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JAZZ AL FRISCO

jack farrell

There is a gentleman named Murphy who plays trombone in San Francisco. Mr. Murphy also arranges music, repairs automobiles for friends, builds furniture, designs machinery, does interior decorating and is an athlete of no mean ability. In his spare time, he listens to records. Rumor has it that he sleeps occasionally, but this bit of hearsay has never been authenticated.

San Francisco jazz has produced some remarkable individuals thus far, but none so colorful or dynamic as the mighty Turk. He has done more than any other to bring Bay City jazz to its present state of evolution. When the Yerba Buena crew was in action, he was the band's workhorse, and since the break-up at Hambone Kelly's, it has always been the Turk who has carried the standard for this group's nucleus. Somehow, somewhere, he has generally managed to keep a band going through thick and thin. For one or two short periods, he did play with the "Nicksielanders," but he rapidly returned to the fold after these encounters with the "Tin Roofers" and continued his efforts in the West Coast vein.

Few will deny that Lu Watters contributed greatly to the creation of what must be recognized as a distinct school of jazz, but it was Turk who worked with him from the start and it is Turk who has stayed at it consistently, probably more so than any one else, to the present day.

The Murphy band of today is the direct descendent of Watters' Yerba Buena Jazz Band. It sounds quite different in several respects, but the flavor of the parent is still evident. Turk and his cohorts are believers in musical evolution, not revolution (they feel that there are already enough revolutionary bands playing revolting music as it is). Because they like "mouldy" jazz, they play in a "mouldy" manner. At the same time, they have added a considerable sprinkling of features found nowhere else. While there has been much loose talk about these fellows being imitators, the fact remains that they have always had a sound such as no band has had before them. Had Watters, Murphy & Co. wanted to be a reprint of the Oliver band, they certainly would have copied the old recordings with a greater degree of accuracy. Instead, they synthesized a new style within the idiom, a fact still not realized by too many jazz fans. This is becoming continually more apparent in the work of Turk's present group.

At this writing, there are no drums and no regular cornet blowing with Turk. Bob Helm is handling the clarinet, Walt Rose the piano; Dick Lammi has switched from tuba to banjo, and ex-Caster Bob Short

(Continued on Next Page)
blasts the tuba. Now and then Brother Short does some cornet tooting, but he pretty generally sticks to his deep-toned brass monster with the four (count 'em—4!) valves. There is a considerable unanimity of opinion in the group on objectives, and nobody is trying to cut anybody else. The reason for lack of drums and cornet is basically a lack of suitable personnel within reach at the moment, although their absence is considerably less apparent than might be expected. The welcome mat is always out for Don Kinch if he can again make himself available on cornet, while the drum spot is open for someone who can do more good than harm to the band's present efforts. In the meantime, all are agreed that no drums is considerably better than the wrong drummer. This is one group where house builders are definitely not wanted in the rhythm section.

The rapport between audience and musicians when Turk is working certainly offers lessons for other jazzmen. Here is a band that obviously plays because it likes to, and is trying hard to do its best. The patrons never get the feeling that they are just to many strange faces for whom the band is casually tweeting a few notes in order to pay the rent. Neither do the bandleaders indulge in tremendous breaks between sets, during which some of them might deign to awe the peasantry with jive talk. When somebody says "Man, that gate is sure detached," Turk gets a worried frown, picks up a screwdriver and starts tightening the hinges on the front door. More than that, the music-makers fraternize freely with the listeners, and you can't tell them apart from the people! What a pleasant change from bop cardigans, duck's rump haircuts, frenzied ties and pegged pants! When the band is on the stand, tunes are always announced and requests are frequently honored. A healthier, more intelligent crew would be hard to imagine. It reminds the writer of the night an acquaintance started to dance with his date while the maestro in a New York jazz spot was blowing one of his "specialties." The waiter hurried them off the floor, explaining gravely that this interfered with the maestro's concentration on his soulful improvisation—this for a fisherman who got his start in Storyville! It would never happen in Frisco: the waiter and the "maestro" would both get the old heave-o. Turk and Company encourage dancing whenever they play, using tunes and tempos that favor it, too.

Claire Austin is probably the most amazing feature of this organization. When she walks up to sing, you always have the feeling that this is just a cute little gal whose date has coaxed her to test her tea-party tones in public. That impression is promptly shattered with the first powerful note from the Austin throat. Claire has a big, warm tone that comes right up from the floor and a volume to match. Her Besse Smith-ish blues is great, but her exuberant, rhythmic phrasing seems at its best on stomper fare. On items like Doctor Jazz and Cake Walking Babies she cuts anybody, but anybody, who is around these days. She never indulges in the hammy gestures or rooty-tooty costumes affected by the usual type of girl vocalist, which is—in our book—one more point very much in her favor. That she is a singer possessed of real inspiration as well as natural ability is something for which every devotee of Murphyland jazz is most grateful.

With the considerable shifting that has occurred behind the "front line," the band has almost completely rid itself of one sound quality that was peculiar to the Yerba Buena, specifically, the steady "BOOM-chang-g-g!" of the rhythm section. The drums are gone, Lammi's banjo is pretty much 4-4, while Short's tuba is given more latitude than the instrument was generally permitted in the Watters band. The sound is pretty much two-beat, but nobody gets violent about it, with the result that things move better than has been the case in predecessor San Francisco groups. Rose's very distinctive piano seems to be heard to greater advantage here than in the past, too. Rose is one important reason why this band has a sound most unmistakably its own. He has been given more room to "stretch out" than in the past, and it shows clearly in his playing, much as it did on the fine sides he cut with Bob Scobey on Triloo a couple of years back.

Bob Helm and Turk have known and played with each other for a long time, now. Their musical thoughts run along decidedly parallel lines, and their styles are well matched. When blowing with Watters, Helm had to use a plastic reed in order to be heard above the tremendous power of three brasses. Now he has returned to standard reeds, with a resultant improvement in tone and pitch. While his style falls roughly into the Dodds category, his phrasing is highly original. Without resorting to the grotesque, he manages to sound radically different than most mouldy clarinetists. His way of playing is completely at home in this group; his loud, clear tone improves continually; and it would appear that there are still better days ahead for his horn. As it is, he is head and shoulders above most of our present-day clarinetists.

As for the Turk himself, he is power personified. Blowing alongside two such emphatic trumpets as Scobey and Watters certainly gave him an embouchure second to none. With no effort at all, he shacks buildings, and then, just when it seems that the ultimate in decibels has been reached, the
Watters bands of yore. He is an accomplished musician who has spent much time in studio work, but prefers playing jazz. Until recently, he had been known strictly as a tuba player, but he has resumed his banjo plunking after having been away from it for many years. With no drums on hand, he has a tougher-than-usual job in the rhythm section, and it is in no small part due to his efforts that the beat is the best the Yerba Buena fellows have ever had.

With a repertoire that runs to hundreds of pieces, Turk continues to add numbers all the time. Equally important, when something becomes tiresome through repetition, it is dropped from the “books” until such time as it may be considered palatable once more. To a New Yorker, this is one of the most astounding and delightful things about Turk’s work. There is always something new on the horizon, and frequent experiments take place that add no end to the interest of both musicians and audience. Hearing band arrangements of tunes like Original Rags, as just one example, is quite a treat. True, some musicians have managed such items for record dates, but record dates are one thing and on-the-job repertoire, alas, are another. These fellows believe that a band can play well only while the members keep alive their own interest and ambition. The Murphy formula seems admirably suited to this purpose.

There is a high level of professional competence here, too. For some reason, people have constantly labelled the Frisco men as “amateurs.” They are anything but that. All are quite proficient on their instruments—far more so than some of the men they are allegedly “imitating.” People are prone to forget that they have played together for a longer period than did most of the “great” bands of the so-called classic era. They forget, too, that most had experience in large dance bands and can read like fiends. A lot of their work sounds deceptively easy—as anyone who has sat in with the group just how simple they found it, however, and you may get a surprise. While other jazzmen may try to impress people by playing things that sound difficult, Turk & Co. play some very pleasant-sounding music that really does require plenty of execution. This stuff is a lot more “progressive” than it gets credit for being.

Judging any kind of a jazz band today is difficult. There are too many conflicting standards among the critics, and at best, it is a highly subjective matter. It is possible, however, to reasonably assess a band’s merits in relation to its own particular aims. This group has a fairly clear concept of what it is trying to do and where it wants to go from here, musically. Turk and his cohorts want a full-blown, robust sound, yet at the same time they want it to be relaxed. It is just that. More than that, they have managed to play mouldy music without sounding self-conscious about it. They give a lot of thought to their work, and this pays off in a steady improvement in their playing.

Listening to them in person, one can’t help but realize that their effort is “all out.” On a number like Minstrels of Annie Street, which the band itself feels is one of the best Turk records, it is readily apparent that this is jazz without apologies or excuses—jazz that is comfortably warm in a way that too little of it has been for many years. This is San Francisco style at its purest.
A BRITISH VIEW OF THE MUSIC

by rex harris

In JAZZ, Rex Harris, the well known British authority on the subject of hot music, has brought us a readable guide book. The inevitable jacket blurb is probably the most truthful one ever to be credited to the publishing industry. It reads, "An account of its (jazz) origin and growth from the early drum rhythms of Africa to the highly developed Western music of the present day. The author gives careful guidance in the choice of good recordings." Perhaps the secret of its truthfulness lies in words "an account" for had "an" become "the" we would have cause to take issue.

In addition to "accounting" for jazz, Mr. Harris has several secondary intentions. "This book is an attempt to vindicate the integrity of those who have kept jazz alive during the long years of its eclipse behind the meretricious blaze of artifically exploited swing." Somewhat paraphrased, he would further make a case for jazz as an art rather than a craft. He would help us to discriminate jazz from other kinds of popular music. Lastly, he would attempt to steer a middle course between the extravagant claims made for jazz and the equally extravagant diatribes directed against it.

Now we may ask to what extent does the book achieve its author's intent? In presenting a relatively non-technical layman's "account" and guide to good recordings Mr. Harris has been eminently successful. More about this shortly. In helping the reader to discriminate between jazz and other forms, references to recordings must in the final analysis carry the burden of the argument. This is probably the necessary consequence of being non-technical. In his would-be middle course, the author has made some claims as extravagant as any he would avoid or debunk. In the remaining intentions to vindicate the preservers of jazz, and to make a case for their music as art, we have been on the receiving end of the Harris articles of faith for we cannot say that he has provided adequate evidence for these purposes. In this latter case Mr. Harris is not alone; he is in rather good company, including not only all jazz writers but philosophers, metaphysicists, theologians and many social "scientists" as well. When one attempts to become a serious student of anything, it is important that he becomes aware of his level of discourse. By this I mean awareness of the manner or system in or to which he refers the explanation or cause of what he observes. This further involves distinguishing between what is observed and what is inferred. Our actual comprehension of complex phenomena like jazz is far less than the boldly printed word might lead us to believe.


The book's unique contributions to jazz literature occur mainly in Chapters 1, 2, 12, 13 and 14. In the first two chapters we are provided with ample statements (with regrettable little documentation) to make credible the tremendous debt of jazz to the music of West Africa. The problem of why jazz originated when and where it did is reasonably related to the general and regional practices of slavery and the social and economic development of the Negro following emancipation. American readers will find the account of jazz in England (and to a lesser extent in Europe and Australia) of particular interest. Much of this material has not been generally available here and is certainly welcome. It is to be noted that JAZZ was originally intended for the English public. This brings about a limitation of the book from the point of view of the American record collector inasmuch as most of the record citations refer to British labels. Furthermore many recordings available here were of necessity omitted because of their unavailability in England. The author recognizes that the recommended selections are representative and by no means all-encompassing.

The treatment of the Renaissance (i.e., from Lu Watters to the present) had the potential advantage of recent publication but, perhaps wisely, did not exploit this advantage. The fairly thorough treatment of groups centering about George Webb, Humphrey Lyttleton, Graeme Bell, etc., is of considerable interest. It is regrettable that more attention could not have been given some of the other Australian bands such as Frank Johnson's Dixielander's and the Southern Jazz Group.

In general we have noticed that two of the seemingly most important aspects of the jazz revival have never been discussed to any extent. The first of these aspects is the emphasis on the full four-piece rhythm section with considerably more of a "two-beat" than had been the vogue. Mr. Harris invokes considerable confusion by implying criticism of the Castle Jazz Band for departure from the "four-four time of New Orleans" while withholding such criticism from the Watters, Murphy, Bell, etc. bands. Indeed, no mention of any other kind of beat is made. It is a popular misconception to think of any jazz band as playing in strict four-four or, for that matter, strict two-four time and to use such as a means of making discriminations between styles. The "beat" is usually taken for granted by the jazz fan but is the subject of great controversy among jazz musicians. It is not a matter adequately referred to in terms of four-four or two-four time. It depends upon the degree to which beats are accented and the instruments used to accent them. This refers not only to the instruments in the rhythm section and how they are used, but also to the horns and the phrasing that they employ.

The second neglected aspect of the revival is the composing of new tunes in the jazz tradition. Herein Lu Watters, Turk Murphy and the Australian groups are outstanding. Such compositions suggest a more thorough and dynamic grasp of the jazz idiom.

In looking over the chapter headings one may be surprised to see no reference to the blues. Chapter 3 includes some discussion of the blues with delightful parallels drawn to the field of poetry. The author's omission of a chapter on the great blues singers is intentional as it is his conviction that blues singing runs a parallel course with jazz and is influenced by jazz but the blues singers did not influence the course of jazz. The merits of this argument may be disputable but it would be easier to accept had the (Continued on Page 14)
benny sent me

BILL GRAUER

It only seems as though it happened yesterday. Actually, it was almost two full decades ago—19 years, to be exact—when the greatest band ever to rise on the swing horizon was breaking in at Billy Rose’s Music Hall in New York City. This was, of course, the fabulous band that Benny Goodman had put together, with the assistance of John Hammond and Fletcher Henderson.

It combined the swinging rhythms of the Kansas City Negro orchestras and the greatest arranging skills of Henderson with the superb instrumental virtuosities of young white musicians who had grown bored with the schmaltz and the stereotyped arrangements of the big bands of the day. It was a band full of enthusiasm, and its leader had a missionary zeal: Benny was determined to sell his kind of jazz to the public, or at least to go down trying.

The years from 1934 to 1936 were strange ones in the career of the rising young Goodman band. The public was apparently unable to make up its mind whether it preferred waltzes or the new swing music, but the managements of the big hotel ballrooms and dance halls seemed to have no such doubts: they were convinced that the waltz and the very staid fox trot were here to stay. What was good enough for Guy Lombardo was also good enough for Benny Goodman. . .

But the Goodman crew were musically enough to play the stock sweet arrangements, and play them well enough to land jobs. Later they would run the risk of digging into their new book and coming up with the stomping, high-riding stuff. That was their standard technique, and it paid off at such places as the Congress Hotel and The Palomar in Chicago, and even on Lombardo’s home grounds, New York’s Roosevelt Hotel. The kids who brought their dates to those places began to yell for the stomp, clogged the dance floor in front of the bandstand, just standing there listening and gaping. And the late-night broadcasts that went along with hotel jobs in those days, plus a long weekly program for a big-name sponsor, helped to swell the tide. The public began to clamor for the records being made by this band that played the new music called “swing”, the names of the new musicians Benny featured—men like Gene Krupa, Bunny Berigan, Jess Stacy, and others—became household words. The panic was on.

We remember how eagerly we listened to their regularly weekly broadcasts in ’35 and ’36, a memory that has undoubtedly kept us from ever joining with those puritans who sneer at this “decadent” jazz. We remember also that we were all of 13 years old in those days (which is probably why we like to think that it was only yesterday that it all happened). The show came on the air at 10 P.M., which was also, by cruel coincidence, the regular bedtime for frail youths in our family. Much begging and storing (“I just want another glass of water, Ma!”) usually enabled us to catch most of the show—at least until the wonderful moments when the Goodman Trio and/or Quartet had its featured spot.

But this wasn’t enough for us. There were all those late air spots to be heard. Fortunately, father was something of a radio bug, one of those cats who poured a small fortune into the building and maintaining of especially powerful radio receivers designed to pick up both shortwave and broadcast bands. Late at night, when the big Eastern stations were off the air, his infernal machine could bring in tiny 5-watters from some place in Arizona with real clarity. Needless to add, this opportunity was not allowed to go waste. Unknown to the family, a certain under-age jazz fan would crawl out of bed at about 3 A.M. to catch the post-midnight Goodman broadcasts emanating from such places as Chicago and Los Angeles.

This sort of listening background, in one form or another, was not too uncommon during the middle and late ’30s. And now all of us “old-time” B. G. fans can join in a great burst of reminiscent enthusiasm to greet the arrival of a newly-released set of Benny Goodman LPs that hit us right where we live. It’s a handsomely box set of two 12-inch records, most inappropriately entitled “Jazz Concert No. 2” and actually consisting of a quantity of off-the-air shots from that fabulous era. (The time is 1937-38, which, to be precise, is slightly later than the heyday of our stay-up-all-night fanaticism, but is possibly even a greater Goodman period, musically speaking.)

Major credit must go to Bill Savory, an engineer at Columbia Records. In the late ’30s, Savory was one of us: he, too, made it his business to stay up half the night listening to those broadcasts. The important difference is that Savory possessed some truly excellent recording equipment and took down literally hundreds of tunes as the band played them over the air. His recording technique was excellent, and in the decade and a half that has passed he took the same sort of care of his precious hoard of airshots that a single-minded collector would devote to, say, a mint-condition Jelly Roll Autograph.

When Columbia released those long-stored-away recordings of the Goodman Carnegie Hall concert with such tremendous success last year, Savory decided to bring his acetates to the attention of the company. In almost every respect, it developed, these were superior to the Carnegie material. The band had been properly

(Continued on Next Page)
balanced for broadcasting—which meant that it was well-balanced for recording. The musicians were relaxed: instead of the inevitable tension and artificiality of a dress-up concert hall appearance, there was the wonderful case that a good band can reach late at night, when the boys were likely to be playing more for themselves than for anyone else. All in all, these broadcast sessions were musically much better than the Carnegie evening, and infinitely more exciting than any of the carefully planned Victor studio dates of the same period—which produced what were, until now, the definitive recordings of the Goodman brand of swing.

Columbia consulted Benny, who was delighted to hear the news. Here were recordings he had never known existed! From this point on, Columbia worked closely with Goodman, who was as anxious as everyone else involved to give these sides to the public. The first big problem arose from the great quantity of material on hand: should they split the tunes up into several groups and come out with a series of assorted LPs with release dates spread out over the next year? Goodman was opposed to this. It was his feeling that they should pick out the very best of the lot, pack as much of it as they could onto two 12-inch LPs and achieve the doubly-satisfying goal of giving the customers the most for their money and making the biggest splash. And that's the way it has been done.

From a commercial point of view it remains to be seen whether or not Goodman was right, but certainly the jazz fans have no cause for complaint. Columbia's engineers have been able to pack eight, nine, and even ten tunes onto a side—a total of some 37 full-length performances, plus even a few words from B.G. himself to kick the whole set off.

The set opens with the tune Benny still uses as a theme, Let's Dance, and right from the start there's an indication that things will really be different. The theme always ends with Benny playing a rippling two-bar coda and out—but on this particular occasion he appears to have been caught unawares, or something. At any rate, unable to get the clarinet to his lips in time, Benny whistles the final two bars. That's the version they used for the LP, and it's a fair indication of the spontaneity, informality and freshness that lie ahead. For the next couple of hours you can then sit back to enjoy either memories of your youth or, for the younger set, imaginings as to what it must have been like in the days when swing really meant something.

(Frankly, it is impossible to review these records in any formal sense of the word. We were having too good a time listening—which of course is a critical comment all by itself. So we'll content ourselves with a series of running notes on what we heard and how it stuck us.)

As a special bonus, there are a dozen or so sides that were never recorded by this Goodman band, tunes that Benny himself swore they had never even played, much less recorded: Ridin' High, Everybody Loves My Baby, Sweet Leilani, Nagasaki, Benny Sent Me, Killer Diller, and many others. In fact, Ridin' High blows in right after the opening theme, and immediately lets you know who is to be the surprise star of the set. From here on to the very end of the two records, the young Harry James proceeds to blow his brains out with some of the most remarkable trumpet playing, in the most remarkable good taste, we have ever heard.

Despite occasional admissions that he could play well at times, we have never been anything like a James fan. But here he is: like we had never before heard him: so

There are stars galore on every performance. James, Ziggy Elman, and Griffin make up the classic Goodman trumpet section; Red Ballard, Vernon Brown, and Murray McEachern are on trombone.
zer, Vido Musso, Babe Russin, Arthur Rollini, and George Koenig blend their horns to give the band its memorable sax-section sound; the rhythm section—Krupa, Stacy, Harry Goodman on bass, and Allan Ruess on guitar—rates special praise. Krupa is in fine form on these sides. On the occasion of the Carnegie Hall concert he would seem to have been suffering from a somewhat inflated ego, and consequently played much too loudly and noticeably on those records. Here, however, he behaves as he more usually did in those days: most unobtrusively, yet with fabulous power, laying down a rocking, rolling beat that drove the swing-loving cats wild.

The trio and quartet are well represented. Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton had joined the band in 1936, and by this time were at the fiery peak of their unique style of powerhouse chamber-music jazz. Some impromptu jam tunes, such as Benny Sent Me and Killer Diller, show the group at its best. We find it especially fascinating, in a really improvised quartet performance, to note how Teddy will take the lead by a fraction of a beat, moving up to hit the next chord in time to indicate to the others the direction he is about to take. And this split-second hint of the next change is sufficient warning for the keen musical ears of Benny and the Hamp. It’s enough to send them both into intricate counterpoint in perfect harmony and beat. When you stop to consider the terrifically swift up-tempo at which most of these numbers were taken, you begin to really know what amazing musical performances these were.

These comments could go on forever—describing how much Benny sounds like Tosh on many of these numbers, how easily this band could make tripe pop sound like something of musical value, how Stacy, Elman, and James romp on an extra-long St. Louis Blues, how pleasant it is to hear a touch of Helen Ward and Martha Tilton (one vocal each). We could write in detail about the rare Rollini and McEachern solos on Bugle Call Rag, about Chris Griffin roaring through on a Darktown Strutters Ball, and so on. But the whole thing can be wrapped up by saying that everything is very great, and that undoubtedly never before has the essence of an entire jazz period been so definitively and so enjoyably wrapped up in a single package.

Much thanks should go to Bill Savory for his foresight, to the manufacturers of early home-recording equipment for having been early enough, to the brass at Columbia for having recognized a good thing when they were offered it, and to George Avakian both for his part in that decision and for the delightful, informative, free-swinging album notes he has provided.

This sort of thing happens rarely enough to warrant all possible support—in hopes that the major companies will be encouraged to release other such material if and when it turns up, in this and other areas of jazz. This is an expensive package, make no mistake about it; it’ll set you back something like ten bucks. But if you can look at it as buying all these fine recordings for about 35c per number, it should seem like a bargain—and it is.
half of the label is oyster white (or grey) and the remainder is as for the others with oyster white substituted for white and purple for black. 5046 and 5157 are acoustically recorded while 5236 is electric. No tags appear except on the A side of 5046 which shows (3601-2) in the wax and also shows in the wax in handwritten numerals (in reverse) 1568 A. This may be a catalog number from some other issue. Does anyone have any further facts to offer on these records or the label?

Perry Armagnac, of New York, has come across a most unusual situation. It involves two Grey Gall discs. First consider the B side of 1250, which is Paprika (composer credit to David) as by Pacific Coast Players with master (3548) on the label and (3548-1-2) in the wax. Then take the A side of 1270 which is Tittine (composer credits to Bertol-Nanbon-Ronn-Danideroff) as by Broadway Music Masters with master (3548) on the label and (3458-1-2) in the wax. Perry says that, by playing them both, you will find they are identical. Here is not just a case of phonety masters and pseudonyms for the bands but different titles, composers, bands, and issues for the same master. Can anyone solve this deal?

For the record, the reverses are: Grey Gall 1230 — Follow the Swallow (3482) as by Cosmopolitan Dance Orchestra and Grey Gall 1270 — Rosa Lee (699) as by Original Dixie Rag Pickers with vocal by Arthur Hall. The latter looks to us like a master from some other source.

Final item: Woody Backensto, of Woodbury, N. J., sends in an interesting thing. This involves one of the small percentage of masters which appear on Pathe and Perfect but which show master numbers not originating with that organization. On Perfect 14433 and Pathe 056252 Ah Ha! appears with the master number (5883-4 P), which is in the Banner-Regal-Domino series, as by the Southampton Society Orchestra. Woody reports the following issues of the same master: On Everybody's 1046B with master (2072-1), from the Golden Gate Orchestra and on Canadian releases using (5883) as by Ben Selvin and his Orchestra on apex 3855A, Starr Cennett 10022A, Canadian Domino 21055A, and Microphone 22007A. Woody believes that the Selvin credit is the real one and that the cornet solo is by Red Nichols.

Don't forget that Pat-Per data. We want you to send it in to us; be accurate and complete (masters, takes, complete titles and band names, vocalists, catalog numbers, "A" and "B" sides). If you have a lot and want to send us a list of just the catalog numbers to check which we still need data on, we'll do so and then you can list just those we need.

Announcement

We have secured the exclusive world rights to transfer onto phonograph records the music to be found on all piano rolls controlled by the Imperial Industrial Company of New York. Imperial controls hundreds of piano roll labels, having bought out most companies formerly issuing these rolls.

It is our intention to make as much of the jazz material as can be found available to the jazz public on high quality LP records. In order to do this we need your help in locating these old piano rolls. A little of the material has been bootlegged but we do not want to dub from these pressings if we can avoid it because we are now equipped to do a top grade recording job if we can get the original rolls.

This therefore is an appeal to all collectors for assistance in locating such rolls by artists such as Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller, James P. Johnson, Scott Joplin, James Scott, Charles Lamb, Cliff Jackson, and any others with good jazz or ragtime performances.

We want to beg, borrow, rent, buy, get our hands on these rolls long enough to do the proper recording job. We guarantee careful handling of this material, and if any of the material you send us is not in perfect condition when we get it we shall have it repaired at our expense.

We hope to do a really comprehensive job of presenting the piano roll story in its most complete form.

We hope that we will receive the full cooperation of jazz fans and collectors.

Thank You

RIVERSIDE RECORDS
Box 373, Radio City Station New York 19, N. Y.
louis armstrong plays the blues

with trixie smith: railroad blues, the world's jazz crazy; with ma rainey: jelly bean blues, countin' the blues, see see rider; with coot grant and kid wilson: come on coot and do that thing, find me at the greasy spoon, when your man is going to put you down

This is the first of the Riverside releases, a series in beautifully designed covers by Paul Bacon, backed with personalities, dates, and informative notes. The promise is the catalogue of the Paramount company and its subsidiaries, and anyone who enjoys recorded jazz will be happy with the entire Riverside “Jazz Archives Series.” If these releases are examples of the quality that the reproducing to LP records will give us, this fine, definitive music will have a better and fuller sound than it has had on records before.

These eight numbers are the cornetist Louis in his historic days, but playing music quite unlike Henderson's. The Hot Five were still to come, and still to come also were the days of the star virtuoso with a group of musicians well in the background. For this is Louis working within a group effort as its musical leader, playing here, with a singer. (It is a role he seems to have forgotten.) On these records, he expands that role, to be sure, but the expansion never denies it. Again, this is Louis working within the blues form (a form he has not really forgotten) not superimposing something outside that form and its moods onto its chords. That this Louis, who-can-work-as-a-member-of-a-group is a superior Louis is a debated question, but I believe it is his most creative and expressive role.

The Ma Rainey accompaniments are the earliest recorded (1923), and lead the band in a pause, restrained replies to the great singer's dark tones. Each of the tunes is a carefully thought-out performance; they are really blues compositions, they tell good stories, and two have several contrasting strains. The band is used for a great variety of effects and these are, I believe (aside from the fact that there is some rare muted work), unique records in Armstrong career—quite unlike any others that he has done.

The Trixie Smith session finds Louis in his most expansive mood, the mood of some of the Bessie accompaniments. Trixie's voice is high pitched and nasal—the kind that is usually called urban and that some people call bad. She has a feel for the blues and can hold her own. The band does not play together on Railroad to any extent; the show belongs to Trixie and Louis for the most part, and to Henderson's piano. They are together on Jazz Crazy and do an outstanding chorus. Compare it to the famous one in Do That Thing. A similar tune, a different chorus.

Grant and Wilson were theatrical performers and Louis' playing with them shows that he understands this, and what it means that he should do. On Greasy Spoon we can hear what might be a second lead beautifully illustrated. Depending on the s الوطني to carry the main melody line, Louis plays a variant melody behind them, still uniquely that of a trumpet, and fits in between their phrases. A Put You Down is something more special. There are two hitherto unrecognized choired by Louis behind the vocal and with stop-time chords. Again he weaves a counter-melody to Coot Grant's half-shy patter, intricate, complete and beautiful. Remarkably enough, note for note, it would make a "modernist" green with envy—but all the right relaxation and emotional control are there—with the fine excitement and a part of it.

(Riverside RLP 1001) (M.T.W.)

johnny dodds, volume 1

dixieland thumpers: oriental man, sock that thing, weary way blues, there'll come a day; lovie austin's blues serenade: merry maker's twine, in the alley blues; blind Blake: hot potatoes; jimmy blythe's rags: ape man

"Always keep the melody going somewhere," said Jelly Roll. Obeying this rule, this is lively, happy, or pensive music, originally created for dancing, for atmosphere, for street entertainment; we should never lose sight of that; the real jazzmen never do.

Did Johnny Dodds ever play on a bad record? It may be better to ask if any of his records would not be numbered among those which increase our ideas of what jazz is and what it can do. For the reviewer, it is only a question of talking about them; their value is established. We have four different groups here and it is wonderful to hear how Dodds fits into each of them. He adapts himself to the street band quality of Blind Blake's group, becomes leader of an instrumental trio, joins a small washboard band and Austin's full dance group. He is always right and always Dodds. The striking thing is the fine sense of form we get from each of the performances. Each group achieves a different kind of unity among its various parts, but each is drawing on its knowledge of what is basic to the group effort in jazz to achieve that form. Perhaps it is a little stuffy to think of that way, but if we are used to thinking of jazz in terms of wild excitement, uninhibited always-use-em in the beginning and-order-go-hang, we need to remind ourselves of the exciting musical logic and discipline of its "warts," and of its dignity.

The Thumpers use a variety of devices. Behind Natty Domino's simple trumpet there are moments of straight harmony from Dodds, and passages, where he plays a full and elaborate counter-strain, fuller than he would probably use with a trombone present. There are plenty of five-card hands and solos and a variety of beats. Dodds plays an outstanding solo on Oriental Man, as Blythe carries the melody by chording quietly behind him.

A word about washboards: The quality and attack of their beat is very different from what can be done with drums, and their way of shading rhythmic accent is again different. They are not substitute drums; one need only hear a drummer trying to play like a washboard to see this.

Twine and Alley Blues show Dodds with a fuller band and Ladnier's more powerful trumpet. Here there are fewer moments of straight harmony and the clarinet variations acknowledge that there is a trombone playing behind them. Here too we see the great variety of beats which a good jazz band always uses—°and in the beginning of Twine, as in the imaginative use of stop time and breaks.

What does a knowing clarinet do when hit is the main melody instrument of a group? On Ape Man we find out: he carries the melody in the first statement of it, with fussiness, plenty of rhythm and accent shift, some embellishment and imaginative breaks. As the performance progresses, he embellishes it more, he begins to stomp and punch the rhythm harder, make his breaks more
The mood of the moment but this reviewer found himself breathless and on the verge of applauding the unseen performer...

A Murphy composition, Bay City sets a slow-tempo mood that is nothing short of hauntingly beautiful. The secret of it all lies in unusual chord progressions intonated by men steeped in "traditional" jazz, rhythmically rich and of unique timbre. Bob Helm's clarinet solo is even more haunting than the tune. A piano solo by Wally Rose has the quality of a melancholy rag playing tag with a torch song. A fairly unembellished muted trumpet passage by Don Kinch follows. Murphy winds up the solo spots with twelve bars that are giddy and declarative, yet delicate. George Bruns' tuba adds to the harmonic wealth throughout. Pat Pastia (guitar) and Johnny Brent (drums) fulfill their parts admirably.

Cakewalkin' features the jazzy and mood time piece of Clair Austin, no doubt one o

the greatest additions to the fold in the last few years. Helm and Rose are in the band as before. Helm is an splendid (and an splendid) of altering the melody and Bob Short plays cornet on the first chorus before switching to tuba. He seems inspired and adventurous at both tasks. Dick Lammi reveals the noble qualities of crispness and tickness in his band. His solo line is a happy performance at a bit too fast a tempo. (Good Time Jazz 75) (R. L. T.)
NEWS FLASH......

FLETCHER HENDERSON DIES

Just as this issue goes to press, word has reached us of the death of Fletcher Henderson, on Monday, December 29, 1952.

(There is no time for preparation of the formal obituary that Fletcher surely deserves, but we hope to bring you such a review and appraisal of his career and his far-reaching influences on jazz, written by a jazz figure closely associated with him, in our next issue.)

Henderson was 55 years old at the time of his death. In failing health for some years, he had reportedly recently suffered his fourth and fifth cerebral hemorrhages. Within the past two years, after a period of relative inactivity, he had organized a new band and played a few engagements at such places as New York's Cafe Society. However, he failed to achieve one ambition that he had mentioned to The Record Changer's editors two years ago, while first rehearsing his last band. Despite all his other triumphs and achievements, Henderson never played in Europe, and he had hopes of a European tour with a new group.

That unrealized trip must undoubtedly be reckoned as one of the very few omissions in a full and rich career as orchestra leader, arranger, pianist and composer. It was a career that spanned three decades. In 1921, not long after the Georgia-born Henderson graduated from Atlanta University, where he had majored in chemistry, he assumed leadership of a group that toured the country, accompanying Ethel Waters. From that point he was in music to stay.

He then led a band that played with great success at such Harlem spots as the Plantation Club and the Club Alabam'. But his greatest triumphs as orchestra leader came during the 17-year period in which he held a virtual monopoly on the bandstand at the Roseland Ballroom in New York. This was perhaps the first of the Negro big bands; it was surely one of the greatest, and a good claim can be made for this Henderson group as the largest single influence on the "Swing" era that followed.

An amazing number of major jazz musicians played with Henderson and appeared on his records. Even a partial sampling reads like a "Who's Who in Jazz" - Louis Armstrong, Joe Smith, Rex Stewart, Red Allen, Jabbo Smith, Roy Eldridge, Jimmy Harrison, Charlie Green, Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, Don Redman, John Kirby, Buster Bailey, Kaiser Marshall. And Henderson groups can be heard on many records of the '20s, accompanying practically any great blues singer you care to name: Ma Rainey, Bessie Smith, Trixie Smith, and so many others.

Fletcher achieved even wider attention and acclaim in a somewhat later phase of his career, as the arranger who did so much to shape sound of the early Benny Goodman band. Innumerable Henderson compositions and arrangements filled the Goodman 'book' in the days of Benny's first success, many of them in virtually the same form as they had been played by Henderson's own orchestra, and it was this material (plus the work of other arrangers who followed his pattern closely) that formed the core of "Swing."

This is a bare outline of his life's work, or something like it. It can only suggest what he accomplished. Not every lover of jazz, certainly, will feel that his was the best kind of music or that it was in the best interests of jazz as an 'art.' His music belongs largely to a middle period of jazz that some can very easily call commercialized or adulterated. But to many more people, in all probability, it is undeniable that Henderson's jazz always had intelligence, subtlety, vigor and taste. These are no small attributes, and when you add to them the equally undeniable assertion that his musical conceptions were invariably fully honest and sincere, you have expressed a tribute that any musician could be proud to deserve.

One more thing must be noted, even in so hasty and sketchy a summation as this one: Few if any men in the history of jazz - which is after all a pretty rough business, with at least its share of mean customers - have ever been so universally loved, so infrequently disliked or slandered, and that (which is a tribute to a man, not just to a musician) may be the best and rarest epitaph of all.
author been consistent in its use. If influencing the course of jazz is a criterion for inclusion and just being influenced by jazz is not, it is difficult to justify discussion of, for example, the boogie woogie piano players.

In the chapters not specifically cited in the discussion, much of the familiar and some pleasingly not too familiar material on the great jazzmen is given. Mr. Harris has done an excellent job at ferreting out, abstracting and organizing biographical and historical information. He contributes significantly to the uprooting of a number of myths concerning certain musicians and styles. In spite of his immense importance in the jazz revival, Bunk Johnson is shown as just one of many reasonably adequate trumpet players in old New Orleans. (It is strangely uncritical of Mr. Harris to reject most of Bunk's assessments about his own early greatness while accepting many of his statements about the qualities of other early musicians.) Similarly King Oliver is shown as a mediocre trumpet player in his New Orleans days but it is implied that it was a sign of great respect for the young Louis Armstrong to have been chosen to replace Oliver in "Kid Ory's Brown Skinned Babies" band. On the unqualified credit side for the author is his development of the idea that Kansas City Style was not a "style" at all.

Several important and interesting issues are brought up in discussing the effects of commercial music on jazz. In trying to distinguish between "real" jazz and misnomered jazz, confusion is created for the neophyte jazz fan by, for example, stating that the Ellington band did not play jazz and then referring to the Ellington musicians as "jazzmen." In stating that the current Louis Armstrong All Star group is a modern version of the Hot Five is not only misleading, it is probably an insult to everything and everybody concerned, most particularly to the original Hot Five.

The author is often naive in matters concerning the personalities, specific and general, of jazz musicians. It would seem that he categorically rejects riffs and scored arrangements as having any value to jazzbands although this is probably not his intention. Except for its use in creating a colorful atmosphere, the use of dialect in printing quotations from the sayings of Jelly Roll Morton and others is, in the least, distracting.

We are rapidly approaching the limit to what we can learn about jazz in non-technical terms. What new communicable knowledge we may hope to achieve will of necessity be couched in the more technical language of musical analysis, sociology and psychology. In this respect, writers like Rex Harris will have to discontinue use of such terms as "creative instinct," "... instinctive aptitude and hereditary knowledge of rhythm . . . ," "... care-free yet vital instincts . . . ," "... inherent musical instinct . . . ," etc. If such terms are not distinctly incorrect in view of our knowledge of biology and psychology, they are at best meaningless.

Jazz is certainly recommended for entertaining and informative reading but not for uncritical acceptance. An index would be a much needed improvement for future printings.

