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**ROCK AND JAZZ: FISSION OR FUSION? BY LEONARD FEATHER, STANLEY DANCE,
DON HECKMAN, BOB PERLONGO/COMPLETE DISCOGRAPHY OF JOHN COLTRANE/
THE YEAR IN JAZZ BY DAN MORGENSTERN/THE BEST IN BLUES&ROOTS BY PETE
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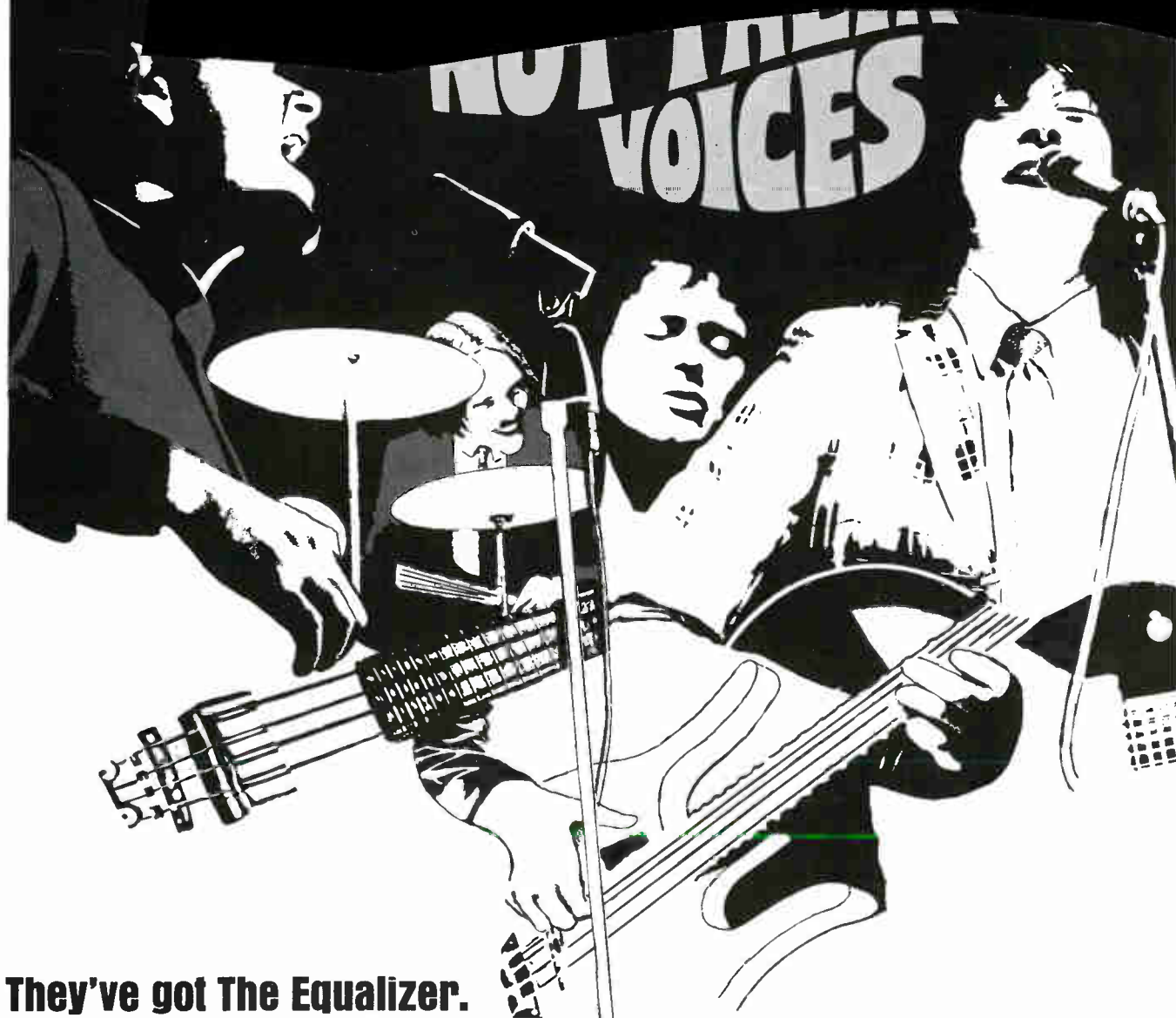
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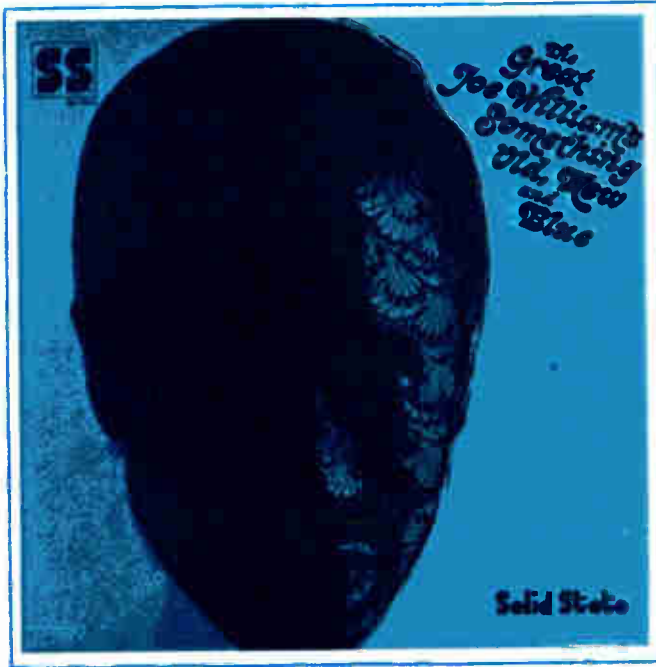
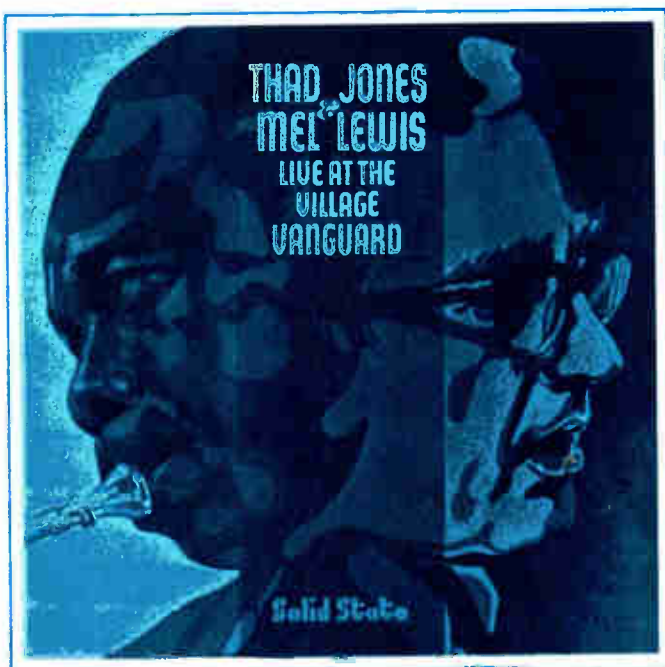
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FOR JAZZ, 1967 was neither the best nor the worst of times. It was not a year of great breakthroughs, and the greatest setbacks were blows dealt by fate. It was a year of great losses and no great gains, but despite the prophets of doom, the music was still very much alive at the threshold of 1968.

As we grow older, we learn to live with the fact of death. Jazz, by any

Coltrane brought greatness and humanity to the art to which he had dedicated himself.

Painful, too, was the loss of Billy Strayhorn. Though never a public figure, his music reached millions through the medium of the greatest orchestra in jazz—an orchestra whose course he considerably influenced from 1939 until his death.

Support and understanding be-
like Ellington and Billy Stray-
a phenomenon unique in jazz
s in music—and through it
being a body of music that
d the test of time. As long
is an Ellington orchestra, Billy
n lives. But he is irreplaceable.

irreplaceable, too, are the great in-
dividual sounds of traditional jazz that
were stilled in 1967: Edmond Hall's
slashing and lyrical clarinet; Henry Red
Allen's singular trumpet and presence;
Muggsy Spanier's honest, driving cor-
net; Buster Bailey's elegance and cheer-
fulness; Sidney De Paris' zest and mute-
magic.

All these were sounds of an era that
fostered the personal approach; these
men founded no "schools" but were
wholly themselves. With each of them
also passed all the sounds and experi-
ences and memories contained within
them, and the resulting loss to jazz is

Randy Weston: To Africa

of uncommon severity.

The many who loved and idolized Coltrane were stunned, of course, but it was a measure of the man that even those who had no special place in their hearts for his music were strongly affected.

To no small degree, this was the result of Coltrane's stature as an artist and a man: no one could doubt his honesty and passion; no one could fail to admire his unceasing search for fuller expression, or his dedication and commitment to all music, not just his own. In his short but full life, John

PHOTO: LEE TANNER

THE YEAR IN REVIEW

1967



By Dan Morgenstern

10 □ DOWN BEAT

World Radio History

greater, perhaps, than the sum of its parts.

For the staff of *Down Beat*, two deaths had particular impact. Rex Stewart, the great cornetist, had become, in the past few years, one of the magazine's most valuable contributors. A writer of grace, lucidity and humor, he could draw on a long and full life in jazz with powers of recollection that were razor-sharp. We mourn the many stories Rex did not live to tell us.

George Hoefer, whose very last piece of work, completed on the eve of his death, appears in these pages, was one of the most respected veterans in the field of jazz reporting and scholarship. Though George, as all jazz writers, was also called upon to function as a critic, this was not his true calling.

George was, in the best sense of the word, a fan—an enthusiast, a lover of the music and its history. What had begun as an avocation became a vocation—labor in a vineyard that yields no great material rewards, but demands great dedication.

For almost 30 years, George Hoefer's byline was a regular advent in the pages of *Down Beat*, and much of what he wrote, there and elsewhere, has become an important part of that still small body of fact and insights that constitutes the history of jazz. Few were as painstaking in attention to detail, or as thorough and conscientious in research. His final contribution was part of a series that began several years ago in this publication: an informal history of New York's famous Swing Street. Someday, perhaps, when jazz historiography becomes an accepted branch of professional scholarship, it will be completed. In this field, George Hoefer was a pioneer.

But jazz marches on. The year was very much business (or no business) as usual here at home, but in Europe—and to some degree in Japan as well—some notable successes were scored.

George Wein, most active and untiring of jazz impresarios, took to Europe a star-studded package tour which played through most of Western Europe with conspicuous results. Made possible by the collaboration of Pan American Airways (transportation costs are a major stumbling block for international tours), the tour made sufficient impact to practically assure a repeat performance in 1968.

Europe spawned many local festivals as well. Two of these had the aid of the Newport package: London's *Jazz Expo 67*, and the Berlin Jazz Days. Antibes, Bologna, Molde, Kongsberg, Lausanne, Baden-Baden were among other locales for jazz events, all of them featuring international as well as native talent. Ornette Coleman made

his first tour of Japan.

Eastern Europe, too, had its jazz festivals. Charles Lloyd, who had a productive year in general, made particular news with an appearance, with his quartet, at the Russian Jazz Festival in Tallin, becoming the first American jazzman to play in the U.S.S.R. without official government sponsorship, and also the first U.S. representative of contemporary (or, if you will, modern) jazz to be heard in that country.

Lloyd also appeared, in October, at the Prague Festival, a truly international event joining musicians in cultural bonds that transcended political differences. Warsaw also had its festival, and from these two events issued a blueprint for a European Jazz Federation, the first such organization ever to be attempted.

The need to organize seemed greater than ever here at home. We had successful festivals, too (Newport [in spite of bad weather]; Monterey; Atlanta; Austin; New York; Boston, etc.). But no new records were set, and some festivals (Pacific Coast; Laurel) lost a great deal of money.

Clubs, in bad shape for years, fell by the wayside in New York (The 5 Spot; Eddie Condon's), Detroit (The Drome) and elsewhere, though new ones were being opened, too, and some establishments of long standing showed no symptoms of disease. Still, the changing pattern of big city life, and the profusion of taped, canned, recorded, televised, and otherwise mediaized music were taking their inevitable toll.

Many musicians expressed their dissatisfaction with playing in clubs. This was nothing new—it has been going on since the early days of the Modern Jazz Quartet and Dave Brubeck, and it was the late Paul Whiteman, wasn't it, who first put jazz in the concert hall—but it was being stated with a new vehemence, by Charles Lloyd and many others.

Unquestionably, much of the new and newer jazz is unsuitable for club surroundings. Still, with the limited venue open to jazz, it seems foolhardy to exclude oneself from a significant outlet, and most of the big talkers readily accepted club bookings when they were forthcoming. Unless unlimited rehearsal time is available, most jazz groups still need to play as long and as often as they only can in clubs, and instead of spiting this avenue for self-expression, it would perhaps behoove the jazz musician to seek positive ways of improving conditions for playing in such places. Except for a fortunate few, those who await the millennium of concert bonanzas will be long awaiting.

This gloomy forecast is backed up by

some continuing facts of the jazz life. There was, with few exceptions, no money to speak of forthcoming for jazz from the foundations or the government funds for the arts.

Ornette Coleman became the first (!) jazz musician to receive a Guggenheim Fellowship, one of the most prestigious of private foundation awards—but he received it *not* for his jazz work per se, but for composition, and composition of a nature which, though not labeled Third Stream, did involve an amalgam of classical and jazz elements.

Not surprisingly, Coleman was also to receive, for 1968, a U.S. government grant for performance. Mind you, he deserves it, but one could not escape the obvious conclusion that what was good enough for Guggenheim was good enough for Uncle Sam—no risks; the bureaucrats like to bet on a sure thing.

Another minor oasis in the general desert landscape was the \$150,000 grant awarded Jazz Interactions, a small and dedicated New York organization, by the New York State Council on the Arts, for the purpose of presenting jazz concert-lectures in the New York City public school system.

The way JI managed to get this grant indicates that timing and selfless effort are all-important. After a teacher's and student's strike in a Harlem school,

Ornette Coleman: Guggenheim Fellow

ALGIESE



protesting the absence of Negro music from the Board of Education-sponsored programs of free concerts presented to the children, which garnered considerable newspaper publicity, JI put on a jazz concert at the school.

They paid all expenses from their own limited funds, making sure the musicians received scale payment-plus. They also made sure that representatives of the Board of Education, musician's union, and the press were on hand, and then presented a properly drafted proposal for a regular jazz concert series.

Charles Lloyd in Moscow

The grant was a tangible gain for jazz, and hopefully will set a precedent. Less important, perhaps, but significant from a public relations and better-image-for-jazz standpoint was JI's sponsorship and execution of a *Jazz Day* (Oct. 7) in Manhattan, with sanction and co-operation from city officials.

The organization also called the first regional conference of jazz societies to be held in the U.S. Though only two other organizations participated (the Hartford Jazz Society and Philadelphia's Jazz at Home Club), the conference

was deemed a good start. Hopefully, it will achieve a broader base and become the springboard for constructive action by a national organization or federation.

This is a genuine possibility, since other active local societies do exist, and others easily could be founded. Baltimore's Left Bank Jazz Society has done excellent work, and last year opened a branch in Washington, D.C. The Louisville Jazz Council is very active, and there are societies in Dallas and Indianapolis. More than ever, organization is needed. In a country where lobbies and pressure groups are more often than not the key to available grants and supports, jazz is in the unique and unenviable position of having no such representation. For decades, symphony orchestras, opera companies, chamber music groups, etc. have known this not-so-secret secret, and have acted accordingly.

The time seems ripe for such action in jazz, because, at last, the factionalism that has split the jazz community for so long showed signs of waning. The avant garde (a name no longer meaningfully describing a music at least a decade old) has discovered, from bitter experience, that it is not going to replace other forms of jazz but has to learn to live with them.

And the established jazz practitioners, and those working in the established forms, have come to accept the new music as part of the scene and no longer attempt, with a few exceptions, to downgrade it. This acceptance of diversity, after all a sign of health in any art, makes cooperation across the range of all schools of thought a distinct possibility. It is axiomatic that a period of stability, relatively speaking, follows a period of revolution—in art as in history. More than likely, no new "new thing" will appear on the jazz horizon for some time to come, and experimentation will be followed by consolidation.

There is, of course, the potent question of the future relationship between jazz and rock (or pop, or what have you). Some strong voices herald the coming rapprochement, while others issue strident nays. Several points of view on the subject are expressed at length in the pages of this publication, for the reader's perusal and formation of his own judgement.

One thing was certain: the popular music of today's very visible and audible youth was showing signs of improvement. That jazz, with its still infinitely greater musical scope, might well become a healthy influence on that development seems obvious.

It seems just as obvious, however, that jazz and pop music, of whatever description and nature, are and always



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will be two distinct things—which does not preclude a crossing of paths. Whatever the prognosis, a particularist, exclusive, and non-proselytizing attitude ill behooves jazz in its present predicament, which, briefly stated, is the crying need for a bigger audience.

If rock offers a bridge, jazz would be foolish not to cross it, and that is one reason why *Down Beat*, in June 1967, decided to include selective coverage of the pop scene in its pages—a step not nearly as radical as some would have it, and certainly not without precedent.



George Wein: Big Year

(Nor, it should be added, without immediate imitators, who, like most imitators, went a bit further than the model.)

This was the year in which the mass media discovered rock, or as they sometimes call it, pop culture. *TIME* covers, *LIFE* picture spreads, *Saturday Evening Post* features, and "men's" magazine broadsides were devoted to the Beatles, the Love-Ins, the San Francisco Sound, etc.

These probes were colorful but mostly ill-informed. In the early days of rock, the media ignorantly heaped scorn on the music and the kids; now, with equal ignorance, they lavish praise on what they once despised. Improvements in the music have less to do with this than a change in attitude—a change which the cynic is tempted to attribute, in at least some degree, to the millions of dollars being reaped by the pop music industry, and to its skillful flacks. Nothing, as the man said, succeeds like success.

Even the intellectuals discovered pop. The Beatles were given the *Partisan Review* treatment—quite knowledgeably too. (People with a literary orientation can latch on to the lyrics.) Ironically, as far as I know, *Partisan Review* (or any of the lesser highbrow magazines, for that matter) has never devoted similar space to jazz, which, with all due respect to the Liverpool geniuses, has had just a bit more of substance to offer. But some poor studies of "the hipster" (remember that expression?) was as far as it ever went with our intellectuals.

Television was still being cautious with rock and pop in its more basic (or extreme) forms. One could see the Jefferson Airplane on a Perry Como special, but well-scrubbed groups like the Monkees were more usual fare.

Surprisingly, there were a number of good (or at least honorable) jazz and good-music shows. Duke Ellington was the subject of an interesting study on the *Bell Telephone Hour*. Cinematographically poor (as unimaginative as an old newsreel), it was nonetheless enlightening and free of any patronizing overtones.

Far superior was a National Educational Television program devoted to the same subject. This program was filmed by people who seemed to know that a motion picture should move, and that the camera can reveal and probe. NET also presented an hour-long version of Ellington's *Sacred Concert*, quite well done, and local educational stations paid attention to jazz as well (New York had John Hammond's *Spirituals to Swing* concert in a less than exciting studio version; Chicago had a good regular series featuring Art Hodes, and there were other jazz programs).

Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald combined their considerable talents in a relaxed and swinging program, and Andy Williams often featured jazz or jazz-tinged talent on his show, not least Erroll Garner, who was a frequent guest on other shows, talk and music, as well.

Herb Alpert featured Louis Armstrong in his new series (and when is Pops going to get his show—he'd make quite a host) and treated him with due respect. Jackie Gleason put on a super-spectacular *Salute to the Big Bands*, which mixed the gold of Ellington and Basie with the dross of Sammy Kaye and Guy Lombardo. The comedian also gave Buddy Rich's new band a healthy boost by selecting it as his summer replacement. Unfortunately, the band, though present, was rarely featured to good advantage.

Big bands, so often said to be coming back, stayed pretty much where they have been for some years. That is to say, they were part of the scene, but

not a prominent part. Still, no self-respecting jazz festival could do without at least one, and New York City's Riverboat restaurant continued to feature both established and specially created bands of all kinds.

The big three—Ellington, Basie, Herman—carried on. Duke did his annual European tour and a lot of recording, much of it still to be released. His *Near Eastern Suite* was by all standards the jazz record event of the year. (He also collected an honorary degree from Yale.) Basie had numerous personnel changes, but managed to keep his style intact. In Richard Boone, he brought forth a new sound in jazz singing, and with Sweets Edison's trumpet (he left at the end of the year) he brought back a welcome sound of past glory. Herman had so many personnel changes as to make Basie seem a model of stability, but somehow, the old Woodchopper—a great bandleader if there ever was one—managed to whip each new Herd into commendable shape.

The only contender to these ranks was Rich, who kept a working band busy all year—no mean accomplishment. A tour with Frank Sinatra helped, but the credit must go to the dynamic drummer, who, though his careless and blunt remarks often offend serious jazz fans, has earned the right to be himself, and to be a character if he so chooses. His two LPs with the band were among the few jazz albums to sell well in 1967 by chart standards.

The Don Ellis Band progressed considerably in gathering new fans beyond the confines of the West Coast and record grooves. The band came east to play Newport, Boston, and the Riverboat, impressing many with its array of instruments, brassy power, amplified reed section, and volatile leader. Publicity was not lacking. Ellis also led a local band, specially assembled, at the Berlin Jazz Days.

At the Riverboat, Ellis played opposite New York's finest, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra. This redoubtable group of top players—like Ellis' crew, really a part-time band, as opposed to such traveling year-round bands as the big three and Rich—continued to improve beyond the high plateau on which they started. Reversing the Ellis formula, they traveled west to play the ill-fated Pacific Coast festival, impressing greatly those who heard them in person for the first time. The band also brought out its second and best album, recorded live at its home, the Village Vanguard.

The record scene showed a tremendous gap in sales between the thin top and the bulging bottom. Those who made the charts that play so great a part in our money-oriented musical life

ULRICH BORCHERT

were Cannonball Adderley, with the gospel-flavored, bluesy, electric piano-spiced *Mercy, Mercy*, and its follow-up, *Why Am I Treated so Bad?*; Jimmy Smith, the perennial big seller and No. 1 jazz organist, mostly with the formula as before; Wes Montgomery, who, as the saying goes, "went commercial", with some very listenable melodic things, *California Dreaming* among them; Erroll Garner, with *That's My Kick*; Buddy Rich, Charles Lloyd, and Stan Getz.

There was also an occasional jazz single, like Lou Donaldson's *Alligator Boogaloo*, typically, a dance number with a strong dash of r&b. Of the hundreds of other jazz efforts, some, like Miles Davis' excellent *Miles Smiles*, and the Brubeck albums, sold pretty well. Organ records, too, were among the business staples. As for the rest, the chips fell over a wide area—enough to keep the companies recording; little enough to cause them to repeat, at the slightest provocation, that "jazz doesn't sell." The conclusion always seems to be that since it doesn't sell, why promote it? (Note: rock groups have fan clubs. Heard of any jazz fan clubs since the swing era? Fan clubs do have an influence on record companies.)

A trend towards corporate mergers, evident in American business life in general, had an impact on the record industry as well. Atlantic was sold to Warner Bros., following in the footsteps of Blue Note, World Pacific, and other once-independent companies. Good or bad? It remains to be seen, but it is well known that big corporations haven't got much soul. The independents were run by people who at least were once jazz fans, and retained a personal involvement with the music. To a corporation, one might assume, jazz is just another kind of merchandise.

In the midst of this, a new independent label, Milestone, made an auspicious debut with some excellent new material and a promising line of reissues. It is operated by Orrin Keepnews, a life-long jazz fan and experi-



Trumpeters Miles Davis and Don Ellis: Big in '67

enced record man, and Dick Katz, a sensitive musician.

Proliferating, too, were small labels, producing such relative esoterica as blues, Dixieland, and avant garde jazz, with outputs ranging from one or two LPs to half a dozen or more. These invariably, were labors of love. ESP, once exclusively devoted to new thing jazz, branched out into psychedelic rock and folk, not to mention The Fugs (and we won't). Impulse continued to be the only major label to regularly record avant garde jazz (Shepp, Ayler, Sanders).

An irritating development was the concerted and gross effort by the major companies to eliminate monoaural records and force the consumer to buy the more expensive (and often inferior) stereo product. The consumer, bless him, seems to be resisting, and Decca, for one, have announced that they aren't going to play the game.

Decca, long dormant where jazz is concerned, also finally initiated a full-scale reissue program, kicking off with a promising batch of seven albums. The product, however good, is unfortunately premium-priced (\$5.78 list), like RCA Victor's excellent *Vintage* series. Whether such pricing (after all, reissues are cheaper to produce than new recordings) is good merchandising policy remains to be seen. (But if the records

don't sell, we know what the answer will be. You know. "Jazz doesn't sell".)

An interesting first was the release, on Impulse, of an album featuring the winning groups at the first Intercollegiate Jazz Festival in Miami Beach. This marked the first time college jazz groups have been given such national exposure since the days of Paul Winter (a special case) and the Ivy League Dixieland bands. (Remember? One of those featured Roswell Rudd, by the way . . .)

The IJF, which announced definite plans for a 1968 repeat shortly after the end of the first finals, enjoyed a moderate success, managing to enlist the support of an airline (TWA) and a shirt manufacturer (Sero) in staging the event and its several regional playoffs.

Collegiate jazz (or, as it is somewhat euphemistically known in academic circles, "the stage band movement") continued to show signs of health. The considerable talent unveiled each year in a growing string of festivals throughout the country is encouraging, and often pleasantly surprises even the seasoned observer.

There was a wide variety of styles and approaches in evidence at these events, indicating a healthy diversification among young jazz-oriented musicians of today. Some schools support their young players, but far too many don't. Thus, the enthusiasm has to be genuine. How many of the youngsters will be able to sustain it through the inevitable dues-paying experiences of the would-be professional jazzman is a moot question.

The answer, as so many answers to the problems of jazz, is in the final analysis up to the audience. And, of course, it is up to the musician to hold and keep that audience, once he finds it. Though 1967 was far from a red letter year for jazz, one must disagree wholeheartedly with the prophets of gloom and doom. These are not easy times, and not just for jazz. But the music lives, and it shall survive. **AB**

Joe Newman (right) and the Jazz Interactions Orchestra



THE RECENT Beatles recordings, through wildly inventive use of tape trickery, baroque concepts, and unusual instrumentation and voicings, have greatly expanded the musical interest of their work. Nevertheless, the Beatles depend primarily for their success on the moving stories they tell, through words, of their concern for such problems as loneliness, lack of communication, the horror of war, and the many other issues that are deeply troubling to this generation.

Jazz, on the other hand, with rare exceptions such as *Strange Fruit* and some blues, has produced relatively few compositions or performances that rely essentially on the merit of their verbal content. Even the bulk of songs sung by Billie Holiday dealt with trivia, with uncritical examinations of various aspects of the Great American Dream, expressed as often as not in shallow Tin Pan Alley doggerel. The defects and paradoxes of our society, too often ignored in the material purveyed by our Armstrongs and Fitzgeralds, are tackled head-on by the best of the pop-rock composer-performers.

Musically, jazz has built up a potent library of sublime achievements; it has made tremendous progress melodically, rhythmically, harmonically; it has probed beyond harmony into modality, atonality, and aleatory music. Pop, in the main, is as far behind jazz in technical virtuosity and improvisational fluency as jazz is behind rock in verbal creativity.

Clearly, these two conclusions do not indicate that one form of music is necessarily superior to the other. They signify only that each aims at a different target, and that for the most part the two are fundamentally different in character.

True, there has been a growing rapprochement between the rock and jazz worlds. On the one hand, jazz artists have turned to rock tunes and arrangements on an if-you-can't-beat-'em-join-'em basis (Gerry Mulligan actually used this phrase as the title of an album). Their motive, by their own admission, was increased sales rather than esthetic uplift or artistic fusion.

On the other hand, many rock musicians have turned to jazz and its practitioners for guidance and advancement. Rock guitarists, conscious that their world still lacks a Charlie Christian, a Barney Kessel, or a Kenny Burrell, have studied with jazz guitarists. (Howard Roberts, for instance, has numbered several rock players among his pupils.) They learn from jazz and jazzmen as one would learn to speak a foreign language. (Mike Nesmith of the Monkees told me he searched around for months to find a collection of old 78s, in order to study what had happened in jazz history.) However, I have yet to hear of a jazz guitarist who has turned to Jimi Hendrix in order to bone up on the technique of setting fire to a guitar.

In the fan fraternity, too, there are many who have come around from rock to jazz. The tremendous success of Charles Lloyd and several other jazz artists at the Fillmore, San Francisco's Gibraltar of rock, does not indicate any magic conversion of these musicians into rock performers. Think back. Arthur Fiedler and his legions once made a record of the Lennon-McCartney *I Want to Hold Your Hand*. Did this make the Boston Pops a rock orchestra? By the same token, Ornette Coleman might draw an SRO crowd to a concert in a bull ring, but would that make him a matador?

The rock-jazz schism, and the tendency among some young musicians to move out of rock and into jazz, was brought into focus by reader Charles Bosworth of Fort Worth, Texas, a 16-year-old drummer. He told *Down Beat* that he once followed Ringo but was now turned on to Max Roach and Joe Morello; that he once loved rock and now loves jazz.



Country Joe & The Fish

"Although I still feel that a lot of rock is worth listening to," he wrote, "I was very depressed to see an album by the Who receive five stars. . . . The Who forced me away from rock; watching them destroy their instruments (the destruction of the drum set was particularly sickening) while playing their ear-splitting music and reciting their nihilistic lyrics symbolized all that is wrong with rock."

THERE IS massive evidence that rock and jazz musicians for the most part consider their worlds mutually exclusive. Innumerable interviews with rock instrumentalists and singers, often in the *Melody Maker*, have revealed that while some express great admiration and respect for the Coltranes and Lloyds, few have any true understanding of jazz or any deep and abiding interest in it, let alone any matured facility for playing or wrting it.

Conversely, Oscar Peterson, as accomplished and articulate a musician as you will find in jazz or anywhere else, stated unequivocally a few months ago: "It's crazy to say that jazzmen can learn anything from rock 'n' roll. They call it the big beat, but often it's harder to discern the beat in rock than in jazz, because they have so many confusing things going. . . . Sure, you can play some of the pop things that are adaptable to your style, but you don't have to go all out and prostitute yourself."

Another significant indication of the jazz musicians' attitude toward the rock-pop dichotomy was expressed in Bobby Hutcherson's *Blindfold Test*. Listening to a predominantly instrumental number by the Strawberry Alarm Clock (*Unwind With the Clock*), he remarked that it was hard to tell whether this was a jazz group trying to play rock 'n' roll or a rock 'n' roll group trying to play jazz. If it were true that rock 'n' roll is jazz, clearly such a reaction would make no sense. But Hutcherson finally decided that this was in fact a rock rather than a jazz group, "mainly

because of the vocal," which came toward the end of the track.

Hutcherson added that "somebody could be a really good jazz musician and come in and do something like this and completely turn his playing around because he's thrown into this groove."

This brings up another central issue. Many jazz musicians every day in New York and Hollywood are, as Hutcherson would say, thrown into this groove. They take this work because jazz records have a very small sale, while the calls for performances in the rock field, and consequently the work opportunities and earning potential, have been growing daily. Jazz musicians have no difficulty assimilating the instrumental qualities of the rock idiom. This does not indicate that they have become rock musicians.

Jimmy Smith, interviewed on a national television program late in 1967, was discussing his role in the popularization of jazz organ when the interviewer, Joey Bishop, brought up the name of Little Richard.

Smith bridled. "Little Richard is a rock 'n' roll organist. I," and there was a touch of hauteur in the tone of voice, "am a **jazz** organist."

The muddled waters of the two streams were further fouled, and the confusion was compounded, when **Playboy** announced last fall that its annual jazz poll would henceforth be a jazz-and-pop poll.

Among the musicians outraged by this decision was Shelly Manne.

"Too many people," he fumed, "are trying to give the impression that there are no more boundary lines between jazz and pop . . . this is ridiculous! I don't want to put pop music down; pop has produced some important artists . . . What concerns me is that jazz involves something very special, a particular style of rhythmic improvisation, which you don't find in any other form of music.

"People who confuse the public into believing it's all one music are just creating another obstacle for jazz players, who have trouble enough already. Jazz has never really been popular music, otherwise that's what it would always have been called—pop music.

"People are letting dollar signs confuse their vision. With this new poll concept, a brilliant young jazz drummer like Tony Williams, who's not known to the general public, is forced to compete with a Ringo Starr. Or a Carmen McRae with a Petula Clark, a Sonny Rollins with a Boots Randolph.

"Pop groups have brought the sitar into prominence, so suddenly Ravi Shankar is rated as a pop artist. He's not; he's a great classical musician."

Manne feels that if these deliberate distortions in the press continue, the jazz world, already in a precarious position, will cease to exist. "It's true," he says, "that some jazz artists have crossed the line and reached the pop audience, but those who have done it sincerely, like Cannonball Adderley, have still retained a basic jazz quality in everything they play. From the other side of the fence, the former rock artists who have come across the line into jazz—like Larry Coryell, for instance—are using a few devices they may have learned in pop music, but are now essentially jazz musicians, because they are able to improvise according to the very special requirements of the jazz idiom."

WHILE MANNE AND many other jazz musicians are inclined to use the terms "rock" and "pop" indiscriminately, still another unresolved problem underlies this semantic muddle, for actually there are two worlds of popular music. One encompasses rock, r&b, and the various hyphenated rock manifestations. The lay press, always looking for a bandwagon, has jumped on this group and identified it as "pop," thereby implicitly excluding a vast body of work



Jimmy Smith

that has at least an equal claim to the same consideration.

I am referring, of course, to music of the type frequently played on what are known in radio circles as the "good music" stations. Sinatra singing *September of My Years*, Streisand in a ballad from one of her albums, Andy Williams singing the nonpareil songs of Henry Mancini and Johnny Mercer: such performances, while certainly neither jazz nor rock-pop, have a valid place in contemporary music.

It is frustrating to find enormous magazine spreads supposedly devoting space to a comprehensive coverage of the pop scene, yet totally ignoring the immensely popular contributions of Rodgers & Hammerstein, the Gershwins, Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn, Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, Vernon Duke, Cole Porter, Andre and Dory Previn, Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen, Comden & Styne, and dozens of others whose works have transcended the lesser output of Tin Pan Alley to become an imperishable part of the music of this century.

It is hard to believe that because pop music composed and/or recorded by the Who, the Grateful Dead, or Country Joe and the Fish has sold millions of records, we must therefore exclude from any discussion of pop such a song as *When the World was Young*. This exquisite French melody, with its poignantly lovely lyrics by Johnny Mercer, seems as likely to last as anything dreamed up by the Fugs or the Mamas and the Papas.

The more resourceful of the rock artists have been well aware of the existence of this bottomless well of superior pop music. One of the Supreme's most successful records of 1967 was an album of songs by Rodgers & Hart. Dionne Warwick and others previously identified with rock material are turning to similar sources.

Pop music on this level also takes in a fair number of instrumental groups, such as Herb Alpert & the Tijuana Brass. The members of Alpert's group were all associated at one time or another with jazz, chiefly through membership in big swinging bands; their musicianship is beyond reproach. Thus, though collectively they are no more classifiable as jazz than the rock bands, they are musically valid on their own terms. The same analysis might hold good, ironically, for most of Wes Montgomery's recent albums. Though we are all well aware of his genius as a jazz guitarist, the critics who judge his current recorded output by jazz standards are dealing with him unfairly and ignoring the obvious and calculated shift into a different medium.

It is to be hoped that the trade and music press, as well as newspapers and general interest magazines, radio and television, will move toward a more complete, honest, and critical coverage of all three branches of music.

Jazz needs this attention because, except in a couple of areas (festivals and sometimes concerts), it has run into an economic crisis. In the music trade the very word jazz is looked on in some circles as a synonym for No Sales. Artistically, too, jazz is in a state of flux and confusion; new experiments of every kind need all the attention and analysis we can offer them via the printed or spoken word.

Rock deserves attention, for it has now emerged from its embryonic stage when almost all it produced was a white recrudescence of superior Negro rhythm-and-blues. Rock beyond doubt is producing, in increasing numbers, talents on the artistic upgrade; it is attempting lyrically and musically to establish itself as an art form no less vital and durable than jazz.

Pop, the traditional brand of pop, needs help particularly, since in the past few years it has suffered desperately from lack of adequate press coverage. There is no reason to assume that this brand of popular music, performed

chiefly on LPs, sung on the Broadway stage, written by mature professionals, and performed most often by artists in their late 20s and up, cannot coexist with rock, folk-rock, blues-rock, raga-rock, shock-rock, and all the rest, performed on hit singles and LPs by the 15-25 age group. The latter has been blessed with a publicity campaign (part spontaneous, part synthetic) grounded in the eternal American equation of multi-million dollar sales with newsworthiness and artistic merit.

What we need now is a regulation of publicity that accords reasonable treatment to all three idioms, without any attempts to obfuscate the issues by pretending that one form is the same as another.

Popular music as we have known it since the birth of the phonograph, rock as we have heard it since Elvis first writhed, jazz as we have followed it in person, on new and old LPs, and at festivals, all can thrive and show the capacity to outlive these semantic distractions.

If a merger of any two of these forms (or of all three) ever comes about—and, as I have pointed out, there certainly is evidence of more and more healthy cross-pollination—then the evidence of our ears will be proof enough. But for the present, if such amalgamations represent the ultimate in musical evolution (as well they may), we can safely assume that the millennium has not yet arrived. **CLB**



VALERIE WILMER

Jimi Hendrix

WOE!

A Backward Glance At A Backward Year

By Stanley Dance

This is perennially the work of the barbarian, to undermine rational standards of judgement, to corrupt the inherited intuitive wisdom by which the people have always lived, and to do this not by spreading new beliefs, but by creating a climate of doubt and bewilderment in which clarity about the larger aims of life is dimmed and the self-confidence of the people is destroyed.

—Fr. John Courtenay Murray

“Jazz is dead . . . Folk is dead . . . Long Live Rock!”

This jovial message on the October cover of *Rogue* magazine was hard to miss on the newsstands, the exclamation mark being underlined by one of those mammary projections that are the publication's preoccupation. Inside, Ralph Gleason wrote about *The Scene*, Haight-Ashbury, and the world of the hippy, while Robert Shelton supported the cover claim with *Rock Goes to College*.

“Jazz as we've known it is dead,” said Gabor Szabo on the cover of *Down Beat*. Who are “we?” Those who sit on beds of nails, meditating or strumming sitars? Certainly not those with a “narrow” but positive conception of what jazz is, nor those who prefer it *not* to be a kind of cocktail-sip tosspot.

“Requiem for a jazz we knew and loved so well,” read the headline to an article by Leonard Feather (*Melody Maker*, Sept. 2, 1967). In it, Cannonball Adderley made an interesting observation.

“It's a strange thing,” he said. “Here we have a generation of kids who are raised on a constant diet of music; they all buy records and have transistor radios and a radio in the ear. The only thing wrong is, they don't get to hear jazz on them.”

It is not really the only thing wrong, of course. Jazzmen of recent years never seem capable of recognizing that anything is wrong with jazz itself, with what they're doing to it. For every new customer an Ornette Coleman, an Albert Ayler,

or an Archie Shepp has brought to the music, a score have probably been driven away for keeps. A bad dream is a bad dream, musical or otherwise, and few people want it repeated. But there *is* something radically and audibly wrong with *radio*, and Gene Lees spelled it out very thoroughly in an article entitled *Radio: A Paradoxical Parasite* (*High Fidelity*, October).

Lees was responsible for some of the year's most honest and penetrating writing, and his main point was that “the radio industry exists as a *parasite of the record industry*,” paying “absolutely nothing” for an “astonishing wealth of programming material.” He supported the recommendation of the National Committee for the Recording Arts (no relation of NARAS), but went further, suggesting that the record company as well as the performer should be paid a royalty whenever a recording was played on the air.

“The radio industry, by and large, programs only the most banal and obvious garbage produced by the record companies,” he wrote. “Its purpose is to get listenership, at whatever price in the systematic debasement of public taste: it perpetually caters to the lowest denominator of taste in order to reach the greatest number of people. This has steadily driven the general level of American light music downward for the past 15 years.”

The debasement or brainwashing actually began more than a quarter of a century ago, but that is beside the point, although some may remember Frank Sinatra protesting the kind of material he was asked to record in the 40s. Today,



Cannonball Adderley: A Point

the parasite is determining the policy of its host, and the triumphs of garbage have brought about calls for collaboration with the "enemy" from, in several cases, writers and promoters once closely associated with jazz. The meek don't always inherit the earth as soon as they think they should, and they are often defeated by the malignant forces of mammon, but there is no disgrace in their defeat if they pick themselves up and do *not* collaborate.

Jazz was largely an underground movement at the beginning of the 30s, but it came back strongly after Paul Whiteman's symphonic masquerades were over. It came back swinging, with something to say to people who had weathered the Depression. And it can come back again if it is true to itself. The beaded, the bearded, and the beflowered may similarly need a heartening message after they have finished examining their inner selves.

The idea that jazz will somehow be strengthened by fusion with such elements as rock and ragas, or other alien forms of music, is astonishing, and basically craven. (What did bossa nova do for jazz?) The advocates of such a course, thinking commercially rather than artistically, cannot

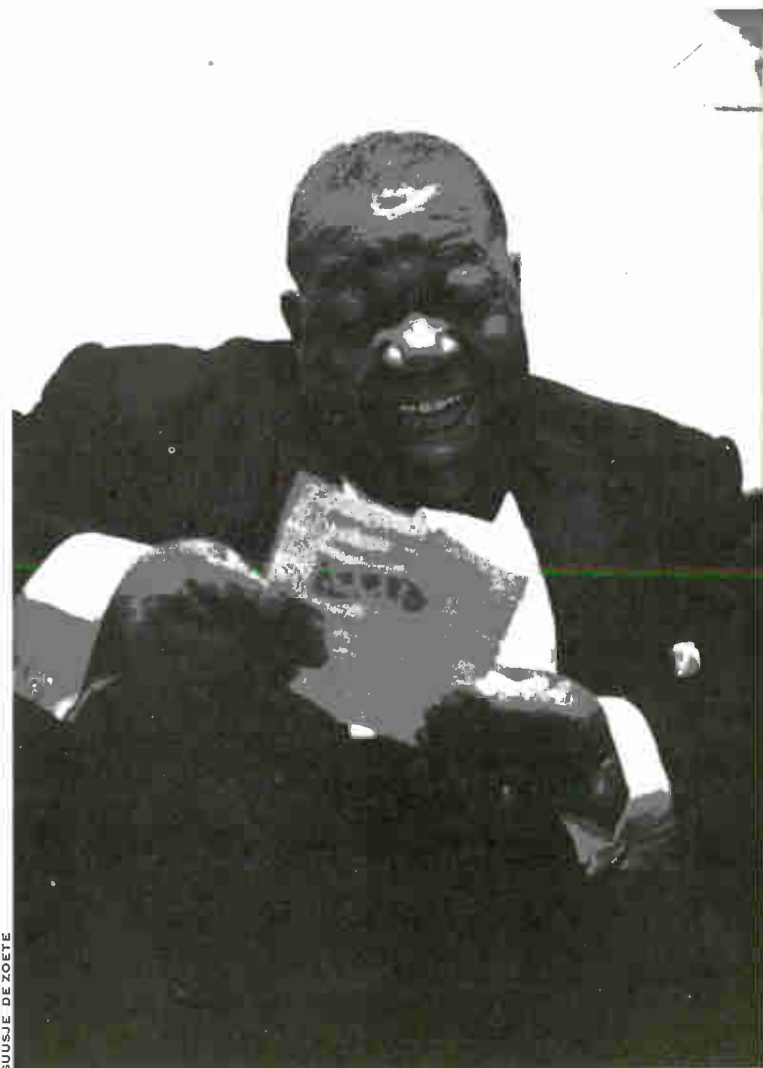
conceive of jazz as in any sense autonomous, nor apparently of different musical idioms as being antithetical or incompatible. The real challenge is always to make new work out of old, and even primitive materials, as Duke Ellington so often does. New tools and new compounds result in novelty and superficiality as often as they result in art.

