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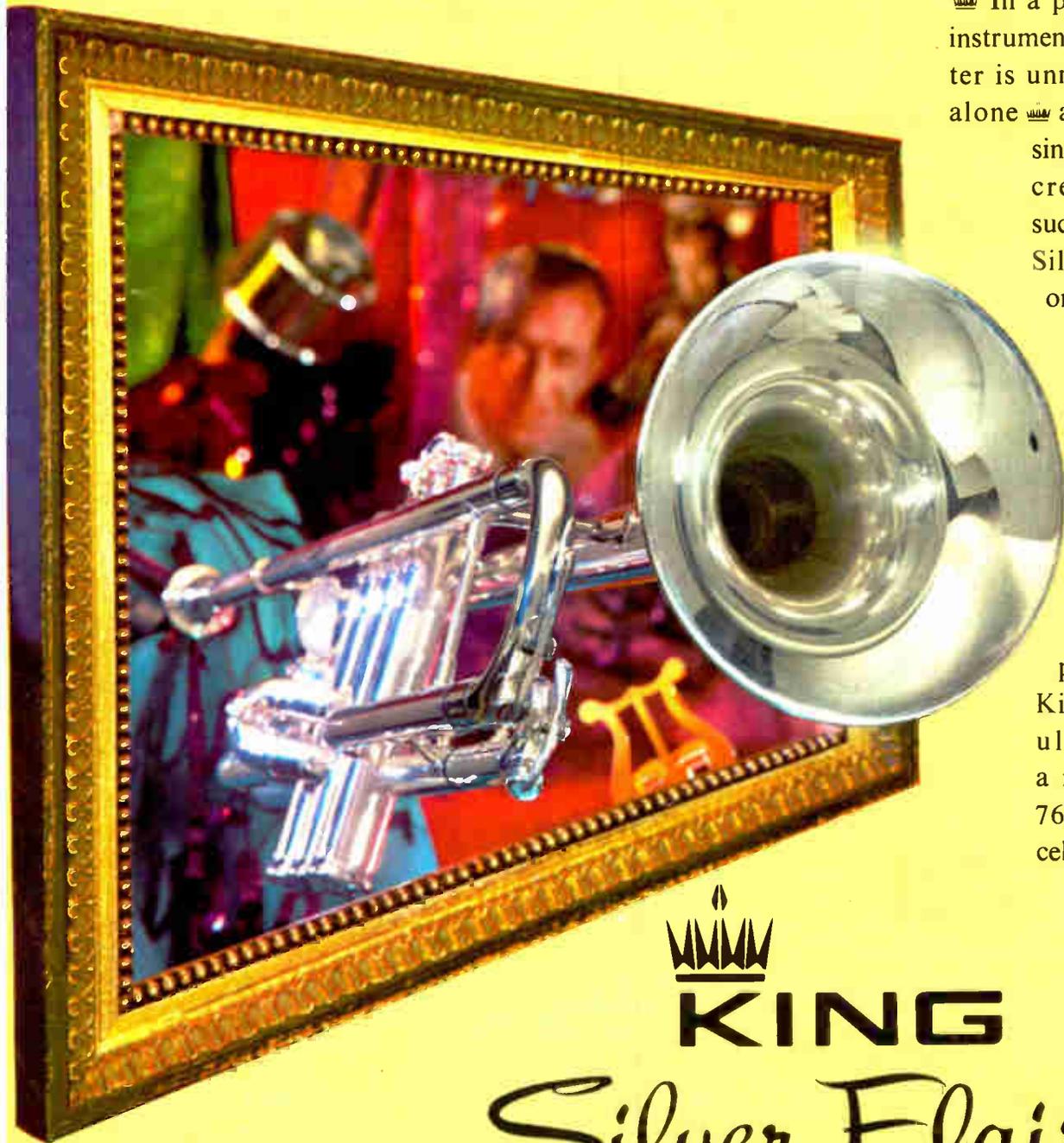
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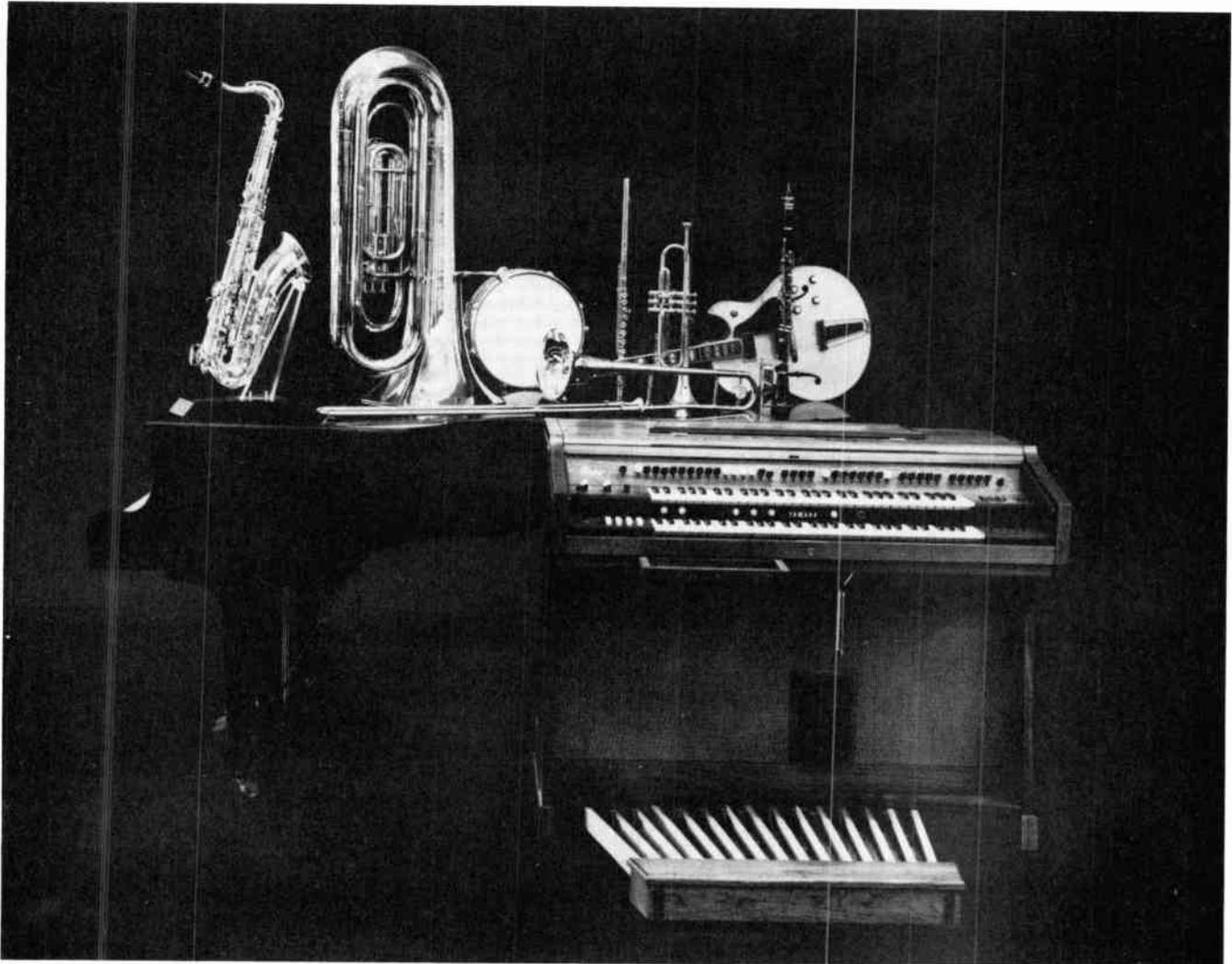
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

HERE WE GO into the '70s. What are we likely to encounter? What are we likely to hear?

Rock will continue to fragment. More and more of it will ease into jazz, just as jazz will continue to include more rock. "Rock 'n' roll" will continue to dominate the pre-puberty kids but will gradually evolve into more and more do-it-yourself electronics. Most of our recent comic book music has used the organ, guitar, and percussion — anything that can be easily learned—with electronic amplification. The new technology of the space age will make sound modifiers and synthesizers available to the consumer market. Soon just about anyone will be able to press buttons or a keyboard and create sounds (not necessarily music).

The new technology will, of course, be used by more sophisticated musicians in other forms and styles if for no other reason than self protection. But fortunately the new electronics will be more personal. There will be less of a barrier between artist and machine. We will also hear singers use electronic devices. Vocalists will jump octaves and modify tones with added acoustic treatment through their mixers before it goes out over the p.a. system or onto tape.

For performance music, there will be the whole new area of video-tape recorded programming. You will be able to buy a Blood, Sweat & Tears video tape cassette and play it through a home video screen. The recording session will become a "film production". Schools will maintain video cassette libraries for performance ensembles as well as clinicians giving audio-visual music lessons.

The advent of Pay TV will also strongly affect performance music. It is quite possible that Pay TV will save the major symphony orchestras and opera companies from not-so-gradual extinction. With ever-shrinking audiences and rising costs, the only way (other than government subsidy) to survival for most "serious" music ensembles is through Pay TV. An audience of one million is nowhere enough for network TV. But charge \$1 for each set, and George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra would have a million dollars in their kitty. Other "minority" music forms would similarly benefit.

School music will become more relevant or perish. Within the next five years, attitudes to contemporary music in school training will polarize. Marching band directors will become employees of their school's athletic departments. (This might even lead to the formation of a new educator group: National Association of Jock Musicians.)

In the next decade you will find an enormous increase in pre-school music instruction and new techniques for lower grade instruction. The Suzuki system and similar ear training programs will get to the youngster before his natural musical abilities are dulled by neglect and uninspired teaching.

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Farewell To The 'Sixties. . . .

By Dan Morgenstern



Duke Ellington and friends at the White House

Modern man is addicted to the division of time into decimal units, and often forgets that decades and centuries are only artificial entities.

Thus, having come to the end of a decade and finding it irresistible to rise to the occasion for some reflections and predictions, the writer would warn the reader that the 1960s are merely a convenient abstraction, and that currents and events overflow its neat boundaries in both directions.

No matter what the vantage point from which one views the 10-year period just passed, it is impossible to rejoice at its achievements. Wars, assassinations, and civil strife; constant increase in the pollution and violation of man's natural environment; accelerated attrition of moral and spiritual guidelines—these unpleasant facts do not produce a pretty picture, and raise

doubtful prospects for the future.

Moving from the general to the specific scarcely improves the prognosis. A period that witnessed the untimely deaths of Oscar Pettiford, Booker Little, Scott La Faro, Eric Dolphy, Tadd Dameron, Billy Strayhorn, Bud Powell, John Coltrane and Wes Montgomery—almost all creative forces that were not allowed to realize their full potential—was thus made all the more tragic than the sorrowful but not unexpected passing of such great veterans as Jack Teagarden, Coleman Hawkins, Stuff Smith, Pee Wee Russell, Red Allen and many others already assured. Death is inescapable, but to an art so dependent on the personal and individual contribution as jazz, it never seems acceptable.

A different kind of death assailed jazz during the '60s: economic strangulation. Night clubs withered and darkened; audiences dwindled; broadcast studios cut down their musical staffs; films were increasingly scored abroad; festivals flopped; record companies practically ceased to produce un gimmicked jazz albums.

This was the picture at the end of 1969. Of course—it didn't happen overnight. There were events to weight the other side of the scale: the honors accorded Duke Ellington, culminating in his gala reception at the White House; Miles Davis' explosive creativity and continued popular success; Buddy Rich's charisma for youth; the giant and record-setting European festivals; the happy recovery of Louis Armstrong from near-fatal illness, and more.

But these events did not suffice to tip the scales toward optimism. More and more, jazz was becoming an accepted art form; i.e., it was no longer the music of the day but rapidly moving toward the unenviable status of a cultural asset—something in need of artificial life supports.

Such supports, without which classical music, contemporary painting, sculpture, poetry and dance, etc. could not have survived en masse in today's world, were not forthcoming for jazz. Gestures such as the belated incorporation of a jazz panel into the music department of the National Endowment for the Arts (net result so far: a \$5,500 award to George Russell) remained gestures, with some hope for improvement. The private foundations remained self-serving and self-perpetuating organizations set up for the benefit of the untalented, and a Guggenheim grant to Ornette Coleman, significantly, was justified by his "classical" works. To some extent, this bleak situation was due to the unfortunate inability of jazz forces to band together in organized assault on the cultural establishment, but perhaps it is commendable that jazz artists have been so slow to learn the unworthy tricks of grant-getting.

In any case, the best hopes for true nourishment and survival of jazz as a creative force lie in a rebuilding of its vanishing audience. To a great extent, the attrition has been caused by the well-oiled business machine that grinds out, disseminates, merchandises and publicizes other forms of popular music. The fantastic sums gleaned by the purveyors of rock during the '60s would easily dwarf the sum total of monies earned by jazz creators from 1917 (the year of the music's debut as a marketable entity) to the present.

To be sure, there exists a genuine



Louis Armstrong: He endured

audience for rock; it is the modern version of past audiences for manufactured musical entertainment, plus a small, sincere segment of supporters for the small amount of sincere music-making the genre has to offer. Popular trends are difficult to fight—perhaps impossible to oppose—and undoubtedly there is a reason why rock fulfills the needs of contemporary youth. But it is possible, and even requisite, to oppose the flooding of all public outlets for music with one kind of product.

This is especially true of the airwaves, which, as Mr. Agnew has reminded us, are public property. The amount of jazz heard on AM radio is nil, unless one stretches the term to include the grossest kind of commercial tripe (the occasional jazz hit only proves the point). On FM, there are areas of light, but in most cases, the stations providing some jazz are small in radius and limited in listeners and sponsors. Television throws an occasional bone to jazz; most good programs (and they are rare) significantly come from educational stations.

The record industry, which each year proudly presents awards to the best selling "creations," with a token sop or two to art, began the decade with overproduction of jazz and ended it with doomed attempts to fit the music into

the straitjacket of "now" sounds and rhythms. That some good music resulted speaks well for the intrepid creativity of jazz musicians (and the integrity of the few producers persisting in doing pure jazz dates). On the whole, however, there was little to be thankful for, the beneficial recent tide of reissues (cheap to produce) to the contrary notwithstanding.

Effectively cut off from the major channels of communication, jazz is left to shift for itself. A handful of major "names" can survive in such a situation, but for the less famous, the options are few. One is studio work, which has proven lucrative (or at least, respectably supportive) for a number of excellent players. Most of these, however, continue to be white; the inroads made on the studio-staff-and-jingle complex by black musicians are still narrow. (In contrast, white jazzmen unable or unwilling to do studio work are even less likely to find steady gigs and record dates than their black colleagues.)

Another option is teaching, public or private, and increasing numbers of musicians are entering this field. On the public education scene, a great deal of progress was made during the decade, evident in the proliferation of college and high school jazz bands, clinics, fes-



Expatriates Dexter Gordon and Sahib Shihab in Denmark

tivals and competitions (with attendant scholarship rewards), and in the fact that more than 500 institutions of higher learning in the U.S. now offer jazz music courses.

On the other hand, much of this instruction and the resultant music is stale and uninspired, and the future in jazz of the students produced by even so good a school as Berklee, other than in teaching itself, seems dubious.

Other options, none satisfying to the creative jazzmen, include society bands, club dates, backing up vocalists (a number of distinguished musicians are thus employed today), or struggling along in search of jazz gigs, taking day jobs to fill in the dry stretches.

A final option that numerous musicians took during the '60s is moving to Europe. Dexter Gordon, Ben Webster, the late Stuff Smith, Johnny Griffin, Art Taylor, Carmell Jones, Leo Wright, Benny Bailey, Herb Geller . . . these are a few who traveled that road. As many or more, however, tried it and found it wanting. Once part of the European scene, a U.S. jazzman loses his magic, and though the multitude of staff radio orchestras and the existence of a well-informed and loyal audience for jazz are helpful, it eventually adds up to the same old story as on this side of the pond.

Furthermore, European jazz made

great strides during the decade, and local talent became more competitive. Though it is still a long way from equal (see Larry Kart's article elsewhere in these pages), jazz made by non-Americans has vastly improved. If things continue as they are, the day may come, around 2001, when America will import its jazz from Europe and Japan as a cultural oddity.

Within jazz itself, in artistic terms, these unhappy facts could not but have their effect on the music. Yet it prevailed. The decade began with violent disputes about "the new thing" and ended with general acceptance of the merits of such key figures of the avant garde as Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, and, posthumously, Eric Dolphy and John Coltrane.

On the whole, however, avant garde jazz failed to revolutionize the music—perhaps because it was not ripe for revolution. It did have considerable impact on established practices, however, and these were amended and extended to make room for such innovations as seemed amenable to the tradition.

This fact, lamented by the most extreme exponents and followers of the new jazz, was ipso facto proof of the viability and continued strength of the jazz tradition. It by no means excludes the continued existence of free jazz in its generic forms, for there can be no

vital tradition without experimentation. It does, however, preclude revolution, with its explicit rejection of the past. A new branch is still part of the old tree, and feeds from the same roots. In late 1969, Archie Shepp sat in with Duke Ellington in Paris. In 1959, no soothsayer could have predicted such a symbolic event, but for all true friends of jazz, regardless of particular persuasion, it was cause for cheer.

Another cause for cheer was the steady growth of interest among young Americans in the blues. Not just the blues as heard today in its various popular guises, but the real thing. From the modern blues of B.B. King to the resurrected country blues, there was an interested and increasingly well-informed audience for this seminal art, which had contributed so much to the growth of jazz.

Ironically, most of the new ears for the blues are white. Despite the rise of black pride and consciousness, few young Negroes showed much interest in the proud tradition of the blues, and, concomitantly, in jazz and its great history.

Black study programs seldom if ever included the area of black music, perhaps because of a persistent cultural lag—protestations of anti-Western and anti-establishment cultural concepts apparently go hand-in-hand with undue re-



JACQUES BISCEGLIA

Tradition and Avant Garde embrace: Ellington and Shepp in Paris

spect for Western cultural standards, by which poetry and "serious" prose, philosophy (pseudo and otherwise), the plastic arts, sociology, and technology take precedence over "popular" forms. Also, one suspects that such snobism is reinforced by fashionable suspicion of the essentially affirmative and positive qualities inherent in the blues and jazz. Pace LeRoi Jones, it is difficult to reconcile such characteristics with the history of oppression. That the human triumph manifest in the American black man's creation of his own music is perhaps his proudest achievement is a fact so confounding to neo-Marxist revolutionary theory that young black intellectuals avoid it, or cop out with fashionable jive about Tomming and "accommodation with the oppressor."

However, more than likely these are growing pains. If and when the black community as a whole discovers the truth of its musical heritage, Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong will loom larger than the Supremes, Ray Charles, and Aretha Franklin. Unfortunately, they will in all probability no more be able to enjoy the fruits of this discovery than Charlie Parker and Billie Holiday, also bound to become heroic figures.

What really matters, though, is that

there should still be living, creating jazz musicians to thrive on such recognition. The fact that the blues are now breaking through, proving to the more perceptive among a generation raised on rock that there is other, deeper music that can speak directly to them, bodes well for the future.

Once turned on to blues, at least a goodly percentage of these young listeners (and players) will discover jazz. Perhaps much of contemporary jazz, which reflects the agony rather than the ecstasy of living, will turn them off, but jazz itself has been revitalized by the directness and positive strength of the blues and its offspring. At the end of 1969, James Brown was realizing what he termed a life-long ambition: making a jazz album. It could be a straw in the wind.

Grasping at straws, however, will not save jazz, and if it ever needed saving, now is the time. The only real hope lies in a coming together of all those—players and listeners—who truly love the music. The factionalism that for so long has held jazz back seems on the wane. From traditionalist to avant gardist, all of us concerned with and about jazz must join forces. It might be a surprise to find how many of us there are. Like

the music, we have been individualistic, nursing our own preferences and concerns. What is now required is a concerted effort dedicated to the proposition that the music we love will not die with this century.

Die as a living force, that is; as such, jazz is already immortal, since a record of its creations exists, and is open to rediscovery in the future. But that is not enough, for there is too much it has yet to say. We must now insure that there is a future for those who are left to say it, and the others who wish to join their ranks.

There are priorities, of course: fighting against war; combatting pollution; working for a better world. Yet that better world will need artists, just as we now need them to inspire us to continue. Nothing in this present world can be accomplished without organization, and the jazz world is totally unorganized (except into small, essentially divisive cells). It is high time to band together and support the music we love. If we do not, the time will come—and maybe soon—when the depressing sixties will look in retrospect like a golden age, as we sift through our records, tapes and memories. ■

Jazz and Popular Music: Influence and Confluence

By Leonard Feather

RECENTLY I SPENT an evening trying to plough my way through a seemingly endless pile of new albums. As usual, a small proportion of the arrivals could be classified as jazz; the rest were pop, rock, r&b, and various unclassifiables.

One item that caught my attention was *A Summer's Night: Montreal*; an unknown group on an unknown label, Stormy Forest Records. Richie Havens

was involved, playing sitar and koto as well as co-producing the session. Jeremy Steig and his flute were in there, too, but the principals were a Canadian trio, Gilles Losier on piano and bass, Fran Losier (relationship not explained), vocals, and Jean Cousineau, guitar.

It wasn't exactly pop, nor (despite Steig's presence) could it fit into the

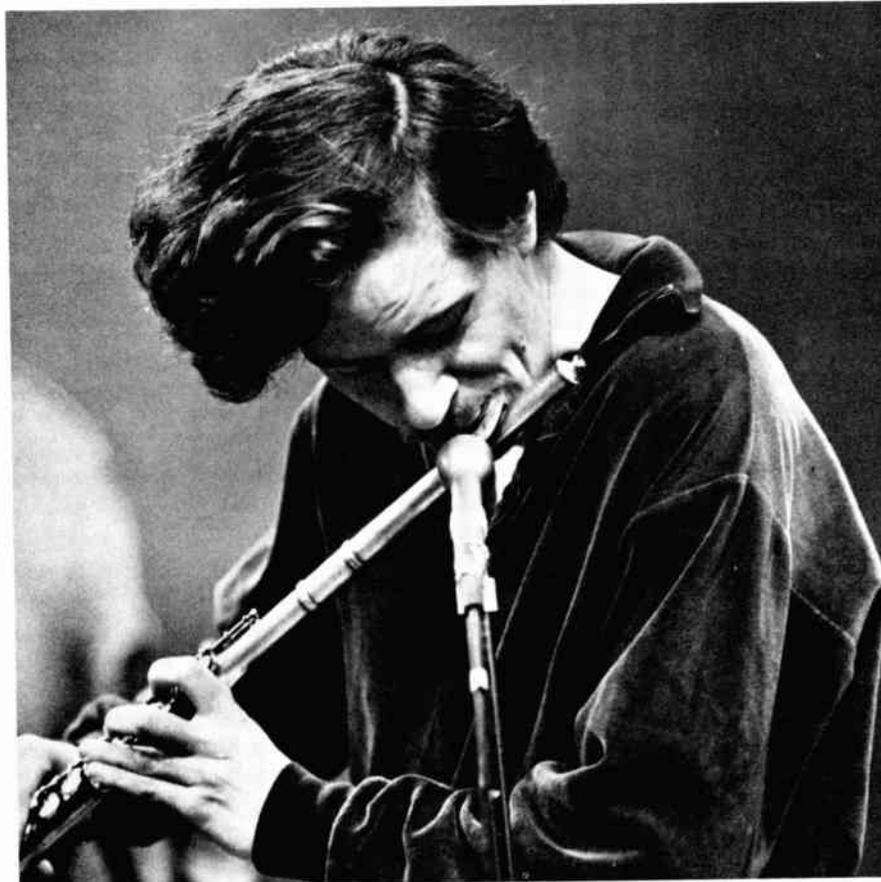
jazz mold. It might best be characterized as a high grade of contemporary youth music. The material looked unfamiliar, as is often the case with new groups; presumably written by members of the group and other rising young composers. The only familiar title in the set was *Summertime*.

I automatically assumed, without glancing at the label, that this would be some new *Summertime*, written by one of the Losiers or a couple of their friends. After all, the Beatles did *Yesterday*, and it was in a whole other world than *Yesterdays*. Similar title duplications had since popped up from time to time.

Imagine my surprise when this turned out to be the genuine, original, 1935 Gershwin *Summertime*, mixed up with all this strictly now-sounding material, but played—and this made it work!—in 5/4 time.

This unexpected encounter with the past, in a record so emphatically a part of the present, brought to mind a theory in which I have long believed: that the influence of popular music on jazz and other forms of present-day art music has been profound, long-lasting, and far more important than many observers—critics and musicians alike—have been willing to admit.

During 1969 there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth on the part of the experts (present company included) when some promising new band or soloist, either on his own initiative or at the advice of a recording executive, decided to tape an album of songs from *Hair* or some comparable set of tributes to the new generation of popular songwriters. Of course, the complaints were lodged against the manner in which



Jeremy Steig

LEE TANNER

these songs were interpreted as well as the precept of using them in the first place.

A reappraisal of such developments, and a glance back into the histories of popular music and of jazz over the decades, will confirm beyond doubt that such procedures have always been a part of a mutual exchange. Countless popular songs have been converted to jazz use; and jazz instrumentals, provided later with lyrics, have themselves wound up in the pop world.

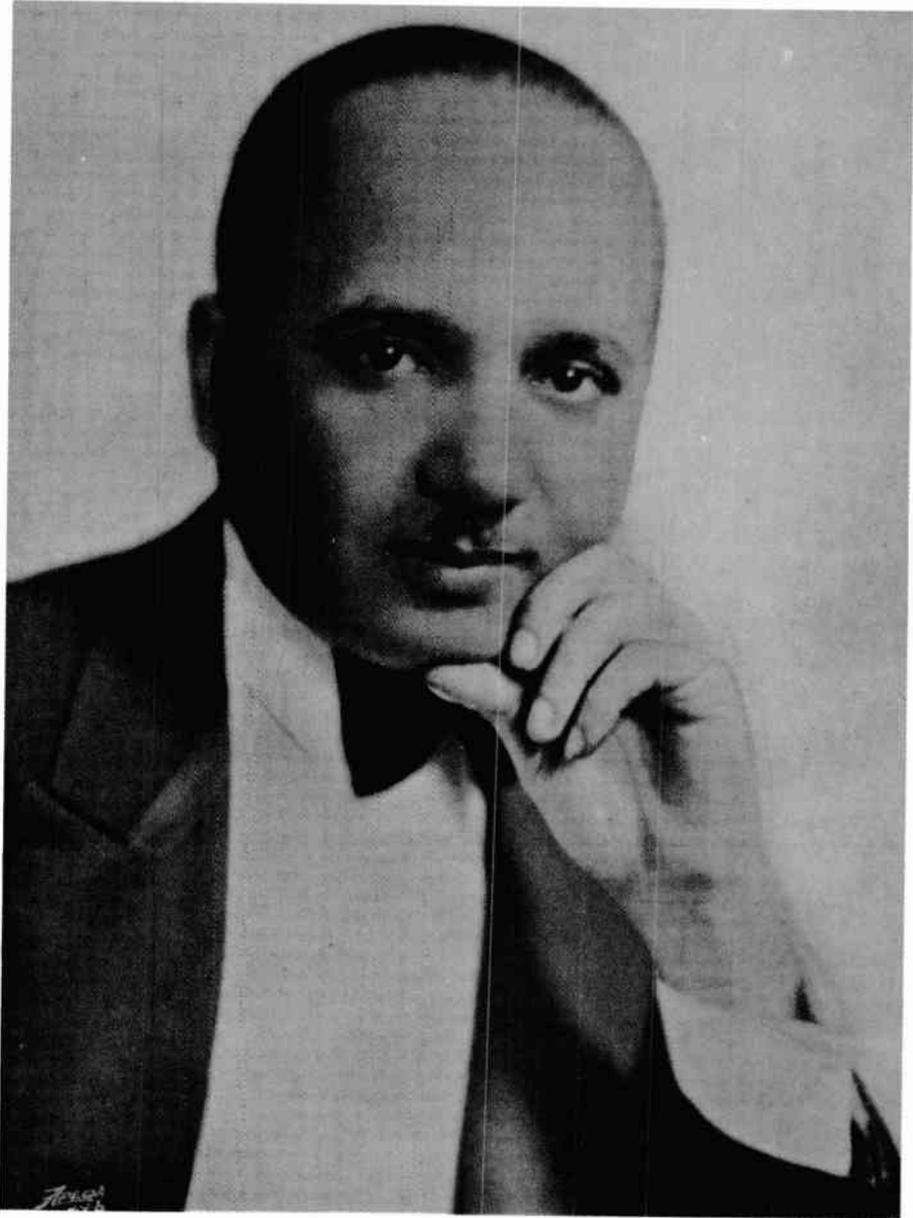
Ragtime, of course, was essentially a popular music of its day. Though it was strictly an instrumental idiom (*Alexander's Ragtime Band* was a lyrical comment on the era rather than an expression of it), the rags with their dainty melodies enjoyed a degree of mass popularity quite extraordinary for what was simultaneously an art form related to jazz.

