

The Jazz Review

VOLUME TWO
NUMBER TWO
February 1959

GARVIN BUSHELL and Jazz in the 1920's
by Nat Hentoff



ELVIN JONES and PHILLY JOE JONES
by Bobby Jaspar

ANDY KIRK'S STORY as told to
Frank Driggs

SPECIAL AGENTS by Paul Oliver



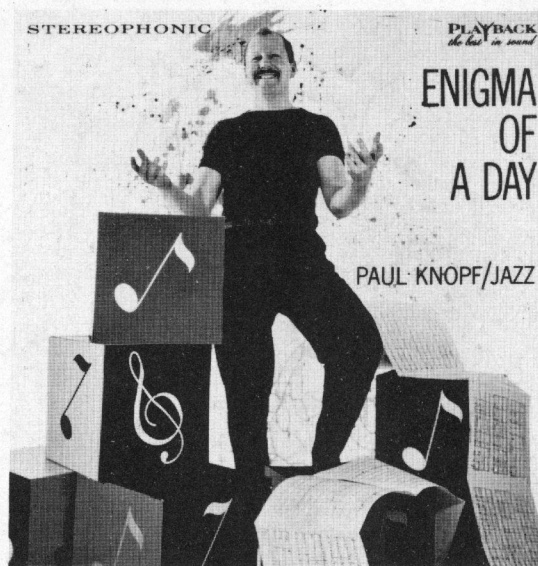
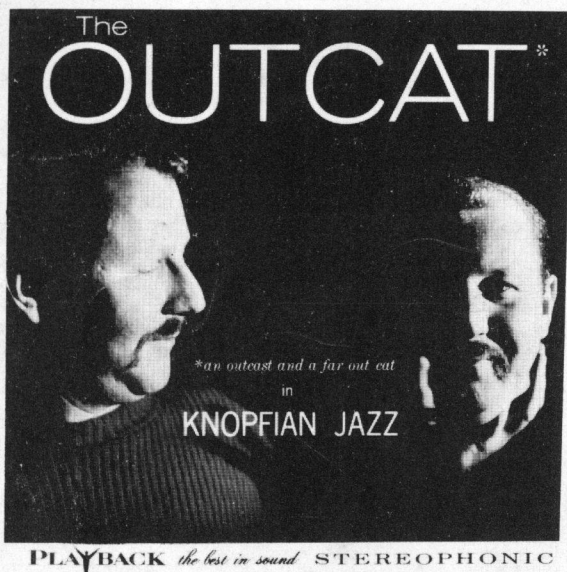
Julian "Cannonball" Adderley by Bill Crow; **George Lewis and Warne Marsh** by Mimi Clar; **Ahmad Jamal and Tony Scott** by Julian Adderley; **John Lewis** by Glen Coulter; John Mehegan's Jazz Piano Folio by Larry Gushee; **The Blues**; a Jazz Quiz; **Jazz in Print** by Nat Hentoff.

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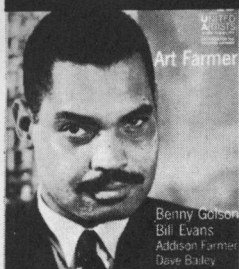
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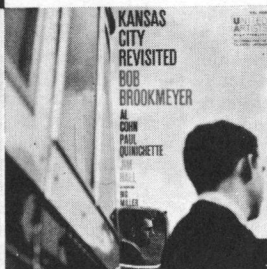
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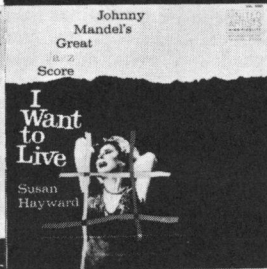
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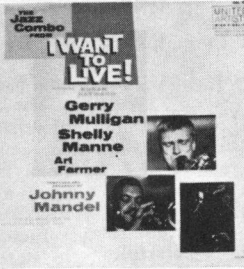
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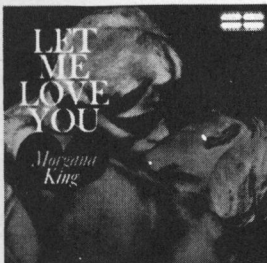
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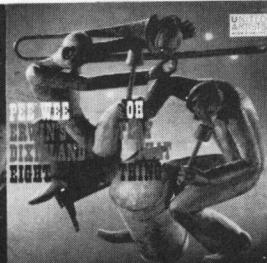
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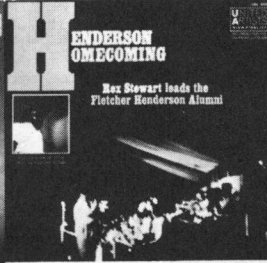
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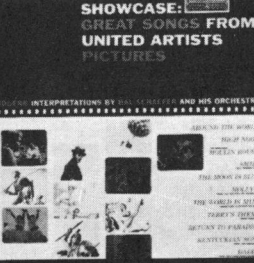
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Letters

Pro

It is difficult to make any comment after reading the first issue of your magazine. I am connected with jazz and cognizant of the writing that is set down . . . Your magazine is a full and diversified meal. Soup to nuts . . . Articles by musicians plus critics are intelligent. . . . A joy amongst the dead fish. Love. Continue.

Michael Gold, New York

Tem

Congratulations on the publication of your first issue . . . I am . . . enclosing a money order for \$4.50 for a year's subscription. I have thought about saving \$3.50 by taking a three year subscription but have decided that with the wonderful advances in ballistic missiles and automobiles, it is unwise to commit yourself for more than a year in advance.

David Givner, New York

Fun for All?

. . . It's so terribly scholarly that it scares me. I will do my best to live up to its challenge and with the help of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* I may make it.

From what I gather, if Rollins were (gone) tomorrow, the whole jazz world would go out of existence . . .

What do you cats want from us anyway? If I had studied harmony and dynamics from the cradle, perhaps I might be able to make all this persiflage and flatted fifths and diluted chords. My personal opinion of myself has always been that I was rather an aware guy, at least in the musical sense. In one foul swoop, you have demolished this tender dream. Why must we be so precious about jazz? Next to sex and a good steak, jazz sounds are probably the most moving influences in human life today or any other time.

Reading this far, you have probably written me off as a musical reactionary, a two-beat man. Believe me, I am as catholic in music as anyone can be and still have an opinion. . . .

I still say, jazz should be fun, fun for all. If I were playing a horn in the house band at the Met, perhaps I might feel differently. As it stands, if Rollins, Griffin, Monk and Coltrane are the prophets of the new jazz, I can only say, "Take me to Lawrence Welk."

In deference to your musical knowledge, I offer no professional critique of your publication. I'm not qualified. As a reader, I can suggest that the mystique of harmony is not the be all and end all for most of your readers. . . .

Al Fisher, Wantagh, New York

All Night Long

I am sure that many others have preceded me in extending warmest congratulations . . . on the first issue of *The Jazz Review*. As an ex-musician, I am delighted to see how you have assembled so many technically competent people. I would never have believed it possible that Brookmeyer, Wilber, Wellstood, etc. could have been persuaded to write, much less within one magazine . . .

The thing that worries me on this sort of venture of yours is that the enthusiasm, the money, and the flow of good contributions from writers so often spends itself after a handful of issues. I greatly hope that what you have here proves durable.

Incidentally, someone once told me never to start a new magazine or newsletter or the like with Volume I, Number 1. Always start with Volume XVII, number 4, or something like that. This imparts an established going-concern air. Best of luck for continued success.

Guy Waterman, Washington, D. C.

Semanticsville

I (in my capacity as a songwriter) am writing this note to you (in your capacity as editor of *The Jazz Review*) to take exception to a couple of questionable points raised by Edwy B. Lee in his otherwise all-right analysis of Coleman Hawkins' solo on *Body and Soul*. (December issue).

In listing "handicaps" that Hawk had to "overcome" Lee says . . . "the tune is handicapped by a chord structure that is too closely allied with the melody." I have been thinking that one over for about an hour now and although I've come up with several possible interpretations none of them seem to make any real sense. The closest I can come to a halfway meaningful interpretation is that the dips and sweeps and swoops of the melody rather parallel the order and frequency of the chord-changes. As an example of what I mean, consider *Tea For Two*; by playing the changes you almost play the melody. Now if that's what Lee meant then he was, in my opinion, simply wrong in applying his point to *Body and Soul*, which buries any number of melody-notes in sequence under one chord. Quite aside from that, however, is that even if Lee were correct in making such a statement about *Body and Soul* he'd still be talking through his hat because (as *Tea For Two* clearly demonstrates) a semi-rigid relationship between melody and chord-structure is no handicap whatever, either to a song per se or to a song-considered-as-raw-material-for-jazz.

Lee's second "handicap" which was that

"the lyrics (there's only one lyric to each song, by the way) and the music seem to have become permanently identified in the popular American consciousness as 'classic,' so that any attempt to get outside of the melody line would seem to have been doomed to commercial failure." Unless Lee chooses to seek refuge under his "commercial failure" qualification, he has again, it seems to me, said something for which there appears to be no basis in fact. Your magazine isn't thick enough for me to list all the great jazz choruses on standards familiar to the American public. To mention only one of hundreds of possible examples: *St. Louis Blues*. Our familiarity with the words-and-music has nothing whatever to do with the fact that a man may play a good (or bad) jazz chorus on the song. End of speech. By the way, I couldn't make complete sense out of your one-paragraph bio on Mr. Lee either. Did your printer leave out a key word or two? Otherwise, congratulations all around. Your magazine is great.

Steve Allen, New York

Lyricsville

Though there are many contentious points in Mr. Hsio Wen Shih's review of five blues lps—whether for example, Blind Lemon Jefferson, as a singer who, he contends, belongs to the West African tradition more than any other singer considered therein, can also be richer in jazz feeling—I will confine my observations to two principal aspects of his article:

The surprise I felt on reading the single quoted verse was genuine enough but no more rhythmic than the 'poetic feeling' displayed, Jefferson's. Hsio Wen Shih quotes:

"A woman rocks the cradle: a man should use a hoe,
a woman rocks the cradle, like a man
should use a hoe,
bad man rock 'nother man's baby, ooh
back to rockin' they go!"

I am baffled. On my copy of Paramount 12880 entitled erroneously *That Growling Baby Blues*—it should be *That Crawling Baby Blues*—from which I believe the Riverside dubbing was taken, Jefferson sings with unusual clarity:

"Some woman rocks the cradle 'n I declare she rules her home,
woman rocks the cradle 'n I declare she rules her home,
married man rock 'nother man's baby,
fool thinks he's rockin' his own."

Slurred diction there may be, but Jefferson certainly has a concern for the sense of the words which is readily apparent

continued on page 50

The Jazz Review

new Contributors:

Bobby Jaspar, a flutist and tenor saxophonist, was born in Belgium in 1926, achieved a reputation in Paris as one of the best jazzmen in Europe, and emigrated to America in 1956. He has played here with Miles Davis and J. J. Johnson, and has worked again in Paris during part of 1958.

Paul Oliver is artist, writer and teacher and he has had work displayed in many national exhibitions. Oliver began collecting American folk-songs while still at school and for the past fifteen years he has concentrated on blues and Negro folk-music, of which he has a collection of many hundreds of rare recorded examples. His contributions on these subjects have appeared regularly in *Jazz Monthly*, *Jazz Journal*, *Jazz Music Mirror* and the *Discophile*; he has broadcast several times on the Light Programme and Network Three and is an experienced lecturer on jazz folk-music. He has completed a book on the blues, *Blues Fell This Morning*, which will be published by Cassell.

Bob Rolontz is a music reporter for *The Billboard*, the most authoritative trade paper in the popular music field. He was also in charge of jazz at Vik Records, the former Victor subsidiary.

Editors: Nat Hentoff, Martin Williams
Publishers: Leonard Feldman, Israel Young
Art Editor: Hsio Wen Shih
Advertising Manager: Richard Joseph
Editorial Assistant: Margot Wolynski

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

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Photo Credits: cover photo of Garvin Bushell by Burt Goldblatt; cover and page 7 photos of Elvin Jones and photo on page 30 by Francis Wolff, courtesy Blue Note Records; Philly Joe Jones on page 7 by Irving Dolin; page 11, courtesy Savoy Records; pages 12-17 courtesy Frank Driggs; page 18 by Maynard Frank Wolfe; page 38 by Roy De Carava.

We know that the creative daring of Kenny Clarke originated an evolution in rhythmic concepts in jazz. This process, starting at the beginning of the war, was carried on by the contribution of great drummers like Max Roach and Art Blakey. However, during the past few years, it seemed that the reaction in rhythmic ideas that came with the "cool" school had led to a rejection of some of the most exciting innovations of these men. I can now say, after my trip to the United States, that this view is not justified. The "Basie tradition", modified by innovations of the "bop" movement, apparently holds the central place in contemporary jazz; several important drummers, like Chico Hamilton and Connie Kay, remain faithful to classical ideas based on symmetry. At the same time other drummers have appeared who are carrying on the evolution where their predecessors stopped. Two young drummers particularly impressed me when I heard them in person (their records of the past few years have shown their real worth only in a very imperfect way, especially the boldness of their conception). They are Philly Joe Jones and Elvin Jones. Though they have the same last name, the two musicians are not related: Philly Joe, as his name implies, comes from Philadelphia; Elvin is the younger brother of Hank and Thad Jones. Bobby Jaspar who played with both, in groups led by Miles Davis and Jay Jay Johnson, gives us here his thoughts on the importance of their contributions. I have added several notes in comment.

André Hodeir

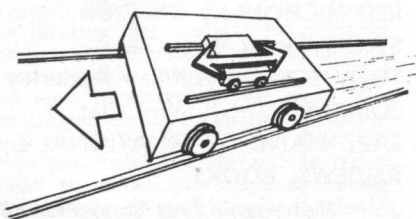
ELVIN JONES and PHILLY JOE JONES

by Bobby Jaspar

Years ago, I wrote an enthusiastic letter to a friend about a drummer, John Ward, an emulator of Kenny Clarke and Max Roach, who particularly impressed me then. After trying to describe his playing unsuccessfully I resorted to a little drawing. The drawing showed a little car moving straight along at a constant speed, symbolizing the constant tempo, and mounted on top of this car, a smaller car that rolled back and forth. The movements of the second car represent a secondary rhythm superimposed on the basic beat represented by the motion of the first car.

I now return to this drawing to describe the playing of the two drummers who recently have impressed me the most: Elvin Jones and Philly Joe Jones. The first time I played with Elvin Jones I found it hard to understand what he was doing. He played so many strange overlapping rhythms that I found it hard to hear the basic tempo. I thought that he was in poor form, and just couldn't keep time. A talk with the bass player reinforced my opinion, for he told me that he had the greatest difficulty in playing with Elvin too. (That was during the

earliest days of the J. J. Johnson quintet.) Then, little by little, I began to understand the mysteries of Elvin's playing, so different from the metronomic ideas of Frank Isola and his school, and of other drummers I knew and understood. Then the drawing of the two little cars, which I had forgotten, came back to mind.



I came to the conclusion that what Elvin was doing was really the continuation and development of the principles that Kenny Clarke and Max Roach had pioneered. Since then, working with him every day, I have had the chance to learn to appreciate Elvin. I have never tired of his complex and highly stimulating playing. The basic tempo is there once and for all; it never varies throughout a performance (obvi-

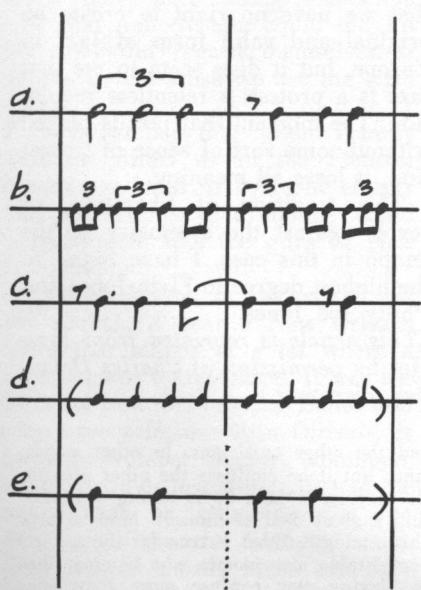
ously this should always be so; but sometimes it seems to disappear almost completely.)

There is the basic metronomic pulse which each musician must register sub-consciously (symbolized by the constant speed of the larger car). Over this beat is grafted a series of rhythms so complex that they are almost impossible for me to write out. These rhythms (like the movements of the smaller car) create a sort of secondary or tertiary tempo. At times, playing with Philly or Elvin Jones, the whole band seems to be speeding up or slowing down in an astonishing way, when actually this is not so, since the basic tempo hasn't changed at all.

While playing with J. J. Johnson's quintet, Elvin, Wilbur Little, and Tommy Flanagan were able to develop a collective feeling for rhythm and for section playing. It was marvelous to hear them accompanying a slow blues, for example. At a certain point (in the second or third chorus of a solo) they will double the time in a very gradual and subtle way. (See musical example.) At the double tempo, the bassist plays a line of triplets mixed with notes played on the beat, the pianist plays



Elvin Jones Philly Joe Jones



a) Double bass (double time); b) Drums (double time); c) Piano (double time); d) implied basic rhythm, twice as fast as e) original rhythm (understood); four quarter notes of a single bar of slow blues.

off-beat chords, and the drummer plays a series of fast triplets and semi-quavers on the ride cymbal: the poly-rhythm of the three instruments implies the basic tempo of the blues, doubled but creates enormous excitement and allows the soloist great freedom in improvising. After a roll on the snare, the band goes back to the original tempo, having reached an indescribable pitch of excitement.

Elvin Jones uses triplets freely,¹ but he seldom uses the high-hat to mark a regular or symmetrical beat. The accent on the weak beat often disappears entirely, to be replaced by complicated cross-rhythms on the ride cymbal reinforced by the familiar snare drum accents of modern drumming.

I must especially emphasize the absence of the afterbeat accent on the high-hat. When one is not used to its absence, one feels a sensation of freedom, as though floating in a void with no point of reference. Actually this kind of freedom is a trademark of the greatest jazzmen. Charlie Parker carried this kind of floating on top of the time the farth-

est, I think; and the great soloists at their best moments seem completely free of the alternation of "strong-weak, strong-weak" that some people mistakenly call swing.

At up tempo Elvin follows the same methods. At up tempos though, whether through intention or through flaws of technique, Elvin sometimes creates a rhythmic climate that cannot be sustained (at least when he drowns out the bass in volume). From that point of view, Philly Joe seems to be the better drummer of this school. I know of few soloists in New York who can improvise freely in front of Elvin at up tempo without falling off the stand. I suppose that Elvin will simplify his style in the end, but apparently he is still discovering new possibilities every day and looking toward wider horizons.

This concept of drumming, as I said, comes directly from Kenny Clarke, Max Roach, and Art Blakey. Elvin Jones and Philly Joe Jones seem to me worthy successors in the tradition. Upon the innovations of their predecessors they have elabor-

1. Not the simple triplets of the blues, like those that Kenny Clarke uses so often (as in his solo in *On a Riff*). The alternation of fast and slow triplets which Bobby Jaspar shows in his musical example seems to indicate the appearance of "irrational note values" in the infrastructure of jazz. Can these "irrational note values" play the same part, at once disrupting and stimulating, which they played in European music a short time ago? We will have the answer in a few years.

ated this kind of polyrhythm to a sometimes unbelievable degree. Their playing is only now beginning to win the recognition it deserves among musicians in New York. This previous lack of enthusiasm is not hard to understand. It's much easier for a soloist to be backed by a comfortable metronome who hammers the tempo into your head and gives you constant sign-posts! Few musicians of the Basie-Lester school can get used to such complicated rhythms. Stan Getz has become fascinated by Elvin's playing, though, and it has been a revelation for me to hear these two musicians playing together. Getz has spoken appreciatively of this school of drumming, but he has had trouble finding a bass player strong and steady enough to hold his place in the fierceness of Elvin's attack. At fast tempos Getz sometimes has to stop playing for a while and listen to the temporary confusion of the rhythm section. I have often had the same trouble with Elvin: the tension would build to a point where I had trouble finishing my choruses; I would begin trembling with internal excitement, but completely unable to tell where we were any longer . . . That is obviously a situation to be avoided². But I am sure that Elvin will eventually master this lack of precision which is luckily caused by nothing more serious than over-enthusiasm.

We often forget that syncopation is the essence of jazz rhythm. The

famous phrase "syncopated rhythm" has become a cliché we laugh at. There was a time in Paris when we tried to play as exactly on the beat as we could. We then believed that swing could be achieved by placing notes with mathematical accuracy, by steady time, and strong pulsation with heavily accented afterbeats. How could we have been misled by such foolishness?³ I have found the same misconceptions in some lifeless bands in New York, where the least rhythmic freedom raises the eyebrows of the musicians. They have the expression of a clerk who finds his ink-stand out of place one morning.

The idea of tempo should be a more general one, an idea that each player should have firmly once and for all at the beginning of a performance. The *rhythm* will have changed often and in many ways. Elvin will deliberately put himself into the most dangerous situation for a soloist—where he must find a way out by increasingly risky and always spontaneous improvising. Apparently, to do that, one needs perfect time, a sort of internal metronome in the "hypothalamus". American musicians have an expression for this; they say "He always knows where *one* is."

Elvin Jones has a very powerful style, based on complete independence of all four limbs and an enormous volume of sound (probably the biggest sound of any drummer

I know, which doesn't make him any easier to play with!) His cymbal sound is especially individual. He is very interested in African music. He knows that's the source of polyrhythms, and constantly listens to recordings of African tribal music. (After all, didn't Blakey take a trip to the Congo and come back raving about his exciting musical experiences?) Philly Joe Jones is Elvin's spiritual father in some ways. I have talked more of Elvin because I know his work better. Elvin still has some distance to go to match Philly Joe's mastery, but I am sure we have some happy surprises in store for us.

We often speak of jazz as "an artistic expression of a racial emancipation."⁴ I am not qualified to discuss such problems, though I face them every day; but it is certainly true that jazz is the most original art-form to have come out of the United States. That is not to say that we have no right to create an original and valid form of jazz in Europe, but it does seem to me that jazz is a protest, a relentless revolution. The moment that jazz is played without some sort of sense of liberation, it loses all meaning.

This tradition of liberation, of revolt against the symmetry of the tempo in this case, I have found to the highest degree in Elvin Jones and Philly Joe Jones.

(This article is reprinted from *Jazz-Hot* by permission of Charles Delaunay, directing.)

2. Perhaps Bobby is right, but perhaps he is wrong and should be blaming himself and the other musicians. In other words Elvin Jones would be at fault if he were to lose control of what he is doing even for one instant; but if he confuses the other players without losing his own place, while he might be committing a sin against the idea of ensemble playing in jazz, he is taking a worthwhile chance. He would be demanding a great deal of others at the same time that he is giving a great deal of himself. Modern art, which depends so much on suggestion, also requires, to quote a fine phrase, "that the listener have talent". What is true for the soloist is also true for the listener: we can go back to Bobby Jaspar's phrase about drummers like "comfortable metronomes who hammer the tempo into your head," and address it to the listener. The rhythmic complexities of Elvin's playing may confuse more than one listener to the point where they can't feel the tempo, but the complexities themselves *grow out of the tempo and contribute strongly to reinforce the tempo*. If Elvin "forgets" to play on the afterbeat, it's because he feels it so strongly that it is unnecessary to actually play it. The listener should have the talent to feel it too.

3. Anachronism would be a better word. It is certainly true that the metronomic precision of classical jazz, which still exists today, for example in the ensemble work of the Count Basie orchestra, was originally a forward step: in comparison with the rhythmic anarchy of the twenties it was an extraordinary advance. Yesterday's truth, as in all historical situations, must be transcended one day. Bobby Jaspar was right to point out that Charlie Parker was the creator of a new rhythmic sense, freed from the tyranny of the metronome. Parker, like Clarke, realized early that the possibilities for swing within the beat were greater than those between the beats, strong or weak. Elvin and Philly Joe are among those who are carrying on investigations in the same direction.

4. One can easily compare the race situation in the United States to our famous "prejugés nationaux". I have often, and unsuccessfully, tried to explain to American musicians that their racial prejudice is no more than a continuation, or even a reflection, of our European racial or national prejudices. Let us not cast stones at the Americans. They are at least trying to solve a problem which we have hardly touched.

Garvin Bushell and New York Jazz in the 1920's

by NAT HENTOFF

Part II: on the road

"We went on the road with Mamie Smith in 1921. When we got to Chicago, Bubber Miley and I went to hearing Oliver at the Dreamland every night." Louis was not yet in the band, but Baby and Johnny Dodds were—together with Lil Armstrong and Honore Dutrey.

"It was the first time I'd heard New Orleans jazz to any advantage and I studied them every night for the entire week we were in town. I was very much impressed with their blues and their sound. The trumpets and clarinets in the East had a better 'legitimate' quality, but their sound touched you more. It was less cultivated but more expressive of how the people felt. Bubber and I sat there with our mouths open.

"We talked with the Dodds brothers. They felt very highly about what they were playing as though they knew they were doing something new that nobody else could do. I'd say they did regard themselves as artists, in the sense we use the term today.

"I remember that when Tommy Ladnier joined us in the Fletcher Henderson band in 1925, he clearly had the feeling that nobody could play trumpet like the guys in New Orleans."

"Before I went to Dreamland every night, I'd hear a New Orleans band that played at a lot where a carnival was taking place. It was the Thomas New Orleans Jug Band, and was more primitive than Oliver's. It included trumpet, clarinet, trombone, a jug, bass, drums, guitar. It had the same beat as Oliver's—what we called in Ohio the 'shimmy' beat. They played mostly blues and they played four beat—as did Oliver."

Mamie's troupe went on to Kansas City in that year of 1921. "We played the 12th Street Theatre and that's where I first met Coleman Hawkins. They had added a saxophone to play the show with us in the pit. He was ahead of everything I ever heard on that instrument. It might have been a C melody he was playing then. Anyway, he was about 15 years old—I remember that be-

cause one night we went to his mother's house in St. Joseph and asked her to let him go with us, and she said, 'No, he's only a baby; he's only 15.' He was really advanced. He read everything without missing a note. I haven't heard him miss a note yet in 37 years. And he didn't—as was the custom then—play the saxophone like a trumpet or clarinet. He was also running changes then, because he'd studied the piano as a youngster.

"As for soul," Garvin continued, "he had soul, but it was less on the blues side. He had a lot of finesse.

"We heard music at several cabarets in Kansas City. I wasn't impressed. We felt we had the top thing in the country, so the bands didn't impress me. It may be, now that I look back, that I underestimated them. The bands in the midwest then had a more flexible style than the eastern ones. They were built on blues bands. They had also done more with saxophones in Kansas City. Most bands included a saxophone. They just played the blues, one after another, in different tempos. It was good, but after we'd heard Oliver and Dodds, they were our criterion. I also heard blues singers in Kansas City, just like Joe Turner sings, and they did impress me."

Bushell returned in his conversation to Chicago, because he'd been asked about Jo Jones' contention that the musicians of the southwest generally played with more drive. "I'd say that all those blues band did play with power, with everything *forte*, and so did the bands from New Orleans. Joe Oliver, however, never did have the power Freddie Keppard had. Freddie could make the glasses on the bar jar—they'd bet money on that. Freddie was more exciting than Joe. Joe played things that hit you inside. Joe also had that lip shake or trill—New Orleans trumpeters created it—that could make people jump out of their seats.

