

spreading live oak trees, that gallant duels of music were executed between members of the Buddy Bolden and Robichaux Orchestras. Most old-timers when interviewed concur that the two parks were somewhere in this neighborhood.

A further complication is that if we take these informants literally, remembering that just at the turn of the century Carrollton had only recently been incorporated into the larger city of New Orleans, then "Carrollton by the tracks" might place both Lincoln and Johnson Parks alongside the old lines of the historic Yazoo and Mississippi Valley Docks and Grain Elevators, or in other words, in the area marked on present-day maps as Jefferson Parish.

This is just a mite confusing, and in order to simplify matters I would suggest that a panel of jazz authorities be appointed by the Director of the Project, and entrusted with authority to decide upon an actual former site for the two parks. This would furnish a splendid opportunity for an outdoor festival, picnic, and panel discussion, at a date to be set some future time.

This gets us to our next project of commemoration. From Olive and Carrollton get back on trolley coaches No. 39, southbound. Change to No. 31 trolley coach at Broadway and St. Charles, get off at Audubon Park carousel. Walk southwest to Seal Pool.

Rare trees, flowers, and grass held over from the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition of 1885, enhance this environment. In this fragrant tropical setting, an outdoor bandstand, jazz shrine, and arboretum will commemorate with quiet dignity all that is sacred to the spirit of jazz.

Founders Day ceremonies will take place each year on a date to be chosen by the panel of authorities. The date to be selected will probably correspond as closely as possible to that awesome moment when Ferdinand Morton first invaded the tenderloin, perhaps late in February, 1902—it will have to coincide with Mardi Gras.

The ceremonies, traditional from the start, will always open with the setting out of slips from the original china-berry tree which grew back of James Alley on the site of Louis Armstrong's birth, and from which his grandmother used to cut switches intended for the young genius of jazz. A symbolic flagellation dance will be performed by a barefoot chorus of modern interpreters.

Perhaps you have been wondering what memorable event connected with the birth of jazz could have occurred at Seal Pool. To be quite honest, the pool has nothing at all to do with jazz, but it is a lovely spot.

Now jump in.

New Audiences and Old Jazzmen

By NAT HENTOFF

THERE has been an increasing amount of campaign literature by jazz proselytizers to the end that jazz be recognized as an "art form" with the accompanying panoply of respect that is accorded classical music.

Many of these jazz lobbyists, however, in their zeal to "legitimize" their love, have ignored or, worse yet, have shared a serious failure in perspective on the part of a large percentage of their own constituents—jazz musicians as well as listeners. If jazz is indeed an "art form," a fair majority of its practitioners and supporters ought by now to be expected to possess—and listen according to—an informed sense of the history of this young musical language.

The dedicated initiates of an "art form" ought surely to have the kind of feeling for tradition and the individual talent that was indicated, let's say, by experimentalist James Joyce's far from slight acquaintance with the evolution of English literature; that enabled Schoenberg to work with profit and apparent pleasure in basing his Concerto for String Quartet and Orchestra on Handel's Concerto Grosso, Op. 6, No. 7; and that enables a collector of paintings to own and enjoy equally a Cranach and a Jack Levine.

But the melancholy fact concerning jazz adherents is that only a relatively small segment of the jazz audience and of the younger musicians does have enough feeling for jazz roots to be aware of the continuing richness and resourcefulness of the *whole* of the language's tradition. A grim corollary of this drought of understanding as it operates within the jazz audience is that as many jazz musicians grow older and stylistically out of favor they are reduced to spare weekend appearances, infrequent club dates or, finally, a job in the post office or its frustrating (for a musician) equivalent.

Coleman Hawkins, the procreator of the jazz tenor saxophone and a musician who retains often overpowering inventiveness, has not been invited to appear in a major New York, Chicago, or West Coast jazz club in a very long time. And although a new recording by Hawkins is sporadically released, Hawkins is not signed to and consistently publicized by any one label,



—Carole Galletby.

John Lewis—"historically well grounded."

although almost any young modern jazz sideman with the beginnings of a name is wooed and won to a recording contract.

