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*the day they got boston*

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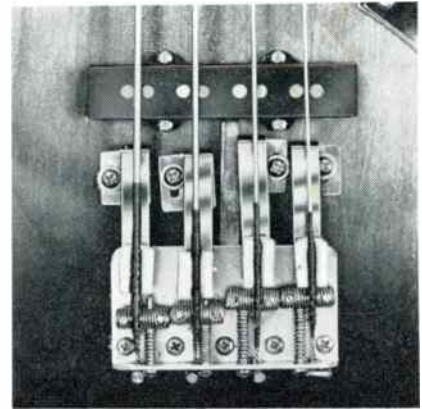
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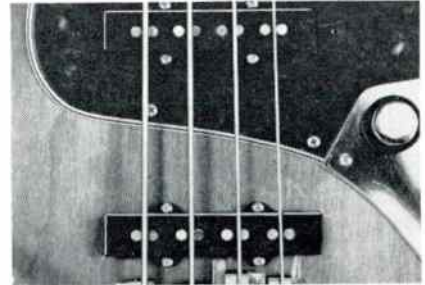


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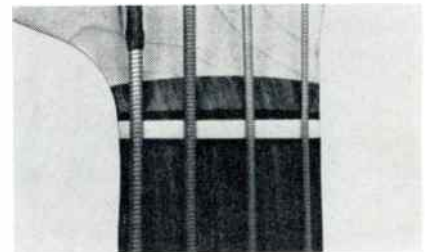
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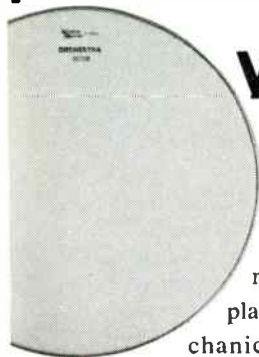
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**READERS' FORUM**

*Readers are invited to contribute to this department. All letters must be signed.*

**VICTOR CLARIFICATION**

Shame on you. That Ella-Benny set (which you erroneously said was unavailable in the U.S.) was finally issued in this country late last year on RCA EP 5100 called Benny Goodman and Ella Fitzgerald (snappy title, eh?). Ella cut the sides with Benny, then there was a dispute with Decca because she was under contract to Decca at the time, and they lay in the files all those years.

If we start getting letters here, we'll send them to you for answering.

Mag looks better and better.

Dom Cerulli,  
RCA Victor Press Information  
New York City

**MARIANO RECOGNITION**

Sincerely enjoy your magazine, photography is good, really dug the Bud Powell portrait. Wish you'd run a series of drawings—line or otherwise on jazz.

An article on Charlie Mariano is needed. This fellow rates recognition. Really had something to say when I heard him at the Five Spot recently.

R. K. Gates,  
Claymont, Del.

*Editor's note: Herb Danska, well-known graphic artist, will initiate a monthly page devoted to jazz drawings, beginning next month. They will be on-the-spot sketches, made at jazz clubs, concerts, and recording dates.*

**ALL THAT JAZZ**

Your approach to the content of the ideal jazz publication, I feel, is a most intriguing one. I am inclined to go along with it to a certain extent, but not quite as far as you would like to extend it. There are certain characteristics about a jazz fan which are common to all who claim membership in this genre. The modern jazz fan is an aware cat, he is individualistic; he is opinionated, he is articulate, and he is probably in the upper income strata—since to indulge his hobby, he must be able to purchase records, an FM tuner and turntable, tickets to concerts, and must have the bread to meet minimums in clubs, where the best jazz is played. The jazz fan, further, accepts nothing on its face,

wants to hear for himself, and probably has more than the basic training that most of us have had in the elements of music, the technical side of music that is.

Where we part company is at the point of division of interest. True, I enjoy good photography, especially busty nudes. I enjoy sports, and at the age of 42, still actively participate in them with my son. I enjoy serious music, and have an extensive record library of classical selections which I have come to love almost as much as Lester Young's *Tickle Toe*. The living theatre I can do without, since I always equate the mouthing of the same lines every night to the virtuoso jazz musician who creates new melodies during every set. Art I find to be a pretty dead area (painting that is) beset by poseurs with small talents and big heads. Literature holds a very limited interest for me, since this interest is limited almost entirely to Shakespeare and non-fiction articles on the state of the world.

Now, when I pick up a jazz magazine, I do so because I want to immerse myself completely in the jazz world. This is my escape. I resent distractions. I don't want to read the scrawlings of some amateur Proust. I don't want to see pictures of alto-cumulus clouds. I don't even want to see pictures of busty nudes, I don't want to read about what a great cat Sinatra is because he hired a Communist. I don't want to read Jean Shepherd's cotton-candy garbage. I want *Jazz*, man, and nothing else. In other words, an editor's attempt to cater to what HE thinks are the jazz fan's allied interests is an invasion of the fan's privacy, a violation of the very individualism which makes the jazz lover what he is.

Al Fisher,  
Wantagh, N. Y.

*Editor's note: Please note the invasion of privacy represented by Herbert Gold and Jack Gelber in this issue. Anybody care to answer Mr. Fisher?*

**ART AND COMIC BOOKS**

Your September issue was the first I had seen in several years. Compared to another similar magazine, yours is a work of art and theirs is an irrelevant comic book.

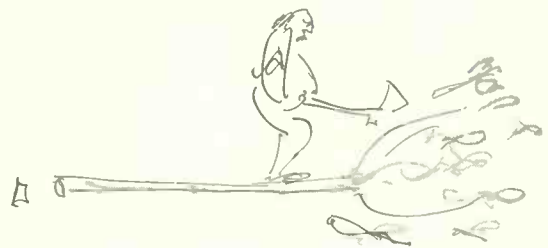
Mike A. Evans,  
Bakersfield, Calif.

**COVER CONGRATULATIONS**

I would like to congratulate you on your last five covers of METRONOME. It certainly is *THE* Jazz Magazine.

Bernard J. Nassano  
Philadelphia, Pa.

MIKE THALER





# UP FRONT

## MAILER FOR MAYOR

Novelist Norman Mailer announced recently that he was going to take a year off from the writing of novels in order to run for the office of mayor of New York City.

His first task: to assemble a cadre of fifty or so intellectuals, artists and interested citizenry to help him form a new party (as yet unnamed) and to assist him in his campaign. Feeling that imagination and creativity have been lacking in politics for too long a time, Mailer said the climate is right for a major revolution in the city's administration. "This is no gimmick," he stated. "I'm out to win."

## CRUSADER COHEN

New York lawyer Maxwell T. Cohen has been doing battle with the Police Department for a long time, contending that its requirement that all cabaret performers in the city carry cards permitting them to work is unconstitutional and should be lifted. Major evil of the requirement: it tends to create an atmosphere conducive to bribery and other malpractices.

The notorious cabaret cards are hard to come by (fingerprinting is required), easy to lose. Any previous arrest, no matter how remote in time, is often sufficient grounds for the pulling of a card. Thus, Cohen and many others have contended, the requirement is not based on reality, but on caprice. The only true benefactors, it is charged, are the Police themselves, who so far have amassed a Pension Fund fortune of a half million dollars through the oft-attacked system.

Cohen, who many times has worked without a fee, has been slowly gaining ground in his crusade against what many consider an administrative curtailment of an individual citizen's right to due process of law. Recently, he argued cases for cafe owner Art D'Lugoff and comedian Lord Buckley; both cases have attracted the interest not only of the press but of the general public.

D'Lugoff, accused by the Police of dimming his lights during a performance (a traditional practice of all cabarets) and of similar technical transgressions, stands in danger of losing his license to operate The Village Gate. At presstime, his case was still pending, though there have already been three hearings. Cohen and D'Lugoff have both indicated they would appeal if D'Lugoff's application for license renewal is denied.

A few days after the D'Lugoff

hearing, Attorney Cohen was back in the thick of the battle again, this time in defense of comedian Lord Buckley, who had been performing at the Jazz Gallery until the Police withdrew his card.

Armed with a revealing transcript of a secretly-taped conversation between Lord Buckley, Police Sergeant Frank Noland and novelist H. L. Humes (who did the taping), Cohen achieved a virtual, if not an official, victory. Reading from the transcript, Cohen noted that Sergeant Nolan made no distinction, for example, between a narcotics salesman and an entertainer.

With considerable style and composure, Cohen battered away at Police evidence founded on arrests that took place fourteen years ago, reiterating that an arrest, in itself, can be no presumption of a conviction, that the Police had no right to withdraw Buckley's cabaret card without either prior notice or hearing, and, further, that the requirement of a card itself was unconstitutional.

The Buckley hearing was adjourned, pending "further investigation" by the Police into Buckley's record. In the interim, there seemed a good chance that the Department would relent and issue the comedian a temporary card. It was generally agreed that Cohen's position, in the Buckley case, was considerably strengthened by the large group of writers and reporters who attended the hearing. Novelists Norman Mailer and H. L. Humes were on hand, in addition to representatives of METRONOME, *Down Beat*, *The New York Post*, *The New Yorker*, *Variety*, *Harper's Magazine* and *The Village Voice*.

## OUR MAN IN

Our man in *Chicago* is not a man at all, but a gal named Liz Mount, who this month reports:

Despite denials from both sides, the rumor persists here that all is not well between Count Basie and Joe Williams, and that Joe is going to try it alone. During a recent seven-day stint in Chicago the band, with Joe, recorded daily for Roulette. Could be they wanted a backlog in case Joe *did* check out. We were also told that Bill Henderson had been "felt out" as a replacement for Joe. Bill's reaction was cool. He feels he would be type-cast as a blues shouter with the Basie band . . . The Sutherland Lounge's venture into big band land has proved a profitable one according to owner Lou Alport. He

was so pleased with Maynard Ferguson's reception that he booked him for a return in February. Dizzy Gillespie followed Ferguson, and Gerry Mulligan's 14 piece aggregation was next to establish itself for a week's engagement . . . Jazz groups have made the coin box jingle at the Cloister and manager Bernie Nathan plans to keep them coming. Art Blakey's group and Joanie Sommers shared the bill, and Cannonball was set to follow.

Our man in *Hollywood*, Howard Lucraft, writes:

Harry James set up permanent residence, and built a new house, in Las Vegas . . . Harry Belafonte will reportedly open a non-segregated hotel in the same town . . . Leith Stevens is teaching a film-scoring course at UCLA . . . Lloyd Dunn, Capitol Records' vice president, says: "The record industry today is one of profitless prosperity".

Hank Mancini refused a British tour because the English union wouldn't let him take his own musicians . . . Ray Anthony is taping his own TV series for syndication . . . Victor Feldman married Marilyn McGrath, daughter of well-known pianist, the late Fulton McGrath. . . Julie London and guitarist Herb Ellis were, reportedly, "lionized" in Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo, last month.

Our man in *San Francisco*, Dick Hadlock, writes:

Andre Previn gave a couple of split concerts, half-classical, half-jazz, in San Francisco and Berkley, in October . . . Jimmy Rushing, at the Hangover, commenting on his Columbia date with Dave Brubeck: "Before the session was over, I had Dave really playing the blues. He can do it, you know." The album is set for release in January.

Teddy Edwards, with Joe Castro, Leroy Vinnegar, and Chuck Carter, led off the new "name" policy in late October at the enlarged Cellar in San Francisco's North Beach. Scheduled to follow on November 15: Jimmy Witherspoon and Ben Webster . . . Two traditional jazz clubs closed down for the traditionally slow holiday season. The Hangover, as it does each year, shut its doors in November for a two-month hiatus. Kid Ory's On the Levee went dark even earlier, in mid-October, partly due to illness in the Ory clan. For the trad set, this left only Turk Murphy and Burt Bales working full week's schedules, at Earthquake McGoon's and Pier 23 respectively.

**JAZZ PORTRAIT, at right: the late Billie Holiday, with friend: a moment of quiet joy in a life crowded with rage, pain and sorrow. Portrait by Buck Hoeffler.**







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## By NAT HENTOFF

Gunther Schuller, in addition to his composing, teaching and criticism, has now become a jazz neologist. It seems generally agreed that Schuller is responsible for titling the most recent jazz category—"third stream music." The term first began to gain currency this past May as a result of a *New York Times* head. In the accompanying story, a review of a concert of Schuller works, John S. Wilson noted Schuller's active espousal of "a music that is neither jazz nor classical but that draws upon the techniques of both. As examples, he has cited works of George Russell, John Lewis, Bill Russo, John Benson Brooks and himself."

In reflecting upon the same concert, Whitney Balliett of *The New Yorker* was somewhat more specific than Wilson on what this fledgling stream had to be if it were to flow at all: ". . . it is obvious that the set designs of classical music cannot swallow the fluidity of jazz whole, and vice versa, or each will simply turn into the other. But there is a possible compromise—a new music consisting of the most durable elements of both."

For a long time, I was dourly skeptical that such a "durable . . . new" music was possible. From the twenties on, after all, there have been relentlessly puerile attempts to superimpose some of the formal devices of classical music onto jazz and thereby "legitimize" the latter. These patronizing mutations have invariably been self-consciously flatulent, from George Gershwin's sentimental, instantly dated, larger "symphonic jazz" works to the awkward, pretentious Rolf Liebermann *Concerto for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra* that had a brief international vogue a few years ago. (I will not detail the other side of this crudely counterfeit coin—the various attempts to jazz the classics since the twenties. The most recent example of this latter genre I've heard was the misuse of an intelligent arranger by Everest Records to manufacture jazz versions of operatic arias, all under the smirking, front-cover aegis of Al Jazzbo Collins, a notable uplifter of our culture.)

As for more serious attempts in the past few years to bridge jazz and classical music, I had certainly not been encouraged by the singularly brittle and bloodless "west coast jazz" experimentation along these directions. Schuller's first attempts were at least more substantial in content and technique than the Hollywood catechism but left me just about as convinced that the two traditions—with small-scale and quite specific exceptions such as several of the Modern Jazz Quartet's pieces—could never successfully merge long enough to create a third course.

Then there was the amiably empty *Dialogues for Jazz Combo and Orchestra* by Howard Brubeck. It was performed earlier this year by Leonard Bernstein, the New York Philharmonic, and the Dave Brubeck Quartet at Carnegie Hall and was recorded by the same cast (Columbia CL 1466, stereo CS 8257). The Brubeck piece is a characteristically flimsy illustration of what *third stream* or its equivalent has meant to many of us skeptics up to now. Its fusion of classical forms and what the composer

quixotically regards as jazz practices is uneasily artificial and reveals Howard Brubeck's ignorance of what jazz has become. (Brubeck, in fact, is equally conservative in his classical writing, which may explain the hearty welcome the piece received from *The New Yorker's* Winthrop Sargeant.) There is no sign in the score, for example, that he is aware of such persistent enlargers of the jazz language as Monk, Mingus, Coltrane, Rollins, or Ornette Coleman. He has apparently mistaken the dead-end pseudo-modernism of his brother Dave as authentically *avant-garde*. Like Leonard Bernstein in most of his attempts to program *third stream* music (Teo Macero, Bill Russo), Howard Brubeck is simply not hip.

Schuller, however, both in terms of his classical and jazz experience and predilections, is much more oriented in what the various *new waves* are actually coping with. I have been strongly impressed with several of his classic works in recent years, but now I am also surprised to find myself responding emotionally to his newer *third stream* projects. There is, for example, Schuller's *Conversation in Third Stream Music: The Modern Jazz Quartet* (Atlantic 1345, stereo SD 1345). It is the first time, to my knowledge, that a jazz quartet and a classical string quartet (the Beaux Arts) meet on terms

by which neither loses its basic character and yet organic inter-relations grow between the two as the piece develops with absorbing logic and recurring tension. In the same album there are originals by John Lewis and Jimmy Giuffrè. These are slighter but are also largely successful in combining the spontaneity of jazz with a formal development and textural context that is lucid, stimulating on its own terms, and that makes for a more cohesive listening experience than has been normal in much of jazz.

Lewis has another album of his own, *The Golden Striker: Music for Brass & Piano* (Atlantic 1334, stereo SD 1334) that I expect can also be termed *third stream*. Neologist Schuller will soon find, as did Stanley Dance, inventor of the term *mainstream jazz*, that definitions in jazz quickly become twisted and diluted to the point that writers eventually make a new category mean only what *they* would like it to mean. In any case, the new Lewis set is an extension of his demonstration in *Music for Brass* (Columbia CL 941, an historically important set which Columbia has lamentably allowed to slip out of the catalogue) that he has particularly expressive skill in writing for brass. This time, in sketches based largely on characters of the improvisatory *commedia dell'arte* and impressions of Roman architecture, Lewis is witty, lyrical, sensuous and freshly melodic. He has made the brass choir uniquely resilient and at times almost floating.

The album will again disturb several apprentice sociologists in jazz because Lewis, a Negro, chooses to write in part about European terrain and his impressions of aspects of non-jazz culture there. Yet Lewis, a former major in anthropology, is a legitimate cosmopolite who has been known to fly to London simply to relax and shop because he finds the life there (both its pace and its visual framework) soothing. Lewis, as it happens, is more discriminatingly aware of the blues heritage than

# JAZZ'S THIRD STREAM

most of his critics, and he himself is a penetrating blues player. But the fact that he has also long been intrigued by such non-funky phenomena as baroque music and the *commedia dell'arte* simply means that he represents a new cadre of jazz musician who can be stimulated by other than American experiences and, accordingly, is sufficiently flexible to work at least part of his composing into the *third stream*. It seems to me a natural reflection of Lewis' tastes and temperament that he, more than any other jazz writer, has been so consistently resourceful and relatively unselfconscious in transmuting such classical forms as the fugue and other usages of counterpoint into the constantly shifting, authentically jazz performances of the Modern Jazz Quartet.

Similarly, more and more of the younger modernists, not excluding several who appear on a number of the *soul dates*, have had extensive classical training. They welcome such challenges as the more provocative *third stream* works to combine their jazz feeling with what they've been studying so long and have been trying on their own to adapt to jazz. In short, in the past decade, more and more jazzmen have been developed who have the equipment not only to play *third stream* but to enjoy working out its problems.

So far, the most provocative and diversified program of *third stream* music yet released is *Modern Jazz Concert* (Columbia WL 127), which consists of six compositions commissioned by the 1957 Brandeis University Festival of the Arts. It seemed to me then and still does that the pieces by classical composers Harold Shapero and Milton Babbitt didn't work out, Babbitt's because the intensely difficult work didn't have the right players. Schuller's contribution was more a diagram than an experience and Jimmy Giuffre's was rather earthbound. But the concert—and the album—did include Charles Mingus' *Revelations*, a powerfully emotional if somewhat ingenuous piece, and the brilliant *All About Rosie* by George Russell. The latter, based on a motif taken from an Alabama Negro children's song-game, convinced me (more than any modern jazz *extended form* piece I had heard until then) that a fairly long composed jazz work could actually enhance and intensify the improvised solos within it, as in the case of Bill Evans' startling explosion in *Rosie*.

Russell, like Mingus, borrows considerably less from the forms of classical music than do Lewis or Schuller, although he and Mingus have clearly been influenced by various symphonic composers of this century. Russell is increasingly concerned with the possibilities of pan-tonal, pan-rhythmic structures for improvisation. Although his Greenwich Village contemporary, John Benson Brooks, is rehearsing an atonal jazz ensemble, Russell believes that "jazz will by-pass atonality because jazz actually has roots in folk music, and folk music is a scale-based music; and atonality negates the scale... The answer seems to lie in pan-tonality. The basic folk nature of the scales is preserved, and yet, because you can be in any number of tonalities at once and/or sequentially, it also creates a very chromatic kind of feeling... You can retain the funk."

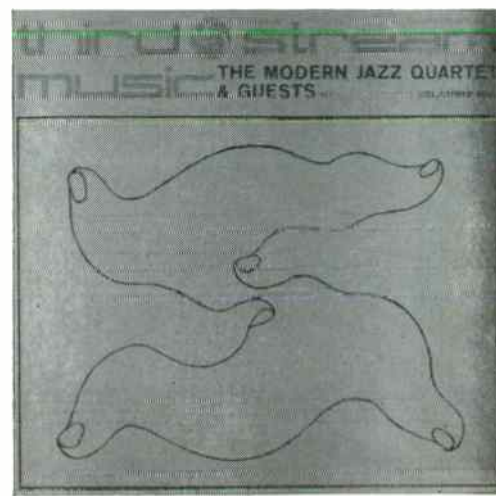
Russell's newest collection (apparently titled by someone in the advertising department) is *Jazz in the Space Age* (Decca 9219, stereo 79219). In contrast to the arranging clichés of nearly all contemporary jazz big band writing (Duke Ellington excepted), Russell's scores are considerably more variegated and surprising. Moreover, he continually pushes his soloists into stretching



their imagination beyond the familiar signposts of much jazz improvisation. In the opening section of *Chromatic Universe*, Russell notes triumphantly that the two soloists were "tonally and rhythmically out in space... not victim to the tyranny of the chord or a particular meter. In essence, this is musical relativism. Everything can be right. The idea takes over. They worked in the realm of ideas, projecting one upon another. This is pan-chromatic improvisation."

Another well-ordered but rather static album concerned with establishing more form in jazz is *School of Rebellion: Bill Russo and His Orchestra* (Roulette





52045, stereo S-52045). Russo's music is appealing, however, when it re-emphasizes the introspective lyricism that has always been endemic to jazz but has frequently been disdained as not virile and "soulful" enough during the tougher stages of modern jazz. In his notes, Russo observes accurately that jazz can reflect a much wider range of emotions and backgrounds than the soul players will admit: "There is more to this country than the city dweller, the Negro slave, the machine. There are the farms of Illinois, the precise churches of New England, remembrances of Spain in Tampa and Santa Fe and beautiful horses."

I'm not sure how jazz will be able to mirror horses, but there is, in fact, more to contemporary jazz than this country contains. Already trumpeter Miles Davis and arranger Gil Evans have proved in *Sketches of Spain* (Columbia CL-1480, stereo CS 8271) that jazzmen can communicate with surprising authenticity of phrasing, timbres and temperament the brooding ferocity of flamenco music. Evans and Davis are now considering an album based on jazz interpretations of North African forms and timbres. Dizzy Gillespie meanwhile hasn't given up hope of working out ways in which the subtleties of Indian ragas can be incorporated into a jazz piece. We may, in fact, be confronted in time with a *fourth stream*—a fusion of jazz with other national musical languages.

In the meantime, the *third stream* has barely begun to be explored. I am particularly looking forward to a projected Atlantic recording of the most provocatively individual fusion so far of classical and jazz approaches—that program of Gunther Schuller composition at New York's Circle in the Square this past spring that led to the *Times*' head and the John Wilson introduction of *third stream* into the general press. In addition to Orn-

ette Coleman, Eric Dolphy and several superior jazz players, there were a number of venturesome classical musicians in the varying ensembles who were equally willing to extend *their* capacities. Predictably, there were some critics present who were convinced the result wasn't jazz. Perhaps it wasn't, just as Joan Baez isn't a *folk singer* in the sense that Aunt Molly Jackson was. But ye gods, if the music has validity in itself, do categorical definitions really matter? I mention Joan Baez because although I usually abhor *city-billies* in the folk field, I feel she is responsible for the most exhilarating contemporary vocal sound in folk music or jazz. So she's not *ethnic*. But she is startlingly herself.

In any case, in keeping with the stubborn individualism of jazz, the *third stream* is already less tidily definable than any of the other jazz trends of the past twenty years. There are wide differences between Schuller, Russell, Russo, Lewis, Mingus, and other participants in the armada. But all are looking for broader challenges. Before the term itself was introduced, Gunther Schuller speculated in 1957 about the possibility of "a new kind of music not yet named, which became possible only in America where, concurrent with a rapidly growing musical maturing, a brand-new musico-cultural manifestation came into being, which has by now spread to all corners of the earth. Perhaps right now Japanese musicians, for instance, are working on a synthesis of jazz and their own ancient musical traditions. For who knows what the influence of jazz on other cultures as well as our own will produce in years to come? Speaking for myself, I can only say that the possibilities seem to me both exciting and limitless, and it seems irrelevant to worry about whether this will be jazz or not. It does seem relevant to worry about whether it is musically valid and meaningful within the time and society that produce it."



# WOODY HERMAN'S 25TH ANNIVERSARY

The words which Jon Hendriks wrote for his own version of the Woody Herman recording of *Four Brothers* are among the most realistic word-characterizations of jazz playing that he's done. For Woody's clarinet solo in the bridge, he substituted these words: "Hi, ho, lackaday./Boy it's a natural fact./I ain't no kid,/But I would like to get in the act."

Whether or not Jon meant the implied criticism personally, it is a natural fact that Woodrow Charles Herman, now celebrating his twenty-fifth year as a leader of some of the best jazz bands (and one that was probably the very best) ever to be heard, has seldom been given the credit he deserves.

That he never made any claims to being a modern instrumentalist may have caused this colossal under-rating, but it does seem strange that so few have realized their debt to him as a leader who, sometimes under severe economic pressure, consistently led uncompromising jazz bands, which set their own trends, and from which came scores of the outstanding soloists of modern jazz.

Woody Herman was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, May 16, 1913, the son of an ex-member of a vocal quartet, the White City Four. He sang and danced in theaters when he was six, and at the age of nine he bought an alto saxophone with money he had earned as a successful vaudevillian.

Five years later he joined a local band. His interest in jazz began then, "mostly influenced by Red Nichols and Duke Ellington." Then he went to Chicago with the Tom Gerun band, with which he remained for four years. ("Al Norris played tenor and baritone in that band. He gave up reeds for vocal chords afterward and changed his name to Tony Martin.")

Woody had switched to tenor by then: "I sounded like Bud Freeman with his hands chopped off." Band switching had begun, too. He was with Harry Sosnik (the band's arranger was David Rose), then with Gus Arnheim, finally joining Isham Jones in early 1934. When Jones left the music business in 1936, Woody and a few other sidemen formed a cooperative band along Jones' lines but with a jazz direction. Those were rough days, Woody recalls. "We'd get \$200 or \$250 for a one-night stand and, when you took out expenses and split the remainder fifteen ways, you couldn't buy more than half a frankfurter." In addition, the band seldom compromised from a strict jazz policy and "it was customary for us to get fired the first week of a four week gig."

Subsidies from song publishers, management firms, friends and money earned from club jobs during layoffs kept the band intact though. In 1936, it was first reviewed by ex-METRONOME editor George Simon, who rated it highly.

Then 1937, and a rating of A- from George for the fourteen-piece band which had one violin, a flugelhorn, drummer Frank Carlson and arrangers Joe Bishop (he wrote *Woodchopper's Ball*, the band's first record hit, in 1939) and Gordon Jenkins. The cooperative group began to bill itself as *The Band That Plays The Blues*.

When arranger-saxophonist Dave Matthews joined the band in 1940, the scores became more sophisticated. There were Lunceford touches, but, most particularly, Dave brought Ellington sounds to the ensemble.