Rex Harris, *Jazz*, Penguin Books, 1952

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*Mezz Mezzrow and Max Kaminsky

**BLUE NOTE LP 5010 NEW SOUNDS**  
Featuring Max Roach, Kenny Durham, James Moody, Art Blakie

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**BLUE NOTE LP 5012 HOWARD MCGRHEE AND HIS ALL STARS**

**BLUE NOTE LP 5014 ERROL GARNER**  
OVERTURE TO DAWN, VOL. 3

**BLUE NOTE RECORDS**  
767 Lexington Ave.  
New York 21, N. Y.
“Bunk Johnson Sada,” a series of LP’s on American Music should be out. Bunk plays piano; Bunk talks about Bolden; Bunk whistles; Bunk tells about Tony Jackson; Bunk blows his horn, talks about his theory of jazz, does solos, plays with the band. Wonderful stuff from Papa Bill Russell’s private collection, meaning that Jelly Roll’s Library of Congress series now has a serious rival.

records noted

(Continued from Page 12)

as one among strange bedfellows. It does, however, lend dignity to the performance. Lonesome, whose composer is listed as “Traditional,” has some more “serious” moments than its disc mate. After the usual ricky-doo, Danny Alquire (cornet) leads into a few ensemble choruses in a more familiar idiom. A group of Cadets, now disguised as farmers, inject a vocal strain. As “blues” it is not very convincing.

The Five Plus Two, in spite of my scolding, provide us with a lot of fun. It is hoped that the jazz standards exhibited in their previous recordings such as Down Where the Sun Goes Down and Yes Sir That’s My Baby will not be forgotten. It is also hoped that Tom Sharpsteen will be permitted some solo spots on future releases. So with no further ado I’ll get my joy buzzer and we’ll all shake hands.

(Good Time Jazz 73) (R. L. T.)

the banjo kings

pickin’ the banjo, the burglar buck

The Banjo Kings, Dick Roberts and Red Roundtree, are a couple of sports that are red hot at the vanishing art of exhibition banjo playing. People such as myself, over whom the sound of a banjo manifests a strange and magnetic appeal, are eager to do all they can to preserve this species. Methinks if I could change my form to one less conspicuous I would live in symbiosis with a banjo.
## HOW THE RECORD CHANGER WORKS:

### Abbreviations used in the Classified "Wanted" and "For Disposition" Sections

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When it is necessary to indicate nationality of the record, the following letters appear after the record label abbreviation:

- American: A
- British: B
- Canadian: C
- Dutch: D
- French: F
- German: G
- Italian: I
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- Swedish: S

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the town is ended . . .

but the melody lingers on

DR. EDMOND SOUCHON, II

If you're a damyankee, you pronounce the word "Mile-en-burg." ("Mile" as in 'smile'; "n" as the letter 'n'; and "burg.") If you're a descendant of the gentleman, then you proudly pronounce it "Millenburg." ("Mill" as in 'kill'; "ne" as in 'knee'; and just plain "burg." And say it fast.) But if you're from New Orleans—or from Milneburg proper, then you most probably pronounce it "Millenburg." ("Mill" as in 'still'; "len" as in 'ten'; and always just plain "burg.").) If census of pronunciation were taken in these parts, "Millenburg" would be your best bet if you wanted the man in the street to recognize what place you were talking about.

If perchance you're lucky enough to strike an old-timer who could direct you to the hallowed ground at the end of Elysian Fields Avenue, you are in for a terrific letdown.

There just ain't no such animal anymore! You will find a brand new seawall extending for miles north and south of the spot to which you had been directed, with a new subdivision of New Orleans raising its head right along the banks of Lake Pontchartrain. About a mile inland from the seawall, if you look hard enough you will see three or four dilapidated-looking buildings—but, even as you look, razing is taking place, and in another few weeks there won't be there. That is what's left of Milneburg!

On your way out Elysian Fields Avenue in search of a spot of revered ground, you probably noticed on the uptown side of the street a group of beautifully kept buildings, spread out in a manner to suggest the grounds of a university. Most imposing, is the main building with its massive columns extending from ground floor to the third. All the edifices are of brick, painted white, and have dark green shutters. The lawns are close-cropped and an air of wholesomeness and happiness surrounds the place. This is the real heritage of Mr. Milne. This is the home for boys who have felt the need of a restraining or guiding hand. But this is not the mecca toward which the jazz world turns its face whenever a certain melody is played.

The Mr. Milne we are concerned with was Alexander. He was one of the footmen for a gentleman who bore the title of "Duke of Richmond." This was in England, somewhere around the last quarter of the 18th Century. We understand that, by reputation, the Duke was a rugged and demanding individual to his hirelings.

The Duke of Richmond decided to put his servants into livery. This meant powdering (Continued on Next Page)
their heads with talcum. The story goes that Milne, a violent red head, "refused to powder his carrot top" and resigned his position. Alexander Milne migrated to America in 1776, went into the hardware business, then turned to manufacturing brick. He ultimately became one of New Orleans' three wealthiest men, in company with Judah P. Touro ("relaxin' at the ______"), and John McDonough (N. O. public schools—Maryland, my Maryland).

The Spanish government granted Milne land which it seemed nobody else wanted. It was swampy and extended along the banks of Lake Pontchartrain. But he bought more and more of it, until he owned roughly the entire lake edge from the Jefferson Parish line to the "Rigoletta." This was about 22 miles long, and about a mile and a half deep.

His Scottish business sense gave him many extraordinary ideas about the development of this lakefront property, and in 1831—just seven years before his death—he made a deal with a railroad company to run a rail line from New Orleans proper to the nearest point on the lake. Thus began the famous run of "Smokey Mary," which continued until March 5, 1932. It was a 4½ mile run in 15 minutes, for 15 cents. The trains left the station every 10 minutes, or—with a very changeable schedule—up to once every hour. This depended on the time of the day, the season of the year, and which "national" or "local" holiday was being celebrated. The town became a bustling little community of 3,500 people, a figure which was multiplied many times over week-ends and on celebrations.

The town became noted for its eating places, and for its famous chefs. Probably the most celebrated was Louis Moreau, whose building still stands and, incidentally, is still in the possession of his descendants. Boiled crabs and shrimp and beer seem to have had their introduction to each other and to the palates of the gourmets during this particular epoch.

Because of the condition of the soft ground and swamps surrounding, inhabitants, fishermen and pleasure seekers found it necessary to build a city on stilts. Boat landings extended their walks, walks became runs, runs became piers, and these jutted out in many directions like ribs from a spine, as dozens upon dozens of camps came into existence.

Picnic groups such as "The Goldenrod Club" or "The Blue Eagles" would take over a camp for a party and spend the weekend fishing, resting, eating, drinking, dancing and carousing. Most of these clubs—or even family parties—would bring along their own band. At the "pay camps," a couple could eat and drink all they could hold for $1.50.

There was no "Social Register" or "Blue Book" at Milneburg, and the one and only "Corporal Romer" was a very busy man during the rush seasons. To help him out, the authorities would attach a one-room jail-on-wheels to the end of "Smokey Mary," and any overflow from the Milneburg lockup was thrown into this "calaboose" (Spanish for jail, later contracted to "caboose"), to fight

From Smokey Mary railroad station, wharf and jutting camps created bizarre pattern. Note trees at right. (Photo copyright H. J. Harvey.)
it out, sleep it off, or nurse a violent headache until it was time to go back to New Orleans.

Joe Oliver, Jack Laine, Nick LaRocca, Louis Armstrong, Armand Piron, Buddy Petit, Papa Celestin, Alphonse Picou, Paul Mars, the Schillings, Fishers Brass Band, the Brunies', Tom Brown, Johnny Provenzano, Big Eye Louis Nelson, Sharkey and many others are names to conjure up in a picture of Milneburg when that tune is played. "Cutting contests" across the water from one camp to another were frequent. Sometimes one camp would have a famous white band playing there, while across the water a few yards away would be an equally famous Negro outfit. If a new tune was played, they aimed it loud and hot across the waves at the other camp. Next week, it would come back at them, in a version or interpretation that was changed by style, or memory—but equally as good!

Just how much interchange of musical ideas and arrangements took place is impossible to even speculate, but suffice to say that it was probably very much larger than either side (white or colored) would care to admit.

Came World War I. Then the depression. Then W.P.A. West End, Spanish Fort, and Little Woods were similar resort places developing and taking away many of the old friends and customers. Plans for a new seawall around the edge of the lake were made, using W.P.A. labor—and the death-warrant of the famous Milneburg resort town was signed. Modern equipment moved in. Tons upon tons of sand and mud from the bottom of Lake Pontchartrain were pumped ashore to fill in the swampland. The edges were gradually pushed outward into the lake for a distance approximately a mile from what was the actual center of the township.

A great concrete seawall began to surround Lake Pontchartrain. A modern amusement park with its rollercoasters, hot dogs, frozen ice cream whips, shooting galleries, and "tunnels of love" ground its restless heels into the almost down-and-out community.

To the thousands of pleasure seekers going for an evening of fun at Pontchartrain Beach, the little clump of trees and few standing shacks almost at the end of Elysian Fields Avenue simply signifies that their ride is almost over. A few old timers slow down nostalgically to glance at what was once the most outstanding resort near the Crescent City.

The only music to be heard there today comes from the juke-box in Moreau's saloon, under the last standing Indian Oaks. It plays all the latest "hit" tunes. But it doesn't boast a single record of Milneburg Joys. The town is ended, but the melody lingers on. . . .

(Docteur Souchon wishes to thank Mr. George Healy, editor of the New Orleans Times-Picayune, and Mr. H. J. Harvey, who were so cooperative in permitting the use of quotations and photos in the article. All photos are from the Dixie roto magazine, The Times-Picayune New Orleans States, July 10, 1949.)
DOCTOR BITES DOCTOR JAZZ

(AND APOLOGISES)

DR. EDMOND SOUCHON

The very last thing intended is the use of these columns for personal-controversy. I have repeatedly criticized this magazine and others for taking advantage of their journalistic ownership to air differences, thereby depriving the readers of articles which could have been used to entertain or educate (e.g., "Editor Bites Editor," or the Changer vs. Metronome; the interminable Delaunay-Pansia feud, and similar affairs).

However, the article by Roy Carew in the December, 1952, issue ("Let Jelly Speak for Himself") is aimed directly at me, and for me not to respond would be to avoid a challenge. This I have never done, although I may emerge very bloody . . . .

Before beginning the discussion, I would like Mr. Carew to know my position regarding Mr. J. R. Morton: my esteem for Jelly is probably just as high as Mr. Carew’s. I regard him as the most important figure to emerge from the early stages of jazz. I regard his band music, his piano, and his compositions as uniformly tops. To my ears his efforts are as fresh today as when they were first waked. This, in spite of the fact that Jelly was probably the first of the jazz leaders to insist on arrangements—a thing which all jazz savants regard as fatal to the freedom of musicians. Yet he still retained a very definite feeling of relaxation in his recordings.

Regardless, too, of the changing personalities in the various Morton groups, his trademark was always there. You could tell it was Jelly long before anyone told you! Jelly Roll’s piano recordings (and I now refer to his earliest efforts and not the Library of Congress group, which were made when Jelly was so sick)—are marvellous examples of the music of the epoch. Without them, a sad gap in the etched chronology of this folk music would exist.

However, in my humble opinion, Jelly’s piano was neither ragtime nor jazz: it was a distinct bridge that spanned the two idioms and very accurately showed the progression from one style of music to the other. There are, admittedly, times—many times—when Morton leans more directly toward jazz, and others when he definitely invades the ragtime field, but the overall style is strictly "Jelly Roll’s Music," or the link that ties the two styles together.

I am quite aware of the valuable and unselfish part which Mr. Carew has played in correctly retaining for posterity so many of the works of Jelly Roll. This has been done at great length and meticulous care, with no thought of personal gain, but simply in the sense of fair play and in a belated effort to help Jelly—and, later, his family—to recoup, or at least retain, what was justly theirs.

But that Mr. Carew should take up the cudgels and defend Jelly Roll from the slur of being called "the supreme egotist" is a little beyond my ken! Mr. Carew was fortunate enough, in the "palmy old days," to have hung around "The Frenchmen’s" listening to Tony Jackson and his protege Jelly Roll Morton. This is something every jazz fan has privately envied, and must be something of a recompense for the great number of years that go along with this privilege. Although not quite this fortunate, I might say in my own favor that had I been tall enough to sneak a pair of my Dad’s long pants, I would have attempted to crash the primrose path—long before my time!

But I did hear Jelly before he left New Orleans, and again at a later date in Chicago (when I went there to finish my studies in medicine). Occasionally, Jelly Roll would get together a "pick up" band and play for our teen-age dances. The few contacts I had with him in this way bring back to memory the most disobliger person I have ever met! Admittedly, we were adolescent pests, but we were hiring him. And at no time can I ever recall him obliging by playing a request.

Looking back, it was evident that he had his program arranged beforehand, and to this he rigidly adhered. His willingness to give out with his varied and endless repertoire of songs and piano solos was probably limited to the brothels patronized by the visiting firemen, where the kitty was sure to be swelled.

But to our requests, he would scarcely glance over his shoulder—disdainfully and scornfully—and grunt something about "there are six requests ahead of yours." We would sulk off, while he proceeded to play exactly what pleased him. Yet he was so great that, in spite of this, we hired him again!

That Jelly Roll’s attitude was in no small measure due to his complete rebellion against the strict Jim Crow laws of the South, but he also presented a very interesting subject for investigation by a psychoanalyst. Jelly Roll was the victim of his own particular "cult," or "social group" if you will, for in New Orleans the self-imposed color line between the light and the dark Negro is much more marked than the Jim Crow line between white and colored. And Jelly was the most adamant of the group! An entirely segregated and self-chosen section of town arose to accommodate these people (and still exists today). Jelly scorned the blacks, detested the lights, and was not accepted by the whites!

I wish to quote an excerpt from a vir- ulent letter that Morton wrote to "Believe-It-Or-Not" Ripley: "In your broadcast of March 26, 1938, you introduced Mr. Handy as the originator of jazz, stomp, and the blues. By this announcement you have done me a great injustice, and you have almost misled many of your fans . . . ."

"It is evidently known, beyond contradic- tion, that New Orleans is the cradle of jazz, and I happen to be the creator in the year . . . ."

(Continued on Page 13)
When "Doctor" Phil Porter learned his piano (and trombone), the term ragtime had not yet been invented. He learned the real cakewalk music from the players in traveling minstrel shows who came through his home town of Charlottesville, Virginia—and learned it well. When ragtime got to be the craze, he liked it and played its tunes, too. He has not played professionally since about 1910 and his playing has not changed one bit in style or beat since that time. And today, at 64, he can stomp out rags in an authentic manner, as different from any we are likely to be able to hear in 1953 as we can imagine, and as delightful in its way as any that has come since. He is a completely uncorrupted survival of what is probably a pre-Joplin approach to syncopated music. That is his manner and attack.

Let us make no mistake about "hot" music. American Negroes have been playing syncopated music since pre-revolutionary days. The ragtime approach was a Midwestern phenomenon, the jazz attack came from New Orleans. But neither of these schools invented hot music. It was always there. And Phil plays it in an older way, both as piano soloist and with orchestras.

As a source of information, he is priceless. He describes the instrumentation of his Cakewalk-Ragtime band as, trumpet, soprano saxophone ("we couldn't get a clarinet," he says), trombone, banjo, piano, and drums. He says that the clarinet played straight harmony to the trumpet's lead, taking, maybe, a few "breaks." The trombone was, as he expresses it, the "clown" of the older ragtime bands, playing those long "parade" slides and fills. I once played the Hot Five "Heebie Jeebies" for him, and he described Ory's works on that record as "exactly the way the trombone played in a ragtime band." The rag band drummer, he says, did not hit any of his drums on four beats, but regularly on every other beat of the piano's part.

Porter played parades by the dozens, on which occasions he was a trombonist. Today, one of his favorite performances is his remarkable cakewalk version of Under the Double Eagle, or Washington Post. "Jazz came along after my time," he says, "but I liked it. After that I think things went to pieces. But I do know some jazz numbers," he remarks modestly, "I think I might be able to play Sister Kate." And then he will sit down and beat it out perfectly with a beat and attack that make a Joplin piano roll sound like something "modern."

He was a prolific composer. Most remarkable is his Cincinnati. The title was chosen for no other reason than because Porter liked the rhythmic accent of the syllables of the word. It is an intricate rag in two themes with a sliding trombone-bass part like that, for example, of The Calico Rag (Ory's Creole Trombone). But Phil has written dozens of songs: I'm A Ragtime Man; Eat, Drink, and Be Merry Today; Honey, You Don't Know My Mind (not the blues of the same title); and, like Joplin himself, a ragtime opera (about the visit to Africa of a group of American Negroes).

His style is characterized by a strong but regular left-hand beat. Porter makes most of his cross-rhythms by the treble accents and rapid staccato. He says this is the cakewalk way. "The rag players put in more left hand variation in the rhythm. We did it with the right hand when I learned, and I kept it that way."

Phil is about to retire from another job of long standing. He has been houseman for the Chi Phi fraternity house of the University of Virginia for more than two generations. During that time, he has been careful to pick out certain members of the Chi Phi, whose piano playing he liked, and to train them in his style. Working in the afternoons, he carefully taught a dozen young men his tunes and his beat, and they and he are very happy with the results.

He loves to reminisce about the old days: about the musicians who came through town with traveling vaudeville and tent shows, and the parades they would stage to drum up trade; about the parades held by local Negro lodges on special occasions; and about ring shouts and Virginia Reels for which he has played.

Phil has a wonderful theory of music: "They say," he explains, "that in heaven, there is perfect music. And everybody who plays down here tries to imitate what they are playing all the time up there. The best musicians and the best bands are the ones that come closest to playing the heavenly music." It is a fine theory, and Plato would have understood it completely.

About four years ago, Phil accepted an invitation to record his best rags and songs so that his kind of music could be preserved for the future. He sat at the piano of the local radio station in Charlottesville and played and sang some twelve numbers onto acetate masters. The engineers who did the recording had never heard him before, but they were so delighted that they kept him over-time, cutting versions for their own collections. Perhaps this year these records can be issued; they make an important document. They are also mighty fine music.
Our label of the month in October was Cort, about which we could offer little save that it seemed to be pressed by Columbia and the master numbers seemed to be from that same source. Roy Wendell, of Medford, Mass., offers some further details to the label. He has seen a few items on it and all of them were from Columbia. The one we listed had its origins as follows: The Ed Morton side was originally issued on Columbia A1419 coupled with On The Old Fall River Line, a duet by Arthur Collins and Byron G. Harlan, and issued in December 1913. The Vocal Quartette side was sung by the Peerless Quartet (Harry McCluskey, better known as Henry Burr, and Albert Campbell, tenors; Arthur Collins, baritone; and John H. Meyer, bass) on Columbia A1443 which was released in January 1914. This places the Cort release at 1914 or later. Roy also states that it is possible, of course, that some issues on the label were from original material but those few he has seen were all from issues of the Columbia "A" series.

Barney Crosby, of San Francisco, comes through with two rather startling revelations. First, Idolizing by Don Clark Orchestra on Columbia 824 has a vocal by Bing Crosby and Harry Barris and is Bing's first record. This has been confirmed by collectors and Bing himself. Second, I Found A New Baby as by the Southern Serenaders on Silvertone (cat. no. illegible) is by Clarence Williams and a washboard band. It has been listened to by a panel of collectors including Barney, Elliott Goldman (Clarence Williams collector of England), Dave Carey (musician and collector of England), William Blackburn of Portland, Oregon, and others and the consensus is: Ed Allen, Bert Socarras, Clarence Williams, Floyd Casey. Barney says this one is not listed anywhere on any label!

Personnel unknown: These two words appear far too often in jazz discographies. One particular record which comes up every so often in collector's discussions is Perfect 14545 which couples Hold'Er Deacon (106382-1) and Hold Your Temper (106382-2) as by the Blue Rhythm Orch. Another title recorded by this group appears on Pe 14531: Santa Claus Blues (106381-1). The latter was released January 1926 and probably the coupling on 14545 was but one month later. The band is good and the cornet or trumpet plays some very fine horn, both open and muted. There is also good trombone and clarinet plus a sax and excellent rhythm provided by piano and banjo.

The reason for mention of this group here is a two-year-old card just discovered by your red-faced columnist in a batch of mail to us which inadvertently got buried in our closet! The card is from Howard Goldberg of New York City and asked for the identity of the band on Pe 14545. Information desired is the identity of any or all musicians in the group and the titles and masters for any other sides by the group.

Label of the Month: This month's entry is an undistinguished appearing member of the Grey Gull family, Nadso. It is a dark red label with all lettering and designs in gold. Side shown is Lindey (3648A2) as by The Original Dixie Rag Pickers on Nadso 1286. The other is By The Light Of The Stars (3636A) as by the White Way Dance Orchestra. Both sides are by big dance bands of the twenties and are very commercial. The first side has trumpet and sax solos while the second only a trumpet one. Both band names are "house names" for Grey Gull and material appearing on Grey Gull, Radiex, Globe, Van Dyke, Madison, Supreme, et al. Keep this label in mind and next time we will refer to it again in connection with a very closely related one!

Does anyone know the identity of the Nashville Jazzers who perform on St. Louis Blues (1052-A or B) on Van Dyke 7023 and Madison 5001 and/or 50001 (and probably other Grey Gull labels as well)? This record features great horn, clarinet and guitar plus sax and piano. To us, this quintet sounds like the same horn, piano and guitar who appear as the Wabash Trio on Radiex 10039 and as the Mississippi Trio on Van Dyke 77059 playing Coal Black Blues (3384) and Lone Western Blues (3383) with two reed men added. This item is listed in the Index To Jazz as possibly King Oliver, James P. Johnson, and unknown guitar. We think it could also possibly be Ed Allen, Clarence Williams and Lonnie Johnson.

These are not to be confused with earlier sides by The Mississippi or Wabash Trio like Yellow Dog Blues (2689A) and Hard Time Blues (2688A) on Van Dyke 77025 (as by Mississippi Trio) which have sax/clarinet (probably Andy Sanella), piano, and banjo. These are nowhere nearly as hot.

We recently heard the Radiex 10039 coupling at Dink Holbrook's and comparing our recollection of that pair with the St. Louis Blues side, we feel certain that they are the same men plus two others. We would like comments on the whole business—more titles and issues, identities of the men of any of the three groups, etc.

Spotsman ran out again. Where's that Pathè-Perfect data??? It's been slacking off alarmingly of late. Refer to past columns for details and then let's have the data! Send the works, Pathè-Perfect data, questions, answers, opinions, comments, records, dubs, etc., to us at 74 South Road, Harrison, New York, or c/o this magazine.

One of the early sound films, and something of a precedent setter, was King Vidor's Hallelujah! In it, a long sequence takes place in a gin mill, and while one (and a poster) on the screen, three different units are to be heard on the sound track. One of these consists of banjo, drums, piano (?), trombone, etc., the other is a down-groove trumpet that 9 out of 10 will swear is King Oliver. The tune is 3½ choruses of magnificent slow blues.

The swank of the Bunk Johnson LP by Columbia has set Benny to reflecting. (It's all done with mirrors.) (a) Will GTL clean up and raise the Jazzman Bunkies, which they now own, which show up in trumpet player but in a spacing setting? (b) Will someone have the good sense to get the rights cleared to the famous Green Room records that the late Gene Williams secretly made of the Orv band playing at its beautiful best? (c) Will Columbia give ear to the number of squares who love this music and slip a few in some juke boxes, or will they let the chance escape them the way they did with Orv's Eh La Bas? (d) Will recording directors and supervisors learn anything from this date and the way it was handled?

According to the story, Louis blew into a cylinder recorder, the Melrose firm had the stuff transcribed, and that's how the book Fifty Hot Licks For Trumpet was born. Now along comes Jazz Directory with a report that one of these cylinders (King Porter) has been found. Well, we happen to know that Ronald Colman took all these recordings off to Shangri La years ago, and they haven't been heard from since.

Ponderable Pronouncement of the Month: In a recent interview, on his return from Europe, Armstrong told reporters, "Understand, it isn't jazz they [college] come to hear, it's good music. Music is either good or bad and it's got to be learned." Also, the students of fifty New England colleges gave Louis a scroll last December in recognition of his contribution to jazz. Remember when Paul Whiteman was the layman's idea of the king of jazz?

B. F.
RARE CATALOG REPRINT

We present the material on this page as a continuation of our established policy of conveying valuable jazz information to our readers through the publication of excerpts from rare record catalogues. Very little is known about these fabulously rare Arabian recordings. We do not actually know of anyone who has heard these sides, but those who have claim that they establish a link with the music we all know and love, and hint at new additions to the stockpile of jazz source material. To the music of African drummers, of plantation workers in the American South, and of Liszt—all recognized by various scholars as contributing so much to the foundations of jazz—must now, perhaps, be added the music of Mme. El-Amir.

To quote from our Near Eastern correspondent: "Gannetel Ahlam was the first blues I no doubt heard in my life. Mme. Agfan, she hardly could play nothing else more, but she really could play this number. To get in on it, to learn it, I made myself the camel brusher."

This same correspondent has translated for us the lyrics of the reverse side of S.E. 4, the haunting Agmal Layali. It begins: "I hate, to see that evening sun, bedouin."

The other data reproduced here speak for itself. Kismet.
ma rainey, volume I

Daddy goodbye, black eye blues, deep moanin' blues, runaway blues, leaving this morning, traveling blues, sleep talking blues, blame it on the blues.

This is a revealing way to introduce Ma Rainey. The accomplishments on these numbers are simple, and the original recordings from which they were reprocessed were better technically than some of her better-known earlier work. As a result, we can hear her now: she is better before—and after a good listening we can hear her other records with an increased understanding. What we hear is not just the work of a good blues singer or stylist; there are many good blues singers on records. We hear the work of a great blues singer, and of a woman who has the range of an artist; and few have reached that status. A long time ago, we were told that Gertrude Rainey was Bessie Smith's "teacher." We were also told that her style was somewhat simpler, her voice deeper, her manner slower. From certain quarters came word that Ma was "better than Bessie."

Although we can see how Bessie's style could, in some sense, grow out of Ma's, it is now clear that Ma's is a style that is mature and realized on its own terms, that each singer had her own concept of the blues and how they should be sung. Ma tells her story simply: her melodic variations depend more on shading, shift of emphasis, saving her more obvious turns of melody for climactic moments, and she shows a somewhat smaller vocal range than Bessie. Blame It and Deep Moanin', in this set, are outstanding examples of how moving and unique her use of her resources can be.

Most of these numbers (unlike others of Ma's blues) have but a single strain for their basis, and some of these we know under other titles on records. Daddy Goodbye is like How Long; Leaving it, as Ma acknowledges in her lyric, based on Jim Jackson's Blues; and both of these are, of course, "break" blues using a refrain. Traveling has a melody similar to Ma's Countin' the Blues. Black Eye is really a song, complete with verse, based on a well-known "blues-esque" chord sequence.

The accompaniments to six of these numbers are by Tampa Red's simple, twanging guitar—which could have got quite monotonous but doesn't all—and a piano. They work together well and the slow blues beat is just as it should be.

The larger unit, as used on Deep Moanin', raises some interesting questions. The record opens with unison humming, loosely in harmony. In the first chorus, we hear a banjo and piano playing with the singer. Gradually a kazoo joins in quietly. In the next chorus, there is a louder kazoo and a heavy jug. Then there is another chorus of easy humming, with replies by Ma and the piano behind. The next chorus is sung against stop-timing on the jug and kazoo and the piano's continuing counter-strain. This builds up into quite a performance. These sometimes unmusical and silly "hokum" instruments apparently had to be used. Perhaps it was considered commercial—and perhaps Ma felt differently about them than I do when I hear them in her company. However, if they have to be used, I cannot imagine a better use than that to which they are put here.

We would call Blame It one of her best records. There are five choruses, the first four of which follow the "regular" 12-bar pattern. The first is introductory.

The second is wordless, except for the repeated "lord, lord, lord" moan. In the background, the accompaniment is building. By the fifth chorus, we are ready for a climax and it is reached by making a "break" chorus and extending it to 16 bars. Ma jumping an octave in the chorus section. That is the academic aspect of it; the rest has to be heard and felt. Things like this and Deep Moanin' do not just "happen," but they sound as if they had and that is part of what makes them good.

Finally, if Black Eye is an example, ballads and songs show a side of this singer that her blues alone cannot show. A collection becomes quite another volume in this very important and revealing series.

(Riverside RLP 1003) (M. T. W.)

Bob Wilber's Wildcat

Blame It and Deep Moanin', the young band that scared 'em in New York a half-dozen years ago and then, as individuals, scattered in numerous geographical directions, is revived on LP in a curious mixture of previously released and unreleased sides. The first six titles are from the sessions for the Rampart label, Mixed Salad having its first appearance. Personnel consists of Johnny Glasel and Jerry Blumber—trumpets, Bob Mielke—trombone, Wilber—clarinet, Dick Wellstood—piano, Charlie Traeger—bass, and Denny Strong—drums.

Now, a two-horn band playing tunes made notable by Louis A., Fred Keppard, and the New Orleans Boobieblacks is sure to get the attention of record collectors. But, needless to say, they don't quite cut the old timers, although they don't do badly. Glasel's withdrawal from the local jazz scene was quite a loss. He had achieved a style somewhat original while very reminiscent of Armstrong circa 1928-30 (although most of the theatrical high notes were happily omitted). Blumberg was, at that time, a careful imitator of Bunk. Wilber was no longer copying Bechet and had an admirable style in the New Orleans category.

Tulip features an exciting exchange of trumpet leads, the contrasting Louis and Bunk sounds stimulating the imagination. With everybody blowing, the Climax becomes quite another in the most muddled. The rhythm is too determined and thumpy, the bass drum annihilating contributions from piano and string bass. Old-Fashioned Love is introduced by some splendid piano in the James P. Johnson tradition. A superior clarinet solo precedes the ensemble. The drums are absent on this one and the remaining rhythm men are allowed to display their excellence. Salty Dog trudges along at a pleasant slow tempo, never banking, neither wagging nor dragging its tail bone. Salad produces a superb verse, but little more. The breaks are unobtrusive but everybody tries hard. Occasionally the two trumpets inject some vitality into the proceedings. One Is A Like A Little, but for its frantic pace, is a fine job. Glasel commits some Armstrongisms that would make the master proud. Again, however, the bass drum dominates the rhythm section. I Can't Say has the qualities of a better than average ballad. Its treatment is as that of Salty Dog, only this time the tail wags—during Wellstood's piano bit.

Weary Blues and China Boy are heretofore unreleased selections from a session during the boys' Scarsdale High School days. Glasel is unaided in the trumpet chores and Ed Hubble in the trombone. Wilber was then copying Sidney Bechet with remarkable success. Both of these sides seem to swing somewhat more than the later records with the larger band. The tempos are too fast and much less sure, however. Glasel's solo on China Boy is outstanding.

The band as a whole was at its recorded best during the Commodore session, chronologically coming between the two sessions represented on the press.
bunk johnson's band

the entertainer, someday, chloe, the minstrel man, till we meet again, you're driving me crazy, kinklets, marie elena, some of these days, hilarity rag, out of nowhere, that teasin' rag

"Jazz," said the Roll, "is strictly music." The statement has many implications. It means that there are normal musical standards by which we must judge good jazz, and it means that making jazz is not just a matter of "I got rhythm."

There may be better jazz records than these, but there are not many, and there are none that are as well recorded. To hear them is a delight, to listen to them is a revelation, to reflect on their many implications is an education. Not only do they mean a complete re-evaluation, for some of us, of William G. Johnson as a mature musician, leader, theorist, and creator, but they should mean a shake-up (since we continually refuse to listen to what Morton plainly said) in our thinking about what jazz is, who makes it, what is worth recording, and how to go about recording that.

Buddy Bolden, the man who they say started it all, said, "Play down low, way down low, so I can hear those feet dragging," and Morton said, "Jazz music should be played soft, sweet, with plenty of rhythm." They knew. A band that cannot move when it is playing quietly is not a good jazz band.

This band has a unified sound on its surface, an integration of its parts, quite its own. That element is probably easiest to observe on the first two choruses of Someday or on Chloe, but it operates everywhere. It also gets a moving, swinging beat that we demand of good jazz and seldom get; I would call the beat here definitive, despite a certain relative tightness in the very complex kinklets and in The Entertainer and a little sluggishness for the most part in Till We Meet Again (both of which would be unnoticeable from other bands). And this beat, not enough in itself, is combined with Bunk's beautiful tone, and the range and precisely musical attack of his playing and phrasing can be heard on records.

Also to be heard is the drive of his lead—a drive that has nothing to do with loudness or frenzy. Laddnier had it, and Mitchell had it, and Bunk had it, and he had range and imagination and taste and emotional control as well. An artist doesn't produce excitement merely by getting excited himself—unless he is a bad artist (and to be a bad artist is to be no artist). I would say that his solo on Days, deceptively simple as always at first hearing, and the lead in the following chorus make one of the greatest trumpet passages on records—and he is almost that good on all the numbers. And Bunk always creates in musical units of whole choruses or double choruses and his variations (truly that) are whole ideas, not bits and pieces flung together as they happen to come to him; they stem logically from the melody line and each comes logically from what has preceded it and builds on it. Few men have had this requisite gift.

As a soloist, Bushell is adequate (notice how differently he uses fancies out of BG) and trombonist Cuffe is a good soloist. (One wishes these had not been solos but merely sousaphone parts of the lead instrument.) Also apropos of Cuffe, his ensemble approach should be another revelation. It works expertly and right. Remember, Dutray (to mention one of the best) apparently did not play "Tarlige" smears (if I understand the term) either; there are other ways.

There has been a lot of talk about drumming being felt and not heard. It is good talk but most of it has been only talk. Here we find it. And if you want to hear a piano working creatively within the music and not climbing all over it (like some who shall be nameless), listen to Kirkpatrick. And, that Braud is one of perhaps five or six first-rate bassists who ever recorded, is as apparent as ever.

To elaborate something that I remarked on above, one of the unique things about the great jazzmen is their ability to make a complete identity between their music and their rhythm. It is music that swings, intrinsically, as music, not merely "tonal percussion" as it is so often in "swing" music. To hear this happening on a rumba (Marie Elena) is to hear it in unique circumstances that thereby make it unusually vivid.

Finally, this is authentic music, no phoney imitations or re-creations, no adolescent emotionalism, no spasm sines or fubar fives, no dixie jazz, but Bunk's idea of good music, mature on its own terms: relaxed when it is most exciting, quiet when it has most drive, melodic when it is most rhythmic, logically musical always.

Louis Armstrong, too, said it recently: "Music is either good or bad, and it has to be learned." Everyone who has ever achieved anything lasting in jazz has had that kind of respect for musical values. Musicianishness is not enough, disciplined integration of parts is not enough, a feel for the specific idiom of jazz is not enough, the ability to make the music swing is not enough, imagination and taste are not enough, the ability to make the music swing is not enough, but those things together may bring us somewhere near the beginning of it. The theory that good jazz is necessarily brought about by musical ignorance does not get us very far.

There is another point worth making: The Ory band, to name just one, which has been a unit for years (not weeks like this one), could undoubtedly make records as fine and revealing in their way as these are if its real music were recorded with something like the humility, understanding, and respect which Harold Drob and his associates exercised here.

(Columbia ML520) (M. T. W.)

sidney bechet solos

it had to be you, please don't talk about me, after you've gone, ooh boogie, baby won't you please come home, i'm going way down home, margie, wrap your troubles in dreams.

This would seem to be a good idea. It has been evident for a long time that Bechet has given up the idea of playing the clarinet's part in a jazz band and is going to play the lead. It is his own kind of lead, to be sure, but a lead nevertheless, and one that would seem to be especially adaptable (since he combines some elements from the clarinet's role with those of the trumpet), to solo performances that could be new in conception.

However, these are poor records. Mechanically speaking, the balance is terrible, and the resultant sound of the music is extremely ugly; Bechet is shockingly over-recorded. Mechanically speaking, the story is a little more complicated, but it is not unrelated to the mechanical and supervisory one. For it is evident that at least part of the musical failure has to do with the relative placement of the musicians in the studio and the fact that an engineer was there to "monitor" them. A familiar story.

In the first place, they never get together: what we have is a rapping Bechet "backed" (in the worst sense of that word) by a rhythm section which does not put up with him and with which he does not play. The drummer does not know what he is supposed to do, and I would be inclined to lay most of the blame for the agitated, frustrated beat at his feet. Bechet's response to this lack of swing is to play loudly, noisily, mechanically, merely giving his mannerisms a run-through. It gets to sound like self-imitation, and if you know the V-disc he made of After You've Gone, you can see that that is just what it is.

When he wants to be—and when he is allowed to be—Sidney Bechet is a fine, imaginative, relaxed, and creative musician. Some of that is implicit even in the poorest of his record dates, and it is sometimes movingly evident when one hears him in person. His records always sell well and somehow this seems to mean nowadays that we get a lot of dull records. Most of the fault is probably not Bechet's.

(Atlantic LP 118) (M. T. W.)
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Miles Davis, Poll Winner 1952, America’s No. 1 modern trumpet player.

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doctor bites doctor jazz

(Continued from Page 8)

1902 . . ." (My italics; and please chalk this one on my side of the ledger!—E. S.)

Quoting further from the same letter, I am ready to stand corrected in my statement that Jelly claimed to be the creator of the blues. He says: "Please do not misunderstand me. I do not claim any of the creation of the blues, although I had written many of them even before Mr. Handy had any blues published . . .".

In accepting Mr. Carew's quotes that Jelly also denied inventing ragtime (in fact showed a twitch toward his great predecessors Wilson, Jackson, Cahill, Davis, et al.), I also admit error in the second part of my short statement that forced Mr. Carew to polish up his armor and charge into battle.

But I take exception to Mr. Carew's interpretation that Jelly Roll claimed only to have invented piano jazz! I honestly believe that if Jelly's tomb were reopened, you would find that he had turned completely over—in spite of the intimate and unselfish relationship that existed between Mr. Carew and Jelly! How Mr. Carew reconciles the fact that a celebrated quote from Morton says: "Listen man, whenever you blow that horn, you're blowing Jelly Roll!"

