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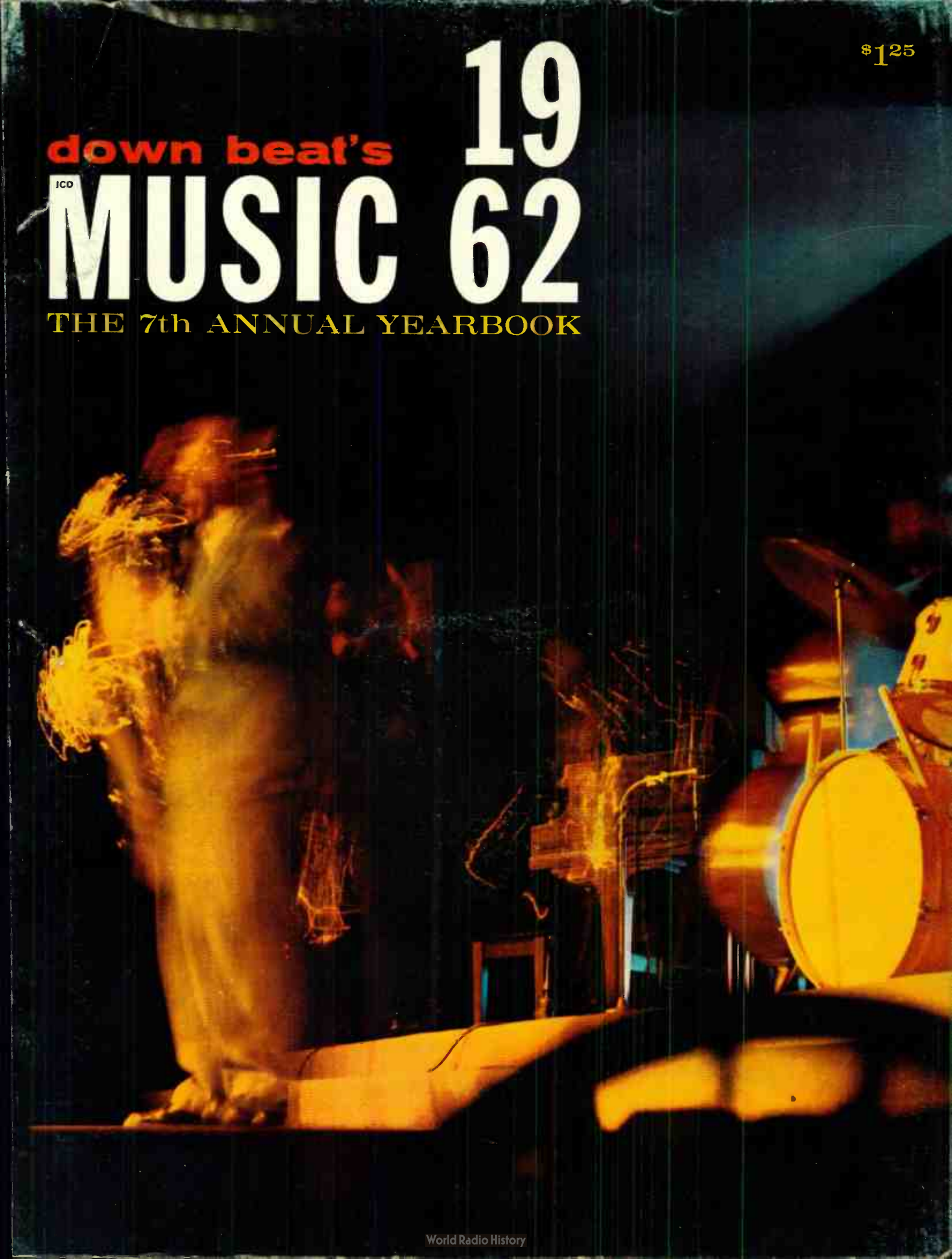
1962 MUSIC

THE 7th ANNUAL YEARBOOK



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MUSIC 1962
THE 7th ANNUAL YEARBOOK

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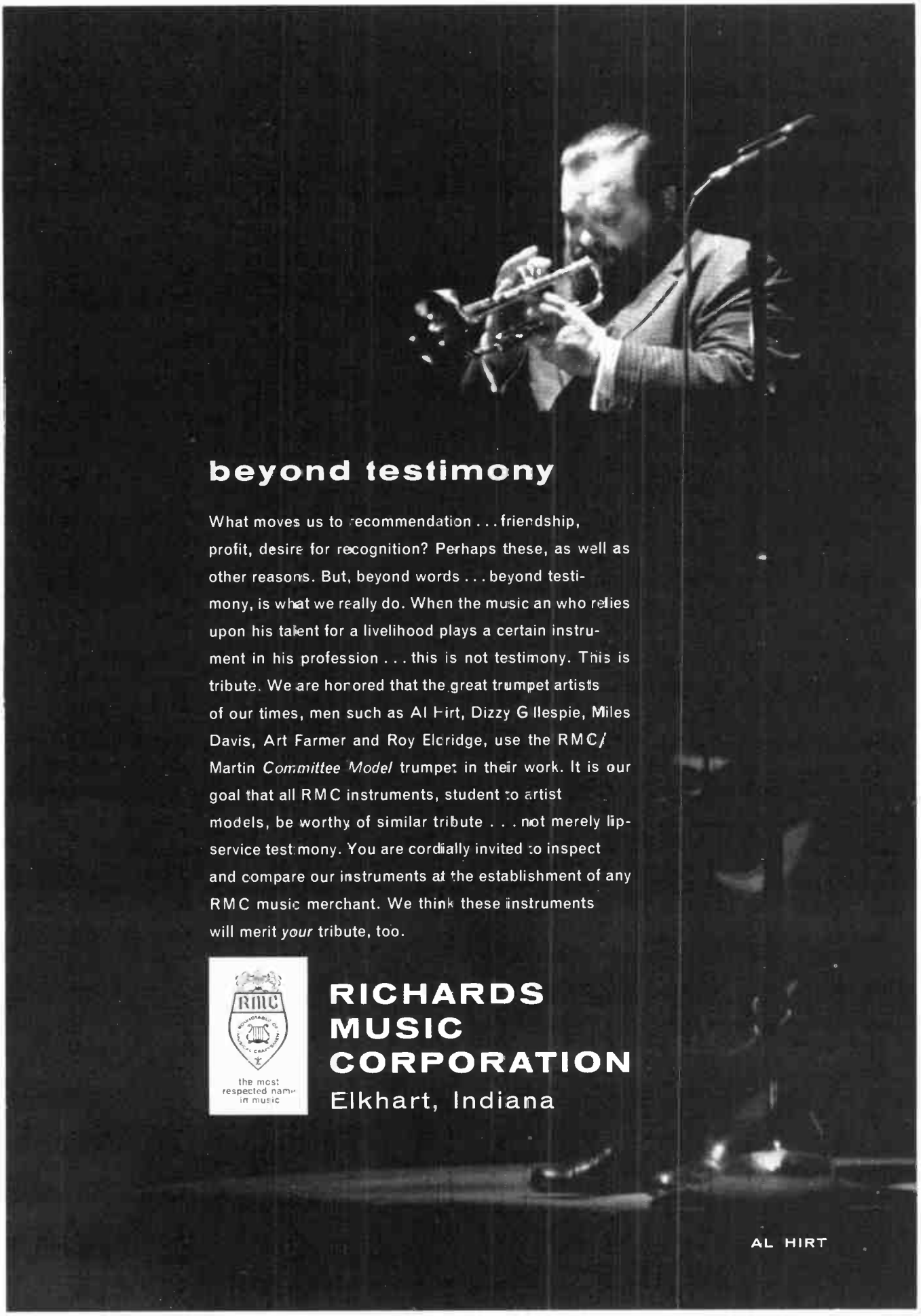

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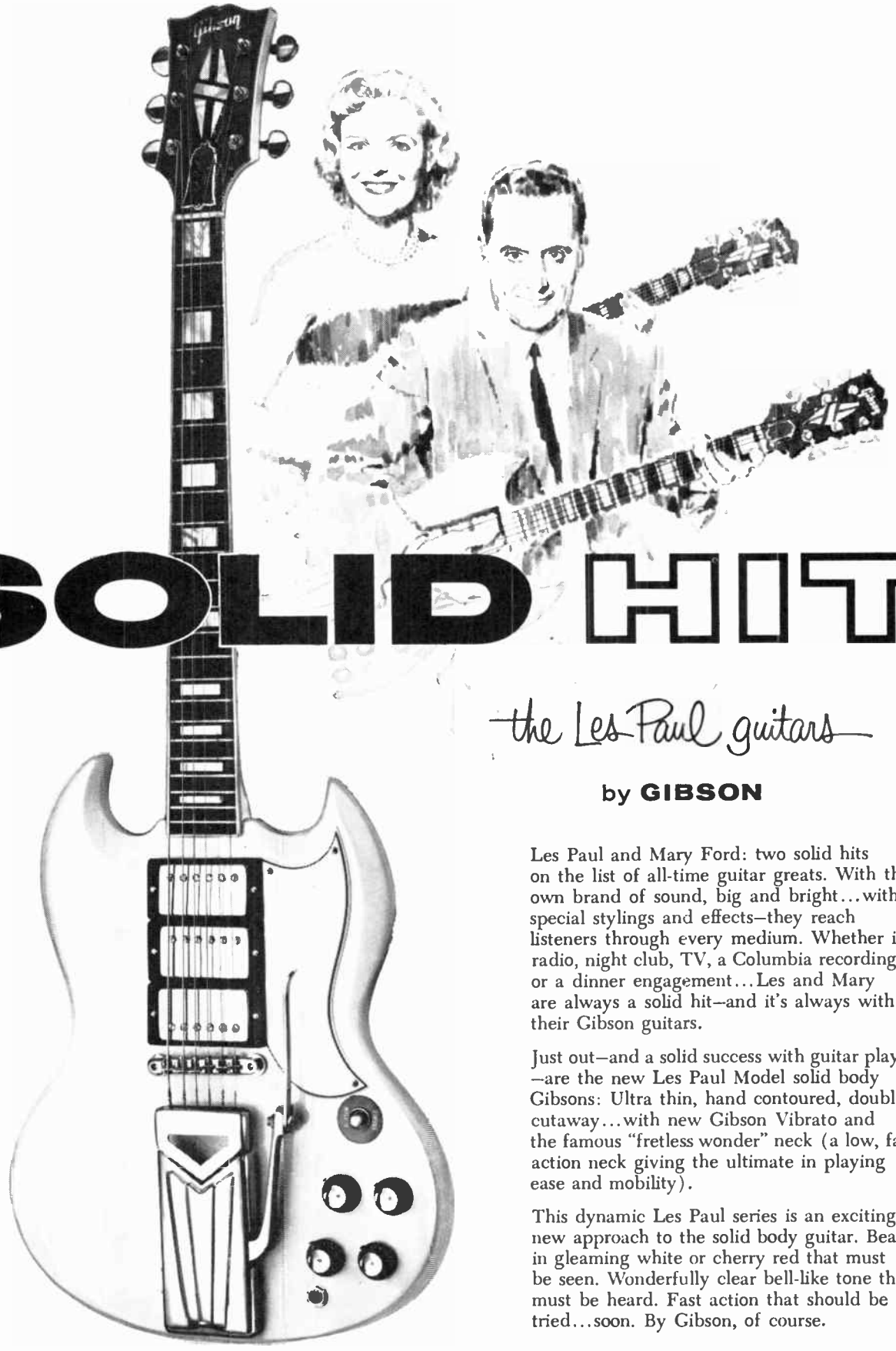

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THE YEAR IN REVIEW

It was a year to try men's soul. At least, soul was the word used to describe much of the jazz played during 1961. It turned out to be the least definable of descriptions. It might, and sometimes did, represent an ethnic barricade or a peeling balustrade giving support to tiny talents or an even trade of art for annuities or an honest expression, not necessarily apart from, but rising over, barricades, balustrades, and mere trades.

Each person has a soul, and there was no wonder so many versions existed. In jazz it seemed for most persons to range from Lightnin' Hopkins and his Texas shouting through the touch of romanticism in Horace Silver, the fall fire of Nina Simone, the diamond-in-the-ruff drums of Olatunji, the vacillating vaudeville of Ray Charles (sometimes called The Genius) to the earnest excess of troops led by Julian (Cannonball) Adderley.

These, and hosts of friends and competitors, brayed, strayed, and played fact or facsimile, depending on individual ability and integrity.

There was nothing so surprising about this. After years of entrenchment, retrenchment, and solidification, jazz finally has produced a middle class. As pianist Cecil Taylor has said, "Now the young Negro musician *can* play it safe." From the many shades of Americans to the shores of Tripoli, there now exists the middle class, the middle ground, the fair-to-middlin' music.

Legitimate theater has shown the way it goes, not by becoming illegitimate but by grabbing every license in sight. As the theater's audience grew wider, it became more narrow in its search for an even wider audience. Its critics have grown tired of writing that middle may be safe, may even be

true, but most often is halfway between good and bad.

The last few years of jazz engendered 1961. It was a successful year for many jazz musicians. True, the big bands seem dead, the festivals dying, and all facets of business suffered many months under the whiplash of the 1960 recession. But jazz made common cause (some of it did, anyway) with what is known as the popular market. When it was good, it was very, very good, and when it was bad, it was generally horrid. It is a bizarre bazaar, and it is still comparatively small but one to be recognized.

WHAT IS MORE significant is the relatively large amount of time (if jazz's poor-relative position is taken for granted) given in 1961 to jazz by media more often geared to relief from sinus, boredom, and embattlement. It may be a mixed blessing. It may be symptomatic of a prime disease, but it's always hard to fight the only game in town.

Jose Melis is Paar for the course, but NBC-TV occasionally will supply a Teddy Wilson on its *Today* show. All the other networks and most of the independents have become more appreciative of jazz.

CBS-TV was always the most venturesome. Its film subsidiary paired previously aired Robert Herridge shows—Miles Davis with Gil Evans and Ahmad Jamal with Ben Webster and Buck Clayton—into an hour jazz spectacular for local station showing. Its Sunday morning programs, *Camera Three* and *Look Up and Live*, paired jazz often with sociological religion and religious sociology. *Twentieth Century* has taped a documentary on the life and music of Dave Brubeck. The Ray McKinley Orchestra was a CBS summer replacement. Barney Kessel appeared on *Perry Mason* and Ethel Waters, Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, and Jo Jones on *Route 66*, both CBS shows.

ABC-TV presented Chubby Jackson with live musicians in both a morning and afternoon show. Les Brown provided the music on the *Steve Allen Show*, and Meade Lux Lewis appeared in *The Roaring Twenties*, both ABC. Duke Ellington wrote the theme for *Asphalt Jungle*. Calvin Jackson does the weekly score. Maynard Ferguson writes the music, and his band plays, for the series *Straight Ahead*. Benny Carter scores for *The Investigators*. Westinghouse's *PM East-PM West* often presented jazz musicians in interview and in action. Talent Associates taped James Thurber's *The Greatest Man in the World* with music by Don Elliott.

Elliott's score for *A Thurber Carnival* was played for 40 weeks on the road by a jazz quartet accompanying the stage presentation. *The Connection*, whose musical score is dependent upon the jazz players in its cast, continued in New York and had road companies on the West Coast and in Europe, though the road was a rough one. *A Taste of Honey* featured a jazz quartet. Herbie Mann wrote the music for John Cromwell's *A Banquet for the Moon*. *The Death of Bessie Smith* was accompanied by jazz soloists. Neal Hefti wrote the score for *O'Malley's Nuns*. Jerome Robbins' *Ballet USA*, had two compositions by Bob Prince. Two productions died quickly: *Impulse* closed in Toronto in April; *Kicks & Co.* closed in Chicago in October. Neither completed its full run.

The growth of FM radio has paralleled, perhaps assisted, the growth of the jazz audience.

Almost any city of consequence finds itself with FM jazz shows, even with syndicated shows by jazz critics, with more on the way. At the same time, there was no corresponding jazz increase on AM radio. Again, among the networks, CBS led the field. Both the Arthur Godfrey and Jack Sterling morning programs featured live jazz artists, and CBS public-affairs shows were often devoted to jazz. New York's WLIB was one of the few AM stations in the country giving prime air time to 25 hours of jazz a week, presided over by pianist Betty Taylor. Thus, despite the increase in jazz listening, it remained significant that the audience was artificially limited by broadcasting techniques.

Motion picture use of jazz was as encouraging as it was in theatrical productions. Quincy Jones did the score and conducted his orchestra through *Boy in the Tree*. *The Connection* was filmed. Ernest Pintoff did an animated version of *The Interview*. David Amram wrote "a partial jazz score" for *A Matter of Conviction* and a Dixieland score for *Splendor in the Grass*. Teo Macero scored a documentary *Faces and Fortunes*. David Raskin wrote jazz for *Dreams for Sale*. Billie Holiday's *Lady Sings the Blues* was to be both a film and a play. Dorothy Dandridge will portray Miss Holiday in both. Ella Fitzgerald played in *Let No Man Write My Epitaph*. Odetta will star in *The Bessie Smith Story*. Dave Brubeck and Charlie Mingus appeared in J. Arthur Rank's *All Night Long*. A new Frank Sinatra movie, *Swing Along with Me*, will feature a re-created Tommy Dorsey Orchestra.

The book market was smaller, but there was interesting quality. Among new books were two novels—Ross Russell's *The Sound* and John A. Williams' *Night Song*, both roundly criticized and defended. Two biographies appeared—*Treat It Gentle*, written from Sidney Bechet's taped monologs and Edward Jablonski's life of Harold Arlen, *Happy with the Blues*.

There was one superior collection of photographs, *Jazz Street*, by Dennis Stock with captions by Nat Hentoff. Hentoff was also represented by *The Jazz Life*, a personal essay on his jazz life, a pattern somewhat followed by George Simon's *The Feeling of Jazz*.

Jazz poetry found voice again in a new collection of Langston Hughes, *Ask Your Mama, 12 Moods for Jazz*. Still in writing, were five Diamond books: the New Orleans period covered by Martin Williams, the 1920's by Dick Hadlock, swing by Hsio Wen Shih, modern by Ira Gitler, and contemporary happenings by Joe Goldberg.

The jazz recording industry is covered more fully elsewhere in this annual, but four things should be mentioned here in terms of their significance to 1961.

It could be said that more and more practicing musicians were assuming positions of importance in record companies (e.g., Neal Hefti at Reprise, Cannonball Adderley at Riverside, and Quincy Jones at Mercury).

Despite big gross sales—often hiding low net profits—record companies were badly hurt by the recession.

The business was reflective of jazz as a whole—the middle ground was being ground into the grooves.

Because of these things, companies were pairing big artists, hoping for the bigger sales (e.g., Duke Ellington with Louis Armstrong on Roulette, Duke Ellington with Count Basie on Columbia, Dave Brubeck with Louis Armstrong on Columbia, Nancy Wilson with Cannonball Adderley on Riverside, George Shearing with the Montgomery Brothers on Riverside).

PAIRING AND pooling was a strong mark of 1961 in another area. Despite cries of alarm, or, on the contrary, cheers, there was a steadily increasing tendency to mix jazz with so-called classical forms. This happened in the theater and behind the motion-picture screen. But, most often, it occurred in scores of concerts around the country. These few will be some indication:

John Graas' *Jazz Symphony, No. 1* was performed in Beverly Hills, Calif. Teo Macero and Bill Russo were played by the Kansas City, Mo., Symphony. Macero also had a complete program of his works, including his opera, *The Heart*, played at Cooper Union in New York. Dave Brubeck's *Points on Jazz*, a ballet, had its premiere in Hartford, Con. J. J. Johnson wrote *Rondo for Quartet* for the Modern Jazz Quartet and *Perceptions* for Dizzy Gillespie and brass choir.

Louis Bellson's *Symphony in Jazz* was performed in Las Vegas, Nev. John Lewis' ballet, *Original Sin*, debuted in San Francisco. Benny Goodman debuted Morton Gould's *Derivations*, a "concerto for clarinet and jazz band." in New York City.

Dizzy Gillespie played for jazz dancing. Nat Hentoff's poems were the basis for a song cycle by Judith Dvorkin at Carnegie Recital Hall. In the meantime, more and more jazz was being written to accompany religious services. Ed Summerlin had commissions from around the country. Frank Tirro's jazz mass, to fit a Lutheran service, was performed in Chicago and New York, and Charlie Mingus accompanied a Lutheran vesper service with one composition of his own and a personal version of Ellington's *Take the A Train*.

Those were several concerts, many of them showing ingenuity seldom before exhibited in jazz. Perhaps the most important artistically was the combination of Miles Davis and Gil Evans at Carnegie Hall. Another Carnegie debut was of Lalo Shifrin's *Gillespiana*, a five-part suite written for Gillespie. Of import were the all-day concerts held in the record departments of Macy's in New York and the Boston Store in Milwaukee, Wis.

Promotors on the West Coast complained about the high price of artists, claiming that the reason for the failure of concerts there.

Festival producers said the same, but there were some successful concerts, most of them the result of careful planning. Dallas and Fort Worth, Texas; Boston and Springfield, Mass.; Fort Wayne, Ind.; and Milwaukee, Wis. had subscription jazz concerts, booked much as classical concerts are in suburban communities, booked in these cases by United Artists Service of New York.

Most music-tent concerts did well. The Museum of Modern Art had a successful season in its Jazz in the Garden series. Grossinger's in New York's Berkshire mountains, presented a full week of jazz and another of folk music. Everywhere, collegiate concerts, mostly with contests attached, were well received. A jazz picnic, held in Meridian, Conn., was a success in every way.

The most conspicuous failure was a series of three concerts scheduled to be held on Randall's Island before the usual festival time. The series was halted after the first concert bombed.

Most significant in the field, although they were not really concerts, were the amazing amount of successful big-band dates at Freedomland in New York and Disneyland in Los Angeles.

The subjects of jazz nightclubs, and festivals are detailed elsewhere in the annual, but neither fared as well as other parts of the business part of jazz.

"Foul," cried owners and promoters.

"Foul yourself," replied the musicians.

So it went, with only a few clubowners glowing with prosperity; only one festival, Monterey, showing real success; and the general tendency of booking only established groups growing more and more prevalent. What that meant to jazz was a lack of likelihood that new groups would have a chance to perform in public, that, in effect, many felt it always necessary to conform to what was imagined to be the public taste.

THIS BRINGS us, full cycle, to the problem cited in beginning of this piece: the danger inherent in the tyranny exercised by a growing audience, one that perforce is exerting economic control without knowing that even though every time it rains, it rains pennies from heaven (and everyone needs pennies), still such a rain generally implies someone's reigning, and reins are precisely what a relatively young and impressionable art form can do without.

Two songs were especially popular when Swing was King: *'Tain't Whatcha Do, It's the Way Howcha Do It* and *It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing*. Both represented an understandable and sometimes valid philosophy. In 1961, they also represented a jazz theology. Now, theology can make understandable areas of faith – those blind leaps based on reason – but it can restrict thinking at times as well.

In some opinions, jazz represented the modern world in 1961 – greed, graft, conformity.

Stan Kenton returned from a tour with Count Basie, one largely unsuccessful, and said two things of importance. One was a plea for nonconformity. The other, an amplification of the first, dealt with how he had heard nothing, in any city, that convinced him of anything less than the existance of jazz lethargy. Paul Desmond, similarly touring, said, "What would kill me the most on the jazz scene today would be for everybody to go off in a corner and sound like himself. Let a hundred flowers bloom, Diversitysville." Some felt jazz conformity was nothing more than a means to a financial end.

Many observers worried. The problem was twofold – practicality and presentiment. Practicality demands an art form constantly stand up to be counted. Presentiment, in a special sense, is worrying whether the art form can, in the future, be expected to stand *or* be counted.

Others were less concerned. In *Down Beat* pages, composer Hall Overton, not one to take possible ills lightly, questioned the year's fears; for him there were evident time and culture lags but no real fear that should exist, because the very diversity of approaches in jazz had continually to give fresh avenues of experiment and adventure.

Overton, an educator among other things, was a perfect example of the growing plus value available to jazz: jazz education was coming of age and with increasing verve and virtue.

One of the healthiest signs in 1961 was the tremendous increase in stage bands in the nation's high schools. Stage bands are actually dance bands, many of them heavily jazz-oriented, and the euphemism results from what school band directors, especially in the South, believe is an antagonism toward jazz and dancing felt by many parents and most school officials.

Whatever the name called, the rose smelled ever more sweetly. The latest count showed more than 5,500 stage bands scattered through the nation's high schools. Many times their quality was amazing. Always the enthusiasm was great and contagious. Perhaps even more importantly, the

Paris Blues and a first recording: Louis and Duke (Bob Thiele is the middleman).

movement graduated proficient players into college, encouraged young music teachers to experiment, and also encouraged junior high schools to start stage-band programs of their own.

In the meantime, too few adults were intent upon making improvements in the world into which these youngsters would come. There were some indications of hope, however. Those who know insisted that Herman Kenin, president of the American Federation of Musicians, was a man of integrity and intelligence. Considering the self-perpetuating hierachy of ossification he has inherited, it seemed likely that all his other attributes would be of little immemediate value unless they were enforced with a kind of wild courage usually and understandably missing in elected officials. (Certainly it was important that the AFM and the Musicians Guild of America settled their differences late in the year and became one.)

Law-makers did some important things, including voting state funds for culture, all matched by federal grants.

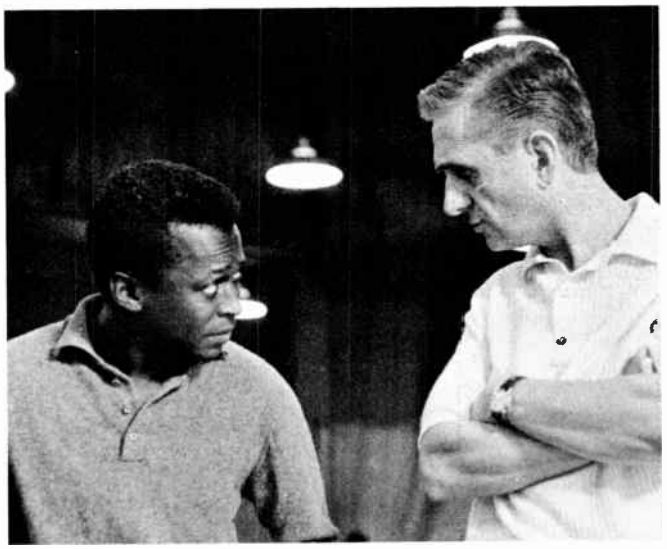
U.S. Rep. James Roosevelt (D-Calif.) made a move to "bring the harsh light of publicity on unions to make them abandon segregation." The musicians union, certain locals of it, could have no pride on that count.

Sen. Jacob Javits (R-N.Y.) suggested the forming of a U.S. foundation for advancement of the performing arts and introduced a bill calling for no tax levy on admissions to any *live* performance, whatever the art form. Rep. Emanuel Celler (D-N.Y.) introduced a bill asking for criminal penalties against record counterfeiters and a bill requiring jukebox operators to pay royalties to artists. Rep. Hale Boggs (D-La.) authored a bill calling for lifting excise tax on musical instruments. Rep. Charles S. Gubser (R-Calif.) introduced a bill to remove the cabaret tax for the nonalcoholic beverage clubs.

Two moves gave additional encouragement in 1961 to jazz lovers. Lincoln Center in New York (though it is not federally sponsored, it does occupy a nation-wide importance) has long been criticized, even before the first girder rose, for disregard of jazz, despite the fact that every other art form was represented by committees and prospective programs. Jazz is still not officially represented, but it will make an auspicious debut when the center opens in 1962. The first jazz concert will combine Miles Davis and the Gil Evans Orchestra.

The other is the jazz festival planned by President Kennedy's Music Committee for spring, 1962, in the nation's capital. There will be several days of concerts, running from the normal programing to concerts with symphony orchestra and jazz artists, a jazz ballet, jazz dance, a children's program, and chamber jazz ensembles. Broadcast Music, Inc., the music licensing corporation, has commissioned several new works for the occasion. It is expected that others will do so also. Displays of original manuscripts, historical items, jazz art, jazz photography, and such will have a prominent place, as will panel discussions and motion pictures.

Miles and Gil: the Davis-Evans combination scored on television, records, and in concert.



STILL ALL was not Lincoln and Washington. Musicians still found themselves second-class citizens in many cities, but two cities in particular outdid themselves in official nonsense during 1961: New York City and Santa Monica, Calif.

In New York, as if in defiance of all the severe criticism leveled against him, Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy redoubled his commando-like raids on night clubs and coffee houses, sometimes using a task force of 1,000 policemen. Summonses flew, cabaret cards were lifted from some, refused to others. Attorney Maxwell T. Cohen, who has fought cabaret cards for several years, again had his many days in court.

Mayor Robert F. Wagner announced he would ask the city council to turn over cabaret-card issuing to the city department of licenses. This did happen, but the police department still has joint jurisdiction. The New York Supreme Court heard a suit challenging Commissioner Kennedy on the legality of the cards. The New York legislature entertained, but did not vote on, a bill that would nullify the right to require cabaret cards. Within a few weeks of the Supreme Court suit, Wagner fired Kennedy.

Aside from a stated improvement in police department morale, there seemed little change in the over-all situation. Certain clubowners still received violation orders with regularity. In general, these were owners loud in their accusations of required pay-offs to precinct police.

Certain areas of the city received an extra share of patrol and punishment. In general, these were in Greenwich Village, where there is more integration than in most other areas, or along Broadway, between 53rd and 51st streets (where Birdland is).

The trouble in Santa Monica has been fought in courts and city councils, and it has a wider relevance than just its cause and outcome.

Since early in 1961, *Down Beat* has supported a narcotics addiction rehabilitation center, Synanon House, located in Santa Monica. Since almost that same time, many citizens of Santa Monica have been fighting the presence of Synanon and its founder-director, Charles E. Dederich. When it moved to better quarters, near residential districts, citizen ire rose, and the movement to oust Synanon grew.

Action to help narcotics addicts was taken by two U.S. senators – Javits and Kenneth B. Keating (R-N.Y.) – who co-sponsored two narcotics bills, one distinguishing between addicts (sentenced to hospitals) and nonaddicted pushers (sentenced to prison), the other providing for federal program for building hospital facilities for the treatment of addicts.

In another field of human relations, the long battle toward desegregation, was engaging the direct action of jazz musicians. The support that in years past had come mainly through benefits played was directed in 1961 toward the freedom riders and the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE). For example, the *Freedom Now Suite* was debuted in January at New York's Jazz Gallery by Max Roach and Abbey Lincoln for CORE. Later, the NAACP said it will send the same production on the road to play an estimated 17 cities for NAACP fund-raising rallies.

More direct action by jazzmen had adequate precedent. Erroll Garner has had a nondiscrimination clause in his

contracts for eight years. Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic concerts always operated in that way. Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson, both of whom Granz manages, are protected in like manner. Count Basie is booked by Willard Alexander in such a way that he avoids playing segregated places.

All during 1961 there was more action against Jim Crow. Cannonball Adderley canceled a Baltimore engagement because of audience segregation. Ray Charles insisted and played for the first integrated audience in Memphis, Tenn., and then canceled an Athens, Ga., concert when the audience was segregated. Duke Ellington canceled one of five concerts in Texas for the same reason.

In late October, Granz called a meeting of the music and trade press, insisting that this was the time to organize one concerted effort to end the possibility of segregated audiences. To this end, he offered the clause his artists used and suggested that music writers insist that jazz musicians, their agents, and bookers include this clause in all future contracts.

Immediate reaction to the proposal was positive. It was learned that Associated Booking Corp. had been using its own version of such a clause for several months. Other bookers and agents said they will do likewise, once their own lawyers approved particular wording. It was only the first step in the Granz-suggested operation, but it seemed to indicate the end of a practice long tolerated by jazz musicians.

THERE WAS A melancholy list available to jazz during 1961. Jazz lost several veterans and young luminaries, among them Lem Winchester, Alphonse Picou, Gilbert (Mike) McKendrick, Velma Middleton, Andy Gibson, Nick LaRocca, Miff Mole, Buddy Smith, Scott LaFaro, and Booker Little.

There were happier lists available, and they had to do with the persons who make jazz the persona grata, who will always cure whatever ills sometimes appear in jazz.

Among those lists are the names of those who continue to spread the jazz word around the world. Louis Armstrong and group were part of the Pepsi-Cola shock troops in Africa. To Europe went such as Bud Freeman, Art Blakey, Thelonious Monk, Lionel Hampton, Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson, Buck Clayton, Eric Dolphy, Quincy Jones, Brew Moore, Bill Russo, Roland Kirk, John Coltrane, Dizzy Gillespie, and Jimmy Giuffre.

Off to the Far East went many, including Blakey, Bill Henderson, Miss Fitzgerald, Peterson, Nat Cole, Toshiko and Charlie Mariano, and the Modern Jazz Quartet to Japan; Pete Jolly and Ralph Pena to New Zealand. Charlie Byrd, Dave Brubeck, Gillespie, Benny Goodman, and a group of all-stars including Zoot Sims, Herbie Mann, and Al Cohn went to South America.

From overseas came Bengt Hallberg, Tubby Hayes, and eight young German amateur musicians, winners of the 1960 German Amateur Jazz Festival. The German youths played Birdland and went on from there to Chicago and the West Coast. Stan Getz returned to the United States, apparently to stay. In Paris, Bud Powell said he's "finished with the States."

On other fronts: Gerry Mulligan disbanded his Concert Jazz Band. . . . There was an upsurge of traditional jazz in Chicago and London. . . . John Wilson continued the jazz writing for the New York *Times;* George T. Simon took Stanley Dance's place on the New York *Herald Tribune*, and Cannonball Adderley began a column for the New York *Amsterdam News*. . . . Ray Charles had a major tour and was hailed on billboards as "The Genius." . . . Thelonious Monk's comment about Lawrence Welk was, "He's got a good gig." . . . The year 1961 was Teddy Wilson's 30th year in jazz, and Woody Herman's 25th as a bandleader. . . . Miles Davis gave his yearly retirement speech, this time in San Francisco. Soon after, J. J. Johnson joined the Davis group, one slowly remaking itself. . . . Sonny Rollins seemed out of retirement after a two-year absence from the music business.

ALL THIS can hardly cover the year, but it does suggest its main points. What kind of a year was it?

It was a year in which jazz swung but hardly sung, except in the preaching of one filet of soul. Still it was a year in which jazz attracted more and more attention from various media, received a more pleasant welcome from the other arts, and spread itself even more fully around the rest of the world.

If there were two important things to watch, they were: (1) the current emergence of a host of young men, schooled on their instruments, informed in all musics, and dedicated to the continuance of vital jazz; (2) the growing emphasis on jazz in the educational scene, making more positive the future arrival of trained musicians and a larger, more informed audience.

If there is any one thing to which this piece, this jazz annual, this year of jazz 1961, could be dedicated, it would be to the jazz musicians, both those criticized and praised, who made efforts above and beyond, calling a duty forth from those of us who listen and are fulfilled.

In that way, it continued to be a year, just like any jazz year. It was a year filled with jazz and the sound that sounds for us. ■

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

LEM WINCHESTER, 1928-1961

NICK LA ROCCA, 1889-1961

VELMA MIDDLETON, 1917-1961

MIFF MOLE, 1898-1961

SCOTT LA FARO, 1936-1961

BOOKER LITTLE, 1938-1961

By DON DeMICHEAL

IN THE SPRING of 1954, it was announced that there would be a festival of jazz at Newport, R.I., in July. Though there had been jazz festivals in Europe previously, this was to be the first held in the country that spawned the music. Musicians, jazz writers, and fans greeted the news with exultation.

This relatively modest, two-day event received worldwide attention. And the first Newport Jazz Festival lived up to the hopes of the exultant – it was an artistic and financial success. At long last, many sighed, jazz was being treated with the dignity it deserved and was being presented in a healthy, culturally acceptable setting. Out of the clubs and into the forests!

It didn't quite work out that way. By 1961, musicians, writers, and not a few fans had cooled to the jazz festival idea. The many festivals that sprang up in the flush of Newport's initial success were often little more than two- or three-day jazz marathons, seemingly bent upon attempting to prove that the greater the number of musicians, the greater the size of the audience, the greater the profit. Somewhere along the line, the forest was choked by the trees and lumberjacks.

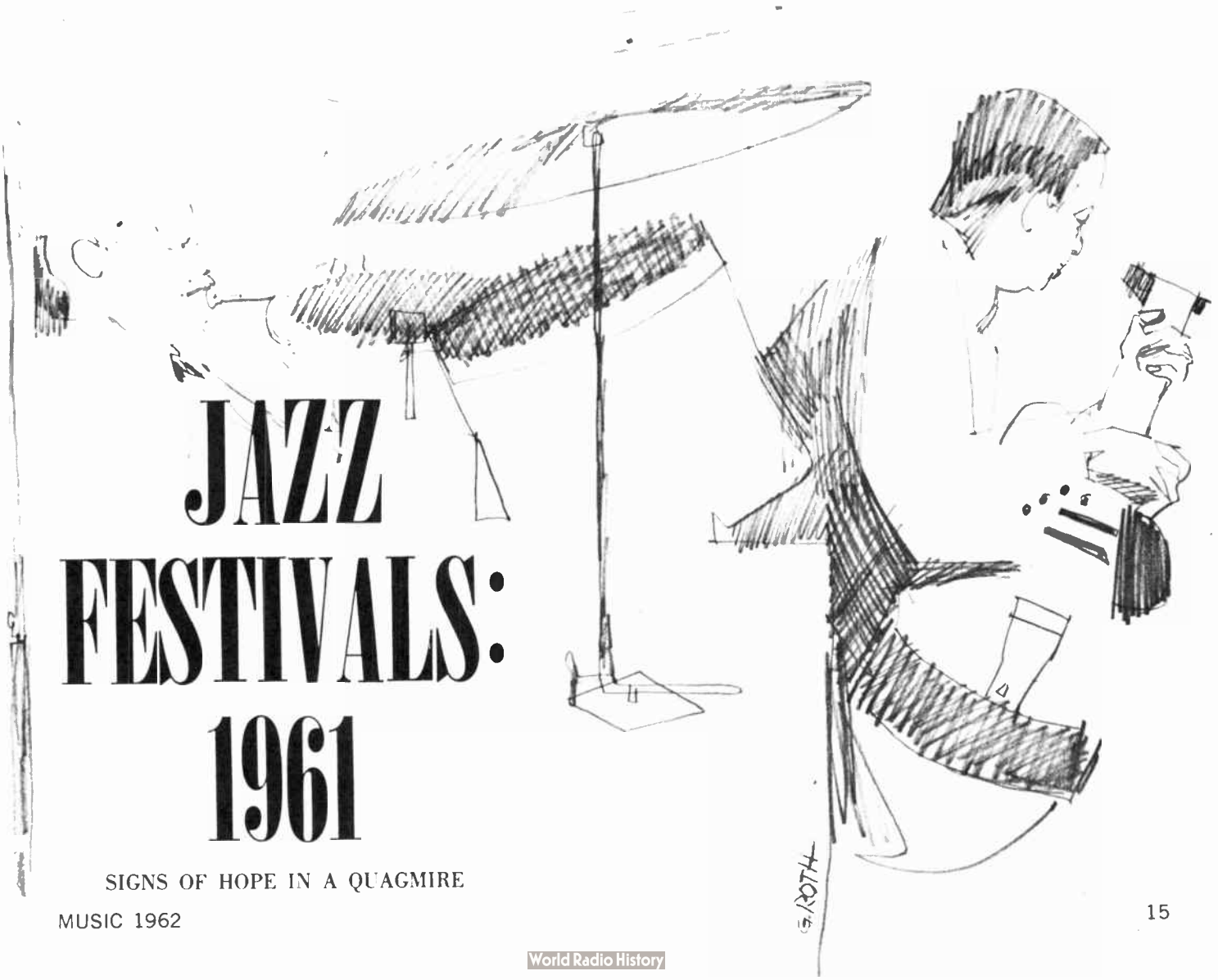
In fact, the philosophy, if that be the proper descriptive term, of packing as many names as possible into a night's performance, thereby thickening the honey to catch more flies, began at the 1955 Newport festival.

Jack Tracy, writing about the weaknesses of the second Newport gathering in the Aug. 24, 1955, *Down Beat*, suggested that "this may sound like a man complaining of thirst in a rainstorm, but it may be that even one fewer group on each night's concert would make the programing more flexible. . . ." Tracy's complaint was to be echoed each succeeding summer, increasing in intensity as the number of festivals and the number of musicians hired grew.

In a way, the policy of using several and diverse "names" was predictable, for precedents had been established for such an audience-drawing method: Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic thrived on this policy, as did several other package concerts that toured the nation before and after festivals were established.

The many-names-mean-many-customers programing eventually led to the riots at Newport in 1960, led to them because, extended to its fullest implications, the attempt to attract great numbers of customers to a festival by using many stars results finally in the inclusion of nonjazz performers that draw a more demonstrative (to say the least) group of fans. Of course, the kind of fans attracted by the nonjazz acts depended on the character of those acts. Unfortunately, promoters broadened the base of festivals by appealing to the baser tastes of broad segments of the nonjazz audience.

Fortunately, 1961 saw a diminishing use of nonjazz acts at festivals. And when those not of the jazz spectrum were used, they generally were performers who do not attract hooligans. For example, Judy Garland's afternoon perform-



JAZZ FESTIVALS: 1961

SIGNS OF HOPE IN A QUAGMIRE

ance at Newport this year, while certainly not jazz, was not the type to incite beer-can throwing, nor was her performance mixed in with the jazz portions of the festival, as had been the case in previous years at Newport and other festival sites.

But while the inclusion of nonjazz was rare at 1961 festivals, overstuffed programing still remained one of the main criticisms of festivals.

Production-line programing is unfair to musician and listener alike. A jazzman cannot turn on creativity as if it were a water spout; he has to warm to his task. Often the listener must warm himself to the performer. At festivals where the musician is told to play three tunes, each lasting such and such number of minutes, and get offstage at exactly a certain time (and this is done), the jazzman probably is not going to sound his best, and the audience will enjoy little emotional experience.

In effect, what the ticket-holder hears for his money is a string of night-club first sets, and sometimes there's nothing less rewarding than a first set, the time when the musician usually warms up his instrument and himself.

Not every festival held in 1961 was solely of this kind, but each used musicians in this way to some extent. A few made an attempt to escape the production line, but only one, Monterey, succeeding in keeping night-club sets secondary.

Nor are the musicians blameless. George Simon, reporting on Newport, 1961, observed that "too many groups have been playing it too safe, with the result that too few of them ever really get out of their self-imposed ruts. It's extremely difficult for a promoter . . . to get them to do anything except what they know hasn't failed them before, but if these live versions of material the group has already recorded continue to dominate . . . as much as they have, chances are we'll be having fewer and fewer festivals."

UNLESS SOMETHING is done to improve festivals, there well may be, instead of fewer festivals, no festivals. Both musicians and promoters must strive to improve what can be, should be, jazz at its finest.

One of the first things to attempt is a definition of "jazz festival." Certainly there are ingredients a jazz festival should have, purposes for a festival's being, and limits to which it can go before it becomes something quite different.

Consider first, a jazz festival's purpose.

An important motivating force of human behavior – perhaps *the* motivating force – is acquisition. The desire for the acquisition of money, of status, of fame, of acceptance in the eyes of others ("significant others," according to some sociologists) drives the lives of many. And no matter how idealistic or noncommercial one would like jazz to be, it cannot be denied that a primary reason for a jazz festival is money-making. There's nothing wrong with making money, though there are wrong ways of going about it.

If money-making is the only reason for a jazz festival, the chance of such a festival's survival is doubtful. There must be a second reason for a festival to be a festival: the desire to do something for the music. And there is nothing altruistic or head-in-the-clouds about this; when making money gains precedence over idealism, when quantity overcomes quality, the festival withers.

Thus, two primary purposes for a festival: to make money, for the musician as well as the promoter, and to advance the jazz cause, which, of course, includes the jazzman's (and in some cases, the promoter's) need for fame, acceptance, and status.

How can a jazz festival achieve the so desired ends? First, money-making.

As much as some may decry the star system in jazz, names are indispensable. A festival must depend on the appeal of well-known jazzmen in order to stir interest.

There are two ways in which name musicians can be presented. They can be members of a parade, one group following another in rapid succession. This is a waste of money, time, and talent. Several 1961 festivals did this. They did well to break even at the boxoffice and did nothing of lasting value for jazz or the men who play it.

The various groups caught up in a parade festival rarely do more than put in an appearance. The U.S. custom of going to *see* instead of to *hear*, as Milt Jackson has pointed out, is still a part of drawing a large audience in this country. There were exceptions to mediocrity at these parade festivals, of course, two of the most notable being the Miles Davis Sextet at Randall's Island and the Al Grey-Billy Mitchell afternoon performance at Newport.

In toto, parade/production-line festivals are nothing more than glorified and extended package concerts. Little is attempted, less proved, nothing gained.

The other way of using jazzmen – name and nonname – is to present them in comfortable but challenging contexts. This can be done in several ways.

Jazzmen can be put together in combinations designed to stimulate their musicianship. The 1961 festival that used this method to best advantage was the one at Monterey. Dizzy Gillespie and Stuff Smith played an invigorating set with pianist Ralph Sutton and two-thirds of the Duke Ellington rhythm section, Aaron Bell, bass, and Sam Woodyard, drums. The delight in playing together felt by the musicians was as evident in their playing as in their faces. Smiles never left faces or music. Monterey also combined Smith with fellow violinist Ray Nance, and reunited Ben Webster with Ellingtonians Johnny Hodges, Lawrence Brown, and Harry Carney.

There have been instances before 1961 of intriguing musician combinations, but too often it was a mixture of conflicting musical approaches, a hodgepodge of players wearily going through the motions of *I Got Rhythm*, a blues, or, shudder, *When the Saints Go Marching In*. It makes much better sense and better music to use forethought and taste in combinations than to throw together nine musicians and say, "Play!"

A second way a festival can utilize to the fullest the talent hired is to create a relaxed atmosphere, one conducive to creativity, one in which the jazzman feels he is not being exploited, pushed onstage and pulled off without time to get himself together.

A good group usually needs a couple of tunes anyhow to get things going. The simplest way to overcome the problem is to limit the number of groups appearing at each festival appearance. The festival held at Montreal, Quebec, presented only two groups each night of its week-long tenure. While two groups a performance is perhaps extreme, there seems little reason for as many as eight or nine groups to parade past the footlights in one night.

Since some musicians need longer to warm up themselves and the audience, reduction of the number of groups will not guarantee wholly satisfactory performances. A possible solution to this problem might be a soundproof, no-visitors rehearsal room near the stage, where groups, before going on, could run down some of the music to be performed. Or if the musicians wanted, such a room could be used for jamming, to avoid hitting the stage cold. As most festivals have been, musicians can warm up only in some isolated section, usually a far-off corner, of the festival site.

In other words, a festival should consider musicians' needs. And above all, the musician should be treated with understanding; he is much more than a hired hand.

All this to stimulate the players to better performances.

By properly using the talent at hand, festivals will get more mileage from their budgets, the audience will be better satisfied, and the chance of turning a profit will increase.

BUT WHAT ABOUT the second function of the jazz festival, the advancement of the music? Jazz, of course, has advanced in night clubs, but a festival should present music that is not usually heard in a club setting. It should offer unique performances. This, besides bringing jazz to a large audience, is the most important way festivals can further jazz' cause.

Three 1961 festivals attempted the presentation of jazz not readily heard in other contexts – the ones at Evansville, Newport, and Monterey.

Evansville devoted an afternoon to the Gospel roots of jazz, a historical survey of the growth of Negro religious music, its influence on jazz and jazz' influence on it. Several Gospel groups participated, and Paul Barbarin's New Orleans band enacted a Crescent City funeral – surely something not to be seen or heard in night clubs.

At Newport, Jon Hendricks repeated his 1960 Monterey production *The Evolution of the Blues*. It was the high point of the Newport event, according to several reporters and was greeted with more audience enthusiasm than the parade sections of the festival.

But the festival that did the most to help jazz was at Monterey. The presentation of new works has been an integral part of Monterey programing since the festival's inception in 1958. In 1960, besides Hendricks' blues history, Monterey audiences heard the premiere of Duke Ellington's *Suite Thursday*, written with Monterey and John Steinbeck's novel in mind. This year's had the first in-person performance of J. J. Johnson's *Perceptions*, a long work commissioned and played by Dizzy Gillespie. The festival hired excellent brass players from San Francisco and Los Angeles, as well as two harpists, to play the score. Gillespie also performed specially written works by Lalo Schifrin, *Gillespiana* and *Tunisian Fantasy*. The program was an inspiration to the audience as well as Gillespie. The brass choir also backed Johnson in a set of his own arrangements.

Surely the aforementioned musical events will never occur in a night club – and, indeed, may not be repeated anywhere soon. The festivals that provided unique musical experiences for listeners are the festivals that contributed most to those listeners' pleasure, for such festivals gave them something; other festivals merely took from them.

The fact that Monterey has a music director, John Lewis, should not be lost on other festivals. Nor should one overlook Lewis' being a broadminded and artistically sincere musician, qualities that certainly played a large part in the success of the festival.

Besides the presentation of unique performances, festivals have an obligation to feature new or neglected talent. Evansville was foremost among 1961 festivals in spotlighting new jazzmen, including Ira Sullivan, Roland Kirk, a group of four young Mexican musicians, Dave Remington, Al Cobine's big band, Paul Winters, and Boots Randolph. The vigor of these little-known jazzmen stood in bold relief to the tired routines of some of the name groups.

Monterey showcased several neglected men, such as Stuff Smith, Ben Webster, and Joe Carroll. The Virginia Beach festival outdid Monterey, however, in letting the public hear jazzmen sometimes passed by: Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Buddy Tate, Ruby Braff, and Buck Clayton. It also should be noted that the Virginia Beach event took much of its direction from musician Tom Gwaltney.

A jazz festival also should be concerned with well-rounded programing; it should have jazz of every style represented. Most 1961 festivals leaned heavily on the modern to the detriment of mainstream and traditional. None presented any of the country blues singers, such as Lightnin' Hopkins, or the urbanized primatives, such as Muddy Waters (though to 1960 Newport's credit, Waters' was the last group appearing at that fiasco). Newport, of course, had Hendricks' blues program, but that is somewhat removed from the back-home pleadings of a Hopkins or a Waters. And several festivals included Jimmy Rushing's Kansas City blues shouting in their programs, but again this does not represent the marrow.

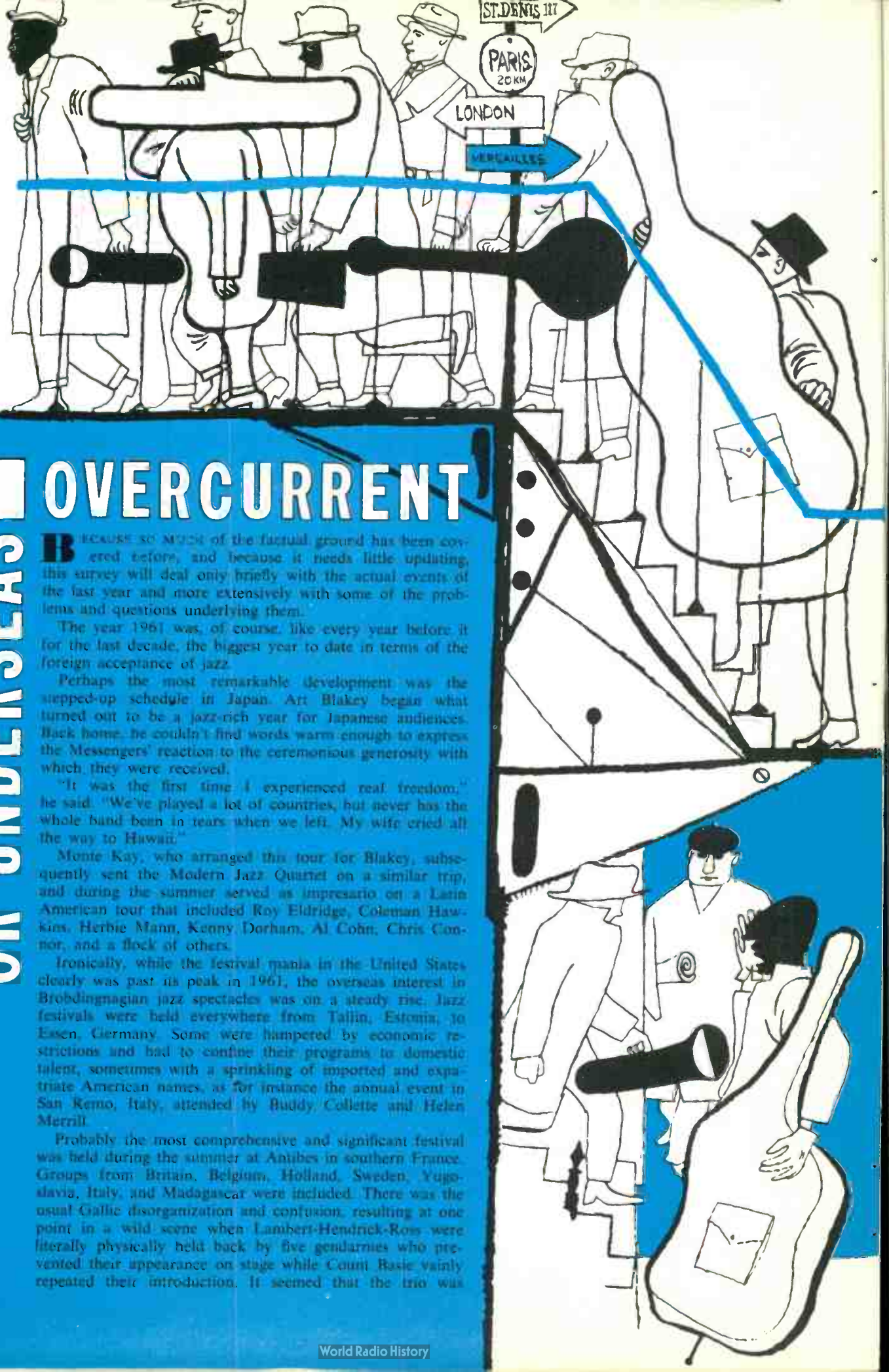
Only one 1961 festival, that at Saugatuck, Mich., held workshops for jazz experimentation. None held panel discussions. Although many feel that discussions are just so much hot air, a festival should be a place for the exchange of ideas, the discussion of problems facing jazz and jazzmen. None had historical exhibits; certainly such a display would be an enlightment and of interest to the members of the audience – as well as to some of the young musicians.

