

photo by Duncan P. Scheidt

THE JAZZ REVIEW

Volume 2, Number 6; July, 1959. FIFTY CENTS.



Jack Teagarden by Jay D. Smith
Jazz at Narco by Rabbi Joseph R. Rosenbloom
Bill Russo's The Titans by Hall Overton

we're proud to say...

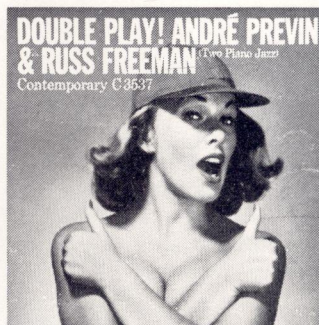
André Previn records for Contemporary



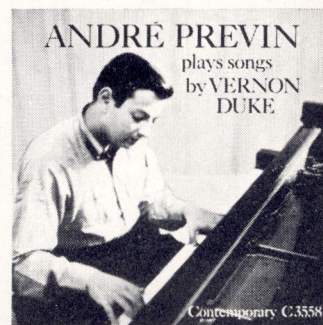
the swinging modern jazz version of music from the Academy Award motion picture! C3548 and Stereo S7020



9 tunes: from easy swing to funk to up-tempo to haunting ballad—Previn's special dish of tea. M3543 & Stereo S7543

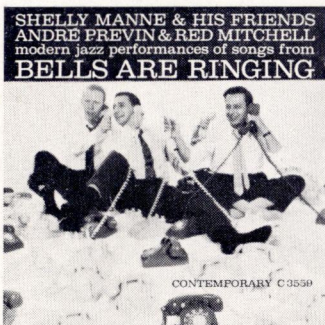


the first modern jazz 2 piano album: "a listening ball"—Down Beat. 8 tunes by André & Russ. C3537 & Stereo S7011

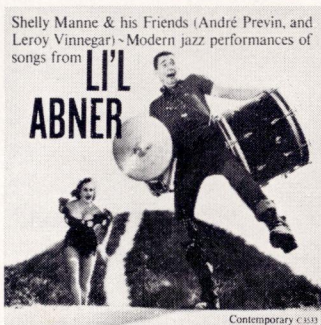


the pianist's first solo work—a singular undertaking in the jazz world. 10 of Duke's wonderful compositions . . C3558

with Shelly Manne & His Friends



the latest jazz version of a Broadway show . . . "collaborative genius" say the *Bells* authors. M3559 & Stereo S7559



"Previn at his best...just about the last word in romantic jazz playing" — Saturday Review. C3533 & Stereo S7019



"...one of the most completely engaging moments in the careers of André and Shelly" — Metronome C3525



the first modern jazz performance of a Broadway show — a best seller for over 2 solid years! M3527 & Stereo C7527

and for SFM (Society for Forgotten Music): ERNEST CHAUSSON'S PIANO QUARTET IN A MAJOR, SFM1003 and Stereo S7014
Monophonic albums, \$4.98 each; Stereophonic albums, \$5.98 each—at dealers everywhere
nationally advertised manufacturer's suggested list prices



CONTEMPORARY RECORDS

8481 MELROSE PLACE
LOS ANGELES 46, CALIFORNIA

LETTERS

ARS GRATIA ARTIS

I was very gratified and appreciative to read Ralph Berton's review of *The Book of Jazz* in the April issue. The review did what all record and book reviews should do, though few ever manage to—it examined what the book set out to do and analyzed its successes and failures in terms of that objective.

I understand from Ralph that some serious cuts were made in the original review, as a result of which many of the quotations supporting the theory I advanced in the book concerning the birthplace of jazz were deleted and a musical example was omitted, as a result of which one segment of the text became almost meaningless. It seems unfortunate that whoever edited the review evidently tended to edit it in terms of his own preconceptions, since there were many passages in the review that could easily have been cut without affecting Mr. Berton's main points.

Incidentally, I should like to go on record concerning his theory in answer to my own point about the blues scale. Ralph's analysis is highly perceptive and I am inclined to agree with him that the alphabet analogy I made does not stand up in relation to the matter of musical intervals. In other words, he is right and I am wrong.

The minor errors in the book which Ralph pointed out, such as the typographical mistakes and the reversion of the facts concerning the E-flat alto sax, were all corrected before the appearance of the paperback edition. The latter was published about the same time as Ralph's review of the book, though no mention was made of it in *The Jazz Review*. The publisher of the paperback edition is Meridian Books.

Finally, I must point out that I dig Ralph's sense of humor and honesty in admitting something that is never admitted by any critic who takes himself too seriously, namely that any critic who credits another critic with "keen judgment" merely means that the latter's views agree with his own. I don't think there is a critic living (including all the musician-critics) of whom this is not true, but Ralph is the only one I've ever known to admit it.

Leonard Feather
New York, New York

INTELLECTUALIZING THE INTANGIBLES

Your magazine really does an excellent job! You've upheld certain ideals in this art form plus doing something that's needed—verbalizing certain aspects of jazz that people in the past have passed over by saying, "Man, you've gotta feel it!" Of course you do, but I love this magazine because it intellectualizes intangibles without having them lose their emotional appeal.

Miss Diane D. Peters Chicago
P.S. I'm corny, but sincere in love.

IN OUR BACH DOOR SOMEDAY

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

The record reviews are tiresome. The sheer volume of text devoted to reviewing recordings which I may never hear, let alone purchase, is exhausting.

Hentoff's "Jazz in Print" rambles on and on. If he is trying to prove that he reads every word printed on the subject of jazz, well man, I'm convinced.

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

No, my interest in jazz has not lessened. I spend more on records than ever before, and enjoy reading *Down Beat* as much today as I did twenty years ago when I bought my first copy. The trouble here seems to be that you fellows are not communicating very well.

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

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

I. L. Jacobs
San Diego, California

YOU CAN'T FORCE THE BEAT

An item on page 49 of *The Jazz Review* reminds me of an incident on the history of jazz in Russia told in a book, *Taming of the Arts*, by J. Jelagin, a refugee who, I think, is playing in a symphony orchestra in Houston. He describes an attempt by the Kremlin in 1938 to "fit jazz into its musical scheme and create a jazz band which would be Soviet in spirit." The finest Russian composers, including Shostakovich were ordered to write music for the band of 43 drafted musicians. If you haven't read his book, I know you would find it interesting.

Cora Worth Parsons
Guilford College

REISSUES FROM ENGLAND

I read with interest the Rudi Blesh review of the booklet, *Recorded Jazz: A Critical Guide*, by Messrs. Harris and Rust.

Mr. Blesh rather overstressed the position in saying that "the number of jazz records available in England is small compared with our Lucullan repast." In fact, I imagine that the number of issues available here of all types of jazz compares reasonably well with the position in your country. Certainly, we have managed to retain as representative a selection of early recordings as is currently available in the home of jazz!

However, the point made by Rudi Blesh that many records listed in the booklet are only available in Britain might be reasonably answered if you will grant us a slice of free publicity.

Any of your readers interested in purchasing discs listed in the Penguin book can do so at best export prices by ordering from this company or, for that matter, any other reputable mail order house.

We will gladly supply details to interested readers.

Ken Lindsay, manager, Agate & Co. Ltd., 77 Charing Cross Road, London W.C. 2, England

P.S. Incidentally, we at Dobell's Jazz Record Shop, and this associated company, consider your magazine a very welcome addition to available jazz literature.

TEMPS PERDU

This past week, I was at Lester Young's funeral, and it is mainly about Lester that I write today. I didn't attempt to approach anyone at the chapel because I felt too badly about Lester, and I wasn't sure that anyone would understand the rather personal feeling I had for Lester (I can do without the "Prez" bit), and to an outsider, this interest can seem rather maudlin at times.

I first heard Lester in 1938, at a debutante party at the Pelham Manor Country Club in Westchester (I crashed). It was my first taste of Basie in person, although I had heard him on the Make Believe Ballroom. (What a wonderful show that used to be!) Not only was I completely taken with the band and its wonderful shouting quality, but when Lester stood up, cocked his horn up at an angle and began to blow those wonderfully loose, legato passages (forgive any technically misused phrases) which were so out of place in those days, when tenor men were so conscious of the beat that they tried to blow a note for every one, I was completely won over. From that point I followed the band to Roton Point, Conn., the New York Roseland and its Brooklyn counterpart, the Apollo, the Savoy, and a hall in upper Manhattan where the Count and his men

(Continued on Page 42)

THE COLUMBIA ^{LP} RECORD CLUB

now enables you to acquire a **STEREO RECORD LIBRARY** at a saving of 40%

ANY SIX

STEREO RECORDS FOR ONLY **\$5.98** RETAIL VALUE UP TO \$35.88

if you join the Club now — and agree to purchase as few as 5 selections from the more than 100 to be made available during the coming 12 months

DORIS DAY
HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD
1. Night and Day, plus 11 more hits

GRAND CANYON SUITE
PHILADELPHIA ORCH., ORMANDY
2. A beloved American classic

FLOWER DRUM SONG
ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN
15. Broadway's newest smash hit

NORMAN LUBOFF CHOIR
Reverie
THE LAMP IS LOW
STRANGE MUSIC
MY REVERIE
9 more

THE FABULOUS JOHNNY CASH
DON'T TAKE YOUR GUNS TO TOWN
RUN SOFTLY, BLUE RIVER
PLUS 10 OTHERS

BELOVED CHORUSES
BACH • HAYDN • SCHUBERT
RIMSKY-KORSAKOV
SIBELIUS • HANDEL
MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR
PHILADELPHIA ORCH.
40. "Hallelujah", "Finlandia", etc.

BEETHOVEN: PASTORALE SYMPHONY
BRUNO WALTER
COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCH.
37. Lovely "musical portrait of nature"

RAY CONNIFF and orchestra
'S MARVELOUS
10. Be My Love, Where or When, etc.

LISTENING IN DEPTH
AN INTRODUCTION TO COLUMBIA STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND
24. 16 classical and pop selections

ROY HAMILTON
With all my love
9. Always, Please, Speak Low, 9 more

BERLIOZ: SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
MITROPOLIS, Cond.
11. Berlioz' most popular work

PIPES, PEDALS AND FIDELITY
BUDDY COLE, Organ
22. Organist Cole plays 11 hit tunes

BRAHMS: SYMPHONY NO. 1
CLEVELAND ORCH., SZELL
28. Brahms' most beloved symphony

ELLINGTON INDIGOS
31. Solitude, Autumn Leaves, etc.

PINES OF ROME FOUNTAINS OF ROME
PHILADELPHIA ORCH., ORMANDY
18. Two electrifying tone poems

FRANKIE LAINE
42. Body and Soul, I Got It Bad, 10 more

KOSTELANETZ
*Romantic Music of TCHAIKOVSKY
33. 11 beautiful, immortal melodies*

R. STRAUSS: DON JUAN DEATH and TRANSFIGURATION TILL EULENSPIEGEL
SZELL-CLEVELAND ORCH.
41. Strauss' loveliest tone poems

cugat cavalcade
HIS GREATEST HITS
45. Tico-Tico, Brazil, 10 others

Ella Fitzgerald
SINGS RODGERS AND HART VOL. 1
A YERVE RECORD
50. Where or When, Manhattan, 10 more

Tchaikovsky PATHÉTIQUE SYMPHONY
Mitropoulos, New York Philharmonic
30. A "must" for any record library

MEDELSSOHN: ITALIAN SYMPHONY
HAYDN: LONDON SYMPHONY
Bernstein
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
27. Granada, La Paloma, 11 more

THE FOUR LADS
"BREEZIN' ALONG"
RAY ELLIS and his orchestra
20. Come to Me, Long Ago, 10 more

STRAVINSKY: FIREBIRD SUITE TCHAIKOVSKY: ROMEO AND JULIET LEONARD BERNSTEIN
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
16. Two colorful, exciting scores

THE RECORDS THAT PUT YOU IN THE CENTER OF SOUND

If you now own a stereophonic phonograph, or plan to purchase one in the near future — here is a unique opportunity to obtain SIX brand-new stereo records... up to a \$35.88 retail value — ALL SIX for only \$5.98!

We make this unusual offer to demonstrate the money-saving advantages you will regularly enjoy as a member of the Columbia ^{LP} Record Club.

Read below how the Club operates... then mail the coupon, without money, to receive the six stereo records of your choice — all six for only \$5.98.

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo phonograph

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES:

- ★ You enroll in either one of the Club's two stereo Divisions: Classical or Popular — whichever one best suits your musical taste
- ★ Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding recordings that deserve a place in your new stereo record library. These selections are described in the Club's entertaining Music Magazine, which you receive free each month
- ★ You may accept the selection for your Division... take any of the other records offered in both Divisions... or take NO record in any particular month
- ★ Your only obligation as a member is to purchase five selections from the more than 100 Columbia and Epic records to be offered in the coming 12 months... and you may discontinue membership any time thereafter
- ★ After purchasing only five records you receive a Columbia or Epic stereo Bonus record of your choice free for every two additional selections you buy
- ★ The records you want are mailed and billed at the regular list price of \$4.98 (Classical Selections, \$5.98), plus a small mailing charge
- ★ Here, indeed, is the most convenient method ever devised to build a superb stereo library, at great savings — so mail the coupon today!

SEND NO MONEY — Mail coupon to receive 6 records for \$5.98

COLUMBIA ^{LP} RECORD CLUB, Dept. 281-1
Stereophonic Section
Terre Haute, Indiana

I accept your offer and have circled at the right the numbers of the six records I wish to receive for \$5.98, plus small mailing charge. Enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

(check one box only)

☐ Stereo Classical ☐ Stereo Popular

I agree to purchase five selections from the more than 100 to be offered during the coming 12 months, at regular list price plus small mailing charge. For every two additional selections I accept, I am to receive a 12" Columbia or Epic stereo Bonus record of my choice FREE.

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City.....ZONE.....State.....

ALASKA and HAWAII: write for special membership plan
CANADA: address 11-13 Soho Street, Toronto 2B

If you wish to have this membership credited to an established Columbia or Epic record dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, fill in below:

Dealer's Name.....

Dealer's Address.....288

CIRCLE 6 NUMBERS:	
1	22
2	24
3	25
5	27
6	28
7	29
8	30
9	31
10	33
11	36
12	37
15	40
16	41
18	42
19	45
20	49
21	50

COLUMBIA ^{LP} RECORD CLUB
Terre Haute, Ind.

JAZZ

THE JAZZ REVIEW

Editors: Nat Hentoff
Martin Williams
Publisher: Hsio Wen Shih
Editorial Assistant: Margot Wolynski
Production Manager: Lois Ehrenwerth
Advertising Manager: Dick Joseph

New Contributors

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Jazz Review is published by the Jazz Review, Inc., Box 128, Village Station, New York 14, New York. Entire contents copyrighted 1959.

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

CONTENTS: VOLUME 2, NUMBER 6, JULY 1959.

Big T	6
by Jay D. Smith	
Jazz at Narco	8
by Rabbi Joseph R. Rosenbloom	
Conversations with James P. Johnson, Part II	10
by Tom Davin	
Under Separate Cover	14
by Robert C. Smith	
The Titans, Bill Russo's Symphony in C	16
by Hall Overton	
REVIEWS: RECORDINGS	
JULIAN ADDERLEY by Bill Crow	17
LENNY BRUCE by Martin Williams	18
ORNETTE COLEMAN by Art Farmer	18
MILES DAVIS by Bob Freedman	19
ART FARMER by Joe Goldberg	19
ART FARMER by Bill Crow	20
THE JONES BROTHERS by Ross Russell	20
JOHNNY GRIFFIN by Bill Crow	21
JELLY ROLL MORTON by Martin Williams	21
BUDDY TATE by Frank Driggs	22
ARTIE SHAW by Mimi Clar	23
CLAUDE THORNHILL by Martin Williams	23
DICKIE WELLS by Frank Driggs	24
RANDY WESTON & LEM WINCHESTER by Ross Russell	24
LESTER YOUNG by Frank Driggs	25
BASIE REUNION by Frank Driggs	25
THE GOLDEN ERA OF DIXIELAND by Bill Crow	26
BROWNIE MCGHEE and SONNY TERRY, and JOE TURNER by Mimi Clar	27
GOSPEL SINGERS by Mimi Clar	29
RECONSIDERATIONS 5	
LESTER YOUNG by H. A. Woodfin	30
REVIEWS: BOOKS	
MONK'S MUSIC by Dick Wellstood	32
JAZZ IN PRINT by Nat Hentoff	33
THE BLUES	36
NEWS AND VIEWS	
NEWPORT AND GREAT SOUTH BAY by Francis Thorne	37
WASHINGTON JAZZ JUBILEE by Tom Scanlon	41



Crowding fifty-four, Jack Teagarden's black hair is streaked with gray at the temples, the planes of his broad face furrowed. He remains today as great an enigma as he was when he blew into New York in 1927 and in concert with Jimmy Harrison promptly liberated the trombone from its drab huff and puff, smear and swipe role in jazz.

The mystery of Teagarden is not so much what he is but rather how he came to be so. Few erudite jazz writers have attempted a profound analysis of the trombonist, for he defies scrutiny. Otis Ferguson, who wrote of his jazzmen in a brawling, earthy style captured and set down a fleeting glimpse—so did Charles Edward Smith. But the tyro puts pen to paper in hollow tributes which are largely benevolent. And not without reason . . . Teagarden is an amalgam of contradictions.

He sang, "I was born in Texas, raised in Tennessee, an' I ain't gonna let no one woman make a fatmouth outa me . . ." The facts belie this statement. He was both born and reared in the Lone Star State and except for desultory thrusts into Mexico and California he gigged through the southwest and was 'fat-mouthed' frequently. If there were any concrete influences during those early years his delivery bore little trace. For even on his first recording (Willard Robison in the fall of 1927) he blew a sinuous, biting solo which pleasantly confounded the likes of the Chicagoans (McPartland and company) and Gothamites (Miff and Red). His intonation was provokingly blue for a white man and was not sacrificed on the dreariest of material.