... I am sure that the original mistake that I sent is the Changer, I not only referred to Handy as "The Father of the Blues" (which brought to mind Jelly's claim as the inventor of jazz), but had also included references to Paul Whiteman and Benny Goodman. It might be noted that the King of Jazz and the King of Swing—and noted that I wondered if perhaps these pseudonyms had boomeranged into handicaps, instead of being helpful! This comment was deleted from my article, presumably for space reasons. Had they been included, these references would have shown that my attack was not centered against Jelly Roll alone. It is well to note that any "King of Swing" reference stepped on the toes of Jelly Roll. Here again Jelly claims a finger in the pie, for in his own words, "Swing is just another word for jazz, and jazz is all, man, jazz is all . . . is the claimant to the paternity of jazz?"

I am sorry that I do not have time to replay my entire set of "Library of Congress" records, for in my hasty search for enough quotes from Jelly himself to further strengthen my position, however, I assure you that I have already played it several times. And, adding this to the few contacts I had with the live and bitter Morton, I can sum up my unalienable right to express my impression of Jelly, as follows: he thought he could beat "any man, from any land, with one foot or either hand." And I went for pool-shooting, crap shooting, piano playing (did you ever hear of Jelly losing a contest?), fancy dressing, women—or whatever you'll have it.

In conclusion, I wish to thank Mr. Carew for calling my attention to my ebullient and effervescent (and unintended) mistakes, and duly apologize to Jelly Roll's memory, his family and his friends. Also, I want once more to thank Mr. Carew for the meticulous and unselfish part he has played in preserving for posterity the heritage of this one man who contributed so much to our American culture and folk music.

We might also offer slight counsel to Mr. Carew, that he not let affection and time blind him to the truth. Let us not forget that we can still like Oscar Wilde's poetry without necessarily liking Oscar Wilde.

This is nectar for the personality collector, and if you want it all on one record, it's on "1912 78's," replete with slick slangy symphonies for such artist by Abe Green, whose popgun prose assures us that the enormously successful Blue Angel was a Hollywood remake, which is news to me. A little birdie once told me Von Sternberg did the German and English versions simultaneously in Berlin for Ufa, but I guess I just got the bird.

The Extended Play record is apparently doing more for otherwise forgotten sides than the conventional LPs. The majors are more apt to take chances on a single 45 of four recordins: Columbia has already pressed, besides current material, reissues of delightful old favorites that never were included in any LPs, and have been unavailable for over fifteen years, such as Louis' All of Me, Walkin' My Baby Back Home, Shine and You Rascal, You; and Bing's Blue Prelude, Love in Bloom, Paradise and After Sundown. These should satisfy all but the most rabid original-label collectors, although the tone and depth, of course, if not the surface, of the '78s are still better.

The need for much more material than facilities (and perhaps finances) can presently provide may lead to many sorely-missed gems being given a new lease of life: for where it would be an understandable risk to reissue other than the tried-and-true on an LP, think what could be accomplished instead on an EP! Voluntarily, the possibilities are unlimited—imagine a History of Popular Song, with the outstanding performers of their era being given one EP: say, Nora Bayes' Shine On, Harvest Moon, Broken Doll, Just Like a Ghost, You're the Nearest to My Heart; Blossom Seeley, Helen Morgan, Cliff Edwards, Red McKenzie, Jack Teagarden, the early Jolson and Cantor and instrumentally, some of the wonderful pioneer bands of different types: Coon-Sanders doing, perhaps, The Wall, Bluefoot, Darktown Strutters' Ball, I Ain't Got Nobody; and equally representative sides by Ray Miller, Iham Jones, Ted Weems, the Georgians, the Californian Ramblers, and scads of others who quietly paved the way while others, often less deserving, were lapping up the gravy. Just as there is a permanently available library of the history of the motion picture in the Museum of Modern Art, so there should be a History of Popular Music permanently available on records, with recourse to more than just the best sellers of each type.

Some cliché-hardened collector friends have already swooned at its temerity, but I brazenly confess that a new Victor album by Helen Traubel of eight epics of earlier years, bearing the obvious title of The Gay Nineties, seems to me to fill a definite present-day need.

I refuse to concede that, simply because Miss Traubel is an opera singer, her renditions must automatically be considered ridiculous. Nor will I grant that singing them straight, with no condescensions to this vastly enlightened era, necessarily calls for nothing but hoots and howls of derision. With a rousing, bandstand-in-the-park backing, intelligently conceived by Arthur Fiedler, Miss Traubel manages to recapture, perhaps for the first time since the songs went out of vogue, something of the charm, naïveté and nostalgia of After the Ball, A Bird in a Gilded Cage, My Mother Was a Lady, Bill Bailey, The Curse of an Aching Heart and others. These are a relief from Jerry Colonna and Beatrice Kay, and let the wit fall where it may.

How would you like an album consisting of outstanding renditions by a dozen greats of yesterday? Well, Victor has made it possible in packaging such widely different talents as Fannie Brice doing her original My Man (the acoustical 1921 version, not the 1929 electrical one); Helen Morgan's Bill; Will Rogers discussing Topics of the Day (in 1923); DeWolf Hopper's Cry at the Bat, which, it may surprise you to learn, is electrically recorded (1926). Also, Sophie Tucker in I'm the Last of the Red Hot Mammas; Helen Kane booping I Have to Have You (which, it seems to me, is the one selection that does not stand the test of time); Gloria Swanson reminding us of The Trespasser again in Love, Your Spell Is Everywhere. The lusty Blue Angel is sparked in Dietrich's exciting Falling in Love Again, a superb German recording; Chevalier and Valentine once more; John Barrymore's throbbing Soliloquy from Hamlet; Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth duetting their Turn Off Your Light, Mr. Moon (a 1911 pressing); and Caruso doing the only "pop" song he ever recorded, Dreams of Long Ago. This is quite a feast, although personally I believe the indiscriminate mixing of singers and speakers isn't a good balance: certainly Victor would be wiser, for the album itself, to make a separate album of each. But, better what we have than nothing at all.

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the record changer

VOL. 12, NO. 2

editor-publisher bill grauer, jr.

managing editor orrin keepnes

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art editor paul bacon
HOW THE RECORD CHANGER WORKS: CLOSING DATE FOR BIDS MARCH 16TH

Abbreviations used in the Classified "Wanted" and "For Disposition": Sections as follows:

Col. 1, Record Label:

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When it is necessary to indicate nationality of the record, the following letters appear after the record label abbreviations:

- Arg: Argentine |
- An: Austrian |
- B: Brazilian |
- C: Canadian |
- F: French |
- G: German |
- It: Italian |
- M: Mexican |
- N: Nordic |
- S: Swedish |
- S: Swedish |
- T: Belgian |

In the "For Disposition" section, the condition of the record is indicated by these abbreviations:

- NEW: Surface noise equal to an unplayed record; no visible or audible wear perceptible; original finish intact.
- VG: Surface noise somewhat more prominent; light foreign noises, but slight distortion. If any; noises not seriously distracting.
- G: A moderate amount of surface noise. May be somewhat irregular and cracking; some foreign noises, and a little distortion. A barely satisfactory listening without undue distraction of attention. Foreign noises definitely less prominent than the music.
- F: Foreign noises, taken together, are about as prominent as the music, and there is considerable distraction of attention. Listening requires some effort and concentration; nevertheless, under these conditions, listening should be fairly satisfactory.
- P: Foreign noises, collectively, are louder than the recorded music; continuous concentration is required, and there is little satisfaction in listening.

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The FOG in the FIG TREE

CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

Charles Edward Smith surely needs no detailed introduction to readers of this magazine. He is one of the authors of "Jazzmen," probably the greatest of the books on jazz (and still available). He can easily be called the "Dean of Jazz Writers," a description that refers to his considerable erudition and long experience in the field, and to the fact that many of today's writers and critics learned much of their craft, directly or indirectly, from him. This should not be taken to mean that Mr. Smith is aged (see photograph for confirmation) or that he is professorial or humorless (see the article that follows for confirmation of that). "The Fog on the Fig Tree" marks his return to these pages after a deeply regretted absence. He is beginning to write again after many months of illness, and we hope to bring his writings to you in the future with accustomed frequency.

This is the first of a projected occasional series in which Mr. Smith will dissect the views of leading critics, the spokesmen for various schools of thought in and about jazz. The critics wield great power, sometimes for good reason and sometimes through little more than self-proclaimed authority, and readers are inclined to accept partisan dogma at face value. It takes an at least equally accredited authority to point out overstatements, absurdities and mis-steps. Charles Edward Smith, although he would be the last to claim infallibility for himself, is in our opinion one of the most knowledgeable and flexible-minded writers in this field, and is surely extremely well-qualified to take on this task of analysis.

Introduction to the Louisiana Purchase, Sesqui-Centennial Edition

It was while I was pondering the world-shaking implications of what I like to think of as the Barry Ulanov Paradox (which proves conclusively the non-existence of jazz as a musical development) that Alan Merriman's refreshing comments on The African Background appeared in the November, 1952, issue of The Record Changer—a publication which I enjoy once every month or so along with a cup of that fine Arabian coffee from New Orleans. In my absent-minded preoccupation with this article, some of the coffee spilled onto the red flannel shirt I wear in honor of Bolden the Barber. This caused me to recall that I had promised an article to Grover's Gutbucket Gazette. But the only suitable prose around the place was "The Fog on the Fig Tree," and as Mr. Merriman seemed to have covered some of the territory, I felt that I was fresh out of usable manuscript.

It's true that I had compiled information on the grain of wood used for tailgates for trombones, including such details as whether a trombone should be played with or across the grain, and the effect of various woods (from ash to ironwood) on tonal properties. But I did not feel that this was yet ready for publication. It may interest you to know, since I am off on a tangent and might as well have company, that a painting by Veronese (Paolo Cagliari, 1535-88) of the "Miracle at Cana" includes a Negro musician playing the slide trombone. In Italy, as in Spain, Negroes were often called Moors because they were, in fact, a mixture with Moors, but such Negroes were not, generally speaking, from West Africa. It is interesting, perhaps, that the Spanish term for trombone, sacabuche, is thought to be of African derivation. Since the first Moor did not arrive in New Orleans until one was brought along by the Ursuline Nuns as a servant, the connection is exceedingly remote. The instrument, we learn from Grove's Dictionary, is almost "perfect," though certain notes "require humoring" (Hah!). That brings us back where we started from, with the tangent idling in the back yard and your correspondent for the Bolden Blade contemplating whether his comments, with some woodshedding, might help to corroborate previous findings by Merriman, Orrin Keepnews and others.

It is not my intention to write a review of Ulanov's book (A History of Jazz in America, Viking Press, N. Y., 1952). In the article to which these paragraphs are an introduction, I propose to examine the critical-historical viewpoint of which Ulanov is the most vociferous exponent. It is to happen that he has simplified my task by the writing of a book which collects and codifies the point of view he has been expressing for several years.

Originally, I had read and re-read Ulanov's History merely (1) to re-acquaint myself with his view of the 52nd Street geography and (2) to find out what makes his metronome tick. Discovering that Ulanov had failed dismally to place jazz in a framework of time and place, to say nothing of more remote historical factors or a raison d'être, I found myself typing out copious quotes to which I appended marginal comments. In doing so, it seemed essential to indicate, at least briefly and tentatively, my conception of an alternative approach to that of this critic who seems to have a scarcely disguised contempt for the music of those "impoverished" New Orleanians whose stuff, hot from the gutbucket, made jazz possible. (That certain sections of his book contain new information, some of it both edifying and entertaining, I'll gladly concede, but that is irrelevant to the present discussion.)

Eventually, my concern grew to cover a wider area than just the attitudes of Barry Ulanov. After talking it over with the (Continued on Next Page)
have tried to deal with jazz criticism and necessarily involving some analysis of the positions of jazz critics. I have privately given the whole the working title of The Fig Tree and How It Grew.

Basically, it is my contention that an inaccurate historical approach, unless corrected, encourages a false perspective and, hence, a critical viewpoint that must be suspect. For example, in Hot Jazz, written two decades ago and still one of the most important critical studies of jazz, Hugues Panassie defines stylistic uniqueness with a very fine ear, with great perceptivity, but nevertheless fails to relate jazz developments to historical fact. In a later book, he attempts to reassemble his views, but The Real Jazz, though less disorganized in its grasp of historical processes, chooses a limited, a priori, vantage point that is, in many respects, disappointing. However, that will be one of the subjects to mull over in a later article. We are concerned here with a viewpoint that, while not peculiarly Ulanov’s, has gained a degree of credibility by the claim, explicit in the title of his book, that he has written a history of jazz. This viewpoint is the notion that New Orleans musicians did not create jazz, but only “kindergarten” constructions that have only the most tenuous relevance to the “real” jazz that came along later. Of which more anon.

Measured against the countless centuries of man’s prehistory, modern civilization is a very small fraction of time and future historians will hardly credit our out-of-context use of terms such as “savage” and “primitive.” Alan Merriam deserves praise for his emphasis and explanation of New Orleans history and validity of tribal cultures, as well as for his definition of survival factors in music. I can conceive of the conscious continuation of such features as anacyclusm and structural, both in historical accounts of American Negro folk music as it existed before the Civil War and in contemporary folk music such as the field recordings made by anthropologist Harold Courlander in western Alabama for Folkways Records. But this, it must be noted, is the retention of musical style only, not its identification with an ancillary historical and musicological tradition in the ethnic group sense, in the way that a white mountain singer might allow that his balladry was “our way of singing”—not referring it to the British Isles in his thinking about it.

However, I make one reservation (after urging all who are seriously interested in this subject to re-read Mr. Merriam’s article and in particular his chapter on Sargeant’s book, Jazz, Hot and Hybrid (E. P. Dutton, N. Y.), which is especially relevant to this subject) as regards cultural heritage. In distinguishing between life in the West Indies and in certain parts of South America, tribal cultures were almost entirely obliterated in the United States. And if you were to argue and the huge plantation “factories” of the Delta country held pockets of more potent survival influence, I should not dispute it but merely point out that the auction block in New Orleans, the great slave-trading center of the Southwest, brought to the cultural amalgam a preponderance of Negroes who were already Americans, including some whose ancestors had begun to create the most spiritual and others whose forebears had been baptized in Catholicism in early Louisiana. Despite the remnants of Voodoo ceremonies and so on, by the early 19th century the dominant culture, for Negroes of the Delta as elsewhere on the mainland, was a foster-culture, which they already regarded as their own, and quite naturally so.

One other point that should be emphasized is the virile strength of the musical seed that was African. For, not once in our history but four times, it determined the unique character of folk-rooted musical developments, all of which related complex relationships to other music, from hymns to honky-tonk piano. These were, of course, the first flowering of spirituals (freedom songs) with their confrontational, complementary hollers, plantation stomp and so forth; next, the blues and inter-related “primitive” spirituals that probably began much earlier but had their greatest impact in the big disillusion that, following Emancipation, результат from the imposition of a slavery of color; then the tremendous impact of ragtime that deserved and got a scholarly and abundantly mucial treatment in the Blash-Janis book, They All Played Ragtime (Knopf, N. Y.) and, finally, jazz music, so closely allied to these growths and to the brass band music that had been a feature of Louisiana life since at least the early part of the 18th century. Regarding all of these developments, I think one might say, as I did in the introduction to The Making of a King (in the Louis Armstrong, Summer, 1951, issue of The Changer), that the American Negro folk style could “adapt to itself (not adapt itself to) a diversity of influences.”

In looking for the historical beginnings of jazz, we cannot fail to see that none of the developments mentioned has been at any
time rigidly compartmented. At times they were overlapping, or represented parallel phenomena. An example of such parallel development is the “in” and “out” thing in New Orleans jazz history in the 1920’s, when the city’s musical life included jazz bands of the Golden type, usually without piano and related directly to brass bands, but also bands of the Golden type or sums with guitar, piano or trio; pianist ragtime (as distinguished from orchestrated ragtime played by Robichaux, etc., predecessors); and, at the same time, the Congo Square dances which had become little more than colorful entertainment, carrying echoes of the talking drums of the West Indies. Possibly the very cleavage of technical style and ethical association, plus cultural-historical associations, assured their subsequent fluidity, making possible the fact of such a potent family line. The presence of integrated features of tribal life is insufficient to explain it, yet it is indisputably in the nature of a true heritage and not of an atavistic “racial unconscious.”

I grossly offended a Creole musician the other day. He denied in toto the African sense of melody. But I said, ‘did you not tell me that you spent hours trying to imitate the Negro’s “turns” on your cornet or flute?’ I did,” he replied, ‘but not because I pleased me—only because I was curious to learn why I could not imitate it: it still baffles me, but the abomination to my ear! “Nay,” I said, ‘it hath a most sweet sound to me; and to the ethnologist a most fascinating interest.’ Whereupon he walked away in a high fury; and now he has breathed to me no more.” —Lafcadio Hearn, 1883.

A History of Jazz in America compresses a 300-old year development, from the first baptism, a Rastaman slave, all the way to bop, into little more than that number of pages, leaving its author with sufficient space to include a few inconsequential items of his own, such as the heartbreakingly absence of profound French culture prior to the late Ellington period, and the disclosure that “nothing especially important musically happened to jazz on the piano until the music got to Chicago!” (Teddy Hill was supposed to play in a style in many respects reminiscent of Jelly Roll Morton must have been one of those accidental coincidences, such as the relationship of the Prattf to the law of gravity.

His lack of serious concern for the genesis of jazz and jazz style may be understood in view of his interest in the really cool man, but it hardly excuses throwing into a mad mulligan everything but the floor plan of the old French Market and calling it the New Orleans Period. This kind of stew lacks even the flavor of honest-but-dirty dishwasher. The book runs the gamut from blather to bop and back again as the man with the metronome devoted his store-bought erudition to the crudity of early jazz and the callowness of its critic-friends, all of whom appear to be members in good standing of the Ancient Order of Mouldy Figs.1

I hope, without much reason to do so, that Ullman might re-examine the basis of his esthetic judgments and the basis for his description of New Orleans style. But more important than the sneaking hope of proselytizing a pundit, I should like to impress

1 According to ancient legend this society had its origin in an old-fashioned garden, one of the distinctive features of which was a fig tree. In a curious inversion of a familiar old tale, a resident musician, Ever, is said to have been the first snake-charmer.
upon jazz listeners (at the risk of repeating myself or re-stating points of view shared with others), some pertinent facts about this music that has reached the stage where it appears on the curricula of schools and colleges, bringing cacophony, cool and confusion to the classroom.

Barry’s more ostentatious assaults on common sense read as though they’d been addressed to colitis legs and starry eyes. Does this lecture-hall gambit still get the flicker of an adolescent eyelash? At any rate, what with the confusion and the profundity and the no doubt deeply-felt irrelevance, it is difficult to distinguish his wisdom from its wobble. However, let’s be generous and say that he is an enthusiast of the solid and the man, and is having a hell of a thrill trying to reconcile Sidney and Schilling.

With his trusty, multi-syllabic typewriter, Barry bravely approaches the jungle of jazz in its native habitat. His keen and educated ear is guided by gully-low and gutbucket noises, obviously the “crude” attempts of the natives on a street called Perdido (which means in Spanish, lost, or get gone, man) to formulate quasi-musical sounds on such crude instruments as the cornet, trumpet, alto horn, baritone horn, valve trombone, slide trombone, tuba, clarinet, fife, piccolo, banjo, guitar, bass viol, snare drum, bass drum, bongo drum, cymbals, woodblocks, and maybe a piano or a “crude” old Italian violin. Studying the situation by radar from a platform neatly contrived of numerous volumes of the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire, Barry scribbles notes, imitating the terminology of his honest contemporaries, the cultural anthropologists. But he eschews their sensible work methods: e.g., to understand the tribes, leave your vocabulary at home. Learn theirs. To understand their profundity, leave your own in mothballs, or, better still, leave it to the moths, if the moths can take it.

I should like to mention again a point stressed both by Keepnews and Merriam, since it relates to what will follow. Barry chides some unnamed writer or writers for charging jazz to be of African origin—just like that: tune, tempo and trombone! I’m sure, if Mr. Ulanov would finance the venture, I’d manage to turn up a New Orleans band in the Gold Coast country or perhaps the Congo and if the boys gave out with their true life story it might include some records on a beat-up phonograph by Louis Armstrong and His Hot Five, and I dare say they could point with pride to their inextricable heritage of American music. But if any writer had said jazz was an African music, I haven’t come across the evidence of it. This rare document, if it exists, should be turned over to the bomb-proof Government Archives in Washington, so that in a distant era it might confuse intelligent beings from Outer Space. Of course no responsible critic has advanced such a thesis, though some may have erred in that direction, not excluding Ulanov.

He remarks, in the course of a painful discussion of “freshness, profundity and skill”—terms which, in one way and another, are descriptive of all art, from 20,000-year-old cave drawings to Picasso—that the effect of Congo Square was twice felt in jazz, once, as it “filtered” through Storyville, and later, “when bebop musicians went to Cuba to reclaim their earlier heritage.” A careful study of the vast amount of historical material, written and musical, on jazz backgrounds, should convince even the champion of cool that the instrumental style that is the core of jazz derived from a singing style, and that this was shaped by more than three long centuries of American Negro folk music, in the matrix of a foster culture. The contact of Congo Square, though it had in some respects the effect of a trigger mechanism, perhaps, or a catalyst, and very likely affected jazz directly, is nevertheless not the primary influence in the creation of it. With the baptism of the first Negro slave and the destruction of almost all tribal patterns of languages and cultures (themselves diverse) a new ethnic group was brought into being. Either Ulanov is using words very loosely or he is an Afrophile in a twelve-tone tattortal vest.

Unless they were Cubans by birth the Bopists who made their pilgrimage to the Pearl of the Antilles could get little in the way of direct heritage. This contact of Cuban music with African survivals may have been one of conscious recognition that jazz had, in fact, fragmented features of African tribal music (as Cuban music had in another style). Yet they could hardly fail to recognize that this was so because of a retention of stylistic or technical features also lacking, for the most part, in historical or cultural associations. If they knew Louisiana history, they could also note resemblances to and distinctions from such music and that for plantation dances at which songs in Creole (language of the Creoles) patois were sung. In any case, this recognition is far from tribal heritage, which is the conscious handing down, from one generation to the next, of cultural patterns in a familiar context that relates generally to tribal life in its entirety.

Barry fondles “profundity” as though it were a Prime Mover, as though it constituted the first calibrator in the world. Yet his very use of it puts intellectual limits upon the word, thus narrowing considerably its possible application. “In jazz, in its early years, the word was almost entirely missing from the discussion—and properly so, because until the later Ellington, (my emphasis—CBS) until Charlie Parker and Lennie Tristano, there was little in jazz that could be called highly profound.” The treatise is full of such grandiloquence, crassly, vitamin-free tid-bits, guaranteed meatless and as easy to swallow as a dish of Arabian stew.

If Ulanov got his stuff straight from the horse’s mouth, someone put it in a ringer. For when he put the stop-watch on timeless art and clocked this mighty steed down the stretch he forgot that calendar chronology as presently seen is a comparatively man-made tool, completely useless in the field of esthetics. Critics have and will talk about degrees of esthetic impact but when they do this by contrasting “primitive” to “civilized” or “mature” they are talking gratuitous nonsense. Many factors heighten one’s esthetic enjoyment or tend to prevent its operation altogether as, for example, the utter strangeness of some strains of Oriental music to alien ears. The cave artist did not muddy about trade jargon such as “fluid linear design” or “dynamic symmetry, much less the so-called “pure sound” or “profundity” around the campfire. But his art, functional in character as was all art at its inception, has an esthetic effect, quite as definitely as that of Bracque. If Ulanov or anyone else has a tool to measure it? it would be even more sensational than Mr. Emerson’s hypothetical mouse-trap.

Developments in art are influenced by many factors, some of which are completely explicable, but in almost all instances developments in technique, complexity and variety in art forms are concomitant with the technological level of the society itself. Where the society is fragmented, as in the case in early New Orleans, there will be not one, but many levels, none of them insuperable barriers to cultural interchange. (In this city, African slaves as well as free Negroes were craftsmen and, among other things, did the wrought-iron balustrades of the old Ursuline Convent.) In itself, mastery of form in art holds for both the creator and the consumer or listener a satisfaction analogous to that derived from man’s scientific achievements and both represent a conscious re-shaping (not imitation) of elements in nature.

It should be stressed that art— in which the content of freedom and sound (a rhythm of sound, a burden of sound, within an area of containment) is sustained in an ineffable balance—is paralleled both in primitive and in complex cultures by artistic expression that establishes formal limits only in its motifs. Innumerable examples of the latter exist, from worksongs to modernistic... (Continued on Page 8)
Reissue: Milton Gabler and Bob Thiele, a couple of fellows who know something about the subject, have the signal to begin a new series of reissues on the Brunswick label. So far, only items from the catalogues of Decca (which, of course, now owns Brunswick) and Signature (which used to be owned and operated by Thiele) have appeared. On to the Vocations, men.

Feather Department: A Mr. Leonard Feather, in a recent issue of Down Beat, stated that he could probably not tell the difference between a 1929 Armstrong solo and a 1950 effort by a Louis imitator, such as Lee Castle. We have long suspected that Mr. Feather was this bad off and are delighted to see him admitting it in public with such delightful frankness.

Authentic Legend: The stories are already beginning to gather around Bunk as they have for years around Bix. Good thing, probably. But here is a true one. The late Gene Vail, has appeared on the 33-1/2 phonograph one night and, half-kidding, said: "Bunk, I hear there is an old fellow down in Balti- more imitating your style." The immediate reply: "That's all right. I've got seven other styles.

Out of the way item worth your attention is Roll It, Boy by Pete Johnson and Joe Turner, on a label called RPM (which is getting pretty basic for a record label). The number was recorded at a concert, with a very hip audience joining in. A fine show.

Warning: Benny Frenchie happens to know all about those "unknown" Jelly Roll Morton items. And he is getting damned tired of waiting around until certain collectors get stocked up on these records and all set to make a killing before they break the news. He's going to tell, so hurry up, you soandos.

Mystery: The veil of mystery covering the personnel of the J. R. Morton Levee Serenaders may have been slightly lifted by Cecil Scott's recent remark about having done some recording with Jelly for Vocation. He remembers no titles, but does recall that there were about six or eight numbers. Someone ought to follow up this lead.

Benny's Suggestion of the Month: Any jazz lover who feels like stretching his tastes out a bit should have a ball with some of the following: Scarletti, Sonata in E Major (Longo 25) and Sonata in A Minor (Longo 241), both on Westminster LP WL5139; Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No. 2, First Movement (try the version on London); and Bach's Suite for Orchestra No. 3, last two dances. It all swings!

"Battle of Bands": One of these things, featuring Duzzy Gillespie vs. Jimmy McPartland, has been recorded by the same band by both bands (Indiana, How High, etc.,) and once they all got together, on a blues. Anyway, they have the distinction of being the first record session ever cut in Birdland!!!
Every so often, a new young jazz band turns up hereabouts, playing in the style of the old-time traditional jazzmen. Or, at least, playing as close to that vein as is possible, considering the limitations of their abilities and their understanding of jazz. And considering also the fact that they have reached their twenties in someplace like New York in 1953, rather than Storyville in about 1913.

It's best to keep from getting too excited about these new "discoveries." In most cases, a second or third listening reveals that they are far from being full-fledged reincarnations of Kid Ory's Brownskin Band or King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band, that all they offer is one or two outstanding front line men, a couple of tunes you're not likely to hear played at Eddie Condon's club, and a frenzied enthusiasm.

But, after due pause for deliberation, it seems completely safe and only fair to come out waving flags and whooping it up for the latest of the young New York groups: the Red Onion Jazz Band.

This outfit, currently active on several fronts in the metropolitan area, has two rather unique counts in its favor. For one thing, they strike straight back to sources, and play very much in the two-beat, "cornetish" style. This, of course, is based on organized patterns first set by bands like Oliver's, maintained today by West Coast organizations of the Watters-Murphy school, but pretty much a stranger in the East.

Their second asset, an even more unusual one, lies in their understanding of what it is they are doing. All the evidence is that these young jazzmen really know the music, know the recorded work of the Old Masters, know thoroughly a much wider than usual repertoire of tunes, and have some very definite ideas about what they want to play and how they want to go about it.

Most articulate of the group is drummer (and occasional washboard artist) Bob Thompson, who is working toward a Ph.D. in psychology and who recently had to turn the leadership of the band over to cornetist Bob Hodes because the duties of being a leader interfered too drastically with his studies and teaching activities.

As Thompson spells it out, this is a band primarily interested in being a band, not a loose-knit or unbuttoned jam session outfit. "A jazz band," says Thompson, "is made up of many subtle components of the art of playing together. Improvisation need not imply completely random playing. It needs sympathetic and alert support for the improvisor from the others and can only be achieved by musicians who know each other well and think alike within their chosen idiom. This requires much more than just playing together often."

"Such a group must achieve a distinct sound. One of the most difficult and necessary things to learn is restraint, the subjugation of individual flights of fancy in the interests of the band sound. The proper choice of notes is another necessity. The sound depends on the harmonic constructions chosen, as well as the qualities of the instruments and players. Whereas formal harmony may allow for many notes to be legitimately fitted to a given chord or chord progression, a jazz band sound depends on considerable restriction of freedom in this sphere."

Last all this sound somewhat too formal—and Bob Thompson is actually anything but a formal cat—it should be noted that he quickly adds that none of the above need be intellectualized or verbalized in this way. "I think it helps the listener to get an idea of what lies behind the sound but the musician is of course much more likely to be talking this way than talking about it."

And there is nothing heavy or cerebral about what the Red Onion boys play. It is strictly a good-time music, for dancing and not for concertizing, and flourishes best in a party atmosphere. You get a clue to this in their unusual repertoire. While it does include most of the standards, it also branches off into seldom heard tunes like Storyville Blues, Sunset Cafe Stomp, London Blues—and into numbers rarely heard east of San Francisco these days, like I'm a Little Blackbird, Cornet Chop Suey, Creole Belles, Auntie Skinner's Chicken Dinner. They consider this departure from the usual pattern of New York jazz-band tunes to be of great importance.

And their success to date indicates that their approach may have a lot of merit. Shortly after being formed, the band was booked into Jimmy Ryan's Blue Note, in New York, for a nine-week stay that ended in January of this year. They are now playing frequently at the Monday night sessions at Ryan's 52nd Street spot, and as a rule can be found on Saturday nights at the Club Tip Toe in Bridgeport, Conn., and on Friday's at the Belmont Park Ballroom, Garden, N. J. They're also in demand for college dances in the East, with offers from as far off as Alabama.

Actually, the band is not fully a new one, but rather an off-shoot, amalgamation and continuation of two groups: Thompson's Dixieland Footwarmers, which began working toward a two-beat and New Orleans style in 1951, and the Dixieland Rhythm Kings, of Dayton, Ohio, a band which enjoyed considerable success in and around New York a couple of years ago. Since Thompson was musically very close to the Dayton band, too, the linkage is a deep and full one and may have a lot to do with the presence in this band of the "togetherness" of style Thompson considers so essential.

Bob Hodes, who now leads the group, is 26 and a self-made cornetist. He played with both the parent groups, has considerable regard for the styles of George Mitchell and Lu Watters, and manages to sound something like both of these, plus touches of Spanier, Matt Carey, and early Armstrong. He likes to create variations with mute effects (and his favorite mute is a large saucepan).
red onion jazz band

(Continued from Page 7)

Thompson calls himself one of "the near-extinct breed of two-beat drummers." As a young man, in the commercial and the academic life, he comments that he looks on his inevitable occasional meetings as a drummer with a mixture of dread and amusement. In his present profession, he is likely to be found skilling with a bass-drum player who also is a psychology instructor, which no doubt proves something. He notes Baby Dodds, Jimmy Banyard, and Bill Darr as major influences on his work.

Trombonist Charlie Sonnanstine is a graduate of the Dixieland Rhythm Kings, and a charter member (September, 1952) of the Red Onions. He is 25, is also an accomplished painter, and makes his bows to Kid Ory, Turk Murphy and Roy Palmer.

For clarinettist Joe Muranyi, 24, this is the first full-scale band affiliation, although he has been active in New York jazz circles for some years. His is an individual and highly promising style, with some visible shades of Johnson and Dimeon.

Robbin Wetterau, on piano, is 23, and has been in jazz only nine months (having abandoned a career in commercial art to devote full time to music). He has made great strides in a few years in a style with a large range and blues content; he thinks highly of such pianists as Wally Rose and Don Kirkpatrick.

The section which forms the rhythm are Arnold Hyman, a young bassist who has been with the Footwarmers and the Onions from their beginnings; and Chuck Kling, banjo, a newcomer to his instrument. He holds that the banjo, held properly, has a wonderful moldy sound.

The major problem facing the band is, as is always the case, the preservation of the unit in the face of what Thompson aptly calls "the shabby economic framework of the jazz band business." Thus far they have been fairly lucky, losing only one man, tuba player Bill Stanley, who departed for a big band job. Thompson hopes that they can cling together long enough to make their presence felt, perhaps even to create something improving in general standards—away from the current soloist's orgy and jam session and form-consciousness, the respect for the commercial standards. This is a lofty ambition, but this band seems far better equipped to tackle the job than many of its recent predecessors.

There must have been a time when man's mental equipment was different from what it is today. How much is there a similarity to that found among the higher apes. That period lies far behind us and no trace of a lower organization is found in any of our efforts to understand our own personal experience and so far as I feel competent to judge ethnological data on the basis of this experience, the mental processes of man are the same everywhere, regardless of race and culture, and regardless of the apparent absurdity of beliefs and customs.

Some theorists assume a mental equipment of primitive man distinct from that of civilized man. It is quite beyond the primitive life to whom this theory would apply. There are sluggish believers in the teachings of the past and there are scoffers and unbelievers, and a few muddled-headed bunglers; there are strong characters and weaklings.

The behavior of everybody, no matter to what culture he may belong, is determined by his environment (his upbringing and the tastes of the people who surround him, the world over, handles the materials transmitted to him according to the same methods.

The return to the Bairs of Bop, Barry speaks of techniques as though these in jazz, were originated by skilled practitioners lucky enough not to have been born in New Orleans. Or perhaps I misinterpret his emphasis. The fact is, he talks of technique as though it were a laboratory experiment and not as something growing naturally, with the slow growth of tradition, out of life and accomplished with the tools at hand. Does he recognize "schooling," in the folk sense that King Oliver worked patiently, as an artist would, to express himself or, as he put it, to get a good tone? In failing to recognize the development of folk traditions to those of western European music, including the vast amount of folk material from the latter sources, he fails to see what jazz is or where it comes from.

I wish that everyone who enjoys jazz might read very carefully the following quote from Ulanov, not for the historical errors it contains (there are some), but for the hope that they can cling together long enough to make their presence felt, perhaps even to create some improvement in general standards—away from the current soloist's orgy and jam session and form-consciousness, the respect for the commercial standards. This is a lofty ambition, but this band seems so far better equipped to tackle the job than many of its recent predecessors.

Negro and Uptown and concurrently an interweaving and harmonizing of musical traditions from different cultures and a condition similar to that found among the higher apes. That period lies far behind us and no trace of a lower organization is found in any of our efforts to understand our own personal experience and so far as I feel competent to judge ethnological data on the basis of this experience, the mental processes of man are the same everywhere, regardless of race and culture, and regardless of the apparent absurdity of beliefs and customs.

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fig tree

(Continued from Page 5)

wallpaper. There are also examples of applied art that become disassociated from their familiar settings so that one admires them as objects of art rather than as, for example, mixing bowls or baskets. Nor are refinements resulting from precautions to make form resemble the function with intellectual sophistication. Lest you suppose that art-for-art's-sake is without precedent, anthropologists have come across seemingly functionless art as a form of personal enjoyment designed to fulfill their apparent functions—such as an artistic American Indian water jug that wouldn't hold water.

The German Franz Boas wrote: "In one way or another, esthetic pleasure is felt by all members of mankind. No matter how diverse the ideals of beauty may be, the general character of the enjoyment of beauty is the same in every society. . . .

1 Franz Boas, in Primitive Art. (Capitol Publishing Co., Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.)

2 New Orleans, The Place and the People, Grace King (Macmillan, N. Y.)

3 This relates to a period when mass production of instrumental waxes was unknown. It is hard for us to conceive of these uniform New Orleans musicians with only the instruments of a modest-sized symphonic orchestra and brass band to choose from, in the days before the mass-manufacturers, with their great vision and humanitarism, came on the scene.
fig tree (cont.)

phasis—CES). This is dangerously close to admitting that they did, in fact, have something, but the previously quoted paragraph disposes of that possibility. I do think, though, that Mr. Ulanov should take the bitter with the sweet. At any rate, I feel that the whole Paradox can be summed up in the following lyric, which has not as yet been set to music, pending selection of the proper folk-tune. It was originally written for the Bolden Blade, but failed to arrive in time.

The Fog on the Fig Tree
or
The Ulanov Paradox

Extensive historical digging

By Russell and Sargeant and Fred

Revealed that the early cotton twigs

Was far from officially dead.

But Barry with slide rule and compass,

Disclosed that a fellow named Joe

Created the rock and the Rump and

Up here where the tree didn’t grow.

By testing for Skill and for Freshness

(The Clerophy Test, as it’s known),

He countered the Blues and the Blesness

With theories strictly his own.

He studied the scene with some doubting,

And argued that guniml would be

Inadequate soil for the sprouting

Of the jazz with profundity.

O mourn for the fruit of the Fig Tree—

So shrivelled! So sour! So smelly!—

Before it grew into the Big Tree

They used it for jam and for jelly.

Ulanov has singled out 1920 as an historic year in blues history, for reasons we can’t quite figure out. (He tells us “the blues were played and sung in 1910, 1920, and 1920,” which is historic as all get-out and said in pretty classy English, you’ll notice.) At any rate, previous to this barren year and subsequent to it, it was the practice of New Orleanians to improvise with their own mutes. Oliver used a sand sail, partly filled; Bolden used a half coconut shell. What with outdoor plumbing along Perdido Street, there wasn’t much use for a battery mutter, but it made a splendid mute and both Bolden and Cornish used them in 1890, in various sizes. The first felt mute is said to have been an old buckskin bag which was tramped on in a friendly free-for-all at Longshoreman’s Hall. A broken shot glass—this would be a slightly larger glass than the famous “shorty” glass of Harlem bars of twenty years ago, which was the size and belt of a water fumbler—also came into handy. In fact, the self-sacrificing ingenuity of the mute manufacturers has served to limit, rather than to extend, the variety of mutes. Who, in these days, would think of using an old Sorelsky Pete bottle or a wad of French francs for a mute?