"Freddie was in the band at the Sunset. There were about twelve men, including Flutes Morton on

flute and piccolo. He's still in Detroit, and even then, he improvised jazz on the flute. He sounded great, and still does. He had a big, loud powerful sound on the flute—much louder than the guys get today, and he still has it. The band had two trumpets, and even though they were twelve, I'd say they often improvised collectively. They could read—or some of them could, those that played at the Vendome Theatre. Chicago jazzmen had the advantage in those years of having a crack at theatre music before the New York jazzmen did. They improved their ability that way, and so could read a little better than jazz musicians in the east.

"Fats Williams played first trumpet and Freddie did most of the jazz solos. They played a lot of things together, but not unison breaks the way Louis and Oliver later did. Fats and Freddie were a better team though—more exciting.

"We were supposed to play Tulsa on that tour, but didn't because they'd killed a lot of Negroes there. The refugees came to Kansas City. In Detroit is where I first heard Jimmy Harrison. Jimmy was just as unusual on trombone as Hawk was on tenor. I'd never heard a guy before who got over the trombone and ran changes as he did. We'd been hearing trombonists with the glissandos and the playing of one, five and four harmony, actually doing mostly rhythm fill-ins. But Jimmy was doing melodic things. I think that melodic style on trombone mostly started in Indiana or Kentucky. At least, that's where I first heard it. They had a lot of five-piece bands there in which the saxophone or trumpet would share the front line with the trombone with piano, bass and drums. Fess Williams from Kentucky had a band like that going in the early twenties. I heard them in Peoria when I was there with Ethel Waters. Anyway, because of the instrumentation, the trombone had to team with the alto, and he had to know how to move. It wasn't like the New Orleans style at all.

"Jimmy did have a lot of soul. He played everything well and with taste. I should point out again that by and large, what they played in Louisiana and in the south in general was based primarily on the blues. In the east and midwest, they played published things, improvised on pop tunes, and didn't do as many folk things. The musicians from the south, however, had their *own* music, and it was based on the blues."

Bushell went to work at Leroy's in New York, at 135th Street and Fifth Avenue, in 1922. The rest of the band were alumni of the Jenkins Orphanage Band from South Carolina. At various times the band included Gus Aikens, trumpet; Buddy Aikens or Jake Frazier or Geechie Fields, trombone; and Steve Wright, drums. "We were certainly influenced by New Orleans jazz by then. We played *Shake It and Break It* in typical New Orleans style. In general, by then, the Midwest had been influenced by southern players, like those from Louisiana and Texas. Some of the eastern players had been influenced by New Orleans men and also by that Jenkins Orphanage band."

"Sunday nights at Leroy's were the only times we wore tuxedos, because on those nights, we'd play overtures. It was dress up night in Harlem, and around midnight, we'd play the *Poet and Peasant*; *Morning, Noon and Night*, etc."

"It was at Leroy's that I first saw piano battles. Players like Willie 'The Lion,' James P., Fats, Willie Gant. They'd last for three or four hours. One man would play two or three choruses, and the next would slide in. Jimmy was on top most of the time. Fats was the youngest, but he was coming along. They played shouts and they also played pop tunes. You got credit for how many patterns you could create within the tunes you knew, and in how many different keys you could play. You had to know how to play in every key, because all those players had been baptized in cabarets. You never knew what kind of key the entertainer wanted."

"There'd be more controversy among the listeners than the participants. There was betting and people were ready to fight about who'd won. Jimmy played with the most originality. He'd create things the other guys hadn't thought up."

Garvin also recalls a Gabrielli-like (pre-Henry Brant, pre-stereo) arrangement of instruments at Leroy's on occasion. "This happened only in Leroy's and I don't know it came about, but often when we played blues, each instrument would be in

a different corner. The trumpet at the far end; the clarinet in the back room, etc. You'd take a solo from where you were in the room, and then when it was time to start the ensemble, you'd come back to the bandstand."

"The Charleson was introduced in New York at Leroy's. Russell Brown came from Charleston and he did a Geechee dance they did on the Georgia Sea Islands. It was called a cut out dance. People began to say to Brown, 'Hey, Charleston, do you dance!' and they finally called it the Charleston."

"We didn't allow white people in Leroy's. The manager, Harry Pyles, said, 'They'll come in here and trouble is liable to start, so we'll just keep them out.' They were allowed in other places in Harlem though."

Edith Wilson with Johnny Dunn's Jazz Hounds: trombone, Bud Aiken?; clarinet, Garvin Bushell; violin, Cordy Williams?; piano, Danny Wilson; vocalist, Edith Wilson; trumpet, Johnny Dunn.



Also in 1922, Bushell made some recordings with Edith Wilson. "About the same style as Mamie, she wasn't like Bessie, and using Bessie as your definition, she wasn't a blues singer."

At the Lafayette Theatre on 132nd street and Seventh Avenue at that time, there was a woman's orchestra playing for the movies, the stage shows, and the Sunday concert and dance. Fletcher Henderson's wife, Bushell recalls, was on trumpet and Tyree Glenn's mother-in-law, he thinks, was on piano. "They could read jazz, but didn't improvise much. Well, we got a call to play in the pit there for the picture. I mean Johnny Dunn and his jazz band did, the band that had played behind Edith Wilson on the records. We had to improvise, because we couldn't read the music. They gave us a big score to follow the picture, and we got lost. We kept playing *Over the*

Hill for everything—in different tempos. We were fired after the first show. Perry Bradford never let us forget that."

"Johnny Dunn was an individualist. He's the guy that made double time famous. And he introduced the wa-wa effects with the plunger. He thought differently than the other musicians. He had a lot of drive, and his sound was dynamic. Lew Leslie used him in the pits to drive the ensemble. He came from Memphis, and he played the blues so it moved you, but not as soulfully as those blues players out of Louisiana. Charlie Creath was the only non-Louisiana player I heard that played that style as well as they did, and even better. He was born in East St. Louis."

"Johnny Dunn was a very proud sort of guy. He always carried three to four hundred dollars in his pocket."

et. He was much sought after for records and shows. He came to New York with W. C. Handy. I first saw him in 1921."

Bushell joined Ethel Waters in late fall, 1922. They made some Black Swan Records, a label owned by Harry Pace of publishers Pace and Handy. It was the first label owned by a Negro. Fletcher Henderson, who had been working as a song plugger for Pace and Handy, organized his first unit to back Ethel Waters on the Black Swan sides. Gus and Buddy Aikens were on the band; Joe Elder played tenor; and a man Bushell remembers only as Bill D. C. was on baritone saxophone, playing parts that usually would have been taken by the bass.

"Ethel Waters was a jazz singer. She didn't sing real blues; she was strictly a jazz singer. She syncopated. She'd been in cabarets all her life."

(continued on page 41)

HI-FI RECORDING

SAVOY MG-12079

The CHARLIE PARKER Story

THE GREATEST RECORDING SESSION MADE IN MODERN JAZZ HISTORY IN ITS ENTIRETY!

This record represents the complete chronology of Charlie Parker's most famous record session, recorded 11/24/42, 2:00-3:00 P.M. The personnel on the date was as follows: Parker — alto saxophone; Miles Davis — trumpet; Bud Powell — piano; Curley Russell — bass; Max Roach — drums.

This session was a significant document of the early progressive movement for several reasons. First, the format, a small, flexible group, more intimate, less formal, than previous jazz recordings, offered freedom with respect to the older "section" feeling, beyond the material, the "blowing of a horn" on an out-of-the-ordinary. The philosophy of Parker's work, to a large extent, was that of Miles Davis, who consistently returned to the blues as a vehicle of expression. "Billie's Bounce" and "Now's the Time" (it was his doing a couple years later in the Bluebird period) were able to deal with problems of line that characterized his major achievement. A lesser artist would have compromised himself in a more conventional structure, which would have eventually destroyed the entire concept of modern jazz.

Dizzy and Parker approach this material in basically different ways. Dizzy through harmony, Parker through line. This is a careful study of the two parts. Dizzy would appear more progressive in his use of harmony and Parker in his use of line. Parker's use of line is more progressive in the sense that it is more direct and more immediate, more in the line of the blues, more in the line of the "blowing of a horn" on an out-of-the-ordinary.

Parker was having trouble with his horn and a job was called to take him to Mervin's. The date finally started at 2:00. Throughout most of the date, it is obvious that Bud was unable to control what was a real problem. To make matters worse, Miles was not playing well. A dreary succession of experiments coupled with a more easily bordering on complete confusion on the part of the date.

To confuse matters even more, Bud was constantly disappearing with Miles and finally Dizzy

To confuse matters even more, Bud was constantly disappearing with Miles and finally Dizzy showed up to add to the melee. There are some qualified people who feel that some of the purported Miles' solos are not Miles at all but Dizzy imitating Miles. Dizzy remembers playing both piano and trumpet on the date but just where and when is not clear. As a final irony, a pianist by the name of Argonne Thornton claims he played the date or at least part of it, although this is denied by Herman Lubinsky who conducted the session.

Some trouble again, understanding, this is a very short session, only 30 minutes, but it is a session by Dizzy. The music is very different, more modern, more in the line of the blues, more in the line of the "blowing of a horn" on an out-of-the-ordinary. The philosophy of Parker's work, to a large extent, was that of Miles Davis, who consistently returned to the blues as a vehicle of expression. "Billie's Bounce" and "Now's the Time" (it was his doing a couple years later in the Bluebird period) were able to deal with problems of line that characterized his major achievement. A lesser artist would have compromised himself in a more conventional structure, which would have eventually destroyed the entire concept of modern jazz.

Band #4 "WARMING UP A RIFF" Orig. Take #1 2:30
"Warming Up A Riff" (orig. take #1) is a very short session, only 30 minutes, but it is a session by Dizzy. The music is very different, more modern, more in the line of the blues, more in the line of the "blowing of a horn" on an out-of-the-ordinary. The philosophy of Parker's work, to a large extent, was that of Miles Davis, who consistently returned to the blues as a vehicle of expression. "Billie's Bounce" and "Now's the Time" (it was his doing a couple years later in the Bluebird period) were able to deal with problems of line that characterized his major achievement. A lesser artist would have compromised himself in a more conventional structure, which would have eventually destroyed the entire concept of modern jazz.

Band #5 "BILLIE'S BOUNCE" Orig. Take #4 2:00
Billie's Bounce (orig. take #4) is a very short session, only 30 minutes, but it is a session by Dizzy. The music is very different, more modern, more in the line of the blues, more in the line of the "blowing of a horn" on an out-of-the-ordinary. The philosophy of Parker's work, to a large extent, was that of Miles Davis, who consistently returned to the blues as a vehicle of expression. "Billie's Bounce" and "Now's the Time" (it was his doing a couple years later in the Bluebird period) were able to deal with problems of line that characterized his major achievement. A lesser artist would have compromised himself in a more conventional structure, which would have eventually destroyed the entire concept of modern jazz.

Band #6 "BILLIE'S BOUNCE" Orig. Take #5 2:05
Billie's Bounce (orig. take #5) is a very short session, only 30 minutes, but it is a session by Dizzy. The music is very different, more modern, more in the line of the blues, more in the line of the "blowing of a horn" on an out-of-the-ordinary. The philosophy of Parker's work, to a large extent, was that of Miles Davis, who consistently returned to the blues as a vehicle of expression. "Billie's Bounce" and "Now's the Time" (it was his doing a couple years later in the Bluebird period) were able to deal with problems of line that characterized his major achievement. A lesser artist would have compromised himself in a more conventional structure, which would have eventually destroyed the entire concept of modern jazz.

Band #7 "NOW'S THE TIME" Short Take #1 0:20
Band #8 "NOW'S THE TIME" Short Take #2 0:37
Band #9 "NOW'S THE TIME" New Take #3 2:05
Band #10 "NOW'S THE TIME" Orig. Take #4 3:15

Band #13 "THRIVING FROM A RIFF" Orig. Take #3 3:00
Band #14 "MEANDERING" Only Take 3:15
Band #15 "KOKO" Short Take #1 0:40
Band #16 "KOKO" Orig. Take #2 2:50

Band #14 "MEANDERING" Only Take 3:15
Band #15 "KOKO" Short Take #1 0:40
Band #16 "KOKO" Orig. Take #2 2:50

Band #15 "KOKO" Short Take #1 0:40
Band #16 "KOKO" Orig. Take #2 2:50

Band #15 "KOKO" Short Take #1 0:40
Band #16 "KOKO" Orig. Take #2 2:50

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SAVOY RECORD CO., Inc.
NEWARK, N. J.

The only piano on the "mystery" recording date that produced *Billie's Bounce*, *KoKo*, *Now's The Time* and *Thriving From A Riff* was played by myself and Dizzy Gillespie. Bud Powell was not in the studio—or even in the city, but in Philadelphia—and Miles Davis did not play any piano.

Furthermore, all of the trumpet on the records was played by Miles except for the introduction and coda to *Koko*.

All anybody had to do to find this out was to ask me. I was living in the same apartment with Charlie Parker at that time (it was November, 1945). He got a telegram from Savoy in the morning telling him to get a group together and make a recording date. By 10:30 A.M., he had written the two new blues, *Now's The Time* and *Billie's Bounce* (actually it should be Billy's, it was dedicated to Billy Shaw), and for the other two numbers he planned to use a "head" of his those fellows were playing then which was called *Thriving From A Riff* on the record and later called *Anthropology*, and finally *KoKo*—which is based on the chords of *Cherokee*, of course.

He asked me if I wanted to play on the date. Naturally I was quite thrilled and honored to be working with him.

When we got to the studio, the men were Bird, Miles Davis, Curley Russell, Max Roach and myself. I wasn't in the local union and neither

was Bird then, and a record date needed at least four union men. Savoy said they couldn't use my name. I didn't argue about that or about being paid either—I was thrilled to be working with Bird.

Dizzy came in after we had been there for a bit and he wanted to play piano on the two blues so we had it set.

When the whole date was recently collected on an lp, there were a lot of takes and some warm up tunes that we didn't even know were being recorded. But I will say that it's all there in the order we played in it.

After three tries on *Billie's Bounce*, with Dizzy on piano, Bird left to get a better horn and reed. When he came back, *Warmin' Up A Riff* (based on what we later did as *KoKo*) was just that, a warm-up we didn't know was being taken down. Dizzy was on piano.

I played *Thriving From a Riff*. *Meandering* which came out on the lp is another warm-up we didn't know was being recorded and Dizzy was on piano. I don't know why it got cut off that way, except that it wasn't supposed to be part of the date in the first place.

Koko presented a couple of snags. Miles didn't know the intro or ending so Dizzy took it. (It was the only trumpet he played on the date). He and I therefore shared the piano, I was there when he was on trumpet, then he quickly sat down beside me and took over.

(By the way, when *Koko* was re-

leased, the pianist was listed on the label as "Hen Gates." But later, Jimmy Foreman of Philadelphia, whose professional name really was Hen Gates, played piano with Dizzy's band.)

My name was Argonne Thornton but by 1947 I had had it legally changed to my Muslim name, Sadik Hakim, but I made records under my old name—some with Ben Webster on Hub and with "Lockjaw" Davis on Haven, Dexter Gordon on Savoy, and Lester Young on Aladdin. Before I came to New York, I worked in Chicago with Jessie Miller and an excellent drummer named Ike Day who died quite young. Ask Max Roach and Art Blakey about him sometime—I think they were influenced by his work.

I can also tell you this. Miles Davis definitely thought a lot of Freddy Webster and wanted his tone and was influenced by his style. And by Lester Young.

Charlie Parker worked with Ben Webster's group—the one I was in—on the street for a while. He never could seem to get to work on time. He came in one night with his horn hidden under his overcoat and started blowing the minute he hit the front door and made it up to the stand before we knew where the sounds were coming from. Then there was the time when he played on Ben's tenor—and you know Ben uses such a hard, tough reed that most guys can't even get a sound out of it. Bird played it with ease.

The Charlie Parker KoKo Date

by Sadik Hakim



my story by **ANDY KIRK** *as told to Frank Driggs*

When I got started in music there was really only one band in town . . . George Morrison's. He had a society band, but they had a beat, and for that reason he was the leader in the field. There weren't many Negroes around Denver then, only six thousand out of a total population of three hundred thousand. The best jobs in town were the country club, the city amusement park, and private lawn parties when the white people wanted live music for entertainment. We'd work for the colored dances too, but there weren't enough of them to keep you busy all the time. We'd go out on short tours as far as Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs and places like that because we were well-known around that part of the country. One season we played the Elks and Shriners indoor circuses playing behind the acts.

After the show was over we'd play for dancing in another smaller room which was set up as a cabaret. At that time we had two others with the band who were later to become famous. Hattie McDaniel was singing with us and Jimmie Lunceford was getting started on alto sax then, just a kid . . .

There were any number of musicians who came through Denver on tour with bands like Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, Ben Bernie's band and those type of outfits, so I didn't hear any real jazz until Gene Coy and his Happy Black Aces came through. They had a real beat and upset the town. From that time on I kept my ear open for music like that. Jolly Roll Morton came through as a single and I liked his style. In fact he influenced me a great deal rhythmically.

I went with jazz full-time when I quit Morrison to join Terrence "T" Holder down in Dallas. We were working every night in a blood-and-thunder place called the Ozarks. It was just outside of town, a typical roadhouse, lots of bloody fights every night. Our band was really swinging and outside of Alphonso Trent's band ours was the most popular in Texas at that time. We had some terrific men in that band. Big Jim and T. on trumpets were two of the best jazzmen and the sweetest musicians I ever heard in my life, and when they used to play duets they'd break up any dance. Those two could play the prettiest waltzes too. T. had been with Trent's band before organizing his own. Eddie Durham's cousin, Allen was on trombone, and we had a terrific alto player, Alvin "Fats" Wall. You never heard of him be-

cause he wouldn't travel. His wife was older than he was and she kind of ran his affairs. She knew what was best; a musician's life was a pretty unsettled one. They moved to Detroit and settled down, and all the name bands that came through that way would try to hire him. Fletcher [Henderson] always used him whenever he was short a man. He had a terrific style and so many ideas, that I'd just sit down and write them out, adding harmony to them. By the time I'd taken over from T, he went out and formed his own group.

During those years we were just starting to write out arrangements, because playing for jitney dances as we were then, there wasn't any call for them. The idea then was to get the dancers on and off the floor. Two choruses was an arrangement then. To get around that, we'd make up an introduction that served as a bridge for the next chorus following, and we'd always make up a different ending for the same number. These things helped make it more interesting.

Jack Teagarden was around there with a group of his own, just six pieces. He was doubling on tuba as well as trombone. He was playing opposite our band at the Winter Garden in Oklahoma City. We were carrying eleven pieces at that time. We played all the waltzes and the popular tunes, because they didn't play them, and they were considered the jazz band!

In those days all the bands went under trade names, the Gloom Dodgers, Blue Moon Chasers, The Blue Devils, the Southern Serenaders, etc. The bands used to travel a circuit from Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Little Rock, Fort Worth and Dallas to Kansas City. Kansas City was considered the center of that part of the country, the place for all those bands from the other cities to work to. That was because cities like Tulsa and Oklahoma City had only a few places to play in and most of the choice spots were being used by the big-name travelling bands then . . .

I took over the T. Holder band in Oklahoma City in January, 1929.

The entire band except for three men came with me. I fell heir to the band, because I wasn't even thinking about having my own band then. We had some trouble with T when he ran out on the band after his wife left him. He went after her to Dallas and we were left without a leader. We were working for a man named Falkenburg who ran the Southwest Amusement Corporation. They had two ballrooms each in Tulsa and Oklahoma City. He asked me if I'd like to take over the band, and I told him we ought to try to get T back, which he did. T didn't stay long and Falkenburg told me if I didn't take over the band, he'd get another one. That was it . . . The last time I saw T he was in his 60's and still had that beautiful sweet tone.

That summer we went to Crystal Park in Tulsa and George E. Lee came down from Kansas City to replace us at the ballroom in Oklahoma City. One night he came out to Tulsa and did a few numbers with our band, and Falkenburg made an announcement that the people would soon be hearing Lee and his band. George liked our band and he told me one of his friends in Kansas City was looking for a new band, and not one of the Kansas City bands because they were so well known. Lee contacted his friend in Kansas and he turned out to be the manager of the Pla-Mor Restaurant. The Pla-Mor was considered one of the finest ballrooms in that part of the country and their manager evidently put some stock in what George Lee told him about our band, because he came out to Tulsa to sign us up for that winter season. In many ways that was a turning point in my career. Because of the deal George Lee had gotten me we became good friends and worked out a business agreement so that we wouldn't be cutting each other's throats. We both agreed to forget about scale and ask for some real money. Our bands were getting very popular locally then and there was plenty of work around for both of us, so we set up a scale which neither would go under. We weren't concerned with what the other bands got because we were more commercial and did a lot of novelties which the other jazz bands like Bennie Moten's weren't doing. Many times the managers of the different ballrooms would try to bargain with either me or George by saying, "well, look, we can get Kirk for . . ." and it turned out to be the same price. We never

Left: Andy Kirk's Twelve Clouds of Joy in 1937. Ted Brimson, guitar; Andy Kirk, leader; Booker Collins, bass; Ben Thigpen, drums; Mary Lou Williams, piano; Earl Thompson, Paul King, Harry Lawson, trumpets; Ted Donnelly, trombone; Dick Wilson, John Harrington, John Williams, Earl Miller, saxes, Pha Terrell, vocalist. *Bottom:* Andy Kirk.



did consider Bennie Moten as our competitor because we weren't playing the same kind of music or playing in the same places. The last time I saw George Lee was some years ago when he was managing a tavern in Detroit for a syndicate. His sister Julia, is still the big attraction back in Kansas City that she was in the twenties when she was featured with George on piano.

We had just started our engagement at the Pla-Mor when Jack Kapp, Dick Voynow, and some of the scouts from Brunswick came to Kansas City with portable equipment looking for talent. Kapp got in touch with me and told me he wanted to hear my band at a rehearsal the following afternoon. I got the boys together and told them to be on time, and the next day they were all there, all except Marion Jackson, who was playing piano with me then. He was somewhat of a ladies' man and must have had something on that day. We waited around for him a little while until Kapp started to get impatient. I asked John Williams (he replaced Fats Wall) to call his wife Mary Lou, who he had been telling me about and to get her over to the Pla-Mor in a hurry so we could get on with the audition. She came right over and sat down at the piano and played everything we had just like she'd always been in the band. John wasn't lying, she was terrific, had perfect pitch, a terrific ear, everything. We gave her some solos and Kapp liked what he heard because he set up a date to record the following week at the radio station (KMBC). Because Mary Lou made the audition I felt it only fair that she make the record date too. She said she had some ideas she wanted me to hear so we sat up for two or three nights and put several things together. The records came off very well, because Kapp gave us an exclusive contract. He also recorded George Lee's band and Walter Page's Blue Devils. They came up from Oklahoma City to make the date. Kapp told me anytime I had numbers like *Messa Stomp* to call him up and he would make arrangements for us to record in Chicago where their main offices were.

In order to work towards that area, I'd just call up the local promoters in places like Hannibal, Missouri and Quincy, Illinois and tell them I wanted to play some dates in their area. They would just throw a dance; it was that simple.

The first time I went to Chicago

to record a batch of new numbers I had Marion Jackson on piano. During rehearsals Kapp came in the studio and noticed Jackson and asked me where the girl was. I told him she stayed home. He said the band didn't sound the same without her and didn't want to record us unless I sent for her. I wired home and she came up to Chicago and made the sessions. She recorded that way without actually being a member of the band for a couple of years before I finally had to let Jackson go . . . this was around 1931 or so.

My records were selling well and got around East as well as the mid-west. Charlie Buchanan, the manager

ter, Scranton, Pottsville, and Allentown that we were kept busy all the time. We worked the Savoy again in 1931 and worked down to Philadelphia where we became the house band at the Pearl Theatre. Blanche Calloway, Cab's sister, was doing a single there and Sam Steiffel, the manager of the theatre decided she looked good with the band behind her and tried to take the band away from me to give to her. I was playing tuba then and we didn't have a front man except Billy Massey, our vocalist.

We recorded several numbers under the name "Blanche Calloway's Joy Boys" for Victor that year, be-



Mary Lou Williams

of the Savoy Ballroom heard them and wanted to have us work there. The spring of 1930 Fletcher Henderson came through Kansas City on tour and he heard our band and wanted us to replace him at Roseland while he was working our part of the country. He wired Lou Brecker the owner of Roseland and told him to hire us as his replacement which Brecker did . . . for six weeks. Then we went into the Savoy and from there all over New York State, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and spent almost two years in the East before we came home again.

There were so many ballrooms and hotels to play in those little towns in Pennsylvania like Sunbury, Lancas-

cause we were under contract to Brunswick. Steiffel placed two extra men in my band who were supposed to try to talk them into going with Blanche and leaving me. Just about that time, Bennie Moten came through on tour and told us the union was looking for us. They had a job for us back home at Winwood Beach, a summer resort, while Bennie was going into Fairyland Park. We continued working the theatres around Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia with Blanche out in front directing, when I got wind of the band that Jap Allen had formed back home with Ben Webster, Booker Pittman and other younger up and coming musicians. Many of the guys in his

band wanted to come East, so I wired him to come out and take this job with Blanche, which they were happy to get, while I went back to Kansas City. They recorded with her, but it didn't work out for them because they broke up not too long after I left.

We just got back to Kansas City before everything dropped dead in the East. The work was still good in and around Kansas City even though the Depression was going full blast. After that summer we went on tour through Arkansas and Oklahoma for the Malco Theatre Chain. They had a great many houses around the Southwest but nobody had any money to go into the theatres with. That was just around the time Roosevelt called in the gold, right in the middle of the Depression. We gave a final concert in Memphis, which was John Williams home, and just did get back to Kansas City.

When we got back home, there was no Depression. The town was jumping! We got back on a Friday and the following Monday I went into the Vanity Fair night club, a plush new spot right in the center of town and did good business. We stayed right around Kansas City, working all the other good spots in town like the El Torreon Ballroom. We'd get the finest acts out of Chicago to play in the night clubs in Kansas City, because they weren't working regularly.

By 1934 Roosevelt had things straightened out a little, so we took an offer to go into the Blossom Heath, the biggest night club in Oklahoma City. Ben Webster had joined our band then and so had Mouse Randolph, on trumpet, and Ben Thigpen on drums. We were really swinging and there was a lot of activity in Oklahoma then on account of the oil. We had a CBS outlet and were heard down South all the way to the bottom of Texas. Radio was getting big then and because of the fan mail we were getting, I decided to get in touch with Kapp and to make some more records. We finished up our engagement at the Blossom Heath and worked through Wichita and other parts of Kansas before going back to Kansas City.

There was a young boy who was a band follower, named George Crowe, who had gotten in touch with Joe Glaser and told him about our band. Glaser got in touch with me and I asked him if he could get me some bookings that would take me East because we wanted to work New York again. He set us up with an engagement at a night club in Baltimore. By this time Ben left to join Fletcher Henderson, taking Lester Young's place after Fletcher let him go. I got Buddy Tate to replace Ben. We were upstate in New York when Bennie Moten died on the operating table back home. Things weren't going our way too well and we had to

come back home for a while before trying to go back East. Buddy left and went back to Texas and I got Dick Wilson from Gene Coy's band. This time we got some bookings that made us some money and made it to New York.

