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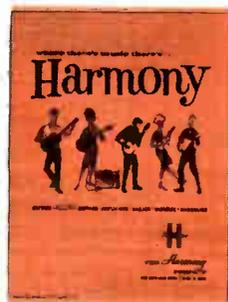
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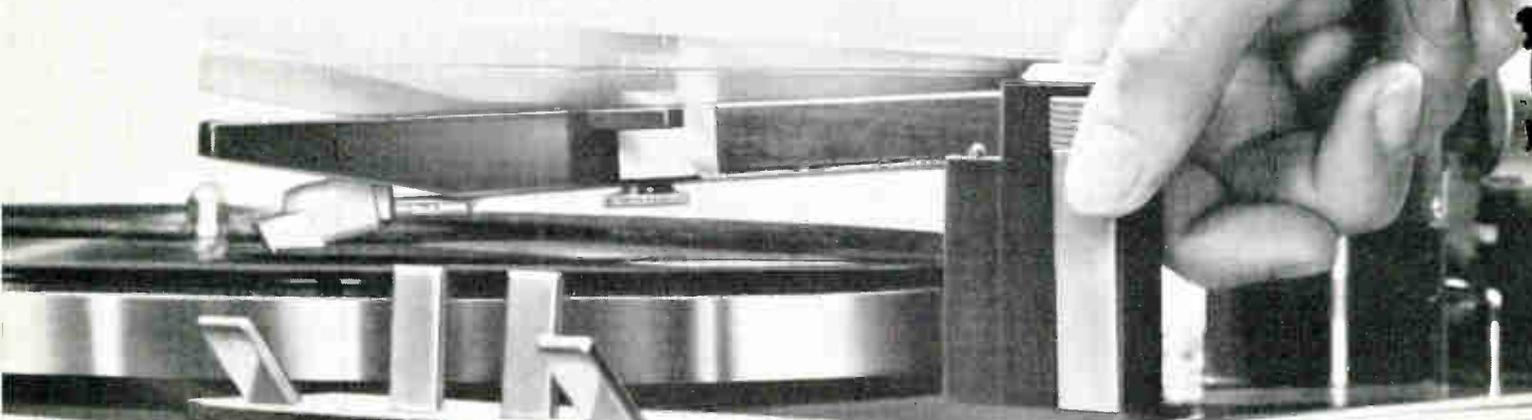
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# MUSIC '66

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John Coltrane\*  
Stan Getz  
Clark Terry  
Louis Armstrong  
Sonny Rollins  
Archie Shepp  
Oliver Nelson  
Gerry Mulligan  
Quincy Jones

*\*John Coltrane placed first in these categories and, also, his record, A Love Supreme, was named Record of the Year!*



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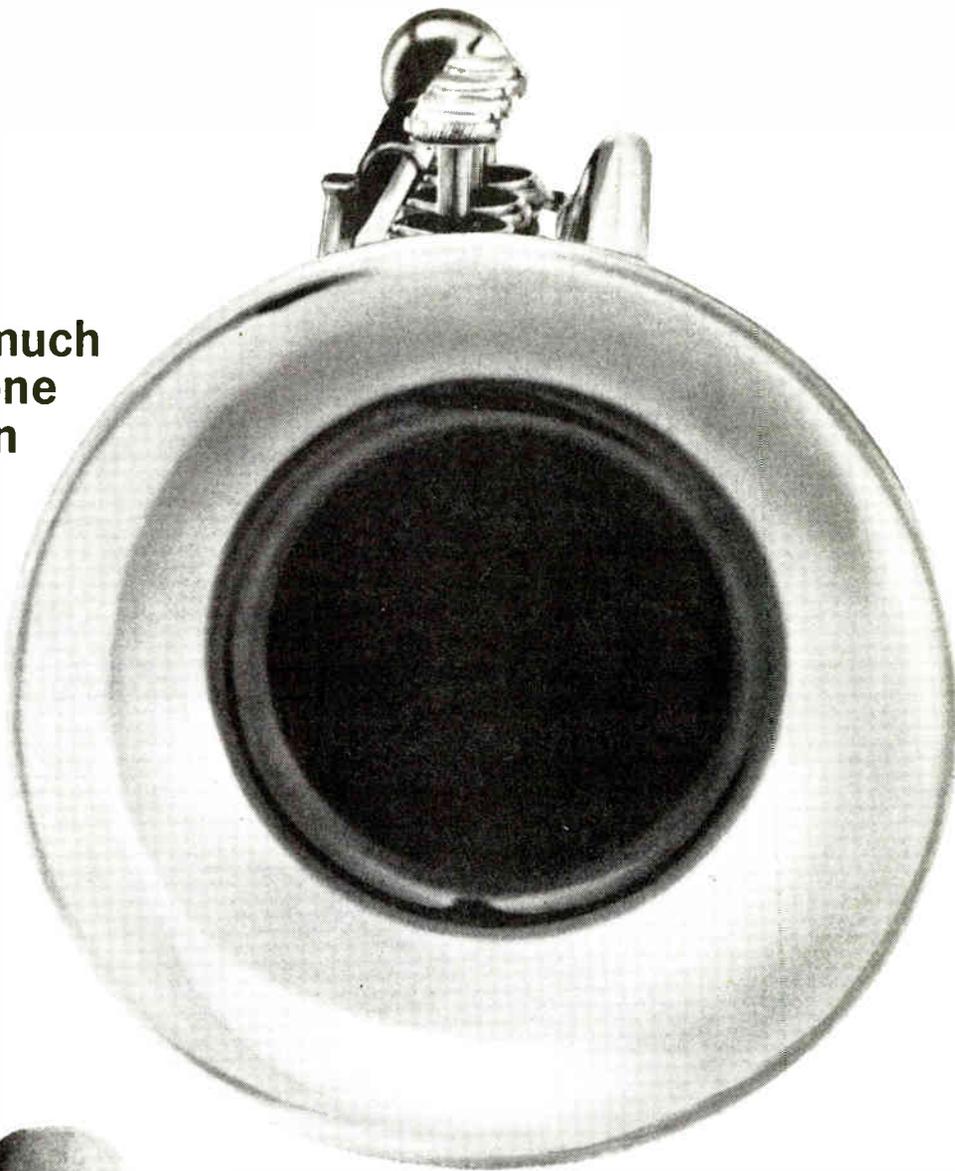
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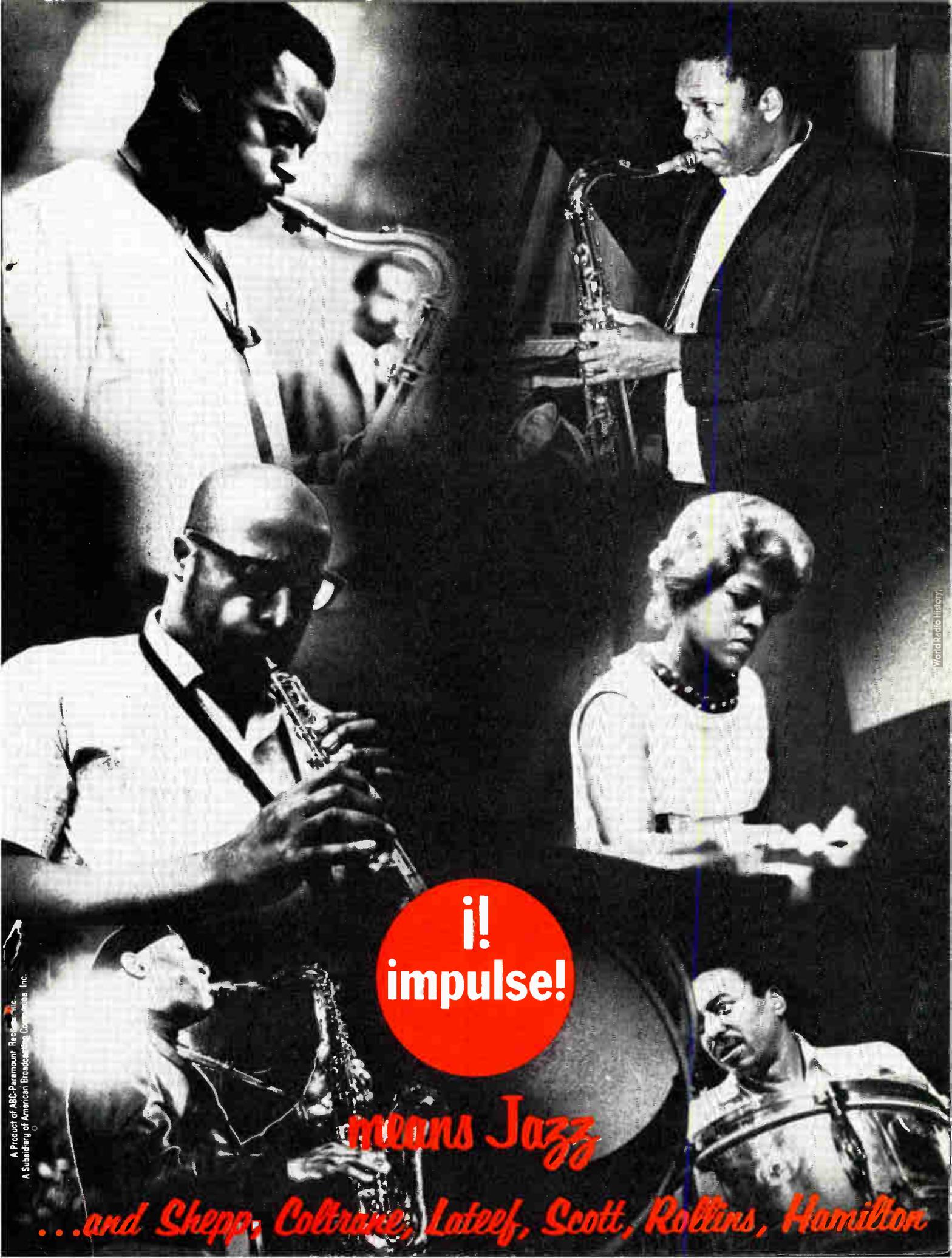
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# 1965

## THE YEAR IN REVIEW

By DON DeMICHEAL

**T**HE JAZZ WORLD seemed in an almost constant state of turmoil and discontent during 1965. Much of the discontent was expressed by the often-volatile members of New York's avant-garde. Though some of what these musicians said smacked of paranoia—for example, they claimed to see a vast conspiracy working full time against them—what they stood for musically loomed ever larger on the jazz horizon.

The winds of musical change blew steadily throughout the year, thanks to the avant-garde. And many said that wind echoed the social change sweeping the United States. Certainly there was more than a casual connection between the avant-garde and the activist segments of the civil rights movement.

That these musicians were extremely serious about what they were doing was without doubt. In fact, the seriousness of it all was one of the music's drawbacks. But, then, perhaps this is the price to be paid by any group of musicians determined to be treated as artists, even if significant artistic development within their camp is not always discernible.

Trumpeter-composer Bill Dixon spearheaded the organization of avant-garders late in 1964, but that group, the Jazz Composers Guild, came to a rocky halt midway through 1965. Some members blamed it all on the "conspiracy," but outside observers had noted from the beginning the folly of expecting a group of musicians to abide by a set of strictures that even called for a JCG member to seek the approval of other members before accepting a job offer. Musicians just are not built that way.

The critics, who waged their own internecine war in 1965, were divided about the merits of the new music, as several musicians preferred to call it. For as with all new forms, there was little middle ground—if a critic was not for the music, he was, ipso facto, against it, at least according to some who played it.

Despite its spasms, the avant-garde made strides during the year.

Shepp and Coltrane at the Down Beat Jazz Festival



DENNIS R. HENDLEY

The names of a-g musicians were bandied about more and more in the jazz community: Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler, Cecil Taylor, Pharoah Saunders, Paul and Carla Bley, John Tchicai, Roswell Rudd, et al. The talk was generally against their efforts, particularly the social stands taken by most; but there was no denying that these musicians were on to something of value and that increasing numbers of persons were listening—and appreciating.

The avant-garde was heard more often on records in 1965 than in years past. The most notable issuing program was that of ESP-Disk, which originally was an Esperanto spoken-word record firm. ESP released LPs by, among others, Ayler, Byron Allen, Giuseppi Logan, Paul Bley, Bob James, the Sun Ra Arkestra, the New York Art Quartet, and Ornette Coleman (from a late-1962 Town Hall concert). But older jazz labels also issued music of an avant-garde stripe, most notably Blue Note, Fantasy, Impulse, Prestige, and Savoy.

The music also was being heard more in person, most notably at the Newport and *Down Beat* jazz festivals, where a number of a-g musicians performed to small but attentive audiences at afternoon sessions. At the *Down Beat* festival in Chicago, Shepp played with John Coltrane at night before a large audience, and the two tenor saxophonists drew what was probably the most mixed—and violent—reaction of any jazz performance this side of France.

Coltrane was of great importance to the advancement of the avant-garde, even though some denied he should be included in that number. It was Coltrane who encouraged the a-g musicians by his moral support and, on several occasions, by hiring them to play with him. For an engagement at the Village Gate near the end of the year, he added tenor saxophonists Shepp and Saunders, altoist Carlos Ward, and drummer Rashid Ali to his quartet. Coltrane also recorded with several of the avant-garde included in the personnel. That Coltrane himself was still seeking new horizons could be seen not only in his hiring practices but also in his increasingly provocative music, some of which he played on a bagpipe.

Coltrane's popularity increased even more during the year. His *A Love Supreme* album was chosen Record of the Year in at least two surveys, *Down Beat's* Readers and International Jazz Critics polls. According to Bob Thiele, who produces Coltrane's records, a Coltrane album now sells in the neighborhood of 25,000 to 35,000 copies, a very good sale for a hard-jazz LP. Coltrane also was chosen Jazzman of the Year and named to the Hall of Fame in *Down Beat's* Readers Poll, as well as winning the poll's tenor-saxophone division.

Two other figures important to the young musicians, Ornette Coleman and George Russell (who, along with Cecil Taylor, might be considered fathers of the new music), found more engagements and appreciation in Europe than in the United States during 1965.

It was in New York, however, that Coleman made his

reappearance on the jazz scene after two years of seclusion. In January he played his first engagement since December, 1962. Audiences attending his premiere were surprised, however, to find that he now played violin and trumpet in addition to alto saxophone.

By the end of summer, Coleman went to Europe, stopping in London before going to the Continent. Wherever he played, he received glowing reviews from the critics and, according to reports, standing ovations from audiences. He said he had no desire to return soon to the United States.

Russell settled in Sweden and formed a sextet that played several engagements in various European countries. He also formed a large band for concerts. For the first time in several years, Russell was able to work when he wanted.

Europe attracted other U.S. jazz musicians, either for short tours or as a place of residence. Among those making the trip were jazzmen of all persuasions, from



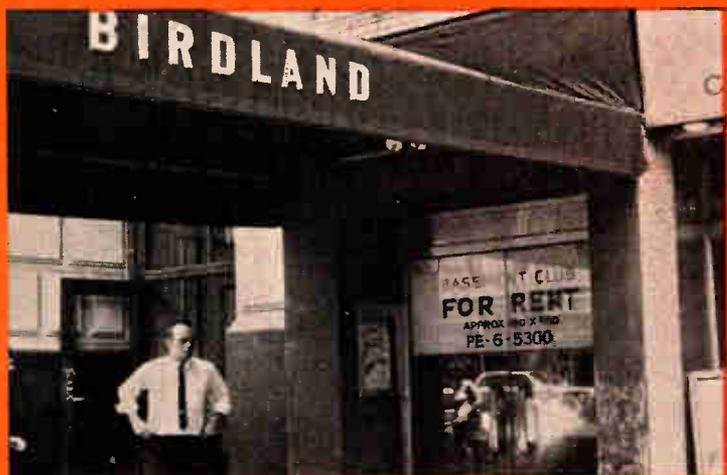
Harlem's Jazzmobile

LENORE AVIN

his retirement, which he has talked about periodically for the last couple of years, was probably far off.) Armstrong and his racially mixed sextet played his home town of New Orleans for the first time in 10 years, and Louis Armstrong Day was proclaimed in honor of the occasion.

Both Armstrong and Ellington were proposed as worthy recipients of the Medal of Freedom, awarded each year by the President to those Americans who have made "exceptionally meritorious contributions to the security or national interest of the United States, to world peace, or to cultural or other significant public or private endeavors." Sen. Jacob Javits of New York, speaking from the floor of the Senate, proposed Armstrong; critic Leonard Feather plumped for Ellington in his syndicated column. Neither musician was awarded a medal, but Ellington and his band performed at the June 14 White House Festival of the American Arts. (Singer Sarah Vaughan also was heard at the Executive Mansion in a program for Japanese Prime Minister Eisaku Sato. She even took a turn around the floor as President Johnson's dancing partner.)

Ellington, a year older than Armstrong, was steaming along fast as ever all year. He gained possibly more publicity by not receiving the 1965 Pulitzer Prize for music than he would have if he had won it. A three-man music jury decided no music produced in 1964 was worth a Pulitzer but recommended Ellington for special citation. The advisory board rejected the recommendation. Ellington took it all in his usual good grace and said, "Fate's trying to keep me from becoming too famous too young." He also said he didn't care about prizes as long as he could hear his music played. And he heard it almost every night played by one of the most remarkable bands in jazz history, his own. The City of New York and the Urban League honored him during the year for his contribution to society through his music. Among Ellington's musical accomplishments in 1965 were his concert of religious music in San Francisco's Grace Cathedral and his debut of a



LEONARD FEATHER

the avant-garde to mainstreamers. Trumpeter Donald Byrd studied for his Ph.D. in Paris but found time to play several engagements and to become a staff arranger for a big band broadcasting regularly over an Oslo, Norway, radio station. One of the most heartwarming European treks was that of veteran violinist Stuff Smith, who quickly recovered from serious surgery in Paris and received acclaim for his brand of swinging wherever he appeared. Tenorist Ben Webster settled in Europe, and pianist Teddy Wilson made his first tour there. Two avant-garders of the past made their initial trip to Europe in 1965—altoist Lee Konitz and pianist Lennie Tristano. Though often musical companions in previous years, they did not play together in Europe.

Back from stays overseas were clarinetist Tony Scott and trumpeter Don Cherry. Scott had lived in the Orient since 1959, and Cherry had been in Europe for almost two years.

**T**wo of the most venerable figures in jazz—Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington—were the center of much attention during the year.

Armstrong celebrated his 65th birthday and 50th anniversary in show business and was toasted with tributes in Los Angeles and New York. The trumpeter toured several Communist countries early in the year and received a reception bordering on deification. During the tour, he spoke out against the treatment of Negroes in Selma, Ala., which was a departure for him, and announced that he intended to retire to Ghana, which caused something of a sensation. (What he actually said was that he would like to spend six months of the year in Ghana and the other six in Las Vegas when he retired, but

Los Angeles' Neophonic



new work, *The Green Apple and the Golden Broom*, with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. At the end of the year, he began work on the background score to a Frank Sinatra movie, *Assault on a Queen*.

Sinatra, seemingly determined to gain a larger audience among younger listeners, toured with the Count Basie Orchestra during the summer. He opened the tour at the Newport Jazz Festival and followed up with a brief swing through the eastern half of the country. The singer also received unprecedented coverage by television (two specials) and large-circulation magazines (cover stories by *Life* and *Look*).

*Down Beat* co-sponsored two jazz events of significance in 1965—the series of Thursday night concerts at New York's Museum of Modern Art and the five-performance *Down Beat Jazz Festival* in Chicago. Both were musically excellent and gave the magazine's staff firsthand experience in the welter of work required in staging such events. The staff came particularly to realize that there's more to putting together a jazz festival than meets the eye of the beholder or the ear of the critic.

The year's other major U.S. festivals, at Newport, R.I., and Monterey, Calif., were financially successful but varied artistically, with Monterey having a decided edge over the Newport show.

Jazz-in-person, however, took a beating in night clubs in 1965. Several closed, among them the best-known jazz club ever—Birdland. Few musicians shed tears over Birdland's demise, since most of them heartily disliked the club. Still, it was a significant closing, giving credence to a growing belief, perhaps prematurely conceived, that night clubs, per se, are a thing of the past.

Among factors militating against the successful operation of a jazz club were the high price of name groups and the unavailability of some of those groups. Name-group leaders could make more money for less work by playing college concerts, so who needed the clubs? The younger, less well-known musicians did, but the club-owners were reluctant to hire them. It was a situation not without irony. One club that did hire lesser-known musicians was Slug's, a saloon on Manhattan's lower east side; the enterprise seemed to be working out to the mutual benefit of musicians and owners.

One of the names jazz clubs wanted badly but couldn't get most of the year was Miles Davis. The trumpeter did not work from early spring till late fall because of illness. In April he underwent an operation to remove calcium deposits on his left hip, and when he was about recovered from that, he fell and broke his left leg. In all, it took eight months for him to recover. When he did return to public performance though, his music was none the worse for rest.

Two longtime big-band leaders—Maynard Ferguson and Lionel Hampton—toured with small groups in 1965. The four major big jazz bands left—Ellington's, Basie's, Woody Herman's, and Harry James'—managed to keep going.

Two provocative attempts to establish resident jazz orchestras gained footing during the year.

Stan Kenton formed an orchestra of top Los Angeles musicians, announced that it would perform "neophonic" music, and gave a series of well-received concerts at L.A.'s Music Center. But new term or not, the music, according to most observers, remained Kentonesque in essence.

Bill Russo, who made a name for himself as a Kenton arranger years ago, returned from Europe and settled in Chicago, where he founded a 22-piece orchestra, which he named the Chicago Jazz Ensemble. Russo's orchestra gave its premiere concert late in the year and sounded splendid.

An unusual but imaginative experiment with jazz took place in New York in the summer. The Harlem Cultural Council, in conjunction with a beer company and the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries, sponsored the Jazzmobile, actually a bandstand on a truck, on which musicians played at various street corners in the early evening. The idea was to stimulate interest in the arts in Harlem, though the project was expanded to include Negro sections of the Bronx and Brooklyn. Some of the groups featured were those of Dizzy Gillespie, Horace Silver, Frank Foster, Oliver Nelson, Herbie Mann, and Count Basie.

Religious programs using jazz as a keystone cropped up all over the place during the year. Among the more notable efforts were ones organized by the Rev. John Gensel, pastor of Advent Lutheran Church in New York, who presented regular Sunday evening jazz services in his church and also led similar services in other eastern cities. Lalo Schifrin composed what he called a jazz mass and what the Roman Catholic Church called a *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts*. Reed man Paul Horn recorded it and later gave it its first public performance. San Francisco's Grace Cathedral was the site of a jazz service (as opposed to Ellington's concert there) featuring pianist Vince Guaraldi's trio.

The number of deaths, particularly among musicians in their 30s and 40s, seemed larger in 1965 than in years previous: singer-pianist Nat Cole, pianist-bandleader Claude Thornhill, alto saxophonist Earl Bostic, cornetist Red Nichols, bassist George Tucker, clarinetist Hank D'Amico, tenor saxophonist Frank Haynes, guitarist Carl Kress, bassist Freddie Schreiber, composer Tadd Dameron, drummers Denzil Best and William (Keg) Purnell, bassists Ernie Shepard and Bonnie Wetzel, composer-pianists Spencer and Clarence Williams (no relation), blues man Sonny Boy Williamson, boogie-woogie pianist Freddie Slack, guitarist-banjoist Mike McKendrick, pianists Artie Schutt and Dave Bowman, veteran bassists Steve Brown and Papa John Joseph, drummers Oliver Coleman and Richard Curry, and guitarist Dave Barbour. The death of young humorist Ed Sherman struck near to home; he was *Down Beat's* George Crater for several years.

A film release in 1965 using a jazz-flavored score was roundly panned by critics, except that most knowledgeable observers thought tenor saxophonist Stan Getz did an admirable job of improvising a musical alter ego to *Mickey One*. Eddie Sauter composed the film's more formal musical background.

At year's end, film crews in New York were busy shooting what was promoted as a "real jazz story," *A Man Called Adam*, starring Sammy Davis Jr. Whether the movie would be any better than the other "real jazz" films of years past remained to be seen, but the music for *Adam* would no doubt have class—Benny Carter wrote it, and some of it was recorded by a group made up of cornetist Nat Adderley, trombonists Kai Winding and Jimmy Cleveland, saxophonist Lucky Thompson, pianist Junior Mance, bassist Aaron Bell, and drummer Herbie Lovelle. Louis Armstrong will be seen in both musical and acting roles, as will singer Mel Torme. All of which portends well for the film.

And perhaps a major film dealing with jazz augurs well for the music in 1966. It might be what is needed to arouse the public's interest in jazz. The good that could come with such renewed interest would be a boon to the many jazz musicians who have stuck to their guns through the bad times of the last few years. Perhaps the commercial impetus stemming from such an occurrence, plus the musical impetus offered by the gadfly avant-garde, will make 1966 a brighter year in jazz history than 1965. **ED**



# HERETICS' BREW

Beginning on the following page is a 41-page section dealing with jazz' avant-garde, as seen from several points of view.

In the first part of the section 10 *Down Beat* critics review the same record—*The New Wave in Jazz*. None of critics, except myself, knew the others were reviewing the album; my review was written before seeing any of the others.

The second part, *Point of Contact*, pages 19-31, is a heated discussion among musicians Archie Shepp, Cannonball Adderley, Cecil Taylor, Sonny Murray, Roland Kirk, clubowner Art D'Lugoff, and *Down Beat* associate editor Dan Morgenstern. The exchanges deal more with social aspects than musical ones.

A different kind of discussion, *Point of Departure*, starts on Page 32. In it composers Bill Mathieu and Ralph Shapey discuss the jazz avant-garde from a musical-philosophical standpoint, partly in relation to contemporary classical music.

The final part of the section, *A View from the Inside*, by Archie Shepp, begins on Page 39. In his semiautobiographical essay, Shepp comments on various artists he thinks are significant in the avant-garde.

—Don DeMicheal  
Editor

**Various Artists**

THE NEW WAVE IN JAZZ—Impulse 90: *Nature Boy*; *Holy Ghost*; *Blue Free*; *Hambone*; *Brilliant Corners*.

Personnel: Track 1—John Coltrane, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums. Track 2—Donald Ayler, trumpet; Albert Ayler, tenor saxophone; Joel Freedman, cello; Lewis Worrell, bass; Sonny Murray, drums. Track 3—Grachan Moncur, trombone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Cecil McBee, bass; Bill Harris, drums. Track 4—Ashley Fennell, trumpet; Marion Brown, alto saxophone; Archie Shepp, tenor saxophone; Fred Pirtle, baritone saxophone; Virgil Jones, trombone; Reggie Johnson, bass; Roger Blank, drums. Track 5—Charles Tolliver, trumpet; James Spaulding, alto saxophone; Hutcherson, vibraharp; McBee, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

**Bill Mathieu**

Rating: ★★★★★

There is no moment on this record when the spirit falters. The recording is live from the Village Gate, March 28, 1965, for the benefit of the Black Arts Repertory Theater/School. Aside from titling the album with their own trade motto, Impulse has presented the music with exemplary noninterference.

The five groups cover a stylistic range from neo-bop (Tolliver) to the most severe avant-garde (Albert Ayler); they can be discussed in that order.

*Corners* is formed around a heavy inson post-Parker line, and the playing, especially by Spaulding, fits with the other groups mostly by virtue of contrast, as if to show us how much jazz has learned in so short a time. Spaulding's wide, lush, and very beautiful vibrato might make someone born before 1940 exclaim, "My God, it's getting late!"

Coltrane's long *Nature Boy* solo presents him with his usual intensity and with more than usual coherence; the group seems especially receptive.

*Free* is the most compositionally organized piece and, not surprisingly, is also the most calm and controlled statement.

Hutcherson's work is deliberately beautiful. The compositional spirit goes beyond the written music, however; the improvising is compositionally sensitive on a level rarely found in unwritten music. Even if the materials are less adventurous (whole-tone modality, for instance) the commitment of the individuals to the quartet is highly rewarding.

*Hambone* is a most brilliant and subtle musical satire.

There is no specific object; rather a general posture toward human life, human dignity. (The San Francisco Mime Troupe is called to mind.)

Shepp's playing is less vaulted than on other occasions; but this piece is so purposefully eclectic, so intentionally extra-musical that we listen with dramatic as well as musical ears and tend to think of the voices as principals as well as instruments. The piece uses a great variety of stylistic reference, from triadic harmonies and simple rhythms and sardonic quotes to avant-garde pan-meter and pan-modality; it begins somewhere past the middle of Duke Ellington and goes beyond.

Albert Ayler's *Ghost* is, to my ears, the top of the crest of the wave. To an astonishing degree it commands the suspension of critical judgment and succeeds in

presenting itself full face forward to the listener on a level above quality, above personal like or dislike. It simply *is* what it is; it arrives at mere experience, much like a raga. Perhaps when there is more cultural and temporal separation between us and it (some more enlightened day?) this feeling will change.

Freedman's cello solo is like a dawn.

The music on this record strikes me as being completely true. I don't believe it can be meaningfully approached without interest in contemporary black culture. I don't believe that the isolationist position that conditions much of its origin is musically inaudible; nor can it be ignored. It is not necessary to know fully the relation of this work to its social climate. No one can; not now. It is enough to know that this direct song comes from something central to all our lives.

This LP is a set of definitive performances right off the top. The music is as full of bitterness as it is of restraint—but it is more full of *everything* than any other contemporary music (that's not a remark about quality).

Human activity cannot become more serious (though no doubt it has been more mature when springing from periods less characterized by revolution).

Whatever it is, then, it's not entertainment. Highly recommended for both serious beginners and connoisseurs.

**Gilbert M. Erskine**

Rating: ★★

These performances are from the Black Arts Repertory Theater/School concert in March, 1965, at the Village Gate in New York City. With a good representation of leading "new thing" players, this album strikingly shows the series of problems that have expanded into the crisis facing the jazz avant-garde today.

Analogies in art are dangerous, and especially so when dealing with something as fluid as the avant-garde, but the current situation is so palpably similar to that of the post-Renaissance period in European art that it is fitting to consider the parallels.

Classical beauty and harmony and "correctness" had reached a peak during the Renaissance, and the new artists, seeing the futility of working the same ground as Michelangelo, Raphael, Titian, and Leonardo da Vinci, began to search for new approaches to expression. The mood of the Renaissance age, moreover, was jarringly out of place in the turbulence of the 16th century.

Unable to manifest the pulse of the times in any conventional manner, some artists, in their frustration, turned completely to the startling, the unexpected, the unheard-of effects, and their commitment was such that many developed a rage against tradition.

Their works, while different, were not always successful. Zuccari's windows (in Rome, 1592) are simply bizarre; Parmigianino's *Madonna with the Long Neck* (c. 1532) is grotesque; and Giovanni DaBologna's 1567 statue *Mercury* is eccentric.

It was a time of crisis: the old forms

did not fit the new sensibilities, and the shock tactics of the new wave could not produce art.

The day was saved by the Venetian painter Tintoretto and El Greco of Spain, both of whom, showing the substance of the creative spirit, refused to be trapped in ideologies that negated the past.

Both were tired of old forms but not old art; and both, painting pictures that transcend time and age, showed the others how to be new. El Greco's *View of Toledo* (c. 1600), rooted in tradition, but with its avant-garde foreground and shaking sky, tells a thousand more secrets of the heart and mind than any of Zuccari's caprices.

Much of the avant-garde in jazz today can be equated with post-Renaissance art. The syndromes are identical: the shock tactics, the rage against tradition (this, in spite of what some critics say), and the dominance of ideology over esthetic sense.

Of the "new thing" players at this session, only the Tolliver-Spaulding group treatment of Thelonious Monk's difficult and beautiful *Corners* succeeds in performing work that is esthetically satisfying, and this is because the musicians are faithful to Monk's great sense of tradition.

On *Ghost* Albert Ayler shows us the labored journey he's made to free himself from the bondage of meter, harmony, and even melody; but, like Zuccari, having forced the change, he's made only a bizarre artifact—not art. His refusal to use tradition puts him in a more rigid, cold, and cramped place than convention could ever be. His whole approach, moreover, seems dictated by ideology, and not by artistic impulse. Would he feel free to use tradition? I think not—at least not now.

The men in Coltrane's group relate to each other for a few brief opening phrases on *Nature Boy*, and then, in extended "free" improvisations, the group skitters in chaos, failing in the same way Lennie Tristano failed with *Intuition* 16 years ago. With no collective point of reference, not even intermittent ones, the players simply don't get anything going.

There is a dazzling McBee-Hutcherson duet on *Free*, and some original compositional structure, especially in the opening section, where the melody direction seems to backtrack on itself instead of going forward. But the continual, relentless string of augmented chord changes is a capricious and boring device.

Shepp, one of the most heralded and interesting of the "new thing" musicians, would have most modern-mainstream tenor men in trouble if he played their style. His ear is fine, and he has a fantastic imagination.

Like the painter Goya (1746-1828), who spent a great deal of time and energy depicting the horrors of man's inhumanity to man, Shepp's playing reflects the cruelties of racism. It's all there—the slave exploitation, brutality, white treachery, the doctrine of "separate but equal," the ghettos—and, like Goya, there is no alternative; it is something he *has* to do. Unfortunately for jazz, this phase of Shepp has more social import than esthetic jazz value.

LeRoi Jones' notes are hurried and inadequate, and his subservience to the black nationalists cancels his effectiveness as a critic. At one point he says, "In order for the non-white world to assume control, it must transcend the technology that has enslaved it... these players [show the way by] transcending any emotional state the white man knows," showing by another kind of cunning his willingness to use the jazz avant-garde for his own racist ends.

## Harvey Pekar

Rating: ★★★★★

By and large, the music here is quite stimulating.

The first track is a stunner. Coltrane's career is generally thought of as being divided into an early period, during which he played with Miles Davis and Thelonious Monk, and a later one, when he became a group leader.

In the more recent period the great length of some of his solos and his frequent use of harmonics and vocal cries have caused quite a bit of discussion. But the most fascinating aspects of Coltrane's later period are his use of simple, uncluttered compositions and his ability to improvise extraordinarily rich scalar lines on them.

Despite the controversy raging over Coltrane's current work, I think that in a few years it will be accepted as outstanding by an even larger portion of the public than it is now.

The brilliant *Nature Boy* included here might as well be credited to Coltrane as to Eden Ahbez, since there is little relation between Coltrane's improvising and the original harmonic foundation of Ahbez' composition—and the tenorist hints only briefly at the melody.

He employs some plaintive mid-Easternish passages at the beginning of the track before moving into his sheets of sound. His seemingly endless flow of ideas and the intensity of his attack are overwhelming—he grabs the listener and won't let go. One can literally break into a sweat listening to him.

The fiery accompaniment of Jones and Tyner constantly keeps the pressure on Coltrane and is responsible for a good deal of the excitement generated on the track.

The Ayler selection is taken at a frantic pace. Don Ayler's work lacks contrast and substance; he seems primarily concerned with moving his fingers fast and attacking forcefully. Brother Albert's playing also does not contain much melodic and rhythmic meat, though he produces an interesting variety of sonorities. (Incidentally, I don't want to give the impression that I'm judging the Ayler brothers' careers, with which I'm not very familiar, on the basis of this one track.)

Freedman takes a nice arco solo, organizing intelligently and using contrasts in register effectively. Following his spot there is a section featuring good interplay between the members of the rhythm section.

Moncur's music might be thought of as

advanced, but it's more conservative than Ayler's in that it swings, something Ayler does not attempt to do. Moncur's *Free* is an infectious stop-and-start tune that conveys a wry Thelonious Monk-like brand of humor. His improvisation contains some leaping intervals and bursts of notes, but its swagger and extroverted warmth is reminiscent of swing-era trombonists.

Hutcherson's solo is full of delightful cascading runs and delicate turns of phrase. After hearing him on several LPs, it seems apparent to me that he is one of today's most important vibists, an inventive and highly sensitive musician.

McBee is very impressive in the section. He employs all registers well and uses an arsenal of devices, including double stops, walking lines, fragmented phrases, and relatively complex figures. His backing of Hutcherson comes off especially well. The crispness and good taste of Harris' work should also be mentioned.

Shepp is featured throughout much of *Hambone*. Like Moncur, he's a new-thinger who plays with the open-heartedness of swing jazzmen. His primary influence appears to be Ornette Coleman, but he seems to have roots in several periods; his tone is reminiscent at times of Ben Webster's, and some of his digging-into-the-beat rhythmic figures recall Sonny Rollins. Here he's as big as all outdoors, employing a full, gutty sound and lunging, surging phrases.

*Corners* is the most traditional performance on the LP but not an uninteresting one. Spaulding, who has made a synthesis of the approaches of several outstanding saxophonists, takes a good hot solo, and Hutcherson, though playing in a more conventional manner than on the Moncur track, has a flowing spot. Tolliver, whose style is very much like Freddie Hubbard's, plays some nice lines, but his solo rambles, its construction too loose.

A final word: this new jazz has been drawing a great deal of adverse criticism; therefore, I think its creators should be asked to describe their ends and means on the LP sleeve in specific terms.

Most of the notes for this LP were written by LeRoi Jones, who is concerned with the mysteries of the cosmos and with putting himself across as a poet, deep thinker, firebrand, and all-around groovy guy—so concerned, in fact, that he forgets to give much useful information about the music for which he expresses such enthusiasm.

## John S. Wilson

Rating: ★★★

Even though this disc is taken from a concert performed for the benefit of the Black Arts Repertory Theater/School, it is not as esoteric as LeRoi Jones tries to make it seem in his notes. The range of the work is relatively broad.

Tolliver's quintet succeeds in clarifying—or at least neatening up—Thelonious Monk, the sort of thing Benny Goodman used to do with Fletcher Henderson's arrangements.

Tolliver's group does an excellent job with Monk's *Corners*—ensembles are clean, compact, and swinging; solos by Spaulding,

Tolliver, and Hutcherson are good and to the point. It is a more consistent and far more finished job than Monk's recording of the piece, largely because the talent, in this case, is spread evenly all through the group.

There is also a stirring sample of Coltrane's dark, wriggling, building cry on tenor on *Nature*. And Moncur's *Free* includes a fascinating, running vibes-and-bass bit by Hutcherson and McBee.

*Hambone*, the longest piece in the set, has its provocative moments—an ensemble passage culminating in a gorgeously deep, dark, reed-grounded chord and a jaunty riff toward the end. But most of it consists of rasping saxophones.

Similarly, *Ghost* is largely a frantic series of squawks and flurries by the Ayler brothers, although Freedman manages to do a little with his cello once he gets past the obligatory retching sounds.

## Pete Welding

Rating: ★★★★★ ½

There are many mansions in the house of the avant-garde, as this album makes clear.

The occasion was a benefit concert for the Black Arts Repertory Theater/School spearheaded by LeRoi Jones. Among the participants that evening were some of the new music's free-spirited bellwethers, some of their flock, and some more orthodox jazzmen who have taken a page or two from the avant-garde book. The album is a fascinating sound experience, containing as it does some powerful, invigorating music. And the variety helps quite a bit, it must be added.

Some of the roots of the avant-garde are charted in the Spaulding-Tolliver-Hutcherson rendition of Thelonious Monk's *Brilliant Corners*, for it was Monk who, through his own brilliantly individual and unorthodox music-making, paved the way for the avant-garde more than two decades ago. Tribute to the spellbindingly prophetic nature of Monk's music is set forth in this group's performance of his composition of some years ago, which thematically sounds as contemporary as anything on this set, including the work of the more daring extenders of the new music.

The approach hewed by Tolliver and Spaulding is essentially updated bop; i.e., their own approaches to soloing are conditioned for the most by the conventions of bop, but the inflections of the "new thing" color their music to a degree.

The altoist and the trumpeter play powerful, sharply etched lines that relate meaningfully to the thematic material; Tolliver especially refers to the theme's elements and extends them excitingly. Hutcherson is perhaps a more "contemporary" player, in that he departs more markedly from the bop mold of his peers in the group. His playing is more fully aligned with the goals of the avant-garde, without, however, standing apart too boldly from the work of Tolliver and Spaulding.

Much the same approach is followed in *Free*. Trombonist Moncur plays brightly and movingly, but the high point of the

performance is Hutcherson's darting, explosive solo, with its excellent use of double-time. McBee is a solid, inventive bassist with a sensitive pair of ears.

The performance by the Coltrane quartet serves as an effective bridge between the more conservative work of these two groups and the more extended efforts of the Ayler and Shepp units.

Coltrane's *Nature Boy*, a tenor saxophone solo with atmospheric support from the rhythm section, is a beautiful, powerful performance, a very moving example of Coltrane's indescribably intense music-making.

Coltrane always has reminded me of one of the great, apocalyptic delta blues men, in that his instrument is charged with the same anguished drive toward vocal articulation that fires their instrumental work (at a much less sophisticated level, of course). There is the same sense of striving to bring the instrument to a peak of expression that is perhaps beyond it, to make it burst into speech and express all the passionate, frenzied feelings that the voice alone is incapable of doing adequately.

That feeling is present throughout *Nature Boy*, in which Coltrane cajoles, charms, wheedles, bullies, and ultimately tries to force in the molten fire of his striving to make the instrument leap over the breach into speech. He almost succeeds. It's a breathtaking performance that never lets up. Listen to it—repeatedly. There is much human truth and striving in it.

Shepp's *Hambone* is stunning, the avant-garde at its best and most immediately expressive. The horn writing—for trumpet, trombone, and alto, tenor, and baritone saxophones—is intriguing and strikingly varied, making good use of textures.

This aspect of the piece is further heightened in the improvised segment that follows, for the eddying cries of the careening horns produce a fascinating, shifting circle of sound, a continually changing texture that is thoroughly engrossing to follow.

This is one of the most completely satisfying recorded Shepp performances I've heard, and it gives a wonderful illustration of just how exciting and full of wit and sensitivity the work of the younger avant-gardists can be on its most fulfilled (and fulfilling) level of expression. This is ordered, intelligently directed music, striking a judicious balance between instinct and intellect.

Ayler's *Ghost* is in the same bag, though much less immediately ordered in its contours. The brothers, trumpeter Don and tenorist Albert, generate wild, woolly whirlpools of sound over the eerie whistling drone of cellist Freedman. The piece moves forward in a restless, disturbingly disjunctive manner, but there is no doubt that it moves.

Freedman's cello solo is a very exciting demonstration of his virtuosity on that instrument, and he ranges over it completely in the course of a fascinating, well-constructed, and at times sardonic improvisation. I was floored. He is an excellent instrumentalist with a fascinating mind.

I enjoyed this piece thoroughly and, in fact, can recommend the entire set unreservedly.

That being so, how come only 4½ stars?

There are occasional imperfections that crop up in the textures of the music. Perhaps they are inevitable, but I sense that as the music moves forward and defines its methods and esthetic more meaningfully and, in the process, develops performers capable of fulfilling those goals, such moments of boredom, suspension (while waiting for something to crystallize), and uncertainty as occasionally are present in this set will become fewer and fewer. But as a document of a way-stop in the development of the new music, this set is relevant and necessary. It's a more than representative sampling of the music of today.

## Harvey Siders

Rating: ★★

Most exponents of free form are their own worst enemies. They try so hard to be different, that they run a full cycle and fall victim to the most senseless conformity of all: that of sounding alike.

Which brings me to the most nauseating track I have ever heard on any disc, bar none: *Holy Ghost*.

I don't know what methods my colleagues employ in reviewing records. I only know that I listen over and over again, until every sound becomes meaningful. The 7½ minutes of unadulterated trash on *Ghost* proved to be as rewarding as Chinese water torture. From beginning to end, there is nothing but a succession of pig squeals and mouselike chatter that are about as musical as bridge-club gossip recorded at 33½ and played at 78.

There is no attempt at melodic statements by either Ayler brother. The jet-propelled tempo makes any semblance of a bass line by Worrell unfeasible. Murray's drumming resembles a neighbor next door intermittently banging on the wall to hang a picture. Freedman's work on cello is virtuosic but completely wasted in this unfortunate context. For that matter, both Aylers show prodigious technique, but speed for speed's sake leaves me cold.

This is pure anarchy: formless, undisciplined, and an insult to sensitive ears. There is a phrase in the boring, pretentious liner notes—the only phrase that reveals any insight into the motivation—that sums up *Ghost* with unerring accuracy: "frenzied witch chasing."

Almost as wearying is the album's longest cut: *Hambone*. Its only saving grace is the writing. Once the solos begin, we're confronted by another onslaught of bleating and honking. At times Shepp seems to worship at the shrine of ugliness; other times his playing suddenly assumes a sardonic bent. When the other horns join in, what could be interesting counterpoint degenerates into chaos. Blank deserves credit for supplying firm and often imaginative support on drums.

Working our way up the improvement scale, Coltrane's contribution—*Nature Boy*—reveals his lyrical mastery, as well as Tyner's rarefied, reharmonized comping. The track also reveals Jones' usual obtru-

siveness on drums. He is simply too incessant and, in the process, obliterates Garrison's efforts.

Moncur displays his cool side on *Blue Free*. His tone is sensitive, and his ideas are melodically intelligent. He gets fine support from Hutcherson's broad chordal cushion on vibes and McBee's interesting bass patterns.

Finally, *Corners* contains the outstanding solo work of the album, as well as the most inventive arrangement. Beginning with a unison statement, hewn out of granite and taken at a funereal tempo, the second chorus is doubled in tempo. This slow-fast alternation is followed through for each soloist, and if the tempo variations tend to lift the proceedings, the solos are even more rewarding.

Refreshing is the work of altoist Spaulding and trumpeter Tolliver (who did the arrangement). Their improvised thoughts seem to speak of disciplined minds. And discipline is the one element in this motley collection that seems to separate the agony from the ecstasy.

## Don DeMicheal

Rating: ★★ ★

It may all be a matter of musical communication. Does the listener understand the "language"? Have the musicians mastered it to a degree that they can formulate clear ideas in it?

I don't think all the musicians using the new language—or dialect might be a better term—are masters of it. I suspect some are still struggling to learn the basics. And therein lies part of the communication problem: the listener must become familiar with the new language through the music; it can be no other way.

For example:

The language of Moncur, Hutcherson, Tolliver, and Spaulding is, for the most part, comprehensible to almost any jazz listener, provided he has learned his Charlie Parker. Coltrane, I believe, speaks his own dialect, but enough of it is familiar that we get most of it (partly because of our exposure to it by Coltrane, partly because of its derivation from Parker out of Sonny Rollins, but primarily because Coltrane is such a forceful musician that he makes us *feel* even when we don't fully comprehend).

But the new expression being grappled with by Shepp, Ayler, and their confreres is not as well developed, familiar, or polished. The messages they want to impart sometimes come out blurred or clumsily assembled so that communication with the listeners—and I suspect with the other musicians—is often hard to come by. (Perhaps the best way to approach a new mode of expression is with open feelings, to let the music reach the heart.)

Then there is the problem of a musician trying to speak two languages, sometimes with such confusion that a sentence in one is followed by a clause from the other.

An obvious case of this is Hutcherson in his two appearances here. The first, with Moncur, is in the manner, more or less, of the new language. His handling of it is interesting, though not too convincing

when compared with his adroitness in the older language, as evidenced on *Corners*, a less "ambitious" performance, in the sense of being "in" rather than "out." Still, both solos are well done from a "musicianship" point of view: Hutcherson knows his instrument well, and everything fits in place in both solos. The difference between the solos is that on *Free* he breaks his rhythmic flow into various lengths and metric patterns, using arpeggiated chord extensions and chromatic sequences frequently, and on *Corners* he swings away in the basically diatonic, constant-rhythm style of the day. Of the two, *Free* caught my interest more, primarily because Hutcherson, McBee (a superb bassist), and Harris brought off a fine piece of collective improvisation.

A less obvious example of a bilingual musician is Shepp. In his rambling but warmly emotional solo on *Hambone*, he mixes quite a few swing licks with the new language he champions. This is one of the things I find so attractive about his playing: by catching onto the old stuff I am drawn into—and, I think, understand—more of what he's trying to say that's new. I also like the tenderness of his playing, and I like its fire. Another quality of Shepp's playing that attracts me is his lyricism. He has humor too: out of the blue he interpolates "Oh, they wear no pants in the southern part of France"; in another part of his solo, during a bluesish ensemble, he struts, Big Jay McNeely-like, in front of the others. Now, when he can keep all this from sprawling, he should really have something going.

Albert Ayler, too, has humor, but it is drier than Shepp's. He also gets a unique sound from his tenor; the tone is remarkably like that of a violin or cello. But I get the feeling that in this album Ayler's playing—and that of his brother—is more fingers-and-lip than heart-and-mind. Nevertheless, I liked the sound of the track very much. All those high frequencies set against a drone is stimulating, though almost in a hysterical way; even Albert's honks sound an octave higher than normal to my ears.

Other comments:

Coltrane's *Nature Boy* is not as interesting as his excellent version in *The John Coltrane Quartet Plays* LP. There are arresting moments, however, particularly when he gets off the race track and inserts some of those breathtakingly poignant lyric passages. There also is a sweetness to Coltrane's playing here that is fascinating.

Freedman's cello solo on *Ghost* shows that he can get over his instrument; I'm not sure what he proved aside from that, however. Bassist Worrell creates some thick and dark textures on *Ghost*, but his playing is not clearly articulated.

Shepp's *Hambone* is a fine composition, going as it does from a Salvation Army type of theme to one reminiscent of the writing (in composition and voicing) for Miles Davis' 1949 nonet. The short ensemble passages studding the piece are nicely heavy and adroitly placed.

Spaulding is a fine altoist in the Parker tradition (and with more than a trace of

Cannonball Adderley). Tolliver plays well in the hard-bop style but doesn't seem too emotionally involved in his *Corners* solo. Good chops, though.

Final words:

Albert Ayler says in the liner notes: "It's not about notes anymore. It's about feelings." It's always been about feelings, Mr. Ayler. And like it or not, it's always going to be about notes too.

The myth that this new musical language is ugly and violent should be put to rest. There is beauty here, and I heard little anger but much that seemed based, consciously or not, in love.

## Kenny Dorham

Rating: ★★

*Nature Boy*—an intro to the melody? Or the melody of *Nature Boy*? Quite a contrast from the first two or three choruses sung by Nat (King) Cole, I must say. The first two or three minutes were relatively calm; after that the tension starts to mount both in accompaniment and in Coltrane's solo as he pours structure on top of structure. However well articulated, it still has that drone thing. Electronic music.

Coltrane elaborates on each statement of the melody, which he also states while the rhythm holds by, repeating each phrase, until John plays the next statement. A type of man-to-man communication—radar.

On *Ghost* the rhythm is more or less used as a backdrop, not appearing to have any significant meaning to the soloists in terms of meter but in terms of effect. It sounds as though this would be excellent for a horror movie. Makes me think of those old Scotland Yard flicks.

The cello makes it sound as if a strong high-pitched wind is howling from a distance. I can find nothing more to write about except that this is one continuous blanket of sound. In traditional music there are time signatures (rhythm), melody, and chords, but I find none of that readily recognizable here. In this music I find distorted sound. There's chaos in them notes.

*Free* is a better-structured composition, better than usual for this type of date. Drummer Harris and bassist McBee contribute their share of the accompaniment, and Hutcherson finds some kind of groove.

*Hambone* begins with the bass and then drums playing together with a little hand-clapping in the vacant spots. Then it merges muted trumpet and open trombone in unison (the trumpet is a little sharp on the first note) while bass and drums continue playing pedal point. An organ chord by full ensemble follows—short chordal interlude, bass again (approximately four bars) before the full ensemble comes in again for a few bars. They're out, then in again with some more bars, and then out.

These are slick and also vague interludes, but they were very well written—two-bar break for soloist Shepp, then band, break, band again. A break usually serves as a diving board and a spot for launching—take-off—but they don't seem to help the soloist here.

I'm not particularly fond of this old-

time type of solo; also there is very little organization with same. Shepp seems to want to play in the same meter as the bashing rhythm section but doesn't connect smoothly or convincingly enough for me, though Shepp has mucho gusto.

There is a baritone solo that didn't get off the ground so well.

I would call this performance a satire or mockery. I find no originality here, but I think I'd know who was playing if I only heard it and didn't see who it was. They go out swinging with Shepp up front.

*Corners* begins with a melody statement by Tolliver and Spaulding with chords supplied by vibist Hutcherson. Tolliver sounds good—applying a Freddie Hubbard vibrato. Spaulding was all right, and Hutcherson played well. Most of all, it's a Monk composition.

The second side (*Hambone* and *Corners*), as a whole, was a traumatic experience for me.

I imagine that most of these players have 9-to-5 jobs or other means of supporting themselves, since I don't think the paying customers, for the most part, are ready for this. I think this is a very personal endeavor and was done without having the paying public's enthusiasm or interest in mind . . . rebellion against anything traditional. Whoever said this music was an extension of Charlie Parker should see a psychiatrist.

One thing is for sure—if this music turns out to be invalid, unsuccessful, then there will be a lot of stranded cats who don't know their instruments by current standards. Everyone, in general, wants to identify with that which is new—and successful. If this music is successful, then there'll be a lot of other cats left in the dust.

Coltrane is the most prominent innovator on this disc—according to jazz news media, the polls, etc., and me. He didn't achieve his fame on this type of music. He made his name under Miles Davis' leadership, playing what I imagine the public liked to hear. Something fresh but not too fresh—new. But robbing Peter to pay Paul, who has a hole in his pocket, is something different—really. John has made money and has played well, excellently, so obviously he can toy around and spearhead other movements. I think a new movement, new wave is needed in music. That would thin out the congested areas in music—too many players playing the same style. I'm for that. I am for seeing musicians—at least myself—make money, which is hardly the motive here, as I see it.

For Big John's cover photo alone, I'll give it two stars.

## Don Nelsen

Rating: ★★★★★

This tasty platter of hors d'oeuvres is a good introduction to some of the work being done on the avant-garde scene. Its sampler format affords the listener a chance to compare avant-garde musicians and to find out what it is—and isn't.

For one thing, avant-garde jazz isn't a music but several musics created by many

diverse talents and temperaments. Musicians other than those who appear here have also experimented with "abstract" musical forms: Don Friedman, Attila Zoller, Booker Ervin, Jimmy Giuffre, to name a few.

On this album, avant-garde ranges from the more traditionally oriented offerings of Moncur and Tolliver through Coltrane and Shepp to the inchoate frenzies of the brothers Ayler.

The Moncur and Tolliver tracks (*Free and Corners*) will likely surprise those who think of avant-garde strictly in terms of Ornette Coleman, Shepp, and Ayler.

Though there is a good deal of what might be called abstract sound here, the two groups—especially Tolliver's—develop their ideas more in keeping with traditional modes of expression. The presence of Hutcherson on both tracks is a delight. Both his complementary action and his soloing are first rate.

His outing on Thelonious Monk's *Corners*, one of the finer pieces here, is "conventional" in structure and ideas but in no way dry or uninteresting. His warm, resonant sound recalls Milt Jackson's. Tolliver and Spaulding, not as adventurous, say, as Shepp and Ayler, nevertheless are vigorous and imaginative. McBee is beautiful, especially in his dialog with Hutcherson.

Coltrane's *Nature Boy* is a mite disappointing. He is, in my view, the greatest musician on the date. He's got everything covered: mastery of instrument, a depth of idea and expression matched by few, a consummate compositional gift, and a thorough knowledge of musical forms and techniques; yet there are moments—minutes—when, knowing what he can do, the listener finds him merely meandering in a forest of notes.

Feeling? Of course. But feeling alone cannot be the final measure of an artist's art. Technical command of expression counts for a great deal, and because Coltrane is continually experimenting, he cannot exercise that command all the time. No experimenter can; that's why experiments often fail. However, some, like Coltrane, are capable of more success than others.

Shepp's *Hambone* seems more coherent. Despite the fact that the tenorist is continually exploring the unusual in sound, he never loses his thematic thread. He doesn't seem to use the sound solely for its own sake. Basically, his voice is as warm as it is piquant. He is a very inventive guy, though his arrival as any sort of major voice seems some time off. Blank does a very good job here.

Listening to the brothers Ayler on *Ghost* brings to mind a Picasso anecdote. A middle-aged American couple wangles, through a friend, an invitation to Picasso's home. The artist meets them at the door and offers to show them some of his work. They walk into a room full of abstracts. "Ah," says the woman, "I see your little boy paints too."

I am afraid that the Ayler's will be subject to this type of criticism (you know: "My 10-year-old kid could do better") for their work is more like clusters of contrasting colors that employ little recogniz-

able structure or form.

I realize that the word "form" is tricky, depending on how one wishes to apply it. It is a fact that, especially in the last century or so, one of the most damning criticisms thrown at any artistic departure has been that it is "formless."

Example: a 19th-century art critic (Ruskin, perhaps?) complained, upon viewing the Impressionists, that he was astounded that one should be expected to pay for having a paint pot flung in his face. Some may view the Ayler's in a similar light. Their music will take a bit of getting used to, and it may not go anywhere; but to close the ears to it is ridiculous. Worrell, incidentally, contributes a splendid solo to this track.

The primary liner notist here is LeRoi Jones, who writes with his customary hauteur. At one point he remarks: "New Black Music is this: Find the self, then kill it." If there is no individual self, can there be any individual music—or anything? Perhaps he is thinking of some great black oversoul. No matter. The music is here.