Nowadays, it is fashionable to deny jazz a true identity, to place no limit on its sound or shape. "All you have to do is throw away your prejudices," Mike Zwerin wrote in *Down Beat* (Oct. 5, 1967), after comparing the attitude of jazzmen to boppers with that of the current "establishment" to "the music of the flower children in the 60s." But there are still a lot of people who know what unadulterated jazz sounds like, and would prefer to take it straight. Witness a couple of reactions to Jimmy Rushing's recordings:

"That Rushing remains a commanding figure in the still small field of unmistakable jazz singers (by contrast with the many who are only 'jazz-influenced') is invigoratingly clear. . . ." (Nat Hentoff in *Hi Fi/Stereo Review*, October.)

"When Rushing sings a tune 'straight'—which is often—what he sings is unmistakably jazz, and intensely personal. . . ." (Don Locke, *Jazz Monthly*, September.)

On the other hand, Gary Burton told Zwerin (*Village Voice*, July 6, 1967) that he enjoyed rock music and felt it had a "fantastically important role" in the musical future. "It's the most alive and timely music around today—jazz seems to me one of the most slack and dated." In earlier columns, Zwerin had himself sounded a gloomy note. "Every-



Jimmy Rushing: Unadulterated

body seems to respect jazz," he wrote on March 23, "its 'contributions' and 'value' and all of that, but hardly anyone wants to pay for it anymore." He knelled again a week later: "The morale of the jazz community is rotten." On April 20, however, his tone was more cheerful; he seemed uplifted by the possibilities in collaboration: "The gap between rock and jazz is being bridged rapidly now and it's full-time work to keep up with developments."

Understandably enough, it is the weekly columnists with much space to fill, like Zwerin and Ralph Gleason, who seem most content with the "developments." Gleason is a veteran and he has been at it longer. Once enthusiastic about Bunk Johnson, he has since discovered astonishing virtues in the verse of Jon Hendricks and the lyrics of Bob Dylan. His ability to roll with contemporary punches was again demonstrated in the *New York Post* of Oct. 17.

"The Fifth International of youth," he claimed, "is well

being taken seriously by adults. The New Youth is no better and no worse than the Old Youth of yesterday. It is noisier, however, because its parents forgot to discipline it, to impress on it the importance of being seen and not heard. ("... The child shall make a tumult against the ancient, and the base against the honourable." *Isaias*, iii, 3.) It also has more money—much more money—more privileges, and a greater disinclination to accept responsibilities. But money brings us back to the business of radio and the record companies. In effect, juveniles too inexperienced to have any developed taste are determining what music the nation shall hear. This is infinitely and materially rewarding to those whose intellect and musical ability are commensurate with a juvenile level of appreciation.

The views of musicians on the subject are often less guarded abroad than at home, although Ruby Braff, like Lucky Thompson, is outspoken and articulate wherever he is. In an interview with Max Jones in London (*Melody Maker*, Oct. 7, 1967), he delivered some unanswerable broadsides.

"Now there's nothing wrong, so far as I'm concerned, in record companies producing this rubbish for people who don't know," he explained, "or with musicians recording the same in order to earn their livelihood. But they mustn't get to believe it."

Obviously, some record producers and musicians *have* come to believe in what they are doing, gimmicks and all, and not just because it sells. As C. S. Lewis' *Screwtape* put it, "All mortals tend to turn into the thing they are pretending to be." And more mortals who see The Beatles on the cover of *Time*, and the Hippie Cult on that of *The Saturday Evening Post*, both in the same week (ending Sept. 23), are only too likely to credit them with more significance than they deserve.

Richard Corliss, writing in *Commonweal* (Aug. 11, 1967), was not deceived. "One of the heresies being spread by the national magazines and newspapers is that America is surging with a vibrant and profound pop culture." In his opinion, every new rock group did not deserve "a 10-page color spread," nor were the LSD artists "the most significant forces in painting since Giotto and Cezanne." Telling it like it is, to coin a phrase, he continued, "Unfortunately, most of the panegyric is pure distilled flack. It's sometimes forgotten that rock-and-roll performers have publicists. . . ."

Back in England still, Ruby Braff was concerned with the dupes. "It is not for people who've had far more experience of listening and whose tastes are cultivated to lower themselves to the tastes of foolish children. It's for children to come up to the tastes of mature people."

Alas, a lot of "pure, distilled flack" is being released about jazz by those who might otherwise be regarded as "mature people," but Ruby is wise to them, too.

"It is very sad," he went on, "because it makes me think that a lot of these people never really loved and appreciated the things they paid lip service to for many years. . . ."

The promotion of the New Thing has certainly resulted in some of the most sensational "flack" ever written about music. Every kind of profound meaning has been read into the sorriest material. Professional musicians generally expected the critics to combat it, but several of the most influential critics were active in its propagation. Coleman Hawkins told Leonard Feather of his reaction to the movement in *Melody Maker* (Oct. 5, 1967), remembering one particular incident at a club where he was working.

"This man was so bad, he disgusted the others," he said. "In fact, he drove the rest of the band off the bandstand, including the leader! The trouble with these guys is they can't play any other kind of way; they don't know the fundamentals of the horn. It ruins things for everyone to push this stuff on the public. A baby can make noises like that!"



RAYMOND ROSS

Ruby Braff: Straight Talk

on its way to materialization. First with jazz and with the beats, now with rock and the hippies, a broad basic area of common interest is being defined for all youth everywhere."

Then he proceeded to the blatantly promoted Charles Lloyd, whom he found to be "a most eloquent spokesman for the universality of music and of truth as a path to, if we may be permitted to use the expression, salvation."

After the solemn, obligatory reference to this messiah's blues roots ("Lloyd's background includes a long and deep apprenticeship in the blues, both during his formative years in Memphis and later as a player in touring blues bands") came the imposing summation:

"His philosophy, expressed in person and through his music, is that reaffirmation of creativity in the face of the technological and repressive state that marks the whole New Youth movement."

Here, being translated, is the crux. For the first time in history, the tastes and thoughts of half-baked adolescents are

The New Jazz seems to be as unpalatable to most teenagers as to most adults, and it has unquestionably had an adverse effect on the jazz image. How this can be restored is arguable.

The big bands, which require musicians to know more than the fundamentals, have surprisingly made a genuine comeback in 1967, although paradoxically the smash hit of the year was Duke Ellington playing for dancing with seven pieces at the Rainbow Grill in New York. The new bands clearly conceive of themselves as concert ensembles, "dancing" still being considered a dirty word and tempos a matter of little importance.

How the big band was to draw people was debated by Stan Kenton and Leonard Feather in *Music Maker* (October, 1967):

"It can't be done as dance music anymore, because people don't dance anymore," Feather claimed.

"I don't think any of us anymore think in terms of dance music when we record—we don't have to," answered Kenton.

"The kind of music they do (dance to) goes with the rock-and-roll music," the writer added, introducing a new subject.

"Sure it does, and it should, because it's basically rhythm music, and that's what they're dancing to. If you're going to develop anything experimental, you have to deviate away

from that thing—you've got to create music for listening," insisted the bandleader.

Is it really necessary to "deviate?" With all the prattle about fusion—fusion with rock, fusion with ragas, fusion with this, and fusion with that—why not a fusion of listenable music with danceable rhythm? Jazz began as dance music, and there is absolutely no reason why dance music shouldn't be artistic. Ask Margot Fonteyn or Rudolf Nureyev or George Balanchine! Fletcher Henderson, Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, Sy Oliver, Benny Carter, Don Redman, and Edgar Sampson all succeeded in making it artistic. Cannot today's young arrangers? If they can, jazz may find itself with a young dancing audience again, and that is what it is starved of today.

Meanwhile, a lesson could profitably be learned from two of the greatest triumphs in the history of the Newport Jazz Festival. Duke Ellington scored the first in 1956 with *Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue*, Lionel Hampton the second eleven years later with *Flying Home*. On neither occasion was it bad, pretentious music, nor was it "experimental."

Why deviate? Why not make it straight ahead for a change, and in the groove? As Red Norvo told Rex Stewart (*Down Beat*, Sept. 7, 1967), "the audience who pays the freight is entitled to pleasure in return . . . and they are rapidly getting out of the habit of listening."

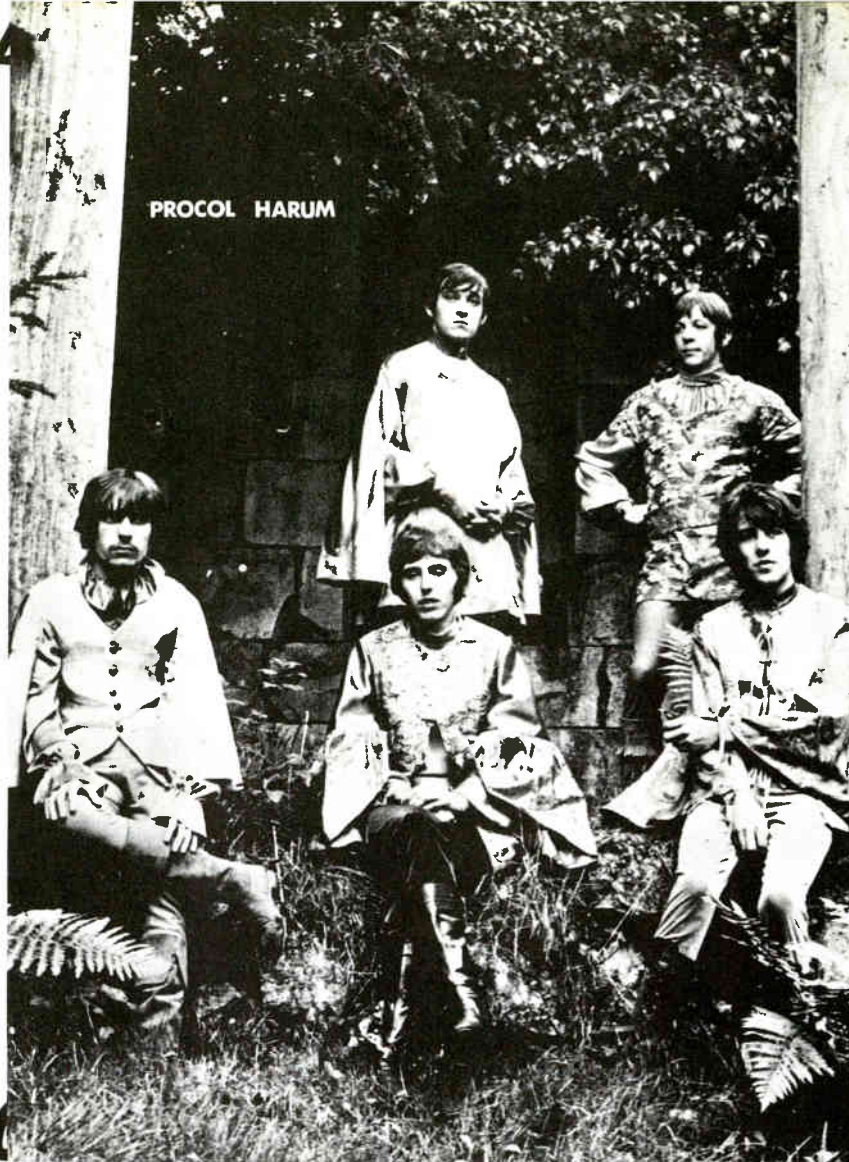
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PHOTO/TROMBERT THIERRY



Paul Gonsalves and Duke Ellington: Newport '56—Rainbow Grill '67

PROCOL HARUM



THE "FABULOUS INVALID" of show business has traditionally been the Broadway theatre. Yet one is inclined to speculate that jazz, too, can claim at least a part of that dubious distinction. The malaise of the dramatic arts can be traced to the confusion of aesthetics with economics. Jazz has often had a similar problem, but never more so than in the last few years.

The trouble is that jazz, like the theatre, doesn't fit anyone's definition. For some it means the Dukes of Dixieland ripping through *Tiger Rag* at Disneyland; for others it can be Stan Getz playing *Desafinado* or John Coltrane burning up *My Favorite Things*. Categorization of an art which means so many things to so many people is difficult indeed, and that's part of the problem.

The "theatre" encompasses a wide range of styles, too—from television soap operas to plays by Harold Pinter and Samuel Beckett. The differences in these styles—in the case of both jazz and dramatic art—are inseparable from their intentions; the soap opera maintains its dedication to mass popularity

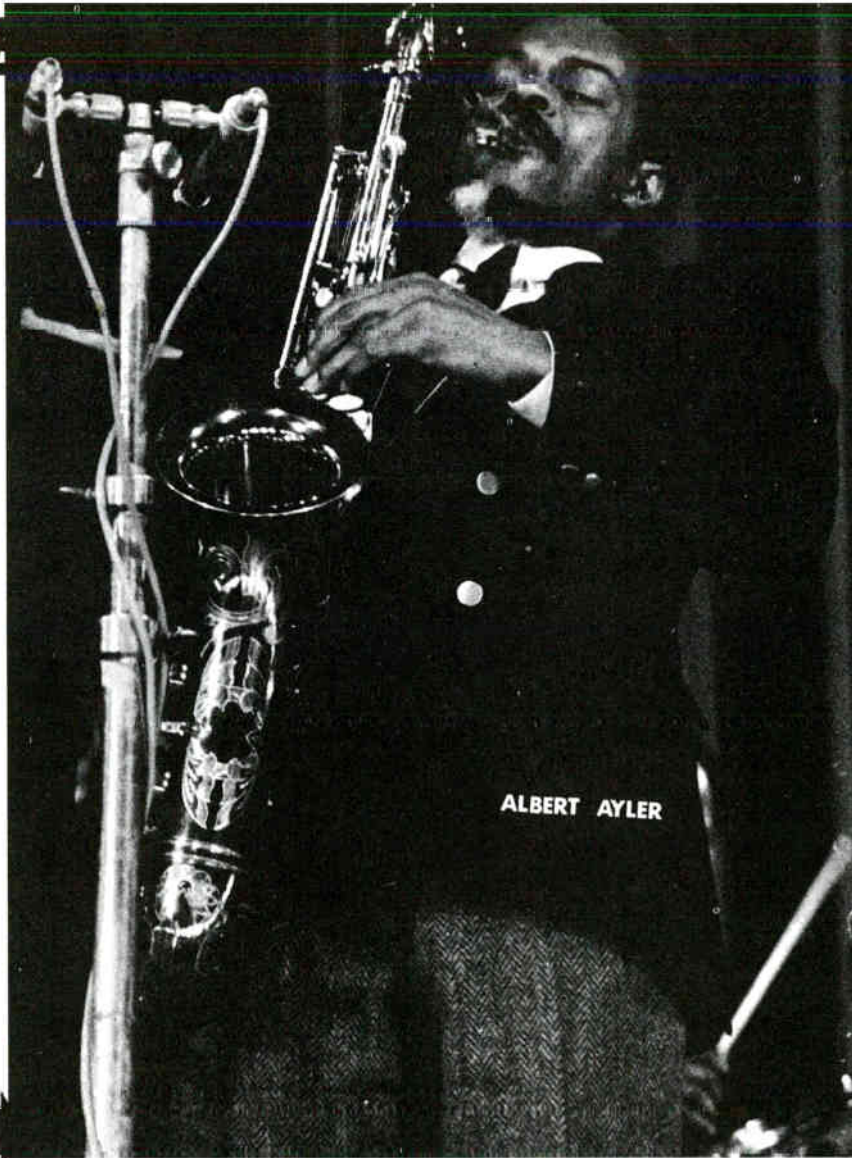
in a way that a Pinter or Beckett play does not. Despite this fundamental difference, both dramatic forms must grapple for dollars in the market place. Only a special kind of inverse snobism makes it possible for Pinter's plays to compete, even in the most minimal sense, with soap operas.

Like the theatre, jazz has its share of artists whose aesthetic drives extend beyond commercial considerations, artists who have long confronted the paradoxes of popular art. The result has been a harrowing, on-and-off-again romance between jazz and more popular music forms. In the 30s, the interchange was particularly intense, with jazzmen making extensive use of the magnificent songs produced by a superb generation of songwriters. At the same time, popular music became heavily jazz-influenced, as the big bands of Glenn Miller, the Dorsey Brothers, Harry James, Benny Goodman, et al. developed their own smoothly lubricated versions of current jazz styles.

Many listeners view such interaction as a productive development for both jazz and popular music. The cross-

fertilization of popular and serious art forms, however, is feasible only so long as the promise of popularity is kept. If such an interbreeding of jazz and popular music worked as well as it did in the past, it was because even the most serious jazzmen rarely considered their music anything more than another wing in the vast mansion of popular music. (Surely one of the contributing factors to the introverted life styles of so many musicians in the middle and late 40s was their failure to comprehend how far their playing had taken them out of the mainstream of popular music.)

But post-World War II jazz clearly has followed a path which leads away from the confines of popular art. The change has taken place on many levels: the new improvisational styles of the 40s and late 50s developed melody lines that were difficult, if not impossible, for the average listener to sing (as had almost always been possible with pre-war classic jazz solos); rhythms became more dense, with so many overlapping layers of accents that the music became less and less appropriate for dancing; repertoire changed—although certain



AHEAD

AHEAD LOOK

popular songs continued to be useful because of the interest in their chord structure, most jazzmen preferred to work with material which reflected the newest developments; blues became more important as an all-purpose form rather than as the specific style it tended to represent in pre-war jazz. Musicians developed a new personal image, viewing themselves as artists rather than entertainers, and focused their attention on the aesthetics of improvisation rather than upon the establishment and maintenance of audience rapport.

Despite the fact—or perhaps because of it—that this pattern has been the dominant element in jazz for at least the last 15 or 20 years, current opinion suggests that a rapprochement may be taking place, that jazz and pop music are on the verge of finding a common meeting ground. As important a young musician as Gabor Szabo has said, "Jazz as we've known it is dead." (*DB*, Oct. 5, 1967).

But what precisely would such a rapprochement mean, in terms of jazz and pop music as they exist today?

The relationship of jazz and popular

music has always been symbiotic, a peculiarly intimate association between musical forms that have markedly dissimilar goals. Ultimately, of course, both result from a distillation of elements, musical techniques and—most importantly—interpretative styles developed by the black man in America. But although both musical forms start at essentially the same place, they move in different directions: pop music toward glossy simplification, jazz toward complex sophisticated re-development.

The possible joining of jazz and pop music, then, raises more serious questions than it answers. Certainly anyone who has any affection for jazz would like to see the music and its practitioners receive the emotional and material rewards so long denied. But do the concessions which must be made to gain those rewards damage the quality, the substance, and the potential of jazz?

Before any of these questions can be answered, the concessions to be made must be clearly understood. Unlike pop music, rock-style or otherwise, jazz is an improvisational art. When playing their best, jazz players don't repeat

themselves. The goal of popular music, almost by definition, is quite different. It is the creation of lasting images, of melodies, rhythms, ensemble textures, and harmonic patterns that will be sustained in the public mind. Usually this means that such music must deal in small units, that its progress should be predictable, with allowance for occasional surprises, and that it be repetitious enough to become familiar. (Television commercials—a form of pop music in miniature—provide a good example; they succeed in direct proportion to the recall value of their short melodic statements. Remember Alka-Seltzer's *No Matter What Shape Your Stomach's in?* And Eastern Airlines' *Number One To the Sun?*) I am not suggesting that jazz cannot produce music which becomes firmly implanted in the listener's mind. But that is simply not its only intention. The focus of any improvisational music is invention, not repetition.

Pop music is something else again. And it is probably the very attractiveness of the newest pop music that makes it so intriguing, for the young rock musicians are producing a music which

contains the dance rhythms, adventurous playing styles, and provocative personal images that once accrued to jazz.

Equally important, it is a music which departs radically from the harmonic, rhythmic, and melodic concepts that have dominated popular music for the last 50 years. This can be traced to several causes. First, the new pop music has been composed, almost in its entirety, by musicians who play guitar and sing. In the hands of a Segovia or a Julian Bream, the guitar can be a gloriously contrapuntal instrument, but it is rarely so when played by a young pop musician. Once the left hand positions for basic chords are learned, a musician can quickly use the instrument for vocal accompaniment, relying upon various easily manipulated strumming techniques to liven up simple chord progressions (note Bobbie Gentry's strumming pattern on *Ode To Billie Joe*). It doesn't take long to figure out that basic left hand positions can be moved up or down a few frets to make parallel chords. (Some players, in fact, tune their instruments to an open major chord by lowering the E and A strings a whole tone. By using a barré technique—holding the index and/or ring finger all the way across the fret—parallel major chords can be played up and down the finger board—a serviceable if not particularly interesting way to play.)

This easy mobility from major chord to major chord has led, I think, to the vast number of tunes that use recurrent whole tone patterns (a pattern, for example, of a bar of C Major followed by a bar of B \flat Major, sometimes with movement to a similar pattern on the IV and V chords), parallel chord movement (listen to the last three chords in the Benson & Hedges television commercial), and substitutions in blues tunes (the commonly used pattern of V chord to IV chord in the 9th and 10th bars—sometimes repeated to make a 14 or 16 bar blues—is typical).

The second important factor in the new pop music is that the musicians have been, for the most part, unencumbered by the restrictions of formal musical training; they have been willing to try things that earlier pop musicians—and many jazz musicians as well—have not tried. (It is perhaps equally important to note that the implicit economics of pop music have helped make experimentation possible. Record companies are willing to take a chance with certain kinds of experimental techniques if they seem to have a potential for commercial success.) A list of examples would be very long indeed, but for openers try listening to the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper* album or, somewhat more in the jazz area, the first two releases by

the Mothers of Invention.

Obviously these developments carry within them seeds of artistic adventure—but only up to a point. It's all well and good to be unencumbered by traditional aesthetic ideas, but the fact remains that iconoclasm alone rarely makes a complete artistic expression. Too often the young pop musicians, invigorated by the "new" sounds and progressions they have discovered, have done little more than to use these techniques as one-shot gimmicks. This is in the true pop art tradition. In commercial popular music the principal idea, after all, is to sell, whether it be in the form of the sliding strings and turgid ballads that appeal to one generation, or the quasi-philosophical, blues-articulated songs and freak-out sounds that appeal to another. Popular art can advance a meaningful aesthetic only in the most limited sense. It seems to me that jazz can offer vastly more.

TO RETURN TO my original question, a rapprochement between jazz and pop music could provide a number of interesting results. Let's consider the more positive ones first: Obviously it could provide an enormously broadened tonal palette for the jazz composer. Most of the younger (and older) pop arrangers have been willing to try just about any combination of sounds, from quasi-Baroque to electronic and *musique concrète*. Imagine what a good jazz writer could do if he had a similar artistic latitude! A jazz and pop rapprochement could also provide new harmonic material for improvisation. The special relevance of such material would be in the way it might exceed the usual limits of popular song form, with uneven meters, non-cadential harmony, and even occasional modality thrown in.

The most potentially beneficial result, of course, doesn't have much to do with the music. It is, as a number of jazzmen have already discovered, that a wider audience becomes accessible.

At the other end of the scale are equally important considerations: it seems to me self-evident that what is truly useful in the ideas discussed above will in some form become a part of the basic jazz vocabulary (and, in fact, recent recordings suggest that this is already true). Certainly anything which widens the potential area of expression for an improvisatory musician is all to the good.

What is not so good is the possibility that the use of pop materials will be limiting rather than expanding, and that it may easily become an end in itself. Jazz is at a particularly crucial point in its historical development, and the idea of popular acceptance is especially appealing; but it is also especially


threatening to the deeper aesthetic that jazz has been reaching toward in the last few years.

The recent "popularity" of Indian classical music has demonstrated that there is another improvisational/rhythmic music in the world—one that possesses the kind of tradition and aesthetic purpose that jazz is only now beginning to uncover for itself. It is, therefore, ironic that at the very time it attempts to make a decisive break with the *kitsch* elements in its makeup, jazz should be urged back into the popular arena.

It is here that the question of rapprochement between jazz and pop music reaches its critical phase. It seems to me enormously more important that jazzmen continue in the directions they have been moving for the last few years. Specifically, in the directions suggested by such as John Coltrane, Cecil Taylor, Albert Ayler, Ornette Coleman, et al. From those directions it may well be that a meaningful, as opposed to a popular, aesthetic will emerge. Hopefully it will be one that extends the jazz tradition without being restricted by the more rudimentary forms and procedures of early jazz, one that has within it a point of reference clear enough so that audiences can understand and respond to the process of improvisational creativity, and, finally, one that is lasting enough so that jazz will become less subject to the damaging internal explosions that always seem to rouse cries of protest from its most fervent supporters.

To pass up this possibility for the transitory glories of popular acceptance would be to misunderstand the nature of jazz. But it isn't going to happen. For every player who accepts the bait, makes the required adaptations for his new pop audience, and arrests his own creative drive, there will continue to be musicians who will progress toward the creation of an improvisational art music.

I do not mean to deprecate what is happening on the current pop scene. (Although distinctions are made there, too. I suspect that the Mothers of Invention are not selling as well as, say, Paul Revere and The Raiders or The Beach Boys.) But I can recall similarly adventurous periods in which television was going to initiate a new era in drama, or the arrival of a new Pinter play meant that the theatre had become rejuvenated. Alas, the theatre, locked into its own inexorable economic bind, is still a long way from any of those happy developments.

Pop music, as vital and alive as it may be today, is subject to the same potentially bitter disappointments. Fortunately jazz has other options available, options which will continue to be taken by adventurous, creative musicians. 

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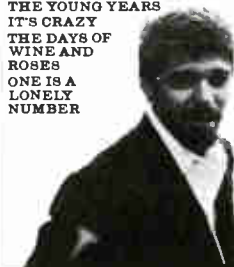
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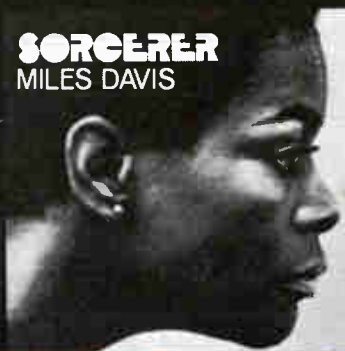
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INEVITABLY, THE ROOTS of jazz broaden as they grow. Each time is a fresh piece of surprise and Americana. Was Louis Armstrong *really* born on the Fourth of July in the year 1900 in New Orleans? The answer is always kind of an expected shock: it's true, quite true, and one gradually comes to expect the miraculous from this greatest and most typical of native American art forms. And to questions of how jazz is doing in the world here and now, and how it is likely to do, one needn't look too far for answers that hold the kind of hope that made the story-book growing-up of jazz possible in the first place.

Two hour-long television specials viewed during 1967, re-runs in the non-pejorative sense of the term (they should be re-run again and again, one feels), indicate that the state of jazz is mainly healthy and shall probably always be so, thanks to the built-in freshness of

its nature and the time-tested elasticity that so strongly characterizes it.

The cases in point were *The Anatomy of Pop—The Music Explosion*, an inspired episode in ABC's *Summer Focus* series, narrated by hardcore newscaster Peter Jennings, and *Love You Madly*, a fascinating, un-commercially-interrupted special on Duke Ellington produced by National Educational Television in association with Ralph Gleason. The latter offering, something of a pinnacle in the annals of television, indicated with considerable force not only that jazz is important enough for so intensive an examination into its processes, but that—thanks to geniuses of the order of Duke—jazz has a circular quality of drawing from other musics while at the same time enriching them.

This circular, centralizing quality of jazz was effectively brought home on the ABC show as well, with able production assistance from veteran critic-historian Frederic Ramsey Jr. The music was shown to have flowed from

Africa into and through the New Orleans melting pot, through two major American social upheavals (Prohibition and Depression), through two major wars (and several minor ones) and—zap!—straight into the vital if sometimes chaotic scene of today, all the while pulling into the jazz mainstream from the edges of the changing musical culture around it everything from slave chants to hillbilly whisky-jug music to the soul sound of the Supremes and other Motowners.

Most of the work of out-and-out pop-rockers such as The Young Rascals and The Dave Clark Five has yet to be assimilated by jazz and perhaps never will be. But certain of the pop superstars—principally Bob Dylan, John Lennon and Paul McCartney—have made musical contributions so far-reaching as to overflow the pop boundaries and to some extent work an influence upon the jazz mainstream itself.

For one must remember that jazz, already welded to so many other kinds of music, has no absolutely concrete rules of sovereignty, and not even a definition that could stand up under semantic attack. Jazz is best defined by accomplished examples, and the possibilities are infinite. There is, after all, "all that unheard music out there waiting to be played and heard," as Dizzy Gillespie once put it.

This is why, on the Ellington TV special, it was not at all strange for Duke's band to be seen swinging with *A Concert of Sacred Music* in a church. It was natural and good, and made a great deal of sense, thanks to a happy confluence of a widening jazz mainstream and an attempt by some of the more enlightened clergy to bring God closer to the people, and vice versa.

The social progress depicted in both the ABC and NET specials has been a hard-fought thing, and augurs well for a possibly improved economic situation for jazz in general sometime in the future. That a broadening of the base of jazz has occurred in the process is to be expected. Again, there were times when growth equalled great pain—it has never been easy to widen the jazz mainstream. Always, the force of a really exceptional exponent is required.

For example, Lester Young, an archetypal case of the mainstream rebel, had to suffer frequent put-downs before acceptance came. "They used to take me down to the cellar and play Hawk's records for me," he said. "Asked me why couldn't I play that. You dig?" Lucky for jazz, he had the stamina to endure and eventually flourish; he was the nexus between much of the old and much of the new, and it is not too far-fetched to say that he formed a major link in the bridge between the likes of Louis and Duke and such later-day

THE WIDENING MAINSTREAM: a look at the sound of NOW

By Bob Perlongo



figures as Charlie Parker, Stan Getz, and Thelonious Monk.

THEN THERE WERE those who put down Parker when he began his experimenting with string accompaniment. Bird's efforts to re-explore the realm of melody were taken to indicate that he was "going commercial" or "getting square."

Both Bird and Pros were good illustrations of the kind of broadmindedness that keeps jazz rich. They listened to everything, and appreciated good music wherever it was found, whether in the pop field, the classics, or even country music. (Dizzy Gillespie, too, has always exhibited this heartening kind of openness. "I dig Jewish music!" he once exclaimed, and the point was graphically made: inspiration is where you find it, and sometimes it's worth the effort to look in unexpected places.)

Today, the fields holding most promise for the extension of jazz into new frontiers are pop folk (Joan Baez), hard rock (The Rolling Stones), pop rock (The Byrds, The Jefferson Airplane), psychedelic rock (The Mothers of Invention), and raga rock (George Harrison of the Beatles). That huge popular successes are being attained within these fields should not deter one from seeking within them that which also has some basic musical worth.

Even the iconoclastic social critic and activist LeRoi Jones, writing in *Blues People*, admits that the world of rock is worth a listen, though rather grudgingly: "Rock 'n' roll is usually a flagrant commercialization of rhythm & blues, but the music in many cases depends enough on materials that are so alien to the general middle-class, middle-brow culture as to remain interesting."

No music can escape the impress of a really formidable composer, regardless of the type of music with which the composer has been originally associated, which is why pop singers sing Ellington, why jazz musicians play Debussy and Ravel, why the Boston Pops plays Lennon and McCartney, and so on. Bob Dylan, for example, is not considered a jazz writer, yet today, in jazz, there are Dylanesque elements within the mainstream that neither can nor should be ignored. It is not just that such as Stan Getz (with *Blowin' in the Wind*) have recorded Dylan pieces; Dylan's ultimate influence, filtering into jazz through practically the whole field of rock and straight pop, will undoubtedly be much subtler and much more general than mere "cover" versions of his individual songs.

The performed instances of "jazz" by Dylan himself fall mainly within the domain of the blues—such efforts as *Tombstone Blues*, *Maggie's Farm*, and *Desolation Row*. And while a song like



Joan Baez

Absolutely Sweet Marie may not please a certain kind of purist, it really *is* the blues, a developed facet of this traditional form that has a here-and-now validity all its own.

Dylan, among American musicians, is perhaps the most gifted of those associated with a style of rock that is quickly achieving a distinctly universal character. Modern pop rock, like jazz, has a happy penchant for crossing all sorts of barriers and boundaries, including those separating country from country, people from people.

The most significant recent other-than-American influxes into the river of jazz have been those from England (primarily the Beatles and the Rolling Stones) and India (primarily Ravi Shankar).

Three years ago the Beatles came on the scene and were heard everywhere, evoking every kind of response from

ecstasy to plain chagrin. Yet after the first shock waves of teeny-hysteria had faded, a good many intelligent, sensitive listeners began to realize that not all the gold that glittered was dross. A short time following each Beatle release, a surprising number of cover renditions came out, from the Hollyridge Strings, from Otis Redding, from The Temptations, from dozens of others. Of the jazz readings of Lennon and McCartney material, perhaps Esther Phillips' *And I Love Him* gained the widest audience.

The kinship the Beatles have with jazz was at first obscured by an insistence on the Bill Haley-like big beat and noisy gyrations that characterized such early smashes as *I Want to Hold Your Hand* and *Twist and Shout*. But the Beatles have developed rapidly, and today they have much of musical value to offer jazz—dozens of eminently play-



Ellington goes to Church in Cambridge, England

able songs, for one thing, and a certain blues approach that permeates almost everything they are doing.

The upsurge in general interest in the folk music of India in the last two or three years is another factor that augurs well for jazz. Indian music is respected by most classical musicians, and it was in fact Yehudi Menuhin who introduced Ali Akbar Khan on an Angel LP released a decade ago, recording a short spoken introduction with musical illustrations. And some jazz musicians say Indian music has favorably influenced their approach to both rhythm and melody. Dizzy Gillespie's esteem for the work of Shankar, for example, is well known. That Beatle George Harrison is now Shankar's most famous sitar student—and a demonstrably gifted one at that—only serves to point up the interconnectedness of all improvised music, regardless of classification.

That we are in store for an uncommonly interesting season or two ahead goes without saying. Just what the often kaleidoscopic pop scene will be like, say, a year from now, is hard to tell. Jazz will almost certainly be affected, in any case. One foresees a possible marriage between the traditional jazz front line of saxophone, trumpet and/or trom-

bone and the traditional rhythm instruments of India, i.e., the tabla and tamboura. Again, there may come a time, perhaps not far off, when big-band jazz will begin to incorporate psychedelic freak-out material in the forging of something entirely new.

American culture has a way of absorbing stimuli that, when it occurs on a political level, is sometimes maddening: using an outward liberalism to scoop in all traces of protest and grind them to ineffectuality is just one device the Far Right has to ensure that the status quo is maintained. But the operation of this super-assimilative process is not as depressing in other spheres, such as music.

Americans, after all, were the ones who made of the Beatles superstars, and have given them more royalties and adulation than any other country—yet this is the spawning ground and living "headquarters" (so to speak) for Gospel music and blues and mainstream jazz as well, so a healthy musical perspective is always possible in this zany, beautiful, ambivalent, remarkable land. It takes a certain imagination and a readiness for adventure—which Americans, however, have thankfully never lacked.

SOME KEY ALBUMS

Amanda Ambrose, *Amanda* (Dunwich 668). A somewhat underrated, but absolutely choice singer and player of smoky blues and heartfelt ballads.

Gene Ammons, *Boss Soul* (Prestige 7445).

The Louis Armstrong Story (Columbia ML 4383-86, 4 Vols.). Louis, with such as Kid Ory, Earl Hines, Don Redman. *Body and Soul*, *I'm Confessin'*, etc. In the beginning there was Louis, and in the middle, and of course always. Dead-center mainstream.

Joan Baez, *Joan* (Vanguard VRS 9078, VSD 2077). Thirteen songs including *Silver Dagger*, *House of the Rising Sun*, *Fare Thee Well*. There is only one Joan Baez, nothing else whatever like her anywhere. She is important to all manner of music, jazz included.

Joan Baez, *Joan* (Vanguard VRS 9240, VSD 79240). Twelve songs including *Dangling Conversation*, *Annabel Lee*, and *Saigon Bride*.

Count Basie, *Lester Leaps In* (Epic LP 3107). Pres with some moments that changed the course of jazz forevermore.

Count Basie, *Pop Goes Basie* (Reprise 6153). Excursions along the pop-jazz border.

Dave Brubeck, *Greatest Hits* (Columbia CL 2484, CS 9284). Brubeck was alternately overvalued and unjustly put down. The truth is somewhere in between.

The Beatles, *Revolver* (Capitol T 2576). John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison, Ringo Starr. Tracks include *Taxman*, *Eleanor Rigby*, *She Said She Said*, *Got to Get You Into My Life*, *Tomorrow Never Knows*. The title tells it: this set exploded upon the world of rock, already changed by earlier Beatles wax, and everything, including jazz, was affected. This is really the second of a two-part breakthrough for the Beatles, begun with their *Rubber Soul* album: from here on, the emphasis would increasingly be on *music* as opposed to *sound*, and the modes of expression would increase in both quantity and quality. *Tomorrow Never Knows* is a colossus in the short but so far intriguing career of psychedelic rock: electrified, bent, recorded over, the voice of Lennon seems to come from another planet, yet from *right now*, with a message of life-assertion.

The Beatles, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (Capitol SMAS 2653). Thirteen originals including *A Little Help From My Friends*, *Getting Better*, *Fixing a Hole*, and *A Day in the Life*. Mostly hard and soft rock, psychedelically oriented, with some true jazz for grown-ups and children alike,

VALERIE WILMER

including a performance of high musicianship by George Harrison on *Without You*, a prototypical example of improvised raga rock, with vocal. According to English writer Tony Barrow, the instrumentation for this track, on which John, Paul, and Ringo do not appear, was three tambouras, a diruba, a tabla, a zither-like Indian table-harp, three cellos, and eight vio-

Century (Atlantic 1327). Coleman, alto, with Don Cherry, pocket trumpet; Charlie Haden, bass; Billy Higgins, drums. Seven Coleman originals including *Free*, *Forerunner*, *Una Muy Bonita*, *Bird Food*. Technically, the principal Coleman influences were Bird, Johnny Hodges, and Willie Smith, but Ornette made something altogether new that went beyond all three without displac-

lumbia C2L-41, C2S-841, 2 Vols.). Tracks include *Visions of Johanna*, *Leopard-Skin Pillbox Hat*, *Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands*, *Absolutely Sweet Marie*, *Most Likely You'll Go Your Way and I'll Go Mine*, etc. A pandora's box of pop-rock, ballads, and the blues. *Visions of Johanna*, a middle-of-the-night blues voyage, is perhaps the high point, but there is much else of worth here too, like *Leopard-Skin Pillbox Hat*, a downright funny blues, and the irrepressible rouser *Absolutely Sweet Marie*. In all, a remarkable achievement for an oft-derided 26-year-old artist from the heartland.

The Music of Duke Ellington (Columbia CL 558). Sidemen include Johnny Hodges, Lawrence Brown, Harry Carney. *Sophisticated Lady*, *Solitude*, *Caravan*, etc. Ellingtonia, early and middle period (1928-1949). Classic.

Ella Fitzgerald, *First Lady of Song* (Decca 8695). Ella equals perfection. Perversely, perfection is sometimes a bore. But not here.

Stan Getz, *Cool Velvet* (Verve MG 8379). Getz with strings and rhythm. Ten tracks including *Round Midnight*, *Early Autumn*, *Nature Boy*, *The Thrill is Gone*. Mainstream-modern tenor updated from the Woody Herman *Early Autumn* days, and a practically flawless demonstration that jazz needn't suffer under "concert hall" instrumentation.

Stan Getz and Charlie Byrd, *Jazz Samba* (Verve 8432).

Dizzy Gillespie, *Groovin' High* (Savoy 12020).

Benny Goodman, *1938 Carnegie Hall Jazz Concert* (Columbia SL 160, 2 Vols.). Goodman, among many others, including Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton, Basie, Johnny Hodges, Pres. *Sing, Sing, Sing, Don't Be That Way*, *One O'Clock Jump*, etc. A milestone in the history of mainstream.

Billie Holiday, *Lady Day* (Columbia 637). Accompanists include Pres, Buck Clayton, etc. Tracks include *What a Little Moonlight Will Do*, *Miss Brown to You*.

The Jazz Scene (Verve 8060). Duke Ellington, Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Parker, Buddy Rich, Machito, Willie Smith, others. A unique collection, with top-of-form solos from Hawk, Pres, Bird, Bud Powell, and Willie Smith. The interplay between Pres, Buddy Rich, and surprise pianist Nat King Cole on *Sometimes I'm Happy* has to be heard to be believed, and even then you almost can't believe it.

Roland Kirk, *Gifts and Messages* (Mercury 20939, S-90939). Kirk is a far-out 60s happening, a sort of jazz-world Orson Welles. Yet the basic music is pure heart and soul, in the best sense.



Basic Basie: Sweets Edison, Buddy Tate, and Lester Young

lins. George is solo sitarist as well as one of the tambura players. *Lovely Rita*, sung by Paul, is a wild-away affair that, oddly enough, is very much like something Woody Herman and Chubby Jackson might once have done. And stranger still are the ghostly echoes of Pres of the Kansas City Six days in the clarinet in the background on *When I'm Sixty-Four*, an easy and winsome tune with more than just a touch of humor. That the Beatles are apt students of the jazz idiom is well illustrated by this exceptional album.

