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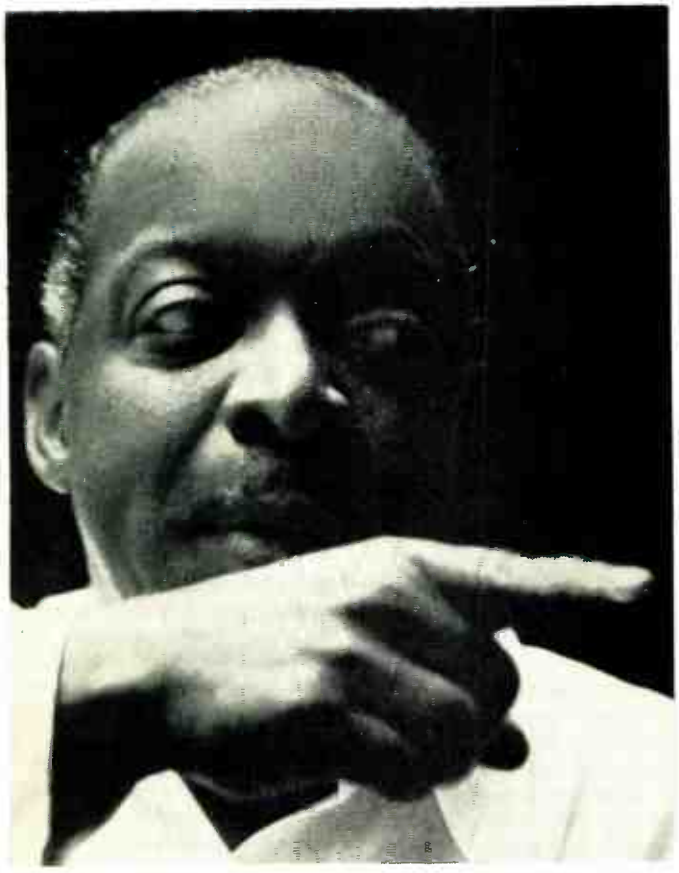

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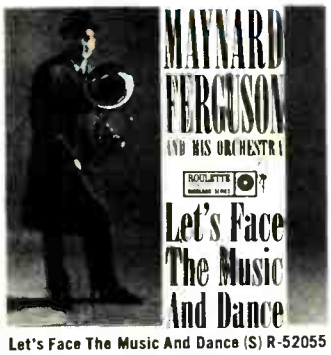

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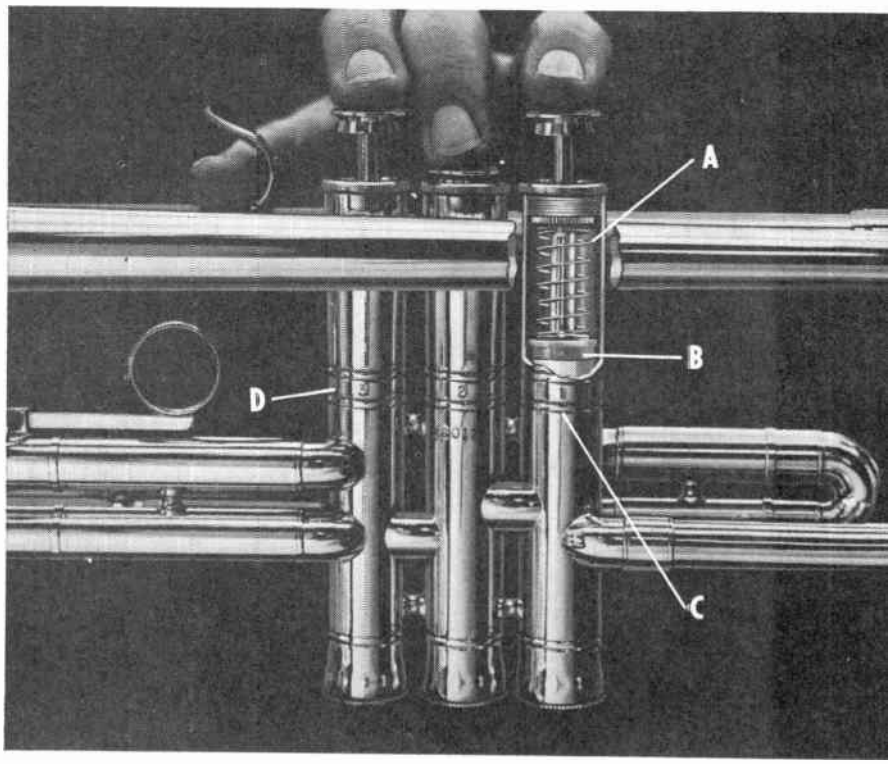

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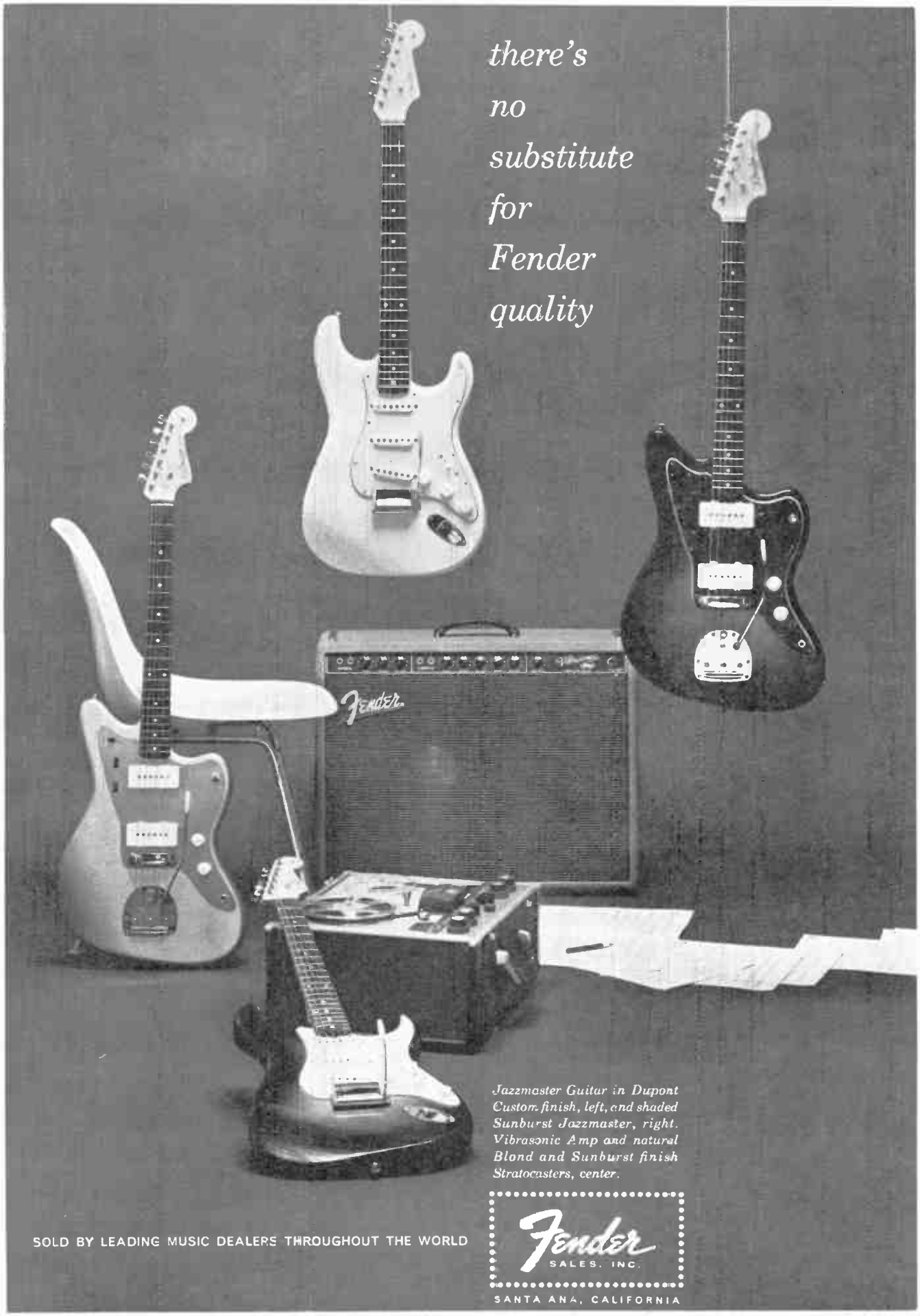

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MUSIC 1961

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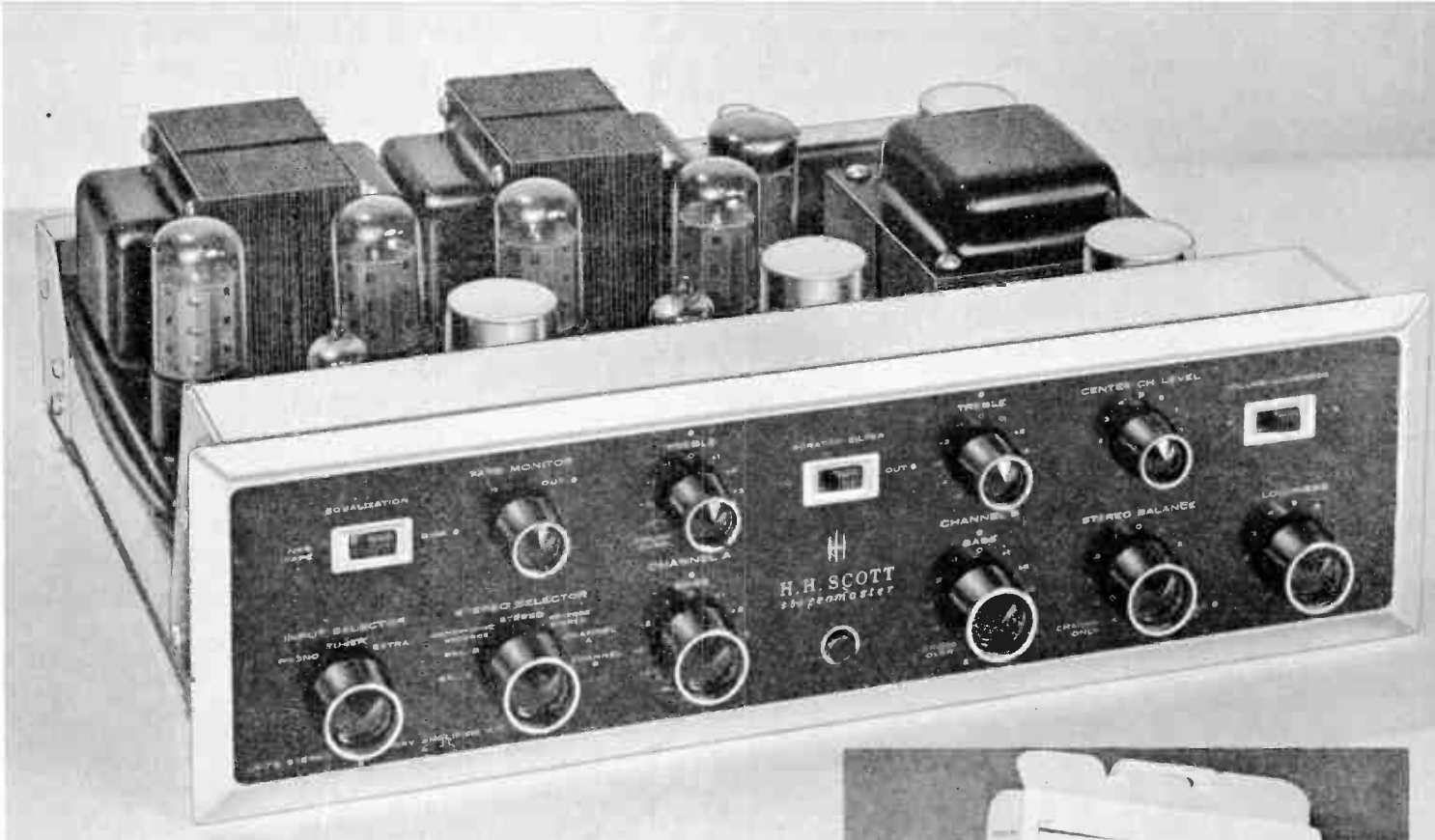

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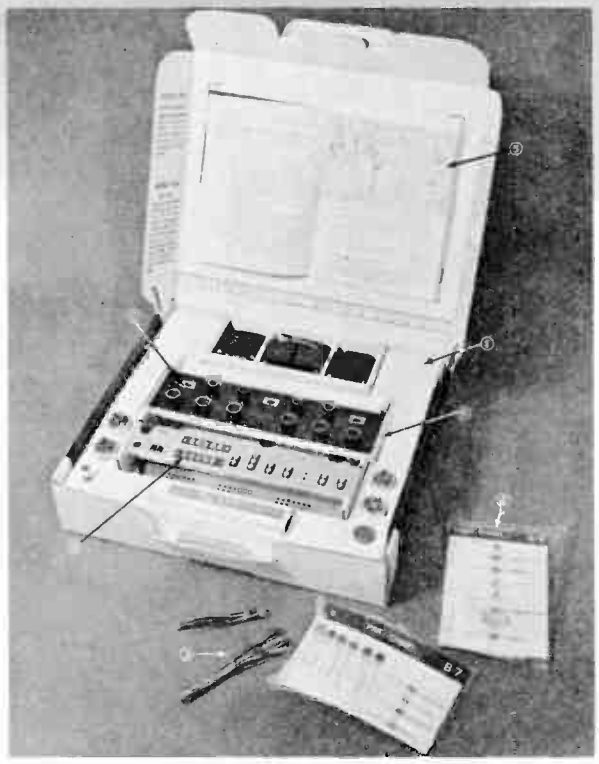

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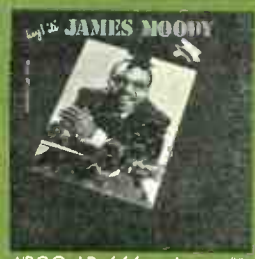

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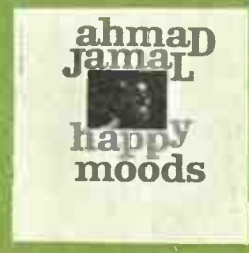

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THE COMPLEAT JAZZ CRITIC

By GENE LEES

It seems to me that next to the prime requisite, a knowledge of jazz, the greatest need of the jazz critic is a knowledge of "classical" music. It is a need that is becoming more urgent every year, and never was it more apparent than in 1960.

In the past year, I have seen several instances of jazz critics falling into traps they could have avoided had they had a sound working knowledge of classical music. To be sure, several pretend to know it and drop names such as Bartok to prove it. But the name sometimes lands with a crunch on the toes of the critic.

Not long ago, a noted critic, reviewing a jazz recording, said that such-and-such a tune was a charming ballad. It was a Debussy work, and a rather well-known one at that. It had completely slipped by him that a jazzman had turned to using a French Impressionist composition as a basis of improvisation. It is not surprising that the musician in question has expressed himself as lacking respect for "the jazz critics," if such experiences have been common.

But far more serious in this era of Streamsmanship is the tendency of some jazz critics to proclaim as "new," or "daring," or "original," jazz which, were they familiar with 20th century classical music, they would recognize as ill-disciplined derivatives of Igor Stravinsky, Paul Hindemith, et al—and of their early periods at that. Even though there are those who have listened to a certain amount of Debussy and Ravel, they do not seem to realize that these men are no longer "modern" or "contemporary." Most of the classical music that jazz critics seem to think is "modern" is actually half a century old.

Even if the critic is able to drop the name of Bartok into a jazz review, it means little unless he understands the uses to which Bartok put Hungarian folk music, his remarkable talent for the synthesis of disparate musical techniques, his enormous skill with the orchestra; and when he speaks of Stravinsky, it is to be hoped that he knows something of post-*Rossignol* Stravinsky, the Stravinsky of time-traveling (as the late conductor Constant Lambert termed it), the neo-classical Stravinsky, the difficult Stravinsky of recent years and questionable validity. And if he is going to name-drop Aaron Copland, he should know something more of Copland's music than *El Salon Mexico* and *Appalachian Spring;* he should know the Copland who has eschewed easy popularity and written austere and often audience-defying music. In truth, the jazz critic today needs at least a passing familiarity with Toch and Bloch and Krenek and Sessions and Piston and Elliott Carter and a host of others, from the long-dead to the young and living, from Monteverdi to Lukas Foss and John Cage.

Champions of jazz-as-she-is-felt will ask: Isn't jazz a completely different music? Not as different as those ignorant of other musics are prone to think. And in certain areas the difference is less every year.

Because of John Lewis and Jimmy Giuffre and J. J. Johnson and Bill Russo and George Russell and other jazz composers who know and use techniques of European classical music, the jazz critic today needs to know Hindemith and Webern and Alban Berg—and Corelli. When he reviews a Teo Macero record, he may be on quaky ground unless he knows something of the music of Arnold Schoenberg and his disciples and the theory of serialism.

He should be able to face squarely the issues posed by such a work as Giuffre's *Pharaoh*. If he thinks that this music is not valuable, he should have the courage to say so and the knowledge to back it up. He has a duty to the public and to music to do so. But he also has a duty to Giuffre, and it demands that he be able to recognize genuine innovation when he hears it. Only if he has an adequate background in classical music as well as jazz will he be able to form a valid opinion on whether Giuffre is an important figure in American musical development.

This is not to suggest that the need of the jazz critic

to know classical music is a new one, but that it is growing. Actually, it has always been there.

Don Redman, who is looked on as the first jazz arranger and the man who defined the fundamental instrumentation of big jazz bands, made his first impact in the early 1920s. Redman had been educated at the Boston Conservatory. Thus, even then, one of the most influential jazz musicians had a broad musical background and, no doubt, a knowledge of Stravinsky, Ravel, and Debussy. Bix Beiderbecke had an interest in and knowledge of certain areas of classical music, and applied it. How many of the earliest writers on jazz recognized it? It would be interesting to know if Beiderbecke had the same view of jazz critics as the man who used the Debussy prelude on his record date. How uninformed the earliest jazz criticism must have seemed to Redman; how ill-informed much of it must seem to him even now.

Yet this is not the crucial evil. After all, if the musician laughs at the critic, that's the critic's problem. Much more serious is the tendency of some critics to let their readers become even narrower than they are. And almost as serious as that is their tendency to be cowed by certain musicians of known erudition because they fear that in taking issue with them they might reveal ignorance or betray inadequacy.

It seems to me that this problem has found sharp focus in the case of Ornette Coleman.

Coleman came to prominence largely on the say-so of John Lewis and Gunther Schuller. Both are exceptionally learned men. Their influence on criticism has been considerable. I believe it has been as great as it has primarily because too many critics have feared to take issue with them. In Lewis' case, I believe, the influence has been unconscious; in Schuller's, it has been more forceful and deliberate.

Once Lewis and Schuller had put their seal of approval on Coleman, some critics began acclaiming him vociferously; others stood neutralized, afraid of exposing themselves, afraid that Schuller and Lewis, because of their erudition, were able to see things in Coleman's music that they could not.

Today, of course, the pattern is shifting. If you take a poll of top jazz musicians, I can almost guarantee that eight out of 10 will dismiss Coleman's music. Those who have sat in with him say that he simply does not know chord changes. Yet, for a time, even the musicians were afraid to doubt him, because he had been championed by Lewis and Schuller. After all, maybe there was something to Coleman's "free" expression theories. Let me express a view on this question; it is not ungermane to the discussion.

I would take issue with Coleman's concept of perfect freedom on the grounds that it is anti-music and anti-art. Art is and always has been the ordering of the disparate and chaotic materials of life into a significant shape of expression. Freedom of Coleman's kind is *not* perfect freedom; indeed, in its way, it is perfect slavery. For true freedom lies in discipline, as the yogi knows.

The yogi, having achieved a phenomenal physical discipline, can, if he wishes, go long periods without food; I, lacking his discipline, am a slave to hunger. If, in an emergency—let us say a fire—the yogi found it necessary to run out into a snowstorm, he might be able to do it, because some of the more advanced yogis have so disciplined themselves that they can raise the body temperature at will. I, lacking this discipline, would perish either in the fire or in the cold. Which of us is the more free—the yogi who has submitted to a rigorous discipline, or I who have not?

It is the same in art. The freest musician is the one who has so completely mastered himself and his implements that he can do anything he wants to do, including playing a simple tune such as *Come Rain or Come Shine,* and playing it in tune, should such a whim strike him. I wonder whether Ornette Coleman can do this. If he can't, he doesn't have musical freedom. (Incidentally, it causes me real pain to say these things, because I like Coleman personally, respect his intelligence, and deeply admire his courage in going his own way. But I feel these things are long overdue for saying.)

Let's look at the case of John Coltrane for contrast. Coltrane is a tremendous disciplinarian. He practices endlessly, has built a prodigious technique on tenor saxophone and is now building one on soprano. Coltrane too has felt the limiting nature of chord changes. And so he has explored them almost to death. The result is that when Coltrane plays, he can *rise above the changes.* In other words, Coltrane has achieved freedom from the changes; Ornette Coleman has merely turned his back on them.

Yet all it took was a word from Lewis and Schuller, the enthusiastic concord of a couple of critics, and the be-the-first-on-your-block-to-have-one psychology of the hippy element among jazz followers, and Ornette Coleman was launched as an "influence." And not yet has there been one adequate critical discussion of the pros and cons of his music: only wild praise, together with bitter denunciations by pro-Coleman critics of those who did not agree, on the one hand, and a vague half-disagreement, uttered timidly in a whisper, on the other.

This is how jazz critics can be pushed around. I do not think we would today be hearing adolescent musicians trying to play like Coleman (instead of acquiring discipline) had there been enough jazz critics with solid academic backgrounds in music to take issue with the views of Schuller and Lewis.

What, then, is the answer for jazz criticism? Should the task be turned over to the musicians? What a frightening suggestion!

Generally, musicians have proved themselves to be enormously biased and cruel as critics.

"If that's meant to be a commercial thing, then I can't give it any stars, because it stinks. But if it's meant to be jazz, then I wish I could give it some minus stars, because it *really* stinks! I give up, and I don't care about it one way or the other. You got it. Whatever that was, you can have it."

This intemperate outburst did not come from one of the "unfair" jazz critics, but from cornetist Nat Adderley, a warm and kind and enormously likeable person, in the course of one of Leonard Feather's *Blindfold Tests. The Blindfold Tests* are fascinating for many reasons, not the least of which is the subtle way they expose the prejudices of musicians.

Nor are classical musicians any better. Read some of Debussy's criticism (written under the nom-de-plume *Monsieur Croche)* of the music of Richard Strauss. It is breath-takingly unfair. But what could you expect it to be? Debussy's viewpoint, his foundation, was rooted to a large extent in reaction against German Romanticism. Could you possibly expect a fair evaluation of German Romantic music from him?

And it was, I think, Meyerbeer who wrote that the *Fifth Symphony* provided proof positive that Beethoven had at last gone mad.

The really gifted artist has intense convictions that his way of doing things is the right and true way. This is as it should be. But because of this, he will, as a critic, almost inevitably approve of those whose work is in accordance with his theories and excoriate those whose work is not.

Consider the Academie Francaise, so bitterly criticized

by so many struggling young talents for its reactionary outlook. It has opposed the work of some of the greatest creative geniuses France has produced, withholding recognition until it was too late to make any difference: the artists were already dead or already rich. And who comprise the membership of the Academie? The most noted artists of France.

This is one danger of the artist as critic. Another is that he may be gutless. A minority of musicians seem to be invertebrate when called on to make public critical judgments. Ask yourself how you would feel. Confronted by a record, could you fairly criticize it, knowing you might the next day have to socialize with the artist—or might have to apply to him for a job?

It is, or should be, obvious that the artist deeply involved in the process of creation is a poor prospect to give a fair and detached criticism of it. There is usually too much conflict of interest. Separation of powers is almost as wise in the arts as in government. Let us look one more time at the case of Ornette Coleman.

Coleman's chief champions were Schuller, Lewis, a New York jazz publication, the publisher and editors of the publication, and Atlantic Records. To the layman, it must have seemed that several people were independently championing Coleman. But let's see how independent these voices were.

Schuller, who praised Coleman in the publication, was editing Coleman's music; Lewis was publishing it, or more precisely, a firm owned by the Modern Jazz Quartet was publishing it; Hsio Wen Shih, the publisher of the publication, was Coleman's manager; Atlantic Records, Coleman's label — and Lewis' — was a partial owner of the publication.

In view of this, can we be assured that the opinions expressed, including vitriolic attacks in the publication on George Crater for daring to treat Coleman with levity, were disinterested?

I do not mean to intimate that there was any dishonesty involved. Knowing all the people concerned, I most emphatically do not believe that there was. I do suggest, however, that when the creative and critical functions become too involved with each other, and above all when a critical journal cannot prove clear title to opinions expressed in it, a very serious problem arises. It could be called artistic incest.

I also suggest that had the majority of the jazz critics been equipped with sufficiently strong backgrounds in classical music not to be cowed by the views of Lewis and Schuller, the case of Ornette Coleman might not have been as long and awkward as it has been.

All of this would seem to imply that I have a low opinion of the jazz critics. This is not the case. I respect most of them deeply. Most have a wide general erudition (did you know that Leonard Feather speaks three languages fluently and keeps up with jazz events and publications in many countries?) and awareness of the social context in which jazz exists, along with a profound knowledge of jazz music itself. Jazz criticism is a hellishly thankless job, and it takes real courage to do it well.

Jazz needs independent, professional critics, able to devote all their working hours to the study of the music and to fitting it into a carefully considered perspective. Unfortunately, the lot of the jazz critic has been even more difficult than that of the musician. There are scarcely more than half a dozen jazz critics in America working on salary; a small group survives by writing for several publications at once. This means that there is meager opportunity for talented young persons to acquire the training and background for jazz criticism.

Like the college professor and the high school teacher, the gifted jazz critic finds that there is a demand for his talents elsewhere: nonspecialized publications need good writers, record companies need a&r men, and the larger among them can offer bigger salaries than anyone can hope to earn by writing about jazz on staff. Often they leave, and brilliant men such as Barry Ulanov and George Frazier and Mike Levin, whose names were once as famous to jazz fans as those of the top musicians, are gone now from jazz writing. Those who have remained with jazz through the years, such as Leonard Feather and Ralph Gleason, have shown an extraordinary dedication to the art. Unfortunately, there aren't many Leonard Feathers and Ralph Gleasons.

Because of this problem, *Down Beat* has in the past year been fostering the development of a number of new critics. In one case, a musician, vibraharpist and drummer Don DeMicheal, joined the staff, the meantime giving up active professional work as a jazz musician in order to be able to be more detached. But more critics should be developed in future. Perhaps as jazz grows and achieves still wider recognition, daily newspapers will see the need of jazz criticism and help create the circumstances in which more and better jazz critics can be developed. At the moment, however, that prospect is not very bright, as you will note by reading Jack Lind's study of jazz and the U.S. press elsewhere in this volume.

Yet somehow they will arise. In a sense, jazz critics aren't made, they're born. They are born in a passionate love of the music, which usually leads as early as adolescense to writing about it, sometimes in school papers. This deep love of the music is the distinguishing characteristic of all jazz critics, even the most misguided of them. It is little recognized by the musicians, but each jazz critic harbors within him a deep loyalty to the music, manifested in his hot defense against attacks on it, and even in his willingness to work both at night, when the musicians are working, and in the day, when the musicians are comfortably sleeping.

Such men are vitally important to jazz, vitally necessary to its future. Why?

Not only do they help guard against bad music, but they hasten the process by which the public is made aware of good music. And they serve as a crucial link between the artist and the audience, helping each to understand the other better.

But this discussion was not intended as a paean to the jazz critics. Their virtues will take care of themselves. It is on a shortcoming that I have sought to focus attention, with a hope of improvement.

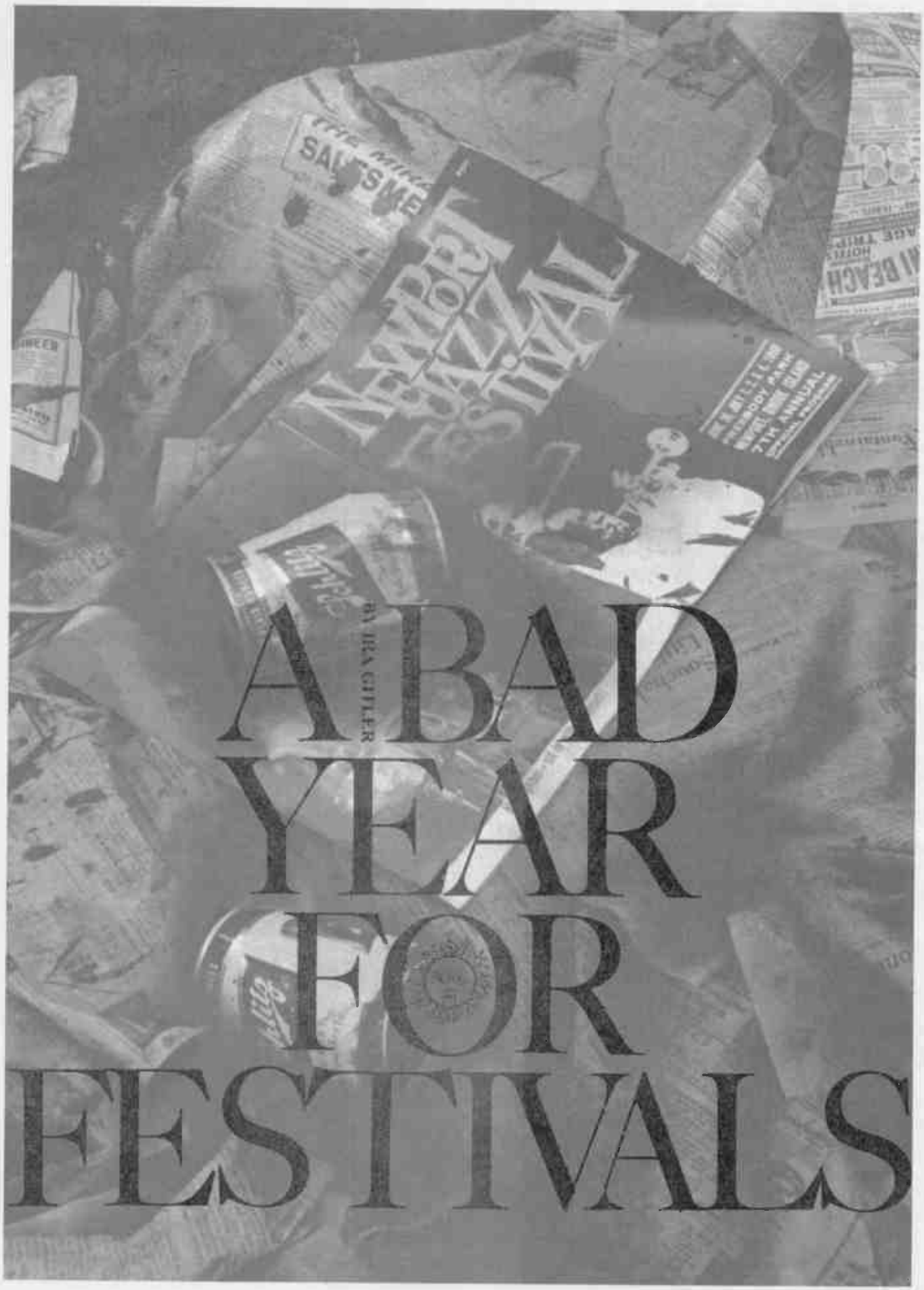
Many jazz musicians, particularly arrangers and composers, have called for a new kind of musician, one equally at home in classical fields as in jazz. Nor is it only from musicians of the "Third Stream" that the plea has come. I heard it expressed by so down-to-earth a musician as Quincy Jones during the panel discussion you will find on Page 61; the motion is seconded by Don Redman.

Quincy hopes for and believes in the improvement of jazz musicianship; I hope for and believe in the improvement of jazz criticism.

He and other artists feel that the Compleat Musician would be one who could play a jam session one night, a symphony concert the next, and something taking elements from both the night after. The Compleat Critic would be a man who could intelligently cover all three performances.

It is doubtful that there are 50 musicians in America who could capably play the concerts; it is doubtful that there are five critics who could cover them.

But such musicians will emerge, and such critics will emerge with them. It is said that a people gets the government it deserves; no doubt an art form gets the criticism it deserves.



A BAD YEAR FOR FESTIVALS

BY IRA GITLER

By IRA GITLER

There were many ramifications to last year's jazz festival scene, but they boil down to two words: Newport, riot. Not only did the beery, brawling boobies that represent a segment of U.S. youth succeed in stopping the Newport Jazz festival, but they also affected the festival events of the summer that followed and helped to smear jazz anew in publications all over the world.

The festival season had started calmly enough at New York's Madison Square Garden on June 2 and 3, where the *Daily News* presented two very well-attended concerts, of which *Down Beat's* George Hoefer wrote, "To the real jazz-lover, the concerts were musically dull, with each participating group contributing every cliché at its disposal."

Although the *News* lineup was more "commercial" than most, it was not too far from what most festivals dished out during the course of the summer.

Later in the month, on the 17th and 18th, the second annual Los Angeles festival at the Hollywood Bowl also was conducted under quiet conditions —so quiet that it was a financial flop.

Part of the poor turnout seemed to have been caused by a lack of great Negro attendance. Producer Hal Lederman ascribed this to the fact that Duke Ellington had played six dates around the L.A. area just prior to the festival. But Ellington's festival appearance was on Saturday evening only, and there was a formidable lineup of talent including Miles Davis, Stan Kenton, Gerry Mulligan, Horace Silver, Sarah Vaughan, and several all-star groups put together especially for the festival. Even if the people had seen Ellington immediately before the festival, it does not seem enough to have kept them away on Saturday, let alone Friday.

Lederman's bomb was a firecracker compared with the juvenuclear blast detonated at Newport.

A survey piece on festivals in the July 7 issue of *Down Beat* (it was on the stands before Newport) included these paragraphs:

"One of the problems that Newport has faced is its appeal to college-age youths as a place to ball it up. Attracted, in the view of many observers, by commercial acts pitched to sophomore tastes rather than an interest in jazz, such young persons made Newport a locale for general hell-raising last year. That reputation is established—will the switch back to valid jazz artists eventually discourage ill-behaved youngsters from coming, turning Newport back to the jazz lovers who helped build it and without whom it can't survive?

"No one expects that this will happen in the first summer of Newport's 'reformation'—last year set the pattern too firmly with that element among the kids. But this summer should give a clue, and *next* summer should tell the story."

What a clue! A no-nose bloodhound deep in the heart of Byelorussia is reported to have smelled it.

As evidenced by the above, the Newport riot was not totally unexpected. It did, however, creep up on the town. On Thursday night, June 30, after the first concert, the streets were virtually deserted. On Friday, after a relatively small turnout, a festival official said, "Today was a work day—they'll be coming in tomorrow."

To semiquote Shorty Petterstein: "They came, man, they came."

At 9 a.m. Saturday, I was awakened by noise coming from the street. I looked out of my window on the fourth floor of the Viking hotel and saw numerous teenage boys in bermuda shorts drinking beer from cans. One was visibly drunk. An open truck full of mattresses and teenagers came down Bellevue Ave. For sport, the boys on the truck were throwing beer cans at the youths loitering in the Viking's driveway. A couple of these pedestrians tried to board the truck by climbing the side slats. Meeting with no success, they retaliated with beer cans of their own as the vehicle drove away. I never did get back to sleep.

The town was stuffed with people, but you wouldn't have known it by attending that afternoon's concert at Freebody park. The youngsters stayed away in droves. Instead of listening to the jazz they had ostensibly come to hear, they congregated at Easton's beach and in taverns to continue drinking.

I had had an uneasy feeling all day, but on the way to Freebody that night I really knew something bad was going to happen.

After dinner, Michigan disc jockey Ollie McLaughlin had driven his car down to Cliff Walk Manor where Charlie Mingus' rival festival was being held. (Incidentally, there was much good jazz here for the kids who didn't get into the NJF that night, but not being jazz fans, in any sense of the word, they were probably unaware of anything going on there.) We planned to come back after the Newport concert was over because the Mingus event had been running later sessions. By parking there, we figured it would save us a drive from Freebody in the after-concert crush.

What it didn't save us was a four-block walk back to Freebody that was a living nightmare. Children were storming the package stores along Memorial Blvd. in an attempt to get more liquor of any kind. They filled the stores, clogged the doorways, and milled around the street in an aimless, ominous way. Although no one tried to stop us or pick a fight, the back of my neck told me to be prepared. I was relieved when we finally entered the oasis of the press area at Freebody park.

Gene Lees, in his aftermath piece, *Newport: the Trouble (Down Beat*, Aug. 18) accurately likened Freebody park to the eye of a hurricane. While the rioters erupted just outside its walls, a huge crowd sat inside, absorbed in the music. But the damage had been done. As a result, by Sunday afternoon the Newport festival was all over.

Meanwhile, in Atlantic City, N. J., indoors and on a smaller scale, everything was orderly and enthusiastic.

Then the repercussions started. The third annual festival at French Lick, Ind., folded quickly when the Sheraton hotel chain withdrew its support. Just as swiftly, jazz fan Hal Lobree, a Texas-educated geologist living in Evansville, Ind., picked up all the contracts he cared to (he dropped the Brothers Four) and made his adopted city the site of the third annual Indiana Jazz festival. Musically, Evansville wasn't the greatest but the way it was run, with tremendously enthusiastic co-operation from the townspeople, turned it into a great victory for jazz.

It was in keeping with its generally uninformed, sensationalistic attitude toward jazz that the daily press did not mark the triumph of Evansville at all but played up a fracas at a rock-and-roll dance in Windsor, Ontario, as a "jazz riot."

To add further to jazz' rapidly discoloring eye, hooligans at the fifth annual Beaulieu Jazz festival in England gave an exhibition of bad acting that was picked up on BBC-TV. Again jazz fans had nothing to do with the disturbances, but at Windsor and Beaulieu, jazz again lost through guilt by association.

Because of the Windsor trouble, the second annual American Jazz festival at Detroit was almost canceled. (The Canadian city is right across the Detroit river.) The Detroit *Free Press*, while finally recognizing that jazz fans had nothing to do with the Windsor riot, thought that a cessation of festivals would be in the interest of community safety.

Although the festival was finally held, it was seriously affected by the bad publicity. The festival finished in the red. The advance sale was small, and the gate did not pick up until the third and final night, Sunday. Another

legacy left by Windsor was increased insurance rates. The well-behaved Detroit audiences proved the estimators wrong, and there was no unpleasantness outside the state fairgrounds either.

The Randall's Island festival, held in New York on the same weekend as the one in Detroit, suffered a Friday night rain-out. This brought about a substitute concert on Saturday afternoon that did not draw well and also meant that producer Franklin Geltman had to pay the plane fares of musicians who had to appear at Saturday evening's Buffalo festival. Geltman reportedly lost $30,000.

In succession, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh had large eggs deposited by their festivals. Two smaller-scaled events, at Pleasure island, near Boston, and Virginia Beach, Va., were successful.

Finally came Monterey, the California festival that had received the highest praise for artistic achievement in the first two years of its existence. Despite some administrative and production foulups, a cold attitude toward the press, and some evidence of what John Tynan, *Down Beat* associate editor, called "the taint of crass commercialism" outside the area of music, Monterey was still the most ambitious and successful, artistically and commercially, of all the jazz extravaganzas.

It seems a shame that Newport, which did try hard to present some genuinely different and valuable programs this year (the stride piano session with Eubie Blake, Don Lambert, and Willie [The Lion] Smith; the now top-flight Newport Youth Band; the moving Muddy Waters Band, with its marvelous pianist, Otis Spann), should get socked in the chops. It was a case of past transgressions and past pandering returning to haunt. The refusal of the local authorities to recognize and prepare for the emergency, in light of the developments seen in 1958 and 1959, was regrettable.

As we have seen, the events at Newport had a pointed and definite impact on jazz festivals and jazz in general. This is not to say that the riots at Beaulieu and Windsor would not have occurred anyway; they most probably would have. What Newport and the whole festival season of 1960 has done is to bring the whole idea of jazz festivals under direct question.

On one hand is jazz, the art form; on the other, is jazz with its long and varied connection with the entertainment world or, more specifically, show business—for who is to say that good jazz is not entertaining? When presented as a festival, jazz seems to take on its most show businessy aspect. Bands and small groups come and go, doing their set repertoires, for the most part, and behaving more like "acts" than musicians intent on creating something full of feeling and meaning.

It is obvious to anyone following the festival scene that the same groups keep cropping up at one event after another. The people in one area are as entitled to hear the most prominent performers as the people in another part of the country. In many cases, it is the only chance they get to catch certain groups. The point is that it is no longer a great event for a musician to play a festival, and, as a result, the music falls into a festival rut.

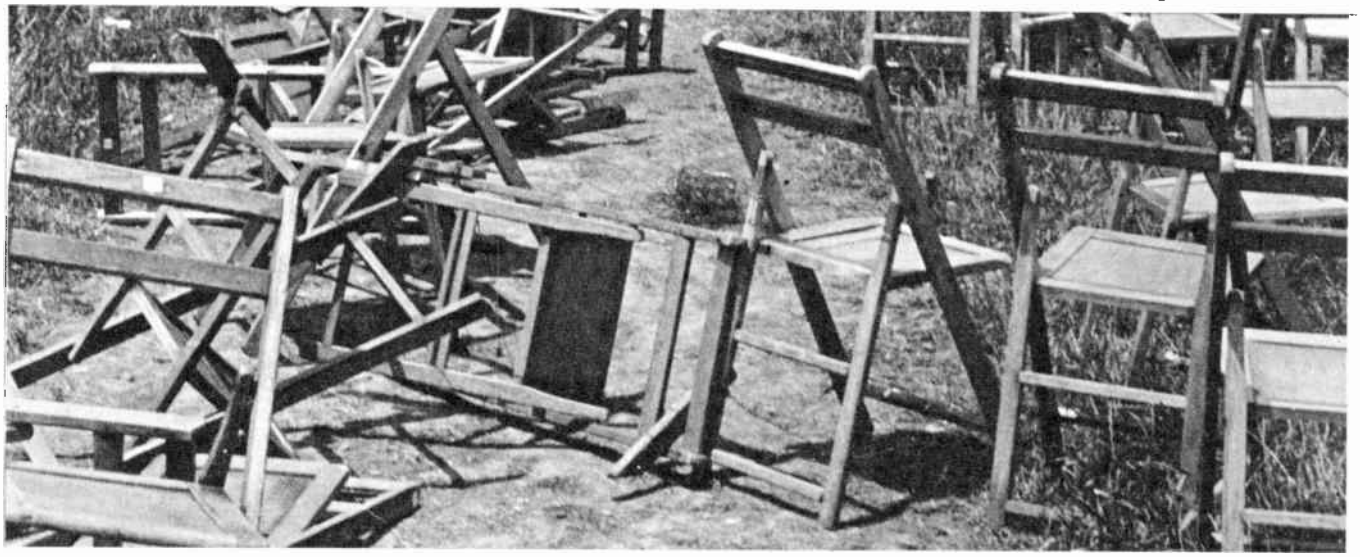
It is natural for the audiences to want to hear old and current favorites by each group, but every leader should undertake to play material that never before has been heard. Even if a group appears at seven festivals, it will not have tired of a new work by the last one. The presence of something new to play may not assure an inspired performance, but it will increase the chances of more real vitality.

The promoters of the Pittsburgh and Philadelphia failures should ask themselves if there are enough jazz fans to go around to justify their running subsequent events. People from Detroit and Monterey can't easily go to Newport, but Philadelphians can. They went there, to Atlantic City, and to Randall's island. And if not that many Pittsburghers went to Newport, maybe it was just that the area cannot support a full-scale festival. These are just questions, not answers, and must be weighed by the individuals who are putting up the money.

The year 1960 was a leveling one for jazz festivals. If it didn't level them to the ground, it should make their producers rearrange their thinking along more creative lines. The picture at Newport doesn't look as gloomy as it did in July. The chamber of commerce was warm when polled on the possible return of the NJF. Now that everyone was forced to learn by a big mistake, instead of heeding a lot of smaller ones that finally added up, the Newport Jazz festival could become what it originally started out to be.

As successful as it was, Atlantic City, with its two concerts in an indoor theater, was not a festival in the true sense of the word. The concerts in big ball parks were not festivals. A festival should embody a program of presenting unusual musical events, both of the past and the possible future, while still paying most of its attention to the present. There should be connections with other arts wherever valid, and discussions (although many of them never prove much), should still have a place in any presentation that calls itself a festival.

We received the clue this year; 1961 should hold a partial solution. ■



By DON DeMICHEAL

Polls. Everybody knows what they are, or, at least, almost everybody claims he knows what a poll is. But what exactly is a poll—a jazz poll? What, if anything, does such a poll do? What does it prove? Why polls?

Obiously a poll is a measure of popularity. It's a reflection of a certain population's preferences. It can involve personalities or issues. It reflects trends — what the individuals who make up this population find to their liking—or what might be termed undercurrents.

The trend-reflecting characteristic of polls is not as obvious as the popularity aspect, but in many ways is the more important of the two. This is especially true in jazz polls.

Down Beat has conducted a poll of its readers since 1936, longer than any other jazz magazine in the world. The winners of these polls are well-known men in jazz; at least, they've come to be well known. But to look only at the winners of the polls can be misleading. It's too easy to say that certain bands or certain schools of jazz thought dominated the polls in such and such year. This can be done, but only in retrospect.

Could it be that there is some underlying pattern to the whole business, which, if detected, could be used to predict future popularity of individual musicians or schools of thought? There may be. The pattern, if there is one, is a complex one, an undercurrent that must be studied year by year, poll by poll. In order to make this undercurrent clear, let's look at the history of the *Down Beat* Readers poll.

1936

The first *Down Beat* poll was not held at year's end, as it is now, but in the spring and summer. There were no elaborate rules; the musicians didn't even have to be living. The headline over the first ballot read simply, "Who Are the Greatest Musicians of All Time?" There were three broad categories: All-American Swing Band, Sweet Band, and Corn Band. The various instrument categories were limited to trumpet, saxophone and clarinet (a combined listing), trombone, violin, bass, piano, guitar, and drums. Benny Goodman easily won the swing band title (he was to win more first-place awards than any other jazzman), but the bands of Jimmie Lunceford, Fletcher Henderson, and Duke Ellington were in third, fourth, and fifth place. Many of today's new jazz listeners may be surprised that the Casa Loma Band was popular enough to come in second to Goodman. The top sweet band was Ray Noble, with Hal Kemp second.

The most interesting part of the poll, however, was not which band was tops but which musicians were listed in the instrument categories.

This first poll found Bix Beiderbecke in first place in the trumpet category (he had died five years earlier), with Louis Armstrong second, and young Roy Eldridge third.

Goodman also took the crown as best clarinetist. It's interesting to note that Coleman Hawkins garnered more votes than any other saxophonist, and he's still a strong contender for best tenor man in the Readers poll. Jimmy Dorsey, Chu Berry, and Frankie Trumbauer, the sidekick of Beiderbecke, were the other top reed men listed.

Tommy Dorsey, Jack Teagarden, and Miff Mole were the first, second, and third choices in the trombone section. The first and only violinist ever to win the poll was Joe Venuti, with Stuff Smith, Emilio Caceres, Eddie South, and Stephan Grappely following in that order.

Chosen as best bassist was venerable Pops Foster; second was Israel Crosby, who almost faded from sight in the later years of the poll but who is now a contender for the bass title as the result of his work with the Ahmad Jamal Trio.

The first pianist to win the poll was Teddy Wilson. He was to retain the title for the next three years. Earl Hines and Fats Waller won second and third places. Gene Krupa was chosen best drummer—he was to capture first place more often than any other drummer—but Chick Webb, one of Krupa's main influences, was second. Bob Crosby's drum star, Ray Bauduc, was third, and little Davie Tough was fourth.

Eddie Lang, who died in 1933, won the guitar chair in the mythical All-American Swing Band. Following Lang were George Van Eps, Carl Kress, Eddie Condon, and Dick McDonough.

Thus it can be seen that though the swing era was in full bloom, and the Benny Goodman Band was riding high, the voters in the first *Down Beat* poll did not neglect such earlier jazzmen as Beiderbecke, Armstrong, Hawkins, Foster, Lang, Hines, Waller, Venuti, and Webb.

1937

The second Readers poll, held at the end of the year, reflected the swing era more than the first. The winners were the Goodman band; Tommy Dorsey, trombone; Harry James, trumpet; Jimmy Dorsey, alto; Chu Berry, tenor; Goodman, clarinet; Teddy Wilson, piano; Carmen Mastren, guitar; Bob Haggart, bass; Krupa, drums.

A vocalist category was added to the second poll; Ella Fitzgerald won handily over Mildred Bailey and Bing Crosby. Young Billie Holiday made an appearance in 14th place.

Another new category, one that was not to be discontinued until 1949, was favorite soloist. Goodman easily won the first one and was to capture this category more times than any other musician. The Hal Kemp Band took honors in the sweet band category.

But to look only at the winners would mislead, for men such as Bunny Berigan, Armstrong, and Eldridge; Juan Tizol and J. C. Higgenbotham; Johnny Hodges; Bud Freeman, Lester Young, and Hawkins; Fazola Krestopnick (such was the rendering of Irving Fazola's name in 1937); Foster and Israel Crosby; Bauduc and Webb placed well in the poll.

Even Kenny Clarke was mentioned in the drum category, in 21st place.

It is also interesting to note that in the trumpet division, in 31st place, was one word, Goldie (Harry Goldfield), and in the drum section Ben Thigpen was 19th. The sons of these two men, Don Goldie and Ed Thigpen, are now competitors in the same categories as their fathers.

The disdain that *Down Beat* readers felt for "corn" musicians was acidic. At this time, members of an "all-star" corn band were chosen by instrument just as was the "swing" band. Some of the unfortunate cornballs weren't even accorded the dubious honor of having their names listed but were referred to as merely "Garber's man," "Kyser's man," "Lombardo's man," and so on. This part of the poll was to give way to a "King of Corn" category in 1939. It is now, happily, absent from *Down Beat* polls.

The editorial comment accompanying the poll tabulations could have been written this year. The phrases might differ, but the observations would be similar.

"It was rhythmic 'guts' in your horn that counted in 1937," the story said. "Or so voted the cats. 'Powerhouse' musicians such as Harry James, Gene Krupa, and Chu Berry were far more popular than the 'gentler' or 'swing it lightly' boys, such as Manny Klein or Eddie Miller . . . Musicians still inevitably prefer musicians despite public taste. There is still an admirable disregard for race and creed. But no matter what the artistry of the man, if he is employed in a studio band or leaves the dance field, his skill and musicianship are forgotten, and his popularity wanes to the advantage of men who are inferior but who are in the spotlight . . ."

1938

This was the year that Artie Shaw upset the Goodman apple cart by taking first place in the swing band category and running BG a close race for favorite soloist. But it must be kept in mind that the Count Basie Band was up to fourth place from the previous year's eighth, while Ellington dropped from fifth to eighth. Ella Fitzgerald again captured the top vocalist spot, and Billie Holiday jumped to fourth place. Jimmy Rushing made his first appearance in 26th place.

A new category was added this year: Trios and Quartets, which was the forerunner of the instrumental combo division. The Goodman Quartet was an easy winner. Another new category was arranger. Larry Clinton barely won over Fletcher Henderson, but Ellington was not unappreciated—he was fifth. Sy Oliver, then with the Lunceford band, was 23rd. The Casa Loma Band, which was second to Goodman in 1936, took the sweet band division.

The winners of the various instrument categories were almost the same as in 1938 with the exception of Bud Freeman's triumph over Chu Berry for top tenor and Benny Heller's taking first place from Carmen Mastren in the guitar division. (Heller, who came from nowhere to win, never won again but, up until a few years ago, usually finished in a respectable position among guitarists. Little is known of Heller today, but he is still listed in Local 802's directory and lives in Washington, D.C.)

Underneath the winning layer, Lester Young had moved up to sixth place among the tenors, Ziggy Elman had moved from 12th to sixth trumpet position; Fazola was now third among clarinetists, and Pee Wee Russell was ninth; among drummers, Tough was now third to Krupa and Bauduc, and Buddy Rich was mentioned for the first time in 17th place. Art Tatum was up to sixth place but couldn't break the Wilson-Zurke-Stacy hold. Even though there were many repeat winners, the leads were being sliced thinner in all categories except bass, in which Bob Haggart won by a large majority (he was to keep the crown until 1943).