Incidentally, I have checked in Leonard Feather’s book, Inside Be-Bop—with its thoughtful, though inadequately documented, 25 words or so on jazz during its formative years—and believe we new understand why 1920 was, indeed, a banner year. IT IS THE BIRTH DATE OF CHARLIE PARKER, THELONIOUS SPHERE MONK, AND JOHN SCOTT SEBASTY. (“We just giggled around a few years until we could get a union.”) Soborby remarked modestly.) No wonder Ulanov was led to the false conclusion that jazz originated much later. These boys weren’t even listed in the Union book in 1930!

1 Frederick Ramsey, Jr., best known as the photographer who snapped the picture of the author to be found on the first page of this article.

2 This word appears to have been compounded, without feathery intent, from Anglo-Saxon (root: 1. prefix, double; 2. branch) and the Irish (tongue; hence twiggling; to observe, to comprehend).

3 This word has many meanings; among soil scientists it refers to the stratified fill of the Mississippi Valley, an unsorted, commingled mass of clay, sand, pebbles and boulders deposited by masses of ice during the cool or glacial epochs.

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charles pierce and his orch: china boy, bull frog blues, nobody's sweet-heart, sister kate, jazz me blues; jungle kings: friars point shuffle, darktown strutters ball; frank melrose: whoopee stomp

Riverside records here attempt to document early Chicago (White) jazz as originally captured on Paramount records circa 1927. Restriction to the Paramount catalog may somewhat limit the representativeness of such documentation; but from the record collector's point of view, the deal is a blessing.

The story of Charles Pierce (a butcher by day) and his propensity for subsidizing young jazz musicians is probably familiar. If not, the album notes provide the necessary background. The Jungle Kings provide the same kind of entertainment by which the same people but with a shade more efficiency. Participating at one time or another are Muggsy Spanier, Frank Teschner, Mezz Mezzrow, Red McKenzie, Jim Lannigan, Charles Altiere, Morry Bercov and others.

This reviewer was most taken by the Jungle Kings sides and Bull Frog and Jazz Me Blues. The Kings swing splendidly (say that fast!) and Red McKenzie comes across with two brief but righteous vocals. Muggsy expert a pleasingly primitive solo on the Darktown verse. Lannigan's tuba is as stimulating as his more familiar string bass style. On Jazz Me, drummer Paul Kettler gingerly and humorously boosts the proceedings in the old nickel beer, good time and don't care style of trap drumming.

Whoopee Stomp manages to be a piano solo by Melrose. Some friend or friends of his hit things in the background. This is called a rhythm section, albeit unknown. The album notes explain the shouting as occasioned by Melrose's exuberant playing. This writer's opinion is that they were drunk. A fine piano solo, however.

On the whole, the music is rough in some, smooth in others, of variety. Hardly anyone could then be called polished and the individual contributions are not always synchronized. This is possibly part of the charm.

(Riverside RLP 1004) (R. L. T.)

new orleans horns

king oliver's creole jazz band: mabel's dream, riverside blues, southern stompes; bernie young's creole jazz band: dearborn st. blues; freddie keppard's jazz cardinals: stock yards strut, salty dog; charles a. matson's creole serenaders: i just want a daddy, 'tain't nobody's biz-ness if i do.

Five of these sides are well-known, well-established "classics." One is fairly well-known, and two are almost entirely unknown. There is no external evidence about whether the Matson sides deserve inclusion in such a collection (admittedly arbitrary, in a sense), nor; we will speak of the audible evidence.

Without the Creole Band Olivers, it would be safe to say, we would not be in any position to know what it all is about. Their records are for most of us a central and determining experience in listening to any jazz. What I would like to do here is make some suggestions about how that experience has been increased for me with the records we have here. The Oliver Paramouts (there are actually five, counting second masters) differ in several respects from those on other labels. Each series, to begin with, has a different sound, due in chief to different studio acoust and slight changes of personnel. The Paramouts have slower tempos, their own sound, and a unique instrumentation. In his notes, Orrie Krumpin speaks of the remarkable interplay of the horns of Oliver and Armstrong, and certainly there is no greater experience in all recorded jazz than one's first hundredth to that magnificent, easy counter-play. But the principle has further application. For this is a unique band in another context: it is the only great New Orleans Negro band that played together as a group for years, outside of recording studios. Thus, each member of this group knew the styles, abilities, and possibilities of each of the others perfectly; the band as a whole developed the interplay of its parts to a perfection otherwise impossible, and the group effort could be extended similarly. The complement of Louis to Joe is perfection. (listen to Riverside, the three Patersons) So is the complement of Dodds to both of them, of Dutray to the three, of Lil, of Johnson, of all. Nobody stars except everybody.

Even if we think we know these records by heart, another listening is another insight. And there is more to be heard: in differentiating between Oliver and Armstrong, in following one instrument throughout one record or group of records, in comparing, say, the two versions of Stomps and Riverside, the three of Mabel's Dream. The excitement and instruction of these records is never exhausted.

Even if it is true, as musicians say, that we can never know what Freddy Keppard really sounded like in his prime, the records show a great jazzman, and this session produced the best of his recorded work. His style, on the best and more staccato than some, had that unique ability to bring a band and a music to life, to make it move, that characterizes the best of the New Orleans cornetists.

This punch, this power and drive, a lack of which the inferior musician will try to cover up with loudness and frenzy, are ties and recording equipment, coupled with ease and with precision.

With a magnificent swing, with breaks, at least three subtle changes of rhythm, with perfect cooperation, the Strut—all primitive as a tune—moves. With the same momentum but quite a different beat, more fine breaks, and some outstanding piano work (behind the vocal, especially), Salty Dog makes music. Is this really O'Bryan, he who could sometimes do no wrong in one chorus and every wrong in the next? If it is, it is easily his best work, even better than that on Lovie Austin's Travellin' Blues. His solo on Dog is outstanding. And this is true, remarkably enough, even though he is quite obviously an imitator.

The Bernie Young record is a string of solos and ensembles with a good beat, a slap-tongue saxist, clarinets, pianist, and Young's trumpet. It would probably be safe to say that Young represents the influence of Oliver on a competent musician of the day.

The first thing that strikes you about the Matson records is their rhythm, which is quite unlike that usually produced by New Orleans men. The staccato trumpet swells shows how good he is, especially on Biz-ness and the trombonist shows that he understands what the trumpet has to offer. Most of the arrangements that the group uses are rather pointless, but notice how the use of breaks on Biz-ness brings things to an exciting life. The trumpet has a good sense of melodic ideas, has "punch," and he can use a mute the way it should be used. A discovery.

We trust Riverside has the alternate masters of the Oliver and Keppard sessions in mind for future releases. Are there any more Matsons?

(Riverside RLP 1005) (M. T. W.)
The Mess at Plaza: In the December column we outlined a theory on the Banner label by Perry Armanagae. Woody Backenstoe, of Woodbury, N. J., has sent some comments on the subject and Perry has, in turn, commented on the comments. We can save effort by quoting from these two letters.

First, Woody: "Perry's deduction seems a good one but I feel that the entire picture was oversimplified. We know that Banner used masters from other companies—I suspect they often renumbered them to fit into their series which makes the mess more confused. But I'll argue, at least until something more definite comes up, that the Ba 7000 series must have run concurrently with Ba 6100—etc. Perhaps the 7000's. at least for a while, was nearly a separate series, but I doubt that the different series were separate for any long period of time. If we assume that catalog nos. 7000-7353 were issued, that would represent at least a year or possibly two of the output on the label, we need better than 700 masters to take care of this series. Perry indicates that about 500 could be accounted for."

"My data on these labels may be fairly meager, but let's look at some of it. The simplified version says that Ba 1015-1132 used Paramount masters (1057-1221). Note the following: Ba 1025 (957)/(966). Does this mean that earlier Paramount masters were used or do these fit into the same class of control nos. used in the 6000 series? When we get up into the cat. nos. using the Regal (5000) series, we still find odd masters cropping up. Note: Ba 1252 (42416)/(5920)" (our note: the first side is an Emerson master) "... it is difficult to know which numbers are true masters, controls, or renumbered masters. For example, in the late Ba 1700's using (6550-66), these same masters appeared on Oriole 670-690 with masters (360-380). And: Ba 1931 (682-2); Ba 7027 (982) (also on 826 [682] and 1156 [982]). Now, Ba 1931 should have a master in the (7100-7200) series while Ba 7027 should be in the (1300) group. Where do these fit? There must be a definite tie-up between the (7200) and (900) masters series—or are these both masters? Your chart listed Ba 6009 as (918)/(919) but these are also (7264)/(7265). Note these: Ba 6007 (923-1)/(1727); Budd 1081 (708)/(7277) —all the same master."

Our note: we feel that this (900 on up through 1000's and into the 2000's) series used on Oriole-Jewel and Banner (after Ba 1999) was strictly a control series never having any value as masters. It is interesting to note that the last issue in the 1000's, 1999, had in the wax (914)/(927) and on the label (7275)/(7269) and the first few in the 6000 series had, in like manner: 6009 (918)/(7264)/(919)/(7265); 6022 (967)/(7365)/(974)/(7355); 6023 (971)/(7363)/(394)/(7291); 6028 (970)/(7393)/(799)/(7561). Apparently the 7000 nos. printed on the labels show the real Regal series master for which the 900 one has been substituted as a control. Thus, after this brief transition period, they begin putting the control on the label as well, and the master label is no longer evident."

Now let Perry answer: "What I believe may be the answer to Woody's well-taken criticism of my observations, regarding Banner cat. no. sequence, has suddenly dawned upon me. The answer, that is, to the puzzle of all those apparently unaccounted for Ba 7000 series masters. The last two Banners for which data were available to me, I noted previously, were Ba 7249 and '735'. Now I suspect that perhaps there was no Ba 7353, and that there was an unfortunate error in copying this record's cat. no.; for reasons that will appear below, I would suggest discounting this entry as unreliable. If this is done, the last of the Ba 7000's on the list given should be 7249 (1823)/(1824). Bob Colton and Lenny Kunstadt now contribute another: Ba 7262 (1844)/(1194) (latter may be a reissue as both sides are Christmas selections). As it now stands, the highest master found in the 7000's is 1814; the lowest is 1307. And the difference of 537 now gives an ample number of masters for all the Banner 7000's found—disposing of Woody's objections on that score, to which he'd been led by that apparently mistaken 'Ba 7353's' entry of mine. My conviction it was in error springs from analyzing our listings to date for the 7000's. They're pretty evenly sprinkled throughout the range—until a great gap of 90 missing cat. nos., many times larger than any other, appears between 7262 and '7353'. And, once the latter has become suspect on grounds of statistical probability, a look at its masters (1799/1800) shows further that they would be way out of numerical order for 'Ba 7353.' Perhaps it should have been Ba 7253, but a complete recheck is necessary, as and if possible; and meanwhile there seem sufficient reasons for discounting the entry. Of course this leaves unaffacted my comments as to the principal question—did Banner 6000's and 7000's run non-concurrently, and in the order: Ba 6000-6100 then all the 7000's, then 6200 up? It still looks to me, from the data, as if they did."
records noted
(Continued from Page 10)

errol garner rhapsody

errol garner solos

The story is that Garner has been the most prolific waxer of long playing records since the introduction of this answer to the lazy record collector’s prayers. Some twenty-seven LP’s have appeared on the market featuring this genius of the modern piano and these latest two on Atlantic just serve to prove that twenty-seven LP’s were not really too many.

Garner, in his finest rhythmic style, gets off on about 20 numbers on these two LP’s (Atlantic boasts 5 tunes to a side), the greatest of which, for my dough, is the leadoff tune: Margie. Comes the second and third choruses and Errol really cuts loose with his fantastic rhythmic gymnastics, all the while keeping the melody clearly in front. It is probably his ability to keep the tune always clearly audible that has made him such a favorite with the general public as well as with jazzophiles. Other tunes in this interesting duo are Lullaby of the Leaves, Serenade in Blue, I May Be Wrong, Trees, Sheik of Araby, Pavanne, Skylark, Blue and Sentimental, plus some half dozen or so more. The sweet tunes make for excellent mood music.

Atlantic LP 109, 112
(B. G.)

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Abbreviations used in the Classified "Wanted" and "For Disposition" Sections are as follows:

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When it is necessary to indicate nationality of the record, the following letters appear after the record label abbreviation:

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In the "For Disposition" section the condition of the record is indicated by these abbreviations:

| N (New): Surface noise equal to an unplayed record; no visible or audible wear perceptible, original finishes intact. |
| X (Excellent): Surface noise low, smooth, uniform. Not irregular or cracking. Easily disregarded in listening. No perceptible distortion. |
| V (Very Good): Surface noise somewhat more prominent; light foreign noises, but slight distortion if any; noises not seriously distracting. |
| G (Good): A moderate amount of surface noise; background may be somewhat irregular and cracking; some foreign noises, and a little distortion. Not satisfactory listening without undue distraction of attention. Foreign noises definitely less prominent than the music. |
| P (Fair): Foreign noises taken together, are about as prominent as the music, and there is considerable distraction of attention, and listening requires some effort and concentration; nevertheless, under these conditions, listening should be fairly satisfying. |
| F (Poor): Foreign noises, collectively, are louder than the recorded music; concentration is required, and there is little satisfaction in listening. |

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His name is Meade "Lux" Lewis. We shall make an effort to study him through some of his recordings.

Today "Lux" is an artist who has seen his medium change from an honest folk practice to become, in a highly debased form, a huge commercial success within those limitations played as a monotonous bore. And meanwhile, in the folk areas which created it and have kept informing it, it seems to be dying out. Like many jazz artists, he is somehow unlikely—duller than we shall see, to recreate in performance over the years his own past achievements with respect. For this additional reason, his records are invaluable to us.

Of the most important things about his career were stated in his first recording dates for Paramount in 1929. We shall single out two of them. The Honky Tonk Train is a first-rate piece of music. It is a boogie woogie blues, but it is more than that; it has the status of a composition and deservedly so. (It has even found its way into the repertoire of several concert pianists.) Of all his recorded versions of the Train (and there are six to date), the Paramount is easily the best. The tempo best brings out the new values, the shadings and the complexity of polyrhythms and shifts in accent which are Lux's special power. Likewise, there is a feeling and a spontaneity in this version not found in the others. Among the other Paramounts, there is Frankie Blue in which he first stated what he had learned from Yancey and, I believe, made very much his own. And put beside the later versions (call it Lux's "style") the originality of this version may seem little, easier, and more inventive.

After the "rediscovery," in 1936, came what the ballads of Thomas and Carl, the Blue Train (for Victor) and wonderful evidence of his swinging beat for two choruses in Whistling Blues, a performance in which his future path was implicit. In the same year, the Decca session produced an interesting loose version of the Train (no two of them have exactly the same choruses, number of choruses, or sequence of choruses), the Yancey Special, in a single version of Mr. Freddy's Blues, a celeste solo almost entirely improvised from his stock of treble ideas of that date, and an effort to show him off as a sort of pseudo-soloist in Mood For Love. And when the trio went to Columbia, Lewis recorded the Bear Cat Crawl, which might be called a four-to-the-bar boogie woogie. It was exciting, this discovery of his resources. What was next?

Something wonderful. By the time Solo Art and Blue Note began to record him, significant enlargements in his style had taken place, and the "Blue Note Period" represents the peak of his development to date. At this time, of course, "something new" called "boogie woogie" became, in endless bowdlerizations, a national jazz style, and Lewis, Ammons, and Johnson the center of a cult. It was also the period when the Basie riff was the thing in swing music.

The excellent analyses of several of Lewis's Blue Note records by William Russell have become landmarks of jazz criticism and there is little that one can add to them. Recently a cross-section of these records has been reissued (as Blue Note) and we would not see as a good way of examining some of his work at this period.® Of course there had to be new versions of Honky Tonk and Yancey Special. By this time, Lewis was dutifully fulfilling the night after night.

With the Train, there seemed no way to go but faster still, and the additional choruses which the twelve inch recording allowed for are really rather grandiose riffing over the bass. On the Special, however (unreleased until this LP appeared) he hardly seems able to wait until he has given the expected little eight-bar break and even fumbles some treble—until he can get to the extra ones. And here he does not fall into banality, but relaxes and shows the new 1940 Lewis style, and some of the new things he had learned from Yancey. One might say that most of the Blue Notes, and it is indeed an extension of the form of his music. It also showed that Lewis was absorbing much from the manner of Ammons and of Johnson.

It is the glory of the Blue Note series, this style, and Tell Your Story (this is the No. 2 version, by the way) and Six Wheel Chaser are excellent examples of it. It produced no compositions in the sense that the irrepressible Train is one (though the wonderful Bass on Top, like the earlier Bear Cat, certainly approaches that status), but it could "play the boogie" in a highly developed and complex as any that that music has been given. At the same time, it is still close enough to the valid language of the folk idiom to be a real Blue Note, and the boogie blues had to say and how this was done.

Things to come might be detected in the fast and rather racy Chicago Flyer, but when we come to it with its latter version, Rondini's Boogie (issued in the Asch album in the mid-40's) it is nice playing. The whole Asch album tells a story of a creative lapse and lack of feeling. Lewis, it seems, has to go somewhere, and when no place is present itself, he cannot repeat himself with any conviction. He goes faster, he pounds harder, but he gets flashier. By the time he played "Boogie at the Philharmonic" (issued on Disc, now on a Mercury LP), the Train was so rushed he could only play a four-beat bass to it and it sounded like an avalanche of guacamole on paper. Similarly with the other numbers in that set.

The picture in 1952 can be seen in a recent Atlantic collection. Whenever we think that he has got him back, he soon shows he is tired of it all, and his efforts to "keep on comin' on" (by playing delayed beats on some of the numbers) seem misguided. Despite the execution, and the pounding, and the lapse of feeling, the hint that the imagination is still there somewhere behind it can be heard in the new treble figures he uses in Yancey Special, and there is evidence of the old swing in his adaptation of Davenport's wonderful ambiguous tempos on Cow Cow Blues. Perhaps if he can find that new legitimate place to go he will take it, and the fascination and invention will come back to him.

Meanwhile there are the past achievements, and as long as we have such records as these Paramounts), we should probably be quietly thankful. Where we should not be so quiet is in demonstrating to Riverside (for the ten Paramounts) and to Blue Note (for ten or more piano and harmonica) that we would be some as many reissues of the fine recordings in their files as they can provide; they have some of the very best.

1 Ken Kersey, a swing pianist of superior technique (whatever we may think of his manner), composed a "Boogie woogie" which was supposed to be an improvement. He created a musicless monstrosity which had only a superficial resemblance to the form and no resemblance to the feeling. Incidentally, he has recorded it at least four times: Discs, with Andy Kirk; Columbia, with "Red" Allen; Mercury; and Circle.

2 These articles originally appeared in the HRS Log and were republished in Frontiers of Jazz, edited by James Lincoln Collier, and there were also four reissues, the latter of the Blue Note, that we would not see as a good way of examining some of his work at this period.® Of course there had to be new versions of Honky Tonk and Yancey Special. By this time, Lewis was dutifully fulfilling the night after night.

3 Should mention that I deal only in passing, here, with Lewis's "straight" blues.

4 Some of the titles chosen are puzzling. In what he calls "the Basie Solo," nothing of Basie, though the title and phrase use out of what he has at times called, as I remember, Yancey's "pride" (among other things).

"Boogie woogie" is a certain way of playing the blues on a piano (or another keyboard instrument)

That puts some very special limitations on it which are readily admitted. The question of what is done with it is a question of how much is achieved within those limitations of form and their implicit limitations of expressiveness. To alter that form and feeling in the interests of doing "something new" is not necessarily an achievement; it means only making something different which, of itself, may or may not be good. Real achievement, it seems to me, lies in creating something fresh within the form and the feeling, or else in extending the form along its own logically implicit lines. Most boogie woogie pianists (all of them have had limited techniques as pianists) have only one piece—though they may have several good ways of playing it—and some have had more. One man has had much more and with it he has shown a superior imagination, a superior "swing," a superior sense of musical development. He is also a man who has succeeded in significantly enlarging the form within which he works.

Martin T. Williams

LUX'S BOOGIE

on the recording career of meade lux lewis

The Record Changer is published monthly by Changer Publications, Inc., 125 La Salle St., New York 27, N. Y. and is copyright 1953 by Changer Publications, Inc. For subscription and collecti...
There are more piano solos on records than ever before, but unless I have lost my ear completely, almost all of those currently available are distressingly trite and painfully alike. Whether you like it sweet or hot, the standardization is equally innocuous. Also, years ago, a decent number of pop vocals had effective piano accompaniments—and nothing added. One of Sophie Tucker's most effective sides, I have always thought, is There'll Be Some Changes Made, on which her sole backing is Ted Shapiro doing some wonderful chord progressions (Okeh 49290).

Some fine, gutter piano, both sweet and hot, was provided many Columbia singers by composer-pianist Rube Bloom, and his refreshing, rag-like style behind Ruth Etting on such as Falling In Love Again, Were You Sincere, Button Up Your Overcoat, Love Me or Leave Me, After You've Gone, Back In Your Own Back Yard, and countless other Columbia sides provided the perfect complement to her rich tones. He made quite a few solos, too, for Okeh, Harmony, Perfect and Victor, including his own Soliloquy, Sapphire, Silhouette, as well as sparkling versions of current hits such as I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Because My Baby Don't Mean Maybe, Rainbow—Round My Shoulder (Pe).

Piano duos were in their hey-day in the twenties, and Phil Ohman and Victor Arden were ahead of their contemporaries for those who wanted their piano playing spirited without being too hot. As a duo, they made sides mostly for Victor and Brunswick, and their better sides included Canadian Capers, Maple Leaf Rag, Rag Doll, Fashionette (Vi), Nola, Glow Worm, No No Nora, Love In Bloom, I Only Have Eyes For You (all Br.). They made countless cuts with their orchestra on these labels, too numerous to list here, and they also provided excellent accommodations to vocalists such as Franklyn Baur, on Sally Of My Dreams, I Loved You Then As I Love You Now, Just Across the Street From Heaven, I'm Away From the World (all V.), and Marion Harris on When You And I Were Seventeen, No One, It Had to Be You, How Come You Do Me Like You Do (Br., Ohman only).

Frank Banta filled the same spot for Victor that Rube Bloom did for Columbia. He did many fine solos such as I Wonder Where My Baby Is Tonight, Melody That Made You Mine, Ain't She Sweet, Nola, Russian Lullaby, When the Rob-Rob-Robin, and was the framework for such artists as Aileen Stanley on Mighty Blue, Flamin' Mamie; Henry Burr on Don't Wake Me Up, Don't Be Afraid to Come Home, and many more.

(Continued on Page 8)
"From the age of six I began to play all popular songs on a fife (we called it a flute), even such hard tunes as High Society. At the age of 19 I bought an alto sax, and within 30 days I was able to accept a job for pay. I soon became so good and popular that I got a break to join Kid Rena's Band, the hottest jazz band in New Orleans at that time. I soon improved so much in Kid Rena's Band that I got a break with the Original Tuxedo Band. Papa Celestin later quit this band. Simon Marrero, John Marrero and myself quit also and joined him in forming Celestin's Original Tuxedo Orchestra. We became famous and were called on to record. I composed a number (My Josep-hine) which made a big hit. We recorded it on Columbia record. (Note: Col. 636-D.)

"You will notice I was one of the first saxophonists to finger fast work like that on a sax (1924) in the country. King Oliver was so impressed by this fast fingering that he found out about me through Manuel Perez. I was considered the best in New Orleans at that time. King Oliver sent for me, along with Red Allen, Willie Foster (banjoist: Pop Foster's brother) and Simon Marrero.

"Three of us left New Orleans, but not Simon Marrero. We met the King in St. Louis, played a date there, and then went to New York to play at the Savoy. That was in April 1927. This was the line-up: bass, Buford; drums, Paul Barbarin; banjo, Willie Foster; violin, Clarence Black; piano, Luis Russell; trombone, Kid Ory; first sax, Omer Simeon; tenor, Barney Bigard; third sax, Paul D. Barnes; trumpets, Grey, Red Allen, and King Oliver.

"The King couldn't make agreement for his price with the Savoy managers. So we were just out of work. The band stayed in New York awhile, then began to disintegrate. Foster left New York for New Orleans. Buford went away, Luis Russell made a band of his own. Barbarin, Clarence Black, and Grey left. Red Allen stayed awhile then left for New Orleans. Simeon left for Milwaukee. Barney Bigard joined Duke Ellington's band. The Duke wanted me but could not locate me, so he got Johnny Hodges. There was no one left but the King and I.

"I stayed in New York from 1927 to '31, when I joined the King in his new band for the trip west. During my stay in New York, I played or gigged with many of the bands there, including Chick Webb, Edgar Dowell, Ginger Young, Jelly Roll Morton and many others I can't remember. I worked with Jelly at a place they called Rose Danceland on 125th and 7th Ave. Edgar Hayes tried to get me with him, but I was not playing clarinet at that time. I played soprano sax.

"I recorded with Oliver and with Jelly Roll between '27 and '29, but I did not take any solos. I played alto sax on those recordings. I can't remember the names of the numbers.

"I made a tour with Jelly Roll in 1929. After the tour I returned to New York and was working with Richard Chatham in 1931 when the King made his band up, for Freddie Brothers. Fred Moore was working with me and we left Chatham together to join the King. This is the line up from New York in May 1931. I was first sax; third sax, Walter Denis; second tenor, Alfred Pratt (I think deceased now); trumpets: Herman Elkis and King Oliver; trombone, Clyde Bernhart; drums, Fred Moore; piano, Hank Duncan; guitar and arranger, Ernest Meyers. I was playing first alto and clarinet at that time. The bass player's name is Nipton. I can't remember his first name.

"This is the band we left New York with. Later on, Oliver sent to New Orleans for Simon Marrero (now dead). He discharged Nipton because he wanted a string bass, which is much better for swing or jazz music. Nipton played sousaphone only. Marrero joined the band in Chanute, Kansas, in about September or October, 1931. I was 29 years old at that time.

"When the King's band broke up, I returned to New Orleans. I joined a band in Lake Charles, Louisiana, and made the number Elk.' La Bar famous. Notice the wrong man got a copyright on this number."

Between 1932 and 1934, Barnes led bands in Mississippi and Louisiana. In August and September of 1932, he played around Gulfport and Biloxi, Mississippi, with a group that included Joe Eldridge on sax, Chester Zardis on bass, and Nellie Lutcher as vocalist. In 1933, he organized a new group that played various small Louisiana towns like New Iberia and Houma. On June 9, 1933, Richard M. Jones, who had joined the band on piano shortly before, took over leadership. Details are unclear, but there was apparently some hard feeling, and by July 19, Barnes and others left to join Vincent LoPresto.

After a month with LoPresto, Barnes again formed his own group on the rural Louisiana circuit, playing in Houma—where they were pretty much the regular band at American Legion dances—at Franklin, Berwick, and such other places as Shack Bay, Vacherie, Lafayette, Little Cayou, Morgan City, Thibodaux, Lee Cut-Off P. O., Paterson, New Iberia. Personnel included such men as Joseph Pierce, Ulysses Jean, trumpets; Barnes, sax; Adam Lambert, piano, succeeded by Lionel Reason; Cleo Young; Nolan Williams, drums; Walter Johnson, manager; Morris James, bass.

On Feb. 14, Barnes, Jean, and Reason left, and Walter Johnson took over the band. Paul says: "In 1934 the King sent for me again. I joined him in Paducah (Feb. 24, 1934)." He toured with King Oliver through the midwest and south for 16 discouraging, poorly-paid months; Paul left Oliver for the last time at the end of June, 1935. In mid-August, he left for New Orleans, and joined Chester Zardis' band at Mamie's Beer Garden there, at least until mid-October 1935. The regular personnel was: Elmer (?), trumpet; Barnes, alto; Johnny St. Cyr, guitar; Zardis, bass; George Williams, drums. Occasionally Eugene Benoit (guitar), Mike Delille (trumpet), or Albert Glenny (bass) substituted for the regular men. There were occasional gigs, too, at the New Orleans Country Club (a trio—Barnes or Earl Forsay, sax; Steve Louis, piano; St. Cyr, guitar) or with Kid Rena at the Tulane Club.

Since that time, Paul has remained in New Orleans, playing with local bands; at the time of his letters, he was again with Papa Celestin's Original Tuxedo Jazz Band.
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BEHIND
THE COBWEB

Carl Kendziora

In February column we reported on an unlisted Clarence Williams side on Silvertone (I Found A New Baby as by the Southern Serenaders). Although unlisted in discographies, we find it is not a new discovery. John H. Baker, of Columbus, Ohio, writes that this item was found and identified several years ago by a Columbus collector, George Yingling, and is now in John's Clarence Williams library. The following is a quote from the letter :

"... to report what details I can supply on this recording session which ostensibly includes another title, Boodle Am. Here are the three issues, to my knowledge, of I've Found A New Baby: (1) Silvertone 2770-B (master 6552-6) as by Southern Serenaders (vocal by 'Frank Howard'); (2) Banner 1781-A (master 6554-6) as by Dixie Washboard Band (vocal by 'Clarence Todd'); (3) Oriole 674 (b) (master 362-6) as by Louis Washboard Band (vocal by 'Frank Green'). Here are the three issues, known to me, of Boodle Am: (1) Oriole 650 (b) (master 362) (no take no. appears) as by Louis Washboard Band' (vocal by 'Frank Green'); (2) Oriole 650 (b) (master 362-4) otherwise same as (1); Banner 1781-B (master 6551-7) as by Dixie Washboard Band (vocal by 'Clarence Todd'). It is interesting to speculate as to whether there is a Silvertone issue of Boodle Am. It is odd that all three of the above listed issues of Baby are the same tags whereas, there were at least three takes issued of Boodle."

Mr. Baker continues, "I disagree with the panel of experts' that Socarras is present at this session, but I reserve my final opinion on this until I have more time to re-check. Anyone have any further comment?"

Mr. Baker also has information for us on the Blue Rhythm Orchestra sides on Pathe Perfect which we also discussed in the same column. He says that a partial line-up on this has been known since the late 30's. He has no listing of other titles than those we listed. (We feel at least one more should exist—either 106357 or 106359). John also says that it is apparently a Clarence Williams group with June Clark, Iris, and Len Fields. He further states that the same group recorded on Columbia under the name of Gulf Coast Seven playing, he believes, Hold Your Temper and one other side. John further states that there are about three more Gulf Coast Sevens on Columbia, but two are Perry Bradford groups and the fourth coupling he thinks to be a Clarence Williams session, but hasn't the time at present to verify this nor to ascertain if any of the above named musicians appeared on that session. The coupling Mr. Baker apparently refers to as the same

(Continued on Page 8)
The greatest new words to hit the record buying market are high fidelity. Here for the first time since Columbia introduced the long playing record do we have the logical follow up: the desire to get rid of tinny sounds limited by capacities of cheap phonographs and noisy surfaces of cheaper pressings.

For several years now, we have watched with awe the development of that new breed of cat, the audiophile. A few years back there were just a few hardy souls: mostly radio and recording engineers who were striving to get a better sound onto the grooves of a record and out again through the cones of loudspeakers designed to give better performance than the usual commercial variety. But then along came the tape recording machine. Every man could now be his own recording engineer and the challenge to produce a better sound was enthusiastically met by hundreds of thousands of new fans all over the nation. In the short space of five years this mania for better sounds for better listening has mushroomed into a multi-million dollar business, with slick magazines jammed with enticing ads, offering the Hi-Fi addict all types of claims for the performance of this amplifier, and that speaker, this tape machine and that pick-up, this compensator and that pre-amplifier.

The impact of these audio fans has been fabulous. The quality of classical releases has improved tremendously. Recording studios have been compelled to invest in the finest of new equipment. Development labs have made great strides in expanding the frequency ranges which can be put on records and also reproduced from the records.

The biggest problem is still one of producing a phonograph cheap enough for the mass market and good enough to reproduce the sounds. CBS Columbia has just produced the first in what promises to be a many-entered race toward an almost-high fidelity commercial model home phonograph. Priced at $140 or so, it bridges the gap between studio Hi-Fi and the usual Lo-Fi which most of us are accustomed to in our homes. Whether this phono is going to be the answer as the family-priced quality sound box, time only will tell, but the important thing to learn from this development is that the time is rapidly approaching when really good sounds will be the usual and not the exception.

We have brought this subject up in the pages of the Changer for several reasons. First of all, there isn't a jazz company on the market producing a record which can be comfortably enjoyed on a good Hi-Fi system. Most of the current releases are poorly recorded (and that goes for most of the western jazz firms as well as their eastern cousins), in spite of the fact that they use so-called modern studios and modern techniques. The classical people are doing a far superior job. This, then, is a call to jazz producers to get on the ball and improve their recordings—and also their pressings which are more uniformly noisy.

Secondly, we want to call the attention of our readers to one man in our circle who is doing an outstanding job of hi-fidelity recording and pressing. He is E. D. Nunn, of Saukville, Wisconsin, who has started a little record company as a hobby and is turning out recordings which are without any question or doubt the finest being produced in America or the world. Without getting too technical, we'll tell you what he is doing. Nunn has recorded, among other groups of non jazz artists, several fine things by the Blons Jazz Band (popular in the mid-west) and has recently cut some sides by top jazzmen of the far west. He releases these records on 12" pure vinyl pressings which are microgroove cuttings, but which play at the 78 r.p.m. speed. These records are so superbly recorded and so sensitive, that they reproduce the greatest frequency range ever put on record, and if played on the proper kind of equipment, reproduce the greatest sound ever heard on any record ever made.

If that sounds like a rave, we mean it to be so. These are phenomenal sounds.

Nunn is experimenting with these records as a hobby, but reaction to these rather high-priced pressings (which are sold only through him, and not through commercial outlets) has been so great that he has had to repress several times to fill the orders he gets daily from engineers all over the world, from RCA Victor and Philco to the small audio studios which use his records to demonstrate their systems to potential customers.

We have had many conversations with Nunn both in New York and at his home and offices in Milwaukee. We have great admiration for the work he is doing and want to encourage him to continue his activities of sound development, especially within the jazz field. Because, if the jazz public were only made aware of the potentials of high fidelity, perhaps the jazz firms would have to put more effort into their recording techniques. We have tried to convince Nunn that he should release some of the better jazz he has in standard LP form. He feels that the limitations of the 33 speed are such as to preclude any real high fidelity performance, but it is our contention that, with his techniques used on the slower speed, he could turn out a pressing that, although inferior to his faster microgroove recordings would be so superior to the standard release that it would point the way.

Last, but not least, we have brought this hi-fidelity boom to your attention because we want to find out just how interested you are in the subject. There have been suggestions that we devote some space in each issue to matters electronical. Would you, our readers, want to have such material appear here every month? Discussions of pickups, needles, amplifiers, speakers and all the little things which make for good listening. Would you drop us a note, telling us what you think about Hi-Fi in relation to jazz? We will judge the response, and act accordingly.
group as on Perfect is Keep Your Temp./Santa Claus Blues, recorded Nov. 5, 1925, and issued on Co. 14107.

Regarding the Wabash Trio coupling of Coal Black Blues/Lone Western Blues on Grey Gull which we also mentioned in the same column, John says he believes we can discount Ed Allen and Clarence Williams definitely; but it does come close to King Oliver, James P. Johnson, and Lonnie Johnson. He personally says neither Oliver nor James is "in," but could be present, judged solely by my own listening, for what it's worth. It remains a mystery as far as I am concerned.

Further comment invited—and what about the St. Louis Blues side we discussed in connection with the Wabash Trio sides?

Label of the Month: In February we used Nadso as our subject and promised a tie-in for March. We didn't have room to run it however, so here it is this month. The label is Amco, another member of the Grey Gull gang. Our specimen is Amco 1279 and the side shown is When Someone Steals Your Sweetie Away (3625A) as by the Big City Six while the reverse is Joanna (3616A) as by the International Dance Orchestra. The label is brown with all lettering and lines in gold. But the reason for mentioning February's entry is the interesting speculation as to whether Amco was ever pressed as such! This one was obviously a pasted on label and so we peeled off one side to see what was underneath. And we found that the pressing, before Amco labels were pasted on, was none other than Nadso 1279! All details (band name, cat. no., title, composer credits) were identical on both labels. The reason for the alteration job would be interesting to know and the question is were any Amcos ever pressed? And are they all pasted on Nadso? So let's have reports on any Amco couplings you have or see.

Back to John H. Baker once more. Mr. Baker has started a piano roll collection and he is interested in knowing if a publication, such as the Record Changer, dealing with articles, information, and exchange ads on piano roll records, exists. Does anyone know of such a publication?

mcandrew

In the Torrid Thirties, along came Eddy Duchin and retarded the progress of the popular piano solo a few decades with his heavy, humorless mechanics, including the one-finger idea—which quickly began to rival the drop of water on the forehead for unrelished torture. After Duchin had embalmed some of our most undervalued songs, to the unaccountable relish of millions, along came Carmen Cavallaro, Joe Reichman, Nat Brandwynne, Ted Strayer and many others, all hewing as closely as possible to the formula that has prevailed, practically without relief, for the last twenty years, so that a spinning of any one of the discs already mentioned now seems like a breath of fresh air. In the mid-thirties, they also began gilding the lily by adding bass and drums and accessories that only served to stifle any originality the pianist might have. This lamentable encumbrance was extended to the hot piano, where it did incalculably more damage, since all of the jazz pianists ceased their improvising of the whole and instead simply played pretty nothingings around the beat note struck by the bassist. Occasionally, such a group will integrate well enough for the pianist to emerge as the soloist he was intended to be, such as on the Art Tatum Trio sides, originally on 12" Comet and now on LP Dial, and featuring The Man I Love, Body and Soul, I Know That You Know, Flying Home, and others.

This also applies to most of the Johnny Guarneri solos, now available on Royale and Varsity EP and LP, some of which are true soloists, i.e., Exactly Like You, Mean to Me, More Than You Know, Tiger Rag. Otherwise, the only piano solo with the stamp of the individual are the very, very few that now are made by the pianist alone. You can get a representative James P. Johnson group on Decca LP 5190 on which he goes to town in eight of his most famous compositions including Old Fashioned Love, If I Could Be With You, Porter's Lose Song; Art Tatum on Capitol H-269, on which he performs, of others, Sweet Lorraine, Time On My Hands, Somebody Loves Me, Talk Of The Town, although all are strangely lackadaisical and flowery; the Ralph Sutton Waller series on Columbia, although they are just what you'd expect imitation Waller to be; Rudolf Friml, doing eight of his rich operetta tapestries with fine flair; and on a standout Blue Note LP Erroll Garner redeems himself on tenminute improvisations of Yesterdays and I Got Rhythm, after too many "with- accompanying" pressings on probably more labels than any other pianist ever covered, and nearly all of them indistinguishable from each other. And Columbia has had the unexpectedly good taste to give Lee Wiley, Stan Freeman and Cy Walter instead of a tophave Percy Faith or Paul Weston background, making her LP's of Vincent Youmans and Irving Berlin songs wholly delightful.

