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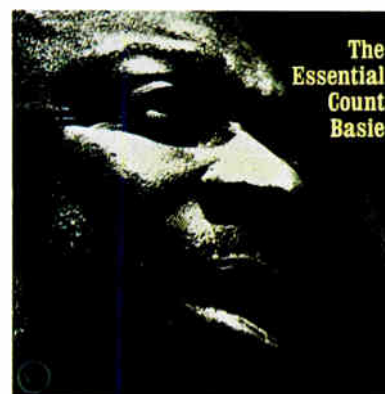
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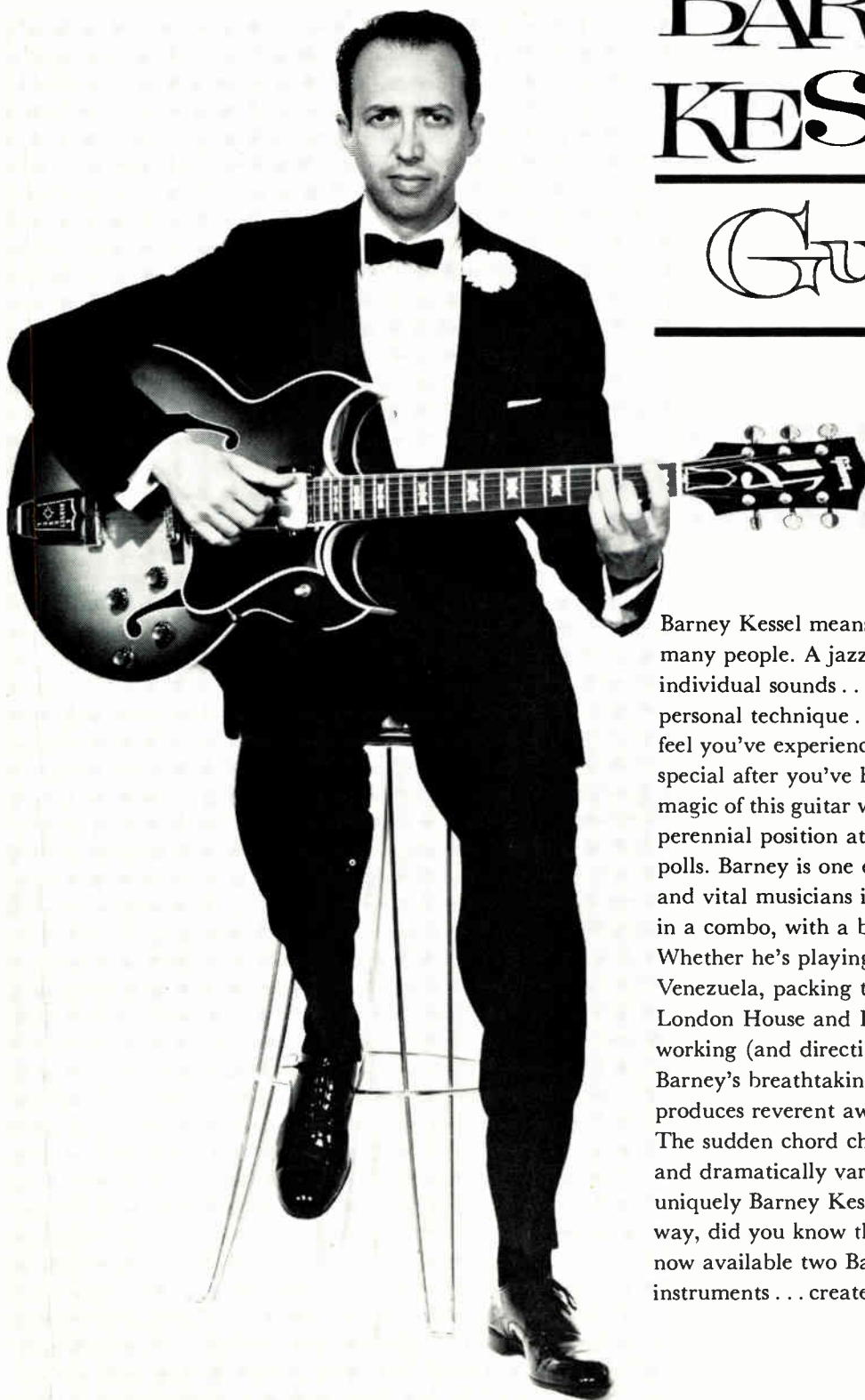


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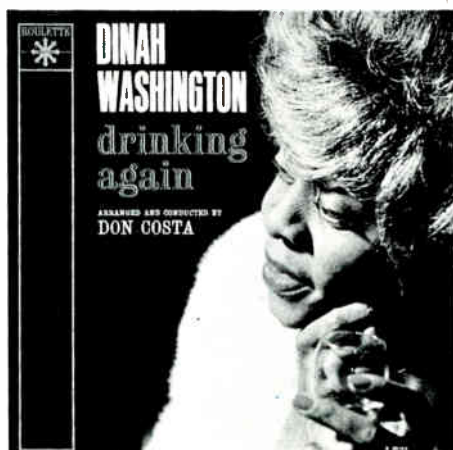
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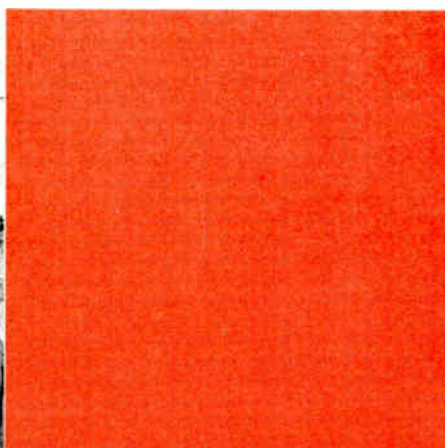
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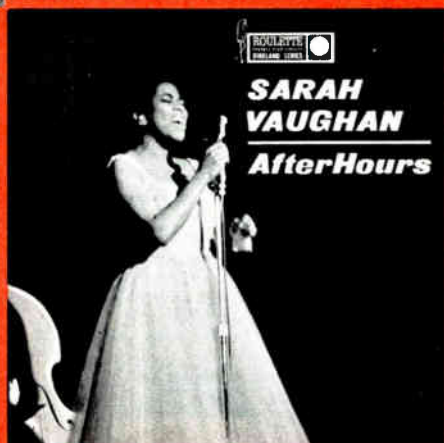
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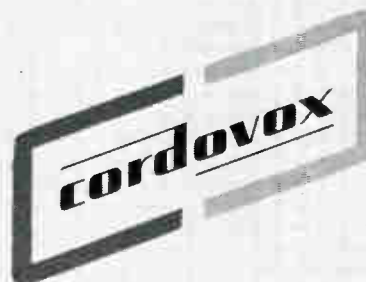


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THE YEAR IN REVIEW

ACTIVITY IN THE jazz world during 1962 seemingly took more forms than did the music itself. If one word could sum up the state of jazz at year's end it would be Internationalism, for if anything, jazz became more the world's property in 1962 than ever before.

The Benny Goodman tour of the Soviet Union in late spring and early summer was the biggest splash jazz had made in the general public's mind in some time. The tour was not without incident: during the planning stage several musicians voiced strong objections to the Goodman band's being the first jazz organization to visit Russia officially—most complaints centered around the clarinetist's being unrepresentative of jazz today (whatever that was supposed to be) and that someone, such as Duke Ellington, should have been the first to go; Goodman had difficulty organizing the band; some of the musicians who made the trip complained bitterly during and after the tour that the leader played too much of the old and not enough of the new; there was even a "revolt" within the band near the tour's end.

But none of this appeared to bother Goodman—at least it seemed he was the only one who kept his thoughts to himself. There was no denying that the

tour was a resounding success for Goodman and the United States; the Russian people were enthusiastic about what they heard, even if their leader, Nikita Khrushchev, admitted his dislike of jazz, though he attended the first Moscow concert and chatted with Goodman at a U.S. Embassy Fourth of July party.

The Goodman tour brought to light something more important than the success of a U.S. jazz band: an active jazz movement in the USSR. *Down Beat* contributing editor Leonard Feather, who attended the Goodman band's first Moscow concerts and also visited Leningrad, reported several excellent players in those two cities. That there have been jazz festivals in Russia for the last three years came as a surprise to most jazz fans.

There were other tours of the USSR by jazz groups in addition to Goodman's, but the bands came from Czechoslovakia—Karel Krautgartner's and Gustav Borm's large orchestras. It was reported that these bands played arrangements more modern in flavor than did Goodman's and were accepted as warmly. Borm's band played one concert attended by an estimated 100,000 people in a Kirov stadium.

Besides Czechoslovakia, other countries in the Communist camp supported jazz and jazz musicians.

In Poland jazz was included in public schools' music appreciation classes, something seldom done in this country. Poland also held its annual Jazz Jamboree in the fall. The country's leading jazz critic, Roman Waschko, visiting here on a State Department grant, requested that U.S. jazz musicians come to Poland to teach in the schools. At least one name musician was keenly interested.

In Yugoslavia there were several jazz groups active, one of them, the Zagreb Jazz Quartet, taking inspiration from the Modern Jazz Quartet (pianist John Lewis of the MJQ married the sister of the ZJQ's pianist in late summer). The annual jazz festival at Bled was held again in 1962 with several groups from the host country and surrounding countries performing.

Most of the jazz interest in Communist countries has resulted from the work of Willis Conover. His regular Voice of America program, on which he plays the best of U.S. jazz and popular music, is the most popular program on the Voice.

Jazz' importance to the world could be seen as well in other ways during 1962: even big business recognized its value. The Goodyear International Corp., a rubber producing colossus, decided that jazz had the universal appeal needed to be meaningful as a merchandising and public-relations program to the company's 67 plants and 100,000 dealers throughout the world. Several leading musicians recorded 13 long-play records and played for 13 15-minute color films to be distributed overseas. The company also brought the German jazz writer and Sud West Funk radio executive, Joachim E. Berendt, to New York late in the

summer to supervise 10 television programs featuring interviews in combination with the films to be shown in Germany.

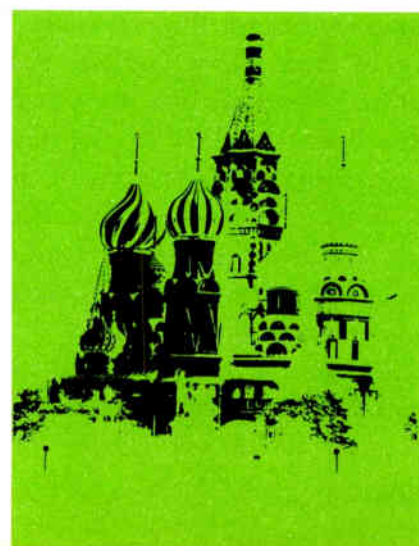
Jazz International rolled in Europe with appearances in various countries by a host of U.S. jazz people, including Jimmy Giuffre (who not only performed in Germany and Austria but also was featured, along with the Modern Jazz Disciples and members of the Queen City Jazz Band, at the Display of Creative Arts Festival in Helsinki, Finland), Bob Scobey (he and his Frisco Jazz Band toured the continent and England as half-time entertainment at Harlem Globetrotters' basketball expositions), Dexter Gordon, Zoot Sims, Horace Silver, Gerry Mulligan, blues singers Memphis Slim and Champion Jack Dupree, Erroll Garner (his tour of European countries was the most successful of them all), Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross (which became Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan when L and H returned to the United States and R remained in her native England), Cecil Taylor, Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles and Jimmy Smith (both were smash hits in France), Count Basie, John Coltrane, and George Shearing (it was the Briton's first trip back with his group).

There were others, and with the expatriate jazzmen residing in Europe (Kenny Clarke, Bud Powell, Don Byas, Brew Moore, Herb Geller, Bill Coleman, among them), there was as much, maybe more, jazz to be heard during 1962 in Europe than in most areas of the United States.

There were several jazz festivals held in Europe in 1962, as in years past (it seldom is recalled that the very first jazz festival was held in France, in 1948 and featured Charlie Parker and Sidney Bechet, among others). Notable 1962 festival events were those held at Comblain la Tour, Antibes, and several in Great Britain.

But Europe was not the only tour-magnet drawing jazzmen: Horace Silver toured Japan early in the year; Tony Scott, living in Asia for more than three years now, continued his work and was last reported back in Hong Kong; Dave Brubeck and quartet performed in Australia and New Zealand; Philadelphia composer-drummer Jimmy DePreist went on a four-month lecture-conducting tour of the Far East; Frank Sinatra, with a bevy of jazzmen as accompaniment, toured the world for the benefit of orphans and underprivileged children; Lionel Hampton, Odetta, and Cozy Cole made separate trips to Africa; visitors to Latin America included the Les Brown Band, young vibist Gary Burton (who played at the Punta del Esta Jazz Festival at Montevideo, Uruguay), the Modern Jazz Quartet, the Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Sextet, Herbie Mann, and the Paul Winter Sextet (a group of young Chicago-area musicians that played a 22-week, 23-country State Department-sponsored tour).

Down Mexico way, Bud Shank's group was the first U.S.



jazz unit to be presented in public concert at Mexico City's Fine Arts Palace. Dizzy Gillespie's quintet and Oscar Peterson's trio also performed at concerts at the palace. Composer Chico O'Farrill presented a palace concert, which included his *Suite Azteca* and a new work, *Six Jazz Moods*. All the concerts were produced for the Institute of Fine Arts and sponsored by Mexico's National Symphony Orchestra.

The traffic was not all one-way, however: jazz groups visiting this country were Kenny Ball's and Chris Barber's (both English Trad jazz bands) and the Wreckers.

The last, a Polish modern group, played at the International and Newport festivals but ran afoul of the American Federation of Musicians when it wanted to play a set at a Chicago jazz club; the union reacted typically by forbidding any gratis appearances by the quintet while it was in this country. The group had been invited to tour the country by the State Department.

British modern musicians played at New York City's Half Note in exchange for the appearance of U.S. musicians at Ronnie Scott's club in London, and Trad man Acker Bilk brought his clarinet from England for a U.S. tour in the fall.

INTERNATIONALISM was most pronounced in a fad that hit U.S. jazz hard in 1962—bossa nova from Brazil. There was much confusion about the source of inspiration for b.n.—a strong birth claim was laid for Laurindo Almeida, Bud Shank, Harry Babasin, and Roy Harte, who, it was pointed out, recorded what was to become the basis of bossa nova in 1953, in Hollywood, Calif. Others scoffed at such claims as ridiculous and firmly stated Brazilian singer-composer-guitarist Joao Gilberto was the only legitimate father. Still others said it all started when records by Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, and Thelonious Monk hit Brazil. Everyone agreed, however, that b. n. was being played in Brazil and that it combined a modified samba beat with melodic improvisation.

However it began, bossa nova at year's end was blazing a commercial path through jazz. It had replaced Soul as the peg to hang a sale on. Bossa nova records poured forth in such abundance near the end of the year that it was a delight to find a plain, old-fashioned blowing session album among the releases. Seemingly everyone had at least one album with b.n. emphasis on the market: Stan Getz, Sonny Rollins, Charlie Byrd, Coleman Hawkins, Dave Pike, Herbie Mann, Lionel Hampton, Gene Ammons, Paul Winter, Shank, Almeida, Dizzy Gillespie, Quincy Jones, and on and on.

In a *Down Beat* article early in the year, before b.n. broke, Mann, who has advocated the ethnic approach to jazz for several years, said, "If anything is going to happen now in jazz, it will be a push on Brazilian rhythms. . . . It's a new-old music with no real preconceptions—lyrical but based on a light, sophisticated, durable kind of rhythm."

And Gillespie had been playing bossa nova in this country

as early as spring, 1961.

But it was Getz and Byrd who really got the ball rolling with the highly successful *Jazz Samba* album; a single from the album, *Desafinado*, was a big seller. Other albums that followed ranged from excellent to warmed-over rock and roll.

Those who understood and loved the new way of playing bemoaned the commercialization and distortion of bossa nova, but none appeared able to save it from the fate of all fads: overdone hash.

While bossa nova was the vehicle to ride if a jazzman wanted a commercial hit, there were other musical developments in 1962.

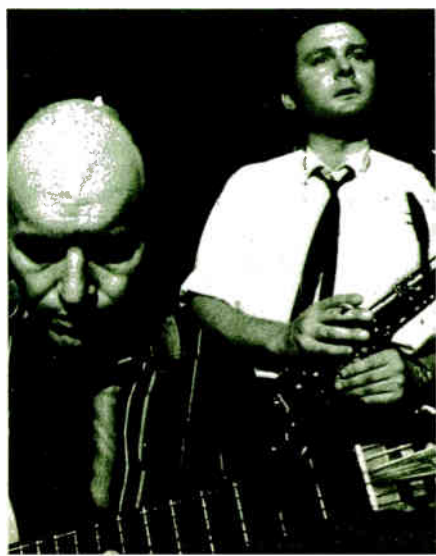
Avant garde-ism continued to spread among young musicians, though what was played was not always as experimental as it had been in 1961. There was more direction to "the new thing," with men such as John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins not only supporting the movement but practicing what they preached in public as well. Altoist Ornette Coleman, the controversial head of the new-things department, was heard seldom during the year, but another altoist, Eric Dolphy, began to be heard more and more and loomed large in the development of new-wave jazz, as did trumpeter Don Ellis.

But the important thing was that avant garde jazz was becoming more an accepted way of playing, though it certainly had more opponents than supporters during the year.

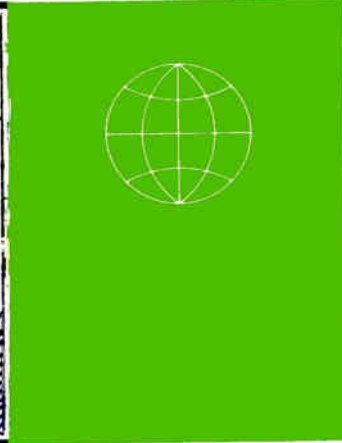
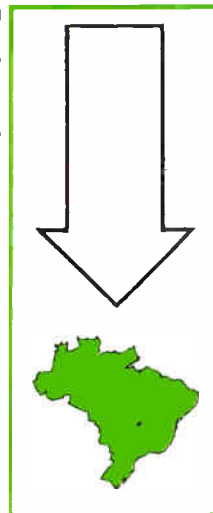
Third Stream music, the hoped-for wedding of "classical" music and jazz, still seemed blocked by a dam of opposition, but there were several important 1962 concerts to bolster flagging spirits: the Kansas City Symphony Orchestra performed works by Gunther Schuller, the movement's major figure, and John Lewis; Schuller conducted a program showing the use of jazz by such as Igor Stravinsky at a Chicago concert that also included some of his own works featuring the playing of Dolphy; the Eastman Wind Ensemble played a program of Lewis compositions with the composer at the piano; Schuller conducted the Duke Ellington Orchestra and the National Symphony Orchestra in a program combining the two musics at the International Jazz Festival in Washington, D.C.

For big bands the year seemed a bit brighter than were other years. Stan Kenton toured extensively with his mammoth organization, and his recording of the music from *West Side Story* won an award from the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. (Andre Previn won one, too, as did Galt MacDermott's composition *African Waltz*, as recorded by Cannonball Adderley.)

In an article for *Down Beat*, Kenton said the future of big bands lies in colleges such as North Texas State, which has a program of big-band study and training. The bandleader called for more such programs, pointing out that the eco-



CHARLIE BYRD AND STAN GETZ



conomic pressures of keeping a band working make it difficult to experiment with and develop the big-band idiom.

Woody Herman unleashed another Herd early in the year and was able to keep it going during 1962. Musicians and critics were beside themselves in praise of the band.

Dizzy Gillespie played a few dates with a large brass section added to his quintet, but the occasions were special ones only.

Quincy Jones echoed Kenton's feelings about the difficulty of keeping a big band working when he said in *Down Beat*, "If jazz orchestras are going to be maintained and sustained, they will have to be handled by subsidies or subscriptions like symphony orchestras." When asked what he would do if he again had a chance to try to sustain a large jazz orchestra, Jones said, "... I'd shoot myself."

IF IT WAS difficult to sustain a big band in 1962, it was almost as difficult to keep a small one working.

Business slumped drastically in New York City at the beginning of summer, causing the closing of one of the finest jazz clubs in the city, the Jazz Gallery. Others were rumored about to close, though most managed to weather the storm, which still had not cleared late in the year.

Other clubs that closed during the year were Birdhouse and Basin Street in Chicago; Ryan's in New York City, though not for lack of business—an office building was to be built on the 52nd St. site; the Renaissance in Los Angeles, for similar reasons; and San Francisco's Hangover.

In general, business was not overwhelming in night clubs across the nation in 1962. But it had been thus for some time. Clubowners complained that jazz groups were asking for too much money; several musicians complained that the clubs did little in the way of promotion, depending instead on word of mouth and small newspaper advertisements.

Still, it was the name attraction that did the business (Erroll Garner set house records at Chicago's London House in the middle of the summer). The emphasis on booking names made it difficult for lesser-known groups to work. Some members of the avant garde charged they were being frozen out by booking agencies and clubowners—who claimed, in return, that they couldn't make money on experimentalists.

Special events did well during the year, most spectacularly at California's Disneyland, which had a big-band smasher-oo in June and a quite successful Dixieland jamboree in September.

The World's Fair at Seattle, Wash., booked several jazz attractions, most of whom did good business. Among those appearing at the seven-month fair were Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Stan Kenton, Erroll Garner, and Ella Fitzgerald. The influx of fair visitors produced a jazz boom of sorts in Seattle—several clubs featured name and local groups through the summer, but ardor cooled when the fair closed

in October.

The U.S. festival year was up and down.

It began auspiciously with the first International Jazz Festival held at the nation's capital in late spring. There was the usual run of names at the festival's main events and the usual complaints by critics, but offstage, as it were, there were more musically interesting programs, including the music of John Benson Brooks and George Russell, two who seldom get a chance at public exposure; jazz ballet; and Gospel singing. Schuller, as mentioned earlier, conducted programs that included Third Stream works by such as Andre Hodeir, but he also was instrumental in organizing the festival, which was sponsored by the President's Music Committee of the People-to-People program. The President, however, took no official notice of the festival, though it is reported he is not unaware of the delights of the music. (The jazz ballet *N.Y. Export—Opus Jazz*, music by Robert Prince, was presented at the White House with the President and Mrs. Kennedy and Britain's Prime Minister Harold MacMillan attending; Benny Goodman was a guest at the executive mansion before taking off for Russia; Paul Winter's sextet became the first group to play a jazz concert at the White House when it performed there late in the year.)

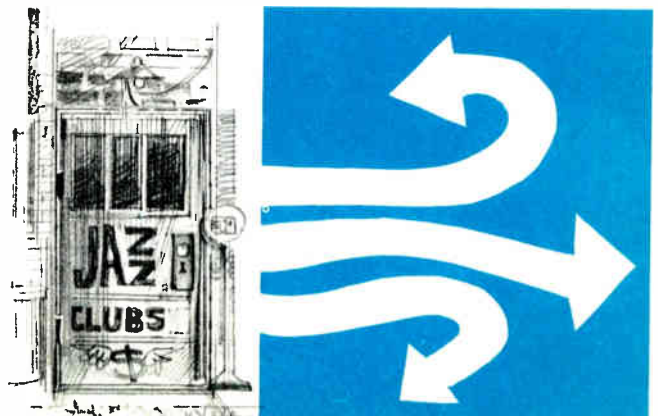
The Newport Jazz Festival, in 1962 organized by one of its originators, George Wein, was a resounding success, both artistically and financially. Wein later in the summer repeated his financial success with the first Ohio Valley Jazz Festival, held at Cincinnati, Ohio.

There also were moderately successful festivals held at Detroit and Montreal.

On the deficit side of the festival ledger must be counted the Las Vegas Jazz Festival and the Midwest Jazz Festival, held at Bloomington, Ind. Both were duds at the boxoffice, though interesting music was played at each.

Another disappointment was the series of Saturday night concerts on Randall's Island in New York City. Producer of the series, Frank Geltman—he had produced the Randall Island Jazz Festivals in previous years—planned to present such as Jerry Lewis, Count Basie, Ray Charles, Miles Davis, Louis Armstrong during the summer, but a combination of bad weather and poor ticket sales caused him to cancel the series shortly after it had begun.

The Monterey Jazz Festival was financially successful, but the 1962 event was less well planned than in previous years. The festival did present the first public performances of Lalo Schiffrin's *The New Continent*, a six-part divertimento for Dizzy Gillespie's trumpet, and excerpts from Dave and Iola Brubeck's *The Real Ambassadors*, a musical play revolving about the Brubecks' contention that jazzmen do a better job as ambassadors than those paid and trained for that calling—Louis Armstrong, Carmen McRae, Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan, and the Brubecks turned in excellent performances.



But on the whole, Monterey pointed up the problems of festivals: too much and too long. In addition, Monterey has growing a nonjazz-crowd problem, one that came close to igniting at this year's event.

Besides the festivals-for-profit, there were two noncommercial festivals last year, both held at colleges for college jazzmen: the Collegiate Jazz Festival, at the University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Ind., and the Villanova Jazz Festival, held at that Philadelphia-area school. Both pointed up Kenton's contention that hope is in the colleges; the quality of jazz played by college students at these festivals was as high as that heard at most night clubs and concerts.

Out of the festival season came something that, if continued and supported, will be of great importance to jazz and the men who play it. At the Newport festival, Sid Bernstein, who had produced last year's festival at the Rhode Island spa, suggested in a panel discussion that instead of talking about the ills that plague jazz business, something should be done about it. The result was the Conference of Jazz set up by Bernstein and other panel members and interested persons.

The conference's program will deal with such matters as a jazz code of ethics, improved public image for jazz and jazzmen, more government sponsorship of jazz, an enlightened union policy regarding jazz, more college programs and jazz events, and resolutions meant to deal with narcotics addiction and bad working conditions in night clubs.

Charter members of the group are George Avakian, Bernstein, Maxwell Cohen, Willis Conover, John Hammond, Bob Maltz, Arnold Shaw, Bill Simon, George Simon, George Wein, and Russ Wilson. Later in the year, the organization said it hoped for a general conference on jazz that would include all facets of the music and its business.

JAZZ PERHAPS fared better among the mass media than it had ever before.

Most notably it fared well in television studios. There were several regular local programs of excellence, among them *Sid McCoy and Friends*, in Chicago; *Frankly Jazz*, Frank Evans' Los Angeles series; *Land of Jazz* in San Francisco. There also were numerous one-shot jazz appearances on local television across the country.

A summer-replacement network show, *The Lively Ones*, suffered from overexuberance but featured top jazz talent on each program On the Westinghouse network, Steve Allen's nightly show often featured jazzmen—Lionel Hampton and Stan Getz, for examples—as well as a jazz-heavy studio band led by pianist Donn Trenner. . . . Woody Herman played four weeks running on a Paarless *Tonight* show in the spring.

PM West/East went by the boards, but while it was on, it featured several jazz artists. . . . *Camera Three* presented two outstanding jazz shows—a ballet built around Billie

Holiday's life and a half-hour of the Bill Evans Trio. . . . David Brinkley reported on what he felt was the sad state of jazz in New Orleans and incurred that city's wrath for his efforts. . . . Charlie Mingus, Randy Weston, and Max Roach appeared with the Rev. John Gensel. . . . Gerry Mulligan with Bob Brookmeyer, Bill Crow, and Gus Johnson improvised the background music to a *Show of the Week* and for future viewing were telefilmed at a Museum of Modern Art concert. . . . Reed man Paul Horn was the subject of a to-be-released program, *The Story of a Jazz Musician*, which also is scheduled for overseas showing. . . . And David Susskind announced he intended to show everyone how to present jazz on the Tube come the summer of 1963 when he would unveil a series on the music.

But the biggest news in TV jazz was *Jazz Scene, U.S.A.* Several programs were filmed by year's end, though the series had not been seen on television screens. The series, with singer-writer Oscar Brown Jr. as emcee, is under Steve Allen's executive supervision. It is scheduled to be seen internationally in 1963.

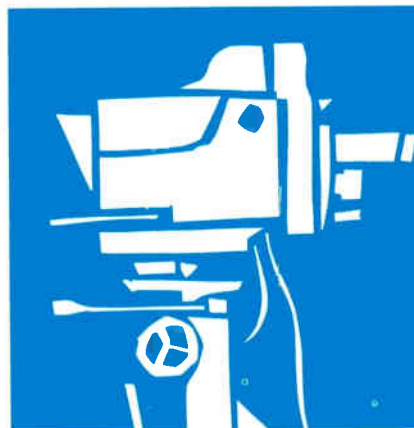
Though one all-jazz FM radio station, WJZZ, in Fairfield, Conn., went off the air, its demise was more than made up for by the great amount of jazz emanating over radio, both FM and AM, across the nation. New York City's WNEW continued broadcasting live jazz, which it had begun in 1961, and hired pianist Billy Taylor to air a nightly program. Taylor's replacement on WLIB, whence he came, was Mercer Ellington, who planned to spice his programs with short taped visits by his father, Duke.

Elsewhere, jazz-radio anniversaries were celebrated by jazz writer Carlos DeRaditzky, his 1,000th Radio Luxembourg broadcast; Jake Trusell, 13 years at KINE, Kingsville, Texas; and Sleepy Stein's KNOB, Los Angeles' all-jazz FM station, five years on the air.

It was not a year for jazz in Hollywood movies, but there were several other, less pretentious, films that featured jazz: guitarist Attila Zoller and critic Joachim E. Berendt each won prizes for the best film music of the year for *Brot der Fruehen Jahre* at Berlin's 12th International Film Festival; pianist Marian McPartland scored, and her trio played, the background music for *Mark*; Max Roach's drums were on the soundtrack of *Manifesto*, an animated short by Richard Preston; and the French film *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, being shown throughout the country, had music written by Duke Jordan and played by Art Blakey.

Chet Baker, released from an Italian prison after serving a sentence for narcotics offenses, and subsequently rearrested on similar charges in Germany and deported from that country, was working in a film, *Summer Holiday*, starring Susan Hayward, in London, England. The story of his life, which Baker had planned to have filmed in Italy, was shelved.

Other films planned that would use jazz were *Night Song*,



from a novel by John Williams, and *The Greenwich Village Story* and *Last Second*, both with scores by Freddie Redd, who did the first *The Connection* score. *The Connection*, by the way, was released as a film in 1962 and immediately ran into trouble in New York because of the recurring use of a four-letter word; the New York Supreme Court overruled the Board of Regents, which had banned the film.

ON THE legal front, the cauldron was merrily abubble. Frank Sinatra sued Capitol records, claiming—among other things—that Capitol was trying to drive his Reprise label out of business. Capitol, of course, denied the charges.

Singer Gene McDaniels sued Liberty records, claiming Liberty was chiseling on his royalties; the company, on the other hand, declared its books were open to McDaniels and asserted that the plaintiff went to court as a means of shucking his contract with the company.

In a completed legal battle, the U.S. government had its way with MCA. It was a historic moment in the annals of the entertainment industry when the Octopus reluctantly lopped off its powerful talent-booking tentacle, and MCA Artists, Ltd., was no more. There was irony in the drama of the stricken colossus: MCA was built by bands; with lessening profits in band booking during the postwar period, it shrugged off the bands that built it and proliferated outside the music industry. Then came the nonmusic adjunct's turn to die.

Columbia records, as well as CBS and the Columbia Record Club, and record firms that supplied albums distributed by the Columbia club were the target of a \$900,000 lawsuit brought by the Diners Record Club, charging "unlawful conspiracy" and violation of antitrust acts. Columbia also was sued by the Federal Trade Commission on similar charges.

Pianist Ahmad Jamal sought \$1,000,000 in a libel suit against Johnson Publications. . . . Singer Dakota Staton and her husband, Alhadji Talib Ahmad Dawoud, both followers of Islam, sued a Philadelphia newspaper for saying she was Crow Jim and filed suit "seeking to enjoin Elijah Poole, who calls himself Elijah Muhammed, from claiming to be a Muslim. . . ." Poole is the leader of the national Black Muslim movement.

No lawsuits were filed, but the air was charged with musicians' complaints about critics, an ongoing pitched battle that never seems to change. The most amusing incident—it seemed humorous to all except the protagonists—arose when one jazzman wrote a letter to *Down Beat* threatening to punch a critic in the nose because of a review. The capper was a reader's threat to punch the musician in the nose. And so it went. . . .

DEXTER GORDON



Of a much more serious nature was the ill feeling harbored by some Negro musicians against white jazzmen in 1962. This so-called Crow Jim (i.e., prejudice against whites) movement was strongest in New York City, somewhat less strong in Chicago, and weakest on the West Coast. The dissidents' contention that white musicians were incapable of validly performing jazz, a strictly Negro music, according to them, was unsupportable. Another, more reasonable, point of irritation was that white players stood a better chance of economic success than did Negroes.

The problem was discussed—sometimes heatedly—at length in *Down Beat* early in the year by Max Roach, Lalo Schiffrin, Don Ellis, Abbey Lincoln, Ira Gitler, and Nat Hentoff, among others.

In reality, the presence of prejudice among some Negro jazzmen served best to emphasize the continued and vexing problem of prejudice against Negroes and to emphasize the racial unity of jazz, as evidenced in the close alliances throughout the field between musicians of both races.

SEVERAL FIGURES from years past re-emerged on the jazz scene in 1962, bringing to the jazz audience freshness and reminders that one can seldom be counted out when one is a musician of stature.

Dexter Gordon, Howard McGhee, and Tadd Dameron must be counted among the comebacks of the year, for it was in 1962 that they reached peaks as high as yesterday's. Each man performed his art as the master he is. Mary Lou Williams, out of retirement at last, played as of yore in San Francisco and at a Lincoln Center concert; Miss Williams, a Roman Catholic, also wrote what was described as a jazz hymn in honor of St. Martin de Porres.

The most stunning comebacks, however, were made by Stan Getz and Sonny Rollins, both of whom were active in 1961, but 1962 comebacks nonetheless. Each brought his tenor saxophone mastery to new heights.

There were those who would not come back. The death toll was great among those with jazz connections, past and present: Claude Jones, Doug Watkins, Les Hite, Leo Parker, Fred Radcliffe, Jean Goldkette, Harold Corbin, John Graas, Eddie South, Don Lambert, Eddie Costa, Israel Crosby, June Richmond, Scrapper Blackwell, Chet Roble, Muggsy Dawson, Gene Coy, Monette Moore, Paul Lingle, Skip Morr.

Sad though the deaths were—and some of the aforementioned died way before their time—the jazz world continued spinning at a sometimes dizzying pace.

ABUSY YEAR, then. One not unlike previous ones; only the names have changed to project the incidents. A good year too—ups, downs, a few arounds, breakthroughs, comebacks, boss bossa nova. And on to 1963. ■

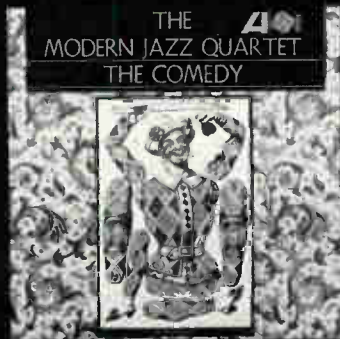




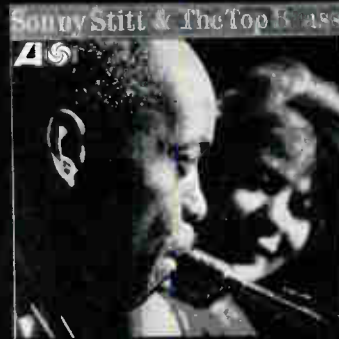
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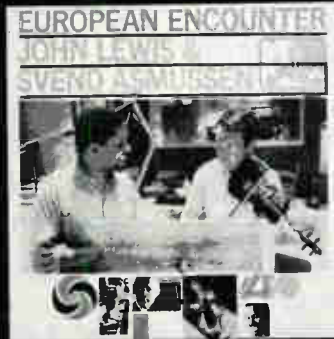
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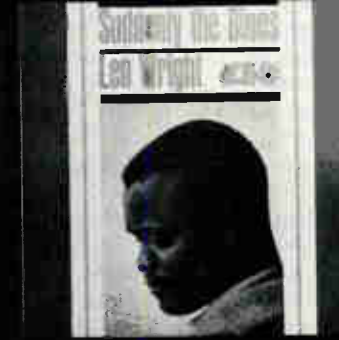
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JAZZ IN THE WEST

By JOHN TYNAN

THE PICTURE of jazz activity in the Los Angeles music complex during 1962 was bathed in optimism tempered by uncertainty.

Clubs closed, clubs opened, clubs changed policy in a welter of confusion that testified to the fact that the only constant was a variable.

Similarly, jazz groups rose and fell. One of the prime casualties of the depressing economic situation was the Red Mitchell-Harold Land Quintet. Guitarist Ray Crawford's promising group also folded its music stands and quietly stole into oblivion.

But on the credit side stood the Jazz Crusaders. For the young Texans who comprise the group's nucleus, 1962 was breakout year. With two successful albums on the Pacific Jazz label in release during the year, the Crusaders in November attained the necessary escape velocity to jet them eastward for a debut engagement at Chicago's Sutherland Lounge.

All things considered, 1962 was basically a year of jazz stability as compared with the previous 12 months. Between the sea anchor of the Hermosa Beach Lighthouse and the inland bastion of Shelly's Manne-Hole in central Hollywood, most groups managed to survive.

The pickings admittedly were lean. The Lighthouse whenever possible stressed a big-name Sunday policy; when no big names were available, resident bandleader-booker Howard Rumsey settled for local talent. Jazzmen fared better at Shelly's. The drummer's policy of featuring a different group each weeknight provided jazz lovers a unique opportunity to sate their tastes in modern jazz with such groups as the Paul Horn Quintet, the Teddy Edwards Quartet, the Dexter Gordon Quartet (during the early part of the year before Gordon departed for points east and overseas), the trios of Barney Kessel, Phineas Newborn, Victor Feldman, Clare Fischer, and others. Weekends, of course, remained devoted to Shelly Manne and His Men, plus singers such as Helen Humes, Ruth Price, Kittie Doswell, and Irene Kral.

During the summer, south-side Los Angeles jazz spots bloomed. Adams Blvd. turned into Jazz Street, with clubs such as the Rubaiyat Room in the Watkins Hotel, the Intermission Room, Dynamite Jackson's (which was redubbed Mr. Adams' in the fall), and the It Club all providing steady work for jazzmen. In fact, the booming south side represented a virtual renaissance in Los Angeles jazz through the summer months to the year's end. Groups led by such as tenorist Curtis Amy, drummer Kenny Dennis, and tenor man Harold Land (who formed a new quintet after the sundering of his alliance with bassist Mitchell) could be heard most weeknights along Adams Blvd.

Inactive and out of town through most of 1962, drummer Frank Butler returned in the fall and formed his own quintet. As in time past, Butler's brilliance and inherent jazz taste was unquestioned.

A major casualty during the year was Ben Shapiro's Renaissance, which crumbled under the hammers of wreck-

ers razing the site for a projected Playboy Club and hotel on Sunset Strip.

MUCH WAS DONE for the jazz cause on Hollywood television by KRHM disc jockey Frank Evans, whose program, *Frankly Jazz*, won a wide local audience. Evans inherited the program from a night-club owner, Bob Gefaell, operator of the Summit Club. Gefaell's original TV program, *Swingin' at the Summit*, succumbed to the Twist as the club operator seesawed between jazz attractions and Twist groups.

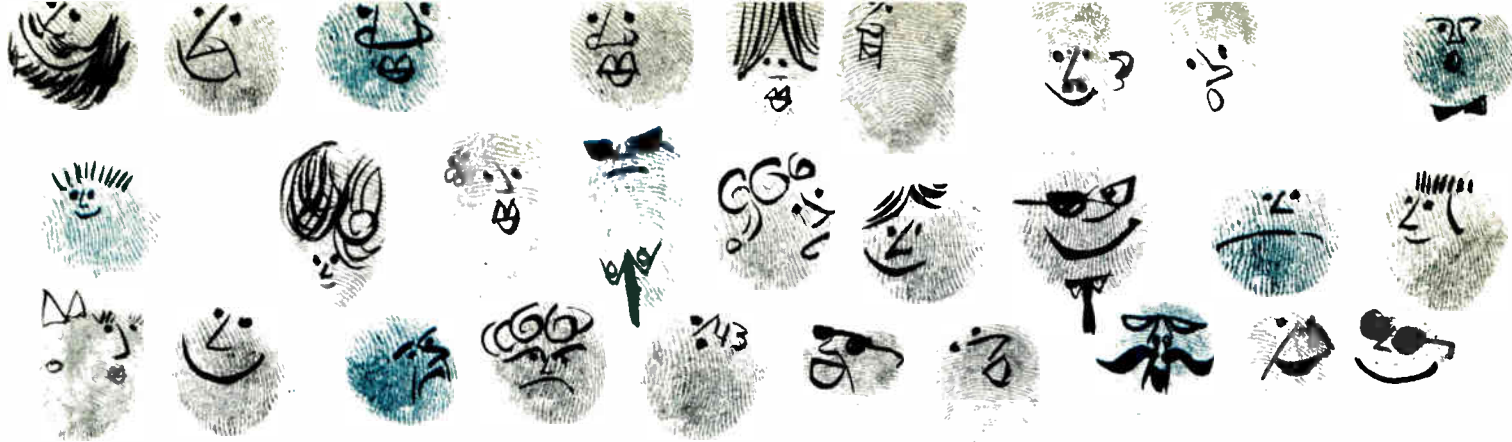
Some of the most interesting jazz moments, for that matter, were to be heard at the Summit during the year, despite the vacillating music policy.

The club became the occasional home of Terry Gibbs' big band. Both Gibbs and Louis Bellson recorded big-band albums there with considerable success. Others appearing at the Summit during the year included Ramsey Lewis, Dizzy Gillespie, Cal Tjader, and Cannonball Adderley and their groups. During the latter two engagements, however, the anomaly of the club's erratic booking policy was thrown into stark relief. Tjader and Adderley alternated sets with a loud, tasteless rock-and-Twist combo. The dichotomy was such that jazz fans were driven from the premises. But for all the contradictions at the Summit, the club was one of the few Hollywood spots to book jazz at all during the year.

Frank Sinatra grabbed headlines in April with a world tour to raise money for the benefit of underprivileged children. He took along a jazz group of top Hollywood musicians and succeeded in raising about \$2,000,000. One of the countries where he performed was Israel, which prompted Arab League countries Lebanon and Iraq to ban his movies and records.

Stan Kenton in 1962 developed what many considered his best band in years. Moreover, he added singer Jean Turner to the personnel, marking the first time in the history of Kentonia that a Negro has occupied the singing spotlight. The addition of former trombonist Dee Barton as drummer did much to spark the band's performance during the second half of 1962. And the unusual packaging of the Kenton band and singers Vic Damone and Jane Powell in concert tours paid off for the promoters. But Kenton found himself in odd company on record during the year. If his LP with cowboy singer Tex Ritter raised eyebrows, the effect on his long-time admirers was as nought compared with the reaction of many to a single record titled *Mama Sang a Song*, an exquisitely corny effort in anybody's book, with Kenton narrating to a hymn-singing chorus of *Rock of Ages* and similar fare. The single was a success in the pop market, and Capitol records a&r executives were reported tickled to death at what they considered a "new avenue" of record sales for the modern-jazz pioneer.

One of the year's jazz highlights on the coast was the nine-day booking in June of the Miles Davis Sextet and Oscar Brown Jr. at the little Music Box Theater on Hollywood



Blvd. Though Davis topped the bill, Brown stole the limelight with electrifying performances as singer, lyricist, composer, and showman. Brown was signed to host the *Jazz Scene, U.S.A.* television series and, later in the year, enjoyed further Hollywood success in an engagement at the Crescendo.

LOS ANGELES AFM Local 47 put some of its allotment of the music performance trust fund to admirable use during the summer. The funds were used to pay for jazz concerts in the city's schools and parks and at Venice beach. All the concerts were well attended, and the local announced it intends to repeat the practice in '63.

The jazz aspect of the Synanon Foundation narcotics rehabilitation center at Santa Monica, Calif., brightened visibly in 1962 with the recording and release on Pacific Jazz of the LP *Sounds of Synanon*. One decisive outgrowth of the album's release was the introduction to the jazz-record-buying public of guitarist Joe Pass, who now is considered an important voice on the instrument. Pass was teamed on further recordings with other star jazzmen and appeared as featured soloist on television.

The foundation itself continued to prosper. Acreage was acquired for expansion of the Synanon work; donations of every kind continued to pour into the armory on the Santa Monica beachfront; Sen. Thomas Dodd (D-Conn.) praised the foundation's work on the floor of the U.S. Senate; and a delegation from Synanon was invited and took part in the White House conference on illegal narcotics traffic and use.

A focal point for jazz of varying styles and big-band swing during 1962 was the sprawling Anaheim, Calif., playground, Disneyland.

Music budget for the year topped \$300,000, and, aside from the resident bands and groups featured there, it paid for the big bands of Tex Beneke, Harry James, Count Basie, Charlie Barnet, and Benny Goodman. The climax of the season was a two-night Dixieland event that cost approximately \$17,500 for talent. Appearing in spectacular array were the Louis Armstrong Band, the Dukes of Dixieland, Teddy Buckner's band, the Firehouse Five Plus Two, the New Orleans All-Stars, and the Clara Ward Singers, among others.

THOUGH hardly *West Coast*, Las Vegas, Nev., is close enough to figure in this roundup. The first annual Las Vegas Jazz Festival, organized and promoted by that city's musicians' union, loomed out of the sand dunes July 7 and 8. Financially, it was a dud bomb in the desert; musically it had its highs and lows, like any other festival; culturally, it set a heartening precedent in that Capital of Avarice. But the schedule of concerts looked like the work of a computer run amok. Despite the financial loss, union officials said they intend to give it another fling in 1963.

The 1962 Monterey Jazz Festival, held Sept. 21-23, told a different story. It was reported a financial success, though

down somewhat from '61. Some 25,000 admissions totaled about \$92,000, exclusive of the festival's share of concession stands (an added attraction overlooked, incidentally, by the Las Vegas promoters). But this attendance contrasted brightly with Vegas' 9,600 attendees. One critic described Monterey as "disappointing . . . There can be no denying that Monterey slipped, and slipped badly, this year."