1939

That the results of this year's poll portended changes was reflected in the editorial comment "by a staff writer": "The sidemen are all becoming leaders! . . . For the first time in four years, the brass section does not include [any] . . . colored stars . . . Yet that doesn't mean that Satchmo' isn't still the greatest bugler of them all . . . What this year's brass men lack in guts, power, and originality, they make up for in musicianship and finesse—and showmanship."

Although the "staff writer" lamented the temporary passing of Armstrong, and the other brass men, it shouldn't be construed that Negroes were neglected in the poll, for Coleman Hawkins, Fletcher Henderson, Charlie Christian, and Ella Fitzgerald were all winners, although Teddy Wilson lost the piano award to Bob Zurke. And underneath the winners there was strong competition from Negro jazzmen.

Basie and Ellington were in fifth and sixth places in the swing band category; Chu Berry and Young stood well among tenor men, as did Hodges and Benny Carter in the alto division; J. C. Higgenbotham was fourth trombone; Jo Jones was up to third place among drummers behind only Krupa and Bauduc; Freddie Green was third among guitarists; Jimmy Rushing was up to seventh place in the vocalists category, and Billie Holiday was third among the girl singers.

This year saw the inclusion of underrated bands and underrated soloists divisions. Woody Herman won both titles. The underrated categories never appeared again, however.

In passing, Clyde McCoy, whom press agents would have us believe is making a comeback with a Dixieland band nowadays, was crowned King of Corn.

The year 1939 is significant in that it saw the Basie band and many of its members gain wider recognition than they had before, but if one looked at only the winners of that year, he would be led to believe that the bands of Benny Goodman and Bob Crosby were the only ones to receive notice.

1940

The Bob Crosby Band had more winners among instrumentalists this year than any other band, yet the band itself ended in seventh place among swing bands. Again, one would be wrong to jump to hasty conclusionsions, for the wholesale winning by Bobcats stemmed mostly from the fact that new rules prevented votes for bandleaders in the instrumental categories. It is even less startling when one looks at the undercurrent of previous polls; the Crosby men had been rising in the various categories for the previous four years.

There were many changes in the all-star band of this year. James, who had almost a monopoly on the first trumpet chair, was ineligible; his old Goodman band section-mate, Ziggy Elman, jumped to his first win. Muggsy Spanier was second—he had been getting wide exposure with the Crosby band. Irving Fazola, who was not yet referred to by his professional name but as Prestopnick (or, as earlier, Krestopnick) won his first clarinet award. Below Faz were Johnny Mince (then with Tommy Dorsey) Benney Bigard, and Pee Wee Russell, the last of whom rose step by step through the years in the poll until he won in 1942.

The influence of the top bands can be seen in the drum category: Bauduc (Crosby) won over Jo Jones (Basie), Rich (Shaw), Frankie Carlson (Herman), and Moe Purtill (Miller). With Jimmy Dorsey ineligible, Johnny Hodges was an easy winner among alto men; Chicagoan Boyce Brown, who was later to enter religious life as Brother Matthew, was third.

Christian was the overwhelming choice as guitarist. However, Oscar Moore entered the competition for the first time, in 25th place. Crosby tenor man Eddie Miller barely nosed out Glenn Miller's Tex Beneke for first tenor. (Beneke was 25th in 1938, rose to ninth in 1939, and finally captured first place in 1941.) Jack Jenny, thanks to his excellent work with the Shaw band, won his first trombone crown, but pressing him was Higgenbotham.

Haggart won over Goodman's bassist, Artie Bernstein, and Jimmy Blanton entered the poll in third place—he had been unlisted previously. Jess Stacy nosed out Zurke for first piano place. The influence of the Crosby band is evident in the piano contest since both Stacy and Zurke were members of that aggregation at one time. Henderson easily won as best arranger, but Sy Oliver had moved to second place. Billy Strayhorn was eighth.

Goodman came back strong from his 1939 defeat by Shaw to win the best swing band title, but Ellington was second, and Herman, who had been far down in the lists previously, was now third. Glenn Miller nosed out Tommy Dorsey for the sweet band win, but he also took third place in the King of Corn division. (The next year, he was second.) Goodman retained his favorite soloist and small combo crowns.

Ella Fitzgerald was out of the female vocalist contest, since she had taken over the leadership of the Chick Webb Band. Helen O'Connell won, but Billie Holiday was second—the highest position she ever was to achieve. Bing Crosby barely defeated Miss O'Connell's singing partner in the Jimmy Dorsey Band, Bob Eberle. An undercurrent in the male vocalist

division was Frank Sinatra's initial appearance in No. 3 spot.

1941

There was little difference among the winners from the previous year. The only changes were Higgenbotham for Jenny, Beneke for Eddie Miller, Rich for Bauduc, Oliver for Henderson (who was ineligible), and Sinatra for Crosby.

Interesting sidelights: Stan Kenton broke into the band division in 30th place; the King Cole Trio was mentioned in sixth place in the instrumental combo category; Eldridge was a strong second and Cootie Williams third in trumpets; Lou McGarity rose to third among trombonists; Bobby Hackett, who was ninth among trumpets, was sixth in the guitar section; Joe Bushkin was third in the piano division, and Eddie Sauter was second choice as arranger, because of his outstanding work for Goodman.

1942

This year marked the first time that the Duke Ellington Band won the best band title. There were several other first-time winners: Harry James nosed out perennial favorite soloist winner Benny Goodman, who was to lose only once again, to Duke Ellington in 1948, before this category was dropped in 1949; Roy Eldridge, who had almost won in 1941, took the winner's place among trumpet men; Pee Wee Russell barely beat Prestopnick as best clarinetist; Eddie Condon leaped from 13th place in 1941 to win the guitar division (Charlie Christian died March 2, 1942).

There were shifts in the poll's undercurrent as well as among the winners. Kenton was in 13th place; the King Cole Trio moved up another notch to fifth; Bobby Hackett was up to third among trumpeters and fourth place in the guitar category; Ben Webster was firmly in place as No. 2 tenor, and Illinois Jacquet received his first mention in 16th position; Mel Powell was second among pianists, and Art Tatum, who had an up-and-down career in the Readers polls through the years, was third; Billy Eckstine entered the poll in ninth place among male vocalists; Ella Fitzgerald returned to competition in 13th place.

The coming revival of traditional jazz was foreshadowed in the well-placed Georg Brunis, Brad Gowans, Ed Hall, and other traditionalists in the various categories.

A once-only category, Service Bands, was won by the Artie Shaw Navy Band; Herbie Fields' Fort Dix Band was second.

PEE WEE RUSSELL

1943

Goodman returned to reclaim the best band and favorite soloist titles. Stan Kenton was up to 11th place among bands. The surprising instrumental combo winner was Roy Eldridge. Spike Jones captured the King of Corn crown and never relinquished it (the category was dropped from the poll in 1952).

Hackett wound up second to Ziggy Elman; Higgenbotham was an easy winner over Lou McGarity; Hodges was a 5-to-1 choice over Toots Mondello; Vido Musso pulled off his first tenor victory; Russell held on to the clarinet laurels, but Buddy DeFranco entered the poll in third place; Stacy beat Mel Powell again, and onetime winner Zurke skidded to 14th; Gene Krupa, who had temporarily given up bandleading, was 2 to 1 over Buddy Rich. (It's interesting that Rich never won a *Down Beat* Readers poll over Krupa.) Bauduc had slipped to eighth among drummers. Haggart lost the bass title for the first time since 1937 as Artie Bernstein won. Condon won over Allen Reuss among guitarists, and Hackett was third; Oscar Moore was on the move—ninth place.

The modernists—or, rather, the men who were to be categorized later as the modernists—were beginning to appear in the poll: Dodo Marmarosa, Oscar Pettiford, and Eddie Safranski all made their initial appearance in 1943.

1944

The coming of the big-name vocalists and singing groups and the end of the big-band era were reflected in this year's poll. Special categories for singers with no band affiliation and vocal "combos" were instituted.

Another coming event discernible was the influence of the Woody Herman Herd: Flip Phillips, Bill Harris, and Chubby Jackson stood well in the tenor, trombone, and bass categories. Their names had not been listed in previous years, but each was to go on to win in the years to come. Ralph Burns was second among arrangers, also. In fact, the Herman's band placing second to Duke Ellington as best band was an augury—Herman won the next year.

Among the swing bands—they were still called that in 1944—Kenton had moved to fifth place; Basie was fourth. If there was any doubt that the Goodman era was ended, it was dispelled with the King Cole Trio's victory in small instrumental combos. Benny did hang on as favorite soloist, however. Charlie Spivak scored his first win over Tommy Dorsey in the sweet band category—TD came back

to win the next year and Spivak the following, the last year the category was included in the poll.

The Pied Pipers won the first vocal combo poll and held on to it until 1950. The first vocalists without band affiliations were Dinah Shore and Bing Crosby. Elman, Higgenbotham, Russell, and Oliver kept their titles. This was the first and only time that Lester Young was accorded the honor of being chosen the best tenor man, but future winner Charlie Ventura was up to fourth place. Harry Carney was the first winner of the newly established baritone saxophone category.

Mel Powell registered his first win with Teddy Wilson a strong second; Stacy slipped to fourth and was never to regain his once-commanding position. Although Russell was an easy clarinet winner, Buddy DeFranco's rise to No. 2 spot foreshadowed his next year's win and consequent dominance of the division. (He kept his crown until 1955.)

Buddy Rich was an easy victor among drummers; Jo Jones and Dave Tough were runners-up. Haggart regained first bass position. Allan Reuss, after years of climbing upward in the polls, finally walked off with the guitar laurels; Oscar Moore continued his rise, though—he was a close second. Barney Kessel made his initial appearance in seventh place. Bob Eberle, riding on his popularity with the Jimmy Dorsey Band, won the male-vocalist-with-band division. Anita O'Day was the favorite girl singer with band; she was with Kenton.

1945

This year saw the blooming of what had been abuilding for some time in the poll's undercurrent—this was Woody Herman's year. Not only did the band walk away with first place in the swing band division, but Herman sidemen Harris, Jackson, and Tough won the trombone, bass, and drum contests as well. Phillips, Burns, and Frances Wayne were second among tenors, arrangers, and girl band vocalists, respectively.

But there were underlying factors in this year's poll that, while barely showing, were indicative of future trends. Among the big bands were listed Boyd Raeburn and Billy Eckstine; Dizzy Gillespie—his first mention in the poll—was 13th among small instrumental combos as well as 26th in the favorite soloist category; Sarah Vaughan was first mentioned among female singers; Charlie Parker was fifth among altoists; Stan Getz made his first appearance among tenors; Serge Chaloff received his first mention, as did Shelly Manne; Pettiford and Safranski were now in third and fourth positions among bassists. The successors to the swing era were beginning to move.

1946

Ellington came back to capture the swing band category; Kenton had risen to second; Herman was third. (These three bands were to split the title for the next nine years—though other bands, such as Lionel Hampton, Charlie Barnet, Les Brown, and Dizzy Gillespie, gave them strong competition.) Basie was down to 13th place.

The Cole trio won the combo division again, but Joe Mooney's Quartet, "discovered" and enthusiastically praised by *Down Beat's* Mike Levin that year, took over second.

Sinatra won his first poll as a single, as did Peggy Lee. Sarah Vaughan, however, was up from her previous year's 28th place to a healthy sixth. Ella was slowly regaining her lost ground; she was now eighth. Among the favorite soloists, Bill Harris was second to Goodman. Gillespie had jumped to sixth place, and Parker was 20th.

Eldridge won over Elman and Charlie Shavers in the trumpet division; in 26th place was Miles Davis—his first mention—and young Shorty Rogers barely made the poll, in 30th position. Harris repeated his 1945 win and was to keep first place among trombonists until 1955, but the Ellington band's favor among readers is seen in Duke's star trombonist Lawrence Brown's firm hold on the runner-up spot. Kentonite Kai Winding was third, and Higgenbotham was starting his slide to obscurity—an obscurity from which he has only recently partially emerged.

Parker was third among altoists behind Hodges and Smith; Sonny Stitt received his first mention, in seventh place. Vido Musso, then with Kenton, won his first poll as favorite tenorist, but Hawkins was third, and Getz was up to 18th position. The 1945 winning rhythm section repeated with one exception: Safranski beat Jackson. The undercurrent did not remain unchanged: Sonny Greer beat out Manne for second favorite drummer; Max Roach entered the drum competition in eighth place; Herb Ellis was 16th among guitarists, and Barry Galbraith entered the poll in 35th place. Eddie Condon had fallen to 29th. Ellington arranger Billy Strayhorn won the arrangers' contest, but two newcomers were Gerry Mulligan, 13th, and Gil Evans, 17th.

Art Lund, with Benny Goodman, took the male-vocalist-with-band prize, but another new name was added to this division: Joe Williams, who by 1946 had worked with the bands of Coleman Hawkins, Lionel Hampton, and Andy Kirk. June Christy won her first poll as best girl band singer; she, like Anita O'Day two years before, gained her victory while working with the Kenton band. Kay Davis, Ellington's coloratura, was second.

1947

Charlie Ventura's Bop for the People combo moved to second place behind the King Cole Trio among small groups. Further evidence of the novelty appeal of the boppers (Ventura had featured wordless vocals by Roy Kral and Jackie Cain) was the appearance of Dave Lambert's name in the vocal combo category. Billy Eckstine became one of the top three male vocalists behind Sinatra and Frankie Laine. Ventura was the second favorite soloist behind Goodman; Gillespie had risen to third, and Parker was now 10th.

The early boppers were top contenders in all the instrument divisions. Elman and Shavers continued their battle for first-place trumpet, but Howard McGhee was third, Red Rodney third, Miles Davis seventh. J. J. Johnson received his first poll listing as No. 5 trombonist.

Parker was second in the alto category. Hodges was to remain on top until 1950. Lee Konitz and Art Pepper made their first appearance in Positions 21 and 25. Musso repeated his previous year's tenor victory; Stan Getz was up to 16th place, and Zoot Sims, his first mention, took 31st. Leo Parker was third among baritone men, behind Carney and Chaloff; Ernie Caceres, former Glenn Miller baritonist and Condonite, had slipped from his 1946 second place to fifth. Tony Scott appeared ninth among clarinetists.

The only change in the rhythm section from the two previous years was Shelly Manne; he had a big lead over Tough. Big Sid Catlett gained his highest poll position, third place; Roach was eighth. Ray Brown entered the bass competition in fifth place. Moore, who left the Cole trio in October, 1947, held onto his title, but his replacement in the singer-pianist's group, Irving Ashby, was third. Chuck Wayne, then with the Phil Moore Four, took fourth place; Kessel had moved to fifth. Mel Powell barely retained first place over Lou Stein; Lennie Tristano was sixth, and Bud Powell made his first entrance in 21st place.

1948

Ellington beat Kenton, who had won in 1947, for the favorite band

crown. Ventura won his only combo first prize. The small-group undercurrent was active; Parker, now a leader, was 18th, Lennie Tristano 23rd, Thelonious Monk (his first mention) 24th, and in 36th and last place was Miles Davis.

Eckstine was first-place male vocalist and remained at the top of the heap for five years. Sarah Vaughan repeated as best girl singer and was to be chosen until 1953, when Ella completed her comeback. Ellington took the favorite soloist prize; Illinois Jacquet was second; Parker was up to sixth place; Gillespie had slipped to fifth and Goodman to seventh.

Shavers completed his climb to first trumpet position; McGhee moved up another notch, to second; Miles dropped to 10th. J. J. Johnson gained fourth place in the trombone section; Higgenbotham was near the bottom of the list.

Parker again played second fiddle to Hodges, but Art Pepper was seventh, and Konitz jumped to 15th. Phillips took the best tenor award; Ben Webster was second—the highest position he has reached in the poll; Getz rose to sixth. The baritone top three remained in the same order as in 1947. The Swedish clarinetist, Stan Hasselgard, entered the poll in third position. Tatum was second to Mel Powell; Erroll Garner made an appearance in eighth place; George Shearing received his first mention in Position 41.

Greer almost snatched the drum chair away from Manne; Roach continued his rise—he came in fifth. In last place on drums, with 10 votes, was Mel Tormé. Ray Brown was up to No. 3 spot in the bass division. Billy Bauer was second to Moore among guitarists, Kessel was sixth, and Jimmy Raney debuted in 26th place.

Strayhorn was the choice over Rugolo for best arranger. Al Hibbler scored his first win as best male vocalist with a band (Ellington's). He won again in 1949. Mary Ann McCall was fourth in the girls-with-band section; Christy repeated as winner.

1949

Previous years' undercurrents broke to the surface in many places in this year's poll: McGhee, Chaloff, Garner, Bauer, and Miss McCall were all first choices. The George Shearing Quintet, not even mentioned in the previous year's poll, romped to first place in the combo division. It was the first of four straight wins for the pianist's group. Tristano's group came in fourth, Louis Armstrong's All-Stars fifth, Parker's group seventh, and Miles Davis nosed out the Three Suns for No. 10 position.

Miss Fitzgerald had risen to second place behind Miss Vaughan, and they kept this one-two order until 1953, when Ella finally regained first place.

Miles moved up to third among trumpets; Fats Navarro was next; Maynard Ferguson made his initial appearance in 11th place. Parker was ineligible for the alto division, since he was a leader, but he would have been second to Hodges had the votes for him been included in the totals, according to the story accompanying the tabulations. Konitz was given second place. Getz now was second to Phillips and was about to take his last step up the ladder. Mulligan received his first mention as a baritonist; he was fifth.

Lou Levy took second place in the piano category; Bud Powell was 10th, and at the bottom of the list was Oscar Peterson, with 10 votes. Don Lamond was second to Manne among drummers; Rich was third and Roach fourth. Moore had slipped to fourth in the guitar competition; Chuck Wayne and Irving Ashby stood between him and Billy Bauer. Rugolo and Burns were first and second in the arranger division; the two were to divide first and second place between them for the next six years. Then the category disappeared from the poll.

1950

This was the first year since 1939 that leaders were eligible for votes in the instrument categories.

At the time of their banishment, leaders of big bands were among the poll winners. But the days of the big band were ended by 1950. Not one of the first-place instrumentalists was a big-band leader: Ferguson, trumpet; Harris, trombone; Parker (his first win), alto; Getz (he did not lose the title until 1960), tenor; DeFranco, clarinet; Chaloff, baritone; Peterson, (who was the sensation of the year—he had been last among pianists the previous year), piano; Bauer, guitar; Safranski, bass; Manne, drums; Terry Gibbs, vibraharp (a miscellaneous-instrument category had been added to the poll). All these men, with the exception of Gibbs, at one time or another had been part of the poll's undercurrent.

The undercurrent continued: Davis was again third, but the contest among him, Armstrong (who was second), and Ferguson was very close; Art Pepper was fourth alto; Dave Brubeck debuted in 27th place among pianists and ninth in the combo division; Les Paul came in third among the guitars, and Tal Farlow's name pops up for the first time in seventh; Pettiford won second in the bass section, and Red Mitchell and Charlie Mingus made the poll in 10th and 18th places, respectively; Milt Jackson received his first mention in the miscellaneous instrument department.

The wave of the future was gaining momentum.

1951

Kenton won the favorite band category. He was to keep his first-place position until Basie started his reign in 1955. Shearing won the combo category, but the Brubeck quartet rose to fifth. The three top trumpets were Ferguson, Davis, and Gillespie.

All the 1950 winners except Bauer (Les Paul, quite popular at the time with his multitaped records, won the guitar division and held onto it for three years) repeated their victories.

But underneath the top layers, Miles had advanced to second-place trumpet, and Gillespie was third; Pepper almost beat Parker for the alto crown, and Paul Desmond was listed for the first time, in 16th place; Sims was up to 10th among tenors; Bud Powell and Dave Brubeck were sixth and 10th, respectively, in the piano category; Brown was second bassist, and Mingus advanced to fifth (his work with the Red Norvo Trio, which was second among combos, had much to do with his rise); Art Blakey entered the poll 17th among drummers; Bags was up to fifth place in the miscellaneous-instrument section. Les Brown's popularity (his band was second in the big bands), was reflected in his girl vocalist, Lucy Ann Polk, taking first prize in the girl-singer-with-band contest.

1952

The Hall of Fame was introduced this year. It was fitting that the first musician to enter the hall was Louis Armstrong, who, despite his show-biz attitude of recent years, was, and still is on rare occasions, one of the great artists of jazz.

Shearing again took the combo category, but Dave Brubeck moved to second. Gerry Mulligan made his initial appearance among the small groups in ninth place. The Count Basie Band, which had not been listed in the top four big bands since 1944 (Basie led a small group in 1950-51), was seventh in that category.

There were few changes in the winning instrumentalists' lineup from the two previous years:

Carney regained first place among the baritonists, and Krupa barely won over Manne as best drummer. A new category was instituted for vibraharpists—Gibbs, who won this year, had monopolized the miscellaneous-instrument field. Art Van Damme easily won the miscellaneous-instrument race

(the next year an accordion category was established, and Van Damme has won first place in it for the last eight years). The favorite soloist category was resurrected for this year and Parker easily won. The category has not been included since.

The shape of things to come is best evidenced in the piano division of this year's poll: near the bottom of the listing are the names of John Lewis and Horace Silver. Other signs of things to come were Sonny Rollins' making the poll for the first time in the tenor section; Mulligan's taking third place among baritone saxists. Desmond's moving up to fifth. Percy Heath's 15th bass position. Kessel's placing second in the guitar race. Blakey's moving to 11th among drummers.

1953

Many long-time winners fell this year. Brubeck nosed out Shearing for the small combo win; Nat Cole won the single-act male vocalist category; Ella came full circle and once again was chosen best female vocalist—and has remained first; the Four Freshmen unseated the Mills Brothers (who had been top vocal group for the previous three years); Chet Baker spectacularly won the trumpet prize; Mulligan won the baritone division—he has not lost it since; Brown replaced Safranski and started his reign, which has not ended, as best bassist.

The undercurrent? Count Basie was fourth in big bands; Annie Ross was 18th among girl singers; Bob Brookmeyer received his first votes and was 11th in the trombone section; Desmond came up to third among altoists; Rollins got five more votes than he received the previous year; Tony Scott jumped to fifth in clarinets; Brubeck almost won over Peterson as best pianist, and Bud Powell was a strong third; Kessel was second and Johnny Smith was fourth in the guitar category; Mulligan came in third among arrangers, and John Lewis entered this division, in 14th place; Sam Most received 16 votes as flutist among miscellaneous instruments, the first listing of flute; Don Elliott won his first miscellaneous-instrument award and has yet not to win this section of the poll.

Les Brown began dominance of the dance bands (category initiated this year). His hold on first has not weakened.

1954

Basie jumped to second place behind Kenton among big bands. Glenn Miller's memory was honored with the Hall of Fame award. Sinatra, who had gone through a career eclipse, was entrenched in the No. 1 male vocalist position and has held the title ever since. The Freshmen repeated as top vocal group (the combo tag was dropped in 1952), but the Hi-Lo's entered the poll in ninth place. Brubeck repeated his combo victory, but the newly formed

GERRY MULLIGAN

Modern Jazz Quartet was second.

The only change among the instrumentalist winners was in guitar; Johnny Smith won, but Kessel was a close second.

The undercurrent was not as turbulent as in years past—a cool, west coast breeze was blowing. Brookmeyer jumped to third in the trombone division; Miles dropped to ninth place in trumpet, but this was merely the calm before the storm; Desmond almost snatched the alto award from the hands of Parker, and west coaster Bud Shank was fourth in that category; Pres was again being recognized—he was third among tenors—Dave Pell was fourth; Jimmy Giuffre made his debut among baritonists in 11th slot, and he was ninth in the clarinet section; Scott advanced to third clarinet; Horace Silver stood 11th in the piano listing, but Monk was absent from the poll; Heath was third and Mingus fourth in the bass category; Joe Morello's name was seen for the first time in 11th place among drummers; Jackson moved to third-place vibraharpist; west coast musicians John Graas, French horn, and Shank, flute, were runners-up in the miscellaneous-instruments division; John Lewis stood 11th in the arrangers class, but Gil Evans was not listed.

1955

This was one of the most significant years in the history of the poll. The west coast school was heavily represented, but coming up in all the categories were the east coasters.

Charlie Parker had died in March, and the voters overwhelmingly placed his name in the Hall of Fame. Basie completed his climb to the top of the big-band contest—he had never won before. In combos, Brubeck and the MJQ were first and second, but Shorty Rogers was third and Mulligan's quartet fourth.

Miles Davis scored his first trumpet win, but Baker and Gillespie were strong contenders.

Farther down the list of trumpeters were the names of Donald Byrd and Kenny Dorham; they were to rise to be strong contenders in the 1960 poll. The exposure of J. J. Johnson with the Jay and Kai group helped him win his first trombone title—he has not relinquished it since. Winding, who had slipped somewhat in poll rating since his Kenton days, was third, behind Brookmeyer. The one-two position of Johnson and Brookmeyer hasn't changed through 1960. Desmond was a 2-to-1 choice over Konitz for first-place alto; Cannonball Adderley received his first listing in 12th position. Sims was fourth and Rollins 13th in the tenor section. Scott jumped to second place among clarinets; Goodman was third and Giuffre fourth.

Monk returned to the piano listing, in 28th place. Kessel remained second to Smith as favorite guitarist; Tal Farlow was third, and Kenny Burrell received his first mention. Brown, Pettiford, and Mingus were 1-2-3 among bass men. Roach nosed out Manne for his first drum win; Morello was fifth and Blakey seventh. Philly

Jo Jones was a newcomer to the drum listing with 21 votes.

Jackson, gaining great exposure and critical praise through his MJQ work, won his first poll—he has shown no signs of relinquishing his dominance of the category. The miscellaneous-instruments category reflected the increasing popularity of flute.

1956

Duke Ellington was the second living musician to have his name placed in the Hall of Fame. Following Duke were Goodman and Basie; they received this highest honor of the poll the following years and in the same order they were listed in this year's poll. Gillespie was fourth.

Basie won the big-band title, and Maynard Ferguson's new band came in ninth. The Modern Jazz Quartet won the combo division over strong competition from Brubeck and Chico Hamilton. Underneath the top three were Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers in seventh place, Miles' group in 23rd, and Charlie Mingus' in 37th.

Gillespie won his first Readers poll on trumpet; Davis and Baker were second and third. Byrd was 13th and Dorham 20th. Nat Adderley and Art Farmer made their initial appearance. Trombonist Jimmy Cleveland made his poll debut in 11th position.

Cannonball Adderley was up to eighth in the alto division. Young, Sims, Bill Perkins, Hawkins, and Rollins followed Getz in that order in the tenor category. Pepper Adams appeared for the first time among baritone saxists.

Kessel was victorious in the guitar contest; Herb Ellis, Kessel's replacement with the Oscar Peterson Trio, was a healthy fourth, and Jim Hall was mentioned for the first time, in 13th place. Red Mitchell was third bass man; Paul Chambers was another of the newcomers to poll competition.

The first flute category was won by Shank; Herbie Mann was second and Frank Wess third. Another new category, composer, was added this year. (The editors of *Down Beat* said they felt that the term arranger was obsolete.) John Lewis was the first winner; Ellington and Shorty Rogers were runners-up. This was the last year of separate categories for singers with and without band affiliations. Joe Williams of the Basie band was the last winner in the male section, and Jo Ann Greer, Les Brown's singer, won the girls' division.

1957

Basie again took first place among bands, but Ferguson's had moved to sixth. Miles, who took first trumpet prize this year and has retained it

since, stood fourth in the combo division—an advance of 19 places in a year's time. The MJQ won in the category; it has lost only once since, in 1959, when Brubeck won by a slim majority.

There were only three changes from the previous year's list of winning instrumentalists: Giuffre took the clarinet award, Mann won the flute category, Ellington scored his first win as a composer.

Down in the undercurrent Byrd, Farmer, and Dorham were ninth, 10th, and 14th, respectively; Jimmy Cleveland and Willie Dennis received their first listing among the trombones; Adams advanced to third favorite baritone man; Rollins stood second to Getz in the tenor category, and John Coltrane debuted in 11th place. Silver moved to fourth pianist, and Monk returned in sixth place. Red Garland had his initial listing in 23rd position. Burrell stood sixth in the guitar division, and Bill Harris received his first mention in 23rd place.

Scott moved to second and DeFranco fell to fourth among clarinets. Art Pepper was back in action and came in second as favorite altoist, with Stitt third, Cannonball Adderley seventh, and newcomers Phil Woods and Jackie McLean eighth and ninth.

Chambers jumped to No. 4 bass man; Morello was up to third among drummers, and Ed Thigpen and Art Taylor were listed for the first time. Among composers, Monk stood 13th, and Gil Evans returned to competition in 17th position.

1958

Ferguson continued his climb among big bands; he stood fourth. Davis moved up a notch to third in combos, and Monk was 12th. Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, their first year in the poll, were third behind the Four Freshmen and the Hi-Lo's. Ellington again took the composer award, and Evans was now third—a 14-place jump from 1957. The names of Benny Golson, George Russell, and Charlie Mingus first appeared in this category.

The instrument winners were the same as 1957 with the exception of Scott's winning over Giuffre for the clarinet title, but the undercurrent that has not quieted yet was gaining strength.

Lee Morgan entered the trumpet poll in 17th place. Curtis Fuller and Slide Hampton made their debuts among trombonists in 12th and 18th places, respectively.

Cannonball moved to fourth in the alto division, and Ornette Coleman was listed for the first time, receiving 21 votes. Coltrane stood third in the tenor division, and Johnny Griffin, who had been 25th the previous year, was now ninth.

The piano section was marked by the appearance of several newcomers: Ahmad Jamal, 17th; Bill Evans, 20th; Tommy Flanagan, 27th; Ray Bryant and Cecil Taylor, tied for 30th. Monk lost by three votes to Garner, and Peterson was a close third. Garland advanced to eighth place.

Burrell moved to fourth-place guitar; Wes Montgomery and Charlie Byrd were first-time pollees in 12th and 20th positions. Chambers was now second bass man. Philly Joe Jones was eighth on drums.

1959

Lester Young, as Parker and Miller before him, was given posthumous honor when the readers placed his name in the Hall of Fame.

Ferguson continued his advance on first place in the big-band poll; only Basie and Kenton stood between him and first prize.

Lambert - Hendricks - Ross had no competition among vocal groups, and the trio's popularity carried Annie Ross to third place in the girl vocalist division and Jon Hendricks to his fourth-place male singer position.

There were only two other changes from the 1958 list of winners: Peterson returned to first-place piano, and Gil Evans was an overwhelming choice as composer.

Beneath the winners there were changes, however. Morgan, Fuller, Cannonball, Hodges, Bill Evans, Jamal, Ray Bryant, Hawkins, Griffin, Pepper Adams, Charlie Byrd, Wes Montgomery, Philly Joe, and Art Taylor advanced. Cannonball was a close second to Desmond.

First-time-mentioned musicians were Al Grey, trombone; Charlie Rouse and Willie Maiden, tenors; Wynton Kelly, piano; El Dee Young and Scott LaFaro, bass. Israel Crosby, who came in second in the 1936 poll, returned from obscurity to take 10th place among bassists.

1960

Dizzy Gillespie was voted into the Hall of Fame; he has won only one other *Down Beat* Readers poll plaque: trumpet in 1956.

DeFranco recaptured first-place clarinet after having been out of the winners' circle since 1955—few winners have come back to first place after having been an also-ran for a number of years. Two first-time winners were Coltrane, who took top tenor position from Getz (the first time Getz had failed to come in first in 10 years) and Cannonball Adderley, who was an easy victor among alto men, completing his rise through the ranks that started several years earlier. The MJQ regained first place in the combo division. All other winners repeated from 1959.

New blood was evident in the poll's undercurrent, though. Among trumpets, Morgan advanced to fifth, Byrd to seventh, and Nat Adderley to eighth. Blue Mitchell received his first poll mention; he was 11th. Fuller was a strong No. 3 trombonist, an advance of five positions from 1959.

Among altoists, Desmond slipped to second, but Stitt was third, probably because of the wide exposure he received with Miles Davis during the year; Coleman and McLean finished sixth and seventh, respectively, and Eric Dolphy (his first mention) was 12th. Rollins, who was second in 1958-59, dropped to sixth; he had been in voluntary seclusion for the whole year. Adams and Carney remained second and third in the baritone sax category, but a newcomer, Frank Hittner of the Maynard Ferguson Band (which advanced to second among big jazz bands), was a surprise fourth.

Monk and Peterson battled for top piano prize; Peterson barely edged Monk, who has not yet won a Readers poll though he won the *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics poll 1958-60. Silver was third, Kelly 10th, Bryant 13th. Bobby Timmons and Junior Mance made their first appearances as 12th and 21st, respectively.

Among guitarists, Montgomery leaped from his previous year's 10th to second. Chambers came close to beating out Brown for the bass title; Sam Jones made his first poll appearance in seventh place. Morello was second—a very close second—to Manne in the drum division, and Louis Hayes (of the Cannonball Adderley group) and Rufus Jones (of the Ferguson band) debuted in 10th and 14th positions.

What can be concluded from an examination of the ebb and flow of the Readers poll undercurrent?

Such a study can be handy in gauging contemporary performers' likely durability in the future. But such predictions must be made with caution, for there are no positve channels that the undercurrent follows, except perhaps for one showing a general rise for performers who once make the poll and then repeat in the listings. Care should be taken, therefore, not to be dazzled by the emergence of a one-shot hero. But even greater care probably should be taken in assessing the viability of such men as Israel Crosby or Art Tatum.

With the proper judicious evaluation then, an examination of the poll can give one a reasonably valid indication of the future course of jazz and its men and women. ■

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO JAZZ

By MARSHALL W. STEARNS

Editor's Note: The following article originally appeared in Ameryka, *the Polish-language magazine produced by the U.S. information agency for distribution in Poland. The editors of* Down Beat *thought it was of more than passing interest and value to U.S. readers as well. In the article, Marshall W. Stearns views the current state of the jazz art partly as a historian, partly as a critic.*

In recent years, activities in the field of jazz have increased so rapidly that the critics seem to be uneasy. A new kind of complaint appears in the columns of the commentators: "Too many unknown musicians are being recorded, too many long-playing recordings are being released, too many jazz festivals are being produced, too many jazz concerts are being staged"—and so on.

A critic known for his determination to let nothing escape him finally admitted, "Man, you can't make all the scenes anymore."

It is true that no one human being can keep up with the Niagara of jazz recordings, concerts, and festivals, as well as the radio, night-club, and television appearances of jazz musicians. The increase in both good and bad jazz is enormous, which means, of course, that there is a lot more fine jazz than ever before.

It wasn't always so. To the old-timer of the '20s, who remembers when a few grooves of a few 78-rpm recordings held all the recorded jazz extant, we are swinging through an era of plenty, a renaissance of jazz, which we will some day look back upon with wonder and envy. The sounds of jazz are hitting the public ear from all sides, and, although the conscientious critic necessarily finds that keeping up with it is difficult, in the midst of this great quantity of music, a new and qualitative change seems to be taking place.

Put it this way: the 300-year-old process of mixing European and African musical traditions in the United States has arrived at a second synthesis.

The first occurred about 1900, when a music began to be played that would be recognizable today as jazz. That was the march music of Negro New Orleans. Then, about 1945, a music began to be played that was no longer immediately recognizable as jazz, although it demonstrably owed something to it. (Of course, this is not to say that the music at any stage of this development is better than the music at any other stage. It is simply different.)

Meanwhile, the spread of jazz has accelerated. In general, it traveled like a series of waves on an incoming tide—from south to north, from country to city, and from Negro to white—until it penetrated into and blended with the entire musical landscape. (Preliminary waves had been known as the Great Awakening, minstrelsy, the spiritual, and ragtime.) Today, no phase of contemporary U.S. music—including classical music — remains untouched.

Parenthetically, the jazz lover can have his cake and eat it, for almost any stage in the development of the music still can be found in the United States—in the big cities as well as in the rural south. (An authentic street-corner skiffle band, with a washboard for a drum and a washtub for a bass, turned up recently in the heart of New York City.) Each stage in this development—blended with other elements—seems to be able to detonate a revival that explodes into a national craze. Thus, Elvis Presley combined four distinct styles: hillbilly, Gospel, blues, and popular. The foundation of this four-way mixture, borrowed from either Gospel music or blues or both, was supplied by the rhythms of jazz.

A shift in the major components of the blend is taking place, too. Whereas in the early days, African tribal and European folk music were the primary sources, today European classical music is becoming an increasingly dominant part of the mixture. For, although the influence of a strongly rhythmic blend of African and Cuban popular music is also growing, the jazzman is more and more frequently attracted to classical music, through which he can attain greater prestige as well as more complex forms.

One of the significant results of this continuous blending is a wide range of music that includes many types and styles of jazz, using the word in a broad sense; a much larger amount of what might be called near-jazz, or music influenced by jazz and perhaps becoming a part of it, and a still larger amount of non-jazz-called-jazz, or mildly influenced popular, folk, or semiclassical music that is often confused with jazz.

What, then, can be said of the contemporary jazz scene? At least four distinct trends, with inevitable overlappings, are discernible:

1. The well-known mainstream, which has been developing for about 50 years.

2. An increasing variety of revivals from this 50-year-old mainstream.

3. Folk-rooted popular music, stemming from some of the same sources that contributed to jazz.

4. Experimental music, created largely by composers with elements from classical music.

"Here," as Dryden said of Chaucer's poetry, "is God's plenty."

First, the mainstream. To be a part of the mainstream, a musician must not only have roots in the best of the past but he also must have a good chance of influencing the best of the future. Such a position has been established, for example, by Louis Armstrong, whose style, perfected in the '20s, has been an all-pervasive influence. The same position has been attained by big bands, of course, and those of Count Basie and Duke Ellington are cases in point.

Generally speaking, the individual creates the innovations in jazz, and the big band consolidates them. On the other hand, the individual may lose his creative ability, but the big bands continue to develop, gradually assimilating many of the innovations. Thus, both Ellington and Basie, and many lesser bands, have adopted elements from the recent bop, cool, and modern jazz styles. New arrangements and additions to and changes in personnel account for much of this.

Although it may be too early to speak with certainty, several contemporary jazzmen qualify clearly for the mainstream of jazz.

Thus, to select a few key figures, such innovators of the '30s as Roy Eldridge, Jo Jones, and the late Lester Young led directly to such innovators of the '40s as Dizzy Gillespie, Kenny Clarke, and the late Charlie Parker. In turn, although the line of descent becomes less distinct as it approaches the present, these musicians point to such innovators of the '50s as Sonny Rollins, Miles Davis, and Philly Joe Jones. And each of these contemporaries has a large school of followers.

While the influence of these innovators is growing, it is still limited mostly to other musicians and observers close to jazz. The general public has little knowledge or understanding of their music. Bit by bit, as the history of jazz repeats itself, this influence will penetrate the entire fabric of popular music, at first woefully diluted, until someday these jazzmen may be recognized and enjoyed by the public at large. Their present isolation seems a little greater than usual.

Today, the style of these jazzmen is more complex – melodically, harmonically, and rhythmically – than previous jazz styles. This three-way complexity has accentuated a problem that always has existed in jazz: how to improvise freely in increasingly complicated harmonies and still retain a hard-swinging rhythm. Rollins, Davis, and Jones are among the few who have mastered this problem, but, in the process, a simple, lyrical melody has become rare. "You got no melody to remember," said Louis Armstrong with considerable justice and asperity. Into this unmelodic vacuum a variety of revivals of older jazz styles and, especially, a large amount of folk-rooted popular music has rushed.

Second, the revivalists. During the last few years, the realization that jazz has an eminently usable past seems to have burst upon many modern jazzmen with impressive results.

The trickle of the New Orleans revival, which started back in the '40s has now become a flood of many new mixtures. And throughout them all occurs a renewed feeling for the blues, currently audible in a style labeled "funky," which integrates them closely with the mainstream of jazz. It is no longer hip, or sophisticated, to look down upon the blues.

Since the New Orleans revival, there have been at least four distinctly new blends. Musician-composer-arrangers such as Jimmy Giuffre, Mose Allison, and John Benson Brooks have gone back to early folk sources and incorporated these themes and styles in modern semi-improvised compositions. Brooks has gone further back. He has successfully combined old English ballads with the improvisations of contemporary jazzmen in arrangements that preserve a propulsive rhythm.

Again, Gospel music, the highly rhythmic religious music of the rural Negro, has been a growing influence upon the composing and playing of such modern musicians as Horace Silver and Milt Jackson. When Dizzy Gillespie was asked where Jackson obtained his fine sense of rhythm, he replied seriously, "Why, man, he's sanctified"—meaning that Jackson had grown up amid the rolling rhythms of the Sanctified church, a thriving religious organization among Negroes. Only recently have jazzmen begun to make conscious use of this powerful tradition.

In former times, the blending had been slowed down by the ancient Protestant prohibition against mixing religious and secular music. Even a year or so ago, the late blues shouter, Bill Broonzy, objected hotly to the rock-and-roll singer Ray Charles: "What's he doing singing blues to church music?"

Nevertheless, the mixture of the two has proceeded rapidly, and the simpler harmonies and diatonic melodies of Gospel music, as well as the complex rhythms, have made a strong appeal to modern jazzmen who have based many current compositions and something of their improvising upon them.

Further, among the revivalists, a new trend is apparent that has a great popular appeal and may well cut into the mass market. A group of neglected musicians of the swing era have regained an astounding popularity by playing in the comparatively simple and melodic (but rhythmic) style of the '30s. Other jazzmen of the same period are headed toward the same general acceptance.

Each new generation must learn for itself, and the swing style of the '30s has a double appeal: first, to the young people who find it an exciting introduction to a wider world of jazz (following, perhaps, an initial contact with rock and roll or Dixieland jazz); second, to an older generation, which grew up in the '30s and looks back upon its discovery of the music of Benny Goodman, for example, with considerable nostalgia. The audience for this particular area of jazz is broad and diversified.

Moreover, a group of modern arrangers, among other things, has initiated a revival by renovating classic jazz tunes and dressing them in swinging arrangements in the modern idiom.

Thus, Ralph Burns rearranged *Royal Garden Blues*, and Gil Evans, *Strutting with Some Barbecue*. Here, again, the combination forms a new blend that often appeals to both traditionalists and modernists. "The main point," Evans said, "is that they are good tunes." It was Evans who, working in the Ellington tradition, pioneered in 1949 with a fine blend of jazz and classical components that became known as "cool" jazz. All in all, the discovery by jazzmen that their music has a usable past has proved exceedingly fruitful.

Third, folk-rooted popular music. Here, amid the barrage on all the mass media of music loosely termed rock and roll, there exists a scarcely noted resurgence of Negro folk idioms. Historically, another wave of Afro-American music is interpenetrating American culture. For example, white youngsters are dancing consistently—for the first time—to the blues, a basic style of jazz that has been a part of the musical surroundings of Negro children for many years. Thus, although rock and roll is often diluted to the point of unbearable monotony, the best of it owes much of its origins and appeal to the blues.

Rock and roll is characterized by an archaic but authentic jazz rhythm. Accordingly, commercially popular tunes of the past are being revived and sung to a real beat. Hillbilly tunes descended from British ballads are being transformed by the same rhythmic treatment, a process of long standing that has been dramatically accelerated by the success of Elvis Presley.

Further, the Gospel style has pene-

trated much of rock and roll, giving it a shouting quality with broad appeal, while the Afro-Cuban influence has made itself felt in a variety of cha-cha treatments of standard jazz tunes. And all of it has become tremendously popular.

Most important of all, old-time blues shouters, some of them famous as far back as the '30s, have become popular again with a much larger audience as exponents of rock and roll. They have been joined by more recent blues singers who are also direct products of the Afro-American folk tradition. "These cats," says Count Basie, "can really sing the blues."

In a very real sense, the blues singers furnish the backbone of the entire rock-and-roll craze. The vitality of these musicians supplies the model for many of their lesser but more successful imitators, who freely admit their source.

Thus, within rock and roll itself, there are continuous and crucial lines of influence in which (as in the entire field of jazz) the raw but powerful product of the folk artist is polished and packaged by less-gifted imitators. As time goes on, however, this cultural lag is noticeably diminishing, and the original blues singers are themselves becoming popular as never before.

Lastly, the experimentalists. In this crucial area, where a new synthesis is taking place, the growing influence of classical music is most evident and the resulting problem most acute. For the increasingly complex harmony, helped by the emphasis upon written arrangements, makes an integration with free improvisation and flowing rhythm more and more difficult. "Dig those crazy changes," i.e. difficult modulations, say the old-timers, more in wonder than anger. Accordingly, many new compositions fail simply because they do not create a sustained blend.

As might be expected, several pianists led the way in this new direction, exploring more complex harmonies at the keyboard. In 1949, Lennie Tristano recorded *Intuition*, a brave attempt at freely improvised atonal music, which, however, lacked fire. More recently, pianist Cecil Taylor has been mining the same vein vigorously. "My concept," he says, "is entirely tonal." But it is impossible to hear any tonality in much of his improvising.

By far the most influential pioneer, who claims to have played once with a Gospel group, is Thelonious Monk. From about 1940 to the present, he has managed to stay close to the mainstream while improvising rhythmically in complex harmonies.

"I like to work on the blues now and then," he says. His influence, moreover, has not been limited to other pianists. Trumpeter Miles Davis and saxophonist Sonny Rollins, two of the most important contemporary jazzmen, point to Monk as a major influence.

Small groups were quick to adapt and arrange the new ideas of these and other innovators, making them palatable to a much wider audience.

"Pianists and arrangers," says Dizzy Gillespie, "were always the first to catch on to our ideas." Thus, the groups of George Shearing, Dave Brubeck, and Ahmad Jamal became popular—in that order—while retaining a considerable amount of improvising influenced by the new style; similarly, the Modern Jazz Quartet and its imitators, the Mastersounds, achieved success by employing a more arranged music, which utilized borrowings from old classical models such as the fugue. John Lewis, director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, has composed some outstandingly successful

pieces such as *Django*, which combines a pyramidal classical form with the jazz idiom.

The new synthesis, however, emerged as the product of the arranger-composer, blending Afro-American and classical traditions. Here, again, there are pronounced stages of integration. Robert Graettinger's *City of Glass*, like Stravinsky's *Ebony Concerto*, has little or nothing to do with jazz. On the other hand, Milton Babbitt's *All Set* and Harold Shapero's *On Green Mountain* are what the New York *Times* critic John Wilson calls "somewhat jazz," that is, music which uses the jazz idiom but not entirely successfully.

A mechanical solution of this problem occurs in the *Concerto for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra* by Rolf Liebermann, who placed a jazz band in the midst of a symphony orchestra and gave each group alternate and ensemble parts to play. Modern jazzmen were contemptuous. Unfortunately, the music for both groups was rather cliché ridden. (Such a strategy harks back to Paul Whiteman's employment in his concert orchestra of jazzmen, such as Bix Beiderbecke, who were called upon to play a few bars of real jazz now and then.)

Considerable success has been achieved, however, by classically trained composers who take a deep interest in jazz, such as Norman Symonds, William O. Smith, and — especially — Gunther Schuller, whose *Symphony for Brass and Percussion* is an excellent synthesis. (A popular trend in the '20s, compositions by jazz-oriented classical composers, disappeared for two decades and is now beginning to reappear.) These works tend to be stronger formally than rhythmically. "Jazz and classical music will blend completely someday," says Schuller.

The greatest success has been accomplished by jazz arrangers turned composers. Sometimes, however, they seem to lack the classical discipline to create sustained and integrated compositions.

Thus, Charlie Mingus and others have put together exciting but incongruous performances, which swing savagely but lack the form of many modern classical pieces. These musicians, however, have become keenly aware of the tradition in which they are working. As ultramodernist Mingus exclaimed when he first heard pioneer ragtime pianist Willie (The Lion) Smith: "Man, I've got roots!" There is no doubt of the eventual success of their efforts.

The best of these composers are Robert Prince, André Hodeir, and George Russell, who have created a viable equilibrium that has resulted in a new music.

Prince's ballet music for *New York Export: Op. Jazz* has its superficial moments, but Hodeir's *On a Blues* and Russell's *Lydian M-I* — among other compositions—established a new genre. Perhaps these pieces should not be labeled "jazz"—they certainly do not fit into any known category—but they owe much to both jazz and modern classical music.

Here, then, is a fully integrated new music with deep roots in a wide-ranging background. Throughout the history of academic music, composers have turned time and again to folk music for inspiration, so these present developments in jazz are by no means unprecedented.

Jazz, with its highly sophisticated use of improvisation and consistent employment of sharpened rhythms, is bringing new vigor to a great art. In a form that is just beginning to crystallize clearly, jazz may well furnish the key to a future art music ■

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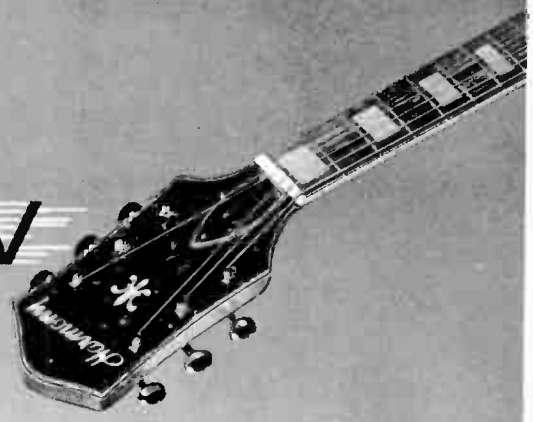

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The Ubiquity of Jazz

A personal glimpse of its Middle Eastern existence

Recently, Willis Conover, jazz expert and broadcaster for the Voice of America, made a tour of the Middle East. The following is his reminiscence on the journey.

By WILLIS CONOVER

IT'S exciting, running into jazz where you didn't expect it. It's like starting a long plane flight and being seated beside a girl.

To an American abroad, the unexpected sound of any jazz is a phone call from home.

The jazz scenes in Sweden, England, France, and Germany are separate and full stories in themselves. *The Melody Maker* estimates 5,000 traditional jazz bands in England. Joachim Berendt says there are 5,000 amateur jazz musicians in West Germany. These countries have their own profitable magazines, an abundance of clubs where jazz is played for listening and dancing, record stores, concert tours, and warring critics. Except in details, they are not too far removed from the U.S. jazz picture, and their story has been told often.

But . . .

In Oslo, Norway, musicians travel from all over the country to play at an all-night jam session for the *Voice of America* representative. The local newspapers describe the unusual event.

In Helsinki, Finland, musicians gather at a radio station to meet the visiting American and to play their best for his broadcasts.

The few jazz musicians in Switzerland meet in one city, in one room, to play for the visitor.

In Milan, Italy, one asks directions to the club where the Basso-Valdambrini Quartet is playing. In Brussels, Belgium, Baron Carlos de Radzitzky d'Ostrowick writes a jazz column, conducts a jazz program, plays records at home for visiting jazzmen, occasionally sees Robert Goffin, author of the world's first book on jazz, and laments that the best Belgian jazzmen leave Belgium, first for Paris, and then for America.

Poland!

In Warsaw, I am met at the airport by 40 musicians, playing, and by hundreds of listeners. Polish musicians travel to Warsaw to give me two evening concerts. A wire comes to Warsaw from Budapest; the Hungarian modern jazz fans are adding their welcome.

A swing-era quintet opens the first concert with *Savoy; Don't Be That Way,* and *I Surrender, Dear.* A pianist plays Dave Brubeck and Horace Silver originals. Two modern tenor saxophones pit Stan Getz against John Coltrane. The program includes *Good Bait; Misty; Too Close for Comfort;* Neal Hefti's *Cute; Teach Me Tonight; Slan; These Foolish Things; Sweet and Lovely; How About You?,* and *Blues for Sopot.* (Sopot, Poland's seaside resort, is site of the annual Polish Jazz festivals.)

Then the Modern Dixielanders play well-arranged *From Monday On; Spanish Town; If I Had You; Clarinet Marmalade,* and, surprisingly, Gerry Mulligan's *Come Out Wherever You Are.* There is a fantastic young trombonist in the group, looking like a thinner, blonder, younger André Previn. His name is Zbyszek Namyslowski. He is a swinging musician.