By 1942, *Blues In the Night* had become a big record success, *The Band That Plays The Blues* style was only infrequently heard and modernism had begun to appear. Even the newer jazz fan may begin to recognize some of the personnel: Herbie Haymer, Ray Linn, Joe Howard, Hy White and Billie Rogers. Decca LP 8133, which reflects the band's playing at that time has a track titled *Down Under*, probably the first bop-influenced big band arrangement that was recorded. Its composer was Dizzy Gillespie, who was an occasional member of the band during those years and contributed several other scores, all of them indications of what the band was soon to be.

Chubby Jackson was the harbinger of springing modern, followed soon by Dave Tough who, as Woody recalls, "nearly didn't get hired because Chubby didn't think he was right for the band. One rehearsal and Chubby enthusiastically changed his mind." The *First Herd* as George Simon named it, began to form rapidly, beginning with Flip Phillips, Bill Harris, Pete Candoli and Billy Bauer.

As Jack McKinney has pointed out, there are those who believe that "the *Herd* was actually born when Ralph Burns came across town from the Charlie Barnet band to fill the piano chair and, later, become the chief arranger. Certainly the band came alive in the bristling scores he provided and that same spark which he generated has lit and re-lit every edition since."

Ralph and Neal Hefti combined talents for Woody's classic *Caledonia*. Ralph's alone, were *Northwest Passage*, *Panacea* and *Bijou*, and, in 1946 (after Woody's having become METRONOME'S Band of the Year) there was debuted Ralph's *Summer Sequence*, thought by us to be the most successful extended jazz composition of all time.

Meanwhile, back at the swarm, Neal Hefti had had a strong impact on the *First Herd* from 1944 when he joined the trumpet section. Less classically-oriented than Ralph (less Stravinsky and Ellington influenced than Ralph, really), his writing early showed the influence of Charlie Parker, both in ensemble and in the propulsion he provided for solo-





ists: note such scores as *The Good Earth*, *Blowing Up a Storm*, *Wild Root* and *Everywhere*, plus, what may be the greatest of arrangements for a commercial song, *Let It Snow*.

When Red Norvo joined the band in 1946, replacing Marjorie Hyams, Woody reactivated the *Woodchoppers*, the small group which had played and recorded in Woody's early days at Decca. Unfortunately, no one has re-released the ten-inch LP these *Woodchoppers* made for Columbia; unfortunate because this was probably the best band within a band that ever existed, including the Goodman sextet of 1941 and 1942.

With small and large band Woody grossed a million dollars in 1946. There had never been such an equal correlation between musical supply and public demand. But ten years of one-night stands had left Woody physically exhausted and he disbanded in November of that year, returning the *First Herd* to corral, leaving behind a legacy of brilliant bop, just at a time when that music was beginning to be acceptable.

In 1947, Woody heard trumpeter Ernie Royal and his desire to "get that guy in a band," began the bandleader fever again. In November he had Ernie and a band. Ralph Burns reappeared, adding new charts; adding more than that when he reported to Woody about a team of tenors he had heard in a Hollywood ballroom. Woody went to hear them—Stan Getz, Zoot Sims and Herbie Steward—and hired them as a team. Serge Chaloff left Jimmy Dorsey for the Herman band, and Sam Marowitz became the middleman in the reed section, companion of the original *Four Brothers*.

Chubby Jackson returned, bringing Terry Gibbs with him. Bill Harris and Shorty Rogers came back, the latter having matured as arranger and soloist to the point that he made Neal Hefti's absence less felt. Drummer Don Lamond ignited the rhythm section. From the first, the new scores poured forth: *Four Brothers*, *No Time*, *Keen and Peachy*, *I've Got News For You*, *The Goof and I* (on Columbia); *Early Autumn*, *Lemon Drop*, *Keeper of the Flame*, *Not Really the Blues* (on Capitol); much more, by a variety of composers never recorded, but available on bootleg transcriptions, all worthy of any commercial company's notice.

Lightning had struck twice. Woody had another band almost the equal of the original *Herd*. This, the *Second Herd*, was in its own way as brilliant, but it had seeds of destruction with it from the first; a pusher of magnitude and many creatures of habit. By the spring of 1949, all the original *Brothers* had left for their own careers, the bottom had dropped out of the music business (Woody: "I lost \$175,000 I didn't have on that band"), and another Herman organization came to its end before the year finished.

The next three years found Woody leading big bands now and then, but he spent most of the time with small groups, until he and publisher Howie Richmond began their own record label, Mars, and Woody once again found the incentive to build a big band. Chubby Jackson and arranger Ralph Burns were two of the very few from the past who came

back to the fold. The newcomers included Nat Pierce, Urbie and Jack Green, Carl Fontana, Bill Perkins and Sonny Igoe, and, later, Frank Rehack, Cy Touff, Chuck Flores and Bill Trujillo.

In June 1952, what George Simon called the *Third Herd* opened at New York's Statler Hotel. Woody told us, "It took me about two hundred musicians to find the band I was looking for, but now I'm happy at last." Happy, too, were the New York critics, the fans, even the Cafe Rouge chef who appeared opening night in the kitchen doorway to applaud still another brilliant Herman orchestra.

It may have been a more *disciplinable* band but it was not the same as either of the first two *Herd*s. That is our present critical evaluation. But, even then, ex-METRONOME editor Barry Ulanov wrote that it resembled "old Basie or middle-period Herman, but with more delicate writing and playing even amid the less than subtle swing back to Swing."

Public evaluation was missing it seems, missing at least at the level of the forties. The band had changed, but the business had changed even more. There was less and less demand for a band of this kind. On records, whether with Mars, which had great distribution problems, or with Capitol, for which Herman was just one more swinger in an era which was burying all but the sweetest bands as a rule, this Herman orchestra was no success.

Woody tried singing. In 1956, there was an abortive, nearly rhythm and blues album. Two excellent Verve LP's followed with Woody's singing. In person he was reduced to leading a small group. Then, in 1958, he cut big band sides for Everest, and his interest was reborn. That fall he took a big band on a State Department sponsored tour of South America, after which he disbanded again, formed a sextet and moved into New York's Roundtable.

In early 1960, Woody went to England with several key men, who served as a nucleus for a big band otherwise staffed by British musicians. Back in the States, he began the tedious business of shaping another band: "No, not a *Fourth Herd*. It's a continuation of the band we had in the early fifties."

As has always been the case, it is a good band—Woody Herman is our most consistent bandleader. It is, more than most, an inventive band—Herman bands have almost never been content with *merely* swinging. It is filled with bright young talent—Woody has unflinching taste in picking sidemen of quality.

There may never again be a jazz band to equal the *First Herd* or, even, the *Second Herd*, but the old wrangler still cuts a mean stampede, still maintains a performance level which is a many-gunned salute for his twenty-fifth anniversary. He has had an outstanding record of achievement. It is a measure of the man, as a musician and as a human, that he has always been surrounded by such talent, and that he has been able to organize and inspire that talent to special heights. As Hendriks wrote, Woody likes to get into the act. His perceptiveness and vitality have kept it a headline act of immense musical quality for twenty-five years.—BC



# ART HODES: BARRELHOUSE MODERNIST

By AL CLOSE

**W**ith the *funky* beat being so popular now, Art Hodes might be considered a candidate for the *soul-stirring* school of jazz which many of the younger musicians follow these days. An old hand at *funk*, much of which used to be called lowdown barrelhouse blues, Art has been looking around for new worlds to conquer, too. While many of the youngsters have been digging around in the roots and soul-music department, Art has been conversely absorbing some of the *modern* harmony and phrasing into the bed rock blues piano style which has always been his forte.

Well known for many years to both traditional and mainstream jazz musicians and enthusiasts, Art is a real individualist, not especially fond of cliques or exaggerated fanfare. Because of this, he has sometimes worked on the fringe of the spotlight as far as public acclaim is concerned. He has kept working, though, and with as much enthusiasm and determination as in the days (1943-47) in New York when he worked full time as a musician, was a jazz disc jockey on WNYC, edited the *Jazz Record* magazine, and produced some fine recordings under his publication's name—all during the same period!

Few musicians realize the full potential, within their own limitations, of their talents. Art is the kind of musician who does. He works at his craft, or *art*, if you will, and comes closer to the full realization of his abilities than most musicians. The rich, full, mellow maturity which characterizes his present work is no accident. It is the culmination of many years of application and dedication to the basic principles of his music: clear-cut melody, blues-orientation, and a firm beat.

When Art uses modern harmony, notably in his solo ballad efforts, he does so with a polished restraint that reflects a fully developed intuition for melody and form. His piano solos have a definite beginning, middle, and conclusion. The development is clear, tasteful and mood-evoking. Two good examples of this are on his *Dotted Eighth LP: Someone To Watch Over Me* and an original, *Portrait In Blue*.

Rather than play "all those weird chords" all at once in a "let's see how fast and how many augmented and diminished intervals I can play," stream-of-consciousness method, Art spices his extended piano solos with dissonance and *lush* chords, so that they stand out as pleasant surprises, thoroughly integrated with the original melody and harmony of the tune.

Though he does not possess the technical facility of a Hines or Tatum, Art uses fully, and with originality, the technique he does have. He doesn't overextend himself, but is in full command of his

instrument at all times. In contrast to some pianists who dazzle us with their technical display, yet leave us with an empty feeling as to emotional fulfillment, Art deeply feels all he plays and communicates that feeling with ease and sincerity.

He firmly establishes a mood, and sustains it. Whether the mood is a racing, rollicking, tongue-in-cheek thing like his *Tiger Rag* with the late Fred Moore, or a serene poignantly reflective solo piece like *Washboard Blues*, the musical intention and development are clear.

His band work still shows the inspiration of his early mentors: James P. Johnson, Jelly Roll Morton and Earl Hines. His arrangements for traditional jazz instrumentation (trumpet, trombone, clarinet and rhythm) are simple in structure, but not hackneyed in development or approach. The unfolding of theme and variations is direct and forceful.

It might be interesting, in the light of his extended piano solos, to hear Art paired with a clarinetist of modern harmonic inclinations, someone like Jimmy Giuffre or soprano saxist Steve Lacey. The results would probably only more accent Art's versatility, when given a chance to put it to use.

Whatever Art attempts, it's sure to be musically rewarding. As he says in some liner notes: "So it's a date with *Dotted Eighth*—for money; ah, yes, but, and there is a but, I have to live with a record—the loot in the suit will go—the disc stays."

Among the discs which have "stayed," several are outstanding for the thought and preparation contained in them. Since 1950, when he made Chicago his base of operations, Art has produced some fine sessions. Besides the *Dotted Eighth LP*, which is available through him at 54 Ash St., Park Forest, Ill., he has done albums for Mercury, Audiophile, Delmar, and most recently Audio Fidelity. The Delmar session (with clarinetist Albert Nicholas) hasn't been released yet, but the second Mercury album with Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Vic Dickenson and George Brunis, is now out. Art describes it as a sort of battle of bands, done in stereo.

His most recent LP is the first Audio Fidelity one which features his local band and vocals by Clancy Hayes. Audio Fidelity a&r men are so impressed with it, that another session is in the offing.

Art has been thinking seriously of making a *Folklore of Jazz* out of the 60 issues of *Jazz Record* for publication as a book. This would be interesting and worthwhile material, as it reflects the intensive activity in traditional and mainstream jazz during the 1940's, and also documents the early history of many pioneer jazz musicians, blues singers, and boogie woogie pianists.

Besides having some of the first articles by people like Ross Russell, Nat Hentoff and George Avakian, the *Jazz Record* was one of the first jazz magazines to feature articles actually written by musicians themselves, such as J. C. Heard, Mary Lou Williams, Baby Dodds, and Doc Evans. The photos alone in the magazine would make an excellent collection for publication. They include sensitive studies of such jazz giants as Sidney Bechet, James P. Johnson, Red Nichols, and Lester Young.

# MITCHELL WOOD: ELLINGTON'S PLUNGER TROMBONE

By STANLEY DANCE

**M**itchell Booty Wood joined Duke Ellington on Labor Day 1959. He took the place of John Sanders in the band and immediately set forth on a European tour.

"I never had a chance to rehearse or anything," he recalls. "There were only about five of us on the boat, anyway. We opened in Amsterdam. The music wasn't too hard to read, but the circumstances you had to work under were something else. Some of those big halls over there had their own ideas about lighting effects. They'd shove a spotlight on a soloist, black the whole band out—and I'm supposed to be reading music! It wasn't too easy, but Britt [Woodman] and Butter [Jackson] were a big help. And whenever I could see the music it was much better!"

At the conclusion of the tour, Quentin Jackson left the band and Duke casually intimated to Booty that he wanted him to take on the plunger work. Booty had little interest in it, and very little experience of it beyond what he had heard Butter do.

Back in New York, most of the band went into the Columbia studio to make the *Blues In Orbit* album. Duke called on Booty for the lengthy plunger treatment of *Sweet and Pungent*, and he obliged with visible reluctance.

"Why would he have *me* play that?" he asked disgustedly a few minutes later when a successful take had been accomplished.

It is a different story today Booty declaims in the dramatic plunger roles with such zest and artistry as to bring an appreciative grin even onto Johnny Hodges' poker face.

"Listen to him talking," Johnny says.

"Booty Wood is one of the best plunger trombonists I ever heard," says Duke.

It would be hard to name more authoritative judges of the growling horn than those two. Yet one wonders how Duke *knew* Booty could do superlatively something for which he expressed no liking.

No one else in Booty's family was musical. His first instrument was harmonica in a grade-school band. He didn't go for the official method, nor did the teacher go for his, which consisted, as he remembers of "playing it by ear and picking my own melodies and keys."

Next, he developed an obsession for trombone. It was the usual thing, the look of it in parades, that attracted him, but when he eventually got it he didn't like it: "I didn't like the parts I had to play in the school band, all oom-pah and backgrounds, but I couldn't afford another horn, so I had to stay with it. After a while I began playing in a little jazz group and things got better."

At that time, he was thirteen and there was a shortage of trombone players in Dayton, Ohio where he was raised. He was influenced more by trumpet than trombone players, and he remembers being particularly impressed by the brothers Young, Snooky and Granville. Snooky got him a job in a local twelve-piece band. "I'd had the horn only a few months then, but my teacher was very good and I hadn't found it hard to learn to read. So they were quite impressed and I worked with them a year or more. But at first I couldn't solo one note if you took me away from the music."

For nearly seven years, his education was interrupted by jazz forays with different bands. He went back to school for the last time when he was nineteen, and graduated with a sister three years younger than himself. Meanwhile, he had had adventures aplenty in Florida with the bands of Porkchops Curry and Walter Johnson, and he had played in New York and Boston as one of Chick Carter's Dixie Rhythm Boys, alongside Gerald Wilson, Snooky Young, Ray Perry and Eddie Byrd.

After graduation, he joined Jimmy Rochelle's band, in which he met musicians like Howard McGhee, Milt Buckner Wardell Gray, Big Nick Nicholas, Bernie Peacock and James Wormick. "Those bands out in the mid-West," Booty says, "were not great for polish, because they'd always include some guys who had no intention of making music a career, as well as those that had. So naturally they didn't attain the highest standards, but there were usually some guys in them who were outstanding."

Friendships were made in those days. Howard McGhee came looking for Booty in Dayton to join Andy Kirk, but he was out of town and when he caught up with the band in Chicago the chair had been filled. After scuffling there for a while, he took Chippy Outcalt's place with Tiny Bradshaw. Tiny's big band was enjoying considerable success then, its lead alto, Bobby Plater having just written *Jersey Bounce*. After a year and a half in that berth, Milt Buckner got Booty into Lionel Hampton's band, which at that time was about the best of Lionel's career. Fred Beckett was leading the trombone section and Booty admits to learning a lot. "I used to practice six or seven hours a day," he says. "I thought I was really going to be somebody!"

In 1944, he entered the Navy and the band at



Great Lakes under Willie Smith's leadership: "It was a terrific band, one of the finest I ever worked in. You had plenty of time to work on your horn, and you were surrounded by the best. By this time, I had come strongly under Trummy Young's influence. I thought he was the greatest. Carter Smith, Trombone Smitty, was at the Lakes, too, and he was a wonderful player."

After his discharge, he went back with Lionel until 1947. Though the personnel remained good, the material and its mode of presentation were deteriorating. "I wasn't too happy when clapping your hands became more important than what you played, so when Arnett Cobb decided to leave, I left with him." Arnett was dogged by ill-luck, but Booty was with him until he fell sick the third time. In between, he played two lengthy engagements with Erskine Hawkins. "I think I had more fun in that band than any other," he says. "Erskine was such a nice guy to work for and the personnel was more like a bunch of brothers." Booty's two exciting and well-constructed choruses on Erskine's *Beale Street Blues* give a good idea of his ability a decade ago.

He went home to his wife and family after six months with Basie in 1951. His intention was to return to the Count again when Basie re-formed his big band, but, in Dayton, Snooky Young had a little band that played seven nights a week. There was a place for Booty and he took it, as well as a daytime post-office job. When Basie called, things were going too well financially for him to leave.

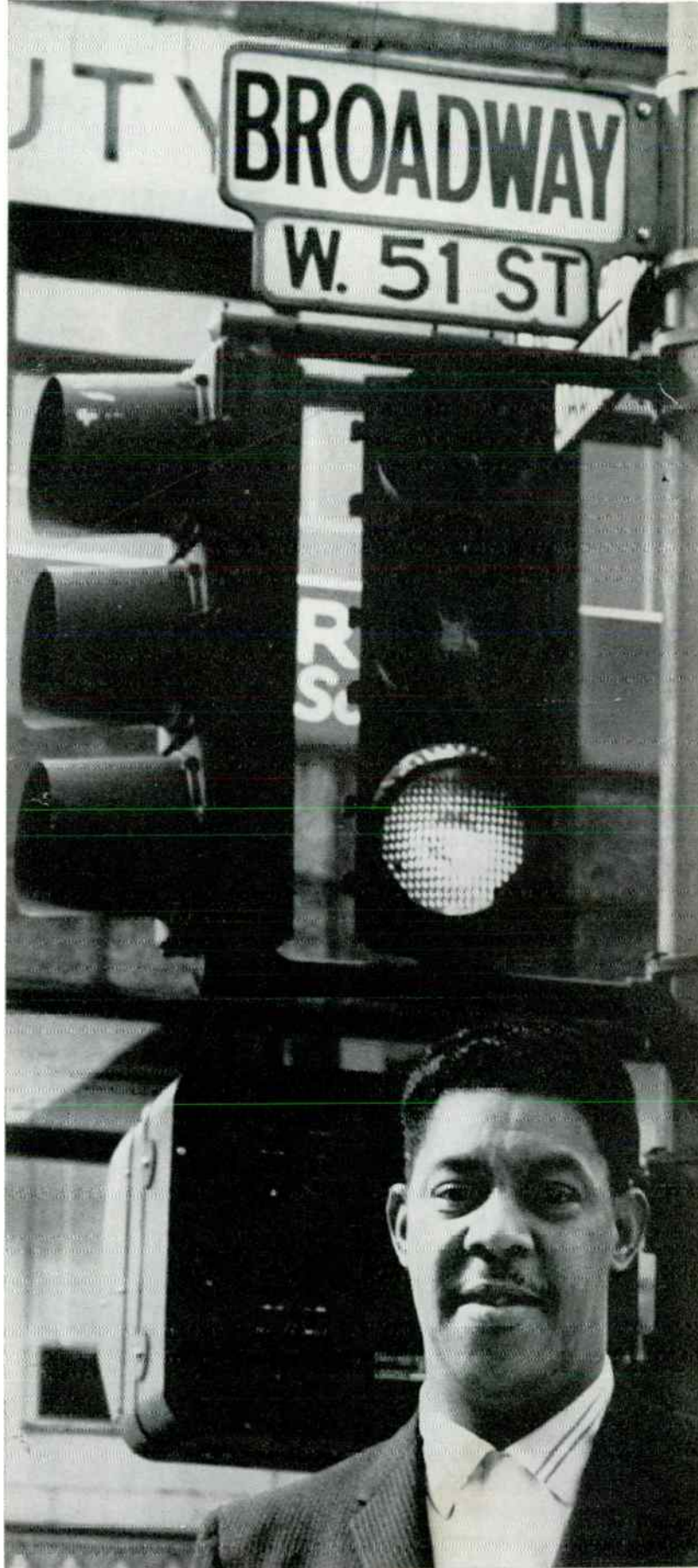
Although far from inactive musically, it was 1959, eight years later, before Booty stepped out of Dayton into the wider world of jazz again.

\* \* \*

"Duke came through to play a dance," Booty says, "and Clark [Terry] and Britt came by the house and we had dinner. Then we all went to the dance together. During the evening, Jamie Woode got sick and couldn't play anymore. So Butter started to play the bass and Clark called to me, 'Come on up and play this chair!' Duke didn't ask me, but I'd been drinking, too, and was a little bit high, and just went up and played it. I just sat in, even took some solos. So the next night they were playing fifty miles away in Newport, Kentucky, and Clark came out and said, 'We want you to make the gig tonight, because Jamie is still sick.' So I said, 'Okay.'

"Three or four days later, Duke called me and asked if I wanted to join the band. They were getting ready to go to Europe and I decided I'd try it."

**A** skilled and conscientious musician was returned to his rightful milieu, that of the big band. Now Booty maintains the precious Ellington heritage of plunger trombone while contributing something fresh in a voice that talks through the horn of his own musical experiences. Besides the new recordings with Duke, you'll be hearing Booty's trombone in albums by Johnny Hodges and Harry Carney—and his euphonium in one by Jimmy Hamilton!



## PART SIX

### THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY

# AARON SISKIND: HUMANITY IN ABSTRACTION

In a deliberate attempt to change the pace of our photographic series, editor Bill Coss, photography editor Herb Snitzer and photographer Dave Heath sat down last month to discuss the work of photographer Aaron Siskind.

HEATH: Some time ago, *Modern Photography* asked a number of photographers where they found their pictures. Aaron Siskind was one of those photographers. In relation to the photograph reproduced at the right, he said: "In the reflections of mankind. It makes no difference what the subject matter is. The idea, the statement, is the only thing that counts. I'm not interested in design for design's sake at all. I care only for people. I'm interested only in what I call human destiny. It just happens that here I was working symbolically—not directly with people as subjects. This disfigured "R" doesn't seem important to me as a letter—but the fact that this shape is a letter lends a kind of pathos to it. I think you find that this picture has a virile, heroic quality. To me, signs are like this. Perhaps it is that the forms in signs communicate more, and are more important, than what the signs originally said."

COSS: Has Siskind always taken pictures of things that are more symbolic, or did he also take pictures of things that are more obviously realistic?

HEATH: He started out as what might be called a documentary photographer.

COSS: Is that the same as a reportorial photographer?

HEATH: Essentially yes. I think it's more a question of the time in which an artist was working. Documentary photography was general in the thirties: it was a direct and unimpassioned approach to reporting. But this is pretty relative, because Eugene Atget, for example, is generally considered to be a documentary photographer, and his work is very meaningful and full of life. Perhaps it would be better to say that documentary and reportorial can be the same; the term, however, refers to a period of time in the history of photography, rather than to an essential difference between documentary and reportorial.

But Siskind did start off in what is called the documentary style. He photographed people and their ways of life. But he found after a while that it wasn't enough for him. He found that the pictures he presented were not expressions of himself or of his philosophy. The subjects within the pictures ended up being what really mattered to the viewer. The reactions to them became too sentimental.

COSS: Is this somehow related to the thinking of Stieglitz (October METRONOME), who finally ended up taking pictures of clouds; *Equivalents*, I think he called them?

HEATH: Yes, there is a parallel in the thinking. Having decided against the more obvious, Siskind went on to look for symbols. I'm not familiar enough with the total transition of his work, but I did see some that were from

that transitional period. They were photographs of a house and some other objects, which I suppose you could call in the "obvious" category, but they were certainly away from documentation.

COSS: When did he get to the period of the "R"? Did he do other things like that?

HEATH: Yes, there are quite a few things in that style. One of my favorites, I believe it was taken in Chicago, sometime in the late forties, has soap scrawls on a window. At first glance, it looks like an abstraction of reality. Then, one day I looked at it and saw that the scrawls were a message; someone had written in soap on the window: "I want a raise in wages," and had signed his name.

SNITZER: Let's see—he did that picture of the Harlem dancers at the Savoy Ballroom in 1936. He was still working as a reportorial or documentary photographer at the time. He worked in the area of *realism* until 1936, at least.

HEATH: Yes, *realism* is a better word than *documentary* or *reportorial*. Because in that photograph of the dancers, if you don't look at them as dancers, but look at them as configurations, shapes on a flat surface, you see an abstract design; this kind of abstraction is in his work throughout.

SNITZER: Siskind had a photograph—I don't know whether it was on assignment, or part of his own studies—on gravitational pull. He used the human figure in a very human way.

HEATH: He did that in New York, Herb, about ten years ago, and it was a series with boys jumping off a pier into the East River. The series is similar to what I said about the dancers; they are forms in space.

SNITZER: Yes, but what I'm saying is that in that series he used the human figure so that you could identify it as a human figure. In the "R" print and the soap scrawls, however, the human figure is actually eliminated. He represents the human *quality* rather than its physical form.

HEATH: In the Savoy Ballroom photo, the human figure was not beside the point; it was very much a part of the point. It showed two people dancing, with all that might be suggested about two people dancing. But, with the two boys jumping from the East River Pier, you have no inkling of the fact that there was a pier or that there is a body of water. The sky, also, is blank space; it becomes an essay in levitation and movement in space, of suspension and space; it is not just about the human body as such, but of motion, movement and form, *as such*.

COSS: Let's go back a bit and put some of this into perspective. How old is Siskind today?