IN THE END, those who ran the 1961 jazz festivals, and those who played them, must ask themselves, "What has been gained by our efforts?" In too many cases, the answer must be, "Little or nothing." But the few who can say they accomplished something positive for the music, besides turning a profit, give hope to the jazz festival idea – hope that perhaps 1962 or '63 will witness the fulfillment of the dreams of those who felt jazz was turning the corner to a brighter day back in 1954.

It well could be. ■

OVERSEAS UNDERCURRENT OR UNDERSEAS OVERCURRENT

By LEONARD FEATHER



BECAUSE SO MUCH of the factual ground has been covered before, and because it needs little updating, this survey will deal only briefly with the actual events of the last year and more extensively with some of the problems and questions underlying them.

The year 1961 was, of course, like every year before it for the last decade, the biggest year to date in terms of the foreign acceptance of jazz.

Perhaps the most remarkable development was the stepped-up schedule in Japan. Art Blakey began what turned out to be a jazz-rich year for Japanese audiences. Back home, he couldn't find words warm enough to express the Messengers' reaction to the ceremonious generosity with which they were received.

"It was the first time I experienced real freedom," he said. "We've played a lot of countries, but never has the whole band been in tears when we left. My wife cried all the way to Hawaii."

Monte Kay, who arranged this tour for Blakey, subsequently sent the Modern Jazz Quartet on a similar trip, and during the summer served as impresario on a Latin American tour that included Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Herbie Mann, Kenny Dorham, Al Cohn, Chris Connor, and a flock of others.

Ironically, while the festival mania in the United States clearly was past its peak in 1961, the overseas interest in Brobdingnagian jazz spectacles was on a steady rise. Jazz festivals were held everywhere from Tallin, Estonia, to Essen, Germany. Some were hampered by economic restrictions and had to confine their programs to domestic talent, sometimes with a sprinkling of imported and expatriate American names, as for instance the annual event in San Remo, Italy, attended by Buddy, Collette and Helen Merrill.

Probably the most comprehensive and significant festival was held during the summer at Antibes in southern France. Groups from Britain, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Yugoslavia, Italy, and Madagascar were included. There was the usual Gallic disorganization and confusion, resulting at one point in a wild scene when Lambert-Hendrick-Ross were literally physically held back by five gendarmes who prevented their appearance on stage while Count Basie vainly repeated their introduction. It seemed that the trio was

supposed to be playing a concert in Deauville that night, or so the Deauville promoters said.

Despite the appearance of Ray Charles, who had the whole crowd in his hand, and the well-received work of the Basie band, it was generally agreed that the surprise of Antibes was the theft of the show by Les McCann. Appearing both at the festival and the local casino, McCann broke it up, somewhat to the embarrassment of a phalanx of critics lined up against him with ink shotguns.

Other events of the year included Peggy Lee's first visit overseas, with her nonpareil rhythm section (Victor Feldman, Dennis Budimir, Max Bennett, Stan Levey) at the Pigalle in London; a triumphal visit to Israel by Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson; and a six-week tour by Mahalia Jackson during which she had an audience with Pope John XXIII.

Lionel Hampton, of course, continued to score heavily abroad. Jimmy Witherspoon, on an 18-day European journey with Buck Clayton's swing-era group, did well; Charlie Mariano and wife Toshiko, visiting her Japanese homeland with their quartet, were warmly received; Dizzy Gillespie made another visit to Latin America, this time with a quintet instead of a full orchestra; J. J. Johnson and several other U.S. jazzmen took part in the Essen festival.

ALONG WITH events such as these, there has been a growing conviction in some U.S. circles that despite its successes at home, jazz remains basically a prophet without honor, that audiences abroad are more sympathetic, more numerous, and better equipped intellectually to meet jazz on its own terms.

One can build up a good case by selective reporting. In the last year or two jazz concerts, like festivals, have been on the downgrade in the United States. The show Norman Granz presented in Europe toward the end of 1960, a phenomenal all-star package with the Dizzy Gillespie and Cannonball Adderley quintets, J. J. Johnson, Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, Roy Eldridge, Don Byas, Jo Jones, and others could not then or now tour in this country. The importation of Dave Brubeck, Charlie Mingus, and others to work on a film in London, the use of Quincy Jones for a Swedish film while U.S. producers ignored his talents, the employment of Miles Davis, Blakey, and others for French film backgrounds, has had few if any parallels in the history of Hollywood motion pictures. Similarly the ticker-tape parades accorded to the Americans in Tokyo, the autograph hunters, and the general atmosphere of the old-world deference accorded to visitors in London and Stockholm, tend to reinforce the belief that one has to go overseas to be fully accepted as an artist.

This picture contains many truths but is also packed with half-truths and errors of omission.

Obviously there are certain fundamental psychological differences that the U.S. musician encounters as soon as he unfastens his seat belt. But how many of these factors are directly related to the music?

The mere fact of being surrounded by a strange language and culture, unfamiliar architecture and landscapes can be as stimulating to the visiting lawyer, dentist, or grocer as to the peripatetic jazzman. By the same token, the immediate air of freedom is just as much of a relief to the Negro lawyer, dentist, or grocer as to the Negro musician.

As soon as he steps on foreign soil, the U.S. artist is conscious not only of a flattering curiosity on the part of those who come to greet him but of a more general sense of acceptance on a higher personal level than is usually offered him at home. But it is an oversimplification to claim that U.S. jazz abroad is duly recognized as an art form while its native land merely commercializes it, and it is a gross distortion to imply that the taste of foreign audiences is impeccable while that of Americans is distorted by irrelevant influences.

The handling of a U.S. jazz group abroad normally is controlled by the same type of profit motive that governs its bookings at home.

Promoters in London, Paris, Stockholm, and Tokyo, by and large, are no more altruistically inclined than their Yankee counterparts. Many concert and night-club operators abroad, as some jazzmen can testify, are at least as covetous and predaceous in their manipulation of talent and patrons as their brothers under the skin game in New York, Pittsburgh, or Las Vegas.

Moreover, if it is true that the pioneer jazz concert promoters in some instances were men like Charles Delaunay and Nils Hellstrom, who were jazz fans first and *post facto* businessmen, the same can be said of Norman Granz, George Wein, and several others on this side of the dollar market.

Thus, there is no basic difference in the employment conditions for jazzmen in other countries. What of the alleged disparity in audience reactions?

During the last year, these two events took place: hooligans smashed chairs, built bonfires and literally wrecked the annual jazz festival at Beaulieu, England (the *final* festival, as Lord Montagu of Beaulieu forlornly announced). Fifty teenagers were arrested at the so-called First World Festival of Rock and Roll at the Palais des Sports in Paris.

Of course, the usual excuses were advanced: that these were not the real jazz fans, that rock and roll is not jazz. Two weeks before the Battle of Beaulieu, there had been a jazz festival at Earlswood, England, at which 15,000 fans listened to 14 traditional jazz groups playing in a 14-hour session. The *Melody Maker* boasted on page 1 that "There was no riot. There was no rowdiness. The critics of jazz were confounded." After Beaulieu, of course, the newspaper deftly retreated to a previously prepared position: "The real jazz fans are not to blame. The thug element turned up," etc. If it sounds like the 1960 Newport story all over again, the shoe fits all too well.

GRANTED MOST rock and roll is not jazz. Granted most jazz fans, in and beyond the United States, are not wildcats. Nevertheless, it is foolish to deny that there are rock and rollers and jazz-loving hooligans on the fringe of many legitimate jazz audiences. True, some crowds in certain unsophisticated or less jazz-sated towns, say in Eastern Europe, Scandinavia, or Asia, may be models of good behavior. But so are many audiences in Indianapolis and El Paso. And I have never seen any U.S. audience disport itself in the manner described as follows:

"The Mulligan band was given a rough passage by rowdy fans. . . . One of Buddy Clark's bass strings broke; when Mulligan tried to explain what had happpened, he was greeted with hooting, tooting, and whistling . . . the second concert started late, and when Mulligan did appear, the noise was deafening — and it was not all welcoming. One fan had brought an alarm clock and another kept bursting into his own version of *The Saints.*"

That was part of a *Melody Maker* story about a concert given a year ago in a city that is, according to many who have suffered there, the home of the most unpredictably temperamental audiences in the world — Paris.

The undependability of audiences in many countries — especially in remote areas, where jazz and its creators are virtually unknown — is one of the less-publicized factors with which the musician venturing overseas for the first time may be shocked to have to contend.

Another is the degree of physical hardship commonly involved in any tour abroad booked by a booking agency

whose only concern is to squeeze in the maximum dates in the minimum time. Even younger musicians have been staggered by the discomforts of endless train, plane, and bus trips between one-night stands that often involve almost nightly crossing of borders and endless passport and work-permit red tape.

For the older performer, such experiences can lead to physical exhaustion. Louis Armstrong's 1959 collapse in Spoleto, Italy, is still fresh in the minds of many, and the tragedy of Velma Middleton's death during a grueling tour in the fearful humidity of Africa pointed up the hazards that must be reckoned with in many typical overseas tours.

Some of the underpublicized problems were brought to light by guitarist Charlie Byrd last summer on his return from an official U.S. information agency tour of South America (48 plane trips, 50,000 miles, 16 countries). Byrd's guitar and Keter Betts' bass were just about ruined by the climate (concerts were held at wildly varying altitudes, and sometimes it was just impossible to get in tune); the trio had to fight its way in and out of customs with 28 pieces of baggage.

Disorganization led to lonesome waits of up to 16 hours in an airport, without even any local money ("All you could do was sit and starve," said Byrd). The trio also complained that official ignorance and arrogance often interfered with the main purpose of the trip. "We had only brief musical encounters with the people and very little other chance of communication," Byrd said. Sometimes, instead of furthering this communication, the group was obliged to play at embassy parties.

Speaking little Spanish and no Portuguese at all, the musicians had other frustrations: Betts ordered a sandwich and beer and was brought soap. Byrd asked for ice and got watermelon.

Experiences like these are not taken out of context to give a one-sided impression; they are representative of what has happened to many U.S. jazzmen abroad, whether on official government business or simply for private enterprise. On the latter level, the nerve-racking experiences of Quincy Jones in trying to keep his band together while stranded in Europe are too well known to need repetition here.

GRANTED, THEN, that working conditions, audience reactions, and travel facilities are less than ideal, what are the attractions of other countries for the U.S. musician, from the personal and professional points of view?

The answer varies considerably according to several factors: the type of jazz you play, the color of your skin, the angle of your politics, the way you get your private kicks, and even your linguistic ability.

The U.S. audience leans a little more heavily in the direction of fads and trends than the foreign. Europeans, Latin Americans and others are generally more loyal in their affections. This is not so much a jazz question as a show-business generality, for I can remember certain vaudeville acts, great favorites when I was a child in England, that are still playing the same theaters today, even using much of the same material and gaining the same acceptance.

To some extent this phenomenon has had an admirable parallel in England and France, and probably in many other countries; the Coleman Hawkinses and Buck Claytons find a more broadminded public attitude among fans eager to pay continued homage to many swing-era heroes who too often are bypassed (or relegated to the Metropole) on home ground.

This is even more conspicuous in the case of the traditionalist groups. Elder statesmen in the Kid Ory and George Lewis class have found a tremendous wave of nostalgia in the European market; the quality and quantity of their employment certainly is far better and more regular there than here.

There is less of a tendency to pigeonhole or categorize jazz abroad particularly in the vague borderland between what we normally accept as jazz and what is sometimes known as rhythm and blues or rock and roll.

When Daniel Filipacchi of the French *Jazz Magazine* was over here on a visit recently, the first place he wanted to head for was a club where Bill Doggett's combo was working. Afterwards he asked me, "Why are Bill's records never reviewed in *Down Beat?*" I couldn't think of a good answer. Admittedly the performances of a Doggett, a Jonah Jones, a Wild Bill Davis, usually ignored in the American jazz press, have a great deal more to do with jazz, as many construe the term, than the Third Stream LPs, or Frank Sinatra, and a number of other pop singers, whose albums *are* reviewed. For listeners in France and other countries, the Doggetts and Jonahs remain what they always have been, regardless of the extent or area of their commercial success: jazz artists.

A significant factor in the creation of a broader case for jazz overseas has been the closer relationship between critics and publications on the one hand and impresarios and agents on the other. Sometimes, in fact, the critic *is* the impresario, or at least he may bring pressure to bear on the agent to import certain acts.

For example, it was through the combined efforts of a number of traditionalist-oriented jazz experts in England, and of a booking agent whose tastes were similarly inclined, that a series of lesser-known blues artists, such as Little Brother Montgomery, Roosevelt Sykes, and Memphis Slim, were able to enjoy engagements in the United Kingdom that earned more for them, both in prestige and payment, than anything they had ever done at home.

Critics in general tend to have more influence abroad than in this country. Many in Britain are inclined toward the earlier schools of jazz; winners in a British critics poll a few months ago included not Thelonious Monk but Earl Hines, not Buddy DeFranco but Edmond Hall; not Can-

Louis Armstrong establishes a warm friendship in Holland.

nonball Adderley but Johnny Hodges. The French critics are more modern-oriented but have a greater inclination to judge in racial terms.

The racial factor in jazz overseas has been somewhat oversimplified. Clearly any musician who has known what it is to be a Negro in the United States will immediately sense, on arrival in almost any other civilized country (I almost said "any civilized country"), the lifting of a veil of psychological pressure.

Unhappily, though, it is not true that the average citizen, or even the average jazz fan, can see beyond a man's color. He still judges in terms of it, even when his judgment is reversed. There is a subtle bending-over-backwards technique that, for all its initial advantages, cannot be construed as representative of complete openmindedness or the millennium in the wiping out of prejudice. Because of this situation, the visiting white U.S. jazzmen in Paris sometimes feels about as much at ease, and as wanted, as a famous and talented Negro jazzman in Alabama. No matter how brilliantly he played and no matter how highly Cannonball endorsed him, I would have been willing to bet my last dollar that Victor Feldman, visiting Paris with the Adderley combo, would be the only member of the group singled out for censure by the French audiences and critics. Sure enough, that's the way it went.

Nor is the Negro artist abroad completely rid of the shackles of Jim Crow as might be hoped. One need only recall the ugly treatment accorded Sammy Davis in London in 1960.

Nevertheless, the over-all atmosphere, whether in Europe, Asia, Australia, or Latin America, is incomparably easier, for prejudice, for the most part, is a sporadic blind spot rather than part of the socio-psychological character of the people as a whole. Mike Hennessey, in a poignant story on Bud Powell filed from Paris to the *Melody Maker* last summer, pointed out that before Powell went to France to take up residence in 1959, his doctors had given him a couple of months to live. Powell today is far from well, but two facts are inescapable: first, his mental illness was either a direct result of U.S. race prejudice or at least was severely aggravated by it; second, the tenor of existence in Paris is such that Hennessey was able to report: "Life for Bud Powell in 1961 is as good as it can be. He is working regularly, his health is better than it has been for years, and he is—so far as can be judged—happy."

ANOTHER PREROGATIVE more regularly found in other countries is the freedom to take one's own political stand, no matter how far off center, without fear of recriminations or reprisals.

English fans followed with great interest the case of Pete Seeger, a perennial far-leftist folk singer who was sentenced to a year in jail for refusing to tell a congressional committee about his political views. Seeger, significantly, was at that time due in Britain to record a 13-week radio series for BBC. One can imagine how much of a chance he had (or will ever have) to record a 13-week series for NBC, CBS, or ABC.

About the same time, last spring, Humphrey Lyttelton's band appeared with Paul Robeson in a concert run by the African Bureau at London's Royal Festival Hall. Although Seeger's and Robeson's political vantage points are about as far from mine as Khrushchev's from Duke Ellington's, I must admit that the thought of a comparable situation over here—say, Robeson appearing in Carnegie Hall along with Maynard Ferguson's band—is a fancy-tickling thought (and, of course, a pointedly obvious improbability).

A less vital but perhaps meaningful liberty enjoyed by the artist overseas is the freedom to shoot off his mouth.

Carmen McRae, appearing on a British record-opinion radio program, said of the first record played, "I've got one word for that: lousy." Of the next: "It will be a hit; it sounded like everybody was belching." Of Connie Francis: "Whoever told her to sing that should be taken out and shot at once." It is not very likely that Miss McRae would have felt relaxed enough to be as frank on a U.S. broadcast, knowing that the objects of her disaffection might be listening, and conscious that U.S. broadcasts of this type

Dave Brubeck receives a chilly welcome in Poland.

are usually conducted on a trivial, superficial level.

Mel Tormé, while in England a few months ago, sounded off loudly and angrily against both U.S. and British disc jockeys and musical tastes. Tony Scott was overseas when he made his celebrated anti-Brubeck statement. Jazzmen loosen their tongues when they feel that nobody is listening who might get them into trouble for being too honest. This happens most often when they are thousands of miles from home.

There is another factor that, I suppose, must be considered in an assessment of the differences between the jazz life at home and abroad. It was mentioned in a curiously backhanded way, in a provocative and well-stated survey of the internationalization of jazz, by Bob Koester in a recent issue of *Jazz Report*. "Not all the modern jazzmen living in Europe," he wrote, "do so because of the more reasonable narcotics laws there."

This remark carries the slightly sinister implication that at least a measurable number of jazz musicians *do* live there for precisely this reason. While it is true that a number of jazzmen have found narcotics easier to obtain in France, and while British addicts do have legal access within prescribed limits, in reality the laws are by no means uniform from country to country, nor are they either as intelligent or as lax as Koester seems to imply.

The traffic in narcotics from France to Scandinavia led to the abrupt ejection, in 1956, of several U.S. sidemen who had arrived in Sweden to work in a combo led by trumpeter Rolf Ericson. The incident barely stopped short of a national scandal. And, of course, however reasonable or unreasonable as the laws may be in Italy, they didn't save Chet Baker from even graver complications than had previously fouled up his career in the United States.

Jackie McLean, who played in the short-lived London presentation of *The Connection*, said he was unable to understand why the play failed there. The reason, it seems to me, was simply that the subject matter, for all its shock value, was happily meaningless in a locale where the narcotics issue was far short of the gigantic proportions it has assumed in the United States.

Quincy Jones directs Harry Arnold's studio band in Sweden.

Tony Scott teaches two students in his Tokyo home.

ANOTHER ASPECT of foreign travel overlooked in stories about our jazz emissaries is the problem of the language barrier.

It is usually claimed that the jazz fans overseas have learned English either at school or through listening to song lyrics, and that, therefore, no problem exists. Not so. I would estimate that in an audience of 3,000 in a theater in Belgrade or Milan or Tokyo, not more than a few hundred know enough English to understand anything beyond an occasional word (other than musicians' names and song titles) of any speech that may be made, or any tune sung, in English. If the artist wishes to establish a rapport or explain anything about his music, he is immeasurably better off if he does so in the local tongue.

Touring the Continent a few years ago with my Jazz Club U.S.A. show, I found the fact that I announced the program in the language of each country we visited, and was fluent enough in French and German to chat with fans before and after the show, an invaluable advantage in reaching a meeting of the minds. Oscar Peterson's excellent French must have won him many more friends than were accessible to colleagues who lacked his advantage. Dwike Mitchell and Willie Ruff had the foresight to spend several months studying Russian before their memorable visit the USSR.

It is regrettable, and certainly remediable, that most U.S. musicians are like the majority of other Americans in this respect. They swallow the you-don't-have-to-know-the-language myth whole, and assume that their native tongue is tantamount to Esperanto.

Every jazzman planning to spend a substantial period of time in a country that speaks another language will find even a halting knowledge of it a unique asset in breaking down musical and social barriers.

As the obstacles of language, unions, and economy disintegrate and jazz finds its way into more and more distant corners of the world, it will become clearer than ever that the music no longer can be considered an exclusively U.S. product.

Django Reinhardt is usually cited as the first exception to have proved this rule. But a guitarist from Argentina named Oscar Aleman, who worked in Paris during the 1930s, outswung Reinhardt by a kilometer, in the opinion of many who played with him, although Reinhardt, a more colorful character, got the publicity and the sponsorship.

Around the same time, too, there were men on the scene such as the brilliant Scottish trombonist George Chisholm, who, because of an automatic prejudice on the part of the audiences and an inferiority complex suffered for decades by the musicians, never achieved a fraction of the somewhat disproportionate recognition that came Reinhardt's way.

Bob Koester observed in his report that "Europe's growing position as a place of refuge from the demands of 'show-biz' for jazz artists has strengthened the European jazz scene. It's not difficult to believe that in five or 10 years there will be more great jazz musicians living in Europe than in the United States—and they won't all be Americans either. Perhaps in 20 or 30 years jazz will have completely jumped the water and become native to Europe. After that—jazzmen will occasionally make brief trips to the U.S."

Exaggerated? Perhaps. But behind this prognosis lies a solid core of truth. And the day may come much sooner than you think. ■

JAZZ IN THE CLUBS

By RALPH J. GLEASON

If it is remembered for nothing else in the final history of jazz night clubs, 1961 will be recalled as the year that the logic of the business hit a new low. Groups that packed a club in one city played to personal friends and rigor mortis in others. Night-club owners complained of a paucity of good groups, and leaders complained there weren't enough bookings.

At one period when Chicago was suffering the worst business blight in years and Los Angeles club action had shrunk to a minimum, San Francisco was swinging wild with capacity business apparently for any act that came along.

Business apparently was not related to the location, comfort, or availability of the club or to its talent policy, names or no names. Exceptions to all rules occurred, and groups that figured to lose, won, and groups that figured to win, lost. It also had no apparent relationship to publicity or promotion or lack of same. In other words, the jazz-club business, like the music itself, was an improvisation with no assurance at any moment that the product would be good or bad.

Take the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco.

This is a walk-in bar on Broadway in the North Beach section, opposite the expense-account-it's-deductible Restaurant Row. There is no admission or cover at the Workshop, and the policy, in general, is small-group modern, horns ahead of piano trios. At the Workshop, such groups as Horace Silver and Cannonball Adderley in the past couple of years have set records (as well as recorded sets), but the Workshop faced the summer months with a scarcity of good bookings after a spring filled with Silver, John Coltrane, and other capacity bookings.

Dizzy Gillespie was booked into the club even though in his last San Francisco club engagement at the Black Hawk, he had not done particularly well. Gillespie proceeded to break Silver's and Adderley's records and did such tremendous business that owner Art Auerbach tried to solve his summer problem by hiring Gillespie for nine weeks. When that failed to materialize (because of agency pressure), Auerbach signed Gene Ammons for what he thought would be a two-week period in which he would be lucky to break even. Ammons worked with a local rhythm section and did walloping business. Bobby Timmons, who followed, held his own, and Les McCann brought out the SRO signs again.

Meanwhile, the Black Hawk, for a decade the home of modern jazz in San Francisco, was suffering the worst season it had had in years.

After losing Gillespie to the Workshop, a booking with J. J. Johnson fell out when Johnson joined Miles Davis, and the Hawk suffered through a series of frosts until Cal Tjader returned to homeplate in midsummer. Tjader, now emphasizing jazz rather than Latin, was somewhat weaker than his high mark but did well nevertheless.

That's a one-city sample illustrating the vagaries of the business. Now for a city-by-city run down:

In Chicago, Don DeMicheal reports, the Sutherland Lounge gave up the "name" ghost in early 1961, continuing until September with local groups, usually piano-with-rhythm trios and occasionally Ira Sullivan's Quintet. In September, the club tried a name-group policy again, booking in the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet. At the end of the first week, however, the club was closed. It was to open under new management in November.

Another south side club, McKie's has been consistently successful with such talent as Gene Ammons, Sonny Stitt, Dexter Gordon, Eddie Davis, Johnny Griffin, Shirley Scott, and Jimmy Smith. There have been local groups at the Pershing Hotel Lounge, but it's been dead as far as major-league activity is concerned for some time, although Dexter Gordon played there briefly late in the summer.

In the Loop and near-Loop, where the Blue Note's demise is felt acutely, the London House holds its steady pace with a string of winners: Oscar Peterson, Marian McPartland, Jonah Jones, Red Nichols—and an occassional exotic-music group. Here—as with the Crescendo in Hollywood—the visiting expense-account trade is important, and in addition the London House has excellent food.

A new club slightly south of the Loop is Ahmad Jamal's Alhambra, which is trying to make it with exotic food as well as exotic music, mostly by Jamal's trio.

Different in musical style is Bob Scobey's Bourbon Street, where the ideal customer is a big-spender, expense-account type and not a jazz fan. Jazz, Ltd., which is en route to being the oldest jazz spot west of Nick's continues as of old with conventioner business as its backbone. Basin Street, another club on the lookout for tourists, opened in the summer and has been doing fairly good business with traditional bands, such as Earl Hines', Jimmy McPartland's, and Muggsy Spanier's.

Key clubs have hit Chicago big, with the Playboy and the Gaslight both using jazz of something less than champion caliber. The Cloister, which had jazz, has gone for comedy, and most of the coffee houses seem to have skipped the chance to have jazz.

The most interesting Chicago development is Birdhouse, at the edge of the Rush St. entertainment district. A straight jazz house with an admission charge, it survived the recent recession with a no-alcohol policy and by astute booking. It now has a liquor license and divides the room in half—one side for inbibers, the other for nondrinkers.

In the Los Angeles-Hollywood area, the Zebra Lounge at Central and Manchester, spiced up the opening months of 1961 with John Coltrane, Horace Silver, and the Jazztet and then came a cropper with a wild booking of Ray Charles at $1,000 a night. After Charles' road manager was beaten and robbed of about $4,000 as he left the club, the Zebra closed; the singer didn't get his money; and the club was put up for sale.

One of the best examples of a musician operating a club is Shelly's Manne Hole, now a fixture in the L.A. scene. The no-alcohol club is owned by drummer Shelly Manne and offers five jazz groups and one singer a week. On weekends Shelly's Men and Helen Humes have been in residence. In a recent representative week, Frank Rosolino's quartet held down Monday; Teddy Edwards' quartet, Tuesday; Paul Horn's quintet, Wednesday; and Barney Kessell's trio,

Thursday. There is no admission or cover charge at the Manne Hole.

Another no-likker establishment, the Renaissance, features name groups, such as Miles Davis and Cannonball Adderley. Local groups and resident names are featured in between out-of-towners. Among those who have successfully worked the Renaissance are Ben Webster, Jimmy Witherspoon, and groups led by Frank Butler, Curtis Amy, Red Mitchell, and Les McCann. The club is now open six nights a week and has a $1 admission charge.

Operation of other Los Angeles jazz clubs, according to *Down Beat's* John Tynan, is at best desultory and at worst bankrupt.

The Summit is off-again, on-again. One week it's Dizzy Gillespie, the next the King's Four or the Treniers. Ruth Olay may precede Redd Foxx.

The Black Orchid last summer enjoyed a new lease on life. This is the former Hillcrest Club, at which Ornette Coleman, Paul Bley, and others worked. It now features organist Richard (Groove) Holmes and has booked in talent from San Francisco engagements for one-nighters.

The Town Hill, a neighborhood bar at 95th and Main, on occasion, has featured sidemen from name groups.

With the exception of the Renaissance, the fabled Sunset Strip jazz life is limited to Gene Norman's Crescendo, which offers top jazz attractions such as Count Basie, Erroll Garner, and Ella Fitzgerald off and on through the year.

Small bars, like the Losers and Sherry's offer piano trios and duos with men such as Claude Williamson and Pete Jolly. Out on Santa Monica Blvd., PJ's has such small hip groups as Eddie Cano's and Joe Castro's.

Dixieland beats more often than two to the bar in L.A., though. Two-beat saloons dot the area from San Fernando to the ocean. Teddy Buckner is an almost permanent resident of the Beverly Cavern in L.A. proper. Wild Bill Davison, Ray Bauduc, and other Dixie Stalwarts have been on exhibit at the Roaring '20s. Other two-beat rooms, such as Hermosa Inn, the Nickelodeon, and the Green Bull, do well consistently.

At the Lighthouse, long the beacon of modern jazz in southern California, Howard Rumsey's group is celebrating its 11th year. Sunday night is the night off, and name groups are then featured with varying success. Earl Bostic scored on his night there this summer, to the consternation of jazz purists.

FROM NEW YORK, Bill Coss reports that Basin Street East, always packed, is "the success story of the year." It specializes in packages, and in the beginning Ralph Watkins presented Peggy Lee, Harry James, or Benny Goodman with a lesser jazz group and a house trio. The last few shows, Coss reports, have been akin to a variety bill; Mort Sahl, the Limelighters, and Peter Nero. However, college youngsters, marginal jazz fans, and others crowd it nightly.

On the other hand, Birdland, long the core of New York's jazz action is no longer the secure jazz house it once was. Predictibility of scheduling—reruns of Roulette artists, mostly—has made for a stale situation, with audiences varying greatly in size.

But in thinking of Manhattan jazz, it should be remembered that only one club, the Showplace, a no-alcohol spot in the Village, went under last year. All the rest stayed afloat, which indicates a basic jazz strength.

The Dixieland clubs are timeless. Nick's, Ryan's, Condon's change little from year to year, music or boxoffice or audience type.

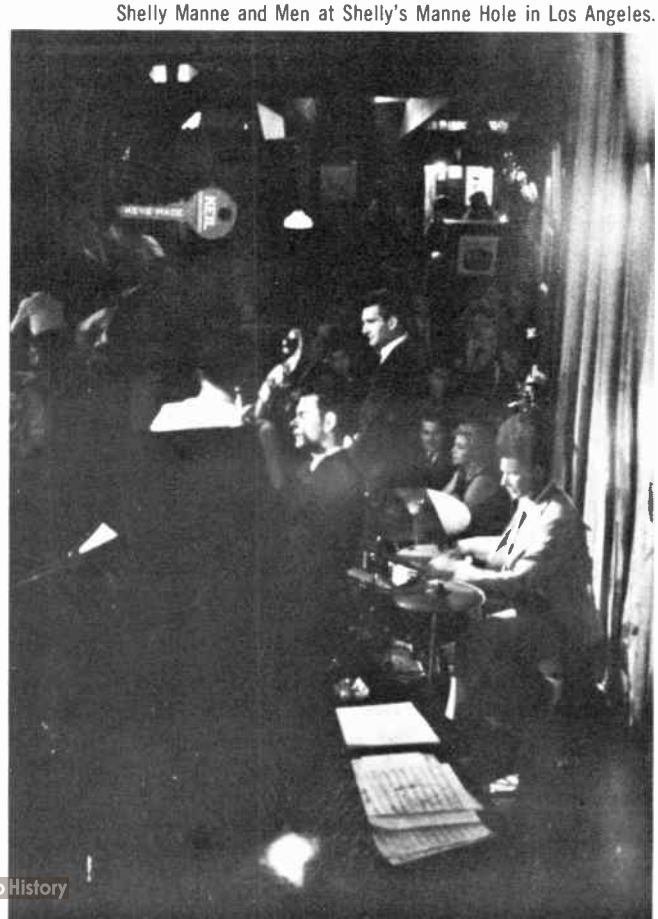
The Embers plays Dixie as with Bobby Hackett and swing as with Erskine Hawkins, Teddy Wilson, and Jonah Jones; and it's the jazz club where photographers are not allowed. A hard place to listen, but it does good business consistently. The Hickory House varies among Marian McPartland, Don Shirley, and Billy Taylor, and Coss calls it "a high-priced automat." Taylor and similar groups are also featured in the one new club to open, the Crystal Room. The Roundtable presents a variety of jazz artists, such as Teddy Wilson, Red Nichols, Jack Teagarden, Harry Edison, Joe Williams, Tyree Glenn (a sort of house band).

A club in Jamaica on Long Island has been successful booking Charlie Mingus, Horace Silver, Philly Joe Jones and Village types of jazz groups, as well as featuring "soul"

The audience at Chicago's Birdhouse listens attentively to Sahib Shihab.

Junior Mance's Trio at the Village Vanguard in New York.

Shelly Manne and Men at Shelly's Manne Hole in Los Angeles.



cooking. Police harassment of coffee shops has cooled jazz possibilities in these spots.

In Harlem, Bill Basie's and the Prelude have been the most consistent jazz clubs, but elsewhere, the policies change. The same holds true in Brooklyn and New Jersey, with the exception of the Coronet in Brooklyn, where less well-known jazz groups (such as Ted Curson's) work, and the Bon Aire Lodge in New Jersey with trumpeter Sol Fisch.

In Greenwich Village, there's a complex of five clubs, the leading one being the Village Vanguard, which books such names as Miles Davis, MJQ, Stan Getz, Oscar Peterson and mixes them with lesser-known groups, such as those of Don Ellis, Ray Bryant, and Bill Evans. Occasional comedians are also booked.

The Village Gate occasionally books someone like Horace Silver or John Coltrane as a contrast to folk music.

The Five Spot is the only place in the city, Coss says, where the modern so-called far-outs—Ornette Coleman, Yusef Lateef, Cecil Taylor, etc.—appear regularly.

The Jazz Gallery has had ups and downs financially with attractions such as Thelonious Monk, who has drawn well, and others.

The Half Note has an interesting cross-section of bookings, bringing in Lennie Tristano, Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, Joe Newman, Herbie Mann, and Toshiko Mariano. Good food and reasonable prices help.

Another Village club, the Versailles, occasionally books such jazz as Morgana King or Blossom Dearie, but its policy is unpredictable.

In midtown, the Metropole is the haven for swing with emphasis on performers not currently in the limelight, such as Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, and Cozy Cole. An upstairs room occasionally has Gene Krupa, Woody Herman, or Lionel Hampton, but it is not always open.

All in all, New York offers the most variety, which is to be expected.

ON OTHER cities of the jazz circuit, Detroit reporter Bob Archer points out that of the several clubs in the downtown area only one, the Empire, features jazz. The Empire goes for Dixie with such stalwarts as Earl Hines, Muggsy Spanier, Jack Teagarden, and Billy Maxted.

In an outlying district, the Roostertail has offered name bands all summer, and Baker's Keyboard Lounge, for the last half-dozen years, has been one of the top jazz spots in the city. The club's owner says the prices of groups are getting too high for consistently profitable operation, however.

Jack Brokensha, formerly the vibraharpist with the Australian Jazz Quartet, has been leading a local group for more than a year now at Au Sable.

Coffee houses, many of which have tried jazz, couldn't make it go. On the other hand, the Minor Key, relatively unknown outside the city, has been quite successful with such modern jazz groups as those of Coltrane, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, Miles, Cannonball, the Jazz Messengers, and Slide Hampton.

In Philadelphia, Pete Welding reports Peps and the Showboat are business as usual, with an accent on commercial jazz and a policy that does not take chances. The Red Hill, outside the city in New Jersey, has changed location and lost business as a result. It operates only on weekends, with big bands, such as Kenton's and Basie's as its main fare.

Some cautious ventures into the jazz business were undertaken in the last year by several small clubs in Philadelphia, including the Underground, the Sahara, and Berne's Woodland. The New Postal Card has featured people such as Jimmy Heath but dropped its jazz policy. Heath, however, works regularly on a series of one-night stands at various clubs—he is the reigning jazz name of the city.

In New Orleans, reports Charles Suhor, the Famous Door, the starting point for Pete Fountain and the Dukes of Dixieland, now offers a tame substitute in Murphy Campo and Mike Lala while the Octave Crosby Band holds forth at the Paddock, where Papa Celestin used to play.

Modern jazz is tenuous with the exception of the steady action at the Joy Tavern, where the Alvin Tyler group is rooted. Stereo tapes have replaced music in many clubs.

New Orleans exception to the rule, however, is the Preservation Hall operation, which has had much publicity this last year. Here in a converted art gallery with no booze and no admission charge (only a kitty for the band), Ken Mills of Icon records is underwriting such old-timers as Kid Thomas, Peter Bocage, the Eureka Brass Band, and George Lewis. The club has been wildly successful, so far, with the bands making more than scale from the kitty.

BACK IN San Francisco, where the story of the Jazz Workshop success began this report, the Black Hawk has been hot and cold all year—wild successes when Miles Davis, George Shearing, Ahmad Jamal, Oscar Peterson, or other powerhouse attractions were in residence and definitely slight business the rest of the time.

Dixie continues to be strong with the Black Sheep taking over when the Hangover closed and booking Earl Hines, Teddy Buckner, Wingy Manone, and Wild Bill Davison.

Burt Bales continues to hold court at Pier 23 with lots of sessions. Joe Sullivan took over from Muggsy Spanier at On-the-Levee after Kid Ory sold his interest in the club and left for Los Angeles.

The Coffee Gallery now has regular jazz once again with Sonny King's group; Soulville, an all-night operation, features sitting-in and guest sessions, as does the Stereo Club.

Peripheral jazz activity in all styles goes on in Berkeley, Oakland, Sausalito, and other suburban areas. In Sausalito the Kingston Trio has opened a new club, a waterfront, dock-side plush spot called the Trident, where the Vince Guaraldi Trio is esconced on a long run.

But again, logic rules not in the night-club field. ■

Howard McGhee and James Moody accompany singer Eddie Jefferson at San Francisco's Jazz Workshop.

the fabulous Morello

★"Critics and fellow workers alike rave about his fantastic technical ability, his taste, his touch, and his ideas."

So wrote Marian McPartland, long-time musical associate of Joe Morello, in an appreciative appraisal.

Joe was born and brought up in Springfield, Massachusetts. He had won a reputation as a "musician's musician" almost before he was out of his teens.

With Brubeck since October, 1956, Morello's talent (and the quartet's) has continued to flower and expand. A spectacular instance is to be heard in "Watusi Drums," on the quartet's recent Columbia LP, "Dave Brubeck in Europe."

Morello's drums? The most logical, for his superlative taste, technique and touch: LUDWIGS. The most famous name on drums.

A great musician, Joe Morello plays an equally great musical instrument . . . the new Ludwig Super Sensitive Snare

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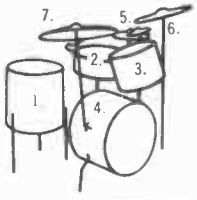

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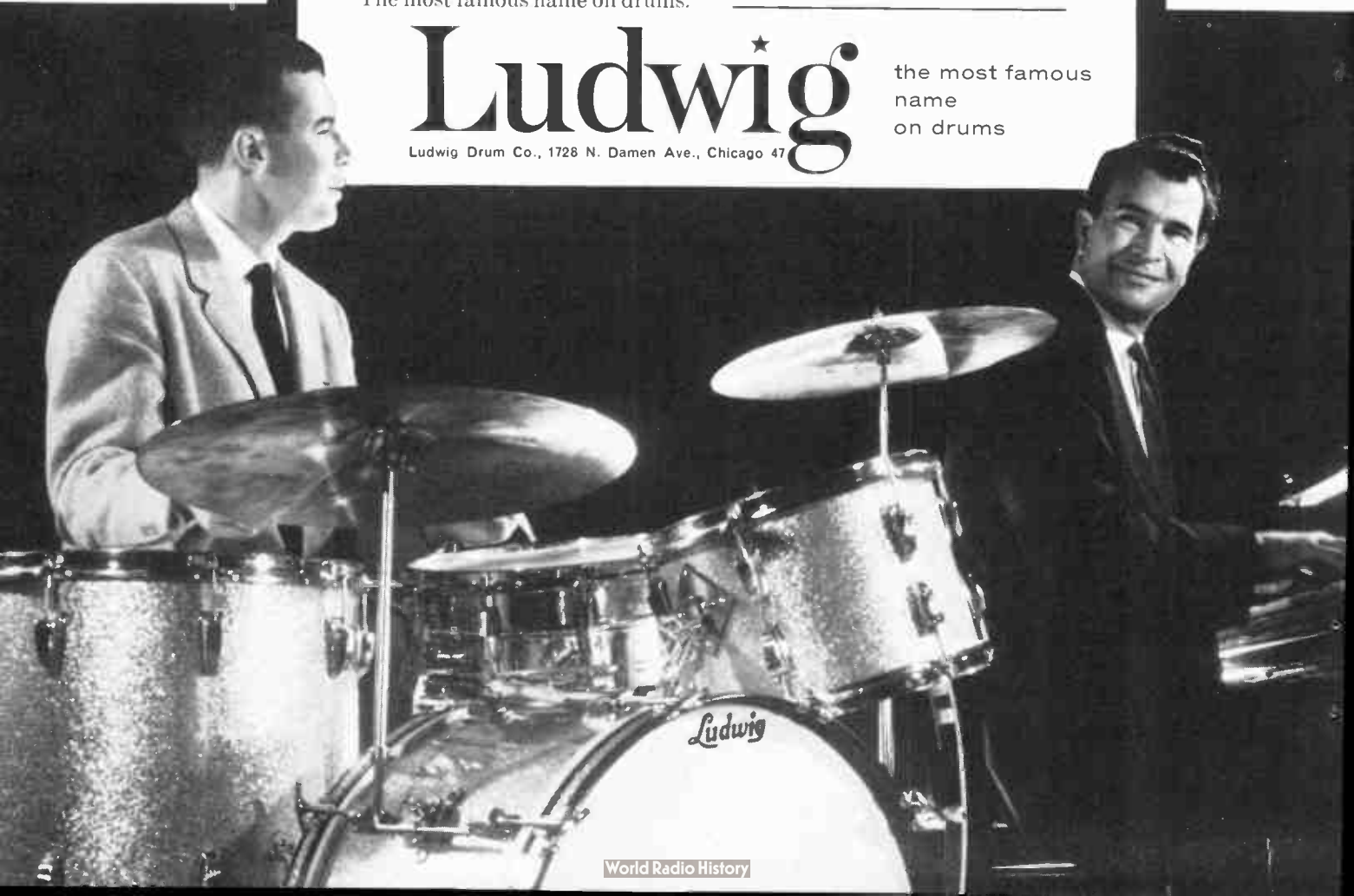

THE ALLIANCES OF JAZZ

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

DURING THE last few years, jazz has formed some striking alliances with older and time-honored arts: jazz and poetry, jazz and ballet, jazz and theater, jazz and symphonic music. And it has formed some with at least one younger art: background music on a number of television shows and in several movies.

Such activities have been greeted by some people as signs of a growing prestige for the music. I am not so sure. I am inclined to ask, what is the price of such prestige?

Well, it may not do jazz any credit for it to underline a mugging on a TV thriller, you may answer, but what about jazz accompanying the New York City Center ballet company? That is surely prestige, is it not?

Perhaps, but such things are not so simple as they seem, for a well-done, authentic TV score actually may do jazz more good than its presence as a diversion during an evening of ballet. It ain't just what you do but how you do it.

Most of the world's music is but a functional part of other things. Think about it. Most music is for dancing, marching, worship, or merely to help provide a congenial social atmosphere. Western concert music—the music of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven—is the only music in the world that is developed and independent, that asks to be listened to for its own sake.

It is also true that only about three or four movie scores are worth hearing on their own, and that even some ballet scores find their way into the concert hall only as throwaways. And no one thought the lyre-strumming with which an ancient poet like Homer accompanied his recitations was even worth describing; we don't know what the music sounded like, but the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* survive and are still read.

Jazz has been a folk music always at least *about* to become an art music, and most of its partisans have insisted it should be listened to for its own sake at least since the 1920s.

They flocked around the bandstands and collected records in the '30s. And by the mid-'40s, jazz clubs had no dancing, and jazz concerts were almost commonplace. Now jazz apparently can buy prestige by becoming "functional" again as a part of recitations, movies, TV, and the rest.

JAZZ AND POETRY

The curious phenomenon of jazz and poetry apparently has died out, at least in its most publicized form.

It seems to have begun in San Francisco in the spring of 1957. There, the members of the local artistic (or is it beat?) community who (like many of their ilk in other big cities) had long had an almost fan-ish interest in jazz, began getting into the act.

In a small night club called the Cellar poets and would-be poets began reciting verses and rolling their abdomens while the musician-owners played something more or less like jazz in the background.

One leader in this activity was Kenneth Rexroth, who has written about jazz ("he may have known Charlie Parker, but I doubt if Bird knew him," commented one musician) and who was getting a second wind as a kind of father-overseer to several younger writers who have come to be known as "voices of the beat generation."

Somebody said, not without certain mystical implications, that the idea for his activity came from declamatory British poet Dylan Thomas. (Nobody mentioned Vachel Lindsey's "jazz" poetry from the 1920s, which was often publicly read to music.)

Soon, poetry nights found the small cellar (capacity 150) jammed with patrons attired by everyone from Capezio to Scaparelli, Sweet Orr to J. Press. Bruce Lippencott was leading his men through backgrounds for Rexroth, Laurence Ferlinghetti, Kenneth Ford, and (a real poet who could also read well) Kenneth Patchen.

Certain jazz journalists, tossing around terms like "art" and "new form" with a not-unusual abandon, began pounding out accounts of the activity for the magazines, and recordings were made.

The next fall, the Half Note, a small and then recently opened jazz club in lower Greenwich Village, began holding a weekly poetry-night competition with prizes awarded. During these meetings the devoted young artists began arguing hotly enough among themselves to bring fears of open brawls, and one of the club's young managers was angrily confused because, as he put it, "they are criticizing American life!" It wasn't long before the Half Note had found it wise to settle for a weekly appearance by a single reader.

Soon the Five Spot, located directly across Manhattan from the Half Note, on the lower east side (where all the painters and writers had fled from high rents), was featuring Rexroth, now touring and booked solid for months. He was backed by a group of local jazzmen, now working but wondering about next week's gig.

The appearance of Langston Hughes as a poet-reader with a jazz group at the Village Vanguard pointed to an irony and suggested a partial solution—although, to be sure, Hughes is not a very good reader and has a shaky sense of musical structure.

There is one kind of jazz that has never been a dance or atmosphere music but has been listened to for the poetry that it is. It is the vocal blues. And during the late '20s and early '30s, the blues accompanists had managed, without overriding the singer, to increase the complexity of their roles.

The most sublime and balanced alliances between poetry and music that anyone has so far achieved have been the Provençale songs of the early Renaissance and German lieder. The blues singers and players never developed their art to any such peak, of course, but they made a fine start, and what they did is full of latent possibilities.

Since the '20s, Langston Hughes has taken the poetry of the blues and Gospel hymn as the tradition from which to develop his own verses. Now, he may or may not be a first-rate poet. But if Hughes' readings-with-jazz are not a natural development, they at least formed a legitimate alliance.

JAZZ AND THE MOVIES

Movie scores exist in an artistic limbo. But if they are written in a jazz style, they have a unique assertiveness, and their usual blandness disappears. If the heroine flees from her pursuers to quasi-Stravinksy, we may hardly hear it; if to quasi-jazz, we can hardly miss hearing it.

Some very capable men have been involved in movie

scoring, of course. Pete Rugolo has worked for MGM films and many a TV thriller (not to mention stripper Lili St. Cyr), and even so illustrious a jazzman as Benny Carter has worked for *M Squad*.

Recently, however there has been more freedom allowed in jazz movie scoring. It seems to have begun in France. John Lewis wrote excellent music to accompany a trashy little French sex-pot movie (*without* Brigitte Bardot) *Sait-on-Jamais*, called *No Sun in Venice* in American, and the Modern Jazz Quartet performed on the soundtrack.

The *Sait-on-Jamais* score was a success, but what one heard in the film were only snippets of regular MJQ performances edited to fit the action by a sound engineer.

Lewis' music for the Harry Belafonte movie *Odds Against Tomorrow* was another matter. It was scored for orchestra and pretimed in the conventional manner, exactly to the picture's continuity. It is a superior film score, excellently unified, better perhaps than Johnny Mandel's comparable job on *I Want to Live*. And a couple of its parts make sense heard by themselves.

One unique approach to using jazz in a feature film is that in *Frantic!*, made in France as *Elevator to the Gallows* and now being shown here. Miles Davis and a group improvised the score from prearranged patterns and timing, responding to the action as the film unfolded on a screen before them. The LP recording of the results has some really arresting moments. Such things should definitely be tried again and often.

As originally produced, John Cassavetes' *Shadows* had a background score by Charlie Mingus. However, the version of that film now being shown commercially was partly reshot, and very little of Mingus' music remains. The reason seems to be that the music was so poorly recorded at first that it simply couldn't be used; the reflection is not on Mingus but on the engineering.

Duke Ellington recently has done both movie and television scoring. Certain of his own statements seem to indicate that he thought his writing for *Anatomy of a Murder* was not successful, and many others would agree with him.

Ellington also has been involved with the MGM television series called *Asphalt Jungle*, which ABC began broadcasting last April and continued through the fall.

He contributed the theme music and for some episodes handled the whole score. His music for the episode called *The Lady and the Lawyer* was first-rate Ellington, and one of the best jazz backgrounds yet, a set of excellently conceived and performed variations on his theme melody, made flexible enough to fit any mood or event in the narrative, and kept musical enough (perhaps too musical) to be constantly absorbing.

For the record, Thelonious Monk has written and performed backgrounds for the French movie *Liasons Dangereuses;* it has not yet been shown in the United States, and Riverside, which still has Monk under contract, does not have any plans for a recording.

The movie *Jazz on a Summer's Day* is a different matter; it is ostensibly a documentary of a Newport Jazz Festival of a couple of years ago. It has been called a highly successful movie. It has also been said that the film captures the pleasures of jazz superbly.

The opposite opinion holds that in the film, jazz was merely being used for a kind of chi chi indulgence of cinematic techniques that left the music in the lurch, and that rather than making jazz seem fun, the film makes jazz seem trivial and childish. A "*Vogue's* eye view" of jazz, one man has called it.

In either case, it seems to me that movies are one kind of experience, jazz another. Some kind of alliance is excellent, but why should one medium try to interpret the other? Few things could be more sanctimoniously arty than the efforts of a few years ago to get the movie camera to "interpret" great paintings by ponderously wandering around over their surfaces. And asking us to watch waves and a yacht race while Thelonious Monk plays the piano, as *Jazz on a Summer's Day* did, seems incongruous.

However, the real problem when the music is only background scoring and incidental, particularly in the movies, is that it can be the most thoroughly functional kind of music there is.

Religious music, for example, is supposed to make one feel reverence or, in some cultures, inspire dancing. But at its lowest level, movie music is only supposed to keep an audience from becoming distracted. If it can do some mood setting or actually contribute to the feeling of a scene, so much the better. But the moment movie music starts to draw attention to itself, it is going too far. Therefore, most of it cannot stand on its own. William Walton's score for the Laurence Olivier production of Shakespeare's *Henry V* or Max Steiner's music for *King Kong* sound superb while one is watching those films. But these scores will not bear repeated hearings on records or in concert halls.

There is however, *some* movie music that is effective and unobstrusive in its original context, yet can also be listened to for its own sake. Prokofieff's *Alexander Nevsky* is such a score. So is Aaron Copland's music for *Of Mice and Men*.

It is a high tribute to jazz and its musicians that at least some of the scoring for movies and TV already seems to survive the temptations involved—temptations for it to be mere mood setting and self-effacing craftsmanship.

Meanwhile, if you want to hear jazz movie scores the way they used to be done before anybody got self-conscious at it, catch some of those hilarious early Mae West films the next time around on TV, particularly one called *I'm No Angel*.

JAZZ AND THE THEATER

Bobby Scott (*A Taste of Honey*) and Don Elliott (*A Thurber Carnival*) have both recently written "incidental" music for Broadway shows. And so did John Mehegan, before them, for Tennessee Williams' *Streetcar Named Desire*. But the one really integrated *dramatic* use of jazz as part of a serious play is in Jack Gelber's *The Connection*.

The Connection has been the subject of some rather moralistic tongue-clucking in the jazz press, and I think its whole intention has been rather misunderstood. Gelber has presented jazz music because some jazz musicians are among the characters in his play, and they are in a situation where they might naturally play. However the plot of Gelber's play hardly has much to do with its meaning. Its meaning comes from an interplay of cultural attitudes and characters. Suffice it to say here that—on the surface at least—a group of narcotics addicts are waiting in a loft for their connection to arrive with drugs, while a movie director, dedicated to realism, attempts to photograph them

Sonny Redd, piano, and Jackie McLean, alto, in **The Connection.**

in action. When the drug-bearer does arrive, they all take injections of the narcotic. One addict who passes out from an overdose is selfishly abandoned by most of the group.

The Connection is not a "realistic" play (as it has been called) at all, but a try at an anti-realist play. It is as if Gelber were saying that the final parody of realism is to present complacently self-indulgent and self-degrading addicts and, to top it all, make them real addicts on the stage, not actors pretending to be junkies.

But there, precisely is the flaw, some say, for they are not real addicts but unavoidably *are* actors on the stage. Everyone knows it, and everyone knows that Gelber actually plots their action and speeches on paper like any playwright in order to make them seem to be handling themselves spontaneously on the stage.

Gelber has shown great skill in manipulating all the facets of his shocking play, but he has not shown the surpassing kind of skill that Pirandello did in bringing off the same sort of thing. My feeling is that Gelber's artistic focus is not really that of the anti-realists, from whom he has obviously learned, but of a sentimentalist. He has portrayed the addict's world, not with the hard, quasi-detachment of a Brecht or a Becket or a Pirandello, but with the fuzziness of a William Saroyan. He has produced an almost popularized modern theater. In tone, he has made a kind of addict's *The Time of Your Life*. Even his much-protesting line spoken from the audience, "That's the way it really is!" seems to echo Saroyan's reiterated, "All up and down the line, no foundations."

But one must admit that the particular kind of "hard" playing that pianist Freddie Redd and altoist Jackie McLean provided on stage was appropriate to the evening. And the musicians are obviously not required to be anybody's "background."

JAZZ AND THE BALLET

It is possible that a jazzman will produce a dance score as good as *Petrouchka*. But in most of the alliances of jazz with other arts, one artistic experience must dominate. After all, an opera librettist knows that he had better remain a respectable versifier and not a poet, because the primary effect of opera must be musical, and he musn't swamp it. And (to reiterate another basic point) even the ballet composer, whose role is less secondary than the film composer's and who more often produces music that can pass in the concert hall on its own, knows he still must keep his place.

Several "modern" dancers (of more or less the persuasion of Martha Graham, Merce Cunningham, or Charles Weidman) had been intrigued by jazz for some time. But a few years ago, instead of getting musicians into their recital halls, some of these performers were showing up in the jazz haunts and posturing on the bandstand. Lee Becker could be seen, crowded in with several instrumentalists, at New York's Café Bohemia, or demonstrating to recordings before a gathering of musicians and critics at the Music Inn in Lenox, Mass. Then Eartha Kitt appeared with dancers at the 1957 Newport meeting.

There was also Anneliese Widman's appearance in the short-lived Mort Sahl review *The Next President*, dancing to music by a Jimmy Giuffre group. And there was John Lewis' recent *Original Sin* score done for Lew Christensen's San Francisco ballet, which was not very well received and which is not really impressive in its recorded version.