The second concert begins with a good "Benny Goodman Sextet": *Flying Home; Just One of Those Things,* and *920 Special.* The next group is New York hard bop; Namyslowski, last night's sensational trombonist, is arranger and alto saxophonist. They play *Blue Trane; I Should Care; Nearness of You,* and *Something's Gotta Give.* A superior pianist plays *Tea for Two* and an outstanding original, *Classical Dance.* His wife joins him to sing *My Funny Valentine; April in Paris,* and *Perdido.* A Paul Desmond alto plays three standards. A Jelly-Roll Morton Red Hot Peppers does *Bill Bailey; Peoria; Buddy Bolden's Blues,* and two originals, one called *Warsaw Ragtime No. 1.*

The musicians have learned jazz from two sources: radio broadcasts (especially, they say, *Music USA*) and the records that critic and concert organizer Roman Waschko is able to obtain for his packed-house (1,200) record sessions in Warsaw's National Philharmonic hall.

The Poles continue to grow. Waschko writes a regular column for a lay newspaper. The monthly magazine *Jazz* is published in Gdansk. And tenor saxophonist Jan Wróblewski, a hero because he is the only one to have played and listened in the United States (in the Newport International Youth Band), inspires the musicians toward other developments. This year, many of the combos have broken up to form Poland's first jazz orchestra.

In Tunisia, the government radio station begins a program of jazz by Negro American Muslims for Muslim listeners. Despite praise from Egypt's somewhat anti-U.S. magazine *Al Izza* ("Conover's daily two-hour musical program has won the United States more friends than any other activity"); jazz activity languishes in the Arab world.

In Algiers, Algeria, where even the performers are searched for bombs as they enter the theater backstage, a jazz concert is attended principally by members of the French army.

In Amman, Jordan, I lecture twice in a small USIS assembly room seating perhaps 80. The lectures are illustrated with taped music, including short excerpts from jazz performances by Swedish, Japanese, Dutch, and French musicians. During the question period afterwards, a man rises to ask, "When will you play some of *our* music? We have heard music from other nations; will we be able to hear some Jordanian jazz?" I reply that I would like to receive recordings of jazz by Jordanian musicians but so far have found none.

At the national radio station on the outskirts of Amman, the stage orchestra and singers will perform, as a special act of courtesy and welcome. After the ritual of thick black coffee in tiny cups, I am taken to the studio, and the music begins. It is an Egyptian wedding song, and it is fast and furious, clean and sharp, and wildly exciting. Three men play violins, one plays kanoon (a zitherlike instrument with a lever effecting quarter-tone differences), one plays a short wooden flute, one plays the 'oud, a pregnant guitar, and there are rhythm instruments, and a mixed vocal group. One girl, who stabs high notes like an urgent Yma Sumac, listens enthralled, afterwards, as the control room engineer plays Nelson Riddle's *Little White Lies* into the studio, from the *Sing a Song with Riddle* singer-accompaniment tapes.

Late that night, near dawn, a thunderous voice shakes me to heart-pounding shock; a man's voice, shouting-singing "ALLAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!" It is the muezzin at the central mosque, a few streets below my hotel. His morning salute is electrically amplified to reach the whole city, and every note of his prayer-song echoes and re-echoes from miles of hills. Half dreaming between wakefulness and sleep, I think surely the sky has opened up and, for the first time, and in appropriate tones, God and man converse.

THROUGH the Dead sea, the lowest (and nearly the hottest) place on earth, the car windows closed to keep out the oven wind . . . to Jerusalem, where a Christian Arab radio announcer and I select records and conduct his weekly jazz radio program together.

Then he and I and his lovely assistant drive to the hills of Ramallah for dinner under trees. Afterwards we drive her home, inside Jerusalem's walled Old City, escorting her up endless stairs to her family's apartment, and then trud-

ging down again. At the bottom, a thought occurs. I ask, "Where is the Via Dolorosa, where Christ climbed with the cross?" He confers with two men sitting in the dimness, and then tells me – and my mind is abruptly tattooed with the meaning of the climb and descent I have just made.

Next day, I visit the Garden of Gethsemane, the Aqsa Mosque and Qubbat as-Sakhra, and the Wailing Wall. A radio plays from a shop window as I drive out of the city. My friend is playing jazz for the English-speaking community of Jerusalem: Christian, Muslim, and Jew.

In Beirut, Lebanon, I meet the famous Arab singer Fairuz, whom a Lebanese poet has called Our ambassador to the Stars.

Fairuz is a short, shy woman, yet her singing voice, even her speaking voice, I tell her, brings tears to my eyes. She and her husband and his brother (the Rahbani brothers, whose music has been recorded in London by Philip Green's orchestra) invite me to their home. A banquet has been prepared. Fairuz apologizes, saying that next time it will be better, on longer notice.

At the end, Fairuz and her husband promise she will record four American songs for me, in English, to Nelson Riddle's accompaniment tapes, a set of which I leave with them. Because she reads only Arabic script and has never spoken or sung in English, I have the lyrics written for her phonetically in Arabic letters. Then, to show her the proper phrasing of the words, I sing the four songs onto tape. the four Riddle arrangements she liked best: *Near You; Day In, Day Out; Fools Rush In*, and *It's a Sin to Tell a Lie.*

Rahbani invites me to a rehearsal for the International festival at Baalbek, Lebanon, where his wife's singing is an annual feature.

Forty smiling boys and girls rehearse intricate group dances to the music of wooden flute, drum, and an accordion that plays quarter-tones. The music has an unbalanced rhythmic pattern that repeats and repeats. I feel I could learn it easily if I had two or three months.

In an adjoining room, I meet a peasant from the hills. The boys and girls are rehearsing this peasant's community dances, which he has memorized or improvised; he shows his steps to a young woman, who then teaches them to the chorus in the next room. They beg me to remain another day; tomorrow they go out to the festival grounds at Baalbek, scene of the most impressive Roman ruins in the East. But I have a tough schedule. If I break it once, I will be tempted to relax often. As I drive back to the hotel, I am halted by soldiers, forced from the car at rifle point, and searched. Elections are nearing.

IN Cairo, I lecture at the university and appear as a guest on Egyptian radio programs. Again I prepare a selection of music, using Ahmed Abdul-Malik's *Jazz Sahara* album, a mixing of Eastern and Western music and instruments – always, on this trip, to maximum surprise effect. Again, I use Riddle's *Little White Lies*, a title the Egyptian interviewer asks me to explain.

"A little white lie," I tell him, "is something you say that isn't entirely true. But you say it anyway, in order to avoid hurting the other person's feelings. *You* should understand that. After all, you're an Arab."

He drops his notes and laughs a full 30 seconds.

A ride to the Sphinx and a clamber all the way up inside a pyramid.

Thus far in the East, not very much jazz. But there is a small, appreciative, and growing audience for the music of the West.

Alexandria, Egypt, city of Lawrence Durrell, Bob Azzam, and *Ya Mustapha.* I will hear *Mustapha* a dozen times before I leave this city.

I swim from what was one of Farouk's private beaches. But today, cha-cha-cha is king – that, and Italian popular songs, and Italian clothes for the men, and sun glasses, even indoors. There are many Greeks in Alexandria, and the *bouzoukia* music and the Greek girls' singing in the night clubs are as passionately mesmerizing as Afro-Cuban music.

I am asked to judge an amateur contest at a huge Alexandria club. An orchestra plays for dancing, both ballroom and latter-day jitterbug style. An overly voluptuous brunette sings in several languages, flashing eyes and teeth in a variety of expressions straight from *Silents, Please* and shaking it around considerably.

After the regular show on Wednesday nights, local amateurs perform; *Ya Mustapha* is the *Embraceable You* and *Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man* of the evening. A 13- or 14-year-old girl dances a modified belly dance. There are several classical arias, several Italian popular songs, and several boys with sideburns and D.A. hairdos wailing the ballads of our own furry hill folk, the band pianist obligingly playing triplets behind them.

At last, one performer hits me with that *rightness* of everything – intonation, swing, phrasing, feeling – that makes me sit up straight, because this girl is a *singer*. She sings *Roly Poly*, a not-too-bad but slight novelty. But the material isn't important. She is ready for U.S. show business. I make a note of her name—and then lose it.

The last act is a crew-cut blond faggot in blue veils who sings *Mustapha* and slinks toward my table. I feel sick and don't watch. The crowd screams and stands on chairs to see him better, cheering him as, apparently, he does a bump-and-grind belly dance in the floor area from which I've turned. As I leave, a journalist offers me "half of everything" if I can get U.S. musicians to compose and record music to his lyrics, pressed into my hand. Just like home.

DAMASCUS, Syria. Because the New York longshoremen have refused to unload the U.A.R. ship Cleopatra in reprisal for the U.A.R.'s restrictions against U.S. ships visiting Israeli ports, it's an unfriendly time in Damascus.

The city is beautiful, with its high burning mountain framed in cloudless blue, and the souks are bustling. But the worshipers glare at me as they leave the mosque. Out by the city wall, I focus on a camel rider carrying a monkey, and a man places his hand before my camera, warning, "*Non*, monsieur, *Non!*" Three men in plain clothes ignore me – all day long – before my residence. There are no lectures, no public meetings.

But there are private parties, arranged spur-of-the-moment so uninvited police won't invite themselves. A luncheon, where an amateur band of young musicians play cha-cha-cha and sing Italian popular songs, and a pair of muscular Armenians dress in flowing silk shirts and do athletic folk dances. An occasional jazz discussion. And, finally, an invitation to an outdoor feast with older musicians: loud-playing, singing, dancing, whole roast lamb on a tray, bottles of arak and beer, much comedy and music and good fellowship.

The women watch from behind veils, from the house. Reciprocation comes the next evening. The Syrian musicians come to *our* party, and everyone stamps feet, claps hands, shouts and laughs and sings, and beats on drums and ashtrays, while the musicians play for a lovely tall girl who dances in the middle of the room. Jazz I don't miss.

The jazz begins to begin at Ankara, Turkey. The musicians are at the airport, and I am with them for the next several days. Two other musicians arrive from Istanbul, about 250 miles distant, with their wives.

Public meetings are forbidden here, too; the revolution is near, and there have been riots. But the officials look the other way for gatherings at the U.S. Information Service, where I lecture. We are advised to remain afterwards: the streets are full, and the police and army have been called out. Though the demonstrators are earnest, they are nonviolent, but tear-gas bombs explode. We are caught in the

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gas and rush indoors and close windows, but the eyes sting a long time.

We go where the musicians can play. A technically proficient bassist, Selçuk Sun, is on the right track, it seems to me, but needs direction and good swinging company.

Melih Gürel, a French-horn player who doubles on piano, comes on like a Dead End Kid, turns out to be a sensitive person and talented musician. Melih has had years of experience playing horn with a symphony orchestra but loves jazz and plays it very well. He has been told by Dave Brubeck, Paul Desmond, Quincy Jones, and others (by me, too) that he is ready *now* for the U.S. jazz scene; he can step into any symphony or dance orchestra or jazz group in America now. But he is unable to believe it, though he desperately wants to. Melih is afraid he will never have the chance to test himself.

Izmir, Turkey, formerly Smyrna, where Homer lived. Lecture at Turkish-American association. Good response. Result: jazz club being organized, possibly under U.S. army captain who is also musician.

A trip to Bergama for annual folk music festival, as at Baalbek, Lebanon (though not as at Newport, R.I.). Mostly folk dancing and absolutely fascinating. We sit in an ancient outdoor amphitheater beside Turks in traditional travelog costumes, and German tourists with cameras. Much partisan cheering as dance groups are introduced from Turkey's many cultures. Upstage, a small boy beats a drum in 5/4 time; a man plays a thin horn with a snake-charmer sound, *never pausing for breath*. He breathes in through his nose, replenishing puffed cheeks, which, like a bagpipe, force air into the horn to supply its continuous tone.

Instanbul, and a hope there is time to see, close up, one of the forest of minarets poking into the skyline. The assistant manager of the Divan hotel is a jazz fan and listens to my broadcasts. He is at my total service, but a small request: have I tapes of jazz I can lend him for the hotel's piped-music speakers? The lecture tapes are only short excerpts, and so once again Nelson Riddle accompanies the absent Sinatra, in the lobby and every room of an Istanbul hotel.

Turkey's fiercest jazz enthusiast, Cüneyt Sermet, takes me outside the hotel to meet the dozen jazz musicians of Istanbul, including the two who drove to Ankara and have returned.

There is a curfew; but next day we all go to a club managed by a pianist, whose attractive wife sings while the musicians play. I ask him to bring his wife to the recording session, next morning at the Istanbul radio station, and he agrees. Maybe we can get one good song by her onto tape. Next morning, he is at the radio station, but she is not. He did not bring her because I expressed an interest in her singing, and Turkish men are still very Ottoman empire about other men smiling, even professionally, at their wives.

One group consists of piano, vibes, bass, and drums; sure enough, they play *Django*. I tell them imitations are fine for exercise, and for showing the local fans you know the music, but this won't do for tape. You can't cut the MJQ at what they do.

The musicians move around into several combinations and some performances are taped for *Voice of America* broadcast. During the night, the government is overthrown. The army has taken over. The Turkish flag flies from every window. Army tanks are covered with flowers. The whole city smiles.

YUGOSLAVIA, next, where they laugh at the expression "Iron Curtain" and snort at a U.S. jazz magazine's statement that "jazz is forbidden in Yugoslavia." There are, at least three full-sized jazz orchestras (nine brass, five reeds, three or four rhythm) *on staff* at the four government

Conover, with cigarette, at a reception and conference in Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

radio stations I visit, in Belgrade, Novi Sad, Zagreb, and Ljubljana.

The radio stations also employ smaller jazz combos and what are called symphony-dance orchestras, which use strings and frequently feature instrumental soloists: a clarinetist playing his original semi-jazz work with violins and rhythm, or a tightly muted trumpeter cutting through strings, Miles Davis-like, in a performance of *'Round Midnight*.

My principal host in Belgrade is Vojislav Simić, leader of the jazz orchestra of Radio-Television Belgrade. I remember driving to the second Newport Jazz festival, and, while passing through New York City, hearing in a newscast on the car radio that a Yugoslavian radio station orchestra was playing jazz, "especially the music of Duke Ellington and Harry James." I remember getting tapes from this orchestra in 1958; the music then was strongly Stan Kenton. Now I hear Simić and his band in person, and the book is Basie. Band and leader are impressive. One musician particularly appeals to me, tenor saxophonist Edouard Sadjil, consciously and competently a Yugoslavian Ben Webster.

The top brass of the radio station promises me tapes. I am given the grand tour and every courtesy. People from the U.S. embassy are with me. Until now, not one person from the embassy has been admitted to the premises of Radio-Television Belgrade. Jazz has opened the door.

A press conference is attended by 15 newsmen, including several who travel from other cities I will visit. I am told a famous U.S. symphony conductor attracted only four reporters here.

We go to hear another Belgrade jazz orchestra, an "amateur" 18-piece band rehearsing in an echoing basement hall, where furious modern jazz arrangements split the ears. We toast one another with slivovitz, the dangerous plum brandy that is Yugoslavia's national drink.

In the evening, we see this same orchestra playing for fashion models parading on the broad, colorful stage of an auditorium. Tonight the "amateur" band plays good Glenn Miller: *Serenade in Blue* and pianissimo *In the Mood* and *Chattanooga Choo Choo*.

Then Simić and friends take me to a club for dinner, where a famous singer called the Gypsy will sing traditional songs at my request. There is wine and slivovitz, and conversation, and slivovitz. I am tendered a hot pepper with much laughter and a dare to eat it, a sadistic Yugoslavian custom. I shall not lower the Stars and Stripes; I sprinkle salt on the pepper and eat it all, to their amazement and (I hope) admiration. I try to cool my mouth with slivovitz; this is fighting fire with fire. All of a sudden the ship's gyroscope fails.

"Take me home," I say.

"But you haven't heard the Gypsy!" they cry.

"Believe me," I say. "Take me home. Now."

The next day we drive from Belgrade to Novi Sad. The radio station there has prepared for us a midmorning re-

Conover, standing, lectures at the Jazz Federation club in Belgrade, Yugoslavia.

past: salami and bread and thick, black coffee. And slivovitz. The heads of all departments are present. The station manager offers a formal toast in Serbo-Croatian. An interpreter says the manager invites my comments and suggestions on their broadcasting operations. I remember the last U.S. radio station manager who toasted me. He said, "Conover, you're not pulling enough phone calls on the reconditioned-vacuum-cleaner pitch."

The record librarian shows me his card files: Art Blakey, Ella Fitzgerald, Modern Jazz Quartet, Miles Davis, Count Basie, etc. I tape a jazz program for them; they prepare tapes for me by their staff jazz musicians. Twenty musicians and radio station executives drive me to luncheon at a restaurant on the banks of the Danube.

Back to Belgrade for special interviews; the stories will appear in leading Yugoslav magazines and newspapers. Then Simić and an exceptionally knowledgeable jazz critic, Svetislav Jakovljević, accompany me on an overnight train to Lake Bled, the beautiful resort, for talks with the Bled tourist committee on setting up the first Yugoslavian Jazz festival. (The festival was held for three days in September; reportedly, it was packed to overflowing, orderly, a great success.)

I say good-by to Simić and Jakovljević in Bled and am driven to Zagreb. At Radio-Television Zagreb, I meet another swinging big band and its personable arranger-conductor, Ferdo Pomykalo. I give two lectures, one for the university students and a special one for the musicians.

That night, I am kept awake in my hotel room overlooking a huge dining and dancing patio. Below my window, the hotel dance band plays only U.S. standards. A baritone sings, in English, *I Can't Give You Anything But Love; Somebody Loves Me; Star Dust.*

THERE is much excitement in Zagreb: Quincy Jones and his orchestra will play at a local theater. Quincy's lead trumpeter is ill, and a trumpeter from Pomykalo's band will play. I walk in on Quincy's special rehearsal for the Zagreb musician. Quincy and I embrace, and hellos are shouted at Butter Jackson, Phil Woods, Sahib Shihab, Jerome Richardson, Melba Liston, Jimmy Cleveland, Julius Watkins, and France's Roger Guérin; and I meet Sweden's Aake Persson, now in Quincy's band.

Yugoslavian musicians and fans attend the rehearsal. One says to me, "This is too much. First, the Modern Jazz Quartet" — the MJQ had played Yugoslavia several weeks earlier — "then you, and now Quincy Jones and all these great musicians! All in just a few weeks. Then, afterwards, again nothing. It is impossible."

After the show, a party for Quincy's band in a modern night club atop a building: food, and juice, and a piano and drums standing idle.

Patti Bown, Quincy's pianist, comes by our table and says, "Mind if I sit down?"

A Yugoslav at the table says, "Please, of course! This is communism; everything belongs to everybody" and laughs.

There is a tacit plea for Quincy's men to blow. I suggest to a Zagreb pianist: "If *you* will begin playing, someone in Quincy's band will probably join you."

He says, "Oh, but I couldn't play in their presence!"

But he is persuaded, and, blushing, goes to the piano and plays. Soon Shihab comes up, and Richardson, and Woods, and others, American and Yugoslav, and the party is a success, and another ballot for friendship drops in the box.

Next morning, the RTV Zagreb Orchestra has another party for Jones' band. Sandwiches, beer, slivovitz. The Zagreb musicians play two numbers for the Americans, who are gassed.

"Wow!" cries Quincy. "What a swinging *band!*"

Some of Quincy's men sit in and then some more.

Quincy jokes, "All right, you guys are so anxious, we'll call a rehearsal, right now!"

Zagreb band leader Pomykalo smiles weakly, and says, "This is the moment of my life I never will forget. Never."

To Ljubljana, to lecture and to hear tall, gray-haired Bojan Adamič conduct the Radio-Television Ljublijana Orchestra, which some say is Yugoslavia's best big band. I am asked to tell the band my opinion of its performance. I say I am not a musician, but Adamič insists.

I say, "If you were just fair, it would be pointless to criticize. But, because you already are so good, I will tell you that you could be even better.

"The trouble is, you are all *gentlemen*. In America, you would be admired for your grace, your courtesy, your Old World formality. I do not suggest you forget your manners, except when playing jazz. Whatever its virtues, jazz is not a polite music. To play it authoritatively, you must find in yourselves some anger, and at the same time some joy.

"This is what is missing from your jazz: a kind of *happy anger.*"

AND this is what I miss in much of the jazz I hear in other countries. There are exceptions, of course. Besides the obvious ones in Sweden, England, France, Germany, there are such exceptions as Zbyszek Namysłowski (Poland), Melih Gürel, (Turkey), and Edouard Sadjil (Yugoslavia). Also, I learn that the Belgrade jazz band of Vojislav Simić took first place in the band competition at the first International Jazz festival at Antibes, France, this year. (Another musician, definitely big-time: composer-arranger Emin Findikoğlu, of Istanbul.)

But when I hear jazz in almost any country other than the United States, I am inescapably concerned with something more than the caliber of performance. Both professionally and personally, I am continually concerned and impressed with the effectiveness of jazz as common ground for building international amity. No, jazz isn't The Answer to the world's problems. (Stan Freberg gags, "If only everyone in the world would get out on the sidewalk and *tap-dance* together, there'd be no more wars!")

But — where an interest in jazz is shared, there are smiles and friendliness between peoples of different cultures, just as, here in the United States, jazz helped and continues to help bring about friendly relations between Negro and white.

Probably this would be just as true at international conventions of matchbook collectors or meat cutters. It seems true of scientists. Even the politicians do it; see pictures of Nixon and Kennedy embracing after their television debate, and of Khrushchev and Hammarskjöld or Khrushchev and Macmillan after the United Nations struggles. And, certainly, sports events invite mutual participation.

But these media are not so easily disseminated nor so privately shared by the peoples of the world as music is: jazz, classical music, even — I hate to say it — rock and roll. And the fact is, people digging music together have neither inclination nor room for hate. ■

101 observations on jazz and things other than america's first and only true art form that came up the mississippi river from new orleans to new york by way of the city of chicago, illinois

By GEORGE CRATER

To begin with, I must admit that the title of this article is ridiculous. I have concrete evidence that jazz started in Pittsburgh in 1863, sprang up in Albany during the early 1920s and then came *down* the Hudson river to New York in 1946! But I bought the title from Prof. Marshall Stearns and figured this was as good a time as any to use it – my Vassar Jazz club lecture was replaced by a Roger Williams concert.

Anyway, realizing I'd be asked to put down a few thoughts for *Music, 1961,* I've been keeping notes on the passing scene. In some cases, the scene didn't pass quickly enough; in others, it passed too quickly. In still others, I'm afraid I didn't care one way or the other. For instance, take . . . Well dig the whole piece, because I invested several sleepless days in it.

1. Norman Granz: Known intimately to his friends as the J. P. Getty of Jazz.

2. Quincy Jones: I guess the people in Europe screamed, *Bring back the bands!* louder than we did.

3. Soul music: Nobody knows what it is; every record company started it; everybody's playing it, and we were getting tired of funky music anyway . . .

4. Newport Youth Band: I still think they're a bunch of midgets putting us on.

5. Mort Sahl: I think Phyllis Kirk is just using him to get to Richard Nixon.

6. Television: The dramatic shows offer hysterical comedy. The comedy shows are pretty tragic, and nine out of 10 times the weather report is wrong.

7. Cyd Charisse: I think she's just using me to get to Ira Gitler.

8. Newport Jazz festival: The State of Rhode Island will take it over and run it each year under the title "The Annual Rhode Island National Guard Bivouac and State Police Jamboree."

9. Joe Glaser: He definitely shouldn't be recognized by the United Nations.

10. My radio show: It's very encouraging when the phone in the studio rings and a cat, in all seriousness, says, "Is Lenny Bruce on your *station* every week?"

11. Horace Silver: He refuses to listen to me and record in a different setting for a change of pace . . .

12. Modern Jazz Quartet: They replaced the Roger Williams concert that replaced my Vassar Jazz club lecture.

13. Dakota Staton: I'm sorry . . .

14. Cabaret cards: Thank God you don't need one to write a column (I used to hitch on trolleys when I was a kid).

15. Wind-up dolls: I'm having trouble placing them in the night clubs. It seems the Syndicate's behind those Pandas in the cigaret trays.

16. Peggy Lee: I dig her singing, but I'd love to see her act more often.

17. Les McCann: A thought just occurred to me on the subject of Les McCann. Is it possible that Les is being used as a tool of some kind? Possibly as sort of an advance man for the First Annual Newport Religion festival that Billy Graham and Oral Roberts have reportedly been talking to George Wein about?

18. AFM/MGA dispute: Why don't they just bring in Jimmy Hoffa and forget the whole scene?

19. The Gerry Mulligan Concert Orchestra: A splendid band, and, anyway, it keeps Brookmeyer and Quill off the streets.

20. Dick Clark: A cat who says "golly" can't be *all* bad.

21. Stereo records: You pay a dollar more to stand in the middle of the room.

22. *Jazz on a Summer's Day:* I dug the part where Vincent Price turned into the giant fly and . . .

23. *The Connection:* Somehow I get the feeling that John Tynan didn't dig it . . .

24. Count Basie: Why celebrate his 25th anniversary? I think his 27th would be more impressive.

25. Anniversaries: Why are the fifth, 10th, 25th, 50th, 75th and 100th so special—why don't we start celebrating the seventh, 11th, 27th, 43rd, 74th and 96th anniversaries?

26. Jazz Artists Guild: A tremendous idea. But that board of directors . . .

27. Television: Somehow, to me, a Shotgun Slade gun fight and a blues-playing vibes player just don't seem to fit together.

28. Paul Whiteman: Every time he allows himself to be introduced as the "King of Jazz," he should be whipped with red-hot batons.

29. Fabian: A living example of the "sick" joke.

30. *Down Beat* Star File cards: I had to give that fink Gitler *two* Billy Taylors to get *one* Lee Morgan! Last time I trade with *that* cat.

31. Gunther Schuller: I hear he's writing a piece for the Modern Jazz Quartet, the Budapest String Quartet, Ornette Coleman, Maria Callas, Jimmy Giuffre, Lightnin' Hopkins, with narration by Everett Sloane. Maybe Atlantic will call it *Mid-Stream Music.*

32. Maxwell T. Cohen: I hope, for his sake, he never gets a speeding ticket.

33. Pop disc jockeys: How can they sleep at night?

34. Frank Hittner: Formerly known as "Maynard's baritone player." Especially in sentences like "Have you dug Maynard's baritone player yet?"

35. *Guess Who I Saw Today?: This* is a *song?*

36. Julian (Cannonball) Adderley: An alto player, *you know what I*

mean?

37. Rioting at jazz festivals: Almost as much fun as making freshmen eat raw calves liver.

38. Tony Scott: The Red Buttons of jazz.

39. Khrushchev: He must be making a lot of bread on those Mr. Clean commercials.

40. Riverside Records: Its next record, after the subway trains, jet planes, sonic booms, depth charges, Birdcage Maserati, and the actual sounds of a six-car traffic accident at 46th and Broadway, will be a championship ping pong match between Monk and Cannonball—in stereo, of course.

41. Gloria Lynne: (see Observation 13).

42. Band clinics: After a young musician plays the wrong changes for 16 bars, I can see Stan Kenton, wearing a white, buttoned-in-the-back coat, putting down his baton, walking over to the saxophone section with a combination flashlight/ear-prober and holding a group ear inspection.

43. Record ads: "Free! Long-Play Jazz Record! *(with every 26 you buy)*" or "This coupon entitles you to . . ." or "If you want the *real* soul music . . ." or "The finest sound through Frastophonic Hydrosonic Costopholion recording . . ." or "The *best* Peppy Davega is on Ofcoursewegotsoul Records!" The "Buy it, you'll dig it . . ." ads are few and far between.

44. "Few and far between": A pretty dumb phrase.

45. Frances Rafferty: Female lead in *December Bride* and until a few months ago my favorite television performer. Unfortunately, I'm now hooked on Patricia Donahue. Now if someone would only produce a series starring Elisha Cook Jr. and Patricia Donahue, with music by Henry Mancini and hair styles by Florence Bush . . . I could cack a happy man.

46. Miles Davis: If he keeps up this now-and-then *smiling*, he'll knock the bottom out of my doll business.

47. The festival circuit: Who said vaudeville was dead?

48. André Previn: I admire him greatly, and I *do* believe he would've made it even if his name *was* Izzy . . .

49. Zoot Finster: I admire him, *too*, but I doubt very much that he would have made it if his name were André.

50. Nina Simone: (see Observation 13).

51. Cecil Taylor: Have you dug him playing *I Love Paris*? Unbelievable!

52. Junior's: The latest feature is a musician's photography exhibit in the back room. It doesn't sell any drinks, but it usually helps make the place look crowded. A sort of hilarious note was struck when Junior added a bartender named Charlie to the staff . . . Instructions on the bulleton board advise you to call him "Chuck" at all times. Junior, when not falling asleep at the end of the bar, still sits around telling the world what he could do with and how much money he could make with the parking lot at Broadway and 52nd St. For some reason, he seems to be under the impression he could *buy* it if I straightened out my tab.

53. Charlie's: The latest feature here is a large group of young male actors from the American Academy. They usually sit around drinking mugs of beer, putting down Tony Curtis, posing for the tourists coming out of Roseland, scratching, playing Johnny Mathis records, and making things generally miserable for the music clientele. This has definitely increased the sales of alcoholic beverages to musicians on W. 52nd St. In some cases, musicians have defected to Junior's, willing to take their chances staring at photographs by Peanuts Hucko rather than being surrounded by 15 or 20 James Deans. Innkeeper Gene Williams doesn't seem bothered by the Actor's Studio invasion. "Doesn't bug me in the least," he says. I wonder when he *started* drinking Novocaine and Tonic.

54. Casey Stengel: I think he should go into the personal management business with Martha Glaser.

55. Ben Webster: Poor cat. He's been playing soul music for 20 years and never knew it!

56. Monte Kay: He manages all my favorites. Ornette Coleman, Chris Connor . . .

57. Leo's Viennese restaurant: Actually I have no observation on this subject, but I promised Leo . . .

58. Mabel Mercer: (see Observation 13).

59. Dick Garcia: I wish he'd leave George Shearing . . .

60. Conga drum players: What do they do with their hands when they're sitting at a night-club table digging music?

61. *Blue Jubilee:* Beautiful flute work by James Moody.

62. Gitler, the musician: During the summer, I had the unusual opportunity of sharing a bandstand with Ira Gitler and his American Artist alto saxophone. In his report on the session, George Hoefer stated, "Gitler won out over Crater through sheer stamina!" I imagine, to the audience, this was the conclusion, but now it can be told! First of all, in a marvelous display of Gamesmanship, Gitler put on a large pair of sunglasses on our way to the stand. This in itself, seeing Ira Gitler with an American Artist alto hanging from his neck while wearing a large pair of sunglasses, is enough to shake anybody up. To further his bit of sabotage, he paid the piano player $6 to change keys on me every six bars; when he borrowed a tenor for me to play, he made sure the G-sharp key stuck; when I needed a better reed, he borrowed a No. 3½ *(he knows I use a 2½);* he refused to play anything but blues in B-flat; he snapped his fingers on 1 and 3 *(and weakly at that!)* and every chance he'd get, he'd whisper in my ear things like, "Is that Coltrane walking in the door?" or "No, baby, that's a B-minor 7th" or "Last chorus, baby—the drummer's getting tired." It went like this all night long, set after set. When Ira suggested we play only tunes from albums he did the liner notes for and when he refused to play *This Here*, I quit. Anyway, I can't stand cats influenced by Larry Elgart.

63. *Third Stream Music:* Every time I hear this album played on the radio, I think I've got two stations coming in at once.

64. Harry Edison: Has more good taste than Emily Post ever had.

65. Subways and buses: Instruments of torture.

66. Nat Adderley: I wish I had a buck for every time I heard a chick say, "Isn't he cute?"

67. Marshall Brown: Jane, at *Down Beat's* New York office, is his cousin.

68. Jack Kerouac: (see Observation 13).

69. Marshall Royal: Nobody can be *that* bugged.

70. Marshall Thompson: Whatever happed to *him?* (Ed. note: he's on TV.)

71. Jazz singles: It's really wild. We started with jazz singles, moved up to long-play albums, and now we're back to singles again! The day Victor brings back cylinders, I quit.

72. Nesuhi Ertegun: Readers may be sorry to hear that his like-new Jaguar has been replaced by a like-new Bentley.

74. Censorship: It just goes to show you! I didn't feel No. 73 was dirty.

75. Prestige Records: During the year, they launched several brother-labels like Moodsville, Swingville, Bluesville. I figured they could continue this series to fit any type of record they put out. For instance, albums that *never* will sell could be issued on the *Taxlossville* label. Experimental albums could appear under the *Here'shopingsville* label. New

artists will record for *Bigbreaksville* and . . . if Prestige decides to give birth to any new forms of music, I'd suggest they issue the first albums on the *Pregnantsville* label.

76. Warts: Learn to live with them . . .

77. Paul Desmond: Why can't he kick that Earl Bostic influence?

78. Earl Bostic: Why can't *he* kick that Earl Bostic influence?

79. Bongo drums: Almost as popular as Monopoly games this year . . .

80. *Got a Date with an Angel:* The dumbest tune ever written.

81. Television commercials: Statues that perspire, drops of perspiration magnified thousands of times, cats shaving under water, talking bears and sissy Boy Scouts, glass stomachs, decayed teeth, bad breath, skulls with built-in lightning bolts, blindfold tests with towels and sheets, fouled-up small intestines, and Hugh Downs. After these, even Charlie Chan looks good!

82. Sol Hurok: I think he's missing a good bet by not presenting *Erroll Garner Versus Columbia Records* in the nation's concert halls.

83. The Limelighters: (see Observation 13).

84. What is a jazz singer?: Hang yourself up with *that* question for a while . . .

85. The jazz *language:* It must be an awful frustrating hang-up for a starving, skuffling musician just to talk. He's constantly hearing words like *chops, bread, beans, juice, taste, Apple, bones, jam, cooking,* etc.

86. The election: I kept figuring that finally after they got all the votes counted and recounted, we'd end up with Peter Lawford as President . . .

87. Weekend gigs just an hour from town: Figments of a road manager's imagination. They don't exist! Bits like this make today's musician much like the shanghaied sailor of years ago.

88. Suicide: Trying to eat breakfast at the 52nd St. and Broadway Ham 'n Eggery at 4 a.m. on a Sunday morning.

89. Lenny Bruce: Somehow, despite that newspaper item, I can't believe he's in love with Tuesday Weld.

90. Egregious: A word I'm thinking of buying from Nat Hentoff.

91. Lambert-Hendricks-Ross: A diabolical plot to overthrow the Mary Kaye Trio.

92. Las Vegas: The A&P of the entertainment world.

93. C-Melody saxophones: Editor Gene Lees dug two of them in the window of a Chicago hock shop one day. One was going for $5, the other for $7.50, but somebody'd copped them by the time he got back to the shop. What I want to know is: *who* in Chicago now owns *two* C-Melody saxophones for $12.50 *and* would they be interested in unloading them for $15? Well, $16 and an autographed, 5x7 glossy photograph of Tony Graye? That's my limit . . .

94. Ella Fitzgerald: At the risk of alienating the world, I've got to admit I get a little more bored with her every day.

95. Jackie McLean: I get the feeling critics have put him in some sort of limbo.

96. Jazz in church: Maybe it *will* become the thing. The clubs are closing, the festivals are under martial law, the concerts are bombing, and the theaters are infested with Moonglows, Flamingos, Drifters, Eldorados, and other assorted rich horrors.

97. Parlor games for musicians: There's a lot of bread to be made in developing ideas for parlor games. For instance, the cat who invented Monopoly probably owns the real Park Place by now. I've got a groovy idea for a game that I'm just about ready to lay on good old Parker Brothers. I figure on calling it Jazzman. It's along the lines of Monopoly – each player has his own distinctive piece, and he rolls the dice and then moves his piece from square to square (I'll have to find a better word for that) according to the numbers shown on the dice. Each player will start on the space marked *Wail* and move along the spaces marked as follows: *High School Band, Woodshed, Assembly Solo on* Body and Soul, *Gym Dance, Bar Mitzvahs, Club Dates, Roseland, One-Nighters, Sessions, Woody Herman, Monday Night at Birdland, Half Note, Village Vanguard, Basin Street East, Steve Allen Show, Ed Sullivan Show, Schlitz Beer Commercials, Joe Glaser Signs You, Timex Spectacular, Incidental Music Score for Off-Broadway Show, Incidental Music Score for Broadway Show, Entire Music Score for Broadway Show, Leonard Bernstein Hugs You, Joint Concert with Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Joe Glaser Resigns You,* and the final space, *State Department Tour.* Naturally, the first player to reach *State Department Tour* is the winner. If in the course of the game you land on any of the spaces marked *Goof, Jitterbug,* or *Bringdown,* you must go back to *Monday Night at Birdland* and lose one turn. I really think this game, if marketed right, will finally put me into the large-bread category. So sound the cat at your local hobby shop next time you drop in for some airplane glue.

98. Jack H. Batten: An attorney practicing in Toronto, Ontario, and a long-time follower of jazz.

99. Overheard at Junior's and Charlie's: My hours spent in these two feuding pubs are not in vain. Aside from meeting friends, old and new, and increasing the scotch whisky sales curve, I get my greatest kicks just listening. If my parlor game mentioned in No. 97 does as well as I think it will, I'll invest in a midget tape machine and someday give you the *whole* Junior-Charlie soundtrack. Without the tape machine though, I can only give you fragments of conversations I've heard in the last year. Like the following:

a. "The way I look at it, man, who *needs* record dates? It takes so long to get your bread . . ."

b. "Do *all* drummers take dope?"

c. "I don't know whether he really likes me. All I know is his name is Alex and he plays baritone sax with Duke Ellington's Band, and he said he'd call me . . ."

d. "I don't know what kind of jukebox this is—there's no Tony Bennett records!"

e. "I'd like to get that Crater cat by the throat . . ."

f. "Let's get out of this hole, Mike. No broads here, just a buncha fruits! *(belch).*"

g. "Well, man, we might get out of our skulls now and then, but at least we've got a stable outlook toward life, you dig?"

h. "Do you know who's appearing at the Latin Quarter?"

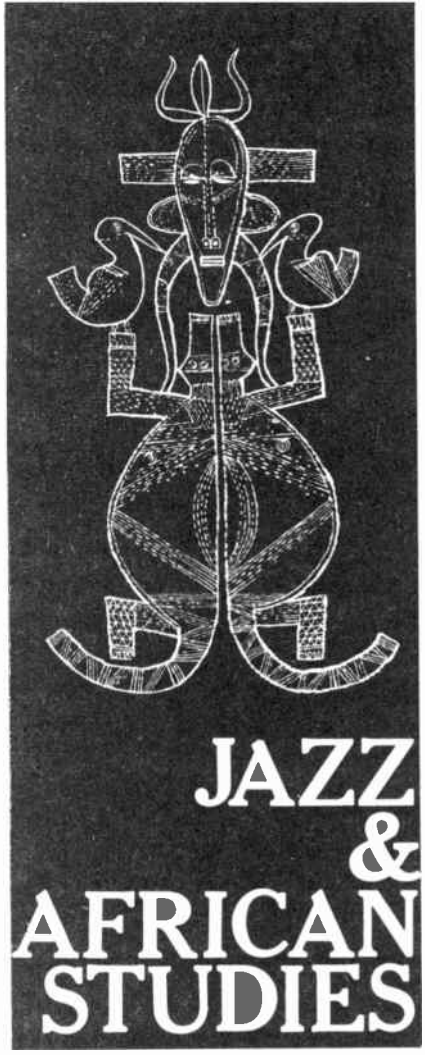
i. "Man, I'm telling you – Bird didn't play any better than you do. It's all in your publicity!"

j. "Man, it was the *funniest!* As I left her pad, I told her I played bari in Duke's band!"

100. Correction: In the above, I lied. I really don't get my greatest kicks just listening. But to explain *that* further, I'd probably have to take Ira Gitler's space, too, and then there's always the chance I'd lose us our second-class mailing permit, and, oh well . . .

101. *101 OBSERVATIONS ON JAZZ AND THINGS OTHER THAN AMERICA'S FIRST AND ONLY TRUE ART FORM THAT CAME UP THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER FROM NEW ORLEANS TO NEW YORK BY WAY OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS:* (see Observation 13).

I mean, look at it this way – what'd you want for $1.25. A funny *Gone With the Wind?* Let's face it – I'm tired, I sent the piece in late, it was a dumb year to begin with, and anyway, I heard Ornette's been punching out cats lately. *Maybe I should've made that Vassar Jazz club lecture.* ■



JAZZ & AFRICAN STUDIES

By ALAN P. MERRIAM

In the 1920s, as a part of a general interest in the Negro on the part of the intellectual world, much stress was laid upon the influence of African musical patterns on jazz, as well as linguistic derivations of the word "jazz" from Africa.

In the '30s the African-jazz relationship was more or less by-passed for other interests, only to be picked up again in the mid- and late '40s with the emergence of Afro-Cuban jazz forms. Today, a generalized African background is widely accepted simply as something we have come to know about jazz, and little is being written about the subject.

It should not be argued, and it is not argued here, that the approach of the social scientist, or ethnomusicologist who specializes in African studies, is the only approach to the study of jazz. But it is clear that the studies to date have barely scratched the surface of what might be learned.

While the object of the Africanist is to reach a clearer understanding of what jazz is as a social and esthetic phenomenon of our particular culture —a phenomenon which clearly has a relationship to an African backgroumd —this in no way, of course, excludes other valid approaches. But taken in proper perspective, the studies of the Africanist do have much to contribute to our understanding of jazz.

IN assessing the relationship between Africa and jazz music, two general kinds of studies may be undertaken. The first of these is the attempt to relate certain characteristics of the music itself to certain characteristics of West African music. There have been a good number of such attempts; perhaps the examples that come most quickly to mind are Ernest Borneman's *A Critic Looks at Jazz* and Marshall Stearns' *The Story of Jazz*. I think that both authors, however, would be willing to agree with me that their work represents but a beginning in this complex field.

Of much more specific application in this respect have been two articles by Richard A. Waterman, *"Hot" Rhythm in Negro Music* and *African Influence on the Music of the Americas*, both of which are still virtually unknown in the jazz world.

It is not my purpose to give a resumé of these articles here; suffice it to say that both are required reading for anyone who wishes to begin to understand the question of the African musical background of jazz. Even Waterman would agree, I am sure, that his was not the last word on the subject, but the pity of it is that no one has really continued the study from the high beginning plane on which Waterman placed it.

While we may quarrel among ourselves about the extent to which jazz is partly tied to an African background, the material we have for discussion is so thin as to make the argument bootless in most respects.

Again assuming, then, that our object is to understand jazz in all its aspects, it is clear that the solid, concrete musical comparisons of the two idioms—West African music and jazz —are lacking today in greatest part and that the lack is a serious handicap to knowing the musical structure of jazz.

The second kind of problem on which African investigations may cast light is one that is even far less studied than musical comparisons and one that is considerably more difficult and complex.

This concerns the extent to which we can see influence of African social and cultural patterns on the Negro communities in our own culture and whether these patterns have had influence on the formation of jazz as a reflection of its social environment. Key reading for a background here is Melville J. Herskovits' *Myth of the Negro Past*, a book that has come in for its share of criticism in the past but that stands virtually alone in the field.

Given the general understanding of African social and cultural retentions in the United States, other, more specific, problems raise a challenge to our understanding.

For example, I do not known of a single detailed study that satisfactorily compares blues texts with the West African songs of social commentary and criticism. Can it be, given the connections between populations, a mere coincidence that the same general preoccupation with social commentary exists in much the same way in the two areas?

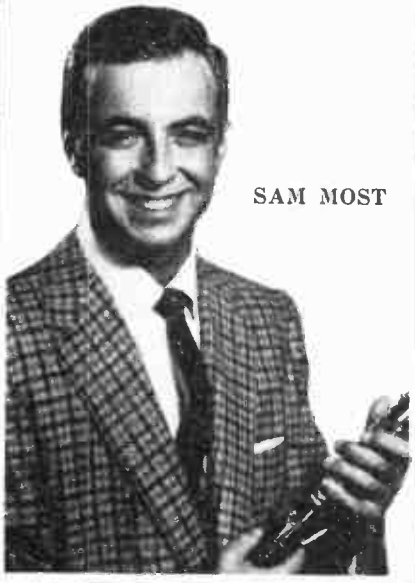
Again, while some attention has been given to the various fraternal and beneficial lodges from which came many of the early New Orleans marching bands, little attention has been paid to the fact that this sort of organization plays a very important part in West African life. Is this coincidence, or might we not better understand the American developments if it became clear that they had a connection with West African counterparts?

As a final example, I should like to point out that the stereotyped public image of the jazz musician in our country — drunkard, narcotics user, loose moraled, adolescent — deserves serious study, too.

A good deal of the sociological literature concerning jazz is directed toward an assessment of this image, its validity, and, for whatever portion of it may be true, its cause. But my own recent study of music and musicians among the Basongye people of the eastern Kasai region of the Congo shows not only the same stereotype, but the extension of the stereotype to the actual behavior of the professional musicians. I would not in any way suggest a connection between the Basongye and the U. S. jazz musician, but if this is true for the Basongye, it may also be true for musicians in West Africa from which the slave populations were drawn.

We have no information on the subject from West Africa, but if it proves to be alike in both places—and indeed, if all these suggestions prove to be demonstrable—then coincidence as a factor is lowered and understanding unquestionably heightened.

These are but brief suggestions of what the African-jazz specialist—the social scientist, the ethnomusicologist —may be able to contribute to the study of jazz, both as music and as a part of our society. Not all the answers rest with such specialists, but their contributions could be enormous. ■



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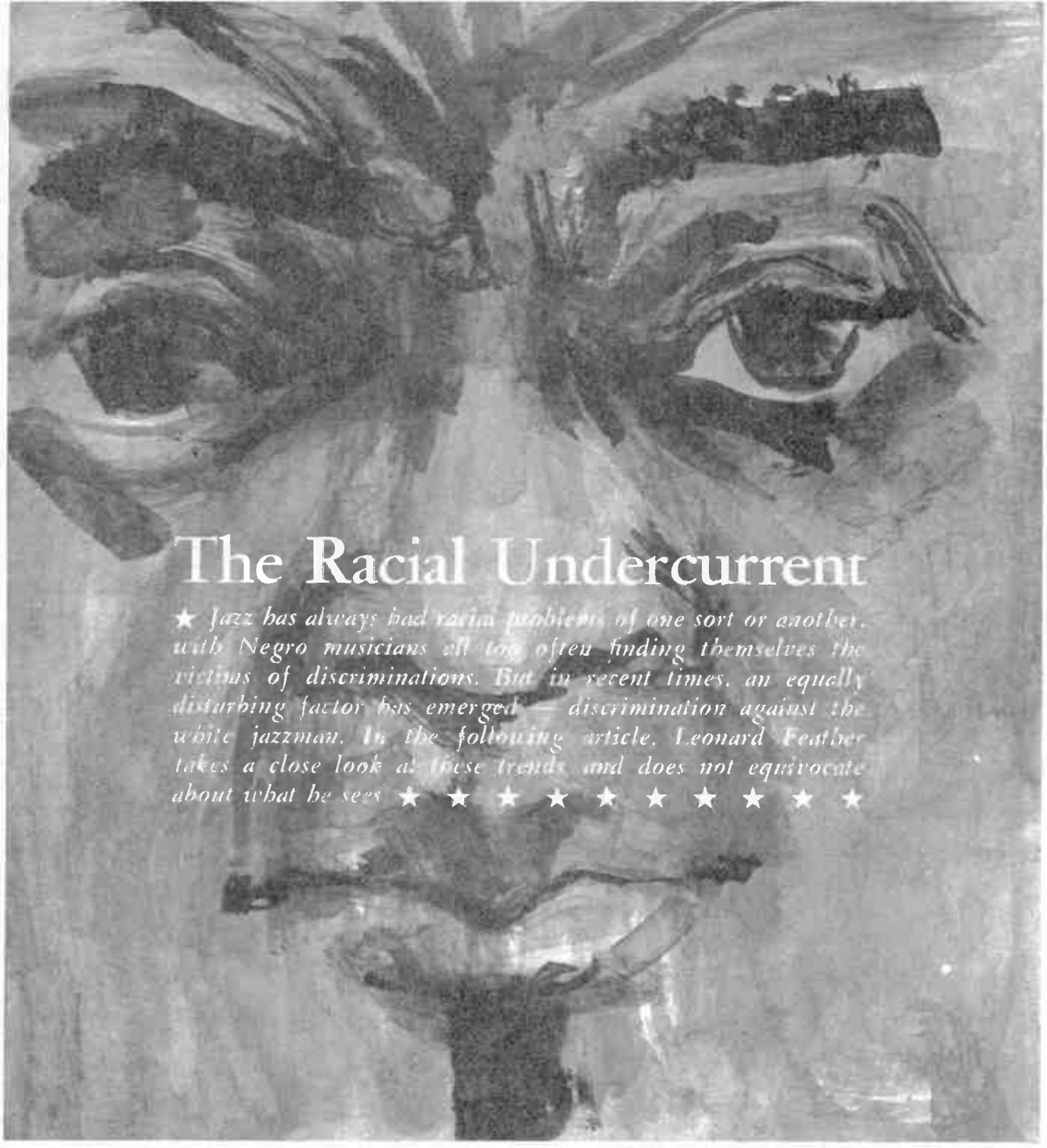

The Racial Undercurrent

★ *Jazz has always had racial problems of one sort or another, with Negro musicians all too often finding themselves the victims of discriminations. But in recent times, an equally disturbing factor has emerged — discrimination against the white jazzman. In the following article, Leonard Feather takes a close look at these trends and does not equivocate about what he sees* ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By **LEONARD FEATHER**

Six years after the supreme court decision decreeing checkerboard blackboards, 25 years after Benny Goodman dared to hire Teddy Wilson for his trio, and nine years after Duke Ellington gave the nod to Louis Bellson, popular music and jazz had a bad year in race relations.

It was the year Dave Brubeck canceled a series of concert dates because southerners were terrified by the report that Brubeck had a Negro bassist; the year a jazz festival producer, himself married to a Negro, was accused of supposedly discriminatory operating methods; the year Sammy Davis Jr. was heckled in London by rowdies who disapproved of his selection of a fiancee; the year when Eartha Kitt was similarly treated in the same territory, and, as usual, it was a year that no national sponsor dared underwrite a television series for a single one of the multitude of major Negro talents in the United States.

It was also the year that Afrikaners began to tremble in their lily-white shoes as they saw the writing on the rickety wall and the year that Elijah Muhammad's Temples of Islam cult sent a group of its Muslim delegates to New York's Idlewild airport to greet Gamal Abdel Nasser, the anti-Jewish dictator whose government swarms with former Gestapo officers.

The scene, every aspect of which directly or indirectly involved musicians and singers, was as unhealthy as South Africa's Apartheid laws and no less dangerous. Protestants protested the Catholicism of a U. S. presidential candidate, Negro Mohammedan converts hated whites in general and Jews in particular, and, of course, Jews and Christians exploited, if not actively hated, vast numbers of Negroes.

If this picture seems to be painted in excessively gloomy shades, it is because negative factors were the most

disturbing of the year's developments. There was, happily, another side to the story. For example, during 1960 there was a healthy rapprochement on the Los Angeles scene, where most of the Negro resident musicians for years had been confined to jobs in the Negro neighborhood.

At last, there was an increased awareness of the harder-swinging brand of music that happens, in the L.A. area, to be largely the domain of the Negro musicians. As a result, men like Harold Land and Teddy Edwards were in demand for LPs and a variety of club jobs. Shorty Rogers, observing the trend, even took over the Land quartet to make it the Rogers quintet on several occasions.

And, of course, the Sunset Strip coffee houses gave exposure to the Edwards-Joe Castro Quartet and to the funk-filled trio of Les McCann, thus outdating the old cool connotation of the term west-coast jazz.

BUT looking at the larger picture, we are reminded that the concept of the jazz world as one big happy family, where race prejudice doesn't exist, is only a pretty little fantasy in which many of us have tried for years to believe.

For a while it looked as if utopia might be near, for in the years during and after World War II, there was a surge of interracial activity. Combos, almost completely segregated until 1940, began to integrate with all deliberate speed, and without any executive order or supreme court to force the issue. Helped by the wartime manpower shortage, Negroes began to edge into network studio jobs.

A decade ago Duke Ellington, Count Basie, and Woody Herman all had interracial bands. So did Gillespie, Parker, Shearing, and almost every other combo leader of any importance. Ten years later, we find, to paraphrase Langston Hughes, our montage for a dream once again deferred. The percentage of Negroes in radio, TV, and movie studio jobs is actually lower than it was 10 or 15 years ago.