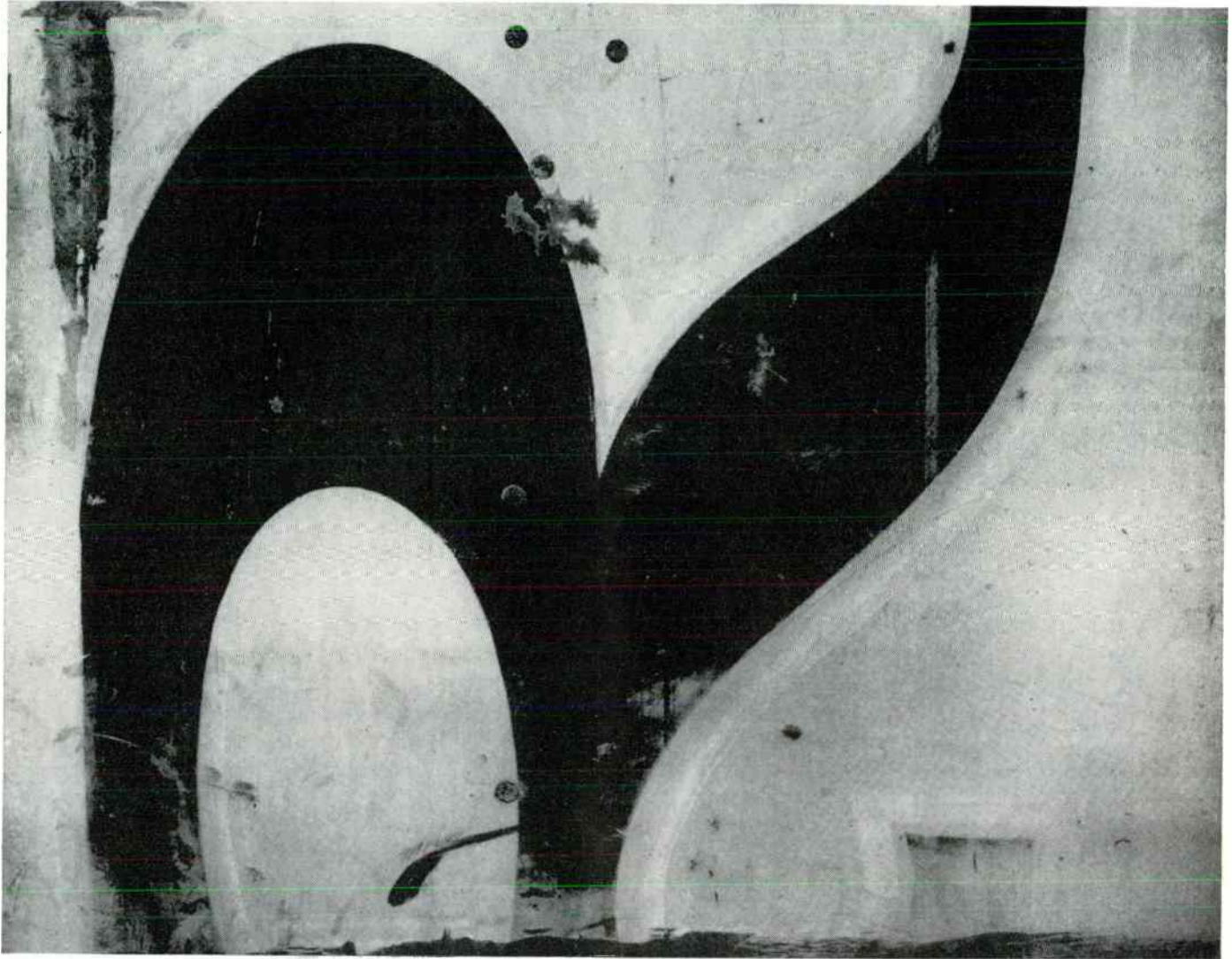
HEATH: Fifty-two.

COSS: And could you say that, into the middle thirties at least, he was interested in documentary photography?

HEATH: Well, into the forties, too.

COSS: Yet, by 1936 he had done this Savoy dancers





Chicago, 1949

photograph; that was perhaps the beginning of the change, the transitional period, because, as you've said, it was a combination of both approaches.

HEATH: Yes, there are elements in it that still relate to his present photographs.

SNITZER: But there is a change in him between his New York and Chicago periods. He was a school teacher in New York for 22 years; he taught English. Then he left all that to go to Chicago.

COSS: That must have been in the middle forties. So when can we date the "R" photograph?

HEATH: In 1949, in Chicago. You can refer to the book *Aaron Siskind/Photographs* (Horizon Press, New York, 1959, \$12.50), which spans his work between 1948 and 1958. He still teaches photography in Chicago, you know, at the Chicago Institute of Technology. It's a technological school, but the school of design attached to it is the remnants of the Bauhaus. That's the home it found in America after it was forced to leave Germany.

COSS: This book of photographs covers from 1948 to 1958; what happened since then?

HEATH: He's still working, but, aside from local showings, and viewing to a few friends, we've no idea of what he is doing right now. There's another considera-

tion: a photographer like Siskind may very well hold things for a while, live with them, see if they stand up over a period of time, see if they really express his philosophy.

COSS: Let's talk about specific photographs.

HEATH: Well, how about this one? It's dated 1949, Los Angeles (see photograph on page 20).

COSS: Doesn't he title his photographs?

HEATH: No. Many photographers prefer not to title their photographs because a title infers that the photographer wants the viewer to look for more than what is obvious in the photograph; and a kind of word battle can be waged so that titles become more obvious than the photographs. But it *is* strange that Siskind never uses titles, because, having been an English teacher, with a command of language, he could easily devise apt captions, thereby projecting his ideas verbally as well as visually.

But he is undoubtedly more interested in placing the burden on the photograph itself as a visual image, as well as on the observer, asking him to extract as much as possible from himself in relation to the photograph.

Here (see page 20), you see paint on wood; you see the surface texture of the wood where the paint is white,

whereas the rest of it goes black. But, this wood, with the white and the shadow, creates a human face, with an eye and a mouth.

COSS: He does this kind of thing a great deal, doesn't he?

HEATH: Well, that is consistent with Siskind's concern for human destiny; it is related to what Stieglitz was doing with his clouds; that is, as we said earlier, he goes beyond the actual identification to the *Equivalent* relationship.

SNITZER: There is a difference, though. Although Stieglitz concentrated on clouds, still, somewhere, there was always a leaf of a tree, something obviously identifiable, as if he were pointing out that the scene was real because of the leaf. Siskind never worries about that kind of thing. He just presents his photograph without any concern for especially obvious elements.

COSS: May I ask about those photographs of rocks taken at Martha's Vineyard and the wall photograph taken in Mexico in 1955? It seems to me that there's a definite relationship between them.

HEATH: A sense of design and contrast, perhaps, but mostly there is a philosophic relationship. These are probably fragments of rock walls put up by people at Martha's Vineyard. Don't you feel, in this particular one, that one push would knock the whole thing down? And when Siskind took the photograph of the wall, he tilted the camera just a degree. This angle gives the photograph a feeling, though this is a buttressed wall, that it is falling over. Again, it's the play of the pathos and the heroic within the same picture.

SNITZER: Every time I see that wall photograph, when I see that tilted vertical line, I get a sense of real tension; I get emotionally involved, wanting to straighten it, even though I know that I can't. You know that the wall really isn't that way, yet it *is* that way, because Siskind made it that way.

HEATH: You used a word that Siskind used. He once said that in a work of art you had not only balance in the image itself, but *tensions* within that state of balance. There again is the conflict of pathos and heroics.

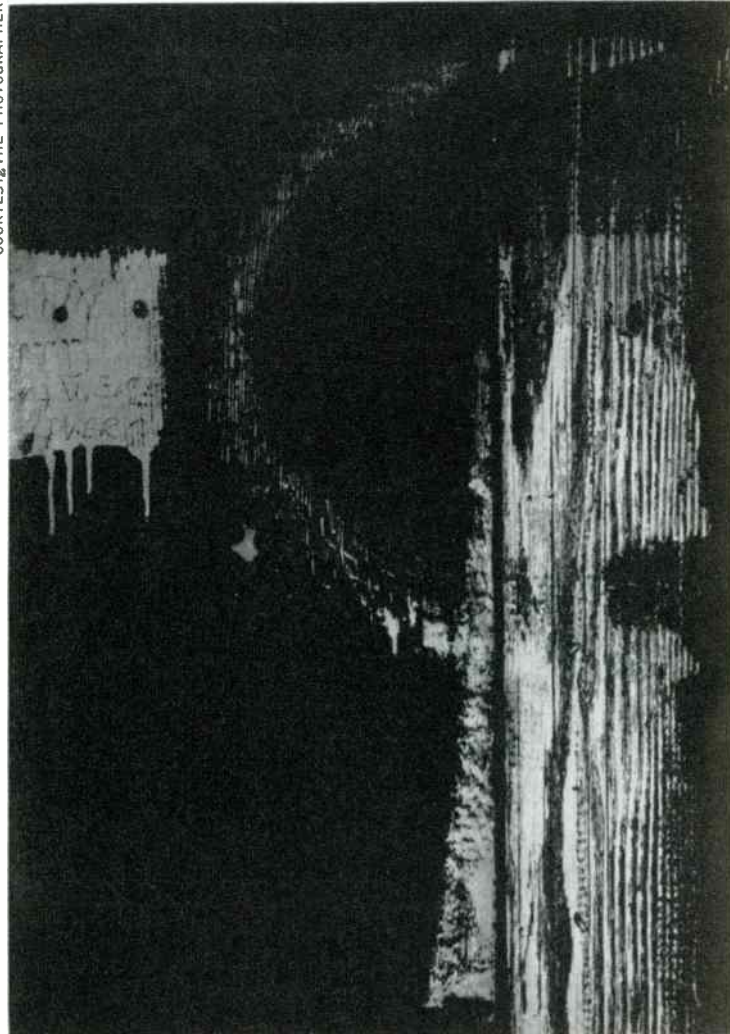
COSS: How about the seaweed that he photographed? Did he move it into female shapes, or were they things he saw?

SNITZER: I believe he's a purist and wouldn't place an element for the sake of a photographic statement.

HEATH: Yes, I've never had the idea, from anything I saw him do, that he had posed or arranged things. He's never said anything about it, but I don't believe that he would do more than some kind of minor modification, to keep artistic the concept he had in mind. He has talked about the fact that it is the photographer's duty to "find things," and I think that he means this literally.

That is a major element separating the photographer from other artists; the photographer must *find*. What he finds must have the power to produce emotions. I think this is the whole beauty of photography: finding meaningful things within the framework of chaotic existence. You find the elements of balance within chaos. You are not playing God and changing the world, but you are finding art *in* the world. There are great photographers who arrange, of course, and I am not saying that arrangement can't be art; but I prefer the other method, and I believe that it is the most beautiful height of photographic art. And on this height, Aaron Siskind is one of our most profound artists.

*In our February issue METRONOME will interview another great American photographer: Roy de Carava.*



Los Angeles, 1949



# ***some achievements of a decade past***

***by martin williams***

I have a friend who claims to believe that one New York record company produces its wares in a secret room where there is a file of about thirty cliché, funky tenor phrases kept on small spools of tape. The producer goes in with the currently hip chord changes in slightly different order, selects tenor phrases off of the spools to fit them, splices them together, and he has the first piece for his next LP. It wouldn't quite work literally of course, but as a comment on the current state of funk (excuse me, *soul jazz*) it is accurate enough. In the mid-fifties, the funky style seemed a salvation for jazz, then almost frozen in cool clichés. I think it was, but I think that now it has ceased to be a creative medium to all but a few of its first players and writers, and Horace Silver is certainly one of those. But I doubt if seeing a kind of battle between a gradually declining cool style and an, at first, replenishingly hot one is the best way to look at the past ten years in jazz.

The earlier revolution of the middle forties was a major one and is now a part of the jazz heritage, but by now it is over fifteen years old. If jazz is as alive and creative as we think it is, some important things should have happened, and there should have been, besides the squabbling of styles, some lasting achievements built on the innovations of Parker and Gillespie. If the past is any precedent, these achievements should have been ones of synthesis, composition and form.

If we make a list of truly great jazzmen, it should begin with Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington, and in them already we have a pattern of major innovation followed by larger orchestral form. Armstrong, the intuitive improviser, replenished jazz with a new musical language in the twenties; from a basis in new ideas of rhythm he revised the jazzman's ideas of melodic line and harmony as well. And by the late thirties, Ellington the composer, leader and orchestrator was incorporating these ideas into what is probably the highest formal achievement jazz has seen. Ellington held improvisation and written part, soloist and orchestra, in delicate balance in his work, a balance in which each contributed to a total development, a whole greater than the sum of its parts.

Although I believe it is self-evident that Ellington remains a major jazzman on frequent occasion, it was very soon after his greatest period, from about 1938-42, that another major innovation in jazz took place. And the jazz *before* Armstrong also had a formal summation and refinement in the work of Jelly Roll Morton, just when Armstrong's career was beginning.

Perhaps that is the best way to look at the history of jazz—better than the geographical gambits of trips up the Mississippi and regional styles ranging from Chicago to New York to Kansas City, and back to New York in time to fall by Minton's. I mean seeing it as a kind of

action and reaction in which the achievements of formal masters and comprehensive composers like Morton and Ellington are overtaken by the innovations of brilliant solo improvisers like Armstrong and Parker. The minute the really important changes are absorbed, some guy comes along and changes all the rules!

If that is a good way of looking at jazz and its history, then perhaps we should be looking for achievements in orchestration and composition which use Parker's innovations during the past ten years, and perhaps looking for an Ellington or a Morton. I think we do find high formal achievements in the past decade, but they have been the achievements not of one man but of several—and one of those men is not really a composer or an orchestrator but a single improvising hornman!

It is often said that the first great orchestrations in "modern" jazz were those written for the Miles Davis "nontet," the first important cool group. The group was formed a little over ten years ago, and the records that preserve its music come from 1949-50. I cannot agree that, as one man put it, the nontet summarized the whole achievement of modern jazz up to that point. It seems to me that except for some of their soloists, the nontet records miss a great deal of the import of Charlie Parker's music. The scores owe a lot to Lester Young—or for that matter to Claude Thornhill's dance band. Aside from some of Davis's phrasing and more of J. J. Johnson's, they largely miss Parker's rhythmic message, and I believe it is precisely because all of Parker's ideas were built around a strong, drastic revision in jazz rhythms that his innovations were so effective and important.

Gerry Mulligan's use of 3/4 and 2/4 time signatures in the score of *Jeru* are very welcome effects, but they are not the point. The effect of rhythmic impulse on phrasing and melody and on percussion is the point. In Mulligan's work, in Stan Getz's—even in Lennie Tristano's—even in Paul Desmond's—cool jazz seems as much an effort to work out implications of Lester Young's musical language as to deal *directly* with Charlie Parker's ideas. (And Lester Young was the most truly original jazz soloist between Armstrong and Parker, of course.) Perhaps these Miles Davis cool records are something like Don Redman's early work. The nontet charts are better, of course, but Redman wrote some of the earliest jazz arrangements for large jazz orchestra. He did them before Armstrong's revolution had really begun to take effect and he picked a set of earlier conventions within which to work.

From Redman's early writing came "big band" jazz, however, and from the Davis cool records came important things. Not the least of them is the promise of maturity in Davis himself, particularly in those splendid solos on *Move* and *Israel*. That promise was finding its

fulfillment beginning in 1954, I think, and was announced on records by that superb "all star" session on *Walkin'* and *Blue 'n' Boogie*. But also on those first cool recordings there is the presence of John Lewis as both arranger and player, and as prime mover in the organization of the group.

The Modern Jazz Quartet began as the rhythm section to Dizzy Gillespie's 1946-7 orchestra. Gillespie's was not quite the *first* effort at a big "bop" band, but it was one of the first, and in it there was plenty of effort to write scores within the new idiom and plenty of respect for Gillespie and Parker. Later the Modern Jazz Quartet was a "cooperative" unit by mutual agreement, but it was largely a vehicle for Milt Jackson's improvising in performance. John Lewis had other, quite irrepressible and quite important ideas, however, ideas that went beyond solo and accompaniment. Lewis was concerned about compositional order and development, about relating improvising and writing, player and group.

Lewis has been criticized for his use of seventeenth and eighteenth century classical baroque forms. But jazzmen have always borrowed whatever they wanted from wherever they found it. The important thing is what they do with it; whether they assimilate and transmute the musical language and devices they borrow into their own jazz language, whether they renew the forms, and whether they produce a vehicle for creativity or merely a kind of quasi jazz or musical stunt. The MJQ's first fugue, *Vendome*, does sound like an "exercise" as first recorded. The recent re-recording of the piece is pretty jazzy, but no more successful. But the second fugue, *Concord*, is a turning point, and as British writer Max Harrison has said, there followed the specifically jazz fugues like *Versailles* and *Three Windows*, which no longer remind us of Bach or the practice room but are vehicles for creative collective jazz improvising. When they have made such achievements as those later

fugues, we should not mind being patient with such things as the Quartet's rather fussy and extrinsic baroque introduction to *Softly, As In a Morning Sunrise*.

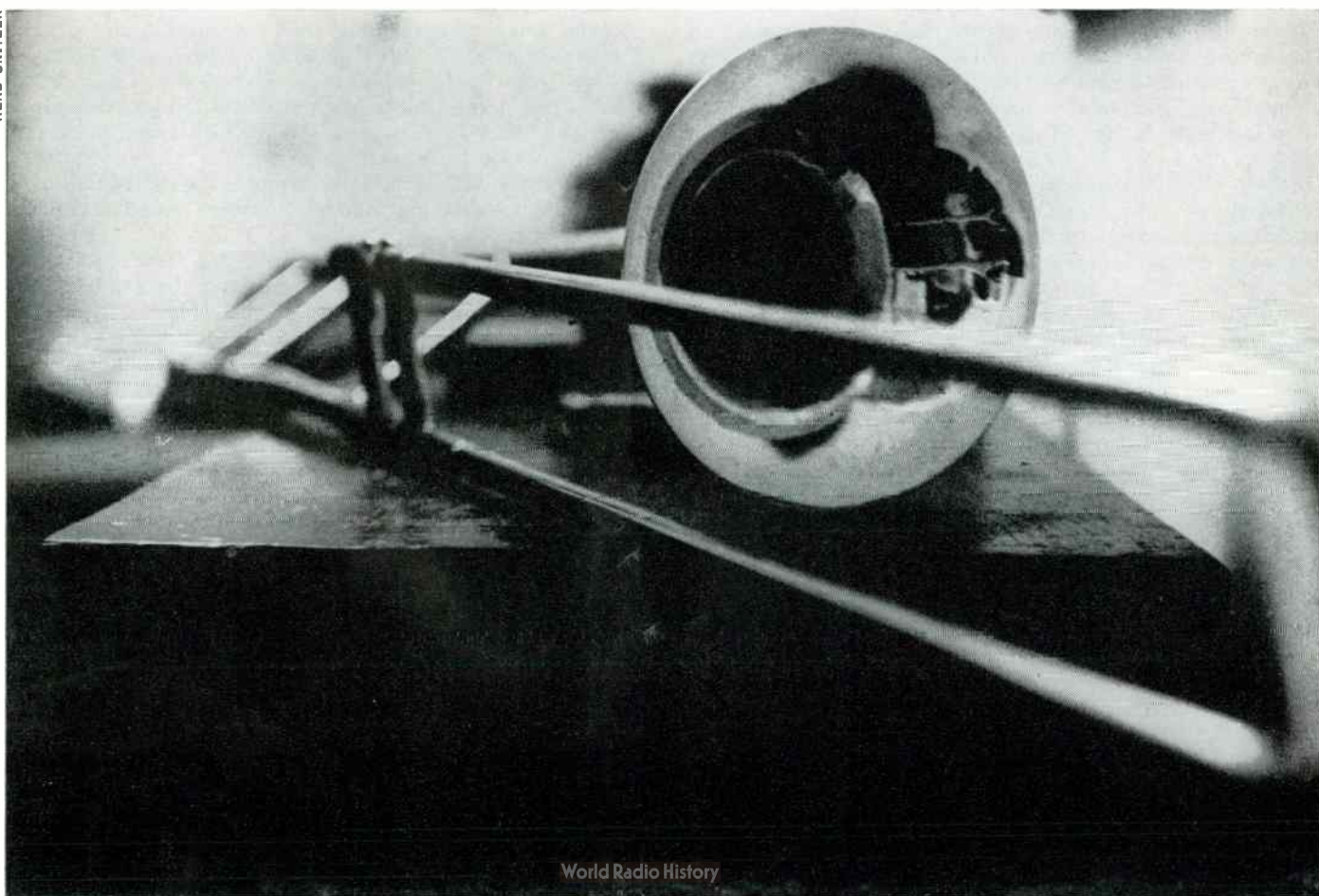
That recording of *Sunrise* shows another aspect of John Lewis's innately formal inclinations and, again, it is polyphonic. As an accompanist Lewis does not "comp" on the chord changes. Frequently he will elaborate conventional background riff patterns from the thirties into countermelodies to Milt Jackson's improvised lines. It is a great pleasure to listen for such things, of course, and they are important. Lewis can make his backgrounds complements to Jackson's lines and not interferences. He can also use them to give the ensemble a texture so sadly lacking in most groups today.

Most important, he can use them to give a performance continuity and cohesiveness—keep it from sounding like a mere string of vaguely related episodes by various soloists. On a piece like *Ralph's New Blues*, Lewis uses the rather Monk-ish device of accompanying Jackson's solo with a version of the theme itself, then gradually departing from it into an improvised countermelody as Jackson builds his solo.

Lewis's best compositions have memorable and deceptively simple melodies. He has also tried several "extended" works and suites. I believe that the one unquestionably successful long work by Lewis—perhaps the longest truly sustained work in jazz—is *Django*. There couldn't be any better evidence of its compositional and formal strength than the fact that on the two recordings they have made of it, the members of the Quartet give it very different interpretations, yet the compositional design and character of *Django* remain strongly evident.

*Django* is made of a theme-melody and a brief phrase or motif used as a kind of countermelody. The two are brilliantly juxtaposed. The gentle theme seems very simple, yet it manages to suggest a great many things:

HERB SNITZER





a funeral, reverence at death, the French gypsy guitarist-turned-jazzman for whom it is named, impressionist music, jazz and the jazz heritage. The counter-motif is a simple, swinging blues bass figure and a very old one—as a matter of fact it appears on one of King Oliver's first records. Between these two melodies there is a wonderful tension, and the range and refinement of feeling that *Django* encompasses makes it a unique emotional achievement in jazz. It begins with a reverent and delicate sadness. That mood is soon transmuted into a redeeming joy by the improvising and by the reiterated bass figure. Finally, there is a return to introspective pensiveness. The debt to the jazz tradition of New Orleans funerals is obvious.

*Django* is also worked out for the specific talents of the members of the Modern Jazz Quartet, and perhaps the essential point with the Quartet is that it *began* as a collection of first-rate, improvising jazzmen, and then went further. Approaching form from the other direction often produces a stilted and merely formalistic music—form, but no content. But at the same time that the MJQ has developed its music partly in terms of the talents of its members, those members have explored and extended their own ranges and resourcefulness as its forms have evolved.

The next time someone complains that the music of the MJQ "inhibits" Milt Jackson, he might remember not only how much its music *does* depend on just letting Jackson go, but also how much Jackson's ability has grown in range and technique in the past seven years.

But I do not mean to suggest that the only recent achievement in the balancing of improvisation with compositional development belongs to John Lewis and the Modern Jazz Quartet. There is the work of Charlie Mingus and his groups. In attempting a *collective, simultaneous* improvising among several players, he has clearly surpassed Tristano and Mulligan, I think—it is almost as if he was the successor to Morton and Oliver in using an improvised polyphony. As a virtuoso bass player, Mingus can maintain a rhythmic center for the group and at the same time lay down an effective melody of his own. But that is only one aspect of the wonderful dense group textures Mingus achieves.

Perhaps one reason his achievements are not even higher is that Mingus does not work permanently with the same musicians. If Mingus could keep his groups together (or is it *would* keep?—at any rate *did* keep) . . . *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, *Cuban Fight Song*, *Blue Cee* are powerful recordings, even if we do complain that they are emotionally unresolved. Mingus' is not a conservative talent like John Lewis' and at the same time that he seeks a group music, he also seeks (sometimes to an extreme) to do something really new and, as he puts it, "stop copying Bird". A few years ago, that sort of desire led him to associations with some musicians who were dubious jazzmen and who had rather academic approaches to atonality, but such indiscretions are probably past for Mingus.

Thelonious Monk has managed to fulfill the role of major composer and still attempt the jazz language. Monk's technique is all jazz technique; he has no other kind. There are many important aspects to Monk's talent, and his rediscovery by jazzmen a few years ago (an event most fans have now caught up to) was undoubtedly a significant event. By 1951, he had written many of his best pieces, by which I mean things like *Off Minor*; *Straight, No Chaser*; *Misterioso*; *Four In One*; *Eronel*; *Criss Cross*; *Evidence*; *Skippy*. They are all excellent, logically developed, instrumentally conceived compositions—not "tunes" or "numbers". Even Charlie Parker's best melodies are "lines" which serve only to set up a



WILLIAM CLAXTON

Lewis: he had other quite irrepressible and important ideas

harmonic framework for improvising. But with most of Monk's pieces you have to know the melody *and* Monk's harmony, how they fit together, and use both in making variations. There is nothing "difficult" or forbidding about this; if a listener can follow a melody, he can grasp this use of a theme, and doing it with Monk's music is one of the great pleasures in jazz.

I recently heard a famous jazzman playing Monk's *Bemsha Swing* with the wrong harmonic voicings. The piece sounded like a fairly trivial little ditty; when it is played properly it is a first-rate jazz work.

We listen to Monk naturally waiting for the expected. But if he does the expected, he does it in the most unexpected way. Yet a delay in rhythm, or slight alteration of phrase, satisfies us completely once we have heard it. Monk himself sees to it that the performances of his groups have a continuity and wholeness, frequently, as we can hear, by using the theme melody itself in accompaniment and in his solos. Monk will fragment it, reduce it to a single basic idea, re-build, elaborate it. He does the same sort of thing in playing "standards" and he frequently re-composes such "tunes", with new harmony, into real, two-handed, piano compositions.

In his sets of variations on *Just You, Just Me* or his high comic version of *Tea for Two*, the choruses are good in themselves, but Monk goes quite beyond a mere

chorus by chorus approach to variation, and the over-all patterns and developments of the performances are exceptionally satisfying. The individual variations often depend on Monk's unique, teasing, and virtuoso sense of rhythm, accent, and time, and his effective use of space, rest and silence. In his rhythms and in his wide harmonic intervals, Monk shows that he is also an advanced jazzman, as well as a composer with a more conservative interest in form.

An improvised blues like Monk's solo *Functional* is a *tour de force* of elaborating a brief, traditional, one-bar blues phrase into a beautifully sustained performance of nine minutes! But probably most ingenious and delightful of all as an example of logically improvised form is his solo on *Bag's Groove (take 1)* on the Miles Davis "all star" recording. For all its originality, the form of his improvisation becomes an easy delight to follow if you have a few hints.

Monk takes one phrase at the beginning of his solo and uses it as the basis of all that follows. He turns it, adds to it, briefly contrasts it with another phrase, subtracts from it, opens it up, condenses it, reduces it almost to a single note, with the most ingenious, varied, and far-reaching use of rhythmic phrasing and accent of all his recorded solos. He is making this long solo all-of-a-piece and in his rhythms, he is quite original. It is this same interest in form and in new discoveries that led Monk to write *Brilliant Corners*, a piece which shifts back and forth between two tempos without losing its momentum or having any aspects of a trick.

