing and has become a music almost wholly for listening. For dance music, the teenager turns to rock and roll. So now, when the adolescent and young adult come to jazz, they probably already have gone through a rock-and-roll stage and, allowing time for such a stage to develop and expend itself, are probably older than the adolescent fans of the '30s were when they first identified with the music.

Why do so many adolescents leave jazz after their early attachment to it?

It is not so much that they are drawn to another brand of music as they grow older, for if they can cultivate an active interest in another type, it is quite likely they will also retain their interest in jazz. It is more likely that, as sociologist Neil Leonard has

**JAZZ
CARTOON
WALL
PLAQUES**

\$1.50

Hilarious gifts for musicians and jazz fans. Plaques are 11 1/8" x 4 3/4" laminated on durable hard board.

4211 CAROLINE
HOUSTON, TEXAS 77004

**ORDER
TODAY!**

SEND CHECK OR
MONEY ORDER TO:

Brodstein
MUSIC COMPANY

suggested, they find it necessary to conform to more traditional social values in order to earn a living; and lacking the energy and enthusiasm of the adolescent search for freedom, they slip quietly back into their cloaks of conformity (which, of course, most never really left) and give up jazz.

The intellectual has been drawn to jazz for much the same reason as the adolescent: a search for new values. Sometimes the excitement attending the values of subcultures has filled the void, as in the '20s. Sometimes, artists, writers, and many bohemian figures have found in jazz a replacement for traditional values.

In the '30s the intellectuals began to play a more active part in jazz, stepping out of an audience and assuming roles in production and distribution of jazz. John Hammond's history is well known in this regard. Charles Edward Smith and Otis Ferguson began writing essays and profiles of jazz figures for magazines, and there were even such members of the literary set as Clifton Fadiman and Robert Paul Smith who wrote scripts for Benny Goodman's *Camel Caravan* show. Goodman, in fact, recalls that humorist Robert Benchley and writers S. J. Perelman and E. B. White used to attend his performances at the Madhattan Room of the Hotel Pennsylvania.

Today, the intellectuals are still around. Some of the older jazz critics (Marshall Stearns, Barry Ulanov) teach at colleges, and others (Martin Williams, Whitney Balliett, Nat Hentoff) could. Their primary interests range from Chaucer (Stearns) to religion (the Rev. Norman O'Connor) to modern art (Rudi Blesh). Of course, there are the many intellectuals who are lesser-known spokesmen and those who choose to listen only and leave the speaking and analysis to others.

The third main group in the jazz audience—the Negroes—is perhaps the most obvious one, and requires little discussion. The Negro group, naturally, may include both the adolescents and intellectuals, but as a whole it also forms a racial audience. The Negro audience was a ready-made one from the beginning, since it was present in New Orleans before distinction between performer and listener took place. When jazz developed in the northern industrial cities, it nurtured a core of Negro performers and an audience that grew up on Chicago's south side, in Kansas City, in New York's Harlem, or wherever jazz was played. After both world wars, many jobs opened up for Negroes in the North, and the jazz audience was enlarged even more as they migrated to employment.

WITH THESE THREE GROUPS forming a nucleus, the jazz audience can generally be divided into two main groups: those who listen to jazz as entertainment and those who listen to it as art (though the latter may certainly encompass entertainment and *should*). There is, of course, much overlapping of the memberships of these groups. But the "entertainment-listener" usually is little versed in the actual goings-on in the jazz world, and it is frequently this type who makes up the noisy segment of an audience.

In his reserved state, he is found applauding every solo, good or bad and, in the process, drowning out the first several measures by the next performer. In his extreme state, he is the weekend basher type found in the jazz-festival set. If asked to, he might describe jazz in terms of the Twist, the Charleston, Les Brown, or Ted Lewis—depending on his age. Though there are many "entertainment-listeners" who do have an understanding of jazz and listen to it with some degree of thoughtfulness, they are still likely to be physically and vocally active at its performance.

The second group in today's jazz audience, the "art-listener," also listens for enjoyment but is reserved. In his extreme state, he may seem ossified. But in his much more usual condition, he may tap his foot, swing his leg, or nod his head. The "art-listener" is the type of buff who subscribes to the world's jazz magazines, reads everything he has time for in the field, and buys as many new recordings as possible. In old-time extreme, this type haunted Salvation Army warehouses for out-of-print records and evinced disproportionate interest in such things as matrix numbers. The contemporary extreme of this type is likely to be—in varying degrees—a jazz reporter, writer, or critic.

The two over-all types of members of today's jazz audience are structured according to concepts of entertainment and art, just as the musicians themselves have been.

Whether there is significance in the fact that audiences of traditional jazz tend to be more entertainment-based should perhaps be left to a psychologist for explanation. It does seem, however, that there is a strong relationship between "entertainment-listeners" and the music of jazzmen who consider themselves entertainers, and between "art-listeners" and the music of jazzmen who consider themselves artists.

Eliminating the pure "entertainment-listener," who has little or no interest in jazz per se, and considering

only those members of the audience who have some degree of sincere commitment to jazz, it is still possible to distinguish some who tend to be more entertainment-oriented from those who appear more art-oriented.

Thus, two phenomena arise. First, the listener of traditional jazz appears to want to participate in the performance (through clapping and other motions), just as the early jazz listener was actually a participant who could not be separated from the performer. Second, the modern-jazz listener, who tends to be an art-oriented listener, is much more detached from the performance, in line with the modern-jazz musician's greater desire to be removed from his audience.


Both situations indicate like functions between a particular type of musician and his audience.

If we were to relate "entertainment-listeners" to the jazz-as-protest theory of psychiatrists, it would seem that the entertainment-based segment of the audience is much more strongly a protest group. The adolescent who uses jazz as incidental background music for a variety of social activities or as a foreground stimulus for a go-man-go form of participation in music and dance falls into this category. So, too, do the collegians of Newport.

However, the fact that jazz musicians are interested in their music as a creative art, and that mature listeners appreciate jazz emotionally and intellectually as an art form, indicates that jazz is more than a protest music.

Contrary to the conscious or subconscious levels of protest psychiatrists propose, it would seem that there is a strong segment of the jazz audience that does not attach to the music for this reason. While many adolescents leave jazz as they grow older, the fact that many other young (and old) adults retain their interest as mature individuals reveals a satisfaction beyond protestation that can be derived from jazz.

The significance of the roles and functions of jazz musicians and members of the jazz audience should be understood and applied to the distribution and production of the music.

The correct discernment of jazzman-audience relationship, it would seem, could assume the artistic success of a jazz product that simultaneously would have easily as much commercial potential as the contrived, poorly organized display of programming that many recordings, festival productions, and television programs now evidence. The application of an understanding of roles and functions in jazz could serve to uphold the standards of both the musician and the audience. 

A JAZZ MUSICIAN LOOKS AT

By MARJORIE HYAMS ERICSSON

THE DESIRE TO UNDERSTAND our fellow man has led to a plethora of analyses of human behavior by social scientists.

In a study called *The Jazz Community*, Professors Alan P. Merriam and Raymond W. Mack, anthropologists, attempt to interpret the behavioral characteristics of the "jazz musician and his knowledgeable audience," with the purpose, presumably, of promoting better understanding of the jazz in-group. To promote even more understanding, it seems only fair to consider Merriam and Mack as an "academic community" and analyze this community's analysis of the jazz community.

The fact that there are various jazz styles and a different knowledgeable audience for each does not seem important to Merriam and Mack. In fact, the more interested the academic community becomes in jazz, the less it listens. While some of its members actually do listen to jazz, as a group they share the view that finding out why people want to play jazz is as important as the music itself. They suggest that certain scientific judgments about the jazz musician will enable a person to appreciate his art even more. (This can lead the crankier scholars into further studies that will deny jazz is art.) But, even more informatively, we may find out that musicians play jazz for the same reasons that made them wet their beds or suck their thumbs.

The academic community is always on the alert to record those weird actions for which musicians are noted. For instance, we all have noticed that some musicians wear tuxedos and some do not. If this does not strike you as particularly weird, you are probably not an academician. But it is this sort of information that can add new dimensions to behavioral studies of the jazz musician.

In explanation the usual technical terms will be employed—protest, environment, rejection, Mother. Some will see the tuxedo as a way of legitimizing jazz. Others might interpret it as rejection of society. The nomenclature varies depending upon which science is to take precedence. (The jazz historian might approach it from

DRAWING BY WILLIAM L. M. RUDLING



THE ACADEMICIAN

the point of view of World War II—or perhaps as cause or symptom of prohibition: gangsters wore tuxedos and we all know what a great influence they were.)

The academic community has certain qualities in common. One is the tacit agreement that there is no mystery in life. If one examines and analyzes enough human beings, one will find an explanation for everything.

It also shares a disbelief in the creative process. Art seems merely a reaction to environment. The academic community is also uncharitable. In *The Jazz Community* Merriam and Mack say, “. . . the jazz musician remains relatively illiterate in respect to the expression of his own art. To a great degree in the jazz community, the musician has remained silent and allowed others to do his talking for him. There is quite probably no art in the Western world about which the artist has had so little to say. . . .”

This may have been true up to a few years ago, but was the jazzman silent simply because he was illiterate about his art? There seems to be a more obvious and charitable reason. Musicians are concerned with playing. Playing is nonverbal. Musicians are, or were, nonverbal. Are they illiterate because they do not examine jazz sociologically or anthropologically? It is as unrealistic to expect musicians to be verbal about their art as it would be to expect Merriam and Mack to express their ideas nonverbally. It is, therefore, disconcerting to have the academic community—dedicated to scholarship, excellence, and specialization—labeling illiterate a nonverbal form of communication. If one does not choose to talk on a subject, it does not mean that one is unable to read and unable to write, is untaught and uncultured, and is lacking in education.

Do you know why jazz musicians play on a stand? And why there is sometimes a railing around the platform?

According to Merriam and Mack, the jazz musician and his audience is “dominated by a general attitude of self-segregation and isolation,” which is due to “rejection of the normal world.”

They quote Howard Becker, a sociologist and former musician, who points to the fact that musicians play on a platform as proof of their social and physical rejection of society. It is evident that Becker didn't come to this romantic conclusion while watching Lionel Hampton and his band.

Why are jazz musicians described in such antisocial terms, while concert—and all other “serious”—musicians are not? Is there a concert hall anywhere without a stage?

It seems inevitable that uncharitable and illogical conclusions will be reached unless the jazz musician, and everyone else for that matter, is analyzed from within the reality of his situation. For instance, if a group at Birdland preferred to play from the men's room, or if its members demanded a curtain be drawn between them and the audience, a researcher could be justified in saying that these musicians are antisocial. Or if a group were hired to play in a private home and refused to play unless a stand with a railing were put up, one could jump to all sorts of conclusions.

But the fact is that probably no musician has ever built his own platform, although some would like to for acoustical reasons. The stages and the railings are provided by the club-owners, along with the bar and the out-of-tune piano.

Since all musicians are in the same playing situation, i.e., separation of performer and audience, the decision and motive to limit this observation to the jazz musician must be questioned.

THE ACADEMIC COMMUNITY not only agrees that the jazz community is antisocial, but it also agrees with those who see jazz as social protest. This theory is put forth in a simple syllogism: a) Negroes have a problem; b) Negroes play jazz; c) therefore, jazz is the Negroes' way of protesting the problem.

This illogic seems to satisfy academicians even though it leaves many questions unanswered. Why are the protests of some people manifested in demonstrations and, of others, in jazz? Obviously because some people are more creative than others. So

social protest still does not explain jazz or the men who play it. And what about the white jazz musician? Does he choose jazz merely to identify with the Negro cause? Sociologists seem to be content with an explanation of this kind. (Some of those cranky ones will add that jazz is the domain of the Negro and that white jazz is synthetic, etc.). But the question still remains. Why should social protest manifest itself in music, specifically jazz? That is, why should protest take an artistic and creative form?