In Hollywood movies, little was shaking for jazz. *Too Late Blues*, a John Cassavetes contrivance, had a good score by David Raksin that was all but obliterated in the dubbing. Bobby Darin gave a creditable performance as a crazy mixed-up piano player who abandoned jazz for Velvet Alley and a well-heeled keeper. On the soundtrack, a workmanlike job was crafted by such movie musicians as pianist Jimmy Rowles; saxophonist Benny Carter; trumpeter Uan Rasey, bassist Red Mitchell, drummer Shelly Manne, trombonist Milt Bernhart; guitarist Barney Kessel; vibraharpist Larry Bunker; and flutist Ted Nash, as well as some fine singing by Loulie-Jean Norman.

Not that the movie scorers were idle. Men such as Raksin, Andre Previn, and other veterans of the click track scribbled away furiously through the year. Even "newcomers" — to movies, at any rate — Billy May and Nelson Riddle had their innings; and altoist-flutist-composer Bud Shank wrote a sensitive and skilled nonjazz score to a picture titled *War Hunt*. But so far as jazz in Hollywood movies is concerned, there simply wasn't any in '62.

In the ever-moving east-west traffic during 1962, Jack Teagarden packed his horn, sold his Hollywood Hills home, and moved to settle in Florida. George Shearing forsook the east for the Hollywood suburb of Toluca Lake. Bill Harris brought his trombone to trumpeter Charlie Teagarden's fine little Las Vegas band. Flutist-clarinetist Sam Most and trombonist Billy Byers relocated in Los Angeles. And Terry Gibbs did the reverse, though his decision to resettle in New York was not irrevocable. Chicago pianist Jack Wilson was numbered a new Angeleno; but drummer Mel Lewis was making audible eastward-directed sounds that may make him an ex-coaster before long. Elmo Hope took the long jump back to New York, as did Billy Higgins. And Wingy Manone did likewise, with a characteristic snort that the coast "is dead." But trumpeter Lee Katzman followed the sun a second time; this time, he said, it's California for keeps. Bassist Mort Herbert concurred and went everybody one better — he passed the California bar and is an assistant district attorney in Los Angeles County. Even hard-bitten Chicagoan Jack Tracy heeded the call of the west and moved his a&r stool to the Hollywood branch of Mercury records.

Les Brown wasn't going anywhere anymore with a band. Toward year's end it was learned the 50-year-old leader of the Band of Renown was turning over the reins to his baritone saxophonist and funnyman, Butch Stone. Brown climbed off the band bus in Hollywood for the last time on Thanksgiving Day.

JAZZ MEN OF THE YEAR

■ Each year it seems more and better jazz is played, the quality almost keeping pace with the quantity. Yet each year there are just a few jazzmen, sometimes only one, who stand out from their fellows; those who stride always are fewer than those who walk. And it is the striders who deserve added commendation for their accomplishments during the year.

■ In last year's *Down Beat* annual, *Music 1962*, the editors singled out John Coltrane as the musician to be given the title Jazzman of the Year; he was the first to receive that distinction from *Down Beat* editors. Coltrane's excellence during 1962 was overwhelming, and he out-distanced all others in that period.

■ In 1962, however, the editors (Don DeMicheal, Pete Welding, John Tynan, Bill Coss, Leonard Feather, and Barbara Gardner) have named three musicians they feel deserve the title: Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, and Sonny Rollins.

■ Each man added notably to his art during 1962. Gillespie, his facility and imagination in full flower, was a paragon of jazz invention, both on records and at personal appearances. Getz and Rollins, each emerging from a period away from the heat of the U.S. jazz scene, made stunning comebacks, proving once again, if further proof be required, that jazzmen of excellence rarely falter, despite lack of critical or public support.

■ In addition to the distinction of being a Jazzman of the Year, each won a 1962 *Down Beat*-conducted poll: Rollins and Gillespie were elected to first place in the tenor saxophone and trumpet categories, respectively, in the International Jazz Critics Poll; Getz won as top tenor saxophonist in the Readers Poll. For all, an honorable and honored year of jazz creation.

■ On the page opposite and those following are recapitulations of the trio's outstanding accomplishments during 1962 and some of the reasons the editors gave for selecting them.

■ In all, jazz was the better in 1962 for the work of Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, and Sonny Rollins—Jazzmen of the Year.

Dizzy Gillespie

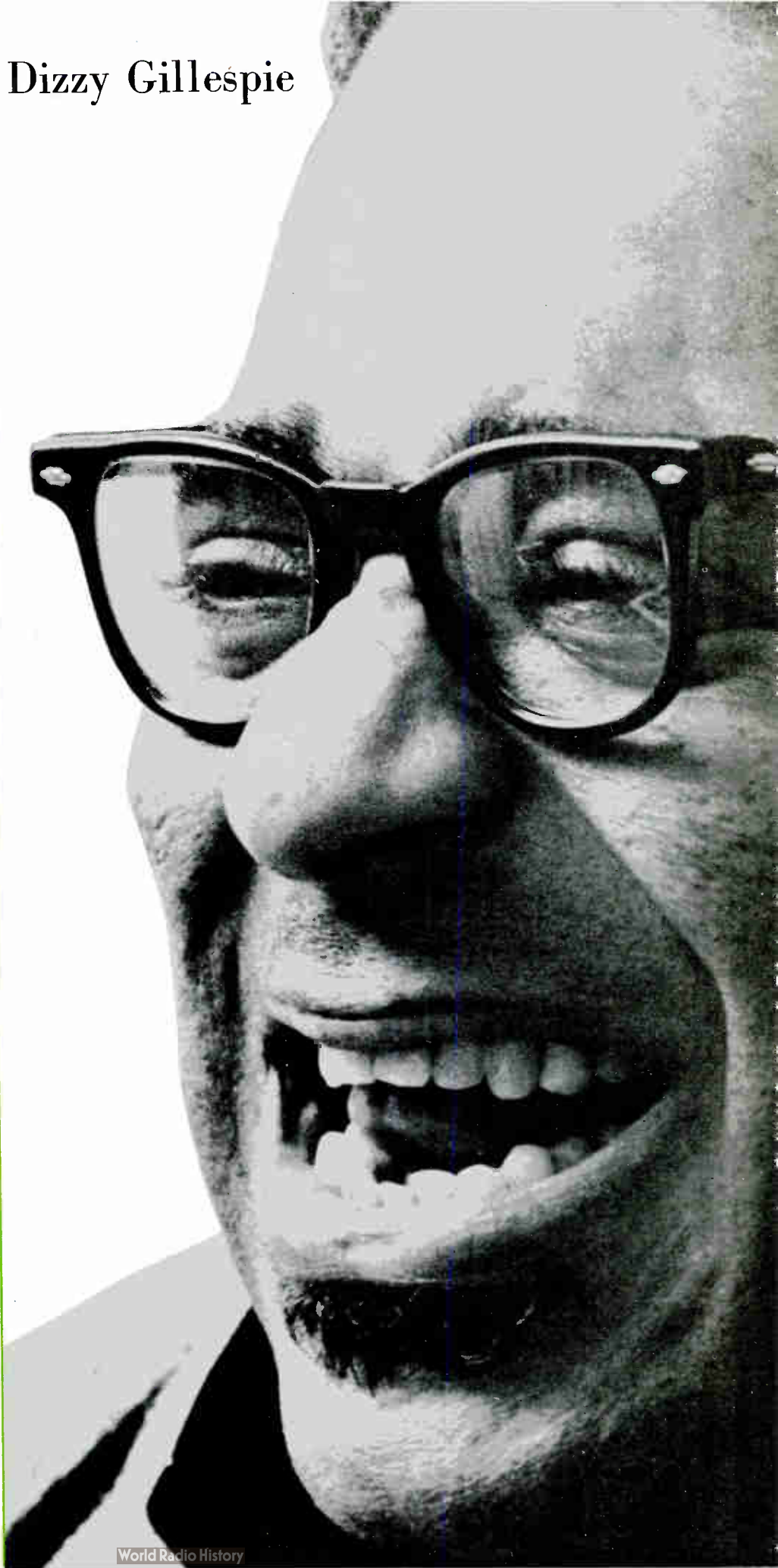
■ For the galvanic Gillespie, 1962 was a year of jazz ebullition. Like his fellow Jazzmen of the Year, Gillespie, in the consensus of *Down Beat's* editors, was performing at inspired levels. Like Getz and Rollins, his playing augured bravissimo peaks in time to come.

■ Activity was varied for the 45-year-old South Carolinian. He starred at the weeklong jazz festival at Antibes on the French Riviera in the summer, where he performed with a large brass ensemble. At the Monterey Jazz Festival in September, he premiered a new work composed for him by Lalo Schifrin. Moreover, during 1962 Gillespie was prominent in carrying the message of bossa nova throughout the land.

■ Commenting on the selection, *Down Beat* editor Don DeMicheal wrote, "My choice is mostly for his all-around excellence. Specifically, his work with the large brass band on several occasions is proof once again that he is one of the really outstanding jazzmen of our time. And he's never gotten proper credit for being among the first to introduce bossa nova in this country — I know, personally, that he was playing it as early as March, 1961. Lalo [Schifrin] was not of little importance to what might be called Diz' rejuvenation."

■ Associate editor John Tynan summed up the Gillespie choice this way: "Dizzy Gillespie remains peerless. He is playing better than ever these days and, moreover, remains as musically venturesome as ever. Thanks to a happy professional association with pianist-composer Lalo Schifrin, several interesting offsprings have been begotten, redounding to the trumpeter's continued esteem. Dizzy is not only a Jazzman of the Year for 1962, he remains president in *any* year."

■ As associate editor Bill Coss viewed it: "Somehow everyone takes him for granted—something like the New York Yankees. You're not surprised if he's marvelous. You think that's the way he is—he almost owes it to you. Unlike the Yankees, I've never heard him lose. With every kind of group and in every circumstance, Dizzy is the embodiment of what someone should have called the golden years of bop, *but* without any of the narrowness that might imply."



■For Stan Getz and Sonny Rollins, 1962 was probably the outstanding year of their careers. Getz had in release three notable albums and once more was in demand on the jazz-club circuit. The albums are *Focus*, *Jazz Samba* (with guitarist Charlie Byrd), and *Big Band Bossa Nova*. A single from *Jazz Samba*, *Desafinado*, climbed high on the pop-music trade-paper charts.

For the 35-year-old tenor man from Philadelphia, Pa., the year clearly represented artistic prowess with commercial success.

■Contributing editor Barbara Gardner said, "Getz has shown great improvement in 1962 compared with when he first came back to this country early in 1961. He is still moving in new directions, as can be heard in *Focus*."

■DeMicheal said, "Without doubt he is one of the finest musicians in jazz, from an emotional-conceptual point of view to the undeniable technical excellence he's always had. The albums Getz made this year, *Focus*, the one with Charlie Byrd, and *Big Band Bossa Nova* are testament to his being a Jazzman of the Year. How many could have played his part on *Focus*?"

■Contributing editor Leonard Feather said, "Why Getz? Because, with a fortuitous assist from Rio and Sao Paulo, he succeeded in reminding us that a new and valid style of yesterday cannot today become unmusical and should not become uncommercial. Because he reset his still-personal melodic ideas in a context rhythmically challenging and melodically warming, and because the partnership with Byrd in 1962 proved as fresh and fruitful as the Jimmy Raney alliance of 1951."

■Coss wrote, "Stan Getz — to me the biggest horn in the world. His, too, was a comeback, made even more difficult by the nature of the man and the field. I have never felt that Getz has worked as hard as he could; I believe he plays at about half his capacity, because everything comes so easy for him. But whatever the carps or the circumstances, Getz makes most talents shrink in contrast. He is the prime example of the flowering derivative— so marvelously done that you can't possibly say that this is the way Lester Young would have played if he had progressed."



Stan Getz

Sonny Rollins



■ With Getz, 33-year-old New Yorker Sonny Rollins could thank bossa nova for a notable jazz undertaking in 1962 — his album *What's New?*, co-featuring guitarist Jim Hall. This marked the second Rollins LP release (the first was *The Bridge*) recorded under a 1962 contract with RCA Victor reportedly guaranteeing the tenorist \$90,000 for six albums in two years. As the year drew to a close, Rollins—ever the restless experimenter — was reported seeking yet another advanced jazz mode as an outlet for his prodigious talent.

■ Assistant editor Pete Welding said, “Not only was Rollins’ playing marked by a mastery and an assurance even more total than that which had characterized it prior to his sabbatical, it also was evident that the man had thought long and deep about the creative act itself and had formed some definite conclusions about the direction in which he wanted to move and the role of the supporting artists who would work with the main improviser. His very difficulty in obtaining instrumentalists who could live up to the very exacting standards he had set for group interaction and collective creation indicates that a re-examination of the role of the rhythm section — especially the drummer’s — is sorely needed.”

■ Coss said, “He came back in 1961, but it was primarily since the beginning of 1962 that he showed the fullness of his talent and control — a marvelous bridge between the old, the new, and the to-come. Still, I think his biggest problems will be to find musicians who can play *enough* for him to grow taller, and he is evidently plagued by the very nature of the facility he has. He has to be prodded, as his most recent record shows”

■ Feather wrote, “Why Rollins? Not because of any bridge he stood on, any comeback publicity, or any bossa nova notions, but because of the bridge he stood *for* — a bridge between the long-settled modernism of yesterday and the unsettling neologisms of today, and because he has maintained a controlled mastery of the instrument instead of letting the mastery control him. And because, in doing this, he has not stopped swinging.”

THE SOUND OF JAZZ ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

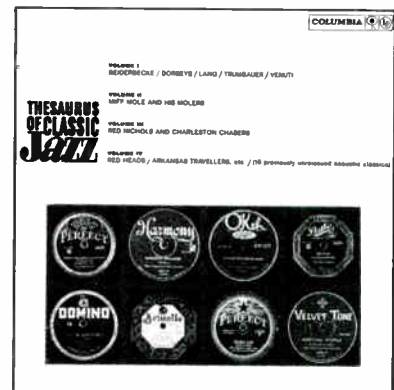
HERE'S WHERE IT WAS



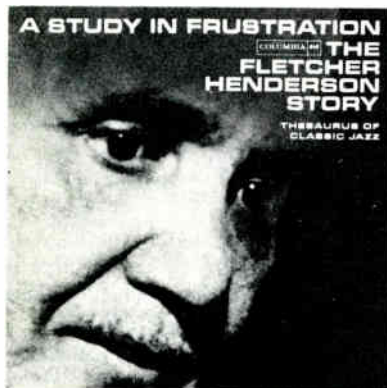
3-record set



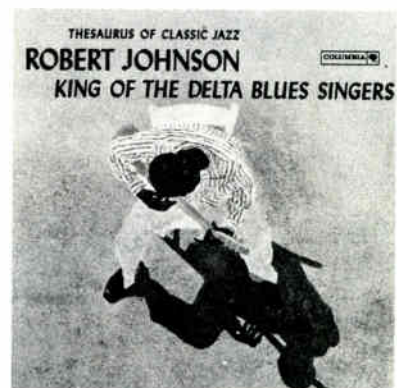
3-record set



4-record set



4-record set



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NOT A SINGLE human being on earth heard all the jazz records that were released in 1962.

There were probably other years like it, but the statement could be made with greater assurance with respect to 1962, because the quantity of output was the largest ever, and because the distribution never succeeded in blanketing every area with every disc. Records made in St. Louis never reached Atlanta; sides cut in Tokyo were not heard in New York City.

Aside from the question of availability, there was the matter of available listening time. No one critic can pretend nowadays to give his full attention to more than a relatively small proportion of the releases. If the reader catches any of us in a statement that implies a knowledge on our part of the whole scene, he should arm himself with necessary skepticism.

Whether the colossal output of jazz LPs (and the heavily increased flow of singles) was a healthy or unhealthy trend depended on who you were—a dealer, trying vainly to find room on his shelves and even more vainly to sell what he was forced to stock, or a musician, looking for gigs in the recording studios and finding them increasingly easy and frequent.

Esthetically, there was a serious surplus. To take an armful at random, I have in front of me *Chris Barber Plays Trad* (Colpix). Jonah Jones' *Jazz Bonus* (Capitol), Ernie Freeman's *Soulful Sound of Country Classics* (Liberty), several volumes of *Living Legends* on Riverside, and a dozen albums of jazz versions of Hollywood movie songs or Broadway play scores. Despite their great disparity of styles, they have a common element: all are LPs that were recorded because an artist was under contract and had to make a new one; because a trend had shown itself and a bandwagon was being boarded; or because an early performer, never record-

ed (or poorly recorded) in the 1920s, seemed worthy of preservation for posterity regardless of the decline in his or her musical ability.

None of these, of course, is a good enough reason to glut the studios and the record shelves. The only premise for recording an album should be: "Here is a new artist, or a new idea that must be preserved," or "here is a great old-time star whose talent remains unimpaired, whose music is still valid."

When you apply these phrases to the releases of 1962 it becomes painfully apparent that a very small proportion deserved to be recorded. Out of a staggering number of jazz or quasi-jazz albums released in 1962, possibly 50 have enough intrinsic validity to be remembered five or 10 years from now. Who in 1970 will care about the jazz version of *Kean*? Who, for that matter, will care about *Kean*?

There were several developments during the year that indicated a mood of desperation on the part of some artists-and-repertoire men. One was the increased tendency to couple name artists, sometimes on the assumption that the lesser name of the two would be carried to success by the greater, or sometimes because neither name had been making enough headway and unity might lend added strength to both. In a few cases the teaming was logical, stemming simply from the compatibility of the artists and their desire to record together.

Whatever the motives, for one reason or another we had Oscar Peterson cutting an LP with Milt Jackson, Jackson with Wes Montgomery, the Montgomery brothers with George Shearing, Shearing with Nancy Wilson, Miss Wilson with Cannonball Adderley, Cannonball with Ray Brown (and, to complete the circle, Ray Brown with Peterson).

Of course, there were innumerable others: Count Basie with Frank Sinatra and with Duke Ellington; Andre Previn

with J. J. Johnson, and on ad infinitum, the infinitum being Stan Kenton with Tex Ritter.

There were other indications of the companies' sense of the need to extend themselves to achieve novelty.

This was the year that Les McCann sang, Charlie Mingus sang, Ray Bryant did a Twist album, Guy Lombardo did an LP of Dixieland; and the year had an age spectrum that found 14-year-old Barry Miles trying to hold down his end of the seesaw against 75-year-old Kid Ory and whisper-not-her-age Mama Yancey.

Trend-spotters had no difficulty sighting one unmistakable trade-wind on the horizon as bossa nova took the jet from Brazil, hovered around in the spring and landed safely in the summer to create a windfall in the fall. At this writing, it was too soon to tell whether this fad would be killed by kindness, as has been the fate of so many musical innovations seized by the hucksters of Tin Pan Alley and the jazz world.

It is entirely possible that if bossa nova had arrived under conditions comparable with those in effect at the time of bop's first impact, or of the first Afro-Cuban movement (both before LPs in the 1940s), it might have been absorbed with comparatively little noise into the main body of jazz. After all, there had been occasional jazz sambas for many years; bossa nova, to a substantial extent, was a tidal wave of publicity, a couple of songs that happened to make the charts, and a delay of an eighth note in the last beat of the two-bar clave pattern.

But the Brazilian craze arrived in the LP era, the era of competitive, big-time, big-business jazz, of jazz a&r men. Stan Getz and Charlie Byrd, whose *Jazz Samba* collaboration on Verve had much to do with the b.n. wave, did what they did for valid, honest artistic reasons, as did a few others who knew all about this music long before the jazzbrokers began bossin' over bossa nova. But by late fall it had become apparent that a Lawrence Welk bossa nova album might not be too far off and that we might yet live to hear *Desafinado* sung in Madison Square Garden by Judy Garland, accompanied by a 2,000-voice choir.

Nevertheless, when the dust has settled, it should remain clear that bossa nova was the direct or indirect cause of the recording of much valuable, durable music. It seems probable that of the 50 LPs of the year that are likely to survive, the new samba style may have produced at least half a dozen.

More debatable is the impact of the year's second trend, the adoption by jazz musicians of country-and-western songs. The motivation here was frankly commercial from the start, since it began as a peg on which to hang a Ray Charles album. Because the Charles set was a phenomenal success, many a&r men drew the inference that the choice of material had a great deal to do with it and that similar albums without Ray Charles now had a *raison d'être*. As a consequence, there came an inundation of everything from Ramsey Lewis' *Country Meets the Blues* to Nat Cole's *Ramblin' Rose* and so ad infinitum, the infinitum being Tex Ritter with Stan Kenton.

Unlike the Brazilian compositions, these c&w tunes rarely bring anything new or innately charming to jazz; they merely saddle it with a bunch of songs that are for the most part third-rate and excruciatingly pseudo-sentimental. It takes a Ray Charles to give them any value.

The reason they had not previously been performed much by jazz artists or superior pop artists was in no way connected with their origin; it was simply their lack of melodic and lyrical interest. Given a choice between a Billy Hill song and one by Ellington or Cole Porter, the jazzman or jazz singer is not likely to lean against the Hill. The country-and-western jazz trend. I predict, will have reached a dead end

within a year.

A third trend of 1962 was the attempt (again a brain child of a&r men rather than artists) to make jazz musicians commercial by assigning them sessions devoted to movie music.

In 1962, there was Junior Mance's *Soul of Hollywood*, Manny Albam's *Jazz Goes to the Movies*, Ray Bryant's *Hollywood Jazz Beat*, and the like. Musically they ranged from fair to very good, but in practically no case did there seem to be any real need for such an album or any urgent desire on the part of the artist to record it. The objective here was to reach a wider audience for the performers. When this was achieved, it was often done at the cost of losing some of the original jazz-oriented audience that had given the artist whatever success he had attained up to that point.

What is unfortunate about the country-and-western trend and the movie-jazz trend is that records are so permanent.

It is possible, while appearing before audiences in a club, at a concert, or on the air, to play down to them as shamelessly as you like; a few months later the audience may have forgotten it. But when you do the same thing on a record, it becomes part of your document for posterity; the evidence is indestructible. Jazz stars should think twice before committing themselves to a concept that has temporary commercial appeal but may turn out in the long run to have tarnished an image that could, and should, have been kept bright and clean.

IF ESTABLISHED performers felt obliged in 1962 to resort to strange tactics to maintain their status, this charge could not be leveled against the year's new stars, most of whom relied on original material or not-too-tired standards.

It was a good year for new Gospel-inspired talent, with Aretha Franklin firmly established on Columbia (strong-selling singles as well as successful LPs) and the vibrant Staple Singers on Riverside.

The most unusual new combo of the year was the Synanon group on World Pacific, which unearthed a major talent in guitarist Joe Pass.

Several other promising artists made their first real impact, among them pianist Clare Fischer, World Pacific; guitarist Grant Green, Blue Note; alto saxophonist Jimmy Woods, Contemporary; vibraphonist Gary Burton, RCA Victor. Arranger Oliver Nelson scored with his *Afro-American Sketches* on Prestige. Pianist Ran Blake and singer Jeanne Lee stirred up interest with a misty, brooding duo package on RCA Victor.

Since there were not enough new stars to go around, it was hardly surprising that many artists representing earlier periods enjoyed a renaissance. The bop figures of the 1940s, some of whom had begun to re-emerge in 1961, gained momentum in '62, among them Tadd Dameron, Dexter Gordon, Howard McGhee, and Joe Carroll.

The Third Stream flowed slowly. Only a handful of major works had been released by early November, the most important being George Russell's *Stratus Seekers* (Riverside) and the Gunther Schuller-Jim Hall *Jazz Abstractions* (Atlantic). Don Ellis, Cecil Taylor, and a few others were standard-bearers for the "new thing," or experimental combo jazz.

Among the folk jazz singers and pianists and guitarists, living and dead, there was extraordinary activity.

Thanks to such labels as Prestige/Bluesville, Folkways, Candid, Arhoolie, and Delmar, the Memphis Slims and Lightnin' Hopkins and Speckled Reds and Victoria Spiveys were copiously represented. In some instances, as the *Down Beat* reviews made clear, their ability could not measure up to the quantity of material required of them. Primitive blues singers who used to rest their cases on a pair of 2½-minute sketches are hard pressed to keep pace with

an era that chews up 35 to 40 minutes of material at a time. This held true also for the early ragtime and New Orleans jazz instrumentalists who were heard on various independent labels like Southland, Icon, Stereoddities, and Euphonic.

Foreign jazz, except for a few dates for which John Lewis or Kenny Clarke used a few European sidemen, offered surprisingly little during 1962. Tubby Hayes came to New York and cut some impressive sides for Epic. Kenny Ball made the charts with *Midnight in Moscow*, but if one can judge in terms of records released in this country, no jazzman overseas made enough of a contribution to stir up any genuine musical excitement. The strange mishmash of a soundtrack from a British picture called *All Night Long*, for which Dave Brubeck and Charlie Mingus sat in briefly, was released on Epic but failed to arouse anyone in or out of the United Nations.

It was a weak year, incidentally, for soundtrack and show-score albums in general.

Even John Lewis' *Milanese Story* did not produce the expected reaction; some critics found it uneventful and disappointingly bland. Adequacy and competence, rather than apocalyptic creation, dominated the field from the various Henry Mancini sets (*Hatari*, *Experiment in Terror*) to the *Breakfast at Tiffany's* selections by Barney Kessel and Eddie Harris.

One Broadway LP that was praised for special initiative was Gary McFarland's *How to Succeed in Business*, on Verve.

Reissuing, repackaging, and rediscovery continued at a fast clip.

The most important disinterment of the year was the Charlie Mingus *Tijuana Moods* on RCA Victor, a brilliant set that could and should have been put on the market five years earlier. Also issued was an equally long-delayed RCA set by Nat Pierce's Savoy Ballroom Band.

In the special packaging reissue field, the most important work was still being done at Columbia, where John Hammond and Frank Driggs were responsible for the elaborately researched and documented *Billie Holiday—the Golden Years* and *Mildred Bailey—Her Greatest Performances*. Both, happily, sold well enough to assure further projects, including a long-delayed Duke Ellington compendium that promises to be the biggest and most important yet assembled.

FEW LABELS begun by the artists themselves became, for the first time, an important factor in the record world. Frank Sinatra's Reprise, inaugurated the previous year, made good headway with hits by the leader and Sammy Davis. Releasing through ABC-Paramount, Ray Charles signed Louis Jordan for his own Tangerine label, and Erroll Garner cut sides for his own Octave. Drummer Dave Bailey continued to make combo dates for his Jazz Line; Charlie Parker's widow, Doris Parker, tied up with MGM for releases of her Charlie Parker label, issuing a profusion of new jazz and pop works as well as old discs and unreleased tapes by Parker and Lester Young.

Labels that had let their jazz lines become dormant awoke with a start and resumed with a bang; chief among them were RCA Victor, with George Avakian at the helm, and United Artists, reactivated by Alan Douglas, whose coups included an Ellington-Mingus-Max Roach date. Bob Thiele, taking over the Impulse line for ABC-Paramount, managed to negotiate sessions with everyone from John Coltrane to Basie.

Commercially, it was a year without precedent, a new era that saw jazz artists intermixed with pop stars on the best-seller lists every week.

Miles Davis, Herbie Mann, Dave Brubeck, Stan Getz, Pete Fountain, Ray Charles, and unmistakably jazz-involved performances by Dinah Washington, Aretha Franklin, Peg-

gy Lee, and Gloria Lynn were all part of this economic honor roll.

The fact that a Ray Charles can achieve six-figure LP sales, that a typical Davis or Brubeck album can sell tens of thousands within a few weeks of release, may give the outside observer a slightly distorted view of the jazz scene. Artists like these are a lucky minority.

Most jazz sets still are fortunate to sell a few thousand; there are many, in fact, especially those by lesser artists on labels with incomplete distribution, that are likely to stop at a few hundred. No matter how inexpensive the session or the packaging, this kind of sale has to lose money. To pay back its cost, an album may have to sell anywhere from 2,000 to 10,000 copies, depending on such factors as the size of the band, the company's distribution and foreign affiliations, the money it spends on advertising, and so on—plus, in some cases, advance royalties paid to artists. The excessive demands made by agents for some artists during the year resulted in their receiving advances that have made it literally impossible for their records to be profitable. They were signed on these unrealistic terms only because the company wanted to make a public display in the jazz field by buying up a big name or two.

To sum up, by returning to the original thought about the impossibility of keeping up with all the action: despite the excessive advance payments in the talent auction sale, despite the high quota of unnecessary recording, despite the LPs that hardly anyone heard, despite the gigantic waste of man-hours expended in producing albums that will be cut out of the catalog within a year or two—despite all these breaches of artistic and financial logic, it is pleasant to be able to report that 1962 was, in every sense of the term, a record year. ■



CREAM OF THE CROP ■ CREAM OF THE CROP

Following is a list of very good (★ ★ ★ ★) to excellent (★ ★ ★ ★ ★) records as rated in *Down Beat* during 1962.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

- Laurindo Almeida-Bud Shank, (reissue) *Brazilliance* (World Pacific 1412)
 Louis Armstrong-Dave Brubeck-Carmen McRae-Lambert-Hendricks-Ross (vocal), *The Real Ambassadors* (Columbia 5850)
 Mildred Bailey, (reissue) *Mildred Bailey—Her Greatest Performances* (Columbia C3L22)
 Charlie Byrd, *Blues Sonata* (Offbeat 3009)
The Tadd Dameron Band: 1948—Classics of Modern Jazz, Vol. 3 (Jazzland 68)
 Duke Ellington, (reissue) *The Indispensable Duke Ellington* (RCA Victor 6009)
 Don Ellis, *New Ideas* (Prestige/New Jazz 8257)
 Bill Evans-Jim Hall, *Undercurrent* (United Artists 14003)
 Clare Fischer, *First Time Out* (Pacific Jazz 52)
 Red Garland, *Dig It* (Prestige 7229)
 Stan Getz-Gary McFarland, *Big Band Bossa Nova* (Verve 8494)
 Stan Getz, *Focus* (Verve 8412); *Stan Getz/Bob Brookmeyer* (Verve 8418)
 Billie Holiday, (reissue) *The Golden Years* (Columbia C3L-21)
 Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Lightnin' Sam Hopkins* (Arhoolie 1011)
 Lightnin' Hopkins-Sonny Terry, (vocal) *Last Night Blues* (Prestige/Bluesville 1029)
 Robert Johnson, (vocal) *King of the Delta Blues Singers* (Columbia 1654)
 Steve Lacy, *Evidence* (Prestige/New Jazz 8271)
 Shelly Manne, 2-3-4 (Impulse 20)
 Charlie Mingus, *Tijuana Moods* (RCA Victor 2533)
 Charlie Parker, (reissue) *The Essential Charlie Parker* (Verve 8409)
 Oscar Peterson, *West Side Story* (Verve 6-8454)
 Sonny Rollins, *The Bridge* (Victor 2527)
 Lennie Tristano, *The New Tristano* (Atlantic 1357)
 Lester Young and the Kansas City Five (reissue) (Commodore 30014)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

- Laurindo Almeida-Bud Shank *Brazilliance, Vol. 2* (World Pacific 1419)
 Nat Adderley, *In the Bag* (Jazzland 75)
 Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt, *Boss Tenors* (Verve 8426)
 Dorothy Ashby (Argo 690)
 Bill Barron, *Modern Windows* (Savoy 12163)
 Count Basie and the Kansas City Seven (Impulse 15)

- Scrapper Blackwell, (vocal) *Blues Before Sunrise* ("77" Records 77-LA-12-4); *Mr. Scrapper's Blues* (Prestige/Bluesville 1047)
 Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers (Impulse 7)
 Charlie Byrd, *Latin Impressions* (Riverside 427)
 Jackie Cain-Roy Kral, (vocal) *Double Take* (Columbia 1704)
 Benny Carter, *Further Definitions* (Impulse 12)
 Ron Carter, *Where?* (Prestige/New Jazz 8265)
 Ornette Coleman, *Ornette!* (Atlantic 1378)
 John Coltrane, *Coltrane* (Impulse 21); *Settin' the Pace* (Prestige 7213)
 Chris Connor, (vocal) *Free Spirits* (Atlantic 8061)
 Miles Davis, *Someday My Prince Will Come* (Columbia 1656)
 Walt Dickerson, *A Sense of Direction* (Prestige/New Jazz 8268)
 Duke Ellington, *All American* (Columbia 8590)
 Gil Evans, *Into the Hot* (Impulse 9)
 Red Garland, *High Pressure* (Prestige 7209)
 Stan Getz-Charlie Byrd, *Jazz Samba* (Verve 8432)
 Dizzy Gillespie, *Carnegie Hall Concert* (Verve 8423); *An Electrifying Evening with the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet* (Verve 8401)
Listen to Barry Harris (Riverside 392)
 Roy Haynes, *Out of the Afternoon* (Impulse 23)
 Woody Herman, *Swing Low, Sweet Clarinet* (Phillips 200-004)
 Johnny Hodges with Billy Strayhorn and *THE Orchestra* (Verve 6-8452)
 Claude Hopkins, *Let's Jam* (Prestige/Swingsville 2020)
The Jazztet at Birdhouse (Argo 688)
 Roland Kirk, *We Free Kings* (Mercury 60679)
 Donald Lambert, *Giant Stride* (Solo Art 18001)
 Memphis Willie B, (vocal) *Introducing Memphis Willie B* (Prestige/Bluesville 1034)
 Mark Murphy, (vocal) *Rah* (Riverside 395)
 Gary McFarland, *The Jazz Version of How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying* (Verve 8443)
 Ken McIntyre, *Stone Blues* (Prestige/New Jazz 8259)
 Phineas Newborn Jr., *A World of Piano* (Contemporary 3600)
 Art Pepper, *Smack Up* (Contemporary 3602)
 George Russell Sextet in *Kansas City* (Decca 74183)
 Gunther Schuller-Jim Hall, *Jazz Abstractions* (Atlantic 1365)
 Zoot Sims-Al Cohn, *Either Way* (Fred Miles Presents 1)
 Frank Sinatra, (vocal) *All Alone* (Re-

- prise 1007)
 Staple Singers, (vocal) *Hammer and Nails* (Riverside 3501)
 Synanon Band, *Sounds of Synanon* (Pacific Jazz 48)
 Various Artists, *Jazz Mission to Moscow* (Colpix 433)
 Mal Waldron, *The Quest* (Prestige/New Jazz 8269)
 Gerald Wilson, *You Better Believe It* (Pacific Jazz 34)
 Jimmy Woods, *Awakening!* (Contemporary 3605)

★ ★ ★ ★

- The Cannonball Adderley Quintet Plus* (Riverside 388)
 Mose Allison, (vocal) *I Don't Worry About a Thing* (Atlantic 1389); *Ramblin' with Mose* (Prestige 7215)
 Berklee School Students, *Stockholm Sweetnin' — A Tribute to Quincy Jones* (Berklee 6)
 Art Blakey, *Three Blind Mice* (United Artists 14002)
 Bob Brookmeyer, *Gloomy Sunday and Other Bright Moments* (Verve 8455)
 Ray Brown with the All-Star Big Band (Verve 8444)
 Dave Brubeck, *Countdown — Time in Outer Space* (Columbia 1775)
 Dave Brubeck-Gold and Fildale, *Gold and Fildale Play Dave Brubeck's Jazz Ballet, Points on Jazz* (Columbia 1678)
 Georg Brunis, (reissue) *King of the Tailgate Trombone* (Commodore 30015)
 Kenny Burrell, *Blue Lights* (Blue Note 1597)
 Billy Byers, *Impressions of Duke Ellington* (Mercury 2028)
 Charlie Byrd at the Village Vanguard (Offbeat 3008)
 Brun Campbell-Dink Johnson, *The Professors* (Euphonic 1201)
 Joe Carroll, (vocal) *Man with a Happy Sound* (Charlie Parker 802)
 Arnett Cobb, *Movin' Right Along* (Prestige 7216)
 Hank Crawford, *From the Heart* (Atlantic 1387)
 Irma Curry-Don Elliott, (vocal) *Love Is a Necessary Evil* (Columbia 1754)
 Miles Davis at Carnegie Hall (Columbia 1812)
Presenting the Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina Quartet (Mercury 20685)
 Blind Snooks Eaglin, (vocal) *That's All Right* (Prestige/Bluesville 1046)
 Teddy Edwards, *Good Gravy* (Contemporary 3592)
 Duke Ellington-Count Basie, *First Time* (Columbia 1715)
 Bill Evans, *Sunday at the Village Vanguard* (Riverside 376); *Waltz for Debby* (Riverside 399)
 Four Freshman, (vocal) *The Swingers* (Capitol 1753)

CREAM OF THE CROP

Ella Fitzgerald, (vocal) *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie* (Verve 4053); *Ella Swings Brightly with Nelson* (Verve 4054)
 Erma Franklin, (vocal) *Her Name Is Erma* (Epic 3824)
 Don Friedman, *A Day in the City* (Riverside 384)
 Curtis Fuller, *South American Cookin'* (Epic 16020)
 Jimmy Giuffre, *Thesis* (Verve 8402)
 Gigi Gryce, *The Rat Race Blues* (Prestige/New Jazz 8262)
 Chico Hamilton, *Drumfusion* (Columbia 1807)
 Lionel Hampton, (reissue) *The "Original" Stardust*
 Barry Harris, *Newer Than New* (Riverside 413)
 Jon Hendricks, (vocal) *Fast Livin' Blues* (Columbia 1805)
 Elmo Hope, *Here's Hope* (Celebrity 209)
 Jazz Brothers, *Spring Fever* (Riverside 405)
 Jazztet, *Here and Now* Mercury 20698)
 J. J. Johnson, *A Touch of Satin* (Columbia 8537)
 Quincy Jones, *The Quintessence* (Impulse 11)
 Clifford Jordan, *Starting Time* (Jazzland 52)
 Wynton Kelly! (Vee Jay 3022)
 Roland Kirk, *Kirk's Work* (Prestige 7210)
 Tommy Ladnier, (reissue) *Blues and Stomps* (Riverside 154)
 Yusef Lateef, *Eastern Sounds* (Prestige/Moodsville 22); *Into Something* (Prestige/New Jazz 8272)
 Jeanne Lee-Ran Blake, (vocal) *The Newest Sound Around* (RCA Victor 2500)
 Peggy Lee, (vocal) *Blues Cross Country* (Capitol 1671)
 Booker Little, *Out Front* (Candid 8027)
 Junior Mance, *Big Chief!* (Jazzland 53)
 Herbie Mann, *Right Now* (Atlantic 1384)
 Charlie Mingus, *Mingus* (Candid 8021)
 Blue Mitchell, *A Sure Thing* (Riverside 414)
 Red Mitchell-Harold Land, *Hear Ye! Hear Ye!* (Atlantic 1376)
 Modern Jazz Quartet, *Lonely Woman* (Atlantic 1381)
 Little Brother Montgomery, (vocal) *Piano, Vocal, and Band Blues* (Riverside 410)
 James Moody, *Another Bag* (Argo 695)
 Gerry Mulligan, *On Tour* (Verve 8438)
 Les McCann, Ltd., in New York (Pacific Jazz 45)
 Fats Navarro with the Tadd Dameron Quintet (Jazzland 50)
 Oliver Nelson, *Straight Ahead* (Prestige/New Jazz 8255)
 Oliver Nelson-King Curtis-Jimmy Forrest, *Soul Battle* (Prestige 7223)

Red Norvo, (reissue) *Mainstream Jazz* (Continental 16005)
 Anita O'Day-Cal Tjader, (vocal) *Time for Two* (Verve 8472)
 Jackie Paris, (vocal) *The Song Is Paris* (Impulse 17)
 Cecil Payne, *The Connexion* (Charlie Parker 806)
 Oscar Peterson, *The Trio* (Verve 8420)
 Oscar Peterson-Milt Jackson, *Very Tall* (Verve 8429)
 Andre Previn and J.J. Johnson Play "Mack the Knife," "Bilboa Song," and Other Kurt Weill Music (Columbia 1741)
 Doug Quattlebaum, (vocal) *Softee Man Blues* (Prestige/Bluesville 1065)
 Max Roach, *It's Time* (Impulse 16)
 Shorty Rogers, *Bossa Nova* (Reprise 6050)
 Sonny Rollins, *Sonny Boy* (Prestige 7207); *What's New?* (RCA Victor 2572)
 Charlie Rouse-Seldon Powell, *We Paid Our Dues* (Epic 16018)
 George Russell, *The Stratus Seekers* (Riverside 412)
 Horace Silver, *The Tokyo Blues* (Blue Note 4110)
 Bill Smith-Johnny Eaton, *The American Jazz Ensemble in Rome* (RCA Victor 2557)
 Jimmy Smith, *Bashin'* (Verve 6-8474)
 Staple Singers, (vocal) *Swing Low* (Vee Jay 5014)
The Sensual Sound of Sonny Stitt (Verve 8451)
 Roosevelt Sykes, (vocal) *Blues* (Folkways FS 3827)
The Essential Art Tatum (reissue) (Verve 8433)
 Jack Teagarden, *The Dixie Sound* (Roulette 25177)
 Clark Terry, *Color Changes* (Candid 8009)
 Pat Thomas, (vocal) *Jazz Patterns* (Strand 1015)
 Cal Tjader Plays Harold Arlen (Fantasy 3330)
 Mel Torme, *At the Red Hill* (Atlantic 8066)
 Joe Turner-Pete Johnson, (vocal) *Jumpin' the Blues* (Arhoolie 2004)
 Richard Twardzik, (reissue) *The Last Set* (Pacific Jazz 37)
 Various Artists, *Chicago and All That Jazz* (Verve 8441)
 Various Artists, *Chicago: The Living Legends* (Riverside 389/390)
 Various Artists, (reissue) *A History of Jazz: The New York Scene* (Folkways RBF 3)
 Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson, (vocal) *Back Door Blues* (Riverside 3502)
 Mercy Dee Walton, (vocal) *Mercy Dee* (Arhoolie 1007)
 Joe Williams, (vocal) *A Swingin' Night at Birdland* (Roulette 52085)
 Nancy Wilson, (vocal) *Hello, Young Lovers* (Capitol 1767) ■

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MUSIC '63

CREAM OF THE CROP

World Radio History

COLLECT

BY GEORGE HOEFER

The accompanying true story, pertaining to jazz record collecting a quarter of a century ago, points up an interesting aspect of a hobby the depression helped to inaugurate: for a phenomenally low cost, it was possible to participate in the fascinating double-barreled activity of accumulating antiques and enjoying a stimulating style of music.

But jazz record collecting, especially to the most ardent of us, was more than just fun—it was a service to humanity, a worthy cause that had to be pursued for purely altruistic purposes.

There was the case, for instance, of the rumor that collectors heard when the General Phonograph Corp., which put out Okeh records, was sold in 1930 to the old Columbia Gramophone Co. An executive of Columbia, known to be an enemy of jazz, was reported to have decreed that all Okeh masters of the "evil music" were to be destroyed. The jazz collectors felt that meant that if we didn't preserve the Armstrong Hot Fives, the Trumbauers, the Olivers, these all-important sounds of jazz would be lost forever. It clearly was our holy mission to prevent this.

We were a clannish lot and snubbed other collecting hobbyists. We were fond of saying, "You can't play a postage stamp!" The items that commanded our attention, instead, were recordings of full-fledged jazz bands and those of such commercial bands that employed a jazz stalwart who occasionally might be heard to take a solo.

The collectors of 78-rpm jazz records ranged in types from those who refused to play their items for fear of wearing them out to those who played their sides until they crackled.

With the arrival of the long-playing microgrooves in 1948, the scene changed. Wartime scrap drives had helped the hundreds of collectors across the country to deplete stocks of old records. Scientific advances had made possible the reproduction of all sounds, including those on destroyed masters, simply by making a new master from an available

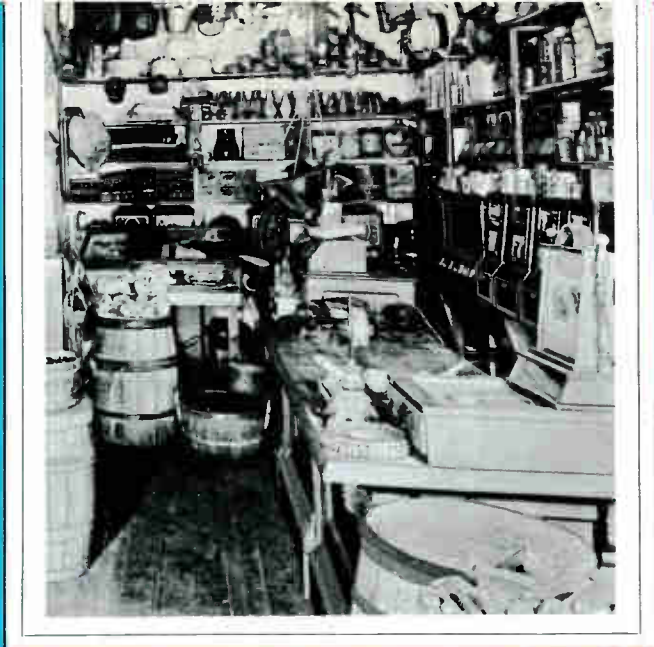
copy in reasonably good condition. Collectors from the days of the 78-rpm began to think in terms of transferring their cherished music from the fragile shellac discs to the unbreakable vinylite LPs and tapes.

A good part of the thrill of the chase was gone as discographers researched and published reasonably accurate and complete histories of jazz recording prior to 1948.

Today's jazz record collector concentrates more fully on the music than did his predecessors. Today he specializes more in the music of a particular artist. (The old-time collector thought he ultimately could obtain every jazz record ever made.)

Since 1939, there has developed a substantial jazz recording industry that embraces small independent jazz labels as well as jazz departments within the major record-producing concerns. The collector today buys his items as they come out or forages for them among the bargain counters of self-service retail shops. There is, and has been for some years, a multitude of reissue programs. Obscure LP labels marketed in cut-rate drugstores sometimes offer surprises in that the tracks were taken from long-lost jazz recordings. There is one similarity remaining from the old days and that is the paucity of discographical information since 1948. This factor, however, is not as crucial a problem as it used to be, thanks to the practice of including liner notes with jazz LPs. The chase today involves locating the many out-of-print (10- and 12-inch) jazz LP discs.