Around the same period, street bands played popular marches, in New Orleans and many other cities, in a style that most older citizens recall as having been ancestrally related to jazz. At that time, of course, jazz as a distinct art form was nonexistent and the repertoire was drawn exclusively from popular sources, though the manner of its performance translated it into an idiom in which jazz-like improvisation undoubtedly played a part.

When jazz finally gained a name and identity in the World War I period, it began to build a library of its own. The Original Dixieland Jazz Band devoted most of its time to the performance of works that had originated within the combo's ranks. *Tiger Rag*, *Dixie Jazz Band One Step*, *Ostrich Walk* and *Barnyard Blues* offered irrefutable evidence that jazz by now was capable of creating material independent of the world of popular music.

Nevertheless, even in the ODJB days we find exceptions to the rule. In England in 1919, the band recorded *Alice Blue Gown* and even a waltz version (on a 12-inch 78) of *I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles*. The following year it dipped into the pop field again with such tunes as *Margie* and *Broadway Rose*. And *Tiger Rag*, of course, was based on themes from an old French dance tune.

Black jazz went through pretty much the same process. Though I can't claim to recall the lyrics of *I'm Going Away to Wear You Off My Mind*, *Where Did You Stay Last Night* or *If You Want My Heart*, it is reasonably evident from the titles that they were not designed as jazz instrumentals. All of these were recorded in 1923 by King Oliver. Though they are not remembered with the same affection accorded to *Canal Street Blues* and *Dipper Mouth Blues*



Fletcher Henderson

(alias *Sugar Foot Stomp*), there can be little doubt that the sounds which rocked Chicago's Lincoln Gardens back there when Louis Armstrong was playing second cornet to Joe Oliver represented a confluence of pop and jazz that was to grow more and more conspicuous during the following decade.

Examining the discographies covering jazz recordings from the post-Dixieland epoch clear through to the advent of bebop, we find that an amazingly high proportion of the material recorded could be traced to Tin Pan Alley. Numbers that became jazz standards despite their obvious non-jazz origins included *Peg O' My Heart* (1913); *Chinatown, My Chinatown* (1914); *Poor Butterfly* (1916); *Back Home Again in Indiana* (1917); *Somebody Stole My Gal* (1918); *Mandy* (1919); *Avalon* (1920); *The Sheik of Araby* (1921; recorded in 1923 by the first important big band, Fletcher Hen-

derson's Roseland Orchestra); *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans* (1922); *Ida* (1923), and a flood of 1924 products such as *I Want To Be Happy*, *The Man I Love*, *Nobody's Sweetheart*, *Lady Be Good*, and *Tea for Two*.

It has constantly been a complaint of the experts that jazz musicians have been forced to record "commercial" material against their will. That this is an oversimplification at best can be deduced from the above songs during the 1920s and '30s. Often, they had complete latitude in the selection of their material; many went into the studio without having even discussed with the a&r man what they planned to record.

The simple fact is that the popular songs of the 1920-40 period were based on the same set of elementary chords as the jazz works, and provided suitable bases for jazz orchestration and improvisation.



Bessie Smith

One of the most famous series of recordings of the period from December 1926 through the early 1930s was made under the name of Red Nichols and his Five Pennies. Like the Original Dixieland Band and others, they started out with a self-made jazz repertoire, using their own works, or numbers provided by jazz-inclined writers like Hoagy Carmichael. Before long they had eased into a policy that incorporated many of the songs in the above list, along with later hits (*I May Be Wrong*, famous in later years as the theme song of Harlem's Apollo theatre, and *Strike Up the Band*, from a Broadway show for which Nichols led the pit orchestra).

There was no incongruity in the move to pop. The axiom that would be established by a Jimmie Lunceford record of the late 1930s (*Tain't Watcha Do, It's the Way Thatcha Do It*) already was a guiding principle for most jazz performers. Even Bessie Smith stepped out of character in 1927 to sing *After You've Gone*, *Muddy Water*, *There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight* and *Alexander's Ragtime*

Band. Far from bastardizing her style, the tunes provided a provocative contrast and change of pace after a long series of blues. Many of the latter were



Fats Waller

to all intents melodically identical and were rescued only by the lyrics and by the beauty of her sound.

Louis Armstrong was quick to follow the pattern. Most of his early Hot Five sides were instrumental specialties, but the new direction was indicated beyond question in March 1929, when he recorded *I Can't Give You Anything But Love*, which became one of his first major commercial successes. What is no less relevant is that it was also, vocally and instrumentally, a masterpiece. A song that seemed on paper to be little more than a dull succession of quarter notes came to life vividly and with tremendous emotional impact in Satch's reading.

From that moment on, the Armstrong career took a new direction, in person and on records. Jazz material immediately took a back seat (though there was an occasional *St. Louis Blues*, *Dallas Blues* or *Tiger Rag*). Many of the popular songs cut by Louis from that point were the work of men with no ties to jazz; others came from the pens of Spencer Williams, Fats Waller, or Hoagy Carmichael but were similar in melodic and harmonic essence and in structure, usually employing the standard 32-bar chorus.

Did Louis Armstrong sell out by changing from a predominantly blues-flavored repertoire to a policy of lending his personal touch to the 1929-plus equivalents of today's *Billboard* chart toppers?

History would seem to bear out the theory that the very fact of his making the move, and the artistic successes that resulted, justified the means. By lending his personality to tunes that might otherwise have been forgotten within a few months of publication, he expanded his scope; no matter how trivial



Louis Armstrong in the early 1930s

some of the songs appeared to be before he dealt with them, the incorporation of popular music into the musical evolution of the world's first great jazz virtuoso accomplished as much for Louis as for the lyrics and music he dealt with.

Jazz and popular music overlapped

in other, very different areas while Louis was bringing the rumba to jazz with *The Peanut Vendor* and establishing *Them There Eyes* as a standard. Moving from the other direction, orchestras that were primarily devoted to the straight rendition of pop songs incorporated enough improvisational

space into their arrangements to provide occasional titillation for the minority of jazz fans in their audiences. Bix Beiderbecke's all too brief solos with Paul Whiteman were usually heard in the middle of a chart of some second-rate pop tune; similarly, Jack Teagarden and Benny Goodman in the Ben Pollack orchestra were given an opportunity now and then to express themselves in some snappy rhythm song of the late 1920s.

This policy was by no means confined to white bands. Sidney Bechet was similarly employed off and on from 1928-38 in the orchestra of Noble Sissle, who led one of the most pop-oriented black bands of the day. Fletcher Henderson, Jimmie Lunceford and virtually all the others, with the exception of Duke Ellington, employed arrangers to grind out charts of pop songs, some of which were sung by long-forgotten male tenors.

Everyone knows that Ella Fitzgerald sang in Chick Webb's band in the 1930s, but does anyone remember Charles Linton, who preceded her, and who sang tunes of pretty much the same quality? The difference, of course, was that Linton sang them straight, in the slightly pompous manner then common to male band singers, whereas Ella was able to make buoyantly swinging miniature gems out of some of the feeblest material handed her.

Mention above that Ellington was an exception to the rule calls for some elaboration. From the start, Duke was determined to establish his own music, to make the orchestra a voice for the products of his own compositional and orchestrational concepts. True, he recorded pop songs from the various Cotton Club revues, and occasionally would slip in a *Dinah* or a *When You're Smiling*, but when he wanted to play popular music, he was able to create his own. *Mood Indigo*, *Solitude* and a hundred others that followed became popular music; according to who interpreted them and how, they were also jazz.

Popular music may be said to have been amalgamated with the Ellington sound from the moment he hired Ivie Anderson as his first featured band vocalist. Ivie's was a gracious and memorable sound, but it is debatable whether she could be called a jazz singer. Later, Herb Jeffries and a long succession of other singers added a popular touch to Ellington's records and dance dates.

That jazz artists until the mid-1940s did not appear in concerts was very relevant to the incidence of popular elements in their repertoire, the hiring of pop singers, and the psychology underlying their whole approach to music.



Billie Holiday

Pure jazz per se was never a highly commercial commodity. As a utilitarian art, it provided backgrounds at cabarets or dance music at ballrooms. Jazz in fact never could escape from the necessity to remain simultaneously a form of popular music. Clearly Armstrong might never have reached worldwide fame had he not hit on the pattern inaugurated in 1929: similarly Ellington had reached a mass audience through the addition of lyrics. *Sophisticated Lady* et al, made it possible for him to continue with such experiments as *Reminiscing in Tempo*.

The swing era brought all this more clearly into focus. Benny Goodman started out in 1935 with one important recording of a tune that bore unquestionable jazz credentials, Jelly Roll

Morton's *King Porter Stomp*. There were occasional jazz instrumental hits—*Stompin' at the Savoy*, borrowed from the Chick Webb band, and *Christopher Columbus*, but look through the discography of his definitive years and what do you find? About half the records are of minor league pop songs—*Eeny Meeny Miney Moe*, *Goody Goody*—with non-jazz (albeit very pleasant) vocals by Helen Ward and her various successors. Around the same time, Dan Grissom was cooing *Charmaine* with the Jimmie Lunceford orchestra, Peg La Centra was waxing *Tin Pan Alley's* lesser and greater evils as chanteuse with Artie Shaw's band, and even Count Basie felt obliged to bow occasionally to the demands of pop with such ballad vocals by Earle Warren as

Our Love Was Meant to Be.

These records are all but forgotten, while the great jazz instrumentals cut around that time by these orchestras have survived through reissue albums. But during the same period, songs of similar caliber were recorded in versions that were to prove immortal, because Billie Holiday happened to give them her golden touch.

Who today would ever remember *What a Little Moonlight Could Do* or *Miss Brown to You* if they had not chanced to become part of a Teddy Wilson combo session featuring Lady Day in 1935? There is a sad irony in Billie's reputation (at least as far as the lay press is concerned) as a blues singer. The song that introduced her on records was a totally insignificant item called *Your Mother's Son In Law*, recorded with Benny Goodman in 1933. Throughout her entire career as a recording artist she drew mainly on popular music sources, rarely on blues.

Some of the songs were imposed on her, others were her own choice; in both groups there were good, bad and indifferent tunes, but in almost every case she made them sound immeasurably better than they were inherently, because in the confluence of a minor piece of material and a major creative talent, the latter has a better than even chance of winning the battle.

During the same period—the mid-1930s to the early 1940s—Fats Waller ground out hundreds of discs on which he sang and played songs that were handed to him when he walked into the Victor studios. In his case the technique that worked was that of lampooning them: he was the past master of the put-on, over-emphasizing the phony romanticism of a ballad, kicking around the silly lyric of a rhythm song. It didn't matter, most listeners felt, how dumb the tune, provided he took nothing seriously, and assuming also that the chord patterns allowed leeway for a piano solo in the unique style he had created, and some free-wheeling solos by his sidemen.

During the 1940s and '50s jazz musicians became gradually more selective in their use of popular songs. At the same time, the practice of using commercial, non-jazz singers in bands that were otherwise jazz-inclined ground slowly to a halt. Nevertheless, there seemed to be some residual confusion in the minds of jazz fans. Where did pop singing end and jazz singing begin?

During the period from 1942 to 1955, these were some of the winners in vocal categories in **down beat's** readers' poll:

Helen Forrest, Frank Sinatra, Jo Stafford, Dinah Shore, Bing Crosby, Art Lund, Al Hibbler, Jay Johnson,



Ray Charles

Lucy Ann Polk, Tommy Mercer, The Pied Pipers, The Mills Brothers, The Four Freshmen.

Clearly the confusion rampant through the past decade in the *Playboy* poll is not without precedent. In most cases, the singers in the above list achieved their jazz identity through association. Because Art Lund happened to land a job with Benny Goodman's orchestra, and because Goodman was the favorite jazz soloist of the day, it followed, in a strange non sequitur, that Lund was the best male jazz band vocalist.

The bop revolution brought a new sophistication to the art of selecting popular material for use by jazz performers. Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker and their disciples built their own

repertoires; for the most part they rejected the second-rate pop material and simplistic riff tunes that had tended to dominate the swing era. When they did employ popular songs, it would often be something with unusual and challenging chord changes such as *All the Things You Are* or *How High the Moon*.

During the 1950s, as jazz became more and more a concert music and less and less a medium for dancing, the umbilical cord to the pop world was all but broken. Though the new breed of jazzman continued to draw on Gershwin and some of the other great popular composers from time to time, he was rarely if ever forced into an unnatural alliance with material that did not interest him.

The advent of modal jazz, atonality, the new thing and the freedom bag liberated the musicians completely. During the early 1960s the influence of the pop music world and its products on jazzmen and their recordings was less powerful than at any previous time in jazz history. This happy period was short-lived as the Beatles, founding an entirely new generation of popular music, created a situation that found many musicians at first bewildered, then in many instances cooperative.

The wheel has come full circle. Virtually everyone in jazz has felt the impact of rock, and of other pop manifestations such as the Tijuana Brass, the Americanization of Brazilian popular music via bossa nova, and the colossal commercial success of such r&b artists as James Brown, the Supremes, the Temptations, and Ray Charles. Presently everyone is dipping into everyone else's bag. The Supremes discovered Rodgers and Hart; Ray Charles found country and western; Bud Shank fell in love with *Michelle*, and a hundred other jazzmen found a hundred other ways to adapt themselves to an unquestionable fact of life: pure jazz material performed in an uncompromising jazz style is all but dead. A&R men don't want to record it because, they say, they can't sell it.

The tables have turned with a strange irony. Two or three decades ago jazz musicians and singers, through the power of their performances, were able to give long, sometimes undeserved life to popular songs. Today popular music, much of it light-years ahead of the Tin Pan Alley products of the past, has achieved enough artistic validity to rob jazz of much of its audience.

It is no longer enough for a jazz musician to "adopt" a popular song; he must interpret it in a manner that incorporates some of the characteristics, rhythmic and harmonic, of the pop groups.

The few remaining exceptions merely prove the rule. It is a melancholy fact that of the 20 best selling jazz LPs listed in *Billboard* at any given time, 15 or more usually represent some form of hyphenated jazz, a mixture with soul music or rock or pop or electronic gimmickry. Some of these alliances are successful, while others are patently contrived in the search for a fast buck.

There is no need to find in this development any immediate cause for alarm. As the above historical survey indicates, jazz and popular music have been influencing one another, overlapping frequently, for at least a half century. It was not a shot-gun wedding then, nor is it now. Whatever its relationship with popular music, one thing is sure: jazz will survive. ■

JAZZ IN THE GLOBAL VILLAGE

by Larry Kart

IF FOR NO OTHER REASON than economics, the importance of non-American jazz is likely to increase in years to come. I imagine that for most of us the subject calls to mind one great musician (Django Reinhardt), a number of good ones, and such slogans as "European drummers don't swing." But what is the actual state of jazz outside this country? Do non-American jazzmen face different problems than their U.S. counterparts, and will they eventually create a significantly different form of music? To answer these questions, I have listened to most of the non-American jazz albums *Down Beat* has received over the past several years (since, in general, we only review recordings which are readily available here, there was a backlog of 42 albums featuring musicians from England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Switzerland, Brazil, Martinique, Canada (Quebec), Belgium, India, Japan, and Indonesia). The sample was necessarily a random one, but I think it outlined the basic situation.

Many American musicians have directly carried their message to other lands, but, on the whole, foreign jazzmen get their information from recordings. And they get it quickly, too. I remember my surprise when I saw the 1961 Polish film *Knife in the Water* which had a score by Kryztof Komeda that precisely copied John Coltrane's music of the time. The gap between creation and imitation couldn't have been more than a few months. After my surprise had faded, I began to think about the musicians involved. That Polish tenorman had Coltrane's manner down pat, but where, I wondered,

would he go from there? It might seem that the possibilities open to him and, say, Joe Henderson were similar—that their future achievements would be determined only by the degree of skill and imagination each man possessed. But it isn't that way at all, and the reasons why it isn't affect all non-American jazz.

In a sense, every work of art can be viewed as a solution to an artistic problem. Each solution bears a relation to prior solutions, and as the solutions accumulate the problem alters. For example, it is difficult to imagine Coltrane playing the way he did in 1961 if Charlie Parker, Dexter Gordon and Don Byas had not played the way they did in 1947—and so on back to, at least, Louis Armstrong and Sidney Bechet. And Coltrane's development from 1961 on was dictated not only by his personal daemon but by a chain of linked solutions in his own music and in jazz as a whole.

It is likely that our Polish tenorman, especially if he is young, is familiar with only a part of that chain, and therefore his possibilities are limited. He can wait for the next word from the U.S., draw on some chain of artistic solutions native to his environment, or try to develop what he already has *ab ovo*. Most often there is a mixture of these approaches, but the last method is crucial and the one that produces the major difficulties.

The non-American jazzman who tries to build his music from a chosen point in American jazz is trying, consciously or not, to make one position in a chain of forms into the beginning of a new series. The history of art contains numerous examples of such efforts (they

are especially common in a colony-mother country situation), and from these one can see that there are certain dangers and possibilities which the non-American jazzman cannot avoid.

Stylistic incongruity is the most obvious pitfall—it is a rare performance in this sample which does not contain some stylistic clash in melody, harmony, or rhythm. For example, the Norwegian pianist Einar Iversen on his album *Me and My Piano* (Nordisc) chooses to interpret John Coltrane's *Spiral*. But Iversen's own style is heavily indebted to Teddy Wilson, and the contrast of conceptions in theme and improvisation is rather bizarre.

In a few cases, however, such incongruity can be mildly effective. The German saxophonist Hans Koller takes his inspiration from Lee Konitz on *Relax With My Horns* (Saba), but he delivers Konitz' sound and melodies with a bouncy optimism that is worlds away from Konitz' introspective manner. The result sounds rather like Cannonball Adderley playing Konitz licks, but, since Koller is a skilled executant, the music has a novelty's charm.

Fortunate accidents like Koller seem to be the exception, though. More common is the case of Danish tenorman Bent Jørgensen on *Bent Jørgensen* (Debut). His decent efforts at post-bop playing are marred by gawky, rhythmically corny phrases that could have come right out of the Stomp Evans Songbook. Since Jørgensen swings well enough at other times, it seems likely that the frequent rhythmic lapses of non-American jazzmen are not so much the result of inferior skill as they are of gaps in background, i.e. they don't know from experience that certain kinds of time feel-



Francy Boland

JAN PERSSON

ing exclude the use of other kinds. For example, the Italian pianist-composer Giorgio Gaslini leads an "avant-garde" big band on *Grido* (Durium), and though his themes do have a passing resemblance to Thelonious Monk's melodies, the time feeling of the rhythm section and soloists is so stolid that the result verges on comedy.

Stylistic incongruity is, perhaps, a surface problem that can be mended by actual playing experience with good American jazzmen, but there is another, deeper problem—the non-American musician's choice of the position he wishes to develop. He may be attracted to an aspect of jazz that had little value to begin with, or he may attempt to develop a position whose possibilities have already been exhausted.

Listening to albums by the French big band led by Jean-Claude Naude (Telerecord), the Czech orchestra of Gustav Brom (Saba), and various Yugoslav radio bands (Helidon), one can see the first of these dangers at work. The execution varies from poor to adequate, but it hardly matters, since these bands are working within a style—the neo-Basie-Lunceford sound of the typical New York mid-'50s studio band—that was never more than a blurred carbon of an originally vital music. The work of Belgian arranger-composer Francys Boland is proof enough that the conservative big band style is still full of life, but in order to find it one must return to the roots—you can't get there from Manny Albam and Billy Byers.

I imagine that the music of Naude, Brom, etc. is rather harmless, since it is doubtful that men who are occupied in making models of inferior copies could ever be capable of anything more than that. But the other trend (the attempted development of positions whose possibilities have been exhausted) is more ominous—especially so since the majority of young non-American jazzmen seem to be involved in such efforts.

I have in mind, in particular, the music of John Coltrane and Scott LaFaro. Listening to this sample of recordings, it is apparent that their influence abroad has been even more widespread than in this country, and while I value their own achievements, I think their musical approaches are both poor choices for future elaboration.

From the course of Coltrane's American disciples and from the path he himself traveled until his death, it now seems clear that Coltrane's music was an end of one direction in jazz rather than a beginning, and that the saxophonists who offer the richest possibilities for the future are Sonny Rollins and Ornette Coleman. If a talented musician like Pharoah Sanders has found that ad-



Barney Wilen

herence to Coltrane's premises leads to a neo-religious version of tavern tenor-playing, one wonders whether such would-be Coltranes as the Norwegian Jan Garbarek (Norsk Jazzforbund), the Dane Carsten Meinert (M.S. Records), and literally hundreds of other foreign disciples can come up with something better.

It is a minor tragedy that the sounds of revolt and frustration that Coltrane produced as he strove for specific *musical* freedoms have been seized upon, here and abroad, as the essence of his music. Interestingly, the most skilled and imaginative Coltrane-influenced reedman in this sample is Frenchman Barney Wilen, who was at one time a Lester Young imitator and then a gifted Rollins man. He contributes some very good soprano and tenor work to *Jazz Meets India* (Saba), and one suspects that, in addition to his native talent, his achievements are due to the fact that he has lived more than one kind of jazz.

In the case of LaFaro, the problem is that his rhapsodic lyricism and slippery time conception grew in response to the special musical context of the Bill Evans Trio. LaFaro himself seemed to understand that his style needed to be modified if it were to fit other musical situations, since he played in quite a different manner rhythmically when he recorded with Ornette Coleman on *Or-*

nette! (Atlantic). But his legion of disciples, especially the non-American ones, have largely missed the significance of that event, and from Sweden to Japan they ripple along in endless cadenzas no matter what the context. While the best of them (Englishman Jeff Clyne, in particular) are gifted melodists, they cripple their rhythm sections by failing to add much rhythmic impulse to the music. I don't mean that Paul Chambers and 4/4 swing is the answer, but jazz without *some* essential rhythmic meaning seems a dubious endeavor—a kind of hip mood music. Such rhythmically powerful bass players as Wilbur Ware, Henry Grimes, Ron Carter, and Malachi Favors, who are as free as one could wish, offer alternative and more fruitful directions for the modern rhythm section. It remains to be seen whether their music, and that of Rollins and Coleman, will make significant inroads among non-American players.

So far, the picture I have presented is rather bleak, but the kind of situation in which the non-American jazzman finds himself does have its positive possibilities. The first of these might be described as creative revivalism—the attempt to present valuable aspects of the jazz past with careful authenticity. The American revivalist movement of the '40s got bogged down in sentimental primitivism, and its present-day

practitioners are, more often than not, playing a college-boy Dixieland even when the tune is *Grandpa's Spells*. In Europe, however, the revivalist bands generally have a broader range and are of higher quality, due perhaps to the tradition of jazz connoisseurship among European musicians and fans. The best of these bands, such as Papa Bue's Viking Jazzband from Denmark, have expanded the revivalist repertoire to include such forgotten gems as Duke Ellington's *Doin' the Voom Voom*, and they know that re-creation does not absolve one from musicianship.

Beyond the modest craft of revivalism, there is the possibility of working within relatively conservative positions which were largely abandoned by U.S. jazzmen before all the implications had been worked out. The Yugoslavian trumpeter Dusko Gojkovic, for example, sounds a good deal like Miles Davis of the mid-'50s on *I Remember O.P.* from Bent Jadig's album, but, since he really feels the demands of that style, his solo is of real merit. England, in particular, abounds with musicians who are producing individual music within a basically conservative framework, e.g. trumpeters Jimmy Duechar and Ian Carr, clarinetist Sandy Brown, and reedmen Bruce Turner, Ronnie Scott, and Tubby Hayes.

The most interesting musician in this field, to my knowledge, is Francy Boland, the co-leader of the Clarke-Boland band, whose arrangements are a real extension of the orthodox big-band tradition. His album *Out of the Background* (Saba), which features only the band's rhythm section, is a fascinating example of "arranger's piano"—a performance such as *Dark Eyes* is a virtual blueprint for an excellent full-band setting of the piece. Perhaps the drive within jazz for constant change can be lessened or suspended in other lands, allowing honest and knowledgeable conservatives like Boland to flourish in a way that seems impossible in this country.

The final and most exciting possibility open to the non-American jazzman is true mutation—the hope that a meeting of non-American and American musical forms will yield a sturdy offspring that is significantly different from either parent. But the chances for such an event seem rather slim, since true artistic mutations require special sets of circumstances and are about as rare as biological ones. Looking at one artistic mutation that is close to home—the meeting between African and European-American ways of making music that eventually produced jazz—one can see that mutation requires, among other things, that the parent strains be sufficiently different in kind



Tubby Hayes

FREDERICK WARREN

for each to discover something novel and attractive in the other. If this is the case, then the comprehensiveness of modern communications lessens the possibilities even further—there is hardly an art or folk music anywhere in the world which has not been homogenized by contact with other musics, and, without real differences in kind among musics, we get travelogue-like blending rather than true mutation.

I doubt whether jazzmen will find procedures in European art music, for example, that have not already been applied within jazz. In this sample there are several attempts to mix the two musics and, with one exception, they are dismal failures which preserve neither music's virtues. The exception, English pianist-composer Michael Garrick's *Jazz Praises* (Airborne), is an attempt to blend a gentle post-bop idiom with the English religious-choral tradition, and it succeeds mainly because of Garrick's taste and modesty. He says that "the intention is not simply to gee-up religious music, or, belatedly, to make jazz respectable: it is,

on the contrary, to draw straightforwardly on the natural resources of all participants so that there may be some emotional and musical gain." As pleasing as the results are, one doubts whether this direction will yield anything more than a few similarly modest successes and a mass of pretentious tripe.

Others have gone to non-European musics in search for a suitable mate, and the principal marriage broker, German critic Joachim Berendt, has produced a series of recordings which bring jazzmen into contact with the native musics of Spain, Brazil, India, Japan, and Indonesia. While mutation does not occur, the blendings are often attractive.

The Brazilian album *Poema on Guitar* (Saba), which features guitarist Baden Powell, is brilliant, but it is hardly even a blending, since the bossa nova is a fully formed music which incorporated jazz elements from its beginning. The Indonesian set—*Djanger Bali* (Saba)—features an exciting, eclectic pianist in Bubi Chen and a swinging drummer in Benny Mustafa, but the musicians have assimilated American forms so thoroughly that the borrowing from native sources is merely decorative.

And yet, there is Dutch reedman William Breuker. His playing on two albums by German vibraharpist Gunter Hampel—*The 8th of July 1969* (Birth) and *Wergo Jazz* (Wergo)—indicates that a true mutation may be occurring between the best of the American avant-garde and a European sensibility. Breuker (who also plays on an ESP album by Hampel that I have not heard) is a rhythmically powerful improviser—quite different in this respect from most other European avant-gardists, who apparently feel that the end of 4/4 swing releases them from any rhythmic obligation. His music seems to portray the dramatic struggle of a human personality trying to assert itself within a machine-like environment, and it is this quality which strikes one as peculiarly European. Even though one hears echoes of Rollins, Ayler, and Coltrane in his playing, Breuker is using these influences to make his own music in a way no other non-American jazzman, to my knowledge, has done. This is not to say that he is a European Louis Armstrong, but the intelligence and vitality of his music and its real difference from its American sources are encouraging signs.

Let us hope that Breuker is the first of a host of similar creators, and let us also hope that the jazz environment abroad will remain hospitable to the fruitful conservatism of such men as Francy Boland. If so, non-American jazz will give renewed strength to all of us in the years to come. ■

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Don Morgenstern, editor of down beat, presenting the Readers Poll plaque to Dick Halligan while David Cloyton-Thomas and Bobby Colomby look on.

*Blood, Sweat & Tears, first place in down beat's Readers Poll, Rock/Pop/Blues Group category.

Coleman Hawkins: 1904-1969

By Stanley Dance

Coleman Hawkins was one of the immortals of jazz, a champion whose qualities both as man and musician placed him above and a little apart—like a lighthouse. When he died, in the last year of the century's most inglorious decade,—the sick, silly and murderous '60s—the end of an era was in sight.

His values were individual, professional, and, above all, thoroughly adult. As soon as he had mastered his horn, he established an easily recognizable identity. His playing, in fact, had both body and soul long before the latter noun came to be used in a narrower, adjectival sense. In technical detail, his approach was superficially modified to adjust to changing times, but the heart of his music, its power and conviction, had an enduring, unaltering personality as he moved from rubber mouthpiece, to Link, to Berg Larsen.