I suggest that answers are sometimes found philosophically rather than scientifically. For instance, Immanuel Kant said art is production through freedom. And that freedom is an act of free will with reason as its basis. The intensity of people's regard for freedom varies. Those people who prefer to conform to habits, customs, and traditions take freedom for granted, never having the desire to test it. The people who are consumed with the idea of freedom are forever testing it in ways that irritate the traditionalist.

There is a tendency to confine the desire for freedom to the Negro, but there are other people who share this trait. As a group, young people are extremely intense in their desire for freedom, and they are constantly testing this freedom, sometimes negatively and sometimes constructively. Jazz, which is the freest form of music, is played by those who have a more passionate regard for freedom than do others. Jazz attracts both young Negroes and young whites. The color is secondary; it is youth that is affirming its freedom. Jazz is not chosen to protest a lack of freedom. I suggest that it is chosen because jazz, in itself, is freedom.

The creative act can never be fully explored as an act of free will if the behaviorists continue to base their clinical studies upon the premise that the production of art is attributable, in the main, to neurotic and/or environmental causes. Never stated in such analyses, but nonetheless implied, is the attitude that if the musician were as rational as the academician he would either mend his ways or change his tune.



PROBLEMS OF THE STAGE BAND

By GEORGE
WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

GOALS ARE MOST IMPORTANT when considering human activities. If we are to function at our optimum, we must know where we are going and the best means of getting there. Once we have set off our goals, it is sometimes helpful to pause and look back, to see any mistakes and to take stock of our program.

We have been at this stage-band business for quite a few years. Where do we stand today?

Twenty some years ago in a moderate-size high school in a moderate-size Midwest city, several members of the concert band thought they would like to form a dance band. They visited the local music store and came home with some stocks—*Bell Bottom Trousers*, *Stardust*, and *Right in the Fuehrer's Face*.

With spare instrumentation—a clarinet, a sax, two trumpets, trombone, sousaphone, and drums—but good intentions, they met at a member's house to rehearse. That was the beginning . . . and the end. Jazz in school didn't exist then.

Ten years passed, and the stage-band movement began to take its first tentative steps.

One of those "fortunate" students became the director of a high-school instrumental program. The students wanted a dance band like the combo from the neighboring school. Again a visit to the local music store and this time home with some Glenn Miller stocks, *Stardust* and *Blue Moon*. A band was formed with fairly complete instrumentation, and it developed with after-school practices led by the band director. Interest was kept alive in big-

band sounds and the proficiency of the group grew.

Ten more years pass, and it is today. As teachers we are riding the still-swelling crest of the Stage Band Movement.

When did it start? Who was first? These are facts lost in the avalanche of developments and reams of publications. Somewhere between five and 10 years ago a fast-paced, exciting new thing came into music education. Let's arbitrarily pick today as a point in this continuum of sound and try to evaluate this fast-maturing phenomenon.

The stage-band movement is what it is usually called. What's in a name? The name "stage band" came into existence as a euphemism for "dance band." Today it has become the universally accepted term to designate a big jazz band in an educational setting. Specifically, however, in various schools the stage band is called by many different names—jazz band, jazz workshop, jazz lab, dance band, pops orchestra, television orchestra, swing band, variety band.

One of the consequences of this plethora of nomenclature is confusion in the minds of the public concerning the nature of these groups. A much more serious problem can lie just below the surface of the name if the name implies a philosophy or approach for the group. The study of jazz can be justified educationally. Problems arise in trying to justify the "pops" or "dance" concept.

Six or seven years ago there were few organized stage bands or jazz groups in U.S. schools. Since then they seem to have proliferated with a rapidity that would make a hare blush. Statistics indicate a continuance of this

trend.

The key to this development is the teacher. It seems to be universally true that if a music instructor wants a stage band in his school, he can have one. Few administrators, at least on the secondary level, will stand in his way.

Why, then, isn't there a stage band in every school that has an instrumental music program?

There are some legitimate reasons—the band program may be new and not technically advanced enough to support a stage band; the band program may be small and not large or well instrumented enough to provide the balance needed for a stage band; there may literally not be enough time available for anything more than a concert band; the director may be honest enough to admit that he doesn't know how to teach a stage band.

These reasons are verified in relatively few cases.

There also are many prejudices against stage bands that center on the mistaken notion that harm can come from them. Another reason is simply apathy. The director may not know what to do with a stage band, and the effort required to get off his tenure and find out appalls him. The director may view the stage band as another administrative and teaching problem that will lengthen his day and cut into his secure and custom-padded rut. The director may find it difficult to break the godlike image of himself by admitting a lack of knowledge.

TODAY IT IS HARD to believe that anyone can be ignorant of the existence of the stage-band movement. Articles on it have appeared in all music-education journals. It has been

soundly decried and defended in the prestigious *Music Educators Journal*. Ads for stage-band materials pop out from the pages of all music magazines.

While this promotion is a fact, it is likewise a fact that music schools and teacher training institutions are still lax and are still not meeting the challenge of preparing teachers to function adequately in the instrumental programs of the 1960s. They are not doing the best job of preparing a band director, much less a stage-band director.

Requirements of the various states and accrediting bodies grow, and the student is graduated less prepared than ever to be a teaching musician. A teacher from a Midwestern university, known for its music-education curriculum, remarked recently that his school seemed to be missing the mark more and more. For example, most of an instrumental teacher's future life is going to be spent in front of a band or orchestra, and yet they receive only a semester's course in conducting, which averages out practically to about two hours of experience and criticism for the individual student.

Two hours to learn techniques they will use for a lifetime! Is it any wonder there are so many bad band directors? What's more, this commonly meager instruction deals only with the mechanics of conducting. The average undergraduate is given no preparation at all in score analysis or the canons of artistic and esthetic interpretation.

Most colleges and universities still do not give a student any specific instruction in the specialized techniques for stage-band work.

Even where jazz programs exist they are usually narrow and limited to a few students while most of the music-school population goes unwashed and unprepared into the rehearsal halls of our schools. The techniques of stage-band interpretation are not included in the instrumental methods courses. The general student body is not encouraged or given the opportunity to get even a smattering of the requisite knowledge, since it does not take an active part in the jazz program. Most music schools are aware of their deficiencies. But solving them is another question.

As a result, many of the high-school stage-band directors are doing a less-than-adequate job.

On the optimistic side it should be noted that many stage-band programs in the schools are improving. This is largely a direct result of director improvement by self-study.

While far from utopian, the stage-band situation is getting better and reaching peaks in many areas. This

improved quality of performances is a direct reflection on the ability of the teachers. Many bands today are attempting music that was beyond their reach a few years ago.

There is no mystery here. Some think that jazz or stage-band musicianship demands a completely different ability, a completely different set of techniques from those employed by the concert band or orchestra. In reality—and this has always been recognized and stressed by the fine teachers and clinicians in this field—stage-band technique builds upon and must be based on a fine "legitimate" instrumental technique. As the total music-education program in the school improves, as more students become more musically and proficient on their instruments, the ability to play jazz or stage-band music (granting that the specializations of rhythm, phrasing, and interpretation are well taught) will increase.

The colleges and universities have been deepening their jazz programs in the last few years. Most are still too conservative, still moving too slowly, but new programs keep cropping up, and those already in existence keep increasing their impact and broadening their scope.

North Texas State University is one of the models and leaders in this field. Indiana University is fast developing. Others are toying with the concept of a jazz course with graded classes in jazz theory, arranging, improvisation, and jazz history. Many colleges, while not so wholeheartedly committed to a jazz curriculum, nevertheless have been strengthening their rehearsal-band program. The University of Illinois is currently one of the leaders, with three bands in rehearsal.

The specialized jazz school, Berklee School of Music, is becoming stronger and is now offering a degree program in music education along with its jazz-education certificate. The summer program for arrangers and composers at the Eastman School of Music under the direction of Ray Wright is being broadened.

Special activities for stage bands have also increased. On the college level there are at least three major competitions—the Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame, the Villanova Jazz Festival at Villanova University, and the Oread Jazz Festival at the University of Kansas.

These festivals are student run and, in general, do an admirable job of providing a place and time where college jazz groups can perform, be judged, and maybe win some recognition. All have problems in carrying out their goals, especially in the area of organizational details. All make a

great effort to solve their problems and deserve full support. Even with these difficulties, some fine music is heard at these festivals. Besides these festivals there are throughout the country local festivals for college groups.

On the high-school level, competitions are multiplying rapidly and becoming showcases for the work of the music educators involved with stage bands. Five years ago there was only one festival in Illinois. Since then, there have been as many as five a year. One of the most promising things about these festivals on the high-school level is that they tend to develop the quality of the competing bands. Not only is their number increasing but the quality of the music also is growing. This has been the universal result wherever a festival has run for more than one year.

The festivals are becoming better partly because the judges and clinicians at the festivals are better. They are more helpful to the bands with their comments, criticisms, and suggestions.

Frequently joined with the contests on the high-school level is the stage-band clinic or workshop in which a qualified professional gives the students instruction and some tips and answers to some of his problems, whether they be technical ones on the instrument or deal with the theory of improvisation.

Of special value are the clinic sessions devoted to the directors, in which some of the problems of rehearsal techniques can be gone into and where there is an opportunity for pointed criticisms outside the student's hearing.

The music-instrument manufacturers have demonstrated an awareness of the problems and an interest in stage-band development by helping make clinicians available and by printing helpful material. Music dealers are also assisting by sponsoring clinics in their localities. Some of the colleges also have shown an awareness of the times by including clinic sessions for the stage band in their more general wind-workshop days.

ANOTHER MANIFESTATION of the vitality of the stage-band movement in the schools is the growing number of special concerts devoted to stage-band music. They may be known as a "pops" concert or a "moderns" concert, but what they really are is the music of educational jazz. Some local chapters of Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia have been sponsoring such concerts for many years, and today more and more chapters seem to be presenting them.

Still another sign of vitality is the

proliferation of summer music-camp sessions for stage-bands. Of course, there are the National Stage Band Camps, which are a series of specialized jazz clinics using name talent for instructors. However, practically every summer music camp, from Interlochen on down, has a stage band in some form or other.

This year the U.S. State Department has shown an awareness and recognition of educational jazz and has sent the big bands of the University of Denver and the University of Michigan abroad on tour to represent this country's academic music field.

Perhaps one of the strongest signs of growth in the stage-band movement is the dollar sign that flashes in the minds of music publishers, manufacturers, and merchants. Local music merchants are promoting the fact that the student in the high-school stage band will trade up to a first-line instrument much sooner than the average band student.

The greatest commercial activity, however, is found among the publishers.

Directors are forever crying for new music, and it didn't take the big publishers long to see a profitable venture. In their hurry to clamber abroad the stage-band wagon the market has been glutted with junk, with inartistic and unmusical arrangements, ground out to meet a deadline and to beat the competition.

Today practically all music publishers have a stage-band series. They vary in quality from ridiculous to excellent. The novelty is wearing off. The junk purveyors have come to realize that their junk won't sell well. It is surprising how astute students can be in evaluating the musical worth of compositions.

Directors are reaching the point where they will not grab up just anything that is advertised. Quality is becoming more and more the watchword of the publishers. Many are engaging fine, working jazz writers to compose works or to edit their existing compositions for student groups. There has also developed a group of small publishers who are putting out compositions of considerable worth, and at the moment they seem to be making the best contribution.

As mentioned earlier, there is the problem of the poor instruction given college students in stage-band techniques and the resultant poor job being done in the high schools with stage-band music. An excellent step in the direction of correcting this has been the publishing of methods and instructional texts.