Although his vocal fame came later (he never sang in Texas), it too was blue-tinged and facile, as though an extension of his horn. A recent acknowledgment is contained in Marshall Stearns' *The Story of Jazz* (Oxford University Press, Inc.). "When Jack Teagarden arrived in New York City much later (1927), he was the only white musician who could sing the blues in an 'authentic' manner." In compendium Professor Stearns might truthfully have added that throughout three subsequent decades no other white has seriously challenged that ability.

His esteem among fellow musicians is a matter of record. Though Jack's career has sometimes been alluded to as one of indifferent success, this can be applied accurately only to material rewards. First a musician, his business acumen is notoriously deficient. During various periods of a forty-year tenure in jazz he has coasted, but only when, as he puts it, "I didn't have any inspiration." Yet, distressing as he finds mediocrity, he has for years encouraged it. So sensitive is Jack to the feelings of his fellow creatures that he will endure gross musical torture rather than admonish an offender. His own bands support this hypothesis. The first was a *melange* of technicians who lacked basic jazz orientation. Each succeeding organization (periodically mauled by the draft) was merely a vehicle for its leader and eventually the caravan ran out of gas. That Jack was capable of booting out a fair chorus during respites from mediocre musicians is evidenced by the superb V Disc sessions of the forties.

Though Teagarden—not without considerable effort—has methodically eluded the fruits of the money tree, he remains one of the sturdy oaks of jazz who bends to no one and cannot be disregarded by contemporaries. In this era of classification by "school" each jazzman of stature (and more than a few without) has been sorted out like an IBM card and dropped into his confining slot. If Dixieland, Swing, Bop, or Modern pinched, there were the convenient subdivisions of Kansas City, Chicago, New York. But not so Teagarden! Not having planted

his adolescent roots in the soil of the traditional jazz orchards, he is afforded a separate slot. Woe be to the critic who dares approach the maverick with branding iron in hand.

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

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

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

Like the night he was strolling around Manhattan flanked by a pair of veteran jazz buffs. Jack was recalling the old days—Plunkett's, the Okeh recording studio, the Little Club. "And there's Birdland," he explained as though to bring the tour up to date.

One of his companions wisecracked, "Guess you used to play there with Pollack."

Jack's face was impassive. "Nope. It wasn't here then."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jazz at Narco

by Rabbi Joseph R. Rosenbloom

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

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

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

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

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

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

The stimulus of hearing their work performed has re-awakened the joy of music for some of the patients. One

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

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

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

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

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

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

Another patient has felt their influence in a different way. "I consider myself a very good example of what the influences around here can do. I came here just being what you might call a sometime piano player, and have been for the last ten or twelve years. I came here and found myself surrounded by these overwhelmingly good influences. Never had I written a note of music, and was

stimulated solely by the influences here to write an arrangement or two. Now I see a possible future for me since these arrangements have met with a fair amount of success."

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

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

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



photo by Duncan P. Scheidt

1912-14

Conversations with James P. Johnson

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the summer of 1912, during high-school vacation,

by Tom Davin

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

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

Q. Oh, you *did* play professionally before?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A. Oh, generally popular stuff. I played *That Barber-shop Chord . . . Lazy Moon . . . Berlin's Alexander's Ragtime Band*. Some rags, too, my own and others . . . Joplin's *Maple Leaf Rag* (everybody knew that by then) . . . his *Sunflower Slow Drag . . . Maori*, by Will Thiers . . . *The Peculiar Rag* and *The Dream*, by Jack the Bear.

Then there were "instrumentals"; piano arrangements of medleys of Herbert and Friml, popular novelties and music-hall hits—many by Negro composers.

Indian songs were popular then, and the girls at Dan Williams' used to sing *Hiawatha . . . Red Wing . . . Big Chief Battleaxe . . . Come With Me To My Big Teepee . . . Pony Boy*—all popular in the music halls then.

Blues had not come into popularity at that time—they weren't known or sung by New York entertainers.

Q. Had you done any composing by that time?

A. No, but I was working out a number of rags of my

own that they wanted to publish at Gotham & Attucks, a Negro music publishing firm whose offices were at 37th Street, off Broadway. I couldn't write them down and I didn't know anybody who would do them for me.

Cecil Mack was president of Gotham & Attucks. All the great colored musicians had gathered around the firm—Bert Williams, George Walker, Scott Joplin, Will Marion Cook, Joe Jordan, Tim Brymm.

They had a lot of hit songs . . . *Just a Word Of Consolation . . . Red, Red Rose . . . Down Among the Sugar Cane . . . Good Morning, Carrie*. Gussie L. Davis, who wrote white-style ballads for them, was the composer of *The Baggage Coach Ahead*, the greatest tear-jerker of the time.

Q. Were you long at Dan Williams' place?

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

In the spring of 1913, I really got started up in The Jungles. This was the Negro section of Hell's Kitchen and ran from 60th to 63rd Street, west of 9th Avenue. It was the toughest part of New York. There were two to three killings a night. Fights broke out over love affairs, gambling, or arguments in general. There were race fights with the white gangs on 66th and 67th Street. It was just as tough in the white section of Hell's Kitchen.

Q. Where did you play there?

A. In 1910 and 1911, I used to drop in at Jim Allan's place at 61st Street and 10th Avenue, where I'd wear my knickers long so they wouldn't notice that I was a short-pants punk. After they heard me play, they would let me come when I wanted.

So, in the spring of 1913, I went uptown and got a job playing at Jim Allan's. It was a remodeled cellar, and since it operated after hours, it had an iron-plated door—like the speak-easies had later. There was a bar upstairs, but downstairs there was a rathskeller, and in the back of the cellar there was a gambling joint.

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

My "New York Jazz" album [on Asch] tried to show some types of music played in The Jungles at that time . . . Joplin's *Euphonic Sounds . . . The Dream . . . Handy's Hesitation Blues*.

One night a week, I played piano for Drake's Dancing Class on 62nd Street, which we called "The Jungles Casino." It was officially a dancing school, since it was very hard for Negroes to get a dance-hall license. But you could get a license to open a dancing school very cheap.

The Jungles Casino was just a cellar, too, without fixings. The furnace, coal, and ashes were still there behind a partition. The coal bin was handy for guests to stash their liquor in case the cops dropped in.

There were dancing classes all right, but there were no teachers. The "pupils" danced sets, two-steps, waltzes, schottisches, and "The Metropolitan Glide," a new step.

I played for these regulation dances, but instead of playing straight, I'd break into a rag in certain places.

The older ones didn't care too much for this, but the younger ones would scream when I got good to them with a bit of rag in the dance music now and then.

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

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

The people who came to The Jungles Casino were mostly from around Charleston, South Carolina, and other places in the South. Most of them worked for the Ward Line as longshoremen or on ships that called at southern coast ports. There were even some Gullahs among them.

They picked their partners with care to show off their best steps and put sets, cotillions and cakewalks that would give them a chance to get off.

The Charleston, which became a popular dance step on its own, was just a regulation cotillion step without a name. It had many variations—all danced to the rhythm that everybody knows now. One regular at the Casino, named Dan White, was the best dancer in the crowd and he introduced the Charleston step as we know it. But there were dozens of others steps used, too.

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

My *Carolina Shout* was another type of ragtime arrangement of a set dance of this period. In fact, a lot of famous jazz compositions grew out of cotillion music—such as *The Wildcat Blues*. Jelly Roll Morton told me that his *King Porter Stomp* and *High Society* were taken from cotillion music.

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

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

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

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

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

About this time, I played my first "Pigfoot Hop" at Phil Watkin's place on 61st Street. He was a very clever entertainer and he paid me \$1.50 for a night's playing with all the gin and chitterlings that I could get down.

This was my first "Chitterlin' Strut" or parlor social, but later in the depression I became famous at "Gumbo Suppers," "Fish Fries," "Egg Nog Parties," and "Rent Parties." I loved them all. You met people.

When I was at Allan's, I met Luckey Roberts at a party.

Q. What was Luckey like in those days of his prime?

A. Luckey Roberts was the outstanding pianist in New York in 1913—and for years before and after. He had composed *The Elks March . . . Spanish Venus . . . Palm Beach Rag . . . The Junkman's Rag*.

Luckey had massive hands that could stretch a fourteenth on the keyboard, and he played tenths as easy as others played octaves. His tremolo was terrific, and he could drum on one note with two or three fingers in either hand. His style in making breaks was like a drummer's: he'd flail his hands in and out, lifting them high. A very spectacular pianist.

He was playing at Barron Wilkins' place in Harlem then, and when I could get away I went uptown and studied him (I was working at Allan's from 9:00 P.M. to 7:00 A.M.). Later we became good friends, and he invited me to his home. Afterwards, I played at Barron Wilkins', too, as did my friend Ernest Green, who first introduced me to Luckey. Ernest was a good classic pianist. Luckey used to ask him to play the *William Tell Overture* and the *White Cavalry Overture*. These were considered tops in "classical" music amongst us.

Ernest Green's mother was studying then with a piano and singing teacher named Bruto Gianinni. She did house cleaning in return for lessons—several Negro singers got their training that way. Mrs. Green told me: "James, you have too much talent to remain ignorant of musical principles." She inspired me to study seriously. So I began to take lessons from Gianinni, but I got tired of the dull exercises. However, he taught me a lot of concert effects.

I was starting to develop a good technique. I was born with absolute pitch and could catch a key that a player was using and copy it, even Luckey's. I played rags very accurately and brilliantly—running chromatic octaves and glissandos up and down with both hands. It made a terrific effect.

I did double glissandos straight and backhand, glissandos in sixths and double tremolos. These would run other ticklers out of the place at cutting sessions. They wouldn't play after me. I would put these tricks in on the breaks and I could think of a trick a minute. I was playing a lot of piano then, traveling around and listening to every good player I could. I'd steal their breaks and style and practice them until I had them perfect.

From listening to classical piano records and concerts, from friends of Ernest Green such as Mme. Garret, who was a fine classical pianist, I would learn concert effects and build them into blues and rags.

Sometimes I would play basses a little lighter than the melody and change harmonies. When playing a heavy stomp, I'd soften it right down—then, I'd make an abrupt change like I heard Beethoven do in a sonata.

Some people thought it was cheap, but it was effective and dramatic. With a solid bass like a metronome, I'd use chords with half and quarter changes. Once I used Liszt's *Rigoletto Concert Paraphrase* as an introduction to a stomp. Another time, I'd use pianissimo effects in the groove and let the dancers' feet be heard scraping on the floor. It was used by dance bands later.

In practicing technique, I would play in the dark to get completely familiar with the keyboard. To develop clear touch and the feel of the piano, I'd put a bed sheet over the keyboard and play difficult pieces through it.

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

In my *Imitators' Rag* the last strain had *Dixie* in the right hand and *The Star Spangled Banner* in the left. (It wasn't the national anthem then.) Another version had *Home, Sweet Home* in the left hand and *Dixie* in the right.

When President Wilson's "Preparedness" campaign came on, I wrote a march fantasia called *Liberty*.

From 1914 to 1916, I played at Allan's, Lee's, The Jungles Casino, occasionally uptown at Barron Wilkins', Leroy's and Wood's (run then by Edmund Johnson). I went around copping piano prize contests and I was considered one of the best in New York—if not the best. I was slim and dapper, and they called me "Jimmie" then.

Q. Had you done any composing yet?

A. I had started to compose my first rag about this time (1914), but nothing was done with it, and I threw it away. I also wrote and threw away a number of songs, although some people seemed to like them.

Entertainers used to sing blues to me, homemade blues, and I'd arrange them for piano, either to accompany them or play as solos. One of these homemade blues, *All Night Long*, was made into a song by Shelton Brooks, who also wrote *The Darktown Strutters' Ball*.

Then I met Will Farrell, a Negro song writer, and he showed me how to set my pieces down in writing. He also wrote lyrics for them. With him, I set down my first composition to be published, *Mamma's and Pappa's Blues*.

There had been a piece around at the time called *Left Her On The Railroad Track* or *Baby, Get That Towel Wet*. All pianists knew it and could play variations on it. It was a sporting-house favorite. I took one opening strain and did a paraphrase from this and used it in *Mamma's and Pappa's Blues*. It was also developed later into *Crazy Blues*, by Perry Bradford.

I had composed *Carolina Shout* before that. It wasn't written down, but was picked up by other pianists. My *Steeplechase Rag* and *Daintiness Rag* had spread all over the country, too, although they hadn't been published.

With Farrell, I also wrote *Stop It, Joe!* at this time. I sold it, along with *Mamma's and Pappa's Blues* for twenty-five dollars apiece to get enough money for a deposit on a grand piano.

In the summer of 1914, I went for a visit to Atlantic City and heard Eubie Blake (who composed *Shuffle Along* later), one of the foremost pianists of all time. He was playing at The Belmont, and Charles Johnson was playing at The Boat House, both all-night joints.

Eubie was a marvelous song player. He also had a couple of rags. One, *Troublesome Ivories*, was very good. I caught it.

I saw how Eubie, like Willie Smith and Luckey Roberts, could play songs in all keys, so as to be ready for any singer—or if one of them started on a wrong note. So I practiced that, too. I also prepared symphonic vamps—gutty, but not very full.

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

There was a pianist there who played quadrilles, sets, rags, etc. From him, I first heard the walking Texas or boogiewoogie bass. The boogiewoogie was a cotillion step for which a lot of music was composed. I never got his name, but he played the *Kitchen Tom Rag* which was the signal for a "Jazz" dance.

When I came back to New York, I met the famous Abba Labba in the Chelsea district. To this day, I can't remember his right name, either. He was a friend and pupil of Luckey Roberts'.

Abba Labba was the working girls' Jelly Roll. His specialty was to play a lot of piano for girls who were laundresses and cooks. They would supply him with stylish clothes from their customers' laundry and make him elaborate rosettes for his sleeve guards. The cooks furnished him with wonderful meals, since they had fine cold kina (keena) then. Cold kina was leftover food from a white family's dinner that the cook was entitled to. This was an old southern cooks' custom: they fed their own family with these leftovers and they were sure to see that there was plenty of good food left. That's why old southern home cooking was so famous—the cook shared it.

Most of the full-time hustlers used to cultivate a working girl like that, so they could have good meals and fancy laundry.

Abba Labba had a beautiful left hand and did wonderful bass work. He played with half-tone and quarter-tone changes that were new ideas then. He would run octaves in chords, and one of his tricks was to play *Good Night, Beloved, Good Night* in schottische, waltz and ragtime.

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

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

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

Sam Gordon played at The Elks Café at 137th and 138th Streets and Lenox Avenue. He was a great technician who played an arabesque style that Art Tatum made famous later. He played swift runs in sixths and thirds, broken chords, one-note tremolandos and had a good left hand. He had been a classical pianist and had studied in Germany. He picked up syncopation here.

Fred Bryant from Brooklyn was a good all-around pianist. He played classical music and had a velvet touch. The piano keys seemed to be extensions of his fingers. Incidentally, as far as I know, he invented the backward tenth. I used it and passed it on to Fats Waller later. It was the keynote of our style.

Down in Chelsea, there was a player named Fats Harris, who looked like Waller did later. He had a rag in D called *Fats Harris's Rag*, a great stomp tune.

Then in the fall of 1914, I went over to Newark, New Jersey, and first met Willie (The Lion) Smith and Dickie Huff who were playing on "The Coast," a tough section around Arlington and Augusta Streets. I played at Kinney Hall and Lewis', which was located in an old church.

Both were great players. I don't have to tell you about Willie, he's still playing great. He's the last of the real old-time ticklers—along with Luckey.

UNDER SEPARATE COVER

Jack's Jazz Shop
Hollywood, Cal.
November 10

Dear Sirs:

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

Sincerely,
Jason Beasley IV

Jason Beasley IV
Casmir Falls, Kansas
November 17

Dear Mr. Beasley:

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

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

Chet Baker in New York (Riverside 12-281)

The Return of Art Pepper (Jazz West JWLP-10)

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

Sincerely,
Jack

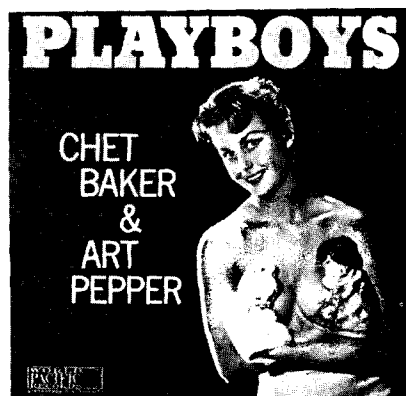
Jack's Jazz Shop
Hollywood, Cal.
November 21

Dear Jack:

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

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

Sincerely,
Jason Beasley IV



Jason Beasley IV
Casmir Falls, Kansas
November 28

Dear Mr. Beasley:

A replacement copy of *World Pacific* (PJ 1234) has been sent to you along with a copy of *Contemporary* (C 3537), which you ordered.



We at Jack's enjoy in others the perfectionism we try to practice ourselves. Even though the cover damage you spoke of didn't spoil a note of Chet's fine, bell-like horn and Art's airy, floating alto (not to mention the brilliant bass work of Curtis Counce; we hope you dug the fine Curtis), still a marred album is a bug.

We gather (here at Jack's) that your tastes are West Coast (this kind of flips me, 'cause mine are too). Since you like Art (and Russ and Andre), let us make a couple of new suggestions for your JACK'S COLLECTION PROGRAM. As you doubtless know, Art's clean lines derive to some extent (without being in the least imitative, dig) from Lee Konitz who, while not really West Coast, did a lot for the school, no? How about:

Lee Konitz with Tristano, Marsh, and Bauer (Prestige LP 7004)

Shelly Manne and his Friends play "Li'l Abner" (Contemporary C3533).