Inevitably, some earnestly speak of "new art." Others sagely remembered the wiggling on view at the old Cotton Club in the '30s as Duke Ellington's musicians played behind the paper-maché palm trees. Or they reflected on the many times they had heard everything from Ellington's *Black and Tan Fantasy* to Dizzy Gillespie's *Groovin' High* used by the pit bands at Minsky's while a young woman removed her clothes.

But to take a more specific example, a group of dancers toured Europe with the Modern Jazz Quartet two years ago and were later seen here on a Harry Belafonte "special" on television. Now it happens that the relationship of what they do to jazz dancing, or to any organic growth or development of jazz dancing, is pretty shaky and only a matter of a few surface steps at best. The real allegiance of the steps is to classic ballet, "modern dance" and (of all things) Oriental dancing—or a rather Broadway version of these things.

One very good example of such ballets, however, is Jerome Robbins' *Pied Piper*. It is built around a clarinet concerto, written for Benny Goodman by Aaron Copland. Robbins used ballet, "modern," and a few jazz steps to make a wonderful comic dance. However, when something more comprehensive and serious has been attempted, even by Robbins, the results have been considerably less good, and jazz steps are usually abandoned. The results were certainly less good in George Balanchine's classical *Jazz Variants*, to music by Gunther Schuller for the Modern Jazz Quartet and orchestra, which played at the New York City Center last winter.

There have been other jazz ballets, of course, by Sidney Bechet, Charlie Mingus (for Canadian television), Dave Brubeck, Rex Stewart—but I am beginning to make a list, and there is no point in that.

Certainly, the affected posturing that Dizzy Gillespie accompanied at a Hunter College concert in New York last spring had nothing to do with *jazz* dancing.

In the 1930s, when jazz was a "ballroom" dance music, there was a wonderful, creative interplay between musicians and dancers. A trumpet player's improvised solo might inspire a new step, and a new step might inspire a tenor saxophonist to an extra chorus or two. Two of the great jazz dancers at the Savoy Ballroom in those days were Al Minns and Leon James. Today, these men run a dance studio in New York and tour annually in delightful concert demonstrations of jazz dances from the cakewalk through the lindy. A sympathetic choreographer might do wonders with the lessons they have to teach.

Last winter in New York, at a club called the Showplace, Baby Lawrence, an almost legendary tap dancer, appeared with the Charlie Mingus group. He got superlative reviews, and he deserved them.

He is an improvising dancer whose art has grown with the music. He has absorbed the rhythmic patterns of modern jazz and dances it as surely as Max Roach plays it. Seeing him gives much meaning to Charlie Parker's words that Baby Lawrence "can cut you with his feet."

Lawrence rattles off the names of a score of other modern dancers whom he admires. Most of them are almost totally unknown to the jazz public, and it is surely a great loss that they are.

THE THIRD STREAM

The alliance between jazz and classical music has recently begun to be fruitful—fruitful in at least one instance, anyway. This is the so-called Third Stream, and the idea is to combine written classical forms with improvised jazz. The pieces are more or less like concertos, with the classical musicians as the orchestra discussing, arguing, agreeing with the improvising jazzmen down front.

Actually the term Third Stream has been so thoroughly

misused and abused that it may even have to be abandoned.

It has to do only with the kind of music just described. It is, of course, not a question of an occasional jazz-y effect in a classical piece. It also has nothing to do with jazz musicians' efforts to borrow classical devices and forms—after all that is what jazzmen have been doing, with more or less deliberateness, for more than 60 years. The Third Stream also is not the atonality of Ornette Coleman, the George Russell group, Eric Dolphy, Jaki Byard, Don Ellis, the new Jimmy Guiffre group, Cecil Taylor; et al. Third Stream is not "the new thing" that these players are working on, although some Third Stream pieces have been written around some of these men.

There is, therefore, no such thing as "Third Stream jazz," no matter what liner-note copy says. There can't be; it would be like a male hemaphrodite or a pure-bred mule.

There have been many failures in the Third Stream—some naif, some pretentious, some honest, some not so honest.

The best composition perhaps in the idiom so far on records is Gunther Schuller's *Conversations*, written for a string quartet and the Modern Jazz Quartet, and Bill Russo's *An Image*, written for Lee Konitz and a string group.

One of Schuller's subsequent pieces, *Variants on a Theme of John Lewis*, also succeeds. But here Schuller has used jazz material as his point of departure, although his treatment is partly classical and decidedly Third Stream. Another Schuller piece, *Variants on a Theme of Thelonious Monk*, is not of the Third Stream and owes nothing directly to classical music. It is a piece of jazz recomposition and arrangement—and an excellent one.

On the other hand, Schuller's *Concertino* for the Modern Jazz Quartet and orchestra seems to be one of the failures. It sets perhaps pointlessly difficult tasks for the jazzmen in unfamiliar rhythms and structures, and its last movement sounds dangerously like a Gershwin pastiche. However, the *Concertino* is an honorable failure, it is not the "light music" with which Rolf Leiberman and Howard Brubeck have polluted the Third Stream, or has it the pretentiousness of Teo Macero's Third Stream concerto.

The reasons for the success of *Conversations* are important and worth a few remarks.

Conversations begins in the contemporary classical manner as the strings gradually move to a peak of tension; at this point, the jazzmen enter, swinging. This piece is a success because Schuller lets the two idioms argue, fight, and agree to disagree. He doesn't try to get the classicist to swing or the jazzmen not to. He trusts the jazz musicians to be themselves and make up their own melodies, and he lets each musical idiom go its own way by its own standards.

By sympathetically understanding jazz and putting his confidence in its players, he has achieved something commendable, which will bring prestige to all concerned. Other composers—also TV producers and choreographers—please harken to the message.

Gunther Schuller and John Lewis.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

The first San Francisco jazz-and-poetry recital with Kenneth Rexroth and Laurence Ferlinghetti is on Fantasy F 7002. World Pacific has jazz and poetry on 1244. The Langston Hughes recital is on MGM E3697. Kenneth Patchen reads well, but with tepid music, on Cadence CLP 3004.

The *No Sun in Venice* score by the Modern Jazz Quartet is on Atlantic 1284. United Artists 4061 has the original soundtrack music for *Odds Against Tomorrow;* on UA 4063 the MJQ improvises on its themes. Miles Davis' soundtrack music for *Frantic!* is on Columbia CL 1268. Charlie Mingus has used themes originally composed for *Shadows* in his albums on United Artists 4036 (*Nostalgia in Times Square, Alice's Wonderland*) and Columbia CL 1370 (*Self-Portrait in Three Colors*). Ellington's *Anatomy of a Murder* score is on Columbia CL 1360.

Blue Note 4027 offers the music from *The Connection* by Freddie Redd and Jackie McLean.

When the MJQ accompanied the dancers last year, *Django* (Prestige 7057 and Atlantic 1325 or 2-603) was one of the pieces used.

Mingus' theme, *Put Me in That Dungeon* (on Columbia CL 1440), was originally used in his *Frankie and Johnny* ballet score for Canadian television. A recording of the Copland *Concerto for Clarinet*, featuring Benny Goodman, is on Columbia ML 4421.

Schuller's *Conversations* is played by the Modern Jazz Quartet with the Beaux Arts String Quartet on Atlantic 1345. The Russo-Konitz *An Image* is on Verve 8286. Schuller's *Variants on a Theme of John Lewis* is available on Atlantic 1365; the album also contains his *Variants on a Theme of Thelonious Monk*.

There is a 45-rpm single by Duke Ellington of the *Asphalt Jungle Theme* on Columbia, but it does not present the soundtrack version of the music.

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the spread of GOSPEL!

By
PETE
WELDING

IN THE last few years it has become evident that the most vigorous of all traditional Afro-American musical forms is the contemporary religious music, Gospel music. One measure of the extraordinary vitality of this music may be seen in the fact that when both the jazz and blues idioms recently underwent revitalization from outside, they got it from the Gospel style.

"Soul" music, the jazz development currently enjoying a widespread, if faddish, popularity, derives much of its distinctive flavor from its extensive borrowings of typical Gospel music devices. Likewise, younger blues singers such as Ray Charles, who have found it necessary to introduce new life into the blues, have injected the Gospel style.

Young Aretha Franklin, for example, voted new-star female vocalist in the 1961 *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll is but the latest of several jazz-based and popular singers who arrived with their styles shaped to some extent by their work in the Gospel field, among them Dinah Washington, Sarah Vaughan, Della Reese, and Sam Cooke. Moreover, it is not uncommon to find secularized Gospel songs (i.e.—numbers in which a few strategic words have been changed, thus making sacred pieces into secular ones) at the top of best-seller charts.

The pervasive influence of the Gospel style should not be surprising, for religious song has traditionally formed the nucleus of the hardy Afro-American musical heritage.

From the outset of the Negro's introduction to the United States, well over three centuries ago, religious songs have been at the core of his musical expression—they have, in fact, stood as the embodiment of the vigor, immediacy, passion, and intensity of expression that have characterized Afro-American song.

Sacred songs, musical sermons, songs of worship have been the backbone of the Negro musical heritage; they have perpetuated its traditions, and it is these songs, more than any other of its forms (blues, band music, jazz, etc.), that provide a connection with the earliest music of the slaves.

THOSE AFRICANS who were brought as slaves to these shores in the 17th century carried with them, among other cultural riches, a strongly developed music tradition, the fruit of centuries of oral transmission.

In their former land, music had been an integral and quite necessary adjunct of life and religion and, since singing was one of the few forms of expression permitted the slave in the new country, it is logical that the talent for musical expression should have survived, when other cultural traits and customs were erased or largely transmuted in the slave's contact with the alien white civilization into which he found himself.

The Negro spiritual was the first truly distinctive product of the explosive meeting of African and European musical traditions in the new world. Folklorist Alan Lomax has feelingly described its formation:

"Nothing else in American folk music, and indeed little else in the folk music of the world, can match the Negro spiritual. It combines the best aspects of European melody, harmony, and Christian thought with the brilliant rhythm, the joyous vocal style, and the pungent humanity of African folkways.

"These songs took their origin in the heat of a twin emotional explosion. The white pioneers had won their religious independence and were creating a democratic Protestant church. The Negroes, humilated and tormented by their slave role, were searching for a hopeful philosophy and for a way to cleanse themselves of their bitterness and degradation.

"There was born among the slaves a primative Christianity, to fill the place once occupied by their African animistic cults, but, more importantly, to comfort them in their present sorrow. Some critics have interpreted all the spirituals as protest songs; others see them merely as expressions of Christian faith. Undoubtedly both views are correct, but it is more important to see the spirituals as a many-sided and constantly developing creative outlet for the Negro in America."

The spiritual, it would appear, was the perfect vehicle for the fusion of the two musical systems, the European and African, not as dissimilar as once believed. The simple folk hymn of the rural white settlers—on which, it is generally agreed, the spirituals are in part based—permitted, and in fact encouraged, embellishment and improvisation by the singers. These hymns were generally perpetuated by oral transmission, since few in the congregations—white or Negro—could read music.

The songs were, as a result, in constant flux. This, of course, militated against the idea of a relatively fixed performance, a situation that in any event would have been abhorrent to the Negro singers, with their tradition of extemporized song.

Also part of this simple hymnody of the white settler—started in Britain, by the way—was the use of call and response techniques in the deacon's "lining out" of the hymns for the congregational response. This practice jibed neatly with the customary employment of antiphonal devices in African song. Another parallel with African music was the use of heterophony in this folk style of singing hymns, a situation that was carried even further by the "shape-note" systems of reading music that were introduced at the time of the Great Awakening in the 1820s. The shape-note systems accustomed the singers to the idea of a constantly moving linear style of part-singing, with only occasional harmonies resulting from the "accidental" confluence of the parts.

Added to these were two qualities having no direct counterparts in Western music—the distinctly African free-flowing, highly developed rhythmic sense and the uniquely expressive scalar hybrid, the blues scale, with the resultant blue tonality that has been a dominant characteristic of all Afro-American music.

FROM THE mingling of these disparate elements (and others as well), the religious music of the American Negro slowly developed, the first and earliest of his contributions to the body of world song.

The spiritual generally has been regarded as the culmination of Negro religious music, the very "glory of Negro song." The form itself is of an uncertain age, but certainly samples or prototypes of the style were known even in pre-Revolutionary days. The spiritual is perhaps best described as a long, sustained melodic song of deep reverence—in contrast to the shorter, rougher, more rhythmic melodies of the ring shout or the song sermon, two early forms more fully based in antiphonal devices (and hence more "African" in character).

By the time the spiritual had become widely known both here and aboard—not until after 1871 and largely as a result of the highly successful concert tours begun in that year by the Fisk Jubilee Singers—the style had become fairly well solidified and formulized as a definite *approach*.

The success of the Jubilee Singers and subsequent groups and the widespread acceptance of the spiritual form as a legitimate and respectable native musical idiom ("the only true native school of American music" was the New York *Tribune's* judgment of the Jubilee Singers' first New York concert, late in 1871) inevitably led to further refinement of the form, with a consequent loss of vitality, immediacy, and passion.

This process continued—with increasing emasculation and sapping of vitality inevitably accompanying the exten-

sive polishing, arranging, and concertizing of the spirituals—until the third decade of this century before there was a reaction.

But a reaction there was, and it took the form of a new, dynamic religious music, a music of fervent abandon, of intense emotional impact, of earthily driving power and of impassioned spontaneity. The new music, given the name "Gospel music" (meaning that the songs were as "true as the Gospel"), was born in the rough, rude storefront churches of the urban Holiness, Pentecostal, and Sanctified sects.

The music had been fermenting in these churches since the turn of the century, a product of the most recent of the numerous revivals of the Protestant church, the so-called Holy Roller movement, which began in the 1890s among Negro congregation.

"The Negro Holy Rollers," remarked Alan Lomax, "like their predecessors in the revolutionary tradition of the Protestant church, were displeased with the decorum of the established sects, and brought back the holy dance, the shouting songs of their African ancestors, the African 'speaking in tongues' and introduced for the first time into Protestant church the [musical] instruments of the 'sinful' world." These factors laid the foundation of the Gospel style.

Of this liberating process, Dr. Willis L. James of Spellman College has written, "In the days when Negroes sang in the little churches in which no instruments had ever been [permitted], and on the roads where none could be, their music was less expansive. It was very concise and was dominated by the rhythm of speech and by the cadence of the specific work at hand. When the various instruments were brought into the church (not without bitter objection in some quarters), the singing was gently, but firmly, pushed into a more commodious dwelling, rhythmically and melodically, in order to better adjust to, and accommodate, the new constituents.

"The instruments were at first stigmatized as follows: the fiddle was the tool of the devil, having been the mainstay of the rural dancing South. The guitar had been associated with the vagrant, the rounder, the gambler, the hobo. The piano had been the utility of the pimp, the sporting house, the honky-tonk, and the saloon. The one accepted instrument was the small harmonicum—that ancient combination of accordion, organ, hat rack, and umbrella stand. It was played in folk style, and was often in a state of utter incapacity and physical exhaustion."

In the earliest years of the century, there was a lessening of these strictures among the small churches of the urban centers, especially those sects employing music as a means for inducing "possession" by the deity.

The piano followed the banjo and guitar into the churches, and soon they were, in turn, followed by trumpet, drums, and whatever horns and percussion instruments local or personal inclination dictated. As the characteristic instrumental approaches on each of these were perfected in the then-developing jazz idiom, they were assimilated intact into the new church music style. Naturally, there was a considerable amount of influence back and forth between the two idioms, the sacred and the secular.

"When the piano was brought into use," said Dr. James of the emerging church style, "there was no one trained to play it. Immediately, a new type of religious instrumental music evolved, based upon what had been known as ragtime. But with a heavy overcast of what is the main ingredient of all Negro folk music, the plaintive, cadent folk cry."

Gospel composer Thomas A. Dorsey remarked, on the other hand, "Jazz borrowed rhythm from Gospel songs that go back to the turn of the century when Negro churches

couldn't afford organs and the sisters kept time by patting their feet and clapping their hands."

In any event, the new sacred song style drew heavily on jazz and blues in form, device, and manner, and had been fairly well solidified by about 1925 or '30.

It was at this time that the Gospel style began to make itself felt as a dominant force in the field of Negro religious music, ultimately replacing the older, more austere spiritual style in the public's favor. (Currently, the more sedate Negro churches—most notably the Episcopal, Presbyterian, or Congregational sects—do not have Gospel choirs, nor do they employ such music in their services, preferring instead to stick to the traditional hymns in the traditional styles.)

MUCH OF THE credit for the rapid emergence of Gospel music as the foremost stylistic influence in modern Negro religious song is generally given to Thomas A. Dorsey, who as "Georgia Tom" was the piano accompanist of blues singer Ma Rainey before he turned to religion and achieved prominence as the most successful composer of Gospel music.

Such widely sung compositions as *Take My Hand, Precious Lord; We Will Meet Him in the Sweet Bye and Bye;* and *Someday, Somewhere* combined the joyous, earthy, rocking quality of his blues backgrounds with the fervor and reverent intensity of traditional sacred music, but the songs themselves were in forms that readily facilitated Gospel treatment. The simple fact is that the Gospel style, like jazz, is more properly a *manner of treating music* than a specific body of composed songs. Just about any religious piece can be given a Gospel treatment, its success depending upon the performers' abilities.

It is an impassioned, fervent, and fiercely rhythmic approach, making heavy use of antiphonal devices and employing extensively the manners of phrasing, intonation, dynamics, attack, and the "rocking" or "swing" rhythm developed by instrumental jazz.

There is a great usage of blue tonality and those vocal devices (among them embellishment, slides, slurs, smears, melisma) typical of the approach of the blues man.. The feeling of improvisation is ever present.

Yet it is very properly a *folk* music. Poet Langston Hughes has rightly observed that despite the fact that many contemporary Gospel songs are composed and published (which might ordinarily tend to fix a song in performance), the songs themselves are in constant flux, and undergo continual change and transformation at the hands of their executants.

Hughes has written, "Most Gospel singers do not read music. Published Gospel songs—and there are hundreds of them (usually sold for 25 cents)—are purchased as often as not for the words' sake, the notes on the staff above meaning nothing to untrained musicians. Their tunes are picked up from evangelists, traveling quartets, records, radio

programs like *The Gospel Train*, or their melodies just float through the air—as folk tunes do—and are taken up by thousands who never see the printed music. *Take My Hand, Precious Lord*, perhaps the most famous Gospel song ever written, may be sung differently from church to church, community to community, without any formal arrangements, the arrangements being in the creative hearts of each group of singers."

It is, however, a unique folk-music expression, for though it was born and bred among the largely illiterate, untrained singers and musicians of the Holiness and Sanctified churches in the early decades of the century, it has been, by and large, perpetuated by groups of professional singers occupying what might almost be considered "star" positions. Such contemporary groups as those of the Ward Singers, the Caravans, the Staple Singers, and the Gospel All-Stars, among scores of others, are merely carrying on in the tradition of Mitchell's Christian Singers and the Johnson Gospel Singers, two outfits that shaped the accepted group styles three decades ago.

These "leading" groups have been the molders of taste and have had widespread influence in dictating the singing styles employed by the untutored groups participating in church services on purely local levels. The music moves from the folk to the professional level and then is filtered back to the folk—in evolving, revivifying stream in which stasis is not tolerated.

The whole traditional concept of participative song has been changed by the widespread acceptance of the Gospel style, as Frederic Ramsey Jr. has accurately observed.

"In the older style of singing," he wrote, "the pastor or a leader lined out the words to a hymn or chant, and the whole congregation came in behind him. While this practice can still be found in some churches, it is already on the wane.

"And as it wanes, the 'performance' by the young Gospel group has absorbed some of its characteristics. First, there is always a 'leader' in the group. It is he who now assumes the role of liner-out or pastor; he exhorts his 'congregation' and elicits from them a singing response. The difference is that the 'congregation' consists of the rest of the singing group. The real congregation, the one that used to join in *all* the singing, sits silently and listens. Its emotional participation has become externalized; the leader and singers of the young Gospel group act out the old emotions and music, while the real congregation identifies with the performance."

Ramsey's provocative description of the Gospel approach is indeed an accurate one. What he outlines is, in effect, what occurs in any performance by a Gospel outfit, from the crudest, most "African" of rural groups to the most polished and sleek of the current crop of nationally known units. The idea in either instance is to "make a joyful noise unto the Lord."

WHETHER OR not the movement away from congregational participation will have an adverse effect upon Negro music remains to be seen. It would seem that this has not been the case, for the Gospel style—as any number of available recordings will bear eloquent testimony—is at the moment the most *alive* of all contemporary Afro-American musical forms. The very fact that it has not yet lost touch with the folk—as the instrumental form of jazz has largely done—thus should assume its continued vital growth.

The startling interrelationship of sacred and secular forms within the larger framework of Afro-American music cannot be too strongly stressed, for this interaction is in large measure responsible for the vigor and strength of Negro music in the United States. ■

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

The following LP recordings are recommended:

NEGRO CHURCH MUSIC, Atlantic 1351.

ANGOLA PRISON SPIRITUALS, Folk-Lyric LFS A-6.

NEGRO FOLK MUSIC OF ALABAMA—Vol. 2, Religious, Folkways FE 4418; Vol. 5, Spirituals, Folkways FE 4473.

MUSIC FROM THE SOUTH—Vol. 6, Elder Songsters, 1, Folkways FA 2655; Vol. 7, Elder Songsters, 2, Folkways FA 2656; Vol. 8, Young Songsters, Folkways FA 2657; Vol. 9, Song and Worship, Folkways FA 2658.

THE FISK JUBILEE SINGERS, Folkways FA 2372.

SPIRITUALS, Graham Jackson Choir, Westminster WP 6048.

URBAN HOLINESS SERVICE, Folkways FR 8901.

REVIVAL!, Audio Fidelity AFSD 5921.

GOSPEL SINGING IN WASHINGTON TEMPLE, Westminster WP 6089.

GOSPEL IN THE GREAT TRADITION, Classic Editions CE 5001.

GOSPEL TRAIN: Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Decca DL 8782.

THE GOSPEL TRUTH: Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Mercury SR 60080.

SONGS OF THE GOSPEL: Marie Knight, Mercury MG-20196.

THE STAPLE SINGERS: UNCLOUDY DAY, Vee Jay 5000; WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN, Vee Jay 5008.

PRAYER MEETING: Roberta Martin Singers, Apollo 487.

TOO CLOSE TO HEAVEN: Alex Bradford, Specialty 2108; ABYSSINIAN BAPTIST GOSPEL CHOIR, Columbia CS 8348.

Other recordings recommended are various ones by Mahalia Jackson, especially those on the Apollo label, and just about any material in the Savoy records' spiritual series, perhaps the finest catalog of Gospel music put together by a single label. It contains work by the Davis Sisters, Clara Ward and the Ward Singers, the Caravans, the Raymond Raspberry Singers, among others.

TRADITIONALISM: THE IMPERISHABLE ESTATE

By GILBERT ERSKINE

Fifteen years ago the jazz world was split in bitter controversy over the basic issues of what jazz was and where it was going. The argument touched all schools of jazz, but the central dispute had the forces of the new bop movement aligned against the partisans of traditional jazz. The pitch of the battle was such that at times and in a small way the emotional temper of the dialectics resembled those of the vicious, deadly religious upheavals of the 16th century in Europe.

Bop, according to the jazz purist, was an ugly cancer, the logical outcropping of the swing movement that already had weakened the vitality of traditional jazz. And to the adherents of bop, Bunk was bunk, and any interest in pre-swing jazz was a ludicrous retrogression. Traditional jazz, the argument ran, was necessary for the development of the forms that would give jazz the impetus to metamorphose into an art; but, in itself, it was nothing but a hollow shell, the crude incunabula of swing and bop.

And so it went. The controversy has subsided since then, and many of the unfortunate aspects of the rent it caused in jazz have been discussed by Albert McCarthy and other writers. But the event was not without good effects: capable writers in both camps brought their love and learning of jazz to the issue, and there were penetrating analyses written on all areas of jazz. And the jazz listener was prodded into listening to different kinds of jazz with critical ears, sharpened by the dispute.

The mouldy fig who had initially been repelled by the berets, goatees, and the elaborate put-on began to get an inkling of the fantastic talent of Charlie Parker and the new richness the boppers were bringing to the jazz language.

Supporters of modern jazz were discovering for themselves the staggering poetry of early Louis Armstrong, and through the fig leaves they began to comprehend essential

beauty and greatness in the recordings of King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band and Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers. With this reciprocal learning there was gained a respect and tolerance, and even if opinions remained, the dialectics disappeared.

The pedantic critics on both sides who had been bent on inventing theories that would show how the jazz of the other school was wrong or obsolete only came to see their judgment suffer amusing reversal. Different kinds of jazz continue to flourish; it is the theories that have proved wrong and obsolete. These inventions merely litter the junkyard of speculation on the spectrum of jazz history.

Today, consequently, traditional jazz is not only alive, but it has also a wider and more mature audience than it had 15 years ago. Listeners who before had been narrowly oriented in jazz now listen with new ears made more discerning by larger exposure. The healthy trend away from pedantry did not lessen regard for jazz heritage, but now there is less interest in whether a performance is "traditional," and more interest in what the jazzman has to say, and whether he is using everything at hand—tone, imagination, technique, and control—to the optimum benefit of his performance.

But what about this jazz heritage? What actual significance does traditional jazz have in the current jazz scene? And with the ranks of the men who formed and evolved traditional jazz thinning out, what future will the forms of traditional jazz have? Though these questions seem only to invite more dead speculation, I think there are several observations that can be made.

THE TERM traditional jazz refers broadly to preswing jazz. This would include the early big-band jazz of Fletcher Henderson, Bennie Moton, and Duke Ellington, but usually the term is restricted to the small-band jazz of the New Orleans and Chicago groups, the Harlem and boogie-woogie piano styles, blues, and the "Dixieland" styles of the groups centered around New York.

By 1930, these styles had jelled, but at this point jazz in America went into an eclipse in the depression.

Some of the jazzmen who had eked out a livelihood even during the golden years of the 1920s were now forced, like Johnny Dodds, into menial, nonmusical jobs. Others found refuge in the big sweet and commercial bands. The flow of the great hot records was reduced to a trickle, but some of the sides that were made, like Billy Banks' 1932 *Spider Crawl* with the excellent work of Red Allen and Pee Wee Russell, show that if jazz was mostly gone, it was not forgotten.

Up to this point jazz did not have a visible following. There were scattered individuals here and abroad who could discern something more than popular entertainment in jazz, but to the general public jazz still meant *Rhapsody in Blue* and Paul Whiteman.

Most of the rest was subjected to the jest and scorn of our dictators of culture, or to the indignation of some moralists who found in jazz the prime symptom of a decaying society. For years jazz was a handy target for magazine and newspaper writers looking for something to whip in public.

But with the unprecedented success of the swing bands in the mid-1930s there was a corresponding awakening of interest in jazz of the earlier era.

This was complimented by a similar movement in Europe. A few years earlier, U.S. jazz had come under the scrutiny of two excellent continental writers—Robert Goffin in Belgium and Hughes Panassie in France—and with the English translation of Panassie's *Le Jazz Hot*, the push to find out what had really happened in U.S. music was sparked into high gear.

Piecemeal the bits and scraps of information were fitted to the large picture. The jazz enthusiast was developing an educated ear and was able to ferret out significant bands and soloists after studying thousands of old records.

After much discussion and argument, these bands and soloists were identified with an accuracy that is still surprising. The flow of events that made up the true picture of jazz history was illuminated. The scope and shape of jazz that finally began to emerge from these labors was something far different from and far more vital than what could be gleaned from books and articles on jazz in the '20s.

This new interest in traditional jazz was a fortuitous event, and just in time, for the traditional-jazz men were then mostly a scattered, discouraged lot. Some, like Bud Freeman and Omer Simeon, found their way into the swing bands where they could still play jazz solos, but many were only playing part time or had retired from music altogether. Jimmy Harrison and Bix Beiderbecke were already dead, and Big Charlie Green was found frozen to death one winter morning on a Harlem doorstep.

U.S. hot clubs and jazz societies had begun joint enterprises for reissuing early jazz records, and now in these jubilant days of the early swing years there was activity started in making new records by traditional groups.

Since then, virtually every early jazzman thought significant who could and would play has been recorded. Not only were musicians who were active in recording in the golden years sought out—field units were sent to New Orleans and other points south to locate and record men who were little more than half-forgotten legends.

The results of all this activity did not always measure up to expectations. Many of the older musicians who had been inactive for years found that they suddenly had a chance to record and were put on wax without much chance for preparation. Even when it was obvious that names with the magic ring of legend could not compensate for weak lips, stiff fingers, and fuzzy memories, the records were issued and offered as examples of "real" jazz.

But out of this, too, came Tommy Ladnier's cornet, punching out the lead ensemble lines in the 1938 series with Mezz Mezzrow on Bluebird and the final haunting piano solos of Jelly Roll Morton.

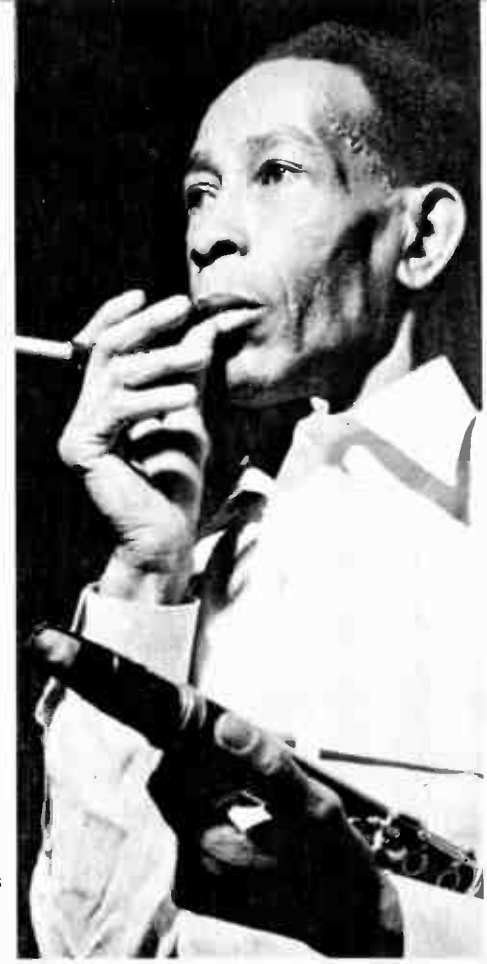
The clipped phrases of early New Orleans trumpet came alive again in Bunk Johnson's playing in the 1940s, and Baby Dodds' explosive drumming with various groups was giving more than just a hint of the background that kicked the front line of King Oliver's old Creole Jazz Band.

In a record like Eddie Condon's 1939 *Someday Sweetheart* on Decca there was a unity and cohesion that had never before been achieved by the Chicago-style groups, and the output of Muggsy Spanier's Ragtimers was showing a power and maturity that surprised everyone.

Some of the warmest and most imaginative of Sidney Bechet's playing was done in these years. By the mid-40's Bobby Hackett had captured on records the full stretch of the Beiderbecke influence and had even managed to squeeze an exquisitely patterned Bixlike solo into Glenn Miller's commercial hit, *String of Pearls*.

The homogeneity of traditional styles was demonstrated on many sides. A typical example, Condon's *Pretty Doll* (Commodore), had Fats Waller's Harlem piano joined with the New Orleans trombone of Georg Brunis, Marty Marsala's Chicago trumpet, and Pee Wee Russell's clarinet. The session was a romping, swinging success and another proof that the ability to play good jazz did not depend on race or geography.

New Orleans, the city that produced jazzmen who had achieved in their playing a passion, intensity, and vitality much sooner than anyone else, was continuing to turn out excellent musicians in the traditional stream.



GEORGE LEWIS

DON EWELL

GEORG BRUNIS

BUD FREEMAN

Right on the eve of the birth of bop, New Orleans musicians like Eddie Miller and Armand Hug were maturing, and the thick, fluid clarinet lines of Irving Fazola were impressing many writers and listeners. Later, Jim Robinson, Sharkey Bonano, Tom Brown, Willie Humphrey, Johnny Wiggs, George Lewis, Ray Burke, and Al Burbank began to reappear on the jazz scene, playing with cutting power and drive. And the grand, limpid clarinet style of Tio, Noone, and Rappolo that was handed down through Charlie Cordella and Fazola has found new flowering today in Pete Fountain's horn.

AT THE SAME TIME, King Oliver was going through his final ordeals before his death in Georgia in 1938, a group of musicians in California were trying to absorb in their playing the sound and spirit of Oliver's 1923 Creole Jazz Band. This was Lu Watters' Yerba Buena Jazz Band, and it was the first of the revivalist bands. The revivalists are generally described as "new" musicians who have gone directly and entirely to preswing jazz for the shaping of their styles.

Later, the groups of Bob Wilber in New York, Graeme Bell in Australia, and Claude Luter in France followed in these same tracks. In the past decade, these have been followed in turn by a horde of "trad" bands, most of which seem more interested in copying each other than in capturing the spirit of early jazz. The jazz writers who in past years had been yearning for the return of traditional-styled bands have had their wish, yet it is doubtful that many are happy with the event. The character of most of the new trad bands seems summed up in a recent picture in *Time*, which shows a British trad group, complete with funny hats, playing while half-submerged in a swimming pool.

Yet the revivalist movement has attracted some very good musicians. Don Ewell, Johnny Windhurst, Dick Wellstood, Doc Evans, and Bob Wilber are only a few of those who have had talent enough to assimilate some of the traditional spirit, and have been honest and flexible enough not to let the idea dominate them and stifle their growth. While most revivalists are content with playing the same old tunes in the same tired way year after year, these men have used the traditional spirit as a tool, a base for their own expression. This is in the best jazz tradition. And this is a large part of the significance that traditional jazz has today. The best achievements in traditional jazz since it's reemergence in the jazz stream have been by those who have been constantly striving to make their instruments speak the way they should. This is why jazzmen such as Al Burbank, Jimmy McPartland, Art Hodes, and Bud Freeman, who are utilizing the legacy of an early tradition, are playing better now than they ever have. This is why Pee Wee Russell, rasping "wrong" notes and all, speaks with the timeless voice of jazz, while other clarinetists with more flawless techniques are slipping smoothly into oblivion.

At a time when a host of talented new jazzmen are developing, these traditionalists serve as a powerful reminder that jazz has a vital heritage much older than Charlie Parker; that if dissonance and the substitute chord did not appear until after the collation at Minton's, heart and imagination occurred much earlier.

The traditional forms of jazz that we know today may pass partially or entirely, as impediments, from the jazz language. But it does not take great intelligence or perception to say that jazzmen and the jazz audience a hundred years hence will be warmed by the same fire that burned an image on the consciousness of men across several continents.

A writer recently described the thread of literary tradition as "an imperishable estate," meaning, of course, that there was a sequence of literature over the centuries that should be taken to heart because it was alive, vital, and necessary. Jazz has a shorter history, but the description would apply just as aptly. ■

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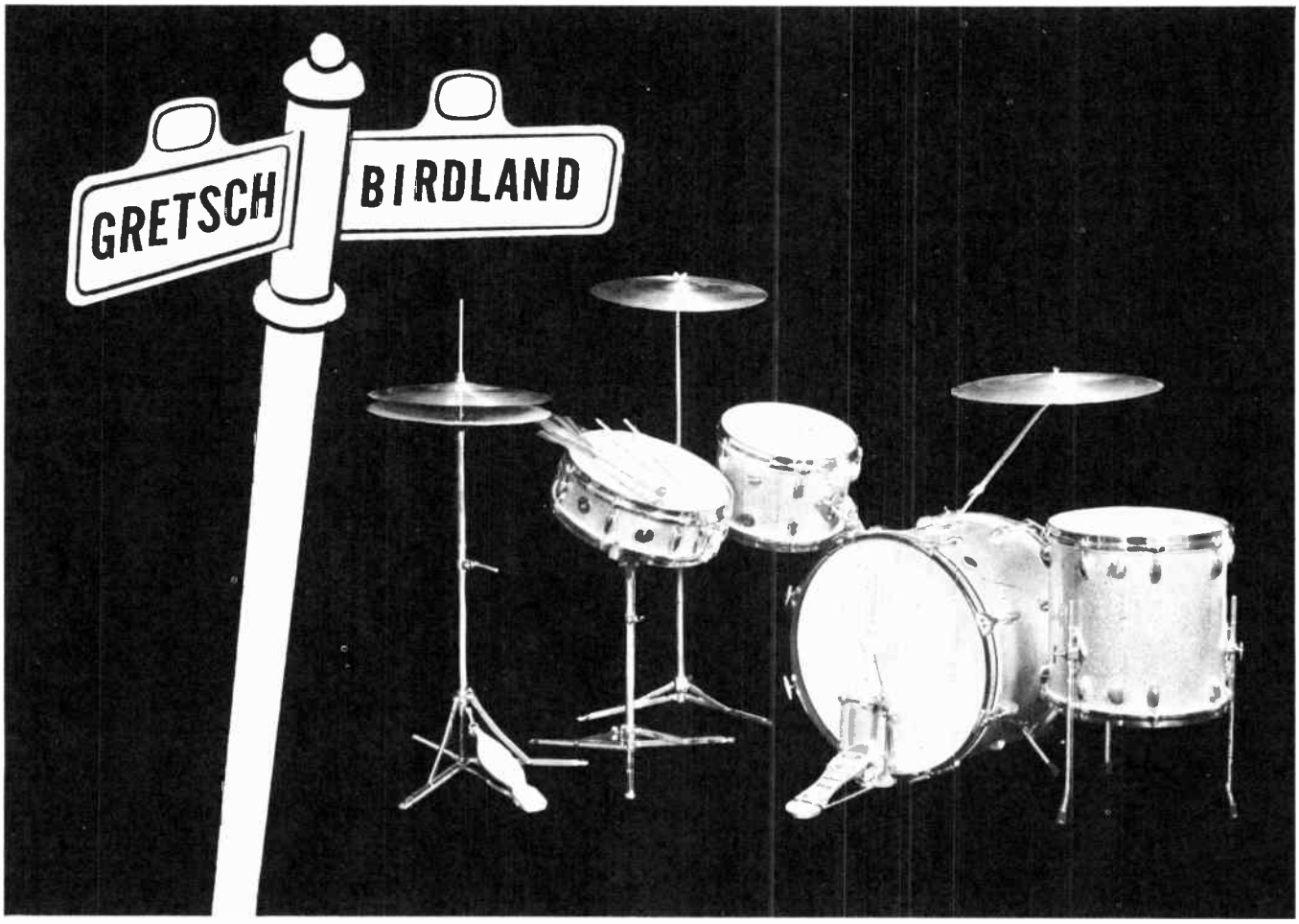

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THE STRONG & VIGOROUS MAINSTREAM

By JOHN S. WILSON

WHEN STANLEY DANCE first applied the term "mainstream" to a number of jazz musicians, he was not so much concerned with defining an area of jazz as with giving these musicians some helpful identity. At a time when a musician could not expect to have any standing if he did not fit snugly into some generally recognized school, the musicians whose cause critic Dance espoused were the dispossessed of jazz.

If a man were modern, progressive, or traditional, if he were Dixielandish or outlandish, he was a recognizable part of jazz in the 1950s.

But what of such men as Buddy Tate, Buck Clayton, Hilton Jefferson, or even Earl Hines? They were still playing, or were capable of playing, in the '50s if the opportunity offered. Yet the fact that they could not be plucked out a convenient pigeonhole seemed to destine them to oblivion or to reluctant membership in a recognized but inappropriate school, usually Dixieland.

To the logical mind of Dance, the solution was simple: if these men were suffering because they did not belong to a school, then the thing to do was to start one. Thus, he hailed them as mainstream musicians.

Surprisingly enough, it worked—at least, to a certain extent. Once a convenient handle was made available, people were inclined to talk knowingly about mainstreamers, meaning initially the musicians Dance had in mind and others like them who had arrived in the '30s and '40s, and had been neglected in the '50s. And the talk produced some recognition in the form of occasional jobs and such recordings as the Prestige Swingville series.

But Dance's helpful handle soon went beyond its original purpose. Other minds as logical as Dance's reasoned that a term as admirably imposing as mainstream must identify a style, a period, or some general area of jazz. It could not, these minds reasoned, be limited to those whom Dance would succor. So, once having been planted in jazz, mainstream gradually has come to mean what its two syllables obviously mean that it should mean: a catch-all category that gives haven to almost anyone who is neither an exponent of alarmingly new ideas nor an unreconstructed conservative holding to a way of jazz that has worn out its creative resources.

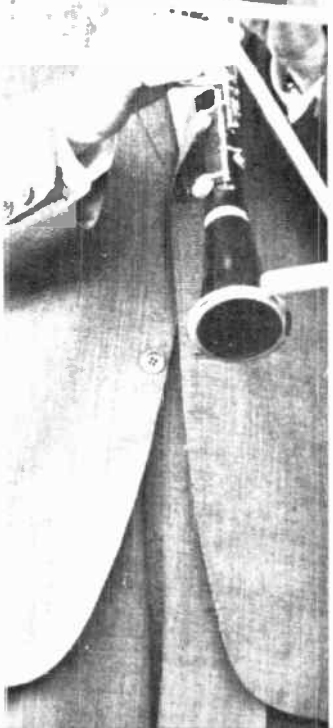
Today the bulk of the mainstreamers in jazz are refugees from the big bands of the '30s and '40s. They have coped with the later, non-big-band years with varying degrees of success and on varying levels of adjustment.

There are a few—a very few—who exemplify the primary strength of the mainstream position: the exercise of a lively curiosity over a strongly rooted foundation that enables them to stay au courant without losing their own identity.

The most remarkable of these hard-core mainstreamers is Coleman Hawkins, whose playing, at 58, continues to glow with the bright, burning flame that it had 35 years ago when he was with Fletcher Henderson's band. The most noticeable difference today is that he projects even more heat with a less flamboyant flame.

From the time in the middle '20s, when he abandoned slap tonguing as an exercise in hotness, Hawkins' swaggeringly masculine attack has remained readily identifiable even though it has gone through several stages of refinement along the way. The emotionally powerful tenor that bursts out of the Fletcher Henderson recordings of the late '20s is a lustily youthful counterpart to the more clearly directed autumnal passion in the solos he recorded last February with Abbey Lincoln on the Candid label.

During all these years, Hawkins has made no conscious effort to change or to keep up with the time. Whatever he played has been a reflection of what he felt at the time.



"I always play the way I feel," he said recently. "It can be this sort of mood or that sort of mood. But I'm not interested in trying to please other musicians. I just want to please myself . . . and the public, too."

Of all those who fall into the mainstream category, the only musician who has been as successful as Hawkins in maintaining a strongly individual musical personality while constantly expanding his horizons is Duke Ellington. But where Hawkins works solely as a tenor saxophonist and rises or falls entirely on what he does with his horn, the numerous facets of Ellington's talent have been helpful in keeping him musically in balance.

If Ellington's creative resources as a composer have not been as rewardingly productive during the last decade as they were in earlier years, his increasingly venturesome work as a pianist has kept him moving musically. And certainly the way in which he has sustained the idiomatically Ellingtonian quality of his band, particularly in those years since the war when he no longer had with him many of the sidemen who had contributed some part of themselves to that quality, has been a remarkable affirmation of the saw that Ellington's instrument is his orchestra—an instrument on which he continues to play with tremendous relish.

An inseparable part of the maintenance of the Ellington standards is, of course, the unfailing work of those two vintage Ellingtonians, Johnny Hodges and Harry Carney.

Hodges may not be inclined (or may not be given the opportunity) to show off the roaring drive that could be heard in his earlier work (and one can only regret that he has given up the soprano saxophone), but the limber beauty of his tone has acquired a wonderfully weathered patina. As for Carney, he remains in Ellington's phrase "beyond category" on both baritone saxophone and bass clarinet. The astounding force with which he leads the saxophones and, in fact, the whole band is a crucial factor in maintaining that vitality that is so essential to the band's Ellingtonianness.

There are other mainstreamers who have survived the postwar years successfully, although not with the broadening effects that are noticeable in Hawkins and Ellington.

Red Norvo always seemed a little avant garde in the '30s despite his seeming efforts to be one of the swing boys (to some extent this was caused by his insistence on using as outlandish an instrument as the xylophone). But, like Hawkins, he was sympathetic to the jazz adventurers of the bop era without being so influenced that he abandoned his own carefully cultivated approach. He had no trouble settling comfortably into the jazz scene of the '50s.

Milt Hinton, who was playing bass with Eddie South 30 years ago and was helping Dizzy Gillespie work out his new ideas between shows on the roof of the Cotton Club 20 years ago, has absorbed such a wide range of experience that he is, possibly, the most completely centered of all mainstream musicians. He is at home—and in demand—not only within the full range encompassed by mainstream but he also splashes enthusiastically over onto both sides—he has recorded with Paul Barbarin and with George Russell and has worked with Jimmy McPartland at the Metropole, with Benny Goodman at Basin Street, and with Hal McKusick in concert. His only real rival in versatility of this sort is the essentially modernist bassist, Ahmed Abdul-Malik, who has backed both Dick Wellstood and Thelonious Monk and has given concerts of Oriental music on the oud.

One of the most remarkable fish caught in the mainstream net is Pee Wee Russell. During the days when most of the others now classified as mainstreamers were flourishing in big hands, Russell worked the relatively limited small-group field. And, things being what they were then, that meant that he was usually in Dixieland or pseudo-Dixie surroundings.

But, as Russell has frequently protested in recent years, he is not now and never has been a Dixielander. Certainly the strange collection of squawks, squeaks, and marbled moans from which he builds his solos have little relationship to Dixieland. Yet, lacking any other means of identification, he was lumped with the Dixielanders until, in the last few years, it has begun to be evident that the problem lay with the times, that jazz was just catching up to him in the '50s and that Pee Wee had done a remarkable thing: in the '30s and '40s he had managed to be both avant garde and popular.

"For 30 years I've been listening to him play those funny notes," Coleman Hawkins said after a recent record session with Russell. "He used to think they were wrong, but they weren't. He's always been 'way out, but they didn't have a name for it then."

Russell could not really be said to have flowered in the '50s—he'd been in blossom for a long time before that—but he did have to wait until then to achieve some measure of appreciative understanding.

For Budd Johnson, who had had little public recognition during the '30s and '40s and early '50s, despite his years as Earl Hines' right-hand man, his contributions to the Billy Eckstine Band and later to a Benny Goodman Band, the '60s finally brought the attention that had so frequently been denied him. First as a featured soloist with Gil Evans' short-lived band in 1960 and then with Count Basie in 1961, Johnson's surging, full-toned work on tenor saxophone and his equally full-bodied but un-Bechet-like attack on soprano saxophone were put in settings in which they shone as never before.

The decade of the '50s also brought a resurgence of appreciation for the vast and moving powers of Ben Webster's tenor saxophone.

Although Webster was something of an outcast during the late '40s and early '50s when the heavy, Hawkins-derived style of saxophone that was Webster's was out of fashion, the opportunities to record that he received from Norman Granz (who kept the names of numerous mainstreamers in circulation on his Clef, Norgran, and Verve records at a time when nobody else would even give them the time of day) enabled him to build a new and broader following in the '50s than he had had even in his rousing rising days in the '30s and '40s.

This latter-day Webster has been more given to ballads than he was before, more inclined to milk a tune for its romanticism. But at the same time the formidable power that laced through his earlier work still lies just below the suave surface of these performances and gives them a clean-cut impact that keeps the lines firm and pliant.

ONCE YOU get past these men, however, the portrait of the mainstreamer in today's jazz grows steadily darker and darker.

Not that some of them aren't making out very well financially. Jonah Jones, for instance, has created a bread-lined haven for weary mainstream trumpeters as the result of his success with mute and shuffle rhythm. The fact that he and his followers play a very diluted form of jazz that is far below their current potential may be regreted, but in view of the years and years and years of dues that have been paid by Jones, by Cootie Williams, by Bobby Hackett, and others who are following the formula, it is unrealistic to quibble about the direction in which they are going musically. Particularly so when one considers that the alternative could well be playing something even less worthy for far less money.

For Jones and Williams, for pianists such as Joe Bushkin

and Eddie Heywood, the soft-lights-and-sweet-music league has proved itself as means of continuing to make a good living with music.

Many mainstreamers have made another and not quite as lucrative compromise by helping to fill the apparent yen of a large segment of the public for Dixieland even though they were never Dixielanders until necessity drove them to it.

Some of these musicians, happily, vitalize the Dixieland scene by the strength of their musical personalities. Red Allen's roaring boisterousness was riding roughshod through the Dixieland repertory for years until he recently tried tempering his exuberance to reap the rewards available to those following Jonah Jones' lead. Buck Clayton's horn has given Dixieland a suaveness it never knew before, and Vic Dickenson has contributed his blowsy humor to it.

But the talents of these men are being wasted on tired repetitions of overdone tunes.

Why should a pianist like Earl Hines hide his still brilliant skills on tunes for which he has no real sympathy? Or the soaring fervor of Edmond Hall's clarinet be used to breathe a little fire into trivial things not worthy of his attention? Think of the pungent brillance of Sidney DeParis all but buried in the heavy, wooden atmosphere of brother Wilbur's band. If, as has been reported, Barney Bigard had to get Albert Nicholas to teach him how to play Dixieland before he joined Louis Armstrong's All-Stars in the 1940s, it was a misfortune all around. Bigard quickly settled into a set of deadly clichés with Armstrong's group, and he is now apparently so trapped by them that he can never approach the brilliantly singing style that he used all through his many years with Duke Ellington. A steady diet of Dixieland does not seem to have damaged Jack Teagarden, but he is no more a Dixieland musician than is Buck Clayton.

For still others, the lure of Dixieland has not prevailed. Some mainstreamers have managed to hang on while maintaining their natural musical personalities although, unlike a Coleman Hawkins, their playing has changed scarcely a whit in the last 20 years despite all the changes that have gone on around them in jazz.

Teddy Wilson may have broadened his repertoire to include tunes associated with postwar jazz, but his playing remains undeviatingly and unmistakeably Wilsonian.

Similarly, Roy Eldridge's trumpet bristles and crackles with the electricity that has been typical of his playing since the mid-'30s, and Harry Edison is still capable of playing crisp, biting solos when he can forget the repeated, smeary blurts that he was trying to use as a style for a while.

Buddy Tate's tenor is full of surging, vital juices, but his weekend gigs at the Celebrity Club in Harlem, which have served as his regular sounding board for almost a decade, do little to spread his fame as it should be spread.

On a more lucrative level, Count Basie, Gene Krupa, and Harry James can also be counted among the mainstreamers who are hanging on, who have settled on a plateau of performance and stayed there.

One of the oddities among those who have hung on successfully is Woody Herman, who, at best, was never an outstanding clarinetist (although he showed he could be a good alto man in the early '50s). His clarinet playing was a serviceable asset to his early "Band That Plays the Blues," but when he stood in front of his power-packed Herds in the '40s, he suddenly sounded thin and limited. Yet with scarcely any change in style, he is now beginning to sound like an appropriate part of the current musical scene once more—which should be a hopeful sign for mainstreamers in general.

But along with this group of men who are making out without distorting their musical personalities, there are innumerable others who have less and less opportunity to express themselves adequately.

This would include such top-drawer men as Harold Baker, Bud Freeman, Jess Stacy, and Hilton Jefferson. Illinois Jacquet, who could always play well if he wanted to, got caught in the trap of exhibitionism that he set for himself, but he ought to be allowed to climb out of it now. Herman Autrey, who brought so much of the bubbling joy to Fats Waller's performances, is still a pungent and moving trumpeter if anybody is willing to listen.

Benny Carter, of course, has become more of a behind-the-scenes man than a performer, but his occasional appearances show that his peerless attack, the beautiful, clean lines, and the disciplined imagination are still there on call. Willie Smith's sinecure with Harry James' band has put him, in practical terms, on a part-time jazz basis. Billy Butterfield has done much the same thing by retiring to Virginia and, when he records, aiming more for the mood audience than the jazz audience.

Others have given up entirely. For example, Claude Jones, one of the least appreciated of the major trombonists of the big-band era, is a steward on a trans-Atlantic liner, thereby becoming what might be designated as a partial expatriate, a step that has been completed by a good many mainstreamers.

The tradition of the expatriate jazz musician was firmly established in the '30s when Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, and Bill Coleman headed a notable array of jazzmen who made their homes in Europe. It is reasonable to suppose that if World War II had not occurred, they might have stayed on indefinitely. Coleman, in fact, long ago went back to Europe and has now spent much more of his career there than he has in this country.

For Lucky Thompson, who is essentially a mainstreamer tenorist, even though he arrived later than most of the others, Europe has provided some solution to his problems as a musician and as a human being. And, of course, when Artie Shaw made the last of his series of exits from jazz, he too headed for Europe.

FRUSTRATION HAS been the lot of many of those who are now classified as mainstreamers—frustration because of a lack of opportunity to play or, in some cases, to play in the way that they would prefer to play. Fate seems to have reserved a special form of frustration for the man who might be considered to be at the very heart of the mainstream group—Benny Goodman.

Goodman has no difficulty in finding an audience today or, presumably, is he prevented from playing whatever he would like to play. His problem is quite different: a cumulative drying-up process that started about 20 years ago when he was still in his early 30s. His creativity seemed to stop at that point. Since then he has spent most of his time going over his past again and again and again, losing a little bit more of it each time around, until his performances are now almost a caricature of what they once were.

It is one of the wry ironies of jazz today that Sol Yaged, who has devoted his life to an attempt to be Benny Goodman, has been more faithful to the essential Goodman flair than Goodman himself has been, for Yaged now appears to be more capable of projecting a recognizable vintage Goodman performance than is the erstwhile King of Swing.