THERE USED to be in 1937-38 a hole-in-the-wall shop on Wabash Ave. near Van Buren St. in Chicago known as the Record Rendezvous. The narrow front room, entered directly from the street, held about six tables on which were piled in disarray used jukebox recordings. In most instances the popular sides of these records were no longer playable; the stylus on the box had worn them to a fuzz. But



ING!!

Chicago's jazz-record collectors would check them over anyway, hoping to find an unplayed jazz rendition on the reverse side. The Bob Crosby Band's version of *It's Wonderful* was popular, but on the reverse could be found in perfect condition *Just Strolling*, with a fine improvised solo by pianist Joe Sullivan.

It wasn't really the piles of Victor, Decca, Bluebird, and red-label Columbia 78s that made this shop a hangout for record collectors. In the back, through a curtained door, was an inner sanctum. There in a small room could be found orange crates filled with the untouchables—mysterious antiques on Gennett, Okeh, Paramount, and other labels of the 1920s.

Mr. Weile, the proprietor of the Rendezvous, was himself a collector—with a profit motive.

We frequently ran into him on the south side in used furniture stores, the Good Will marts, and the Salvation Army dumps. He was out to find the records first so he could resell them to us at a higher price. When we spotted him, we immediately moved our activities to another part of town. He had superior resources and was wont to buy in large lots, maybe taking every record that had been added to the store's stock in the previous week. Of course, he didn't have our discriminating knowledge concerning what records were valuable—not until he discovered Charles Delaunay's *Hot Discography*. (We never did find out which collector tipped him off to that book.)

A well-remembered experience will illustrate the financial implications of the foregoing. One day I located a tall milk can in the back of a used-furniture store. It was about four feet high with a diameter of about 15 inches. I guessed that the can held perhaps 700 10-inch discs. Close to the bottom was a Gennett record by the Wolverine Orchestra featuring Bix Beiderbecke's cornet chorus on *Riverboat Shuffle*, a

highly desirable record at the time. I gave the man a nickel for the disc; Weile would have given him \$2 for the entire batch.

Naturally, a rather delicate situation existed regarding relations between shop proprietor Weile and the Chicago collectors.

Weile was reluctant to let us look inside his orange crates. More than once he had shown one of us a copy of a record like Louis Armstrong's *Cornet Chop Suey*, priced from \$1 up to \$7.50 depending on the condition, and we had said to ourselves, "If the old man found it, there must be other copies around." Sure enough, a week later one of us would walk in, slap Weile on the back, and show him a better copy of the same Hot Five disc for which the cost had not been more than a dime.

Weile received the bulk of his collector business from the out-of-towners: the Chicagoans loved to bring them in because that usually offered us a chance to see what the old boy had stashed away in his crates. A group of Chicagoans sat around with bulging eyes one night while Bill Love from Nashville, Tenn., selected a pile of items to be shipped to his home. Love spent \$75 and took a pile of rare items out of our reach.

In spite of an occasional strain or two, Weile liked to have the Windy City record fiends around his place. We were competitors, but the field was wide open, and for such operators as Weile it could be lucrative.

Chicago had been a jazz center during the '20s and the popularity of King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Earl Hines, and Bessie Smith in Chicago's south-side theaters and cabarets had caused a tremendous volume of record sales. More rare jazz records were uncovered in the area than in New York, New Orleans, or any other one U.S. city. Items such as the Earl Hines QRS solos were found nowhere else.

On Fridays after work, we would gather in Weile's back room to talk about the dictaphone cylinders Walter Melrose



had young Armstrong make to demonstrate Melrose-published tunes on his cornet (they've never been found), the rumored cylinder recorded in New Orleans by the white cornetist Emmett Hardy, or the fabulous Claxtanola find made by Les Zacheis in Iowa City, Iowa. The Claxtanolas were reprints of Gennett recordings, including all those of the Wolverines.

The regulars at the Record Rendezvous included E. B. (Sullie) Sullivan, the dean of Chicago record hoarders, who



made his living as a cartoonist (his line drawings appeared in *Down Beat* during 1938); Charlie Powell, who got on his knees to worship Beiderbecke; Frank Lyons, a native of Chicago's near north-side Gold Coast, known to us as "the Windy City's John Hammond" because he organized and sponsored Pete Dailey's Jazz Band during a six-month rehearsal period (the band never got a full-time engagement); Joe Campbell, a purist unable to stand cracked or otherwise flawed records; Walter (Waldo) Esslinger, a California expatriate, who left his collection on the West Coast and came in primarily to play Duke Ellington's Columbia recording of *The Sergeant Was Shy* featuring Rex Stewart (Weile complained that Esslinger wore out a dozen copies of *Shy* and bought only two inexpensive items in a year's time); and finally the nameless Texan, who bugged Weile ("What's with that guy?" Weile would ask; "he smokes his cigars like a bird eating a worm, and they've got the damndest stink!").

There was one Friday night in the spring of 1939 when Weile let down his defenses. All of us with the exception of Esslinger, who was listening to *The Sergeant Was Shy* with eyes ablaze in the darkened front room, were seated in a circle talking. Each one of us hoped to glean a tip on where to start looking the next morning. We had known Weile had been the manager of the record departments in a Midwestern chain of dime stores before opening his own retail outlet; what we weren't aware of was that he had been a salesman for the old Okeh company during the '20s.

On this occasion the shop proprietor was unusually loquacious.

"There's one thing I can't understand," he said. "When I sold Okeh race records throughout the Middle West, my best customers were dealers in Gary, Ind. Today, I go out there, and I can't find an Okeh anywhere. I sold many an Armstrong Hot Five, Clarence Williams Blue Five, and King Oliver Jazz Band in that part of my territory. Where are they now?"

At 5 a.m. the next day, I was on the South Shore interurban for Gary. By 7, I was mapping out my day's campaign. We used to plan our searching expeditions in those days. Bill Love used to make a block-by-block map of a town, and as he covered each locale, he would strike it off of his map. A seasoned collector at that time also knew the contents of Delaunay's 1936 *Hot Discography* by heart; anyone poring

over this book while on the hunt was an amateur. The 1936 Delaunay was his first edition and was the only work of its kind in existence until late 1939 when the 1938 edition arrived in the United States. The initial volume was comparatively incomplete and also included some gross errors. For instance, such a record as King Oliver's *Mabel's Dream* and *Sweet Baby Doll*, on Okeh 8235, was not listed. Consequently, we didn't know such an item existed.

To cover the Gary scene, I checked with the station agent, and found that all the used-furniture stores were on either Broadway or Washington streets. These two long streets parallel each other, one block apart, and I determined to go out Broadway and back on Washington. From the foot of Broadway the hunt took me through the business section to a nest of Good Will stores and used-goods shops.

At first, pickings were very slim. My hopes rose a little when I came upon a likely looking drugstore close to where the residential area began. (In the '20s drugstores had been franchised to sell records, usually by small labels like Paramount and Edison. There once was discovered a pile of good records in a Mesirov drugstore on Chicago's west side. The pharmacist was a relative of jazzman Milton [Mezz] Mesirov, who changed the spelling to Mezzrow.)

When I asked the Gary soda clerk about records, he brought out a handful of them from under the fountain. I was too late. All that were left were commercial dance-band and Gospel-singer recordings, and jazz followers had not yet got involved with soul music.

About 2 p.m., while making my last stop on Broadway, I found a trunkful of records under a pile of used dresses in a Salvation Army store.

It took more than an hour to go through them (we could shuffle them like cards, usually, about 10 records a second until the band title or the color of the label made us pause for further study). In that stash of Joseph C. Smith's Orchestra on Victor and Yerkes Marimba Band on a light-blue Columbia label, I finally came across a Broadway by Charles Pierce and His Orchestra of 1927. It was *Nobody's Sweetheart*, which featured a long and wild clarinet solo by the late Frank Teschemacher. The radial crack, about an eighth of an inch at the rim, got narrower as it went toward the label, and about an inch of the inside grooves was uncracked. (After ruining three sapphire needles playing

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the side, I later traded it to a fellow collector for 10 less-spectacular, but more-playable items.)

By the rules of the game, I had made a major find in spite of the crack, but up to that point I was still sorely disappointed with Gary and turned down Washington St. with \$2.50 left from the original \$3 I intended to spend. (On the south side of Chicago one would sometimes spend all his money or accumulate more discs than he could carry by noontime.)

The first stop on Washington appeared to be a bleak, dark used-furniture store. The proprietor was a grumbling old-timer who complained bitterly about having to move a couple of cruddy bassinets and reading-lamp stands to get at his 25 used records. He wanted me to take them to the front of the store to look at them in daylight so that I wouldn't burn the bare electric bulb and use up all his profits from a possible sale. There was nothing exciting in the bunch, but as was a collector's policy, I bought a couple for a nickel apiece to keep the man from becoming furious. As I recall, they were a Charleston Chasers and a New Orleans Rhythm Kings Gennett of *Angry*. I already had four copies, in better condition, of *Angry* at home. He wrapped them in a faded newspaper, and I started out.

On my way out the door, my eye caught a glimpse of a dusty record banner hanging by the front window. I remembered the weekly flyers distributed a decade earlier by record companies to announce the new releases. A close-up revealed this particular one, dated May, 1927, had been issued to announce the release of Frankie Trumbauer's Okeh recording of *Ostrich Walk* and *Riverboat Shuffle* plus five or more other new releases. Further inspection showed that the corner of the store held empty shelving of the type formerly used in record shops. I went back to root out the old character again because I wanted to buy the flyer as a curio.

Going back toward the rear, I spotted a pile of records in envelopes lying horizontally on the top shelf out of reach. When I got the proprietor, we immediately started arguing about the definition of the word "new." He contended "You wouldn't be interested in those records. They are new and cost a dollar apiece."

I argued, "But they are not new. They didn't come out last week!"

We both were right, for they were still in their original

envelopes and unplayed and had been issued 10 years earlier. But the fight had started before I'd even had a chance to look at the sides.

Finally, after much pleading and my guarantee to spend at least \$1, he got a rickety old stepladder. I still had \$2.40 and a return ticket to Chicago. After I'd climbed to the top and looked, I would have pawned my watch if I'd had one.

The top record, after an inch of dust was blown off the label, read King Oliver's Jazz Band playing *Mabel's Dream*. I'd never heard of this one and in my delight I must have caused the ladder to sway. The proprietor, who had been glaring at me, grabbed the ladder and shouted, "Hey, you damn fool, what's the matter?" I handed the record down to him with shaking hands and said, "I-I-I'll take this one."

The next one? It was Armstrong's *Gut Bucket Blues*. Then a Sippie Wallace. Then another Hot Five. A Jelly Roll Morton band version of *London Blues*. Oliver's *Buddy's Habits*. These were followed by another jolt—a Blanche Calloway record, which by itself meant little, but this one had written in the upper right-hand corner of the label "Cornet by Louis Armstrong." It also was unlisted in Delaunay. The tunes were *Lazy Woman's Blues* and *Lonesome Lovesick Blues*.

This was a dream haul, and there I was short of money. All were mint Okehs, with only about five lemons in the bunch—a Sophie Tucker, a Tampa Jazz Band, and a couple others now forgotten.

There must have been 40 records in that pile. Finally, I got the shopkeeper down to 80 cents a record and took Oliver's *Mabel's Dream*, the Calloway, and the Jelly Roll Morton with a promise to return the next day and pick up the rest.

The excitement of this haul was too much to keep secret, and, besides, I wanted Sullie to drive me out to Gary the next day. As soon as I got back to Chicago, I called Sullivan, and we duly went out and cleaned up the remaining sides. It took all my eating money for the upcoming week and the sacrifice of some good records to Sullie.

Ah, the good old days of the old-time record collectors. Maybe, the 1963 record collector could experience a bit of that exhilaration by seeking out and finding the early bebop records and the 10-inch modern jazz LPs. And he wouldn't do the cause of humanity any harm either. ■

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF 20th CENTURY CONCERT MUSIC AND ITS EFFECTS ON JAZZ



THE 20th century has witnessed a rather staggering series of evolutionary and revolutionary changes in music. Not only has there been the emergence of jazz—certainly one of the most unique developments in the entire history of music—but also every phase of musical creativity in the nonjazz field has been fundamentally, radically re-evaluated in the last 60 years. In the “classical” field this process was precipitated by two major “revolutionary” periods. The first one fell roughly between the years 1905 and 1915, the other in the last decade.

At no other time has there been available to the musically inclined such a diverse profusion of styles, techniques, and concepts. In fact, the history of our century presents a musical picture of such complexity, with styles and techniques interrelated and overlapping in so many ways, it is small wonder that the layman, who is not able to unravel either the various strands of developments or the qualitative differences in contemporary music, throws up his hands in

despair and hides behind an I-know-what-I-like attitude. It is the intent of this article to clarify for the jazz enthusiast the perspective of these developments and to show in what way the important innovations of our time have affected the evolution of jazz.

At the beginning of the century, it was evident to a few clear-thinking musicians that much of the accumulated bric-a-brac of 19th-century practices had to be discarded. During the course of the century, Beethoven's visionary innovations had gradually become dissipated. All but a few composers lost contact with those fundamental principles that had generated the masterpieces of Mozart and Beethoven.

In time, music had become overloaded with extramusical (mostly literary) connotations, which in turn led to increasing discrepancies between form and content. As chromaticism gradually encroached upon diatonic territory; composers became more and more involved with the harmonic prob-

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lems engendered thereby; and by the end of the 19th century almost everybody had forgotten the real meaning of polyphony or how it functioned. Formal conciseness had given way to overblown, rambling monster-forms, filled with programmatic content of a literary or philosophical nature. Orchestration virtuosity, soul-rending romanticism, and the expression of the "individual self" at any cost were the items held in highest esteem. The Brahms-Wagner feud, largely sustained by followers rather than the factional leaders themselves, was predicated primarily on artistic-esthetic disagreements revolving around the aforementioned points. Brahms the classicist, the creator of pure "abstract" forms, Wagner the romantic, the creator of philosophy-saturated mythological music dramas: these were the two antitheses, and the fact that we call the ensuing period the post-Wagnerian period indicates who was thought to be the winner in this esthetic controversy.

Just before or around the turn of the century, composers like Liszt, Wagner, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Moussorgsky, in their late works, and Strauss, young Schoenberg, Scriabin, and Debussy, in their youthful efforts, had pushed chromaticism to the point where a musical stock-taking seemed obligatory. Interpreting the advanced harmonic-melodic language of the time in terms of an ambiguous diatonicism no longer seemed possible. A new language was being developed then, and with it a reappraisal of all the corollary elements of music had to be made. Not every composer of those years realized this, some not at all and others only dimly. But the best among them pushed on, instinctively or consciously, until the borderlines of atonality had been reached and a more liberated rhythmic-metric continuity had been established.

It is largely a matter of semantics whether we call these changes evolutionary or revolutionary. They were evolutionary in the sense that they were the result of a logical step-by-step development, but they seemed revolutionary because they took place in such a short span of time. Schoenberg's second *String Quartet* and his *Three Piano Pieces, Op. 11* (both written in 1908) represent the borderline which marks the emancipation of tonality. Seven opus numbers and only one year later, his melodrama *Erwartung* opens the floodgates of "total freedom" in music, and a turning back was now, from an esthetic-philosophic point of view, an impossibility. Another three and four years later, three "revolutionary" masterpieces were conceived—Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* (1912), Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* (1913), and Debussy's *Jeux* (1913), and a complete stylistic conceptual upheaval had been effected—in half a decade.

Following in close formation were most of the younger men of the time—Prokofief, Milhaud, Berg, Webern, Bartok, Szymanowski, Ravel, and Scriabin—who all pushed toward or past that same borderline that marked the break-up of tonality and symmetry as prerequisite musical conventions. (The American Charles Ives had actually anticipated most of the radical innovations of the period by several years. However, unrecognized in his lifetime, his music exerted virtually no influence until recent years.)

From the vantage point of the 1960s, we now know that not all of the three pivotal masterpieces mentioned before were so ranked by the music world.

Only *Rite of Spring* enjoyed a rather immediate and consistent artistic as well as commercial success. Debussy's *Jeux*, on the other hand, is still considered an obscure also-ran by most conductors and musicians, not to mention the public, and *Pierrot Lunaire*—once banned by Major Fiorello LaGuardia from New York City's municipal radio station as unfit for broadcasting—is recognized for the masterpiece it

is by only a small minority of the musical public.

Previous periods in history have shown us that contemporary artists rarely are evaluated correctly in their own times. Frequently recognition comes after the artist's death, most often because he is considered too advanced, but sometimes because he is considered (erroneously) too old-fashioned—as in the case of Bach.

So, too, in our time, it is not surprising that it took some 50 years for the more enlightened strata of the musical public to reassess the contributions made by Schoenberg and his followers and Debussy. But this misjudgment in itself had an effect on future musical developments, for the period between the wars seemed to be involved primarily with stylistic consolidation and a return to various forms of 18th- and 19th-century practices under the so-called neo-classic banner.

A few composers, such as Webern, were neither swayed by public opinion nor in any other way diverted from pursuing the challenges implied by the 1905-1915 revolution. But this was not recognized as significant by even fellow composers until the late '40s, and the general public was not aware of the real course of events until the last few years, insofar as it has become aware of these developments at all.

VIEWED HISTORICALLY and objectively, we see now that there were two parallel developments in the between-the-wars period: one was real and logical, predicated on the discoveries and implications of that early "revolution" and carried out in quiet and isolation by a handful of composers; the other was an illusory development, evading the real implications of the revolution, thus leading eventually to a blind alley, yet heralded for several decades as the only legitimate compositional direction.

The titular heads of these two factions (the neo-classicists and the atonalists or 12-toners) were Stravinsky and Schoenberg, and as recently as the late '40s each side took dialectical pot shots at the other, again—as in the Brahms-Wagner controversy—mostly instigated by disciples.

In this connection, the appearance of Debussy's name in that triumvirate of composers may come as a surprise to most readers. The fact is that Debussy's real influence and importance has been recognized only in the last 10 years. Classified for many years as merely an "impressionist tone painter" of great sensitivity, Debussy's real contribution is now known to be much more fundamental. He saw, perhaps more clearly than anyone, the necessity for re-evaluating the heritage left by the 19th century. In the sense that he represents both the end of an era and the beginning of a new one, he is perhaps the Jelly Roll Morton of "classical" music—a man who took the traditional elements handed down to him by a previous generation and fundamentally reshaped them to form the basis of a new "modern" music in his lifetime.

To analyze the intent and nature of Debussy's contribution properly in full would go beyond the intentions of this article, but some of the more salient factors can be quickly noted:

1. Debussy was the first one to rid himself of the 19th-century notion that musical sounds had a specific meaning beyond themselves. His music, especially the later music, is concerned with sound per se, and the re-evaluation of musical elements and techniques in *purely musical* terms.

2. He foresaw clearly that 19th-century developmental forms (such as sonata form) had become obsolete and that as chromaticism superseded diatonicism and functional harmony, new forms identifiable with chromaticism would

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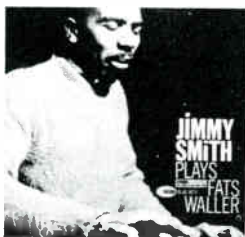
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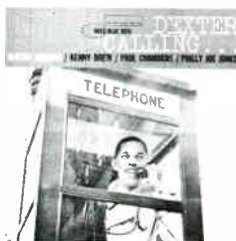
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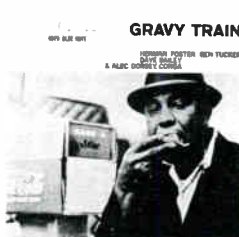
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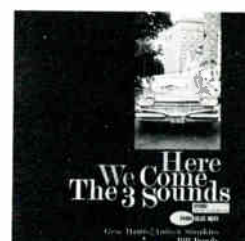
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have to be evolved.

3. He also realized—and this relates back to the sound-per-se concept—that the old hierarchy of musical elements had to be abolished. Whereas the old order consisted of melody as the predominant musical element, harmony next, and rhythm, timbre, and dynamics all of lesser magnitude, Debussy realized a new order in which these elements would be democratized, so to speak—all would be of equal importance and equally capable of determining the structural progress of a given piece of music.

4. With the downfall of melody, the next logical step was toward an a-thematic music, which we have today in serial technique, and which Debussy clearly foresaw in his ballet *Jeux* and in the piano *Etudes*.

5. This in turn led to a more “cellular” approach to form and structure, and thus to a concept of an open form—a form that does not return to its starting point by means of recapitulation or repetition but instead develops a one-directional, point-to-point continuity in which any given moment links directly with only the immediately succeeding moment, thus forming a chainlike continuity of musical events.

Had Debussy's contribution to music been properly evaluated 40 or 50 years ago, the course of musical history would certainly have been different. As it was, Debussy was put aside as merely a supreme orchestrator, the “inventor of impressionist harmonies,” and a musical colorist. Debussy died in 1918, leaving the reigns of musical leadership to Stravinsky.

As already stated, the neo-classical experiment occupied everyone's attention for nearly 30 years—everyone except Webern, Schoenberg, Berg, and Varese. Among the three Viennese atonalists recognition was withheld in exact ratio to the degree of their radicalism.

Berg, who sought a link between late 19th-century romanticism and atonality, was the first to receive some moderate acclaim.

Schoenberg's difficult scores, which reflect the depth, uncompromising quality, and intellectual properties of his personality, proved a more formidable stumbling block in the path of critical acceptance. It should also be noted that Schoenberg, who was born in the 19th century (1874), was never able to shake off completely certain 19th-century formal ideas, and in this one respect his music can be seen as a relapse toward a type of formal neo-classicism.

Though Webern's music may ultimately be considered more limited in scope and expressive range than that of Schoenberg (and I am certain of this), his contribution to the music of our time lay in the clarity with which he pursued the implications of the musical revolution he helped shape, implications that, as I have shown, all the other composers either did not realize or live to fulfill.

Varese, who, as a young man, knew and valued Debussy, arrived at an independent position somewhere left of both the atonalists and neo-classicists. But once again his remarkable visionary scores of the '20s, which predict, in essence, the electronic music of today and which in many ways serve as a link between late Debussy and today's avant garde, were largely ignored, and they have not exerted any noticeable influence until the last 10 years or so.

THUS IT can be seen that the musical revolution of 1905-1915, like the Civil War (which contemporary observers must surely conclude was fought in vain), was to all intents and purposes for naught. It had taken place, but as far as the greater community of composers and the public were concerned, none of its implications had been acted upon. An awakening to this fact finally came in the late '40s

when both here and abroad a new generation of composers, breaking through the fog and stagnation of the period, started a second revolution. For men like Pierre Boulez in Europe and Milton Babbitt in this country the point of departure was either Webern or Schoenberg or a combination of certain aspects of both, but not neo-classicism.

Here a man who until then had been a lonely bystander must be introduced: Olivier Messiaen, the great French organist and improviser, who out of his own researches into ancient Hindu and Greek music and other exotic folklore, arrived at a method of serializing musical elements other than pitch (which had already been accomplished by Schoenberg and his 12-tone method).

In the years immediately after the war, Messiaen's foremost pupil, Boulez, began a rigorous reinvestigation of Webern's compositional and technical achievements, combining these with a typically French sense for the decorative and coloristic qualities of music. In many respects, he established for the first time a conscious esthetic link between Debussy and Webern. In a curious series of interchanges, Messiaen, who had after all been a prime influence on his young pupil, was himself, in turn, inspired by the radical innovations of Boulez to pursue a more abstract conception of music, and in his remarkable *Rhythm Etudes* of 1949-50, he made the serialization of musical components a creative reality. Boulez then applied these same serial procedures to 12-tone technique or serial music (i.e., music based on a 12-tone series as the sole source of every aspect and phase of a given composition).

From this point on, which is represented by Boulez' *Structures* for two pianos, the new-born serial movement spread like wild fire, and there is hardly a young composer worth talking about who today is not in some way involved with serial technique or its more recent offshoots. (The fact that Stravinsky and Copland, both leaders of the neo-classic camp, have defected to the serialists, has had an understandably significant effect on the spread of serial technique.)

In the United States, even before Messiaen and Boulez, Milton Babbitt had evolved a basically similar but even more consequent and sophisticated serial technique—significantly not via late Webern, but via an extension of Schoenberg's serial procedures in respect to pitch. But here again, for reasons which it is perhaps still too early to discuss objectively, Babbitt's music was totally ignored in his own country, and only recently has it begun to come into its own. In the meantime, young American composers, to the extent that they tended toward serial technique at all, were initially drawn to it by the music of the European avant garde of Boulez, Karlheinz Stockhausen, Nono Berio, and others.

The radical development, which earlier I called a second revolution (again it all happened within a span of about four or five years), naturally took the world of music by surprise. This can perhaps best be appreciated when we realize that in the early '50s the music world had not yet accepted or understood the first revolution of 50 years ago.

But things have not been standing still since the early '50s. There are many signs that the weight of creative influence is shifting gradually from Europe to this country. Certainly there is in the United States a maturing generation of young composers that not only is, almost as a matter of necessity, more in touch with the realities of musical practices and less given to instrumental technical excesses but also is using the new techniques in a vital and vigorous way that the gradually stagnating European situation has lost most recently.

And it is not unreasonable to assume that the vitality and expressive dynamism of jazz has in this respect played a considerable role (whether consciously or unconsciously mat-



Gene Krupa



Buddy Rich



Max Roach



Joe Morello



Shelly Manne



Louie Bellson



Roy Haynes



Don Lamond



Joe Jones



Sonny Payne



Frank Butler



Alvin Stoller



Stan Levey



Lex Humphries



Bert Dahlander



Jack Sperling



Gus Johnson



Kenny Clarke



Barrett Deems



Lionel Hampton



Ray Bauduo



Chico Hamilton



Jimmie Cobb



Ed Thigpen



Connie Kay



Vernel Fournier



Louis Hayes



Roy Burnes



Mickey Sheen



Frankie Dunlop



Dave Bailey



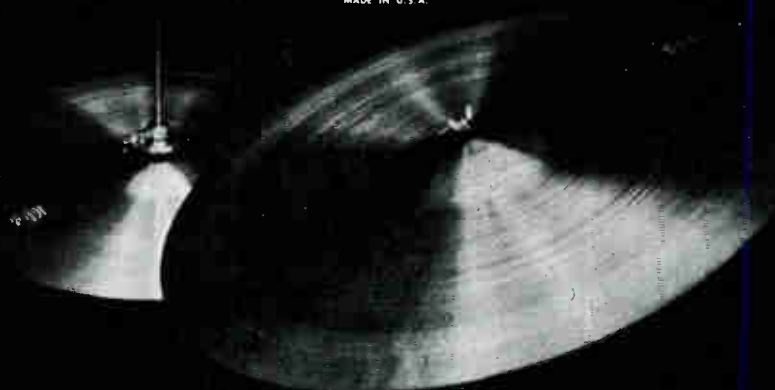
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ters not). The European movement has of late aligned itself with John Cage and Earle Brown, and although there is some divided opinion as to whether Cage is admitted into the European community because of his music or because he represents a kind of iconoclastic symbol in usurping the middle-class standards that are entrenched in Europe as much as they are here, the fact remains that Cage's theories of chance and indeterminism in music have found a much wider acceptance in Europe than here.

WHAT HAS all this to do with jazz? On one level perhaps nothing. On another level perhaps a great deal.

There is no question that the majority of the jazz-conscious public and jazz musicians reject entirely the notion of an influence by contemporary classical music on jazz. If we mean by this a conscious studied influence, I agree completely as far as the first 30 to 40 years of jazz are concerned. If we speak of the period *since* the Second World War, it would be hard to maintain that jazz has been entirely insulated against classical music. One can point to literally hundreds of jazz musicians, of whatever stature, who have in one way or another and in varying degrees been influenced by some aspect of classical practices.

Let me make myself clear. Such influences have not been basic ones, i.e., influences that have fundamentally altered the course of jazz. That phase may yet come, but until now, jazz has always renewed itself in any primary sense from within its own resources and frame of reference. But there can be no denying that a host of younger musicians—the list would include Eric Dolphy, Bill Evans, Don Ellis, the late Eddie Costa, Gil Evans, Bill Russo, Lee Konitz, Lennie Tristano, J.J. Johnson, Charlie Mingus, Cecil Taylor, Richard Davis, Sonny Rollins, John Lewis, Oscar Peterson, Art Davis, Charles Bell, Dave Baker—have in one or more aspects of their playing or composing been given an impetus by classical music. It might be of a purely technical nature, or it might be some stylistic, compositional element that has caught their fancy. But in some way they have evinced more than passing interest in “classical” music. In almost all cases, such influences have then been assimilated and absorbed.



PROKOFIEF

BARTOK

MUSIC '63

Even such older jazz greats as Art Tatum, Duke Ellington, Bix Beiderbecke, Benny Goodman, and even Charlie Parker, had their innings with classical music in some way. In his last years Parker was listening as often as possible to recordings of Bartok, Stravinsky, and Schoenberg—and sometimes complained to friends that he regretted not being able to play music of such harmonic-melodic scope.

Many jazz musicians are insufferably sensitive on this score. Some look upon jazz not as a musical phenomenon, but as a purely social one, not admitting even that it might be both. For them any mention of classical influence reads like an accusation of broken faith to the cause. Others have retained an open mind and have welcomed any source of learning and broadening, whatever its origin, on the assumption that any accretion of knowledge, no matter how remote it might seem to others, is valid grist for the artistic mill.

In many cases jazz musicians have gone outside their field for solutions to problems that classical music already had solved. It may be a matter as seemingly insignificant as the right fingering on a bass for a certain passage, or it could be something as radical as the conversion of 12-tone technique to the needs of jazz. The point is that in the hands of a great musician nothing is *inherently* incompatible.

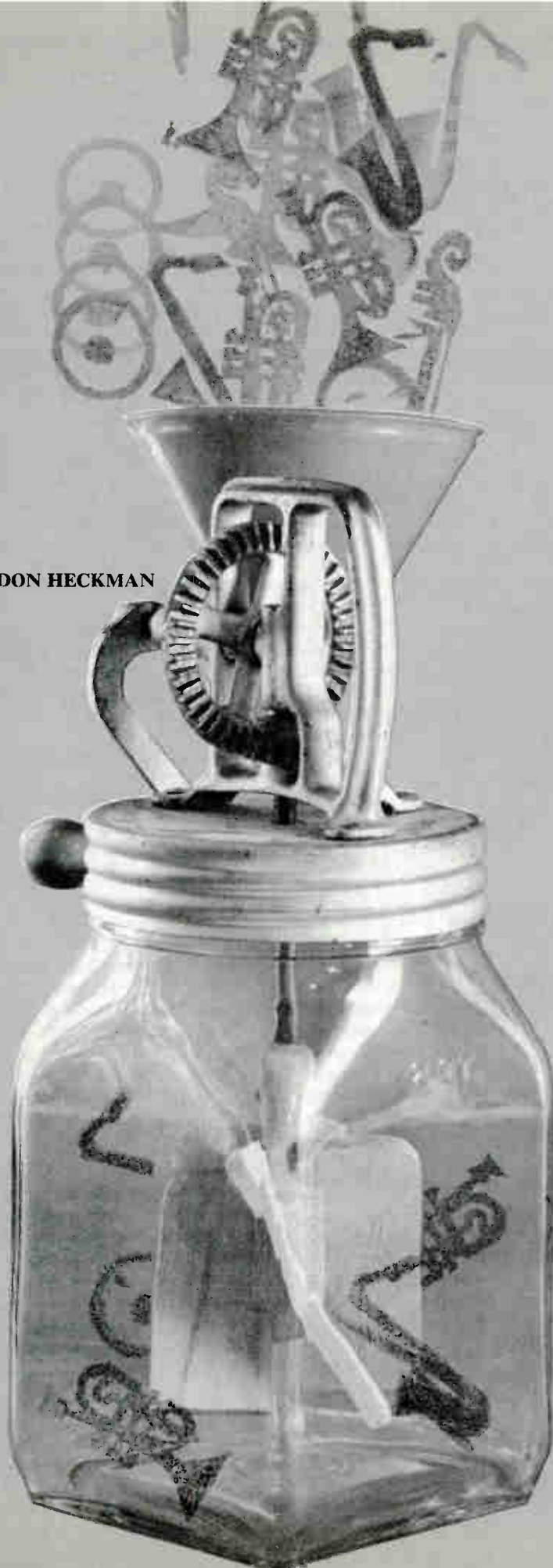
That the influence of classical music on jazz (to the extent that it exists as qualified above) did not reflect the true course of development of contemporary music is obvious from my original historical outline. A history that was thought to be evolving in terms of the Stravinskys, Hindemiths, and Bartoks but really was developing along entirely different lines, could obviously not exert any influences reflecting the true state of affairs.

Looking back now it can be seen that up until the late '40s any direct and deep penetration of the jazz world by classical thinking was inconceivable, since jazz was at that time still a rather closed world. It also was still more an adjunct of the entertainment field than the artistic discipline it has become today. But in this connection it is significant to note that music as simple and accessible as Stravinsky's neo-classicism—with its inner rhythmic drive and many other external characteristics, not, after all, unrelated to jazz—did not have any effect on jazz whatsoever; whereas soon after the full-blown emergence of an American 12-tone or serial movement, the latter's influence was not long in making itself felt among certain jazz groups. An exception might be John Lewis' jazz neo-classicism, were it not for the fact that such works of his that show a specific outside influence are indebted not so much to contemporary *neo-classicism* as to direct *classical* antecedents of a much earlier vintage. Is it possible that jazz, with its innate instincts well preserved, intuitively rejected the decorative superficialities of neo-classicism, sensing therein a lack of contact with the real roots of contemporary thinking?

The problem for the future, of course, is whether jazz can absorb more and perhaps more-fundamental influences without losing its identity. So far jazz' extraordinary individuality and genetic virility have prevented this from happening. Formed originally by a synthesis of African and European (classical!) elements, jazz is perhaps—like the patient who by taking an injection of serum becomes immune against this particular disease—also immune to any further debilitating effects from classical music.

Be that as it may, I would guess that jazz can continue to preserve its essence in the foreseeable future. But at the same time I would hope that it would not reject those valid and valuable accomplishments that may cross its path from an outside source. The history of our world was never less than that. ■

BY DON HECKMAN



“WITH REBELLION,” according to Albert Camus, “awareness is born.” The rebel is a man who says no, while simultaneously saying yes. He not only sets a limit but offers an alternative solution as well. Implicit in the action of the true rebel is the assumption that there is a better way of doing things, that the old way has reached the end of its productive life.

Art, like democracy, is nurtured by rebellions that take place at regular intervals. It has been characteristic of the short history of jazz that its development and maturation have been greatly compressed. Techniques that took centuries to develop in classical music (triadic harmony, for example) have been thoroughly explored by jazz musicians in a few decades, largely because much of the ground had been covered before. Freed of the necessity of evolving new harmonic techniques, jazzmen have been able to concern

WAY OUT THERE

themselves with the heartblood of the music—rhythm. But the most important reason for this compression is that a peculiar imbalance between conformity and originality, coupled with the natural spontaneity of jazz, has encouraged the appearance of the rebel, the man who says, “I will do it this way no longer.”

The rebel always emerges at a time when all seems to be well with the world. But this apparent accord is misleading. Rebellion only occurs when a surface gloss of universality envelopes a core of discontent. The first, and in some ways the most important, jazz rebel was Louis Armstrong.

Singlehandedly, and surely unconsciously, Armstrong took the first important step that led jazz away from the status of a purely functional music. By establishing—even demanding—the importance of the soloist in the improvisatory act, he signaled a direction that ultimately would lead jazz to the point where it is today—on the brink of a schism that will make at least one important part of it nonfunctional, an art form in itself. Far more so than may have seemed at the time, this was an act of rebellion on Armstrong’s part, and one that many traditionalists have never forgiven, preferring to be-

MUSIC '63

stow the mantle of approbation only on purely simultaneous group improvisations.

Armstrong's development of the soloist's role resulted from an intuitive understanding that group improvisation, as practiced at the time, was a dead end that could be circumvented only by a strong solo voice. As a soloist, he was able to give expression to rhythmic concepts that would set the pattern for the next 20 years. The rebel not only sets limits but by his very obstinacy also points to the new way. He does not, according to Camus, attempt to conquer, but simply to impose.

Change in jazz usually can be attributed to rebels. Lester Young insistently played his own way in the face of derisive efforts to mold him in the image of Coleman Hawkins; Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and Thelonious Monk worked out "weird" chords to prevent unsympathetic musicians from sitting in with them; Ornette Coleman doggedly continues to "play himself" despite accusations of ineptness and lack of technical skills. These are true rebels, desperately trying to agitate the stagnant waters of conformity with a torrential expression of their own selves.

We are now in the midst of another rebellion, one that will have profound and far-reaching effects. Ideas and principles at the heart of jazz are being radically re-examined and often found wanting. Although this is taking place in a quiet and reasoned manner, the consequences are potentially more explosive than those of the bop revolution.

Difficult as the music of Parker, Gillespie, et al., appeared to be at the time, it made little effort to change the basic premises underlying the jazz act. Parker was, in the final analysis, one of the most lyrical melodists in the history of jazz; the relationship between the playing of Gillespie and Armstrong, tenuous through it may have seemed in the 1940s, is now, in retrospect, unmistakable. More than a revolution of musical methods, the bop period was an affirmation of the jazzman's musical personality. No longer satisfied to consider themselves entertainers, the boppers strove to find personal musical expressions and to move slowly toward the goal of playing the music for its own sake.

The connecting link with the revolution of the '40s, and the figure whose work led directly to the present revolution, is Thelonious Monk.

As early as the late '40s, Monk was working with rhythmic spacing, harmonic freedoms, and angular, pointilistic melodic accents that deeply affect-

ed the young players of the '50s and '60s. Monk's comping and the way he frequently breaks up a melody into suspended, almost a "rhythmic" components offer tremendous possibilities for future development and are peculiarly similar to a suspension of predictable metric movement in contemporary classical music. (His compositions *Criss Cross* and *Four in One* and his playing on *The Man I Love* with Miles Davis [Prestige 7150] are good examples.)

The careful placing of notes in his chords is not unlike Duke Ellington's careful ensemble voicings, opening up the sound and removing the superfluous elements that frequently cloud the music of lesser performers and composers. Monk and Charlie Mingus can take credit for having brought back a sense of texture and richness to jazz ensemble voicings in the '50s, at a time when most groups were using the clean, crisp, but antiseptic blends of "cool" jazz. All through the '50s Monk continued on his own way. Lacking almost any support, he persisted in playing and composing a completely personal music.

The players of today have a deep awareness of the personal sacrifice involved in assuming such a position, and it is to their credit that the major voices—John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, Ornette Coleman, Mingus, Cecil Taylor, Jimmy Giuffre, and George Russell—have, for the most part, placed their personal viewpoints above all else.

But with the possible exceptions of Coleman and Giuffre, these musicians, the established leaders of the avant garde, must be considered artists who transform their environment. Their tools are modifications of the traditional ones. Russell with his Lydian system, Coltrane with scales, Rollins with melodic development, Taylor with brilliant rhythmic and harmonic technique, and Mingus with a wide variety of compositional approaches—all are trying to transform the materials of jazz into a more acceptable medium for their self-expression. Only recently have any of them indicated a desire to alter the seminal processes involved in the fundamental act of jazz.

Bitonality, polytonality, and even pantonality are not exactly strangers to jazz, but never before have they become forces in themselves; rather, they have cropped up occasionally as weird little inserts in the middle of solos or compositions. Other experiments, such as Teo Macero's manipulation of tapes on a rather curious record entitled *What's New?* (Columbia 842), proved abortive because they substituted the technique for the mu-

sic, always a dead-end approach. And Lennie Tristano's and Lee Konitz' interesting experiment in intuitive improvisation, *Intuition*, recorded in 1949, failed because the players were unable to alter their conventional rhythm habits. If the experiments had been pursued further, however, the results would surely have been more significant.

No area has been so thoroughly explored by the avant garde as the area of tonality—understandably, since few are intrepid enough to risk tampering with a factor as basic as the rhythms of jazz. Experimenters like Don Ellis, Jimmy Giuffre, and John Benson Brooks have had the greatest difficulty finding drummers who are interested in playing something other than the faddish, roaring pulses of today's jazz. Sonny Rollins in a *Blindfold Test* (*Down Beat*, Aug. 16, 1962) said, "... up until quite recently, when our drummer began sounding like he does, I was seriously contemplating not using drums."

Tonality, on the other hand, is everybody's football. Actually, there is little to risk. It became obvious in the early 1950s that Charlie Parker had very nearly reached the limits of what could be done with chord-based improvisation. In no small sense this accounts for the fact that the '50s, a period of universal technical prowess right down to the grass-roots level, was practically devoid of original musical thinking until nearly the end of the decade. Excluding Parker, its most important achievements involved (1) a consolidation of the techniques of bop (especially apparent in hard bop, funky jazz, and, surprisingly, West Coast jazz) (2) a deeper understanding of the influential forces of the '30s and '40s (*vide*, the spectacular return of the Basie band in the middle '50s, and the late recognition and understanding of Thelonious Monk's music).

Very little risk-taking was going on until the late '50s, when Coltrane, Mingus, and Russell, in particular, began to point out some new directions. Since that time, experiments with alternative approaches to improvisation have been tried by such a diverse lot as Miles Davis, Mingus, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and Giuffre. With the appearance of Ornette Coleman's first record, late in 1958, it became apparent that a full-fledged revolution was in the making. Soon a whole army of new players began to appear—Don Ellis, Eric Dolphy, Don Cherry, Steve Swallow, Ron Carter, Charlie Haden, Scott LaFaro, Dave Baker, Roland Kirk, Archie Shepp, Billy Higgins, Ed Blackwell, Walt Dickerson—the list could go on, all highly individual per-

formers who are often — deceptively — grouped together under the label “the new thing.”

HOW DOES their music differ from what has gone before? What is the common denominator that joins its players? There is never, of course any music that is totally new. Much of what the avant garde is doing is a consequence of its assimilation of the music of the past. But certain significant points are fairly constant:

1 The rejection of traditional harmony and the stultifying cadences that are an inseparable part of it. This goes across the board, from Coleman to the Third Stream composers and reflects a problem basic to the further development of jazz. The sanctity of the individual note, the use of vague, personality-crushing sonorities are avoided by almost all the individuals in the new wave. This is an understandable reaction to the dominating influence of harmonic sequences in jazz that, until now, colored both the style and the direction in which a player could play. There may come a time when the decades between 1930 and 1960 will be seen as the era of the popular song in jazz, a period in which most jazz was based on the chord changes of *Hit Parade* type of tunes and the blues.

2 The desire to play freely, i.e., without predetermined chord changes. The search for a substitute basis for improvisation is a logical outgrowth of the rejection of traditional harmony.

But here's the hang-up. Obviously, this is an easy way to avoid any responsibility for what one plays, especially since there is no easy way to approach this music.

As in abstract expressionist art, aleatoric (chance) music, and the theater of the absurd, there will be a great deal of successful faking before a consistent standard of performing excellence is determined. Nor is it enough to say, for example, that Coleman's emotional commitment is genuine — that fact should be obvious to any sensitive listener. More pertinent is the question of just what the sympathetic listener can find to hang onto in listening to a nonharmonic (and frequently nonobjective) music.

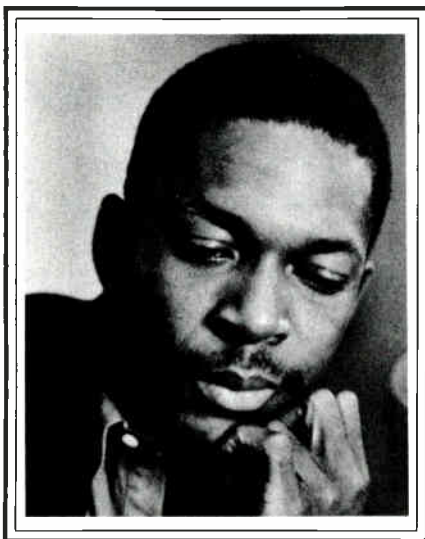
During a recent panel discussion at New York radio station WBAI, George Russell made an interesting observation: “The last evolution was one in which chord-based music was kept . . . You could still go and hear *How High the Moon*, no matter how you heard it . . . The people were more easily educable concerning that particular kind of music because they still had something to relate to and to hang

onto . . . This music (nonharmonic) is a broader music; it's not based on changes or playing show tunes or pop tunes. Therefore, it's a less accessible music.”

Few persons are more aware of this inaccessibility than clubowners. Only the fact that Rollins and Coltrane have a demonstrated ability to draw audiences has kept them working continuously. Others, like Cecil Taylor, have rarely been given work opportunities. But even those members of the avant garde with established commercial reputations can attempt further experimentation only at considerable risk. Once a public image is established, great pressures arise to keep it unchanged.

Between them, Coltrane and Rollins have won most major saxophone polls for the last two years. In one sense, they represent two converging streams of improvisation.

Coltrane, a harmonic player, push-



John Coltrane

ed his improvisations to the outer limits of harmonic possibility, established the 16th-note pattern as a part of the jazz vocabulary, and then moved away from a chordal viewpoint into improvisations based on scales. This is similar, in some respects, to the improvisatory methods of Russell and to the music of the Middle East and India. Coltrane's most recent work, as can be heard on *Live at the Village Vanguard*, Impulse 10, and *Coltrane*, Impulse 21, suggests that he may be reaching the limits of this style. It will be interesting to see what further directions he chooses. His regular group, with McCoy Tyner on piano and the superb Elvin Jones on drums, has become one of the most well-integrated jazz units of recent years and a perfect expression of Coltrane's musical ideas. No saxophonist since Charlie Parker has

had such far-reaching influence upon younger players.

Rollins, a melodic player, has confined his activities, until very recently, to the area of traditional tonality. Although he has been a rebel of sorts for the major part of his playing career, Rollins' heresies have usually been within accepted limits. He was most criticized, perhaps, for the rough coarseness of his tone, especially in the early and middle 1950s when the tenor saxophone style leader was Stan Getz and the most acceptable tenor sound was soft and understated. Listeners soon came to realize that there was more to Rollins than a coarse tone—that he was a melodist of extraordinary powers who could sustain long solos through a labyrinth of closely related variations.