Almost any phase of jazz instruction is now covered in a published text.

There are the outstanding works on improvisation by Jerry Coker and Phil Rizzo, the works on arranging by Russ Garcia and Bill Russo, the trumpet methods by Porky Panico and Shorty Rogers, the saxophone methods by Joseph Viola and Lennie Niehaus, the drum and string-bass methods published by the Berklee School Press, the drum and mallet methods published by Henry Adler. Today if the director doesn't know a technique, there is a place he can go to get some help.

AND SO HERE WE STAND in 1964 in the midst of an abundance and embarrassment of available stage-band riches. How much is valid, good, educationally sound and how much is the fool's gold, the rhinestones of a glitter facade without depth or significance?

It can be solidly established that jazz has a place in education and that there can be effective and valid education in jazz. We can justify it to our recalcitrant teaching brethren by citing the fact that this is American music; that it is improvisational and so involves that most sought after of commodities, creative activity, in our students; that it is folk music; that it is etc., etc.

But with all our efforts and all our rationales, we are still too often spinning our wheels for lack of a real direction in which to move.

Many of us have heard over and over that this is the music our students want to study, that all we have to do is start a program and it will carry on, with something beautiful developing. Big-band jazz is not the most familiar music to today's student. It is not the music with which he naturally relates most. Ask any bandleader who has worked a high-school date recently—any bandleader, that is, who plays good dance music.

If we say that all we have to do is toss in some stage-band arrangements and automatically our band students will play better, that they will love us and our music, that there will be little for us to do except to start the band and walk off the stage to have a smoke, we will be grossly negligent and be responsible for poor music, poor performance, and poor direction and teaching.

We must have clearly in our minds where we are going. Our goals must be defined; everything that we do must push us one step closer to that goal.

For the stage-band program or jazz education to be valid it must aim at improvisation. Without this as a goal we are promoting nothing but a basketball type of pep band that plays pop tunes with a steady and perhaps

swinging rhythm. However, elementary and tentative our steps, we must move into the area of improvisation.

It is really not as mysterious and unteachable as some think. At least we can give basic principles and guidelines for the student to follow. It is dispiriting how few stage-band directors who purport to teach a form of jazz rarely, if ever, listen to recordings or live performances by jazz groups.


There is so much to teach in getting the students to phrase and interpret jazz lines properly that most high-school and college directors spend most of their time polishing and developing proper interpretation. They frequently don't have enough time to work on improvisation and even more importantly to make improvisation and jazz-line phrasing a tool of the over-all purpose of music: emotional expression. This is the direction we must constantly be moving in. We must strive to get above the notes, to get free from the bonds of ink and paper and get to the point where performances have some meaning and some content. We must escape the cold reading of an arrangement and infuse some life into it, some emotional content, become involved with, and in, the music.

I realize that it is rather useless to talk in such terms to the director and band that is fighting to play the right notes, to play them with good tone quality and intonation, to play them with proper phrasing, but if we were to give as cold readings to our orchestral and concert-band music, we would be soundly criticized and rightly so. Just because it is jazz we can't set different standards.

"Close enough for jazz" must be eliminated from our vocabulary.

This is the direction we must take. We have, after about 10 years, come to a sort of a standstill in the evolution and the development of educational jazz. The bands are accepted, good music is available in fairly satisfactory amounts, clinics and instructional texts are being made available.

Now that we are concluding the first phase of the battle to bring jazz to education and now that we have achieved some success, we cannot sit back and rest. We must move on to make our music worthy of the name music and our teaching worthy of the name education. We must work for a deeper involvement with the music, for a better musical result.

We have just scratched the ink on our arrangements. We have got a good start, but the road ahead is long. We need a reawakening of our interest and zeal in order to become worthy of the title of educator and of our position as an educator in jazz. 

IGOR

Composed and Arranged by Clare Fischer

Clare Fischer once stated that the jazz arranger-composer's approach to big-band instrumentation would become more flexible than in the past, when big bands consisted of trumpet, trombone, saxophone, and rhythm sections, which might vary in size but remained essentially the same. "I find some musicians rebel at this notion," Fischer said, referring to instrumentation other than standard, "because they're so used to playing in a certain groove."

A man of action as well as words, 35-year-old Fischer, one of the most respected arranger-composers in jazz,

seldom writes for the "conventional" jazz orchestra. A case in point is his *Igor*, the score of which begins on this page.

According to its composer, *Igor* "is, of course, an allusion to Stravinsky and whatever connotation that might bring."

The medium-tempoed piece features solo piano. *Igor* has been recorded by Fischer and is available on his album *Extension* (Pacific Jazz 77). The score is reproduced with the permission of its composer and publishing firm, Amestoy Music/BMI.

IGOR CLARE FISCHER

IGOR - 2 -

1. FL.
2. FL.
3. CL.
1. CL.
2. CL.
3. CL.
B.S. CL.
B.S. CL.
1. HN.
2. HN.
3. HN.
TRUMP.
B. TRUMP.
TUBA
VIBES
PIANO
CYMB.
-225-
107

IGOR - 2 -

1. FL.
2. FL.
3. CL.
1. CL.
2. CL.
3. CL.
B.S. CL.
B.S. CL.
1. HN.
2. HN.
3. HN.
TRUMP.
B. TRUMP.
TUBA
VIBES
PIANO
CYMB.
-225-
107

World Radio History

Handwritten musical score for a symphony orchestra. The score is written on multiple staves, including woodwinds (Flute, Clarinet, Bassoon), brass (Trumpet, Trombone, Tuba), and strings (Violin, Viola, Cello, Double Bass). The notation includes notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *f* (forte). The score is divided into measures, with some measures containing multiple notes and rests. The overall style is that of a handwritten manuscript, with some corrections and annotations visible.

-6-

1 Fl.
2 Fl.
3 Cl.
1 Cl.
2 Cl.
3 Cl.
4 Cl.
5 Cl.
1 H.N.
2 H.N.
3 H.N.
TRAP
1 TRON
2 TRON
TUBA
VIO
1 VIO
2 VIO
CL
DB
PNO

223-

-7-

1 Fl.
2 Fl.
3 Cl.
1 Cl.
2 Cl.
3 Cl.
4 Cl.
5 Cl.
1 H.N.
2 H.N.
3 H.N.
TRAP
1 TRON
2 TRON
TUBA
VIO
1 VIO
2 VIO
CL
DB
PNO

223-

IGOR

Handwritten musical score for Igor Stravinsky's "The Firebird" (Act I, Scene 1). The score is written on 18 staves, including woodwinds, brass, strings, and piano. The notation is in Russian and includes dynamic markings such as *mp*, *p*, and *f*. The score is marked with a large "X" across the middle, indicating a section that has been crossed out or is a duplicate.

Instrument parts listed on the left:

- 1. FL.
- 2. FL.
- FL. CL.
- 1. CL.
- 2. CL.
- 3. CL.
- 3. CL.
- CONG. CL.
- 1. HN.
- 2. HN.
- 3. HN.
- TAM.
- B. TAM.
- TUBA.
- VIOL.
- PIANO.
- CEL.

Rehearsal marks and dynamics are visible throughout the score.

- 9 -

Continuation of the handwritten musical score for Igor Stravinsky's "The Firebird" (Act I, Scene 1). This page contains staves 19 through 36. The notation continues with various musical symbols, including notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The score is marked with a large "X" across the middle, indicating a section that has been crossed out or is a duplicate.

Instrument parts listed on the left:

- 1. FL.
- 2. FL.
- FL. CL.
- 1. CL.
- 2. CL.
- 3. CL.
- 3. CL.
- CONG. CL.
- 1. HN.
- 2. HN.
- 3. HN.
- TAM.
- B. TAM.
- TUBA.
- VIOL.
- PIANO.
- CEL.

Rehearsal marks and dynamics are visible throughout the score.

1. FL.
2. FL.
Eb. CL.
1. CL.
2. CL.
3. CL.
Bb. CL.
CON. CL.
1. HN.
2. HN.
3. HN.
TRM.
B. TRM.
TUBA
VIBES
PIANO
BS

-223-

1. FL.
2. FL.
Eb. CL.
1. CL.
2. CL.
3. CL.
Bb. CL.
CON. CL.
1. HN.
2. HN.
3. HN.
TRM.
B. TRM.
TUBA
VIBES
PIANO
BS

-223-

IGOR

Handwritten musical score for Igor Stravinsky's "The Firebird" (Act I, Scene 1). The score is for measures 12-13. The instruments listed on the left are:

- 1. FL.
- 2. FL.
- FL. CL.
- 1. CL.
- 2. CL.
- 3. CL.
- 3. CL.
- CON. CL.
- 1. HN.
- 2. HN.
- 3. HN.
- TAM.
- B. TAM.
- TBA.
- V. OES.
- PIANO.
- BC.

The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The bottom left corner of the page contains the following text:

© 1917 -225-
1074 New York

Handwritten musical score for Igor Stravinsky's "The Firebird" (Act I, Scene 1). The score is for measures 14-15. The instruments listed on the left are:

- 1. FL.
- 2. FL.
- FL. CL.
- 1. CL.
- 2. CL.
- 3. CL.
- 3. CL.
- CON. CL.
- 1. HN.
- 2. HN.
- 3. HN.
- TAM.
- B. TAM.
- TBA.
- V. OES.
- PIANO.
- BC.

The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The bottom left corner of the page contains the following text:

© 1917 -225-
1074 New York

AN INDEX OF DOWN BEAT 1964

Many jazz fans, historians, and writers save each issue of *Down Beat* as valuable reference material. To make research easier, *Down Beat* publishes an annual index of the material appearing in the magazine during the calendar year. The 1964 listing follows. Not included are record reviews and *Strictly Ad Lib* items.

A

- ADDERLEY, CANNONBALL Tangents, *Discussion*, June 18, p. 14.
ALEXANDRIA, LOREZ *Article*, Jan. 2, p. 18; *Blindfold Test*, Oct. 8, p. 34.
ALLEN, DAVID *Caught in the Act*, Nov. 5, p. 17.
ALLEN, RED *Caught in the Act*, June 18, p. 32.
ALLISON, MOSE *Blindfold Test*, Jan. 16, p. 34.
AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS Republic Corporation Sues Musicians Union, *News*, Jan. 2, p. 11; Las Vegas Leader Wins Suit Against Union, Hotel, Rival, *News*, Jan. 2, p. 12; The Composers and the Union President, *Article*, Jan. 16, p. 12; Recording Industry Hit from Two Sides, *News*, Jan. 30, p. 9; Scale Controversy in San Francisco, *News*, Jan. 30, p. 9; Supreme Court Won't Review Surcharge Case, *News*, Jan. 30, p. 10; Union Prexy-Composers Tempest Teeters to Stage Three, *News*, Feb. 13, p. 14; Musicians Ratify Recording Contract, *News*, March 12, p. 9; Court Dismisses Antimerger Charges Against AFM, *News*, March 26, p. 11; 200 Local 802 Members Picket Local's Headquarters, *News*, April 9, p. 13; Local 10 President Charges AFM Perpetuates Segregation, *News*, May 21, p. 9; Heated Controversy Almost Splits Chicago AFM Local, *News*, July 16, p. 11; AFM Convention Rocked and Rolled, *News*, July 30, p. 9; Chicago's Local 10 Votes Power Back to Its President, *News*, Aug. 27, p. 8; AFM Trusteeship of Chicago Local 10 Blocked by Court, *News*, Sept. 24, p. 14; Chicago Local 10 Placed in Trusteeship by AFM, *News*, Nov. 5, p. 8; Jazzman Jay Cameron Runs for Local 802 Office, *News*, Nov. 19, p. 13; Local 47 President Notes Increase of Music Jobs in L.A., *News*, Dec. 17, p. 14.
AMERICANS IN EUROPE *Discussion*, July 2, p. 64.
APPLE CORES (Column) Nov. 19, p. 21; Dec. 17, p. 40.
ARMSTRONG, LOUIS Satch Suffers Inflamed Veins, No Heart Attack, As Rumored, *News*, April 23, p. 13; Armstrong's Birthplace Center of Confusion, *News*, July 16, p. 12; Deadline Passes; Armstrong Birthplace Torn Down, *News*, July 30, p. 10.
ARRANGEMENTS *Mama-Lou*, Oliver Nelson, Jan. 2, p. 37; *Doodad*, Dick

Grove, Jan. 30, p. 36; *Serendipity*, Ralph Pena, Feb. 27, p. 40; *Winter Song*, 1964, Bill Dixon, May 21, p. 39; *Count Your Change*, Paul Horn, June 18, p. 40; *Tomorrow's Blues Today*, Frank Foster, Nov. 5, p. 39; *Joe Maini*, Dave Blumberg, Dec. 3, p. 36.