To have something to say and no opportunity to say it is obviously frustrating. But how much more frustrating to go on year after year standing before a vast audience and trying to remember something you said years ago that has eluded you ever since. ■

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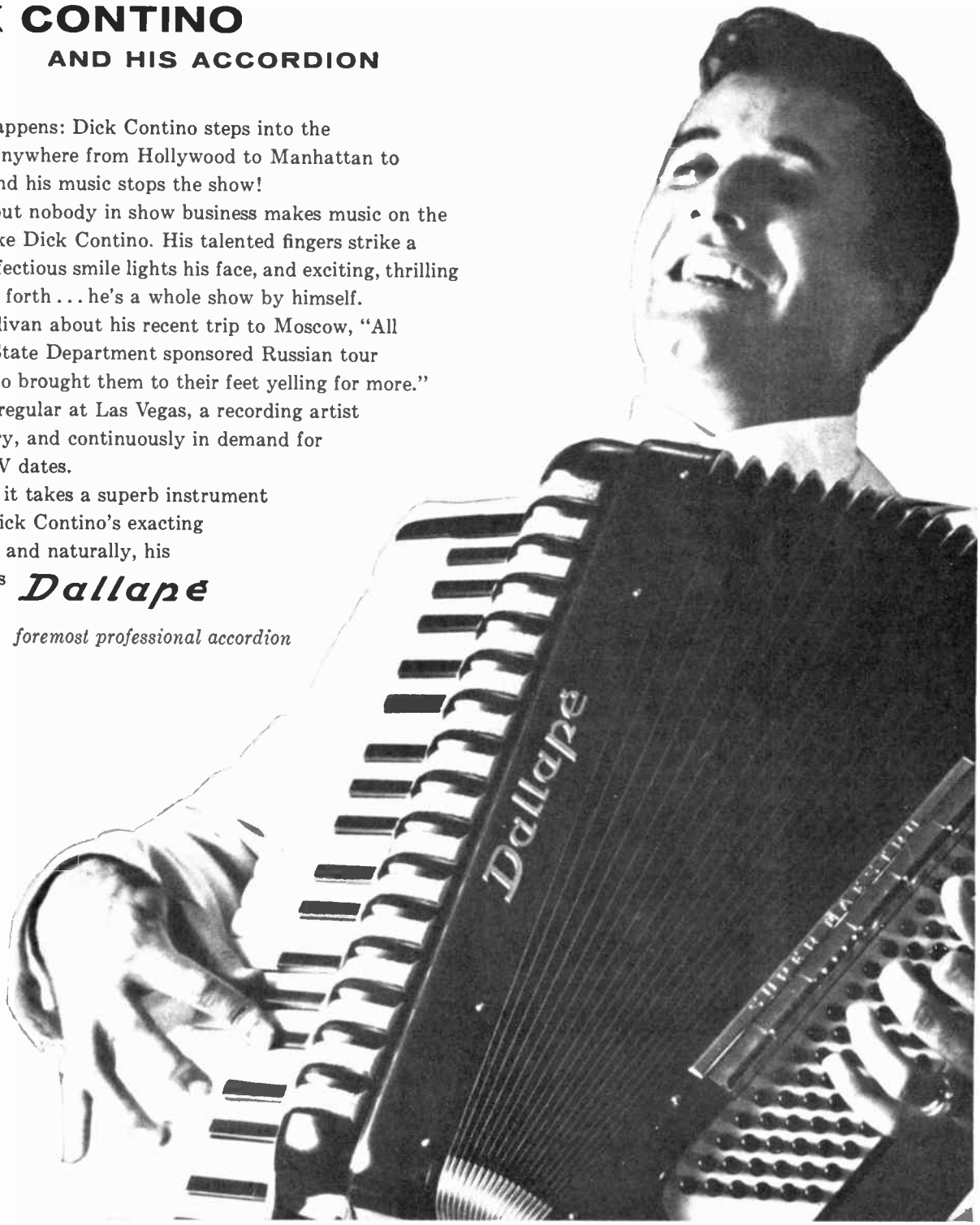

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A DISCUSSION JAZZ

WEST COAST

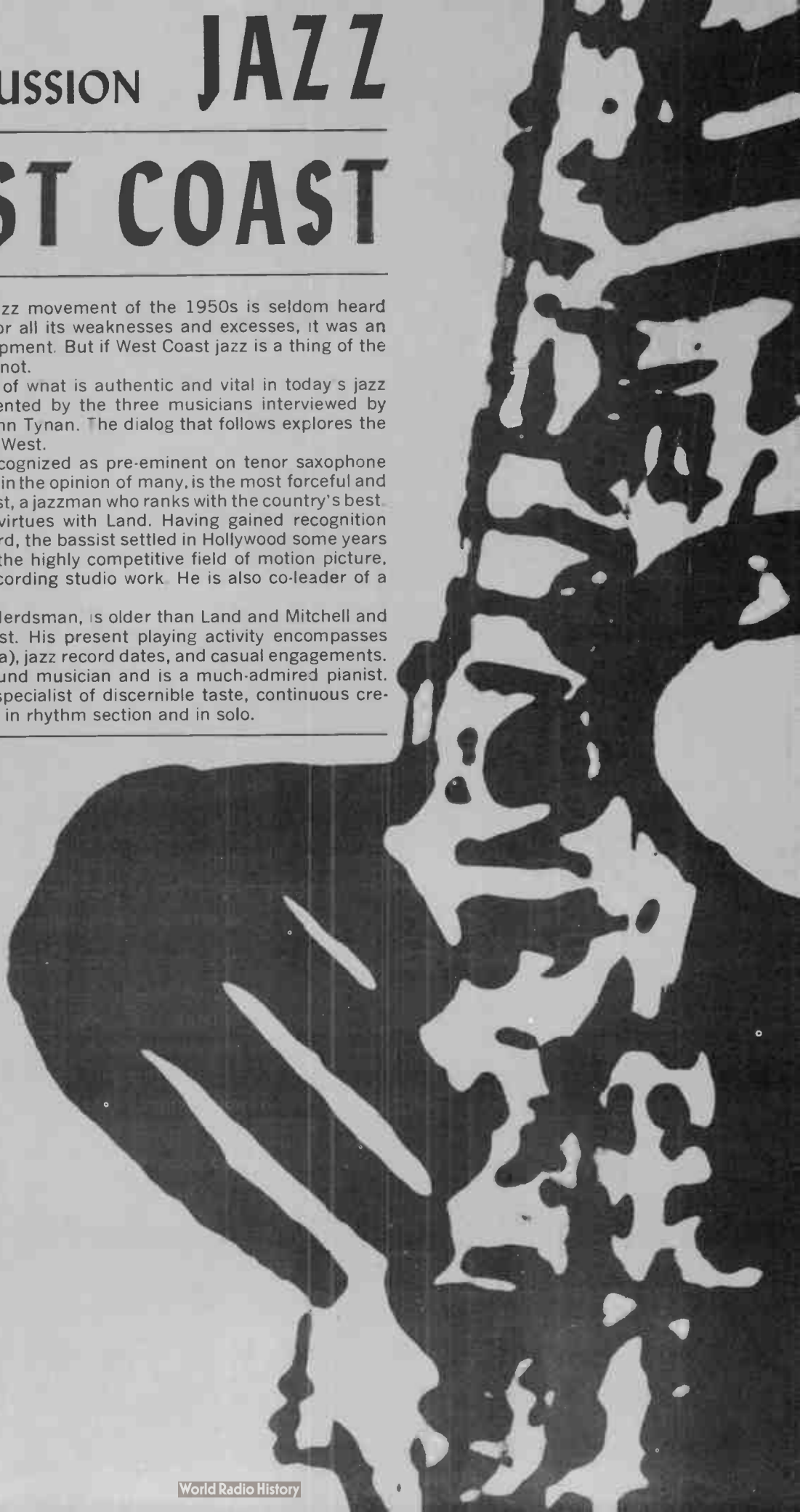
The so-called West Coast jazz movement of the 1950s is seldom heard from or about anymore. Yet, for all its weaknesses and excesses, it was an important phase of jazz development. But if West Coast jazz is a thing of the past, jazz on the West Coast is not.

An admirable cross section of what is authentic and vital in today's jazz activity in California is represented by the three musicians interviewed by **Down Beat** Associate Editor John Tynan. The dialog that follows explores the past and present of jazz in the West.

Harold Land is generally recognized as pre-eminent on tenor saxophone in the contemporary idiom and, in the opinion of many, is the most forceful and creative jazz tenorist on the coast, a jazzman who ranks with the country's best.

Red Mitchell shares those virtues with Land. Having gained recognition with Woody Herman's Third Herd, the bassist settled in Hollywood some years ago. He now is established in the highly competitive field of motion picture, television, and phonograph recording studio work. He is also co-leader of a jazz quintet with Land.

Jimmy Rowles, another ex-Herdsman, is older than Land and Mitchell and longer established on the coast. His present playing activity encompasses studio work (NBC staff orchestra), jazz record dates, and casual engagements. He is recognized as an all-around musician and is a much-admired pianist. Additionally, Rowles is a jazz specialist of discernible taste, continuous creativity, and a driving style both in rhythm section and in solo.



Tynan: Is the jazz scene on the West Coast better today in terms of (a) employment for musicians and (b) in terms of jazz playing and jazz advance being made here on the coast than it was, say, five years ago?

Land: I would say that actually it isn't as far as work is concerned, playing nightly in a club. I would say it was better five years ago.

Tynan: You mean there were more jazz clubs five years ago?

Land: It seems to me that there were more jazz clubs five years ago, if memory serves me correctly.

Tynan: What about the quality of the music itself? Earlier, I think the so-called West Coast wave reached its peak with all the recording being done by Les Koenig and Dick Bock of Jack Montrose, Shelly Manne, and Giuffre, and so forth, but what about the actual quality of the music produced now as contrasted with five years ago?

Land: Personally, I don't think that you can categorize when the best things were being recorded if you're speaking in reference to recording.

Tynan: Just in general, whether in the clubs, on the scene generally or in the recording studios. I know that there were musicians 10 or 12 years ago who were just swinging their heads off, but they weren't being recorded. Frank Morgan is a good example.

Land: Many, many more examples of names that are not as familiar as Frank Morgan's is.

Tynan: Who are some of these?

Land: Well, I could name a trumpet player by the name of Jimmy Robinson, a baritone player by the name of Bobby Taylor, just as two examples. They never had the opportunity to record. [Note: Robinson may be heard on a 1956 album with Dexter Gordon on the Dootone label.]

Tynan: Why don't you think the opportunity was present at the time?

Land: Well, I would say that the record companies really weren't looking for, say, talent in the sense of creative jazz talent. They were more concerned about something that they had a sure thing with, as far as commercial value is concerned.

Mitchell: As to that, I could add something. I think the record companies now, due to the slump in record sales since five years ago, are even more interested in a sure thing than they were then. I think there was probably more speculation going on then than there is now. I'm not really a gambler; I don't think you're supposed to spend your life speculating, but I do think that the jazz companies – the jazz record companies both here and in New York – have missed an awful lot of bets, due to the fact that some of the fellows in charge of hiring the guys did not really hear – and still don't – the difference between someone who's saying something and someone who isn't.

Land: The best example I could give of that, speaking in reference to the period you're talking about, was Carl Perkins, who, as far as I know, only recorded one album under his own name. And he lived here. If you can think of a better example of talent that should have been heard the world over, why . . .

Rowles: That's for sure.

Land: That's the best example I can think of. He never really was presented, and now, needless to say, it's too late.

Rowles: James Clay was around here for a long time, too.

Land: There's another. He *did* record some. I think Red . . .

Mitchell: We had a quartet . . . And he did another album which was very good, probably never sold, but a very good album with Lawrence Marable.

Tynan: On the Jazz: West label.

Mitchell: Yes. And that was about it until recently. He's done a few, not under ideal circumstances, things that he wasn't happy with himself. But he was here . . . he was here for the asking.

Tynan: Jimmy, you've been on the coast since what year?

Rowles: I came here in 1940.

Tynan: Taking things back for, let's say, the past five years, what would you say from your standpoint that the changes are – for better or worse – that have occurred?

Rowles: I like it better in one way. I know that the working conditions are probably not any better. I agree with Harold on that. But, for one thing, they seem to be bringing more of the players from back east who we've all wanted to hear. If the clubowners just let us all know, make it a little more obvious, let us all know they're here, we could get to hear some of 'em.

Tynan: This would seem to bring us onto the subject of clubowners in general, then. May I throw an open question? What about the jazz clubowner per se on the coast today?

Rowles: None of 'em will have their pianos fixed. It's the last thing they'll think of. They'll remodel the whole club, and they won't touch the piano. And yet they'll scream about the music and all that; yet they have the worst pianos you can possibly find.

Mitchell: That's true in most cases. There are only a couple of places where they're conscientious about their pianos. I'll say one thing: I think the clubowners have gotten a little hipper in one way. It seems like five years ago when they did bring a big-name jazz group from the east, they hit the customers with such ridiculous demands. I think that's the basic reason why a lot of the clubs changed hands so often and went out of business.

Tynan: You mean high door admissions, minimums, drink hustling by the waitresses, and so on?

Mitchell: The whole thing. Minimums-per-sets, cover charges, real steep admissions and so on. I think they've learned in the meantime. It might be just that the groups are asking less, but I doubt that. I don't really know. Do you think that's what it is, Harold?

Land: I wouldn't say for sure because I don't know, but I'd be more inclined to feel that that might be the reason. There's one thing I would like to add in reference to the clubowners: there's one clubowner in Los Angeles that I hold in high esteem due to the fact that over a period of one or two years he had jazz going nightly in a little club that to many people in Los Angeles was an obscure, off-the-scene spot. But the people who were really looking for jazz knew they could find it there. They knew that this was the place. This is an individual by the name of Larry Hearn. The club was the little Club La Chris.

He's the only clubowner I know who kept jazz groups consistently over a long period of time. I believe if other clubowners in town with much better locations than his, as far as where the spot is centered, had followed suit with what he was putting down, the whole scene in general for the jazz musician in Los Angeles might be different by now.

Mitchell: As musicians talking about clubowners, we're almost in the same position as a music critic talking about musicians. In other words, we're not clubowners. We're not faced with the daily problems that they're faced with, so we have to give them some leeway. I think in some cases their interest in jazz is as sincere as you can expect from someone who is not a jazz musician himself. It's like a music critic talking about a musician. The music critic can be very objective in a lot of ways in talking about a musician. But not having to face the same problems – let alone the economic problems – just the playing problems . . .

Land: Look at this this way: in point-

RED MITCHELL: "It *is* possible at your peak playing to get yourself into that state of mind where there's only one reality."

ing out the individual I pointed out (Larry Hearn), I would say that he was very successful business-wise because he set a standard of jazz every night of the week, Sunday afternoon matinees. People knew that they could find jazz there every night. It's my belief that if more clubowners followed this same pattern, the result would be more jazz enthusiasm in the area of Los Angles.

Tynan: Doesn't this raise this question: If a jazz club operator is to operate successfully a club that features jazz regularly, can he make it with local — "local" being jazz musicians who live here, who make the major portion of their living here — or must he shop for so-called eastern talent, Birdland talent, New York talent?

Rowles: I definitely *do* think a clubowner can make it with local musicians. But he's got to work with a jazz musician who knows what and who to bring in, and he should consult with him on how to run the music presentation in the club. Also, it takes time and he must give it a fair chance.

Now you asked me how long I'd been here. I can remember in 1940 and '41. Walking down Vine St. any night in the week, there were about three clubs between Hollywood and Sunset boulevards where you could walk in, buy a drink and listen to Leo Watson, Teddy Bunn, and different cats. The guys from Ellington's band would be in there. Up the street, Doctsie Williams had a thing going and it was *alive*, you know? Down on Eighth St. they had a lot of things going on. Tatum and Nat Cole Trio. It was live. It was close. It was different.

Tynan: What happened to the clubs here, to the jazz scene? Television?

Mitchell: I think LPs probably have more to do with it than television. When you fly a quintet from New York to Los Angeles for two weeks, your plane fares alone are ridiculous. When it's really an all-star group, and the guys have families, the leader has to pay them some money when they leave New York. By the time you count up what it costs the leader just to come out here for a couple of weeks, and you count up what it costs the clubowner to hire 'em and run the club, and then what it costs the customer to come for an evening, the customer can end up with two or three LPs for the price of that evening—at least . . . . And have something he can play over and over. The acoustics are probably better, the sound is better, the performances are picked. I'm not against progress: I dig LPs; I have a lot of them myself. But I think, in a way, we're competing with ourselves.

Tynan: You mean maybe you're automating yourselves out of business, if I may use so crass a term as "business"?

Mitchell: No, not *out* of business, because there's still nothing that beats the live performance.

Land: I don't think that anything could stand in the way of people actually enjoying *live* jazz if it's presented creatively.

Rowles: I'd like to make a confession. I've fallen into kind of an apathy because I'm halfway in the middle. I do an occasional jazz job, but I don't make my living mainly playing jazz. I wish I could. But I goof several times when groups come to town that I would just love to hear. And there's things where local guys have played, and I have never gone down. It's just apathy. It slips my mind, and I play records at home and things like that. I have no excuse—and yet I wish somebody would call me up more often and say, "Get off your you-know and go, because he's

here!" And maybe I'd go. But evidently I need a push. I have the records at home, and maybe that's the scene with a lot of people.

Land: I think it's more in comparison with what you were saying before. At one time it was jazz clubs within a very close radius competing with one another. So you knew when you went out, you'd hear three or four different groups without having to go from one end of town to the other. Now when you go out, it's a one-shot thing. And so you say to yourself, "Is it really worth it?"

Mitchell: I have a little private theory I call the "street principle." I was at one time real interested in engineering and was going to become an engineer. In New York there's a street named Cordtland St., which is *the* street. The engineers call it The Street. For two blocks there's nothing but radio and electronic supply stores, all cutting each other's throats but all doing good business.

Musicians referred to 52nd St. as The Street. Now a good jazz group working anywhere but on The Street probably wouldn't do as much business. So anytime people used to think of jazz, they used to think of 52nd St. One of the things that's against us here is the layout of Los Angeles. There's such a huge physical distance between clubs that to go out and hear three or four groups during the night is practically out of the question.

Rowles: I got out of the Army in 1946, and I went back to New York to go to work. The first night I was in town, I went on The Street. The very first club I walked into, there were about three people sitting at the bar, and clear at the end of the long room—I forget which one it was—there's Don Byas and three rhythm playing to an empty room. That must have been about the time when The Street started to collapse. All the places turned into strip joints. But you can imagine walking in, and here's this guy playing *beautiful* and about three customers talking to the bartender and an empty night club.

Tynan: But this was New York in 1946, before the LP, before television. What happened? Today in L.A. we have substantially the same situation. What happened in Los Angeles?

Rowles: Could it be that the people get used to hearing the same players? If they were to transplant all those musicians to another part of the country and take all these people and put them back there, maybe they'd come to hear them.

Mitchell: Some people ascribe this to an attitude. For instance, clubowners especially have a tendency to blame the whole thing on musician's attitudes.

Tynan: What do they mean?

Mitchell: Especially during the so-called cool era, when it was hip to turn your back on the audience, clubowners put musicians down pretty hard because they didn't have the attitude of trying to please the customers. But you've got to rule that out. It doesn't mean anything because . . . Miles Davis. This is the perfect example of a guy whose whole "shtick" is fluffing off the audience. It works. He's the biggest name we have around today.

Tynan: We're faced with many problems on the West Coast. Jazz musicians are faced with, No. 1, the basic necessity of making a living, of feeding themselves and their families. The fact of the matter is that in Hollywood today there is not one jazz club in the strict sense of the word that sells hard liquor. We have Shelly's Manne Hole—beer and wine; we have the Renaissance—beer and wine.

What, if any, significance do you attribute to this phenomenon—if it is a phenomenon—the demise of the whisky joints, the hard-liquor joints, the traditional jazz joints where people come in and get loaded and bug the musicians and so on? What does this mean to you in terms of the jazz situation in Los Angeles generally and in Hollywood in particular?

Land: It would be hard for me to pinpoint the cause or the reason for the situation being as it is. Actually it just means that the average clubowner is afraid to have just jazz in his club.

Tynan: You mean he wants something else; he wants something more "invigorating"—like strippers, girlies, or what?

Land: I'm afraid so. He's afraid he might not have enough jazz enthusiasm from his general run of patrons to keep his head above water. I believe he's wrong.

Tynan: In other words, you feel that the audience is there; that they will come out and they will hear jazz . . . ?

Land: *If* they know it's going to be there over a period of time where they can come back, I really believe they would support it.

Tynan: Yet we have the situation today where there isn't one club in downtown L.A., downtown Hollywood, or Beverly Hills that is a hard-liquor establishment featuring jazz regularly. Why do you think this is?

Land: I think someone set the precedent of putting sex in the hard-liquor clubs rather than jazz. And if you put enough sex in enough clubs, I would think jazz has a hard way to go.

Rowles: They're more apt to go to the inconvenience of parking their cars six blocks away to go see sex than to go . . .

Mitchell: To go see jazz. Yeah. It all gets down to human beings. I think that's the answer.

Rowles: I kinda think convenience has an awful lot to do with it. Now you stop to think of the different clubs here. Not that I'm lazy, but a guy likes to drive up and have a parking place close instead of shopping around for eight or 10 blocks.

Tynan: Yet Shelly has jazz seven nights a week, right?

Mitchell: When we get down to talking about sex-vs.-music, all we're talking about is the basic fact that human beings desire sex more than they desire music. We're basically animals, and we always will be . . .

Tynan: Instead of saying we're interested in sex generically, should we say perhaps that many of the potential audience, that is those who would and should come to listen to jazz regularly because they are interested in it by virtue of their purchases of jazz recordings, are more interested in the image, in the fallacious image of what they think sex should be? Is that what you're saying? Or are you saying that these people who have operated these clubs have deliberately steered away from jazz audiences?

Land: Because the risk is less.

Mitchell: Yeah.

Tynan: The economic risk?

Land: The financial risk, seemingly, to them is so much less . . . Sex is not controversial. It's accepted. Jazz is still to become universally accepted. You'll find nooks and corners where there are people who don't know *anything* about jazz, but you'll never find nooks and corners where nobody knows anything about sex! So I say that the average hard-liquor-club owner out here is a coward and has no insight into the artistic quality or output or the creative quality of the jazz musician or of the power he has to maintain a following if given a chance. I don't mean two weeks; I mean a *chance* to establish and build up a following out of these millions of people in Los Angeles.

Tynan: Would you say that this is true of any average club operator?

Mitchell: I think if you take the average club operator—there are a few notable exceptions—but if you take the average club operator, you could compare him to a pitchman on the street in New York selling neckties. And if he finds that little dancing monkeys sell better than neckties, it isn't going to make any difference to him at all.

Tynan: Let me ask Jimmy Rowles what he thinks the current situation is for musicians who are primarily known for their *jazz* ability or accomplishments insofar as studio work is concerned. This includes motion picture and television studio work. And let's also include in this pop recording activity. What is the situation today?

Rowles: How are the working conditions, you mean?

Tynan: Yes. In those areas.

Rowles: Well, they vary. It seems to be sort of a cycle or something. Like, I was talking to [Frank] Rosolino today: if you're on call, you get the calls. There's always a certain number of guys that're on more things, and there're an awful lot of other fellows that aren't lucky enough to be in that situation, on call.

Tynan: Why is this?

Rowles: I don't know.

Mitchell: I think there's a very, very unfair thing going on in town—not only here but in New York, too—and I think Harold is a notable example of being a victim of this situation.

Rowles: A lot of this is due to the contractors. I don't say it's their fault. Let's say contractors have a certain list of musicians so that they know what these musicians can do; they know who to put in certain situations and they call *them*. I know that a contractor is supposed to call the men that are asked for. A lot of leaders aren't familiar with certain players, and they want the men they're used to writing for. So it's hard for a new face to appear. Sometimes a man can get his chance by recommendation in case of subbing. Also, some of the greatest jazz players don't read too fast and don't double, and this keeps *them away*. I say some, not all.

Now an example of recommendation is the recording of the music for *Flower Drum Song*. Harold and Jimmy Bond were asked for. They played. Alfred Newman loved them, wanted to know all about them. A month later, Jimmy Bond did a call at Fox with Mr. Newman on another picture. That doesn't hurt. But getting back to their call on *Flower Drum*, their tape was added to a take with full orchestra. The orchestra recorded their section and when they heard the playback, Harold's tenor started at the end. They let it play and the whole orchestra wanted to know who that was. Lots of grins that day.

Tynan: What about the lucrative work? What about the *routine* calls at Columbia, at Metro, at Fox? What about these calls?

Land: It's probably like Jimmy said—that they have a set pattern of musicians to call.

Tynan: I recall a couple of years ago talking with Curtis Counce, and he unburdened himself of some very legitimate and well-taken beefs about the studio situation. At the time, we were talking specifically about the lack of calls for Negro musicians here for these studio jobs. In his opinion, there should be representation for the Negro musician in the studios. In your collective opinion, do you think this is valid; do you think it's idealistic; do you think it's unrealistic—or what?

Mitchell: I think there is an amount of discrimination going on. I think there are guys who answer all the qualifications that are currently demanded. I think there are guys in town who answer all the qualifications that are demanded who are not getting their share of work. I think there are other guys who don't play as well, don't read as well, don't play as many doubles, for instance, who are getting more work. And I think that gets down to what I said before about human beings. First of all, as Jimmy said—the contractors. I think there are several contractors in town who have more power than a contractor should have. I think for this we can blame the union. I don't think a contractor should necessarily be a playing musician, but I think he should be restricted to contracting one session at a time.

Tynan: Would you very briefly detail the function of a contractor?

Mitchell: First of all, I've got to give them credit for this: they do earn their money because they all end up with heart attacks and ulcers. But I think my definition of a contractor is Urban Theilmann.

Rowles: Second the motion.

Mitchell: Urban Thielmann is an excellent piano player, a great piano player. He can read anything, play it *in time* with a good sound; with the conductor, with the orchestra, and so on. Also—I hate clichés—a prince of a guy, a wonderful person. Also he's in one place at one time and that's all. He doesn't have five record dates going on at once.

Urban Thielmann and a few others I could name who aren't even necessarily playing musicians — Mickey Whelan, Lloyd Basham. The Kleins . . . . Manny Klein is a good example of playing contractor, a guy who can play anything that's put in front of him, and he's only there, although there's three of four of them working, and they do have several things going at once. That's only part of it.

Tynan: What I meant was for you to detail the *function* of a contractor. Remember . . . to the average person, a contractor is someone who builds houses.

Mitchell: Well, it's similar to a guy who builds houses. The contractor that you hire if you want to build a house may not hammer in a nail. He may just hire subcontractors, who hire the guys that actually do the work. In this business a contractor is a guy who makes twice as much money as anybody on the call, who does the calling, who is responsible for getting together an orchestra that sounds good. As I say, they earn their money.

Tynan: Red, about your comments on Harold and the many inequities that exist . . .

Mitchell: Well, when it comes to Harold's case, there's a real unfair situation going on that's based partly on the fact that jazz is a new art form, compared to so-called legit music. A saxophone player especially . . . Saxophone players and drummers are the most to be pitied; really victims of this thing. A saxophone player or a drummer is expected to play not one instrument well but upwards of five—*well*. And I mean five instruments in a league with anybody in the business. Before Harold could be one of the first-call reed players in this town, he would have to not only play tenor, but alto, baritone, maybe bass saxophone, all the flutes, all the clarinets. That's what these guys are expected to do. Now the fact that he plays tenor as well as anybody in the world right now doesn't figure.

To me this is due to the fact that jazz is new. There's a flute player in town, Arthur Gleghorn, who doesn't play anything but flute. Now and then he plays piccolo, and he'll play maybe alto flute. I've never seen him touch a saxophone. He's recognized as one of the world's greatest flutists, if not *the* greatest. And so-called legitimate music has been going on long enough;

there's been a lot of dust and the dust has all settled in a lot of cases, and he's come out on top of the heap as far as playing is concerned. He's great.

Well, *Harold's* great; as great as Arthur Gleghorn, in a different way. You can use up one hand, maybe less than one hand naming tenor players who play in a league with Harold. It's the same with Arthur Gleghorn. But jazz has not been recognized. Jazz has not been "written in" to the extent that so-called legit music has. People don't know *how* to write it in. I've done a lot of TV shows where it's supposed to be a jazz background and in most cases it obtrudes. It takes away from the show rather than adding to it simply because it's been around a short time and in most cases they're not using real jazz writers. They don't know how to use it yet. It's too new. So a guy like Harold is considered a tenor player—and that's it.

Now that's one of the gross inequities in the business today, as far as I'm concerned. And let's not forget either that Harold is a triple victim in that he's discriminated against as a Negro, as a jazz musician, and as a tenor saxophone player who doesn't double.

Tynan: There are many accomplished Negro musicians in this area who are scuffling. They're scuffling in terms of working jazz clubs (those jazz clubs that are left), in motion picture work, in phonograph recording—exclusive of jazz recording—and in television recording. Now, why do you think this is?

Land: Prejudice exists in almost every other form of employment other than the *musician's* walk of life, so there's no really great reason why the Negro musician should be excluded from prejudice.

Tynan: It exists; so it exists? Is that it?

Land: That's about it. As to the whys, the answer would be the same as to why it exists in any other walk of life. Prejudice is *here*. It's like saying that any given thing is here to stay. You could say that prejudice is here, but let's hope it won't stay.

Tynan: Jim, could I have your reactions to the situation today insofar as it applies to Negro and white musicians working together (or *not* working together) in recording?

Rowles: There are very few that you end up working with. There's Benny Carter, William Green, Buddy Collette, Ben Webster, Gerald Wilson, Earl Palmer, Red Callender. But it comes to about a handful. As far as any ill feeling is concerned, I don't know of any—we're all together, y'know?

Mitchell: As far as the musicians are concerned.

Rowles: If you haven't seen one guy for a while, and you run into him on a date or something, you're always glad to see him. And that's the way it is Everybody gets along real great. That part of it is absolutely nil as far as I'm concerned. It's nonexistent. As far as the playing musicians are concerned. It's like Red said before, it's a very rough row to hoe when you got all those doubles to work on, I would imagine. Like, Buddy Collette plays the flutes and all that . . . Oh, there's Plas Johnson, too. He plays flute.

Mitchell: But Plas gets most of his work not because of his doubles. He gets most of his work because he plays great rock-and-roll tenor: good, swinging, always-has-something-to-say, rock-and-roll tenor. He really does. He plays *very* well.

* * *

Tynan: We'll try to summarize the scene in terms of (a) what ails jazz in southern California, Los Angeles, and Hollywood specifically, and (b) what we can suggest to correct this situation. What's wrong with the scene and what can be done to make it better?

Land: Any way that it can be brought about for more jazz musicians to have opportunities to *play* nightly in the City of Los Angeles couldn't do anything other than help the present jazz scene. Because it's my belief that if more musicians in Los Angeles got their opportunity to be heard individually as well as in groups, the comparison between a lot of the things that are being recorded to such a great extent in Los Angeles would be made by the general public, and people would look at the musicians who are recording to such a great extent with a different perspective. They would realize, "Here is an individual I have never heard of before who sounds so good to me. I've heard a dozen records by this other individual playing the same identical instrument, but I enjoy *this* person who is completely unknown, comparatively speaking, to such a greater extent."

Tynan: Do you mean that there should be more jazz musicians recorded, period, on the coast?

Land: That is one point. But they should have more opportunity to *play* nightly. Because there are so few spots for the young, serious musician in Los

HAROLD LAND: "That's what the essence of jazz

Angeles to get an opportunity to *play*, so he can be heard. They're here, I believe, because I know some of them.

Tynan: Harold, we get back then, do we, to the eternal—it seems eternal—question of the clubowner

Land: I'm afraid so. I seems to me that it's inevitable that the clubowner plays one of the leading roles in the jazz musician's presentation and the opportunity to express what he feels.

Tynan: Do you think the clubowner is about to reform his ways, to change? Do you think there will be some new kind of clubowner come along who will present an establishment dedicated to music and not to making a profit?

Land: Well if he is, I would say that in Los Angeles he's playing a very good game of hide-and-go-seek.

Mitchell: I think in a lot of cases nothing ails the jazz itself. I think some of the hardest swingers in the world have come out of the West Coast just the same as they've come out of Indianapolis and Detroit and Kansas City.

Tynan: Who, for example?

Mitchell: I was going to say Bird. Bird

really is—something to be felt rather than to be explained and analyzed."

had his first band here.

Tynan: Interesting point. Expand on that if you will.

Mitchell: Okay. Carl Perkins, Hampton Hawes. I could go on and name names. There's Harold, there's Zoot Sims. I could also say that as far as the East Coast is concerned – and this is a battle that's been fought and won —the West Coast guys have been accused of a namby-pamby kind of music. Well, there's more of that going on in the East Coast than there is here. In fact, there's more of everything going on in the East Coast than there is here.

Land: They have a better brand of gangster in the East than they have on the West Coast. I think maybe that's one of the main problems.

Mitchell: I think a lot of it just boils down to the nature of human beings and the fact that jazz is still new.

Tynan: After some 60-odd years?

Mitchell: Oh, yeah. The very fact that jazz that's even 20 years old is considered out of date shows how fast it's growing. Classical music that's 20 years old is considered the very latest! I don't think you can put all the blame on the clubowners. As I said before, you could compare the average clubowner to a pitchman. He doesn't care whether he sells dolls or neckties. It's what sells the most that matters to him, in spite of the fact that he may go home and play Stravinsky on his hi-fi or something.

Tynan: *The clubowner?*

Mitchell: No, the pitchman! It's not that they love jazz; that's not why they have a club. But I wanted to say some things before. We were talking racial prejudice and other inequities in the studio field. There *is* racial prejudice in the studio field. But for that matter, there's even more of it in club work. Just naming two guys at random—Buddy Collette and William Green, who are both Negro—don't get as much work as they deserve, considering the way they play and considering the personalities they have and the way they have of adapting themselves to any given situation well.

I think in the minds of certain contractors in town they are considered hotniks who can also "get by" on legit things. This does exist to a degree. I don't think you should blow it up out of proportion. For instance, one well-known bassist has made a lot of loud statements about how he couldn't get into the L.A. symphony because he was Negro. Well, if you had heard him play with the bow at that time you know *why* he couldn't get in the L.A. symphony. He was getting a thin, scratchy sound with the bow. You know he wouldn't have lasted in the eighth chair. The fact is that Henry Lewis is in the symphony and is playing second chair and plays solos and conducts the symphony—Henry Lewis is Negro. I think the thing can be blown out of proportion.

Another inequity that I consider as bad, or maybe *nearly* as bad, as racial prejudice is the fact that, for instance, Buddy Collette and William Green get more studio work than Harold does. Now both are excellent reed players. They can both play jazz, too. But frankly they are not what I would consider as deep a jazz player as Harold is. This gets back to the thing of jazz being relatively new. A guy can't work all day long every day in the studios nowadays just by virtue of being one of the world's greatest jazz players, as a legit musician like Arthur Gleghorn can—and on one instrument, mainly. To me that's almost as great an inequity as the racial prejudice. The fact that a guy who has, first of all, started off with the talent and then has applied himself conscientiously over years, has worked with the best jazz musicians in the country, and has emerged as one of the handful of greatest instrumentalists on his instrument should mean *something*.

Tynan: I'd like to pose the following ironic situation and get your comments. It's apropos of racial relationships and the sometimes absurd offshoots stemming from them in the music field.

In recent weeks I've heard of some complaints by two individuals who'll be nameless. Both are top drummers. One is Negro, the other white. The white drummer complains bitterly because he does not get calls for a varied selection of dates. He's restricted, he feels, to those dates he's *supposed*, by reputation, to be best on. These would be big-band dates, for the most part. He's bitter and resentful because, he feels, as a qualified musician and talented jazz player, he should get a lot of these more varied dates. Not just the jazz sessions but others he knows very well he can handle because he *is* an accomplished all-around drummer.

Now the Negro drummer in ques-

JIMMY ROWLES: "You have to be yourself or you'll never satisfy yourself . . . play what you feel, and see what comes out."

tion is probably on top call in town for rock-and-roll dates. The fact that he is a terrific big-band and jazz drummer is beside the point—or perhaps it isn't. Although he gets 90 percent of the calls for the multitude of rock-and-roll dates in town, he is also bitter because he feels he's become typed, stereotyped. He feels he gets calls only *because* he's Negro, that when the a&r men and contractors think of a rock-and-roll drummer, of a drummer who will give them quote, that sound, unquote, they will call him.

Both of these individuals, economically speaking, are pretty well off. But here you find a white drummer sore because he doesn't get called for rock sessions and a Negro drummer, who does, sore because he doesn't get enough non-rock dates. Isn't this, No. 1, an ironic situation and, No. 2, how would you, Red, apply it to what you have previously told us?

Mitchell: I believe I know both personally, by the way. In the case of the first drummer I can say this: I think he has deliberately gone out of town quite a bit in order to enhance his national reputation, which I think in the long run may pay off for him. He's worked with whoever he considered to be beneficial to work with at the time, and in a lot of cases I've agreed with him on that. But I think that leaving town a lot is something that takes contractors years to get over.

Now this is the inequity there: contractors have too much power. If all the contractors were players, or even if they were restricted to contracting one date at a time, this drummer would probably work more.

In a way, the second guy is right. I think he *has* been typed. And in a lot of cases he does get calls because certain a&r men want "that sound," and they want him. First, he's not the only drummer in town that can get "that sound." Now the guys I feel should be resentful are the other guys that can get "that sound" who aren't being hired.

Tynan: Would you just interject at this point a little clarification on "that sound."

Mitchell: Well, "that sound" is not a sound at all, John, as you and I know. It has to do with a lot of things. It has to do partly with skin color; it has to do with the fact that the guys —when they're doing rock-and-roll dates—they like to see colored guys in the rhythm section. It gives them a feeling of security. And it's a form of just the same kind of prejudice that we're all against. They feel that they "have that rhythm in their bones." In a way it's sickening; it must really be sickening to the guys who are called for that reason.

But it has to do with a lot else. It has to do with the fact that the second drummer you mentioned happens to have a quality that isn't talked about too much but is of utmost importance in doing studio calls. That is the quality of being able to receive vibrations through a double thickness of glass and know instinctively—I'll even rule out 'instinctively'—but know somehow what is required and do it with a smile, right now, and have a way of communicating with the people in the booth. It's two-way communication.

There's only three hours in a record session, counting breaks. They have to get a certain number of tunes and there's a very definite time limitation. And the guy has to be able to receive these vibrations and know what they want and be able to do it, whether it involves hitting the brush on the side of his trap case on the afterbeat or playing extra loud on the bass drum

or extra light, or having a stick in his case with a little tambourine jangle on it, or whatever it requires. Now, the second drummer has this quality. He's a very well-adjusted individual, and he has the ability to do exactly what is required of him. To me, in spite of what he may think, that is *more* important in getting calls than his skin color.

There are other drummers in town who have the same skin color he does who don't get one-tenth the dates he does. As far as *their* playing is concerned, they may play as well but don't have that personality qualification to understand immediately what the guys in the booth want and be able to do it right now.

Tynan: I'd now like to ask Jimmy for his summation, his personal wrap-up of (a) what he thinks is wrong with the situation on the West Coast and (b) what he thinks can possibly be done to help it.

Rowles: For a young fellow like Harold was talking about, a young fellow who loves jazz music and wants to play it, study it, and really get into it—if he is aware of the constant scarcity of work, he'd be a little bit more discouraged about continuing it, and he'd be more apt to just forget it and branch off into something else.

It's a tragedy because . . . oh, well. To talk about the clubowners, they've been covered, and I'd agree. Completely. I mentioned Shelly's club because Shelly is one clubowner who loves jazz music and caters to the people who want to hear jazz. And he keeps it going in his club every night. Oh, here's no answer to it. The only thing, maybe, is to get more clubowners who feel like Shelly does. Get a good group in there and give 'em a chance like Harold says; let 'em play every night.

Another thing I was thinking of is that if some of these younger musicians would go down to the different clubs and maybe come in a group, like four or five fellows could just go in. Supposing it's a place like a piano bar. Now you know that if four fellows came in—regardless of what color—and asked the owner if they could play a little bit. Like maybe the piano player and the saxophone player could play and then the rest of 'em could set up and play. And you never know—it might lead to something if they would do that. That's one thing that maybe they could do to kindle the spark again in these little clubs, where they serve hard liquor . . . I was thinking about the cabaret tax, too. Before the war, all these clubs were jumpin'. And another thing that had something to do with it, I think, was dancing. I worked at Billy Berg's club with Slim and Slam, Lee and Lester Young—what a ball! The place was leapin'. They were dancing and jitterbugging and the floor was filled with people every night. People who weren't dancing were watching the musicians and watching the dancers. Then, they didn't have this big tax. Maybe if they could finally get rid of *that* some way . . .

Mitchell: That tax was murder when it was 20 percent! But it's still horrible at 10 percent. You know a normal profit is considered to be 6 percent.

Rowles: You'd be more apt to talk a clubowner into putting a trio to work if they didn't have that.

Land: There's another point that I kinda wish could be covered. Do you realize what a role the musicians union plays in the Los Angeles area when calls come in for a group? The musicians union undoubtedly has a stereotyped pattern by which it'll send a group out to a specific club. If there was a representative at the union, a *jazz* representative, who was well versed with which jazz groups there are organized to play in certain clubs, they would not just send out a group that was doing nothing but playing pop tunes that you hear on the radio but was an organized jazz group. Then somebody would be standing in behalf of the jazz musician in the musicians union.

Consequently, it wouldn't be stereotype, mickey mouse-type groups sent out to every club that calls for a group—a trio, a quartet, a quintet. It's my definite belief, from personal experience, that only a certain type of group gets sent out to play a majority of the clubs that call in for a band.

Mitchell: I have one thing to say about what we can do to help the jazz situation. None of us are willing to go into the business of running a club, and none of us want to be contractors. The thing that we can do, I think, is like what Jimmy is doing on commercial calls. He plays jazz on them. And he plays so well that you can't miss it when you hear it. And in a way, that's what Harold and I are attempting with our new group. We're doing mostly originals. In other words, our main thing is we're trying to be ourselves—100 percent. We're even excluding a lot of tunes that some great jazz musicians have written or played.

I think the one thing that jazz musicians can do themselves, more than is being done right now, to help the situation is to be themselves. You take the average trumpet player. If he really loves Miles, and if he really wants to imitate Miles, I *don't* think the way to go about it is to play these phrases that Miles plays. The best way to imitate Miles is to do exactly what Miles has done: in the face of great odds, he's been himself. He worked with Bird, and as strong as Bird was, there wasn't much of Bird that rubbed off on Miles. But it's probable he was influenced. He never *imitated* Bird. He was himself.

Tynan: Recently Gerald Wilson, who is well known and well respected by all three of you, I'm sure, told me this: "To play jazz, a man has to create constantly. He has to learn to forget everything while he's playing, and it's taken me years to get over the fear that this fact engenders." For a brief comment, Harold, do you agree with him?

Land: I'd say I would agree with him on the point of forgetting everything if the everything included anything that was going to distract from his expression which he felt at the moment. If there was going to be anything that was going to distract from him expressing himself at the moment, he *should* be trying to forget it. But to get all of yourself into what you're saying at the moment, the only thing you can be thinking about is to do so. As much of yourself as you possibly can. So I would say I agree—to a degree.

Mitchell: I think the fear that Gerald talked about was probably the fear of doing something that wouldn't be acceptec for one reason or another. I think he's right that you have to forget that. You have to be 100 percent yourself, right or wrong, when you're playing. And I think I know what Harold meant. You can't forget everything because there's an awesome amount of knowledge that goes into playing jazz, and you don't want to really blank out. But I think if you can forget your inhibitions, then you're straight.

Rowles: I think it also is the ability to not be aware of yourself. I don't know whether that just applies to me personally or not, but I go along with Red and Harold. If you can keep a continual, intense sort of . . . well, I don't know how to express it. But you have to be yourself or you'll never satisfy yourself. Of course, you'll never satisfy yourself anyway, but play what *you* feel, and see what comes out.

Mitchell: There's a chance for somebody to misunderstand what we've said here. Harold and I have said some-

thing about concentrating on being yourself. Jim has said something which is very deep and very true: you have to *forget* about yourself. I think we're *all* right. The only way to be yourself is to completely forget yourself. To be completely unaware, you have to somehow work yourself into a thing where you are so involved with the music itself—the sound and the feeling of the notes you're playing—that you're completely unaware of whether you're bending over or standing up straight. Completely unaware of any physical existence. And you're only aware of the music itself.

Land: To me, it's almost like the kind of a thing of when you wake up in the morning. You're not really aware of any plans that you might have formulated in your mind before you went to bed. You just wake up and start going from there.

Mitchell: That's a *good* time of the day to talk about because when you wake up in the morning or even when you go to sleep at night, just before you go to sleep you're in what's called the twilight zone . . . You're in a frame of mind where your concepts are linked together. For instance, a word may mean the same thing to you as a note or a musical phrase may mean just as much to you as a sentence; there's no difference. It *is* possible at your peak playing to get yourself into that state of mind where there's only one reality. In fact, that is the beauty of jazz or of any art. The fact that the listener, hearing a guy get into that state of mind, is reminded that he himself has something that is deeper than any of his words or anything he has ever been taught.

Land: That's beautiful, Red. That's beautiful. Because then you put jazz in the category of not being explained by mere words, but as being felt. And to me that's what the essence of jazz really is — something to be felt rather than to be explained and analyzed down to minute, technical terms.

Mitchell: In a way, I admire the courage and at the same time kind of pity anyone who goes into the field of being a music critic. It's almost a futile job because you're trying to put into words something that is so much deeper than words. If it could be put into words, it would have no more function.

Rowles: Or meaning.

Mitchell: Or meaning, right.

Land: It's such an individual thing that any person who has any part in jazz, no matter whether he's a conformist or an imitator, can't be perfect even in that. So he's got his own thing going. So jazz boils down to being a completely individual thing, just like life in itself, just like every form of art in itself. Completely individual. So when you try to drop it into different categories, it goes into something else. Your work is cut out for you.

Every one of us put here has got a different message, really whether he wants to admit it to himself or not—no matter how he's swayed by the times or the fads or whatever might be happening. He's got his own individual message; whether he's got enough guts to try to get it out or not is all left up to him. It's his strength or his weakness. But it's so individual it's ridiculous. But beautiful.

Mitchell: When you hear a good jazz performance and you leave and you feel good and you wonder why you feel so good, the thing is, you definitely leave enriched. Because you've been reminded of something that the human mind *has* to be reminded of. The human mind is lazy, basically. In most people the human mind is very apt to lean on words, preconceived ideas, prejudices, even factual knowledge rather than feel as a living organism. *Feel.* When you hear a great jazz performance, you're forced to *feel* something that you couldn't put into words.

Land: That's right.

Mitchell: And you are reminded of the fact that you are a deep, living being in spite of all somebody may have told you.

Land: The jazz listener might also get the feeling that he is also hearing the jazz artist saying courageously, with conviction, the thing that he might be saying in his own walk of life if he had the courage of his convictions.

Mitchell: Or even the words . . .

Land: Right.

Mitchell: There aren't words to say it with.

Land: There might not be words, but he's saying it through his medium, so that's got to have some kind of effect on him. Now, how great an effect depends on this individual who's listening. As to what he hears in the individual he's listening to. To me, every quality of the individual artist comes out every time he breathes through that instrument. So many qualities of his character come out which are corresponding to the listener. Maybe not to any great degree, but there's gonna be *some* quality that he feels.

Rowles: Speaking of the ease of communication to the listener, sometimes you get the feeling that you can get with them a lot quicker and it's greater when they're dancing. Rather than to play in a place where they sit out there like a jury and say, "Go ahead and knock me out. I've heard all these crazy records. I've got 'em all at home. What are *you* gonna do?"

Land: That goes back to what Red was saying, that the average mind is lazy. Unless they have a corresponding action to what *you're* doing, they don't really stop to analyze or even become interested. They would much rather have some action of their own. It's a selfish quality when you break it down. They would much rather have an action of their own going, *like* dancing, so they can really cat, and get into it themselves rather than sit and listen to *you* express what you're talking about in your particular idiom. That's the quality of laziness again.

Tynan: Do you ever have the feeling that you're reaching out, trying to grab the audience, to hit them over the head with the music?

Mitchell: There *are* times when I have a feeling that I'm reaching out and trying to grab the audience.

Land: I think we've all felt that.

Mitchell: But those are the times when you're in trouble. Those are the times when things aren't going right and for some reason you've got to do something to get yourself up to your normal self. The times when you're really playing you aren't aware of anything, you aren't aware of another soul in the world, you are only aware of the meaning of each phrase and the meaning of each note. And the thing that's hard to pin down is that there *is* a real meaning. At times like that.

Rowles: And you're enjoying it, too.

Mitchell: The majority of the time it's hard to get to that point. It's very difficult; it's like any kind of creative thing. But when it's really happening, you absolutely are not aware of anything but the meaning or the feeling of what you're playing. And the feeling of what you're playing is so important to you that it'll suck you right down in. You get into it, and you couldn't get out then. If anybody does anything like tap you on the arm and ask you would you play so and so, it's like being stabbed in the back with a knife. It really is. It doesn't happen most of the time, but it *is* possible to get yourself into that frame of mind where there is nothing to you but the music. And it's only at times like that when you're really being yourself. ■

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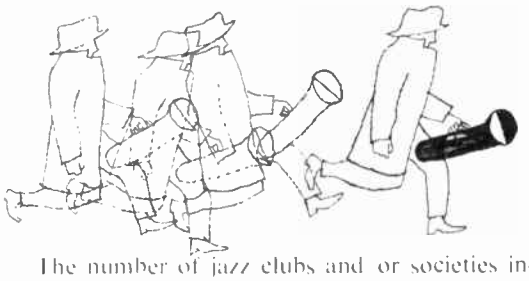

JAZZ SOCIETIES

The number of jazz clubs and or societies increases each year. In addition to supporting jazz by purchasing records and attending jazz night clubs, members of these organizations, in some cases, present live jazz in concert form. Most hold learned discussions on the music, always seeking to learn more about jazz. Many publish their own jazz newsletters.

At least two, the Dallas Jazz Society and the Fort Wayne Jazz Club, instituted jazz subscription concerts in 1961, a plan whereby members of the organization can, for a nominal fee, book a series of concerts featuring jazz artists of their own selection. Several clubs chartered buses to various jazz festivals during the year.

In short, members of these organizations are in the forefront of active support of jazz.

The list of clubs and societies following is meant to facilitate contact among the clubs.

U. S. A.

Alabama: Huntsville—*Modern Jazz Club of Huntsville.*

Arizona: Tucson—*Tucson Jazz Society*, 4520 E. San Carlos Place South.

Arkansas: North Little Rock—*Greater Little Rock Jazz Society*, Box 30.

California: Hollywood—*Duke Ellington Jazz Society, Inc.*, Box 2486; McClellan Air Force Base—*Modern Jazz Doctors*, Box 209; Sacramento—*Jazz Librarians*, 921 11th St.

Colorado: Denver—*Denver Jazz House*, 3106 Milwaukee St.

Connecticut: Monroe—*Connecticut Jazz Appreciation Society*, 13 Oakwood; Storrs—*University of Connecticut Jazz Club, Student Union;* Waltham—*Stan Kenton Supporters of America*, Box 173.

District of Columbia: Washington—*Duke Ellington Jazz Society*, Box 1129.

Georgia: Atlanta—*New Jazz Society, Inc.*, 449 John St., N.W. 293; Savannah—*Jazz Study Club*, 11 E. 44th St.

Indiana: Evansville—*Carver Jazz Society*, 705 Lincoln Ave.; Fort Wayne—*Fort Wayne Jazz Club*, Box 151.

Illinois: Chicago—*Audio Jazz Club*, 854 W. Belmont Ave.; *Composing Jazzers*, 8237 S. Evans Ave.; *Harrison Jazz Club*, 2850 W. 24th St.; *Jazz Prestige*, 1139 S. Francisco Ave.; *Lake Meadows Art and Jazz Society, Inc.*, 330 S. Wells St.; Cicero—*MJC Jazz Club*, 2423 S. Austin Ave.; LaGrange—*Lyons Township High School Jazz Laboratory*, 224 S. Stone Ave.; Park Forest—*Blind Orange Adams IS the Blues Society*, 96 Elm; Peoria—*Jazz Society of Peoria*, 5906 Graceland Dr.

Iowa: Burlington—*Jazz Around the World*, 1601 W. Avenue.

Kansas: Hutchinson—*Hutchinson Jazz Club*, 411 W. 20th St.; Topeka—*Jazz Forum*, 949 College St.

Louisiana: New Orleans—*New Orleans Jazz Club*, 2417 Octavia St.

Massachusetts: *Boston—Jazz Bar*, 296 Bunker Hill St.; *Massachusetts Jazz Society*, Box 1503.

Michigan: Jackson—*Jackson Jazz Club*, Box 261.

Mississippi: Jackson—*New Bourbon Street Jazz Society*, Box 9826.

Missouri: St. Louis—*St. Louis Jazz Club*, 11329 Mosley Lane.

North Carolina: Rockingham—*Rockingham High School Jazz Club*, Jefferson Apts. No. 2.

New Jersey: Montclair—*Montclair High School Jazz Society*, 100 Chestnut St.; Pennsauken—*Progressive Jazz Guild*, 3424 Haddonfield Rd.

New York: Briarcliff—*Briarcliff High School Jazz Club;* Fredonia—*Northern Chautauqua Jazz Society*, 151 Forest Pl.; New York City—*Bard Jazz Program*, Apt. 41, 507 W. 113th; *Monroe Jazz Club*, 1025 Boynton Ave., Bronx; *United Nations Jazz Society*, Box 20, Grand Central Station; Rockville Centre—*Rockville Centre Senior High School Jazz Club;* 38 Blacksmith Rd., Levittown; Schenectady—*Modern Jazz Society*, Student Activities Office, Washburn Hall, Union College; Syracuse—*Onondaga County United Jazz Concert Association*, 330 S. Warren St.

North Carolina: Winston-Salem—*Les Patrons des Jazz*, 411 Clarmont St.

Ohio: Cleveland—*Progressive Jazz Guild of Cleveland*, 2231 E. 82nd St.; Columbus—*Ohio State Jazz Forum*, 635 Wilabar Dr., Washington C. H.; Dayton—*Society for the Appreciation of Modern Music*, 4920 Pensacola Blvd.; Youngstown—*Jazz Society of Greater Youngstown*, YWCA, 25 W. Rayen Ave.

Pennsylvania: Coatsville—*Elbow Room Jazz Society*, 382 Strode Ave.; McKeesport—*Feig's Jazz Club*, 1501 Lincoln Way; Meadville—*Park Ave. Jazz Society*, 662 Park Ave.; Philadelphia—*Contemporary Music Guild*, 764 S. Martin St.; *International Society for Better Understanding of Modern and Progressive Jazz*, 151 N. Vodges St.; *Opus in Jazz, Inc.*, 3038 Girard Ave.; Pittsburgh—*Jazz Horizons Unlimited, Inc.*, Box 402, New Kensington; University Park—*Penn State Jazz Club*, Hetzel Union Building.

South Carolina: Columbia—*Columbia Jazz Club, Inc.*, Box 811.

Tennessee: Memphis—*Justines Sportsman Club*, 2204 Chelsea Ave.