Sincerely,
Jack

Jack's Jazz Shop
Hollywood, Cal.
December 11

Dear Jack:

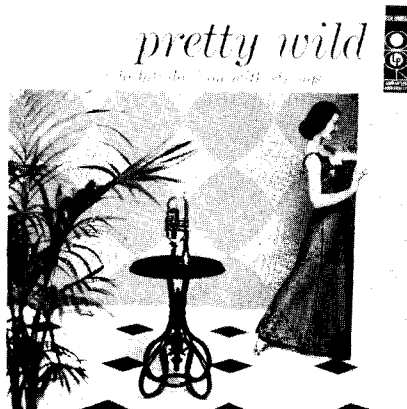
It took me a while to get through your letter. You really do go on about this stuff, don't you? I looked up in the magazine *Downbeat* about this girl Lee, but I didn't see any picture. This girl Shelly looks pretty good way off in the distance only there's a guy playing a tambourine in her way. I don't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

Look I'm trying to get up a collection for a Christmas party. Maybe you can get up "Pretty Wild," "The Swing's to TV," and "Phil Sunkel's Jazz Band" for me, huh? And please be careful about that packing. Since you asked me to remind you about this sort of thing, the "Double Play" had a kind of embarrassing crease in it, kind of under the girl's face.

I don't know what you mean about bugs. I didn't find any.

Sincerely,

Jason Beasley IV



JULY



Jason Beasley IV
Casmir Falls, Kansas
December 14

Dear Mr. Beasley:

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

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

Sincerely,
Jack

by Robert C. Smith

Jack's Jazz Shop
Hollywood, Cal.
January 6

Dear JACK'S COLLECTION PROGRAM:

Don't bother to send any more letters. Half the time I don't know what you're talking about anyway.

The stuff arrived all right, but it wasn't in cool shape again, like you said the first time—whatever that is. Looks to me sort of like I'll have to go to Griswald, Kansas, which has a very big record shop, next time I look at *Downbeat*, the picture magazine. Leastways, the covers won't be bent.

See, the trouble is when you mail them, no matter what you do, the corners get bent. I framed the pictures and hung them in the living room and all the boys whistled and the girls giggled like I figured they would. But I had to make two of the frames bigger than the others to cover up the bent parts. Covered up a little of one of the girls, too. So all in all, I felt pretty bad about it.

I figger it would be okay if the records inside were square, but the way they are (round) the corners get bent. So maybe I better not buy by mail. Also, I can't GIVE the records away. All the boys that've got record players say they can't hear your melodies.

So that's all for now. By the way, may you be gassed too, if that's your idea of a thing to say around Christmas.

Sincerely,

Jason Beasley IV

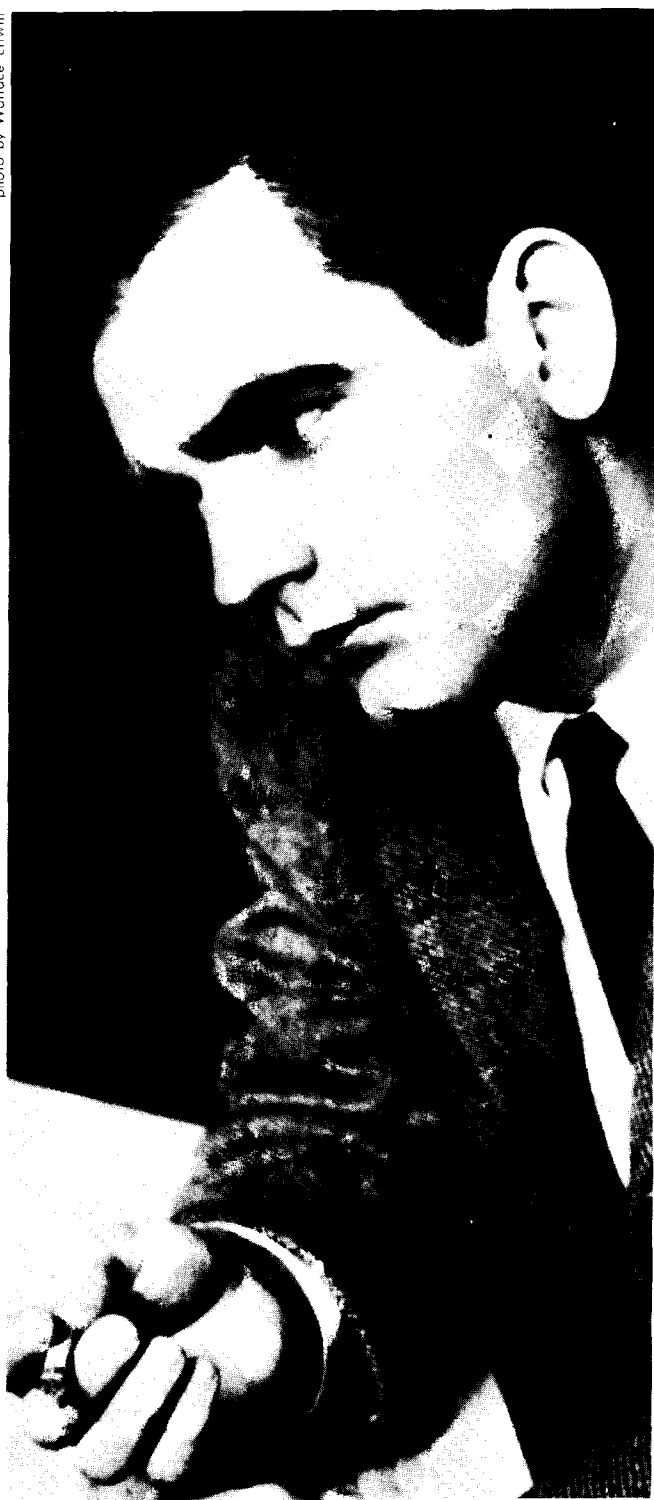
P.S. I'm a Protestant.

15

The Titans

Bill Russo's Second Symphony in C
Reviewed by Hall Overton

photo by Wallace Litwin



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

photo by Dennis Stock, courtesy Columbia Records



REVIEWS: RECORDINGS

JULIAN ADDERLEY: *Portrait of Cannonball*. Riverside 12-269.

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

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

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

The Cannonball we hear on this album is at various moments fanciful, full of fanciness, fancy-free, fantastical, fraught with fanfaronade! He is the Master of Sleight-Of-Hand, the Center-Ring Performer, Fire-Eater, High-Diver, Lion-Tamer, a dazzle of

sequins and colored lights. He is Billy Rose, Olsen and Johnson, P.T. Bridgeport, the Great Ziegfield—the Man Who Is Shot From the Cannon and lands in your lap with an evil wink and a vulgar gesture. Just as he stands, he's a powerful musician. If he ever finds himself able to expose his beauty without its thin, protective coating of evilness, he may become a musical colossus.

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

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

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

—Bill Crow

LENNY BRUCE: *The Sick Humor of Lenny Bruce*. Fantasy 7003.

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

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

There are six "sketches" here—"conversations" among Ike, Sherm, and Nixon; among Billy Graham, Oral Roberts, Rabbi Wise, and Pope John; among ad men and AMA doctors; among Hitler and two agents from MCA, etc. Essentially, they are based on the kind of "inside" humor that theater people indulge in at parties; they are strewn with hip talk (having Ike say, "Well, Sherm, you goofed, baby") is obviously verbal low comedy of the best—and worst—sort; Bruce plays all the parts with little effort to differentiate among them in voice, speech pattern, or basic attitude; and almost everyone involved is recast in the role of a hipper version of the Los Angeles actors' agent, equipped with office, intercom, secretary, and an inside track. Satire, of course, demands far subtler and more pointed comment than that.

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

Perhaps Lennie Bruce's appearance

is inevitable. His comedy is at least the obvious successor to the long line of nihilistic, "throw away" comedians which most of us first came to know with Henry Morgan, an earlier Jack Paar, Ernie Kovacs, Steve Allen, Bob and Ray, Sahl, and the rest. One might say of the rest of them what *The New Yorker* writer said of *Mad* magazine, that it "expresses . . . cynicism about the world of mass media that [its] elders have created . . . as . . . a Romanized Barbarian might have rebelled against the decadence of Rome.

I have placed Bruce in the best tradition of burlesque. It is true that his attitudes do not, like those of so many others, have the essential purpose of making an intelligent but conformist middle class a little more sensible. It would take either high comedy or his kind of low comedy to avoid that trap. But there is a kind of rootless desperation in his work that a Bert Lahr, a Billy Hogan, even a Groucho Marx or a Sid Caesar probably would not understand at all.

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

—Martin Williams

ORNETTE COLEMAN: *Something Else!!!!*, Contemporary 03551.

Invisible; The Blessing; Jayne; Chippie; The Disguise; Angel Voice; Alpha; When Will The Blues Leave?; The Sphinx.

Personnel: Ornette Coleman, alto; Don Cherry, trumpet; Walter Norris, piano; Don Payne, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

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

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

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

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

way and he makes combinations of notes I haven't heard.

He does sound like he's out of tune. But I've heard guys play out of tune on purpose. Maybe that's what he's doing. It's going to take me a while though to get a valid sense of what he's doing, whether it has anything to it or not.

You know, for the sake of *sound*, you can deliberately play notes that are out of tune in relation to the background notes which *are* in tune. That way you get things you wouldn't get from being in tune. Sort of like quarter-tones. This is not new in jazz, but Coleman does it more than anyone else I've heard. I'd guess, all in all, that he may be deliberately out of tune when he is.

His whole attitude is different from

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

The tunes are very nice ones. They have quality. In some I felt Monk and George Russell. The rest of the players seem to be sympathetic to what he was trying to do — especially Don Cherry — and they were pretty successful in playing with him, and that seems to be quite a challenge.

I can't help going back to why he doesn't stay with the chords of his original lines. They seem to be good chords, and I see no reason to just throw them away. I'd like to hear him play a solo constituted around the chords of the tune and then I'd like to hear him play another melody on those same chords. When he goes into his chorus, in short, he should continue to construct melodies based on those original chords.

He's different than the others on the scene, and when people come along like that, you have to be able to evaluate them as being different. If you can't, it's hard to say whether they're good or bad. Like when I first started to listen to Monk, I couldn't appreciate him until I could separate him from someone like Powell or Tatum. Maybe that's what we have to do with Coleman.

—Art Farmer

Subscribe to

JAZZ-HOT

The famous French review
1 year (11 issues) : \$5.00

Write to: Jazz Review, Box 128
Village Station, New York 14, N. Y.
recent back issues available now

MILES DAVIS: *Porgy and Bess*. Columbia CL 1274.

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

And then comes the *swing*. There's a thing which Evans calls *Gone*, which should have been the original mold when that word was first coined for music. There is a time during Miles's solo (accompanied by

excellent rhythm playing by Paul Chambers and Philly Joe Jones) when you'll think that the phonograph is going to walk right out of the room!

Miles seems to have reached the point where nearly every note that he plays seems to be the absolute best note that could have happened in the place he put it, and his talent also encompasses the treasured ability to play each *written* note with the feeling and interpretation that the writer imagined when he wrote it. And Davis' horn is an instrument which Evans has learned to play very well.

Technically, the album could have been engineered much better. Whether the fault lies in the actual recording or in the mastering, I can't say; but there is an occasional washed-out sound to the orchestra. Inasmuch as

Miles himself was recorded very ably, the deficiency will probably bother only the arrangers and composers who will listen to the record. And there are enough highs and lows on the disk to keep the hi-fi-ers from worrying about the fidelity of their rigs.

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

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

—Bob Freedman

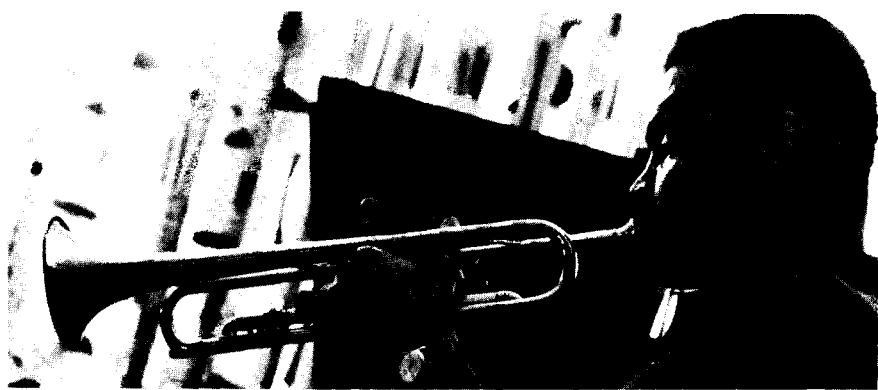


photo by Dave Green

ART FARMER: *Modern Art*. United Artists UAL-4007.

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

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

Anyway, some tentative criteria:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—Joe Goldberg

JAZZ/HI-FI NOTES

from CONTEMPORARY RECORDS, INC



Producers of
CONTEMPORARY RECORDS
GOOD TIME JAZZ
CR COMPOSERS SERIES
CALIFORNIA RECORDS
SFM (Society for Forgotten
Music) • STEREO RECORDS

Barney Kessel has an exciting new album—music from "SOME LIKE IT HOT"—Prohibition Era tunes featured in Billy Wilder's smash film starring Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon.

The stars of Barney's album are Shelly Manne, Art Pepper—CR's newest exclusive recording artist on alto, tenor and clarinet; the sensational young trumpeter Joe Gordon, who just joined Shelly Manne & His Men; pianist Jimmie Rowles and bassist Monty Budwig. Tunes are a delight in modern jazz.

We're proud of André Previn and his winning an Academy Award Oscar for scoring GIGI. André's jazz version merits some sort of an award too for being one of the happiest in the "Broadway Goes to Jazz" series on Contemporary. Most everyone has the jazz MY FAIR LADY album played by André and Shelly Manne—it's been on best-seller charts for over two years! Their versions of LIL ABNER and PAL JOEY are necessary to round out your collection of these Previn/Manne collaborations.

Speaking of Shelly—his PETER GUNN album on Contemporary, another best-seller, received 5 stars in *Down Beat*. Moreover, many thousands of our friends who bought the album consider it one of the very best in their collections. Shelly's other new album is THE GAMBIT—and like GUNN it has had great reviews.

So much is going on at CR there's not space enough to write of it here in detail. Drop us a card, or letter; and we'll send you our bi-monthly GTJ & CR NEWS, plus catalogs—all free. You'll discover a number of wonderful albums you'll want to own.

The sound on all but certain of our historic catalog items—recorded before the advent of hi-fi, is absolutely sensational! And all recent records are to be had in stereo to boot.

Our records are available at record stores everywhere. Nationally advertised manufacturer's list prices are \$4.98 for all our 12" long-playing albums, and \$5.98 for all our stereo albums.

David Stuart

Editor, GTJ & CR NEWS

PUBLISHED BY CONTEMPORARY RECORDS, INC.
8481 Melrose Place, Los Angeles 46, California

ART FARMER: *Portrait of Art Farmer*. Contemporary C3554.

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

Back In The Cage, Stablemates, The Very Thought of You, "And Now . . .", Nita, By Myself, Too Late Now, Earth.

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

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

Addison, Hank, and Roy compliment Art tastefully. Hank is especially in rapport with Art's feeling for each tune. He chooses accompanying chords that both stimulate the soloist and properly display the solo, and on his own choruses manages to create some delightful moments without losing the thread of what has gone before. Roy helps create a lively, easy quality that is the strength of this rhythm section, and he plays some interesting fours. Though he plays

well with his associates here, he seems to stay slightly aloof in a way that prevents a more perfect blend of conception. His accompaniments are provocative but do not always relate well to what the soloist is doing. Addison's straight-ahead lines and warm tone effectively tie the piano and drums together and give the group sound a healthy foundation.

Art's treatment of melody, especially on the ballads, is simple and sensitive, and his subtle alterations of the original lines are richly imaginative. It is a pleasure to hear such purposeful and unpretentious use of dissonance; he is one of a handful of horn players who find superimposed dissonant scales a source of beautiful melody rather than weird affectation. Also a rarity among musicians his age is the depth of expression that comes through his sound alone. Rather than placing all of his concentration on the relationship of combinations of notes, he often finds as much beauty in tenderly sustaining an almost vocal tone quality on a single pitch. Whatever his approach at a given moment, his playing is consistently affirmative, affluent, animate.

I could go through each tune, attempting to describe how satisfyingly Arthur spins his song, but it seems pointless to do so when the music itself is more delightful than any description of it could be.

—Bill Crow

THE JONES BROTHERS: *Keepin' Up With The Joneses*. Metrojazz E1003.

Thad Jones, trumpet and flugelhorn; Hank Jones, piano and organ; Elvin Jones, drums; Eddie Jones, bass.

Nice and Nasty; Keepin' Up with the Joneses; Three and One; Sput 'n' Jeff; It Had to be You; On the Alamo; There is no Greater Love.

That veteran of the jazz wars, Leonard Feather, is back again, this time as a & r man for Metrojazz, the hot wing of MCM records. Evidently the Feather policy will be to concentrate on the more palatable moderns and strive for novelty by way of clever packaging.

The packaging job on *Keepin' Up With the Joneses* must have delighted the big brass at MCM. The idea here is to keep everything, but everything within the broad confines of the Jones family. Three of the four musicians are brothers, Hank being the best known. Thad (Basie trumpet section) and Elvin, drums, assist Hank. Eddie is no blood relation, but he makes the date because he has the right surname and plays good bass.

Perhaps Thad could cook up a few originals for the affair? As things turned out, he was able to do just that. After they ran out of Thad's tunes, research revealed that Isham Jones, that ancient veteran of the dance-band business had composed a few pleasing ditties in his day, like *It Had to Be You*, *No Greater Love*, and *On the Alamo* (a Red Nichols fave, remember?). So between Thad and Isham the date was filled out. In other words, Jones playing Jones in what will unquestionably constitute a definitive performance.

Finally, on the cover, there's a Kodachrome color shot, archly candid, and taken through a picture frame, showing the Jones boys sitting in the Jones kitchen, where performer-composer Thad is reading the *New York Daily News*.