Though top Negro artists are earning more money than we once dreamed any jazz musician ever could earn, their TV appearances are still on a sporadic, unofficially quotaed basis; they practically never have their own sponsored shows, and, for social reasons entirely beyond the control of the music world, they are faced with psychological hazards at every turn.

The average white observer, watching the situation from the outside, may find this hard to believe. "How can you claim there is discrimination," he may ask, "when people like Miles and Louis and Ella are making hundreds of thousands of dollars a year?"

The answer is, first, that there aren't that many Mileses and Louises and Ellas and that you can't measure peace of mind or equality in dollars, not even in millions, when they are being earned in a business that is still largely Jim Crow.

I use the word "business" deliberately, for it is in the executive end of the music profession that segregation still needs to be broken down. The Negro millionaire still is not free if he has to transact his deals through a white manager and white booking agent who sells him to a white promoter and a white-owned record company, etc., all the way down the line.

And this is where, very slowly but quite surely and inevitably, the music business has begun to assume a change of color in the last year or two.

MONEY talks. When they realized it would attract Negro clients, some of the jazz talent agencies began to hire Negro secretaries: a couple even took on Negro booking agents. Musicians who for years had assumed it was necessary to use a white man as their legal spokesmen began to find competent Negro lawyers.

At one or two record companies, Negro artists and repertoire men, once confined to recording Negro talent, were assigned to supervise dates by leading white artists. Clyde Otis at Mercury is one of the most successful examples.

John Levy pioneered by breaking into personal management. Backed by George Shearing, for whom he once played bass and whom he has represented since the Levy office was opened, he has built a business that by 1960 handled more than a dozen prominent Negro and white clients.

Levy's success is built on his good business sense, plus the power of the attractions he controls, which compel talent buyers to negotiate with him though at one time they might have been suspicious of dealing with (and asking favors of) a Negro. Levy has had some amusing experiences among club owners with whom he has dealt by mail and telephone, many of whom assumed him to be Jewish.

The jazz fan probably doesn't realize it because he can't see the inside view, but what jazz needs beyond interracial bands and combos is integration on the executive level. Until it comes to the offices and the night-club operations—and, for that matter, to the TV networks and the banks and the insurance companies and the automobile manufacturers and ever one else with whom jazzmen do bus ness—they will never be able to lo the sense that despite all the $2,00 a-night gigs, this is still fundamental a white man's world.

It is because the Negro musicia nowadays has fewer educational han icaps, more awareness of the nuanc of these issues than his predecesso of a decade or two ago, that he h begun to work actively and militant for the eradication of Jim Crow.

He has appeared at benefits f civil-rights organizations and has n been afraid to speak his mind pu licly. Even musicians once regarde as Uncle Toms, having had their be lyful of bigotry, have raised the voices – witness Louis Armstrong statement a year or two ago on Eise hower and school segregation.

Significantly, too, the Negro h begun to seize the problem with h own hands from the strictly busine viewpoint. By 1960, we had such o ganizations as Cole-Belafonte Ente prises, which promised to go into T and motion picture production on basis that would make the white cu tomer come to the Negro, a happ reversal of the traditional procedur No white executive, scared of sout ern-market taboos and other ghost can tell Cole-Belafonte Enterpris what to produce or how to produc it. It is a foregone conclusion th better productions will be the resul

By the same token, the Negro mu sician's increased sensitivity has led his finding refuge at times in less d sirable solutions. In the last year two, as Gene Lees reported in *Down Beat* editorial Oct. 13, 196 there has been an alarming u surge of anti-white prejudice. Muc of this feeling has found its outlet the conversion of Negro musicians t Islam, symbolically a repudiation the white man's culture and religio which have failed to give him th equality he seeks.

Some (but by no means all) Negr musicians who have taken Mohan medan names are adherents to th Temples of Islam cult, whose mem bers call themselves Muslims and fo low such leaders as Elijah Poole, no Elijah Muhammad, a 62-year-ol demagog, and Malcolm Little, wh goes by the name Malcolm X.

These men have a policy diametr cally opposed to that of the Rev. Ma tin Luther King, whose philosophy one of passive resistance, love, an practical Christianity in the true sense. They have addressed mas meetings that have played on the audiences' distaste for white contro and fanned the flames of their ange

There is here unmistakable evidence of anti-Semitism as well as antiwhite hatred. (It should be borne in mind that many Negro Mohammedan converts are neither pro-X nor anti-Semitic.)

Jazz has a bitter fringe of hard-core haters, who, if they dõ not belong to the Temples of Islam cult, still go along with its antiwhite attitudes. Frustrated in their attempts to establish themselves as top-ranking artists commercially, perhaps also seething with resentment at the failure of some of their efforts to become businessmen themselves, they blame every reverse not on their own emotional sickness but on ofays in general. They never stop to think that to call anyone, no matter how good or evil, a vile antiwhite name solves no more problems and has no more justification than the vilest anti-Negro epithet of a Dixie redneck.

When I first came to the United States from England in the 1930s, I was appalled and mystified by the anti-Negro attitudes I found among whites. More than 20 years later I was no less sickened and disheartened by some of the racist talk and activity among certain Negro musicians. Has it taken us a quarter-century merely to trade one hate for another?

In analyzing these developments, we must bear in mind that this form of prejudice would never have existed without the primary cause, the genesis of the whole chain, Jim Crow itself. That the Negroes antiwhite attitudes are a direct product of his own racial suffering enables us to explain and understand antiwhitism without condoning or justifying it.

But it remains disturbing, almost unnerving, to overhear some of the talk that occasionally goes on backstage at night clubs and jazz festivals among all-Negro units, many of whose members generalize about whites in a manner they find contemptible when they hear it used against Negroes.

Fortunately, a number of Negro musicians are unhappy about these developments. Those who somehow have weathered the psychic storm that virtually every man has to face who is born with a dark skin in the United States, those who are mature and have learned to live with society and work practically for its betterment find the reverse prejudice alarming and are among the first to point out that two wrongs don't make a right.

An illustrative incident was the hiring by one such well-adjusted individual, Julian (Cannonball) Adderley, of a sideman whose presence he was afraid might seem unacceptable to other members of his combo. The new man he wanted to hire was Victor Feldman. Not only an ofay, but a British ofay at that!

To convince his men that this was the right pianist for the group, Adderley had to sit them around a phonograph, play some records for them blindfold-test style, and sell them on what they had heard before he safely could reveal that this was the man he planned to use.

This does not mean that Adderley's other sidemen are white-haters but simply that some of the now-prevalent Crow Jim feeling – that only Negro musicians really have that soul – had inevitably rubbed off on them.

Quincy Jones, whose cosmopolitan background and keen social intelligence have prevented bitterness from penetrating his personality, had no such problems when his all-star band got under way on the continent last spring. Now almost a year old, the band has included U.S. and European white musicians from the start.

It seems to me that what jazz, and society in general, could use at this critical point in history is less black nationalism and more Adderleyism and Quincyism. The nationalistic movement has in it too much that is reminiscent of Marcus Garvey's back-to-Africa campaign of the 1920s, a form of voluntary self-Jim-Crowing that accomplished nothing but a widening of the breach.

That musicians in general do not go along with these attitudes can be deduced from the greatly increased number of interracial marriages, not only among white and Negro musicians but also among disc jockeys, booking agents, and others in every phase of the music business. At the risk of losing some of *Down Beat's* enormous readership in Biloxi, I venture to say that the only final solution for racial prejudice can be, and must ultimately be, the elimination of races; when we are all the same color, we will have to find a new thing to hate.

MEANWHLE, in the more sophisticated areas of big cities, it is healthy and promising to observe the greater social freedom in and around jazz. Nevertheless, in discussions about the Sammy Davis-Mae Britt romance, I found out a great deal about the tolerance level of some of my supposedly liberal friends. Prejudice is indivisible; you can't believe in equality up to a given point and claim that beyond that point one is "going too far." Yet some middle-class members who have been Jews all their lives and who as minority-group members themselves might be expected to know better, came on strong and salty against the romance and were either baffled or cynical about Davis' conversion to Judaism.

THE Jewish-Negro relationship is another strange one that has many varying values in the music world. Having been born British and Jewish, I was exposed at an early age to two peculiar brands of chauvinism, which usually assume the form of a half-conscious superiority complex.

Later in life, I noticed that because many of the talent agencies, night clubs, theaters, and other avenues of employment often have been controlled by Jews, some of whom have built this holier-than-thou wall around themselves, it has been difficult for the Negro musician to get through to them, to see beyond the symbol of the Jew as the typical white exploiter. But those Negroes who have generalized about the Jews they have known as bosses or landlords will, I hope and believe, eventually cede to the more intellectual Negro who fraternizes gladly with intellectual whites, Jew and Gentile alike.

And let's not forget that just as the Negro's antiwhitism springs from original Jim Crow, similarly the chauvinistic or greedy behavior patterns seen in some Jews are the *effect* of the horrors of anti-Semitism.

Well, as Mort Sahl says, are there any groups left that I haven't offended?

If there are and they are still reading, let me sum up by pointing out that while the racial scene in our little corner of the world has been a confused and unhappy one, this has only been part of a much bigger and graver global picture, of which it is an unavoidable reflection.

But I predict that within 10 years, there will be great interracial TV and movie shows bankrolled by Negroes, that top Negro artists will have their own nationally sponsored shows, that Negroes will found (or buy into) major talent agencies, that the last remaining all-white and all-Negro bands and combos will break down and integrate, that the Temples of Islam will go the way of Marcus Garvey, that the doctrine of love preached by the Rev. Mr. King will prevail, and that one day a small brown-skinned child, perhaps destined to be the Ralph Bunche or the Miles Davis of 1999, will walk up the steps of a white school in Alabama just as the nine wise men told him he could back in 1954.

I may be a cockeyed optimist. But how else can you live? ■

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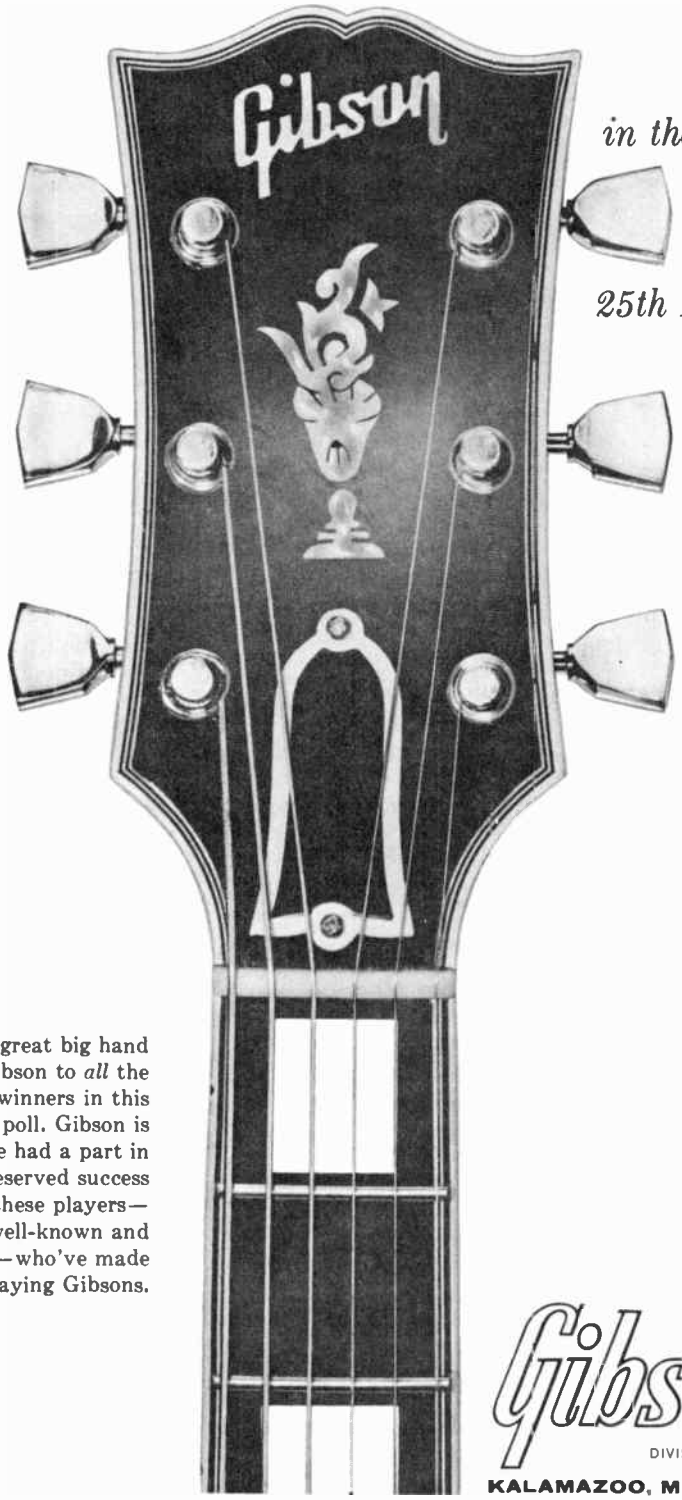

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By JACK LIND

The U. S. press does an abysmally poor job of covering jazz.

Most newspapers that like to think themselves respectable give ample coverage to the ballet, the theater, books, and classical music. But jazz, in many respects the most alive and vibrant of the performing arts, is all but neglected.

During the last 20 years, jazz has gained increasing recognition among the public as a valid, valuable contribution to U. S. culture, yet only a handful of newspapers in the country make a serious effort to cover this native art form.

There is jazz news in the press: when a gang of punks break up the Newport Jazz festival, it's front-page news; when New York police beat Miles Davis, it is front-page—or at least Page 3—news.

Let a jazzman divorce wife No. 8, and even the most perfunctory newspaper reader can't miss this tidbit. A famous tenor man is picked up on a narcotics charge, and it gets big play (chances are 10 to 1 the same paper won't have space for an item if he is acquitted in court).

Coverage of jazz news is, on the whole, sloppy, distorted, and jeering. It tends to further the old image that jazz is lurid and that the men who make it are drunks or narcotics addicts.

The press does even worse in terms of critical approach to jazz—not just to the music itself but to the sociological forces behind it, to the people who make it.

Most of those who write about it are ill-equipped for their work. They are frequently uninterested and largely uninformed.

THE men to blame primarily are the editor and his subeditors. They know nothing about jazz and they care not. This is not to say that they care any more—or know any more—about drama, classical music, or the ballet. But these are things that a self-respecting paper must cover. They constitute art. They are prestige. It also may be that many of the wealthy people in town are on the board of the symphony orchestra association or that the wife of the paper's owner is head of the local drama group. And perhaps some of the businessmen who support the fine arts also advertise in the paper.

Jazz, on the other hand, isn't heavily subsidized, and the night-club operators and the concert promoters who handle jazz are notoriously tight-fisted with the advertising dollar. Nor do record companies advertise heavily—except in specialized publications.

Economic and prestige factors are probably less important than the basic fact that newspaper editors are, by and large, ignorant of the world beyond the daily news routine.

A typical view was expressed recently by an editor of a southern paper who was approached by a staff writer about a jazz column. "I don't like jazz," snorted the editor—and that ended the discussion.

Another editor, William Ewing of the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*, briskly answered a query as to why his paper has no jazz coverage: "I'm not interested in it. I think reader interest is quite limited." His paper, however, runs classical concert reviews and a weekly column of classical record reviews.

HOW poor is the newspaper coverage of jazz? Let's examine one paper, a large midwestern daily, that has won a series of awards as an outstanding paper.

Its approach to jazz, such as it is, is fairly typical of the great majority of the U. S. press.

The paper has no regular writer on jazz. There are no jazz record reviews and only a rare jazz concert review. If a club review turns up, it's written by a rewriteman or a copy-desk man on his own time and at no other compensation than a freeload at the club. Headlines over jazz stories—a great many of which are advance publicity blurbs on the entertainment page—often refer to a jazz musician as a "tootler" or a "maestro."

The rare reviews abound in such nonsensical cliches as "he swings," "these boys can really blow," or "a

driving outfit." Rarely, if ever, is there any attempt to give a well-balanced analysis of a performance to support these bromides. The reason is obvious: The writer simply doesn't know what he's talking about. He probably likes to listen to jazz, but there the matter ends.

One "reviewer" for this paper recently referred to Louis Armstrong's group, then performing at an outdoor festival, as "these well-rehearsed, cool musicians." Another said, in a review of a Dave Brubeck concert, "Brubeck plays in a daze all his own." Still another (they have a wealth of such reviewers) bubbled that "Brubeck plays with nervous excitement." He took the pianist to task for not playing with any joy or deep sadness, as jazz musicians presumably should.

The reference clippings on Brubeck, by the way, also have a society page item in connection with a benefit concert in which the writer gleefully noted that "Brubeck sends the younger crowd." There's also a short item about a southern university canceling a scheduled Brubeck concert because of his mixed group. There is nothing, however, about Brubeck canceling another southern tour because he didn't want to play to a segregated audience.

One burden of another "review" (of a Modern Jazz Quartet concert) was that the group plays "clean and bright." That review, incidentally, was the only clipping about the MJQ in the newspaper's library—except for a sensible discussion of the group's playing by a syndicated writer who since has been dropped by the paper.

Finally there is a review of a Miles Davis performance by an anonymous staff writer who said John Coltrane, then with the group, "hunts and feels his way on the tenor . . ." This analyst added, "It is agonizing to the casual listener"—probably a fair indictment of his own shortcomings as a critic. A jazz reviewer is scarcely called on to be merely "a casual listener."

Some of the advance blurbs, whose appearances seem to be largely dependent on whether the club in question advertises in the paper, are indescribable. One item a few years ago referred to the coming appearance in a local club of "Slim Gaillard and his tuneful contingent." Another time, Stan Getz' coming appearance was touted in an item that referred to him as "one of the better-looking band idols . . . the Tony Curtis of the band stand."

There are several "Charles Parker" clippings in the library files of the newspaper. One is a dead cabinet maker; another is a slum landlord. Nowhere among the several million clippings in the paper's library is there reference to Charlie Parker, the man who contributed more than anybody to the development of modern jazz.

That is the way this paper covers jazz. Most others in the country do no better.

WHY is this? How many more readers are interested in classical reviews than in jazz? It's a moot point. How many are interested in garden club news? It doesn't matter. The point is that there is bound to be SOME interest in jazz, and the papers, after all, like to pride themselves on serving the various interests of their readers.

Nobody suggests that one need should be filled at the expense of another. Nor does anybody seriously contend that an editor need be personally interested in every feature in his paper. But the old image of jazz still persists in most of these editorial ivory towers. Jazz is equated with loudness, dissonance, drinking, narcotics addition, beatniks, and other forms of sin.

It matters little that a good many European papers take a totally different view of this U. S. art form. To these papers jazz is indeed an art—and it's valued as a contribution of U. S. culture.

Send Dizzy Gillespie's big band on a State Department-sponsored Near East tour. In the U. S. press there are recorded indignant protests about what is described as the awful waste of the taxpayers' money. In the foreign press there will be news and features stories and reviews of the band. Audiences will be packed, and the band will make more friends for the United States than any number of handouts.

Several European newspapers carry extended, regular coverage of U. S. jazz; it's hard to imagine that their editors are less sensitive to the needs and interests of their readers than are their U. S. counterparts. It's incongruous to read a thoughtful analysis in a paper such as, say, *Politiken* of Copenhagen about the technique and style of Johnny Griffin, John Coltrane, or Eric Dolphy—names that have no meaning to the U. S. newspaper editor.

NONE of this is to suggest that all U. S. newspapers ignore jazz as a valid art form. There are some notable exceptions, such as the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the New York *Times*, the Oakland, Calif., *Tribune*, and, more recently, the Chicago *Sun-Times*, to name a few.

Whether they cover jazz as a prestige matter is immaterial. The importance is that they realize that jazz has a position in the U. S. cultural and social life and that it has a readership as well.

A number of other papers have intermittent coverage that is uneven in quality and quantity. Then there is a small group of papers whose jazz items, mostly blurbs and club reviews, are contributed by the ad people who handle the night club accounts. Finally there is a large body of papers that have no coverage at all except for wire service stories about the seemier side of jazz (viz. festival riots).

Among those papers that give lip service to jazz coverage, most cover jazz activities in a cursory fashion. Frequently, the entertainment editor throws in an occasional piece with the rest of the entertainment features. Often he assigns a piece to a staff writer who likes jazz but has no particular knowledge of it. The writer does the work on his own time, usually without being paid for it. His compensation is a free ticket, a couple of drinks, or a few discs.

"Many irresponsible people are writing about jazz," said Haywood Ellis Jr. of the Macon, Ga., *Telegraph*, an alto saxophone player with considerable band experience who writes an occasional piece for his paper. "This harms rather than helps jazz." Ellis, who works the state desk, is one of the group of dedicated jazz followers who are continually fighting for more and fairer coverage of jazz activities on their papers.

If a newspaper has any jazz coverage at all, it is largely thanks to people like Ellis who come up with the ideas and who keep pounding away at the editor until the latter gives in to get the staff writer out of his hair. Ellis is typical—except for the fact that he knows something about what he writes.

"Many editors are determinedly opposed to jazz—although they haven't the slightest idea of what it is," Ellis said. "It's true that there seem to be more papers carrying jazz articles and columns than ever before, but they're still in woeful minority, particularly considering the emerging importance of jazz as an art form."

Like many others, he singles out the wire services for sloppy, slanted reporting of jazz events.

"A perfect example is the infamous AP coverage of the Billie Holiday funeral," he said. "Another was the coverage of the incident in front of Birdland involving Miles Davis and some of 'New York's finest.'"

"Aside from the distorted picture that the wire services paint of jazz musicians and the 'underground

world of narcotics and other sins' the wire service writers have a terribly inadequate knowledge of jazz music itself."

Like most of his colleagues around the country, Ellis seizes any occasion to vent his frustrations and anger at the treatment jazz gets in the press.

In response to a query, he wrote a nine-page letter discussing his views, ending it with the pathetic statement, "I feel I'm doing a job all by myself down here . . ."

MOST better-known jazz writers share Ellis' views on the press and jazz. Said Ralph J. Gleason, jazz writer on the San Francisco *Chronicle* and a contributing editor of *Down Beat:*

"The reason there is so little coverage of jazz in the American press is the same reason there is so little coverage of any cultural development closely tied to the people. Newspaper editors in general are isolated from the man in the street . . .

"There is also the built-in prejudice with the residue of the classical attitude toward jazz and the tendency to reverse snobbery on the part of the editor who says, 'Sure, I like it, but people won't like it.'

"The best thing that can be done to make newspaper editors realize there is a readership for jazz is to write letters to the editor."

Gleason, unlike most of his colleagues, has fared well as a jazz writer. His column, the *Rhythm Section,* is syndicated in 27 papers, and he contributes regularly to three other columns on his own paper – *The Lively Arts; Jam Session,* and *This World.* His pieces get equal or better play than the classical reviewer's.

Whether the editors of the *Chronicle* are more sophisticated than elsewhere, or whether the readers in the Bay Area are better letter writers, the fact remains that the *Chronicle* has by far the most coverage of any newspaper in the country—and probably also the best.

Gleason is one of only two newspaper staff writers in the country who make a living writing about jazz exclusively (the other is Russ Wilson of the Oakland *Tribune).*

"Not only have I been given equal status on the *Chronicle* with the classical coverage," Gleason said, "but in the 10 years I've written for the *Chronicle* . . . I've had complete editorial freedom. It has enabled me to make this column more than just a jazz column. The sum total of my writing is more like a social criticism or popular cultural comment than merely a column on jazz music as such . . ."

Gleason roams the field with such assorted subjects as Lennie Bruce, beatniks, jazz and poetry, and racial relations in jazz.

On European newspapers' coverage of jazz, he said, "They are merely reflecting the heightened public interest in jazz that has characterized Europe since World War II, and by virtue of being 3,000 miles removed from it, they see it more clearly as an art form than most American newspapermen."

Wilson, who conducts *The World of Jazz* for the Oakland *Tribune,* said, "This merely is a continued reflection of their appreciation of the music as America's only indigenous art form, a position that dates back to (Ernst) Ansermet's comments on (Sidney) Bechet.

"Here in America there is too much writing done by uninformed persons who think a jazz musician must be a goof ball or a cretin or a second-rate musician to follow this form of expression. There is still the old canard that all jazz musicians are addicts or drunks. Unfortunately, a few—a very few—musicians support these erroneous generalizations by their conduct."

Like the others, Wilson had to sell the idea for a column to his editors. "I think the *Tribune* carries my column because it believes jazz is a legitimate and important musical form with a wide and growing public and that there is such a group among our readers," he said.

Wilson's editor is not a jazz fan but was pursuaded that jazz is a subject of importance in a metropolitan paper that takes an interest in cutural affairs.

WHEN the odds against which most jazz writers work are considered—the opposition or, at best, indifference of the editors—it is obvious that quality and quantity will suffer.

"As often as not an editor keeps a column in once he's allowed it to start simply because he doesn't know how to stop it," said James G. Barrows, a jazz piano player who does occasional pieces for the Hartford, Conn., *Courant.* "Besides, some of them think that jazz MIGHT be art."

The plight of the writer on jazz is likewise brought out by Shirley Davis, who is, of all things, society editor of the Davenport, Iowa, *Times-Democrat.* She manages to squeeze a few reviews of jazz into a weekly round-up of pop and other music activities.

Mrs. Davis, married to a musician and one of the few women who write about jazz in the daily press, said, "Anything I can do in my column to make people in the area appreciate good jazz is important to me."

John Bryan, until recently a copy-desk man for the Houston, Texas, *Chronicle,* fared less well when he suggested a jazz column to his editor. "I don't like jazz," said the editor with finality. Bryan since has sold a few jazz pieces to the paper's Sunday magazine. But the *Chronicle* has no regular coverage.

"Very few editors realize that there is a large potential readership in jazz articles and reviews," Bryan said.

JOHN S. Wilson, who does record reviews, concert reviews, and an occasional feature for the New York *Times* (but is not a staff member), takes a minority view.

"I think there is little coverage of jazz in the American press because editors know their audiences pretty well and because jazz is not as popular as it is alleged to be," said Wilson, who also contributes to *Down Beat.*

"I suspect that over half of the presumed interest comes from people who, if asked, would say that they're jazz fans but whose interest in jazz goes no farther than diluted Dixieland and swing era nostalgia.

"When people in the jazz world talk about jazz coverage, they usually have in mind such performers as Monk, Miles Davis, Coltrane, etc., who would be of no interest to the bulk of the alleged jazz audience.

"Jazz is still something that really interests only a very, very small segment of the population, so far as I can see. I don't think there is really a very large readership for jazz."

As for European coverage, Wilson said tartly, "Home town digs not local prophet."

Wilson has been writing for the *Times* since 1952. The music editor, no jazz lover, hired him because, Wilson said, "he felt that at least a superficial knowledge of jazz was required for proper coverage in the music world."

Other papers that have a fair amount of jazz coverage include the Washington *Post,* the Army *Times,* the Boston *Traveler,* the Philadelphia *News,* the Minneapolis, Minn., *Tribune,* and the Louisville, Ky., *Courier Journal* and *Times* (Bill Peeples of the latter has had as much, or more space, as does the classical reviewer).

The country's biggest paper, the New York *Daily News,* has no regular coverage although it has sponsored jazz benefit concerts. Don Nelsen, who writes an occasional review for the paper, sums up the case of the press and jazz—or perhaps more aptly—the press vs. jazz: "It seems everybody is hip today—except the newspaper editor." ■

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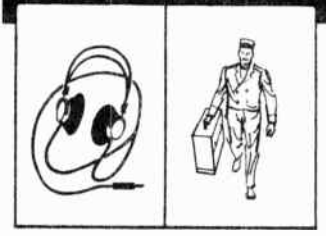

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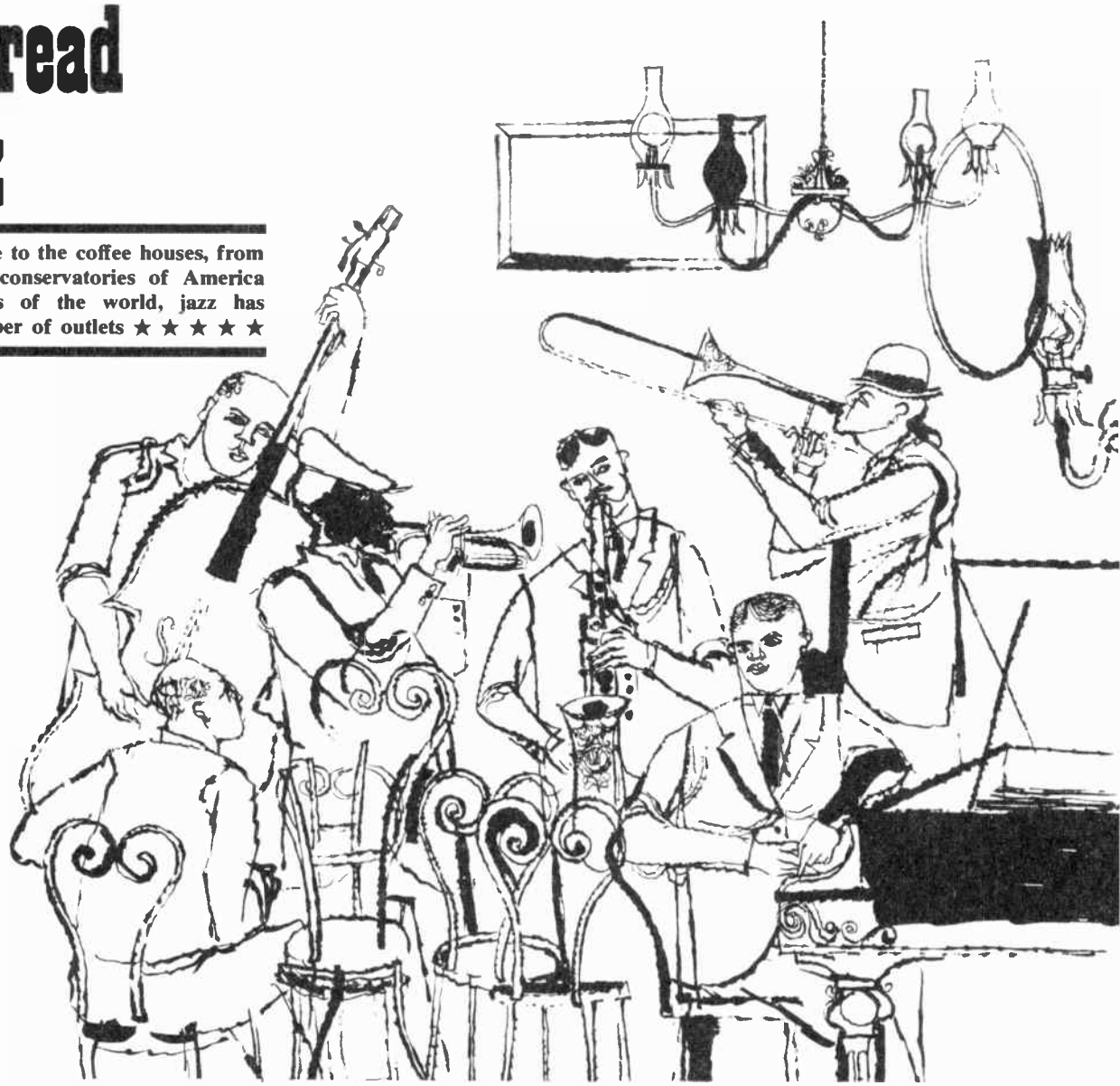

By GEORGE HOEFER

To the young jazz fan of today, accustomed to hearing his music on a flood of long-playing records, in concert halls, on FM radio, in cabarets of varying degrees of distinction, in coffee houses, and even from the stage of the assembly hall in his high school or college, it must be difficult to realize that the music was not always so accessible. Those who cared for it had to search it out.

Indeed, it is too easy to take for granted the struggle jazz has had for recognition – and with it, better places in which it could be presented. It has come a long way from Congo square, though no one would pretend that it has yet found the ideal surroundings in which to be heard.

The locations in which it has been heard even have had a considerable influence on the nature of the music itself – and a study of the settings of jazz almost amounts to a study of the music itself.

If today the taste for jazz is world-wide, the 19th century saw its earliest forms limited to the U.S. south. Here, hints of what was to come could be heard in the primitive chants of the African slaves. The blues itself has been traced by jazz historians back to the voodoo rites performed in the New Orleans locale known as Congo square, where slaves gathered for the tribal and sexual dances they had brought from Africa.

The music, at these dances, consisted of the chants and moans that later became the basis of the blues. These vocal sounds were supplemented by the pounding of bamboulas (small bamboo drums) and tom-toms, accompanied by jingling brass anklets and bells worn on the wrists of the dancers. These African ceremonial improvisations were heard and witnessed by many white spectators before and after the Civil war.

All the early musical instruments used by the slaves were made by the players themselves, who had no formal training in music. They fashioned drums from hollowed-out logs and rattles from animal jawbones. They had crudely made banjo-like instruments of African origin.

Occasionally, the plantation owners would invite their guests to join them on the porch of the manor to listen to the improvised sounds emanating from the slave quarters.

After the Civil war and Emancipation, Negroes began to use regular string and wind instruments. Although unschooled, they learned to play cornets, trombones, alto horns, tubas, drums, guitars, and string basses. Those who learned to read and play European music performed at the lawn parties and dances held in the homes of white society, but the jazz improvisers played at their own events and were rarely heard by outsiders.

The jazz played by the brass bands was heard at picnics, funerals, parades, dances, and in the barrelhouses and honky-tonks of New Orleans. There were many halls owned by the Negro

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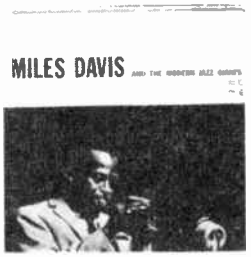

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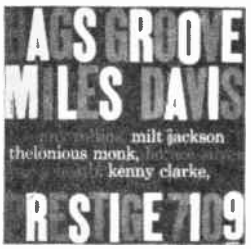

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lodges and burial societies where dances were held from around 1880 on to the present. Buddy (King) Bolden, the barber by day and the jazz cornetist by night, played at such halls as the Tin Type, Longshoremen's, and Perseverance. But about the only time whites heard these bands was at carnival time, when the Negro musicians participated in the parades celebrating Mardi Gras.

Once in a while a roving band of musicians could be found on downtown street corners playing for coins. These men performed on such instruments as the washboard, a crude guitar made from a cigar box, or a drum. Young Louis Armstrong sang and danced with such a group about 1910.

All the jazz activity during the last of the 19th century was not confined to the city of New Orleans. There were jazz overtones in the vocal music heard in the cotton fields and in the Negro churches all over the south.

Jazz pianists were heard playing solo in the saloons of the southern cities from Mobile to St. Louis as early as 1890. Some of them put their own interpretation on the melodies of the day, while others like Scott Joplin and Jelly-Roll Morton composed their own melodies.

Joplin wrote the *Maple Leaf Rag* in 1896 while playing in a Sedalia, Mo., honky-tonk. He helped spread the piano style known as ragtime to Chicago and New York before the real jazz left New Orleans.

BLUES pianists, like Morton and Tony Jackson, played in the fancy bordellos that made up the Storyville red-light district in New Orleans. The small jazz bands, led by such jazz pioneers as trombonist Kid Ory and trumpeter King Oliver, played in the saloons and cafes of the pleasure area. The band music was not subdued enough for the wealthy playboys who frequented Lulu White's or the Mahogany hall.

During the early years of the 20th century, jazz bands were often seen and heard playing in wagons on the streets of the larger towns in the south. They were used to advertise a park, a picnic, or a political candidate. W. C. Handy wrote a tune named *Mr. Crump* in 1909 to be used as a campaign song for a politician running for mayor of Memphis, Tenn. The tune, later renamed *Memphis Blues,* was played in parades and at political rallies by Handy's jazz band.

Many of the New Orleans jazzmen were in the bands that played for dancing on the riverboats plying the Mississippi river. Some of the steam packets went up the river as far as St. Paul, Minn., and stopped for several days at each river town on the way.

The first jazz band to leave New Orleans was the Original Creole Band, featuring cornetist Freddie Keppard. This band left in 1912 and traveled the vaudeville circuits as an act. It also was heard, among other places, at the Winter Garden in New York and at the North American restaurant in Chicago.

The Original Dixieland Jass Band went to Chicago from New Orleans in 1914 to play at Lambs Cafe. Its combination ragtime-jazz style was a sensational novelty to the customers, who were used to a string ensemble playing classical music. The band later went to New York and, in 1917, made the first jazz recordings.

When the Storyville district was closed during Word War I, many New Orleans musicians found themselves out of work. Trombonist Kid Ory and pianist Jelly-Roll Morton migrated to California, while others went to Chicago, where they found honky-tonks on the south side similar to those in which they had been playing at home.

New York's Harlem was developing a jazz scene of its own before 1920. Many of the small clubs featured a jazz pianist as an entertainer. The stride pianists, such as Luckey Roberts, "The Beetle," Willie (The Lion) Smith, and James P. Johnson all had their own followings.

The first large jazz bands playing arrangements were formed in New York during the 1920s. Pianist Fletcher Henderson insisted on his men learning to read so they could play in the Broadway ballrooms and night clubs.

WHEN the prohibition law was enacted in 1919, a new field of employment was opened up for the jazz players. The pianists, small jazz groups, and even the larger bands worked in the speakeasies and night clubs where liquor was sold illegally.

During the 1920s, especially in Chicago, many young white musicians became fascinated with jazz and learned to play it by listening to the New Orleans jazzmen on the south side. Young Chicagoans like Benny Goodman, Eddie Condon, Bud Freeman, and Gene Krupa haunted the cabarets and speakeasies where the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, and Jimmie Noone were playing. Bix Beiderbecke, who had heard his first jazz on the Mississippi boats that stopped at Davenport, Iowa, came to Chicago and helped form the Wolverine Band.

From 1920 to 1930, jazz was heard for the most part and appreciated only by the Negro people and some of the white musicians. A few jazz fans sought out the music, but the public as a whole was unaware that it was anything other than, to them, too-loud dance music.

Many recordings of blues singers and jazz bands were made for Negro consumption. These records found their way to France and England, where a following for jazz suddenly developed. The impact of U.S jazz on Frenchman Hugues Panassie brought forth one of the first books on the subject. Panassie's *Le Jazz Hot* was published in the original French edition in 1933, and a U.S. edition was printed in 1935.

Charles Delaunay of Paris thought the jazz records were important enough to publish a discography of them. His first edition of *Hot Discography* came off the presses in 1936.

Meanwhile, Charles Edward Smith of New York came out with an article on jazz in Esquire magazine. Smith's article in 1934 helped to interest many persons in the United States in their own art form. During the 1930s, there developed a coterie of jazz fans and jazz record collectors that grew in numbers steadily through the decade.

The collectors searched record shops, Salvation Army dumps, and private homes for recordings that had been made 10 years before by Armstrong, Oliver, Bessie Smith, the Wolverines, and Morton. They also looked for the Paul Whiteman, Jean Goldkette, and Ben Pollock sides that had improvised solos by Beiderbecke and Benny Goodman.

JAZZ musicians found hard going early in the '30s when prohibition was repealed and the speakeasies went out of business. Because of the depression, many smaller places no longer could afford live entertainment. Many jazzmen were playing in the commercial stylized dance bands.

Then, in 1935, jazz got another big boost with the advent of the swing era.

Benny Goodman's unprecedented success with a jazz-oriented band playing for dancing at the Palomar ballroom in Los Angeles inaugurated a period in which young people of high school and college age preferred to dance to a band with a beat. They also took notice of the exciting improvised jazz solos from star sidemen and leaders.

This period saw the better bands playing jazz arrangements when they played on the stages of movie theaters, at college dances, in the public ballrooms, and in hotels. The bands received country-wide exposure by radio and made many recordings.

Small clubs on 52nd St. in New York City featured jazz stars as listening entertainment for the more advanced jazz students and fans.

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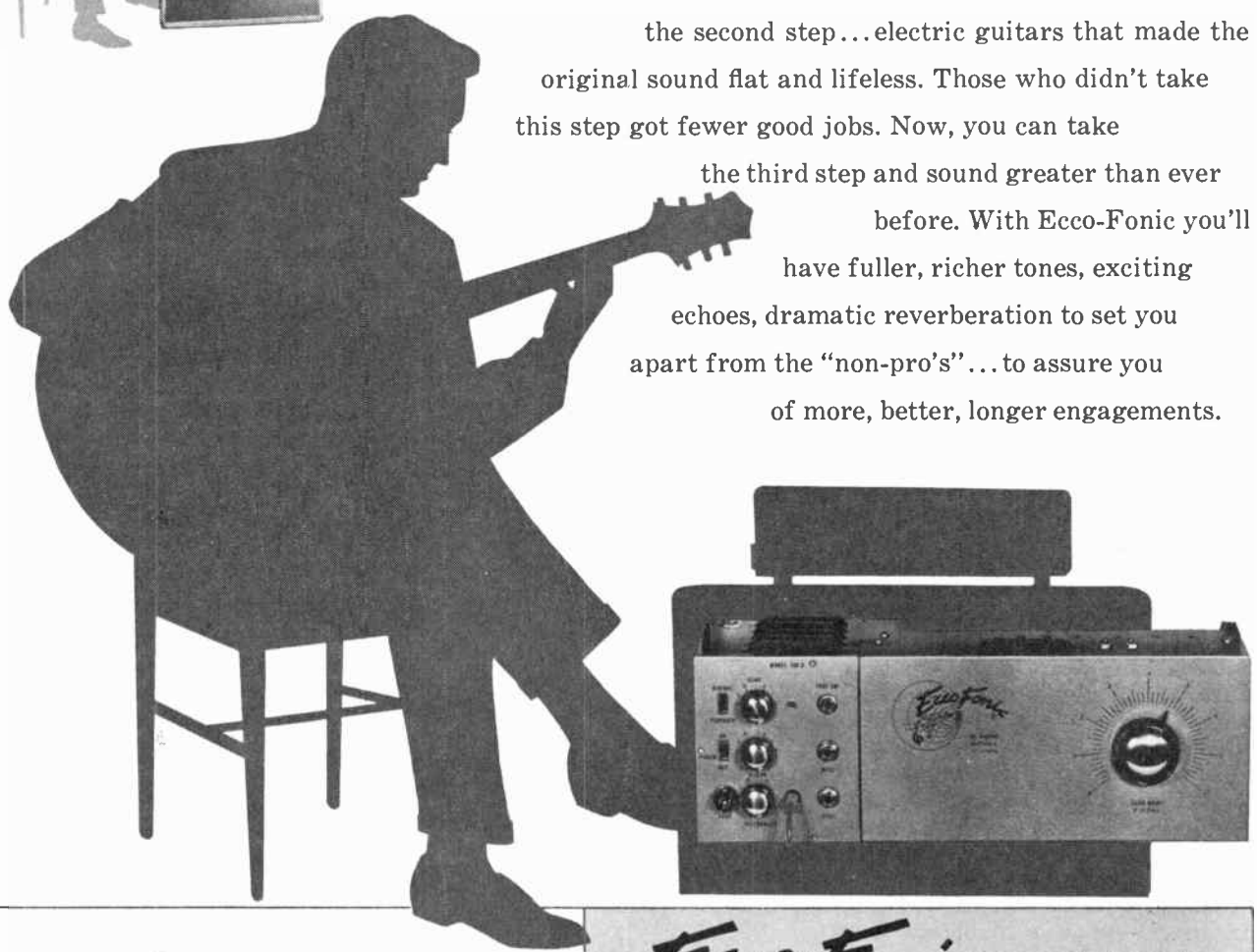

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men in the commercial dance band, took up the cudgel for swing and evolved into a jazz periodical.

At the end of the depression decade, some of the younger star jazzmen felt they had about had their fill of the big jazz bands. They desired more individual creativity and wanted to get away from similar arrangements, long drum solos, and incessant riffing.

By the early 1940s, small jazz groups began to come back into favor. A group of jazzmen developed a new style in after-hour jam sessions at places like Minton's in Harlem. The new jazz was at first called rebop, then bebop, and finally bop. In 1943, the first bop bands were installed in the clubs on 52nd St., and Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Oscar Pettiford, Miles Davis, and others began to build followings.

The big bands kept going, although their ranks were decimated by the draft during World War II, and frequently played for the entertainment of the servicemen. Many new jazz fans were won over by hearing the bands in person and on V-discs.

Several bands, including those of Stan Kenton, Buddy Rich, and Billy Eckstine, incorporated some of the modern sounds in their arrangements, but for the most part the bands concentrated on dance dates and crowd-pleasing solos.

WAR years saw jazz reach the concert platforms across the country. Duke Ellington and Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic troupe made annual tours. Up to that time, the only significant jazz concerts had been the Benny Goodman 1938 show in New York's Carnegie hall and the John Hammond Spirituals to Swing concerts in 1937-38, also at Carnegie.

After the war, many small jazz clubs were started in cities like Milwaukee, Detroit, St. Louis. These clubs attracted fans of what had become two distinct styles of jazz—traditional and contemporary.

A traditionalist revival took place during the last years of the 1940 decade. The followers were of two types — (1) people who had liked jazz during their college years 20 years before but had forgotten or ignored it during the tough depression years, and then the war years, and (2) the then-current college generation who, without the economic worries of a depression, took up traditional jazz as a new toy.

Following closely the development of clubs catering to the traditionalist fan and the modernist were the clubs that tried to strike a happy medium by employing small jazz groups that leaned neither too far backward nor too far forward. These clubs capitalized on what had come to be known as mainstream jazz. Its players frequently were established jazz stars who had felt the need to keep developing with the times, such men as Coleman Hawkins, the late Lester Young, Roy Eldridge, and Jonah Jones.

The young modern groups formed the third style of jazz entertainment in clubs. Groups like Dizzy Gillespie's Quintet and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers steadily increased in popularity during the 1950s.

Jazz has made many strides toward public acceptance during the last 10 years. The fact that more interests than ever before are making use of the music indicates that jazz is now old enough to have a comparatively large listening audience. When the followers of all the different styles of jazz are put together, it makes for an impressive market.

The jazz festivals have become annual big business enterprises all over this country and Europe.

About three years ago, jazz pianist Erroll Garner started giving concerts in the summer music tents. Last summer there were many appearances of large jazz orchestras, small groups, and vocalists in the summer theaters.

Last summer also saw jazz used as part of the entertainment at several state fairs. The success of the jazz program at the Indiana fair may well mean the field is opening up.

A band made up of prominent jazz stars has been playing on Sunday afternoons at the Polo Grounds in New York as part of the entertainment offered at the New York Giants professional football games.

Jazz, badly presented as it has been, has not fared too well on television, but there have been several attempts in the last 10 years. Two were very well done: the 1957 *Sound of Jazz* and the recent half-hour film of Miles Davis. The longest enduring jazz show on television was Art Ford's *Jazz Party* that ran for 13 weeks in 1958 on a local station in Newark, N.J.

The Hollywood film industry has used jazz spasmodically through the years. The problem is again one of proper presentation by someone who knows and understands the music. Hollywood's latest use of jazz has manifested itself in film biographies of Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Red Nichols, and Gene Krupa, all movies suffering from greater or lesser distortions and inaccuracies.

This year the film *Jazz on a Summer's Day*, privately made at the 1958 Newport Jazz festival, is being shown around the country, but this is not a Hollywood effort, a fact readily discernible in its production, which is fine, even though its emphasis on certain individuals is perhaps misdirected.

Another phase of jazz participation in film-making is the trend toward the composition of film scores by jazzmen. Duke Ellington composed the score for *Anatomy of a Murder* in 1959 and is currently scoring the film version of the jazz novel *Paris Blues*. John Lewis and Johnny Mandel have both written scores for full length-movies — *Odds Against Tomorrow* and *I Want to Live*, respectively.

Good jazz music has been rare on AM radio, but FM is something else. Many FM stations around the country program jazz. There are now four FM stations on an all-jazz basis — in Philadelphia; Fairfield, Conn.; San Francisco, and Los Angeles.

Both Radio Free Europe and the *Voice of America* beam jazz programs to countries behind the Iron Curtain, and the U.S. State Department has sponsored well-received world tours by Louis Armstrong, Dave Brubeck, Tony Scott, Red Nichols, Jack Teagarden, Herbie Mann, Dizzy Gillespie, and Wilbur DeParis.

Jazz artists are flying to Europe these days as frequently as they used to travel between the east and west coasts. They play extended concert tours through Germany, Scandinavia, England, and France. The Modern Jazz Quartet toured Yugoslavia early this year. Jazz concert packages have touched on Australia, South America, and Hawaii.

THE hope for jazz of the future is being taken care of by an increase in teaching activit es. There are regular annual band camps in Bloomington, Ind.; the School of Jazz in Lenox, Mass.; the Berklee school in Boston, and traveling music clinics during the school year.

Music departments in high schools and colleges are becoming more aware of jazz. North Texas State Teachers college has had a course for 14 years. Many high schools now have their own dance bands, and the instructors are usually men with jazz-band experience.

Marshall Brown trains young musicians until they are 18 years old in his Newport Youth Band, an organization that plays regular dance dates and concerts. When a player finishes training with Brown, he is ready to step into the finest bands in the entire country.

Twenty years ago it was necessary to make a special effort to seek out jazz, either by buying records or making trips to New York or Chicago to hear it. Today it's heard in the advertising jingles on television.

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WHAT IS JAZZ?

By JOHN S. WILSON

Several months ago the courageous managing editor of *Down Beat* found himself vis-a-vis a disc jockey, separated only by an open mike. The dauntless managing editor was holding forth with deep wisdom on various facets of jazz until the DJ came bluntly to the point. He asked the doughty managing editor to define jazz.

"You never," the intrepid managing editor said later in reporting his reaction, "saw anyone cop out so fast in your life."

Shortly after this, I found myself on the witness stand in a court of law when the subject of the definition of jazz was raised. Unlike the valorous managing editor, I was being asked not to define jazz but to undefine it—that is, to point out the vagueness that surrounds the meaning of the term.

According to the press reports, I undefined for an hour and a half, which surprised me because it did not seem that long, and I could have gone on undefining for quite a while longer.

I CITE these two personal experiences neither to denigrate the gallant managing editor nor to proclaim my own verbosity but simply to illustrate the nature of the query: what is jazz? If a positive answer is expected, it is a question that strikes chill terror in the heart of even as learned a man as the resolute managing editor. On

the other hand, given the opportunity to talk completely around the question, to feint, flourish, and fluster and to run off in all directions, almost anyone can carry on an incontrovertible monolog in depth.

For jazz, all through its more than half a century of existence, has staunchly resisted definition. There have been attempts, of course—many of them. But jazz has an elusive, quicksilver quality. So far it has been all but impossible to get jazz to sit still long enough to produce an official portrait. It is forever exploring new avenues and bypaths, acquiring new dimensions and new colorations so that yesterday's catalog of characteristics is no longer applicable today, and by tomorrow some of them may be in direct variance with the up-to-date conception of jazz.

As a result, most of the efforts to write a definition of jazz try to be as broad and inclusive as possible, instead of being definite (which must be the least one should expect of a definition), and even then they are often uncertain or actually misleading. What, for example, do we find if we turn to a dictionary—in this case Funk and Wagnalls New College Standard Dictionary, 1947?

"JAZZ—A form of syncopated dance music using novel harmonic and melodic effects to suggest improvisation, depending on a sustained but complex rhythm, and utilizing such non-orchestral instruments as the saxophone, piano and guitar as well as the regular band instruments; developed from Negro rhythms and ragtime."

That shows what can happen to a dictionary definition of jazz in as brief a span as 13 years. "Syncopated dance music" might have figured in a definition of jazz at one time, but by 1947 bop was already in the ascendant, dancing was on its way out, and ears had become more important than feet in the appreciation of jazz. And that snide crack about "effects to *suggest* improvisation" would be the tip-off that this was a definition of jazz written while looking down one's nose if there were not further evidence to this effect in the unqualified categorizing of saxophone, piano, and guitar as "non-orchestral" instruments. Even by 1947 there were lots of orchestras—and not just jazz orchestras—in which saxophone, piano, and guitar were commonplace.

MOVING to less deliberately square sources, music historian Carter Harman says, "Jazz is primarily improvision; its song is the blues, which grew out of ancient Negro work songs and religious laments; its form is related to the passacaglia and chaconne of Bach's day, except that its original theme (usually the whole of a 12-bar blues or a 32-bar popular song) is not necessarily played but is repeated only in the performers' imaginations, while they develop their group variations on it."