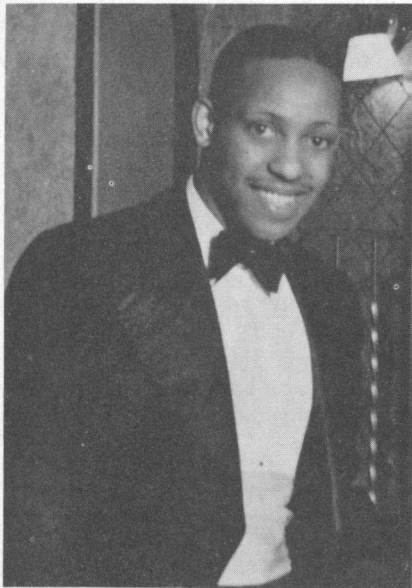
Kapp told us it wasn't called Brunswick anymore, but Decca and we made a whole gang of records for him that year. He specifically wanted us to make things like *Froggy Bottom*, *Blue Clarinet Stomp*, and numbers like that. We were getting set to record when he got something he wanted to record right away. That was *Christopher Columbus* and it was hot then. I told him okay we'd make it, but that I wanted him to listen to something special we had. He said to make his tune first and then we'd talk about it. We made *Christopher Columbus* and it became a big hit for us. While he was bragging to everybody about what a fine job we did with that tune, I told him I had a couple of ballads I wanted him to listen to. He looked at me like I was crazy, and asked me what was I trying to do, go high hat on him? He said he had plenty of bands for that and not to waste the talent we had, but to keep on making the type of numbers we had made our reputation with. I finally got him to listen to one chorus of *Until the Real Thing Comes Along*. He flipped, and from then on I had a hard time getting him to record any more jazz; he wanted

The Clouds of Joy in 1934: Mary Lou Williams, piano; John Harrington, Ben Webster, John Williams, saxes; Pha Terrell, vocalist and conductor; Ben Thigpen, drums; Harry Lawson, Irving "Mouse" Randolph, Earl Thompson, trumpets; Ted Brinson, guitar; Ted Donnelly, trombone; Andy Kirk, tuba.



everything schmalz. We had a lot of good tunes in our book, but he wanted the opposite of what he said before . . . *Dedicated to You, Poor Butterfly*, and things like that. I was always hoping to get in some more jazz numbers, but the other things were commercial then and they made a lot of money for us.

Pha Terrell's vocals helped make our band successful right from the start when we were getting big nationally. He was a Kansas City boy, working as a hoofer and muscle man fronting for some joint on 18th Street owned by one of the syndicates in town in the early thirties. Leo Davis, who was with me in Morrison's band back in Denver, and who is now a music teacher in Kansas City, told me about him and to go down and listen to him. I heard him



Pha Terrell

do one number and thought he would go well with the band, and asked him if he would like to join. He was very happy that I asked him because he was just around twenty-one then. I made him the front man and he could sing a good jazz tune when he wanted, but all he had to do was to hear those girls swoon when he sang ballads like *Dedicated to You*, and that was it; he didn't sing anything else then. The boys in the band used to kid him about his high voice, and they thought he was soft because of that, but they soon found out. He wouldn't say much, just went into action, and that was it. He was a real ladies man, and a great singer. He died in 1945.

I've had some terrific musicians in all my bands. In my first band, Big

Jim [Harry Lawson] was playing most of the trumpet solos and he was compared to Ed Lewis. Floyd "Stumpy" Brady was considered an outstanding trombonist in those days and I had him in the early 30's. Stumpy got an offer to join Fletcher Henderson that he wanted to take, but asked to stay in my band so that he could break in Ted Donnelly, whom we called "Muttonleg." Donnelly stayed with me a long time, through the war and played a lot of good solos. He died just recently.

Before Ben Thigpen was on drums, I had "Crackshot" [Edward McNeil] and there was none greater. He died of a heart attack in 1930. Fletcher Henderson tried to get him away from me several times. He should be mentioned because he was one of the early greats. He was what you call a percussionist. He worked with Ringling Brothers Circus. He was the only colored drummer I know that they hired for their big band, and they featured him in their sideshow. He had such an easy crush roll, and that gave us a smooth feeling, and he could play bells and chimes. He was a finished musician, could read anything, and this was during the time when most drummers just beat the drums. He died too soon. I should give Ben Thigpen more credit, because I never paid too much attention to what he was doing, because my ear was tuned to "Crack's" drumming. Ben was very dependable. I got him from J. Frank Terry's band in Cleveland on Mouse Randolph's recommendation.

I had some of the best brass men like Mouse Randolph, Paul King, Clarence Trice and Harold Baker. I knew Baker back in the early 30's when he was featured with Johnson's Crackerjacks in St. Louis. That was a trumpet town because they were all influenced by Charlie Creath. Jesse Johnson, the local promoter used to book us in on the riverboats on Monday, our day off. I tried to get Baker for years, so did Fletcher, Don Redman, Duke and all the others. Don got him first and I got him after Teddy Wilson's great band broke up. He had such a beautiful tone, open and big. Then I got Howard McGhee. He was young and had a new style at that time. He was a big influence on Fats Navarro who was in my big band during the war. Fats was one of the best I ever had, it's a shame what happened to him.

All my reedmen were good and could solo. John Harrington was a



Dick Wilson

fine clarinetist, and Dick Wilson, besides being handsome and a great lady-killer, could play tenor with anyone then. He was way ahead of his time and died very young, of tuberculosis in 1941. Then I had Don Byas on tenor and Buddy Miller on alto; both were very good soloists. Later on, Charlie Parker played with me for a short while. One of the guys who was with me right from the start and never received credit for all he did was Merle Boatley. He called himself Earl Thompson, but we didn't learn his real name until the war broke out. He was a terrific musician and many of the things Mary Lou got credit for were actually done by him, but he was taken for granted.

Floyd Smith came into the band right here in New York, although I first heard him with Jeter-Pillars as a kid of 17 in St. Louis. He was with the Irvin C. Miller show, "Brown-Skin Models," which had split off from the Sunset Royals band out of West Palm Beach, Fla. They were playing in a theatre in Flatbush and I caught Floyd and hired him right away. He was a big hit and one of the causes for Mary Lou's leaving the band. She had been the baby and was featured all those years, until Floyd came along and he was the baby. Then I got June Richmond, and she always upset the crowd wherever we played. Whenever she'd do *Hey, Lawdy, Mama* that broke up the house, and Mary Lou although she was appreciated, would never get that kind of applause, because of June's showmanship.

Mary Lou started giving Floyd some of her solos, and I got used to

him playing a lot of her stuff. The night she quit the band in Washington, I didn't even know she had gone. She'd usually walk off the stand to have a smoke, and with Floyd's amplifier turned way up I didn't notice a thing. She caught the train for Pittsburgh. I wanted to get young Billy Taylor to replace her, but he was out of town when my call came through.

Ken Kersey fitted fine in the band and he stayed until he was drafted. Then Johnny Young of Chicago took his place. He could copy Kenny's *K. K. Boogie* note for note. Ken was in Camp Kilmer in Special Services all during the war, and whenever I'd play the Apollo Theatre he'd come up to New York and I'd bring him on stage in his uniform and the place would go wild.



Floyd Smith

When I think back, I realize we had several offers to leave Kansas City just before we made the big-time. Both John Hammond and Willard Alexander who had come to Kansas City to hear Basie at the Reno Club, heard my band at Fairyland Park. The same night, Craig, the owner of the Blossom Heath in Oklahoma City asked me to open the winter season for him, and Charlie Buchanan of the Savoy called me long distance from New York. They all wanted *Until the Real Thing Comes Along*. Joe Glaser was staying at the Muehlbach Hotel and told me not to sign with anyone until I'd thought his offer over. He wired me plane tickets from Chicago and that was it. We had a working agreement with the Grand Terrace in Chicago, and we

alternated with Fletcher, Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines from 1936 until 1939. I'll tell you how that worked. Ed Fox owned the Grand Terrace but Joe Glaser owned the building premises that housed the Grand Terrace, so that was the working arrangement . . .

The broadcasts we made from the Grand Terrace went down South and we were swinging. It seemed as if we weren't making any records but ballads, but on the broadcasts we were jumping, so the promoters down there wanted us, because they didn't know we played so much jazz.

I played all the best spots in the South. In Atlanta we played the Piedmont Driving Club, the Brookdale Country Club, the Druid Hills Country Club, and a lot of colored dances. I played all four seasonal proms at Emory University . . . Texas A & M, Oklahoma A & M, played Arkansas University any number of times. The guys at those colleges would take us right into the frat houses then. Why, everytime you'd look up, you'd see our band at Kentucky University! In Birmingham we'd always play a very swanky club called the Five Points. We'd play the Tiger Hotel at the University of Missouri many times. In fact we played more big places in the South than we did in the North. The college kids who'd heard our records would come up to us and say, "We didn't know you could play so hot, why don't you make some more records that way?" We never did get as much recognition for our jazz, but no band ever worked more than we did. We'd play everything with a little bounce, always swinging, while the other bands were always shouting, with high brass, etc. Our stuff was muted much of the time, but always rhythmic. Up North we'd play Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Syracuse, University of Connecticut, Franklin & Marshall. Marshall Stearns was at Yale and George Frazier was at Harvard, so we got plenty of attention from them . . .

Since civil rights went into effect, we had hardly any places left to play up north where we used to work so much. In Pennsylvania where I used to work all those small towns, I had only two places left, Philadelphia and Harrisburg. One of the managers in a theatre where I used to do some of my best business wouldn't rehire me after civil rights because of the Negro business it would bring in. Even though he liked me and wanted me and the white audiences

loved the band, his boss didn't want Negro business. Before that there was so much work in these small towns. They all quit hiring Negro bands . . . Civil rights worked in reverse in the music business. . . .

During the war I had to enlarge my band because the styles then called for it. I had to meet the competition then, even though it was a fad. I had seven and eight brass. . . it was loud and wrong. My style is built around twelve pieces, although you can still do a good job and get away with ten. Towards the end of the war things started to fall apart. I made my last records for Decca, and *I Know* became a big hit. We were booked on a theatre tour.

We made a one-nighter in Durham, North Carolina and jumped from there to Fort Worth, Texas. We made three thousand for the one-nighter, but the jump ate up a lot of it. Then we jumped from Texas to Denver, Colorado and from there to Brandon, Saskatchewan. From Brandon to Winnipeg, and from Winnipeg to Minneapolis, and from there to Kansas City. When I finally got back to New York, I was seventeen hundred dollars in the hole. The promoters were all but ruined. They had been broken by the booking agents who told them they couldn't get Hampton if they didn't take Armstrong, etc. So the promoters would go ahead and book Armstrong when they didn't need him, in order to get Hampton. All those little operators in Louisiana and Florida and places like that went broke trying to fill four and five dances when they couldn't raise enough to fill one. That's what happened to the band business, so I gave it up. . .

Today, I'm dividing my time between managing at the Hotel Theresa and taking a band out occasionally. I used seventeen men on a date recently, because there are so many places in New York where you can't work with less than twelve. Up until the last year or so I've been using Big Jim, but his teeth went on him. I like to use Ray Copeland because, although he's modern, he's not wild. I introduced him to Don Redman because I felt he had it and should be working regularly with his horn. I've got another terrific man in Allen Smith. Wait until he gets around a little more, he's really got it.

We're still the Clouds of Joy and still play the same basic style. The audiences seem to go for it, in spite of all the changes in music. . .

His Name



... a Household Word?

When Humphrey Lytelton, writing in the national press, said, "Even the most unsympathetic man in the street, who would sooner undergo torture on the rack than spend an evening in a jazz club, knows Louis Armstrong's name," I wonder if Humphrey realized exactly how accurate that statement was. I here append an unembroidered account of the events of the night of November 24th, 1953, since become known as the Louis Armstrong Public Relations Experiment, which I and my fellow research workers of the Ronnie Scott Orchestra conducted during that faroff winter.

On a night cold enough and wet enough to make a coach seem cozy and comfortable, we were headed for Southsea. We had been travelling all day and had spent most of it arguing with our driver about the universality of jazz reputations. We said that jazz had given to the general public at least a few names, but our driver disagreed. He went so far as to say that not one jazz performer had ever become famous or popular enough to become known to those who never listened to jazz music.

"Not even Louis Armstrong?" we asked.

"Louis who," asked our driver.

Within sixty seconds the terms of the wager had been agreed, the stake moneys handed over to one of the vocalists and the experiment ready to begin. We were to stop ten pedestrians at random and ask them who Louis Armstrong was, and to prove our point we had to score more than seventy percent.

Guinea-pig number one was a middle aged lady wrestling with an umbrella. We drew alongside and attracted her attention by shouting at her, "Who is Louis Armstrong." She looked dumbly at us for a moment. Her lips moved but no sound came out. Then she turned and led down a side turning, umbrella trail-

ing behind her. Now, according to the terms of the bet, was this a pro-Louis vote, an anti-Louis vote, or a cancelled entry?

The driver insisted that as she had not said she had heard of Louis, then we must presume she was implying she hadn't heard of him. We countered by pointing out that as she had not said anything at all, we might as well presume she hadn't heard of anything or anybody. Our driver insisted that this was at least theoretically possible, but like good democrats we shouted him down. He finally agreed that experimentees who said nothing should be stricken from the record.

The next person we tried was a man wheeling a bicycle through the driving rain. "Excuse us, we said as the coach drew alongside, "but who is Louis Armstrong?", at which he stared at us terror-stricken, swerved violently on to the pavement and pedalled frantically into the nearest front garden.

The first success was scored with a clerkish-looking man walking through a small Hampshire town. He carried a brief case and was crowned with the premature senility of the black homburg. "Excuse us," we said, "but who is Louis Armstrong?" He stopped walking for a moment and replied, "He's a bandleader, I think," raised his hat and walked on. We were jubilant. One out of one.

The next candidate delighted us even more by saying, "He's a trumpeter". Two out of two. The third said "A singer" and the fourth "An actor". With the score at four out of four our driver was beginning to get worried so he insisted on choosing the next candidate himself, an old woman sitting in a heap against a lamp-post wearing seven or eight tattered coats, and holding a carrier bag filled with garbage.

"Excuse me," began our driver, "but who is . . ."

At this stage the old woman produced a piece of sausage from the bag and offered him a bite, a gambit which had the effect of making him drive on furiously. One cannot ask just anybody who Louis Armstrong is.

Number five said he thought Louis was a film star and six said he was an actor. Six out of six. Number seven thought long and hard before announcing that Louis Armstrong was a boxer who won three world championships at the same time, and number eight, a policeman on point duty on the Portsmouth outskirts, shrugged his shoulders and unintentionally waved on a line of traffic. Six out of eight. Two more votes needed for the jazz cause.

We got one of them by asking one of Elizabeth Taylor's many impersonators hurrying home from work through the Portsmouth streets. "Ya mean Satch, dontcha" she said contemptuously. With the score at seven out of nine and one needed with one to go, the atmosphere became quite heated. When we stopped alongside a young man about to cross the road we all glared at him as though he were a wanted criminal. "Who," we asked grimly, "is Louis Armstrong?"

Our last candidate gurgled nervously and stared at nine animated faces. He then cleared his throat and said, "I am happy to be thank you" before muttering furiously to himself in an obscure Slavonic tongue. He then insisted on shaking the hand of every one of us before we moved on.

Eventually we asked the ballroom manager. "Louis Armstrong," he mused, stroking his cheek. "Armstrong. Armstrong. No. Never heard of him."

We welshed on the bet.

(Reprinted from the *New Musical Express*, London, by permission of the author and Maurice Kinn, Managing Director.)

by BENNY GREEN

FEBRUARY 1954

Special Agents

*"Now Special Agent, Special Agent, put me off close to some town,
Now Special Agent, Special Agent, put me off close to some town,
Now I got to do recordin'; ought to be recordin' right now"*
(Sleepy John Estes: *Special Agent*)

As anyone who has made the attempt will be well aware, the transcription of a blues or of a Negro folk song into musical notation or of its words into dialect or phonetics as singularly fails to convey the very qualities that are most essential to the music. Subtleties of inflection, nuances of tone and timbre and line elude the pen and the peculiar characteristics of the blues are lost in the fruitless effort to convey them in the formal terms of musical or written language.

"I cannot begin to tell you of the difficulties that Mrs. Buie met with in trying to translate the songs 'from the African to the American' as she explained the process," wrote Mrs. Tom Bartlett to the folk collector Dorothy Scarborough early in the century. "There are slurs and drops and 'turns' and heaven knows what of notes not to be interpreted by any known musical sign. You are experienced enough with Negro music to know that it is entirely different as sung from the regular accompaniment." Hers was the *cri de coeur* of the sincere collector who has encountered the insuperable problems involved in trying to preserve folk music material in the days before gramophone recording techniques. Through the medium of literature we may learn more about the singers, their lives and their environments — with all the considerations of the fallibility of the human memory in giving and receiving information, of inadequate reporting of the untrained techniques of the amateur observer borne in mind. But it is to the recording (gramophone, tape, it makes little difference) that we must turn in order to study the work of the singers, though there is no substitute for the first-hand experience of listening to the singers at work.

With all the technical imperfections of the past and the present, the recording remains the only satisfactory way in which the blues of the past may be preserved and still experienced, and it is the means whereby students and enthusiasts of this form of Negro folk music may turn to identical terms of reference. Through the careful observations of Odum and Johnson we know more of the life of "Left-Wing" Gordon

than we do of the lives of Robert Johnson or Blind Lemon Jefferson, but as a blues singer he means far less to us because some impression of their voices, of their instrumental abilities have been preserved for us whereas Gordon was to remain unrecorded.

Understandably, the written material on the activities of blues singers has been primarily devoted to those whose work appears on record, though it is possible by comparison of styles to convey an impression of the singing and playing of an unrecorded folk artist as more examples on disc are made available. The numbers of recorded blues run into many thousands though many are far from easily obtainable. They are profuse enough however, to encourage many a writer to try his opinion as to the identity of "the greatest (living) blues singer" or to spur him to draw conclusions as to the "Mississippi style" of singing, the "purest form of blues" or the contender for the title of "the Father of Blues piano." It is important therefore to bear in mind the many considerations, whether commercial, economic, physical, geographical or born of human temperament that have conditioned the recording of blues, for these have the greatest bearing on any conclusions that might be made from examples available on wax.

Mattie Hite was one of the most esteemed of the Vaudeville-Blues singers of the 'Twenties but she left only two records to prove that she was the peer of Alberta Hunter and Trixie Smith with whom she worked. Son House made a handful of superb blues recordings before the Depression: he is still alive and active in Clarksdale. Beside the monumental discographies of Amos Easton (Bumble Bee Slim), Big Bill Broonzy, Casey Bill Weldon or Tampa Red must be placed the single discs made by the Homer Brierhoppers and Rube Lacey's, the Otis Harrises and Joe Linthecomes of the blues. What were the causative factors that made Pink Anderson's a forgotten name for a score of years? What were the "Special Agents" on which have depended the recording of the blues?

In the recording of Negro folk song, history has been curiously inverted, for the more sophisticated forms of Vaudeville entertainment were to be heard on wax before the Southern blues, whilst examples of the most "primitive" forms of field cries and hollers, of children's songs and unaccompanied blues were not to be found on commercial labels until after the Second World War. That there was a market for the former before they ever appeared on wax was well demonstrated by the remarkable response to the issue of Mamie Smith's first sides, whilst conversely, the recent recordings made of folk songs in the field may have been possibly, though not necessarily, impressions of a music which had been subjected to change and even the influence of some three decades of commercial issues.

In the mid-twenties Odum and Johnson noted the influence of gramophone recordings made in the Northern cities on the singing of folk Negroes; a quarter of a century later the "field blues" of Rich Amerson recorded by Harold Courlander had strains that can be heard on early recordings of Blind Lemon Jefferson and it is an open argument as to whether folk repertoire, direct or indirect influence, or traditional form explains the coincidence.

Many of the vaudeville and tent show singers who included blues in their repertoire learned them as they travelled "in the sticks" whilst others stemmed from a folk environment and broadened their repertoires for vaudeville audiences. On the other hand, folk singers such as Peg Leg Howell, Henry Thomas and even Stovepipe No. 1. (Sam Jones) include amongst their songs totally unsophisticated (variants) of vaudeville melodies. Thus the interchange between the folk and the professional stage is exceedingly complex, confusing still further the general impression that the picture of Negro song has been given a perspective seen through the wrong end of the telescope by its representation on wax. As an indication of the stages of blues history, therefore, recording dates can be vastly misleading.

An introduction to the recording of folk blues in the twenties.

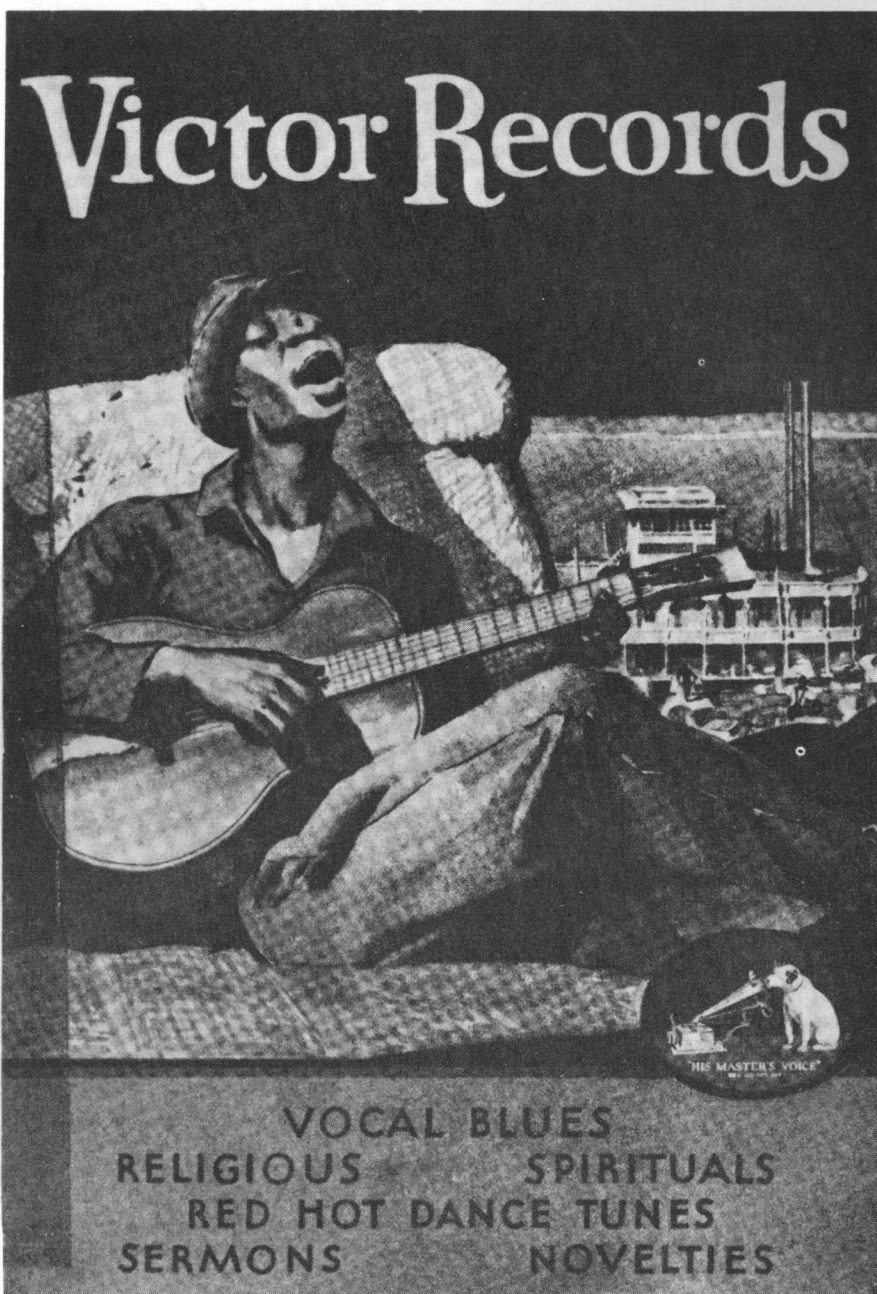
by PAUL OLIVER

Indicative of the initial prejudice against Negro singers held by the recording companies were the struggles of Perry Bradford with Okeh and elsewhere to secure recognition for his artists. Soon after Bradford's first promotion successes, the Okeh Company was happy enough to boast in its *Blue Book of Blues* "Who first thought of getting out Race records for the Race? Okeh, that's right. Genuine Race artists make genuine Blues for Okeh. . . It's a cheerful day, folks for everybody . . ." But a few years later Ralph Peer, who had been Okeh's recording manager, recalled that they had records by numerous foreign groups, German, Swedish, Polish "but we were afraid to advertise Negro records, so I listed them as 'Race' records and they are still [1938] known as that."

Once the sale of recordings by Negro artists had proved that a whole new market existed, other companies were not slow to follow suit. Within the space of a few months Mary Stafford (Annie Burns) recorded for Columbia, Lillyn Brown for Emerson. Gennett introduced Daisy Martin, Arto commenced with Lucille Hegamin and soon Paramount started its celebrated Race series with Alberta Hunter, and Black Swan came forward with Katie Crip-pin.

Pressure salesmanship followed as competition became keen: fly-sheets, throwaways, illustrated supplements, full page advertisements in the *Chicago Defender* and other Negro newspapers were exploited and the importance of individual singers became submerged in verbiage: extravagant, cajoling, sycophantic, according to the copy-writer's assessment of his audiences' reaction. "How we love that girl, Eva Taylor! Sugar Cookies, if she ain't the berries we've jes' been samplin' the Blues and know nuffin'. She jes kisses dem vocal tones good-bye and the very next thing you heah is somethin' sobbin' sweet and gruesome. . ."

Separate catalogues were issued for White and Negro records with suitable photographs or decorations embellishing the covers: a Negro roustabout sings to his guitar whilst a Mississippi Riverboat passes in the distance on a Victor catalogue that does not mention "Race" but advertises "Vocal Blues, Religious, Spirit-



uals, Red Hot Dance Tunes, Sermons, Novelties" amongst its contents. Paper record sleeves bore drawings of singers inset in decorative stars; bore vignettes of tuxedo entertainers or "Plantation" scenes according to the intended market. And with the coming of Southern country blues on the record market, items such as Blind Lemon Jefferson's *'Lectric Chair Blues*, *See That My Grave is Kept Clean* and *Blind Lemon's Penitentiary Blues* appeared somewhat surprisingly beneath the legend "Favourite Hits You Will Enjoy."