Rollins' announcement in 1959 of his voluntary exile from the jazz scene came as a shock. When he returned, two years later, his instrumental mastery, always superb, was astounding; he had become one of the greatest technical masters in the history of saxophone playing. Unfortunately, the two recordings released since his return (*The Bridge*, RCA Victor 2527, and *What's New?*, 2572) only sporadically reflect his present playing, usually best heard at club and concert dates. RCA was, however, on hand for a date last summer at the Village Gate in Greenwich Village and recorded some tapes that include his best work yet. For this job Rollins used former Ornette Coleman sidemen Don Cherry and Billy Higgins. Whether or not this unusual musical environment had an effect on Rollins cannot be accurately stated, but his playing was considerably changed.

For the first time he seemed entirely free of the harmonic undertow of his improvisations and relied completely upon long melodic statements. Noise factors, harmonics, and multinote accents were used freely. Rhythms, instead of being continuous and metronomic, were stop and go. Interestingly, this cannot be considered an unforeseen development.

In essence, Rollins, Coltrane, and Coleman arrived at similar conclusions by three different routes. Coltrane pushed his harmonic explorations further and further, to the point of nearly complete freedom; Rollins found that in melodic embellishment and ornamentation the chords became more and more irrelevant, and now he apparently has arrived at a point of liberation similar to Coltrane's; Coleman simply made a remarkable intuitive breakthrough. The interesting thing is that, although these players now are all working with somewhat similar mate-

rials, they still retain highly personal approaches to their music.

FOR COLEMAN, the road to prominence has been particularly difficult. His good fortune in having been recorded extensively over the last few years is more than offset by the burden of his selection as the darling of the aficionado avant garde. As a natural result of this he has attracted some of the most vicious criticism ever leveled at a jazz performer. As a true rebel, it is hardly surprising that Coleman has been forced to endure such vilification. Simply by saying "no, I will not play like this—there is a better way," Coleman has jeopardized the jazz establishment's most valuable possession, security. What he asks is, at the same time, everything and nothing. For the establishment (and don't ever suppose that one doesn't exist), Coleman's soul-searing freedom is threatening. To quote Camus again: "Tyranny comes more naturally than art to mediocre men." Thoroughly entrenched in commercial procedures, they have called Coleman an anarchist when his only desire was to be himself. Perhaps he is more accurate than not when he speaks of "economical musicians."

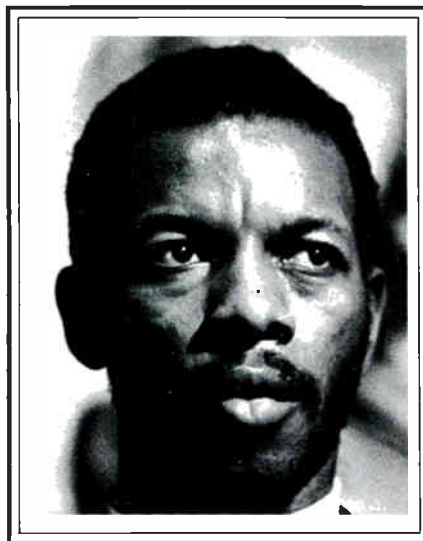
Coleman's music is far from anarchic. But it is as revolutionary for jazz as Arnold Schoenberg's second quartet (the soprano's first words are "I feel the air of other planets") was for classical music at its first performance in 1908. With the deceptive simplicity that frequently characterizes artistic innovation, Coleman plays a free improvisatory music sans chords or measure lines. Lacking even the unconscious reference of a harmonic cadence, the listener is first of all stunned by what appears to be a devastating stream of consciousness. Notes pile upon notes in disordered array and are interrupted with wild shrieks and primordial groans. All logic, order, and continuity seem to be lost.

Actually, like nonobjective painting or James Joyce's writings, it is primarily a question of one's point of reference. It would be absurd to look for Rembrandt's figure drawing mastery in a Jackson Pollack painting, and no one really expects Joyce to narrate a story in the manner of Maupassant. Order and logic are quite evident in Coleman's music but in a way that suits his own particular needs. That this order happens to be different from what has gone before does not imply that it lacks worth. But it must be heard with its own point of reference in mind.

Instead of relying, as most jazz musicians do, upon a theme-and-variations (usually harmonic) technique, Coleman views the theme as a mood-

setting device. Thus a theme such as *Lonely Woman* evokes from him a solo of rending sadness, whereas *Congeniality* is alive with warmth and good nature. In this sense, each performance of a given tune is definitive in itself, a seemingly desirable goal for the jazz improviser but one that is avoided by many players in favor of a reworking of familiar material.

As with Coltrane, Coleman's approach strongly resembles the methods of Indian musicians. But instead of using *ragas* (roughly, Indian scales) Coleman uses his front tunes to determine the mood and direction of his improvisations. The relationship between the tunes and the improvisations is similar to that between the *raga* and the way it is performed. Indian musicians would never consider using a morning *raga* during an evening performance, and Coleman would never play the same kind of solo on *Lonely Woman* that he would on *Congeniality*



Ornette Coleman

(both on *The Shape of Jazz to Come*, Atlantic 1317).

Obviously, what this means for the listener is that he is going to be disappointed mightily if he expects Coleman to play a set of variations on the chord changes of, say, *How High the Moon*. Although Coleman is perfectly well equipped to play with harmonies and bar lines (doubters should listen to his first recording, *Something Else*, Contemporary 3551, on which he uses conventional chord changes and cadences throughout), he just doesn't choose to do so. This is why he has, until now, recorded only one standard tune *Embraceable You* (on *This Is Our Music*, Atlantic 1353), and, coincidentally, why his music has seemed so inaccessible to the casual listener.

Coleman has never lacked an audience, however. If anything, his music has been discussed too much, has been

the scapegoat too frequently for personal vendettas between critics. He has been wounded by his friends and his foes; a messiah for some at his first appearance in New York City (and on albums bearing titles such as *The Change of the Century*, Atlantic 1327), the implications of his music were threatening enough to others to bring waves of philistines roaring to the ramparts. In the meantime, he has had regrettably few opportunities to work out his music under favorable conditions, in part because of his own reactions to all of this and in part because of the conservative business practices of many clubowners.

George Russell, on the other hand, slowly has begun to build a musical image with commercial potential. But even this nascent prominence occurs after years of personal sacrifice. Russell's extensive theoretical groundwork in his treatise, *The Lydian Chromatic Concept of Tonal Organization*, has produced the first effective textbook method for the jazz improviser and composer.

Like all theoretical systems, Russell's work involves a codification of what has happened in the past, but Russell goes one step beyond, projecting a feasible method of constructing new music. His work is especially well represented in a reissue entitled *The Jazz Workshop* (RCA Victor 2534) and a new recording, *The Stratus Seekers* (Riverside 412). In the last two years, Russell has worked primarily with young players (Don Ellis, Dave Baker, Eric Dolphy, Steve Swallow, and Pete LaRoca have been with him recently); he has slowly molded them into a controlled, but thoroughly spontaneous, expression of his musical ideas. Motion and color—elements that he handles masterfully—are the most attractive characteristics of Russell's music.

Charlie Mingus is practically in a class by himself. Enormously gifted, he is the most virtuosic bass player of modern times and is, in addition, the one jazz composer other than Ellington who has most successfully communicated his ideas to his players. Yet, with the irony so typical to jazz, his greatest success comes three or four years after a period that was artistically his most productive.

The middle and late 1950s were exceptionally good years for Mingus. On two excellent recordings (*Mingus Ah Um*, Columbia 1370, and *Mingus Dynasty*, Columbia 1440), he demonstrates a highly sophisticated composition technique, employing such devices as tonal gamuts and pitch fields for improvisation, and an extremely successful integration of solos into extended compositions. More recently he

has shown the electricity that his powers as leader can generate in sympathetic musicians, especially the startling playing of Dolphy (*Charles Mingus Presents Charles Mingus*, Candid 8005). In 1962, RCA Victor released a recording, (*Tijuana Moods*, 2533) made in 1957 that Mingus calls "the best record I ever made."

With Cecil Taylor the story is both simpler and sadder. He has been the forgotten man, abandoned to the worst artistic fate of all—that of being ignored.

His situation is not unlike that of Thelonious Monk 10 years ago, when many commentators and listeners assumed that Monk simply couldn't play the piano and let it go at that. Yet Taylor has shown, on recordings and in personal appearances, that he is a superb technician and a richly gifted, imaginative improviser. But he has lacked the hard-core professional support that has at least kept Ornette Coleman in recording dates. The greater part of Taylor's professional activities has been conducted in small Greenwich Village coffee houses and sometime-night clubs that vacillate between jazz and folk music. It is hardly surprising that the most recent *Playboy* Jazz Poll failed to include him among the 28 top places. Conversely, and this may be an optimistic sign, Taylor won the new-star category this year in the *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll. Whether or not this is a result, finally, of some genuine critical understanding or just a case of collective guilt, remains to be seen.

There are several reasons for the lack of interest in Taylor's playing. First of all is the problem of his instrument. The jazz pianist who fails to take a hornlike approach or departs from the easily understood elements of melody and accompaniment risks being misunderstood or overlooked. Since both Taylor and Monk have always used the full resources of the orchestra-in-miniature qualities of the instrument, they have in a sense started out with two strikes against them insofar as public response is concerned.

In addition, Taylor has incorporated the techniques of contemporary classical music into his playing style. This is not to imply that he lacks any of the jazz essentials. It does mean that he can shift from music with the textural densities of Debussy's *Preludes* to a scattershot pointillism similar to Schoenberg's *Five Piano Pieces* (*Op. 23*) and just as easily return to down-home, barrelhouse playing. Displaced rhythmic motives and accents, dramatic ostinatos, frequent polytonality and Cowell-like tone clusters, nontonal

rhythmic punctuations in the style of Stravinsky—all these are part of Taylor's improvisatory style. (*Looking Ahead*, Contemporary 3562, is one of his better recordings.)

Taylor's occasional difficulties in reaching his audiences, however, are intensified by his inclination to play long, extremely complex solos. An artist must be permitted to find his own level of performance, of course, but there is something to be said for careful editing. Thomas Wolfe would doubtless have been impossible to read—and might never have reached an audience at all—had it not been for the careful editing of Maxwell Perkins. Taylor's solos (like many of John Coltrane's) would probably not seem quite so long as they do were he better able to organize his profuse ideas. In any case, he is an extremely well-equipped young musician who deserves the sympathetic consideration of a far



Cecil Taylor

wider audience. On a recent Impulse recording, *Into the Hot* (Impulse 9), released under Gil Evans' name, he also reveals considerable skill as a composer.

Jimmy Giuffre may well be considered an elder statesman of the avant garde. His professional career spans two decades and a wide variety of styles, and he is still well in the vanguard of experimentation. Giuffre was one of the first, in a remarkable record, *Tangents in Jazz* (Capitol 634), made in 1955, to look into the possibility that the rhythmic elements of jazz need not be continually repeated.

"Classical music," Giuffre noted at the time, "once the rhythm is stated, assumed the freedom to move unaccompanied, and if jazz is going to continue to grow, it needs this same freedom." Giuffre's music, then and now, has been called precious. Actually, in his most recent group—a trio

that includes two superb instrumentalists, pianist Paul Bley and bassist Steve Swallow—Giuffre has quietly, but effectively, enacted many of the reforms that more highly publicized musicians have only approached. The work of this trio is a genuine improvisatory music in which harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic restrictions are abandoned in favor of sheer intuitive interaction. At a given point, any single instrument can be soloist or accompanist, a concept remarkably close to that of the original New Orleans jazz bands.

More recently, Giuffre, now playing clarinet almost exclusively, has actually played concert programs as unaccompanied clarinetist. This development could have particularly interesting consequences for players like Sonny Rollins and Cecil Taylor, who have had difficulty finding musicians who accurately reflect their musical viewpoints.

In the last two years Giuffre has become such an excellent clarinetist that he succeeds in bringing off this demanding feat. "I work best if there are no givens," Giuffre said. "You have to finally decide that you're up there alone. You can take your own sweet time. You can start—stop; you can go fast; you can go slow."

Like most of the other players of the avant garde, however, Giuffre has not yet found a way of sustaining continual interest. His music sometimes lacks the excitement of sudden, unexpected bursts of emotion, but Giuffre has shown a tenacious ability to grow and develop artistically and probably will find more satisfactory solutions to this problem.

EVEN WITH the fairly recent public acceptance these men have gained they are already well-established influences upon the younger generation. But today's rebels are not content merely to transform. Many are moving in directions that will reach down into the basics of jazz.

Is improvisation absolutely essential to jazz? How important is the rhythmic pulse called "swing"? What about the improvisational possibilities of atonality? Bitonality? Polytonality? Twelve-note rows? What are other acceptable bases from which improvisation can be originated? Can the act of jazz be viewed with the same significance with which action painters view the act of painting? What role should chance elements play? Is it possible to use the techniques of *musique concrète* or electronic music in a manner consistent with what we call jazz? What are the extramusical corollaries for jazz?—improvised poetry?, impro-

vised drama?, action music?

All of these questions are being asked. Few are completely new or original in themselves, and many have been partially explored in classical music by composers such as John Cage, Morton Feldman, Karlheinz Stockhausen, and Luciano Berio. The surprising thing is that jazzmen have not looked into them sooner. On the rare occasions when jazzmen have worked in these areas it usually has been in an oblique manner and only rarely in a way that can be considered truly revolutionary.

What is happening now is a direct, even predictable, result of the individual experimentation that was going on in the late 1950s in the work of Giuffrè, Mingus, Monk, and Russell. The sudden rash of young virtuosic bass players, for example, all playing with unprecedented rhythmic freedom, could hardly have occurred without the imaginative expansion of technique that was made by Wilbur Ware and Mingus. Trumpeters Don Ellis, Don Cherry, the late Booker Little, and Ted Curson all are obligated to the experiments in tonal flexibility that Miles Davis was working out in the middle and late '50s. Ornette Coleman and Eric Dolphy are obviously children of Bird, but their tonal freedom is not far removed from the approach that George Russell has been suggesting for years. And the debt that Paul Bley, Cecil Taylor, and Bill Evans owe Thelonious Monk and Lennie Tristano is obvious.

Paradoxically, influence works both ways. The mature leaders of the avant garde have responded, in varying degrees, to the adventurous vitality of the younger players. Mingus, Russell, and Giuffrè, in particular, have made a point of associating themselves with young musicians, and Rollins' recent use of Don Cherry and Billy Higgins suggests that he, too, recognizes the benefits to be gained from their participation. New ones are appearing almost daily. Young saxophonists such as Andy White, from Washington, D.C.; Jimmy Lyons and Archie Shepp, who have recorded with Cecil Taylor; and John Pierce, who plays on George Russell's latest recording, already have grasped the implications of Coleman's work without having to pass through the earlier preparatory stages.

Whether or not they will establish themselves as major players remains to be seen, but their playing clearly demonstrates Coleman's increasing importance. More and more this will be true. Bop is as distant from today's young musicians as King Oliver was from the new wave of the '40s. It would be naive to suggest that they must pay their dues as conventional

players before being accepted into the club.

A SEPARATE DIVISION of the avant garde includes the composers of a music that is usually called Third Stream. Perhaps its best-known practitioner is Gunther Schuller, who brings the techniques of the contemporary classical composer to jazz. In compositions such as *Abstractions*, *Variants on a Theme of John Lewis*, and *Variants on a Theme of Thelonious Monk* (Atlantic 1365) he shows more taste and sensitivity than are usually exhibited by classical composers who attempt to write jazz-oriented music. But this does not alter the fact that he is not a jazz composer in the sense of Ellington or Mingus.

Schuller usually takes an undercoating of extreme harmonic and rhythmic tension, often played by a string quartet or orchestra, and overlays this with



George Russell

a jazz soloist or ensemble. Since Schuller has not asked his jazzmen to play in other than an intuitive manner, there is nothing implicitly wrong with this method. But the fact that Schuller's undercoatings are more foreign to the ear than the riffing of the Basie band behind a Lester Young solo does not make them any more interesting. It does mean that Schuller has not yet found a satisfactory resolution between the roles of improviser and composer.

The trouble with the Third Stream is that it frequently is neither good classical music nor good jazz. Bearing the superficial trappings of both, it appeals to the inferiority complex that many jazzmen have felt in the presence of classical music. It is no accident that many Hollywood movies about jazz end up in Carnegie Hall, where the hero finally gains respectability through the performance of a "concerto," support-

ed by banks of violins and a conductor in tails. Both the jazz listener and the jazz performer frequently have accepted patently bad music simply because it uses strings or bears an impressive title. And critics, who often lack the musical knowledge to criticize jazz accurately, are easily intimidated by music that has more than two voices going at the same time.

Actually, what passes as a Third Stream is often nothing more than an unsatisfactory blending of the two already existing streams. Like oil and water, they frequently fail to mix homogeneously. I suspect that a time will come when the sound of slowly building string dissonances interrupted by a walking bass or a rhythmically sounding cymbal will be as clichéd as the herky-jerky rhythms and chromatic-seventh chords of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*. Schuller has been particularly guilty of this sort of thing in works like *Transformations* (Columbia 127) and the first movement of his *Concertino for Jazz Quartet and Orchestra* (Atlantic 1359).

Other compositions, like John Lewis' *England's Carol* (Atlantic 1359) and *Exposure* (Atlantic 1345), Werner Heider's *Divertimento* (Atlantic 1359), and Andre Hodeir's *Around the Blues* (Atlantic 1359) and *Details*, would have difficulty making it on their merits as classical music or jazz. If they are moderately acceptable, it is because they were written by composers who are competent enough—although not always inspired enough—to work in both mediums.

Third Stream music is not, however, devoid of important work. Schuller's *Abstractions*, despite its somewhat overcalculated use of a mirror form, has a strong sense of vitality and excitement, mainly because of Ornette Coleman's unusually sensitive ability to fit into an extremely strange environment. And the second movement of Schuller's *Concertino for Jazz Quartet and Orchestra* is especially successful in its use of a passacaglia, a form that has promising possibilities for jazz. In these cases, Schuller's premise that the streams of classical music and jazz can be brought together in a manner advantageous to both seems valid enough.

Last summer, at the first International Jazz Festival in Washington D.C., a work by Larry Austin for full orchestra and trumpet soloist, Don Ellis, demonstrated further possibilities. At different points, Ellis was given the option of playing freely or playing an improvisation based on note sequences derived from the accompanying orchestral material. On the whole, this was a successful attempt to unite two

disciplines with a common technique. Ellis was required to adjust his playing style to fit the demands of the composition, but the note sequences were actually no more difficult to assimilate than are chord changes.

Other events of similar quality are taking place throughout the country. Composer Ed Summerlin has shown, on television and at the Washington festival, that jazz can have a meaningful place in religious services. Another young composer, Peter Philips, wrote a work for symphony orchestra and percussion soloist that was performed last fall by the Kalamazoo Symphony Orchestra with Max Roach as the soloist. And the ubiquitous Jimmy Giuffre has recorded, among a number of other Third Stream compositions, his *Piece for Clarinet and String Orchestra* and *Mobiles* (Verve 8359), the latter being especially interesting because it brings the orchestra and the conductor into the improvisatory process.

Again, the list could go on, with the above works only a brief sampling of the quality and quantity of music being written in the area usually called Third Stream. Unfortunately, the works that usually gain public notice, like Rolf Leiberhmann's *Concerto for Jazz Band and Orchestra* (RCA Victor 1888) and Howard Brubeck's *Dialogues for Jazz Combo and Orchestra* (Columbia 1466), are not always the best examples.

Actually, a genuine Third Stream music would attempt, as Austin's piece does, to adapt the techniques of classical music and jazz to each other's disciplines. Only a few jazzmen are working in this important area. Among the best known are Don Ellis and John Benson Brooks.

Ellis is a virtuosic trumpet player, as familiar with the playing of Bubber Miley and Red Allen as with that of Miles Davis and Dizzy Gillespie. He is one of the new breed of musicians who adventurously involve themselves in as many different and contrasting experiences as possible. Ideally, this deep commitment to the abstractions of musical experience results in an expansion of the musician's technical and emotional expression. In Ellis, it has led to an extremely personal rhythmic and harmonic conception. Two interesting records, *How Time Passes* (Candid 8004) and *New Ideas* (Prestige/New Jazz 8257), document his exploration of variable tempos, emotional directives for improvisation (*Despair to Hope* on the New Jazz recording), 12-note rows as a basis for improvisation, and the use of noise components for indeterminate sounds. While these have not always been com-

pletely successful—Ellis' use of 12-note rows in his composition *Improvisational Suite* is, at best, rather primitive and artistically inconsistent—he is usually an exciting and interesting player.

John Benson Brooks has confined his work to a more limited area, but has explored this area in more thorough manner. In the last two years he has evolved a workable system for improvisation using 12-note rows. In essence, his theory requires that the player learn these rows, along with their retrogrades and inversions, in the same way that he would learn chord changes. In a relatively short time the player's ear becomes conditioned to hearing musical events and improvisatory material in a sequential form. Brooks also has attempted to bring indeterminacy into jazz through the definition of its various types (randomness, accident, chance, coincidence) and its use in an improvisatory situation, i.e., drawing attack sequences from "playing cards and dice, deriving pitch fields from random number series. This is not always successful, but when it comes off, Brooks can stimulate from his players a thoroughly original-sounding music that retains significant elements of both jazz and classical music.

Neither Brooks nor Ellis is attempting to "improve" jazz; nor are any of the serious Third Stream composers. Their work is a normal development from the post-bop period, a reflection of the fact that more and more players are receiving formal educations and conceiving their music in increasingly complex forms. Twenty years from now their work, along with that of improvisatory musicians of the present period, will seem to have followed the music of the 1940s and '50s with inexorable logic.

Unfortunately, the situation today is not logical at all. Too frequently the supporters of the avant garde are either unable, or else lack the desire, to evaluate the music accurately. Not all of Ornette Coleman's or Cecil Taylor's or Charlie Mingus' work is successful or even satisfactory. Yet in their not-infrequent desire to accept something new simply because it is new, listeners and critics often go overboard in support of the individual rather than of his music.

In part, this is caused by the very real desire to help these artists gain a reasonable commercial return from their work. There is nothing intrinsically wrong with proselytizing for the kind of music one prefers. But too often this is missing the forest for the trees. Clubowners are, for the most part, an avaricious lot—men who fre-

quently operate just this side of disaster themselves. They rarely are guided by anything other than the profit motive; it would be naive to expect them to be any other way. To the great majority of them, the music of Russell, Taylor, Coleman, et al., has little commercial value. On the rare occasions when they employ these musicians, I suspect it is because they are depending upon individual idiosyncrasies to increase attendance, or else because they know that the younger players are forced, by necessity, to work for considerably less money than the bigger-name groups.

The only logical conclusion that can be reached from this is that jazz has come to the point where it must leave the night clubs.

JAZZ NIGHT CLUBS have not always been the main source of employment opportunities for jazz musicians. They came to prominence in the late 1930s and early '40s, coincidentally with the demise of the big bands. Jazz musicians no longer consider themselves entertainers whose main object is to make an audience happily tap swizzle sticks. This kind of jazz will continue to make money in the clubs, of course, but the jazz rebels are going to have to find other means and other individuals with the sympathy, understanding, and connections to lead them into more acceptable areas of employment. The most obvious possibilities are the concert and recital halls. Others are college and high school programs, foundation grants, and the establishment of resident jazz groups at conservatories and universities.

The musicians union has offered few benefits and even less assistance to jazz musicians. Unquestionably, they must either insist upon a better deal from the AFM or else pull out entirely. With the awareness and enterprise that some younger musicians have shown, it may be that this revolution will not be confined to music alone but also will bring to an end the ugly exploitation that is now part of the jazz musician's everyday life.

A rebel, once he has committed himself, finds it hard to turn back. The new pastures that lie just beyond the horizon are a strong temptation to move forward. Revolutions in art, like revolutions in society, inevitably affect the lives of everyone. The rebel, after all, is not so much a solitary creature as he is the tangible expression of repressed, but universal, feelings and desire. He differs from the crowd only in that he has the inner compassion and drive to energize the aspirations that are most important to us all. ■

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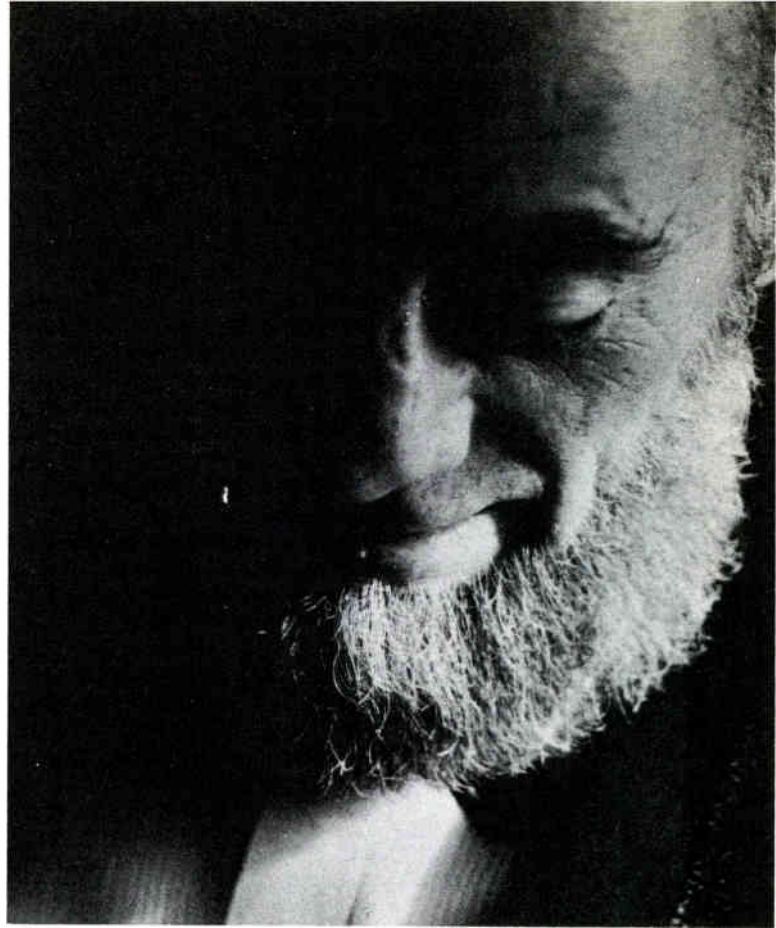


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JAZZ PHOTOGRAPHY

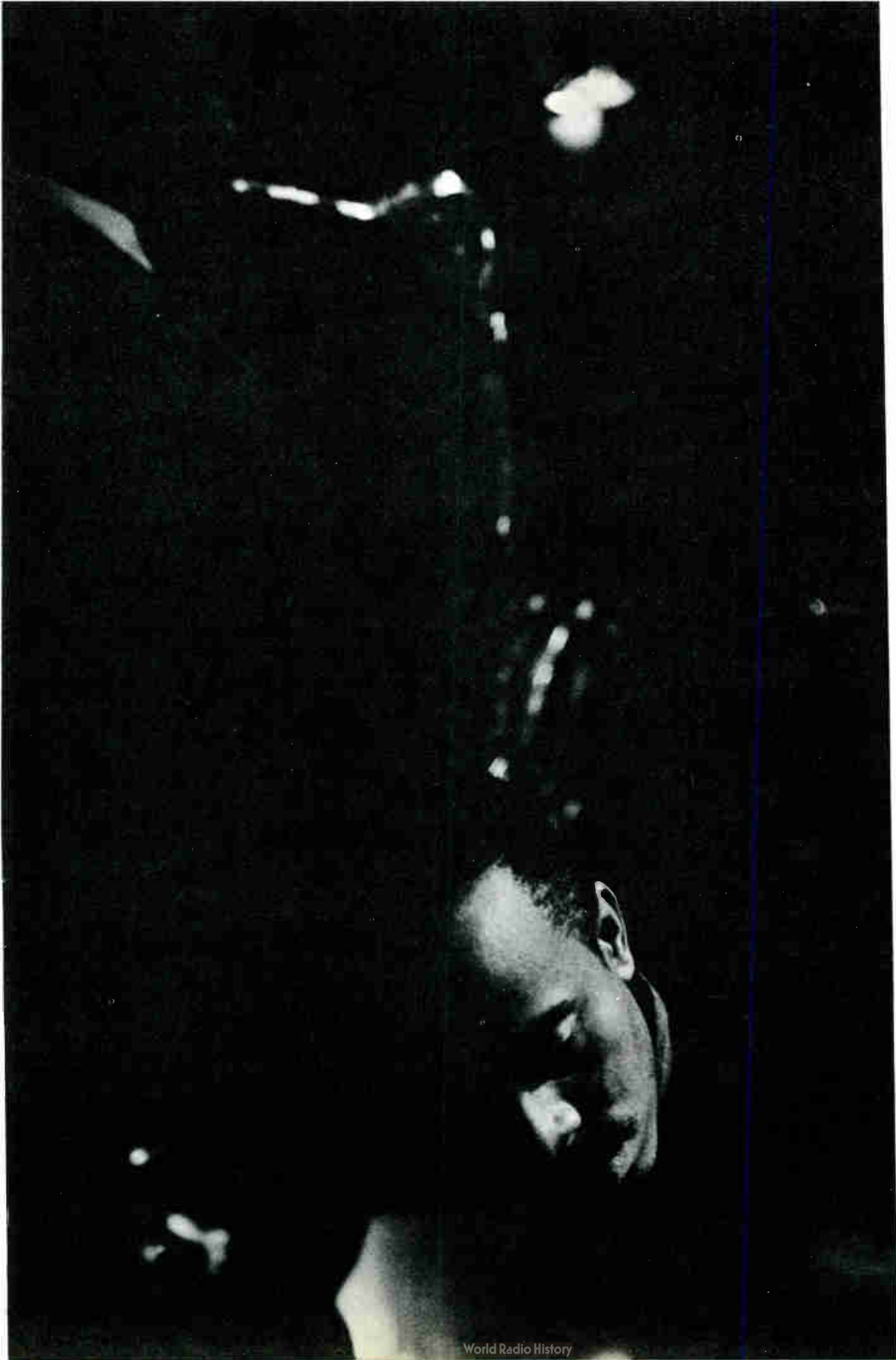
Photography is to some men as jazz is to others: the capturing of a moment, an emotion, an insight — the spurs as well as the goals. When the two—jazz and photography — are combined, music's abstraction melds with film's permanence. □ Two men with the perception and skill to capture on film the feel of jazz and its practitioners are Ted Williams and Jim Taylor, both Chicagoans. On this page, the one opposite, and the ones following is a folio of their work, a gallery of jazz portraits. □ □

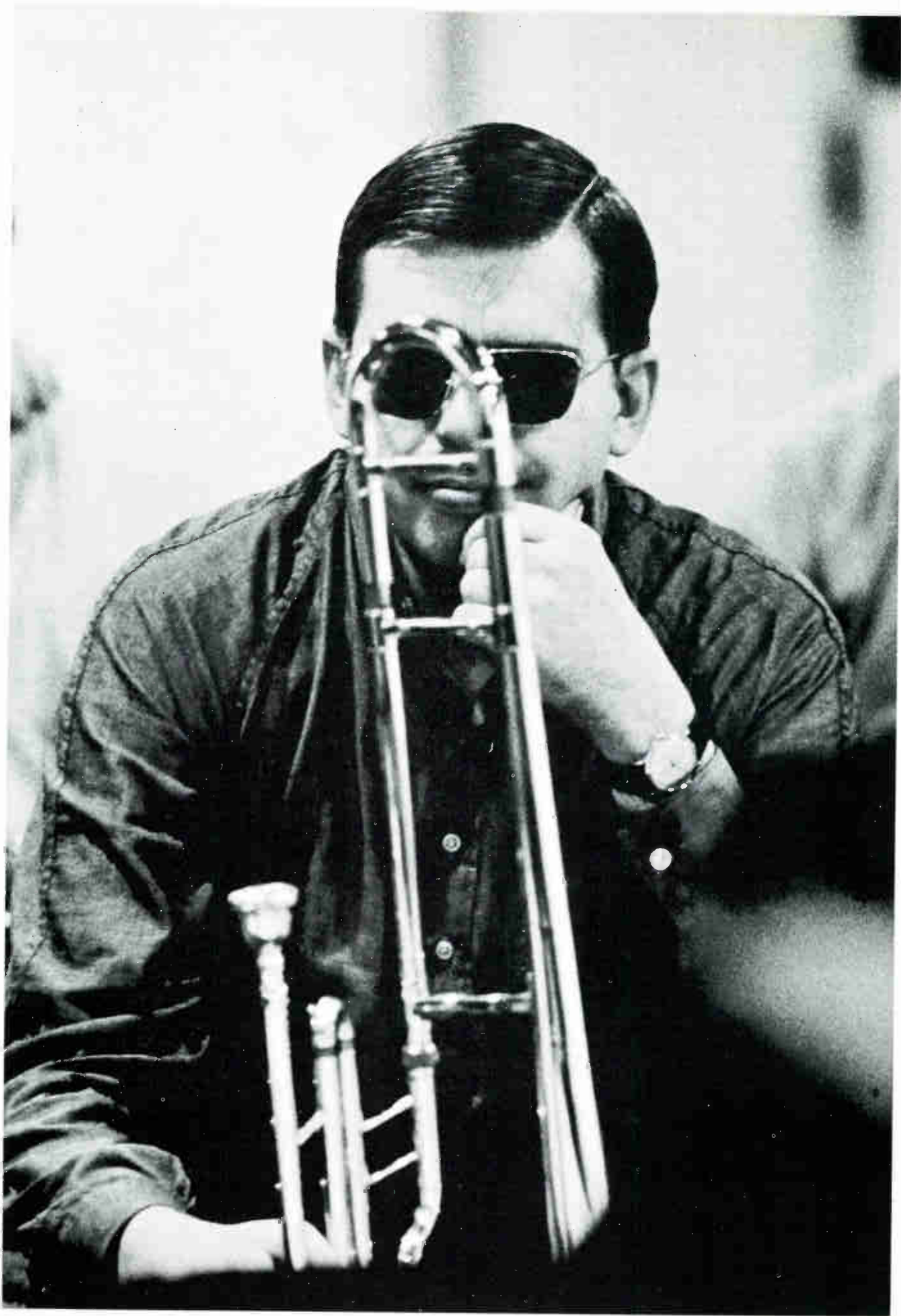


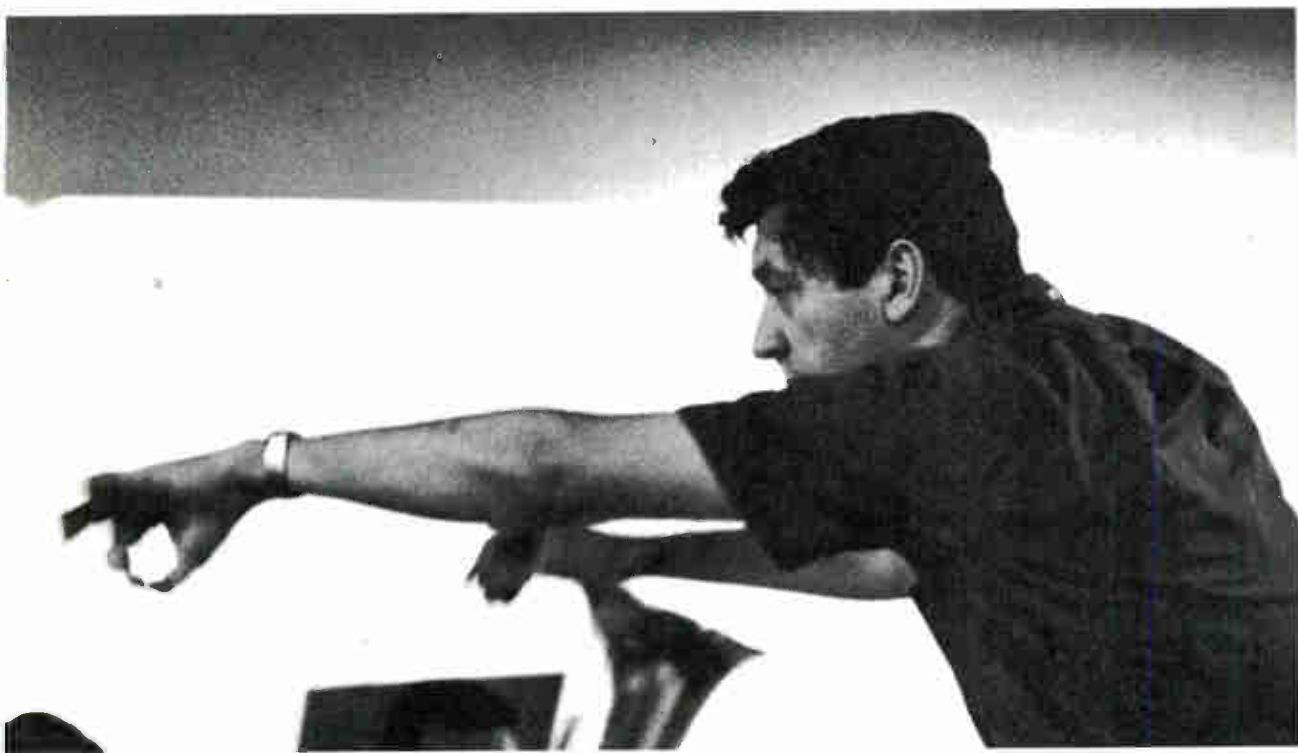




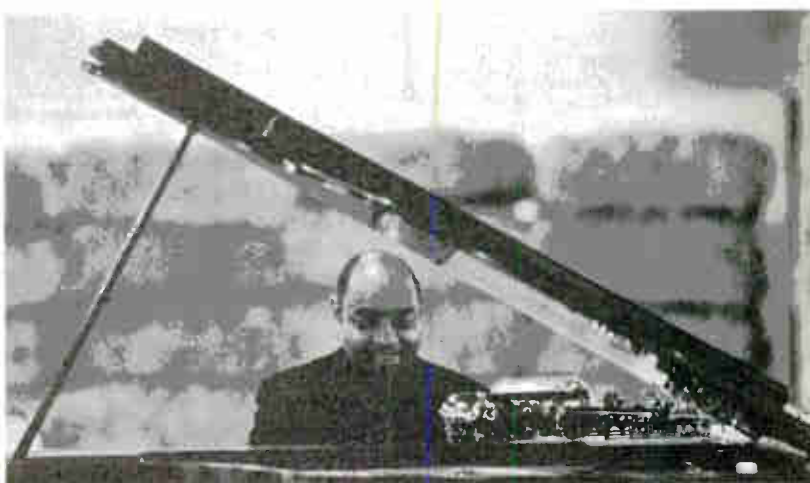












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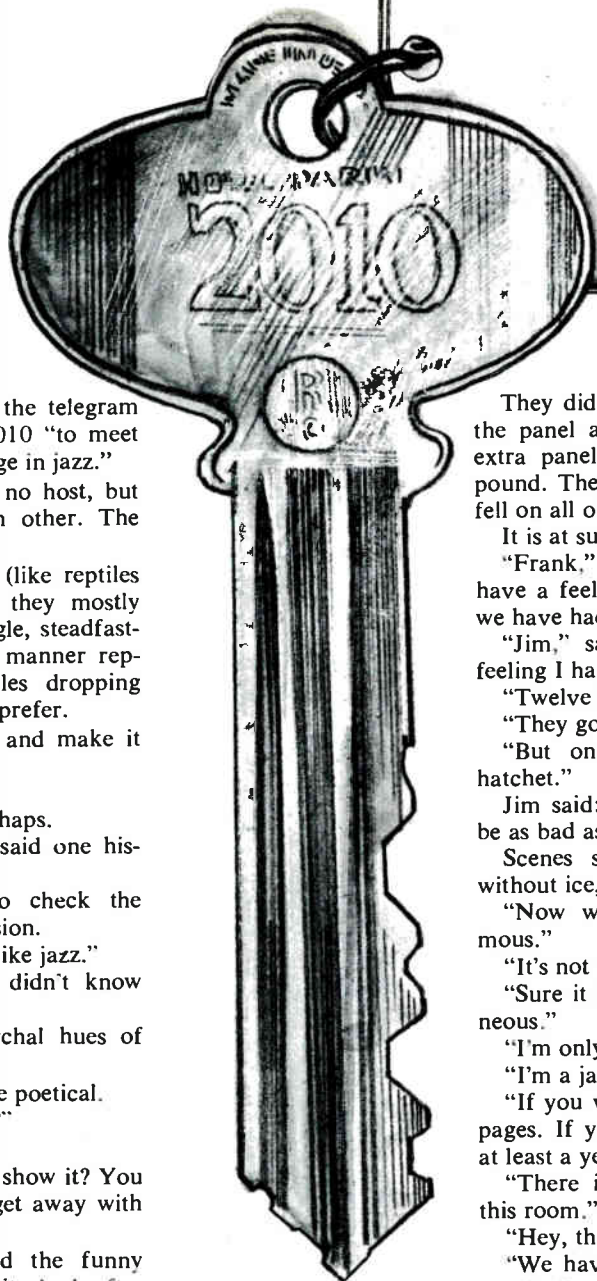
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10 LITTLE INDIANS

By BILL COSS



THEY HAD COME because the telegram had invited them to Suite 2010 "to meet the newest and most exciting change in jazz."

For almost an hour there was no host, but no concern. They all knew each other. The bar was well stocked.

Though critics may molt hard (like reptiles they rinse their past epidermis), they mostly merge mildly, gurgling like a gaggle, steadfastly though stealthily sibilant in a manner represented by the sound of pebbles dropping into a fish bowl—or bowl, if you prefer.

"Sid Catlett could catch chaff and make it wheat."

"Huh?"

It was hard for the unpoetic perhaps.

"Mississippi is a thing apart," said one historian to another.

Someone reminded himself to check the *Times* for rumors of further secession.

"David Dubinsky doesn't even like jazz."

It was hard for anyone who didn't know what the ILGWU was.

"Edmond Hall harvests hierarchal hues of harmonies."

It was perhaps even hard for the poetical.

"Did you say he was murdered?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't the autopsies show it? You can't kill someone like him and get away with that."

"He did. It was murder, and the funny thing is that several people know it. And, after all this time, it just takes someone to walk into the D.A.'s office and offer himself as a public witness."

"Hey, witness this. We're running out of ice."

"Call downstairs."

"I tried to. There's no phone. See, the gismo is on the wall there, but there's no phone."

"Well, go out to the elevator and complain."

"I tried that; the door is locked. Maybe we're supposed to be a captive audience."

"Try the connecting doors to the next suite."

"I've been knocking on them. No one is home."

"The front doors of these rooms usually have panels, for valet service. If you open that up, chances are that the front panel is weak enough to really pound on and attract attention. Let's try that."

They did and found a long white bag inside the panel and, immediately in back of it, an extra panel, made of metal, and nowhere to pound. They shook the bag out, and a shroud fell on all of them.

It is at such moments that leaders are made.

"Frank," said one leader to the other, "I have a feeling we are being made to feel that we have had it."

"Jim," said the other leader, "I have the feeling I have read this once before."

"Twelve Little Indians, you mean."

"They got a rough deal."

"But one of them was the one with a hatchet."

Jim said: "Relax, little Indian. Nothing can be as bad as you can make it."

Scenes scurried then. Most drank drinks without ice, and all wondered out loud.

"Now we're JCA — Jazz Critics Anonymous."

"It's not funny."

"Sure it is. Maybe, even, Jazz Critics Extra-neous."

"I'm only a jazz writer."

"I'm a jazz historian. I don't criticize."

"If you want consolation, look in the yellow pages. If you're there, you've got to exist for at least a year."

"There isn't even that here. Or a Bible in this room."

"Hey, the bathroom door is locked now."

"We have a clue there. What jazz musician was badly toilet trained?"

"You're talking as if we were in some kind of trouble."

"Don't you think so? Considering the fact that all of us are here without knowing who invited us, that all the doors are locked, that the phone has been unplugged; that even the Bible has been grabbed—I think we're in trouble."

"The ice has run out."

"That's the capper. No one who means you well would ever let the ice run out."

"You mean, you think some musician has brought us here to pay us back."