Benny Carter, *Jazz Giant* (Contemporary C 3555). Carter on alto saxophone and trumpet. Sidemen include Ben Webster, tenor; Barney Kessel, guitar; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Shelly Manne, drums. Seven tracks including *Old Fashioned Love*, *I'm Comin' Virginia*, *Blue Lou*, and *Ain't She Sweet*. A good example of West Coast mainstream, a generally mixed bag, half indigenous, half transplanted from elsewhere. But whatever its mixture, here it's at its best—a bright, suave, and altogether timeless recording.

Ray Charles, *The Genius Sings the Blues* (Atlantic 8052). *Early in the Mornin'*, *The Midnight Hour*, *The Right Time*, *Ray's Blues*, etc. *The Right Time*, played at the right time, can grab your soul by the scruff of the neck and turn it inside out. The metaphor is jumbled, but that's the way it is.

Ray Charles, *What'd I Say* (Atlantic 8029). *What'd I Say*, *Jumpin' in the Mornin'*, *Rockhouse*, *Roll with My Baby*, *My Bonnie*, etc.

Ornette Coleman, *Change of the*

ing any of their validity. This kind of creative development is one of the hallmarks of the truly mainstream musician. With Coleman, jazz began flirting with the sound of the freak-out and of the psychedelic musical abstraction (much like an audio version of a Pollock painting), but without surrendering the great blues heritage which it is mostly built on. Ornette is in and of the jazz heritage, wherever it may lead. His recent winning of a Guggenheim Fellowship, the first ever awarded a jazz musician, is a hopeful sign indeed.

Miles Davis, *Birth of the Cool* (Capitol TT-1974).

Miles Davis, *Kind of Blue* (Columbia CL 1355, CS 8163). Davis, trumpet; Cannonball Adderley, alto; John Coltrane, tenor; Bill Evans or Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums. Tracks include *All Blues*, *Freddie the Freeloader*, *Blue in Green*. This is the Mount Rushmore of modern (1959) small group jazz in recorded performance. The time, the place, the players, the music were all just right.

Bob Dylan, *Highway 61 Revisited* (Columbia CL 2389, CS 9189). Tracks include *Like a Rolling Stone*, *Tombstone Blues*, *Queen Jane Approximately*, *Highway 61 Revisited*, *Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues*. True elements of the blues, and considerable humor—both important in jazz—are here for the hearing, for listeners with an open mind. *Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues*, a mean-and-evil classic "road" blues, is a treat and treasure.

Bob Dylan, *Blonde on Blonde* (Co-



By IRA GITLER

sketches by mary jo schwalbach

1967 was the year of the hippie, the flower, LSD and assorted other drugs, longer hair, Indian music, electronic saxophones and trumpets, and a fair sprinkling of heavy jive. The "flower children" made the cover of almost every publication except *Better Homes and Gardens*. Some of the major magazines went as far as to infiltrate their own reporters as plants among the hippies. (One was disguised as a peyote cactus; the other as deadly nightshade.) They started out interviewing each other, and ended up taking each other.

Rock was subdivided into several categories: acid rock, folk rock, and raga rock, to name a few. Then there were the geology students who formed a group called the *Limestone Quarry*. The names of the rock groups are sometimes their most rewarding feature. I'm currently writing a tune entitled *You're the Cream in My Strawberry Alarm Clock*, and after hearing The Who I'm thinking of forming a group called *The Why?*

The Indian influence almost led to the formation of a new group consisting of Joe Alexander, tenor saxophone; Roland Alexander, soprano saxophone; Bob Alexander, trombone; Monty Alexander, piano; Ray Alexander, vibes; Mousie Alexander, drums; and Van Alexander, arranger. Willard Alexander was set to book them, and they were going to call themselves *Alexander's Ragatime Band*. They even held rehearsals and had tunes in the book like *You Turned the Tablas On Me*; *Hands Across the Tabla*; *Hindu It Again*; *Moonlight on the Gunja*; *Ghandi Kisses*; *Pondicherry*; *Half-a-Pond-o-Grape*; *Madras, Meshach, and Abendego*; *Calcutting Out*; *Psyche Delhi*; and *Bombayed Out of My Mind*. After they found out that they couldn't get Lorez Alexandria as vocalist, they abandoned the whole idea and are rumored to be gigging as a rock band known as *Alexander the Grape*.

THE STRAWBERRY ALARM CLOCK



Albums I'd like to hear in 1968:

Rufus Harley in Scotch Sour, featuring Don Cherry and Joe Orange.

A promotional LP for a floor-covering firm, featuring a koto player and entitled Japanese Sandran.

A two drummer-leader session—Tiffin' With the Buddy Rich-Bill Quinn-tet.

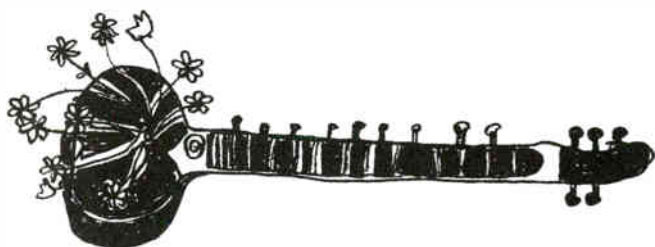


Geographical question: Would you rather visit Pharaoh Sanders' Upper Egypt & Lower Egypt, spend A Night in Tunisia with Dizzy Gillespie, or tour Johnny Carisi's Israel?



Here is Ira Gitler acting as a catalyst in jazz history, inspiring Cannonball Adderley to record **Mercy, Mercy, Mercy**, as Dave Brubeck looks on in his own sweet way.

Will Woody Herman hire Archie Shepp and form the Shepp Herd? . . . Then there was the saxophone player using a Conn Multi-Vider who simultaneously blew Monk's *Played Twice* four times . . . Now that George Wallington is in the air-conditioning business, could this mean a revival of cool jazz?



With the demise of many jazz nightclubs, a smart bet for some entrepreneur in 1968 would be to open a joint called The Couch, install leather chaises for the patrons, and put Denny Zeitlin in residence.

1st jazz fan: "I listened to some records with John Handy's drummer."

2nd fan: "Oh yeah? You dug sides with Doug Sides?"

Late news flashes: Sonny Rollins is alive and well in Brooklyn . . . Gabor Szabo is alive and playing in a Carpathian Mountain balalaika-and-zither band called the Ingrate Undead.

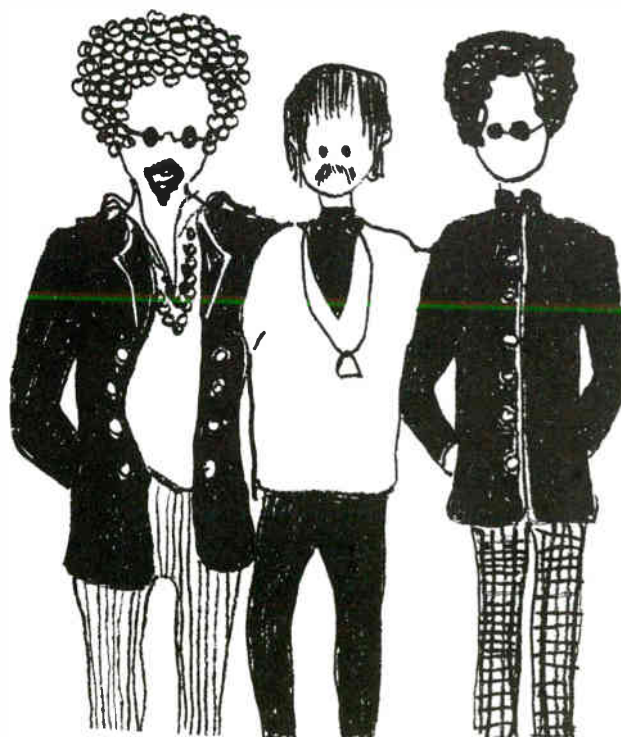
On the morning of Jazz Day in New York, the blue jay on my cornplaster woke me by singing 12 bars of Charlie Parker's Big Foot.

Subtitles of the year:

Ralph J. Gleason's first nationally syndicated column on Coleman Hawkins—I'm Not Checking Out (the facts). Hello.

R.J.G.'s second column on Hawk—I'm Coppin' Out, Goombye.

Nat Hentoff's liner notes for **A Lovely Bunch of Al** Jazzbo Collins and the Bandidos—Love For Sale.



JAZZ PROVERB: A STRICH IN TIME SAVES NINE ROLAND KIRK FANS. 

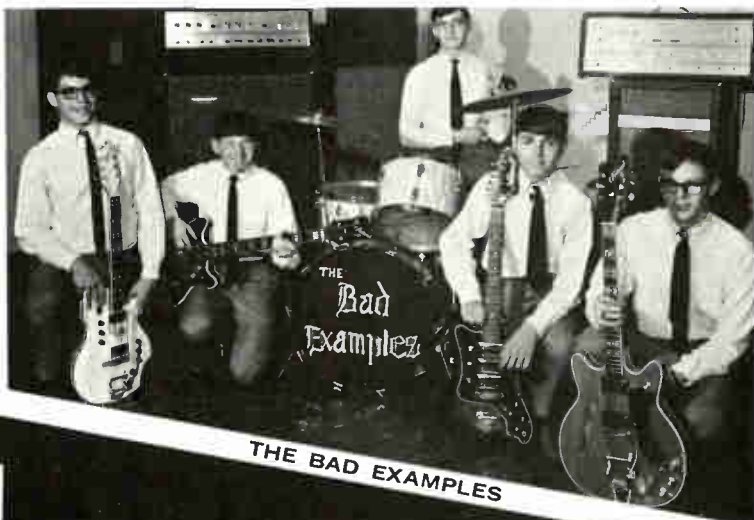
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Jazz'68 happened on Verve'67

A comprehensive check-list of all albums reviewed and released during the year:

☐ ELLA FITZGERALD*

Ella Fitzgerald Sings The Johnny Mercer Song Book V/V6-4067 • Ella & Duke At The Cote D'Azur V/V6-4072-2 • The Best Of Ella Fitzgerald V/V6-8720

☐ JIMMY SMITH*

Jimmy & Wes—The Dynamic Duo V/V6-8678 • Respect V/V6-8705 • The Best Of Jimmy Smith V/V6-8721

☐ STAN GETZ*

Sweet Rain V/V6-8693 • Voices V/V6-8707 • The Best Of Stan Getz V/V6-8719

☐ BILL EVANS

Bill Evans At Town Hall, Volume One V/V6-8683 • Further Conversations With Myself V/V6-8727 • A Simple Matter Of Conviction V/V6-8675

☐ WES MONTGOMERY*

California Dreaming V/V6-8672 • Jimmy & Wes—The Dynamic Duo V/V6-8678 • The Best Of Wes Montgomery V/V6-8714

☐ CAL TJADER*

Along Comes Cal V/V6-8671 • The Best Of Cal Tjader V/V6-8725

☐ JOHNNY HODGES

Blue Notes V/V6-8680 • Don't Sleep In The Subway V/V6-8726

☐ OSCAR PETERSON*

Something Warm V/V6-8681 • Thoroughly Modern Twenties V/V6-8700

☐ DUKE ELLINGTON*

Soul Call V/V6-8701 • Ella & Duke At The Cote D'Azur V/V6-4072-2

☐ ROLAND KIRK

Now Please Don't You Cry, Beautiful Edith V/V6-8709

☐ ASTRUD GILBERTO*

Beach Samba V/V6-8708 • A Certain Smile A Certain Sadness (with Walter Wanderley) V/V6-8673

☐ COUNT BASIE*

Basie's Beat V/V6-8687

☐ WILLIE BOBO*

Juicy V/V6-8685 • Bobo Motion V/V6-8699

☐ WALTER WANDERLEY*

Batucada V/V6-8706 • A Certain Smile A Certain Sadness (with Astrud Gilberto) V/V6-8673 • Chegança V/V6-8676

☐ JOHNNY SMITH

Johnny Smith V/V6-8692

☐ GARY McFARLAND

Soft Samba Strings V/V6-8682

☐ BUDDY RICH

Big Band Shout V/V6-8712

☐ LUIZ HENRIQUE

Barra Limpa V/V6-8697

☐ BENNY GOLSON

Tune In, Turn On (The Hippest Commercials of the 60s) V/V6-8710

☐ BOBBY HACKETT

Creole Cookin' V/V6-8698

☐ BOLA SETE

Bola Sete At The Monterey Jazz Festival V/V6-8689

☐ KAI WINDING

Penny Lane And Time V/V6-8691

☐ JACKIE & ROY

Lovesick V/V6-8688

☐ CURTIS AMY

Mustang V/V6-8684

☐ DON SCALETTA TRIO

Sunday Afternoon At The Trident V/V6-5027

☐ JIMMY WITHERSPOON

The Blues Is Now (with Brother Jack McDuff) V/V6-5030X

☐ CHICO O'FARRILL

Married Well V/V6-5035

☐ ALL-STARS

Encyclopedia of Jazz in the 60s, Volume One: The Blues V/V6-8677

The Sound of
The Now Generation
is on



*Also Available On Ampex Tape
Verve Records is a division of
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc.



Most published photographs of jazz musicians depict the subjects in their professional roles: on stand or stage; playing, or ready to play. Few jazz photographers, in fact, have much contact with the musicians beyond the performing realm. To be sure, we get informal shots from jazz festivals, etc., and the occasional posed portrait, but the truly candid picture is a rarity.

Not so with Jack Bradley, whose art is on display here. His involvement in jazz extends beyond the customary professional limitations. He has formed close and lasting friendships with many of the players; he goes on the road with them, hangs out, exchanges home visits, etc. To him, taking pictures is a labor of love, and we think it shows.

Opposite page: Louis Armstrong, on the porch of his home in suburban New York. As usual, Pops and his horn are inseparable. Right: Eating on the road can be a problem, but Duke Ellington is prepared, performing the culinary action with customary elegance. Below: Johnny Hodges soaks up some sunshine on the beach in Gloucester, Mass.

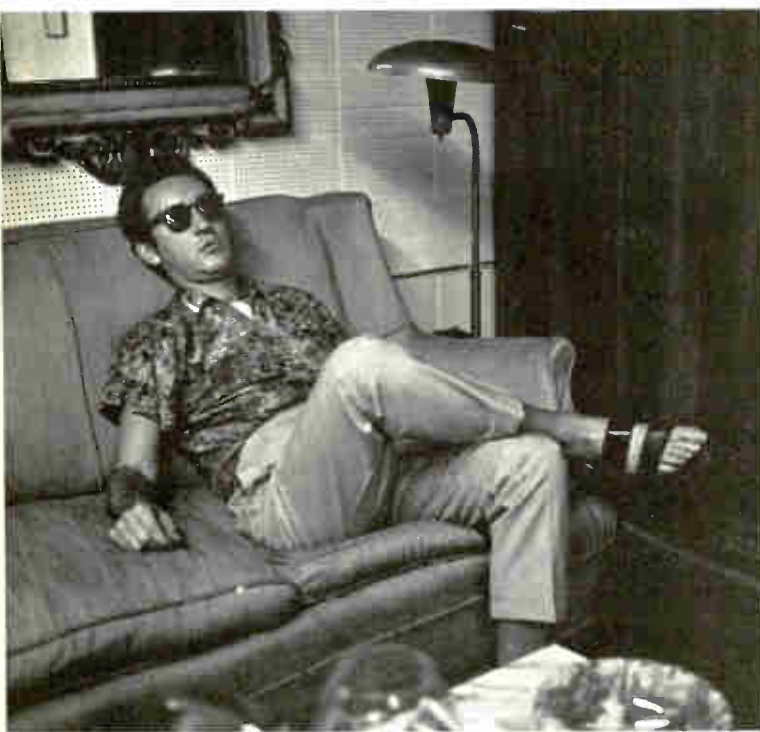


JAZZ CASUAL

An Informal Portrait Gallery by JACK BRADLEY



Relaxing is an art the jazzman must master if he is to keep his peace of mind. Top: Trombonist Vic Dickenson, never a fence-sitter when it comes to playing, enjoys a New England afternoon. Below: **Relaxing with Lee** was not the title of a Lee Konitz record, but this is Lee, and he looks relaxed. Right: Guitarist Skeeter Best does some stretching out a la mode.





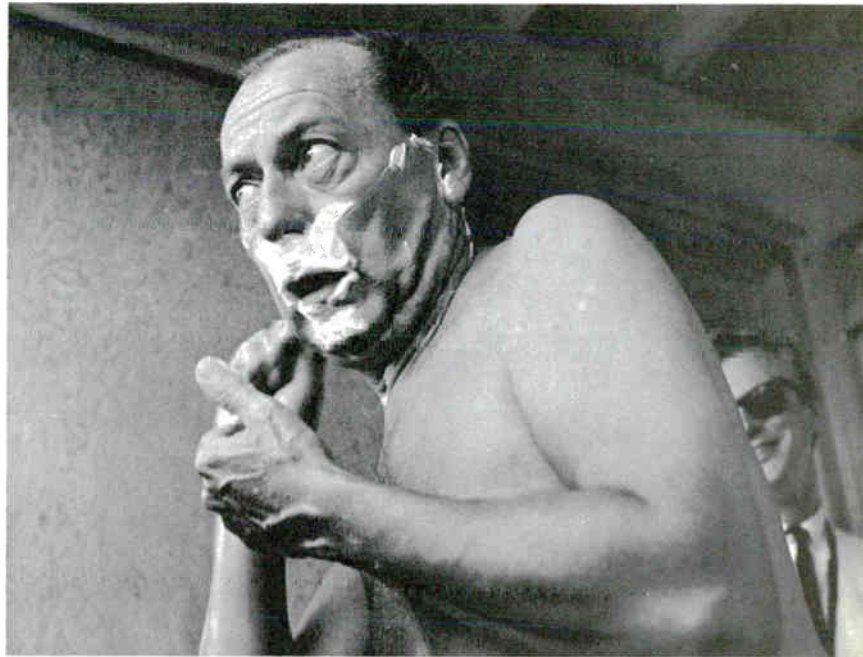
Musicians dig animals, and vice versa. Below: Max Kaminsky and his Yorkshire terrier enjoy a picnic on the grass. Left: Ruby Braff gets acquainted with the horsey set.





Recreation takes many forms. Below, two great tenorists, Ben Webster and Bud Freeman, enjoy a game of billiards. Above, Pee Wee Russell puts some finishing touches to a canvas. At left, pianist Dick Wellstood and his English racer in Centra' Park, Manhattan.





Candid glimpses of life on the road: Shaving is serious business to Woody Herman, but Gerry Mulligan appears amused. Bobby Hackett, cornet case safely in hand, is able to muster a smile despite the early hour.



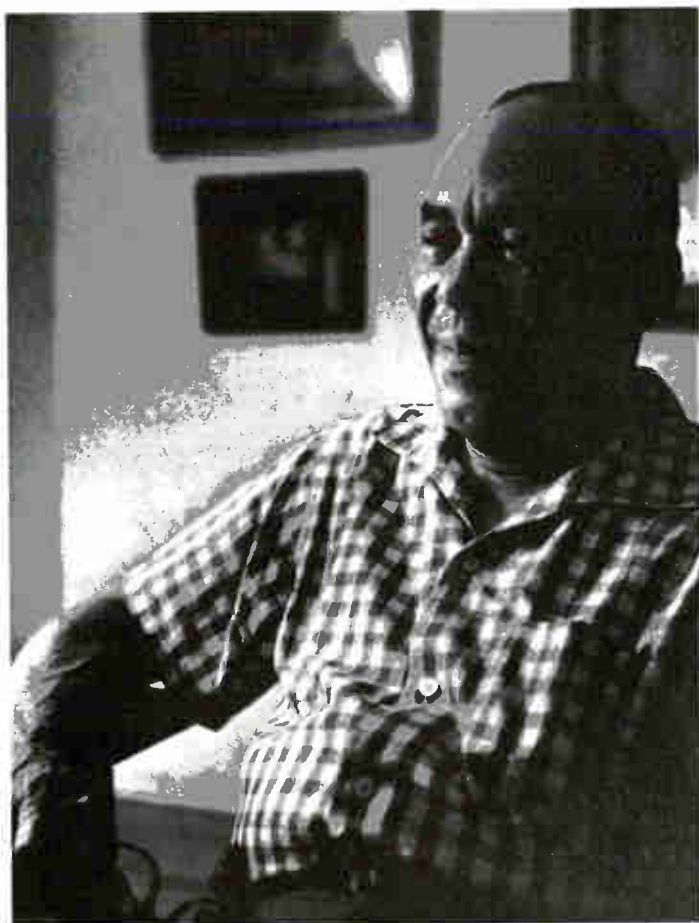


Socializing with friends is pleasant. Left: Two great trumpeters, Roy Eldridge and Buck Clayton. Below: That's Roy again, with drummer Eddie Locke and trumpeter Tommy Turrentine—in a bemused moment. Bottom: A convivial conclave of veterans. From left to right: Hilton Jefferson, Walter Johnson, Louis Bacon, Happy Cauldwell.





lot of musical history was lived and made by our closing subjects. At the right, Zutty Singleton, the master drummer, in a mellow mood. Below him, a meeting of three great ladies of the vintage blues. Left to right: Alberta Hunter, Victoria Spivey, Lucille Hegamin. And lastly, two stars of the great Jimmie Lunceford Band, Joe Thomas and Jimmie Crawford.





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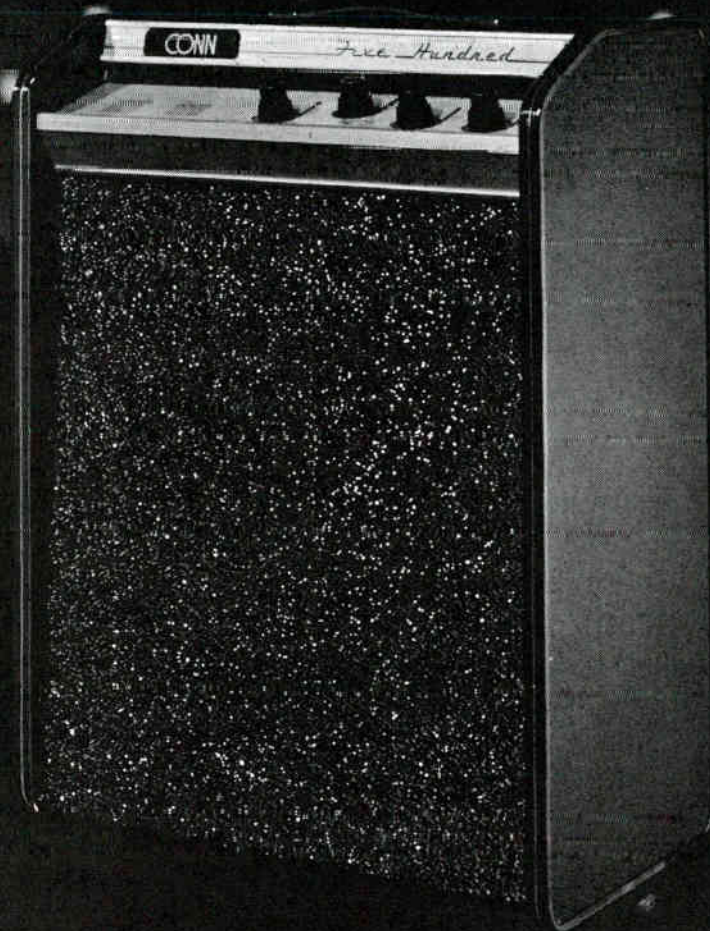
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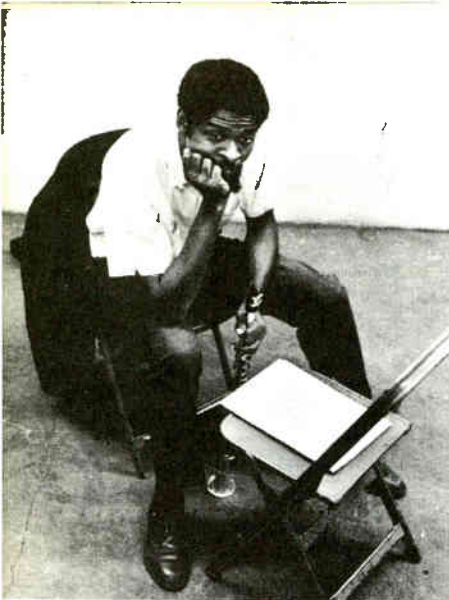
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World Radio History



THE AACM:

"Does the AACM have anything to do with Black Power?" the young man asked Richard Abrams.

"Yes," replied Abrams. "It does in the sense that we intend to take over our own destinies, to be our own agents, and to play our own music."

The question was both reflective of a kind of currently popular intellectualism, and of perennial fears among segments of the majority concerning any group whose activities are "mysteriously controlled" by black people. Its schizoid implication was simultaneously all-tolerant and portending of a HUAC investigation.

The question was one of many asked Abrams, president of the Chicago-based Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, during the Great Lakes College Association's second conference in humanities, held last November in Racine, Wis. The conference, attended by representative instructors from all the institutions of higher learning in the GLCA, was that day focusing on the wave of creativity splashing into the mainstream of U.S. culture from the black ghetto.

Under the guidance of Prof. Charles Teske of the English department of Oberlin College, the conference had wisely chosen Abrams as a key to academic understanding of the phenomenon. For, as president of the 30-member AACM, Abrams steers what must unquestionably be one of the most creative forces in the black American community.

Abrams' answer to the question was not only reflective of the mood of many black artists in the United States today, but it was probably indicative of the front rank of sentiment among artists at large in this country. The artist is beginning to see that with a little more effort, he can not only reap a just share of the profits from his own endeavors—something that has largely been reserved for the entrepreneur or middleman—but, infinitely more important to some, also can control what he gives to the public of his art (hence, what he gives of himself).

After all these years, Sun Ra is still down on 2nd Street in New York. Now maybe that's just his fault, and maybe that's the fault of the system—the system that values art only as a commodity.

—Joseph Jarman, reeds

The unique thing about Abrams' declaration is that the association he speaks for, though not the first such jazz musicians' cooperative, nor the only one presently operating, is the oldest, largest, and most prolific group of its type in the U.S. This after less than three years of existence.

The germ of the association was incubated in the Experimental Band, a unit Abrams organized in 1961 to explore further avenues of musical expression. Drummer Steve Mc-

Call and pianist Jody Christian, sidemen of that outfit, began talking to Abrams about the working conditions facing musicians—especially black jazz musicians—in the city. "They suggested that we should form a musicians' cooperative organization," said Abrams, who favored the idea too.

Abrams contacted a fourth man, multi-instrumentalist Philip Cohran, who was also an advocate of organizing.

"We mapped out the format for the meetings on our first get-together," Abrams said. "The main thing we did was to discuss our various viewpoints and hear opinions."

One of the musicians' primary concerns was to avoid coming into conflict with the bylaws of the musicians' union. "We made sure that each musician would maintain his individual obligation as a member of the Chicago Federation of Musicians. We don't solicit gigs or do any promoting; we only represent ourselves as a group of musicians who are available to play for any interested parties," Abrams explained.

Facets of the organizational puzzle fell swiftly into place, for the four musicians either had gigged with or personally knew nearly every working jazz musician in town between them. By the end of the second week, they had formed a nucleus and held elections.

Abrams was elected president, and has maintained that post ever since. Christian was vice-president; McCall, treasurer; and Cohran, financial secretary.

The group acted quickly to incorporate itself. On Aug. 5, the AACM was chartered as a non-profit organization by the state of Illinois.

Abrams estimates that at the time of the charter there were close to 40 members on the rolls. Today, after the tests of time and fidelity have taken their toll, he places the group's numerical strength at 29. "But we have 29 members," he emphasized.

We're interested in brotherhood, the thing that hasn't existed too much in music, and the realization of self. This organization deals in self-realization.

—Maurice McIntyre, reeds

The AACM, it must certainly strike any observer, is composed entirely of individuals. A generation may separate one member from the next; one wears beads, a beard, and shirts of psychedelic hues, while another is in a dark suit, white shirt, and a highly introverted tie. Privately, a member may be an antiwarblacknationalmilitantsocialist or fairly unconcerned about anything outside the sphere of his musical involvement. He does not even have to be black—Gordon Emmanuel, vibist and former case worker with the Cook County Department of Public Aid, is the group's lone white member.

ABRAMS

CHRISTIAN

CLARK

McCALL

BOWIE

MITCHELL

World Radio History



a promise

This fact is usually made more of outside the organization than within it, though a few members caused a ripple or two on the sea of brotherhood at the time of his entry. Emmanuel, who lives hard by the former jugular vein of the south side's black ghetto, in an apartment once occupied by bassist Wilbur Ware, works in the same matter-of-fact harmony with association members as the others do. Everyone who opposed his entry seemingly has either left the group or come to terms with him as a member.

The association lists a set of purposes that sounds like a political platform in its utopian aims, but it must be said that the group is a lot closer to total success than either major party in nailing down its first plank:

To cultivate young musicians and to create music of a high artistic level for the general public through the presentation of programs designed to magnify the importance of creative music.

The first part of this initial aim is progressing admirably, though the association has limited means with which to implement it. "Actually," said Abrams, "playing one's own music is the highest function a member can serve, after serving the younger musicians coming up in the association's training program."

Presently quartered in the south side's Abraham Lincoln community center, where many Sunday concerts are led by individual association members and sidemen of their choice, the association has 10 young charges under its tutelage. The members have chosen to teach the youngsters, who range in age from 10 to 17 years, on their own time and free of charge. The students, who would otherwise be unable to afford individual instruction, are selected on the basis of special promise or desire to play. Facilities are set up to train students in reeds, trumpet, or percussion. Abrams is realistic but optimistic about the limitations of the program under current conditions. "Teaching piano is a tremendous undertaking, and we're not quite set up for that yet," he said. "But we can teach cello, violin, or almost anything—all we have to have are the students. The members are ready to give."

The latter half of the first aim would in itself be the thesis for a book: Are the programs designed to magnify the importance of creative music? Do they indeed "magnify it?" Is the music created of a "high artistic level?"

First of all, what is this music?

Now we are among the third generation of new musicians. This group has acquired an all-powerful conviction—it is now all or none at all; the individual as hero is no more.

—Joseph Jarman

The third generation referred to follows two others that

many observers have said were led by Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, and John Coltrane (among others) in the first instance; and by such men as Archie Shepp and Albert Ayler in the second.

In the first generation, the emphasis is generally conceded to have been on a kind of abstract but individual virtuosity (as with Coleman's rhythmic feeling or Coltrane's polyharmonics or "sheets of sound"). Shepp's catholic return to traditional influences and their wedding with abstraction, and Ayler's modern humor are often cited as characteristics of the second generation.

In the generation to which Jarman belongs, in terms of the music, there seems to be no prohibition against any sound-making devices. Horns, whistles, gongs, gourds, tambourines, huge sheets of vibrating aluminum, and almost anything imaginable (in addition to so-called "legitimate instruments") are all employed—at times charmingly, then alarmingly—to achieve the music's ends.

Philosophically, the music demands less ego from the players and more communal spirit. "The concept of leader separates man from himself," Jarman said.

Another aim of the AACM is:

To stimulate spiritual growth in creative artists through participation in programs, concerts, recitals, etc.

It is the stated aim of the association that every member not only create his own music, but that he lead a performance of the work with a group of AACM members of his choosing. Not all members have done this, but some have done it very prolifically. As a result, the activities of the association, especially when the colleges are in session, may include as many as three or four separate events a week. The Contemporary Music Society, based at the University of Chicago, has been instrumental in getting the group practice space as well as concert venues on that campus. Association members have also given performances at Northwestern University, Roosevelt University, and the Chicago campus of the University of Illinois, as well as at numerous junior colleges within the city. Shock troops of the association have also been heard at Cranbrook Institute and at Wayne State University in Detroit; Washington University in St. Louis, and various other locations from San Francisco to New York during the past year. It is safe to say that the AACM is not a complete secret to the outside world, although there are still more skydivers in the United States than people who have heard a group from the association.

Fortunately, to aid in widening the circle of knowledgeable people, trumpeter Lester Bowie and reed men Roscoe Mitchell and Joseph Jarman have led recording dates within the past year under acknowledged ties with the association. In

BRAXTON

JENKINS

JARMAN

FIELDER

McINTYRE

BARKER

addition, though it is as yet unreleased, Abrams has also led the waxing of an LP of association members. All the dates but Bowie's were made for Chicago's Delmark label. The trumpeter's disc is the debut release for Nessa records.

Chuck Nessa, a jazz fan for most of his young life, was so enthused about the music produced by the association that he not only instigated all of the Delmark records under his former employer, Bob Koester, but was fully prepared to sell his shirt to record Bowie's group. "Somebody had to record them," Nessa said. "Lester [Bowie], Malachi [Favors], and Roscoe [Mitchell] were at an incredible level of creativity; it just had to be recorded." Similarly, Nessa has no reservations about the association. "The AACM is the only sort of organization that provides for a cross-pollination of ideas among musicians—it's the only thing that keeps the music growing."

Another aim of the AACM is:

To create an atmosphere conducive to artistic endeavors for the artistically inclined by maintaining a workshop for the expressed purpose of bringing talented musicians together.

Conversations, lectures, learned treatises, and heated debates join childish hands and circle the maypole of new music. Long after these things have vanished, as children will who tire of the same game, the music—like the maypole—will remain.

It would be so easy for everyone involved if I could tell listeners what the new music is about, but, as far as approaching an understanding of it is concerned, I can only give information—e.g., mathematics, harmonic theory—that is technical in nature. Since the music is not about technical things, there's no need to explore this avenue at all. I can say this, however: the music that's happening here is the result of an honest love of music and a desire to create something meaningful. It seems to me that Western civilization is at the point where any attempt at the meaningful—self-realization, love—should at least be investigated.

—Anthony Braxton, reeds

These concepts seem sometimes to further alienate those who desire a completely rational or mechanical explanation. Witness with me, however: Four hundred VIPs—military men, politicians, and scientists (in all honesty the crowd did hold a token number of "esthetes" as well)—standing for over an hour in the cold of a late autumn day on the University of Chicago campus. They were there for the unveiling of a piece of sculpture wrought in dedication to the ATOMIC AGE by Henry Moore. When the widow of scientist Enrico Fermi finally pulled the drape from the work, all 12 feet of its sinuously curving mass revealing nothing to satiate minds hungering for realism, all those half-frozen people cheered. Aside from the fact that they knew they could now get out of the cold without seeming anti-art, the meaning of their cheers is no more out of reason than a musician's explanation of his work.

The only difference between freedom and confinement is a matter of degree. They say that I'm a 'free' player. Al Fielder has a 3-year-old son who plays drums. When I play with him, I find out how confined I am.

—Charles Clark, bass

No sane man makes a journey without reason. The reasons these men—and women—walk with the association are as numerous as they are. In every case, however, two of the questions were answered consistently. The questions: "Why did you come to the association?" and "How long do you think you'll remain a member?" The answers, essentially: "For the advancement of creative music" and "As long as it exists."

When the members apply their creed, individualism re-

veals itself. "I'm seeking a new harmonic approach—with ultimate power and discipline," says 31-year old tenorist Maurice McIntyre. "It is necessary to destroy the harmony of the past, the conventional harmony, in order to get what I'm after. Instead of using an A₇ chord, I want to replace that with a sound which defies identification with any key. This is unconventional harmony."

Trumpeter Lester Bowie began on his instrument at age 9, and played throughout high school and into college at Lincoln University (Mo.) and North Texas State before work with a string of bands out of his native St. Louis sealed his destiny as a professional musician. "I came to Chicago in '66," he said. "For six months I listened and hung out and sessioned with Chicago musicians. They were playing the same old thing. I was so drugged that I bought a bunch of Music Minus One records so that I could enjoy playing. Then Del Hill took me to a rehearsal of Richard Abrams' band. I finally found somebody who was really playing something—and I put away my Minus Ones."

Alvin Fielder was born in 1935 in Meridian, Miss. He began taking drum lessons in 1948. Later he was elected to the All-State Mississippi Band (as was Bobby Bryant). He studied under Xavier University of New Orleans band master James Yestadt, now director of the New Orleans Symphony; and at Texas Southern University, where he received a B.S. in Pharmacy; and with a percussionist by the name of Ed Blackwell. He went on to blow with Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson in Houston, and with bluesman Lowell Fulson. He was a studio drummer for Gospel groups at Peacock and Duke records. He came to Chicago in 1958, where he worked with Sun Ra and James Spaulding, among others. In 1960 he met Abrams. Today, along with tenorist Fred Anderson and multi-instrumentalist Lester Lashley, he is a member of The Trio, a firmly entrenched AACM small group. "I'm not very spiritual," Fielder said. "Our aim is to combine the old with the new; to play straight ahead and free, too. We concentrate on trying to get the music across to the people in our audiences."

Roscoe Mitchell's thing is playing music. When he was in the army in Germany he studied clarinet with the first clarinetist of the Heidelberg Symphony. Now he plays nine reed instruments, and is most widely known as an altoist.

"It's a new period," said Mitchell. "But there is no such thing as new music, just good music. This is a period when musicians are getting more into exhibition along with the music, as well as incorporating everything that has come to pass—classical European, Indian, African—everything."

Which recalls another association aim:

To uphold the tradition of elevated cultured musicians handed down from the past.

"Until the influx of the English influence," said Joseph Jarman, "African musicians were also actors, dancers, etc. What we're doing just re-establishes an old tradition."

Jarman had worked with bop bands and Latin bands around Chicago before he met Mitchell. Then he joined the association because he had found a group of men "serious enough about the music to live it," he explained.

"Since January 1966, with the exception of a concert in the tradition of John Coltrane's music, we have made an effort to include the visual aspects of music in our performances," Jarman said of the quartet that bears his name. "We first did this through theatrical sets, then dancers . . . What we are trying to do is present a total expression that an audience has to approach with greater involvement than merely listening. Slowly, our ideas are beginning to balance out, but the music is the most important element. If we find that these other elements impair our musical function, we won't include them any longer."

One of the less frequent concert leaders, drummer Jerol

Ajay, the association's business manager, is a veteran of many bandstands under another name. As Gerald Donavon, the drummer has recorded with Gene Ammons, Sonny Stitt, and Eddie Harris. He turned to the association because he found clubowners wouldn't support creative music.

His objective, as leader of Ajay's Members, is the creation of original rhythms and sounds. The instrumentation at his last concert was three drummers and three voices.

There are many others: schoolteachers by day, like violinist Leroy Jenkins and reed man Nate Vincent, and members who disdain a day gig because, for them, "there's no gig but music;" ladies like cellist Caroline Revis and vocalists Sandra Lashley and Sherri Scott; and many more—and there's Abrams himself.

Although the association's president quietly disdains the cult of personality, no member of the association has voiced anything but the highest praise for his musicianship or his efforts on behalf of the group. "Richard is like a father," said Miss Scott. "He never says do this or don't do that. He has a way of knowing what you're capable of and he gets it out of you."

Under Abrams and most of the other group leaders, the approach most often used is thematic only to the extent that a mood or frame of reference is set. Improvisation and spontaneous invention, much of it done in ensemble, is a hallmark of the association's presentations.

You are tied to nothing, musically. Not in terms of your technical scope or your ideas. There's a chance to play anything.
—Gordon Emmanuel

An organization of the nature and size of the AACM, with such firmly stated methods and goals, goes not without its critics—though, for the most part, they are simultaneously well-wishers.

While tenorist Eddie Harris lauds the intentions of the group, he feels that the practice of playing among them-

selves much of the time limits the members' experience. "They should try to gain experience everywhere they can," the tenorist said. "Especially the younger cats in the group."

"A lot of older musicians know that I'm a drummer," said 21-year old Thurman Barker. "But they know this because they see me playing association concerts. Do you think that any name musician would hire me otherwise—just because I told him I wanted to play?"

Another aim of the association is:

To provide a source of employment for worthy creative musicians.

"Older cats who have most of the gigs are not so quick to turn a cat on," said 22-year old bassist Clark. "Maybe they think that you should pay some more dues. But with the association, the older cats turn the younger ones on—and vice-versa—because teaching is learning too."

It is significant that of the founding quartet, only Abrams remains a leading force in the organization. Drummer Steve McCall has moved to Europe with his family. Pianist Jody Christian has only performed one concert under the AACM aegis, and is now semi-active due to his road-touring with Harris' quartet. And multi-instrumentalist Philip Cohran has resigned from the organization in order to concentrate more fully on the activities of his Artistic Heritage Ensemble. Cohran, who readily characterizes himself for the record as a "musical racist," declared simply: "Under the structure of the AACM, the achievement of my long-time purposes was too limited for me to remain a member."

However, many of the AHE's goals are similar to those of the AACM. Among them is a permanent home for the group. This Cohran's group had already achieved by November 1967. "Though I'm no longer a member of the association, I'm always glad to hear of their successes," said Cohran.

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Reed man Jimmy Ellis, another former member, who still plays club gigs with association members, began his involvement with music as a trumpeter in 1942. A one-time sideman with Earl Hines, Pearl Bailey-Louis Bellson, blues singer Lil Green, his brother Morris' Chicago-based big band, and Sun Ra's Arkestra, Ellis had a world of musical experience behind him when he joined the AACM in 1966.

"What the musicians have forgotten," said Ellis, who objects to the AACM's nearly exclusive concentration on new music, "is the tradition of this music: W. C. Handy, for instance.

"If a musician can only play bop, he isn't making it, is he? Without a knowledge of the past, there is no future. How can I know where I'm going if I don't know where I've been? Billie Holiday, Sidney Bechet, we can't forget them."


On this score, pianist Christian, himself a veteran of recordings with Johnny Griffin, Stan Getz, Nicky Hill, Ira Sullivan, and others, observed that "the music played by the association is the choice of the members. We chose to play original music. Original means rock or bop or anything, as long as it is the musician's own composition. The fact that much of the music is new is merely the result of the number of young players in the association."

But baritone saxophonist Les Rout also questioned some of the members' musical directions. "I'm not in love with what they call their new music. There are only a few cats within the group I trust. I listened to Mitchell's *Sounds* many times, and I found him impressive, along with Lester Lashley and Richard. But the most impressive thing about the AACM is the fact that they're organized. A lot of cats are jazz musicians simply because they heard that the music is unorganized—for this reason [organization] the group deserves a medal."

A former member of the Paul Winter Sextet and a co-

hort of Abrams from 1952, when they shared bandstands around the city's south side, Rout is now a history instructor at Michigan State University. He recently published a provocative paper in the quarterly *Journal of Popular Culture* entitled *AACM: New Music (!) New Ideas (?)*. Starkly objective, to the point that some association partisans might consider it a negative criticism (which I don't believe it to be), the study explores the association's stance in many areas—such as the questionable realism with which the AACM views the hard-bitten commercialism of today's music scene. Also interesting is Rout's concluding proposal: that the AACM, in light of his assessment of the group's racial militancy, be studied further as an index of the national mood of the black man.