Undoubtedly such methods of salesmanship stimulated a chain re-

action between purchasing public and recording companies as indeed they were intended to do, the fever to obtain the latest releases creating queues that were blocks in length outside the South Side Music Stores. Companies secured their "Exclusive Artists" and tied them to contracts; measures that were a safeguard for some singers and prejudicial to the success of others. To promote further interest, Blues Singing Contests were held, commencing in January, 1922 at the Manhattan Casino, N. Y. C. on the occasion of the 15th Infantry's "First Band Concert and Dance" at which Trixie Smith won a

loving cup after competition with Daisy Martin, Lucille Hegamin and Alice Carter. Three years later an eight-week marathon Blues Contest at the Booker T. Washington Theatre in St. Louis was finally won by Lonnie Johnson from New Orleans, the event setting the seal on his career. In 1926 Richard M. Jones organized a "Race Record Artists Night" at the Coliseum Theatre, Chicago, at which Hociel Thomas, Sipie Wallace, Butterbeans and Susie, Bertha Hill, Davenport and Carr and other Okeh artists took part, and a few months later brought Sarah Martin, Lonnie Johnson, Nolan Welsh on the stage of a "Cabaret and Style" show which featured the bands of King Oliver, Al Wynn, Louis Armstrong and Doc Cook.

So was established a pattern of commercial exploitation, salesmanship and star building within the gramophone industry which is still very much with us today. It may have changed in kind; the radio networks with their autocratic disc-jockeys have altered the vehicle, but the means and the end are fundamentally the same. Many great singers were thus given their due and many inferior ones were "built up" beyond their merits, but the effect was beneficial not only to the record industry but to the vaudeville circuits and the night-clubs. Some singers — Melissa Rainey and Ada "Bricktop" Smith for example, much admired in their day—floated on the resultant tide of popularity, and entertaining at their Harlem Clubs, did not need or seek a recording career; whilst others, many of whom must now be completely forgotten were content enough to maintain their touring engagements without the interruptions of recording sessions in the North and the restrictions of exclusive contracts.

"We want live agents everywhere" demanded Black Swan in 1923, seeking representatives in drug stores and furniture shops, hairdressing salons and roadside cafes. Record salesmen touted the discs from their suitcases and barrows; hawked them from bar parlour to gin-mill; sold them by mail-order. In beer taverns and jukes, brothels and honkey-tonks, the back rooms of tenements and the parlours of dog-trot cabins, the discs were worn grey on battered victrolas. In the process of disseminating their products through the southern states the representatives soon became aware that there was a market also for the untutored singing of the folk blues men as well as for the more conscious artistry of the vaudeville entertainers.

In recording the latter, they were assisted by the numbers of coloured theatres that employed such singers in the Northern cities where the majority of the studios were established; but the great Northward migration of Negroes during and after the First World War brought many southern folk artists off the streets of Chicago and Detroit to put on wax for a few moments their blues creations. Nevertheless, the wisdom of employing talent scouts within the race or amongst men who circulated freely in Negro districts encouraged them to commission Mayo Williams, Dan Hornsby, Richard Jones, Altha Robinson, J. B. Long, Lester Melrose, J. C. Johnson, Will Shade, Joe Lee Williams and many others with the task of seeking and recording folk musicians. Many of these showed considerable perspicacity in their choice of singers and their fing-

ers were clearly on the pulse of Negro taste; nonetheless they were capable of favouritism and prejudice and were in a position to dictate the terms and to reject those who were not in accord with their ideas of contractual obligations.

Some companies maintained regular recording studios in certain southern cities as, for example, those owned for a number of years during the later thirties by the American Record Company in Dallas and San Antonio, Texas. Mobile recording units were also extensively used and they visited Southern townships for brief periods ranging from a few days to a couple of months. These would feel their way to Birmingham, Alabama, to Nashville or to Charlotte. Brief recording spells were made by mobile units in Hattiesburg, Mississippi and Savannah, Georgia; Jacksonville, Florida and Fort

→ ———— **PARAMOUNT** ———— ←
THE POPULAR RACE RECORD


12164—GIVE ME THAT OLD SLOW DRAG Trixie Smith and the Jazz Masters
MY MAN ROCKS ME Trixie Smith and the Jazz Masters

12165—TAKE IT DADDY, IT'S ALL YOURS
Trixie Smith and Her Down Home Syncopators
I'M THROUGH WITH YOU (AS I CAN BE) Blues Record Trixie Smith

12166—2 A. M. BLUES Blues Record Trixie Smith with Orchestra
I'M GONNA GET YOU Blues Record Trixie Smith with Orchestra

12167—LOG CABIN BLUES Blues Record
Trixie Smith and Her Down Home Syncopators
VOO DOO BLUES Blues Record
Trixie Smith and Her Down Home Syncopators

12168—TIRED OF WAITIN' BLUES
Trixie Smith and Her Down Home Syncopators
TRIFLIN' BLUES Trixie Smith and Her Down Home Syncopators



LOTTIE BEAMAN
"Kansas City Butter Ball"
Butter Ball hails from Kansas. She has a deep moanin' voice and she sure does do some mean Blues.

12201—RED RIVER BLUES Blues Record, Guitar Acc. Lottie Beaman and the Pruett Twins
HONEY BLUES Blues Record, Guitar and Banjo Acc. Lottie Beaman and the Pruett Twins

→ ———— **BLACK SWAN** ———— ←
THE RACE'S OWN RECORD

Worth, Texas whilst Memphis and St. Louis were frequent stopping places for many companies. Even Gennett made a trip to Birmingham, Alabama for a short spell in 1927 when Jaybird Coleman, Whistling Pete and Daddy Stovepipe made their contribution in the temporary studio. Such recording tours were singularly beneficial from the point of view of the student of Negro folk song for they preserved much talent that may otherwise have remained totally unknown. For the companies themselves, they proved to be a lucrative move, especially during the lean post-Depression years, for the singers did not expect to be paid more than a fraction of the sum required by a professional entertainer. Five dollars for a coupling was a commonly paid fee which made the casual street singer happy enough and could scarcely be considered a risk on the part of the company's agent. In the southern districts where they were marketed, the recordings of folk blues singers sold almost as well as did those of the bigger names, but in spite of this, there are many established instances of singers receiving no payment at all for their work; of non-payment or misappropriation of royalties, or the all too frequently employed device of causing a singer to "pay off the debt" he owes through having "wrecked" the recording machine by the loudness of his playing.

A close study of the movemets of mobile recording units in relation to the talent discovered at specific periods is long overdue. As an indication, a glance might be made at the information revealed by the seemingly hard and unrelenting facts contained in the ledgers of one company. Outstanding amongst the "Race" catalogues was the Columbia 14000 series which was commenced in 1924. The quality of the material recorded was exceptionally high and the standards of recording and surface in contrast with those of the justly celebrated and contemporaneous Paramount series compares favourably with those of thirty years later. Though Columbia recorded primarily in Chicago and New York, it did maintain a touring recording unit which had its own blocks of matrices and recorded soloists and groups, white and coloured, religious and secular.

As far as the blues collector is concerned, these tours commenced in earnest on November 8th, 1926 when four sides of folk guitarist and singer Peg Leg Howell were recorded in Atlanta, Georgia. Four months later,

the unit returned to cut the first items made by Barbecue Bob—Robert Hicks—on March 25th, 1927, together with items by Reverends Weems and Tomlin. Five days later Hicks was again recorded and so was Earl MacDonald's Original Louisville Jug Band. Apparently they were satisfied with Barbecue Bob for he was further recorded a week later on April 5th and so too was "Talking Billy Anderson" who was, in fact, on one side at any rate, "Cow Cow" Davenport. April 7th. saw the deep-voiced Emery Glenn in front of the machine along with Reverend Thrasher and the next day, Peg Leg Howell returned with an unknown violinist to accompany him, and Dan Hornsby, the talent scout who had discovered these men recorded his own trio.

It was to be eight months before the group returned to Atlanta but when they did go it was to record the now familiar Peg Leg on the first of November. Barbecue Bob was in the studio on the fifth and tenth of the month, sharing it with Weems and Thrasher once more. This November block used tried and proved artists for the most part but a new discovery in the person of Charlie Lincoln was waxed on the fourth with one title under the name of Laughing Charlie under which pseudonym he also recorded a two-part title with Barbecue Bob. Two more titles with Hicks on the tenth and the company, hit the road for Dallas, Texas.

In Dallas, where they arrived three weeks later, a week of intensive recording activity brought Lillian Glinn before the machine on the second of December with the date shared by the wandering evangelist Blind Willie Johnson who recorded again the following day, sharing the date with Coley Jones, Billiken Johnson and Fred Adams. Coley Jones came back on the fourth and sixth of the month, including on the same date sides with the Dallas string band and sharing it with Hattie Hudson, Gertrude Perkins and the harmonica soloist, Willie McCoy. As far as the Negro artists were concerned, the coarse-voiced Lewis Black concluded the block with his four blues sides on December tenth.

Returning to Atlanta again in April, 1928, the company recorded Charlie Lincoln on the eleventh and during the subsequent ten days, still more sides were cut by Howell and Hicks. The talent scout—presumably Hornsby—had also discovered the street entertainer Pink Anderson and his partner Simmie Dooley who made some characteristic minstrel-

influenced sides; Henry Williams and Eddie Anthony who made a primitive guitar and fiddle blues duet, and Nellie Florence who was accompanied it seems by Charlie Lincoln who contributed a characteristic evil laugh in the background. Including sides by Jim King and his "Brown Mules" these were all recorded before the 21st of the month. Three days later the unit was in New Orleans.

Between the 24th and the 28th of April, Will Day, Will Harris and Alberta Brown were recorded, and so too was Lillian Glinn, still playing the Southern time. It was a short stay, but the unit returned to Atlanta for the end of October to record Hicks, Howell and Eddie Anthony yet again but finding new talent in Curley Weaver, Too Tight Henry, Billy Bird and the minstrel singer Alec Johnson who was accompanied by the brothers Joe and Charlie McCoy, destined to be celebrated blues artists in later years. The restless unit was back in Dallas a month later for a few busy days when Coley Jones, Blind Willie Johnson, Billiken Johnson and Willie McCoy came to the machine again. But Bobby Cadillac, Laura Henton, Willie Reed, Otis Harris, and Jimmy Davis were recorded for the first time and Leroy's Dallas String Band was supplemented by Frenchy's String Band. Also recorded was Blind Texas Martin but his sides were never to be issued. Later in the month a brief stay in New Orleans brought Lillian Glinn to the studio once more and Dorothy Everetts and the unissued sides of Barrelhouse Pete were enregistered.

The pattern of the tours of the Columbia mobile unit now begins to emerge and it is no surprise to find it back in Atlanta in March and April the following year, recording Peg Leg Howell, Lillian Glinn—now in Georgia, and Barbecue Bob who commented in one blues on "Miss Lillian's" presence. Familiar names, but new talent was discovered in the banjo-playing Lonnie Coleman, Barefoot Bill and Blind Sammie (who was to record under his correct name of Blind Willie McTell for Victor) were added to the company's files in the next Atlanta session which occurs, as one is now inclined to expect, at the end of October and the beginning of November. Again according to the well established rule, three days in Dallas in early December brought further sides by Willie Johnson, Coley Jones, Bobby Cadillac—and Lillian Glinn. But fresh discoveries in the persons of Texas Bill

Day, Perry Dixon (sounding remarkably like Atlanta's Emery Glenn), Whistling Alex Moore and one Oak-Cliff T-Bone, just sixteen years old and eventually famous as Aaron "T-Bone" Walker, were made and recorded. To round off the year just four days later in New Orleans, Blind Willie Johnson cut a few more tracks for the company. With the approach of 1930 and the Depression years the activities of the mobile unit were curtailed but the old favourite Barbecue Bob in Atlanta was still recording in April together with Pillie Bolling and Jaybird Coleman, and in November of that year he made a final set of four sides. He died soon after.

From this outline sketch which tends to read at first as a list of names and dates almost devoid of meaning, several facts do emerge and certain conclusions may be drawn. In the first place, the tour of the Columbia Company's unit or units would seem to follow a set and almost invariable pattern with dates for specific centers corresponding in successive years. Certain artists were much favoured by the company, Robert Hicks under his name of Barbecue Bob heading the list with some 56 sides ultimately to his credit issued, and Peg Leg Howell with just half that number. These folk singers were amongst the first to be recorded in Columbia's ventures abroad and their early issue ensured that their popularity amongst the Negro purchasers could be ascertained. They were also among the last to be recorded before the Depression put an end to the trips, their value to the company assured. But at the same time many obscure blues singers were given an opportunity to record and many of these had no little ability both as folk singers and as instrumentalists on the much favoured guitar.

Nellie Florence, Lonnie Coleman, and Otis Harris are represented by a single disc each; Billy Bird and Glenn by four sides apiece. Curley Weaver however, though only recording two sides for Columbia was to appear on Champion, Decca and ARC labels in later years; Blind Willie McTell, continuing to beg on the streets of Atlanta for twenty years, recorded for Victor and eventually for the Archives of the Library of Congress; Too Tight Henry was to appear on Brunswick in Chicago some three years later; Laura Henton in Kansas City the following year; Pink Anderson in North Carolina some twenty-two years later whilst Jaybird Coleman had been re-

corded by Gennett, as has been seen, some three years earlier in Birmingham, Alabama, where incidentally, he still lives. Whereas some of the singers may have been dropped by Columbia through lack of talent or unsuitability in other directions, others may well have moved on or have been difficult to trace.

In the course of their movements, the Columbia unit was clearly following an established routine dictated by the size and importance of the towns in the States (Georgia, Louisiana, Texas) that they visited. Lillian Glinn was almost certainly on tour, possibly with the T.O.B.A. circuit and traced a similar course. She may well have travelled with the unit at one time and it is most likely that Blind Willie Johnson travelled from Dallas to New Orleans with the company in December 1929. It is conceivable that they were committed to the Columbia concern and neither they nor Hicks and Howell recorded for any other company. Rabbit Brown was available in New Orleans, but he recorded for Victor; Sloppy Henry and Macon Ed were in Atlanta recording for Okeh; Bo Jones and Jake Jones were in Dallas (Brunswick, Vocalion) but they were not employed. These artists were therefore apparently exclusive to the other companies working the districts at the same time, a factor which accounts in part for the bewildering use of pseudonyms by folk blues singers and vaudeville and city singers alike when they wished to work for another company.

Contracts clearly limited the availability of folk artists but there were many physical factors that must be borne in mind. A glance at the map will show how widely dispersed were the three centers used by Columbia, hundreds of miles separating them from each other and no casual stops were made. Many singers would have lived in areas untouched by the recording units, unvisited by the talent scouts. Others would not have heard of the visit of the unit or would have arrived too late to benefit from their arrival. Though the Columbia concern made use of the "lay-off" period in the South when chances to earn extra money would be welcome and Negroes would be less committed to employment that would prevent their attendance, many singers were garage hands, factory workers, levee graders, turpentine workers, sharecroppers tenant farmers, section hands. Others worked with medicine shows and were themselves making use of the "lay-off" period, so that they were barred by the nature of

their work from attending recording sessions at the dictates of the engineers. Some recording firms paid travelling expenses for their artists (Will Ezell is said to have claimed expenses from Texas when he came, in fact, from St. Louis), but others did not do so. Expenses, the lack of transport and the difficulties of travel in rural areas must have precluded others from being heard. The short duration of many of the session visits would have limited the field still further, though Columbia may have attempted a "session habit" by appearing at exactly regular dates.

Apart from these considerations of selection, trial, route, disposition of centers, contrait limitations, notification, labor commitments, travel and date there were innumerable human factors to be surmounted. Reluctance to perform before a recording machine may have affected many blues singers, especially when the medium was comparatively new. It may be recalled that Johnny Dodds, an able performer on the clarinet before the recording horn, was quite incapable of speaking a few words into it when a "hokum" routine demanded it. Negroes in the early recording days may have displayed similar reactions to those experienced by John Lomax when recording in the Southern penitentiaries in the thirties. One man, he reported, fell flat on his back in terror when he heard his own voice issuing from the machine, whilst another, Joe Le, screeched at the top of his voice, burst into tears, beat his head against the wall and threw himself violently about the room in fright at hearing himself.

More sophisticated singers still experienced nervous reactions when recording. Victoria Spivey had to make three "takes" of *Black Snake Blues* because she was "scared to death", and burst into tears on hearing her own record. Country Negroes encountering conditions for the first time must have been unsettled in many instances by the novelty of the experience, and the numerous listings of names and titles known to have been recorded but never released may well be accounted for by attacks of nerves which have impaired performances. Laziness, lack of ambition, disinterest or failure to realise the possibilities of recording may have deterred some folk artists whilst the reluctance of Freddie Keppard to record in 1916 for fear that his work might be copied by others may have been echoed amongst folk singers.

Of equal significance in affecting the scope of recording would be hu-

man characteristics of quite opposite nature. If some singers are unnerved by the circumstances of recording, others are undoubtedly stimulated to superior efforts by the necessary concentration and a realisation of the finality of the performance. Whilst some singers would be reluctant to record, others could well have been as eager as the Negro convict who approached John Lomax with a request to record: "Boss, I can beat on a bucket just as sweet as you please." Singers who rose to the occasion would have been encouraged by session supervisors to record again. Similarly, if idleness affected some men, others more ambitious might have seen in recording a chance to achieve more than local fame and an opportunity to go North. "I would have gone for the trip!" said Brownie McGhee, recalling his excitement at obtaining his

first recording date and the offer of payment. Some recording sessions are known, in fact, to have been financed by the singers themselves. For some Negroes, recording meant a supplementary income and in some instances even freedom from other forms of work. To the share-cropper tied to a system of debt serfdom, recording meant much. The Mississippi singer Tommy McClennan who worked a farm on Highway 61 out of Jackson, Mississippi was recorded by the Victor-controlled Bluebird label as a result of the advances made on his behalf by Big Bill Broonzy, and his dependance on this source of income was amply demonstrated in his *Bluebird Blues*:

"Bluebird, Bluebird, please fly right
down to me,
Bluebird, Bluebird, please fly right
down to me,
You don't find me on the M & O, you'll

find me on the Santa Fe.

Now Bluebird, when you get to Jackson, please fly down Charles street,
Now Bluebird, when you get to Jackson, please fly down Charles street,
Tell 'em Tommy's too bad, oh well,
cause you know every time I play the blues, I got the Bluebird beat."

Through an ill-chosen verse, McClennan lost his contract with Bluebird. Only for some singers could recording be a dependable source of income; for others it was a lucky break in a piecemeal life, forgotten as soon as the fee had been paid. The nature of Negro employment, the loose family structures occasioned by insecurity of tenure, the migration of labour has produced through the doors of the recording studios a stream of casual singers whose origins were vague and whose destinies were unknown. Though southern blues singers walked the streets of Chicago and some came to stay, others made the northern cities a very temporary home. Finding the severity of urban life, not to mention mid-western climate, contrasting violently with the sedentary lives that they had led before they migrated, many soon followed the railroad tracks homewards. Uneasy when staying in one place for any length of time, others, "nach'l born rambler," drifted on. How many singers appeared before the recording machines by a matter of a chance meeting, a desultory conversation, a sudden impulse, can never be known. Who introduced them, cajoled them, tempted them? Where did they come from, where did they go? As the years pass their records become rarer and their names assume a nostalgic mystery.

What percentage of the possible talent do the recorded blues singers represent at any one time; what creative abilities have been lost in the great gaps in the calendar of recording dates and the vast spaces between the recording venues; in what ways have our judgments been moulded by the limitations of recording, our opinions shaped by human, physical and commercial agents? There is no way in which the problems may be answered conclusively but a conscious awareness of the material factors that have governed the availability of recorded blues may lead to more balanced assessments of those that it is our good fortune and privilege to hear and a more charitable consideration for those unknown talents that "ought to be recordin' right now."

(This is the first of a series by Paul Oliver on the blues and blues singers and players).

Vocalion

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Each

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Vocalion

OCTOBER RELEASE

RACE RECORDS—Vocal Blues—Continued

25013 Early This Morning	Sunny Scott	1699 No Matter How She Done It T. Red & G. Tom
1549 Four Day Rider	Leroy Carr	1738 Oh Monah!
25014 Frisco Blues	Jolly Two	25015 Piano Stomp
1491 Friendless Blues	Tampa Red and Georgia Tom	1722 Police Station Blues
1654 Georgia Hound Blues	Tampa Red	1720 Queen Bee Blues
1703 Gone Mother Blues	Carr and Blackwell	1715 Quintin' Papa
25017 Hard Luck Man	Sunny Scott	25012 Red Cross Blues
1741 Hard Road Blues	Jim Miller	25017 Red Rooster Blues
1741 Hard Times Blues	Jim Miller	1656 Sad News Blues
1541 Hard Times Done Drove Me to Drink	L. Carr	1569 School Days
25016 Highway No. 2 Blues	Sunny Scott	1672 Six Weeks Old Blues
1558 Howling Wolf Blues 1 and 2	F.P. Smith	1727 Sleepless Nights Blues
1614 Howling Wolf Blues 3 and 4	F.P. Smith	1541 Soppy Drunk Blues
1716 How Long Has That Evening Train Been Gone	Carr and Blackwell	1620 So Long Blues
1585 How Long How Long Blues No. 2	Leroy Carr	1569 So Soon
1745 How You Want It Done?	Big Bill	1661 Stop and Listen Blues
25015 Hungry Man's Scuffle	Jolly Two	1597 Strange Man Blues
1702 I Keep the Blues	Carr and Blackwell	1740 Tampa Strut
1737 Joker Man Blues	Jim Miller	1735 T. B.'s Killing Me
1709 Lonesome Night	Carr and Blackwell	1637 Things 'Bout Comin' My Way
1636 Love Crying Blues	Leroy Carr	1699 Things 'Bout Comin' My Way No. 2
1605 Low Down Dog Blues	Leroy Carr	1738 Tiger Rag
1620 Mama's Advice	Peetie Wheatstraw	1712 Times Ain't What They Used to Be
1739 Mama's Doughnut	Stable Boy Sam	1728 Titanic Blues
1694 M and O Blues	Amos Easton	1712 Too Long
1703 Midnight Hour Blues	Carr and Blackwell	1653 Tricks Ain't Walkin' No More Memphis Minnie
1693 Moonlight Blues	Carr and Blackwell	1700 Turnentine Blues
25016 Naked Man Blues	Sunny Scott	1739 Vampire Women
1654 New Stranger Blues	Tampa Red and G. Tom	1700 Western Bound Blues
1737 Next Door Man	Jim Miller	25013 Working Man's Moan
1605 Nineteen-thirty-one Blues	Leroy Carr	1193 You're Going to Leave the Old Home, Jim
		Lulu Jackson

Race Instrumental

Jolly Two 25018 Railroad Stomp Jolly Two

Washboard Band Records

Washboard Rhythm Kings

1731 Angelina	1733 Old Yazo
1734 Anything for You	1724 Sentimental Gentleman from Georgia
1732 Blue Drag	1730 Something's Gotta Be Done
1729 Gotta Be Gonna Be Mine	1734 Spider Crawl
1723 I'm Gettin' Sentimental Over You	1729 Syncopate Your Sins Away
1724 It Don't Mean a Thing	1732 Wah One Dah
1730 Oh You Sweet Thing	1731 Yes Suh!

Whatever became of JAZZ and POETRY?

by BOB ROLONTZ

During the past decade, there have been many new and radical jazz movements. Some have flowered and prospered. Many have fizzled out like damp squibs. Few, however, have fizzled out so dismally as the jazz-poetry movement which, a year ago, came bravely out of the West like a young Lochinvar. Today, it is difficult to understand the high seriousness with which it was greeted. If any jazz style ever bordered on the comic, it was this fusion of jazz and poetry; as presented in the east, it bordered on the farcical.

Prior to the outbreak of the jazz-poetry movement, there had been a number of attempts to fuse the two idioms. In the 1920's, poet Langston Hughes recited poetry with piano backing, and Kenneth Rexroth experimented with poetry and jazz about two decades later in Chicago. Perhaps the world of jazz was not as sensitive as it is today, because these early experiments caused hardly a ripple as compared with the excitement generated by the 1957-58 jazz poetry brouhaha.

Jazz-poetry, unlike many other art forms, did not spring spontaneously into being. Rather, it was carefully planned. As put succinctly by Kenneth Rexroth, "it is very important to get poetry out of the hands of the professors and out of the hands of the squares. If we can get poetry out into the life of the country, it can be creative. Homer, or the guy who recited Beowulf, was show business. We simply want to make poetry part of show business."¹

In other words, although many musicians took to it avidly, it was the poets, not the musicians, who started the jazz-poetry movement.

The new jazz-poetry began in San Francisco, a city often called "the Paris of the younger generation." It is logical that this city, currently undergoing a "cultural renaissance" should have been the birthplace. San Francisco has become a gathering place for many of our writers and poets, including such contemporary personalities as Kenneth Rexroth, Kenneth Patchen, Allen Ginsberg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Jack Kerouac. It has many jazz clubs and a number of modern jazzmen work and live there much of the time. Further, it is the mother city of the intriguing group of young men and women known as the "beat generation," or in the vernacular as b.g.'s or beatniks. There are links among all three groups, but perhaps the strongest is the attention paid to avant-garde movements by all three.

Since there were poets who wanted to read their poetry to jazz, musicians who wanted to play music to this poetry, and an audience who wanted to hear the melange, there was little difficulty in getting the jazz-poetry movement going. Although it is questionable how much of the "beatniks" know of either jazz or poetry, they came to listen and returned to listen again. Soon there were clubs with regular jazz-poetry readings flourishing in San Francisco.

In addition to attempting to enlarge the audience for modern poetry as Rexroth wanted to do, some poets believed that by reading to a jazz accompaniment they were adding to the poetry itself. There is an interesting dichotomy here on the part of the poets. Some felt that their conventional poetry, poetry originally written to be read without music, was enhanced when music was added. Others felt that poetry should be written especially to be read to music. Lawrence Ferlinghetti reportedly holds the singular distinction of writing the "... first poem in the English language written specifically to be read with a jazz accompaniment."² The poem is *Autobiography*.

Jazz musicians, too, were caught up in the spreading appeal of the verses. Allyn Ferguson's Chamber Jazz Sextet contributed to the alliance of jazz and poetry via its work supporting Kenneth Patchen's poetry readings on a Cadence recording issued last Fall. In commenting on jazz-poetry, Ferguson stated, "The final product should be conceived in terms of the poet's interpretation of the text . . . the music . . . composed to the poet's readings . . . and designed to fortify the emotional material of the poetry."³

Tenorman Bruce Lippincott expressed his feelings about jazz in relation to poetry by calling it a "Different approach to jazz . . . responding—not in a preordained way—but in a kind of question and answer—sort of a relative pitch way. The music becomes visual and broader

... it has a new dimension."⁴

It wasn't long before word of the success of the jazz-poetry readings reached the ears of the canny eastern club owners who immediately began playing their part in the avant-garde movement. In New York City, the Half Note, the Village Vanguard, and the Five Spot all got into the act. By March, all three clubs were featuring poets reading their poetry to jazz.

The Half Note went wild for poets. Deciding that if one poet did well in a San Francisco club, a group of poets would do sock business in New York, the club auditioned a score of poets for the job. The owner of the Half Note, Mike Canterino, rounded up his poets by placing a sign in his window which read "Poets Wanted." (In spite of business in the poetry line being only so-so lately, the Village always seems to have its share of poets.) Canterino held two auditions for his poets; one private, one public. How did Canterino, admittedly no student of the metered line, select the poets he intended to be heard publicly? He had them recite their works and chose those he thought would interest his clientele. "Anything a bit off color" said Canterino "I cut out. After all, I run a family place."

Three or four poets declaimed their imagery on a fateful Monday night, backed by a small, competent modern jazz group. There was no rehearsal; the musicians were just supposed to fall in behind the poets.