Texas: Dallas—*Dallas Jazz Society*, 3409 Oak Lawn Ave.

Utah: Salt Lake City—*Jazz Workshop, Ltd.*, 1734 S. 8th West.

Washington: Spokane—*Spokane Jazz Club*, W. 183rd.

Wisconsin: Milwaukee—*Milwaukee Jazz Society*.

OVERSEAS

Argentina: Rosaria—*Rosaria Hot Club*, Casilla de Correo 853, Correo Central.

Canada: Edmonton, Alberta—*Yardbird Suite*, 10443 82nd Ave. (rear); Quebec—*Jazzmo*, 1020 Coulonges St.

Germany: Offenbach am Main—*Club 51*, Bieberer Strasse 269.

Hong Kong: *Hong Kong Jazz Club.*

Peru: Lima—*Jazz Club Astoria S.A.*, Edificio Boza, Of. 219, Plaza San Martin.

Puerto Rico: San Juan—*Jazz Club of Puerto Rico*, Box 3189.

Southern Rhodesia: Salisbury—*Salisbury Jazz Appreciation Society*, Seventh Floor, Pax House, Union Ave.

Uruguay: Montevideo—*Hot Club de Montevideo*, J. J. Rousseau, 3348; *Pena de Jazz*, Avda. Gral. Rondeau 1444. ■

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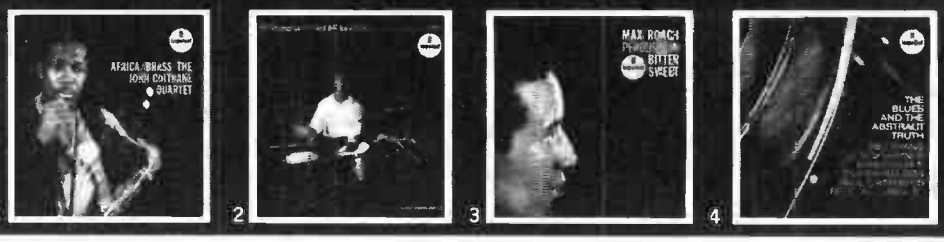

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JAZZ ☆ ON THE ☆ BOARDS

By GEORGE HOEFER

That dramatic art form, jazz, has been flirting with the Broadway stage for many years. Its improvisational modus operandi, offering a gift of emotional expression, has rarely been used to advantage in the enhancement of visual projection until recent years.

The producers of musical comedies and revues have frequently used the tangential derivatives of jazz to brighten the scores for their shows, but it is only recently that drama producers have been tempted to use undistilled jazz as a device for emotional communication.

The only drama having made use of jazz as an integral part of a play with success is *The Connection*, a work dealing with narcotics addicts.

During the waning years of the last century and up until about 1910, Broadway theaters housed many all-Negro musical productions, all of which were highlighted by a now-obsolete and fortunately unacceptable portrayal of members of the human race. It was an era of minstrelsy, ragtime, coon-shouting, and eccentric dancing. The show plots bordered on the ridiculous, and the Negro was depicted as an Uncle Tom, lazy, irresponsible, and pleasure-bent.

The story lines, skits, costuming, and stage settings for these shows were designed to showcase the singing and dancing talents of the entertainers.

Broadway's theatergoers and the members of New York society became enamored of Negro show people. The dance called the Cakewalk, a lively strut with dramatic overtones, became a rage. It reached its acme in a show titled *Bon-Bon Buddy* featuring the team of Bert Williams and George Walker with Ada Overton Walker. Williams and Walker wrote a good deal of the music for their shows themselves and had a new one ready for the boards each season. Such shows as *In Dahomey* and *Abyssinia* were top Broadway productions at the turn of the century.

George Walker's death in 1909 and the passing of his wife, Ada, in 1914, tended to end the period of the old-fashioned Negro musical comedy revues.

The great Bert Williams, a comedian and a singing monologist, went on to starring roles in the *Ziegfeld Follies* of 1917, '18, and '19. Later he appeared, again on Broadway, in the less-successful *Broadway Brevities*.

Williams' last show before going into the *Follies* was *Mr. Lode of Koal* in 1909, in which he and Walker were appearing when the latter died. The show, written by Williams and J. Rosamond Johnson, had as its music director a young musician named James Reese Europe, who was to become internationally known as the leader of the 369th Infantry's 15th Regiment Band—the "Hell Fighters" of World War I fame.

Europe, the founder of the Clef Club, an association of Negro musicians in New York, was the forerunner of a group of conductor-composers whose services were to be used frequently during the upcoming musical revue era of the 1920s. But Europe did not live to participate in the period himself. He was stabbed in Boston in 1919, while on tour with his band.

Other famous conductors of the period included Ford T. Dabney, Will H. Vodery, Will Marion Cook, Allie Ross, and James Hubert (Eubie) Blake.

Dabney, from Washington, D. C., had been the pianist for the president of Haiti early in his career and was the composer of *Shine* and *Oh, You Devil Rag*, among others. His chief contribution to the Broadway scene was a seven-year run conducting the orchestra atop the New Amsterdam Theater for Flo Ziegfeld's *Midnight Frolics*, featuring guest stars from all the musical productions on the Great White Way.

Dabney and Vodery also contributed considerable music to *Ziegfeld's Follies*.

In 1921, Blake, the Baltimore-born pianist, teamed with Noble Sissle to write and conduct the hit show *Shuffle Along* at Daly's 63rd St. Theater. The hit song of the show, written originally as a waltz, was *I'm Just Wild About Harry*. Ragtime pianist Blake, who composed it, later wrote *Memories of You* in 1930.

The *Shuffle Along* musical comedy, produced by Walter Brooks, who later put on the first Cotton Club shows—with music by a young Bostonian, Jimmy McHugh—retained some of the tried-and-true commercial aspects of the earlier revues. Nevertheless, the show was a pace-setter on the threshold of the golden decade of musical revues.

Sissle and Blake's show was designed for the famed vaudeville act of (Flournoy) Miller & (Aubrey) Lyles. But the sensation proved to be the magnetic personality of the diminutive Florence Mills, previously one-half of a sister dance team. In *Shuffle Along*, Miss Mills won the public with buck-and-wing soft-shoe dancing, a fair voice, and her charming attractiveness.

Immediately elevated to stardom, Miss Mills was given a leading part in the *Greenwich Village Follies of 1923*. Her engagement caused one of the few racial incidents to blemish the Broadway theater. Daphne Pollard, one of the white stars in the show, threatened to quit. She eventually stopped protesting when Miss Mills' charm won the public's approval, as well as the support of the other members of the cast.

A show called *Plantation Days*, with a score written by James P. Johnson, the king of the Harlem stride pianists, was put together by Lew Leslie in 1924 to headline Miss Mills. She enjoyed a long Broadway run and toured the United States, England, and the Continent with the show for several years. The tour taxed her physically, and she died of pneumonia in November, 1927.

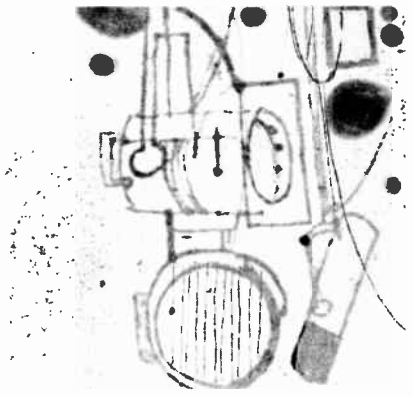
During the 1920s, many Negro revues reached Broadway. They usually started as tabloid shows on the Negro theater circuits and were expanded for their use on the Main Stem. The Lincoln and Lafayette theaters in Harlem were the sources for many shows that were expanded into full-scale revues for Broadway.

One such show is spoken of in the late Sidney Bechet's autobiography *Treat It Gentle*. Ben Harris' *How Come* was enjoying a successful tour of Negro theaters in 1923. Bechet, who played the part of a Chinese laundryman named How Come, tells how he managed to get blues singer Bessie Smith into the cast. The two of them worked up a bit in which Miss Smith sang the blues with Bechet's clarinet supporting her from the wings. "We really had some jazz going," Bechet recalled.

The surprising success of the show on the road prompted the producers to bring it to New York City. They completely revamped the revue, using songs by Henry Creamer and Will Vodery; added comedian Eddie Hunter as the lead; and replaced Miss Smith with Alberta Hunter, who, the ads noted, sang "refined blues." Bechet remained in the cast as How Come, whose occupation was changed to chief of police.

The revised show opened on April 16, 1923, at the Apollo Theater, billed (the ad man's attraction to gaucherie evident then as now) as "The Girly Musical Darkomedy featuring Seventy Komic Kolored Kut-ups." The show that had "dances that jazz you and songs that lilt you" lasted for five weeks before it was returned to the Lafayette in small-scale form.

Another noteworthy revue of the 1923 season was *Runnin' Wild*,



the show that started the Charleston dance craze. The two big tunes were both compositions by James P. Johnson – *Old Fashioned Love* and *Charleston*.

In later years, Johnson explained in a taped interview published in *Jazz Review*: "In 1914, while playing at the Jungles Casino on W. 62nd St., I composed a number of Charlestons—eight in all—with the same rhythm. The tunes were inspired by the dance steps, regulation cotillion steps with variations, performed by the geechie dancers [Negro longshoremen from the coastal islands off South Carolina and Georgia] who frequented the basement cabaret. It was one of these that later became my famous *Charleston*, introduced on Broadway."

The 63rd St. Music Hall, where *Shuffle Along* had its long run, became the home of Negro revues. Another moderately successful revue was the 1923 *Liza*, with a score by Maceo Pinkard, composer of *Sweet Georgia Brown*, featuring Tim Brymn's orchestra and the Dandy Strut chorus.

In 1924, at the same theater, Earl Dancer presented Ethel Waters in her first Broadway revue, *Africana*. Banker-philanthropist Otto H. Kahn had put up the money, and the show was made up from all the smaller shows that Miss Waters had been doing at the Lincoln and Lafayette. The songs included *Dinah; I'm Coming, Virginia;* and *Shake That Thing*. Besides these staples from the Waters repertoire there were songs and lyrics by Donald Heywood with dances by Louis Douglas. The production had a good run and went on the road.

By 1928, there was beginning to be more real jazz in the show scores. The songwriting partnership of Thomas (Fats) Waller and Andy Razaf made its Broadway debut in *Keep Shufflin'*. The hit songs were *How Jazz Was Born* and *My Little Chocolate Bar*. Others included *Willow Tree*, *Labor Day Parade*, and *Everybody's Happy in Jimtown*. Waller and James P. Johnson performed on the stage at two pianos, and jazz trumpeter Jabbo Smith played in the pit orchestra. The headliners again were Miller & Lyles with their comedy sketches.

That year also saw the unveiling of the first edition of Lew Leslie's *Blackbirds of 1928* featuring Adelaide Hall and Bill (Bojangles) Robinson. The star of the show was Miss Hall, who had been a chorine in *Shuffle Along* at the beginning of the decade and had become noted in jazz circles for her wordless vocal on Duke Ellington's first recording of *Creole Love Call*. In *Blackbirds*, Miss Hall introduced the Dorothy Fields-Jimmy McHugh song *I Can't Give You Anything but Love*. Bandleader Allie Ross conducted the *Blackbirds* orchestra with Pike Davis featured on cornet.

Several successful Broadway Negro revues were first enjoyed as nightclub floor shows. A good example of this was the show *Hot Chocolates*, scored by Waller and Razaf in 1929, which first was produced at Connie's Inn in Harlem. It was later staged at the Hudson Theater on 46th St. by Leonard Harper. Included in the cast were Louis Armstrong, playing with Leroy Smith's Connie's Inn Orchestra, Jazzlips Richardson, Edith Wilson, Baby Cox, Margaret Simms, and the Jubilee Singers.

Fats Waller's *Ain't Misbehavin'* was the sensation of the show. When Waller first played it for Connie Immerman, the clubowner said, "Take it away, I can't use it."

Both Waller and Razaf fought hard to keep the number in the show during the rehearsal period and finally won. The first edition of the production had Miss

Simms singing *Ain't Misbehavin'* accompanied by Armstrong's trumpet. In a later edition the song was sung by an unknown young singer named Cabell Calloway III.

The year 1930 saw several interesting flops on Broadway.

Around New Year's Day, the show *Ginger Snaps* played for three days at the Belmont Theater. The public was getting tired of the format, and reviewers kissed off *Ginger Snaps* with, "It takes more than a fast dancing chorus, risque jokes and two or three good songs to put over a successful Negro revue."

At the same theater, later in the year, blues singer Bessie Smith spent her only night on Broadway. It was in a show called *Pansy* that had been a success uptown at the Lafayette. After one night, song writer Maceo Pinkard, who had produced *Pansy*, decided that composing and producing a show were two different functions and that he belonged in composing.

The depression year of 1930 also saw Lew Leslie's new edition of *Blackbirds* flop. It opened at the 42nd St. Theater with Ethel Waters, Flournoy Miller, Buck and Bubbles, Jazzlips Richardson, Mantan Moreland, and others. The score was by Eubie Blake and was augmented by J. Rosamond Johnson's choir arrangements.

In spite of the poor acceptance, Leslie did not give up and was back with *Blackbirds of 1934*. He again featured Ethel Waters, who had been a big hit in the 1933 *As Thousands Cheer* singing Irving Berlin's *Heat Wave* and *Supper Time*. In the '34 *Blackbirds* she sang *A Hundred Years from Today* and *I Just Couldn't Take It, Baby*. But to no avail – the show was unsuccessful.

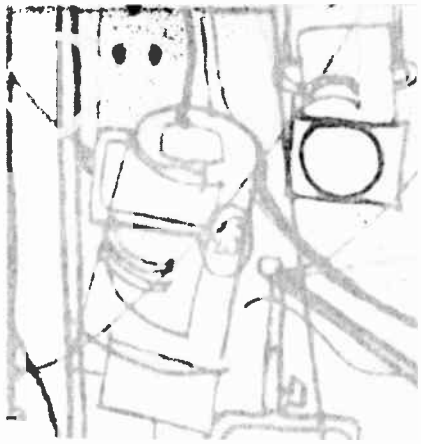
Duke Ellington's band made its second appearance in a Broadway theater in April, 1930. During the mid-1920s it had a short part in Ziegfeld's *Show Girl*, the production that introduced the song *Liza*. The band's 1930 assignment was to play a short concert as a prolog to Maurice Chevalier's one-man show at the Fulton Theater.

The Negro revues during the 1920s had set a pace for the all-white extravaganzas produced by Ziegfeld, George White, and Earl Carroll. The U. S. musical comedy was developing into a contemporary form of entertainment. Prior to 1920, musical comedies had their locales in a comic-opera world of imaginary Balkan principalities with dream princes and Cinderella heroines. Now the plots conjured up from European literature were being replaced by the songs, dances, situations, and gags of America.

White musical comedies and revues frequently were coming to use jazz bands and jazzmen even though the music they played seldom was jazz. As early as 1920 the *Ziegfeld Follies* had Art Hickman's band from California playing an Irving Berlin score. The practice continued until 1935 when Paul Whiteman's orchestra was a feature of Billy Rose's *Jumbo* at the old Hippodrome.

In 1925, in the drama *Four Walls*, which introduced Paul Muni to Broadway, musicians were employed onstage for the first time, to add atmosphere in a speakeasy scene. A quartet made up of Willie (The Lion) Smith (with derby and cigar), piano; Steve Jones, guitar; Harold Potter, saxophone; Percy Arnold, drums, played *At Sundown* and *Poor Butterfly* in a 10-minute sequence onstage in John Golden's production of the 58th Street Theater. This occasion also was extraordinary in that it presented an interracial band—Potter was a white saxophonist.

Many musicians in the popular field, even a few jazzmen, obtained work in



pit orchestras. Ross Gorman's band with jazz trombonist Miff Mole played for the Earl Carroll *Vanities* in July, 1925.

In addition to the show, the band played during intermission, when the patrons were invited to dance with the chorus girls on the stage. In the show proper, Mole played a solo on the stage for one of the big production numbers, *Rhythm of the Day*, in which his hot horn was used to frighten the chorines in a hades setting.

Jazz trumpeter Red Nichols conducted the pit orchestra for two well-known Broadway shows of the early 1930s. One was George Gershwin's *Girl Crazy* the other *Strike Up the Band*.

The regular Ben Pollock Orchestra with Benny Goodman and Jack Teagarden doubled from the Florentine Grill of the Park Central Hotel to the pit of the Mansfield Theater, where they accompanied the entertainers in the Lew Fields show *Hello, Daddy* in 1928.

Cornetist Wild Bill Davison once told how he was featured with a band, put together to play for Earl Carroll's famous "bathtub party" on stage of the Earl Carroll Theater in February, 1926. The occasion, which received considerable notoriety in the press, was an after-show get-together for the cast. What intrigued the public was the news that a nude chorus girl had taken a bath in a tubful of champagne as Davison played several choruses of *Oh! They Wore No Clothes in Old Egyptian Shows*.

The musical extravaganzas disappeared as the 1930 decade wore on. The crazy years had passed, and the mood of the country changed with the depression. The formats of the musical comedies turned to political satire and other meaningful plots.

The Negro productions also became more serious. In 1935, the first presentation of *Porgy and Bess* with Gershwin's music was put on by the Theater Guild.

Also by the mid-1930s the jazz bands, composers, and star instrumentalists were busy with a new craze—swing. The bands were performing on the stages of the movie palaces as featured attractions in their own right.

A few jazzmen came to Broadway in 1939 with the production of *Swingin' the Dream*, a take-off on Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Louis Armstrong turned in a hit performance as Bottom. Also featured were the Benny Goodman Sextet and Bud Freeman's Summa Cum Laude Orchestra with Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. Although praised by the critics as an original effort, the show lasted only a couple of weeks at the Center Theater on Sixth Ave.

About this time a dramatic producer began toying with the idea of making a play out of Dorothy Baker's 1938 novel, *Young Man with a Horn*. The plan was mentioned for Broadway production in the legitimate theater many times during the 1940s. All the trumpet players whose style bore the least resemblance or who had had the least association with the late Bix Beiderbecke were proposed for the leading part. The names of Bobby Hackett and Jimmy McPartland came up frequently.

Miss Baker's novel, which later became a motion picture with actor Kirk Douglas holding the horn as Harry James played the sound track, was finally junked as a dramatic possibility for Broadway.

In 1941 there was a noteworthy effort to ready for Broadway a musical built around Duke Ellington and His Band. Ellington, in 1924, had written a score for a Negro revue called *The Choco-*

late Kiddies. It never made Broadway but was produced in Berlin, Germany, and ran for two years.

Ellington's 1941 attempt, *Jump for Joy,* was not destined to reach the big street either. It was staged at the Mayan Theater in Los Angeles by a company known as the American Revue Theater, organized by Ellington in conjunction with a group of movie writers.

Ellington collaborated with Paul Webster on the score of *Jump for Joy* —Ellington's music and Webster's words. Dorothy Dandridge played the leading role. Ellington's so-called cowboy vocalist, Herb Jeffries, sang *The Brownskin Gal in Calico Gown;* singer-dancer Marie Bryant performed *Bli-Blip;* and Ivie Anderson did *I've Got It Bad, and That Ain't Good.* Another featured tune was Billy Strayhorn's *Take the A Train.*

The production seemed a natural for the times, but after a moderately long run in California, the show faded into oblivion without gracing Broadway. In 1947 Ellington composed a score for John La Touche's *Beggar's Opera,* a show that did make Broadway.

Billy Rose produced a show called *Seven Lively Arts* in late 1945. The art of jazz was represented by the Benny Goodman Sextet of Goodman, clarinet; Red Norvo, vibraharp; Teddy Wilson, piano; Sid Weiss, bass; Morey Feld, drums. This show, based somewhat on the Gilbert Seldes work of the same title, had fair success and ran well into 1946. The producers closed it when Goodman became tired of playing the same tunes night after night and wanted to go back into the big-band field. The Raymond Scott group was mentioned as a successor, but the show failed to reopen.

The year 1946 saw several jazzmen employed as stars of up-to-date Broadway musicals. Drummer Cozy Cole headlined in *Carmen Jones,* and bassist Leroy (Slam) Stewart had a performing bit in *Glad to See You.*

That same year another attempt was made to see if the dramatic mien of the jazz musician could be an acceptable attraction in the regular theater. A producer selected a play entitled *Trumpet Leads* by Orin Jannings.

The play, which hit Broadway in 1946 under the title of *Hear That Trumpet,* was the first time a dramatic play had been built around musicians. It concerned six war veterans who had been musicians before the war. They returned to civilian life with an ambition to organize a jazz band.

Bobby Sherwood had the leading part as the trumpeter-bandleader; Sidney Bechet was the clarinetist; Skippy Layton the trombonist; Ray Mayer (in real life a dramatic actor who had been a ragtime piano player in the 1920s) the pianist; Bart Edwards the bassist; and Marty Marsala the drummer. All the musicians assumed the roles they had in real life with the exception of trumpeter Marsala.

The show ran for eight performances at the Playhouse Theater in the fall of 1946. The critics roasted the professional actors and praised the musicians for their dramatic abilities. Bechet always said he felt the play failed because of the racially mixed band.

Some stars, especially women who have been on the fringe of jazz, have had leading parts in modern musical comedies. Pearl Bailey and Diahann Carroll had leading parts in the Truman Capote *House of Flowers* in 1955-56, and trumpeter Ruby Braff had an acting-playing role in the Rodgers & Hammerstein 1956 *Pipe Dream.* The big star of the 1956 musical season was Lena Horne, who had been a chorine at the old Cotton Club and a vocalist with Charlie Barnet's band. She scored heavily as the star of *Jamaica,* a musical that also saw the return to Broadway of Adelaide Hall as Miss Horne's stage grandmother.

Beginning in early 1959, there were quite a few instances of jazz artists becoming involved with the Broadway theater. In May of that year, a show that had enjoyed considerable success in St. Louis was brought to the Henry Miller Theater. It was a musical about beatniks written by composer-director Tommy Wolf. The presentation, *The Nervous Set,* used a jazz quintet playing accompaniments and background music behind a scrim on the side of the stage. Modern jazz, however unfortunately, had become an adjunct to the space-gazing nihilism of the beat generation. Broadway playgoers failed to take the exhibit to heart, and *The Nervous Set* dissolved after two weeks.

A few months later, in July, the off-Broadway production of Jack Gelber's prize-winning (an Obie, the off-Broadway equivalent of movie Oscars) *The Connection* opened at the Living Theater. It was unveiled with universal disapproval from critics on the New York papers, second- and third-stringers whose bosses either were on vacation or did not deign to cover a theatrical innovation in Greenwich Village.

Fortunately for *The Connection,* it was coupled with a highly successful production with which it alternated nights of performance. As it was carried along for several weeks, it seemed to get through to various writers and essayists who wrote favorably of it in *New Republic, The Village Voice,* and *Evergreen Review.*

The regular drama reviewers then came in either to refute their assistants or to bear them out. The work ran in New York for more than a year and a half, had much less successful local productions in Hollywood and Toronto, and was laughed off the stage in London. It was performed at a Paris drama festival and has been filmed with the New York cast.

The score for the Manhattan production was written by pianist Freddie Redd, the music for the Hollywood version by tenor saxophonist Dexter Gordon.

Gelber uses four musicians as actor-players in a cast consisting of a group of narcotic addicts waiting for a fix. The integration of jazz and its players into the drama of the play is an important phase of the action.

Later in the same year, October, 1959, an ace jazz group accompanied French singer Yves Montand in his one-man show at the Henry Miller. This time the band played behind a backdrop. The personnel included Jimmy Giuffre, clarinet; Billy Byers, trombone; Jim Hall, guitar; Nick Perito, accordion; Al Hall, bass; Charlie Persip, drums. The project was a success, and the Norman-Granz-produced show closed only because Montand had film commitments in Hollywood.

At the end of 1959 another musical production making vital use of jazz musicians went into rehearsal. It was a revised version of the Harold Arlen-Johnny Mercer *St. Louis Woman* musical that played Broadway in 1946 featuring Pearl Bailey.

The new version was named *Free and Easy,* and trumpeter-arranger-bandleader Quincy Jones arranged the music. His entire band, with such stars as trumpeters Benny Bailey and Clark Terry, trombonists Quentin Jackson and Melba Liston; saxophonists Phil Woods, Budd Johnson, and Jerome Richardson, were used as characters on the stage as well as to play the music conducted by Jones.

The original plan for the Robert Breen-directed *Free and Easy* called for a long European break-in junket, followed by a cross-country tour in the United States and a Broadway opening early in 1961. The show opened in December, 1959, at Amsterdam, Holland, played for a month in the Low Countries, and then went into the Alhambra in Paris for four weeks. After two weeks in Paris, the producers decided to give up the attempt to mold the production into a cohesive form good enough for Broadway.

The end of 1959 also saw two off-Broadway attempts to use jazz and musicians as inherent dramatic qualities quickly fall by the wayside. One was a play by Norton Cooper titled *The Bal-*

lad of Jazz Street starring Lonnie Satin, Tina Sattin, and Avon Long. The music was by pianist Nat Pierce.

The other off-Broadway entry was a curious fantasy by William Gibson, author of *The Miracle Worker*, titled *Dinny and the Witches*. The plot concerns a trumpet player, Dinny, who dreams that he inherits the world and has everything he wants. The arrangements and incidental score were by Bobby Scott.

In March, 1960, one of the most interesting and successful of all the jazz-oriented musicals came to Broadway. Don Elliott, mellophonist and vibraharpist, wrote a score for the popular *A Thurber Carnival*, an unusual revue that played the ANTA Theater for eight months.

Elliott's group, made up of the leader on mellophone and vibes; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Jack Six, bass; Ronnie Bedford, drums, performed on the stage as well as in a specially built box offstage between the proscenium and the first fire exit.

A low-key sound accompaniment was used tastefully throughout the show to highlight the humor of the separate pieces, to bridge the scene changes, and to punctuate the speaking parts. The entire lively and humorous mood of the show was neatly sustained by the use of jazz interludes. One critic wrote, "The music is as right for Thurber as the settings. . . ."

Later in the year, jazz guitarist Kenney Burrell held down a semidramatic role and played in *Bye Bye Birdie*.

Broadway's flirtation with jazz and its makers continued into 1961. Young English playwright Shelagh Delaney's *A Taste of Honey* had a mood-setting jazz group onstage at the Booth Theater. This time pianist Bobby Scott found himself with a successful Broadway production showcase for his incidental music. In addition to composing the music, he led his quartet while onstage, in a particularly interesting application of U. S. jazz inasmuch as the play came to the New York stage from its original production in London, England.

Off-Broadway productions continued in 1961.

A short play about the supposed racial problems met with when the blues singer Bessie Smith was killed in an auto crash back in 1937 was written by Edward Albee. It enjoyed a long run in Berlin, Germany, and was brought to the York Theater in the spring of the year, where it had another long run until transferred to its present abode at the Cherry Lane in the Village.

Albee's work is titled *The Death of Bessie Smith* and concerns the reported refusal of two hospitals to admit her after a serious accident because she was a Negro. The incidental music for the presentation is played and composed by saxophonist Hal McKusick, who has made a specialty of this type of work. He was the understudy for Don Elliott during the run of *A Thurber Carnival*. Jimmy Giuffre frequently spelled McKusick.

The problem of adapting jazz for dramatic projection came into focus when producer Alexander Cohen (*An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May* and *At the Drop of a Hat*) joined jazz artists' representative Monte Kay to bring to Broadway a show called *Impulse* in April, 1961.

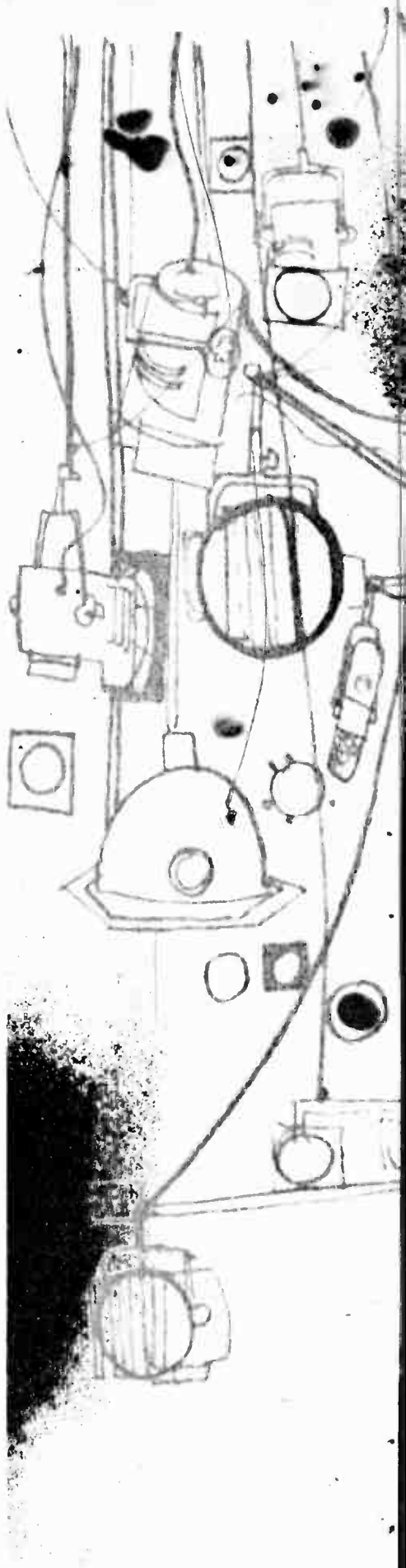
Cohen viewed his *Impulse* as a theatrical experiment with "an evening of improvisation by creative talents." It was to be a jazz concert with a theme, identified as "a new wave in jazz," mounted in an unconventional framework permitting periodic changes in artist personnel.

Impulse was slated to open at the Royale Theater following a two-week tryout at the O'Keefe Center in Toronto, Ontario. The cast for the trial run included singer-pianist Nina Simone with her drummer and bassist; Maynard Ferguson's band (to be replaced by Gerry Mulligan's for the Broadway opening); Olatunji's African troupe of percussionists and dancers; Oscar Brown Jr., singing his original compositions; and the dance team of Carmen de Lavallade and John Butler, in Butler's dance portrait of the late Billie Holiday.

This varied cast was to be held together in some sort of a uniform format by a conferencier. It was in the selection for this emcee chore that the producers erred. They ignored the need for an experienced and jazz-knowledgeable personality for what they felt would be a big boxoffice draw and hired Irish playright Brendan Behan, whose all-night drinking bout after the first Toronto showing culminated in his being jailed for fighting a hotel detective and a policeman.

The incident with Behan, plus the local critics who decreed, "The show lacks cohesion, although the artists are good, individually" caused the producers to throw in the sponge after eight performances. Producer Cohen was quoted as saying, "I agree with the critics. The show is not good enough for Broadway." Cohen and Kay calmly took a $40,000 loss and canceled the Broadway opening.

Disappointments such as *Impulse* aside, jazz musicians, having performed in churches, concert halls, athletic stadiums, tents, and summer theaters, look hopefully to opportunities for the frequent employment of jazz to highlight the dramatic content of a show, whether a musical or a drama. ■



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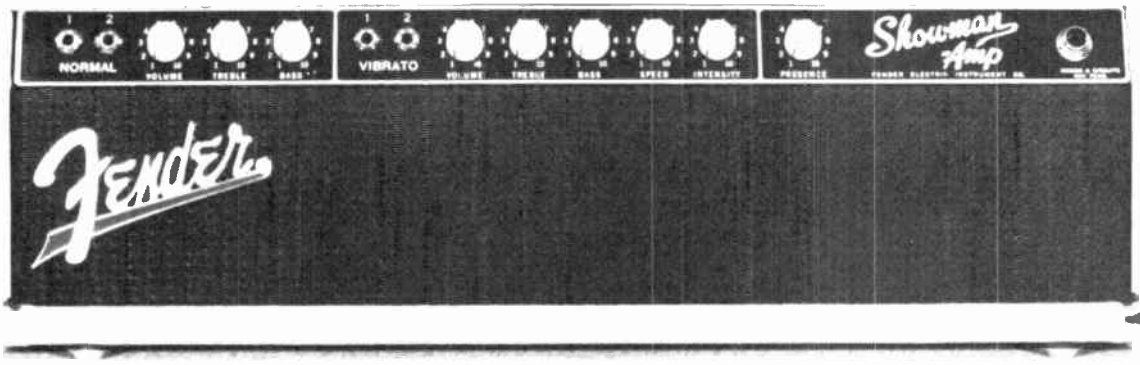

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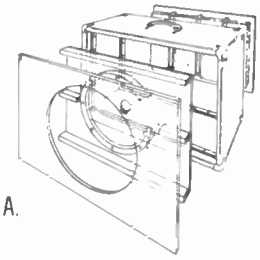
A.



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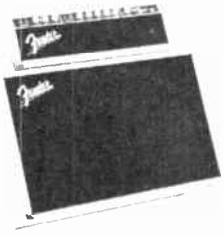

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FINE ELECTRIC INSTRUMENTS

JAZZMAN OF THE YEAR

It was John Coltrane's year. His saxophone work brought him the accolades of listeners and critics alike. Besides winning the International Jazz Critics Poll for his tenor saxophone playing, Coltrane captured two other awards in that poll—he was chosen new star on miscellaneous instrument (soprano saxophone), and his quartet was named new-star combo.

It was the first time he had won any top position in the critics poll. Besides winning the greatest number of awards in that poll, Coltrane came in first in two categories of the 1961 *Down Beat* Readers Poll. He walked away with the tenor and miscellaneous-instrument prizes.

Coltrane's work, sometimes the target of critics' spears in years past, received, in 1961, almost universal praise from those who write jazz criticism. His records were rated highly not only in *Down Beat* but in other jazz publications throughout the world.

His influence on other musicians continued to grow; many young tenorists continued slavishly to imitate him.

But more important than poll victories, critical praise, and influence, Coltrane provided some of the most exciting and musically stimulating moments of the year.

In 1961, John Coltrane came into his own.

JOHN COLTRANE

By BARBARA GARDNER

HE WALKED a fast trail of self-destruction for much of his early adulthood. By the time he was 31, he had about physically and spiritually burned himself out, and he just lay there, smoldering in deterioration. One day in 1957, he made up his mind to "get some fun out of life for a change." He rose out of the ashes of his life to become one of the most controversial contributors to modern jazz . . . John Coltrane.

John William Coltrane was born on Sept. 23, 1926, in Hamlet, N. C. He was an only child. When he was still an infant, his parents moved to High Point, N. C. There was nothing spectacular about their life there. His father, a tailor, saw his son enjoying music as he himself did. The Coltrane home was filled with musical instruments. In time, young John learned to play clarinet, alto saxophone, and ukulele.

When Coltrane was 12, his father died, leaving him little but a love of music. The high school he attended did not have a school band, but he played alto saxophone and clarinet in a community center band after school.

In 1943, Coltrane and his mother moved to Philadelphia. He continued his studies at Granoff Studios and Ornstein School of Music. In 1945, he entered the Navy, serving in Hawaii, where he played in a Navy Band. He was discharged in the middle of the following year.

A quiet, introspective musician of 21, who had never played the tenor saxophone in his life, John Coltrane was hired on tenor by Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson. Pianist Red Garland, who was working with Vinson at the time, was instrumental in getting him the job. Coltrane objected mildly that he was an altoist but made the switch without trauma.

The multinote soloist of today is in direct contrast to the shy, reluctant instrumentalist of the late '40s.

"Yeah, little ol' Coltrane used to be in my band," Vinson remembers with a paternal smile. "He never wanted to play. I used to have to play all night long. I'd ask him, 'Man, why don't you play?' He'd say, 'I just want to hear you play.' "

It was partly sincere admiration that made the newcomer hesitate to play in the presence of the pros, but much of the reluctance could be attributed to the stage of his development, which he alone knew. There was little individuality or personal creation in his early playing.

"At that time, I was trying to play like Dexter Gordon and Wardell Gray," Coltrane said. "I liked what they were doing. I heard in them lots of the ideas of Lester Young, who was my first influence. So when I made the switch to tenor, I was trying to play like them."

In 1949, Coltrane began accumulating jazz experience with the giants. He joined the Dizzy Gillespie big band as an altoist. Later he was to work in a Gillespie combo playing tenor. About the time of his first Gillespie stay, the fleeting, biting tenor of Sonny Stitt caught his ear. Again, the exploring musician attempted to find his direction in another man's course.

"Sonny's playing sounded like something I would like to do," Coltrane recalled. "He sounded like something between Dexter and Wardell, an outgrowth of both of them. All the time, I thought I had been looking for something and then I heard Sonny and said, 'Damn! There it is! That's it!' "

And he thought it was and set about developing that brand of tenor playing that drew on Lester Young and Charlie Parker for its chief points of departure. He was more than competent in this style. Several jazzmen of stature kept an eye on him. In turn, he was snapped up by Earl Bostic, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Smith, and in 1957, Miles Davis. He left Davis briefly to work with Thelonious Monk in 1958 but returned later the same year.

With Davis, the bubble of false security burst, and Coltrane again was forced to view those repressed aspirations for musical freedom and individuality.

"I began trying to add to what I was playing because of Miles' group," he said. "Being there, I just couldn't be satisfied any longer with what I was doing. The standards were so high, and I felt that I wasn't really contributing like I should."

Then he added a thought that reflects his concern for musical truth:

"About this time, I got the recording contract with Prestige, and I decided that if I was going to put anything on record, then it ought to be me."

This was the beginning of the emergence of John Coltrane as one of the most individual of musicians.

Once the decision was made, Coltrane wasted no time in beginning at the core of his frustrations. He put his mental and physical health on the mend by stopping two destructive habits – alcoholism and narcotics addiction – simultaneously and immediately. Not only was this the turning point in John Coltrane's life, it reflected the great inner strength of the man.

"He never clarified his direction, verbally," remembers Cannonball Adderley, who worked with him in the Davis group. "He did suggest that he was going to change all around, both personally and musically.

"All of a sudden, he decided that he was going to change the John Coltrane image. Along with changing the physical and spiritual things, he encountered Monk along the way musically, and played with him for near a year. I'm sure that he heard a lot of things he's playing now, even back then."

Then Adderley expressed a prevalent admiration for the strength of conviction that led to Coltrane's musical direction:

"You've got to hand it to him, you know. In the middle of a successful career, Coltrane decided that he wasn't playing anything and made up his mind to go ahead and develop something that had been in the back of his mind all along."

There was no outside influence demanding that Coltrane move on from his comfortable, accepted position as a rising young tenor man in the pattern of Gordon, Gray, and Stitt. He was being accepted, even welcomed, on this basis. Adderley describes the Coltrane of the Miles Davis era as "not so much commercially successful, as com-

mercially acceptable. He played quite a few solos back then that hippie-in-the-street began to hum. I challenge them to hum some of his solos now."

Exactly what the spark was that ignited Coltrane into new flamboyant motion is yet unknown, even to the reed man himself. Adderley attributes part of the answer to the acceptance being given Sonny Rollins.

"Coltrane had appeared on most of the commercially successful records with Miles Davis, and his material was becoming more and more popular," Adderley said. "People were beginning to say 'John Coltrane' with some degree of serious feeling about it. At that time also, Sonny Rollins had broken through with a little thing of his own in vogue, and I guess John thought that the time was right for him to start fooling around with his own stuff."

IF SONNY ROLLINS can be referred to as a fresh breath of wind in the static tenor scene, then the post-1958 Coltrane must be regarded as a tornado.

He bombarded the listener with a rapid-fire succession of 16th notes; long, apparently unrelated lines; interchanging, reversable five-note chords; and constantly altering tone. Some charged he was repetitious. He played an idea over and over, turning the notes around in every possible combination, summoning every imaginable tone from his instrument, trying to coax out of the horn the thing he felt, trying to attain that certain feeling that would tell him that he was on the right track.

"I work a lot by feeling," Coltrane still admits. "I just have to feel it. If I don't, then I keep trying."

This musical and physical renaissance was not without its outside problems and disappointments. Coltrane found that to be different and distinctive; to dare to step outside the pale of the accepted, overworked pattern of tenor playing was to inspire, most often, the wrath of those writers and listeners who complained loudest about the clichés and imitation existing in tenor playing at that time.

Coltrane's repetition and constant trial and error reaped criticism from within the charmed music circle as well. Musicians occasionally cloaked in criticism their admration for his daring.

Adderley remembers that occasionally Miles Davis would question Coltrane about his long solos:

"Once in a while, Miles might say, 'Why you play so long, man?' and John would say, 'It took that long to get it all in.' And Miles would accept that, really. Miles never bothered anybody much about what to play or how to play it."

Initially, much of the jazz world laughed. This man could not be serious, was the attitude even though there perhaps never has been a jazzman with a greater reputation for sobreity about his work. Coltrane never deviated from his newly charted course.

"He was serious about everything—everything he played," Adderley says. "Where sometimes Miles would take on some humor in his playing – or lots of times I might feel lighter than usual—John was heavily involved with being just serious and musical, all the time."

Donald Garrett, a Chicago musician who works with Coltrane as the second bassist occasionally, has said:

"He is a meticulous musician. He will often play a tune seven or eight different ways before he decides on just how he wants to play it."

Coltrane's wife, Juanita, remembers that during the early period of experimentation, Coltrane sometimes would woodshed for 24 hours straight without food or sleep. He stopped only when he was physically unable to practice anymore. And when he was too exhausted to play, he talked music.

Gradually, the first wave of critical laughter passed and was replaced by a general outrage or a sophisticated mockery. Writers articulate in their craft referred to him as an "angry young tenor," to his sound as "the bark of a dog," to his ideas as "epileptic fits of passion."

One compassionate writer, Ira Gitler, in 1958 described Coltrane's playing as "sheets of sound," and in *Jazz Review* Mimi Clar elaborated on this years later to describe the saxophonist's music as "yards of accordion-pleated fabric hastily flung from the bolt."

When Coltrane's name was breathed in the same context as Charlie Parker's, one writer retorted, "Charlie Parker's playing is like an electric fan being switched on and off; Coltrane's playing is like an electric fan being turned on and left."

There were a few Coltrane champions in those days, but they were almost consumed in the raging heat of controversy. By 1960, the general attitude of most jazz writers and listeners was succinctly expressed in a Martin Williams record review:

" . . . patience for all may be the best thing to suggest. When the plant is growing, it doesn't do to keep pulling it up to look at the roots."

Following this metaphoric admonition, most jazz listeners, professional and otherwise, settled back to await the maturation of the "angry young tenor." The wait has not been a quiet or uneventful one. In April, 1960, Coltrane formed his own combo. Since that time, he has changed personnel and instrumentation often in his search for new sounds and new musical concepts.

"John is one of the most brilliant jazz musicians of all times because he has the rare combination of originality and the ability to make profound decisions, musically," Adderley said. "By profound decisions, I mean that he can think of so many things to play, a whole variety of things, before he plays anything; and he can instantly make a good selection from this wide choice. He is a brilliant soloist, but he is also a good, original, all-around musician. His concept is altogether different.

"He has a tremendous influence and will have on the young tenor players coming up now. He is a definite departure. I don't mean that he was a radical departure from the tenor played by, say, Coleman Hawkins because there were some radical departures before him. But there was a generally accepted, established style of play that was a mixture of Charlie Parker, Dexter Gordon, Lester Young, and some of Coleman Hawkins' style. And John decided, all of a sudden, that although he was one of the most successful of these modern jazz players, that wasn't good enough for him."

A well-discussed departure that Coltrane has made from the accepted jazz pattern has been the addition of a second bassist.

Young Garrett maintains that this is an idea Coltrane had toyed with for several years. Garrett himself takes credit for having interested Coltrane in the idea.

"Well, we have been friends since 1955, and whenever he is in town, he comes over to my house, and we go over ideas," Garrett said.

"I had this tape where I was playing with another bass player. We were doing some things rhythmically, and Coltrane became excited about the sound. We got the same kind of sound you get from the East Indian water drum. One bass remains in the lower register and is the stabilizing, pulsating thing, while the other bass is free to improvise, like the right hand would be on the drum. So Coltrane liked the idea."

To Garrett, Coltrane represents more than a successful tenor man.

"Coltrane has individual freedom without sacrifice of musical message," he said. "He just proves that if you've really got something to say, you don't have to cheat."

The bassist is too good a musician not to recognize and acknowledge many of the early limitations of the renovated saxophonist. But Garrett has a simple and sympathetic explanation:

"He just had a sound in his head that he couldn't get out his horn. His direction has always been the same. He is just getting able to express it better. Just like Sonny Rollins. When Sonny started, he used to squeak a lot. He was just trying to play what he heard in his head. Any time one is an innovator, there are lots of defects in the early playing because nobody's ever tried it before."

Coltrane says that he plans to continue extending his harmonic growth, but, at the same time, he does not turn his back on rhythmic developments. He wrote in 1960, "I want to be more flexible where rhythm is concerned. I feel I have to study rhythm some more. I haven't experimented too much with time; most of my experimenting has been in a harmonic form. I put time and rhythm to one side, in the past."

Others recognize rhythmic development as one of Coltrane's most fertile areas.

"His growth has to be basically rhythmic," said bassist Garrett. "His harmonic conception will be limited until his rhythmic concept is fully developed. This is one of the reasons for his success now. He is extending in all rhythmic directions which give him more area for climatic development."

FOR ALL PRACTICAL purposes, Coltrane has arrived. No one is asking for further extension from him. Perfect that which you have introduced, he is asked today. Coltrane himself surveys his lot and answers in confusion:

"I haven't found it yet. I'm listening all the time, but I haven't found it."

Where is it? What is it? How will he know it when he has it?

"I don't know what I'm looking for," he answers frankly. "Something that hasn't been played before. I don't know what it is. I know I'll have that feeling when I get it. I'll just keep searching."

Two years ago, Coltrane said he had something "that I'm afraid to play. People won't let me get away with it."

"I don't remember what I was talking about specifically," he says now. "I guess I must have tried them already. I've gone through all the things I used to want to do. Some I liked and am still working on. Others I had to set aside."

Restless and discontent, he says he does not feel dissatisfied with his present contribution, but, at the same time, he does not feel completely satisfied. He still feels the tenacious tug of incompleteness that spurred him to walk away from his "commercial acceptance" in 1957 and begin moving in a more self-satisfying direction. But he knows no guaranteed answers to fulfillment.

"I just can't seem to find the right songs," he said. "I'm listening everywhere. I listen to other groups, records, the men I work with, trying to find what I'm looking for. I learn a lot from the fellows in the group. Eric Dolphy is a hell of a musician, and he plays a lot of horn. When he is up there searching and experimenting, I learn a lot from him, but I just haven't found exactly what I want yet."

There is the obvious solution a musician can employ when available material ceases to provide the musical stimulus or outlet for expression.

"I just have to write the tunes myself," he said flatly, without any show of arrogance. "And I don't really want to take the time away from my horn. Writing has always been a secondary thing for me, but I find that lately I am spending more and more time at it, because I can't find the proper tunes."

Friends and associates closest to the quiet, withdrawn reed man are holding their breath, hoping that he begins to catch a glimpse of his elusive rainbow. There is perhaps not a bolder, more aggressive, more volitant tenor player anywhere among the leading musicians of today. The Coltrane experimental and effectual use of the soprano saxophone is held by many to be a further step in modern-jazz coloration. Yet his personal acquaintances are waiting for some sign of that abrupt, venturesome departure that hurtled Coltrane into the spotlight almost two years ago.

Some remarks are clothed in blind faith, and some rare speculation, like Adderley's: "You never know what he's going to do next. He may come out in a few months with a whole new thing."

Garrett observes with admiration, "He's always going to be new and fresh and ahead of everything. He isn't going to sacrifice anything. He's always learning, trying new things."

Eddie Vinson remembers from years back and repeats today, "That ol' boy was something. He changed his playing every six months almost. Even now, you never can tell what he's going to be playing six months from now."

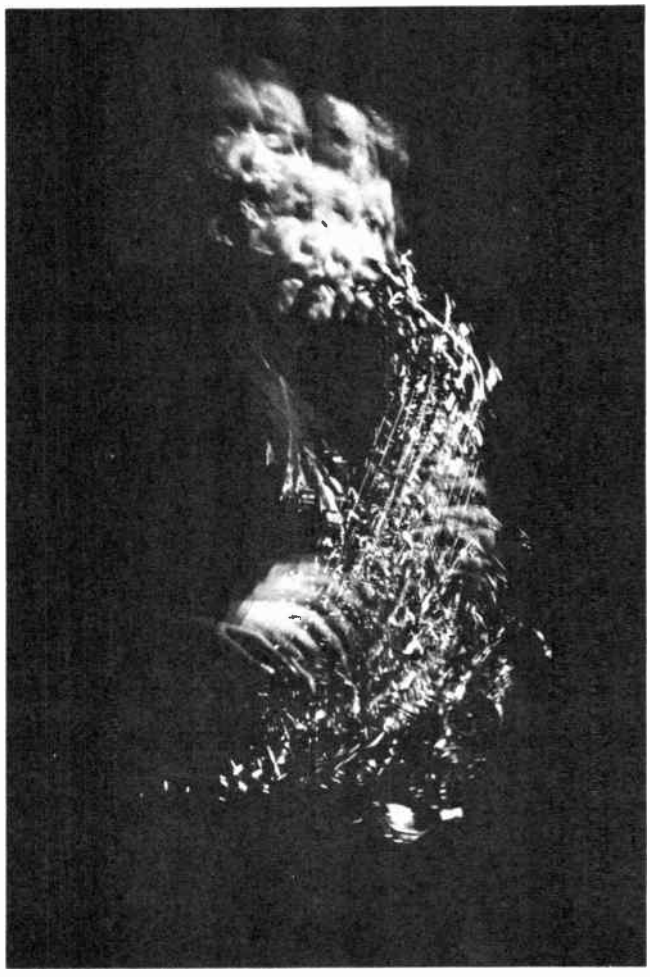
Constant change, this is the basic characteristic with which John Coltrane has impressed every person who knows him well. And dedication to music — he lives and breathes music. An interview with Coltrane must be something like intruding into a human being's soul. His honest love and respect for his work and his unembarrassed humility in his current dilemma gush forth, almost unasked for. He seems to want to share his stalemate with the world in the faint hope that someone someplace might have a key to unlock for him the entire world of music.

Beyond the ambition to find "something," he has no further plan. At the moment he has no new ideas for further direction. He wants to improve and refine those he has. His next album may contain only material written by him. He is not sure, but he may or he may not return the alto saxophone to his horn kit. This may help him to extend his harmonic development. One thing of which he is certain, he will definitely have to write more, whether he wants to or not.

In the meantime, he continues to pour into his craft a dedication born of intimate knowledge of neglect and its devastation. He does so even knowing that he is marking time, at least according to his own criteria. That much of the world hasn't caught up to his work is its problem. He does not want to bask in belated glory. Coltrane says he very well may be looking into the sinking sun and cannot feed on the plaudits of the late risers.

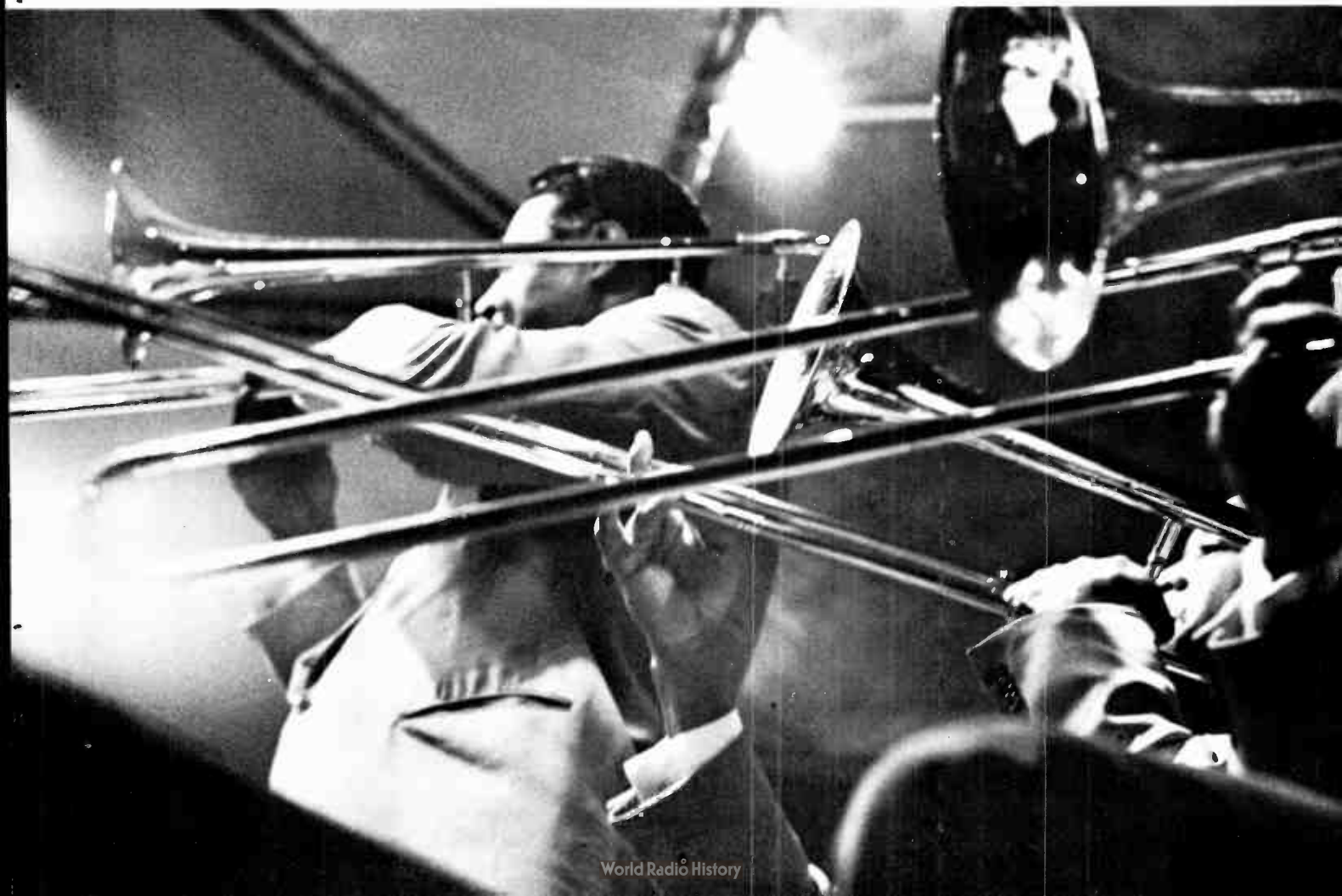
"I just want to play all I can," he said, almost desperately. "Sometimes an entertainer just has a certain span of productivity. I hope that never happens to me, but you never know, so I want to keep playing as long as I possibly can."