This begins to get at the heart of the matter, but it is so broad that it provides little in the way of recognizable guidelines for someone seeking enlightenment.

Jazz historian Barry Ulanov has tried to flesh out the basic idea expressed in Harman's definition in this manner:

"(Jazz) is a new music of a certain distinct rhythmic and melodic character, one that constantly involves improvisation—of a minor sort in adjusting accents and phrases of the tune at hand, of a major sort in creating music extemporaneously, on the spot. In the course of creating jazz, a melody or its underlying chords may be altered. The rhythmic valuations of notes may be lengthened or shortened according to a regular scheme, syncopated or not, or there may be no consistent pattern of rhythmic variations so long as a steady beat remains implicit or explicit. The beat is usually four quarter-notes to the bar serving as a solid rhythmic base for the improvisation of soloists or groups playing eight or 12 measures, or some multiple or divident thereof."

With all the alternatives offered, Ulanov's description of jazz, first published in 1952, is elastic enough to cover almost any contingency. But the inevitable attrition on jazz definitions caused by the constant explorations of jazz musicians already has put some of his points (the steady beat, the four quarter-notes to the bar) on uneasy ground.

POSSIBLY the most masterful combination of scope and condensation in a definition of jazz has been produced by Marshall Stearns. Stearns, a wary academician who has no intention of being hoist by his own petard, has prominently labeled his creation a "tentative definition":

"Jazz: a semi-improvisational American music distinguished by an immediacy of communication, an expressiveness characteristic of the free use of the human voice, and a complex flowing rhythm; it is the result of a 300-years' blending in the United States of the European and West African musical traditions; and its predominant components are European harmony, Euro-African melody, and African rhythm."

The basic difficulty in undertaking a definition of jazz is that the music has developed so many facets, each with its own set of followers, that it is almost impossible to formulate any single description that will delineate even roughly the qualities that all of those who qualify broadly as jazz fanciers consider essential to what they hold to be jazz. Even if one went to the farthest extreme and included every quality that everybody thinks is essential to jazz, the result would produce—in addition to total confusion—bitter arguments about the inclusion of things that jazz followers of almost every school would feel strongly have nothing to do with jazz.

It may be that the difficulty in trying to define jazz has been caused by the natural tendency to attack the problem directly, to try to say in so many words what jazz is. Possibly it might be more illuminating to approach it indirectly, to trim away the edges of this wild musical growth and see if that helps us to find out what is at the center.

TAKING this tack, the question changes from "what is jazz?" to "what is meant by jazz?" And here we get to one of the primary causes of the elusiveness of a definition of jazz: the word means different things to different people, a circumstance that is almost inevitable when there is no explicit, accepted definition. The word exists, and if it has no commonly understood meaning, people are bound to fill this lexicographical vacuum by using the word as they see fit.

Thus, to start with, we have two broad categories of people who use the word. On one hand, there are those who like jazz; on the other, those who are not interested in jazz, who think they dislike it, or who know they dislike it. For this latter group, jazz is a handy word for categorizing any kind of musical activity on which they look down—pop singers, dance bands, rock and roll, or whatever draws their scorn. They are all "jazz." "Jazz," for these people, is an indiscriminately used smear word.

As a subcategory within this group, there are those who have no venom in their souls toward jazz (or, at least, toward the word, jazz) but who continue to perpetuate the blithe, heedless concept developed in the 1920s that any music that is not classical is, ipso facto, jazz. These days it is a rare thing to find anyone below the age of 50 except a professional fuddy-duddy who still labors under this delusion.

Recently this group has produced a sub-subcategory among whom the word jazz has taken on a coloration that is exactly the opposite of that given to it by the original, main body of the group. Those in this sub-subcategory, alert to the whims of fash-

ion, have taken note of the "in" quality of jazz in the last 10 years and now use the word to connote any kind of nonclassical music that they *like*.

I was recently introduced to a matronly Lawrence Welk fan, who on learning that I sometimes wrote about jazz, exclaimed with dazzling enthusiasm, "What do you think of Lawrence Welk?"

I tried to duck the question by saying that I rarely heard Lawrence Welk. She stared at me, amazed.

"How can you write about jazz," she asked, "if you don't listen to Lawrence Welk?"

AS for the other major group into which all humanity was split a few paragraphs back—those who like jazz—they are likely to use the word with such fine discrimination that they cannot agree among themselves where jazz ends and something else begins (or vice versa). These are the people who are confident that they know what jazz is. To most of them the word "jazz" has a very specific connotation, and when they use the word, they mean what *they* think of as jazz and nothing else.

This group breaks down into components based largely on age. Extensive contemplation has led me to the conclusion that there is a striking correlation between a person's age and his view of what constitutes jazz. This could be demonstrated with actuarial charts, logarithms, and diagrams showing the cumulative incidence of artery hardening, but I think I can state the case just as pertinently with words.

Jazz, as frequently has been pointed out, is a music of youth, an art in which a musician can become known as "Pops" by the time he is 22 or even at 18 if he is able to grow a bushy mustache. Research has shown that the average jazz enthusiast follows a well-defined path involving ingression, progression, and egression in relation to jazz. Briefly, these investigations have revealed the following norms:

1. At approximately age 15 the average potential jazz fancier hears some music to which he reacts, but he is unaware that it has a specific identity.

2. At approximately age 17, he discovers that this music is jazz.

3. At approximately age 17 plus one week he launches his career as a jazz musician by undertaking to learn to play an instrument, usually starting with whatever is most readily available, namely a harmonica.

4. At approximately age 17 plus two weeks he abandons his career as a musician and becomes a record collector.

5. At approximately age 17 plus two months he is an authority.

6. At approximately age 20 he is a confirmed jazz addict, a nurser of drinks in jazz clubs, a haunter of record shops.

7. At approximately age 23 he marries a girl who doesn't know a two-bar break from *Chopsticks*.

8. At approximately age 25 he finds it increasingly difficult to carry on his multiple roles of family provider, record collector, master of the 2 a.m. feeding, and jazz club prowler. Something has to give.

9. At approximately age 42 he stumbles across some of his old jazz records in the attic, dusts them off, plays them, and fumes of euphoric nostalgia begin to rise around him.

10. At approximately age 43 the old juices are surging through him so strongly that he takes the bull by the horns and goes out to a jazz concert.

11. At approximately age 43 plus three hours he emerges from the concert a shattered, nerveless wreck, appalled at the palpable fraud that he has just heard perpetrated in the name of jazz.

12. At approximately age 43 plus four hours, nursing a headache and a grudge, he sits down before his phonograph and starts building a wall between his old jazz records and the crass, thoughtless world in which he has the misfortune to live. He knows now that there is only one real jazz.

In accordance with this ritualistic development of the species, it is possible to determine what the average professed jazz fan has in mind when he uses the word jazz. The key is his age. As of 1960, this is the form chart on the relationship between age and meaning:

AGE 75: There is no such thing as jazz. What people mean when they say "jazz" is actually ragtime played all wrong with no appreciation of the value of notes.

Age 65: Jazz was invented by the Original Dixieland Jass Band and was carried on with some success by the Original Memphis Five and Earl Fuller's Jazz Band (their Victor pairing of *Slippery Hank* and *Yah-de-Dah* is a choice collector's item of real jazz), but it died out in the early 1920s although some commendably peppy stuff was put out by the Benson Orchestra of Chicago when Don Bestor was leading it.

Age 55: Jazz was invented by Jelly-Roll Morton, Louis Armstrong, King Oliver, and the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. Those slightly over 55 insist that jazz is properly a music of ensemble improvisation and that it reached its peak and, for all practical purposes, its finish with Oliver's Creole Jazz Band. Those slightly under 55, while admiring the Creole Jazz Band, realize that the emphasis on ensemble performance was a limiting factor and that the real jazz took shape when Armstrong reorganized the approach to put the emphasis on the soloist, backed by a small, improvising ensemble. Jazz ended when Armstrong went commercial in 1929.

Age 45: Jazz was invented by Benny Goodman, who took the crude, fumbling efforts of such limited but well-intentioned performers as Armstrong, Fletcher Henderson, and Duke Ellington and built on them works of such polish and precision that what had previously been a ragged, dismal, earthbound attempt at music suddenly shone forth in a glory that has been completely lost by the corrupters who followed Goodman.

Age 35: Jazz was invented by Charlie Parker in a flash of divine inspiration in a chili house in Harlem. Parker's invention was unique and original and had no relationship to the paleolithic music sometimes scurrilously referred to as jazz and played by such so-called jazz musicians as Bunk, Binx, Bunny, Boony, and Boo Baron. Since Parker's death, jazz has all too evidently suffered from a lack of guidance. But Parker's music is eternal. BIRD LIVES!

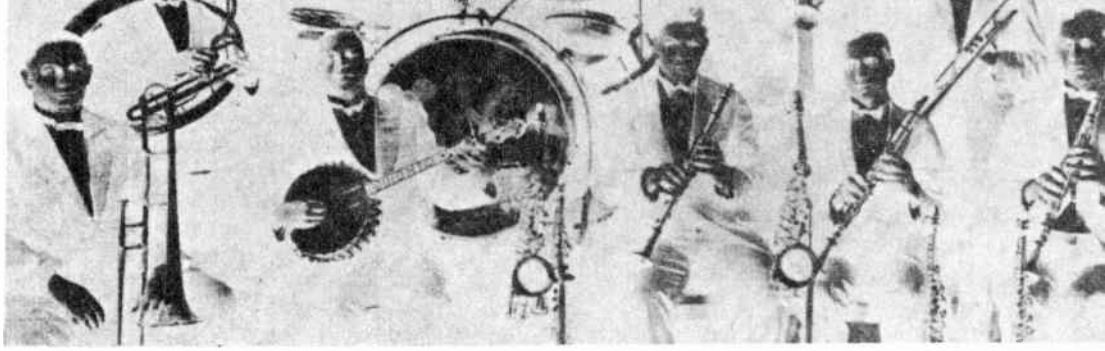
Age 25: Jazz was invented by Dave Brubeck, who joined the most advanced ideas of our time to the drive and rhythmic complexity of the early New Orleans folk musicians, creating a cultural entity that is so obviously respectable that you can even take your folks to hear it and then discuss it with them afterwards.

Age 15: Jazz is about to be invented by either Ornette Coleman, the Nutty Squirrels, or Bobby Darin, although it looked for a while like Fabian might make it. But no matter who invents jazz, we're going to get rid of all these chords and fugues and tunes and keys and stuff. It's got to be pure. "Pure what" doesn't matter. We start with a clean slate, wiping out all the misconceptions of the past, including the idea that anybody has ever played jazz before.

Age 5: There is no such thing as jazz. It's really just Mommy and Daddy.

The most provocative thing about this authenticated analysis is the cold, sober light it puts on a hitherto unnoticed aspect of jazz. The true jazz believer is just as adept at improvisation, either solo or ensemble, as is the true jazz musician. ■

PAST AND PRESENT



Six distinguished musicians look at the present and peer into the future of jazz

We seem to be in an age of panel discussions. On television, we see such programs as David Susskind's *Open End* in New York, Irv Kupcinet's *At Random*, in Chicago, and at a much less important level, the *Jack Paar* show.

Sometimes it would seem that the rise of the panel reflects a decline in the general art of conversation: It is as if people want even conversation to come canned. At other times, the art doesn't seem to be so dead, and the panel discussion has a useful function as a democratic way of airing variant viewpoints.

It has become fashionable in jazz circles to sneer at panel discussions, partly because some of those held at the Newport festival and elsewhere have not been too successful. Perhaps the reason some of them have not been useful is that the participants have considered the event to be in some vague way competitive.

There is a great tendency in many quarters in the world of jazz to try to crush all opposite viewpoints, to prove that such-and-such a jazz esthetic (or mystique) is the one-and-only. This probably reflects the insecurity of some men, critics and musicians alike, about their own positions and thinking. In other words, the drive seems to be toward destroying the opponent's outlook in the fear that he may destroy yours.

Panel discussions wherein even one participant has such defensive reflexes stand a good chance of turning into pointless polemics, the purpose of which ceases to be the legitimate airing of views for the sake of the general enlightenment, and becomes instead a forum wherein each individual tries to force all the other participants to admit that he and he alone is Right.

In setting up the panel discussion the transcript of which is on the following pages, I deliberately sought musicians who seemed unlikely to debate in that way. I confess that I depended pretty much on an "intuitive" feeling about each individual, derived probably from things I'd heard about them, what I knew first-hand, and, no doubt, subsconscious impressions drawn from listening to their music. There was another criterion: each was asked to participate because he was an excellent and, in one way or another, significant musician. As it happened, it worked out very well: there was no discord in the discussion at all, though there were moments of disagreement.

This is not to suggest that these were musicians who would just "naturally" agree, men whose outlooks were known to be similar. This would have produced only tedious agreement. On the contrary, they were chosen precisely because they represented differing musical approaches.

Quincy Jones was asked to participate because he is one of the most gifted of the younger composer-arrangers. At the age of 27, Jones enjoys a stature that is astonishishing for one so young. He is now fronting his own band.

Don Redman is one of the elder statesmen of jazz composition. Now 60 years old, Redman recorded with Fletcher Henderson in 1923. Leonard Feather has called him "the first composer-arranger of any consequence in the history of jazz." Redman puts the lie to the conception of the early jazzman as a gifted primitive who merely "felt" his way forward: he was a child prodigy who was educated at the Boston and Detroit conservatories. He is still an active arranger in New York.

Forty-year-old John Lewis studied anthropology and music at the University of New Mexico before joining Dizzy Gillespie's big band as pianist-arranger in the mid-1940s. Later he studied at the Manhattan School, where he deepened his knowledge of European music. It is as pianist and music director of the Modern Jazz Quartet that Lewis is chiefly known, but he has built up a vast body of work in other idioms, from symphonic music to motion pictures scores. He is one of the most erudite musicians in jazz.

Hall Overton, who is the same age as Lewis, has played jazz as a pianist since the mid-'40s, but considers himself a contemporary classical composer. His *Symphony for Strings* was commissioned by the Koussevitsky foundation and given its premiere performance in 1956. He has played with Teddy Charles and Jimmy Raney and is extremely active as a teacher in New York.

J. J. Johnson is one of the most brilliant instrumentalists of our time. A remarkable technician, he has been the major influence on trombone since the 1940s. Incredibly, the music business for a time so poorly rewarded him that for two years, in the early 1950s, he worked as a blueprint inspector in a factory, playing only occasionally. In the past two or three years, he has been given increasing recognition as a composer for his extended works. Johnson is 36.

Texas-Born Jimmy Giuffre, 39, is as well known in the music profession as a composer as he is as a clarinetist. He has written some of the best known of jazz originals, such as *Four Brothers* (for Woody Herman), as well as longer orchestral works such as *Pharoah* and *Suspensions*. He has achieved a wide public following through his work with his own trio.

These, then, were the six men who took part in the panel.

I'd like to say a word about my own participation. Acting as moderator, I tried to keep expression of my

own views to a minimum. Sometimes, thinking of the person who would read all this later, I inserted comments with the hope of clarifying or summing up something one of the panelists had said. In some cases, I acted as devil's disciple, to provoke comment. Other than that, I tried to stay pretty much out of the discussion.

To return briefly to the subject of the faults of panel discussions:

One objection that I think is valid is that there is usually not enough time for a participant to air his views properly. This was an open-end discussion: there was no time limit, and it ran until it had spent itself, and two of the participants had to leave. At that point, we cut it off.

I would like to thank all six of the participants for their kindness and co-operation. I found their comments stimulating, informative, and revealing. I hope the reader does too.

It would be a happy and healthy day for jazz if, suddenly, all public discussions of the subject became as reasoned, sincere, and mature as that of these six artists.

—Gene Lees

JOHNSON What might be awkward in getting this thing rolling is that you have assembled here a bunch of very active musicians and artists – people who've got something going, got their things going. And I'm sure that a lot of these people here might be a little like myself in that their thing is private, to a certain extent, and they are not too much aware of external things.

In other words, I know what I know, I know what I want to know, I know what I would like to do, and I'm going about it as best I can. And more than likely, a lot of the others here are doing the same thing. That's why it may be hard to get this thing rolling on viewpoints. I wonder if I ever get too involved in it, thinking-wise. I'm so engrossed in the doing of it that the thinking about it, and philosophizing about it, I'm really not too much on it. I know how engrossed John Lewis always is – Quincy, Overton, Giuffre, everybody here.

JONES Although everybody's engrossed in doing, still, when you're exposed to different elements outside of your own attitude to music, you have a certain opinion about it. You accept it, you reject it, or you're neutral.

JOHNSON I agree with you. I'm aware of the things that are going on outside of what I'm doing. I approve, I disapprove, I wonder about it, or I don't wonder, or it rings a bell, or it doesn't . . .

JONES Everybody has such a personal frame of reference for music. Yet when you put it on an objective basis, you have to start at another angle, I think. Because if you took six observers, people who aren't really wrapped up in any one thing, then it's a bit easier. But when you have six people who have very different attitudes toward what they want to do, and are in the process of doing it, then you have to get another angle to look at it.

LEES All right, then let me ask you a question. What are *you* trying to do in your writing?

JONES I know, but you can't put it in words.

LEES You have put it in words, on occasion.

GIUFFRE Would this be a way to approach it: ask each man what he'd like to see happen?

LEES Would you tell me what you'd like to see?

GIUFFRE Well, I would like to see jazz, rather than be a camp, or a particular style or bunch of styles, I'd like to see it . . . I'd like to see in music a whole area that could be called, for lack of a better word, free music, that wasn't jazz and wasn't contemporary classical and wasn't folk—not any particular style at all. And it would include the music, critics, magazines, festivals, concerts, and places to play in which all of these styles and categories could be admitted freely. There have been some steps in this direction. For instance, the Circle in the Square concerts. They have one week jazz, one week contemporary classical.

I would like a whole society, a whole area, like jazz music, like contemporary classical, like folk. I'd like something in the middle that would let all that come in, free music, and everybody who participated in this area would drop their categories. You could have the Modern Jazz Quartet, and something of contemporary classical, and something of folk, and something way out, like the music of John Cage. You might have anything that was an artistic endeavor. This doesn't have to do with the entertainment field too much—those who are trying to crash the market.

JOHNSON I haven't heard any of this John Cage. I've heard about him. But I heard something a couple of weeks ago that startled me out of my skin, practically. I never heard anything so frightening. It was electronic music. The composer expounded on it very, very intelligently.

JONES Earl Brown's in that. You know Earl Brown, the engineer, who does all the Atlantic dates? He's very highly respected in Europe.

JOHNSON I've just learned there are a couple guys in this country involved in it.

LEES Let's let Jimmy finish his point.

GIUFFRE Well, the point's pretty well made. To back up my idea, for instance, Earl Brown is a good case. And along with him, Luciano Berio, from Italy, a contemporary composer there. They don't seem to find a barrier or a line between what they're doing and what jazz musicians or anybody else is doing. The only thing that we all

have in common is that we're trying to reach out and express ourselves in our own individual way. And I would like to see some way, with the help of magazines and critics and all that it takes, a new area that doesn't have a name or a camp. It probably wouldn't remain that way long – it would get a name, I'm sure.

LEWIS Here in the United States, we should take better care of this treasure—to me—that has been going on. I'm not too sure, maybe it will. Who knows? . . . It really doesn't matter what we say or decide anyhow. So that, you know, we continue to have music as good as we've had in the past and in the present. Because of economic situations, say, in this country —and others, I guess—it's a little difficult to assume that music will . . .

For example, bands: Quincy has a hard time with that band, much harder, I think, than the time when Don (Redman), for example, had bands. The economic situation in the country may not have been as good, or as rich, in a certain sense . . . But they had another reason or another drive, or another thing stimulating those musicians to produce music. I'm thinking mainly about the music I know something about, jazz. Or what is being categorized as jazz. Everyone doesn't necessarily have to be categorized. Wherever the writer or the players want to go, and they're not bound by any category.

But it's very difficult to have a big band, very difficult to have a small band, or almost any kind of group. It's hard for people who really have some talent to play or create music, hard for them to find a place in which to do this.

JOHNSON One observation I've made on jazz music, and I'm a little concerned about it, is that there have been some very, very great contributions made by various jazz people over many years, and I've always been quite concerned about the fact that they're very short-lived in the memories of people—even ourselves, as musicians.

In serious music, classical music, or whatever you want to call it, many of the great composers experienced some of the same difficulties that we are experiencing as artists, as musicians, in the fight against opinions and what-not. They were criticized or lambasted or praised, but after all is said and done, their great contributions are still looked upon as great works, and they're still remembered, and they get performed.

I'm very happy that composers and arrangers in general are expanding their scope in writing, and in jazz in general, and I think that out of this we'll get some work that will be great even 10 or 20 years from now. would like to see something like tha come about. I don't just know hov it's going to happen, but it coul happen.

LEES If I may interject a point: a lot o the great composers, all through his tory – Vivaldi, Berlioz – have gon through periods of obscurity and lac of appreciation and then been restore because people came to understan them again. Vivaldi has gone throug this in recent years, and Berlioz ha had a revival. Bach also had a lon period of obscurity.

JOHNSON Exactly. And I'm very concerned tha this doesn't happen as much in jazz When you're dead, you're dead. Yo know, I can put on a Lester Youn solo that, to my way of thinking, wa a classic work of art and to me is a great now as when he played it 1 years ago. And not only Lester, bu Dizzy, and Coleman Hawkins, an Don Redman. But these things ar soon forgotten by the majority o people, and I think that could b changed to some extent.

LEES You want to see a little less fad, an a little more permanence.

JOHNSON Maybe that's it.

LEES A little less of somebody being "the man this year and somebody else be ing "the" man next year.

JOHNSON This has got a lot to do with th players and writers, of course.

LEES It's got a lot to do with the critics too.

JOHNSON It's got a lot to do with the critics yes. I'm very concerned about tha situation.

LEES Don, I'd like to hear your views, i I may.

REDMAN We're looking for what we want i the future? It's pretty hard to say y'know? Because I want it all—al of the best.

It's hard for the arranger. The type of work that I do now—if Quincy was to do my kind of work today, o John, he'd have a terrific time selling it, and vice versa. If I was to do tha kind of arranging today, I doubt i they'd play it or accept it, in the beginning. A guy looking for arrange ments today wouldn't come to me fo John Lewis's type of work, or Quin cy's type of work. So . . . whatever that feeling that I may have inside that I would like to do something in this vein, in one of your veins, or a stranger vein, I have to hestitate, be cause of the commercial side. This isn't like the old days, where you'd find a guy with a lot of talent, and set him over there, and pay his board and room, and let him go to work They don't do that now. That's what made the old geniuses develop; it's what made them geniuses.

So I don't think we should say ex-

actly what we want. I can't, anyway. I don't believe there's any form of music that I can say I dislike. And there's *some* of every form that I don't like. But if it's good—his form, your form—there's something there that I gotta like. I don't care how low music gets, how gutbucket, how rough it gets, if it's good roughness, I go for it. And I'd like to do them both. But I can't stay with it. Quincy's got some things on record that I play every day. There's a couple of things he does that I play for breakfast every day. I have a little breakfast concert every morning. And I hear these things of Quincy, and I say, "Gee, next time I make an arrangement, I'm gonna do that." But what would happen? They'd say, "Take this right back. What do you think you're doing?"

LEES You mean that people have come to expect things from you.

REDMAN Yes, from *everyone*.

LEES In other words, external pressures have forced you into a groove. They won't let you escape that track. For example, to put it into another frame of reference: if an actor who has built a reputation as a comedian tries to do a serious dramatic role, often the audience won't accept him. They sit there waiting for him to make them laugh. They won't let him explore all of himself.

REDMAN Yes, that's right.

GIUFFRE There ought to be a way around that.

LEES Hall, what would you like to see happen?

OVERTON Well, I'd like to amplify on one of J. J.'s points, about tradition. And it seems to me that what was being implied there was a way of judging values. Now if a thing is good—in other words, is it good just for the moment, just when something is hot, or is it really good—if it was good then, is it good now? I very much agree with what J. J. was saying.

Being in contemporary classical music, I think that the composer has had, perhaps, a better chance, that there is less fad associated in general with classical music. The permanence of it is there. As far as my own views are concerned, I'd like to more or less speak as a composer and talk about what I think might eventually happen in regards to contemporary classical music.

I know that as a composer, I have written certain things where I would call for a certain kind of rhythmic interpretation, and these pieces have been played by very fine classical musicians. But what I had in mind, rhythmically, was something else. To really play the passage I had in mind the way I wanted it played, a person would have to have, actually, a jazz experience, experience in jazz rhythms, because it's a thing that has to be felt. You can't write it down. It's a thing that has to be natural.

I think that eventually, we stand a chance of having a kind of performer and composer who can play this kind of rhythmic writing without any questions about how it should go. Because I think when we were talking about the barriers, some of them are barriers that exist between the classical musician and the jazz musician. I know. I have a little bit of a foot in each field, and I can say for sure that the barriers still exist, unfortunately. I think they're breaking down a little bit. It's my hope that eventually they'll break down completely, so that there will be what Jimmy was talking about—a free kind of music, where we don't make these barrier-type distinctions.

LEES I heard a recent recording called *Carmen for Orchestra*. I'm sure it wasn't played rhythmically the way Bizet would have wanted it. When I heard one passage scored for alto, I said to someone who was with me, "They should have put a jazz alto player on this part, because Bizet was trying to get a Spanish rhythmic flavor, and the symphony musician is playing it four-square, and he isn't getting it." A jazz musician would know better than a classical musician what was wanted here. I'm sure Bizet felt hung up in the notational system and would have liked to have a much freer system.

OVERTON It's very likely that Bizet himself had this kind of rhythmic sense. My difficulty has always been that you can only bring out of people what they feel naturally, that you can't really notate this for them. I don't believe that this can ever be accomplished through notation. What I would like to see is an acceptance of jazz in schools, so that you start right from the very beginning, teaching that jazz is a part of the American art music. You know, of course, that there's a great deal of opposition to this.

LEES I know about this because *Down Beat* is very involved in encouraging jazz in the schools. Many people do not understand the value of this program.

OVERTON That's the place to start, in the schools.

LEES Quincy, you haven't expressed a general view.

JONES I feel that some of the people have hit the basic problem on the head. I'm a Pices; I always want to know what makes things tick, I want to know the whys.

At this point in my career, I just feel like saying, "Help!" Because where do you go? How do you get out of the situation in which every-

thing is hung up today? I think many musicians and very creative people are suffering from musical schizophrenia. I like to write for big bands, and I'd like to grow in that field. So I have to write for a big band. But then that involves something else. I have a choice of playing as a sideman in a band, and run around the country playing one-nighters. Or else I stay in the studios and write. Still I'm going to have to be a civil service musician. And if I get my own band, I'm still in trouble, because I have the same problem as the man I was playing with.

And this is where the whole thing lies. Like Don suggested, all the elements can come out much more if a man is not worried. I have to be completely free to get anything out. And I mean *completely* free, with no problems about this alto player that I'm trying to incorporate, to have him part of a cohesive group. We had this association that we built up through the 10 months or so in Europe. We understand each other and have a musical common denominator. Now he has to leave. *Why* does he have to leave? Because we don't work?

Right now I'm very concerned about that. I've got a big band, and I've never felt so helpless in my life—wanting to do something, and just the practical thoughts of it, they almost destroy all the creative thought. If I could say to my band, "We have some place to go and play for the next five years," I wouldn't care whether we were getting rich or not, just so that we know that all the musicians are satisfied and have no problems either. Then we could think about just what the whole thing is all about, and that's music. Then you'd have a chance to grow, and to search, and to experiment, to find different things.

But there's so much involved in the struggle for just plain survival in the world. Musically, it's rough. John (Lewis) has been one of the few (to make it). J.J. couldn't even keep his group together. It's fantastic. It's a very frustrating thing. It's like saying to a painter, "Paint," but you give him no paint and no brushes. He doesn't have his tools together. It's a very frustrating point. The solution is . . . Oh, I don't know.

LEES J.J., I can remember a conversation you and I had in the small hours one morning in a Chinese restaurant in Milwaukee, when you were telling me you were thinking of breaking up the group. You said you couldn't get any writing done, and you said that worrying about the business aspects of the group was hanging up both your playing and writing.

JOHNSON Most true.

JONES It *does*, it *does!*

LEES It's the same in all the arts.

OVERTON Jazz has quite specific problems that go with its nature. Since it's something that you hardly ever do by yourself, it involves something more in the way of economics than the more isolated creative endeavors where a writer sits down with a typewriter or a composer sits down with pen and paper. The very creation of jazz depends on a communal thing.

LEES It's not so different. The writer is involved with editors, the playwright is involved with directors and actors and set designers. Jazz musicians are not alone in this. Until you have achieved a degree of reputation, nobody really cares. The trouble in any of the arts today — and maybe this has always been true — is that nobody gives the artist any help, be he jazz musician, composer, writer, painter — nobody gives him any help until he no longer needs it.

JONES That's right! That's right.

JOHNSON It's always been the way, Gene. In all other lines of artistic endeavor. That's the way it's always been, that's the way it's always going to be. A political situation got Hindemith run out out of Germany. They made it so difficult that he couldn't stay under Hitler. Pressures get through to a guy and make an impossible situation. I know the intensity with which Quincy's speaking.

JONES It's something that you're faced with 24 hours a day. You try to stick your head in the sand, to separate the esthetic part from life itself, the everyday things . . .

LEES Does anyone see a solution?

GIUFFRE Only in the long run. I have some hope, I think. I've got a point — see what you think of it.

The world of jazz has come from people wanting to play their music and sing their music as it's supposed to be. They just want to express themselves, and they don't want to express themselves in a stereotyped, given manner. So they've broken out and found individuality, to an extent, and I think this is characteristic, or an example, of the new . . . I wouldn't say American, exactly, but . . . Today's type of person, in general, I think, doesn't want to fit into a stereotype pattern.

LEES The artist?

GIUFFRE I think . . . No, not the artist . . .

LEES Don't you think that in the society as a whole, people do want to fit in, to find something they can identify with? Don't you think the artist is that only kind of person remaining who wants to find his own way?

GIUFFRE It might be true. But the point I'm trying to make is that in general people, the whole way of looking at life,

is being less associated with tradition. For instance, the classical tradition has been passed down, and a young violinist takes up his violin and studies and is shown how to play this music, and interpret it exactly, and he takes orders from a conductor, and he is told, "Breathe now," or "Sneeze now," or whatever he has to do. But the jazz musician doesn't want this. He doesn't mind taking directions from somebody he respects, but he wants to be able to phrase his own way. So this is the characteristic of jazz.

And my theory is that, in general, the whole world, especially in America, is going in this direction, artists and nonartists. Everybody is gradually becoming this type of person. They say, "What am I doing?" They want to live their own lives. And I think this is going to rub off on the music, and art, to where people in general will throw off their association with tradition and the past and do it the way it's supposed to be done, and get the idea of doing things their own way.

I think jazz has been a pioneer in this field, and this is where it's going to go. And young violinists, for instance, every day—as John probably saw at the School of Jazz — young violinists, instead of adhering to the way it's always been done, they're learning about picking up their instruments and just playing. For instance, I talked with a young symphony clarinetist from Philadelphia. He admired the idea of playing jazz, but he'd never picked up his instrument and just played something, just anything. He had to have a piece of music in front of him, and he'd play it in a certain given manner. And the idea of expressing his own ideas—this is something that the modern youth of today is beginning to experience. And when this really settles into the new generation, maybe 10, 20, or 50 years from now, we'll have people who don't want to take orders from yesterday. What do you think?

LEES When I was 18, my father asked me why I liked jazz. I said I thought it was a musical symbol of the way to have freedom without interfering with each other. In other words, when you have two men improvising about a theme, the way John here and Bags will do, you have two men saying what they want to say individually and simultaneously without getting in each other's way. In other words, I thought that jazz was a representation of how to have freedom within a framework—how to be completely yourself without interfering with the next guy, without bumping into him on the street. That is part of the significance, I'm inclined to believe.

I have always felt that jazz has a social significance, and I don't mean this in the usual way—as a music of protest, and all that. Jazz is a way of telling people how they ought to live.

Further, there's another major significance to jazz. As you all undoubtedly know, Beethoven, when he was young, had no particular desire to be a composer. He was a talented improviser. Improvisation was an extremely strong tradition. Beethoven on occasion expressed himself as being indifferent to a way of life in which you sat down to play somebody else's music. He wanted to get the crowd reaction, he wanted the audience, he wanted to express himself to people now, and express himself very freely. Beethoven turned more and more to composition as his hearing went. And the improvisation tradition, so strong at one time, virtually died in the 19th century. Just got stomped out under the music, I suppose, of Wagner and Richard Strauss, and others of the period. And jazz to me is a restoration of that individualism of expression. It is reminding music generally of something that it should never have forgotten.

OVERTON I'd like to make one point. When we talk about jazz as being different from classical music, in the respect that it is free and individual and doesn't conform, I would agree to some extent. But I really think that there are some other points that ought to be made.

For instance, when we've talked about classical music so far, all we've discussed have been the performers. We've been ignoring people like Charles Ives. We've been ignoring the contemporary composer. Is he a conformist? I don't think so. I think that here—and perhaps this isn't the unique thing, to talk about jazz in in these terms—certainly a composer like Ives is as much a unique individual and completely unbound by tradition as . . . What?

GIUFFRE He needs the players—that's the whole point you made a while ago.

OVERTON Yes, he needs the players, I agree. But it didn't stop him from writing his music or making his individual expression . . . This poor guy never got performed . . .

GIUFFRE The composers, I *will* go along with that . . .

OVERTON And I think that one of the areas where jazz is very similar to classical music of the past is the baroque period, where the ideal musician was two things, a composer and a performer. It was very essential to the baroque style, in Bach's time, to be able to improvise over a figured bass, very much the way, in jazz, we'll

write a chart and all we have is the changes, to improvise music completely in the idiom, the baroque style idiom. And so, when we break down classical music now into just the performer and discuss that aspect of it, it's true. But that's what's kind of happened in classical music: we have a schism of a specialist, the performer, who gets to be fantastically good on whatever instrument he has chosen at interpreting other people's music, working from the notes; and then we have the composer, who can or cannot be a performer, as the case may be.

Jazz to me combines the two functions — instantaneous composing and instantaneous performance.

GIUFFRE I really don't find any barriers between the musics—it's the performing. I've heard inspired classical performers that sounded the same as inspired jazz performers. It's not the same, but it gave me the same drive and vitality and spontaneity. It wasn't the music, it was the performing. That's really where the clue is, as far as I'm concerned.

OVERTON I would say that with certain very musical performers in the classical tradition, there is a great deal of individuality expressed. These people have a fantastic amount of musical imagination in them. It's just that the tradition of music went in such a way that they didn't have this experience of improvising as such. I would say that the thing they lack most, perhaps, is a certain thing that they could get —the rhythmic discipline, say, of jazz, which of course is fantastic. But I really feel that there is individuality that does come out in certain classical performers, just dealing in the area of interpreting and reinterpreting and finding new meanings.

GIUFFRE You mean the virtuosi or the orchestra players?

OVERTON I'm really speaking in terms of virtuosi.

GIUFFRE I'd like to see a symphony orchestra where all the men had the viewpoint and feeling of jazz musicians, who don't know about interpreting a piece of music the way it's supposed to be, who want to play music, their music. Somebody has said jazz musicians want to sing from their own heart.

OVERTON It would be exciting.

GIUFFRE And I think it's going to come from the new way of looking at life that people are getting today. I don't know, but it's my idea.

LEES Let me ask a question that may clarify this. John, you have an album out, *Third Stream Music*. And there are few, if any, critics who adequately understand both idioms. What is this "Third Stream" music? I'd like to hear it from you. Is it a blending of the two, is it an attempt to break the barrier, or is it an attempt actually to set up a third music?

LEWIS First, Third Stream music is a term that Gunther Schuller used, I guess, to describe his music to John S. Wilson. Gunther helped me to make that album. I asked them to use that title. And let's see, what can I say?

The only thing might be that it might help some people for the moment to listen to music, forgetting about the categories that we get in—a lot of people, not all though, and actually, really, a minority of people. If something doesn't answer these set conditions, why, they don't know what to do with it. They only listen with a slide rule, or something, so if it doesn't fit this, why they get—to me —confused and lost and react from the head, I guess— their measurement thing—and not with the rest of the human things that go into enjoying any kind of art. And I mean by art even a man digging a hole out there. If you dig a nice hole, why, you appreciate that. Therefore, for a moment—not for long—the listener may stop thinking with the slide rule he has taken many years to give himself.

What you try to do, what I try to do, is by hearing music, you want to make something yourself. You're constantly influenced—all of us—not just by jazz, but by any kind of music you hear, either consciously or subconsciously. You don't always know where it comes from.

Actually, that's the purpose, I guess, so that somebody doesn't have to . . . get their things out and see if it measures up to what they've been accustomed to call a certain name of music. And then, as we get that, and enjoy from a fresh point of view, for a while . . . they'll get back to the slide rule and measure, and if it doesn't fit in this, why, then they'll either not like it or hunt around looking for some other category to enjoy, which I really don't think is necessary.

To appreciate anything, you have to remember, or try to, if you can—the same way when you learn to write music—try to keep yourself open to learning or appreciating without finally getting so many rules that, if it doesn't fit these hard-and-fast rules, why, this is wrong. You have to start off with some rules in order to get sufficient background to do whatever you intend to do. But after that, you throw those away and get your own. I'm going on and on, but that's essentially it.

LEES Then you would say that the category "Third Stream" mus.c is not an attempt to set up a new category, as it were, but an attempt to break down the barrier?

LEWIS Or that music that would afford a

lot of other composers and writers the chance to write things which are not . . . They may be influenced by a lot of things. They're influenced by Chinese sound, perhaps, and so if you want to use these things, you shouldn't be bound by rules. You use whatever you want to use. If there's anything on earth you can use, nobody . . . If it doesn't appeal to a great wide number of people, so what?

LEES I was talking to Gil Evans and mentioned that some people were unable to decide whether to consider *Sketches of Spain* as classical music or jazz, and Gil said, "I long ago ceased caring about categories. That's a merchandiser's problem, not mine."

Don, I want to ask you something. You were around when it all started—jazz writing. In fact, if I understand history correctly, you were the man who started it. You weren't just there, you did it. I don't think there's a man in this room who doesn't owe you a debt, direct or indirect . . .

JOHNSON *Direct!*

LEES As I understand it, you were the man who learned to write for the sections—who defined the sections. As a man who was there when jazz was far away from classical music, how do you feel about the increasing closeness of the two. Do you approve?

REDMAN I approve. I do approve.

LEWIS Let me say something. I come from way out in the bushes, New Mexico. We used to get much of our music listening to the radio. Sometimes people would come through, but rarely. We would hear bands broadcast from Chicago and New York. Things didn't seem like categories that people set up now for jazz. Yes, I owe a direct debt, too. Don didn't seem to me to be—and I didn't realize it, though I am realizing it now—tied down by trying to meet any requirements. He seemed to use anything he wanted to use, because that music was, in many ways, far more exciting than things we've heard subsequently. And also the use of the instrumentation, as you said.

I don't really think there's (Lewis' soft voice is here inaudible on the tape) classical music as a camp. For one thing, written music has grown up with so . . . We're so close to it now that many people don't realize it. I realize it a little bit. But the way we phrase and make our music, rhythmically and so forth, is—there are exceptions — is very, very different from European music in that their music, even their popular music at the time, a long time ago, is a kind of rhythmic thing that came up during their time. And we hear rhythms and things differently, and from childhood.

When I started to learn to play piano and so forth, by the time I'd started to hear things—I was very small, only 5 years old—and the way I'd learned these things first was by having my sister, who was at that time 19 or 20, going to dances, and she'd come home and she'd like tunes, and she'd whistle them and sing them to me and make me learn to play them on the piano, because I liked the piano. So, therefore, these rhythms, I learned these kind of things first. So when it came time to learn classical music—and most of the classical music I started to learn was nonsense, it was bad, and I didn't even hear things I liked later, like Mozart and Beethoven—I was given the poorer pieces of Mendelssohn, and so on. Only I couldn't learn them then, because I couldn't understand how—just naturally we lean on our own instincts — they could play these rhythms like that. It just didn't work out. It didn't work out for 20 years. Finally, through understanding the difference, you could gradually see how they should be.

I don't think that music should be . . . We have to use jazz, but they've narrowed jazz down into such a small thing that it's almost like a trap we get into.

LEES When you say "they," who do you mean?

LEWIS They? Here in the United States.

LEES The people generally?

LEWIS Generally . . .

LEES The critics?

JOHNSON Mostly nonmusicians, to my way of thinking.

LEES The critics?

JOHNSON Well, some people. Nonmusicians generally.

LEWIS Some musicians . . .

REDMAN The critics to a degree, yes.

JOHNSON It's getting narrower all the time. They're boxing us in. Why . . .?

JONES I hate to see it get to those two words. Those words always offend me: "jazz" and "classical" music. Music always represents the time. What would you call it if you just pushed Bach up to 1961? What would you call him? You couldn't call him a classical musician. He was *modern* when he was writing. And doing what he did, he had as much—in many ways, more—to say as Charlie Parker did when he revolutionized the whole thing. Turned the whole world on.

I hate to see it brought down to the point where we talk about it in terms of classical and jazz, because, like Jimmy was trying to say, it should be that the classical—there goes that word again—violinist, say, like Harry Lookofsky . . . After working with him for a very long time, I found out

that he worked for Toscanini 13 years, and at the age of 40 he decided he wanted to play jazz. He'd played all the string quartets, and he wanted to play jazz. Now, I would like to see jazz musicians take what he is tired of just as much for granted and have the violinists be just as familiar with the literature of jazz, familiar with all the solos, to make just one complete thing.

Because there's a certain reason why Palestrina and other musicians from then on . . . They found logical solutions to musical problems all through the times. Whether it had a rhythm section under it, or whether the rhythm section was held together by three or four or eight basses, it was still a constant solving of musical problems. And that's what the whole thing boils down to.

The 17th century had a certain effect upon the outcome of the music of that time, and the 20th century has a certain effect on the outcome of music today. There's jets and Sputniks and color TV and everything else happening now. Back there, there were horses and carriages and long dresses, and sniffin' snuff, and all that kind of jazz. It's the same thing, you know, just the outcome of time. And it progresses along. We'll call this classical music a hundred years from today. Then you're really in trouble: what do you call what happened back there?

LEES I was in a panel discussion with a professor who asked me, "What is jazz?" So I said, "I'll ask you a question: what is classical music? If you'll tell me that, I'll tell you what jazz is."

JONES Technically, the points can be brought up—the difference between concepts and so forth. Still, in 50 or 100 years, it's going to get very complicated. Because I *hope* that then the musicians make it complicated, so that everyone is familiar with the complete repertoire, all musical literature.

And it's realized more and more every day, with musicians thoroughly familiar with both sides, and the validity of all music, whether it's handled artistically or not, and they have a certain basic technique or tools that everyone takes for granted, and they constantly go through with these problems and it merges into one kind of a thing that defies categorization. I hope so. I really do, I hope so. Because all over the world you see guys that . . . Take André Hodeir. He's aware of all the things that are happening in music. He knows just as much about Monk as he would about Alban Berg's *Lyric Suite*. I'd just like to see these things taken a little bit more for granted.

OVERTON I'd like to make a point. When we were talking about the possible fusion of classical and jazz—what will this really amount to? I don't think that we know.

I mean, if we were to talk about what is happening right at this very moment, I think we could say that we could, as you say, define technically what jazz is, and also define what contemporary classical composition is, because they both follow very definite traditions. They stem from very strong traditions. Jazz has a tremendous tradition, and anybody who makes it at all as a jazz musician has some kind of contact with that tradition. You take someone as far out as Ornette—he still has had this experience with this tradition. He played for years on the west coast, I understand, so that the things he does now, at least you can say he had a long tradition behind him.

Take your American composers——people like Roger Sessions, William Schumann, Walter Piston. These are people now who are—there's a generation of younger composers beyond them—these are people who are following another tradition, but they are writing in America, and they're bound to be writing a different *kind* of contemporary classical music because they are Americans, and they're a product of our culture. The contact with jazz, the influence of jazz on these composers, in many cases, might even be very peripheral. And perhaps with later, younger generations of composers who work in the contemporary classical tradition, it would be a closer influence. To me, it would depend on how much contact the composer himself has *with* jazz, how much of an understanding he really has of the jazz process.

Then there is this "Third Stream." Now I feel that this is in a very experimental phase, but I think that it is definitely a different thing than either one of these other two things, because it's a definite mixture, at a very early stage, of two things that we can classify at this moment very definitely as being different from each other. And, in a way, it's an attempt to fuse these two things.

This is a point which I'd like to make. This has been going on for some time, and I think it will continue. This is going to be another way of composing. But . . .

LEWIS Now as far as I'm concerned, that piece, *Chant of the Weed*, could just as well be included in the album, *Third Stream Music*, and people who buy jazz and so forth, and are conditioned by it, whether they decide it's jazz or not, it would be just as different to them as . . .

OVERTON I wouldn't classify *Chant of the Weed*

as a fusion with classical technique.

LEWIS Really?

OVERTON I think of this as a straight jazz composition. But I would say making the distinction . . .

LEWIS Why do you say that?

OVERTON I just think there is a certain usage which is part of the tradition of classical music. And there is a certain tradition to playing jazz which is to me a different tradition.

LEWIS And you don't see it *(Chant of the Weed)* fitting in *Third Stream Music?*

OVERTON I must say, John, I haven't heard that *Third Stream* (album) . . . I've heard some of Gunther's compositions. He referred to—he explained—his compositions in this way.

LEWIS His compositions and compositions he felt were related to his—which got you out of the habits you have, so you could use whatever instrumentation you wanted, any kind of rhythmic pattern, any kind of chord pattern.

JOHNSON You know, John, the only premise on which I might be inclined to take issue with you is on that categorization of Third Stream music—and I have already done so in an article with Leonard Feather a couple of days ago, when he played at length from *Third Stream Music*—it's a great album, by the way—I'll only take issue with the premise on which you call it third stream music.

I have always, for the most part, felt there is nothing absolutely—*absolutely*—new under the sun. We're always elaborating on what's already been done. No matter how far out you want to call Ornette Coleman, you know, and every man in here knows, that there's strong relationships between what Ornette Coleman is playing and what has been played by Coleman Hawkins and what's been played by Bix Beiderbecke's and all those people's time. And the only objection I have—I violently object to these categorizations—is that people are inclined to forget these relationships and try to make something completely, graphically new out of it, and then they form these very farfetched opinions about it that don't take into account that all of us always elaborate on what's already been done.

Don Redman elaborated on what had been done before him. Every once in a while somebody comes up with a very positive contribution, in the way of elaborating on what has been done, that's outstanding. Then there are those of us who, for the most part, are just continually developing in our way what has been done before.

As far as categorizations are concerned, people in general, I mean the nonmusicians, do more of this than the musicians. That's just an observation from a long time. I feel very strongly about that. I don't think musicians categorize, label, and come up with these "east-coast jazz" and "west-coast jazz" and all these ridiculous titles. People draw too fine a line with these categorizations, they make it too dogmatic, and then they're way off on a tangent in their opinions.

GIUFFRE Let there be music.

JOHNSON That's what I say!

JONES That's the whole thing, y'know?

JOHNSON I've had people come to me, playing with my band, and say, "What is it you all are playing? Is it bop?" I say, "No, it isn't bop." "Is it traditional?" I say, "No, it isn't traditional." It's not Dixieland—of course, it's not Dixieland—it's just music. I have no title for it, and I certainly don't think it's bop.

LEES Back to *Sketches of Spain* and the question, "Is it classical or is it jazz?" Who cares?

JOHNSON Right! Is it good or is it bad? Do you like it or don't you like it? Do you get something out of it or don't you?

LEWIS Only thing is, there's one difference, though. And that's again this rhythmic thing—the way we feel the difference in values of notes related to each other, and the way we feel that you have to get from one note to the other in American music. Generally there's a difference in the way that an American would play two eighth notes and a European would play them. It's the way you hear these and hear these so much that you can't even tell anybody how or why it should be this way. It's different, though. That's different from European music.

JOHNSON Those two eighth notes, they were written with a specific interpretation in mind by the composer, which interpretation should take precedence over all other interpretations. I . . .

JONES But you're splitting the standards now, Jay. We're splitting the standards of giving the composer complete dominance over the composition.

JOHNSON All I'm saying is that when you write a piece, you hear it while you're writing it. I hear it a certain way.

JONES To the fine lines?

JOHNSON I don't mean that. But there are still two eighth notes.

LEWIS No, there are two eighth notes, but they're . . .

JOHNSON They're interpreted different ways. It's a question of interpretation and concepts.

LEWIS No, it's really not that. It goes way, way farther than that. You just play them differently. I would go to play the same two eighth notes in a Beethoven piece, and they just didn't

come out like Beethoven. They didn't come out at all. They come out as I feel two eighth notes would be. Especially a long time ago, two eighth notes—they've changed now—but two eighth notes sounded *like* what somebody thought would be a dotted eighth note and a 16th. That's even no good, because a dotted eighth note and a 16th by European standards are different from what they are here.

That's what made it very hard, until, say after the war—it's changed a lot in Europe—you were very hard put to find any European musician who could do this. Not that he didn't want to. Even if you took the music away from him and sang it to him, he still hadn't had any contact with this way of making the two notes. The best way, perhaps, is to start by rote with him, because that printed page up there . . .

JOHNSON But you don't jump right through the middle of that, John, with a categorization.

LEWIS All I'm saying is that the main body of our American popular music—I'd rather say popular music, because to me this was all jazz a long time ago, the popular music that I listened to. I've listened to Earl Hines, Don Redman, McKinney's Cotton Pickers. They played for dancing. And it was *popular* music, because it was popular with the people. Jazz was music to me because the rhythms sounded different than the popular music that came from European cafe orchestras and so forth. This started to be different, and it's influenced almost all the music, and it's very hard to isolate yourself.

JONES If you want to find out how much jazz you really can put on paper, though, you work in Europe for a while. Really, it's fantastic, the difference. I stayed in France for 19 months, and I had no idea how valuable the American jazz musicians were. They write their *own* compositions inside the music, believe me. Because over there, if your music was really read, you'd hear something else! And I really learned how to *notate* over there. They played what I wrote, and it scared me to death! Then I found out why I'd been using Ernie Royal and all these guys on these dates, y'know, because they help me write!

LEWIS They don't even really know it. This is what they see down here, and this is the way it's supposed to sound.

JONES Right. I really take it for granted. There's a certain concept we all recognize—this clue, this sign. But over there, they read *music*, exactly as it is. They're all conservatory men, and . . .

JOHNSON It might be better that way.

LEES Listen to a European orchestra pla the Gershwin *Concerto in F*. Not tha it's jazz, but it is American music. heard a performance by a Germa orchestra that was so incredibl stiff . . .

LEWIS It used to sound stiff here, too. I'v heard early recordings of it.

GIUFFRE There's one area that is a step be yond what we have actually put o the tape here. For instance, a com poser has this phrase. He wants phrased this way. He's got a fine jaz musician who phrases it exactly a he wants it. But it lacks personality It lacks conviction, or something Whereas this other man phrases exactly the same way that the com poser wants it, but there's somethin underneath it, a vitality of personality a conviction that comes out of a inspired player, and this is what lacking—this spontaneity, this vitality beyond the actual notation or the in terpretation of the written music. It underneath, some kind of accent tha they put into the music, or *don* put into it.

If it's a spontaneous, inspire player, you hear this excitement i every note, regardless of the interpre tation. He can play it the way yo want it, but he plays it his ow way, too. He doesn't change th interpretation, whereas the man wh has been trained to interpret musi plays it perfectly but flat, without th thing underneath, which you can define, like you can't define jazz.

I think there's a new kind of mu sician who is coming who has listene and absorbed and studied both kinc of music and lived jazz music an lived classical music. And so he going to find a new kind of phra ing and a voice that doesn't fit eithe one but fits both at the same time

JOHNSON That's something to look forward t

JONES That will be the essence of what w were saying before.

Say the Ford Foundation provide a fund of, say, $4,000,000 for a experiment. You have 40 childre who have proved that they have th talent. This includes strings, wood winds, brass, everything. They' raised in the United States to the ag of 10 or 11, they study in Europe they play in symphonies, they com up in a jazz environment, they' equally facile with the solos of Charl Parker, they have complete contr of the 12-tone row, and they g these two things so that they *bot* have the natural thing in them, whe you feel the firm conviction of bot elements. They don't have to kno that this is classical music and tha is jazz. It's just like you liking Ra Charles and you liking Dizzy. It the spirit behind that thing . .