AVANT GARDE Blessings from the Avant Garde, *Article*, March 12, p. 16; The October Revolution: Two Views of the Avant Garde in Action, *Review*, Nov. 19, p. 15; Avant Garde Organizes; To Present Concert Series, *News*, Dec. 31, p. 10.

AUERBACH, ART SF Clubowner Says Miles Goofed Gig, *News*, June 18, p. 10.

B

- BAKER, CHET Returns to the United States, *News*, April 9, p. 13; *Caught in the Act*, May 21, p. 30; Chet Baker's Tale of Woe, *Article*, July 30, p. 22.
BAKER, DAVE Vortex/The Dave Baker Story, *Article*, Dec. 17, p. 15.
BANJO Chuck Wayne's Modern Jazz Banjo, *Article*, Jan. 16, p. 24.
BARKER, BLUE LU Blues Night at the Celebrity Club, *Article*, April 9, p. 15.
BARKER, DANNY Blues Night at the Celebrity Club, *Article*, April 9, p. 15.
BARUKSHITIS, IGOR Two Russian Jazzmen Defect to U.S. in Tokyo, *News*, Sept. 24, p. 14; A Day in the New Lives of Two Russian Defector-Jazzmen, *Article*, Dec. 3, p. 10; Russian Jazzmen-Defectors Off to a Fast Start, *News*, Dec. 17, p. 14.
BASIE, COUNT *Caught in the Act*, Feb. 13, p. 37; Disneyland to Have Ellington, Basie, Goodman Same Week, *News*, June 4, p. 9; Bill Evans, Herman, Basie, Ray Brown Win Grammys, *News*, June 18, p. 9; Two for Two in the Basie Band, *News*, Sept. 10, p. 10; *Caught in the Act*, Nov. 5, p. 17.
BAVAN, YOLANDE *Blindfold Test*, Feb. 13, p. 36.
BELLSON, LOUIE *Blindfold Test*, Nov. 19, p. 32.
BENEFITS Star-Studded NAACP Show on Closed-Circuit TV, *News*, May 7, p. 13; Civil-Rights Benefit to Be Held in Los Angeles, *News*, Aug. 17, p. 9; Benefit for Dolphy's Parents in Los Angeles Nets \$895, *News*, Oct. 8, p. 13; Aid for the Meridian Memorial Community Center, *News*, Oct. 22, p. 10; Hollywood Benefit Raises \$1,354 for Civil-Rights Campaign, *News*, Nov. 5, p. 9.
BERNSTEIN, ARTIE Dies in California, *News*, Feb. 13, p. 13.
BERNSTEIN, LEONARD Don Ellis to Play Concert with Bernstein, *News*, Jan. 16, p. 11; Jazz at Leonard Bernstein's, *Caught in the Act*, Aug. 27, p. 34.
BERNSTEIN, SID Plans World's Fair Festival, *News*, Dec. 17, p. 10.
BIG BANDS Back at Freedomland, *News*, Aug. 27, p. 8; Swing, Inc., *Article*, Sept. 24, p. 22.
BIRDLAND The Columnist and the Club, *Article*, May 21, p. 13; Birdland Closes; Scheduled to Reopen with Jazz, *News*, July 30, p. 9.
BLACKBURN, LOU Dual Brass, *Article*,

Feb. 13, p. 18; *Blindfold Test*, May 7, p. 36.

BLAKE, RAN With Blake & Lee in Europe, *Article*, May 7, p. 14.

BLAKEY, ART *Caught in the Act*, Feb. 27, p. 34; Drum Talk—Coast to Coast, *Discussion*, March 26, p. 13.

BLEY, PAUL *Article*, March 12, p. 16.

BLINDFOLD TEST (Column) Carmen McRae, Jan. 2, p. 32; Mose Allison, Jan. 16, p. 34; J. J. Johnson, Jan. 30, p. 30; Yolande Bavan, Feb. 13, p. 36; Stan Getz, Feb. 27, p. 32; Bill Henderson, March 12, p. 33; Wynton Kelly, March 26, p. 34; Jon Hendricks, April 9, p. 33; Woody Herman, April 23, p. 34; Lou Blackburn, May 7, p. 36; Paul Horn, May 21, p. 32; Oliver Nelson, June 4, p. 32; Miles Davis, June 18, p. 31; Herb Ellis, July 16, p. 41; Howard McGhee, July 30, p. 35; Teddy Edwards, Aug. 13, p. 29; Marian Montgomery, Aug. 27, p. 39; Yusef Lateef, Sept. 10, p. 34; Jack Wilson, Sept. 24, p. 34; Lorez Alexandria, Oct. 8, p. 34; Bill Evans, Oct. 22, p. 34, and Nov. 5, p. 29; Louie Bellson, Nov. 19, p. 32; Roy Haynes, Dec. 3, p. 31; Ron Carter, Dec. 17, p. 35; Marian McPartland, Dec. 31, p. 35.

BLOOMFIELD, MIKE *Caught in the Act*, Dec. 3, p. 32.

BLUES 'N' FOLK (Column) Feb. 13, p. 35; April 9, p. 32; May 7, p. 34; July 30, p. 34; Aug. 27, p. 33; Oct. 22, p. 33; Dec. 3, p. 30; Dec. 17, p. 34.

BLUES PEOPLE *Book Review*, Jan. 2, p. 34.

BOOK REVIEWS *Blues People*, LeRoi Jones, Jan. 2, p. 34; *So Fair a House: The Story of Synanon*, Daniel Casriel, Jan. 16, p. 35; *The Josh White Song Book*, Robert Shelton, Jan. 2, p. 36; *Dance Band Reading and Interpretation*, Alan Raph, June 18, p. 34; *A Study of Jazz*, Paul O. W. Tanner & Maurice Gerow, June 18, p. 34; *Music on My Mind*, Willie (The Lion) Smith-George Hoefer; *A Jazz Lexicon*, Robert S. Gold; *The New Equality*, Nat Hentoff; *Twentieth-Century Music Idioms*, G. Welton Marquis; *Jazz Improvisation Vol. III*, John Mehegan; *Improvising Jazz*, Jerry Coker, Oct. 8, p. 35; *The Jazz Story: From the '90s to the '60s*, Dave Dexter, Dec. 3, p. 32.

BRAFF, RUBY Outspoken Trumpeter, *Discussion*, Jan. 30, p. 20; Ruby Braff Story to Be Filmed, *News*, March 26, p. 11.

BROCKMAN, GAIL Two for Two in the Basie Band, *News*, Sept. 10, p. 10.

BROOKS, JOHN BENSON *Article*, Jan. 2, p. 20.

BROWN, LILLYN Blues Night at the Celebrity Club, *Article*, April 9, p. 15.

BROWN, RAY Bill Evans, Herman, Basie, Ray Brown Win Grammys, *News*, June 18, p. 9.

BRUBECK, DAVE A Hit at White House, *News*, May 21, p. 9.

BRYANT, WILLIE Former Bandleader Dies, *News*, March 26, p. 11.

BUNKER, LARRY Leaves Studios to Join Bill Evans, *News*, Aug. 13, p. 8.

BYRD, CHARLIE Sues MGM for Alleged Jazz Samba Royalties, *News*, Sept. 10, p. 10; *Caught in the Act*, Oct. 22, p. 22.

BYSTANDER, THE (Column) Jan. 16, p. 37; March 12, p. 39; April 9, p. 39; May 7, p. 39; June 18, p. 36; July 16, p. 21; Aug. 27, p. 40; Oct. 8, p. 41; Nov. 5, p. 33.

C

CAGE, JOHN Sounds and Silence, *Article*, May 7, p. 20.
CAMERON, JAY New Leader in Town, *Article*, June 18, p. 18; Runs for Local 802 Office, *News*, Nov. 19, p. 13.
CARTER, RON *Article*, April 9, p. 18; *Blindfold Test*, Dec. 17, p. 35.
CASE, RUSS Three Studio Music Men Die in the Same Week, *News*, Nov. 19, p. 10.
CAUGHT IN THE ACT International Jazz Festival; J. J. Johnson; Stan Getz; Joe Mooney-Kenny Burrell; Frankie Lymon; Jan. 2, p. 33. Various Artists; Wes Montgomery; Jan. 30, p. 31. Stan Getz-Count Basie-Jimmy Rushing; Jackie Paris-Anne Marie Moss; Feb. 13, p. 37. John Coltrane-Cecil Taylor-Art Blakey; Thelonious Monk; Feb. 27, p. 34. Gene McDaniels; Lou Rawls; Modern Jazz Quartet; Bob Harrington; March 12, p. 34. John Lee Hooker-Bobby King; Sleepy John Estes; April 23, p. 36. Duke Ellington; Chet Baker; Art Pepper; Easter Sunday Freedom Festival; Susan's Evening; May 21, p. 30. Frank Chace; Jack Nimitz; June 4, p. 33. Kansas City Jazz Festival; Red Allen; Calvin Jackson; June 18, p. 32. Jazz at the Crest; Duke Ellington; July 16, p. 42. Thelonious Monk; Teddy Napoleon Benefit; July 30, p. 17. Toshiko & Charlie Mariano; Horace Silver; Jazz at Leonard Bernstein's; Stan Getz-Astrud Gilberto; Yusef Lateef; Aug. 27, p. 34. Recklinghausen Jazz Workshop; Carmen McRae; Marian Montgomery; Sept. 10, p. 35. Bud Powell; Charlie Byrd; Erroll Garner; Buddy Prima; Oct. 22, p. 22. Lennie Tristano; Bill Evans; David Allen-Count Basie; Nov. 5, p. 17. Pete Jolly; Mike Bloomfield; Joe Lee Wilson; Dec. 3, p. 32. George Shearing-Four Freshmen; Lalo Schiffrin; Dec. 31, p. 42.
CBS Jazz on the Fence at CBS Construction, *News*, Feb. 13, p. 13.
CEROLI, NICK Drum Talk—Coast to Coast, *Discussion*, March 26, p. 13.
CHACE, FRANK *Caught in the Act*, June 4, p. 33.
CHARLES, RAY Set for Movie Role in Europe, *News*, June 4, p. 9.
CIVIL RIGHTS All-Star Troupe on the Road for NAACP and CORE, *News*, April 9, p. 13; Star-Studded NAACP Show on Closed-Circuit TV, *News*, May 7, p. 13; Local 10 President Charges AFM Perpetuates Segregation, *News*, May 21, p. 9; Aid for the Meridian Memorial Community Center, *News*, Oct. 22, p. 10; Hollywood Benefit Raises \$1,354 for Civil-Rights Campaign, *News*, Nov. 5, p. 9.
CLAYTON, BUCK, Travelin' Man, *Article*, June 4, p. 13.
CLUBS A Night at the Five Spot, *Article*, Feb. 13, p. 20; Jazz Set in Plush Surroundings at Gold Bug, *News*, May 21,