## Dan Morgenstern

Rating: ★★ ★

This album comes equipped with manifestos by LeRoi Jones, the Black Arts director, and Steve Young, its co-ordinator for music and arts. Their utterances are in the by-now familiar style of the prophets of the "new black music," a curious combination of belligerence and hortatory romanticism. The tone of this prose has set more people against the new music than one would care to tabulate; with the aid of such friends, the music needs no enemies.

Let us, then, take heed of Jones' words—"But the music itself is not about any of those things"—even though he himself does not, and attempt to consider these performances in terms of sounds, without the attendant furies.

There are many different kinds of music in this album, ranging from Ayler's truly "outside" work, to the much more "traditional" sounds of Moncur, Hutcherson, Spaulding, et al.

The presence of Coltrane offers a common denominator, though, for all the music here has been touched by him, whether it veers right or left of his current work. His *Nature Boy* makes an interesting comparison to the version on the recently issued *The John Coltrane Quartet Plays*; here, the theme is alluded to only in the sweeping opening phrase. The track is all Coltrane's, a performance of mounting intensity.

The feeling that writer A. B. Spellman has so aptly described as a "ground-swell of energy" is certainly generated here. Even if one finds Coltrane's music disturbing and unsettling (and the creation of such feelings is as valid as of their opposites), there can be no gainsaying his musicianship, his complete command of his horn, and his ability to organize his materials in a meaningful way.

One is not so certain about Albert Ayler, not only because he offers no guideposts, but also because the total impression of the

piece is one of fragmentation. Even if his intention is to depict chaos, it is the artist's responsibility to shape his vision into a somehow ordered statement. Ayler appears to have been closer to this goal in other recorded performances; *Ghost* has energy, even frenzy, but it is effective only as a musical picture of willful dementia.

According to one's inclination or mood, *Ghost* can be considered either frightening or ridiculous. The theme, if it can be so described, is played by the Ayler brothers in a way that sounds like a crude parody of Ornette Coleman and Don Cherry. The tempo is so fast that no semblance of a steady pulse can be maintained, so drummer Murray delivers himself of occasional hammering patterns that sound like a desperate neighbor banging on the wall.

Albert Ayler's solo, almost entirely constructed of upper-register (or rather, overblown) squeals, is so radical in its approach to the instrument that it would be useless to debate whether he knows his horn. He obviously does not choose to play with reference to such values as intonation, control, the production of a sound that could be described as pleasing to the ear, or any other traditional standards.

Anyone, however, who has on occasion picked up a saxophone and attempted to make sounds through it will find it disturbing that Ayler's playing often brings to mind such noises. Perhaps he feels that this is the "natural" way of making music; I don't know. I do know that he has said his music isn't jazz, but in spite of this, it seems more like jazz than like any other music, if only in its distortions, willful or otherwise, of the elements of jazz.

Donald Ayler's trumpet playing makes one wonder if he could play a tune, or in tune; but since he obviously doesn't wish to, why wonder? Cellist Freedman, though joining in the general feeling of the piece, can't help revealing that he knows his instrument, and Worrell, not as bothered by the tempo as the drummer, seems to be keeping time after a fashion. This is agonizing music, and its maniacal quality has a certain fascination, but if this is where jazz is going, it will take a great deal of strength and patience to follow it there.

Behind this, Moncur's quartet, playing the blues, sounds like a cocktail group. The trombonist has played much more interestingly with Jackie McLean; here, his work is rather static, clipped in the J. J. Johnson fashion, and easily eclipsed by Hutcherson's somewhat tentative but attractive statements. The vibraharpist also accompanies Moncur sensitively (Hutcherson demonstrates this ability even better with Tolliver and Spaulding), a task which the nature of his instrument makes difficult, since the notes tend to linger.

Shepp's *Hambone* is a surprise. A well-conceived and executed arrangement makes good use of the five-horn front line. Muted trumpet and open trombone state a quiet theme out-of-tempo, then the full ensemble joins in, producing an aura of sound not unlike the small-group work of

(Continued on page 109)

# POINT OF CONTACT: A

Though not by design, the following panel discussion focuses on the jazz avant-garde, a term apparently resented by some of the movement's chief representatives. And since jazz musicians do not create in a vacuum, the discussion almost instantly centered itself on the social and economic problems confronting young Negro jazzmen in the United States today.

From the start, the tenor of the debate was intense and emotional. A transcript such as this cannot convey the full impact of the spoken word, nor the near-pandemonium that climaxed some of the most heated exchanges. At the end of nearly three hours of talk, the participants were exhausted, though some felt that important things still had not been discussed.

All panelists were told that the discussion was being held for the purpose of publication in the *Down Beat* yearbook and, because of space limitations, would be edited. They were also told that the proposed subject matter was "The Jazz Scene Today" and that the discussion should focus on musical matters.

One participant criticized the way I acquitted myself as moderator. To this I can reply only that a stricter discipline could perhaps have been imposed only by a person unaffected by what was being said. Since I was not in that position, I attempted to assure that each speaker would be permitted to finish what he had to say, a task that, however seemingly limited, was not always easy.

The discussion's end result, one hopes, may yet serve a constructive purpose, if only to clear the air for more effective collaboration among the various elements in the jazz community—or at least, among those who continue to believe that such a community can and must exist.

—Dan Morgenstern

## ABOUT THE PARTICIPANTS:

**Julian (Cannonball) Adderley**, alto saxophonist and bandleader, has had broad and varied experience in music. Prior to attracting national attention in 1955, when he went to New York and began to record, Adderley had been a high school band director and music instructor in his native Florida and had led bands in the Army as well as in civilian life. He formed his first nationally known combo in 1956 and joined the Miles Davis group from 1957 to 1959. Since then, he has toured successfully throughout the world with his own group.

**Art D'Lugoff** is the owner-operator of New York City's Village Gate, one of the city's largest night clubs. The club's

entertainment policy encompasses jazz, folk music, comedy, discotheque dancing, and, most recently, chamber music. Outspoken and active, D'Lugoff was a leader in the Greenwich Village clubowners' fight against unfair city restrictions and takes a consistent interest in civil rights and progressive city politics.

**Roland Kirk**, jazz' leading multi-instrumentalist, encountered much resistance and neglect before his amazing ability to play several instruments simultaneously was recognized as musically valid. Since then, his proficiency on individual horns, notably tenor saxophone and flute, also has been acknowledged. Aside from early experiences in his native Columbus, Ohio, and a brief tenure with Charlie Mingus in 1961, Kirk always has led his own group. **Sonny Murray** is a drummer who first made a name for himself through his work with Cecil Taylor. Since then, he has worked with a number of the leading avant-garde players, including tenor saxophonist Albert Ayler and trumpeter Don Cherry, and has spent considerable time working in Europe, notably at Copenhagen's Montmartre club.

**Archie Shepp**, like Adderley, was born in Florida. He attended high school in Philadelphia with trumpeter Lee Morgan, with whom he often played. In New York, he met and worked with Cecil Taylor and soon earned a reputation as one of the outstanding tenor saxophonists in the new jazz. In 1964 he co-led a sextet with trumpeter Bill Dixon and has been leading his own groups on records and at concerts. During the last year, he made several appearances with John Coltrane's group.

**Cecil Taylor**, alongside Ornette Coleman, is considered a founding father of the new jazz. A strikingly original pianist and composer, Taylor first came to attention with a quartet that appeared at the 1957 Newport Jazz Festival and at New York City's Five Spot, as well as on records. Since then, despite his growing reputation, Taylor has worked only sporadically, though he has been warmly received in Europe. In 1965 he appeared at the Newport and *Down Beat* jazz festivals, at the Village Vanguard, and at a concert at Town Hall in New York City. He studied music first privately and then at New York College of Music and New England Conservatory.

**Dan Morgenstern** is *Down Beat's* associate editor in New York City. He was born in Vienna, reared in Denmark, and came to the United States in 1947. He is a former editor of *Metronome* and *Jazz*.

**Morgenstern**: The topic is the jazz scene today, which leaves us a wide scope. I would like to begin with a quote from the English critic Max Harrison in *Jazz Monthly*. In a discussion of avant-garde music, he said, "whatever happens, jazz can have no further pretenses to wide appeal or a popular audience." He bases that prediction on jazz' becoming more complicated, more abstract, more demanding on the listener.

**Adderley**: To start with, Max Harrison is British, and I don't blame him for saying that in England, with the phenomenal success of so-called popular groups there. But I don't think he's within his realm when he talks about what we're going to do with jazz, because, after all, it's been nurtured, founded, developed here. He's got no basis for that sort of prediction, since he knows nothing of what we're doing here.

**Taylor**: In relation to the kind of thinking that would allow for making an assumption like this, which is not accurate at all, I propose . . . I propose there should be a boycott by Negro musicians of all jazz clubs in the United States. I also propose that there should be a boycott by Negro jazz musicians of all the record companies. I also propose that all Negro jazz musicians boycott all trade papers and journals dealing with music. And I also propose that all Negro musicians resign from every federated union in this country that has anything to do with music. That's my answer to that man's statement.

**Shepp**: I agree with Cecil's statement. I agree with the idea of it, the implicit logic of it, the spirit of it. I believe in it. I will fight for it, and I have fought for it. I think that in line with a statement like that, we can be more comprehensive. We can talk about a magazine like *Down Beat*, which writes about jazz and which I think for years has subtly boycotted the development of younger, potentially brilliant men like Cecil, myself, Sonny Murray. I don't mention older men like Cannonball because you haven't boycotted him. Certain people have had far more access to your pages than we have had.

So we sit here now, and we're expected to be rational; we are expected not to be racists. But what else can we be under the circumstances but irrational and thoroughly black? I think that is precisely the point. When these people say that jazz is a dying medium, they don't mean that. It is, rather, a coverup for the fact that clubs are a dying medium.

I was at the Village Gate not so long

# DISCUSSION



PHOTOS BY CHUCK STEWART EXCEPT AS INDICATED

ago; it was a bonanza. They had Carmen McRae, Dick Gregory, and John Coltrane. Jiffy all-purpose remover, you know—a catch-all—John being given the short end of the stick—35 minutes—and that's precisely how it was every night. Well, I've heard John himself play for over an hour and a half. At the Gate, John was using four horn men, including himself; one evening he used five. And he was given only 35 minutes to do his work. Discotheque was given more freedom and privilege than John.

I think that's indicative of something; I think it's indicative of the level of mentality of most clubowners. I don't say that personally toward Art D'Lugoff; I don't mean to make it a personal dialog. I do say that those impresarios who control jazz are, on the whole, the dregs of impresarios. Jazz is singularly unique in that the people who control it are thoroughly ignorant of it, know nothing about it. I know something about clubowners. I don't claim to know more than anyone else, but I know about them from the worm's eye view.

I was talking to Joe Termini at the Five Spot not so long ago. One of his moustachioed niggers had just asked me to leave because I couldn't afford to pay the charge at the table. I know a number of musicians who've been asked to leave the Five Spot. So when I sit down in a club when it's relatively empty, and I'm not disturbing anyone, not making a nuisance of myself—which everyone expects when you're black, that you're going to do something absurd—I expect to sit there. At the Five Spot the waiter asks me to get up. I got into a fierce argument with him, and I called him a nigger lackey because he was—an Uncle Tom. I told him, "I'm not going to get up until you get this white man you work for to tell me to leave; I won't leave if you tell me." So he got Joe. Joe and I got into a thing, and I asked Joe, "How do you feel about jazz?" He said, "I'm a businessman." I said, "I'm an artist; I have a right to sit in your club. It's artists who have made your club. Do you think that jazz musicians are artists?" He said, "No, quite frankly."

What do we base jazz on? It is not that we see jazz as an art, or even as an artifact, but we see jazz as one of the most meaningful social, esthetic contributions to America. It is that certain people accept it for what it is, that it is a meaningful, profound contribution to America—it is antiwar; it is opposed to Viet Nam; it is for Cuba; it is for the liberation of all people. That is the nature of jazz. That's not far-fetched. Why is that so? Because jazz is a music itself born out of

oppression, born out of the enslavement of my people. It is precisely that.

A man, Robert Wesley Wells, I read about in the *National Guardian*, has spent more than half his adult life in jail. And he was sentenced to death and spent seven years in death row for having thrown a spittoon at a guard. If I could sum up the essence of jazz, I would say that this is precisely it. It is the spirit of Robert Wesley Wells on death row.

**D'Lugoff:** First of all, I don't represent all clubowners—mine's not strictly a jazz club. I understand what Archie is saying, but I think he make no differentiation between artists. There are artists and artists. He makes no differentiation between clubs. There are clubs and clubs. I believe he likes to put everything in one pot. Sometimes it serves a purpose, sometimes it distorts the nature of scientific inquiry.

I think there's a problem not only in jazz clubs but in all clubs. I think that artists who work in clubs, historically, under most systems, have been exploited, are being exploited. However, I would also say that it's getting harder and harder to make a living with a club. Part of this is due to automation—TV, records. . . . There also is the question of audience—how the audience reacts, whether it comes, whether it pays. Remember the audience not only pays my salary and those of the waiters, but also the artists' salaries. If we do not get enough money to cover that, we have to close.

There has been a crisis in New York, as far as clubs. The Blue Angel closed, Birdland, International, El Chico, the Jazz Gallery a few years ago—all have closed. If they were making a big, decent living, and were so powerful, how come they closed? When Archie talks about a bonanza, I think he's mistaken and inaccurate. . . . I would say it is not as rosy, not as beautiful, not as great [as his statement implies]. . . . I don't claim to be an artist—I am a businessman. And I would like to remind all artists—whether they be jazz or ballet or classical—that they're also business people. They've got to make a living and take care of their families, etc.

**Murray:** I think first of all we're overlooking the point that people such as Cecil Taylor and Ornette have created a monopoly. First we have to realize the quality—the good, the bad—of this monopoly. Considering the young musicians, considering the new musicians. For myself, through Cecil, I create a monopoly. What do I get? I get welfare.

**Adderley:** What is a monopoly?

**Murray:** Monopoly in that Cecil has created a system of music that organized another system, through younger musicians, through musicians who have no understanding or beliefs, who didn't know which way to go. The writers gave them an opportunity to come out of their holes and crevices without any knowledge beforehand. This is the first thing. If we can find the truth between what's real and what's not real, and if Art can find who to hire and not to hire, then we'll have. . . . Cannonball, you created a monopoly, yourself, is what I'm trying to say.

**Adderley:** It's relative.

**Murray:** That monopoly you've created will not survive until you survive. The musicians that followed Cecil and love him and understand him, they won't survive until he is accepted and survives.

**Adderley:** I'll tell you why I don't agree with that. Because Charlie Parker was a pioneer in the field. But for you to say that Ornette Coleman or Cecil Taylor have created a music they control. . . .

**Murray:** Not control. But if a clubowner can't hire Cecil at what Cecil wants—at the price no matter how wild he thinks it is—how can he hire a band he considers new?

**Adderley:** Intrinsic prices and so forth are all beautiful, and I agree. I've always admired Ornette Coleman for his stand regarding his price.

**Murray:** He must have that price. When you create a monopoly, you have a lot of alto players digging you—but when you ask for a price, you need that price because of the monopoly. What's the sense of paying a fellow from Cincinnati who has bought all your records and hire him for \$3,000 when you can't hire the fellow that made the records for \$4,000?

**Adderley:** There are obviously piano players who have involved themselves with the music of Cecil Taylor, who must certainly be doing better than Cecil financially.

**Murray:** Then where do we solve this problem? Take Roland. I saw a young cat at the Five Spot, young white fellow, had a few horns around his neck. Now, he could have a colossal effect, in terms of the Beatles, but Roland is the leading exponent of this. This young fellow cannot re-create without Roland's image surviving. If the young musicians can't hear Roland or you or Archie, then the clubowners can't hire them because their music has not been perfected—they have not passed the point of being apprentices; they're not seasoned musicians. . . .

**Adderley:** I was about to say the same

**D'LUGOFF:** 'I think that artists who work in clubs, historically, under most systems, have been exploited, are being exploited. However, I would also say that it's getting harder and harder to make a living with a club.'

**SHEPP:** 'Those impresarios who control jazz are, on the whole, the dregs of impresarios. Jazz is singularly unique in that the people who control it are thoroughly ignorant of it, know nothing about it.'



thing you're saying—since our society is based on economy, the origin, quality, or the place where it started does not have as much to do with it as where people will buy it.

**Murray:** The public can hear the truth more than you imagine; the public can listen to five so-called new musicians playing in a circle of sound and not understand it, but when the public hears the man who created it play something constructive and yet still free, then they can appreciate that more. It takes 25 to 30 years to become an established musician; you can't rush that. Why we're not making any money today is that the clubowners are confused. They don't know that from this, or this from that. They don't know who the people like, and they don't take any chances. They hire Stan Getz and Woody Herman to be secure.

**D'Lugoff:** That's not true. Stan Getz is working very little in clubs because his price is too high.

**Murray:** He works a lot in Las Vegas. . . . Why isn't Cecil working out there?

**D'Lugoff:** In Las Vegas the artist is working to promote gambling. On TV the artist is working to promote soap or soup. However, when an artist is working a club like the Village Gate, he has to bring in enough bread to pay not only his own salary, but my salary, the waiters' salary and. . . .

**Murray:** I feel something must be cleared up first. If we can accept Bird, then we can accept Cecil, Roland, Archie. We have a whole era of young musicians to consider. Your problem—you're 55 years old—if you want to be a businessman, then you'd better consider the young musicians now. And if this man doesn't survive, and this one doesn't survive, then you won't have any music decent enough to listen to.

**Kirk:** All day I've been sitting, letting all the giants talk on different subjects. My words will be very simple, because I don't have the background or anything. We all talk about prejudice and black and white, but when I was back home in the Middle West, I never knew anything about the avant-garde or swing or . . . only thing I knew about there was Dixieland and modern jazz. It sort of disgusts me that so many people are making it off the name "avant-garde musician." Because the thing is when I was in school, I wasn't taught by the white man that avant-garde was classical; I heard that avant-garde was classical when I heard Varese, Stockhausen, and people like this. I can accept it that it would be a new kind of music to jazz, but to put the title "avant-garde" on it

takes us into another area.

We shouldn't separate ourselves. For me to say Archie is better than me because he's "avant-garde" is wrong. Cecil cut a record around '59 with Coltrane and Kenny Dorham and a rhythm section that was playing 4/4. I don't know why he cut it, but he cut it. He played his same style, but I didn't look on him as an avant-garde musician; I looked on him as another piano player who was contributing. For us to hang ourselves up on this kind of thing, I think we're killing what we're trying to present. We're separating ourselves. We're doing what the white man wants us to do—separating ourselves from the music. Instead of all of us getting together and playing and accepting each other, we're getting farther away. I would like to play with Cannonball, and I'd like to play with Cecil. But if I come to Cecil, he would say, "You don't know my arrangements."

Everybody says, "It's freedom." If it's freedom, then I should be able to get up and play what I feel. So we're defeating our cause when we take this music we call jazz and say you have to be a certain kind of musician to play with each other. Like I'm conducting sessions down at the Village Vanguard on Mondays, and everybody comes with a group; nobody wants to play with each other. Like I say, "Man, let's play some things in B natural." And it's, "No, baby, I've got my group I want to play with."

What I'm saying is that we should all get together. And the critics writing about this music. . . . Hardly any critic can get on a bandstand and play. . . . Like this fellow in Detroit, John Sinclair, he's writing that bebop is dead. Everytime a group comes in town, he says bebop is no good. How would Bird feel if he were still here?

**Taylor:** Roland, I agree with you that words, when they are applied to music, are external to the essence of the music. One issue you raised is a very interesting one—the role of the critic. One of the reasons I felt impelled to suggest that Negro musicians—when I say Negro musicians, I don't mean to exclude those white musicians with social consciousness—boycott the journals is because of the journals' irresponsibility, ignorance, and malicious intent. . . .

**Kirk:** Let's talk about the music first. That's what I'm here to talk about. . . .

**Taylor:** I'm not here to give discourses on music. I'll tell you why not: because my musical education was paid for by my family, and if I'm going to give that information away. *Down Beat*—and I have had

no offer from them—is going to pay me for that information, and in that *Down Beat* does not pay me, they are exploiting me and everyone here, because information is valuable. *Down Beat* exists because there are musicians to write about. And those writers who are irresponsible, ignorant, and malicious are living out in California with swimming pools and I'm living on the East Side—they're making their living writing about what I do and don't even have the good manners to accurately portray in words what I am about.

**Kirk:** Here's what I want to talk about. Why can't the different musics play together? When I was out in the Midwest, I dreamt of playing with you. I get here, and it's an arrangement bag.

**Taylor:** That's what you say. I didn't say that.

**Kirk:** I'm saying that's the way it is.

**Taylor:** You said that's what I would do. You haven't asked me what I'd actually do.

**Kirk:** I've asked you to play a couple of times.

**Taylor:** No, you haven't.

**Kirk:** Yes, I have.

**Taylor:** This is the first time I've met you.

**Kirk:** Met me? You don't remember. . . . meeting me one night in front of the Five Spot when we talked about sending a petition to Washington?

**Taylor:** Yes, but this is the first time we've actually sat down. . . .

**Kirk:** I saw you at the Vanguard, and I asked you to play with me when you were down there with Sonny Rollins.

**Taylor:** No, I don't remember that. . . .

**Kirk:** That's the kind of thing I've been going through since I've been in New York. Either you don't remember it or you have arrangements. I'm saying that music is not like that. I feel that I can play in any type of music, and that's what I've always dreamt of doing when I was in the Midwest trying to get myself together to come here and play. I feel that I can play Dixieland or so-called freedom music or with Cannonball—enough so that I won't be a drag to them. I can't play his music because his group has been together; I can't play your music because your group has been together. But I can play enough to spark whatever you're doing. I'm here to talk strictly about the way the musicians are against each other in New York at this time. How everybody is talking about they play something different, and no one wants to get together. Me and Archie



Cat Anderson  
trumpet



Harry Carney  
saxophone



Maynard Ferguson  
trumpet



Charles Fowlkes  
saxophone



Bill Harris  
trombone



Wes Hensel  
trumpet



Benny Powell  
trombone



Cootie Williams  
trumpet



Charles Lloyd  
saxophone



Gale Robison  
French horn



Ray Sasseti  
trumpet



Lin Blaisdell  
trumpet



Fred Lawrence  
trombone



Dennis Good  
trombone



Kent Larsen  
trombone



Si Zentner  
trombone



John Swallow  
trombone



Grover Mitchell  
trombone



Don Rader  
trumpet



Danny Repole  
trombone



Stu Sanders  
trombone



Tony Studd  
trumpet



Tom Shepard  
trombone



Phil Wilson  
trombone



Max Kaminsky  
cornet



Rex Stewart  
cornet



Ralph Flanagan  
trumpet



Bob Heinrich  
trumpet



John Simonelli  
French horn



C. E. Van Norman  
French horn



Abe Aaron  
saxophone



John Amoros  
trumpet



Keith Brown  
trombone



Byron McCulloh  
trombone



Bill Berry  
trumpet



John Tchicai  
saxophone



Joe Skrzynski  
trombone



Jim Tamburini  
trumpet



Marion Albiston  
trombone



John "Ned" Meredith  
trombone



Jimmy Alu  
saxophone



Miles Anderson  
trombone



Andy Bartha  
cornet



Tom Ervin  
trombone



Larry Philpott  
French horn



Harold Yelton  
French horn



James Biddlecome  
trombone



Bob "Waldo" Carter  
trumpet



Jimmy Coombes  
trombone



Richard Dahlgren  
trumpet



Wendell Culley  
cornet



Gene Hessler  
trombone

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Frank Rosolino  
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Al Grey  
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Frank Saracco  
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David Simon  
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**KIRK:** 'Back in the '40s, the reason Bird and everyone was so successful was that everyone was together. . . . People came out . . . because they knew it wasn't no dissension on the bandstand.'



didn't play together until we were over in Denmark; that's the only time we played together.

**Shepp:** That's not true, Roland.

**Kirk:** Well, we played once in a loft, but that wasn't a club. What I'm saying is, back in the '40s, the reason Bird and everyone was so successful was that everyone was together. They got together and played, and people came out to see them because they know it wasn't no dissension on the bandstand. People knew when they came to hear some music that Dizzy or Bird or somebody would show up—to make the music interesting. And when you were in a jam session, that's what it would be—it wouldn't be no "Well, I'll play in my group." That's no jam session.

**Adderley:** A lot of musicians have discussed that there's no more interplay among musicians such as in the old days.

**Taylor:** But these are not the old days. There's a different kind of interplay that's happening now between musicians.

**Adderley:** Sure, you have educated musicians. . . .

**Taylor:** You've always had educated musicians; man, you can't tell me Charlie Parker was not educated.

**Adderley:** Well, now, Mr. Taylor, that's a matter of interpretation.

**Kirk:** Bird played with anybody. . . .

**Taylor:** That's irrelevant. That only shows the nature of his education. What it proves is that his musical education allowed him to play with all different people.

**Adderley:** I agree with that . . . but I'm talking about a university education as opposed to the jazz community's feeling for one another. . . . The only question now is whether or not jazz musicians—meaning Muggsy Spanier and Louis Armstrong and Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis and Donald Byrd and Don Cherry—can play with each other.

**Kirk:** That's right. I dig politics, but I'm here to put where the music thing's going out. It's not all about politics—it's that we're not together.

**Taylor:** I don't think that is quite true. When Mr. D'Lugoff tells Archie Shepp, "Man, I have got to employ waiters and this and that," and Archie says, "Like, I have a family," and Mr. D'Lugoff says, "Yes, I have a family too," what Mr. D'Lugoff doesn't want to talk about is the fact that free enterprise has allowed him to operate in the area which permits him to employ people. That is not true of Archie, and that's not true of me. So to bring that operation in as a liability to us

and say that we should do something is, to me, like a refusal by him to admit his responsibility to that energy which has allowed him to get that establishment.

**D'Lugoff:** Clarify, please.

**Taylor:** The club is your responsibility. You handle it.

**D'Lugoff:** The upkeep of the club is my responsibility, right.

**Taylor:** If you're not making money, sell the club. You said you didn't want to sell the club because it had possibilities. That's all I'm saying.

**Shepp:** Two points I'd like to make as regards the topic that jazz is a dying medium . . . roughly that's what was suggested. The few nights I worked Art's club, Dick Gregory was there, and I know that Dick Gregory is a draw, and I know somebody made some money on Friday and Saturday nights because the audience turned over three different times.

**D'Lugoff:** Do you know how much was paid to the artists performing? Do you know the costs of operating? Are you familiar. . . .

**Shepp:** I don't want to get engaged in a personal basis. . . .

**D'Lugoff:** Obviously you never were, you never cared to be. . . . I'll tell you about other clubs in this country. There are such fantastic crowds, they're closed. This is an asinine argument.

**Shepp:** But I would say this: that you don't hire certain people, neither does Joe Termini, nor Sonny down at the Half Note nor Max Gordon at the Vanguard. May I suggest there has been a systematic boycott of a certain kind of music.

I think this discussion itself has been very carefully arranged, because certain things that I expected to happen are happening: certain musicians are saying it's about the music, it's about the avant-garde vs. so-and-so or so-and-so vs. the avant-garde—when avant-garde is not a label any of us have put on it. . . .

**Adderley:** A white man's label.

**Shepp:** Precisely. It is the label that has been ascribed to us.

**D'Lugoff:** Is John Coltrane avant-garde? Is Charlie Mingus avant-garde?

**Shepp:** Implicit in that argument is the notion that the people who have been given this arbitrary label somehow believe it. And that is an absurd, absolute lie. I mean if anyone has heard Cecil play *All Too Soon*, then they would know the label is nonsense. It is not fundamental to this argument that we're working with different forms, nor that some of us might have even done things that are destructive

to one another, because we know why we did those things—we can all understand that. The thing is we are talking about power—the people who control us, the fact that black music in this country is not accorded a status commensurate with its esthetic and artistic. . . .

**D'Lugoff:** What's black music? Your music?

**Shepp:** You don't know my music.

**D'Lugoff:** I've heard you on a number of occasions. When you say black music, you'd better define it, man.

**Shepp:** I would like to define it. When I say black music, I'm talking about the music of Lightnin' Hopkins. . . .

**D'Lugoff:** He's played at the Village Gate. . . .

**Shepp:** I'm talking about the music of Archie Shepp. . . .

**D'Lugoff:** He's been there too. . . .

**Shepp:** For pay? I'm talking about the music of Cecil Taylor. . . .

**D'Lugoff:** He's been there. . . .

**Shepp:** I'm sure we're beginning to understand each other.

**D'Lugoff:** Are you limiting your artists to Negro artists, or are you expanding it? You have to answer that. When you say Negro music, I want to know what you mean by it.

**Shepp:** When I talk about black music, I'm talking about that music which was created, inspired—still inspired—by black culture. . . . Duke Ellington is not an historical freak. Nor was the fact that he was refused a Pulitzer Prize and that later the City of New York got out the garbage men, the sanitation men, and gave him an award. . . . Let's get back to black music. It seems obvious to me when a clubowner can tell me that I'm not an artist, in fact when he doesn't like jazz, in fact when he's white, in fact when every major club in this country is owned by white men, and I defy you to tell me where there's a major black club. . . .

**D'Lugoff:** Let's face it. White people own most of this country, and you're so right. We're not arguing about that. That's a fact. That does not make it right.

**Shepp:** Are you planning to give your club to a black man?

**D'Lugoff:** Why should I?

**Shepp:** What are you talking about?

**D'Lugoff:** What are *you* talking about? What you're saying is a very obvious thing. . . .

**Taylor:** The point is that there is no longer any discussion that can be had. That's why I've made the proposals. That

**ADDERLEY:** 'A lot of musicians have discussed that there's no more interplay among musicians such as in the old days.'



**TAYLOR:** 'But these are not the old days. There's a different kind of interplay that's happening now between musicians.'

we boycott these clubs. . . .

**D'Lugoff:** *Who* boycott the club?

**Taylor:** Negro musicians boycott the club. Negro musicians boycott the record companies. Negro musicians boycott all journals dealing with music. Negro musicians resign from 802. Because I'm not interested in having social discussion with you about the rights and wrongs of something your power will never allow me—as long as the status quo remains—to right that wrong, because you have the power to decide what *is* right and wrong. And I'm saying to Negro musicians—yes, you, Roland Kirk—let's get together. Let's *really* get together. Let you play your music and me play mine. And Cannonball his. And Archie play his . . . let's talk and let's play together.

**Kirk:** Why do you wait till today for this?

**Taylor:** Better late than never . . . my proposal is: let's take the music away from the people who control it.

**Kirk:** Why are you saying that *now*?

**Taylor:** There is not going to be any discussion, because they're not going to listen. He's going to tell us about finances, and I'm going to talk about music and what it means. I'm saying the failure of even the so-called avant-garde critics has been that even with their hipped-up knowledge of social dynamics in this structure, they have not been able to force the power structure to alter its policies.

So I'm saying now that it has always been about *us*. Don't worry what they say about us. We're no longer reflecting or vibrating to the white-energy principle. The point is: we know who we are. We have a whole history of music in this country. We don't have to talk to Art D'Lugoff about what is black music. That's irrelevant. We *know* what black music is. The point is: let us black musicians get together and talk about social change. The first thing the power understands is a boycott, because their basis is economic. Can you imagine what would happen to those clubs left in this country if Miles Davis refused to work there? If John Coltrane refused to work there? Cannonball? Roland Kirk? What do you think would happen to Blue Note records if Horace Silver said, "I will not record"? What do you think would happen to all those things? There would be some change.

**D'Lugoff:** The great illusion. . . .

**Taylor:** I'm willing to take the gamble. I don't have much to lose.

**D'Lugoff:** That's true.

**Taylor:** But you do.

**Adderley:** In light of our 100 percent agreement on the social, economic circumstances in this country and in the world. . . .

**Taylor:** It's a little different throughout the world. You know that. I worked in Europe. I worked in conditions that I can't work in here. Every major city I went to in Europe, I had a radio show, a television show, and lectures, as well as working in clubs. And they paid me even for the lectures.

**Adderley:** What I'm saying is that part of that problem is due to the fact that we've never really been able to present ourselves properly in this country, even to our own people, meaning black people. We've never really been in a position here to do it in the same way.

**Taylor:** Why is that?

**Adderley:** I'm not going to try to. . . .

**Taylor:** Could I give you what I feel about it? In relation to what you said before . . . you wanted to know why it is that black people found it in their hearts and their bowels to go and hear James Brown. . . .

**Adderley:** Me, I'm black too. I went up there to hear him too.

**Taylor:** I love James Brown . . . but I'll tell you why those people's initial response is to James Brown; because, first of all, people relate to what their lives prepare them for. Negroes exist in a ghetto in Harlem. Negroes exist in ghettos throughout this country. This means inferior schools, higher comparative rents for less value, higher prices for food. This means a higher incidence of death among children under 10. This means lower wages. It also means there are more Negroes in jail, and they stay longer. That the execution rate of them is greater. . . . What I'm saying is that James Brown gets to them on the level in terms of their living experience—it's more accessible to them.

**Adderley:** The point I'm trying to make is that when Archie Shepp says "please, please, please," the same way James Brown says it, it should be as readily recognizable to the same people. I agree with you.

**Taylor:** Get rid of the ghettos, and let those people know of the lies that allowed Archie to say "please, please, please" the way he says it. It comes down to this: what is this thing Negro?

**Adderley:** I do understand. The point I'm trying to make is this: I went to an inferior Negro college. I don't know where Archie went to school or you, but

you gentlemen speak with a continuity and with reference to having been educated academically on another level. . . .

**Kirk:** You're speaking like white men.

**Adderley:** Oh, brother, how can you talk like that? There you go . . . but I'm sure you both can understand what Mr. Kirk refers to when he says this. . . .

**D'Lugoff:** Cecil Taylor's audience and Archie Shepp's audience is white, not black. . . .

[Indecipherable argument]

**Taylor:** Roland, I notice you use the English language to speak. If you want to be the black man, whatever that is, then speak to me in an African dialect. . . .

**Kirk:** But don't drag a man through the mud and still use his language. . . .

**Taylor:** What language would you suggest? This language is *my* language.

**Kirk:** That ain't got anything to do with jazz.

**Taylor:** My roots go back as far as any white man's in this country.

**Kirk:** Mine go back further than any white man.

**Taylor:** Solid; then you know what I'm talking about.

**Adderley:** Here's the thing I've been trying to make clear: I really do feel that [we must] establish a relationship and an emotional connection with our people for what we say musically. . . . I don't think it has anything to do with education because what they go for with James Brown or Jackie Wilson or with Dionne Warwick, or whoever they want to go for, there's an emotional identification, and it happens with words. Erroll Garner has a way of communicating without words. He's just one guy I've happened to think of. It's not the definitive person necessarily. The music of Cecil Taylor, Roland, Archie, Cannonball, or whoever, whom-ever, whatever—I think if we're going to resort to our black references, it would be nice, it would be ideal, if we could also have this mass following. If we could just get our people to listen to what we're doing.

You know, Mr. Taylor, before I leave, as an educated person, the basis of this society is the economy; that it is difficult to abandon the economy because political power and every other kind of power is based on fresh money.

**Taylor:** I refer you to the southern students' boycott—that's all.

**Adderley:** Well, I was a part of the southern students' boycott because I was a



**ADDERLEY:** 'I would like to say that the state of jazz does not disturb me musically as much as it does socially and economically. . . . I think that jazz is in a fairly decent state. I just think that probably we need to do more to make all of jazz available to all the people to hear and to make it possible for all of the jazz musicians to survive. . . .'

southern student.

**Taylor:** They did it. The risk to their lives was great, but they did it.

**Adderley:** With the southern students' boycott, they simply channeled their economic directions to Negro sources.

**Taylor:** That's what I'm asking for.

**Adderley:** Being realistic, so far as I, with my limited exposure and concern . . . there are only a couple of clubs that I can think of that are owned and not fronted by Negroes in New York City.

**Taylor:** It doesn't have to be in a club. . . .

**Adderley:** In New York City I know of only one Negro-owned record company—Juggy Murray's company. There are a couple of other major ones—the Motown Co. in Detroit, Vee-Jay in Chicago. When it becomes apparent to the so-called white power structure in the record industry that we're not going to record because there's a white man behind it, I wonder whether or not the boycott's effectiveness will be affected by such an obvious move.

**Taylor:** We're not going to make a social stand merely because there's a white man behind it, because there are some white men who will support us. What we're talking about is the inequities that white men have historically practiced against minority groups—particularly, in this instance, Negro musicians. . . . I'm not trying to tell Art D'Lugoff how to run his club—or any clubowners how to run their clubs. I'm trying to make them aware of the new consciousness that is implicit if they're going to hire Negro musicians in the future. Like, let's get down to the club situation.

**D'Lugoff:** Are you talking about Negro musicians or musicians in general?

**Taylor:** You know, Cannonball, better than anyone else, what the condition is like in clubs. Once you get down from the bandstand, where can you go to rest? Are the bathrooms even clean?

**Adderley:** I've only worked in Art's club four times in three years. . . .

**Taylor:** I'm not talking about him!

**Adderley:** I'm trying to tell you there's damn near a boycott now. Or else he's boycotting me. You know what I mean? Art D'Lugoff has never lost money because of me.

**Taylor:** What I'm saying is that the way clubs are set up now the music has outgrown the structure of the clubs. And that what must be done is that musicians recognize this. . . .

**Adderley:** And the freedom-lover has outgrown the system.

**Taylor:** The machine has outgrown the system.

**Adderley:** I'm talking about the people.

**Taylor:** The machine has affected the people to the point that the people have become automatons. What you can do is bring a consciousness to the people of their stake in the music. . . .

**Adderley:** As a closing statement, I would like to say that the state of jazz does not disturb me musically as much as it does socially and economically. I don't have a solution to the problems any more than the people who protest and burn draft cards. . . . But the state of jazz is simple to me. I think that jazz is in a fairly decent state. I just think that probably we need to do more to make all of jazz available to all the people to hear and to make it possible for all of the jazz musicians to survive without working at Abraham & Strauss, without being dishwashers, or without necessarily having a sponsor. . . . In regards to sponsors, I mean I am far from rich, far from solvent, but I work relatively frequently all over the world. And I'm very happy that I'm able to do that. I would like to see all of jazz presented the same way—simply through being able to work, having the privilege to work and to play your music before the people of the world. I would like to see that happen. I only made a reference to sponsorship because it appears to me that a friend of Mr. Taylor's and a friend of mine, Nat Hentoff, who seems to have taken it upon himself to singularly make the music of Cecil Taylor sacrosanct in the press. . . .

**Taylor:** Does that bother you? Or does the idea that, whatever his attempts, they have failed to nudge the power structure?

**Adderley:** The only thing that bothers me . . . is that nothing is happening as a result. You suggested we boycott the press. If there had not been a press—if there had not been a person so interested in you as Mr. Hentoff—maybe your name would never have been known.

**Taylor:** No, that's not true.

**Adderley:** We don't know whether it's true or false.

**Taylor:** I know it's true. I know my actions . . . I know of my experiences; I know what I did to make certain things happen.

**Adderley:** I would one day like to be permitted to play with you, as Mr. Kirk does; simply to be permitted by you to play with you, and we'll make our own evaluations. . . .

**Taylor:** We could have a whole discussion

about what the musical structure is. . . . I don't have to play with people to evaluate what they're doing.

**Adderley:** Mr. Shepp came from a town I went to in 1948—he'd been gone since 1945—but in 1948 I went there to organize a high school band, and there were, literally, children who didn't know which end of an instrument to blow in.

**Shepp:** And didn't know what end of the word to talk.

**Adderley:** The thing I'm trying to make clear by referring to this is that there is a whole element in this country—10,000,000 people, maybe 20,000,000—who don't know anything about our music, who have never been exposed to it. . . . I think you're very fortunate, Mr. Taylor, in having had someone so literate as Mr. Hentoff to praise your virtues, to the detriment of those who might have gone before or people who are your contemporaries. . . .

**Taylor:** You have fallen into a very unfortunate trap. . . . You mean you don't understand my relation to you because of what Nat Hentoff says? What? Then you're blinded by the white man. That's all I can say to you.

**Adderley:** I'm trying to make an example to show that I don't think that we should necessarily boycott the press.

**Taylor:** Why not?

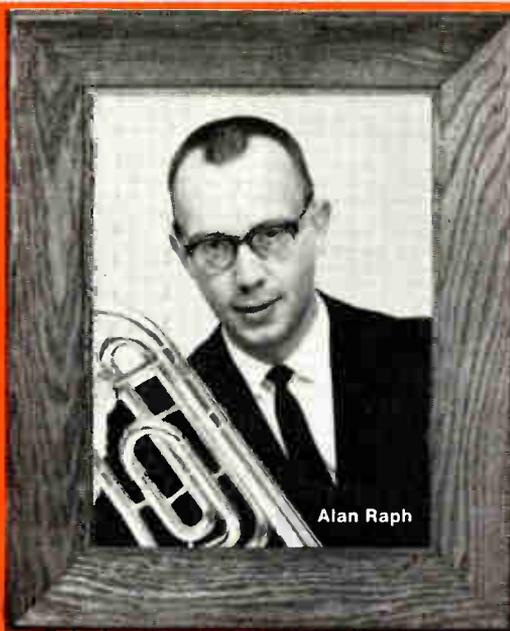
**Adderley:** Because if there were not a press, I might not have even known about you. And if I don't hear you play, so much as I do hear your records, and if I don't play with you, then I don't know how well you play. . . . So quiet as it's kept, and so much as we'd like to look over the shoulder. . . . Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Dave Brubeck, these people are employers, they are part of the capitalist system. This is the way it is. Cannonball Adderley is.

Maybe if I like the way Cecil Taylor plays, I could convince Mr. Taylor to play in my group. But how the hell will I know if I'm not on the scene where you're playing all the time? A man who is not exposed and not written about, there's no way of knowing that you have a name, Cecil Taylor, or that you are a piano player.

I resent the inference you make that I have been brainwashed by the white man—I couldn't care less about white, black, what have you. I have a black/white piano player playing for me now. He happens to be white, but if it weren't for my music, he couldn't be making a living. And that's the way it is. I have to know there is a Cecil Taylor. I have to be able to hear Cecil Taylor play in order

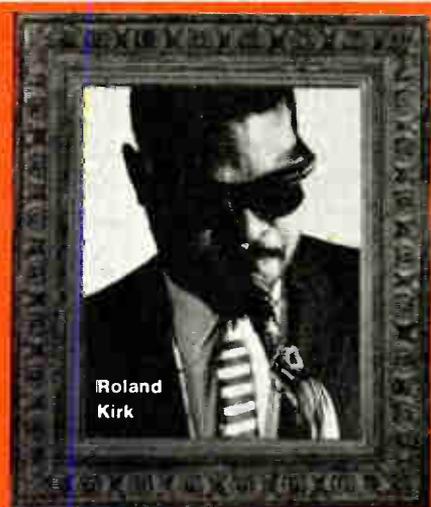
  
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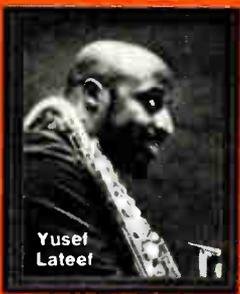
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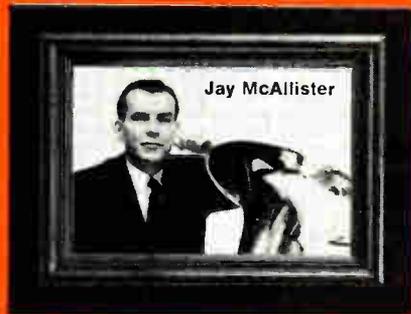
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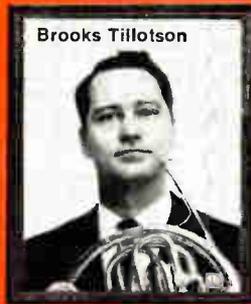
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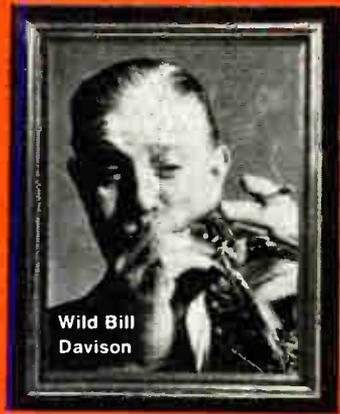
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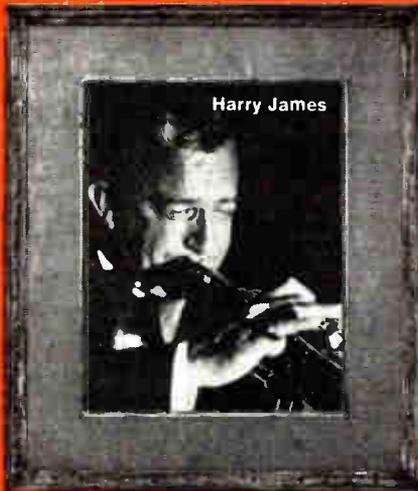
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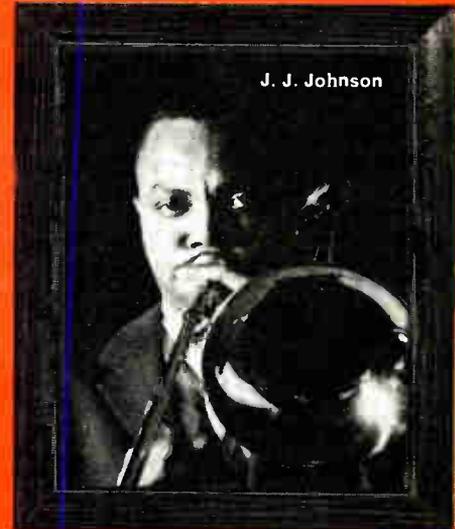
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to make an honest evaluation.

**Taylor:** Why hadn't you heard me? I heard you when you first hit the Bohemia.

**Adderley:** You were lucky because you were up north. I was a southern boy scuffling, trying to get by the *real* white man.

**Taylor:** The real white man is in New York City. The money is in New York City and Texas oil. . . .

**Adderley:** I'm not talking about money; I'm talking about the white man. You haven't faced a white man until you've faced one in Fort Lauderdale in 1945 where Archie Shepp faced him, where the tracks were it. Or in Tallahassee from the time I came up, or Tampa or whatever. You talk about having read about the white man; I'm talking about having lived with that kind of brutality. Personal brutality. This is no damn fantasy on my part. This is having faced the police who kick you in the behind, and there's nothing you can do about it. There is no fantasy, no story line, there's nothing. I would like to hear you play.

**Taylor:** Did a white man kill a 15-year-old boy in the streets of New York City last year and was exonerated? What is the essence of brutality? What is the totality of the brutality that you want me to recognize that is different in New York than down there?

**Adderley:** Last year when a white man killed a Negro? I want to tell you I saw a Negro hanging on the courthouse lawn in 1934. . . . What I'm trying to tell you, Cecil Taylor, is that you're a Johnny-come-lately to this. I've known this all my life. You're just becoming acquainted with this because you've been getting educated.

[Indecipherable argument]

**Shepp:** In relation to what went down between Cecil and Ball, I think that it has been too long the nature of such conversations that questions of class—economic, social classes, educational differences—have divided black men. Black men have been divided along class lines, and that's precisely what happened here—the question that Roland raised when he said you cats talked like the white man. But we don't mean to talk like the white man. Cecil's point was quite cogent when he said we were all fundamentally a product of white culture. Perhaps some of us talk more like the white man than others. . . . I want to answer a few things about what my neo-black bourgeois, middle-class thing may be—which is certainly not much, which is something I don't believe in, which I don't try to propagate,

but which is rather something that's been handed to me. It certainly shouldn't be something to separate us now. I think the suggestions that Cecil raised are excellent ones, and I think the things he has suggested as the reasons for our oppression are precisely the point. That is—and I think Ball mentioned the same things—that it is not musical differences but social and economic differences that separate us. This has been done, I think, by a class of people very much like Art. . . . I don't think that should be misconstrued. When I say this I don't mean that all white men are—as Cecil pointed out very clearly—a drag, or that all white men are my oppressors or that they *mean* to be my oppressors. I don't mean to say, Art, that you're the same man Max Gordon is or that Joe Termini is or that they are the same as you. Rather we are forced by dint of circumstance—you are a club-owner, I am a musician. Somehow there is this terrifying fact: you don't hire me—as much as you talk. And I'm going to ask you point blank, and I don't want an answer right now, I want a gig; my price is \$850 a week, and I'm asking you for a job right now; I want to know when you are available, when you can hire me, and so on. Because I think any argument you make must be commensurate with that, that you hire people who are not known, and that if you believe so profoundly in jazz, that you work to see that other artists are heard from.

To Cannonball, let me say this: you're a man whose work I've followed, before I considered myself knowing how to play the saxophone. I remember when you played *The Song Is You* and *Willow, Weep for Me*. I own some of your records; I'm not just talking in a vacuum. But I don't think that you're being quite fair to Cecil when you make those separations. The outstanding thing that came out in the discussion between you and Cecil and Roland were the regional differences. They were the differences of class, of North and South, of differences in educational standards, of differences in money, of the black bourgeois vs. the the country boy. . . .

**Kirk:** I don't think it's no class.

**Shepp:** When I say class, you must understand what I mean.

**Kirk:** Bring it down. Talk simple to me, because I don't think of you in no different class than me. . . . I don't think a white man's better than me, because I haven't seen a white man. Only way I know a man is white is when he talks. . . . That's the beautiful thing about me being

blind, because I don't have no class thing. A man establishes himself with me with his voice.

**Shepp:** There isn't much point in my going on with this. You see, Roland, I played with you years ago. I played with you in Europe, when you were making as much in a night as I was making in a week. I played with you recently at the Village Vanguard, and you were playing the blues, and I desperately wanted to play the blues with you, but you didn't ask me to play the blues with you. . . . So I had the last 20 minutes to play by myself. I knew that Max Gordon was disturbed by that; I saw the constipated look in his eyes when I came in the club. Because Max Gordon never dreamed that I would come in his club to sit in, not to play for money, but to sit in. And he had told me, "I never heard you; I can't bring you into my club. You don't play at Slug's, at those places." So I came into his club with my horn to play for him for free. And that night you were playing. You had asked me to come to the club before, but you didn't ask me to sit in to play with you that time. But we all remember things. I hope you understand that it's not between me and you or Ball or Sonny or Cecil or whoever. But, rather, between those who have and those who don't have. That's the problem we're faced with.

**Kirk:** You said I didn't ask you to play with me? I was playing *Here Comes That Rainy Day* when you *asked* me to play. How can I ask you to play when I don't know if you're in the house?

**Shepp:** It's unimportant. You raised that, the subject of playing together, and I felt I had to answer it. You said to Cecil that he's never asked you to play with him. Well, you asked me to play with you, and when I came you didn't respond.

**Kirk:** And I've also asked you to play with me for pay, didn't I?

**Shepp:** For which price and for whom?

**Kirk:** For me.

**Shepp:** Do you own the Vanguard?

**Kirk:** The man gave me a budget. I owned it on that particular night.

**Shepp:** The man doesn't hire me for a week.

**Kirk:** But I asked you to play for me. To help me, help jazz. I asked you to play for me to help jazz. . . . Archie, didn't I ask you to come on and make a Monday thing with me?

**Shepp:** For what price?

**Kirk:** Regardless of that.

**Shepp:** I'm not going to work for nothing. . . . Jerry [Schultz] has asked me to work at Slug's for nothing, and I don't care to do that.

**Kirk:** Jerry's a white man.

**Shepp:** I don't work for a black man for nothing either. I'm not a racist.

**Kirk:** I've told you we're trying to present a thing, and I think it'll be beneficial. . . .

**Shepp:** It won't be because Max Gordon is not disposed to. . . .

**Kirk:** The Monday doesn't belong to Max Gordon!

**Shepp:** The club belongs to Max Gordon!

**Kirk:** No, it doesn't. Not on that night. It belongs to me and another fellow. . . .

[Adderley leaves at this point. Morgenstern asks for closing statements. Shepp offers criticism of Morgenstern's not having controlled the discussion better so that what Shepp says are key issues could have been raised.]

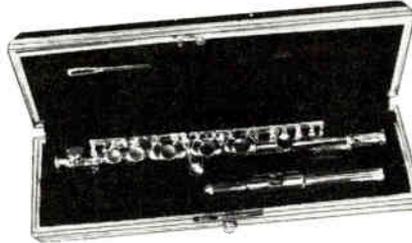
**Shepp:** Some of us are more than bitter about the way things are going. We are only an extension of that entire civil rights, Black Muslim, black-nationalist movement that is taking place in America. That is fundamental to music. . . . I would like to say a word about clubs and clubowners, which seems to have been from the beginning of this discussion the crux of the argument. I don't mean to divorce that from housing, jobs, education, and all the other areas of Negro life that we struggle with daily, that we die for, that we bleed for. But as musicians, let's speak about clubowners. I must say that I've never been treated very well by clubowners. I've been in this music for 15 years, and I've never worked for a solid week in this country. I've never made my living playing jazz. I work now as a merchandiser at Abraham & Strauss. I do that, I think, at the default of the clubowners. The clubowners are only the lower echelon of a higher power structure which has never tolerated from Negroes that belief we have in ourselves that we are people, that we are men, that we are women, that we are human beings. That power structure would more readily dismiss me as an uppity nigger or a fresh nigger than to give me my rights. I say this: we will have our rights, Art. I say this, knowing that you intend never to hire me.

**D'Lugoff:** Don't be so sure. . . .

**Shepp:** Max Gordon said that to me at the end of a speakout at the Vanguard with LeRoi Jones—"Don't be so sure—perhaps I will hire you." And I pleaded

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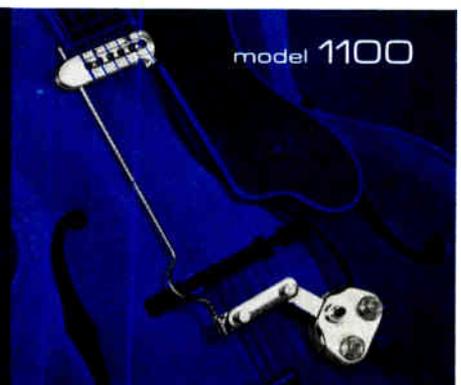
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with Max Gordon on several occasions—I've pleaded with these people for work. I've had Joe Termini tell me, "This is my club, and I'm not going to give you any work."

**D'Lugoff:** Archie, you're so *positive* about things.

**Shepp:** I'm doing this on the basis of empirical evidence. Not opinions. . . .

**D'Lugoff:** Up to this point. . . .

**Shepp:** I'm suggesting that the young men who burn their draft cards today and even burn themselves—and they're white—this is only a suggestion of the rage that is inside people with black skins. I say that to people who own clubs—not only to them, but to people who own anything—that today the black revolution may not be *ostensibly* in full progress, but it is *in fact* in full progress. I say that. . . . I won't go on.

**D'Lugoff:** To Archie Shepp and Cecil Taylor, I say. . . . I feel that many of the artists have a right to be heard. I think, though, that they're barking up the wrong tree. I think they are accusing the wrong people. I think—not that they're untalented, because they are talented; not just because they're black, because there are many black people who work, unless they're willing to say the black people who do work have sold out. . . . What can I say when my club hires 80 percent colored? . . . I don't hire them because they're colored. I hire them because they have something to say, and they reach an audience. I don't say the audience is right. I don't say my taste is impeccable. All I say to you is I try to make a living and do a creative act. I don't say that I don't make mistakes. I don't say the people who work sometimes don't make mistakes; I'm willing to take them back. But one thing: am I entitled to make a living for myself and the people who work there? Well, people can say, "Of course." But I think in view of the fact that many clubs are failing, am I entitled to ask that? . . . I'm talking not as a nice white guy but as a nice human being. We're all born and we don't choose our parents. And white racists and black racists better learn that.

**Shepp:** There are no black racists.

**D'Lugoff:** There are black racists and there are yellow racists and there are white racists. And I want to tell you something. . . .

**Taylor:** And the white racists have most of the money.

**D'Lugoff:** That's right. But I'm not one of them, baby. Let me tell you something.

**D'LUGOFF:** 'I feel that many of the artists have a right to be heard. I think, though, that they're barking up the wrong tree. I think they are accusing the wrong people.'

I'm all for people like SNCC and CORE who want to make changes in this country.

**Taylor:** What about us? We want to make changes too.

**D'Lugoff:** I'm telling you what I believe. You don't have to agree with me. You can be black, and you can be wrong. And you can be white and be right. Black people got their problems, and they're pretty bad because the white structure owns this country. Remember night clubs don't run this country. The way you speak, night clubs, white night-club owners run this country. . . . I'd like to say that it would be my privilege to hire you. You're talented, Cecil Taylor and Archie Shepp. Your music is *not* accepted by the Negro people. Try to play the Apollo. You say, "Sure, it's white owned." But Negro people go there. . . . The audience at the Village Gate, at my club, is 30 to 70 or 80 percent Negro at any one time. I have the only truly integrated club in the United States. You believe it—and you'd better—the people who work with me, I'd say about 80 percent of the salaries I pay go to black people. And I'm happy about that.

**Shepp:** That's not even the point.

**D'Lugoff:** It is the point. . . . economics. Most of the world is different—80 percent goes to the white man and you're lucky if you get 5 percent.