But as important as Monk's music is, he is not the first pianist to have such a "classic" interest in form and development—indeed some sort of larger designs from pianists are as old as jazz, or at least as old as Jelly Roll Morton. A unique event of the past few years is the fact that a hornman has shown such an interest and shown it brilliantly. There were times a few years ago when Sonny Rollins seemed to be taking over the roles of composer, orchestrator, self-accompanist as well as improvising horn soloist—all for himself.

Admittedly, one of his basic points of inspiration were Monk's ideas about using the theme itself in improvising rather than totally abandoning it, after an opening statement, and improvising only on a set of chords. And surely if Rollins had not been a very good jazz improviser to begin with, no formal achievement on his part would mean anything. Everything that Rollins plays on his recording of *Blue 7* is perceptively and melodically related to its theme and its eleven minutes hang together in a way that few other recordings in jazz do. (And that cohesiveness even includes a thematic *drum* solo by Max Roach!) Actually, *Blue 7* would be an exceptional record if it were only for Rollins' use of variety in dynamics and his sometimes sardonically humorous way of dissecting the melodic line. But there is much more.

Rollins has another way of structuring his solos which is more traditional and which has been only hinted at on his recordings. It involves gradually disintegrating a melody, departing from it into a free variation based on the chords which is at first kept simple by short lines, few notes, and regular rhythms. Rollins would then build this improvising by making longer, unbroken lines of shorter, rapid, virtuosic notes, and more complex rhythms, to a peak of melodic complexity. From this he would then reverse his order, revert to simpler lines, easier notes, and gradually re-build and restore his theme melody. The whole is again greater than the sum of its parts. And this achievement came at a time when most hornmen seemed to be trying only to keep going as long as possible without repeating themselves. Many of them

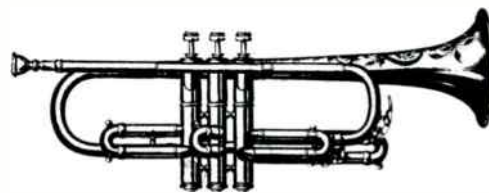
still do, of course, and many of them are using memorized Rollins phrases to do it.

I realize that I have not mentioned Clifford Brown and the way he rallied jazzmen to return to the warmer aspect of their heritage when cool seemed to dominate all. Nor have I spoken of Art Blakey who, besides being an important drummer, has been a very valuable jazzman in several other respects during the past six years. Nor have I discussed Max Roach's expansion of the percussionist role he asserted so well on *Klactoveedsedsteen* in 1947. I have praised Horace Silver but I haven't really talked about his music. Nor Getz'. Nor Mulligan's. Nor have I said anything about the exciting potential in the John Coltrane of two or three years ago. Nor have I said anything here about what is now being called "third stream" music, combining classical music and jazz, nor about Gunther Schuller's one work that is entirely within the jazz idiom, his superb *Variants on a Theme of Thelonious Monk*.

Nor, for that matter, have I said much about the continuing creativity of, say, Buck Clayton, Vic Dickenson, Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, or Earl Hines, all of whom seem to me to have done excellent work during the past few years. But, then, I don't intend this to be a complete history or survey of the fifties.

As I said above, periods of important achievement in composition and form have been followed in the past by striking reactions and renewals of the jazz language—in Armstrong, and in the way Parker's innovations followed Ellington's synthesis. Perhaps on the basis of what the MJQ, Mingus, Monk, and Rollins have done during the past ten years, we should now be looking for another major innovation. I believe we hear it—potentially at least—in Ornette Coleman.

**B**ut that is another subject. Meanwhile, I think that, from the fifties, the best of John Lewis, of Charlie Mingus, of Thelonious Monk and of Sonny Rollins—like the best of Armstrong, the best of Ellington and the best of Parker—will endure.

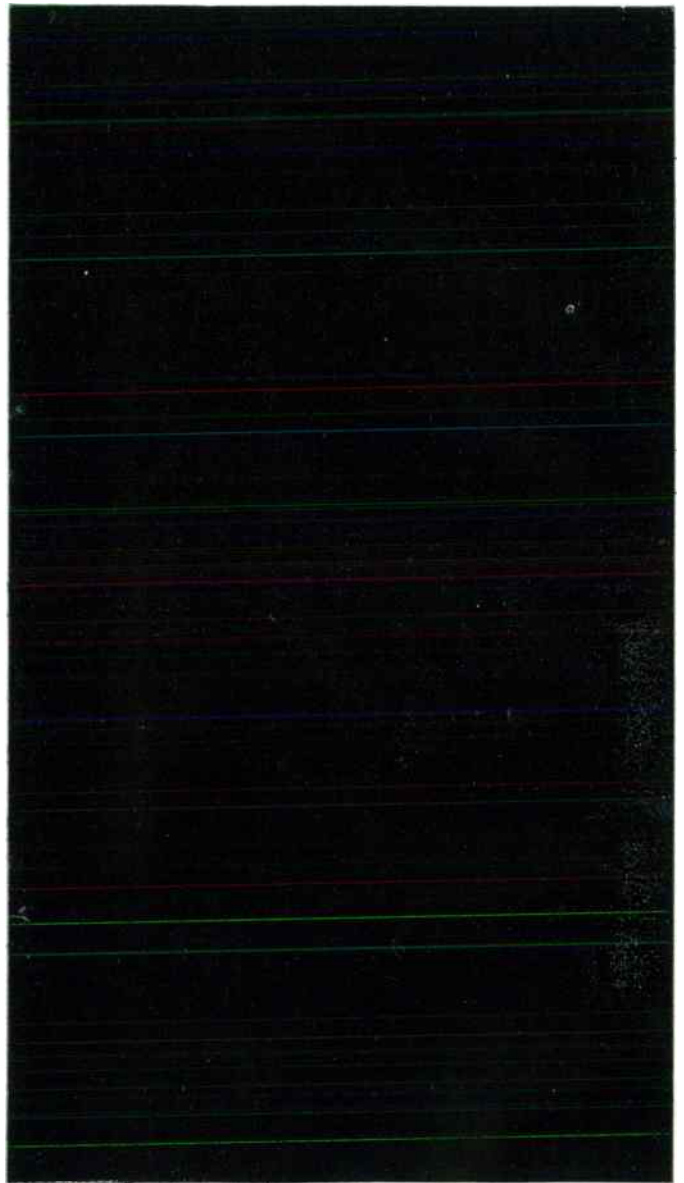


## DISCOGRAPHY

The Miles Davis "nontet" recordings are collected on Capitol T 762, and the "all star" *Walkin'* session is on Prestige 7076. The MJQ's original *Vendome* is on Prestige 7059 and the new version is on Atlantic 1325. *Concord* appears on Prestige 7005 as do *Softly, As In a Morning Sunrise* and *Ralph's New Blues*. Atlantic 1231 has *Versailles* and 1284 has *Three Windows*. The earlier *Django* is on Prestige 7057; the later on Atlantic 1325. The Mingus records I have singled out are on Atlantic 1237 (*Pithecanthropus*) and 1260 (*Haitian Fight Song and Blue Cee*). Blue Note 1509 and 1510, include *Criss Cross*, *Eronel*, *Misterioso*, *Evidence*, *Four In One*, *Off Minor*; 1511 contains *Skippy* and an alternate take of *Four In One*. *Just You, Just Me* and *Tea for Two* are on Riverside 12-209, *Functional* is on Riverside 12-235, Monk's solo on *Bag's Groove (take 1)* is on Prestige 7109, and *Brilliant Corners* is on Riverside 12-226. Prestige 7079 has Rollins' *Blue 7*, and I can recommend the Rollins of Contemporary 3530.



*a satire by herbert gold*



# THE DAY THEY GOT BOSTON

**E**ven before the missile struck, their leader went on the air to apologize.

“First,” he said, “have you heard the story about the constipated Eskimo with the ICBM? But let’s be serious a moment. It isn’t our fault! One of our lieutenants got drunk, and the rubber band holding a bunch of punch cards broke, and the card stamped BOSTON fell into place—a combination of human and mechanical factors, friends. . . .”

(It landed with sweet accuracy in a patch of begonias in the Commons. The entire city was decimated and the sea rushed through to take its place. Cambridge and Harvard University also lay under atomic waste and the tidal wave.)

“WE’RE SORRY!” sobbed their leader. “Truly, sincerely sorry. The lieutenant has been sent to Siberia. His entire family, under the progressive anti-fascist Soviet penal reform policy, has joined him for rehabilitation therapy in the salt mines. All the rubber bands in the entire Anti-Fascist Workers for Peace and Democracy Missile

Control Network are being screened for loyalty. I feel terribly humble and sincere this evening. It's the triumph of brute accident over Man's will, which aft gang apley, as our poet Mayakovsky once put it. We're sorry, friends across the mighty sea! Nothing like this must ever happen again."

Our reprisal system had not gone into action at once for two reasons: (a) A first wild rumor that Cuba had at last declared war on us, and, (b) Man, we just, like, *hesitated*. (Who can tell if those blips on the radar screen really mean anything? I mean, like, you make a mistake and *POW*, I mean. . . . And then the hometown newspaper really gets after you.) This fear of the hometown paper, this hesitation may have saved the universe from an immediate holocaust. Castro made no promises, but said that his barbudos were ready and waiting in front of their teevees.

The U.S. of A. lay in a state of shock. A powerful faction of skilled psychiatric observers argued that this instance of national catatonic neurosis was justified more by external event than by internal oedipal conflict. Many people had close relatives in Boston—not everybody, but enough to justify the virus of gloom which seemed to be making the rounds. The American League would have to replace a team just as the season began. The roads from New York to Maine were in bad shape.

Their Leader shrieked, "Don't retaliate, my friends. My dear friends. Don't Retaliate. We will send reparations, delegations of workers, peasants, and intellectuals, petitions of condolence; the Kharkov soccer team will play out the Red Sox schedule. But don't retaliate, or we will be led to destroy each other utterly, dialectically! It was a mistake! Could happen to anyone! His pals gave a little birthday party for this here lieutenant, see, you know how it is, they drank it up a little, and then these rubber bands tend to become crispy with age. . . ."

Harvard gone. Boston beans homeless. A churning hole in American history.

The mayor of Boston, Ukrainian Socialist Soviet Republic, sent a telegram to the mayor of Boston, Tennessee: EXTEND HEARTFELT REGRETS AND SYMPATHY TO THE PEACE-LOVING WORKERS OF THE UNITED STATES ON OCCASION OF TRAGIC DISAPPEARANCE OF ONE OF ITS OLDEST CITIES. AS AMERICAN POET W. WHITMAN SAID, "BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY." AZONOVITCH, MAYOR, NOW LARGEST BOSTON IN WORLD.

By a miracle, both Radcliffe and Wellesley were spared. However, there were no men for the coming Spring Weekend. By another miracle, due to the influence of radioactive—er—the scientists have not yet explained it, since most of the scientists had been attending a conference at Boston University—the Radcliffe students were now physically entitled to console the Wellesley girls in their deep mourning at Spring Weekend.

"A miracle!" cried Norman Vincent Peale, joining with Their Leader in an appeal to forgive and forget. "We are being tested from on high. What happened at Radcliffe on that turbulent occasion is proof positive that there is a power in the universe making for righteousness, and also for intergroup balance with special reference to sexual harmony."

"DO NOT RETALIATE," cried out their Leader, and he was joined in this appeal by their foremost ballet dancers, film directors, and violinists. They also made proud reference to their other rubber bands, punched cards, and lieutenants with a bead on New York, Washington, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Denver, Los Angeles, and every American city down to the size of Rifle City, Colorado. "If you retaliate, we are all doomed to become epiphenomena floating in a Marxist-Leninist Anti-Fascist Outer Space." (Were they threatening us again?)

Senator Morris Russell, D., of Colorado, was one of the first to recover his senses. "Of course it was an accident," he said. "Lieutenants will be lieutenants and accidents will happen, ha ha. But we can't allow this sort of accident. How will it look in the eyes of the rest of the world? Those yellow hordes to the East are very conscious of Face, y'know. America has lost enough face already, what with the corruption in television quiz shows and the disorganization of our youth in those coffee-drinking espresso parlors. We must strike a blow for peace by wiping out Moscow!"

WE COULDN'T AGREE MORE, WITH OUR BOY MORRIE, declared a banner held up by all the residents of Rifle City, Colorado. It happened that none of them had relatives in Boston and so they could speak uncorrupted by grief or other private interest. Their sheriff had divested himself of his stock in the Boston & Maine Railroad. Their rage and sense of national dignity was expressed with typical, folkloristic Western dignity. They called each other "Slim" and "Buster" at meetings, sang Yippee-Yi-yo-cow-yay, and urged immediate decimation of the entire European continent. (They were a little weak on geography and wanted to make sure that the Roosians got theirs.)

Our Side hesitated.

Their Side went on the air with round-the-clock telethons. Mothers in Dnieprpotovsk sent quilts with quaint illustrations from Baba-Yaga and other classical Russian tales to the few survivors in Waltham and Weldon. The Chief of Staff of their anti-fascist atomic service announced that he was going into a retreat on the Caucasus for two weeks of contemplation. A publicity release from their Embassy in Washington announced that his favorite hobbies were Reading, Tennis, and the Beat Generation, in that order, and that his wife, who was retreating with him, liked American musicals and collected Capezio shoes. One of their composers was preparing a memorial symphony, entitled, "The Lowells Speak Only to God;" one of their critics was already preparing his attack on the symphony as formalistic, abstract, and unrooted in Russian folk themes.

We waited.

Their Leader wept openly, live on tape, and the tape was broadcast every hour.

The clamor for revenge and forgiveness, forgiveness and revenge, wracked the nation, indeed, the entire world. The citizens of Avignon, France, sent an elementary geography textbook as a civic contribution to the public library of Rifle City, Colorado.

Only the drunken lieutenant in Siberia failed to appear in public. He persisted in telling his colleagues in the First Disciplinary and Re-Education Unit (Iodized Division): "Ya glad. Ya ochen pleased with myself. Sure it was a mistake (oshibka), but it was one of those slips which reveal one's unconscious thoughts (Rus., miel; Fr., pensées). My analyst tells me that deep within my semi-Tartar soul I hate Boston (BocmoH), I have always hated Boston (BocmoH), I even hate the memory of Boston (BocmoH), ever since I failed my Regents on the question where was the tea party at which the proletarian masses refused to serve the colonial imperialists. Now I am free, free, free!"\*

He was given occupational therapy, including modern dance, during the rest periods from his duties in the salt mine. It was not actually a "salt mine;" it now produced, as part of the five-year plan to upgrade consumer products, an all-purpose seasoning called Tangh! (TaHk!).

The first crisis passed. Our advanced missile bases, our round-the-clock air fleets, our ICBM installations held

\*"Cbo8gHo, cbo8gHo, cbo8gHo!"



back their Sunday punch. It was Tuesday, and they waited. "Halt! Stop! Whoa there fellas!" went out the order. Their Leader's emotional display reached us in time and made contact with the true, big-hearted America, which loves person-to-person contact. The Buffalo Red Sox was hastily but reverently appointed to play out the American League schedule. Surrounding areas in Massachusetts were quarantined. The moral question about whether the former Radcliffe girls, miraculously spared but radically altered, could be permitted to carry out their new impulses—this was debated in every surviving pulpit of New England. Some claimed the transmogrification as an instance of divine punishment, others thought it a logical triumph of feminism, still others felt that we should live and let live, of whatever sex might develop. . . . Under the pressure of world events, a decision was postponed about the appropriateness of the Spring Dance at Wellesley. As its contribution to rehabilitation therapy, the Aqua-Velva company sent a tank car of after shave to the Radcliffe dormitories.

Meanwhile, back in Washington and Moscow, the lights burned late. High level negotiations proceeded with deliberate haste. "Who's practicing brinkmanship now?" jeered our Secretary of State.

Their Man hung his head. He was genuinely abashed. He declared that he was "sorry" and "ashamed," but what he really meant in American was "humble" and "sincere." As a matter of fact, his son had been visiting

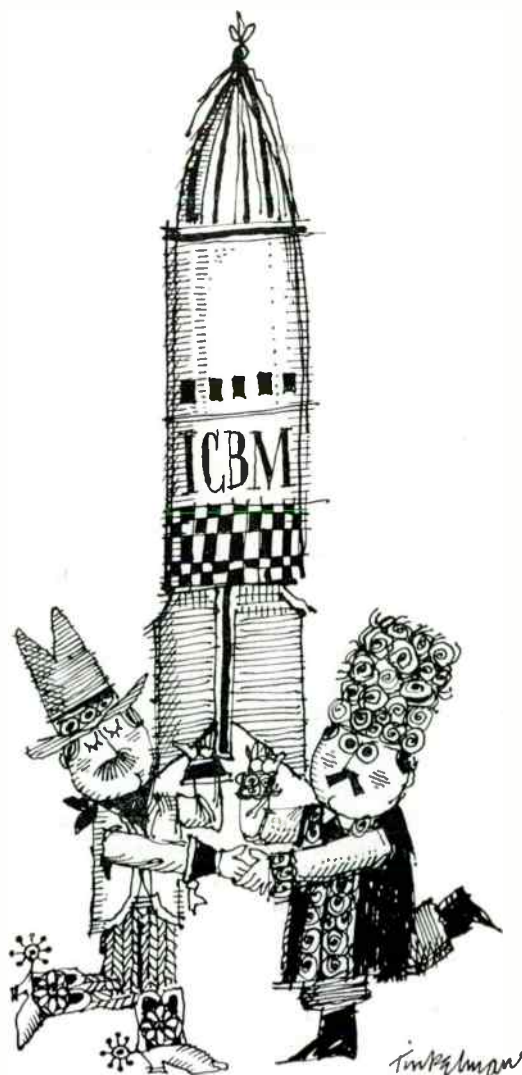
at Harvard on the night of the Regrettable Incident, catching a revival of "Alexander Nevsky" at an art movie in Cambridge, and this happenstance, of great personal significance to the Ambassador, was often recalled at difficult moments in the continuing negotiations.

It was clear that neither our national pride, nor the opinion of the rest of the world, nor—and this new factor surprised all commentators—the swelling sense of guilt within the Soviet Union, would allow the disaster to pass without some grave consequences. To an astonishing degree, a wave of fellowship spread between the two nations. In Kamenetz-Podolsk it was recalled that a Russian had fought by the side of our General Vashinktohn. In Palo Alto it was recalled that Herbert Hoover had personally fed millions of starving moujiks in 1919, and had returned to America with badly nibbled fingers.

"All right," said their Ambassador, in secret session, "since you feel that way, we'll give you Kharkov. We have a major university there, too."

"No," said our people, "not big enough. Harvard was recognized as tops here. We want Moscow. We need Moscow. There was a beautiful modern library, entirely air conditioned, at Harvard. Moscow it must be."

"Impossible," said their man. "That would be like doing Washington, D. C. Justice is one thing, but that's our capital and it's got to come out even, give or take a million. My son, my son (sob)." He pulled himself together and continued, "Don't forget, our Asiatic, subhu-



man, totalitarian population is got feelings of national pride, too. How about Kharkov plus this list of small towns in Biro-Bidjan, pick any one of three?"

Our Men shook their head. (By dint of prolonged fret and collaboration, plus the prevailing wind out of Massachusetts, our team had only one head. Radcliffe-like changes were being worked as far south as Daytona, Florida. The Radcliffe situation was causing riots in girls' schools of the mid-south. They also wanted some.)

At any rate, Kharkov was definitely out. It meant too little to the irate citizens of Rifle City, and the small towns of Biro-Bidjan meant too much to certain minority groups important in electing the Republican senator from New York.

Vladivostok?

"No," we said. (Nyet.) A mere provincial center.

Stalingrad?

"No." Big enough, but the university could only be said to equal Michigan State. And what are Stalingrad Baked Beans to the Russian national cuisine?

"Ah," said their man, kissing his joined fingertips, "mais le kasha de Stalingrad!"

No. They were mere buckwheat groats to us.

"LENINGRAD?" they finally offered in desperation, "We understand how you feel. It is our second city, and it was founded by Peter the Great in a thrilling moment well described by Eisenstein in a movie of the same name. We want to do anything we can..."

Wires hummed, diplomatic pouches were stuffed, the matter was settled with extraordinary unanimity and good feeling. Our people and theirs celebrated by drinking a toast to the memory of Boston, another to the memory of Leningrad—

—although their bereaved Ambassador, who also, as luck would have it, happened to have a son studying Fine Arts at the University of Leningrad, stealthily emptied his glass in a potted palm...

And at that moment, according to agreement and plan, the City of Leningrad disappeared from this earth. We used a type of hydrogen engine previously only tested in the south Pacific. It exploded as brilliantly in the frozen north as it did under the soft flowered breezes of the southern trade routes. (Our Air Force was careful to avoid the mistake which had caused so many unsuccessful launchings in the past. They put Winter Weight Lube in the rocket motors.)

The wails of Russian mothers could be heard the world round, also live on tape.

Abruptly the citizens of Rifle City, Col., began to have solemn afterthoughts. The Sheriff made a speech, declaring, "No manne is an islande, entire of theirselfe. Everie manne is a part of the maine, including Slim over there. Them Russkies got feelings of sibling affection, too." Dozens of quilts thrown together by the mothers of Rifle City were airlifted to the environs of Leningrad. Gallant little Finland, which had been destroyed by mistake, also received our apologies and a couple of quilts. (In honor of Sibelius, Finland would be accorded diplomatic representation equal with that given nationalist China. Most of the surviving Finns were already in their ministries scattered about the world.)

Our President went on the air to plead through his tears, "Don't Re... Don't Re..." The teleprompter was eventually cranked by hand. "Taliante," he sobbed.

Their Leader also went on the air to explain to the grief-stricken mass that this act of national propitiation had been fully discussed by proper authority in both nations. Calm, he urged. Pax Vobiscum, pronounced a puppet head of the Russian Orthodox Church. "Thank you for that comment," said their Leader.

Murmurings of nepotism made his position insecure for a time. His nephew had been recalled from duty in Leningrad only a scant twenty-four hours before the American missile struck (exactly on target, by the way). However, he pointed out that both his aged mother and his sister had been residents of the departed Flower of the North, and Freudian science was so poorly developed that this explanation silenced the rabble.

For a time, peace and world fellowship. A new cooperation, decontamination, courtesy. Parades, requiem masses, memorial elegies. Historians, poets, and painters, both objective and non-objective, were kept busy assimilating the new subject matter. "Potlatch for the Millions" was the title of a popular exposition of the theoretical bases of the new method of handling international disputes. In schools of International Relations, this science began to earn course credit as Potlatch 101 (The Interlinked Destruction of Cities) and Potlatch 405 (Destruction of Civilizations, open only to graduate students).

President DeGaulle warned that France could not consent to being left out of any solution aiming to resolve international tension. The gothic (or romanesque, as the case might be) cities of France the Immortel, united in purpose, were ready to be weighed by Justice on her scale of the future as they had been hefted in her hands in the marketplace of history. From the right came a concrete proposal: "Wow, let 'em take Algeria, Mon Cher."

The state of beatitude was of brief duration, for hard is the way of Man on earth.

A Russian malcontent wrote a letter to the editor of Pravda, signed "Honored Artist of the Republic," and soon the word had passed all the way to their highest authority. Certainly, the intention on both sides had been honorable, with the highest consideration for basic human values.

Both Boston and Leningrad had been major ports. Fine.

Both Boston and Leningrad had housed major universities. Excellent.

Both Boston and Leningrad, metropoli of the north, gave summer arts festivals on the green. Beautiful.

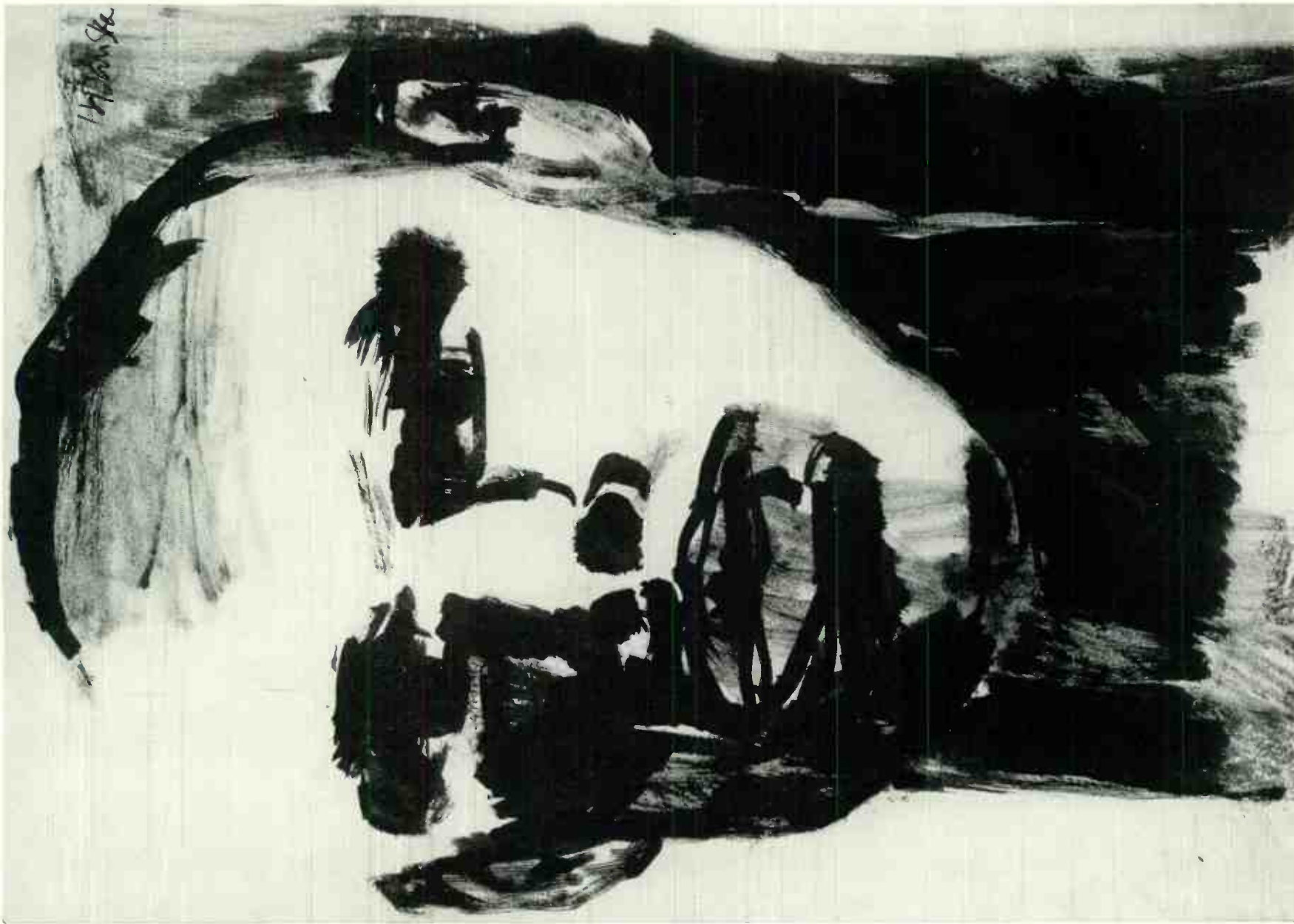
With relation to historical memories, real estate values, and cultural expectations, they were perhaps as similar in importance as could be found. However...