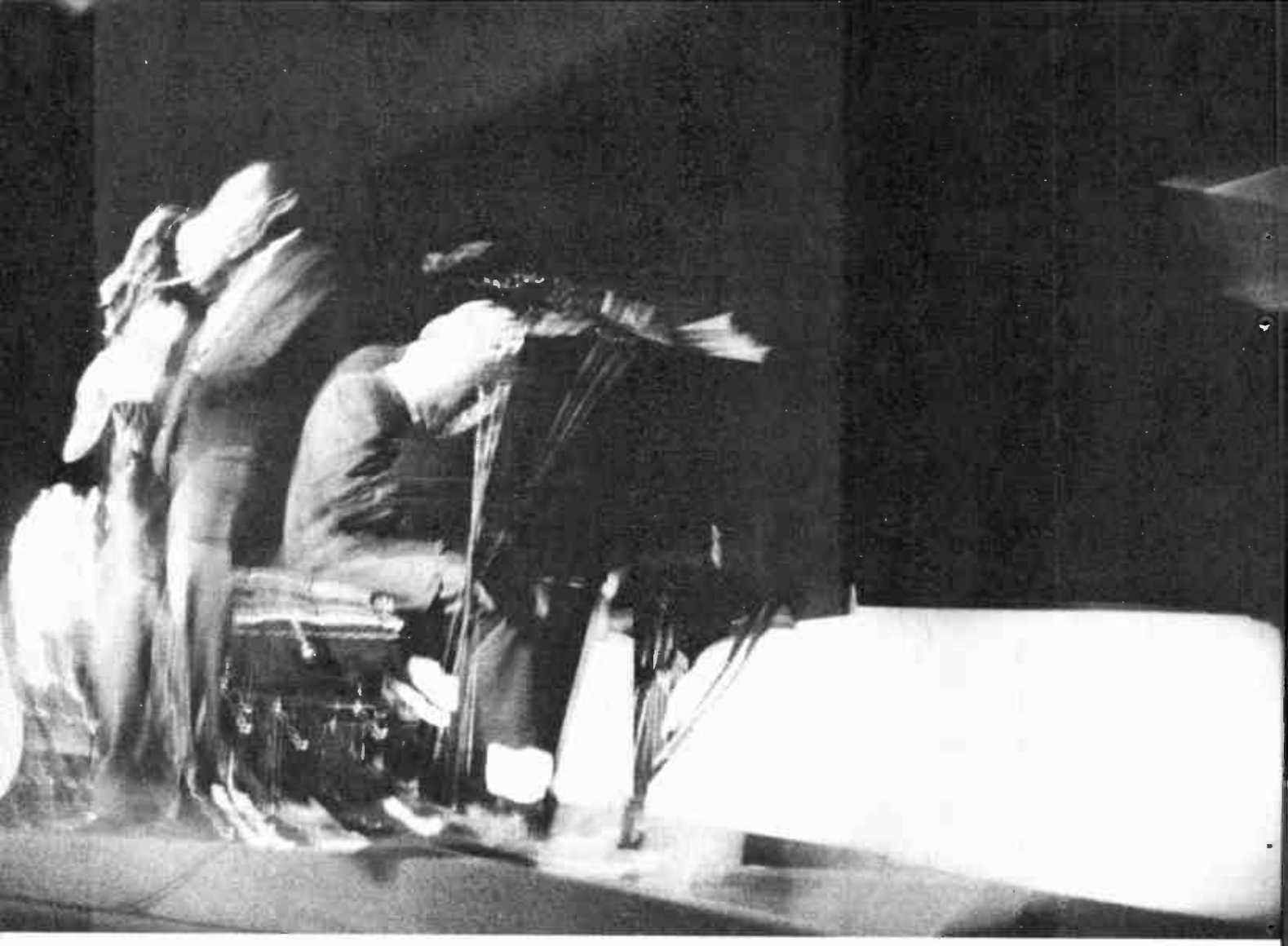
JAZZ
PHOTO GALLERY

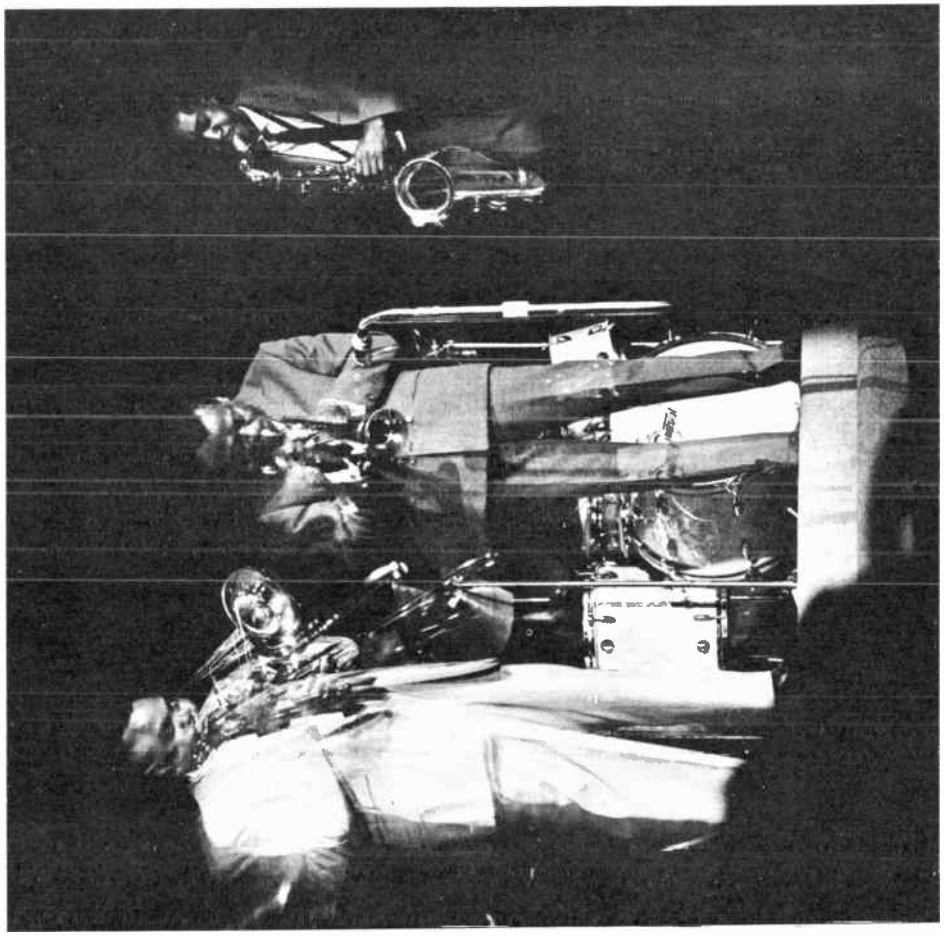


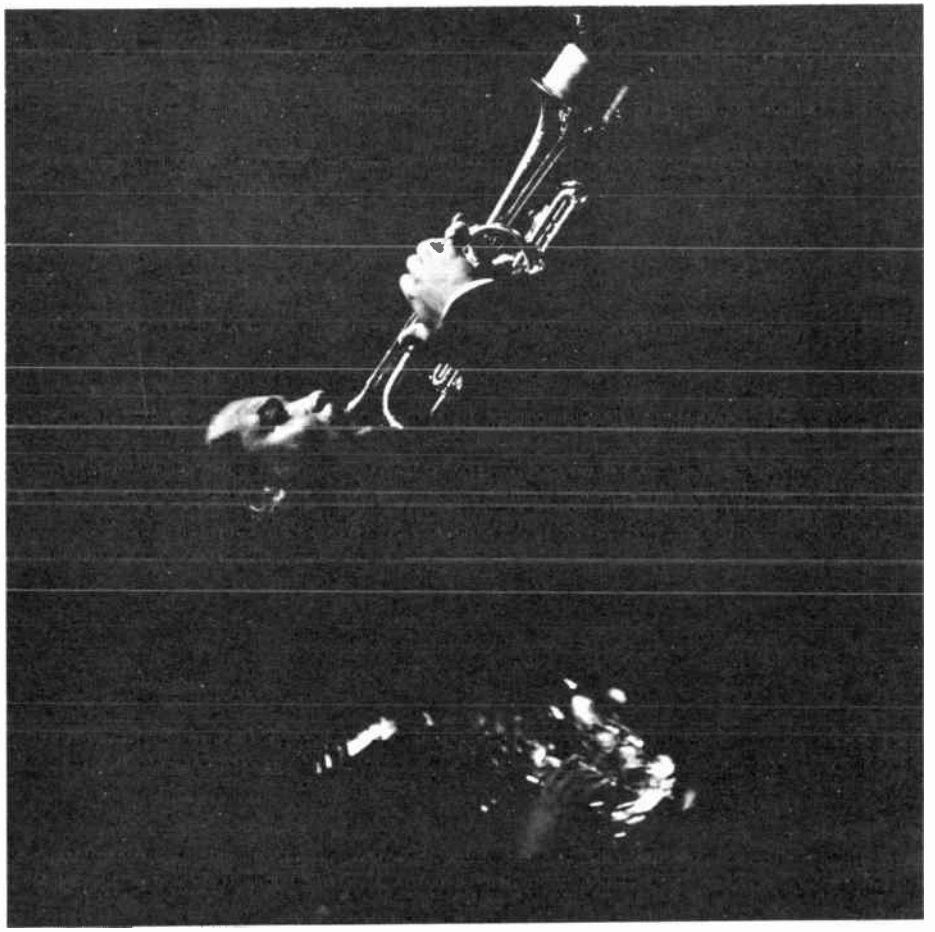
Photography and jazz have much in common. Each is of the moment, the immediate. Both take cognizance of form but rarely become inflexible within that form. Each is built on improvisation, the one the manipulation of sounds, the other the manipulation of light. Both are able to evoke the range of emotion from despondency to exultation.

The photographs on this and the following pages are brilliant examples of that facet of photography fast becoming a side art unto itself—the jazz photo.

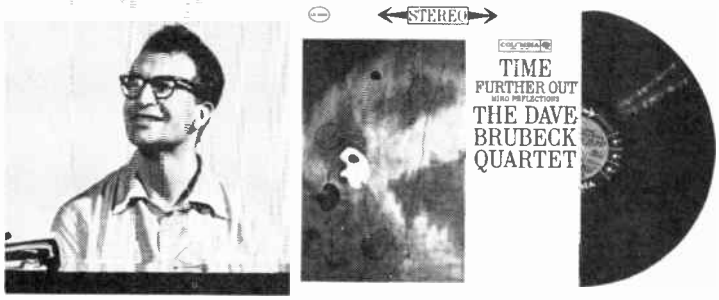




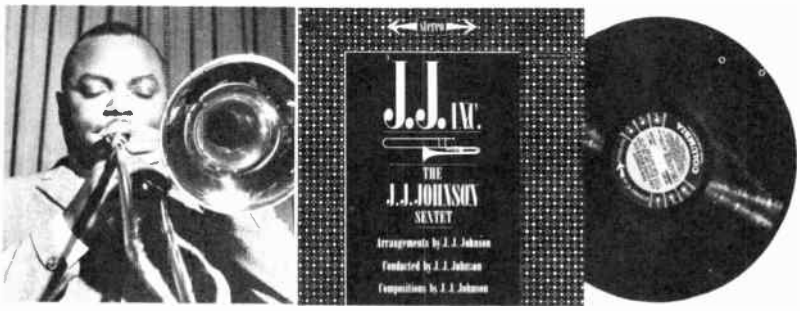




JAZZ SOUNDS...THE GREATEST



Rhythms Further Out
The further adventures in rhythm of Dave Brubeck and His Quartet—more games with far-out pulsations—7/4, 9/8—à la Brubeck's hit, "Take Five."



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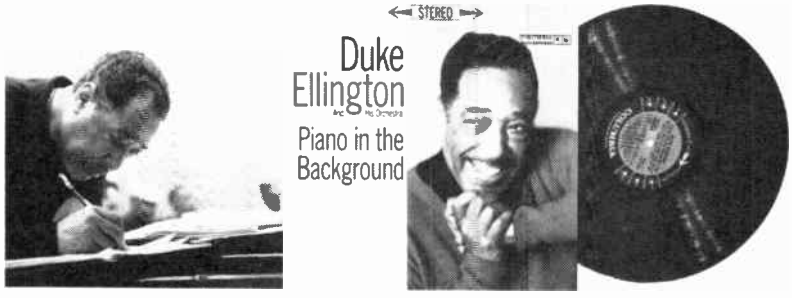
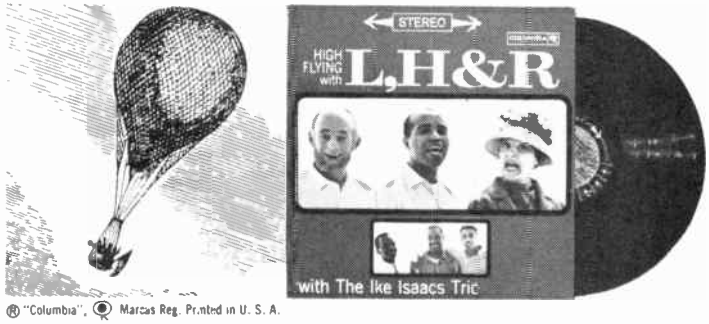


88+3
A special piano for the Duke this time—with three extra keys! Each tune begins with his solo—then the roaring Ellington band takes over.



L, H & R in Orbit
Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, that singular jazz vocal trio, take off, as always, for uncharted territories, with eleven highly original departures.

ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

CHOOSE SPECTACULAR STEREO OR MATCHLESS MONAURAL

RECORDS: A GOOD YEAR FOR JAZZ

By BILL COSS

TOP TEN TURMOIL marked most of the record business during 1961, but, by and large, jazz never had it so good. Stability was the mark of the better jazz record, with an occasional single sometimes hitting *The Billboard* Hot 100.

For all the fact that jazz did proportionately better, it is still worthwhile surveying the general field to understand those gains and to project some changes that will affect jazz.

In general, record companies suffered from the whiplash of the economic recession. In some cases, company-released gross figures were enormous, but allowing for giveaways, special sales, promotion gimmicks, and wholesale dumping, the net figures – that is, real profit – were disappointing.

The sale of singles, or, rather, the lack of single sales, was the general faltering figure. (That, of course, did not involve most of the jazz market.) But, all the major companies became concerned and made plans. Out of those plans came moves calculated to drive strong men to drink, brink, or some measure of success:

Warner Brothers introduced the Plus 2, a single 45-rpm with four tracks instead of two, planting two established hits by an artist on the inside tracks, two new ones on the outside. Industry reaction was immediate and pessimistic, sometimes motivated by the fact that many recording companies were pitching hard for the new seven-inch, 33⅓-rpm single.

Operating on that speed, but with a variation of their own, came Cadence and Mercury. Cadence called its product the Little LP, six tracks, made up mostly of established past hits, selling for $1.69, packaged to appeal to the teenager pocketbook. Mercury did the same thing, at the same price, for the same reason but called its the Compact Six. Cadence president Archie Bleyer spoke for the whole record industry, for jazz too, when he announced, "It's hard to find 12 good songs for a regular-sized album."

That jazz record sales were as good as they were in 1961 was probably due to the stability maintained by independent-label jazz: stability reflected in stores catering to a small, select, but determined and loyal group of fans.

That stability was reflected upon by two West Coast record company owners during 1961. Dick Bock, president of World Pacific, spoke of the widening spectrum of jazz, embracing a much wider range of music, from what is almost "folk jazz" into the narrower, "sophisticated brand of jazz." He said that he felt quality had improved greatly but that it was a year when "it's been more difficult for a jazz record producer to be adventuresome. This is a day of fitting into established trends. From there, you may be able to expand to a bigger audience."

For Bock, there was no sign that the groove-funk-soul trend was a fad. "The broad base of the market always seems to respond instinctively to this," he said. "Right now, the blues form is gone to, or is expanding in, three-quarter or six-eight time. Soul jazz is simply the performer getting closer to the basic essentials in his music. Don't forget it *was* soul music before they began calling it soul jazz. . . ."

Lester Koenig, president of Contemporary and Good Time Jazz, is convinced that jazz records have much more stability than classical or pop records. He expects sales over long periods of time, not on any immediate basis, and he stated that he makes his records with that in mind: "Five records we made in 1949 are still among our strongest sellers," and the 1956 Shelly Manne-André Previn version of *My Fair Lady* "still remains among the best-selling jazz albums around the country."

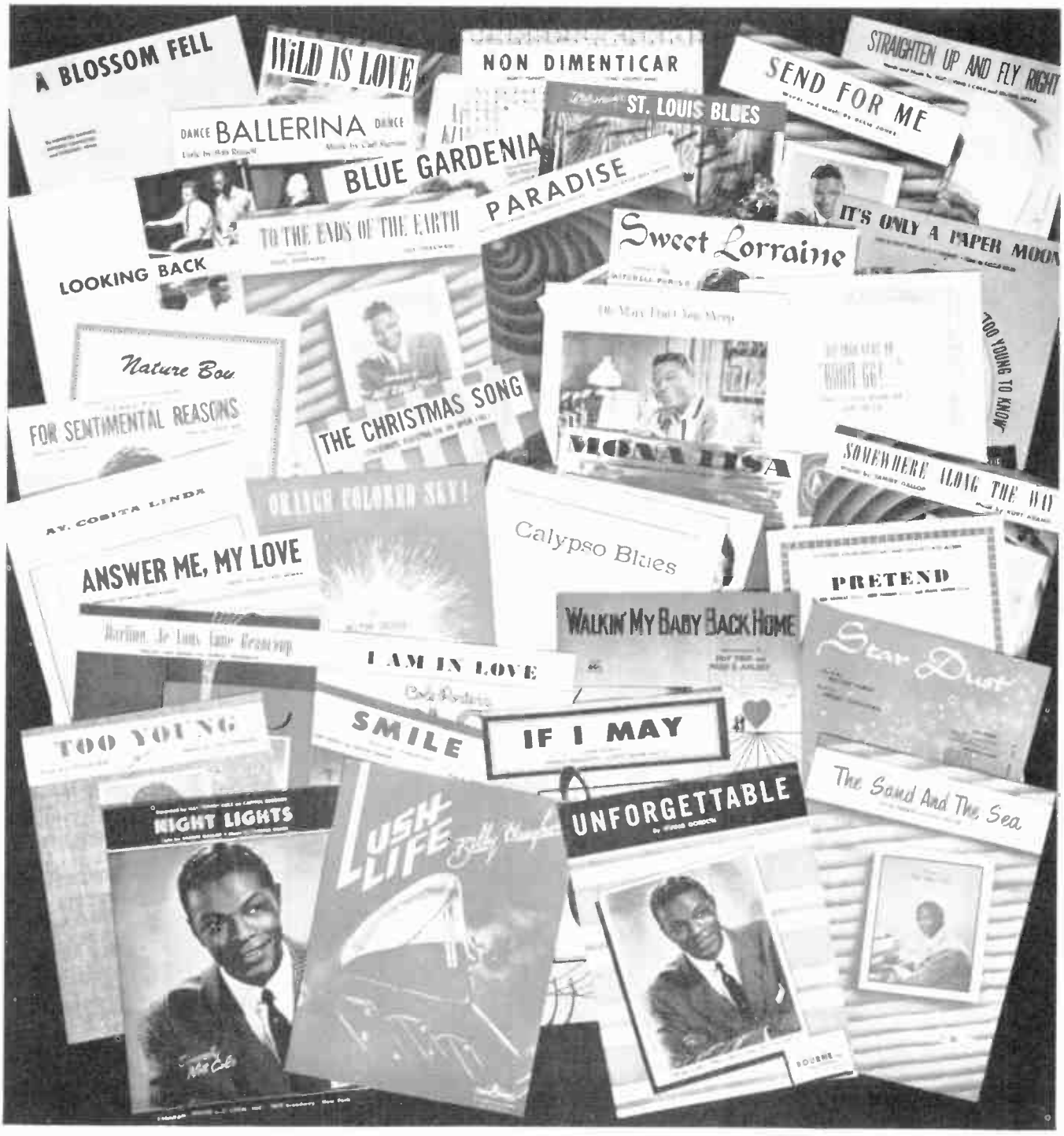
Both Riverside and Prestige debuted pop labels in 1961 (Riverside also added a jazz subsidiary – Offbeat – and a classical label – Washington – to its brands). Meanwhile, four jazz singles climbed into the Hot 100 charts in *The Billboard:* Eddie Harris' *Exodus* (Vee Jay), Cannonball Adderley's *African Waltz* (Riverside), Ray Charles' *One Mint Julep* (Impulse), and Don Shirley's *Water Boy* (Cadence).

Now, while it could be said that none of these was *simply* a jazz record, each did represent some jazz, and all pointed up the fact that jazz was entering the popular market to some extent.

More to the purist tastes, perhaps was the obvious attempt by most companies to plan and merchandise jazz albums beyond the usual jazz session.

Considering sales in general, it was to be expected that the major companies would do such. Roulette matched Duke Ellington with Louis Armstrong. Columbia put the Ellington and Count Basie bands together for one album, and then paired Dave Brubeck with Louis Armstrong, Carmen McRae, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, and others. Capitol also traded. Riverside recorded its Wes Montgomery with Capitol's George Shearing and then lent Cannonball Adderley for a Nancy Wilson Capitol album.

Some part of the jazz pre-eminence might also have come from the percussion-record craze, heavily with us through most of 1961. Too little of it was jazz, much of it relied heavily on effects without cause, but some had excellent jazz solos, reflecting jazz instrumental brilliance amidst the bings



Who put the KING in Nat KING Cole? These did, that's who.

Count them. There are 36 songs. Thirty-six legendary hits. Thirty-six songs we listened to, sang in the shower, hummed with on the car radio, whistled, played again and again, tapped our toes to, relaxed to, loved to, were happy to, and were sad to. They are part of our era. They are part of our lives. They are the Nat King Cole story.

In the past eighteen years since he recorded "Straighten Up and Fly Right," this remarkable man has become a legend in his own right. To call a popular singer "great" is a trite and generally inaccurate description. Only rarely... as with Nat King Cole... is it deserved. He is truly the king of his domain. And these famous recordings have firmly established his claim to the throne. Now you can get them all in one package..."The Nat King Cole Story." It is a three-disc set, magnificently packaged, and including complete program notes and comments by Leonard Feather, George T. Simon, and Ralph J. Gleason. The older numbers have been brilliantly re-recorded in exciting sound to match perfectly the original arrangements. A superb gift for those who pay homage to true greatness...to Nat King Cole. Hear the songs that put the King in Nat King Cole. Where it belongs.

Capitol RECORDS

Capitol

THE NAT KING COLE STORY

©CAPITOL RECORDS INC.

and bangs. Only one legitimate jazz percussion album was issued, *The Soul of Jazz Percussion*, produced by Teddy Charles for Warwick.

But planning and merchandising was more than just the pairing of big names or talents, or the presence of more and bigger percussion sections. Frank Sinatra's company, Reprise, built a policy of recording entertainers, per se, many of whom were artists, and some were jazz artists such as Ben Webster and Jimmy Witherspoon. Candid, a subsidiary of Cadence, made and issued records in a way representing a disregard of what was the most obviously salable; the label folded by year's end. Prestige split its label into a half-dozen sections whose titles represented what kind of jazz was therein contained. Verve, sold by Norman Granz to MGM late in 1960, did similarly, not by title, but by series, reissuing major artists under a Jazz Essential subtitle, while continuing previous operations and searching in the future with such as Jimmy Giuffre's *Fusions* and J. J. Johnson's *Perceptions* as played by Dizzy Gillespie. ABC-Paramount's Impulse, now headed by Bob Thiele, entered the jazz field with Gil Evans and Ray Charles, among others.

Other labels joined in or suddenly appeared. Old Town, supervised by Stan Free, issued jazz albums. Warwick did too, as previously mentioned. King's Bethlehem subsidiary continued strongly. Fred Miles Jr. Presents was a Philadelphia entry. Jazzline debuted as part of Audio Lines. Tops records produced jazz.

Vee Jay recorded at a furious pace early in the year. Argo caught the illusive Dodo Marmarosa in a recording session after his 10-year absence from big-time jazz business. And, from Argo, went ex-*Down Beat* editor, now a&r man, Jack Tracy to Mercury, which was bought by Phillips of Holland. Tracy immediately installed Quincy Jones in his a&r staff.

Columbia, the only one of the major labels with a full-time jazz program, gave added depth to that by launching an Archive series, co-organized by John Hammond and Frank Driggs. The series produced its first fine fruit in September with a three-LP package of 64 tracks by various Fletcher Henderson orchestras. Coming up are albums by two artists now dead: Billie Holiday and Mildred Bailey. The majority of the albums to be released are wholly owned Columbia recordings, but some will be from outside the firm.

A welcome piece of news to many jazz listeners was the exit of Erroll Garner from Columbia and the pianist's subsequent forming of his own label, Octave. After three years of not recording, Garner's own label released two albums by him before 1961 was over and promised also to record other artists of special stature.

Capitol continued in its jazz-oriented groove with singers such as June Christy and bands such as Stan Kenton's and was planning to add more jazz artists.

Sad to say, Columbia's and Capitol's activities were the limit of the major record company's interest in jazz. Decca and RCA-Victor had virtually abdicated from the race. True, Victor did issue Al Hirt records, unfortunately not always up to the best of standards, and its reissue program had given us Bix Beiderbecke, Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, and Lionel Hampton reissues of value, with a promise of Duke Ellington; but, by and large, neither company showed any great activity in the jazz field during 1961.

Returning to the minors again, Riverside had stepped up its Jazz Archive series but issued many more modern albums than those that leaned heavily

on traditional music. That company also released Cannonball Adderley's *A Child's Introduction to Jazz*. Blue Note continued its important job of discovering and recording new talent. Fantasy kept the spirit of San Francisco-based jazz alive. Doris Parker and Aubrey Mayhew kept the Charlie Parker spirit alive with the Charlie Parker Record Co., releasing albums of privately recorded Parker, as well as tracks by the late Lester Young. Other albums were recorded in the present.

THROUGH THIS ALL, of course, ran the powerful presence of high fidelity and its big-time sister, stereophonic high fidelity. It exerted its influence in strange ways. It determined the percussion-record splurge. In some cases it suggested the pairings of artists. It did result in increasingly better sound, even with reissues.

But the blessings were not unmixed. The tendency was to force a mechanical realism, not realistic at all, on the listener, in effect, to surround him with sound.

Composer Igor Stravinsky made strong comments to that effect: "We do not hear live performances stereophonically. Whereas the angle formed by a live orchestra and our two ears is about six inches, the angle at which the stereo microphone hears the same orchestra for us is sometimes as great as 60 feet. Therefore, stereo, instead of giving us 'the best seat in the house,' gives us, in fact, a kind of omnipresent seat not found in any house."

It is enough to say that the mere mechanics of recording had added little to the quality of jazz records, and the assessment of quality is now the point arrived at.

Perhaps a story is in order. At the end of 1961, the indefatigable Charlie Mingus arrived at a record company with his own solution to jazz recording. Record me for three years, said he, off and on, mostly at night clubs, then take the best of it all and make a high-priced album, say sell it for $25, guaranteeing it to be the best of my work during the last three years, and the only album I've made during that time. That way we'll beat the usual problem of an album with maybe only one or two tracks on it that anyone wants to hear for any length of time. We'll be artistic and honest, and we'll still show a profit when it's all over.

No one could question the presence of honesty and artistry in the scheme. The question is whether any record company would have the courage to try it. Considering the statements quoted earlier by Koenig and Bock, and the general industry agreement with those statements (e.g., that jazz records of substance have a long and stable life ahead of them), there seems little doubt such determination would succeed in the long run.

THE ECONOMICS of the jazz business itself forced an encouragement of the general trends through the sheer volume of records representing those trends.

In general, you could get a wider picture of jazz through records in 1961 than you could by attending jazz clubs. You could discover, for example, that all was not whatever "soul" was and that there were a number of highly talented and quite original instrumentalists agrowing.

But, in particular, there was the ever-increasing necessity apparent to ride the popularity wave, much more evident in 1961 than before, as jazz extended its fringes into the popular field.

THE BIRDLAND SERIES...
THE GREATNESS OF JAZZ BY JAZZ GREATS!
COUNT BASIE

RECORDED **LIVE** AT
"THE JAZZ CORNER OF THE WORLD"

BASIE AT BIRDLAND
(S)R-52065

THE COUNT BASIE STORY
(S)RB-1

KANSAS CITY SUITE
(S)R-52056

NOT NOW, I'LL TELL YOU WHEN
(S)R-52044

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
(S)R-52032

BASIE ONE MORE TIME
(S)R-52024

SING ALONG WITH BASIE
(S)R-52018

BASIE
(S)R-52003

BASIE.....

Count Basie has come a long way since first coming up from Kansas City over twenty-five years ago. Today, Count Basie and his Orchestra stand as one of the most potent symbols in jazz.

What is the Count Basie syndrome? According to Down Beat editor Bill Coss, "The Count Basie Orchestra has an amazing personality of its own, which passes from individual section to whole band until it bursts forth in the emotional impact we identify as Basie. What Basie has, and what we have from Basie is an almost definitive example of the exuberance available in big band jazz, exuberance that has lasted over twenty years, that will probably always be a part of jazz."

It is this exuberance that has, over the years, made Basie the number one big band jazz orchestra in the country. The Basie band has brought big band jazz to network television; they played in clubs from Birdland to the Waldorf-Astoria and have enjoyed an unmatched succession of successful recordings.

"As we look back on Basie's quarter-century as a bandleader, the truth of these remarks comes clearly into focus. The Basie band is, always has been and always will be something very special, something that reflects the warmth and charm and simplicity of the man who founded it. This is the Basie spirit and the Basie story; this is Count Basie."*

*The Count Basie Story
by Leonard Feather

Exclusively on

ROULETTE

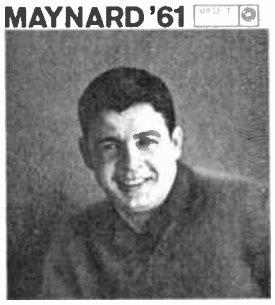
THE BIRDLAND SERIES...
THE GREATNESS OF JAZZ BY JAZZ GREATS!
MAYNARD FERGUSON

STRAIGHTAWAY
(S)R-52076

LET'S FACE THE MUSIC AND DANCE
(S)R-52055

MAYNARD FERGUSON PLAYS JAZZ
FOR DANCING
(S)R-52038

SWINGIN' MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE
(S)R-25058



MAYNARD '61
S)R-52064

MAYNARD FERGUSON-NEWPORT SUITE
(S)R-52047

A MESSAGE FROM BIRDLAND
(S)R-52027

TWO'S COMPANY
Maynard Ferguson-Chris Conner
(S)R-52068

MAYNARD.....

Maynard Ferguson is still in his early thirties, but he has nevertheless covered a great deal of ground since first coming to this country from his native Canada. After leading his own groups in Canada, Ferguson came to this country and held a chair in the Boyd Raeburn, Jimmy Dorsey and Charlie Barnett bands. During the late 40's, Ferguson played with the most famous of Kenton bands.

During part of the 1950's, Maynard Ferguson left the big band business and came to the West Coast. For a number of years he was the top trumpet man in the Paramount Pictures studio orchestra. In 1956, Ferguson left the coast and returned to the big band scene. Since that time, he has had one of the few consistent big bands in jazz that is continually working.

All during the big band days, Maynard was known as the fantastic trumpet technician whose horn could reach out for notes no other trumpeter could touch. "Since those days," wrote jazz writer Dom Cerulli, "he has retained that technical mastery of his horn, but has added to it nearly a decade of experience, growth and ability as a jazz man. He now can move an audience by what he plays as well as how he plays."

Recently, Maynard Ferguson reached out for new horizons. He has composed the original jazz themes for a network television series, "Straightaway" shown on ABC-TV. In Music '62, he and his band stand as one of the focal points in the entire spectrum of jazz.

Exclusively on

ROULETTE

THE BIRDLAND SERIES...
THE GREATNESS OF JAZZ BY JAZZ GREATS!
SARAH VAUGHAN

AFTER HOURS
(S)R-52070

THE DIVINE ONE
(S)R-52060

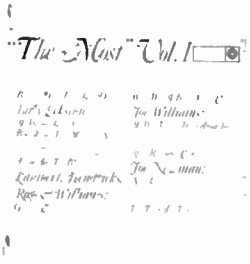
COUNT BASIE-SARAH VAUGHAN
(S)R-52061

DREAMY
(S)R-52046

HEAR THESE OTHER GREAT JAZZ ALBUMS

LOUIS ARMSTRONG & DUKE ELLINGTON

LOUIS ARMSTRONG-
DUKE ELLINGTON
(S)R-52074



THE MOST—VOLUME 1
(S)R-52058

IN THE VERNACULAR
John Handy
(S)R-52042

KENYA—Machito
(S)R-52006

ANOTHER MONDAY NIGHT
AT BIRDLAND
(S)R-52022

SARAH.....

Sarah Vaughan has reached dazzling heights and made unforgettable musical history since first appearing professionally on the stage of the Apollo Theatre in 1943. During those early days, Sarah played second piano in the Earl Hines band and did little singing. When Billy Eckstine left Hines to form his own band he immediately sent for Sarah to take over the vocal chores.

During her stay with the Billy Eckstine band Sarah began to attract the attention of the greats of the music world. It was also while singing for Eckstine that Sarah reached another milestone – she was heard on records for the first time.

In 1946 Sarah Vaughan began building a new career as a single and it didn't take long for her to gain world wide recognition as one of the truly great singers of all time. Today, "Sassy" is familiar to everyone who loves music.

In describing the voice of Sarah Vaughan, Leonard Feather put it this way; "she has brought to contemporary popular singing an unprecedented combination of attractive characteristics; a rich, beautifully controlled tone and vibrato, a keen sense of chord structure enabling her to change or inflect the melody as an instrumentalist might, a coy, sometimes archly naive quality alternating with a sense of great sophistication."

There have been and there are many singers who have made many recordings, but whether on records or in person, there is only one "divine one" . . . only one Sarah Vaughan.

Exclusively on

ROULETTE

THE BIRDLAND SERIES...
THE GREATNESS OF JAZZ BY JAZZ GREATS!
JOE WILLIAMS

HAVE A GOOD TIME
(S)R-52071

TOGETHER—JOE WILLIAMS
HARRY "SWEETS" EDISON
(S)R-52069

SENTIMENTAL AND MELANCHOLY
(S)R-52066

JUST THE BLUES
(S)R-52064

EVERYDAY I HAVE THE BLUES
(S)R-52033

A MAN AIN'T SUPPOSED TO CRY
(S)R-52005

JOE WILLIAMS SINGS ABOUT YOU
(S)R-52030

THAT KIND OF WOMAN
(S)R-52039

JOE.....

Joe Williams is at the pinnacle of his career as both a blues singer and a popular ballad singer. He has what jazz writer Leonard Feather once described as "a personality capable of communicating with almost mystic intensity to a broad audience."*

Joe Williams was born in Cordele, Georgia and raised in Chicago. He sang for some sixteen years with a number of outfits including Jimmie Noone's combo in 1938, Coleman Hawkins' band in 1941 and Lionel Hampton, Red Saunders and Andy Kirk's aggregations before joining the Basie band in the latter part of 1954.

Of his six year tenure with the Basie band, Leonard Feather wrote, "Though no blues singer could ever completely fill the gap left when Jimmy Rushing left Basie, Joe Williams has given the band something it never had before – a singer who was at once a superior blues artist and an excellent straight ballad singer. The alliance (with Basie) was mutually advantageous, bringing the singer to a peak of artistic maturity and the band to many of its most effective moments as a dynamic and propulsive setting."*

Joe Williams is now enjoying the success of a new career as a single, interpreting blues and popular ballads with a facility and unique ability that is unequaled by any other vocalist on the scene today.

*The Count Basie Story
by Leonard Feather

Exclusively on

ROULETTE

Dick Bock affirmed that it was a year when "it's been more difficult for a jazz record producer to be adventuresome." The paradox is that this should have been a year when it was difficult for a jazz record producer to be anything less than adventuresome.

For, if the industry is right, if jazz is more stable than other musics, then this current ride on the currently salable kind of jazz, is playing the commercial field, playing away from the very stability that has built and sustained the market. If craze is to establish the monthly crash program, then the industry can hardly brag of its stable inheritance to the future.

It would be one thing if the fad complex were confined to only such as Jonah Jones, George Shearing, and hosts of girl singers, representing the pop fringes of jazz, or to such jazz exotics as Olatunji, Nina Simone, and Ray Charles. These are those we will always have with us, and some of them are even pleasant to hear.

But it goes deeper, into a paralleling, sometimes even a parodying and/or parroting of style, to the point where even the educated listener may lose complete touch with any terms of individuality in the groups to which he is listening.

Add to that two of Mingus' points: too many artists make too many records in too short a time, and too few albums have more than one or two tracks worth having for any length of time.

The problems support and resupport each other, and the general sum falls far short of what should be expected, a situation dim indeed in the face of the quality and inventiveness available and sometimes recorded during the year.

There is no easy answer, any more than there is an easy way to survey the year, because there were many fine records issued during the 12 months.

But this does seem a time for the record companies, and for jazz musicians themselves, to assess their own field, look at what they agree they have, and develop an artistic maturity and responsibility capable of securing and improving it.

There is good reason to be grateful for what was full of greatness during 1961, but there is a legitimate complaint and a careful concern about much of the rest. If jazz is truly art, there is need to block the artful dodgers, well-meaning or not, from selling it short by selling it too long or by seducing it from integrity and singularity by marketplace promises, gilded to geld, arty and artful, not artistic. Otherwise, since power does tend to corrupt, 1962's jazz recordings may determine an inordinate amount of the future of jazz. ■

CREAM OF THE CROP

On this page and page 88 is listed the cream of the 1961 crop. All jazz, reissue, and vocal albums that were reviewed in the 1961 issues of *Down Beat* and were rated 4½ and five stars and all four-star jazz records are listed.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Rev. Gary Davis-Pink Anderson, (vocal) *Gospel, Blues and Street Songs* (Riverside 148)
The Charles Bell Contemporary Jazz Quartet (Columbia 1582)
Berklee School Students, *Jazz in the Classroom, Vol. V.* (Berklee Records 5)
John Coltrane, *Lush Life* (Prestige 7188) *My Favorite Things* (Atlantic 1361)
Hank Crawford, *More Soul* (Atlantic 1356)
Teddy Edwards-Howard McGhee, *Together Again!* (Contemporary 3588)
Gil Evans, *Out of the Cool* (Impulse 4)
Art Farmer, *Art* (Argo 678)
Ella Fitzgerald Sings Cole Porter (vocal) (Verve 4049)
The Exciting Big Band of Terry Gibbs (Verve 2151)
Dizzy Gillespie, *A Portrait of Duke Ellington* (Verve 8386) *Gillespiana* (Verve 8394) *The Greatest of Dizzy Gillespie* (reissue) (RCA Victor 2398)
Lionel Hampton, (reissue) *Swing Classics* (RCA Victor 2318)
A Study in Frustration: The Fletcher Henderson Story (reissue) (Columbia C4L 19)
Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Autobiography in Blues* (Tradition 1040) *The Rooster Crowed in England* ("77" Records 77LA 12-1)
Blind Lemon Jefferson, Vol. 2 (vocal reissue) (Riverside 136)
Mance Lipscomb (vocal) (Arhoolie 1001)
Modern Jazz Quartet, *European Concert* (Atlantic 2-603)
Modest Jazz Trio, *Good Friday Blues* (Pacific Jazz 10)
Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Band at the Village Vanguard (Verve 8396)
Montgomery Brothers, *Groove Yard* (Riverside 326)
Charlie Parker, *Historical Recordings, Vols. 1-3* (Le Jazz Cool 101)
Max Roach, *Freedom Now Suite* (Candid 9002)
Lester Flatt-Earl Scruggs, (vocal) *Foggy Mountain Banjo* (Columbia 8364)
Frank Sinatra, (vocal) *Ring-a-Ding-Ding* (Reprise 1001)
Various Artists, (vocal) *Country Negro Jam Session* (Folk-Lyric 111)
Various Artists, (reissue) *Thesaurus of Classic Jazz, Vols. I-IV* (Columbia C4L 18)
Robert Pete Williams, (vocal) *Free Again* (Prestige/Bluesville 1026)
Lem Winchester, *Another Opus* (Prestige/New Jazz 8244)

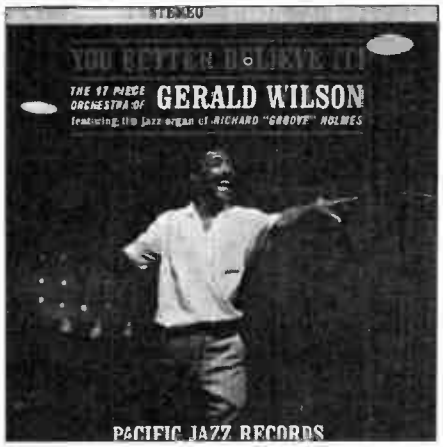
★ ★ ★ ★ ½

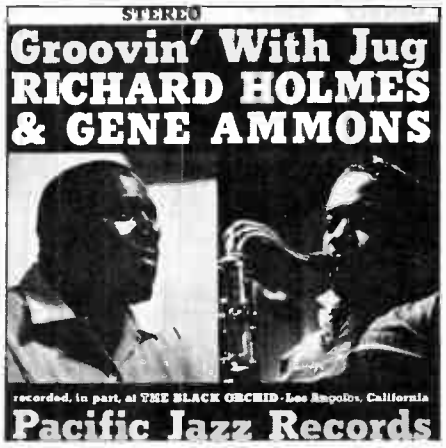
Louis Armstrong, (reissue) *A Rare Batch of Satch* (RCA Victor 2322)
The Bix Beiderbecke Legend (reissue) (RCA Victor 2323)
Bob Brookmeyer, *The Blues—Hot and Cold* (Verve 68385)
The Bill Broonzy Story (vocal) (Verve 3000-5)
The Modern Sound of Betty Carter (vocal) (ABC-Paramount 363)
Ray Charles, *The Genius after Hours* (Atlantic 1369)
John Coltrane, *Coltrane Jazz* (Atlantic 1334)
Ted Curson, *Plenty of Horn* (Old Town 2003)
Steamin' with the Miles Davis Quintet (Prestige 7200)
This Is Walt Dickerson (Prestige/New Jazz 8254)
Benny Golson, *Gettin' with It* (Prestige/New Jazz 8248)
Jon Hendricks, (vocal) *Evolution of the Blues* (Columbia 8383)
Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Lightnin' in New York* (Candid 8010)
Franz Jackson, *A Night at the Red Arrow* (Pinnacle 103)
Budd Johnson and the Four Brass Giants (Riverside 343)
Lonnie Johnson, (vocal) *Ballads and Blues* (Prestige/Bluesville 1011)
Yusef Lateef, *The Centaur and the Phoenix* (Riverside 337)
A Date with the Mastersounds (Fantasy 3316)
Blue Mitchell, *Smooth as the Wind* (Riverside 367)
Joe Newman, *Good 'n' Groovy* (Prestige/Swingville 2019)
North Texas Jazz Lab Band (90th Floor Records 904)
Charlie Parker, *Bird Is Free* (Charlie Parker 401)
George Russell, *Jazz in the Space Age* (Decca 9219)
Bill Russo, *Seven Deadly Sins* (Roulette 52063)
Various Artists, *The Soul of Jazz Percussion* (Warwick 5003)
Various Artists, (vocal) *Blues 'n' Trouble* (Arhoolie 101)
Randy Weston Live at the Five Spot (United Artists 5066)
Robert Pete Williams/Hogman Maxey/Guitar Welch, (vocal) *Angola Prisoner's Blues* (Folk Lyric A-3)
Big Joe Williams, (vocal) *Piney Woods Blues* (Delmar 602)

★ ★ ★ ★

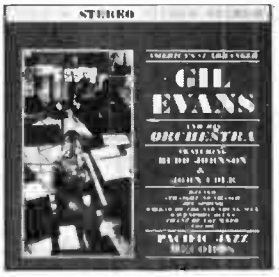
Pepper Adams-Donald Byrd, *Out of This World* (Warwick 2041)
Red Allen Plays King Oliver (Verve 1025)
Cannonball Adderley, *Cannonball En Route* (Mercury 20616)
Benny Bailey, *Big Brass* (Candid 8011)

WORTH HAVING / PACIFIC JAZZ





GERALD WILSON has formed one of the most impressive big bands to be heard in many years. The band and Wilson's marvelous arranging skill is used to advantage both as an instrumental force on "You Better Believe It" (featuring RICHARD HOLMES, PJ-34) and as an effective backdrop for the amazing vocal debut of LES McCANN (PJ-31); speaking of Holmes, his collaboration with GENE AMMONS ("Groovin' With Jug" PJ-32) has produced one of the really exciting albums of the year.



RICHARD HOLMES' debut album ("Groove" PJ-23) with BEN WEBSTER and LES McCANN is already an enormous success; the remarkable CARMELL JONES is heard for the first time as leader in a powerful offering that features HAROLD LAND (PJ-29); "America's #1 Arranger," GIL EVANS (PJ-28) shows ample reason for his unique status; LES McCANN reveals an especially rewarding side of his musical personality in an all ballad album ("Pretty Lady" PJ-25); and two of this year's most important groups (JAZZ MESSENGERS - ELMO HOPE, PJ-33) are heard in extended performances.

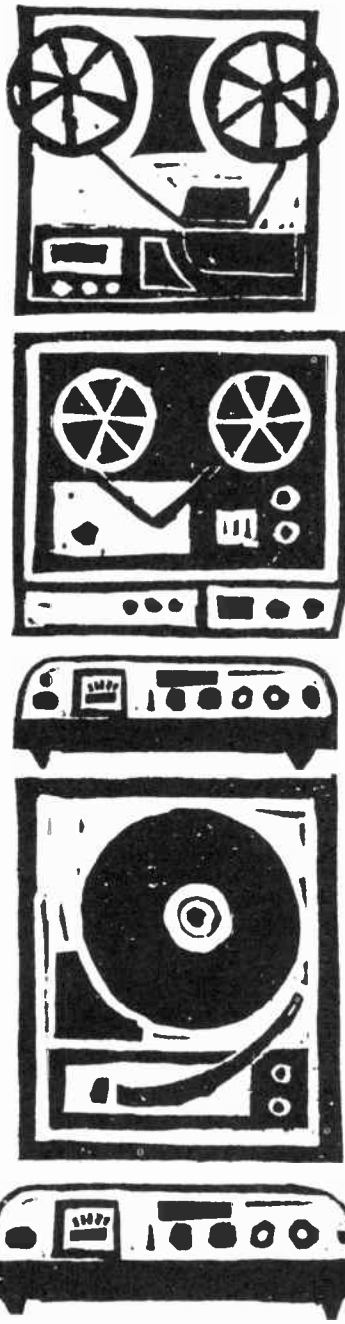
New tenor star CURTIS AMY in three strong sets: "Groovin' Blue" (PJ-19) co-stars drummer FRANK BUTLER and features CARMELL JONES, "Meetin' Here" (PJ-26) and "The Blues Message" (PJ-9) are co-led by organist PAUL BRYANT; the jazz find of the year, LES McCANN, is heard in two exciting "live" club performances: the first ("The Shout" PJ-7) was recorded at The Bit in Hollywood, and the other (PJ-16) at San Francisco's Jazz Workshop.

Two more examples of the trumpet of CARMELL JONES, both under the leadership of the durable BUD SHANK: one, a meaty blues-oriented set aptly titled, "New Groove" (PJ-21), the other Shank's unusual sound-track music from "Barefoot Adventure" (PJ-25); "Freedom Sound" (PJ-27) presents an especially promising new group, THE JAZZ CRUSADERS; "The Genius of GERRY MULLIGAN" (PJ-8) offers one of jazz' authentic giants; "This Is The Blues" (PJ-30) is an amaglam of important men in a distinguished all blues set...

...all in all, an impressive array of musicians and music. Albums all worth having we think—and, from our point of view, a year's efforts well spent.

The Count Basie Story (Roulette RB 1)
Walter Benton, *Out of This World* (Jazzland 28)
Art Blakey, *A Night in Tunisia* (Blue Note 4049)
Charlie Byrd, *Charlie's Choice* (Offbeat 3007)
Donald Byrd, *Byrd in Flight* (Blue Note 4048)
Conte Candoli, *Little Band—Big Jazz* (Crown 5162)
Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, *You 'n' Me* (Mercury 20606)
Johnny Coles, *The Warm Sound* (Epic 16015)
Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, *Afro-Jaws* (Riverside 373)
Miles Davis in Person, Friday and Saturday Nights (Columbia 820)
Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina, *Pacific Standard (Swingin') Time* (Decca 4031)
Teddy Edwards, *Teddy's Ready* (Contemporary 7583); *Sunset Eyes* (Pacific Jazz 14)
Duke Ellington, *Piano in the Background* (Columbia 1546)
Booker Ervin, *That's It!* (Candid 8014)
Bill Evans, *Explorations* (Riverside 351)
Don Ewell, *Man Here Plays Fine Piano* (Good Time Jazz 12043)
Victor Feldman, *Merry Olde Soul* (Riverside 9366)
The Bud Freeman All-Stars (Prestige/Swingville 2012)
Curtis Fuller, *Boss of the Soul-Stream Trombone* (Warwick 2038)
Benny Green, *Hornful of Soul* (Bethlehem 6054)
Johnny Griffin, *Change of Pace* (Riverside 368)
Benny Golson, *Take a Number from 1 to 10* (Argo 681)
Dexter Gordon, *Doin' Allright* (Blue Note 4077)
Gigi Gryce, *Reminiscin'* (Mercury 20628)
Tommy Gwaltney, *Goin' to Kansas City* (Riverside 353)
The Chico Hamilton Special (Columbia 1619)
Slide Hampton, *Somethin' Sanctified* (Atlantic 1362)
Coleman Hawkins, *Night Hawk* (Prestige/Swingville 2016).
Tubby Hayes-Ronnie Scott, *The Couriers of Jazz* (Carlton 12/116)
The Ballad Artistry of Milt Jackson (Atlantic 1342)
Percy Humphrey, *Crecent City Joy Makers* (Riverside 378)
The Jazz Crusaders (Pacific Jazz 27)
Jazz Renaissance Quintet, *Movin' Easy* (Mercury 20605)
The Jazztet and John Lewis (Argo 684)
J.J. Johnson, *J.J., Inc.* (Columbia 1606)
Philly Joe Jones, *Philly Joe's Beat* (Atlantic 1340)
Clifford Jordan, *Spellbound* (Riverside 340)
Duke Jordan, *Flight to Jordan* (Blue Note 4046)
Harold Land in New York (Jazzland 33)
The Carmen Leggio Group (Jazz Unlimited 1000)
The Many Angles of John Letman (Bethlehem 6053)
The Soulful Piano of Junior Mance (Jazzland 9305)
Mangione Brothers, *The Jazz Brothers* (Riverside 335)
Toshiko Mariano (Candid 8021)
Swinging with the Mastersounds (Fantasy 3305)
Jackie McLean, *A Long Drink of Blues* (Prestige/New Jazz 8253)
Charles Mingus Presents Charles Mingus (Candid 8005)
Blue Mitchell, *Blue Moods* (Riverside 336)
MJT+3, *Make Everybody Happy* (Vee Jay 3008)
James Moody with Strings (Argo 679)
Oliver Nelson, *Screamin' the Blues* (Prestige/New Jazz 8243)
Dave Newman, *Straight Ahead* (Atlantic 1366)
Joe Newman, *Jive at Five* (Prestige/Swingville 2011)
Horace Parlan, *Speakin' My Piece* (Blue Note 4043)
Django Reinhardt, *Djangology* (RCA Victor 2319)
Buddy Rich, *Playtime* (Argo 876)
The George Russell Sextet at the Five Spot (Decca 9220)
Swingin' with Pee Wee Russell (Prestige/Swingville 2008)
Pee Wee Russell-Coleman Hawkins, *Jazz Reunion* (Candid 8020)
Bill Russo, *School of Rebellion* (Roulette 52045)
Zoot Sims, *Down Home* (Bethlehem 6051)
Jimmy Smith, *Home Cooking* (Blue Note 4050)
Les Spann, *Gemini* (Jazzland 35)
Sonny Stitt, *Saxophone Supremacy* (Verve 8377)
The Ira Sullivan Quintet (Delmar 402)
Buddy Tate, *Tate-a-Tate* (Prestige/Swingville 2014)
The World Of Cecil Taylor (Candid 8006)
Bobby Timmons, *Easy Does It* (Riverside 363)
Various Artists, *Jazz of the Forties, Vol. 1* (Folkways 2841)
Various Artists, *The Birdland Story* (Roulette RB 2)
Mal Waldron, *Impressions* (Prestige/New Jazz 8242); *Left Alone* (Bethlehem 6045)
Ben Webster, *The Warm Moods* (Reprise 2001)
George Wein, *Jazz at the Modern* (Bethlehem 6050)
Lem Winchester, *With Feeling* (Prestige/Moodsville 11)
Phil Woods, *Right of Swing* (Candid 8016)
Leo Wright, *Blues Shout* (Atlantic 1358)

THE YEAR IN SOUND



By CHARLES GRAHAM

The biggest news in stereo-high fidelity music in the last year was the official government approval of a practical system for broadcasting and receiving stereophonic sound over FM radio. For several years, it had been anticipated that the Federal Communications Commission would adopt such standards, and in the middle of 1961 it formally approved rules for broadcasting stereo using the FM multiplex system worked out by Zenith and General Electric.

In the previous few years, a score or so FM stations had made intermittent experimental stereo broadcasts with makeshift setups. The method was for two FM stations to work together. More frequently, two stereo signals were sent by one station, one signal on FM and the other on its associated AM station.

By contrast, at the end of 1961, some 40 FM stations were broadcasting stereo regularly on the newly approved system. And between 100 and 200 more FM stations had specific plans or actual construction under way that would get them on the air with stereo during 1962.

With the official system now in use, owners of regular FM or FM-AM receivers will hear all programs in mono (just as owners of black-and-white television sets pick up both color and black-and-white programs but see all only in black and white). But many owners of these sets can be expected gradually to add stereo multiplex adapters, second amplifiers, and speakers, thus reproducing stereocasts in stereo.

Most FM stations, as they add multiplex transmitting gear, will start broadcasting more and more disc (and tape) recordings in stereo, since these are now widely available. Just as most TV stations ultimately can be expected to broadcast in color, so most FM stations some day can be expected to broadcast all music in stereo.