Canterino felt that the audience reaction and the opinions of various jazz critics would help him determine which of the poets would get the nod to become regular performers at the club. The best description of that night, according to one judge and critic, is "eerie, man, eerie. . . ." The poets not only failed to impress those who had come into the club innocently expecting jazz, but also so disturbed the leader of the jazz group by their odd meter that he jumped off the bandstand while a poet was reading, shouted, "I can't stand it," and was seen no more that performance. As a final blow, the jazz-poetry fans came to the Half Note as spectators, not customers, and retired to a small saloon next door to drink 25 cents beers between the readings.

The Half Note gave up jazz-poetry.

The Vanguard and the Five Spot were more cautious. The Vanguard, under the watchful eye of owner Max Gordon, began jazz-poetry readings with one of the luminaries of the San Francisco literary revival, Jack Kerouac. The author of the much-acclaimed novel, *On The Road*,

lasted all of two performances. His short run was due, not to the fact that he didn't draw well but, rather, that the large crowd of "beatniks" who appeared were either unable or unwilling to spend money. They came and listened, but they forgot to order.

After Kerouac, the Vanguard booked Langston Hughes (not a member of the San Francisco set) for Sunday afternoon readings and made out satisfactorily for a while with a non-beat (but more affluent) audience.

At the Five Spot, owner Joe Termini kept to a Sunday afternoon jazz-poetry pattern, too. He used local poets, some fairly well known, but in spite of names like James Grady and Arthur Weinstein, the poets didn't draw too well.

Thus, as of March of last year, jazz-poetry had made little progress in New York clubs. Was it that Easterners were too sophisticated to fall for a fad, or was jazz-poetry too delicate a bloom to survive the transplant from San Francisco to New York? Not at all, said Kenneth Rexroth in one of the popular magazines. It just hadn't been handled correctly in New York, and most of the people involved had no idea of what they were doing. Given some rehearsal with the musicians, the right poet, and the right poetry, he continued, jazz-poetry could have real meaning. Rexroth, successful via this formula at The Cellar in San Francisco, was booked into the Five Spot for two weeks.

The Five Spot, one of New York's more outré jazz clubs, usually attracts a fairly wild looking crowd of jazz aficionados. College girls in shorts rub shoulders with long haired painters in mottled dungarees. Village girls in leotards, men in sweaters and leather jackets—their eyes shaded by dark glasses, sailors, cadets, and the Madison Avenue cool crowd have all made the Five Spot their own. It is home for both the beatnik and the serious jazz student.

Rexroth opened at the Five Spot in April, backed by Pepper Adams' jazz group. For the two weeks he was there, reading his own and other's poetry in a loudly serious metered style, the club enjoyed two of the best weeks it had known. Who, however, were the enchanted? Not the jazz critics or the reviewers or the jazz students or the beatniks. During Rexroth's engagement at the club, the audience was composed mainly of neatly dressed people who almost certainly worked at publishing houses and had charge accounts at Scribner's. He knocked out the poetry

fans—but he lost the jazz buffs.

The final straw for the whole jazz-poetry movement may have occurred last summer. In July, Kenneth Patchen appeared on a coast-to-coast TV show reading his poetry to the backing of the Allyn Ferguson Jazz Sextet. The show was similar to the album that Patchen and Ferguson had cut for Cadence. The next day, *New York Times* TV critic Jack Gould not only slaughtered the program, but hammered at the whole jazz-poetry movement as well. While he was at it, he also attacked Patchen's poetry. (We jazz reviewers usually objected only to the lack of fusion between the forms and felt we could let the literary critics handle the quality of the poetry.)

While the jazz-poetry movement was at fever pitch, the record companies edged into the picture, too. Cadence Records released its Kenneth Patchen set; Fantasy released one by Rexroth. Evergreen issued an LP featuring San Francisco poets, and Dot released an album called "Word Jazz" with the voice of deejay Ken Nordine. Nordine's explanation of word jazz came out like this: "A thought followed by a thought followed by a thought, ad infinitum . . ."⁵ As if to stress the humorous aspects of the matter, the second Ken Nordine album was titled "Son of Word Jazz." There were other scattered albums and singles of jazz-poetry by other companies and other poets. Rumor has it that no one broke down any record shop doors trying to purchase these albums.

Jazz-poetry is now back in San Francisco except for scattered cultish pockets of resistance in the East. Occasionally, there are jazz-poetry readings in New York City, but they appear to have little more than curio value. With the notable exception of Rexroth who has been booked back into the Five Spot this winter, jazz-poetry has had weak box office. More important, although jazz-poetry spread from the west coast to the east and back again, it left little impress of its visit except for the employment it gave to poets who, at one time, appeared to be more in demand at jazz clubs than musicians. It is doubtful if jazz-poetry will receive much attention in the next encyclopedia of jazz.

Maybe it should have been sung.

1. *Liner Notes*, "Poetry Readings In The Cellar," Fantasy LP 7002.

2. *Ibid.*

3. *Liner Notes*, "Kenneth Patchen Reads His Poetry," Cadence LP 3004.

4. "Poetry Readings In The Cellar," *op. cit.*

5. *Liner Notes*, "Word Jazz," Dot LP 3075.

The NEGRO CHURCH: Its Influence on Modern Jazz

by MIMI CLAR

Harmonically, Negro church music is less complex than modern jazz; it lies more within the harmonic outlines of traditional jazz. In the gospel field, mostly tonic, subdominant and dominant chords are used in contrast to the passing chords, substitute chords, and varied progressions of modern jazz. While jazz frequently depends on ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth chords for rich sounds, Negro church music relies more on chords with blue notes and tone clusters for harmonic richness.

The two musics do possess a few common harmonic traits though. The tone clusters just mentioned are by no means absent from modern jazz. Erroll Garner uses tone clusters not only in his right-hand melodies, but for left-hand accents, as he bangs his palm on the keyboard. The pianist on the Davis Sisters' record of *Twelve Gates to the City* makes a prominent display of tone clusters, also.

Polytonality lends texture to both church and jazz harmony. In the church, it is attained through blue notes superimposed on chords containing the natural degrees of these blue notes. For instance, an excerpt from *Jesus Steps Right in When I Need Him Most* by the Davis Sisters yields:

(Musical Example 1: polytonality)

The lines of Horace Silver also ap-

proach polytonality in their relation to the chords beneath:

(Musical Example 2: Silver)

The fondness for dissonant harmony is shared by jazzmen and gospel performers. It is coupled with the desire for dirty inflections in melody. Neither jazz nor church music sounds right if played "pretty." Bebop musicians, in particular, are loathe to play "pretty" and abhor a triad or simple tonic chord.

Church pianists favor a right-hand chord structure like that of Erroll Garner. These chords are constructed in a like manner, all voices moving in parallel motion:

(Musical Example 3:
Garner, *Harvest*)

Funky jazzmen often turn to the pedal point as a harmonic device. Horace Silver uses this one in *Buhaina*:

(Musical Example 4: pedal)

Silver also uses a right-hand pedal in *Opus de Funk*:

(Musical Example 5: *Opus*)

The pedal concept has a certain affinity with the following excerpt from a sermon at the Zion Hill Baptist Church of Los Angeles.¹

(Musical Example 6: Zion Hill)

The verbs are shouted on the dominant while the adjectives are spoken at various voice levels.

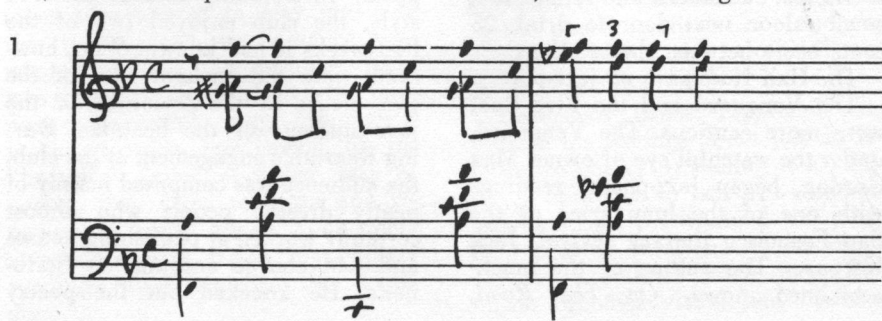
Harmonic counter-melodies occur in jazz and gospel music. These melodies, besides forming tunes in themselves, serve the purpose of announcing chord changes. During a live broadcast from a Los Angeles church² the trombone was playing this counter-melody while the congregation sang:

(Musical Example 7: trombone)

Jazz counter-melody may be found in Horace Silver's *Buhaina*:

(Musical Example 8: counter-melody)

Finally, both jazz and Negro church music share the common array of tonic, subdominant, and dominant chords found in the blues progression (I, IV, I, I, IV, IV, I, I, V, IV, I, I.). Such gospel songs as Mahalia Jackson's *Heaven* are composed entirely of these three chords. They are also the backbone of all blues played by jazzmen. Thanks to the blues progression, blue notes, tone clusters, and polytonality, both jazz and the music of the Negro church have an indeterminate tonality which shifts constantly from major to minor, from dark to light.



¹ KGER, Sunday, October 21, 1956, 10:00 P.M.

² KFOX, Sunday, October 7, 1956, 10:00 P.M.

2

3

Garner: Blue Lou

Choir: Too Close to my Journey's End

4

6

5

7

8

Reviews: Recordings

JULIAN "CANNONBALL" ADDERLEY: *Something Else*. Blue Note 1595.

Adderley, alto sax; Miles Davis, trumpet; Hank Jones, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Art Blakey, drums.

Although Cannonball is listed as the leader on this album, the dominating figure is Miles. His melodic conception, his feeling for tempo and structure, and his admiration for the sophisticated style developed by Ahmad Jamal are apparent influences on all the tunes here. Coltrane is absent, and the rhythm section is different, but this still sounds like Miles' band.

Cannonball has his horn well under control. At his best, he uses Charlie Parker's playing as a fundamental approach to sound, phrasing, and melodic invention, and then goes ahead and plays some very good alto. He makes long, well balanced phrases, produces a full sound throughout the range of his horn, and weaves the richest notes of each chord into interesting melodies. He occasionally sounds as if he is deliberately distorting Bird's phrasings in order to use them without saying the same thing Bird said with them. This may be the beginning of a search for an original approach.

Miles takes some good choruses here, playing with the good taste that has made his own recent albums so pleasant to hear. He takes less chances on record dates than he does at clubs and concerts, but he keeps the musical intensity high. He favors simplification of progressions and melodies, choosing single long tones and simple scales that connect almost casually into well-proportioned blues-y songs. His meanderings through long introductions and endings based on the scale of a single chord art lovely.

I wish engineers would stop adding all that echo to the horns. Both Miles and Julian sound like they are playing in a large hall, but the rhythm section is recorded flat. The resulting illusion is that the horns have a built-in resonance that continues even when the note is stopped. I know this is done to satisfy the hi-

fi fan, but this sort of distortion strikes me as a far cry from "fidelity."

Art Blakey, who has demonstrated on his own recordings a thundering unrestrained kind of swinging, plays here with a delicacy and restraint that is much better suited to this music. I admire his ability to sense the need for a different approach. Such sensitivity is rare in most of the drummers I've heard who advocate the Blakey approach. Art plays no solos on these tracks, neither by himself nor behind the other soloists, but he contributes tremendously to the color and continuity of the music.

Hank Jones is a beauty. A busy studio man, he seldom has the chance to do more than get acquainted with the particular group with which he is recording. Even so, his highly developed sense of balance and his wonderful touch carry him through. He is a remarkable accompanist, and

his solos here are rich and tasteful.

Sam Jones plays with a full deep sound, relates his lines well to the soloists, and lays the time down in a relaxed and definite manner. His tone blends well with the other instruments, and he is properly balanced here. On the B-flat minor blues he keeps playing the major third, probably because it's an open string and easier to get at, but it's only disturbing when it occasionally comes in direct conflict with the minor third in the soloist's line.

This is an ideal rhythm section, with a sure, calm, energetic pulse and the ability to give the soloists what they need without nagging at the rhythm or over-decorating every open space.

Blue Note overlooked the fact that all five men in this group are capable of making illuminating commentary on their own work, and instead contracted Leonard Feather to write the liner notes. It is possible for anyone to list the basic information about the music and the musicians, but I suspect the reason for having Leonard do it (or any critic) is to imply critical approval of the music, much in the same way that cigarette companies hire doctors to comment on their product. Leonard manufactures a disparity of musical approach among the five men on the album in order to make a learned exposition of their underlying agreement. He discusses each number, mentioning chord structures in such a general way that they are of little value to the student and of none whatsoever to the layman. He describes what is obvious to the listener, and says little about the attitudes that were responsible for the making of the record. I would rather have seen a statement by Julian himself about such things as the reason for using Miles on the date, his own attitude toward Miles' conception, his choice of the rhythm section, his choice of tunes, or anything else. It's also interesting to know what the men in the rhythm section think about the soloists they play for. Or, if such commentary was not available, why not just show us more pictures?

—Bill Crow

CORRECTIONS

Three serious printing errors occurred in Gunther Schuller's article on Cecil Taylor in the January issue. For those who found full comprehension a little difficult, perhaps the following corrections will help:

1 In musical example 1, the order of the second and third systems should be reversed.

2 The crosses in parentheses (+) in example 3b (measures 5, 6, and 21) indicate the places where Taylor uses the same material vertically and horizontally, as referred to in the second sentence of the paragraph directly below example 3b.

3 On the lower half of page 31, the fourth paragraph in column 2 should have been printed in column 1, after footnote 5.

The Jazz Review recommends magnifying glasses for readers unable to cope with the fine print of example 3a and 3b.

PAUL BLEY: *Solemn Meditation*. GNP. 31.

Bley, piano; Dave Pike, vibes; Lennie McBrowne, drums; Charlie Haden, bass.

"Solemn," according to Webster, denotes seriousness, a deep earnestness, gravity. "Meditation" . . . deep continued thought; reflection on sacred matters as a devotional act. The music in pianist Bley's album strikes me as having little in common with its title. His attack is brutal. His musical imagination is at the mercy of his ego. He resorts to pianistic "emoting," much in the manner that an energetic but tasteless actor will indicate wrath to an audience by stamping and shouting.

Porgy is the best tune on the album. The arrangement is built around a nice idea, but Bley evidently felt that the simple beauty of Gershwin's melody needed dramatic pauses, sudden fortissimos and other hambone attempts to indicate a passion for the tune that I suspect he lacks entirely. Many of his melodic inventions are in themselves quite musical, but they are all loaded with "effect" in execution.

The drummer, McBrowne, gives enthusiastic support to Bley's theatrics. He plays adequately while

improvising accompaniment to the other soloists, but shows little interest in developing musical ideas while roaring through his own solos. His tight-fisted execution of up-beat accents adds to the group's grim approach to swing. He is featured on *Drum Two*, a composition by Bley in which the brief opening statement by vibes and drums is separated from its recapitulation by some unrelated rumbling at the drums that goes on too long.

Dave Pike has based much of his approach to playing the vibraphone upon a keen admiration of Milt Jackson. Though his sense of development is often weak, he has an ear for beauty that I hope he learns to trust. I've heard vibraphones with a richer tone than this one has. The mechanical vibrato adjusted to the fast speed used here tends to set up a pulsation that often conflicts with the tempo of the tune. Pike's opening chorus on *O Plus One* makes good lyrical use of an interesting progression, establishing a quality that is totally disregarded during the next section. Bley charges in at a much faster tempo and yammers through a couple of choruses to an ending that quakes with bravado.

Charlie Haden produces a nice fat bass sound throughout the album. The excellence of his line varies in direct proportion to Bley's adherence to the original chord pattern of each tune. I'm curious about how a bass player is supposed to exercise any judgment or imagination in the selection of notes during Bley's "harmonic improvising" when the progressions are altered on impulse to such an extreme degree that the only remaining relationship to the original form is the number of bars played. Predetermined substitutions are no problem, but if a piano player wants the freedom to alter harmonies so drastically whenever he feels the urge, he should leave the bass out entirely.

There are hopeful facets in this music, overshadowed as they are by the predominance of bombast. Energy, imagination, and talent are at work here. If it continues to be squandered on a campaign for personal glory, I doubt that the expression will deepen beyond what we hear on these tracks. But if it is ever applied to objective musical discovery, the foundations that exist here could support some very good work.

—Bill Crow

RAY CHARLES: *Ray Charles at Newport Atlantic 129. Yes Indeed*. Atlantic 8075.

The Right Time; In a Little Spanish Town; I Got a Woman; Blues Waltz; Hot Rod; Talkin' 'Bout You; Sherry; A Fool For You.

What Would I Do Without You; It's All Right; I Want to Know; Yes Indeed; Get on the Right Track Baby; Talkin' 'Bout You; Swanee River Rock (Talkin' 'Bout That River); Lonely Avenue; Blackjack; The Sun's Gonna Shine Again; I Had a Dream; I Want a Little Girl; Heartbreaker; Leave My Woman Alone.

Personnel: Unlisted.

If you could persuade a preacher to "cross over" he would sound like Ray Charles. With a "congregation" at Newport to set his soul on fire, Ray gives himself exuberantly to his audience, who respond with enthusiastic applause.

Throughout Ray's voice takes on the timbres of a preacher hitting his stride: he builds a song to the point where he is so overcome emotionally that he must holler, lapse into falsetto, practically "speak in tongues" by uttering wordless syllables, or repeat crucial words and phrases again and again (like "every" in *Talkin' 'Bout You*). The preacher-like "Yeahs" or cries of exaltation at the end of his lines not only serve a rhythmic purpose, but also act as a breathing device.

The Newport ensemble consists of Bennie Ross Crawford, Jr., baritone sax; David Newman, tenor sax; Lee Zedric Harper, first trumpet; Marcus Batisto Belgrave, second trumpet; Edgar Willis, bass; Richard Goldberg, drums; and choral accompaniment by the Raylettes. Ray, handling the vocals, piano, and alto sax, is busy as a fiddler's elbow. Instrumentals and backing alternate between tasteful rock and roll, blues, Latin (*In a Little Spanish Town*), and modern jazz. *Blues Waltz*, in the latter category, plucks rhythms from the theme and relays them into a drum backdrop for the soloists. *Hot Rod* reminds one of the early JATP sessions.

In his effort to please his audience, Ray sometimes fringes on the frantic. *I Got a Woman*, a classic in its original form (Atlantic 8006), is extended in the Newport version; while still rhythmically infectious and highly satisfying, it contains lengthy Charles end comments (i.e., "She's all right, now" and "I feel all right," sparked here and there with cries approaching pure lyric outbursts of emotion) which are strung out just short of the saturation point. The vocal by Marjorie Hendricks on *The Right Time* shows what can happen

to hollering in the hands of a lesser artist, who tends to yell more for yelling's sake than for the sake of expressing feeling musically. The gospel-type waltz *A Fool For You* (taken a little slower than the Atlantic 8006 version) advantageously punctuates lines of the text every four bars with jarring drum accents, which contrast sharply with Ray's soft "Yeh" immediately following.

The "Yes Indeed" album, with its 78 rpm-length tracks, whittles down to a more compact package than the loosely-knit Newport affair. Some of the Newport material overlaps into this lp: *Talkin' 'Bout You* settles into a more down-home groove, here, enhanced by a tambourine introduction and shuffling drum rhythms.

Many of Ray's lyrics fall into cliché or float from one song to another; however his stylistic interpretation of the words, his naturalness and lack of pretense serve to lift each of his songs out of the ordinary. Ray remodels a song completely until it becomes his (*I Want a Little Girl*, *Swanee River Rock*). He can be classed with Garner, Ellington, Monk, and Armstrong in his uniqueness; no one can really imitate him.

Get on the Right Track Baby measures up to the caliber of other Char-

les gems such as *Hallelujah I Just Love Her So* and *I Got a Woman*, while *Yes Indeed* constitutes potential hit material of a more routine variety. *Heartbreaker*, in which Ray jumps like Joe Turner, is reminiscent of the latter's tune, *Corina. It's All Right* (with the title continually re-iterated by the chorus) moves one to a sense of infinite sadness, a feeling of hearing the great troubles of mankind throughout the ages condensed into the melody and delivery of this song.

Ray's piano comes out for an airing on *The Sun's Gonna Shine Again*; his work is typically "messy" in the best traditions of the blues. His early Nat Cole influence surfaces on the locked hands chorus of *I Want a Little Girl*, while on *Heartbreaker*, he pops up with a Lloyd Glenn sound.

My only dissatisfaction with the "Yes Indeed" album is *Lonely Avenue*—even Ray's abundant capacity for variety cannot operate to rescue this drearily repetitive item. Accented downbeats bog the piece down until it becomes in effect like a broken record.

—Mimi Clar

RAY CHARLES: *At Newport*. Atlantic 1289.

Ray Charles, vocals, piano, and alto sax; Bennie Ross Crawford, Jr., baritone sax; David Newman, tenor sax; Lee Zedric Harper, first trumpet; Marcus Batisto Belgrave, second trumpet; Edgar L. Wills, bass; Richard Goldberg, drums; on *The Right Time and Talkin' 'Bout You* the Raylettes, vocal group.

Here is another album of Ray Charles doing what he does best: singing the blues. He has an irresistible vocal sound. He puts things directly and with conviction. He preaches, using the same forms of song and accompaniment that are found in certain Negro churches, but his message here is secular, telling of the joy of having found a good woman, the despair of loving an evil one.

I Got A Woman is a good example of the difference between live performance (the album was recorded at Newport) and his previous studio-recorded release of the same tune. Without the restriction of jukebox length, and with a fascinated audience to draw him out, Ray appends a "tag" that lasts for over two hundred bars. It is sung over an instrumental chant based on one chord that produces a hypnotic effect while he builds up a cumulative message in the best tradition of southern Negro

preaching. In its original recorded form the tune is delightful, and asks to be played over and over. In this version it begins in the same way and then develops so completely that the ending is much more satisfying.

The long-meter blues form he uses on *A Fool For You* illustrates in simple terms the aesthetic value that exists in jazz phrasing . . . a superimposition of a 12/8 feeling upon the basic 4/4. This at once promotes a wider variety of rhythmic interpolation by making the basic measure divisible by three as well as by four, and provides a more flowing accent or swing. The devices used here are easy to follow because they are played with little variation throughout each number. The improvisation is left to Ray, his freedom of imagination contrasted sharply against the chant-like backgrounds of the band and the vocal group.

The popular rock-and-roll accompaniments that sound so mechanical were taken from this sort of functional use of repetition. The difference is not in the figures themselves, but in the approach of the players. Much of the music that discerning listeners consider tasteless, corny, square, commercial, etc. is based on perfectly valid forms that have been murdered by the popularization of inartistic uses of them. And a large amount of European traditional music has been rendered dull and lifeless by the corresponding attitude of the musicians who play it.

The numbers on which Ray does not sing lack the master touch that balances the simplicity of the backgrounds on the vocal tracks. *Spanish Town* is a satire on the Perez Prado record, complete with grunts. Except for Ray's vocal answer to the trumpet intro, it is disappointing. *Hot Rod* is the same blues line that Milt Jackson calls *Spirit Feel* on another Atlantic album. (They both claim composer credit.) The spirit generated by the band is a strong foundation but none of the soloists meet with current professional standards among jazzmen. There is an evidence of talent, but it needs a lot more seasoning to carry the weight of a whole number. Ray's saxophone playing is not as free as his piano playing, and on neither instrument does he come anywhere near the unconditional openness of his singing. On such a shouting form as his *Blues Waltz* (a natural outgrowth of the 12/8 slow blues) I would like to have heard some wordless vocal improvising. He plays quite acceptable blues piano here, and certainly swings, but I prefer the deeper expression that he consistently reaches vocally.

The vocal tracks are elevated above the mere cleverness of the material by the rare and wonderful quality that Ray shares with the old time honest-to-god blues shouters. His concern is with telling his story fully, and not with telling it in order to give the listener a heroic image of himself. His voice often contains a great deal of ugliness, but it is ugliness artistically transformed. There is so much ugliness in the world that we surely don't need to go into a theatre or a club to pay for the privilege of seeing it as such, but ugliness as a basic truth for an artistic statement can be thrilling. Here we see the difference between the performer who uses his position in front of an audience as an opportunity to live out his ugly impulses, and one who takes all his impulses, ugly and beautiful, and transforms them into artistic expression.

—Bill Crow

BOBBY HACKETT: *At the Embers*. Capitol T1077.

Hackett, trumpet; Peppi Moreale, piano; John Giuff, bass; Buzzy Drootin, drums.

The title of this album is misleading. It gives the impression that the date was recorded at a live club performance, and then in the notes explains that this album is "the kind of program he's apt to play during an Embers evening." The fact is that any date recorded at the Embers would be predominantly the roar of a hundred conversations punctuated by frequent drunkenly bellowed requests for the band to play something besides what they're busy playing.

This group is designed to appeal to that sort of indifferent audience, with the realization that any meaningful explorations of theme will go unnoticed, and that exposing one's inner feelings to such a callous crowd will cause discomfort for either the musician or the customer. The format of "play the melody whenever possible" and "telegraph all your punches" devised by Jonah Jones is followed here in a much more debonair fashion. The tunes are pretty, the rhythm is lively, and you can almost see the piano player's smile.

It's unfortunate that the popular music of today is so unmusical that a catered affair like this can pass for jazz. It's a very pleasant society group based on traditional jazz forms, but the only creative effort audible on these tracks is Bobby's control of his horn.

—Bill Crow

AHMAD JAMAL: Argo LP 636.

Taboo; Should I; Stompin' at the Savoy; The Girl Next Door; I Wish I Knew; Cheek to Cheek; Autumn in New York; Secret Love; Squatty Roo; That's All.

Personnel: Ahmad Jamal, piano; Israel Crosby, bass; Vernell Fournier, drums.

I find myself listening more and more to Israel Crosby the more I hear this trio—Ahmad leaves so much room for him. Crosby may well be the most melodic bass player in jazz. Where has he been all these years? Listen to how interesting he makes his bass lines—on *The Girl Next Door*, for example, which has the most interesting bass line I've heard on a waltz. I didn't get the feeling of three so much; the whole thing just flowed. His recorded sound is beautiful, and he plays in tune. It's more difficult to hear him in person since the mike is concentrated on Ahmad, Vernell Fournier's drums are very steady and swinging.

This is definitely a *trio*, not a piano with rhythm. In fact, it appears at times almost as if Ahmad is giving *them* support. He implies a lot of things, and when his kind of approach is effective, it's like watching something for a long time, turning your head away—and it's still there even though you're not looking at it anymore.

I don't think it's accurate to call Jamal a "cocktail" pianist because I have to *listen* to Ahmad. He commands attention. One quality of his work that impresses me—a quality Miles brought to my attention—is that he uses and creates very interesting interludes. Some of those interludes have a tendency to get too long and thereby take attention away from the original composition, which doesn't make them less interesting in themselves.

I also don't think Jamal sounds anything like Erroll Garner. For one thing, he's more of a group performer than Garner. Garner is all Garner; his accompaniment is just that. I think Garner would be just as effective playing solo; I don't think Ahmad would.