Other concepts of tone were to be accepted as appropriate to differing artistic processes, but the big Hawkins sound realized the full potential of the tenor saxophone as never before or since. He was undoubtedly proud of this tone, and his fight to maintain it in the last years of waning strength and hardening lungs contained the elements of tragedy. I can remember getting into a discussion with him once and naming other tenors whom I thought also had comparatively big tones, but he disagreed in every case. The nearest drew from him an affectionate and rather reluctant, "Not really."

His professionalism made him valuable both as a soloist and as a member of anybody's reed section. He always took care of business musically, but, beyond the respect of his colleagues, he also commanded the respect of the business species with which he was obliged to deal. He had the effortless dignity of a born aristocrat, and a contempt for the small and mean that he could make felt without verbal expression. Thus he was able to move through all levels of cosmopolitan society in England, France and Holland during the '30s relatively unscathed. He had no need to adopt any of the stereotyped racial postures, because he knew he was inferior to no one, as everybody of any intelligence also recognized immediately. Years before the boppers referred to their predecessors as Uncle Toms, Coleman Hawkins and his friend Benny Carter had demonstrated a cool sophistication in bearing and manner that could still serve as a model for the profession.

Just how and where he acquired his adult attitude to life so early, we shall probably now never know. He delighted in confusing friends and would-be biographers with conflicting details of his youth, while the subject of his age was a constant source of backstage debate and mirth. A typical exchange that I once noted down ran like this:

"How about the time when you were working with Mamie Smith?"

"That was somebody else using my name," he declared.

"I can remember you, a grown man, playing with Fletcher Henderson when I was still a child."

"I don't think," he retorted, suddenly and airily, "that I ever was a child!"

Certainly, he grew up fast. The Henderson band, whose greatest star he was, had no room for cry babies. He was the prototype of the independent spirits it produced—individualists who would stand on their own two feet come what might, who enjoyed life to the uttermost, and whose standards in music, automobiles, liquor and clothes were exacting. Hawkins's tastes were both broad and discriminating: he loved opera, and played Debussy on both his horn and the piano. The well-publicized "progress" of jazz held no mysteries for him. "What Charlie Parker and Dizzy were doing," he said, "was 'far out' to a lot of people, but it was just music to me." In his opinion, "they needed help," and he was generously disposed to give it, as recordings made in the '40s under his name with Dizzy Gillespie, Howard McGhee, Fats Navarro, Miles Davis and J.J. Johnson prove.

There were moving tributes paid him in New York on the sad day of his funeral, but what was in many minds and hearts was probably expressed by no one so well as by an old colleague from the Henderson reed section.

"He had a presence, even lying there in the casket," Russell Procope said. "I looked at his hands where they were folded together and thought of how much they had achieved." ■



THE BLUES AS SECULAR RELIGION

BY ROD GRUVER

THERE IS STILL much that needs to be said about the larger meaning of blues, its full significance as a form of art, modern mythology and secular religion. Paul Oliver has studied the social and economic background of blues; Pete Welding the lives and recordings of many of the singers; Charles Keil the functions of the blues singer as a cultural hero, and LeRoi Jones the important historical sources of blues. And while each has performed a valuable service in relating blues to the culture of its birth, none has been able to lift blues out of its status as a folk art.

All tend to see it more or less as, to use the words of Paul Oliver, "a direct expression of its immediate environment." Thus no one yet has been able to see blues as poetry, defined by the literary critic R. P. Blackmur as "life at the remove of form and idea."

There is justification, however, for looking at blues as poetry: for it is truly a creative expression, related to its environment, but also going beyond it in giving form and idea to it and in creating a vision to take its place. Freed by the license of art from any necessity to re-produce what already exists, blues

poetry moves and has its being in a realm of its own—like the imaginary geometries created by theoretical mathematicians or the sunflowers painted by Van Gogh. These imaginary creations of art and science are not useless illusions but prized possessions: a valuable resource because they teach us to see larger and finer than we saw before.

In *Blues People* LeRoi Jones claims that only with the advent of bop in the 1940s was the Negro able to look critically at white America; only then was he able to see himself as an integral person apart from its "‘meaningless’ social order." He says:

Cool means non-participation; *soul* means a new establishment. It is an attempt to reverse the social roles within the society by re-defining the canons of value White, then, is not 'right' as the old blues had it, but a liability, since the culture of white precludes the possession of Negro 'soul.'

But Jones is wrong about "the old blues." The individual song he refers to is Big Bill Broonzy's "Black, Brown, and White," which includes the line, "If you're white, you're all right . . ." Big Bill, however, did not want that line to be taken literally. He hoped instead to show how foolish the idea was just by giving it a clear and direct statement. In reply to such misreadings as Jones's, Big Bill said: "That song doesn't tell the Negro to get back, but just about where and who tells them to get back . . . I, Big Bill don't like to get back; I'm a blues singer and I sing about it."

Considered collectively, "the old blues" had already re-defined America's canons of value long before bop was ready to blow a call for a new social order. "The reversal of social roles," "non-participation," "re-defining the canons of value," and especially, the vision of a "new establishment"—all this began much earlier than the '40s, with the advent of bop. It began with the origin of the blues, which marked the beginning of a new day in America. That day is still dawning but seems to



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be getting lighter now at a much faster pace: the process has been speeded up with the re-discovery of blues by rock singers. What they are finding in "the old blues" is a fascinating part of their protest against traditional ways, old dogmas that seemed to have outlived their usefulness.

In *Understanding Media* Marshal McLuhan tries to lift blues out of its folk art traditions by claiming it was part of a large movement that arose to express a nostalgic yearning for organic unity. In his view, blues laments an Edenic wholeness that was lost after the invention of mechanized printing. "The poets and painters and musicians of the later nineteenth century all insist," he says, "on a sort of metaphysical melancholy as latent in the great industrial world of the metropolis." The frustrations of the period were symbolized by Cyrano de Bergerac, the classical figure of frustrated love. "This weird image of Cyrano, the unloved and unlovable lover, was caught up," says McLuhan, "in the phonograph cult of the blues."

McLuhan is right, of course, in sensing that blues is more than a folk art related only to its "immediate environment." But his claim that blues derives its sadness solely out of the loss of organic wholeness, that it laments only the crushing power of mechanized machinery, is still far from the truth. For his idea also forces blues into playing the part of a passive victim: thus he too denies its function as an agent for revolutionary change, as a force for re-defining America's canons of value. Charles Keil in *Urban Blues* shows that man is not a passive victim of a mechanized society by claiming that "... instances of man over machine [in jazz and blues] could be listed on page after page."

Though the victories cited are relatively minor, behind each is an attitude that recognizes the supremacy of the organic, of man as the measure, not the machine. But organic man, man the ir-

repressible, wins a major victory in the blue note itself; for the blue note is a symbol of man's refusal to give up his unpredictable orneriness, his inalienable right to be himself and nobody else's. For there is in the blue note and the improvisations based upon it a freeing of the spirit that gives full play to the creative imagination. Jimmy Rushing says:

Anytime a person can play the blues he has a soul, and that gives him a sort of lift to play anything he wants to play. The blues are a sort of base, like the foundation to a building, because anytime you get into trouble, you curve the blues down and get out of it.

But blues has also been used to help solve more than just musical problems, for the blues poets also used its lyrics to help release America from the moral prison of its Puritan ethos. Blues, then, shows man not as a victim of the machine but as triumphant over it; and it provides, in addition, a symbol of his success in winning that victory. Thus



blues differs from such dramas of the early '20s as *The Adding Machine* and *R. U. R.*, which show man as McLuhan found him—reduced to the pathetic roles of zero and robot, the de-humanized victim of a mechanized society.

But if blues goes beyond its immediate environment in showing man triumphant over a linear, mechanistic society, there is a history behind it that must be studied in any attempt to determine its full meaning. For blues could not have been written if its poets had not lived through a period of toil and trouble, had not suffered the throes of rejecting a long-accepted cultural stance. For blues is religious poetry that arose to express for the lower-class Negro what James Joyce in the person of Stephen Dedalus swore to express for the Irish nation: its uncreated conscience. The creators of blues were poets and prophets, visionaries announcing the advent of a new day, heralding with their blues the emerging of the lower-class Negro. These newly-

awakened prophets arose to revenge themselves against white America and those blacks who had accepted its Puritan ethos. These black prophets emerged to forge in the smithies of their prophetic souls, to transform in the crucible of the blues, a new social-religious order of their own. They gave us in their blues a new world in the making, a world not yet here but coming.

There have been other poets than those of the blues who have created new religions out of their poems of love. In his *Love in the Western World* De Rougemont says that the love poetry of the Cathars "became in the 12th century . . . a religion in the full sense of the word, and in particular a Christian heresy historically determined." The poetry of the blues also became a religion, and it too was historically determined.

Although Negro slaves were taken from intensely religious cultures where religion was an integral part of daily life they were forced to abandon their religious customs as soon as they were placed on Southern farms. Slave owners prohibited slaves from worshipping their gods because they feared it might lead to a nostalgic wish to return home or to an endless series of revolts. At first, the owners also denied slaves access to the local Christian religion: they had rationalized the purchase and working of slaves by thinking of them as less than human, as animals without souls to save. Thus owners of slaves did not dare to offend God by permitting slaves to worship Him.

But zealous missionaries succeeded finally in converting some of the house slaves, reasoning against objections that if brought into the flock even these black slaves might reflect the greater glory of God. And when, in comparison to those not converted, Christianized slaves became more docile, less eager to go home or to revolt, slave owners looked upon the conversion of slaves with less distaste and began to encourage it. But the converted slaves





were given a carefully edited version of Christianity.

In *Blues People*, LeRoi Jones says: Christianity, as it was given to the slaves . . . was to be used strictly as a code of conduct which would enable its devotees to participate in an afterlife: it was from the inception a slave ethic. It acted as a great pacifier and palliative . . .

By insisting that life on earth was a vale of tears, a trial for a greater glory beyond the grave, Christianity gave those who could believe in it an enormous capacity to endure. Christian slaves could believe that if they endured the thorns of slavery without protest, accepted all its heart-aches and pains in joyous surrender, they would be more ready to walk the glory road.

Before Emancipation, this other-worldly Christian ethic was virtually all that slaves were permitted to know. Working from sunup to sunset, they had almost no access whatever to the idea that life here on earth had any value or that it could be improved. "During the time of slavery," Jones says, "the black churches had almost no competition for the Negro's time." And to show their appreciation for the gift of Christianity, the officials of the black churches echoed white sentiment by condemning "all dem hedun ways" of the secular Negro and by calling "sinful all the 'fiddle sings,' 'devil songs,' and 'jig tunes'" that the secular Negro sang and played.

Collectors of Negro folk music after the Civil War were mystified by "the paucity of secular songs." They found little to collect outside of the religious anthems approved by the black churches, for the secular songs—all the devil's music—had been driven underground. Thus the black churches had unwittingly created a poetic vacuum that was destined to be filled soon by the capacity of the secular Negro to create music and song.

By forcing all the "devil's music" underground, the black churches forced

the songs first to cohere and then to harden into gems of beautiful brilliance. What emerged from the process was a song so fine, a music so inevitably appealing, that no power now could drive it away. The song was the blues, and by singing of the joys and the sorrows, the good and the bad, of life on earth, it opposed itself to the thoughts and feelings expressed in the spirituals. And because blues saluted life on earth as opposed to life after death, it also signaled the arrival of a new man, a man who differed from the one who sang the spirituals. For with the blues, secular man had once more emerged out of a religious culture based on supernatural values. And like the others before him, this secular man also based his life on values his unaided reason found by itself.

When the first boatload of African slaves landed on American shores in 1619, the West was already enjoying the fruits of the Renaissance, drawing benefits from the idea that reason un-



aided by light from above could lead to a fuller and better life. White slave owners, however, denied those benefits to their slaves. But in one of the finer ironies of history, 300 years later descendants of those same slaves had a renaissance of their own. They created a renaissance in the words of their blues, which like the poems, plays and essays of the first Renaissance saluted the idea that life was not a mere trial but of value in itself.

But if blues arose to balance the supernaturalism of black Christianity, blues also emerged to oppose the imitation of white society by the black middle class. Emerging out of the movement from farms to cities after Emancipation, the black middle class, Jones says "strove to emulate exactly the white society." But what it found to emulate was the life satirized by Mark Twain in *The Gilded Age* and later by Sinclair Lewis in *Babbitt*—a life dominated by greedy materialism, flagrant business dishonesty and a mindless

struggle to plunder the planet. Having aligned itself with a bigoted class of white Philistines, the black middle class also turned its back on all expressions and customs it considered "too Negroid"—as had the officials of the black churches. They too condemned the devil songs of the lower-class Negro, fearing greatly the process of guilt by association and the lash of white society. It came to believe, again in Jones' words, "that the best way to survive in America would be to *disappear* completely, leaving no trace at all that there had ever been an Africa, or a slavery, or even, finally, a black man."

But the black middle class never succeeded in disappearing completely; nor did it succeed in becoming an accepted member of the society it strove to emulate. Thus the class found itself on the razor's edge of having rejected its own past and of being rejected in turn by those it wished to join. Jones says of their dilemma:

The moral-religious tradition of the black middle class is a weird mixture of opportunism and fear. It is a tradition that is capable of reducing any human conceit or natural dignity to the barest form of social outrage.

Lower-class Negroes, the lowly field hands of slavery days, were only marginally connected to the black churches and were excluded entirely from the black middle class. They were the last Negro group to accept Christianity, which on the plantations had moved from house to yard to field. When one of them became a member of a black church, he was usually among the least devout of its believers. From this class came the 'backsliders,' those who joined only to slide back into non-belief, and the 'heduns', those who never joined. The most devout members, on the other hand, were usually those of the black middle class. They were devout because their emulation of white society had the effect of forcing them to swallow whole its dedication to the Puritan ethos, that uneasy combination of finance and reli-





gion. The members of the black churches and the black middle class were alike in attempting to gain white acceptance by looking down upon the lower-class Negro and by condemning his "Negroid" ways and his devil music.

Of this cultural split between middle and lower-class Negroes, on the one hand, and between religious and secular Negroes, on the other, Jones says: "Of course, the poor and unlettered [all lower-class Negroes] were the last to respond to the gift [the Puritan ethos] but the strivers after America, the neophytes of the black middle class, responded as quickly as they could." Having turned themselves as 'white' as they could by accepting the Puritan ethos of the white society, the members of the black churches and the black middle class "tried always to dictate that self, the image of a whiter Negro, to the poorer, blacker Negroes."

Thus the lower-class Negro found himself alienated from all classes and all beliefs: he stood all alone in an alien land. The alliance against him was tight and complete. He had no place to go and no one to turn to. He had no country, no home, no ideology and no art to call his own. History had forced upon him the awful realization that if the black man wanted to have a home of his own in America, he would have to create it himself out of elements of his own culture.

The task of tearing down to prepare for the job of building anew is accomplished in the blues by satirizing the values of the Puritan ethos, the religion so much admired by both the black churches and the black middle class. The lower-class blues poets took their revenge against those above them by turning their beliefs upside down, by looking around and finding something better to put in their place. There are, for example, constant references to the color "black," which was so much despised by the black middle class. "I'm the Black Ace," brags a singer by the same name, "I'm the boss card in your

hand." And when black is disparaged, which it sometimes is, the poet may only be putting the middle class on. The blues poets also insist that no other love can compare with the love that comes either before or outside of marriage. "A married woman's the best woman ever born," sings Red Nelson in *Sweetest Woman Ever Born*. And there is a continuous flouting of such middle class-Puritan virtues as thrift, hard work, prayer and continence—the whole process of preparing for heaven.

In *Harlem Blues* Little Son Willis sings: "I know blues singers don't go to heaven 'cause Gabriel bars them out. But all the good ones go to Harlem and help the angels beat it out." In *Talking, Preaching* Leadbelly offers a view of heaven as a pleasant place with pretty girls, good food and lots of old friends and relatives to talk to. The first stanza reads:

There's a lot of pretty girls up in heaven.

That's gonna make everybody want



to go to heaven.

Going up there to see the pretty girls.

Wright Holmes' *Alley Blues* is an excellent representative of all anti-Christian blues. It contains a primary interest in sex, the inadequacy of prayer, a concern for pleasure rather than hard work, while the tone of the spoken interjection, "Oh, this black man have been told," suggests that the speaker is mocking the master's lecture that must have followed the line, "Listen, master, you know I ain't never been to heaven." (*Country Blues Classics, Vol. 3, Blues Classics 7.*)

You know now, mama, oh, take me, mama, before the high water rise. You all know I ain't no Christian; 'course I once have been baptized. Lord, I went to church this morning, yes, and they called on me to pray.

Well, I fell down on my knees, on my knees, gee, I forgot just what to say.

Well, I cried, "Lord, my Father, my

Jesus"; I didn't know what I'd done.

I said that would be the Kingdom Come.

I say if you got any brownskin women up in heaven, will you please send Wright Holmes one?

Listen, master, you know I ain't never been to heaven. [Oh, this black man have been told.]

You know they tell me they got women up there, women up there, gee, with their mouths all lined with gold.

I get my cream from a creamery; I bet you get yours from a Jersey cow.

I get my meat from a pig; I bet you get your bacon from a no-good sow.

Tell the truth now; 'cause the woman I'm lovin' she's a holy woman, and she beats that tambourine.

Now some of these here days I'm gonna have me a heaven of my own.

Lord, don't you hear me; keep on a-preachin' to you.

Yes, I said some of these here days I'm gonna have me a heaven of my own.

I'll have a gang of brownskin women up there jazzin' all around my throne.

In an interview with Pete Welding, the Reverend Robert Wilkins, a former blues singer-turned-preacher, gave a clear statement of the antagonism between blues and spirituals:

Now, the difference between blues and spiritual songs . . . You can only sing one and not the other. Only one at a time that man can serve. . . . See, your body is the temple of the spirit of God, and it ain't but one spirit can dwell in that body at a time. That is the good spirit or the evil spirit. And that's spirituals or blues. Blues are songs of the evil spirit.

But these anti-Christian sentiments





are only the negative aspects of blues, its clear recognition that tearing down must precede building anew. There are positive things in the blues, too, a modern mythology, for example, with different levels of interpretation and a new religion to take the place of the one it opposed.

The attempt of blues singers to remold America's canons of value is remarkably similar to Wagner's effort to breathe new life into the German middle class. His opera *Tristan and Isolde* is a reversal of Germany's Puritan ethos, an attempt to re-awaken Nordic sensuality by celebrating passion as the one value that measures all others. Francis Ferguson in *The Idea of a Theater* says: "Wagner's opera shows concretely what is eternally human and externally comprehensive in life—i.e., passion as the one reality in our experience." Thus both Wagner and the blues poet are alike in celebrating passion as the value of values, the one good beyond all others. "I even kill a man about my boogie," warns one blues singer. By their celebrating of passion to the exclusion of all other values, both Wagner and the blues poet rejected the values of middle class respectability and of Puritan morality. That the passionate love in the blues and in Wagner's *Tristan* leads to neither emotional satisfaction nor lasting relationships can be explained by looking more closely at their main purpose. The main purpose of each was to stimulate dormant desires—not to satisfy them vicariously by picturing happy marriages. They wanted to re-awaken sleeping passions and then, by leaving them unsatisfied, to force their fulfillment outside the world of art.

To explain "the desperate and gloomy eroticism" and the close-to-suicidal longings that many object to in *Tristan*, Ferguson relies on the ideas of the French philosopher Henri Bergson, who claims that whenever the visions of mystics and artists envisage a new world, their work takes on a morbid

cast. The melancholy is caused by the emotional disturbance involved in passing from what is static, closed and habitual to what is dynamic, open and new. Bergson says:

The images and emotions that arise out of such changes indicate that the disturbance is a systematic rearrangement looking forward to a new equilibrium: the image is the symbol of what is being prepared and the emotion is a concentration of the soul in the expectation of a transformation.

But I think Bergson's idea applies equally well to the melancholy evident in the blues, which, like the suicidal longings in *Tristan*, is also suffered in "the expectation of a transformation." However, the poet-musicians of the blues took the morbid effect inherent in mystic visions in any attempt to envisage a new world, and made it into a sound that uplifts and cleanses the soul, leaving it serenely peaceful. Paradoxically, the blues poets changed the effect of the emotional disturbance—a morbid



or melancholy sound—into one of the chief appeals of their poetic opera.

That blues has various religious functions is not a new idea. Charles Keil, for example, shows how both blues singers and preachers perform remarkably similar services. He says:

Blues singers and preachers both provide models and orientations, both give public expression to deeply felt private emotions, both promote catharsis—the blues singer through dance, the preacher through trance; both increase feelings of solidarity, boost morale, strengthen the consensus.

Keil has performed a valuable service in pointing out these functional similarities and in noting elsewhere that "Blues singing is . . . intimately related to sacred roles in the Negro community." But while the functions Keil lists can be called religious, they neither exhaust nor define the nature of religion; for the functions listed can also be performed by good athletes, exceptional dancers and a popular singer like Frank

Sinatra. To get at the religion of the blues one must analyze its meaning, find out what it says on other levels than the literal. For sacred roles can only be played by those who provide resurrection, reconciliation, reunion, regeneration, at-onement. Religion is the power that overcomes the separations of man from nature, from others and from himself; by joining opposites it shows the essential oneness of nature's manifold appearance and assures the stable flow of all processes. And, of course, religion must also provide an external power to worship, some human faculty projected outward and deified as a god or principle that men will honor and seek to enact. The power of blues to renew and resurrect, to breathe new life into what has withered or become old, can be seen in what the Negro songwriter Reece D'Pree said once about the blues: "The blues," he told friends one evening, "the blues regenerates a man."

In *Language and Myth* the German philosopher Ernest Cassirer contrasts logical, discursive thinking, which expands concepts into an ever-widening series of relationships, with that of myth-making. "The mental view [of the latter] is not widened," he says, "but compressed; it is distilled into a single point. Only by the process of distillation is the particular essence found and extracted which is to bear the special accent of 'significance.'" These distillations become 'significant' in a religious sense if they evoke feelings of awe, wonder and delight—as in the blues, where behavior is compressed into the single point of sex. The functions of these awe-inspiring distillations is to divide the sacred from the profane. "By this process of division the object of religious worship may really be said to be brought into existence, and the realm in which it moves to be first established." For the creation of a sacred area is "the prerequisite for any definite divinities whatever" because in the realm of





the sacred "The Self feels steeped . . . in a mythico-religious atmosphere . . . it takes only a spark, a touch, to create a god or a daemon out of this charged atmosphere."

Blues poets made a religion of their blues by distilling behavior into the single point of sex, by creating a sacred realm of charged atmosphere conducive for the appearance of Man and Woman, the gods of the blues. By creating a song-type with Woman as one of its chief characters, blues poets created a mythology that unifies opposites and offers a new religious orientation. Woman had been nearly forgotten in the Christian doctrine of a male-dominated trinity. The Christian fathers blamed woman for the sensual depravity that helped to wreck ancient Rome, and her infamous deed in the Garden of Eden has not been forgotten yet. Her place was taken by the Virgin Mary, whose sexless pregnancy devalued not only sex but woman's proper role in child bearing and rearing. Under Christianity, her sexual appeal became a pagan snare, her essential humanity a heathen delusion. What Christianity feared was her power to absorb man's attention, to turn him away from God, who alone was considered worth attending to.

The Christian fear of woman is evident in a medieval couplet by Cardinal Hugues de St. Cher: "Woman pollutes the body, drains the resources, kills the soul, uproots the strength, blinds the eye, and embitters the voice." The Cardinal's hatred of woman contrasts sharply with Sonny Boy Williamson's exaltation of her and the good she does: "Every time she starts to lovin' she brings eyesight to the blind." Sonny Boy's Woman not only brings eyesight to the blind, but she makes the dumb talk, the deaf hear and the lame walk. So, in Sonny Boy's blues, Woman has become a more than mortal female, she has become a god. She is, as are all the women in the blues, a manifesta-

tion of pagan Woman, a symbol of those qualities in nature that have always been felt to be feminine. But there is evidence in the blues also for the apotheosis of Man. What else but a god is a "king bee," a man with "a stinger as long as my right arm," a "rattle-snakin' daddy," who "rattles all the time," a man who "can boogie all night long"?

The ancients divided the world into male and female halves, and the myths of their amorous unions and spiteful divisions ". . . typify with an accuracy that astounds the whole nature, the inalterable nature, of the two forces [positive and negative] that create life." All else, continues folklorist Elisabeth Goldsmith, "pales before the absorbing interest that is excited by the heart-breaking differences, the intermittent struggles for supremacy, for understanding, for reconciliation, for peace that is the history of this diametrically opposed yet passionately loving pair."

The motives behind the stories of



these two gods are those of all religions: to overcome the loneliness and anxiety of separateness and to provide gods for man to worship and adore. Their behavior symbolized the basic polarity of penetration and reception, of the polarity, as Erich Fromm has said, "of earth and rain, of the river and the ocean, of night and day, of darkness and light, of matter and spirit." Thus the "passionately loving pair" symbolized the essential unity of nature: together they represent the mysterious generative force Bergson has called the *elan vital* and Freud the libido.

In the stories told about them, Man symbolized the positive, powerful, energizing, orderly, active and intense aspects of nature. He was the sun or the sky, and his color was red. Woman symbolized the negative, chaotic, diffuse, passive aspects. She was the moon and the earth, and her color was blue. (The coincidence that a modern mythology that deifies Woman is known as

"the blues" is worth noting. Her color has become the name of her song.) Without these two gods in constant relationship, Elisabeth Goldsmith says, "man forgets the sublime and awe-inspiring need of equilibrium." In the blues Man and Woman serve the same function as they did in the myths of the past—they are gods to remind us of "the awe-inspiring need of equilibrium," the need to come to terms with the eternally opposite. The importance of this need is the subject of an editorial in *Saturday Review* by the English philosopher L. L. Whyte, who says in *Man's Task: A Union of Opposites*: "When man not merely knows but experiences in his emotional nature that the union of contrasts is his destiny, he is saved, no matter how hideous his history and despite the vast indifference of the older generation. A new generation that rejoices in the union of contrasts must take over and make itself heard."

The blues, as interpreted here, has been shown to be anti-puritan on its negative side and, on its positive side, a vision of a new religion. Its poetry speaks of a world that is dynamic, open and new, a mythological realm with two gods who symbolize the basic unity of all oppositions—natural, sexual, social, and racial. Blues, then, is a reaching out toward a mature self-reliance, toward an independence of spirit. It is an attempt to replace the immature dependence that organized religion has all too often tended to foster. As James Baldwin has said: "It is not too much to say that whoever wishes to become a truly moral human being . . . must first divorce himself from all the prohibitions, crimes, and hypocrisies of the Christian church. If the concept of God has any validity or any use, it can only be to make us larger, freer and more loving." And that is the central message and purpose of the blues, its reason for being: "to make us larger, freer and more loving." ■



FRAGMENTS OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY KENNY DORHAM

I WAS BORN at 8:30 a.m. on Aug. 30, 1924, close to Fairfield, Texas—the nearest village or township with a name recognizable to big-city folk who traveled north to south from Dallas to Houston, east to west from Palestine to Teague or Mexia (pronounced Me-harie).

Five or six miles inland from Fairfield is where the tall oak trees grow. Out there they call it Post Oak, Texas. Imagine living in a place where there's no name on the joint. You name it by the first thing you see. Oak trees. It could have been called Oak Tree, Texas.

Everything in Texas doesn't grow big, which reminds me of a giant-size statue of a Texas Ranger inside the Lanefield airline terminal at Dallas which says, "One riot, one ranger." That is somewhat of a myth, I imagine. In fact, most inland trees grow rather small, as nearly as I can remember. It is very dry inland. The small trees are used for posts to build fences around the cattle and farms.

On a brisk spring morning around the middle to the end of March, while my father groomed the fields, the young plants could be seen breaking through the soil. The chirping of the mocking birds, jaybirds, woodpeckers, and flocks of blackbirds could be heard, in contrast to the whippoorwills, the hawks, coyotes, crickets, frogs, rattlesnakes, and all the familiar sounds of the big Southwest. And sometimes the lonesome train whistle of the Sunshine Special that traveled across east Texas would join in. A rare combination of musical sounds.

I grew up with aspirations of becoming a top cowhand and being able to yodel and sing songs like the horse-men of the West. The Gene Autry-type yodelers and the local cowboys were mostly white. I had a black satin two-year-old pony with a white, diamond-shaped spot in the middle of his forehead. He was equipped with a Sears & Roebuck western saddle, bridle, and halter.