And a full delegation from their Presidium of Trade Unions urged that negotiations be reopened on this question. Leningrad had also been, unlike Boston, a center of the Soviet cinema industry.

"Perhaps," they suggested, timidly at first, "you could give us Southern California, too?" Of course, soon they would begin to insist.



# THE KING OF SHADES BY JACK GELBER



HERB DANSKA

It was a freak bust. Two gentlemen from the narcotics division stopped the automobile. They didn't find any narcotics, but several items (clothing mostly) in the trunk prompted them to arrest the driver. They were relatively positive that the clothes were stolen as the driver, Norton King, was six sizes larger than the crumpled, expensive suits in the trunk.

They booked him, took away his belt, shoelaces and sunglasses as they always did, and into the chicken wire tank he went. King tried to console himself with the brighter side: it was winter and he had no place to go. He amused himself with an intent listening to the laughably depressing noises: a bookkeeper in on embezzlement wondered out loud what his wife and kids would be thinking about him. He'd be out on bail the next morning. Two drunks out-shouting each other about a point of law. And the wordless ones wheezing, snoring abruptly, coughing and belching. First nights in the can are the most ridiculous because there are so many amateurs.

Using the finest interrogation techniques available, the Negro, not the white, arresting officer came the next morning and gave him the racial bit. We spooks should stick together, etc. Listen, baby, what you did wasn't so bad so why don't you cop out or better still, baby, whisper the name of a few, okay, just one fence, and we can arrange things with the D.A.'s office. Dig?

King wanted to explain everything to this silly chalk face. He wanted to tell him how absolutely phoney his jargon was; he wanted to tell him of the miles between them. The officer went to touch him. "Touch me," King said, "and I'll put a curse on you and yours."

A blonde from Legal Aid interrogated him in the bull pen. "Civil Liberties ought to hear about this."

"Yes, m'am," King said. "Yes, m'am, somebody ought to hear about my plight. I am a poor and defenseless creature." He laughed. She did not like his joke.

When they herded him into the courtroom there was the endless hang up of a Spanish translator meticulously conveying to the judge the every word (minus the grunts) of a Puerto Rican accused of knifing a woman who was apparently his mistress. The woman spat invectives in Spanish from the back of the courtroom and had to be removed. The judge was trying to lean a little in favor of the defendant; he set bail as low as he could.

King was placed before the bar and his court-appointed lawyer immediately demanded his release; a good move, King thought. The Assistant D.A. blurted out that he had been informed that King had threatened the officer's person. "You're through now," King said. The judge set a high bail. The lawyer whispered to King, "You fool, why did you open your big mouth?"

"You don't understand beauty," King told him. "Why don't you go to a museum this afternoon?"

King eased himself into the life of the can. The same undefined nastiness met him like an old enemy. Every minor guard and information taker was belligerent out of habit. Answer the question. Answer the question. Wise guy.

Down the cell block the faggots tittered and threw out choice tidbits. King smiled and waved. "How would

you like me to throw you in with them, wise guy," the guard said.

"Threats and promises. Nobody's good for their word!" King said. "Listen, I need my sunglasses. The light here is too bright."

"If it gets any darker in here I won't be able to see you, wise guy," the guard said.

Most everyone in the block was playing cards. Old Joe was there. He had been waiting trial for two years and had every conceivable racket going for him. He was a light-skinned Negro who pretended to be Jewish by wearing a skull cap and carrying a book in Hebrew. He had a fine pitch about the injustices to minority groups. "Welcome home, King. What can I do you? Nutmeg? Nutmeg is the best I can do today."

"Reorientation is the order of the day, Joe," King said. "I need to feel the situation before any action can be pursued."

"You know that guy that hit you, what's his name, a few years ago, in here?" Joe said.

"Yeah." King remembered. A violent nut had attacked him.

"He died of a heart attack in court last week."

The next day they took King down for the usual visit to the court psychiatrist. Of course, King knew, it is always easiest to keep your mouth shut. Speak when spoken to, etc. But he wasn't twisted that way. Instead of answering yes or no to the court psychiatrist he said, "Baby, you hate this job and you ought to quit it before it quits you. A little man by the name of Hostility is creeping inside you and won't let you go."

"Answer the question, please." The court psychiatrist couldn't get to King, and King couldn't touch him. King asked, "What's your name, sir?" When leaving, King told him, "I'll pass your name to the girls on the eighth floor."

A lawyer from Civil Liberties came to see King. They talked for an hour or so on the latest Supreme Court decision. It had to do with illegal search and seizure. The point was that King could fight any conviction in a lower court. However, he knew he would not be able to get out on bail while doing so.

Where should he spend the winter? Plead guilty, as he originally planned, and take the ninety days at the most? Or beat the rap on this legal thing? If he beat the rap he would have the admiration of everyone in the Tombs, but then he'd be taking a big chance that the case wouldn't have to go too far up before the reversal came through. He might do more time by trying to beat the thing than if he pleaded guilty. Hour after hour the jail house lawyers in his cell block poured over every conceivable situation. The personalities of the Assistant D.A.s, the D.A. himself, the judge that would be sitting, and the current pressures of the outside world to reform or to deform the law were all discussed, debated, argued, shouted.

Every judge had his own personality quirks. They figured out what judge would be best and developed delaying tactics to have the case brought up before him. Two or three minor scandals in the administration put the pressure on the D.A. to bring as many felony convictions as possible. That meant the D.A. might try to force a guilty



plea to be submitted on the threat of a long and arduous series of trials.

King did not participate in these discussions; he loved to hear them. He knew there was only one thing to be decided and he was not quite ready to move.

An alley cat had found its way into the Tombs. There was a temporary shift of analytics as to how the damn thing got in and how the faggots had succeeded in hiding it for two days. "Those bitches," said one turnscrew, "were trying to make the poor thing..." He couldn't allow himself to go further.

King found one of the older screws and asked him to get back his sunglasses. "I'm powerless without them," King said.

"What am I going to tell them downstairs?" the screw said.

"Tell them that they are prescription," King said.

"That's very good, prescription. Are they?"

"Sure, baby, sure."

"Listen, King, you shouldn't wear them sunglasses in court. There isn't a judge alive will let that go by," the screw said.

"I wouldn't think of wearing them in the courtroom," King lied.

King got his sunglasses and made up his mind. He would plead not guilty and get his case held over until he found a judge he liked and then he would cop a plea. The manipulations went smoothly until he told his lawyer what he planned to do.

"You rotten snake. You lousy snake." The lawyer calmed himself. "Okay, I suppose you don't care how many hours a lot of people worked for you, but you might consider that this would be a precedent in this state."

"All things I have considered."

"Do me a favor," the lawyer said. "Don't make up your mind until you reflect the consequences of the situation. Do you mind if I send someone to see you tomorrow?"

"Do as you please. I appreciate everything you've done. My mind is made up, but send whoever you like."

The next afternoon another lawyer visited with King. This one stood at the window and, without turning, said, "My name is Morris. I spent last night looking over the case. Call me Morris. As I said, I spent a few hours with your case, I don't know everything about it or you and I'd like you to answer a few questions, if it so pleases you."

"Fair is fair," King said. "What's on your mind?"

"Why do you want to plead guilty?"

"I haven't any place to stay this winter."

"Is that all?" Morris laughed. "Why didn't you say that before? Something could be arranged." Morris turned to face him. "Not charity, I'm sure you understand. The case could be important for us. Let me be brutally frank: we are being selfish. How could I really have any feelings about you? You see? It is just your case that means something. If we were really interested in you we certainly would have tried to help you before this happened, in one of your previous run-ins, etc., etc. You may think that I've come to give you a lot of malarkey, that doesn't seem to be the right word, about

how much good this will do for humanity. Not at all. Not at all. Never do anything for something as vague as humanity. We're doing it for blackmail. Blackmail. Do you know what I mean? A man is arrested without a warrant. We have something to bargain with if you will go through with this. You see? Now you have something to blackmail us with. During the next year or so, every-time you want some money for this or that, you come down to us and say, 'I won't go through with it. I need money.' Of course you would have to estimate just how important your case is with us. You could go too far and we would drop the whole thing. Sadly, of course, sadly."

"Morris, you've got the wrong fellow. I couldn't do that. Let me think it over," King said. "That's quite a pitch. Quite a pitch."

The next day King gave his reply. "Morris, I'm not ready for marriage. If I go through with this I'm wedded to you and your liberty thing for about a year. I kept asking myself, what is important? What is important? I've got to give you the credit. I don't often care to think about what is important. I do what I am. But what is important? Me. Me, I'm for the short con. Let the long con go with those with the patience I see in your eyes. I get my licks in quick. There's no satisfaction after a year. Just emptiness. I'm sorry. I'm going to plead guilty."

"To which judge?" Morris asked. King told him the name. Morris said, "He's not well, but it's a good choice. That is if he stays well enough."

"What's the chances?" King asked.

"Fifty-fifty," Morris said.

"I like the odds." King and Morris shook hands.

That night King dreamed he was a thousand of himself, fighting, formally bowing to himself, doing dances with himself and then off to one side telling himself: "You can only kill yourself a little at a time." And he replied to himself, "Baby, it ain't me I'm worried about. It's being death to all the others."

King pleaded guilty to the judge of his choice, but the judge became gravely ill and was not around for the sentencing. In his place was one of the newly elected young Negro judges.

The courtroom was very crowded: a considerable number of cases to be sentenced had backlogged in the judge's absence. The usual number of comedians went through their gyrations when asked if they had anything to say before sentencing.

"Take off your sunglasses," the judge quietly ordered King.

"They are prescription," King answered, "Your Honor."

"So are mine." The judge took off his glasses and so did King. "What do you have to say?"

"Humility is a great lesson," King said.

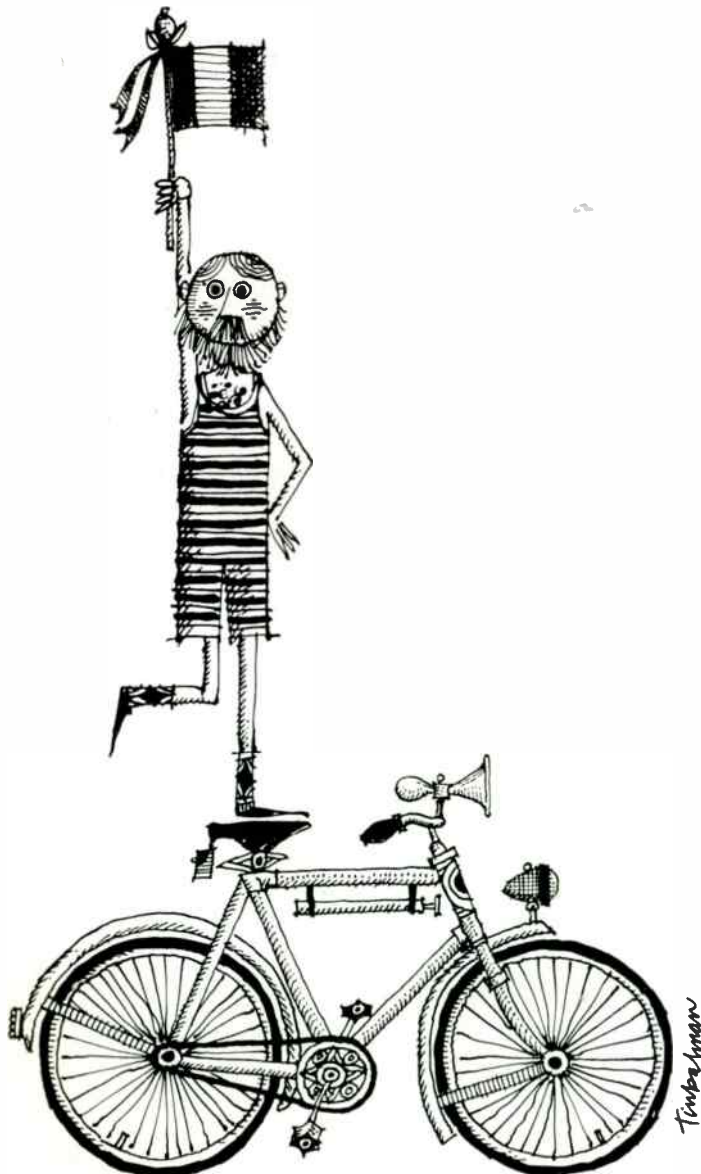
The judge sentenced him to ninety days as planned. King kept thinking: this time in I'll examine patience.

In the corridor he met the arresting officer. The arresting officer shook his hand and said, "I'm glad you changed your mind."

"Don't blame me for your misfortune," King said. "Don't blame me for your misfortune."

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# SUPERMALE



*The original French edition of Alfred Jarry's SUPERMALE appeared in Paris in 1902. METRONOME takes pride in presenting (for the first time in English) the first installment of Ralph J. Gladstone's serialized translation of this offbeat sleeper of a classic. A master of satirical fantasy, long recognized in Europe, Jarry is now only beginning to receive acclaim in America. His UBU THE KING has recently been produced, in a critically acclaimed Off-Broadway version, in New York.—The Editors.*

**the highest bidder**

“The act of love has no importance, since it may be performed indefinitely.”

All eyes were turned upon the propounder of this absurdity.

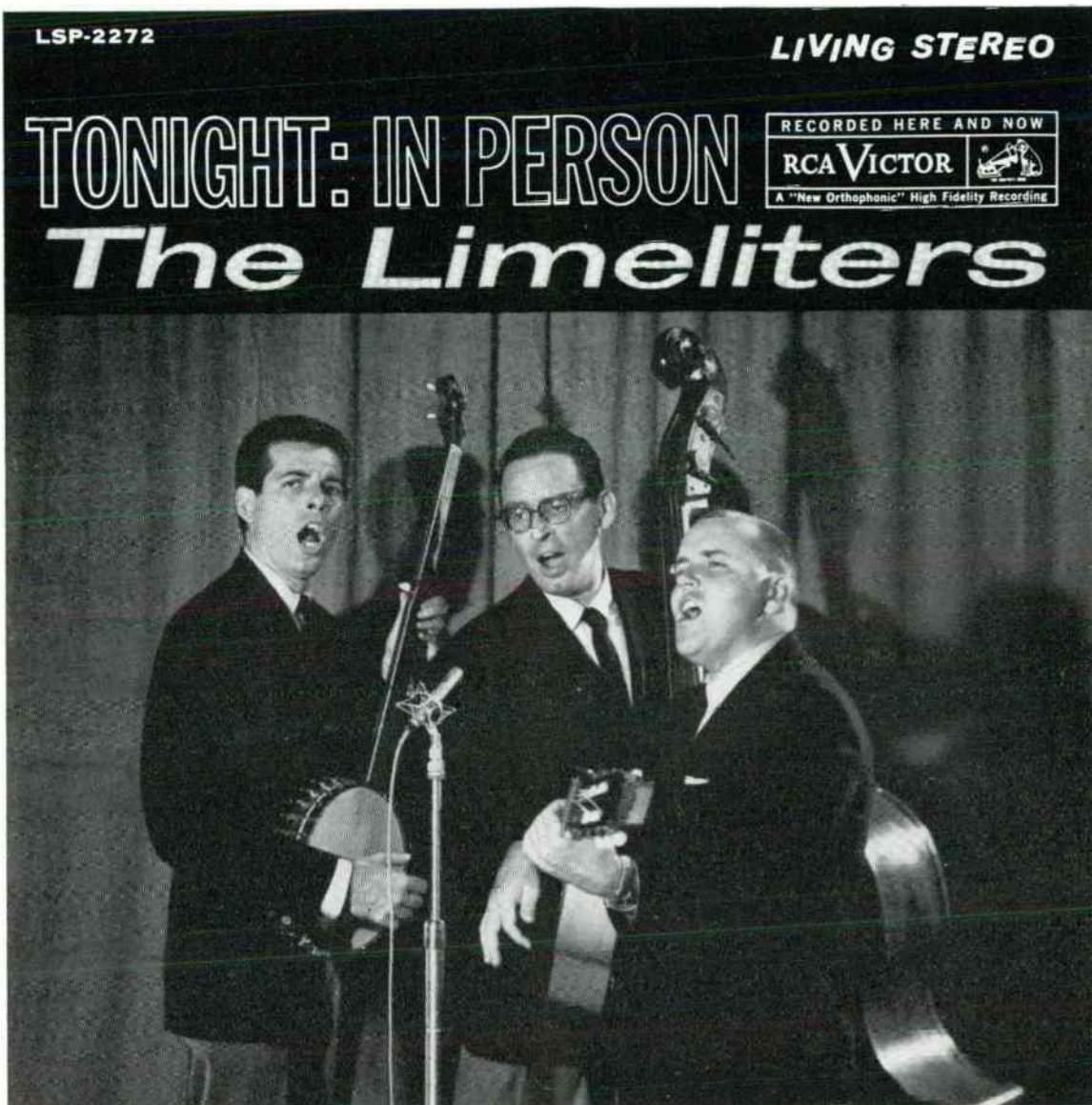
André Marcueil's guests at the Château of Lurance that evening had turned to talk of love, which subject seemed most appropriate (particularly in the presence of ladies) and best suited, even in that September of 1920, to stave off some tedious discussion about business.

Among those present were the celebrated American chemist William Elson, a widower, with his daughter Ellen; the millionaire engineer, electrical expert, and manufacturer of automobiles and aircraft Arthur Gough, with his wife; General Sider; Senator de Saint-Jurieu with his baroness,

*(Continued on page 47)*



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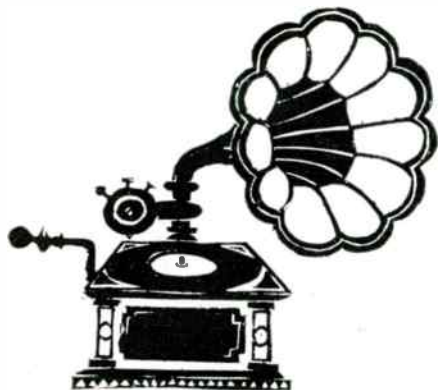
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## RECORD REVIEWS

"Best" albums are those getting 8 or more points in a range of 1 to 10. Reviewers: Bill Coss, Stanley Dance, Martin Williams. All records are available both stereophonically and monaurally, unless otherwise noted. *Triple Play, with Buddy Rich, is on page 42; Reviews in Context, 44.*

### JOE ALEXANDER

*Blue Jubilee* (Jazzland JLP 23): tenorist Alexander; John Hunt, fluegelhorn; Bobby Timmons, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Albert Heath, drums; *Blue Jubilee; I'll Close My Eyes, Weird Beard, Brown's Town, Terri's Blues.*

Joe is out of Birmingham, Alabama, seldom heard by fans up until now. Joe Hunt is a member of the Ray Charles band. The others are more familiar, and the point of this album is to highlight the first two. What results is a blues album, only barely thought through, it would seem, before it was recorded. The rhythm section is fine, though confined; Bobby Timmons can be an interesting soloist; Sam Jones is one of the great bassists. Both Hunt and Alexander are "brisk, long-limbed swingers," as the liner notes point out. Both are somewhat thin-toned, if that phrase possibly conveys to you the angularness of conception and the kind of hardness of sound. That aside, which is a matter of preference, I am most concerned with the only ordinary amount of content available from musicians who should have something of importance to say. —BC

(4) *Musicianship, salesmanship; not enough content-ship.*

### GENE AMMONS

*Boss Tenor* (Prestige 7180) Ammons, ten; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums; Ray Baretto, conga; playing *Hittin' the Jug; Close Your Eyes; My Romance; Canadian Sunset; Blue Ammons; Confirmation; Savoy.*

LeRoi Jones, that enjoyable annotator, makes the point on the album liner that Gene Ammons is a "real hybrid" who derives from "both Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young." He writes of "the weird distillation of Hawk within the easy solemn grace of Pres" as being "the most readily discernible feature of Ammons' style." However that may be (and years ago Panassié saw as much Herschel as Lester in Ammons), the fact remains that Gene is the swinging son of a swinging father, and with a similarly unpretentious approach. If he has been little applauded these last few years, it may be because there is in his music a quality of understatement that is opposed to the kind of self-conscious production now necessary for success. It would certainly seem that his influence has not been inconsiderable on various contemporary purveyors of funk and soul. For sampling, try *The Jug*. —SD

(6) *Influential hybrid without banner.*

### LOUIS ARMSTRONG

*And the Dukes of Dixieland* (Audio Fidelity AFSD 5924): trumpeter Armstrong; Frank Assunto, trpt; Fred Assunto, trb; Jerry Fuller, cl; Stanley Mendelsohn, piano; Jac Assunto, banjo; Richard Matteson, tuba; Owen Mahoney, drums; twelve tracks including *Bourbon Street Parade; Avalon; Just a Closer Walk with Thee; Sheik of Araby; Wolverine Blues; Sweet Georgia Brown.*

Louis has never been better recorded and the Dukes have never sounded less hokey or more loose. —BC

(6) *A most successful Dixieland jamboree.*

### HARRY ARNOLD

*I Love Harry Arnold and All His Jazz* (Atco 33-120): leader Arnold with Swedish musicians, including such as Bengt Hallberg, piano; Ake Persson, trb; Arne Domnerus, alto; in a big band setting; playing twelve tracks including *Sermonette; Indian Summer; On the Street Where You Live; I Could Have Danced All Night;* and several originals.

A wildly swinging band, playing in several styles, arrangements written by Arnold and Hallberg among others. Obviously and wonderfully rehearsed, the band is comparable to most any in this country, and, at least three of the soloists are excellent: Hallberg, Domnerus and trombonist Arnold Johansson, who is an exceptional, relaxed, swinging trombonist of real worth. Big band fans can't help but enjoy this album. —BC

(7) *A Scandinavian band of great quality.*

### DAVE BAILEY

*One Foot in the Gutter* (Epic LA 16008): drummer Bailey; Junior Cook, ten; Clark Terry, trpt; Curtis Fuller, trb; Horace Parlan, piano; Peck Morrison; bass; *One Foot in the Gutter; Well You Needn't; Sandu.*

Subtitled *A Treasury of Soul*, this is a "one take only" collection of three songs played by musicians chosen by Dave Bailey, recorded in a studio filled with friends and admirers of said musicians. Despite generally excellent musicianship, this record would slip quickly into the ordinary and largely indistinguishable mass of soul records if it were not for Fuller, Parlan and Terry, all of whom, particularly Fuller and Terry, play solos which are very much out of the ordinary, very distinguishable, certainly worthy of your attention. —BC

(6) *A slim treasury, but with some substantial deposits made by Curtis Fuller and Clark Terry.*

### CHRIS BARBER

*Trade Jazz, Volume 1* (Laurie LLP 1003): the English sextet on twelve tracks including *I Remember When; Creole Song; Golden Striker; Darlin' Nellie Gray.*

As Edmond and Harry Souchon's liner notes point out, there is no question but that Chris and compatriots have listened long and hard to original New Orleans playing (not Dixieland), been influenced accordingly, but, still and all, are not completely imitative. For my part, and be warned that I have no feeling for such music as a general rule, this album can be interesting mainly because of the oddity of English musicians playing this music so well, or because you are mad for what is vintage wine, whether or not the grapes were the best to begin with. —BC

(5) *Accurate ado about what is mostly nothing.*

### LOUIE BELLSON

*Drummer's Holiday* (Verve MG V 354): drummer Bellson with big band, bassist Ray Brown, tenorist Eddie Wasserman, trumpeter Charlie Shavers, cellist Oscar Pettiford and pianist Hank Jones as specials; playing eight tracks including *Blues for Keeps; I'm Shooting High; Portofino; Limehouse Blues;* arrangements by Ernie Wilkins, Frank Comstock, A. K. Salim and Bob Florence; one vocal by Ken Loring; one small band track arranged by Wilkins.

Louie states in the liner notes that he is here trying to get what sounds like a small band within a large band, something that several arrangers have found different approaches to in recent years (notably Johnny





*Herb Snitzer found this sensitive time with Percy Heath, "Third Stream" bassist; see p. 40 only "Best" album.*

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— ARTIE SHAW



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Dankworth, Sal Salvador and George Roumanis). Here, it has a tendency to make the band treble-balanced, almost over-crisp, which certainly makes for brilliance and a psychological assumption of extra swing. In that atmosphere both Louie and Charlie Shavers function at their best. Generally, I miss, and object to missing, most of the bottom sounds between the brass and the bass drum. Loring's vocal, with a much too hokey arrangement, is to be expected from a dance band at a dance. Here it seems as if some favor were being done, some space needed to be filled, or a particular bit had to be accomplished. Nevertheless this is an exciting, swinging band, which should please most big band fans.—BC

(6) *Crisp, tense excitement for those who want it.*

### BIG BAND BOUNCE

*Live Echoes of the Best in Boogie Woogie* (Victor LPM 2098): a band led by trombonist Will Bradley and pianist Johnny Guarneri, arrangements transcribed by Charlie Shirley of twelve classics such as *Boogie Woogie*; *Yancey Special*; *Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues*; *Down the Road a Piece*; *Roll 'Em*; two vocals by Clancy Hayes.

Charlie Shirley has become such an expert at transcribing the jazz classics into some scope for modern orchestras (modern age, but old-time direction in this case) that it is difficult to think of anyone who can do as well, as honestly and artistically as he does. Naturally enough, that being so, and Bradley and Guarneri being as expert as they are, and New York studio men as proficient as they are (the bit solos are all fine), this album does exactly what it suggests. These are *live echoes*. Your acceptance depends on whether you accept the premise of a music which was most often turned into a kind of novelty.—BC

(5) *Accurate, even loving representation of a "deadened root."*

### BILLY BUTTERFIELD

*Billy Blows His Horn* (Columbia CL 1514): trumpeter-leader Butterfield with large orchestra, no personnel listing; twelve tracks including *It's Easy to Remember*; *Johnson Rag*; *What's New*; *Tuxedo Junction*; *Moonlight in Vermont*; *Sunrise Serenade*.

Tricky, certainly not valuable big band arrangements whose only real charm is that Butterfield is a fine trumpeter and shows it here.—BC

(4) *Rating for the Butterfield horn.*

### TAL FARLOW

*Plays the Music of Harold Arlen* (Verve MGV 8371): guitarist Farlow with varied personnel including Frank Wess, ten; Benny Powell, trb; Charlie

Fowlkes, bari; Dick Hyman, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; eight tracks such as *Blues in the Night*; *As Long As I Live*; *Hit the Road to Dreamland*; *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea*.