Nothing exciting here, but it's all pleasant enough music, in good taste, and comes off. And of course it's always good to hear Hank, one of the finer pianists around for the past ten years.

—Ross Russell

THE JAZZ REVIEW

JOHNNY GRIFFIN: *Johnny Griffin Sextet.* Riverside 12-264.

Griffin, tenor; Donald Byrd, trumpet; Pepper Adams, baritone; Kenny Drew, piano; Wilbur Ware, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Stix' Trix, What's New, Woody'n You, Johnny G.G., Catharsis.

This is essentially a blowing date, each soloist having plenty of room to develop whatever he likes with the rhythm section. The writing is limited to the opening and closing choruses. Consequently, the strength of each track lies in the rhythm section itself and the improvisational abilities of the individual horn men. It's one hell of a rhythm section—Kenny, Wilbur, and Philly Joe are all strong, warm, sensitive swingers. Wilbur has a magic touch, setting up such a rolling, naively profound quality on his solos and generating such a good feeling on his line that it would be quibbling over rivulets and ignoring the sea to complain about his occasional crude attack, stumbling time, sloppy intonation. His enthusiasm for the simplest lines makes them fresh and wonderful, and he plays with the swing in a delightfully simple, original manner.

Philly Joe plays with his usual excellent rhythmic sense plus a taste and balance that suggests that his overbearing volume with Miles's group had more to do with the demands of the leader than with the taste of the drummer. He gives each soloist here full support without drowning them and plays some excellent solos of his own.

Kenny Drew has absorbed rich

qualities from a number of schools of piano playing and utilizes them cleanly and intelligently in his own way. He produces a beautiful sound on his instrument and plays that good, sweet time that revives us again. He finds a fresh approach on each tune instead of couching them all in the same terms. The piano is a versatile instrument in his hands, and jazz a fun-lover's paradise.

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

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

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

—Bill Crow

JELLY ROLL MORTON: *The Incomparable.* Riverside 12-128.

Muddy Water Blues, High Society, Fish-tail Blues, Mr. Jelly Lord (Gennett), *My Gal* (quartet), *Wolverine Blues* (duet), *Mamamita* (solo), *35th Street Blues* (solo), *Weary Blues, Tiger Rag, Big Fat Ham, Mr. Jelly Lord* (Paramount, trio).

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

Riverside owns the piano solos and has a collection on RLP12-111, but failed to include such performances as *Frog-i-More, The Pearls*, and *London Blues (Shoe Shiner's Drag)*, and these are among the best.

A collection drawn from the Victor

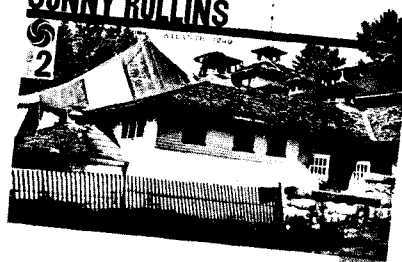
orchestral series is now out (RCA Victor LPM 1649) but since it will soon be reviewed in these pages by Larry Gushee, I will confine myself to one warning: some decidedly inferior takes have been used on that set, and that is true of *Dead Man Blues* which may otherwise be Morton's masterpiece of orchestration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

Before the Victor series, Morton made orchestral records, and some of them are so bad that at the time they must have seemed to indicate that his talent had spent itself with a handful of compositional piano solos. But in retrospect we can at least notice this: on them he attempted everything that he later brought off so brilliantly on the Victors.

Except as indicated above, this set collects some (but not all) of the early orchestral records, and it includes the one unquestionable success among them. Like several Riverside



THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET AT MUSIC INN GUEST ARTIST: SONNY ROLLINS



THE MOST IMPORTANT JAZZ RELEASE OF THE YEAR

The Modern Jazz Quartet At Music Inn Volume 2

ATLANTIC 1299

GUEST ARTIST: *Sonny Rollins*

Side One 1. Medley: Stardust
1 Can't Get Started
Lover Man
2. Yardbird Suite
3. Midsommer

Side Two 1. Festival Sketch
2. Bags' Groove
3. Night In Tunisia

Here's the quartet's first LP in about a year — recorded "live" at the Music Inn at Lenox, Mass., last year. Present at that session was innovator Sonny Rollins on the tenor sax. Our microphones caught him as he appeared as guest artist with the Modern Jazz Quartet on *Night In Tunisia* and *Bags' Groove*. An exciting record that you'll want to hear again and again.

Write for complete free LP catalogue and stereo disc listing.

ATLANTIC RECORDING CORP.

157 West 57th St., N. Y. 19

reissues, it is absurdly programmed: no effort at any kind of order, chronological or otherwise, and tracks by the same group are even placed on opposite sides of the record. Riverside knows perfectly well who is going to buy such records and what kind of programming such customers have reason to expect.

There are some rare items: this take of the Paramount *Mr. Jelly Lord* is new to me. Piano, sax, and a kazoo make a pretty dreadful record, but Morton was playing that day, and does some ingenious and effective (albeit technically simple) things on this take.

In absolutely atrocious dubs (of dubs of worn dubs, I would imagine), the Autograph band date is completed with the rare *Weary Blues* and *Tiger Rag*, and on the former, incidentally, an unexpected, Louis-like second trumpet suddenly appears behind Natty Dominique's wa-wa to very good effect. These two tracks do not change the picture that the more familiar *Fishtail Blues* (an early sketch for *Sidewalk Blues*) and *High Society* by the same group have made: it was a poor band, with a schmaltzy alto

tripping over the polyphony and often forcing the clarinet into a harmonic part, and the playing has constant rhythmic and melodic disunity.

The Gennett version of *Mr. Jelly Lord* (1926) is interesting, aside from some good piano, for a three-man reed section that plays with respectable discipline and swing—and if you know your histories of jazz, you know it didn't happen quite that early.

The duet *Wolverine Blues* might be dismissed as an early effort at the Victor clarinet trios, if it were not for Volly de Faut. He could swing more, to be sure, and his intonation might be better, but he does do some good improvising on a comparatively difficult part. On *My Gal*, that duet is made a trio by the presence of another bloody kazoo. (Oliver's having Louis play kazoo is bad enough, but such raucousness in Morton's music is really incongruous.) And, to deal with the other failure, the pseudo-blues *35th Street* is a dull song whose rhythmic monotony is relieved only by a couple of Morton's bass clichés.

The solo *Mamamita* (*Mama Anita*),

on the other hand, is a good composition, played with some ingenious polyrhythms in its tango section and one really striking chorus of melodic variation.

There are two real successes: *Muddy Water* and *Big Fat Ham*. The group that played them had rare unity and swing and played with confidence and verve. Here again an alto is present, but he swings more and doesn't muddy a four-part polyphony, either. The firm, Keppard-like trumpet leads with authority, and Jasper Taylor's fine (if overrecorded) drumming shows both a splendid comprehension of Morton's rhythmic conception and a very infectious wit. *Ham* (a very good composition, by the way) orchestrates unison, harmony, and polyphony in a constantly shifting yet finally unified texture surpassed only by some of the Victors. And the clarinet and particularly trumpet solos on *Water* might instruct even the dullest head about the blues.

Again I find myself wishing that Riverside's selecting and programming for its reissues showed half the care that its cover designs do.

—Martin Williams

BUDDY TATE AND HIS ORCHESTRA: *Swinging like . . . Tate*. Felsted 12" LP FAJ 7004.

Pat Jenkins, trumpet; Eli Robinson, trombone; Ben Richardson, clarinet & alto sax; Buddy Tate, tenor sax; Skip Hall, piano; Everett Barksdale, guitar; Joe Benjamin, bass; Herbie Lovelle, drums.

Bottle It, Walk that Walk, Miss Sadie Brown.

Buck Clayton, trumpet; Dickie Wells, trombone; Earl Warren, alto and baritone sax; Buddy Tate, tenor sax; Skip Hall, piano; Lord Westbrook, guitar; Aaron Bell, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Moon Eyes, Rockin' Steve, Rompin' with Buck.

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

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

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

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

Everett Barksdale should have been allowed to play the fender bass with which he works in Buddy's band, rather than the guitar, which in his case seems at odds with Buddy's drive. His solo on *Bottle It* has a curious Django quality, with a thin, tight sound, which is in contrast to the

rhythm and solo of Lord Westbrook on the reverse side. Joe Benjamin does some nice things behind Buddy on *Walk that Walk*, which is also Buddy's best work on the first side.

The B side indicates the producers wanted to play it safe and go with better established names, and the results in many ways tend to justify this. Buck and Earl Warren have good solos on all three titles, and Dickie comes on well in the last, a Tate title based on *I got Rhythm*.

Especially interesting is the chug-chug quality the rhythm section imparts on *Rockin' Steve*, Buck's tune and arrangement, reminding one of the successful rhythm Don Redman's band used to use. This is the best title on the lp, with excitement building under Buck, Earl, and Buddy.

The last track is good until the last half of Buddy's otherwise excellent solo, when Jo Jones shot the works and destroyed Buddy's line.

For those who haven't heard Buddy or his band in person, this lp will help; for those who know his work somewhat better, they might wish for a second crack, one that will display all the facets of a constantly improving and quite often rewarding jazzman.

—Frank Driggs

ARTIE SHAW: *The Great Artie Shaw*. RCA Camden CAL-465.

Chuck Peterson, John Best, Bernie Privin, trumpets; George Arus, Les Jenkins, Harry Rogers, trombones; Artie Shaw, clarinet; Les Robinson, Hank Freeman, Tony Pastor, Georgie Auld, saxes; Bob Kitis, piano; Al Avola, guitar; Sid Weiss, bass; George Wettling, drums.

My Heart Stood Still; *Rosalie* (Tony Pastor, vocal); *The Man I Love*, *A Room With a View*; Buddy Rich, drums, replaces Wettling, Helen Forrest, vocal.

The Gramercy Five—Billy Butterfield, trumpet; Artie Shaw, clarinet; Johnny Guarnieri, harpsichord; Jud DeNaut, bass; Nick Fatool, drums.

Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.

The Gramercy Five—Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Artie Shaw, clarinet; Dodo Marmarosa, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Morris Rayman, bass; Lou Fromm, drums.

Scuttlebutt.

George Wendt, Jimmy Cathcart, Billy Butterfield, trumpets; Jack Jenney, Vernon Brown, trombones; Artie Shaw, clarinet; Les Robinson, Neely Plumb, Buss Bassey, Jerry Jerome, saxes; nine strings; Johnny Guarnieri, piano; Al Hendrickson, guitar; Jud DeNaut, bass; Nick Fatool, drums.

What Is There to Say?

Unknown personnel (7 brass, 5 saxes, 15 strings, 4 rhythm).

Blues in the Night with Hot Lips Page, vocal and trumpet.

Roy Eldridge, George Schwartz, Bernie Glow, Stan Fishelson, trumpets; Bob Swift, Ollie Wilson, Harry Rogers, Augustino Ischia, trombones; Artie Shaw, clarinet; Rudy Tanza, Chuck Gentry, Ralph Rosenlund, Jon Walton, Louis Prissy, saxes; Dodo Marmarosa, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Morris Rayman, bass; Lou Fromm, drums.

A Foggy Day, I Can't Get Started.

In listening to this collection of the various Artie Shaw organizations, one can easily see why swing was a type of jazz that appealed to the general public. In historical retrospect, one can see, too, why Dizzy and Bird and the others felt that there must be something more to do with jazz than this.

Swing succeeded commercially, and why not? There wasn't anything musically speaking to challenge the ear; the style was danceable; nothing unexpected occurred to disturb the complacent or to lend any dynamic quality to established formulas, unless a soloist suddenly "took off" or "got hot" in the midst of the stylizations.

On hearing these sides by Shaw

today, most of which are blandly uniform, we realize how much we owe to the boppers who re-evaluated jazz, who sensitized us to whole new musical concepts, and who reintroduced to jazz the quality of suspense and a concern with the processes by which music is made.

Historically, these are interesting sides, if not for the various musicians involved such as Roy Eldridge, Hot Lips Page, Buddy Rich, George Wettling, Dodo Marmarosa, Barney Kessel, Georgie Auld, and a reminder of a single phase of jazz, then for a better perspective of the jazz scene today. The smoother sides—*Room With a View* (Helen Forrest vocal), *Man I Love*, *I Can't Get Started*, *Foggy Day*—still lend themselves readily to dancing, probably more so than some of our current dance music. The Gramercy Five sides—*Scuttlebutt* and *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*—have a sparkle and freshness of sound even now.

A good buy for ardent Artie Shaw followers at Camden's price of \$1.98.

—Mimi Clar

CLAUDE THORNHILL AND HIS ORCHESTRA: *The Thornhill Sound*. Harmony HL7088.

Snowfall, *Anthropology*, *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*, *Donna Lee*, *Lover Man*, *Robin's Nest*, *Yardbird Suite*, *LaPaloma*, *Sorta Kinda*, *Arab Dance*.

Now is exactly the time for these reissues to appear and be heard and thought about. All of the arrangements save one were made by Gil Evans, and that exception makes a point. *Snowfall* is Thornhill's, and stylistically it is the source of all the others; the album is well titled.

What Thornhill wanted, of course, was a "sound" for his band. The fact that he made this sound more musically interesting than Glenn Miller's clarinet lead or Lombardo's loggy saxes is to his credit, of course, and that it was one which could be even further developed, more so.

It is in this general conception that Thornhill formulated that Evans worked then, expanded, and has worked in since.

Evans is a superb orchestrator, perhaps he is one of the best orchestrators alive working in any music. At any rate, his talent is obviously vastly superior to his being a hack for even the best dance band or TV sound track.

But what kind of talent is it? I think it is probably most of the things that it has been recently called, i.e., "exceptional," "brilliant," except that I admit that things like *I Don't*

Wanna Be Kissed on "*Miles Ahead*" strike me as cute and fatuous. I do not think he is the "successor to Ellington" as the great orchestrator in jazz.

Because in American "popular" music there is hardly any comment whatever except from followers of jazz, it is often left to them to discover the superior talents in all popular music, but that does not mean that Evans' is basically a "jazz" talent any more than Ahmad Jamal's is or Rosemary Clooney's is—or than Mort Sahl's is. The alliance of Miles Davis and Evans is a brilliant one for both, but so is the alliance of Jamal and Israel Crosby, Ellis Larkins with Ella Fitzgerald, and several West Coast pop singers with Harry Edison or Red Mitchell.

What I am saying, I suppose, is that although I think Evans is a god-send to American music, even a god-send to certain jazzmen, whether or not it is a specifically jazz talent in the sense that Henderson's was, Ellington's is, even that Sy Oliver's is, or that (despite those wild oats in Germany) John Lewis' is, I do not know.

Hear this record: *Lover Man* and the *Arab Dance* could make anybody marvel. But *Polka Dots and Moonbeams* and *La Paloma* are apt only to make one long for his prom days of sentimental fox-trotting with his best girl.

One thing I do know, something which the Davis Capitols, one track on Evans' recent "*New Wine*" lp, and *Anthropology*, *Donna Lee* and *Yardbird Suite* here I think affirm: in no respect—rhythmically, linearly, emotionally—does Evans apprehend Charlie Parker's music or the basic meaning of the bop revolution as such; indeed, Ellington has at times shown that he may have assimilated more of its real nature than Evans has.

In fact, nobody involved here does: a tenor solo attempts Flip Phillips, a trombone Bill Harris, and, compared to what he was to do a few years later, Lee Konitz runs exercises. Thornhill apparently thought the style had to do only with harmony and cute interpolated licks. The drummer knows it has to do with rhythms, but he doesn't get much past tossing in snare and bass explosions here and there—*anywhere* apparently.

Then there is the composing Evans did of secondary themes such as the excellent one on *Anthropology* or the good one on *Donna Lee*; they are good enough to make almost everything I've said about him fly out the window.

I honestly don't know. But it sure needs discussion. Evans' talent is for Evans. And for Miles. But for jazz beyond that? Where might it lead? And for whom?

—Martin Williams

DICKIE WELLS: *Bones for the King*. Felsted 12" LP FAJ 7006.

George Matthews, Bennie Morton, Vic Dickenson, Dickie Wells, Trombones; Skip Hall, organ; Major Holley, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Bones for the King, Sweet Daddy Spode-o, You took my Heart.

Buck Clayton, trumpet; Dickie Wells, trombone; Rudy Rutherford, clarinet-baritone sax; Buddy Tate, tenor-baritone sax; Skip Hall, piano; Everett Barksdale, guitar; Major Holley, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Hello Smack, Come and Get it, Stan's Dance.

The trombone quartets are really enjoyable and full of the fun that Dickie loves to have with jazz. The first is a slow blues dedicated to Tommy Dorsey and begins with mournful mutes, quite Dukeish in effect, and has good solos from each man: Matthews, Morton, Dickie and Vic in that order, and very good organ by Skip Hall, who knows how to handle the instrument without abusing it. George Matthews hasn't been in a studio for nearly a decade, since his Basie days, and it would be nice to hear more from him at another sitting. The contrast between his solo and Bennie Morton's which follows is quite interesting, since Matthews' is somewhat of a more hesitant

nature, while Bennie comes on very intense and strong. Dickie uses his one and only mute, the one that imparts that fuzzy sound, and plays a bottom blues, with the legato phrasing he has been noted for in the past decade. Vic, throughout the lp, is the most facile soloist, and perhaps the most forceful, although Dickie displays more technique on Skip Hall's fine tune, *You Took My Heart*. Skip plays great organ throughout, and rhythm is steady.

The most fun is *Sweet Daddy*, a rocking medium-tempo blues with comedy repartee between Vic and Dickie, with some fine organ and some really gutty bowing bass-vocal moments from Major Holley. Although this has been Slam Stewart's vehicle for many years, in some ways Major has more soul, if that term can be used in describing a solo of that nature.