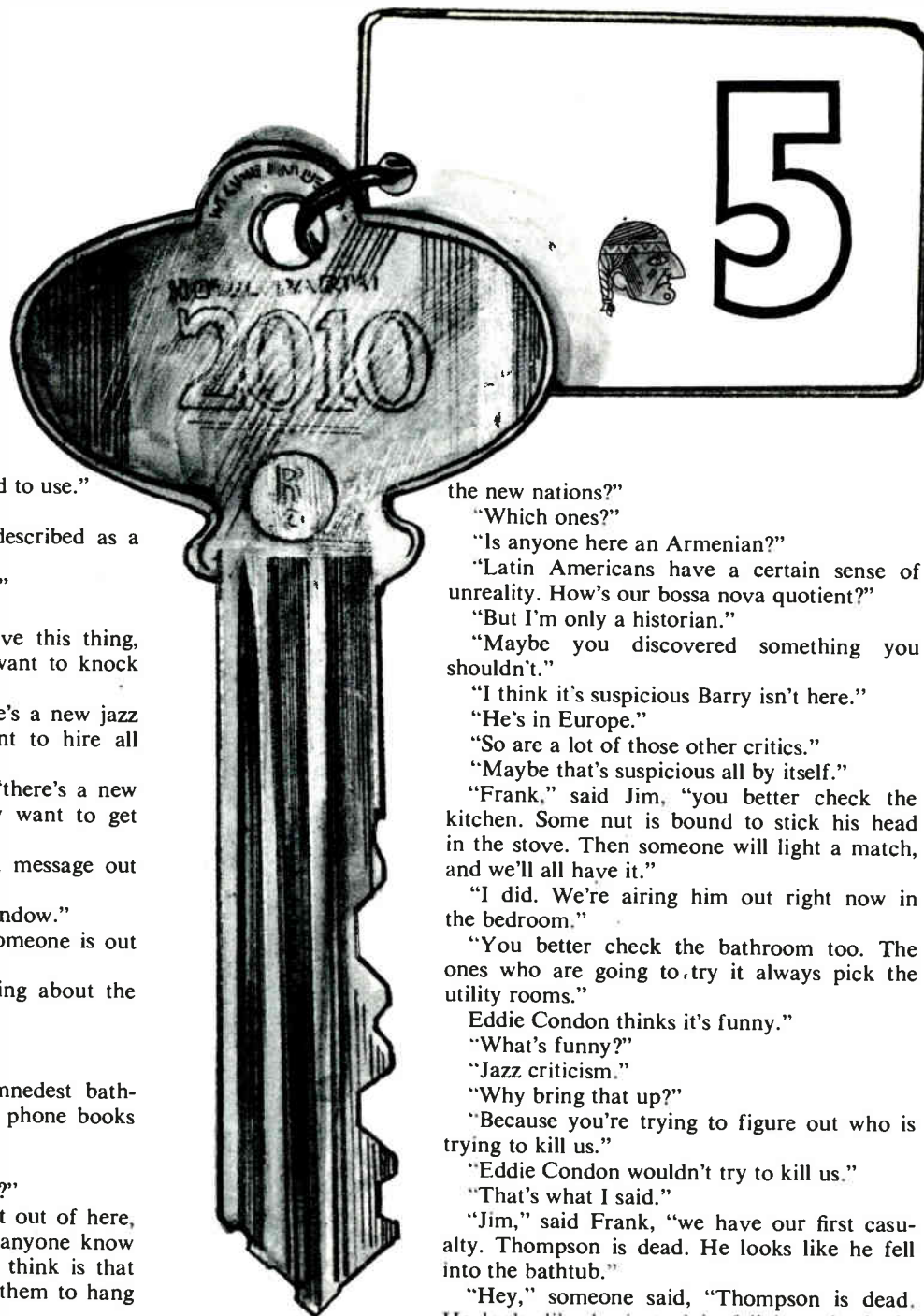
"Who knows? It may be like the little Indians."

"They got a rough deal."

"But it turned out that one of them was the murderer."

"I couldn't find one here."

"You mean, some musician doesn't like us?"



"I'd say 'like' is hardly the word to use."
 "But I'm only a jazz writer."
 "I could most accurately be described as a jazz historian."
 "I have a date. I have to leave."
 "Lots of luck."
 "Seriously. Maybe we can solve this thing, Frank," said Jim. "Who might want to knock all of us off at one time?"
 "Maybe," said someone, "there's a new jazz magazine starting, and they want to hire all of us."
 "Maybe," said someone else, "there's a new jazz magazine starting, and they want to get rid of all of us."
 "Look, why don't we throw a message out the window?"
 "There's steel mesh over the window."
 "So, why not give up, then? Someone is out to do us in."
 "Still, you have to do something about the bathroom."
 "Why?"
 "Because it's locked."
 "No, it isn't, and it's the damnedest bathroom I ever saw—with all those phone books and a Bible too."
 "Didn't you hear us knocking?"
 "No. Why'd you want to knock?"
 "We're in trouble. We can't get out of here, and there's no way for us to let anyone know we can't. The only thing we can think is that we've hung someone enough for them to hang us—maybe this kind of way."
 "How about the time you said Edmond Hall was twice as good as Pee Wee Russell, but two times zero was still zero?"
 "How about the things you said about Ella?"
 "You remember the time you were in Birdland, and you were drunk and you got up to leave, and you sat on that lady's lap? That was no old lady—that was his wife."
 "No mainstreamer would do this kind of thing."
 "Benny wouldn't bother."
 "Miles doesn't care."
 "Besides, I never said anything about Miles."
 "I'm really just a jazz writer."
 "Jazz historian; that's what I am."
 "Do you suppose it has anything to do with

the new nations?"
 "Which ones?"
 "Is anyone here an Armenian?"
 "Latin Americans have a certain sense of unreality. How's our bossa nova quotient?"
 "But I'm only a historian."
 "Maybe you discovered something you shouldn't."
 "I think it's suspicious Barry isn't here."
 "He's in Europe."
 "So are a lot of those other critics."
 "Maybe that's suspicious all by itself."
 "Frank," said Jim, "you better check the kitchen. Some nut is bound to stick his head in the stove. Then someone will light a match, and we'll all have it."
 "I did. We're airing him out right now in the bedroom."
 "You better check the bathroom too. The ones who are going to try it always pick the utility rooms."
 Eddie Condon thinks it's funny."
 "What's funny?"
 "Jazz criticism."
 "Why bring that up?"
 "Because you're trying to figure out who is trying to kill us."
 "Eddie Condon wouldn't try to kill us."
 "That's what I said."
 "Jim," said Frank, "we have our first casualty. Thompson is dead. He looks like he fell into the bathtub."
 "Hey," someone said, "Thompson is dead. He looks like he just plain fell into the bathtub. It's beginning to look like the 12 little Indians."
 "They got a rough deal."
 "Frank," said Jim, "The trouble with the whole story is that one of the Indians is *the* man. And you were the one scouting around."
 "And you, Jim," said Frank, "were the one who suggested the places to scout."
 "Hold on now, there's no reason to get bitter in this suite."
 "The false flatter falls flat in toute suite."
 "Oh, shut up."
 "Poets are better obscene and not heard."
 "We better keep patrolling the rooms or we'll be up to our ankles in bodies."
 "Why don't we recruit Fred?"
 "You convince him that a crumb today is worth something tomorrow. He grew up eat-

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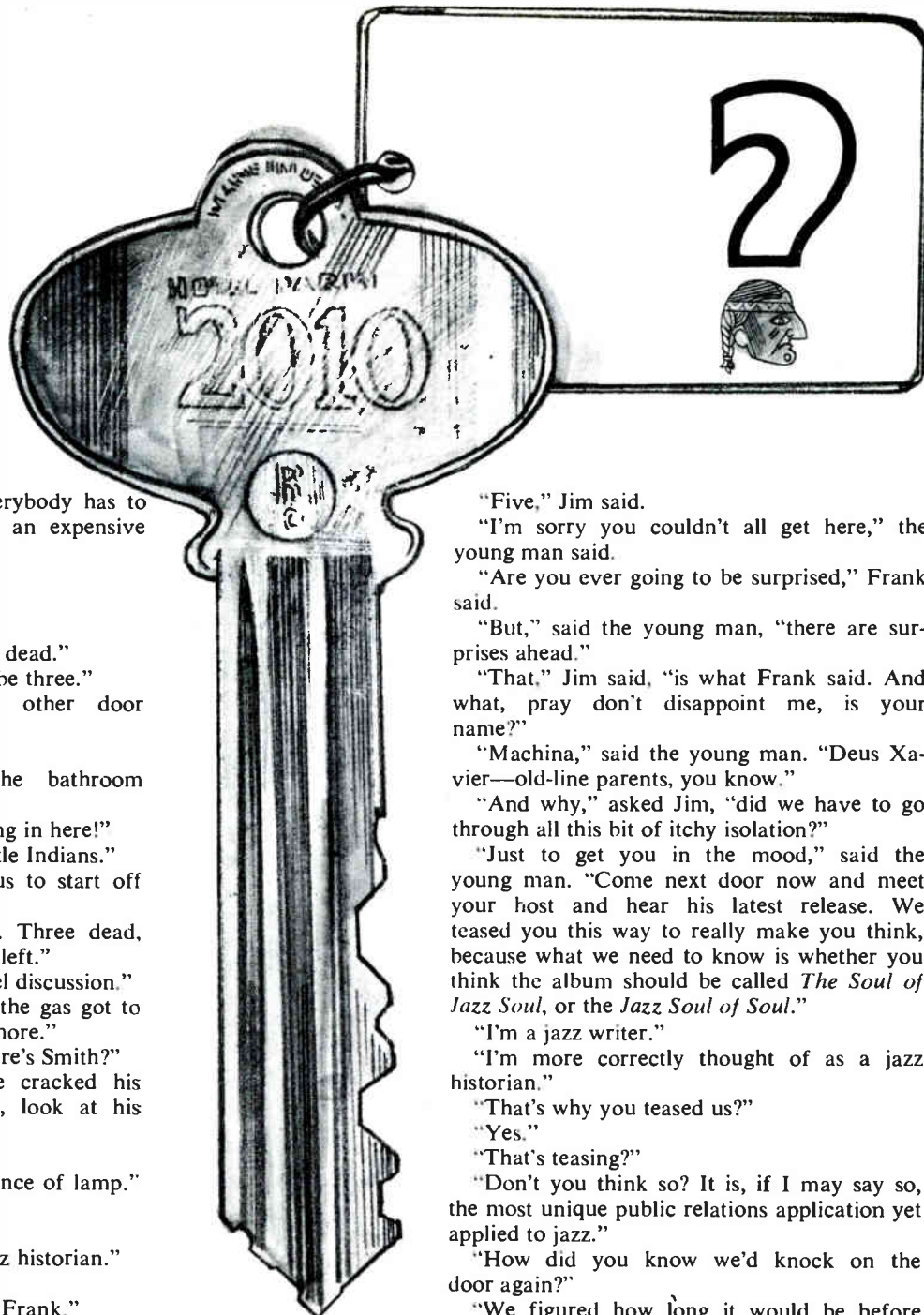
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ing day-old bread, and now everybody has to pay for every time he goes to an expensive bakery."

"Hey, Franklin isn't moving."

"He's dead, Jim."

"What from?"

"I don't know, but I know he's dead."

"That's two little Indians; maybe three."

"Somebody knock on that other door again."

"I did. There's no one there."

"Somebody better check the bathroom again."

"Help! There's someone hanging in here!"

"And he's dead too. Twelve little Indians."

"But there were only 10 of us to start off with."

"All right. Ten little Indians. Three dead, one maybe dying. Six, plus, of us left."

"Maybe we should have a panel discussion."

"We're another short. I guess the gas got to him, and we weren't there to do more."

"Six, then. Wait a minute. Where's Smith?"

"There he is. He must have cracked his head on that lamp base. Wow, look at his head. He's done too."

"What an end of a poet."

"Yeah, like, life laid low on lance of lamp."

"Five of us. Who's the next?"

"I'm really only a jazz writer."

"Most people know me as a jazz historian."

"You want to pick sides, Jim?"

"I just want to watch my sides, Frank."

"You know, I just happened to think. When they talk about a cool place, they aren't talking about air conditioning. See, this place is air conditioned, but I'm not cool."

"No, we know, you're better described as a jazz historian."

"So, there are only five of us, Frank."

"That's too many to have around if you want to start another jazz magazine."

"And it's just about enough for a staff if you were about to hire us."

"And I'm known as a jazz writer."

"Listen, jazz writer, go knock on the door some more."

And he did, and it opened, and a young man in evening clothes stood there.

"Surprise," he said. "And I bet you are surprised. We decided to surprise the 10 of you."

"Five," Jim said.

"I'm sorry you couldn't all get here," the young man said.

"Are you ever going to be surprised," Frank said.

"But," said the young man, "there are surprises ahead."

"That," Jim said, "is what Frank said. And what, pray don't disappoint me, is your name?"

"Machina," said the young man. "Deus Xavier—old-line parents, you know."

"And why," asked Jim, "did we have to go through all this bit of itchy isolation?"

"Just to get you in the mood," said the young man. "Come next door now and meet your host and hear his latest release. We teased you this way to really make you think, because what we need to know is whether you think the album should be called *The Soul of Jazz Soul*, or the *Jazz Soul of Soul*."

"I'm a jazz writer."

"I'm more correctly thought of as a jazz historian."

"That's why you teased us?"

"Yes."

"That's teasing?"

"Don't you think so? It is, if I may say so, the most unique public relations application yet applied to jazz."

"How did you know we'd knock on the door again?"

"We figured how long it would be before your ice would be gone. We have lots here, by the way. Have a drink. We have lots of ice."

"You better cart the ice next door. There are a lot of bodies."

"You better order more ice."

"Now wait, Jim and Frank, as a jazz historian I can tell you that this night will go down in jazz history."

"And I can tell you, as a jazz writer, that every slick magazine will buy a story on this story."

"But there are only five of us left."

"That's what I'm telling you fellows," said the young man. "This is only a quintet, but it sounds like a big band. Now just give it a listen and tell me, should it be *The Soul of Jazz Soul*, or the *Jazz Soul of Soul*? Remember, the way you present something can make all the difference in the world." ■

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SLEEPY JOHN THE STORY OF BLUESMAN

By PETE WELDING

*You know, them rats is mean in my kitchen, I've ordered
me a mountain cat,
Oh, them rats is mean in my kitchen, I've ordered me
a mountain cat,
You know, the way they's 'stroying my groceries, boys,
I declare it's tough like that.*

*You know, them '61 and '62 rats sure have treated me
mean,
Oh, them '61 and '62 rats sure have treated me mean,
You know, they took me off of pork chops, boys, and
put me on fatback and pinto beans.*

*You know, I went home last night somewhere about
half-past-ten,
You know, I went home last night, boys, somewhere
about half-past-ten,
You know, them rats says, "You looking for groceries,
poor John, you better go and come again."*

*You know, I've got five little children, boys, on my
disability check,
I got five little children, boys, on my disability check,
I got five little children, boys, on my disability check,
You know, I got to go back and check with my worker,
boys, on account of those doggone rats.*



THESE LINES, from a powerful blues, *Rats in My Kitchen*, are the product of one of the most original and creatively gifted blues poets in the history of American Negro song. They tell us much — these 12 lines — about their creator, Sleepy John Estes, at 58 a thin, dignified, unbowed man who supports his wife and five children on a small state pension he receives in compensation for his blindness. Estes lives in an abandoned, tumble-down sharecropper's shack on the outskirts of Brownsville, Tenn.; a small community in the heart of the cotton belt that has been his home since 1915.

And it is Brownsville — its atmosphere, people, and occurrences — that has served as the focal point for the greater portion of songs John Estes has put together in his lifetime, ever since his first composition *Goin' to Brownsville, Take the Right-Hand Road*, created shortly before he recorded it in 1929. Estes is not only a consummate storyteller in song, he is first and foremost a blues poet who uses the episodes of his daily life and those of his friends and neighbors as the raw materials of his songs. His blues are very properly fragments of autobiography — highly personal and, as a result, unusually intense and moving songs of great emotional depth and passion.

Even in a song tradition that places such a high premium on individual creation — and the blues, it must be

MUSIC '63

admitted, are patently the most determinedly individual of all Afro-American folk music forms — John Estes must be counted something of a paragon. He is an original, indebted to no one for his music, readily identifiable as his and his alone. His songs employ few of the conceits usually found in the work of even the most creative of other blues men. They contain few of the stock “floating” verses, those same verses used by almost every other blues singer. Nor are the situations or conditions of Estes’ blues in the least bit common. His songs are solidly rooted in cold — often brutal — fact and possess an immediacy and persuasive force that may not be gainsaid. His songs are real, alive. They *are* his life — and to such a degree to give this clichéd utterance a new and vital significance.

There is a strong feeling of intense anguish and inconsolable, piercing sorrow in Estes’ singing. His sung lines are stabs of pain, sharp and aching, charged with melancholy. Yet there is no self-pity; rather, the impression is that of a strong and proud man who is relating forthrightly the misfortunes that beset him and which, in large measure, hardened and shaped him. The appeal is that of one human to another, united in a bond of suffering.

Estes’ *I Been Well Warned*, for example, is a heartrending account of the desolation and loneliness the blind feel. One need not be blind to appreciate and respond to it — one merely has to have known suffering.

*Now, I been well warned and take heed,
Now, I been well warned and take heed in time,
Now, I been well warned, I done take heed in time,
I done lost my eyesight, I’m gone stone blind.*

*Now, when you lose your eyesight, your best
friend’s gone,*

*Now, when you lose your eyesight, your best
friend’s gone,*

*Now, when you lose your eyesight, your best
friend’s gone,*

*Sometime your own dear people don’t want to fool
with you long.*

*Now, you won’t know your friends when you get down,
Now, won’t know your friends you get down,
Now, won’t know your friends, well, you get down,
They always be asking ’bout you, they don’t never come
around.*

*Now, my mother and father are both dead and gone,
Now, my mother and father are both dead and gone,
Now, my mother and father, they both dead and gone,
You know, they left me around here, I’m still
stumbling along.*

*Now, I was standing on the corner, I was close
’side the wall,*

*Now, was standing on the corner, I was close
’side the wall,*

*Now, was standing . . . I was close ’side the wall,
Only way I could tell my friends I had to catch
their voice.*

THE ORIGINS of the blues, though of comparatively recent development, are shrouded in mystery. Just how long they existed prior to the emancipation of the slaves — if indeed they did — is not clear. It may be said, with fair amount of certitude, that the blues came into their own and flourished only after the Civil War, for this song form is ideally an expression of the individual singer, with the full force of his personality, his desires, and his yearnings — all of which had been suppressed in servitude — stamped upon them. The blues are in one

sense the Negro’s song of freedom from bondage, a bondage that was as constricting psychologically as it was physically.

Concomitant with the passing of slavery went the communal “nonsense” work song, in which the individuality and identity of the singer had been submerged. (An assertion of strong individuality on the part of the slave posed a threat to the institution.)

The blues, growing out of the early field hollers, shouts, and work songs, and formulized into a standard 12-(less usually eight- or 16-) bar structure when instruments began to be used widely for accompaniment by country singers, developed as the outlet for individual expression on the part of the Negro singer. Into these songs, all of which initially were biographical, were poured the thoughts, promptings, hostilities, and ambitions of the individual. Primarily a male art, the country blues further provided an outlet for the sexual aggressions and repressions of the male in a matriarchal society.

A tradition of blues singing rapidly developed, as did forms and conventions. As in most folk musics, once contours had been defined, there soon grew up a repertory of widely known standard songs, verses, and lines that tended to fix the tradition fairly rigidly. Still, individual creation was highly prized, and the singer who could introduce original variations within the confines of traditional forms was greatly respected as a “songster,” the equivalent of the European “meistersinger.”

It was only with the development of the phonograph and the rise of “race” recording — material specially recorded for and distributed to the growing Negro market — that singers of local repute could extend their fame to a national audience. (Phonograph recordings also tended to fix the idiom further, of course.) In the late 1920s competition for the Negro market was so intense that the large recording companies initiated the practice of sending mobile recording units into the South in search of new performers. In 1929 such a unit — headed by Ralph Peer — recorded Sleepy John Estes in Memphis for Victor records. Two numbers were recorded that first day, *Goin’ to Brownsville* and *Diving Duck*.

These and subsequent Estes recordings for Victor, Deca, and Bluebird revealed him as a true folk bard who took his song materials from the warp and woof of southern life, from a part of that life that was virtually ignored by other singers. Yet, if his songs were ones of social protest, they were only indirectly so, for John Estes was no overt reformer. He was a chronicler pure and simple, who in his songs detailed the daily life, its indignities and humiliations as well as its ironically humorous moments, the lack of opportunities, and the oppressive conditions under which the Negro sharecropper lived — and died.

On the basis of the recordings he made between 1929 and 1942, Estes stands as one of the most eloquently expressive blues singers to have recorded.

JOHN ESTES was born on Jan. 25, 1904, in Lauderdale County, Tenn., one of 16 children.

“I was born a seventh son,” he said. “They say the seventh son is born for good luck, and when I was born, a white fellow from Texas come in to give my mother a hand, and he told me I was goin’ to be a lucky child. Said I’d make a preacher, a musician, a lawyer, a doctor — anything I preferred, you know. He told me I was goin’ to play music. Unusual.”

When John was 11 the Estes family moved to the outskirts of Brownsville. His father, a farmer who rented and tilled about 100 acres of cotton land, died in 1920, a victim of the harsh feudal social system that ground the

poor laborer under. Pellagra, endemic to the rural South, was listed officially as the cause of death.

John was 16 when he and his mother took the running of the place upon themselves. The years as a cotton farmer were difficult ones for the newly adult youngster. If crops were not bad, then the months of backbreaking toil in the fields would net him only a few dollars more than his obligations to the owner of the land he leased. The desolate winters were times of particular hardship.

Music sustained him. He turned to it naturally. He started playing the guitar when he was 12.

"I taught myself to play," he remembered wistfully, a trace of pride in his rasping voice. "When I was small, I made me a little old guitar out of a cheese box and some wire. I started from that. Got the harmony off that. Then I got me a guitar. Before my fingers was long enough to meet around there [the neck], I played everything and sounded on one string."

Young John received his first real guitar shortly before the death of his father.

"I kept on playing, you see," he recalled, "till I got to making good harmony there. My father said, 'Well, you work good this year, I'm goin' to get you a guitar.' So he got me a guitar, and I started going out playing for house parties, picnics, and — what they call them then — country suppers."

The next few years were filled with music-making, playing at simple country entertainments such as the large community picnics that began with the Fourth of July each year and extended into the revival days in late August. Estes heard the rough, stirring music of backwoods brass bands and the more delicately intertwining music of country string groups at the picnics; he rubbed shoulders and matched his growing talents against those of other local musicians. He learned to play breakdowns like *Mr. Crump Don't 'Low* and simple blues on the order of *Don't Leave Me Here*. He absorbed the musical traditions of the area and so quickly mastered them that he was soon making his own contributions to them, gaining local fame as a gifted storyteller in song.

In 1928 Estes left Brownsville and, with his friend, harmonica player Hammie Nixon, went to Memphis, where the pair supported themselves by playing on the streets, at clubs (Estes recalls one, the Blue Heaven, where he worked regularly), hotels, and at house parties. Estes met a number of blues men, among them Jim Jackson, the composer of *Kansas City Blues*. Jackson had recorded for Victor, and it was he who sent John to see Peer. The result was the aforementioned *Goin' to Brownsville* and *Diving Duck*, which became a "race" hit.

Several more Victor sides followed the next year, but the depression put an end to location recording. In 1932 Estes returned to Brownsville to live again the life of a tenant farmer.

In 1935, hearing of blues recording activity in Chicago on the part of Decca records, Estes made his way to that city. He resumed playing on street corners and at house rent parties.

It was while he and Nixon were performing on the sidewalk at 31st and State streets, on Chicago's south side, that Mayo Williams, a shrewd business opportunist who was conducting Decca's race records operation, approached them about recording. Before a week had elapsed, Estes' first Decca record was cut. Over the next six years he recorded for Decca a series of blues that are the epitome of the pure, impassioned country blues style.

From this period came such blues masterpieces as *Drop Down, Mama*; *Floating Bridge*; *Someday, Baby*; *Special Agent*; *Poor Man's Friend*; *Buddy Brown Blues*; *Everybody Ought to Make a Change*; and *Fire Depart-*

ment Blues, among others.

Switching to Bluebird in 1941, Estes made a few recordings — including a superb *Mr. Clark the Lawyer* — before the wartime shellac shortage checked record production.

He again slipped into the obscurity of Brownsville farm life. Out of sight, no longer recording, he was soon forgotten, his name known only to the most dedicated of blues collectors, who prized his recordings.

CHANGING SOCIAL conditions put an end to his kind of music after the war, which saw the rise of rhythm and blues and, later, rock and roll. The older styles of Negro song were less and less frequently heard.

Estes was presumed dead. In fact, Hugues Panassie's short biography of the singer in *Guide to Jazz* had Estes' date of death listed as March, 1953. Estes was believed to have been an old man when he recorded — after all, was not his voice that of an aged man, cracked and rasping? Big Bill Broonzy hazarded a guess, in print, that Estes had been born about 1880. It was not unreasonable, then, to suppose him dead.

Early in 1962 Chicagoan David Blumenthal was in Tennessee filming a documentary, *Citizen North — Citizen South*, when, acting on information received from blues singers Memphis Slim and Big Joe Williams, he found and photographed Estes in his rude shack, several miles outside Brownsville.

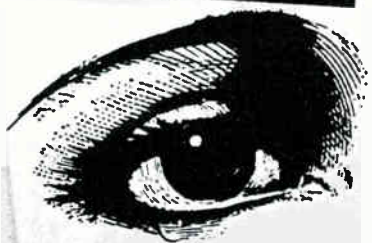
The proud singer had fallen on sad days; now blinded, he and his young wife were raising their children in a squalid, cramped dwelling that was little more than a shelter against the elements. The house was without water or electricity. In an area of poor white and Negro tenant farmers, Estes was among the poorest.

His loss of sight had brought the singer to this situation. Returning to Brownsville after his final Bluebird recordings, Estes had taken up his old life as field laborer, had married, and resigned himself to a life of ceaseless toil to eke out a livelihood.

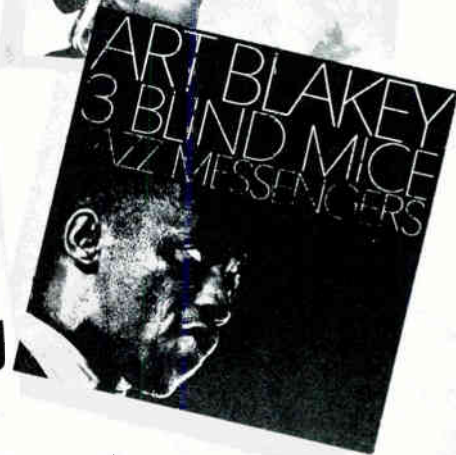
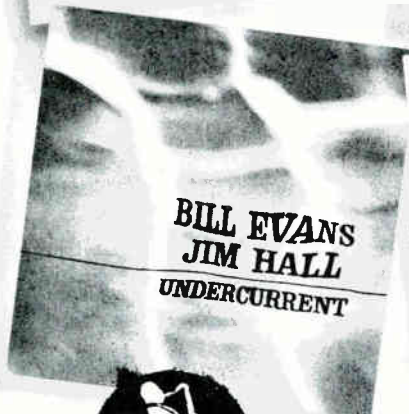
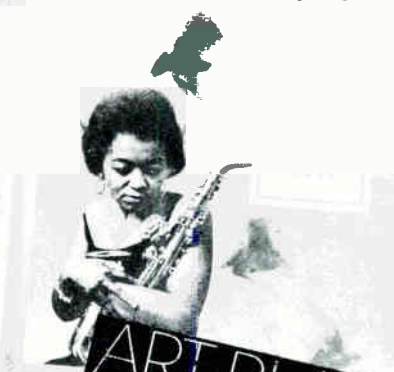
In 1950, he lost the sight of his right eye and in 1957 that of his left, both of which had been failing steadily as the result of injuries to them earlier in his life. Without sight farmers cannot work. His wife supported the family until Estes began to receive aid-to-the-handicapped money from the state.

Blumenthal brought word of his discovery to Bob Koester, the young owner of Delmar records, a firm that specializes in recordings of traditional jazz and older blues singers. Koester arranged a series of small concert appearances for the singer and brought him and his old partner Nixon to Chicago for a recording session. Three of the selections recorded — *Rats in My Kitchen*, *I Been Well Warned*, and *You Got to Go* — are recent compositions detailing, as did his earlier blues, events in his own life. They are powerful, telling compositions, stark and terrible, and as true as life itself.

The revival of interest in the blues and other traditional Negro music that has occurred in the last several years has had positive results in a series of impressive, valuable recordings by a number of elder blues men, among them Lonnie Johnson, Scrapper Blackwell, Pink Anderson, Furry Lewis, Blind Willie McTell, Big Joe Williams, and younger singers — like Lightnin' Hopkins, Memphis Willie Borum, K.C. Douglas, and Robert Pete Williams — working in archaic patterns. The rediscovery of John Estes, however, surpasses these others not only in the dramatic impact of a legend's coming to life, but also in intrinsic value and significance. It is comparable to tracing a mighty, rushing stream to its hidden source. ■



WOMAN, SHE WAS BORN FOR SORROW
DANNY SMALL



united artists jazz

THOUGHTS ON FEMALE "JAZZ SINGERS"

By
BARBARA
GARDNER

BILLIE HOLIDAY



FOR CENTURIES, people were satisfied merely to utter sounds to one another as a utilitarian means of communication. Then speech evolved. As usual, the intellectually curious, who seldom speak to anybody anyway, began to recognize the rhythmic rise and fall of sound, the lilting qualities of which the human voice was capable, and the repetitive pattern of certain pleasing sounds. Song developed. Singers of one sort or another have been with us since.

Improbable as the foregoing evolution is, it is no more so than the conflicting chronology of jazz singing. Recognized and respected critics and reviewers who will readily decline to define jazz split into atomized factions when discussing who should be considered a jazz singer or if, really, anyone should.

Among vocalists themselves, many inadequate singers have dubbed themselves "jazz singers" and proceeded, as such, further to alienate the general public from the art altogether. Yet, their contentions are difficult to challenge because absolute criteria for jazz singing are as obscure as an absolute definition of jazz.

There are, however, several singers who enjoy the sanction of the majority of critical, well-informed jazz listeners. This handful of artists are called jazz singers. Without exception, each has qualified for the distinction only after an evasive apology or the citation of a shortcoming has been voiced by at least one expert. No expert has said in print that there is no such thing as a jazz singer. It may have occurred to a number of them that the term jazz singer is virtually contradictory. The foundation and essence of jazz is freedom and spontaneous improvisation. Singing, on the other hand, is primarily dependent on syllabic lines of determined meter, sound, rhyme, and structure. Beyond these limiting technicalities, a song has a specific message, imparted by the words, which the writer wanted conveyed, and it is the responsibility of the singer to relate that message with reasonable fidelity. The fact that a vocalist may be able to alter effectively most of these restrictions does not erase the fact that these characteristics still remain in the general art of singing.

There are vocalists who have the instinct, the musical training, the ability to infuse their performances with the emotional and creative charge identified with instrumental jazz. One of the prime characteristics of these few "jazz singers" is their ability to produce a hornlike sound. Occasionally, a writer will go to the trouble of identifying "jazz singers" with some corresponding instrument. Dom Cerulli, for example, considers Ella Fitzgerald a tenor saxophone, Sarah Vaughan trombonelike, Anita O'Day a bit of muted

trumpet, Dinah Washington to have "the brashness of an open-horn trumpet." Such identification is interesting in light of a more prevalent opinion — that the first instrument is the human voice, and all instruments are only extension of vocal sounds or reproductions thereof. Using the horn-resemblance quality as a prime identifying mark, it then is possible to discuss "jazz singers."

The "dean" of them all remains the jocular trumpet veteran, Louis Armstrong, who is recognized as the ultimate horn-voice merger. Despite his age and his questionable mannerisms and stage personality, Armstrong continues to poll many votes in any balloting involving male "jazz singers."

Speaking of 1929 Louis Armstrong, critic Leonard Feather has said, "Armstrong symbolized what were then, and to some degree still remain, the essential qualities that constitute the jazz singer."

"The parched guttural tone had something akin to the sounds musicians then identified as jazz timbres; the lyrics, completely losing their importance to the song, become a mere vehicle on which to transport the melody."

"The Armstrong technique . . . was no technique at all but that of singing each song as if he were in the process of personal creation, as if he were blowing the lyrics through his trumpet."

Aside from Armstrong, one figure emerges from the past as the unanimous choice of the knowledgeable. Bessie Smith, dead for 25 years, continues to this day to exert an influence on criteria by which singers are judged. The powerful blues artist remains unequalled in profundity.

During the late 1920s, Tin Pan Alley and the jazz world struck up a tenuous and often uneasy alliance. Credit has been given to Louis Armstrong for introducing the popular tune to jazz. His rendition of *I Can't Give You Anything but Love* in 1929 opened a new area to jazzmen, and with the instrumentalist came the singer. Ordinary popular singers began working with the jazz and swing bands under such labels as chanteuses, canaries, thrushes, and chirpers. A few potentially great vocalists began to emerge in this milieu, in which a singer hardly could help but be formed at least a little by the instrumental jazz sounds.

Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, and Billie Holiday are the three most significant figures to come into their own under these circumstances.

FROM 1937 through 1957, the year she died, Billie Holiday was the recognized female jazz stylist of all time. She was often criticized in later years for her failing vocal equipment, praised for her increasing emotional impact, discarded contemptuously for her personal inadequacies;



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SARAH VAUGHAN

yet the qualities that established her as a jazz vocalist remain elusive. Her phrasing was instrumental in character, but her vocal instrument had not the clarity and fidelity of instrumental sounds. Her voice was often described in the last years as harsh and rasping. Time and abuse had reduced it to a mere echo of its original sound almost in direct ratio to the development of her emotional projection.

Even the respected Miss Holiday regarded herself as something other than a singer. She said in *Hear Me Talkin' To Ya*:

"I don't think I'm singing. I feel like I am playing a horn — what comes out is what I feel. I hate straight singing. I have to change a tune to my own way of doing it."

It is not surprising that Miss Holiday found the shallow tunes of her day confining. The alterations she made certainly lifted lightweight material onto a higher plane. She could hold a listener suspended with a deliberately delayed attack. Her subtle slurring of pitch, a deep, dark mood, the introduction of a blues feeling into everything she sang were the major characteristics that set Miss Holiday apart. She did, in fact, phrase in a hornlike manner, but she never discarded the lyric message of a song. In her hands, the ordinary could become the sublime.

From Bessie Smith and Billie Holiday, it is only a short distance in time to the emergence of Ella Fitzgerald, followed by that of Anita O'Day and Sarah Vaughan.

Miss Fitzgerald has occupied a position of high regard as a "jazz singer" longer than any other living female. She is also the musical pivot among singers and is often compared and contrasted with Billie Holiday on one side and Sarah Vaughan on the other. Perhaps as much out of frequency of mention as out of actual musical ability, she is often ranked ahead of the latter two singers, who, in practice, are more interesting musically.

Miss Fitzgerald's chief attribute is her ability to "get around" her voice as deftly as a horn man does his instrument. By this is usually meant the vocalist's ability to perform with rapid-fire speed and clarity, to hit notes with syllables or sounds with the same precision and facility as an instrumentalist. Her voice is light and airy, and she has worked diligently to expand its range. She seems to have indefatigable stamina in delivery. She possesses a finely tuned ear and remains on key even when sailing at break-neck speed through more than a dozen choruses of scat improvisations. She breathes and phrases with an instrumentalist's approach.

With all these qualities, even her staunchest supporters feel called upon to hedge as to her status as a "jazz singer". Respected writers feel obligated to relate, with justification, that Miss Fitzgerald is not just a "jazz singer"—only. One critic maintains that she possesses the "nearly perfect vocal instrument for pop-jazz singing." Another has said, "It is not that Ella does not sing jazz, but she is happier in the less naturalistic pop world, where she can sing popular songs and standards in a jazz-influenced style."

Whereas Miss Fitzgerald's talents may leap out and cuff one about the ears, Sarah Vaughan's are more likely to invade one's being quietly. Miss Fitzgerald is given accolades for superior intonation and musicianship. However, the more subtle art of Sarah Vaughan is taken much more for granted. Less spectacular and rousing, the stylings of Miss Vaughan are as intricate and varied as the modern chromatic jazz out of which they sprang. Of all reigning "jazz singers," she is technically more advanced, emotionally more comprehensive, and musically more complex than her peers.

Just as her instrumentalist counterparts, Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker, learned command of their horns, Miss Vaughan learned control of her voice: she slides easily through half-tones, changing keys easily, remaining exactly on pitch in whatever key she chooses.

Her voice is encompassing. She floats easily and smoothly from dark, throaty tones to rich, high notes. While vocal gymnastics as performed by Miss Fitzgerald can inspire awe, those accomplished by Miss Vaughan seem deceptively simple. Her ability to reach out, without warning, and hit widely separated notes with conviction and accuracy, her color variation, and her complete command of lyric and melody place her in good standing among instrumentally influenced vocalists.

Notice next should be taken of the singers who tumbled out of the Anita O'Day mold during the 1940s.

The group of vocalists that emulated her style thrived on an ability to shade delicately, rush ahead or lag agonizingly behind the time, phrased more for a melodic or harmonic goal than for the sense of the lyric. Their voices, to the woman, often were sharp-edged swords. The idiom was strangling at worst, and imitators shot up and were shot down by the dozens.

Only Miss O'Day remains the developing artist.

These, then, are the "old pros," young women active in their profession for almost two decades. Add to these Carmen McRae and Dinah Washington, and the musical history of the distaff "jazz vocalists" will be about complete so far as original contributions are involved.

Miss McRae is still in the developmental period of her career, even though she sings with the assurance and much of the polish of fellow stars. She probably can be expected to continue in the direction of the Sarah Vaughan chromatic school, but it is not evident currently that she will be an innovator.

Miss Washington has never received full recognition as one of the finest blues singers of this era. Perhaps her personal life, dotted by many imprudent, and flashy marriages, has taken away much of the dignity and respect her musical ability deserves. Even today, with a deteriorating voice, trite and inconsequential tunes, and a plainly mediocre rhythm-and-blues direction, she sings an occasional insurpassable moment of beauty and purity.

ESTHETICALLY, this article could have been written 10 years ago; not one new significant vocalist has emerged and remained on course during this period.

Much of the responsibility for the state of affairs of jazz singing must be laid to the highly accelerated pace of entertainment, of which television and stepped-up record production are important factors. Potential artists still crop up, but there is no longer a farm system or bush league where these newcomers can polish rough edges and develop creative spark with deliberation and concentration.

Several potentially good vocalists who might have contributed to jazz have fallen victim to the Big Push and stumbled unprepared into the spotlight to be subjected to criticism and comparison they were not yet ready to meet. These singers were quickly and mercilessly disposed of after basking in a dubious glory for a few months.

Others answered the commercial call and channeled their abilities into a less demanding, but economically more rewarding, direction than jazz. Significant among these are Nancy Wilson and Aretha Franklin.

The progress of Miss Wilson is illuminating in this respect. A sensitive, perceptive artist, who entered the profession with an incredibly crystal voice, she had a natural feel for delivery and a great yearning to be a star. At the start, her taste was questionable, her sense of dynamics was weak, her imagination undeveloped, and she did not know how to sing, physically. Given the opportunity and time to learn the craft, these handicaps could have been overcome. Instead, she was an overnight sensation and hit the night-club circuit as an established artist.

Within months two things combined to move her out of a



ANITA O'DAY



CARMEN McRAE



NANCY WILSON

possible jazz orbit. It became obvious that her throat could not stand the physical whipping it took every night. And she had several "pop" hit recordings. The beautiful young woman found it understandably easier and more practical to drift into singing in the less taxing popular vein, tossing in an occasional jazz-influenced number. But jazz is the loser with Nancy Wilson.

The Aretha Franklin story is similar. While her natural vocal equipment was less definitive than Miss Wilson's, it was more rugged, and she evinced more emotional impact and imagination in her first appearances. She was the first real blues potential to emerge in some time. But she, too, was instantly accepted by the public, and her blues talent since has been diluted to a shallow rhythm-and-blues styling with only sporadic bursts of real blues mastery.

Notice also should be taken of Annie Ross and Abbey Lincoln in any discussion of "jazz singing."

Miss Ross is the most important white singer to evolve since Mildred Bailey; but more important, she is one of the most adept artists in vocalizing authentic jazz instrumental lines. A British subject, Miss Ross shot into prominence in the late '50s as the high-note specialist in Lambert-Hendricks-Ross. The forte of this group was an ability to duplicate note for note a jazz instrumental arrangement, including intricate solos.

Technically, one might theorize that this is "jazz singing," but as commendable as this demanding practice may be, it allows even less freedom and creative expression than popular and ballad singing.

It should not be within the over-all context of this trio that Miss Ross be qualified as a "jazz singer"; rather, her specific role and the technical execution thereof bring her attributes into force. Her vocal range is broad and encompassing. Her voice has depth and substance at either end of her range. She is capable of sailing easily through endless choruses of a swift-paced solo with admirable articulation, projection, and accuracy. Miss Ross, in addition to her technical prowess, possesses warmth, a quality not much in evidence among the O'Day coterie. Miss Ross has made no monumental contribution to jazz to date; however, she has evidenced the potential of becoming a fine, expressive vocalist in the jazz media.

Jazz has enjoyed or suffered through a number of "movements." Out of one such phase, another potentially fine singer is emerging. Abbey Lincoln, who began her career more than a decade ago as a sultry sex symbol in supper clubs, has used the African influences in jazz as a springboard to creative artistry.

THIS DISCUSSION is not inclusive; it is selective at best. The limitation of space has not allowed even a capsule mention of several significant blues artists. There has been an arbitrary omission of the authentic blues evolution, its importance to jazz and its major artists (most of whom are men).

The emphasis here has been on the female in this media. It is poetic justice that while women are usually discounted as major jazz instrumentalists, the field of "jazz singing" is dominated by women.

It is as difficult to predict the future of "jazz singing" as it is to analyze its present. Currently, jazz itself is floundering, snatching at African rhythm or bossa nova strains to catch new breath and attract new support.

Whatever the direction taken; in the final analysis the human voice will remain simply and beautifully that—the human voice. It will not soar with the clarity and brilliance of a trumpet. It will not growl with the depth of a trombone. It will not leap with the precision of a saxophone. It will, however, continue to thrill and delight, charm and captivate with warmth and feeling no instrument can ever duplicate. ■

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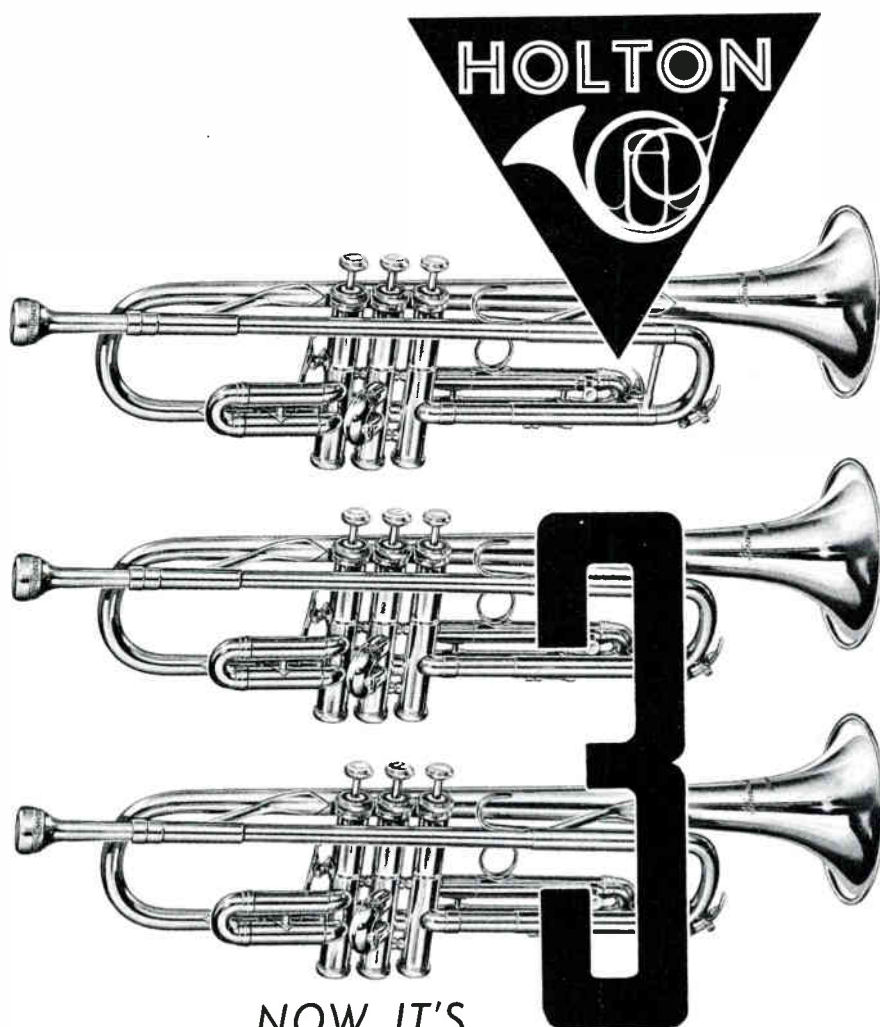
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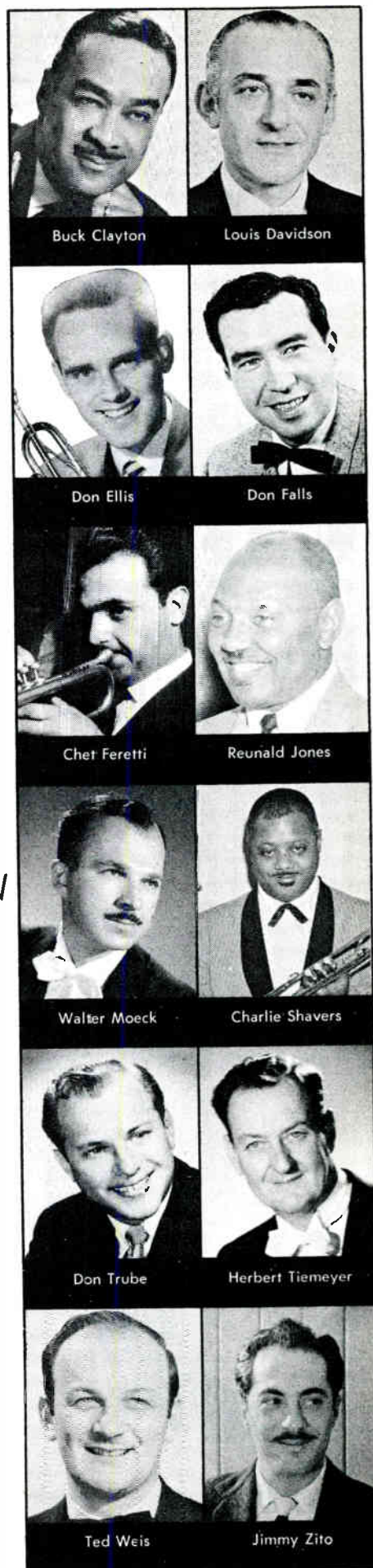
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THE DOG WHO PLAYED JAZZ



By Arnold Shaw

IT WAS Hawk that kicked the thing off. I mean Coleman Hawkins. I don't know what his tenor sax does for you, but it speaks to me, and when I first heard him, it was like coming into the sunlight.