Were it not for Norman Granz's determination to continue to utilize older jazzmen of continuing creativity on his Jazz at the Philharmonic tours and on his recordings, it is doubtful whether even so maturely masterful a jazz improviser as Roy Eldridge would still be playing to large audiences in large halls at least part of each year.

Other musicians of Roy's generation have not been so fortunate. Dicky Wells, a trombonist whom several European jazz aestheticians regard with consummate admiration (cf. André Hodeir's "Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence") has at last report been forced into a rhythm and blues caravan to sustain himself. Rex Stewart, a uniquely expressive hornman, has a radio disc jockey show in upstate New York and plays some weekend engagements. Vic Dickenson, a James Thurber-like trombonist, manages to keep working by juggling one-nighters and occasional week-length stands in pickup bands, but he is almost unknown to the younger (and much larger) section of the contemporary jazz audience.

SIMILARLY dispossessed, to a large extent, of a continuing audience are older musicians like trumpeters Cootie Williams, Taft Jordan, Emmett Berry, Joe Thomas, Shad Collins, Harold Baker, Doc Cheatham; reedmen Ben Webster (whose recordings for Norman Granz have kept for him

at least a nucleus of a record audience), Bud Freeman, Hilton Jefferson, Ike Quebec, Pete Brown, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Marsala; trombonists Dickenson, Lawrence Brown, Benny Morton, even Jack Teagarden; pianists Ken Kersey and, of all people, the strongly influential Earl Hines. Had not tenor Don Byas and trumpeter Bill Coleman become expatriates, it's unlikely they would have escaped domestic oblivion anyway.

THE list is much longer and when it reaches less well known sidemen in their thirties and forties, who then as now possess an unself-conscious devotion to and need for being inside jazz, the situation becomes more pathetic. For most of this latter group there are not even the infrequent record dates or calls to play in the weekend anthologies at Childs Paramount or the Central Plaza in New York. These forgotten jazzmen exist, if they stay in music at all, on the outmost edges of jazz.

Although there are significant exceptions, it is becoming truer, then, that there is little place in the night-light for many jazzmen once they reach forty or forty-five. The fault is with the jazz audience, or rather audiences.

The jazz audience up to now has been created largely anew each generation as jazz idioms have changed with seeming (though not actual) suddenness. With each change, clouds of older aficionados depart in a rain of jeremiads. Left behind at one early point, for example, were many Louis Armstrong Hot Five partisans who became baffled and mistrustful of the changes that followed the jazz of the 1920s. They in turn were joined later by clusters of early vintage Ellingtonians, some followers of the swing era Benny Goodman, and other once comfortable vanguardists who felt at each stage of its evolution that jazz had left them behind to pursue an inexplicably impure path to what they were sure was to be its ultimate characterless dilution. And most recently, there have been believers in the gospel according to Charlie Parker who feel that too much of "modern" jazz since Parker has become overintellectualized.

Few, very few listeners have remained expansive enough of spirit to embrace the best of all the jazz eras from New Orleans to the Modern Jazz Quartet and beyond.

Thus far, then, jazz has obviously lacked the continuity of audience that has long sustained at least the staples of classical music. Although there are some signs of jazz listeners in the generations at hand who may achieve a longer chronological interest in jazz

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than their predecessors, it is still mainly true that few remain intensely interested in jazz after reaching forty.

The reasons for this diminution of enthusiasm as one's future shortens are several. A primary cause—the polychanging growth of jazz—has been sketched above. Another reason is the lack up to now of a sufficiently strong intellectual tradition of serious criticism and analysis of jazz to anchor the man who would like to stay and learn more about the changes in the vocabulary but who needs at the least a dependable dictionary. A third reason may have to do with the fact that most jazz is still played in nightclubs although there is a significant increase of jazz programs in colleges and on the other concert circuits. But for the present, while jazz is still primarily to be found in long, loud, thirsty rooms with hefty minimums, it takes a rare devotion to propel a man past forty to abandon a book and his own bourbon for a swirling night at Birdland.