The B side reverts to an ordinary combination with less successful results, although some of the solo work is interesting, especially Skip Hall's piano. They don't come together as a group, and the tunes are relatively casual. The rhythm in the first, Buddy's tune and arrangements are in the Fletcher tradition circa 1936. Barksdale has some guitar solos here

which remind one of Django again.

Come and Get It is a slower blues with Barksdale's solo this time coming closer to Tampa Red, and thereby more in keeping with the proceedings. Interesting here is the use of stop-time chords against Dickie's muted solo, which contains some of his oblique "what-for?" phrases. Major Holley has a short but pertinent bass solo, and this title is the most listenable of the three on this side.

Stan's Dance closes the lp and again imparts a bounce feeling more than a flow, this again due to Barksdale's two-four guitar. Rudy Rutherford has a spot here as he does on *Hello Smack*, none really long enough to develop an idea, although he has a good, clear tone and easy facility with his instrument, in this case clarinet. Buddy's solo here is the best.

Felsted and Stanley Dance can take a bow for the trombone quartets and in general for the over-all policy that led to recording these too-often neglected musicians, all of whom have plenty to say. In general, their policy is somewhat too cautious; it reverts to the standard lineup, which tends to make the listener feel that the B half is just another session.

—Frank Driggs

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

Randy Weston, piano; George Joyner, bass; G. T. Hogan, drums.

Lem Winchester, vibes; Ray Santisi, piano; John Neves, bass; Jimmy Zitano, drums.

Hi-Fly; Bantu Suite (excerpt); *Beef Blues Stew; Machine Blues.*

Now's The Time; Polka Dots and Moonbeams; Take the "A" Train.

Among the innovations at the last Newport festival was an afternoon presentation of newly discovered talents. Of these, two whose performances were well received by those fortunate and discerning enough to attend the daylight session, are presented here.

It is not correct to call Randy Weston an undiscovered talent; he won the *Down Beat* new pianist poll in 1955. But he has remained a neglected one, sharing this fate with Thelonious Monk from whose style his own largely derives. Weston is introduced by Allan Morrison, New York editor of *Ebony*, also among the neglected when the literate and informed writers about jazz are mentioned.

The Newport tape makes up what is Randy's best record, therefore much overdue. The sense of confinement which kept his studio sessions

from catching fire has been dispelled. He is in great form here, sure of hand and bubbling with inspiration.

Hi-Fly has been well chosen and is typical of the Randy Weston style. A construction on fifths, it suggests the analytical approach of Monk to jazz piano. But once under way, Randy does not subject his material to the searching analysis that makes Monk's music at once brilliant and difficult. Randy is more concerned with performance in terms of linear constructions, melody and free swing.

Lem Winchester is a genuine discovery, for which Leonard Feather receives credit. Winchester has been a patrolman on the Wilmington, Delaware, police force for the last ten years, and an amateur vibraharp player on the side. He made the giant step to professionalism at Newport without too much trouble. His is a genuine jazz talent.

The notes tell us that Winchester's "three favorite vibe men are Milt Jackson, Milt Jackson and Milt Jackson." Actually he's far much more in the free-wheeling tradition of Lionel Hampton, with perhaps a generous helping of mad little Terry Gibbs. Winchester is a consonant rather than a dissonant musician. And like Hamp and Terry, once under way, he can really keep going. Win-

chester has a fine melodic gift and a wonderful, supple, swinging beat, two qualities that in themselves can take a man a long ways in jazz. His vibe sound is pleasantly blurred.

Perhaps there is some odd quality about the vibraharp instrument in itself which lends itself to sustained performance. For one thing, there are few technical problems—embouchure, wind, digital technique. Most vibe players manage to mesmerize themselves as they bend over the instrument with its dazzling display of metal bars arranged in their chromatic framework. A bemused and myopic stare, oblivious of everything around, has long been the hallmark of the jazz vibraphonist. Possibly the bland sound of the instrument, hypnotic after the fashion of the Balinese gong, has something to do with the effect, not only on the performer but his audience.

Winchester's harmonic palette is not extensive, nor are his ideas often startling, but, once under way, he can certainly keep going. And it's pleasant, swingy music. Apparently Winchester is not faced with mulling the decision to turn in badge and strike out on his own in jazz. It's a tough grind, brother, but he should have no trouble making it.

—Ross Russell

LESTER YOUNG: *The King Cole Trio with Lester Young and Red Callender.* Score SLP 4019.

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

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

Jumpin' at Messner's, 1945.

Maurice "Shorty" McConnell, trumpet; Lester Young, tenor sax; Argonne (Sadik Hakim) Thornton, piano; Fred Lacey, guitar; Rodney Richardson, bass; Lyndell Marshall, drums.

S. M. Blues, 1947.

Howard McGhee, trumpet; Willie Smith, alto sax; Lester Young, tenor sax; Wesley Jones, piano; Curtis Counce, bass; Johnny Otis, drums.

Jammin' with Lester, 1946.

Score, a West Coast label, pegged at bargain price of \$1.98 has reissued some excellent Lester Young sides, which with his death become even more valuable. The masters here are taken from Philo and Aladdin, from 1942 through 1947.

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

ing from the majority of his postwar work.

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

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

Jammin' with Lester is a simple riff blues, with Prez taking a very short and cohesive solo right at the beginning. Howard McGhee plays un-boppish here and Willie Smith pulls out all the stops on his solo, which is the longest. It would appear that Prez hadn't wanted to make this side, although it probably was credited to him.

No composer credits are given for the tunes, nor are there any liner notes. Just the usual publicity blurb and an oddly composed cover consisting of solarized negative prints. Regardless of the firm's taste, the lp is worth having, particularly for the 1942 trio sides. Those who might have purchased an lp of reissues on Intro (same outfit) entitled "Swinging Lester Young" which came out over a year ago, will find three combo titles repeated. —Frank Driggs

Basic Reunion. Prestige LP 7147.

Buck Clayton, Shad Collins, trumpets; Jack Washington, baritone sax; Paul Quinichette, tenor sax; Nat Pierce, piano; Freddie Greene, guitar; Eddie Jones, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

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

This lp is a wonderful idea; the choice of musicians and tunes shows intelligence on the producer's part. But the session is unsuccessful. The reeds are to blame, and the sound is awful, at least on my copy. It sounds like this session was done in a dry-dock or a gymnasium.

It was an ill-advised gesture to allow Jack Washington baritone solos when, as the notes state, his baritone work was a bit rusty and his recent playing confined to alto. Baritone is a difficult instrument to get in shape for, and Prestige must take the blame here. Jack Washington was also a notable soloist on alto and he should have used it here.

Paul Quinichette, who can usually sound so warm, sounds harsh and

very uneven, not at all like he did on the first "For Basie" lp that he directed. It's a shame, because the trumpet work is of high order and the tunes among the best in Basie's prewar repertoire.

Nat Pierce would be far better off playing Nat Pierce than imitating Basie. He plays all the notes but without the crispness that Basie has, and Eddie Jones, good as he is, isn't Walter Page. The settled beat which Page had made the presence of the rhythm felt but not obvious, the way Basie's current section does.

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

—Frank Driggs



KJAZ
BAY AREA
JAZZ

 **JAZZ**
by MAIL

Records shipped anywhere
MODERN MUSIC - Dept. J
627 N. KINGSHIGHWAY
ST. LOUIS 8, MO., U.S.A.

ALL RECORDS REVIEWED IN JAZZ REVIEW
AVAILABLE THRU US—OUR SERVICE IS FAST
All records shipped are factory fresh. Send for
details on bonus offer of FREE JAZZ LPs.
Foreign Orders Welcome.
MAMMOTH LP SALE—FREE CATALOGUES
\$1.00 Deposit On CODs—No CODs Overseas

The Golden Era of Dixieland Jazz—1887-1937, Volumes I and II, Design DLP 38 and DLP 91.

Pee Wee Erwin, trumpet; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Claude Hopkins, piano; George Wettling, drums; Milt Hinton, bass.

Vol. I: *When The Saints Go Marching In, Basin St. Blues, Struttin' With Some Barbecue, Royal Garden Blues, Muskrat Ramble, Tin Roof Blues, I Would Do Anything For You, Birth of the Blues.*

Vol. II: *High Society, Relaxation Blues, South Rampart Street Parade, Ja Da, Jazz Me Blues, Yellow Dog Blues, Weary Blues, Late Date.*

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

"On trombone . . . glum, sad faced Vic Dickerson [sic]. Vic gets that old fashioned slush bucket sound and no man alive today can gargle a vibrato into his instrument with any more raucus [sic] virility."

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Lutz's writing is so evocative of the atmosphere of exotic abandon

that is known to pervade late-hour record dates (he invests the phrase "4 A.M." with an air of delicious depravity) that I found myself feverishly clawing open the envelopes and rushing the records to my turntable. I wanted to revel in the "sheer delight" of ". . . basic dixieland, easy to understand, easy to listen to, and primarily music that was indicative of the golden era of this great standard bearer of American Music the years between the heyday of Storyville in old New Orleans and the Goodman era."

The actual music on the records, and a few cold towels, restored my equilibrium rapidly, and I realized that I had been had. This is music of 1958, not 1887-1937. You can hear it any evening at the Metropole, or Nicks, or Condon's, being served up by basically the same musicians in the same sort of package. The tunes seldom change because the customers have learned that it is *de rigueur* to ask for the traditional repertoire, and the musicians have learned that adherence to this tradition eliminates the necessity of writing, rehearsing, or memorizing new music. Their playing within these confines, however, is contemporary music with roots in the so-called Golden Era.

The original melody of each tune is given a much more perfunctory treatment than the individual solos. Everyone knows how tunes like *The Saints* are supposed to go, but no one sounds very enthusiastic about playing them. Here and there I detect a note of weariness, irony, and in

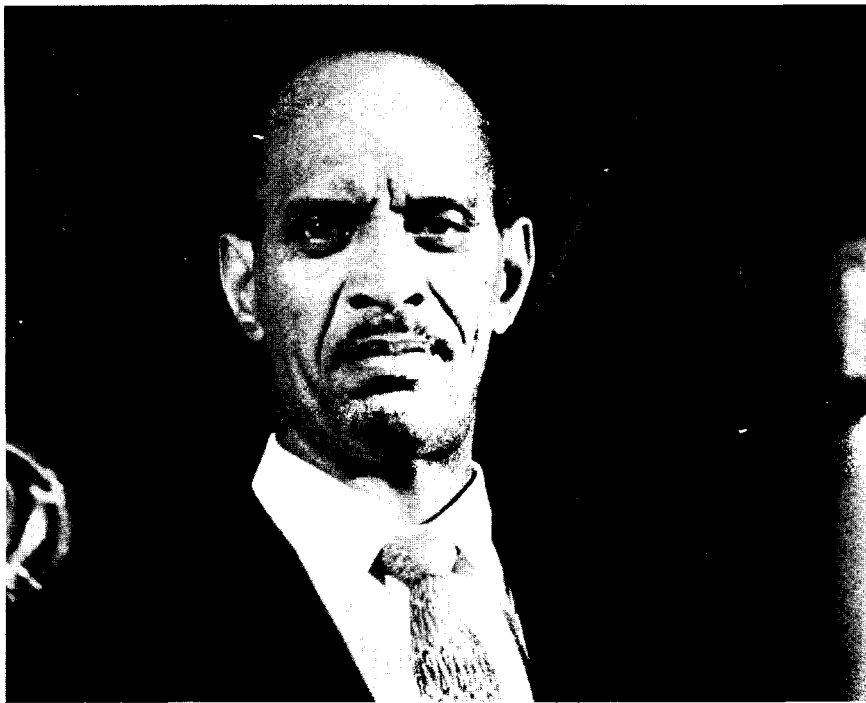
a place or two, downright satire.

It may be the attitude toward bass players typified in Mr. Lutz's remarks about Milt Hinton that caused the slap-bass solo to go out of style. It's discouraging to have a musical endeavor mistaken for some sort of sideshow hula-hoopery. Milt demonstrates on several tracks that he is still a master of this difficult technique, delicately balancing the clog-dance patterns of the slapped sound with the central pizzicato line. Beautiful, musical fun.

George Wettling plays stimulating time all the way, and a couple of his solos are marvelous. (Did you ever notice how similar Frank Isola's conception of time is to George's?) Buster, Vic, Pee Wee, Marty, and Arvell have made their peace with this form and repertoire long ago, and function musically within it, adding a few modern fixtures, but generally producing what is expected of them by the dixieland buyer. Claude is not the improviser-composer that some of his associates are; his playing sounds a little more old-fashioned because of the absence of inspiration. There are moments when Rex reminds one of his early playing, but he has a terrible tendency to pander to the tasteless element of his audience, mixing a great deal of hogwash with sporadic efforts to play well. The dreadfully contrived shouts and grunts of encouragement behind the various solos on *Relaxation Blues* are downright embarrassing. I don't recognize the voice, but the hoke is familiar.

—Bill Crow

photo by Bill Solke



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

Ostensibly, there doesn't seem to be any reason to lump these three albums into a single discussion. After all, Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry are country, Joe Turner typifies city. And though "blues is blues," each artist portrays the regional outlook, social customs and circumstances of his own environment. The more sophisticated Turner blues jump from wine to women to song and back to women, while the McGhee blues explore more thoroughly the subject matter of life as a whole.

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

For example, a quick check of the McGhee-Terry record against the two Turner sides yields the following parallels (in italics): EXAMPLE A

Other Turner and McGhee lines and stanzas call to mind sister texts on other records, or have appeared so often as to become standard in the idiom: EXAMPLE B

¹ Langston Hughes & Arna Bontemps, *The Book of Negro Folklore* (New York: Dodd, Mead, 1958), p. 390.

² *Ibid.*, p. 394.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 333.

EXAMPLE A

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

TURNER: *That's When It Really Hurts*.

Tell me, pretty baby,
Where'd you stay last night?
Well, your hair's all nappy,
Your clothes ain't on you right.

TURNER: *Ooh Wee Baby*.

Ooh wee, baby,
You sho' looks good to me.
Well, tell me pretty mama,
Who may your great lover be?

TURNER: *Johnson and Turner Blues*.

I cried last night
And I cried the night before.
I'm gonna change my way of livin'
So I won't have to cry no more.

TURNER: *Lucille*.

When I first met Lucille,
I had money and clothes too.
Now she's gone and left me
Oh Lord, I'm wearin' a boot
and a shoe.

EXAMPLE B

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

See See Rider¹:

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

J. RUSHING: *Evil Blues*.

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

J. RUSHING: *Evil Blues*.

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

Mamie Desdume's Blues.²

Stood on the corner
With her feet soakin' wet,
Beggin' each an' every
Man that she met—

WILLIE MABON: *I'm Mad*.

Ax my baby
Could she stand to see me cry.
She say, "Yes, I could stand to see you
Buried alive."

Good Morning Blues.³

I laid down last night
Turning from side to side
Yes, I was turning from side to side,
I was not sick,
I was just dissatisfied.

STANDARD LINES AND VERSES

1. McGHEE: *The Way I Feel*.
Don't believe I'm sinkin',
Just look what a hole I'm in.
2. McGHEE: *Dissatisfied Blues*.
I can read your letters but I
Sure can't read your mind.
3. McGHEE: *Dissatisfied Blues*.
When a woman gets dissatisfied
She hangs her head and cries;
When a man gets dissatisfied,
He flags a train and rides.
4. TURNER: *Last Goodbye Blues*.
The sun's gonna shine in my back
door someday.
5. McGHEE: *Diamond Ring*.
I got myself a pistol,
It was a forty-four.
6. TURNER: *Mad Blues*.
I woke up this mornin' and found
my baby gone.
7. TURNER: *Rocks in My Bed*.
If there two people in the world I
just can't stand,
That's a two-faced woman, yes and
a lyin' man.

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

Now for an individual examination of each lp. Since I've been preoccupied so far with texts, I may as well remain with them a little longer. Turner's opening lines in *Whistle Stop Blues* and *Ooh Wee Baby* ("... Happy Too" album) starkly captivate by immediately establishing the time, setting, and mood that is to follow:

Whistle Stop Blues:

There goes the twelve o'clock
whistle:

Dinnertime for everyone but me.

Ooh Wee Baby:

It was early one Monday morning
And I was on my way to school.

Turner's *Sunday Morning*, from "Careless Love," amusingly juxtaposes sacred and profane ideas in a single stanza:

I been blue every Saturday;
This Sunday morning I feel all
right.

I been blue every Saturday;
This Sunday morning I feel all
right.

I made peace with my maker,

Now I'm goin' home and make love
to my wife.

Joe draws a beautiful image when he concludes in *Howlin' Winds* ("... Happy Too"):

I know I love you
'Cause the rain wrote it on my win-
dowpane.

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

Gone Baby Gone:

"Play me some blues."

Bottom Blues:

"Walk awhile!"

When It's Love Time:

"Oh yes, Sonny boy!"

And I love McGhee's dolefully resigned "Trouble, trouble, trouble," spoken at the end of *So Much Trouble*.

Turner, too, talks to Pete Johnson on *Johnson and Turner Blues* ("Careless Love"): "Yeah, look out gate!" when the piano starts to walk. Joe makes use of his speaking voice like a swinging instrument by rhythmically stating comments after vocal lines: "That's the stuff you got to watch!" (*Watch That Jive* from "Careless Love") and "What's the matter now?" (*S. K. Blues* in "Careless"). Joe also rides over the instrumental portion of *Whistle Stop Blues* with a sweet-talking entreaty that any girl would find hard to resist.