From the foregoing it can be seen that FM stereo, long-awaited, is here. It is now safe to buy FM multiplex adapters, or FM tuners, including stereo adapters, with no fear of obsolescence. And there is less need than ever now for music lovers to have AM tuners, or even an AM section in a new FM-AM tuner or receiver.

FM stations are definitely on the increase. At year's end, there were already 1,000 FM stations in the United States —as compared with 3,500 AM stations. It seems that FM will become in perhaps five to 10 years the dominant broadcast service, surpassing AM in importance and usefulness. In the years beyond that it is not unlikely that the AM band will be turned over to other vital communications services, with FM providing all sound and TV the visual broadcast service.

Indicative of the quick rise in FM stations over the country is the fact that at the end of 1961 New York City had 17 and Los Angeles 20 stations, with Detroit's 16 close behind. There was litle room for new FM stations in these cities, but new ones were popping up every week.

The East Coast took a step toward challenging the West's recent dominance of the jazz-radio picture when Dave Brubeck was put in charge of music on an all-jazz FM station in Bridgeport, Conn. This station WJZZ, covers the New York City metropolitan area, as well as much of New England, and is making jazz available 12 hours a day in the Northeast.

Under FCC rules, it is easy for schools and universities (even in such cities as New York and Detroit, which are about filled up so far as *commercial* FM stations go) to set up FM stations. They can cover an area of several

miles, may be operated by students, and can be set up for less than a couple thousand dollars. Such educational stations need not be used to broadcast only direct course instruction and public events. They may broadcast music much of the time.

IN THE AREA of high fidelity equipment, aside from the mutiplex adapters for FM stereo reception, there was little that was brought out that was really new. The annual high fidelity show in New York City in September demonstrated this.

Perhaps the most noticeable trend was the slimming down of loudspeakers by Jensen, Audax, Bogen-Rich, and others, following the lead set in this direction last year by Advanced Acoustic with it's interesting Bi-Phonic Coupler.

Most of these speakers are only 3½ to five inches thick, as opposed to the 11-to-12-inch previous minimum. Width and length of speakers were generally unchanged. Jensen did introduce a small one (five by six by 11 inches), the model X-10, which at only $29.95 includes a volume control. This makes an excellent remote speaker for bedroom or kitchen, providing adjustment of volume without running to the room where the main system is located.

One other notable step toward reducing the size of high fidelity gear without seriously compromising the sound was made by the KLH company, maker of loudspeakers.

Its surprisingly small Model 8 FM receiver unit has an FM tuner and amplifier in one tiny cabinet and two miniature speakers in the other cabinet, about the same size.

Makers of amplifiers expanded their product lines to include loudspeakers, and one loudspeaker manufacturer, Acoustic Research, having several years ago revolutionized the speaker industry, brought out a very fine turntable at the exceptionally low cost (including base and tone arm) of $58.

Types of loudspeakers continued to proliferate, with a new ribbon tweeter (principle similar to high-quality recording mikes) by Bogen-Rich joining the unorthodox Ionovac (ionized air) and the electrostatic tweeters. New models of the older types, paper cone and horn tweeters, also were marketed.

It appears that headphones are here to stay.

Several companies brought out stereo headphones, but Koss stereophones continued to outsell all others.

One company even reintroduced a device from the very early pre-LP days of high fidelity, the volume expander. This device, intended to restore the dynamic range between softest passages

PROGRESS REPORT

From: VERVE RECORDS

In jazz, performance is the measuring-rod. And by the high standards of Down Beat's record review staff, Verve achieved a very impressive performance record in 1961. Through November, Verve had, roughly, one four-star-or-better album out of every three released!

And because artists make the performances that make great jazz, it's also impressive to note that Down Beat's poll winners are well represented on Verve: Hall Of Fame--Dizzy Gillespie, Baritone sax--Gerry Mulligan, Clarinet--Buddy DeFranco, Piano--Oscar Peterson, Bass--Ray Brown, Vibes--Milt Jackson, Composer/Arranger--Gil Evans, Female singer--Ella Fitzgerald.

The Jazz of America is truly on Verve... on the artist roster and on the records.

Now here's a look at some recent Verve albums by the artists currently making jazz history.

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC: The new major jazz work by J. J. Johnson, Perceptions, written for Dizzy Gillespie and conducted by Gunther Schuller was premiered at Monterey this year. It is a jazz must (V/V6-8411). A Concert In Jazz presents Gerry Mulligan and the concert jazz orchestra performing works by George Russell, Johnny Carisi, Gerry, Bob Brookmeyer and other moderns (V/V6-8415). Piece For Clarinet And String Orchestra/Mobiles are extended compositions by Jimmy Giuffre, performed by the composer with the string section of the Sudwestfunk Orchestra (V/V6-8395). Motion is Lee Konitz at his mature and creative best, backed by only bass and drums (V/V6-8399). 7 X Wilder presents the works of Alex Wilder played by the Bob Brookmeyer 4; loose and happy jazz (V/V6-8413). In A Latin Bag introduced Cal Tjader on Verve, with more of the exciting jazz for which he's become famous (V/V6-8419). The Trio, of course, is Oscar Peterson's. This set was recorded live in Chicago and roars from note one (V/V6-8420). Stan Getz/Bob Brookmeyer were re-united last September, and the minutes of the meeting swing (V/V6-8418).

IN THE MAINSTREAM: Blue Hodge presents Johnny Hodges with Wild Bill Davis on organ and Les Spann on guitar (V/V6-8406). Mis'ry And The Blues is Jack Teagarden all the way (V/V6-8416). Percussion King introduces Gene Krupa's new percussion section in big band versions of swinging classics (V/V6-8414). Trav'lin' Light is pure Anita O'Day (V/V6-2157). Blues Caravan turns Buddy Rich and his group loose on swinging standards and originals (V/V6-8425). Boss Tenors re-united Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt in a cutting contest (V/V6-8426). Kai Ole spots Kai Winding's trombones with wild Latin-American rhythms (V/V6-8427).

JAZZ ESSENTIALS: A new series of albums no collector can afford to miss. Classics now available include The Essential Charlie Parker (V-8409), The Essential Billie Holiday, Lady's 1956 Carnegie Hall concert (V-8410), The Essential Lester Young (V-8398), and The Essential Count Basie (V-8407).

THINGS TO COME: Gil Evans/Bill Evans, the jazz meeting of the year! An Electrifying Evening With Dizzy Gillespie, recorded live at Diz's Museum of Modern Art Concert...Focus, the new extended work by Eddie Sauter, written for Stan Getz and strings...The Essential Art Tatum... An exciting extended composition featuring Anita O'Day...Thesis, a new statement by the Jimmy Giuffre 3...The first album by Bob Brookmeyer's new group, featuring Clark Terry...Sister Rosetta Tharpe recorded live in concert...Oscar Peterson's trio with Milt Jackson...and many, many more. Last year, this year, next year, any year...

THE JAZZ OF AMERICA IS ON VERVE

and loudest, which recordings and radio often have to compress, is called the Compander. Fairchild Recording priced it at $75.

Another recent development, FM car radios, made it easier to get good music stations while on the road. Motorola, biggest maker of auto radios, brought out and widely promoted a fine FM car set. And Radio Shack Corp. of Boston, a big mail-order high fidelity house, marketed an excellent FM converter, which plugs into any AM car radio. It costs less than $40 and takes less than 20 minutes to install.

In the early days of stereo discs, 1958 and 1959, phono pickups for stereo were generally variable (and inferior) in quality. But now they've settled down, and almost any recognized brand of magnetic pickup will provide excellent listening, and so will some ceramic ones.

There are more and more tape recorders being sold, cheap ones appearing all over. Although some imported units, notably the miniature Grundig portable, are good buys, most buyers are advised to stay away from imported recorders because of the difficulty of getting adequate service.

PRICES OF stereo records didn't come down during the year, as it had been hoped they might, to that of comparable monophonic discs. The list prices of mono records was usually $3.98 to $5.98, with stereo discs still pegged at $4.98 to $5.98 generally. Argo and World Pacific are two standout companies that price stereo and mono at the same level.

Price cutting on records was more widespread than ever, with slashes up to 40 and 50 percent not uncommon during special mail-order and in-store sales in metropolitan areas.

In addition, discontinued discs of major makers often appeared at prices down to $1.25 each, with a substantial number of off-beat labels selling in drugstores and other nonrecord stores for 99 cents.

Another milestone for record collectors passed during the year with the 25th anniversary of the first discography of classical recorded music, *The Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music*. The first edition of this monumental work by R. D. Darrell was published in 1936 (two revisions appeared by 1948).

Several record manufacturers began regularly issuing jazz singles on 45-rpm discs whenever an LP album enjoyed particular popular success. Thus, some jazz tracks were occasionally found in the lists of best-sellers, along with the usual pops and rock-and-roll hits.

The craze for percussion records continued bigger than ever, with Enoch Light's Command records continuing to outsell all others. Even London records jumped onto this bandwagon, running full-page advertisements showing 12 new recordings, 11 of which included the word "percussion" in some form—*Big Band Percussion* (Ted Heath), *Percussion Round the World*, and *Percussion in the Sky*, for instance.

The recording industry continued during 1961 to produce more jazz records than even the critics could keep up with, giving wide exposure to many new talents, as well as diluting the mix with quasi-rock and roll and jazz-touched pop hits. Partly through the success of Ray Charles, Horace Silver, and other "soul" artists, the flood of funk was accompanied by increased exposure to a wide audience of such great blues singers as Lightnin' Hopkins, Muddy Waters, Sonny Terry, and Jimmy Witherspoon.

As more and more sidemen became their own leaders for one or two record dates, fewer of the established greats made records under their own names, though most of them, led by the ubiquitous Coleman Hawkins, continued to serve as sidemen for all sorts of sessions, jazz and otherwise.

The quality of recorded sound on discs, already at a generally high level so far as the output of the recognized labels was concerned, continued to improve, though there were occasional reverses. Techniques for presenting stereo sound still hadn't settled down, some companies still producing exaggerated stereo separation, others making stereo that sounded almost like mono delivered from two loudspeakers.

Among jazz records of the last year especially noteworthy for recorded sound were the following:

George Russell, *Jazz in the Space Age*, Decca 79219.

Horace Silver, *Blowing the Blues Away*, Blue Note 84017.

Miles Davis, *Sketches of Spain*, Columbia 8271.

Pepper Adams-Donald Byrd, *Out of This World*, Warwick 2041.

Coleman Hawkins, *Stasch*, Prestige 2013.

Gerry Mulligan, *Concert Jazz Band at the Vanguard*, Verve 8396.

Max Roach, *We Insist (Freedom Now Suite)*, Candid 9002.

John Coltrane, *My Favorite Things*, Atlantic 1361.

Art Blakey, *A Night in Tunisia*, Blue Note 4049.

Charlie Mingus, Max Roach, Roy Eldridge, Jo Jones, *Newport Rebels*, Candid 9022.

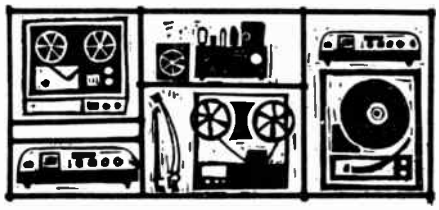
These above listed are by no means the only examples of well-recorded

jazz issued during the last year, but they do happen to combine superb stereo engineering with generally good jazz. For those who want a sure-fire stereo showoff record or two—and devil take the musical content—try *Mercedes-Benz*, Riverside 5012, recorded live at the Grand Prix. Or if you insist on music, there's some fantastic sound by some top jazzmen on *The Soul of Jazz Percussion*, Warwick 5003.

EVERY YEAR we select stereo high fidelity components in each of three price ranges. The best-buy units, listed first, should be of most interest to the greatest number of music listeners. They represent the best buys in equipment, units where few compromises have been made. Spending more money in most cases will buy progressively less improvement, though improvement is possible, as with the selections for the de luxe system.

The economy system should interest persons just getting into high fidelity. This system represents about the least expensive non-kit setup available today.

The de luxe system represents units that are about as good as the state of the craft permits and home-use considerations dictate. Spending more money than is indicated for these components won't improve the sound. (An exception is the Bozak B-310, with four woofers each, priced at $1,540 a pair. It will sound better. But it's very big!) ■



SOUND PICKS OF THE YEAR

BEST-BUY SYSTEM

Fisher X-100 amplifier	$159.50
or	
Scott 222C amplifier	$149.50.
KLH 6 or AR-2A speakers (2) (approx.)	$125.00.
Garrard Type A changer	$69.50
or	
Thorens TD-184 adjustable speed turntable w/arm	$75.00.
Shure M7D pickup	$23.52
or	
Pickering 380C pickup	$29.85.
Scott 314 FM tuner	$120.00.
Sony tape deck	$89.00.

ECONOMY SYSTEM

EICO HF81 amplifier kit	69.95; factory wired $109.95.
Garrard T MKII disc player	$32.50.
Pickering Stereo 90 pickup	$16.50.
Pilot Mark II FM tuner	$49.50.
Heathkit AS-2U speaker kit (2)	$69.95

DE LUXE SYSTEM

Fisher 400-CX audio control, w/remote controls	$220.00
Fisher SA-300B 90-watt power amplifier	$200.00.
Bozak Urban speakers (2)	$254.50
or	
Bozak B-305 speakers (2)	$397.50
Fisher-Lincoln turnover changer	$250.00
or	
Audio-Empire 208 push-button turntable	$92.50.
ESL S-2000 transcription arm	$35.00
or	
Audio-Empire 16-inch arm, 98P	$44.00.
Shure M3N21D1 pickup	$45.00.
Miracord Studio H changer w/hysteresis motor	$99.50.
Scott 350 stereo Multiplex FM tuner	$200.00.
Tandberg Model six-tape deck (four-track record, and two-track play)	$498.00

MISCELLANEOUS

Koss SP-3 stereo headphones	$24.50.
Koss T-5 junction box	$7.80.
KLH 8 two-piece FM receiver	$159.00.
Radio Shack car FM tuner (adaptor)	$36.88
Jensen X-10 remote speaker	$29.75.
Bozak outdoor high fidelity speaker	$49.00.
ESL Dust Bug	$5.75.
Dust Bug for changers	$4.75.

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HORACE SILVER 4076*

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DONALD BYRD 4075*

Meet You
ART BLAKEY 4054*

Here We Come
THE 3 SOUNDS 4088*

Here 'Tis
LOU DONALDSON 4066

Midnight Special
JIMMY SMITH 4078*

Up At Minton's
STANLEY TURRENTINE 4069*

Dexter Callin'
DEXTER GORDON 4083*

Green Street
GRANT GREEN 4071

Hub Cap
FREDDIE HUBBARD 4073*

Bluesnik
JACKIE McLEAN 4067*

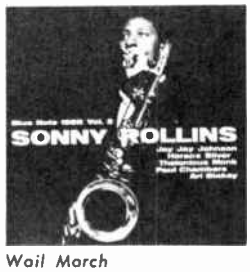
On The Spur
HORACE PARLAN 4074

Somethin' Else CANNONBALL ADDERLEY 1595*

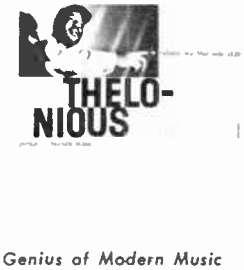
Workout
HANK MOBLEY 4080*

Leeway
LEE MORGAN 4034

Tempus Fugit
MILES DAVIS 1501/02



Wail March
SONNY ROLLINS 1558



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JESSICA'S DAY

QUINCY JONES

COUNT BASIE

Quincy Jones has been a top-flight composer for so many years that it comes as a mild shock that he is only 28. Never obscure, his compositions and arrangements employ harmonic advances while retaining old-fashioned swing and looseness. One of the striking characteristics of Jones' writing is that each instrument's part makes sense, and in a way, has a musical line of its own.

Some of Jones' most successful writing has been in the style associated with the Count Basie Band. *Jessica's Day*, which begins on the opposite page, was recorded in the Basie album *Basie One More Time* (Roulette Birdland R 52024), an album for which Jones wrote all the arrangements. It was recorded in early 1959.

But the initial contact with a Basie group came many years before Jones wrote for the band. In 1950, while living in Seattle, Wash., Jones took his first trumpet lessons from Clark Terry, who was traveling with Basie at the time.

Jessica's Day (named for writer Nat Hentoff's daughter, who Jones describes as "a cutie, a tractor type that marches around the house destroying things – walks right through walls") was originally written for Dizzy Gillespie's big band in 1956. At the time, Jones was music director for the band.

When Jones returned from a European stay in 1958 (he lived and worked in Paris for two years after leaving the Gillespie band), he gave the arrangement to Basie.

About the aforementioned record date, Jones remarked, "In Europe I had to write out all the nuances, but a band like Basie's puts more in than you could ever write."

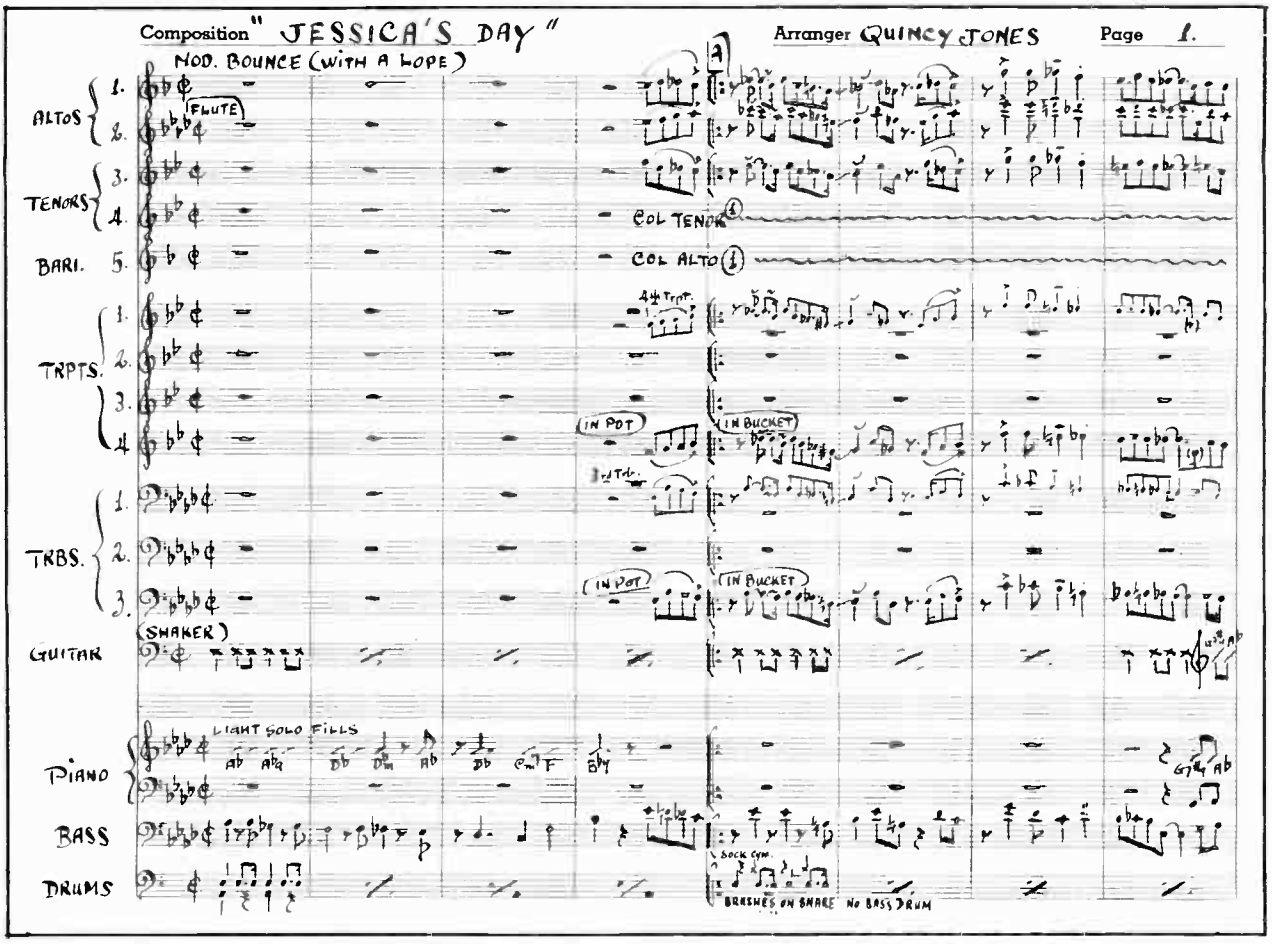
He elaborated about *Jessica's Day*: "It's my favorite type of arrangement. It's a combination of a small and big band – almost like a small group being accompanied by a big band."

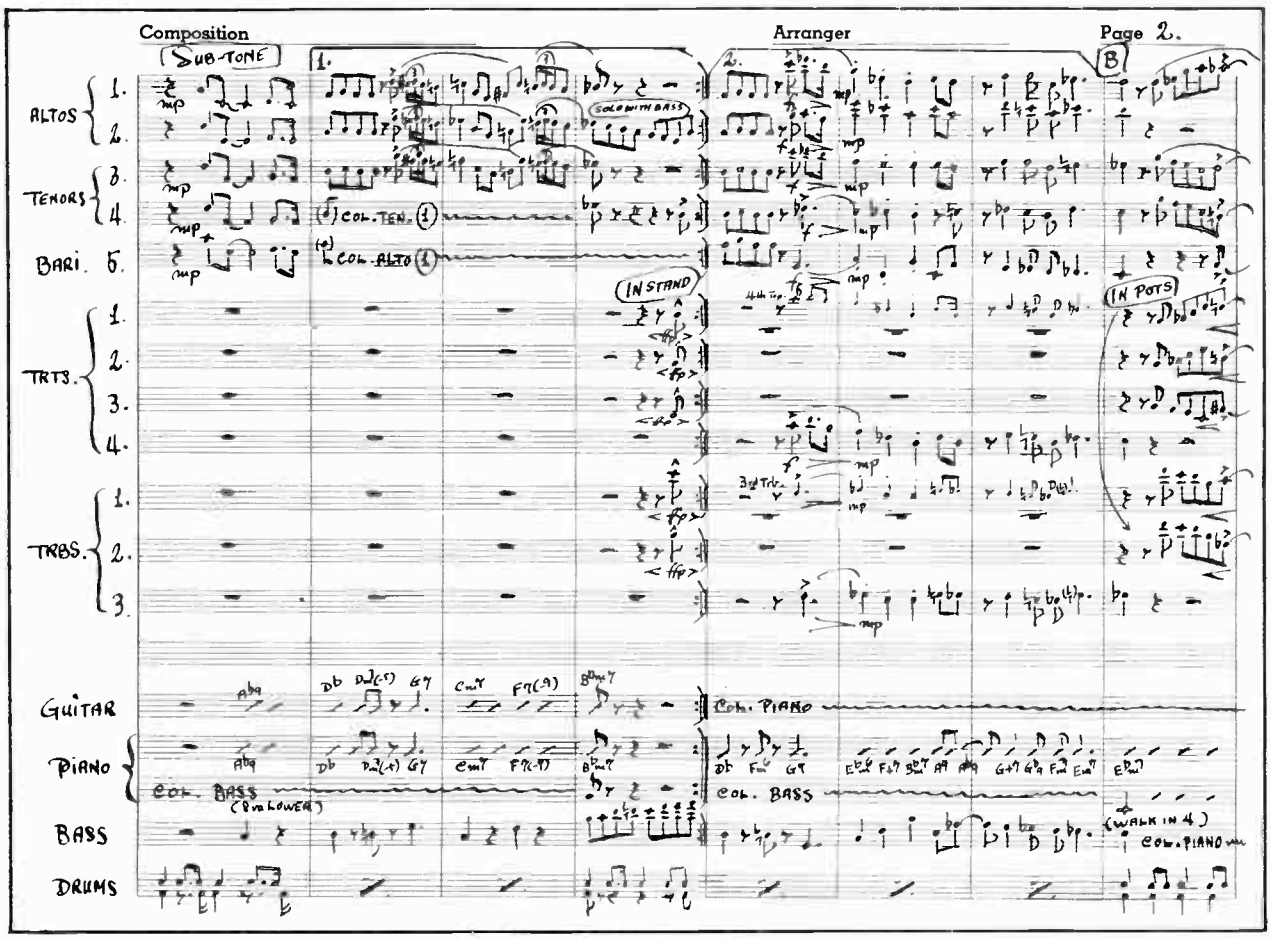
This combination is most evident in the first chorus of the arrangement. The feeling is definitely of a combo for the first 16 bars (note the bass part); at the bridge, the full band comes in behind the flute solo, only to return to the background for the last eight.

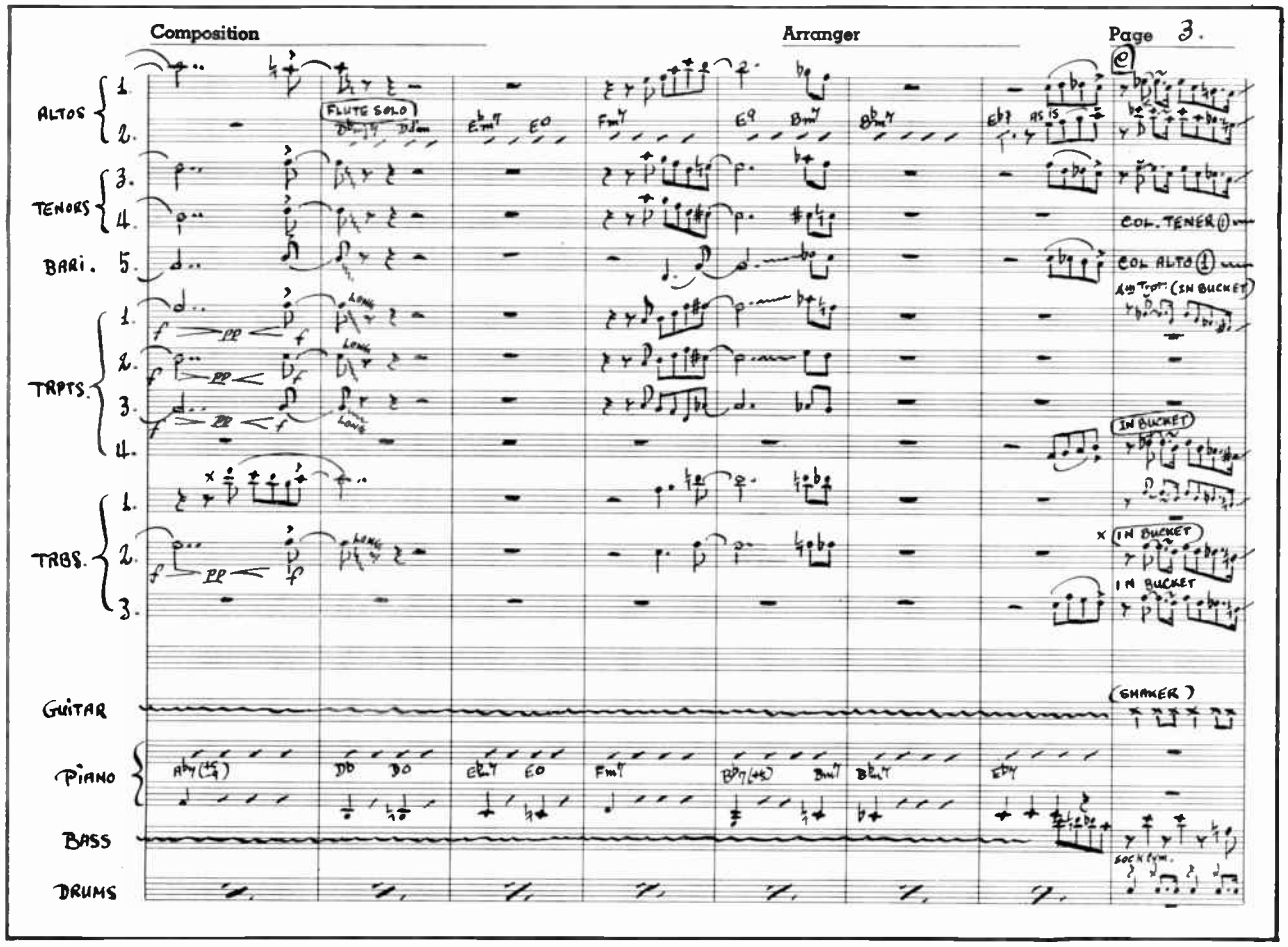
At letter G Jones achieves a thick-textured effect that gradually rises, "thins," and recedes, clearing the stage for the piano solo at H.

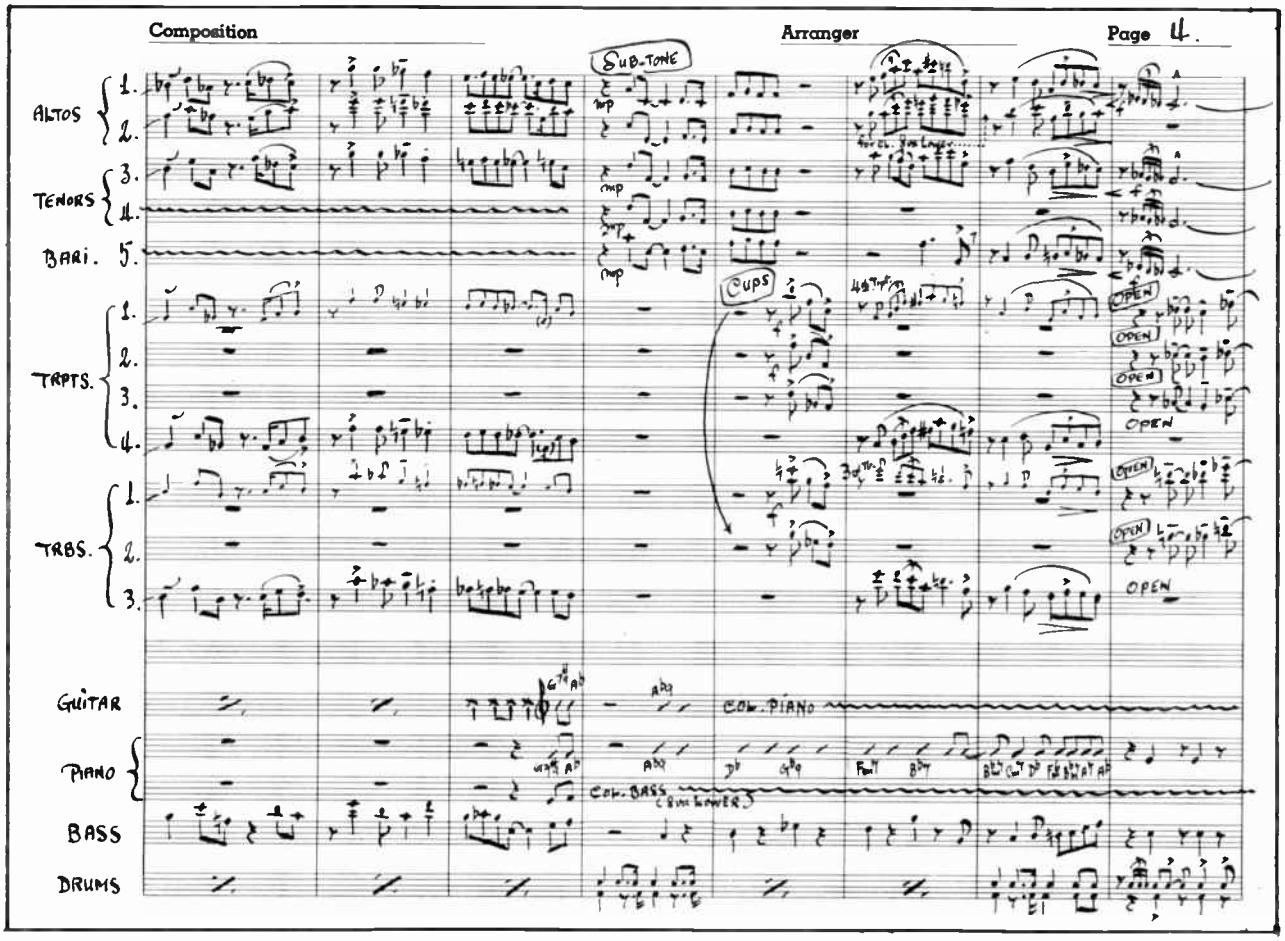
The markings "in pot" for the brass mean passages so marked are to be played in bucket mutes. The "shaker" reference in the guitar part was a personal note to Basie guitarist Freddie Green to play a long, maraca-like tubular shaker that Green used from time to time.

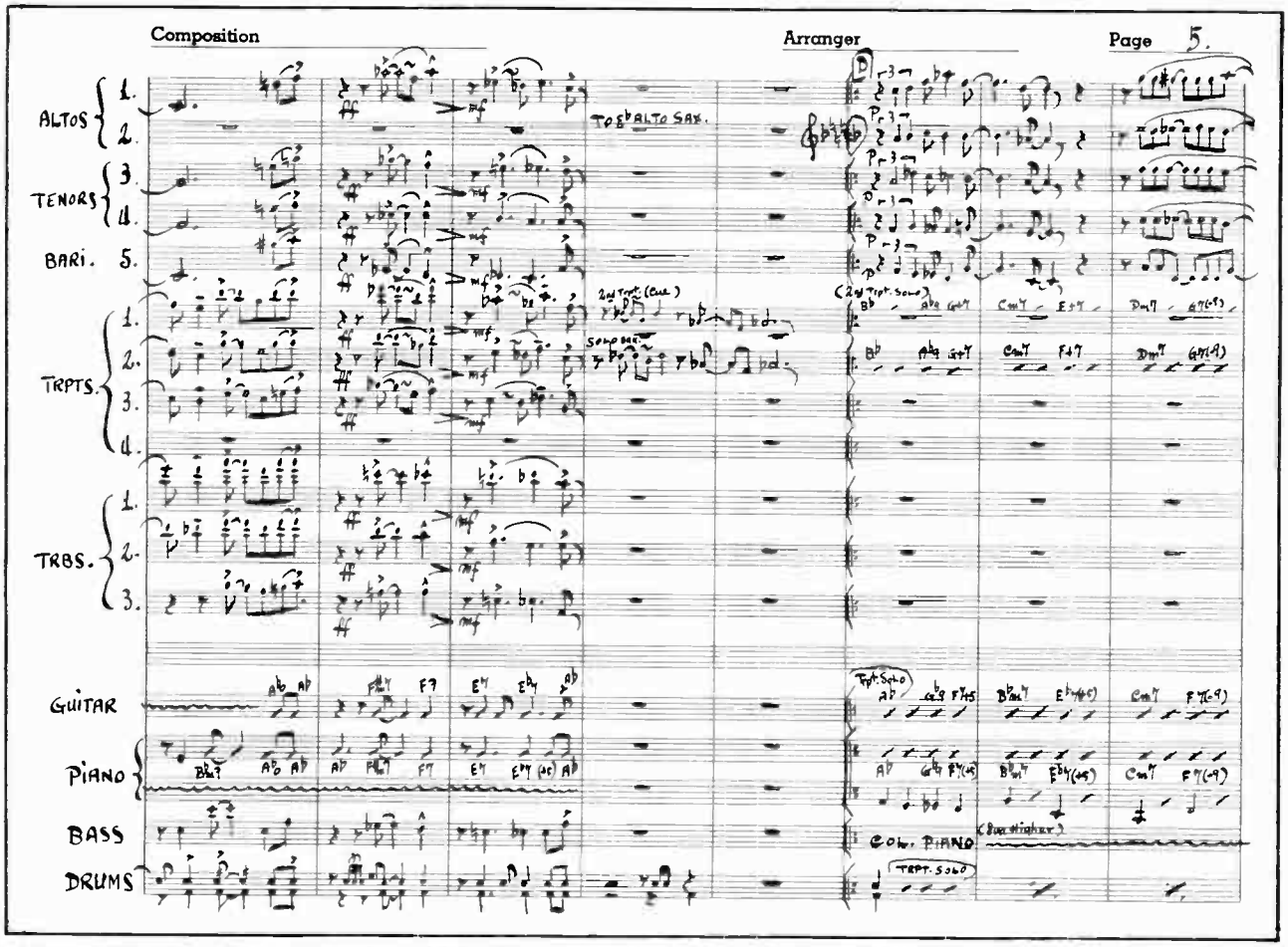
Jones' original score for *Jessica's Day* was recopied especially for *Down Beat's Music 1962* by Joseph Koo, a native of Hong Kong. Koo is a *Down Beat* scholarship winner studying at Boston's Berklee School of Music, which, incidentally, Jones attended in 1950 when it was named Schillinger House. *Jessica's Day* is copyrighted by Silhouette Music, Inc.