Whatever the reasons, the majority of nightclub supporters of present-day jazz are in their early and mid-twenties, and the age of the record buyers begins considerably younger. As of now, therefore, many among the contemporary jazz audience are not too certain that Stan Kenton was not the inventor of jazz. If many youngsters were asked to discuss the history of jazz piano, they would be likely to start, so far as their emotions are concerned, at Bud Powell, perhaps go back as far as Art Tatum, but rarely, I expect, would have a listening knowledge and appreciation of Jelly Roll Morton, James P. Johnson, or Earl Hines. And Stan Getz is the tenor they will go to see. Coleman Hawkins, so far as they can remember, is a vague patriarch who once had something to do with "Body and Soul." By contrast and because of an audience whose members attain greater individual longevity of interest, the classical music world does not allow its Giesekings, Szizetis, Stravinskys, and Blochs to atrophy of neglect as they grow older just because they do grow older.

A COROLLARY of the sidetrack of aging talents in jazz is its effect on the future of the "art" itself. There is a depressing partial parallel between many younger musicians and members of their audience with regard to the sometimes gaping ignorance of jazz tradition on the part of both.

Although there is no rigid equation that would prove those modernists with the deepest feelings for tradition have most enriched that tradition, it can be said that nearly all the young men who do appear to be moving

most vitally into the future are those who particularly cherish the virtues of their antecedents. John Lewis, musical director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, is unusually well grounded in jazz history (as well as in the history of Western classical music). Gerry Mulligan has written warmly of his indebtedness to Duke Ellington, Ben Webster, Lawrence Brown, Johnny Hodges, Tricky Sam Nanton, Dave Tough, and Pete Brown (and who under twenty-five knows Pete's name today?) In fact, it was Mulligan (realizing the unnecessary infertility of the no-man's-land between many of the modernists and their no less contemporary predecessors) who once expressed a desire "to organize a unit composed of some of the older jazzmen and those of the younger musicians who can do it. It would be a fine opportunity to play and create together." It would indeed, but is unlikely to ever happen.

Among other particularly creative modernists with strong roots in jazz history are: Miles Davis ("I think all musicians should get together one certain day and get down on their knees and thank Duke Ellington"); Tony Scott, the most inventive of the modern clarinetists, who dedicated a recent Victor album to Ben Webster; the unusually flexible Urbie Green ("I like to play with broadminded musicians who play as if they have a knowledge of jazz from the beginning to the end, musicians who aren't overly stylized and who haven't compressed themselves into a small category"); Art Farmer, who remembers, though few others do, the trumpet excellence of Harold Baker (Baker has yet to have an LP under his own name); trumpeter Thad Jones, who respects Dizzy Gillespie enormously but whose tastes also encompass Roy Eldridge, Ben Webster, Mel Powell, and the almost forgotten Don Byas; pianist Horace Silver, who is serious about getting "that old-time, gutbucket barroom feeling with just a taste of the backbeat" in some of his influential, modern interpretations like "Doodlin'" and "The Preacher." Jimmy Giuffre, Paul Desmond, Dave Brubeck, and Charlie Mingus are other modernists who know where they're from.

But there are far too many modernists who listen only to those who play in their own style and who find it impossible to regard seriously even the best of the New Orleans and Dixieland styles and little of the swing era masters. One of them one night was mocking Coleman Hawkins and was quickly rebuked by Miles Davis, who pointed out: "If it weren't for Hawkins, you wouldn't be likely to be playing today."

The number of young jazz modern-

ists who have never heard a Bessie Smith, Jimmy Harrison, Joe Smith, Eddie Lang, or even a Bunny Berigan record might be quite depressing. And not many are apt to have listened recently—or regularly—to basic recordings by Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, Fats Waller, or Tricky Sam Nanton.

There are, as has been noted, enough modernists with a searching sense of history to continue firmly the variegated development of jazz. But had there been more modernists fully aware of whence they swung, it's possible that the quality of some present-day experimental jazz might have been higher with longer likelihood of fruitful durability. And, had there been more modernist musicians with an ear to the present-in-the-past, it's likely that the older musicians would have felt themselves more a part of the present growth of jazz, and as such would also have felt the incentive—being needed—to continue their own already major musical development.

All young jazzmen, for instance, recognize the pervading influence of Lester "Pres" Young. "Have any of the younger tenors," Lester repeated a question recently, "come up to me and said anything about my having influenced them? No, none have." So far as the activities of the modernists are concerned—their record dates, the avant-garde concerts they run, their on and after hours sessions—Lester is on the outside. So is Coleman Hawkins these days and Earl Hines and scores more.