It's a relief to hear Turner in an authentic blues context rather than the manufactured rock-and-roll settings in which he so often gets involved nowadays. Though Joe can brighten and enliven even rock and roll, he naturally comes out ahead with superior working material. Accompanying musicians in different combinations on the various tracks are Pete Johnson, piano; Frankie Newton, trumpet; Don Byas, tenor; Teddy Bunn, guitar; Russell Jacquet

("Careless Love"); Pete Johnson, Don Byas, Frankie Newton; Leonard Ware, guitar; Al Hall, bass; Hal West, drums; Charles Gray, trumpet; Ellsworth Perkins, guitar; Riley Hampton, alto; Otis Finch, tenor; Ellsworth Liggett, piano; Robert Moore, bass; James Adams, drums ("... Happy Too"). The tone of the tenor men somehow epitomizes the "city" sound, in which much more heat (in the sense of passion) is generated, in contrast to the bucolic feeling of the country guitar and harmonica.

Musically, both Turner albums are of equally high caliber. "Careless Love" contains an extra-good *Rocks in My Bed* in which Joe really emphasizes those rocks; also the *Johnson and Turner Blues* with its very nice Johnson and Turner antiphony and Joe's "Please, Mr. Johnson, don't play the blues so sad." In "... Happy Too", I liked *Hollywood Bed*, *Howlin' Winds*, *Milk and Butter Blues* and *Ooh Wee Baby*.

The Brownie McGhee — Sonny Terry album (which has a terrific cover of railroad tracks and telephone poles curving off into the countryside) is musically stimulating yet at the same time very restful. Perhaps this restfulness pervades (in spite of Sonny's rhythmic combustion and the solid rock of the band tracks) because of the immediate contact and intimacy between the listener and McGhee, whose personal observances and reactions are somehow universal; in listening to McGhee, one sort of trades human experiences with him.

Album's best tracks—*Gone Baby Gone*, *Tell Me Baby*, *Sittin' Pretty*, *Bottom Blues*—feature Terry's accompaniment to McGhee's voice and guitar. Whether Sonny's harmonica duplicates McGhee's lines, furnishes polyphonic backgrounds as in *Tell Me Baby*, or simply supplies chordal or boogie rhythms which burst into uninhibited breaks as in *Bottom Blues* and *Sittin' Pretty*, he delights because he sounds so "uneducated."

Brownie performs well by himself, with Terry, or fronting a small band (which here includes Mickey Baker, guitar; Leonard Gaskin, bass; Ernest Hayes, piano; Eugene Brooks, drums, in addition to Terry). Band tracks, which don't exactly sound "back country," consist of *When It's Love Time*, *I'd Love to Love You*, *Love's a Disease*, *My Fault*.

Certainly Brownie McGhee, Sonny Terry, and Joe Turner each take advantage of and put to best use the characteristics of their particular styles.

—Mimi Clar



THE WARD SINGERS, THE DRINKARD SINGERS, JEFF AND CHARLES BANKS: *Newport Spiritual Stars*, Savoy MG 14013.

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

cast); gospel music is gradually being revealed to a wider audience than ever before.

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

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

off into a nice melange of gospel music.

Several items captured my attention on individual numbers. The Ward Singers' guitar player obtains a country, almost hill-billy sound and on *Our God Is Real* (in which the Lord's Prayer swings) the guitar part repeats refrains over behind solo and chorus like an extra vocalist. The Banks line out phrases to each other and manage to combine antiphony and duet to the extent of sounding like more than two performers; they get a real wig-wag going in *Happy in My Glory*. The Drinkards produce some delightfully abandoned shouts in *When Jesus Shall Come* and the chorus on the same tune cuts off its words with the crispness of abbreviated drum beats. The tambourine rhythms on *When I Rise in the Morning* ripple out like a ride cymbal.

Excellent notes by H. Alan Stein give a short history of spiritual music and point up its relation to jazz.

—Mimi Clar

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

To one newly exposed to gospel singing, certain aspects of it may require a bit of acclimatization and explanation. For example, the fresh pair of ears may become exasperated at trying to catch the words of the up-tempo songs, and fail to realize that enunciation is sacrificed in such cases for the sake of rhythmic propulsion. The new listener may wonder also at the shouted interjections and hollered climactic phrases of the singers, until he recognizes the emotional and spiritual impetus that leads to "yelling."

Later, too, he will become aware that the almost whistling soprano cries of the women with their counterpart in the falsetto voices of the men issue from the same emotional stream. Pretty soon, the newcomer might come to identify the standard musical formulae that have crystallized into landmarks of the gospel performance: the inevitable ritard at the end of even the fastest of songs; the omnipresent leader-chorus call and response patterns or vocal-instrumental antiphony; the innocently-deceiving slow verses that set the stage for a romping shout; the stock rhythmic,

harmonic, and melodic patterns threaded in and out of the song fabrics (to mention but a few).

The Roberta Martin Singers would be an excellent group with which to "initiate" the listener unacquainted with the field of gospel music. The group is not as striking, captivating, or spectacular as some organizations, but for the newcomer, it will seem more restful, even at the heights of its singing, than groups like the Ward Singers. There is a sweetness about the Roberta Martin Singers, not in the sugary sense, but more as a result of their sincerity and faith. Make no mistake, though, the group has vitality and generates a finger-snapping beat.

Numbers like *Sinner Man* swing quietly; those like *Walk in Jerusalem* gradually build up in intensity of feeling; those like *When He Set Me Free* rock with a cradle-like gentleness; and those like *God Is So Good to Me* possess an almost angelic purity. On *Nothing But God*, *Every Now and Then*, *When He Set Me Free*, *It's Amazing*, and *Dark Hours*, the vocal timbres of the one male singer present among the four women contrast nicely with the all-feminine sound.

The Ward Singers, on the other hand, represent a more instantly startling gospel group than the Roberta Martin Singers, in terms of the past experience of the new listener. The group as a whole vibrates rhyth-

mically, the sum total sound being less rough than groups like the Davis Sisters or the Original Gospel Harmonettes, but more keenly agitated in a uniquely female way than either of the aforementioned or the Roberta Martin Singers. The recurring soprano cries of ecstasy help propagate the Ward Sisters' excitability.

Packing Up, with the Ward Singers under the direction of Clara Ward and her Mother Mrs. Gertrude Ward, stars, in addition to the leaders, Marian Williams, Kitty Parham, Frances Steadman, and Willa Ward. Miss Steadman's resonant alto voice solos in *I've Opened My Mouth to the Lord*, *Climbing Jacob's Ladder*, and *We're Gonna Have a Time*. Miss Williams' soprano leads on *Good News*, *That's For Me*, and *Packing Up*. Kitty Parham takes charge on *We Shall Be Changed* and Clara Ward steps forward in *I'm Holding On* and she dubs in all parts herself in *What a Friend We Have in Jesus*.

While the chorus often trades antiphonal comments with the soloists, a number of the tunes substitute instrumental responses for the vocal fill-ins as the Ward Singers harmonize the lines in a vertical, more chorally conventional manner. Since they sound like standard glee-club arrangements, I don't find the latter songs as attention-sustaining or musically rewarding as the swingers or melodically meandering slow tunes.

—Mimi Clar



photo by Don Hunstein, courtesy Columbia Records

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

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

A thesis worth considering is that Young's finest works were made after he left Basie and that they extend from *Afternoon of a Basie-ite* in 1943 to *This Year's Kisses* in 1956. Now, this is somewhat of a heterodox opinion. The by now usual approach is summed up in the following citation from Raymond Horricks' *Count Basie and his Orchestra*;

... running from the mid-1940's

Reconsiderations

to the present day, there is the evidence of a decline in spirit; his playing style, once so radical and full of fresh ideas, has become more of a routine, and the majority of his record dates seem to be treated with the "just another job" attitude. In this last phase of his career Lester has been financially successful while replaying the various phrases and devices which were once so revolutionary; frequently he has given to sensationalist audiences exactly what they wish to hear (namely, honking noises and other vulgar mannerisms). As a result he has become the victim of an increasing ennui, the tiredness of his appearance overflowing and spreading its way into the once so inventive mind. Nowadays Lester is seldom jogged out of his state of lethargy.

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

Only three factors are constant in both improvisations. First, they are both examples of the free variation

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

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

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

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

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

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

—H. A. Woodfin

Save \$2.00 by
subscribing now
to the lively magazine
with the biggest names
in modern literature



EVERGREEN REVIEW

Issue #8 just out, featuring works by:

jack kerouac
boris pasternak
e. e. cummings
william saroyan
anthony c. west
allen ginsberg
horace gregory
arthur adamov
paul goodman

and others, plus

The Evergreen Gallery, a new illustrated section on contemporary art. Edited by Barney Rosset and Donald Allen. \$1 per copy.

EVERGREEN REVIEW, Dept. JR, 64 University Pl., N.Y. 3

Please enter my subscription beginning with the current volume No. 8 (Send no money; you will be billed later.)

☐ EIGHT ISSUES, \$6 (You save \$2) ☐ FOUR ISSUES, \$3.50 (You save 50c)

(Canadian and Foreign subscriptions: Eight issues, \$7; Four issues, \$4)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



in August . . . What is a Jazz Singer? by Nesuhi Ertegun.

JAZZ THE REVIEW

An article on Blind Lemon Jefferson by Paul Oliver, Ralph Berton's story on the Half Note, and more Conversations with James P. Johnson by Tom Davin. Records reviewed include Gene Ammons, Buster Bailey, Chet Baker, Budd Johnson, Gerry Mulligan, Blue Mitchell, Sonny Stitt, and Zoot Sims. RECONSIDERATIONS of early Louis Armstrong recordings. Review books, THE BLUES, and Nat Hentoff's JAZZ IN PRINT.

REVIEWS: BOOKS

MONK'S MUSIC: *Thelonius Monk's Piano Originals, revealing instincts of The Genius of Jazz.* AS RECORDED ON RIVERSIDE RECORDS. Contents: *Ba-lue Bolivar Ba-lues-are*; *Brilliant Corners*; *Functional*. Charles Colin, 1958.

Monk was one of the few modern pianists who managed to reach me as I wandered facelessly through the dismal swamp of The Great New Orleans Revival some ten or fifteen years ago. I remember that Bill Grauer presented a radio shot over WNYC in 1946 or 1947 with Bob Wilber's Wildcats (of whom, or which, I was one) and a group headed by Monk. In the course of the broadcast Grauer asked Monk what he thought of the Wildcats. "Well," said Monk, over the air, "at least we're *musicians*." His remark shook me up, thank God, and I owe to it the incredible splendor which I possess today—and vice versa.

I have included this autobiographical material to show that Monk's music is not new and strange to me. I own a lot of his records, have often heard him in person, and have worked with quite a few musicians who have worked with him. So, when I saw this volume of *Monk's Music* in the music shop, I snatched it up and ran home to play it. But I couldn't. It didn't make any sense. I decided I lacked the flat, horizontal hand position which Gunther Schuller said Monk uses, and I was just getting ready to stomp my hand when Martin Williams called up and asked me to review the book.

Well sir, I found out that the printed score didn't agree with what I heard on the record, so I went up to the publisher's office to confront the transcriber.

He said he knew, man, but Monk is, like, so far out, that he had to—you know—make some corrections.

And there you have it. The seventy-one inaccuracies which I could notate

in two hearings on the score of *Functional* are therefore not really inaccuracies. They are the result of misguided editing and carelessness. Do you know about the student who came to Harold Bauer with a carefully prepared rendition of the *Moonlight Sonata* on the white keys only? He was going to add the black keys later, because somebody had told him the black keys were for expression.

Brilliant Corners and *Ba-lue Bolivar Ba-lues-are* have an opening and closing statement of the "tune," with Monk's solo sandwiched in between. No indication is given of the presence of any other instruments on the record, and any rare bird who owns the music but not the record would think that he had a book reproducing three piano solos, which is not the case. *Functional* is the only piano solo performed. The printed melody of *Brilliant Corners* is a misspelled version of the alto and tenor lead, given a rudimentary bass in order to make it a piano piece. In this form it appears nowhere on the record. *Ba-lue Bolivar Ba-lues-are* finds the unison lead run into the piano fills, so that one would think them to be one continuous melodic line. And the second chorus of the music is a repeat of this shapeless artifact, whereas on the record Monk plays some consecutive sixths and hardly any fill-ins at all. I would have preferred to see three staves, one with the melody, and the other two with Monk's actual accompaniment. *Functional* comes off best, except for the seventy-one inaccuracies already mentioned, and except for the last chorus, which seems to be an attempt at condensation of two of the recorded choruses. The final cadence, which dissolves slowly upward, is largely omitted. I guess nobody wanted to waste paper on a lot of tied whole notes, and besides, the pagination of the book has to come out even, doesn't it?

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

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

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

—Dick Wellstood

JAZZ IN PRINT



Photo by Bill Spilka

by Nat Hentoff

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Win Holland submits this quote from an article by Douglas Haskell in the February *Architectural Forum*. Haskell is walking down Broadway: "Under the bewildering play of light

and shade and reflection and cross-reflection, the whole cubistic pile-up takes on a fascinating aerial quality. Moreover, as in modern jazz, and in some kinds of modern painting, the process seems to go on and on being 'made up as it goes along,' and there is no such thing as a definite, strongly willed final shape, but simply an endless play with a set of themes. . . ."

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

A record shop near Lenox Avenue and 125th Street advertised *The Alabama Concerto* (Riverside) by John Benson Brooks and featuring Cannonball Adderley as "Cannonball Plays Classical Music," notes Howard Hart.

Horizon Press announced that *The NEW Encyclopedia of Jazz* by Leonard Feather will be published in late 1959. This will be the biggest one yet. Oxford University Press expects to publish Albert McCarthy's *Who's Who*, a comprehensive jazz biographical dictionary, in 1960.

Paul Nossiter is giving a course on jazz at the Boston Center for Adult Education. And as part of the University of Chicago Fine Arts Program, pianist Eddie Baker is giving an eight-week lecture and discussion series on jazz until May 21. In a column on the intercollegiate competition for scholarships to the 1959 summer session of The School of Jazz in Lenox (a competition made possible by a grant from the Schaefer Brewing Company), John McLellan writes: "In its unobtrusive way, the School of Jazz at Lenox has been quietly doing what Newport has been noisily promising for a long time."

In a recent *Jazz in Print*, I wondered at some of the hyperbole in Bruce Cook's Django Reinhardt article in *HiFi Review*. Says Cook: it was the editing. The title (he also writes), "Man He Was the Greatest," was not his.

The March *Jazz-Hot* has pieces on Buck Clayton and the Horace Silver Quintet, among other articles. And one Hop Frog has revived *Revue de Presse*. I'm glad to see it happen, but I still miss Boris Vian. We do appreciate all that space for *Jazz Review* and the "plus vives felicitations."

"Jazz Over Tokyo," by Richard Gehman in the March 14 *Saturday Review*: "Imitation is still widely practiced; it's the main characteristic of Japanese jazz. We even had one singer who called herself Ella Vaughan. Her real name was Kiyoko Maruyama . . ." About a rock-a-billy group: ". . . they succeed only in emphasizing the latent homosexuality that is evident in the unconscious parodies of genuine folk music on which the States rock'n'roll stars have built their reputations." Any comment on that one? Same issue has H. A. Woodfin on Fats Navarro, and Maurice Faulkner on Lukas Foss's "Non-Jazz Group Improvisation," a subject referred to in a previous *Jazz in Print*.

According to *The New York Times*, Dr. Barry Ulanov has been promoted to associate professor at Barnard College.

The March *Jazz monthly* has Bruce King's "A Reassessment of New Orleans Jazz on American Music Records" and "Johnny Hodges" by Burnett James. Also good to see Albert McCarthy's page, *Discographical Forum*. He announces that Cassell will publish his *Jazz Discography 1958*, a listing of all new jazz recordings issued in 1958. McCarthy would "welcome data from collectors in Australia, the Argentine, Brazil, Holland, Japan and Norway concerning any jazz items issued in those countries during 1958. . . . Collectors who can send information should include personnels, recording dates and master numbers whenever possible." You can write McCarthy at *Jazz monthly*, St. Austell, Cornwall, England.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

From *Jet*: "The Coordinating Council for Negro performers is launching a probe into the employment policies of major booking agencies, General Artists, MCA and William Morris, who earn thousands in commissions from top Negro stars, yet employ no sepia secretarial help in their offices."

Jazz 2, second issue of Ralph Gleason's *Quarterly of American Music*, is worth getting. First two articles are expendable. Duke Ellington's "A Royal View of Jazz" is as weightlessly charming as his platform manner, and Henry Pleasants' "Jazz and Classical" is as usual spectacularly confused. Among the most solid pieces in the book are Robert Crowley's "Black, Brown and Beige after 16 Years"; and Dick Hadlock's review of the Jelly Roll Morton Library of Congress Riverside reissues. Of much value but somewhat disappointing are Wendell Otey's examination of André Hodeir as composer, and Louis Gottlieb's review of the Brandeis Festival Album. Otey's review of the Hodeir albums is far and away the most lucid and detailed exposition yet printed in this country of Hodeir's approach to jazz composition. It is, however, exposition mainly, and fails to indicate several debatable aspects of some of Hodeir's work. Similarly, Gottlieb on Brandeis is illuminating but he, too, fails to cope with the fact that not all of the pieces were successful, and a couple could well be called failures. Exposition isn't enough. Superior photographs by Jerry Stoll of the Monterey scene are also a feature of *Jazz 2*.

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

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

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

Olivier Keller has an article on blues guitarist-singer Roy Gaines in the January *Bulletin du Hot Club de France*. . . . A long biographical article on Bix Beiderbecke by Jean-Marie Godin in the February *Jazz* (Paris). Also a reproduction of that two-page *Esquire* picture of 57 jazzmen. With permission?

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

Francis Newton in the March 12 *New Statesman* on Lambert-Hendricks-Ross: "They make a superb cabaret act, a joy to the musicians who catch all their allusions, but basically light entertainment." . . . Good reporting: Russ Wilson's March 15 *Oakland Tribune* piece on where *Little Pony* comes from. It started as a riff blown by San Francisco altoist Pony Poindexter that Harry Edison heard and later told Neal Hefti about. . . .