My father would permit me to go along with the big boys whose fathers or uncles owned the farm-ranch where we sharecropped. Of course, they were white. I'd be paid maybe \$5 a day to help herd 100 head of cattle to the dipping vat, where they were put in a huge stable to be dipped for ticks and fleas and red bugs. (Red bugs are a bit smaller than fleas and are very annoying when on one's person.) This operation would go on either on a Saturday or when there wasn't much other farm

activity such as baling hay or alfalfa, making sorghum or ribbon-cane syrup and picking cotton.

I also wanted to be a hobo, because they sang songs that originated from nearly every part of the Southwest and West. I thought it would be very exciting to be a hobo because they hitched rides on freight trains and went as far west as San Francisco and southwest to the border towns near Mexico. Most of the hobos were white, I might add.

At one time we had one of the few big white houses on Highway 7, which runs east to west, and they'd see the light from an oil lamp and would think that it looked like a friendly place to stop and ask for a little grub. My mom, who was always a most cordial hostess, would run a screen test on the stranger. He'd usually pass the test, and she would feed him, sometimes in the kitchen, or maybe on the screened-in back porch.

After the hobo had eaten, he'd usually tell some tall yarns about his travels and sing some songs that really gave me a hankering to travel. If he needed a place to sleep, my father and I would take him to the barn and give him the largest room there—the hay room. We would leave ol' Jack, the German shepherd, to keep an eye on him in case his hands got heavy and picked some expensive farm implements.

Once someone did just that. Stole almost \$3,000 worth of new farm implements—and returned them later, placing them in a nearby field on another farm. I also liked hoboies because they smoked cigarets—Bull Durham, probably—and when they'd throw one down, I'd pick it up and smoke it when no one was looking. None of my family smoked or drank, so anything that was a little different was exciting.

Yodeling is the southwestern cowboys' and farm folks' term for a certain style of earlier western folk-song type improvisation. Real western high life. When a cotton picker was taking his last sack of cotton to the scale for the day, one might hear him yodel, *Ye-o-dle la-de, ye-o-dle, la-d-o-dle-la-de-o-dle la-dee*. In later years, I heard Charlie Parker yodel on alto saxophone, and after Charlie I heard Julian (Cannonball) Adderley yodel the same melody on his horn.

A lone cowboy at the end of a day on the range could be heard yodeling. While he was unsaddling his mount back at the corral, he'd yodel. They

had a lot of show business about their thing. Whatever it was that they did, show business was seemingly a natural part of it. Especially when they mounted their horse in a hurry. As their foot hit the stirrup the horse would take off in a hurry. Now all he had to do was get his other leg over the horse, and he would be tall in the saddle. Somehow that seemed to be too easy. If he was in a hurry, he'd shout a command to the horse, and all you'd see was dust from the horse's heels. The cowboy would touch the ground with both feet simultaneously a couple of times and would escalate to the saddle. In the movies, a guy who does that would probably be called a stunt man.

I was told that a good cowboy could be recognized by the fact that he had bow legs, which meant he'd been riding for a long time. I really don't know about that one, but every time I visit Texas and see a guy in a business suit (or dungarees for that matter) with bow legs, I wonder if he is a cowboy. Can he yodel?

My older sister, whose married name is McIlveen and who lives in that small town of which I've been speaking, worked her way through Lincoln High School in Palestine, Texas, by playing piano and singing for the Dr. Pepper and Coca-Cola companies. She did either a half-hour or one hour performance once a week for those beverage companies. She sang spirituals and could read music. Usually, she'd sing *St. Louis Blues* or some jazz composition. Among her selections was *Mood Indigo* by Duke Ellington.

My mom's brother was principal of the Lincoln High School for about 25 years, and his wife was vice-principal for about 12. They had four girls and one boy who graduated from there and went on to various colleges and universities across the United States. They weren't musical but scholarly.

It was while my sister was in Palestine that she first heard Louis Armstrong and Cab Calloway. When she came back to the little village, out to a farm-ranch where we worked for the Aultmans, about six miles out in the bush, she told my mother and dad about jazz. She told us she had heard Gabriel: "He must have been the Gabriel that was spoken of in the Bible," she said. She went on to say that she thought I was going to be a musician. A great musician like Louis Armstrong. She'd say, "Do you see the way he jumps around when he hears music?"

At that time, the only music we



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knew of was in the holiness-sanctified church. Baptist Church, and the Methodist, besides the western music of the big Southwest. There were a few pop tunes that we heard on the radio that was piped through to us by way of Dallas, or some other city with a transmitter strong enough to reach us out

there, 75 miles south of Dallas. They played tunes like *Shuffle Off to Buffalo*. I could play that on piano when I was 5 years old, with both hands—and boogie-woogie style piano too.

We'd also heard of Blind Lemon Jefferson from Wortham, Texas, in Freestone County, and we knew that

he played guitar. In fact, a man came to our house once who I thought might be him. He was hungry and asked mama and dad for food. He didn't have any legs. I'm sure of that. He was also blind. At least I think he was. He was real hip, though. I thought he was hip because he wore sunglasses. I'd

never seen sunglasses before. How he got there without legs I'll never know.

We didn't use the term "hip" back then. We'd say, "He sure is smart."

I was told by Martin Williams, whom I respect very much as a historian, that he didn't think the no-legged Blind Lemon was *the* Blind Lemon Jefferson, who died in Chicago in 1930. He said this after I told him that I once met Blind Lemon. I'm not really that old, I was glad to find.

The hoboes who came through the countryside would sing and tell news that had happened in the cities or towns in other parts of Texas. They would speak of the excitement created by the rangers in areas where they had knocked over whisky stills, would talk about bandidos like Pancho Villa, would talk of desperadoes like John Dillinger and Baby Face Nelson. There were some right in that part of the country, too, they'd say. Like Raymond Hamilton and Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker.

I do remember that we bought very few newspapers. Living way out there, one would hardly know what was happening in other parts of the country except for special news bulletins. Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker were killed on a highway in Louisiana when law officers cut down a tree and had it laid across the road. This was very exciting news. Unusual news. I'd heard of Jesse and Frank James and different local cowboys, but they were cowboys in Sunday clothes, driving cars.

Bonnie wrote a very real-life piece of poetry while she was dying, so the local paper said. It was written in blood, it was also said. It went like this: *I'm sure you've read the life of Jesse James,*

Of how he lived and died—

If you are still in need of something to read,

Here is the story of Bonnie and Clyde.

There were something like eight to 12 power-packed stanzas that told of villainous deeds and about the gun battle with law officers in Dallas where eight to 10 or more feds were killed. Well, when you're way out there, counting stars in the state of Texas, any news is excitement.

When I was quite young, my father worked on the "good road." The good road, so it was called, was a two-lane, concrete highway laid where there had been only a dirt road. The road was built, a pipeline was laid, and a telephone line was constructed. The road, pipeline, and phone line extended from one of the world's biggest oil fields known at the time, in east Texas, where the derricks were pumping 24 hours a day and the oil could be smelled 10

miles away. The road crossed the Trinity River. The Trinity angles north and south and empties into the Gulf of Mexico. My father began work on the west side of the river. The road went westward for miles and miles and on out through Cactus County, the desert.

My pa had four big, red, young, top-stock mules that were actually owned by a nice man for whom we sharecropped on a 300-acre farm. We had eight mules all told and two horses. A man named Watt Parker owned the farm and sold General Motors products and International trucks. In the spring, around March, I would sell fresh blackberries, plums, beans, and whatnot to the townspeople, with Mr. Parker getting first preference. He would pay me more than anyone in the town for the produce. I usually got about 35 cents a bucket. I'd have maybe five buckets full. Only thing was, I had to walk about three miles to town.

The good road brought temporary wealth—or maybe I should say relief—to the workers in that part of Freestone County it traveled through. We lived about 20 miles from the work site to which Pop drove daily, hauling workers in a new International truck. Quite a distance in those days.

As the road progressed, the distance to and from work became shorter and shorter. The road finally passed about 60 yards in front of our little white, four-room house. The house had a front porch and a back, screened-in porch. There was a "board well" in the back yard. A standard-size board well at that time was a rectangular wood casing extending some 35 feet down to the water, just a bit larger than a square foot at the top, from where a cylindrical bucket about 3½ feet long was raised and lowered by a rope and pulley. We eventually had to abandon the well because a cat or some other small animal fell into it and died. We knew something was wrong because the well had the smell of death.

We then had to haul our water on a wooden sleigh drawn by one or two mules with a 40-gallon wooden barrel on top. My father and a Caucasian man dug another well about 10 feet from the old one. This well was very shallow. It was about 20 feet deep and about five feet square. The water from this well had a wonderful taste.

Then there was a time when we lived in a one-room shotgun house, as they were called. The house stood on stilts about 12 to 15 feet in the air and had a rowboat swung along side. When floodwaters came, the Trinity level rose, and we'd have to get out of there by boat. The wild animals would also have to leave. The big cats, like panthers and bobcats would attack the cattle and

kill some ever so often after a flood.

The only music heard would probably be the whistle of the Sunshine Special, and its wheels beating out a faint rhythm on the tracks in the far distance. It was on the Trinity bank or nearby where the desperadoes left their getaway cars, I was told. Way out in no man's land where the beauty of nature can be held in unending embrace.

Kenny Dorham attended high school in Austin, Tex., where he first took up trumpet. He played in the Wiley College Band, was drafted in 1942 and was on an Army boxing team, then joined fellow-Texan Russell Jacquet's band, worked with another trumpeter, Frank Humphries, and then was discovered by Dizzy Gillespie, whose first big band he joined. His story picks up again at this point:

After having been a protege in the first Dizzy Gillespie Orchestra (1945)—Dizzy's protege—I was groomed to succeed Fats Navarro, who had succeeded Diz in Billy Eckstine's orchestra. It was really a hot chair. I was following the two most outstanding trumpeters in jazz history (if not trumpet history, as I would in a realistic sense prefer to say). I joined the Eckstine band in 1946, leaving from New York after I'd heard about Mr. B's S.O.S. from Walter (Gil) Fuller, for whom I was the ghost writer. I was writing arrangements, or sections of arrangements, for big bands—those of Harry James, Jimmy Dorsey, Shorty Sherock, Tommy Burns, the Broadway Roseland and Danceland orchestras, Gene Krupa, etc. Gil had so much work that he couldn't do it all.

Gil bought me my train ticket to Monroe, La., and I took off, seated somewhere near the middle of the train until I reached the Mason-Dixon Line—St. Louis, to be more specific.

I was wearing—dig this—brown alligator on brown suede shoes (hustler shoes, Lou Rawls calls 'em); a tailor-made \$60 F&F suit; a brown silk sport shirt with a Mr. B. collar; black mascaraed mustache; brown, horn-rimmed glasses (bebop glasses, they were called); and a bebop cap. It's pretty hard to describe the cap, except to say that on top there was a little one-half-to-three-quarters-inch-long cloth nipple one-quarter inch in diameter. That was really considered chic—then.

After an hour's layover in St. Louis, the train pulled out. It had a lot of farmers and such people on it, in the same car I had left New York in, only this time instead of being in the middle of the train, I was in the car next to the one with the caboose, which meant in the rear—the back.



The Billy Eckstine Band with Mr. B out front on trumpet

The farther south we went, the more people got on the train—with cotton sacks, cooking utensils, and what smelled like lunches in pails with perforated holes in the lid for air and ants.

Further down, as I reached the state of Louisiana, they were bringing on live chickens in burlap sacks, and squealing pigs. Also rabbits and squirrels, some dead possums and a couple of live ones, correctly called opossums.

Anyway, when I reached my destination, the Eckstine bandsmen had not as yet arrived, so I ate chili con carne and waited. They showed up about gig time. Art Blakey greeted me first. "He's here," he shouted, introducing me to Mr. B., whom I was meeting for the first time—or even seeing at close up.

I accompanied him to his dressing quarters. As he began to change clothes, he revealed a 38-caliber Colt. As I looked around me, I saw quite a few weapons. That didn't bother me too much, being from Texas. Raymond Orr—the first trumpeter and one of the best to ever play first trumpet in terms

of conception and range, fullness, and music in general—sat next to me alongside our other trumpeters, Marion Hazel, nicknamed Booney, and Shorty McConnell of Earl Hines' fame.

McConnell had played that great trumpet solo on the Hines band's record of *Stormy Monday Blues*—his last great solo. I don't know about his first, but it was his last great solo. The climactic part was a concert G. I say last great solo, because he liked to play high but lost his mouthpiece, which was especially made by Charlie Allen in Chicago, and he could never get another one to feel like that *Stormy Monday* mouthpiece.

All Diz and Fats hadn't done to retire Shorty from the solo chair—known as the "hot seat" and highly competitive—I did the rest.

I sat next to Blakey, who practically broke my eardrum that first night. If he didn't get me then, he got me later. I'd never heard such beautiful control! and drive before as I heard in Art that night. 'Twas a night to remember. I

was cued by first trumpeter Orr for my four-bar break on *Love Me or Leave Me*. That was *really* stepping. After I'd sailed through those four bars, there was a shout of approval from the band and a press roll by Art that I can still hear, almost 23 years later.

After touring through the South and Southwest and a bus breakdown in the hills of West Virginia in the snow, we finally arrived in Pittsburgh, Pa., the home of Art, Mr. B., and Booney.

We were there for three days, in time for Christmas, and we all received different kinds of presents from Mr. B., like . . . well, I won't go into *all* that.

I received a sharp brown leather jacket to go with all that other brown I had. I had Christmas dinner at Art's and B.'s, and then on to New York, where I lived with my wife and first daughter and mother-in-law.

(I later pawned the jacket to get money for dinner for Fats Navarro, who was a daily visitor at my home. I blew the money betting on Fats, who was an excellent pool player until that



CHARLES STEWART

Jazz Messengers Kenny Dorham and Hank Mobley

day. He lost. We ate lima beans and were gassed.)

We played the Regal in Chicago a couple of times, the Paradise in Detroit, Cleveland, the Earl in Philly, the Adams in Newark, the Royal in Baltimore, and the Apollo in New York City, where I received my first fine for missing a show. That cost \$25—a lot of bread in those days. I was soon fired for calling one of B.'s boys an Uncle Tom in the basement of the Apollo. Orr pulled out a 38-caliber automatic when the guy, a trombone player, was about to bring a chair down on my head. He froze in mid-air, looking down that lonesome barrel. Within five minutes, Sid Bernstein, B.'s road manager, had brought me my notice, and that was *finis* for that.

Art Blakey organized his 17 Messengers in 1948, and everyone wore turbans and goatees in very mid-Eastern mystic fashion, and talked about the Koran in relation to other religions. I wasn't in the turban-wearing band, but I was in one of his last big bands as star trumpeter, writer, and union organizer with the band. Of course, we all belonged to local 802, but I'm speaking of union in union, or our union (smile). A very fine band it was, because Art always had a fine rhythm section and brass section—a real organizer.

During the '50s, I worked for Republic Aviation, at the U.S. ammunition depot in Vallejo, Calif., and at the U.S.

medical depot in Oakland, while living out there with my wife and two daughters, Keturah and Leslie.

Art also did some work in industry, but on the East Coast. The guys today don't believe in anything like that. They holler, "Freedom! Freedom! Avant-garde!" That's fine with me.

In 1954 and part of 1955 I was working at the Jack Frost Sugar Refinery to get away from the regular scene, while Art had formed the famous group with Lou Donaldson, Horace Silver, Clifford Brown and Curly Russell. Prior to that, Art and I had made a classic date with the high priest, Thelonious Monk (*Carolina Moon*, etc.) for Blue Note. I made my first own date for Debut records—Charles Mingus & Company—with Kenny Clarke, Walter Bishop, Percy Heath, and Jimmy Heath there, and one for Blue Note, called *K.D. Plays Afro-Cuban*, with Art propelling the forces: Horace Silver, Oscar Pettiford, Cecil Payne, Hank Mobley, J.J. Johnson, and myself, plus Carlos (Potato) Valdez on conga and Richie Goldberg on the side with a cowbell.

Then there was a date made with Sonny Rollins for Prestige called *Moving Out*, which had Percy Heath, Art Blakey, Elmo Hope, and myself. Sonny played a beautiful *Silk and Satin*, a ballad with accompaniment by the other three.

Art asked me to make a date with him in 1955, and I was honored, of

course. The group had Doug Watkins, Horace Silver, and Hank Mobley. We made tunes like *The Preacher*, *Doodlin'*, and *Room 608* (which was Horace's room in the Arlington Hotel on W. 23rd St., I think).

After being encouraged to resign from my job in industry by Art, I started to work in the Jazz Messenger group. I suppose it would be called group No. 2, since Clifford Brown had been in the five-piece group before me.

One of the highest points in that early day of Group 2 was a concert at the Syrian Mosque in Pittsburgh, where the Modern Jazz Quartet, Dinah Washington and her trio, and the Max Roach-Clifford Brown Quintet also performed.

After the Queen, as Dinah was called, had been on, and each group had performed, there was an intermission, and then Max and Art went into their percussion battle royal, each playing accompaniment for the other while the other soloed, bringing the house to a standing ovation. As they kept playing, the King, the real acknowledged king of the trumpet (or the other king), Mr. Dizzy Gillespie, strode front and center and started revving up some of his classic abundance and genius. A full three-man rhythm section was on stage by now.

Then Clifford Brown, the young king—and I do mean king, probably the youngest player in trumpet history to achieve musical maturity—came on stage.

There were now two drummers, piano, bass, and the trumpets on stage, and John Lewis, music director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, said to me, "You'd better go out and get some," suggesting my participation in the trumpet "scream-along".

Not having been a regular daily participant in musical employment, I didn't feel that I should allow myself to be put up for appraisal under these conditions—people never forget these occasions.

I could see it there in the headlines of the big music magazine. Something like: "Super Star Fades" or "Out of Orbit," with the first few lines of the review probably reading something like: "Once out of orbit, a falling star becomes a flying saucer which is earthbound."

Frankly, I hope to be on earth for quite some time. Anyway, I did go out there after all, and gave them the old one, two, and out, receiving some of the most exhilarating, enthusiastic applause of the afternoon.

The concert was over shortly afterwards, and we were in the air, flying back to the city of great smog—New York. ■



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The Adventures of Seldon Sideman

by Dick Wellstood

Toronto

"This is fine for us, mac, let us oot!" cried a voice from the exit door of the stalled bus and we descended into the heavy Toronto traffic, November 11—Veteran's Day in the States and Remembrance Day in Canada. The streets were crowded with veterans—most of them over 30—all fine in their snappy berets, their shiny suits bright with medals. Most of them wandered aimlessly from bar to bar, asking no more of the day than a chance to look proud again. Some of them took on the look of injured animals as the day wore on and the meaningless present began to overpower their sweet and understandable past.

We pushed through the holiday crowd and entered Eaton's, a department store. Taps or some sad call sounded over a tinny speaker. One by one the customers bared their heads and stood at attention as the speaker broadcasted what we took to be the national anthem. When it was over we finished shopping, walked out another door, and came upon the source of the music, a reverent crowd singing on the steps of the old City Hall, the sound of their voices vibrating, distorting, fading in and out among the traffic noises. A band played. Politicians spoke. I responded to the ceremony with the fervor of a recent immigrant. The similarities of Canadian dress, of language, made the ritual seem intelligible; the subtle differences of custom and language kept it meaningless, made it almost mythic, made it a magical event, as if all at once the crowd, the pots, the brass band and the flags might rise like little balloons in the park and vanish in the frosty sky up Yonge Street, the people still singing.

A rock band in a stone city. Toronto is built of stone—not only the modern buildings but also the old mock-farmhouses seemingly transplanted from Illinois or Ohio, fashioned of stone and inevitably painted grey, give Toronto its odd petrified quality. In the mid-west such houses would be of wood, shabby and noisy, but in Toronto they are genteel, quiet, the stone stilling the sound.

My hotel room is noisy, bounded by the hotel lobby, the alley to the parking lot and the rear wall of the men's room. On one wall hangs a picture of a flight of stone steps leading down into, perhaps, the Adriatic. I reflect that such a picture has very little relevance to contemporary life and thought, and spend most of my time looking out the window at the back of a bank. There are girls in the bank, several framed in each window, and they are doing the things that girls do in banks. They are sorting, passing, smiling, filing, typing, talking; one of them, solemnly and with great concentration, sits like an animal chewing a strange bug, and looks left, types, right, types, left, types, right, types—I think I can see her jaws move. I

think tomorrow I shall turn into a giant cockroach.

Outside the hotel restaurant walks a knife-sharpener pushing his sharpener, a strange contraption that rolls on a bicycle wheel. He is ringing a bell and calling for knives to sharpen. Inside the hotel restaurant four old men sit over the luncheon coffee, talking. They are dressed in conservative business suits. They wear vests. They wear bow ties. One of them has a lovely white goatee and carries some sort of honorary ribbon in his lapel. They are reminiscing about the army, about life in the provinces, about the elders in their church. Suddenly there is a lull in their conversation. The early afternoon light filters through the window curtain and lights up the face of the goateed one. He remarks the knife-sharpener passing by, smiles, clasps his veined fingers and slowly, softly, with the accents of the utmost gentility, tells an obscene story.

The noise outside my room is incredible. There is a pounding on the door. I answer it.

"You leave today, boy?" demands one of the maids, a boisterous creature who speaks Greek, a language in the face of which I am helpless. Doubly so because my mind unaccountably assumes she spends her evenings reading Homer, or perhaps Dio Chrysostom or Theocritus. Triply so since I mistake her Greek for some particularly retarded dialect of Canadian-French. She knows nothing of all this and seems to like me, noisily.

"No, no." I mumble, and shut the door. That night someone secretly installs a pull-towel machine in the men's room, on the other side of the wall about two feet from my pillow. Someone pulls it at eight o'clock the next morning. I wake up and spring out of bed in terror, dreaming of Viet Cong attacks. Soon other people start to wash their hands and pull the



JACK BRADLEY

Wellstood in Central Park

towel. Cursing, I change hotels.

I like Canada. Their money is funny, like Monopoly money. All different colors it is, with ER (for Elizabeth Regina I guess) on the front. The ones are green, twos sort of russet, fives blue, tens purple and the fifties an indescribable (by me) blend of tans. The bills have pretty pictures on the backs—scenes of oceans, mountains, woods, farmlands—to illustrate the *a mare usque ad mari* motto on the front. Kind of old-fashioned pictures, but much groovier than the crypto-Masonic symbolism which clutters up the back of the U.S. dollar.

Toronto is clean in the same way that one expects London or, say, Baltimore to be clean: people scrubbing stone doorsteps and wiping windows, clerks in business suits polishing brass door-handles. But New Left posters are everywhere: "Join the N.L.F.," I expect to see one say, but none does. Instead they say "March On The U.S. Embassy!" (to re-enlist?) and "End Canadian Connivance!" with the same fervor as that with which the Old Left denounced the North Atlantic Pact in 1948.

I love my wife but O Canada.

We have hope for our band, which was named *The Jersey Ramblers* by our agent. Our agent can really name a band. Our idea is to blend the old jazz of the '20s (which we all grew up with in the '40s) with the free music and rock of the '60s. A difficult blend for a jazz band to make, since what most people think of as "jazz" is music that had its heyday in the '50s. But as another cat observed once, wotthehell wotthehell. In *The Jersey Ramblers* are Ken Davern, clarinet and soprano sax; Ed Hubble, trombone; Dick Wellstood, piano; Jack Six, electric and upright bass; Al McManus, drums.

The club we played in in Toronto had somehow the air of an aquarium. A serpentine bar wandered the length of one wall and the walls were made of various igneous blasted-looking materials, some of which made one's eyes wash out of focus. The shiny linoleum floor reflected light on the chrome-and-plastic furniture and an electric cloud machine projected strange watery cloud blobs across an elevated stage upon which I would not have been surprised to see appear an orchestra of large black fish, standing on their tails and playing a 1932 Don Redman arrangement. Instead of which appeared us, huffing and puffing, an optimistic retort to the topless band down the street and the singalong pianist in the cellar bar next door.

We were no competition to either. We bored the voyeurs who came to pursue careening breasts and we outraged the proles who came to join in on the refrain of *K-K-K-Katy*. We purveyed our mixture of nostalgia and art music to a mixed crowd of elderly jazz buffs expecting the Good Old Numbers and a light traffic of "swingers" (empty-eyed couples in their late twenties, waiting evidently for some form of sexual release to visit them from the bandstand). Attempting to please each we alienated both. Nonetheless I felt optimistic.

The assistant manager beckoned me to his table with a reaping sort of gesture.

"Sit down," he said.



The author in 1947 with Danny Alvin, Sidney Bechet, and Munn Ware

I sat down.

"Our problem," said the assistant manager confidentially, "is that the younger people don't come out. The average age of our customers during the week is 45. Do you think your band can bring out the young people?"

"Of course," I said.

The manager joined our table.

"Our problem," stated the manager, "is that the older people don't come out. We have nothing but young people here during the week and they don't spend any money. Do you think your band can bring out the older people?"

"Of course," I said.

They both smiled happily. I rejoiced in their happiness and rose to play the next set.

We did rather well, considering that we had only one week to do it in. The more intelligent fans knew they were hearing something good, the help liked us, and we got a good press. The night the critical reviews came out we drove happily back to the hotel after work, stopping at every corner to steal armloads of newspapers from the honor-system vending machines. At least we were a *succes d'estime*.

A rock band in a stone city. Toronto comprehends *The Jersey Ramblers* with ruminative placidity and allows them safe return to New Jersey.

Rochester

My birthday. I celebrate by going on the road again. A cab drives me down a pleasantly dingy avenue in Rochester and stops in front of a pleasantly dingy hotel. This is going to be OK, I think. I pay the driver, put my bags on the sidewalk, and look around. The closer look is revealing. Broken glass lies on the sidewalk. Curtains wave through holes in the windows where glass used to be. Beer bottles sit naked on windowsills.

"Watch out for yourself in that place,"

says a hoarse voice and an aged wino grips my arm. I give him a free slice of Instant Manhattan Cold Shoulder, annoyed that anyone would think I couldn't take care of myself. I register and set off for my fifth-floor room. The elevator stops at the third floor to take on drunks. More get on at the fourth. We reach the fifth and I can't get out because of the crowd, a happy, singing crowd by now. A whiskey bottle passes merrily over heads. I'm trapped. The door shuts and back we go down to the lobby.

"You still here?" somebody asks me. "Hey, let the gentleman off!"

I explain that I don't want to get off and away we go to the fifth floor again, where helping hands ease me off the elevator. I count my bags (2) and find myself wishing I had on a nice inconspicuous cheap black overcoat like everybody else instead of a fancy English duffle coat from Toronto with a groovy muffler. I start down the hall, watched from behind half-closed doors by faces left over from a German expressionist film of 40 years ago. Voices cackle at me. TV blares from both sides of the hall.

The hall is green, lit with red light bulbs. Merry Christmas. My room key is loose in the lock, which is loose in the door which is loose in the jamb. I open the door and am greeted by a sagging bed, broken venetian blinds and a dirty sink the size of a teacup. Through a split slat in the blinds I see the orange girders of a new skyscraper being raised about 50 feet from my window. Horns blow loudly and cars emerge from an underground garage right beneath my window. There is only one thing to do—I pick up the bags, walk to the lobby and wander the streets till I find another hotel.

The new hotel is nice and costs my entire salary. My room is nice. It overlooks a nice quiet church and a group of nice used-car lots that keep their lights on all

day. Three mornings a week my sleep is disturbed by a nice truck that backs up right under my window and dumps nice coal into the hoppers of the Rochester Gas & Electric Co.

Rochester is the kind of city that still runs on coal. There are only two movies open in the daytime. I see them both. I get bored. I almost join the YMCA just to set down some roots, just to feel that I belong to something, say, the karate classes or the Wednesday Night Needlework corner, even though I'd be working and couldn't attend classes.

I was looking forward to being in Rochester, too—maybe to hang out at the Eastman School of Music, audit some composition classes, find the coffee shop where the composition majors and their groovy girl friends with the groovy long hair hang out. It takes me a week to realize I'm living across the street from Eastman because it looks just like the rest of Rochester. I don't find the coffee shop until my next-to-last day. I have already eaten lunch and am coming home after a hard afternoon shooting pool so I go in and only have a cup of coffee. A couple of frumpy-looking chicks are eating tuna salad on white and two 14-year-olds are discussing opera. By this time I've changed in my mind from Composition Student to Pool Hustler and so never go back. But the two weeks practice sure improved my pool game!

The room we work is one of the city's finest restaurants, on top of a brand-new office building overlooking Rochester's boring south side. The food is great, but there's something about working in a restaurant that bugs me. Maybe it's being a shill for a steak. Maybe the crash of the bus tray in the middle of my solo.