This is as much Frank Wess' and Dick Hyman's album as it is Tal's—he gives them that much solo time within his spare arrangements for this LP. All three play wonderfully, as do the accompanying musicians, in what is typical for Tal—a relaxed, but swinging collection, within which he plays a modern comping not matched by any present guitarist, as well as solos which are notable for their disciplined looseness and power, which continue to remind me of the closest derivation (not approximation or imitation mind you) of what Django used to do in a more old-fashioned way.—BC

(7) *Jazz for any hour and any mood, all of it wonderfully played.*

### PANAMA FRANCIS

*The Beat Behind the Million Sellers* (ABC-Paramount ABC-333): drummer Panama with a big band playing: *Li'l Liza Jane*; *Song of the Islands*; *Blues Roll*; *Nona*; *Sloopy Time Gal*; and seven others.

David Francis has been Panama for twenty-one years and a great source of beat for longer than that. With a big band and arrangements by Sammy Lowe, he demonstrates here some of the rhythms that have helped make "million sellers" for people like Bobby Darin, Fabian and The Platters. Ambitious jazz wasn't the intention, but besides Panama's strikingly recorded percussion there are rewarding passages by Johnny Letman, Ernie Royal, Urbie Green, Henderson Chambers, Dick Wellstood and Seldon Powell. Letman's growl solo on *Li'l Liza Jane* is one of incredible power and intensity. Incredible, that is, in this decade.—SD

(6) *Overdue salute to one of the most flexible and swinging of jazz drummers.*

### JIMMY HEATH

*Really Big* (Riverside RLP 333): tenorist-leader Heath; Clark Terry; trpt; Nat Adderley, cornet; Tom McIntosh, trb; Dick Berg, fr. horn; Julian Adderley, alto; Pat Patrick, bari; Tommy Flanagan or Cedar Walton, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Albert Heath, drums; arrangements by Jimmy Heath and Tom McIntosh; *Big "P"*; *Old Fashioned Fun*; *Mona's Mood*; *Dat Dere*; *Nails*; *On Green Dolphin Street*; *My Ideal*; *The Picture of Heath*.

Jimmy had this kind of band in Philadelphia in the late 1940's, so he is thoroughly conversant with writing for its instrumentation. Consequently, he has taken the road of least resistance and concentrated mainly on economy, ease and swing, only occasionally jumping too heavily on what is known as *Soul*. Consequently, again, the combination of



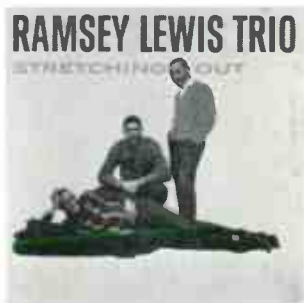
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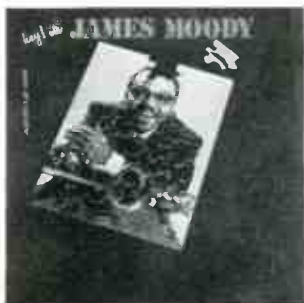
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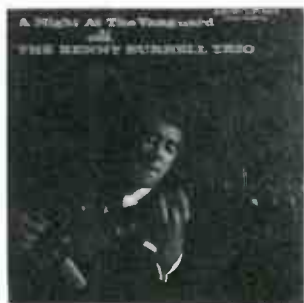
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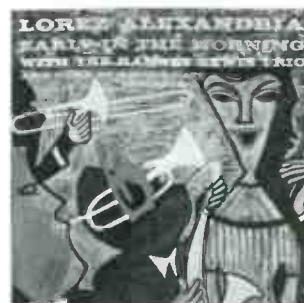
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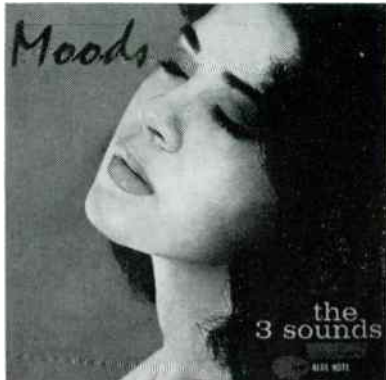


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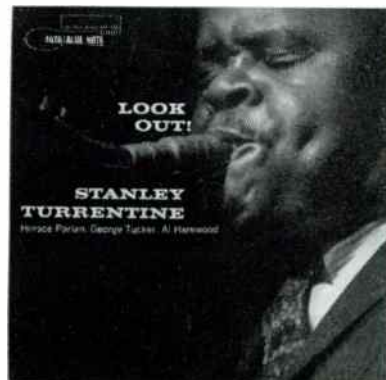
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this care in writing, and the fine soloists who are available here, make this an interesting album (surprisingly, to some perhaps, you would find it excellent for dancing most times), in which Jimmy writes lines which are at least a trifle different, impressing most of the soloists with a need to *improvise* rather than to requote themselves.—BC

(7) *Tentet bop with thought and care and professionalism.*

**NEAL HEFTI**

*The Modern Touch of the Neal Hefti Quintet* (Columbia CL 1516): trumpeter Hefti with unlisted sax, piano, bass, drums and, occasionally a guitar; ten tracks including *That Old Black Magic*; *It Had to Be You*; *Mack the Knife*; *September Song*; *Alexander's Ragtime Band*.

As Neal always does, this album is hefty with novel ways of doing the true and tried. Professionalism abounds too. Nevertheless, the total content is less than Neal can do, considerably less than what we have come to know is his best.—BC

(5) *Neal with zeal, but considerably less than hefty Hefti.*

**FREDDIE HUBBARD**

*Open Sesame* (Blue Note 4040): trumpeter Hubbard; Tina Brooks, ten; McCoy Tyner, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Clifford Jarvis drums; *Open Sesame*; *But Beautiful*; *Gypsy Blue*; *All or Nothing at All*; *One Mint Julep*; *Hub's Nub*.

A record debut for Hubbard, who is from Indianapolis, Indiana, and has played with Sonny Rollins, Slide Hampton and J. J. Johnson. It is a sparkling debut, but unfortunately this is a record nearly indistinguishable from dozens of others, despite musicianship which is above the ordinary. Its fault is shared by those others: simply one of leaning dependently on the same old kind of lines, a form which is becoming almost formless, so much does it fade in the general sameness. Nevertheless, the rhythm section is strong and swinging and Hubbard is a young trumpeter to be reckoned with.—BC

(5) *An auspicious debut for a young trumpeter.*

**KID ORY & RED ALLEN**

*We Got Rhythm* (Verve MG V-1020) Ory, trb; Allen, trpt; Bob McCracken, cl; Cedric Haywood, piano; Frank Haggerty, guit; Morty Corb, bass; Alton Redd, drums; playing *Christopher Columbus*; *Some of These Days*; *I Got Rhythm*; *Come Back, Sweet Papa*; *San*; *Tuxedo Junction*; *Lazy River*.

The perennial Kid does more here than tirelessly repeat his lesson in tailgate. His gruff tone, uninhibited solos and sure-footed ensemble sense

are invaluable catalytic agents in another happy album. The material helps, too. *Columbus*, *Rhythm* and *Tuxedo* make a welcome change from the old, spavined Dixieland nags. The orchestral feeling as the last chorus of *Columbus* begins, and the pretty opening chorus of *Tuxedo*, show that new things can still be said in the old idiom. Red, very much at ease, turns in some of his best recorded playing in years. It's amazingly varied in color and rhythm—by turn smoky and melancholy, warm and mellow, hot and biting. He and Ory cook up righteous, propulsive riffs, too, with a deceptive nonchalance. Since Red's one of the last jazz singers we have, it's a shame he didn't take the vocals instead of Alton Redd. For all that, the rhythm section plays in the simple, straightforward style of yesteryear; it provides a lift. Note how well integrated with the horns it is on *Rhythm*.—SD

(7) *Specialized singing of excellent songs.*



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**FELICIA SAUNDERS**

*Songs of Kurt Weill* (Time S 2000): vocalist Saunders with many musicians, arranged for and conducted by Irving Joseph, in twelve Weill songs which include *Speak Low*; *Green Up-Time*; *September Song*; *Here I'll Stay*; *Foolish Heart*; *Mon Ami, My Friend*; *Oh Heart of Love*.

These are Weill songs from his fifteen-year American career (he died here in 1950), with such lyricists as Maxwell Anderson, Ira Gershwin, Ogden Nash and Alan Jay Lerner. Miss Saunders is one of our foremost dramatic singers and, although she may now and then overdo, her readings of these lyrics are generally excellent, very fitting and in the style which I'm sure would have met Weill's approval.—BC

(7) *Specialized singing of excellent songs.*





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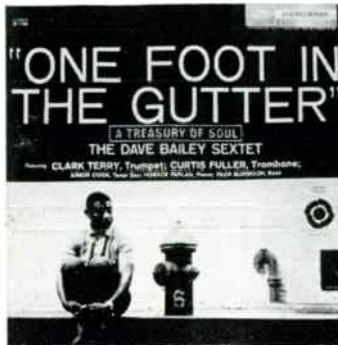
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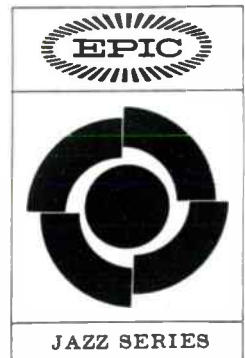
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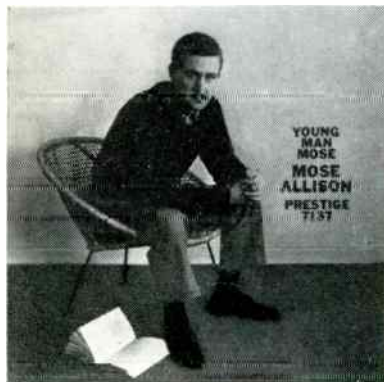
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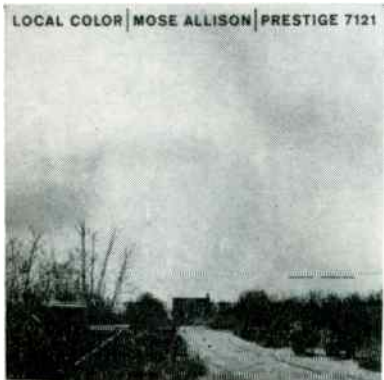
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**JOHNNY SMITH**

*Guitar and Strings* (Roost 2242): guitarist Smith with banks of violins, violas, cellos; Barry Galbraith, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Don Lamond, Sol Gubin, drums; nine tracks including *The Things We Did Last Summer*; *Inch Worm*; *Golden Earrings*.

Lovely sounds, tight orchestrations, very little opportunity for any jazz, although Johnny as usual plays the melodies beautifully.—BC

(5) *Big orchestra exercises on standard songs.*

**REX STEWART**

*The Happy Jazz of Rex Stewart* (Prestige-Swingville 2006) Stewart, cornet, kazoo, vocal; John Dengler, bass sax, washboard, kazoo; Wilbert Kirk, harmonica, tambourine; Jerome Darr, amp. guit; Chauncey Westbrook, guit; Charles Lampkin, drums; playing *Red Ribbon*; *If I Could Be With You*; *Rasputin*; *Please Don't Talk About Me*; *Four or Five Times*; *Sand*; *You Can Depend On Me*; *Anything For You*; *Tell Me*; *Nagasaki*.

The cast of instruments reads: cornet, kazoo, bass sax, washboard, kazoo (again), harmonica, tambourine, guitar, amplified guitar and drums. The objective is *skiffle* music, but not, luckily, of the kind which afflicted post-war England, for the notes credit Rex with having set his sights on Red McKenzie's *Mound City Blue Blowers*. The uninhibited result may find its own audience waiting, but for most of us it would have been more enjoyable to have heard Rex in an orthodox jazz setting again. It's intriguing, though, to hear his voice *au naturel* and in translation through cornet and kazoo. John Dengler demonstrates good tone and articulation on that voluptuous beauty, the bass sax, and the two-guitar effect is frequently attractive.—SD

(5) *Fun and games.*

**THE SWINGVILLE ALL-STARS**

*Rockin' In Rhythm* (Prestige/Swingville 2010) Al Sears, ten; Hilton Jefferson, alto; Taft Jordan, trpt; Don Abney, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Gus Johnson, drums; playing *Things Ain't What They Used To Be*; *Li'l Darling*; *Tenderly*; *New Carnegie Blues*; *Rockin' In Rhythm*; *Willow Weep For Me*.

Four of the *All-Stars* worked for Duke Ellington and the effect of that experience is apparent here. For one thing, they come on with an ensemble sound that is clean, bright and mellow, and that's something you don't get from too many studio groups nowadays. The best over-all performances are on the Ellington numbers, which is likewise hardly surprising, for good material helps. Hilton Jefferson's most moving solo, however, is on *Li'l Darling*. (Can the national economy really be so strained that a musician of this calibre must con-

tinue to work in a bank?) Taft Jordan blows with impressive assurance throughout, and the rest acquit themselves adequately. *Tenderly* and *Willow* are showcases for Taft and Jeff respectively.—SD

(6) *Victims of the waste-makers, arise!*

**ART TATUM**

*Still More of the Greatest Piano of Them All* (Verve MGV 8360): pianist Tatum on ten tracks including *I Won't Dance*; *Lullaby in Rhythm*; *Moon-glow*.

This is not an exceptional Tatum album by any means. There are times when the wit shines through, and there are always the technical display and grace, but there are tracks which are heavily in the cocktail-lounge groove. Most of the other records in this series are superior.—BC

(5) *Not the best of The Greatest.*

**THIRD STREAM MUSIC**

(Atlantic 1345): John Lewis, piano; Milt Jackson, vibes; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums; with Jimmy Giuffre, cl and ten; Jim Hall, guit; Ralph Pena, bass; play *Da Capo*; *Fine*; With Gunther Schuller conducting; Bill McCole, cl; Bob De Domenico, fl; Manny Zegler, bassoon; Paul Ingraham, Fr. horn; Joe Tekula, cello; Betty Glamann, harp; *Exposure*; with Gerald Tarack and Alan Martin violins; Carl Eberl, viola; and Joe Tekula, cello: *Sketch*, *Conversation*.

There is some splendid music on this record. The *Third Stream* title does not cover all of it, but it covers the best of it. And the best of it is music I expect to be listening to and taking pleasure in twenty years from now, and longer.

To take things in a kind of reverse order, *Exposure* was written by John Lewis for a documentary film produced by the United Nations. It is played by the MJQ and a small chamber orchestra in what I take it is more or less the original scoring. It is the first of John Lewis's film scores that seems to me disappointing out of context. *Exposure* is very well played to be sure, and Milt Jackson's solo absolutely overflows it. Many of John Lewis's very best melodies are basically simple, but I don't think that the main theme in *Exposure* is good enough to stand as much repetition as it gets here. Such reiteration of a melody can be very effective in underlining the action of a movie, but *Exposure* seems to me monotonous, heard on its own this way. Thus, I think it was a mistake for Lewis to base his solo also directly on the main theme. Perhaps it is because Jackson does not that his solo seems so outstanding.





*Da Capo* and *Finé* were written for both the MJQ and the original Jimmy Giuffre 3. Lewis's *Da Capo* seems more a vehicle for Giuffre's clarinet and Jackson's vibes, with the other players in accompaniment, than a composition for the two groups. Therefore it takes only a preliminary advantage of the variety of textures that might be worked out among these seven men. But it is a wondrous example of holding together diverse materials in a unified effect. It has one section which reflects Giuffre's so-called *pastoral* manner of the time. Another uses spiritual-like material and has improvising by Giuffre with Jim Hall, then by Jackson, with very different results. There is another moment when it uses Jackson's medium tempo *ballad* style. I am sure that my description makes the *Da Capo* seem almost a series of demonstrations, but it definitely is not.

*Finé* is in the early, folksy manner of the Giuffre trio. It has another spiritual-like theme, handled à la rondo by clarinet, vibraphone, guitar, bass, and percussion—sometimes in pairs. At the time, I held a minority opinion that Giuffre's work was then rather static and contrived in its use of *folk* material and in its subdued manner, and I have never had such feelings about the MJQ's music. I suppose that if you put those two opinions together you would have my feeling about *Finé*. But I should add that Jackson and Lewis convey a sense of forward motion and musical purpose that had its effect on everyone involved; however, I think that Jim Hall is currently a better soloist and accompanist than he is here.

Now to the "third stream" music, music which draws on the techniques of both the classics and jazz, and is here played by the MJQ and the Beaux Arts String Quartet together. "Drawing on" techniques can mean a lot of things, including sprinkling blue notes in a piece of trivia for the Boston Pops orchestra to play on a hot July day. What does it mean here?

Several months before his *Sketch* was first performed, John Lewis did some recording with a contingent from the Stuttgart symphony orchestra, for which he re-scored some of his early pieces. When those European-trained strings tried to phrase a John Lewis blues, the results were corny, if not ludicrous. But *Sketch* takes an opposite approach. The jazzmen play and improvise their way, the string quartet is asked only to play and phrase its way, and the piece deliberately sketches out the tension between the two idioms. It is a brief, well-titled piece, but a very successful one, and, if the writing for the string quartet is rather conventional (even anachronistic), it more than serves its purpose.

Gunther Schuller's *Conversation* takes a similar approach and carries

it further. In an earlier work, *Transformations*, Schuller introduced written, classical materials which then gradually subsided and changed until they were turned into blues improvising by the jazzmen. I wonder if such an approach does not deny the virtues of each kind of music; at any rate, that kind of an alliance seems to me a sentimental one at best. In *Conversation*, the differences between the two traditions are confronted and used overtly. Each music strongly maintains its own ideas of phrasing, rhythm, melody, group texture. The resultant opposition and tension is not denied or falsely allied, but frankly used as the technical and emotional basis of the piece. It is as if Schuller had said, these two musics do have differences and they do imply different ways of looking at things and feeling things. Can I write a piece that uses those differences?

The string quartet enters in Schuller's contemporary atonal idiom and gradually builds a peak of tension that is beautifully constructed. (There are even punctuations and comments by members of the MJQ beneath the strings. How can one add anything to so finely wrought a musical idiom as that of the string quartet without sounding foolish? I don't know. But Schuller has done it.) Then the tension is suddenly broken by the entrance of the MJQ with wonderfully relaxed and fluent improvising. As the jazz players build their own emotional aura, the strings re-enter—beneath the MJQ at first and then they predominate for their own counterstatement. Gradually a rather John Lewis-like resolution between the two groups is evolved—an agreement respectfully to disagree, perhaps. There is nothing of the *experiment* or hybrid—and certainly nothing of the stunt or trick—about *Conversation*. It is a finished work and a satisfying musical experience.

I believe that the best of this music is very important. I do not mean important in that it gives jazz "prestige" or a "new audience." Perhaps so, but the point is that any prestige or new audience jazz gets from it will be hearing good music, and the jazz here is real jazz and good jazz, with no apologies. At the moment, there is surely no point in fretting about whether such things as this *should* be done. They are going to be done. And they are at last being done with a real understanding of jazz. The result, because of its success, is surely significant for future American music. And for the present, it is a great musical pleasure for all of us.—MW

(9) *Real jazz, good jazz, significant jazz.*

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## COUNT BASIE

*Count Basie and Band, with Strings—String Along With Basie* (Roulette RSD 168): Count Basie's Band, backed by many unidentified strings; playing ten tracks including *Summertime*; *Blue and Sentimental*; *Blues Bittersweet*; *Poor Butterfly*.

**BUDDY RICH**, guest reviewer for *January*: I got called on this date. You know, Basie's *cute*.

**DAVE SOLOMON**: He's cute and he makes it sound effortless, too.

**BUDDY**: He finds something humorous in everything he does. Any tune he plays. He finds humor in the arrangement, or in his own playing; that's one thing so great about him, that makes his music so light and flowing and enjoyable—the fact that it's happy. In fact, Basie himself is about the happiest individual I know.

**BILL COSS**: I know. It's amazing to me that he's such a perfectly adjusted guy.

**BUDDY**: I think that's one thing that makes the band so good. You can look at Basie and see him smiling, at most any given tempo or any tune. All of this kind of sets the band off: a happy, come-on-let's-

have-a-ball, feeling. This is the way he feels.

**DAVE**: He sort of turns the band on.

**BUDDY**: Yeah, just by his general attitude and appearance, and the fact that he takes his playing so lightly. He plays like he's saying: I'm not really the leader of the band, I'm just another up-and-coming plunker. I think this is one thing that gives the band the freshness and appeal that it has, to the audience and to the musicians themselves. At least this is how I feel about him.

**BILL**: Ruby Braff was up here the other day, Buddy, and he said he thought Basie was the greatest drummer playing piano today.

**BUDDY**: Well, I'll say this—and I respect Ruby Braff—I think that Basie's band is a drummer's band. It has the greatest feeling for a drummer. I sincerely believe that any drummer that cannot play in Basie's band cannot play drums. I believe that Basie does *so much* for a drummer. The way the arrangements are written, with the holes and the spaces, they are written for a drummer. Or a dancer. It's the kind of band where a drummer just has to fit in and play. It's a perfect band.

**DAVE**: It's easy jazz.

**BUDDY**: It's the *right* jazz, in my opinion. It's the only form of jazz. It's the kind of music that you can walk in being depressed and walk out the happiest, best-adjusted man in the world. To me, I can be very unhappy and go to hear Count Basie and come out feeling that everything is fine. And I'm the kind of customer that when I go to hear Basie, I'm there all night. I don't go in to hear one or two sets. If I know they're to start at ten, I'll be there at ten and not leave till four.

**DAVE**: Not only does he turn his own men on, but he turns on his audience.

**BUDDY**: Yeah, the people who really *want* to *listen* to him. There are always the idiots that come just because Count Basie is there, and they drink and don't know what the hell he is doing. But I believe the people who really want to hear music go in, like I do, at ten and stay till closing. I saw Basie the last time he played Birdland. When he left there, he did a one-nighter out in Westbury, Long Island. I got in my car and drove out there and sat in the tent all night long. In other words, I follow the man wherever possible, if I don't have to go out to California or something, to listen to him.

**DAVE**: This is really what is known as a *following*. . .

**BUDDY**: Well, I think I am the greatest student Basie ever had. I live for the man, for the man's band. In 1936, when Basie was playing the Famous Door (I was at the Hickory House), Harry Edison brought me in to hear the band. That was the first time I met Basie. Twenty-four years ago. So this was the first time I had ever sat in with the band. And Basie looked at me like he was thinking: "Look at this kid, what kind of a nut is this, to come in and sit in with *my* band."

And I've been sitting in with that band ever since. It's a real honor, to *me*. I've played with a lot of bands and I don't think there has ever been a band that gives me such a kick, or musical thrill, like I get when I sit in with the Basie band.

It's ironic that he should be playing *Song of the Islands* here, because this is on my new album. We almost have the kind of thing going that makes us feel the same about music, the type of tune and type of music we play. If I could have a big band, if big bands were in demand again, I'd have a Count Basie band. The greatest compliment to Basie is that the new Harry James band is actually Count Basie. It really is.

**BILL**: Basie was so funny about that, he said he didn't mind Harry playing his arrangements, but he wished he could play them first.

**BUDDY**: Basie is trying to do something in this record, with the strings, but to me this isn't Count Basie.

**BILL**: I was going to say something about that. Everyone who criticizes this record is going to say Basie doesn't belong with strings.

**BUDDY**: I'd never say that Basie doesn't belong with strings. Basie belongs with anybody. Basie can make a Salvation Army band sound good. But I don't think the *strings* belong with *Basie*. I mean, you're waiting to hear the brass wail, you're waiting to hear the *Basie band*, and it just doesn't happen here. I suppose I understand that what they're trying to do is make a commercial thing out of it, but for my personal taste, while I would buy it for Basie, I would not buy it for the strings. I would rather hear just Basie with a rhythm section playing these tunes, in his wonderful relaxed manner, then have all the strings and all the carrying on.

**BILL**: He won't play with just a rhythm section any more.

**BUDDY**: I don't know why.

**BILL**: I talked to him about it. He talks as if he actually feels it would be stupid of him to play with a rhythm section. He keeps putting



himself down all the time as a piano player.

BUDDY: I know he does, and that's an unfortunate thing, because while he may not be an Oscar Peterson, Oscar Peterson is not a Count Basie. So what the hell! Give me the time of Count Basie any day.

DAVE: I see what you mean about the strings and Basie now.

BUDDY: It loses the continuity: first you have the tasty little touches of Count Basie, but then you have the lush strings, and you lose track of Basie.

DAVE: Yeah, it's Basie cum Kostalnetz.

BUDDY: It's a bad combination.

BILL: I'd like to hear strings that are well written for, but obviously, in this case, they're trying to get big lush sounds.

BUDDY: I'd rather hear maybe six men: cello, viola, four violins; a nice, intimate *compact* sound.

## GERRY MULLIGAN

*Gerry Mulligan—The Concert Jazz Band* (Verve MGV-8388): Mulligan with his baritone sax and his new big concert band; playing *Sweet and Slow*; *Bweebida Bobbida*; *Manoir Des Mes Reves* (*Django's Castle*); *You Took Advantage of Me*; *Out of This World*; *My Funny Valentine*; *Broadway*; *I'm Gonna Go Fishin'*.

BUDDY: Well, I'm a great fan of Gerry Mulligan's, but this record does not represent jazz to me. This represents a commercial, strictly intellectual type of approach, only fit for concert halls. To me, it's trite, it's pre-arranged. It's not the sort of thing I could sit and listen to many times. I find it very hard to sit and listen to even one side. It's not moving; it's not getting any place. It has various tonal qualities, but it's not swinging. There's nothing here that will hold my attention and make me say *YES!*—which is what I like when I listen to music.

BILL: Could you say that jazz, for you, has to be very much *dance* music? Or *danceable* music?

BUDDY: I don't give a damn about that. I can't dance. I don't use that as a premise that something is good or not. If I can feel that the guys are being spontaneous and honest, rather than just reading everything, that's what I like. I don't care if it's a waltz, or a two-step, or a march. All I want it to be is honest. I don't want it to be pre-arranged, or thought-out jazz, because then it's like a mathematical equation. You can sit down and figure out anything, and get the answer to it. And you

know the answer to this. After the first eight bars, you know exactly what they're striving for. And I don't *feel* it and I don't hear it. Maybe I'm too old.

BILL: I doubt that.

BUDDY: No, I mean this sincerely. I can be put down by some guy saying: "Man, don't you know what this is?" And I frankly say: "No, I do *not* know what this is."

This tune, I presume, is a blues. It's not blues that I would want to hear. And it's not the blues a broad would sing to tell me how unhappy she is. And I don't know anybody on Park Avenue that has blues like this. This is strictly what it's pointing toward: that set on Park Avenue who says: "My, my, yes, that is very polite jazz." Well, I don't dig polite jazz, any more than I dig the Modern Jazz Quartet. I don't mean I don't dig their musicianship, but I don't dig what they're playing. It's too highbrow. And I am not of the school that says music is highbrow. I believe that *jazz is for everybody*. And let it be what you want it to be. This can't be "what you want it to be." It's too contrived.