Conceivably, the group could serve as an index of many things: the relative success or failure of new music to capture additional adherents at large, on college campuses, and among the very people its vibrations are supposedly a reflection of; as a measure of the acceptability of the third wave of new music versus the acceptability of the first two, and on ad infinitum.

But Rout, and many others in and outside the association, have it in a nutshell when they talk about the fact of organization. The most vital thing about the AACM, to this writer, is that these black jazz musicians are organized and that they have served notice to the world at large—though not much of it is looking in at the moment—that here and now, dig it, jazz musicians—regardless of the school of musical thought they most prefer, regardless of how little financial gain or worldly acclaim comes their way in the near future as a result of their membership—are organized, not from without by virtue of agents, THE UNION, or promoters, but from within, through mutual respect and sheer rigid-middle-finger determination to master their destinies. This is one promise of Black Power. 



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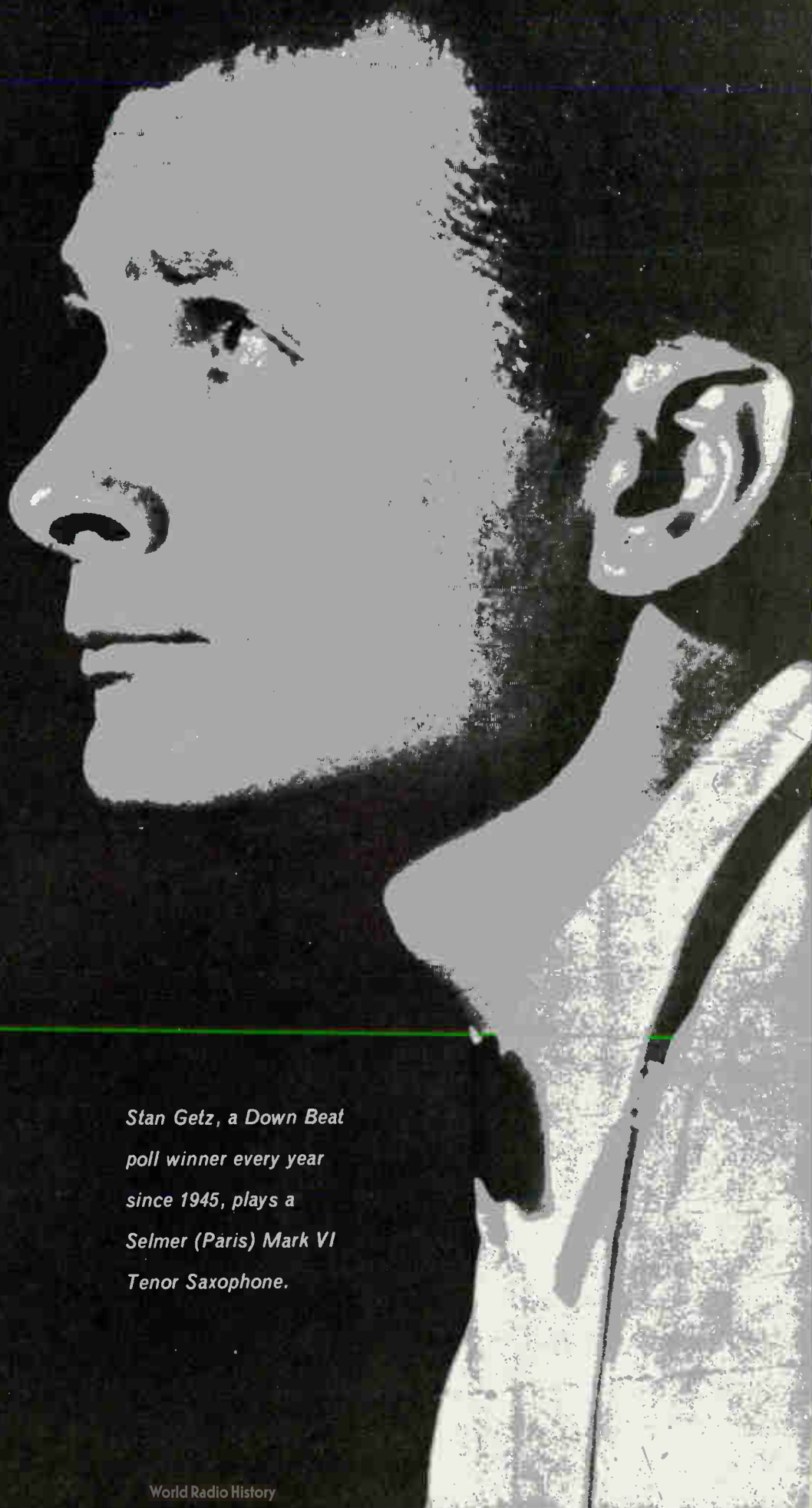
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Most people are either surprised or shocked when told that blues are often funny. For blues have always been considered songs of sorrow, songs expressing the depths of sadness and despair. Webster, for example, defines blues as songs "written in a minor key with melancholy words." Most jazz and blues critics agree. Eric Larrabee, for example, says that blues, like a self-torturing Prometheus, turn "inward in sorrow and sinfulness." Leonard Feather claims blues "sprang from troubled minds . . . reflected anxiety, depression, and . . . poignant hurts." And Paul Oliver, the most prolific of blues analysts, says that in the blues "the Negro gives form to the blues of his experience."

There are blues, of course, that do express sorrow and sadness, seem to come from the deepest wells of misery and depression. But these blues do not deal primarily, as commonly thought, with the effects of slavery and continuing prejudice. Blues poets, with few exceptions, have tried to universalize their sadness by ignoring prejudice as a causative agent and by stressing instead only the miseries that all men share. Blues poets have tried to rise above their past, transcend the miserable conditions of their lives, by ignoring the effects of their status in society. As good existentialists, they live each immediate moment to its fullest extent, and blame

their miseries and bad luck on themselves, two-faced women, and the absence or profusion of alcohol.

It is informative, for example, to hear Alan Lomax trying to force Blind Willie McTell (Melodeon MLP 7323) to admit prejudice against Negroes and to sing a complaining song. But Blind Willie had somehow moved beyond attributing his miseries to prejudice; for Blind Willie, complaining songs are "not in our times" and, according to him, it's just as mean a world for whites as for Negroes. Blind Willie was fully aware of mistreatment, as his nervousness indicated; but rather than merely express that mistreatment in undiluted complaints or resign himself passively to it, Blind Willie rebelled in song, in art and humor.

For, as Freud has pointed out, "Humor is not resigned; it is rebellious. It signifies the triumph not only of the ego but also of the pleasure principle, which is strong enough here to assert itself in the face of real adverse circumstances." Blind Willie's transcendence of prejudice and misery and his creating out of them songs of beauty and humor make him one of the saints of modern times. It is this quality of transcendence, the ability to turn misery into beauty and laughter, that permeates the blues and is part of their enduring appeal. Thus even when a blues is sad, the sadness

is seldom special to the Negro, seldom a sorrow only a Negro can feel.

A few writers have recognized that blues are not only sad and sorrowful but also funny, a mixture of tragedy and comedy. Langston Hughes, for example, says that no matter how sad blues are, "there's almost always something funny about them." Rudi Blesh claims that in the blues there "are always present the double-edged speech and humor of the Negro—his deadpan, ironic, unpredictable wit." And according to Ralph Ellison, "the blues speak to us simultaneously of the tragic and the comic aspects of the human condition."

But blues humor did not spring ready-made from the creative genius of blues poets. Blues humor was not a mutation, but a converging point of a wide variety of folk humor and the end-product of a long historical development. There was, for example, a rich bank of folk humor for the blues poets to draw upon in the reserves of the *Uncle Remus* tales, humorous folk songs, witty sayings and anecdotes, and the comic patter of minstrel shows. There was also present a source perhaps even more important than these: the humor of the work song—veiled, ironic, and sceptical.

The creators of work song humor, levee workers and field hands, were



by
Rod
Gruver



Left to right: Joel Hopkins, Sam Lightnin' Hopkins, John Henry Hopkins.

members of the lowest class of Negroes, men forced to do hard, dirty jobs for near-starvation wages. Thus these men developed the sort of humor all such groups employ to syphon off feelings of misery, despair, and revenge. They had in them, that is, a deep irreverence for all kinds of rhetorical speech, whether religious or secular, and they had an over-riding desire to penetrate and expose the selfish pretenses those veils of rhetoric hid. There were outlets for their humor in the contradictions between what the white man said—the promises he made—and what he did; in the contrast between American ideals as expressed rhetorically and the way they functioned in practice, and in the difference between the so-called American standard of living and the standards they were forced to endure.

But the work song could not carry the burdens of social and religious satire, the wider range of experience the levee workers and field hands were becoming increasingly aware of. Thus, when workers who could sing and play a guitar left the farms or work gangs to earn a living by singing on street corners or at country dances, they developed a new song form, the blues, to express the broader-based concerns of their new listeners and to carry forms of humor beyond the capacity of the work song. The country blues singers

became in the process the poets we are only now beginning to recognize, poets that called upon Thalia, the comic muse, for much of their inspiration.

There was also a long historical development behind the appearance of humor in the blues. As early as 1795, for example, a traveler in the South noted that "the blacks are the great humorists in the nation." Constance Rourke, in her classic *American Humor*, credits the Negro with adding a sense of the preposterous, a capacity for witty exaggeration, to the comic spirit of the growing nation. She also noted that much of Negro folk humor was "a delicate and shrewd satire," and that it carried a tragic undertone—all elements that showed up later in the blues. And Margaret Just Butcher in *The Negro in American Culture* says that throughout the history of the Negro in America, "there existed alongside the serious, mystical, other-worldly catharsis the emotional exhaust of laughter, ridicule, and even mockery." She continues: "This protective mimicry of laughter was for generations an almost infallible weapon of appeal and appeasement for an otherwise defenseless Negro." She claims that each form of Negro folk humor, each "protective mimicry," was abandoned by Negroes as soon as it was discovered and imitated by whites. But each time this happened, she says, the

folk Negro devised another form to take the place of the one abandoned. It is tempting to suppose that blues is one of the forms this process has taken, especially since it has the sort of humor both she and Rourke found in earlier versions and has also served, in part, as a "protective mimicry."

THUS ALL ELEMENTS seem to be present for the appearance of humor in a song that came to be called blues: a wide variety of folk humor to draw upon, a long historical development of humorous skills, a vast reservoir of compressed emotion that had to be released before it exploded, and a ready subject matter in the numerous contradictions between American ideals and their function in practice.

Comic poets are motivated by desire for reform. Though their methods may seem unnecessarily cruel, their purpose is always humane and the methods dictated only by the necessity for strong measures. In *You Changed*, Big Bill Broonzy brings a woman pretending to be something she isn't back to what she is by merely quoting her own words: "She said her mother was a Creole, and an Indian was her dad." She supposed that by going to Chicago she could change her name, the way she walked and talked, and so become a new person. But Big Bill reminds her:

I didn't just know you in Chicago;

*I knowed you back in New Orleans
I knowed you down there when you
were eatin' rice 'n' beans.*

Tampa Red deflates another female pretender in *Pig Meat Blues*:

*Now folks may call you pig meat;
you may be pig meat*

*But you still go on that old hog train.
There is even a healthy dash of self-*

blues deserve the sort of scholarly research that John Greenway illustrated in his liner notes to *The Bawdy Blues*. Some of the poems in this genre of erotic blues have literary subtleties that compare with those of Sterne and Shakespeare.

Though blues poets tended to avoid historical and racial matters, they used

*I don' want no sugar in coffee; it
makes me mean, Lawd, Lawd; it
makes me mean.*

Contrary to Lomax's view, however, the singers cannot be taken literally in the first stanza, for they are not by any means implying a correlation between black color and meanness. Their purpose is not to associate a jet black color with a hard heart, but to flatter the boss' ego by echoing his prejudiced opinion. The second stanza cannot be taken literally either. The men are denied sugar because of prison 'economy' and prejudice. They know this and so does the boss. But their song 'justifies' the absence of sugar by giving the boss an acceptable reason for it, a reason that exalts his wisdom and absolves any guilt feelings he might have had for withholding it. The singers have addressed both stanzas to the boss, hoping he will reciprocate their kindness to him. Thus the first stanza would seem to provide no evidence whatever for Lomax's belief that Negroes have accepted color prejudice. It is instead an example of subtle wit, humor so cleverly disguised that it fooled so thorough a scholar as Alan Lomax.

The Delta Boys' *Black Gal Swing* also uses skin color for a humorous purpose without implying, despite the literal meaning, any actual inferiority in the black woman.

*A yellow gal drinks good ol' whiskey.
A brownskin gal drinks the same.*

What do a black gal do?

*Well, a black gal drinks shoe polish—
gettin' drunk jus' the same.*

*A yellow gal will kiss you; she'll kiss
you awful sweet.*

A brownskin gal kiss the same.

What do a black gal do?

*Well, a black gal'll spit juice all over
you, shoot snuff all over your lips
—lovin' you jus' the same.*

POSSIBLY THE COLOR prejudice Oliver finds in blues may not be any more real than the prejudice Lomax thought he had found in the work song *Black Woman*. Perhaps all references to color in these songs had the humorous intention of allaying suspicion, so other and more esoteric meanings could creep into the songs undetected. Even so sharp an observer as Hayakawa, for example, thought the humorous blues *I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town* was about "the problem of urban congestion." The practice of fooling the public into hearing and even repeating words it would be shocked to know the meaning of is a perennial source of humor. Today current rock 'n' roll groups employ such means as mumbling and playing loud to fulfill much the same purpose.

Blues singers had a ready subject for



Blues band on Chicago's Maxwell Street: Houston Phillips, drums; Johnny Young, guitar; John Wrencher, harmonica; Carey Bell, bass.

mockery in the blues, a capacity to bring oneself back to earth and to laugh while doing it. Big Mama Thornton laughs at herself when she sings: "Well, they call me Big Mama 'cause I weigh 300 pounds."

Another large section of humorous blues compose a genre by themselves; they are referred to in one anthology as *The Bawdy Blues* (Bluesville 1055), and in another as *The Party Blues* (Melodeon MLP 7324). Party blues carry no social message, have no purpose other than to show a rich display of ingenious and often humorous symbols. Each seems to compete with the others in devising new symbols to glorify the single act they celebrate. In Ethel Waters' *My Handyman*, for example, there are 16 symbolic representations of sexual activity: "He greases my griddle; he strokes my fiddle," etc. In *Sweet Root Man*, Memphis Slim uses the root of the yam as a phallic symbol, and in his *Churning Man Blues* he utilizes the vertical motions of a churning stick to symbolize sex. Many of these

the inescapable fact of varying colors to create a variety of poetic effects. They used colors for making a number of humorous comparisons, and as a means of address. Thus Leadbelly could create a rolling rhythmic appeal and a beautiful song by singing, "Oh yellow, oh my yellow, oh my yellow gal."

Unfortunately, however, writers so far have viewed all references to color in blues and work songs as evidence of Negro prejudice, an acceptance of white attitudes against themselves. Alan Lomax, for example, in his liner notes to *Negro Prison Songs* (Tradition TLP 1020) says: "With agonizing pain to himself, the folk Negro has accepted the very color prejudice which confines him in his caste." But instead of providing any evidence for his assertion, the first two stanzas of *Black Woman*, which he quotes in full after his statement, provide instead a very fine example of cleverly disguised Negro wit.

*I don' want no jet black woman;
oh, she's too mean, Lawd, Lawd;
she's too mean.*

their wit in contradictions between what white men said and what they did, between their power to command and their need to wheedle and cajole information. Contradictions such as these, of course, could not be exposed openly; they had to be hidden in lines that cut several ways at once, lines that were both innocuous and critical of white behavior. Just how skillful blues poets were in hiding meanings can be seen in Oliver's analysis of Stovepipe No. 1's *Court Street Blues*. In his liner notes to *Blues Fell This Morning* (Phillips BBL 7369), Oliver says lack of education "left many Negroes in appalling ignorance, ill-equipped to meet domestic problems." Then to prove his generalization, he says "When Stovepipe No. 1 declared,

I'm gonna get me a picket off a graveyard fence.

Gonna beat you brownskins till you learn some sense,
he could have solved few problems."

Oliver fails to realize, however, that Stovepipe is not showing how uneducated Negroes solve their domestic problems. Instead Stovepipe is playing a role, presenting the white man's inability to deal humanely with a problem he himself has created: an unhappy and therefore inefficient work crew. That the speaker is playing a role is shown clearly in the next stanza, which continues with the same speaker:

Tell me, brownskin, what is on your mind?

Reason I ask you, brownie, you bound to run me blind.

The question "brownskin" is asked obviously represents a white man's request for information. Thus Stovepipe's wit centers on the contrast between the power of the white—"I'm gonna get me a picket"—and his need to ask the brown mask that faces him: "Tell me, brownskin, what is on your mind?" His fear that "brownie" will run him blind is also loaded with humorous implications, some ante-dating the Civil War. It recalls the old saying, for example, "Running freed more slaves than Lincoln."

Blues poets also made humorous use of contradictions between the high ideals Negro preachers expressed in church and the behavior of some of them out of church. Hi Henry Brown's *Preacher Blues* is an example both of high poetic power and humor.

Preacher in the pulpit, bible in his hand.

Sister in the corner, cryin', "There's my man."

The absence of verbs in the first statements suggests a posed picture, the preacher as the public sees him. Then just as the lack of action has reached the limits of endurance, the verb "cry-

ing" releases the tensions the static image has set up. The picture then dissolves into the reality behind the posed image.

Son House also creates humorous effects by noting differences between high ideals and actual behavior in *Preachin' the Blues*.

I'm gonna get me a religion; I'm gonna join the Baptist Church.

I'm gonna be a Baptist preacher, and I sure won't have to work.

I wish I had me a heaven of my own. Great God-A-Mighty, a heaven of my own.

And I'd sure give all my women their own sweet happy home.

But even more important than the types of blues already mentioned is another, broader in scope and far more complicated, blues too sad to be funny and too funny to be sad. These blues are part of an outlook—called tragic-comedy, black humor, and dark comedy—that has become increasingly prevalent as a literary point of view, especially in the modern dramas of Ibsen, Chekov, Strindberg, Lorca, and Pirandello. By combining various discordant elements—tears and laughter, life and death, good and evil, tragedy and humor—writers induce mental strife. The conflict caused by the simultaneous appearance of two opposed elements shocks and upsets whatever balance the mind has achieved, forcing it to concentrate on the experience presented until a new balance, a fresh insight, is attained. Thus when writers fuse sad and funny elements, as in blues, the outlook provokes neither tears nor laughter but an 'earned' response that neither could provoke alone. As Heraclitus said: "The unlike is joined together, and from differences results the most beautiful harmony, and all things take place by strife." Perhaps part of the enduring appeal of blues lies in their combining sad and funny elements to produce a response that lies somewhere between tears and laughter. The combination produces mental strife, from which "results the most beautiful harmony." The following examples of dark comedy show the harmonizing power of blues.

Well, now you know my mama told me when I was only 6 weeks old. She said, 'Son, you know you get 6 weeks older, you know mama gonna set your clothes outdoors.'

Well, now you know I looked at my mama, and, baby, I began to cry I said, 'And when you put your boy out, well, as soon as I leave your poor boy gonna die.'

* * *

Got me accused of peepin'; I can't see a thing.

Got me accused of pettin'; I can't even raise my hand.

Bad luck, bad luck is killin' me.

Got me accused of murder; I never harmed a man.

Got me accused of forgery; I can't even write my name.

Bad luck, bad luck is killin' me.

Got me accused of taxes; I don't have a lousy dime.

Got me accused of children; ain't nary a-one of them mine.

Bad luck, bad luck is killin' me.

* * *

I walked, and I walked, and I walked, and I walked; I stopped for to rest my feet.

I sat down under an ol' oak tree and there went fast asleep.

I dreamed I was sittin' in a swell cafe as hungry as a bear.

My stomach sent a telegram to my throat:

'There's a wreck on the road somewhere.'

But I heard the voice of a pork chop say: 'Come unto me and rest.'

Well, you can talk about your stewin' beans; I know what's the best.

Well, you can talk about your chicken, ham 'n' eggs, turkey stuffed an' dressed.

But I heard the voice of a pork chop say: 'Come unto me and rest.'

* * *

You took her gun, hit her razor hand. And you were wrong 'cause she ain't never harmed a man.

* * *

Hey, Mr. Jailer, will you please bring me the key?

I just want you to open the door, sir, 'cause this ain't no place for me.

* * *

I looked for my pistol, but I found I had the safety on.

And before I could shoot it, that man had my best gal and gone.

* * *


You're so beautiful, but you've got to die someday.

All I want's a little lovin' just before you pass away.

* * *

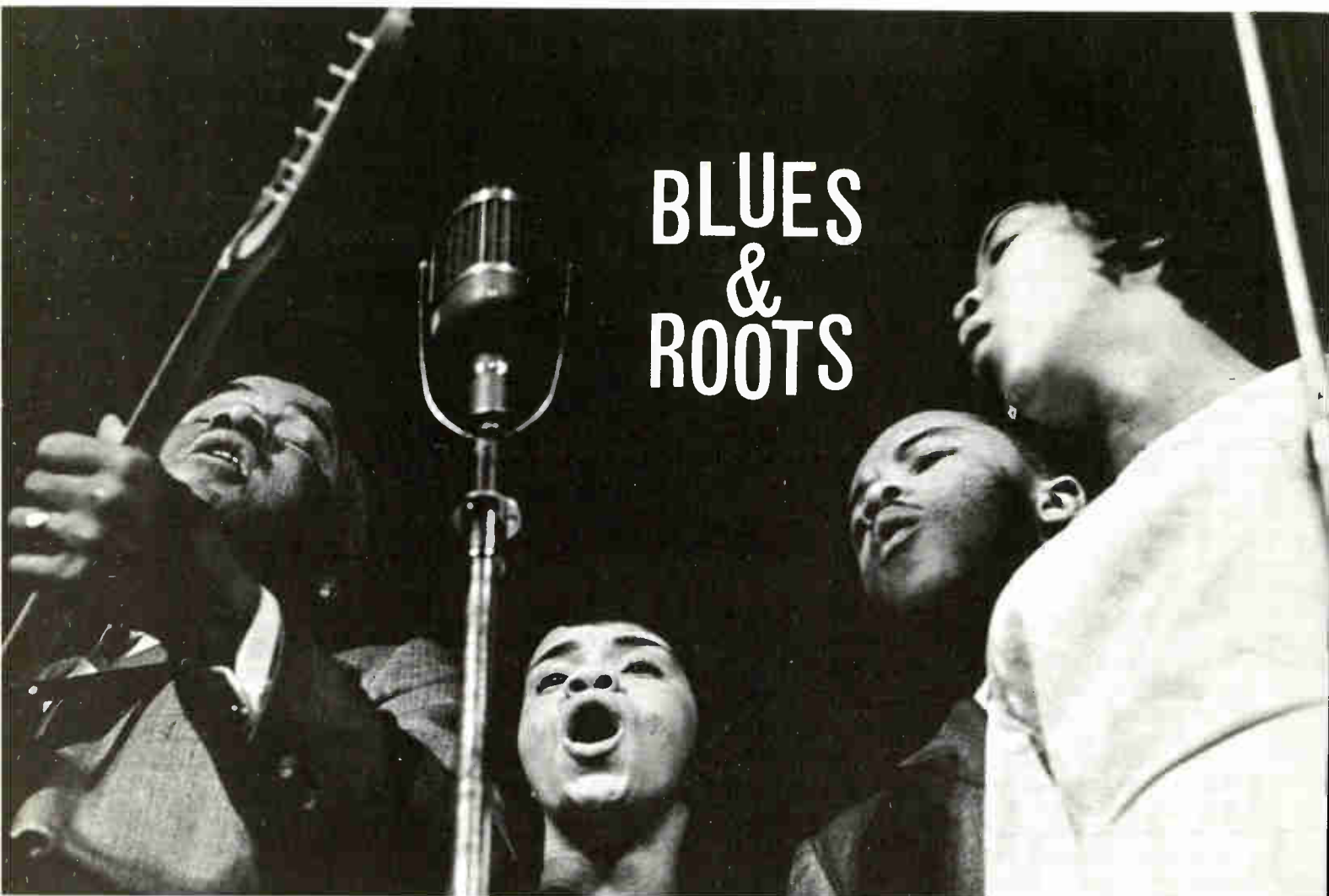
I went up to my window just to see what I could see.

Someone was in my bed, and I know it wasn't me.

Once the stereotype of blues as only songs of sorrow has been broken, humor of one sort or another becomes the keynote of the whole form. Blues could not have survived if its songs had only expressed the miseries of their background conditions; their art, their poetry, consists in having transcended those conditions, in having made out of them that most beautiful harmony. 

THE BEST OF

BLUES & ROOTS



A Guide to Blues, Gospel, R&B and Ragtime on Records

By PETE WELDING

During the last eight to ten years, interest in blues specifically, and American Negro folksong generally, has spiraled at a truly astonishing rate. The blues collector of a decade ago had to content himself with the occasional LP recital by Josh White, the ubiquitous Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry, or the recountrified Bill Broonzy that the folksong revival sent his way. True, there were such beauties as the exemplary four-LP Bessie Smith set on Columbia, some blues items in the short-lived RCA Victor "X" label reissue series, the classic jazz-blues reissues of Paramount, and other such anomalies, but the blues reissue was a rarity and the release of a current recording by workers in the blues vineyards almost unheard of.

All this has changed, however. Presently there are more than 700 long-play albums of blues and related authentic Negro folk music materials available to the student/collector of this music. The range of the material and the styles represented is broad, from archaic, almost primitive-styled field recordings to glossy, meticulous samples of the studio recording engineer's art, as well as every shade in between. Major labels have instituted recording

programs that provide for the issuance of new material by contemporary and veteran blues performers—recordings that are produced with the same seriousness of intent and attention to detail that are lavished on jazz recording activities; additionally, reissue programs involving blues materials are implemented by these firms when feasible.

However, the major burden for blues issues falls to the small, independent record label, of which a fair number have proliferated during the last decade. Generally these labels are conducted as labors of love by their operators, most of whom are themselves collectors-enthusiasts of the music. Dealing in sales quantities that are tiny in comparison with those of the major labels, and thus operating on a small profit margin, these firms nevertheless have carried forward, and continue to carry forward, most of the serious and valuable work in blues scholarship, documenting older, germinal stylistic materials, tracing regional developments and diffusion of the music—in short, charting the historical evolution and dissemination of the blues.

The rediscovery of the old country blues on rare shellac

PHOTO/RAY FLERLAGE

78-rpm and their issuance on LP, coupled with the corollary rediscovery of a number of the old performers, has resulted in a virtual rewriting of blues history. Most important, perhaps, has been the belated recognition of the ongoing, fecundating role of Mississippi in the mainstream of the blues. Chief agent in this awakening was Origin Records, one of these independent operations, whose reissue on LP of many rare and often obscure examples of the work of the important Mississippi Delta bluesmen was vastly instrumental in focusing attention on the powerful, influential music of this area. It was largely as a result of Origin's two reissue albums of his work that the innovative Charley Patton became to be recognized as one of the progenitors—or at least one of the earliest exponents—of the harsh, introspective Mississippi blues style; his musical offspring have been virtually legion, extending to the present in the form of Muddy Waters and Howling Wolf, among others.

While some firms—Origin, RBF, Blues Classics, and America's Music, to list the most active—have concentrated on the reissue of older recordings of American Negro folksong, a number of others—Arhoolie, Delmark,

Folkways, Testament, Spivey, Folk-Lyric, Piedmont-Melodeon, among them—have concentrated on documenting the ongoing traditional activities, seeking out and recording old and new carriers of those traditions.

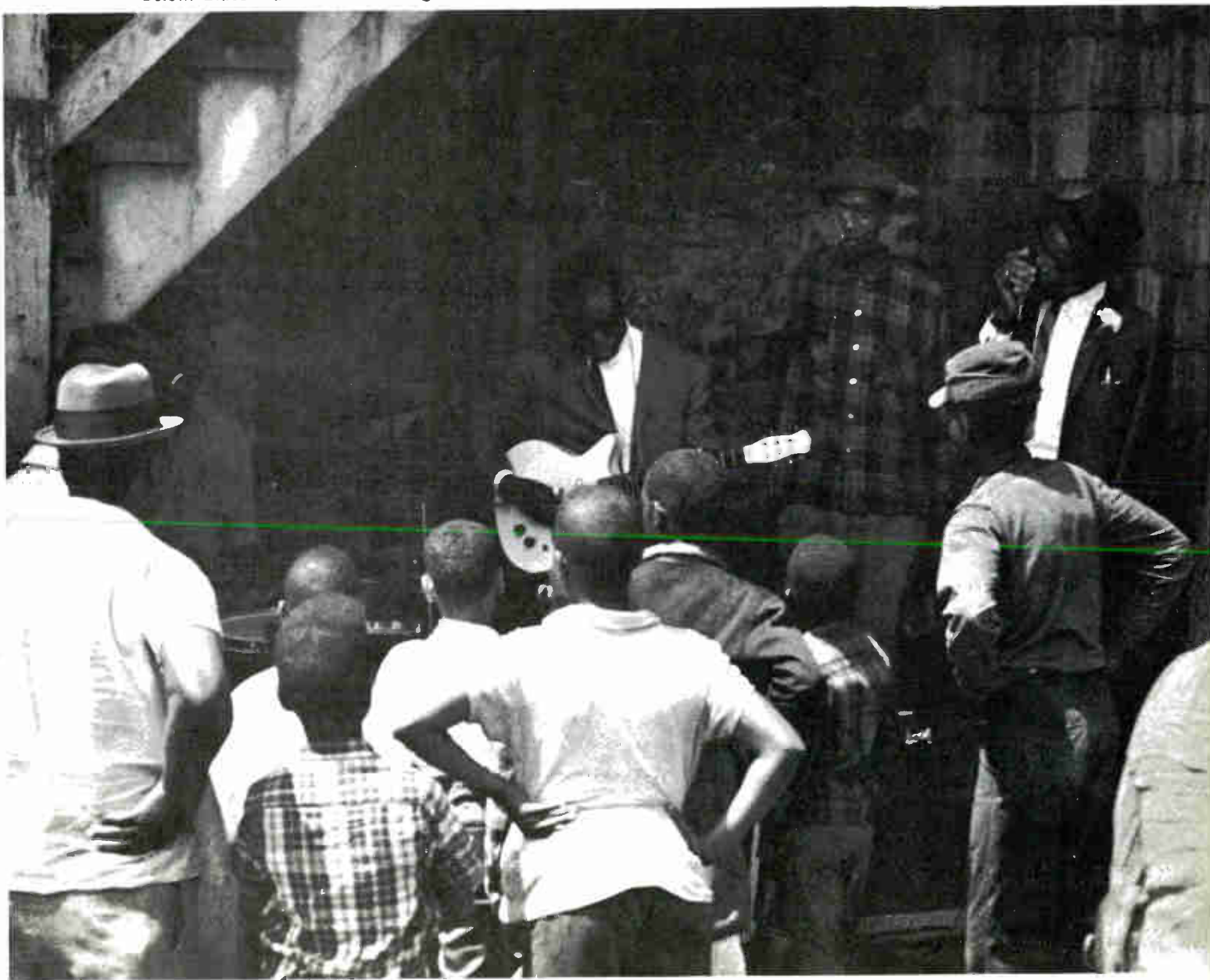
The following selected discography was assembled in the hopes of leading the novice collector of this material to a number of the more durable, significant, or musically rewarding of the hundreds of LPs of Negro folksong that have been issued in recent years, and of calling attention to items the more experienced collector might have missed. Naturally, any such listing as that which follows presupposes a certain amount of subjectivity, but I have tried to be as objective as possible in the selection of recordings and in my descriptions of them. The biases they reflect will be familiar to readers of my **Blues 'n' Folk** column in **Down Beat**, and should be so approached. In the main, however, I have attempted to list those items which have taught me most about the music and which have given me the greatest amount of pleasure over the years.

—Pete Welding

(Note: all recordings are 12-inch LP unless otherwise specified.)

Photos: Opposite page: The Staple Singers (Roebuck, Cleo, Purvis and Mavis Staples).

Below: Blues Musicians on Chicago's Maxwell Street.





Above: Big Joe Williams

Right: Bessie Smith

Below: Eddie "Son" House



Afro-American Blues and Game Songs; edited and annotated by Alan Lomax (Library of Congress AAFS L4).

An essential set of field recordings, primarily collected in southern prison farms during the 1930s, of the freely decorated, extended country blues, as well as hollers ("arhoolies"), harmonica solos, and children's game songs, lullabies, and several ring games. Excellent annotations.

Afro-American Spirituals, Work Songs and Ballads; edited and annotated by Alan Lomax (Library of Congress AAFS L3).

A magnificent album of field recordings of older-styled Negro religious music, superb worksong and ballad performances, again primarily from penal farms and collected in the years 1933 to 39. Informative, detailed notes.

American Street Songs; edited and annotated by Kenneth L. Goldstein (Riverside RLP 12-611). Also available as *Gospel, Blues and Street Songs* (Riverside RLP 148).

Representative selections by two exemplary South Carolina sidewalk minstrels. Anderson, with years of touring medicine show experience behind him, is a fine singer-guitarist with a vast fund of traditional song, among which are ballads, blues, dance pieces, minstrel novelty songs, popular and Gospel songs. Davis, on the other hand, is a street-corner evangelist (though he earlier had performed blues when recording with his mentor Blind Boy Fuller in 1935), a strong singer and a stunning guitarist whose beautifully controlled performances of religious music are among the most affecting that may cur-

rently be heard in the Eastern Seaboard style. Additional recordings by both are available on the Prestige/Bluesville label, while a set on the Stinson label, *The Singing Reverend* (SLP 56) exactly duplicates an earlier 10-inch Davis LP.

Arnold, Kokomo and Peetie Wheatstraw; edited and annotated by Chris Strachwitz (Blues Classics BC-4).

An attractive compilation of commercial "race record" releases by two of the urban blues idiom's more interesting and viable performers. Georgia-born James "Kokomo" Arnold was a master of the so-called slide guitar technique, and the whining, near-vocal sound of the approach enlivens the eight selections, recorded in the years 1934-37. Wheatstraw, also known as "The Devil's Son-in-Law" and "The High Sheriff of Hell," though his given name was William Bunch, was a haunting singer-pianist (and sometime guitarist) who recorded extensively from 1930 to his death in 1941. His distinctive yelping vocal style and his gifts as a composer of memorable blues are well demonstrated in eight numbers recorded from 1930 to 38.

Berry, Chuck, One Dozen Berrys (Chess LP-1432).

An invigorating program of instrumental and vocal performances by one of the innovators of the rock-and-roll form, a hybridization of blues and popular song elements which occurred in the mid-1950s. Supple, danceable rhythms, rapid-fire guitar work, and the ensemble playing more than compensate for the occasionally insipid, adolescent-directed lyrics. Other recordings by the performer are to be found on the same level, the two-LP *Golden Decade* (Chess LP 1514) offering a particularly interesting cross-section of his recorded work for that label from 1955 until the present. His recent recordings for Mercury do not possess much of the fire or conviction of his important early work.

Blind Blake, Blues in Chicago; edited and annotated by Hans R. Rookmaaker (Dutch Riverside RM 8804).

Sixteen well-chosen selections, recorded between 1926 and 31, by the facile singer-guitarist whose polished blues were to exert a significant influence upon popular blues recording artists like Big Bill Broonzy, Josh White, and others. The notes, by a Dutch jazz writer, are more enthusiastic (and occasionally fatuous) than informed.

Blues at Newport, 1964, Volumes 1 and 2; edited and annotated by Samuel B. Charters (Vanguard VSD 79180 and 79181).

Indicative of the pronounced interest in the undiluted country blues on the part of the folk music revival audience are these two LPs, recorded at various programs during the 1964 Newport Folk Festival. Several recently re-discovered blues performers—Mississippi John Hurt, Skip James, Sleepy John Estes, and Reverend Robert Wilkins—are represented by some of their finest performances on record, while there is added interest in the exciting music of a number of Negro tradition bearers unearthed by the revival—Fred McDowell, Robert Pete Williams, Doc Reese, Willie Doss, and Elizabeth Cotton. Well-engineered sound, and feelingful annotations.

Blues in the Mississippi Night; recorded, edited, and annotated by Alan Lomax (United Artists UAL 4027).

Subtitled "The Real Story of the Blues," this provocative album combines recorded interviews of three popular Chicago-based

recording artists, guitarist Bill Broonzy, harmonica player Sonny Boy Williamson (#1), and pianist Memphis Slim, with their performances of traditional blues and work-song re-creations, and with field recordings by traditional Negro singers of blues, hollers, and work-songs. A fascinating, colorful document. Complete transcription (occasionally inaccurate) of the interview and song materials is included.

Bluebird Blues; edited and annotated by Lawrence Cohn (RCA Victor Vintage LPV-518).

A sampling of the huge catalog of blues performances recorded between 1933 and 1946 by Bluebird, RCA Victor's popular "race record" wing, this set includes powerful country blues performances by Poor Joe Williams, Tommy McClennan, and Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup, as well as representative selections by Blind Willie and Kate McTell, Tampa Red, Lonnie Johnson, Sleepy John Estes, and Sonny Boy Williamson. Cohn's notes are most informative.

Bradford, Alex, Abyssinian Baptist Gospel Choir; annotated by Langston Hughes (Columbia CS 8348).

Under the direction of Bradford, one of the most gifted and prolific singer-composers in current Negro religious music, the 120-voice Abyssinian Baptist Gospel Choir of Newark, N.J., offers one of the most exciting, volcanic programs of Gospel song ever recorded. Fine soloists, powerful ensemble singing, and excellent recording (the stereophonic sound is perhaps the best on record) make this the finest location-recorded album of religious song in recent years, imparting a sense of the fervor and intensity the music is capable of generating. Additional recordings by Bradford, though with more usual small groups, are available on the Specialty label, *Too Close to Heaven* (SP 2108) being particularly impressive.

Carr, Leroy, Blues Before Sunrise; edited by Frank Driggs, annotated by Duncan P. Scheidt (Columbia CL 1799).

Tennessee-born singer-pianist Carr was among the earliest shapers of the smooth, regularized urban blues approach that gained favor and ultimately dominated blues recording in the 1930s and 40s. This set of 16 performances memorializes the buoyant rhythm, the light, unforced singing, the appealing interplay of supple piano and intricate guitar (most often by Carr's longtime partner Scrapper Blackwell, though Josh White is added on three tracks), and the catchy, witty lyrics that were Carr's contribution to the music. The notes are detailed and instructive.

Can't Keep from Crying; recorded, edited, and annotated by Pete Welding (Testament S-01).

Eleven songs by traditional performers, all but one recorded in Chicago in the weeks following the assassination of John F. Kennedy, capture the deep feeling of loss experienced by the Negro at the death of a president who had done much to further the cause of civil rights. A moving document.

Charles, Ray, The Ray Charles Story (Atlantic 2-900; two LPs).

The 29 selections on these two discs document the development of this popular artist in whose music the three main streams of American Negro music—blues, Gospel music, and jazz—combine in a mutually stimulating and hugely successful manner. Charles' gritty, exhortative voice, the antiphonal responses of the Raelets supporting vocal group, and the finely

disciplined Charles orchestra are in superb form in these influential, genre-defining recordings. Additional Charles recordings are available on the Atlantic, ABC-Paramount, and Tangerine labels.

Chicago Blues—The Early 1950s; edited and annotated by Chris Strachwitz (Blues Classics BC-8).

The second wave of post-World War II Chicago bluesmen who followed in the wake of Muddy Waters, Howling Wolf, Little Walter, etc., is represented here by their more interesting selections in a judicious cross-section, culled from commercial recordings of the period and featuring such artists as Junior Wells, Johnny Young, J. B. Hutto, Homesick James Williamson, John Brim, Snooky Pryor and Moody Jones, Floyd Jones, and others. Only fair notes, however.

Chicago/The Blues/Today!; recorded, edited, and annotated by Samuel B. Charters (Vanguard VSD 79216, 79217, and 79218).

These three recent recordings document the ongoing blues activity in Chicago. Most of the performers represented are lesser-known disciples of the influential modern Chicago bluesmen; all have recorded previously—with varying degrees of commercial success—and have worked intermittently in the city's irregular club scene, and their music is indicative of what passes for standard fare in the clubs and taverns of Chicago's South and West Sides. The Vanguard series, it should be emphasized, is not representative of the best work of these artists, but it is at least convenient, uniform, and readily obtainable. Allied recordings include *Modern Chicago Blues* (Testament T-2203); Otis Spann, *Nobody Knows My Troubles* (Testament T-2211), *The Blues Never Die* (Prestige 7391), and *Blues Is Where It's At* (BluesWay 6003); Junior Wells, *Hoodoo Man Blues* (Delmark DL-612) and *It's My Life, Baby* (Vanguard VSD-79231); *Johnny Young and His Chicago Blues Band* (Arhoolie F-1029), and *The James Cotton Blues Band* (Verve Folkways FTS-3023), among others.

Sam Collins; edited and annotated by Pete Whelan (Origin Jazz Library OJL-10).

Reissues of 14 performances, recorded between 1927 and 32, by the first of the great Mississippi Delta bluesmen to record commercially, plus two numbers by singer-guitarist King Solomon Hill, reputed to be a pseudonym for Collins, a theory that has since been discarded. An important set, however, as it makes available most of Collins' best and most traditional-based performances. Hill is superb.

The Country Blues, Volumes 1 and 2; edited and annotated by Samuel B. Charters (RBF Records 1 and 9 respectively).

Two interesting companion albums that provide a good cross-section of the highly individualized country blues approaches and which hint at regional differences in style and texture. In the main, the material has been well selected from pre-war commercial recordings by excellent, representative workers in the country blues traditions, though one might take exception to the inclusion of urban stylists Maceo Merriweather, Leroy Carr, and Lonnie Johnson. A related set is the two-LP *The Rural Blues* (RBF Records 202), which purports to examine the vocal and instrumental resources of the country blues but which is only partially successful.

Country Blues Classics, Volumes 1, 2, 3, and 4; edited by Chris Strachwitz (Blues

Classics BC-5, 6, 7, and 14 respectively).

Interesting compilations of country-based commercial blues releases, selected with discrimination by a knowledgeable collector. The sets' chief value is in the judicious blending of pre-war and post-war recordings, demonstrating the ongoing viability of the forms. The absence of notes is a serious defect in an otherwise splendid set of reissues.

Detroit Blues—The Early 1950s; edited by Chris Strachwitz, annotated by Paul Oliver (Blues Classics BC-12).