An abridged version of Alan P. Merriam's *Characteristics of African Music* is one of many fascinating articles in Volume XI, 1959, of the *Journal of the International Folk Music Council*. For information on how to subscribe, write the Secretary, IFMC, 35, Princess Court, Queensway, London W. 2.

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

this
advertisement
directed
to the
Discographer-Historian-
Collector
Subscribe
to . . .

RECORD RESEARCH

A bi-monthly journalistic endeavor, now in its 4th year, devoted to sound, accurate and interesting research into all phases of Musical Americana (Jazz, Vaudevillian, Personality, Folk, Popular . . . and the largest record auction in the world, in every issue.)

Record Research
131 Hart Street
Brooklyn 6, N. Y.

Please start my subscription at once. Here is \$3.00 for your introductory offer of 12 issues.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

BONUS DIVIDEND!!!
a periodic record bulletin to all subscribers, in addition to regular subscription.

ORDER NOW

JAKE TRUSSELL'S "After Hours Poetry"

+++++

Jazz and night life from Mexico to New York City.

+++++

Ask the jazz fan who's bought a copy.

+++++

Written by a jazz disc jockey and former band leader who knows what he's writing about.

+++++

Send \$1.00 to

JAKE TRUSSELL
Box 951

Kingsville, Texas

Price Includes Mailing

St. Louis Cyclone Blues

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

the Blues

Better Day

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

Fore Day Creep

When you lose your money, don't lose your mind,
When you lose your money, don't lose your mind,
When you lose your good man, please don't mess with mine.
I'm gonna buy me a bulldog to watch my man while I sleep,
I'm gonna buy me a bulldog to watch my man while I sleep;
Men are so doggone crooked, afraid he might make a 'fore day creep.
Girls, I'm gonna tell you this, ain't gonna tell you nothing else,
Girls, I'm gonna tell you this, ain't gonna tell you nothing else;
Any woman's a fool to think she's got a whole man to herself.
But if you've got a good man and don't want him taken away from you,
Girls, if you've got a good man and don't want him taken away from you,
Don't ever tell your friend woman what your man can do.
Lord, Lord, I'm gettin' up in years,
Lordy, Lordy, Lordy, I'm gettin' up in years,
But mama ain't too old to shift her gears.
I'm a big fat mama, got the meat shakin' on my bones,
I'm a big fat mama, got the meat shakin' on my bones,
And every time I shake some skinny gal loses her home.
(Written and sung by Ida Cox. On Vocalion 05298.
Transcribed by Eric Townley.)

News and Views

Newport and Great South Bay

The great boom in high fidelity, stereophonic sound, lps and tapes in America in the last decade has not kept the average jazz listener from having a strong desire to hear live performances, with the attendant wonders of on-the-spot improvisations and, often enough, less than perfect sound conditions. Since the essence of this extraordinary music is to be found in the lively art itself, it is not surprising that the festivals that are devoted exclusively to jazz are springing up all over the country. George Wein, the Newport director, will direct at least three more festivals next summer. Crowds of well over twenty thousand come swarming to hear marathon programs of music, demanding more and more until the small hours of the morning. In the following paragraphs we shall go somewhat behind the scenes of several festivals and also make a short attempt to analyze just what is happening and what this development has meant to the world of jazz.

One of the strangest aspects of this enormous increase in the jazz audiences through the addition of the festival media is the fact that it seems to be occurring when the art itself is in a sort of doldrums. There is plenty of critical writing, thousands of records, tons of publicity and more and more concerts, but the amount of genuinely creative and stimulating performance, in other words, the amount of really original music one hears, is very small. Obviously there is plenty of good jazz being made, but somehow it doesn't seem to get recorded or get played in jazz festivals. Perhaps the recording studio and the live concert before a huge audience in the open air are not indigenous to the music itself. At any rate, these festivals are in fact mushrooming, and the quantity of blown jazz continues to increase steadily. That they exist at all testifies to the powerful attraction of even adequately performed jazz.

For the rest of this article I shall limit my comments to Newport and Great South Bay, not only because that happens to be the limit of my experience as a spectator, but also because I have been behind the

scenes at both, and they are rather different in their approach to the problem of presenting a festival. They are distinctly similar, however, in one vitally important way: their charters are almost identical. They are organized as nonprofit corporations dedicated to the benefit of jazz and jazz musicians. Proceeds such as are accumulated are to be used for such things as music scholarships, commissioning new works from jazz composers, helping indigent old-timers, and various special projects that will further the understanding and enjoyment of jazz. Both charters particularly emphasize that the founders believe that jazz is the only truly original native art form to have been produced in America.

Programwise, there is a marked contrast between the two festivals. Newport, as the first, biggest and only really national festival of jazz, has become an all-star panorama of jazz, with a program of eight or nine bands and soloists and singers being a normal concert. Great South Bay, on the other hand, because of its smaller conception and also because the directors have preferred it in theory, has never had more than two or three basic groups on any given program, preferring to allow the groups a reasonable amount of time to show what they have to say. In fact, the directors have always asked the band leaders how much time they wish to play and then have honored this request within reason.

It is obvious that the Newport Festival of today gives a jazz fan an anthology of the music with critics' panels in the mornings, and there is simply no other place where a person can go and hear such a comprehensive survey of the jazz scene, past and present. Great South Bay could never hope to do this, but instead tries to select enough representative groups from all kinds of jazz so that there is a maximum of contrast and coverage with a minimum of bands. There are no panels or extra-curricular activities, just the music itself. I believe that there is a place for both types of festivals, as they really complement



by Francis Thorne

each other. The Newport organization was actually very helpful to the Great South Bay people when they were organizing, and many mistakes were avoided because of this friendliness. Of course, since many of the things that Newport does were not deemed right by the South Bay crowd, it was inevitable that the two became quite different.

Take size and atmosphere, for example. The large conception and the consequent demand at the Newport box office has resulted in the fact that Newport has always set up its bandstand in the open air. Although the sound problems had been largely solved by 1958, there is still a vastness and an impersonal quality (when fifteen thousand people gather together in front of an orchestra) that seems to me to be utterly foreign to most of jazz, and certainly an inaccurate context for all but perhaps the noisier big bands of such as Basie, Kenton, and Ellington. When one is part of this sea of humanity, there is a feeling that one is sitting far away with the music behind a glass wall and with the sound electrically transcribed out into the audience without much personal communication. This was the biggest problem that Great South Bay tried to cope with, even though it was obvious that the crowds would be infinitely smaller.

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

PLAYBOY

See and hear more great jazz stars in one

friday, saturday, sunday-

*****5 great performances*****

CHICAGO URBAN LEAGUE BENEFIT PERFORMANCE		Friday Evening 8 P.M.	Saturday Afternoon 2 P.M.
		Miles Davis Sextet Count Basie Band Joe Williams Dizzy Gillespie Quintet Dave Brubeck Quartet Kai Winding Septet Dakota Staton Mort Sahl, Emcee	Duke Ellington Band Jimmy Rushing Oscar Peterson Trio Dukes of Dixieland Jimmy Giuffre 3 Bobby Darin Mort Sahl, Emcee

 **MAGNIFICENTLY STAGED IN THE AIR-**

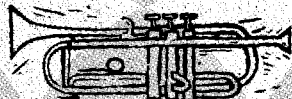
Sunday Afternoon 2 P.M.		
Count Basie Band Joe Williams Lambert, Hendricks & Ross Ahmad Jamal Trio Jack Teagarden All Stars Don Elliott Earl Bostic Sextet Mort Sahl, Emcee	Stan Kenton Band Four Freshmen June Christy Sonny Rollins Trio Nina Simone Austin High Gang David Allen Mort Sahl, Emcee	 Louis Armstrong All Stars Red Nichols and His 5 Pennies Stan Kenton Band Chris Connor J. J. Johnson Quintet Coleman Hawkins Mort Sahl, Emcee

Programs Subject To Change

JAZZ FESTIVAL

Weekend than most people see in a lifetime

august 7, 8, 9



INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCE TICKETS

Saturday & Sunday/Mornings and Evenings

Reserved Seats at \$5.50, \$3.30, \$1.10

General Admission at \$1.10

PREMIERE BENEFIT PERFORMANCE - FRIDAY NIGHT, PROCEEDS TO THE CHICAGO URBAN LEAGUE

Reserved Seats at \$25, \$15, \$10, \$7.50, \$5. General Admission (1st Balcony) \$3.30, (2nd Balcony) \$2.20

PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL NIGHT CLUB NIGHT

August 6

Kicking Off the Festival Weekend,
a Tour of Chicago Jazz Clubs for
a Survey of Jazz Today.



HOTEL SHERMAN

Official Headquarters

In the Heart of Chicago's Loop, Randolph,
Clark and LaSalle. In the morning—special
Festival events. In the evening—for guests of the
Sherman, gala PLAYBOY parties after each
Festival performance. **FOR RESERVATIONS**
Include your reservation with your ticket order.

CONDITIONED CHICAGO STADIUM



HIGH FIDELITY SOUND SYSTEM SUPERVISED BY ALLIED RADIO CORP., CHICAGO

PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL JET HOLIDAY

Jet from New York or Los Angeles to the PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL. An exciting weekend or week in Chicago includes 3 nights (or longer) at the Sherman, Morrison, Palmer House, or Conrad Hilton, choice of 4 final Festival performances, roundtrip first class air coach via jet: only 2 days from New York, 4 hours from Los Angeles. New York, from \$119.05. Los Angeles, from \$216.45 plus tax, 2 to a room.

ORDER YOUR TICKETS TODAY

PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

Premiere Benefit Performance—Friday Night
Proceeds to the Chicago Urban League



FRIDAY NIGHT BENEFIT AUGUST 7

RESERVED SEATS \$25 \$15 \$10 \$7.50 \$5

GENERAL ADMISSION 1st Balcony \$3.30 2nd Balcony \$2.20

Your Purchase of tickets for Friday's performance is fully tax deductible, Playboy acts only as the ticket selling agency for Friday night seats. Proceeds are turned over to the Chicago Urban League.



Enclosed please find check or money order for \$_____ to cover in total the tickets as indicated

☐ Please send me information on PLAYBOY'S JAZZ FESTIVAL JET HOLIDAY.

Please reserve best possible seats for the PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL as indicated below:

INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCE TICKETS

(RESERVED) (GENERAL ADMISSION)

	(RESERVED)	(GENERAL ADMISSION)
Sat. Aug. 8	\$5.50	\$3.30
Afternoon		
Evening		
Sun. Aug. 9	\$5.50	\$3.30
Afternoon		
Evening		

Name (please print)

Address

City Zone State

when everyone in the tent seemed to be drawn together. I will never forget a roll of thunder which coincided precisely with Connie Kay's drum roll in the MJQ's performance on the above evening of John Lewis' *Cortège*. It is not unusual for a performer to chat with a member of the audience between numbers, or even exchange a word or two while the music is in progress (something that the venerable reedman Garvin Bushell was moved to do in the middle of a solo with Rex Stewart's South Bay Seven). Great South Bay crowds are not so much different from those at Newport, except that there seems to be a higher percentage of people who come simply to hear the music, while a typical Newport crowd is far too big to be anything but a conglomeration of all types.

One of the more annoying aspects of the most recent Newport festival was the feeling that one had heard much of it before. It becomes something of a "routine" when each year such Associated Booking Corporation artists as Louis Armstrong, Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan, Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday and Erroll Garner are back in the already overcrowded programs. As I have said before, many of the big names write special material for the occasion, but at the opening concert in 1957 I heard Ella Fitzgerald sing exactly the same program that I had heard the previous week in a night club in New York, and Louis Armstrong devoted most of his allotted time to his *High Society* film music of the previous year, and other older chestnuts. Just as annoying to me was to sit through the first Great South Bay concert three weeks later and hear the Horace Silver Quintet play the same "routine" that they had done at Newport, followed by the same from the Jimmy Giuffre 3. Nevertheless, in the Giuffre case the different quality of the setting made the music sound fresh. In the cosy tent atmosphere, with very effective blueish lighting on the group, the audience sat in rapt silence and attention, and the group definitely came across strongly.

This cosy feeling has made possible individual solo appearances of extraordinary power. Charlie Mingus played, all alone, a powerfully moving minor blues called *Haitian Fight Song*, which was, to me, more compelling than quintet performances of the same thing that I have heard. The atonal pianist Cecil Taylor communicated strongly playing by himself before he brought on his rhythm section. This kind of presentation helps to give wonderful contrasts to a program, particularly if a big band is included. It is my understanding that the French Lick Festival solved the atmosphere-communication problem by erecting a tent over a portion of the audience area. I believe that Newport could improve their presentation immeasurably were they to do this. Certainly, the smaller and more subtle groups would come across better, and the audience that was inside the tent would certainly be less restless. The South Bay problem of restlessness stems from the bar that has been set up near the rear of the tent. This was done for reasons of financial reward, and is unlikely to be repeated.

The thing that has been most closely identified with Great South Bay is the Fletcher Henderson Reunion Band under Rex Stewart's direction. This task involved fantastic difficulties, and the persistence and the courage of Mr. Stewart in this venture is worthy of the greatest admiration. As the festival was and has always been operated on a "shoe-string," it was necessary to have many rehearsals without pay,

cert fee. A long-negotiated and -promised and only the promise of the lowest con-rehearsal in the first year failed to materialize because of an engineers' strike. Musicians would get other jobs and fail to appear at rehearsals, personnel was always changing. Don Redman was originally supposed to direct the band, but he never showed up at all before the concert (neither did Coleman Hawkins and Buster Bailey). Accordingly, some substitutes had to be rung in. A few men such as Garvin Bushell, Paul Webster, the trumpeter, and Benny Morton, the trombonist, were in regular attendance, and so there was a nucleus. Even toward the end rehearsals were terrible, and we all despaired of ever hearing a good performance. A new piece written for the occasion by Teo Macero was a complete shambles and had to be simplified. It was appropriately called *Chaos*.

Somehow Rex persisted, and got the Henderson arrangements into some semblance of order. Perhaps the most tragic aspect was the fact that old-Henderson-drummer Walter Johnson didn't drive the band (he was one of those who can no longer make a living in music, although he is still a good drummer). Rex had to call in Jimmie Crawford of Lunceford fame, who changed the sound a bit with his whip-lash afterbeats (which I love with Jimmy), and the band did take on a new lease on life. Things got more gloomy when the bus didn't show up for the band in New York. In fact, until they arrived at the tent some two hours late, we all had no idea whether they would appear at all. Buck Clayton and Jimmy Rushing did an extra set which was excellent. Finally, the band arrived (the bus had arrived at the rendezvous just as the men were beginning to scatter), and after a long intermission for getting set up, Rex was ready to kick off. I shall never forget the opening sounds. They came on like an explosion. They were preceded by an eloquently moving introduction by commentator Nat Hentoff which, with the Henderson theme quietly in the background, brought some very legitimate tears to many eyes. The musicians themselves were obviously moved. What followed was one of the most exciting musical demonstrations that I have ever heard or witnessed, both on and off the stand. Some of the performances were, as expected, a bit ragged. *Chaos* was an utter madhouse, even in its simplified version. Yet the band played a tight *Wrapping it Up* and *King Porter* with wonderful solos by Coleman Hawkins, who was the individual star of the festival. As the evening progressed, the band did what it used to do years ago, that is, develop riffs and make up arrangements on the spot. The up-tempo one done on *Nagasaki* was unbelievable.

Gerry Mulligan was so excited as he stood off stage that, after about ten minutes of building tension, he came on stage and blew some tremendous choruses. As the performance became almost unbearable, it suddenly ended, and the entire audience, as one person, rose to its feet (literally jumped) with a roar of a volcano. I realize that I have resorted to the most purple prose to describe this scene. I find that it is the only way that I can manage to write about it. Rex wisely came back after this with a couple of Henderson standards, and the concert came full circle as the tribute to Henderson that it was meant to be. There were two other wonderfully nostalgic events, both beautifully played. Buster Bailey did his old specialty *Memphis Blues* with his wonderful quavers and trills, and Don Redman sang his perennial *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good To You*.

Rex decided that a repetition of the first year would be a mistake, but the festival directors felt that the band should re-form because of the fact that there was no recording of the first reunion for commercial release. True, there had been a Voice of America tape, but the Musicians Union responded negatively after months and months of effort on the part of myself and Rex to get them to allow a recording company to release a couple of lps.

Accordingly, Rex got to work and dug up some more Henderson arrangements like the *D Natural Blues*. More important, he wrote a new suite called *Georgia Sketches* which Dick Cary orchestrated, and titled in memory of the birth state of the late leader. Rehearsals were just as inadequately attended this year, and a few more ringers had to be brought in. Buddy Tate came in for Ben Webster; Dickie Wells was out of town for several weeks before the concert (but made the concert itself); Jimmie Crawford had another job, and Mousie Alexander filled in adequately, but was not another Jimmy. Somehow, Rex pulled it together, and considering all the handicaps that he had to cope with (the festival was still operating on a shoe-string), a hearing of the United Artists' lp *Henderson Homecoming*, which was taped at the concert, will verify at least some of the wonder of the performance. It is also commendable that the repeat appearance came off as well as it did and was not an anticlimax after the sensation of the previous year. Unfortunately, with the band not beginning until so late, there were many unusable things, including most of the beautiful first section of the *Georgia Sketches*, but the rough vitality of this performance is there, and I believe that there is plenty of real value in the record. It's possible that the first year is better left to legend, as scrutinizing an lp can often remove some of the astonishment of the "real thing."

Jazz festivals seem to be here to stay. Some will fall by the wayside. They will contribute only in so far as they try to have an intelligent point of view in staging. People have a way of tiring of getting the same dish over and over. Let us hope that Newport does use its unique position of strength to continue the many special kinds of projects that they have made the bare beginnings on. Great South Bay has a very cloudy future because of being heavily in debt. Unless a new source of funds can carry it forward until it can operate on its own, it appears to be doomed. For those that do continue, and perhaps there will be some that we have not heard of as yet, they should last so long as the primary objectives is the music itself. Where the driving incentive is money, or the ego of a promoter or "prestige for jazz," I can hardly visualize a healthy future. Where the appearance of such groups as the Farmingdale High School Band and the South Huntington High School Band can be effected, jazz will be stimulated. Where new works will be commissioned and old hands are re-formed, there will be life and vitality. Where new artists can make themselves properly heard, and forgotten men can find that they are still appreciated, the music will have the ring of truth.