The band is a good one, though: Roy Eldridge, trumpet (and leader); me, piano; Jack Gregg, bass; Danny Farrar, drums. But the nature of the room precludes any real playing and except on the few occasions when Roy opens up, we wind up playing the depressing, familiar club-date repertoire: *Hello, Dolly!*; *Mame*; *Fiddler On The Roof*, etc. Even the customers are familiar club-date customers: "THE BRIDE'S MOTHER AND FATHER!" screams a voice two inches from my ear one night while I'm playing.

"Certainly, madame," I snarl, wondering what it is she wants me to do.

Rochester is a scruffy city. A scruffy nasty city. It has a brand-new urban-renewal skyscraper complete with Pedestrian Mall, Boutiques and a Fountain that is overrun during the day by teeny-bopper guerilla fighters (Ché Stadium!) and hippies bumming money. By night it is patrolled by scores of security police looking for hippies or guerilla fighters to beat up. Shops advertise goods "imported from Greenwich Village." The architecture has the underlying deadness and dirtiness of corporate fascism. Rochester—let's face it, Rochester gives me the willies! The busses tell the story. Whereas New Orleans busses bear such charming legends as *Desire Florida*, *Elysian Fields* or the courtly *Leon C. Simon*, and whereas Toronto gives us the stolidly Anglo-Saxon *Humber Queen*, Rochester busses offer only the banal *Clifford* or the downright ugly *Lake*

Kodak. Scruffy. Rochester has the sinister air of a strange poolroom.

New Orleans

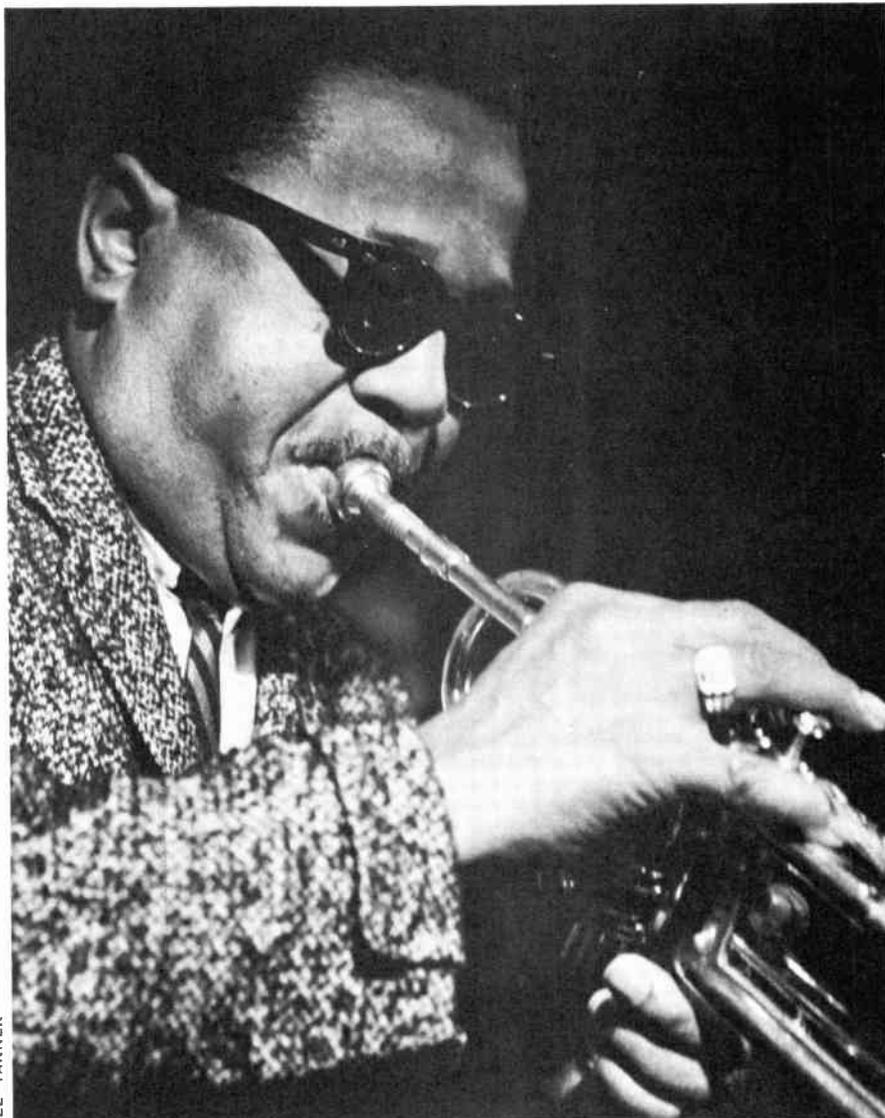
"Goin' down to New Orleans, honey, behind the sun!" says the blues. Behind the sun indeed! The jet swooped low over Pontchartrain, dropped smoothly into Moisant International, and I expected to feel the familiar liquid perfumed New Orleans air that does such things to my insides. But it was winter, cold and dreary, with brown grass and temperature in the forties. Cold and absurd, the magnolias, pecans, palms and occasional banana tree; cold and silly, like sex in a snowbank. Reassuring, though, to hear the Choctaw-like accents of the cab driver and chat with him about familiar landmarks.

New Orleans had been breathtakingly beautiful the first time I had seen it, six years ago. I don't imagine it had changed much but to me it was either slummy and dirty in large part or else "restored" and artsy-craftsy. The awsters were still good, though. And it felt like home, this city where I had once been a vegetarian, and been madly in love, and rented a bicycle and things like that. And it was nice to see trombonist Jim Robinson one night smiling and talking outside Preservation

Hall, looking much as he did when I had first seen him at the Stuyvesant Casino in New York in 1945. Part of me was sorry to see him; better for him to have remained in my glorious youth, that part of me which I prefer to think has died, or maybe never existed at all, or perhaps was very real, more real than the present.

It was good to be back in a city with focus. Most small cities don't have it. It's possible to walk the streets of Milwaukee, or Indianapolis, Rochester or Long Branch, and wonder "Is this it? Is this where it's happening? Is this the middle of Milwaukee (or Indianapolis, etc.)?" But New Orleans, like New York, has focus. There's enough energy in the air to keep you from wondering where it's at, and if you do, you can always go back to Canal Street and find out!

Someone wrote to the local Trouble Shooter column while I was there and asked why New Orleans was called The City That Care Forgot. Well, lady, it's like this—everybody stays drunk, see, all the time. Lots of bars stay open 24 hours a day and there's always some college kid staggering down the streets of the Vieux Carre with a can of Jax beer in his grubby fist. I've never spent Mardi Gras in New Orleans, but it must be something! I



Roy Eldridge

would see well-dressed northern middle-class couples shopping along Royal Street with the two kids at 2 p.m.. Mommy and Daddy clutching cocktails in plastic glasses that all the bars give away. What sloppy losses of temper afterwards in that tiny hotel room! What drunken bickering in front of the children! The mind boggles. The city that C.A.R.E. forgot.

Mid-afternoon and a man and a woman spill out of a bar, hollering. He belts her and knocks her down. Her girl friend runs out, belts him, knocks *him* down. They all start talking. About what, for God's sake? I get on the bus and go home.

"Shine, mistah? Make yo' shoes black like me?" I swear that's what the kid said. The 10-year-old voice of the Old South stopped me dead in my tracks, my northern mind stupefied at its encounter with such complacent self-hatred, the mirror image of how many Black Panthers yet to come? What was there to retort? To have told him not to talk that way would probably have confused him; he would have scorned *me* for not being able to play the game. I had a fleeting vision of his soul brothers on the streets of Cleveland—hustling, snatching my money, refusing to give change, snarling, fighting, and, having no ready ethnic retort of my own, I adopted one.

"*Za goornisht helfen.*" I told him.

There are no public telephone booths in New Orleans, a lack perhaps attributable to the five-cent price of a local phone call. Most drug stores and hotels have open phones hanging naked on the wall but my New England upbringing prevented me from murmuring my sweet nothings into a naked phone so I walked six blocks every night to the Royal Orleans Hotel, where for my nickel I got a mock Louis XVI phone booth with a message slate and a piece of chalk.

On the way through the Royal Orleans I invariably heard the cheerless strains of *Hello, Dolly!* or *Mame!* issuing with startling intensity from one of the party rooms. Trumpet, tenor and three rhythm. I could visualize five pudgy, balding men grinning wrestling their instruments, the bass player grabbing wildly at random strings, the drummer bobbing up and down, raising each stick with parade-ground precision as he mercilessly slowed down the tempo. Sometimes I saw all five of them taking their break in the lobby, lounging in their tuxedos (not rented ones, these guys get *all* the work), talking about golf or crabgrass—never about music. I studied their shiny spectacles, shiny bald heads and shiny suits with shiny shoes, and reassured myself that my music was better than theirs. But I couldn't.

Someone gave me a ticket to a football game to use on my day off. The ticket-taker dropped the stub and it blew away. I retrieved it from long lines of legs and feet but discovered, too late, that I had retrieved a different stub, one for a seat which, when I reached it, was already taken. I went home and spent my night off listening to the radio.

An absurd scene in a Walgreen's on Canal Street. A tall blond red-eyed northern European, north German perhaps, or Dane or Swede—a little drunk, unable to



JACK BRADLEY

Marshall Brown, Zutty Singleton, Wild Bill Davison, John Beal, and Wellstood

speaking English, was waving an enormous yellow plastic piggybank at a teenage Negro girl who was waiting to buy some soap. Wordlessly he waved the thing at her. He smiled hysterically. She smiled politely, and ordered the soap. He waved the bank at her younger sister. The two girls looked puzzled. What did this crazy foreigner want? I realized to my complete astonishment that he expected them to dance! To break out a banjo, roll their eyes, clap hands over their new toy and do a jig, buck-and-wing, cakewalk. Beads for the natives. I wanted to smash his stupid arrogant skeletal face. Not so much for his absurd prejudice (Stokely and Eldridge will get him) as for his nauseating stupidity! How could anyone pick up that sort of prejudice in Europe, where presumably all the media are anti-racist, at least where the American South is concerned?

The most fun in New Orleans was playing on the revolving bandstand at Al Hirt's. Round and round it went, a new view after every chorus. I found it easier to smile, going around like that. If I didn't feel like smiling at the people I'd lower my head briefly, and when I looked up there would be something to make me smile, a pretty girl maybe, or a cross-eyed man. And I didn't have to hold a steady smile like a nitwit fading out on TV. And the people weren't at my back. I can't play when there are people at my back. But I don't like to play into a sea of faces either. The revolving bandstand did me fine because the people always came at me sideways.

(I was with the Dukes of Dixieland: Frank Assunto, trumpet, leader; Charlie Borneman, trombone; Jerry Fuller, clarinet; Rudy Aikles, bass; Darryl Prechter, drums.)

Hirt's waitresses wear enormous blond hairpieces along with white tunics, tiny white skirts and white silk drawers. They look enchanting. Sometimes I'd raise my head and find my revolving self staring closely at some girl's rump as she bent over to serve drinks. Tough working conditions. The girls were all brunettes, though; they dressed in a tiny attic reached by climbing up a ladder from the kitchen. Whatever desire flowed in me because of the silken goodies I saw from the bandstand was quickly curdled when I saw the whorish-looking creatures that climbed down the ladder from that smelly oubliette.

New Orleans musicians have a thing about New York musicians. When they find out you're from New York their eyes get starry and they start oozing Respect. They seem to feel they're in the presence of The Big Time. And perhaps they're right. Vain enough to enjoy it, I felt ron-plussed when one of them asked me where I worked in New York.

"Well," I wanted to tell him, "Nick's, Eddie Condon's, The Metropole, Central Plaza, The Jazz Gallery, Bourbon Street, Lou Terassi's, Child's Paramount . . .", but I realized that all these places had been out of business for years. The Nut Club, I could have said; George's, Kelly's Stables, The Onyx Club I could have said; the Hippodrome, The Castle Gardens, Ellis Island. And shop at McCreery's and read Colliers!

*What will the poor sparrow do
When there is nothing left to chew,
You can't get a meal from an
automobile—
That's what the bird sang to me!*

—Fats Waller

Goodbye to all that. But ah love aw-sters!

THE STATE OF ROCK: A SYMPOSIUM

EDITED AND ANNOTATED BY ALAN HEINEMAN

The State University of New York at Buffalo held its first annual Pop Music Festival last winter. It featured performances over its week-long duration by the Chambers Brothers, Blood, Sweat&Tears (called in to substitute for Traffic), The Raven (a Buffalo outfit), Procul Harum, Eric Anderson (substituting for John Hammond Jr.), Ars Nova and Big Brother and the Holding Co., in one of their last appearances with Janis Joplin.

Not a bad lineup. Unfortunately, the only really exciting set was that by B,S&T, which, at its best, is a jazz band incorporating some rock elements. The band's arrangements are very tight, and yet—because of the high musicianship of all nine players—a lot of their spontaneous playing worked beautifully.

Ars Nova included great flugelhorn work by Jimmy Owens, but was otherwise undistinguished.

I missed the brothers Chambers; the other sets were predictable at best (Big Brother, Procul Harum—hampered by an inadequately amped organ which, on their albums, is the source of the group's strength) and wholly derivative (Raven) or offensive (Anderson) at worst. The audience response was generous for all the bands, but then, Buffalo doesn't get much live rock, and so most of the kids were unable or unwilling to discriminate between good and bad.

There were a couple of lectures earlier in the week on rock's roots and history, which I missed also. The other principal aspect of the festival was a series of three panel discussions by distinguished (?) critics, held in the student union and gratifyingly well attended: the crowds ranged from 250 to 400 students, more or less, and their participation was often spirited.

I took part in all three, and moderated (which, fortunately, meant mostly saying hello and goodbye) the first two. In many ways they seemed the most rewarding parts of the week's program—from my solipsistic viewpoint, in any case.

The first panel was composed of Jay Ruby of *Jazz and Pop*, Fred Weintraub, record producer, talent manager and owner of the Bitter End in New York, and me. Fred split that night, and Jay and I were joined the next day by critic Frank Kofsky and Dr. Edgar Z. Friedenberg, the highly respected sociologist who teaches at Buffalo; the final panel consisted of Frank, who led it, Jay, Mike Zwerin (*Down Beat*, *Village Voice*), Richard Goldstein (*New York Times*, *Village Voice* and other major publications) and me. The discussions were of substantial length—the shortest was more than 90 minutes, and one went on for nearly three hours. Great portions of them were gossipy, or pure delivery of opinion. (Sample: a student asked, "What do you think of *The Weight*, from *Music from Big Pink*?" Jay: "It destroys me." Me: "I don't understand it, and I refuse to be moved by something I don't understand." Fred: "They stink.") Some of the more pregnant remarks, however, are transcribed below.

A couple of general observations about the festival might be in order, though. The kids who ran it (most, apparently, undergrads) worked very hard and were courteous to the point of deference. Certain elementary considerations were neglected, on the other hand: our motel bills were covered, but our meals were not. More importantly, when a guest is invited to a university, some minimal effort ought to be made to integrate him into university life—what's the point of being *among* students if one cannot be *with* students? We were given tickets to the concerts and pointed at the student union, where we were expected to show up for the forums; apart from that, we were on our own in a strange (and grossly unattractive) city. (I should say that, chiefly by accident, I was dined and ministered to for one night by a couple of married graduate students whom I liked immensely. But I was unique among the visitors in this respect.)

Finally: it hardly need be said that rock owes its very life to the black musical tradition. Where, then, were the black performers, except for the Chambers Brothers? And *where* were the black critics? Charles Keil was invited to the panels but couldn't attend. He teaches at Buffalo, too, however; and some outside effort should surely have been made.

These failures were mostly due to oversight or inexperience, though they are worth thinking about by students planning musical programs on campus.

The Panels

I. (The ostensible topic was "The Aesthetics of Rock." Luckily, we had enough lack of presence of mind, here and in the other two, to ignore the topic once the thing got going.)

JR: Really, aesthetics is whether you like it or not. . . . From an audience point of view there's one standard of aesthetics, from the people whose job it is to write about it there's another standard, from the people who produce it there's a third. But I really don't know how to say what's good—I particularly don't know how to say what's good for you.

FW: I'm very much a part of in the music business what you would call the Estab-

lishment, and there's no question in my mind that aesthetics comes down to a very commercial kind of thing. All the artists that I've ever known, when they start out in this field, always consider the most important thing is if it's going to sell or it's not going to sell. . . . Most probably what you dig is aesthetic at that moment . . . but keep in mind that I'm interested as a producer of records and as a manager of artists. The first consideration we always look for and that every record company looks for is, is it going to sell?

AH: Yeah, let me just add a couple things from a critical, which is to say more often than not a pompous, point of view. I would make a distinction between the kind of subjective criterion Jay was talking about, that is, do you dig it, and a kind of an attempt to formulate an objective set of criteria. Do you dig it is a little funny way of looking at it, because it takes into account not only the particular background of the listener or buyer or whatever, but also the way the listener feels at a given moment. And you know, if you're either poetic or a head—or both—things can turn you on which have no artistic validity at that moment—it's a question of how you're perceiving them. This is not to deny the validity of any subjective experience that any one person has, no matter what his background, but it is to set it apart from a kind of objective set of criteria . . . and when you get into those you're dealing with a lot of funny things, too. You're dealing with entertainment, pure and simple—that is, do you have fun—you're dealing with folk art and you're dealing with Capital-A-Art—and once you're dealing with Capital-A-Art, then are you dealing with it from a traditional point of view, or is something happening in rock that has really never happened before in exactly this way, as I think there is. . . . As far as I'm concerned, there is not a pure blues player alive who is a Capital-A-Artist—he's a folk artist and sometimes he's also, or substitutes being, an entertainer, because the ground rules of the blues are so narrow and so strictly defined that there isn't, as far as I'm concerned, a terrible lot of room for the creative imagination—he's tremendously hamstrung. Similarly with an entertainer: if it's his idea to make you happy or sad or whatever, he's not—probably not going to want to make you think, he's probably not going to want to expand the kind of consciousness that you bring to a particular performance, so that, again, as far as I'm concerned—and this is a terribly biased viewpoint—there are a handful, and no more, of groups or people that I would consider to be artists, in the cultural, pompous sense, in rock.

FW: . . . I think the worst thing you can do about talking about pop music is to get into artists or get into the word "entertainment." . . . I think this business about aesthetics is like a big flower puff. . . . It's nice to sit back and give all the sham to it, but, boy, the truth of the matter is, is that in many cases your a&r man has a lot more to do than even the artist that you think is so sensational. . . .

JR: I don't agree with you, I think that's the whole problem with trying to set aesthetic standards. We have aesthetic stan-



BOB HSIANG

Fred Weintraub: "You gotta exercise judgment based on your own . . . reaction to what you hear on record, and . . . pick and choose not by what the fads are but . . . by what you hear and really dig."

dards for traditional music, acoustical music. Pop music today is not acoustical music, it is primarily electronic music, and so you can't use the old standards. The Byrds stink in person; they are awful, they can't—McGuinn has a tiny, thin voice with about a 5-note range, Hillman can never get his bass together in person, yet they're incredible on records. . . . That is, when they get into the studio with all the electronic devices and Gary Usher, their producer, gets them together and works with them, they produce something which is very different from the kind of music they're able to perform in person. . . . We're talking about very different kinds of music.

AH: Right, and as you and I were talking about before, it's my suspicion, I can't prove it, but it's my suspicion that the man most responsible for whatever the Beatles have done is George Martin. . . .

JR: It's even getting more complex now—when you get above 12 tracks, the engineer and the a&r man can't keep control over it and so the studios that are going above 12 tracks are beginning to use computers. That is, the records are now going to be mixed with a program, so that you're

reaching the point where you're talking about electronic music.

AH: . . . This is one of the reasons, the whole complexity of the whole recording process—I love the Beatles, I love the last two albums [*Sgt. Pepper*, *Magical Mystery Tour*], but to talk about those things as an artistic, coherent whole when they were recorded over a period of six and eight months on four million tracks, when the character of the songs as Lennon and McCartney, or sometimes Harrison, brought them in is altered so totally when they emerge at the other end and after they've been through the studio and somebody says, "Hey, what about . . ." or "Hey, what if we . . ." To talk about the finished product as an artistic whole seems to me the sheerest kind of nonsense.

FW: What surprises me most, by the way, is the sham, and the way people are willing to accept this great dichotomy. In other words, you go to see an artist play and, man, you can hardly hear him, usually; the acoustics, they're blaring so it's almost unbelievable difficult to hear and yet people go in there and it's like the old days of bebop . . . and they sit there and they go, [snaps fingers] "Oh, man, listen to

that, gee," and they used to shake their heads—well, you never hear anybody object, you never hear the young people walk up and say, "Hey, man, that stinks, it's got nothing to do with what I heard on the record." . . . And you take it like babies, lying down.

AH: The other thing is—I'm not trying to insult you [the audience]—yes I am—but it's not endemic to Buffalo, it's like all over. We're talking about rock music, which with the exception of the most recent developments, and even then, partially, is based on black American music. Now, look around and find the Nee-groes, folks. Uh-uh. Not here. [There were less than five blacks in the crowd.] How many of you honestly could tell me or tell yourselves now what the technical structure of blues is? Raise your hands. [No hands] Like, that's disgraceful, man, 'cause that's where it's all out of, you know, and if you don't know what a 12-bar blues is—

Student: A 12-bar blues is when you repeat the first two lines and you come in with the third line. Like, "My baby loves me, yeah, my baby loves me, yeah, I'll see her in the morning."

AH: What's the difference between the first and second line, harmonically?

Student: Well, I couldn't go that far, that I don't know.

AH: The first line is all on the tonic, the first two bars of the second line are based on the sub-dominant.

FW: That's not really important, though, Al.

AH: It is.

FW: I don't think it is, whether you know it or not. I think it's whether you feel it or not and you get a relationship between what's happened and what you hear and what you see.

AH: All right, you don't have to call the sub-dominant by its right name, maybe, but you have to—look, you take a group like The Raven last night. They're competent. But if you knew B.B. King, if you had listened to B.B. King, you would've been so *drug* by that lead guitarist, 'cause he was like a seventh dilution of B.B. King. If you're digging it, fine—this is what we're talking about, the difference between subjective and objective—I wouldn't put down anybody that gets pleasure out of any—if you get pleasure out of going to the can, groovy, you know, that's aesthetic for you, your head is turned around, right?

FW: And reading while you're doing it.

AH: Yeah, all right, but that's intellectual. [laughter]

JR: Well, I don't think I'd go quite to that extreme, but this is sort of a pattern that's been in American music for a long time, that is, the thing is created by black culture, it is then bastardized by the whites, and the blacks starve and the whites make a great deal of bread.

. . .

FW: You gotta exercise judgment based on your own—you gotta hear what I'm saying, now—based on your own reaction to what you hear on the record, and realize what you're hearing . . . and understand that what you gotta do is pick and choose not by what the fads are but . . . by what you hear and really dig. I mean, I can tell you right now who's gonna be popular

in six months—you haven't even *heard* about them, you know what I'm saying? And I can tell you why, because I know how the thing is gonna be done. It's gonna go through a small circle of people who're gonna hype some of the writers, which is a cinch to do in our business—you know, we're gonna give 'em the business, they're gonna have Al Grossmans and Al Abramowitzes writing and Richard Goldstein, and we'll take 'em—they'll take 'em up to Woodstock and turn 'em on for a couple of days and anything that comes out of that office, man, is groovy, you dig what I'm saying? And the newest thing to come out is the Pink Floyd or the Big Pink or the Joe Blow and that's *it*, and *Life Magazine* never, Christ, they never heard of them for all the tea in China, but there it is, see, and the hype is ready and *you* get sucked in. Now, what I'm saying is a very simple thing. In anything else, in picking your girlfriend, you use judgment, what I'm saying is . . . at least use some judgment, you know, for the same thing as in your records—realize that the Establishment has got complete control, and what they care about is sales and then exercise *your own judgment* . . . not just by hearing somebody say, "Hey, get this record," or "Get that record," but pay attention, 'cause there's some great stuff being done.

JR: You know it *is*, it's very possible for the audience to destroy a group. Give you an example of what I think is a very unfortunate one, 'cause I think it was for the wrong reasons, and that's what happened to the Lovin' Spoonful. Now, a couple of the members of the Spoonful got into a very bad scene in Berkeley—they got busted for grass. And the people that busted them said, "If you'll fink we'll let you off." They did, that got around, the pressure got so much on them, like pickets, they were afraid to play in California, it destroyed the group. Now, I think that was for the wrong reasons, because, like, I don't think anybody should be in the position to do that, you know, and also because I think Sebastian's one—

FW: Great guy.

JR: —of the very beautiful writers and singers in the business. But it's an example of the fact that you *can* exercise, you know—you're it. You know, popular music is determined by what *Billboard* said this week, and, you know, they can't afford to keep a group that doesn't sell, and so if you reject them, they're gonna disappear.

FW: . . . One of the forms that's used today by the Establishment and really shoved down your throat—and you sop it up—is the underground newspaper. Because we use them like mad, and if you watch them, if you notice the artists that aren't paying, they're the same ones who come from the record companies that spend most of the money, [presumably he meant the artists who *are* paying] and practically all of the money spent in the underground newspapers is on record albums, and you just sop it right up. I'm telling you, you can lay out a plan to develop an artist among the college people today that's so simple that it's unbelievable, and I'm always shocked when it happens—but delighted, 'cause they're usually somebody I'm associated with, [laugh-

ter] and I *dig* the money, and I'm delighted to see that happen, But it's amazing how you can really go through a college audience and lay it into them.

Student: I think the way you look at it is something that makes the system much worse than it could be, because your patronizing attitude is what keeps the whole thing geared to commercial success and playing off the college audience rather than giving them something good. . . . I don't see how you can talk out of both sides of your mouth like this. . . .

AH: Well, there's an unfortunate fact of life, which is that if Fred Weintraub wasn't making bread off some rotten acts he wouldn't be able to back and use acts that are not going to make him money. He wouldn't be able to produce records because he'd be broke, man, and—

FW: Hey, now, don't apologize for me. I'm the Establishment, man, and I dig the money and I like it and that's how I do it and that's how I work it out. You'll have to work it out your own way when you get to it. But I'm—there's no two ways about it. I'm gonna tell you that I can twist you and turn your minds and do all kinds of things, and the thing that shocks the hell out of me is how susceptible you are. I can do it in my club, I can do it on a record, and so can other producers. I mean, there are managers like Al Grossman, who can do it with his eyes shut. . . . I gotta tell you, you're right, and you can blame it on me, but that's how it works and I'm doing it. . . . You got the same opportunity I have. I have a great opportunity, you have the same one: by being discriminating in what you pick and what you listen to and what you demand on the campus, you can then support to a tremendous degree other artists who may not be as popular who you may be able to bring in. The fact is that I have artists and have had artists that are very, very popular enables me to pick out other artists that you've never heard of but which I absolutely dig, and keep them alive. . . . What I'm saying is, you're so brainwashed—for this so-called great generation that's really cooking, in music you fall down so terribly, 'cause we manipulate you like mad.

AH: I'll give you another For Instance. I don't know what the record scene, what the store scene is around here. I imagine it's terrible, like it is everywhere else, and you come in and you say, "Can I hear this?" and they say no, buy it or don't, right? Is that what normally happens or have you got some hip stores around here? Okay, so get yourself together, man, and walk around outside that store and say, "If we don't know what we're buying we ain't gonna buy it—have demonstration copies of the records and let us listen." Now, if you hurt them right in the pocket-book—they'll respond. If you don't, if you say, "Well, if I can't listen to it, Fred said it was good so I'll pick up on it," you know—forget it, 'cause they'll do it to you all night.

Student: Each individual [on the panel] has expressed different ideas There actually is no objective aesthetic standard. . . . You yourselves epitomize what I'm

saying. Each of you have completely different notions of what you yourselves enjoy. . . . Each person has to be individually discriminatory rather than uniting.

FW: Al, we proved the point that what he says is right by the fact that we all disagreed. That's what *they* should do.