p. 10; The Columnist and the Club, *Article*, May 21, p. 13; Village Vanguard Goes Ragtime, *News*, July 16, p. 13; Birdland Closes; Scheduled to Reopen with Jazz, *News*, July 30, p. 9.
COLE, BUDDY Dies of Heart Attack, *News*, Dec. 17, p. 10.
COLE, COZY Drum Talk—Coast to Coast, *Discussion*, March 26, p. 13.
COLEMAN, ORNETTE The Saxophone—Instrument of Jazz Innovation, *Article*, May 21, p. 17; Ornette and the '60s, *Article*, July 2, p. 58.
COLLEGE JAZZ FESTIVALS European Tour Offered Winners of Oread Festival, *News*, Feb. 13, p. 13; Blue Notes Win At Grossinger's, *News*, March 12, p. 9; First Far West College Fest Set, *News*, March 26, p. 11; Villanova Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, *Review*, March 26, p. 12; Enticing Trimmings Added to Two College Jazz Festivals, *News*, April 23, p. 13; 17 Bands Compete in California Jazz Festival, *News*, May 7, p. 13; First Annual Oread Collegiate Jazz Festival, *Review*, June 4, p. 11; Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival, *Review*, June 4, p. 12; College Jazz: West, *Review*, June 18, p. 13; Oread Aftermath—Cop-Out in Academe, *Editorial*, Oct. 8, p. 13; Villanova College Festival to Have Parker Tribute, *News*, Nov. 19, p. 13; Date of Villanova Festival Changed, *News*, Dec. 31, p. 10.
COLTRANE, JOHN *Caught in the Act*, Feb. 27, p. 34; The Saxophone—Instrument of Jazz Innovation, *Article*, May 21, p. 17.
COMMENTS ON CLASSICS (Column) Jan. 2, p. 31; Jan. 30, p. 29; March 12, p. 32; March 26, p. 33; April 23, p. 33; May 21, p. 29; July 16, p. 40; Aug. 13, p. 28; Sept. 10, p. 33; Oct. 8, p. 33; Nov. 5, p. 28; Dec. 31, p. 32.
COMPOSERS AND LYRICISTS GUILD OF AMERICA The Composers and the Union President, *Article*, Jan. 16, p. 12.
COMPTON, GLOVER Ragtime Pianist Dies in Chicago, *News*, Aug. 27, p. 9.
CONCERTS UCLA Concerts Succeed; More Planned for Fall, *News*, Jan. 16, p. 12; UCLA To Hold Jazz Concerts and Festivals, *News*, Oct. 8, p. 10.
CONDON, EDDIE To Be Honored at Carnegie Hall Concert, *News*, July 30, p. 9; Condon Salute May Lead to Television Series, *News*, Sept. 10, p. 10.
CONOVER, WILLIS Forms Club for Overseas Fans, *News*, June 4, p. 9; Large Circle of Global "Friends," *News*, Sept. 10, p. 11.
CONTEMPORARY MUSIC CENTER Includes Two Jazzmen, *News*, Dec. 31, p. 10.
COOL WORLD, THE *Movie Review*, Nov. 5, p. 30.
CROSBY, BOB Reorganizes Bobcats for Asia Tour, *News*, Nov. 5, p. 9.

D

DADDY STOVEPIPE Chicago Street Singer Dies, *News*, Jan. 2, p. 12.
DAMERON, TADD Nostalgic Afternoon Concert Pays Tribute to Tadd Dameron, *News*, Dec. 17, p. 13.
DAVIS, EDDIE (LOCKJAW) Two for Two in the Basie Band, *News*, Sept. 10,

p. 10; Two-Career Man, *Article*, Nov. 19, p. 16.
DAVIS, MILES SF Clubowner Says Miles Goofed Gig, *News*, June 18, p. 10; *Blindfold Test*, June 18, p. 31; Miles and the '50s, *Article*, July 2, p. 44.
DEAN, DONALD Drum Talk—Coast to Coast, *Discussion*, March 26, p. 13.
DeFRANCO, BUDDY The Trouble with Stage Bands, *Article*, April 23, p. 16.
DETROIT JAZZ SOCIETY Detroit Students Form Jazz Appreciation Society, *News*, Dec. 3, p. 9.
DICKENSON, VIC A Melody Man at Heart, *Article*, Dec. 3, p. 18.
DISNEYLAND Big Bands Bloom at Disneyland, *News*, July 30, p. 10; Dixieland Extravaganza Draws More Than 20,000 to Disneyland, *News*, Nov. 5, p. 9.
DOLPHY, ERIC The Saxophone—Instrument of Jazz Innovation, *Article*, May 21, p. 17; Reed Man Eric Dolphy Dies in Berlin, *News*, Aug. 13, p. 8; In Tribute, *Article*, Aug. 27, p. 10; The Woodwinds of Change, *Article*, Oct. 8, p. 15; Benefit for Dolphy's Parents in Los Angeles Nets \$895, *News*, Oct. 8, p. 13.
DONAHUE, SAM Nostalgia, *Article*, Jan. 16, p. 14.
TOMMY DORSEY BAND Nostalgia, *Article*, Jan. 16, p. 14.
DOUBLE SIX With a French Twist, *Article*, Sept. 24, p. 19.
DOWN BEAT The '30s—You Gotta Be a Rug cutter, July 2, p. 11; The '40s—Groovin' High, July 2, p. 23; The '50s—Into the Cool, July 2, p. 37; The '60s—Tomorrow Is the Question, July 2, p. 49.
DREW, KENNY Americans in Europe, *Discussion*, July 2, p. 64.
DUNLOP, FRANKIE Monk's Drummer, *Article*, Jan. 16, p. 16.

E

EDITORIALS Impressions of a Bleak November, Jan. 2, p. 12; Oread Aftermath—Cop-Out in Academe, Oct. 8, p. 13.
EDUCATION The Leningrad Jazz School, *Article*, Jan. 16, p. 20; USC Course Trains Critics, *News*, Feb. 13, p. 14; Jazz Clinics Set for Summer, *News*, March 12, p. 10; Canadian Jazz School Closes Its Doors, *News*, March 12, p. 10; Architect Designs Jazz School Buildings, *News*, June 4, p. 9; Down Beat Scholarship Winners Announced, *News*, June 18, p. 9; Fellowships Granted Five for University Critics Course, *News*, July 16, p. 13; Dialog in Free Form, *Discussion*, Sept. 24, p. 16; Swing, Inc., *Article*, Sept. 24, p. 22; Message from Marx: Improvise, *Article*, Sept. 24, p. 22.
EDWARDS, TEDDY *Blindfold Test*, Aug. 13, p. 29.
ELIAS, LEWIS Las Vegas Leader Wins Suit Against Union, Hotel, Rival, *News*, Jan. 2, p. 12.
ELLINGTON, DUKE Kennedy's Death Causes Tour and Concert Cancellations, *News*, Jan. 2, p. 11; On Tour with Duke, *Article*, Feb. 27, p. 14; *Caught in the Act*, May 21, p. 30; Robert Herridge Films an Hour of Ellington for TV, *News*, June 4, p. 9; Disneyland to Have Ellington, Basie, Goodman Same Week, *News*, June 4, p. 9; *Caught in the Act*,

July 16, p. 42; Reminiscing in Tempo, *Article*, July 2, p. 8; Teletaping with Duke, *Article*, Aug. 27, p. 20; Swimming Pool Named for Duke Ellington in California, *News*, Dec. 17, p. 10.

ELLIS, DON To Play Concert with Bernstein, *News*, Jan. 16, p. 11; Don Ellis Heads Summer Jazz Workshops at UCLA, *News*, July 30, p. 9; Contemporary Music Center Includes Two Jazzmen, *News*, Dec. 31, p. 10.

ELLIS, HERB *Article*, July 16, p. 14; *Blindfold Test*, July 16, p. 41.

EVANS, BILL Herman, Basie, Ray Brown Win Grammys, *News*, June 18, p. 9; Larry Bunker Leaves Studios to Join Bill Evans, *News*, Aug. 13, p. 8; The Art of Playing, *Article*, Oct. 22, p. 14; *Blindfold Test*, Oct. 22, p. 34, and Nov. 5, p. 29; *Caught in the Act*, Nov. 5, p. 17.

F

FEATHER, LEONARD Life with Feather, *Autobiography*, Pt. I, July 16, p. 18; Pt. II, Nov. 19, p. 22; Evolution-of-Jazz Recording Series Enters Phase 2, *News*, Aug. 13, p. 9; Feather Prepares Jazz Series for West German Television, *News*, Dec. 17, p. 14.

FEATHER'S NEST (*Column*) Jan. 16, p. 40; April 23, p. 39; May 21, p. 34; June 4, p. 36; Aug. 27, p. 42; Nov. 5, p. 34.

FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION Trade-Practice Ruling to Affect Record Industry, *News*, Nov. 19, p. 10.

FILM MUSIC New Gershwin Tunes Featured in Movie, *News*, April 23, p. 14; No Musicals in Oscar Race for Best Score, *News*, April 23, p. 15.

FIVE SPOT *Article*, Feb. 13, p. 20.

FORD MOTOR CO. A Big Business Recognizes Good Thing in Jazz and Folk, *News*, Nov. 5, p. 8.

FOSTER, FRANK Two for Two in the Basie Band, *News*, Sept. 10, p. 10.

FREED, ALAN Now a Jazz Disc Jockey, *News*, Aug. 27, p. 9.

FREEDOM FESTIVAL, *Caught in the Act*, May 21, p. 31.

FRIEDMAN, DON Rehearsing with the Jimmy Giuffre 3, *Article*, March 12, p. 18; Pianist for All Seasons, *Article*, Oct. 22, p. 17.

FROM THE TOP (*Column*) March 12, p. 40; April 9, p. 42; May 7, p. 40; June 4, p. 40; July 16, p. 46; Sept. 10, p. 38; Nov. 5, p. 35; Dec. 3, p. 35.

FULLER, GIL *Hot Box*, April 9, p. 23.

G

GALE, MOE Former Savoy Ballroom Owner and Agency Head Dies, *News*, Oct. 22, p. 10.

GARLAND, JUDY Torme Sues Judy Garland for \$22,500 on TV Pact, *News*, April 23, p. 13; Judy Garland Ordered Back to U.S. to Answer Torme Suit, *News*, Dec. 17, p. 13.

GARNER, ERROLL *Caught in the Act*, Oct. 22, p. 22.

GERSHWIN, IRA New Gershwin Tunes Featured in Movie, *News*, April 23, p. 14.

GETZ, STAN *Caught in the Act*, Feb. 13, p. 37; *Blindfold Test*, Feb. 27, p. 32;

Caught in the Act, Aug. 27, p. 34; Fire and Caved-In Roof Boggle Getz-Gilberto Gig, *News*, Dec. 31, p. 13.

GIBBS, TERRY Heads Sextet on Philbin's Late Evening TV Show, *News*, Nov. 19, p. 13.

GILLESPIE, DIZZY The Candidate Meets the Press, *Interview*, Nov. 5, p. 10.

GILBERTO, ASTRUD *Caught in the Act*, Aug. 27, p. 34; Fire and Caved-In Roof Boggle Getz-Gilberto Gig, *News*, Dec. 31, p. 13.

GIUFFRE, JIMMY Rehearsing with the Jimmy Giuffre 3, *Article*, March 12, p. 18; Giuffre May Teach Via Mailed Tape Recordings, *News*, Aug. 13, p. 8.

GOODMAN, BENNY An Inside View, *Article*, April 9, p. 20; Disneyland to Have Ellington, Basie, Goodman Same Week, *News*, June 4, p. 9; Benny Goodman, the Swing Era, and Me, *Article*, July 2, p. 18.