It is true that Ahmad has influenced Miles Davis. Miles, for example, depends more on the rhythm section than he used to. For a long time, of course, Miles has been the type of soloist who implies a lot of things,

and Jamal's influence made him even more aware of his being on the right track in this, so far as he's concerned. Miles has also become fonder of tags and transitory passages since listening to Ahmad. There is one specific thing Ahmad does that Miles likes his own band to do—it's a left hand rhythm thing the pianist plays that keeps the time alive regardless of how slow the tempo is. Gil Evans now uses it a lot. It's almost like shoving the beat. (Example 1)

Returning to Ahmad himself, he has potful of technique, but he has learned restraint. A man like Billy Taylor is an example of a player somewhat like Ahmad in general but who has not learned restraint. John Levy brought Billy Taylor's resemblance to Ahmad to my attention before I ever heard of Jamal. The first time I heard Ahmad, it was like listening to an excellent Billy Taylor performance, until I realized it had started with Ahmad.

Ahmad's left hand is unobtrusive but he establishes the groove with that left hand. Moreover, he doesn't allow a groove to become stagnant. First of all, he doesn't play many long things. After maybe a chorus, he'll go into an interlude that changes the mood, and then he'll go out of the interlude into a different groove that's even more swinging than the first was.

Ahmad is also one of the few players who doesn't rely on the backbeat for his swing. He doesn't have his drummer play a strong backbeat—explicit or implied. Art Blakey, for instance, is a very swinging drummer who uses a very strong explicit backbeat on the sock cymbal. Kenny Clarke uses a backbeat, but he implies it. Ahmad doesn't have his drummer do either; the beat just flows.

He exercises restraint in content too. When he does go into something, it works. He may mess around for two or three bars before he goes into something, but when he does, it's very effective. Like in *Secret Love*, there's a section where for eleven bars he uses the same figure ascending chromatically and it's worked out all the way to the middle of the bridge. It's the kind of thing the average musician wouldn't think of.

He always gives the impression of



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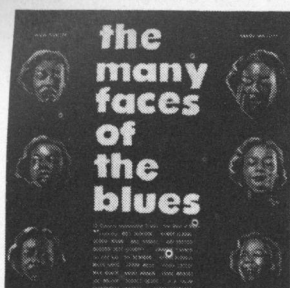
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having something strong in reserve. He doesn't try to put everything into each number. He does something very inventive on a number, and then he's cool, because he's already done an unusual thing. "Don't shoot everything in one tune, and play fifty choruses, it'll all sound the same," he's told me.

Ahmad also allows the tune to be the tune. He does what he does within the context of each particular song. He's not like the average jazz musician who uses pop tunes as a vehicle. Ahmad approaches each one as a composition in itself and tries to work out something particular for each tune that will fit it. But he doesn't get into a rut either. I heard him play *Love for Sale* five times one night—in answer to requests—and each time he played it differently. He's a real improviser, and a very imaginative one.

His religion—he's a strong believer—must have something to do with his restraint. He lives that way; he seems to be always at peace. His new popularity hasn't changed him; and he doesn't worry about anything. He doesn't play any differently now that he's a much bigger entertainer and gets the same kind of money Miles does. He still doesn't do anything he doesn't want to do, and he doesn't follow trends.

—Julian Adderley

JOHN LEWIS: *European Windows*. RCA Victor LPM 1742.

John Lewis has succeeded in captivating almost everybody. He has done this primarily by suggesting great warmth and sensitivity. Since he easily suggests these things by purely musical means, we have to say that he is an accomplished musician. Yet it is strange that his musical accomplishments are so modest. Or rather, it is strange that their modesty has been so seldom remarked on.

Many persons seem to like him for the wrong reasons. The MJQ records are best-sellers, but I suspect this is because they contain quiet music; one is eager, supposedly, to get each one as it comes out, and one keeps the ever-growing stack on the changer as music to drink by or study by. (I write this in a college town, and am perhaps excessively preoccupied by the students' tastes and customs.) Listeners of this kind are further reassured by the unquestionable aura of good taste that hangs about these records, even though, for such people, the good taste they are

aware of is solely a matter of avoiding loud noises.

More sophisticated admirers like to point with pride to Lewis as a real composer, and eagerly render him homage for no other reason than that he has written in fugue. *European Windows*, which consists of orchestral versions of six of his pieces (Gunther Schuller scored *Midsommer*; Lewis did the rest), played by members of the Stuttgart Symphony, contains one of these fugues. At the risk of being drummed out, I must say that, for me, the chief weakness of this music is its form. New wine cannot be poured into old bottles. If jazz is ever to find appropriate large forms, it will do better to avoid consulting the old rules.

John Lewis knows, surely that what we refer to as sonata form was worked out *ex post facto*; even though, by Mozart's time, it might be considered already established, there was no question of inventing tunes and pouring them into a sort of cookie mold. If this were so, Mozart might have managed it all the time. Instead, scarcely two examples are identical: the recapitulation may reverse the usual order; the development may deal with material that is entirely new.

The form must obviously be whatever the content requires. Similarly with the rondo, of which Lewis offers several examples. But the necessity of form is the ruin of a piece like *The Queen's Fancy*. Once you have established what the piece is about—the witty juxtaposition of jazz figures and baroque (not really Renaissance) fanfares—you need not write up additional recurrences.

Along with this crippling concern for textbook form, Lewis has become the victim of certain small devices. He seems almost obsessed with the trick of enclosing his music in a halo of millions of shimmering sounds. This provides work for the incredible Connie Kay, but nothing in the musical material seems to justify it. There is no need to accuse him of charlatanry, in spite of the fact that this device may remind us of the hypnotist who enchants his subjects by spinning before their eyes a small glittering object; it is enough to say that one too easily understands that it is just a mannerism.

Clearly, there would be no need to dwell on those aspects of Lewis's work that are troublesome, if it were not that he has been praised to excess, and does seem to be in danger of distorting or smothering his very real abilities. These are apparent everywhere on the new record. *Cor-*

tege will impress anybody, at least the first few times, and it is interesting to hear what has become of *Two Degrees East*.

I suspect the musicians might have rehearsed more. Of the two soloists, Ronnie Ross reveals unusual control over the baritone sax, and his entrance into *Midsommer* is striking, but he does not really say anything of his own. Gerry Weinkopf plays a non-electrified flute, and has beautiful solos in *England's Carol* and in *Cortege*.

—Glenn Coulter

GEORGE LEWIS: *The Perennial* *George Lewis*, Verve MG 8277.

Ace in the Hole; It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary; West End Blues; Jambalaya (On the Bayou); Wolverine Blues; Take My Hand, Precious Lord; Mack the Knife; Yaaka Hula Hula; Careless Love; Hindustan.

Personnel: George Lewis, clarinet; Jim Robinson, trombone; Thomas Jefferson, trumpet; Alcide Pavageau, bass; Joseph Robichaux, piano; Joseph Watkins, drums. Vocals by Watkins on Tracks 1, 2, 6, and 9; by Jefferson on Track 7.

It's no news that the members of the George Lewis group have been together for a sufficient length of time to have developed the rapport that makes for a fine sense of ensemble work. The Lewis organization has a very even quality of playing (not only due to the similarity of tempos on the lp here); the results of their record sessions and in-person appearances deviate very little from their past performance standards.

And most everyone is acquainted with the polyphonic network of the New Orleans style front line where the lead trumpet furnishes the central line against which the clarinet fluently fabricates counter-melodies and the trombone alternates as a melodic and rhythmic voice. The George Lewis ensemble has what Nesuhi Ertegun refers to as fatality, or the quality of serenity and superiority evolving from discipline.

"*The Perennial George Lewis*" is his usual dignified, ingenuous self, at his best on *Precious Lord*. Jim Robinson's trombone is typically robust particularly in the contrapuntal relationship to the Lewis clarinet on *Ace in the Hole*. Thomas Jefferson's vocal on *Mack the Knife* carbon-copies Armstrong, but his trumpet throughout is less searing than Louis. Alcide Pavageau and Joe Watkins form two-thirds of the rhythm section; the latter has a few drum intrusions almost, not quite, à la Art Blakey on *Jambalaya* and *Yaaka Hula*. (I have always wanted to hear

Art Blakey with a New Orleans band; he is one drummer who could be transported rhythmically intact from an ultra-modern outfit to a mouldy traditional New Orleans unit to a Negro church service to an African tribe—I have heard his rhythms in all the aforementioned musics. Blakey's drumming has much the same waddling strut of the New Orleans bands; this experiment is not as far-fetched as it first seems.)

Joseph Robichaux's piano, which solos on nearly every track, intrigues me in its "things-to-come-that-have-already-come" aspects. Occurring here and there are elements of: a) Harlem piano (subtle tone clusters and his device of repeating the tonic, skipping to a blue third, and then back home to announce the end of his solo on *Wolverine Blues*, *A Long, Long Way to Tipperary*, and *Hindustan*); b) Earl Hines (use of glissandos); c) Milt Buckner (block chords, not close together but with some distance between each hand); d) Erroll Garner (tremolo, chromatically descending parallel thirds and sixths in high registers on *West End Blues*, contrasting dynamics, repeated melody notes and left-hand chords in *Ace in the Hole*); e) Rock and Roll style accompaniment triplets behind the *West End Blues* ensemble. Joe sounds nothing like any of the foregoing but had this record been cut during the New Orleans jazz era, one could trace the subsequent pianistic developments back to this type of playing. Robichaux forecasts these elements rather than sounding as if he had already absorbed them.

Watkins' singing on *Precious Lord* and *Careless Love* refreshes by not imitating Louis. The clarinet obligato behind the vocal enhances both tunes.

Personnel listing misprints Jefferson's instrument as drums rather than trumpet.

—Mimi Clar

WARNE MARSH: Atlantic 1291.

Too Close For Comfort; Yardbird Suite; It's All Right With Me; My Melancholy Baby; Just Squeeze Me; Excerpt.

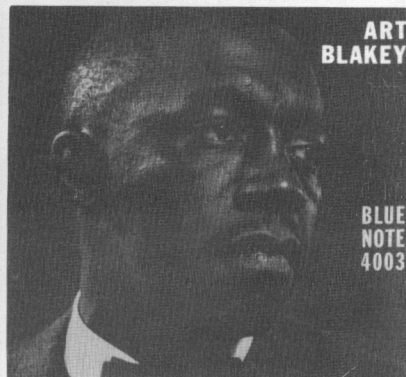
Personnel: Warne Marsh, tenor sax; Paul Chambers, bass; Ronnie Ball, piano on tracks 1 and 3; Philly Joe Jones, drums on tracks 1 & 3; Paul Motian on tracks 2, 4, 5, 6.

As I understand from what I've read and heard, Warne Marsh's objectives include a concentration on linear, horizontal relationships rather than vertical ones, a superimposition of unrelated chords, and a search for melodic and harmonic atonality. Marsh's own quotes, which form part of the notes for this al-

blue note

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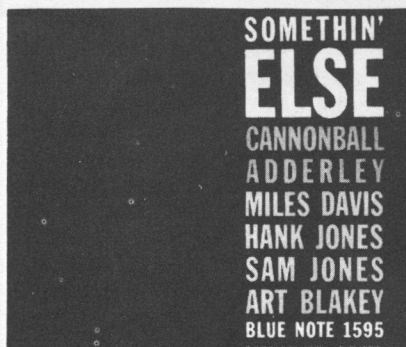
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bum, express his musical philosophy, as near as I can pin it down, like so: "... not to have the music distorted by any elements of your personality that might tend to take away from it as music." He then goes on to differentiate between this, the *artistic* approach, and what he terms the approach of personality or using one's talent to express personality in music rather than to express the music itself, and sums up that "by doing it artistically ... it is the essence of your personality that is transmuted into music; the 'I' is no longer italicized."

I must confess my own difficulty in following this philosophy. Regarding Marsh's statement as to "elements of your personality that might tend to take away from it as music," how do you ascertain which elements to keep and which to discard? And if the 'I' is no longer italicized, can a man's jazz possess individuality, or be any more than the realization of a tonal math problem?

It seems pointless to take issue over a few sentences, my interpretation of which could undoubtedly be clarified by a more thorough discussion; but unfortunately I find myself just as confused by the music as I am by the quoted statements. Marsh's "atonality" emerges as tonal music with occasionally peculiar intervallic leaps and a sour, off-pitch intonation which is neither blue nor cool, but which distresses my ear considerably.

Now, perhaps I am tearing down something "new" as when everybody carped about Lester Young's tone. With Young, though, the matter was one of personal preference (say, for the sound of Hawkins over Young, or vice versa, just as in vocalists one might receive more satisfaction from the timbres of Lena Horne's voice than from Billie Holiday's). But with Marsh, the matter is bound up with good taste, because of his actual pitch. Unlike Parker, Lester, and the rest who in the tradition of "blue" tonality produce a variety of quarter-tones and microtones deviating from the pure pitch of the equal-tempered scale, Warne's intonation sounds "unpracticed," as though he hadn't been playing his instrument long. Marsh is out-of-tune because he doesn't play any definite notes. Parker and the others are in-tune because they hit a microtone exactly on the head and that is precisely the note at which they aim. Blue intonation is a very delicate process, requiring tonal control and, contrary to generally-applied "off-pitch" labels, it is very much "on-pitch" within itself. Marsh doesn't maintain this con-

trol and thus produces in the listener the same sensation as a singer who thinks he is hitting a note but doesn't make it.

Perhaps Marsh seeks to disassociate himself from a key center not by the notes themselves but by indefinite tones. But, since his lines strongly gravitate toward a tonal center, the tonal frame of reference of his off-pitch notes cancels out any possibility of successfully achieving atonal goals.

The reason for the lengthy examination of Warne's tone is that this reviewer found it so distracting as to have a hard time concentrating on the linear development of the music. The melodic ideas are nullified by the indeterminate tone, just as an inept violinist cannot do justice to a Brahms concerto.

I found *It's All Right With Me* the most alive track, not only thanks to the explosive Philly Joe Jones and to an adeptly executed bowed bass solo by Paul Chambers, but to Marsh himself, whose pitch meanderings momentarily straighten out. *It's All Right With Me*, *Melancholy Baby*, *Yardbird Suite* and *Too Close For Comfort* afford fleeting glimpses into Marsh's potentialities: he feels jazz, and phrases accordingly well, slurring up to varied peaks of accentuation at irregularly-timed intervals, somewhat like Stan Getz.

Other members of the group—Ronnie Ball on two tracks only and Paul Motian substituting for Jones on four tracks—fare well in solo spots.

Warne has the knowledge, ability and sincerity of purpose to carry him where he wants to go. As Nat Hentoff brings out in the liner notes, the path to self-discovery and recognition is not an easy one. Although I don't agree with his present approach, I hope Warne will be able to prove himself in the future and can receive from jazz the rewards he deserves for giving so much of himself to it.

—Mimi Clar

RED NICHOLS: *Parade of the Pennies*. Capitol T1051.

Red Nichols, cornet; Moe Schneider, trombone; Jackie Coon, Mellophone; Wayne Songer, alto and baritone sax; Bill Wood, clarinet; Heinie Beau, clarinet and tenor sax; Jerry Kasper or Joe Rush-ton, bass sax; Bobby Hammack or Bobby VanEps, piano; Allan Reuss, guitar; Morty Corb, bass; Jack Sperling or Rollic Cul-ver, drums; Ralph Hansell, tympani and bells.

"The idea for this session was to recreate some of the classic renditions by Red and the 'Five Pennies'" writes Heinie Beau in the notes for this album. I have only my memory

to rely on for comparison with the originals, since I've gotten separated from my old 78's of the Pennies. I remember how exciting these arrangements sounded when I first heard them, and I'm glad to find them interesting still.

Red continues to play with that lovely fat cornet tone and can generate a whole lot of swing. The band here is not the closely knit family that the original Pennies were, though each man does journeyman work. The magic of a group of musicians that have developed a certain form of music through long association is not easily reproduced at a couple of record dates by studio men, no matter how familiar they are with the style.

In spite of this there are a number of choruses, particularly by Kasper, Schneider, Hammack, and Red that are quality playing, and Red proves himself a master of the improvised break.

This album is a pleasant dalliance with nostalgia, but does not generate the creative abandon that made the old Pennies records so satisfying.

—Bill Crow

SY OLIVER: *Sentimental Sy*. Dot DLP 3132.

On The Sunny Side of the Street; Then I'll Be Happy; Star Dust; Without a Song; Yes Indeed; Opus One; Well Git It; Chicago; East of the Sun; Blue Skies; For You; Swanee River.

No personnel given.

It is unduly harsh, even presumptuous, to judge this from a jazz standpoint, since in actuality it falls within the pop field. However, in reviewing the LP for a jazz publication, I am going to be forced into just such an unkind position.

The album is sentimental in two ways: 1) gooeey; 2) remembering the "good old days." There is nothing wrong with the latter type of reminiscence, especially in Mr. Oliver's case, for he has a great many rich musical memories to look back on from his Lunceford and Dorsey days. But here, Dot has cast Sy in the artistic role of the mythical "goofus bird" in the Paul Bunyan tales, which bird flew backward instead of forward because it didn't give a darn where it was going, it only wanted to know where it had been. Sy's talents need not be thusly stifled.

As for the goo, it enters the picture on *Stardust* and *Without a Song* in the form of an unnamed male vocalist who combines aspects of Dick Haymes and Artie Wayne, a like-

wise unidentified Jo-Stafford-type female singer, and a vocal chorus which, to return to Paul Bunyan birds, consists of a group of "philly-loos" (birds which lay Grade D eggs). Even this brand of sentimentality (in which the music itself counts for nothing but merely acts as a trigger with which to conjure up certain emotions or moods, memories of this or that occasion, and dreams of glory) can be successively translated into the jazz language by one well-versed in the jazz idiom, such as Duke Ellington, many of whose melodies I find intrinsically romantic, nostalgic, tearful—"sentimental" but not icky.

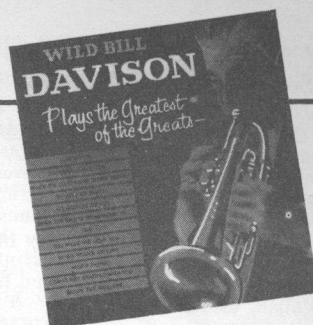
Opus One and *Yes Indeed* are pure recreation, exact restatements of the old Dorsey sides. These arrangements do have durability (time has not diminished Sy's vocal efforts either) and still sound—in this style—effective today. The present band, of course, has a better recorded quality, more brilliant and "live," but this is an engineering achievement. Though personnel remains unlisted, I suspect the presence in this band of some of our top jazz musicians, not only from internal evidence (chorus yells "Mr. Shavers, go ahead, go ahead!" on *Blue Skies*), but from the thoroughly professional execution and crisp vigor of the playing.

The organization has a decidedly commercial, Hollywood Palladium flavor, though, and is an awfully loud band. Dorsey and Lunceford and Basie increase in volume but they don't get loud, in the sense of becoming ear-shattering. *Well Git It*, for example, will excite those who are "hep" rather than "hip" into believing they are getting some "real hot jive."

Sy's Lunceford-orientated *Then I'll Be Happy* and *Swanee River* make for revealing comparison with the original Lunceford sides. Jimmie's band goes along at a considerably brisk tempo while creating the characteristic relaxed drag that his imitators try for by playing much slower and by exaggerating slurs and smears in reed and brass sections. I guess this is a purist approach, but I always prefer an original to a copy unless the reproduction is either an improvement on the original or contains enough distinction to merit a life of its own. And Sy certainly comes out second best to Jimmie (or should I say to his own earlier Lunceford arrangements).

On the positive side, *Sentimental Sy* is a good dance album; it would be ideal for use at a college party.

—Mimi Clar



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TONY SCOTT: *The Modern Art of Jazz*. Seeco CELP 425.

Five; She's Different; The Lady Is A Tramp; Tenderly; Blues for 3 Horns; I Remember You; Lullaby of the Leaves.

Personnel: Tony Scott, clarinet; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Clark Terry, trumpet; Sahib Shihab, baritone saxophone on three and four; Bill Evans, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Henry Grimes, bass on one and five; Paul Motian, drums.

This is not a revolutionary record, but I think it has some of the best Tony Scott I've heard since he was at Minton's, because he doesn't include the kind of things he did on some of the Victor albums, the pretentious things. He's got all good men—I'm surprised. Bill Evans is one of my favorite piano players. I don't think any young modern treats a ballad like he does. He has a way of playing simple rhythmically and complex harmonically, but everything flows so. He has such a thorough knowledge of harmony that everything seems simple.

I love Clark Terry. I don't know exactly why. He's not that exceptional although he is very competent. He's imaginative, soulful, has an original sound and he uses tonguing technique better than any jazz trumpet player I know. It doesn't sound like technique when he does it; it just seems to fit. My brother, Nat, was strongly influenced by Clark and Clark has told me time and again that he's been influenced by Nat, and I'm beginning to believe it. I don't think that much of Clark stuck with Miles although Clark was an idol of Miles when Miles was a boy. I also don't think Miles influenced Clark in recent years. I think Rex Stewart was Clark's strongest influence.

I don't like the way Tony Scott plays ballads too well; he uses his technique too much on them. He's best at a slow medium tempo, like on *Blues for 3 Horns*, because he has a tendency to build. As for Ben Webster's influence on him, I don't think it shows except for sound. Tony has a big, fat sound. I still think Tony is more influenced by Bird than by Ben on ballads.

I like to hear Sahib play blues. He's what I call traditionally funky. He's able to create the mood—that's the thing that's important.

Knepper is a very good trombonist. But J. J. has spoiled me with regard to a trombone sounding like a trombone. I mean that Knepper, though he's very good, is too tied to the instrument. J. J., on the other hand, is a soloist who happens to use the trombone. Therefore, if you call

Knepper an "original" trombonist, you may be right. If you mean an "original" soloist, in the sense in which I'd use the term for J. J., that's something else. Similarly, I think Jimmy Cleveland is an original trombonist but not the original jazz soloist J. J. is. J. J. has a style and it's the kind of style that allows men on other instruments beside the trombone to emulate it, and they wind up sounding in part like J. J. I'd say Knepper is like a modern Jack Teagarden. A man like Curtis Fuller emulates J. J. from a trombone point of view and a player like Kai Winding was originally a J. J. emulator (not in content but from the viewpoint of the trombone). Knepper's influences, however, sound more traditional—Teagarden, Urbie Green. Even his sound sounds similar to Teagarden's in some spots.

The rhythm section on this record is beautiful. Paul Motian is one of the steadiest drummers around. Paul and Bill Evans work very well on this. The rhythm section plays better when Grimes rather than Hinton is the bassist because Milt's beat is so dominant. Henry has a tendency to sit down on the beat so that it's there when the soloist arrives.



Back to Tony. His strong points are his sound, technique and genuine feeling for the blues. His weak points: for one thing, he does something that some people say they find in my playing, but I don't think it's there so often. He starts something and doesn't finish the statement, but instead goes into something else. He tries to play too much; sometimes he'll triple up for no apparent reason. And there are times when I would question his taste.

Tony is one of the easiest guys to

play with. He has a vast repertoire and seems to know how to play tunes in the right tempo. And he certainly plays a lot more warmly than De Franco.

The clarinetists I most dig, however, are the real traditional ones—Barney Bigard, Russell Procope, Artie Shaw. Shaw was so lyrical and the thing that helped him was that Benny Goodman was just the opposite. Goodman was a real craftsman while Shaw was real lyrical. Some of Shaw's solos would be classics today regardless of instrument. His record of *Stardust*—with Butterfield—is one of the greatest I've ever heard. Shaw has been too much overlooked. He also, by the way, had one of the original cool bands. I mean the one that was contemporary with Goodman during the heyday of swing. They showed restraint and a little more taste from the content point of view. The Goodman band was more on the surface and let's say was more the "hard bop" of the swing era as opposed to the Shaw band which was cool and restrained. I think Gil Evans is an admirer of those Shaw bands.

One thing I want to give Goodman credit for. He was one jazz musician who got rich playing jazz. He did get a couple of breaks, but he deserved everything he got. I don't know how he did it; I'd like to find the secret.

One reason there seem to be few modern jazz clarinetists is that the instrument is difficult to begin with. It's not the kind of horn you pick up and start honking. Nobody today is really exceptional on the instrument. The Giuffre thing is not so much a clarinet thing as the fact that he uses it to solo on as he would use any of his multiple instruments. He doesn't pretend to be a virtuoso.

Another reason is that it's hard for a clarinetist to get a sideman's job in present-day combos. All clarinet players, it seems, have to be leaders to stay on the instrument. Rolf Kuhn is an exception, but that's because he hasn't been here long enough. Same is true of the French horn. If Julius Watkins doesn't get a job in a big band, he has to be a leader of a small combo. Same problem with a man who wants to emphasize flute, and it's even becoming true of trombone. You have to be a lead to get a job.

To summarize this record: on it Tony is back to where I think he should be—a blowing and free-swinging type thing instead of all that paper.

—Julian Adderley

JOE TURNER: *Rockin' The Blues*. Atlantic 8023.

We're Gonna Jump For Joy; Teen Age Letter; Love Roller Coaster; Lipstick, Powder and Paint; Morning Noon and Night; I Need a Girl; Red Sails in the Sunset; Blues in the Night; After a While; World of Trouble; Trouble in Mind; TV Mama; You Know I Love You; Still in Love.

Personnel: unlisted:

The mention of Joe Turner's name automatically summons to mind appellations like (1) "Boss of the Blues," (2) "a real blues shouter," and phrases like (3) "Roll 'em boy, we're gonna jump for joy!" and even (4) "Shake, rattle and roll." These names and phrases in turn connote, respectively (1) Joe's position as head man in the blues field, to whom his contemporaries pay highest re-

spects and newer singers like Joe Williams defer; (2) his epitomization of the urbanized, "wide-open," roaring-days-of-the-big-cities side of the blues; (3) his value as an entertainer for let's-have-a-ball, party-time music; and finally, (4) his recent enlivening and enrichment of the Rock and Roll scene.

"Rockin' the Blues" overlooks none of these aspects of Joe Turner. The entire album leans toward the dance and party-type blues, but offers good listening besides. Older blues like *Jump for Joy*, *World of Trouble*, and *Trouble in Mind*, and even a couple of standards—*Red Sails in the Sunset* and *Blues in the Night*—join up with new, rock-and-roll-channeled 1958 model songs like *Teen-Age Letter* and *TV Mama*. The majority of numbers are marked by fast boogie-woogie rhythms or rock-and-

roll triplets; except for occasional piano comments and guitar obligato, not much subtle polyphony or antiphony occurs, the band laying down more of a rhythmic foundation from which Joe builds solid walls.

Joe's voice is the kind that shouts even when he whispers, and does so effortlessly. He has a way of skimming over lines at an even level of dynamic volume and vocal texture and depending on undulating phrasing and unexpected rhythmic twists and stresses for variety. The characteristic linear scansion of Turner—shoving most of the text into the first half of a line so it ends a measure or so before it "should" or slurring one word to dovetail into the next—emerges in extroverted display, not only in Joe's forte, *Jump for Joy*, but throughout the whole lp.

—Mimi Clar

DICK KATZ — U.S.A.; DEREK SMITH — ENGLAND; RENE URTREGER — FRANCE: *Jazz Piano International*. Atlantic 1287.

Dick Katz plays *Jeff & Jamie*, *There Will Never Be Another You*, *Don't Explain*, and *A Foggy Day*, acc. by Ralph Pena, bass, and Connie Kay, drums; Derek Smith plays *Thirty-Six Days*, *Gone With the Wind*, *Chelsea Bridge*, and is acc. by Percy Heath, bass, and Connie Kay, drums; Rene Urtreger plays *Fontainebleau*, *Monsieur de . . .*, *What's New?*, and *Jumpin' at the Woodside*, and is acc. by Paul Rovere, bass, and Al Levitt, drums.