And they put categories on it, and that's what confuses it. But if they don't know the difference—I'm just dreaming now—and they're exposed to all the elements involved, the valid musical contributions that have been made in the past—and, believe me, the human mind is capable of absorbing this much—and if they were exposed to these two elements, without knowing there were *two* elements, and they took both completely for granted, in the heart and the head, I wonder what would be the result when they got to be 30 or 35 years old.

LEWIS You still have to deal with the individual, though.

JONES Right.

LEWIS I mean, everybody didn't come here with the same equipment to do such and such a thing. And maybe a man will come here whose fingers work well and so forth, but you don't necessarily come here with all this equipment . . .

JONES I wasn't being practical, John . . .

LEWIS . . . So you're never going to get all the musicians who are going to be such and such.

JONES I wasn't saying that as a realistic point of view, just as an imaginary point which could show a possibility of a thing like that happening in the future. And I do think it's a possibility, and I do think it will happen.

It's like . . . You've probably met many people in your life who have almost the same musical philosophy, and maybe the same background and musical equipment — though there aren't many like you. But you know what I mean. I mean that you have the same attitude toward music. It takes that . . . You can get a great musician that thinks this way and one that thinks that way, but together, there's no rapport, there's no compatability. But the ones who have the same attitude towards music . . . In a group effort, if a thing like this could be done—in very unrealistic terms . . . I'm just thinking of how the thing could come about.

REDMAN Do you think we can sell this to the world?

LEES I'd like to add something to this. Again, as J.J. said, there's nothing new under the sun. We're all being a little shortsighted, I think. This is essentially a human problem, not just a musical problem.

What we have here is a division of things into categories that is rooted in Plato and Aristotle, a division even of life itself—and I am sympathetic to those Zen Buddhists, those who are serious in their study of it, not the faddists, who see this as an evil perpetrated on mankind. Blake in his poetry talked of the marriage of heaven and hell, meaning, as I take it, the union of the intellect and the emotions.

Major artists all through history have felt the need of integrating personality, of achieving a perfect, flawless integrated functioning of the mind and the emotions — which I think are false categories, just as you have been saying that "classical" music and "jazz" are false categories. The union of the animal and the angel in every man.

Many of us in this civilization feel that somebody blasted a gulf in the general vicinity of our guts, so that what happens up here and what happens down here happen in two different categories. And that ain't right. They should happen together.

Bill Russo, who has a very different view, I think, than anyone here, talks about feeling with the mind and thinking with the heart. This has been the problem of our civilization for a long, long time. This is what the Zen Buddhists—and again, I would emphasize that I mean the serious ones among them— are aware of.

This is not just a musician's problems. This is the problem of every man living in this mid-20th century. We've got a hell of a problem. We've got to get ourselves together, mentally and emotionally, or we're going to end up in a real mess.

GIUFFRE No solution . . .

LEES Do you think there's no solution?

JONES I think everybody here's doing it.

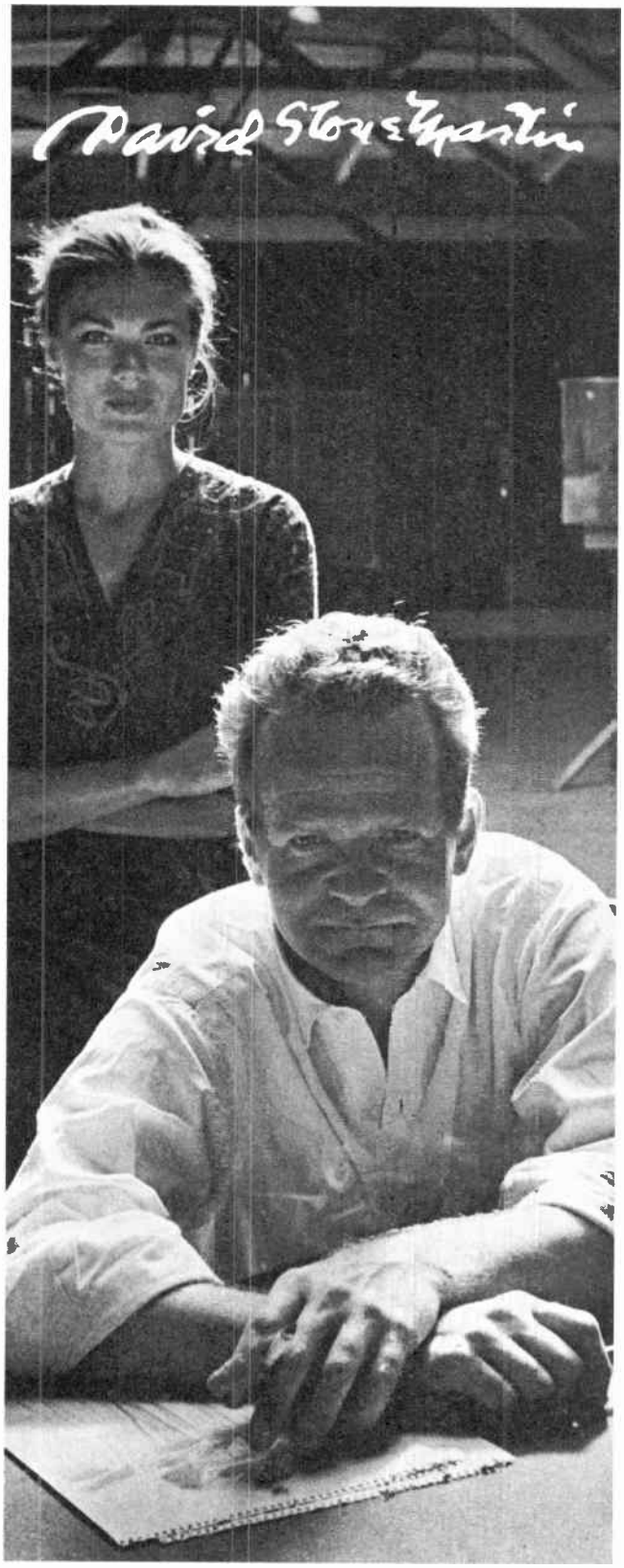
JOHNSON It'll happen of its own volition. It can't be forced or pressed. As long as there are conscientious people, like everybody in this room, it'll happen of its own volition. You better believe that. There are enough very, very conscientious and for-real guys in the thing to make this happen of its own volition. We don't have to force the issue.

OVERTON The main thing is that the real musical expression of what you want to do can be anything—it can be in any direction. It could be like a revisiting the old tradition and coming out with some new forms of it, as Horace (Silver) has done, or it can be very much different and way out on a limb, like Ornette. In the final analysis, if a thing is really good musically, I really think it will last. We can still listen to a Lester Young solo or a Coleman Hawkins solo. If it's really good, it will survive.

REDMAN That's true.

OVERTON That is the one thing that is encouraging about the future, that the good things will last. A good thing is a good thing. How big the audience is for the thing doesn't count with me.

REDMAN With me either. ■



The most distinguished graphic artist ever to turn his attention to jazz is David Stone Martin, whose remarkable pen drawings have been known to jazz fans the world over for more than 15 years.

Martin has himself remained out of the limelight, though the fame of his drawings has grown with jazz since World War II. A semilegendary figure to all but a few of the people in the jazz word, the man behind the pen is a soft-spoken Chicagoan (he was born in 1913) who now makes his home in San Francisco.

One of Martin's earliest jobs was that of Chicago supervisor of the federal arts programs. This was in 1934 and '35. From 1935 until 1941, he was a mural painter, working as art director of the Tennessee Valley Authority. With the coming of World War II, he became art director of the Office of War Information, in company with two other famous artists: Ben Shahn and the late William Golden. Then he was an artist war correspondent, working for the Abbott pharmaceutical company, which sponsored a large program of war art.

His tour as a war correspondent over, he moved to New York. Jazz pianist Mary Lou Williams introduced him to Moe Asch, then head of Asch Records and now head of the Folkways label. A jazz fan since his Chicago days, Martin had a keen insight into the art, and began to design album covers for Asch; he was to produce about 200 covers for the label, all done in black and white.

Martin's covers, widely imitated but never equaled, were actually born of economic necessity: the stark black-and-white drawings were much less expensive to reproduce than other kinds of art work.

Later, Martin made the first album covers for Norman Granz' jazz at the Philharmonic label. It is today the most famous drawing in the history of jazz. A pen drawing of a trumpeter, seen from a low angle, it was set against a white-on-gray picture of a concert hall.

The association with Granz was an important factor in building Martin's fame in the jazz world. He has done about 200 album covers for Granz and designed the Verve label itself.

Martin's reputation has grown outside the jazz world, as well. He is in heavy demand for a variety of commercial art, and always his distinctive style is instantly recognizable, no matter what the subject. But his connection with music is not ended: late in 1960, when *Three Penny Opera* opened at the Music Box theater in Los Angeles, 16 mural panels by Martin were on display in the theater.

One of the distinguishing characteristics of Martin's work is the meticulous attention to detail. Not only does he capture the feel and atmosphere of jazz performance, but each detail is authentic. "When doing a clarinetist," he says, "I know as well where the fingers go because I play clarinet. And one of my sons, Anthony, plays bass, alto, guitar, and a couple of Indian instruments."

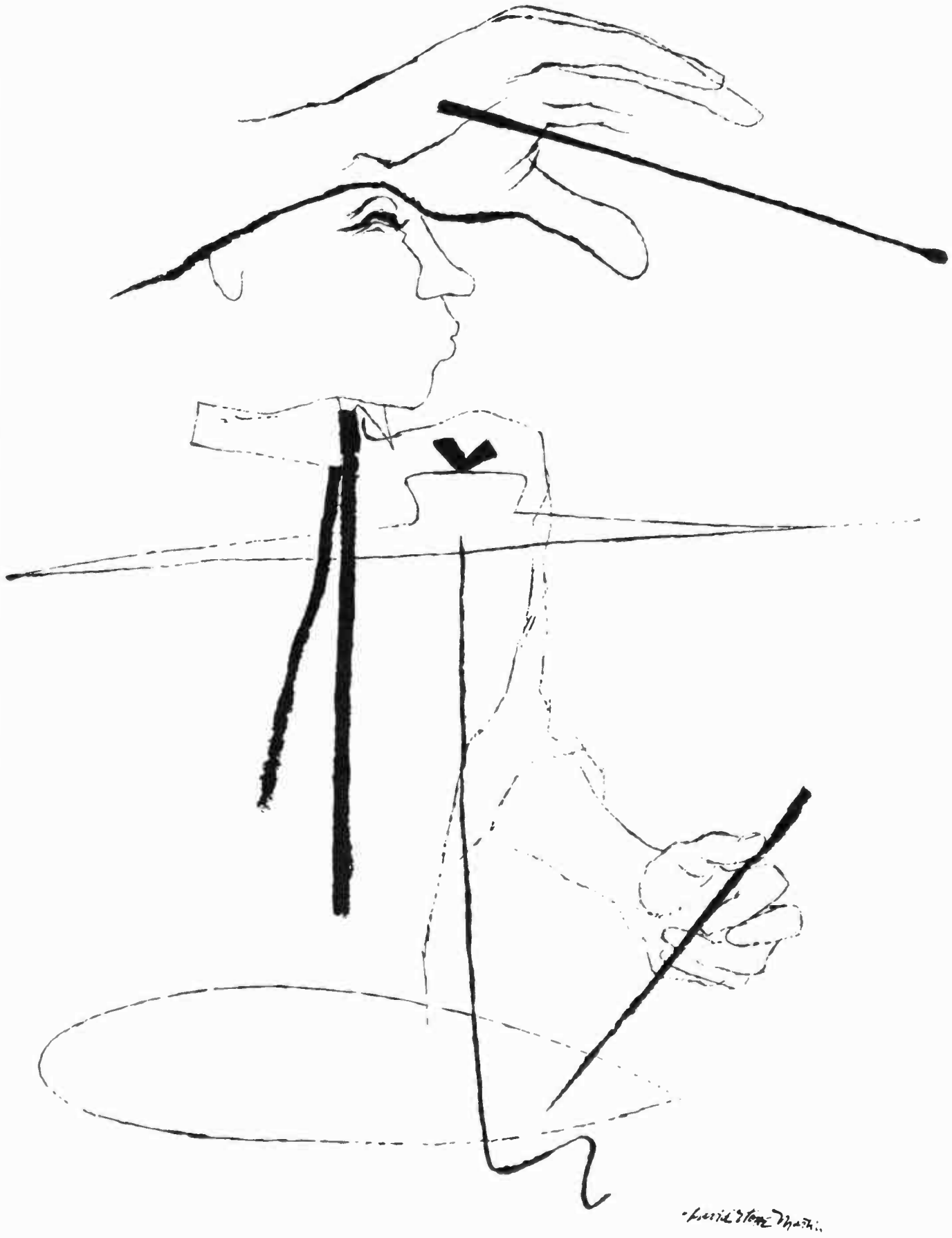
An understanding of jazz, according to Martin, is the main requisite for the artist who hopes to capture an intimation of jazz in pictorial form. Jazz, he feels, is "a musical form involving the listener almost as intensely as the performer. I think that is the essential difference between jazz, which I feel is a folk music form, and other musics."

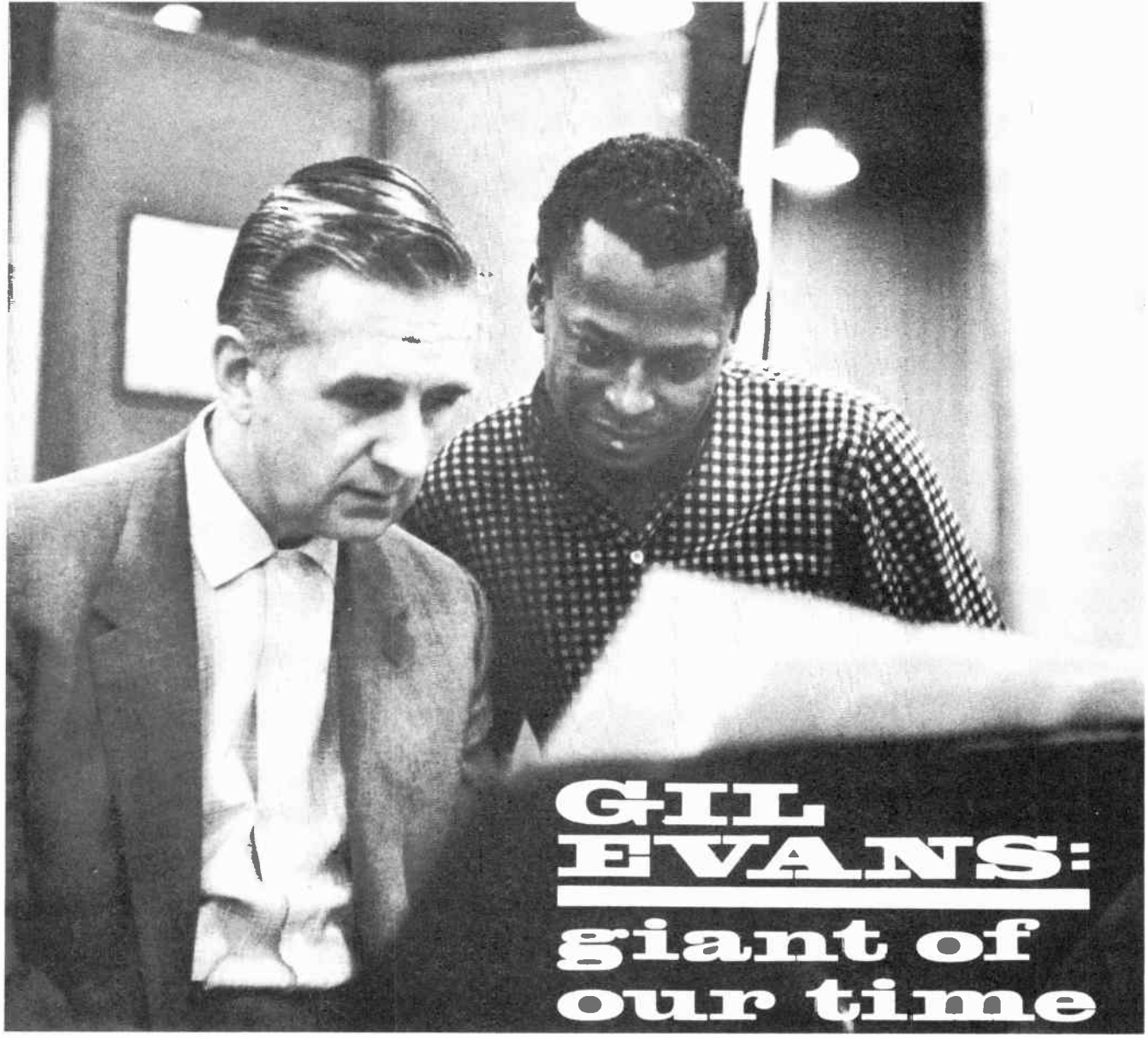
Martin has two sons and an 18-month-old daughter. Stephan, the older son, is 25. "He is completely absorbed in art," Martin says. "He is one of the outstanding wood engravers in America, perhaps in the world." Anthony has no plans to be a musician: he too is interested in art, and works with his father in Martin's San Francisco studio.

Martin's working habits depend on the project under way. But he likes to get his work done in the morning, and is usually through by 2 p.m.

In the evenings you can probably find him – where else? – in any one of the San Francisco jazz night clubs, listening to the music, and absorbing the look of jazz with those astonishingly sharp eyes of his.

On the following pages, *Music 1961* proudly presents a gallery of David Stone Martin drawings. It is the first portfolio of his work ever presented by any music publication. ■





GIL EVANS: giant of our time

By BILL MATHIEU

In this era of automation even the composers are mass-produced.

Along with "personalized" luggage, Hollywood movies, and paint-a-number art kits, many composers have taken their place on the assembly line. Music education has become standardized. Composers graduate from the academy, each full of common knowledge, and when they shed cap and gown for pen and paper, all their scores turn out the same way.

It's not just an uninformed remark that "all modern music sounds the same." The truth is that it's hard to find an important composer who has not been severly schooled according to the metier of the times, and whose music escapes the conformity of this schooling.

That is not to say that self-taught composers are scarce—they are all too common; but most of them have avoided the academy because they fear its discipline. Composers who are both disciplined *and* self-taught are nearly extinct, but there are a few. Gil Evans is one.

Evans is a 48-year-old arranger-composer known to the public mostly through five albums recorded within the last few years, plus part of one made more than 10 years ago.

This relatively small body of work has created a sizable impression on the public and has caused a sensation in the jazz world. Evans has become the new Guiding Light, and is regarded by many as the most important arranger-composer of this generation

Why the fuss? How could so little music cause so much commotion? The answer is not mysterious. A few moments of listening will convince the skeptic that this music is quite different from anything else ever written, yet it manifests the discipline, technical skill, and superb sense of form common to all great art. How did Evans learn what he knows?

Evans' training was acquired free from formal, academic sources. His school has been, and is, experience. His music education not acquired from direct contact comes from phonograph records and the public library. Nonmusical formal schooling ended with his high school graduation.

Starting at the age of 21 (in 1933) Evans led his own dance band for five years. In 1941, Claude Thornhill hired him as an arranger. The liberal, forward-looking ideas of Thornhill enabled Evans to begin a series of experiments in technique. This early freedom was perhaps the most fortunate condition in Evans' development. In art, carte blanche pays off. Evans began to learn, by trial and error, how exactly to express his personal aesthetic.

EVANS recently answered the question "What artists (composers, painters, writers, architects, etc.) have influenced you most and in what way?" with this reply:

"In all arts except music I consider my experiences and knowledge to be

superficial. Influence is a hard thing to nail down. It comes from the simple love of music which characterizes some musicians' work, or the essence of freedom, wonder or swing or courage or misery. It may never show in the actual musical details of your work.

"Someone may supply you with some tools and devices that fit your emotional needs. Sometimes you digest someone's lessons so throughly that you forget the source—never need to actually recall the instances or go back and listen again, until someone asks you what artists have influenced you. They're all inside, but you rarely hear them individually any more. Also, sometimes things can be whisked inside of you so fast and so gently that you barely have time to notice them (if you do) before they're full grown.

"Anyway, early inspirations who come to mind at this moment are Louis Armstrong, Earl Hines, Duke Ellington (and his men), Don Redman, Fletcher Henderson, Eddie Sauter, Lester Young, Charles Parker, Billie Holiday, Leadbelly, Leo Watson, Count Basie (and his rhythm section), Jack Teagarden, Bunny Berigan, and many others.

"I had no exposure to the European composers until comparatively late in life, so my listening experience is rather limited to the French-Spanish impressionists and the Russians, and Bartok, Berg, and Bloch. As you know, they've supplied me with plenty of pleasure, harmony, and orchestration. The first concert record I bought was *Schelomo* (Ernest Bloch), and it floored me so completely that I never have really recovered. However, I can never—just by sitting here and reciting these names—tell you how much I've loved all these people."

Just how important does Evans consider classical technique to be? There are a bunch of rules in music, disciplines you might call them, that prohibit the use of certain combinations of sound. Some of these are probably pointless, the residue of outmoded conventions. But it's possible that some have validity. Can there be rules in music? Or is the only rule the piece itself? His comment on this indicates his philosophy:

"Rules, disciplines, etc., are valuable sometimes as guiding lines as long as they don't make you overcautious, overcool, or worst of all, degenerate into pedantry. Trust your ear."

THERE has been at least one specific experience in Evans' life that readily demonstrates his personal use of these ideas. In 1941, when he started to write for bandleader Thornhill, Evans was exposed to the possibilities of the French horn. Ultimately, his experiments with this instrument contributed a great deal to his music as we know it today. The story is long and colorful. Gil told it in a 1947 issue of *Down Beat*.

"Claude formed his own band in 1939 and began developing his sound," Evans noted, "based on the instruments playing without vibrato except for specific places where he would indicate vibrato was to be used for expressive purposes.

"Claude added the French horns in 1941. That distant, haunting, no-vibrato sound came to be blended with the reed and brass sections in various combinations. It soon became evident that Claude's use of no-vibrato demanded that the registers be lowered. Actually, the natural range of the French horn helped cause the lowering of the register. In addition, I was constantly experimenting with various combinations and intensities of instruments that were in the same register.

"A characteristic voicing for the Thornhill band was what often happened on ballads. There was a French horn lead, one and sometimes two French horns playing in unison or a duet, depending on the character of the melody, also playing lead. Below were two altos, a tenor, and a baritone or two altos and two tenors. The bottom was normally a double on the melody by the baritone or tenor. The reed section sometimes went very low, with the saxes being forced to play in a subtone and very soft.

"What made for further variations in sound was the personal element; a man might have a personal sound in playing—let's say, his bottom part—that differed from the sound someone else might get."

Evans said Thornhill deserves credit for the sound, and that "my influence, such as it has been, was really through him. His orchestra served as my instrument, to work with. That's where my influence and his join, so to speak."

"In essence, at first, the sound of the band was almost a reduction to an inactivity of music, to a stillness," Evans noted, "for everything—melody, harmony, rhythm—was moving at a minimum speed; the melody was very slow, static; the rhythm was nothing much faster than quarter notes and a minimum of syncopation. Everything was lowered to create a sound, and nothing was to be used to distract from that sound—the sound hung like a cloud."

"But once this stationary effect, this sound, was created," Evans continued, "it was ready to have other things added to it. The sound itself can only hold interest for a certain length of time. Then you have to make certain changes within that sound. You have to make personal use of the harmonies rather than work with the traditional ones. There has to be more movement in the melody, more dynamics, more syncopation, speeding up of the rhythms.

"As for the influence of Claude's band, its sound and writers, I would say that the sound was made ready to be used by other forces in music. I did not create the sound; Claude did. I did more or less match up with the sound the different movements by people like Lester, Charlie, and Dizzy in which I was interested. It was their rhythmic and harmonic revolutions that had influenced me. I liked both aspects and put them together. Of course, I'm not the only one who has done that. Those elements were around, looking for each other . . .

"The point was that an interdependence of modern thought and its expression was needed. If you express new thoughts and ideas in the old ways, you take the vigor and excitement out of the new thoughts."

IN 1949, an opportunity came for Evans to collaborate with Gerry Mulligan and Miles Davis in the recording of a series of single sides on Capitol (H-459) which, taken collectively, form one of the most important milestones in the development of modern jazz. The sound of Thornhill's French horns was still very much in Evans' ears, as were all the new possibilities of voicing and texture that this sound suggested. The Mulligan-Davis-Evans band was a direct result of this development. Evans continued:

"The idea of Miles' little band for the Capitol session came, I think, from Claude's band in the sound sense. Miles had liked some of what Gerry and I had written for Claude. The instrumentation for the Miles session was caused by the fact that this was the smallest number of instruments that could get the sound and still express all of the harmonies the Thornhill band used. Miles wanted to play his idiom with that kind of sound.

"Those records by Miles indicate what voicing can do, how it can give intensity and relaxation. Consider the six horns Miles had in a nine-piece band. When they played together, they could be a single voice playing a single line. One-part writing, in a way. But that sound could be altered and modified in many ways by the

various juxtapositions of instruments. If the trombone played a high second to the trumpet, for instance, there would be more intensity, because he'd find it harder to play the notes. But you have to work these things out. I never know until I can hear it."

Eventually, Evans' pragmatic approach, coupled with his faith in his own ear, resulted in the development of an effective, disciplined, yet highly personal approach to texture.

But that only brings us up to 1949. The experiments continued. Starting in 1957, Davis and Evans began to record a series of concertos for trumpet and orchestra. Three have been recorded so far, and, taken together, they comprise the most astounding examples of orchestration (among other things) that jazz has yet witnessed. The records are *Miles Ahead* (Columbia CL1041); *Porgy and Bess* (Columbia CL 1274), and *Sketches of Spain* (Columbia CL 1480).

IN these three albums, the 1949 sound was developed to a degree of sophistication and integrity that heretofore has been indigenous only to Western classical music.

Perhaps the most electrifying of these albums, from the orchestrational point of view, is *Porgy*. The ensemble playing is, for the most part, vibratoless. The woodwinds and brass (especially the French horns) are blended in unheard-of combinations. Each instrument is used as a voice, and each voice plays an important, unique part. There is seldom such a thing as a "harmony part" (so common in contemporary jazz writing), which requires the player to perform awkward, nonmelodic passages. Just as in an early orchestral classical piece, every part is always interesting. Hence, the music is primarily linear, even though most of it is harmonically conceived. In this respect, Evans and the academy agree.

Even more God-given than his gift for creating patterns of texture and sound color, however, is Evans' exquisite sense of form, or, to be more accurate, his sense of cumulative composition.

To have this quality means to know where to put the climaxes, repetitions, statements of new material, changes in tempo; to know how much can be milked from a passage, how much emphasis a chord is worth, how many restatements a theme will bear; in short, to know how to compose a piece.

For all the talk of Ellington's use of instruments, it is this *compositional* talent that makes his music so successful. The same is true of Haydn, Brahms, Beethoven, and, incidentally, Bill Russo, all of whom are not essentially melodists or orchestrators, but put pieces together extremely well.

On the opposite side of the fence sit men like Ravel, Debussy, Pete Rugulo—and in fact most jazz composers—who are primarily concerned with the *sound* of the piece rather than its construction. An added bar here or a deleted bar there would not make the essential difference.

HEREIN lies the greatest lesson to be learned from Gil Evans. It is true that his music is superbly orchestrated. But it is *constructed* along the lines of a late Beethoven quartet, that is, in such a way that every bar is a consequence of what went before and anticipates what is to come. It is this compositional skill upon which the meaningful development of jazz depends, and it is in this skill that Evans displays his greatest talent.

The piece that best embodies this talent is the *Concierto de Aranjuez* in the *Sketches of Spain* album. It is the first jazz work containing improvisation that stands complete in an extended form, rather than being a bunch of pieces strung together. It is one long organic piece.

Evans comments further, "The original music is so beautiful that it would be difficult to do badly by it. Actually, the wild, sad melody, the form, the interpretation, performance, arrangement, orchestration into our language are the work of a band of gypsies: Miles, Joaquin, me, and all our cohorts (including many centuries of unknown Spanish Moors)."

A word must be said about the mutual influence that Davis and Evans have had on each other. They met in the late '40s and were attracted to each other immediately through their music and personalities. This is not surprising, for both men have a similar "sense of fitness" (Evans' phrase) with respect to composition. The listener cannot help but notice that they have a profound respect for and sympathy with each other's ideas. The collaboration is so balanced with respect to similarities that the differences serve to complement rather than hinder. The important point is, however, that each man has solved, on his own, the personal problem of emotion versus intellect in jazz, and these personal solutions, when brought together, confirm one another.

Often Evans will write long recitative passages within which Davis improvises. Evans' implicit trust in Davis' sense of fitness is most in evidence here. The faith lies in Evans' conviction that Davis will connect the written passages perfectly with his own spontaneous melodies. Davis' faith lies in the knowledge that Evans will compose music that requires, for its fruition, Miles' personal touch.

Notice how, in *I Loves You, Porgy*, after two themes have been stated, Evans constructs a background composed of the most important element in the first thematic motif: diatonic thirds. Davis responds by improvising long, flowing lines of diatonic thirds, in a sense picking the notes he wants from the orchestra and giving them his own expression.

IT is difficult to describe in musical terms how one knows that these two men are working toward the same goal. It is not only that each has taken on certain characteristics of the other. There is something more. But this something is locked away eternally within the music, where it belongs, and will never be spoken.

What can be expected from Evans in the future? Some composers do not change their basic approach during their productive life. Others undergo profound change. Brahms' *First Symphony* sounds similar to his *Fourth* (and last). Yet Beethoven's *Opus 2* is a completely different story from his *Opus 111*. Will Evans' approach to music change significantly at some future time?

It would seem certain that Evans will continue to learn, perfect his work, experiment with new sounds. Yet with respect to tonality, at least, his style has probably reached a mature stability. Easley Blackwood, a successful young symphonist, has said, "No contemporary composer has any business writing tonal music," his point being that contemporary composers should use all materials at their disposal. How does Evans feel about this? This way:

"I'm inclined to agree, especially for a symphonist. But since I am a writer of 'popular' music, I submit the paraphrase, 'No contemporary commercial composer has any business if he doesn't write tonal music."

It is unlikely that Evans means "popular" in the sense of "pop." His music is meant to appeal with intensity and immediacy to large numbers of people. He is a composer of the people, not as in the case of many of his contemporaries, a composer for composers, or worse yet, a conductor's composer.

Recently Evans unveiled a large new concert orchestra. If enough people are attracted to the new music to enable the orchestra to sustain itself, Evans then will be in a position to perform a great deal of his own work, which otherwise might never get written. If the public responds, a permanent new direction is assured. ■

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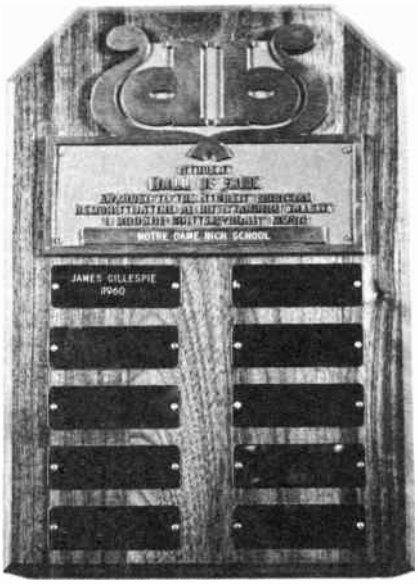


EDUCATION FOR JAZZ

By CHARLES SUBER

History, as has been often observed, repeats itself. It has happened in school music, as elsewhere.

From 1870 until 1915, a dominant form of American musical entertainment was the municipal band. Young Americans today have little knowledge of the municipal bands beyond that gleaned from nostalgic movies incorporating scenes in which the straw-hat clad young man woos his sunbonneted maiden to the strains of a concert in the park. There were once very big.

These concerts were abetted by local merchants. Why? To assure that there would be a sizeable crowd on hand on market days. (And we think supermarket entertainment is so new!) Composers such as John Philip Sousa and Edwin Franko Goldman had their heyday in the age of the municipal bands.

But the golden age of the brass band declined rapidly after the turn of the century. New entertainments—the gramaphone and nickel movies among them — were competing for the public's attention. And the coming of the automobile helped make community entertainment more mobile and diffuse. Concerts-in-the-park and concerts-on-the-mall faded away in a more "sophisticated" age.

Musical instrument manufacturers felt the pinch. But instead of sitting back and lamenting, they began looking for markets. Several Elkhart, Ind., companies had a measure of success sending men out on the road to organize bands in the schools.

Some three decades later, the coming of television and the long-playing records, shifts in popular entertainment habits, and other factors were to militate against the big jazz and dance bands that had been one of America's major forms of entertainment since the late 1920s. And this kind of music followed the precedent of the Sousa-style music that had gone before: it found a new home in the schools of America.

Today, there are more than 5,000 schools in America with jazz and dance bands (or stage bands, as they are called in many areas). The movement has been under way for several years. But if, at some later time, musical historians seek to select one particular year as the year in which this movement came into full bloom, it is likely that that year will prove to have been 1960. But the seeds were sewn by 1922, and the ground broken by the Sousa-style music.

THAT was the year that the Bureau for the Advancement of Music was formed with the backing of funds provided by musical instrument manufacturers. It was headed by a man named C. M. Tremaine. Its first public work was to organize a national school band contest. It was held June 4, 1923, in Chicago.

From there, the idea spread rapidly. In 1924, Illinois held the first official state contest; other states soon followed suit. By 1933, a competition held at Evanston, Ill., was able to attract 5,000 school musicians; by 1936, the national competition (it was held that year in Cleveland) had grown so large that it was decided to restrict events, from that time on, to regional and state contests.

Dance or jazz bands were not receiving nearly the same organizational attention or acceptance, of course.

In Chicago, the McPartland Brothers, Jimmy and Dick, along with Frank Teschemacher and Bud Freeman, had organized a small jazz group at Austin high school. These youngsters, and musicians from other high schools, were to be known to jazz history as the Austin High Gang.

But faculty members at the school had little to do with the development. Years earlier, in 1915, one Archie McAllister had formed a dance band in a Chicago high school with some of the most talented members of his concert band. They played each Friday at the school's "social hour." There were other scattered efforts of this kind. But in general, whatever jazz occurred in the schools happened without the help of faculties; jazz, after all, was regarded as something fit only for rag-time parlors and dance halls.

School jazz remained dormant,

Clinician Buddy De Franco

though restive, for about three decades. In 1950, things changed. Those factors that had worked to introduce concert band music to the schools were now working for jazz.

In addition, there was the expansion of schools that came with the growing up of the World War II crop of babies. Curricula again were being liberalized. In many cases, the new music educators had backgrounds in jazz or dance music. With big bands virtually gone from the scene, a certain musical emptiness faced America. The music was missed by the very parents of the teenagers now in the schools; as adolescents, those parents had danced to the music of Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller and the rest, and they did not necessarily think of jazz as something not quite respectable.

Indeen, the community at large was more responsive to jazz than ever before. Didn't the State Department use jazz artists as powerful weapons of appeal and propaganda throughout the world?

At home, jazz had reached concert hall status. It was no longer unusual to hear jazz in Carnegie Hall in New York or Orchestra Hall in Chicago or at the Hollywood bowl.

But there was one big difference between the earlier move of concert band music into the schools and the development of jazz there: concert bands had been fostered in schools by musical instrument manufacturers; the main impetus for jazz came from within the schools. It came with a desire of young musicians to play contemporary music, the same desire

that had brought the Austin High Gang into being.

IT WAS a desire that was fostered by such men as Dr. Eugene Hall of North Texas State College at Denton. Not that music dealers or manufacturers were opposed to it. The dealers helped organize competitions at the local and regional levels. The instrument companies provided a different kind of backing than they had for concert bands in the 1920s. They booked outstanding jazz musicians, thoroughly schooled in formal techniques and methodology, to conduct hundreds of clinics and festivals every year.

Clarinetist Buddy De Franco went out to teach and inspire high school musicians with the backing and blessing of the Leblanc company. The Conn company sent Don Jacoby and Coles Doty out; Benny Goodman and Tony Rulli were brought into the movement by Selmer; and Buddy Rich conducted clinics for the Rogers drum company. In addition, men who devoted themselves full-time to school music became increasingly active—Dr. Hall, Matt Betton, Clem DeRosa, and other educators.

Recognized regional musical festivals, such as the 28-year-old Tri-State Music festival in Enid, Okla., the Mid-West Band clinic in Chicago, and the Mid-East Band clinic in Pittsburgh, now have regularly scheduled stage band clinics or competitions (or both) as part of their programs.

Improved communications among schools has been an important impetus to the program. *Down Beat* magazine has for the past four years been helping the school jazz movement by helping disseminate information and methods. At the end of this article, you will find a list of events that have been organized by or with the cooperation of *Down Beat*.

In addition, *Down Beat* awards scholarships to deserving students with the cooperation of various organizations. *Down Beat* was instrumental in the formation of the National Band Camp, Inc., a nonprofit organization whose growing aceptance reflects the current stature and acceptance of school jazz.

The camp was started in the summer of 1959 by Ken Morris, an Indiana ballroom operator who now serves as the camp's director. Its first one-week session at Indiana university, at Bloomington, Ind., drew 156 students from 26 states and Canada. In 1960, again at Indiana university, a two-week session attracted 276 students from 35 states and Canada. In the summer of 1961, the camp will be held at three locations, with each session lasting a week. Indiana, Michigan State, and Southern Methodist universities will play hosts to the camp.

And along with the student clinics, there will be a band directors' workshop. Each band director completing the one-week session will receive one course hour credit from the university at which the workshop is held.

Obviously, the phenomenal growth of the camp is rooted in the deep interest in jazz in schools throughout the country. There are 30,000 high schools in the United States. Some 5,000 — or one out of six — have organized dance or stage bands (the double term is in use because, in some of the more fundamentalist parts of the country, "jazz" and "dance" are still dirty words, necessitating the use of the euphemism "stage band") supervised by members of these schools' music faculties.

The music educator uses the stage bands as an incentive to better musicianship. If the concert band student (these bands continue in peaceful and cooperative coexistence with the stage bands) attends rehearsals regularly, keeps his marks up, and behaves himself, then he may be eligible for the stage band.

Hundreds of band directors report that, as a result, the stage bands have been the chief means of improving musicianship throughout the schools' music programs.

For the students, it is a perfect answer — they get a chance to play music that is contemporary to them, with none of the musical disciplines eliminated.

The movement is not limited to high schools, however: a growing number of colleges and universities are now offering courses in jazz.

North Texas Stage College continues its 15-year-old program, under the current direction of Leon Breeden; Michigan State university has such a program under Dr. Hall's direction; Indiana university's jazz program is directed by Edwin Baker; Ralph Mutchler, a gifted young arranger, is director of a jazz program at Olympic College in Bremerton, Wash.; West Texas State, in Canyon, Texas, has a program directed by Dr. Ted Crager; Monterey Peninsula Colege, in Monterey, Calif., has a program directed by Dr. Bruce Hubbard; Ray McDonald is in charge of the program at Los Angeles Valley Junior College in Van Nuys, Calif.; and the Eastman

Benny Goodman

Buddy Rich

School of Music at Rochester, N.Y., offers during its summer session a course in modern arranging by Ray Wright.

Meantime, Boston's Berklee School of Music continues at the best all-jazz music school in America, and therefore, in the world; it attracts students from countless countries. It has been an important force in school jazz. Berklee offers a full degree in music, in addition to specialized jazz courses.

EVEN the conservative Music Educators National Conference is becoming increasingly aware of school jazz. For the past six years, it has programmed a jazz clinic at its national conventions, and is working with *Down Beat* to formalize standards and methods of teaching for school jazz.

Today, recognition of the importance of the school jazz movement is spreading through organizations in every phase of the music world. Herman Kenin, president of the American Federation of Musicians, recently presented bandleader Stan Kenton (himself an important force in school jazz) with a $1,000 check for scholarships to the Kenton clinics that are an integral part of the National Band Camp.

And Capitol Records has not only donated scholarship money, but will record several school jazz festivals, giving proceeds of the record sales to the schools.

The Guitar Manufacturers Association has given money to *Down Beat* to be used in hiring guitar clinicians for the festivals organized in cooperation with the magazine. The Wurlitzer piano company has done the same for the hiring of piano clinicians. ASCAP and BMI have been helping wherever possible. For example, BMI publishes a series of jazz composer booklets for distribution to schools.

Audio companies such as V-M and Ampex are providing equipment and counsel for the *Down Beat* clinics. The National Association of Music Merchants is distributing a booklet published by *Down Beat* and titled *How to Organize a Stage Band Festival.*

In 1950, there were virtually no special arrangements for stage bands on the market; ten years later, some 1,500 were available, with new firms such as Kendor, of Aurora, N.Y., and KSM, of Fort Worth, Texas, in the field. The Berklee school is also entering the picture with a subsidiary called the Berklee Press. Its first publication, to appear early in 1961 is

(Continued on page 102)

muted jazz

Jonah and his OLDS

The muted jazz of Jonah Jones on his trumpet is a sound that's keeping the jazz world talking about that Jones boy—and listening for his every mellow, muted note.

It's Jonah—leading his group in the bright, easy-swinging Jones style and adding his own lyrical improvisations and off-beat accents—who fills Manhattan's *Embers*, packs Chicago's *London House*, and sells his Capitol LP recordings (how they sell!). *"The group has reached the point where everything blends,"* says Jonah, *"and we have our sound."* What a sound—bright, irresistible, captivating, fascinating, subtly sophisticated.

It takes an Olds to make music for Jonah. He's played Olds trumpets—*and only Olds*—for the past twenty years.

Jazz began for Jonah on a Mississippi riverboat back in '29. It took him through a career that reads like a history of jazz, while he matured his own unique style. Jonah has played his Olds with such all-time greats as Horace Henderson, Wesley Helvey, Jimmie Lunceford, Stuff Smith, Lil Armstrong, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Fletcher Henderson, Benny Carter, Cab Callaway, Dizzy Gillespie, and many others. He and his Olds have toured Europe, played in the pit for *Porgy and Bess*, appeared at the swankiest night spots and on TV spectaculars—he was fabulous recently in "An Evening With Fred Astaire."

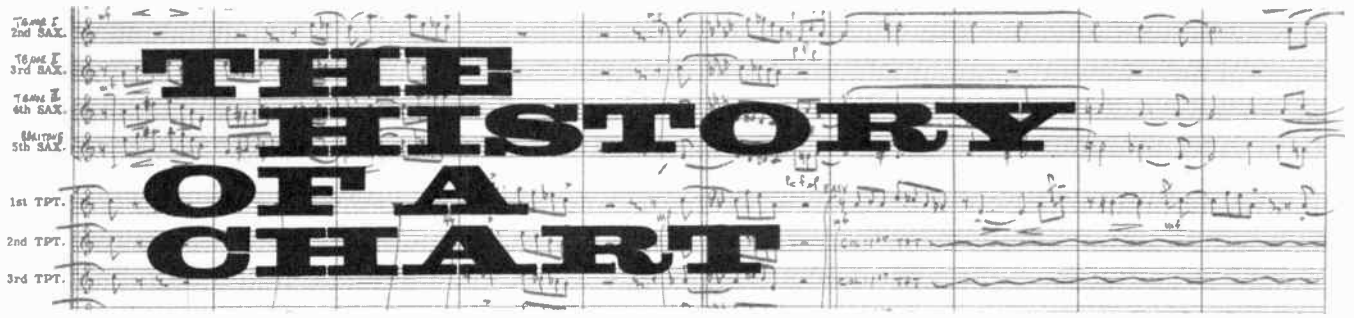
Jazz devotees who hear Jonah's muted Olds—and late at night his open horn—say no one sends them like Jonah.

jazz like Jonah's happens only with an

OLDS

F. E. OLDS & SON
Fullerton, California

JONAH JONES QUARTET, Capitol Recording Artists



THE HISTORY OF A CHART

A few years ago, the trumpet section of the Lionel Hampton Band contained three remarkable young men: Clifford Brown, Art Farmer, and Quincy Jones. When the Hampton band toured Sweden, these three slipped away to do an after-midnight recording date with some of the best Swedish jazz musicians. For it (Prestige 167), Quincy wrote a semi-ballad called *Stockholm Sweetnin'*; on it, Brownie played one of his most inspired solos.

In 1956, Clifford Brown died in an automobile crash that shook the jazz world. Quincy was one of the most severely shaken: Brownie had been a close personal friend.

Later, when Quincy was writing the big band arrangements for his album, *This Is How I Feel About Jazz* (ABC-Paramount 149), it was inevitable that he should include *Stockholm Sweetnin'*. Had it not been the Stockholm record date that brought the first widespread recognition of his remarkable talents as an arranger?

Quincy turned his composition into a tribute to Clifford: with reverent care, he completely orchestrated Brownie's trumpet solo. And he created one of his most moving arrangements to date.

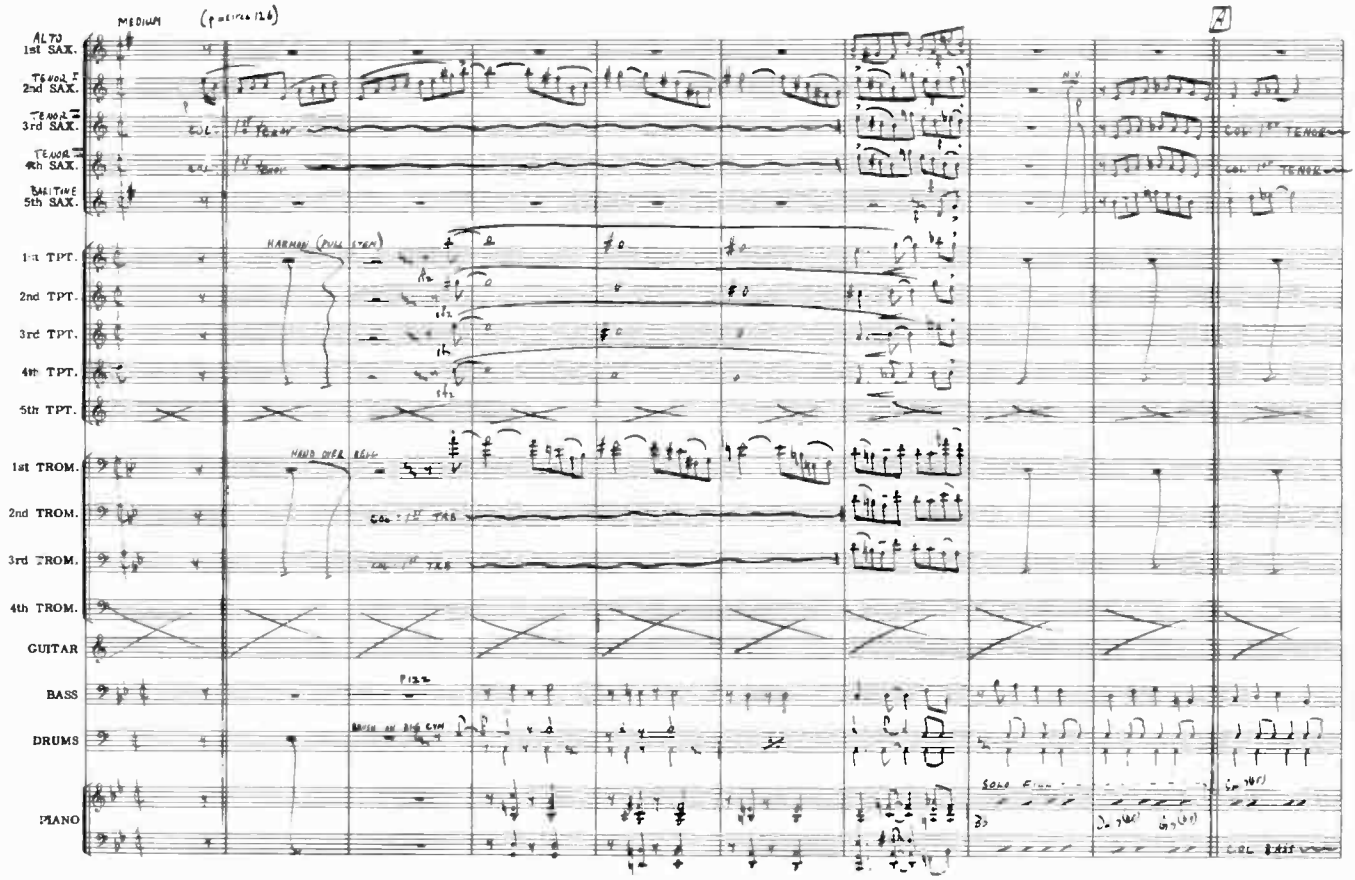
When the editors of *Down Beat* decided to print a full big-band arrangement in *Music 1961*, the *Stockholm Sweetnin'* classic was an inevitable choice. But the original arrangement was almost impossible to track down. It turned out that only the separate parts could be found, and in the process of recopying, errors had been introduced and changes made.

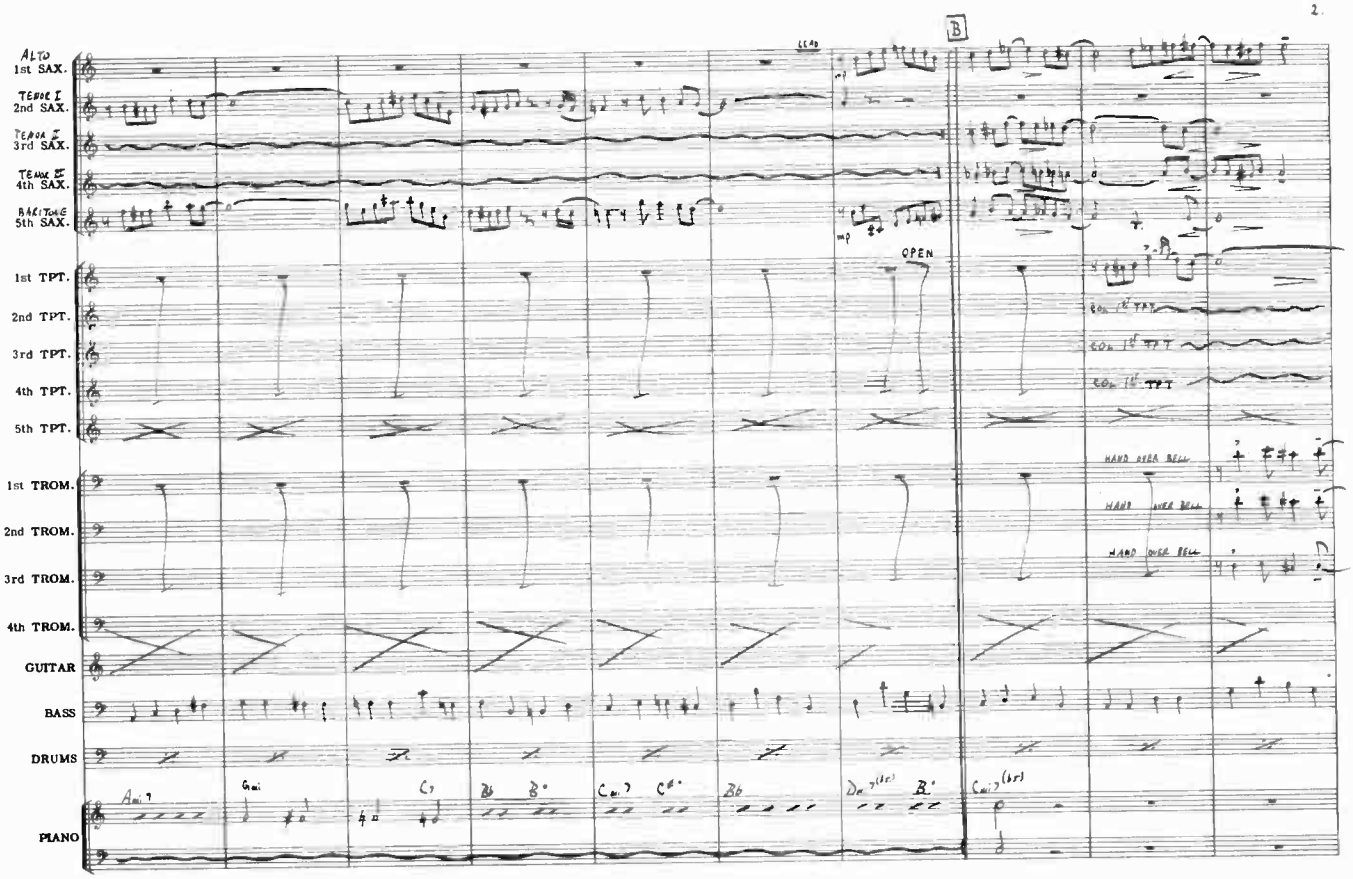
The parts were turned over to Bill Mathieu, young *Down Beat* columnist and a gifted arranger in his own right. In what amounted to an example of jazz musicology, Mathieu listened to the recording and reconstructed the original arrangement — with the same kind of care with which Quincy had orchestrated Brownie's trumpet solo.