JR: Right, I don't think it's possible in any field any longer to say whether something is good or bad art. . . . There are some things, you know, if the guitar's not in tune, the guy can't do the chord he's trying to, he can't sing, you know. But we're not talking about that, we've passed that, it's no longer—

AH: No, except that we haven't passed that. I say to you that there are a number of different ways of approaching music, even on, let's say, an aesthetic level. But I say to you also that there are certain minimum standards that you do not yet observe, and the only way you can pick up on those standards is by being involved intellectually, historically, analytically, as well as emotionally—if you care to. If you don't, okay—that's the role of the critic, it seems to me. I tell you quite frankly that the lead guitar for The Raven last night—you dug the group, you applauded like hell, right? Okay, when he attempted very fast runs he completely lost the beat. I tell you that as a fact. There is no discussion possible about that. If you didn't hear it, okay, you know, but I tell you that he is not as good a guitarist in that respect as somebody that could've found the beat. Similarly, the drummer with The Raven: when they were doing the last piece that they did, which was, like, CHIK-chik-a-chik, BOOM-boom-boom; CHIK-chik—well, his chik-chiks were off with his boom-booms somewhere, he didn't know—thank God the bass guitar had a sense of rhythm, because that cat was coming in on the cymbal a full half beat behind. Now, I say to you—I'm sounding like Nixon now—I tell you that's a bad musician, and that there's no aesthetic criterion that's gonna turn that cat into a good musician except going back to the woodshed for another year. Now, on the other hand, I happen not to like Dylan. Heresy. I don't. I think he can't sing worth a damn—

FW: We call that the Emperor's Clothes, by the way.

AH: Right.

FW: That's the best example in our business of the Emperor's Clothes.

AH: He can't—that guy has a voice that would stop a clock. He can't—"Boo," right? Okay. He's a minimum guitar player, he's a minimum harp player. On the other hand, there are certain very good reasons, taking the total performance all together, where you could make a convincing, sound argument for Dylan as an effective communicator that I would buy. I still won't dig him, but I'll buy those arguments, and that's the difference, it seems to me; there are certain minimum standards of musicianship, minimum standards of imagination, of choice of material—they don't *all* have to be there, but some of them do . . . and I would just add parenthetically, or repeat, rather, what I said earlier: if you don't know technical blues structure, at least intuitively, man, you got no business opening your mouth about about 90 percent of the rock artists. 'cause

you don't know what they're doing, you don't know where they come from.

. . .

Student: . . . What about some of the English people, like Ten Years After, Jeff Beck, people like that? [Interesting—and a bit discouraging—that after all of us had said that people should form their own standards, that our opinions of individual acts meant nothing, by far the most prevalent sort of question was, “What do you think of so-and-so?”]

JR: The new groups that I've heard come out of England, like Ten Years After and Fleetwood Mac, I heard Ten Years After a couple of months ago and they did some very nice Mose Allison jazz things, and those were the first two numbers—I hadn't heard their record and I went, “Wow,” you know—and then they went back and they did Chuck Berry for the rest of the set and I walked out. [I think Jay meant Fleetwood Mac, whom I have heard do

some Mose-flavored stuff; Ten Years After's jazz things are mostly swing, jump, house-party sounds.] And that's more or less the way I feel about most of the British blues groups that are coming out now, that I don't hear anything at all new from them, I just hear the imitative sound.

Student: Are you familiar with Jeff Beck?
JR: Yeah, Beck is a different cat, he's a very accomplished guitarist—

AH: Technically, he's a bitch. In terms of common musical sense, he tends to play the audience, like Hendrix—you know, he tends to, whatever'll turn them on he'll do, even if it has nothing to do with the music, but technically he gets around on his axe fabulously.

. . .

Black student: . . . So far the conversation has been on the white side of things, if you know what I mean—

AH: Well, look around you, Jim.

Student: You're talking about electronic



BOB HSIANG

Alan Heineman: “. . . there are certain minimum standards . . . and the only way you can pick up on those standards is by being involved intellectually, historically, analytically, as well as emotionally”

music and like that. Well, that's good, but I can't dig it myself. You know, I like the soul sound, and I'd like to hear what you have to say about the Miracles and some of the other soul groups. . . .

JR: Smokey Robinson has probably hit a wrong note once in the last 15 years; the Miracles are perfection in the fore. On a personal level, I like most of the early Motown sounds much better than I like what's coming out of there now, and I can say that particularly with somebody like the Supremes. The early Supremes things were gutsy, and were very good. I think the Supremes right now are black Andrews Sisters. What they're doing now, they're playing the Borscht Belt, the Copacabana, and they've lost the soul. Maybe you'd consider them soul musicians, I wouldn't anymore. The same is true of a lot of the Motown groups. Their material in recent years has been more and more geared to a mass audience and more and more consciously geared to getting into the nightclub circuit and to the white audience, and they've begun to lose the kind of sound that they had at the beginning. And I think the tragedy for soul music was Otis Redding's death, because the whole Memphis thing was bringing back into r&b the stuff that was there, rather than getting into the more slick, polished, less imaginative kind of songs that most of the Motown groups are doing today.

FW: The Motown acts are most probably the best acts to watch, to see, they're more fun than anything else, they give you an experience that's kind of groovy. What's happening to Motown now, unfortunately, is they haven't moved one inch from where they were three or four years ago and their records aren't selling [hoo hah?] and there's no way of comparison between what was going on. But performance-wise, they're still most probably the best groups that you can find today, and that in itself is an experience and in my opinion is very justifiable. . . . But how about Aretha? She's great.

AH: Aretha, she's—

FW: Great.

AH: There's nobody like her, in the world.

JR: Yeah, except that's a good example. The *Now* album is very thin compared to her earlier stuff. They're pushing her, she's—

AH: Well, how much earlier? What about the stuff she did for John Hammond?

JR: All right, sure. The early Atlantic stuff, I mean.

PANEL II

FK: . . . It is very difficult for most of the pop groups to innovate from within. . . . What I'm wondering about is the continued vitality of American pop music after it has exhausted its sources. My feeling is that most of the pop groups today are pretty threadbare in terms of having any internal message . . . of their own. . .

EF: I wonder if . . . whether a group will succeed in remaining innovative doesn't really go down—as I think would be true with any real artist or group of artists in any medium—to the question of how honest and how deep their own relationship to reality is, and how rigorous. . . . I'm absolutely convinced that *Crown of Creation* is a magnificent work . . . but the thing

that I really am struck by with it is that *Crown of Creation* is unpleasant, and *Sur-realistic Pillow* was, on the whole, joyful and very exuberant—and the United States today is damned unpleasant. It wasn't quite that unpleasant two or three years ago. I think, in other words, that what's keeping the Airplane going is the fact that they're still telling the truth in their music, and it's a nasty truth, and I think some of the other people are really trying to find something that will go down easier and be more popular, and for that reason it sounds like plastic and it is plastic.

AH: I think we can make a distinction here, though, between—and it's not always a clear distinction—between music as an expression of a personal mood, even in a group context, and music as a public, social, communicative art. Because it seems to me that the blues is a deeply personal medium. It has to do mostly with how the cat feels who's playing. . . . When we're talking about the Airplane . . . the Mothers . . . Country Joe, we're talking about a group that is dealing in some sense with socio-political reality on a public scale, and I think, consequently, that the sense of development that you feel is either present or not present with those groups I don't look for as much, except in a purely musicianly way, with a group or individual that's primarily a blues player.

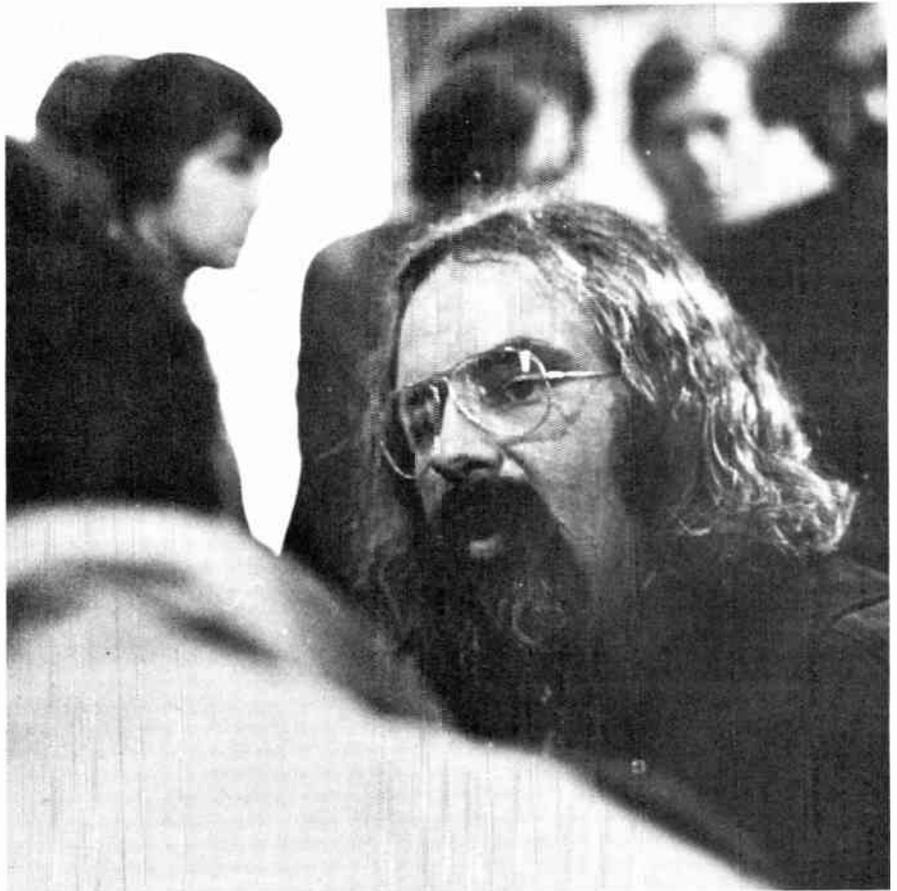
EF: I'm beginning to have the same trouble with blues that you mentioned earlier, and I think entirely justly, with reference to Indian music and the raga, though. Paul Butterfield, as far as I'm concerned, may indeed be bitter, tragic, conflicted and in the throes of some deep personal experience, but black he isn't, and he doesn't sound black, and I think now that black is such a fashionable posture—it was never a color—a lot of the blues that we're having to put up with, the trend with people like, say, Canned Heat getting bluer and bluer, seems to me to be characterized . . . by the same degree of racial imposture as Indian music.

• • •

FK: . . . This is Ralph Gleason's point, that I'm sure we're all familiar with by now, namely: if we all start listening to rock and stop dancing, is it then going to go the way of jazz of the '30s and '40s—that is, is it going to lose its audience, its market? Does it follow that if the music becomes artistic and intellectually demanding, and it shuns escapism . . . then it's simply going to forfeit its appeal to a mass audience?

JR: Before a few years ago nobody took this music seriously. There couldn't've been a panel like this or a magazine like *Crawdaddy*. . . . Now it's serious, and on one level that's one of the worst things that can happen to it, because what you get . . . is groups like the Ultimate Spinach. Their leader has had *eleven years* of musical training at Berklee . . . that is one of the most *rotten* albums I've ever heard, because it's so pretentious and self-consciously arty that it's a drag.

FK: What it seems to me we have to do here is transcend our culture, which, though it may not be native to all of us certainly has been imposed upon all of us, which is the Anglo-Saxon approach to art



BOB HSIANG

Jay Ruby: "Before a few years ago nobody took this music seriously. . . . Now it's serious, and on one level that's one of the worst things that can happen to it . . ."

as something basically irrelevant. Well, I think we've gotten beyond that stage; at least we admit that this music is relevant to our lives as they are lived, so that's one step for us. The next thing we have to do . . . is to transcend the kinds of object-subject separations, that is, the alienation. . . . Our response to anything, if it's art, is, Wow, boy, we should study that and it's really heavy, but we shouldn't respond to it. The nice thing about dancing is that dancing produces an environment which legitimates some kind of visceral-emotional response. Now, if everything goes the way of art-with-a-capital-A, is it possible for us emotionally white Americans to get out of our non-responsive bag long enough to be able to have something that is art and is worth study and attention, and at the same time is it possible for us to respond to that on an emotional level?

EF: Well, I don't see any contradiction between responding to something and being curious about how the thing works that you respond to.

FK: No, no, there is no inherent contradiction . . . but traditionally, for example, when you have music and art taught to freshman and sophomore students, what is the attitude taken? "Well, this is a work of art and please be reverential in its presence, but whatever you do, for God's sakes don't enjoy yourselves."

Student: I'd like to know how you can put down Ultimate Spinach because someone has gone to Berklee and understands music and you bring up the Doors and you [JR] tell us yesterday that three of them were at UCLA film school . . . and you personally [AH] put down this audience yester-

day for not understanding the technology of blues and therefore telling us that we can't understand it because we don't know the whole scheme of scales.

JR: I'm not putting down Ultimate Spinach because they're musically educated. That's groovy. I put them down because they, well, if you've read the liner notes to the album or the quotes from Ian Bruce Douglas, the leader I was referring to, he's telling you that this is a serious attempt to completely change modern American music and listen to it—it's very important. I feel very uncomfortable when somebody says that. I'd much rather have them say, "I conned you and I like to con you." That's what Lennon says about the music he writes, and if that's a put-on, that's okay, too. I feel very anxious about people who are so insecure about their music that they have to tell me it's important before I hear it. . . .

AH: Let me just add to that that knowing music for a musician is not a criterion either way. There are players who are illiterate or very primitive musically who are brilliant musicians . . . , there are people who are technically not particularly accomplished musicians—to wit: Miles Davis and Theonious Monk—

FK: Hey, those are generalizations to which exception could be taken.

AH: Okay, well, let me just say that there *are* some technically inadequate musicians who are nevertheless possessed of genius; conversely, there are a great many people who are terribly gifted technically, or terribly knowledgeable about their art, who are rotten performers of that art. A good example is literary criticism: most literary

critics are frustrated writers. . . . They were brilliant about knowing what writers were doing, but they couldn't do it. So we're not trying to set up one criterion on which a musician must either stand or fall. What Jay was saying, I think, is that despite this cat's musical background he didn't happen, in Jay's opinion, to have put out the album that he was trying to put out.

PANEL III

Student: At the first forum you were talking about live performance, and . . . the sham that performers are putting over on you, and what, exactly, is musical quality. Well, take the Blood, Sweat & Tears concert, what about all the showboating they do, like the gong or the time they picked up the rhythm things . . . and five of the members put down their instruments and started banging? It was milking the audience into liking them, but what about musical validity?

AH: Well, to me the difference there was, when they were screwing around with the gong and making fun of each other and things, they're saying, "Look, this is humor," and there's no reason you can't incorporate humor into an essentially serious performance. The difference between that and somebody who's trying to milk the audience by prostituting his music to draw a reaction seems to me considerable. They're saying, "Look, this is a separate thing. When we get serious, you'll know it," and I think you did. I did. In the other case, like Eric Anderson, the cat is saying, "Boy, I'm really serious and I'm really honest and sincere"—

FK: Especially sincere.

AH: Right, and "the only time I'm not is when I make jokes about people who are dead," which was very tasteful, I thought. "Everybody I like died. What're they trying to do to me? Hahaha. Don't get down about that, folks, they're only dead." . . . But he's coming on very sincere, and at the same time—whether honestly or not, and it's always a mistake to judge the performer's intention, it's what happens on stage—whether honestly or not, he's using the most beat-up, worked-over, combination hip and new-old-dead-left-liberal clichés in order to get you to say, "Yes, I agree with your philosophy and your politics and your life, therefore I dig your music." And that's dishonest to me.

FK: "Why aren't you all down at the Wallace rally tonight?" he said. Well, if we were all there, Eric sweetie-baby, we wouldn't be here digging you, and you'd probably have to go home hungry. . . . But you see, nobody thinks about that at the time. He's trotted out the correct sentiments so we all can identify. Personally, I'd love to marry a girl who looked like that. So Protestant and so genteel.

Student: What did you think about the Raven?

AH: Well, I've already shit on the Raven for the last two panels, and I hate to drag it out again.

FK: Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

AH: Yeah, I hope so.

. . . .

[Large segments of the discussion after this were predominantly political, and only tangentially musical. Goldstein advanced

and supported the hypothesis that the luxury of being able to listen at leisure to music was disappearing because of societal disintegration, that the new youth idols would be political figures who would appropriate the energy previously invested in playing and hearing rock. Kofsky was largely in agreement.]

MZ: I guess I have an old-fashioned idea about music, that most of it has nothing to do with politics, and that's why I like it so much.

RG: That's why you're a jazz critic.

MZ: I object to both those words, but I won't go into that. I thought all the liberals—remember we had that old controversy about whether Kirsten Flagstad should be taken as a Nazi or as a musician. It seemed to me then that that was maybe settled, or at least it was in my mind, that they're musicians, and that's the one art where you can separate it from words and ideas and concepts—it's music. **AH:** Unless the artist refuses to let it be separated, unless you have Archie Shepp—**MZ:** Well, but he's not playing politics, he's talking it.

AH: He claims he's playing politics.

FK: And I would agree.

AH: I wouldn't—I don't think it's possible, and it's aesthetically naive, but I wanted to state the other case.

MZ: To me, the appeal of music and why it means so much to me is just that fact, that it's not verbal and not political. Of course you can talk rock lyrics, and there are connections . . . but I'll stick with music because that's one of the few pure things in my life.

RG: Isn't music different during a war; don't people think in different terms, doesn't politics have to do with it?

MZ: Oh, of course, but it goes on, that's what I'm saying.

RG: When you have a wartime situation you generally have a very imitative and uncreative pop culture. . . .

AH: When was bebop invented, Richard? . . . When did it evolve? 1941, '42, '43?

RG: But it was really after the war that it came about. Most times of high culture happen after wars.

JR: I don't think Monk was aware that World War II was going on. [laughter]

RG: He doesn't have to be aware, man. Come on, that's a terrible argument. Bob Dylan wasn't aware? I mean, that's silly, I mean, things happen, you don't have to be aware of them.

FK: I think you can question Richard's casual scheme, but I think what he's saying is absolutely correct. Suppose bebop came out of the experience of the Depression rather than the war. I don't think, for example, that war is a particularly good case to use to prove that the arts are influenced by the social environment in which they exist, but I think that that proposition is almost a given

Student: I think in many cases in a time of an undesirable political situation, the arts tend to generally become decadent, that is, turning to art for art's sake, with, in many cases, a minimal political orientation. . . . I think this is largely what happened with bebop in the '40s. . . . I'm rather inclined to believe that if the political situation worsens in the United States, as I'm very much afraid that it

will, that rock will probably tend to become more of a decadent music, that is, oriented more toward inner experience, art for art's sake, the use of drugs. . . . For example, there might be a lot more of *Sgt. Pepper* and a lot less of Country Joe and the Fish.

RG: I agree, and I would call that decadent, too. . . .

AH: [to student] Are you putting a value judgment on "decadent"? If you are, I object to it.

FK: Yeah.

Student: How would you define decadent?

AH: I like your second definition, that is, geared to inner responses, to self-exploration, to art for its own sake. By me, that's fine. There's plenty of room for that. . . .

Student: I think a lot of the rock-and-roll tends to be apolitical in that it's escapism, you know, people are walking in the streets, you get sit-ins—

RG: That's war culture. Escapist is war culture.

AH: But, see, there's good and bad escapism. There's escapism which simply says, "I refuse to think, my mind is going off, I'm having no worthwhile experiences," and that amounts to, like, masturbation. There's also what you lumped in, I guess, with escapism, which amounts to self-exploration—well, I suppose masturbation is self-exploration, too—but it amounts to an examining of where your own head is at, an examining of how you respond to tactile things, aural things, things around you, to artistic things. That, it seems to me, is not escapism in any kind of pejorative sense.

. . . .

Student: I think the standards for judging art and for judging good music and bad music are very individual, as you've demonstrated. But what you people can do, and what we can do amongst each other, is to talk about it, say what we do like about it, point up things that people may have missed in order to intensify and help us get to the work.

AH: Bravo.

Student: That's one thing. I think another thing is that music and art in general has to be judged on standards that are within its own sphere . . . but there's also a relationship to the world in general, such as the effects of art and the intercourse between art and the people in a culture. . . . There's a new atmosphere, a new kind of attitude to approach the realities that we find in everydayness and also in the political sphere.

FK: That's going to influence the arts, hey what?

Student: Yes. And vice versa.

FK: That's known as dialectics.

Student: I see valid things, very interesting things to explore, as we have been in these panels. And I think it's been quite relevant and quite enjoyable as far as these panels are concerned.

AH: Well, we might as well quit quick, while somebody's saying a nice thing about us.

JR: Quit while we're ahead.

FK: I think I can speak for all the panelists in saying that we certainly did enjoy it and we hope you won't forget to take us home with you for dinner. ■

FROM THE JAZZ GALLERY OF GIUSEPPE PINO

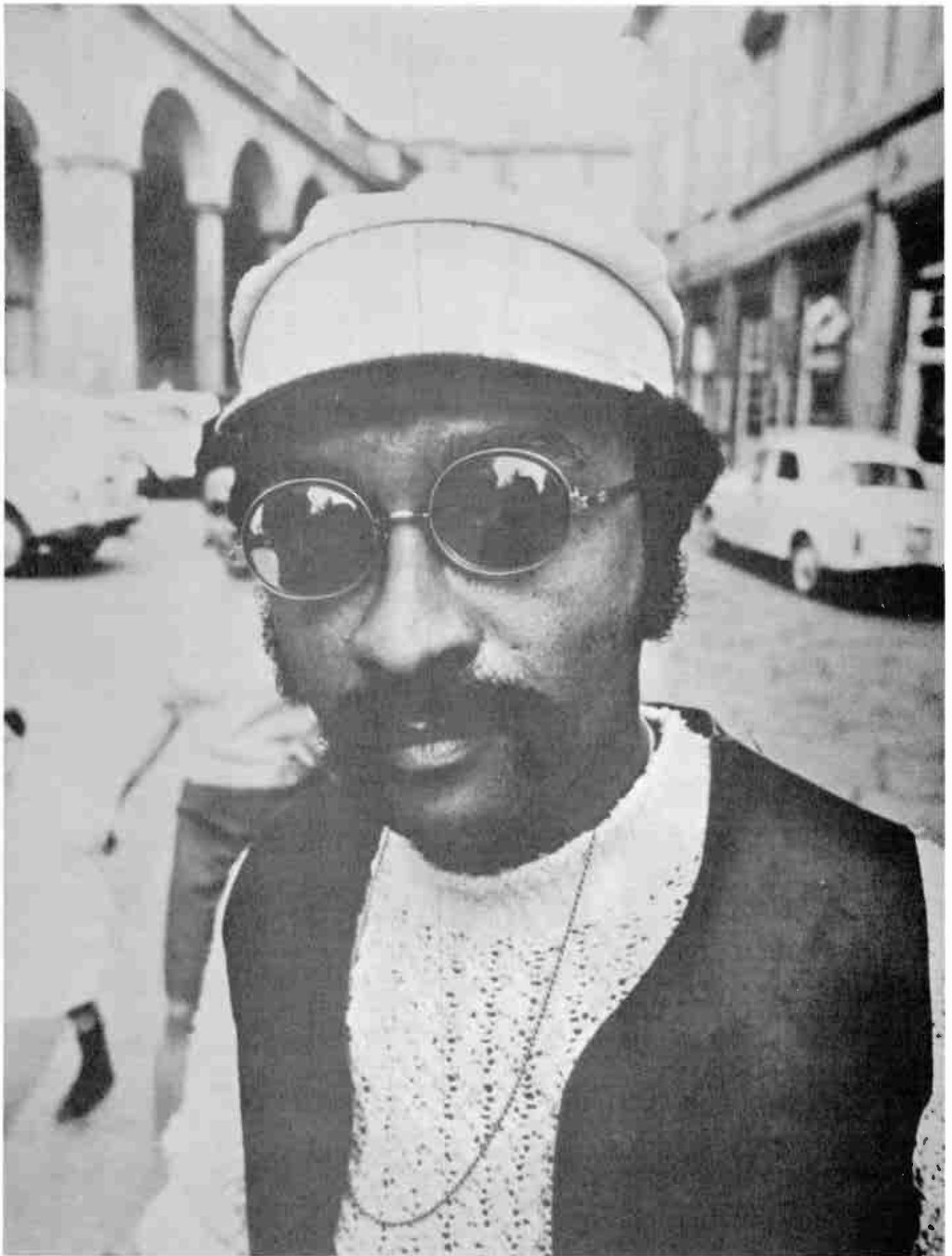
Photography, it is said, is an art form, but that does not mean that every photographer is an artist. Giuseppe Pino, however, surely is an artist: both in the way he uses the techniques of his chosen medium and in the way he sees and captures his subject. That this subject is the people who make jazz is our good fortune. Pino's pictures often grace the pages of down beat. Here, with more space than we usually can give them, are some of his best.



Stan Getz



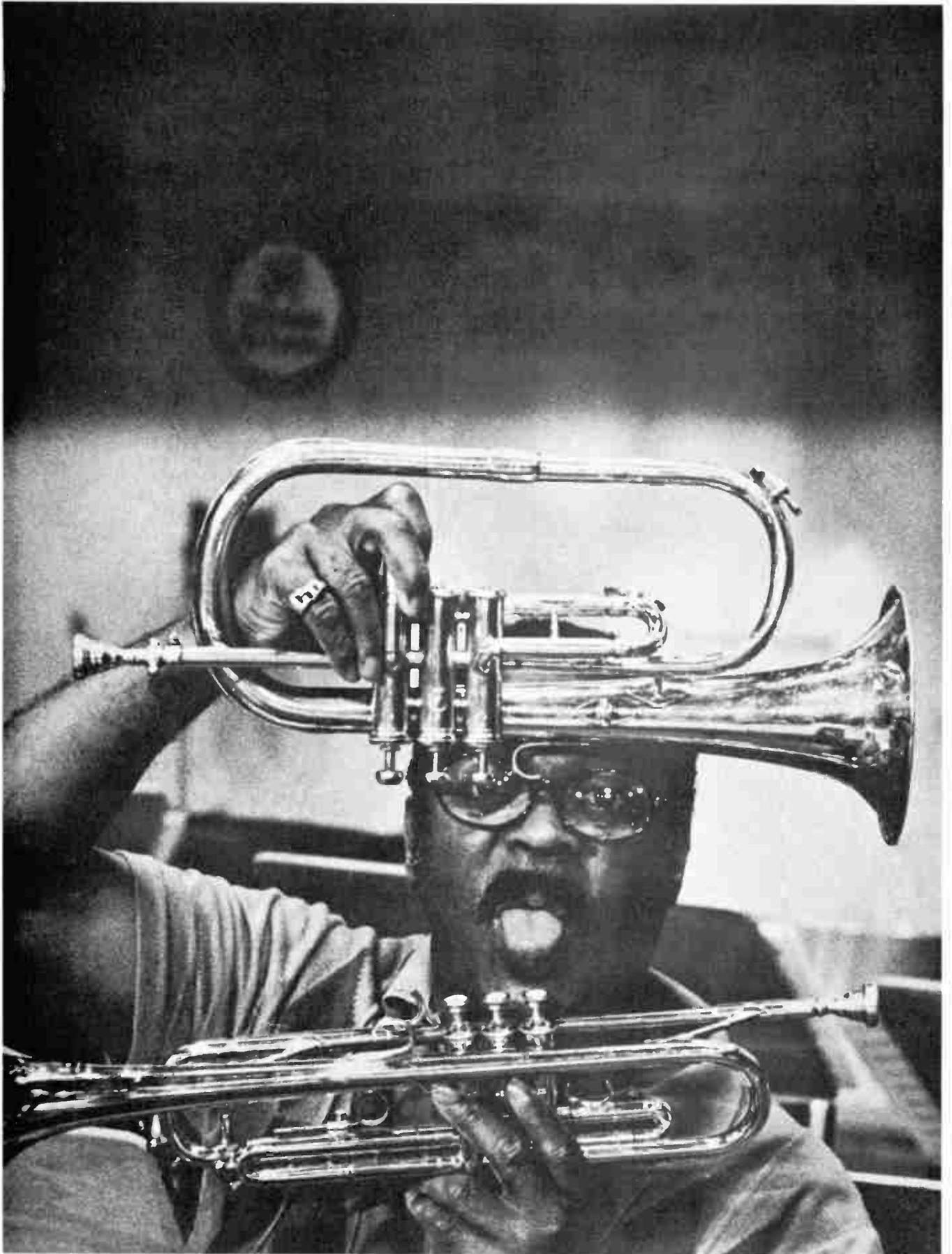
Coleman Hawkins



Cecil Taylor



Bobby Hutcherson



Clark Terry

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CREAM OF THE CROP: 1969

Following is a list of very good (★★★★) to excellent (★★★★★) records as reviewed in *Down Beat* during 1969. Reissues are denoted by an asterisk.