GOODSTEIN, OSCAR The Columnist and the Club, *Article*, May 21, p. 13; Birdland Closes; Scheduled to Reopen With Jazz, *News*, July 30, p. 9.

GORDON, DEXTER Americans in Europe, *Discussion*, July 2, p. 64.

GORDON, JOE The Final Hours of, *Article*, Jan. 30, p. 13.

GOUDIE, FRANK (Big Boy) Dies in San Francisco, *News*, March 12, p. 9.

GOZZO, CONRAD Three Studio Music Men Die in the Same Week, *News*, Nov. 19, p. 10.

GRAUER, BILL Riverside President Dies, *News*, Jan. 30, p. 9.

GRAY, HARRY Local 10 President Charges AFM Perpetuates Segregation, *News*, May 21, p. 9.

GREGORY, DICK Possible Lead in Parker Movie, *News*, Oct. 22, p. 10.

GUARALDI, VINCE Trio Takes a Permanent Coffee Break, *News*, Aug. 13, p. 9.

H

HANNA, ROLAND A Night at the Five Spot, *Article*, Feb. 13, p. 20.

HARRINGTON, BOB *Caught in the Act*, March 12, p. 35.

HARRIOTT, JOE Jazz Abstractionist, *Article*, Sept. 10, p. 12.

HART, CLYDE *Hot Box*, Dec. 3, p. 21.

HAWKINS, COLEMAN The Saxophone—Instrument of Jazz Innovation, *Article*, May 21, p. 17.

HAYNES, ROY *Blindfold Test*, Dec. 3, p. 31.

HENDRICKS, JON Blues Evolution Set for UCLA, *News*, Jan. 30, p. 10; *Blindfold Test*, April 9, p. 33; No More L-H-R or L-H-B; It's Jon Hendricks & Co., *News*, June 18, p. 10.

HERMAN, WOODY *Blindfold Test*, April 23, p. 34; Bill Evans, Herman, Basie, Ray Brown Win Grammys, *News*, June 18, p. 9.

HERRIDGE, ROBERT Films an Hour of Ellington for TV, *News*, June 4, p. 9; Teletaping with Duke, *Article*, Aug. 27, p. 20.

HIGGINBOTHAM, J.C. The Early Career of, *Article*, Jan. 30, p. 19.

HILL, FREDDY Dual Brass, *Article*, Feb. 13, p. 18.

HOOKE, JOHN LEE Blues Is My Business, *Article*, May 7, p. 23.

13 ARRANGEMENTS BY TOP JAZZ WRITERS FOR ONLY 53½¢ EACH

Every year Down Beat presents 13 new arrangements by such famous writers as Quincy Jones, Gerald Wilson, Horace Silver, Gary McFarland, Oliver Nelson and J. J. Johnson. These excellent illustrations of today's music are not available elsewhere. If they were, they would cost a great deal more than Down Beat's informed readers invest to receive direct-by-mail the latest news of the music world every 14 days.

Multiply Down Beat's value by the amount you save on the two or three year subscription prices and subscribe today.

DOWN BEAT

205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. 60606

Enclosed is my order for

☐ 3 years for \$16 ☐ 2 years for \$12

☐ 1 year for \$7 ☐ Bill me

This is ☐ a new subscription ☐ a renewal.

(\$1.50 extra per year if outside the U.S.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip Code _____

322 A

IMPORTANT FOR DRUMMERS! COORDINATED INDEPENDENCE



Max Roach says—"Jim teaches the drummer to play all figures with the left hand and bass drum while the right hand keeps rhythm on the cymbal."

"ADVANCED TECHNIQUES

FOR THE MODERN DRUMMER"

A complete method of progressive exercises to develop independent control of hands and feet against the cymbal rhythm.

Send check or money order.

Postpaid in U. S. \$2.50

JAMES F. CHAPIN

50 Morningside Dr. New York 25, N. Y.

LIPS SORE? FASTER RELIEF

for
**COLD SORES
FEVER BLISTERS**



Helps promote healing fast! Early application prevents formation of unsightly cold sore or fever blister.

for
**DRY, CHAPPED
CRACKED LIPS**

Most highly medicated lip balm... combats infection, quick healing... better moisture retention. Easy to use twist-type plastic case.

HORN, PAUL *Blindfold Test*, May 21, p. 32.
 HORNE, LENA South Africa Bans Records by Lena Horne, Randy Weston, *News*, Sept. 24, p. 14.
 HOT BOX (*Column*) Jan. 30, p. 19; April 9, p. 23; Sept. 24, p. 35; Dec. 3, p. 21.
 HUMOR Home Course in Instant Folk Singing, *Article*, May 7, p. 18; Jazz & Automation... Or How to Stop Worrying and Live with Discotheque, *Article*, Aug. 27, p. 18.
 HUNTER, LURLEAN The Quiet, Happy Life of, *Article*, Jan. 16, p. 18.
 HURT, MISSISSIPPI JOHN *Article*, July 16, p. 22.

I

IMPROVISING JAZZ *Book Review*, Oct. 8, p. 40.
 INNER EAR (*Column*) Jan. 30, p. 34; Feb. 27, p. 38; April 23, p. 41; May 21, p. 42; July 16, p. 45; July 30, p. 41; Sept. 24, p. 40.
 INSTRUMENTS Chuck Wayne's Modern Jazz Banjo, *Article*, Jan. 16, p. 24; The Saxophone: Instrument of Jazz Innovation, *Article*, May 21, p. 17; The Woodwinds of Change, *Article*, Oct. 8, p. 15.
 INTERNATIONAL JAZZ CRITICS POLL, Aug. 13, p. 14.

J

JACKSON, CALVIN *Caught in the Act*, June 18, p. 33.
 JAMES, HARRY Radio and Work Mark Harry James' Anniversary, *News*, April 23, p. 14.
 JAZZ AT THE CREST *Caught in the Act*, July 16, p. 42.
 JAZZ AT LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S *Caught in the Act*, Aug. 27, p. 34.
 JAZZ AT THE WHITE HOUSE On the Upswing, *News*, July 16, p. 12.
 JAZZ BASICS (Pts. I-XII) Feb. 13, p. 26; Feb. 27, p. 23; March 12, p. 22; March 26, p. 22; April 9, p. 24; April 23, p. 22; May 7, p. 25; May 21, p. 20; June 4, p. 23; June 18, p. 21; July 16, p. 24; July 30, p. 25.
 JAZZ FESTIVALS West Berlin Plans September Jazz Festival, *News*, March 12, p. 9; Three-Part Festival Set for Japan in June, *News*, March 26, p. 11; Newport Jazz Festival Plans Outlined by Wein, *News*, May 7, p. 13; Pittsburgh Catholic Youth to Sponsor Jazz Festival, *News*, May 21, p. 9; Comes Festival Time, *News*, June 4, p. 10; Kansas City Jazz Festival, *Caught in the Act*, June 18, p. 32; Monterey Readies for Fall Jazz Festival, *News*, July 30, p. 10; First Annual Pittsburgh Jazz Festival, *Review*, July 30, p. 13; Newport Report, *Review*, Aug. 13, p. 10; Tokyo Blues, *Article*, Sept. 10, p. 20; No More Jazz or Folk Festivals at Newport?, *News*, Sept. 10, p. 10; Copenhagen Finally to Hop on the Jazz Festival Bandwagon, *News*, Sept. 10, p. 10; Festival Reports—Two Balls/One Strike (International, Ohio Valley, Newport Folk), *Review*, Oct. 8, p. 20; Monterey Moments, *Review*, Nov. 5, p. 18; Sid Bernstein Plans World's Fair Festival, *News*, Dec. 17, p. 10. (Also see College Jazz Festivals.)

JAZZ IMPROVISATION VOL. III *Book Review*, Oct. 8, p. 39.
 JAZZ IN EUROPE Recent Developments in Spanish Jazz, *Article*, March 12, p. 10; With Blake & Lee in Europe, *Article*, May 7, p. 14; Ted Curson Quartet Heads for the Continent, *News*, June 4, p. 9; Americans in Europe, *Discussion*, July 2, p. 64; Britain Buys Big Beatled Beat, *News*, Aug. 13, p. 9; Americans in Europe—A Dissident View, *Article*, Sept. 10, p. 19; Copenhagen Finally to Hop on the Jazz Festival Bandwagon, *News*, Sept. 10, p. 10; First U.S. Music Attraction Plays East Germany, Draws Raves, *News*, Oct. 22, p. 11; Bassist-Broadcaster Delivers Jazz Message in Belgium, *News*, Nov. 19, p. 14; Mangelsdorff Pierces Curtain, Takes Jazz to E. Germany, *News*, Nov. 19, p. 13.
 JAZZ IN THE FAR EAST Jazz in Hong Kong, *Article*, Jan. 2, p. 13; Teutonic Tour, *Article*, Sept. 10, p. 13; Tokyo Blues, *Article*, Sept. 10, p. 20.
 JAZZ IN RUSSIA The Leningrad Jazz School, *Article*, Jan. 16, p. 20; The "New Thing" in Russia, *Article*, Sept. 10, p. 16.
 JAZZ LEXICON *Book Review*, Oct. 8, p. 35.
 JAZZ ON CAMPUS (*Column*) Jan. 2, p. 36; Jan. 30, p. 35; Feb. 27, p. 39; March 26, p. 39; April 23, p. 42; May 21, p. 36; June 18, p. 42; July 30, p. 42; Aug. 27, p. 42; Sept. 24, p. 39; Oct. 22, p. 41; Dec. 3, p. 34.
 JAZZ REISSUES An Embarrassment of Riches, *Article*, June 4, p. 16.
 JOBIM, ANTONIO CARLOS Contrast, *Article*, March 12, p. 14.
 JOHNSON, J. J. *Blindfold Test*, Jan. 30, p. 30.
 JOLLY, PETE *Caught in the Act*, Dec. 3, p. 32.
 JONES, ELVIN Drum Talk—Coast to Coast, *Discussion*, March 26, p. 13.
 JONES, JIMMY Portrait of a Professional, *Article*, Feb. 27, p. 18.
 JOSH WHITE SONG BOOK, THE *Book Review*, Jan. 16, p. 36.

K

KALWINSKI, STANISLAW A Debt Paid, *News*, Feb. 13, p. 13.
 KELLY, WYNTON *Blindfold Test*, March 26, p. 34.
 KENTON, STAN Declares Jazz Is Finished, *News*, April 23, p. 15.
 KLEIN, MANNY 40 Trumpeters Honor One for 50 Music Years, *News*, April 23, p. 14.
 KONITZ, LEE No Compromise, *Article*, Nov. 5, p. 15.

L

LAMBERT, DAVE Exits L-H-B; Replacement Set, *News*, April 9, p. 13.
 LAROCA, PETE *Article*, March 26, p. 20.
 LATEEF, YUSEF *Caught in the Act*, Aug. 27, p. 34; *Blindfold Test*, Sept. 10, p. 34.
 LEE, JEANNE With Blake & Lee in Europe, *Article*, May 7, p. 14.
 LEE, MEL Drum Talk—Coast to Coast, *Discussion*, March 26, p. 13.

LEWIS, JOHN A View of the Third Stream, *Article*, Feb. 13, p. 16.
 LEWIS, MEADE LUX Pianist Killed in Car Crash, *News*, July 16, p. 11.
 LEWIS, MEL Drum Talk—Coast to Coast, *Discussion*, March 26, p. 13.
 LYNNE, GLORIA Everest and Mercury Tangle Over Gloria Lynne, *News*, May 7, p. 13.