**Taylor:** Are you going to change it?

**D'Lugoff:** I'm not the man to change it, but if you want to join me in some change, I'll help you.

**Taylor:** Let's do something, not talk.

**D'Lugoff:** I went against cabaret cards, and they hurt black people more than white people, but they also hurt white people. I say to you if you want to join me in changing things with the city government, the new mayor, John Lindsay, is going to help us. You might not like him, but he's going to help us. And if you draw up your program, and I give you my word, there are not going to be cabaret cards. . . . I'm very sincere about this. This has been a burden, a drag. You know why? Because musicians' Local 802 has not done anything. You know why?

**Taylor:** Ah, that's the jivest in the world. . . .

**D'Lugoff:** The people who are members of 802 better do something if they want to change things. All I'm trying to say is do something. I'm not 802, and I'm not the power. I'm one man, one clubowner.

What is the power and audience and the involvement of your music—the so-called avant-garde of Archie, Cecil—with

**TAYLOR:** 'My responsibility as an artist is to absorb and see and feel and observe and use all that exists that is beautiful in this society, regardless of who gave impetus to its creative form. And to blend this with what I am.'

the Negro masses? . . . I wish to help you because if you have talent, and you do, the point is to try it before people. . . .

**Shepp:** I'll raise the question again. I propose that Cecil and I play back to back for a week at your club. . . . Will you give us a week at your club?

**D'Lugoff:** I didn't say I wouldn't give you a week.

**Shepp:** Immediately; I don't mean in the future.

**D'Lugoff:** If we make a profit or break even or we lose money, are you willing to look and count the number of people there?

**Shepp:** I'm more than perfectly willing.

**D'Lugoff:** If they do not respond. . . . from a financial viewpoint—and is there any other viewpoint?—is it tantamount upon myself—since I'm not the Rockefeller Foundation, not one of those rich cats—what happens then? Let's say I don't cover the salaries of the people working for me.

**Shepp:** Win or lose. I'm proposing that you hire Cecil and me back to back for a given week in the immediate future. Are you willing?

**D'Lugoff:** It's a possibility.

**Shepp:** Are you willing?

**D'Lugoff:** I'm willing to think about it.

**Shepp:** Would you do it?

**D'Lugoff:** It's possible. Cecil, have I discussed price with you?

**Taylor:** No.

**D'Lugoff:** But you got my point. . . . I wish to God there were more Negro businessmen who were running clubs, because what I'm saying to you is not insincere, is not false, and I would like you to join in this thing. If you want to run on your own, you know how difficult it is. Would you agree with that? It is difficult. Otherwise, you would do it. Right, Cecil? I don't care what your background is, your education or your social or political views, it's difficult to run a club because people are failing. When people fail—would you like to be hired for \$10,000 a week and get nothing, or would you like to be hired at any price and get it? Or would you like to not work? I don't know what to tell you. All I can say is that you have a *right* to ask for anything you want. You have a right to open your own place. But you have no right to tell *me* what I should pay you or a right to tell me, as Archie Shepp did, that I am making a bonanza.

**Shepp:** You are.



**MORGENSTERN:** 'I am constantly exposed to criticism from other quarters who say *Down Beat* is paying too much attention to the avant-garde. . . .'



**D'Lugoff:** I disagree with you.

**Shepp:** You could have done the same thing with Dick Gregory alone that you did with three other performers. . . .

**D'Lugoff:** Let me tell you about Dick Gregory. He's a great human being.

**Shepp:** You hire Hugh Masakela and Miriam Makeba; they're South Africans—but you don't hire Cecil Taylor and Archie Shepp. . . .

**D'Lugoff:** Don't make it personal. I hire a lot of people. . . . Roland, am I interested in where people come from?

**Kirk:** Well, you don't put it on the contracts. . . .

**D'Lugoff:** Do I put on the contract where you come from? That's ridiculous. I'm interested in one thing: my livelihood.

**Shepp:** I say me and Cecil, back to back for a week in the immediate future—are you willing?

**D'Lugoff:** I'm willing to discuss it.

**Shepp:** When?

**D'Lugoff:** Immediately. The point I am making is I don't hire people by point of origin. Is that fair? Now, Archie, you've got to get human about this thing. You all are laughing at me, but I tell you I don't hate or love Negroes, I love human beings. A son of a bitch is somebody I don't get along with, and a nice person is somebody I do get along with. But it's got nothing to do with color, because color is a terrible thing. . . . You don't understand me, and you don't want to understand me. . . .

**Taylor:** I think Don DeMicheal in Chicago and his other cohorts are laughing . . . at the ugly division that happened between Cannonball and myself and the tricks that language can play. He must laugh when he hears Cannonball deny my life's experience in an attempt to say he suffered more. The quality of the experience under those magnolia, cotton, blood-ridden crop of an agrarian society, bedeviled in its primitivism that exhibits the naked bodies of burning black men. . . . What was my life's experience at 12 years old in Peekskill? I watched policemen standing and allowing the enraged populace of this wealthy white community spit and beat Negroes—and white people, but primarily Negroes—because Paul Robeson was the cynosure of all eyes. And then coming home that Sunday night and getting the largest paper, in circulation, to read how they didn't see the police inactivity. The mind of the northern society is regulated by machine and the subtleties are thoroughly 20th century. . . . The psychotic involvement perhaps pre-

cludes hanging, but it doesn't preclude shooting 15-year-old boys. It houses us comfortably in ghettos, where, it is said lightly, that Negro people can achieve dignity. Dignity, hell—they can't achieve themselves. The reach to the stars is limited by the dirty ceiling. The road to rat-infested apartments is surrounded by shrubbery imbedded in garbage. The greed of white . . . who would rather count their money than fix broken hot water pipes so black babies may reach adulthood or even have heat while they die.

To you, Roland, my responsibility as an artist is to absorb and see and feel and observe and use all that exists that is beautiful in this society, regardless of who gave impetus to its creative form. And to blend with this what I am. Which is—I am black. And I know that the Scotch in me was brought gratuitously. I know the "massas" raped the black women and decimated our families and now say, "Help yourself." Shall we proceed from that historical precedent? No. We must, as Negroes, standing erect with the beauty of our kinky hair and our thick lips and our many various complexions and our many various experiences, stand together, together on the basis that wherever we have lived, we have been under the heel of the white oppression. Whether it is in Florida or whether it is in New York.

Now, to the organizers of this panel. I have no reason to believe that anything I have said will be included in its context in a printed copy of *Down Beat* magazine. For I refer historically to *Down Beat's* position of evaluation of the Negro great musicians of the past. I mean Lee Konitz, Lennie Tristano, Chet Baker, Stan Getz—then and now. . . .

**Shepp:** Stanley, Woody, and Gary.

**Taylor:** . . . got . . . Gary, yes Gary . . . got more coverage, more, photo spread, higher ratings than the people they imitated, people like Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Monk, Rollins—these people all got the short shrift from *Down Beat* until the inevitability of the power of their art was manifested by people going to see them. Since we're going to make, perhaps, a pleasantry of what the press can do for you, I'm going to talk about what the press has not done—*Down Beat* particularly. I refer to the Chicago review of the Chicago festival [*Editor's note:* Taylor refers to the *Down Beat* Jazz Festival] in which the music of John Coltrane was desecrated by someone who was not even literally able to write interesting sentences, and who by what he said in

regard to my music showed that he wasn't able to review music.

I refer to you, Dan Morgenstern, in your selection of artists representing the new music in the Museum of Modern Art garden series of just last summer when you knew very well the creators were ready, at whatever terms you suggested, to play. And what did you do? You ignored us and hired a former sideman of mine and a man named Roswell Rudd, who was never heard of in the modern musical context until the record I made for Impulse in 1961.

Mr. D'Lugoff talks about Rockefeller grants, saying he's not Rockefeller. Well, I say, I'm willing to work with you, Art, but I'm also saying that we must, as Negro musicians, get back to the original premise, which I proposed. . . . I think it's very interesting that my original propositions were ignored. Because this is the action that cannot logically be avoided. It asks the most from those Negro musicians who *have*, like Cannonball, as well as any white businessmen, like Mr. D'Lugoff, who want to participate. So I give it back to you. But my position is that I am, in spite of the white oppression . . . and I see it in *Down Beat* and all those other magazines in the photographs of the new Negro musicians they choose to print as opposed to the white photographs they choose to print. I want to say also that I am aware that in the selection of photographs it has a lot to do with images. I want to say that as a result of the failure to solve the nature of the white man's guilt—which he knows about and no amount of my asking him what it is going to let his fear allow me to appear on television on a sustained basis or for me to have a radio show on a sustained basis or for me to go to Hollywood and make motion picture music. . . . You gave us the word Negro because you didn't want to see that you were our illegitimate brothers. It's your problem, and you got it.

**Morgenstern:** If I may, I would like to step out of the role of moderator to make a statement, because much of what Cecil said touches me personally and the publication for which I am at present working. I would like first of all to refer to something that was said earlier, that *Down Beat* exploits musicians and that its whole existence is based on this exploitation. I don't think that's true. The existence of *Down Beat* depends on its readers, who are people interested in jazz.

**Taylor:** What are they reading about if

(Continued on page 110)

# POINT OF DEPARTURE

Ralph Shapley currently is music director of the Contemporary Chamber Players at the University of Chicago. He has composed almost 50 concert works, several of which have won awards and 14 of which were commissioned. He has served as a conductor of various groups in concerts of music by such composers as Milton Babbitt, Anton Webern, Edgard Varese, and Stefan Wolpe. Shapley also is a member of the board of directors of the International Society for Contemporary Music. He was born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 12, 1921.

Bill Mathieu, a contributor to *Down Beat* for six years, began his career as an arranger-composer for Stan Kenton and Duke Ellington. In 1959 he helped found Second City, a satirical theater, for which he continues to serve as music director. In the last few years Mathieu's writing activities have led him closer to contemporary classical music. Shapley and Mathieu met, in fact, on the occasion of the first major public performance of a Mathieu composition, which Shapley conducted. That meeting brought others, which in turn stimulated the following taped discussion.

Before this discussion was held, Shapley had heard little avant-garde jazz, though earlier jazz styles have influenced him since his youth. Mathieu chose representative performances for Shapley to listen to.

The selections:

Stan Kenton-Bob Graettinger, *City of Glass* (from *City of Glass*, Capitol)

Ornette Coleman, *Peace* (from *The Shape of Jazz to Come*, Atlantic) and *The Ark* (from *Town Hall*, 1962, ESP)

Don Ellis, *Despair to Hope and Tragedy* (from *New Ideas*, Prestige/*New Jazz*)

Archie Shepp-Bill Dixon, *Trio and Peace* (from *Shepp-Dixon Quartet*, Savoy)

Gil Evans-Cecil Taylor, *Pots, Bulbs, Mixed* (from *Into the Hot*, Impulse)

Albert Ayler, unspecified track (from *Spiritual Unity*, ESP)

Bob James, *Peasant Boy* (from *Explosions*, ESP)

New York Art Quartet, *Rosmosis No. 6* (from *New York Art Quartet*, ESP)

**Shapley:** I must admit that I despise recordings. An awful lot that I heard has a lot to do with human contact. Let me talk about it in terms of the old jam session idea. You really never hear a jam session just through hearing; it's through being there, it's through an environmental thing generated by the musicians themselves, their playing, the people around. Recordings do not communicate a certain aspect that is involved.

I must admit I have questions rather than answers. In the past, I have met with, have talked with, some of the big names in the jazz world. We have had many discussions and many talks and, need I say, many arguments. Every time these people were in a dead-end street they came to people like myself. I don't mean to pat myself on the back; they just came to a serious composer for new ideas. I was flattered; I found it interesting. But it raised questions; we have to go back to—what is jazz?

**Mathieu:** Do you feel that because a certain brand of serious jazz composer or jazz arranger winds up going to more classically versed musicians for ideas that jazz can be seen as a nonregenerative art—that somehow jazz has to go outside of its own confines in order to find direction?

**Shapley:** No, I think that jazz, by definition, is a form of popular music, a certain dance form of popular music, a certain kind of popular expression, and I think it has a marvelous, a wonderful place in our total cultural scene. I feel that when they get into the other aspects—pull into jazz the more sophisticated (if I may use such a nasty word) ideas of the serious composer, they are not involved in jazz any longer. Then the music becomes a hybrid, something altogether different and must not be called jazz.

**Mathieu:** There have been several attempts at finding other names for it, but all these attempts have failed in some degree or other because they have been inaccurate or insufficient. Nobody is quite sure what the nomenclature should be because nobody is quite sure what the music is. It's very young and experimental, and the ratio of success to failure has been somewhat disheartening. However, the nature of the hybrid itself is changing, and people are beginning to see the music not so much as a literal fusion of both ends toward the middle—it's a much more general and much less specific process. It's an admixture of processes which go on in the individual composers' upbringing and training. A young composer today is exposed to so many diverse influences, from AM radio to the concert hall, that it's impossible to draw this distinction any longer.

**Shapley:** Yes, I am in complete agreement. I despise categories anyhow. As a composer, I have been placed in a hundred different categories. None of them is right, and none of them is wrong. I think the most important thing here is that they must drop the word jazz, because it denotes a particular thing. Why don't they just simply say they are making music?

**Mathieu:** Most of them do.

**Shapley:** The one thing that I was struck with listening to these recordings is that, basically, the musicians are making music—whether or not I like that kind of music is totally unimportant. In their own way, as they see it, as they feel it, they are making music, using the instruments indigenous to jazz. But it has nothing at all to do with jazz under any conditions.

**Mathieu:** That's not true.

**Shapley:** Most of it. There was some of it that did have...

**Mathieu:** The thing that has to do with jazz is the spirit that created it.

**Shapley:** No, what you are saying is the spirit which the musicians grew up in and then left. They might have come out of the jazz world, if you want to put it that way.

**Mathieu:** I think you make too heterogeneous a category, because there are some who fall into the category that you are speaking of, like Bob Graettinger, but others, like Albert Ayler, would be absolutely horrified at this conversation. What did you think of Ayler?

**Shapley:** I was very impressed with the statements on the album jacket; I can't say that the music came across quite like that to me...

**Mathieu:** I have never heard Ayler in person, but I must say that his is the most distinctive sound that I have heard come from any instrument. I don't know what I think of that music either, although it has influenced me.

**Shapley:** I think the most important thing about the record is that it showed jazz musicians are reaching for a new status as instrumentalists. They have reached a level of virtuosity that is incredible.

**Mathieu:** It's a virtuosity not comparable to classical virtuosity.

**Shapley:** Not comparable? I don't understand that.

**Mathieu:** It is not comparable because if a classically trained woodwind player picked up a tenor saxophone, he certainly could not do the things that Ayler does. The opposite is also true.

**Shapley:** I agree.

**Mathieu:** I'm not speaking only in terms of playing scales or arpeggios; I mean even in terms of playing individual notes, the sense of note connection, the sense of pitch centering is entirely different. All you can say is that what Ayler does on his instrument, he does splendidly, and what the French-trained saxophonist does on his instrument, he does splendidly. But that's been the case for a long time.

**Shapley:** You misunderstand me; I am well aware that the top-level jazz musician has always been a master instrumentalist. But I'm trying to get across something a little bit different here: their reaching into other areas of instrumental playing...

In the past there was always the feeling that no matter how good the instrumentalist was, he was still bound by his instrument. But the people on these records no longer are bound by their instruments; the instrument is bound to them. It's a different kind of playing. This is very good.



Ralph Shapey

**Mathieu:** How does this level of jazz virtuosity relate to the virtuosity contemporary classical composers require from their performers?

**Shapey:** There is a tremendous correlation. I feel that the two outer elements are moving, shall we say, to the center of a definite meeting place, that the demands the modern serious composer makes upon his instrumentalist and what these jazzmen are doing are the exact same things.

**Mathieu:** This desire to get past the instrument, as it were, into something else, where does it come from? It's in the air.

**Shapey:** Yes, it's in the air. This is a very basic question. It's all part of Toynbee's idea of history, in which mankind moves to a plateau, consolidates that plateau, and lives there for a certain length of time. Then the need to move onward to the next plateau comes about, followed by the revolution, the fight, or whatever you want to call it, that pushes mankind up to the next plateau.

**Mathieu:** Are we in such a period?

**Shapey:** Yes, we are definitely in the period of transition.

**Mathieu:** You said that the outer elements are moving to the center of a meeting place. Can you speak about this meeting place?

**Shapey:** One of the things within it that I do not like is the idea that it gives the musician a so-called freedom. We can go through hours of discussion about freedom, what it really means in a musical sense.

First, in listening to these records, one of the things that struck me about Ornette Coleman, if I may jump around, is that he is an excellent example of a master of his instrument. He incorporates a kind of a traditional jazz improvisation. He extends the range and the possibilities of his instrument. The sound, the motion, the ideas are very closely aligned to modern serious music, and he uses them to explore his own technique of the instrument. He goes step by step; he carries through on an idea; he carries you to a logical conclusion. He might go a thousand miles away from the initial germ idea, but when you have arrived at that final conclusion, you will know where you came from. I especially liked *Peace*. I had the feeling of inevitability, that everything that he did had to happen the way he did it. Mind you, I can accept that someone else would

say, "No, something else can happen." But that's not the point. The point is: each time he established something different as a logical sequence and consequence of what he did before, it was inevitable for him to arrive where he did.

**Mathieu:** Is the relationship between inevitability and spontaneity correlative to the relationship between today's written music and today's improvised music? There seem to be two ways of going about things—figure them out or merely do them. And there is evidently a way in which these two poles become not poles.

**Shapey:** To go into that we must talk about the psychological and philosophical concepts of the creative act itself. If we agree that the creative act occurs in the creator's unconscious, and if we say that a top-level improviser is working from the same creative basis as a composer is—the creative force of the unconscious mind—then they are working exactly the same; the only difference is that one writes it down and the other doesn't

**Mathieu:** Yet there are some things possible in written solo music that are absolutely impossible to improvise, and conversely, there are some things possible in spontaneous improvisation that are impossible to write down.

**Shapey:** Let us be careful that we do not here get into interpretation.

**Mathieu:** No, it's not an interpretative problem. There are some things that you can improvise that you cannot write down.

**Shapey:** I don't believe that there is anything that anybody can improvise that cannot be written down. Other than the style.

**Mathieu:** I'm talking more about architecture than style. I'm talking also about the generative process, the thing which gets the music out. Is it possible for improvisers to become so good at it that they will be improvising music of the same architectural species that the composers are composing?

**Shapey:** Absolutely. Why not?

**Mathieu:** Wherefore, then, the composers?

**Shapey:** There always will be need for composers. It's not a question of whether they will be good enough. That has nothing to do with it. You see, you are using the qualitative term. I am not speaking in a qualitative sense; it doesn't matter whether or not you finally arrive at such magnificent improvisations that you no longer need the composer.

**Mathieu:** Yes, there's a difference, and I want you to speak of the difference.

**Shapey:** Okay. Philosophically speaking, in an existentialist manner, if we believe that only the moment exists and nothing beyond this moment, then we do not need the composer, nor do we need anyone or anything to record music for any kind of posterity—even if it's just tomorrow. If it's beyond the moment, then it has to be set down in some way, frozen by writing it down.

Now there is a philosophy held by certain of my—I will tongue-in-cheek call them colleagues—who believe that we no

longer write masterpieces. Nonsense.

**Mathieu:** So, there is something specifically beyond the moment? There is something that the improviser cannot get?

**Shapey:** Yes.

**Mathieu:** What is it?

**Shapey:** The improviser is, in a sense, drunk from the moment. Drunk in the best of the word. He is deeply involved with the thing he is doing at that moment—it's like a sexual experience of the highest level. But the composer who is writing it down is also in the act of that moment and *at the same time* is conscious that that moment wants to be recaptured again and again.

**Mathieu:** Why recapture that particular moment? What is revealed in ourselves through written music that is not revealed through improvised music?

**Shapey:** Organization. Once it is organized on paper, it can never become disorganized. This is one of the things that I like about Coleman, and one of the things I did not like about some of the other people I listened to, whom I found had much less organization. The going away from the material disturbed me.

**Mathieu:** The structural organization of the improvisers, then, seemed to have something to do with the nature of the way they can reveal things in ourselves.

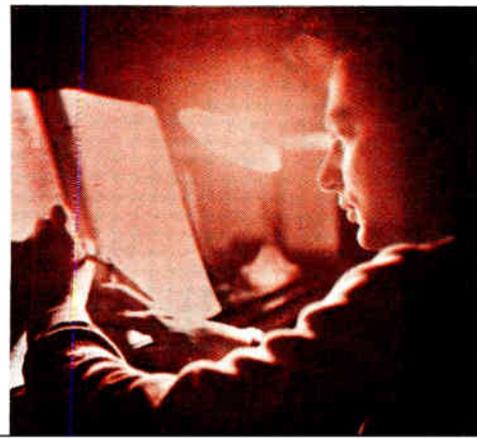
**Shapey:** It has something more to do, I think, with their temporary moods.

**Mathieu:** You're back to the other side again.

**Shapey:** Right. You know, as I said from the beginning, I do not claim to know anything about jazz per se, but let me mention something that most people don't know about me. In my young days in Philadelphia I used to go to a little club in a back alley called the Down Beat, where all the finest jazzmen used to gather about one o'clock in the morning. They would drift in one by one and have a drink, a little talk, somebody would be strumming on something perfectly, in a sense, meaningless because there was no meaning attached to it, and one by one they would get the mood. Each one would take out an instrument and sort of blow a little, warm up a little. It was the most, in a sense, chaotic thing possible because nothing meant anything. There was no organization, no anything, but somehow or other, they began to fuse together.

**Mathieu:** Everybody was there together

Bill Mathieu



in one place, at one moment, each moment was the same moment to everyone.

**Shapey:** And they began to play then, and I heard what exists in my memory as some of the greatest jazz sessions and some of the finest jazzmen in those days. It was great because they came there from their jobs to be themselves only. They were not playing for an audience.

**Mathieu:** Do you think it would be possible for a very enlightened composer to sit down in his study and, assuming he had the necessary prerequisite, compose a piece substantially synonymous with, say, 15 minutes of this great music that you heard as a kid in Philadelphia?

**Shapey:** I think it's being done all the time by top-level composers. Only it doesn't have the beat, necessarily, behind it of jazz.

**Mathieu:** But it does have the same commitment to the moment?

**Shapey:** Oh, yes, the same commitment to the moment with the agreed desire for that moment to live on.

**Mathieu:** I wish you'd name some names here.

**Shapey:** I think Schoenberg did it. Alban Berg did it in *Wozzeck*. I think Beethoven did it in the *Grosse Fugue*. I think Mozart did it. The spontaneity of a Mozart opera is something unbelievably magnificent.

**Mathieu:** Does the *Grosse Fugue* sound improvised?

**Shapey:** In a crazy way, yes.

**Mathieu:** What way?

**Shapey:** To me, it is one of the most magnificent works ever written, and every time I hear it, it is the most spontaneous piece of orchestral warmth that I have ever encountered, and it always sounds as though it were being improvised right then and there at that moment. I know I have analyzed that thing at least a dozen times; I have tried to destroy his timing over and over again, but after the beginning, the introduction sings that whole marvelous phrase, and he repeats and repeats it in a fugal manner and suddenly he breaks into singing . . . and oh, my God, I've got to break that, it cannot happen that way. Why did it happen that way, why did he do it, over and over, over? I tried to retime it; no, it is exactly right; it had to happen there, and it is improvised.

**Mathieu:** Now, that Saturday night session in Philadelphia. If you could hear the same Saturday night over and over again, would that great expression of the moment, would it pall as quickly as the *Grosse Fugue*?

**Shapey:** That's a difficult question to answer, because I'm a composer. If I'm in the process of composing, even the *Grosse Fugue*, which I love very deeply, is the biggest bore around.

**Mathieu:** Ralph, my question is: in the jam session is the actual content . . . ?

**Shapey:** The content is not important to me. It is the generating forces, the generating human contact . . . between these people. But let's get something straight. The same things happen when the Juil-

liard Quartet sits down and starts playing the *Grosse Fugue*, the same human contact occurs.

**Mathieu:** The Juilliard Quartet and the *Grosse Fugue* is not the same thing as the musicians in the Philadelphia basement. Let's talk about that difference.

**Shapey:** They are the same.

**Mathieu:** But they come in a different . . .

**Shapey:** That's just the point I'm trying to get to you. In the end, the totality is the same. The greatest level of performance of the *Grosse Fugue*, as I have heard it done by the Juilliard Quartet, can be compared to the same thing that happened in that basement.

**Mathieu:** I agree with that. Now, let's talk about the comparison. Let's talk about these two experiences which both lead us to the same sense of human being and human commitment; let's talk about how they are differently derived. That's why we're here. Let's talk about it through the music. First, *City of Glass* by Bob Graettinger.

**Shapey:** I found, as a piece of music, it reminded me of Honegger. I found that it is very eclectic of modern music, modern technique, and modern cliches. It was the first piece of music I put on the record player. I said, "My God, this is not jazz." Not in any terms that I know jazz, unless my terms are completely wrong. (And I'll accept the fact that they might be wrong.) I think that you have here a very special thing happening. Graettinger probably wanted to be a serious composer. I found it to be the kind of thing that people who hate modern music as it exists in the concert hall today would turn to and say, "Ah, this is modern music."

**Mathieu:** Do you think there is any connection between the Graettinger and the work of Charles Ives?

**Shapey:** No. Not at all. Ives was a unique character. He put down what he heard in his day and age. He heard those country bands playing out of tune.

**Mathieu:** And not Graettinger?

**Shapey:** Let me put it this way. He made a very bad mistake in being pretentious about it. Ives wasn't pretentious about it. He was kind of a recorder; he just put it down. And maybe this is where the difference lies. I don't know, this is an extremely difficult and delicate subject.

**Mathieu:** But you don't feel, in a purely professional and dry manner of judging that Graettinger was a particularly good composer?

**Shapey:** No, I think he is a good arranger.

**Mathieu:** What was he arranging in this piece?

**Shapey:** Arranging in the sense that he did accomplish a certain amount of what might be called good orchestral sounds, colors if you want. I think the piece is impressionistic. It obviously is; it is a tone poem. So he did accomplish a certain amount of good modern impressionism, etc. But as a composer, no.

**Mathieu:** The reason I wanted you to hear

that piece is that, to my way of thinking, it was the first successful attempt at fusion of the outer elements you were speaking of.

**Shapey:** If the others were able to take off from that, then perhaps historically he might be compared to Ives.

**Mathieu:** Let's talk about the Bob James music.

**Shapey:** He's experimenting in creating sound; he achieves some new sounds. It's interesting that you asked about the James record now. I regarded it in the same category as *City of Glass*.

**Mathieu:** Why?

**Shapey:** I didn't particularly like it.

**Mathieu:** Well, they're similar in that respect.

**Shapey:** No, there was something else. It made me think of an explosion. James even calls it an explosion in sound. The image that came to me was that of an explosion in the horrible sense of the word—of exploding a bomb or some such thing—as opposed to an explosion that is a very positive thing. James' explosion didn't result in something really positive.

**Mathieu:** What about Graettinger's explosion?

**Shapey:** I didn't think of it as an explosion at all.

**Mathieu:** Well, let me tell you why I think the Graettinger and the James are connected: of all the music you've heard, perhaps Graettinger's and James' are the most comprehensively informed.

**Shapey:** That might be so. Unfortunately, a human being can be very knowledgeable about something and be very gauche at the same time.

**Mathieu:** That may be true, but something in the music struck you as similar.

**Shapey:** Unfortunately, the similarity as far as I was concerned was something not very good.

**Mathieu:** What about the Cecil Taylor record?

**Shapey:** I found myself writing down descriptions—for instance, I wrote down "ostinatos do not really go any place." His release of the piano after the piano solo (this is in *Bulbs*) was a frustrating release; the ostinato built to a certain kind of tension, and I felt that the pianist was so frustrated at that moment, he didn't know what the hell to do. He just wanted to bang the piano; if he could have broken the piano, that would have been all right too. He just didn't know what he wanted to do.

**Mathieu:** Do you get the same sense of continuity in Cecil Taylor's music as you do in Ornette Coleman's music?

**Shapey:** I found that the sax was better, and the group itself, when it worked as a unit, was better. Alone, though, they were a bit lost. They didn't quite know what to do. They might have had ideas, but they didn't know what to do with them.

**Mathieu:** What about the musicians' feeling themselves out in relation to each other? Does this seem new to you?

(Continued on page 37)



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**Shapey:** Let's take the Juilliard Quartet as an example again: although the notes are written down that the Juilliard Quartet is playing, the individuals feel each other out, too, in a different sense of the word.

**Mathieu:** I'm trying to get you to speak of the difference.

**Shapey:** Well, maybe I evade the question because I don't know the difference. Who can define the difference?

**Mathieu:** It sounds like substantially the same thing to you?

**Shapey:** In a certain sense of the word, I find that the top level of it is the same thing.

**Mathieu:** Human meeting is human meeting.

**Shapey:** Yes, human meeting on the highest level of understanding each other, of listening to each other even in words, of communication with complete knowledge and understanding—it is always the same. It is the highest thing possible.

**Mathieu:** The reason I have given all this music to you is because I think these musicians, as represented on these 10 records, are accomplishing this highest level of meeting, using esthetic materials which are very remarkably similar to those used by serious composers, but differing in certain crucial and characteristic ways. And it is this difference that I find stimulating. It's not the meeting that's different because the meeting is always the same.

**Shapey:** Although a composer may sit in his room and put it all down on paper, in the end he is still putting down notes that a group of people are going to be involved in together, in a basic set of relations that he has pre-set on the paper.

**Mathieu:** So a composer is essentially pre-setting the relations between musicians?

**Shapey:** Yes, he's pre-setting the relationships with his personal content. Whereas perhaps the difference between that situation and these records is that the men on the records have no preconceived idea of the content. But I don't believe this.

**Mathieu:** They do have lots of preconceptions?

**Shapey:** Right. They have lots of similar content.

**Mathieu:** That's why Mozart could improvise with his friends.

**Shapey:** Exactly. They had their language, their basic set of content. And they set up that basic set of content, and from there they go ahead. The composer does the same thing.

**Mathieu:** Would you make some general comments about the content of this language? Is their any consistency?

**Shapey:** I think Coleman goes back to a certain basic kind of motivic idea. He works from there. I think Ayler and some of the others go in for more of the expression of sound itself. There is a certain amount of what might be called experimentation in just finding new sounds.

**Mathieu:** Do you think that if the content is fully explored, that it ideally can

lead to this meeting?

**Shapey:** In a sense, anything can lead wherever the people involved want to carry it. Whether the listener receives the message, that's something for the listener to answer. For myself, Coleman kept my interest from beginning to end; some of the others didn't.

**Mathieu:** Who else kept you interested? What about the New York Art Quartet?

**Shapey:** I found it was sporadic, ejaculatory, somewhat disconnected. I didn't particularly like it. Much seems to steer away from Western concepts of harmony and move toward the concept of monody, that is to ragas and Indian music vs. Western music, such as in the way they use quarter- and eighth-tones, the line, the individual line, as in the raga.

**Mathieu:** This feeling that you have of them veering away from something, is this a passive, nonuse of material, or is it an active steering away, an active avoidance?

**Shapey:** I think it's an active avoidance.

**Mathieu:** Me too.

**Shapey:** It's a very interesting one. It's an attempt to un-complicate things. Yet it becomes more complicated or at least as complicated. In essence, nothing is in contrast unless with something else. If there were contrast through the difference between the linear expression of a harmonic situation or if the harmonic situation expressed that which had occurred linearly, I would find it a much more interesting thing.

**Mathieu:** Do they manage to achieve this human meeting, this light, despite their limitations in means?

**Shapey:** I understand this involvement you are having with human beings. I think we are living in a rather strange age today as human beings. I think the war babies, the younger generation, have finally reached the point and are beginning to say it, once and for all: "My father and my grandfathers, and my great-grandfathers, and on back have failed miserably. They have brought us to the point where the total destruction of the world as we know it—the entire face of the earth and every human being on it—is possible." I think you're involved with something very important. I'm involved with it on a different level, or in my own particular way; that's why I believe there are still such things as masterpieces, and you are trying to place everything that you're doing in music into these concepts. I find nothing wrong with that. I think you're right. Our fathers and our grandfathers *have* failed; the whole history of mankind has failed miserably. I think it's very important that young people realize that today. I think it's very important that young people today are finally standing up on their own two feet and shouting loud—louder than they've ever shouted before in the history of mankind—to the old fuddy-duddies, "God damn it, stop it, we do not want to die for no reason whatsoever."

Whether it really, however, expresses itself in music. . . . In a certain sense, I feel that everything is an illusion anyhow,

but if this illusion can become a reality for the future of mankind itself, which means the ending of all discriminations, which means the bringing about of an entirely different kind of world where men no longer walk in fear of each other but on an entirely different level, a level of understanding, appreciation. . . . I hate the word tolerance, because tolerance simply means the reverse side of intolerance—so in order to be tolerant you have to be first intolerant. So I don't even like the word tolerance but rather the acceptance that we are all one and the same, and we are all here for the same reason whether we like it or not: to put an end to what the world has been up to till now. I think this is all very important. I am very much interested and very impressed with it, and I wish I were 10 or 15 years younger so I could scream louder, although I try to scream as loud as I can. This is really, really very important *but* I wonder whether any message of this kind can ever be put into the abstraction of musical sound. We should like to think so.

**Mathieu:** Well, it's true that music is just music. But it's also true that the music can be no other way than the way it comes out because *you* are no other way. And the way you are is a combination of all things, including things philosophical, including the screaming, including the knowledge of yourself exactly where you are.

**Shapey:** Agreed.

**Mathieu:** I recognize the persons you describe. I'm not one of them exactly; there are a lot of us who are similar to those you describe, but not exactly the same. We don't feel that our forefathers have failed miserably; we don't feel that because destruction is imminent, we have to scream for it to stop. It's saying perhaps the same thing but from a different angle, from a different posture. We know that it's possible for people to see each other, to be with each other on a level which transcends success or failure and certainly transcends the desire to destroy, on a level which you might call pure play. That place I'm speaking of can be arrived through certain musical experiences, through certain esthetic means. And the spirit that desires it is in the air. In the basement in Philadelphia when you were a youth, it was there too. When the Juilliard Quartet really brings it off, it is there. When the Contemporary Chamber Players bring it off, it's there too.

The emphasis of many of us is not in the scream, it's not in the condemnation of our forefathers, not in the assessment, but is rather in the carressing of those who are about us. We ask them to come into this other area, to come into this world where all things that happen to us are irrevocably connected to our commitment to one another; where the sounds that we hear are not mere sounds but sounds the pass between us. This doesn't involve screaming actively. It may involve the scream because we all scream.

**Shapey:** Unfortunately, I used a bad  
(Continued on page 106)

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# A VIEW FROM THE INSIDE: ARCHIE SHEPP

**T**HIS PIECE is a belated Christmas gift to the youngest sons of James (Sonny) Murray and William R. Dixon, as much the offspring of the avant-garde as any who now lay claim to that title. It is offered with a sense of wretched humility by one who wishes he could have given infinitely more.

These children were born out of the turbulent '60s. Already they understand this generation far more than we. I know my own sons do (and this article is for them too). We—the adults—often are unable to assess, to determine just what we mean, to ourselves, to others. We are insane because we are poor. If any one of us were to say *cogito ergo sum*, he would be a liar. Our confidence in ourselves has been too completely undermined. We have been at the mercy of The Man too pitifully long. We can only conceive Christmases through children's eyes in front of store windows stuffed with toys. We can no longer believe in the magic of jack o' lanterns and the panacea of fat peach pies on already too-full stomachs.

The lights go out, and I reach for a Rolaid.

A black child is not naive because he believes in America but because he is never in a position to consider that belief politically or philosophically, and when he finally does, it is already too late. When the lantern's eyes are extinguished, when the eagerness of his belly is denied, it is then that he becomes wanton, a murderer in subways. Because then he will know that poverty is the greatest single enemy of mankind. It is the blight of children. The welfare department is its howling medium, where ragged colored faces watch out of sleepless eyes and pray for three squares and favors.

This is where the avant-garde, begins. *It is not a movement but a state of mind.* It is a thorough denial of technological precision and a reaffirmation of *das Volk*. And let us be clear that Ornette Coleman has never been any farther out than Lightnin' Hopkins—or even a shepherd. All three played out of the same human experience: the love of children, the love of life, the persistence of denial.

"Sammy Dennis killed a guy in Korea, and his brother shine used to kick my ass."

You will say my definition of the avant-garde doesn't suffice. You will say we do what we do out of an abysmal ignorance of Western esthetic traditions. You will say jazz (and throughout this piece I will accept *your* nomenclature for this music, much the same as I would accept *your* calling me nigger—i.e., it is convenient, for it lets us each know where he respectively stands) is impossible without the creation of harmonies. You will gratuitously assume that no one of us ever practices, and it is thus that we only produce "bubbles" and "squeaks" and "croaks." You will say: I remember Bird when . . . forgetting that you sat idly by while he was systematically done to death. You

will say, "Kill them!" You will say all these things, not knowing that *I am* and *will be* despite you.

I wish to deal primarily here with the four horns most commonly used today in small groups, i.e. the trumpet, trombone, and alto and tenor saxophones.

I wish to make it known that I like a lot of people who are not specifically in the "new thing" bag. Some of them,—such as Don Redman, Fletcher Henderson, and Duke Ellington, carefully kept out of the company of Messrs. Aaron Copland, Edgard Varese, and John Cage—are really indispensable to any intelligent discussion of modern American music. On the other hand there are men such as Sun Ra, George Russell, Cecil Taylor—not strictly speaking kids—who are the true pioneers of the avant-garde movement. They are our Vareses and our Iveses, in much the same way that Bird and Monk are our Ravels and Debussys. So it is that you mustn't expect from me any glib endorsement of the present without realizing that implicit in anything I say is a profound respect for the past.

The real problem of the late '50s was that Bird left us—was made to leave us—with certain preplexing questions.

I remember those years as a jazz novice who had just begun to come to grips with C7ths. The overriding question was then: where do we go from here? Sonny Rollins provided a partial answer, and for a moment everyone's feet rested, even if somewhat uneasily, on the ground. And when Max Roach brought Sonny and Clifford Brown together, it was a bit like the spring thaw in a cold climate. We anticipated something *really* different. However, the tragic circumstances that terminated that group are well known. It was left, in fact, to Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, and John Coltrane to put that scrambled world back on its feet—and here I must make mention, too, of the so-called soul school of Horace Silver and Art Blakey. They made a lot of then super-hip youngsters cognizant of their roots, which in fact reached back not only to Gospel music and the blues but also to the orchestral and soloistic inventions of Fletcher Henderson and Lester Young.

Nor would it be amiss to include the theory contributed by George Russell. He was certainly the mentor of the modal approach to jazz playing. This factor is important, because there is hardly anyone among the more-or-less conventional players of today who doesn't make frequent use of Russellian techniques, even when he is ignorant of their source.

But it was Miles and Trane who were responsible for the *popular* application of the modes, Miles in an organizational or group sense (I don't mean to overlook his genius as a soloist) and Trane as the colossus of its execution. It was through these agents that the profundity of Monk,

Cecil Taylor, and Ornette Coleman would become plausible to that yet-to-be-born avant-garde.

The technique of writing with four or five chords became popular only after the Miles Davis Quintet, undoubtedly one of the most important groups in a decade, was established. Because it used chords so sparingly, it was able to demonstrate the antithesis, something Bird knew but didn't live long enough to develop fully—i.e., that all chords are relative. Whereas the earlier players of the so-called bop school were accustomed to playing myriad chord changes (along with the chords' substitutions), the "new thing" became much less harmonically and diatonically conscious. The C7th was never resolved. It became infinity.

Though Monk—Herbie Nichols was never recorded enough—and, after him, Taylor, had for a time been considered anomalies and freaks, it became apparent when Monk and Coltrane worked together at the old Five Spot, and later when John recorded *Hard Drivin' Jazz* with Cecil, that a whole new area of sound had opened up beneath us and new directions were imminent.

This was indeed where Bird had left off and the "new thing" began. In fact, it was not so much a question of something "new" as it was the logical extension of things that had been intuitively at work in the minds of Parker and Monk for a long time, though they took distinctly different paths to arrive at them. This was, in short, the demise of strict diatonicity. The stage was set for the arrival of Ornette.

#### A Saxophone Speaks in Rivers

When I was a boy, Philadelphia had long since been an American antique. Grumblethroe (the place where George Washington slept) lay crouched on a cobblestone hill like a fragile doll's house—behind a shimmering gray-black brick facade—just beyond the Friend's Free Library and the wretched squalor of the three streets I called home.

Only a few blocks away was the place where Steam Mincer, a distant cousin, had been stabbed to death at the lonely age of 15. We lived then in awe of north and south Philadelphians because their ghettos were even more fierce than ours. The tales of Lil Babs, Ograms, and Black Bart ran closer to legend than reality.

It was then that I dreamt of music over geometry lessons, and the two greatest men in the world were Wardell Gray and Gene Ammons. When we stumble into the darkness of what we were as children, we derive inadvertently the essence of what we are as men. Perhaps we mean to do that. Perhaps it is our intention. Certainly the thrill of fluttering through those brief, illusive pages can thrill us even at moments hundreds of years later when we have dismissed eagerness and desire as sentiments fit only for old women and children.

Call Ornette the shepherd and Cecil the seer. Though they are contemporaries, their music always has been quite different. They are in fact the giants of contemporary jazz. Note I use the term "jazz" here, but I think the implications of the music of these men are far more than that puny term implies to prejudiced ears. I mean they are true innovators. People like Karlheinz Stockhausen and Lukas Foss would do well to listen to them (if they haven't already). Of course, I would include myself in that, too, because I am also an innovator.

The essence of Ornette's early playing—I heard him many times at the original Five Spot when I wasn't one of his most ardent admirers—is its utter simplicity. He is the master of *haiku*—i.e., the short form. He has never

been afraid of his own romanticism. His music retained the elementary profundity of the "home boy." His tunes have about them the aura of a square dance telescoped through the barrel of a machinegun.

Cecil, on the other hand, has dealt primarily with extended work. His music is complicated and its emotional levels varied (Ornette relies more on solos to get those things). The respective difference in each man's sense of compositional order is, on the one hand, Ornette's use of the extrinsic aspects of swing and, on the other, Cecil's insistence on its intrinsic aspects. Beneath the surface lies the difference between black men from cities and those from towns. They have their literary counterparts in the potentially violent sophistication of LeRoi Jones' Clay (in his *Dutchman*) and the tortured inwardness of Richard Wright's Mississippi transplant, *Black Boy*...

Taylor, by the way, has made it possible for the acceptance of a host of other brilliant young artists: Andrew Hill—a potentially great performer in his own right—Don Pullen, Paul Bley, and Burton Greene. I do find it lamentable that Cecil is never given enough credit for the things he has made *acceptable* to once-conventional jazz tastes and that more than 20 years of dues paying have brought him relatively little that is commensurate with the astounding contributions he has made to jazz music. (I must say in this context that it galls me to see an untried performer like Bob James receive five stars for a first album—not that it is impossible for a first album to merit such, but I heard James' album, and I am familiar with Taylor's work in its entirety. I can clearly tell you without malice and with forethought: if James rated five, then the body of Taylor's work should receive an unqualified 10 stars, or 15, or 20.)

#### The Alto Unleashed

I was about a tenuous dream, a notion that if one believed hard enough in anything, everything was possible. I tried to sing like Nat—then "King"—Cole, and *I Realize Now* melted my adolescent heart as much then as it does now. I passed through the insipid panorama of Americana with an enormous romanticism. It has never left me. *The Girl from Ipanema* was to me an extension of my first love coffee ground at a three-watt lightbulb party.

The ways of playing the alto saxophone are numerous and varied. I can't honestly say that I could like any one person better than another because he did or did not fit into my own prescribed notion of esthetics. For instance, C Sharpe, Ernie Henry, and Cannonball Adderley are among my favorite performers, and I can still listen to Benny Carter and Earl Bostic with that sense of elation one gets at witnessing a thing impeccably done.

There also are among the younger players, those who don't specifically fit into the avant-garde category but who are exciting and promising performers. They might be categorized as somewhere between post-Bird and Eric Dolphy. I cite Jimmy Spaulding and Gary Bartz, Robin Kenyatta and Winston (Lex) Alexis (Alexis dances to his own solos—indeed exciting). Kenyatta is more reminiscent of Dolphy than the others. He has a marvelous sense of line and excellent command of the instrument. While the average jazz reader will be familiar with Jimmy and Gary (two of my favorites), Robin and Lex are unfortunately unknown to the general jazz public. That is a tragedy and one I hope will be rectified in the near future.

A note about Dolphy:

We are always a little late when we praise good men. Some of Dolphy's work has no parallel for its technical brilliance and clarity of ideas (we need not mention his work on flute, which sometimes even surpassed that on

alto). He died in the tradition of the black artist—i.e., relatively unknown, certainly having been forced all too often to accept work far beneath his enormous capabilities. And may I suggest that the traditional benefit concerts “for the deceased’s wife” or “aging mother” (e.g., Sonny Clark, Tadd Dameron, Ernie Henry, et al.) by no means suffice in this day, in this time, in this the most affluent of societies. May I also suggest that the U.S. musical audience must begin to put its money and its efforts where its frequently big mouth is?

I don’t know the circumstances under which Eric died, but even the existence of shadowy rumors (and those rumors do exist) lend credence to the fact conditions for musicians on the road are far from salutary. For instance, I wonder about the comparative treatment that would be given a man like Leopold Stokowski, were he suddenly taken ill abroad. How much more quickly would medical attention have been rendered? How many specialists would have been flown in to minister to him? We will never know. And, as I say, I don’t want to impugn the integrity of men who might have acted as best they could in a hopeless situation (if indeed it was that).

I do, however, speak from experience. I have been on the road. I know that when one is not Miles Davis or Stan Getz, things like money, living conditions, etc., vary accordingly. Finally, I have the highest regard for European esthetic values. After all, I worked there far longer than I have ever in my own country, and this at a time when I was hardly known at all.

The real onus is on the unions, who claim to protect us, and on those super-patrons of the arts, like the Ford Foundation and the U.S. government—frequently champions of such worthy causes as Jason Robards and Barbra Streisand. Allow me to make a modest proposal: that they immediately contribute \$10,000,000 (indeed a modest proposal) for the establishment and propagation of black American music (jazz, as you call it). Let me further propose that this money be offered in the names of Eric and those who so unjustly died.

#### Post Mortem

The immediacy of death escaped me totally until I was shot at in a high school brawl (they got Reggie Workman in the hand). And when I slipped quietly from the ghetto into that finely chiseled white world of James S. Jones, I went never knowing that implicit in my egregious oppression was the creation of undying Marxists.

Later, when we trembled on street corners because the prospect of going home was too terrifying, when we fled from bullets at block parties, when we sipped sodas and ate “borrowed” hoagies at Fat’s steak shop, when we sneaked into Pep’s and Showboat to hear music that was for adults only, when we left each other in that innocent world of innocent murder and crept into another world—that of the guilty—when we thought (some of us) of “higher education” and “careers,” when we dreamt of one day coming home with the message, so that we would be finally loved the way Jimmy McGriff and Bill Cosby are loved—knowing somehow that that might never be so—when we sent subtle messages, hot with desire, through trolley-car windows and they went unanswered, when we ran screaming out of the brick yard past high street to the bandmaster with thinning hair, when George Opalevsky played *Sophisticated Lady* with cunning grace, when a gold harmonica was the prize I wanted most in the world, it was then that I learned that the American death syndrome was already in full swing and Korea was its answer.

#### The Alto Continued

The predominant styles on alto among the so-called avant-garde players are those of the post-Ornette players (these labels aren’t meant to be hard-and-fast subcategories) and those whom I would term “energy-sound” players. Among the former I would cite Marion Brown, John Tchicai, and Paul (Byron) Allen. Among the latter I would cite Giuseppi Logan, Marshall Allen, and Carlos Ward. (Special mention should be made of Ken McIntyre, who is reasonably well known already and will certainly one day gain stature as an innovator in his own right.)

Those aforementioned are not a coterie of carbon copies with a dash of ersatz. They are artists who have been influenced and even gone on to extend the idea of their mentor—in much the same way that Van Gogh extended the ideas of Cezanne, or Webern extended the ideas of Schoenberg. In this context, their music becomes something profoundly more than merely amplifying someone else’s work. They become creations unto themselves, entities equal to their paragon.

Since Ornette’s New York debut in 1959, fantastic changes have taken shape in the content and direction of the new music. Imagine a palette as broad as Sidney Bechet and Albert Ayler, and that will give you a notion of the possibilities that are open to these young men. Ornette introduced the beauty of lines and the human voice. This had its clear precedent in Bird, Johnny Hodges, and the host of r&b bands with whom Ornette had played earlier. Marion has utilized these principles very well, and the same is true of John and Paul. Of the three, I would mention Brown’s lyricity, John’s strong sense of line, and Paul’s deft execution. They will all three undoubtedly be heard much more in the future.

As for the other group (Carlos Ward overlaps), there is no set musical precedent I can find for their approach to playing.

The thing that they seem to bring to the music is an enormous quantity of energy and formidable abilities to create sound textures. At times I have the feeling that they haven’t quite solved the problem of channeling all the energy or of how to turn some of those textures into lines, but this may be simply a difference in interpretation and, as is probable, will resolve itself through the synthesis of the two existing approaches. Giuseppi is outstanding, and I think he has—until the writing of this article—been dealt with less than fairly by *Down Beat*. Marshall and Carlos are pretty much unknown to the general jazz public. It is my fervent hope (albeit perhaps visionary) that this year will bring recognition to many of the names that some of you now may be hearing for the first time.

#### A Preface to the Trumpet

I was sheltered from poverty as a boy: I say sheltered because even though I was in the thick of it, I never considered the extent of its damage. I never knew that F. W. Woolworth prosecuted children for stealing nor what that meant. Its implications were already the wholesale murder of me. When I was given a college scholarship, I couldn’t help but think that it was given in some way too assuage the overwhelming guilt that some once-sensitive people felt for the annihilation of entire races. That scrap of diploma, that blood money that paid my way into the supervisory of Abraham & Strauss was America’s way of saying: “I’m sorry . . . boy.”

A special note to Miles Davis:

One cannot conceive the avant-garde trumpet style without some mention of Miles. I recently met him—Miles—not under the most auspicious of circumstances. Be

that as it may, I still love and respect him as one of the profoundest innovators of our time. I might say to you, sir (Miles), that your own personal misfortunes have not gone unknown to, or unfelt by, all of us. I accuse America of that. Not that you would do the same.

All right, it is possible that you don't even respect me or my own experiences. I think I understand that. You are a man almost out of his 30s, and I am not yet quite 30. However, I'm certain we'd both agree that these statistics are formidable when one is black, regardless of which end of 30 we stand at. If we allow bitterness and animosity to separate us—I mean the *us* that bespeaks movements and dialectical change—then we fall victims to the age-old conflicts that have perennially erupted between fathers and sons. Those are the things that turn mutual respect to stupidity and absurd vindication.

Had we been born white, it would be as simple a thing as Cliburn clasping the hand of Horowitz after a great performance or Gould admiring Serkin from third row center, but because we are who we are, existing as we do—even when fortune eventually smiles—on the outskirts of America's limbo (which God knows has few existing historical parallels), we are all a little insane; when we meet, when we conceive one another, we are turned into competitors.

That is all there is to be said. We are frightened to speak to each other, and that is only natural because we have been thrown, all 20,000,000 of us, into an abyss of ignorance and poverty, and those few pitiful survivors will sometimes look with pitiless contempt at the dispossessed. But I ask you: how will the dispossessed view the survivors? Perhaps there are some of us who would sooner murder than say hello. But what a mute and inglorious ending to a culture, and a people, that is. So take this, Miles, as a plea for understanding, not just between me and you but between you and the future that you have created. I am, whether you like it or not, a part of that future. I play not in spite of you but because of you.

Don Cherry is an interesting person. He is in my opinion the foremost exponent of the "new thing" on his instrument and interestingly enough, he has always been that. He is not, technically speaking, a "trumpet" player. He is a cornetist and the heir apparent to Clark Terry and Miles Davis (Clark being, in my opinion, one of the most underrated of the older players). The thing about the players of this school—I include Bill Dixon in this, too—is that they have always heard the middle and lower registers of the instrument, so that when they play in the upper registers, even though they might not be playing as high as the "brassier" performers, the contrast gives the ear the illusion of a lush altissimo. It is rather like an alto player who has always heard tenor saxophone lines—Jackie McLean, if you will.

Cherry, it seems to me, was the first to understand thoroughly the lyrical implications of a music without chords. I can refer you to such pieces as *Una Muy Bonita* and *When Will the Blues Leave?*—classics.

The man has served a thorough apprenticeship, and it has stood him in good stead. He plays the more conventional music with an astounding grace. He knows that harmony teaches us certain lessons, that it is not so negligible as some people want to make us believe. (When Don Ellis said he had exhausted all the harmonic potential before he turned to Eastern music, I doubted him seriously, because I heard him play during those days down at the Cafe Wha, when he sounded to me like a hip Harry James.)

If we discard certain rules consciously, being fully aware of their implications, even at times using those

rules and implications to augment new ideas, we are not simply enslaving ourselves to the past: we are utilizing in the most intelligent way we can all the artistic resources at our command.

Cherry is in many ways the potential salvation of contemporary trumpet playing. And this is not an unlimited endorsement. Frequently his performances are uneven. Sometimes—and I understand this feeling very well—he doesn't even want to play. But we must understand that music for black men is not always so much a luxury as it is a necessity. Still the profundity and depth of his work is undeniable and thoroughly in step with the future.

It would not be out of order here to mention some of the more promising conventional players: Jimmie Owens, Ray Codrington, and Charles Tolliver. Among the avant-garde there are Dewey Johnson and Eddie Gales. But what is the future of the trumpet?

About Lee Morgan:

He never ceases to astound me, because his performances are rarely disappointing. We were boys together, so I won't risk even a guarded sense of sentimentality. As teenagers we played in a band called the Jolly Rompers. I met him again when he had first joined Dizzy Gillespie's band and I was a freshman in college. He was a much older teenager then. He sat quietly in a lonely hotel room across the street from Birdland, and I remember that look in his eyes because it was much like one that I had seen in a photograph of Pres.

Morgan is a young man. Younger than Cherry, and his work has matured into greatness over the years. I know he doesn't practice today the way he used to then. But that's not so important. We're men now, and the essence of one's art is not always so much practice as it is conviction.

Lee and Don have always reminded me a great deal of one another as personalities. I won't go further except to say that they have chosen very different musical paths. Lee is the product of Fat Girl, Clifford, Dizzy, and K.D. He is in that sense a "trumpet" player. He has, in my estimation, the richest brass sound extant. He understands the timbre of his instrument. I won't call him an avant-gardist. That is unnecessary. I will say of him that I am a perennial fan.

William R. Dixon is an amazing man. He is perhaps one of the older members of the avant-garde. He is certainly one of the most underrated. He is a talented composer, arranger, and a brilliant organizer of men. Both the Jazz Composers' Guild and the October Revolution in Jazz were basically his ideas and creations. It never ceases to disturb me that the best minds of both my own and previous black generations are relegated to anonymity.

Special mention is due Freddie Hubbard. He is perhaps one of the best known of the younger musicians. I think Freddie should have the opportunity to work out his own musical direction with his own group. He tried that for a while—a very fine group indeed featuring Jimmy Spaulding, John Hicks, Joe Chambers, (later Clifford Jarvis)—but I felt that in light of his work with Dolphy he might have made a go of it without the piano (all due respect to the great capabilities of John Hicks and Freddie's brilliant composing). Hubbard, in my opinion, has just begun to realize his tremendous potential. I think the matter is solely one of allowing his conception to mold itself, as I'm certain it will.

The problem of being a "new thing" trumpet player differs from that of the saxophones in that work opportunities for good "chops" and "first chair" men are more prevalent for brass than for reeds. The temptation is all too often for a man to take commercial work—too feed



Photographed at Trude Heller's, Greenwich Village, USA.

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his family perhaps—as opposed to the ignominy of occasional reviews in *Down Beat* and almost inevitable poverty. Thus we have lost—for a short time I hope—the artistry of men like Vincent Pitts, Martin Banks, etc.

The problems are no less for trombonists.

### J and Beyond

We are all accustomed to thinking of the modern trombone as the creation of J. J. Johnson. In some respects, that is undeniably so. But I am certain that Johnson himself would be the first to admit that that kind of thinking is narrow and fallacious. Juan Tizol, Tricky Sam Nanton, Dickie Wells, and J. C. Higginbotham are only a few of the men who have contributed to the creation of that instrument as a “modern” voice. Further, there are contemporaries of Johnson, men such as Benny Powell and Jimmy Cleveland, who are well worth any serious listener’s time.

Unfortunately, the space allotted me and my abysmal ignorance of my own tradition severely limit anything further I can say about these latter. I will reiterate this point: no intelligent appraisal of a new thing can be made without delving into the profound revelations of the old. Yet, I think it is an inescapable fact that Johnson brought to the slide trombone an unwonted fluidity, something akin to that of the trumpet and saxophone.

This was not a mere technical innovation (viz., Scott LaFaro on bass); it involved a concept that had subtly grown out of the school of Bird into the later school of Miles. It was a technical and conceptual invention that would permit the short, often staccato lines that characterized much of the playing of that period to be implemented by an instrument that had formerly been relegated to the creation of sound textures and legato playing. This is not to say that one approach was in any way superior to another; in fact, the converse would be my argument, but it is important to single out this “way” as having been distinctly different from those that preceded it. It is in this light that we must examine the avant-garde movement.