★★★★★

- *Henry Red Allen (RCA Victor LPV 556)
- *Louis Armstrong, *V. S. O. P. (Very Special Old Phonography) Vol. 1* (Epic EE 22019)
- Jaki Byard, *The Jaki Byard Experience* (Prestige PR 7615)
- *Kenny Clarke, **The Paris Bebop Sessions* (Prestige PR 7605)
- Kenny Clarke/Francy Boland, *Fire, Heat, Soul & Guts!* (Prestige 7634)
- Cream, *Wheels of Fire* (Atco 2-700)
- Ornette Coleman, *New York Is Now!* (Blue Note 84287)
- Miles Davis, *Filles De Kilimanjaro* (Columbia 9750)
- *Johnny Dodds, *New Orleans Joys* (RCA LPV-558)
- Bob Dylan, *Nashville Skyline* (Columbia 9825)
- *Ellington-Henderson, *The Big Bands /1933* (Prestige 7645)
- W. C. Fields, *W. C. Fields on Radio* (Columbia CS 9890)
- Clare Fischer, *One to Get Ready, Four to Go!* (Revelation 6)
- Dizzy Gillespie, *Live at the Village Vanguard* (Solid State SS 18034)
- *Edmond Hall/Art Hodes, *Original Blue Note Jazz, Vol. 1* (Blue Note 6504)
- *Earl Hines, *Hines Rhythm* (Epic EE 2021)
- Joseph Jarman, *As If It Were the Seasons* (Delmark DS 417)
- Elvin Jones, *Puttin' It Together* (Blue Note BST 84282); *The Ultimate* (Blue Note BST 84305)
- Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, *Monday Night* (Solid State SS 18048)
- The Lee Konitz Duets* (Milestone MSP 9013)
- Gary McFarland, *America the Beautiful* (Skye SK-8)
- Carmen McRae, *The Sound of Silence*

(Atlantic SD 8200)

- Pat Martino, *Baiyina (The Clear Evidence)* (Prestige 7589)
- Helen Merrill-Dick Katz, *A Shade of Difference* (Milestone MSP 9019)
- Roscoe Mitchell, *Congliptious* (Nessa 2)
- Modern Jazz Quartet, *Under the Jamin Tree* (Apple ST-3353)
- Little Brother Montgomery, *Farro Street Jive* (Folkways FTS 31014)
- Robert Nighthawk/Houston Stackhouse, *Robert Nighthawk/Houston Stackhouse* (Testament 2215)
- *Jimmie Noone-Earl Hines, *At the Apex Club* (Decca DL 9235)
- Johnny Otis, *Cold Shot* (Kent 534)
- Oscar Peterson, *The Great Oscar Peterson on Prestige* (Prestige 7620)
- Baden Powell, *Fresh Winds* (United Artists International 15559)
- Snoozer Quinn, *The Legendary Snoozer Quinn* (Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ 104)
- Ike and Tina Turner, *Greatest Hits* (Warner Brothers 1810)
- University of Illinois Jazz Band, *In Champaign-Urbana* (Century 33132)
- Various Artists, *The Roots of America's Music* (Arhoolie 2001/2002)
- T-Bone Walker, *Funky Town* (Blues-Way 6014)
- *Dicky Wells in Paris, 1937 (Prestige 7593)
- Bob Wilber, *The Music of Hoagy Carmichael* (Monmouth-Evergreen MES/6917)
- Big Joe Williams, *Hand Me Down My Old Walking Stick* (World Pacific 21897)

★★★★½

- *The Great Louis Armstrong—1923 (Orpheum 105)
- *Charlie Barnet, *Vol. 1* (RCA Victor LPV 551)
- Eubie Blake, *The Eighty-Six Years of Eubie Blake* (Columbia C2S 847)
- Art Blakey, *The Witch Doctor* (Blue Note BST 84258)
- Blood, Sweat and Tears* (Columbia CS 9720)
- Gary Burton, *Country Roads & Other Places* (RCA LSP-4098)
- *Don Byas in Paris (Prestige 7598)
- *Benny Carter/1933 (Prestige 7643)
- Ornette Coleman, *Ornette at 12* (Impulse 9178)
- Colosseum, *Those Who Are About to Die Salute You!* (Dunhill 50062)
- Sonny Criss, *Rockin' in Rhythm* (Prestige 7610)
- Manitas DePlata, *Flamenco — The Spain of Manitas* (Columbia CS 9791)
- Ella Fitzgerald, *Ella* (Reprise 6354)
- Buddy Guy, *Left My Blues in San Francisco* (Chess 1527)
- Bobby Hackett—Vic Dickenson, *This Is Our Bag* (Project 3 PR/5034SD)
- *Edmond Hall, *Celestial Express* (Blue Note 6505)

- Earl Hooker, *Two Bugs and Roach* (Arhoolie 1044)
- Lightnin' Hopkins, *Texas Blues Man* (Arhoolie 1034)
- Jackie & Roy, *Grass* (Capitol ST 2936)
- Eric Kloss, *Sky Shadows* (Prestige 7594)
- Jackie McLean, *'Bout Soul* (Blue Note 84284)
- *Jay McShann, *New York — 1208 Miles* (Decca DL 79236)
- Hank Mobley, *Reach Out!* (Blue Note 84288)
- The Mothers of Invention, *Uncle Meat* (Reprise/Bizarre 2024)
- New Jazz Art Ensemble, *Seeking* (Revelation 9)
- Introducing Duke Pearson's Big Band* (Blue Note EST 84276)
- *Django Reinhardt and the American Jazz Giants (Prestige 7633)
- Jimmy Rushing, *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You* (Master Jazz Recording MJR 8104)
- University of Illinois Jazz Band, *In Stockholm, Sweden* (Century 33173)
- Various Artists, *Masters of Modern Blues, Vol. 1: Johnny Shines* (Testament 2212)
- The World's Greatest Jazzband, *The World's Greatest Jazzband of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart* (Project 3 PR/5033SD)

★★★★

- Cannonball Adderley, *Accent on Africa* (Capitol 2987)
- Gene Ammons - Sonny Stitt, *We'll Be Together Again* (Prestige 7606)
- George Benson, *Goodies* (Verve V6-8771)
- *Berigan - Freeman - Stacy - Sullivan, *Swing Classics* (Prestige 7646)
- Ruth Brown-Thad Jones/Mel Lewis, *The Big Band Sound of Trad Jones-Mel Lewis Featuring Miss Ruth Brown* (Solid State SS 18041)
- Bobby Bryant, *Earth Dance* (World Pacific Jazz 20154)
- Jaki Byard, *Sunshine of My Soul* (Prestige 7550); *Jaki Byard with String* (Prestige 7573)
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 Burton Greene, *Presenting Burton Greene* (Columbia 9784)
 Herb Hall, *Old Tyme Modern* (Sackville 3003)
 Chico Hamilton, *The Gamut* (Solid State 18043)
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 *Lionel Hampton, *Steppin' Out, Vol.*

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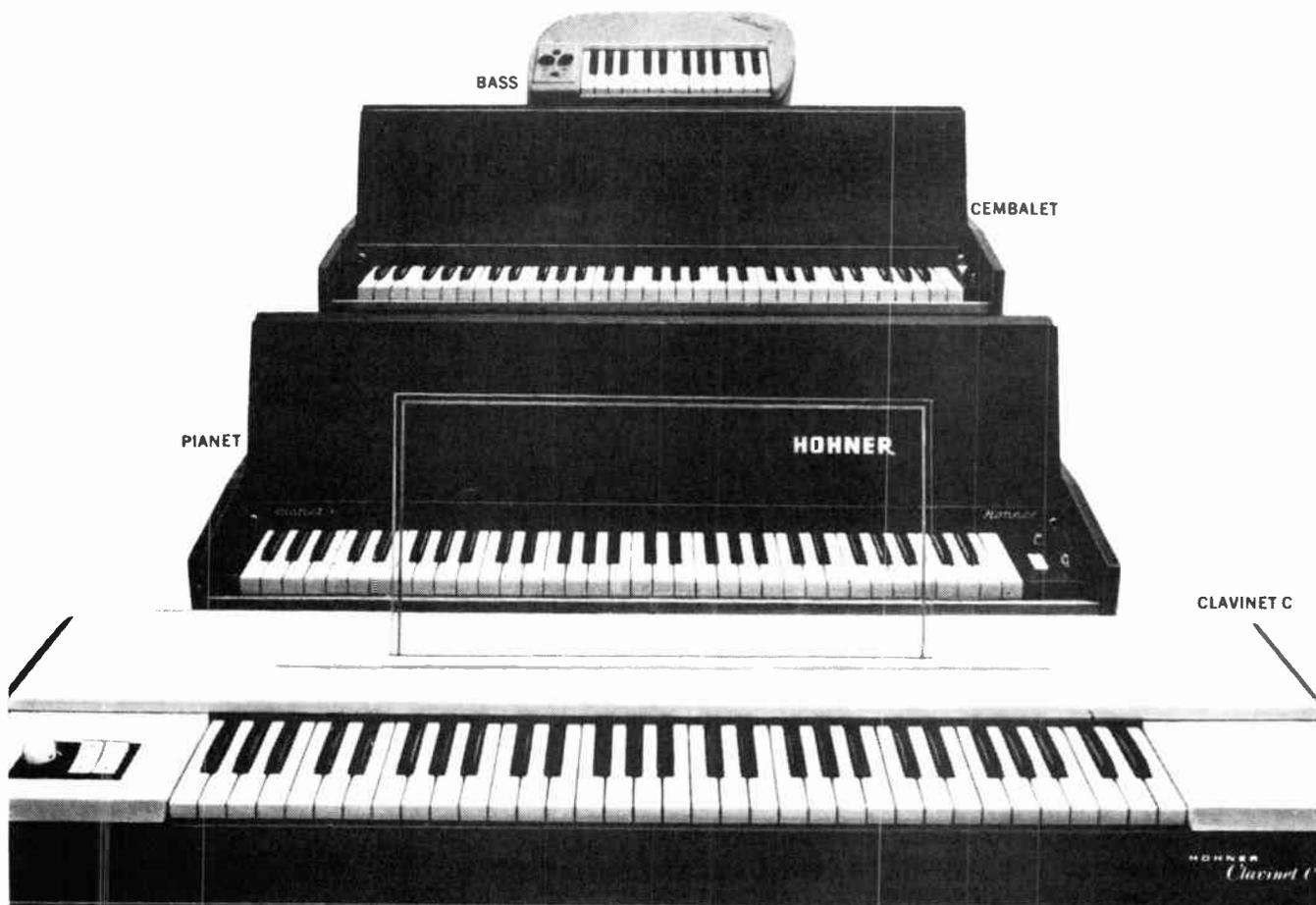
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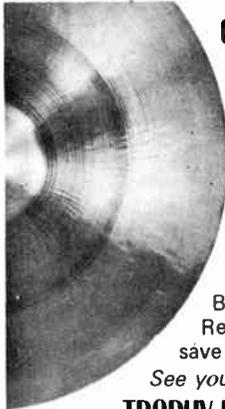
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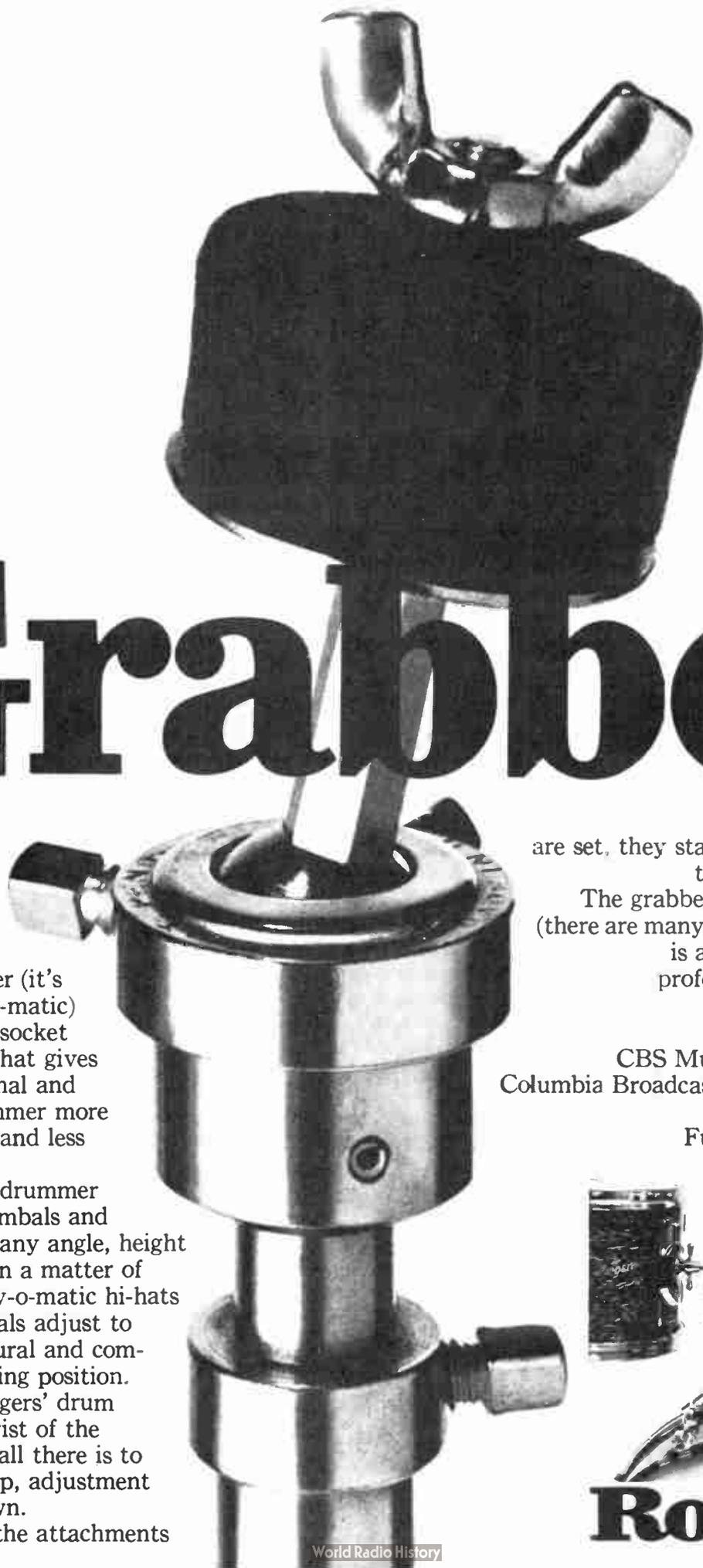
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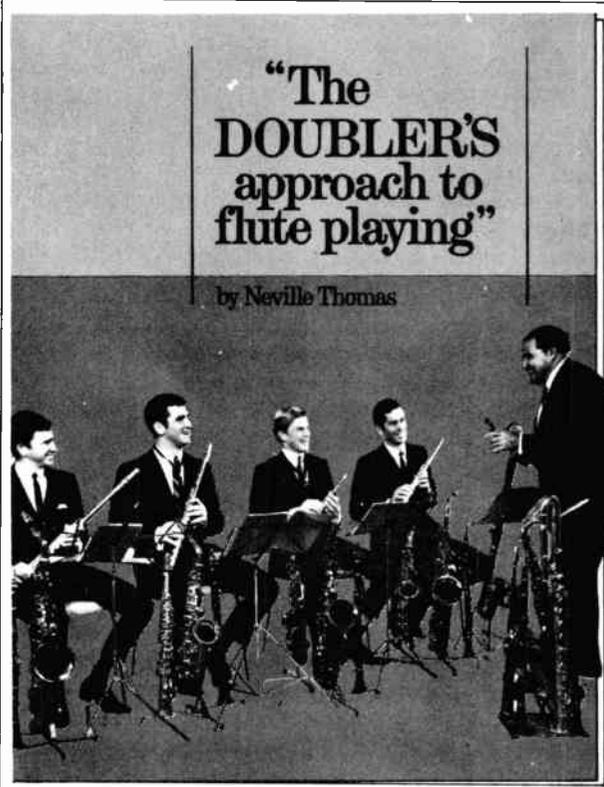
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FOREWORD

It was inevitable that, with the inroads made by jazz into academia in recent years, numerous methods and analytic studies of one kind or another would appear to aid the student and the teacher. In this growing body of jazz literature, the present volume stands out as one of the most useful and most sorely needed.

Mr. Baker's experience, both as a player and a teacher, and his long list of creative and educational accomplishments on behalf of jazz, make him an ideal "interpreter" of the musical, technical problems the young jazz improviser faces and how most effectively to solve them. Perhaps the outstanding quality of the book is its comprehensiveness. Many aspects of jazz are dealt with at both the fundamental and most sophisticated levels. It is a particular pleasure to see—for once—the dramatic and psychological aspects of jazz improvisation treated in a methodical, practical, no-nonsense manner.

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The design and format of the book is simple and practical, combining verbal explication with musical exercise material. In its range, covering everything from the most elementary problems of nomenclature through fundamental exercises in improvisation techniques all the way to advanced concepts of jazz playing, Mr. Baker's book should prove to be a most useful addition to the literature.

Gunther Schuller
Tanglewood, August 1969

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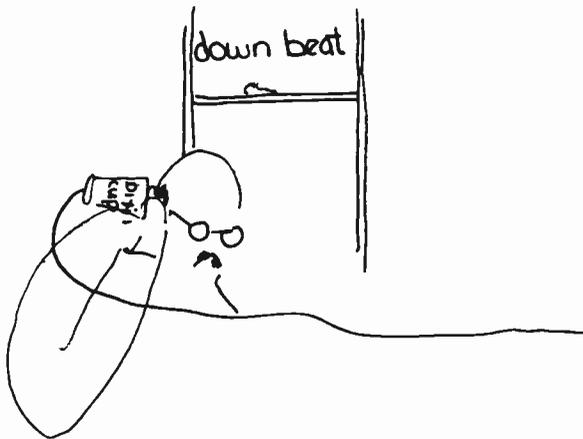
IRAGLYPHICS

OR THE PHANTOM OF THE HALF NOTE STRIKES AGAIN

BY IRA GITLER

1969 was the year the Longchamps chain in New York had the brilliant idea to open a jazz room and call it the Downbeat. Fine for jazz but hard on down beat. We spell our name as *two* words, but that means nothing to the telephone company. Soon after the opening of the club we began to receive calls for reservations, courtesy of the many highly efficient New York information operators. It reached a point where I was about to book a trio into the office and start doing a lunch business (my secretary is a whiz with omelets). Maddened by the steady stream of calls, I complained to the Bell boys instead. Are you ready for the name of the representative they laid on me? Miss Konnekt!

After peaking during mid-year, the calls subsided to a dribble by the fall—but they were still coming. I registered another complaint while remembering Lenny Bruce's old adage: "If you get hot with the phone company, you end up with a Dixie Cup and a string. (Muffled midget voice) *Hello, hello, hello.*" Of course, there's our answering service, but the best way I can describe their efficiency is to compare it with that of your wife if she were taking messages from your girl friend.



MARY JO SCHWALBACH

One day in November, I got a message that a Mrs. Spinelli had called. When I returned the call, I was told that there was no such person there. Rechecking with my service I found that there had been a mistake in one digit. I redialed and was told that Mrs. Spinelli was not there because there had been a bomb scare (a permanent New York hazard) and everyone had been sent home. That was on Friday. Figuring it might be important or something, I tried the number again on Monday and was told that Mrs. Spinelli was in only on Wednesdays and Fridays. What the hell, I figured, I had followed the call this far, I might as well go all the way. This time she was there. "Hello, Mrs. Spinelli?"

"Yes."

"This is Ira Gitler at *down beat*."

"Oh yes. We went last Friday and had a marvelous time. But why don't you have dancing?"

* * *

Did you hear about the shipping clerk who was fired for rapping too much? Which reminds me, do you remember when heavy meant Kate Smith; and bad vibes was the set that Milt Jackson played while with Dizzy . . . Did you hear about the pianist who has been on so many trips they call him Count Spacie? . . . If Carson City, Nevada had a college and that college had a jazz program they could be represented at competitions by the Carson City Stage Band. . . . Then there was this salty drummer who wouldn't give Don Ellis the right time. . . .

Album ideas for 1970: Charles Melvin Williams and Albert Heath in *Cootie and Tootie*; Charlie Shavers with Vari-tone in *Electric Shavers*.

Department of Amplification: In the July 24 issue I wrote about Brew Moore and misquoted him when I said that the band he worked with in New Orleans in the 1940s "drank a fifth a night." Actually each man drank a fifth a night. That's when America drank—and stayed out.

To while away the dull hours at *down beat* when we're not accepting reservations we invent all kinds of tomfoolery. You know that game they play that gives clues to people's names and then you have to guess . . . well, we started doing it with jazz musicians and with the help of Bunny Daniels (wife of reedman Eddie Daniels) we compiled the following list for you to groan over. Incidentally, the descriptions are no reflection on the person's character. (Answers at bottom of page.)

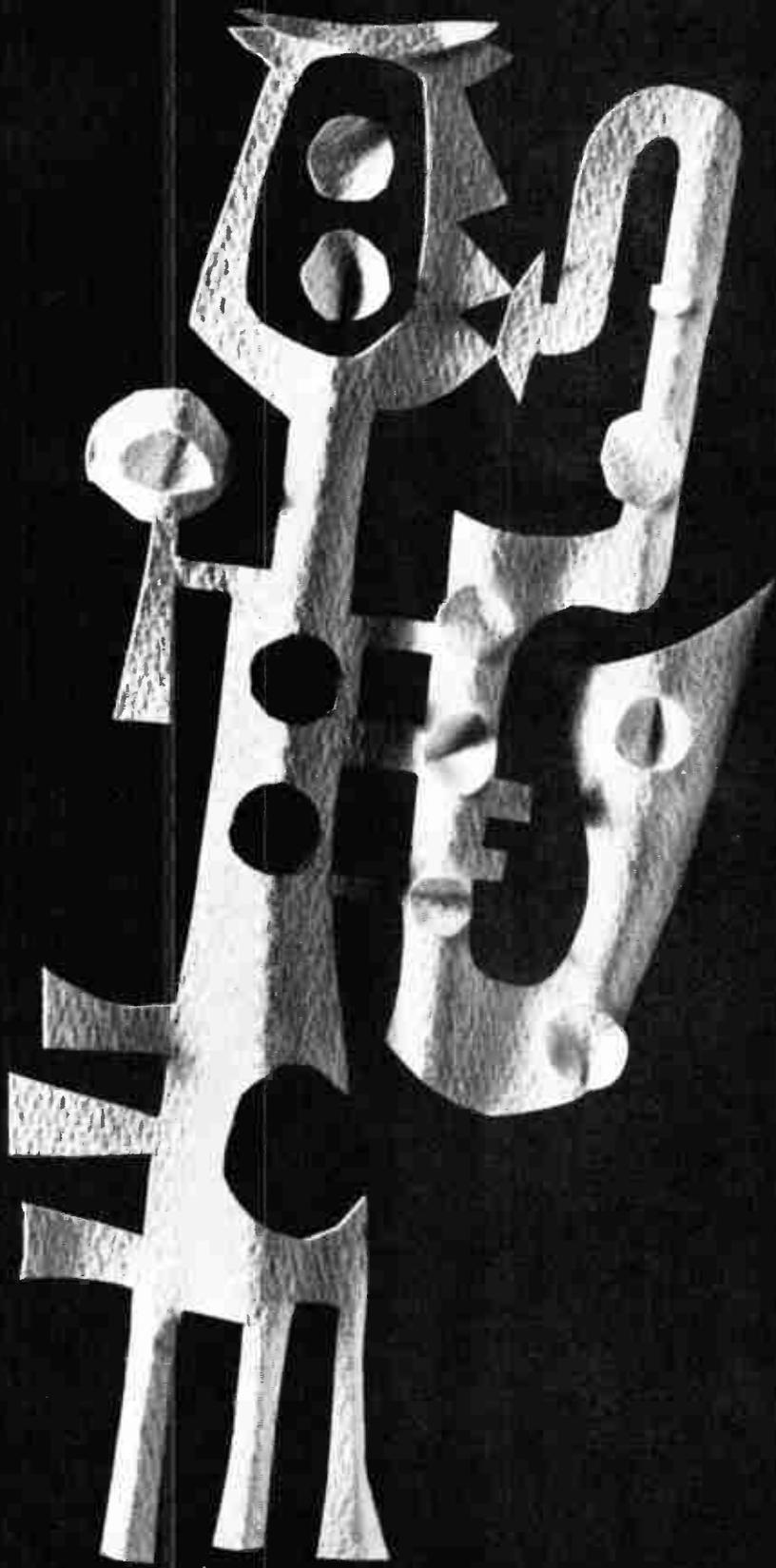
1. January birthstone in the mud.
2. Kingly sheriff.
3. World's most forlorn friar.
4. Man from urban Texas.
5. Changing a tire near the back of a house.
6. Scottish flower on the mountainside.
7. Sylvan infusion.
8. Pretentious potentate.
9. Amphetamine wheelbarrow.
10. Wealthy friend.
11. Bright knife.
12. Pry open the fort.
13. Fancy fueler.
14. Nearby lavatory.
15. The lower leg of a young flower.
16. Coffee house.
17. Fortright skullbuster.
18. Worn English money.
19. Positive chromosome.
20. Confectionary bird.

* * *

I just received a phone call that ought to be the topper for the year. A lady from a government agency inquired: "Could you tell me if George Wein is the pianist in the Duke Ellington orchestra?"

* * *

Answers to word game: 1. Garnett Brown; 2. Marshall Royal; 3. Thelonious Monk; 4. Houston Person; 5. Jaki Byard; 6. Cliff Heather; 7. Phil Woods; 8. Artie Shaw; 9. Benny Carter; 10. Buddy Rich; 11. Sonny Criss; 12. Jimmy Garrison; 13. Ornette Coleman; 14. John Handy; 15. Bud Shank; 16. Joe Chambers; 17. Frank Zappa; 18. Bob Haggart; 19. Gene Wright; 20. Candy Finch.



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This arrangement, graciously made available by Tempo Music, Inc. with the cooperation of the Strayhorn Estate, was copied by Roger Mills from individual parts, a conductor's score not being extant.

Like all Ellington Orchestra charts, it does not contain written parts for piano, guitar, and drums.

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CHELSEA BRIDGE

Handwritten musical score for "Chelsea Bridge". The score is written on ten staves. The first five staves contain a melodic line with various rhythmic values and accidentals. The sixth staff is a double bar line. The seventh and eighth staves contain a bass line with rhythmic notation. The ninth and tenth staves contain a bass line with rhythmic notation and some accidentals. The score is divided into two systems by a vertical line. The first system covers staves 1-5 and 7-8. The second system covers staves 6, 9, and 10. There are circled numbers 8, 9, and 10 at the bottom of the page, corresponding to the staves.

CHELSEA BRIDGE

The image shows a handwritten musical score for the piece "Chelsea Bridge". The score is written on ten staves. The first six staves are for guitar, the next two for bass, and the last two for trombone. The notation includes standard musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines, along with guitar-specific symbols like "3" and "b" for bends and flats. The bass part uses a simplified rhythmic notation with numbers 1-4. The trombone part includes a section labeled "Copy Trombone I".

CHELSEA BRIDGE

The image shows a handwritten musical score for the piece "Chelsea Bridge". The score is written on ten staves. The top five staves are for a Clarinet, and the bottom five staves are for a Piano. The music is written in a style that includes many accidentals and complex rhythmic patterns. A box labeled "D" is located at the beginning of the piano part. The word "TO CLARINET" is written vertically between the two parts. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

D

TO CLARINET

CHELSEA BRIDGE

Handwritten musical score for "Chelsea Bridge". The score is written on ten staves. The first four staves contain tenor saxophone parts, with a "TENOR-" label above the second staff. The fifth and sixth staves contain cornet parts, with a "CORNET" label above the fifth staff. The seventh staff is a blank line. The eighth and ninth staves contain a single line of music, likely for a vocal or another instrument. The notation includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as "p" (piano) and "f" (forte). The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

CHELSEA BRIDGE

Handwritten musical score for "Chelsea Bridge". The score is written on ten staves. The first staff is a treble clef, and the remaining staves are bass clefs. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The notation is handwritten and includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. There are some markings that look like "P" and "F" in the first few measures. The score ends with a double bar line and a fermata-like symbol.

CHELSEA BRIDGE

Handwritten musical score for "Chelsea Bridge". The score is written on a grid of 12 staves. The top four staves are for woodwinds: Flute (Fl.), Clarinet (Cl.), Saxophone (Sax.), and Trombone (Tbn.). The next two staves are for trumpets: Trumpet I (Trpt I) and Trumpet II (Trpt II). The bottom four staves are for brass instruments: Horns (Horn), Trombones (Tbn.), and Trumpets (Trpt). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *pp.* and *pp.*. A circled 'G' is present on the first staff. The word "(OPEN)" is written below the first staff. The title "CHELSEA BRIDGE" is written at the top of the page.