"There are no places for people who play like we do to jam any more," Roy Eldridge told a *Down Beat* interviewer this summer. "We used to go out to play and we'd have a ball. And we went out every night." Roy continued in a mixture of regret and continuing wounded surprise: "These days, if you want to go out and jam, if you don't play a certain way, the cats don't like you, and there are no kicks. Guys that feel jazz like I feel it don't have any steady gigs where you can come and jam. The other guys have the gigs and they don't want you to play with them if you don't play their things. Oh, they'll 'let' me play, but they don't mean it, and I can feel the draft right away."

To all those jazz followers, critics, and musicians, then, who call either publicly or among themselves for the greater recognition of jazz as "art," I would suggest first a degree of self-proselytizing according to this slightly paraphrased theme by T. S. Eliot: "Someone said: 'The dead musicians are remote from us because we know so much more than they did.' Precisely, and they are that which we know."

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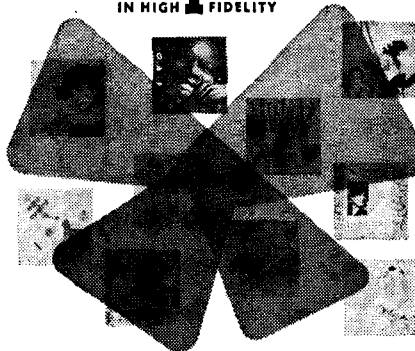
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Recordings Reports: Jazz on LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
The Jazz Workshop: Billy Byers. Victor LMP 1269, \$3.98.	A spotty exhibition of the arranging-composing talents of trombonist Billy Byers. Included are three different groups—one with strings, one with four trombones, trumpet and saxophone, and one with trumpet, saxophone and trombone. The materials range from innocuous small band work to somewhat coy and facetious mood pieces, embroidered, here and there, with marimba, vibraphone, flute, or celesta. The musicians, among others, are: N. Travis, U. Green, O. Johnson, A. Cohn, P. Woods, and M. Hinton.
Byrd's Eye View. Transition TRLP 4, \$3.98.	This was made last December in Cambridge, Mass., with the then Jazz Messengers (Byrd, Mobeley, Silver, Watkins, Blakey), plus trumpeter Joe Gordon, and it is, on the whole, a rewarding session. Byrd's reflective, glacéed style and Gordon's explosive fortissimos provide an often stunning contrast. Mobeley and Silver are more than adequate, and Blakey, particularly on the long "Doug's Blues," is too dictatorial. Two originals and three standards. Recommended.
The Eddie Costa-Vinnie Burke Trio. Jubilee 1025, \$3.98.	Eddie Costa, a fiery, uncompromising new pianist, Vinnie Burke, a good bassist, and drummer Nick Stabulas (who gets a kind of flat, whacking sound on his instrument) in continually challenging performances of seven standards and two originals. Costa has a heavy but exact touch, favors the lower registers, and uses his left hand unceasingly, often for driving, offbeat chords that give the beat a violent and exciting see-saw motion. Listen, for example, to "Get Happy," where he stays almost exclusively in the two lowest registers with a cumulative thundering effect that is, after a time, all but unbearable.
Erroll Garner. EmArcy MG-36069, \$3.98.	A somewhat disturbing exhibition by Garner of how to play romantic concert-jazz piano. On almost all of the six standards and one original here, he uses huge chords, a lot of pedal, and a lot of lacework, all of which create an overbearing myriad of sounds. Rhythm accompaniment on some sides.
The Lionel Hampton-Art Tatum-Buddy Rich Trio. Clef MG C-709, \$3.98.	A surprisingly cohesive, inventive session, in which Hampton (the least imaginative), Tatum (in very clean, controlled form), and Rich (tasteful and integrated) roll their way through seven standards as if their breakfasts had set just right.
The Magic Horn: George Wein's Dixie-Victors, featuring Ruby Braff. Victor LPM 1332, \$3.98.	Jimmy McPartland or Ruby Braff, Vic Dickenson, Bill Stegmeyer or Peanuts Hucko, Ernie Caceres, George Wein, Danny Barker, Milt Hinton, and Buzzy Drootin in a neat, festive neodixieland date that is notable for Dickenson's <i>on</i> trombone, Braff, and the ebullient exchanges the two trumpeters have on "Dippermouth Blues." Eight standards and one original.