M

MAINI, JOE Killed in Gun Accident, *News*, June 18, p. 9.
 MANGELSDORFF, ALBERT Teutonic Tour, *Article*, Sept. 10, p. 13; Mangelsdorff Pierces Curtain, Takes Jazz to E. Germany, *News*, Nov. 19, p. 13.
 MANGIONE BROTHERS Save Infant from Drowning, *News*, Sept. 24, p. 15.
 MANN, HERBIE The World and Herbie Mann, *Article*, Aug. 27, p. 13.
 MANNE, SHELLY Drum Talk—Coast to Coast, *Discussion*, March 26, p. 13.
 MARIANO, TOSHIKO & CHARLIE *Caught in the Act*, Aug. 27, p. 34.
 MARX, BILL Message from Marx: Improve, *Article*, Sept. 24, p. 15.
 McDANIELS, GENE *Caught in the Act*, March 12, p. 34.
 McFARLAND, GARY Contrast, *Article*, March 12, p. 14; Tangents, *Discussion*, June 18, p. 14.
 McGHEE, HOWARD *Blindfold Test*, July 30, p. 35.
 McRAE, CARMEN *Blindfold Test*, Jan. 2, p. 32; *Caught in the Act*, Sept. 10, p. 35.
 MERCURY-PHILIPS To Start New Jazz Label in 1965, *News*, Dec. 31, p. 10.
 METTOME, DOUG 1964 Jazz Death Toll Raised by Two, *News*, April 9, p. 14.
 MEZZROW, MEZZ *Sittin' In*, Dec. 17, p. 24.
 MIDNEY, BORIS Two Russian Jazzmen Defect to U.S. in Tokyo, *News*, Sept. 24, p. 14; A Day in the New Lives of Two Russian Defector-Jazzmen, *Article*, Dec. 3, p. 10; Russian Jazzmen-Defectors Off to a Fast Start, *News*, Dec. 17, p. 14.
 MIKITTEN, DON Recent Developments in Spanish Jazz, *Article*, March 12, p. 10.
 MILLS MUSIC Publishing Complex Sold for \$5,000,000, *News*, Oct. 8, p. 10.
 MINGUS, CHARLIE Sharply Criticized for European Tour Behavior, *News*, June 18, p. 10; Mingus in Europe, Pt. 2—Or Get It Straight, *News*, July 16, p. 11.
 MODERN JAZZ QUARTET, *Caught in the Act*, March 12, p. 34.
 MONK, THELONIOUS Kennedy's Death Causes Tour and Concert Cancellations, *News*, Jan. 2, p. 11; Frankie Dunlop, Monk's Drummer, *Article*, Jan. 16, p. 16; A Night at the Five Spot, *Article*, Feb. 13, p. 20; The Acceptance of Monk, *Article*, Feb. 27, p. 20; *Caught in the Act*, Feb. 27, p. 34; Rehearsing with Monk, *Article*, July 30, p. 14; *Caught in the Act*, July 30, p. 17.
 MONTGOMERY, MARIAN *Blindfold Test*, Aug. 27, p. 39; *Caught in the Act*, Sept. 10, p. 35.
 MONTGOMERY, WES *Caught in the Act*, Jan. 30, p. 32; Organic Problems and

Satisfactions, *Article*, July 16, p. 19.
MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL Monterey
 Readies for Fall Jazz Festival, *News*,
 July 30, p. 10; Monterey Moments, *Re-*
view, Nov. 5, p. 18.
MORELLO, JOE Drum Talk—Coast to
 Coast, *Discussion*, March 26, p. 13.
MOSS, ANNE MARIE *Caught in the Act*,
 Feb. 13, p. 37.
MOVIE REVIEW *The Cool World*, Nov.
 5, p. 30.
MULLIGAN, GERRY Big Band—Soft
 Sell, *Article*, April 23, p. 19; Gerry
 Mulligan's Concert Jazz Orchestra at
 Birdland, *Caught in the Act*, April 23,
 p. 21.
MURPHY, MARK Back to Europe this
 Summer, *News*, July 16, p. 12.
MUSIC ON MY MIND: THE MEMOIRS
OF AN AMERICAN PIANIST, *Book*
Review, Oct. 8, p. 35.

N

NAPOLEON, TEDDY Benefit, *Caught in*
the Act, July 30, p. 17; Dies of Cancer,
News, Aug. 13, p. 9.
NARAS Grammy Nominations Slightly
 Mixed Up, *News*, May 21, p. 10; Bill
 Evans, Herman, Basie, Ray Brown Win
 Grammys, *News*, June 18, p. 9; Los
 Angeles **NARAS** Has 15 New Govern-
 ors, *News*, Aug. 27, p. 9.
NEIDLINGER, BUELL Contemporary
 Music Center Includes Two Jazzmen,
News, Dec. 31, p. 10.
NELSON, OLIVER *Blindfold Test*, June
 4, p. 32; Tangents, *Discussion*, June 18,
 p. 14.
NEW EQUALITY, THE *Book Review*,
 Oct. 8, p. 36.
NEW ORLEANS JAZZ *Television Review*,
 Nov. 5, p. 30.
NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL Festival
 Reports—Two Balls/One Strike, *Review*,
 Oct. 8, p. 20.
NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL Plans Out-
 lined by Wein, *News*, May 7, p. 13;
 Newport Report, *Review*, Aug. 13, p.
 10; No More Jazz or Folk Festivals at
 Newport?, *News*, Sept. 10, p. 10.
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR Fair-to-
 Middlin' Jazz Activity at World's Fair,
News, April 23, p. 13; Sid Bernstein
 Plans World's Fair Festival, *News*, Dec.
 17, p. 10.
NIMITZ, JACK *Caught in the Act*, June
 4, p. 30.
NORTHWESTERN JAZZ WORKSHOP
 BAND For Lack of Recognition a Latin
 Tour Is Lost, *News*, Nov. 19, p. 13.

O

OCAMPO, GENE, Jazz in Hong Kong,
Article, Jan. 2, p. 13.
OVERTON, HALL Rehearsing with Monk,
Article, July 30, p. 14.
ORCHESTRA LEADERS Recording In-
 dustry Hit from Two Sides, *News*, Jan.
 30, p. 9; Scale Controversy in San
 Francisco, *News*, Jan. 30, p. 9; Supreme
 Court Won't Review Surcharge Case,
News, Jan. 30, p. 10.
ORCHESTRA U.S.A. A View of the Third
 Stream, *Article*, Feb. 13, p. 16.
OWEN, REV. ROBERT Pastorate for

Night People Established in Chicago,
News, Dec. 3, p. 8.

P

PARIS, JACKIE *Caught in the Act*, Feb.
 13, p. 37.
PARKER, CHARLIE Bird and the '40s,
Article, July 2, p. 32; Dick Gregory
 Possible Lead in Parker Movie, *News*,
 Oct. 22, p. 10.
PEACOCK, GARY Rehearsing with the
 Jimmy Giuffre 3, *Article*, March 12, p.
 18.
PEPPER, ART *Caught in the Act*, May
 21, p. 31; Art Pepper's Not the Same,
Article, July 30, p. 18.
PETERSON, OSCAR Canadian Jazz
 School Closes Its Doors, *News*, March
 12, p. 10.
PETRILLO, CAESAR Dies in Chicago,
News, Jan. 2, p. 12.
PITTS, RAY Americans in Europe, *Dis-*
cussion, July 2, p. 64.
PORTER, COLE Dies after Kidney Sur-
 gery, *News*, Nov. 19, p. 10.
POWELL, BUD Returns to the United
 States, *News*, Sept. 24, p. 14; Bud Powell
 —Then and Now, *Article*, Oct. 22, p.
 19; *Caught in the Act*, Oct. 22, p. 22;
 Bud Powell, Lost and Found Twice, Re-
 turns to Paris, *News*, Dec. 3, p. 8.
PREVIN, ANDRE Back Where He Started
 with "Fair Lady," *News*, June 4, p. 10.
PRIMA, BUDDY *Caught in the Act*, Oct.
 22, p. 22.

Q

QUERSIN, BENOIT Bassist-Broadcaster
 Delivers Jazz Message in Belgium, *News*,
 Nov. 19, p. 14.

R

RADAR, DON Two for Two in the Basie
 Band, *News*, Sept. 10, p. 10.
RAKSIN, DAVID The Composers and
 the Union President, *Article*, Jan. 16,
 p. 12.
RAWLS, LOU *Caught in the Act*, March
 12, p. 34.
READERS POLL Results, Dec. 31, p. 14.
RECKLINGHAUSEN JAZZ WORKSHOP
Caught in the Act, Sept. 10, p. 35.
RECORD COLLECTORS Jazz Record
 Collectors Meet; Plan Worldwide As-
 sociation, *News*, Oct. 22, p. 11.
RECORDING INDUSTRY Record Or-
 ganization Fears Copyright Law Revi-
 sion, *News*, Jan. 2, p. 11; Recording
 Industry Hit from Two Sides, *News*, Jan.
 30, p. 9; Bill Grauer, Riverside President,
 Dies, *News*, Jan. 30, p. 9; Everest and
 Mercury Tangle Over Gloria Lynne,
News, May 7, p. 13; Jazz Reissues: An
 Embarrassment of Riches, *Article*, June
 4, p. 16; Riverside Records Goes Bank-
 rupt, *News*, Aug. 27, p. 8; Charlie Byrd
 Sues MGM for Alleged "Jazz Samba"
 Royalties, *News*, Sept. 10, p. 10; Jazz
 Records—Fall Outlook, *Article*, Oct. 8,
 p. 14; Recording Industry Workshops
 Scheduled for Fall at UCLA, *News*, Oct.
 22, p. 10; FTC Trade-Practice Ruling to
 Affect Record Industry, *News*, Nov. 19,
 p. 10; Mercury-Philips to Start New
 Jazz Label in 1965, *News*, Dec. 31,
 p. 10.

MAY WE SUGGEST AN

INSPIRING USE FOR IDLE INSTRUMENTS

A musical instrument now gathering
 dust in your attic will, when donated
 to the Americans for a Music Library
 in Israel, be used to:

- Satisfy the craving of some
 gifted youngster for musical ex-
 pression.
- Help a hard-pressed nation to
 equip a school, settlement house,
 or community center with a small
 measure of the musical advantages
 we enjoy in such abundance.
- Bring the inspiration and stimu-
 lation of music into the dreary lives
 of pioneers living in remote areas
 removed from all other forms of
 recreation.

AMLI is an organization of generous-
 minded Americans dedicated to the mis-
 sion of supplying the necessities of
 music to a sister republic faced with
 many of the same problems and dangers
 as our own forefathers. To forward
 instruments in **PLAYABLE CONDI-**
TION to the address below is to earn
 the inner glow of satisfaction that
 comes to those who extend a helping
 hand to friends in need.