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Space is gone again. Benny Goodman collection. Write us for important news! Send your data, queries, comments, information, etc., to us at 74 South Road, Harrison, New York, or c/o the Record Changer. See you next month.
A piece of ragtime is, in a very real sense, a composition. It is so conceived, must be so heard and judged. Certainly the various melodies that go to make it up must be good melodies, put to a good pianistic execution. (What is a good melody?) But there must also be some reason for their being where they are, some order, some development to their sequence, some pattern, some building of compliments, contrasts, climaxes. To take an example from a related area, Morton's Rag—More is a better commercial composition than its later version, Sweetheart of Mine, because the substitution of one in place of the other changes the whole pattern of the latter for the worse.

With minor exceptions, there was only one type of foyn expressing available to ragtime. This is potentially monotonous, so the emphasis fell on melodies, modulations, bass figures, breaks, key changes—but mainly on melody and the building of melodic patterns. And the veritable flood of melodies that is produced has sustained (with ever diminishing returns) American syncopated music to this day. Jazz added other kinds of syncopa tion and beats, added improvisation, but all this on the basis of melody—and melody firmly grounded in ragtime. Ragtime has even survived the stringent set-back which melody and melodic variation suffered at the hands of the graceless riff of the late '30's and bop's subsequent cover-up effort of reintroducing somewhat more complex chord changes into the riff. In every new Ellington type for example, there is a melody of ragtime still operative. Hearing the music, its ability to provide this lasting melodic impetus for over fifty years seems quite logical.

There are about two basic patterns of thematic juxtaposition in the form of the music of this set. Grace and Beauty opens with a “song” form: Theme A, repeated, a contrastingly simpler theme B, repeated, a return, to A. Then the trio theme C is played after a key modulation, then repeated, and then D, which is usually a riff-like outgrowth of C, rounds out the composition. The St. Louis Rag is built on three themes. Theme A is, as usual, complex, sparkling. It is played twice. Then B, briefer and more understated, is played twice. Up to this point all the melody has been carried by the treble, the bass simply beating out chords. Theme C changes this, it being played as a theme by both hands, and constituting a sort of climactic contrast to the first two.

Joplin was the most talented member and the leader of the movement. That is easy to see. I hope to live to see the day when he gets recognition for being the composer that he was. For his rags, tangos, waltzes, songs, have a melodic invention and musicianship that only a few American composers, whatever their media, can approach. Within the form of the rag, to return to the records, he could produce something as gay as the New Rag (notice that it is in what is now called “samba tempo,” by the way), as pensively lyric as Fig Leaf, and as robust as The Entertainer. Other composers might be able to use some of the mechanical devices, some of the moods, some of the resources of ragtime with first-rate results, but Joplin could use them all, and make his use of them definitive. A rare talent belonged to him. The best way to say it is that whenever he wrote something in any form, he wrote something fresh, and whenever we hear a new Joplin, we do not feel that he has “held his own,” but rather that he has created something entirely new. You cannot improve on or surpass his kind of achievement. You can only, as jazz did, look for a new form.

It is possible that some listeners will offer the mild complaint that piano roll performances are merely robots, that they lack dynamics, shading, pedal work. But it must also be noted, in that case, that these rolls are evidently more legitimate than 95% of the recreations that contemporary pianists make. (Riverside RLP 1006) (M. T. W.)

With this release, Riverside has improved its reprocessing until the music sounds “alive” than most of us would have thought possible. At the same time a release like this, of out of the way, commercially risky but splendid music, new to most of us, shows the company's intentions and will—if it continues to bring us such fine things—make this the most important jazz reissue series we have yet seen.

This is a rich and subtle collection of music and folk poetry; it is disheartening to think what has happened to the blues since it had people like Ida Cox and Sara Martin to sustain it. And if the Sara Martin records are an example, King Oliver shows that he is probably the greatest blues accompanist among the cornet-trumpeters. I write this only after due hesitation and comparison. Unlike Louis, Oliver never overpowers the singer. His phrases have the kind of restrained integration with the total picture that can deepen and broaden it without throwing any of its elements out of joint. Joe Smith had this quality, of course, but Oliver is better than Joe Smith because the melody flows from his horn continuously with no hesitations, superfluous notes, or repetitions of phrases, no lapses of song. (Half Note Mean Tight Mama.) Presiding over the whole Sara Martin session was, of course, Clarence Williams, and we find the usual surface ease that characterizes his work. His careful working out of details and climaxes to give just the total form he wants can, by comparison, make some of the accompaniments to the Henderson Hot Six seem pretty jerry-built. Sara Martin has obviously heard her Bessie Smith and her Ma Rainey, but it would be unfair to call her an imitator. Her limitations are in her vocal range, but she seems to sense these limitations and instead to create beautifully within them, making no effort to cover them up with tricks. She is devoted to the blues but, if it is a devotion that sometimes passes beyond even sincerity and conviction.

Hear Death Sling Me.

Kitchen Man is a piece of cabaret smut and it makes a startling comparison to the pathos, the frank earthiness, and ironic acceptance of life shown in the humorous Mean Tight Mama. Conditions and taste no doubt decided the blues artist must take on the role of the bufoon and Kitchen Man is symptomatic. The dirty song (as opposed to the song about sex) may have its place, but once the singer commits himself to it, there is clearly no way out but one that leads through Tin Pan Alley.

The album notes call Ida Cox "rough" and that means that we disagree. I think that she shows some of Ethel Waters's influence and has a sophisticated sense of melody (note Tree Top) but her feeling for the blues idiom is, it seems to me, much more authentic than Waters ever was. (Incidentally, her...
pianist deserves mention for his fine, often 8-beat, attack.) Ida Cox also had the gift to turn experience into poetry, and in speaking of her I want to speak of the poetry of these records in general.

At their own "right" tempo, each of these singers found she could get in about four verses onto a ten-inch record. Many blues singers would respond to this by simply stringing together four verses on (more or less) the same subject. Others will give their verses some kind of a continuity. Both of these singers do far more, they give each song a kind of texture which takes subtle advantage of the four-verse limitation and creates a real form within it. *Fesitym* will serve as an example. The first verse states the subject: superstition. There follow various examples of it, colorful and amusing enough, but still in the realm of superstition. The last line of verse three ("Your man is sure to leave you and never return no more;") makes a transition, and in verse four:

"When your man comes home evil, tells you you're getting old, That's a truth, ain't got someone else baking his jelly roll,

we recognize that she is no longer in the realm of superstition but of "realistic" deduction, and that in this climax, there has been an almost sonnet-like twist which throws all that has preceded it into an ironic, humorous, relief. The poetic resources used in each of these blues are as delightful. The sometimes stock situations and attitude is so vividly dramatized and explored, that even the expected phrases and images are fresh and contribute.

It should be obvious that these records can considerably broaden one's concept of the blues and the expressiveness it once achieved. And when it had such artists as these to sustain and extend it, that achievement was a remarkably high one; apparently, none of those who followed could maintain their level, and not many could really sing and play the blues at all. (Riverside 1007)

(M. T. W.)

records noted

(Continued from Page 9)

...some of Chippie Hill, Mama sings like nobody else, and this is her greatness. She never departs from the blues idiom in these ballads. Whether she intended it so, or whether she is incapable of escaping the blues, we cannot say. It seems evident, however, that she is not too familiar with ballad structure and the added sophistication usually expected for such tunes is pleasingly absent.

Several grade-A piano choruses are to be found between vocals. *Lonesome Road* is probably the prizewinner of the batch, having the rare property of eliciting goose pimples from some of us softies. The Jelly Roll Morton influence in Ewell's playing is most evident in *Baby, Won't You Please and Nobody Knows You*. On the remaining sides his playing is more in a tradition whose boundaries we shall arbitrarily represent as the styles of Jimmy Yancey and James P. Johnson.

Mama seems to stumble a bit on *Nobody*. Possibly generalizing between the lines "If I ever get my hands on a dollar again" and "I've ever get on my feet again," she sings, "If I ever get my hands on my feet again..." One odd duck that I know claims the line to be: "If I ever get to stand on my feet again." Ducks, you know, have no imagination.

The last three tunes are typical blues patterns, with authorship ascribed to Yancey. *Weekly Blues* comments on her Monday man right on down to her Sunday man—with preference for the Saturday boy. The point is that "every solid good woman has a man for every day in the week." *Mama's Blues* is a drawn out lover's lament. Starting with "Lay your head in your window and listen to my four day song," she runs through a series of accusations and sorrows to the plea, "... Won't you run to me and put your brown hands in mine."

Except for an infrequent distortion, possibly due to tape editing, the recording quality is of a high order. This is certainly on the must list for those who like the blues and solid piano, and for all good folks who like wine and beer. (*Windin' Ball* 102 LP) [R. L. T.]

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*Lonesome Road*—everybody loves my baby/nobody knows you when you're down and out/baby won't you please come home/sundown blues/mama's blues/weekly blues

Mama Yancey herein makes her first recorded appearance without the accompaniment of husband Jimmy and, what is more, her first recordings of tunes outside of the pure blues idiom. Don Ewell, one of the half-dozen or so active two-handed piano players, provides accompaniments that nearly outbid Mama for the feature spot. It would be hard to find a singer-accompanist team in jazzdom that is any more mutually sympathetic.

Mama Yancey's singing might fairly be classified as archaic blues style, nasal and piercing, yet warm and tender. At one moment she hollers, at another she may be whooping, and next she is a hymnodist. Her interpretations of the four standard jazz ballads are, by way of understatement, unique. Here there is little cause to appeal to the influences of the better known blues singers. Except for clipping some phrases in a manner that may remind

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How pure is pure?

JACK W. FARRELL

How pure is pure? That’s a fine jumping off point for a verbal jazz battle most anytime. Many skulls have been split over the exact limits that constitute New Orleans jazz. Many stridency have been cracked over the question of what “period” may have been the “golden age.” Further dome denting has taken place over the determination of who or how many are the true disciples, what should be the accepted body of belief among their followers. And to what extent one may dare to recognize even partial worth beyond whatever is included in the sacred area of the mouldy vegetation.

The real kicker on these great discussions, however, is the wide variety of opinion among “pure” musicians themselves. Even the same instrumentalists, at different times, may use styles so variant as almost to seem the work of more than one individual. How many times have you heard it said in some areas that J. Dodds, Etc., is the obvious definition of the “right” way to play clarinet? This belief has much foundation in fact, but how does one reconcile the clarinet of the Orleans band with the clarinet of the Black Bottom Stompers? Was he “right” on Room Rent Blues (man, that’s a lovely, lovely thing), or was he “right” on Come Out and Stomp, Stomp, Stomp! (that’s one of those things where I play the reprise while salaaming to the original)? You can really stir up some juicy discussion on THAT one!

Loud roars from the cool quarter notwithstanding, the real stuff is a music of infinite variety. Within New Orleans style itself there are differences as wide as the separation of “Chicago” style from the parent body. This is one main reason why “all star band concerts” are almost inevitably productive of nothing. You can prove this point by attendance at some of the jazz concerts where groups of “all time greats” are assembled by ticket salesmen - who figure they can do it if Condon can. You know something? Condon can’t do it, either.

The variety of possibilities in the music are both help and hindrance to “revival” musicians. Many a young group has suffered trombone trouble because of differing opinion, not only over whose style tailgate to use, but which facets are applicable as well! Just as an example, take the inevitable Kid Ory into consideration. He is a pet with purists, but his approach is infinitely varied. He may roar through a Roy Palmerish ensemble, then shift to early-Pecora “bicycle-horn” phrasing, and end up with something that could easily be taken for Dutrey. Is it any wonder revival band efforts require work and concentration to achieve some sort of cohesive sound? Small wonder there are such wide variances in ideas and styles between various trombonists, all of whom claim Ory as a principal inspiration.

When it comes down to determining what is “right” or “wrong” in the matter of purity, the conventional tests by present day jazzers are rarely applied to the old masters themselves. If they were, it would soon be found that with them as with the rest of the revivalists, taste and emotion were the basis for selecting a mode of playing at any time. There are quite a few ways of playing the same thing and still having it come out the way it should. This is the heart of the difficulty that faces any “all star” group at the outset. Of course, the good-old-reliable, tried-and-driven-into-the-ground techniques of the Condon school have usually been the answer. This recipe needs no repetition, as the dreary outline of it has been drilled into most jazz fans often enough to be too well known. Repeating to this mad-dash to the showers technique and playing nothing less familiar than Muskat, any seven total strangers can strangle through the horns without creating a blessed thing for the necessary minutes of playing.

Nobody can recognize who is doing what unless they manage to disport themselves with a little clarity in their solo efforts, but the ensembles are inevitably high-speed hodge-podge.

The funny thing about assembling groups, be they for sessions or as regular, working units, is the fact that effort in and of itself is not necessarily a potent factor in attaining success. Because of the importance of subjective factors, the safest approach seems to be that of at least allowing the musicians to have something the musicians want to do and can concentrate on. Regularly working bands sound much better in some measure because the personnel is gathered through common consent, and not at the whim of an entrepreneur seeking vicarious thrills in a medium he doesn’t quite understand.

On the other hand, some funny things do happen in personnel-mixing situations, particularly when a sympathetic musician sits in with an organized group. Wild Bill Davison once sat in with Messrs. Lewis, Robinson and their cronies in Bunk Johnson’s band with results that were astounding to all, including bizzoner the Wild One. They say Brother D. never played with greater taste or inspiration, and for a man usually considered far-removed from that area of mould he sounded like he really “belonged.” Bill was reportedly astounded and delighted with this experience, while Jim Robinson, who was also impressed, told Bill “You clean up that tone and you’ll be a great cornetist.”

Hearing a band of relatively fixed personnel over a period of development can teach far more accurately the subtle limits imposed by the individual style and personal attributes of musicians than can any one-night stand by a dozen total strangers. The career of the Red Onion Jazz Band this past winter was interesting in this respect. The band which left the Blue Note after nine weeks sounded radically different than at the beginning of the engagement. New ideas and an interesting approach were apparent at the outset, but it was also noticeable that at least musically some of these men were strangers to each other. As the days went by, cohesion grew in the front line, the rhythm became steadier and the dynamics more subtle and variegated. The band’s initial virtues of energy and determination were enhanced by the steady growth of competence and confidence among its members. By the advent of the New Year, the group had reached a point where it could stand on its own two feet and brawl with all comers. Robust vocals and a healthy, rocking beat were clear evidence (Continued on Page 10)
Benny Goodman came almost all the way back in one hectic night last month, and then suffered an unexpected physical setback that (at this writing) leaves the whole status of his widely-heralded "come-back" way up in the air.

On Friday night, April 17, the newly revived version of the Goodman band and the original Goodman brand of Swing filled New York's Carnegie Hall twice in one evening—with a Louis Armstrong group in a supporting role on the bill to add an apparently cautionary and apparently unnecessary bit of box office backbone to the proceedings. It was the first big-time imperson test for B. C. and a collection of his former stars and sidemen, the start of a six-week tour of concert-hall one-nighters scheduled to wind up in Hollywood Bowl and presumably intended to test whether the vibrant and energetic jazz of the '30s could fight its way back into its old position of public acclaim and big money.

The test was obviously stimulated by the phenomenal success of Columbia's 2-LP set of tunes recorded at Benny's Carnegie Hall debut, some fifteen years ago. Since its release in October, 1951, some 220,000 copies have been sold, a most amazing and apparently accurate figure. Last Fall, another double LP, this time of off-the-air shots dating back to 1936 and 1937, was issued and was heartily received. So Goodman brought together such colleagues of his youth as Gene Krupa, Ziggy Elman, Teddy Wilson, trombonist Vernon Brown and singer Helen Ward, added sax men Georgie Auld and Clint Neagle (from the 1940-41 band), and tossed in Charlie Shavers for good measure. They went through intensive rehearsals, from which filtered forth glowing reports and one 78 rpm record that indicated the presence of the good old flavor. After playing at a couple of dances in New England and doing a New Haven, Conn., concert by way of warm-up, the group moved on to Carnegie Hall.

Reports of and reactions to the Carnegie concerts were varied. The "square" newspapers ranged from ecstasy to comments that seem to be saying that we're none of us as young as we used to be. But insiders felt that the music was good, spirited, as infectious and rhythmic as ever, and certainly vastly preferable to any other commercial band sound to be heard hereabouts in several years. The audience was a varied one, too, about equally divided between a somewhat settled group (obviously returning to hear the music of the days when their wind was better, and their dancing tempo faster) and a jivey younger crowd that seemed to think that any jazz concert at Carnegie should be handled as if it were a Norman Granz function (they kept shouting "go, go, go" as if expecting Illinois Jacquet to turn up at any minute and take a dog-whistle solo).

What the New York concert did prove was that the magic of the Goodman name had not died, that he could still pull a crowd and still please a crowd. Whether this was a one-shot success, compounded of equal parts of nostalgia and curiosity, was anyone's guess. Even the cross-country tour couldn't really answer that question, since even a series of sold-out houses (although nice for the pocketbook and the ego) could mean nothing more than that there are lots of cities eager for a one-night look at the Return of the Swing Era. But at least the tour would be a starting point towards an eventual answer to a very interesting question as to whether this particular facet of jazz could have important appeal and validity for today's audiences.

Then, on Sunday, April 19, just before his scheduled appearance before two capacity houses in one evening at Boston's Symphony Hall, Goodman collapsed. Exhaustion seemed to be the cause; at this writing he is resting in Boston, the tour will continue with Krupa leading the band for a while, but by the time you read this Benny is scheduled to have returned to action.

The sudden collapse, which seems like a cruel and irrelevant gesture, is possibly a bit more than that. It is at least an indication that Mr. Goodman is a dozen years older than when he first went through the grueling grind of rehearsals and one-nighters. It is perhaps an overly-rough underlining of the fact that jazz—any kind of jazz—is a highly personal music, and that the musician's contribution of himself to the performance is far from the least important factor. The feverish, swinging, jitterbugging-in-the-aisles music that rocked the nation in the late '30s was the sort of act for a young and excited group of musicians. Its impact was a total impact: the musicians, the music, the highly charged time (just barely post-depression, just barely pre-war), were all bound up together and it was as a unit that they were so impressive.

Jazz traditionalists feel that the music of New Yorkeans—take Benny most intimately connected with its time and place—has values that transcend Storyville and the first decade of the century. When Bunk was resurrected, he was a really old man, and his life often couldn't make it. But there were many who felt that his music was not at all a museum piece, or a "revel," who felt that it had life and meaning that was undying. The young group of Benny Goodman and his band may have to answer is not whether they can still sell their music, but whether there is actually anything to sell. Indeed, the music of the 1936-38 LPs offers a hell of a lot to anyone who ever liked it—ever—by bit as much as when it was first played, it would seem. But that is a matter of literally turning back the clock: those performances are the '30s, not present-day recreations of the era. Whether Goodman and company, as they are and as they play in 1953, are capable of delivering the goodness of old or doing it in their hey-day, or whether this was a one-shot music that could only be played by a younger Goodman in a younger America—that is the major query.

In all fairness, it might be noted that another aspect of the concert tour clearly indicates that it is not only Goodman and Swing that have questions to answer. A fellow named Pete Lala's joint in Storyville (that's an artistic impossibility, and would undoubtedly bore the hell out of him after almost forty years). But, the indication is that Louis (by choice or because he couldn't do any better) has found no new inspiration of any real importance or validity, and is now just noodling around. The main point is, in all cases, of course, may be the simple and somewhat depressing thought that even jazz is a business to those who work at it and (Continued on Page 12)
Halting steps as you approach Carnegie Hall. Something like "going home" again after fifteen years away. Will it be the same? Have there been changes? Have the years made a difference? Then your foot is on the first step of the Hall and your mind is made up for you as you are swept along in a formless tide of faces all expressing the same look of joyous anticipation.

As you are seated, the curtains part. You catch the first note of Let's Dance, the theme you have waited some fifteen years to hear once again. Only you can't hear it, even after fifteen years, because of the roar of the audience. But this is as it should be. For there it is—the Goodman band. A few changes are noticed, but the key parts are there: Benny, smiling and playing clarinet at the same time—probably one of the few men who can do it; Gene Krupa, who wouldn't look quite right unless he was wearing a skirt of drums; Teddy Wilson, ever alert at the keyboard; Israel Crosby, bass, and Steve Jordan, guitar. Checking the brass we quickly spot Ziggy Elman (who looked so much at home that you are sure he hadn't even left the stand after the last set in 1938), Charlie Shavers, and Al Stew- art, on trumpets. Trombones: the new-grey- ine Vernon Brown and Ray Peet. Into the sax section to locate, on alto, Bill Nershey and Willie Smith; and on tenors, Georgie Auld and Sol Schlinger. And, if you think you can take it—in addition to the above, Louis Armstrong and His All Stars!

With the collective eyes of the S. R. O. house (for the second time this night for an 8:30 concert has preceded this midnight one) focused at the center of the curtains, Louis Armstrong calmly walked out from the wings followed by Barney Bigard, clarinet; Joe Bushkin, piano; Cozy Cole, drums; Arvell Shaw, bass; and Trummy Young, trombone. With few words—who could talk with that ovation!—the sextet warmed into Sleepy Time Down South and the house belonged to Louis. No small credit was due the King when one realizes that he was holding spellbound an audience that knew perfectly well that behind the closed curtain the Goodman band was taking its place on the stand.

His numbers were mostly feature ones for individual members of the band, with Trummy Young doing his great vocal and trom version of Margie, sticking as close to the Lunceford version as the limited number of instruments would allow. Joe Bushkin, backed by the rhythm group, offered Get Happy and a swing into California Here I Come (man here played fine piano). With a full band background Bigard roused the house with extended choruses on G Jam Blues. A whole band blues on standard chords with Louis proving himself as inventive vocally as instrumentally preceded the arrival of vocalist Velma Middleton. The may lack musically was certainly made up in energy and enthusiasm as she sang a blues tune (Your mama's come to stay, 'cause I ain't mad at you, etc.) followed by a duct with Louis on their popular recording of That's My Desire. Cozy Cole took an exhausting drum solo on the band's final number, Bugle Blues, which my notes (still decipherable) tell me points this out as one of Armstrong's better recent combes, and Louis himself as playing a rejuvenated horn.

The repeated calls of the crowd for more Louis were quelled when the curtain quivered slightly and something more than pandemonium broke lose as the first (and only heard) strains of the heretofore mentioned Let's Dance rang throughout the hallowed (and this concert certainly didn't make it any less hallowed) interior of Carnegie Hall.

Before composure could be restored—if such was intended to happen—the strains of the Bugle Call were heard once again and swing was once more to raise its head.

Benny quickly gave the downbeat for the famous Fletcher Henderson arrangement of Always and the somewhat slower pace gave the listeners an opportunity to hear, as in days of old, the fine precision and reed-brass contrasts to be found in these arrangements played by this band, Georgie Auld was featured in the traditional opening solo on Always and it was a fine opportunity to listen to this competent musician on an un-bop solo once again. Most enthusiastically received, of course, was Don't Be That Way and now the band began to remove all traces of doubt concerning its identity as all the young men warned their young ladies not to applaud when they thought the song had ended.

Something not recognized as part of the Goodman repertoire was a vocal by Benny. An attentive ear to the words, however, announced that this was nothing but the 1953 method of introducing Miss Helen Ward who was, incidentally, very much a 1953 singer, despite the absence of a staff.

(Continued on Page 6)
of multiple voice engineers, I Feel a Song Coming On, concluded with It's Been So Long. This had to have been as aptly titled a double feature beginning as could be wished for. Miss Ward offered as an encore You Turned the Tables on Me, and only succeeded in improving the stage then because the band swung into Mary Lou Williams' Roll 'Em. During the course of this version Benny delivered one of his best solos of the night and was indeed worthy of a tremendous ovation from the house. It was a re-education into swing and the Goodman style to note the sparsity of solos, which were not a part of the film's request (perhaps this is the result of lending an ear to Dixieland recently). To be certain the soloists were heard, found their opportunities ample, but this was as much of a misfortune as it was as single stars. Undoubtedly it has been noticed that the name of Ziggy Elman has not been prominent as yet, and the only plausible answer to such a demand will have to be long lip trouble. This was one of the regrettable parts of the evening. Although he was fully represented in brass ensemble, most of his 'standard' solos were played by Shers. These solos, while good and certainly well received, still serve to point up a trend that is becoming more prevalent in music today—one of occasional lapses into the "tricky" sort of playing which interferes comical passages from other songs; the building of a pitch in audience reaction by countless repetitions on one note; or just plain screeching on the high notes. All this and more will be such techniques if good audience reaction and this perhaps explains their popularity. The question remains, however, how long can this reaction be held when fans are allowed to replace an integrity?

Intermission was followed by the trio. A tightness was noticeable in the opening China Boy but this soon disappeared in the following gospels of You and Avalon. In the latter song Krupa was responsible for Goodman's delivering long and deeply felt choruses by both his vocal and percussive persuasions. As at the conclusion of past parts of the concerts, the audience was insistent on encore but other happenings quickly diverted their attention.

The strains of the ever-present Saints were heard and this noted the reappearance of the Armstrong group with that evident crowd-pleaser. After their rendition, the Armstrong group marched off again but the Saints continued to be heard and from the wings this time came the entire Goodman organization in a march around the stage—a humorous take-off on the current vogue in jazz circles. Marching to their respective places on the stage the band was back into Sometimes I'm Happy with a strong mute chorus by Shavers followed by Auld. By this time the band was more on fire than ever, and arrangements were hand-picked to get them back on track again after repeated series of solos. No announcement was needed and indeed none could have been heard as the bass tones of the opening bars announced Spring in the air. The wraps were finally Krupa, much to the delight of the house, and this most unpredictable of all Goodman numbers was taken for a solid flying with more than enough room left for Don't Be That Way. As can be assumed, this was to be the finale but as the notes of Goodbye sounded throughout the house a mass protest of great emotional proportions forced Benny to give the downbeat on One O'clock.

Jump that out-one-o'clock them all. There was no ending to the concert and obviously couldn't be if the audience had its way and so at this exhaustive stage the players and Benny simply removed themselves from the stand and off-stage.

Regrettably, a final word in a different vein is in order as a conclusion. If jazz is to receive its proper standing in the music world as a mature, representative American music form it needs the support of the audience. (To be sure, the audience was there physically and then some in the presence of many standees at both performances.) However, recently (and the trend seems to be increasing), the audiences have reached a vociferous pitch that exceeds the bounds of good taste. Without a doubt most of the audience was prepared to offer its very necessary contribution of attentiveness to the artists. There remain those few, however, who seem to find it necessary to participate in the performance in varied ways: perhaps in assisting in the downbeat, or in shouting requests. This is not a tirade against enthusiasm, but rather a feeling in this case that the audience was robbed of some extra solos and music by Mr. Goodman and members of the organization who were obviously fed up at such constant interruptions.

Solutions to this problem are not immediately at hand but perhaps steps can be taken which will help prevent what can only be the curtailing of good music. At least one solution is immediately obvious: the education of the management of concert halls as to the limitations to be placed on audiences. With jazz concerts being relatively new to them, they evidently seem to feel that this is how jazz audiences act. However, their trained professional ear must be able to differentiate enthusiastic approval from something bordering on hoodlumism. If they insist on pushing their houses to the roof, then it behooves them to staff these houses with competent ushers and/or sufficient police. Certainly no such disturbances would be tolerated in another form and jazz should be no exception.

**editorial**

This magazine usually does not concern itself with the problems of the world outside of our own special interest in jazz. Arguments over what cornetist actually appears on what rare record are our standard fare; the confusions of current affairs are left to others. But every once in a while the anxieties and stresses of that outside world strike close enough to us to demand comment.

Bucklin Moon has for several years been a contributor and reviewer for The Record Changer. Until last month, he worked as an associate editor in the fiction department at Collier's magazine. Then, in a shocking display of the sort of hysteria and fear that now seem to be gripping even the presumably sanest organization, Moon was abruptly fired, as a result of some incredibly flimsy charges.

The facts of the matter are these: Collier's had published an article, "I Was Called Subversive," telling of the attacks made on a Los Angeles housewife who had briefly testified at a local Board of Education hearing, arguing against a ban on study of UNESCO (the United Nation's Education, Scientific and Cultural Organization) in Los Angeles Schools. Moon had no connection with this article, but those Californians who apparently consider the U.N. to be subversive dragged his name into the matter. In angry letters to Collier's advertisers, protesting the article, attention was called to the presence on the staff of Collier's of Moon, described as a man with "a long record of active membership in Red-front organizations." The editor of Collier's then confronted Moon with some "evidence" apparently gleaned from Washington sources. It was charged that Moon had been listed as a sponsor of a "Peace Conference" held in New York in 1949, and that he had been a member of the "Writers' Board for Wallace" in the 1948 elections. It was further charged that his most recent novel, Without Magnolias, had been favorably reviewed in the Communist Party newspaper, The Daily Worker, and that another of his books had been included in an ad listing books for sale at a bookshop operated by the Worker.

According to Moon's immediate superior at Collier's, fiction editor McLennan Farrell (who bitterly opposed the firing), this report on Moon was "incomplete ... [and] fragmentary and misleading." Moon's own answer to the first of the charges was that the "Peace Conference," which presumably was not of Red-front sponsorship, had used his name without either his knowledge or his consent. As for Without Magnolias, a calm and non-sensational book published by the very respectable firm of Doubleday and
Like most things in life, the pot of gold was not attained, but the rainbow sure was purty. I set out to compile a census. The effort netted a wealth of fascinating letters from old friends and new. And I again eat humble. I found how little I've learned about records in twenty-seven years of feeding my portable. However, there is a heap of useful data to report. First, though, there are several general observations that must be made.

This can only be called a sample, not a census. Seventy-two collectors contributed information on their rare jazz holdings (and thanks again, guys, for your help). Seventy-two is a good sample—quite possibly representative of the entire fraternity—and gives a picture of relative scarcity. The postmarks run like this: New Orleans (1), Southwest (6), California (11), Northwest (4), North-central (6), Central (8), East-central (12), East (14), South (5), Overseas and Canada (5).

Fifty collectors answered the first list published in the April, 1952, Record Changer (No. 1-90). Less than half that many replied to the second part of the list run in the December, 1952, issue (No. 91-144). So do not compare the number of mentions if they appeared in different halves of the list. Also, please understand that these 144 records are not to be considered the rarest jazz. Some are not rare. Some are even good jazz. They served as a starting point—a pilot run. You have suggested some more deserving candidates for some future blue-chip roster. I will call attention to many of these, but not attempt to guess their rarity in this report. My list could be shortened 15½—and then quadrupled. Maybe you've made your own string of pearls.

What is the measure of a rare jazz record? Here are three tests:

1. Everyone agrees it's fine jazz.
2. There are few originals, in good condition, for disposition.
3. Any collector would gladly pay plenty for a copy.

The critics have had their say on most of the rare items. Perhaps your own judgment is adequate for your own collection. On the 144 in the Census, comments on the music by qualified experts may prove helpful to you. In my own opinion, if the record doesn't rate as top-notch jazz, rule it out then and there.

What about supply? Absence makes the disc grow rarer. If a particular record doesn't show up in sale or auction lists—and you must have that wax—it's rare in your book! Walt Allen sent me a tally of the number of times the leading jazz items had been offered in the Record Changer. Discs frequently listed got most Census mentions. Those seldom or never listed usually got few if any Census reports.

Finally, there's that trouble-maker: demand. There are lots of obscure items on your shelves. Records you wouldn't dream of selling. But how can you decide they're rare until you find their appeal to others—for a price? Demand is a sometime thing. Prices are up and down. You sell for what you can get. You buy for as little as you have to pay. And when you bid, it's a desperate compromise between your penury and your rapacity.

And now—the golden nuggets of info. Let's start with King Oliver.

#92 Ge 5276 No claimants. Dick Rieber spotted this in a list of current Gennett releases. Wonder if they changed their minds? I've never heard of a copy turning up. Have you?

#91 Ge 5275 Monte Ballou of Portland, Oregon, has a beat copy. And it is said that Jake Schneider told Brian Rust he had a copy. Ballou's is in G condition.

#84 Ge 3076 This is the only Gennett that has Oliver, Armstrong, Dodds and Jelly Roll Morton. Playing together? No, the Morton is on the reverse side. Even though this is not the original issue of either piece, it's a mighty rare record. Henry Henriksen of Minneapolis has a cracked NEW copy. Bill Russell has it "V or better." And Carl Davis of Buffalo has it V—. Merrill Hammond of Philadelphia thinks it shouldn't be included in the top flight because it's a reissue. Well, it's the King of the Reissues!

#85 Ge 5132; #86 Ge 5133; #87 Ge 5134; #88 Ge 5135 Bill Love of Lookout Mt., Tennessee, has all four, all NEW. Bill Russell has them home in Canton, Missouri. Remembers them as "V or better." Happy Ruggles of Los Angeles has the 88 new, the 87 E and the other two as well, but not sure of condition. Philip Elsewood of Berkeley, California has them N, E, N, but lacks the last. Merrill Hammond has them N, F, N, G. No other new copies reported. Total count on the four: 11, 12, 8, 6. Note the relative scarcity. Walt Allen found this same trend in the number of times these four were offered in the Changer.

#89 Ge 5184 New copies: Bill Love and Merrill Hammond, Probably Bill Russell, too. Med Stoll, now in Plainview, Texas, sports an E copy. Three V's and a G were also reported. I wonder if some square has saved this record because he likes the Art Landry side!

#82 Pm 12088 Love: New, Russell: V or better. Hammond: E. And Russell Hurst of Longview, Texas, also reports an E copy. But that's all. Incidentally, the Eerie Young side is pretty terrific, too. I have the first cousin to this record: Young's Pm 12060 with vocal by Anna Oliver. Any kin to the King?

#83 Pm 12082 Mabel's Dream comes in a 1 or 2 take. And the sides were also issued on Claxtonola and Puritan. Any version is scarce. Bill Love's new Clax is on the block in the March, 1953, Changer. Bill Russell has it V or better. Carl Davis and Merrill Hammond have E copies. Merrill's is the 2 take. Another collector has the Pm in V condition and a V Puritan. If I had to settle for just one, Oliver, this record would be my choice. Oh, play that thing!

There undoubtedly are several more first-class copies of these Olivers on Gennett in the collections of the old Chicago pioneers and others. Have you inspected your neighbor's attic recently? Believe it or not, I picked up an Irish Black Bottom that way recently. And a Pickin' C for Baby from a used furniture store near the office one noon hour last year. Rare jazz—yes, even Oliver Gennett's and Okehs are not yet discoverable only by the paleontologist. There's a lot going on in Philadelphia impression finds nearly every week by simply ringing doorbells in the older middle-class Negro neighborhoods and asking if they have any old records they'd like to dispose of.

Moving on now to the Oliver OKs may I remind you again not to compare the number of reported copies for OKs with the Gennett's and Paramount's listed above.

(Continued on Page 10)
A Great NEW RELEASE

RLP 1010 FATS WALLER PIANO SOLOS

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meade "lux" lewis: honky tonk train; wesley wallace: number 29, fanny lee blues; "cow cow" davenport: slow drag; leroy garnett: chain 'em down, louisiana glide; charlie spand: moanin' the blues; henry brown: henry brown blues

This set, according to its billing, should present eight ways of playing a certain percussive kind of folk piano blues, at least one of which should be exceptional. Things do not turn out that way, cow cow's simple number is not played in boogie style but with an ordinary bass; the "glide is not a blues, less a boogie, but a "gim-mill tune" (i suppose one could call it that) with heavy bass figures.

i had something to say in these pages last month about this version of Lewis' train. it is easily the best interpretation of that remarkable piece. the slower tempo and consequent beat make the whole picture here quite different. choruses two (a train whistle chorus) and nine use motifs found in no other versions. the cross rhythms and double timings of choruses four, five, and seven are especially obvious in what seem gain from this more just speed, and chorus six in this version is more melodic than its use in any of the faster versions where it was simplified to a riff.

garnett's lively chain 'em shows us what this music is for: there are the encouraging shouts to the pianist that we have heard on other boogie records, and that lets us know that the music is to provide strikingly honest "atmosphere" and, perhaps, something to dance to in a bar or at a rent party. on moanin', spand adopts some of the figures of his more famous hastings st. to a vocal blues performance and, again, there is the rhythmic interplay between his piano and blind blake's guitar phrasing. henry brown is a surprise, i had thought him cruder as a pianist than he shows himself to be here. he has an outstanding beat, also; and notice how in some choruses he switches to the four-to-the-bar bass motif that lewis made central in his bear cat crawl years later. (take some steps out of a "walking" bass, ergo: a crawl.)

number 29 is, next to honky tonk, the outstanding number of the set. in it, wallace achieves something of the extension of the form beyond the gim mill and rent party "atmosphere" piano, that lewis did in some of his playing. he is, with words and music of simple dignity, telling us according to his means the story of his train ride. the words are more integrated into the performance (hence more entertaining) than those that are shouted at a pianist or those that he shouts to dancers. the rhythm of this thing is unusual: wallace accents his bass figure in such a way as to suspend it somewhere between 3/4 and 4/4 time, but plays his treble in 4/4. it is very interesting to see, incidentally, in fanny lee, how different some of the same treble figures sound at the slower tempo and with a differently accented bass. like "cripple clarence" lotton, wallace played blues spasm-style; that is, he did not always play to regular chorus lengths, but often played around with an idea until he was through with it and took up the next. but he is more polished than clarence in some other respects. notice the double-timing in the treble that he uses. this is the same double-timing lewis uses for a moment in honky tonk (which, incidentally, is generally omitted by other pianists who play this piece).

a gin mill tune and seven ways of playing the blues. (riverside rlp 10009) (m. t. w.)

this is bunk johnson talking

buddy bolden's style (with demonstrations), funeral parades, tony jackson at the big 25, pete lala's, dago tony's

easily the most important and entertaining am release yet is this collection of william johnson talking, whistling, playing piano, and his horn in duets with piano. "just to hear that man talk sends me," was armstrong's word on him. in the light of that i shall try to resist a strong temptation to repeat what he says.

in the account of bolden's style and his experiences with him, three infectious and varied demonstrations of that style are given by bunk's trumpet in duets with berth a meade. and there is an early illustration in which bunk whistles bolden's variations ("runs") on a tune and his own second cornet part as he played it with him. what kind of musician is therein pictured?

if anyone has the idea that bolden, the man who "first played jazz" out of ragtime, marches, and blues tunes, was in any sense a crude or primitive musician, he is, to his own detriment, wrong, for the kind of cornet playing that emerges here (and the kind of group music it represents) is obviously yet unknown to a legion of spasm, dixie boys and noise makers (whatever their talents) who have been called "original" or "in the great tradition." if we stop and think about it, it takes a first-rate musician to play real ragtime—about which there is nothing crude—properly, and to play it with jazz variations that are as expressive, easy, and logical as those shown here. . . .

the whistled demonstrations are among the loveliest things that bunk recorded and they show not only the complexity and delight of a music, but the intrinsic "swing" of it as music. there is no accompaniment, not even a patted foot or a clapped hand, but it swings and moves beautifully entirely of itself.

incidentally, berth a gonzoulis backs the trumpet richly in a way that few have done, and yet her solos show limitations. but they are not those of not knowing the function of her instrument in playing with the trumpet fully, rhythmically, carefully, precisely, spontaneously.

on the second side, bunk (accompanied by some poor, dubbed-in music) tells entertainingly about parades and funerals. there follows a few bars of maple leaf rag with some beautiful bass chords, not in the score, which the album notes tell us is by bunk himself on piano. he describes ("dramatizes") probably would be a better word) how he learned a tune one day from tony jackson, a hitherto unknown tune which he then plays on piano. if he is reproducing tony's style, it is his own way, as well as his tune, it is easy to hear how much morton learned from him.

some more distasteful, dubbed-in background music introduces accounts of pete lala's (where bechet and bunk played) and of dago tony's ("the first job louis had"). the picture of the musical atmosphere which nurtured these men is fascinatingly told. and listen to the version of the oliver dippermouth choruses that bunk plays at one point. jazz was born mature, and it is not very interesting to watch even the nicest children try to imitate grown men once you begin to learn as we learn here, what men are like. (american music 643.) (m. t. w.)