Post-war blues developments were not confined to Chicago, as this set of 14 recordings produced in the industrial city of Detroit attests. Instruments were electrically amplified, as in Chicago blues of the period, but the Detroit blues—in the absence of a large recording complex—retained a more pronounced feeling of the older pre-war blues, as the recordings by Baby Boy Warren, Dr. Isaiah Ross, Big Maceo Merriweather, Bobo Jenkins, and Eddie Kirkland in this album reveal. A related set is Dr. Ross' *Call the Doctor* (Testament T-2206). More recent Blues Classics sets document blues activities of the period for Memphis and the Mississippi Delta (BC-15) and Texas (BC-16). A valuable series.

Bo Diddley (Chess LP-1431).

Earliest and still the most satisfying single album by singer-guitarist Diddley, with Chuck Berry a progenitor of the mid-1950s blues-pop offshoot, rock-and-roll. Hypnotic rhythms, excellent group playing in a style very close to the modern Chicago blues mainstream, fine harmonica work by Billy Boy Arnold, and interesting lyrics combine to produce one of the classic rock albums. Other Diddley albums on the same label.

Sleepy John Estes, 1929-1940; edited and annotated by Samuel B. Charters (RBF Records 8).

An extraordinarily affecting folk poet whose songs have been among the most moving and autobiographical blues ever recorded, Estes is here heard in a program of 12 selections originally issued on commercial discs in the first phase of his recording career. Among the accompanists on these superb recordings are mandolinist Yank Rachell, pianist Jab Jones, and harmonica player Hammie Nixon. Rediscovered in 1962, Estes, now blind, has embarked upon a second career and his recordings from this period, also with Rachell and Nixon, may be heard on the Delmark label. Especially recommended is *The Legend of Sleepy John Estes* (DL-603). Mandolinist Rachell has recorded for the same label; his *Mandolin Blues* (DL-606) is an interesting set.

Blind Boy Fuller; edited by Chris Strachwitz, annotated by Paul Oliver (Blues Classics BC-11).

Easily the foremost blues musician of the Piedmont area of North Carolina was blind singer-guitarist Fulton Allen, better known as Blind Boy Fuller, under which name he made a good number of commercial recordings from 1935 until his death in 1940. The 14 selections comprising this set are among his best, most representative work and are further enlivened by the presence of blind harmonica player Sonny Terry and washboard player Bull City Red (George Washington), with whom Fuller often worked on the streets of the Carolina tobacco towns. Fuller's music is kept alive today in the work of Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry; the

(Continued on page 86)

HOUSTON

PUMPING IN

BY GUS
MATZORKIS

A FEW DAYS on business in a town you don't know means, among other things, wondering what you'll do after the last conference is over at 6 p.m. or 8 p.m. or 10 p.m. I knew that, so I asked around the office when I arrived there from the Houston airport.

"Jazz music? I don't really know much about that, but I understand there's some Dixieland music down on Travis Street at the Club Hannibal."

"Well, let's see . . . there's a place near Market Square where they play some kind of rock & roll music."

"Two or three places in town have Greek bouzoukee music, with belly dancers and all."

I scrawled "Travis St." and "Market Sq." on the back of a calling card, slipped it in my shirt pocket, played with the thought of possibly going for the bouzoukee (for me, Zorba the Greek *lives*—the patronizing mainstream American critical reaction to the film and book notwithstanding), and then shut all that off to address myself to the sometimes interesting and engaging, but more often deadly routine manipulating I knew I'd be involved in the rest of that Tuesday workday.

As it happened, I wrapped it up relatively early. Quick shower and shave at the hotel, then dinner by 9 or so. Urgent inner whispers, "Turn on a little," as I drove down the deserted, quiet, very lonely streets. I found Market Square and parked. A young kid hurried along on the sidewalk across the square. A burly guy in a ragged jacket crossed the street against the DON'T WALK sign on my side of the square. Stillness, little light, footstep echoes as I walked toward the corner diagonally across the way from a couple of clubs that seemed to be open.

A softly lighted storefront at the corner revealed nine or ten large canvases and a slender, slightly stooped lady standing in the middle of an art gallery of sorts in what used to be a delicatessen or Army-Navy store. I walked in and listened to a fragile, faintly trembling voice earnestly recite facts and names and dates about the painters whose work hung on the walls. The old lady and some of the paintings were really very nice. I told her that, and then asked her about jazz music in the area.

"I'm afraid I don't know much about jazz music. But let me think for a moment . . . across the square there, some young men with long blue hair play guitars and sing. And over there at the Club Hannibal, they have some kind of musical entertainment. I believe it is a Gay Nineties kind of revue."

After thanking her, I paused outside to consider just going back to the hotel. Oh what the hell, stopping at the Club Hannibal would not take that much time.

The young Negro at the door apologetically told me there was a \$1 admission charge. I saw a bar the length of one wall of the dark rectangular room, a bandstand against the opposite wall, and perhaps 20 tables, arranged semi-circularly around it. I was led to a table near the bandstand. I apparently had arrived during an intermission. Hey; a tenor sax, bass, drums, and piano up there. Well all right; I either was going to hear some very corrupted Dixieland and Gay Nineties music, or the young girl at the office and the old girl at the storefront gallery were really out of it.

I sipped a drink. There were 25 or 30 customers in the place, including four young persons with long blue hair at the table next to mine. The bartender was white and heartily friendly. The waiters were black, pleasant in an almost-southern-colored way, and vaguely uncomfortable in response to my unfolding conviviality. An open spiral staircase in the middle of the room led to something upstairs. Overall, a nice lambent feeling to the place.

A muscular man on crutches lifted himself up onto the bandstand and into a barstool-like chair, grunting, and positioned his unbending leg in front of him. The face alone possibly would not have done it, but the tenor saxophone he picked up completed the recollection. "Arnett Cobb!"

Now what the hell was Arnett Cobb doing up there? Featured tenor sax soloist with the rampageous Lionel Hampton band of the mid-40s, Cobb had long since

dropped out of sight and mind of the jazz audience as well as of whatever more general public he had had in his heyday. "Hamp's tenor man in the 40s? Oh, you mean Illinois Jacquet, or maybe Johnny Griffin"—and there Arnett Cobb lay buried between the memory of a predecessor and successor with the Hampton band. But Arnett's tough, wild solo rides on the stage of Cleveland's Palace Theatre had hit hard and true and had shaken up an idea or two of mine about what was moving and hot and real, and I remembered.

THAT AND THE next night was an old, interrupted romance, flickering and kept going mostly by a remembered excitement. Oh, the music rocked along in a nice, easy enough groove: simple, straight-ahead stuff with enough of an occasional gutty outburst by Arnett to keep you from getting too comfortable. Drummer, bassist, and pianist kept a happy, bouncing beat going.

"Let's bring on Joy Ann Tobin," and a young, shining, bright black chick sang a few songs with a controlled attack that said she was a singer who had done her homework, and a hint of raw exuberance that said she perhaps was even more a woman. Feet tapped and heads nodded to the rhythm and all that, but it really



Eddie Vinson, Jimmy Ford, Joy Ann Tobin and Arnett Cobb in Action

was the long-ago feeling and the loose reminiscing with Arnett that made that Tuesday and Wednesday more than just a pleasant interlude.

The following Sunday night, on the other hand, was out of sight—on its own and for what it was more than because of remembrance of things very young and unbeatable and unretrievable.

Joy Ann was singing when I paid my dollar and was led to the empty table in front of the bandstand. She was finishing a showy *Shadow of Your Smile* as she looked over and smiled a splendid hello. *Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home* was announced as her closing number for that set. "Oh Jesus," I thought and prepared to make wholesale allowances for a song battered through the decades by countless singing pianists and bathetic supper club torch singers. Leaning forward into the microphone, her body barely undulating and then infectiously rocking back and forth to the increasingly pounding beat, her voice calling and then

urgently shouting, she took us beyond the lyric and shape of that song to a place where might-have-beens are.

Her minor miracle accomplished, Joy Ann skipped off the bandstand and sat down beside me. She was flush with the warmth she had generated and pleased in a childlike way by the vehemence of the crowd's applause. She said "Hi" in a little girl whisper that flashed a glimpse of wide-eyed innocence in a world of hard-bitten bastardliness. Only a glimpse, though, before the loose-fitting mask fell back into place. She asked how I had liked her last song. I told her she had been fine. I wasn't jiving and she wasn't jiving, you understand—just nice and polite and on-the-level chatting.

There was a second hornman in the band, a vaguely familiar face blowing alto saxophone. He and Arnett on that big tenor sax were casually playing around with some simple riffs on top of a heavy beat laid down by Ben Turner on drums, Ben Stuberville on bass, and Cedrick Hayward on piano. "Eddie was off sick when you were here before," Joy Ann nodded toward the alto player, her head and shoulders moving with the pounding rhythm. Eddie played a swinging little solo—loping wails interwoven with jagged runs—and then got more purposeful and intense in response to a new alto sound that tore into the group from a customer at a table directly in front of Arnett's rigidly outstretched leg.

"Eddie who?" I asked Joy Ann.

"Eddie Vinson. And that's Jimmy Ford at the table. He likes to sit in."

Leaping, thrusting, agitated sounds swirled around the spiral staircase and bounced off the walls as the three hornmen bumped and felt their way toward and around one another. Ragged, jarring stuff. Most of the customers looked a little puzzled, like someone who awkwardly smiles at a joke he really doesn't understand but can't feel loose enough to either put down or ask about.

"Cleanhead Vinson, the blues shouter?"

"Yeah," Joy Ann said, pleased. "Do you know Eddie?"

I knew his blues singing more than his alto playing. Vinson, like Arnett, had dropped from national view years before. I knew the last thing I had heard of his was a record made 20 years before with the Cootie Williams Band. 'Cleanhead' Vinson sometimes came to mind when I heard Jimmy Witherspoon or Jimmy Rushing shouting the blues. Except for that, I really had forgotten him.

The set ended to mostly dutiful applause. Arnett came by on his crutches, said his raspy hello, told me he'd come back by soon, and pulled himself off to make a phone call. I stopped Eddie Vinson as he walked by. "You still shout the blues?" I asked. A broad grin temporarily erased the weary lines in his face. "You know I shout the blues, baby?" Yeah, he would sing during the next set.

"Lemme tell you, though," he added conspiratorially, the grin gone. "I'm oold. You know, an old man, not what I used to be." He stated it as a matter of fact, without self-pity or sentimentality. So it was in that spirit that I countered, "Oh man, don't let the young hipsters get you to believing you're all washed up because you're almost 50. You telling me you've got to be 25 to be alive?" He read my clumsy rejoinder as a condescending kindness, and rejected it with a snort.

"Crap," I snorted back, "Louis Armstrong is a hell of a lot older than you, and when Louis isn't in his *Hello Dolly* bag, he still gets his beautiful thing going. Look at Ellington; Duke is 67 or 68! And dig this. Dizzy Gillespie's as old as you are. Does Dizzy look like he's getting ready to lay down and die?" I could feel the ooze of the swampy ground I had gotten onto and was relieved to see Vinson wave it all away and head for the bar.

"Well look, I'm going to buy you a drink," I told Joy Ann.

She smiled and that little girl thing peeked out again. "Can I have anything I want?"

Houston is in Texas, and that means you bring your own bottle into a club and order set-ups or else you just drink beer or wine. So why did she ask me that? Was she putting me on?

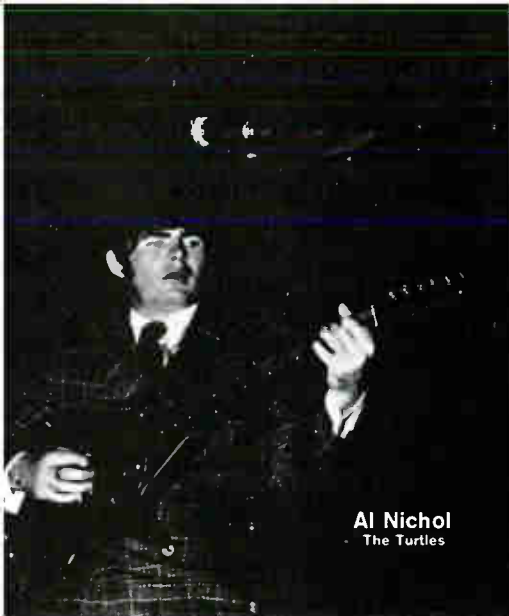
"Yes, sure."

"Then I want burgundy, please," she said seriously. When the cocktail glass full of burgundy wine came, together with another beer for me, the queen of that bandstand fingered the glass-stem like Jean Arthur or Audrey Hepburn fondling the first wondrous glass of champagne of the movie; she plainly was delighted. I played around with the irony of that for a moment, trying to shape it into concrete symbols. Bad scene. That seeking for explication only numbed my feel of it, and I let it loose to merge again with the evening's free-flowing warmth.

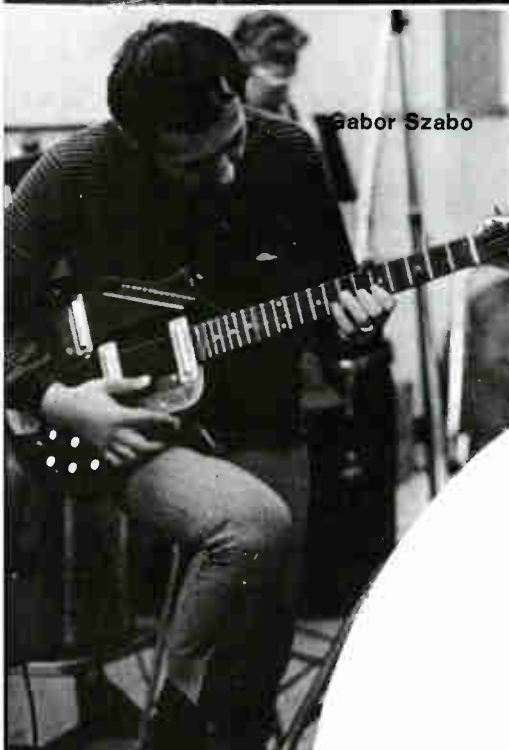
ARNETT CAME BACK and chose to stand by my chair, leaning on his crutches, rather than venturing the sweaty, grunting ritual of getting himself into a chair. How did it happen? Bad automobile accident back East. Almost fatal. Lousy break but lucky in a way. Why back to Houston for good? Can't really take the road any more. Tired of all that traveling anyway. Daughter needs roots as she grows up.



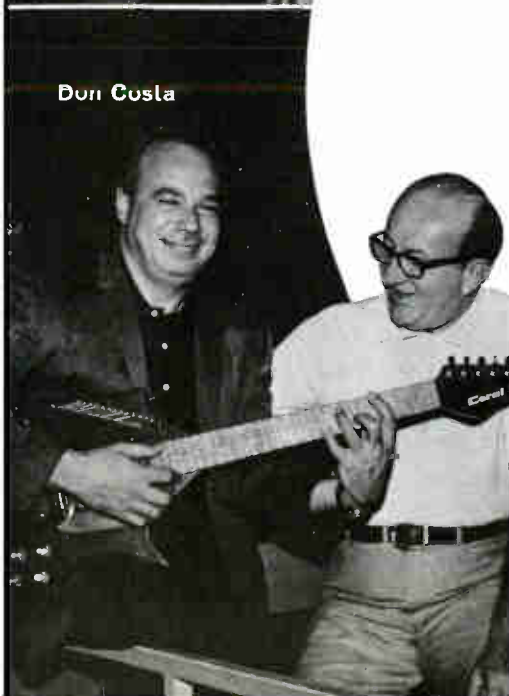
1947: Arnett leads Booty Wood and Dave Page down the Apollo Theater aisle.



Al Nichol
The Turtles



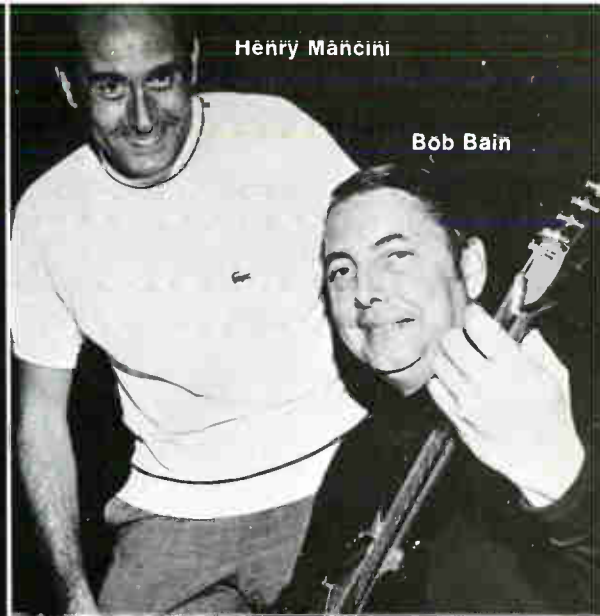
Gabor Szabo



Don Costa

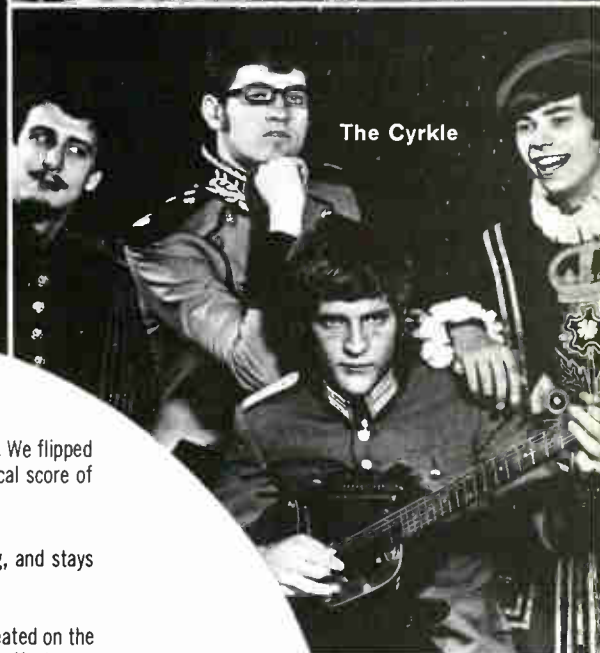
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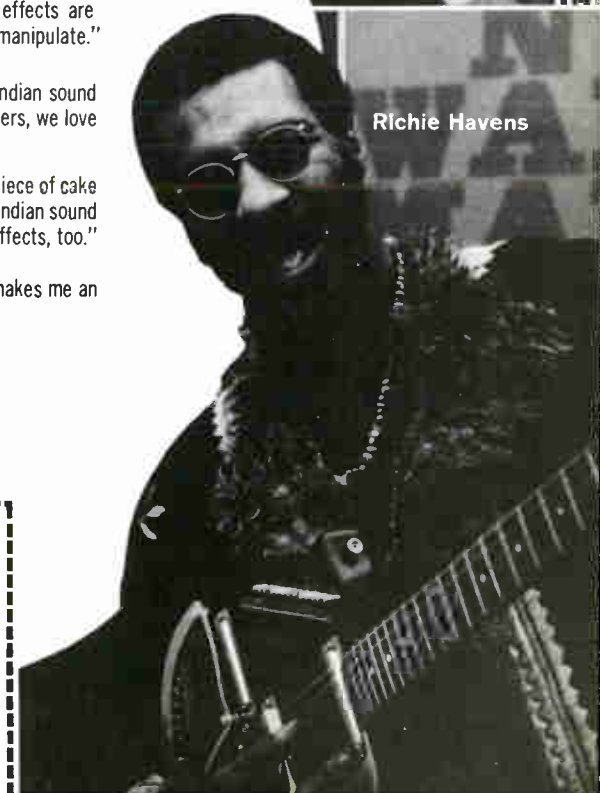
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Houston is home. Some just end up going back home.

We picked up our talk of the previous Wednesday. More about the Lionel Hampton Band and Cleveland's Palace Theatre of 20 years earlier and the jazz scene in general. "You and Ben Webster get a lot of the same good thing going," I told him truthfully. "And it's funny, but when you're playing behind Joy Ann, you don't *sound* like Lester Young and Joy Ann doesn't sound like Billie Holiday, but I get some of that nice, warm Lester-Billie feeling from it."

"This man's going to turn my head," Arnett blurted out, actually flustered. Then he added in that strong rhythmic cadence which marked him as a musician or dancer, "Ben Webster and Lester Young are giants. You're paying me a very big compliment. Too big. Too big."

Eddie Vinson shouted the blues in the next set. The puzzled looks left the faces of the customers after the first number, and by the third number, the Club Hannibal was in a beautiful uproar: Eddie stridently calling out the blues lines, people standing up and calling back and rocking to the hard-driving beat, Jimmy Ford joining Arnett up on the stand and blowing intense flurries of sound. In the middle of the number, Eddie looked over and fell into a takeoff on Louis Armstrong: exaggerated vibrato, gravel voice, trembling head—the whole bit. I got out a handkerchief and waved it at him. "Yeah, baby," he growled as he took out his handkerchief and completed the tribute by wiping the real sweat that was pouring down his face and neck. After a chorus of that, they closed the number with Eddie joyously bellowing over a dense cacophony of thumping drums, preaching saxes, roaring customers, and shouts of "Go" and "Work" from the now unmasked waiters behind me and the boys with the blue hair who apparently had returned to feel and perhaps soak up more of the strength and vitality of Arnett's group.

A teen-aged girl who during the previous intermission had asked Arnett to let her sing a number with the band was introduced. Her quick, nervous listing of qualifications—"I've acted in summer theatres back East and have done lots of singing"—had made me think Arnett had been too quick to graciously agree. ("What key? Gee, I don't care, Mr. Cobb.") It was during her almost unbelievably bad song that Joy Ann began to loosen up.

"She sings nice, doesn't she?" was her non-comment, delivered with detached politeness.

"Don't jive me, Joy Ann."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Come on, you know very well that chick is very, very, *very* bad."

Joy Ann suppressed a giggle for a moment, then burst out laughing.

Another layer of ritualized response was peeled off and discarded a moment later when I asked her about a band Arnett had told me played at the Club Hannibal after midnight on Saturday nights. "What sort of group is it?" I asked.

"Well . . .," she said carefully, "they really play over the heads of the people. You know, way out."

"You mean like John Coltrane or Sonny Rollins or Ornette Coleman?" I probed.

"Hey! You know about Trane and Sonny?" Her sudden delight was contagious. "Yeah, that other group is in this new bag."

So our haphazardly shared recollections of those three well-springs of contemporary avant garde jazz—and of Miles Davis, Archie Shepp, Charlie Mingus, Cannonball Adderley, Cassius Clay, Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan, the Florida from which she came, the Houston to which she went, the future she hoped to get to—wiped away the aftertaste of the singing actress' labored efforts to sound loose and swinging and hip as all hell.

"Would you like to hear me sing the blues?" Joy Ann asked as they started to announce her next appearance on the bandstand. "*Stormy Monday*," she answered her own question as she put down her glass of burgundy and went back up into the spotlight.

She let it all out during that set. No cute stuff. No studied vocalists' gestures. Just straight, true telling of hurt and gladness and despair and hope and a deep-down, somehow unsullied inner grace. There were traces of Sarah Vaughan and Ella Fitzgerald, some Dinah Washington, a lot of Ray Charles sanctified feeling and Mahalia Jackson gospel fervor; but Joy Ann was getting it all together her own way and getting her own authentic thing going. (Now hold on a minute. Isn't all this just a bit much to be saying about a young unknown singer in a Texas nightclub who may or may not ever make it big, and about some veteran jazzmen who don't even appear in the jazz popularity polls anymore? No, what those people were doing at the Club Hannibal was at least everything that has been noted here and, in fact, enough more than that to say damn your categories and ratings and damn, too, your deadening hangups with names and reputations and styles.)

Joy Ann returned to the table a bit out of breath, her pores wide open. "Beautiful," I unnecessarily told her what she already knew, "and you really came on



Hamp and Arnett

with *Stormy Monday*."

"It's so great up there when we know we're reaching someone, when we know they're feeling what we're doing." She was smiling. "*That's* the greatest."

INTERMISSION. One last short set would wrap up the club for the evening. Eddie Vinson remained on the bandstand alone. Slumped in his chair, he aimlessly fingered his alto sax and softly, tentatively blew disconnected patterns of notes in a kind of dialog with himself. The alto's tone became limpid as the notes began to merge into an alternating pattern of an almost painfully long held note followed by a flurry of darting, jerky sounds. He had drifted into *Stella by Starlight*, a lovely melody, and the Charlie Parker feeling to the thing was so strong that it was startling.

"Bird lives in Houston tonight!" I called up to Eddie.

"Ahhhh yes," Eddie called back, the broad grin back. "Here baby, I know what you're talking about; let me show you."

He stood up and blew burst after burst of warm liquid runs until he got a piece of the Parker *Stella by Starlight* exactly right, note for note. "Yes, that was Bird," he said with affection, and came to the table and sat down. "Let me tell you something 'bout Bird."

Sometime in 1939, Eddie Vinson was in Shreveport, Louisiana with the traveling Milt Larkins Band out of Houston. The Jay McShann Band out of Kansas City was in town at the same time, either just coming in or just leaving. Musicians from both bands got together in an after hours session. Inevitably, the exuberant blowing led to carving contests, a jazz king-of-the-hill game involving a proud man standing up on his own, calling on his mind and heart and fingers and lungs to spontaneously put something fine together—something more fine and strong and real than what the other musician is putting together.

Eddie told me he broke up the place that night in Shreveport. "I had it all that night, baby. Mr. Cleanhead was king of the world, for awhile. Then a young kid from Jay McShann's band gets his alto out and starts to blow the wildest things I ever heard in my life. He cut me good . . . man, he cut me up! I used to feel good a lot of the time in those days, you understand, and I was feelin' real good that night. But no question about that young cat, though. He had it all over me. Naturally, that was Charlie Parker at about 19 or 20 years old. I put my arm around that boy and told him, 'Man, you're not gonna get out of my sight until you show me how you make that horn go like that.' I kept him up all night showing me and talking and showing me. Yeah, baby, Bird was . . . you know, too much."

Eddie drifted off to answer a call from another table. Joy Ann must have noticed me toying with the almost empty beer glass in front of me and assumed I did not have enough for another drink. She leaned over and asked, "Would you mind if I bought you a beer?" Timidly, like would this okay be offended or would he misunderstand? I realized later that I should have let her go ahead and buy the beer, but I conventionally said no and ordered another last round myself.

Arnett came by and propped himself up on his crutches next to my chair. I told him I really dug the group's cooking during the previous set, and that I hoped he himself would open up and blow more in the few minutes of music still to come that night. "Yeah, I know I've been kind of quiet up there tonight. Been worried about my wife," he explained. "She's been sick the last couple of days, which is why I've been makin' all these phone calls tonight. But look here, the band's got a good thing going now, and I'll blow something before you leave Houston."

And he did. The final set picked up the mood of the previous one and carried it further. A catalyst all evening, Jimmy Ford got up on the bandstand with his alto sax and ripped off some choruses that turned Eddie Vinson on all the way. They alternated in a long series of rapid-fire, furious choruses that screamed "Bird" and "Shreveport" and "LIVE"—a stunning experience.

Finally, it was Arnett's turn. The old Lionel Hampton Band flagwaver, *Flyin' Home*, was the closing number. Arnett surely had played his variations of that number's standard tenor solo thousands of times through the years, but his solo that night was the first time, the only time.

He came on with a big husky sound that made you wonder how he possibly could build up from that. Tough, swaggering whooms and aghhhs to a wildly flailing beat. Tension and release, blocks of sound piled on one another: screeching when the horn's normal range couldn't say it all; sudden silences, surprising lyrical thrusts of melody, honks and screeches in another direction, occasional raspy vocal outcries as he lifted his mouth from the horn to suck in the strength for the next outburst. And always building, building, building. Toward the end, he pushed himself off that high chair and stood up leaning against it, shoulders hunched as he bent down into that big horn, to hurl the truth of his furious climax at us, as we all must learn and live with and relearn our truth: up on our feet and pumping from deep inside.



Jimmy Ford and Arnett



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THE GREAT BANDS

One of the most frequently asked questions in jazz—it has almost become rhetorical—is “Will the big bands ever come back?” Some 20 years have passed since the bands rode high, but the fact that so many still yearn for their return bespeaks the fondness with which the great days are remembered. Here is a nostalgic backward glance, through the picture files of *Down Beat*, at some memorable bands—famous and not so famous—tha made the era swing, from pre-B.G. to early bebop. All identifications: left to right.



Fletcher Henderson's was the band that started it all—back in 1923. This 1933 photo shows the typical Henderson abundance of talent: Red Allen, Joe Thomas, Russell Smith, trumpets; Horace Henderson, piano; Fletcher; Hilton Jefferson, Russell Procope, Buster Bailey, Coleman Hawkins, reeds; Keg Johnson, Claude Jones, trombones; Charles Holland, vocal; Walter Johnson, drums; Bernard Addison, guitar; John Kirby, bass.



The Casa Loma Orchestra, though not as well remembered as some other bands, paved the way for the swing era with its great popularity, especially with the college prom crowds. Here, at the Glen Island Casino in 1933, are Sonny Dunham, Grady Watts, Bobby Jones, trumpets; Pee Wee Hunt, Billy Rauch, trombones; Pat Davis, Clarence Hutchenrider, Glen Gray, Kenny Sargent, reeds; Gene Gifford, guitar; Tony Briglia, drums; Joe Hall, piano; Stanley Dennis, bass; Mel Jensen, conductor.



Duke Ellington also came on the scene early. By 1933, when the band posed for this picture on their first visit to England, it had reached greatness. Front row: Freddie Jenkins, Barney Bigard, Juan Tizol, Arthur Whetsel, Tricky Sam Nanton, Johnny Hodges. Second row: Lawrence Brown, Harry Carney, Fred Guy, Cootie Williams, Otto Hardwicke, Wellman Braud. Top row: Duke, Sonny Greer. Ellington is still going strong, and Brown, Carney, Hodges and Williams are still aboard.



Another band that started early was Jimmie Lunceford's, coming into prominence in 1934 at the Cotton Club. This 1934 shot shows Eddie Wilcox, piano; Lunceford; Al Norris, guitar; Willie Smith, Joe Thomas, Earl Carruthers, reeds; Eddie Tompkins, Sy Oliver, Tommy Stevenson, trumpets; Russell Bowles, Henry Wells, trombones; Moses Allen, bass; Jimmie Crawford, drums.



This was the Benny Goodman band, vintage 1935, that busted the big band scene wide open. Jess Stacy, piano; Allan Reuss, guitar; Helen Ward, vocal; Benny; Dick Clark, Bill DePew, Hymie Schertzer, Arthur Rollini, reeds; Joe Harris, Red Ballard, trombones; Harry Goodman, bass; Gene Krupa, drums; Harry Geller, Ralph Muzillo, Nate Kazebier, trumpets.



Tommy Dorsey was among the first to give Goodman strong competition in the big band sweepstakes. This 1939 crew had a lot of punch. Yank Lawson, Andy Feretti, Pee Wee Erwin, trumpets; Ward Silloway, Elmer Smithers, Dave Jacobs, trombones; T.D.; Deane Kincaid, Johnny Mince, Fred Stulce, Babe Rusin, Skeets Herfurt, reeds; Dave Tough, drums; Carmen Mastren, guitar; Gene Traxler, bass; Howard Smith, piano.



A band that came along early in the game was Cab Calloway's. This 1940 crew is the greatest the volatile singer ever had. Benny Payne, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Cozy Cole, drums; Danny Barker, guitar; Dizzy Gillespie, Lamar Wright, Jonah Jones, trumpets; Keg Johnson, Tyree Glenn, Quentin Jackson, trombones; Chu Berry, Jerry Blake, Hilton Jefferson, Andy Brown, Walter (Foots) Thomas, reeds.



Count Basie's band came roaring in from Kansas City, and swing was never quite the same. Here, at the Apollo Theater in Harlem in 1940, some high-powered band leaders sit in with the Count: Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Barnet. Getting the signal from Basie is Lester Young. Jo Jones is the drummer; also visible are trombonists Dickie Wells and Vic Dickenson, and trumpeters Harry Edison and Buck Clayton. (And wouldn't you like to have that session on tape?)



Woody Herman and the fabulous First Herd in action. Margie Hyams, vibes; Flip Phillips, John La Porta, Sam Marowitz, Pete Mondello, Skippy De Sair, reeds; Ralph Pfiffner, Bill Harris, Ed Kiefer, trombones; Chubby Jackson, bass; Dave Tough, drums; Sonny Berman, Neal Hefti (hidden), Charles Frankhauser, Pete Candoli, trumpets.



Billy Eckstine, who sometimes played trumpet, as he does here, headed the first big bebop band. This edition included John Malachi, piano; Taswell Baird, trombone; Gail Brockman, trumpet; Chips Outcalt, trombone; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; unknown trumpet and trombone; Shorty McConnell, trumpet; Tommy Potter, bass; Leo Parker, John Jackson, Bill Frazier, Dexter Gordon (behind Eckstine), reeds; Art Blakey, drums.

Don Ellis blows Masson a Holton.



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THE FAMOUS DOOR



BY GEORGE HOEFER

THE FAMOUS DOOR on New York's 52nd St. was a jazz club, one that like the proverbial cat had a number of lives. It acquired its name originally in an honest manner. There was a small door of plain wood on which visitors scribbled their names, and these early guests of the club were for the most part famous jazz musicians, who dropped in on a Wednesday night (more accurately, a Thursday morning) for the jam session.

Located on the first floor of a decaying brownstone mansion at 35 W. 52nd, the first Famous Door was established as a musician's hangout, especially for the men who served at NBC and CBS

radio networks, whose studios were close by during the early 1930s. It was hoped that the spot would replace Joe Helbock's speakeasy that had flourished on the second floor of the same house until the repeal of prohibition in December, 1933.

At first, Helbock's original patrons followed him across the street to his newly established Onyx Club at No. 72, where the Spirits of Rhythm and Art Tatum soon began to attract a horde of outsiders.

But the Onyx was no longer a place where the cats could relax between shows, place phone calls they did not dare make at home, or feel secure in

stashing their instruments overnight. But probably most frustrating to the players was that they no longer felt they could jam at will.

As one jazzman said at the time, "They even put in a headwaiter! I'm damned if I'll be pushed around by that cat."

With this situation prevailing at the Onyx, things began to look a little better, at least as far as jamming was concerned, when the inimitable Wingy Manone opened his Jam Club in the Knickerbocker Hotel on W. 45th St. The trumpeter told one and all that the management had given him carte blanche to take over their Grill Room

and run it as he saw fit. And he saw fit to invite all the cats to jam with him and his band, which included trombonist Georg Brunis and clarinetist Sidney Arodin, both from Wingy's home town of New Orleans, guitarist Charlie Peterson (who later became one of the first top jazz photographers), bassist Artie Shapiro, and drummer George Wettling.

Starting on the night of Dec. 7, 1934, and continuing for five glorious nights, the Jam Club rocked and blazed with free-wheeling music until 8 a.m. In his autobiography, *Trumpet on the Wing*, Manone recalled, "On opening night Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Mildred Bailey, and Phil Harris [in those days a drummer-bandleader] came in and wound up playing all night long. Man, we really blew up a breeze and swung it right down to the bricks."

On the sixth night the law moved in and shut down the operation because liquor was being sold after hours. Manone's plea was typically Wingston: "Hell, men, we don't open 'til midnight!"

The lark was over, and the swingsters were again homeless, but only temporarily, for a night-club operator had opened a spot—probably inspired by the success of the Onyx—on the ground floor back on 52nd, at No. 35. Everyone was delighted when the resourceful Manone managed to book his jolly crew into the spot, euphemistically known as the Casino DeLuxe.

Again the musicians took over. Manone's growing entourage boasted such names as Benny Goodman, Jerry Colonna (then a studio trombonist), Bud Freeman, drummers Ray Bauduc and Ray McKinley, and the one and only Fats Waller.

By this time, several writers on jazz were also in attendance. There was Frank Norris, who wrote one of the first regular columns on hot music, for *Town & Country*. From *Fortune* magazine came the late Wilder Hobson, who had written the first detailed study of the Duke Ellington Band for his employers. Keeping an eye on the operation for Joe Helbock was the Onyx Club's press agent, Jack Egan, who later served a stint as New York editor of *Down Beat*.

The only thing lacking now was the wholehearted support of the management. In a matter of a week or so, the Casino DeLuxe's managers were screaming, "We want a night club and not a hangout for musicians and their mobs." Trumpeter Manone went bouncing back to 45th St., where he opened what he called Ye Piccadilly Grille Jam Room in the Hotel Piccadilly. That was February, 1935.

It was at this juncture that the Fa-

mous Door was born. The credit for the idea of buying the Casino DeLuxe's lease belongs to Lennie Hayton. Hayton, an ex-Paul Whiteman pianist, at the time was leading a large studio orchestra on NBC's *Ipana* program. He managed to gather together some 25 musicians, mostly from his own band, who were willing to put in \$100 apiece to acquire the lease.

The Famous Door opened on March 1, 1935, with Louis Prima and his New Orleans Gang as the featured attraction. Trumpeter Prima, then a comparative unknown recently arrived from the Crescent City, was booked on the suggestion of music publisher Irving Mills and the new spot's bartender, Eddie Davis (later to become famous at Leon & Eddie's at 33 W. 52nd).

Prima had his own sextet of musicians, some of whom had come north with him: Frank Pinero, piano; Garrett McAdams, guitar; Jack Ryan, bass; and Sam Weiss, drums. The sixth member of the original group was clarinetist Arodin, but by the time Prima got a steady gig, he had switched allegiance to Manone. To replace him, the New York musicians talked Pee Wee Russell into joining the unit.

At the close of the opening night,

many of the musician-owners gathered around the cash register to find they had taken in \$79.75, plus a drawerful of their own tabs. But an event had occurred on the night before the Door opened that would have a considerable impact on the future contents of the cash drawer: the Onyx had burned to the ground.

The overnight disappearance of the Onyx caused Helbock's rapidly growing clientele of hot music fans—the word swing was not yet in use—to inundate the new Door with their boisterous patronage. It would still be several months before Manone would return to 52nd to introduce jazz to the diners at the Hickory House. The musicians' new magazine, *Down Beat* (founded in July, 1934), pointed out in a news story by a Lathrop Mack that "Wingy Manone and Louis Prima, both Italian trumpeters from New Orleans, are leading small orchestras with a style of music that recaptures the 'Afric cadences' and 'barnyard arepeggoways' (sic) with which another Italian horn player from the Crescent City, Nick LaRocca, leading the Original Dixieland Band, took

Below: Louis Prima with Pee Wee Russell, Jack Ryan, Frank Pinero, and Garrett McAdams. Opposite page: Wingy Manone with Joe Marsala, clarinet; Sid Weiss, bass; and Carmen Mastren, guitar.





GEORG BRUNIS

over New York by storm in 1917.”

The gravel-throated Prima was an immediate hit and packed the club with what *Down Beat* called the “jewels and gardenias set.” He’d start the evening’s festivities by shouting, “Let’s have a jubilee!” which happened to be the title of a tune he had recorded for Brunswick. When he wasn’t blowing his trumpet or in the throes of a song, he kept up an incessant patter.

Both aspects of Prima, his showmanship and his musicianship, made quite an impression. One of the musician-owners, trumpeter Mannie Klein, was said to have let his beers go flat as he studied the Prima horn technique. The then little-known Martha Raye came in nightly to watch Prima’s mannerisms as he sang, and was to acknowledge in later years that she was completely influenced by the horn man’s styling and

timing. (Prima, of course, knew his Louis Armstrong.)

As time wore on, the more erudite jazz fans became disenchanted. John Hammond commented in *Down Beat*, “Prima persists in playing identical solos night after night and indulges in certain tricks that become a bit tiresome after a while.” He was to add, “The night is saved by the magnificent clarinet of Pee Wee Russell.”

From the beginning, the opportunities for the jam-happy co-owners to get their kicks became less and less practical. The joint became so crowded that the entrepreneurs were lucky if they could even get into the place. It finally was decided that the period from 2 to 6:30 a.m. on Thursdays be designated jam night, a time for sitting in, and all jazzmen were welcome to blow their brains out.

Trumpeter Klein, a leading spirit of the movement, was appointed “master of the jams,” and it was his duty to see that there was a semblance of practicality and balance to the performing groups. At that time, Klein, a graduate of Red Nichols’ Five Pennies, was one of the busiest and most highly respected trumpeters in town. Besides playing with Hayton’s Ipana Troubadors, he was featured on five other network radio programs in studio orchestras led by Al Goodman, Kel Murray (the famed *Let’s Dance* show), Richard Himber, Sigmund Romberg, and Dave Rubinoff. (He later moved to Los Angeles, where he is still active.)

For the first three months things swung along in style, with such unusual happenings as tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman (then playing with Ray Noble’s band in the Rainbow Room atop Radio City) treating colleagues to his Chicago-style clarinet, while the Dorseys, trombonist Tommy and alto saxophonist Jimmy, showcased their virtuosity on trumpet.

Other frequent participants included trombonist Jack Jenny, Benny Goodman (who was playing on the *Let’s Dance* program at the helm of his first big band), pianist Frank Signorelli, guitarists George Van Eps and Carl Kress (who had completed negotiations to become a silent partner with Joe Helbock in the rebuilt Onyx Club, scheduled to reopen in late July), bassist Artie Bernstein, drummer Chauncey Morehouse, and many others who dropped in occasionally.

By June, several things had happened to break the spell, including the departure of Klein, who had to take time out to have a tonsillectomy. Another one of the musician-owners complained in *Down Beat* that the management they had placed in charge of the club was getting “too snooty.” Actually, the Famous Door was becoming too famous through the nightly broadcasts of Prima’s band, the approaching awareness of something called swing, and plenty of items in the gossip columns. *Down Beat* summed up the situation: “Park Ave. nitwits have loused up the jams at the Door.” It was added that the cats were again hanging out with Manone, who by this time had left the Piccadilly to join forces with Adrian Rollini, the bass saxophonist and vibraharpist, at Adrian’s Tap Room, located in the basement of the Hotel President on W. 48th St.

Rollini’s place had a short run as “the hangout,” with Klein again in charge. But jam night at Adrian’s soon became Casa Loma night as the entire Glen Gray Band got into the habit of stopping by after their Camel broadcast. The resident band was led by ex-



Ellington trumpeter Freddie Jenkins.

Back on 52nd, the Onyx had re-opened with Red McKenzie's Swing Band, and the proprietors of the Hickory House decided to put a swing band in their Melody Bar. They tapped the colorful Manone, who happily summoned clarinetist Joe Marsala from Chicago, and opened in early August of 1935.