Of course, in these days some people would say that Hawk's hard-hitting style is kinda square. Among these people you would find my mentor, Charley Prince, M. A., Ph. D., and J.C. I made up that last title — it stands for jazz collector. Charley is a typical professor of literature — except that he's a dedicated jazz aficionado. While he still subscribes to one of those mimeographed jazz-collector magazines, he's no longer interested in traditional jazz. Night after night, he sits up playing Stan Getz, Miles Davis, Jimmy Giuffre — and Lester Young. Prez is really Charley's passion. And that was a kind of sore point between us once I heard Hawkins.

I like to see a guy hug his horn as if it were a chick and blow until you can see the sweat running down his nose. I just don't go for this cerebral stuff. You know, like the guy is doing a problem in algebra. He's thinking, and it's gotta be quiet so he can hear the line the other cat is blowing. Like they wander on stage limp and deadpan and kinda dribble off instead of ending a number and wander offstage as if they were looking for the men's room and didn't quite know where they could find it.

Not that I said anything to Charley, I really liked Charley, even if I couldn't stand to hear him keep telling his wife, "Mary, that John Lewis sure is a gas!"

She would always say the right thing, although I don't believe she dug the stuff at all. Neither hot nor cool. Of course, I wasn't going to tell him. I liked him, and he liked her. So I even pretended that I liked her. After all, she fed me. And everybody has to do a bit of the insincere act when it comes to three squares a day. Sorry, Freudian slip. One square.

I wonder whether you sense what I'm getting at? How would you feel if you had to listen to your mentor drooling over a bunch of cats — I'm not using the word in its ethnic sense at all — when you knew that you could outblow any and all of them.

Now, before you break up, hear me out. I know what I'm talking about. Suddenly, I knew that I could outblow all of these cats — and, certainly, the guy I was named after, Prez.

That's another thing. That name. I didn't like it from the start, even though I thought at first it just had

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political significance. But after I got to know the guy's style, I just couldn't stand it.

Then, one evening, when he had some friends over, Charley put on a sax man I had never heard before. I guess Charley didn't dig this cat. But several of his friends did, and they asked for Hawkins' records. That really was my musical awakening.

That night, after Charley and Mary retired, I found myself rehearsing Hawk's licks. I don't mean out loud. Just to myself. But it just seemed to come natural. No sweat at all. From then on, I rehearsed every moment I could find. Or course, I pretended I was interested in the things that should interest a dog — like chasing the postman, growling viciously at anybody who came to the door, and having my belly scratched. The truth is only one thing was important — my music. Before long, I had all Hawk's solos down pat.

When I began "improving" on them, I was really scared. Where would it all lead?

Of course, I didn't let anybody know. Certainly, not the Princes. And not even the crowd of pooches that I palled with. But it was not easy. Every once in a while, when I was away from the house, kidding around with some of the boys in the neighborhood, I'd let go a bit. Without saying anything, I'd work something of Hawk into some random barking.

I think that after a time, one or two of them began to be suspicious. I remember one afternoon when we were out in the woods and I thought I was alone, I did about half a chorus of Hawkins' *Those Doggone Blues*. When I was just getting to the middle, I knew that I was not alone. There was Jenny, the collie from the corner house.

I guess that some guys would call her pretty. But dolls were just of no

interest to me. As soon as I spotted her, I kind of pretended that I wasn't blowing any particular thing. You know, I just lapsed into some pretty ordinary grunts and growls. But she was too fast for me.

"That's quite musical," she said, as she trotted over. "Sounds a bit like Wagner."

Wagner! Of course, you might detect some vague similarity. You know, like Wagner likes those deep, low notes in the orchestra and the thick textures. I guess if you didn't know very much about music, you could confuse Wagner and Coleman Hawkins. But I was in no mood to be musicological with Jenny, or anyone else. I guess I kinda stiffed her. I did the vanishing act real fast so as to avoid any embarrassing talk.

Probably Jenny misinterpreted my action. The next I knew, I was being stiffed by the entire neighborhood crowd. I picked up all kind of rumors. You know — "Who did I think I was just because I had a more musical bark?" It created a gap. After a while, I just couldn't relate at all to any of them. And the more I felt shut out of my in-group, the more I turned to my music. But that didn't help as much as you might think. Charley and his wife didn't realize how I was changing — how I had changed. They just continued acting as if the biggest thing in my life was that one square a day and having my belly tickled. Not that I let on very much. I was still playing mostly to myself, except when I got out of the house.

And so the tensions kept building — particularly since I kept getting better and better. And then came that night when I suddenly knew that I could outblow all those cats, including even — I must admit — Hawkins.

The night wasn't any different from other nights. I don't believe there was

even a full moon. Not that that legend ever meant anything to me. It was me that was different. The transformation was complete. As I lay there in the dark and quiet of the sleeping house, I suddenly felt myself at one with the entire cosmos. I was part of it and it was part of me. Within me, I could feel the ebb and flow, the rise and fall, the push and pull, the drift and the drive of all things, real and unreal, born and unborn.

I could feel it all building up in me. I tried hard to keep it in, as I had been doing for Lord knows how long. But it just kept building. The yearning for the good things. The hope of the future. The becoming and the not giving in.

And then it happened. I was in the middle of one of my best choruses before I had a chance to restrain the impulse. And by the time I realized that I was improvising at full volume in the quiet of 3 a.m., it was too late.

Suddenly, the back porch where I slept was bright with light. Charley was standing in the doorway in his pajamas, a little out of breath and agitated.

"What's wrong?" he cried. "What's wrong, Prez?" (That detested name.)

I cut my solo instantly.

He went to the back door and tried it. Then he tried the windows. I lay quietly, a little miffed that he was searching for a prowler, instead of commenting on my blowing. After a while, he got a searchlight and went shining it cautiously through the windows and back door. I was ready to crawl into a corner and die.

By this time, Mary was on the back porch, full of curiosity and a little uneasy.

"I don't get it," Charley said. "The windows and doors are all right. And there's nobody in the back."

"I never heard such raucous howl-

ing and honking in my life," Mary said.

I could have bitten her to the bone for that.

Charley turned from his examination of the back yard and shut off the flashlight. "I guess, maybe, it was just some unfamiliar noise that disturbed him," he said.

He bent down to pat my head, and I wagged my tail, though my heart was not in it.

"It's all right, Prez," he said. "I guess it was nothing." He turned to his wife. "What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything."

"I mean before — when you first came in." He thought for a moment. "You used the word 'honking.'"

"That's what it sounded like to me," she said.

"To me, too," he agreed. Then, he looked down at me with curiosity.

I began to feel a little better. At least, he sensed something.

"You also used the word 'raucous,'" Charley mused. "It was."

I could see he was trying to get at something. My heart was palpitating.

As the two of them left the porch, he turned to her and said, as if he didn't quite believe it, "You know, Mary, he sounded almost like Coleman Hawkins."

I couldn't believe my ears, and I couldn't restrain myself. I leaped up and began licking his face.

Mary broke into laughter. "Okay, Charley! Everything you hear sounds like some jazz record."

Charley smiled as he switched off the lights.

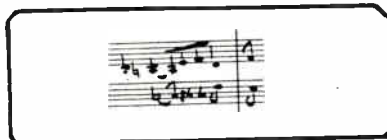
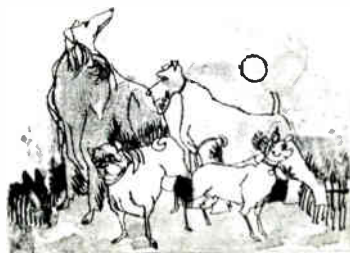
"Well," I heard him say, "he sure didn't sound like Lester Young."

Thank God for that, I thought.

THE FOLLOWING week was a bad one — for me and for the Princes.

Something kept happening to me, which I was powerless to prevent. I just could not keep myself from improvising out loud. Came the wee hours of the morning when cats all over the universe feel so alone, and I just could not keep my music in. I had to tell the world my miseries. Excluded from the society of my own kind — and not accepted fully in the society of my adopted family. That feeling of discrimination was in my improvised solos the second night.

But on the third night I was more than humiliated. For the first time in I don't know how long, Charley put the strap to me. It really hurt — even more emotionally than physically. And on the fourth night, in the midst of one of my best improvisations, I was kicked unceremoniously off the back



porch, out into the cold of the back yard. Even here, I could not contain myself. All the hurt within me, the feeling of being an alien in an unfeeling world, came to the surface — and I let go with one of my most moving solos. It was probably more in the mood of Prez than of Hawk, compounded of the mixed-up feelings of frustration and resentment I was suffering. But the next night — left to roam the cold back yard — I was blowing again like Hawk, loud, clear, vigorous, and angry.

By the following morning, there was a crisis in the Prince family. I knew they were having their problems with the neighbors, who had even less feeling for my music than the Princes. There had been complaints — also threats of going to the police.

The argument between the Princes came at the breakfast table. It started the moment I returned with Charley from my morning walk.

Mary had not slept for almost five nights, and she was finished. Either I went or she would leave. Naturally, I was upset. I liked Charley, and even if he and I didn't see eye to eye about jazz styles, we dug each other.

But Charley stuck by me in his quiet, professorial way. All through the argument, I had the feeling that he was rather distracted. Like he was only half-listening and half-answering. Finally, after Mary had climbed to the peak of her ultimatum, he came out of the clouds. He took his watch out of his pocket, put it on the table as if it were the beginning of class and cleared his throat.

"Now, Mary," he said, "I'd like you to listen to something I have to say. It'll take only two minutes on the watch here. But I'd like to say it in one piece. Okay?"

She hesitated but, upset as she was, ended by nodding.

"What I'm about to say," Charley proceeded, "may strike you as strange. But I believe that Prez has become neurotic."

"Neurotic!" Mary exclaimed. "You're joking."

"Just listen for a moment — and perhaps you'll see."

Mary could not restrain herself. "He has a home. He has food. He gets all kinds of affection and attention. Sometimes even more than I do."

"Now, Mary," Charley tried. "He gets all those things, but—"

"But what?" she demanded.

"But does he get understanding?"

I have never heard Mary laugh as hard or as long. "That's ridiculous!" she finally cried.

Charley got up from his chair and

walked around the dining room table as if he were in class. "No," he said firmly, "it's not. And before you start laughing again, just hear me out."

Mary half-collapsed in her chair.

"I've said that Prez has become neurotic — and I mean it. Have you watched him recently with the other dogs on the block? Well, I have. He just won't have anything to do with them — or they with him."

Charley paused.

"You are serious," she mused.

"Now," he continued, "I don't believe that his alienation from the other canines is a cause. I think it's an effect. It took me several days and sleepless nights of pondering before I discovered the cause. Mary, Prez has become neurotic as a result of my interest in jazz."

Mary started to laugh but stopped herself. "You mean he's jealous of your attentions to the hi-fi machine?"

He sat down in his chair and leaned back like a doctor at a consultation. "What's happened is this. Our Prez has developed a case of confused identity. Maybe because of all the time we spend with our records — perhaps, even as a way of getting more attention for himself — he's come to think of himself as a jazz saxophonist."

Mary started to say, "A jazz sax..." But she never made it, and I've never heard such raucous laughter in my life. Whatever delight I felt about Charley's discovery quickly went to pieces.

Charley sat quietly like a lecturer waiting for a group of whispering students to come to attention.

"If you're through laughing," he said severely, "I'll continue. It was actually you who gave me the clue. During Prez's first outbreak, you said his bark sounded like he was honking. Well, you were right."

"By the third night, I realized that he wasn't just barking at random, as dogs do. His barking had a definite pattern. On the fourth night, he even did something which made me think he was imitating one of my Coleman Hawkins records. The following morning, when I listened to it, I was amazed. I still didn't want to say anything to you. So I listened last night again. You may remember that I went into the study for a while."

Mary nodded, a snide little smile in the corners of her mouth.

"What I was doing was playing Coleman Hawkins records softly and listening to Prez as he barked."

Now, Charley stood up from his chair as if he had an announcement of major import.

"Mary, there is no question in my mind," he said. "Our Prez has come to

think that he's a jazz saxophonist. There, you have it."

Mary tried to laugh but couldn't. "You really mean it," she said. "Of course, what you mean is that Prez has heard those records so often, he's just kind of imitating them. That's it, isn't it?"

Charley stared severely at her. "No. His behavior is compulsive, not imitative. He believes he's a jazz saxist — and he's just got to express himself no matter how much we punish him. Like any jazzman he just has to play."

In spite of herself, she nodded. "He's always been so obedient," she mused. "Charley, I do believe his conduct is compulsive. But how do we lick it?"

Charley looked pleased. "Then you do see it."

"I don't really," she said. "But I do know how much Prez means to you."

"To us," he interrupted.

She passed over his correction. "He's always been a good animal. If we can get him to stop that nightly God-awful honking — I'd be happy for your sake — for our sake."

"Then it's settled?" Charley asked.

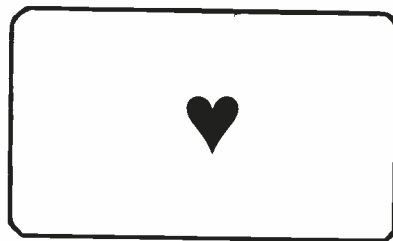
"What is?"

"We'll take Prez to a psychiatrist," he said.

Mary sat in her chair nonplussed. "Or maybe both of us should go," she said.

WHAT HAPPENED during the next few months should not happen — I am sorry to have to say it — to a dog.

Charley took me to a guy who was something like a vet. But he never took my temperature or stuck needles into me or rubbed salve into my skin. I was



not quite sure what he did really, except to put me through something he called "tests." He was particularly interested in how I reacted to different types of music. At first I thought he was just playing records for my amusement. But he was always making notes on a long, yellow pad.

Then after a time he began subjecting me to all kinds of noises. Once I thought a railroad train was coming at me. Another time, I heard the put-put of a motor boat. Then the whine and drone of an airplane. All these sounds came from a regular phonograph speaker. Some of them were quite loud and frightening.

The third phase in this guy's research was to get me to blow. At first I was kinda scared, and I just wouldn't do anything except bark, or grunt, or growl. But he kept after me. I knew what he was getting at, after a time, because he would make the room dark and quiet as it was in the Prince house at night. He'd even disappear from the room, though I had the feeling that he was watching me and listening to me over concealed mikes.

Well, after a while, I thought what the heck. And I started improvising. Man, I even went beyond Hawk and began doing things that I had heard Bird and the hard-bop crowd do. Before long, I was cutting Coltrane and Rollins.

After weeks of this routine, Charley and Mary were invited to come to his office for a consultation. I could tell it was a special occasion because they took me for a haircut and special wash. I was scared. I just didn't know what this guy was up to.

"This is the most unusual case," he began, "and I am most grateful to you for bringing Prez to me."

Charley gave Mary a victorious look. She played it cool.

"Let me admit at once that you've got a mixed-up cat — I mean, dog—" he continued. "And yet I have had to consider carefully whether I want to take him as a patient."

What does that mean, doctor?" Mary demanded. "You've had the case for almost three months."

"This has been a purely exploratory period," the doctor said superciliously. "It takes at least that long, or more, to discover whether an animal is a case. Well, you've got a mixed-up canine. No question. Put simply, he thinks he's a jazz saxophonist. But I refuse to straighten him out."

"Why?" Charley demanded.

"In fact," the psychiatrist said, paying no attention to Charley's question, "your dog thinks he's the greatest tenor saxophonist alive."

"But how do you know that?" Char-

ley asked.

"Many tests show it. But what shows it most of all is that he is!"

"Is what?" Mary asked.

"The greatest!"

"The greatest what?" Mary cried.

"My dear lady — the greatest tenor saxophonist," the doctor replied.

"This is ridiculous," Mary announced.

I was aglow all over. All the hurts, the humiliations, the ostracism I had suffered were worth this one moment.

"We didn't come to you to judge our dog's musicianship," Mary said. "We came to you as a psychiatrist."

Charley tried to restrain Mary. "Let's listen—"

"Madam, if you please," the doctor sniffed. "I happen to be a jazz buff as well as a licensed psychiatrist."

Now it was Charley's turn. "Okay, doc," he said. "Prez thinks he's a tenor saxist, you say he is the greatest, and I believe you've also said that you won't try to cure him."

"But don't you see," the doctor said affably. "There really is no case. He thinks he's the greatest. And he is the greatest."

Charley nodded. You could see that he did not dig. "But what do we do?" he asked.

"Why, it's very simple," the doctor said. "Find a means of letting him express himself. What Prez needs is not a psychiatrist but a recording contract."

"A recording contract?" Charley exclaimed, with Mary sounding an echo.

"Yes, a recording contract. Your dog is the greatest improviser since Bird. Rollins and Coltrane just don't measure up. Why, I could get him a record deal just like that. In fact, I would be honored to serve as his personal adviser."

"Hold it," Mary said. "You're going too fast for us. You don't want to take Prez as a patient. Okay. Now, suppose you give us a bill for your services and let us think about everything else you've said."

"As with all my patients, my bill will be mailed to you," the doctor said. "But let me add this. If I were to serve as Prez' adviser, I would be glad to reduce my fee substantially."

"We might work it out just that way, doctor," Mary said.

Well, it looked as if the meeting was over. No one seemed happy about how things had gone — except me, of course.

As Charley and Mary got to the psychiatrist's door, she turned. "And when are you planning to turn Prez' tapes over to us?" she asked.

"What tapes?" the doctor demanded.

"You know quite well what tapes,"

Mary said. "What's Prez been doing in your office these past three months if not making tapes?"

"Those are not tapes, madam," the doctor said. "They're tests."

Charley looked nonplussed. Mary always somehow knew where the bone was buried.

"Call them tests, call them tapes — we want them!" she announced.

"Madam, I don't return test materials to patients. And I have no intention of turning those tapes — I mean tests — over to you."

Mary plumped herself down in one of the doctor's chairs. "If you want a lawsuit," she said, "you'll get it. If Prez ever gets a record contract, what's to prevent you from peddling these tests?"

Charley stared at his wife in amazement. "She's right," he said. "Those tapes belong to Prez — and to us."

"Those tapes are part of my office records," the doctor said. "I would no more think of peddling them —"

"You did want to get him a record contract," Mary said.

"I was thinking more of what the association would mean," the doctor said, "of being publicly acknowledged as Prez' discoverer —"

"I have an idea," Charley said. "Would you promise in writing that those tapes would never be duplicated — that they would never be made available to anyone for commercial release?"

The psychiatrist riffled his pad. "In other words, I would be the only one to have these solos?"

Charley nodded.

"Why, gladly," he cried. "Most assuredly." He leaped out of his chair. "Why, I'd have the greatest collector's item in the whole world of jazz!" He giggled involuntarily.

Mary was quick. "One other thing. That fee of yours. . . ."

"I don't see that one thing has anything to do with the other," the doctor replied.

Mary became stern. "Okay, let's forget about the tapes altogether."

The doctor hesitated only a moment. "It's a deal," he said. "I keep the tapes — permanently and exclusively — and there's no fee."

"Fine," Charley okayed, and looked triumphantly at Mary. She stared back at Charley victoriously.

I just sat silently by. But as I walked out of the office between them, I felt humble. Well, I tried hard to feel humble. But the truth is that I was wondering how I would look in a beret — also how long it would be before RCA Victor threw that tired-looking, black-and-white terrier off its record label.

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Album Title: OUT OF THE COOL—Impulse 4: La Nevada;
Name of Artist: Where Flamingos Fly; Bilbao Song; Stratusphunk;
Selections: Sunkel Treasure.
Personnel: John Coles, Phil Sunkel, trumpets;
 Keg Johnson, Jimmy Knepper, Tony Studd, trombones;
 Ray Beckenstein, Eddie Caine, Budd Johnson, Bob Tricarico, reeds;
 Evans, piano; Ray Crawford, guitar; Ron Carter, bass;
 Bill Barber, tuba; Charlie Persip, Elvin Jones, percussion.
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Here we see Evans plain — not concerned with creating suitable settings for Miles Davis, not reworking old jazz standards, but expressing himself with his own band. And it's quite a musical sight. For Evans is a full-fledged member of that select group of jazz composer-arrangers who have completely distinctive musical personalities — a group in which Duke Ellington still remains head man and which includes, at the very least, Jelly Roll Morton and John Lewis.

Evans has put together a varied program — two of his own pieces: *Sunkel Treasure*, an atmospheric bit, and *La Nevada* (previously recorded in a shorter version on World Pacific as *Theme*), a long, loose, swinging piece resplendent with excellent solos by Coles, Studd, Carter, and, particularly, Crawford; a ballad, *Where Flamingos Fly*, that is set as a beautifully conceived, superbly executed solo vehicle for Knepper; George Russell's avant garde *Stratusphunk*; and the newly popular Kurt Weill tune, *Bilbao Song*, which Evans gives a fascinatingly brooding treatment.

The band he leads is, except for the addition of Jones and Barber, the exciting group he had for several weeks at the Jazz Gallery in New York in the fall of 1960. They respond to the Evans idiom brilliantly.

One of the charms of this set is Evans' use of soloist as contributing elements to the over-all arrangement instead of as ends in themselves. This approach adds immeasurably to the total effect (since a total effect is actually possible under these circumstances) and makes the role of the soloists much more effective. (J.S.W.)

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JAZZ BOOKS AND COMMENTS

BY GILBERT M. ERSKINE

In a preface to the English translation of Hugues Panassie's *Le Jazz Hot*, the translators observed that, since there was no sign of activity in the United States that might indicate the forthcoming publication of a book on the real aspects of jazz, the French book would have to do. By the end of World War II, when jazz was strongly implanted in the U. S. consciousness, readers still had to be content with a handful of volumes.

Since then, however, the publication of books on jazz, coming in fits and starts and at times almost imperceptible, has reached the point where there is today a sea of books available. And the rapidly changing conceptions of historical

perspectives, new information, and new insights all indicate that the high-water mark of publication in jazz has not arrived.

In any case, considering the quantity of books accessible to the public, it seems reasonable that a survey, however brief and arbitrary, of their quality and content now be made.

This survey is not complete. Excluded have been works of fiction; many of the yearbooks; all the songbooks and technical works on composing, arranging, and improvisation; and the annual volumes of *Down Beat's Jazz Record Reviews*. Some books simply could not be found for review. And I have included only those of foreign publication that have come my way.

The books are listed according to the year of first U.S. publication, but I have indicated revisions, if there have been any. Most books marked out of print can be found in larger libraries.

Readers will find that most persons who have written about jazz have thought long and carefully about the music, and they will discover that wide and persistent reading (as well as listening) will quickly yield a good knowledge of the scope and nature of jazz history and a sense of jazz as an art. They will further discover that the reading of jazz literature can be a rich and exciting experience for anyone.



1926

SO THIS IS JAZZ, by Henry Os-good. Published by Little, Brown, 258 pp. *Out of print.*

Considering the intellectual training of the music critics, the social climate of the nation, and the din and racket of 200,000 musicians riding the crest of the jazz craze in 1926, it is not surprising that this author missed the real thing and centered his attention on Paul Whiteman, Ferde Grofe, Ted Lewis, and George Gershwin. To his discredit, his attitude toward Negro musicians is unmistakably condescending.

JAZZ, by Paul Whiteman and Mary McBride. Published by J. H. Sears & Co., 298 pp. *Out of print.*

Good descriptions of the massive popular response to the early Whiteman "jazz" band. The phenomenon of jazz in the perspective of U. S. life is accurately stated in one chapter, but there is still no valid recognition of the real elements of the music.

1936

HOT JAZZ, by Hugues Panassie. Published by M. Whitmark, 363 pp. *Out of print.*

This translation of the 1934 French publication is the first informed book on jazz in English. Written with great persuasive power and insight, it virtually stopped the ignorant and often abusive commentary on jazz that was running unchecked (and unchallenged) in the U.S. press and periodicals. Studies of the recorded works of Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, and Duke Ellington stand up well. The quotes from John Hammond and other early critics on the definition of jazz are somewhat amusing, but there is also something exhilarating on reading what these early critics had to say. This book has been extremely rare for a number of years, and the publisher advises that it is permanently out of print.

SWING THAT MUSIC, by Louis Armstrong. Published by Longmans, Green, 136 pp. *Out of print.*

A skimpy autobiography, but much of the narrative is good — and clearly Armstrong.

1938

JAZZ: HOT AND HYBRID, by Winthrop Sargeant. Published by Arrow (Revised edition published by E. P. Dutton in 1946), 287 pp. *Out of print.*

This is the first full-scale description of the techniques of the rhythm, melody, and harmony of jazz (pre-bop). Various background influences are discussed. Sargeant has done a good job in this work, but his understanding and appreciation of jazz is not strong, giving a chilly and academic tone to the book.

1939

AMERICAN JAZZ MUSIC, by Wilder Hobson. Published by W. W. Norton, 230 pp. *Out of print.*

Hobson's analysis of jazz techniques is not as complete as Sargeant's, but it is just as accurate and more readable. The transcription and analysis of the Rhythmakers' (Red Allen, Pee Wee Russell, and Jimmy Lord) last chorus of the *Yellow Dog Blues* recording is an eminent model of jazz criticism. There is a brief but adequate history of the development of jazz. Hobson is a good critic and writer, though his insistence that jazz in no way stemmed from ragtime does not seem correct today.

JAZZMEN, by Frederic Ramsey Jr. and Charles Edward Smith. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., 360 pp.

(Available in Harvest Books paperback edition.)

This well-known book is widely regarded as the best general study of traditional jazz. William Russell's chapter on Louis Armstrong and author Smith's history of the Austin High School Gang are both outstanding, but all of the writing, pictures, and over-all presentation are first rate.

THE KINGDOM OF SWING, by Benny Goodman and Irving Kolodin. Published by Stackpole Sons, 265 pp. (Available in Frederick Ungar Publishing Co. paperback edition.)

Goodman's reminiscences of such things as the early Ben Pollack Band, the hilarious trip to Detroit to hear Bix Beiderbecke play with Jean Goldkette, the sessions at Chicago's Three Deuces, the scuffling of the Chicago crowd in New York in the early '30s, the early Goodman band, the broadcasts, one-night stands, and the breakthrough at the Palomar all add up to an autobiography of great interest. Kolodin's informative background chapters are very good.

1940

HOT DISCOGRAPHY, by Charles Delaunay. Published by Commodore Record Co., 416 pp. *Out of print.*

This is the U.S. publication of a revision of the 1936 French work, which was an attempt to identify the personnel and dates of all jazz records. Delaunay's work has been made obsolete by more recent discographies, but his pioneering was the basic for the newer works.

1941

FATHER OF THE BLUES, by W. C. Handy. Published by Macmillan Co., 317 pp. *Out of print.*

Handy's original title for this autobiography was *Fight It Out*, and his account of the raw and brutal experiences before his ultimate success gives reason for its appropriateness. There is a wealth of information on Negro bands and minstrel music circa 1900 and superb verbal sketches of the itinerant southern blues musicians. Very well written.

HOW TO BE A BANDLEADER, by Paul Whiteman. Published by R. M. McBride, 144 pp. *Out of print.*

The warm and enthusiastic remarks Whiteman has for jazz and jazzmen makes obvious the pride he has in the music. This is a fairly good book but will be hard to find.

1942

THE JAZZ RECORD BOOK, by Charles Edward Smith with Frederic Ramsey Jr., Charles P. Rogers, and

William Russell. Published by Smith & Durrell, 515 pp. *Out of print.*

Many regard this commentary and criticism of recorded jazz, running from the early OJJB sides to the late swing-era big-band recordings, as the finest yet written. Most of the important records of the '20s and '30s are discussed.

THE REAL JAZZ, by Hugues Panassie. Published by Smith & Durrell, 326 pp. (Revised edition published by A. S. Barnes & Co., 1960.)

Panassie's critical faculties seem suspended and replaced by a rigid intellectual formula: if a Negro musician is from New Orleans he *must* be good; some others may be good but are highly suspect. This is the first of the pedantic books, in which a critic stopped using his ears and started arguing the merits of jazz from preconceived theories.

1943

MILLER'S YEARBOOK OF POPULAR MUSIC, by Paul Eduard Miller. Published by PEM Publications, 195 pp. *Out of print.*

In this book there is a middle section dealing with jazz appreciation and criticism that is still interesting, but the other sections on biography and record valuations are outdated.

1944

ESQUIRE'S JAZZ BOOK, 1944, edited by Paul Eduard Miller. Published by Smith & Durrell, 90 pp. *Out of print.*

Articles by George Hoefer, Miller, and a cluster of *Esquire* writers, plus the array of pictures, make this a worthwhile addition to the literature of early jazz and swing.

JAZZ: FROM THE CONGO TO THE METROPOLITAN, by Robert Goffin. Published by Doubleday, 254 pp. *Out of print.*

Goffin has the distinction of having written the first knowledgeable book on jazz (*Aux Frontieres du Jazz*, published in Paris in 1932 and not yet translated into English), and some of the passages from that book are quoted in this. Goffin obviously knows jazz and has no serious blind spots, but his insistence on the importance of many second-rate white bands of the early '20s will amuse many.

MEN OF POPULAR MUSIC, by David Ewen. Published by Ziff-Davis, 213 pp. *Out of print.*

Included in this work are the biographies of Joe Oliver, Louis Armstrong, W. C. Handy, Meade Lux Lewis, Duke Ellington, and Benny Goodman; but



the material, in general, is too shallow to be of much interest.

1945

ESQUIRE'S JAZZ BOOK, 1945, edited by Paul Eduard Miller. Published by A. S. Barnes, 256 pp. *Out of print.*

There is much valuable information on early New Orleans jazz history, and there are many good photographs. This has the first mention—in books—of the new bop musicians.

1946

JAZZ CAVALCADE, by Dave Dexter Jr. Published by Criterion, 258 pp. *Out of print.*

Dexter sacrifices depth for breadth in this history of the development of jazz, and he does not linger long on any particular musician's style but concentrates instead on the bands. There is good comparative commentary on various early jazz periodicals: *Jazz Quarterly*, *Hot Society Rag*, *Down Beat*, *Jazz*, *Metronome*, and *Jazz Information*. There are some rare pictures.

SHINING TRUMPETS: A HISTORY OF JAZZ, by Rudi Blesh. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, 365 pp.

Blesh's good research work on the origins of jazz, southern blues, and New Orleans jazz is marred by a pedanticism that is even several steps further to the right than that of Pan-assie in *The Real Jazz*.

A CRITIC LOOKS AT JAZZ, by Ernest Borneman. Published by Jazz Music Books (London), 53 pp. *Out of print.*

If the reader can get past the brittle, ponderous, often erroneous theory and criticism in the first three chapters, he will be rewarded by much good information on the influences of west African music on jazz, and good narration on the conditions of the southern Negro in the 19th century. This is a reprint of the series that ran in *Record Changer* magazine under the title, *An Anthropologist Looks at Jazz*.

THE STARDUST ROAD, by Hoagy Carmichael. Published by Rinehart & Co., 156 pp. *Out of print.*

This is notable for Carmichael's remembrances of Bix Beiderbecke.

REALLY THE BLUES, by Mezz Mezzrow and Bernard Wolfe. Published by Random House, 388 pp. (Available in Dell paperback edition.)

It is Mezzrow's enthusiasm for jazz, more than his ability as a jazzman, that makes him an important figure in Chicago jazz history, and this is borne out in this autobiography. Here is an excellent eyewitness giving close glimpses of

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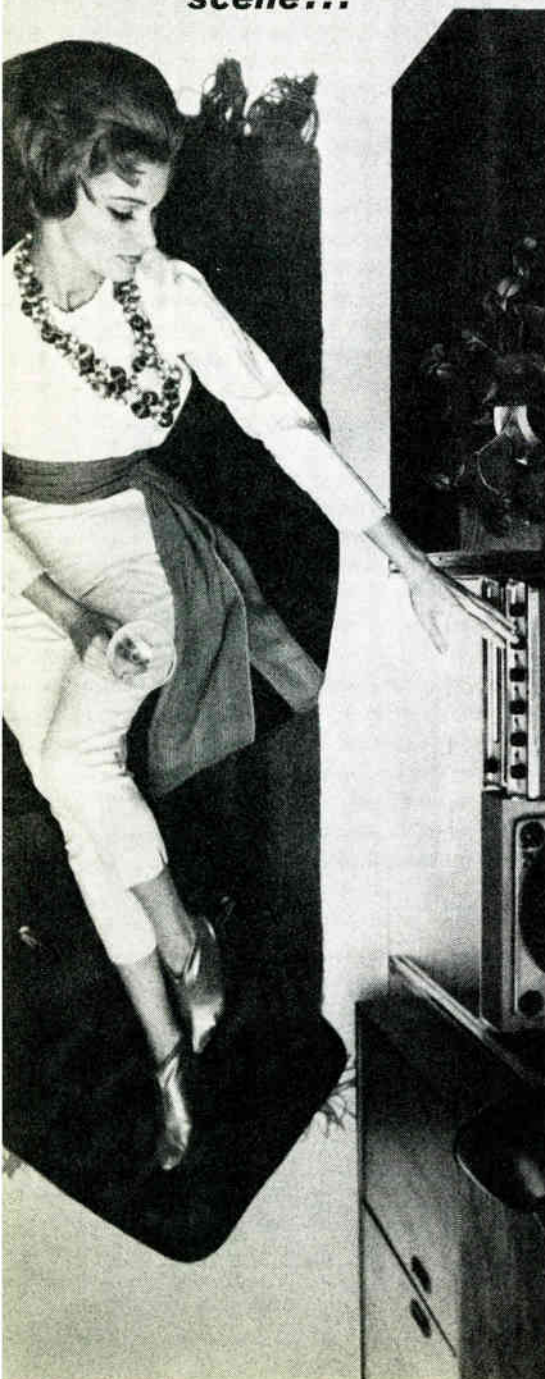
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ESQUIRE'S JAZZ BOOK, 1946, edited by Paul Eduard Miller. Published by A. S. Barnes, 201 pp. *Out of print.*

The first two chapters of this year-book give the most complete history of Chicago jazz in print, and there are many excellent pictures.

DUKE ELLINGTON, by Barry Ulanov. Published by Creative Age, 322 pp. *Out of Print.*

Descriptions of Ellington and his men at work and at leisure, and the commentary on the Ellington band records are first rate. This work has virtually pre-empted other attempts at Ellington biography in the United States.

1947

HORN OF PLENTY, by Robert Goffin. Published by Allen, Towne & Heath, 304 pp. *Out of print.*

This biography of Louis Armstrong is lightweight, and some of Goffin's research is hurried and slipshod. Many of the events, minor though they be, do not now check with the facts.

ESQUIRE'S JAZZ BOOK, 1947, edited by Ernest Anderson. Published by Esquire, 90 pp. *Out of print.*

This is the hapless "Eddie Condon" yearbook. The editor was also Condon's personal manager, and he managed to see that Condon was mentioned in nearly every article appearing. The swelling anger of jazz writers over this tactic caused *Esquire* to terminate its jazz yearbook series. Nevertheless, there are good historical articles by Jess Stacy, Tommy Dorsey, Louis Armstrong, and Max Kaminsky.

INDEX TO JAZZ, by Orin Blackstone. Published by Gordon Gullickson, four volumes. *Out of print.*

This was the most authoritative jazz discography until the publication in England of Albert McCarthy's discography (not included in this survey).

WE CALLED IT MUSIC, by Eddie Condon and Thomas Sugrue. Published by Henry Holt, 341 pp. *Out of print.*

The Condon swagger is apparent even in his prose, but the swagger is often justified. The plain fact is that he frequently has managed to be in the right place at the right time, and this autobiography, therefore, is of high interest.

FRONTIERS OF JAZZ, edited by Ralph DeToledano. Published by Oliver Durrell, 178 pp. (Revised edition published by Frederick Ungar Co. in 1962.)

This is one of the best anthologies of jazz writing. E. A. Ansermet on Sidney Bechet, Preston Jackson on King Oliver, Wilder Hobson on Duke Ellington, and Ross Russell on hot piano are all outstanding. Many of George Beall's facts in his early article on NORK are erroneous, but it was this article which first drew serious attention to this band.

1948

JAZZ: A PEOPLE'S MUSIC, by Sidney Finkelstein. Published by the Citadel Press, 278 pp. *Out of print.*

Finkelstein was one of the first commentators to attempt a reconciliation between the warring factions of traditional jazz and bop. He is deeply involved here in the social aspects of jazz, and his approach in this book shows him to be a profound, sensitive thinker if not a top critic. There is an interesting description of the development of books on jazz in the introduction.

TRUMPET ON THE WING, by Wingy Manone. Published by Doubleday & Co., 256 pp. *Out of print.*

New Orleans trumpeter Manone would never wait for things to happen; he would *make* them happen, and the whirlwind of events, people, and humor makes this one of the most entertaining books in jazz.



1949

INSIDE BEBOP, by Leonard Feather. Published by J. J. Robbins. 103 pp. *Out of print.*

This is the first study of bop, written by one of the earliest supporters of the movement. The data on history,

biography, and the techniques of bop given here have proved extremely accurate. There are very good pictures. Mary Osborne's remarks on young Charlie Christian in Bismark, N. D., are unforgettable.

1950

MISTER JELLY ROLL, by Alan Lomax. Published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 318 pp. (Available in Universal Libraries paperback edition.)

Fact and fantasy are mingled in a fine reconstruction of the times and travails of one of the giant figures in jazz. A superb, if incomplete, biography-autobiography. Lomax' interludes are helpful, but the story rolls best when Morton is recounting the fantastic events of his life.

THEY ALL PLAYED RAGTIME, Rudi Blesh and Harriet Janis. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, 338 pp. (Available in Evergreen paperback edition.)

This definitive study of ragtime has won immense respect for Blesh from all quarters. The scholarship remains unrefuted. The close relationship between ragtime and early jazz makes this a valuable book for the jazz library.

1952

A HISTORY OF JAZZ IN AMERICA, by Barry Ulanov. Published by the Viking Press, 382 pp. *Out of print.*

This is one of the finest and most complete histories of jazz. Ulanov tackles the material with good balance and judgment; the periods, bands, and individual jazzmen are treated in depth and with fine insight. Ulanov, moreover, is one of the most capable prose writers in jazz.

JAZZ, by Rex Harris. Published by Penguin Books (England), 256 pp.

Like Rudi Blesh's *Shining Trumpets*, this has both excellent background research and a warped pedanticism regarding jazz development. Good traditional jazz study.

THE TROUBLE WITH CINDERELLA, by Artie Shaw. Published by Farrar, Straus & Young, 394 pp. *Out of print.*

The trauma that made the musician, and then robbed us of his talents, is described in great detail, but Shaw, in this autobiography, is disappointingly short on commentary on his sidemen, some of whom were Hot Lips Page, Dodo Marmarosa, Billie Holiday, and Roy Eldridge.

1954

SATCHMO, MY LIFE IN NEW ORLEANS, by Louis Armstrong. Published by Prentice-Hall, 240 pp. (Available in paperback edition.)

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able in Signet paperback edition.)

Some of the facts in this second attempt at autobiography are in dispute (Peter Davis who taught Louis at the Waif's Home insists Armstrong spent five years in there, not one year), and it is easy to see that Armstrong acquiesced to editorial pressure to include episodes intended to be ribald and sensational but which only manage to be tastelessly smutty.

1955

BIG BILL BLUES, by Big Bill Broonzy. Published by Cassell (London), 139pp. *Out of print.*

Recounting the details of his life to Belgian blues authority Yannick Bruynoghe, Chicago blues singer Broonzy tended to over-romanticize, gloss over, and distort happenings, with the result that the folk-heroic Bill Broonzy that emerges is quite a bit different from the flesh-and-blood one. Still, it is an interesting and colorful book and offers an excellent insight into the world of "race" recording. Capsule portraits of other bluesmen are included, as is a comprehensive discography of Broonzy recordings up to publication time.



THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ, by Leonard Feather. Published by Horizon Press, 527 pp. Latest revised edition published in 1960.

A staggering amount of work was put into this project, and the result (complete, accurate biographical data

on more than 2,000 jazzmen) was well worth the effort. This invaluable reference work belongs in all basic jazz libraries.

HEAR ME TALKIN' TO YA, by Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff. Published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc., 432 pp.

The juxtaposition of various musicians' statements on events and personalities in jazz history produces a kind of poetry that almost approaches the beauty of the music itself. Brilliantly conceived and edited, this is one of the best-loved books in jazz.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF JAZZ, by Orrin Keepnews. Published by Crown publications, 282 pp.

Many rare and excellent photos are presented in the historical sequence of the different periods of jazz, making this a wonderful adjunct to the literature of jazz history.

1956

THE STORY OF JAZZ, by Marshall Stearns. Published by the Oxford University Press, 367 pp. (Available also in Mentor paperback edition.)

Many regard this as the finest history of jazz that has yet been written. Stearns spends much time on the background influences, and then, moving quickly, he traces the development of jazz to the mid-'50s.

His eye for significant events is accurate. The clear, readable prose style has made this an extremely popular study, and the low price of the paperback edition makes this one of the best bargains in jazz books.

THE REAL JAZZ, OLD AND NEW, by Stephen Longstreet. Published by the Louisiana State University Press, 202 pp.

Highly subjective impressions of the blues, and early New Orleans and Chicago jazzmen give evidence of Longstreet's attraction to traditional jazz, but nowhere does he succeed in conveying the real depth and vitality of the music, and nowhere does he add to the body of knowledge on jazz.

THE HEART OF JAZZ, by William Grossman and Jack Farrell. Published by the New York University Press, 315 pp.

The authors attempt to put the phenomenon of jazz in some workable relation to world history, art, philosophy, and religion, but while they stride boldly in tentative theory (Rousseau's primitivism vs. Christian influence), their conceptions of jazz are so narrow and rigid that the whole discourse is a bit grotesque. There is, however, a very good account of the

(Continued on page 119)

JAZZ



AND CULTURAL COMMUNICATION

By WILLIAM D. ROUTT

JAZZ AND the blues have served as something of a focal point in the developing wave of social and racial consciousness among U. S. Negroes. In stressing the legitimate values of the Negro subculture in this country, some spokesmen of the race have relied heavily upon a rather chauvinistic view of cultural relativism with respect to jazz, the most highly publicized and generally recognized Negro contribution to U. S. culture.

Starting from what are fundamentally sound anthropological principles, these persons have leaped too far to conclusions that will not hold up under logical analysis. Jazz has been touted as something essentially by and for U.S. Negroes. The more generous of the in-group espousing this mystique have admitted a few white persons in this country, and even a certain select group of white Europeans, into the fraternity of those who can *really* play jazz. Yet these same rather vocal arbiters of the in-group have confessed that they cannot or will not play in the same manner for a predominantly white audience as they do for a Negro one.

At the same time, this subtle switch in style is laid at the door of the "nonmembers," who cannot and will not truly comprehend the outpourings of the Negro subculture

and must be fed a dilute version of the Negro soul.

It must be stated here that in fact there is much truth in this outlook. It is when the fact gives way to cultural theorizing and degenerates into racial dogma that it becomes hogwash.

For example, it is supposed that the whole of the average Negro audience at a jazz performance understands the music fully, in contradistinction to whites at the same function. In fact, of course, the usual white audience will contain a smaller percentage that has listened long and sympathetically to many forms of jazz than will the average Negro audience. This is true only because the Negro subculture provides a potentially easier access to understanding jazz through the blues, church, and popular music forms of the subculture. But if the connection between exposure to jazz forms and understanding were entirely valid, one would expect a similar percentage of white persons attending a symphony concert to understand that music, for the white culture provides a chance for musical appreciation based upon Western "classical" forms. Yet the majority of white concertgoers seem to get stuck somewhere around *The Merry Widow Waltz*. And it is surely chauvinism to expect that the ma-

jority of Negro jazz fans are not satisfied with *What'd I Say*?

However, it next is said that mere exposure to a music does not presuppose a comprehension of it and that there is something else—a not easily definable item in the music of the Negro: soul. And soul, the argument goes, ultimately has to do with being an American Negro, i.e., participating in the Negro subculture.

The surface-level fallacy in this argument has been beautifully exposed in private conversation by author Ralph Ellison. Irritated repeatedly by some who wanted him to admit that no white man had played, or ever could play or understand, jazz, he replied that he was willing to concede this—and also to concede that Marian Anderson, Paul Robeson, Adele Addison, et al., had not understood, and never could understand, the “classical” forms of Western music.

IN SOME circles, however, these remarks might be considered a denial of racial heritage. It is the aim of this article to subject this viewpoint to a certain degree of scrutiny.

One of the tenets of communication theory is that in order to have true communication, both he who communicates and he who is communicated to must belong to the same culture. That is, the understanding of spoken language must act in combination with tones, gestures, inflections, multiple meanings of words, choice of words in a given situation, and a host of other nonverbal variables in order for true meaning to be conveyed. More than mere dictionary knowledge is required to get at the meaning of an utterance.

It is this idea that lies at the root of the jazz-is-for-Negroes argument. It is basically a sound idea and has served a number of linguists well. However, to apply this concept to all forms of communications without first examining the extent of the concept is to commit a serious error. The key word to this whole business is “culture.”

Verbal communication and its attendant gestures, etc., is called language, and it is to language that this concept applies in its broadest sense. Language is the most important means of communicating a culture's values and mores, its “ethos”—that thing which makes any culture tick. Thus, language is shaped by (and some say it shapes) the culture it serves. As an

instance, the verb “to dig” in the hip U.S. subculture means something intangible that combines understanding, experiencing, and realizing. It arose out of a need for just such a word among members of this cultural group.

The understanding of language depends to a large extent upon the individual's participation in the culture or subculture that the language serves—and it can be said that a language cannot truly be understood except by one who is a member of that culture or subculture. But cultures and subcultures come in all shades and sizes. Many a person surely has felt a draft when two or more acquaintances have begun to talk deliberately about something out of his ken—even though basically all of them are members of the same cultural group.

Phase 1 then, is the recognition that the jazz-oriented subculture and the U.S. Negro subculture are not one and the same. Which is to say that all those sincerely interested in jazz cannot be defined by skin color.

The jazz-oriented subculture is perhaps most easily defined by its comprehension of the jargon of the subculture and perhaps best defined by the hackneyed term “a sincere interest in and appreciation of jazz.”

Now, this does not go terribly far, for there is still the objection that “true appreciation of jazz is something only Negroes possess, and it is called soul, etc.” Now it is necessary to cross another bridge to prove the thesis that the jazz-oriented subculture is actually multiracial.