Among my favorite performers are Curtis Fuller, Grachan Moncur III, Roswell Rudd, Julian Priester, and Joe Orange. There are certainly others whose names escape me, plus some whom I haven’t even heard yet but will. It should be immediately apparent to those in any way familiar with the new music that all the aforementioned, except Rudd, have felt the influence of J. (Rudd is perhaps closer to the school of Bill Harris, via Wells and Nanton.)

Again, Curtis and Julian aren’t, strictly speaking, avant-garde performers, but this leads me back to my definition: the avant-garde is not a movement but a state of mind. I know and respect the musicianship of all these men, and I don’t think that, given a prescribed musical idea without harmony, any one of them would come up lacking. The future of the jazz trombone lies in them and some others whom we will inevitably hear more of—Garnett Brown, for instance. The future lies also in that broad historical tradition that is replete with possibilities for invention.

### Go On, Baby, Shake That Thing

(Of the late Frank Haynes and Mr. Buster Smith.)

The tenor saxophone is about konked heads and Elks clubs in Blacksville, U.S.A. It is the Freudian symbol, a killer of women. I suspect its lover’s motives. It is itself a paramour, a rake, a charlatan, a marvelous, laquered 20th-century invention. Even if its history is thoroughly European, its sociology is as black as the banjo (and my father played that instrument). Its lovers will get down for it like scag, will pawn it like a jaded bitch, will then repossess it and lament bitterly the excess that ever made

them forget it was the prime love of their lives. Its favors are scarce and frivolous until it reveals itself and you see that it is bisexual, even metallic. You turn it into your machinegun, your mother, your journal of despair. You fondle it till your fingers bleed. But—it is obstinate. It calls you Nigger! And you say: Yes! Yes! I am that! And then it becomes forever yours. It is your voice. It is your heart beat. It is your most despicable defecation. And when you get down, where you get down, you will rouse hearts with it, heal old wounds with it, it will reaffirm itself to you in every instance as an objet d’amour.

### I Like Men Who Can Play the Blues

I had promised to talk about the avant-garde saxophone, but I have just heard the distressing news that Frank Haynes has died of cancer. He was a wonderful and dedicated performer. I never knew the man as well as I would have liked; still I knew him. He was certainly young and vital enough to have demanded another two score years of the United States—and perhaps then some. Well then, let him stand for the Harlem Six and Robert Wesley Wells—or let them stand for him; it doesn’t much matter. Their life’s blood is interchangeable.

It strikes me odd that you, the editors of *Down Beat*, have not assigned a permanent obituary writer, there is so much death among us. Of course, in conjunction with this, there should be some professional mourners and \$20,000-a-year men to sponsor \$250 death benefits. I don’t accuse you per se. I do accuse the United States. And when I think of what you have done to me and mine, I know there are some things for which I can never forgive you. When I think of the bitterness of a Vietnamese Christmas and the incredible similarity of that to a New Year in Harlem or a Thanksgiving in Watts, I can only wonder what there is left of us—me and you—that we can call a united people. It rather seems that I am myself and that you are whatever your money affords you to be at that time.

*J’accuse America!* And you will never reduce my rage to your pitiless conception of jazz.

I would like to offer biographical information about Frank. I have none. I only know that we used to live in the same apartment building. I would sometimes stop my own practice to hear him play *It Might as Well Be Spring*. I know that Joe Termini gave him a Monday night at the Five Spot and that he last worked with Randy Weston and Walter Bishop Jr. What else can I say to you? You won’t find it so easy to identify with him as you do now so hypocritically with Bird, Lady, and Eric. He started no movements, he never became, nor did he live long enough to become, a major innovator.

What shall I say of the man? Simply that he is the backbone of our art. It was a faceless man like him who gave Parker some of his first lessons on the saxophone, and because Bird always referred fondly to Mr. Buster Smith, we remember him, not as a man without a face, but as a maker of men. There are some of us who ply our trade forever, and in spite of this we die . . . hoping.

And where will your thoughts wander this New Year? To dead men in lonely graves? To the hollowness of a shifty world whose affluent promises were never meant to be taken seriously? What do you say to men whose thoughts have gone neglected for an eternity? Can you retrieve your integrity with a liberal cliché? How long can our African mothers yield up their sons to you?

I leave you with all the unfulfilled dreams of Frank Haynes. I leave you with the apparent bankruptcy of white democracy. I leave you with the waning hope that there are still some honest men. . . .





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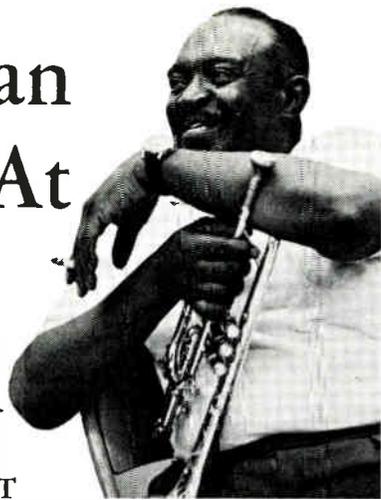
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# A Jazzman Looks At A Jazz Festival



By REX STEWART

**D**URING WORLD WAR II, in the early 1940s, Randall's Island in New York City was the setting of the first jazz festival. As one of the Ellingtonians, I participated in this beginning of what has evolved into a contemporary reflection of U.S. jazz mores. Since then, the jazz festival concept has spread over the world.

Being fortunate enough to have made the scene at Newport, Melbourne, Nice, Monterey, and the Great South Bay, I felt that I was an old festival hand. This was my thought last September as I left my home in Los Angeles, Monterey-bound a second time—but this time in the dual role of artist and chronicler.

Informality, customary in musicians, took on another dimension in Monterey, doubtless because the setting is so picturesque.

There's a shedlike building on the Monterey fairgrounds, where the festival is held, that is used to store hay, which was still there, banked on one side of the rustic, big-beamed barn as we rehearsed. I guess this place was chosen for its accessibility and acoustics. In any case, it was a relaxing, bucolic atmosphere.

Singer Mary Stallings and I arrived at 3 p.m. Friday afternoon for our rehearsals. Time passed, 4 p.m. came, and at 4:15 the chartered bus with the Monterey Festival Orchestra finally disgorged musicians, who unpacked and tuned up.

Then a wave of panic seemed to spread through the room. Someone asked, "Where's Earl Palmer? His drums are here, but where's Earl?"

Gil Fuller, the director, who had composed much of the music for the festival, calmly contemplated the hay stacks, as relaxed as if he were a spectator, not jumping up and down as I've seen some leaders do in the same situation.

From time to time, lusty bursts of laughter came from outside. There in the dappled sunlight was John Birks Gillespie, attired in a black Italian sweater, fawn-gray slacks, and ankle-high black boots. He was in his element, cracking up the fans and photographers who made up a personal second line for him as he prepared for his role of Mr. Monterey of 1965.

When Palmer finally arrived and finished setting up, Fuller wadded another stick of gum into his mouth and then nodded to me, saying, "We'll run you down first, Rex." Miss Stallings had left. So, at 5 p.m., rehearsal began for "Tribute to Trumpets." After finishing my turn, I suddenly realized the incongruity of having two of the finest trumpet players in the business (Clark Terry and Harry Edison) sitting in a section, playing my accompaniment. But then I thought that they were just filling in for

some missing brothers and I would get to hear them in a solo setting.

Meanwhile, the droves of photographers descended. They included one little girl who came with two huge cameras slung around her neck, wearing faded blue shorts with a matching babushka—a harbinger of the bizarre get-ups for the festival.

Finishing my run-through, I bummed a ride back to the San Carlos Hotel, where all the musicians were staying. I had hoped to catch up on some sleep, but that turned out to be only a hope—I had no sooner settled down than some idiot started tooting an alto saxophone, practicing scales with a real beginner's tone. It was so amateurish that at first I thought it was a gag, but it went on and on. Although the bellboys ran all over the ancient hostelry trying to track down the sound, no one ever found out who was committing the nuisance.

On reflection, I don't suppose that I really cared, since I went down to the lobby and had a most enjoyable meeting with old friends Buster Bailey, Tyree Glenn, and Billy Kyle (my home-town buddy), who arrived in the Louis Armstrong contingent. We really had a good talk-fest, ate dinner, and prepared to get back to the festival.

The bus was almost filled when someone with a foreign accent hailed me, and to my surprise it was a German fellow whom I'd met years before in Europe.

I remembered the face, but I wasn't sure of the occasion until he reminded me of our meeting in East Berlin back



Duke Ellington at the Randall's Island festival

in 1949. My American six-piece band was billed as headlining a stage show, but we were only allowed about 15 minutes onstage because there were so many other acts. Some members of the Hot Club of Germany begged me to play a concert for them, since they had not heard live jazz since Adolf Hitler banned it. Although I knew this was against my orders (groups touring U.S. Army camps in Germany were not allowed to perform for the civilian population at that time), I agreed. However, the Russians got wind of the performance and cut off the electricity. Nevertheless, the concert was held by candlelight, with a candle charged for admission! It was the most unusual concert I've ever played.

While I was chatting and reminiscing with Herr Schmidt from Berlin, the bus had pulled off without me, so I frantically hailed taxis, but they were all full, taking music lovers out to the fairgrounds. The day was saved by Bill Hood, the baritone sax man in the festival orchestra, who had driven a Volkswagen bus up to Monterey and gave me a lift.

Arriving, I discovered that admission to the fairgrounds was by ticket or badge only, which eliminated the sandal-

wearing, blanket-wrapped bongo players who had camped on the grounds in previous years. The only access to the backstage area was through the Hunt Club, and the only access to the Hunt Club was by badge. The festival authorities issued three kinds: press, performer, and staff badges. Somehow, a slew of people with no apparent function managed to enter, and the Hunt Club, a big rustic room with a cheery fire burning in a round fire pit, was jammed after each concert.

In the backstage area, there was a small shedlike room available for the musicians to unpack and tune up. The inevitable photographers arrived and started posing a few of us individually and in groups. They grouped Diz, Sweets Edison, Clark Terry, Ray Copeland, and me and asked us to hold our horns as if we were playing. Suddenly (and I don't know who initiated it) we broke into a street march in harmony. It came off almost as if we had rehearsed it, and the fellows drifted onstage, laughing. It was a great start for the evening, and I enjoyed playing the concert. And I noted that the festival orchestra was loaded with stars (including Clark and Sweets) who played all the orchestra performances.

Louis Armstrong's group wound up this memorable evening. The great Satchmo, my idol and great influence way back when, gave the audience a typical Louis performance, playing all of his big hits including several versions of *Hello, Dolly!*

Then, backstage, I was touched at the very warm greeting he gave me. Apparently, we all are mellowing with age. This thought came into my mind because of out-of-the-ordinary manifestations of good fellowship by two great men. Louis' greeting was a big hug (or did we simultaneously embrace?). Then, when Duke Ellington and I met each other backstage the next night, he floored me with a French-style greeting, planting a buss on each cheek.

Friday night, after the last note was blown and the stadium lights went on, the musicians and their friends gathered in the Hunt Club. It was like old-home week. Everyone had a drink in one hand and the other one available to slap a back or shake the hand of an old friend. The room was packed, and it took a couple of hours to complete a round of the room and say hello to everyone.

**B**EYOND THE MUSIC itself, I was intrigued by so many colorful characters assembled at the fairgrounds. I reflected that the "in" attitude was to express your personality with far-out clothes.

I saw just about every zany, out-of-this-world combination that could be dreamt up by the dreamers. Leather jerkins in all the colors of the rainbow were big, with capris to match. Boots adorned both men and women, in ankle- to knee-high styles. The female hairdos were on the bizarre side, with little blondes sporting the shoulder-length, dead-straight effect (do they really straighten it on an ironing board?). The men were in competition with the girls, with longer-than-Beatle cuts featured, here and there one earring under the crowning mat. It made for much confusion, since you had to stare twice as hard to recognize one sex from the other, unless the person was bearded. The beards were in great abundance, in all types and colors. Some were quite interesting, especially when worn with the Prince Valiant or Eton little-boy hair effects.

Even some of the performers were informally garbed. Charlie Mingus turned up on stage wearing dungarees and a yellow sweatshirt.

I was a bit surprised, though, when the dignified John Hammond spoke from the rostrum Saturday afternoon,



TED WILLIAMS

Denny Zeitlin's Trio furnished Monterey's highest point

attired in a plaid shirt and a nonmatching plaid jacket.

I must confess that I paid little attention to John's remarks or to the material in the press release concerning the Denny Zeitlin combo, as florid introductions and blown-up press stories are to be expected in the business. So I thought to myself, "here we go again with another discovery." It grows tiresome to hear the same extravagant accolades and then watch the artist make a brief splash before disappearing into a sometimes well-earned oblivion. But I am happy to report that for once, here was truth, and John's laudatory introduction was justified.

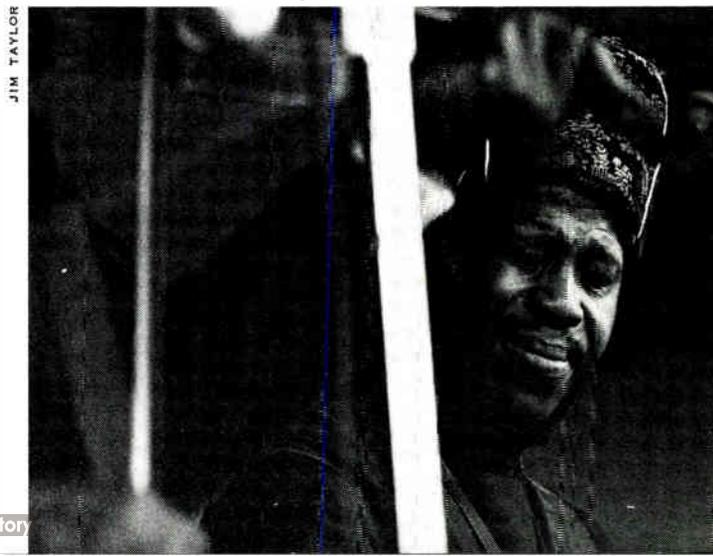
In my estimation, the highest point of the festival was reached on Saturday afternoon by this unique trio.

In the past, avant-garde explorations had left me amused but unmoved. Now I am converted. After eight bars, I became aware of Jerry Granelli's drumming, as he laid back on the group with almost subliminal but firm rapport, like no other drummers I have known with the exception of Big Sid Catlett and little Dave Tough.

Along with the sympathetic compatibility of the group as a unit, there seemed to be a duality of purpose cooking between Granelli and Charlie Haden, the bassist. Both of these artists provided a perfect foundation, scaffolding, flooring, and ceiling for the gifted doctor. The three men were evidently born to be musical soulmates. And if what was heard at this concert is what one may expect in the future, the future is bright, and music stands to be enriched by the talents of Dr. Zeitlin & Co.

I speculated about John Handy, but not for long, as the curtain swept open to a strange sight. In center stage sat a chunky, brown-skinned Buddah holding an alto sax with an air of intense mysticism, which seemed to be magnified by one of the weirdest headpieces this side of Tibet. Handy started playing a cappella, creating a mood

John Handy created a prayerful mood



JIM TAYLOR

which felt as though he were intoning prayers to some ancient deity. Then Mike White interjected his violin double stops most effectively. Jerry Hahn's guitar unobtrusively entered, making a series of delightfully appropriate cohesive fraternal comments. Gradually, Terry Clarke on drums began exhorting with a wonderfully complex but mesmerizing rhythm. On and on it went until it became almost unbearable. The crowd roared its pleasure.

I'll never forget the experience, and I'll bet a lot of the people who heard it won't forget either.

After two such episodes of music on the same afternoon, I headed for the Hunt Club. A quick taste was in order while I waited eagerly to be exposed to what Mingus would present. What happened next appeared to be a comedy of errors, from a visual standpoint. Mingus strode onstage, peered around, and disappeared backstage. A long wait ensued, which was made more onerous by the excitement engendered by the two previous groups.

Finally, Charlie led his very excellent musicians on stage, receiving an ovation, like a conquering hero. But alas, this was not Mingus' day. His star faltered a bit before he concluded, but there were, even so, responses from the crowd that reaffirmed his stature. Charlie told me later of his woes—the records of his last year's Monterey appearance that didn't arrive (he wanted to have them sold at this year's festival), the sound equipment improperly set up for recording his stint. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the day would yet have been his if he had opened—instead of closing—his set with that wonderful burlesque of *When the Saints Go Marching In*.

Saturday night's presentation featured the roots of jazz. Ellington's band was last on the long program and very warmly received. The ever-present, ebullient Dizzy turned up on stage toward the end of the program, waving his horn and making it obvious that he wanted to sit in. At almost the same moment, Clark Terry entered at one side of the wings and I at the other. We had not spoken to each other about it previously, but each of us spontaneously felt that it was time for the "alumni" to join in with "the boss."

We three may have blown about one chorus when the tune ended, the stadium lights went on, and the curtains began to close. Dizzy, terribly disappointed, hung onto the curtain, trying to keep it from closing, hoping that there'd be more blowing with the band. No such luck. The band had already left the stage. Duke bade the still-applauding crowd good night with his usual "we love you madly."

As Dizzy reluctantly went backstage, he muttered, "I hate jazz festivals."

Sunday morning, I was awakened early by the unmusical sound of seals barking in the bay. It was another sparkling bright day, and I breakfasted in the hotel with some of the Ellington band members. Just before Sunday's session started I waved them goodbye as their bus left Monterey.

Because there were no plans for me to play any more at the festival (and after the abortive attempt to sit in with the Duke), I left for the fairgrounds without my horn and without changing.

The first set featured a few trumpet players. Red Allen, who had flown out from New York for the festival, was grouped with Dizzy and Clark Terry. I was sitting out front when Red started motioning to me to come up on the stand. I shook my head "no" since I had no horn. Then, Jon Hendricks, who was announcing that segment, joined in the motioning. I went around backstage and explained why I couldn't sit in—and wound up on the stand with Clark Terry's trumpet (he was using his

flugelhorn). I was surprised to learn later that a few of the critics thought that this impromptu playing with a borrowed horn was better than my performance with my own horn on Friday. In any case, having another opportunity to blow made Monterey even more enjoyable to me.

**M**ONTEREY '65 reaffirmed its pre-eminence among the many festivals now extant. This is not to say that there were no flaws cropping up from time to time during the sessions. To my mind, the most glaring error may be laid in the lap of whoever was in charge of programing.

This year's presentation was labeled "Tribute to the Trumpet," according to all the early press releases. Perhaps during the interval in which preparations were being made, the concept was changed. If so, that change was never mentioned. Further, there was a sad misuse of the trumpet players who were there. Red Allen played only a few minutes; Clark and Sweets were scarcely featured. What a pity that these great men couldn't sit in with various groups. The Mary Lou Williams and Earl Hines trios would have been ideal settings for impromptu jamming.

And I must confess that I felt let down by the lack of explanatory continuity concerning who stemmed from whom on trumpet, such as from Louis to Red (or myself) and from Roy Eldridge (who mysteriously did not appear) to Dizzy, on to Miles Davis (whom we also missed because of his doctor's orders). This sort of chronicling, with all of the innovators present, could very well have created history, and I cannot understand why someone did not think of doing it.

Perhaps this is a project that some enterprising phonograph company will do in the future. If so, I suggest that time is of the essence because the line of the original creators grows thinner. In any case, the lack of follow-through on the historical idea must be considered unfortunate, for at least two-thirds of the creative forces in the entire development of the instrument were at hand.

Someone missed a golden opportunity to present in chronological sequence the complete spectrum of trumpet playing from the early 1920s up to the present.

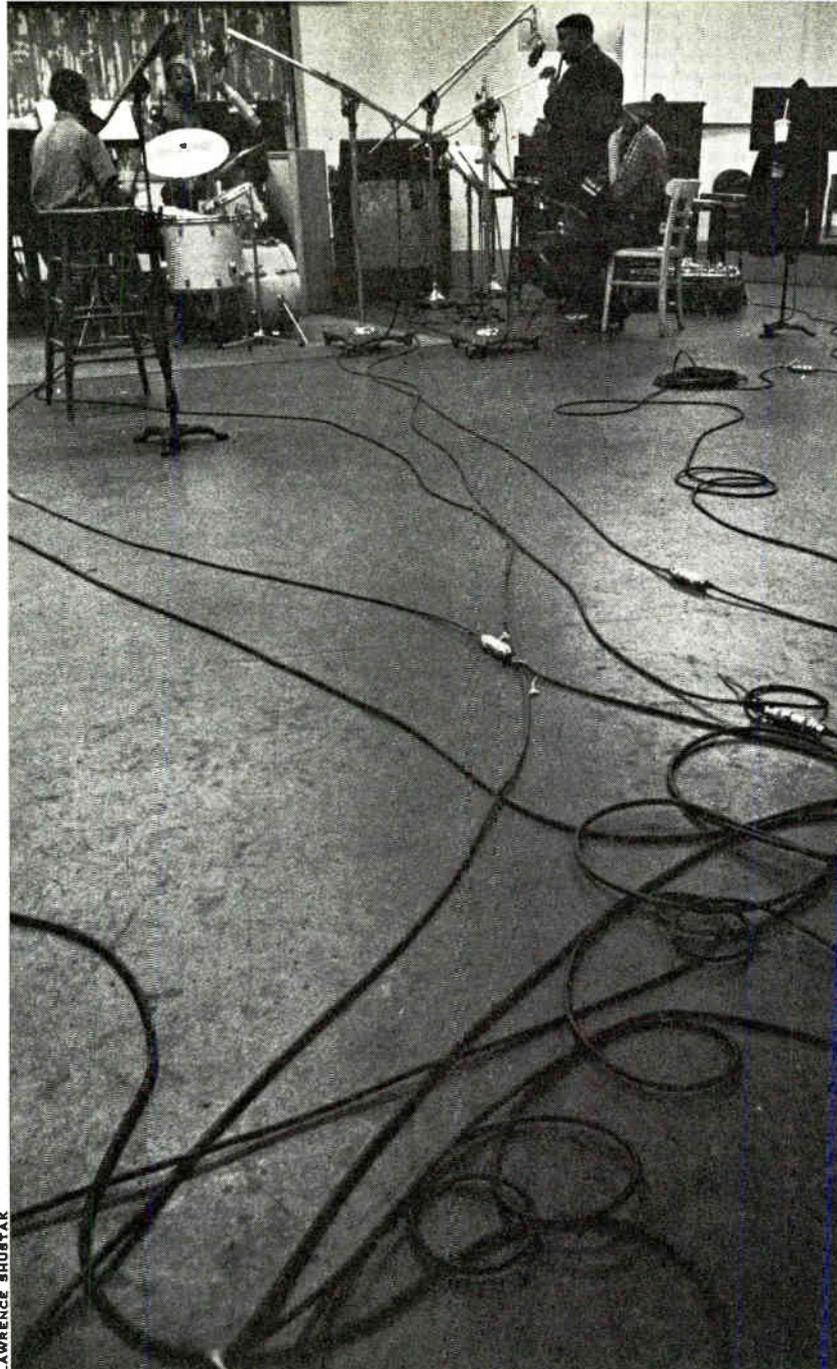
Nevertheless, despite these few flaws, Monterey '65 was great. The crowds loved all the music, and every group was well received. Certainly, the musicians enjoyed playing in this receptive atmosphere, and without question, the festival was a financial success.

Monterey again proved to be the magnet that draws vast throngs of the faithful, a conglomerate of all races, colors, and strata of our society. I personally was intrigued by observing this collection of homo sapiens—everybody was represented, with the possible exception of Eskimos and Fiji Islanders.

Another rewarding aspect, which enhanced the scene, was the ever-present camaraderie. It was as if all of man's stupid prejudices, snobbism, and selfishness also were taking a holiday under the carnival spell. As far as I could see, there was a complete absence of the usual pushing, hurrah-for-me-and-the-hell-with-you attitude. Everything seemed to be shared—cigaretts, bottles, sandwiches. I am sure that some of our prejudiced citizens would have had apoplexy over the sight of so many racially mixed couples. This was democracy in action, and it was indeed refreshing.

I am looking forward to returning to Monterey and other festivals in the future. The atmosphere is conducive to the best efforts of our best jazzmen. As the talented bassist, Red Callender (who was at Monterey as a jazz buff, not a performer this year) remarked to me, "Where else could you hear so much great music in three days?"



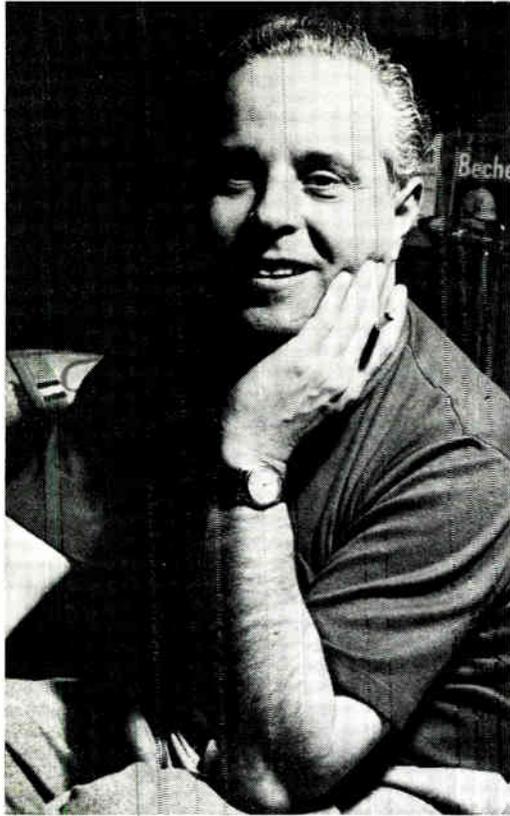


LAWRENCE SHUSTAK

# THE JAZZ RECORD SCENE

By NAT HENTOFF

**W**HEN I WAS 13 in Boston, the release of a new Blue Note recording—or a new Billie Holiday Vocalion—was a major event in my life. The Blue Notes, as I remember, cost \$1.50. The Vocalions were less formidable—three for \$1. I was making 50 cents an hour on a fruit wagon for a time and then took a cut to work indoors in a candy store. So money was tight; but for a new jazz



Alfred Lion

record, all other priorities faded.

These days I no longer am seized by so irresistible a sense of expectation when new releases arrive.

Most of the reasons are obvious. Jazz issues, once a scarcity, now abound. The majority of them, moreover, seldom mesmerize me after a few playings, and, in fact, too many reveal their superficiality before the first side is over. And yet, once in a while, I still get that feeling that all else must stop until a new record is heard. But need that feeling be so rare?

I suppose that inevitably, with jazz produced in considerable quantity, it is ingenuous to expect a high level of musical consistency. Why expect more of jazzmen and record producers than one does of actors and directors, novelists and publishers, painters and galleries? Lasting art just doesn't happen that often. And particularly in jazz, when much depends on how an improviser feels on a given day as well as on the conditions in the studio (a novelist, after all, can rewrite almost indefinitely), perhaps we ought to be grateful that we get as much of substance as we do.

But I'm not so ready to let the companies off the hook. The generally transient nature of most jazz recordings need not be inevitable, even considering the imperatives of the market place.

Take Blue Note, for example. Not all the productions of Alfred Lion and Francis Wolff are monuments of our jazz time, but a remarkably high percentage of their releases are durable. One factor is that Blue Note is only concerned with jazz. The firm either makes it or goes broke on jazz alone. It has no cushions of pop hit singles or a reliable classical catalog. But other labels committed only to jazz have disappeared or have lost much of their allure for the inveterate collector. So the answer to Blue Note's continuing value must be more complex.

I expect at base the answer is that Lion has retained his own passion for the music and, just as basically, has continued listening to new voices. For 25 years, Lion has had that capacity to listen ahead while keeping attuned

to what's happening now. My first Blue Note records were by Frankie Newton and Sidney Bechet, but soon Lion was introducing me to Thelonious Monk, Bud Powell, and Fats Navarro.

Similarly now, while Blue Note continues to put out straightaway swingers (Horace Silver, Stanley Turrentine, Freddie Roach), it has gradually and carefully brought in the new jazz—Tony Williams, Sam Rivers, Bobby Hutcherson, Grachan Moncur III, the new Jackie McLean, Andrew Hill. And Lion is hip enough to recognize that there are times when the oncoming generation needs a lot of space. Accordingly, a number of records have quasi-suites taking up a whole side and other long pieces that few jazz disc jockeys will chance.

Lion is, as always, building for the future in at least part of his catalog, and that's a reason why Blue Note not only endures but also has for me much of the magic of the unpredictable that first drew me into jazz listening. Lion knows how to listen, and he's not afraid of gambling.

Another valuable jazz a&r man is Impulse's Bob Thiele. He has a problem with which Lion is not afflicted. Impulse is part of ABC-Paramount, and no large label countenances for long experimentation that doesn't pay off. So Thiele has to be somewhat more cautious than Lion in how he balances his releases. Yet Impulse's standards are, for the most part, quite high and, as in the case of Blue Note, the engineering is astute and the packaging is expert without being gimmicky.

Thiele has not yet taken as many chances with advanced jazz as has Lion, but he has recorded Archie Shepp and given John Coltrane the fullest possible scope. Moreover, Thiele has taken a chance on swing-era music—one of the very few a&r men to fill at least partially the huge vacuum left in this area by the departure from recording of Norman Granz. One can hear Johnny Hodges, Ben Webster, Lawrence Brown, and Lionel Hampton (in optimum context) on Impulse.

After Lion and Thiele, the level of consistency among the all-jazz labels drops considerably.

Lester Koenig at Contemporary used to be a source of the unexpected. Not all his releases have endured, by any means, but all were prepared with unusual thoughtfulness and with unusual concern for the sensitivities of the musicians involved. Nowadays, however, very little appears to be happening at Contemporary.

Dick Bock is more active with Pacific Jazz—now part of the Liberty records complex—but for some years, Bock, with a few exceptions, has not sustained the inventiveness that characterized the early years of Pacific Jazz. I am grateful to him for releasing a superior series of Indian music on World Pacific, but I cannot get a clear idea of what's happening of value on the West Coast from his current jazz releases.

Jack Tracy is now also based in Los Angeles, although recording sessions for Limelight, the all-jazz label in the Philips hierarchy for which he is a&r director, take place all over the country.

Limelight's packaging is certainly fresh in conception, but too often the music inside is less beguiling than the cut-outs and the color combinations of the trappings. There have, however, been some musical successes—with, among others, Dizzy Gillespie and Roland Kirk. It's a young label and is improving so that it may well become an important force in jazz this year.



Brad McCuen



John Hammond



Bob Thiele

In the Midwest, Argo (now Cadet) has few surprises. The playing and arranging are usually on a professional enough level, but that extra thrust of imagination separating the ordinary album from one that never gets dusty is seldom present. I expect that what is being released these days on Pete Welding's Testament label and to a lesser extent on Bob Koester's Delmark will last much longer than most of the Argo-Cadet product so far.

In the East, Prestige is going through a period of little risk-taking. There have been some blazing releases by Booker Ervin, intriguing piano work by Jaki Byard, and reissues of those major figures whom Prestige was among the first to record in the 1950s. But the aura of adventure that used to pervade new Prestige releases is now largely gone.

An entity unto itself is Bernard Stollman's ESP-Disk operation in New York. Devoted entirely to the rising jazz generation (some of whom prefer not to call themselves jazzmen), his small but growing catalog is one of the very few ways—especially if the listener doesn't live in New York City—to get some idea of what's under way among the avant-garde. I would wish that some of the liner notes were more expository and analytical, but there is no question that Stollman is performing a valuable function.

AS FOR THE BIG LABELS, RCA Victor has only an intermittent program of recording current jazz. To be sure, Brad McCuen's Vintage reissue program is a major contribution, but obviously Victor feels only the most minimal responsibility to document the current scene.

Admittedly, a company as large as Victor has a formidable overhead, and sales of the average jazz record are simply not enough to ignite the zeal of Victor's salesmen. But just as NBC-TV, let us say, devotes some of its expensive time (albeit in Saturday and Sunday afternoon low-viewing periods) to programs that don't pay their way, a colossus like RCA Victor might be expected to be more involved in jazz than simply culling through its past achievements for its Vintage series.

Columbia stays largely with its established luminaries—Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, Dave Brubeck. I wonder if a Denny Zeitlin would be recorded or a John Handy signed if John Hammond were not an executive of the company. Hammond keeps listening and keeps trying, but except for his efforts, Columbia doesn't do nearly as much as it could with jazz. CBS, too, after all, keeps some of its television time open for minority audiences. Credit must also be given at the record company to Frank Driggs and to Hammond for their ambitious, scrupulously documented reissues. But 20 years from now, how much will Columbia—and particularly Victor—have to reissue from what's being created now?

Capitol—except for an aberrant period in the 1940s (Lennie Tristano, Miles Davis)—never has been seriously involved with jazz. Occasionally these days a Billy Taylor or Junior Mance will be slickly packaged, but there is no continuum of resourceful, wide-ranged, basic jazz recording activity.

Verve veers from commercialism to a few attempts (Gil Evans) to produce jazz sets that will last beyond the changing of the *Billboard* charts. As mentioned, Norman Granz' attempts to preserve the work of major swing-era figures has been virtually abandoned, and hardly any of the jazz that will dominate the next decade is being recorded by the label.

Once in a while, Creed Taylor indicates his capacity, as in the superior Kenny Burrell set, *Guitar Forms*, but with MGM as boss, most of the effort at Verve goes toward making very sure the books show a profit. Perhaps with Mort Nasatir now in charge of the parent operation, Taylor will be encouraged to be more venturesome.

At Atlantic, adventure is also much less in evidence

Richard Bock



than when Nesuhi Ertegun started that label's jazz line. There are still important releases—the Art Farmer series, some of the Modern Jazz Quartet—but the percentage of probable durability is not high.

Fantasy has appeared only peripherally interested in jazz in recent years. Its U.S. release of a Danish-recorded Cecil Taylor album was welcome, but who is recording Taylor in this country?

With regard to other labels, Warner Bros., United Artists, and Roulette have occasionally tried a jazz division, but all three have abandoned the field. Savoy surprises now and then with a Bill Dixon or Paul Bley set, but one wonders why the label records jazz since it is so secretive about its infrequent jazz activity. If one doesn't look closely at Schwann or at the record reviews in *Down Beat*, the Savoy's will slip past.

**A**S A WHOLE, the jazz-record scene, as 1966 begins, is relatively bleak. I don't anticipate basic improvement for some time to come. What finally has to be faced is that jazz is indeed a music for a minority audience; and the way the music is going, this will continue to be the jazz reality.

Many record companies were self-deceived during the mid-'50s into a belief that jazz was becoming what the salesmen call a fast-moving item. Dave Brubeck appeared on the cover of *Time* and appeared in ads for cosmetics. Much was written—in all manner of places—about the "West Coast jazz" phenomenon that soon plummeted into oblivion. And there were other seeming auguries—the mythology of Bird, the roaring back to prominence of the brass-proud Basie band, the temporary "status" symbols accruing to jazz as a result of State Department tours by jazzmen.

All this aura of an "in" music for those of the young middle class who wanted to be at least hep, if not hip, brought to jazz recording activity a temporary affluence. But many of the status-seekers fell away, and what is largely left is a basic core of partisans.

Admittedly, as the population increases, the numbers—though not necessarily the proportion—of habituated jazz record buyers will increase. The same has happened with sales of chamber-music recordings, for instance. But I see little hope that these numbers will ever be large enough to re-create that flood of jazz releases from a myriad of hungry and hopeful labels in the '50s.

In one sense, that's all to the good. I think, in sum, that we're coming to the end of the largely indiscriminate release of jazz albums. Some of it will continue, but fewer and fewer companies and a&r men are going to hover over the jazz scene in the expectation of making a big quick buck.

What will be left, therefore, are those labels and a&r men who are in jazz to stay. The Lions, the Thieles, the Hammonds.

Perhaps a few new brave labels will start up with low overhead, a modest release schedule, and the recognition that survival will depend on intensive care in production and on the building of a catalog geared to longevity.

There also may be different merchandising devices. I don't know how it's going now, but Charles Mingus' attempt last year to sell his Monterey festival performance by direct mail started off encouragingly. For many

reasons, it's unfortunate that the Jazz Composers Guild dissolved, but it may be possible for another grouping of the jazz expanders to set up a co-operative that would, among other projects, sell a subscription series of records (with alternate choices) by mail. Such a co-op would have to start with enough capital to hire a professional manager skilled in business mechanics. But if the right mailing lists were obtained and if enough judicious advertising were placed, it could be feasible to keep that kind of co-op label alive on the basis of a few thousand sales annually for each release. Attempts would also have to be made to enlist as subscribers libraries and college and high-school music departments. Certainly any musicians starting such an enterprise ought to consult on this score with Moses Asch of Folkways, who has become expert in adding libraries and music departments to his list of customers.

**I**N THE FUTURE, then, I expect we will witness the continued existence of a nucleus of small labels, either in the conventional way of distributing (Blue Note) or through new methods of marketing.

I am not sanguine that any of the major labels will feel impelled to set up a cohesive, long-range jazz program, aside from reissues. But it's always possible that the jazz equivalent of a Goddard Lieberman may take over one of the majors and simply set aside—as Lieberman did for a time for contemporary American classical music—a sum for jazz with no expectation that the project will pay its way. However, this quality of artistic responsibility in a commercial enterprise is always accidental, so no one ought to depend on such an eventuality. Least of all, musicians.

Jazz has gone the full route from folk to art music. In between there were periods of varying degrees of commercial appeal. It's always likely that in the years to come, there will be brief mirages indicating that jazz has transcended its core of listeners and is reaching the mass. Like bossa nova. But they will be just that—mirages. We will never return to the degree of relative scarcity of jazz releases that marked the 1930s, but the boom is over. And with a comparatively small, non-faddish audience to appeal to, the jazz record producers will have to become more selective and hopefully more daring in the sense that the music itself will be the basic criterion for release—not slogans or fashionable categories or *Billboard* and *Cash Box* trends.

I suppose I ought to emphasize that I do not welcome the probable fact that jazz will continue to be a music for a minority. I wish indeed that Cecil Taylor or George Russell could take over *The Ed Sullivan Show*. But I try to be an idealist without illusions. There are simply no indications that the mass of Americans, or the mass of any country, are going to find jazz irresistible—particularly in view of the increasing challenges of the music.

Accepting that reality, I can find at least one benefit—a diminution of mediocre jazz recordings.

It's going to be harder for a jazz record line to make it, just as it's going to be harder for jazz musicians. But I am not in the least pessimistic about the music surviving. The dross is being pared away, and we are coming back to the basics—musicians with something irrepressible to say and listeners in whose lives jazz plays a *major* restorative and self-revealing role. 

Stanley Dance Takes A Long, Hard Look At Jazz Recording, Past And Present

# GOLDEN GROOVES

**T**HE PHONOGRAPH RECORD and jazz have a special relationship, the former being the most trustworthy chronicler of achievement in the latter. The first golden age of the record seems to have started in 1912, when the industry began to abandon cylinders in favor of discs. The industry took in \$106,000,000 by 1921, a heady total that embraced a few of the early jazz records. Then radio came on the scene, followed soon by the depression and a continuing decline in record sales until the nadir of \$6,000,000 was hit in 1933.

It was five years later, the Record Industry Association of America says, that things began to pick up again. And they picked up and up until in 1964 sales of records showed an income of \$693,000,000.

What was new so far as jazz was concerned, was the form the records had taken—long-play and microgroove. This had led to recording sessions in which all too frequently a lot of playing filled a lot of record space but nothing too much was happening musically.

It is arguable now whether the 12-inch LP, which has become the standard form for recorded jazz presentation, is as advantageous to the music as it first appeared to be.

Not that records ever have adequately mirrored the jazz scene. Jazz certainly existed before 1917, when the Original Dixieland Jass Band, Wilbur Sweatman's Jazz Band, and Dabney's Band recorded numbers like *Darktown Strutters' Ball*, *Indiana*, and *Joe Turner Blues*. But the record itself was still much of a novelty in the early years of the century, so there was less incentive for the companies to go into the byways to search for novel musical styles. Record companies could and did further the renown of established artists, but they were not yet at the point where they could manufacture reputations and trends, as they can now. They primarily reproduced what was already popular in cabarets and dance halls, in the musical theater and vaudeville, in the concert auditorium and the opera house.

But jazz was well attuned to the mood of the land in the years following World War I, although it did not enjoy widespread success in its pure form. Instead, it was almost instantly corrupted. To the mass mind, barnyard humors and comic devices were most representative of jazz, and these were incorporated into the humdrum dance

music of bands that played programs of waltzes, tangos, foxtrots, and one-steps.

Though the connection between jazz and dancing has all but evaporated since World War II, it was a connection of real importance in the '20s and '30s. Then, as now, the phonograph was often esteemed because it enabled people to dance when they pleased.

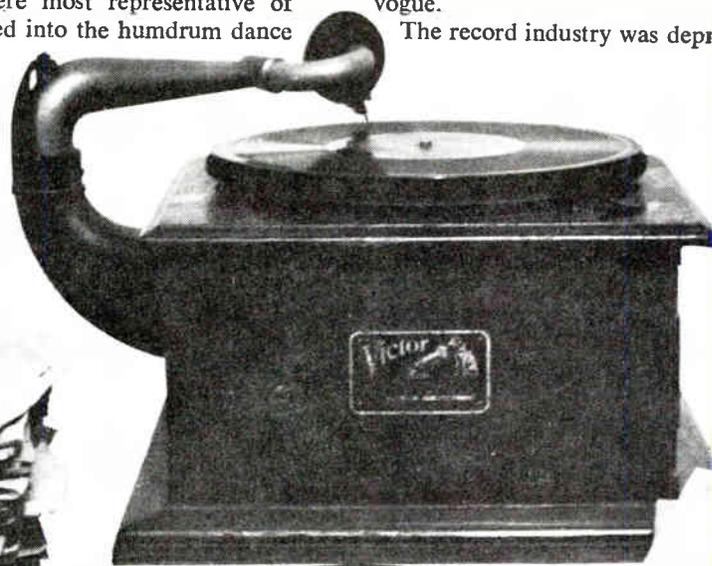
**T**HE SWING ERA was a dancing era and a boon to record companies, but prior to its arrival, and through the depression years, a surprisingly large number of jazz records was issued. Among the best customers were the members themselves of the dance bands, this applying abroad as well as in the United States (when Duke Ellington played a special concert in London in 1933, more than half the audience that packed the huge Trocadero cinema was reckoned to consist of musicians). During those difficult times, the thinking of the record companies was inevitably governed by the desirability of a quick cash return. Philanthropy and posterity's welfare were not their concern, so that the fairly adequate documentation of jazz development afforded by records is essentially due to the continuing existence and enthusiasm of a small hard core of record buyers—professional and semiprofessional musicians and fans.

The swing era was primarily a nationwide extension of the kind of music played by Negro bands in Negro communities. (Its counterpart today is a worldwide extension of Chicago blues and rhythm-and-blues idioms, with the musical imitation and aping of Negro-originated dance steps similarly involved.)

The in-person appearances of name bands across the country, together with reasonable admission prices and opportunities to make comparisons, developed a taste for jazz and, simultaneously, a bigger audience with a bigger appetite. Nor was this appetite confined to big bands. What is often forgotten is the popularity enjoyed by small groups like Fats Waller's, Stuff Smith's, Wingy Manone's, John Kirby's, and those that turned New York City's 52nd St. into Swing Street. The underground music that musicians had longed to play, as they went through the motions on waltzes and pop songs, was suddenly, miraculously, in vogue.

The record industry was deprived of production material

PETE WELDING



by World War II and of artists by union recording bans.

Its astonishing comeback—before the advent of LPs—never has been adequately explained, but come back it did.

Specialist labels like Commodore, Blue Note, Keynote, Signature, H.R.S. (Hot Record Society), and Solo Art supplemented the activities of the major companies, and together they reflected a period of flux and change that was apparently healthy despite the waning fortunes of the big bands. Never before had jazz records been issued at such a pace.

Television, that time-consuming competitor, at first seemed to pose a bigger threat than radio had been, but record sales actually accelerated with the arrival of, first, microgroove and then stereo, accompanied as they were by the vast promotional campaigns of hi-fi and components manufacturers.

**T**APE AND THE LP permitted a new dimension to recorded improvisation. At last, it was recognized, the conditions of the jam session could be realized on record. The equivalents of the jam session's musical peaks did appear in some cases, but with them came the jam session's periods of tedium. In person, the tedious was nearly always erased from the mind by subsequent triumphs, and there were, besides, visual and atmospheric distractions. On record, unfortunately, the position of the triumph is established in the mind after one playing, and so are the long grooves of artistic barrenness that merit neither repetition nor preservation.

The mutual potential of jazz performance and the LP was quickly grasped, however. The rarely exceeded three-minute form, which had been determined by the dancers as well as by the limits of the 78-rpm record, was now ignored except when the needs of disc jockeys were considered important.

Several superior studio jam sessions under Buck Clayton's name were supervised for Columbia by John Hammond and George Avakian. On Decca, Bob Shad's *Jazz Studio* featured Joe Newman, Hank Jones, Paul Quinichette, Frank Foster, and Bennie Green in somewhat similar circumstances. Norman Granz' *Jazz at the Philharmonic* series, although marred by frantic tendencies derived from public exhibition, offered great names in contexts where the competitive spirit prevailed. Selection and tape editing gradually became less judicious, and later blowing sessions tended more and more to the overexposure of limited talents seeking to fill the long reaches of the LP.

From the record company's point of view, the blowing sessions have economic advantages. Many jazz albums that result from them are made at a "double date," which is to say at two sessions, with a brief interval in between. The musicians' union allows 15 minutes of music to be released on record from a three-hour session—or on payment of scale charges appropriate to that time—and five minutes from a half-hour of overtime at double scale. Some albums are completed in less than six hours, with a consequent saving in studio costs.

The bigger the artist's reputation, however, the more time and sessions are likely to be devoted to the preparation of his album. The product that results may have a better chance of selling, but, as a rule, the additional cost adds to the front money that must be collected before the artist begins receiving royalties. Since there are seldom any rehearsals, the group that works together regularly has a distinct advantage. A further result of these conditions is the frequent appearance of the same dependable—although not necessarily inspired—musicians on record after record. The typical big studio band in New York is very good indeed, but it is for this reason that it always sounds the same.

The almost wholly improvised session has become more common, not because better music is achieved, but because any kind of sketch or arrangement consumes time in the studio. (The faded ending is popular because it, too, saves time.) Apart from musician costs, this also accounts for the great number of trios, quartets, and quintets on jazz albums: they are so much easier—and less expensive—to record, and those that find some kind of fame via records take the recording practices and uninspired solos of the studio into the clubs.

Another development in connection with the 12-inch LP—and an inexplicable one—is the overproduction of albums as showcases for individual talents. A three-minute record devoted to the virtuosity of a Louis Armstrong, a Coleman Hawkins, a Sidney Bechet, or a Johnny Hodges was understandable, but a record of 40 minutes' duration, on which every solo is played by a musician quite likely possessing little comparable skill or imagination is at least puzzling.

The 45-rpm extended-play disc, despite demand from jukebox operators, is now a rarity. Its return to popularity could be a boon to jazz, involving both a return to the single session and the building of LPs in three stages. A record with a performance of six or seven minutes on each side could be attractive, but the few jazz singles now released are usually rather unprepossessing, since more often than not they are abbreviations of LP performances.

In the days of 78s, the average jazz musician played solos of eight, 12, or 16 bars, but today he thinks nothing of playing as many choruses. Concise, pithy utterance has given way to meandering verbosity. Technically, the newcomers may be more advanced, but they do not necessarily have more of import to say.

Prior to the LP, the normal session resulted in four 78-rpm sides, or about 12 minutes of music. And even in the case of the more popular artists, there was generally a month between sessions. During this period, new musical experiences resulted in fresh ideas and, therefore, in different approaches and moods between one session and another. This is not the case now with the economical, all-in-one-day LP. Moreover, the majority of recording jazz groups in the past worked together regularly, which gave them opportunities for trying out new material before taking it into the studio. Today, "workshop" and "experimental" are often euphemisms for "rehearsal" and "unprepared," and comparisons with the past are by no means always favorable.

**A**S THE HISTORY of jazz on records lengthens, the question of reissues becomes a more and more vexing one. The classics, it is felt, should be constantly available, as are the classics of literature. Yet the jazz audience has so far been too small and too fickle to support any comprehensive scheme. There are obvious favorites like Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Billie Holiday, Jelly Roll Morton, Count Basie, Sidney Bechet, and Fats Waller, but how much beyond them the companies can afford to go is open to conjecture.

Eventually, perhaps, there may be a joint venture on the part of several labels, working in association, as do record clubs now. Before World War II, record "societies" were successful in producing specialist material from the classical repertoire that could not command a place in the general catalog. Something conducted on similar lines, on a subscription basis providing estimates before pressing, or even using the methods of the book and record clubs, might assure greater access to the riches of the jazz past than the sporadic activities of bootleggers could ever do.

Everyone in charge of reissue programs ultimately has to face the figures of inventory clerks and accountants,



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but plans are nonetheless afoot that should make 1966 a gratifying year for the nostalgic and historically minded.

Frank Driggs, who supervises Columbia's jazz reissues, has four three-record sets scheduled for early release: *The Ellington Era, Vol. II*, *Billie Holiday, Vol. II*, *Ethel Waters*, and *The Sound of the '30s*. At RCA Victor, Mike Lipskin will continue the Vintage Series, so successfully launched by Brad McCuen. His immediate plans call for an album devoted to Don Redman and more by Ellington, Bechet, Morton, and Waller. Milt Gabler, whose compilation of sets by Count Basie, Jack Teagarden, and the Savoy Sultans drew almost unanimous praise, also has long-term plans for the great material available to Decca by Fletcher Henderson, Ellington, Jimmie Lunceford, Armstrong, Chick Webb, and others.

All three programs are in the hands of jazz enthusiasts, whose selections and decisions are made only after long, serious consideration. Critics who care deeply, however, often appear more concerned with the omission of personal favorites than with what is included in a reissued collection.

Here again, the question of who buys the record arises, for the reissue must justify itself with sales in the same way as a new album. The critic, of course, is concerned with art and not with commerce, whereas the record company executive—hopefully—is concerned with both.

The maintenance of high standards in reissue programs is of great importance, for these records can be used as measuring sticks for an artist's contemporary achievements. It must be remembered, however, that it is easy to take the cream off an artist's output of several years and present a collection superior to what he could produce in the course of a single afternoon. The excellence of many reissues in the last year ought, in fact, to have resulted in a more critical appraisal of current output, but such has not been the case.

**I**NCLUDING REISSUES, some blues albums, and a few peripheral Brazilian infusions, a recently compiled list showed that there were, by rough count, more than 600 albums of jazz interest issued in the United States last year. The number indicates, perhaps, the scope of jazz—or the breadth of meaning now attached to the word—and it certainly presumes a sizable audience.

Given the poor attendance in night clubs, this quantity of jazz albums suggests that the audience now prefers the comforts of home to adventures in the night. It also denotes the power and importance assumed by the phonograph record in the jazz world today. In effect, roles have been reversed: the record makes the reputation that wins in-person engagements, whereas public triumphs formerly led to studio engagements.

A more significant factor made evident by that list of 600 records was not the quantity but the quality. The quality, as anyone familiar with a wide sampling of it would agree, was appalling. The percentage of new material that would ever merit reissue was small. But, some will say, it was aimed at a broader market than ever before, at a market with a greater variety of tastes. Yet when several different jazz enthusiasts were shown the list and asked how many of those albums they would like to own, the lukewarm responses usually indicated a number between 30 and 50 but never more than 60.

Sales figures can be appalling too. Rubbish often sells while carefully produced sets languish. Faced with the increasingly diversified tastes of the jazz public, the a&r man is influenced by sales charts, the reports of distributors and salesmen, and the need to come up with "something new." A pathetic faith in the virtue of the new often replaces belief in quality. Imitation of other companies'

successful formulas and blind attempts to luck up on a hit are responsible for many albums that have no more chance than they have justification. The reviews by critics, however important in the long run, have less effect under these conditions than the disc jockeys' plugs and repetitions.

Despite misgivings about tendencies in jazz recording, it is necessary to realize that it is, for the most part, in the hands of experienced men. That they must at times submerge their own taste, or even sacrifice it on the altar of ambition, goes without saying, but it is significant that nearly all of them have a background involving real service of some kind to the cause of jazz. The more prominent, John Hammond, Milt Gabler, Bob Thiele, Brad McCuen, Creed Taylor, George Avakian, Nesuhi Ertegun, Alfred Lion, Teo Macero, Frank Driggs, Bob Shad, Jack Tracy, Esmond Edwards, and Bob Weinstock, are as well equipped as the average jazz critic to judge what is or is not a good jazz record, but though they have more power, they do not have the critic's freedom, for the money they spend on recording is rarely their own.

They know that in the record market, the jazz album competes not only with others of its kind but with other kinds of music too. Attractive packaging is thus of more importance than many jazz fans realize. The lavish double folds adopted by, first, Impulse and then Verve, the expensive books in the Columbia boxes, and Lime-light's titillating peep shows are all fundamentally aimed at selling jazz.

Necessary and even desirable though such artifacts are, there still is, in the name of jazz, the expensive production, by big, vulgar ensembles, of records that are "camp" before they are released, and there is the assiduous creation and promotion of artificial celebrities. Simultaneously, the studio doors are closed to some of the greatest talents in the profession, and, on those occasions when they are grudgingly opened, they often admit these talents to inappropriate material and incompatible companions.

But records by these great talents don't sell, the record company officials insist.

Is this the truth, or only an excuse? If true, is there a solution to the problem?

The danger exists that when nostalgia has brewed long enough, there will be a vogue for recording musicians past their best or who were second-rate in their prime. Those expense-account expeditions to New Orleans were doubtless made with noble sentiments, but they were too late, much too late. The masters of the idiom were either dead or scattered across two continents. But in New York today there are hundreds of frustrated musicians whose fault is not rawness or inability—but maturity. Technically able, they are deprived of the opportunities to express themselves in person or on record in the idiom they know best. Years go by—with their occasional weekend gigs and rock-and-roll dates—and soon it will be too late for them too.

A newspaper headline last October said "\$85 Million Grant for 50 Symphonies." The Ford Foundation was helping sick symphony orchestras with a generous hand.

If jazz is, as all seem convinced, a truly American art, now would be the time for such a philanthropic organization to subsidize it. One of the best methods would be a huge recording scheme that would document the art thoroughly, would permit musicians to record what *they* wished, seriously, without consideration as to whether the records sold or not. Then the true potential of jazzmen today, in all their variety, would be realized for posterity in a fashion that is impossible under the current conditions of competitive trading.

A dream? It would require but a few of those millions to make it true.



# DISCOGRAPHY—THE THANKLESS SCIENCE

By DAN MORGENSTERN

**T**ODAY'S JAZZ RECORD buyer, accustomed to finding full personnel listings and recording details neatly laid out on the cover of most LP jackets, and taking the availability of such information so much for granted that he is likely to complain when it isn't furnished, can hardly be expected to consider the problems that confronted his much harder predecessors.

Nonetheless—and especially if he collects reissues of historic recordings—he is the beneficiary of that unsung breed of researchers and enthusiasts who practice the science of discography.

Current editions of the better dictionaries define discography as “a descriptive, classified catalog or listing of phonograph records, usually including dates, and names of performers,” which is neat and accurate enough, but as little as 10 years ago, the world could not be found even in the most complete versions of Webster's big, fat *International Dictionary*.

No discographer ever has received a foundation grant, even the tiniest one, though researchers in the most obscure cracks and crevices of esoterica, such as the correspondence of a fourth-rate 19th-century poet, or the travels of a long-forgotten mannerist painter, regularly are awarded financial assistance.

Though a considerable literature has developed in the field of jazz discography since Hilton Schleman published his *Rhythm on Records* in 1936, few works in this genre have sold well enough to be published by commercial houses. Generally, after years of unpaid work in his spare time, the author has to publish his book privately, and he is fortunate if he is able to recover the printing and distributing costs.

At this point, the reader might well ask: What of it? Is discographical research really of any importance? And what could be so difficult and time-consuming about compiling listings of old phonograph records? Why shouldn't this kind of musical book-keeping, as one disparaging critic has called it, be left to those mad enough to plow through dusty piles of 78s and

pore over old record-company ledger files?

The answer is that the tireless and thankless work of the discographers has in fact produced a painstakingly detailed body of factual data that constitutes an invaluable tool to jazz historians and researchers, and which has made it possible for the beginning student of jazz to become, in a short time, as well informed about who played what chorus on an important record as the expert of yesterday was after years of devoted studies.

In order to appreciate the achievements of discography in the jazz field, it is necessary to point out that, up to its fairly recent rise to the status of an art, jazz was simply a form of popular entertainment—at least as far as record companies were concerned.

In the early 1920s, when jazz records first were manufactured in sizable quantities, few if any consumers of the product were the least interested in the identity of the musicians in the various bands. In many cases, they were not even interested in the identity of the band, and it was the

general practice of record companies to issue discs under various pseudonyms, which often offered no clues to the artists involved. Another common practice was to lease the masters of such recordings to other companies, which then would issue the record under yet another pseudonym.