BILL: Do you think that Gerry is contrived?

BUDDY: I don't think so. Gerry was brought up with the Thornhill band, with the good sounds, the happy sounds. And you can tell by Gerry's playing that he's a swinger. He's a very forceful guy. And I have the greatest respect for him. But listen to the rhythm section: it's not playing what he's playing. Essentially, the rhythm section is playing that California-West Coast "cool, man" type of jazz. And Gerry's a 52nd Street kind of blower. It's incongruous. The two don't balance. And I think I hear a little bit of Norman Granz in there. I think he's going to do the same thing to Gerry that he did to Ella. Although Ella is now a commercial success, she's not singing *hell* to what she was before Granz got hold of her and made her rich.

BILL: Now who haven't you alienated so far?

BUDDY: Alienation is not the thing I'm striving for. I don't want to alienate myself from anybody. But I'm not going to come up here and do a story for you if you want me to say things that you want to hear or that your readers want to hear. I'm going to give you an opinion of my own—but this doesn't have to necessarily reflect personal feelings. The only thing I'm talking about up here is what I dig in music. You can cut out anything you want, whatever I say. I don't just

talk to hurt anybody intentionally. But if you want me to say everything is great, I'm going to go home. Because the only time I say something is great is when I really believe it *is* great. To *me*. This record of Gerry's will probably sell a hundred million copies. And I hope it does! Because anything anybody does that's successful in jazz, makes it easier for everybody else to be successful. I'm looking for more jazz rooms to open, and for more musicians to work. But I'm not going to say something is good in my opinion if I don't believe it.

BILL: Well, Buddy, as I told you before we started, records that *deserve* to be put down are one thing, but records that are *really* ridiculous, we don't even bother reviewing.

BUDDY: Well, if this sounds like a *put-down*, I'm sorry for that, because I'm not trying to hurt anybody; I'm not trying to say things like "I'm superior and anyone else is inferior"; I don't mean that at all. I don't like that kind of thing.

## CHARLIE PERSIP

*Charlie Persip and the Jazz Statesmen* (Bethlehem BCP 6046): Persip, drums; Marcus Belgrave, trpt; Roland Alexander, ten; Freddie Hubbard, trpt; Ronald Mathews, piano; Ron Carter, bass; playing *Sevens*; *Right Down Front*; *The Song is You*; *Soul March*; *The Champ* (a suite in six movements).

BUDDY: Listen to the bass drum. Charlie has good hands. He's a hell of a drummer.

BILL: The bass drum isn't used much nowadays, is it?

BUDDY: He is one of the very few guys who uses it. One of the few *modern* guys, let's put it that way — In the so-called *modern* idiom. Which is one of the things I don't quite understand: what exactly, is modern and what is old? But from the school of drummers that's around today, I think Charlie utilizes a complete set of drums. Which means that he plays bass drum, he has good hands—both left *and* right hand, which is a big surprise to me because most guys today have one hand and *no feet*. He gets a very fine sound out of the drum, which is one thing I'm always looking for in another drummer, the fact that they tune the drum to where it makes sense. It has *pitch*. It has a crispness that makes everything you play sound *clean*. Charlie is one of the few guys that  
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HERB SNITZER





REVIEWS IN CONTEXT  
**CHARLIE MINGUS:  
STRONGEST MAN  
IN JAZZ**  
By TED WHITE

The picture on the cover of Bethlehem's *East Coasting* album presents a fierce figure of a man; the Charlie Mingus one sees in the clubs today doesn't *really* appear to be seven feet tall, nor does he always carry that intimidating scowl, but still it hits you: physically Charlie Mingus is a big man. He plays a big instrument, but it does not dominate him.

Mingus' mastery over his instrument, and over his music itself, is more than a matter of dominant physical masses. Mingus is probably the strongest figure in jazz music today.

Jazz, like all music, is primarily the coupling of direct emotional expression with the intellectualized forms that bound art. Its real worth to its audience lies in its ability to communicate sincere emotion on a level empathetic with its listener in a fresh way that offers a new insight into the emotions communicated.

Thus: any sincere blues has the power to move its audience, but a blues no less sincere when coupled with great artistry will offer much more to the audience, an added dimension. The blues will wear better; *it will say more.*

Too much of jazz seeks to fragmentize these values, to accent one to the exclusion of the other. While one school of *natural* musicians believes in just blowing, without fear of haphazard construction, another concentrates on the formalistic aspects of composition to the exclusion of real communicative artistry in the music itself. Both of these schools are seeking to dominate jazz today, and while I tend to favor, of the two, the latter, because good musicians can rescue its products more easily, I am basically concerned for the squeezed-out middle ground: that "school" which produces a balanced jazz of real quality. I've put "school" in quotes because it seems to me too small and diverse a group to be lumped into any one category.

Today Charlie Mingus leads this middle group, if by producing its best products he can be said to lead. Certainly in all other respects his is an iconoclastic lot; shunned by many, musically emulated by few, founder of no real musical school, Mingus plies his own way independently of others outside his own small band.

The Mingus antecedents lie in Duke Ellington, church music heard as a child, and modern classical composers like Stravinsky and Bartok. Of them all, Ellington has probably kept the closest hold upon him. Mingus methods of composition and group leadership in many ways parallel Ellington's; too, musically, he has always respected the Duke's goals. No more clearly can this be shown than in the big band date he recorded for a forthcoming Mercury LP, in which he leads the most exciting big group since Duke's 1940 band.

After a long bout with the Ellington influence (which has never quite worn off) Mingus entered a period of musically advanced composition. Most of these pieces, written from 1940 on, were never recorded, although a sampling can be found on *Jazz Experiment* (Jazztone J-1226), and, minus one track, re-released as *Jazz Experiments of Charlie Mingus* on Bethlehem (BCP 65), (both LPs taken from the two-10"-volume *Jazzical Moods* set on Period). These pieces are largely exercises in polytonal lyricism, and contain some beautiful moments by Thad Jones on what is probably his best recording.

Gloomier moods prevail on the more sharply experimental set recorded for Savoy, *Jazz Composers Workshop #2* (MG-12059), where Mingus provides the music for one side, and young pianist Wally Cirillo the charts for the second. Both are played by Mingus-led groups, using such early Mingus stalwarts as Teo Macero, John LaPorta and Mal Waldron.

These records provoked the criticism that Mingus didn't swing, that he was too far out, and generally the reactions always tendered composers who have allowed themselves to advance too far ahead of their audience of the time. Jazz has progressed considerably since both recordings were made (in the early fifties), and they no longer sound so difficult. Indeed, today's listener would be well rewarded to listen to them.

Still, these represent only the least experimental of an incredible period of composing. Locked away in Mingus' files are other pieces he wrote in the early and middle forties, which surprisingly forecast much of what Ornette Coleman is doing now. With the aid of the extremely talented saxophonist, Eric Dolphy, and an audience made more sympathetic by the acceptance Coleman has enjoyed, Mingus is now beginning to bring out once more these pieces, and perform them in the New York jazz clubs. They often exhibit a ferocity close to panic, undoubtedly more than an echo of the frustrations Mingus felt at the acceptance that was denied him.

Apparently realizing the hopelessness of battering uselessly against the public determination against experimental jazz, Mingus turned to a looser format for his music, purposefully held his talents in check, and restricted himself to a narrower area of more conventional jazz. He returned to the blues and church music, both genuine roots for his inspiration, and presented a *new* Mingus group on his recordings for Atlantic beginning with *Pithecanthropus Erectus* (Atlantic 1237). In his notes for the LP, Mingus explained his turnabout away from heavily arranged music to a music in which the charts were only memorized lines around which most of the music must

be improvised. But, he added: "I have often been accused of being *way out* compositionally. True or false, my ideas have not changed—only my method of producing them."

The album contains as its major work *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, a beautiful and powerful minor-key dirge-like piece, filled with sadness and shouting (literally). This piece appears to be a prototype composition for Mingus. Echoes of it, re-use of elements first used in it, crop up in a great many of the pieces which followed; it forms a sort of preview of the shouting free-wheeling gospel funk of *Better Get It In Your Soul* (on Columbia 1370) or the darkly moving *Haitian Fight Song* (heard on Atlantic 1260), and of Mingus' more gentle ballads as well.

*Erectus* also unveils on record Mingus' interest in eliciting unusual sounds from instruments in the extremely high-register shrieks and shouts of the saxophones. As a composition, *Erectus* reveals a less formalistic, more directly intuitive approach. It does not hold up well on the basis of tightly-knit formal composition, but as an instrument of effective and original communication, it succeeds admirably. Mingus exploits the dynamics of sound well, beginning with a soft but ever more insistent throbbing of the bass, and building into repeated peaks of frenzied screaming.

*The Clown* (Atlantic 1260) is primarily notable for the already mentioned *Haitian Fight Song*, an eloquent diatribe against prejudice and hatreds; and a more conventional but still evocative blues, *Blue Cee*. Of the other two tracks, *Reincarnation of a Lovebird* is an ode to Charlie Parker, prefaced by fragmentations of themes from various Parker pieces; and *The Clown* is an attempt at words and jazz which does not come off well, but in which there is some very good music. Jean Shepherd's narration is naively banal. Effective only on the first listening, it quickly falls apart on repeated plays.

Other albums of a similar nature but less worthy of mention include *Mingus at the Bohemia* (Debut 123), on which Mingus performs a fascinating improvised duet with Max Roach; *East Coasting* (Bethlehem BCP 6019); and *Jazz Portraits* (United Artists UAL 4036) which features the gifted young altoist John Handy. Also made during this time was a trio record with Hampton Hawes and Danny Richmond (Jubilee 1054) which presents a much more conventional jazz, and little of the unique Mingus flavor.

The late fifties saw the rise of the ill-fated pairing of jazz and poetry. Mingus was interested, and participated in, several readings with his group. A couple of these are captured on record in *A Modern Jazz*

*Symposium of Music and Poetry* (Bethlehem BCP 6026), which actually devotes only one track to the narrated *Scenes in the City* (an interestingly accurate picture of one sort of life in New York); and *The Weary Blues* (MGM E3697) on which the Mingus group (nominally led by Horace Parlan for contractual reasons) plays music behind the readings of Langston Hughes on the second side.

Hughes' poetry has a jazz-like quality to it, a self-conscious love of sounds sometimes, often a blues quality of tone, and for these reasons lends itself best to a jazz and poetry treatment. Yet, so much of Hughes, woven over snatches of captivating but frustratingly undeveloped themes tends to wear poorly on the listener. It becomes a positive pleasure when one discovers that the final track of the record, an over-brisk version of *Jump Monk* (heard to better advantage on the *Bohemia* Debut LP), will not be interrupted by Hughes.

Although Mingus' treatment by the record companies has always been one of sporadic disinterest, such is the quality of his music that he is slowly building a following, and if not yet nearly as popular as his music perhaps should warrant, he has come upon better times. These were probably triggered by the release by Columbia of two LPs, both of which were also sold through that label's own record club. *Mingus Ah Um* (Columbia 1370), saddled with a foolish ad exec's idea of a cute title, has notes which plagiarize Mingus' own from an Atlantic LP. It avoids listing an accurate personnel or giving solo credits. This resulted in a John Handy solo erroneously credited to Shafi Hadi by Leonard Feather in his *Down Beat* review. "And it was my best solo," Handy said later, unhappily. Nevertheless, it is still the best LP Mingus has yet done.

In a diverse nine tracks, Mingus presents the cream of his current crop. *Better Get It in Your Soul* introduces to records Mingus' most popular tune, one of the best of the gospel-funk, "soul" tunes; it is, what it is for the obvious good humor of the players. *Goodbye Pork Pie Hat* eulogizes Lester Young eloquently. *Boogie Stop Shuffle* and *Open Letter To Duke* both pay their respects to Mingus' inspirational mentor. On the second side, *Fables of Faubus* provides the best of the LP, while *Jelly Roll* closes it with a shattering burlesque.

*Mingus Dynasty* (Columbia CL 1440) still retains some misguided fool's penchant for bad-punning titles, but provides nearly as good musical fare as *Ah Um*. The highs are a little higher, the lows much lower. The first side presents a unified sort of loosely shouting, quietly meditating small-group music which

can be played as one long suite, although each piece was intended separately. *Slop* uses an engaging melodic line, employs shifts in meter and tempo, and generally purports to be more than an evocation of sweat and lack of inspiration.

The second side opens with a very ordinary, almost un-Mingus-like rendition of Ellington's minor *Things Ain't What They Used To Be*, but quickly brings the record to a new high with the ambitious *Far Wells, Mill Valley*. This is one of Mingus' few fully compositional efforts of recent years. It is not fully integrated, but seems more a beautiful melodic fragment, tantalizing but not completely satisfying. *Mood Indigo* comes close to recreating the full Ellington big band sound and style with a small group and new harmony. Handy plays a beautiful alto here, in the traditional Johnny Hodges spots; Mingus has fully acknowledged in *Mood Indigo* his debt to the Duke.

Recorded before the Columbia albums, but released later in order to ride the wave of popularity surrounding *Better Get It In Your Soul* and *Slop* (the two most-played tracks of the Columbia albums among jazz deejays), is the Atlantic *Blues & Roots* (1305). With this album Mingus ran the risk of falling into a new pigeon-hole among the uninformed public. On the request of the label, he allowed himself to be talked into a solid album of loose, gospeltinged, shouting blues pieces. They suffer from their lumped-together presentation, and from what was reputedly an unhappy session with frequently changed lines and dissatisfaction among several of the musicians, one of whom later said he thought his playing was terrible.

Despite this, there are some good moments on the LP, mostly on the first side. *Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting* was the forerunner of *Better Get It*, using both the theme which later became that piece, and a fragmentary theme first used on the *Weary Blues* LP. *Cryin' Blues* makes surprising use of the tonal colors possible in Pepper Adams' baritone: great *blasts* of sound over which the others riff. *Moanin'* contains many vague echoes of *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, particularly in Jackie McLean's solo.

Following the release of this LP, there has been a hiatus. An album was recorded for Mercury, using a big band on one side and the new small group (with Dolphy) on the other, and Mingus has signed with Candid, which has several albums in the can by now. Certainly they and those to come should be thoroughly investigated by any serious listener of jazz. They, along with those already released, provide a growing documentary testament to one of the greatest living talents in jazz today.



## SUPERMALE

(Continued from page 32)

Pusice-Euprèpie de Saint-Jurieu; Cardinal Romuald; the actress Henriette Cyne; and Doctor Bathybius.

These diverse and notable figures could easily have reinvigorated the commonplace and pursued it even to its limits of paradox, merely by each expressing his own original thoughts; but their breeding soon reduced these celebrated wits to the polished insignificance of genteel conversation.

Hence it was that this unexpected statement had much the same effect (till now greatly overlooked by the student) of a stone cast into a frog-pond: momentary turmoil, followed by universal interest.

At first, it might have produced a different result: smiles; but, by mischance, it had been uttered by the host.

André Marcueil's face, like his aphorism, left a sort of gap in the assembly; not, as might be supposed, by its singularity, but—if we may associate the two terms—by its characteristic insignificance. It was as pale as his starched shirt-front, and would have blended right into the brightly illuminated woodwork but for the inky fringe of his collar-fashion beard, and for his longish hair, which he probably curled to conceal incipient baldness. His eyes might have been black but were certainly weak, for he concealed them behind the tinted lenses of a gold-rimmed pince-nez. He was thirty years of age, and of medium height which he seemed to take pleasure in reducing by his stooped posture. His wrists were thin and so hairy as to resemble exactly his frail, black silk-encased ankles — wrists and ankles alike giving rise to the supposition that he must be remarkably weak in his entire person, to judge at least from his appearance. He spoke slowly and low, as though anxious to spare his breath. Had he owned a hunting permit, his description would no doubt have read: "chin: round; face: oval; nose: ordinary; mouth: ordinary; height: ordinary;" and so on. In fact, Marcueil so embodied the "ordinary man" that, in him, it reached extraordinary proportions.

Marcueil's statement took on a pitifully ironic significance, whispered like a breath from his doll-like mouth. He obviously did not know what he was saying. He was not known to keep a mistress, and presumably the state of his health precluded love.

A "chilled silence" fell, and some-

one was about to change the conversation when Marcueil resumed:

"I am quite serious, Gentlemen."

"I thought," minced the no longer youthful Pusice-Euprèpie de Saint-Jurieu, "that love was a feeling."

"Perhaps so, Madame," replied Marcueil. "All we need is to agree on . . . what we mean by . . . feeling."

"It is an impression upon the soul," the cardinal hastened to say.

"I have read something of the sort in my youth, in the spiritual philosophers," added the senator.

"An enfeebled sensation," said Bathybius. "Praised be the English associationists!"

"I would nearly be tempted to agree with the doctor," said Marcueil. "It is an attenuated act, most likely; that is, not quite an act; or better yet, a potential act."

"Then, to go by that definition," inquired Saint-Jurieu, "the act once performed would exclude love?"

Henriette Cyne yawned ostentatiously.

"Certainly not," replied Marcueil.

The ladies expected that they should soon have to blush behind their fans, or else to conceal the fact that they were not blushing.

"Certainly not," he continued, "since each act, after completion, is followed by another, which remains sentimental in this respect: that it will only be accomplished after a little while."

This time, several smiles could not be suppressed.

Their host, amused by the unfolding of his paradox, seemed to grant them full license.

It is an often-noted fact that the weaker sort of persons are the ones most concerned—in their imaginations—with physical exploits.

The doctor alone objected drily:

"But the repetition of a vital act causes the tissues to die—or else to become intoxicated, or, as we call it, fatigued."

"Repetition produces habit—and ability," retorted Marcueil with equal gravity.

"Hurray! Training!" cried Arthur Gough.

"Mithridatism," said the chemist.

"Exercise," added the general.

"Present—arms! One, two!" quipped Henriette Cyne.

"Quite so, Mademoiselle," Marcueil concluded, "if you will only keep counting until you exhaust the infinite series of numbers."

"Or, to be concise, of human capabilities," interjected Mrs. Arabella Gough with her charming lisp.

"Human capabilities have no limits, Madame," calmly asserted André Marcueil.

All the smiles had vanished, despite this new opportunity afforded for them. Such a theorem revealed that Marcueil was driving at something. But what? Everything about his appearance proclaimed that he, less than anyone, was capable of engaging upon the perilous path of personal example.

However, such an expectation would have been disappointed. He let it go at that, as though peremptorily closing the discussion with a universal truth.

It was again the doctor who, annoyed, broke the silence:

"Is what you mean to say, that there are organs which work and rest almost simultaneously, so as to give the illusion of never stopping?"

"The heart, to remain sentimental," said William Elson.

"Only until death," added Bathybius.

"That is quite long enough to represent an infinite amount of work," remarked Marcueil. "The number of diastoles and systoles during a human lifetime—or even during a single day—surpasses all imagining."

"But the heart is a very simple system of muscles," remarked the doctor.

"My motors stop sure enough, when they run out of fuel," said Arthur Gough.

"One might conceive," ventured the chemist, "of a fuel for the human machine which could indefinitely delay muscular and nervous fatigue, repairing it as it is spent. I recently invented something of the sort . . ."

"What," said the doctor, "your Perpetual Motion Food again? You are forever talking about it, and we never get to see any. I thought you were supposed to send some to our friend . . ."

"What was that?" interrupted Marcueil.

"Perpetual Motion Food," repeated the chemist.

"The name is intriguing," said Bathybius. "What do you think of it, Marcueil?"

"You know I never take medicines—although my best friend is a doctor," Marcueil hastened to add, bowing slightly towards Bathybius.

"He is making altogether too much of the fact that he ~~neither~~ knows nor cares to know **anything**, plus that he is anemic; the dog," muttered the doctor to himself.

"I should think that sort of chemistry would be rather unnecessary," continued Marcueil, addressing William Elson. "Complex nervous and muscular systems enjoy absolute rest, it seems to me, while their

"counterpart" works. We know that, for a bicyclist, each leg in turn rests and even benefits from an automatic massage while the other leg is doing its work."

"Well now, and where did you learn that?" asked Bathybius. "Surely you don't ride a bicycle?"

"I am not too well suited to physical exercise, my friend," answered Marcueil. "I am not nearly spry enough."

"Bah! He's keeping at it," muttered the doctor once more. "He just refuses to know anything, either physically or morally . . . but why? True enough, he doesn't look too well."

"You may judge the effects of my Perpetual Motion Food without subjecting yourself to the trouble of taking some, and while remaining a spectator at a physical performance," said William Elson to Marcueil. "The day after tomorrow a race starts in which a bicycle team will be fed on it exclusively. If you will do me the honor of attending the finish . . ."

"What will this team race against?" asked Marcueil.

"Against a train," said Arthur Gough, "and I dare say my loco-

motive will reach undreamed-of speeds."

"Really? And are they to race far?" Marcueil inquired.

"Ten thousand miles," replied Arthur Gough.

"Sixteen thousand nine hundred and thirty kilometers," explained William Elson.

"Large numbers like that seem to lose their meaning for me," remarked Henriette Cyne.

"Farther than from Paris to the Sea of Japan," Arthur Gough clarified. "Since there is not room enough between Paris and Vladivostok for our ten thousand miles exactly, we have put in a curve two-thirds of the way down the track, between Irkoutsk and Stryensk."

"My!" said Marcueil. "And so we shall see the finish in Paris, which is all to the good. How many hours will it take?"

"We estimate five days' traveling time," replied Arthur Gough.

"That long?" remarked Marcueil.

The chemist and the engineer suppressed a shrug of their shoulders at this observation, which revealed all the shortcomings of their host.

Marcueil corrected himself: "I mean, it would be more inter-

esting to follow the race than to wait at the finish."

"We are taking two sleeping-cars along," said William Elson, "at your disposal. The only passengers, apart from the crew, will be my daughter, myself, and Gough."

"My wife is not going," Gough added. "She's too nervous."

"I don't know whether I am nervous also," replied Marcueil, "but I am always sure to be seasick on a train—and afraid of accidents, too. In the absence of my sedentary self, let my best wishes accompany you."

"But you will at least see the finish?" insisted Elson.

"At least the finish, I will try," acquiesced Marcueil in a bizarre tone.

"Just what is your Perpetual Motion Food?" inquired Bathybius of the chemist.

"I can't reveal that, of course, except that it has a strychnine and alcohol base," replied Elson.

"Strychnine in sizeable doses is a stimulant, as is well known; but alcohol? For training racers? You're pulling my leg; I can't swallow that idea," exclaimed the doctor.

"We are straying from the heart, it seems," commented Mrs. Gough.

"Gentlemen, a little higher," replied Marcueil in his blank voice, with no apparent impertinence.

(Next month: *Supermale's virile energies unfold.*)

## TRIPLE PLAY

(Continued from page 43)

has that sound. He does a lot of things behind the band, but it's all in good taste. I have a lot of respect for him. I think that Charlie is one of my favorite drummers. I liked particularly the things he did with Bill Potts' big band, in the *Porgy and Bess* album. I heard Charlie with Dizzy's big band and he wasn't too impressive, but with Bill Potts on that album, he sounded marvelous. He swung the hell out of that band. Played very nice little fours, and two-bar breaks and everything. I was very gassed that he had developed into a big band drummer. Because Potts had a very big band: 9 brass and 5 saxes; and there's nothing like that around today, where a drummer can get experience playing with a big band. But Charlie just went in there and wailed the hell out of it.

DAVE: He's very strong on this record.

BUDDY: Right. He's one of the few guys who plays like a man and not a girl. And that's saying a lot today, because almost everyone sounds like a goddamned faggot.

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BILL: Well, what do you think about the music around him, Buddy?

BUDDY: The music around him is exactly like every other band that's playing today.

BILL: It bores me to death.

BUDDY: The reason I wanted to play this album is because I wanted to hear what Charlie was doing. I don't ordinarily get a chance to hear these guys. I don't buy this kind of thing. You'd be surprised at the kind of music I buy. I buy all of Sinatra's things. I buy Jackie Gleason's things, because I dig that kind of music at home, for dinner and things like that. And my taste in jazz is, unfortunately, limited. But if I hear something that's really great—by anybody, I don't give a damn who—if it gets to me, I'll buy it. But mostly I'm in stores looking for Basie's new albums. And I know very little about the different groups, only what I read. If I read something complimentary, I'll go out and listen to it, and if it reaches me, I'll buy it. But I won't just buy things so that when somebody comes into my house, they'll say: Man, you've got everything! I don't buy music like that. I've got to like

what I buy. But I always like a big band like Basie.

BILL: Speaking about big bands, we went to hear Quincy Jones at Basin Street East. It was a pretty good band, but no drummer at all. I don't know who he was, but it really held up the band so badly. Because the kid just is not a band drummer at all. I don't know if he can do anything else. And Quincy made the usual mistake of having the bass player so far back, there was no bottom to the band. Outside of that, it was a good band.

BUDDY: There was no bottom to the band because there wasn't a bass drum. That's one thing sounds good to me on this record: Charlie Persip using the bass drum. He's a good drummer. And he has a style all his own. Which is unusual nowadays, when everybody seems to be more a copy of Max Roach than themselves. If I sound like I'm talking a lot about drummers, it's because I'm very happy when I can hear a good drummer. There are so many terrible drummers that when you do hear someone good, you want to talk about him.

BILL: Buddy, we won't ask you to rate these records, but as a sort

of summary opinion, of all the things you heard here today, would you buy any of them for yourself?

BUDDY: No, I don't think so. I might possibly buy the Basie record, but just for Basie himself, not the strings at all. It would be the only one of these records that, if I were in a record shop and I hadn't heard it up here, I'd at least listen to it.

## BOOKS

### THE FIT

*The Fit*, by William Wood (Macmillan, N. Y., \$4.50), is an uneven first novel whose method is to investigate the lives of a dozen or so characters all of whom helped to cause, and are in turn affected by, the seizure and nervous breakdown of a young man.

The major scene is a private school in New England and the cast of characters includes faculty, wives of same, a variety of out-of-towners and students. The young man with convulsion fits not at all with most of these, although he finds some bridges into reality with a lady

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much too old for him and an embryo jazz musician, Mo Slater, a saxophonist of modern leanings.

(There was a Wood family, one member of which was the owner and founder of the American Wool Company, who caused to be built the model working people's village in Andover—where there is a boy's private school—this owner a firm friend and co-worker of a Moses Slater. File that under the "funny coincidences" department.)