Let us hope that the jazz festivals in America gain a further awareness of the circumstances under which jazz can best take form. Let it not be forgotten that much of this music is simple and heartfelt, and that an artist is a sensitive soul, not to be sold in the market place. Jazz has found a new medium; let us hope that it has also found a friend.

Washington Jazz Jubilee

by Tom Scanlon

An unusual charity show, called Washington Jazz Jubilee, was held in the nation's capital on March 16. Some of the jazz was excellent; some was pedestrian; some worse than that. In any event, the music wasn't the real story of this black-tie affair originated by an energetic jazz enthusiast who also happens to be a congressman's wife. The thing that made this jazz concert atypical was that it was attended, in the main, by people who not only didn't like jazz but didn't even *think* they did.

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

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

A packed house of more than 1,500 people attended. The Jubilee was a smashing financial success, netting over \$10,000 for the charity, which was Friendship House, a settlement house in the Capitol Hill area of Washington. Tickets cost ten dollars.

The show opened impressively. A blue spot caught Buck Clayton, on a balcony, playing the blues unaccompanied as only an expert can. Vic Dickenson joined in, a few moments later, on the opposite balcony. This was good stuff, designed to capture the attention of the chattering crowd. But most of the people couldn't care less. They didn't know Buck Clayton or Vic Dickenson from Moe and Joe, and they didn't listen. Pee Wee Russell and others continued the blues on stage.

Then a voice, familiar to Newport Jazz Festival spectators, came on from somewhere: "Jazz is so young, only fifty or sixty years old, that we lack perspective yet. We know the blues were an essential jazz element, and the music of the church was part of it. But when did the elements first come together to produce the first music we can agree to call jazz?"

Thus began a basic jazz-history lesson by Willis Conover, Voice of America jazz commentator, which was designed to tie the show together into something educational as well as something entertaining. The Jubilee had been subtitled, somewhat pretentiously and inaccurately, "A History of Jazz from Congo Square to Carnegie Hall." (Why must jazz feel so proud of *making* Carnegie Hall?)

Willis, offstage, introduced Paul Barbarin, the fifty-eight-year-old drummer who played with King Oliver, Sidney Bechet, and Louis Armstrong when jazz was young and happily unpretentious.

And so, with no mention of Congo Square as indicated by the title, the jazz-history lesson continued with comments on the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, Louis

Armstrong, the Wolverines, Duke Ellington, accompanied by musical illustrations of the text. Then came the man who really put this Jazz Jubilee on the road, Willie (The Lion) Smith. The Lion charmed the people into rapt attention; he gassed the seemingly ungassable.

The Lion was introduced by Conover, now on stage, this way: "Duke Ellington always will admire a pretty girl; his music so testifies. But the only time I ever saw Duke Ellington's face light up with anything like adoration was once at Carnegie Hall in New York. I was standing backstage in the wings. The orchestra had played a number, and Ellington was preparing to introduce another when suddenly his eye caught a movement in the wings. He looked past me, his expression changed to, well, to a little boy's expression at first facing Santa Claus. He walked off the stage and grasped the hand of the man he'd seen: Willie (The Lion) Smith." Explaining how Willie The Lion had been a major figure at Harlem rent parties "where youngsters like Fats and Duke would listen starry-eyed and leave inspired to become big men, too," Conover introduced Willie The Lion as one who "addresses the piano with all the grandeur befitting the bearer of the name William Henry Joseph Berthol Bonaparte Bertholoff."

Then Willie proceeded to wow 'em. In red vest, derby, and munching a fat cigar, he told the fascinated audience that the "idol of Ellington's youth" idea was all wrong and that he and Duke were the same age, which is true enough (Willie is sixty, Duke is fifty-nine), and that "anyway, I always say that men are as young as they feel and according to what kind of wife or lady friend they have." Then with the crowd in his hand, The Lion praised Washington as "a most inspiring city," praised the "ladies running the program," and praised drummer Jo Jones who was waiting to accompany Willie. Following a pause, and timed perfectly, he then barked "So let's let the piano talk!" And talk it did, as The Lion wrapped up his lilting *Echoes of Spring* in inimitable fashion. This received respectful silence and a thunderous ovation. After a few other jovial remarks, Willie followed with *Contrary Motion*, demonstrating on the first chorus that Erroll Garner wasn't the first to employ a four-beat rhythm, guitar-like left hand, and then proving, perhaps even to the handful of hippies in the audience, that stride piano is far from dead. Grinning Jo Jones chipped in with a solo, demonstrating—as he has so many times—that a drum solo need not be noisy and dull.

After that, the jazz-history lesson was left pretty much in midstream (not in *mainstream* because there was no Kansas City jazz, no swing era mentioned). Introductions were shorter, and this was just as well because it was getting late and there were a good many performers to get on. Perhaps the whole thing might have gone over better if there had been no attempt to cram even a tiny basic jazz-history lesson down the throats of the uninitiated.

But this is hindsight.

A big band of all-stars (mostly swing-era veterans but including modern altoist Phil Woods) led by Dick Cary, musical director for the Jubilee, played several Cary arrangements capably, but its music was only occasionally exciting.

The Newport Youth Band (ages fourteen-seventeen), led by a prancing Marshall Brown, played well, considering their lack of experience, though perhaps with too little concern for dynamics (everything was LOUD). The Youth Band also gave the show one of its finest moments, a trumpet solo by Alan Reuben, sixteen, on *She's Funny That Way*. Reuben displayed a Braff-like fat tone and received a well-deserved very large hand. The Youth Band also featured two "let's see how many notes we can play per second" alto sax players in a duet which would probably impress all easily impressed hippies. Both youngsters did what they did well, but I question whether it was worth doing. They sounded very much alike, as is perhaps discouragingly typical of so many young musicians in this "golden age" of jazz.

Ernestine Anderson sang well and received the crowd's attention. She came over best when she was not sounding like Sarah Vaughan, I thought. Her *Honeysuckle Rose* brought a grin to the face of hard-working pianist Ray Bryant and easily cut her Sarahesque *Time After Time*.

Phil Woods and Frank Rehak teamed up for a lengthy "modern" set that pleased a tiny minority and sent innumerable socialites scrambling for the exit. It also failed to excite at least one member of the press.

The entire show was recorded by Mercury in stereo, and this undoubtedly hampered the music somewhat. The rhythm section was far apart and a good distance from the rest of the band. The rhythm section seldom functioned as a unit (I don't think the men in the section could hear one another well enough). During the program Conover announced that "Mercury is donating performers' royalties to Friendship House [the charity] and perhaps we should applaud them and also buy an album when it comes out." This is puzzling logic, somehow, but no matter.

The most boring part of the show, to this viewer, was the seemingly interminable set by Toshiko Akiyoshi. Her piano playing was imitative and routine at best.

The most exciting music of the night, in many ways, was the final selection, a blues at medium tempo by Cary's all-star pickup band. Ray Bryant got the thing romping in fine style, demonstrating an excellent left hand, and everyone soloed well. It was called *Jazz for Friendship* and it was excellent jazz music. Buddy Tate's staccato but intensely swinging and flowing tenor saxophone solo was superb.

After the show, a party was held honoring Congressman and Mrs. Richard Bolling by Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Marks. Mrs. Bolling originated the idea of the Jazz Jubilee and was the general chairman. Mrs. Marks was her assistant chairman. Mrs. Bolling says she'll do it again next year.

**The SPRING issue
of DISSENT features:**

**A Discussion on
The American School:**

Education for a Democratic Culture
by MICHAEL WALZER

Issues and Goals in the Debate on
Education
by MELVIN TUMIN

also,

The Second Industrial Revolution and
the Western World
by FRITZ STERNBERG

30 Years of Soviet Industrialization
by GREGORY GROSSMAN

and,

A Controversy over C. Wright Mills'
Book on War
by IRVING HOWE and A. J. MUSTE

Reviews — Letters — Miscellany

Special: Bertold Brecht's Last Poem

75¢ a copy \$3.00 per year

DISSENT Dept. O-41
509 Fifth Avenue, New York City 17

JAZZ PHOTOGRAPHS

From an extensive and unique
private collection, featuring pix
of the famous and obscure in
jazz history. An interesting addi-
tion to any record collection,
trad. or modern. Sweet band
pix too.

Examples: Dink Johnson, Chas.

Creath, BG 1938, Waller, Bunny

with TD, several Oliver bands,

C. Christian, early Basie and

Moten, Oliver Cobb (100s more).

Old customers: greatly enlarged

list now available. Send stamp

for free list to

Duncan P. Schiedt
2534 E. 68th St.
Indianapolis, Indiana

LETTERS

(Continued from Page 3)

destroyed another favorite of mine in those days, Will Hudson & Eddie DeLange's De-Witt Clinton High band from which only Gus Bivona survives as an active player.

As neither a musician nor critic, it is difficult for me to describe the effect that Lester's music had on me. I can only say that his arrival with a USO troupe at an Air Force base in Sheppard Field, Texas, while I was there was probably the high of the war for me, and that contemplates both armistices. Lester was working with a fine group of Negro musicians, including Al Sears, who has since defected to the R & R camp, and when he stepped out in front with his pork-pie hat and dark glasses (no USO monkey suit for him), he blew the crackers, the hayseeds, and even we studiously casual easterners right out of our seat. It was only one of many memorable nights that Lester gave me, but it is one I remember best.

What I am trying to communicate with all this is that I (apart from so many fans, critics and even musicians who so proudly point to their Minton lineage) made it with Lester from the time I heard his first solo. I might have tumbled, sooner had not his pungent tone been so well hidden in the Earl Warren, Herschel Evans, Buddy Tate sax sections so that I didn't pick it up on records until I'd heard him blow on the scene. As I learned later from Lester himself when I met him (much too late), criticism of his delicate tone and his predilection for honks, which to him were a normal part of his improvisational pattern, were the first chinks in the pitiful armor that this sensitive man attempted to erect around himself.

When I came out of service early in 1946, I was caught up in the desperation of the times, the problems of a new family and its responsibilities, and music and records seemed somehow remote and unimportant. Around 1949 I began to nose around again. Much to my surprise and delight, I found that I could tune the radio dial and pick up Lester everywhere I turned, only he now had adopted the name of Stan Getz, or Paul Quinichette, or even at times, Illinois Jacquet. I would hear trumpet players using his phrasing, the indescribably imaginative attack that was Lester's alone. I said to myself, this man must be a titan indeed. Everyone is using his stuff. He must be so wealthy that he probably employs a small boy just to answer his agent's phone calls. I was shocked, of course, to learn that Lester wasn't working too much. Oh, of course, good old Norman put him on tour with his circus every now and then, but Lester didn't have any steady work, he just wasn't in demand.

Here was irony condensed to its bitterest element. The man that all musicians of the time were borrowing from was the only one who was not making out. From then on, I dug Lester whenever I could reach him. It was obvious that much was wrong. The horn was down, no longer cocked up at that proud angle. The eyes were dull, the demeanor beaten. The fabulous musicianship showed only in flashes, and there was even an occasional reed-click which in the opinion of the old Lester and his unflagging control of his horn, would have been unforgivable. It was then, finally, that I learned he was trying to drink all the gin available and had options on some of the juniper berries that hadn't yet been squashed.

Well, if you've stuck with me this long, you're probably saying, "What the hell is the point of all this?" There isn't any really, except that it is my incontrovertible conviction that Lester Young would be alive today if it weren't for the fact that his own tongue put him down. Lester, with his complete lack of guile, his failure to understand why his community of profession with other musicians did not protect him against their petty jealousies, which were even vicious enough to label (or libel) him a homosexual because his fey sense of the humorous led him down some rather devious paths, was completely unequipped to face a world which denied him the opportunity to do the thing he did better than anyone else, blow a tenor sax. In the context of Lester's personality, his almost childlike lack of defenses led him to the most obvious solution of his problems — gin.

Even one so blinded as I by my love of Lester's music and my affection for a man I knew on an extremely limited basis (a few extended barside conversations) will admit that Lester had his own inherent shortcomings and that his fate in essence was one of his own creation, since all men have free will. To me, this is an oversimplification of the story of Lester Young. Sure he sinned, but so did we, so did the world, by letting this talent slip away.

It is perhaps unfortunate that we expect so much more from our idols than they are in most cases capable of delivering. In Lester's case, all he had to contribute was his music. Evidently this was not enough. To me, Lester's fate represents the terribly cannibalistic posture of jazz today. The musicians with whom I have discussed Lester during the past year have taken a universally hands-off attitude. Whatever attempts were made to reunite him and his family and return him to some semblance of normal living were made by people who were not musicians. Although it may be a manifestation of a negative tribute to his memory, during the three evenings I have listened to live jazz performed since his death last Sunday, not once have I heard his name mentioned in a dedication, although I have heard many of his numbers played and most of his trade-marks used in improvisations.

The most tragi-comic aspect of the whole thing is that a number of "memorial" albums are in the works which will no doubt enrich their producers and, we hope, keep Lester's family, particularly his fine young son, in eating money for a while.

While awaiting the start of the funeral, with the sidewalk filled with milling citizens (the whole street should have been filled) I was approached by a solid-looking gentlemen who asked me about the gathering and the presence of cameramen. I told him, "Lester Young is dead."

"Who's he?" the guy said.

The story of Lester's life.

Al Fisher, Wantagh, N. Y.

First off, congrats for a magazine that caters to more than the modern-only fans.

I am using a minor error in your Jazz Quiz in the Feb. issue as a springboard. . . In your Chu-Berry—Count-Basie answer you perpetuate a mistake in Delaunay. *Oh Lady Be Good* was also done by the big band and should not be grouped with *You Can Depend on Me*. The former has solos by both Chu (at the top of his form) and Lester (not at his peak). . .

Bob Tharalson, The Record Center
Billings, Montana

THE JAZZ REVIEW

Coming Issues of the Jazz Review Feature

Ellington's Black Brown and Beige by Gunther Schuller

Quincy Jones: Building a big band.

Art Tatum by Dick Katz

Chet Baker by Roy Eldridge

Jazz Books in America by Sheldon Meyer

The State of Dixieland by Dick Hadlock

Ella Fitzgerald by Bill Russo

Billie Holiday by H. A. Woodfin

Woodie Herman by Max Harrison

Inner and Outer Jazz by Sidney Finkelstein

The Jazz Dance by Roger Pryor Dodge

The Mouldy Academicians by Charles Alva Hoyt

Wilbur Ware by Bill Crow

And two new departments:

Introductions: portraits of young musicians beginning with **Steve Lacey**

A **News** section on jazz events all over the country.

The Jazz Review must raise subscription prices in September. Take advantage of the present low prices by subscribing now. The Jazz Review is \$.50 a copy. One year's subscription (12 copies) is \$4.50. Two years subscription is \$8.00. Add \$1.00 per year for foreign postage.

Name

Address

City..... Zone..... State.....

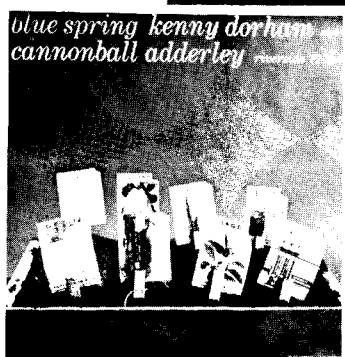
The Jazz Review, Village Station, P. O. Box 128, N. Y. 14, N. Y.



RIVERSIDE

continues to mean great albums by top jazz
names *and* by exciting new stars you'll want to discover for yourself.
And most new *Riverside* LPs are available in both brilliant
monaural Hi-Fi and the dynamic
full sweep of STEREO.

Blue Spring:
KENNY DORHAM Septet
Swinging, joyous tunes that
spotlight the writing and
'blowing' talents of top
trumpet star Dorham. With
Cannonball Adderley.
(RLP 12-297;
also *Stereo* LP 1139)

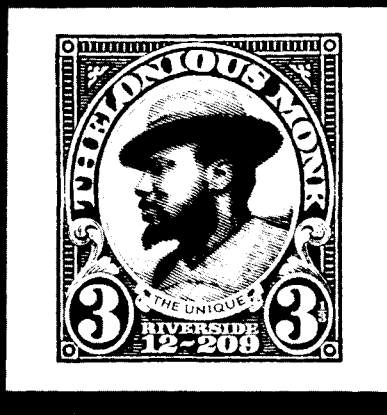


THELONIOUS MONK
Orchestra
The most sensational **new**
sound of the year. First
big-band versions of Monk's
inimitable music, recorded
at the Town Hall concert.
(RLP 12-300;
also *Stereo* LP 1138)

Things Are Getting Better:
CANNONBALL ADDERLEY
With Milt Jackson, Blakey,
etc. A truly soul-stirring
album — as more and
more jazz fans are
learning every day.
(RLP 12-286;
also *Stereo* LP 1128)



Top and Bottom Brass:
CLARK TERRY
A wonderfully warm, happy
and witty LP featuring the
remarkable blend of Terry's
trumpet (& flugelhorn) with
Butterfield's swinging **tuba**.
(RLP 12-295;
also *Stereo* LP 1137)



The Unique
THELONIOUS MONK
A great trio album (with
Blakey, Pettiford) now
strikingly repackaged to
commemorate the fact that
Monk means "the stamp of
authority" in jazz.
(RLP 12-209)

Have you heard: **NEW BLUE HORNS** — a great collection of *previously unissued* blues
by trumpet stars **CHET BAKER, KENNY DORHAM, NAT ADDERLEY,**
CLARK TERRY, BLUE MITCHELL. (RLP 12-294; also *Stereo* LP 1132)