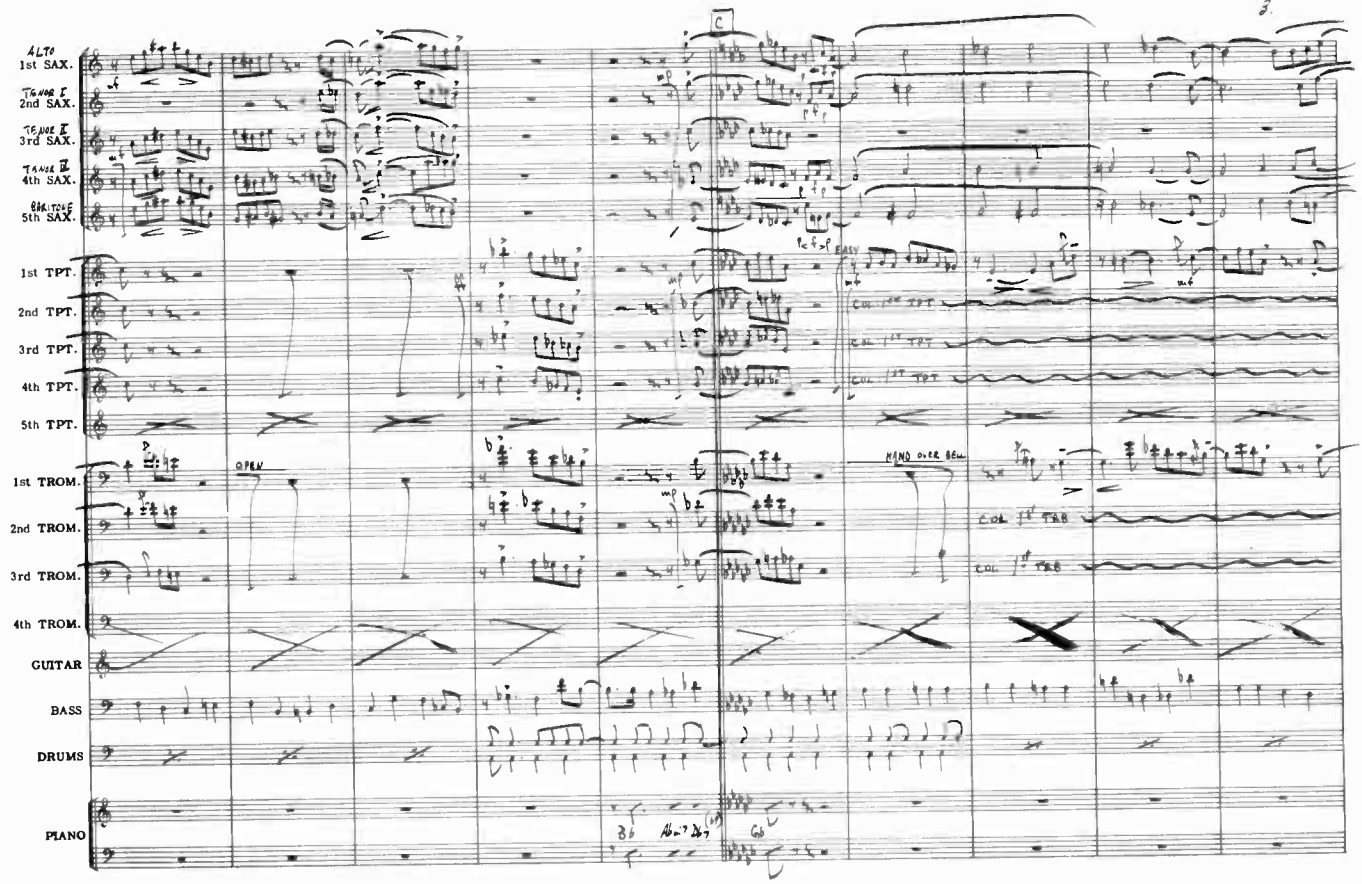
On the following pages, you will find the product of his efforts. It is published here for the benefit of student musicians who might want to play it and arrangers who might want to study it, and as a tribute to Clifford Brown and Quincy Jones. ■

STOCKHOLM SWEETNIN'

COMPOSED AND
ARRANGED BY
QUINCY JONES




B
LEAD
OPEN
HAND OVER BELL
COL 1st TPT
ALTO 1st SAX.
TENOR I 2nd SAX.
TENOR II 3rd SAX.
TENOR III 4th SAX.
BARITONE 5th SAX.
1st TPT.
2nd TPT.
3rd TPT.
4th TPT.
5th TPT.
1st TROM.
2nd TROM.
3rd TROM.
4th TROM.
GUITAR
BASS
DRUMS
PIANO


C
3.
OPEN
HAND OVER BELL
COL 1st TPT
ALTO 1st SAX.
TENOR I 2nd SAX.
TENOR II 3rd SAX.
TENOR III 4th SAX.
BARITONE 5th SAX.
1st TPT.
2nd TPT.
3rd TPT.
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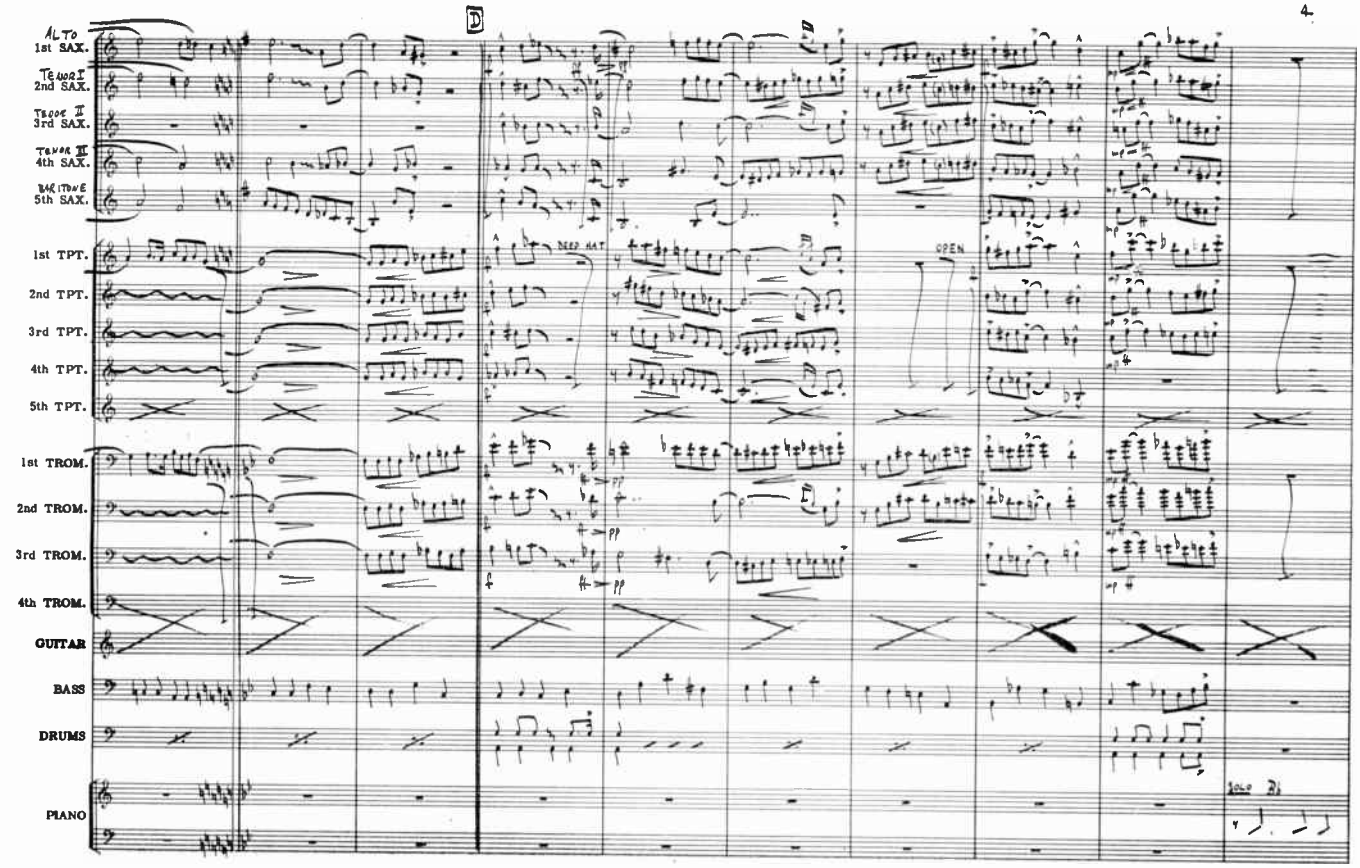
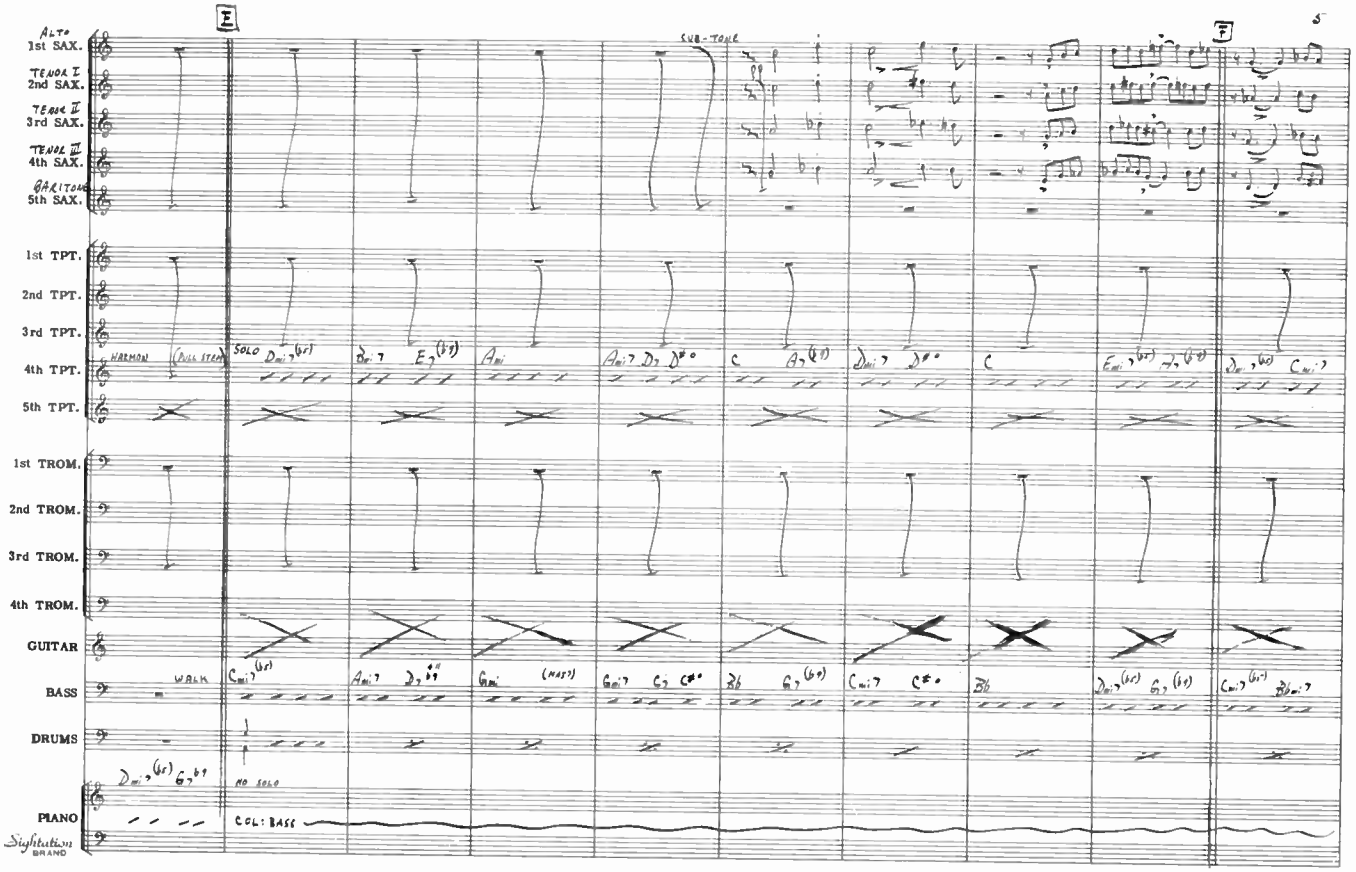
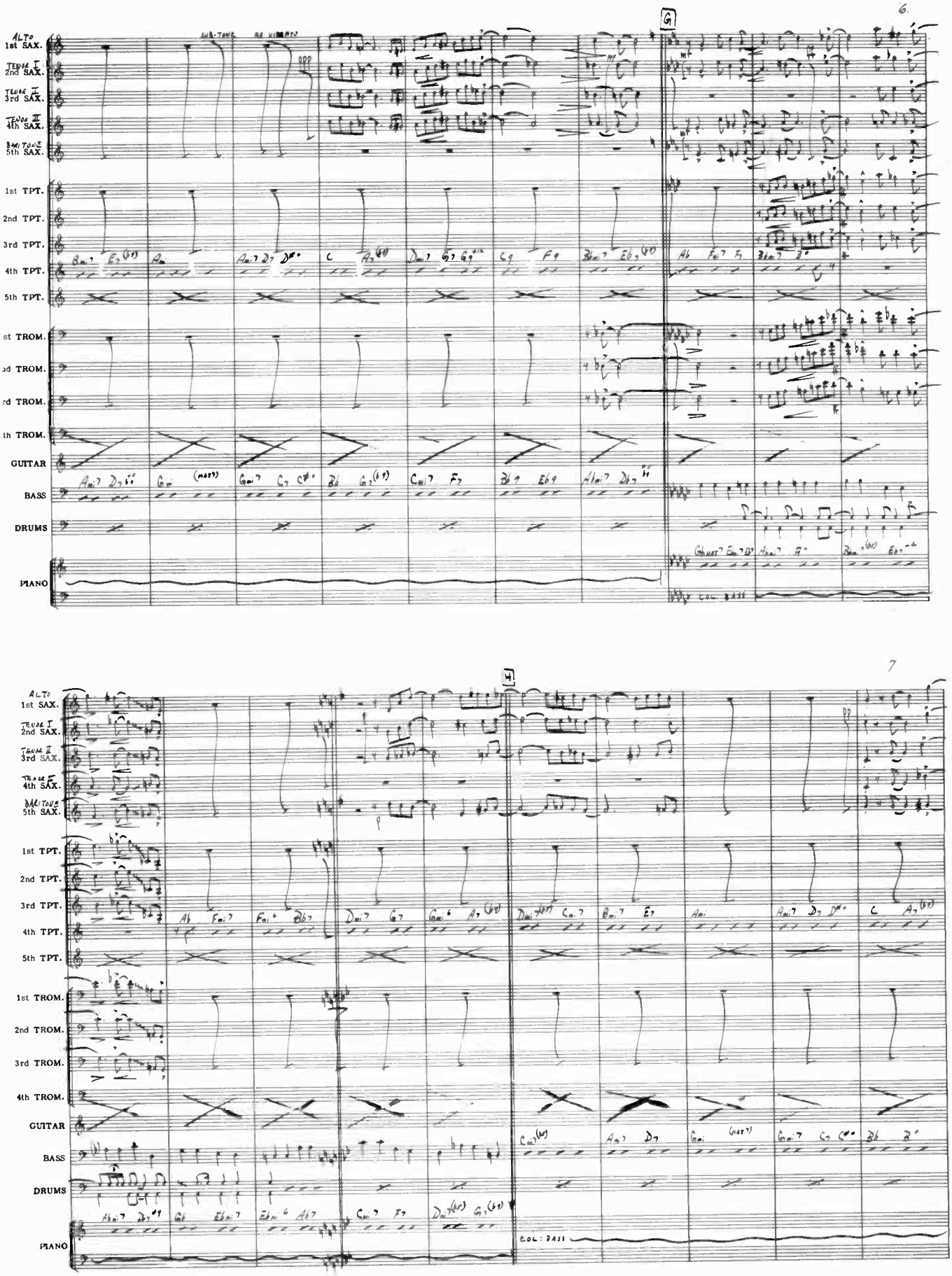
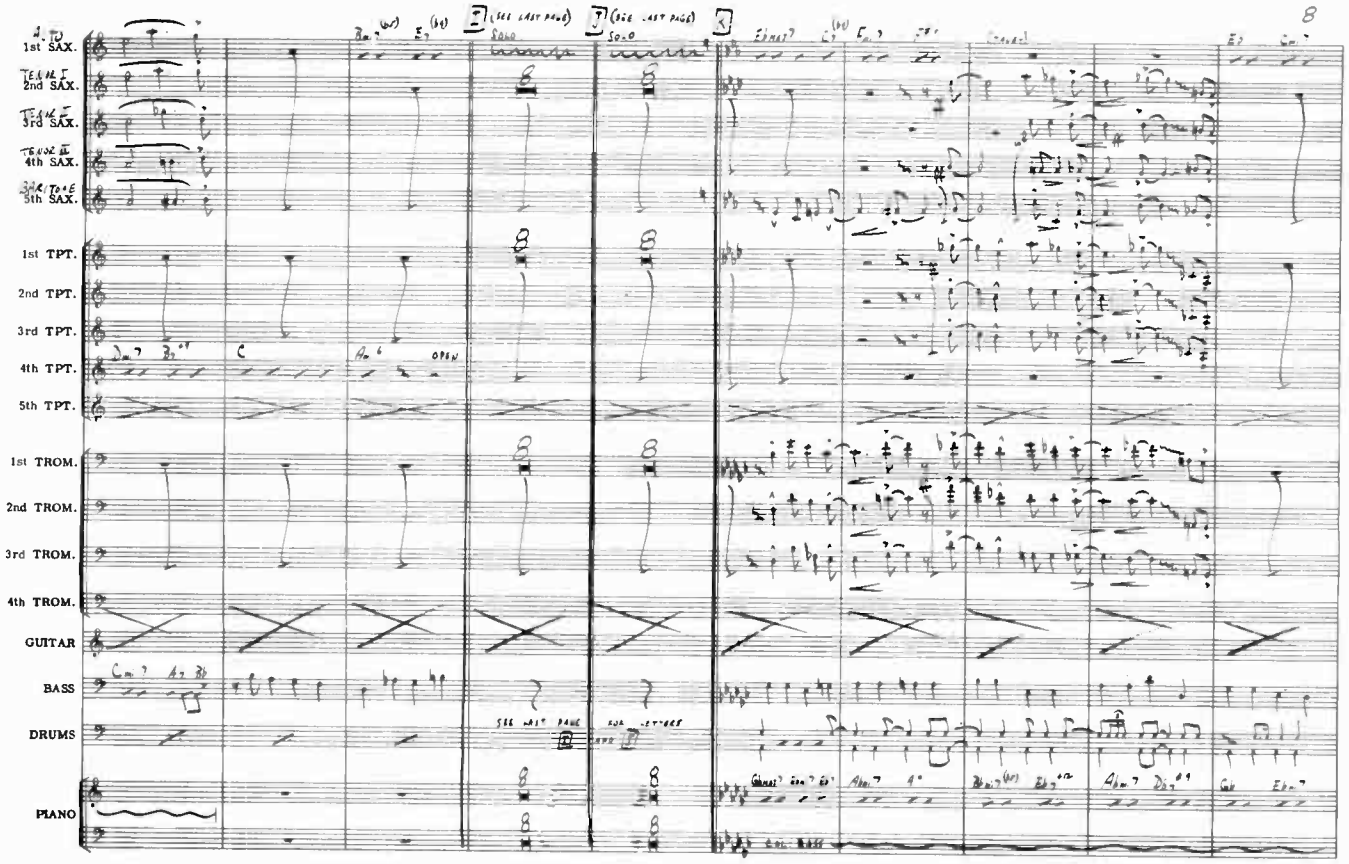
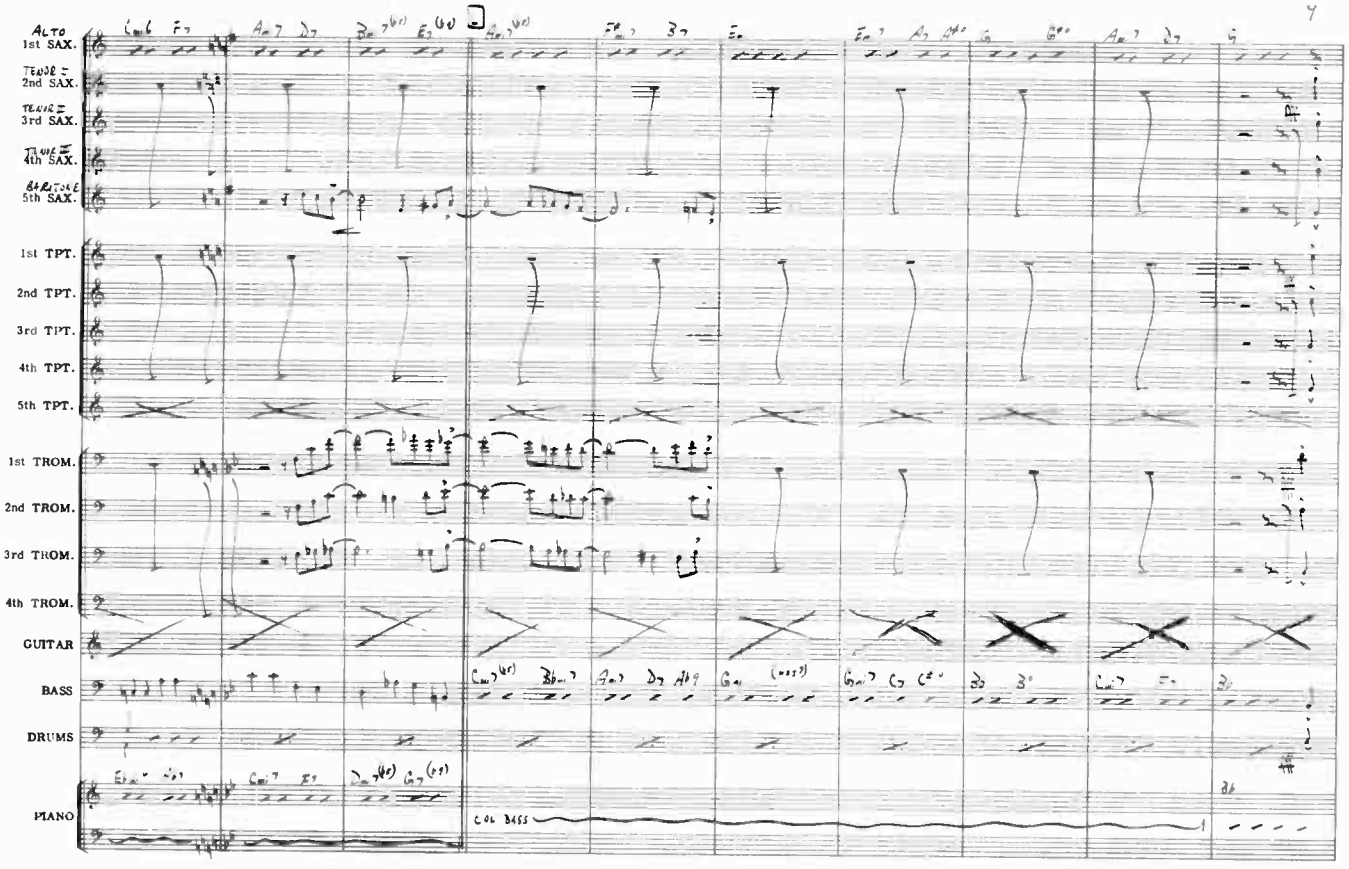
4th TROM.
GUITAR
BASS
DRUMS
PIANO

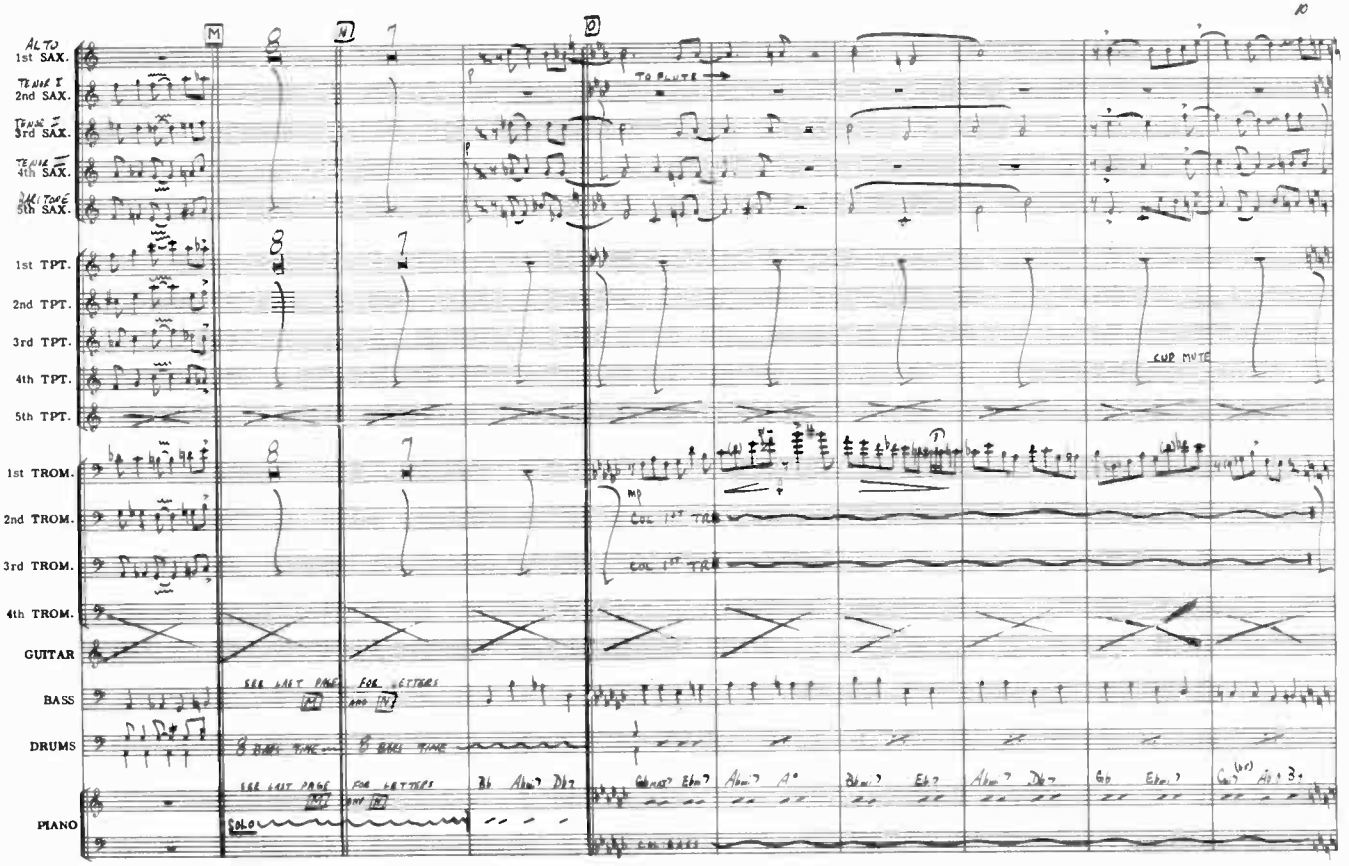


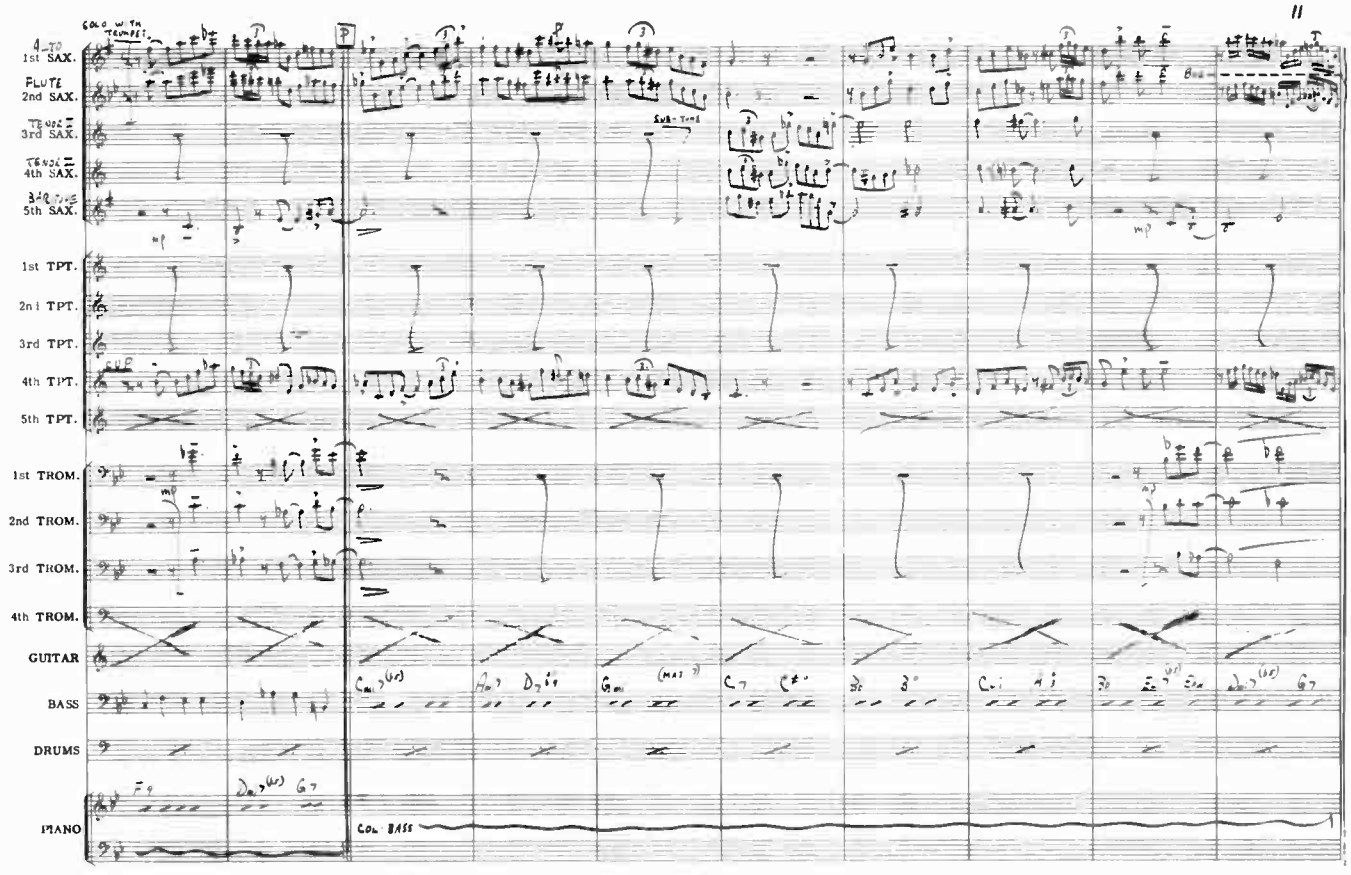


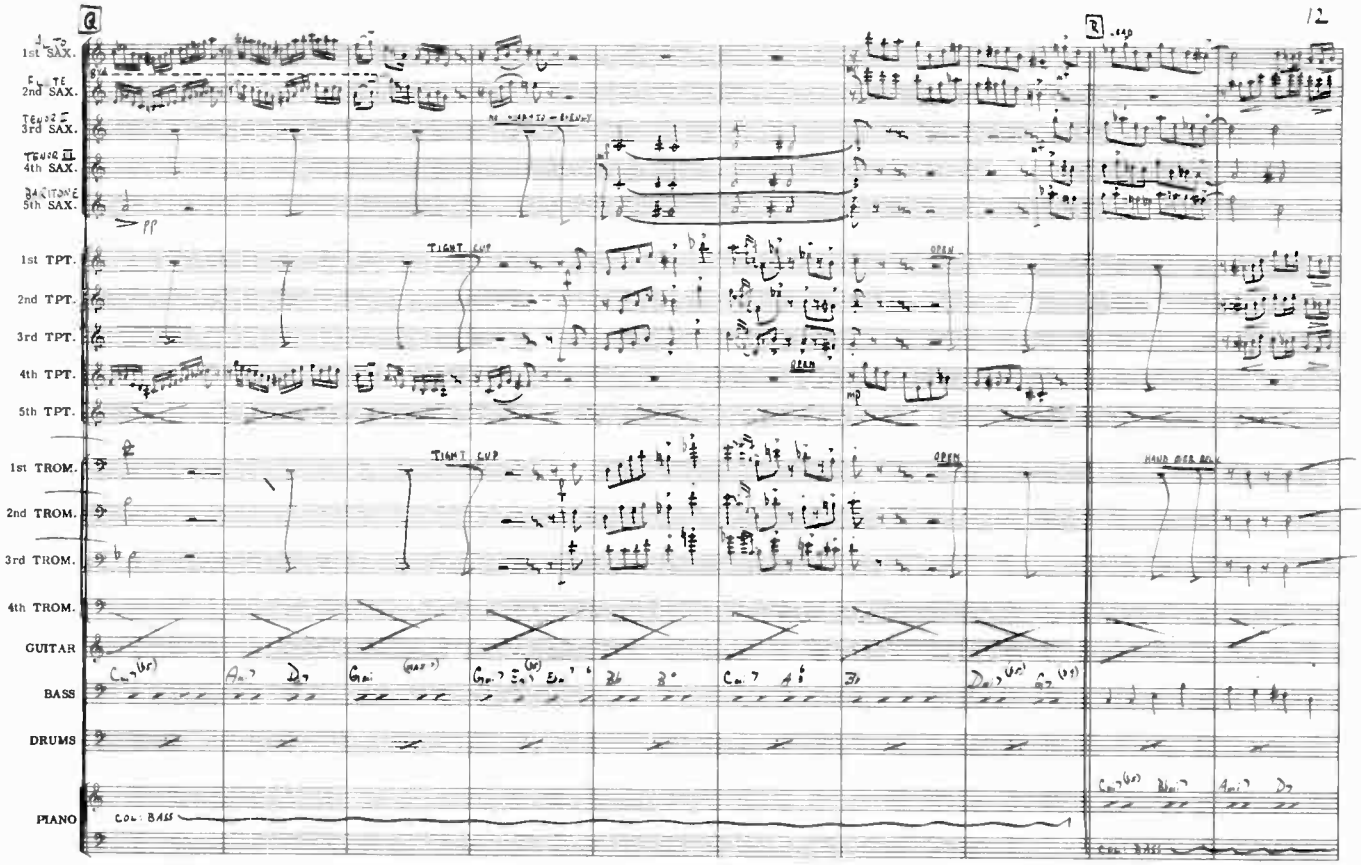


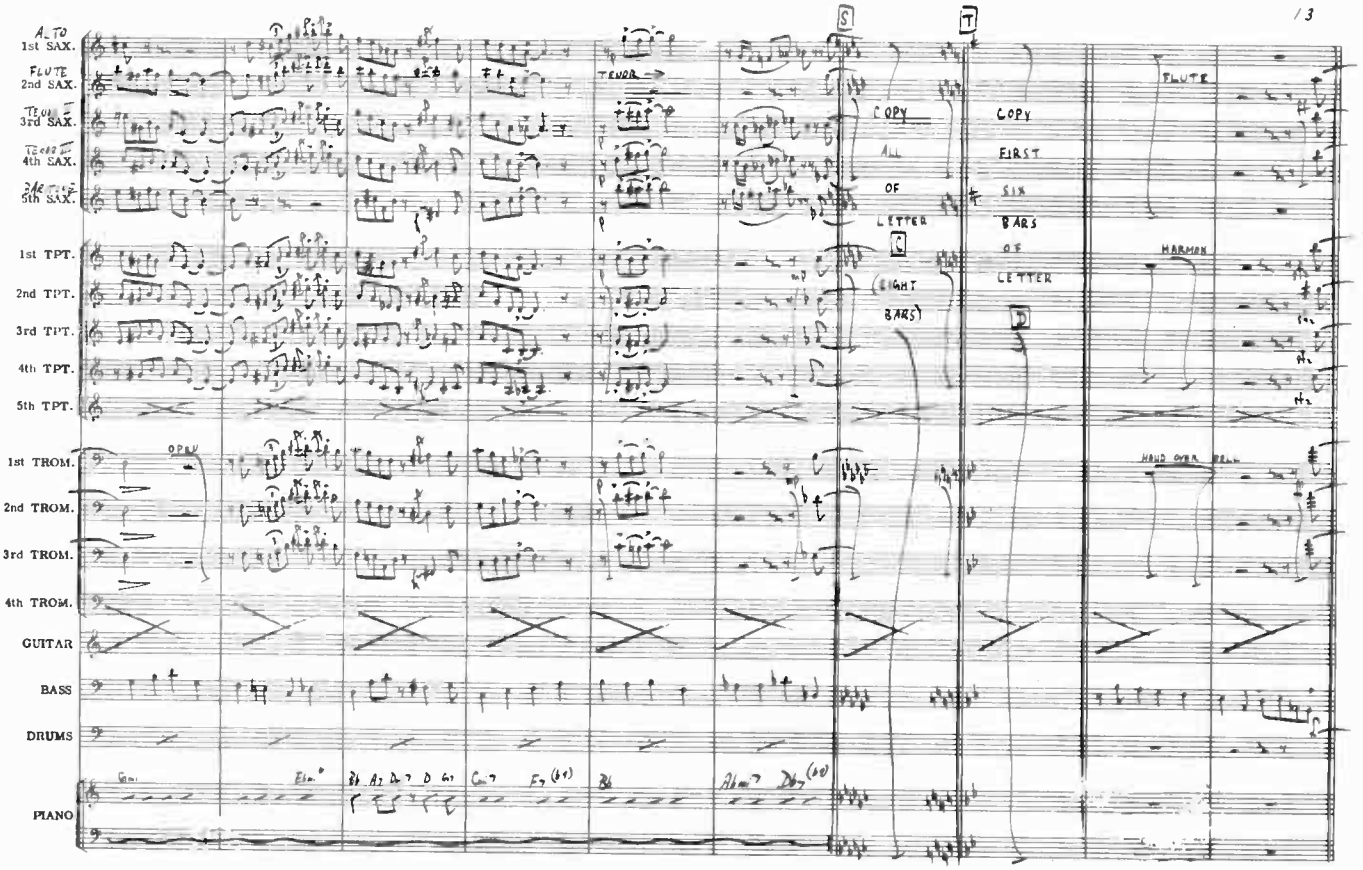

1st SAX.
2nd SAX.
3rd SAX.
4th SAX.
5th SAX.
1st TPT.
2nd TPT.
3rd TPT.
4th TPT.
5th TPT.
1st TROM.
2nd TROM.
3rd TROM.
4th TROM.
GUITAR
BASS
DRUMS
PIANO
SOLO
SOLO
OPEN
8

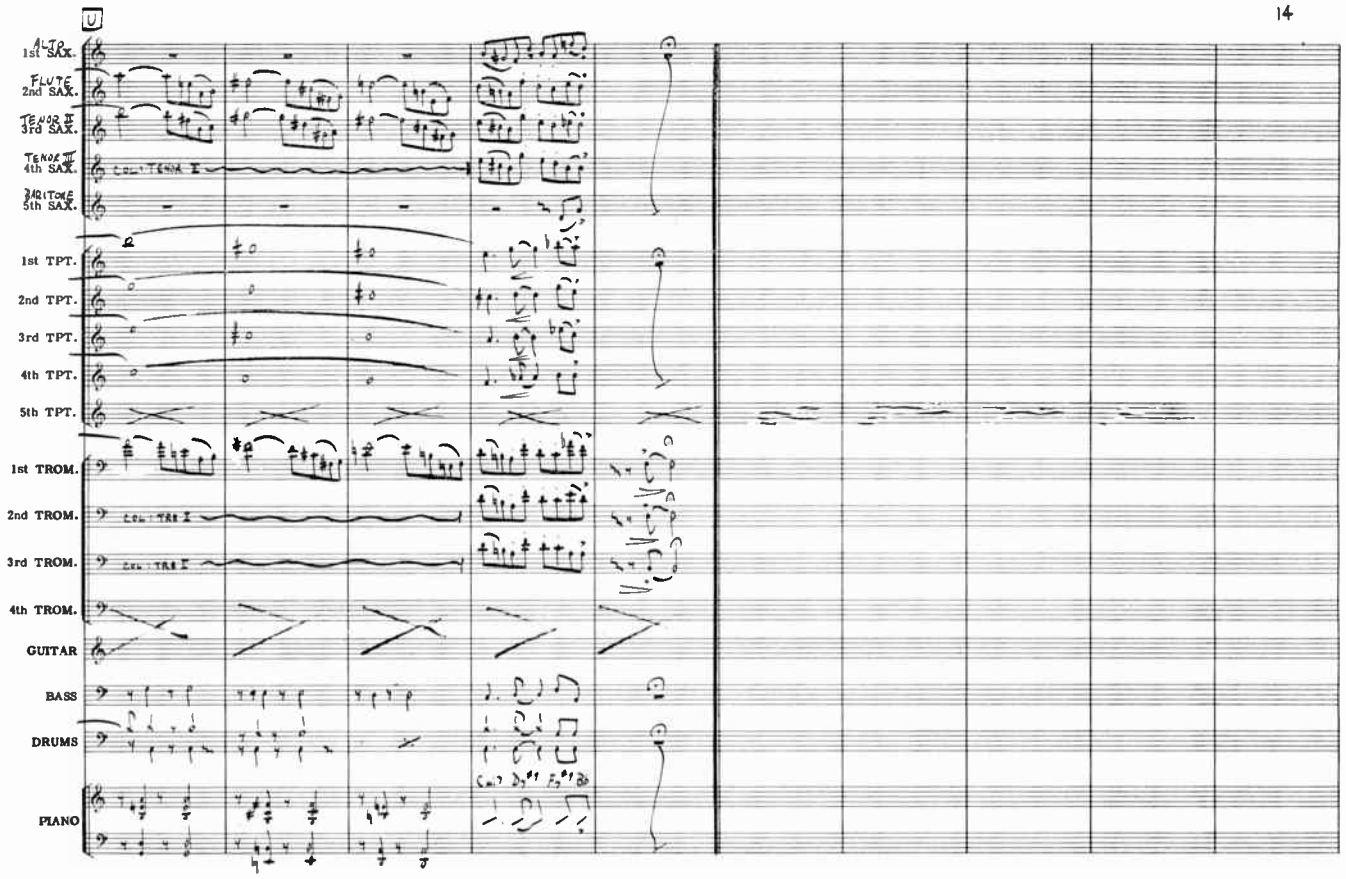

ALTO
1st SAX.
2nd SAX.
3rd SAX.
4th SAX.
5th SAX.
1st TPT.
2nd TPT.
3rd TPT.
4th TPT.
5th TPT.
1st TROM.
2nd TROM.
3rd TROM.
4th TROM.
GUITAR
BASS
DRUMS
PIANO
COL BASS
4


10
ALTO 1st SAX.
TENOR I 2nd SAX.
TENOR II 3rd SAX.
TENOR III 4th SAX.
BARITONE 5th SAX.
1st TPT.
2nd TPT.
3rd TPT.
4th TPT.
5th TPT.
1st TROM.
2nd TROM.
3rd TROM.
4th TROM.
GUITAR
BASS
DRUMS
PIANO
TO FLUTE
CUP MUTE
SEE LAST PAGE FOR LETTERS
SOLO


11
SOLO WITH TRUMPET
4 TO 1st SAX.
FLUTE 2nd SAX.
TENOR II 3rd SAX.
TENOR III 4th SAX.
BARITONE 5th SAX.
1st TPT.
2nd TPT.
3rd TPT.
4th TPT.
5th TPT.
1st TROM.
2nd TROM.
3rd TROM.
4th TROM.
GUITAR
BASS
DRUMS
PIANO
SOLO
COL BASS





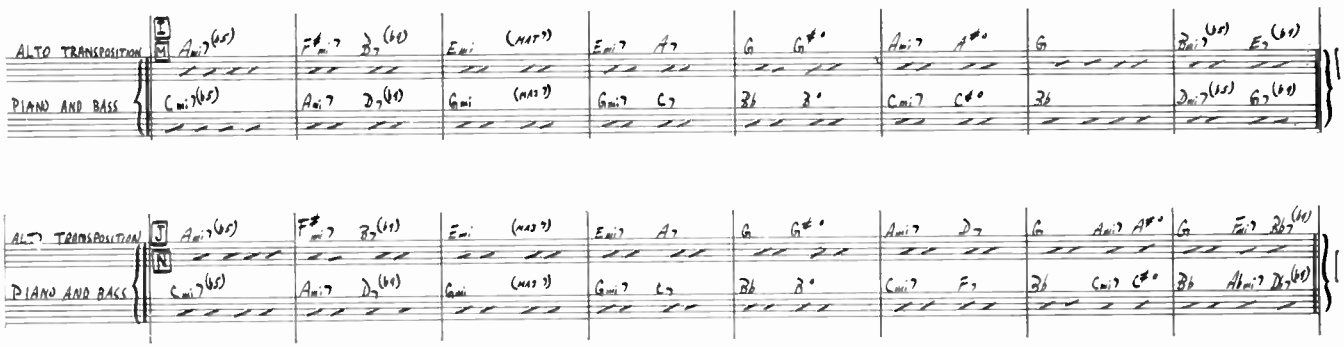


Because of space limitations, letters I, J, M, and N are not fully shown on the score.

Letters I and J are the first 16 bars of the alto saxophone solo.

Letters M and N are a 16 bar piano solo.

The chord changes are reproduced below:



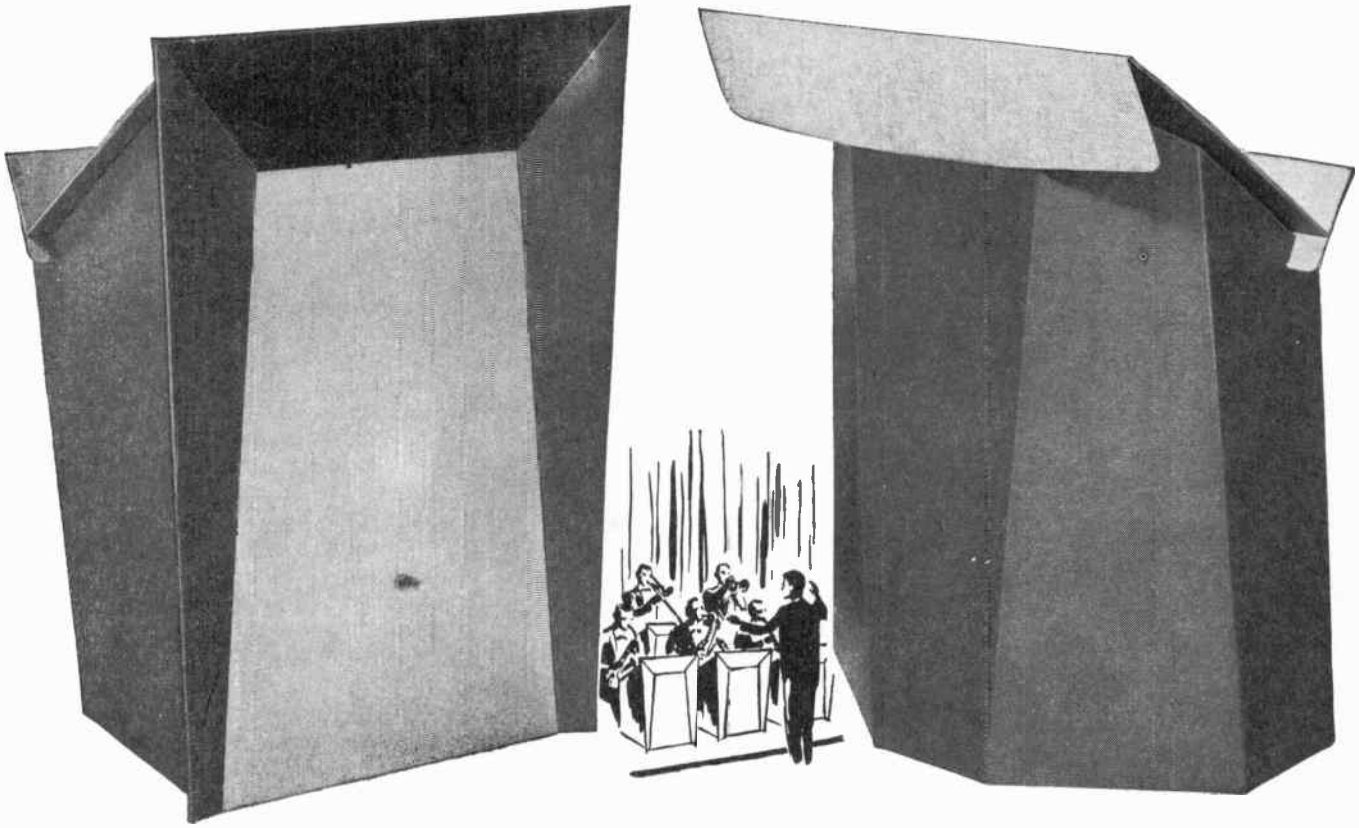
Letters I and J should be played by the drummer, the bassist, and the altoist, only.

Letter M and N should be played by the drummer, the bassist, and the pianist, only.

New Styling!

(OLD PRICES!)

SELMER Porta-Desks



NEW Deluxe Porta-Desk*

Completely redesigned! Has new Shadow-Box front to set off the band's name. Two-tone blue finish gives the band a smart evening-dress look. Music shelf holds 350 double sheets in easiest reading position. *Patent Pending

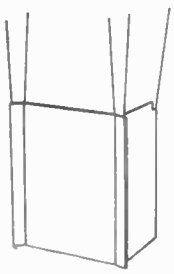
Still priced at only **$2.95** each

NEW Hollywood Porta-Desk

Redesigned to add new attractiveness to its old economy! Rich red base has gray tweed-design shelf with a front panel to give the band's name top billing. Same height and music capacity as Deluxe Model.

Still priced at only **$2.25** each

All Porta-Desks fold flat—one man can easily carry enough for the entire band!



RISER to match the new Deluxe model adds 18" to total height for bass players and conductors. **$1.50** each

PORTA-LIGHT; fits all Porta-Desks or any flat front stand. 8-ft. cord, switch and bulb. Dark brown finish metal. **$2.75**

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☐ Please send FREE Pocket Showbook of Selmer Musical Products and Accessories.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

Distributed only by Selmer ELKHART, INDIANA

(Continued from Page 90)

Developmental Techniques for the High School Stage Band, a book written by the Rev. George Wiskerchen, C.S.C., a Roman Catholic priest who directs the award-winning Notre Dame High School Stage Band in Niles, Ill.

Despite all this activity, there is more work to be done. *All* music educators must be made to realize that modern American music has proved itself to be a valuable tool in developing young musicians.

School jazz can well provide the answer to the music educator's most perplexing problem: Why does the music student lose interest in his instrument so rapidly? At least 50 per cent of grade school musicians give up their instruments on entering high school. Jazz has proved that it can provide the motivation to make a student stick with his instrument, for the pure personal satisfaction he derives from it, if nothing else.

More clinics and festivals have to be organized, not only to keep up with the demand, but to further improve the standards of musicianship. If this is to happen, all educators and their supervisors must be made to understand that jazz is not a threat to their music programs or their jobs.

Jazz, in the form of stage bands or combos, is intended as just another means of musical expression in the schools. It is not meant to supplant anything or anyone, but rather to augment and improve programs already in existence.