The matter was confounded further by the fact that any given pseudonym was often indiscriminately applied to a variety of bands. The discovery, for instance, of a record by the Dixie Daisies that included Jack Teagarden and Benny Goodman in the personnel was no assurance that other records under this band name would be worth acquiring, for they might turn out to be by Fred Hall and His Sugar Babies, a band of decidedly mild jazz interest, or by a truly anonymous studio group of no jazz interest whatsoever.

It is well to bear in mind, too, that the hobby of collecting jazz records was practiced by a mere lunatic fringe of devotees, until the advent of the swing era. There were no stores specializing in this music, and by the time jazz collectors has become an in-group of some size, the records they

The avid collector still uncovers record 'finds' in second-hand stores



PETE WELDING

were after generally could be found only in junk shops, Salvation Army and Goodwill stores, or among old dealer's stock on a back shelf.

It was no trick, of course, to discover an Okeh record by Louis Armstrong and His Hot Five—Armstrong's name was on the label. But things became more complicated when the Armstrong collector listened to a disc by Lill's Hot Shots and found it to be by the Hot Five, recording for the rival Brunswick label. There was some logic to this, since Lillian Hardin was the Hot Five's pianist. But why should Armstrong's Okeh recording of *Ain't Misbehavin'* turn up on Odeon as by Ted Shawn and His Orchestra?

If our collector knew that Fletcher Henderson's orchestra, featuring Louis Armstrong, had recorded *Everybody Loves My Baby*, he could then search for it—and find it—plainly labeled as by Henderson, on the Regal, Banner, Ajax, Apex, or Imperial labels. But he might well pass up the same title on Domino, as by "Hal Whyte's Syncopators," or on Oriole, as by "Sam Hill and His Orchestra," little knowing that these, too, were what he was looking for. Short of listening to the records, his only clue would have been a tiny series of numbers engraved in the shellac near the label.

This so-called master or matrix number was the only constant factor in the puzzling picture confronting the jazz researcher. It not only revealed the origin and, after still more research, the approximate date of the music. Then the even smaller number, letter, or Roman numeral following the master number itself, was found to be the "take" number, making it possible to identify those "alternate takes" that were, and are, the delight of the serious jazz-collecting enthusiast.

**B**UT IT WAS NOT only because of the puzzle of pseudonyms, or the discovery of alternate takes, that discography came into being.

The need for it evolved because the growing interest in the music required some kind of guide to what jazz was available on records.

The catalogs published periodically by record companies were a help, of course, but these did not list discontinued items or give details about personnel other than the leader and, perhaps, the featured vocalist. (The latter, more often than not, was the most uninteresting thing about the record.)

In 1936, when the first well-informed book on jazz published in the United States, Hugues Panassie's *Hot*

*Jazz*, came off the press, the two first jazz discographies saw the light of day.

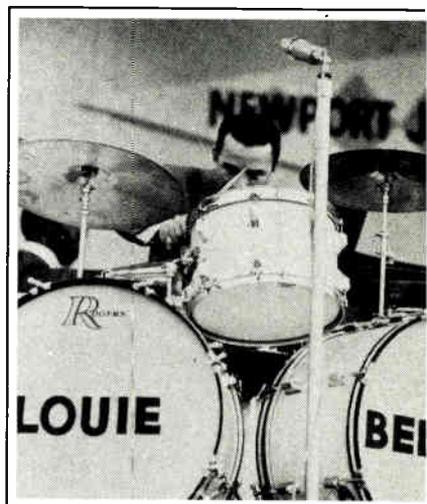
Both were published in Europe, where serious interest in jazz was more widespread than in its homeland. Schleman's *Rhythm on Records*, published by the British music weekly, *Melody Maker*, was the work of a record company publicity man who was the owner of a distinguished jazz collection. It was the pioneer work in the field, but it did not confine itself to jazz, including much material on dance music of the period, and though it gave valuable personnel information, it was not detailed; it simply

listed all the musicians who were known to have worked with a given band. (Schleman, according to Stanley Dance, who assisted in the compilation of the book, was a born collector rather than a jazz enthusiast; after the book was finished, he turned from records to cigaret cards.)

More significant and permanently valuable was a book published later that year in Paris, Charles Delauney's *Hot Discographie*. This was the book on which all future works in the field were to base themselves—the first open sesame to the musical riches preserved in the grooves of jazz phonograph records.

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Delauney, today the editor of France's *Jazz Hot* magazine, was then a gifted young graphic artist and journalist, a close friend of Huguës Panassie, and an avid record collector. His book bore the stamp of his tastes and opinions, for it was arranged according to a plan that served to emphasize the work of artists he considered important. This layout also reflected, in retrospect, the then prevailing view of jazz development.

Rather than a straightforward alphabetical listing by artists, Delauney grouped his material under diverse headings.

The first, "Originators of Hot

Style," included the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, King Oliver, the Wolverines, Doc Cook and His Dreamland Syncopators (an early large band with cornetist Freddie Keppard and clarinetist Jimmie Noone in the personnel), the Bucktown Five (a 1924 recording group including Muggsy Spanier and clarinetist Volly DeFaut), Bix Beiderbecke, Louis Armstrong, and blues singers Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey.

Then came "The Great Soloists," among whom Armstrong and Beiderbecke had primacy. The others were Sidney Bechet, Tommy Ladnier,

Noone, Jimmy Harrison, Jack Teagarden, Earl Hines, Coleman Hawkins, Frank Teschemacher, Fats Waller, and Johnny Hodges—not such a bad list for 1938. (The first edition being exceedingly rare, this summary reflects the second, published two years later.)

The "Prominent Orchestras" section had Fletcher Henderson, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Jimmie Lunceford, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Don Redman, Luis Russell, Mills Blue Rhythm, Jean Goldkette, Paul Whiteman, Ben Pollack, Casa Loma, Benny Goodman, Bob Crosby, and Tommy Dorsey bands. This was followed by a miscellaneous listing, and a listing of "Special Studio Combinations," i.e., recording bands as opposed to regular working units.

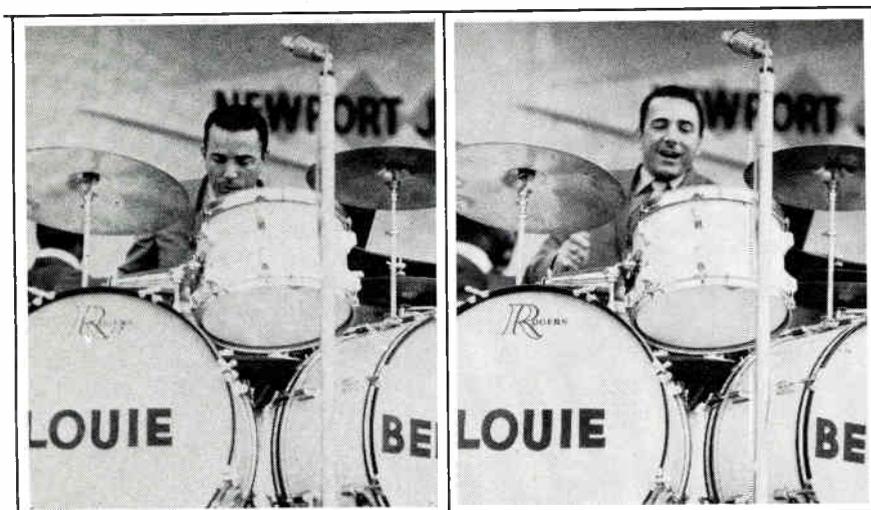
The first edition of this groundbreaking tome had 271 pages. The second had grown to 408, reflecting the tremendous interest stirred up among jazz enthusiasts throughout the world, who sent in additions and corrections, as well as the natural two-year growth in recorded jazz. The first U.S. edition of the book was published in 1943, under the auspices of the Commodore Record Shop.

Delauney had not gone it alone. In the compilation of information, he had consulted and corresponded with numerous collectors and experts and, not least importantly, with as many jazz musicians as he could persuade to help him. Cooperation from record companies was scant; it wasn't until some time later that company files were opened to inspection and then often only grudgingly. (An early, and lasting, exception to this attitude was Columbia's Helene Chmura, a veritable discographer's angel. Special thanks and credit to this helpful woman have been a constant feature of all works in the field.)

Naturally, the margin of error was wide. But an amazing amount of accurate and hitherto unknown information had been unearthed and compiled. Moreover, Delauney's remarkable energy and enthusiasm had fired the interest of other like-minded researchers. Far from being a dry and dusty collection of names, dates, and numbers, the book was found to be a guide to fuller enjoyment and deeper understanding of jazz, in retrospect, a far more substantial contribution to jazz literature than the bulk of critical or historical writing from the period.

Working with facts and figures, the discographer, of course, faces the danger of becoming more interested in dates and numbers than in the substance of his labor, the music. But Delauney was no antiquarian. His

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approach is best reflected in his own words, from the introduction to the 1938 edition:

"Despite the strict aridity of my work, I must confess that, at times, my research was pursued with real passion. . . . I cannot conceive of this work as an immobile mass; it is a new and living substance."

With the swing era in full bloom, "collecting hot" soon became a less esoteric pursuit. *Down Beat* reflected this changing climate when it introduced, in October, 1939, George Hoefer's *Hot Box*, a column devoted to research and discography, which soon became an important medium for contacts and exchange of information. A typical early column, from the issue of Aug. 1, 1940, contains information about the recording career of pianist-composer Richard M. Jones, a reference to the Hal Whyte-Henderson *Everybody Loves My Baby* item, and mention of two avid collectors, John Hammond and George Avakian.

CHARLES DELAUNAY

# DISCOGRAPHY

1938  
EDITION  
REVISED BY DELAUNAY

Edited by  
**JAZZ**  
14, Rue Chapuis, 14  
Paris 9<sup>e</sup>

Corrected and Reprinted  
in The United States of America  
1940

COMMODORE MUSIC SHOP  
46 WEST 52nd STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y., U.S.A.

Title page of the 1940 U.S. edition of Delaunay's *Hot Discography*

**T**HE WAR YEARS disrupted discographical research, which had become a truly international phenomenon. It also had an adverse effect on the future of collecting, since hundreds of thousands of old records were lost in the scrap drives—the shellac contained valuable strategic materials.

Nonetheless, 1942 marked the appearance of an important addition to jazz literature: *The Jazz Record Book*, edited by Charles Edward Smith, with the assistance of Frederic Ramsey Jr., Charles Payne Rogers, and William Russell. It was not, strictly speaking, a discographical work but, rather, a guide to jazz collecting.

Inspired by David Hall's best-selling *Record Book*, a classical guide,

the work contained personnel and catalog numbers of 1,000 carefully selected records, with discussion and analysis of the music, and a 125-page historical survey. The closest thing to a success in jazz book publishing, the work went through six printings and remains readable today.

Though it surveyed the entire field of recorded jazz, the book was marked by the traditionalist orientation of its authors. It was blasted in a *Metro-nome* review by the then influential critic Barry Ulanov, whose most strenuous objection seemed to be that it praised Sidney Bechet and Jelly Roll Morton. It was, however, a child of the times. The blues and boogie-woogie section consisted of 48 pages, while 106 pages were devoted to big-band music.

This book, which greatly helped and stimulated the taste for jazz of many budding enthusiasts, would have been an impossibility without the foundation of discographical research.

The saga continued. The U.S. answer to Delaunay came in 1944 with the publication, once again privately, of Orin Blackstone's *Index to Jazz*, a four-volume alphabetical list ing far more inclusive than the French work.

However, Blackstone listed records in sequence of catalog rather than master numbers, which made for jumbled chronology, and often his personnels were collective rather than individual. A second edition of the work was published in 1947 by *The Record Changer*, the leader in a then growing field of "little" jazz magazines, published by Bill Grauer and edited by Orrin Keepnews.

In the following year, *New Hot Discography*, a revised and greatly expanded U.S. edition of the Delaunay work edited by George Avakian and Walter E. Shaap, made its appearance. It was a departure from the discographical norm in terms of production, being a well-bound and beautifully printed, hard-cover book, published by a major house.

In other respects, it was somewhat of a disappointment to the collecting fraternity. In spite of the obvious advantages of alphabetical listing, as demonstrated by *Index to Jazz*, the new book followed the erratic arrangement of Delaunay's original work and, in fact, compounded the clumsiness of this approach. In addition, a number of important records listed in the previous edition were omitted for no good reason. But in many respects—not the least of which was the complete artist index, down to the lowliest third alto man in an obscure big band—the book marked a step forward.

Interestingly, the critical bias is reflected in the book's layout, which had changed considerably since 1936.

The "Pioneers of Jazz" were now Oliver, Johnny Dodds, Ladnier, Bechet, Noone, Keppard, Kid Ory, Morton, and Armstrong—Dodds, Ory, and Morton had come into their own. The blues singers were still just Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey (blues being the major weak spot in all Delaunay's works), while the bands selected for special treatment had been pared down to Henderson, Ellington, and McKinney's.

The ODJB and the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, once honored as pioneers of jazz, were now relegated to a section headed "Early Dixieland Jazz," in company with obscure white bands of the early '20s. A Chicago section was simply Beiderbecke and Teschemacher, nothing more. New York included Red Nichols, Miff Mole, the Original Memphis Five, and other less-significant artists. And the book's chief weakness, a section headed "Other Early Bands and Musicians," was simply a grab-bag of pre-1930 recording artists. Post-1930 jazz, listed alphabetically, made up the balance of the 608-page tome, which has recently been reprinted in an unchanged edition—an indication of slow but steady demand for its services.

The next step set new standards for the field. This was the publication of the first volume of Dave Carey and Albert McCarthy's long-awaited *Jazz Directory*, in July, 1949. The preface described the work as "presenting the subject more broadly and in a more lucid form than has hitherto been attempted," and that was exactly what it succeeded in doing.

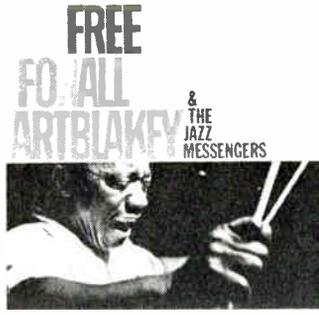
Arranged alphabetically by artist, and chronologically by master numbers within the chapters, including blues and Gospel artists, and employing extremely clear and legible type and intelligent layout, the *Directory* promised to become the definitive reference work so long awaited by serious students of jazz.

Unfortunately, the project so well begun had to be abandoned following the appearance of Vol. 6 in 1957.

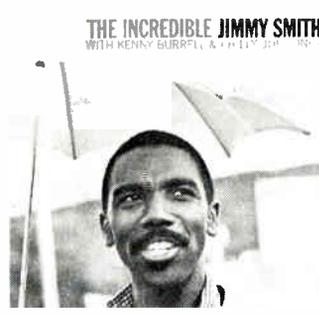
During the eight years of the project's published life, many reversals had been encountered. The publisher had been changed; the response, in terms of sales, had been less than expected; and the workload was staggering. With Vol. 6, the alphabet had been covered, in 1,112 pages, only from A to Lo, and the contemplated seventh volume was to be a revision of Vol. 1 (A-B), so much new mate-  
(Continued on page 104)



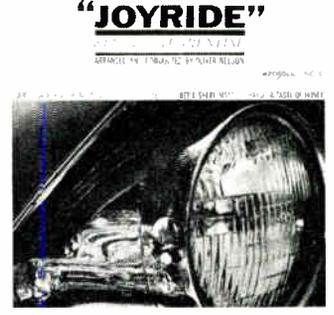
THE HORACE SILVER QUINTET  
SONG FOR MY FATHER BLP 4185



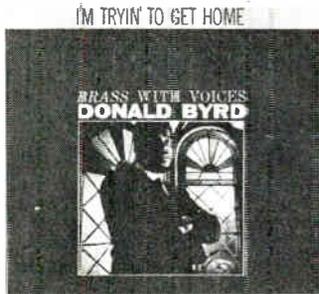
ART BLAKEY & THE  
JAZZ MESSENGERS  
FREE FOR ALL BLP 4170



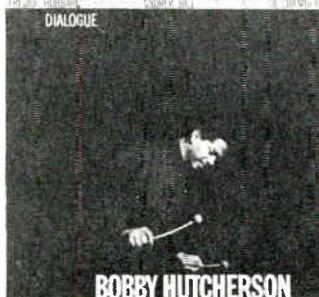
JIMMY SMITH  
SOFTLY AS A SUMMER BREEZE  
BLP 4200



STANLEY TURRENTINE  
JOYRIDE BLP 4201



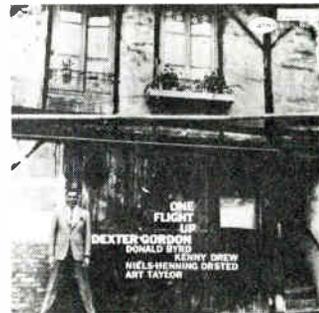
DONALD BYRD  
I'M TRYIN' TO GET HOME  
BLP 4188



BOBBY HUTCHERSON  
DIALOGUE BLP 4198



ANDREW HILL  
POINT OF DEPARTURE BLP 4167



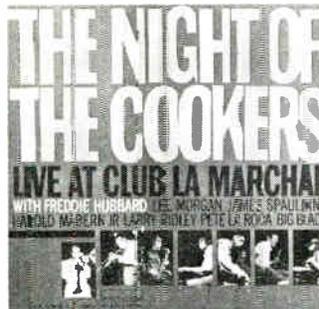
DEXTER GORDON  
ONE FLIGHT UP BLP 4176



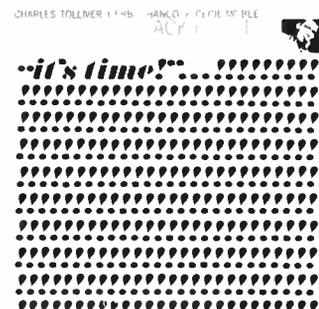
GRANT GREEN  
TALKIN' ABOUT BLP 4183



WAYNE SHORTER  
JU JU BLP 4182



FREDDIE HUBBARD  
THE NIGHT OF THE COOKERS—  
Vol. 1 BLP 4207



JACKIE MCLEAN  
IT'S TIME BLP 4179



JOE HENDERSON  
IN 'N OUT BLP 4166



HANK MOBLEY  
THE TURNAROUND BLP 4186

*The story of jazz is best told by those who love it. The same holds true for good jazz recordings. There must be more to etching a groove than making an impression. There must be feeling and care, warmth and individuality—things that can never come from mass production. We at Blue Note feel it's not how many records we can produce that's important, it's how many good ones. For over 26 years we have encouraged the free spirit of jazz because we are jazz enthusiasts at heart. The list of artists who got their first chance on Blue Note has become a veritable Who's Who of the jazz world. In 1966 you can look to Blue Note again for the newest and most creative sounds in jazz performed by the most talented artists in the field.*

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# THE CREAM OF THE CROP

Following is a list of very good (★★★★) to excellent (★★★★★) records as rated in *Down Beat*, 1965; Re-issues are denoted by an asterisk:

★★★★★

- \*Cannonball Adderley-John Coltrane (Limelight 86009)
- Rev. Robert Ballinger, *Swing Down, Chariot* (Peacock 119)
- Berklee Students, *A Tribute to Oliver Nelson* (Berklee Records)
- \*Chu Berry, *Sittin' In* (Mainstream 56038)
- \*Blind Blake, *Blues in Chicago* (Dutch Fontana 8804)
- Art Blakey, *Free for All* (Blue Note 4170)
- Brasil '65, *In Person at El Matador* (Atlantic 8112)
- Kenny Burrell-Gil Evans, *Guitar Forms* (Verve 6812)
- John Coltrane, *A Love Supreme* (Impulse 77)
- Johnny Dankworth-Cleo Laine, *Shakespeare and All That Jazz* (Fontana 27531)
- Eric Dolphy, *Last Date* (Limelight 82013)
- Duke Ellington, *Ellington '66* (Reprise 6145); \**Jumpin' Punkins* (RCA Victor 517)
- Dizzy Gillespie, *The New Continent* (Limelight 86022)
- \*Coleman Hawkins-Lester Young, *Classic Tenors* (Contact 3)
- Earl Hines, \**The Grand Terrace Band* (RCA Victor 512); *The Real Earl Hines* (Focus 335)
- Art Hodes, *Plain Old Blues* (Emarcy 26005)
- Milt Jackson, *At the Museum of Modern Art* (Limelight 82024)
- Bob James, *Explosions* (ESP 1009)
- Roger Kellaway, *The Trio* (Prestige 7399)
- Roland Kirk, *Rip, Rig, and Panic* (Limelight 82027)
- Rod Levitt, *Insight* (RCA Victor 3372)
- Jackie McLean, *Destination Out* (Blue Note 4165)
- \**Blues Classics by Memphis Minnie* (Blues Classics 1)
- \*Charles Mingus, *Mingus Revisited* (Limelight 86015)
- James Moody, *Cookin' the Blues* (Argo 756)
- \*Jelly Roll Morton (Mainstream 56020)
- Oliver Nelson, *More Blues and the Abstract Truth* (Impulse 75)
- Don Patterson, *Patterson's People* (Prestige 7381)
- \**The World of Charlie Parker* (Roost 2257)
- Jimmy Smith, *Organ Grinder Swing* (Verve 8628)
- \*Various Artists, *Country Blues Classics, Vol. I* (Blues Classics 5)
- \*Various Artists, *The Be-Bop Era*

(RCA Victor 519)

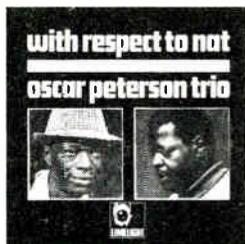
- \*Various Artists, *Honky Tonk Train* (Dutch Fontana/Riverside 8806)
  - Various Artists, *Jazzology Poll Winners, 1964* (Jazz Crusade 2004)
  - Carol Ventura, *Carol!* (Prestige 7358)
  - \*Fats Waller: '34/35 (RCA Victor 516)
  - Rev. Robert Wilkins, *Memphis Gospel Singers* (Piedmont 13162)
  - \**Blues Classics by Sonny Boy Williamson* (Blues Classics 3)
  - Paul Winter, *Rio* (Columbia 2315)
- ★★★★½
- Cannonball Adderley, *Live* (Capitol 2399)
  - Ray Brown-Milt Jackson (Verve 8615)
  - Ray Charles, *Live in Concert* (ABC-Paramount 500)
  - \*Charlie Christian-Dizzy Gillespie-Thelonious Monk, *Jazz Immortals* (Everest 5233)
  - The John Coltrane Quartet Plays* (Impulse 85)
  - \*John Coltrane/Mal Waldron, *Jazz Interplay* (Prestige 7341)
  - Miles Davis, *My Funny Valentine* (Columbia 2306); *E.S.P.* (Columbia 2350)
  - \**The Eric Dolphy Memorial Album* (Vee-Jay 2503)
  - Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Jerome Kern Songbook* (Verve 4060)
  - Benny Goodman, *B.G.—The Small Groups* (RCA Victor 521)
  - \*Wardell Gray, *Memorial Album* (Prestige 7343)
  - Lionel Hampton, *You Better Know It* (Impulse 78)
  - Earl Hines, *Spontaneous Explorations* (Contact 2); *Grand Reunion* (Limelight 82020)
  - Jazz Crusaders, *The Thing* (Pacific Jazz 87)
  - Carmell Jones, *Jay Hawk Talk* (Prestige 7401)
  - Albert Mangelsdorff, *Now Jazz Ram-wong* (Pacific Jazz 10095)
  - Charles Mingus, *Mingus at Monterey* (Charles Mingus 001, 002)
  - Hank Mobley, *The Turnaround* (Blue Note 4186)
  - New York Art Quartet* (ESP 1004)
  - Tony Parenti and His Downtown Boys (Jazzology 11)
  - \*Ma Rainey, *Mother of the Blues, Vol. I* (Dutch Fontana 8807)
  - Lou Rawls, *Nobody But Lou* (Capitol 2273)
  - Archie Shepp, *Four for Trane* (Impulse 77)
  - Staple Singers, *Amen!* (Epic 24132)
  - Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer, *Tonight* (Mainstream 56043)
  - Bobby Timmons, *Workin' Out!* (Prestige 7387)
  - Various Artists, *Charlie Parker 10th*

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LM 82030/LS 86030



LM 82029/LS 86029



LM 82028/LS 86028



LM 82027/LS 86027



LM 82026/LS 86026



LM 82025/LS 86025



LM 82024/LS 86024



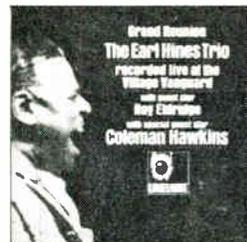
LM 82023/LS 86023



LM 82022/LS 86022



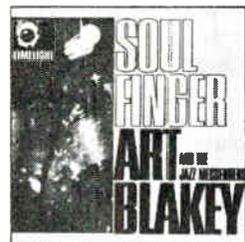
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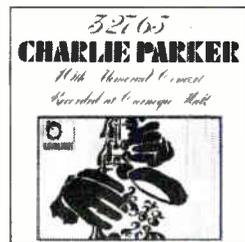
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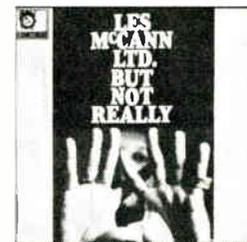
LM 82019/LS 86019



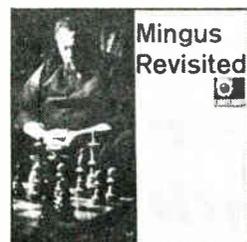
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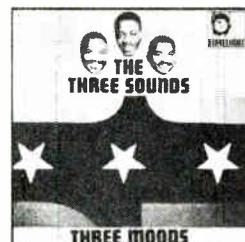
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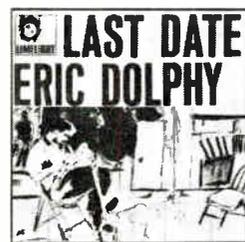
LM 82016/LS 86016



LM 82015/LS 86015



LM 82014/LS 86014



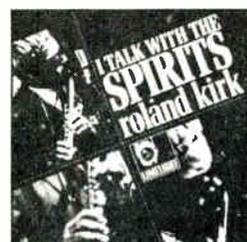
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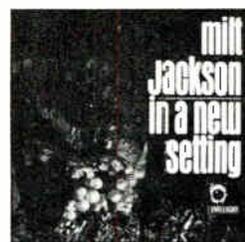
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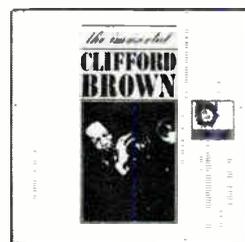
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LM 82007/LS 86007



LM 82006/LS 86006



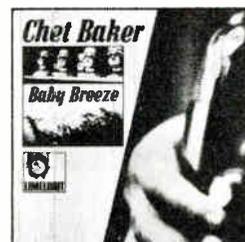
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LM 82005/LS 86005



LM 82004/LS 86004



LM 82003/LS 86003



LM 82002/LS 86002



LM 82001/LS 86001



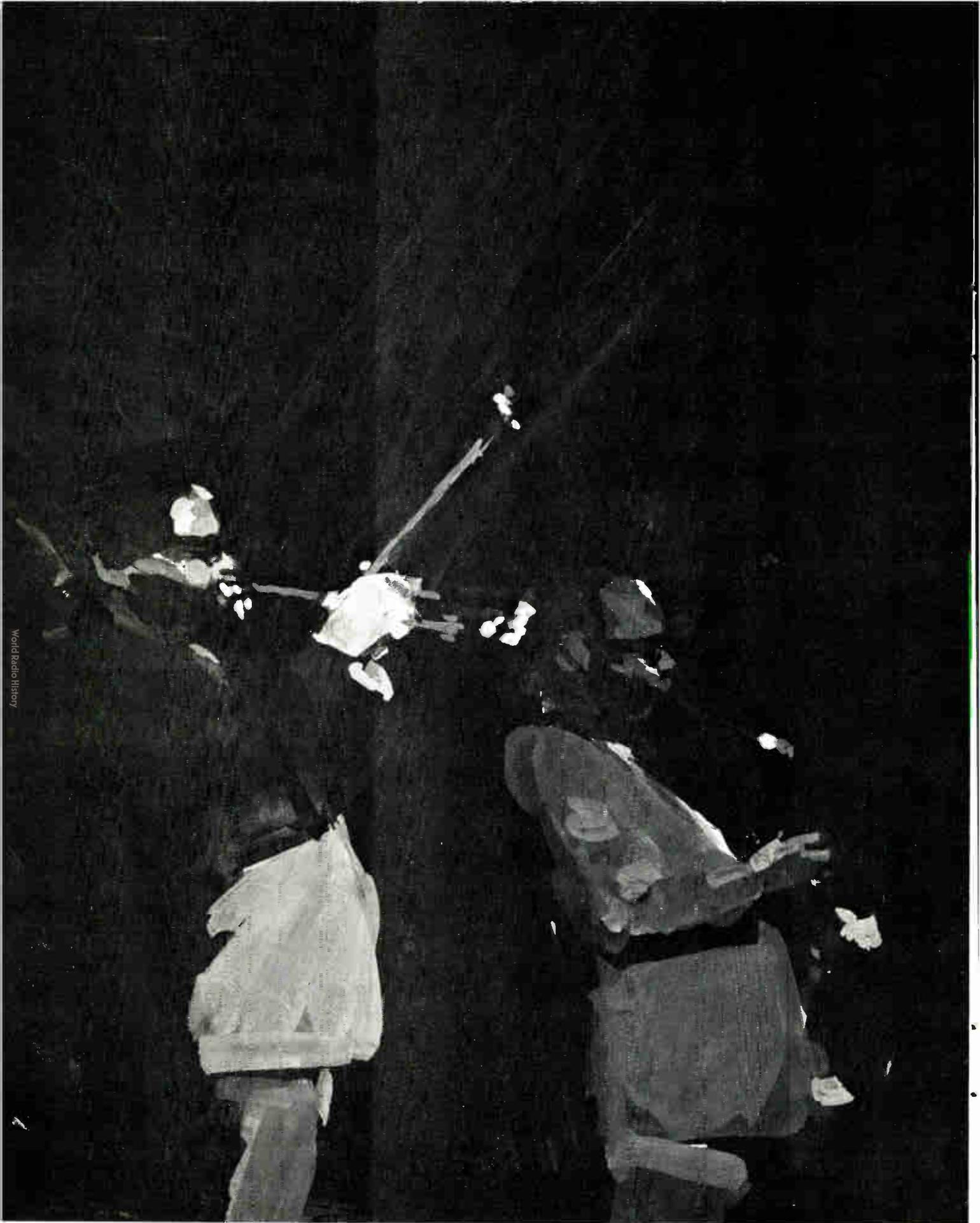
Limelight Records, A Division of Mercury Record Corporation, Inc.

- Memorial Concert* (Limelight 86017)
- \*Various Artists, *Country Blues Classics, Vol. 2* (Blues Classics 6)
- \*Various Artists, *Era of the Swing Trumpet* (Mainstream 6017)
- \**The One and Only Lee Wiley* (RIC 2002)
- Jimmy Witherspoon, *Bluespoon* (Prestige 7327)
- ★★★★
- \*Louis Armstrong, *In the '30/In the '40s* (RCA Victor 2971e); *I Love Jazz* (Decca 4227)
- Bill Barron, *Hot Line* (Savoy 12183)
- Basie Picks the Winners (Verve 8616)
- \**Bechet of New Orleans* (RCA Victor 510)
- \**The Legendary Bix Beiderbecke* (European Riverside 8810)
- Art Blakey, *Soul Finger* (Limelight 86018)
- Paul Bley, *Footloose* (Savoy 12182)
- Bob Brookmeyer and Friends (Columbia 2237)
- \**The Immortal Clifford Brown* (Limelight 2-8601)
- Lawrence Brown, *Inspired Abandon* (Impulse 89)
- Dave Brubeck, *Jazz Impressions of New York* (Columbia 2275)
- Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland, *Now Hear Our Meanin'* (Columbia 2314)
- Jimmy Cleveland, *Rhythm Crazy* (Emarcy 26003)
- John Coltrane, *Bahia* (Prestige 7353)
- Wild Bill Davis-Johnny Hodges, *Con-Soul Sax* (RCA Victor 3393)
- Rusty Dedrick, *The Big Band Sound* (Four Corners 4207)
- Buddy DeFranco, *Blues Bag* (Vee-Jay 2506)
- Paul Desmond, *Bossa Antigua* (RCA Victor 3320)
- Eric Dolphy in Europe, Vol. II* (Prestige 7350)
- \*Tom Dorsey, *Georgia Tom and Friends* (Dutch Fontana 8803)
- \*Roy Eldridge (Metro 513)
- Booker Ervin, *The Blues Book* (Prestige 7340)
- Booker Ervin, *The Space Book* (Prestige 7386)
- Harry Edison, *Sweets for the Sweet* (Sue 1030)
- Maynard Ferguson, *The Blues Roar* (Mainstream 6045)
- \**Ella Sings Gershwin* (Decca 4451); *Ella in Hamburg* (Verve 4069)
- Gil Fuller-Dizzy Gillespie, *Gil Fuller and the Monterey Jazz Festival Orchestra* (Pacific Jazz 93)
- Stan Getz, *Getz Au Go Go* (Verve 8600)
- Terry Gibbs, *El Nutto* (Limelight 82005)
- \*Benny Goodman, *Great Vocalists of Our Time* (Camden 872)
- Dexter Gordon, *One Flight Up* (Blue Note 4176)
- Grant Green, *Idle Moments* (Blue Note 4154)
- Al Grey, *Shades of Grey* (Tangerine 1504)
- Hall Brothers Jazz Band (GHB 11)
- Herbie Hancock, *Empyrean Isles* (Blue Note 4175)
- \*Coleman Hawkins, *Meditations* (Mainstream 56037)
- Clancy Hayes-Salty Dogs, *Oh! By Jingo* (Delmark 210)
- Andrew Hill, *Point of Departure* (Blue Note 4167)
- Up to Date with Earl Hines* (RCA Victor 3380)
- Al Hirt, *Live at Carnegie Hall* (RCA Victor 3416)
- \**Billie Holiday* (Metro 515)
- \*Billie Holiday-Teddy Wilson, *Once Upon a Time* (Mainstream 56022)
- Kid Howard at the San Jacinto Hall* (San Jacinto 1)
- Jazz Crusaders, *Chile Con Soul* (Pacific Jazz 10092)
- The Wonderful World of Antonio Carlos Jobim* (Warner Bros. 1611)
- J.J. Johnson, *Proof Positive* (Impulse 68); *J.J. with Big Band* (RCA Victor 3350)
- These Are My Roots: Clifford Jordan Plays Leadbelly* (Atlantic 1444)
- Miss Morgana King* (Mainstream 56052)
- John Lewis-Gary McFarland, *Essence* (Atlantic 1425)
- Discovery! The Charles Lloyd Quartet* (Columbia 2267)
- Gloria Lynne, *Intimate Moments* (Fontana 27541)
- Shelly Manne, *Manne—That's Gershwin* (Capitol 2313)
- Fred, Annie Mae McDowell, *My Home Is in the Delta* (Testament 2208)
- Jackie McLean, *It's Time* (Blue Note 4179)
- Carmen McRae, *Haven't We Met?* (Mainstream 56044)
- Blue Mitchell, *The Thing to Do* (Blue Note 4178)
- Wes Montgomery, *Bumpin'* (Verve 8625)
- The Happiness of Joe Mooney* (Columbia 2345)
- \*Bennie Moten, *Count Basie in Kansas City* (RCA Victor 514)
- Odetta Sings of Many Things* (RCA Victor 2923)
- Don Patterson-Booker Ervin, *Hip Cake Walk* (Prestige 7349)
- Oscar Peterson, *We Get Requests* (Verve 6-8606); *Eloquence* (Limelight 82023)
- Flip Phillips Revisited* (Sue 1035)
- Irene Reid, *Room for One More* (Verve 8621)
- Buddy Rich, *The Driver* (Emarcy 26006)
- Mavis Rivers-Red Norvo, *We Re-*
- member Mildred Bailey* (Vee-Jay 1132)
- Sam Rivers, *Fuchsia Swing Song* (Blue Note 4184)
- Sonny Rollins, *On Impulse* (Impulse 91)
- Dr. Isaiah Ross, *Call the Doctor* (Testament 2206)
- \**Pee Wee Russell: A Legend* (Mainstream 56026)
- Mongo Santamaria, *El Pussy Cat* (Columbia 2298)
- The Incomparable Bola Sete* (Fantasy 3364)
- Bud Shank & His Brazilian Friends (Pacific Jazz 89)
- Gene Shaw, *Carnival Sketches* (Argo 743)
- Archie Shepp, *Fire Music* (Impulse 86)
- J. D. Short-Big Joe Williams, *Stavin' Chain Blues* (Delmark 609)
- Horace Silver, *Song for My Father* (Blue Note 4185)
- Nina Simone, *In Concert* (Philips 200-135)
- \*Zoot Sims, *Koo Koo* (Status 8309)
- \**Willie The Lion Smith: A Legend* (Mainstream 56027)
- Otis Spann, *The Blues Never Die* (Prestige 7391)
- Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer, *The Power of Positive Swinging* (Mainstream 56054)
- Lucky Thompson, *Lucky Strikes* (Prestige 7365)
- Three Sounds, *Beautiful Friendship* (Limelight 82026)
- Cal Tjader, *Soul Sauce* (Verve 8614)
- \*Various Artists, *Bluebird Blues* (RCA Victor 518)
- \*Various Artists, *The Country Blues, Vol. 2* (RBF 9)
- Various Artists, *The Definitive Jazz Scene, Vol. 2* (Impulse 100)
- Various Artists, *Great Moments in Jazz* (RCA Victor 3369)
- \*Various Artists, *Hard Cookin'* (Prestige 7342)
- Various Artists, *Jazz Workshop Concert* (Emarcy 26002)
- Various Artists, *Modern Chicago Blues* (Testament 2203)
- \*Various Artists, *Tenor Hierarchy* (Mainstream 56019)
- \*Various Artists, *Town Hall Concert, Vol. 2* (Mainstream 56018)
- Sarah Vaughan, *Viva! Vaughan* (Mercury 20941)
- Chuck Wayne, *Morning Mist* (Prestige 7367)
- \**Blues Classics by Peetie Wheatstraw and Kokomo Arnold* (Blues Classics 4)
- Tony Williams, *Life Time* (Blue Note 4180)
- Gerald Wilson, *On Stage* (Pacific Jazz 88)
- Larry Young, *Into Something* (Blue Note 4187)



A  
PORTRAIT  
OF  
THE  
DOWN  
BEAT  
JAZZ  
FESTIVAL  
BY  
GEORGE  
ROTH



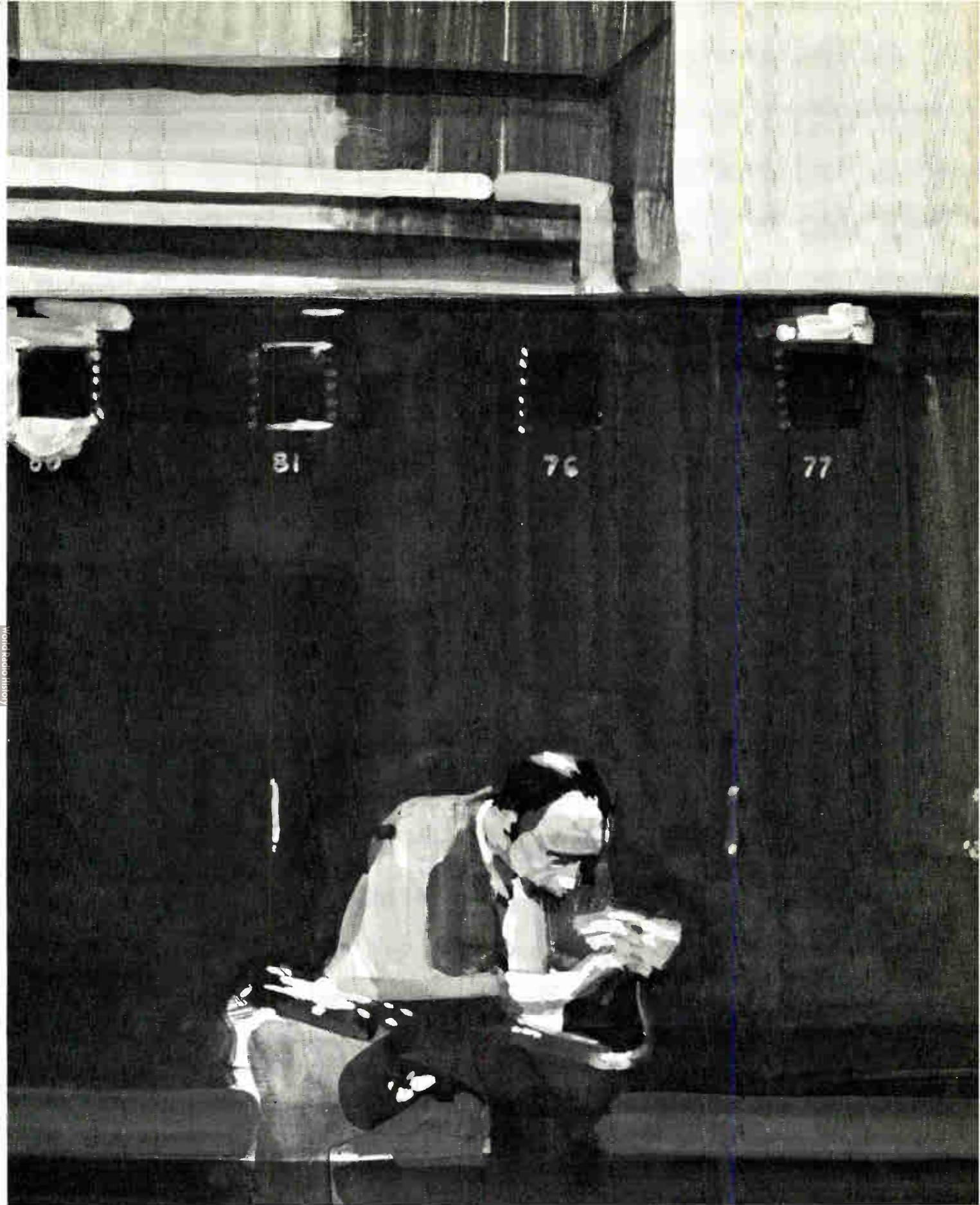














1. Afternoon crowd
2. Dizzy Gillespie and James Moody
3. Vendors
4. Gerry Mulligan
5. John Coltrane
6. Members of the Herman Herd prior to their appearance
7. Vendor and musician



RAEBURN FLEPLAGE

# HELL HOUND ON HIS TRAIL: ROBERT JOHNSON

By PETE WELDING

**O**NE MONDAY in late November, 1936, in a San Antonio hotel room that was serving as the American Record Corp.'s makeshift recording studio, a young, slight, light-skinned Negro perched tensely in front of a microphone, his thin, expressive fingers dancing nervously over the strings of his guitar as he awaited the engineer's cue to begin performing. The signal given, Robert Johnson hunched in his chair, his body rigid with taut energy, fused to a knot of concentration, and launched into *Kind-Hearted Woman Blues*:

*I got a kind-hearted woman, do anything in this world for me,  
I got a kind-hearted woman, anything in this world for me,  
But these evil-hearted women, man, they will not let me be.*

The singer's voice was tight and constricted, the words seemingly forced through his clenched throat with an intensity that was almost demonic; his aching, pain-filled cries, the swooping falsetto shouts that only began to hint at the anguish that lay behind them, the piercing, bittersweet sting of the guitar—all combined to produce a statement of overwhelming power and conviction.

To hear Johnson was to believe him immediately, to join him in his private world of misery, to travel with him along the byroads of despair and anxiety and rejection that were the sole markers of his demon-driven journey through life, a life that was all too quickly burned out in dissipation and, finally, death by poisoning.

On that November day and the Thursday and Friday that followed, Johnson recorded 16 gripping, magnificent performances that have remained unrivaled in the history of

American Negro folk music. These—and the 13 additional selections he recorded for ARC the following June in Dallas—are all that remains of the greatest, most expressive and harrowingly poetic blues singer whose work has been documented by recordings. These 29 songs are his estate, the chronicle of his experience, the legacy of his mind, heart, and imagination.

These recordings—Johnson's songs and the manner in which they were performed—represent the ultimate flowering of the Mississippi blues style, the extension of that awesomely expressive, highly personal, powerful idiom to its fullest reaches. In his potent, wildly imagistic songs, there is revealed a vision of the world, a poetic dimension, and an expressive level that are unparalleled in the blues. No other blues are so burningly intense, so personal, so apocalyptic, so frightening in their view of life. They are shot through with dark foreboding; a sense of impending, overwhelming doom; a disenchantment with the human condition that is all but total.

Johnson has chronicled in his telling, dramatic songs the road of despair and disillusion on which his life ran with such ineluctable fatality:

*I've been dogged and I've been driven ever since I left my mother's home,*

*I've been dogged and I've been driven ever since I left my mother's home,*

*And I can't see the reason why that I can't leave these no-good women alone.*

*My father died and left me, my poor mother done the best that she could,*

*My father died and left me, my poor mother done the best she could,*

*Every man like that game you call love, but it don't mean no man no good.*

He evidently felt constantly driven by impulses he could not define, by feelings he could not fathom, by anxieties and fears he only dimly understood but which were nonetheless real and powerful. They drove him on restlessly in the pursuit of something—precisely what he did not know—and he often felt himself thwarted in his quest for it:

*I got stones in my passway, and my road seems dark as night,  
I got stones in my passway, and my road seems dark as night,  
I have pains in my heart; they have taken my appetite.*

and

*I went to the crossroads, fell down on my knees,  
I went down to the crossroads, fell down on my knees,  
Asked the Lord above for mercy, now, say poor Bob, if you please.*

*Umm, standing at the crossroads, I tried to flag a ride,  
Umm, standing at the crossroads, I tried to flag a ride,  
Ain't nobody seem to know me, everybody pass me by.*

But travel on he must:

*I woke up this morning, feeling 'round for my shoes,  
(You know) I got these old walking blues,  
Woke up this morning, feeling 'round for my shoes.  
But you know about that, I got these old walking blues.*

*Lord, I feel like blowing my old lonesome home,  
Got up this morning, my little Bernice was gone;*

Lord, I feel like blowing my  
lonesome home,

Well, I got up this morning, all  
I had was gone.

Well, leaving this morning, if I  
have to ride the blinds,  
I feel mistreated and I don't mind  
dying,

Leaving this morning, I have to ride  
the blinds,

Babe, I feel mistreated, baby, and  
I don't mind dying.

For Johnson, the blues were more  
than an oppressive feeling; they were  
a physical presence:

Umm, got up this morning, the  
blues walking like a man,

I got up this morning, the blues  
walking like a man,

Worried blues, give me your right  
hand.

or a wasting disease eating at his  
life's blood:

Well, the blues is a aching old heart  
disease,

The blues is a lowdown, aching  
heart disease,

Like consumption, killing me by  
degrees.

At times, however, the oppression  
would be magnified almost beyond  
endurance, and then Johnson would  
feel himself the thrall of evil spirits:

Early this morning, when you  
knocked upon my door,

Early this morning, ooh, when you  
knocked upon my door,

And I said, "Hello, Satan, I believe  
it's time to go."

Me and the devil was walking  
side by side,

Me and the devil, ooh, was walk-  
ing side by side;

I'm going to beat my woman,  
until I get satisfied.

They pursued him relentlessly, and  
and he could never escape them:

I got to keep moving, I got to keep  
moving.

Blues falling down like hail, blues  
falling down like hail,

Ummm, blues falling down like  
hail, blues falling down like  
hail.

And I can't keep no money, there's  
a hell hound on my trail,

Hell hound on my trail, hell hound  
on my trail.

He looks for relief from his tor-  
ments and doubts in alcohol and  
women, and at first he finds a measure  
of satisfaction:

Now, you can squeeze my lemon  
till the juice runs down my  
leg (spoken: till the juice  
runs down my leg, baby;  
you know what I'm talkin'  
about),

You can squeeze my lemon till  
the juice runs down my leg  
(spoken: that's what I'm  
talkin' about, now),

But I'm going back to Friar's  
Point, if I'll be rocking to  
my head.

And for a while he boasts of his  
sexual prowess:

The stuff I got will bust your brains  
out,

It will make you lose your mind.

But there is a canker in his joy,  
and the thrill of conquest gives way  
to growing disillusionment as he ob-  
serves the perfidy of women:

The woman I love, I took from my  
best friend,

Some joker got lucky, stole her  
back again.

and

She's got Elgin movements from  
her head down to her toes,

She breaks in on a dollar 'most any-  
where she goes.

or

And I went to the mountains, looked  
as far as my eyes could see,

And I went to the mountains, looked  
as far as my eyes would see,

Some other man got my woman and  
the lonesome blues got me.

And I rolled and I tumbled and  
I cried the whole night long,

And I rolled and I tumbled and  
I cried the whole night long,

Boy, I woke up this morning, my  
biscuit roller's gone.

Soon his disenchantment had grown  
to a smoldering resentment:

And, now, baby, I will never for-  
give you anymore,

Little girl, little girl, I will never  
forgive you anymore;

You know you did not want me,  
baby, why did you tell me so?

And I'm running down to the  
station, catch the first mail  
train I see (spoken: I think  
I hear her coming now),

I'm running down to the station,  
catch that old first mail train  
I see,

I got the blues for Miss So-And-  
So, and the child's got the  
blues about me.

for, he observes, pithily:

I believe, I believe I'll go back  
home,

You can mistreat me here, babe,  
but you can't when I go  
home.

And so, once again, Johnson finds  
himself in flight, pursued by the  
demons that torment him mercilessly.

He has learned from his experience  
with women, however; now he is  
seeking love between two equals. He  
recognizes his responsibility in main-  
taining the relationship:

When you got a good friend, have  
her stay right by your side,

When you got a good friend, have  
her stay right by your side,

Give her all your spare time, love  
and treat her right.

But when he finds it, some inex-  
plicable, perverse impulse makes him  
destroy it:

I mistreated my baby, and I can't  
see no reason why,

I mistreated my baby, but I can't  
see no reason why,

Everytime I think about her, I just  
wring my hands and cry.

He knows how he will finish his  
life:

You may bury my body down by  
the highway side (spoken:  
babe, I don't care where you  
bury my body when I'm  
dead and gone),

You may bury my body, ooh, down  
by the highway side,

So my old evil spirit can get a  
Greyhound bus and ride.

**J**OHNSON'S SONGS deal repeatedly  
with these recurring themes:  
women and the impermanence of  
human relationships; incessant  
travel, most often as the result  
of disappointments suffered at the  
hands of women; and the besetting,  
mindless terrors that haunted his days  
and made his nights endless night-  
mares. There's no home anywhere for  
him, his songs say; there's no place  
for his body even after death; all he  
can imagine is fleeing, as he did all  
his life; he saw conflict as a basic  
ingredient of his life—stones blocked  
his passway, autos passed him by,  
women refused him, and hellhounds  
pursued him. His songs are the diary  
of a tormented, haunted wanderer  
through the dark, hopeless tangle of  
the Negro underworld; the sensitive,  
pain-etched chronicle of a black,  
demon-ridden Orpheus in his futile,  
endless, frustrating journey along the  
labyrinthine path of his psyche. His  
songs are the lonely, impassioned, un-  
answered cries of disaffected, dis-  
oriented, rootless modern man, pur-  
poseless, without direction or power,  
adrift at the mercies of the fates,  
driven by powerful, unseen forces.  
And the acrid stench of evil is always  
burning in his mind.

What is remarkable about the body  
of his work is that, unlike many an-  
other blues that is rooted in the  
experiences of its writer, Johnson's

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SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

World Radio History

blues attain to such universality. Despite whatever relevance they might have as fragments of his autobiography, his songs—by virtue of the strength and directness of their language, the sharpness and richness of his poetic vision, and the telling statements they make about the human condition—speak to us eloquently and movingly. At their best, Johnson's blues are tremendously powerful, concise, sharply connotative utterances, pungent and often brilliant folk poetry that treats of much the same matter—and in the same manner—as does the best modern poetry. *When You Got a Good Friend*, for example, recalls portions of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, while *Hell Hound on My Trail* summons up the wild, haunting pursuit of the soul described in Gerard Manley Hopkins' *The Hound of Heaven*.

The vision of life as contained in Johnson's blues evidences a basic concern with human relations. His concern is not with God or with nature, but only with *human* relations, and here he may have had a blindingly prophetic insight. Since the days when he sang, we have had less and less to say about nature as an influential force on us. More and more, our lives have become a function of how we relate to others—the burden of Johnson's songs. He is aware, he shows us, of the force of the subconscious on our conscious acts—"I mistreated my baby, and I can't see no reason why"—but his knowledge is dim, shadowy, unrealized.

In manner, Johnson was a Mississippi blues man, perhaps the supreme Mississippi blues man. The idiom has always placed a high premium on close correspondence between voice and accompanying guitar, but in Johnson's case that correspondence was uncannily singular. In most of his songs, voice and guitar seem a single, incandescent instrument, one of almost indescribable sensitivity, subtlety, and complexity. The guitar does not support or respond to the voice so much as it simultaneously articulates the same thought with equal intensity.

With their different capabilities and colors, Johnson's voice and guitar express the identical thought, but they also expose two complementary aspects of it—the words literal; the guitar suggestive, connotative, amplifying and coloring the thought articulated by the voice. He needs both of them to express the complexity and subtlety of his thoughts. The two are so fused in his mind, in fact, that the words of his songs come fully alive only in his performances, as the guitar fleshes out the bones of the words.

**T**HOUGH MUCH of Johnson, his intense personality and his brilliant imagination, live on in the achievements of his recordings, remarkably little is known of Johnson the man. Of his birth and early years nothing is known, though it might safely be assumed—from impressions gathered by those who knew him later in his life, from his utter mastery of the Mississippi delta blues style, and from the frequent mentions of Mississippi place names in his songs—that he was a Mississippian.

By the time the delta blues veteran Eddie (Son) House first met him in Robinsonville, Miss., in 1930, Johnson—about 17 at the time, House recalls—had already mastered blues harmonica and was just developing an interest in the guitar. To learn the instrument, Johnson would steal away from his stepfather's home to attend the Saturday night parties and dances House and his guitarist-partner Willie Brown played.

"He would set down on the floor between Willie and me," House said, "... and when it would come time for us to take a break, me and Willie'd get up and set the guitars down, and we'd go out for a rest or to cool off or something, then he'd get one of the guitars. He couldn't play it, but he'd keep noise with it. Annoyed the people and all like that, so we'd come back in, and I'd get after him about it.

"I'd say, 'You shouldn't do that, Robert. You're worrying the people . . . you can't play, and you're just keeping a lot of noise with it. Suppose you break a string or something? This time of night, nowhere we can go and get one. You don't know what you're doing; don't do that.' But it didn't do any good for me to tell him that; he would do it near about every time."

House recalled that some time later Johnson ran away from home when his stepfather, who farmed on Pope's plantation west of Robinsonville, wanted him to work in the fields with him. When Johnson returned home six or seven months later, House stated, he had a guitar of his own, to which he had added a seventh string.

"Me and Willie was playing out near a little place they call Banks, Miss.," House said, "and he come in that Saturday night with the guitar. . . . So he wiggled on through and got where we was. I said, 'Well, boy, what are you doing with that thing?' He said, 'Aw, get up and let me have your chair and I'll show you what I can do with it.' I said, 'Oh, nothing—that's all a lot of racket.' He laughed and said, 'Well, let me try.' So I said, 'Well, okay.' We gets up, you know—

laughs at him. So he sets down and he starts playing, and when he got through, all our mouths was open . . . yeah, what happened was a big surprise—how he did it that fast.

"Why the people, they just went wild over it, was a big surprise. But he didn't stay very long; he pretty soon left out of there. And after that night of playing, if my memory serves me right, I didn't see him no more in this life."

Johnson was at this time about 21 or 22, House said. The older blues man recalled that when Johnson came to the dance near Banks, his guitar style was fully shaped, revealing the same mastery as is evident on his recordings a few years later. House suggested in all seriousness that Johnson, in his months away from home, had "sold his soul to the devil in exchange for learning to play like that."