A FAIR VALUE OF THE INSTRU-
MENT IS TAX DEDUCTIBLE



**AMERICANS FOR A
MUSIC LIBRARY
IN ISRAEL**

**2451 N. SACRAMENTO AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILL. 60647**

REPUBLIC CORPORATION Sues Musicians Union, *News*, Jan. 2, p. 11.
 RICHARDS, BARNEY Local 10 President Charges AFM Perpetuates Segregation, *News*, May 21, p. 9; Chicago's Local 10 Votes Power Back to Its President, *News*, Aug. 27, p. 8; AFM Trusteeship of Chicago Local 10 Blocked by Court, *News*, Sept. 24, p. 14.
 RICHARDS, JOHNNY The New Johnny Richards Orchestra, *Article*, June 4, p. 20.
 RIVERSIDE RECORDS Bill Grauer, Riverside President, Dies, *News*, Jan. 30, p. 9; Riverside Records Goes Bankrupt, *News*, Aug. 27, p. 8.
 ROLLINS, SONNY The Saxophone—Instrument of Jazz Innovation, *Article*, May 21, p. 17.
 ROSS, ARNOLD Named to Synanon Board, *News*, Aug. 27, p. 9.
 ROSZA, MIKLOS The Composers and the Union President, *Article*, Jan. 16, p. 12.
 RUDD, ROSWELL *Article*, Jan. 30, p. 14.
 RUFF, WILLIE Found: Fresh Jazz Audiences, *Article*, June 4, p. 18.
 RUSHING, JIMMY *Caught in the Act*, Feb. 13, p. 37; Blues Night at the Celebrity Club, *Article*, April 9, p. 15.
 RUSHTON, JOE 1964 Jazz Death Toll Raised by Two, *News*, April 9, p. 14.
 RUSSELL, GEORGE Tangents, *Discussion*, June 18, p. 14; Sends Call for Blood Donors, *News*, Oct. 22, p. 10; Vortex/The Dave Baker Story, *Article*, Dec. 17, p. 15.
 RUSSELL, LUIS Former Leader Dies of Cancer, *News*, Jan. 16, p. 11.
 RUSSELL, ROSS Dial Days, *Discussion*, Dec. 3, p. 15, and Dec. 17, p. 22.

S

SAXOPHONE Instrument of Jazz Innovation, *Article*, May 21, p. 17; The Woodwinds of Change, *Article*, Oct. 8, p. 15.
 SCHIFRIN, LALO Contrast, *Article*, March 12, p. 14.
 SCHULLER, GUNTHER A View of the Third Stream, *Article*, Feb. 13, p. 16.
 SCOTT, TONY Says He Shall Return—Soon, *News*, July 16, p. 12.
 SECOND CHORUS (Column) April 9, p. 35; May 7, p. 39; June 4, p. 36; June 18, p. 36; July 30, p. 36; Aug. 27, p. 40; Oct. 22, p. 40; Nov. 19, p. 34; Dec. 17, p. 39.
 SHAW, GENE Shavian Philosophy, *Article*, Jan. 30, p. 16.
 SHORT, BENNY Las Vegas Leader Wins Suit Against Union, Hotel, Rival, *News*, Jan. 2, p. 12.
 SILVER, HORACE Will Re-Form Quintet with New Personnel, *News*, April 23, p. 13; New Faces—New Fuses, *Article*, June 18, p. 20; *Caught in the Act*, Aug. 27, p. 34.
 SITTING IN (Column) Feb. 13, p. 41; April 23, p. 40; May 21, p. 33; June 18, p. 35; Oct. 22, p. 23; Dec. 17, p. 24.
 SMITH, MAMIE Blues Night at the Celebrity Club, *Article*, April 9, p. 15.
 SMITH, WILLIE (THE LION) *Music on My Mind: The Memoirs of an American Pianist*, *Book Review*, Oct. 8, p. 35.
 SO FAIR A HOUSE: THE STORY OF

SYNANON *Book Review*, Jan. 16, p. 35.
 SPIVEY, VICTORIA Blues Night at the Celebrity Club, *Article*, April 9, p. 15.
 STACY, JESS No Blues in Day Gig, Says Pianist, *News*, Dec. 17, p. 13.
 STAGE BANDS The Trouble with Stage Bands, *Article*, April 23, p. 16; Gauntlet Thrown Down; Gauntlet Picked Up, *News*, July 16, p. 13; Two College Jazz Bands and One Variety Show to Tour Overseas, *News*, Dec. 3, p. 9.
 STEVENS, LEITH Blessings from the Avant Garde, *Article*, March 12, p. 11.
 STEIN, ALEX (SLEEPY) KNOB-FM's Sleepy Stein Fired; Legal Battle Looms, *News*, Dec. 31, p. 13.
 SULLIVAN, JOE The Return of Joe Sullivan, *Article*, Jan. 2, p. 16.
 SUSAN'S EVENING, *Caught in the Act*, May 21, p. 31.
 SWING, INC. *Article*, Sept. 24, p. 22.
 SWINGLE SINGERS With a French Twist, *Article*, Sept. 24, p. 19.
 SYLVESTER, ROBERT The Columnist and the Club, *Article*, May 21, p. 13.
 SYNANON Arnold Ross Named to Synanon Board, *News*, Aug. 27, p. 9.

T

TAYLOR, CECIL *Caught in the Act*, Feb. 27, p. 34; Attacked on Street; Wrist Broken, *News*, Aug. 27, p. 8.
 TEAGARDEN, JACK 1905-1964, *Article*, Feb. 27, p. 11.
 TELEVISION Star-Studded NAACP Show on Closed-Circuit TV, *News*, May 7, p. 13; Robert Herridge Films an Hour of Ellington for TV, *News*, June 4, p. 9; Teletaping with Duke, *Article*, Aug. 27, p. 20; TV Series on New Orleans Jazz Being Shown Nationwide, *News*, Nov. 5, p. 8; New Orleans Jazz, *Review*, Nov. 5, p. 30; Feather Prepares Jazz Series for West German Television, *News*, Dec. 17, p. 14.
 THIRD STREAM A View of, *Article*, Feb. 13, p. 16.
 TIOMKIN, DIMITRI The Composers and the Union President, *Article*, Jan. 16, p. 12; Union Prexy-Composers Tempest Teeters to Stage Three, *News*, Feb. 13, p. 14.
 TORME, MEL Sues Judy Garland for \$22,500 on TV Pact, *News*, April 23, p. 13; Judy Garland Ordered Back to U.S. to Answer Torme Suit, *News*, Dec. 17, p. 13.
 TOURS Jazz a la Carte Hits the Road, *News*, Jan. 16, p. 12; All-Star Troupe on the Road for NAACP and CORE, *News*, April 9, p. 13; Ford, Folk, Jazz Wing Ding Around the College Circuit, *News*, April 23, p. 14; Star-Studded Collection of Jazzmen to Tour Europe, *News*, July 30, p. 9; A Big Business Recognizes Good Thing in Jazz and Folk, *News*, Nov. 5, p. 8; For Lack of Recognition, a Latin Tour Is Lost, *News*, Nov. 19, p. 13; Two College Jazz Bands and One Variety Show to Tour Overseas, *News*, Dec. 3, p. 9.
 TRANCHITELLA, JOHN The Composers and the Union President, *Article*, Jan. 16, p. 12; Union Prexy-Composers Tempest Teeters to Stage Three, *News*, Feb. 13, p. 14; Local 47 President Notes In-

crease of Music Jobs in L.A., *News*, Dec. 17, p. 14.

TRAVIS, NICK Three Studio Music Men Die in the Same Week, *News*, Nov. 19, p. 10; Trust Fund Set Up for Nick Travis' Sons, *News*, Dec. 31, p. 13.
 TRISTANO, LENNIE *Caught in the Act*, Nov. 5, p. 17.
 TWENTIETH-CENTURY MUSIC IDIOMS *Book Review*, Oct. 8, p. 39.

U

UCLA Concerts Succeed; More Planned for Fall, *News*, Jan. 16, p. 12; Blues Evolution Set for UCLA, *News*, Jan. 30, p. 10; UCLA To Hold Jazz Concerts and Festivals, *News*, Oct. 8, p. 10; Recording Industry Workshops Scheduled for Fall at UCLA, *News*, Oct. 22, p. 10.
 U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT Ambassador Jazz, *Article*, Jan. 2, p. 14; Voice of America Adds New Jazz Series, *News*, Jan. 16, p. 11.

V

VAN EPS, GEORGE A Master Guitarist's Reflections and Comments, *Article*, July 16, p. 16.
 VILLAGE VANGUARD Goes Ragtime, *News*, July 16, p. 13.

W

WASHINGTON, DINAH Dies Suddenly in Detroit, *News*, Jan. 16, p. 11; The Queen Is Dead, *Article*, Feb. 13, p. 15.
 WATERS, MUDDY Last King of the South Side?, *Article*, Oct. 8, p. 18.
 WAYNE, CHUCK Modern Jazz Banjo, *Article*, Jan. 16, p. 24.
 WEBSTER, BEN An Afternoon with, *Article*, May 21, p. 14.
 WEIN, GEORGE Newport Jazz Festival Plans Outlined by Wein, *News*, May 7, p. 13.
 WESTON, RANDY *Article*, Feb. 27, p. 16; South Africa Bans Records by Lena Horne, Randy Weston, *News*, Sept. 24, p. 14.
 WILLIAMS, JOE Is Joe Williams Really Joe Williams?, *Article*, Dec. 17, p. 19.
 WILLIAMS, BIG JOE *Article*, Feb. 13, p. 23.
 WILLIAMS, MARY LOU Into the Sun, *Article*, Aug. 27, p. 16.
 WILLIAMS, TONY Drum Talk—Coast to Coast, *Discussion*, March 26, p. 13.
 WILSON, GERALD West Coast Wailers, *Article*, April 23, p. 17.
 WILSON, JACK West Coaster Sees Big Shift of Jazz to L.A., *News*, June 4, p. 11; *Blindfold Test*, Sept. 24, p. 34.
 WILSON, JOE LEE *Caught in the Act*, Dec. 3, p. 32.
 WILSON, NANCY Sues Her Management Agency, *News*, Sept. 24, p. 15; 'Nothing Personal' Against Manager, Says Nancy Wilson, *News*, Nov. 5, p. 8; The Baby Grows Up, *Article*, Nov. 19, p. 18.
 WRIGHT, LEO American in Europe, *Discussion*, July 2, p. 64.

Y

YOUNG, LESTER The Saxophone—Instrument of Jazz Innovation, *Article*, May 21, p. 17.



Brilliant

Vibrant, vigorous, vital... that is the spirit of the electric guitar. Fast chord changes, pounding rhythms, inventive phrases, soaring solo passages... these are the essence of the music that comes from the many types of electric instruments.

Gibson is and always has been a leader in electric guitars. Pioneering the pickups, the bridges and the electro-acoustical properties necessary to achieve truly great amplifiable instruments. In Spanish Electrics, Solid Bodies and Bass Guitars, Gibson has been the imaginative leader. Skilled and patient craftsmanship coupled with inspired electronic engineering have created instruments suited to the individual artistry of musicians everywhere.

Gibson is the undisputed leader in the world of the electric guitar. The top artists everywhere turn to their Gibson instruments when they go out to make their living. And the aspiring amateur fondles his Gibson with fraternal understanding.

Why don't you try a Gibson electric soon?

You'll be glad you did!

Gibson
Electric Guitars



Female Singer



**ELLA
FITZGERALD**

A Tribute to Cole Porter
V/V6-4066

Sings the Jerome Kern Song Book
V/V6-4060



Dance Band



**COUNT
BASIE**

Basie Land V/V6-8597

More Hits of the '50's & '60's
V/V6-8563



Piano



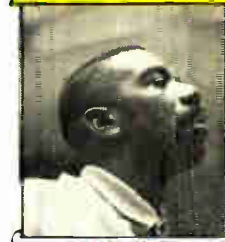
**BILL
EVANS**

Trio '64
V/V6-8578

Conversations With Myself
V/V6-8526



Organ



**JIMMY
SMITH**

Christmas '64
V/V6-8604

The Cat
V/V6-8587

AGAIN THE POLL-WINNING JAZZ OF AMERICA IS ON VERVE!



Baritone Sax



**GERRY
MULLIGAN**

The Essential Gerry Mulligan
V/V6-8567

Meets Stan Getz
V/V6-8535



Trombone



**J.J.
JOHNSON**

J.J.'s Broadway V/V6-8530

JATP in Europe
V/V6-8539, 41, 42



Vibes



**MILT
JACKSON**

Much in Common
V/V6-8580



Clarinet



**JIMMY
GIUFFRE**

Thesis V/V6-8402

Fusion V/V6-8397

And Strings
V/V6-8395

Verve Records is a division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc.

World Radio History