(note: record review first appeared in jazz review, vol. 3, no. 2, may 1957, pp. 20-24.)
rare record census
(Continued from Page 7)
These O.K.s were in Part II of the Census. Only half of many replies were received from this part as were sent in when Part I was published. The tally that follows is very skimpy. I have not heard from Bill Russell, Merrill Hammond, Happy Ruggles and numerous others. But here's all I know:
#93 OK 40050 N (Love), V, V+. For $25 in 1951.
#94 OK 418 E (Love), E/G, V, V, G.
#95 OK 4333 N (Love), E, V, V. Yet Allen reports 19 offerings of this.
#97 OK 8148 Bill Love has a New copy. That's all we heard about. Walt found this offered only seven times. A sleeper?
#98 OK 8235 Bill Love has it New. And there's a G—out in Springfield, Missouri (G.B. Aldridge). Walt found this only up three times.
#100 OK 40034 Love; New, Elwood: V. But Allen found this offered numerous times.
#101 Yes 1006 This is Teddi Peters, vocal. Is there any doubt that this is Oliver on the Georgia Man side? In any case, the duet tag agreed to have a New copy. Walt Allen found it never for sale or auction. Let's have some comment on this item. Is it a flop musically?
#131 OK 8205 Opportunity to write, Sippin' Wallace, acc. by Oliver. Really beautiful horn. The six copies reported ranked only from F to V. There are certainly more and better copies. And it can't be expected that an item like this will get much attention at auction recently for less than $25.
#64 Au 617 I have saved the best till last. This is the Morton and Oliver duet of King Porter and Tom Cat. Only one copy reported. No copy ever offered for sale or auction in the Record Changer. Bill Russell has it. NEW. And it's not for sale. In my opinion, this is the rarest jazz record in the land. If you have a more eligible candidate it must be a duet by Buddy and Tony! That's all for now. Next report: Armstrong, Hot Candles (Jelly's), other Hot Piano, Dodds, New Orleans, Chicago North and South Sides and Harlem.

how pure is pure?
(Continued from Page 3)
that the hopeful effort was growing into a healthy adolescence.
Comes a time for a "session" or a concert, a group like the Red Orions certainly makes far better use of its "all time greats" who are introduced to each other for the first time backstage and are then thrust into a binding spotlight to give out on whatever tunes they may know. It is probably the band that plays together from time to time or steadily usually is prepared for certain tempos in different instances, while the "all stars" frequently end up on tempos which half the time the stage may find totally strange to their conceptions of the tunes. I am told that it takes "great courage" to assemble bizarre groups of musicians for these all-star experiments. It certainly docs—the courage of a total fool. If we must have impromptu groups in jazz, the groups should be assembled by musicians, not ticket-sellers, and preferably by the musicians who are best able to do the playing. This applies on all levels of musical competence. From the rankest amateur to the lordliest professional, the performer certainly has the tendency to make so much more sense than almost any of the other present-day "informal" productions. Messrs. Souchon, Wiggs, Brown, and Company have gathered together some of the most accomplished, and because of a true community of artistic interest, with results that have a considerably more potent effect than the usual "jam session" deal.

This "revival" business is something that has to be tackled by people who play instruments and are willing to work together on the thing. Organized jam sessions are all fine and for the benefit of the so-called "weekend" audience, but it does nothing for the development of new talent. The real answer must, of necessity, lie with sincere, dedicated individuals—such as the groups mentioned above, and those gentlemen of Murphyland jazz gathered around the Mighty Turk in the Bay City. They are doing a fine job, but there is a need for more of this kind of effort. That is the reason yours truly has been struggling with the cornet for lo, these many months, and is searching the New York area for like-minded souls who have the same goal of playing together and see what they can do. Listening to records alone will never do the job. As a matter of fact, you find your records a greater source of enjoyment after you take up an instrument. No matter how badly you play, the experience can do a great deal for your listening. How about it? It takes some time to get the ball rolling on these things, but you may be pleasantly surprised at the start that a few friends puttering around together can make at this sort of thing. In jazz, as in so many other places, we suffer from too many chiefs and not enough Indians. The jazz world is tiring rapidly of the "greats" who condescend on occasion to regurgitate a phrase or two at a jam-session for a fast buck. It is seeking and needs an increasing number of bands to play on bands that are bands—that bands that are out to make a name rather than casual musicians who are willing to display themselves to you, the audience, as a special favor. It is up to you to encourage the "revivalists" even if you cannot participate more actively, because it is through them that we can expect higher quality music in the New Orleans manner to be retained in the future. I think I have every reason to believe it is rational.

records noted
(Continued from Page 9)

bunk johnson 1945-46
with trio; you've got to see maana every night, jada, where the river shannon flows, in the gloaming, with band: all the whores like the way i ride, you always hurt the one you love, golden leaf strut, 827 blues

Bunk's trio of Mama was one of the first of his records which seemed to contain and explain clearly what he was trying to do, what his timing and phrasing meant in his music, and what he meant by playing variations on a melody. Several of the other sides produced at the trio date (Jada, especially) showed how he executed melody. On none of his work yet released except that in the Columbia set do we get at their fullest the beautiful tone and the subtle dynamics that are so integral to his playing but, it must be granted that Mama is a good and important recording. He seems to me to be losing interest on Shannon and Gloaming.

The band is the Lewis-Robinson group, of course. It would be hard to imagine them contributing to Mama. They apparently know nothing of shading and dynamics, of harmonics. They play out-of-time, they do not always really know the tunes, their playing is in parts not integrated, their techniques and imaginations (the same thing, in effect) are limited. To anyone who is familiar with this rhythm, their honest spirit, there must be a caution: be sure you know what the musical and expressive limitations of such a music must be. The best you can say is that much is (that?) has not had their limitations nor has it lacked any of the good things that they have. Bunk usually would not, could not, play his best with this responsiveness, and for his idea of how a band should sound as well as his own best playing, again we must turn to the Columbias. Sometimes he played some remarkable things (his greatness is always at least implicit) with them, however; he did on the Jazzman date, and he plays some good things here, especially on Ride.

With a knowledge of the possibilities of Mama, most of the limitations of this band should be obvious. It is patently absurd to speak of Lewis and Robinson's music, as has so often been done, in the same breath with that of Morton, Oliver, Dodds, Noone, Ice Cream and George's blues, that is their music; and if you have heard that you have heard not only the best they can do, but the one level on which they do their best, it should be approached on that level—only.

Exercise: follow Robinson throughout one number carefully, say Golden Leaf (which is Milenberg), and compare what you hear with, say, Buttrey on Tell Nobody or Ory on Papa Dup. Second Exercise: follow Lewis throughout one number and compare him with open ears to your favorite Dodds or Noone record. Third exercise: stop listening to details—like an expert—and naively compare—the same picture and sound of a Morton, an Oliver, a Bunk Columbia with a Lewis record. Jazz, as Morton said, "is strictly music."

The time for a house-cleaning is obviously at hand for some of us. Some trash will have to be thrown out, and much of what we have will have to be reordered. Like all such house-cleanings, it will come a little late, but come it must. Some of us began to live like the Colley brothers. Enjoy.

(Benny Strickler, the Yerba Buena jazz band)

benny strickler and the yerba buena jazz band

To inaugurate its "Extended Play" series (15 rpm records containing twice the nor-
mal playing time, and enclosed in a decora-
ted jacket, GTJ chooses this somewhat
miraculous set of sides which Les Koenig
restored from some dusty old acetates made
by Hal McIntyre from broadcasts by the
wartime Yerba Buena band. The band was
a shadow of its old self; Strickler was about
the fifth trumpet player to come into the
band (Watters and Scoeby having gone
into service in 1942), Bill Barden had re-
placed Turk Murphy and Burt Bales was
the pianist in place of Wally Rose (they,
too, went into the Navy). Bob Helm, him-
self soon to be whisked into the Army, had
come in as second clarinetist to Ellis Horne.
Russ Bennett and Clancy Hayes were still in
the rhythm section, but Hayes had to move
to drums because Bill Dart was off
shipbuilding.

Strickler was a legend who was every bit
as good as people said he was after he died.
His un timed passing (at 30, of tuber-
culosis) cost jazz one of its most promising
as well as accomplished trumpet players.
For good as Benny was, it seemed likely
that he was only on the threshold of a more
complete development.

The band is good enough on these sides,
but Strickler is great, especially on a tre-
mendous version of Jazzin' Babies Blues.
Both the quality of the recording and the
playing have an old-time sound that adds
greatly to the sentimental appeal of these
sides. You can't be without 'em. (Good
Time Jazz EP-1001.) (G. A.)

don ewell's piano jazz

muskat ramble; rumpus rag; parlor
social; wild man blues

Four fine piano solos made by Don in
1947 while he was still in his home town
of Baltimore. This is a complete reminder
of Don as I remember him when I first met
him through Bill Riddle and the Baltimore
crowd and, as a matter of fact, very much
like the Don Ewell of the period when he
played with Bunk Johnson at the Stuyvesant
Casino. But here Don gets more of a chance
to show on his own, and the results are a
delight.

This is the period in which Don shows
most the influence of Jelly Roll Morton.
In some ways, he was the closest thing to Jelly
Roll that ever sat at a keyboard, but he
seldom delivered a direct imitation of the
master. Morton's influence is heard again
in these sides, though, and they are
as much in place as Jelly Roll did it
himself.

The originals are rags which reflect a
variety of origins other than Morton
(particularly James P. Johnson); they are first-
rate conceptions and beautifully played as
well. The two standards are rare choices
for solo piano, particularly Wild Man Blues,
which is challenging enough for a band,
much less one man. That Ewell does a super-
job is a tribute to his masterful as-
mimilation of the Morton style, for it is
played with all the delicacy and lightness
that Jelly Roll used to bring to such great
medium-tempo blues compositions. This is a
perfect interpretation of the Morton side of
this Morton-Armstrong collaboration, and
which Jelly Roll would have loved to hear
—right down to the tango strain which is a
great stroke of imitations on Don's part.
(Good Time Jazz EP-1004.) (G. A.)

gorge lewis and his new orleans music

yaaka hula hickey dula; mama don't
allow; willie the weeper; burgundy
sheet blues

This is a pretty rough-and-tumble ses-
sion by a group of rather familiar faces
(except for trumpet player Elmer Talbert, who
turns out to be a fine and versatile ensemble
musician). Slickness, though, was never
the forte of Lewis and the other rejected Bunk
Johnsonites. The first three titles go like
hot cakes to Lurinian disc jockeys, but since
any vocal spots on the second tune. Bur-
gundy, of course, is the clarinet solo classic
which everyone, man, woman, and child should
have already gotten on the American Music
label, but whether you have it or not this
is still a fine rendition of the Lewis show-
piece.

The rolling rock which the band gets
gang on the stomp is particularly helped
by Talbert's ability to back up Lewis where
ever the latter takes over the lead (which
seems to be practically most of the time,
though it's hard to tell). George likes it
that way, and sounds more at home than he
usually did playing alongside Bunk. (Good
Time Jazz EP-1005.) (G. A.)

burt bales and his ragtime piano

canadian capers; oh, you beautiful
doll; dill pickles; twelfth street rag

There are a pure delight; Bales has served
well in many San Francisco rhythm sections,
and here he gets a clean shot as a soloist,
with Ram Hall on drums and Sheriff
Garland on bass. The standout number is Doll,
which is completely straightforward but de-
velops charmingly into one of the best piano
solo records in recent years. It's a great
dance record, too.

We would love to kid anybody or show
off in any way, Bales holds each tune with
respect and restraint, with accompaniments
in equally fine taste. Minor's drums on Ca-
nadian Capers are a model of good judg-
ment where it would have been awfully easy
to slip into banality. (Good Time Jazz
EP-1006.) (G. A.)

bob scoeby's frisco band

south; sailin' down chesapeake bay;
melancholy; chicago

Recorded in a barn-like room with a real
dance-hall echo, these sides are packed
with an exciting tenseness. Bob Scoeby's
trumpet and Clancy Hayes' vocalizing steal the
show on this set, which finds them both in top
form with material well worth their efforts,
with Hal Watters and Wally Rose sparking the
rhythm section.

South, a tune which got started on its
1941 revival when Hal McIntyre (then a
San Francisco disc jockey) set out to prove that any passable
jazz record with a simple melody and solid
beat could be plugged into public popular-

kid ory's creole jazz band

ory's boogie; blues for jimmie
no-one; st. louis blues

These sides, taken from a Dixieland Jam-
bores concert, are something of a disap-
pointment for those of us who yearn for the
bygone days when Mutt Carey was blowing
alongside Ory. The present band is capable
of some very wonderful playing, but this set
falls short of what the "new" Ory gang can
do. Boogie and St. Louis are rather routine
jazz concert performances, with Ory's own
solo outstanding, but the full-length treat-
ment of the well-known blues (in this ver-
sion, respliced to play continuously as it
was at the concert) is more like it. Even
so, the familiar Ory flavor does not really
come through until the band goes into the
wonderful dreamy sound of its Chimes Blues
interpolation.

For-disciples, let's explain quickly that
this is the same tune which appeared first
on Jazz Man as Blues for Jimmie, on
Columbia as Blues for Home, and was called
that again in the original two-part release
of this version. It's a great number any way
it's sliced. (Good Time Jazz EP-1002.)
(G. A.)

turk murphy's jazz band

shake that thing; brother lowdown;
yellow dog blues; kansas city man blues

These 1948 examples of the San Fran-
cisco Boating and Barbecue Association orig-
inally came out on the Jazz Man label,
were re-mastered for GTJ, and are now
available on EP disk with a better sound
than ever. My record filing system having
fallen apart in the spring of 1941, I can't
find the Jazz Man copies to verify whether
my suspicion is correct that some bits from
second masters were incorporated in the
remastering.

Scoeby, Murphy, and Helms form the
front line, with Bales, Mordecai, and nobody
else in the rhythm section. The Hot Five
instrumentation is a rugged test for any
crew, but this one passes comfortably.
Standout is Turk's own tune, Brother Low-
down, a fine original which could have been
from an old music publishing company's
ragtime catalog. Burt Bales builds up a mess
of fine piano throughout, with a two-fisted
solo on Shake That Thing which is backed
by some raspy dissonances from Harry Mor-
deca's banjo. (Turk swears it's right, and
I'll take his word for it.) Bob Scoeby's
trumpet lead is tremendous on this session,
and Bob Helms's clarinet is particularly fine
on Kansas City Mo Blues. A set not to be
missed. (Good Time Jazz EP-1003.) (G. A.)
pete daily's rhythm kings

clarinet marmalade; yelping bound blues; sobbin' blues; jazz man strut

Four fine performances by the old Pete Daily band, starring Rosy McHargue on clarinet. Rosy has no peer at digging up and arranging fine old tunes, with the accent on the ODJB and its spawn; he also writes originals in the same tradition, as Jazz Man Strut attests.

This is the third edition of these records, but if you don't have them, get them now. Daily and McHargue are first-class, and Skippy Anderson, faced with the problem of making his piano cover the absence of bass and guitar, does a terrifically successful job of filling in every inch of the way on all the sides. (Good Time Jazz EP-1009.) (G. A.)

firehouse five plus two

five foot two; mississippi rag; show me the way to the fire; san antonio rose

The boys settle down to jazz on these sides, with the clowning held to a minimum. The ensemble vocal on the first tune finds the gal supplying her own counterpoint; an interpolation of How Dry I Am (in perfect tune) on Show Me the Way (actually, to go home) sum up the kidding around. The famous fire bell kicks off the latter, and pulls the boys into the coda, too.

Pianist Frank Thomas gets the spotlight on this session, and though he's not a Wally Rose or Burt Bales, he turns in a solid job, particularly on Rag and Rose. The band's punchy, clean ensembles were never better, either. (Good Time Jazz EP-1010.) (G. A.)

benny goodman

(Continued from Page 4)

that after a good many years a guy—any guy—gets tired.

All of this, however, should not blind anyone to the fact that there is likely to be a vast amount of kicks in these concerts, and that you ought to go and listen if they play one anywhere near your town. The only question is: does it mean anything, either as a come-back or as a form of music? To which the answer might well be: who cares, as long as it swings?

editorial

Company, it was reviewed favorably in a great many publications—including several Southern newspapers, The New York Times, and The Record Changer. Henry Wallace, whatever one may think of him, was a legal candidate for the presidency. And as for the final charge, surely any magazine should be aware that an author has no control over where his book is advertised.

But this was all the "evidence" against Moon—accounts of the firing that appeared in the New York Times, New York Post, and Time magazine disclosed nothing more damning or more substantial. But it was enough to cause Collier's to get rid of an editor. According to Moon, the magazine informed him that it would not matter if the charges could be disproved: "the mere fact of their having been made would be bad for the magazine."

That's the story. It is a story that shocks and distresses us immeasurably. We happen to be particularly sensitive to this occurrence because Bucklin Moon is known to us through his association with this magazine. But even more shocking is the total picture presented. Bucklin Moon has stated: "What has happened to me can happen to any man." The scantness of the evidence that cost him his job would seem to bear out this statement. It is certainly enough to shock any jazz fan out of his preconceived contempt of rare old disks.

This magazine finds itself numbed and bewildered by all this. We recognize as sharply as anyone else the great menace of Communism. But panicky and arbitrary action like this, based on such very dim grounds, scarcely seems to accomplish anything in the fight against Communism. Very much to the contrary, all that seems to be accomplished is a serious undermining of traditional American concepts of democracy and individual liberty—and it is these concepts that surely are this country's most important assets and strongest weapons in any battle.

Can we really be living in such times of timidity and terror as this story indicates? Does such a representative of our free press as Collier's now automatically turn and run when threatened by any sort of accusation? All we can think of to do at the moment is to offer a piece of advice to Collier's and to the self-appointed California vigilantes who felt that Moon did not conform to their personal definition of 100% Americanism. There's another book by Bucklin Moon they ought to read; or if they are too busy for reading, they might at least ponder the implications of the title. It's called The High Cost of Prejudice.

records wanted

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behind the cobwebs

Carl Kendziora

First item on this month's agenda is the Original Memphis Five. This group made so many records that no listing or discography has anything near a complete listing of their sides, and none of these compilations agrees with any other. Therefore, every now and then, we are going to ask you readers to help us try to clarify the picture a bit. This time we are confining ourselves to the sides made for Plaza. It would seem that the OMS made eleven dates for this company and at most sessions cut two or three titles (7 2-title dates & 2 3-title ones). But there were a pair of seemingly one-title dates and a few missing masters. We ask our readers to check their Plaza issues and files and see if they can identify any of these master numbers as OMS sides or whatever they are if not OMS.

The seventh date is the first problem. This is master 5370 (Lovely Came Back) issued on Banner 1292 and Regal 9588. We want to know what masters 5368 and 5369 are as 5371 is out as it is a Billy West vocal title. On date eight we have three titles listed but masters are not consecutive. Masters 5377 (Dancing Dan—Ba 1292 & Re 9585), 5378 (That Bran' New Gal o' Mine—Ba 1309 & Re 9601), and 5381 (Shake Your Feet—Ba 1309 & Re 9601) are listed. But what are masters 5379 and 5380? On the ninth date we have but one master, 5432 (May She'll Phone Me—Ba ? & Re 9615). 5432 & 5434 are already identified as non-OMS sides, so 5430 & 5431 are the ones we wish to identify. The eleventh date seems to be a three-title one with masters 5516 (Big Boy—Ba 1360 & Re 9656), 5517 (A Man Never Knows—Ba 1375 & Re 9670), and 5518 (Sioux City Sue—Ba 1375 & Re ?) accounted for. We'd like to check the possibility of either or both 5515 and 5519 being OMS items. That leaves it up to YOU.

In the February column we brought up the subject of the Blue Rhythm Orchestra on Pathé-Perfect and last month we relayed the first suggestions on personnel. Walter Allen, of Belleville N. J., writes that a personnel was given in the final issue of Jazz Information for a date for Pathé in 1925. This was in an article on June Clark and the personnel is: June Clark (tp), Jimmy Harrison (Tb), Raster Halley (cl), Prince Robinson (sax), Willie the Lion Smith (p), Bud Christian (b), Bill Benford (tuba), and Jazz Carson (dr). Walter notes that the tuba or drummers can be heard on old Fr Deacon, a point on which we concur. Any further comments?

Also in February we mentioned the Nashville Jazzers. Walter agrees with our opinion of the horn, piano, and guitar being the same as the Washab Trio on Grey Gall 7034. He is sure it is not Oliver and prefers Ed Anderson to our suggestion of Ed Allen, although he thinks it does sound like Allen in spots. He invites us to compare with Ed Anderson's work on Jelly Roll Morton's Deep Creek. Anyone have any ideas?

Label of the Month: Here's an obscure member of the Cameo family called Variety. Copyright date on a label 66 which is the same as another Cameo label, Romeo. This leads us to believe that, like Romeo, all Variety issues are electrically recorded. Our subject is Variety 5081 which couples Me and My Shadow (2474 C2) as by The Senators with Silver Moon (239 A1) as by the Variety Dance Orchestra. The "master" number on the second side is obviously one of those false ones which often appeared on Romeo around this same time. We have established the following pairs, first—actual master and second—false one: 2261-110; 2262-111; 2364-199; 2365-200. For the details of these pairs and the issues and titles see our discussion of Viola McCoy in the May 1952 column. The label is black with all designs and writing in gold. We would appreciate details of issue of either or both sides on other labels and especially the actual Cameo master number of the false number, 239. It would appear that Romeo began at 200 and Variety at 400, probably at about the same time. Although most Cameo couplings also seem to have been released on Romeo with the same pairings, real name of the band!

Space is gone again. Please check the last two paragraphs of last month's column if you're not familiar with them and then send us whatever data you can. It seems the only way to ever straighten out such things as we've just gone over above—and there is only one Bob Colton in a million. Bob singlehandedly has amassed listings of issues on these labels we defy you to categorize! But the rest of us have to do some of the work to give him a hand. So send in those data! To us at 74 South Road, Harrison, New York or c/o the Record Changer. Until next month.

John McGinn

One of the most unappreciated of recording groups is the house band, the group of musicians who regularly turn out for the recording company they represent innumerable sides of the songs of the day that are not assigned to any of the company's regular bands. Today, the house band is sometimes an established orchestra, and sometimes it is given the name of the leader in an effort to build it into a salable commodity. Currently, Victor has its Winter-halter, Columbia's Percy Faith, Decca, Victor Young, Caral, Ray Bloch. Nowadays, these bands do not often take the place of dance bands, sweet or hot: but in earlier days, notably the 'twenties, such orchestras had to be very versatile indeed, and more often than not they included top names, both vocal and instrumental, sweet and hot, in their recordings; and very often, the quality of their work would far surpass the version of the same song rendered by a name band on another and, occasionally, the same label.

In the early 'twenties, Columbia had The Columbians (Dance Orchestra De Luxe), and on Victor there were The Manhattan Merrymakers and The Troubadours, and other labels had their corresponding units. With the advent of electrical recording and a greater emphasis on special arrangements and jazz, band leaders with a knowledge of all manner of popular recordings replaced the more conventional straight "fox-trot" and "waltz" specialists of horn days. Of all these musical directors, none can compare with Nat Shilkret in the versatility of his various groups, the quality of recording, excellence of performance and his ability to characterize a song. He was the first to record popular songs of the day in concert versions. His Victor Salon Orchestra was the foundation on which the Faiths, Kostelanetz' and Mantovani of today were created, and possessed a taste that some of the current crop sadly lack. Besides doing

Star

Studded

Shellac

John McGinn
unhackneyed arrangements of Memory Lane, What'll I Do, Remember, and other songs of the day. The Victor Salon Orchestra brought to light many a delightful song that long had languished for want of any sort of recording, not just a suitable one, such as Phil Spitalny's elf-like Enchanted Forest (Vi 1948)—recorded in 1924 and never, to my knowledge, since then, at least domestically; Deppen's Eleanor, and Out of the Dust to You (Vi 20176); Japanese Sunset and Mystery of Night (Vi 20598).

As Nat Shilkret and The Victor Orchestra, Shilkret turned out many fine dance arrangements: the eerie Jimmy Valentine, with a grand spookily vocal by the veteran Billy Murray and Chorus (Vi 21680); excellent hot solos (possibly Venuti and Lang) on When Sweet Susie Goes Steppin' By and Dusky Stewedore, the latter with vocal by Elliott Shaw and the noted basso, Wilfred Glenn (Vi 21515); a simply wonderful hot tuba solo on the zingly Hittin' the Ceiling (Vi 21699); a beautifully-backed-up vocal by the noted composer, Willard Robinson, in The Lonesome Road (Vi 21996), as well as first-rate, interpretive accompaniments to Robinson's straight vocals of Deep River Blues and Taint So, Honey (Vi 21651); If I Had You (Vi 21866) and others; rousing renditions of hill-billyish songs Shine On Harvest Moon and On Mobile Bay, with vocal duets by Vernon Dalhart and Carson Robison. Shilkret widened his field and did heavier concert versions of modern mood music including Jazz Nocturne and Buffoon (Vi 24028); twelve-inch jazz-concert versions of Jeanine and Sonny Boy (Vi 35945) with some of the first of the choral groups to background a featured singer as they do today; Just a Memory and My Blue Heaven (Vi 33875).

The origin of the Three Suns type of trio, thought by many to be original, can be traced to Shilkret's then extraordinary grouping of pipe organ, piano, trombone and harp, utilized on four syncopated sides: I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby and I'm Sorry, Sally (Vi 21688), and When You're With Somebody Else and Chloe (Vi 21298). Probably the record public was as yet far from ready for this advanced styling, for all of these were lamentable flops, despite their undoubted excellence.

With The Victor Orchestra, Shilkret essayed several of the more gossamer-like compositions, and although the other majors tried them too, only Shilkret's interpretations escaped the heavity of a big band tackling rippling piano cameos: The Doll Dance and Flapperette (Vi 20503); Dainty Miss (Vi 21037).

He was the first to present a fox-trot version of Ravel's Bolero, and a highly satisfying condensation, too (Vi 22571); likewise, other tango-type sides such as Tango du Reve and Fate (Vi 20454) and El Chocolo (Vi 21393), which has so recently and repulsively turned up as Kiss of Fire.

Shilkret also pioneered in the International-type concert walks, and today, more than a quarter of a century later, his European-style, straightforward versions of Danube Waves, Estudiantina, In a Persian Market, In a Chinese Temple Garden, Over the Waves, Gypsy Love and other famous Continental-type fare, all on 12-inch Victor, are far more authentic than several more recent and embellished versions.

Mcandrew
HOW THE RECORD CHANGER WORKS:

Abbreviations used in the Classified “Wanted” and “For Disposition” Sections

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<th>Col. 1, Record Label</th>
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When it is necessary to indicate nationality of the record, the following letters appear after the record label abbreviation:

- A: American
- A: Argentine
- B: Australian
- C: Canadian
- E: English
- F: French
- G: German
- H: Hungarian
- I: Italian
- J: Japanese
- M: Mexican
- S: Spanish
- W: Welsh

In the "For Disposition" section the condition of the record is indicated by these abbreviations:

- N (New): Surface noise equal to an unplayed record; no visible or audible wear perceptible; original finish intact.
- V (Very Good): Surface noise somewhat more prominent; slight foreign noises, but slight distortion. If any; noises not seriously distracting.
- G (Good): A moderate amount of surface noise; background may be somewhat irregular and crackling; some foreign noises, and a little distortion. On the whole, reasonably satisfactory listening without undue distraction of attention. Foreign noises definitely less prominent than the music.
- F (Fair): Foreign noises, taken together, are regarded as prominent as the music, and there is considerable distraction of attention, and listening requires some effort and concentration; nevertheless, under these conditions, listening should be fairly satisfactory.
- P (Poor): Foreign noises, collectively, are louder than the recorded music; continual concentration is required, and there is little satisfaction in listening.

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Jazz enthusiasts and collectors are becoming increasingly aware of the important role the “antique” jazz record plays in documenting the origins and early events of great American music. To that interested few, the word “Gennett” has a special, pleasant ring, for the name epitomizes rarer of rare—the genuine article. This story is dedicated not only to the famous record itself, but also to the men who were responsible for its existence, the Gennett family and the Starr Piano Company of Richmond, Indiana. A great deal of important and interesting material must be excluded from this narrative, as space will not permit the unfolding of the entire story. It is hoped, however, that this comparatively quick scanning of the pages of Gennett lore may ignite a spark of interest in others to delve further into this fascinating subject.

Our heartfelt appreciation is extended to Fred Starr, Jr., and the late Clarence Gennett for their sympathetic understanding and indulgence in providing historical facts, recording data and technical information included in this story. Also, our sincere thanks is expressed to Record Changer for providing generous space so that this narrative might be published in its entirety.

G. W. K.

In 1872, James Starr founded the Starr Piano Company in Richmond, Indiana. It is reported to have been the first piano company west of the Alleghenies. The company expanded steadily and, in 1903, British-born John Lumden and Henry Gennett, Lumden’s son-in-law, joined the organization. During the ensuing years, Henry Gennett’s three sons became active in the company Harry, as vice president and general manager; Fred, as secretary; and Clarence, as treasurer. Starr decided to enter the recording field in 1915. He began with conservative steps in approaching this new venture, acquiring obsolete recording equipment and old masters from a bankrupt concern in Boston. The early records, made from 1915 to 1918, were issued under the green-and-white Starr label. However, the company experienced opposition from independent dealers who refused to take on the records because of the association of the name “Starr” with pianos and phonographs. Thus, in 1918, at the suggestion of Fred Gennett, the name of the record label was changed to Gennett.

Gennett records were being made by the lateral cut process when Victor brought suit against Starr in 1918 for patent infringement in the use of the record cutting stylus. Expert legal counsel was provided the Starr organization by Drury W. Cooper, brilliant patent attorney of the famous New York Law firm of Cooper, Kerr and Dunham. Motion pictures were presented to the court for the purpose of explaining visually the process involved in making lateral cut records. (The maneuver marked the first time moving pictures were accepted in a court as evidence.) After six successive trials, the Supreme Court handed down a decision in favor of Starr, in 1921. The victory made the style public domain, much to the jubilation of Starr Company and its supporters in the patent fight: namely, OKe, Vocalion, and Compos (H. S. Berliner, of Montreal, Canada). The close alliance of the four smaller recording companies in their struggle for survival against the more powerful competitors, Victor and Columbia, led to leasing arrangements between Starr and its allies, which eventually involved hundreds of Gennett masters.

Following the breaking of the Victor patent on the style, all companies guarded their recording methods with utmost secrecy. Starr was no exception, and for years only the most trusted employees were allowed in the studio monitor room. Photos of the early recording sessions, however, now provide a vivid account of those old days. Horns of various sizes and shapes, designed to meet the requirements of particular instruments or voices, were fitted into a three-pronged pipe. The sound vibrations were transmitted through this labyrinth of plumbing, to the cutting stylus, and onto the grooves of the master.

Gennett engineers relied on powdered graphite brushed into the grooves to facilitate the cutting line of the style. This crude method often caused rough spots in the copper plating and for this reason many masters had to be thrown into the scrap heap. Removing the imperfections, pits, and irregularities at the bottom of the grooves was accomplished with the aid of engraver’s tools and dentist’s chisels. This work entailed the patience and skill of a craftsman. It was a standing joke around the Gennett studio that some of the men became so adept that a voice passage could be changed from “yes” to “no” by a well-timed flick of the chisel blade.

The style was a constant source of concern, and for years Gennett technicians experimented with various products, in an effort to come up with the ideal instrument. Glass, mica, tin, diamonds, sapphires and
other materials were employed from time to time. Dimensions of the point and angle of the stylus were changed constantly. The experiments finally wound up with an 87 degree angle, .0025 to .003 radius on point, sapphire cutting stylus. This particular model was adopted by Western Electric as standard in 1926.

The machinery activating the turntable was a throw-back to the dark ages. A heavy weight was raised in a shaft by a cable and pulley arrangement, similar to the grandfather-clock principle. The cable was wound around the center pin of the turntable and, as the weight lowered itself, the turntable spun. The Gennett studios, poorly ventilated at best, were often left unheated overnight, causing the gear grease in the turntable mechanism to become stiff and heavy. It was not unusual for recording sessions to be delayed several hours while the engineers applied heat to the grease. Temperature changes could very definitely affect the speed of rotation of the turntable, which often varied between 75 and 85 rpm. But in those days of acoustical recordings and spring driven phonographs, no one really cared. This antique equipment remained in use, though, for many years after Gennett adopted electrical recording methods.

The year 1919 was the most profitable in the history of the Starr Piano Company. As a matter of fact, the sale of phonographs in the United States reached an all-time high that year: an astronomical figure of $158,348,000. The Jesse French Piano and Organ Company, one of the largest music retail outlets in the South, took on exclusive distributorship in that part of the country for the complete Starr line. By the early 1920s, the Starr Piano Company's annual production had soared to 15,000 pianos, 35,000 spring-driven phonographs, and more than 3,900,000 records.

During the prosperous year of 1919, the Gennett catalogue was expanded considerably in both the classical and popular music fields. Fred Gennett lost no time in sign-
ing concert artists and also speakers and popular figures of the day, to recording contracts. It took only one letter to induce William Jennings Bryan to come to Richmond to record some of his speeches. Bryan did not even ask for a contract or a royalty agreement. Other items of interest included in the Gennett repertoire were the music of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and U. S. Marine Band, sacred songs of Homer Rodcheaver and格瑞吉·史密斯, physical culture exercises, and even the hysterical blasphemy of the Ku Klux Klan.

By 1921, Gennett was busy turning out recordings in studios located in Richmond and New York City. Ezra Wickameyer was recording director at the Hooiser plant and Ray Mayer operated the studio located at 9-11 East 37th Street in Manhattan. Later, Gennett moved the New York works to Woodside, Long Island, where George Keates was sound engineer. Pressings were done at the Starr plant in Richmond and by H. S. Berliner, in Montreal.

It is common knowledge among record collectors that Gennett probably was the pioneer and leader in supplying the needs of the chain stores and mail order houses. Identical or alternate Gennett masters were released under several labels, including Champion, Buddy, Bell, Black Patt, Heroin, QRS, Challenge, Conqueror, Superior, Supertone, and Silvertone. As a result of Harry Gennett's business trip to England in 1916, Gennett items appeared in that country on Winner, Guardsman, Coliseum, Vocalion, and many others. In addition, Gennett masters were leased or sold outright to Paramount, Vocalion, and OKeh.

Birth of the Jazz Record

The entry of the Gennett record into the jazz field was due largely to the efforts of a manager of the Starr Music Store in Chicago. A native of Richmond, young Fred Wiggins was promoted to be head of the sales and artists division of Gennett Records in 1923, a position similar to what is known in the trade today as the "A and R man." A brilliant, resourceful individual with the flair for detail so necessary in the recording business, he continually kept a searching eye and attentive ear open for new talent at a price. The story goes that Wiggins heard Gene Autry singing on a remote radio station in Oklahoma, over his homemade crystal set, and immediately wrote him. A single letter brought Autry to Richmond for his first record dates. During the early days of Wiggins' career, he scouted for artists but the final decision for closing recording deals was left to Fred Gennett. Later, as his ability became more recognized by the staff officials, young Wiggins' judgment in signing talent and releasing records was accepted as final. Jazz enthusiasts today would howl with despair at some of his decisions to destroy cherished jazz masters as "not suitable for release.

During the summer of 1922, Wiggins phoned Fred Gennett that he had heard a jazz band at Friars Inn, a cellarr restaurant just around the corner from the Chicago store. The band was making quite a sensation and might be a good bet for Gennett records. Gennett took a train to Chicago and joined Wiggins that night at Friars Inn. Neither quite knew how to take that motley crew of wild musicians from New Orleans, but the crowds seemed to confirm that there were commercial possibilities in recording the band, the now celebrated Friars Society Orchestra.

With a little prodding from Wiggins, a contract was drawn up by Fred Gennett for the band to record at the Gennett Studio in Richmond. (Actually, Husk
O'Hare's Super Orchestra, of Chicago, a forerunner of the Friars, had journeyed to Richmond to record several sides for Gennett in the spring of that same year, but, aside from San and Tiger Rag, their efforts were a far cry from jazz.

The first trip of the Friars to the Richmond studio in August 29-30, 1922, is still remembered by the old-timers of the Starr organization. Eight dirty, perspiring, hungry musicians squeezed in a big, aristocratic touring car, with battered instrument cases tied on the back and fenders, was a novel and spectacular sight for the leisurely, conservative citizens of that easy-going, predominantly Quaker community of 25,000. But during the years to come such a spectacle was to become commonplace.