Prima was still packing them in at the Famous Door, but after six months of glory he was getting a bit unhappy with the financial arrangements. Also,

just left Willie Bryant's band, to play intermission piano and accompany a very young Billie Holiday on her first club job downtown.

The new bill did not work out. Neither Miss Holiday's singing nor Kaminsky's horn-playing related to the flamboyant entertainment the Door's clientele had been used to. Wilson's piano playing, however, was a distinct hit.

Kaminsky, in his *My Life in Jazz*, noted that he stayed only one week because they "didn't want to pay me

phere.

A trumpeter named Cy Baker replaced Kaminsky; in place of Miss Holiday, Arnie Freeman, brother of Bud Freeman, was hired to sing with the band. (He had been singing with the Floyd Town Band in Chicago before coming to New York, where he was visiting his brother while probing the possibilities of getting on the Broadway stage. A boyhood associate of the so-called Austin High musical gang, Arnie Freeman eventually found his way in the theater, and today his name



Jam Session: Roy Eldridge, Max Kaminsky, Bobby Hackett, and an obligato from trombonist Brad Gowans.

Red Colonna, Jerry's brother, was trying to lure him west to Hollywood. Colonna's proposition was that they would take over an inactive club and open it as a Famous Door to serve the movie colony.

When the musician-owners failed to offer Prima a substantial raise, he accepted Colonna's deal and gave the Door notice that he was through as of

much." He added that a week after he had returned to Boston, they sent him train fare to come back, but he gave the money to Bobby Hackett and sent him in his place, adding that "they didn't dig his playing then."

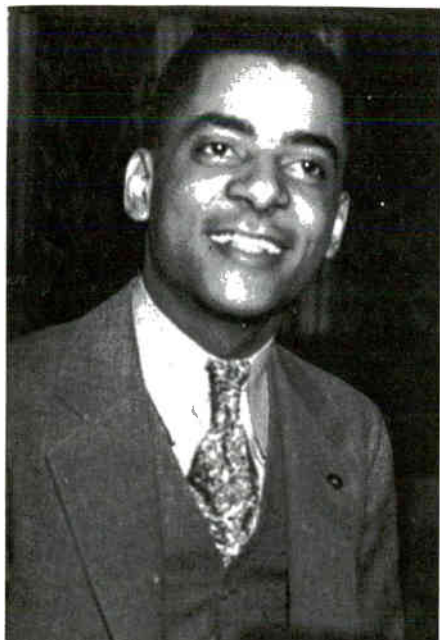
Kaminsky also pointed out, correctly, that there was very little musical appreciation of jazz at that time. It was the novelty of the music that drew

is frequently found in the cast of first-run New York plays, and he is often seen in television commercials.) After three weeks, an entirely new show was booked into the Door.

The featured group was under the name of a freelance radio musician named Red Norvo. He had been making some superb small-group records for the old Columbia label—*Bughouse*

Using who form the was penny the rurred

opened 9, in- ommy, tenor ar; and the first to appear tied success



TEDDY WILSON

inspired the leader to embark on a career that was to include leading several big bands, many trios, and other sextets and septets.

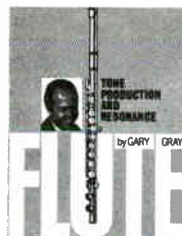
According to *Down Beat*, the Famous Door was now "in" again and "musicians are flocking back to the Door, even preferring it to the Onyx Club." The main reason given was Norvo. Another factor was that the musicians were getting tired of the frantic antics that by now had become prevalent at the Onyx. The team of trombonist Mike Reilly and trumpeter Ed Farley had turned Red McKenzie's band into a comedy outfit.

Fifty-Second Street was beginning to be called Swing Lane and was soon blossoming with new spots. Leon & Eddie's featured Willie Farmer's band with the added attraction of the hot vocal duo of Cliff Allan and Billy Heywood, a team that had previously been heard in Basement Brown's afterhours spot in Harlem. There was a small club, Through the Looking Glass, where the legendary trumpeter Jack Purvis was listed as leading a jam band. Famed Tillie's Chicken Shack of Harlem opened a branch on 52nd under the name of Tillie's Kitchen. This spot installed a group called the Five Rhythm Chicks. *Down Beat* gave the personnel as Charles Sheaffer, trumpet; Louie Simmons, reeds; Willie Gant, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; and Theodore Giles, bass. (It must have been difficult to get good drummers in those days, or maybe the owners were afraid of the noise; hardly ever was a percussionist listed in those early 52nd St. groups.)

Two issues of *Down Beat* noted that tenorist Freeman was the best press agent for Tillie's Kitchen. One item

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—Interesting! He goes on—"While the strings may seem to be more closely related because of their ability to span wide melodic intervals without a noticeable

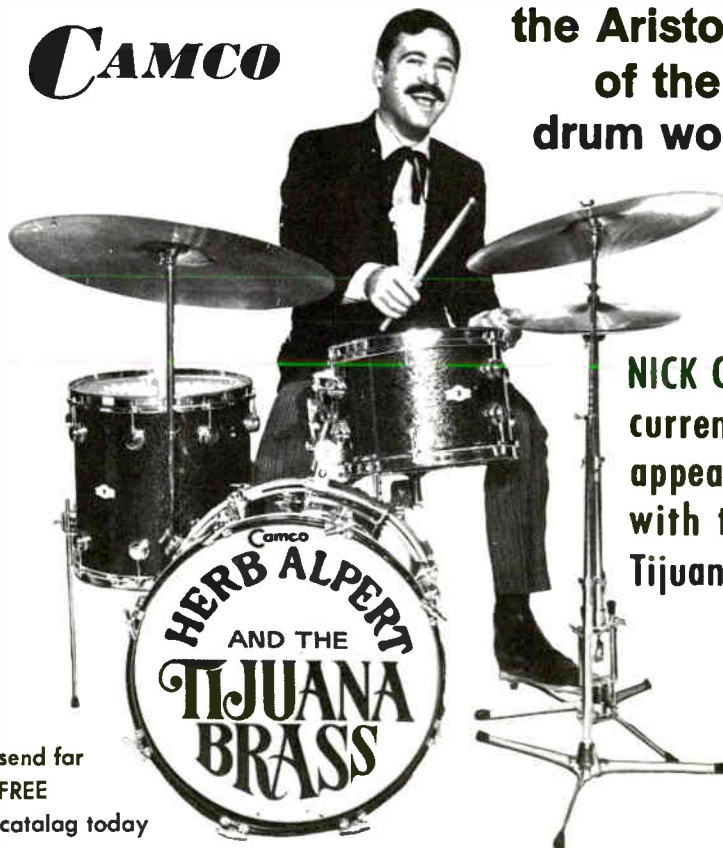
break, the mechanics of tone production on the flute are almost exactly parallel to those involved with the voice. Since no mouthpiece is placed in the player's mouth or against the lips (as with the cup mouthpiece), the player's control of breathing and air pressure is of prime importance for good tone production and endurance." When Mr. Gray was asked to prepare an essay of interest to the student flutist, he responded most capably by choosing "TONE PRODUCTION AND RESONANCE" as his subject.

Mr. Gray is a member of the San Francisco Symphony, he serves as Assistant Professor of Music at California State College and is a faculty member at Mills College. He is also active in performing for Young Audience Concerts.



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Jamming with Louis Prima at the Hickory House are bassist Sid Weiss, clarinetist Meyer Weinberg, guitarist Frank Federico, and a very young drummer named Buddy Rich.

read, "Freeman likes the weird effects achieved by tenor and piano, and the amusing efforts of little Sheaffer to subdue his trumpet."

Pianist Gant was the celebrated Harlem stride man, while the trumpet player was undoubtedly Charlie Shavers on his first New York gig after leaving the Frank Fairfax Band, the Philadelphia outfit he had been with earlier in 35. Guitarist Green joined Count Basie in March, 1937. The tenorist was probably Lonnie Simmons. Jazz reporting in those days was not noted for accuracy.

Through October and well into November, the Famous Door was swinging with Norvo. The scene was jumping with enough customers to warrant the management's bringing in Roy Eldridge to alternate with the regular attraction. After his brief stay at the Door, trumpeter Eldridge joined the Fletcher Henderson Orchestra. But not before he recorded (Dec. 20, 1935) *Swingin' at the Famous Door* with the Delta Four—Eldridge, trumpet; Joe Marsala, clarinet; Carmen Mastren, guitar; and Sid Weiss, bass—for Decca. With the exception of Eldridge, the Delta Four

was made up of members of Manone's Hickory House quartet, and Wingy was the a&r man on the date. A few months later, Manone, with Joe Marsala, recorded a similar composition titled *Swingin' at the Hickory House* for Bluebird.

This interrelationship between the two 52nd St. bistros was not too difficult to understand. About the middle of November, the two clubs exchanged attractions—Manone's quartet went into the Famous Door, and Norvo opened at the Hickory House.

Manone, at the time riding high the success of his record *Isle of Capri*, has recalled his appearance at the Door as follows: "Nothing much happened, except that Duke Ellington came in one night and sat in with the band." Teddy Wilson was still the intermission pianist, and Manone introduced him as "the world's greatest pianist."

Wilson would soon leave to make his famed alliance with Benny Goodman, and was replaced first by Joey Bushkin, then by Don Frye.

The Manone group remained at the Door through the holidays and returned to the Hickory House early in 1936.

Trumpeter Bunny Berigan then was recruited from studio work at WABC to lead a band at the Door. Two of his sidemen were vocalist-comb player Red McKenzie and four-string guitarist Eddie Condon, both of whom had managed to get fired from the Onyx during the Reilly-Farley *Music Goes 'Round and Around* hysteria in the 1935-36 holiday season. Others in the band included pianist Bushkin and bassist Mort Stuhlmaker. They frequently were joined by a vocalist, young Oklahoma-born Lee Wiley.

During the Berigan-McKenzie reign at the Door, well into the spring of 1936, things seemed to be free and easy with a manager, Jim Doane, who liked the band and the music. Eddie Condon, writing in *We Called It Music*, tells an amusing story of how illustrator Johnny DeVries changed the decorations on the mirror panels around the room from a musical note motif to caricatures of "frowzy blondes, gentlemen drunks, dancers, and a frightening representation of an alcoholic stomach, filled with beer caps, cigarette butts, ash trays, broken glass, burnt matches, and ice."

But the most significant innovation

at the club was the staging of Sunday afternoon jam sessions in a room upstairs.

Of these jam sessions, the one that has been remembered with the most joy took place on a cold day in February when the Empress of the Blues, Bessie Smith, dropped in. Writer Robert Paul Smith described the occasion years later in *The Record Changer*:



Young Bobby Hackett

"Bessie came in, upstairs, one Sunday afternoon. She came in, she planted those two flat feet firmly on the floor, she did not shake her shoulders or snap her fingers. She just opened that great kisser and let the music come out."

Backed by Bunny Berigan's muted trumpet, the great blues artist sang, according to Condon's book, *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?*; *Mama's Got the Blues*; *I'm Wild About That Thing*; *The Gin House Blues*; *Dirty No-Gooder's Blues*; and *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out*.

Condon also recalled that Mildred Bailey was there, and when she was asked to sing after Miss Smith, she refused to break the spell.

The Famous Doors sessions, under the supervision of Commodore Record Shop owner Milt Gabler and his United Hot Club of America jazz record re-issue project, were to set a precedent that would continue through the years, mostly at Jimmy Ryan's, a club opened in 1942 that was to become the only room to continue a traditional jazz policy on the street throughout the 1940s and 50s.

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impact of swing was over, and business was poor at most of the spots.

The introduction of Stuff Smith's amplified violin at the Onyx kept Helbock's operation comparatively active. But when he staged his mammoth swing concert at the Imperial Theater on May 30, with representative groups from all the jazz clubs, the Famous Door was conspicuous by its absence.

A news story dated May 10 in the June issue of *Down Beat* read, "The Famous Door, the first home of improvised swing, was forced into involuntary bankruptcy by four creditors. Opened by a group of musicians who pooled resources and held equal interests, the Door became a gathering place for showfolk and musicians. As swing

music became popular, Joe Public was attracted, and the commercial success was even greater. The creditors are principally food and liquor merchants, with debts totaling around \$2,000."

Part of the trouble undoubtedly lay in the fact that musician-owners had to move around. They went out on the road and to the West Coast. The leading voice, Lennie Hayton, was called to Hollywood, and the days of the exclusive status of New York as a center of radio broadcasting were numbered.

Thus ended one Famous Door. The site became a restaurant called the Cafe Maria. Today, there is a parking garage on the location.

But the club's name lived on. By November, 1937, a new Famous Door,

BUNNY BERIGAN





BILLIE HOLIDAY

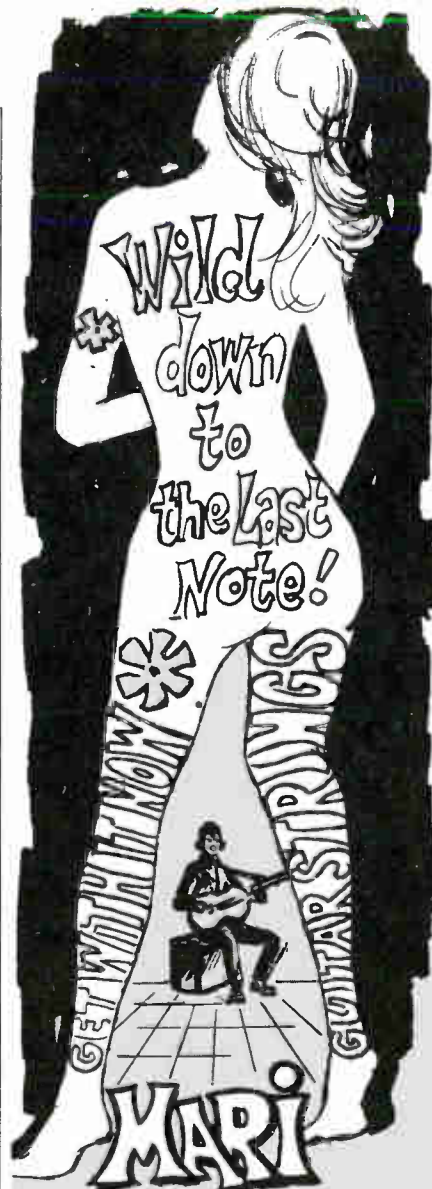
under private ownership, opened at 66 W. 52nd with the ebullient Louis Prima Band, sans clarinetist Russell, and the famed pianist Art Tatum making a big success of the new operation. This was the place where Count Basie's band squeezed onto the bandstand in 1938, making an unprecedented impression with its driving style of big-band swing.

Through the years, the name was used for several clubs at different locations on 52nd. One of the longtime owners was a former saxophonist named Irving Alexander, who at one time owned both the Famous Door and a later version of the Onyx Club. The name survived on the street into the period of the strip-tease, when the

featured attraction was Camille the Six-Foot Sex Girl.

The club's name went on the road. The Famous Door in Hollywood was a huge success with Prima, who stayed there longer than he had at the original 52nd St. club. Over the years, Famous Doors were opened in Toronto, Boston, and other cities. There is a Famous Door today on Bourbon St. in New Orleans.

Whatever happened to the famed white door with the eminent musicians' signatures? Sidney Mills several years ago revealed that his father, Irving, who now lives in Hollywood, still proudly displays the door to guests in his home.



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The Cream Of The 1967 Record Crop

The *Down Beat* 1967 International Jazz Critics Poll came up with a tie for Record of the Year: *Miles Smiles* by Miles Davis, and *The Popular Duke Ellington*. The critics also selected *Things Ain't What They Used to Be* by Ellington small groups directed by Johnny Hodges and Rex Stewart as Re-issue of the Year.

Miles Smiles also was the choice for Record of the Year in the 32nd *Down Beat* Readers Poll. For once, critics and readers were in agreement.

Following is a list of very good (★★★★) to excellent (★★★★★) records as rated in *Down Beat*, 1967; reissues are denoted by an asterisk:

★★★★★

Gene Ammons, *Boss Soul* (Prestige 7445)

*Sidney Bechet, *The Blue Bechet* (RCA Victor 535)

Gary Burton, *Duster* (RCA Victor

LSP-3835)

John Coltrane, *Live at the Village Vanguard Again* (Impulse 9124)

*Miles Davis' *Greatest Hits* (Prestige 7457)

Bill Dixon, *The Jazz Artistry of* (RCA Victor LSP 3844)

The Popular Duke Ellington (RCA Victor 3576); *Far East Suite* (RCA Victor LPM/LPS 3782)

Clare Fischer, *Songs for Rainy Day Lovers* (Columbia 2691/9491)

Don Friedman, *Metamorphosis* (Prestige 7488)

Erroll Garner, *That's My Kick* (MGM E/SE-4463)

Giorgio Gaslini, "New Feelings" Suite (Italian EMI 8154)

Stan Getz, *Sweet Rain* (Verve 8693)

The Grateful Dead (WB 1689)

Friedrich Gulda, *Music for 4 Soloists and Band No. 1* (German Saba 15097)

Bobby Hutcherson, *Happenings* (Blue Note 4231)

Steve Kuhn-Gary McFarland, *October Suite* (Impulse 9136)

*Huddie Ledbetter, *Leadbelly—The Library of Congress Recordings* (Elektra 301-2)

Joe Masters, *The Jazz Mass* (Columbia 2598)

*Blind Willie McTell, *1940—The Legendary Library of Congress Session* (Melodeon 7323)

Helen Merrill, *The Feeling is Mutual* (Milestone MSP 9003)

Roscoe Mitchell, *Sound* (Delmark 408)

Oliver Nelson, *Sound Pieces* (Impulse 9129)

Oscar Peterson, *Blues Etude* (Limelight 82039)

Johnny Richards, *Aqui Se Habla Espanol* (Roulette 25351)

Sonny Rollins, *East Broadway Run-down* (Impulse 9121)

Roswell Rudd, *Everywhere* (Impulse 9126)

Willie (The Lion) Smith-Don Ewell, *Grand Piano* (Exclusive M/S 501)

Martial Solal, *Solal* (Milestone 9002)

Cecil Taylor, *Unit Structures* (Blue Note 4237)

*Various Artists, *Blues Rediscoveries* (RBF Records 11)

*Various Artists, *Chicago: South Side* (Historical Records Vol. 10)

Various Artists, *Dedicated to Eric Dolphy* (Cambridge CRS 1820/CRM 820)

*Various Artists, *Esquire's All-American Hot Jazz* (RCA Victor LPV-544)

*Various Artists, *In the Spirit, Vols. 1 & 2* (Origin Jazz Library 12 & 13)

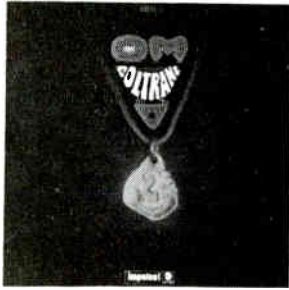
*Various Artists, *The Mississippi Blues, Vol. 2: The Delta, 1929-1932* (Origin Jazz Library 11)

Various Artists, *Violin Summit* (Saba 15099)



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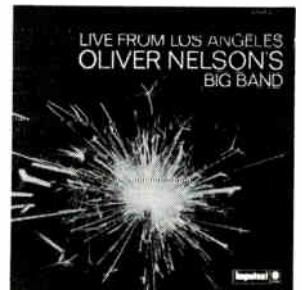
JOHN COLTRANE
OM A/S 9140



GABOR SZABO/
BOB THIELE
LIGHT MY FIRE A/S 9159



GABOR SZABO & THE
CALIFORNIA DREAMERS
WIND, SKY &
DIAMONDS A/S 9151



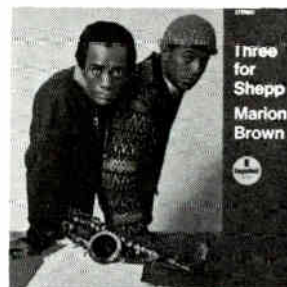
OLIVER NELSON'S
BIG BAND
LIVE FROM
LOS ANGELES A/S 9153



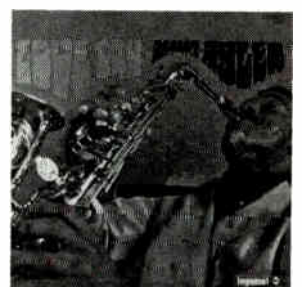
TOM SCOTT WITH THE
CALIFORNIA DREAMERS
THE HONEYSUCKLE
BREEZE A/S 9163



BILL PLUMMER
COSMIC BROTHERHOOD A/S 9164



MARION BROWN
THREE FOR SHEPP A/S 9139



ALBERT AYLER
LOVE CRY A/S 9165

PEE WEE RUSSELL/OLIVER NELSON SPIRIT OF '67 A/S 9147
SHIRLEY SCOTT/CLARK TERRY SOUL DUO A/S 9133

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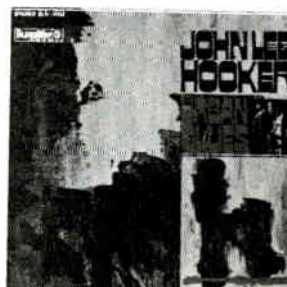
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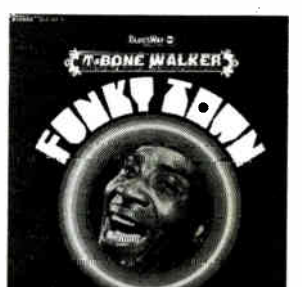
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*Fats Waller, *Fractious Fingering* (RCA Victor 537)
 The Who, *Happy Jack* (Decca DL 74892)
 *Lester Young-Nat (King) Cole-Buddy Rich, *Giants 3* (VSP 30)

★★★★½

Marion Brown, *Juba-Lee* (Fontana 881012)
The James Cotton Blues Band (Verve Folkways 3023)
 Miles Davis, *Miles Smiles* (Columbia 2601)
 Bob Dorough, *Just About Everything* (Focus 336)
 Booker Ervin, *Structurally Sound* (Pacific Jazz 10199)
 Bill Evans, *At Town Hall, Vol. 1* (Verve 8683)
 Art Farmer, *The Time and the Place* (Columbia 2649/9449)
 Milford Graves-Don Pullen, *Graves-Pullen Duo* (Pullen-Graves Music)
 Burton Greene, *Quartet* (ESP-Disk 1024)
The Don Heckman-Ed Summerlin Improvisational Jazz Workshop (Ictus 101)
Here Comes Earl "Fatha" Hines (Contact 6)
The Jazz Corps Under the Direction of Tommy Peltier Featuring Roland Kirk (Pacific Jazz 10116)
 B. B. King, *Blues Is King* (BluesWay 6001)
 Charles Lloyd, *Forest Flower* (Atlantic 1473)
 Oliver Nelson, *The Kennedy Dream* (Impulse 9144)
 New York Art Quartet, *Mohawk* (European Fontana 681009)
 **The Jazz Legacy of Bud Powell* (VSP 34)
 Sam Rivers, *Contours* (Blue Note 4206)
 Shirley Scott, *On a Clear Day* (Impulse 9109)
 Jimmy Smith, *I'm Movin' On* (Blue Note 4255)
 **Clark Terry Quartet with Thelonious Monk* (Jazzland 996)
 *Various Artists, *Alabama Country 1927-31* (Origin Jazz Library 14)
 *Various Artists, *Blue Roots/Mississippi* (RBF Records 14)
 *Various Artists, *The Party Blues* (Melodeon 7324)
 T-Bone Walker, *Stormy Monday Blues* (BluesWay 6008)
 Joe Williams-Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, *Presenting Joe Williams and the Jazz Orchestra* (Solid State 18008)
 Jimmy Witherspoon, *Blues for Easy Livers* (Prestige 7475)

★★★★

Cannonball Adderley, *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy* (Capitol 2664); *Why Am I Treated So Bad?* (Capitol 2617)

Manny Albam, *Soul of the City* (Solid State 18009)
 Count Basie, *Broadway Basie's Way* (Command 905); *Basie's Beat* (Verve V/V-6-8687)
 Dave Brubeck, *Anything Goes!* (Columbia 2602)
 Dennis Budimir, *Alone Together* (Rev-elation 1)
 Kenny Burrell, *Have Yourself a Soulful Little Christmas* (Cadet 779)
 Jaki Byard, *Freedom Together* (Prestige 7463)
 Donald Byrd, *Free Form* (Blue Note 4118)
 Jackie Cain-Roy Kral, *Jackie and Roy* (Verve 8688)
 Ray Charles, *A Man and His Soul* (ABC Paramount 590X)
 Don Cherry, *Symphony for Improvisers* (Blue Note BLP 4247)
 **Crying Sam Collins* (Origin Jazz Library 10)
 Cream, *Fresh Cream* (Atco 33-206)
 Sonny Criss, *This Is Criss* (Prestige 7511)
 Eddie Daniels, *First Prize!* (Prestige 7506)
 Don Ellis, *Live at Monterey* (Pacific Jazz 10112)
 Bill Evans, *At Shelly's Manne-Hole* (Riverside 9487)
 Ella Fitzgerald, *Whisper Not* (Verve 4071); *Sings the Johnny Mercer Song Book* (Verve V/V6-4067)
 Ella & Duke at the Cote D'Azur (Verve 4072-2)
 Erroll Garner, *Campus Concert* (MGM 4361)
Introducing Captain John Handy (RCA Victor LSP-3762)
 Joe Harriott-John Mayer, *Indo-Jazz Suite* (Atlantic 1465)
 Richard (Groove) Holmes, *Bowl of Soul* (Loma 5902)
 John Lee Hooker, *Live at Cafe Au-Go-Go* (BluesWay 6002)
 Freddie Hubbard, *Blue Spirits* (Blue Note 4196)
 Jazz Crusaders, *The Festival Album* (Pacific Jazz 20115); *Uh Huh* (Pacific Jazz 20124)
 *Philly Joe Jones, *Drums Around the World* (Jazzland 992)
 Roger Kellaway, *Stridel!* (World Pacific 21861); *Spirit Feel* (Pacific Jazz 10122/20122)
 Yusef Lateef, *The Golden Flute* (Impulse 9125)
 Marc Levin, *The Dragon Suite* (Savoy 12190)
 Henry Mancini, *Mancini '67* (RCA Victor 3694)
 Herbie Mann, *New Mann at Newport* (Atlantic 1471)
 **Shelly Manne & Co.* (Contact 4)
 John Mayall-Eric Clapton, *Blues Breakers* (London 3492)
 Jackie McLean, *Action* (Blue Note BST 84218)

Charles McPherson, *The Quintet/Live* (Prestige 7480)
 Sergio Mendes, *The Beat of Brazil* (Atlantic 1480)
 Sunny Murray, *Sunny's Time Now* (Jihad 663)
 North Texas State University Lab Band, *Lab '67* (Century Custom Recording)
 Chico O'Farrill, *Nine Flags* (Impulse 9135)
 *Charlie Parker, *Bird Wings* (VSP 23)
 Duke Pearson, *Sweet Honey Bee* (Blue Note 4252)
 Roberta Peck, *Extraordinary* (Columbia CS 9458)
 Oscar Peterson, *Put On a Happy Face* (Verve 8660); **Thoroughly Modern Twenties* (Verve 8700)
 Quartette Tres Bien, *Where It's At!* (Decca 4822)
 **The Immortal Ma Rainey* (Milestone 2001)
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 *Sonny Rollins, *Jazz Classics* (Prestige 7433)
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 Bola Sete, *At the Monterey Jazz Festival* (Verve 8689)
 Sonny Simmons, *Staying on the Watch* (ESP-Disk 1030)
 Nina Simone, *Sings the Blues* (RCA Victor LSP 3836)
 Jimmy Smith-Wes Montgomery, *The Dynamic Duo* (Verve 8678)
 Lonnie Smith, *Finger-Lickin' Good* (Columbia 9496)
 Otis Spann, *The Blues Is Where It's At* (BluesWay 6003)
 Sonny Stitt, *Pow!* (Prestige 7459)
 Ira Sullivan, *Horizons* (Atlantic 1476)
 Gabor Szabo, *Spellbinder* (Impulse 9123)
 Cal Tjader, *Along Comes Cal* (Verve 8671)
 *Various Artists, *The Atlanta Blues* (RBF Records 15)
 *Various Artists, *Classic Jazz Piano Styles* (RCA Victor LPV-543)
 *Various Artists, *Country Blues Classics, Vol. 4* (Blues Classics 14)
 *Various Artists, *The Panassie Sessions* (RCA Victor 542)
 **The Immortal Chick Webb: Stompin' at the Savoy* (Columbia 2639)
 Big Joe Williams, *Classic Delta Blues* (Milestone 3001)
 Jack Wilson, *Something Personal* (Blue Note VLP 4251)
 Jimmy Witherspoon, *The Blues Is Now* (Verve V-5030F)
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ROOTS

(Continued from page 59)

pair has recorded prolifically for a wide variety of record labels.

Fuller, Jesse, **Frisco Bound**; annotated by Philip F. Elwood (Arhoolie R-2009).

Georgia-born Fuller is a nonpareil one-man band, playing 12-string guitar, harmonica, kazoo, and fiddle, a pedal-operated bass of his own devising. He also is a delightfully infectious musician with a repertoire that ranges far beyond the blues to embrace the full span of traditional Negro folksong—ballads, religious songs, and dance pieces, as well as his own interesting creations on traditional models.



Howlin' Wolf

Additional Fuller LPs are available on the World Song (10" and out-of-print), Good Time Jazz, Prestige, and Folk-Lyric labels.

Great Jug Bands, The; edited by Pete Whelan and Bill Givens, annotated by Samuel B. Charters (Origin Jazz Library OJL-4).

Midway between country blues and urban jazz, the jug bands enjoyed a brief interlude of popularity in the late 1920s and early 30s. The blithe exuberance of their rude ensembles, the infectiousness of the happy-go-lucky music they produced are well represented in this sampling of some of the better, more blues-oriented bands in the years 1927 to 33. Complementary reissue albums are *The Jug, Jook, and Washboard Bands* (Blues Classics BC-2) and *The Jug Bands* (RF Records 6).

John Lee Hooker Sings Blues (King 727).

Mississippi-born Hooker's singing and guitar playing are among the most broodingly powerful in the modern blues. His is dark and somber music, with hypnotic rhythms and singing that is ominous and filled with smoldering intensity. This album is among the most impassioned he has recorded, though music of similar power is found in *Don't Turn Me from Your Door* (Atco 33-151) and his several albums on the Crown label (recently reissued on United-Superior), among others. Later developments in his music are charted on Chess and Vee Jay, while the most recent samples may be found on the Impulse, BluesWay, and Verve/Folkways labels. Two earlier sets on the Riverside label, *That's My Story* (RLP 12-321) and

Country Blues (RLP 12-838), attempt to document the traditions of his Mississippi upbringing; while out of print, they are worth looking for.

Hopkins, Sam "Lightnin'," **Country Blues**; recorded, edited, and annotated by Mack McCormick (Tradition TLP 1035).

Heir to the Texas blues traditions of Blind Lemon Jefferson and Texas Alexander, among others, Hopkins is one blues performer who has been singularly successful in straddling the worlds of traditional and commercial blues. He examines his musical heritage in this set and in the companion albums, *Autobiography in Blues* (Tradition TLP 140) and *Lightnin' Hopkins* (Folkways FS-3822). His commercial recordings—all of high quality—are obtainable on a great number of albums on a wide range of labels.

House, Son and J. D. Short, **Blues from the Mississippi Delta**; edited and annotated by Samuel B. Charters (Folkways FA-2467; also available on Verve/Folkways FV-9035).

One of the greatest performers of the taut, anguished Mississippi blues, House's voice is a pain-filled cry; his powerful guitar echoes and amplifies its mood of insistent desolation. The six House selections were recorded by Alan Lomax for the Library of Congress in 1942 and are among the most forceful he has recorded. The Short performances were recorded in St. Louis in 1962 by Charters; they are interesting examples of the archaic Mississippi blues by a less skilled but still moving representative of the area's music. House may be heard on a fine recent album, *The Legendary Son House* (Columbia CL 2417), while Short has re-

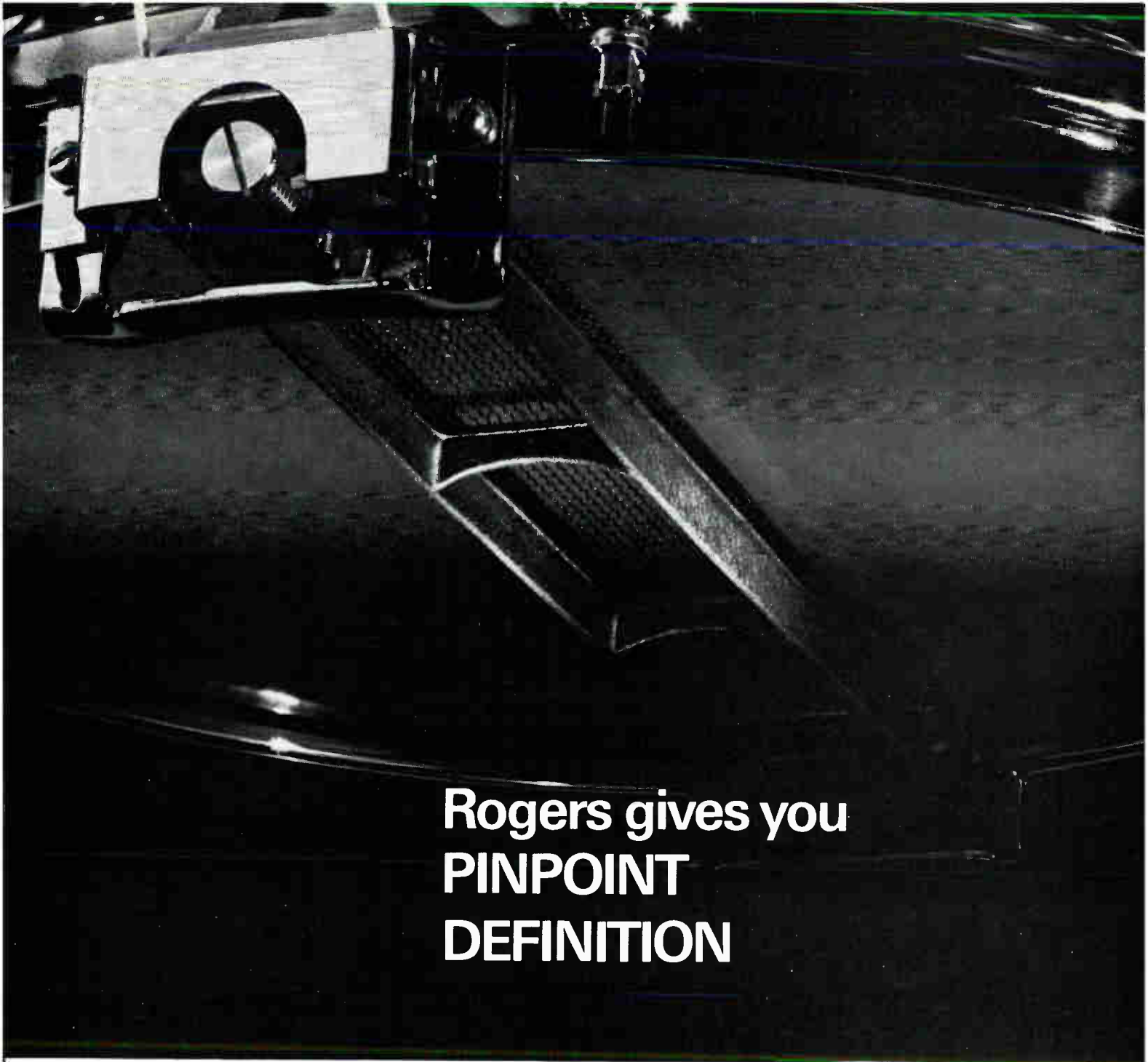


Skip James

corded with his cousin Big Joe Williams on *Stavin' Chain Blues* (Delmark DL-609).

Howlin' Wolf, Moanin' in the Moonlight (Chess LP-1434).

One of the most forceful of the Chicago-based post-war blues performers, Chester Burnett, who uses the colorful professional nickname Howlin' Wolf, sings in a hoarse, guttural manner over a heavy surging beat. His style is greatly indebted to the music of the Delta bluesman Charlie Patton (especially as regards vocal style), from whom the younger Burnett learned. Another excellent early album by this artist is *Howlin' Wolf Sings the Blues* (Crown CLP 5240), also available in a



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Mahalia Jackson

JIM MARSHALL

recent re-package as *Big City Blues* (United Superior 717), while his later recordings can be found on the Chess label, for which he continues to record.

Mississippi John Hurt, Volume 1; edited by Dick Spottswood and Tom Hoskins, annotated by Dick Spottswood (Piedmont PLP-13157).

Possessed of a lilting, graceful guitar approach and an unaffectedly sweet, relatively straightforward singing style, Hurt is poles apart from the characteristic blues of his native state. He is more properly a songster whose repertoire spans the full range of traditional Negro folksong, as this set, recorded shortly after his rediscovery in 1963, well demonstrates. Two other fine Hurt sets are available, a second one on Piedmont (PLP-13161), and one on Vanguard (VSD-79220), recorded shortly before his death in 1966.

In the Spirit, Volumes 1 and 2, edited and annotated by Bernard Klatzko and Gayle Dean Wardlow (Origin Jazz Library OJL-12 and 13 respectively).

Country religious song, sanctified congregational singing, sidewalk religious performances, and song-sermons from the pre-war "race record" lists are combined in this exemplary two-disc survey of Negro folk religious music, far and away the best and most complete sampling of older sacred song forms on record. The range is broad, from archaic hymn styles to early Gospel song, but every selection is a gem. Only fair notes, however. A five-disc survey of older and more recent activities in the area is available on America's Music, distributed by Arhoolie Records.

Jackson, Mahalia, **The World's Greatest**

Gospel Singer (Columbia CL 644).

The album title is accurate, for this set contains majestic, moving singing in the restrained Gospel style by the undisputed queen of Negro religious song, with sympathetic-backing by the Falls-Jones Ensemble. Other albums by the singer are on the Columbia and Apollo labels.

James, Elmore, **Blues After Hours** (Crown CLP-5168).

Exciting small group and large band performances by one of the most popular post-war singer-guitarists. James' slide guitar technique, his vocal style, and much of his repertoire are patterned on Delta bluesman Robert Johnson, but James' music represents a thoroughly successful synthesis of pre-war solo and post-war electrically amplified ensemble blues styles. Additional James recordings may be found on the Sphere-Sound label.

Skip James/Today!; edited by Patrick Sky, annotated by Bruce Jackson (Vanguard VSD-79219).

Twelve reflective blues, with guitar or piano accompaniment, by the best-known practitioner of the Bentonia, Miss., blues style. James' high, floating voice and introspective guitar are almost as good here as on his four superb selections recorded during the 1964 Newport Folk Festival (Vanguard VSD-79181) immediately after his re-discovery. Another James set may be found on the Melodeon label, *Skip James* (MLP-7321).

The Legendary Blind Lemon Jefferson; edited by Orrin Keepnews, annotated by Pete Welding (Milestone MLP-2004).

Earliest and most influential Texas blues artist to record, singer-guitarist Jefferson is one of the major figures of the blues.

Many of the songs he was the first to record have since gone into oral circulation, becoming part of the very fabric of the blues and being employed by countless bluesmen since his time. This set contains 12 performances recorded in the years 1926 to 29. Two earlier sets on the Riverside label, while out of print, are worth shopping around for; they are *Blind Lemon: Classic Folk Blues* (RLP 12-125) and *Blind Lemon Jefferson, Volume 2* (RLP 12-136).

Johnson, Robert, **King of the Delta Blues Singers**; edited and annotated by Frank Driggs (Columbia CL 1654).

Powerful, apocalyptic blues performances by the greatest Mississippi blues poet, a magnificent singer and superb guitarist. Johnson's intense, personal music is unmatched in the whole of the blues for the brilliance and force of its imagery and the impassioned fury that drove it. This is an essential album.

Blind Willie Johnson, 1927-1930; edited and annotated by Samuel B. Charters (RBF Records 10).

Some of the most affecting Negro religious music ever recorded is that of blind street singer-guitarist Johnson and his wife Angeline. The correspondence among his magnificently expressive voice, that of his wife, and his sensitive guitar support was uncanny, as this splendid reissue of his best performances eloquently witnesses.

King, B. B., **Live at the Regal** (ABC-Paramount 509).

A superlative singer and extraordinary guitarist, King is by all odds the most influential and successful contemporary blues performer. His shouting vocal delivery and guitar pyrotechnics have utterly

dominated the blues from the late 1950s, with virtually every young bluesman since having come under his sway. This in-person recording, taken at a Chicago theater, captures some of the excitement King and his fine band are capable of generating. The singer has recorded a great number of excellent albums for the Crown and Kent labels; his most recent work is to be found on the ABC-Paramount and BluesWay labels, the *Blues Is King* set (6001) on the last-named label being another impressive "live" recording.

Knight, Marie, *Songs of the Gospel* (Mercury MG 20196).

Fervent, impassioned Gospel song performances by one of the consummate interpreters, a former singing partner of Rosetta Tharpe, currently leading her own female Gospel group. Miss Knight is nonpareil, outstripping any female shouter in the volcanic Gospel song style. Runners-up include Clara Ward, with excellent LPs on a number of labels, the best being on Savoy; Marion Williams, also on Savoy; The Caravans, on Gospel; the Davis Sisters, Savoy; the Gay Sisters, Savoy; the Sallie Martin Singers, Vee Jay and Song-Bird; Inez Andrews and the Andrewettes, Vee Jay; and the Meditation Singers, Song Bird—among other like groups.

Ledbetter, Huddie, *Leadbelly—The Library of Congress Recordings*; recorded by John A. and Alan Lomax, edited and annotated by Lawrence Cohn (Elektra 301/2—three-LP set).

If any one set of recordings can be described as beginning to contain the heroic measure of the Louisiana-born songster and 12-string guitarist whose repertoire spanned the full breadth of Negro secular and sacred song, this set of selections from the recordings he made for the Library of Congress in the years 1933 to 1942 is the one. Leadbelly was in powerful form during the recording sessions and the 50 tracks encompass monologues, dance pieces, ballads, blues, worksongs, hollers, spirituals, topical and protest songs, and include traditional as well as personal creations. Numerous other recordings by this singer are available on the Folkways, Stinson, Capitol, RCA Victor, and Musicraft labels.

Furry Lewis; recorded, edited, and annotated by Samuel B. Charters (Folkways FS 3823).

Mississippi-born Lewis is a dramatic singer-guitarist in the intense, introspective manner adopted by many bluesmen of the state. These recordings, made in Memphis in 1959, are powerful and brooding examples of Lewis' art at its most personal. Additional recordings are available on the Prestige/Bluesville label, but they are a bit more brash and less reflective.