What comes under consideration is the difference between music and language as forms of communication.

The prime difference lies probably in the realm of function. Language functions as a prime medium for cultural transmission. Music, for a variety of reasons, does not. Some people are tone deaf. Some have no sense of rhythm. But these people do not exist outside their cultural situation. The totally deaf or blind person does, however, feel cut off from the mainstream of culture because he cannot participate wholly in it. This is perhaps one reason why neither totally aural nor totally visual stimuli constitutes language. Certain totally aural stimuli—sounds made without a direct visual reference point such as lip movement or the depressing of the key on a piano—find their place in music. Totally visual stimuli are found in pictures, sculpture, and

the like. The important point is that these constitute only a part—not the whole—of a culture.

If it is true, then, that the music of a given culture cannot be taken to stand for the whole of that culture, it is equally true that if the major portion of one's musical experience is with the music of a culture different from one's own, there is no reason why one's comprehension of that music should not at least equal the comprehension of a musically oriented native of the culture. In other words, if a person has spent the major part of his musical life listening to jazz, then he may be expected to understand jazz as well as any Negro who has spent a similar amount of time at it. This will be true because jazz is not the language of the Negro subculture but merely a musical form therein—and without which the culture would, indeed, survive.

The most one can say of a distinct musical composition or solo is



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that it reminds him of something. This does not mean that it reminded the composer or soloist of the same thing. Music is intended to evoke or excite emotion (even program music), not to describe. And is there an emotion that is not common to all mankind?

Now, it may be that the way Miles Davis plays a solo will make many Negroes think of the last time they were refused work or insulted by a white man; it may make me think of that, too, or it may make me think of the last time I was excluded by my Negro friends or insulted by someone I had never seen before. Or it may evoke in me a feeling of loneliness and rejection and of solitary beauty. This is all that music is designed to do. Music is not aurally specific, as language is. A jazz piece arises from a particular musical tradition and demands only that the listener be familiar with that musical tradition in order to appreciate the composition fully.

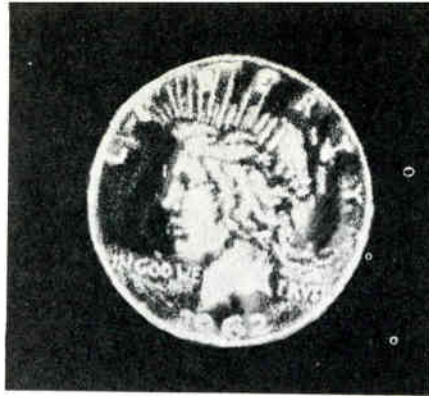
As it is likely that the average white person will have been exposed to enough European music to make Tchaikovsky palatable and perhaps enjoyable, so is it likely that the average Negro will have been exposed to enough blues and Gospel music to make *This Here* palatable and perhaps enjoyable. But this is not to say that in the nonaverage situation, both positions might be reversed. One Negro friend of mine knows more about Renaissance music than I and digs it with a passion that I reserve for Armstrong, Ellington, Parker, and Mingus, whom he merely tolerates. I don't think he is denying his racial heritage, just as I don't think I am denying mine. I think that he is following a sound that touched him as jazz touched me and that in so doing, he has come from merely being touched to a full understanding of the meaning of the music, an understanding that my understanding of jazz parallels in every way.

To sum up:

The true understanding of jazz depends not upon participation in the U.S. Negro subculture but instead in the jazz-oriented subculture — and this is defined by the experience within a given *musical* tradition, not by experience within a given set of racial, cultural, or linguistic mores. Because jazz is music, and thus not specifically referable to cultural phenomena, and because it cannot, considering its function within the culture, express the totality of the culture from which it arose, jazz is thus capable of being understood by any who can give the time and sympathy to its study.

Finally, I am tired of hearing it denied that I am able to understand what constitutes one of the most important experiences in my life on the basis of the same idiotic reasoning that forces Marian Anderson, Paul Robeson, and Adele Addison to sing spirituals. ■





THE ECONOMICS OF JAZZ

A DISCUSSION

Seven persons met in *Down Beat's* New York office to discuss the problems of young jazz musicians—and the fact that many of them, especially the members of the avant garde, find it difficult to make a living playing jazz. The members of this panel were:

Mike Berniker (jazz a&r man for Epic records), is a long-time jazz fan (for close to all his 27 years, as he says), is a “practicing” clarinetist—that is he can “play professionally on a semiprofessional level,” and is one of the record breed who feels his dedication should be at least as great as that of the artists whom he records.

Jay Cameron (baritone saxophonist), born in 1928 in New York City began playing alto and started his professional career with Ike Carpenter in 1946 and has since then played with many groups in this country and others. Perhaps the most well-known persons and dates were Woody Herman (1956) and Maynard Ferguson (1957-58). He has played with and has been the manager of the Slide Hampton group since 1960.

Teddy Charles (vibraharpist and composer), born in 1928 in Mass-

achusetts, seems the most versatile and outspoken of jazz musicians. He has played with Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Buddy DeFranco (to mention three clarinetists), and many others as well. Beginning in the '50s, he spent much of his time with experimental groups and movements, playing and/or writing. In addition, he has worked with several jazz record labels in production, recording, and management capacities.

Bill Coss is associate editor of *Down Beat*.

Oliver Nelson (saxophonist and composer), born in 1932 in Missouri, has studied everything from music (he has a master's degree) to taxidermy and embalming. Only in 1962 did he break through into recognized circles to record for major record labels. His current interest is away from playing and completely oriented toward writing with some time for reflection.

Norwood (Pony) Poindexter (saxophonist), born in 1926 in New Orleans, played with big bands such as Lionel Hampton's but has played mostly with and led small groups, generally on the West Coast. Most recently he has been a vital part of the Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan musical accompaniment.

George Wein (pianist and entrepreneur), born in 1925 in Boston, has owned night clubs (two called Storyville), a record company (of the same name), produced jazz festivals (beginning with Newport) and concerts all over the country, managed individuals and groups, and has recorded as a pianist and as a vocalist.

The subject is more properly about any musicians who seem unwanted by the business end of jazz.



COSS

Coss: You have all agreed that avant garde is too limited a term for our discussion; that the subject is more properly about any musicians who seem unwanted by the business end of jazz. In short, we are discussing why it is that young musicians, particularly those who do not play the in-demand kind of jazz, and/or their elders in the same category, are finding it so currently difficult to make it in the contemporary jazz scene. And what can be done about it.

Charles: You can't make it in jazz today.

Coss: Well, we could all stop as of this moment. But I'd prefer to ask George Wein, who represents nearly every aspect of the jazz field to start us off.

Wein: It's much more difficult now than it was in the past for a young or different musician to break into the jazz field, for the simple reason that there is now a rugged dichotomy in the field.

There was a time, from an economic point of view, when there wasn't such a huge difference between, say, an Ella Fitzgerald and a Thelonious Monk, in terms of what a club would have to pay them for an appearance.

I should clarify that. By not much difference—and it may seem large to some—I mean that there was a time when Ella was getting about \$2,500 a week and Monk was getting \$1,000. That meant, if you were a clubowner, you could make money with Ella. That meant you could present her, and others like her who would make money for you, and intermix them with other

It's much more difficult now than it was in the past for a young or different musician to break into the jazz field, for the simple reason that there is now a rugged dichotomy.



WEIN

artists you were trying to bring along. For example, when we first brought Dave Brubeck to Boston, we only paid him \$800. We lost money with him then, but it fitted into the economic system of the club—because the big names of the time carried the little losses.

It wasn't that the big names really made big money for you. It doesn't seem to me that most jazz clubs are really constituted to make really big money, but there once was a time when there was a chance to play two or three top names and then play some newcomers.

Nowadays that's impossible. Big names are getting from \$6,000 to \$9,000 a week. People like Ella Fitzgerald and Sarah Vaughan have passed out of the realm of the jazz club. Now the club has to settle for a medium-type group that has a draw—and hope that it can break even. Even at that, it has to be almost a family-type operation, kept under close supervision, and fighting for every dollar. How can you afford to play new or different musicians in a situation like that?

Nelson: It really is a question of money.

Coss: Are we treading close to a point where such musicians have to be subsidized?

Wein: There should be subsidy, and there is. The record company is as close to it as we have. After all, before his first record is made, before a copy is sold, a record company has had to believe in a musician enough to give him some money. Of course, that will

What we really want to do is to play, which means that we have to have the opportunity to stay together and play together. But it is a terrible shame that there is so little time to play.



CAMERON

The one who is making it is the one who is performing more than anyone else.



BERNIKER

stop after a while, if he doesn't deliver.

It really isn't a subsidy though, the way we usually understand the word. But if it weren't for the few adventure-some guys in the record business, I would say that there would be nothing happening as far as bringing new talent into jazz.

Coss: Mike Berniker, in terms of the subsidy that is not a subsidy—do you think it's a good thing?

Berniker: I don't think it's enough. We're talking there about a pretty minimal standard. As far as the money is concerned, it's not going to make much difference in his career.

I think the biggest subsidy a record company can give to an artist is in promotion. The biggest help a record company can give an artist is to give him maximum exposure on radio and to all consumers.

The major fault with most record companies dealing with artists is that the promotion department is not as sympathetic to the artist as is the a&r man. Normally, I think that we are recording people we love. But an artist needs the same amount of understanding from the men who will promote his record as he hopefully gets from us.

I think that's one of the crucial inequities in the recording of new artists. It is certainly one of the reasons new artists have not recorded, or only recorded once, and have not succeeded. Because it so often happens that the a&r man in that position has to immediately get into promotion, sales, and advertising, because he is the only

We've been sold a bill of goods that jazz is an art form. If you want to accept that, people who play it should be artists.

A record company can give the young musician an emotional subsidy.



CHARLES



BERNIKER

one who knows anything about the artist, the music, and the jazz business.

Coss: But you're talking about money again, aren't you? How can a label spend that much on an individual artist?

Berniker: Well, they can, and this has been a cry throughout the industry. And if they can't, then it's foolhardy for them to record new artists as a general rule. Many record companies, you have to remember, look upon jazz only as a cultural contribution. That mostly ends with the recording.

Charles: I'm uneasy about not settling some definitions. If we are talking about jazz artists, let's be sure we're talking about the same thing. What do you mean by "making it?"

Art speaks for itself, and a jazz artist is one who is primarily interested in creating jazz as an art and not concerned with whether it, sells or whether it reaches a maximum amount of people. That would be my definition. That's not what a booking office or a record company calls jazz.

Still, we've been sold a bill of goods that jazz is an art form. If you want to accept that, people who play it should be artists.

Nelson: I think the word jazz is what causes all the trouble. It doesn't give enough area. The jazz musician seems to base his whole art on improvising. This happened in Europe hundreds of years ago. Troubadors went all over with a lute, improvising. That wasn't jazz. So the only thing I can say is that the definition of jazz and of music are not really separate.

Guys are thinking of creating jazz from a chromatic point of view—you know, of arranging from a 12-tone point of view and having complete equality instead of having to run a C7th and the C chord and the F-sharp chord. This isn't a jazz concept alone. It's a kind of musical concept.

Jazz is a kind of music that defies composition. I've heard guys improvise, using *Rite of Spring* in a solo. But it's sort of overlapping.

Charles: Well, unfortunately, to be accepted as jazz, these things you are talking about either take a very important figure in the field, or a long rough haul, say, 10 years or so. I can remember in 1946, say, when we were playing jazz waltzes and we were ridiculed for it. It wasn't jazz if it wasn't 4/4. Now the waltz has become standard.

Nelson: So if something reaches many people, is it then popular music?

Charles: No. For example, I'd call Stan Getz a jazz artist, whereas I heard a record some time ago, where the music was completely derivative of Getz. I'd say that guy was not an artist at all, although a booking agency or a record company would call him a jazz artist.

You see, I'm concerned about this phrase "making it." There are lots of ways to make it. We've all been on the road, and we've all heard musicians out there who are playing as well as anyone here. Now they are making it artistically, but they maybe aren't making it financially, maybe because they don't care, or they don't have the drive to come to New York and knock

their heads against the wall.

Berniker: Making it is in George's and my area. For the artist, it can't simply be centered on artistic progress, however. It means having the avenues to get started—clubs and record companies. It means the opportunity to work at their craft—working in clubs and on records—the ability to have as many opportunities to perform their art as possible. The one who is making it is the one who is performing more than anyone else.

Wein: One who makes it is the one who earns the respect of, and serves as an influence on, his fellow musicians. If he has done that, he has made it as an artist. It is the other artists who determine whether you make it as an artist. The public only determines whether you make a living. But, believe it or not, if you receive the recognition of the rest of your field, you will make a living—maybe not what someone more popular will make. But this is the clearest rule: nobody has ever become important in any field of art without the recognition of the others in the field and without influencing others.

Nelson: I think the question of influence can be very misleading. I can imagine there are always people who are ahead of their time. It might be 100 years before they began to influence others.

Berniker: The best example I can think of that is John Coltrane. First, he's an excellent musician. He's an innovator, too, but in a basic way. He's taken

Nobody on the West Coast liked what I was doing apparently, because they wouldn't record me. When bop failed, the guys who were proficient at it went right down with it.



POINDEXTER

what's been done before and gone on far in front of everyone else. Now, a musician who wants to make it artistically, has to make up his mind to persevere to the very end. He has to stick to his idea, make it or not.

But, then, there are those who ask why can't I live like others? Why do I have to suffer? The answer is that, if you want to make it artistically, you have to make it at the expense of everything else. George Russell is a musician who persevered until he finally made people stop and listen. Now George has made it to a certain extent, even though he has a lot more to say.

But there are a lot of people who don't have this kind of courage. So they decide to make it as a musician rather than as an artist. If some record company would have helped them, perhaps they would have had the courage. I think that's beginning to happen now.

Charles: Oh, only for a few people, and that's certainly not going to happen for the young musician. He's got a long way to go financially, unless he's very lucky.

Coss: Yes, and Coltrane isn't a case in point. He's got a blanket now that will cover and carry him for a while.

Nelson: Well, let's take Frank Strozier. He's an excellent alto player, and he's beginning to make it now because a record company had faith in him.

Berniker: That's a vital point. Jazz is one of the most documented of all the arts. The jazz record is a history, and the art, in more ways than one, has

expanded because of this documentation being available to musicians and the public. Now, with the record being such a vital source of information, the whole climate of recording has even more importance. That's another thing a record company can give the young musician—an emotional subsidy: getting the recording climate right so the artist will have a document that makes sense to him in the future.

Coss: That's wonderful, and a far cry from teaching all jazz musicians how to play the bossa nova. But how does a young musician get to see you, Mike, to get that recording climate?

Poindexter: This touches on me, because, up to about a year and a half ago, I was struggling along in San Francisco. As George said, you have to gain the respect of others in your field. Apparently I had, because when guys would come out there from the East, most of them asked me to play with them, and they said they noticed improvement through the years. So I was more well known through the musicians than I was by the general public.

When I came east, I know that was what got me with Columbia records. That's the way it's got to happen with the young.

Nobody on the West Coast liked what I was doing apparently, because they wouldn't record me. When bop failed, the guys who were proficient at it went right down with it.

Charles: Well, that was a strange situation out there. Out there, Al Haig was

considered a nothing pianist.

Poindexter: They didn't even like Charlie Parker. All the young musicians out there could hope for was just enough money to live. Nothing much more was going to happen for you in any way. But if you're dedicated, that's what you do—you keep at it. It's been that way with Harold Land, with me, with a lot of others.

Wein: But now the hard-blowing guys are beginning to make it. Everything's changed around. Now it's getting hard for the guys who want to play—what do you call it?—less vigorous jazz, chamber jazz. Nobody wants to hear them particularly.

Cameron: I approach this from a different point of view—a management kind of view. Look, all of us would agree that what we really want to do is to play, which means that we have to have the opportunity to stay together and play together. But it is a terrible shame that there is so little time to play.

The only way we can correct this and give the young musician what he's entitled to is to give him the constant opportunity to play.

I know that sounds utopian, but it could be done by education. That is, education on a federal level, putting jazz into the schools, all schools, and on radio—publicizing it in every way. Then, everything else you're talking about would just happen because everything would be compounded by the sheer numbers and availability.

Coss: We can't solve that particular

It's simply a question of convincing artists to work at certain prices and of convincing agents to convince new clubs to book this reasonable jazz.



CAMERON

problem just that way. You can't just create a lot of different places for people to play.

Charles: It can be done. We used to hire our own halls. You remember, you were part of that.

Cameron: That's true, too, but it's not the same thing. What George said—the business of the big versus the small artists—can be counteracted. I'm going to publish a booklet to that effect. You do it by encouraging dozens of small clubs. Then popular demand will create new talent.

It's simply a question of convincing artists to work at certain prices and of convincing agents to convince new clubs to book this reasonable jazz. Then we can have a kind of vertical movement.

For example, if Roland Kirk is dug by enough people, he can step up another economic notch, into another league of clubs, and make room for Pony, say, or Oliver. Then, when those two move up there may be room for me to step in where they were.

Wein: Well, Roland is a good musician, but he's not making it as that. He's making it as an entertainer. That's his good fortune.

Poindexter: And there are other guys who have deliberately played—what did you say, George, “less vigorously”?—to fit into what they think is a more accepted thing; the pattern of the moment. Chico Hamilton did that.

Wein: Exactly. That's the birth of the MJQ. And Gerry Mulligan did it too.

Charles: I put forward a very gloomy

I think the word jazz is what causes all the trouble. It doesn't give enough area. . . . the definition of jazz and of music are not really separate.



NELSON

prediction. I don't think anyone can or will help young jazz musicians today, or anyone out of the ordinary, for that matter.

I think the young kids today in this country are being brought up on rock and roll and country and western. They have no interest in jazz at all. This summer I ran a chartered boat. I'd take out 20 or 25 people a day. They didn't know or care about jazz.

Wein: Teddy, there are more kids today who take music in high school and want to go to music school than ever before.

Charles: To play jazz?

Wein: Yes.

Charles: Let me tell you, George. I was at the Newport festival three times. Each time I spent a lot of time wandering through the little joints in town. I saw the young kids. You know what they were playing? Country or rock. These were young musicians.

When I was a young musician, all the young guys played jazz. We didn't want to know about anything else.

Poindexter: It wasn't that way with us in New Orleans. My friends and I were playing Basie stocks, but there were other kids who couldn't make that conception. They were playing the other kind of music. And I guess what was happening in New Orleans must have been happening in other places, like today.

Charles: To me it's very depressing that these young kids aren't even interested in playing jazz.

I think one of the curses of jazz is that jazz musicians began to talk, to explain their music.



WEIN

Wein: Nonsense. The kind of kids who weren't interested in jazz then, who played Sammy Kaye stocks, are the same kind of kids who now play rock or the Twist. It doesn't make any difference whether one music is less than the other. You'll always have that kind of thing.

Charles: But in those days, you weren't supposed to play jazz. Nobody ever heard of you. Now it's all right.

Berniker: Teddy, let's talk about the young musician who wants to play jazz.

Charles: I hope there are still some around 10 years from now.

Berniker: There'll be a lot of them. And there are a lot now.

Charles: I've heard them. But I wonder about 10 years from now.

Berniker: That doesn't matter.

Charles: Ten years from now it will matter. I've heard the young kids.

Wein: You run a jazz contest in a college today, you'll have so many jazz groups applying you won't know what to do with them.

Nelson: George, when you present a jazz festival, your major interest is to find artists who will primarily appeal to the mass of people—right?

Charles: That's not true of George.

Wein: A lot of people don't understand my ideal. It's a personal thing, related to my love of the music. It's related to the whole concept of what jazz is to the rest of the world.

I've always been concerned with the public relations of jazz, so that a jazz

I can think of any number of musicians who have had all sorts of publicity and still haven't become really successful.



COSS

If Toshiko could talk about her music, she would be three times as popular today as she is. . . . But she can only do it in her music.



WEIN

musician could walk down the street and be a little more proud that he is a jazz musician.

That has been the aim behind everything I've done in jazz in my life. When I grew up, my folks didn't want me to be jazz musician or be in jazz. But I've made them proud of me that I'm in jazz. That is the ideal behind it. I've always been concerned with that.

The festival at Newport has always tried to present the entire scope of jazz. Over a period of years, there was no one available to appear who didn't appear—maybe not on an evening program, but at least appear. The concern was to present a picture of the world of jazz.

Sometimes we put on too much and we ran into trouble with the critics, but that doesn't mean that we weren't trying to do something. And we had to have the top names because they're a part of jazz, and, besides, they'll draw the people who will hear the lesser names.

Berniker: George, Bill keeps handing me notes. He still wants to know how a young musician approaches a record company.

I think it should be understood that the jazz a&r man is a special kind of record man. By definition, we are lovers of the music, and we have almost as much trouble in our part of the field, trying for recognition, as does the jazz musician. We're considered different too.

So, that's a digression. But it makes a point.

The young musician is almost only

going to be able to approach through other records—he's made as a sideman or through his club appearances. I listen, for example, to as many records as I possibly can. You hear someone, and when you are in the position, you get in touch with him. I know this happens over and over again. But unfortunately, the level of performances in clubs is so uneven, it's harder to judge than by listening to a succession of records.

Wein: Yes, but you're talking about someone who's already on records. How do you make your first jazz record?

I think this is where the true responsibility of the jazz critic comes in. He is the only one who can honestly bring attention to someone without it costing someone some money. I find most record men read *Down Beat*, and, if some critic recommends someone, most record men will go out of their way to hear the musician, to find out what the critic is talking about. Then, if they like what they hear, they may approach the musician.

Even more important is the musician who is recording for a major label. If he recommends someone else, it makes an enormous impression.

Coss: I should represent the jazz critic here, although everyone seems to cop out nowadays and call himself a jazz writer. But I wonder just how much influence the rest of you think the critic has on the opinion of an a&r man.

Berniker: It varies. There are some critics I'd categorically disregard. Their

tastes are so diametrically opposed to mine, I'd just not pay any attention.

Coss: Suppose someone whom you respected said it, and then another musician made a recommendation, would that make it stronger?

Berniker: Yes, I would take the musician's word immediately.

Coss: Oh, you are so wrong.

Berniker: It depends on the musician.

Coss: Then we're back where we were.

Berniker: Let me say this. The gap that is between the critic and the musician and the record company and the club-owner is too wide. We should all be related as strongly as we really are in theory. For some reason, the jazz musician is either placed on a pedestal or buried in the ground. There's nothing in between. It's an abnormal relationship. There's no comprehension of the musician as a performing person, as someone with whom you can readily identify. I think this is one of the great problems of jazz and one of the reasons a&r men have the problems they do.

Charles: I think some critics have created the pedestal-or-buried problem. There are probably only two or three critics who have any integrity at all. They'll say anything.

Wein: I think one of the curses of jazz is that jazz musicians began to talk, to explain their music. What happens now is that the critic doesn't have to write his own column anymore because the musician is writing it for him.

I've found that great artists in other fields never had to explain themselves.

Once a man has copied, and then he goes out with this hit record, he doesn't have anything to back it up with. So he flops.



POINDEXTER

First of all, he should change to tenor. Then he should imitate all the Coltrane solos. Then he should get a new word for what he's doing and talk up a storm.



CHARLES

The point comes where somebody at the top has to believe in an artist. The feeling has to be strong and continuous.



COSS

Art cannot be kept down. It may not happen as quickly as you want it to happen—to feed your family, for example—but you can't stop it.

But in the last few years, there have been some musicians who have gotten fantastic copy in magazines because they had the ability to talk. Some of them were good musicians, but they wouldn't have shot up as fast as they did except for their glibness.

Coss: George, I'm not sure it makes that much difference. I can think of any number of musicians who have had all sorts of publicity and still haven't become really successful. I imagine that Jimmy Giuffre has had more "publicity" in my writing than almost any other musician—maybe Charlie Mingus and Teddy Charles are two others—and Jimmy certainly isn't what you could call successful. Neither is Teddy.

Wein: No, but at times Jimmy was working all over the country, in clubs and at festivals, and more than he would have if he hadn't been able to explain himself so well. John Lewis did the same thing for the MJQ. The original impact was because they were able to push along fast because of verbal ability.

Listen, if Toshiko could talk about her music, she would be three times as popular today as she is. If she could go out and tell some wild things about the Japanese influences on jazz, what she is bringing into jazz, there would be reams of copy about her. But she can only do it in her music.

What it comes down to is this: if

you can get the copy, can get the record backing, and work a few clubs, all you've done that far is gotten the chance to present yourself. You have the initial chance. After that, the only one who can make it for you is you. The public must pick up on you then or you're dead.

You can't make an artist—not one who can last—not even in the popular field. Wait, you can do it by substituting a copy of something already accepted. But that won't last. No, a real artistic endeavor, something in a new vein, you can't push on an audience for long.

Poindexter: Sure, once he has copied, and then he goes out with this hit record, he doesn't have anything to back it up with. So he flops. I've seen it happen over and over again.

Coss: George, how about booking agents and jazz?

Wein: There is no jazz booking agency per se. Some agencies have more jazz artists under contract than others, but they do not cope with the problems of jazz musicians. There is nobody, for example, going out and opening up jazz clubs.

That is one of the most constructive things that could be done. If an agency got together with several of its artists and talked constructively and said, "Look, we can convince other clubs to begin jazz policies if we can watch our prices and encourage them to take chances." This would be constructive. But agencies are mostly interested in just taking orders from the same club-owners for the same groups.

As it is, the agencies aren't interested in new groups. The agency is only interested in the musician who walks in with a recording contract or lots of publicity, or someone who happens to be able to apply lots of pressure of some other kind.

But you should understand that agencies are not really involved with a lot of these other problems nowadays. When an agency really wants to build an artist, it can. Like, with Maynard Ferguson. When Maynard wanted to build a band, he already had a strong reputation of his own—records and publicity—and he was willing to sacrifice a lot. The agency, Associated Booking Corp., saw Maynard as a strong possibility and threw its considerable strength behind the band. That was a created band, and, outside of it, I can't think of any other jazz organization recently (that's still in existence), that was created that way. Basically, he made it without the usual kind or order of public acceptance. You know, he never had a hit record.

Coss: But you'd still say that the cycle for musicians has to begin with the record company?

Wein: I'd say record companies are the most important factor.

Coss: The record company gambit is a strange one at best. And we almost immediately have to differentiate between the big and so-called small record company in terms of what they do for jazz.

For both, the point comes where somebody at the top has to believe in an artist. The feeling has to be strong

I would suspect that an a&r man should choose an artist, record him, stick by him and his guns, thereby helping in a creation. Anything else is marketing.



COSS



and continuous. Unfortunately, the continuous thing is the most important. That is where most record companies fall down. And that's especially so in a big company, because there is such a large roster of high-priced artists, all of whom are asking for first-place attention. Someone is bound to suffer. The jazz artists suffer first. Then, down—I said down—to that level, the lesser-named jazz artists suffer the most.

There's another side to that cube: the pirating that larger labels do on other labels. It's not so much unlike any kind of business, but it seems especially hard in ours, and I am sure that it leads to special problems.

I am sure that waiting for an artist to make it on a small label, then taking him away, produces a dreadful problem for the creative a&r man at the large company to which the artist has gone. That is, he has in no way created anything—and that is his principal job. He is merely taking some other image and, perhaps, adapting it to big-company dictates.

I would suspect that an a&r man should choose an artist, record him, stick by him and his guns, thereby helping in a creation. Anything else is a marketing, even though a new one, of some established product. . . .

Nelson: But it almost has to happen first with a small label. They are the only ones who are interested as a rule. I'm sure I'm with United Artists only because I did what I did on Prestige.

All: A kind of general agreement.

Coss: All right, so we seem to have a

consensus that small record companies will lift you into the big time. But we still haven't fully answered the major question. I pose you a question: I know a young baritone saxophonist who wants to know why he can't make his first record and cannot get work in jazz clubs; what can he do?

Charles: I can tell him. First of all, he should change to tenor. Then he should imitate all the Coltrane solos. Then he should get a new word for what he's doing and talk up a storm. Then he should get a young guy for a personal manager, or better yet, a beautiful young girl as a personal manager—very aggressive. He should give her 50 percent of what he makes, then give the booking agent another 10 percent in kickback under the table. After that he still needs some goods to deliver.

All: Complete confusion, utter chaos, everyone exchanging examples of what Charles has mentioned.

Coss: Still, if I can interpret through all that, you don't believe that anyone is deliberately squeezing anyone out of jobs just because they are young or different. You believe it is mostly a question of usual economics. And you believe that if a new artist appeared in this city tomorrow, he will be recorded and will go to work.

Nelson: Eventually.

Wein: It may not happen as soon as we would want it to.

Poindexter: You can't hold real talent down.

Cameron: The audience has to be or-

ganized—the government too.

Berniker: It's a question of how much trust and responsibility on the part of the record company, how much talent in the artist—so many things. But art will make it eventually.

Coss: So you all agree that the first step is a record company — then your own guts and talent that will do it?

Charles: It still gets back to what I originally said. All you really need is the talent. If you are making it artistically, you are making it. The other is something else. You have to decide that for yourself. In my opinion, it can't be done any longer—this commercial success you're talking about—on a purely artistic level, the waiting for someone to find you. Too much is involved with business politics. Now, you have to sell out on some levels to do as well as you should. ■



BALLAD FOR BENNY



COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY OLIVER NELSON

Even a cursory reading of jazz writing during 1962 would indicate that a fresh, strong arranger-composer of unique and catholic talents has emerged on the jazz scene—30-year-old Oliver Nelson. It is an unusual success, too, because, in a jazz world plagued with conformity, Nelson's writing is highly personal.

There are, of course, influences—some evident, others implied. Joe Goldberg described one whole side of the Nelson writing personality in *Down Beat*:

"The unique music . . . that has resulted from both his training [he holds a master's degree in music, having studied at Washington and Lincoln universities in Missouri as well as with Elliott Carter, a contemporary composer of highly complex works] and his varied playing experience [the reed sections of the Count Basie, Quincy Jones, and Duke Ellington bands] sounds like a synthesized blend of his favorite composer, Bartok (later-period Stravinsky is not far behind), and Ellington . . ."

That is not nearly all, as Goldberg went on to point out. And it could be said that those influences are present more in theory than in fact. That is, Oliver works deliberately with material suggesting folk music, as did Bartok. And though some of his music is, as he says, "out of the Ellington bag," the resemblance, when it otherwise exists, is usually a matter of both writers having similar tastes in music. The Ellington influence can be discerned in the score of *Ballad for Benny*, which begins on the opposite page.

Ballad for Benny was written for Benny Goodman's Russian tour. Nelson said, "It was written after talking to Benny about it. It was written so that it played easily, especially for Benny, who is more a melodic player than an improviser."

"I plan to record it for United Artists with Phil Woods playing the clarinet part."

"As it stands, it could be easily played by a high-school band. Well, maybe the trumpet parts are a little high, but most schools have at least one trumpeter who could play the notes."

"I think it's an interesting accompaniment too. It has form. There are hardly any repeated sections, and there are constant changes. As I said, it's mainly out of the Duke Ellington orchestration bag—mainly doubling melody at the octave, only a minor second away from the fourth tenor part."

The composition is scored for solo clarinet, five reeds, four trumpets, three trombones, guitar, piano, bass, and drums. The metronome marking, quarter note = 88, should be observed in an almost strict manner. The mood of the composition is apprehensive and rather quiet until Letter D.

Nelson said, "This piece was well liked by the band as one of the best things. Even Benny liked it, but it was performed only once to my knowledge."

Handwritten musical score for a jazz ensemble. The score is written on 15 staves, grouped into sections: Saxophones (5 staves), Clarinet (1 staff), Trumpets (4 staves), Trombones (4 staves), Guitar (1 staff), Piano (1 staff), Bass (1 staff), and Drums (1 staff).

Key markings and dynamics:

- Saxophones:** Dynamics include *mp*, *ppp*, and *pp*. There are handwritten notes like "130" and "130" near the first staff.
- Clarinet:** Marked with *ppp*.
- Trumpets:** Dynamics include *mf* and *pp*. A handwritten note "(Buckets (Deep))" is present.
- Trombones:** Dynamics include *mf* and *pp*. A handwritten note "(Buckets (Deep))" is present.
- Guitar:** Chords are written as *D9*, *G+7*, *Cmi*, *Gmi*, *Cmi*, *Gmi*, *A+7*, *Dma7*, *Bmi7*, *Emi7*, *A9*.
- Piano:** Chords are written as *D9*, *G+7*, *Cmi*, *Gmi*, *Cmi*, *Gmi*, *A+7*, *Dma7*, *Bmi7*, *Emi7*, *A9*.
- Drums:** Markings include *8.*, *9.*, *10.*, *11.*, *12.*, *13.*, *14.*, and *15.*.

Other markings:

- Tempo/Style:** *Cresc Poco A Poco* is written across the Trumpet and Trombone staves.
- Performance Notes:** "Buckets (Deep)" is written in parentheses for both the Trumpet and Trombone sections.

(MF) > Soli **B** **(Soli)** **mf**

SAXOPHONES

1 **(MF) > Soli**

2 **> Soli**

3 **(MF) > Soli**

4 **> Soli**

5 **> Soli**

Clarinet **(short)**

TRUMPETS

1 **B**

2

3

4

TROMBONES

1 **(open)** **B**

2 **with Saxes**

3

4 **(plunger) mf** **#** **#**

Guitar **> Soli with Saxes** **(F)** **Bmi7b5 E9** **C#mi9 F#mi7** **Bmi7 E9**

Piano **D9 G+9** **C7b9** **Fma9** **C7b9** **Fma9** **Copy Guitar**

Bass **(walk) C7b9** **Fma9** **C7b9** **Fma9**

Drums **10.** **17.** **18.** **19.** **20.** **21.** **22.** **23.**

(Guitar Hard) **Come Down (MF)**

C

mf Cresc Poco A Poco

Very Easy

Handwritten musical score for a band. The score includes staves for Saxophones (1-5), Trumpets (1-4), Trombones (1-4), Guitar, Piano, Bass, and Drums. The music is written in 4/4 time. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamics. The score is divided into measures, with measure numbers 24 through 31 indicated at the bottom. The score includes a key signature change from C major to F major (one flat) at measure 24. The score includes a tempo change from 'mf' to 'Cresc' to 'Poco A Poco' at measure 24. The score includes a performance instruction 'Let Vibrate' for the Guitar at measure 24. The score includes a performance instruction 'Pedal' for the Piano at measure 24. The score includes a performance instruction 'open' for the Trombones at measure 28. The score includes a performance instruction 'Easy' for the Saxophones at measure 31.

SAXOPHONES

TRUMPETS

TROMBONES

Guitar

Piano

Bass

Drums

24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.

SAXOPHONES

1. *(FF)* *(D)*

2. *(with Bore)*

3. *(FF)* *(D)*

4. *(FF)* *(D)*

5. *(FF)* *(D)*

6. *(FF)* *(D)*

TRUMPETS

1. *(FF)* *(D)*

2. *(FF)* *(D)*

3. *(FF)* *(D)*

4. *(FF)* *(D)*

TROMBONES

1. *(FF)* *(D)*

2. *(FF)* *(D)*

3. *(FF)* *(D)*

4. *(FF)* *(D)*

Guitar

Bbma7 *E7 A7* *D9 G+9* *(7b9)* *Fma9* *(7b9)* *Fma9* *Bmi7b5 E9*

Piano

Bbma7 *E7 A7* *D9 G+9* *(7b9)* *Fma9* *(7b9)* *Fma9* *Bmi7b5 E9*

Bass

WALK *(7b9)* *Fma9* *(7b9)* *Fma9* *(7b9)* *Fma9* *Bmi7b5 E9*

Drums

3. 2. 3. 4. 5.

Swing !! *(D)*

Handwritten musical score for a jazz ensemble. The score is written for the following instruments:

- SAXOPHONES** (1-5): Five staves with various melodic lines and dynamics.
- Clarinet** (6): One staff with a melodic line.
- TRUMPETS** (1-4): Four staves with harmonic support and melodic fragments.
- TROMBONES** (1-4): Four staves with harmonic support and melodic fragments.
- Guitar**: Two staves with chordal accompaniment and melodic lines.
- Piano**: Two staves with harmonic support and melodic lines.
- Bass**: One staff with a melodic line.
- Drums**: One staff with a rhythmic pattern.

The score includes various musical notations, including notes, rests, and dynamic markings. Key markings include:

- FF** (Fortissimo) at the top.
- E** (Emphasis) in a box at the top right.
- unison** written in the saxophone section.
- Plunger** written in the trombone section.
- mp** (mezzo-piano) and **mf** (mezzo-forte) markings.
- let Vibrato** and **primal** markings in the guitar and piano sections.
- mf** (mezzo-forte) in the piano section.
- mf** (mezzo-forte) in the bass section.
- mf** (mezzo-forte) in the drums section.

The score is written in 4/4 time and features a variety of musical styles, including bebop and hard bop.

Handwritten musical score for a jazz ensemble. The score is written on ten staves, grouped into four sections: Saxophones (6 staves), Trumpets (4 staves), Trombones (4 staves), and Guitar/Piano/Bass/Drums (4 staves).

Staff 1 (Saxophones 1): *mf* *easy) mp* *(ppp)*

Staff 2 (Saxophones 2): *mf* *easy) mp* *(ppp)*

Staff 3 (Saxophones 3): *mf* *easy) mp* *(ppp)*

Staff 4 (Saxophones 4): *mf* *easy) mp* *(ppp)*

Staff 5 (Saxophones 5): *mf* *easy) mp* *(ppp)*

Staff 6 (Saxophones 6): *mf* *easy) mp* *(ppp)*

Staff 7 (Trumpets 1): *(Buckets)* *(ppp)*

Staff 8 (Trumpets 2): *(Buckets)* *(ppp)*

Staff 9 (Trumpets 3): *(Buckets)* *(ppp)*

Staff 10 (Trumpets 4): *(Buckets)* *(ppp)*

Staff 11 (Trombones 1): *(Buckets)* *(ppp)*

Staff 12 (Trombones 2): *(Buckets)* *(ppp)*

Staff 13 (Trombones 3): *(Buckets)* *(ppp)*

Staff 14 (Trombones 4): *(Buckets)* *(ppp)*

Staff 15 (Guitar): *(mf) over F F7b5 Dim7 15* *G7* *(ppp)*

Staff 16 (Piano): *(quietly)* *(ppp)*

Staff 17 (Bass): *(easy)* *(ppp)*

Staff 18 (Drums): *(ppp)*

Staff 19: *Fine*

Staff 20: *Oliver Nelson*

Staff 21: *NYC 1962*

Staff 22: *Noslen Music BMI*

Staff 23: *Copyright 1962*

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No. 5 Art Farmer

ART—Argo 678: *So Beats My Heart for You; Goodbye, Old Girl; Who Cares?; Out of the Past; Younger Than Springtime; The Best Thing for You is Me; I'm a Fool to Want You; That Ole Devil Called Love.*

No. 6 Duke Ellington-Mahalia Jackson

BLACK, BROWN, AND BEIGE—Duke Ellington Orch. with Mahalia Jackson. Columbia CL 1162; Part I, Part II, Part III, *Come Sunday; Come Sunday Interlude; 23rd Psalm.*

No. 7 Count Basie

DANCE ALONG WITH BASIE—Roulette 52036: *It Had to Be You; Makin' Whoopee; Can't We Be Friends?; Misty; It's a Pity to Say Goodnight; How Am I to Know; Easy Living; Fools Rush In; Secret Love; Give Me the Simple Life.*

No. 10 Ella Fitzgerald

ELLA FITZGERALD SINGS COLE PORTER—Verve 4049: *All Through the Night; Anything Goes; Miss Otis Regrets; Too Darn Hot; In the Still of the Night; I Get a Kick out of You; Do I Love You?; Always True to You in My Fashion; Let's Do It; Just One of Those Things; Every Time We Say Goodbye; All of You; Begin the Beguine; Get out of Town; I Am in Love; From This Moment On.*

No. 11 Gil Evans

GREAT JAZZ STANDARDS—World Pacific WP-1270: *Davenport Blues; Straight, No Chaser; Ballad of the Sad Young Men; Joy Spring; Django; Chant of the Weed; Theme.*

No. 12 Dave Brubeck

GONE WITH THE WIND—Columbia CL 1347: *Swanee River; The Lonesome Road; Georgia on My Mind; Camptown Races (two versions); Short'nin' Bread; Basin Street Blues; Ol' Man River; Gone with the Wind.*

No. 13 Hall of Fame

Prepared exclusively for Down Beat. Featuring Ella Fitzgerald, Count Basie, Charlie Parker, Oscar Peterson, Gene Krupa, Stan Getz, Lester Young, Max Roach, Roy Eldridge and Art Tatum take the spotlight in this tremendous galaxy of America's finest jazz artists.

No. 15 Jazz Poll Winners

Columbia CL 1610
Personnel: Les Brown, Dave Brubeck, Kenny Burrell, Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, Don Elliott, Lionel Hampton, Charlie Mingus, J. J. Johnson, The Hi-Lo's, Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, Gerry Mulligan, Art Van Damme, Paul Desmond.

No. 17 Gerry Mulligan

MAINSTREAM OF JAZZ—EmArcy 12" LP MG 36101: *Elevation; Mainstream; Ain't It the Truth; Igloo; Blue at the Roots; Lollypop.*

No. 18 Thelonious Monk

MONK'S MUSIC—Riverside 12" LP RLP12-242: *Abide with Me; Well, You Needn't; Ruby, My Dear; Off Minor; Epistrophy; Crocuspula With Nellie.*

Personnel: Thelonious Monk, piano, leader; Ray Copeland, trumpet; Gigi Gryce, alto; Coleman Hawkins and John Coltrane, tenors; Wilbur Ware, bass; Art Blakey, drums.

No. 22 Milt Jackson

PLENTY, PLENTY SOUL—Atlantic 12" LP 1269: *Plenty; Plenty Soul; Boogity Boogity; Heartstrings; Sermonette; The Spirit-Feel; Ignunt Oil; Blues at Twilight.*

No. 23 Frank Sinatra

RING-A-DING-DING!—Reprise 1001: *Ring-a-Ding-Ding; Let's Fall in Love; Be Careful, It's My Heart; A Fine Romance; A Foggy Day; In the Still of the Night; The Coffee Song; When I Take My Sugar to Tea; Let's Face the Music and Dance; You'd Be So Easy to Love; You and the Night and the Music; I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm.*

Personnel: Sinatra, vocals; orchestra directed by Johnny Mandel.

No. 24 Miles Davis-Gil Evans

SKETCHES OF SPAIN—Columbia CL 1480: *Concierto de Aranjuez; Will o' the Wisp; The Pan Piper; Saeta; Solea.*

No. 26 Max Roach

WE INSIST! FREEDOM NOW SUITE—Candid 9002: *Drive' Man; Freedom Day; Triptych (Prayer, Protest, Peace); All Africa; Tears for Johannesburg.*

No. 28 Stan Getz

FOCUS—Verve 8412: *I'm Late; I'm Late; Her; Pan; I Remember When; Night Rider; Once Upon a Time; A Summer Afternoon.*

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Hershy Kay, conductor; Roy Haynes, drums; Gerald Tarack, first violin; Alan Martin, second violin; Jacob Glick, viola; Bruce Rogers, cello; others unidentified.

No. 29 Charlie Parker

THE ESSENTIAL CHARLIE PARKER—Verve 8409: *Kim; Just Friends; Blooming; Au Privave; Funky Blues; She Rote; I Didn't Know What Time It Was; Chi Chi; Swedish Schnapps; KC Blues.*

No. 30 Dizzy Gillespie

GILLESPIANA—Verve 8394: *Prelude; Blues; Pan-Americana; Africana; Toccata.*

No. 31 Gerry Mulligan

GERRY MULLIGAN AND THE CONCERT JAZZ BAND AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Verve 8396: *Blueport; Body and Soul; Black Nightingale; Come Rain or Come Shine; Lady Chatterley's Mother; Let My People Be.*

No. 32 Stan Getz-Bob Brookmeyer

STAN GETZ/BOB BROOKMEYER—Verve 8418: *Minuet Circa '61; Who Could Care?; Nice Work If You Can Get It; Thump, Thump, Thump; A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square; Love Jumped Out.*

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Steve Kuhn, piano; John Neves, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

No. 33 Dizzy Gillespie

A PORTRAIT OF DUKE ELLINGTON—Verve 8386: *In a Mellow Tone; Things Ain't What They Used to Be; Serenade to Sweden; Chelsea Bridge; Upper Manhattan Medical Group; Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me; Caravan; Sophisticated Lady; Johnny Come Lately; Perdido; Come Sunday.*

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; Hank Jones, piano, celeste; George Duvivier, bass; Charlie Persip, drums; Bennie Green, trombone; vibraphone, three French horns, tuba, one flute, one Eb clarinet, one Bb clarinet, one Eb alto clarinet, one Bb bass clarinet.

No. 38 Oscar Peterson

WEST SIDE STORY—Verve 6-8454: *Something's Coming; Somewhere; Jet Song; Tonight; Maria; I Feel Pretty; Reprise.*

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Edmund Thigpen, drums.

No. 39 Charlie Byrd

BLUES SONATA—Offbeat 3009: *Blues Sonata Polonaise Pour Pietro, Ballad in B Minor, Scherzo for an Old Shoe; Alexander's Ragtime Band; Jordu; That Old Devil Called Love; Zing! Went the Strings of My Heart.*

Personnel: Byrd, guitar; Keter Betts, bass; Buddy Deppenschmidt, drums; Tracks 4-7; Barry Harris, piano.

No. 41 Sonny Rollins

THE BRIDGE—Victor 2527: *Without a Song; Where Are You? John S.; The Bridge; God Bless the Child; You Do Something to Me.*

Personnel: Rollins, tenor saxophone; Jom Hall, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Ben Riley or H. T. Saunders, drums.

No. 42 Charlie Mingus

TIJUANA MOODS—RCA Victor 2533: *Dizzy Moods; Ysabel's Table Dance; Tijuana Gift Shop; Los Mariachis; Flamingo.*

Personnel: Clarence Shaw, trumpet; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Curtis Porter, alto saxophone; Bill Triglia, piano; Mingus, bass; Dannie Richmond, drums; Frankie Dunlop, various percussion; Ysabel Morel, castinets; Lonnie Elder, vocal effects.