Great numbers of jazz musicians, soloists, and blues singers, as well as hill-billy groups and classical artists were to stream into Richmond by trolley, train, automobile, and on foot to gain recognition, if not fortune, through the medium of Gennett records. As for the memorable Friars dates: the seven tunes cut in the dreary, depressing frame studio building, located at the far end of the main assembly building of the Starr Piano Company, were for the most part very good jazz. Two commercial tunes, Oriental and Discintented Blues, were no credit to anyone. The others, Farewell Blues, Bagle Call Blues, Tiger Rag, Panama, and Eccentric, are significant examples—first recorded jazz efforts of this pioneer band.

Departing for a brief moment from the jazz scene, it would be appropriate to cast a hurried glance at another important development in the history of Gennett records—the start of the hill-billy catalogue. The money-making possibilities of this type of entertainment was discovered quite by accident by Fred Gennett before Wiggens had come to Richmond.

In August, 1922, a Pittsburgh jobber brought a delegation of music dealers by chartered Pullman to tour the Starr plant in Richmond, a noteworthy innovation in sales technique for that day. In addition to tours through the piano and recording plants, a buffet luncheon was laid out for the guests in the salon of the administration building. As Fred Gennett was preparing to meet the group in the salon, a bedraggled, emaciated character with red hair, dressed in the garb of a Kentucky briar-hopper, strolled into his office and inquired about chances to make a few records. He presented himself as Wendell, “The Redheaded Music Maker.” Gennett’s immediate inclination was to refuse, but the shabby, forlorn appearance of Hall prompted an invitation to the troubadour to join the group at lunch.

About an hour later, one of the salesmen came to Fred Gennett’s office and enthusiastically related how a hill billy singer was keeping the salesmen amused and entertained with his repertoire of songs. It seemed that Hall, after filling himself with food, had pulled out his ukulele and started to sing his composition, It Ain’t Gonna Rain No Mo’. A contingent of Hall’s newly found admirers then approached Gennett, asking him to let Hall make a few records—just for kicks. For the rest of the afternoon, Hall recorded a continuous stream of songs that culminated in his signing a royalty contract. Before he left town that evening he asked Gennett for a test pressing of It Ain’t Gonna Rain No Mo’. Within a matter of days, Wendell Hall took the test to Camden, New Jersey, where, on the strength of the one song, he secured a $10,000 contract with Victor. Gennett did not complain. His own company made a small fortune on Hall’s records, all of which were made that single afternoon.

The Chicago Jazz Parade

The spring and summer of 1923 really ushered in the beginning of the jazz era for Gennett. On March 12, 1923, the Friars, now under the name of New Orleans Rhythm Kings, returned to make eight more sides. On March 31st, the nucleus of the band (Mares and Rappolo) cut four tunes, identified as the Original Memphis Melody Boys. The Gennett studio must have been rocking that day, for King Oliver and his Creole Band also reported to record Just Gone, Canal Street Blues, Mandy Lee Blues, I’m Going to Wear You Off, My Mind and Chimes Blues. On April 7th, Oliver and his band were back again to turn out Weatherbird Rag, Dipper Mouth Blues, Froggie Moore (originally titled Poggy Moon), and Snake Rag. (Fred Gennett recalls meeting Oliver in Chicago, through Wiggens, and securing a signed contract on the spot. His only recollection of the King was that Oliver had “the biggest lips I ever saw on a human being.”)

July 17th and 18th, 1923, can be entered in jazz annals as historic dates, for on these days the incomparable Jelly Roll Morton and the NORK appeared jointly to other recording concerns. Although most of the early great jazz pioneers left the Gennett roster at the close of 1923, the traditions and high standards set by them were carried on by a younger crop of aspiring musicians. On February 6th, 1924, Bix and the Wolverines paid a visit to the Gennett studios during a series of dance engagements at Indiana University and one night stands through the midwest. Four sides resulted from this first visit: Fidgety Feet, Lazy Daddy, Sensation Rag, and Jazz Me Blues, Lazy Daddy (11752) and Sensation Rag (11753) were rejected at this time, but both tunes were recorded in New York on September 16, 1924. Following close on the heels of the Wolverines came the Handy Hammett Band, to cut several tunes on February 23rd, with the Bucktown Five, with Spanier and De Vaut, finished up an auspicious month by making seven sides on February 25th.

After a few quiet months, jazz sessions at Gennett picked up in the spring when the Wolverines made a second sojourn to Richmond to cut four more tunes on May 6th, 1924. Then the great Jelly Roll gave the Gennett technicians a very busy day on June 9th. The master pounded out eleven piano solos, all classics in ragtime, blues and stomps. The Wolverines then
Two pages from another Gennett ledger. Above is proof of the recording and issuance of a State Street Ramblers date that few collectors have even heard of, much less heard. Below is an example of a little-known aspect of the Richmond operation: a page listing a day's worth of blues recordings made by Gennett for a customer named Paramount.
scheduled themselves for a return engagement on June 21st; as distinct three-toned music. Generally speaking, the Wolverines, Happy Harmonists, and Bucktown Five furnished the bulk of the jazz material for Gennett's Richmond studio in 1926.

The dance with the greatest appeal to the mid-western college students and ball room patrons in the mid-20s was jazz in the Wolverines-Happy Harmonists tradition, possessing the same mixture of oakum and tuscan flavor of that carefree era. A band from Evansville that played in the Wolverine style, with Curt Hitch's name now prefixing its former label of the "Happy Harmonists," recorded Cataract Rag Blues and Nightingale Rag Blues for Gennett on January 19, 1925. On the 26th, Bix and his Rhythm Jugglers, with Tommy Dorsey backing him as the tenor soloist, cut a Hill with Hoagy Carmichael to cut four records in "slow drag" style. Only two of the tunes survived the Wiggins' censorship—Toddlin' Thru and Luckey Seven. The remaining masters, Magic Blues and No One Knows What It's All About, were rejected.

On February 12, the fabulous Johnny Bayerdorffer and his Orchestra honored the Gennett studio and made three sides, Leaving Town on Skates, Washington and Lee Swing, and The Bucket. But, presumably, all of these masters were destroyed, as the only sample of this band's great capabilities is on a single Okeh record.

Hoagy Carmichael got his chance to make his first record with Curt Hitch and his Happy Harmonists on May 19, 1925. The tunes were two of Hoagy's compositions, Bonedale, a 1924 hit, and Ladd's Seven, which appeared on the Gennett label the following month. Bix also did three records on the Gennett label that summer, making his debut playing the first trumpet in a date session with the Gennett label favorite, Bix and his Rhythm Jugglers.

The New York Studio

Although a copious amount of recordings stemmed from the Gennett studio in Manhattan from 1923 to 1925, only a very small number of real jazz items emerged from the more than 300,000 recordings made during this period. The most notable was the recording of the Javanese dance band, the Gonin, which was one of the first recorded jazz ensembles in the United States. This recording was made by Victor Records on May 15, 1925, and featured a combination of traditional Javanese instruments and Western style arrangements.

The Electrobeam Series

The phonograph and record business enjoyed an upsurge in 1926. Concerned over the loss of sales volume to the radio industry, the previous year, Victor, Columbia, Brunswick, and Starr introduced a line of "new and improved" phonographs. Actually, these so-called revolutionary, advanced changes involved modifications only in the design of speakers, which were twisted and enlarged somewhat to fit floor model cabinets. Electric motors did replace the spring-driven models, but that was the sum total of "outstanding innovations." No new developments were forthcoming in the improvement of the acoustical-type head and tone arm. But the promotional ideas and exploitation of these machines brought results and record sales boomed accordingly.

Accompanying the spurt in sales in records came genuine, positive strides in the development of superior recording methods. RCA Photophone System jumped into the breach and patented the electrical process of transcription. Even though the use of this new method necessitated the paying of royalties to RCA, all major companies fell in line. Studios were stripped of the odd shaped horns protruding from the walls, and the microphones invented by Emile Berliner were installed as standard equipment.

The first electrically processed record by Gennett was released in the early part of 1926, in the latter 3000 series, on red label. One very rare jazz item in this category is Gennett 3408 (matrix GEX-333), I'll Fly to Hawaii, by Gowin's Rhapsody Makers. It was not until several months later that the handsome gold-and-black lettered Electrobeam label was introduced. The first recording date under the famous Electrobeam label took place on January 26, 1926, and was recorded at the Electrobeam Studio, located at 452 West 6th Street, New York City.

Although Gennett released a rather extensive and representative array of all types of music on Electrobeam, Champion, Superior, Silvertone and many other labels, the volume of recorded music was just not there. Occasionally, a hillbilly or old-time singing number would appear in a junk shop, but the hot jazz and blues items are the rarest of rare. For years Starr operated the Gennett Records Division at a loss. As a matter of fact the entire record outlay of the Starr Piano Company dipped steadily after 1926. The fortune of over $7,000,000 amassed by Henry Gennett back in 1919 gradually frizzled away. It is a source of wondement why Starr lasted so long in the record business. One reason can be traced to the avoidance of paying large amounts of money on performers' fees. Low artist fees (or none at all) actually served to open the doors of the Gennett studios.
to less prominent jazz bands, obscure blues singers, and Negro spiritual groups.

The Richmond studio outstripped New York by a wide margin in securing worthwhile material, and it was during the Electrobeam's run that the Gennett "Race Series" drew hundreds of Negro blues singers and pickup outfits from the Chicago area. Jelly Roll Morton, Big Boy Cleveland, Sam Collins, Katherine Baker, Lizzie Washington and Trixie Williams were only a few of the performers who went into the Gennett studios in 1927. Later came the great Thomas A. Dorsey (Georgia Tom), Teddy Moss, Charlie Davenport, Walter Cole, Scrapper Blackwell, Marie Glover, Alura Mack, Alberta Jones, Irene Scruggs, Clara Burston, and scores of others. The band and skiffle music was supplied principally by the State Street Ramblers (through special arrangement with Lester Melrose of the State Street Music Publishing Company). Small instrumental groups such as Alabama Jim and George (William Burton, piano, and M. Moman, drums), frequently dropped in to earn a few dollars on a record.

During 1928, Hoagy Carmichael, the perennial college boy (he was a law student at Indiana University off and on for over 10 years), brought his Collegians to Richmond on several occasions. Hoagy had trouble convincing Fred Wiggins that his band dispensed music that could be commercially satisfying. However, Hoagy and his group managed to salvage a few sides for posterity. On May 5, 1928, Carmichael's Collegians made March of the Hoodlums and Walkin' the Dog, two fast stomps that really move, with scat vocals by Hoagy. Previously, on October 31, 1927, Hoagy had made his famous Stardust, (backed by One Night in Havana), with a small contingent from Emil Seidel's band. Possibly the only reason Stardust reached the public was due to the prestige of Seidel, who was a leading figure in music circles in Indianapolis.

On May 7, 1928, Hoagy and his Collegians returned to record Stardust and One Night in Havana a second time. Wiggins would have none of either tune. In the recording ledger is scrawled the sentence of doom in Wiggins' handwriting: "Reject. Already on Gennett. Poor Seller!"

A list of rejected masters portraying the unappreciated efforts of Hoagy Carmichael and his band also includes Waltz Supreme (13184), Smile (13723), Shimmy Shaweka (13724).

Gennett's New York studio turned out a very few good jazz sides on Electrobeam. One of the first on the new label was Sunny Hawaii/Four Leaf Clover, by Gowans's Rhapsody Makers, on Gennett 6039, issued February, 1927. Both sides are spirited performances in modified Dixieland featuring Fred Gowans on clarinet, with excellent support from Eddie Edwards and Jim Monahan. As far as Negro artists were concerned, Gennett signed very few of them in New York after 1926. It is believed that the spirituals with sermons by Reverend Gates and his congregation emanated from Brooklyn. Otherwise, the society dance bands and pseudo-hot groups of the Bailey's Lucky Seven and Ladd's Black Aces variety completed the mediocre grade of jazz from Gennett's New York repertoire.

Recording Locations

Discographers may be surprised to learn that Electrobeam Gennett were recorded in cities other than Richmond and New York, namely, Chicago, Birmingham and St. Paul.

A temporary studio was rigged up at the Starr Music Store in Birmingham in August, 1927, to record several obscure blues singers and bands roaming the deep South. Sessions were conducted for only 45 days, but the list of artists who placed their contributions on Gennett discs during that short time include Jay Bird Coleman, Bertha Ross, Dunk Rendelhman and his Alabamians, and Frank Bunch and his Fuzzy Wuzzies.

Gennett's next on-the-spot experiment with portable sound equipment was conducted at St. Paul, in the Hotel Lowry. The operation extended from September 23, 1927, until November 21, 1927, but was primarily devoted to Swedish, German and Polish folk music. Aside from a few vocals by Les Backer and some numbers by Walt Anderson and his Golden Pleasant Hoedlums (who dreamed up all these names for Gennett, anyway?), there was very little to interest the jazz enthusiast.

Two attempts to record on temporary location were made in Chicago from November 26, 1927, to December 26, 1927, and from February 17, 1928, to April 1, 1928. Not much of jazz significance was recorded, which is paradoxical, when one realizes how dependent Gennett was on the Chicago source of jazz supply. May Mathews, Tillie Johnson, Buddy Burton, Jimmy Byrthc, and the State Street Ramblers cut a very few sides in Chicago, and that was all.

All this has always been a source of exasperation to any discographer who has ever tried to make sense of the method of assigning matrix numbers used by Gennett. Actually, there was no system followed in placing identification of originals or pseudonym labels after 1926. Occasionally, a matrix number is discernible; but for the most part the Starr officials, Wiggins in particular, felt it was a waste of effort.
For many years record sleuths thought the prefix GEX indicated that the masters were made in New York and the letters GE referred to those of Richmond origin, but this is only very partially correct. The table you'll find on this page may help clear up the mystery.

Gennett masters, this label sustained itself with no difficulty by merely disguising the names of the performers. The public apparently voiced no protest at paying twice as much for the identical item on Gennett and seemed to care less.

But by July, 1932, things were really come to the end of its road, at least as far as Starr ownership is concerned. The last record was Champion 16832 (The Moon Was Yellow, by Jack Walkup and his Orchestra). After a few months, Starr sold the Champion trademark to Decca, on June 28, 1935, thus terminating activity in the studio recording field.

Decca received from Starr the right to press certain masters, which were issued on the Champion 40,000 series in 1935. In addition, Decca dubbed several Gennett copies of Olivers, NORKS, Wolverines and others onto masters for foreign consumption. These were shipped to England, and the pressings appeared in the Brunswick "Classic Swing Album" in March, 1936. The original copies from which the tunes were transferred onto the masters were badly worn, scratched and even cracked. The superior shellac and the meticulous care provided by the British recording technicians were not enough to overcome the deficiencies in the original copies. But a poor dub was better than nothing at all, so the collectors snapped them up. As for the jazz items pressed by Decca in this country on Champion 40,000 series, very few are floating around, as the record auction lists will indicate.

Although Starr left the recording field in 1934, the company was by no means out of the record making business. Through the late 1940s, the organization pressed about 3,600,000 records annually for other concerns. In 1944, Joe Davis attempted to revive the Gennett label, but the poor quality of jazz released during the few short months of the experiment resulted in failure.

Starr had entered the sound effects field in 1928, supplying Hollywood's needs in the early stages of non-synchronous talking pictures. When sound was placed on film, most of the leading recording companies retired from the scene, but Starr continued to fill the demands of radio.

The Gennetts associated themselves with the sound effects business quite extensively during the 1930s. Fred and Harry Gennett,

### Matrix

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<td>3/1/26 to 8/1/27</td>
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### The End of Gennett Records

The depression dealt a staggering blow to the record industry and Gennett was not long in terminating the Electrobeam series. On October 24, 1930, the last of the Electrobeams, a set of four records (Gennett 7200, 7201, 7202) made by Reverend Boone and Miss Olive Boone were released in limited quantity for personal use of the performers. The last known Electrobeam of jazz interest was Gennett 7320, Up the Country/Weary Blues, by Barbecue Joe (Wingy Mannone) and his Hot Dogs, issued December, 1930.

Although Starr withdrew the Electrobeam label in December, 1930, the company continued the Champion and Superior names to supply records selling for three-for-a-dollar in chain stores, limited though the market may have been. The Champion line had held its own well through the years. Starting in September, 1925 with Champion 15001 and drawing freely from grim. Starr dropped the Superior label and concentrated solely on Champion to eke out an existence in the rapidly shrinking record market. Hill billy music, old-time singing, and tin pan alley hits comprised the bulk of the catalogue. Jazz items were limited to soloists and blues singers who were paid paltry sums. There were unbelievably small shipments of Champions for the final year 1934. To select a few non-typical examples: a total of 20 copies were shipped out of a Frank James record of Forsaken Blues/Mistreated Blues (Champion 16798), a truly mistreated and forgotten disc issued in October, 1934; a Georgia Tom (Thomas Dorsey) coupling—Levee Bound Blues/Get It's Hard (Champion 16682)—issued in January managed to reach 160 copies shipped. A "high point" of 263 copies was hit by the May release of James "Bat" Johnson's Humming Blues and Willie Dukes' Sweet Poplar Bluft Blues (Champion 16745). In December, 1934, the Champion label...
In Chicago, just as the recording of Roosevelt’s voice began to be aired over the P.A. system, the Columbia Broadcasting System cut the entire presentation off the air. The CBS explanation pointed out that no records were permitted to be broadcast over a national network. So, Arthur Vandenberg then went before Congress to cite this policy as being in restraint of trade. As a result, the national radio networks allowed records and transcriptions to be reaired over the air. Thus Fred Gennett believes that he may have contributed in a small way in the breaking of the shackles which were imposed on the recording industry by the national radio chains before 1936.

The year 1952 brought to an end the association of the Gennett family with the Starr Piano Company. In February of that year Starr’s equipment was sold to Decca. Much of the old Gennett equipment, including 20 hydraulic and 30 toggle record presses, is still in operation today. Outwardly, the casual observer would see little change in the appearance of the old factory buildings. High on the walls of the drab, red brick structures appear the letters “Starr Piano Company—Makers of Grand Upright and Player Pianos.” Only a few small signs reading “Brunswick Radio Corporation,” or “Decca Records Division,” announce the change that has taken place within the prison-like edifices. The dreary, unattractive, frame recording studio where Oliver, Bix and hundreds of Gennett stars congregated, still stands beside the railroad siding. With its sagging doors barred with crude boards, the forlorn little shack represents a sad, heart-rending spectacle of a vanishing era of the greatest in recorded jazz history.

During the past few months, sorrow has touched the Gennett family. In November, 1952, Harry Gennett, Sr., long-time president and general manager of the Starr organization, died after a long illness. Within a matter of months, Clarence, the treasurer, passed away suddenly. Fred and Harry Gennett, Jr., the remaining members of the famous piano and record-making family, still live in Richmond, where the name Gennett is well-known and respected among the citizens of that community.

Harry Gennett, Jr. conducts a mail order business from his home in sound effect records identified on the market as Gennett, Speedy Q and Syncro. His business has been a relatively steady supplier of radio stations, educational institutions and individuals. His position in the sound effects field is uniquely favorable—it would be prohibitive for competition to attempt to duplicate the old Gennett masters at today’s prices.

When Harry Gennett, Jr. left the Starr organization in 1952, he discovered approximately 2,000 rare Gennett masters hidden away in one of the warehouses. They had been overlooked when the company sold thousands of discarded masters during the depression for the copper they contained. Believing that some of the remaining masters, mothers, and stampers might have an intrinsic value, he stashed them away in his garage for safe keeping. Recently, he discovered several masters of Wolverines, King Oliver, NORK, Gennett, and Gennett’s Collegians, Charlie Davenport piano solos, and scores of fabulous blues items. Undoubtedly, other choice morsels—perhaps even a few unissued masters—will show up when a complete inventory is accomplished.

The announcement of this “discovery” of rare Gennett masters, limited in number though they be in comparison with the total made through the years, will come as welcome news to jazz enthusiasts. Perhaps Harry Gennett, Jr. will arrange to issue some of these rare records. It would be a treat to the discerning jazz fan to hear clear-toned jazz classics pressed from original masters instead of the thin, fuzzy dubs he has been forced to accept as a substitute for the real thing. It would surely be a fitting present-day climax to the long and exciting story of the fabulous Gennett label!
An acoustical session in Gennett's New York studio on East 37th Street: Bailey's Lucky Seven; February 10, 1923. Two of the musicians bear strong back-of-the-head resemblance to Miff Mole, Benny Goodman.
the roaring 20's

charleston; five foot two; miss annabelle lee; clap hands, here comes charley; manhattan; the flapper wife; keep smiling at trouble; sweet man

Clap hands, here comes nostalgia by the red hot California Ramblers. Copies of the Volstead Act lying about the bandstand and all that. The Ramblers were a dance band containing such hot bloods as Red Nichols, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, and Adrian Rollini, as would wantonly jazz-up those quicksteps in spite of the arranger. All the tunes are set up for Charleston dancing, and if they don't get you snapping your fingers you'd better send off for some of them there hormones or get down off that cool pedestal. This is good-time music right out of the Fitzgerald-styled Jazz Age, but perhaps not all of us would agree that it is jazz. Define it as you like, at the very least it's hot dance music with abounding solos by the notables mentioned above.

The tunes are all standards with plenty of vitality. Here and there an exuberant if not mincing vocal appears, but the bizarre banality of The Flapper Wife is unmatched. The name of the composition suggests an occasion for generalities concerning the properties of this now extinct species. The lyrics eulogize a girl name of Gloria, heavy with virtue, a flapper wife, joy of the life of an emancipated version of a Jerry Colonna-type voice.

Some of the jazzy moments occur on Manhattan, Keep Smiling, and Sweet Man. Now and then we get a bit of banjo solo, ukulele style, to cheer things along. If you have the least trace of nostalgia for this high stepping age of emancipated women and Stutz Bearcats, you can't be without this collection of background music. Ideal for parties. Maybe if you buy a dozen albums the manufacturer will throw in an eight-foot string of beads and an old bandana. (Riverside RLP 1008) (R. L. T.)

The Roaring 20's

jimmy yancey

yancey's bugle call; how long blues; yancey's special; mournful blues; 35th and dearborn; salute to pinetop; shave 'em dry; blues for albert

Recorded in July, 1951, these sides constitute Yancey's final musical statement. Perhaps the greatest blues and boogie woogie pianist of them all, his simple, moving and unique style are the basis for his immortality. That we never tire of his music is perhaps the greatest tribute we can pay to him. Israel Crosby's sensitive string bass accompaniment helps make these stand out among Yancey's greatest recordings. (Atlantic LP 134 (R. L. T.).

wilbur de paris and his rampart street ramblers

tres moutarde; the pearls; hindustan; prelude in c sharp minor; the martinique; when the saints go marching in

The Rampart Street Ramblers are one of the greatest bands of recent times if not of all time, and what is even greater, they are alive and playing today. A really cohesive Negro jazz band, complete with banjo, hasn't been around since the days of Benny Morin and Charlie Johnson. Hasn't been around until the De Paris band, that is. Whatever is behind this miracle, let us be thankful and show it in our patronage.

Personnel consists of Wilbur and Sidney De Paris on trombone and cornet respectively; Omer Simeon, clarinet; Don Kirkpatrick, piano; Eddie Gibbs, banjo; and Fred Moore, drums. Hearing this band in person has been one of the most exciting experiences in my conscious life. Every member of the band possesses the utmost in musical accomplishment and almost always employs it in the best of taste. Simeon is every bit as great as in the days of Morton's Red Hot Peppers. The De Paris brothers have never before been heard to such advantage. The rhythm section is the champion of its kind. Gibbs can play rings around the banjo. Kirkpatrick is a master craftsman and great artist. Moore's drums are solid, conservative and sparkling.

The Ramblers' style is an almost perfect synthesis of New Orleans and Harlem jazz. There is nothing that can be labeled "primitive" about their music. The influences of Duke Ellington, Jelly Roll Morton, and all the great swing bands are evident along with the great wealth of De Paris originality. This is the answer to all who claim the New Orleans tradition has become sterile. Here is the proof that great musicians can continuously create within any given idiom.

As excellent as these records are, they do not capture all of the tremendous energy of the De Paris band. Only an in-person performance can do that.

About the tunes: Tres Moutarde, Too Much Mustard is a rollicking stomp. Pearls is given all the respect that Jelly Roll would have desired. Prelude features Simeon and Kirkmanoff chords reaching new heights. Martinique is a De Paris original with a Spanish flavor. Hindustan is a happy stomp and the Saints, for the sake of vulgar commercial interests, is given a furious flag-waver treatment. (Atlantic ALS 141) (R. L. T.).
dixieland at jazz ltd.—

vol. 1

jazz me blues; the charleston; tin roof blues; high society

This unpretentious little tidbit shows the more-or-less house band at Chicago's Jazz Ltd. in action. Housed in the house band are Doc Evans, cornet; Miff Mole, trombone; Bill Reinhardt, clarinet; Ralph Blank, piano; Sy Nelson, bass; and Doc Cenardo, drums. It is somewhat unusual to have only four tunes on a ten inch LP, but in a time sense, it is somewhat more realistic. For this, whether we like it or not, is the way the band plays on the job.

With the possible exception of Charleston, the selection of tunes is undistinguished. For my money, the outstanding individual on this date is drummer Doc Cenardo. Although never featured, his sparkling, imaginative and solid beat saves the proceedings from becoming too routine. High Society and Charleston are worth particular attention in this respect. The album notes describe Evans' solo on Tin Roof as "Bubber Miley, circa 1926 style." Seems like an excellent imitation of Mussy Spanier, circa today's style.

All of these sides are superior to those in Vol. 1. Everybody concerned does a superior job, particularly on Maryland where the tune gets perhaps its best recorded treatment. Clarinettist Reinhardt is noteworthy throughout, a new post and too confusing to be a good example of anything but a jam session among big names that haven't the time or interest to name each other. Still, this sort of thing goes on weekly at the Central Plaza and Stuyvesant Casino in New York and it seems to drive the kids wild. Participating in this neolithic grab for attention are Mussy Spanier, George Brunis, Albert Nicholas, Danny Barker, Joe Parker, Lucky Roberts, Pops Foster, Baby Dodds, Charlie Queener, and Cy St. Clair. Every one of these musicians is of top quality, yet the "system," with its components in a web of personalities and economic absurdities, cannot provide circumstances under which modern music can reach its fundamental cohesiveness.

In spite of this, the presence of genius and imagination in the south. Panama comes closest to a harmonious and homogeneous presentation. Albert Nicholas, one of the greats, is on every other piece as well. He seems to be the least compromising of any of those involved and manages to play more or less meaningfully in spite of obstacles like fantastic tempos, uncertain chords, trite clowning, and overworked standards. As long as the public is impressed by music that charges and carrions instead of swinging, there will be little improvement in the situation. (Circle L-423) (R. L. T.)

african coast rhythms

These high fidelity recordings of tribal and folk music of West Africa provide a fascinating sample of some of the musical forms from which jazz has grown. Recorded in 1949 by Arthur and Lois Alberts, they provide documentation of musical proceedings in French Guiana, Gold Coast, Ivory Coast, Upper Volta, and Liberia, areas giving rise to many of the ancestors of the Americans.

Detailed album notes describe each selection. An abundance of drumming is represented, including a bit on "talking" drums. Celebration songs, battle songs, children's songs, love songs, harp songs, work songs, fish songs, and songs to Allah are included, not to mention various dances. Moslem and Soudanese selections are also present. One of the most interesting with singing against a guitar and native harp background bears occasional resemblance to some of the works of Blind Willie Johnson.

A Gold Coast chant is noted as almost identical with a Texas Negro work song, Long John. The last word in folk poetry is in the title of an Ashanti song, Congratulations to a Spider on Having Done a Wonderful Thing.

This material is said to illustrate the four distinctive features of African music: dominance of percussion, multiple metre, off-beat phrasing of melodic accents, and overlapping call-and-response patterns.

Portions of this LP are from the 78 rpm, 3 album set, "Tribal, Folk and Cafe Music of West Africa." (Riverside RLP 4001) (R. L. T.)

doc evans' jazz band

sposin'; parker house roll; walkin' my baby back home; hindustan; doc's ology; lulu's back in town; one sweet letter: i can't believe

This is a reissue of Doc's 1947 sides for Dublin records. Personnel includes Doc on cornet; Don Thompson, trombone; Dick Pendleton, clarinet; Mel Grant, piano; Jack Gos, guitar; Earl Murphy, bass; and Ed Toll, drums.

This is a pleasant Dixieland sound on eight pleasant tunes. The stars on all the performances are Doc and Mel Grant. The Evans cornet style shows diverse influence. The emphasis seems to be from Beiderbecke and maybe Nick LaRocca. Grant's piano might be loosely categorized in the Gershwin-Lee category. There is no such thing as the Zack "school," we shall not worry too much.

Doc's Ology might be thought of as the Evans bid in the pseudo-impressionism-in-blue mood field, something that Beiderbecke would have got at, too. Parker House is a minorish-vampish stomp in more or less traditional style. Sweet Letter suggests that Doc was inspired by the Bunk Johnson recording of same. Who knows? Sposin' is not ordinarily heard in Dixie circles. It's a harmless ditty. Everything else comes under the heading of lively and solid.

Paramount might do justice to the musicians and composers involved by putting their names on the label. (Paramount 106) (R. L. T.)

vol. 2

washington and lee swing; careless love; wolverine blues; egyprian fantasy; maryland, my maryland; good man is hard to find; maple leaf rag; long way to tippery

This is a collection of sides formerly issued on the Jazz Ltd label under the names of Mussy Spanier, Sidney Bechet, Doc Evans and Don Ewell. All of the sides, except Maple Leaf, have the following personnel in common: Mann Ware, trombone; Bill Reinhardt, clarinet; Sid Thall, bass, Wally Gordon, drums; and Don Ewell, piano. Lead horn is played by Spanier on Washington and Lee and Good Man, Evans on Wolverine and Tippery, and Bechet on the remainder. Ewell, with a light harp and drum background, has Maple Leaf, all to himself and handles it in his stellar way. As I have often noted in these columns, he is no doubt one of the greatest.

DCX - mussy spanier

ramble; lonesome road; bugle call rag; tin roof blues; jada; panama

Originally from the 1947 "This Is Jazz" Radio series, these sides are too new to be nostalgically too confusing. Careless Love and Egyptian, wherein Bechet comes off with some cliches among cliches. Maryland makes up for it however. In summary, an album of superior Dixieland worthy of ownership. (Atlantic ALS 140) (R. L. T.)

earl hines

chicago high life: just too soon; monday date: off time blues; panther rag; chimes in blues; strollaway; blues in thirds

Collectors will be indebted to Atlantic Records for their reissue of the famous collection of solo interpretations of original compositions by Earl Hines. Released by QRS in 1928 and again by HRS in 1938, but always in limited quantities, the sides have been unusually scarce and coveted items. As George Hoefffer's album notes indicate, they display Hines' phenomenal rhythmic sense coupled with his fine melodic ideas in both fast and slow tempo. The music is subtle and highly imaginative. (Atlantic LP 120) (R. L. T.)

dukes of dixieland

hindustan; the duke's stomp; after you've gone; wallin' blues; jazz me blues; swanee river sason; samson's delight; st. james infirmary

The Dukes are a young New Orleans Dixieland band with plenty of zest and commercial appeal. Vocals by Betty Owens on Jazz Me and After You've Gone are a sure asset. The Owens' voice has that blast'em-out-of-the-front-row quality that put Kay Starr on the road to fame. Leader Frank As- unto's trumpet playing is the spark of the band. Other per- sonnel, all doing a more than competent job, include Fred Asunto, trombone; Bill Shea, (Continued on Page 19)
benny frenchie

Quote: Pearl Bailey, speaking on a Buddy Rich-Flip Phillips record: "I like fast music but this sounds more than fast to me; it sounds rushed. Not fast like Tiger Rag is fast; this sounds like they're in a hurry to go home." And how many others, Pearl, how many others? Of all schools. . . .

Lesson: Decca has issued a Fletcher Henderson Memorial Album, a collection of 1934-35 recordings by Fletcher's Band (Red Allen, Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, etc.). Many of the arrangements (Wrappin' It Up, Big John Special, etc.) are the ones B. Goodman became famous playing a few years later. Guess who plays them better? Give a listen.

Personal Appearance: Dick Wellstood, a piano player of the old school but not nearly that many years, a product of the Scarsdale-Bob Wilber environment, now playing at Lou Terasi's bar on 47th Street, N. Y. C. The band is rather weird assortment (Roy Eldridge, Slam Stewart) and nothing much really happens, but Dick is his usual sensationally tasteful self.

ATTENTION BAD SAM

I WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU BE MY GUEST IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE. NO SPACE AVAILABLE UNTIL THAT ISSUE. DEADLINE IS AUGUST 10.

BENNY

Texas Note: Thanks to William Hennig of Chicago for passing on a Dallas newspaper account telling of the existence of a New Orleans-style group known as the "Cell Block Seven," a collection of SMU collegians who apparently are having a ball down that way, despite their emphatic show of independence—they won't accept any bookings unless allowed to bring along their dates.

Fubar: One of our buddies recently had the privilege of hearing the Kid Ory "Green Room" records and found them magnificent and—for a change—just about the way the band sounded on those many evenings he heard them in Los Angeles in 1944-45. With reprocessing of tapes, this music could make an outstanding release. Rumor has it that one (rich) major and one minor label have had the blindness to let them get away within the past month. Ain't nobody got ears for good music no more? Ear drums been broken? If so, we're not surprised; Jelly predicted it.

That knock was opportunity again: A few months back, guitarist Danny Barker had a fine little band at Jimmy Ryan's. A tape recorder was set up in the place on several evenings with reportedly good results. Anybody want to make something of this? Incidentally, Benny Frenchie nominates Mr. Barker as the man who could (and wants to) write a history of New Orleans music that would—for a change—show a little real understanding of the subject.

Re-recap: If you have any Rev. F. W. Bates records that feature trumpet choruses, check them once again. Who is that guy?
The record market has taken on a new department in recent years—that of ethnic records. The present note is intended to comment briefly on what and how this has to do with jazz—reasonably assumed to be a primary interest of readers of this magazine—and to indicate a few outstanding recent releases in the ethnic record field.

What is designated by "ethnic"? The term means pertaining to peoples or races. It often has the connotation of heathen, pagan, or primitive, but such connotation is irrelevant to the general meaning.

As in most cases of areas open to human attention, interest in ethnic recordings ranges between extremes of the ridiculous and sublime. The former may be said to be characteristic of the faddist or dabbler. Since Ruth Benedict's "Patterns of Culture" paved the way for popularized anthropology, the literate public has been consuming such subsequent material as might be represented by Margaret Mead and Karen Horney. Delighted with a possible psycho-biological rationale for the brotherhood of man and the nastiness of fascism, eager for intellectually sanctioned revelations of the sex life of the Samoans and the couple next door, the nouveau-enlightened move a mile closer to acceptance of the pelvis as a natural enough part of mammals and acquire a wealth of tea-time chatter that might be put down as low-order sublimation ("Arthur Murray might learn a trick from those darling graceful Balinese").

The other extreme concerns the interests of the dedicated scholar whose values are based upon careful analysis of the structure of musical sounds and the mechanical and human sources of these sounds. (Now there is beginning a sound qua sound cult within which achievement is recognized as the production of new but orderly noises.) By acquiring the scholar's formidable vocabulary while ignoring his conservative disposition toward the announcing of "facts," an intermediate class of pseudo-scholars has arisen to run amok in the vehicles of the printed word, belaboring us with cryptograms and jabberwocky, yielding an abysmal absence of orderly data to account for man making music.

Ethnic recordings purport to represent the musical behavior of various geographical or cultural distributions of people. To the extent that they represent an unbiased and exhaustive sampling of the music of a given group, they provide primary auditory data by which a specified segment of musical behavior may be described. Such bias as does exist in those recordings intended for the general public probably arises through commercial interest in what the public is thought to "want," or through mere ignorance of adequate sampling procedures. That a record album entitled "The Music of Greenland" truly represents this area is a question requiring prolonged study for an answer. Most of us are in no position to engage in such study or have little interest in doing so. But let us not be too naive in readily accepting this album's content as musical Greenlandia. It is not likely that the record manufacturer's behavior is determined solely by the intellectual welfare of the public.

A serious interest in ethnic recordings may be expected of those concerned with the origin and development of jazz. The music of other cultural groups is at least superficially different enough from jazz and other familiar music to allow for somewhat more convenient description of form and content. To the extent that one can discriminate unique elements in a given music, comparisons of many samples may be made in order to identify those elements which are common to many or all music and those which are peculiar to but a few. Supplementing this information with data concerning the geographical movements of various cultural groups, we have a process that may be thought of as a kind of map-making which will permit us to identify the distribution of musical elements. Where samples from different periods are available, we may add a temporal dimension to our maps. This is what most "histories of jazz" are concerned with. However, in finding out where a certain music or music element came from and by what routes it spread to other areas, we have learned nothing about how this or that aspect of music originated and why it remained.

To appeal to socio-economic pressures as an "explanation" for changing patterns in individual or group musical behavior is again adding little information. This does not tell us why the alleged pressures are effective in varying degree, why they originate or persist, and what occasions applications of such pressure. To then appeal to "anxiety" about conforming or economic survival is to rename the same question. The problems of how playing music comes about, why it persists and why it changes have hardly been entertained, no less studied. A common view of "explanation" consists of referring observations of individual behavior to the almost capricious acts of internal agencies like the soul, instincts, creative-spirit, ego, id, and super-ego, and external agencies such as society, religion, law, etc. This view often fails to recognize its unfruitful displacing of the problem of accounting for individual behavior to the problem of accounting for the behavior of agencies more difficult to observe and manipulate.

While the records have provided evidence that jazz elements have many relations, derivatives, and parallels throughout the world, we have only musemized what was reasonable to believe in the first place. After all, does anyone believe that our music literally sprung from the local soil?

Although this writer is in no position to evaluate the representative properties of those ethnic recordings now available, it is possible to list a number of interesting items that obviously or by some stretch of the imagination bear on jazz. Let the listener stand cautioned against too-ready generalizations while hearing what goes on among the other folk on the planet. The recordings to be cited are all LPs on the Folkways label, issued by Folkways Records and Service Corp., 117 West 46 St., New York, New York. Following each citation is the album number. An illustrated booklet of notes accompanies each record and provides a wealth of miscellaneous information concerning local customs, and data of the type that contributes to analysis of musical elements and map-making as noted above.