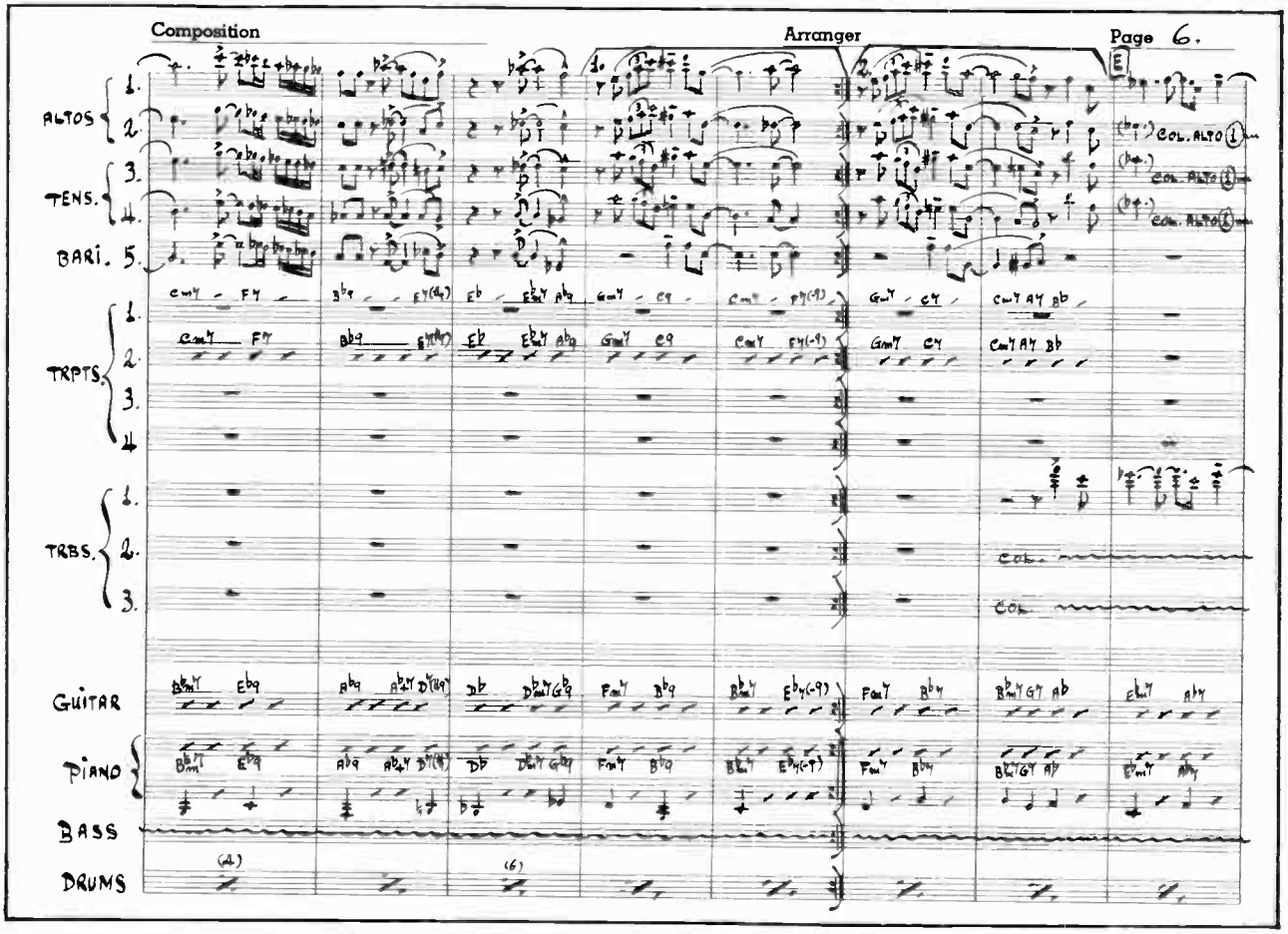


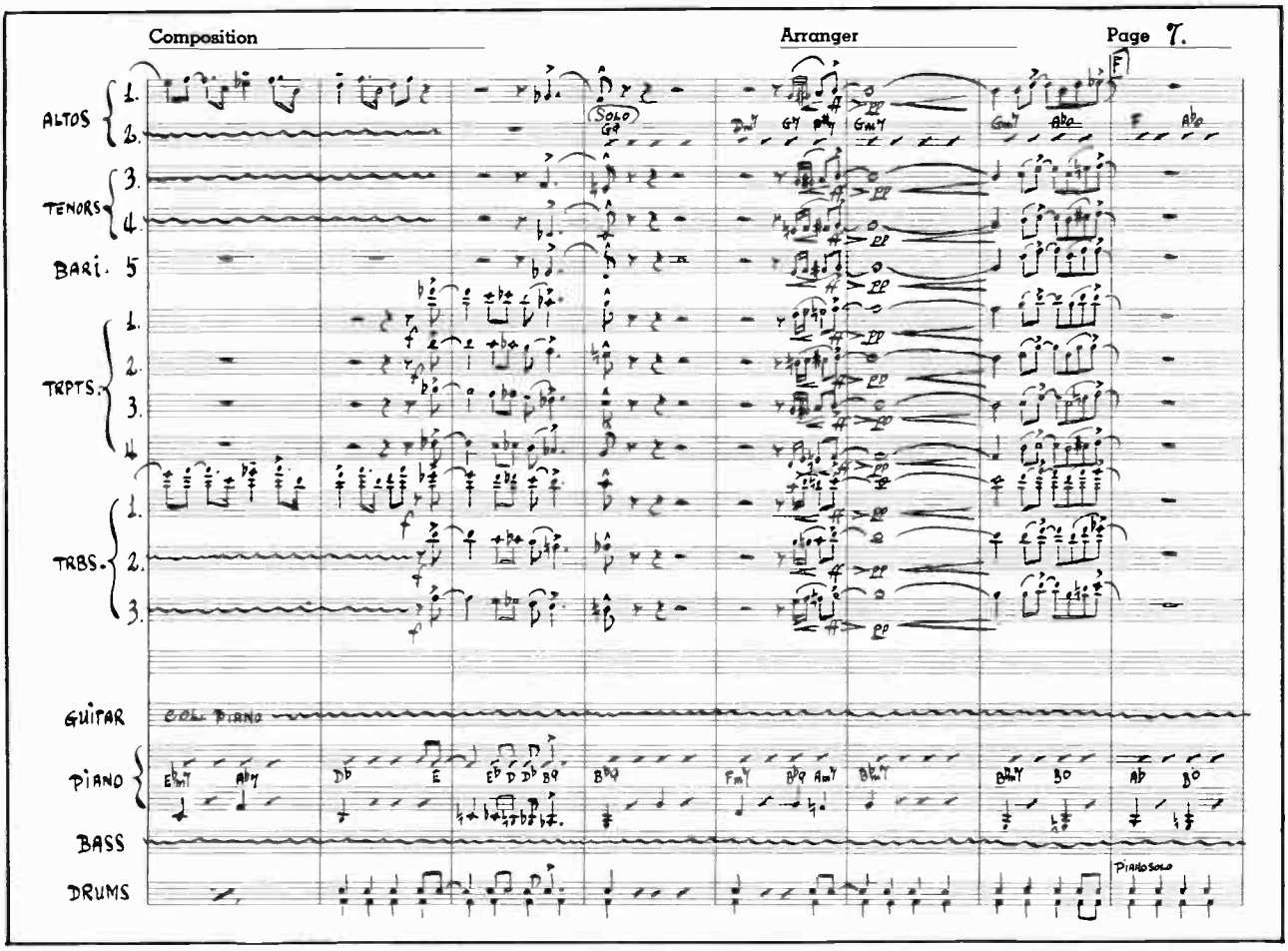


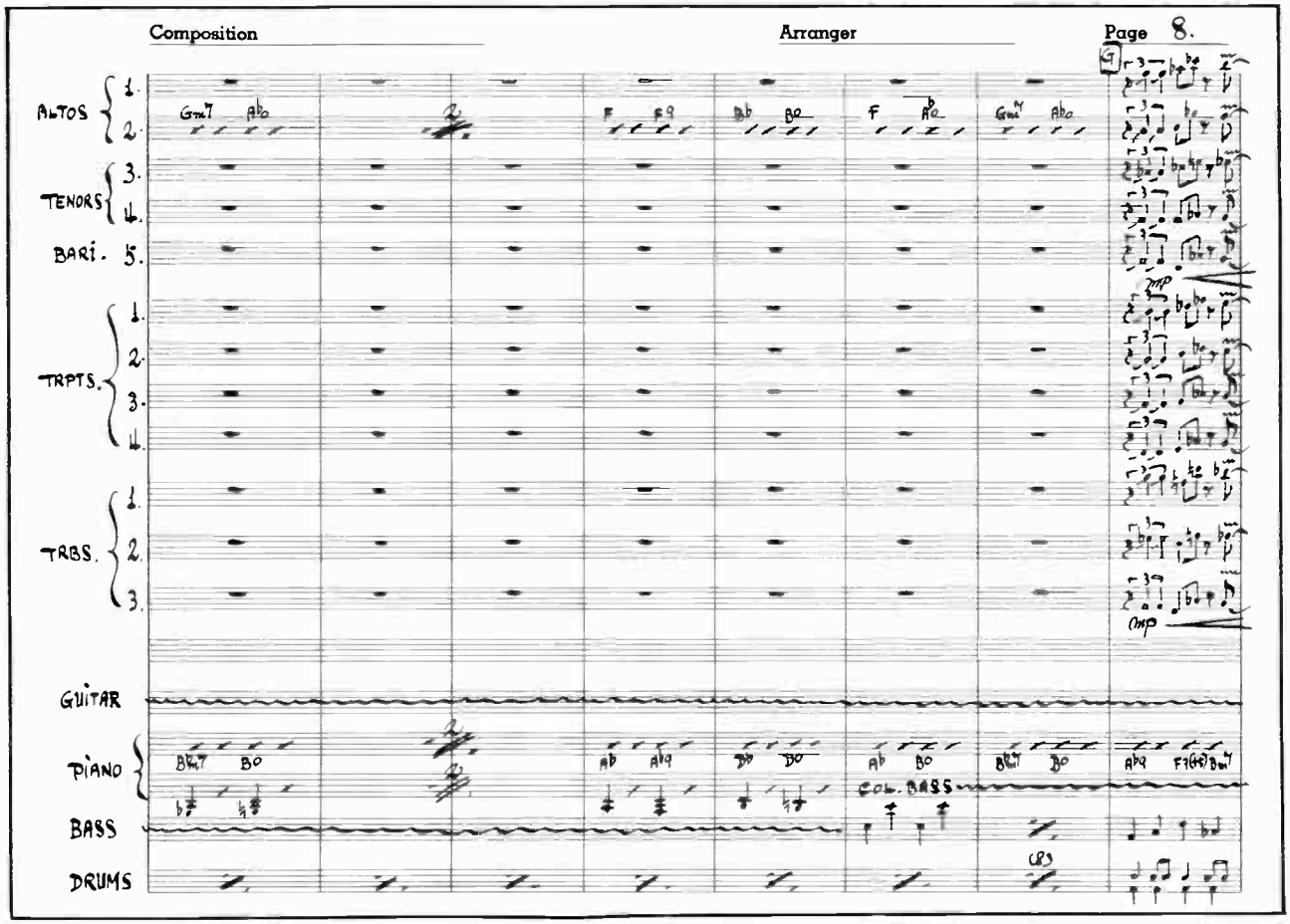


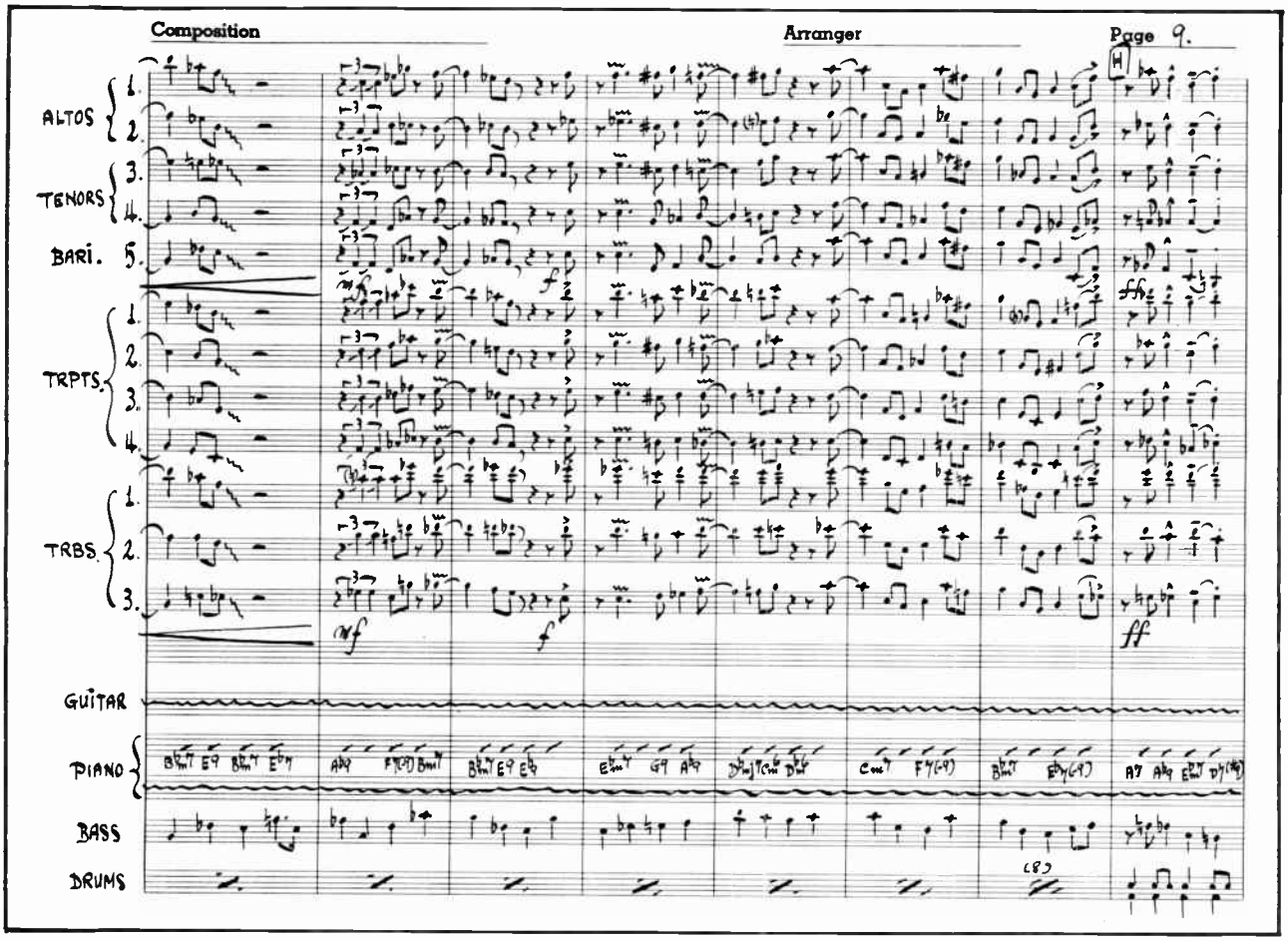


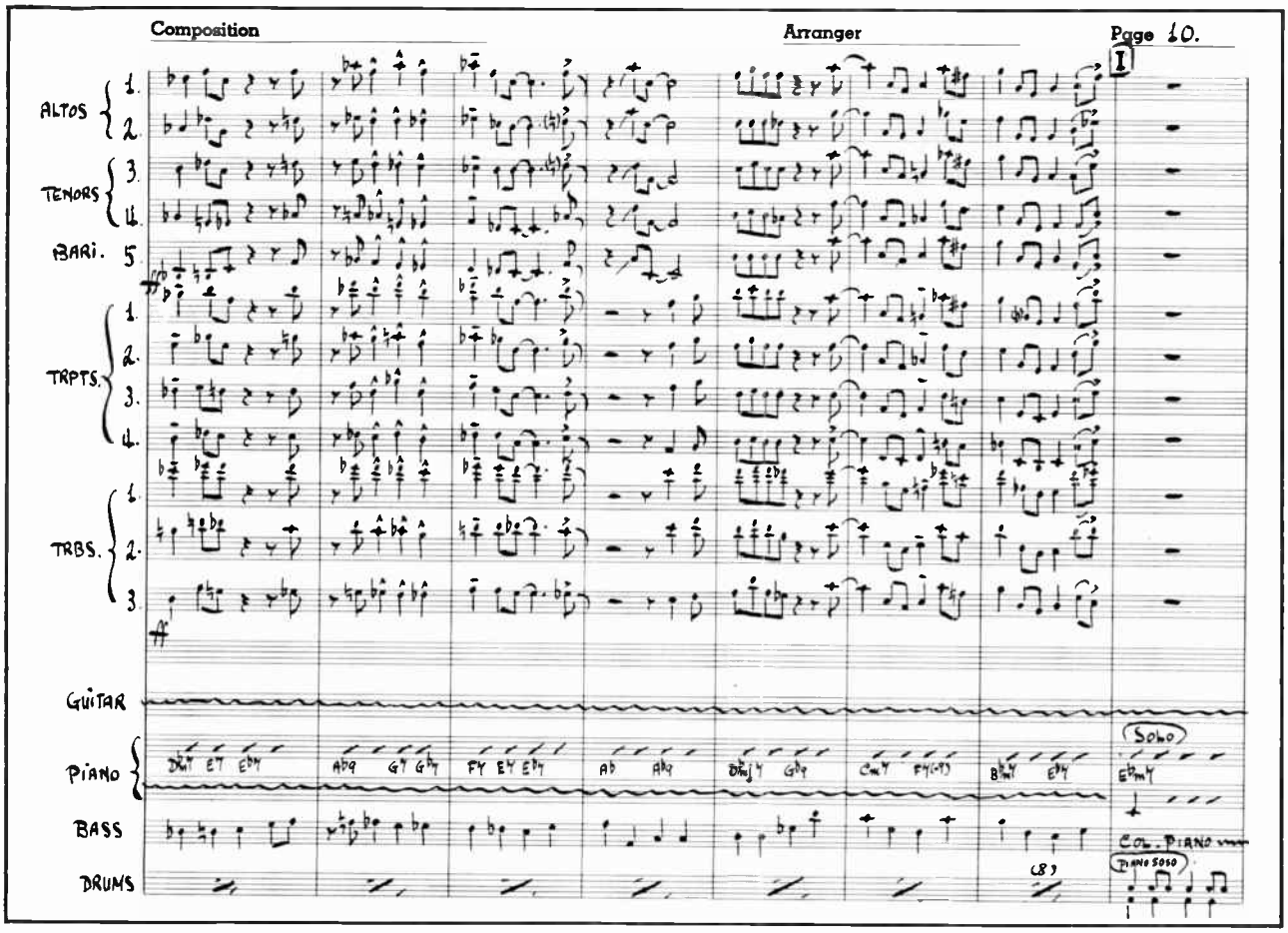


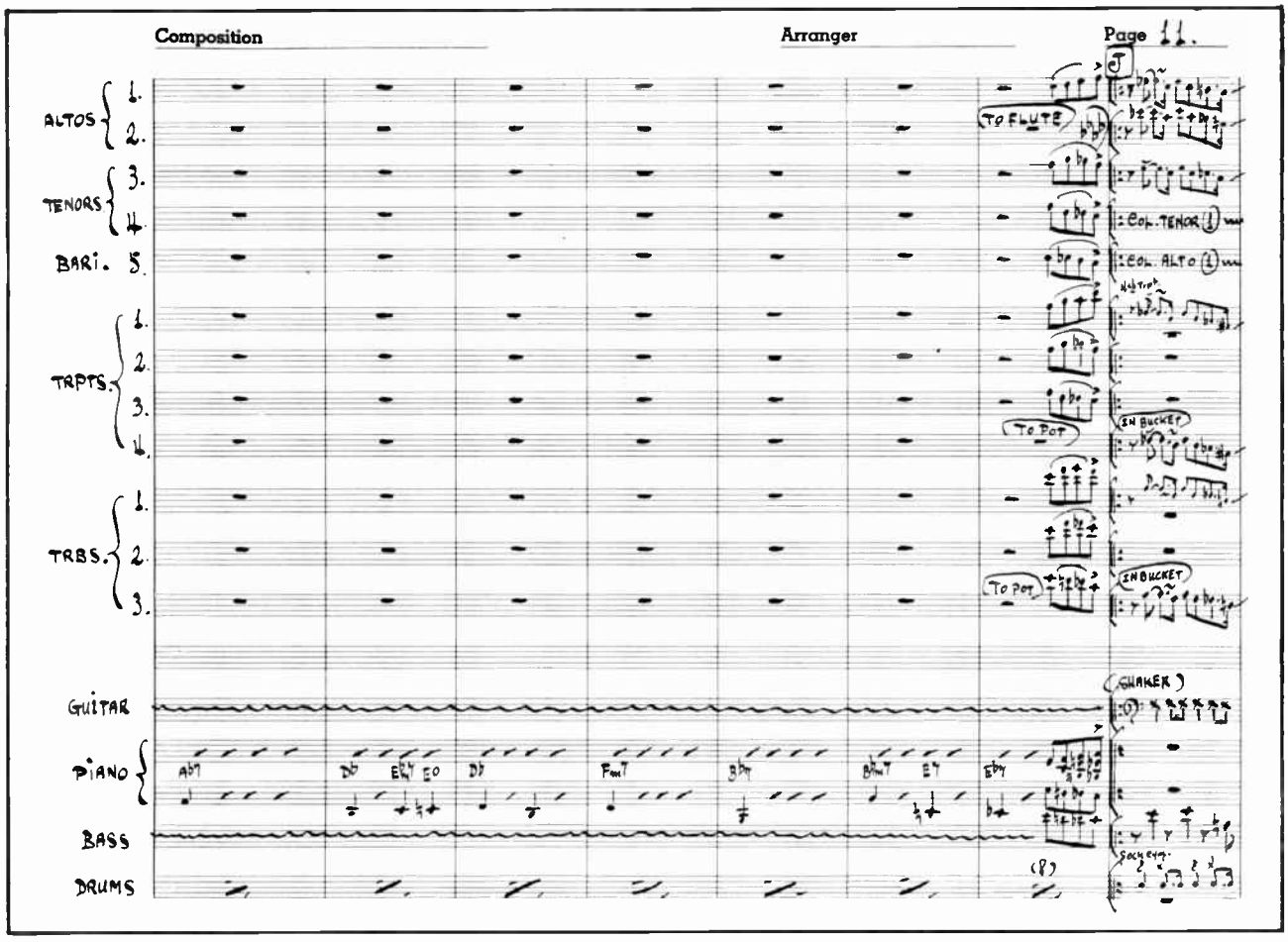


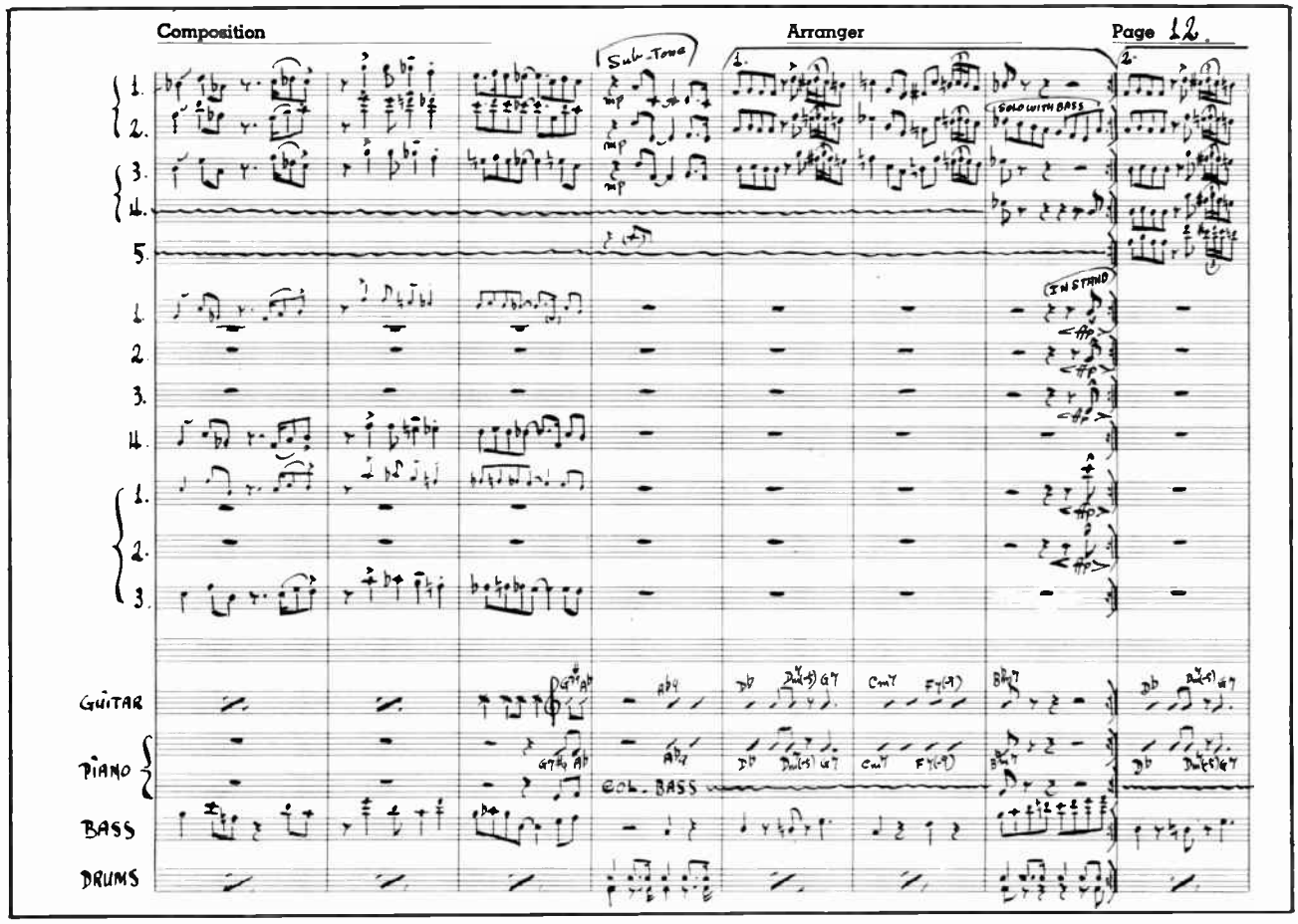


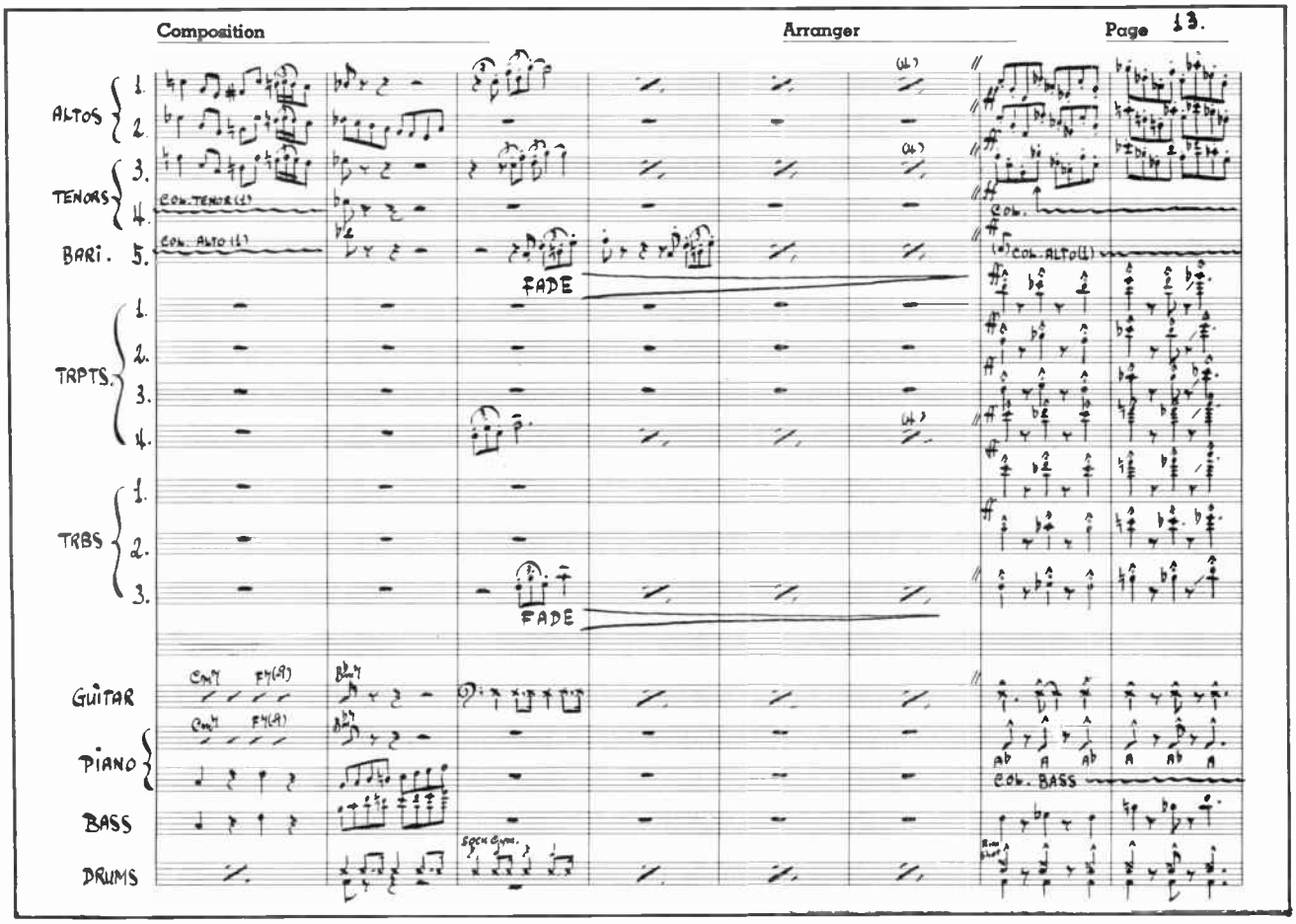


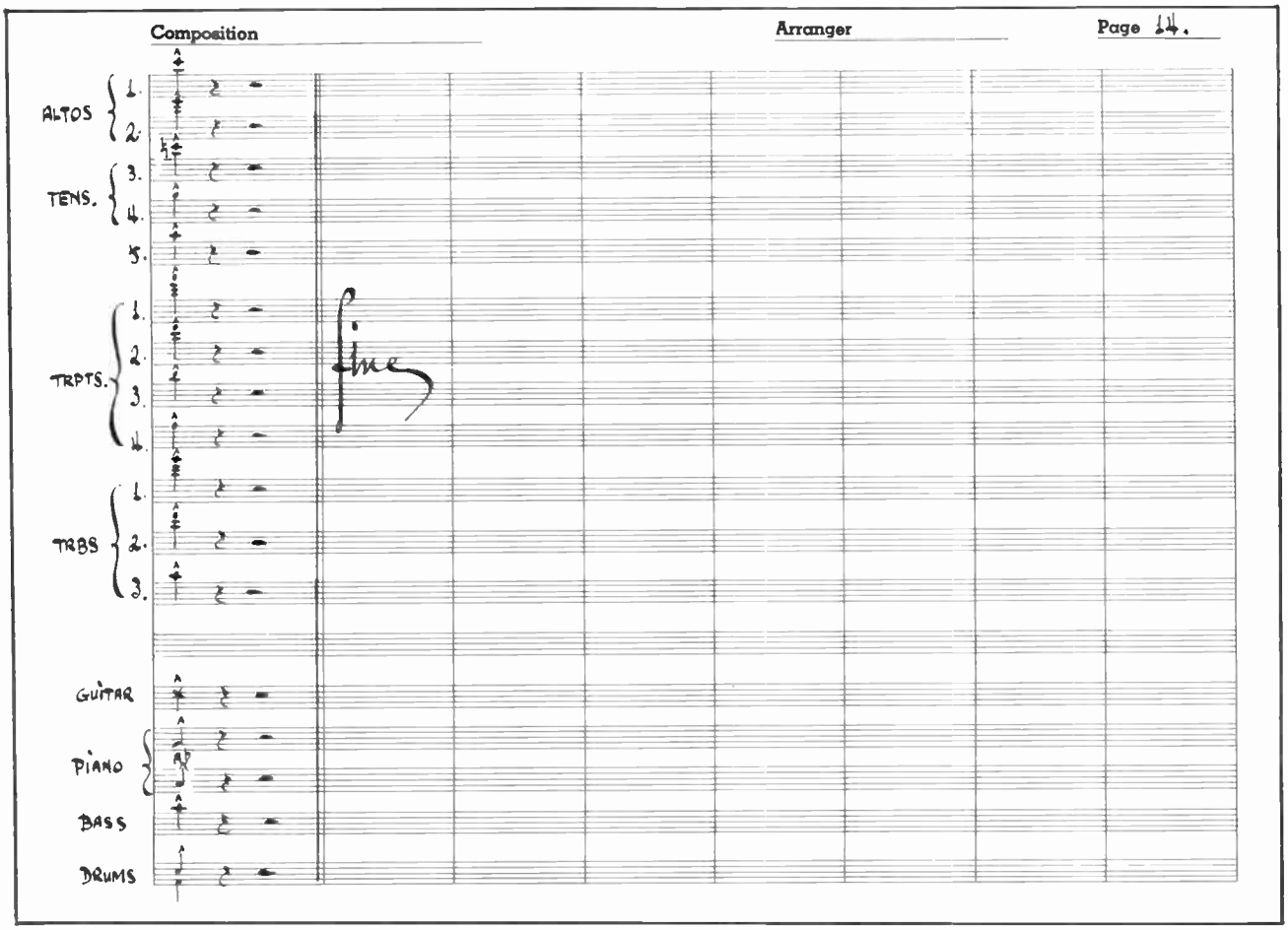












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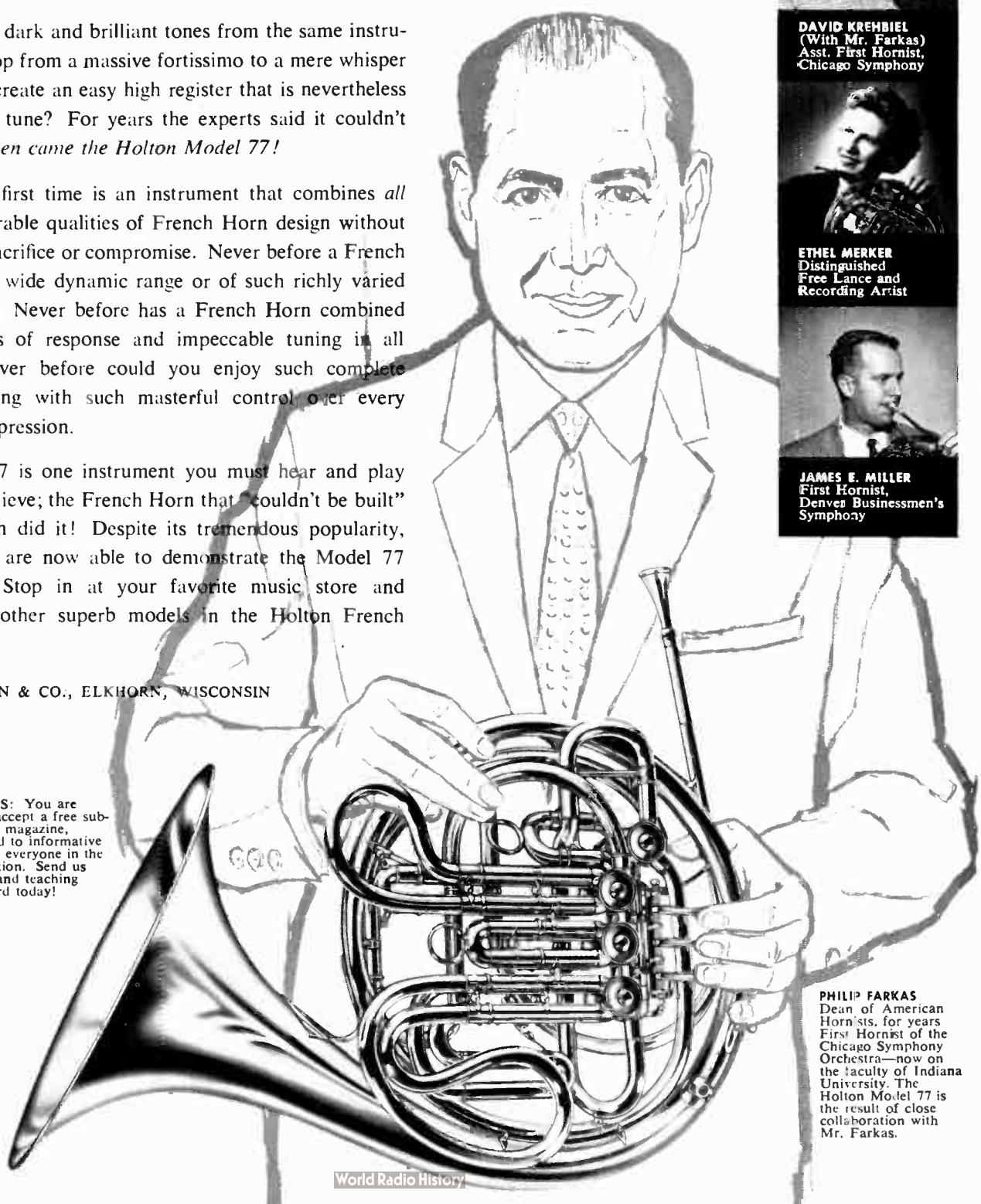

PHILIP FARKAS
Dean of American Hornists, for years First Hornist of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra—now on the faculty of Indiana University. The Holton Model 77 is the result of close collaboration with Mr. Farkas.

JAZZ IN THE SCHOOLS

By CHARLES SUBER

FROM ALL THE evidence, it would seem that 1961 was the year that jazz in the schools came to stay.

That jazz now is taken for granted does not imply condescension but rather the realization of all concerned that jazz has made for itself a firm place in school music that no one is willing to challenge.

An enlightening illustration can be found in the dilemma of a music instrument firm that wanted to run a series of articles on school stage bands (educationalese for school jazz bands) in its house organ. The editor, wanting to start with some interesting controversy, solicited pro and con articles from music educators throughout the country. But all wanted to write in the affirmative.

The important lesson here is not that every educator has embraced jazz in his music program but that no one is willing to take a stand against it.

Arguments against school jazz do not hold water. No longer can a music educator declare—and be believed—that jazz is not for the schools because it is "too popular" and, therefore, it would undermine the established concert program. Responsible educators have found

by good example that jazz reinforces and adds to basic musical values in school music—if they are being taught in the first place.

Nor does the argument go unrefuted that jazz, having no professional legitimacy, therefore, should have no place in schools or in school music education. The great number of students staying on in music because of jazz, and the improvement in present school music programs because of jazz, disprove such statements.

The accepted status of jazz did not come about in a moment. Nor did it come about for any one reason or set of circumstances. Many people doing many things for many days brought it about. It also should be kept in mind that the jazz heard in schools today is not near the penultimate. Much of it is crude. Much of it is elementary. Much of it is as mediocre, in its way, as some concert or orchestra programs. What is most important is that jazz has gained more than a foothold. It has gained the acceptance that will enable it to grow and no longer have to fight for its existence.

Much of the credit for jazz being accepted in the schools must go to persons not usually associated with the academic world. These are the professional jazz musicians who have donated their skills, money, and time (which is also money) to school music.

By their professionalism, by the weight of their names and status, they have impressed educators, parents, and most certainly the students with the positive values of jazz. Men such as Stan Kenton, Buddy DeFranco, Don Jacoby, John LaPorta, Eddie Safranski, Johnny Richards, and Russ Garcia have been campaigning for school jazz for several years. During the last year such jazz musicians as Johnny Smith, Tommy Gumina, Donald Byrd, John Graas, Phil Moore, Woody Herman, and Marian McPartland have been active in school work.

Lest the impression be given that school jazz activity has been mostly stimulated and carried on by professional musicians, it is well to look at what the professional music educators have done. The most impressive growth has been at the high-school level. It is now estimated that between 5,500 and 6,000 high schools have stage bands (averaging 16 members) actively supervised by a faculty musician. While only a small fraction of these bands are in the formal music curriculum of the school, they are still considered to be

a vital part of the over-all music program.

With this many organized bands, the number of local and regional festival-clinics is increasing.

An indication of the acceptance of stage-band training can be illustrated by a survey done by two graduate students of North Texas State University at Denton. Working under the supervision of Leon Breedon, assistant professor of instrumental music, Les Mills and Paul Guerrero came up with this research from 99 school superintendents in Texas.

Seventy-eight percent favor a stage band in their schools.

Sixty-five percent believe the stage bands have stimulated interest in their school music programs.

Eighty-eight percent believe that stage-band experience is valuable to the student musically.

Ninety-five percent feel no opposition to stage bands from their communities.

Seventy-eight percent indicate that their stage bands received their funds from the general music budget.

Fifty-seven percent expect a new band director to have knowledge of conducting a stage band.

Fifty-three percent expect an applicant band director to indicate his ability to work with stage bands.

All was not good news in 1961, however. Two schools were forced to throw in the towel.

The Westlake School in California, so active in the period after 1946 with ex-GI students, closed. Its main difficulties were with curriculum and methodology. Of more significance was the end of the Lenox School of Jazz in Massachusetts. Lenox was an example of an attempt to put jazz into an artistically pleasant and pastoral atmosphere. It was to have been the jazz Aspen or Berkshire festival. After five struggling years, it gave up.

No mention of stage-band activity can be made without reviewing the activity and influence of the National Band Camp, which incorporates the Stan Kenton Clinics.

During August, 1961, the camp held its third annual clinic sessions at three universities—Southern Methodist, Michigan State, and Indiana—for one week at each location. With a total enrollment of 520 students from 40 states, plus a faculty of 25 educators and professionals, the camp reaffirmed its place in school jazz.

A major accomplishment of the camp was the publishing of the first stage band articulation chart. Matt Betton, assistant dean of the camp, supervised a committee of arrangers, composers, and pub-

lishers in arriving at the first standardization of jazz markings.

IN ADDITION TO their normal academic duties, the educators added to the materials available for jazz study. The Rev. George Wiskirchen, C.S.C., of Notre Dame High School at Niles, Ill., completed the first textbook for the stage-band field, *Developmental Techniques for the School Dance Band* (Berklee Press, 208 pp.).

Dr. Gene Hall, Michigan State University, and Tim Dennis, Snyder (Texas) Junior High School, had stage-band arrangements published by Bob Seibert's KSM Publishing Co. in Dallas, Texas. Many educators, wrote original material for their own bands (and, often, for other groups in their territory) to keep their band supplied with material.

The publishing companies also were busy keeping up with the requirements of the young musicians.

Art Dedricks' Kendor Music Co. signed Gil Evans to write special stage-band arrangements. The firm continued to turn out excellent beginner and intermediate arrangements. Leeds Music published another of its Glenn Osser series, particularly in conjunction with Don Jacoby's all-star dance band album (MGM) on which all the arrangements are performed. A third in this series will be published early in 1962.

New publishers have entered the field. Willy Berg, a manufacturer of mutes and music stands, and a well-known music personality, has a half-dozen arrangements on the market. Hal Leonard Publishing Co. of Winona, Minn., and Educational Music Bureau of Evanston, Ill., also have entered the stage-band publishing field.

Adding to the available literature are various music instrument manufacturers that have brought out interesting and usable material. The H. N. White Co. of Cleveland, Ohio, has a unique program for the high school and college stage band. It is an album with arrangements included, *Saxophone Showcase* by Dick Wooley, a teacher in the Shaker Heights, Ohio, school system, and who has played and arranged for Kai Winding and Buddy Morrow.

The Selmer Co. of Elkhart, Ind., has published a booklet by Dr. Gene Hall, *Stage Band Techniques*, that is of particular interest to music educators.

Other companies will have new and varied materials out in early 1962. Capitol records, for example, has a special catalog on jazz records suited for school study and enjoyment scheduled for January release.

On the college level there have been signs of increasing interest in jazz but

not at the rate apparent on the high-school level. The number of colleges and universities offering jazz courses is only about 35.

The extracurricular activities of jazz groups on the college campuses continues to rise strongly, however. The caliber of musicianship exhibited at the Collegiate Jazz Festival, at the University of Norte Dame, by 26 combos and big bands was encouraging.

At the 1961 festival the young musicians strove for their own sounds and ideas rather than emulating contemporary jazz stars, as was the case in previous years. Several of these college groups are ready for professional exposure.

The Paul Winter group from Chicago, which won honors at the Collegiate Jazz Festival as well as the Georgetown University Festival, will be recorded by Columbia. The remarkable North Texas State Jazz Lab Band is already on a par with the top professional bands.

The Georgetown festival, going into its third year, is run quite differently from the one at Notre Dame. Only five or six groups are invited to attend Georgetown after initial screening has been done from submitted tapes. The method of judging winners is also different in that Music Educators National Conference adjudication standards are not used at Georgetown. What is not different is the quality of the performing groups; it is high and getting higher each year.

It is not possible or desirable to pick out highlights in school jazz during 1961. It is enough to say that the outstanding achievement was the general acceptance.

Down Beat's National Band Camp scholarships were established in 1959 with the creation of the National Band Camps (that includes the Stan Kenton Clinics) and are organized in line with the magazine's national school jazz clinic program.

These scholarships are awarded to outstanding instrumentalists chosen by the judges at the various stage-band clinics and festivals sponsored by *Down Beat* in conjunction with local educators and music merchants. Some are awarded on the basis of judges' opinions of tape recordings submitted to the National Band Camp during the winter and spring preceding the camp sessions.

The number of camp scholarships awarded each year is limited only by the funds available. These funds come mainly from manufacturers and organizations interested in the improvement of music and the increased ability of young musicians. Without their support, this scholarship program could

not have been started and could not be continued.

Contributors to National Band Camp scholarship fund for 1961 are:

H. A. Selmer, Elkhart, Ind.
Wurlitzer Co., DeKalb, Ill.
C. G. Conn, Elkhart, Ind.
Guitar Manufacturers Association (Nammm), New York City.
Broadcast Music Inc., New York City
Associated Booking Corp., New York City
J. C. Deagan, Inc., Chicago
Capitol Records, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.
Federfisa (Italian Accordion Manufacturers), Chicago
David Wexler & Co., Chicago
Fred Gretsch Mfg. Co., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Sonola Accordion Co., Hoboken, N. J.
Imperial Accordion Co., Chicago
Richards Music Co., Elkhart, Ind.
Dallape Accordion Co., Chicago
Willard Alexander Agency, New York City.

The winners of *Down Beat* National Band Camp scholarships were (contributors are indicated where applicable):

Dave Arch (string bass), Western Springs, Ill.
Mike Barrett (tenor saxophone), Tacoma, Wash.
Loren Binford (trombone), Evanston, Ill. (BMI)
John Bragg (trumpet), Raytown, Mo.
Bobby Brooks (trumpet), Sioux City, Iowa
Omar Clay (drums), Ann Arbor, Mich. (BMI)
Wayne Darling (string bass), Woodward, Iowa
Jerrol Davis (trombone), Omaha, Texas
Tim Dennis (music educator, arranger), Snyder, Texas
William Dern Jr. (drums), Ridgewood, N. J.
James DiPasqual (piano, tenor saxophone), Evanston, Ill. (Wurlitzer)
Ronnie Eggmeyer, (tenor saxophone), Willisville, Ill.
Wendell Evanson (music educator), Henderson, Ark.
Dave Fessel (tenor saxophone), Olney, Ill. (Capitol)
David Fusco (accordion), North Tonawanda, N. Y. (Richards)
Mike Gardner (trumpet), Belle, W. Va.
James Gilliam (piano), North Hollywood, Calif. (Wurlitzer)
Allen Goldman (piano), Toledo, Ohio (Wurlitzer)
George Hanson (accordion), Villa Park, Ill. (Federfisa)
Chaplin Holman (tenor saxophone), Sioux City, Iowa
Chester Hughes (music educator), Wood River, Ill. (Capitol)
Keith Jarrett (piano), Emmaus, Pa. (Wurlitzer)
Don Kehrberg (alto saxophone), Cleveland, Ohio.
Kenneth Kotwitz (accordion), West Allis, Wis. (Dallape)
Kenny Kraintz (trumpet), Bremerton, Wash. (Selmer)
Carrol Lewis (music educator), Raytown, Mo. (Wurlitzer)
David Lewitz (piano), Highland Park, Ill. (Wurlitzer)
Carol LiMinni (accordion), River Grove, Ill. (Imperial)
Joseph Marghilano (guitar), Philadelphia, Pa. (NAMMM)
Judy Mayo (vibraharp), Sinton, Texas (Deagan)

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Gene Palumbo (accordion), Melrose Park, Ill. (David Wexler)
Kevin Peterson (bass), Wauwatosa, Wis.
Bob Pierson (tenor saxophone), Garden City, Mich. (BMI)
Jerry Plemons (trumpet), Arlington, Texas (Selmer)
Peter Plonsky (guitar), Fairlawn, N. J. (NAMMM)
Stan Pomeroy (alto saxophone), Columbus, Ohio
Morgan Powell (trombone), Denton, Texas, (BMI)
Ted Robinson (baritone saxophone), La Grange, Ill.
Charles Salvo (accordion), Addison, Ill. (Sonola)
Frank Schroeder (music educator), Parkersburg, W. Va.
Joe Schwantner (guitar), Harvey, Ill. (NAMMM)
Donald Sitterley (piano), Decatur, Ill. (Wurlitzer)
Lanny Steele (piano), Denton, Texas (Wurlitzer)
Thomas Szczeniak (accordion), Addison, Ill. (Gretsch)
Tom Wertel (trumpet), Denton, Texas (BMI)
Vaughn Wiester (trombone), Mt. Vernon, Ohio
Steve Willis (conductor), Dunkirk, N. Y. (Willard Alexander)
John Wilmeth (trumpet), Iowa City, Iowa
Richard Wiseman (trombone), Parkersburg, W. Va.
Rod Zahniser (alto saxophone), Yuma, Ariz.

Down Beat Hall of Fame scholarships to the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass., are awarded in international competition after judging of tape recordings that are sent to *Down Beat*.

Established in 1957 to honor the jazz Hall of Fame member chosen by the readers of *Down Beat* each year, these scholarships have rapidly become the most sought after academic awards in the field of jazz. Formal application blanks for these scholarships are published each year in *Down Beat's* January issues.

The 1961 winners were:

JUNIOR DIVISION
(Contestants 17 or younger)

Anton J. Scodwell (trumpet) Beloit, Wis.

Bennett Friedman (clarinet, tenor saxophone) Berkeley, Calif.

Richard Kidd (guitar) Massapequa Park, N.Y.

Art Kreinberg (trombone) Scranton, Pa.

Michael Rendish (piano) Allentown, Pa.

Bruce Fisher (trombone) Tulsa, Okla.

SENIOR DIVISION
(Contestants 18 or older)

Joseph Koo (piano) Hong Kong

Reed D. Gilchrist (string bass) McKeesport, Pa.

Thomas David Mason (alto, tenor saxophone) Milwaukee, Wis.

Refugio Lopez (tenor saxophone) Hanford, Calif.

Michael Anthony Nock (piano) Sydney, Australia

William F. Schaefgen (trombone) Milwaukee, Wis. ■

Standardized Stage Band Articulation

The problems of writing arrangements for the modern dance band or jazz band involve more than the selection and positioning of notes.

One of the thorniest obstacles the arranger-composer must hurdle is the clear communication to the players of the effects he is striving to obtain. In the past, it usually has been every arranger for himself.

Last summer, at the National Band Camp at Bloomington, Ind., arrangers Matt Betton, Johnny Richards, Stan Kenton, Russ Garcia, Robert Share, Dr. Eugene Hall, John LaPorta, and Coles (Bud) Doty set up a standardized set of articulation markings.

The men reached agreement early this year. Betton, assistant dean of the National Band Camp, working in association with *Down Beat* magazine, compiled the set of articulations as shown below.

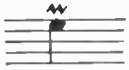
Heavy Accent
Hold full value.

Heavy Accent
Hold less than full value.

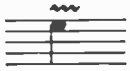
Heavy Accent
Short as possible.

Staccato
Short—not heavy.

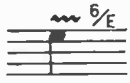
Legato Tongue
Hold full value.



The Shake
A variation of the tone upwards—much like a trill.

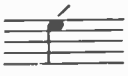


Lip Trill Similar to shake but slower and with more lip control.

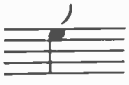


Wide Lip Trill Same as above except slower and with wider interval.

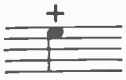
The Flip Sound note, raise pitch, drop into following note (done with lip on brass).



The Smear Slide into note from below and reach correct pitch just before next note. Do not rob preceding note.



The Doit Sound note then gliss upwards from one to five steps.



Du
False or muffled tone.

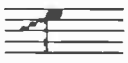
Wah
Full tone—not muffled.

Short Gliss Up Slide into note from below (usually one to three steps).

Long Gliss Up
Same as above except longer entrance.

Short Gliss Down The reverse on the short gliss up.

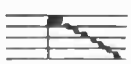
Long Gliss Down Same as long gliss up in reverse.



Short Lift Enter note via chromatic or diatonic scale beginning about a third below.

Long Lift
Same as above except longer entrance.

Short Spill Rapid diatonic or chromatic drop. The reverse of the short lift.



Long Spill Same as above except longer exit.

The Plop A rapid slide down harmonic or diatonic scale before sounding note.

Indefinite Sound
Deadened tone—indefinite pitch.

Note: No individual notes are heard when executing a gliss.

Berklee instructor Herb Pomeroy rehearses student ensemble

THE TEACHING OF JAZZ

Students at Bloomington, Ind., listen at a Kenton Clinic.

By GENE LEES

IN THE LONG struggle of jazz to survive, one of the key problems has been that of learning basics. Whereas for classical music, there are established schools and methods of teaching to which the aspirant can turn, the jazzman always has had to pick up his trade catch as catch can. And, indeed, a few years ago, older jazzmen were downright antagonistic toward the neophyte.

Bassist Ray Brown has described how, when he asked an older bass man to teach him how to slap bass, he was told, "Find out for yourself, kid."

More often, the older jazzman would simply say, "Listen."

And listening was the primary means of learning for many years. Next in importance was the jam session. But jam sessions have withered away under pressure from the American Federation of Musicians, an organization that often seems designed to work against its members rather than for them. Certainly it has shown no particular interest in the propagation of jazz.

With the fading of the jam session from the U.S. scene (they still occur, but they are rare in comparison with the past), something had to be done if jazz was to survive. Something is being done: efforts to teach jazz formally have grown in number and scope, and today there are music schools specializing in jazz as well as courses in jazz in an increasing number of university music departments.

The senior jazz school is the Berklee School of Music in Boston, whose influence and impact on U.S. music is only beginning to be felt—although as long as 10 years ago, an unknown but aspiring teenaged arranger named Quincy Jones was studying there. Berklee has the respect not only of jazzmen but even of academic musicians—men not, in past, particularly sympathetic to jazz and its methods. Yet Berklee does not award a music degree.

The reason is simple. According to Robert Share, director of the school, to give a degree, Berklee would have to institute certain courses and approaches that the directors of the school do not wish to accept. "If we did, we'd lose our identity," he said.

For those who want a degree—and those who want to teach music usually need one—Berklee works in conjunction with the Boston Conservatory. The student takes certain extra courses at the conservatory and that, with his Berklee studies, earns him his bachelor's degree from the conservatory.

Members of the North Texas Jazz Lab Band rehearse.

Faculty members Ray Brown, Oscar Peterson, and Ed Thigpen play at ASCM.

What is the identifying characteristic of Berklee's method of teaching? Practicality. Or perhaps it might be better described as direct and immediate application of the theory learned.

For example, Berklee's composition and arranging course, which has been adapted by Share into a correspondence

course, requires that the student begin writing melodies from the beginning. By Lesson 7—which a diligent student could reach perhaps in eight weeks—the aspirant musician is writing voicings for small groups. By the end of the 25-lesson course, which he could complete in about a year, he is writing big-band arrangements.

How much music would he actually know at the end of the course?

"Well, I'm the wrong guy to ask," said Share, "since I wrote the course. But frankly—he'd know a great deal."

At the school itself, where the student enrolls in a four-year course, he learns much more—including the playing of his specialized instrument. But always there is a stress on practicality, pressure to have the student hear what he is doing instead of learning a mountain of theory before he can begin to put any of it to work.

Emphasis on theory *and* practice is the keystone of all the better jazz teaching programs.

PHIL NIMMONS calls it "integration." Nimmons occupies at the Advanced School of Contemporary Music a position somewhat analogous to Share's at Berklee. The ASCM was established by Oscar Peterson in Toronto, Ontario. Peterson, bassist Ray Brown, and drummer Edmund Thigpen are cornerstones of its staff, which includes such gifted Canadian musicians as trombonist Butch Watanabe.

Like Share, Nimmons is an arranger and teaches arranging and composition. Like Share, he also carries many of the business burdens of his school.

Of the ASCM, Nimmons said recently, "There is a closer contact between theory and application in every way. In the ordinary academic music school, the student doesn't get a chance to apply what he's learning.

"This emphasis on application of the theory hasn't happened before.

"We find that a common shortcoming in students is a lack of knowledge of basics and a lack of knowledge of the history of music—and, in some cases, a lack of respect for it.

"Unfortunately, in the past, I don't think colleges had a direct enough appreciation of it to integrate the history and theory ends of music.

"What is our method?

"I keep coming back to that one word, integration. Integration of history and theory. Integration of theory and practice. Integration of the staff and students. All the students receive the total effect of all the staff. A piano major, for example, is made aware of the problems that the other instruments face."

A day spent at the ASCM is most enlightening. Nimmons' "integration" view is everywhere in evidence.

A piano student will take a class with bassist Brown. Brown will play with him and then pause and talk quietly to the student for a time, explaining what a bass player has to receive from the pianist if the group is to function with full effectiveness as a unit.

Bass men, similarly, get the benefit of Peterson's knowledge as a pianist and of Thigpen's experience as a drummer.

In addition, the students are organized into groups, and they must perform at regular playing sessions, where their work is subject to the analysis of the teachers and their fellow students. Sometimes the teachers will go on the bandstand to demonstrate a point.

This, in fact, is one of the keys to the ASCM's effectiveness. Students know the teachers can do everything they're advocating—and, in the cases of several of their teachers, do it better than most other musicians.

ANOTHER KEY area of jazz instruction is found at North Texas State College, where a full course in jazz is taught. Leon Breeden is director of the jazz department at the North Texas music school, where the student—taking certain required courses—can receive his bachelor's degree.

Here, too, the emphasis is on theory and application. The school maintains not one but four big bands at all times, graded A, B, C, and D. The student advances through the bands until he is playing in the A band, which some musicians consider the best big band in the United States today, with none of the top professional bands barred from the comparison.

Trumpeter Donald Byrd, who encountered the band for the first time last summer, insists that it is the most advanced band in the history of jazz, in terms of applying music concepts and advanced harmonic approaches

So schooled—and so gifted—are many of the students that last summer, in one week, the A band lost five members, four of them to Stan Kenton, one to Buddy DeFranco.

Thus far, jazz education hasn't been broken down into regular graded systems. There is no formal equivalent of high-school level jazz studies, though North Texas State provides college-level training. Berklee, too, provides college-level training, though it also must deal with students not yet trained to college proficiency. Eventually, the ASCM's directors say, they will have to start screening students, taking only those prepared to extract the maximum benefit.

There is an informal high-school jazz movement and a very large one. Though jazz, as such, isn't taught in high schools, many schools have big bands, some of them surprisingly good, as extracurricular activities. Thanks to the devotion of both teachers and students, these bands fill the gap and prepare students to go on to such institutions as Berklee, ASCM, or North Texas State. But there is still a need for more teaching at this level.

Filling the need in part is the National Band Camp with its Stan Kenton Clinic. Established three years ago on the campus of Indiana University, the camp had expanded to two more campuses—Southern Methodist, Michigan State—by last summer.

Though it lasts for only a week at each university, the camp achieves some astonishing results in that all-too-brief time. Some 600 students attended last summer.

Under the instruction of such men as Buddy DeFranco, Donald Byrd, Don Jacoby, Johnny Richards, and Kenton, the students are rigorously drilled in band playing. Organized into bands immediately after their arrival, they are given section drill in the morning, full-band rehearsal in the afternoon, demonstrations by the teachers, and theory classes. There is also the intangible benefit of talking to trained and gifted professionals who don't say, "Find out for yourself, kid."

IN MANY WAYS, the fate of jazz would seem to be more precarious now than at any time in its past. Night clubs where it can be played have shrunk in number. Television has consistently ignored it. Large record companies often treat it as a bright but unprofitable stepchild. Cultural organizations do not recognize it as an art form; consequently, it does not receive the subsidies that classical music does.

But the new education movement in jazz promises better days to come. The fact of its being adopted by some universities as a subject fit to be taught is giving jazz more—ghastly word—status. But most important, the teaching movement, with its emphasis on application of the theory, is guaranteeing that jazzmen will continue to come up from the ranks of youth.

Thanks to this new kind of jazz training, they are young men with both the ability to play and a passion to do so. You'd better believe that they're going to be heard. ■

CIRCLES & SQUARES

BY GUINDON

"SAY SOMETHING, MR. GARNER, YOUR VOICE BREAKS UP MY FRIEND."

"TELL THE CLERK TO PLAY THE OTHER SIDE."

"HEY, BARTENDER! SEND A DRINK OVER TO THE SINGER."

"PLAY PERDIDO!"

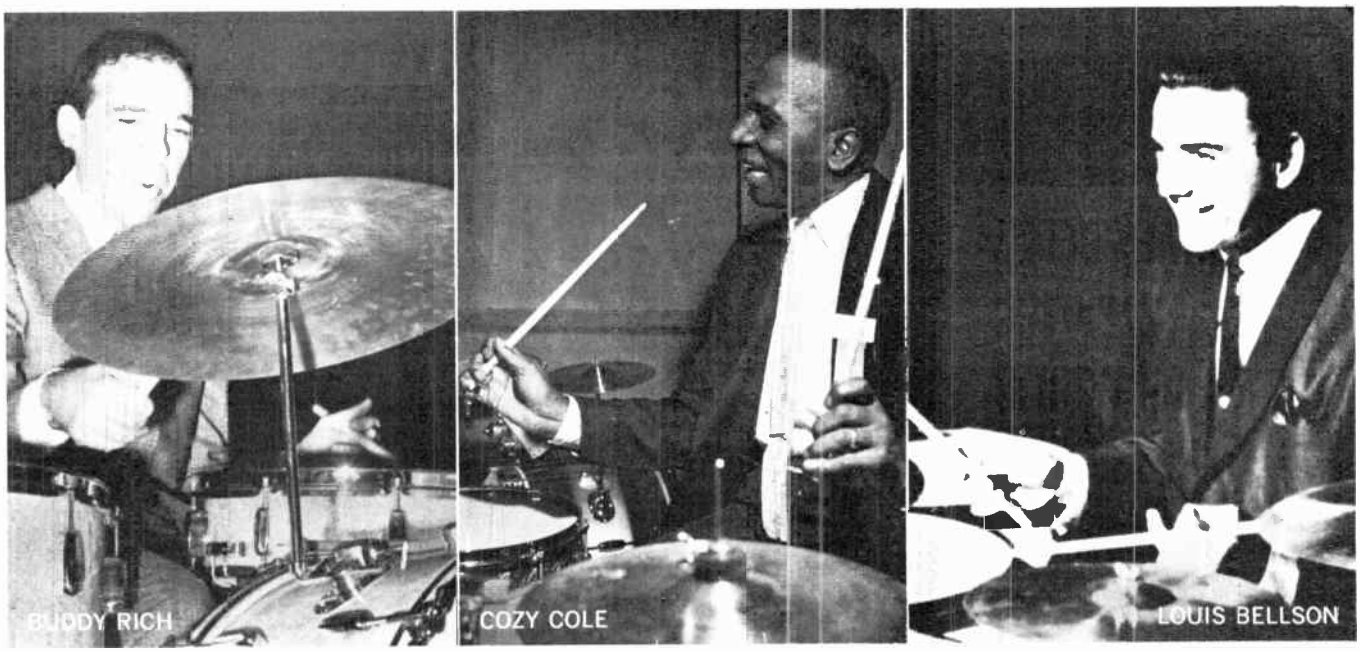
"THISH ISH MY WIFE 'N' SHE WANTS TO SING A FEW NUMBERS WITH THE BAND."

"A WUN, ANA TWO, ANA THREE..."

"YOU'VE CHANGED SINCE YOU STARTED HANGING AROUND THESE MUSICIANS."

"I'M SORRY, WE DON'T SERVE..."

"HOW COME YOU'RE NOT DANCING?"



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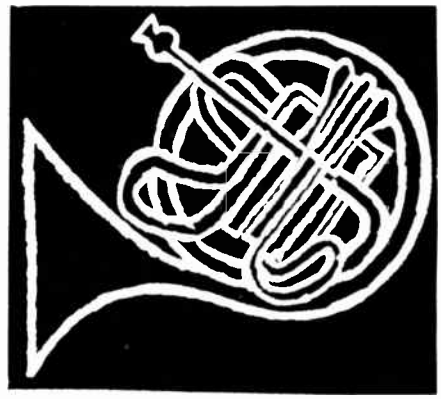

AN INDEX OF DOWN BEAT 1961

Countless jazz fans, historians, and writers save each issue of *Down Beat* as valuable reference material. To make research easier, *Down Beat* publishes an annual index of the material appearing in the magazine during the calendar year. The 1961 listing follows. Not included are record reviews and *Strictly Ad Lib* items.

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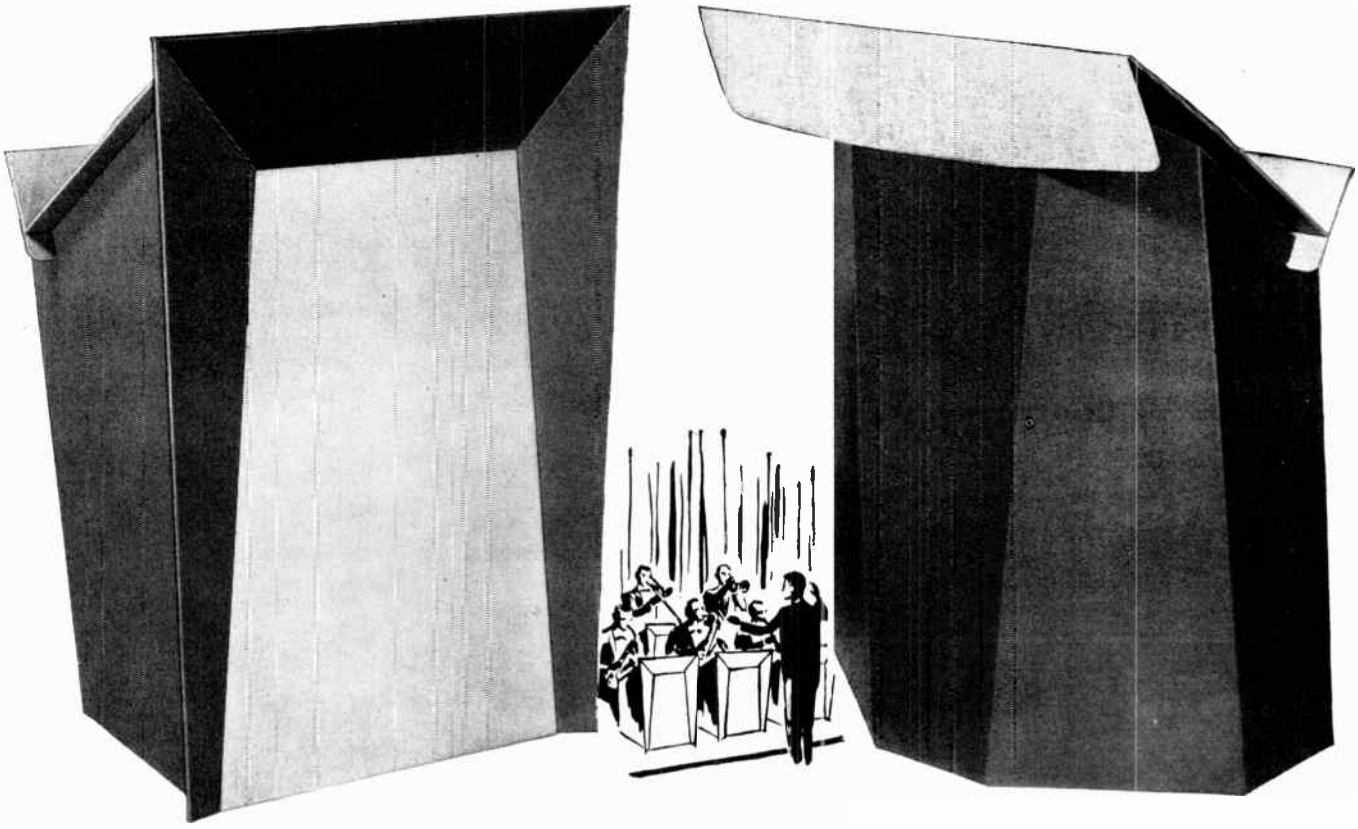

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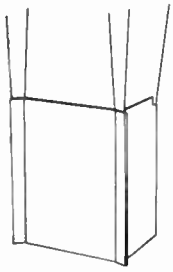

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2 **GERRY MULLIGAN:** MAINSTREAM OF JAZZ (EmArcy) You will be particularly struck by Eardley's trumpet on "Ain't It The Truth" and by the difference in the solo statements when Mulligan was on the baritone and on piano. You will not want to miss this LP.	7 **MAX ROACH:** WE INSIST! FREEDOM NOW SUITE. (Candid) Some may object to the message it contains—and this is one album definitely with a message—but the sensitive listener cannot deny that it is a vibrant social statement and an artistic triumph.	12 **MILT JACKSON:** PLENTY, PLENTY SOUL (Atlantic) Without exception, the tracks on this LP provide rewarding listening on multiple levels of experience and throughout numerous repetitions.
3 **GIL EVANS:** GREAT JAZZ STANDARDS (World Pacific) This is one of the few LP's that one can play over and over without its losing its initial impact. It is a significant album and is unreservedly recommended.	8 **ELLA FITZGERALD:** ELLA SINGS COLE PORTER (Verve) This is still the definitive reading of Porter by a singer whose style and grace remain unchallenged. Her sense of timing and musicianship remains peerless.	13 **WES MONTGOMERY:** THE INCREDIBLE JAZZ GUITAR OF WES MONTGOMERY (Riverside) Montgomery is one of the most completely satisfying jazz musicians to come to light in a long time. He is a polished performer—never slick, but always in control of what he is doing while imparting a natural relaxed feeling.
4 **DUKE ELLINGTON-MAHALIA JACKSON:** BLACK, BROWN, AND BEIGE (Columbia) The best works Duke's band has done in years . . . Mahalia's presence was a stimulus to the performance which makes this an Ellington milestone.	9 **DAVE BRUBECK:** GONE WITH THE WIND (Columbia) It has often been noted that since the addition of Morello and Wright, the Brubeck group has swung more; this LP is the best example so far of this freedom and swing.	14 **ART FARMER:** ART (Argo) There are a lot of records being issued today. Through sheer volume, you hear a lot of good ones among the mediocre but even many of the good ones are not necessary to own. This superior example of jazz art is!
5 **DIZZY GILLESPIE-CHARLIE PARKER:** DIZ "N" BIRD (Royal Roost) When these concert sides were originally released in the middle 1940s, the consensus among younger jazzmen was that Diz and Bird had just written the book. No serious jazz collector can afford to be without this album.	10 **MILES DAVIS-GIL EVANS:** SKETCHES OF SPAIN (Columbia) This record is one of the most important musical triumphs that this century has yet produced. It brings together under the same aegis two realms that in the past have often worked against one another—the world of the heart and the world of the mind.	15 **JAZZ POLL WINNERS:** (Columbia) Jazz history is recorded with the superb collection of 18 poll winners. These great names placed in the top three of the usual 18 categories in the famous Down Beat poll which has never been represented on records before.

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