Lipscomb, Mance, *Texas Sharecropper and Songster*; recorded by Chris Strachwitz and Mack McCormick, annotated by McCormick (Arhoolie F 1001).

An inventive, sensitive guitarist and singer with the wide ranging repertoire of the traditional Negro songster, Lipscomb is an important link with the pre-blues of his native Texas, the contours of which are delineated in this and three subsequent albums on Arhoolie and one on Reprise. Other recently recorded songsters include Maryland's Bill Jackson (Testament T-2201) and Virginia's John Jackson (Arhoolie F-1025).

The Best of Little Walter (Chess LP-1428).

An excellent sampling of the inventive, saxophone-like electrically amplified modern blues harmonica style developed by the most talented post-war mouth-harp

player and close associate of Muddy Waters. Fine modern Chicago band blues, including several superb instrumentals.

McDowell, Fred and Annie, *My Home Is in the Delta*; recorded, edited, and annotated by Pete Welding (Testament T-2208).


Stunning bottleneck guitar-accompanied blues by one of the finest Delta bluesmen to be discovered in recent years, and fervent spiritual duets with his wife. Their singing has been compared to that of Blind Willie Johnson and his wife. Other important recordings by McDowell, performing blues in the main, have been issued on the Arhoolie and Milestone labels.

Blind Willie McTell, 1940; recorded by John Lomax, edited and annotated by Dick Spottswood (Melodeon MLP 7323).

Originally recorded for the Library of Congress, these recordings are among the finest samples of the songster's art. Georgia street-singer McTell, a singular 12-string guitarist and a compelling singer, is heard in a far-ranging program that encompasses superlatively performed spirituals, earthy blues, bright dance pieces, traditional ballads, popular songs, and several interesting monologues. An essential set, one infinitely superior in every respect to the McTell *Last Session* album on Bluesville.

Memphis Minnie, Volume 2; edited by Chris Strachwitz and Henry Vestine, annotated by Strachwitz (Blues Classics BC-13).

Fourteen exuberant performances by the finest country-cum-urban woman singer and guitarist, who is here heard in duet with her guitarist husband "Kansas Joe"



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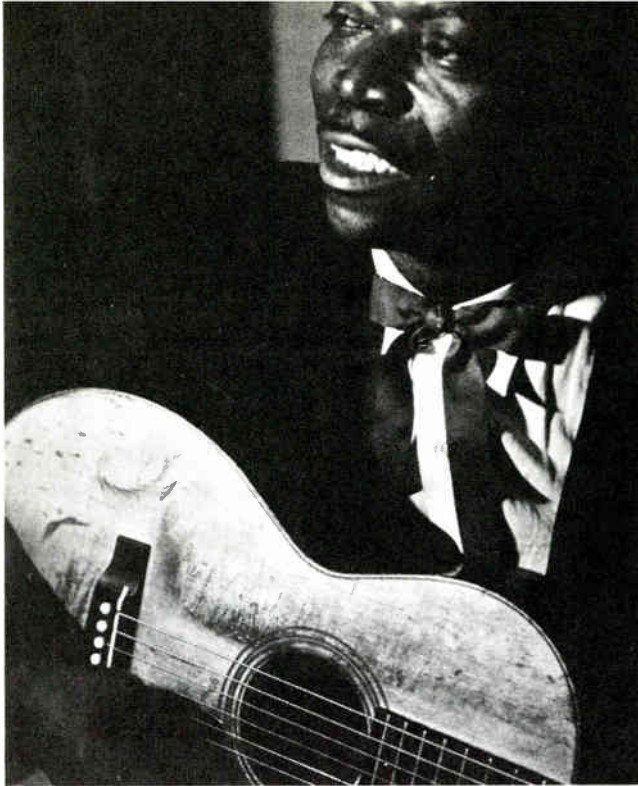
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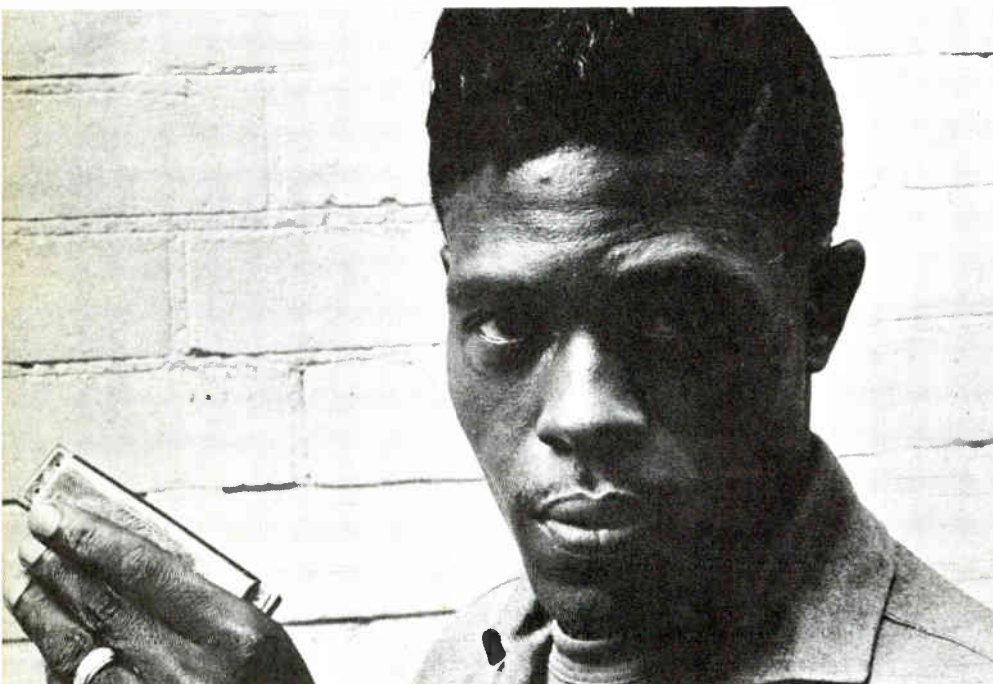
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MUSIC '68 □ 89



Above: Robert
Pete Williams.
Below: Junior
Wells.



McCoy. Material dates from the period 1929-35, and the brisk interplay of the two guitars behind Minnie's husky expressive singing is a real joy. An earlier Blues Classics set (BC-1) concentrates on material spanning the years 1929 to 42, and is of a high level of achievement.

Miller, Rice, *The "Original" Sonny Boy Williamson*; edited by Chris Strachwitz, annotated by Paul Oliver (Blues Classics BC-9).

A virtuosic harmonica player, expressive singer, and a composer of memorable blues in his own right, Miller assumed the Sonny Boy Williamson name upon the death of the popular recording artist in 1948, using it for the balance of his performing career, until his death in 1965. His unique skills as composer and performer are perhaps best memorialized in this attractive reissue of his earliest recordings, from the early 1950s. Addition-

al recordings by this important artist are available on the Checker, Chess, and Danish Storyville labels.

The Mississippi Blues, 1927-1940; edited by Pete Whelan and Bill Givens, annotated by Dave Evans (Origin Jazz Library OJL-5); *The Mississippi Blues, No. 2: The Delta, 1929-1932*; edited by Givens, annotated by Evans (Origin Jazz Library OJL-11); *Blues Roots/Mississippi*; edited and annotated by Samuel B. Charters (RBF Records 14).

Among the most important reissue albums of recent years, these three LPs document the earliest developments and subsequent flowering of the Mississippi Delta blues, perhaps the most powerful, introspective blues traditions to have evolved in the South. Most of the idiom's most expressive and most important performers are represented in the albums, thus delineating the full range of the

area's music. Related albums are *Alabama Country, 1927-1931* (Origin Jazz Library OJL-14), which demonstrates that musical traditions in the adjoining state were not appreciably different, and *The Atlanta Blues* (RBF Records 15), which evinces a smoother and more sophisticated handling of country materials as a result of urban pressures. Two recently recorded albums offer glimpses of the survival of the Delta musical traditions: *I Have to Paint My Face* (Arhoolie F-1005) and *The Sound of the Delta* (Testament T-2209).

Morton, Jelly Roll, *The Library of Congress Recordings*; recorded by Alan Lomax, annotated by Martin Williams (Riverside RLP 9001-9012—12 LPs).

Colorful, pungent recollections of early jazz developments and performers, New Orleans folkways, and his own turbulent career as pianist, composer, and jazz band leader spun out with charm and humor, and illustrated with numerous examples of his delightful playing and singing, by one of the most creative musicians yet produced by jazz. Morton's reminiscences, as recorded for the Library of Congress in 1938, formed the basis of Lomax's moving biography of the pianist-raconteur, *Mr. Jelly Roll*. Though out-of-print, these sets more than repay the effort of searching them out. An interesting corollary album is Morton's evocative set of piano solos and vocals, *Jelly Roll Morton* (Mainstream 56020), originally recorded in 1941, shortly before his death. Additional recordings are on the Riverside and RCA Victor labels.

Music from the South; recorded, edited, and annotated by Frederic A. Ramsey (Folkways FP 650-658, FA 2659—10 LPs).

Important field recordings of archaic Negro folk musical styles recorded in 1954 in Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi in an attempt to document musical survivals from the period 1860-1900. Among the materials collected are post-Emancipation-styled brass band music, old hymn and anthem singing, hollers, field blues, incipient Gospel music, children's play songs and games, song-sermons and interviews, all provocative and significant to the study of Afro-American music.

Negro Blues and Hollers; edited and annotated by Marshall Stearns (Library of Congress AFS L59).

A stimulating collection of blues, all guitar-accompanied, two hollers and two spirituals recorded on Mississippi and Arkansas plantations in 1941 and 42. The disc is important in documenting the persistent blues traditions associated with the Mississippi Delta and preserves several magnificent performances in the genre, particularly by Son House and Willie Brown, two of the idiom's undisputed masters. Only fair notes, however, by the late jazz writer.

Negro Music of Alabama; recorded, edited, and annotated by Harold Courlander (Folkways FE 4417, 4418, 4471-4—6 LPs).

Valuable field recordings of older Negro song traditions taken by a knowledgeable collector in rural Alabama in 1950, these six discs attempt to document existent folk styles as they operate at the practical, workaday level. Forms surveyed are spirituals, hymns, children's games and songs, vocal and instrumental blues, worksongs, calls, sermons, church services, cante-fables, ballads and folktales. Extremely interesting set of record-

ings, copiously annotated.

Negro Religious Songs and Services; edited and annotated by B. A. Botkin (Library of Congress AAFS L10).

The best single survey of Negro folk country religious music, the recordings comprising this LP were taken in the field throughout the South between 1934 and 1942, and range from unaccompanied solo singing to rough, powerful responsorial congregation singing. A more recent sampling of rural religious song traditions is *Angola Prison Spirituals* (Louisiana Folklore Society LFS A-6, distributed by Folk-Lyric Records), recorded by Harry Oster at Louisiana State Penitentiary at Angola.

Negro Work Songs and Calls; edited and annotated by B. A. Botkin (Library of Congress AAFS L8); **Negro Prison Songs;** recorded, edited, and annotated by Alan Lomax (Tradition TLP 1020).

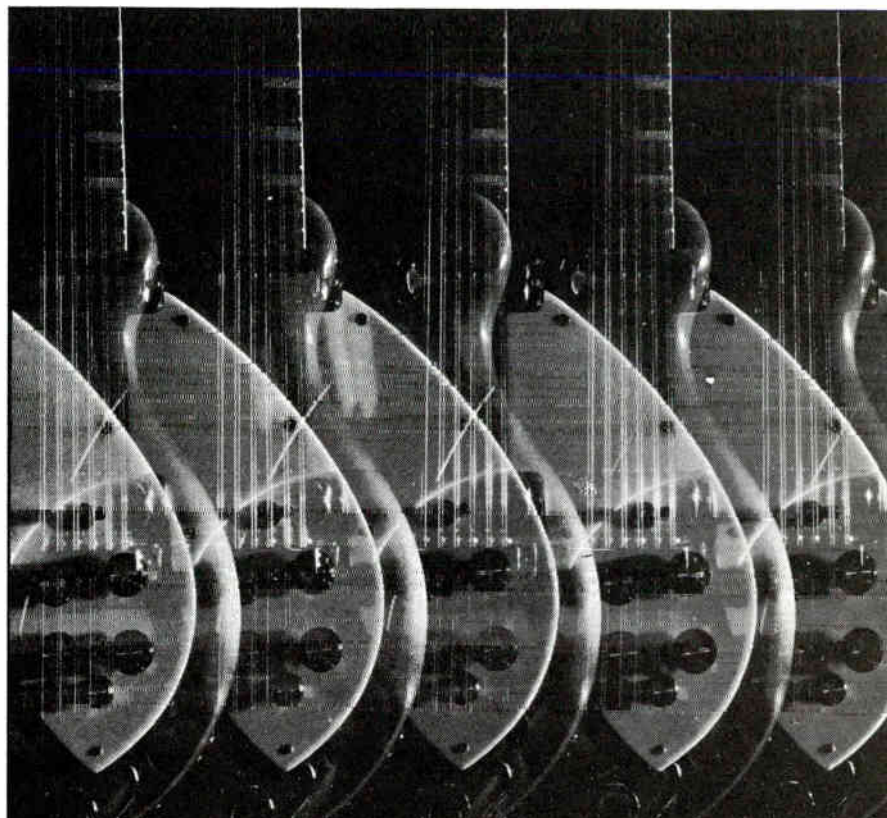
Field recordings, primarily made in southern penitentiaries, of songs, calls, and hollers employed to facilitate the orderly conduct of gang labor and to summon workers to various activities, these two albums are essential documents. The Tradition disc, recorded in the Mississippi State Penitentiary at Parchman in 1947, is utterly superb, containing some of the most wildly magnificent, anguished Negro music ever recorded. A companion set, recorded at two Texas prison farms in 1951, is Folkways P-475, while two recent recordings of the penal song traditions are *Prison Worksongs* (Louisiana Folklore Society LFS A-5, distributed by Folk-Lyric Records), recorded by Harry Oster in the Louisiana State Penitentiary at Angola in 1959, and *Negro Folklore from Texas State Prisons* (Elektra EKS-7296), recorded by Bruce Jackson in 1964.

The Immortal Charlie Patton, Volume 2; edited by Pete Whelan and Bernard Klatzko, annotated by Klatzko (Origin Jazz Library OJL-7).

Valuable reissue of 16 representative performances, recorded between 1929 and 32, by one of the progenitors of the Mississippi Delta blues style, an entertaining, authoritative singer-guitarist who exerted a profound and lasting influence on the music of his area. A companion album is Origin Jazz Library OJL-1.

Ragged Piano Classics; edited by Bill Givens and Pete Whelan (Origin Jazz Library OJL-15); **Ragged Piano Classics;** edited by Bill Givens and Pete Whelan (Origin Jazz Library OJL-16); **Piano Blues;** edited and annotated by Samuel B. Charters (RBF Records 12).

Eccentric, country-based piano styles are investigated in the first of the two Origin discs, while ragtime-influenced styles are surveyed in the second, both LPs serving to indicate the breadth of stylistic orientations supported by the genre. The RBF set mixes eccentric and more regularized styles and offers some stunning keyboard blues. Related LPs include *Piano Blues, Volumes 1 and 2* (Brunswick BL 54014 and 54015 respectively), the first of which contains magnificent samples of the more eccentric, individualistic piano styles of the late 1920s, while the second deals with more jazz-styled playing styles; *Honky Tonk Train* (Dutch Riverside RM 8006), *Giants of Boogie Woogie* (Riverside RLP 12-106), *Upright and Lowdown* (Columbia CL 685), and *Piano Blues 1927-1933* (Dutch Riverside RM 8809). There are, in addition, individual albums by singer-pianists Curtis Jones (Delmark); Roosevelt Sykes (Del-



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Muddy Waters

mark, Folkways, Bluesville, and Crown); Little Brother Montgomery (Delmark, Folkways, and Bluesville); Otis Spann (Testament, Candid, and Danish Storyville); Memphis Slim (Folkways, Candid, Bluesville, and others); Alex Moore (Arhoolie); Champion Jack Dupree (Okeh, Atlantic, Folkways, and Audio-Lab); Robert Shaw (Almanac and Arhoolie), and Sunnyland Slim (Bluesville), among others.

Ragtime, A Recorded Documentary; edited by Dick Spottswood, annotated by Louisa Spottswood (Piedmont PLP-13158).

This album offers a fairly representative cross-section of recordings of the syncopated dance music popular in the early 1900s and which formed one of the most significant bases for the emergent jazz instrumental style. The recordings, primarily of banjos and pianos, the most popular ragtime instruments, span the years 1899 to 1929, and include several vaudeville-styled "coon songs" and a few

examples of orchestral ragtime playing. Two recordings of ragtime piano roll performances are *The Golden Age of Ragtime* (Riverside RLP 12-110) and *Ragtime Piano Roll Classics* (Riverside RLP 12-126).

The Immortal Mr. Rainey; edited and annotated by Orrin Keepnews (Milestone MLP-201).

Feelingful performances, with sympathetic small jazz group backing, by one of the greatest female jazz-blues singers and a popular barnstorming tent-show artist whose music was solidly based in the traditional folk blues. Additional reissue sets by this artist are on the Riverside (currently out-of-print but worth looking for) and Dutch and Riverside labels.

Really! The Country Blues; edited by Pete Whelan, annotated by Gayle Dean Wardlow (Origin Jazz Library OJL-2).

An essential reissue album of strong country blues performances by 12 masters of the idiom, most from Mississippi, this

set was largely influential in crystallizing attention on the archaic bluesmen and in spurring concentrated efforts in seeking them out. It is interesting to note that three artists whose work is contained in this set, Son House, Skip James, and Ishman Bracey, have since been rediscovered. A corollary album is *Country Blues Encores* (Origin Jazz Library OJL-8), containing 16 additional samples of the genre, while *The Country Girls* (Origin Jazz Library OJL-6), offers an equal number of reissue performances, primarily in country style, by 12 female blues singers.

The Bessie Smith Story, Volume 4; annotated by George Avakian (Columbia CLP 858).

Superlatively emotional singing in the so-called "classic" jazz-blues idiom by the most moving performer the genre produced, with appropriate accompaniments by several of the leading jazz musicians of the late 1920s, and by the Bessemer Singers spiritual group. The LP contains some of Miss Smith's finest songs as well. Additional recordings by the singer are the first three volumes of the important series (Columbia CLP 855-857). Related recordings by other female jazz-blues interpreters include: Ida Cox, *The Moanin', Groanin' Blues* (Riverside RLP 147); *The Great Blues Singers* (Riverside RLP 12-121); *Jazz Sounds of the Twenties, Volume 4* (German Odeon 83 250), and *Women of the Blues* (RCA Victor Vintage LPV-534).

Staple Singers, Uncloudy Day (Vee Jay LP 5000).

Haunting, modern-day religious song performances by a Chicago family group whose highly individual music represents a striking fusion of older spiritual and more recent Gospel song styles, with moving lead singing by Mavis Staples and rock-ribbed Mississippi-styled guitar work by Roebuck Staples. Other albums by this group are on the Vee Jay, Riverside, and Epic labels, on the last of which is a particularly moving in-person recorded album, *Freedom Highway* (Epic LN 24163).

Tharpe, Sister Rosetta, Gospel Train; annotated by Martin Williams (Decca DL 8782).

An important reissue of 12 prototypical Gospel recordings from the 1940s by the singer who was largely responsible for the flowering of the modern Gospel style, the influence of whose zesty, swinging music is felt in every Gospel group since her time. The disc contains three magnificent duets with her former partner Marie Knight, a significant, influential performer in her own right. Other recordings by Miss Tharpe may be found on the Decca, Mercury, and Verve labels.

Henry Thomas Sings the Texas Blues; edited by Bill Givens (Origin Jazz Library OJL-3).

Reissue album of 1927-28 recordings by an early Texas singer, guitarist, and reed-pipes player whose repertoire, which includes traditional ballads as well as blues, provides important indications of the diverse elements shaping Negro music.

T-Bone Walker (Capitol T 1958).

Germinal 1945-50 recordings by a pivotal figure in the development of modern blues, these selections are illuminated by Texas-born Walker's fleet, well-constructed electric guitar improvisations. Additional samples of the performer's work are available on the Imperial, Atlantic, and Bluesway labels.

Washboard Sam; edited by Chris Strachwitz, annotated by Paul Oliver (Blues

Classics BC-10).

An interesting reissue of 16 commercially-issued recordings, made in Chicago in the 1930s and 40s, by singer-washboard player Robert Brown, whose blithe, ebullient music was representative of the swinging, jazz influenced urban blues at its best. Among his accompanists were several first-rank Chicago-based bluesmen, guitarist Bill Broonzy and Willie Lacy, and pianists Bob Call, Joshua Altheimer, Memphis Slim, Horace Malcomb, and Roosevelt Sykes, among others.

Waters, Muddy, Down on Stovall's Plantation; recorded by Alan Lomax, edited and annotated by Pete Welding (Testament T-2210); **The Best of Muddy Waters** (Chess LP-1427).

In 1941 and '42, when the selections on the Testament LP were recorded for the Library of Congress, Waters (whose given name is McKinley Morganfield) was a Mississippi farm laborer in Rolling Fork, Miss., who already had assimilated the region's stark, dramatic vocal and guitar styles, as exemplified in the music of Robert Johnson and Son House, the younger performer's chief influences. At this time Waters was a superlative bluesman, as these 13 performances attest, but it was after moving to Chicago in 1943 and adapting this music to the electric guitar and to small ensemble that he achieved his major accomplishments. The Chess album preserves some truly magnificent early classic of modern blues as well as later developments with more sophisticated groups. All the performances are excellent. Waters may be heard on other Chess recordings, among which *The Real Folk Blues* (LP-1501) is particularly fine.

White, Bukka, Mississippi Blues; recorded, edited, and annotated by Ed Denson and John Fahey (Takoma B 1001).

Forthright, arresting recent performances by the re-discovered White, one of the younger and more distinctive practitioners of the Delta blues, a strongly emotional singer and forceful guitarist capable of generating powerful rhythmic tension. White is a gifted blues poet, and this aspect of his music is best delineated in two albums, *Sky Songs* (Arhoolie F-1019 and 1020).

Wilkins, Reverend Robert, Memphis Gospel Singer; edited and annotated by Dick Spottswood (Piedmont PLP-13162).

A former country bluesman who recorded for the "race record" lists in the 1920s, Mississippi-born Wilkins, re-discovered and recorded in 1964, here offers a fine program of guitar-accompanied religious song that is among the most affecting on record. An ordained minister based in Memphis, Wilkins is still an exciting singer and a consummate guitarist in the knife-slide manner.

Williams, Big Joe, Tough Times; recorded, edited, and annotated by Chris Strachwitz (Arhoolie F-1002).

Though not of the Delta, Mississippi-born singer, nine-string guitarist Williams' music possesses much of the brooding urgency of that area's music. This set of anguished, tensile performances is among the singer's finest on record, comparing most favorably with his recordings of the 1930s and 40s. In recent years Williams also has recorded for the Delmark, Bluesville, Testament, Danish Storyville, and Milestone labels.

Williams, Robert Pete, Free Again; recorded, edited, and annotated by Harry Oster (Prestige/Bluesville 1026).

Discovered and recorded by Harry Oster in Louisiana State Penitentiary at Angola but since released, Williams is one of the finest newly-found performers of the country blues. His music is somber; reflective but full of dark, arresting power and within the relatively small compass of his instrumental means he creates remarkably free, complex music that is wholly distinctive. Additional recordings by Williams are on the Folk-Lyric and Takoma labels.

Blues Classics by Sonny Boy Williamson; edited and annotated by Chris Strachwitz (Blues Classics BC-3).

One of the most popular blues recording artists of the 1930s and 40s, Tennessee-born Williamson exerted a formidable influence upon the blues, both in his own

time and after. His recordings were among the most viable produced in Chicago during that city's hectic blues recording activity, and his rich, inventive harmonica playing signalled and spurred developments on this simple instrument that occurred in the modern, electrically amplified blues following his death in 1948. These recordings, made in the period 1937-44, are among the most memorable of a prolific and consistently superior output.

Yancey, Jimmy, Pure Blues (Atlantic 1283).

Subtle, introspective performances by the master of Chicago blues piano, including sensitive accompaniments to the unforced singing of his wife Estelle. Additional recordings are on the Riverside and RCA Victor labels.



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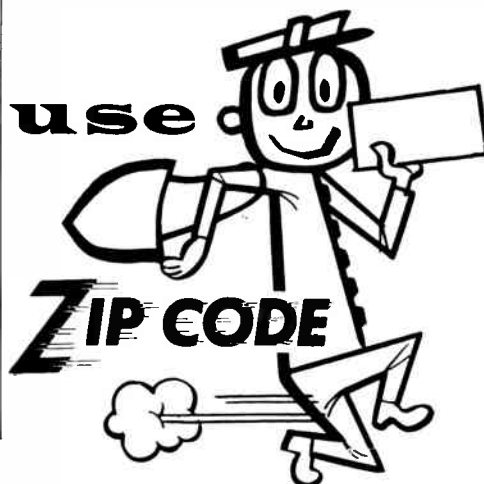


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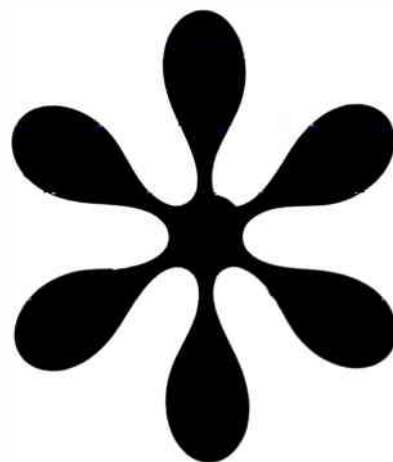
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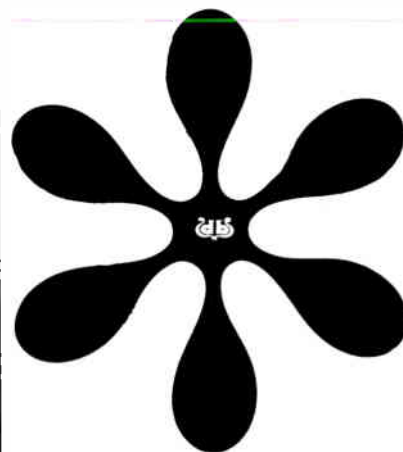
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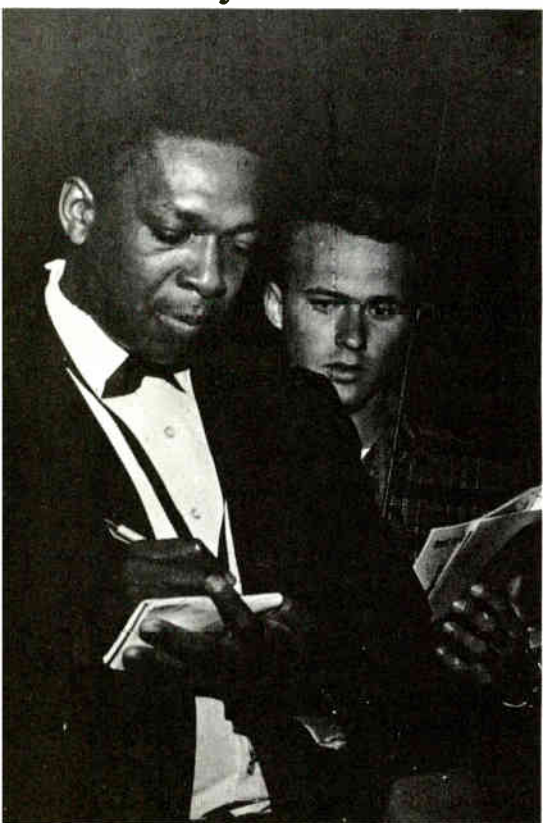
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I REMEMBER 'TRANE

By Randi Hultin



Coltrane signs autograph for a fan at the 1965 Antibes Jazz Festival in France.

John Coltrane's music made an indelible impression on the entire jazz world, and his sudden passing came as a shock and a personal loss to all music lovers, whether they had the pleasure of knowing him, or merely had admired him at a distance.

Any encounter with Coltrane—the first time I met him was before his concert in Oslo in October, 1963—sufficed to realize that he was a deeply impressive human being. At that first meeting, he talked warmly about music, forgetting all about time. “Music shouldn’t be easy to understand,” he said. “You have to come to the music yourself, gradually. Not everything must be received with open arms.”

He was interested in Norwegian folk music, and talked much about Indian music. His great desire then was to meet Ravi Shankar.

Those who were present at the Oslo concert surely remember how Coltrane waited calmly in the wings while Elvin Jones, who was late, set up his drums. It was typical of Coltrane—never any visible reaction, no sign of irritation. On the other hand, he played a lot of clinkers afterwards. He admitted that Elvin had caused him many a tense moment—but not until we met for the second time, at Antibes in 1965.

During the Oslo visit he had almost seemed a bit shy, not talking much about himself as a musician, but wanting to hear about others. I remember one thing in particular: Coltrane had visited my house for a few hours after the concert. We had some herring, some goat cheese, listened to Norwegian folk music, and looked at my guest books, in one of which he discovered Cecil Taylor. As he was about to leave, he asked me if he could say hello to Taylor for me. “That will give me an

excuse to talk to him. I haven’t spoken with him, but I listen to him as often as I have the opportunity. His music is always a refreshing experience. I believe in Taylor; one day he’ll get the recognition he deserves.”

In Antibes, where Coltrane was the star attraction that year, he was royally treated at the Grand Hotel. Nobody was allowed to bother him, except a couple of French radio people and interviewers. When I came to his room the first day, two French journalists sat waiting quietly, while Coltrane, back turned, stood there with his tenor and tape recorder. He could practice for hours on end, and liked to listen to the playbacks at regular intervals.

I had brought him a Norwegian folk music record, and he rented a record player to be able to listen to it right away. There was a harmonica part which he played over several times. The French interviewers asked, after another half hour’s quiet waiting, if they could start in with some questions. “Go on.” Coltrane could appear somewhat unapproachable, but he could also be chatty and full of humor—simple, friendly, and contagiously relaxed.

After the first concert in Antibes, where he played *A Love Supreme* for 48 minutes, aggressively, at times charging like an angry bull with his tenor, he first asked me if he’d played long enough—and then added that he had played very badly. “I have to give a better concert tomorrow,” he said. I knew from the Oslo visit that *Naima* was his favorite composition, and asked him if he couldn’t play that, or, for instance, *My Favorite Things*. “We’ll see,” he answered. But it was quite a feeling the next day when he opened the concert with *Naima* and concluded it with *Favorite Things*.



BILL ABERNATHY

Coltrane talked for hours after the concert, among other things about himself as a musician—and about how dissatisfied he was. “I’m in need to learn more,” he said, “there is so much I want to express, but I feel I have to go back to school.” “Have you ever thought about what a responsibility you have as the world’s leading tenorist?” I asked. “If you were to play a certain little lick in your solos, for instance, tenorists around the world would start copying it.” “I’ve never thought of myself as the leading tenor player . . . what I’m most afraid of is losing the musicians I have with me. Especially Elvin, in spite of his unpredictability,” Coltrane said.

When I attended his Paris concert, right after Antibes, I saw proof of this. Elvin became irritated at something about his foot pedal, kicked the drums, and left the stage. Coltrane and Tyner had been laying out off stage, so Jimmy Garrison was left alone with the audience, while Elvin emptied a big trunk of drum equipment backstage, making a thunderous noise. Meanwhile, Coltrane stood calmly in the wings. Even when the audience began to chant “We want Coltrane,” he didn’t react. “It’s very rude of them; they could listen to Garrison,” was all he said. Coltrane

brought the concert to an early conclusion and didn’t seem to care that the public squawked. “I know French audiences. Last time I was here, they threw tomatoes on stage.”

I had to catch a morning plane to Oslo, and suggested that we make the rounds of Paris jazz clubs to say hello to friends. We started at Jazzland, where Johnny Griffin and Art Taylor were playing, and they were pleasantly surprised to see Trane. Several customers reverently offered Coltrane their seats, but he preferred to stand in the back. Griffin went with us to the Chat Qui Pêche, where Don Cherry was playing with his international quintet. Here we were seated right up against the bandstand, and Cherry was very happy about the visit. Coltrane was enthusiastic about the new group.

In the morning hours, we found ourselves at a Japanese restaurant. No one could interpret the menu—aside from omelettes—so that was what we ordered. Coltrane laughed: here we were, in an authentic Japanese restaurant, with attentive waitresses ready to serve us, and Japanese music in the background, eating plain omelettes.

Coltrane had put on quite a bit of weight since his Oslo visit, and he said this was his main worry. “It’s not good

to gain weight; it slows down the will and the body, and a musician should always be physically fit.” Coltrane was a man of moderation. No beer, no liquor. “I cut that out long ago,” he said. “But there was a time when I used it too much.”

In his hotel room, both in Antibes and in Paris, he hung a photograph of Eric Dolphy on the wall. Dolphy’s death had hit him hard, and I know that he regularly kept in touch with Eric’s parents in Los Angeles. When the Watts riots began, Coltrane immediately phoned Eric’s parents to see if all was well with them. It was typical of him to think of others—friends and musicians. He helped many a young musician, and also older players who thought they could use his aid to make a comeback. He was always open to new impressions, and had made plans for a trip to Africa to study the native musics.

It is difficult to accept that he is gone. Though he accomplished much at a young age and earned almost unequalled respect during his lifetime, he still had much to give that would have been new and exciting. John Coltrane was unique—as a musician and as a human being.

(Translated by Dan Morgenstern) 

A COMPLETE DISCOGRAPHY BY JØRGEN G. JENSEN

JØHAN CULTPANE



Abbreviations

Record labels:

Atl	Atlantic
BN	Blue Note
Bth	Bethlehem
Cap	Capitol
Co	Columbia
DG	Dee Gee
Imp	Impulse
Jzl	Jazzland
Jzt	Jazztone
Lml	Limelight
Mdsvl	Moodsville
Mer	Mercury
NJ	New Jazz
Nrg	Norgran
Prst	Prestige
Rgn	Regent
Rvs	Riverside
Svy	Savoy
U-A	United Artists
Vrv	Verve

Instruments:

as	alto saxophone
b	string bass
bars	baritone saxophone
bgo	bongo(s)
cga	conga
cl	clarinet
dr	drums
fl	flute
fig	fluegelhorn
frh	French horn
g	guitar
p	piano
sop	soprano saxophone
tb	trombone
tp	trumpet
ts	tenor saxophone
vbs	vibraharp
vcl	vocal

(All recordings made in New York City, unless otherwise stated.)

K9172 **Smoke Gets In Your Eyes** King 4570, EP206, LP295-72, LP503

K9173 **For You** King 4570, EP205, LP295-72, LP503

GAY CROSSE AND HIS BAND:

Tommy Turrentine (tp), Coltrane (as, ts), Gay Crosse (ts, vcl), Stash O'Laughlin (p), Alvin Jackson (b), Oliver Jackson (dr).
Nashville, 1952

unknown titles unknown label

note: there is a possibility that the titles recorded at this session are **Bittersweet/Fat Sam From Birmingham**, issued on Gotham 276.

JOHNNY HODGES AND HIS ORCHESTRA:

Harold Baker (tp), Lawrence Brown (tb), Johnny Hodges (as), Coltrane (ts), Cal Cobbs (p), John Williams (b), Louis Bellson (dr).
Los Angeles, August 5, 1954

1860 **Burgundy Walk** Nrg 122, EPN65, MGN1061, Vrv MGV8151

1861 **Sunny Side Of The Street** Nrg 131, EPN65, MGN1009, MGN1060, Vrv MGV8150

1862 **Sweet As Bear Meat** Nrg 124, EPN65, MGN1060, Vrv MGV8150

1863 **Used To Be Duke** Nrg 145, MGN1060, Vrv MGV8150

1866 **All Of Me** Nrg131, EPN65, MGN1060, MGN1009, Vrv MGN8150

1867 **Skokiaan** Nrg 124, MGN1009

THE NEW MILES DAVIS QUINTET:

Miles Davis (tp), Coltrane (ts), Red Garland (p), Paul Chambers (b), Philly Joe Jones (dr).
October 27, 1955

CO54130 **Ah-lue-cha** Co CL949

CO54133 **Budo** Co CL1020

814 **Stablemates** Prst LP7014, LP7254

815 **How Am I To Know?** Prst LP7014, LP7254

816 **Just Squeeze Me** Prst LP7014, LP7254

818 **Miles' Theme (The Theme)** Prst LP7014, LP7254

819 **S'Posin'** Prst LP7014, LP7254

PAUL CHAMBERS SEXTET:

Curtis Fuller (tb), Coltrane (ts), Pepper Adams (bars), Roland Alexander (p), Paul Chambers (b), Philly Joe Jones (dr).
Detroit, November 1955

Trane's Strane Transition LP30

PAUL CHAMBERS QUARTET:

Coltrane (ts), Kenny Drew (p), Paul Chambers (b), Philly Joe Jones (dr).
Los Angeles, March 1956

Dexterity JazzWest LP7, Imperial 9183, LPS1283

East Bound JazzWest LP7, Imperial LP9246, LPS2246

Easy To Love JazzWest LP7

J.P. Jones JazzWest LP7

Visitations JazzWest LP7, Imperial LP9246, LSP2246

Stablemates JazzWest LP7, Imperial LP9246, LSP2246

all titles from this session also on Score LP4033, Imperial LP9182, LPS12182.

ELMO HOPE SEXTET:

Donald Byrd (tp), Hank Mobley, Coltrane (ts), Elmo Hope (p), Paul Chambers (b), Philly Joe Jones (dr).
May 7, 1956

884 **WeeJah** Prst LP7043

885 **Polka Dots And Moonbeams** Prst LP7043

886 **On It** Prst LP7043

887 **Avalon** Prst LP7043

MILES DAVIS QUINTET:

Miles Davis (tp), Coltrane (ts), Red Garland (p), Paul Chambers (b), Philly Joe Jones (dr).
May 11, 1956

888 **In Your Own Sweet Way** Prst LP7166

889 **Diane** Prst 45-248, LP7200, Mdsvl LP37, Status LP8319

890 **Trane Blues** Prst LP7166

892 **It Could Happen To You** Prst LP7129

893 **Woody'n You** Prst LP7129, LP7373

895 **Surrey With The Fringe** Prst 45-248, LP7200, Mdsvl LP32

898 **Salt Peanuts** LP7200, LP7373

899 **Four** Prst LP7166

900 **The Theme, I** Prst LP7166

901 **The Theme, II** Prst LP7166

note: Coltrane is not present on the remaining four titles from this session.

SONNY ROLLINS QUINTET:

Sonny Rollins, Coltrane (ts), Red Garland (p), Paul Chambers (b), Philly Joe Jones (dr).
May 24, 1956

906 **Tenor Madness** Prst LP7047

MILES DAVIS ALL STARS:

Miles Davis (tp) for Rollins.
June 5, 1956

CO56090 **Dear Old Stockholm** Co CL949, CS8649

CO56091 **Bye Bye Blackbird** Co CL949, CS8649

CO56092 **Tadd's Delight** Co CL949, CS8649

DIZZY GILLESPIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA:

Dizzy Gillespie (tp, vcl), Don Slaughter, Elmon Wright, Willie Cook (tp), Matthew Gee, Sam Hurt, Charles Greenlea (tb), Jimmy Heath, Coltrane (as), Jessie Powell, Paul Gonsalves (ts), Al Gibson (bars), John Acea (p), John Collins (g), Al McKibbin (b), Specs Wright (dr), Tiny Irvin (vcl).
November 21, 1949

4316 **Say When** Cap 57797, F428

4317 **Tally Ho** Cap 57839

4318 **You Stole My Wife** (dg) Cap 57797

4319 **I Can't Remember** (ti) Cap 57839

Floyd Smith (g) for Collins. Add Carlos Duchesne (cga), Francisco Pozo (bgo), Joe Carroll (vcl).
January 9, 1950

4330 **Coast To Coast** Cap 15852, H326, TBO1970

4331 **Carambola** Cap 15611, 57892, H235, T667, T796

4332 **Oo-La-La** (jc) Cap 15849, H325

4333 **Honeysuckle Rose** (jc) Cap 57892

DIZZY GILLESPIE SEXTET:

Dizzy Gillespie (tp), Coltrane (ts), Milt Jackson (p, vbs), Kenny Burrell (g), Percy Heath (b), Kansas Fields (dr), Fred Strong, The Calypso Boys (vcl).
March 1, 1951

4000 **Love Me** (fs) DG 3600

4010 **We Love To Boogie** (fs, tcb) DG 3600, EP4005, Rgn MG6043

4015 **Tin Tin Deo** DG 3601, EP4002, LP1000, Svy MG12047

4020 **Birks Works** DG 3601, EP4002, LP1000, Svy MG12047

EARL BOSTIC AND HIS ORCHESTRA:

Gene Redd (tp, vbs), Joe Mitchell (tp), Earl Bostic, Pinky Williams (as), Coltrane (ts), Joe Knight (p), Jimmy Shirley (g), Ike Isaacs (b), Specs Wright (dr).
Cincinnati, April 7, 1952

K8200 **Velvet Sunset** King 4356, EP203, LP295-72, LP503, LP786

K8201 **Moonglow** King 4550, EP205, LP295-72, LP503

K8202 **Linger Awhile** King 4356, EP202, LP295-72, LP503

K8203 **Ain't Misbehavin'** King 4550, EP207, LP295-72, LP525

Harold Grant (g) for Shirley.
Los Angeles, August 15, 1952

K9170 **You Go To My Head** King 4568, EP203, LP295-72, LP525

K9171 **The Hour Of Parting** King 4568, EP206, LP295-72



Coltrane with Dizzy Gillespie, altoist Jimmy Heath, drummer Specs Wright, and vocalist Fred Strong, conga.

(FOUR TENOR SAXES):

Coltrane, Al Cohn, Hank Mobley, Zoot Sims (ts), Red Garland (p), Paul Chambers (b), Art Taylor (dr). September 7, 1956
 975 **Just You, Just Me** Prst 7074, LP7249
 976 **Tenor Conclave** Prst 7074, LP7249
 977 **How Deep Is The Ocean** Prst 7074, LP7249
 978 **Bob's Boys** Prst 7074, LP7249

MILES DAVIS ALL STARS:

personnel: same as June 5, 1956. September 10, 1956
 CO56584 **All Of You** Co B2491, CL949, CS8649
 CO56585 **Sweet Sue (1)** Co CL919
 CO56586 **'Round Midnight** Co 4-33037, B2491, CL949, CS8649

(1) add Leonard Bernstein (narrator).