CHELSEA BRIDGE

Handwritten musical score for "Chelsea Bridge". The score is written on a grid of 11 staves. The notation is a form of musical shorthand, possibly a simplified staff notation or a specific dialect of musical shorthand. It includes various notes, rests, and bar lines. The score is divided into sections by a horizontal line across the middle. The first section contains five staves of music, and the second section contains six staves. The notation is dense and appears to be a form of shorthand used in early 20th-century music notation.

CHELSEA BRIDGE

Handwritten musical score for "Chelsea Bridge". The score is written on ten staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The notation includes various notes, rests, and bar lines. A large bracket spans across the middle of the score, and a double bar line is present at the end of the eighth staff.

CHELSEA BRIDGE

Handwritten musical score for "Chelsea Bridge". The score is written on a grand staff with five systems. The first system includes a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The notation includes notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *mf* and *f*. The second system is labeled "Copy Alto I" and the third "Copy Tenor I". The fourth system is labeled "Copy Trombone I". The fifth system contains a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The score concludes with a double bar line and a final chord.

CHELSEA BRIDGE

Handwritten musical score for the piece "Chelsea Bridge". The score is written on ten staves. The first five staves are for the right hand, and the last five are for the left hand. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The piece concludes with a double bar line and the word "FINE" written in capital letters.



GIUSEPPE G. PINO



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 Bass

ROY McQUEENY
 Drums

①

②

(BASS CUT:)

(CHORUS MIM. NAT)

H.H.

③

④

⑤

⑥

(BASS CUT:)

(BASS CUT:)

S

S

S

C

Handwritten musical score for measures 7-10. Measure 8 is marked "Solo". Measures 9 and 10 are marked "(BASS cut:)". The score includes staves for guitar, bass, and drums.

Handwritten musical score for measures 11-14. Measure 12 is marked "(BASS cut:)". The score includes staves for guitar, bass, and drums.

Handwritten musical score for measures 15-18. The score is written on five staves (treble and bass clefs). Measure 15 includes the annotation "w/ ENS" and "VERY STRONG & BROAD". A circled "D" is written above the staff. Measure 16 includes a circled "E". Measure 17 includes a circled "7". Measure 18 includes a circled "8". The notation includes various rhythmic values, accidentals, and dynamic markings like "ff".

Handwritten musical score for measures 19-22. Measure 19 includes the annotation "TO CODA LAST X" and a circled "E". Measure 20 includes a circled "7". Measure 21 includes a circled "8". Measure 22 includes the annotation "Solo" and a circled "8". The notation includes various rhythmic values, accidentals, and dynamic markings like "ff". A circled "E" is written above the staff. The word "Blank" is written at the bottom of the page.

(23)	(24)	(25)	(26)

(27)	(28)	(29)	TO PAGE #5

Handwritten musical score for measures 34-37. The score consists of two systems of staves. The top system has four measures with notes circled and labeled 34, 35, 36, and 37. The bottom system has four measures with notes circled and labeled 34, 35, 36, and 37. The word "(Singerly)" is written in the bottom right measure of the second system. A large bracket on the right side groups the two systems.

Handwritten musical score for measures 30-33. The score consists of two systems of staves. The top system has four measures with notes circled and labeled 30, 31, 32, and 33. The bottom system has four measures with notes circled and labeled 30, 31, 32, and 33. A large bracket on the right side groups the two systems.

1

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Abbreviations

Instruments:

as	alto saxophone
b	string bass
bars	baritone saxophone
bgo	bongo(s)
cga	conga
cl	clarinet
dr	drums
fl	flute
flg	flugelhorn
frh	French horn
g	guitar
p	piano
sop	soprano saxophone
tb	trombone
tp	trumpet
ts	tenor saxophone
vbs	vibraharp
vcl	vocal
vtb	valve trombone

CHRIS POWELL AND HIS BLUE FLAMES:

Clifford Brown (tp), Vance Wilson (as, ts, vcl), Duke Wells (p), Eddie Lambert (g), James Johnson (b), Osie Johnson (dr), Chris Powell (vcl). Chicago, March 21, 1952

CCO5322 *Ida Red* (cp) Okeh 6875

CCO5323 *I Come From Jamaica* (cp) Okeh 6900

CCO5324 *Blue Boy* (vw) Okeh 6900

CCO5325 *Darn That Dream* (vw) Okeh 6875

LOU DONALDSON ALL STARS:

Clifford Brown (tp), Lou Donaldson (as), Elmo Hope (p), Percy Heath (b), Philly Joe Jones (dr). New York, June 9, 1953

BN490 *Carving The Rock* Blue Note 1624, BLP5030, BLP1526

BN492 *Brownie Speaks* Blue Note 1622, BLP5030, BLP1526, 45-1647

BN493 *Dee Dah* Blue Note 1624, BLP5030, BLP1526

BN494 *You Go To My Head* Blue Note 1622, BLP5030, BLP1526

Cookin' BLP5030, BLP1526

Bellarosa BLP5030, BLP1526

note: BLP1526 issued as by "Clifford Brown Quintet".

TADD DAMERON AND HIS ORCHESTRA:

Clifford Brown, Idrees Sulieman (tp), Herb Millins (tb), Gigi Gryce (as), Benny Golson (ts), Oscar Estelle (bars), Tadd Dameron (p), Percy Heath (b), Philly Joe Jones (dr). New York, June 11, 1953

490 *Philly Joe Jones* Prestige EP1353, LP159, LP7055

491-1 *Choose Now* Prestige LP7055

491-2 *Choose Now* Prestige LP159, LP7055

492 *Dial D For Beauty* Prestige EP1353, LP159, LP7055

All titles from this session also on Prestige LP16008, New Jazz LP8301.

J. J. JOHNSON AND HIS BAND:

Clifford Brown (tp), J. J. Johnson (tb), Jimmy Heath (ts, bars), John Lewis (p), Percy Heath (b), Kenny Clarke (dr). New York, June 22, 1953

Capri Blue Note 1621, BLP5028, BLP1505

Capri (alt. take) Blue Note BLP1506

Turnpike Blue Note 1621, BLP5028, BLP1505

Turnpike (alt. take) Blue Note BLP1506

Lover Man Blue Note BLP5028, BLP1505

Get Happy Blue Note BLP5028, BLP1505

Sketch One Blue Note BLP5028, BLP1505

It Could Happen To You Blue Note BLP5028, BLP1506

CLIFFORD BROWN SEXTET:

Clifford Brown (tp), Gigi Gryce (as, fl), Charlie Rouse (ts), John Lewis (p), Percy Heath (b), Art Blakey (dr). New York, August 28, 1953

Easy Livin' Blue Note 45-1648, BLP5032, BLP1001, BLP1526

Hymn To The Orient Blue Note 45-1648, BLP5032, BLP1526

Cherokee Blue Note BLP5032, BLP1526

Wail Bait Blue Note BLP5032, BLP1526

Minor Mood Blue Note BLP5032, BLP1526

Brownie Eyes Blue Note BLP5032, BLP1526

CLIFFORD BROWN-ART FARMER ALL STARS:

Clifford Brown, Art Farmer (tp), Ake Persson (tb), Arne Domnerus (as), Lars Gullin (bars), Bengt Hallberg (p), Gunnar Johnson (b), Jack Noren (dr), Quincy Jones (arr). Stockholm, September 15, 1953

Stockholm Sweetnin' Prestige EP1345, LP167, LP7055

'Scuse These Blues Prestige EP1345, LP167, LP7055



Lionel Hampton's trumpet section, 1953: l to r: Art Farmer, Quincy Jones, Walter Williams, Clifford Brown.

Lover Come Back To Me Prestige LP167, LP7055
Falling In Love With Love Prestige LP167, LP7055

All four titles from this session also on Prestige LP16008, New Jazz LP8301.

GIGI GRyce AND HIS ORCHESTRA:

Clifford Brown, Art Farmer, Quincy Jones, Walter Williams, Fred Gerard, Fernand Verstraete (tp), Al Hayse, Jimmy Cleveland, Bill Tamper (tb), Gigi Gryce, Anthony Ortega (as), Clifford Solomon, Henri Bernard (ts), Henri Jouot (bars), Henri Renaud (p), Pierre Michelot (b), Alan Dawson (dr). Paris, September 28, 1953

V4655 *Brown Skin* Blue Note BLP5049

V4656 *Deltitnu* Blue Note BLP5049

omit Gerard, same session

V4658 *Keeping Up With Jonesy* Blue Note BLP5049

note: Brown does not play on one further title ("Strike Up The Band") from this session.

CLIFFORD BROWN SEXTET:

Clifford Brown (tp), Gigi Gryce (as), Henri Renaud (p), Jimmy Gourley (g), Pierre Michelot (b), Jean-Louis Viale (dr). Paris, September 29, 1953

V4659 *Conception* Blue Note BLP5051

V4660 *All The Things You Are* Blue Note BLP5051

V4661 *I Cover The Waterfront* Blue Note BLP5051

V4662 *Goofin' With Me* Blue Note BLP5051

LIONEL HAMPTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA:

Art Farmer, Clifford Brown, Quincy Jones, Walter Williams (tp), Al Hayse, Jimmy Cleveland, George (Buster) Cooper (tb), Gigi Gryce, Anthony Ortega (fl, as), Clifford Scott, Clifford Solomon (ts), Oscar Estelle (bars), Lionel Hampton (vbs, p, dr, vcl), Billy Mackel (g), Monk Montgomery (b), Alan Dawson (dr), Sonny Parker (vcl). concert, Paris, September-October 1953

The Chase
Stompin' At The Savoy
How High The Moon

note: Tapes from this concert with above-mentioned titles have circulated among European collectors.

same concert, Sportpalast, Berlin, Oct. 1953

Airmail Special
I Only Have Eyes For You
How High The Moon

Piney Brown Blue (sp)

Jelly Roll (sp)

note: This concert was originally recorded for Armed Forces Radio Service, but tapes have circulated among European collectors.

CLIFFORD BROWN QUINTET:

Clifford Brown (tp), Gigi Gryce (as), Herri Renaud (p), Pierre Michelot (b), Jean-Louis Viale (dr). Paris, October 8, 1953

Minority Blue Note BLP5048

Salute To The Bandbox Blue Note BLP5048

Strictly Romantic Blue Note BLP5048

Baby Blue Note BLP5048

GIGI GRyce AND HIS ORCHESTRA:

Clifford Brown, Art Farmer, Walter Williams, Quincy Jones (tp), Jimmy Cleveland, Al Hayse, Benny Vasseur (tb), Gigi Gryce (cl, fl, as, arr), Anthony Ortega (as), Clifford Solomon, Andre Doneville (ts), William Boucaya (bars), Henri Renaud (p), Pierre Michelot (b), Jean-Louis Viale (dr). Paris, October 9, 1953

Quick Step Blue Note BLP5049

Bum's Rush Blue Note BLP5049

CLIFFORD BROWN QUARTET:

Clifford Brown (tp), Henri Renaud (p), Marcel Dutrieux (b), Jean-Louis Viale (dr). Paris, October 10, 1953

No Start No End Vogue (French) LD175

GIGI GRyce ORCHESTRA:

Clifford Brown (tp), Jimmy Cleveland (tb), Gigi Gryce (as), Clifford Solomon (ts), William Boucaya (bars), Henri Renaud (p), Jimmy Gourley (g), Marcel Dutrieux (b), Jean-Louis Viale (dr). Paris, October 10, 1953

Chez moi Blue Note BLP5050

Hello (no g) Blue Note BLP5050

GIGI GRyce AND HIS ORCHESTRA:

Clifford Brown (tp), Jimmy Cleveland (tb), Gigi Gryce, Anthony Ortega (as), William Boucaya (bars), Quincy Jones (p), Marcel Dutrieux (b), Jean-Louis Viale (dr). Paris, October 11, 1953

All Weird Blue Note BLP5050

CLIFFORD BROWN QUARTET:

Clifford Brown (tp), Henri Renaud (p), Pierre Michelot (b), Benny Bennett (dr). Paris, October 15, 1953

V4718 **Blue And Brown** Blue Note BLP5047

V4719-1 **I Can Dream, Can't I?** Vogue (French) V5177

V4719-2 **I Can Dream, Can't I?** Blue Note BLP5047

V4720 **The Song Is You** Blue Note BLP5047

V4721 **Come Rain or Come Shine** Blue Note BLP5047

V4722 **It Might As Well Be Spring** Blue Note BLP5047

V4723 **You're A Lucky Guy** Blue Note BLP5047

LIONEL HAMPTON JAM SESSION:

Clifford Brown, Quincy Jones, Jorgen Ryg (tp), Jimmy Cleveland (tb), Anthony Ortega, Gigi Gryce (as), Clifford Solomon (ts), Max Brüel (bars), Lionel Hampton (p), unknown (b), (dr). Storyville Club, Copenhagen, Nov. 11, 1953

CA113 **Perdido**

CA114 **All The Things You Are**

CA115 **Indiana**

CA116 **Anniversary Boogie** (Hampton and Jorgen Bengtsson (p) note: Recorded by Chris Albertson.

ART BLAKEY QUINTET (JAZZ MESSENGERS):

Clifford Brown (tp), Lou Donaldson (as), Horace Silver (p), Curley Russell (b), Art Blakey (dr). Birdland, New York, February 21, 1954

Once In A While Blue Note 45-1656, BLP5037, BLP1521

Quicksilver Blue Note 45-1656, BLP5037, BLP1521

Quicksilver (alt. take) Blue Note BLP1522

Wee Dot Blue Note 45-1657, BLP5038, BLP1522

If I Had You Blue Note 45-1657, BLP5039, BLP1522

Now's The Time Blue Note 45-1678, BLP5039, BLP1522

Split Kick Blue Note BLP5037, BLP1521

Night In Tunisia Blue Note BLP5038, BLP1521

Mayreh Blue Note BLP5038

Confirmation Blue Note BLP5039, BLP1522

Lullaby Of Birdland (Finale) Blue Note BLP5039, BLP1522

CLIFFORD BROWN - MAX ROACH QUINTET:

Clifford Brown (tp), Teddy Edwards (ts), Carl Perkins (p), George Bledsoe (b), Max Roach (dr). Los Angeles, May 1954

Clifford's Axe (no ts) Gene Norman EP5, LP7, LP18

Tenderly (no ts) Gene Norman LP7, LP18

Sunset Eyes Gene Norman LP7, LP18

All God's Chillun' Gene Norman EP5, LP7, LP18

CLIFFORD BROWN ENSEMBLE:

Clifford Brown (tp), Stu Williamson (tp, tb, vtb), Zoot Sims (ts), Bob Gordon (bars), Russ Freeman (p), Joe Mondragon (b), Shelly Manne (dr). Los Angeles, July 12, 1954

Joy Spring Pacific Jazz EP4-27, PJ1214, PJ3, PJ19, PJ20139, Jazztone J1281

Finders Keepers Pacific Jazz EP4-27, PJ1214, PJ3, PJ19, PJ20139, Jazztone J1281



FRANCIS WOLFF

Gigi Gryce and Clifford Brown

Daahoud Pacific Jazz PJ19, PJ1214, PJ20139, Jazztone J1281

CLIFFORD BROWN - MAX ROACH QUINTET:

Clifford Brown (tp), Harold Land (ts), Richie Powell (p), George Morrow (b), Max Roach (dr). Los Angeles, August 2, 1954

10856 **Delilah** EmArcy EP1-6074, MG26043, MG36036

16858 **Parisian Thoroughfare** EmArcy EP1-6074, MG26043, MG36036, Limelight LM82012, LS86012

note: A further title from this session ("Darn That Dream") is without Brown.

same Los Angeles, August 3, 1954

10859 **Jor-du** EmArcy EP1-6075, MG36036, Limelight LM82011, LS86011

10860 **Sweet Clifford** EmArcy EP1-6112, MG36008, MG36087

10861 **Ghost Of A Chance** (no ts) EmArcy EP1-6112, MG36008

probably from same session

Clifford's Fantasy Time LP-8

note: "Clifford's Fantasy" as well as "Sweet Clifford" are variations on "Sweet Georgia Brown". "Clifford's Fantasy" is possibly a rejected take of 10860.

same Los Angeles, August 6, 1954

10877 **Joy Spring** EmArcy EP1-6075, MG36036, Limelight LM82012, LS86012

10878 **Mildama** EmArcy EP1-6113, MG36008, MG36071

10880 **Daahoud** EmArcy EP-6075, MG36036, Limelight LM82012, LS86011

same Los Angeles, August 10, 1954

10866 **Stompin' At The Savoy** EmArcy EP1-6112, MG36008

10867 **I Get A Kick Out Of You** EmArcy EP1-6113, MG36008

note: Brown not on a further title ("I'll String Along With You") from this session.

CLIFFORD BROWN ALL STARS:

Clifford Brown (tp), Herb Geller, Joe Maini (as), Walter Benton (ts), Kenny Drew (p), Curtis Counce (b), Max Roach (dr). Los Angeles, August 11, 1954



Max Roach, Herb Geller, Walter Benton, Joe Maini, Clifford Brown.

- 10887 **Caravan** EmArcy MG36102
 10888 **Autumn In New York** EmArcy MG36102
Coronado EmArcy MG36039, MG36071
You Go To My Head EmArcy MG36039

probably from same session

The Boss Man (no as, ts) Time LP-8
 note: "The Boss Man" is probably an excerpt from a rejected take of master 10887.

CLIFFORD BROWN ENSEMBLE:

Clifford Brown (tp), Stu Williamson (tp, tb, vtb), Zoot Sims (ts), Bob Gordon (bars), Russ Freeman (p), Carson Smith (b), Shelly Manne (dr). Los Angeles, August 13, 1954

Blueberry Hill Pacific Jazz EP-4, PJJ19, PJ1214, PJ3, Jazztone J1281

Gone With The Wind Pacific Jazz 627, EP-4, PJJ19, PJ1214, PJ3, Jazztone J1281

Bones For Jones Pacific Jazz PJJ19, PJ1214, PJ3

Tiny Kapers Pacific Jazz, 627, EP4-27, UJL19, PJ1214, PJ3, Jazztone J1281

Tiny Kapers (alt. take) Jazz West Coast JWC-500

JAM SESSION:

Collective personnel: Clark Terry, Clifford Brown, Maynard Ferguson (tp), Herb Geller (as), Harold Land (ts), Richie Powell/Junior Mance (p), Keeter Betts/George Morrow (b), Max Roach (dr), Dinah Washington (vcl). Los Angeles, August 14, 1954

10900 **What Is This Thing Called Love** EmArcy EP1-6088, MG26032, MG36002

10901 **I've Got You Under My Skin** EmArcy EP1-6080, MG36000

10902 **No More** EmArcy EP1-6081, MG36000

10903 **Move** EmArcy EP1-6087, MG36002

10904 **Darn That Dream** EmArcy EP1-6088, MG36002

10905 **You Go To My Head** EmArcy EP1-6082, MG36000

10906 **It Might As Well Be Spring** EmArcy EP1-6088, MG36002

10907 **Don't Worry 'Bout Me/Lover Come Back To Me** EmArcy EP1-6080, MG36000

10908 **Alone Together/Summertime/Come Rain Or Come Shine** EmArcy EP1-6080, MG36000

10909 **Bess You Is My Woman Now/My Funny Valentine** EmArcy EP1-6087, MG36002

CLIFFORD BROWN - MAX ROACH QUINTET:

Clifford Brown (tp), Harold Land (ts), Richie Powell (p), George Morrow (b), Max Roach (dr).

concert, Los Angeles, August 30, 1954

Jordu Gene Norman LP6, LP18

- Parisian Thoroughfare** Gene Norman LP6, LP18
I Get A Kick Out Of You Gene Norman LP6, LP18
I Can't Get Started Gene Norman LP6, LP18

SARAH VAUGHAN:

(vcl) acc. by Clifford Brown (tp), Herbie Mann (fl), Paul Quinichette (ts), Jimmy Jones (p), Joe Benjamin (b), Roy Haynes (dr). New York, December 18, 1954

11077 **September Song** EmArcy EP1-6099, MG36004, MG36082, Limelight LM82012, LS86012

11078 **Lullaby Of Birdland** EmArcy EP1-6099, MG36004, MG36087, Mercury MG20465, SR80465

11079 **I'm Glad There Is You** EmArcy EP1-6098, MG36004

11080 **You're Not The Kind** EmArcy EP1-6097, MG36004



The Max Roach-Clifford Brown Quintet at Newport: Clifford, George Morrow, Harold Land, Max.

11081 **Jim** EmArcy EP1-6096, MG36004
 11082 **He's My Guy** EmArcy EP1-6096, MG36004
 11083 **April In Paris** EmArcy EP1-6097, MG36004
 11084 **It's Crazy** MG36004, Limelight LM82012, LS86012
 11085 **Embraceable You** EmArcy EP1-6098, MG36004
HELEN MERRILL with QUINCY JONES' ORCHESTRA:
 Clifford Brown (tp), Danny Bank (fl), Jimmy Jones (p), Barry Galbraith (g), Milt Hinton (b), Osie Johnson (dr), Quincy Jones (cond). New York, December 22, 1954
 11087 **Don't Explain** EmArcy, MG36006
 11088 **Born To Be Blue** EmArcy EP1-6105, MG36006
 11089 **You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To** EmArcy MG3600
 11090 **'S Wonderful** EmArcy MG36006
 Oscar Pettiford (b), Bobby Donaldson (dr) replace Hinton and Johnson. New York, December 24, 1954
 11091 **Yesterdays** EmArcy EP1-6104, MG36006
 11092 **Falling In Love With Love** EmArcy EP1-6104, MG36006
 11093 **What's New** EmArcy EP1-6105, MG36006
CLIFFORD BROWN WITH STRINGS:
 Clifford Brown (tp), string-section, Richie Powell (p), Barry Galbraith (g), George Morrow (b), Max Roach (dr), Neal Hefti (arr, cond). New York, January 18, 1955
 11116 **Portrait Of Jenny** EmArcy EP1-6102, MG36005
 11117 **What's New** EmArcy EP1-6100, MG36086
 11118 **Yesterdays** EmArcy EP1-6000, MG36005, Mercury MG20827, SR60827
 Same New York, January 19, 1955
 11119 **Where Or When** EmArcy EP6101, MG36005
 11120 **Can't Help Lovin' That Man** EmArcy EP1-6100, MG36005
 11121 **Smoke Gets In Your Eyes** EmArcy EP1-6101, MG36005, Mercury MG20827, SR60827
 11122 **Laura** EmArcy EP1-6102, MG36005, Limelight LM82011, LS86011, Mercury MG20827, SR60827
 11123 **Memories Of You** EmArcy EP1-6102, MG36005
 same New York, January 20, 1955
 11124 **Embraceable You** EmArcy EP1-6102, MG36005, Limelight LM82012, LS86012
 11125 **Blue Moon** EmArcy EP1-6100, MG36005
 11126 **Willow Weep For Me** EmArcy EP1-6101, MG36005, Limelight LM82012, LS86012, Mercury MG20827, SR60827
 11127 **Stardust** EmArcy EP1-6101, MG36005, Limelight

LM82012, LS86012, Mercury MG20827, SR60827
CLIFFORD BROWN - MAX ROACH QUINTET:
 Clifford Brown (tp), Harold Land (ts), Richie Powell (p), George Morrow (b), Max Roach (dr). New York, February 23, 1955
 11358 **Gherkin' For Perkin'** EmArcy EP1-6136, MG36037
 11359 **Take The A Train** EmArcy MG36037, Mercury MG20827, SR60827
 11360 **Land's End** EmArcy MG36017, MG36037
 11361 **Swingin'** EmArcy MF36017, MG36037
 same New York, February 24, 1955
 11362 **George's Dilemma** EmArcy MG36037
 11363 **Ulcer Department** EmArcy MG36037
 11364 **The Blues Walk** EmArcy MG36036
If I Love Again EmArcy MG36037, Mercury MG20827, SR60827
 note: MG36037 has either 11362 or 11363, but not both. Two different editions have been issued.
 same New York, February 25, 1955
 11365 **What Am I Here For?** EmArcy MG36036
 11366 **Cherokee** EmArcy EP1-6136, MG36037, Mercury MG20827, SR60827, Limelight LM82011, LS86011
 11367 **Jac-qui** EmArcy MG36037
 11368 **Sandu** EmArcy MG36037, Mercury MG20827, SR60827
 Clifford Brown (tp), Sonny Rollins (ts), Richie Powell (p), George Morrow (b), Max Roach (dr). New York, January 4, 1956
 12421 **Gertrude's Bounce** EmArcy MG36070, MG36085, Limelight LM82012, LS86012
 12422 **Time** EmArcy MG36070, Mercury MG20827, SR60827
 12423 **Powell's Prances** EmArcy MG36070
 same New York, February 16, 1956
 12463 **What Is This Thing Called Love** EmArcy MG36070
 12464 **Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing** EmArcy MG36070
 same New York, February 17, 1956
 12459 **I'll Remember April** EmArcy MG36070
Flossie-Lou Limelight LM82011, LS86011
 12461 **The Scene Is Clean** EmArcy MG36070
SONNY ROLLINS PLUS FOUR:
 Clifford Brown (tp), Sonny Rollins (ts), Richie Powell (p), George Morrow (b), Max Roach (dr). New York, March 22, 1956
 867 **I Feel A Song Comin' On** Prestige LP7038, PR7291
 868 **Pent-Up House** Prestige LP7038, PR7291
 869 **Valse-Hot** Prestige LP7038, PR7291
 870 **Kiss And Run** Prestige LP7038, PR7291
 note: A further title from this session ("Count Your Blessings") is without Brown. ■



Sonny Rollins, Clifford, Richie Powell, Max Roach, George Morrow

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

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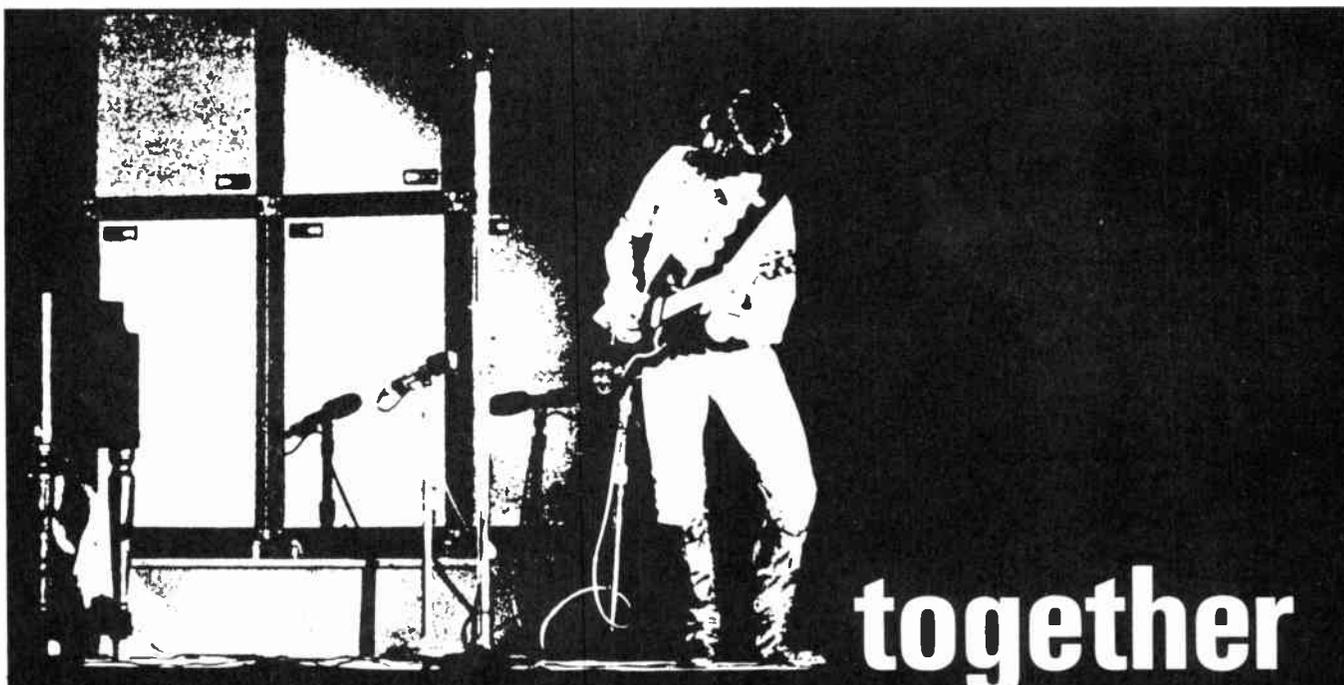
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