The Unique Thelonius Monk. Riverside RLP 12-209, \$5.95.	As subtle, beautiful and curiously satisfying a record as Monk has ever made. Now thirty-five, Monk has had his imitators, and yet, as one of the musicians who upheaved jazz in the early Forties, he is still held to one side, as it were, as a kind of special pickle with a taste that must be acquired. This is, of course, nonsense, for Monk's style—loose, almost diffident dissonances, wry single-note lines, a laggard-like beat—is easily plumbed. Here he winds his way through and around seven well-known standards, keeping the melody always just below the surface and embellishing it more than reworking its chords, with a wide variety of results. On the solo "Memories of You" (the only side on which Oscar Pettiford and Art Blakey do not appear), he is raggedy and wistful; "Tea for Two" gets a kind of Restoration-wit treatment; and "Just You, Just Me," the longest side, is buried within an ambling, idea-upon-idea escarpment that is fascinating. Blakey and Pettiford are impeccable. An essential record.
The Brew Moore Quartet and Quintet. Fantasy 3-222, \$3.98.	A relaxed, if not particularly noteworthy, showcase for the tenor saxophone of Brew Moore, who grew up in the lee of Lester Young in the last decade with Stan Getz, Zoot Sims and Herbie Steward. Moore leans closest, perhaps, to Getz and Sims, but has less of the sinuousness of the former and fewer ideas than the latter. There are piano, bass, and drums, and, on four sides, the Davis-like trumpet of Dick Mills. Five standards and four originals.
Here is Phineas: The Piano Artistry of Phineas Newborn, Jr. Atlantic 1235, \$3.85	Newborn, who is twenty-three, is from Memphis, and he has caused a good deal of startled, silvery talk recently. The principal reason, apparently, is his technique, which is brilliant. He has a light, crackling touch, command of arpeggio that equals Tatum's, and a strong, steady beat. All this, plus his youthfulness, however, tend to drive him toward pianistic tricks (octave runs) and quite a bit of extraneous melodic needlepoint. Once he takes his abilities for granted, a very worthwhile jazz pianist may emerge. The accompaniment, on most numbers, is by O. Pettiford, K. Clarke, and Calvin Newborn, on guitar. Eight standards.
Red Norvo with Strings. Fantasy 3-218, \$3.98.	Another pleasant volume of thoughtful, intricate trio work from Norvo. Made last fall, this features Tal Farlow and Red Mitchell in nine standards and one original. There is less plushiness throughout than in some of Norvo's recent trio releases, and Red Mitchell is astonishing: he is a bassist who has so much power, definition, tone and creativeness that his instrument hardly seems adequate to convey it.
Martians Come Back! Shorty Rogers and his Giants. Atlantic 1232, \$3.85.	The Giants here are composed of four different groups, mostly small, that include J. Giuffre, Shelly Manne (all the way through), L. Levy, H. Edison, D. Fagerquist, the Condolis, B. Shank, and L. Vinnegar. The predominant attitude is light and Basiesh and there are a lot of creative solos, especially by Giuffre (clarinet), Rogers himself, and Harry Edison. As delightful—and perhaps more so, because of its greater variety—as Roger's first Atlantic album. Seven originals and one standard. Highly recommended.
A New Star, A New Sound: Jimmy Smith at the Organ. Blue Note 1514, \$4.98.	Jazz organ, accompanied by guitar (Thornel Schwartz) and drums (Donald Bailey) that is, by turn, intensely staccato, chabbering, Radio City, and chugging.
North, East, South and West. Savoy MG 12072, \$4.98.	For some reason, this record didn't quite jell. Wess, the tenor saxophonist-flutist, is joined by F. Foster, H. Coker, B. Powell, Kenny Burrell, E. Jones, and K. Clarke. There is a lot of fire on hand, but the materials are ordinary, the solos fail to rise, and the dead, tarpaper sound of two tenors and two trombones in unison through most of the tunes is wearing. Four originals and two standards.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.