PAUL CHAMBERS SEXTET:

Donald Byrd (tp), Coltrane (ts), Horace Silver (p), Paul Chambers (b), Kenny Burrell (g), Philly Joe Jones (dr).
 September 21, 1956

Just For Love BN BLP1534
Nita BN BLP1534
We Six BN BLP1534

note: Coltrane is not present on other titles from this session.

MILES DAVIS QUINTET:

Miles Davis (tp), Coltrane (ts), Red Garland (p), Paul Chambers (b), Philly Joe Jones (dr). October 26, 1956
 995 **If I Were A Bell** Prst 45-123, LP7129, LP7457
 996 **Well You Needn't** Prst LP7200, LP7373
 997 **'Round About Midnight** LP7150, LP7373
 998 **Half Nelson** Prst LP7166, LP7373
 999 **You're My Everything** Prst LP7129
 1000 **I Could Write A Book** Prst LP7129, Mdsvl LP32, 45-195
 1001 **Oleo** Prst LP7129, LP7373
 1002 **Airegin** Prst 7094, LP7373
 1003 **Tune Up** Prst 7094, LP7373
 1004 **When Lights Are Low** Prst 7094
 1005 **Blues By Five** Prst 7094

TADD DAMERON QUARTET:

Coltrane (ts), Tadd Dameron (p, arr), John Simmons (b), Philly Joe Jones (dr). November 30, 1956
 1025 **Mating Call** Prst LP7070, LP7247
 1026 **Soultrane** Prst LP7070, LP7247
 1027 **Gnid** Prst LP7070, LP7247
 1028 **Super Jet** Prst LP7070, LP7247
 1029 **On A Misty Night** Prst LP7070, LP7247, LP7426
 1030 **Romas** Prst LP7070, LP7247

(TWO TRUMPETS AND TWO TENORS):

Webster Young, Idrees Sulieman (tp), Bobby Jaspar, Coltrane (ts), Mal Waldron (p), Kenny Burrell (g), Paul Chambers (b), Art Taylor (dr). March 22, 1957
 1163 **Anatomy** Prst LP7112, LP7341
 1164 **Interplay** Prst LP7112, LP7341
 1165 **Light Blue** Prst LP7112, LP7341
 1166 **Soul Eyes** Prst LP7112, LP7341
 1167 **C.T.A. (1)** Prst LP7117, LP7299
 (1) omit Sulieman, Young, Jaspar, Burrell. First issued under Art Taylor's name.

108 ☐ DOWN BEAT

JOHNNY GRIFFIN:

Lee Morgan (tp), Johnny Griffin, Hank Mobley, Coltrane (ts), Wynton Kelly (p), Paul Chambers (b), Art Blakey (dr).

April 6, 1957

The Way You Look Tonight BN BLP1559
Ball Bearing BN BLP1559
All The Things You Are BN BLP1559
Smoke Stack BN BLP1559

THELONIOUS MONK QUARTET:

Coltrane (ts), Thelonious Monk (p), Wilbur Ware (b), Shadow Wilson (dr). April 16, 1957

Monk's Mood (no dr) Rvs RLP12-235, RLP12-284
Natty Jzl JLP(S9)46
Ruby My Dear Jzl JLP(S9)46
Trinkle Trinkle Jzl JLP(S9)46

(THE CATS):

Idrees Sulieman (tp), Coltrane (ts), Tommy Flanagan (p), Kenny Burrell (g), Doug Watkins (b), Louis Hayes (dr). April 18, 1957

1194 **Eclypso** NJ LP8217
 1195 **Solacium** NJ LP8217
 1196 **Minor Mishap** NJ LP8217
 1198 **Tommy's Time** NJ LP8217

MAL WALDRON SEXTET:

Bill Hardman (tp), Jackie McLean (as), Coltrane (ts), Mal Waldron (p), Julian Euell (b), Art Taylor (dr). April 19, 1957
 1199 **Potpourri** Prst LP7111, LP7341
 1200 **J.M.'s Dream Doll** Prst LP7111, LP7341
 1201 **Don't Explain** Prst LP7111, LP7341
 1202 **Blue Calypso** Status LP8316
 1203 **Falling In Love** Status LP8316

PRESTIGE ALL STARS/JOHN COLTRANE ALL STARS:

Coltrane (ts), Cecil Payne, Pepper Adams (bars), Mal Waldron (p), Doug Watkins (b), Art Taylor (dr). April 20, 1957
 1208 **Dakar** Prst 45-315, LP16-6, LP7280, LP7313
 1209 **Mary's Blues** LP16-6, LP7280, LP7313
 1210 **Route 4** LP16-6, LP7280, LP7313
 1211 **Velvet Scene** LP16-6, LP7280, LP7313
 1212 **Watches' Pit** LP16-6, LP7280, LP7313
 1213 **Cat Walk** LP16-6, LP7280, LP7313

MAL WALDRON SEXTET:

Idrees Sulieman (tp), Sahib Shihab (as, bars), Coltrane (ts), Mal Waldron (p), Julian Euell (b), Ed Thigpen (dr).

May 17, 1957

1267 **The Way You Look Tonight** Prst LP7111, LP7341
 1268 **From This Moment On** Prst LP7111, LP7341
 1269 **One By One** Prst LP7111, LP7341

JOHN COLTRANE-PAUL QUINICHETTE:

Coltrane, Paul Quinichette (ts), Mal Waldron (p), Julian Euell (b), Ed Thigpen (dr). May 17, 1957

1270 **Cattin'** Prst LP7158
 1271 **Anatomy** Prst LP7158
 1272 **Vodka** Prst LP7158
 1273 **Sunday** Prst LP7158
 1274 **Tea For Two** unissued
 1275 **Exactly Like You** Prst LP7158

Coltrane with Earl Bostic's band. The trumpets are Gene Redd and Joe Mitchell; Pinky Williams is the baritone saxist.





TED WILLIAMS

TRANE AND MILES

JOHN COLTRANE SEXTET:

John Splawn (tp), Coltrane (ts), Sahib Shihab (bars), Red Garland (p), Paul Chambers (b), Al Heath (dr). May 31, 1957
 1292 **Straight Life** Prst LP7105
 1293 **While My Lady Sleeps** Prst LP7105, Mdsvl LP2
 1294 **Chronic Blues** Prst LP7105
 1295 **Bakai** Prst LP7105, NJ LP8292
 1296 **Violets For Your Furs** (no tp, bars) Prst LP7105, LP7426
 1297 **Time Was** (no tp, bars) Prst LP7105, 45-107
 1298 **I Hear A Rhapsody** (no tp, bars) LP7188

THELONIOUS MONK SEPTET:

Ray Copeland (tp), Gigi Gryce (as), Coltrane, Coleman Hawkins (ts), Thelonious Monk (p), Wilbur Ware (b), Art Blakey (dr). June 26, 1957

Epistrophy Rvs RLP12-242, RSLP1102
Epistrophy (alt. take) Jzl JLP(S9)46
Crepescul With Nellie Rvs RLP12-242, RSLP1102
Well You Needn't Rvs RLP12-242, RSLP1102
Off Minor Rvs RLP12-242, RSLP1102
Abide With Me (no p, b, dr) Rvs RLP12-242, RSLP1102
Off Minor (alt. take) Jzl JLP(S9)46
Blues For Tomorrow Rvs RLP12-243

JOHN COLTRANE TRIO:

Coltrane (ts), Earl May (b), Art Taylor (dr). August 16, 1957
 1334-1 **Trane's Slow Blues** Prst LP7188, LP7378
 1334-2 **Toni's Dance** unissued
 1335 **Like Someone In Love** Prst LP7188, LP7426
 1336 **I Love You** Prst 45-249, LP7188

JOHN COLTRANE with RED GARLAND TRIO:

Coltrane (ts), Red Garland (p), Paul Chambers (b), Art Taylor (dr). August 23, 1957
 1337 **You Leave Me Breathless** Prst LP7123, LP7426
 1338 **Bass Blues** Prst LP7123
 1339 **Soft Lights And Sweet Music** Prst LP7123
 1340 **Traneing In** Prst 45-119, LP7123
 1341 **Slow Dance** Prst LP7123

JOHN COLTRANE SEXTET:

Lee Morgan (tp), Curtis Fuller (tb), Coltrane (ts), Kenny Drew (p), Paul Chambers (b), Philly Joe Jones (dr). September 15, 1957

Blue Train BN 45-1691, BLP1577
Moments Notice BN 45-1718, BLP1577
I'm Old Fashioned BLP1577
Lazy Bird BLP1577
Locomotion BLP1577

PRESTIGE ALL STARS:

Coltrane, Paul Quinichette (ts), Frank Wess (ts, fl), Mal Waldron (p), Doug Watkins (b), Art Taylor (dr). September 20, 1957

1348 **Dealin'** Prst LP7131, Status 8316
 1349 **Wheelin'** Prst LP7131, Status 8316
 1350 **Robbin's Nest** Prst LP7131
 1351 **Things Ain't What They Used To Be** Prst 45-122, LP7131

SONNY CLARK SEXTET:

Donald Byrd (tp), Curtis Fuller (tb), Coltrane (ts), Sonny Clark (p), Paul Chambers (b), Art Taylor (dr). October 9, 1957
Sonny's Crib BN 45-1697, BLP1576
Speak Low BN 45-1719, BLP1576
Softly BLP1576
With A Song In My Heart BLP1576
Come Rain Or Come Shine BLP1576
News For Lulu BLP1576

WINNERS CIRCLE:

Donald Byrd (tp), Frank Rehak (tb), Gene Quill (as), Coltrane (ts), Al Cohn (bars), Eddie Costa (p), Freddie Green (g), Oscar Pettiford (b), Philly Joe Jones (dr). October 1957
Not So Sleepy Beth BCP6024, BCP6066
 omit Quill and Green, Ed Thigpen (dr) for Jones, same date
Love And The Weather Beth 11051, BCP6024, BCP6066
Turtle Walk (add Quill) BCP6024, BCP6066
Strictly Instrumental Jzt J1245
If I'm Lucky Beth BCP6024, BCP6065, BCP6066

RED GARLAND QUINTET:

Donald Byrd (tp), Coltrane (ts), Red Garland (p), George Joyner (b), Art Taylor (dr). November 15, 1957
 1392 **Our Delight** Prst LP7130
 1393 **They Can't Take That Away** Prst LP7130
 1394 **Woody'n You** Prst LP7181
 1395 **I Got It Bad** Prst LP7181
 1396 **Undecided** Prst LP7209, Status LP8305
 1397 **Soul Junction** Prst LP7181
 1398 **What Is There To Say** Prst LP7209, Status LP8305
 1399 **Birks Works** Prst LP7181
 1400 **Hallelujah** Prst LP7181
 1401 **All Morning Long** Prst LP7130, Bluesville LP1009
 same
 1405 **Billie's Bounce** Prst LP7229
 1406 **Solitude** Prst LP7209, Status LP8325
 1407 **Two Bass Hit** Prst LP7209, Status LP8325
 1408 **Soft Winds** Prst LP7209, Status LP8325
 1409 **Lazy Mae** Prst LP7229
 December 13, 1957

RAY DRAPER QUINTET:

Ray Draper (tuba), John Coltrane (ts), Gil Coggins (p), Spanky DeBrest (b), Larry Richie (dr). December 20, 1957
 1410 **Under Paris Skies** NJ LP8228
 1411 **Clifford's Kappa** NJ LP8228
 1412 **Filide** NJ LP8228
 1413 **Two Sons** NJ LP8228
 1414 **Paul's Pal** NJ LP8228
 1415 **I Hadn't Anyone** NJ LP8228
 1416 **This Is No Laughing Matter** unissued

ART BLAKEY BIG BAND:

Donald Byrd, Idrees Sulieman, Bill Hardman, Ray Copeland (tp), Melba Liston, Frank Rehak, Jimmy Cleveland (tb), Sahib Shihab, Bill Graham (as), Coltrane, Al Cohn (ts), Bill Slapin (bars), Walter Bishop (p), Wendell Marshall (b), Art Blakey (dr).
December 1957

Midriff Beth BCP6027

Ain't Life Grand Beth BCP6027

El Toro Valiente Beth BCP6027

The Kiss Of No Return Beth BCP6027

Late Date Beth BCP6027

The Outer World Beth BCP6027

Tippin' (1) Beth BCP6027, BCP6065

Pristine (1) Beth BCP6027

(1) only Byrd, Coltrane, Bishop, Marshall, Blakey.



Recording with Miles Davis and Cannonball Adderley. Miles is playing flugelhorn.

GENE AMMONS AND HIS ALL STARS:

Jerome Richardson (fl), Coltrane (as, ts), Gene Ammons, Paul Quinichette (ts), Pepper Adams (bars), Mal Waldron (p), George Joyner (b), Art Taylor (dr).
January 3, 1958

1426 Ammons' Joy Prst LP7201

1427 Groove Blues Prst LP7201

1428 The Real McCoy Prst LP7132

1430 It Might As Well Be Spring LP7201

1431 Cheek To Cheek Prst LP7132

1432 Jug Handle Prst LP7201, LP7306

1433 Blue Hymn Prst 45-121LP7132, LP7306, Bluesville LP1010

JOHN COLTRANE QUARTET:

Donald Byrd (tp), Coltrane (ts), Red Garland (p), Paul Chambers (b), Louis Hayes (dr).
January 10, 1958

1434 Lush Life Prst 45-249, LP7188

1435 The Believer Prst 45-315, LP7292

1436 Nikatini Serenade LP7292

1437 Come Rain Or Come Shine LP7378

1438 Lover LP7378

JOHN COLTRANE with RED GARLAND TRIO:

Coltrane (ts), Red Garland (p), Paul Chambers (b), Art Taylor (dr).
February 7, 1958

1460 Russian Lullaby Prst LP7142

1461 Theme For Ernie Prst LP7142

1462 You Say You Care Prst LP7142

1463 Good Bait Prst 45-139, Prst LP7142

1464 I Want To Talk About You 45-177, Prst LP7142

KENNY BURRELL-JOHN COLTRANE:

Coltrane (ts), Tommy Flanagan (p), Kenny Burrell (g), Paul Chambers (b), Jimmy Cobb (dr).
March 7, 1958

1476 Lyresto NJ LP8276

1477 Why Was I Born NJ LP8276

1478 Freight Train NJ LP8276

1479 I Never Knew NJ LP8276

1480 Big Paul NJ LP8276

WILBUR HARDEN QUINTET:

Wilbur Harden (flg), Coltrane (ts), Tommy Flanagan (p), Doug Watkins (b), Louis Hayes (dr).
March 13, 1958

Wells Fargo Svy MG12127

West 42nd Street Svy MG12127

W.F.F.P.H. Svy MG12127

Rhodomagnetics Svy MG12127

Snuffy MG12127

JOHN COLTRANE with RED GARLAND TRIO:

Coltrane (ts), Red Garland (p), Paul Chambers (b), Jimmy Cobb (dr).
March 26, 1958

1488 Rise And Shine LP7213

1489 I See Your Face Before Me LP7213

1490 If There Is Someone Lovelier LP7213

1491 Little Melonae LP7213

1492 By The Numbers LP7213

MILES DAVIS SEXTET:

Miles Davis (tp), Cannonball Adderley (as), Coltrane (ts), Red Garland (p), Paul Chambers (b), Philly Joe Jones (dr).
April 2, 1958

CO60199 Two Bass Hit Co CL1193, CS9428

CO60201 Straight No Chaser Co CL1193, CS9428

CO60202 Milestones Co CL1193, CS9428

same

CO60203 Dr. Jekyll Co CL1193, B11931, CS9428
CO60204 Sid's Ahead Co CL1193, CS9428

JOHN COLTRANE QUINTET:

Donald Byrd (tp), Coltrane (ts), Red Garland (p), Paul Chambers (b), Jimmy Cobb (dr).
May 23, 1958

1513 Black Pearls Prst LP7316

1514 Lover Come Back To Me Prst LP7316

1515 Sweet Sapphire Blues Prst LP7316

MILES DAVIS SEXTET:

Miles Davis (tp), Cannonball Adderley (as), Coltrane (ts), Bill Evans (p), Paul Chambers (b), Jimmy Cobb (dr).
May 26, 1958

CO61165 Green Dolphin Street Co 4-33059, CL1268
CO61166 Put Your Little Foot Out CL1268

CO61167 Stella By Starlight CL1268

MICHEL LEGRAND AND HIS ORCHESTRA:

Miles Davis (tp), Jerome Richardson (cl, bars), Phil Woods (as), Coltrane (ts), Herbie Mann (fl), Betty Glammann (harp), Eddie Costa (vbs), Bill Evans (p), Paul Chambers (b), Kenny Dennis (dr), Michell Legrand (arr, cond).
June 25, 1958

CO61067 Wild Man Blues Co CL1250, CS8079

CO61068 'Round Midnight Co CL1250, CS8079

CO61069 The Jitterbug Waltz Co CL1250, CS8079

MILES DAVIS SEXTET:

Miles Davis (tp), Cannonball Adderley (as), Coltrane (ts), Bill Evans (p), Paul Chambers (b), Jimmy Cobb (dr).
Newport Jazz Festival, July 3, 1958

CO81844 Ah-Leu-Cha Co CL2178, CS8978

CO81845 Straight No Chaser Co CL2178, CS8978

CO81846 Fran-Dance Co CL2178, CS8978

CO81847 Two Bass Hit Co CL2178, CS8978

JOHN COLTRANE QUINTET:

Wilbur Harden (flg), Coltrane (ts), Red Garland (p), Paul Chambers (b), Jimmy Cobb (dr).
July 11, 1958

1541 Spring Is Here Prst LP7243, LP7322, Mdsv LP32

1542 Invitation Prst LP7243

1543 I'm A Dreamer Prst LP7353

1544 Love Thy Neighbor (1) Prst LP7268

1545 Don't Take Your Love Away Prst LP7243

1546 Stardust Prst LP7268, LP7298

1547 My Ideal Prst LP7353

1548 I'll Get By Prst LP7243

(1) Art Taylor (dr) for Cobb.

WILBUR HARDEN SEXTET:

Wilbur Harden (flg), Curtis Fuller (tb), Coltrane (ts), Tommy Flanagan (p), Alvin Jackson (b), Art Taylor (dr).
August 18, 1958

Dial Africa Svy MG12131, ST13004

Domba Svy MG12131, ST13004

Gold Coast Svy MG12131, ST13004

Tanganyika Strut Svy MG12136, ST13005

Howard Williams (p) for Flanagan

B.J. Svy MG12136, ST13005

Anedao Svy MG12136, ST13005

Once In A While Svy MG12136, ST13005

GEORGE RUSSELL AND HIS ORCHESTRA:

Doc Severinsen, Art Farmer, Ernie Royal (tp), Bob Brookmeyer, Frank Rehak, Tommy Mitchell (tb), Hal McKusick (as), Coltrane (ts), Sol Schlinger (bars), Bill Evans (p), Barry Galbraith (g), Milt Hinton (b), Charlie Persip (dr), Jon Hendricks (narrator).
September 12, 1958

105626 Manhattan Decca DL(S7)9216

CECIL TAYLOR QUINTET/JOHN COLTRANE QUINTET:

Kenny Dorham (tp), Coltrane (ts), Cecil Taylor (p), Chuck Israels (b), Louis Hayes (dr).
October 13, 1958

Shifting Down U-A UAL4014, UAS5014, UAJ14001, UAS15001
Like Someone In Love U-A UAL4014, UAS5014, UAJ14001, UAS15001
Just Friends U-A UAL4014, UAS5014, UAJ14001, UAS15001
Double Clutching U-A UAL4014, UAL3333, UAS5014, UAS6333, UAJ14001, UAS15001

RAY DRAPER QUINTET:

Ray Draper (tuba), Coltrane (ts), John Maher (p), Spanky DeBrest (b), Larry Ritchie (dr). late 1958
Essil's Dance Jubilee JLP1009, Josie LP(S)3504
Doxey Jubilee JLP1009, Josie LP(S)3504
I Talk To The Trees Jubilee JLP 1009, Josie LP(S)3504
Yesterdays Jubilee JLP1009, Josie LP(S)3504
Oleo Jubilee JLP1009, Josie LP(S)3504
Angel Eyes Jubilee JLP1009, Josie LP(S)3504

JOHN COLTRANE ALL STARS:

Coltrane (ts), Red Garland (p), Paul Chambers (b), Art Taylor (dr). December 26, 1958
1696 Do I Love You (1) Prst LP7292
1697 Then I'll Be Tired Of You (1) LP7268
1698 Something I Dreamed Last Night (2) LP7353
1699 Bahia LP7353
1700 Goldsboro Express LP7353
1701 Time After Time (2) LP7268
 (1) add Freddie Hubbard (tp); (2) Jimmy Cobb (dr) for Taylor.

MICHEL LEGRAND AND HIS ORCHESTRA:

big band including Coltrane (ts), strings, Latin percussion. 1958-1959?

Besame Mucho Co CL1139

note: in this entirely commercial album, Coltrane is featured on this title alone, according to Legrand, who told collector Kurt Mohr that the recording was made during a Legrand visit to New York.

JOHN COLTRANE-MILT JACKSON QUINTET:

Coltrane (ts), Milt Jackson (vbs), Hank Jones (p), Paul Chambers (b), Connie Kay (dr). January 15, 1959

18095 **The Sleeper** Mer MG20449, SR60134, Lml LM82009, LS86009
 18096 **Wabash** Mer MG20449, SR60134, Lml LM82009, LS86009
 18097 **Weaver Of Dreams** (no as) Mer MG20449, SR60134, Lml LM82009, LS86009
 18098 **Limehouse Blues** Mer 71712, Mer MG20449, SR60134, Lml LM82009, LS86009

MILES DAVIS SEXTET:

Miles Davis (tp), Cannonball Adderley (as), Coltrane (ts), Wynton Kelley (p), Paul Chambers (b), Jimmy Cobb (dr).

March 2, 1959

CO62290 **Freddie Freeloader** Co CL1355, CS8163

Bill Evans (p) for Kelly

CO62291 **So What** Co CL1355, CS8163

CO62292 **Blues In Green** (no as) Co CL1355, CS8163

same April 22, 1959

CO62293 **Flamenco Sketches** Co CL1355, CS8163

CO62294 **All Blues** Co CL1355, CS8163

JOHN COLTRANE QUARTET:

Coltrane (ts), Tommy Flanagan (p), Paul Chambers (b), Art Taylor (dr). May 4-5, 1959

A3469 **Cousin Mary** Atl 5003, LP(SD)1311

Giant Steps Atl LP(SD)1311

Count Down Atl LP(SD)1311

Spiral Atl LP(SD)1311

Syeda's Flute Song Atl LP(SD)1311

Mr. P.C. Atl LP(SD)1311

Coltrane (ts), Wynton Kelly (p), Paul Chambers (b), Jimmy Cobb (dr). November 24, 1959

Little Old Lady Atl LP(SD)1354

I'll Wait And Pray Atl LP(SD)1354

same December 2, 1959

A3896 **Naima** Atl 5003, LP(SD)1311

Harmonique Atl LP(SD)1354

My Shining Hour Atl LP(SD)1354

Fifth House Atl LP(SD)1354

Like Sonny Atl LP(SD)1354

Some Other Blues Atl LP(SD)1354



The Quartet, at a concert in Rotterdam. McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Bags And Trane Atl LP(SD)1368
Three Little Words Atl LP(SD)1368
The Night We Called It A Day Atl LP(SD)1368
Be-Bop Atl LP(SD)1368
The Late, Late Blues Atl LP(SD)1368

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET:

Cannonball Adderley (as), Coltrane (ts), Wynton Kelly (p), Paul Chambers (b), Jimmy Cobb (dr).

Chicago, February 3, 1959

18094 **Grand Central** Mer MG20449, SR60134, Lml LM82009, LS86009

Coltrane (ts), McCoy Tyner (p), Steve Davis (b), Billy Higgins (dr). 1960

Exotica Roulette (S)R52094, RB-2

One And Four Roulette (S)R52094, RB-2

Simple Like Roulette (S)R52094, RB-2, Vee Jay VJ2501

JOHN COLTRANE & DON CHERRY:

Don Cherry (tp), Coltrane (ts, sop), Charlie Haden (b), Ed Blackwell (dr). c. July, 1960

Cherryco Atl LP(SD)1451

The Blessing Atl LP(SD)1451

Percy Heath (b) for Haden
Focus On Sanity Atl LP(SD)1451
The Invisible Atl LP(SD)1451
Bemsha Swing Atl LP(SD)1451

JOHN COLTRANE QUARTET:

Coltrane (sop, ts), McCoy Tyner (p), Steve Davis (b), Elvin Jones (dr). October 21, 1960

Village Blues Atl LP(SD)1354
My Favorite Things Atl 5012, LP(SD)1361

same October 24, 1960

Summertime Atl LP(SD)1361
Blues To Elvin Atl LP(SD)1382
Blues To Bechet Atl LP(SD)1382
Blues To You Atl LP(SD)1382
Mr. Day Atl LP(SD)1382
Mr. Syms Atl LP(SD)1382
Mr. Knight Atl LP(SD)1382
Central Park West Atl LP(SD)1419
Body And Soul Atl LP(SD)1419
Satellite Atl LP(SD)1419

same October 26, 1960

But Not For Me Atl LP(SD)1361
Everytime We Say Goodbye Atl LP(SD)1361
Liberia Atl LP(SD)1419
The Night Has A Thousand Eyes Atl LP(SD)1419
Equinox Atl LP(SD)1419

MILES DAVIS QUINTET:

Miles Davis (tp), Hank Mobley, Coltrane (ts), Wynton Kelly (p), Paul Chambers (b), Jimmy Cobb (dr). March 20, 1961
CO66500 Someday My Prince Will Come Co CL1656, CS8456

omit Mobley March 21, 1961
CO66505 Teo Co CL1656, CS8456

JOHN COLTRANE AND HIS ORCHESTRA:

Booker Little (tp), Britt Woodman (tb), Carl Bowman (euphonium), Julius Watkins, Donald Corrado, Bob Northern, Robert Swissel (frh), Bill Barber (tuba), Eric Dolphy (as, b-cl, fl), Coltrane (ts), Laurdine Patrick (reeds), McCoy Tyner (p), Reggie Workman and Art Davis (b), Elvin Jones (dr).

May 23, 1961

Greensleeves Imp A(S)-6

Freddie Hubbard (tp), Eric Dolphy (as, fl), Coltrane (ts, sop), McCoy Tyner (p), Reggie Workman and Art Davis (b), Elvin Jones (dr). May 25, 1961

Ole Atl LP(SD)1373
Dahomey Dance Atl LP(SD)1373
Aisha Atl LP(SD)1373

as May 23, 1961 June 7, 1961

Africa Imp A(S)-6
Blues Minor Imp A(S)-6

TRANE AND SHEPP



TED WILLIAMS



HERB SNITZER

TRANE AND DOLPHY

JOHN COLTRANE QUARTET/QUINTET:

Eric Dolphy (b-cl), Coltrane (ts, sop), McCoy Tyner (p), Reggie Workman (b), Elvin Jones (dr).

Village Vanguard, November 2, 3 & 5, 1961

10556 **India** (1) Imp A(S)-42
10557 **Spiritual** Imp A(S)-10
10572 **Softly As In A Morning Sunrise** Imp A(S)-10
10576 **Chasin' The Trane** (no p) Imp A(S)-10
(1) omit Dolphy, add Jimmy Garrison (b).
(2) omit Dolphy. Jimmy Garrison (b) replaces Workman.

JOHN COLTRANE QUARTET:

Coltrane (sop, ts), McCoy Tyner (p), Jimmy Garrison (b), Elvin Jones (dr). December 21, 1961

10669 **Greensleeves** Imp 203
10670 **It's Easy To Remember** Imp 203, A(S)-32
same April 11 & 12, 1962

10874 **The Inch Worm** Imp A(S)-21
10875 **Big Nick** Imp A(S)-99
10876 **Soul Eyes** Imp A(S)-21

same June 21, 1962

10984 **Miles' Mode** Imp A(S)-21

same June 29, 1962

10992 **Tunji** Imp A(S)-21
10993 **Out Of This World** Imp A(S)-21
10994 **Up 'Gainst The Wall** rejected

same September 18, 1962

11092 **Nancy** Imp 212, A(S)-32
11093 **What's New** Imp 212, A(S)-32
11094 **Up 'Gainst The Wall** Imp 212, A(S)-32
note: the original and most used release of 212 was the coupling 11092/11094. Approximately 1000 pressings exist of 212 where 1193 is coupled with 11094.

DUKE ELLINGTON & JOHN COLTRANE:

Coltrane (sop, ts), Duke Ellington (p), Aaron Bell (1) or Jimmy Garrison (2) (b), Elvin Jones (4) or Sam Woodyard (3) (dr). September 26, 1962

11114 **Stevie** (1, 3) Imp A(S)-30
11115 **In A Sentimental Mood** (1, 4) Imp A(S)-30
11116 **Angelica** (2, 4) Imp A(S)-30
11117 **Big Nick** (2, 4) Imp A(S)-30
11118 **My Little Brown Book** (1, 3) Imp A(S)-30
11119 **The Feeling Of Jazz** (1, 3) Imp A(S)-30
11120 **Take The Coltrane** (2, 4) Imp A(S)-30

JOHN COLTRANE QUARTET:

Coltrane (sop, ts), McCoy Tyner (p), Jimmy Garrison (b),
Elvin Jones (dr). November 13, 1962

- 11161 Too Young To Go Steady Imp A(S)-32
- 11162 All Or Nothing At All Imp A(S)-32
- 11163 I Wish I Knew Imp A(S)-32
- 11164 They Say It's Wonderful unissued
- 11165 You Don't Know What Love Is Imp A(S)-32
- 11166 Say It Over And Over Again Imp A(S)-32
- add Johnny Hartman (vcl) March 6 & 7, 1963
- 11400 They Say It's Wonderful Imp A(S)-40
- 11401 Lush Life Imp 218, A(S)-40
- 11402 My One And Only Love Imp 218, A(S)-40
- 11403 Autumn Serenade Imp A(S)-40
- 11404 Dedicated To You Imp A(S)-40
- 11405 Vilia (no vcl) Imp A(S)9101
- 11406 You Are Too Beautiful Imp A(S)-40

Coltrane (ts, sop), McCoy Tyner (p), Jimmy Garrison (b),
Roy Haynes (dr). April 29, 1963

- 11466 After The Rain Imp A(S)-42
- 11467 All The Things You Are unissued
- 11468 Dear Old Stockholm Imp A(S)-100
- Elvin Jones (dr) replaces Haynes Birdland, October 8, 1963
- 90002 The Promise Imp A(S)-50
- 90003 I Want To Talk About You Imp A(S)-50
- (11405) Afro-Blue Imp A(S)-50

same November 18, 1963

- 90017 Your Lady Imp A(S)-50
- 90018 Alabama Imp A(S)-50

same April 27, 1964

- 90081 Crescent Imp A(S)-66
- 90082 Lonnie's Lament Imp A(S)-66
- 90083 The Drum Thing Imp A(S)-66
- 90084 Wise One Imp A(S)-66
- 90085 Bessie's Blues Imp A(S)-66
- note: some of the titles from this session were probably re-made on June 1, 1964.

same December 9, 1964

- 90243 A Love Supreme, Part I Imp A(S)-77
- 90244 A Love Supreme, Part II Imp A(S)-77
- 90245 A Love Supreme, Part III Imp A(S)-77
- 90246 A Love Supreme, Part IV Imp A(S)-77
- add Archie Shepp (ts), Art Davis (b).
- unknown titles unissued

Coltrane (ts, sop), McCoy Tyner (p), Jimmy Garrison (b),
Elvin Jones (dr). February 17 & 18, 1965

- 90253 Nature Boy (1) Imp A(S)-85
- Brazilia Imp A(S)-85
- 90255 Chim Chim Cheree Imp A(S)-85

Song Of Praise Imp A(S)-85

(1) add Art Davis (b).

same Village Gate, March 28, 1965

90374 Nature Boy Imp A(S)-90

same

June 28, 1965

90312 Welcome Imp A(S)-9106

90319 Vigil Imp A(S)-9106

add Freddie Hubbard, Dewey Johnson (tp), Marion Brown,
John Tchicai (as), Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders (ts), Art
Davis (b), same date.

90321 Ascension, I Imp A(S)-95

90322 Ascension, II Imp A(S)-95

note: Two different versions of Ascension I/II have appeared on
Impulse A(S)-95, with no indication which is which.

Coltrane (ts, sop), McCoy Tyner (p), Jimmy Garrison (b),
Elvin Jones (dr), The Rev. Norman O'Connor (narrator).

Newport Jazz Festival, July 2, 1965

90350 One Down, One Up Imp A(S)-95

Coltrane, Pharoah Sanders (ts), Donald Garrett (b-cl, b), Mc-
Coy Tyner (p), Jimmy Garrison (b), Elvin Jones and Frank
Butler (dr), Juno Lewis (vcl, percussion).

Los Angeles, October, 1965

90676 Kulu Se Mama Imp A(S)9106

Unknown title His Masters Voice CLP(CSD)3617

note: the "unknown" title was issued in Britain as *Kulu Se
Mama* but is quite a different piece of music. The record was
withdrawn shortly, and new copies released with the "correct"
Kulu Se Mama.

Coltrane, Sanders (ts), McCoy Tyner (p), Jimmy Garrison (b),
Elvin Jones and Rashied Ali (dr). November 23, 1965

90413 The Father And The Son And The Holy Ghost Imp
A(S)9110

90414 Compassion Imp A(S)9110

Consequences Imp A(S)9110

Serenity Imp A(S)9110

Love Imp A(S)9110

Coltrane (ts, sop, b-cl), Pharoah Sanders (ts, fl), Alice McLeod
Coltrane (p), Jimmy Garrison (b), Rashied Ali (dr), Emanuel
Rahim (percussion). Village Vanguard, May 28, 1966

Naima Imp A(S)9124

My Favorite Things Imp A(S)9124

Pharoah Sanders (fl, ts), Coltrane (ts, fl), Alice Coltrane (p),
Jimmy Garrison (b), Rashied Ali (dr). February 15, 1967

90769 To Be Imp A(S)9120

90770 Offering Imp A(S)9120

same

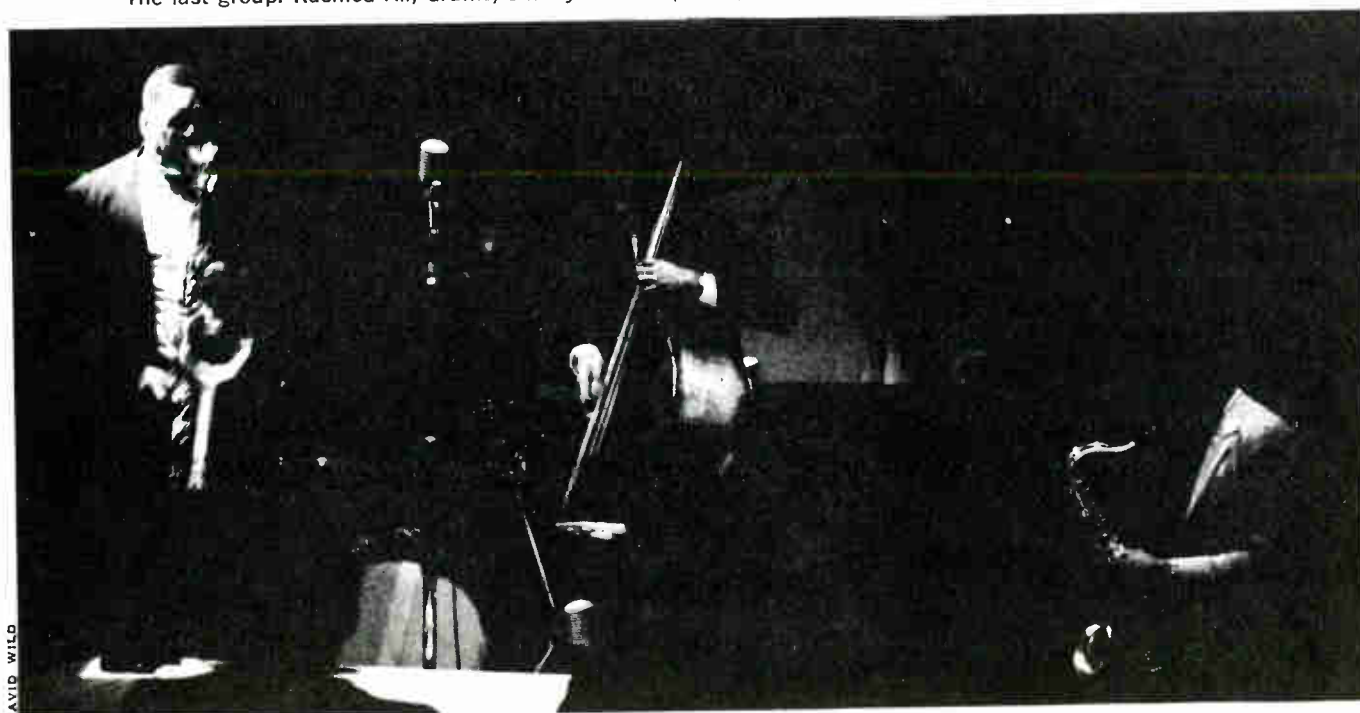
March 7, 1967

90776 Expression Imp A(S)9120

90777 Ogunde Imp A(S)9120



The last group: Rashied Ali, drums; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Alice Coltrane, piano; Pharoah Sanders, tenor.



DAVID WILCO

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

JACK BRADLEY became a professional photographer through his interest in jazz. His photographs have appeared in many jazz publications throughout the world. He is the New York correspondent for *Coda*, and the president of the New York Traditional Jazz Society.

STANLEY DANCE has been writing on jazz for more than three decades. He moved to the U.S. from his native Britain several years ago, and resides in Connecticut. He has produced many records, notably the Mainstream Jazz series on Felstead, and has contributed to innumerable publications here and abroad. He is the author of *The Jazz Era*.

LEONARD FEATHER is perhaps the most widely known of all jazz writers. British-born, he has lived in the U.S. since 1939. He has been active in all branches of the music: as a&r man, in radio and television, as a songwriter (both music and lyrics), concert producer, etc. His books include the invaluable *Encyclopedia of Jazz* series; *The Book of Jazz*; *Inside Bebop*, and others.

IRA GITLER, New York editor of *Down Beat*, has been a prominent jazz critic and reporter since the early 50s. In addition to writing innumerable articles, he supervised many key recording sessions for Prestige, and has been active as a concert producer and radio commentator. His *Jazz Masters of the Forties* was published by Macmillan in 1966. He is an avid ice hockey player, coach, and fan.

ROD GRUVER's field is literature, with a special affinity for the blues. His essay *A Closer Look at the Blues* appeared in *Music '67*.

DON HECKMAN is first of all a musician—an alto saxophonist and composer, and co-leader of the Heckman-Summerlin Improvisational Ensemble. His criticism and musicological studies have appeared in many publications, and he is a regular *Down Beat* contributor.

GEORGE HOEFER, whose death last November is a great loss to jazz scholarship, was one of the first and most prolific of jazz historians and researchers. A *Down Beat* contributor since 1939, he was the magazine's New York editor for several years.

RANDI HULTIN is *Down Beat's* Norwegian correspondent and one of that country's most active jazz journalists. Mrs. Hultin is also a photographer.


JORGEN GRUNNET JEPSEN is one of the world's foremost jazz discographers. The eighth volume of his *Jazz Records, 1942-62* has just been published, and his numerous name discographies have appeared in many publications, as well as in a series of booklets published in his native Denmark.

GUS MATZORKIS is a regular *Down Beat* contributor. He conducts a program of public affairs commentary on Los Angeles radio station KPFK-FM.

DAN MORGENSTERN is the editor of *Down Beat*. In addition to his journalistic work, he has been active as a concert producer and radio commentator.

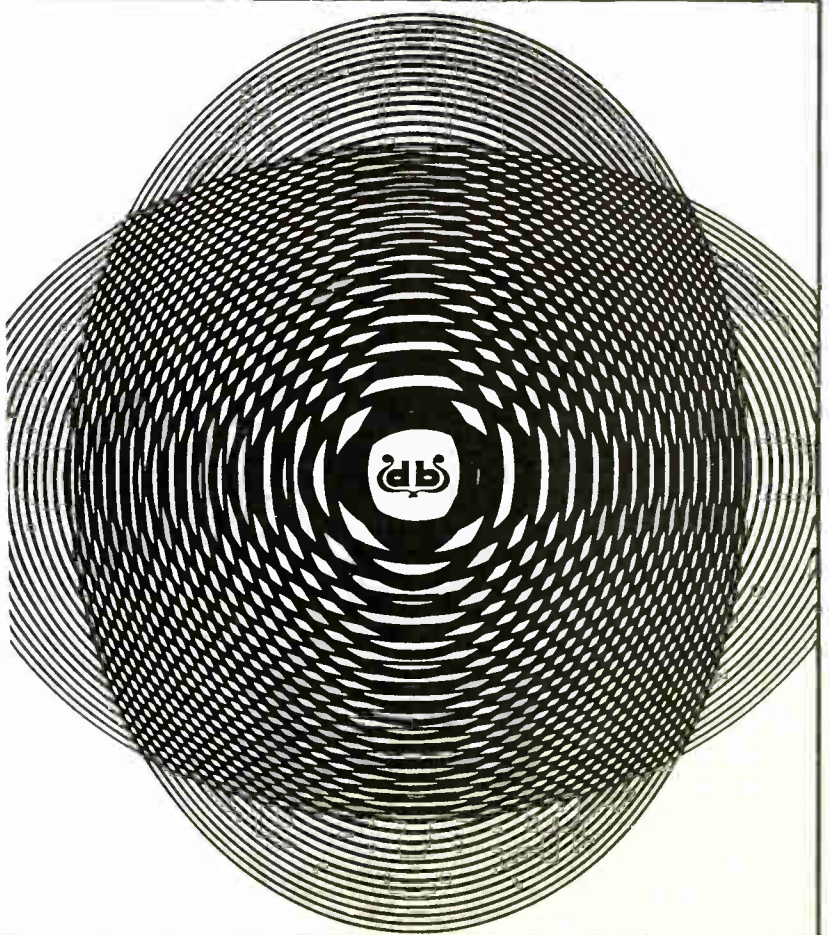
BOB PERLONGO, a former associate editor of *Metronome*, teaches journalism at the University of Iowa. He has published poetry and short fiction, and recently completed his first novel.

BILL QUINN, assistant editor and designer of *Down Beat*, is also active on the Chicago jazz scene as a professional drummer.

PETE WELDING is one of the leading authorities on the blues. Currently at work on a doctoral thesis in folklore studies at the University of California, he is a former assistant editor of *Down Beat* and operates his own record label, *Testament*. 

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