In any case, Mo Slater is skillfully determined by Mr. Wood, with a maximum of feeling for jazz and a minimum amount of musical accounting, resulting in some neat jazz writing. The young man who doesn't *Fit*, Willard Clarke McGann, until he has his *Fit*, is as skillfully done, and so are several of the minor characters. By and large, though, Mr. Wood has not drawn his characters well enough for them to remain absolutely distinct within his rapidly shifting scenes, so that

## LESTER

*"Sad little man"  
I've heard fringe-people say.  
Reasoning: little because gentle,  
Sad because . . . well,  
I guess that was  
His way.*

*"How was the Army Mr. Young?  
"Ding Dong."  
"Will segregation ever end?"  
"Bells."  
Strange language . . . sure,  
But do you know what  
He went through?"*

*A horn that played soft:  
"But man, the sound  
should be strong."  
Why be an animal,  
shout and push  
Don't be an animal,  
shout and push  
Don't fight . . .  
Say your soft say,  
And just go along.*

*Later they listened  
To truth in a whisper.  
Masculine . . . Great . . . PRES  
They said.  
Life's not so funny little ironies,  
Damage long done.  
Too late, too late,  
Pres was dead.*

—Bert Malatesta

reader confusion is almost unavoidable. Jazz readers, nevertheless, will find parts of this among the best of writing about jazz and the jazz life, that is currently available.—BC

## INCENSE TO IDOLS

*Incense to Idols* (Sylvia Ashton-Warner, Simon & Schuster, N. Y., \$3.95) is an extraordinary novel by a lady who has an Emily Dickinson-like ability with words (she calls it pride of word), a delicacy which requires those words, a subject which is almost beyond those words, and a detached sensuality which would be the most dull except in hands as capable as hers.

Briefly, the novel is a first person, nearly stream-of-consciousness, accounting of Germaine de Beauvais, a world renowned pianist, *femme fatale* and unwitting man-destroyer, up to her usual tricks during a trip to New Zealand, but with the important difference that she has become the victim this time of an overwhelming desire for a minister who seems not to be attracted to her. While planning his seduction, she effectively masters a number of men who take her as their mistress and strews havoc in her awakening of their passions.

The story has two major motivations: Germaine's complete lack of control (except, perhaps, for the discipline which Style demands from her)—her hoped for lover's complete control of control (which makes him largely unaware and nearly paranoid); and, secondly, the working of different kinds of guilt in each of the many characters. (Characteristically, the one person who finds a kind of salvation within Miss Ashton-Warner's spider web is a young man who needlessly dies in an automobile accident with an over-concocted splash of irony.)

Despite the realistic subject matter, there is a quality of opium dream about everything, a nearly narcotic lavishness of sensuality which is heightened by the eclectic vocabulary. There is nothing of jazz in this book, but it is a rich experience in modern writing.—BC

## A SUMMER WORLD

*A Summer World* (Richard Dougherty, Doubleday, N. Y., \$3.95) is, as its subtitle states, "A novel of the very rich and the very beautiful." The Bonham's are a very rich (old money tied to active sense of responsibility), very charming family of elderly father, over thirty son and young, princess-like, very marriageable daughter. The three exercise a noblesse oblige authority over a whole valley, especially over its



farmers and the few regular residents, which include the seventeen-year-old Alex Flynn, his father (who is a retired foreign correspondent) and one new arrival, Evelyn Montgomery, who has sought the Valley as a refuge from the rigors of an impending divorce. The Bonham son falls in love with Evelyn. Alex falls in love with the Bonham daughter. The elder Bonham and Flynn men continue their old and warm friendship. And all of this takes place in an atmosphere of all that money could buy and an ingenuous sophistication which is tolerant, sensitive and wise.

The net result could very well have been a pretty, fluffy book, but Mr. Dougherty has as much compassion, richness and style as his characters. The reader may object to the way in which the relationships are concluded, or to the fact that the novel is in the main a merely gentle tale without too much significance, but he must admit and be pleased by the goodness and humanness which radiates from these persons so skillfully brought to life.—BC

### THEREFORE BE BOLD

*Therefore Be Bold* (Dial, N. Y., \$3.95) is Herbert Gold's sixth book and, like the others, masterfully written. Dan, Juicer, Tom and Red, with a like number of girls, are adolescents living in Cleveland in the thirties, a central plot which generally drives me far from the printed page. In Mr. Gold's hands it becomes an affectionate, gently satirical analysis of growing pains, encompassing first love, first success, first drink and drunk, first disillusionment, first sex and the beginnings of sophistication. The charm is due not only to Mr. Gold's own sophistication, but to his unerring ear for sounds and rhythms in words, including the special dialects of adolescence, and to his ingenuous drawing of the adult enemy, even to his name, Mr. Masters. This book is exhibit A in our case for the presence of jazz in other art forms than music.—BC

### NEW VOICE

New York housewife and writer Grace Paley is fast achieving a reputation for quality, if not quantity, fiction.

The reputation stems largely from the publication in the spring of 1959 of a single book of stories, *The Little Disturbances of Man* (now a \$1.25 Meridian paperback). Critics, scholars and contemporaries alike have been prodigal in their praise of Mrs. Paley's work. Unfortunately, the buying public, in general, has

not shared this enthusiasm: the book's sale has been moderate, nothing more. (Doubleday's advertising and promotional expenses for this book have been kept, unfortunately, at a minimum.)

A slow, painstaking writer, Mrs. Paley has published just one piece of fiction since her book. "Faith in the Afternoon," a self-contained excerpt from her novel in progress, appears in the current number of *The Noble Savage*, a semi-annual magazine in paperback form. The excerpt is more than just a sample of quality writing: it is a moving account of the effect of age and crises upon a Jewish family.

Among the early reviews of *Little Disturbances* was one written for the June 10, 1959 issue of *The Village Voice* by assistant editor Perlongo. In it, Perlongo wrote: "Grace Paley is a compassionate, understanding writer, sensitive to irony but not embittered by it. She is aware that the human condition is largely a wistful chronicle of frailties, minor triumphs, quixotic gestures. . . . *The Little Disturbances of Man* is a bittersweet book whose province is the whole range of human feeling."

Mrs. Paley wears success lightly. When told, last fall, that her book had just been included in the "Fiction Since Faulkner" class at Sara Lawrence College, she shrugged and said: "Twenty years I shout out the kitchen window; no one listens. Now, all of a sudden, I'm a new voice?"

### IGOR STRAVINSKY

*Memories and Conversations* (by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft, Doubleday, N. Y., \$3.95).

Igor Stravinsky is one of the few composers who, at the turn of the century, was aware that the old rules of musical composition would not do, and that it was time to create an esthetic from the new reality. The system to which he contributed has added a new dimension to Western Music, in terms of power and tension, and expresses a feeling which is new and typical of our age. It has also added complexities of composition and new orchestral colors and timbres. The importance of this book lies in its being a precise account of the rapport of such a master with the material and spiritual environment that produced him. It has been written as a series of questions and answers, in which the inquisitor is Robert Craft, Mr. Stravinsky's talented and devoted disciple. The result is as stimulating as if an intimate of Beethoven or Mozart had provided us with a personal account of the creative background and methodology of these men.

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The first section is autobiographical. Here we find what seems to be the rule among creative musicians. His immediate environment from early childhood was musical. Stravinsky's father sang bass in Kiev and later in St. Petersburg's Opera—the leading opera house in Russia. His mother was a competent pianist and was interested in music all her life. One also perceives that from the beginning Stravinsky had the artistic awareness that would impel him to turn his back on the academic and the petrifying, and to take the lonely path towards the new. This is apparent in his penetrating and passionate appraisals.

Of his piano teacher he remarks "her narrowness and her formulae greatly encouraged the supply of bitterness that accumulated in my soul."

Concerning his childhood . . . "it was a period of waiting for the moment when I could send everyone and everything connected with it to hell."

On nature . . . "the violent Russian spring, that seemed to begin in an hour, and was like the whole earth shaking."

On 19th century ballet . . . "as I grew up I became aware that the ballet was petrifying, that it was quite conventional."

We are treated to a series of intimate portraits of some leading composers and personalities, which again point up the incisiveness of Stravinsky's mind. On Rimsky-Korsakov, his teacher and spiritual father . . . "there was nothing profound either in Rimsky's nature or in his music . . . the revival of polyphony and the renewal of form that had begun in Vienna in the very year of Rimsky's death were developments entirely unknown to the Rimsky school. The most important tools of my art, I had to discover for myself."

In a similar fashion, the book contains sharp miniatures of Diaghilev, Nijinsky, and many others in the ballet world with whom Stravinsky was intimately connected. We are also given incisive portrait memoirs of creative men in other fields who were either his close friends or collaborators, such as Valery, Rolland, Falla, Gide, Auden and Ravel.

There is an elaborate discussion of musical techniques that range from the serial compositions of 1912 to the new avant garde work of Edgar Varese, Boulez, and Stockhausen, together with an appraisal of electronic tape music.

It is precisely the creation of this new music that secures Stravinsky's importance in musical history, in as much as this school (Boulez and Stockhausen) began with a rediscovery of such early 20th century masterpieces, full of rhythmic vigor, spontaneity, and exploration of new timbres, as Stravinsky's own *Le*

*Sacre Du Printemps* and *Firebird*.

A highly personal book, fully written with insight and spirit, *Memories and Commentaries* deserves to be read, not merely for its intrinsic value as entertainment, but for what it reveals about one of the musical titans of our time.—AL LOWEN

## LEONARD FEATHER, REVISITED

The new edition of Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz* (Horizon Press; 527 pages; \$6.00) has more in it than ever before.

The book is built around the biographies of jazz or near-jazz musicians and singers. These fact-jammed entries constitute, as they have constituted in previous editions, both the bulk and the heart of the book; they are the reason why Feather's encyclopedia has become the standard reference work in its field.

And there is much more here than just the facts: an historical survey of jazz, a jazz chronology, several jazz picture galleries, and a good many miscellaneous jazz listings.

The writing throughout ranges from competent to good, almost all the photographs are valuable for one reason or another, and the factual material, judging from experience with previous editions, is about as reliable as factual material can be.

If the book lacks anything at all it is a sense of excitement: the anthology portions are in desperate need of visual impact. The book has a discouragingly compiled look. Of course, much of this feeling is inevitable, because, it is, after all, an encyclopedia.

In short, a professional production: a bargain for beginners, an indispensable tool for professionals.—RAP

## MOVIES

### THE SUBTERRANEANS

The least script writer Robert Thom could have done was to have read the book on which he allegedly based his scenario. He has transformed the Negro-Indian heroine of Jack Kerouac's *Subterraneans* into white French war orphan, Leslie Caron. Producer Arthur Freed has generously let Leslie become pregnant (in between visits to her psychiatrist) before marrying and living happily ever after. She does not marry her psychiatrist, who is a woman, but does marry George Peppard, who (alternately) scowls and pounds his hands on table tops while listening to Gerry Mulligan. Mulligan, also present, is somehow supposed to be the cool jazz inspiration for all this inanity. Lawrence Welk would have been more appropriate.—LHW



## PULL MY DAISY

For \$14,000, which is probably about \$2,000,000 less than Arthur Freed spent on his *Subterranean* trash, Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie have put together a genuinely beat film called *Pull My Daisy*. The set, the pad of a railway conductor, is populated by the Ginsberg-Corso crew at their comically lopsided best. Kerouac, who provided the story idea, does the voice track with rare wit. All in all, *Pull My Daisy* is one of the funniest and most original comedies made in this country in years.

The distribution of *Pull My Daisy* has been regrettably limited. Frank and Leslie need help from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer front office. Perhaps they might persuade the Metro people to further and more plausibly commercialize on the beat fad by releasing *Pull My Daisy* on a double bill with a feature length *Tom and Jerry* cartoon adapted from one of Kerouac's other novels. How about *Tom and Jerry on the Road*? Robert Thom could do the script.—LHW

## SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO

Even though scenarist Dore Schary has an unhappy inclination towards historical soap opera, his *Sunrise at Campobello* is an essentially honest attempt at film biography. And a dramatization of Franklin Roosevelt's struggle against infantile paralysis. The history is carefully researched and painstakingly accurate. The Roosevelts are not played by Rock Hudson and Ava Gardner, but by people who can and do try to act like their real life counterparts. What is more, the hero and heroine have been happily married for a number of years, have healthy, happy children, and sleep in separate bedrooms. Everything considered,

this is all too rare for the new "adult" Hollywood.

The film, closely paralleling Schary's long run Broadway play, does manage to have some moving moments. Particularly well played is Roosevelt's almost superhuman effort to overcome his paralysis and stand on his feet. Seen through the supreme immediacy of the close-up lense, Roosevelt's ordeal comes across with excruciating impact. Also well done is the fade out sequence in which Roosevelt walks back into public life at the 1924 Democratic National Convention. Here personality effectively blends with pageantry to reveal Roosevelt, the man, in relation to his times. Unfortunately, however much of what transpires in between never quite comes off.

Schary's far from tight script is partly to blame. Central issues are constantly sidetracked to make sure everybody gets the point: that Roosevelt was an all around good fellow and family man who loved to play with the children and sit on the living room couch with his arm around his wife Eleanor, the while contemplating the international situation. A couple of unimportant comic stock characters who aren't funny don't help either. Nor does the Franz Waxman score which sounds like a prelude to a hundred cannon salute.

Vincent Donahue, who did a fine job directing the play, seems unable to cope with the added challenge of the wide screen. Much of what goes on is too carefully posed and theatrically organized. Donahue has *filmed a play* in authentic locales rather than made a film.

The acting is also theatrical. The Roosevelt-like speech and mannerisms that were responsible for a strong illusion of reality on stage seem artificial on film. Greer Garson and Ralph Bellamy too often appear to be imitating or caricaturing rather than *being* the Roosevelts. Allan Bunce as Al Smith looks absolutely silly.—LAWRENCE H. WOLF

## WINTER KNOWLEDGE

*Not the wind so much,  
but the bite of the air  
without it, is what amazes.  
Each chilling time, we yearn,  
against the piracy of age,  
for the night that once raged safely  
at locked windows in evil storms:  
for the good night of boyhood winters,  
now so desperately remembered.*

—Robert A. Perlongo

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# DOWN T' BUNNY'S

BY JACK MAHER

Christmas comes to New York long before the actual day. The people, like myself and musicians, put aside for a few weeks their irrational beliefs, ire and irresponsibility, soften, and do as the world should do.

The Christmas season is like that in New York. Even Birdland hangs a sprig or two of holly; and Pee Wee Marquette has been known to hang a silver bell from his lapel.

The Canterino family has been known to stand outside the Five Spot, covered with snow, singing an E flat minor version of *O Little Town of Bethlehem*. And Babs Gonzales is liable to show up at any time for a few raspy choruses of *God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen*, only because the Christmas spirit is upon his worldly *soul*. A picture of Bob Brookmeyer, Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, standing on the corner of 52nd Street and Broadway, playing in simple harmony, *It Came Upon a Midnight Clear*, should fill anyone with the warmest kind of glow. And who would make a jollier Santa than Bill Potts or Nat Pierce?

Speaking of Santas, the city, like all cities its size, I guess, overruns with the red-suited present-couriers at Christmas. Every corner boasts its own bell-ringing Santa with accompanying pot for contributions. In this city they are sent to their locations by the Volunteers of America, the charitable institution. The men, some of the less fortunate in the city, for a few brief weeks gleam with pride of purpose, at least some do.

And then the department stores have their own members of the Kringle club. Although their purpose is much more commercial than the street-standers, their effect is as profound on the New York scene; for they deal with children.

One afternoon I stood in line waiting, with a small man-child (unfortunately not my own) waiting for an interview with the proverbial cat from the snow country. The small man-child was the son of a friend: a wide-eyed guileless child, who had never been deluded into believing that there was any such *real* person as Santa Claus, but who *knew*, or even better, *believed* in everything that the outward manifestation of Santa means. His name is Michael Thomas.

As we approached, one foot at a time, the stage upon which Santa's sleigh was perched, I found something unusually familiar about the inflection and the words emanating from behind his white beaver. His voice was really nothing but a murmur from our position in the line, but there was something distinctly un-Santa-like about it.

No huge and false ho-hos filled the air. And I noticed that none of the little ones sat on his lap. Each and everyone stood quietly to one side no matter how much of a ruckus they had caused when on line with their parents—and looked up at him: their faces gummy with the sticky sweetness of the lollipops the store had given them.

When Michael Thomas mounted the stage I waited for him by a nearby exit and from that position, I could see and hear everything that the strange Santa had to say.

"Like, what's your name," was the first line.

"Michael Thomas," the boy answered.

"So what's cooking? How do you feel?"

The boy was little taken aback by this but answered in a firm voice: "Nothin' much. And I feel just great. How are you?"

I could see that this Santa, besides carrying on what might be called un-Santa-like dialogue, was quite young, had rather bony knees and snapped his fingers occasionally, emphasizing a point he was making.

After a few more questions and answers about the weather, Red China's admittance to the U.N., and the greatness of *Huckleberry Hound*, this unusual St. Nick got down to business.

"What kind of records do you want for Christmas?"

"Gee I don't know," the child replied, "I hadn't thought about records."

"Ya should, man. Music is much groovier than most of the other junk you get for Christmas. Better except for maybe a baseball glove, some food, a turtle-neck sweater, canvas shoes or the bread to buy these things. Yeah, pick up on some records man. Anything you like. It's about time you started building a collection. Try 'em all. Bird, Lester Young, Debussy, Beethoven, Gillespie, Bartok. And when I see you here next year let me know what you prefer. In the meantime, here's an LP with a little bit of everything on it. I hope ya dig it . . . Later," Santa said.

"Later," little Michael Thomas said, "And thanks, man."



# YEAR-END REPORT ON BRITISH JAZZ: TRAD UP, MODERN FALLING

By

HUMPHREY LYTTTELTON

Taken all round, nineteen-sixty was not a happy year for jazz in Britain. On the surface, there was a fantastic boom in traditional jazz, boosted to the proportions of a nationwide craze by adroit publicity and the *beatnik* fashion among teenagers. (Unlike the American prototype, the British mock-beatnik goes heavily for banjo-laden Trad and knows of Charlie Parker only as a rude word.)

Club owners had only to ensure that a strident banjo was prominent among the permanent fixtures to pack in record crowds week after week. Albums by Mr. Acker Bilk, the blacksmith from Somersetshire, whose band, sporting the bowler hat and striped waistcoat of the Edwardian dandy, entertains its vast public with basic jazz and even more basic humour, consistently outsold American jazz records.

Bilk, of whom a promoter once said "when Acker opens his mouth, the audience can never be sure whether he's going to make an announcement or just belch," is currently a bigger box-office attraction here than any American group, including Louis Armstrong. And across the length and breadth of the British Isles, traditional jazz clubs (at the last count there were 5,000 of them) attract the kids in their hundreds with stereotyped Trad in the Bilk pattern. The casual observer, borrowing Mr. Macmillan's celebrated slogan, might well think that British jazz has "never had it so good."

But if one looks beneath the frothy effervescent surface of the Trad craze, there are symptoms of a temporary decline in the fortunes of jazz in Britain. The modern jazz scene has shrunk practically out of sight, and with modern jazz you can lump mainstream and other non-traditional forms.

For modernists of the calibre of Ronnie Ross, Tubby Hayes or Jimmy Deuchar, opportunity for playing jazz became severely restricted last year. One-night stands, which once included Sunday concerts,

dance halls and club work, dwindled to a handful of clubs in the big cities. In central London there were only three or four clubs, some sharing premises, which presented the same names night after night in an endless series of permutations.

Johnny Dankworth's Band, once in enormous popular demand, made fewer and fewer excursions out of town, and was in fact kept in existence chiefly through work in the film and commercial television studios. For modernists there was no regular recording outlet. With the exception of one album by Tubby Hayes, I can recall no major recording by a local modern group to come on to the market. In other words, the modern scene, if not actually moribund, is in a state of suspended animation.

The exorbitant success of traditional jazz is thrown into even higher relief by the relative failure of visiting American attractions. One must get this word "failure" into perspective. Under normal commercial circumstances, a theatre two-thirds full is not a disaster. From the stage, indeed, it is barely distinguishable from a full house, since the empty seats are usually on the fringes of the auditorium. So when Count Basie or Miles Davis are asked at the end of a tour how it all went, they quite justifiably express themselves well satisfied. But the fact is that, at the high prices demanded for American groups, nothing short of a sell-out all along the line will add up to a commercial success. And except in London and, sometimes, Manchester, sell-outs have not been forthcoming.

The Miles Davis tour was an ill-omen for the future. On the crest of a wave of popularity, in a year when he swept the popularity polls in the jazz magazines, and with widespread publicity, Miles flopped. And it looks as if there is no longer a large enough jazz public outside the fashionable Trad camp to sustain high-priced American tours. In this respect, it must be noted that Kid Ory and George Lewis flopped, too.

This is not an issue between Traditional and Modern, but between British Trad and the rest.

In nineteen-sixty, relations between jazz and the British press suffered a severe buffeting. Throughout the fifties, thanks to pressure from the jazz papers and some effective fifth-column activity by jazz lovers on newspaper staffs, there had been a steady improvement in the newspaper coverage of jazz.

From the dark ages, when jazz was mentioned only in connection with crime and vice, when fans were referred to as "addicts" and when visiting American jazz stars were invariably quoted in minstrel-show jargon—"Ah's gwine to blow dis ole trumpet, boss"—we had reached a stage when most of the national newspapers carried serious and objective articles on jazz by writers who knew what they were talking about and treated jazz musicians with the respect accorded to artists in other spheres.

Just when it looked as if the public legend of jazz as something rather foreign and sinister was finally dead and buried, along came the Newport and Beaulieu riots in a blaze of lurid publicity. The damage which these really quite minor outbreaks did to jazz has yet to be fully calculated.

In Britain, comments made subsequently in newspaper editorials and on television make it quite clear that, among intelligent and not altogether hostile onlookers, the idea is once more firmly implanted that jazz is an inflammatory music capable of rousing otherwise mild and law-abiding citizens to hysteria and violence. It's useless to argue the facts, to point out that in each instance the rioters were separated from the music by time and space. The belief is firmly embedded that, under the influence of the throbbing, hypnotic rhythm, thousands of people went berserk. And it will take time, patience and, above all, the avoidance at all cost of any repetition of the incidents, to remove it.

# EDITOR'S PAGE

**M**ost editors find holiday times difficult. I do. There are so many things to consider. There is, first of all, holy day or holiday; how much of the *I* has gotten into it. Secondly, of history—Thanksgiving, though a beautiful feast has a strange heritage. The Pilgrims were really a dreary disagreeable lot. Or, as Don Marquis wrote: "that stern and rockbound coast felt like an amateur when it saw how grim the Puritans that landed on it were."

Thirdly, of discretion—Easter presumes Christmas and both presume the legitimacy of a claim made by one part of our people, denied by the other. Thank God we have not become so attached to Rousseauism that we celebrate the birthday, say, of Victor Hugo. But if we did, the editor in Algiers would be wise to mention it only in passing, and then only as still another time to buy Hallmark cards, eggnog and guns for the children. Discretion may be more perfect than valor.

Fourthly, there is the matter of presents. A Christmas issue is a present from a magazine staff to the reader. This is our Christmas issue, our present to you, and we hope that its additions and surprises present our compliments to you as fully as we wished, and that its promises are recognized as resolutions for the New Year.

Finally, there is the matter of conviction. Our civilization has neatly broken Christmas to the rank of holiday and, not as neatly, broken that into a festival of light bulbs, commemorating the ghost of unpaid bills and the actuality of bustle and hustle. Ouida called it a feast of slaughter and gluttony. George Bernard Shaw suggested that it was invented by poultry breeders. At a time in which commercial interests have dedicated more to the Taylor than to the Lord, we complain

bitterly about how commercial Christmas has become—and haven't we made it so—or take part in those slogan battles to put "Christ back into Christmas."

Apparently, to judge by the wailing, we feel cheated in some way. Obviously Christmas is more than the gathering of holly, although we would be closer to the spirit if it were at all possible to gather it today. More than the buying of presents, the office parties, the carols or the midday feast, Christmas is sentimental and ceremonial, both natural elements of mankind. If you are not sentimental, in the best sense of that word, or ceremonial, you must celebrate Christmas with the products of the world. Or not celebrate it at all. Fortunately, we are not punished if we do not celebrate. Even more fortunately, since we are no longer ruled by the Pilgrims, we will not even be punished if we do celebrate.

I stand firmly with those who worship as well as with those who must only buy gifts, go to parties, sing carols out of tune and wave turkey legs aloft at noontime. They are all part of the same thing, and the more noise there is, the more like a family the world has become.

For it is a family feast that we celebrate. The paradox of Christmas is that the birth of a homeless child should be celebrated in every home. It is a family festival because it celebrates a very special family come into being.

One can view it as a miracle, because all birth seems miraculous in one sense of that word; a special miracle because of the social teaching of that child grown to manhood. In that scheme of things, it is even natural to accept the awe of the shepherds, the gifts of the Kings and the rage and fears of Herod as charming folklore designed to show the contrasts present in society and the attitudes of the ruling classes toward social reform. The story can become a powerful socialistic

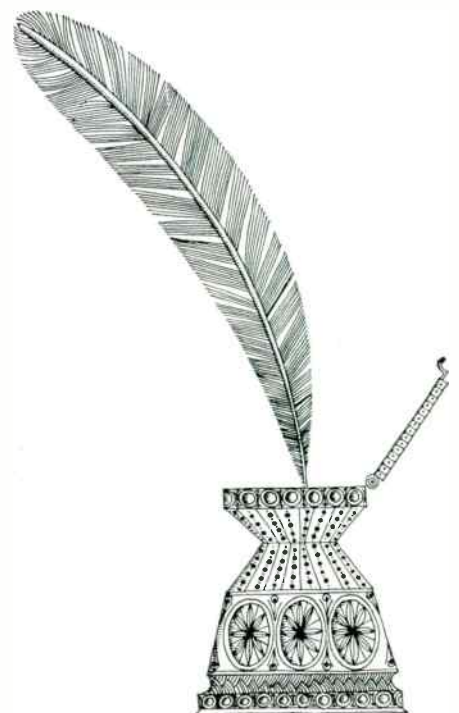
tract. And, in commemorating it, we exchange the gifts and bless each other toward a better world.

Or you can view it as a *Miracle* because the birth of God's son is different than the birth of a son of God, in which we have all received our equality and brotherhood. The sense of awe begins at that time—it is the sentiment recreated at each celebration of the awe-ful event. The gift giving takes on an added significance—it is the ceremonial remembrance not only of God's gift to his children, but of the Kings' gifts to the Child.

It is significant that we are presented with a child as the central image of our most celebrated holiday. Nearly everyone loves a child, no one fears him, everyone feels called upon to protect him, we all expect much from him. I have no idea which child you accept, but in both there is the regeneration of hope, the awe at birth, the pleasure of giving, the pledge of dedication.

It is a beautiful time of the year, a consequence of importance to all people regardless of their beliefs. It is a time to renew good will, to pray and work for peace, to God Bless us all, everyone.

—BILL COSS





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