The entire album is supervised by John Lewis.

Bearing the John Lewis banner, these three young men are integers of what turns out to be a varicolored album, which is more interesting, perhaps, than delightful. There is little room for nationalism, and less for patriotism, in judging the performances of these pianists, from under whose blandness erupt frequent and pleasurable spurts of unique tokens. This last, however, is more characteristic of Mr. Katz, the reason being—and this is pure supposition—that he is quartered more closely to the spring of the mainstream, which now seems to be firmly and indisputably located in New York.

All but M. Urtreger, and even he in one instance, displays a profound respect for John Lewis in their playing, not only through quotation but through musical attitude, letting the rational processes rule supreme over the anarchical bliss of emotions. Mr. Katz pays his tribute in the final bars of the seventh chorus of *Jeff & Jamie*, an original blues, by quoting

a line from *Two Degrees East—Three Degrees West*; M. Urtreger speaks Bud Powell fluently and with hardly trace of an accent yet, in *Jumpin' at the Woodside*, he invokes the shades of John Lewis by whispering a phrase from *The Rose Tree*; Mr. Smith, showing his regards for Mr. Lewis throughout his playing in that he remains conservative, too often appears to mistake Horace Silver's characteristic of deliberate reticence for naïveté and cliché, which attracts boredom.

Mr. Katz, a thoughtful, reminiscing pianist, performs carefully in *Don't Explain*; at one point, however, as if in childish desecration, arrhythmic smashes in the bass and jocular swishes with the right hand lend an unnatural aura to the piece. But in the closing swing chorus, Mr. Katz creates a prolonged scintilla whose fascinating quality quells any previous disappointments.

His predominant mode of appeal is his immaculacy, both melodic and rhythmic. He perfectly suits the nature of his melodic sentences to its rhythmic counterpart, allowing a line to flow hesitantly until it is almost spent, its remainder then gushing to the top of the beat, producing in the listener a feeling of not quite being satisfied and developing within him the desire to meet once again with a similar kind of this ticklish suspense.

He is admirably supported by Ralph Pena, a most capable bassist who was with the original Jimmy Giuffre Three, and Connie Kay,

whose pacific consistency and muted understanding cause him to be a pianist's best friend.

Whereas Dick Katz is the most accomplished member of this triumvirate, Rene Urtreger is certainly the most promising. Despite his somewhat limited rhythm section, M. Urtreger stands as a *tulip noir* among his fellow European imports; his four pieces represent the goodness in imitation. He is a styliform Bud Powell, but is not stylized. His creations are at once sturdy and wispy, his attacks are immediate, his resolutions last until a climactic point, after which occurs a relieving and sometimes brief denouement. This generalization holds true throughout, with the exception of *What's New?*, in which his thoughts are fragmentary jerks of rarely meaningful phrases enclosed within a rather formless body.

Mr. Smith's creditable performance exists in *Gone with the Wind*. Percy Heath and Mr. Kay form his compact rhythm section. His playing, in this recording at least, seldom transcends convention and, in the number designated above, his lines suggest apathy, conformism, sluggishness, and frigidity interrupted only in parts by what may be called ingenuity. He needs, I am sure, a second chance.

The album is a good one, though not a milestone, and it reflects, no matter its content, the ready availability of John Lewis as a much needed true jazz leader and source of encouragement.

—Tupper Saussy

Reviews: Books

JOHN MEHEGAN: *Jazz Style Piano Folio*. (with Instruction on How to Play Jazz Piano). Famous Music Corp., 1958.

This folio presents us with treatments in jazz idiom of ten good standard tunes, among them *Easy Living*, *I Wished on the Moon*, *You Leave Me Breathless*. Beyond this, it is difficult to imagine what Mehegan intended. There is, presumably, some pedagogical purpose involved, since, in a loose three-page folder included with the collection, Mehegan gives us a short outline of how he plays jazz piano. [To judge from the subtitle given above, how Mehegan plays and how everybody ought to play amounts to the same thing in somebody's mind.] Apart from offering one of the most incoherent explanations of jazz technique ever written by a musician, it is so incomplete and error-studded that it can have only minimal teaching value. Other than this, the author may have planned these renditions as samples of his own work, compositions as it were, or perhaps merely as easily performed versions of good tunes made more palatable than the usual Tin Pan Alley piano score. But nowhere can we find a statement of whom or what these pieces are intended for. One presumes, in any case, that the first purpose of those mentioned above was uppermost in Mehegan's mind, for he goes to the trouble of attempting a formulation of jazz piano technique, and offers three versions of *My Old Flame*: one is the stock piano arrangement, the second, the lead reharmonized according to his own principles, and the third, an elaborated melodic line on these new chords—with the chords identified by conventional symbols in the latter two cases.

At least, I will proceed on the assumption that Mehegan has some serious purpose in mind, however ob-

scure it may be. If we ask ourselves to what kind of musician Mehegan directs his comments, we can justifiably answer that: 1) although familiar with the meaning of notes as written on the staff, he does not know the meaning of the usual signs for quarter-rest, half-rest, etc.; 2) he is supposed to know what a key signature is, yet needs to have the difference between major and minor explained to him; 3) although he knows what "contrapuntally" and "tonal harmony" and "chromatically raised or lowered" means, he has to be told that scales are made up of adjacent tones and arpeggios of alternate tones.

In addition to trying to cram as much theory into the space of one page as possible, Mehegan adds a number of dicta telling the reader what jazz is all about. These children of his ingenuity are a strange lot, a mish-mash of hasty generalizations and rigid prescriptions, so ambiguous that they can only lead to confusion. For instance, the first sentence reads, "In converting a tune from sheet music to jazz, the essential problem is a harmonic one," and later on, "So much for the tonal materials. The rhythmic structure of jazz can be most easily expressed by the following example: ♩ = foot beat ♩ = left hand ♩ = right hand." Then we run across statements like, "If a 3rd or 7th falls in the scale of the bottom note, they are *Major* . . . lowered, minor . . ." (his punctuation) which is the next thing to gibberish. Most harmful to the value of this book as a self-teaching method are statements in the text which are contradicted in the music. For instance, he says "the jazz man . . . thinks of harmony as a series of horizontal voices moving contrapuntally against each other," a statement questionable enough in itself, without being utterly belied by his examples, not to speak of his own text, when he states "there are two swinging harmonic sounds that the

[jazz musician] must constantly strive for. Both of these sounds lie in the base line or roots of the chords; they are Circle of Fifths . . . [and] Chromatic Seconds."

The music generally unfolds in elementary fashion, presenting practically no technical problems of any consequence—usually with the left hand chugging along two in a bar, mostly in 7ths and 3rds arranged sequentially. The right hand is frequently only rephrasing the tune, at times departing from it for conservative embroidering of the changes, in sixteenth notes, and usually monolinear. The harmony is too much the same to be truly interesting, although some piquant sounds show up, rather frequently in codas. For example: p. 13 has a nice polytonal progression, p. 12 a progression in contrary motion with superimposed fourth chords ascending in the right hand, descending open fifths in the left, and the opening of *I Hear Music* couples descending fourths in the right hand—f', b flat'; e flat, a flat; d, g', c', f'—with an "incorrect" but apt harmonization—g minor 7th, c, f 7th (no 3rd), b flat. Still there is not much that is original here as skillful as Mehegan is in revamping the changes originally attached to the tunes. His habit of changing the key signature in the presence of a passing modulation is a trifle fussy—especially in *My Old Flame*, where the section in b flat lasts but six beats. But I imagine this is part and parcel of an obvious intention to create clear harmonic relationships within a piece. One aspect of this deserves praise, I think: the author's exactitude in spelling of chords and chromatic passing tones. There are occasional lapses—as when on p. 17 he writes the root of the flat supertonic chord in E flat as E natural, presumably to avoid the exotic F flat—which only serve to point up the care taken elsewhere.

It is unfortunate that marks of phrasing and ascertainment are so in-

frequent, insofar as this book may be intended for those unfamiliar with jazz style. Admittedly, Mehegan's phrasing is conservative, generally coming in two measure chunks, but there are many occasions where a slur, or breath mark (a legitimate term since his right hand style is so close to instrumental style) would be a most welcome courtesy.

As a vehicle of Mehegan's style, the folio neither excites nor impresses, although no criticism of unmusicality or lack of craft can be directed at it. The pieces are easy on the ear, make few demands on technique, and no doubt accomplish one function: to provide pleasantly jazzy arrangements for people who can't or won't make their own. With considerable revision, it might be useful for self-teaching; as it now stands (although heaven only knows what the publishers may have done to it after leaving Mehegan's desk) there are a great many things in the text which are bound to be confusing or unenlightening to the student without a pretty fair theoretical background. If Mehegan would use his arrangements as the starting point, distilling his rules from the music, rather than the other way around, such a collection as this could be valuable—although, in the long run, I wonder if the desire to reduce jazz to formulas useful for teaching others can ever be realized. The way matters stand here, it would take a brilliant student to understand the author's cryptic theoretical summary, or to see a significant connection between those ideas and what Mehegan actually writes in the music.

—Larry Gushee

THE HORN. By John Clellon Holmes. Random House, 1958.

John Clellon Holmes has written the first novel of the jazz life that is not entirely a "fan's" mirage. His story of the disintegration of Edgar Pool, a once influential saxophonist, contains insight, however limited, into some of the jazz sub-religions that have rarely appeared in print—especially not in jazz fiction.

He describes, for example, the often painful distance in attitudes and background between some of the older Negro players and the younger "educated" jazzmen, Negro and white. The young usually respect their progenitors but often cannot communicate with them on a personal, let alone musical, level. That the bewilderment and frequent bitterness is reciprocal Holmes illustrates in a brilliant if exaggerated rehearsal studio scene between a young extroverted bandleader and the older, caustic Pool. ("Man what a lot of paper!")

Holmes also writes, though on the surface, of the various roads players choose — uncompromising, lethally competitive jazz; the security and stifling calm of studio work; the musicians who prefer to remain and play in Harlem or the Negro sections of other large cities and thus avoid the further tensions of the downtown world. He touches on the social context of the Negro player's life, a subject almost never attempted in other jazz novels. His knowledge is limited, but he at least recognizes the long hours before the night and the bandstand.

This is a *roman à clef* in that, despite the customary disclaimer, Holmes has obviously given Pool several of the characteristics of Lester Young and a very few of Charlie Parker. Other characters and incidents have more shadowy correspondence with history. Pool is the most fully realized figure in the novel, and if the reasons for the depth of his bitterness and mocking outrage are not wholly clear, their existence is stinging believable.

Holmes unfortunately does not write nearly as persuasively as he, sometimes, observes. He falls into a self-conscious straining for a national (or perhaps cosmic) affirming that is an uncomfortable blend of Thomas Wolfe and Jack Kerouac. ("For America, as only they knew it who had wandered like furtive minnesingers across its billboard wastes to the screaming distances, turned half a man sour, hard-bitten, barren, but awakened a grieving hunger in his heart thereby.") Some of the dialogue is ludicrous, as when a group of musicians are "inventing" bop in 1944 in Los Angeles. ("Man, what are we doing! . . . 'We're winking at the moon,' Wing said into his mouthpiece.") Holmes also caricatures the young "educated" players, of whom he has little understanding.

But despite such flaws, *The Horn* is an important step toward a fiction that is not wholly the dream world of an innocent buff who thinks, for example, that the jazz world is a microcosm of democracy.

—Nat Hentoff

[This review originally appeared in *The Nation* and is republished by permission.]

BUSHELL

(continued from page 10)

She'd been influenced by the horns she'd heard and by church singing. She literally sang with a smile, and that made her sound wide and broad.

"She turned out to be an important influence. Mildred Bailey had some of Ethel; Lena Horne has a lot; and there were others. I'd say the three major influences in jazz singing have been Ethel, Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday. Of course, in Ella Fitzgerald's case, Connie Boswell was the major influence.

"Fletcher didn't write out any thing for Ethel's record dates. You didn't have written music to back singers in those days. The piano player did have music, and the trumpet player would take the melody off the piano sheet. We couldn't use a bass drum although sometimes we

used the snare drum or a wood block. Also we didn't use a bass. Therefore, when there was no drum at all, the rhythm tended to get ragged. Then too we'd be in awkward positions and scattered all over the place, which would also make it hard to keep the rhythm together. We'd spend the greater part of the day making two numbers.

"The records were 'race records,' and were bought by the Negro population. This kind of music was strictly confined to the race catalogue, until, for the most part, the time of Louis Jordan. The white market did not know anything about them.

"We went on tour with Ethel, opening in Philadelphia. Jack Johnson was on the bill with us. He'd just gotten out of Leavenworth. He did some shadow boxing and some talking. People just wanted to look at him.

"We stayed at a place where all the toughs lived. In those days most musicians and performers carried a gun. In those days a Negro didn't have much protection from the law and so had to protect himself. We were still insulted in the streets and couldn't always eat when we were hungry—right in New York too. There was only one theatre in Harlem with stage shows in which I could sit downstairs, and that was the Lafayette, an all-Negro theatre. Wherever there were whites, we couldn't sit downstairs until 1927. That made us bitter.

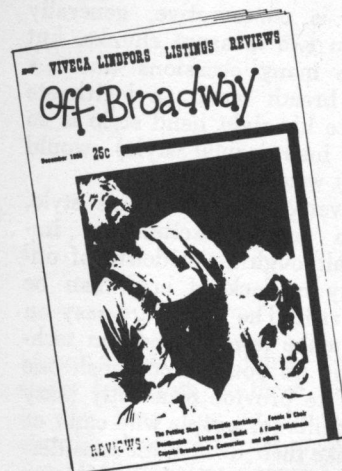
"So in Philadelphia at the Horse-shoe Hotel where we stayed, they tried to rob me, but I pulled my gun and ran everybody out of the room. You were supposed to have a license to carry a gun, but nobody ever had one."

(This is the second in a series.)

Jazz Quiz

Score one point for each correct answer. High score is 55, but notice that there are several bonus questions. *You may listen to any records* in taking the quiz, but consult no reference books or record labels or sleeves. Answers on p. 48.

- 1) (a) Name one record on which Chu Berry played with the Count Basie orchestra.
(b) Name one record on which Coleman Hawkins played with the Count Basie orchestra.
(c) Name three major drummers who have recorded with all three of these men: Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, and Charlie Parker.
- 2) What musicians are known by the following nick names? (a) Rabbit, (b) Bags, (c) Bird, (d) Hawk, (e) Toilet, (f) Bean, (g) Lion.
- 3) What are the real names behind these professional names? (a) Leroy's Buddy, (b) Bumble Bee Slim, (c) Tampa Red, (d) Speckled Red, (e) Eddie Lang.
- 4) What are the real first names of these musicians? (a) Buck Clayton, (b) Luckey Roberts, (c) Lucky Thompson, (d) Miff Mole, (e) Matty Matlock. Bonus: (f) Jack Teagarden.
- 5) What do the following have in common (it is not musical):
(a) Sonny Greer, Buster Bailey, Count Basie, and Cozy Cole?
(b) Pete Brown, Trummy Young, Bubber Miley, and Punch Miller?
(c) Yank Lawson, Teddy Buckner and Zoot Sims?
Bonus question:
(d) Bix Beiderbecke, Chu Berry, and Barney Bigard?
- 6) Give alternate titles for the following Jelly Roll Morton composition: (a) *New Orleans Joys*, (b) *Stratford Hunch*, (c) *Mister Joe*, (d) *London Blues*, (e) *Black Bottom Stomp* (f) *Fickle Fay Creep*
Bonus:
(g) *Big Fat Ham*, (h) *Fish Tail Blues*, (i) *Froggy Moore*, (j) Name a Chu Berry specialty with Cab Calloway based on *King Porter Stomp*.
- 7) (a) Name one clarinet player who was recorded both with Jelly Roll Morton and Bunk Johnson.
(b) Name a trombonist who has recorded both with Dizzy Gillespie and Louis Armstrong.
(c) Name a trombonist who recorded both with King Oliver and Bunk Johnson.
- 8) What musicians were hiding behind these pseudonyms on record dates?
(a) Albany Biggers, (b) Jelly Roll Lipschitz, (c) Charlie Chan, (d) Gabriel, (e) Shorty Nadine, (f) Shoeless Joe Jackson.
Bonuses: go through the list again and give the record label involved in each case.
- 9) (a) When the Hot Five's *The Last Time* was rediscovered and issued, what already well-known record did it remind one of? Bonus: (b) by what group?
(c) What two Hot Five titles for sure do not have Kid Ory?
Bonus: (d) Who replaced him?
- 10) Identify each of these Armstrong records (in a theme, a chord structure, etc.) with at least one earlier Armstrong record:
(a) *Satchel Mouth Swing*, (b) *Fireworks*, (c) *Sweet Savannah Sue*, (d) *Savoyager's Strut*, (e) *Ding Dong Daddy*. Bonus: (f) *Tiger Rag*.
- 11) What do the following tunes have in common: *Salty Dog*, *Smokehouse Blues*, *Lazy River*, *Ballin' the Jack*?
- 12) Ellingtonia
(a) Give an alternate title for *Night Wind*. Bonus: (b) Give its composer. (c) What Ellington composition gave rise to the Hudson-DeLange *Moonglow*? (d) What Ellington composition gave rise to Ellington's *Echos of Harlem*? Bonus: (d) What earlier Ellington arrangement gave rise to *Caravan*?
- 13) (a) What do the following have in common (this one is musical): Lonnie Johnson, Chick Bullock, Bing Crosby, Tommy Dorsey, Mills Brothers, Ethel Waters, Dizzy Gillespie, and Rosemary Clooney?
(b) What do the following have in common: *Get Out Of Here (and Go On Home)*, *Hotter Than That*, and *The Flaming Sword*?
- 14) (a) Will Hudson's *White Heat* for the Lunceford band is obviously based on what Benny Moten composition? And what is it, in turn, based on?
(b) What Oliver record has one strain with the same changes as *Ballin' the Jack*?
- 15) What is the oldest known blues?
- 16) All bonus:
(a) Name a ragtime waltz and its composer. (b) Name a swing waltz and its composer.

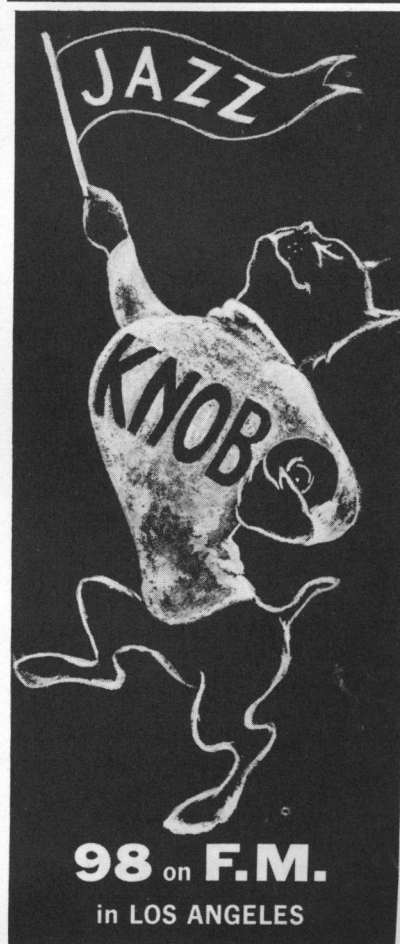


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THE JAZZ REVIEW

THE BLUES

PUT IT RIGHT HERE

I've had a man for fifteen year, give him his room and board;
Once he was like a Cadillac, now he's like an old, worn-out Ford;
He never brought me a lousy dime and put it in my hand;
So there'll be some changes from now on, according to my plan:

He's got to get it, bring it, and put it right here ,
Or else he's goin' keep it out there;
If he must steal it, beg it, or borrow it somewhere,
Long as he gets it, I don't care.
I'm tired of buyin' porkchops to grease his fat lips,
And he has to find another place for to park his old hips;
He must get it, and bring it, and put it right here.
Or else he's goin' to keep it out there.

The bee gets the honey and brings it to the comb,
Else he's kicked out of his home sweet home.

To show you that they brings it, watch the dog and the cat;
Everything even brings it, from a mule to a gnat.

The rooster gets the worm and brings it to the hen;
That oughta be a tip to all you no-good men.

The groundhog even brings it and puts it in his hole,
So my man is got to bring it — doggg-gawwwn his soul!

He's got to get it, bring it, and put it right here,
Or else he's goin' to keep it out there.
If he must steal it, beg it, borrow it somewhere,
Long as he gets it ,chile, I don't care;
I'm goin' to tell him like the China-man when you don't bring-um check,
You don't get-um laundry, if you break-um damn neck;
You got to get it, bring it, and put it right here,
Or else you goin' to keep it out there.

(By Porter Grainger, Sung by Bessie Smith, Columbia JZ-1. Transcribed by Robert A. Perlono)



PALLET ON THE FLOOR

Make me a pallet on your floor.
Make me a pallet on your floor.
Make me a pallet, baby, a pallet on your floor,
So when your good gal comes, she will never know.

Make it very soft and low.
Make it, babe, very soft and low.
Make it, baby, near your kitchen door,
So when your good gal comes she will never know.

I'll get up in the morning and cook you a red hot meal.
I'll get up in the morning and I cook you a red hot meal.
To show you I 'preciate, baby, what you done for me
When you made me a pallet on your floor.

Make it soft and low.
Make it, baby, soft and low.
If you feel like laying down, babe, with me on the floor,
When your good gal comes home, she will never know.

(As sung by Mama Yancey on Session 12-003. Transcribed by Roger Pryor Dodge.)
(Contributions to this department are invited.)

JAZZ IN PRINT

by NAT HENTOFF

The Liveliest Art: From a Hollywood report in the November 30 *Herald Tribune*: "The first screen saga of the 'Beat Generation' is being filmed today with the logical title of *The Beat Generation*. Enterprising Al Zugsmith is making it, and he beat out three other producers for the title. The first day of shooting brought out a motley crowd of actors. The scene was a typical beat joint in which Louis Armstrong was singing a song titled *The Beat Generation*. 'Written by the same men who did *White Cliffs of Dover*,' Mr. Zugsmith reported with wonderment. . . . Fred Ramsey, Jr. is now doing the mid-month jazz record reviews for *The Saturday Review*. Wilder Hobson continues his column in the *Recordings* issue of *SR* toward the end of the month. The November 15 *SR* contained *T Is For Teagarden* by Jay D. Smith. It's a good if not brilliant appreciation. Same issue has John Hammond's review of D. R. Connor's *B.G. Off the Record (A Bio/Discography of Benny Goodman)*. The highly provocative last paragraph of Hammond's review: "Some day a book will be written that will help us understand the complex and tortured Benny Goodman who contributed so much to the American musical scene up until 1946. The Goodman of today bears little resemblance to the innovator of the past."

Hammond, it would seem to me, is the man to write that book.

Robert Sylvester, *New York Daily News* columnist, printed on November 18 a review of the Jack Teagarden band, touring the Far East under the auspices of ANTA and the State Department. The review appeared in the *Amritar Bazar Patrika* of Calcutta: "The Teagarden band gave us a number called *When The Saints Come Marching In*, which would appear to any ear, particularly that of a Bengalee, like a rhythm which he hears each year during the Pujas, performed by local drummers at the time of offering to the mother goddess Durga."

Ray Bentley, who reviewed *The*

Horn for *The New York Times* (see *Jazz in Print*, November) writes: "Your review of reviews of *The Horn* omitted comment on Paul Pickrel's bit in *Harper's* which had a more spectacular error than my Hawkins miscue; he said 'The Horn' was a great trumpet player. And you missed the best review of the lot: Whitney Balliett's in *The New Yorker*."

Max Jones in *The World of Jazz* in the November 15 *Melody Maker* summarizes an Ed Hall interview in the *Toronto Daily Star*: "There were two reasons why he quit Armstrong's All-Stars, says Hall. The first was because in three years of traveling around the world, 'Louis wouldn't take a vacation. He was afraid to stop playing for four or five nights for fear he'd go bad.' And the other was boredom with the same programme. 'A guy's got to do something new once in a while to develop,' Hall explained. He added: 'We made records . . . but wouldn't even play those tunes. It was just the same concert night after night until I couldn't take it any more. That isn't jazz.'"

About the November 10 Timex "Jazz" TV show, Ralph Gleason wrote in the November 16 *San Francisco Chronicle*: "That Timex TV show set jazz back 20 years, didn't it. When the Les Brown band started to blow *Four Brothers* it sounded like four old maids . . . It was the worst jazz TV show yet . . ." John Crosby in the November 14 *Herald Tribune* on the same show: ". . . one of the best jazz shows I ever saw or heard. But it carried within it the seeds of destruction for future jazz shows simply because it prodigally ran through most of jazz's best standbys from *One O'clock Jump* to *South Rampart Street Parade*. It was a great tuneful show that left the joint jumping, but what are you going to do next time?"

Play some jazz?

Duke Ellington to Kenneth Allsop in the London *Daily Mail* about the disappointment expressed by some British jazz listeners concerning the

nature of big programs: "All the audience weren't jazz addicts. We cater for all tastes. I have a repertoire of thousands of pieces, but I don't decide the programme until I'm out there on the stage and have seen the audience. As it was, I think we communicated."

Jazz Music: The International Jazz Magazine is mainly for traditionalists and is available in this country from Bill Stamm, 2263 Morrison Avenue, Union, New Jersey. It's \$1.25 a year. The editor is Steve Lane, 51 Dewhurst Road, Brook Green, London W. 14. The magazine comes out every two months, is pocket-size, contains news from various countries, reviews, discographical information, criticism, etc.

The November/December *Record Research* — quite well designed, by the way — has a long and interesting *Saga of a Sideman* by Rudy Powell as told to Ernie Smith.

An important book, *The Myth of the Negro Past*, by Melville J. Herskovits is now available in paperback. (Beacon Press, Inc., Beacon Hill, Boston, \$2.25). "It is a study in depth of the American Negro and the sources of his culture." . . .

Story on Alvin Alcorn in the October *Jazz Report*, Bob Koester's monthly . . . Frank Tenot has a piece on the history of jazz drumming in the December *Jazz* magazine (Paris). When a magazine's address is not given, the data has appeared in previous *Jazz in Print* summaries . . . Bruce Cook writes about Django Reinhardt in the December *Hi Fi Review*. Nothing new and too much hyperbole. "He was the greatest jazz guitarist," it says in the first paragraph. He was unique, but for jazz, there was Charlie Christian, after all, among others. Ralph Gleason and this writer review jazz and pop records every month for *HiFi Review*. Leonard Feather, assisted by Ira Gitler and Charles Graham, does jazz albums regularly for *HiFi Music at Home* and almost always has a monthly feature besides. John S. Wilson continues in *High Fidelity*.

RAY

STEVE

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JAZZ HORIZONS

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Steve's songs

His Jazz Greats

The February, 1959, *Nugget* contains Charles Edward Smith's review of jazz in 1958. December *High Fidelity* has an article on Blue Note, an invaluable jazz label, by John S. Wilson.