When educators fully realize that 20th Century American music is as valid and valuable as 19th Century European music, jazz in the schools can be expected to grow even further. ■

SCHOOL JAZZ EVENTS OF THE YEAR

Jan. 10 Madison, Wis. Stage band clinic sponsored by University of Wisconsin. Clinician, Fred Kepner, U.S. air force.

Jan. 10 Chicago. High school jazz combo competition sponsored by South Town Youth Concerts association. Winner: John Light Quartet from South Shore and Bowen high schools, Chicago.

Jan. 16 South Charleston, W. Va. High school stage band festival sponsored by *Down Beat* and Gorby's Music House. Clinician, Art Dedrick. No "winners" chosen.

Jan. 30 Effingham, Ill. High school stage band festival sponsored by *Down Beat* and Samuel's music

Two Great Names at "The Jazz Corner of The World"!

"Birdland and Gretsch Drums just seem to go together," says Oscar Goodstein, manager of the famous New York Jazz Club. "At Birdland, only the best will do and as most of the drummers play Gretsch drums, we always keep a Gretsch outfit on hand." For modern sounds on the most modern drums and for a great time, be sure to drop in at Birdland whenever you're in New York City.

And for a record experience you will long remember, pick up Roulette Records "Gretsch Drum Night at Birdland" Album, featuring "Philly" Joe Jones, Art Blakey, Elvin Jones, and Charlie Persip as they top each other in a battle royal recorded live at the annual Gretsch Night at Birdland.

Monaural **R52049** Stereo **SR52049**

For details on these modern Gretsch Drums and favorite Gretsch accessories played by the consistent top winners of drum-popularity polls, write to:

GRETSCH DY-61
THE FRED. GRETSCH MFG. CO., 60 BROADWAY, BROOKLYN 11, N.Y.

store. Clinician, Gene Stiman. No "winners" chosen.

Feb. 15, 16 Spokane, Wash. High school stage band clinic sponsored by Clark Evans. Clinician, Coles Doty.

Feb. 20 Le Mars, Iowa. High school stage band festival sponsored by *Down Beat* and Le Mars high school. No "winners" chosen.

Feb. 20, 21 Brownwood, Texas. High school stage band festival sponsored by King's music store. Clinician, Dr. Ted Crager. Winner: Jefferson Davis high school, Houston, Texas.

Feb. 22 Tampa, Fla. High school stage band clinic sponsored by Leggett music stores. Clinician, Coles Doty.

Feb. 24 Gainsville, Fla. Stage band clinic sponsored by University of Florida. Clinician, Coles Doty.

Feb. 25 Tallahassee, Fla. Stage band clinic sponsored by Florida State and Florida A&M universities. Clinician, Coles Doty.

Feb. 27 Fort Lauderdale, Fla. Stage band clinic sponsored by Brown Music Co. Clinician, Coles Doty.

March 5 Oak Lawn, Ill. Stage band festival sponsored by *Down Beat* with Oak Lawn high school and Lyon & Healy music stores. Clinician, Don Jacoby. Winner: Notre Dame high school, Niles, Ill.

March 11 Milwaukee, Wis. Stage band festival sponsored by *Down Beat* with Beihoff music stores and Milwaukee Boys club. Winner: Mary Bradford high school, Kenosha, Wis.

March 12 El Dorado, Ark. Stage band festival sponsored by *Down Beat* with El Dorado schools. Clinician, Don Jacoby. Winner: Texarkana high school, Texarkana, Texas.

March 12, 13 Columbus, Ohio. Stage band festival sponsored by *Down Beat* with Coyle's music stores. Clinician, Buddy De Franco. Winner: Linden McKinley high school, Columbus, Ohio.

March 18, 19 South Bend, Ind. Collegiate Jazz festival sponsored by *Down Beat* with University of Notre Dame. Winners: big band— North Texas State college, Denton, Texas; combo—Fairmont State college, Fairmont, W.Va.

March 22 Atlantic City, N.J. Jazz piano clinic sponsored by *Down Beat* with the Music Educators National conference. Clinicians: Billy Taylor, Hall Overton, John Mehegan, and Bobby Scott.

March 25 Philadelphia, Pa. High school stage band contest spon-

George Van Eps

artist of the mellow guitar

When George Van Eps plays the guitar, pros listen in generous appreciation of the unique qualities of his art that sets Van Eps apart as the master of his medium. € Fleet fingered—yes! Amazingly talented—yes! But his playing is more than talent or technique. It is enriched with his own creative mind and imagination, seasoned by impeccable taste and the special quality that is George himself. The result is a magical mellow guitar like no other. And George achieves it on an Epiphone. € Long regarded as the pros' pro, George always has a full schedule of recordings and TV dates . . . his artistry has added luster to the music of Paul Weston for a dozen years. He has appeared in the TV series, Pete Kelly's Blues, and with many others. His Columbia solo album, "Mellow Guitar," remains a best seller. Always demanding of himself and his guitar, he has never wavered in his thirty years of loyalty to Epiphone instruments. For further information write Epiphone, Inc., 210 Bush Street, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

EPIPHONE

another fine product of Chicago Musical Instrument Co.

sored by Philadelphia Junior Chamber of Commerce. Winners: Pennsbury high school, Levittown, Pa.

May 3 Oklahoma City, Okla. College jazz concert sponsored by Oklahoma City university.

May 6 Enid, Okla. Stage band festival sponsored by *Down Beat* with the Tri-State Music festival. Clinician, Buddy DeFranco. Winners: Class A—Permian high school, Odessa, Texas; Class B—Ector high school, Odessa, Texas; Class C—Caldwell high school; junior—Kerr junior high school, Del City, Okla.

May 21 West Hempstead, N.Y. Stage band festival sponsored by West Hempstead public schools and the Eastern Music Box, Farmingdale, N.Y. Clinician, John Warrington. No "winners" chosen.

May 30 Monterey, Calif. College jazz contest sponsored by Monterey Peninsula college. Winners: big band—Los Angeles Valley Junior college; large combo—San Francisco State college; small combo—San Diego Junior college.

June 27 - July 8 Minneapolis, Minn. Jazz workshop sponsored by University of Minnesota. Clinician, Herb Pilhofer.

July 18-29 Rochester, N.Y. Arrangers' laboratory workshop sponsored by Eastman School of Music. Clinician, Ray Wright.

Aug. 1-7 Carlsbad, Calif. Stage band clinic sponsored by Camp Pacific. Clinician, Art Dedrick.

Aug. 7-20 Bloomington, Ind. National Stage Band Camp, presenting the Stan Kenton Clinics, sponsored by *Down Beat* with the National Band Camp, Inc. Clinicians, Stan Kenton, Dr. Gene Hall, Matt Betton, Edwin Baker, Leon Breedon, Conte Candoli, Clem DeRosa, Sam Donahue, Coles Doty, Russ Garcia, John La Porta, Jim Maxwell, Charlie Perry, Jack Peterson, Johnny Richards, Phil Rizzo, Eddie Safranski, Sal Salvador, Ray Santisi.

Down Beat scholarship winners for 1960:

To the Berklee School of Music, Boston, Mass.:

Heinz Bigler (alto saxophone) Vienna, Austria.

Richard Rodney Bennett (composer-arranger) London, England.

James Graham Collier (composer-arranger) Bedfordshire, England.

Chuck Fowler (piano) Christchurch, New Zealand.

SHELLY MANNE

PLAYS THE NEW

Leedy DRUMS

WITH THE NEW SOUND

SHELLY MANNE FIRST IN DOWN BEAT POLL!

Again and again, Shelly Manne and his LEEDY drums are in first position over all drummers. Down Beat's famous Readers Poll brings to light the country's favorite musicians . . . Shelly Manne brings to light once again the favorite name on drums in the country — LEEDY.

Shelly's extreme perfection is evident as is LEEDY'S built-in perfection, workmanship and true quality.

Your dealer will be happy to show you LEEDY equipment and the many pearl color samples from which your next outfit may be chosen.

Leedy Drum Co., 2249 Wayne Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Allan Paul Goodline (alto saxophone) U.S. army.
Donna K. Jewel (vocal-piano) Knoxville, Tenn.
Edward A. Sears (piano) South Bend, Ind.

To the National Stage Band Camp, Indiana university, Bloomington, Ind.:

Dan Baker (director) Columbus, Ohio.
Bill Bateman (bass) Camden, Ark.
Bill Braun (guitar) Chicago.
Bill Briggs (director) Texarkana, Tex.
Michael Cheskiewicz (alto saxophone) Philadelphia, Pa.
Nelson R. Diers (trumpet) Cincinnati, Ohio.
James Gillespie (alto saxophone) Niles, Ill.
James Frawley (guitar) St. Paul, Minn.
Sam Harris (guitar) Owensboro, Ky.
Carlisle Hume (trumpet) Gary, Ind.
Leon Messa (director) Philadelphia, Pa.
Tom Mustachio (piano) Fairmont, W.Va.
Ralph Mutchler (arranger) Bremerton, Wash.
Bing Nathan (piano) Scarsdale, N.Y.
Marshall Otwell (piano) Maumee, Ohio.
Frank Parent Jr. (tenor saxophone) Logansport, Ind.
Gene Parker (alto saxophone) Maumee, Ohio.
Rick Rahn (bass) Deerfield, Ill.
Lowell Richards (trombone) Elkhart, Ind.
Jerry Roe (bass) Snyder, Texas.
Tony Scodwell Jr. (trumpet) Beloit, Wis.
Vincent Scungio (trumpet) Indiana, Pa.
Ed Sheftel (trumpet) Highland Park, Ill.
Donald Sitterly (piano) Decatur, Ill.
Mike Thompson (alto saxophone) Jefferson City, Mo.
Sidney Townsend (bass) Columbus, Ohio.
George Welland (bass) Appleton, Wis.

Contributors to the Down Beat scholarship fund for 1960:

Willard Alexander agency, New York City—for directors.
Associated Booking Corp. New York City—for directors.
C. G. Conn, Elkhart, Ind.—for wind instruments.
Fender Sales Corp., Santa Ana, Calif.—for fretted instruments.
General Artists Corp., New York City—for directors.
Guitar Manufacturers association—for fretted instruments.
H. & A. Selmer, Elkhart, Ind.—for wind instruments.
Wurlitzer Co., DeKalb, Ill.—for keyboard instruments.

HEAR HOLTON "HORNS A'PLENTY"

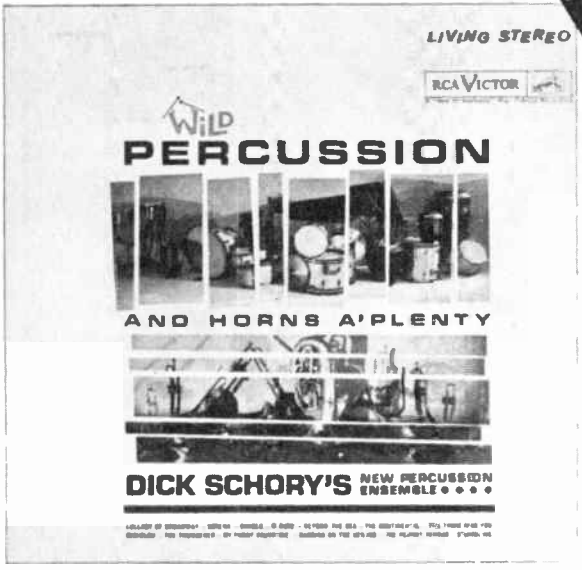
In Dick Schory's Exciting New Brass and Percussion Spectacular On RCA-Victor!

Dick Schory is a perfectionist — therefore it is no accident his top brasswind players (7 out of 9!) use Holtons. Listen to the Holton sound on this exciting new RCA-Victor recording — test play the new Holtons yourself and feel the satisfying difference. When you're out after the very best in brasswind performance, like Dick Schory you'll want *Holton* "horns a'plenty". See your Holton dealer today!

FRANK HOLTON & CO., ELKHORN, WIS.

HOLTON

"Wild Percussion and Horns a'Plenty" is available on both monaural and stereophonic LP discs—$3.98 and $4.98 respectively.



DICK SCHORY's is one of the most amazing present-day talents in the field of arranging and conducting. His RCA-Victor recording of Music for Bang, Baroom and Harp has been on the best seller lists for nearly a year; Wild Percussion and Horns a'Plenty is headed in the same direction. Dick selects his musicians on a basis of experience and reputation, as they in turn select Holtons on the basis of their quality and the experience and reputation of the maker.

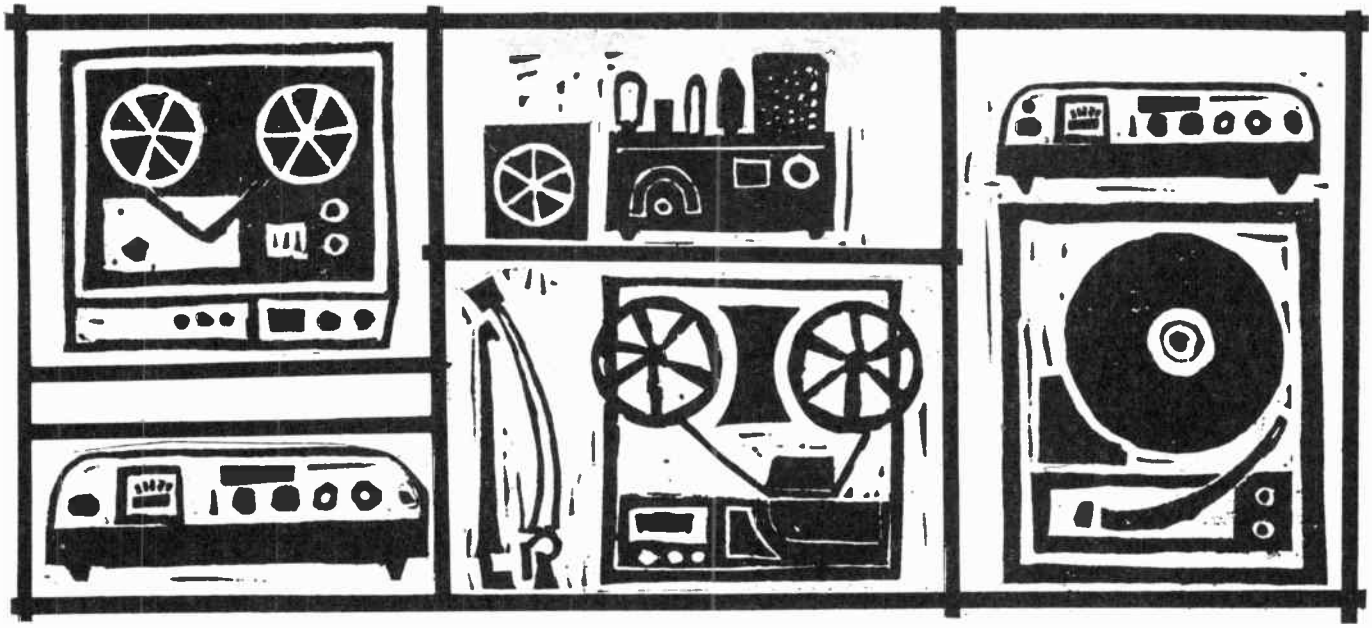
Holton Artists Featured in This Album include [top] Arnold Jacobs, Chicago Symphony Orchestra bassist; Paul Crumbaugh, CBS Staff and free-lance trombonist; free-lance hornists Frank Brouk and Ethel Merker; Philip Farkas, for many years 1st Hornist of the Chicago Symphony and now on the faculty of Indiana University; [below] free-lance Warren Kime (2nd from left) free-lance Mark McDunn (2nd from right), and Paul Crumbaugh (far right). Also shown: Bill Hanley and Frank Panico.

Zorko
introduces a startling new breakthrough in bass design

"To me the ZORKO bass has a lot of excellent features that should be of great interest to every bass player. Just thinking offhand, I'd say the thing I really enjoy about it is the volume control which allows practicing late at night or in hotel rooms on the road. But I guess some of the other things about a Zorko are more important; like the adjustable neck for raising or lowering action, the double bridges for amplifying gut strings, the beautiful fibre-glass finish which is not subject to climatic changes and it's non-breakable . . . and believe me, the sound is a gas. Oh, yeh, the Zorko also has a full bass scale and can be bowed. All in all, it's full of extra features that have been needed on a bass, and I dig it.

Red Mitchell

Zorko Incorporated



THE ADVANCE OF STEREO

By CHARLES GRAHAM

Because the improvisations of jazz exist only in time, and can never again be made in just the same way, jazz is the most elusive of the arts. But those improvisations can be captured for reproduction on tape and discs. That's why the art of jazz and the science of recording are so interwoven. Records always have been (and still are) the strongest lifeline of communication between jazzman and listener.

All jazz musicians listen to recordings. Most first heard their predecessors on recordings, and the interplay of ideas and styles among them has multiplied many hundreds of times through records. The influences of one musician on another are so obvious and numerous as to be beyond further comment. As a matter of fact, many jazzmen now limit their listening so as not to be too strongly affected by the playing of others.

Jazz and its reproduction may both be on the brink of impending wonders, but the direction of the science can more clearly be predicted than can that of the art.

High fidelity is becoming synonymous with stereophonic recordings—(including an ever-increasing proportion of home recordings.) Stereo phonographs and high fidelity systems are no longer unusual, although about 80 percent of all home listening at year's end was still monophonic. Stereo installations are now the goal of most music listeners.

With components, the music lover can assemble a playback setup as good as the best studio system, and many have done it. Even the makers of packaged phonographs and combinations have greatly improved the fidelity of their instruments.

Good stereo sets are offered with separate speakers, which may be purchased later if desired. A fair-sounding packaged phonograph may be bought for as little as $125 in a small wooden console, with the second speaker costing only $30 to $50. Minimal high fidelity component stereo setups start at about $150.

Gene Gifford, long-time arranger-guitarist with the Casa Loma Orchestra, relaxes by designing and building new audio gear between penning arrangements for recording dates.

J. J. Johnson is an avid audiophile. He wired his own Wynaco amplifiers and has an elaborate setup, including University speakers. Audio-Empire arm, cartridge, and turntable.

Trumpeter Ruby Braff plays along with a record in his living room. Last year, Braff installed a new Garrard changer with Pickering cartridge, Eico amplifiers and Eico speakers.

taper off after $1,000 with diminishing returns for more money spent beyond this point.

Musicians always have been among the most avid high fidelity enthusiasts. Just as the years 1956 to 1959 saw many musicians setting up high fidelity components systems, during 1960 musicians were in the forefront of the swing to stereo. Such men as Roy Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie, J. J. Johnson, and Benny Golson have converted to stereo.

STEREO discs are now available in most record stores. Most companies still list stereo discs at a dollar more than mono versions. Many of the studio recordings made in the last half of the '50s, since they were mastered on stereo tapes, have been issued on stereo discs. Mono is more and more used only for pre-1959 and historical recordings, and for simple communication.

Former Duke Ellington trombone-vibist Tyree Glenn discusses his new stereo setup with Charles Graham. Glenn's system includes a Garrard changer with Shure pickup, Leak tuner and amplifier, and Wharfedale speakers. Entire unit, except speakers, was built in under television set in game room of his home.

In 1894, the cylinder Graphophone, which had a spring-driven motor, was advertised to reproduce music "as though the artists are present right in your living room." Today, advertisements for high fidelity (and low fidelity) instruments still say the same thing, with more justification.

The early commercial cylinders and flat vertical-cut discs transmitted a frequency range of about 200 to 300 cycles up to perhaps 3,000 cycles. Modern LP and stereo recordings now approach complete reproduction of music performances, carrying frequencies from the lowest produced, say 30 cycles, to 18,000 and more.

Today, even the most inexpensive "hi-fi" (too often used as a synonym for "phonograph") provides far better sound than the finest pre-electric Victrola of 1925. From 1917-1925.

STEREO SYSTEM FOR A MILLIONAIRE: 4 SELECTIONS

Gentlemen's Quarterly magazine asked James Lyons, editor of *The American Record Guide* (the oldest record review magazine in the United States), to poll hi-fi authorities on which audio components they would choose for the best possible stereo system, without any regard for price.

Three writers in the audio field and one audio consultant made up independent lists. The ideal systems they projected in the April, 1960 issue of *Gentlemen's Quarterly* are suitable for discriminating millionaires—one of the systems, using a professional tape machine, would cost about $4000.

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH AR-3 loudspeakers are included in three of the lists,* and these are moderate in price. (There are many speaker systems that currently sell for more than three times the AR-3's $216.) AR speakers were chosen entirely on account of their musically natural quality.

Literature on Acoustic Research speaker systems is available for the asking.

In two cases alternates are also listed. For the complete component lists see the April, 1960* ***Gentlemen's Quarterly**, or write us.*

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC. 24 Thorndike Street Cambridge 41, Massachusetts

the early jazz recordings were made with mechanical recording equipment. It caught most of the sounds of the instruments from about 200 to 3,000 cycles. In so doing, almost all of the two bottom octaves of the piano and much of the top octave were left out, entirely eliminating the overtones (harmonics) that provide the timbre of the various instruments.

The extreme stereo of early and mid-1959, along with stereo recordings that sounded close to mono, has been replaced by widely used medium-stereo recording techniques. That is, most records being issued today have easily discernible stereo but no exaggerated separation.

PRESENT techniques vary from hanging only two microphones over a huge orchestra to six or more mikes for a trio. One concept behind the many-mike approach seems to be that each will pick up only the sound of the instrument it is closest to. The engineer puts all the sound together in the mixing console. This is said by some to eliminate the acoustics of the recording room so that the sound produced in playback is colored only by the acoustics of the listener's playback equipment. Other engineers, of the as-few-as-possible-microphone school, call the many-mike results "telephone-booth sound."

Despite differing concepts, most recording engineers have had another year of experience recording stereo, and they're getting pretty good at it.

The greatest deficiencies today usually are found in the playback system. Most companies are putting fairly respectable volume levels on discs, yet escaping distortion in the louder passages. This is in contrast with the first widespread use of stereo recording in late 1958 and 1959.

Much of modern recording superiority comes from almost 30 years of accumulated experience of electrical recordings. Some is the result of the development of magnetic recording tape with virtually unlimited audio frequency response at the 15-30-inch-a-second speed at which master tapes run.

Tape also can be cut, edited, and readily patched. The fine disc cutters that have been developed have added to the excellence of today's stereo discs.

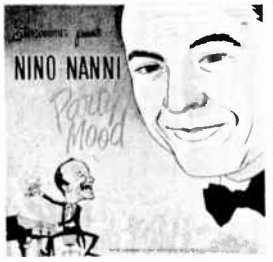
Most companies making LPs say their discs' frequency range extends from the lower limit of hearing to 18 or 20 kilocycles (20,000 cycles) a second. Some claim 25 kilocycles or more. This is academic, though, since the difference between 18 and 25 KC is only four tones, half an octave. Only the extreme harmonics of music

From the JOYMAKERS more FUN RECORDS to add spice to your life!

Great Party Line!

"WOODY WOODBURY LOOKS AT LOVE AND LIFE"

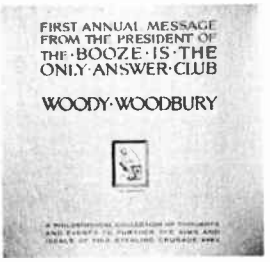
The hilarious best-seller that has swept the country and started a whole new trend in the record industry. As Woody says: "Once in a decade a truly great comedian comes along . . . meanwhile I recommend me."



NINO NANNI IN A PARTY MOOD

Ribald Songs and Stories . . . In Good Taste

With a voice that has vibrant charm, combining sex appeal with great talent, Nino Nanni offers a diverse repertoire ranging from spicy satires to vigorous musical interpretations of many types.



FIRST ANNUAL MESSAGE TO THE BITOA CLUB — WOODY WOODBURY

A beautifully boxed album package in lustrous gold, containing not only the funniest and most original Woody Woodbury album yet, but also a 128-page handbook for members of the BITOA Club. Plus a special Booze Nooze paper with a picture story on Woody at home and at work, and many other intoxicatingly howlarious items.

BILL CARTY BLASTS OFF

One thing for sure, after listening to this one for a couple of spins you will be able to devastate the office force with your unending supply of quips and new jokes. You'll never be able to take Carty's place but you'll have loads of fun trying.

"WOODY WOODBURY'S LAUGHING ROOM"

The smash follow-up to Woody's first album. Recorded live and unrehearsed at the Bahama Hotel in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. with all the ad libs and cracks between Woody and his audience that go to make his act an original and fun-filled evening.

And from Associate Company

More Smash Party Hits

PUNCHINELLOS PARTY PLATTER

Starring Ralph Michaels and Duke Stewart

Recorded during an actual performance at the Jolly Roger Hotel in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. Dick Hoekstra of the Fort Lauderdale News says: "My advice is to spin it, step back, fasten your laughing belts and get ready to be launched into a hurricane of harmony and hysteria."

BILL BARNER'S "WARM PATTER FOR A HOT PLATTER"

"You'll have to listen close and play this many times in order to catch all the fast lines and innuendos . . ." What starts out to be a piano rendition ends up a hilarious piece of comedy. You'll know why when you put this one on your turntable.

"DE LEON ROARS"

Starring Jack De Leon

Jack De Leon produces a show with a cast of hundreds . . . and plays every part himself. You'll especially like Prince Phillip initiating Tony into the mysteries of the Royal Court but we would advise you not to play it while your English friends are visiting.

"ON FRATERNITY ROW"

Starring Eddie Carroll and the Kidney Stone Trio

Eddie Carroll and the Kidney Stone Trio kick off a blast "ON FRATERNITY ROW" that will warm the hearts of every guy and gal who ever lifted a cold stein of beer in good company. Recorded live at a real blast on campus. Pick it up, invite the gang over, break out the beer and have a ball.

"GET GAY WITH GALLÉZ"

Starring Weela Galléz

Razor-sharp and lightning-quick with the ad libs. Weela will fracture you with such Gallézisms as: I'm reaching that age where my voice is changing . . . from "No" to "Yes." "I'm putting on so much weight I've started to drink skim whiskey."

If all these records are not available at your local record shop, write StereODDITIES, Inc., Box 9115, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Just for Fun FREE OFFER

As a special bonus to readers of Down Beat, you are invited to join the Booze Is The Only Answer Club and receive your official membership certificate, suitable for framing, absolutely free. If you would also like a copy of Woody Woodbury's riotous 128-page "Hand Book for Boozers," please enclose $1.00 with your coupon.

To BITOA, Inc., Box 8849, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
Please enroll me as a member in good standing of the BITOA Club and forward immediately my membership certificate.

Name_____

Address_____

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☐ I'm enclosing $1.00 for the Woody Woodhury Hand Book. (If desired)

tones lie in this range.

For convenience, the lower limit of human hearing is placed at about 15 to 30 cycles a second. Below that, sounds seem to be separate vibrations, often felt more than heard. The upper

Former bandleader Tommy Reynolds, still playing clarinet on studio dates at station WOR in New York City, where he is also a television producer, recently installed a Viking tape deck to play through his Scott amplifier and Stephens speakers. Changer shown here is a Garrard with Pickering cartridge.

hearing limit depends on one's age and physical condition. Some even claim that women can hear and are bothered by higher notes than men.

Of course, the volume at which notes are played is also a factor. Most of us can hear between 12 and 18 KC, though by age 60, our hearing usually drops off to 10 KC or lower.

OTHER forward steps during 1959-60 included the lowering of distortion coming from discs and cartridges through greater compliance of pickup styluses and lowered tracking pressures.

There was continued progress in amplifier circuitry, lowering internal noise. More progress in this direction is expected if transistors, still virtually unemployed in audio circuits, become widely used.

Do-it-yourself music lovers found they could get FM tuners at lower prices than ever in 1960, as more and more FM stations programed jazz.

Surprisingly adequate FM reception in metropolitan areas was brought to thousands of listeners by the miniature Granco tuner, priced at only $20. Pilot Radio brought out a 1960 successor to its Pilotuner, the most widely used FM tuner of the late '30s and early '40s, at $49.50. Two other prominent components makers, H. H. Scott Co. and Dynaco, offered very good FM tuners providing reception as good as most 1959 tuners costing about $150. These tuners can be assembled in nine to 12 hours.

Units to provide extra reverberation

or echo were brought out by Sherwood Electronics, Fisher Radio, Magnavox, Philco, and Zenith, and others are scheduled to follow. These reverb units act like reverberation amplifiers for music instruments, or reverberation added to a recording in the studio before pressing. They seem to push back the listener's walls, giving the illusion of listening in a big hall.

Some argue that reverberation distorts the music – that it is not high fidelity. But it works well, adding an impression of depth often similar to the sound of true stereo.

The year witnessed the continued growth of recorded jazz on four-track tape (7½ inches a second) reels as United Stereo Tapes made most of the more popular jazz issued on stereo discs available to owners of four-track tape machines.

The variety and quality of medium-priced recorders went up. Especially noticeable were numbers of Japanese and other imports, many of them excellent dollar values. One problem with these imports was the lack of service facilities outside a few metropolitan centers.

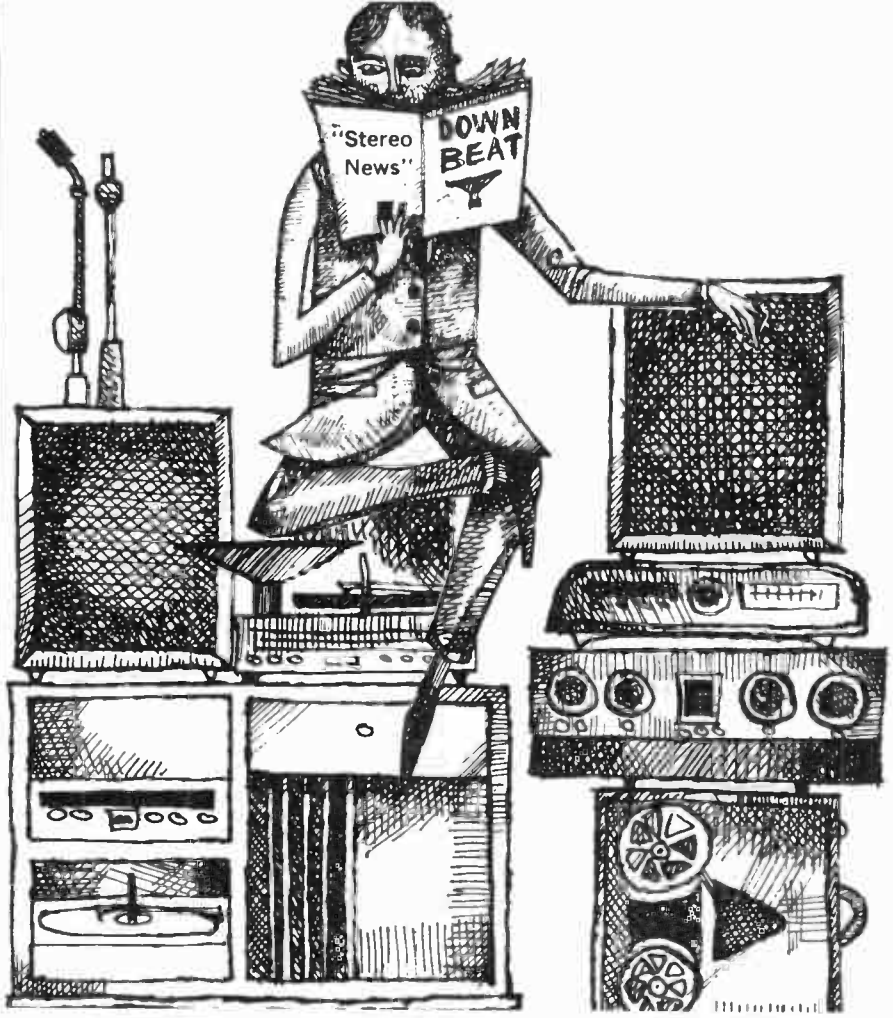
More small portable and battery-operated recorders were offered in 1960 than ever before, most priced from $150 to $250 and capable of excellent nonprofessional recording.

RCA's 3¾-inch-a-second four-track cartridge still wasn't off the ground in sales, though it was widely available. CBS Laboratories demonstrated another, more advanced tape cartridge, promising more than the RCA system. Developed in co-operation with Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing and Zenith Radio, the CBS cartridge provides wide-frequency sound and good signal-to-noise ratio on narrow eight-inch tape running very slowly, only 1⅞ inches a second. But commercial production of this system was still in the future, and reel-to-reel tape users had no reason to fear obsolescence.

In 1960, increasing numbers of night clubs, cabarets, jazz concerts, and particularly jazz festivals employed sound experts, who installed high fidelity components.

Sound reinforcement techniques proved particularly effective at Randall's Island and the Newport festivals. Harsh-sounding, outdoor types of horn speakers and public address amplifiers were replaced with low-distortion, highly flexible amplifiers and wide-range, high-quality loudspeakers.

But best of all, for listeners and musicians alike, was the continuing growth of jazz on records during 1960. ■



PICKS OF THE YEAR

ECONOMY HIGH FIDELITY

Knight 728B Amplifier .....$ 80

Bogen DB212 Amplifier $120

Heathkit AS-10 speaker(s) .....$ 60

or

Eico HFS1 speaker(s) .....$ 40

Pilotuner (FM) .....$ 49

or

Granco FM tuner .....$ 20

Shure M8D pickup .....$ 16

or

Pickering "90" pickup.....$16.50

Garrard T/II manual player ..$32.50

or

Componets arm and turntable kits $38.50

1. LP1005*
2. LP1013*
3. LP1014*
4. LP1015
5. LP3004*
6. LP3005*
7. LP3006*
8. LP3007*
9. LP3008*
10. LP3009*
11. LP3010*
12. LP3011*
13. LP3012*
14. LP3013*
15. LP3014*

*DENOTES ALBUMS ALSO AVAILABLE IN "STARTLING STEREO"

WE'VE GOT A LOT OF GOOD JAZZ . . .

ond this is only the beginning, for Vee Joy Records is dedicoted to bringing you, the record buyer, the best in Jozz for 1961 os they hove in the post. Remember when you wont Jozz Music ot its best to osk your record dealer for the lotest Vee Joy releoses.

1. LP1005* The Swingin'est
2. LP1013* MJT + 3
3. LP1014* "Go" Paul Chambers
4. LP1015 Bill Henderson Sings
5. LP3004* Kelly Great, Wynton Kelly
6. LP3005* Fantastic Frank Strozier
7. LP3006*—Wayne Shorter
8. LP3007*—Lee Morgan
9. LP3008*—MJT + 3
10. LP3009* Dave Remington
11. LP3010*—Louis Hayes
12. LP3011 Wynton Kelly
13. LP3012 Paul Chambers
14. LP3013 Young Lions
15. LP3014—MJT + 3

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The JAZZ of America

Dizzy Gillespie

A PORTRAIT OF DUKE ELLINGTON
GREATEST TRUMPET OF THEM ALL
THE EBULLIENT MR. GILLESPIE
HAVE TRUMPET, WILL EXCITE
SONNY SIDE UP — WITH SONNY STITT
DIZZY GILLESPIE AT NEWPORT

Gerry Mulligan

GERRY MULLIGAN — THE CONCERT JAZZ BAND

Gene Krupa

KRUPA AND RICH
DRUMMER MAN
THE GENE KRUPA STORY — SOUNDTRACK
THE BIG NOISE FROM WINNETKA
KRUPA PLAYS GERRY MULLIGAN ARRANGEMENTS

Oscar Peterson

THE JAZZ SOUL OF OSCAR PETERSON
THE OSCAR PETERSON TRIO AT JATP
OSCAR PETERSON PLAYS MY FAIR LADY
SWINGING BRASS WITH OSCAR PETERSON
LOUIS ARMSTRONG MEETS OSCAR PETERSON
OSCAR PETERSON AT THE CONCERTGEBOUW

Jimmy Giuffre

AD LIB — THE JIMMY GIUFFRE 4
IN PERSON — THE JIMMY GIUFFRE QUARTET
THE EASY WAY — THE JIMMY GIUFFRE 3
SEVEN PIECES — THE JIMMY GIUFFRE 3

Johnny Hodges

HODGES AND HIS STRINGS PLAY GERSHWIN
THE BIG SOUND
BLUES-A-PLENTY - HODGES AND ORCHESTRA
SIDE BY SIDE — ELLINGTON AND HODGES
BACK TO BACK — ELLINGTON AND HODGES

Stan Getz

GETZ MEETS MULLIGAN IN HI-FI
COOL VELVET — STAN GETZ AND STRINGS
THE SOFT SWING — THE STAN GETZ QUARTET
AWARD WINNER
GETZ & J. J. JOHNSON AT THE OPERA HOUSE

Sonny Stitt

PERSONAL APPEARANCE
THE HARD SWING
SAXOPHONE SUPREMACY — STITT QUARTET
SONNY STITT PLAYS THE BLUES
SONNY STITT WITH THE OSCAR PETERSON TRIO

Kid Ory

THE ORIGINAL JAZZ
DANCE WITH KID ORY OR JUST LISTEN
KID ORY PLAYS W. C. HANDY
THE SONG OF THE WANDERER

Lester Young

GOING FOR MYSELF
THE LESTER YOUNG STORY
LESTER'S HERE
LESTER YOUNG IN PARIS
LAUGHIN' TO KEEP FROM CRYIN'

Count Basie

HALL OF FAME
ONE O'CLOCK JUMP
COUNT BASIE IN LONDON WITH JOE WILLIAMS
BASIE SWINGS AND JOE WILLIAMS SINGS
COUNT BASIE WITH LESTER YOUNG, JO JONES, JIMMY RUSHING, ILLINOIS JACQUET, ROY ELDRIDGE AT NEWPORT

MONO AND STEREO

Verve RECORDS

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

An Index of Down Beat, 1960

Over the years, countless jazz followers have collected issues of *Down Beat* almost as carefully as records. Last year, to facilitate the finding of material published in the magazine, a complete index of 1959 *Down Beats* was published in the yearbook. So helpful did it prove to many collectors that we are repeating it this year. Below you will find a complete alphabetical listing of material published in *Down Beat* during 1960.

A

ABC-PARAMOUNT Signs Ray Charles, News—July 21.

ACCORDION Buyer's Guide, Table—Nov. 24.

ADDERLEY, CANNONBALL *Caught in the Act*—Jan. 7; Ball Bounces, News—April 14; Phony Cannonball, News — May 26; On Ornette Coleman, Article — May 26.

ADDERLEY, NAT Nat Talks Back, News—Aug. 4; *Blindfold Test*—Nov. 10.

ADDERLEY, NAT Nat Talks Back, News—Aug. 4; *Blindfold Test*—Nov. 10.

ADVANCED SCHOOL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC How to Enroll, News—Sept. 1.

ALBAM, MANNY *Minor Mannerisms,* Arrangement—Oct. 27.

ALBERTSON, CHRIS Traditionalists Lose, Win, Lose, News—Nov. 24.

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS Fight to Finish, News—Jan. 21; Hammond Moves on AFM Segregation, Article—Feb. 4; Vote Goes to AFM, News—Feb. 18; MGA Presses TV Battle, News—March 3; Guild Fights Back, News—March 17; Fiasco, News—March 31; *Perspectives*—March 31; Amalgamation, March 31; Guild Sweeps TV Election, News—April 14; Contest Enthusiasm, News—June 9; *First Chorus*—June 9; Denver Locals Integrate, News—June 9; Casuals Swing out West, News—July 7; Unity and Solidarity, Report—July 21; Pensions, News—Sept. 1; Canning Cost, News—Sept. 15; Studio Vote, News— Sept. 29; Beats MGA, News—Oct. 13; Band Contest, News—Oct. 27; No Strike in Pits, News—Nov. 10; Cracks Down on Tracking, News—Nov. 24.

AMERICAN JAZZ SOCIETY Jazz for Students, News—Jan. 7.

ANIMATED FILM MUSIC Sounds for the Future, News—Jan. 21; Safety Message, News—Feb. 4; Jelly-Roll on Film, News—Feb. 18.

ANTHONY, RAY Cloak and Valver, News—Feb. 4; *Take Five*—June 9.

ARCHIVES Jazz Archives, News—March 31.

ARMSTRONG, LOUIS Louis and New Orleans, News—Jan. 7; Soliloquy by Satch, News—Feb. 18; Five Fans, News—Oct 13; In Ghana, News—Nov. 24.

ARRANGEMENTS *Dilemma,* Szabo — April 28; *Blueprint,* Mardin—May 26; *Deep Six,* Wright—June 23; *Pamela,* McFarland—July 21; *Long Wait,* Mardin — Aug 18; *I'm Beginning to See the Light,* Mathieu—Sept. 29; *Minor Mannerisms,* Albam—Oct. 27; *Bey-Si-Bey, Faculty Meeting,* Mardin — Nov. 24.

ASSUNTO BROTHERS *Blindfold Test* — Aug. 4.

ATLANTIC CITY FESTIVAL Fireworks, News—May 26; Review—Aug. 18.

AWARDS Grammys, News—Jan. 7; Oscar Nominees, News—March 3; Collegiate Festival, Table—April 2.

AXELROD, DAVE Meet the A & R Man—Sept. 1.

B

BAILEY, PEARL New Show, News—April 1.

BAKER, CHET Jailed in Italy, News—Oct. 13.

BALES, BURT *Perspectives*—May 26.

BAND CAMP Safranski Joins, News—July 21; *First Chorus*—Sept. 29; Kenton and Camp, Article—Sept. 29; Picture Story—Sept. 29.

BAND CLINICS Stage Band, News—Jan. 21; School Schedule, News—Feb. 4; *First Chorus*—Feb. 4.

BAND CONTEST AFM Contest Swings, News—Oct. 27.

BANDS, BIG *Take Five*—April 28; *Take Five*—June 9; Flurry of Big Bands, News—Sept. 29; Across the Border, News — Oct. 13.

BANDS, DANCE Past Recaptured, News—March 17; Minor League Bands, News—July 21; Hire a Band and Charge, News—Aug. 4; *First Chorus*—Oct. 27.

BANDS, NEW *First Chorus*—Oct. 13.

BANDS, SOCIETY *Hot Box*—July 7.

BARONESS KOENIGSWARTER Trouble for Baroness, News—June 9.

BARTON, EILEEN Problem to End Problems, News—April 28.

BASIE, COUNT Portrait of a Band, Article—April 28; Basie and Kenton Tour Set—Sept. 29; Hippie Hits Scene, News—Nov. 10; 25th Year, News—Nov. 24.

BECHET, SIDNEY Monument for Bechet, News—Aug. 18.

BEEN HERE AND GONE Book Review—Dec. 8.

BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY Jazz Score—Oct. 27.

BELAFONTE, HARRY Cole-Belafonte Production Firm, News—Feb. 4.

BERENDT, JOACHIM-ERNST Compromise and Press On, News—May 26; American Journey, Report—July 21.

BIRDLAND Case Closed, News—Jan. 21.

BITTAN, DAVE Alien Sound, Report—April 28; Delaware Valley Festivals, Report—July 21; Philadelphia School Jazz, Article—Sept. 29.

BLACK, DAVE Rightful Distress, News—Jan. 21.

BLAKEY, ART Safety Message, News—Feb. 4.

BLUE NOTE CLUB End of the Blue Note, News—July 21.

BLUES Meaning of the Blues, Article—March 31; Blues is a Story, Article—March 31; Blues Society Grows, News—Oct. 27.

BOOK REVIEWS *Joy of Music*—April 14; *Story of ODJB*—May 26; *Jazz Scene*—Sept. 29; *Anatomy of Jazz*—Sept. 29; *Encyclopedia of Jazz*—Dec. 8; *Been Here and Gone*—Dec. 8.

BOOKING AGENTS Booker-Promoter Hassel, News—July 7; Jazz Booking, News—

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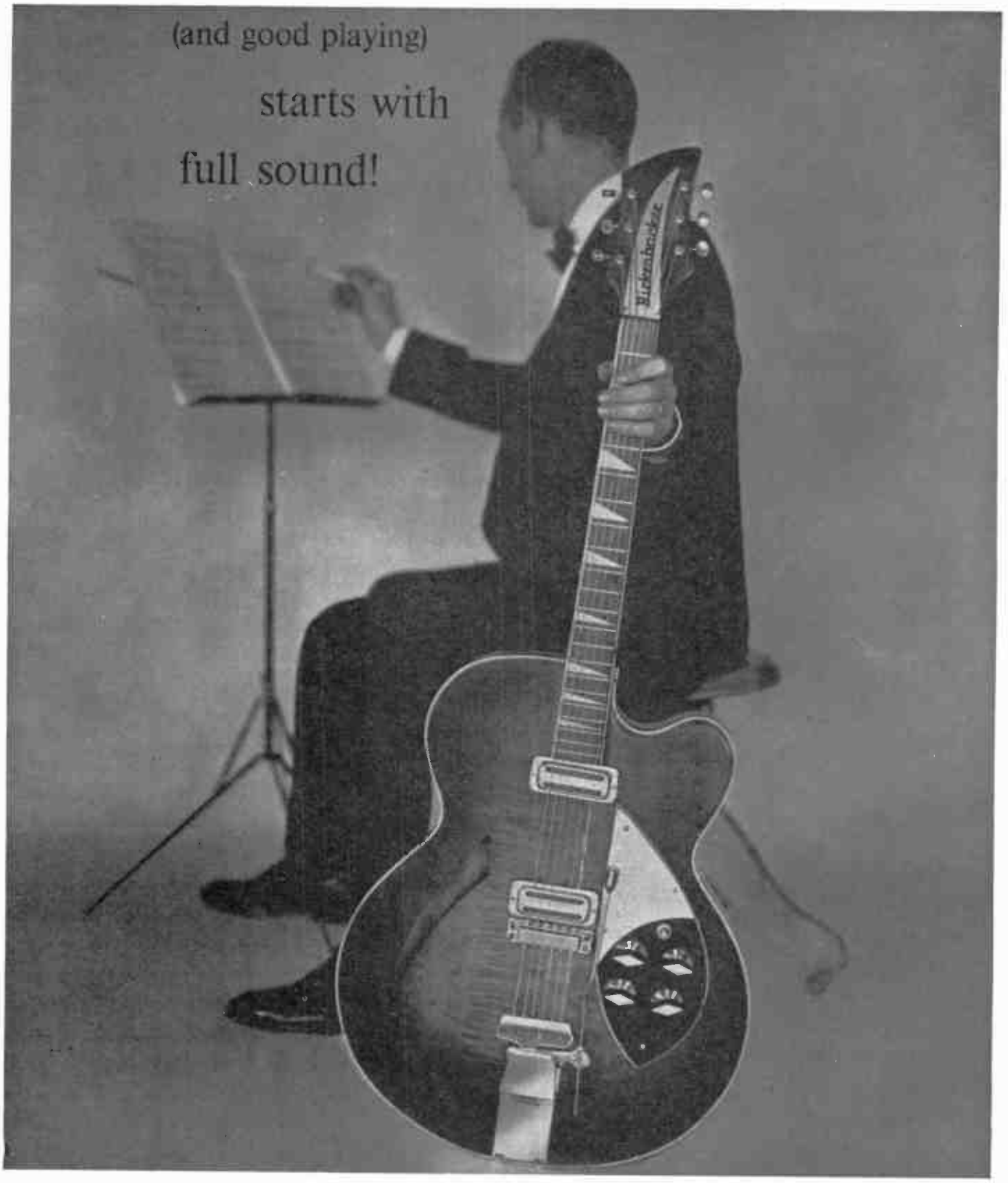

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ABOUT THE WRITERS

GENE LEES, the editor of *Down Beat*, wrote the essay on jazz criticism on Page 13 and conducted the panel discussion that begins on Page 61. A newspaperman and columnist for 10 years before he came to *Down Beat*, he was one of six U.S. newspapermen awarded Reid journalism fellowships for 1959, and spent a year in Europe studying music and drama. Shortly after returning to this country, he was named managing editor of *Down Beat* and last year was promoted to editor.

IRA GITLER was perhaps America's most prolific writer of liner notes until he joined the *Down Beat* reviewing staff a year ago. Gitler, who once played alto, has done a&r work, and is noted for the courage and directness of his reviews. His report on U.S. jazz festivals, on Page 16, is based on first-hand experience of many of them.

DON DeMICHEAL, drummer and vibraharpist who led his own groups for 10 years, joined the staff of *Down Beat* (giving up professional jazz playing) in the summer of 1958. DeMicheal began writing late in his 20s, when he began studying sociology at Indiana university. The influence of his double background is seen in his study of *Down Beat's* readers poll on Page 19—the first comprehensive study ever made of the polls and the trends they have reflected.

MARSHALL STEARNS is a distinguished jazz scholar, author of one of the finest histories of jazz ever written *(The Story of Jazz)*, and director of the Institute of Jazz Studies in New York. Recently, Dr. Stearns, who first wrote for *Down Beat* in the 1930s, restored the relationship by starting to review for records for *Down Beat*. His essay *What Is Happening to Jazz?*, begins on Page 28.

WILLIS CONOVER virtually *is* jazz to millions of listeners throughout the world. The jazz program he conducts for the Voice of America is a powerful friendship-builder for America. During the past year, Conover did a tour of the Middle East and Yugoslavia. His memoire of the tour is on Page 32.

GEORGE CRATER is of course, the humorist whose column, *Out of My Head*, has become one of the most popular features in *Down Beat*. A few months ago, Crater recorded an album for Riverside. On Page 39, he takes a satiric look at the jazz scene as it unfolded during 1960.

LEONARD FEATHER is probably the world's best-known jazz critic. Author of the new *Encyclopedia of Jazz* (Horizon Press), he has been writing about jazz for the past 25 years. Feather, like many other persons connected with jazz, is concerned by the racial frictions in jazz; his report is on Page 44.

ALAN MERRIAM is professor of anthropology at Northwestern university, and a noted writer on the ethnology of jazz. At the end of 1960, he returned from a one-year stay in the Belgian Congo. In a short essay on Page 42, Dr. Merriam suggest some fruitful avenues of future jazz studies.

JACK LIND is a Danish-born journalist who now lives in Chicago. Lind, who has a compelling interest in jazz, began a few months ago a study of the press in relation to jazz, which produced the report on Page 48.

GEORGE HOEFER is New York editor of *Down Beat*. Interested in jazz since his college days, Hoefer became a noted collector in the 1930s and contributed a column titled *The Hot Box* during that period. The column still appears. Hoefer traces the growth of outlets for jazz on Page 54.

JOHN S. WILSON is a former New York editor of *Down Beat*. He is jazz critic for the New York *Times* and writes regularly for *Down Beat*. His witty article, *What Is Jazz?*, on Page 58, comes up with a surprising series of definitions of the art.

BILL MATHIEU is a 23-year-old arranger who lives in Chicago. During 1959, he was on the arranging staff of the Stan Kenton Band and during 1960 wrote for Duke Ellington. He writes a column, *The Inner Ear*, for *Down Beat*. On Page 84, he takes an arranger's look at one of the most important arranger-composers in jazz today, Gil Evans.

CHARLES SUBER is the publisher of *Down Beat*. Suber has worked extensively with the jazz movement that has sprung up in America's schools, helping set up training camps for young musicians, arranging scholarships for deserving youngsters, and co-ordinating much of the exchange of information on school jazz. On Page 88, he traces the growth of this movement.

CHARLES GRAHAM is stereo and high fidelity editor of *Down Beat*. On Page 111, he discusses the year's developments in music reproduction. ■

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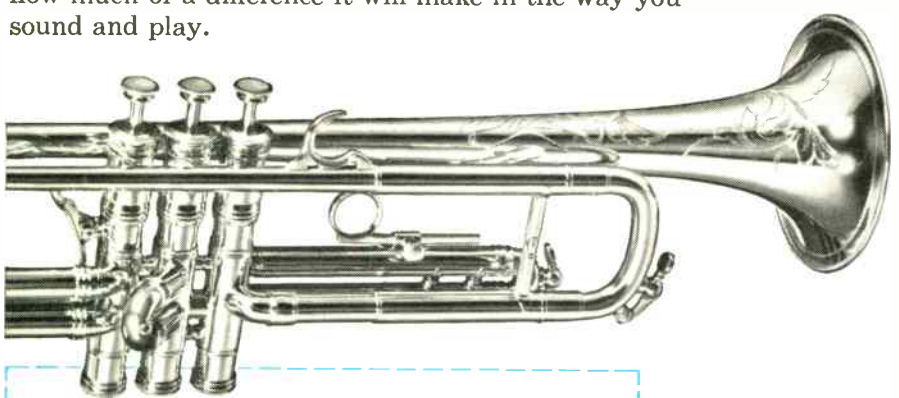

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