No. 43 Clare Fischer

FIRST TIME OUT—Pacific Jazz 52: *Nigerian Walk; Toddler; Stranger; Afterjack; I've Been Free Too Long; Piece for Scotty; Blues for Home; I Love You.*

Personnel: Fisher, piano; Gary Peacock, bass; Gene Stone, drums.

Since jazz first gained some measure of national prominence, it has been acclaimed by the common man and usually decried by the classical music critic and music educator. We have been told that jazz is of ignoble origin and that it does not meet certain musical standards. Classical critics have referred to the monotony of the beat and the skimpiness of the musical form. But the common man continues to support it.

As a result, we have a dichotomy in musical ranks. On the one hand, we have music educators teaching the "good" European music, while on the other hand, the general public listens to music that is jazz-oriented.

We read impressive figures as to the number of symphony orchestras now in existence in the United States. Musical reviews of concerts and performances are published in metropolitan papers, along with an impressive list of personages who support the music organizations with their presence—and money.

Not discussed publicly is the economic plight of the symphony player. Most will have an 18 - to - 30 - week season during which time they will be paid (if they are on salary) from \$75 to \$150 a week. Many of the smaller symphonies will pay only by the concert and may schedule three to six concerts a season (more often than not the pay is from the AFM music performance trust fund). Their income from playing is negligible. According to *Time* magazine, the average annual pay of the symphony musician in 1959 was \$1,985.

Jazz, however, has survived the ill will of critics and music educators as well as adverse publicity. Jazz has survived movies that are misleading and television spectacles that are unsympathetically produced. And jazz never has had a subsidy; it has always had to earn its way.

Having been associated with jazz for three decades, I have acquired a considerable respect for good jazz and the competent jazz performer. Jazz is the only music that puts the responsibility for the finished product squarely on the shoulders of the performer. This is not to

ON THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE STAGE BAND

By EUGENE HALL



belittle the efforts of symphony musicians, but in their case the conductor determines *how* they shall interpret and the composer determines *what*. The jazz performer has the responsibility for developing the well-co-ordinated solo on the spot in front of an audience. He cannot take back a bad solo, whereas the composer can discard what he does not like and try again.

The average jazz performer not only has good basic musicianship but exceptional control of his instrument. He must have good command of his medium to survive. Jazz is the only one of the creative arts that exists in a situation wherein the performer is supposed to "turn it on" at 9 p.m. and "turn it off" somewhere between 1 and 3 a.m. During this period he is supposed to be an inspired creator, and he has a live audience that will acknowledge the quality of his work or the lack of it.

Most important of all, however, this particular musical expression is indigenous to life in this country. This is "our" music. This is music that we react to because we are the culture that produced it. This music is a result of the stresses and tensions as well as the gaiety and fun of this country.

For some reason, we seem reluctant to claim our musical heritage. We are the only ones who are reluctant, however. Jazz is acclaimed the world over, and jazz performers are treated with great respect and courtesy overseas. As a result, several jazzmen have moved abroad to live.

But we have a relatively new factor entering the jazz picture that may alter the picture. This is the high-school stage band, a musical counterpart at the public-school level of Count Basie,



Les Brown, Woody Herman, and Stan Kenton. At this time it is estimated that there are 7,000 high-school stage bands in the nation, in addition to which there are numerous junior-high stage bands.

These bands have not been organized as a result of interest or training (or ability, for the most part) on the part of the high-school music director. Almost without exception, the director has faced up to the problems of the stage band not only without help from his alma mater but more often than not even with actual disapproval of the institution.

As a general rule, the director has been "pressured" into organizing the stage band both by the students and the local community. The average band director has a great responsibility with the instrumental program, and adding another performing organization is not going to lighten his load. He quite often finds, however, that the additional organization is almost as important as his concert band and

sometimes more so in terms of general acceptance. The stage band quite often becomes the public-relations medium of the instrumental program.

The mushrooming growth of the stage-band movement is a gratifying thing and from my prejudiced point of view is the most logical and sensible development in the recent history of music education. The music represented by the stage band is this country's own. This music is a product of our culture; it is music of which we should be extremely proud.

THERE ARE those who decry the musical level of popular music and contrast it with the masterworks of past geniuses such as Beethoven, Bach, and Brahms.

Why is the comparison almost invariably made between the New York Philharmonic and the local night-club trio? Popular music does not aspire or pretend to create the emotions of the symphony. If this were the objective, it could be ruled a complete failure. We need to judge each product in terms of its objectives and purposes. If we were to judge the symphony by jazz standards, the symphony would suffer tremendously. Suppose we asked a symphony to improvise a five-hour program, to answer requests from patrons, and to think in terms of dancers' wants. This is ridiculous, of course, but isn't it equally ridiculous to expect the jazz group to adhere to symphonic standards?

It is no secret that there is less work for the jazz musician than in past years. Many of the clubs and cocktail lounges use jukeboxes. In the '30s, many clubs had a group working, and



there was seldom a musician so inept that he couldn't find a club in which to get started. As he improved (as a result of "practicing" four or five hours each night), he moved to less smoky clubs and eventually had sufficient experience to look forward to moving into the top-paying jobs.

These areas of employment no longer exist. It is useless to discuss the recording industry and its part in destroying the job opportunities (perhaps we could revive the law regarding recordings "For Home Use Only"). The fact remains that there no longer are many clubs where musicians can learn to play. The young musician—if he can—must make the leap from high school into the professional band, which is a big step.

This is where the stage band is providing yeoman service. There are now thousands of young musicians who are getting some excellent experience and training; this will help them bridge the gap between the high school and the professional band.

Another important area yet to be developed is the college counterpart of the high-school stage band. Only a few colleges and universities are recognizing their responsibilities, but with the pressure from the public schools, it is only a matter of time until colleges and universities will have to offer training in this field.

The band directors are now finding that the stage band is a part of their instrumental program. In fact, in certain areas of the country the band director who cannot handle this organization will not be hired. The implications are clear, then, as far as schools of music are concerned. Here is a vital

part of the band director's job, for which the schools are providing no training. A very few colleges and universities are initiating programs in this area (against decided opposition from the "respectable" element of the staff), and students are seeking these schools. As more and more of the colleges experience the pressure of student and public-school demand, curriculums will be expanded or revised to accommodate this "new" music.

As important as the area of training may be as a contribution to the professional field, the stage band provides another service that in the long run may be judged the most important of all—the development of an audience for this music.

Each stage band develops its own followers and supporters from its student body, who in turn take with them into the community as adults a genuine fondness and liking for good popular music. Few stage-band members like rock and roll, and they in turn influence their followers. Most important, however, as a result of their interest in their own stage band, they become interested in hearing professional groups that come through their territory. In this manner they become a supporting audience for the professional groups that are touring. What will be the support when all colleges and high schools have stage bands?

One additional thought—why can't we refer to our jazz-Dixieland-swing-popular music idiom as *American* music? That is what it is. The music of the symphony, opera, etc., is European in character and history. When this country was settled, we borrowed our art forms from the European settlers.

When music became a part of the school curriculum, European music was the only unified and organized musical expression available to us. And it has and is serving us well. However, the majority of the college music programs revolve around 18th and 19th-century European music, which is the product of an aristocratic feudal system. This music is no longer adequate for, or representative of, our way of life. I feel that we educators are short-changing the communities when we send out music teachers who are, in essence, brainwashed as to what is good and bad.

Good music, in my opinion, is music that is adequate and fitting for the occasion. The square dance doesn't call for a symphony orchestra, and the concert hall does not sanction the square-dance band. Many people love the polka, which is not mentioned in the traditional school of music. A large segment loves Latin American music. And there are many devotees of jazz. Why do we have such narrow programs of study in our schools?

But, back to the issue at hand, why not call all music that is jazz-oriented American music? It is American in origin and character. Why not start a sensible program of study in our schools for this type of music? Those educators who look askance at American music might examine their own teaching to see what contributions they have made to the development of this idiom. If all educators were to tackle open-mindedly the problems besetting American music, we might make some real discoveries affecting the character and growth of this young art form. ■



THE NEWS in stereo music, high fidelity, and recordings during 1962 was the spread of stereocasting in FM radio.

This came about rapidly after the approval, in 1961, by the Federal Communications Commission of standards for FM stereo broadcasting. The FCC had spent several years considering various competing systems and tests over FM stations. Of the more than 1,000 FM stations on the air at the end of 1962, between 275 and 300 were broadcasting at least part of the time in stereo, and many of them were stereocasting full time.

In the middle of 1962 the FCC gave further encouragement to the growth of FM, which had been stifled until three or four years ago by a number of occurrences: World War II broke out just after FM's invention; then other broadcast services forced a change in the frequencies of FM stations; finally, the growth of television detracted from FM.

The encouragement from the FCC came in the form of new rules for FM stations regarding power, spacing, and the number of FM stations a city may have. The intent of the new rules is to allow as many communities as possible

to have two or more FM stations and all communities to have at least one.

In addition, the FCC "hopes the new rules will provide a substitute for inadequate AM service." (The AM band is overcrowded, so much so that in some areas it is difficult to receive some AM stations clearly.)

Some observers predict that in 15 to 20 years the AM broadcast band gradually will be done away with and the present FM band will be the main radio broadcasting medium.

This may be, but now there are two things apparent: there will be more FM stations in 1963, and more of them will be broadcasting in stereo.

In addition, FM radios will be available in 1963 for most automobiles. About 5 percent of new cars will be sold with FM radios. Ford recently showed an FM-equipped model that included a rear-seat speaker that has a reverberation unit to simulate the depth of stereo.

Inexpensive transistor radios work well in cars in metropolitan areas, are cheaper, and are easier to get repaired.

While the official okay on FM stereo by the FCC brought stereo radio closer to everybody's home — or car — other trends in stereo and high

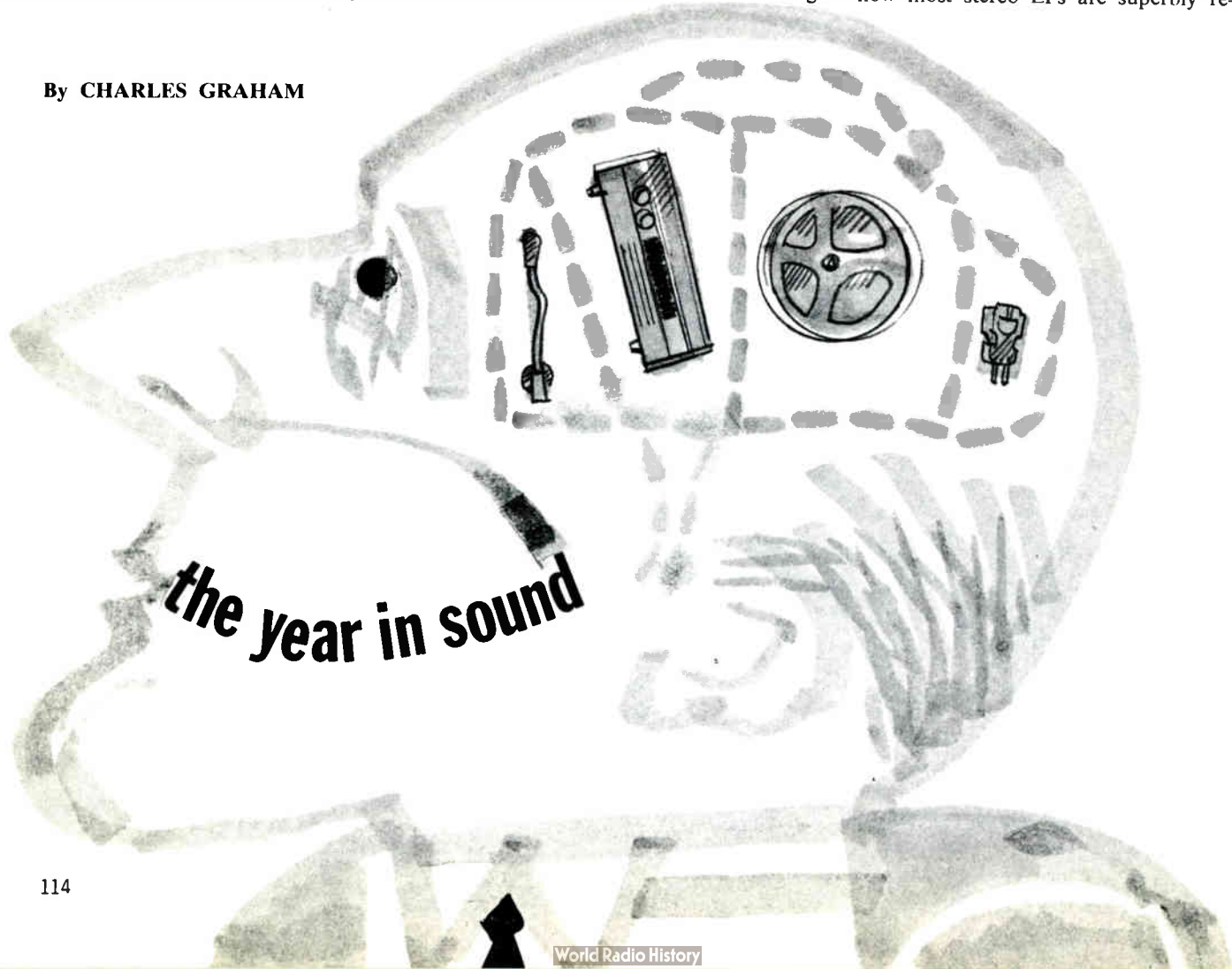
fidelity equipment also were assisting in obtaining popular acceptance of good recording and better listening gear. Lower prices and more convenient and decorative units were broadening the market.

RECORDING

More phonographs were sold in 1962 than in any previous year, 4,000,000 units. More than 12,000,000 radios were sold, compared with the usual 6,000,000 to 7,000,000 TV sets. Ninety-eight percent of all phonograph players sold were capable of playing stereo or adaptable to stereo by the addition of another unit. Whether they actually produce stereo sound — from two amplifiers and speakers — or not, they have stereo pickups, so that stereo records may be played safely without damage to the discs.

The quality of today's recording is excellent. In 1958, when stereo discs were introduced, they were not very good, but the equipment for playing them — particularly the pickup cartridges — was worse. The pickups were improved, and the uneven quality of the recordings became evident. But now most stereo LPs are superbly re-

By CHARLES GRAHAM



corded, although some companies still are making percussion and other souped-up sounding records, largely for the "sound."

Some companies have taken to re-mastering old recordings in simulated "stereo." When this is done with great care, as for example in RCA Victor's "electronic reprocessing" of several old mono masterpieces by Toscanini, the engineers come remarkably close to the additional presence and depth of real stereo.

This process involves careful programming with the musical score, and a great deal of expensive electronics (filters and frequency-peaking amplifiers), plus considerable time and labor. The mono master recording is re-recorded through the filters and peaking amplifiers so that various instruments are recorded louder than others, either on the right track of a new master tape or on the left track. The two tape tracks then are combined on a new master stereo disc.

Simulated stereo also has been employed by a few firms that do not put in the required effort and money to produce a high-quality simulated-stereo product. Nor do some of them mention in the album's liner notes that the recording is "fake" stereo. In these cases of less-than-desirable simulated stereo, the company engineers usually

have merely re-recorded the original mono tapes with a good deal of reverb and echo effect.

TAPE

In 1959, Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co. demonstrated a new tape cartridge system that was described in *Music 1960*.

At that time it was pointed out that it would take several years to get the product out of the laboratory and onto the market. Now the company promises the automatic tape cartridge system for early 1963. Developed in large part at CBS Laboratories under Peter Goldmark, developer of the LP record, this system uses small cartridges, little larger than a graham cracker. Six cartridges can be stacked on an automatic tape changer as phonograph discs are; they play for half an hour on each side and are turned over just as discs are.

The tape runs at the very slow speed of 1½ inches a second, and the sound is extraordinary. It incorporates most of the advantages of tapes and discs. This system is likely to produce a revolution bigger than anything since LPs — the revolution that RCA tried unsuccessfully to put over with its larger, more expensive tape cartridges for several years.

EQUIPMENT

There was a trend toward perfection in audio equipment, no matter the cost.

This was seen in the development by several manufacturers of supercomponents. This is often equipment originally designed for radio station use, usually designated as "studio," "broadcast monitor," or "professional" lines by their makers, notably Scott, Fisher, Altec Lansing, and Harmon-Kardon. These companies recently have added more amplifiers in the "unimprovable" class to those already made by Marantz and McIntosh, so that the audio perfectionist has more than ever to choose from.

In 1962 all over the country, there also were more low-priced stereo components than ever before. There were more and better kits, more variety in all components, and improvements in quality at all price levels.

Amplifiers have for a long time been the most important part of components systems — now they are being made simpler to operate than a kitchen range.

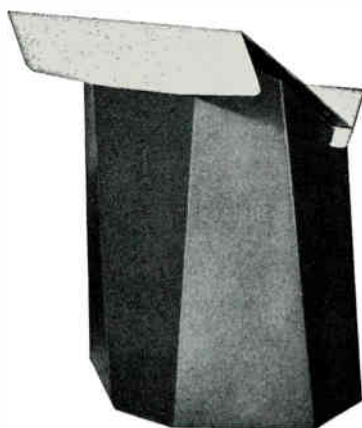
Where high-fidelity experts once recommended manual turntables for best reproduction (because changers contributed rumble to a really good system), today most changers and automatic turntables have such low rumble quotients that they may be

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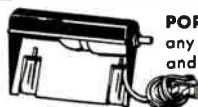
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used in any high-fidelity components system.

The trend toward lighter pickup-arm pressure on disc continued, with Pickering and others bringing out arms and pickups designed for pressures as light as half a gram for use with high-quality turntables. Garrard further improved its line of changers with new models. Its Type A includes calibrated adjustments for needle pressure and counterbalance weight, just as do expensive transcription arms. Zenith brought out a changer featuring a pickup arm that it demonstrated scraping across a record surface with no damage resulting.

A particularly noteworthy addition to components was made this year by Acoustic Research, a manufacturer of loud-speakers. It is the AR turntable, a low-cost unit that includes the arm and base and even a molded plastic dust cover, for only \$58. This unit is by far the best of the Best Buys this year. (See *Picks of the Year*.)

Makers of packaged hi-fi sets include more good parts today. For example, General Electric has brought out a fine, yet compact, stereo console in which the wing speakers fold out, and the Garrard changer folds up, or drops down, into playing position.

Tape recorders continue to sprout up everywhere, and more of them are

Japanese models. Many of these are good buys, if reliable, guaranteed service can be had.

The Japanese also have sparked a leap forward in transistor radios. Several U.S. manufacturers reduced prices of their small transistor sets, and the reliability of all-transistor units, including the Japanese, improved markedly during the year.

Stereo headphones continued to be bigger sellers than ever. Good new designs joined those already available in the \$20-to-\$50 price range. Koss continues to dominate the field, however, with a new professional model, in addition to its popular \$25 standard version.

Many companies are taking steps to make good stereo easier to put into the average living room. RCA Victor's laboratories have developed a single-unit portable stereo phonograph only eight inches high, 14 inches deep, and 30 inches long, but it is not on the market at this time.

Rek-O-Kut, long a maker of fine turntables, arms, and speakers, introduced an all-in-one compact stereo speaker system of surprising volume and fine tone.

Three to four years ago amateurs were warned not to attempt building FM tuners from kits because of their

complexity and need for alignment instruments. Today, happily, that's over, and much more complicated kits can be built by beginners. They need only have patience and take care to follow the step-by-step instructions.

Even complex equipment like the Heathkit Citizens' Band transceivers, which have 10 transistors each, are so logically planned, and the instructions so easily followed, that they can be put together without too much difficulty.

An electronic organ, the Thomas, is now available in a Heathkit for \$329, including cabinet. It has two full keyboards and a full octave of bass foot pedals and is all-transistorized.

Transistors are still not in wide use in home audio equipment, though they will be in a few years. At present they are still a novelty and have no real superiority in components.

For those who want the best sound from a truly portable phonograph, KLH, maker of acoustic suspension speakers, has introduced a portable with two unusually good, though small, speakers. They are detachable, of course, for proper stereo separation. This unit makes a worthy companion to the KLH two-piece FM radio Model 8, which has been on the market for several years.

In addition to good buys from the

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big catalog houses, which often offer special values on last year's models of the big manufacturers as well as their own private brands, there are also good buys to be had from some discount appliance stores. It is important in buying from a discount house, however, to be sure it offers a service guarantee and that it will stand behind its sales.

Notable among the discounters offering good values on occasion is New York-based Korvette, which now has 10 branches in the Northeast. Korvette has its own label loud-speakers, which are excellent buys. Korvette also has the even less expensive XAM Model 4x, which sells for only \$30. It makes an unusually good value as a remote speaker.

For keeping records clean while playing them, the Dust Bug for \$4.95 is still an excellent device. But this year Grado Laboratories, makers of cartridges, came up with an improvement on the Dust Bug, called the Duststat. It swings over the record while playing and swings out of the way during changing. It requires no chemical solution, cleans with a flick of the finger, is mounted quickly, sells for \$7, and is worth it.

Other devices that make the music-lover's life easy have been introduced. A notable one is a remote cutoff device for component systems called the Audio Robot. Designed by the former chief engineer of Bogen-Presto, Al Zuckerman, this device requires no additional wiring at its remote location. It uses the wires of the remote loud-speaker, no matter how far it is from the main amplifier. After installation, which can be done in four or five minutes, the remote cutoff button will turn the main system on or off, no matter how distant. There are no tubes or other parts to burn out or wear out. It costs \$33 from Royce Electronics at Valley Stream, N.Y. ■

BEST BUYS

As in preceding years, Charles Graham has selected a number of components that have been tested and used in systems by a number of musicians and other careful listeners.

*The equipment has been divided according to the best performance and value in three general price ranges. Included are units unqualifiedly recommended not only as excellent values in their price groups but as Best Buys (indicated by ***) because they*

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Tony Bennett



Bobby Hackett



Les Brown



Pete Fountain

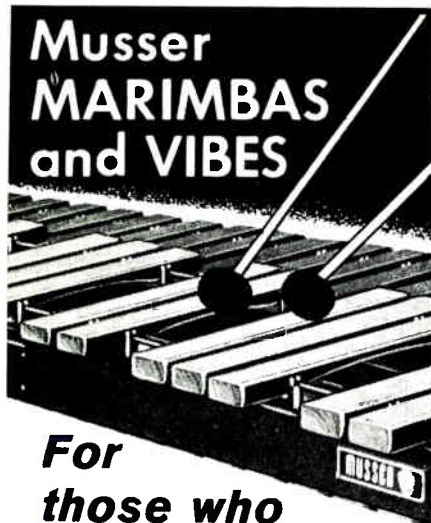


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represent outstanding value and high performance regardless of price.

The price of loud-speakers is that for models either in unfinished wood or inexpensive finish.

Turntables and changers require wood bases, usually costing \$5 or more.

Amplifiers and tuners, except in the Economy list, may require wood or metal cases, usually costing about \$15, but these are not needed except for the sake of appearance. All amplifiers listed are stereo.

Prices listed are approximate.

ECONOMY CLASS

Loud - speakers

XAM 3C \$46

Amplifier

Pilot 230 (24 watts) \$89

FM Tuner

* * * Pilot Mark III (mono, stereo-adaptable) \$50

Phono Cartridge

Pickering Mark II (see text)

Changer

Garrard Autoslim \$39

Turntable, Base, Arm

* * * Acoustic Research \$58

MEDIUM PRICE

Loud-speakers

Acoustic Research \$109

Amplifier

Scott 200 (30 watts) \$140

FM Stereo Tuner

Sherwood S-3000IV \$160

Cartridge

* * * Shure Dynetic M77 \$27

Changer

Garrard AT-6 \$54

Turntable, Base, Arm

Acoustic Research \$58

FM Stereo Receiver

* * * Fisher 500B (w/amps) \$360

DE LUKE SYSTEM

Loud - speakers

Wharfedale W-90 \$260

or

Acoustic Research AR-3 \$203

Amplifier (all in one)

Fisher X-101C \$200

or

Scott Dynaural 296 \$300

Preamp Control

Marantz Console 7c \$264

or

Scott Monitor 4100 \$350

Power Amplifier

McIntosh MC-275 \$444

or

Scott Monitor 4120 \$450

FM Stereo Tuner

* * * Scott 350B \$220

or

McIntosh MR 65B \$330

Cartridge

Stanton Fluxvalve 481AA \$48

or

Shure Dynetic M33-5 \$37

Changer

Fisher-Lincoln \$250

Turntable

Empire 208 \$100

or

Thorens TD-124 \$100

Arm

Stanton Unipoise 200 \$36

KITS

Loud-speakers

Heathkit AS-10U \$60

or

Heathkit AS-2U \$73

Amplifier (all in one)

Scott LK-48 (48 watts) \$125

or

* * * Heathkit AA-151 (28 watts) \$60

FM Stereo Tuner

Dynaco \$80

Stereo Adapter \$30

Preamp Control

* * * Dynaco \$60

Power Amplifier

Dynaco Stereo 7-0 \$99

ACCESSORIES, MISCELLANY

Stereo Headphones

* * * Koss SP 5-SM \$25

FM Radio

KLH Model 8 \$159

Record Brush

Grado Dustat \$7

TAPE DECKS, RECORDERS

Norelco 100 (miniature) \$129

Lafayette RK-141 (playback) \$59

or

Sony 262-D (playback) \$89

Record amplifier for Sony \$89

Stereo Recorder

Norelco 400 \$300

or

Tandberg 6-44 (deck no amps) \$498



JAZZ BOOKS

(Continued from page 90)

revivalist movement in jazz.

EDDIE CONDON'S TREASURY OF JAZZ, edited by Eddie Condon and Richard Gehman. Published by Dial Press, 488 pp. *Out of print.*

This was the first anthology to include articles on both traditional and modern jazzmen, and Condon has gathered a lot of outstanding writers for this project. There is George Frazier on Pee Wee Russell, Otis Ferguson and George Avakian on Bix Beiderbecke, John Hammond on Count Basie, and Leonard Feather on Dave Tough. The total result is excellent.

JAZZ: ITS EVOLUTION AND ESSENCE, by Andre Hodeir. Published by the Grove Press, 295 pp. (Available in Evergreen and Black Cat paperback editions.)

Hodeir is, by background and training, the most distinguished of the jazz critics. Star of the Paris Conservatory of Music, heralded composer, and uniformly recognized as a pre-eminent critic and analyst, his writings on jazz have had a sweeping influence.

His conception of jazz history here is highly original, and while he illuminates brilliantly the creative genius of several jazzmen, he also shows blind spots (see his comments on Johnny Dodds and Jelly Roll Morton).

There is a striking similarity between the views concerning early jazzmen held by Hodeir and Panassie in *Hot Jazz*, though the quality and approach of criticism are entirely different. Recommended only to those who have had wide reading and listening in jazz.

LADY SINGS THE BLUES, by Billie Holiday with William Dufty. Published by Doubleday & Co., 250 pp. *Out of print.*

Tragedy haunted Miss Holiday like a specter almost from the day she was born, and the reader is made painfully aware of this as she describes her struggles in a raw and brutal world. There are very good accounts of tours with Count Basie and with Artie Shaw.

JAZZ AMERICANA, by Woody Woodward. Published by Trend Books, 128 pp. *Out of print.*

This is a brief, but good, history of jazz in a paperback edition. The author is very good in describing the development of West Coast jazz.

GUIDE TO JAZZ, by Hugues Panassie. Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., 312 pp. *Out of print.*

Panassie steadfastly refuses to recognize bop as jazz, and this forces him to assume many awkward stances as a critic ("Stan Getz...mixed bop with Lester Young's style and often de-

viated from jazz"), and this whole directory is warped by this limitation. His entries for traditional jazzmen are generally very good.

1957

CONCERNING JAZZ, edited by Sinclair Traill. Published by Faber Popular Books (London), 180 pp.

The lineaments of jazz activity in Britain and the United States are described, with emphasis on post-World War II developments. Stanley Dance's article on evolution and appreciation is notable.

GIANTS OF JAZZ, by Louis

(Studs) Terkel. Published by Crowell, 215 pp.

These subjective and impressionistic biographies of various traditional and modern jazzmen are light and are ideal first readings for the very young.

COUNT BASIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA, by Raymond Horricks. Published by Citadel Press, 320 pp. *Out of print.*

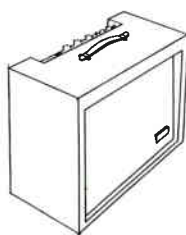
This is not intended to be the definitive biography of Basie but rather a quick assessment of the scope of the Basie band in jazz history. There are excellent biographical sketches of many sidemen, and warm, human ac-



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counts of road experiences. This book was first published in England.

THE BOOK OF JAZZ, by Leonard Feather. Published by Horizon Press, 280 pp. (Available in Paperback Library edition.)

Feather probes the question of the origins of jazz in this country and attempts to show that elements of the music thrived in Negro communities all over the United States, and not just in New Orleans. This thesis seems patently correct today, but his refusal to recognize another fact just as obvious—that New Orleans was pre-eminent in the development of instrumental jazz—mars the objectivity of this work. The development of various instruments in jazz is discussed.

A HANDBOOK OF JAZZ, by Barry Ulanov. Published by Viking Press, 248 pp. (Available in Compass paperback edition.)

This book was intended to orient new jazz listeners, and with its capsule history and identification of basic LPs for new collectors, it is still functional.

THE JAZZ MAKERS, edited by Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff. Published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston,

Inc. 386 pp. (Available also in Evergreen paperback edition.)

There is no attempt to provide exhaustive biographies in this anthology, but rather an attempt to capture some aspect of the jazzman's character that expresses some essence of his music. It works well. All the writing is first rate, but the articles by Nat Hentoff on Baby Dodds, John S. Wilson on Fats Waller, and Bill Simon on Charlie Christian are particularly impressive.

1958

BUGLES FOR BEIDERBECKE, by Charles Waring and George Garkick. Published by Sidwich & Jackson, Ltd. (London), 333 pp.

After having made an excellent synthesis of the data on Bix Beiderbecke that was available up to that time, the authors remain clearly as puzzled as the rest of us on the enigmatic cast of the man and the musician.

The discussion of Beiderbecke's recorded work is the best I've seen in print. The work suffers somewhat from a stilted prose style. The authors advise that this work is being revised to include the recent findings in biography.

THE COLLECTOR'S JAZZ: TRADITIONAL AND SWING, by John S. Wilson. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., 319 pp. (Available in Keystone paperback edition.)

Virtually all the traditional and swing recordings that were available on LP up to 1958 are discussed by one of most competent and best-balanced critics in jazz.

JAZZ: NEW ORLEANS, 1885-1957, by Samuel Charters. Published by Walter C. Allen, 167 pp.

This is a very good, though highly specialized, reference work in biography for those doing reading in New Orleans jazz history.

JAM SESSION, by Ralph J. Gleason. Published by the Putnam Publishing Co., 319 pp. *Out of print.*

Many of the musicians discussed in Eddie Condon's *Treasury* and Nat Shapiro's *The Jazz Makers* are included in this anthology, with the same excellent results. There is, in addition, Bruce Lippincott's very good *Aspects of the Jam Session* and good articles by George Frazier on Bunny Berigan and by Gilbert S. McKean on Django Reinhardt.

B. G. OFF THE RECORD, by Donald R. Connor. Published by Gaildonna Publishers, 305 pp.

Goodman's career is traced through recordings, radio programs, and theater engagements in what is a fine discography-biography.

RECORDED JAZZ: A CRITICAL GUIDE, by Rex Harris and Brian Rust. Published by Pelican Books, 256 pp.

The authors include only traditional-jazz LP and EP recordings that were available in England through 1956. The criticism and commentary is generally very good.

1959

THE COLLECTOR'S JAZZ: MODERN, by John S. Wilson. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., 318 pp. (Available also in Keystone paperback edition.)

Reissues and new LPs since 1958 have dated much of the work in discography, but there is nothing dated about Wilson's commentary on the pre-'58 modernists.

THE SOUND OF SURPRISE, by Whitney Balliett. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., 237 pp. (Available also in Everyman paperback edition.)

This collection of 46 articles, mostly from *The New Yorker*, is a capsule documentary of jazz in New York from 1955 to 1959.



THE FIVE PENNIES, by Grady Johnson. Published by Dell Publishing Co., 191 pp.

The occasional glimpses of early great jazzmen aren't enough to give this fictionalized biography the depth it would need to sustain interest.

JAZZ, by Leonard Feather. Published by Trend Publications, 80 pp.

Paths of modern jazz from bop forward are traced by one who was involved in many of the events.

THE JAZZ SCENE, by Francis Newton. Published by MacGibbin & Kee (London), 303 pp.

A fine, new thinker in jazz probes

without cant or bombast the origins and directions of jazz and has much to say about social and business aspects of the music.

JAZZ, edited by Nat Hentoff and Albert McCarthy. Published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc., 387 pp. (Available also in Evergreen paperback edition.)

These new looks at old traditions include Franklin Driggs' excellent study *Kansas City and the Southwest*, an area that has been badly neglected by jazz historians.

THE COUNTRY BLUES, by Samuel B. Charters. Published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc., 288 pp.

An outstanding study is made in biography and lore of the great southern blues musicians.

JAZZ TITANS, by Robert Reisner. Published by Doubleday & Co., 168 pp. *Out of print.*

Reisner does not see fit to include any of the traditionalists, nor does he do justice to the modern and swing jazzmen whom he does discuss in this work, originally published in paperback.



THESE JAZZMEN OF OUR TIME, edited by Raymond Horricks. Published by Victor Gollancz, Ltd. (London), 236 pp.

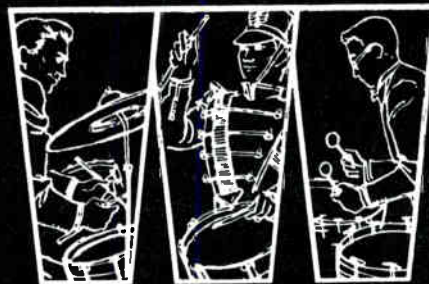
Martin Williams and Nat Hentoff join a group of well-known British critics in studies of modern jazzmen, all of which are very good.

THE ART OF JAZZ, edited by Martin Williams. Published by the Oxford University Press, 256 pp. (Available also in Evergreen paperback edition.)

This anthology is the twin of Hentoff and McCarthy's *Jazz* and is distinguished by two pieces on Duke

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1960

THE STORY OF THE ORIGINAL DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND, by H. O. Brunn. Published by the Louisiana Press, 268 pp.

The author is hopelessly at sea in putting the ODJB in correct perspective in jazz history, but he has done a good job in biography and background for this important band.

JAZZ IN BRITAIN, by David Boulton. Published by W. H. Allen (London), 206 pp.

The reception of jazz in Europe has



had an important influence on American jazzmen, hence this account of the impact of the music in Britain is of more than passing interest.

KING JOE OLIVER, by Walter C. Allen and Brian Rust. Published by Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd. (London), 162 pp.

This is the definitive study in biography, discography, and criticism on an early jazz giant.

JAZZ ON RECORD: A CRITICAL GUIDE, edited by Charles Fox, Peter Gammond, Alun Morgan, and Alexis Korner. Published by Arrow Books, Ltd. (London), 352 pp.

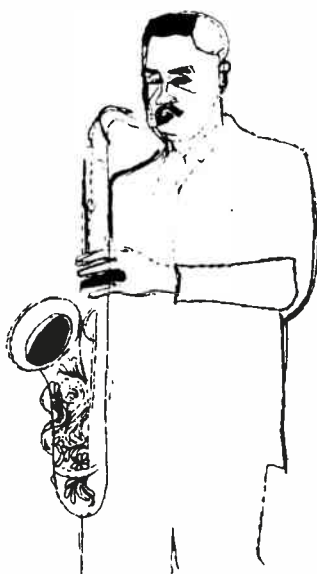
Excellent commentaries on jazz records of all eras are made by four good British critics.

THE ANATOMY OF JAZZ, by Leroy Ostransky. Published by the University of Washington Press, 362 pp.

The author is good on theory but on somewhat shaky ground in understanding and appreciation.

TREAT IT GENTLE, by Sidney Bechet. Published by Hill & Wang, 245 pp.

Bechet did not have the Boswell that Jelly Roll Morton did, and this autobiography drags in many places. The final chapter is as fine as the beginning chapters are poor.



JAZZ, by Andre Francis. Published by Grove Press, Inc., in Evergreen paperback edition, 189 pp.

This is a compact, accurate history of jazz, translated from the French by Martin Williams, but there is nothing in its content that is different or better than previous histories.

BEEN HERE AND GONE, by Frederic Ramsey Jr. Published by Rutgers University Press, 177 pp.

Included are marvelous pictures and a good text on the southern blues and Negro religious music traditions.

THE JAZZ WORD, edited by Dom Cerulli, Burt Korall, and Mort Nasatir.

Published by Ballantine Books, 240 pp.

Critics, musicians, and fans all contribute to this paperback anthology of jazz miscellany, with fairly good results.

1961

THE JAZZ LIFE, by Nat Hentoff. Published by the Dial Press, 255 pp.

The realities of the jazzman's life, including most of the unpleasant conditions, are discussed with good force and insight.

BLUES FELL THIS MORNING, by Paul Oliver. Published by Horizon Press, 355 pp.

Oliver is the leading blues scholar and has sifted a mass of data for this book. The result, expectedly, is excellent.

KINGS OF JAZZ. Published by A.S. Barnes & Co. Series of paperback books devoted to various jazz artists, which thus far include: **LOUIS ARMSTRONG**, by Albert McCarthy, 86 pp.; **BIX BEIDERBECKE**, by Burnett James, 88 pp.; **MILES DAVIS**, by Michael James, 90 pp.; **JOHNNY DODDS**, by G. E. Lambert, 88 pp.; **DUKE ELLINGTON**, by G. E. Lambert, 88 pp.; **DIZZY GILLESPIE**, by Michael James, 86 pp.; **KING OLIVER**, by Martin Williams, 90 pp.; **CHARLIE PARKER**, by Max Harrison, 84 pp.; **BESSIE SMITH**, by Paul Oliver, 82 pp.; **FATS WALLER**, by Charles Fox, 87 pp.; and **JELLY ROLL MORTON**, by Martin Williams, 90 pp.

The *Kings of Jazz* paperback series was first published by Perpetua Books in England; all of the contributors, excepting Martin Williams, are British. The quality of writing, the biographies and criticism, are generally very good. I was least impressed with Fox' *Fats Waller* (weak on criticism) and Burnett James' *Bix Beiderbecke* (wayward criticism; weak biography), and most impressed with Michael James' *Miles Davis*, which, with its simultaneous biography and criticism done with excellent style and sparkling excitement,



MUSIC '63

is a fine achievement in 90 pages.

1962

BIRD: THE LEGEND OF CHARLIE PARKER, by Robert G. Reisner. Published by the Citadel Press, 256 pp.

The narrative is in the form of reminiscences by a good many musicians and critics who were closely associated with Parker. They pay the ultimate tribute by showing the hurt of the loss without reveling in the usual sentimental jargon. Excellent pictures.

DINOSAURS IN THE MORNING, by Whitney Balliett. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., 224 pp.

The prose is somewhat diffuse, but Balliett's observations are not, in this compact chronicle of jazz events culled from *The New Yorker*. The book begins roughly where *The Sound of Surprise* ends.

JAZZ: A HISTORY OF THE NEW YORK SCENE, by Samuel B. Charters and Leonard Kunstadt. Published by Doubleday & Co., 382 pp.

Strong in the background chapters and fairly good from the '20s on, the book suffers at times from Charters' habit of making fact out of questionable theory.

JAZZ PANORAMA, Edited by Martin Williams. Published by Crowell-Collier, 318 pp.

This anthology, culled from the pages of the *Jazz Review*, has studies of jazzmen that range from Jelly Roll Morton and King Oliver to Scott LaFaro and Eric Dolphy. Contributors include musicians as well as many of the new jazz writers. Excellent throughout.

TOWARD JAZZ, by Andre Hodeir. Published by Grove Press, 224 pp.

Hodeir intends this book to be the bridge between the objective *Jazz: Its Evolution And Essence* and the subjective *The Worlds of Jazz*, a work now in process. The chapters are comprised of articles which appeared in several jazz



publications, here and in France, and the forcible knowledge and intelligence he applies to each of his subjects makes this one of the most valuable of the recent books.

JAZZ AND THE WHITE AMERICANS, by Neil Leonard. Published by the University of Chicago Press, 215 pp.

Dr. Leonard probes the questions of the acceptance of jazz in our society, with the emphasis of his study on the two decades between World War I and World War II. I have not had time to read more than the introduction and the conclusion, but his hypothesis—that resistance to jazz stemmed from a blindness on the part of those deeply rooted in the habits of traditional culture—seems too evident to warrant a full-scale study.

THE NEW JAZZ BOOK, by Joachim Berendt, translated by Dan Morgenstern. Published by Hill & Wang, 314 pp.

This generally well-done study deals briefly with the history of jazz, some of the key figures, and then goes into the elements of jazz (such as the arrangements, harmony, the blues) and brief histories of the development of various instruments in jazz. Berendt also has written what he feels is a definition of jazz. Discussions of big bands and combos are included, as well as a discography. Originally published in Germany in 1959, the book has been translated into several languages and has sold more copies than any other jazz book. ■



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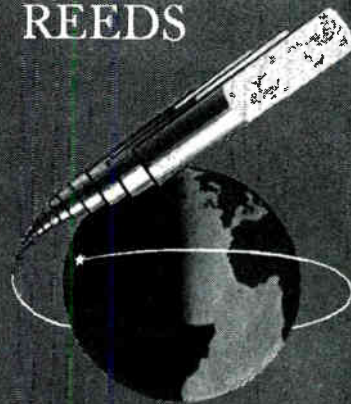
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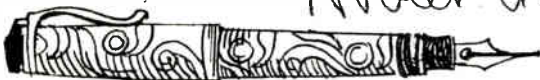
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About The Writers



BILL COSS, associate editor of *Down Beat*, located in New York City, has been active in the field of jazz writing for several years. He is a former editor of *Metronome* magazine. In addition to conducting the panel on jazz economics, which begins on page 94, Coss is represented by an amusing piece of fiction, *Ten Little Indians*, beginning on page 63.

GILBERT M. ERSKINE has been writing for *Down Beat*, mostly as a record reviewer, for more than two years. Besides his critical duties, Erskine is of that rare breed, the jazz researcher. His compilation of jazz books published in the United States, with comments about each one (page 85), is the result of exhaustive reading and research.

LEONARD FEATHER, one of *Down Beat's* contributing editors, has written about jazz for almost 30 years. A respected critic, journalist, and author (his *Encyclopedia of Jazz* is indispensable), Feather has a broad knowledge of the field. On page 25, he surveys 1962 records.

BARBARA GARDNER is not only *Down Beat's* only distaff contributing editor but also has the distinction of being one of the few women to write on jazz. Miss Gardner warmly and with feminine insight writes about female vocalists, starting on page 72.

CHARLES GRAHAM wrote *The Year in Sound*, a survey of what was new in the audio world in 1962. Graham has been an editor of several audio-electronics magazines and formerly was hi-fi editor of *Down Beat*.

EUGENE HALL has been called the father of the stage-band movement, the movement that has brought about the formation of thousands of dance-jazz big bands in high schools throughout the nation. Dr. Hall—he holds a Ph. D. in music education—has taught at North Texas State Teachers College, where he formed the lab band that has become the best-known and most respected college jazz band extant, and at Michigan State University.

DON HECKMAN has written the most authoritative discourse on the jazz avant garde (*Way Out There*, beginning on page 44) yet published. Authoritative, because Heckman, an alto saxophonist, is very much a part of "the new thing," and is currently working with John Benson Brooks.

GEORGE HOEFER has been writing about jazz and jazz records since the late '30s, when his column, *The Hot Box*, began appearing in *Down Beat* (it still does). On page 30, Hoefer recounts some of the amusing experiences he had collecting jazz records in the days before LPs.

WILLIAM D. ROUTH is a young (21) graduate student of anthropology at the University of Chicago. He became interested in jazz when he was 10: living in Dublin, Ireland, at the time (his father is a member of the U.S. Information Service), Routh heard jazz on U.S. records shipped there. His knowledge of culture and jazz merge in his essay *Jazz and Cultural Communication*, starting on page 91.

GUNTHER SCHULLER is one of the crop of young composers gaining recognition in the United States. To jazz listeners Schuller is best known for his work in Third Stream music, that is, the combination of jazz and "classical" music. His penetrating essay on the developments in 20th-century concert music not only sheds light on the classical-music world but also shows how these developments have had effect on jazz; it starts on page 36.

ARNOLD SHAW has contributed the amusing *The Dog Who Played Jazz*, beginning on page 80. Shaw is a contributor to many national magazines, including *Esquire* and *Harper's*; has authored several books, including an unauthorized biography of Harry Belafonte; co-edited *Schillinger System of Musical Composition* and edited *Mathematical Basis of the Arts*, both works of composer Joseph Schillinger.

JOHN TYNAN has been *Down Beat's* associate editor located in Los Angeles for several years. No one has greater knowledge of, or keener insight into, the development of jazz in that area. His roundup of 1962 happenings in southern California, with a few glances east and north, starts on page 18.

PETE WELDING became *Down Beat's* assistant editor early in 1962. Stationed in Chicago, Welding, a native Philadelphian, found the Windy City blues activity rich and rewarding. As knowledgeable in country blues as he is in all forms of jazz, Welding profiles with warmth and insight *The Story of a Blues Man—Sleepy John Estes*, beginning on page 68.

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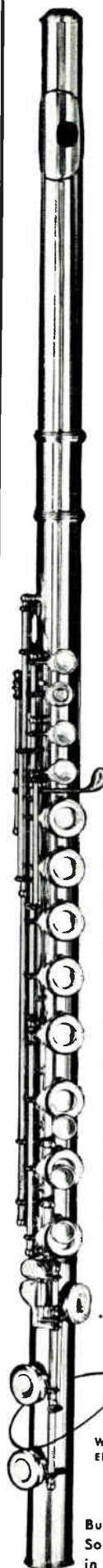
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