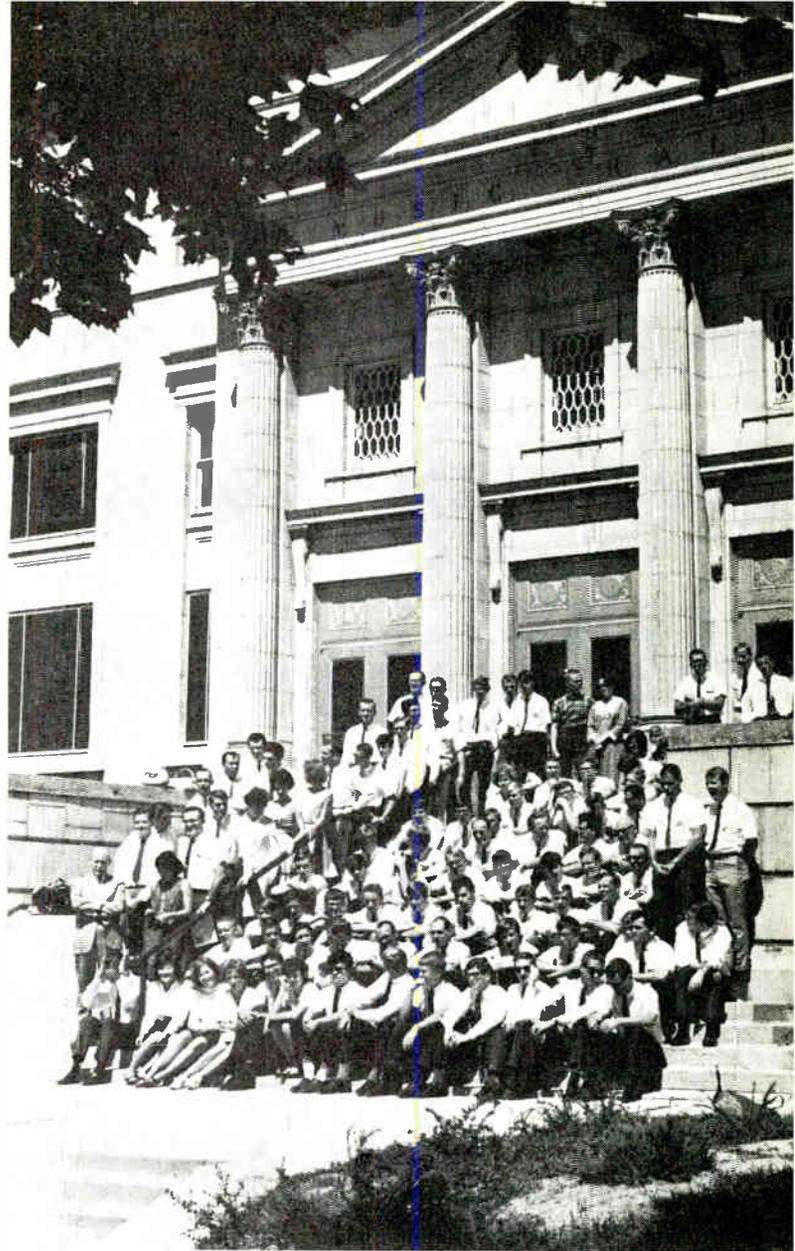
Johnson's style, House pointed out, was basically patterned on the instrumental approaches that House and Brown employed at the time. (Johnson's recording of *Walking Blues* shows a strong House influence in the vocal and accompaniment patterns, indicating that perhaps he did use House's approach as the core of his own, usually a much more complex and subtle style.) But even at this early point in Johnson's development, House was quick to point out, he was well on the way toward extending and refining that style into the brilliantly personal adaptation he made of it.

Johnson's story takes up again in Helena, Ark., in 1935, when he met and teamed up with Johnny Shines, a Memphis-born singer-guitarist currently residing in Chicago.

Shines recalled that Johnson was working at a small tavern in the wide-open Arkansas town, as well as occasionally playing on the sidewalks there. During the next two years the two men, who became fast friends, traveled as far north as Chicago and Detroit, east to New York and New Jersey, and west as far as the Dakotas.

"He was a natural rambler," Shines said. "His home was where his hat was, and even then lots of times he didn't know where *that* was. We used to travel all over, meet the pay days in the lumber camps, the track gangs—anywhere the money was. Used to catch freights everywhere. Played for dances, in taverns, on sidewalks—didn't matter where, far as he was concerned. Robert was a natural showman; he didn't need no guitar—he could be clapping his hands and have a crowd around him in no time. And they'd give him their money too."

Despite their comradeship and  
(Continued on page 103)



Students and faculty of the 1965 summer stage band camp held at the University of Utah

# JAZZ AND THE TEENAGER

By **LEONARD FEATHER**

**T**HE TROUBLE WITH JAZZ TODAY," says Critic P, "is that it has become too intellectual and is losing its youthful audience."

"What's wrong with jazz," comments Critic Q, "is the lack of support suffered by the avant-garde. Jazz must not degenerate into a music aimed at the 13-year-old mind."

"The reason jazz is dying," observes Critic R, "is that the truly great artists, the pioneers, are now middle-aged or old men, who cannot possibly capture the younger audiences; consequently, the kids move away from jazz, if they were ever interested in the first place, and turn to folk or rock."

Will the real truth-sayer please stand up?

Most generalizations tend to draw attention to an isolated aspect of a complex of facts. The truth, not surprisingly,

is that the young audience has a widely divergent set of attitudes toward jazz.

The despised 13-year-old mind, not to mention the mind that develops during the five or six years that follow the 13th, has been greatly misunderstood and in some instances substantially underestimated.

Granted that millions of screaming high school students jump fences and stages all over the world in attempts to tear the last yard of hair off their latest rock-and-roll hero. Granted that the big beat has a stranglehold on a vast number of record buyers. (68% of singles purchasers are 19 or younger; 66% of album buyers are 20 or older.)

Nevertheless, it does not take a limitless research effort to discover among U.S. teenagers a hidden potential resource of enthusiastic support for jazz, and of active, knowledgeable participation in its reaction.

A survey taken among *Down Beat* readers last year, breaking them down into occupational groups, disclosed that 27.2 percent were college students and 12.8 percent high school students. Since 31.9 percent were listed under "miscellaneous occupations" and 4.6 percent as members of the armed forces (which, of course, could include 18- and 19-year-olds), it can be assumed that between 15 and 20 percent of *DB's* readers are less than 20.

Although dimly conscious for several years of this teen task force (my own daughter was born in 1948), I became fully aware of the realities and possibilities in the summer of 1964, when, for a full week, teenagers by the dozen were my constant companions and a number of them my students. The occasion was one of the Summer Jazz Clinics, which have been an annual event since 1959 on various college campuses and which I attended at the University of Nevada at Reno in '64 and at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City the following year.

Although the clinics have never aimed at the enrollment of any particular age group, invariably a heavy proportion of the applicants have been teenagers. By the end of the week at Reno I had found the experience so rewarding, in terms of what it told me about the students' attitude toward music, that I decided to arrange for a more formal investigation during my visit the next year.

The student body at Salt Lake City numbered exactly 100. Not all of them filled out the questionnaire I put together, but the percentages were pro rated. I was assured by both Ken Morris, head of the clinics, and Leon Breeden, director of the camp, that this group of students, their interests and reactions, was typical of those that could be encountered at any of the clinics.

Exactly two-thirds of the students were between the ages of 16 and 19. The breakdown for the student body was as follows: 16-19, 66%; 20-30, 20%; younger than 16, 10%; and older than 30, 4%.

Although Morris, Breeden, and others active in this field of music education prefer to talk in terms of "stage bands" or "dance bands," the jazz orientation of the students was beyond any doubt, as the figures for the first question testified.

*What kinds of music interest you most?*

Jazz .....	95%
Classical, symphonic .....	50%
Pop .....	10%
Folk .....	8%
Rock and roll .....	6%
Miscellaneous .....	5%

The percentages in this and other questions add up to more than 100 because many students expressed an interest in more than one form of music.

My second question was simply an extension of the first: *Why?*

Some of the reasons given for the predilection for jazz were most enlightening.

"This music," declared Frank Isenberg, 19, "says something beautiful and meaningful, not just a passing fancy of Tin Pan Alley. It presents a challenge to master and sharpens your senses to have participated even as a listener."

Hugh Nash, 17, said, "I like the fullness of a complete stage band and the interesting chord progressions of jazz."

Several answers went simply and directly to the point: "Jazz makes me feel like living, and it's fun" (Claudia Ross, 18). "Jazz is a creative music" (Jerry Snyder, 17). "A feeling of uncontrollable joy sweeps through me, and I smile and tap my feet" (Debbie Carmichael, 15).

Those who chose classical music gave such reasons as: "Basis of all music played today." "Jazz and classical are both a challenge." "Jazz is spontaneous and emotional;



Phil Wilson, ex-Woody Herman trombonist, rehearses a stage band at Indiana University band camp

classical has beauty in its form and logic. Both possess qualities of the other."

Brian Salisbury, 19, chose baroque and preclassical music "because of an abundance of works written for violin and because the counterpoints of the period really send me."

Question 3 provided some of the most reassuring answers of the entire survey.

*What kinds of music interest you least?*

Rock and roll .....	55%
Country-western .....	25%
Classical, chamber .....	21%
Folk .....	8%
Pop .....	5%
Way-out jazz, bop .....	5%

*Why?*

Some of the antagonism expressed in the reactions of rock and roll revealed that the students were motivated less by a desire to leave the crowd and join an in-group than by a genuine distaste founded on listening experience:

"Most rock-and-roll musicians don't have talent—just hair."

"Because of the general lack of quality and the pre-occupation with the beat to the exclusion of almost everything else."

"All you need to be a rock-and-roll star is to have a long haircut, dress like a goon, and have a louder amplifier than the next guy."

"It offers no technical challenge."

Just as the supporters of jazz emphasized their interest in its freedom, spontaneity, and opportunity for personal expression of emotion, those who turned thumbs down on classical music pointed out the lack of such opportunities.

Opposition to jazz was minimal, confined to a couple who merely qualified their taste for it by finding the avant-garde "irritating."

The forces through which these young jazz enthusiasts were influenced to take up music seriously was the subject of the next question. Not surprisingly, music educators played a large part, as these statistics reveal:

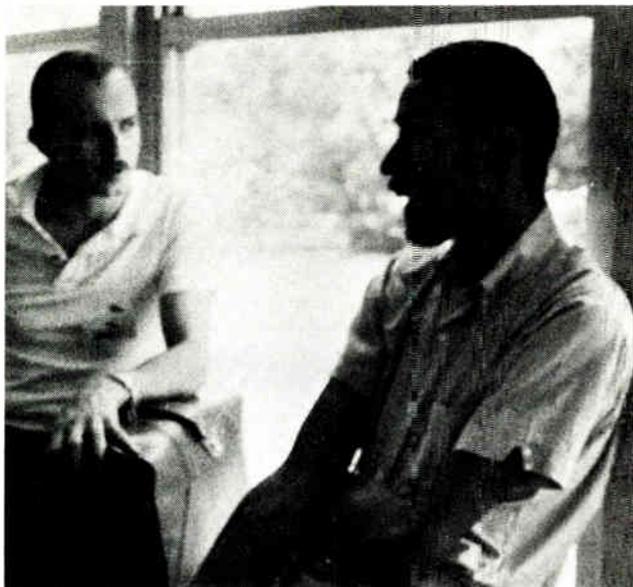
Teacher or band director .....	20%
Count Basie .....	10%
Stan Kenton .....	10%
Dave Brubeck .....	8%
Local combo .....	7%

Dozens of other influences were named, from Army bands to post-swing-era big bands. Nineteen-year-old Leonard Stillman offered a typical second-generation-fan response: "Originally, it was through a series of records my mother has, in particular an old 78 called *Profoundly Blue*, which was the first Charlie Christian I heard and which I found most inspiring."

During the week at Salt Lake City I talked with many students about their plans. Clearly some of them had persuaded their parents to come up with the \$95 fee for the week (or had saved up the money by working odd jobs) chiefly because the idea of a week among fellow music lovers was socially attractive. Many, though, had serious thoughts of a career.

*Do you expect to become a professional musician? If so, why? If not, why not?*

- Yes .....45%
- No .....30%
- Maybe, undecided, etc. ....12%
- Part-time only .....10%



Musician-clinicians Jerry Coker and Ron Carter relax between classes at Indiana University stage band camp

Already am .....3%

It is significant and reassuring to note that not a single "yes" answer was predicated on the desire to make money. Love of the music, the rewarding and gratifying values of self-expression, and audience appreciation, were the reasons most frequently given.

"I wouldn't be happy doing anything else," said Harry Drabkin, 18.

"I love jazz, classical music, popular; it's in everything I do, and it's everywhere I go," said Joe Hoggan, 18. "This world would be boring and desolate without music."

Among the negatives, Mark Oldroyd observed: "I want to settle down some time and marry, and I don't feel there is really a living in music." (Acting on his convictions, the 19-year-old trumpeter has since departed as a Mormon missionary to New Zealand.)

Economic insecurity was the reason most often named among those who did not expect to enter the profession. Observed 16-year-old C. Dale Mansfield tersely, "No. The lettuce and the luck." And Dennis Carmichael, 17, said, "I've got good enough grades to go on to college in math and possibly become a computer technician. I will never give up playing altogether, but I do not want to have to rely on it for a living."

A few students said they might like to become music teachers; a couple wanted to play their way through college but did not want to play after graduation.

The last four questions were all devoted to the students' musical tastes.

*Which is your favorite big band as of now?*

- Count Basie .....38%

- Woody Herman .....21%
- Stan Kenton .....19%
- Duke Ellington .....12%

The great strength shown by Basie was presumably based on his emergence during the last couple of years as a major figure in tandem with such popular singers as Tony Bennett and Frank Sinatra—not because the fans necessarily dig these singers, but because of the radio and concert exposure they have given Basie. A couple of years earlier, before Kenton resigned from the clinics, in which he had been associated with Morris from the start, he would undoubtedly have rated first, since his presence at every camp was a powerful attraction.

*Which is your favorite combo?*

- Dave Brubeck .....33%
- Oscar Peterson .....29%

The results here showed that Brubeck and Peterson between them virtually monopolized this field. No other combo received more than a handful of votes. The farthest out was one vote for Ornette Coleman; the nearest in was one for the Village Stompers.

*Who is your favorite instrumentalist?*

In this category the votes were so widely dispersed that it is impossible to draw more than a few tentative conclusions.

There were five votes for Joe Morello (the student body included a large number of drummers), four each for John Coltrane, Paul Desmond, Charlie Mariano (who was a member of the faculty), Johnny Smith (also a faculty man and popular with the many guitar students), and Doc Severinsen, whose *Tonight* gig has assured him a growing audience (Clark Terry was also mentioned three times).

Television exposure, however, does not automatically serve as a vote-getter. There was only one mention of Al Hirt, who at the time of the survey was the star of his

Former Stan Kenton saxophonist-arranger Bill Holman drills student-musicians at the University of Utah summer stage band camp



own weekly network program. Perhaps the most indecisive answer to this question came from an 18-year-old pianist who selected Andre Peterson.

*Who is your favorite composer-arranger?*

- Bill Holman .....17%
- Henry Mancini .....13.5%
- Duke Ellington .....8%
- Gil Evans .....8%
- Neal Hefti .....8%

Holman was a member of the faculty at Salt Lake City, teaching arranging, leading one of the student bands, and providing some of the arrangements. The students were understandably impressed by his talent, his affability, and his enthusiasm for the job.

**T**HE PICTURE that emerges from the answers to these questions, and from the experience I enjoyed as a teacher of harmony and as a lecturer these last two summers, is a hopeful one.

There are no summer rock-and-roll clinics. The existence and success, even on a limited level, of these jazz clinics draws attention to the fact that only propaganda is needed to expand the love for good music and the inclination toward learning and understanding that permeates the camps.

This propaganda is being spread, too, by some of the older students who come to the camps. Many attend nominally as students but are actually teachers themselves who have decided to spend a week at the classes in order

to study the teaching methods and probably to duplicate them at their own high school or college during the regular school year.

Are the summer jazz clinic teenagers typical of a substantial segment of American youth? Clinic leader Morris said he thinks they are. "Their whole attitude is a healthy one," he said. "They come to camp ambitious to learn all they possibly can about playing and/or writing modern music. They are not hipsters. At home, in their own school, they participate in the complete music program and are usually the better players in their sections. The average stage-band musician is more well rounded musically than other musicians; he is of average intelligence and has normal outside interests."

These opinions were echoed by Dr. William Fowler, of the University of Utah music department. A learned and dedicated musician with a Ph.D. in composition, Fowler still plays local gigs as a jazz guitarist. It was he who was responsible for bringing the clinic to the Utah campus. Many pedagogs in his position have made moves of this kind in the face of strong opposition, or at best total apathy, on the part of their colleagues. The young student seeking a musical education owes an immeasurable debt to men like Fowler.

What may be a representative example of the youngster who has been oriented toward a taste for jazz can be found in the case history, documented below, of a teenager for whose sincerity I can vouch, and whom I have known personally for 17 years.

### THE FIRST SOUND OF JAZZ

*By Lorraine Feather*

When I was in my early teens, I heard Dizzy do *Gillespiana* at a concert—and jazz became important to me.

We had the record of the suite, and I played it over and over, first liking just the patently exciting sections—like with the bongos going and the trumpets blasting. Then I started noticing the beautiful entrance of the flutes (I've always loved jazz flute) in the *Blues* part. And finally I came to realize from the solos in one section or another that jazz was more individual than any other kind of music—sometimes very much like talking and always expressive of the musician.

From *Gillespiana* I moved on to albums and live concerts by Miles Davis, Oscar Peterson, Cal Tjader, Wes Montgomery, Art Blakey, Roland Kirk, Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, and the big bands such as Ellington and later Gerald Wilson—and always singers, too—especially Jon Hendricks and his groups.

Two of my favorite new albums are those by Brasil '65, in which the mood is frequently quiet and understated but always very alive.

My best friend and I (she's Jeri Southern's daughter and has also been brought up with jazz) are usually alone, as far as taste in music goes, among people our age.

Meeting anyone under 21 who likes jazz is awfully exciting; I don't know why, but there's a kind of Underground Railroad intrigue about it. Unfortunately, not too many teenagers are exposed to a lot of jazz, and they don't delve very far into it. When in high school I'd occasionally meet someone my own age who would claim to be a rabid jazz fan. After the initial shocked delight at finding a possible kindred spirit, my practical nature would force me to prod. I'd start very, very easily:

- "Dave Brubeck?"
- "Yeah, he's great!"
- "Miles Davis?"

"Oh . . . sure, sure!"

"Paul Horn?"

". . . Does he play the piano?"

"Cannonball Adderley?"

"Who?"

"Forget it."

"How about the Tijuana Brass?"

In the privacy of my own home I became very snide about these situations, but I realized that it wasn't fair. It took me years of constant exposure (not to mention my father's kidding me out of liking Johnny Mathis) to develop into today's semiobnoxious 17-year-old jazz snob. Not everyone has had the opportunity.

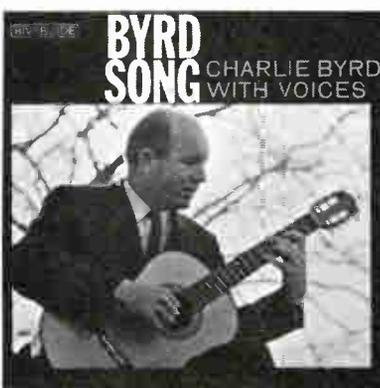
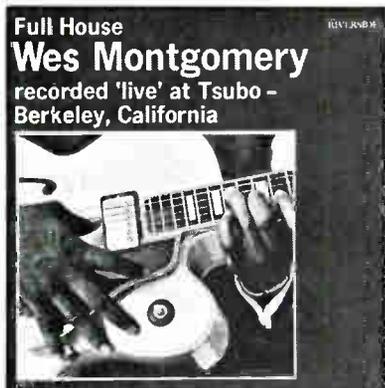
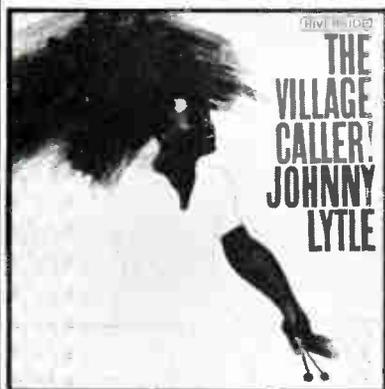
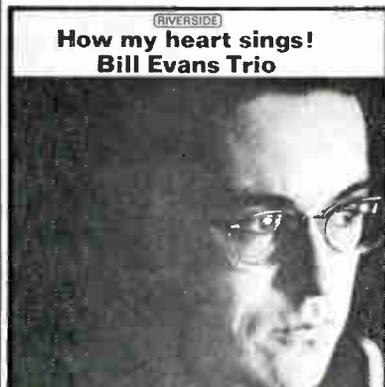
Most teenagers, of course, like rock and roll because it has a strong beat (boy, does it have a strong beat) and it's great to dance to. Few people of any age possess enough energy to dance through a 40-minute Coltrane solo, but a record by Martha and the Vandellas is perfect.

A definite distinction should be made, however, between the rhythm-and-blues type of rock and roll, which has a lot of soul (and sometimes even Lightnin' Hopkins-oriented lyrics), and the whiney popular music whose lyrics almost invariably rhyme *charms* and *arms*. I don't think that many people can sincerely deny Bob Dylan's talent and imagination, and much pop writing seems to be moving in his direction.

I'm in my first semester at Los Angeles City College now. *Song for My Father* (Horace Silver) and *Soul Sauce* (Cal Tjader) are on the cafeteria jukebox, and there was recently a concert of the Quartet Tres Bien that got an excellent turnout.

But the most important thing is that there are now more young people who, while they may not be that hung up on jazz, are concerned with *music* in general. They started to show up at the Lighthouse to hear Ramsey Lewis play *The "In" Crowd*. I feel sure that some day a lot of them will be back for John Coltrane. 

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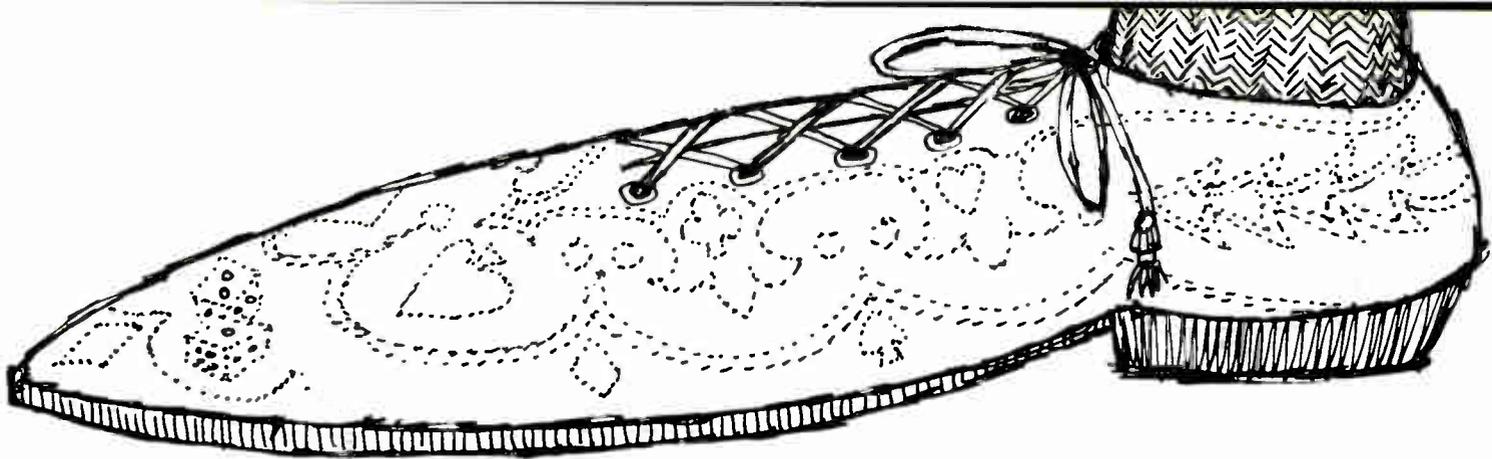
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# LOOKING FOR

By MARSHALL AND JEAN STEARNS

**T**AP," WROTE DANCE CRITIC Walter Terry, "is America's only indigenous dance form." It is also the fine art of American popular dance. The great dancers, Bill (Bojangles) Robinson, John Bubbles, Eleanor Powell, the Nicholas Brothers, Gene Kelly, Fred Astaire, and Baby Laurence (to mention only the best known), all tapped. And although the distinct styles of dancing to jazz are more numerous than the various eras of jazz itself, from ballroom and rock and roll through Russian, comedy, and flash (semiacrobatic) to eccentric dancing where anything goes, the true kings of American dance often execute some or all of these styles laced with tasty taps.

For years we had heard rumors of an uncrowned king, a legendary tap dancer known as Groundhog. In an effort to locate him we had gone to Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Groundhog?" said Wilhelm Smithe, president of AFM Local 814 in Cincinnati. "A good dancer. Last time I saw him was around 1950 at the old Cotton Club here that they tore down—don't know where he went."

The trip was a failure. Groundhog had disappeared.

Few tap dancers volunteer praise of Groundhog—in fact, they seldom mention and never flock to see him—but if one asks them point blank about him, they all rate him at the top.

"He is short and not very good looking," said Baby Laurence, who first saw him in Detroit, Mich., "but he's a fine drummer. He knows all the acrobatic flash steps, and he has two of the greatest dancing feet in the world."

Pinned down, other dancers agree.

"Forget about carriage because he doesn't have it," said Conrad Buckner. "He's strictly a hooper, a dancer's dancer, a carny type."

Louis Williams, who has worked with him, said, "He's a great jazz and eccentric dancer too."

Honi Coles once admitted: "He's just about the best dancer I've ever seen."

Even Pete Nugent, to whom style is all important, admits that "Groundhog can really dance."

We first heard of Groundhog from the Whitman sisters, whose versatile variety show had been tops on TOBA (Theater Operators Booking Association) during most of that Negro vaudeville circuit's existence from the teens to the 1930s.

"Oh, yes, Pops had many dancers who worked with him," said Alice Whitman, reminiscing about her dancing son. "One of them was Groundhog, a boy who was always disappearing."

The nickname alone was unforgettable, and persistent

inquiry only clouded a paradoxical legend.

In October, 1964, guitarist-raconteur Danny Barker walked into the Copper Rail in New York City between sets at the Metropole and announced, "Groundhog's in town." According to Barker, a group of dancers had locked up Groundhog in a Harlem cellar and were making him show them his steps.

"They're feeding him liquor," he said, "while they steal his stuff."

Another rumor concerned Groundhog's buddy, Rhythm Red. Red was supposed to be working as a night watchman at a building under construction at Eighth Ave. and 52nd St. while he and Groundhog practiced together all night among the cement mixers. A midnight tour yelling "Hey, Red!" as inconspicuously as possible brought no results and made us feel foolish.

**W**E FINALLY CAUGHT up with Groundhog at the Village Vanguard, where he had gone to hear his friend, drummer Max Roach.

We were sitting at a table and telling Mrs. Roach—singer Abbey Lincoln—about our search for Groundhog. She motioned to the man at her side and said: "This is Groundhog."

He was wearing a rumpled business suit and scuffed Oxfords. Putting his drink down carefully, he gave us a gap-toothed smile offset by a slight cast in one eye and offered a rough, workworn hand to shake.

For the next two hours, we alternated between listening to the Roach group with Abbey singing and trying to interview Groundhog and Rhythm Red, a giant of a man who loomed up at his friend's side. Groundhog speaking thickly in a gruff voice, said, "My name is Earl Bassie." With that he became silent while Red talked pleasantly.

Groundhog did not want to be interviewed. From bits and scraps of conversation during the next two weeks, however, we pieced together something of his career.

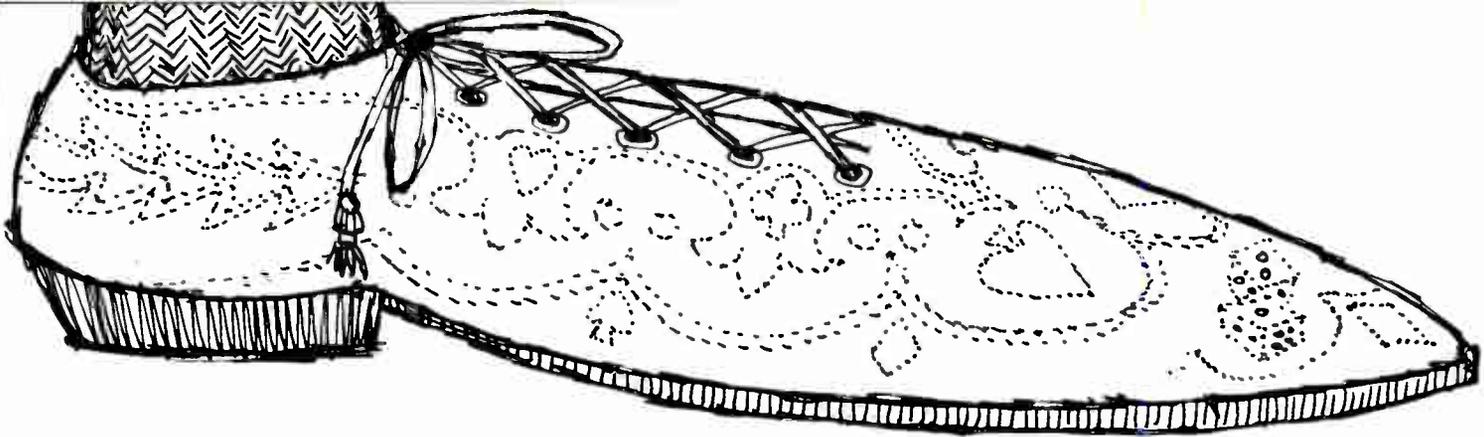
He was born in Birmingham, Ala., in 1922, and grew up with members of a local spasm band.

"I used to dance in the streets with a tin-can band," he said, "along with Slick and Slack, who tapped with bottle caps between their toes. Then I saw Rastus Murray at the Frolic Theater and decided to be a real dancer."

His mother was a chorus girl and his father a comedian known as Showboy Holland.

"When I was 6 years old," he said, "the Whitman sisters came through town; they saw me dancing in the streets, and May Whitman talked my father into letting me go with them; I was billed as Showboy Holland Jr."

Groundhog and the young dancing star of the show, Pops Whitman, who was three years older, lived, worked,



# GROUNDHOG

and played together.

Dancing with Whitman, one of the first and greatest flash, or acrobatic, dancers, gave Groundhog inspiration.

"When I saw Pops dance, I knew I had to do better," he said. Groundhog worked in the same style and, some say, soon surpassed his model.

"I think they fired Groundhog because he learned to dance so much better than Pops," said Baby Laurence, "and it made Pops look bad."

For a 6-year-old, life with the Whitman sisters troupe was no bed of roses. May Whitman ran the company with an iron hand, and her husband, Dave Peyton, conducted a school with compulsory classes, which Groundhog avoided by running away from the troupe.

"When I was 12, my mother came and snatched me back home, but I ran back to the Whitman sisters again," he said.

Another dancer who worked with the Whitman sisters, Louis Williams, remembers the day when the troupe boarded a train in New Orleans, La., for New York City. "Groundhog took a train for Los Angeles," Williams said. "They had a terrible time finding him."

Groundhog worked with the Whitman sisters off and on for eight years, from 1928 to 1936. At first he danced as Pops Whitman's shadow, doing all Whitman's steps right behind him, but didn't really get interested in tap dancing until he saw Fayard Nicholas, who, along with his brother, Harold, were pioneers in the blending of tap and acrobatics. After leaving the Whitman sisters, Groundhog had an act with his sister; they called themselves Showboy and Annie. Then came years abroad.

"I've been to Europe about seven times," Groundhog said. "Spent three years in Paris—the French don't appreciate tap, so I used flash and eccentric." In 1950, when Whitman died at 39 in Athens, Greece, Groundhog was dancing at a nearby night club.

Groundhog also appeared in a bit in *The Big Store* movie with the Marx Brothers.

"I did a no-hand flip onto a truck," he said. "They had to run three takes because I wasn't too sober." In 1951, he said, he helped Nick Castle, the Hollywood dance director with a real feeling for jazz, choreograph a number for the chorus in *Skirts Ahoy*.

"Groundhog would never stay in New York City and compete," said Rhythm Red indignantly. "That's why Groundhog never got the credit he deserves." Rhythm Red, whose name is John Chivers, is a midwesterner who says he hangs around Detroit mostly. He resembles a kindly Mr. Clean and is Groundhog's loyal friend.

"You should have been in Chicago around 1942 when I first met Groundhog," he said, his eyes shining. "The

south side was jumping with great dancers: Groundhog, Pops and Louis, Jack Williams, and the Rhythm Maniacs were all on the same bill at the Rhumboogie; Baby Laurence and Nip and Tuck at the Club DeLisa; and me and Leon Collins at White's Emporium, with lots of other dancers—Red Simmons, Derby Hicks, and Monte Blue—passing through town."

An old tradition had been revived on the south side. About 5 a.m. after the clubs had closed, the entertainers swarmed out to relax on the benches along Garfield Blvd.

"One morning I was just sitting there watching several dancers trying to carve each other when this little cat"—Rhythm Red pointed at Groundhog—"saw his chance and cut loose; he started with cramp rolls on the concrete and built up fast to knee-drops, flips, and spits; it was all over in a minute, and after a stunned silence, we all cheered loud and long—and that was the end of the dancing. Nobody dared to follow him."

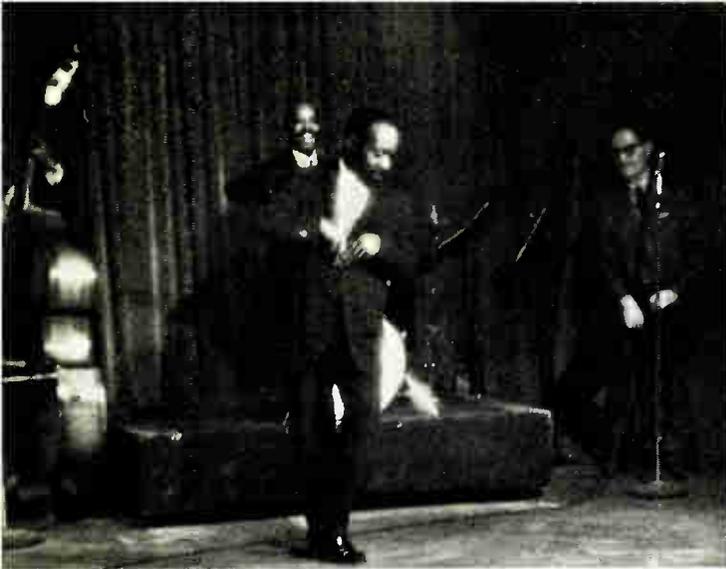
At the Village Vanguard watching Roach take a drum solo, Groundhog seemed to mellow.

"Drumming and dancing are the same," he observed. "When he was working with Benny Carter, Max taught me how to drum paradiddles. I'd lie in bed and listen to a metronome for two hours every night, inventing new combinations. I don't like to repeat a step unless it's necessary to help the audience catch on—dancing is about 20 years ahead of its time, and people don't understand it."

**W**ITH THE HELP of Roach, who said he had "learned a lot just listening to Hog's feet," we planned an appearance for the dancer. The Village Gate had a fine floor, specially constructed for Spanish dancer Carmen Amaya, and proprietor Art D'Lugoff offered to sandwich our act in between folk singer Buffy Sainte-Marie and the Swingle Singers. He also agreed to furnish the Jo Jones Trio as accompaniment and to pay the dancers.

Rhythm Red got together three more unemployed dancers to furnish a build-up for Groundhog: Gentleman Peppy (Ernest Cathy), Tommy Powell, and Isaiah (Lon) Chaney. We had one rehearsal, supervised by Roach. For the opening, all the dancers were to line up to *Tea for Two* and went through a shim-sham routine, a simple sequence of steps as well known to a tapper as the blues to a jazzman. Then each dancer selected the tune for his number and ran through three choruses. The pianist had trouble with the tunes, but we assumed he would learn them in time for the performance.

The high point of the rehearsal—and indeed the entire project—occurred toward the end, when drummer Jo



FRED W. MCDARRAH

Groundhog at the Village Gate; Jo Jones is the drummer; Marshall Stearns is at the right.

Jones and Groundhog started to trade four-bar solos. When Jones gave up, Roach took over. Roach tossed off complex rhythmic patterns of multiple tones (including bass-drum explosions), and Groundhog, with similar variations in pitch achieved by dropping his heels, stamping and slapping, repeated, commented upon, and answered them. For a quarter of an hour they seemed equally matched.

We all agreed that this should be the climax of the act, with Roach planted in the audience and invited to come on stage and participate in a "spontaneous and unrehearsed" duet. The performance was to take place the next evening at 10:30 before a specially invited audience of critics and promoters.

As an afterthought, we asked Chaney if he could find his friend, Chuck Green, and bring him along. Four years older than Groundhog, Green was one of the original team of Chuck and Chuckles, which had danced with big bands all over the country in the '40s. He was also the protege of John Bubbles, and many said he now excelled his master. Despite a serious illness some years ago, Green could still dance beautifully.

**T**HE PERFORMANCE the next night bordered on disaster.

The bass player arrived without his instrument, and while everybody waited, some patron of the dance circulated a bottle backstage. With the exception of Green, the dancers were nervous. They had seen Groundhog dance at rehearsal and knew they were about to be cut to pieces. Further, reporters from the *Village Voice*, the *New York Times*, and *The New Yorker* were in the audience. Most nerve-racking of all, comedian Nipsey Russell, who is also a dancer and whose recommendation might mean a job, was sitting at a front table.

It became clear that Groundhog was the most nervous of all. During the delay, he sat down with us and said, "I've been waiting to battle Chuck Green for 20 years; dancing is like a gang war, and tonight I'm up against one of the best."

He looked almost frightened.

"Every dancer," he added, "is my enemy."

When the act finally was announced, all the dancers came on for the opening ensemble—except Groundhog. Then each dancer, with an eye on Russell, who commented loudly and enthusiastically during each number, made a speech about what he was going to do and proceeded to run overtime. Concluding blasts on the drums by Jones, who shouted "Goin' home!" at the dancers, had

no effect. Only Rhythm Red announced briefly that he would do the best he could and did it. And by then, it was clear that the pianist would never know any of the tunes.

When his turn came, Green followed without a word and brought forth cheers for his effortless dancing.

"It's like a continuous melody of taps," said a fellow dancer in the audience. Here was a great dancer.

At last Groundhog was announced—and nothing happened. He was fussing with his shoelaces just offstage and took an interminable two minutes to mount the platform. Then, to one unrecognizable chorus of *Ladybird*, he burst into a wild assortment of tap, eccentric, jazz, and acrobatic steps.

It was over, and Groundhog was bowing almost before it started.

To fill the astonished pause, Roach was invited onstage and sat down at the drums. Instead of trading fours with Roach, Groundhog called Green back and signaled for him to dance and keep on dancing.

"I'm gonna put something on you," Groundhog shouted as Green obliged with a tap Charleston.

As time went on, it looked as if Groundhog was trying to wear Green down. "You can do better than that," he called, and then, as Green went into a graceful tapping turn, Groundhog cried, "Oh, showbiz?"

Groundhog then proceeded to execute an incredibly fast series of syncopated staccato taps, including a bit of flamenco, ending with a knee-drop—down and up in a split second—which left the audience gasping.

Green merely looked puzzled while Roach went back to his seat and soon disappeared. There was no more music.

"I never lost a case!" Groundhog yelled, interrupting Green's elegant rhythm tap whenever he saw a chance.

Groundhog knew what he was doing. By way of contrast to Green's relaxed, fluid, almost dreamlike grace, he exploded into dramatic combinations fused together at white heat and swept the audience off its feet. His hard-hitting and versatile dancing carried the day, though it was not exactly a battle between a dancer with one great style and another with an endless bag of tricks. Groundhog was by no means ragged, for each of his combinations had a style of its own. He was improvising, combining styles in a new way.

"Bewildering," said *The New Yorker*; "Groundhog stratospherized us," said the *Village Voice*, calling him the "King of the Gate."

**W**E SAW GROUNDHOG for the last time at the Copper Rail, where Rhythm Red had been installed as bouncer. When we told Groundhog how much we enjoyed his dancing, he replied, "I do the best I can." Modesty rang true in his speech. "I hate that name Groundhog; I think my old man gave it to me when I was too young to argue." We tried to cheer him up.

Suddenly he was talking about his mother and his wife, the tears rolling down his cheeks. "My wife's a good dancer," he said, "but I'd rather go out and dig ditches than have her work for some of those promoters—look at these hands." His hands were covered with thick callouses from manual labor. "A dancer," he said, "gets no credit for being an artist, he's persecuted—all my life I could never earn enough money to live like a man."

Groundhog promised to visit us the next afternoon to tell us "the inside story of tap." He did not appear. At last report, the undisputed King of the Gate was still out of a dancing job. 

(From the forthcoming book *Jazz Dance*.)



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# CHARLES IVES

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## Composer In The American Grain

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By DON HECKMAN

the Civil War—the Brigade Band of the 1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery.

Its fame is best described in a humorous, and perhaps apocryphal, conversation between President Lincoln and Gen. Grant. On hearing the group perform during the siege of Richmond, Lincoln spoke admiringly, saying, "That's a good band. It's the best in the Army, they tell me." Grant is alleged to have replied, "You couldn't prove it by me. I know only two tunes. One of them is *Yankee Doodle*, and the other isn't."

Young Ives began studying music at the age of 5. His father made it a comprehensive education, teaching him to play piano, cornet, and violin as well as instructing him in sight-reading and counterpoint.

More important than this formal background—probably as good as that offered by the best conservatories of the time—Ives was exposed to the extensive musical activity of a small New England town. In speaking of his boyhood to biographer Henry Cowell, Ives recalled: "At the outdoor camp-meeting services in Redding, all the farmers, their families, fieldhands, and friends for miles around would come afoot or in their farm wagons. I remember how the great waves of sound used to come through the trees when things like *Beulah Land*, *Woodworth*, *Nearer My God to Thee*, *The Shining Shore*, *Nettleton*, *In the Sweet Bye and Bye*, and the like, were sung by thousands of 'let-out' souls. . . . Father, who led the singing, sometimes with his cornet or his voice, sometimes with both voice and arms, and sometimes in the quieter hymns with a violin or French horn, would always encourage the people to sing their own way."

The elder Ives, who had absolute pitch, constantly experimented with the materials of music. His curiosity ranged from the nature of echoes and overtones to the study of microtones and the indeterminate relationship of simultaneous musical events.

In an article for *Pro Musica Quarterly*, Charles Ives wrote: "My father had a weakness for quarter-tones—in fact, he didn't even stop with them. He rigged up a contrivance to stretch 24 or more violin strings and tuned them to suit the dictates of his own curiosity. He would pick out quarter-tone tunes and try to get the family to sing them. But I remember he gave that up except as a means of punishment, though we got to like some of the

**O**N THE EVENING OF April 25, 1965, the American Symphony Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski conducting, gave Charles Ives' *Fourth Symphony* its first complete performance. Had Ives been alive, he likely would have viewed the event with characteristic dispassion.

Through his active career as a composer, his work was met with an almost total lack of interest from the professional music world. That a major composition should receive its debut before an enthusiastic audience nearly 50 years after its completion no doubt would have pleased him greatly, but what was important to Ives was always the music and the ideas therein.

Ives' concern with the music traced to a boyhood rich in musical experiences. He was born Oct. 20, 1874, in Danbury, Conn. His father, George, had been, at the age of 17, the leader of one of the best-known Army bands in

tunes which kept to the usual scale and had quarter-tone notes thrown in. . . . A little later on he did some experimenting with glasses and bells and got some sounds as beautiful sometimes as they were funny—a complex that only children are old enough to appreciate.”

On holidays such as the Fourth of July or Decoration Day, when bands from various counties would form a massed ensemble under his leadership, George Ives would locate small groups of musicians in different sections of the town—one on the church steeple, another on the village green, another on the roof of a building—with each playing in turn a variation on something like *Jerusalem the Golden*. On another occasion he tuned a piano to natural rather than tempered intervals.

His father's radical musical ideas had an early effect upon Charles Ives, who remembers trying out some experiments of his own when he was 12:

“In practicing the drum parts on the piano alone (without the other players), I remember getting tired of using the tonic and dominant and subdominant triads, with *doh* and *sol* in the bass. So I got to trying sets of notes to ‘take off’ the drums—for the snare drum, right-hand notes usually closer together, and for the bass drum, left-hand notes and wider intervals. . . . For the explosive notes or heavy accents in either drum, the fist or flat of the hand was sometimes used, usually longer groups with the right hand than with the left hand. . . . A popular chord in the right hand was *doh-sharp, me, sol, doh-natural*. Sometimes a *rah-sharp* on top; and one with two notes with thumb, but having the little fingers run into a seventh or an eighth and a semitone over the lower thumb note. The left hand would often take two black notes on top with the thumb and run down the rest on white or measured intervals.”

In later years, Ives was quick to acknowledge the importance of his father's influence, saying that “if I have done anything good in music, it was first because of my father.” And Cowell perceptively suggests, in describing their relationship, that the son wrote the father's music.

Ives' formal musical studies at Yale, with the well-known late-19th-century U.S. composer, Horatio Parker, apparently had little effect. Of that period, Ives sardonically notes, “After the first two or three weeks in freshman year, I did not bother him with any of the experimental ideas that father had been willing for me to think about and try out.”

Ives was, however, active in the more mundane musical life of New Haven. A few of his pieces were performed by the pit orchestra in the Hyperion Theater, where he occasionally substituted for the pianist, and he was the organist for the Center Church in New Haven, where his *Organ Prelude and Postlude*, the progenitor of the *Thanksgiving* movement of his *Holiday Symphony*, was performed in 1897.

Upon graduation, Ives met the problem of earning a living in down-to-earth Yankee fashion. Music, he concluded, was not very practical:

“If a man has a nice wife and some nice children, how can he let the children starve on his dissonances?”

He decided instead to enter business, and took a clerk's position with the Mutual Life Insurance Co. at a salary of \$5 a week.

In 1907 he started his own insurance company in partnership with a friend, Julian Myrick. Over the next 23 years Ives & Myrick became one of the biggest and most important agencies in the field. Ives wrote a booklet titled *The Amount to Carry—Measuring the Prospect*, which is still widely used by insurance companies.

At the time of Ives' retirement in 1930, Ives & Myrick had put into effect \$450,000,000 of new insurance business for Mutual Life. Both the intensity and seriousness of

Ives' business involvement can be noted in a letter written to encourage his agents: “If you can't make your prospect like you or your policy, make him like life insurance anyway. Knock some BIG ideas into his mind. Every man wants to be independent and have his family independent. That's the spirit of America and of humans in general. Nothing can help a man more than the thing you have for him: life insurance.”

Ives saw no inconsistency between his business activities and his music. When poet Henry Bellaman asked how he managed to reconcile the two careers, Ives replied, “The fabric of existence weaves itself whole. You cannot set an art off in the corner and hope for it to have vitality, reality, and substance. There can be nothing *exclusive* about a substantial art. It comes directly out of the heart of experience of life and thinking about life and living life. My work in music helped my business, and work in business helped my music.”

Ives' most productive musical period coincided, as if in confirmation, almost directly with his busiest days in insurance. In order to work in both areas, he kept a brutal schedule, writing music nearly every evening, pouring out page after page, which he tossed over his shoulder into a pile—a fever of productivity rivaling that of novelist Thomas Wolfe.

But the few efforts made by Ives to have his music considered by professional performers nearly always resulted in bitter frustration.

After hearing the *Second Violin Sonata*, violinist, Reber Johnson told him: “Stuff like that . . . ! If you consider that music and like it, how can you like Brahms and any other good music?”

In 1910 a friend persuaded conductor Walter Damrosch to run through parts of the *First Symphony* at a rehearsal of the New York Symphony Orchestra, but that autocratic conductor made frequent stops to correct what he assumed, without asking Ives, were wrong notes. And in a passage where duple meter and triple meter were combined in different parts, he called out patronizingly, “You'll just have to make up your mind, young man. Which do you want, a rhythm of two or a rhythm of three?”

In 1919 Ives had the *Concord Sonata*, the *Essays before a Sonata*—lengthy program notes—and a collection called *114 Songs* privately printed and distributed free to anyone who wanted them. (Ives considered the *Concord Sonata*—one of the most difficult piano pieces ever written—to be among his “more accessible” music.)

Ives' postscript to the *114 Songs* suggests rather poignantly the feelings he must have had about the infrequency with which his works were performed: “Some have written a book for money; I have not. Some for fame; I have not. Some for love; I have not. Some for kindlings; I have not. . . . In fact, I have not written a book at all—I have merely cleaned house. All that is left is out on the clothesline.”

In the 1920s Ives' works began to be heard, the result, in large part, of the proselytizing of the avant-garde composers of the period—Henry Cowell, Wallingford Riegger, Charles Ruggles, Otto Luening, and Nicholas Slonimsky.

The first Ives recording was issued on New Quarterly Recordings in 1934, with Slonimsky conducting *Barn Dance* and *In the Night*. Ives' setting of the *67th Psalm* was the first of his work recorded by a major company—Columbia. More formal recognition followed in 1946 with his election to the National Institute of Arts and Letters and in 1947 when he was awarded a Pulitzer Prize for the *Third Symphony*.

But Ives, flinty and withdrawn from public life because of a long illness, cared little for prizes. “They are,” he said, “for boys. I'm grown up.”

**T**HERE CAN BE LITTLE question that Ives has emerged in the last 20 years as the most important U.S. composer of this century, perhaps of this country's musical history. He was especially gifted in having matured in a society as sophisticated yet earth-rooted as was New England in the late 19th century. But he was also growing up in a wider society that was energetically pushing across the last continental frontier. The vitality, the complexity, and the ingenuousness of this society is everywhere in Ives' music. Writing of it in his *Essays*, he said:

"If a man finds that the cadences of an Apache war dance come nearest to his soul, and provided he has taken pains enough to know enough other cadences (for eclecticism is part of his duty: sorting potatoes means a better crop next year), let him assimilate whatever he finds highest in the Indian ideal, so that he can use it fervently, transcendental-ly, inevitably, furiously in his symphonies, in his operas, in his whistlings on the way to work. . . . This is all possible and necessary if he is confident that they have a part in his spiritual consciousness."

The *Essays before a Sonata* constitutes Ives' most important statement of musical philosophy. Serious and articulate though they are, they are not without touches of his salty humor:

"These prefatory essays were written by the composer for those who can't stand his music—and the music for those who can't stand his essays; to those who can't stand either, the whole is respectfully dedicated."

There are more serious comments as well. In speaking of the first movement of the *Concord Sonata* (subtitled *Emerson*), Ives writes of Ralph Waldo Emerson's style, but might be speaking of his own artistic principles: "Nature dislikes to explain as well as repeat. It is conceivable that what is unified form to the author or composer may of necessity be formless to his audience." And in further explanation: "Nature loves analogy and abhors repetition and explanation. Unity is too generally conceived of, or too easily accepted, as analogous to form, and form as analogous to custom, and custom to habit."

Ives deeply believed in the transcendental view of the oneness of man and nature advanced by the Concord philosophers, Henry Thoreau and Emerson. He felt that individual emotions must be viewed in this context and had little patience with unbounded expressionism:

"The intensity with which techniques and media are organized and used tends to throw the mind away from a common sense and toward manner—and thus . . . the Byronic fallacy, that one who is full of turbid feelings *about himself* is qualified to be some sort of an artist."

Referring to the purity of the musical "idea," he wrote, "Why can't music go out the same way it comes into a man, without having to crawl over a fence of sounds, thoraxes, cat guts, wire, wood and brass . . . the instrument! There is the perennial difficulty, there is music's limitations."

Ives' music is strongly indebted to this idea of oneness. Its forms frequently result from sequences of events that overlap, converge, and conflict, in a multiplicity of levels and directions. Much has been written of the innovatory aspects of his music. The fact that he used polytonalities, polyrhythms, tone clusters, 12-note rows, microtones, metrical modulations, etc., has been duly emphasized; the point is not so much that Ives anticipated Schoenberg or Stravinsky or Hindemith or whomever, but that he developed and used these ideas because they seemed to him the logical means for the unobstructed expression of his musical ideas.

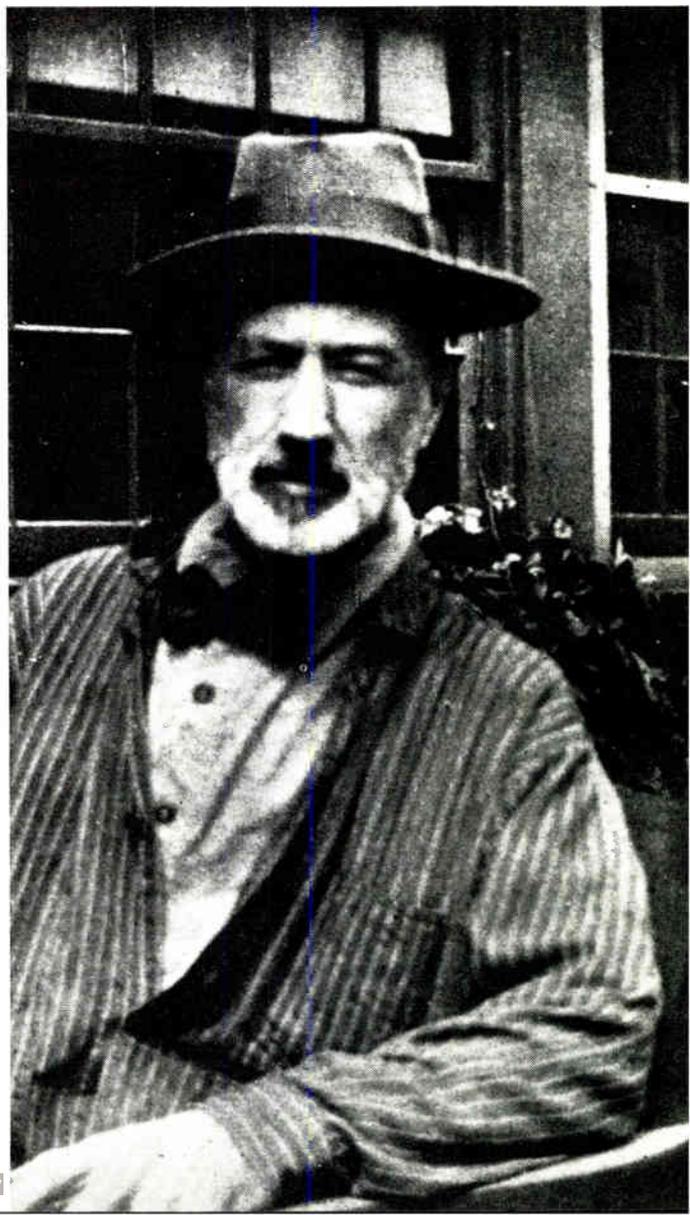
The most immediately noticed feature of Ives' music, and the one frequently commented upon, is his prolific use of quotations. His sources range over a vast spread—from

U.S. folk songs and hymns to Brahms and, in the *Concord Sonata*, an intense structural use of Beethoven's famous V-for-Victory motif from the *Fifth Symphony*.

Quotation, of course, long has been a literary practice and was common in music until at least the 17th century. In subsequent years, however, composers have used it with caution. Ives, notes Cowell, "uses musical reminiscence as a kind of stream-of-consciousness device that brings up old tunes with their burden of nostalgic emotion. These snatches of hymns, minstrel songs, college songs, fiddle tunes, and so on, sewn through the fabric of his music, are never left as quotations only; certain fragments soon develop a life of their own, and some aspect of their musical structure is always made the basis of the piece's subsequent behavior, so that ultimately the music stands independent of any literary or other extramusical connection."

Even a partial list of works that make use of quotes encompasses an important segment of Ives' *oeuvre*—*New England Holidays*, both *String Quartets*, all four *Violin Sonatas* (which are particularly rich in hymn-tune quotes), *Three Places in New England*, the *Second* and *Third Symphonies*, and *Piano Sonata No. 1*.

On the other hand, a significant number of Ives compositions do not use quoted material at all—*Tone Roads No. 1* and *No. 3*, *The Unanswered Question*, the *Three-*

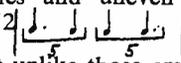


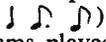
*Page Sonata, Over the Pavements, and the Three Harvest Home Chorales.*

For the jazz listener, Ives' occasional use of elements from the spontaneous, semi-improvised music of the late 19th and early 20th centuries is particularly fascinating. In his *Essays* he writes:

"Ragtime, as we hear it, is, of course, more (but not much more) than a natural dogma of shifted accents, or a mixture of shifted and minus accents. . . . Ragtime has its possibilities. But it does not represent 'America' any more than some fine old senators represent it. Perhaps we know it now as an ore before it has been refined into a product. [A truly visionary comment!] It may be one of nature's ways of giving art raw material. Time will throw its vices away and weld its virtues into the fabric of our music."

Many of its virtues in fact found their way into the fabric of Ives' music. The lively rhythms in the second movement of *Set for Theater Orchestra* (not unlike the pulsating accents of the rumba) or in the fourth movement of *Piano Sonata No. 1* (with its Charlestonlike swing) are relatively simple examples of Ives' unusual rhythmic practices.

His more involved techniques are astonishingly complex. To list a few: Quickly shifting metric time signatures—5/8, 9/8, 11/8 and, in some places, such fractional notations as 6½/2. Superimposed, uneven meters—grupetti of 5, 3, or 7 in a 2/2 time signature (made even more complex through ties and uneven divisions within the superimposition—2/2 ). Rhythmic additives

and subtractions not unlike those employed—years later—by Olivier Messiaen (*The Cage*, for example, has an opening rhythmic pattern that is subtractive ). Metric modulations. Multirhythms—many rhythms played against each other (as in *Tone Roads No. 3*, in which a relatively simple measure juxtaposes, in a 3/4 time signature, eighth-note triplets for the flute against a superimposed 4 divided into 16th notes for the clarinet against a superimposed 5 divided into quarter-notes for the trombone against dotted-eighths-and-16ths with upbeat accents for the piano).

Ives' formal structures are not so complex as one might expect. The crossing and superimposition of various musical events is consistent with the idea of a gradual procedural growth toward unity.