If you're interested in the dance, you ought to see the new *Dance Perspectives*, 1801 East 26th Street, Brooklyn 29, N. Y. Single issue is \$1.50 and it's \$5.00 a year . . . The William Russo who writes on classical recordings for *The Saturday Review* (c.f. "Art of the Fugue" for *Strings* in the December 6 issue) is the same William Russo who is on the faculty of The School of Jazz and occasionally contributes to this journal . . . From *Variety*: "Corpus Christi, Texas, November 25 — Red Camp, a jazz pianist who resides here, uses playing cards to improvise music. After shuffling a pack of cards he deals himself a five-card hand to use for a theme. Each card, with the exception of the king, signifies a particular note. If he wants a secondary theme he shuffles the deck again, dealing a second.

What does the rhythm section need to open?

Correction from Stanley Dance about this writer's review of the Panassié discography in the first issue of *The Jazz Review*. I had written that Panassié was assisted by Dance in re the big bands. Says Dance: "He knows far more about them and their music than I do — or anyone else does, I suspect."

Max Jones in the November 22 *Melody Maker* writes that Lucky

Thompson, now in Europe, has as his base a 35-acre farm in Belleville, Michigan.

The "It's Magic" School of Jazz Criticism: Wilder Hobson in the November 29 *Saturday Review*: "Its beauty is of the brief, inspired sort which resists any such pontifical exercise as erecting a scale of values. Who is to discriminate, in this sense, between such trumpeters as Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, Joe Smith, Tommy Ladnier, Roy Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis? One can merely try to characterize them individually (a difficult enough task as those who have tried it will appreciate) and salute them as men who have been magicians."

Same issue has a letter from H.O. Brunn applauding Hobson's previous statement that the Original Dixieland Jazz Band "is a more stimulating combination than . . . King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band."

Joe didn't know enough magic tricks?

Ross Parmenter's music news roundup in the November 30 *New York Times* tells of "a craze for jazz that is spreading through Germany. Many youngsters are forming their own bands and rehearsing in homes. Some of the names they have taken are entertaining. They include Die Old Heidebtown Ramblers aus Celle, Die High School Hot Seven aus Hannover, Die Oimel Jazz Youngsters and Die Riverboat-Seven aus Muenchen."

The November *Jazz-Hot* has, among other features, articles on

Joe Newman, Walter Davis and Ronnell Bright . . . The November *Jazz Journal* should hearten George Wein. Two of its writers — Berta Wood and Dan Morgenstern — are strongly in favor of Newport. Both are most impressed that "musical democracy" exists at Newport. There is, of course, the same quality of democracy in a supermarket, as Miles Davis has pointed out. Or at the circus. Bears, seals, high wire acts, etc.

News of the older swing era musicians is reported in the November *Bulletin du Hot Club de France* (the Panassié monthly) by his New York correspondent, Olivier Keller . . .

Matrix, a jazz record research magazine is published every two months. Originally an Australian magazine, it is now edited by George Hulme and is produced in England. As of January 1, the valuable *Discophile* magazine is merging with *Matrix*. The American subscription rate is \$1.25 per year and the address is *Matrix* (Dept. JR) at P.O. Box 87, Station "J", Toronto 6, Ontario, Canada.

Norman O'Connor in the *Boston Globe* November 9 on the booking agents: "Too many still have a country fair mentality, in which there is no concern for the public, no interest in what is best for the business, but only a delight in how much can 'we make, and let's get out of here fast'."

Duke Ellington's philosophy of programming was further explained by him to Art Buchwald in the November 16 *Herald Tribune*: "Some want Dixieland, others want the music to be cool, still others want me to sit around playing *Mood Indigo*. I don't care what I play. All I'm interested in is communication. We want everyone to come to the party. When they grunt, you know they're communicating."

Tom Sachs has an Erroll Garner discography in the November *Jazz Monthly* (England) . . . The November-December *Recorded Folk Music* (England) has articles on Yugoslav and Indian music . . . Martin Williams, along with Joe Goldberg and Larry Gushee, reviews jazz records for Jimmy Lyons' excellent *American Record Guide*. It's \$3.50 a year; Post Office Box 319, Radio City Station, New York 19, N. Y. Goldberg on Brubeck: "It would seem that jazz is not his natural form of expression, but he is determined to play jazz, as if a man who knew five hundred words of French were to attempt a novel in that language." . . . Recommended: engineer-pianist David Hancock's *Piracy*

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on the LP *Seas* in the December *HiFi Music at Home*. It's about the strange "sources" of several albums of Russian scores on the market . . .

Department of Utter Overgeneralization: Whitney Balliett in the December 6 *New Yorker*: "With the exception of the bright, needling, occasionally even truculent work of Charlie Mingus, Thelonious Monk, Gil Evans, and John Lewis, most modern jazz swings aimlessly back and forth between a sloppy monotony and an Edwardian fastidiousness . . ."

All clear?

John McLellan's report of the Timex Show — we're back to that again — was the only I've seen that mentioned Louis' clams. In the *Traveler*, McLellan who has written very warmly of Louis in the past, wrote accurately that Louis was "awful" that night. McLellan went on to wonder: "Suppose it had been a classical concert. Suppose the star trumpet soloist blew one clinker after another. Surely, everyone would have climbed all over the program, its producers and its 'stars.'"

No, John. John Crosby has no ear, period. Nor have most of the others.

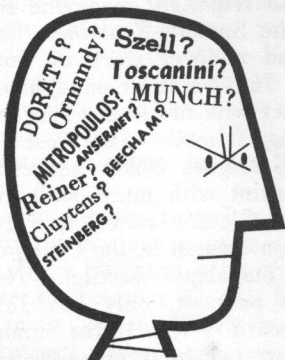
Liner Notes to Live By: (A new department to which contributions are welcomed, including fool's gold by the curator of this department in his liner note guise). From Jerry Lanning's notes to *Candido in Indigo* (ABC-Paramount 236): "Of especial note is the reliably reported fact that Ernie Royal, during the course of his solo, rose several feet straight off the floor, leaving his shoes neatly in place behind." Later on, Mr. Lanning reveals: "Leading off Side Two — *Afro Blue*. Kind of makes you want to push off into the Interior from Kenya, doesn't it? Say . . . 'yes.'" Still later: "Then you fire up your turntable and lower the tone arm onto *Candido in Indigo*. Go sit down. Smile." Go to hell.

Benny Green, in addition to writing regularly for the weekly *Record Mirror* (London) now also writes on jazz for *The Observer* on Sunday while Kingsley Amis, the David Lawrence of British jazz reviewers, is lecturing (on the novel) in America. Peter Heyworth reported on the Leeds Festival (classical music and jazz) for the October 19 *Observer*: "I would not care to assert that there is more originality and invention in Fricker's new oratorio, *A Vision of Judgement*, than in Ellington's *Such Sweet Thunder*, or that the wonderfully expressive singing of Jimmy Rushing is less musical or accomplished than the average run of *Lieder* recitals."

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Alderson Fry, Medical Center Library, West Virginia University, writes that the entire October 1958 issue of the *Asculape*, a French history of medicine magazine is devoted to two articles—*Le Jazz, Mystère Religieux ou Convulsion Epileptique?* and *Le Public du Jazz*. We'll give a subscription for a copy; two subs for two.

A. M. Rosenthal, reporting from Warsaw in the December 8 *New York Times*: "The first performance of a significant Polish composition took place at the Philharmonia Concert Hall here last night. It was *Warsaw Ragtime No. 1*, performed by the New Orleans Stompers. It was a smash success . . . 'We are the only ones who can show a profit at the Philharmonia,' said a member of the Polish Federation of Jazz Clubs . . ." Dixie is very popular among the young people. Older people prefer the Dave Brubeck style—people of 20 or so . . . That is a big problem in Warsaw—records. On the black market a long-playing jazz record will fetch 300 to 600 zlotys (about \$12 to \$24). They are usually bought as community property by groups of students and are cherished like old masterpieces. There are thirteen official jazz clubs in Poland, a jazz journal and jazz festivals . . ."

Arrigo Polillo of *Musica Jazz* magazine is the author of a new book, *Il Jazz Moderno* (G. Ricordi & C., Milano, Via Berchet 2, Italy). It's beautifully printed and there's a generally excellent set of photographs (contrast it for quality with those in the *Encyclopedia of Jazz* series). I will not pretend to comment on the text, but if we can find a staff man who reads Italian, we'll review it . . .

Life's special issue, *U. S. Entertainment*, December 22, 1958, was brashly shallow (a relative exception was a piece on the business end of show business.) The jazz section consisted mainly of realistic and undistinguished paintings by Morton Roberts (the parade uniforms were good) and the usual jazz-began-in-sporting-houses-in-New Orleans-and-came-up-the-river over simplification. There are some good quotes from musicians (probably due to Nesuhi Ertegün who did the research for the project). I don't suppose the article will harm anybody, but it's not going to tell anybody much about jazz either. You can, however, find out Lulu White once spent \$30,000 decorating a room in her brothel. The main drag is that a magazine with so much bread and resources and so large an audience so consistently misses the point. Not only about

jazz. It's like *Life* is the Stan Kenton of the field. . .

It took courage, I suppose, for Jack McKinney to write the silliest article published on Monk in many years (January, 1959, *Metronome*). Jack should ask a friendly musician to check his musical examples, by the way. That wasn't a chord Gunther Schuller was talking about; it was an interval.

Stan Getz is now based in Denmark. Details in the December 6 *Melody Maker*. Same issue has a detailed analysis by Steve Race of the cross-rhythms in Brubeck's recording of *Someday My Prince Will Come* . . . The December, 1956, *Atlantic Monthly* has a brief article on jazz in Italy and a longer, well-done analysis of the classical music situation in Italy . . . I doubt if any city in the country has as extensive newspaper jazz coverage as the Bay Area with Ralph Gleason in the *Chronicle*, C. H. Garrigues in the *Examiner* and Russ Wilson in the *Oakland Tribune*. They do records, features, news, including Sunday pieces. Wilson in the November 23 *Parade* magazine section of his paper covered a Rudy Salvi big band concert at San Quentin. In the December 28 *Highlight* magazine section of the Sunday *Examiner*, Garrigues had a cover story on Judy Tristano. Judy, a tenor saxophonist and former wife of Lennie Tristano, is heading a combo (the rest are males). Garrigues makes her come alive in print with much skill and sensitivity. Gleason now has a full page plus a column in the *Chronicle* Sunday magazine section. New York, by contrast, only has John Wilson record reviews in the Sunday *Times* every two or three weeks and John's concert reviews for the few concerts that occur in a season . . .

Jim Anzelo does a weekly jazz column in the San Bernardino, California, *Sun and Telegram* with a combined circulation of 120,000. Congratulations to Don Gold for his *Basie Plays Hefti* record review in the January 8 *Down Beat*. He also decimates Abbey Lincoln. Riverside is doing Abbey a serious disservice in continuing to bill her as a jazz singer . . . Johnny Mandel, quoted on Elmer Bernstein in a John McLellan column in the *Boston Traveler*: ". . . he is no more a jazz musician than say Leonard Bernstein is."

In the January *Ebony*, Billy Taylor is a full-page Smirnoff man of distinction. So when is Smirnoff going to run it in *Life*? . . . Russ Wilson reports in the *Oakland Tribune* of December 21 that the Brubeck quartet gave two concerts to

raise money to send the Northern California Honor Orchestra of 100 musicians to a Music Educators National Conference in Salt Lake City . . . Leonard Feather notes in the latest *Encyclopedia of Jazz Yearbook* that only Benny Carter and Frank Sinatra have refused to take a Blindfold Test. The curator of this space makes the third, then. As a long-time observer at carnivals, I've often been entertained watching a shell game, but have never invested in one. The Tests are amusing, but they prove very little unless one is a convinced solipsist. For more comment on the Tests, see Bill Crow's review of the new *Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz* elsewhere in next issue. Over the years, I would much rather the musicians in the Tests had been told in advance whom they were hearing. I think the resultant body of opinion—without the strain of guessing—would have been a lot more valuable.

Ralph Gleason in the December 23 *Chronicle* calls the January jazz issue of *Esquire* "required reading for jazz fans." He mentions John Clellon Holmes' "wildly mistaken impression that 'no longer is it unusual for a jazz lp to sell over half a million copies.'" Gleason says, on the contrary, that "it is unusual for any album, jazz or otherwise, to sell over 50,000 much less 500,000, according to the trade paper, *Billboard*. I think it can be said without fear of contradiction that there have not been 20 lps in the history of the record business which have sold over 500,000 copies and none of them are jazz."

About the January *Esquire*, I'd agree that anyone interested in jazz ought to have it, but I found it disappointing. There is an entertaining, fairly perceptive profile of John Hammond—as far as it goes—by Richard Gehman. Ralph Ellison has a piece on Minton's which is an elaboration on the obvious and contributes little fresh information or insight on the subject. John Clellon Holmes' *The Golden Age: Time Present* is naive in its partial knowledge of the current scene and tells little of the many complex hassels a contemporary jazzman still has. Most valuable are some of the statements concerning the future in a section quoting eight musicians, among them Thelonious Monk and Duke Ellington. There are pictures—four full-page trick shots that are all right but that substitute ingenuity for art. There is also a by now controversial two-page spread gathering 57 jazzmen from Luckey Roberts to Horace Silver on one Harlem street. In a future issue of *The Jazz Review*, I'll

give you the background of that picture. It has nothing to do with jazz, but I'd suggest you not miss David Schoenbrun's *Backstage with Backstage* on Page 129.

The first part of a two-part series on Gil Evans and Miles Davis by Max Harrison is in the December *Jazz monthly* (England). This is criticism. Same issue has the story of Milton Larkins as told to Frank Driggs. Alun Morgan, during a Chico Hamilton record review in the same issue: "Why is it that the Modern Jazz Quartet and the Gerry Mulligan groups have prospered artistically while Chico's Quintet has not? It is easy to point to the replacement of Buddy Collette and Jim Hall . . . but this is not the true answer. I believe the truth lies in the lack of significant personality; the MJO translates the musical thoughts of John Lewis while Gerry Mulligan's ideals dominate the music of his various groups but Hamilton's Quintet is like a superbly constructed sports car with no driver."

Several musicians have told me the sound setup at Monterey was superb. For a detailed description of how it was done, you can consult R. J. Tinkham's *Sound Recording and Reinforcing at the Monterey Jazz Festival* in the December Audio . . . Fine introductory piece on Philly Joe Jones' drumming by Ralph Gleason in the December 2 *Chronicle* . . . My thanks to Nelly Verrey for pointing out this passage in George Harmon Coxe's *The Big Gamble*, a Kent Murdock Mystery published by Knopf in 1958. Murdock digs jazz. "The only thing good he had seen on television was that hour program CBS had put on one Sunday afternoon. It was called the 'Sound of Jazz' or something like that. Count Basie and Billie Holliday (sic) and three or four smaller groups. No scenery, no dancing girls, no special effects. Just about twenty 'mikes,' a good audio man to co-ordinate them, and a bunch of guys blowing their brains out with not a sheet of music in the studio." There were somewhat less than 20 mikes and somewhat more than no sheets of music in the studio but we all thank you anyway, sir . . .

Soviet Jazz Fans Combat Squares was a headline in the December 7 *New York Times*. Mikhail Kadomtsev, composer and variety band conductor employed by the All-Russian Concert Tour Agency, had written a letter to the newspaper of Moscow's young Communists. He was answering a reader who wondered why all the local papers put jazz down when "not a single" party of youngsters was held without it. "The main

thing," Kadomtsev wrote, "is that one must stop treating jazz as a strange caprice of youth, as a whim of fashion . . . It is high time to understand that this is art and that it is very much liked by our youth, and any art has an equal right to progress." He went on to criticize the Ministry of Culture for not promoting jazz "like any other art." He finally "called for competitions for an all-out effort to produce indigenous jazz combining the 'picturesque, very lyrical and melodic musical art of the Negro people' with the national song traditions of the Soviet people."

Mr. Kadomtsev is going to have a hard road. During a November meeting in Prague of Communist composers of dance music, reports the *Times* the same day, the Soviet delegate, I. P. Illjin "said that dance music should help educate the young generation of 'builders of communism' in the 'spirit of humanistic ideas.' He said that good jazz had a place, but not jazz that aroused 'dark, animal instincts.'"

Czech composer Jan Kapr "urged his colleagues not to worry about competing with American jazz because they had no need of American standards. 'If in a normal society a man, while speaking, would shake with hiccups or act as if he had a violent stomach ache, he would be considered to be badly behaved,'" said the composer. "Well, a similar situation exists in jazz music today."

Sounds like he writes on the side for British jazz magazines.

Duke Ellington as quoted in *Newsweek*, December 29, sent in by Mimi Clar: "Queen Elizabeth talked as American as you can talk. When her neck itched, she scratched it—which I thought was extremely democratic."

Practically a libertarian.

Interesting article on network censorship of songs that might offend minority groups in the September, 1958 *ADL Bulletin* by Jo Ranson . . . Pianist Vince Guaraldi asked by Ralph Gleason who his favorite musician is: "Zoot Sims is my favorite saxophone player. He can make me cry. He's a guy that it's in his soul to play. It's beautiful. It's not out-of-the-book-let's-go-to-school. He's a human being." . . . From the December *Coda* (Editor, John Norris, P.O. Box 87, Station 'J', Toronto 6, Ontario): Dan Morgenstern reports that "Sandy Williams, whose comeback began this summer, is regaining his confidence and plays regularly at Central Plaza." I don't recall seeing a line about his return in *Down Beat*. Morgenstern notes Lester Young had

a good week at the Five Spot in early November. He said to pianist Valdo Williams during the a piano solo: "Don't give up. Don't never give up." Morgenstern adds "It's hard to lick all those tales of decline and fall, but Lester has a few surprises for those who believe them." Same issue has a good interview with Bud Freeman by Ken McKrimmon. The magazine quotes Gordon Sinclair, *Toronto Star*, about Louis Armstrong: ". . . I'd label the man as strictly a no-talent in the vocal field. He still plays better than average trumpet . . . although there are at least three better horn-handlers here in Toronto . . . but on song he is not only incompetent, he is repulsive."

Aren't you going to give us the names of those horn-handlers, sir? And who are your favorite singers—after Jane Morgan, I mean.

An excellent British classical music magazine is *The Score*, 2 Beaufort House, Beaufort Street, London S.W. 3. It's issued three times a year for \$3.25. Robert Craft has a piece in the November, 1958 issue on Boulez and Stockhausen; Hans Keller on Haydn String Quartets; and one of John Lewis' favorite writers, Suzanne Langer writes on *The Principle of Assimilation*. From this amateur's point of view, *The Score* seems much more valuable than the American *Musical Quarterly*.

From a new British book, *Bugles for Beiderbecke*, by Wareing and Garlick: "By the end of 1927 all that was of intrinsic merit ever to be said in jazz had already been said."

Was that December 15 or 16, 1927?

Best review of *I Want to Live* I've seen was by Stanley Kauffman in the December 22 *New Republic*. He exposes the basic weakness of the film: "We think: 'How horrible that this is happening to an innocent woman;' we ought to be thinking 'What a horrible thing for human beings to do to any human being.'" He ends: "I wonder why lovers of jazz don't object to its unvarying association in films with depravity, dope, and crime. If jazz really has range of content, if it is more than visceral excitement, when are we going to see a hero and heroine walk into the sunset to the strains of a Dixieland beat?"

George Wein will be in charge of a three-day jazz festival in Boston in August on the same scale as Newport, it's been announced in the *Boston Traveler*. Can this now be planned as a real one? George knows the difference; I hope he acts on his knowledge.

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IDEAS WANTED: Ideas for jazz records needed by new label seeking to enter jazz field with a difference. Already in th can are "*Thelonious Monk plays Jelly Roll Morton*," "*Norman Granz Sings*" (with Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, Herb Ellis, Louis Bellson and Mary Jane Outwater), "*Nat Hentoff with Dictionaries*," "*Gunther Schuller Gets Funky*," "*Calling M. W.*" with Red Garland, Cannonball Adderley and J. J. Johnson, "*Jazz Impressions of Antarctica*" with Lee Konitz. Payment royalty basis for right ideas. Box 3313, *Jazz Review*.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

when the verse is heard in its proper context and its ingenious double-meaning is comprehended. Reference to the use of a hoe there is not; perhaps Mr. Shih is guilty of a certain "pastoral strain?"

Does Muddy Waters represent a later development of blues singing than Rushing? Big Bill Broonzy didn't think so. When "Charlie Parker was taking the high road from K.C." was Muddy Waters taking the low road? The implication is that he stems from K.C. which is incorrect historically and musically. And is he a "late fruit" of the R & B era? Only in the sense that this Mississippi singer who learned from Charlie Patton, Son House and Robert Johnson has, in the course of time, altered his style through the influence of R & B. His Chess lp—my copy bears the number Chess LP-1427, not Chess 1247—is a collection, not a collation, of successes of which half were made before 1953: items 2, 3, 4, 5 on the first side being made in 1951 and *I Can't Be Satisfied* being made in 1950. Furthermore, this latter title was a remake of *I be's Troubled* which Muddy cut for Alan Lomax and the Library of Congress in Clarksdale in 1941, when R&B was in its infancy to say the least, and scarcely an influence on Muddy's style at this time, for this blues was his personal "field holler" which he sang while working on a plantation at Stovall, Mississippi. Or is this another "schizoid overtone"—whatever that may be?

As a matter of interest here is a transcription of Blind Lemon Jefferson's *That Growling Baby Blues*:

"Heard a baby crying; what do his mama mean?"

Heard a baby crying; what do his mama mean?

He's crying about his sweet milk and she won't feed him just the cream

(Well he) Crawled from the fireplace an 'e stopped in the middle of the floor, Crawled from the fireplace an 'e stopped in the middle of the floor,

Says "Mama, ain't that your second daddy standing back there in the door."

Well she grabbed my baby, spanked him, and I tried to make her leave him 'lone

Well she grabbed my baby, spanked him, and I tried to make her leave him 'lone

I tried my best to stop her an' she said "The babe ain't none of mine."

Some woman rocks the cradle 'n I declare she rules her home, woman rocks the cradle 'n I declare she rules her home,

Married man rocks some other man's baby, fool thinks he's rockin' his own.

Well it was late last night when I learned (I said) Well it was late last night when I learned the crawlin' baby blues

My woman threw my clo's outdoors, now I got the crawlin' baby Blues."

Paul Oliver

ANSWERS TO JAZZ QUIZ

- (a) *Cherokee, Blame It on My Last Affair, Thursday, Evil Blues*, or *Jive at Five*. (b) *Feedin' the Bean* or *9:20 Special*. (c) Sidney Catlet, Cozy Cole, and Zutty Singleton.
- (a) Johnny Hodges, (b) Milt Jackson, (c) Charlie Parker, (d) Coleman Hawkins, (e) Johnny Dodds, (f) Coleman Hawkins, (g) Willie Smith.
- (a) Bill Gaither, (b) Amos Easton, (c) Hudson Whitaker, (d) Rufus Perryman, (e) Salvatore Massaro.
- (a) Wilbur, (b) Luckeythe, (c) Eli, (d) Irving, (e) Julian, (f) Weldon.
- (a) They are all named William. (b) They are all named James. (c) These are all named John. (d) And these Leon.
- (a) *New Orleans Blues*, (b) *Chicago Breakdown*, (c) *Buffalo Blues*, (d) *Shoe Shiner's Drag*, (e) *Queen of Spades*, (f) *Soap Suds*, (g) *Ham and Eggs* (or *Big Foot Ham*, if you must) (h) *Sidewalk Blues*, (i) *Sweetheart O'Mine* or *Frog-i-more Rag*, (j) *At the Clambake Carnival*.
- (a) Garvin Bushell or Sidney Bechet, (b) Trummy Young, (c) Ed Cuffe.
- (a) Barney Bigard (b) Eddy Heywood (c) Charlie Parker (d) Dizzy Gillespie (e) Nat "King" Cole (f) Benny Goodman or Mel Powell
- (a) *Mad Dog* (b) New Orleans Bootblacks (no credit for the Wanderers), (c) *Irish Black Bottom* and *You Made Me Love You*, (d) *John Thomas*.
- (a) *Coal Cart Blues*, (b) *Hotter Than That*, (c) *Knee Drops* (In less obvious ways *Hotter Than That* and *Fireworks* also qualify), (d) *Muskrat Ramble*, (e) *Skip The Gutter*, (f) *Hotter Than That*.
- A similar, almost identical, chord structure.
- (a) *Finesse*, (b) Django Reinhardt on some versions. No one is listed on the Columbia version. On Keynote-Emarcy version, just "Deal Music" (on the current release). Rex Stewart wrote it. (c) *Lazy* (or *Swanee*) *Rhapsody*, (d) *Blue Tune* (1932, for clarity), (e) *Alabama Home* (Gotham Stompers).
- (a) They have all recorded with Duke Ellington. (b) They have in common *Tiger Rag*, strains and changes thereof.
- (a) *Toby*, based on the chords of *Sweet Sue*, (b) *Mandy Lee Blues*.
- Got Dem Blues* (1872).
- (a) Scott Joplin's *Pleasant Moments*, (b) Benny Carter's *Waltzin' The Blue* or Fat Waller's *Jitterburg Waltz*. Let Jerome Kern's *Waltz in Swingtime* pass too.

'58

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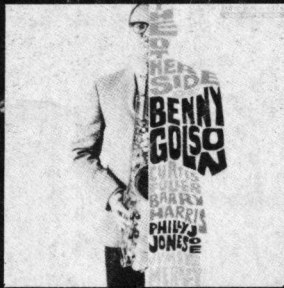
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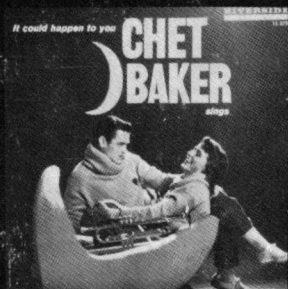
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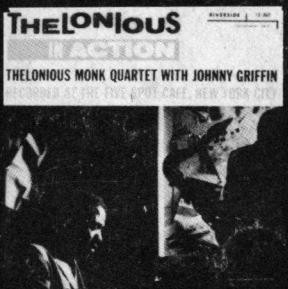
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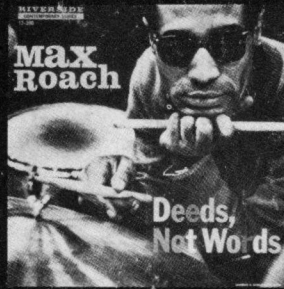
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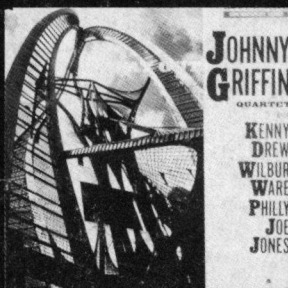
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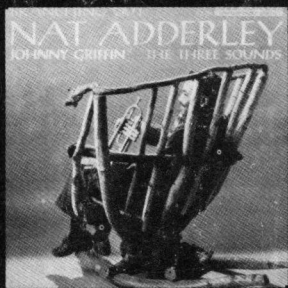
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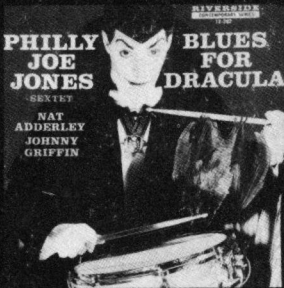
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