Sonata form is rarely used as such, despite the titles of some Ives works, although he found the form superficially useful because of its development of contrasting ideas that evolve toward resolution and integration. As Cowell has explained, Ives believed in clarity as an ending—an artistic conclusion—rather than as a starting point. This concept is not unlike that implicit in the first movement of the Bartok *Third Quartet*, in which the principal theme appears late in the movement as the logical coming-together of apparently unrelated thematic fragments.

The ordering of notes in Ives' music—call it harmony—involves typically original techniques. The famous 12-note row used in *Tone Roads No. 3* has been mentioned frequently. There are also examples of polytonality, atonality, microtones and clusters, etc., too numerous to mention.

**R**EGRETTABLY, IVES has not been well served by the recording industry. Many of the songs never have been recorded, and a collection sung by a good male voice (surely a necessity for such assertive songs as *General William Booth Enters into Heaven*) has not been released since a 1942 recording by Mordecai Bauman. Orchestral works that never have been recorded include *The Browning Overture* and the *Orchestral Set No. 2*. Ives' choral music, with rare exception, has not been recorded at all, and it would be intriguing to hear the

*Ives Three Quarter-Tone Piano Pieces.*

From the recordings that have been issued, at least a basic collection of Ives material can be gathered. Certainly the four *Violin Sonatas* should be included, since they represent such a broad spectrum of Ives techniques. They are available on two collections: Mercury MG 50096/7, with Rafael Druian on violin and John Simms on piano; and Folkways FM 3347, with an exceptional performance by Paul Zukofsky on violin and Gilbert Kalish on piano.

The *Second, Third*, and now the *Fourth Symphony* are all available. The New York Philharmonic, under Leonard Bernstein, recorded a classic performance of the *Second*. The Mercury recording of the *Third* by Howard Hanson and the Rochester Symphony Orchestra (SR 90149) is an exceptional bargain since it also includes a fine version of *Three Places in New England*. The first recording of the *Fourth*, by Stokowski and the American Symphony Orchestra, Columbia ML-6175, has already received well-deserved praise from the critics.

Happily, *Piano Sonata No. 2 (Concord Sonata)*, probably the most concentrated of Ives' works and, if the most difficult, also the one that most accurately and least wastefully represents the man and his musical philosophy, has been recorded twice. Both recordings are excellent: the first, with Georg Pappa-stavrou on piano, is strongest in the poetic and meditative sections (Composers Recording CRI 150); the second, by Alois Kontarsky, is harder, more direct, and quite different in interpretation (Time S 8005).

Recent collections from Cambridge and CRI are excellent. Particularly good is a recording that includes *Tone Roads No. 1 and No. 3, The Pond, Halloween, Over the Pavements, the Three-Page Sonata* and eight songs performed by the Boston Chamber Ensemble under the baton of Harold Farberman (Cambridge CRM-804).

*New England Holidays: Washington's Birthday; Decoration Day; The Fourth of July; Thanksgiving, or Forefathers' Day* (CRI 190SD) is a collection of performances recorded in different locations by different orchestras, all conducted by William Strickland. Despite the disparate sources, the sections are remarkably well integrated and superbly performed. CRI has also released *Central Park in the Dark* and several other pieces for chamber orchestra (duplicating a few of the works on the Farberman recording), also under Strickland's direction (CRI-163).

*The Unanswered Question*, one of Ives' few widely known works, is included in a chamber-music program conducted by Lukas Foss (Unicorn UN LP 1037). The best song collection is performed by Helen Boatwright in a hard-to-locate Overtone release (Overtone 7), and the *Harvest Home Chorales* are available in a beautiful performance by the Robert Shaw Chorale (RCA Victor LSC 2676). The two *String Quartets* have recently been recorded by the Kohon String Quartet of New York University (Vox DL-1120); the *First* is early Ives—still learning to use his material—but the *Second* is a stunning example of the mature Ives irreverently refusing to succumb to the demands of musical tradition.

A decade after his death, the possibility of a wider dissemination of Ives' music does not appear especially promising. Perhaps, as some writers have suggested, the much-acclaimed premiere of his *Fourth Symphony* marks the beginning of a true appreciation of Ives' music.

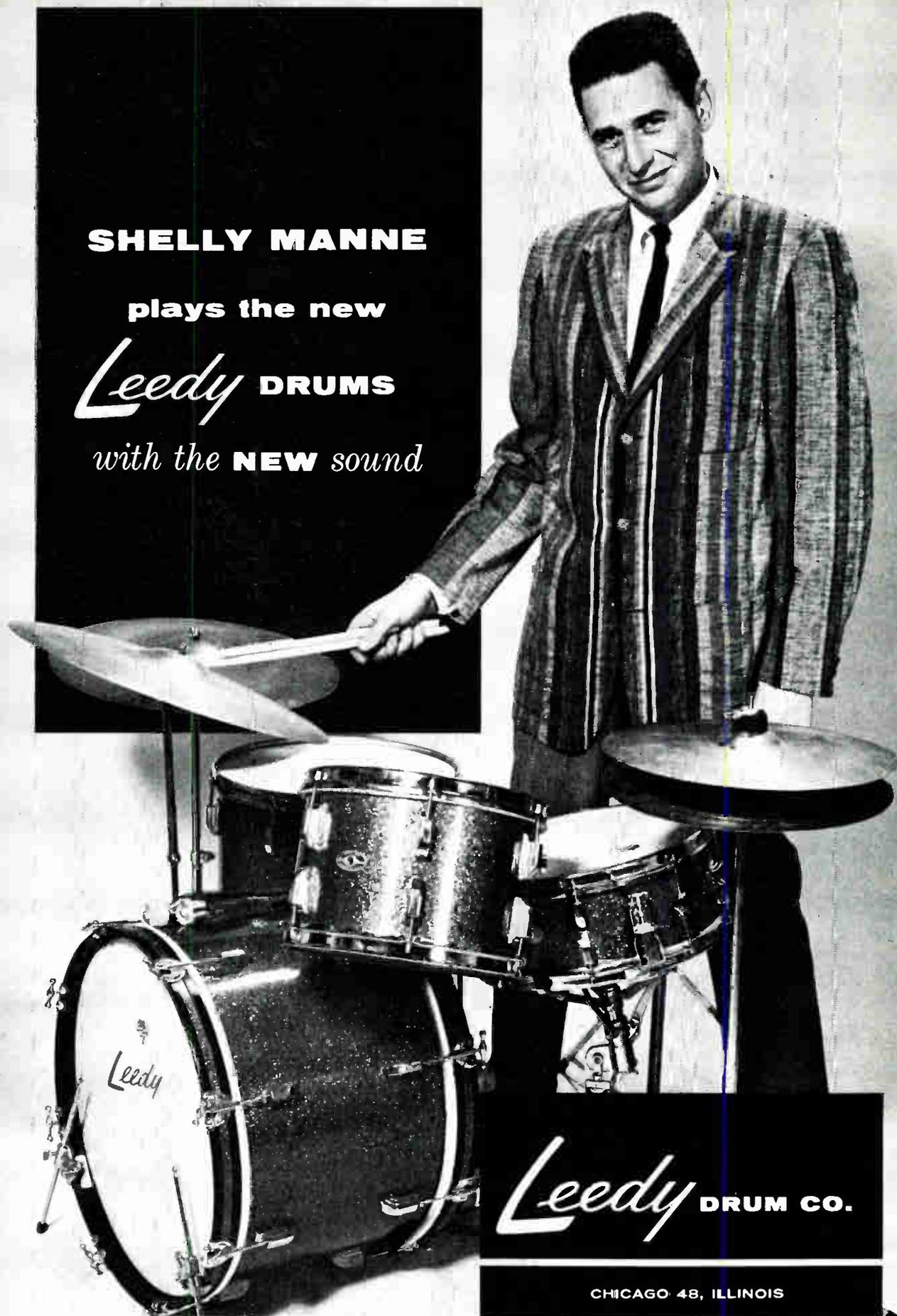
When Arnold Schoenberg died—only a few years before Ives—a brief, but significant tribute was found among his papers. It might well stand as testimony to the greatness of America's most powerfully original composer: "There is a great man living in this country—a composer. He has solved the problem of how to preserve one's self and to learn. He responds to negligence by contempt. He is not forced to accept praise or blame. His name is Ives." 

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# FATHER OF THE STREET

**F**IFTY-SECOND St. has been referred to in the past tense for more than a decade now. It's true that the street is still there, but The Street isn't.

There still is the jazzman who will weep in his beer over this circumstance, but weeping and beer will not make it so. Maybe a little nostalgia can make it seem a little more so. . . .

This is the story about the man—Joseph J. Helbock—and the spot he owned—the Onyx Club—that were responsible for 52nd St.'s rise as a world-renowned strip of jazz clubs.

The region so embraced was only two blocks long on 52nd—from Fifth Ave. to Seventh Ave.—but for two decades most of the best players in jazz paraded through it. Jazz, generally speaking, enjoyed two eras there: from 1934 to 1944, when mostly swing of various forms was in vogue; then there followed a decade when bop held sway.

It was Helbock, as Tommy Dorsey pointed out in 1938, "who brought jazz downtown from Harlem."

Helbock was born in what he calls "the old Bronx" in 1896. His neighborhood was right across the 138th St. bridge from Harlem.

Young Helbock could well have been jazz' first hanger-on. When the late actor Paul Douglas, then a prominent radio announcer, wrote an article on Helbock's Onyx Club for *Stage* magazine in 1938, he said, "Joe's ear for music was developed by his appreciation of . . . the clink of bottle on glass."

This irritated Helbock, and he rebutted it through Frank Conniff's column in the *New York Journal-American*:

"My music career was rather brief, but I had one. An aunt bought me a zither when I was about 8 years old. It only lasted about two weeks around the house, as my father had no ear for music and threw it out. Then I played the fife for a year when I was 10 at the Dominican Convent at Blauvelt, N.Y. When I was 14, I used to hike across the 138th St. bridge every Saturday to Harlem—then comprising only about six square blocks with 135th St. as the central artery—to listen to the Jenkins Orphanage band play on the street corners. [This cele-



Onyx Club stalwart Stuff Smith

brated band, made up of youngsters from the Jenkins Orphanage of Charleston, S.C., made yearly pilgrimages to Harlem to raise funds for the institution. Later-to-be jazzmen who played in it included trumpeter Gus Akins and Tommy and Bill Benford, drums and bass.]"

Helbock's interview continued: "As I got older, I became a frequent visitor to Barren Wilkins' old place at 134th St. and Seventh Ave. where I heard some great jazz bands. In 1917 I think I heard the greatest jazz band this country ever had, even though it was supposed to be a military band. It was led by the great Jim Europe, and one day I caught them as they paraded up Fifth Ave. on their way to camp. They stopped at 34th St., in front of B. Altman's and went into about 30 choruses of their regimental song, *Who's Gonna Take My Place When I'm Gone?* They must have played about an hour, with each member of the band taking individual solos that were improvised on the spot. Then, a few years later, after I got out of the Army, I had the pleasure of hearing Duke Ellington's band at the old Kentucky Club on 49th St. Yes, I heard a lot of jazz before I got behind the bar at the Onyx."

During the 1920s, Helbock, a thin, active man with a smiling face and a bald head, worked in a midtown

drugstore on the Great White Way and for a spell roomed with a young saxophone player from the Pennsylvania coal fields named Jimmy Dorsey.

These were prohibition days and Joe Helbock had a lot of connections and many friends who were thirsty. Along about the end of 1928 he went into business for himself, working out of his apartment on W. 49th St. (the building was soon torn down to make way for Radio City) as a bootlegger. His operation was an order-by-phone-delivery one, and his customers were for the most part musicians and show people with whom he had a wide acquaintance. He recalls, "I used to age the rye by four years—using Coca-Cola syrup—between the receipt of the call and final delivery."

**F**IFTY-SECOND St. once had been, in the last century, an exclusive residential row of mansions. Such families as the Rhinelanders and the Holstaders lived on 52nd right off Fifth Ave. The former, whose house was at No. 36 W. 52nd, left after a family scandal in the mid-'20s, and the place was said to have been used later as a fancy bordello. The present-day 21 Club, with its familiar iron fence, is located on the Hofstader estate. It is the last building to remain standing from the block that once consisted solidly of brownstones.

There were still many brownstones standing, though they had declined to a rooming-house status in 1930, when Helbock went in search of a spot to open a speakeasy. The block between Fifth and Sixth was a likely area; it was reported there were some 50 “blind pigs” and speaks hidden in the brick residences lining both sides of the street.

Helbock found what he wanted at No. 35. It was an old house that one entered through a step-down basement door. After a short walk down a hallway, the visitor came to a stairway that led to the second floor, where rooms were entered off a hallway. Helbock selected a long, narrow reception room and painted the outside of the door a dirty mottled silver color after drilling out a peephole. Inside he installed a bar at the far end of the room, added a few tables to the already-present set of shabby wicker chairs, and turned a pantry into a kitchen. It wasn't long before an old beat-up piano, a push-ball game, and a phonograph were added. A closet became a storage bin for musical instruments.

The clientele that was to make Helbock's place a second home came over from the National Broadcasting Studios at 711 Fifth Ave. and the Columbia radio headquarters at Madison and 52nd. The password for entrance was “Local 802,” and Helbock greeted one and all from behind the bar with “Hiya, toots.”

The date given for the opening of the room, soon to be dubbed the Onyx because of its black walls, was July 30, 1930. Hardly more than 25 persons could squeeze into the place at one time, but during its early days there were usually no more than a half-dozen on the premises.

It's at this point that an idiosyncrasy of New York's professional musicians played a hand with the Onyx.

With the exception of a few big names, no musicians used offices to conduct business. They had always made a headquarters out of a favored bar and cafe.

The Onyx was not the first of these hangouts. Many of the older jazz musicians speak fondly of Plunkett's, a bar on W. 53rd St. then under the elevated structure a few doors west of Broadway; and in Harlem there were spots like Big John's, the Rhythm Club, and the Hooper's Club. Now the Onyx went on the list. At first, it was known only to the radio studio musicians, who stashed their horns in the closet, cashed their checks, picked up mail and phone messages, and told their whereabouts to Helbock in case a recording session came up.

Helbock has an old band photograph of the famous Ipana Troubadours, a radio band led by Lennie Hayton about 1930. The picture is a good representation of the Onyx' early customers—Mannie Klein and Charlie Margulis, trumpets; Jerry Colonna, trombone; Benny Goodman, alto saxophone; Carl Kress, guitar; Fidgy McGrath, piano; and Artie Bernstein, bass.

AS THE DEPRESSION wore on, Chicagoans Eddie Condon, pianist Joe Sullivan, and ex-Mound City Blue Blower Red McKenzie began to transfer from Plunkett's to the Onyx. Also coming over from Plunkett's was Tommy Dorsey, who was now beginning to make \$500 a week in radio studio work. (But Dorsey was an exception. The Windy City boys, trumpeter Max Kaminsky, and many of the other jazzmen were kept busy dodging door plugs in the cheaper and older midtown hotels. It was much more sensible to keep your horn at the Onyx than to leave it in your hotel room.)

In those days musicians rarely got a chance to play jazz on their regular jobs. Ipana toothpaste wasn't sold to the strains of *Fidgety Feet*. As a result, the Onyx habitués easily fell into impromptu jam sessions around Helbock's piano during their off hours.

Onyx proprietor Helbock, fondly called Curly, became the musicians' best friend in more ways than one. When guitarist Eddie Lang, then accompanying Bing Crosby on radio daily, died unexpectedly, Helbock drove an Onyx delegation to Philadelphia for the funeral.

Significant things began to take place at the Onyx. Crosby's rival of the day, Russ Columbo, was said to have recruited the orchestra, with



Onyx owner Joe Helbock and radio personality Budd Hulick at 1936 Imperial Theater jazz concert

several good jazzmen, that traveled under his name, at the Onyx. Violinist Joe Venuti would build an impromptu jam session and then rush the participants over to the Brunswick recording studios for a midnight recording date. It was said the idea for the novelty tune, *Knock, Knock, Who's There?*, originated at the Onyx from the constant knocking for entrance.

By 1933 Helbock signed his first employe, pianist Joe Sullivan, to play during the cocktail hour. Business was booming, and Helbock could no

Stuff Smith's Onyx Club Boys (l to r): Bobby Bennett, Smith, Mack Walker, Jonah Jones, and Cozy Cole



longer close up after the midday rehearsals and daytime broadcasts. As he put it, "I stayed until the boys were ready to cut, which was around 3 or 4 a.m., when we all headed for Harlem and Pod's & Jerry's to pick up the Lion [pianist Willie Smith] and continue on to Tillie's Chicken Shack to swing until 10 in the morning."

While at first all Helbock's customers were working and nonworking musicians, the word soon got around, and celebrities were frequently spotted in the place—movie actress Thelma Todd; pitcher Lefty Gomez of the New York Yankees; radio announcers Floyd Gibbons, Ben Grauer, and Paul Douglas; Buddy Ebsen, then a dancer in Broadway musicals; and a quiet young fellow named Martin Block,

pect of it was that the British had told him he could use the men he wanted playing the kind of music that they (the men in the band) wanted. We got together some original material arranged by pianist Artie Schutt, an Onyx regular, and selected a group also made up of Onyx frequenters. The guys were Mannie Klein, trumpet; Jack Teagarden, trombone; myself, clarinet; Dick McDonough, guitar; Artie Bernstein, bass; and the pianist on the first date was Joe Sullivan, while on the second session we used Frankie Froeba, as Sullivan had left town. The sides were *Aint'cha Glad?*, *I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues*, *Texas Tea Party*, and *Dr. Heckle and Mr. Jibe*."

About this same time, Selvin re-

"Helbock presided over his nuthouse from behind the bar with elan." Sometimes things got rather nutty (but not as nutty as they were to get in a year or two). There would be Red McKenzie offering his favorite rendition of *Four or Five Times* on his comb covered with tissue paper. There would be the trumpet virtuoso from the new Radio City Music Hall, Del Staigers, who claimed to be making \$1,000 a week. He also claimed he could play three notes at the same time "on account of my phenomenal technique."

Jazz was still for the jazz musicians during these early Onyx days. Helbock recalls very few outsiders gaining entrance to his club. He does remember a wealthy couple from Orange, N.J., who stopped in frequently. They drove up in a Duesenberg and were always willing to take a careful of Onyxites out to Long Island to play for a party. One time they disappeared from the scene for two weeks. Then Helbock got a phone call from Los Angeles one night requesting that he hold the receiver up so the Onyx jam session could be picked up for transcontinental transmission. Bunny Berigan was blowing with several friends, and the results were joyfully received by the missing Duesenberg customers and the telephone company's business office.

LATE IN 1933 McKenzie and The Lion Smith insisted that Helbock should hire a group calling themselves the Five Spirits of Rhythm. The group's guitarist, Teddy Bunn, had been brought up to the Onyx to sit in. The Spirits had been on the Ben Bernie radio program, where the Ol' Maestro had renamed them the Nephews. Their first recordings, made in December, 1933, were under his name. At the time Helbock hired them to entertain in his speakeasy, they included Bunn on the single-string guitar; Leo Watson, a scat singer, who also performed on a homemade instrument that looked like a ukelele and was called a tippie; Wilbur and Douglas Daniels, who sang ballads and also played tippie; and Virgil Scroggins, a drummer, whose equipment was a paper-wrapped suitcase, played with whisk brooms. They were an immediate and solid hit, and their success helped Helbock to make up his mind to go into the Onyx' second phase.

Prohibition was repealed on Dec. 5, 1933. Helbock decided to open up a jazz joint with a legal bar on 52nd St. (The story clarinetist Artie Shaw tells in his book, *The Trouble with Cinderella*, that 25 musicians pooled



John Kirby's early Onyx Club band (l to r): Kirby, Don Frye, Pete Brown, Leo Watson (on chair), Buster Bailey, O'Neill Spencer, and Frankie Newton

who was yet to start his *Make Believe Ballroom* radio show.

Another group, important to the development of jazz, began to stop at the upstairs Onyx. These were recording men, such as songwriter Bernie Hanighen, a supervisor for the American Record Corp. (Brunswick, Vocalion, and other labels); Ben Selvin of the old Columbia record company; and Bob Stephens of Decca. In the fall of 1933 came a meeting at the Onyx that was to add considerable impetus to jazz recording. As Benny Goodman tells it in his book, *Kingdom of Swing*:

"I was playing radio shows with Al Goodman, Johnny Green, and Rubinoff. Between times I hung out in the Onyx, and one day a young fellow, named John Hammond, dropped in and talked to me about some records he wanted to make. He had a commission from England to make the sides, and the unusual as-

sorted Sullivan playing some original piano solos he had worked up during his "cocktail hour at the Onyx" work. These included *Onyx Bringdown*, the first of several jazz originals honoring the club; *Gin Mill Blues*; *Little Rock Getaway*; and *Honeysuckle Rose*.

Sullivan was not the only pianist to work the original, or illegal, Onyx. Helbock also employed Willie (The Lion) Smith and Charlie Bourne in 1933. However, there were many others sitting in, and few knew who was a regular employe and who wasn't. Among sitters-in were Schutt; Roy Bargy of Paul Whiteman's band; Walter Gross, who later composed *Tenderly*; Howard Smith, later Tommy Dorsey's pianist on the trombonist's best-selling *Boogie Woogie*; Milt Raskin, who was later to join Gene Krupa's band; and the onetime pianist with the Original Memphis Five, Frank Signorelli.

As Paul Douglas later pointed out,

their resources to help Helbeck obtain a liquor license is in error. What Shaw was referring to pertained to the establishment of the Famous Door, on the first floor of Helbeck's old location at 35, a year later. On that occasion Lennie Hayton gathered together 25 co-partners to invest in the first Famous Door.)

Helbeck found a partner, Fred Hoiter, and rented the premises at No. 72 W. 52nd. The new locale had two floors, the second floor furnished as a lounge with large paintings, two of them of Paul Whiteman and Mildred Bailey, and a grand piano in a corner. The street floor, actually a sub-basement, was designed with a bandstand for the featured entertainment.

When the new Onyx opened on Feb. 9, 1934, it was the only spot with a jazz policy on the street. It was to be followed by the Hickory House, at 144 in the block between Sixth and Seventh, within the year.

Helbeck brought back the Spirits of Rhythm as the chief attraction. They were now the Six Spirits with the addition of bassist Wilson Ernest Myers. This novelty group split \$150 a week six ways.

Bunn was a musical sensation, and even Andres Segovia dropped in to hear him.

There was another facet of the group's performance that was to herald future activities: they indulged in showmanship. Myers sang *Pardon My Southern Accent* in French, while Wilbur Daniels was adept at doing songs that poked gentle fun at the Mills Brothers. These comic routines tended to attract the general public to the area.

The most important musical event of this first open-door Onyx was the

Doorman Joe Cosco greets an Onyx customer during the club's heyday



employment of Art Tatum as a relief pianist; he relieved the Spirits downstairs and occasionally went upstairs to spell Charlie Bourne.

Tatum made \$50 a week. He later returned to The Street many times and was eventually to lead the highest-priced trio ever to work on 52nd.

Helbeck was soon firmly established and was to enjoy about a year with relatively no competition. The spot acquired a press agent in Jack Egan, who practically lived there. In return for a chance at Helbeck's steaks, Egan filled a New York column he wrote for a new music magazine, *Down Beat*, with items from the Onyx. He also received about 200 copies of the magazine and distributed them free to the customers. After about six issues, Bob Bach (who later originated *What's My Line?* on television) decided he'd have a try at a New York column for *Down Beat*. The line in capital letters at the end of his first column read "AT LAST A NEW YORK COLUMN THAT DID NOT MENTION THE ONYX."

Early in 1935 Wingy Manone (who then spelled it Mannone—it was before the New Orleans trumpeter took up numerology) was handed a tune titled *The Isle of Capri*. Harry Grey of the American Record Corp. wanted to know if Manone could work up something on the number for a recording session.

In his book *Trumpet on the Wing*, Manone recalled, "I beat it to the Onyx Club, where "Scat" Watson, Teddy Bunn, and those other Spirits were working, and started to study the lyric. I stayed in that joint all night and got loaded. By sitting in with the band I got inspired, and by morning I had that mess collared. Without bothering about sleep, I rushed over to Grey and showed him my lyrics for 'Ol *Capra on the Isle*. My words were written on 25 pieces of stuff like matchbox covers, torn newspapers, envelopes, and the corners of Helbeck's menus. Grey picked up his phone and called for them to set up the recording studio. I got a bunch of cats who later joined Bob Crosby's Dixieland band—Eddie Miller (tenor saxophone), Matty Matlock (clarinet), Nappy Lamare (guitar), and Ray Bauduc (drums). We put that New Orleans beat down, and before the record came out, some of the record executives and the publishers of the song tried to stop the release. Man, it was the biggest hit they, or I, ever had."

Things were going great at the Onyx in a business way. Women in mink coats from Park Ave. and their escorts began to haunt the place for

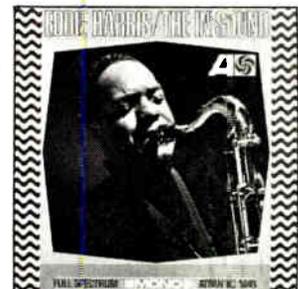
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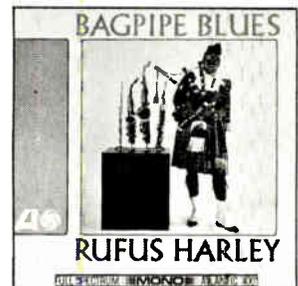
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excitement. As one musician put it, "A lot of the cats were pushed out of the joint because Joe raised his prices when he saw the mink. We could no longer afford to drink in the spot where we worked! That was when we started getting our shots with beer chasers at Reilly's old-fashioned saloon at No. 58 and at the White Rose around the corner on Sixth Ave."

The Hickory House had brought Manone in from his former stand at Adrian's Tap Room in the Times Square area, and the fact that Lennie Hayton and a bunch of musicians were opening the Famous Door at No. 25 was no longer a rumor. It looked as though the monopoly enjoyed by the Onyx would soon be over.

**O**N FEB. 28, 1935, early in the morning, the Onyx burned to the ground. It was just a week before the projected opening of the Famous Door, featuring Louis Prima's band with Pee Wee Russell on clarinet. Today Helbock has his own ideas about how the fire got started and points out *he* wasn't afraid of competition.

Helbock immediately set to work to rebuild the Onyx. During the summer of '35, Helbock's friend, Red McKenzie, got together a band known as McKenzie's Rhythm Kings. They recorded several sides, including *What's the Reason I'm Not Pleasing You?*, for Vocalion.

The personnel was Ed Farley, trumpet; Mike Reilly, trombone; Slats Long, clarinet; Forrest Crawford, tenor saxophone; Conrad Laroue, piano; Arthur Ens, guitar; George Yorke, bass; Johnny Powell, drums. McKenzie was featured on vocals and comb-and-tissue-paper.

McKenzie told Helbock, "Acrobatic orchestras are the thing—anything to entertain the boys." He didn't know at that time how acrobatic his outfit was going to become. Helbock signed them to open at the new Onyx with Eddie Condon in place of Ens and the drummer and tenorist out.

The new spot at No. 72 opened on July 23, 1935, with guitarist Carl Kress as Helbock's new silent partner. The main attraction was McKenzie's jam band.

The new location was now only one room at street level, decorated in bands of color from silvery gray to black that reached from the ceiling to the floor. Paul Smith, an advertising man and a sincere jazz fan, had been responsible for the decor. Photographer Charles Peterson, an ex-banjoist with Rudy Vallee's band, contributed

pictures he had taken of various jazz instrumentalists around town.

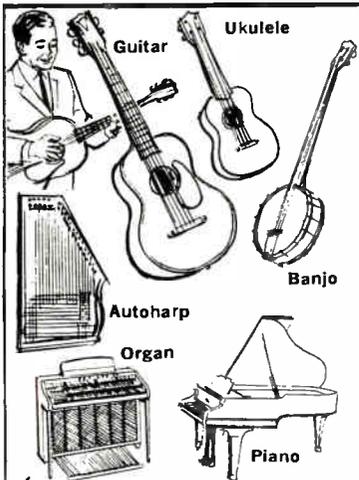
Helbock's former customers came back, and for a while the jazzmen had themselves a ball. The Dorsey brothers had their fight on the stand at Glen Island Casino in New Jersey, and publicist Egan remembers driving Tommy out every night so he could fulfill his contract by playing one set. Tommy had definitely decided to strike out for himself after the Glen Island engagement was over. After Tommy's token set, they would head for 52nd St. in Tommy's old Buick. Upon arrival in front of the Onyx, Tommy would listen to hear what tune the band was playing inside and then take out his trombone and walk in playing a chorus.

Sitting in, especially late at night, was frequent. Both Dorseys—although on different nights—loved to jam on trumpet. Trumpeter Bunny Berigan was a regular, as was tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman. The latter often traded tenor choruses with saxophone virtuoso Frank Chase.

That July Benny Goodman hit the jackpot with his band at the Palomar in Los Angeles. Swing had arrived and with it a horde of fans, many of whom had very little idea of what it was all about, but who certainly went to 52nd St. to try and find out. This influx contributed to changes in the music toward more emphasis on entertainment.

Eddie Condon noted in his book, *We Called It Music*: "At first Farley and Reilly conducted themselves as musicians." But one night vocalist Ruth Lee walked into the Onyx and taught the band a novelty song she had heard performed by a horn player in Earl Burtnett's band in Chicago. The song, as was proved later, was a novelty worked up by Red Hodgson in 1931 while he was a trumpeter in Ernie Palmquist's band on the West Coast. Then it was called the *Orange Song*, and Hodgson, who doubled on mellophone, made up lyrics regarding the music entering a horn in one place and coming out the bell after going down and around the tubing. He performed it solo in front of the band as a comedy routine. Leader Palmquist handed him an orange to eat, and part of the fun included his antics with a mouthful of orange peels. Hodgson's version, the original, was performed against background music using the chordal structure of *Dinah*.

When he went to Burtnett's band, Hodgson revived the number. Miss Lee outlined the routine, including the *Dinah* background, and Reilly and Farley picked it up with zest. They



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used an old, battered French horn and named the routine *The Music Goes 'Round and Around*, and, as Condon wrote, "Audience applause turned those two into clowns." It was necessary to perform the number from eight to 10 times a night, and soon Helbock had them on radio from the club.

They were a zany pair in their performing and their business dealings. They foolishly sold the title of the song to Santly Bros.-Joy, Inc., thereby signing away their rights to future royalties. When publicist Egan set them up for a *New Yorker* profile, they left the writer waiting outside their dressing room until he left in disgust; Farley and Reilly, both fire buffs, had been talking to a fire chief from New Jersey while the *New Yorker* man waited. Egan was furious, and when he told them they had loused up a hard-to-get profile, Farley said, "Hell, we can get our picture took anytime."

When the comedy started each night, Condon would set aside his four-string guitar and go to the bar for a drink. This infuriated Reilly, who fired Condon. McKenzie, by this time had had enough, too, and the two walked over to the Famous Door, where New Orleans trombonist Georg Brunis was working.

Meanwhile, confusion reigned at the Onyx. The band was now being billed as the Eddy-Riley (sic) Onyx Band or as the Mad Monks of Rhythm. Reilly started a routine in which he took his trombone apart, pianist Laroue did a cross-eyed act, everybody poured seltzer water over everybody else or tried to rip clothes off their fellow entertainers. Mugging and scuffling tended to replace music.

Trumpeter Mannie Klein, a visiting customer, inaugurated the lemon-meringue-pie bit. He went out and bought one to throw at Reilly. This type of conduct became a nightly feature. One of Rudy Vallee's musicians, seated by the bandstand, carried the idiocy further one night by ordering a steak, just to throw it in Reilly's face. Then, as Leonard Feather recalls, "one night Reilly induced a two-inch bump on Farley's head when he whomped him with a megaphone."

**N**OW, LONG LINES of customers were trying to get into the Onyx. And most of the professional musicians had turned to the Famous Door. Somehow all the Onyx foolishness began to be identified with "swing," and the metropolitan newspapers called Egan to ask, "What is this swing music?" Egan

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gave each reporter a different story.

Everybody more than 6 years old in 1935 will remember the year-end holidays of that year. On New Year's Eve, all radios blasted *Music Goes 'Round* over and over. Drunks all over the nation went home singing: "You push the middle valve down. . . ." This writer recalls an entire evening of Duke Ellington's band in a ballroom of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago ruined by requests for the song on that last night of 1935.

The Six Onyx Club Boys, featuring Farley and Reilly, went into the Paramount Theater on Broadway in January, along with Glen Gray's Casa Loma band. They also appeared on Rudy Vallee's radio show, *The Fleischmann's Yeast Hour*. Then came a summons from Hollywood; the movie people had already filmed the story starring Harry Richman and wanted Reilly and Farley out there to play the film's title tune. The film, *Music Goes 'Round*, when shown on Broadway at the Capitol Theater in March, ran only five days.

Now came Helbock's latest surprise. When Reilly-Farley left, and after a dull week with another group, Helbock urged Hezekiah Leroy Gordon Smith to hurry on down from Buffalo, N.Y. This was, of course, the sensational jazz violinist Stuff Smith, who on the night of Feb. 3, 1936, opened at the Onyx with Jonah Jones, trumpet; Raymond Smith, piano; Mack Walker, bass; and Johnny Washington, drums.

The Onyx owner knew he had a musical sensation, and he wanted his musician friends back. On opening night he managed to fill the room while insisting only jazz musicians could have tables. He had Paul Douglas come in to emcee, and Douglas announced, "I'm not going to introduce any of you because we've all gathered here to hear Stuff and not each other."

Smith was an immediate hit. One writer said, "Like an alley cat he sawed away and interspersed his playing with rasping vocals." Smith's sound reached everyone, since he had a microphone planted in the lapel of his jacket right under his instrument. His amplified tone rode out over the rest of the band. Smith also had his share of hokum. He rendered a half-hour version of *Music Goes 'Round*. But the biggest American popular tune since *Yes, We Have No Bananas* was already dead. The violinist had his own novelty numbers on tap, and two days after hitting town, he had recorded one of them—*I'se Amuggin'*—and sold the rights to Santly Bros.-Joy, Inc. *I'se Amuggin'* immediately

hit with the patrons of the Onyx. It is interesting to note that Vocalion was so eager to get the tune on wax it did not take into consideration the fact that Smith's version depended a good deal on visual mugging. The record did not sell. They recorded it later with added instrumental effects by Jones and Cozy Cole, who had replaced Washington.

Although there was still a lot of showmanship going on, there was also more jazz than during the previous entertainment regime. Smith and Jones popularized the dance called *Truckin'*, and the latter was hilarious with his imitations of Max Baer and Joe Louis. Trumpeter Jones also scored with his vocal on *You'se a Viper*, another Stuff Smith record hit.

Sitting-in came back to the Onyx. One customer remembered a night when Fats Waller was on piano and Cab Calloway had joined in with his hi-de-ho-ing as Cole set up a jungle beat. An ex-lightweight prizefighter, Al Singer, was said to have run out of the place holding his head and screaming.

Business on 52nd slowed down that spring, yet the Onyx managed to fill the spot at least once a night. One magazine, writing about The Street, stated, "The south side of 52nd is ribald, swingo, hotcha, and forthright in its hi-de-ho. The capital for the 'cats' is the Onyx, where Stuff Smith and His Onyx Club Boys are a solid hit with their shim-shamming."

In April the Onyx underwent re-decoration with a new coat of paint. The new decor was a dark blue and gave the place a cozier feeling. Peterson added more pictures of jazz celebrities to the wall, and there was added a huge enlargement of Stuff and Jonah taken as they worked on the stand—this candid was mounted on the back wall directly behind the subjects themselves.

A special "cocktail hour" was added to the Onyx' daily routine; it was meant for musicians between rehearsals and shows. Pianist Charlie Beal was hired to entertain during the late afternoon interlude. Later, a girl tenor saxophonist, L'Ana Webster, was added and proved to be an attraction for the predominantly male clientele.

ON MAY 24, 1936, Helbock sponsored a gigantic swing concert at the Imperial Theater on W. 45th St. It was a significant promotion in that it marked the first attempt to present jazz-oriented music in concert form. In the 1920s Paul Whiteman and Vincent Lopez had offered concert-hall presentations that were billed as "jazz

concerts," but they proved only to highlight popular music of the day.

The three-hour concert, emceed by Ben Grauer, Paul Douglas, and Budd Hulick (of radio's Stoopnagle and Budd), offered such small jazz units as Wingy Manone and His New Orleans Jam Band (from the Hickory House), Art Shaw's String Swing Ensemble, Red Norvo's Swingtette with Mildred Bailey, Stuff Smith's Onyx Club Band, Bunny Berigan's Swing Gang (from the 18 Club), Casper Reardon's swing harp, Tommy Dorsey's Clambake Seven, Paul Whiteman's Swing Wing with Frank Trumbauer and Charlie and Jack Teagarden, Carl Kress and Dick McDonough in a guitar duo, Adrian Rollini's Tap Room Gang, Louis Armstrong with a seven-piece band, (the trumpeter normally fronted a big band), Frank Chase's Saxophone Sextet, Red Nichols and His Five Pennies, Meade Lux Lewis as solo pianist, and the Original Memphis Five. The program opened and closed with a large swing band. Joe Venuti's 14-piece outfit, featuring Jerry Colonna as guest soloist on trombone, started things off. Glen Gray's Casa Lomans brought the show to a close. At midpoint in the concert, Bob Crosby's newly formed Dixieland band was presented.

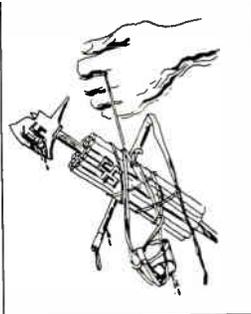
Strangely enough, the hit of the show proved to be Artie Shaw with his strings. Up to that time, Shaw had been a comparatively unknown studio musician—he played alongside Benny Goodman in Al Goodman's radio orchestra—and when asked to get together a small group for the concert, he decided to do something different. Knowing most of the jam units would have a more or less standard instrumentation, he put together a septet consisting of clarinet, guitar, two violins, a viola, a cello, and drums. He then wrote a special piece for clarinet and string quartet, *Interlude in B Flat*, the playing of which broke up the show. The selection had to be repeated as an encore, because it was the only thing they could play. It was a big boost for Shaw, and a few months later he was leading his own band at the Lexington Hotel and on his way to the top as a bandleader.

The concert was a hit and played to a capacity audience, but even with the revenue from the printed program, which was full of advertisements, plus the money from ticket sales, Helbock says he was lucky to break even after paying all the musicians scale.

But the promotion certainly helped the Onyx. The original Famous Door had gone bankrupt, and the Door, with the multisignatures of the greats

(Continued on page 107)

# JAZZ THE



# UNDER NAZIS

By RICHARD W. FOGG

**G**ERMAN RESISTANCE to the Nazi regime during World War II could hardly be described as widespread, but one form, based on jazz, spread a few seeds of brotherhood that in the years immediately after the war had a democratic flowering.

The jazz resistance occurred in several parts of Germany.

In the first years of the war a group of teenage boys in Frankfurt-am-Main picked up a liking for jazz from U.S. records and from Radio Luxembourg broadcasts. One of them, 14-year-old Horst Lippmann, played jazz records in his father's restaurant to entertain the customers. Before long the restaurant was the gathering place for some 30 teenagers who liked jazz. Included were a few foreign laborers who had been pressed into service. Some of them listened; others wanted to play and soon were learning instruments.

The group, however, suffered a setback when American music was banned by the German government. First the records of Jewish and most Negro musicians were proscribed (though Fats Waller's records continued to be sold; the authorities did not know he was Negro). Then all jazz records were taken from the market.

The ban on jazz had the result of making Frankfurt jazz fanciers defiant. They played the old records over and over and wrote to occupied France for new ones.

The blue shirts and white ties they wore immediately set them apart from the Hitler Youth, with their brown shirts and black ties. The response of the Hitler Youth was to try to capture members of the jazz group and bring them to the police. Occasionally the brown shirts were successful, and a short jail sentence followed for the club members involved. At other times the jazz fans, finding themselves in the majority, fought the Hitler Youth and won.

The group had solidified and formally organized as the Hot Club of Frankfurt. The year was 1941.

Those who were learning to play instruments were improving. Perhaps their first jam session occurred when one of the older members, Hans-Otto Jung, whose family makes brandy in a castle on the Rhine, saw a fellow riding a bicycle with a huge drum in its basket. Jung asked the cyclist if he really played the drum, meaning could he swing. Apparently he could, and the two went off to play.

Soon a number of club members were jamming regularly in the Lippmann restaurant, playing a combination of Fats Waller and Chicago styles.

Two forces provided the main opposition to the Hot Club and its activities—the Gestapo and the conscription of all eligible males into the Germany army.

To avoid the Gestapo, the musicians jammed in an unused bar in the back of the restaurant. In the front, separated from the bar by several dining rooms, a guard was stationed. When the Gestapo entered, he alerted the back room jammers by telephone, and the boys hastily left by the fire exit.

Before long, however, the restaurant was bombed, and its new location did not have a separate room with an escape route.

While trying to find a new meeting place, one of the club members met some Belgian and Dutch impressed laborers who could play jazz and who were working and living in a factory. The cellar of this factory became the new site of sessions, with the Dutch and Belgians sitting in.

Eventually the factory sessions were discovered by the Gestapo, and a new location was needed. (Lippmann still has a tape of a session that was interrupted by the Gestapo kicking down the door.)

The new place was found by club member Carlo Bohlander, who was looking for work. He got a job as a trumpeter with a band in a restaurant in the old section of the city. The music was corny, and the small band, mostly composed of old men, had to play arrangements left behind by the former 12-piece orchestra whose members had been drafted. The boys from the Hot Club followed Bohlander there and induced the other band members to sit out for a few numbers and drink beer while the club musicians jammed.

This time there was no warning system or escape route, but the Hot Club members desperately wanted to play. Soon they were playing in the restaurant daily. The management did not object to the jazz because it brought many customers—and by sheer luck the old band was playing every time the Gestapo entered.

The draft, however, gave the Hot Club plenty of trouble. Bohlander was one of the first to go. Luckily, he was



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

stationed near Frankfurt and could sneak out of camp, put on civilian clothes, and jam. Army life rubbed him the wrong way. He began starving himself in the hope of being released. When his weight got below 100 pounds, he was discharged as unfit.

Paul Martin, another member who had been drafted, hoped to get out of the army by breaking his leg with a rock. Failing in attempts to break the leg, he froze it by sticking it out a window on a particularly cold winter night. He was discharged.

Pianist Louis Freichel was drafted and sent to Russia, where he was wounded in a foot and hand. He wore a glove over his hand, which he told doctors was paralyzed. Disbelieving him, the doctors tested his hand with electric shocks. The hand never moved, so he was sent home. As soon as he arrived in Frankfurt, he took off the glove and began swinging on the piano.

The standard technique for putting off a draft call was to get a certificate from a "Guten-Tag doctor." This was a doctor who greeted a new patient with "Guten tag" (good day) rather than with "Heil Hitler." These doctors would certify that a man was not healthy enough to serve in the army.

Lippmann used this technique for a year after he was old enough to enter the army. Every time the inspector came to his house to check on him, he would try to look sickly. For that year he had to keep off the streets because physically unfit men of draft age were not issued passes.

Since he was continuously in Frankfurt longer than most other jazz club members, Lippmann kept up ties with those who had been drafted. They particularly wanted news of U.S. jazz. The United States was their spiritual homeland, and they regarded it as far more perfect than it was. Lippmann got news through U.S. propaganda broadcasts and British Broadcasting Corp. programs. He also talked to recently impressed foreign laborers and even got hold of a Swedish jazz magazine containing U.S. news. With a dictionary he translated the simpler items.

He wrote up what he learned in a mimeographed newsletter deceptively titled *Information for Friends of Modern Dance Music*, which he mailed to Hot Club members in the service. Miraculously, it always passed unquestioned through censorship until one day Martin, who was still in the army, returned to his barracks and found that his locker had been inspected and the eighth edition of the newsletter discovered.

The Gestapo immediately searched Lippmann's house and destroyed those of his jazz records they could find. Then they took him to jail. His father took doctors to the Gestapo, and they testified that his son's health could not withstand a jail sentence, and he was released.

The day came when the health inspector saw through the youth's ill-health ruse and had a draft notice sent to him. It was the fall of 1944. The end of the war obviously was near, so Lippmann, Bohlander, and Martin set out for a friend's house in the hills above Frankfurt. There they hid in the cellar, where they were supported by money from Lippmann's father. They listened to the jazz records the Gestapo had not found and drank red wine. When the Gestapo inquired where Horst was, his father said that he had been lost in the recent bombing of their house.

When U.S. troops entered Frankfurt, the three returned to meet them. Everyone had been told that Americans were cruel beasts, but when the GIs on the first tanks threw gum to the children, the myth was shattered for those who had believed it.

Bohlander had not been afraid of the Americans, but he wondered what they would be like to meet. The second day the troops were there he was playing his trumpet in

his room when a U.S. Army truck stopped outside. The troops, supposedly on duty, bailed out and tore up the stairs, following the sound of the horn. Finding other instruments there, the few who could play began jamming with Bohlander. The bond, five years in the forging, was completed.

**T**HE HOT CLUB continued to exist long after the war, providing weekly record sessions in an art gallery and encouraging potential musicians to learn to play. Carlo, Horst, Paul, Hans-Otto, and Louis became professional musicians after the war. Bohlander wrote books about jazz and opened two jazz night clubs, one for musicians to play what they wanted without pay, called *Domicile du Jazz*. The policy paid off, for the best German and U.S. musicians—including German pianist Jutta Hipp, trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, and vibist Lionel Hampton—have played there. Lippmann produced concerts, among them the touring U.S. Jazz at the Philharmonic troupe. A member of the first band organized by the Hot Club, Emil Mangelsdorff, has been rated as one of the best jazz saxophonists in Germany.

Closely paralleling the Frankfurt situation was Miss Hipp's experience in Leipzig. Her own words in recounting the story show her feeling about it:

"While I studied painting in Leipzig during the war, one of the students had some friends who had meetings twice a week, one day listening to jazz, the other night playing it. All were amateurs, of course.

"So I joined them. We had a guitar, bass, drums, clarinet, piano, and a girl singer. I still do not know how they were able to get all those records. They had all the old good ones, and I heard Count Basie, the Benny Goodman Quartet and Band, Jimmie Lunceford, Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, Fats Waller, etc. My favorite record at that time was *Margie* by Lunceford.

"We tried to play swing and Dixieland. My idols at that time were pianists Fats Waller, Teddy Wilson, and Art Tatum.

"We met even when the sirens sounded another dreadful alarm, and sometimes we were young and crazy enough to keep on playing in the apartment in spite of falling bombs; I guess we tried to kill our fear that way. When the streetcars did not run, I often walked home alone partly through the woods at night. I guess we all got careless, not knowing if we would live the next day or not.

"I don't know how we eluded the Nazis. We had to be careful not to play too loud.

"When the American troops finally came in, my brother Hajo and I went out on the balcony of our house and played American jazz records blasting loud so the resting troops on the highway would hear them as a welcome. We were deeply disappointed. We thought every American was a jazz fan, but no one seemed to enjoy the music. We invited the soldiers up to our house so they could hear jazz, but they didn't care a bit, and we were very hurt.

"After Leipzig became part of the Russian zone, three of us left for the American zone under circumstances you can see in any movie about such escapes, including all the dangers, adventure, and misery. These days I don't think I would want to go through those circumstances again, but those were different times, and there was only one way out—and we were different, more desperate. The others went back. I was the only one to stay there and struggle my way through, playing with all kinds of groups in all kinds of places, once even with a traveling circus.

"Another thing that seems funny to me now but wasn't then is that when we escaped, I carried mainly records in my knapsack. The few clothes we had at that time were

supposed to come through a friend whose father had an export business, but they never arrived so there I was with nothing. I made a dress out of an army blanket."

**T**HE ENTHUSIASTS who played jazz in German cities during the war totaled perhaps 100 and were concentrated in Berlin, according to Joachim E. Berendt, the German jazz authority. There, starting well before the war, jazz was played in small bars and restaurants on the side streets off the Kurfuerstendamm. For a while the Nazis did not have spies among the people who listened to jazz in these places. Since there were spies within other cultural groups, many people who were against the Nazis congregated where jazz was played. Jazz continued to be played in Berlin throughout the war with players deviously eluding the Nazis just as they did in Frankfurt and Leipzig.

One method used in several parts of the country was to place guards around a whole city block to keep the jam session players from being discovered by spies who would hear the sound that inevitably filtered out of the cellar where a session was being held.

Another widely used deception involved changing the names of American jazz numbers to innocent-sounding German titles (one such number was even unwittingly played by the Wehrmacht band!). Thus, *Organ Grinder's Swing* became *Hofkonzert im Hinterhaus* (*Court Concert in the Back Yard*), *Tiger Rag* became *Schwartzer Panther* (*Black Panther*), and *Black Bottom* became *Schwartze Erde* (*Black Earth*).

"We played American tunes," Jutta Hipp recalled, "but we had to give the Nazis a list, so we translated the titles into German. They sounded quite funny if you understand German. *Frau, Sei Gut*, for example, was a schmaltzy way of saying *Lady, Be Good*. We translated them in the most stupid way, because we thought the whole idea of requiring a list and banning American music was stupid. Nobody found out, either. The Nazis listened and applauded it, and we laughed inside."

**T**HE SUCCESS of those who eluded the Nazis to play jazz was not always due to the cleverness of the ruses employed. The Nazis sometimes had reasons to accept or even sponsor jazz. Before the war, the government had tolerated jazz night clubs as a concession to U.S. tourists.

When tourism was ended by the war, the fears and deprivations the war brought caused the government to try to divert the population. For this purpose musicians from occupied countries were brought into Germany to replace German musicians who had gone to war. Many imported musicians played jazz, which they conformed to the regulations of the government music board simply by changing the drum solos and sound level, since representatives of the board could recognize nothing else about jazz.

There was even a German army officer who enjoyed jazz without molestation. Dr. Dieter Schulz-Köhn, a jazz authority since well before the war, listened to jazz records secretly shipped to him by Jehovah's Witnesses and was never bothered by the Gestapo. On the occasions when the Gestapo saw the shipments, their only concern was that the packages did not contain religious messages. Other Germans received American jazz records as well, he reports.

Schulz-Köhn used his jazz knowledge to good advantage when he encountered two Americans on a French battlefield. Instead of shooting at them he called out a

question about how jazz was progressing in New Orleans. An account of this is given by musicologist Ernest Borneman in the British *Melody Maker* for May 12, 1951. He quotes Allan Morrison, one of the two Americans involved.

Even some SS officers at the Auschwitz concentration camp enjoyed jazz. Eric Vogel survived there because he played jazz for them, as he related in *Down Beat* in the issues of Dec. 7 and 21, 1961, and Jan. 4, 1962.

As for the style employed by most of the resisters who played jazz, much of it was derived from U.S. recordings, which sometimes even were copied note for note. If the music played by the same people after the war is any indication of what was played during the war, it had a Germanic quality about it. That is, it was a bit frantic, and the rhythm was harder than in U.S. jazz. Confirming

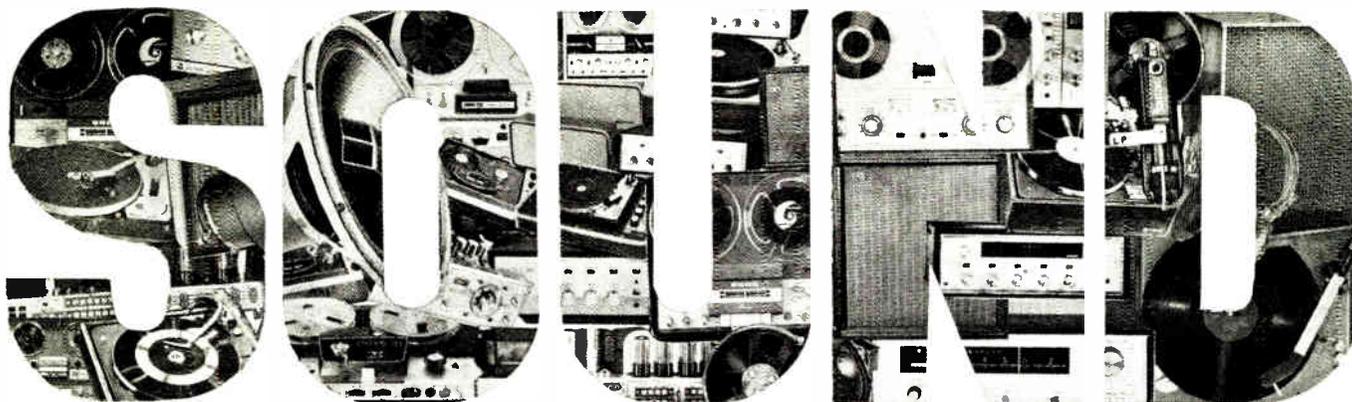


this is German critic Berendt's judgment of most present-day drummers in Europe: "Very seldom is there the American combination of relaxation and strength that really denotes an outstanding jazz drummer." Yet compensating for this is a determination about the music that makes it very appealing.

After the war, the effect of jazz on Germany grew stronger. The musicians were then free to play, record, and write about jazz in public. Soon, as a result of their efforts and those of many other jazz enthusiasts, Germany became so fond of jazz that American musicians found a widespread and serious response to their music there. Most of the Germans who learned to like jazz gained respect for the United States as the home of most of their favorite jazz musicians and as a democracy that gave these musicians freedom to play. When German listeners responded to the freedom of a jam session, they understood what liberty meant more deeply than they did from verbal descriptions of it. The practice of Negroes and whites playing together was begun in Germany without difficulty, and, as a result, German jazz fans gained a respect for Negroes.

Jazz in Germany was a rallying point for resistance to the Nazis during the war. It kept a few people alive then, and afterwards it helped bring about democracy there. Few in the United States can realize the political power of a music so taken for granted in its native land. **EB**

# Charles Graham Surveys The Year In



WHEN CONGRESS DISCONTINUED the 10 percent excise tax on phonograph records and most high-fidelity equipment, most of the thousands of musicians and fans who bought new equipment for their sound systems didn't receive any benefit they could see, nor did record buyers. Most dealers just forgot about the tax cut and hoped to keep a little more profit.

However, the prices of listening equipment were at least stable. More high fidelity sets than ever were sold last year as Americans looked for places and things on which to spend their increased income and leisure time.

The price difference between mono and stereo discs still ran from 50 cents to \$1, though a few companies charged the same price for mono and stereo. It is still hard to justify the higher price for most stereo records, since the additional cost to the manufacturer is less than a nickel. It is probable that the next few years will see the price difference disappear.

The sound quality of recorded jazz, in stereo, was better than ever and, recording executives and engineers said, continuing to improve. On the best records (and even the same company's offerings can vary considerably) the sound is so good that future improvements can only be minimal. One such small but definite step forward occurred last year when recording engineers, noting that the makers of high-quality phonograph pickups had standardized the 15-degree angle for the playback stylus, agreed to standardize future disc cutting at the same 15-degree angle.

Most executives agreed that sales of jazz records during 1965 hadn't been as good as they'd hoped but believed they'd pick up during the first

quarter of '66—enough to compensate for last year's poor showing and probably more.

In the late 1950s Leonard Feather reported in an article in *Hi-Fi Music* that he'd received nearly 2,000 discs, including some near- or semi-jazz, for review in the previous year. The total jazz-record output for 1965 would be nearer 500 LPs. The flood of jazz, it seems, has long since abated.

Among bright spots, George Simon, executive secretary of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, pointed out that the records voted best of the year in a polling of that organization's members were by jazz artists: the Stan Getz-Joao Gilberto album and Louis Armstrong's *Hello, Dolly!* single.

George Avakian, at various times a&r man for Columbia and RCA Victor records, said the downward trend for jazz recording started several years ago. He said more record companies are being controlled by money men who try to play it safe financially and thus do less of an artistic nature. Avakian said he would like to see companies give more young musicians a chance to be heard.

At RCA Victor, Brad McCuen, the company's co-ordinator for jazz, agrees that technical progress is still being made but at a necessarily slower pace than a few years back.

"It's not any one thing," he stated, "just a series of many small improvements—in studio techniques, for example; improved tapes for mastering . . . as small a thing as the practice of changing microphones right in the middle of a recording session if we think it'll help the sound."

McCuen reported RCA has been successful with its Vintage reissue series and plans an increasing number

of jazz issues on the label in coming months.

Recording engineer Rudy Van Gelder agreed that recordings are better today than before. He, too, said there's been no single spectacular leap ahead since the advent of stereo discs in 1958—comparable, that is, to the revolutionary switch from disc to magnetic tape for recording some years before then.

The biggest single improvement, Van Gelder said, has come in the pressing itself. He says the pressing-equipment manufacturers and those who make the master discs and matrices have greatly improved these facets of record production in recent years.

The most important advance in consumer electronics during 1965 was the arrival, after 10 to 20 years of annual predictions by RCA, of a working TV home recorder priced by Sony at less than \$1,000 and including an eight-inch screen. Thus Sony beat RCA and all other U.S. companies badly with the TV recorder.

Sony was almost accompanied by Norelco and Ampex, which had units at about \$3,000, but they were still not in real production at the end of 1965.

Previous research on video recorders helped improve magnetic sound recorders in the development of lower tape speeds, improved sound, and four tracks on tapes that a few years ago carried only one sound track. An impetus of thousands of home-television tape recorders in the next five years could help sound recording advance even further.

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## HIGH FIDELITY

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The most striking thing about home-listening equipment evidenced at the

High Fidelity Music Show, held in New York City in September, was the complete domination of the transistor—in amplifiers, tuners, and receivers.

Transistorized gear is now being marketed by almost every manufacturer. Only the makers of what are generally regarded as the best widely marketed equipment—Marantz, MacIntosh, Dyna, for examples—still have no all-transistor amplifiers. But within a year or two even they probably will have added solid-state (i.e., transistorized) units.

Which should a person get—transistors or tubes?

The answer is that, in general, solid-state equipment will cost about 15 percent more—and it won't *sound* any better, but it may last longer, will run cooler, and will be more compact. This trend toward transistorization will continue, and within a few years, all home electronics will be fully transistorized.

New FM tuners and receivers, transistor units as well as tube types, are more sensitive this year, feature better capture-ratio (i.e., capture the stronger of two interfering FM stations and exclude the weaker, unlike AM, where both stations may be heard), mute interstation noise, have automatic indicators to show when the set is tuned to a stereo station (some sets even switch automatically to stereo reception), and other operating conveniences.

Good amplifiers, tuners, and other components continued to get better in 1965 but cost no more than they did in 1964—or even 10 years ago. Generally speaking, they cost somewhat less now, are much higher in quality, and are becoming more reliable. Much equipment that was adequate for mono a few years back just won't do today. Listeners are becoming better educated to good sound reproduction; their ears have been taught to expect a closer approach to concert-hall sound than was achieved 10 years ago. And the demands of stereo reproduction are even more exacting.

Thus, phonograph tone arms that did a good job on mono discs are often inadequate for stereo for at least three reasons: stylus pressure, side-to-side balance, and audible frequency resonance. Turntables and changers that were adequate for mono often produce too much rumble for good stereo reproduction because the grooves of stereo discs contain vertical elements to which the cartridge must respond.

In the last 12 months, thousands of

new turntables have been installed that incorporate many advances the art of sound reproduction has made since the advent of stereo.

In those days a top-grade manual turntable with a separate arm mounted on a wooden base cost \$125 to \$160. Today's top-rated units do the same job at about half the cost.

Record changers have improved greatly, too, with the most popular still the "automatic turntables," which now feature optional manual operation (with a separate, short spindle) and heavy-duty turntables, as well as the usual record-changing function.

Separate arm-and-turntable combinations—with each element ordered separately according to the buyer's preference—are out, except for professional applications or for the most diehard of audio fanatics.

A similar trend also is apparent with formerly separate tuners and amplifiers. While there are still plenty of these being made and sold, all-in-one receivers widely outsell the separate units.

Cartridges continue to get better and today are no longer the problem they were in the early days of stereo. They track well at lower pressures than ever and have much higher compliance—both factors that reduce record wear. They also are better in the tracking of heavily recorded passages of music, especially in the critical grooves toward the center of the disc. Part of this improvement in performance results also from the introduction last year of elliptically ground styluses at about \$30. (It was just 10 years ago that Fairchild Recording Corp. introduced an "experimental" elliptical cartridge, the XP-1, for sale at \$75 each—and that was only mono.) Top-quality, nonelliptical cartridges can be had now in a variety of brands for less than \$20.

Headphones, it appears, are in wide use, especially by musicians and others who take music seriously. Stereophones allow the listener to exclude outside noise and distractions, to listen at concert-hall volume without bothering anyone, and provide a dramatic stereo effect that cannot be matched by even the most expensive loudspeakers.

Virtually every receiver now made, and most integrated amplifiers, too, have jacks on their front panels for plugging in stereophones. Even some separate-power amplifiers brought out in 1965 provided this convenience.

There are more speakers to choose from (and be confused by) than ever. About 70 percent of all speakers sold today are the so-called bookshelf

variety, and most of the better ones in this group are of the acoustic-suspension—or "air suspension" or "air cushion"—type. In the last one or two years, however, there has been increasing talk about the "return" of big speakers. Without entering the controversy about "is a good small speaker as good as a good big speaker?" let's talk about what's practical for most persons.

This talk about big speakers has come largely from the makers of big speakers, from professional engineers (who have the space and money needed), and from audio fanatics, usually as voluble as they are ready to jump on a new bandwagon. True, large speakers are fine—but they cost more and take up more space.

Dollar for dollar, medium-priced, acoustic-suspension speakers provide the best sound that most serious music listeners can buy.

The "resurgence" of big speakers has seen a number of models with 15-inch woofers, which were out of favor for several years, and several 18-inchers joining the huge 30-inch woofer that Electro-Voice has put in its awesome Patrician model for several years. The "big" speakers cost anywhere from \$250 up to \$800, as opposed to good bookshelf units at about \$150, with the best bookshelf priced under \$250. So shouldn't the big ones sound better?

If you'd like to set up for stereo discs but *mono* radio, it can be done at a saving of up to \$100 below the regular prices for current, new, all-in-one *stereo* receivers (\$250-350).

To set up for stereo well but economically, get an integrated stereo amplifier—good ones cost \$125 to \$175. Add a used mono tuner, or a tuner kit. Later, if you wish to go to stereo FM, you can sell the mono tuner for nearly what you paid for it. Get a medium-priced turntable, pick-up, and base. Buy the best speakers you can afford but make direct listening comparisons first and then listen to the same speakers in another shop or in somebody's home. If shop-listening, compare the same two speakers in different shops with different salesmen.

For those who are mechanically adept (even slightly), kits for tuners and amplifiers represent real savings; the sound is as good as factory-wired gear.

A rough rule of thumb in pricing is that kits will cost about 25 to 35 percent less than the same or equivalent factory-wired tuners, amplifiers, or receivers. There are more companies than ever offering a variety of

good kits today, including top names like H. H. Scott and Fisher Radio, along with such well-known kit companies as Dynaco, Heath, as well as the mail-order houses and such newcomers as Acoustech.

In short, kits are better and cheaper than ever, and almost anybody who is careful about it can successfully put one together.

All portable phonographs are better than they've ever been, and the best portables are much better. They include changers developed for components sets and cartridges and speakers developed as byproducts of the research on somewhat larger (bookshelf) speakers. These portables sometimes are as good as components sets of a few years ago—and as expensive (about \$200).

For the man assembling his own home music center, there is a wide range of cabinetry available, much of it in kit form, either finished or unfinished but ready for sanding and staining.

Along with home playback equipment, there have been improvements in outdoor sound reinforcement systems for concerts as well as better systems in discotheques and night clubs. This is largely because the technicians and sound engineers who set up these installations are turning more to high-quality home-listening equipment and less to public-address equipment, with its familiar harsh, metal-horn sounds.

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## FM RADIO

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Operators of FM stations traditionally have been portrayed as hardy, dedicated souls more interested in improving the air waves' cultural climate than in making money.

Thus, it was heartening to find for the first time in the troubled history of FM that more than half the more than 2,000 FM stations showed some profit in 1965, apparently without compromising their standards. The number of FM sets and tuners in use is now 30,000,000 and has been increasing at a rate of almost 3,000,000 a year.

Last year the Federal Communications Commission further encouraged the growth of FM by promulgating a long-expected ruling to divorce FM programming from simultaneous AM airing.

This "simulcasting" by broadcasters sent the same pap into the FM spectrum that was broadcast on AM—a waste of valuable FM radio space. (Late in 1965 this ban was still temporarily in abeyance for a few stations to allow them more time to set

up separate staffs and programming, but total separation of affiliated FM and AM stations was imminent.)

The result for the next few years should be a continuing increase in the amount of jazz and other good music programmed over FM. Ultimately, in perhaps 15 to 20 years, the familiar AM broadcast band will disappear in favor of FM, with its clearer signal and finer sound.

For years there has been more recorded jazz on the air on the West Coast than in New York City, Chicago, and other big-city areas. But in the Northeast all indications were that things were improving: in mid-'65 there were 45 FM stations broadcasting within 50 miles of New York City, six of them educational, part-time stations. Of that number, 12 broadcast in multiplex stereo full or part time.

Twenty disc jockeys, some of them well informed and informative, others at least well intentioned, presented jazz record programs regularly, often every night, over 16 of these FM outlets (and one AM station, which had pianist Billy Taylor deejaying six nights a week). In New York City, for example, every night from 8 p.m. on (Saturdays from noon) listeners heard jazz on one to four of these stations.

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## TAPE

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Magnetic tape recording and playback is now firmly entrenched as an important part of music systems for the serious music enthusiast and is fast becoming a consumer entertainment medium.

Continuing advances in home tape recorders are providing better sound, a wider choice of prerecorded tape repertoire, and lower cost. But two things related to sound recording are likely to have major impact on home tape recording in the next couple of years: the imminence of home video tape recording and a new form of tape cartridge for consumer use—loosely called auto (for automobile) stereo—about which the picture at the moment remains rather muddy.

There are now more than 1,300 prerecorded, reel-to-reel tape selections offered by Ampex Tapes, which distributes the recordings of 25 record companies, and another 700 come from companies not releasing through Ampex. These tapes are mostly classical and popular but include increasing amounts of jazz, particularly the Ampex issues. Pre-recorded tapes still cost the same as, or more than, equivalent disc recordings, but releases on the slower (3¾-ips) speed cost less.

New auto-tape cartridges were in-

roduced in 1965 in a variety of brands, primarily for use in automobiles but likely to affect the ultimate course of all automatic (cartridge) tape players for home use if the auto-stereo industry can settle on which of two similar but competing systems will be adopted.

RCA, which put the first tape cartridge on the market several years ago and invested considerable research, development, and advertising money in it, is now backing an eight-track tape cartridge developed and produced by Lear-Jet. Another cartridge, the four-track tape Fidelipac, bears much resemblance to the tape cartridge used for some years in automatic tape-message repeaters for store-casting and for commercial spot announcements on radio.

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## TAPE RECORDERS

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The conventional open-reel (reel-to-reel) tape recorder will continue to be the tape machine for use by serious music listeners and recordists for a number of years.

The wise tape recorder purchaser will not be confused by talk of new tape cartridge systems. For the time being, he'll forget about cartridges and get the best recorder he can afford. He would do well to follow a few suggestions:

Use one particular make and type of tape steadily. Have the machine's bias checked at least once a year. Clean heads, capstan, and guides and demagnetize between once a week and once a month, depending on frequency of use. To make the cleanest, brightest recording possible, it is good practice to clean and demagnetize the tape recorder immediately before using it for recording. Use the highest speed consistent with length of tape and performance. Try microphones costing about one-third the price of the machine. Don't record with microphones from speakers of a radio or phonograph but use cables to record electrically.

There are many excellent machines to choose from. Choose a brand that has several models sold by the store you buy from and be sure the store has adequate servicing facilities.

There are more tape-recorder accessories available today than ever to help in making high-quality recordings. A tape splicer, which need not be expensive, is necessary. (A good one costs less than \$5.) All but the cheapest tape machines have an output jack for use with an extra speaker, components system, or headphones. Stereophones can be especially useful when editing tape. 

## HELL HOUND

(Continued from page 76)

travel, Shines does not remember Johnson ever alluding to his past.

"I never heard him talk even once about his family," he said, "never said nothing about his mother or father. I didn't know if he had any brothers or sisters; if he did, he never mentioned them. The only thing he was ever close to was his guitar, and he never let that go, took it with him everywhere. In fact, I never remember him being close to anyone. Whenever he'd come into a place where I'd be playing, he'd always be by himself . . . never saw him with anybody else. Strictly a lone wolf, he was."

It is from Shines that one catches the only glimpses of Johnson as a person. Shines remembers him as a quixotic, erratic personality. "Close to a split personality, I'd say," he recalled. "You never knew what he was going to do or how he'd react to something. Sometimes he'd be the most mild-mannered, quiet person you'd ever meet; at other times he would get so violent so suddenly, and you couldn't do nothing with him. He was that changeable—different things to different peoples. Of course, when he drank—and he was a very heavy drinker—he was most unpredictable.

"Money didn't mean a thing to him. He'd give you every cent he had if you needed it, and it wouldn't bother him at all. Likewise, he'd sleep outdoors, anywhere, because he knew he didn't have to. And women—much as he was a woman lover—didn't mean nothing either. If you'd wake him up in the middle of the night and tell him there was a freight coming through, why he'd say, 'Well, let's catch it,' and he'd get himself ready, take hold of his guitar, and off he'd go—no matter who the woman was he was with. He just left."

Shines recalled that Johnson would make any song he heard completely his own. He was continually adding songs to his repertoire, though he had a fairly stable repertoire of his own compositions that he always performed in the same way. (This is supported by a comparison of the several takes of some of his recordings; in most cases where alternate versions exist, they are almost identical—even to the smallest subtleties of accompaniment—to the originally-issued takes. The few exceptions—*Ramblin' on My Mind* is perhaps the most notable—when considerable variation exists between two takes of a song, it is the result, one assumes, of Johnson's not having brought the song to the ultimate shape he desired. In

these cases, the second take is usually much stronger, more concise.)

Shines and Johnson parted company in 1937, and Shines returned to his family in Memphis and Johnson to Mississippi. Shortly afterwards Shines heard that Johnson had been killed.

"He was poisoned by one of those women who really didn't care for him at all," he said. "And Robert was almost always surrounded by that kind . . . seems like they just sought him out. That was down in Eudora, Miss., that it happened. And I heard that it was something to do with the black arts. Before he died, it was said,

Robert was crawling along the ground on all fours, barking and snapping like a mad beast. That's what the poison done to him."

However apocryphal (House, for example, heard that Johnson had been stabbed to death by a jealous husband, stabbed by a woman, and also that he had been poisoned—all three accounts were circulating at the time), the story certainly details an appropriate end for a man who all through his adult years felt the hounds of hell baying loudly and relentlessly on his trail. In the end, he just couldn't outrun them any longer. 



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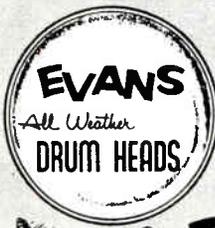
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## DISCOGRAPHY

(Continued from page 60)

rial having been issued and/or uncovered. The two hardy Englishmen were willing to continue, but the publisher was not.

Most of the volumes are now out of print, and *Jazz Directory* remains an unfinished masterpiece, a saddening monument to the indifference encountered by discographers in a world abounding with cheap and temporal products in the music and book market place.

However, the labors of Carey and McCarthy (the former is the proprietor of London's Swing Shop, a first-class record store, and the latter is one of England's leading critics and the editor of *Jazz Monthly*) had pointed up one basic stumbling block in the compilation of definitive discographies: the element of time. Continuing research and the never-ending flow of new record releases made a book obsolete before it appeared.

The next great discography avoided this pitfall by limiting itself to a specific historical period. This was another English work, Brian Rust's monumental *Jazz Records, A to Z: 1897-1931*. Published privately in 1961 by the author after a lifetime of work, the original edition was a weighty loose-leaf tome of 884 pages, including blues and Gospel records. Though priced at \$16.95, it sold out quickly.

The second edition, well bound but shorn of blues and Gospel, gave birth to another great work, devoted solely to these aspects of jazz, *Blues and Gospel Records*, compiled by John Godrich, encompassing the years from the beginning of recorded Negro folk music to 1942. This year also marks the break-off point of Rust's second volume of *Jazz Records, A-Z*, the author frankly admitting that he has not sufficiently deep and abiding interest in later jazz developments to take his labors further afield. This volume is now completed and scheduled for publication early this year.

Rust's work represents the most thoroughgoing and complete approach to jazz discography hitherto accomplished. Every record Rust could lay his hands on was checked by him personally. He made several trips to this country, solely to inspect rare and obscure records and recording-company files.

No record with even the remotest connection to jazz was left unaccounted for, though the reader is often warned that the jazz content of a given record may be slight or non-existent. If anything was omitted, it

was because its existence was unknown to the discographer.

In his search for completeness, Rust included even rejected and never-issued master recordings, many of which have undoubtedly been destroyed or lost. But having them listed at least makes a search possible, and several such items already have come to light. In addition, these listings often make fascinating footnotes to jazz history.

Perhaps the most interesting of Rust's uncovered rejects is a test recording made for Victor on Dec. 2, 1918, by the famous Creole Band, which included cornetist Freddie Keppard (the title is *Tack 'Em Down*). This overthrows the legend that Keppard refused to record because he was afraid that other musicians would "steal my stuff" and that the opportunity for the first recordings of authentic Negro jazz thus was lost.

Rust's discovery rather confirms composer-singer Perry Bradford's statement (in conversation with this writer) that Keppard refused to record because Victor didn't offer him enough money. This is one indication of how discographical research can help jazz history. Research of personnels also presents the historian with countless traces of the careers of now-dead or obscure musicians.

The scope and accuracy of Rust's work makes it a landmark in the history of jazz discography that is not likely to be surpassed. Within the territory he has cut out for himself, only addenda and corrections remain to be contributed.

But other areas are still wide open.

In the wake of Rust and *Jazz Directory*, the Danish discographer Jorgen Grunnet Jepsen is hard at work on filling in the gaps. During the last two years, he has published three volumes of his *Jazz Records, 1942-62*, taking up where Rust left off in terms of time, and where *Jazz Directory* left off in the alphabet (his first volume was M-N, his second O-R, his third S-Te).

Jepsen's volumes, averaging 350 pages, are the product of sound research. He includes blues and rhythm-and-blues recordings but omits Gospel and border-line pop material. His projected goal is eight volumes, and when he is done, having reached M once again, the jazz world will have, for the first time, a nearly complete index to all recorded material from 1897 to 1962.

So far, I have surveyed only works that have attempted to cover the whole field or a complete period. But there are other examples of the discogra-

pher's work, some of them quite outstanding.

There are, for instance, the discographies limited to the work of a single artist. In their simplest form, these are merely listings, with complete personnel, master, and catalog information, of all known recordings in which a given artist participated.

Jepsen has published a series of these small, practical volumes, including artists like Armstrong, Ellington, Gillespie, Morton, Art Tatum, Bud Powell, Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Lee Konitz, Fats Navarro, Clifford Brown, Count Basie, and Billie Holiday.

Swiss discographer Kurt Mohr prepared several such volumes devoted to lesser-known artists, including Hot Lips Page, Lucky Millinder, and Tiny Bradshaw, published by the now-defunct magazine *Jazz Statistics*. These are all useful, especially to the collector with specialized and not all-encompassing interests.

An exemplary work of this kind, though larger in scope, since it is devoted to one of the most prolific recording artists in jazz, is Benny H. Aasland's *The Wax Works of Duke Ellington*, published in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1954.

But two "name" discographies go beyond the bounds of a mere listing of records and are best described as biodiscographies. The first of these was Donald R. Connor's *B.G.: Off the Record*, published in 1958. It traces the career of Benny Goodman through his recordings, including all known transcriptions, broadcasts, film and television appearances, and concert checks.

The book, arranged chronologically, gives complete recording details, including solo information, interlaced with relevant biographical commentary. Though a commendable work, it is so Goodman-focused that it seems the work of a fan rather than a researcher.

This is not the case with Howard A. Waters' *Jack Teagarden's Music: His Career and Recordings*.

Published in 1960, it crams into 222 pages all the information conceivable concerning Teagarden's musical life. Not only is there a complete discography, with solo details, of every record Teagarden had made up to then, including his broadcasts, transcriptions, films, etc., but there also is a listing of records with Teagarden-like trombone solos, with indications, when known, of who was actually responsible for them.

In addition, aside from a 40-page no-nonsense biography, and many rare photographs, there is an itinerary

of Teagarden's engagements from the inception of his career. Thus, the interested reader can ascertain that the trombonist was working, from February to April, 1928, with Billy Lustig's Scranton Sirens at the Silver Slipper Club in New York City or can trace the laborious strings of one-nighters Teagarden worked with his struggling big band for nearly a decade.

Such abundance of detail might seem pointless to some, but it gives as complete a picture of the working life of a great jazzman as we have ever had and does so by virtue of fact rather than sentimental fancy. The labor involved in this outstanding work is staggering to contemplate, but, of course, the book made no profit.

An outstanding work of yet another kind is Dan Mahoney's *Columbia 13/14000 Series*, a truly remarkable feat of scholarship. This series was Columbia's so-called race product in the years 1923-32, including blues, jazz, Gospel, and comedy records.

In 80 pages, Mahoney not only lists the 689 records issued in the series with complete and accurate standard discographical information, but he also indicates the quantity of each record shipped and ordered, as well

as giving statistical breakdowns of releases by category, complete details of label designs (the series underwent 12 changes during its life span), an index of tune titles, and a complete index of supporting artists.

But is such information of any practical use, or is it merely a kind of indulgence in a passion for research?

It all depends on how one uses the material. The quantities of records shipped, for example, show how many records an artist like Bessie Smith could sell at the peak of her career and how such sales compare to today's. The figures also provide striking illustration of the toll the depression years took of the record market, particularly the Negro market. From a peak of more than 20,000 copies an issue, the total dwindled to 400 in the last months of the series.

Mahoney presents his material lucidly and succinctly. Had he been a sociologist rather than a discographer, his booklet would have been published by a university press or credited as an exceptional master's thesis. But he is a discographer, and so it was published, probably at a financial loss, by Walter C. Allen, himself a member of the fraternity.

There are other discographical works, such as Ernie Edwards' cur-

rent series of big-band volumes, and George I. Hall's *Nat King Cole, a Jazz Discography*, which deserve mention, but the scope of this survey is limited. Two magazines, the *British Matrix*, and the *U.S. Record Research*, are currently eking out an existence, publishing much valuable material. The latter keeps itself alive through record auctions.

Though it can be said that jazz discography is a field of limited and specialized interest, the same has been said of jazz itself, and with no more justice.

If it has contributed nothing else, the hard and unselfish labor of the discographers has unearthed much music that might otherwise have remained unknown, has given perspective and foundation to the history of an art form that sorely needs it, and has snatched from the grinding jaws of time facts and details that illuminate the checkered course of jazz, instructing and enriching the willing student.

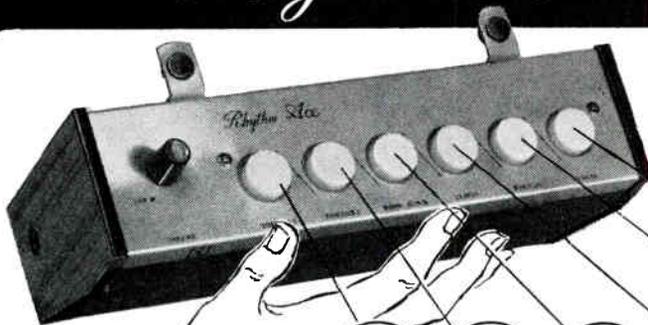
Jazz discography has come of age, and the hardest work has already been done, by men who have sought and gained no material profit from their enterprise. The least they deserve is a heartfelt thanks from all who profess to love jazz. 

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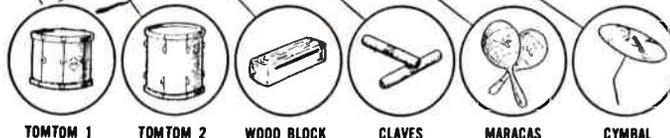
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## POINT OF DEPARTURE

(Continued from page 37)

word. I really don't mean scream in the true sense of the word because one can scream very softly. I think we're saying the same thing.

**Mathieu:** We are, but there is an angle of difference; and the angle of difference is very definitely represented by the various musicians on these records.

**Shapey:** Some of them do scream, even though it's very softly.

**Mathieu:** What about Archie Shepp on his record?

**Shapey:** I think he starts with Coleman, and then continues even further than Coleman. He carries Coleman's ideas of logical sequence to a further step. He experiments in handling different kinds of sounds. I hate the word experiment. To me an experiment doesn't necessarily come off. Once something exists, it's no longer an experiment.

**Mathieu:** How does the music of Archie Shepp fit in with this line of idea that we were just discussing?

**Shapey:** I listened to these records basically in a musical sense. To differentiate in the philosophical sense, this is something I don't know.

**Mathieu:** How does it strike you? I'm not asking for objective truth.

**Shapey:** If you are asking me if it speaks to me . . . even that I am not sure of.

**Mathieu:** You said the Coleman speaks to you.

**Shapey:** Coleman spoke to me most. He spoke to me in a most beautiful sense; I found it very beautiful. I looked at his picture on the cover and said, "Damn it, I'd like to use you in my work here with the Chicago Symphony. Where can I find you? I'd like to have you." This is the kind of playing I want. This is the kind of sensitivity I want, the kind of understanding, the kind of flow, of moving, of logical moving to a final conclusion and who cares what the conclusion is? But just moving there is so beautiful. That was all the feeling that I got.

With Archie Shepp I had somewhat the similar feeling but not as great a feeling as toward Coleman. I must say out of the whole group I found Coleman most sympathetic. With me.

**Mathieu:** Coleman felt, incidentally, that he couldn't exist in the United States. He just could not live here and is now in Europe.

**Shapey:** I can understand that. I hope he can live in Europe; I'm not so sure that Europe is that much different from the United States. I hope he can live in this world. I'd like to say to him: learn to live with yourself. In the end that's the important thing. Only if you learn to live with yourself, then you manage somehow or another to get through the world. But if he has trouble getting through the world, then he hasn't learned to live with himself, completely.

**Mathieu:** Coleman and others have found it very difficult to perform here.

**Shapey:** As a composer I had to fight the same battle that Mr. Coleman is fighting. I had no place to be heard either. The officialdom, the academies, rejected me and wouldn't let me have performances, nor could I get commissions or awards. Despite which, I have accumulated an impressive amount of commissions, awards, performances, etc. On one level I agree he's right and perhaps the only thing to do is to run away.

**Mathieu:** I don't think he ran away as much as he ran toward. . . .

**Shapey:** On another level I would say to him, "No, don't go to Europe. Here, stay here to fight the fight. Don't let others win it for you, because then you will have even more trouble living with yourself. Here is where you've got to win it, here and no place else." Because it's here that the fight is either with your bare fist or with your instrument. But it's here, and some day I hope he will realize it and come back and stand here.

**Mathieu:** We haven't talked about Don Ellis.

**Shapey:** I felt in listening that he came out of the basic so-called tradition of jazz. I found an interesting use of sounds on the trumpet that are not, shall we say, common. The background behind him I must admit I didn't like too much. Maybe because I know it so well. It's symptomatic of modern music trends as explored by Boulez and Stockhausen and certain other composers. It's a very basic impressionistic, supposedly ethereal, background which I think can become very boring after a while. Boulez bores me. I think he's awful. He's a better musician than Stockhausen because I don't think Stockhausen is a musician. I think he's an absolute phony. He knows nothing about electronic instruments, nothing at all about physics, and he's been disproved a thousand times over by people who know something about it. I think Boulez is at least a musician.

**Mathieu:** Have you heard his second sonata?

**Shapey:** Yes. All I can say is that I can live without it. I see no reason for its existence. It doesn't say a thing to me. It's a cliché of 12-tone music. Who the devil needs it? I don't need it. And I must say it bores me. I mean he might yet come up with something important, I don't know.

**Mathieu:** Here's something I don't understand. As musicians, we know the dangers of words; we know that whenever we speak about music in any but the most severe and technical musical language something is going to be a lie. Something is going to be lost in the translation. We will wind up being trapped by words, and we will not say what we mean. And yet, there's a point, when using technical language, past which it is impossible to go, and I find myself wanting to go into philosophical language. At this point in our discussion about Boulez, my impulse is to say: because Boulez doesn't speak to you, what existent human force is lacking? What is it that Boulez fails to reveal in yourself? And here we are, miles away from the music. Back to psychology.

**Shapey:** I don't know because . . . let me give a little story then; maybe this will be the answer; I don't know. First of all we obviously are different kinds of people. Although I've been categorized as a 12-tone composer, as a serial composer, as a traditionalist, as a conservative—I've been categorized as 100 different things, as I've said. In the end I would simply say I do use a form of serial technique, that no technique is of any importance to me. The only thing important to me is music, and that is whatever I define music to be. It was at a composers' forum in New York City when my *Incantations* was performed, and a young woman raised her hand—don't know if she was a composer or musician or what, it doesn't matter—and she made a question in the form of a comment. She said, "I was rather surprised to find your music is not only very modern, etc., but that unlike most modern music, it seems to sing a great deal. Isn't there something wrong with that? Modern music isn't supposed to sing." The whole audience broke up laughing; Milton Babbitt was the moderator at the time, and he just grabbed my arm and began to howl, as we all did. And I said, "Lady, all I want to do is thank you because you have just given me a very high compliment. As far as I'm concerned music must always sing." Translate that into some philosophical content if you will, I don't care. Perhaps maybe that's what it is—Boulez does not sing to me.

**Mathieu:** This jazz that you've just heard for the purposes of this interview, does it sing?

**Shapey:** Coleman sings.

**Mathieu:** Does it all try to sing?

**Shapey:** I guess they all try to sing. I would say that is one of the most important similarities between them; in their own way they are all trying to sing, even though some of it is rather ugly singing.

**Mathieu:** Would you like to see this music flourish? Do you think if it flourished, it would find a better way to sing?

**Shapey:** I would put it in an entirely different way: it's *got* to flourish. This is a vast country; there are a thousand, a million different ways to sing. So it's got to continue for those who know it and love it and for those who want to be part of it. And it's got to continue for the very selfish reason of its own being. It has to discover for itself where to go.

**Mathieu:** It has the feeling of something young growing up?

**Shapey:** Oh, yes, absolutely. It's, in a sense, a revolution against the immediate past. All revolutions have to live out their lives. A child always revolts against the father, not the grandfather. It must be so; it's got to be so. Otherwise humanity will never go forward or advance. It cannot stand still. Thank God for revolutions.

There is so much to be learned, so much to be known and felt, seen, and I think it would be a sorry day, a very sorry day, when the young people stop doing that. Because it's a glorious thing to be young like that. But it's also a glorious thing to mature and stay young. 

## ONYX CLUB

(Continued from page 96)

and near-greats, now opened at the site of the Cafe Maria at No. 35. This happened during the slump in early '36. After the concert, the Onyx installed air conditioning and could advertise it was "scientifically cooled." The catch phrase in the Onyx ads read "Swing Is Here to Sway," and *Down Beat* announced in August that Helbock "knew what he was doing when he signed Smith for an additional six months, for the fiddler during the second half of the summer had doubled his earlier attendance record and was well on the way to breaking the Reilly-Farley record made over the previous Christmas season."

In October, 1936, John Hammond talked Helbock into booking a then-unknown singer, Billie Holiday, into the Onyx.

The customers liked her, and Helbock liked her. But not Stuff Smith. After she had been there one week, a columnist raved about her, and Smith blew up. All week he had refused to let her sing encores, and now he wanted her out. Helbock says today he was so mad he thought seriously of firing the violinist, but his business sense decreed that he keep Smith happy. Miss Holiday was to put in more than a year at the Onyx in later years, but that was under a different management and in a later era. Helbock said recently he can still get a thrill when he recalls her version of *What You Gonna Do When There Ain't No Swing?* As for the question in the tune, he now says, "It took less than five years for me to find out."

**C**LUBOWNERS have to be constantly on the alert for new talent. One disappointment Helbock experienced concerned the late stride pianist Donald Lambert, whom he brought to the Onyx in late 1936, from Newark, N.J. Lambert, actually a New York City-born piano student of James P. Johnson's, received little acceptance on 52nd St.

Another time Helbock made a big mistake. A young, very attractive pianist named Hazel Scott came to Helbock and asked for a job. At the time she was working at Mammy's Chicken Koop down the street at No. 60 for \$75 a week, but she wanted more. It wasn't long after Helbock's refusal that Barney Josephson hired Miss Scott for his Cafe Society Downtown, and she became a star.

In March, 1937, the Onyx moved to larger quarters at No. 62. Another

impressive opening catered to the regular musician customers. The Dorsey brothers were there, acting out a reconciliation for the photographers—one drink, two straws. Mike Reilly was present, identified as a comedian.

Stuff Smith was still the main act, and, according to Louis Sobel of the *Journal-American*, the music caused "pulchritudinous young women to let down their hair, as they rose from their tables, to the consternation of sedate escorts, to plunge into wild uninhibited dances." Others termed Stuff's antics "jazzmania." But swing remained a term no one seemed able to define. The W. 52nd strip, between Fifth and Sixth, was labeled "The Montmartre of New York," and it was estimated there were 20 night clubs, restaurants, and cocktail bars in the vicinity. The bars were still being called "open-front, glorified speak-easies."

The Smith group, with few changes—Clyde Hart was the new pianist—was recording for Decca and did *Onyx Club Spree*. But early in May, 1937, after more than a year of residence, Smith left for the West Coast for a movie deal, a picture named *52nd Street*.

His replacement was a small band that had been rehearsing in Harlem, some of its members playing at the Brittwood on Lenox Ave. The leadership of the band was uncertain, or plain confusing at first. It was written in one journal that the instigator of the group was Fletcher Henderson's former bassist, John Kirby, while others credited Leo Watson, formerly of the Spirits of Rhythm. John Hammond wrote of the opening in *Down Beat*:

"The Onyx has formally installed a new band to take Stuff Smith's place. Led by Leo Watson, who is the band's only musical liability, the boys include Frankie Newton, trumpet; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Pete Brown, alto saxophone; Teddy Bunn, guitar; Don Frye, piano; John Kirby, bass; and Watson, drums. Watson, who has been playing drums for only two months, gets in everybody's way. I suggest Helbock give Leo a baton and hire Sidney Catlett. If he did this, he would have the finest band in town, by far." Eventually Watson took up playing the trombone, and O'Neill Spencer was hired on drums.

In July, under the name of Frankie Newton and His Uptown Serenaders, several members of the Onyx Club band recorded *The Onyx Hop* for the Variety label. It was an original by Newton. It was also in midsummer when the Onyx, for the first time, permitted dancing during the late



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hours. The spot's advertisement read, "The Onyx—Cradle of Swing—presents John Kirby with Leo and His Spirits of Rhythm featuring Buster Bailey & Frank Newton at 62 W. 52nd Street."

In August, 1937, a slender young woman named Marietta Williams walked into the club with her accompanist, Janice Dillard. Miss Williams had just arrived in New York from Pittsburgh, where she had been singing in a small musicians' hangout, quaintly known as the Benjamin Harrison Literary Club. After the 90-pound singer auditioned for Helbock, he hired the two to take over intermission. Miss Williams' *Trees* and *Brown Bird* were immediately popular. Her billing read "Maxine Williams."

Arranger-pianist Claude Thornhill dropped in and made arrangements of some Scottish songs for her—the inspiration was said to have been based on the manner in which she performed *Trees*. When Thornhill's treatment of *Loch Lomond* and *Annie Laurie* were recorded, she became the vocalist with the Kirby band. Her name was now Maxine Sullivan, and she became the club's main attraction.

By September, 1937, bassist Kirby was the undisputed leader of the Onyx band. When Newton left to be replaced by a 19-year-old trumpeter, Charlie Shavers, who was discovered in the Lucky Millinder brass section, there were rumors that Newton's departure involved other than musical considerations and that a girl might have had something to do with it. At any rate, Kirby and Maxine Sullivan were married that fall, and she and the band left the Onyx.

Later the inimitable Stuff Smith returned, subdued upon finding that the Onyx had not only stayed open since he had left but had shown a nice profit too. His return was short, though popular, and he left again for California, this time to perform at Hollywood's Famous Door. The year 1938 started with the Kirby band again on the Onyx stand. Early in the year Billy Kyle, also from the Millinder band, took Frye's piano spot, and still later Pete Brown left to organize his own band. Russell Procope was Brown's replacement.

Swing was still the thing and sitting in was still in vogue, but the Kirby sextet was beginning to work up special material, including light swing treatments of the classics, which precluded any desire to have guests on the stand. Sometimes during intermissions, Lionel Hampton, then with Benny Goodman, would drop in to jam with one or more of the Kirby

men. Hampton also liked to noodle on the club's piano.

The solid impact of swing as a novelty, however, was about over, and the first decade of The Street was to end with a slow transition period that would culminate in the bebop days of the war-torn 1940s.

**A** SMALL GOSSIP-COLUMN item in September, 1938, had unexpected repercussions along 52nd St. It said, "One of the first inhabitants of 52nd St. left his silent partner holding the bills when he skipped with the bankroll this month."

To those in the know, the item could refer only to Helbock and Carl Kress. The truth of the matter was as *Down Beat's* editor, Ned Williams, wrote in 1949, "Helbock and Kress got into a hassle over finances and split, with Carl keeping the Onyx and Joe vainly attempting to open a rival joint in the same block. Both clubs took a nosedive, and the street lost its once favorite hangout and its original founder."

Kress bolstered the Onyx bill by bringing in trumpeter Oran (Hot Lips) Page, featured as a solo act; Page was to work the street many times during the next decade, both solo (he proved to be a potent draw) and with various groups. During 1938 a new Famous Door opened at No. 66, close by the Onyx. The feature was Louis Prima, and in addition, it offered Art Tatum. For a reason now lost, the Kirby band deserted the Onyx in November, 1938, to go into the Famous Door as a relief band, alternating with a Red Norvo band that featured vocalist Mildred Bailey.

The Onyx then announced it would get a small jam outfit led by trombonist Jack Jenney. The trumpet player in the unit, Max Kaminsky, doubled in the pit band at Radio City Music Hall. Alternating with Jenney were the Merry Macs, a singing group that included one girl—Helen Carroll—who was Mrs. Carl Kress.

Early in 1939, the Onyx came up with another novelty outfit. Known as Doc Sausage and His Pork Chops, they included Bob Wright, piano; Jimmy Harris, guitar; Jimmy Butts, bass; Al Pittman, washboard; and Al Johnson, playing a gourd and a kazoo. One reviewer tabbed them a "sensation." Another wrote, "They are something, but I can't tell you exactly what."

Jenney cut out in January, leaving his band and its library, and George Brunies (in his numerology days he came to spell it Georg Brunis) took over the podium with trombone an-

tics and attempted to spark the Jenney jamsters. But things were changing faster and faster at the Onyx now. The month of March saw the Kirby band return. It was now a smooth ensemble featuring numbers like *Dawn in the Desert*, *Rehearsin' for a Nervous Breakdown*, and Charlie Shavers' wonderful *Undecided*. It was versatile and subtle, restrained and organized, with a de-emphasis on jamming. The touch with the past was handled by their relief unit—a revived Spirits of Rhythm.

Then, in late summer, a *Down Beat* story announced, "The Onyx has ended a hectic career. The doors were closed suddenly one night, and the Kirby band, which had been drawing rave notices, is biding its time in the recording studios, awaiting a possible engagement in Chicago's plush Pump Room."

Meanwhile, Helbock, for the last year had been working on a project to open another spot, using the Onyx name. He rented the space on the site of the old 18 Club and went to court to stop Kress from using the Onyx name at No. 62. By mid-1939 Helbock lost his court case and opened his new room as the Key Club. The heat of that July forced him to close almost immediately "to install air conditioning." The place did not reopen under Helbock's aegis. He was back behind the bar at the Onyx.

*Down Beat's* story about the final closing of the Onyx proved to be a bit premature. The Onyx sign blazed with light again within several weeks. This time the offering was a large swing band directed by the noted arranger Jimmy Mundy, who had scored *House Hop* and *Swingtime in the Rockies* for the early Benny Goodman Band and was later to arrange *Travelin' Light* for Billie Holiday. The band, in rehearsal for four weeks, was unusual, having seven arrangers among its sidemen. Jazzmen involved were Bobby Moore, trumpet; Skippy Williams, Jimmy Mundy, tenor saxophones; Bill Doggett, piano; Connie Wainright, guitar; and Shadow Wilson, drums.

This fine big band, which predated Count Basie on the street, with its good arrangements and exciting power, failed to bring in customers. Things were beginning to reach a desperate state after the large overhead of Mundy's big band. Onyx veteran Pete Brown, the rolypoly alto saxophonist with the deadpan expression, was summoned. He brought in a small jump band, but after fighting poor business for a couple of weeks, he rushed his musicians back to Harlem.

To replace Brown, the Onyx hired

Kenny Watts and His Kilowatts, an action that immediately brought pickets from the musicians' union. Their placards announced the club was unfair to members of the union—not because Mundy had complained about nonpayment for the last week of his engagement or because Brown had said he had not been paid in full but because the Watts aggregation was nonunion.

The addition of the picketing to the Onyx' woes caused the famed "Cradle of Swing" to close its doors permanently in 1940, only a few days before the night-club industry's biggest night—New Year's Eve.

When interviewed at the time, Helbock claimed disassociation from the financial end of the club toward its last days, saying he "only worked there." He also told a *Down Beat* reporter that Watts and his boys were regarded as an act and should not come under union jurisdiction.

So a "for rent" sign was placed in the window of 62 W. 52nd and remained a part of the black-and-white facade almost up until the time—in 1942—that a new Onyx was to open across the street between Tony's and Jimmy Ryan's, managed by extenor saxophonist Irving Alexander, who also ran the Famous Door at No. 66.

In 1941 Helbock was behind the bar at the Copacabana. He was now talking about opening up a small nightery on the east side. Instead, he transferred to Ben Marden's Riviera on the New Jersey side of the George Washington bridge.

The last Onyx location at No. 62 eventually reopened as the Club Samoa with a South Sea Island decor. As for 72 W. 52nd, the first legal Onyx, its address remained important during the following decade, for it was the site of the Three Deuces.

When *Down Beat's* Ned Williams interviewed Helbock in 1947, the onetime entrepreneur said he was happy with his regular hours and his job serving Scotch and sodas to the customers of the Ritz Tower bar on Park Ave., but he admitted he had his eye on what he called several likely east-side locations and might be tempted to get back into the swing of things. He never got around to it.

Today, Helbock is retired, living in Queens, and keeping his eye cocked for a little place up in Maine. If he's asked about Swing Street in the '40s, or about the other Onyx, the one with the sign where the letters were horizontal (his lettering always was vertical), he will shrug and say, "I don't know—I always crossed town on 51st after 1940." 

## 10 TO 1 (Continued from page 18)

Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn.

After this development, Shepp plays a long solo, backed by occasional baritone saxophone noodlings or, later, Charlie Mingus-like, propulsive riffs. Shepp resumes after a brief baritone solo, Brown's alto joining in for a three-horn parley. The ensemble then introduces a rhythm-and-blues figure, above which Shepp honks and hollers for a climactic, down-home finale.

The over-all impression is one of eclecticism (an approach to jazz that, over the decades, has proved to be perhaps the most lastingly valid). The ensemble passages are tonal, and Shepp's solo work also focuses around tonal centers. He offers a variety of sounds and feelings, from gruff, Ben Websterish barks (the Webster influence on Shepp has been exaggerated, but one phrase here is a direct quote) to soft, sensuous moaning.

Shepp's work often seems most relaxed when it is melodically oriented. And when he is not straining for effect or trying to say too much, he can be a convincing and absorbing player. In spite of the presence of "new wave" effects and devices, one has the feeling that Shepp could make himself at home within a general mainstream-modern framework, something one would never suspect of Ayler.

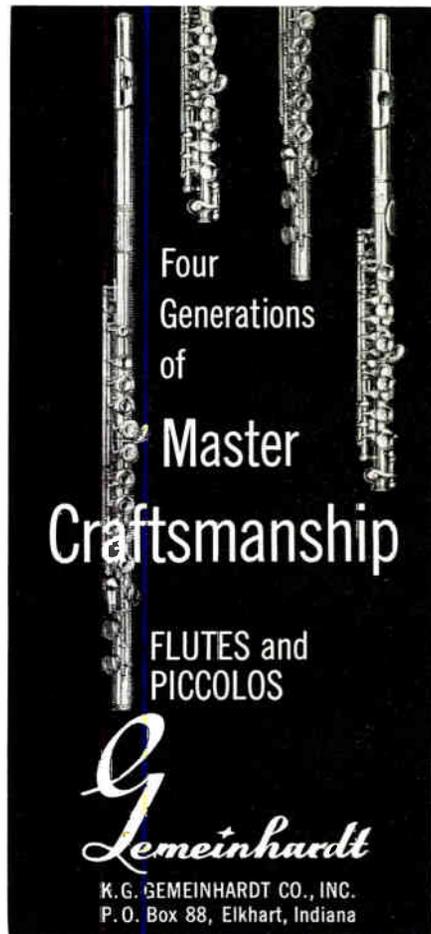
The last track is not in any respect "new wave," but simply well-played, inventive contemporary jazz. Monk's composition is treated with respect and clearly stated. Ensembles feature trumpet-alto unison, though the lower-register voicings lend the familiar sound an ominous and distinctly "modern" hue.

Solos, as well as the opening ensemble passage, are divided into four contrasting slow-fast-slow-fast segments of regular chorus length. Tolliver, who has a mellow, cornet-like sound, is more impressive in his slow passages than when he runs the changes in rapid tempo. His statement is well-constructed and nimbly executed.

Hutcherson's solo flows, and though he plays with restraint and gets a pretty sound from his instrument, his ideas have sinew. But the most convincing soloist is Spaulding, whose big, well-projected tone stems from Charlie Parker, and who, though Coltrane is also in him, eschews the distortions and stridencies that mark the work of the other saxophonists heard in this collection. His time is relaxed, and though he is not a hard swinger, his solo moves well.

Drummer Higgins, though not featured, is musical and swinging, and the whole contrasting impression of this track is that jazz' new-found "freedom" may yet prove to be more than the music can digest. Perhaps there will be a parting of the ways, with a new music moving more and more away from what we have come to know as jazz. If there is, it is good to know that there will be gifted and inventive young musicians traveling in both directions.

In any case, there is, thank God, no one true way—in music as in life.



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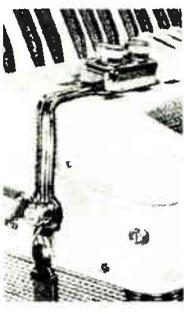


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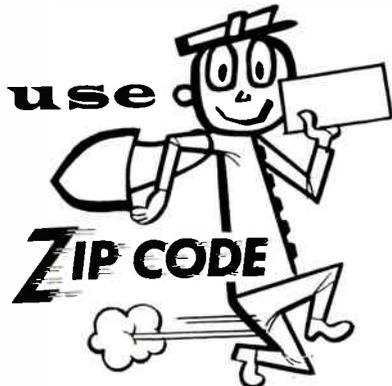
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**POINT OF CONTACT**  
(Continued from page 31)

not the doings of musicians?

**Morgenstern:** Right, but they read about the doings of musicians because they are interested in the music, and, believe me, there are not so many of them that the magazine is exactly wallowing in money. It's a question, as with Art at the Village Gate, of being able to make a living. Unfortunately, many of the things you said about *Down Beat* in the past are true. All I can say, personally, is I don't consider myself an exploiter of the musicians or anything else. I'm making a living, yes. It's not a grandiose living, but I manage to live. If I thought for one moment that my existence depended on the exploitation of other people, I would quit. I do my best—as fairly as possible and as objectively as possible—to do my part to publicize and help the music and its creators, whether they are Dixielanders, mainstreamers, avant-garde, or whatever.

In connection with Archie's statement that this discussion was carefully arranged to present certain points of view or put some people on the spot is definitely not true. As you can see from the course of this afternoon, nothing was very carefully arranged. . . . I did, however, provide an opportunity for people with different points of view to present their opinions freely, and it was not engineered to put anybody on the spot, put anybody in a bad light, or anything of this nature.

As regards Mr. Taylor's statement that Don DeMicheal, for whom I cannot speak, and his cohorts, of whom I am one, were laughing because of the dissension between the musicians, I can say for myself—and I think I can say for Don, too—that we certainly were not laughing. Anything that hurts the music is not something to laugh about. But I don't think there was anything for anybody to laugh about, because what was said was said honestly; some of it was said in the heat of emotion, but it was nevertheless honest and occasioned by some very real and important things coming to light.

For myself, I was glad and sad that Cecil mentioned Peekskill, for I was there too. . . . I locked arms with a black friend of mine to keep a road for the cars to pass through when the storm troopers didn't do anything and when people were throwing rocks from the trees and the sides of the road. I was in a bus later on that rocks were thrown at. That's not a great thing; I'm not bragging about it; I'm only saying this to put myself in some kind of position here other than that of exploiter. Whatever I have done in my work in jazz, I have done only because I cared about the music. . . . I would not work for *Down Beat* if I thought it exploited musicians. There are certain, shall we say, inconveniences attached to this, because the magazine, like everything else, is a business; but there hasn't been one time where I have been prevented from saying what I wanted to say—or has anyone, for that matter, been prevented from expressing his opinion. The current issue of *Down Beat* contains

an article by Archie Shepp which was not censored. . . .

**Taylor:** As well as one by Leonard Feather.

**D'Lugoff:** Is there anything wrong with that?

**Shepp:** There's plenty wrong with it.

**D'Lugoff:** I'm not defending Leonard Feather; I'm asking is there anything unfair?

**Shepp:** There've been many articles by Leonard Feather and no articles by me or Cecil. . . .

**Morgenstern:** I would say that some of the shortcomings of this publication are not unique. You'll find the same thing in other realms of the arts. There are theater people who are disgusted with the critics of the daily newspapers. The same thing holds true in classical music and painting. Perhaps people like ourselves are ill equipped to comment on the music, but the fact remains that we are the only ones who *bother* to do it, and for one reason or another, we have been put into the position of doing it. Mr. Taylor refers to the review of the Chicago festival. I happen to know that Don DeMicheal went to great pains, because it was a *Down Beat* festival, to find a reviewer who had never before contributed to the magazine. . . .

**Shepp:** The *Chicago Daily News*. . . .

**Morgenstern:** . . . so it would be a fair and honest opinion. It could never have been anything more than one man's opinion, and in this case that one man happened not to be sympathetic to what he heard of Cecil's music or John Coltrane's music or Archie Shepp's music. That was unfortunate, but those are the risks one takes.

**Taylor:** Screw him, and screw the magazine for doing it.

**Morgenstern:** I am constantly exposed to criticism from other quarters who say *Down Beat* is paying too much attention to the avant-garde. . . .

**Taylor:** You know, Art, the final rationalization for either one is that you are in business. . . .

**Shepp:** You can see from how this conversation has gone that we are past the point of play; it's no longer for fun—everybody's serious. . . . I talked to Don on the phone after I wrote that article for *Down Beat*, and he said, "This article frightens me. Are you sure you want to say these things about Ho Chi Minh and Fidel, because you know what people will say about you." And I said, "All right, man, let them say that, because the FBI has already been to my house." And they have. And the police stand outside my home when I practice. . . .

**Kirk:** I came here with the intention that I was going to be with human beings and I wouldn't have to Tom for Cecil Taylor or Art D'Lugoff or Cannonball or Archie Shepp or anybody, because . . . when I came to New York, I knew I was a man because I paid my dues down in Texas—all over the world—and proved

I can play music. So I wasn't on the spot when I came here. I want to ask Cecil what he meant when he directed a question to me, because he used so many big words that I didn't quite get the gist of what you were trying to tell me. I wish you would tell me again so I could break it down and clarify it, since it's going to be published.

**Taylor:** We don't have any guarantee that it is going to be published.

**Kirk:** Well, just for myself, I'd like to know what it is. So I can clear my credentials up with you that I am a man. . . .

**Taylor:** I'm saying that essentially there is no difference, as long as you're black, where you come from, that the thing that unites us is the sameness in the oppression that we have undergone at the hand of the white man, no matter where we are from. That's one of the things that binds us.

**Kirk:** Well, why're you telling me that? Don't you think I know this? Do you think I have to let you tell me this?

**Taylor:** Wait a minute, that's not the point. . . . You'd said before that you wanted to make the distinction between avant-garde and something else, and I'm saying there is no difference; they're all from the same root. . . .

**Kirk:** That's right. . . .

**Taylor:** Then we don't have any disagreement. . . . I thought you didn't understand.

**Kirk:** Don't think that about me. . . . I pointed out a record you made with John Coltrane and Kenny Dorham, and I pointed out a record you made on Transition, when there wasn't any difference. . . . There wasn't an avant-garde then, because you had rhythm section that was playing 4/4.

**Shepp:** To play 4/4 doesn't mean. . . . There's nothing implicit in that about being avant-garde or not.

**Kirk:** I'm saying, to me, there's no difference, there's no "new thing," no new music.

**Shepp:** That's what we're all saying. This is not our label, it is a label that has been ascribed to us. . . .

**Kirk:** Well, don't let us separate it then. . . . He was separating it when I asked him to play with me. . . . I respect everybody here, and I want everybody to respect me. I have something to contribute even though it might seem minor to you or anybody else. . . .

**Taylor:** You shouldn't say that. . . .

**Kirk:** Look here, man! I can say what I want to say. I don't want anybody telling me what not to say. . . . I know that the racial thing is a problem, but I'm not always going to be talking about it. What I'm going to do is play my music better than the white man, and *that* will tell the story. . . .

**D'Lugoff:** Better than any other human being!

**Kirk:** All right! Better than any other human being. . . . So when a man comes up and says he's playing two or three horns, the only way I can tell him that he's not is to play them better. And I

know I can do this, because I am one of the originators of the thing as far as bringing it into jazz, because I have done research on the people that have played two or three horns at once. You can call it a gimmick and anything you want to call it. But I know as far as jazz is concerned, there have not been too many other people who have used this device. So to get back to what I was saying, I know there is a racial thing, because I've seen things on television, people work jobs playing half the flute that I'm playing and half the horn that I'm playing, but what I'm saying is that the only way I can solve it is to make better records and to stay out there in that limelight. . . .

**D'Lugoff:** For the black and white people.

**Kirk:** For everybody, to prove my point. And, Archie, when you told me I make more in one night than you make in a week—that's no fault of mine.

**Shepp:** I don't blame you for that, and I didn't put you down for that. . . .

**Kirk:** But you're dropping the same thing on me that people dropped on Lee Konitz and Bird. . . . Do you think I went in to the man and said, "What is Archie Shepp getting?" and I said, "Give me double that?"

**Shepp:** I didn't mean it that way.

**Kirk:** But why'd you say it?

**Shepp:** I used it for a specific purpose, because I do know there are price standards. . . . Termini tells me he can't afford Monk.

**Kirk:** But I've worked to get the audience.

**Shepp:** I'm not denying the work you've put into it. . . . and some of our work. I'm only suggesting that when you start attacking other people. . . .

**Kirk:** Who'd I attack?

**Shepp:** But you did, Roland, when you said, "This cat doesn't ask me to sit in with him and doesn't ask me. . . ." I want to point out to you that America has yielded up some of her treasures to you, but America has not yielded up any of her treasures to a lot of other people. I don't put you down for that; I'm only suggesting that when you attack—when you say things to other people that you think those things out carefully. . . . When you talk about having college educations and all like that—that's no fault of mine. Just like you say the money you made was no fault of yours. That just happened to be a thing that accrued to me because America felt guilty and said, "Here, give this nigger boy a chance to go to school, and we need a nigger in this place. . . ." I know why they got me in that school—they needed a nigger, and I was the nigger they wanted. All right. So you made more money than me, but we can't make a point about that. . . .

**Kirk:** I made the point that education doesn't have anything to do with playing music. When we get on the bandstand, I don't care how many big words you use, I can't hear them through the horn.

**Shepp:** You're going into that again—big words. . . . Nobody just uses big words

for nonsense. We use them to more effectively make our point.

**Kirk:** When Dan called me I thought we were coming here to talk about music. . . . All I'd like to say is that when I came to New York, I didn't expect all this kind of dissension, really. . . . Like I said, I know there's a colored thing, but there's a prejudice against me right in my own race. I got to clear that up first.

**Shepp:** Who do you think is prejudiced against you?

**Kirk:** There's a lot of cats that don't dig what I'm trying to do.

**Shepp:** I heard you say things like that before. . . . But I've never heard anybody talk against you. . . .

**Kirk:** There are musicians who have told the clubowners don't hire me because I'm a showman. Also friends that you know. LeRoi Jones, for one.

**Shepp:** Oh, yeah, he did that. . . .

**Murray:** It's over for him, Roland.

**Kirk:** Like, I've never worked in Harlem.

**Taylor:** I have. I worked there for seven long years. . . .

**Kirk:** But when they went to hire me, the man told the agent, "I just want somebody to play one horn good. . . ." And that's a problem.

**Shepp:** The problem is a question of power, and we have to be clear about that. It's not so much a man says to another, "I don't want you in my house, because you're a certain color." That's one thing. But when another man says, "I don't want you to work here"—that is power. That's a prejudice that has power behind it. . . .

**Kirk:** But when a man tells me, "I don't want this blind man in my house" because he's got something against blind people, that's prejudice too.

**Shepp:** There's no prevalent discrimination against blind people.

**Kirk:** Yes, there is. . . . I went to a hotel once, and me and the police almost got into a fight with the hotel owner because he said, "We don't take blind people in here. . . ."

**Shepp:** But we're not talking about that kind of prejudice. If you're a black man with a family of five or seven, and you go into a place and they say, "We don't want these kids here; we don't want these niggers here," that's another kind of prejudice. That's the prejudice that's prevalent in America.

**Kirk:** It's the same.

**Shepp:** No, it's not the same. . . . It is substantially different.

**Kirk:** How would you know if you've never experienced it?

**Shepp:** Because we're both black in America.

**Kirk:** I'm aware of all the things you're talking about; but on top of that, I've got two more things against me, but I still don't come to you and burden you down with it.

**Shepp:** I would not burden you down with anything that was not our common problem. . . .

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