**Haitian Piano with Fabre Durouse (FP 837)** contains eight selections of supposedly traditional dances called "merengues." They range from compositions in salon style to those bordering on ragtime. This set is unusually delightful and requires absolutely no anthropological predisposition for enjoyable listening.

**Songs and Dances of Haiti (P 432)** provides ten samples of the local doings ranging from voodoo proceedings to carnival dances and cafe orchestras, the latter playing in a style at times reminiscent of Louis Dumatine's Jazzola Eight. This should be a priority item among your future purchases. Here, as in most of the following records, an assortment of fascinating, unfamiliar, and quaint instruments are employed along with the more familiar.

**Caribbean Dances (FP 840)** features music from Martinique, the Virgin Islands, Guad-loupe, Trinidad, Antigua, and Cu-
racso. The West Indians are a polygot people with European, Asian and African strains. Their music runs the gamut from violent and complicated rhythms to romantic material. Of exceptional interest is Mebobo's Quintet from the Virgin Islands playing a "seven step" that, perhaps boorishly, might be likened to a Latin washboard. A unique and rare flavor is added by the flute as compelling as Johnny Dodds' clarinet. A marzurka from Martinique is interpreted by a local rhythm band with a trombonist playing with all the abandon of a Turk Murphy or Kid Ory. Some carnival music from Martinique provides a better incentive than any travel agency could hope to communicate. The Bute Force Steel Band of Antigua, as colorful a name as any you'll encounter, percolates its way through a mambo that would rock the foundations of the Palladium. Some strictly native calypso from Trinidad and an assortment of other colorful items round out this desirable package.

The Black Caribs of Honduras (P 435) calls our attention to a hybrid people whose music is strongly derivative of the West African, which contributions mainly from the Central American Indians and to a lesser extent from other general aspects of the West Indies. The selections concern local celebrations and probably akin to those suffered by all people.

Folk Music of the Western Congo (P 427) illustrates a number of regional activities in which rhythmic effects predominate. That these rhythms are superbly exciting, mysterious and complex need hardly be stated. Certain song structures show plausible relation to American Negro spirituals and blues forms. Unusually fascinating is some Bambala litigation which amounts to a sophisticated oratory contest with drums and excited whooping. The album notes provide good background to all the events. Also represented are "talking" drums, dances, hunting horns and calls, xylophone playing, and children's songs. One of the latter contains a line typical of the timeless and keen questioning of childhood: "You (the hawk) are from the sky above, what are you coming to do here on the caravan below?"

Songs of the Watutsi (P 428) deals with a steally, near-giant people of Ruanda. The film, "King Solomon's Mines," and the royal drumming featured on the Denison-Roosevelt Belgian Congo records (Commodore DL 30,005) called the attention of many to these magnificent people. The present collection is confined to Watutsi singing. These people have a repertoire of legends, ballads, love songs, genealogies, hunting songs, war songs, and epics, constituting an important part of their musical culture and history.

Religious Music of India (P 431) brings us a wealth of entrancing sounds. Represented are songs of devotion, ritual chanting, hymns, epics, prayers, and ceremonial music. The latter is a mixture of the older styled songs and string instrument, sometimes with the accompaniment of drums and cymbals. The album notes provide translations of all text and contain music in Persian notation for the discerning student. There is also a variety of fun and old music from Scotland, illustrates some of the unfamiliar areas of European music. Some notes by Henry Cowell point out sections of this music that are surprisingly like West Central

tral African songs in structure and mode. Forms stemming from ancient or medieval times appear among dancing songs, legends and lullabies, and some rousing baggipiping are offered.

let that foul air out

About Moon

Would like to congratulate you on your editorial on Bucklin Moon. . . . It's too easy for us to sit by and nod disapproval as Americans lose faith in each other and ourselves, without taking the effort to question in what direction our democracy is headed. The article was in good taste for the reproduction of the single. I'm sure that needed to reach the people who don't bother to concern themselves. . . .

Sincerely,
Robert W. Erdos
New Haven, Conn.

Boogie Woogie

"The article by Martin T. Williams on Meade Lux Lewis was read with avid interest. Being a die-hard and a practitioner of the seemingly lost art of boogie woogie piano, I extend my congratulations to Mr. Williams on his article in general, and for his correct analysis of the abilities of Meade Lux in particular. Although my personal favorite is Albert Ammons, (followed closely by Pete Johnson and Lux), I certainly do agree with the majority of your points and arguments contained in Mr. Williams' article. Should Mr. Williams care to discuss the "good old days" of boogie woogie any further, he will find me a most willing audience. Good boogie men are also hard to find—particularly nowadays!"

Very truly yours,
Thomas N. Harris
Chicago, Ill.

Hi-Fi: Pro and Con

It was indeed a pleasant surprise to read in your current issue that an attempt is being made to arouse interest on the part of the collectors in high quality reproductions of music.

This writer has been interested in and beating the drum for so-called "high fidelity" since the late 1930's. At that time my connection was with the engineering end of a radio station and working with wide range equipment soon made me dissatisfied with the relatively poor quality of phonograph records.

In those days, the only sources of good quality recorded music were the vertically recorded program libraries (Associated Program Service and World Broadcasting System) leased by radio stations. These libraries were pressed on vinyl with a range to about 10,000 cycles which in those days was considered very good. What was more important was the fact that those studios were used to increase the "life" of the recordings.

So I was able to equip myself with reproducing reproductions and began a collection of vertical discs. Today my collection includes a few hundred of these discs and even after hearing of the sound quality records that are being put out today, these transcriptions still sound amazingly good. And there was a lot of jazz recorded on those libraries too. I gave concerts in my home occasion-

ally and those who heard this new "high fidelity" really liked it.

But in this issue a paper one of these days on the transcriptions—perhaps even reproducing portions of the catalogs from some of the libraries which I have been able to build. I am also getting ready to supply dubs of this disc to many who have requested them. The dubs, naturally, will be as high quality as the originals will permit. I again, congratulations on your effort to get the hi-fi thing going among collectors. Any help that a collector and electronic engineer can supply is hereby offered.

Sincerely,
Bob Nichols
Long Beach, Cal.

Regarding articles on amplifiers, pick-ups, and similar subjects: I for one would be very much in favor.

Very truly yours,
Henry F. Ivey
Bloomfield, N. J.

Since you ask for readers' reactions to the idea of issuing a big in hi-fi in the Changer, here are mine:

I hope you don't clutter up the magazine with this sort of stuff. There's little enough editorial matter as it is, and what space you have I would prefer to see devoted to discussions of jazz records and jazz men.

There are hi-fi magazines which specialize in this stuff and know more about it than we do. . . . Those jazz collectors who are audio bugs have plenty of other sources of info on that specialty.

Hi-fi is sort of a joke to us moldy boys anyhow. I had a local FM and 78-speed phono made some years ago, and proudly played all my beat-up old acoustic records on it; it reproduces the sound of all the cracks and dings beautifully.

However, I am all for your idea of encouraging better recording of jazz and publicizing the work of Nunn, and any others who may be working in this field. News of any such jazz records that become available would certainly fall within the Changer's province as I see it.

But please, no technical articles on equalizers, cymbals and tweeters, power output, frequency responses, etc.

Sincerely,
Paul B. Sheatsly
New York, N. Y.

I have been collecting records since about 1925, have been an audiophile since 1940, and have just about the ultimate in a sound system. But the records are far from what they could be. As a result I haven't bought one jazz record in two years. The first thing that just makes me laugh is about every worthwhile jazz record that came along, but until something is done no more jazz for me. . . . I wonder if there are not many more who feel the same way.

I sincerely hope that some of the record companies will soon wake up.

I think it would be a fine thing to write an article on each room with the full read to hi-fi.

Let's see how soon you can get this thing going.

Very truly yours,
William M. Morrisette
Enfield, North Carolina
records noted
(Continued from Page 15)

clarinet; "Little Chink" Martin, bass; Stanley Mendelson, piano; and Buck Rogers and Roger Johnston, alternating on drums. Working together as a band has resulted in a mutually complementary ensemble style that should make many of those perennial jam session bands stand up and take notice.

The tunes are essentially of uniform quality throughout. The originals, Dukes Stomp and Wallin' Blues, are not too original, nevertheless they are pleasant. There is a little gimmick or two on every selection to help prevent stereotyped conceptions of what a given standard calls for. Good Dixieland for all comers. (New Orleans Handwagon NOL-2) (R. L. T.)

buck freeman and the chicagoans
blue lou, 1 and 2; ontario barrel-house; blop boose; ribald rhythm; man i love; you took advantage of me; taking a chance on love

This LP features Bud Freeman and his saxophone gymnastics. Bill Dohler, another saxophonist, is a very able companion in numerous duets. A rhythm section of piano, bass and drums is also present. A pool of seven musicians including pianist Tut Soper take turns in the rhythm section. Saxophone fans will find this a peaceful and entertaining production. Nothing extraordinary happens although one team hits some swinging high-points in You Took Advantage.

(Paramount LP 105) (R. L. T.)

little joe
let us pray; will you be glad to see your son come home?

"Gospel singing" is currently a big business and it continues as it has in the past to produce some good performers. The current fashion supports at least one artist, Mahalia Jackson, who may be the greatest singer that Negro-American music has seen. But most of its singers, shouters, and preachers, quite naturally, perform far better to congregations than to recording mikes. Again, many of them really sing and shout about something that they wish they felt rather than about something that they do feel.

Little Joe, who is 13 years old, according to the label, has a vocal trick, a "growl," that is not really new. His secular counterpart, to judge from this release, is probably the honking tenor-man with a jump band, although Joe may be somewhat better at this than some honking tenor-men. (Brunswick 84005) (M. T. W.)

the gospel pilgrimettes of atlanta
this heart of mine; my lord won't deny me

This is contemporary congregation shouting, with a drum as accompaniment; it is not for the most part congregation singing, certainly. The pervading influence one can hear is that of the riff-jump band—things turn back on themselves. Heart, however, lacks even the jumping excitement that it seeks; things get a little brighter toward the end of Deny, but only jump-rhythm-wise. Granted the excellence that is often part of the picture, we may look for conviction and joy in such performances, but seldom has that been captured on records—and sometimes nowadays we even get complacency in its place. (Brunswick 84006) (M. T. W.)

hugh porter
briney tears
hugh porter and ernest cook
i promised the lord

On Promised, Porter and Cook assay the kind of shouting, singing counterpoint that Rosetta Tharpe and Marie Knight have done so well on occasion. Neither it nor Porter's solo is successful. Perhaps it was the microphone, perhaps the lack of a proper audience, perhaps another cause, but both of the singers are self-conscious and inhibited and the performance still-born. (Circle R-3014) (M. T. W.)

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Richard Tauber, while equally prolific, was, of course, always Tauber and he gravitated between opera, oratorio and the concert song only; yet he was alone in his combination of tone purity, shading, feeling for even the slightest of his songs and never, never sang down to the more stereotyped compositions as most concert opera tenors do. Occasionally, he failed to completely capture the lift some songs require, which I think mars his One Alone/Only a Rose (PaE 20488), but now that he has gone, I cannot imagine anyone who will equal or surpass his matchless delineation of the standard concert song as so richly and lovingly delivered in the Songs of All Time that, together with him, can never be replaced: Ganne's Ecstasy (Col 4096, Royal Bl.); Simple Confession/Maria Mari (Col 4088, Royal Bl.); Student Prince Serenade/Roses of Picardy (De 23024); Because/Bird Songs at Eventide (PaE 20200); Countess Maritza/Play Gypsies (De 20217); Kashmiri Song/Till I Wake (De 23044); Bercuse de Jocelyn/Un Pau D'Amour (PaE 20238); One Day When We Were Young/I'm In Love With Vienna (PaE 20431); the song most closely associated with him, You Are My Heart's Delight, coupled with Vienna City of My Dreams (PaE 20467); Plaisir D'Amour/Toselli's Serenade (PaE 20532); For You Alone (PaE 20453); Without a Song/Don't Ask Me Why (PaE 20526); Little Grey Home in the West (PaE 20491); If You Could Care/Besame Mucho (PaE 20528); Giannina Mia (PaE 20381); I'll See You Again (PaE 20533); Until/I Hear You Calling Me (PaE 20308); Love, Here Is My Heart (PaE 20535); and so many, many more, most of which, inexplicably, are not on domestic labels, evidently because not enough people are interested to make it practical.

Fortunately, many of these are available on English Parlophone, and there are stores in most big cities that stock some of them. They may be ordered straight from England, too. Deca is to be commended, on the one hand, for putting out a few Tauber LP's, some of concert songs, some of German Folk Lieder; and rebuked on the other, in that they have habitually made it difficult to secure single Tauber records in their attempt to force you to buy a whole set, several of which you conceivably might not want.

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Abbreviations used in the Classified "Wanted" and "For Disposition"
Sections are as follows:

Col. 1, Record Label:

Ac Acadian Hg. Hargail
Al Alhambra H.W., His Master's Voice
Am American Disc N.W., His Master's Voice
Ap Apex HRS, Hot Record Society
Ar Artjohnson Id. Ideal
At Autograph Jt. Jazz Record Society
Ati Accordionist Jt. Jazz Man
Ba Banner Kln. Keynote
Be Beacon L. Lone Star
Bl Berliner M. Melotone
Br Brunswick Polydor M. Monarch
Brn Brunswick Polydor M. Master
Brn Britton M. Majestic
Brn Black Swan MW. Muziek en Volkart
Bu Buddy N.W. Montgomery Ward
Br Broadway NM. New Music Quarterly
Ca Camden
Ch Champion
Cl Collectors Disc, Inc. Polydor
Cl Collectors Disc, Inc. Polyphon
Ch Clarion
Co Columbia Parlophone
Cam Cameo
Cap Capitol
Cr Crown
Cr Collectors Record Shop
Crs Crevelson
Df Davidson, Inc. Melotone
Df Discorama
Di Dimatex Sal. Salabert & Halter
Dc Decapodova
Ds Discorama
Ed Edison
Ed Edison Bell
Ei Electrola
Em Emerson
Er Erato
Ex Extol
Ft Phosaphile
Fo Fonola Miscellaneous
Fr Fraternity
Gr Gramophone V.E. Victor
Gr General V.V. Victor
Gr Gramophone D.D. Imperial
Ha Harmony
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Ha Harmony Ltd. Imperial
Hg Harmonograph
In Internationale
I.O.I. Imperial
Jr Jukebox
La Leader
Le Lexicon
Mc Mire
Mf Musique Francaise
Mt Muziek en Volksart
N.A. Nat. Art
Pe Pedlar
Pd Peacock
Pp P.P.
Pr Paramount
Prb Paul Revere
Ps Pershing
Rc Raphael, Inc.
Re Reina
Re Recorded Wax
Rf Regal
Rl Rk.
Rmk Rhythm Kings
Sa Samatophone
Sc Signature
Sh Shellac
Su Sunbeam
Sw Swann
Sw Swing
Th Thorens
Tr Technical
Tr Telephone
Tr Trade
Tr Trade Union
Tr Treasury of Music
Trf Trade Union
Tr Union
U A United Artists
Ua United Artists
Uk United Hot Clubs
Up Upala
Ur Universal
Uu Universal Union
Ul Ultraphone
V Varsity
Vg Victor
Voni Voni
Vo Vocalion
Vr Varsity
Wal Walhall
Wb W.B. Imperial
Wd W.D. Imperial
Wh Whizz
Ww Wyzard
Xx Xavier
Ys Yson
Zz Zonophone

When it is necessary to indicate nationality of the record, the following letters appear after the record label abbreviation:

A American
B Brazilian
C Canadian
E English
F French
G German
I Italian
J Japanese
M Mexican
S Spanish
T Turkish

In the "For Disposition" section the condition of the record is indicated by these abbreviations:

N (New): Surface noise equal to an unplayed record; no visible or audible wear perceptible; original finish intact.
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G (Good): A moderate amount of surface noise, background may be somewhat irregular and cracking, some foreign noises, and a little distortion; on the whole, reasonably satisfactory listening. Distraction of attention foreign noises definitely less prominent than the music.
P (Fair): Foreign noises, taken together, are about as prominent as the music, and there is a considerable distraction of attention. Foreign noises definitely less prominent than the music.
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LONELINESS/FRANK LEWIS

WOAH/FRANK LEWIS

THE OAKIE/FRANK LEWIS

MY LADY/FRANK LEWIS

BROOKLYN/FRANK LEWIS

YOU DON'T KNOW ME/FRANK LEWIS

IF IT WASHN'T FOR YOU/POTATO SEED

I'M GONNA MARRY MY MAMMA/FRANK LEWIS

IT'S A PITY/POTATO SEED

DID YOU EVER HEAR ME SING/POTATO SEED

IT MADE ME CRY/FRANK LEWIS

IF YOU EVER HEARD ME/CORNIE DODGERS

I'M A CHAMPION/FRANK LEWIS

HE SAID/FRANK LEWIS

HE SAID/FRANK LEWIS

PEOPLE/FRANK LEWIS

DAMNED DIRTY HILLS/FRANK LEWIS

I'M A SORROWFUL MAN/FRANK LEWIS

WELL, KOOL AN' TOASTFUL/FRANK LEWIS

OH MY DON'T/CORNIE DODGERS

DAMNED DIRTY HILLS/FRANK LEWIS

I'M A SORROWFUL MAN/FRANK LEWIS

A WOMAN'S WORTH/FRANK LEWIS

THE LAWYER'S GONNA GET YOU/CORNIE DODGERS

IF THE DEVIL COMES AGAIN/FRANK LEWIS

NOW HE'S IN JAIL/FRANK LEWIS

IT'S A PITY/POTATO SEED

IF YOU NEVER HEARD ME/CORNIE DODGERS

DON'T CHEAT ME/JUSTIN WILLIAMS

I'M A PARDONABLE SINNER/PHILIP WILLIAMS

LADY AND THE LION/FRANK LEWIS

They play the blues.
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foreword

This issue of the Record Changer—the fourth in an annual series of special Summer issues—is perhaps the most important we have ever published. It celebrates the launching of a project that can be of major significance, and that is surely the most worthy and ambitious forward step ever taken in the study of the music that means so much to us all.

The focal point of this issue is a group of seminars and commentaries designed to point out the new directions in jazz study that the Institute will be concerned with. Leaders in many academic fields have joined with jazz authorities for these discussions—marking the first time that a group of jazz experts and non-jazz scholars have ever gotten together to share ideas and formulate joint plans.

Another feature of the issue is a photographic essay by Fred Ramsey, long a leading figure in jazz criticism, and a member of the Institute. It is intended as a specific example of the work that the organization can accomplish in previously neglected areas of study and investigation.

An article by Marshall Stearns, who is literally the "father" of the Institute, tells how it has come into being.

The Record Changer is proud to play this role in bringing to the attention of its readers the beginnings of the Institute of Jazz Studies, an organization in whose value and importance we firmly believe, to which we intend to give our fullest support, and for which we urge your cooperation. (These views are set forth in more detail in the Editorial on page 6.)

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With this issue of the Record Changer, jazz research enters an entirely new era. Since the days of the first jazz appreciators and historians of the mid-twenties, the study of jazz has been almost entirely limited to historical documentation. This level of research was—and still is—a highly important one. It has provided the raw materials to be necessary to any scholarly evaluation of the many factors that went into making jazz the music as it exists today, much less to a knowledge of it.

But, merely dipping into the history of jazz is not enough, as many students and enthusiasts have increasingly come to realize in the past few years. The why and wherefores of jazz, the relationship of jazz to other music and to the whole of American society—such subjects as these at present seem to demand to be explored.

During the past two decades there have been a few attempts at this sort of approach to jazz and its backgrounds. But these have been, at best, amateurish efforts, and severely handicapped by the fact that those people sufficiently interested in such work, although knowledgeable, have not, in fact, had the necessary knowledge in the fields from whose viewpoint any wider study of jazz must be approached—musicology, anthropology, psychology, sociology, and the like.

For most of these last two decades there have been flurries of talk about organizing jazz students and enthusiasts in a manner that could make this dream of a fuller, wider, deeper study of jazz come true. But, in addition to the lack of the necessary academic training and disciplines, lack of time and money have helped frustrate these ambitions. It is true that there have been several commendable efforts in various local areas. Some turned out to be little more than glorified fan clubs. Others did bring together groups of sincere (if academically untrained) jazz record collectors, who usually published their own little magazines or news-sheets and sometimes did important work in the field of historical documentation. But there was no central organization; there was actually no awareness of a central goal, and the average group of this sort was extremely short-lived. Enthusiasm waned; or a limited research project was completed; and the club drifted out of existence.

But, about a half dozen years ago, a man had an idea. Like most important ideas, it now seems so obvious—in retrospect—that someone should have thought of it long before, but no one did, until Marshall Stearns. Professor Stearns, who had been one of the pioneers among jazz critics, was teaching at Cornell when he came up with his all-important concept, the first idea, to make any real sense in the field of jazz study. Briefly, Stearns envisioned a Jazz Institute, a completely non-profit organization to be made up of jazz fans, critics, musicians,plus leaders in all those social sciences that have any bearing on the development of jazz. The aim of the Institute would be the establishment of a continuing series of long-term research projects designed to answer the hundreds of previously unanswered or vaguely guessed-at questions that have important bearing on the background, the function, the impact, the meanings of jazz in our society.

It's one thing for a man to have a good idea, and another thing entirely to be able to implement it. It would not have been surprising if Marshall Stearns had, on any one of many occasions, given up the whole thing in disgust and frustration. No money was forthcoming; few people would help, although there were some who did lend moral support. Virtually alone, he kept plugging for years to convince jazz critics of the importance of his idea. Even more importantly, he combed the ranks of university professors and highly trained specialists, interesting them in the merits of the project. By means of conferences, meetings, correspondence and other assorted explanations and persuasions, he finally gathered about him a super group of trained men who at least began to share his enthusiasm for the Institute idea. What he has accomplished in the past four years of pre-Institute work and discussion is told elsewhere in the book by Professor Stearns himself, and it has been a considerable accomplishment. But, knowing of his efforts, it has become our feeling that the Institute idea had been trapped—just short of actually coming concretely into being—in something of a vicious circle.

The Trap was a simple one. There was the purpose, the idea, and finally there were people ready to carry it out. But there was still no money and no real organizational set-up. With no money, the Institute could not even begin the most basic sort of correspondence or printing, could not publicize itself or inform even the jazz public of its intentions and existence. Once in operation, the Institute could proceed with a program and an outlining of projects to be undertaken. (For the Institute to do the job at hand—to get to work on the many needed projects in the fields of anthropology, musicology, sociology, history, folklore, psychology and a half-dozen other allied areas—it has been estimated that an endowment of anywhere from a quarter million to a million dollars would be required. The interest accruing from such a fund would be required to underwrite the hope-for operations of the Institute.)

But it is necessary for an organization to be properly operating, to have its soundness and intentions fully demonstrated, before any such grant can be forthcoming. This is particularly true in the field of jazz, since it must be taken into consideration that jazz still retains unsavory and unpredictable connotations in many academic circles.

Finally, it became clear that the only way out of this “trap” was through bold, immediate action. Stearns had enlisted the support of enough scholars of unquestioned competence and stature to demonstrate the soundness of his belief that the field of jazz is worthy of serious study. A Board of Directors was formed; the Institute is now being formally launched; and is beginning by turning for help to those who should be most interested in giving help—jazz enthusiasts, you, our readers.

This is where the Record Changer comes into the picture. We have had many meetings with Marshall Stearns and his associates. We know his aims and the aims of the Institute. We know that all concerned have a deep, sincere, intelligent interest in jazz music and in the advancement of knowledge about it. All are willing to give their time to the furthering of these aims with no thought of renumeration. All are willing to work together towards the ultimate goal.

Because we of the Record Changer share the belief in this music and its importance that is felt by Marshall Stearns and the founding members of the Institute, we have made the following suggestions and proposals, which have been accepted by the Institute's Board of Directors.

(1) Our first suggestion was that the pages of the Record Changer could provide the Institute with a means of communication with the jazz world. It is our belief that the Institute must have its own journal in which can be published news of the activities of scholars and critics who are at work on projects, reports of their findings, and the like. Until such time as funds are available for such a journal, we have offered to set aside a section of this magazine at intervals during the year, to serve as the temporary journal of the Institute.

(Continued on Page 51)
The general aim of the Institute of Jazz Studies is to foster an understanding and appreciation of the nature and significance of jazz in our society.

More specifically, the Institute proposes to work toward this goal by pooling the knowledge and skills of authors and musicians, who have pioneered in the field of jazz, with those of social scientists and other experts whose techniques and studies may be brought to bear on the subject. In this manner, jazz and related subjects will be given the range and depth of scholarly study which they so richly deserve, and a vital but neglected area in American civilization will be illuminated.

The basic concept of an Institute of Jazz Studies has been evolving for a decade. One of the earliest problems was to pull together widely-scattered experts with varying points of view in different fields. Accordingly, a great number of consultations and conferences were held with musicologists, anthropologists, folklorists, psychologists, art historians, sculptors, critics, teachers, poets, dancers, composers, and musicians. Aspects of jazz impinge on some point on the work of all these specialists, and the object of the meetings was to discover individuals who appreciate the importance of jazz in American culture and are willing and able to contribute to the study of jazz.

By 1952, a truly outstanding group of experts from many disciplines had been brought together by their mutual interest in the study of jazz. Officers were elected: I will serve as President and Executive Director; Jorn Hammond, Vice-President; Rudi Blesh, Secretary; and Eugene M. Kline, Treasurer. A nine-man Board of Directors, representing diverse points of view, was established: Blesh, Sterling Brown, Henry Cowell, Thomas Shaw Hale, S. I. Hayakawa, Hammond, Tremonia McDowell, Richard A. Waterman, and myself. And a Planning Committee of jazz-oriented individuals was set up: George Avakian, Wilder Hobson, Frederick Ramsey, Jr., Ross Russell, and Charles Edward Smith.

To this nucleus, a Board of Advisors—as yet incomplete—was added: Louis Armstrong, B. A. Botkin, Philip W. Barber, Dave Brubeck, Dan Burley, Al Collins, Harold Courlander, Stuart Davis, Roger Pryor Dodge, Duke Ellington, Ralph Ellison, Nezhih Ertugan, Leonard Feitser, Norman Grum, Bill Grauer, Maurice R. Green, M. D., W. C. Handy, Melville J. Herskovits, Langston Hughes, Willis L. James, Stan Kenton, Lester Koenig, M. Kolinski, George Herzog, Jacob Lawrence, Paul A. McGhee, Alan Morrison, Edward Abbe Niles, Pearl Primus, David Riesman, Curt Sachs, Charles Seeger, Artie Shaw, Edmond Souchon, M.D., Lorenzo Turner, Clarence Williams, Bernard Wolfe, and John W. Work. Robert George Reisner was appointed Curator.

At a Jazz Roundtable at Music Inn: (left to right) gospel singer Mahalia Jackson, drummer Danny Strong, pianist John Mehegan, Professors Richard Waterman and Marshall Stearns, John Hammond, Professor Willis James.
Even the most ambitious of programs should have a practical beginning. All concerned have recognized that one of the most important initial steps to be taken as the Institute of Jazz Studies gets under way is to bring together representatives of jazz scholarship and leaders in the several fields of study that can contribute greatly to a deeper understanding of jazz.

Such meetings can serve more than one valuable purpose. Most importantly, of course, it is necessary to formulate goals, to reach some agreement as to techniques. The approach to the study of jazz that the Institute aims at is, quite literally, revolutionary. It will not only bring to bear on jazz, for the first time, the special knowledge of the anthropologist, the sociologist, the musicologist, and many other such scholars—both individually and in collaboration. It will also attempt to make use of the techniques—the academic disciplines—with which such scholars are familiar, and to allow these techniques to replace the former well-intentioned but (for the most part) amateur and hit-or-miss approach of jazz enthusiasts.

One or two seminars, or group discussions, cannot hope to accomplish all the necessary groundwork, but they can begin the job. Secondly, they can serve to introduce the “outside” scholars, and their concepts about jazz, to jazz authorities—and vice versa. In addition, the thoughts expressed at such gatherings can be expected to lead the participants, and also others who are informed of them, to come up with other ideas, projects, opinions.

With these several thoughts in mind, the Institute and the editors of the Record Changer arranged to hold such a seminar. It quickly became apparent that not all those who wished to attend—and whose attendance was very much wanted—could be assembled on any one evening, or even in any one city. So it was planned first to have an initial gathering in New York, and faithfully tape-record the proceedings. This was done on the evening of May 26th, at the home of Marshall Stearns, and the discussion is reproduced as Part I of this exploration of “New Directions in Jazz Research.”

Copies of this seminar were then transcribed and sent to Chicago, to serve as a starting point for a meeting of scholars there. Their treatment of the theme forms Part II.

Finally, copies of the first seminar were given to several others who had been unable to be at either meeting, and they were asked to add their own comments on some aspect of the overall theme. Their responses make up the third portion here.

The final result is a varied, far-ranging survey that indicates the vast areas awaiting exploration in the field of jazz study and research. Only time can tell whether many or all of the plans and concepts touched on here will become concrete projects. But, at the very least, these first discussions seem to show the exciting and valuable potentialities that the Institute of Jazz Studies can hope to realize.

Orrin Keepnews
the
new york
seminar

PARTICIPANTS IN THIS SEMINAR WERE:

Rudi Blesh
Leading jazz authority; author of Shining Trumpets, co-author of They All Played Ragtime.

B. A. Botkin
Folklorist; editor of numerous anthologies, including Treasury of American Folklore; former professor of English, University of Oklahoma; Guggenheim fellow; editor of Folksay; contributing editor to The New York Folklore Quarterly.

Stanley Diamond
Anthropologist; fellow of the Social Science Research Council; former faculty member and Werner Gren fellow in the Department of Anthropology, Columbia University; author.

M. Kolinski
Prominent European musicologist; Carnegie fellow; former at Berlin University; composer; musician; annotator and analyst of the field recordings made in Surinam by Melville J. Herskovits.

Robert L. Thompson
Psychologist; faculty member, Department of Psychology, Columbia University; jazz critic and writer; musician.

Marshall W. Stearns
who served as the moderator of the discussion, is founder and president of the Institute of Jazz Studies; professor of English Literature at Hunter College, New York; Guggenheim fellow; outstanding jazz authority and writer.

STEARNS: Good evening, gentlemen. This seminar has been called together by the directors of the Institute of Jazz Studies for an exploratory discussion of possible new avenues of research in your several individual fields of scholarship, as they may apply to jazz and jazz backgrounds. The Record Changer has kindly offered to devote its entire Summer issue to the Institute, its past accomplishments and future plans, and it is our feeling that such future activities will be to a great extent determined by the outcome of—the recommendations stemming from—this seminar and similar future discussions.

For the moment, gentlemen, let us try to limit ourselves to overall concepts. We don’t want to go too deeply into the specific details of any single academic project that may be suggested here, but rather to give each other a general idea of the various areas in which research in different academic fields may prove fruitful. In effect, the very fact that trained social scientists have gathered here tonight, together with trained jazz authorities, represents the first step towards a new approach to the study of jazz.

Would you care to add anything, Rudi?

BLESH: What it really amounts to, is that this “new approach” is that of an entire group of serious people who have not been interested in jazz at all up to the present. Isn’t that right?

STEARNS: In other words, to involve people in other disciplines—trained minds—in jazz. Of course, it’s always better to get people who know something of jazz, who are interested to begin with, who are congenial. But this is an effort—perhaps the first such effort—to learn new approaches.

Does this make sense to you, Dr. Kolinski?

KOLINSKI: Yes. And I’m reminded of a Record Changer article that tried to find a definition of jazz.

STEARNS: This was the article, a couple of years ago, about the attempt at Music Inn to arrive at a definition.

KOLINSKI: It had some value and reason, but would it not be wiser not to start from a definition but to delay it, and then as a result of all our research to say: “Now you know what is jazz.”

STEARNS: In other words, to begin with various elements. . . .

DIAMOND: No, not technical elements. We should begin to study jazz as an element of culture, as a manifestation of American culture. You study it with the same methodology as you would any other similar problem. I’d say that it’s much more interesting than most other problems, because it touches upon almost every aspect of American life and American history in one way or another. And then, when we’ve finished—if we ever do—we’ll know what jazz is.

BLESH: Or then you make up working theories as you go along and they serve as a working hypothesis.

STEARNS: Ben Botkin, does this fit into the folklore approach?

BOTKIN: It fits into what I consider a cultural approach, a study of the cultural elements in jazz, and jazz as an element in American culture. And the cultural elements are not necessarily technical elements, but content elements. Is that right?

DIAMOND: Yes, but technical elements would come in also.

BOTKIN: Surely. Whatever they might be in terms of folklore. It might be language, it might be symbolism. . . .

DIAMOND: Symbolism meaning what role did it play in the culture, and how was that role evolved, and so on.

BOTKIN: Legend and myth, too.

DIAMOND: Bodily movement, gesture, the dance, would have to come in on that.

KOLINSKI: But what would you call technical elements?

BOTKIN: Well, I was thinking specifically of the musicological elements.

KOLINSKI: I thought that was what you meant. But I think that the problem has to be approached by different branches of science. I think that the musicologist could independently make technical analyses, while you treat the other elements of the social and cultural aspects. And then one can see what will come out of this.

BOTKIN: As I see it, then, your point, Dr. Kolinski, and yours, Dr. Diamond, is that, instead of starting with a definition of jazz, we
first define our individual approaches to the subject. Then, by comparing our approaches we might then work out a methodology. The first thing is to work out a methodology, isn’t it?

DIAMOND: Yes, but I’m not sure that our approaches are different. In studying any cultural element, you’re studying also the technical details of the situation. Let’s suppose you’re studying basketry—that’s a cultural element, a cultural complex, and you’re studying not only the function of a basket in domestic life, and so on: its colors, its relation to art; but you’re also studying how the woman makes it, the technique of production. So that all of these things seem to me to be part of one central subject, which in our case is jazz as an element in American culture.

BLESCH: What you mean, I think, is that there is room for a great deal of specialization in this sort of thing before you begin to evaluate the data that you’ve gotten. And there are other elements, too, such as the historical, which are important. I think the case histories, that is the biographical material on the individual musicians, would help the sociologist very strongly, because it gives a motivation—that caused them to play jazz rather than to lay bricks, or one thing or another.

DIAMOND: What caused them as individuals to play jazz. That would be interesting anecdotal material.

BLESCH: If you get enough of it though, you can get trends, can’t you? I mean extensive cross sections

STEARNS: How can we break this down, then? We started with technical details, and then with what Ben Botkin called “content”; which we defined as symbol, the artifact.

KOLINSKI: Content can also be a musical content.

DIAMOND: And then what kind of gestures, and what kind of situation was this music played in. For example, was it music that was played in brothels in New Orleans.

BLESCH: —and why—

DIAMOND: . . . or in night clubs in Chicago, and so on—the cultural environment, the situation, in which the music functioned.

BOTKIN: What about the audience?

DIAMOND: The audience would be part of that.

BOTKIN: I think that the first, perhaps the fundamental point you want to arrive at is a comparative study of jazz, which is interdisciplinary. And since we’re all representatives of different disciplines, perhaps we could begin by stating the reference that this subject has to our particular discipline or what that discipline can contribute to the study.

STEARNS: Well, now, here’s a question that could be posed at this point: unless we all have a rough idea of what jazz is, to start with, how will we know that we’re all working on some part of the same subject?

BLESCH: Yes. Someone approaching jazz for the first time might not be aware of this as a pitfall, but it has been quite possible in the past to consider the music of Paul Whiteman as jazz. Somebody might conceivably stumble into the field and begin studying Lombardo, who knows? In other words, jazz is a certain thing and it is not something else. It is itself and not an imitator of it. And then, once you settle on what is jazz in particular, you have the different kinds of jazz. This actually can be done without making a definition, by a consensus—merely by an appeal to common sense, to what has been observed over a period of years. You decide what your field is going to be, and then you get to work on that.

DIAMOND: Would you rule out the music of Whiteman, of Gershwin, even something of Guy Lombardo? It seems to me that jazz has evolved and changed; you may not agree with or appreciate this or that aspect of it, but certainly it’s all part of the basic theme in American music.

STEARNS: This is a crucial problem. This is probably the principal stumbling block and the reason that jazz experts have not gotten together with social scientists before this. Because I’ve been asked time after time; “Why do I want to listen to so-and-so talk about jazz?; he can’t tell Coleman Hawkins from Chu Berry on a record.” To the jazz afficionado, this is likely to be the test of whether a person can contribute anything to the subject: “He cannot tell George Mitchell from Louis Armstrong when he hears them.” Well, now, if we’re going to study jazz in our society, we’ve got to take jazz not as the cultist takes it, but jazz as a broad cultural area of which even Guy Lombardo is a part.

BLESCH: Agreed, but still you can be aware of certain facts. For example, you couldn’t say that you were studying Scotch music if you studied just the Scotch pieces of Beethoven. But a thorough-going study of Scotch music would include the fact that it had influenced jazz. In other words, there is jazz in itself, and there is also its effect upon other things. Surely Whiteman is music strongly influenced by jazz, and should be studied, but only from that point of view, I think.

DIAMOND: That would be part of the process of commercialization, which is something we should deal with very intensively.

STEARNS: You get a double boomerang there. Whiteman, in 1924, has his concert in Aeolian Hall, publicizes it from coast to coast for the first time. This makes it much easier for us what we call the righteous jazz to sell itself from then on. It makes it semi-respectable. This is a part of the whole phenomenon.

BLESCH: Oh, yes. I didn’t mean to read out the study of Whiteman, but just—without making a definition—to set up certain rather simple rule-of-thumb guides as to the various forms of the music. From its beginning on quite a low folk level, and then its gradual sophistication and then— as you so very well put it—its commercialization. Which is a part of the social picture of it.

DIAMOND: Yes, but we can’t do that beforehand, except in a very restricted way. Mr. Blesch. You find, for example—well here’s a musicologist who is likely to find elements of what everybody would agree was jazz in the most outlandish aspects of American music.
KOLINSKI: We cannot start with presumptions. But we have to include everything which has anything to do with jazz. All these controversial creations have to be included. This is always very important. Then, after analyses and studies, we can say: "Now we see that the pattern and design becomes clear; now we know that this really is jazz."

BLESH: I would like to point out that you are starting the study of jazz at a fairly late period. Now, if you take as an example the study of European music, there are in existence scores that indicate what 14th and 15th century music was. But the jazz that was played in the 1890's, that was never scored, that never got onto phonograph records—unless you have some knowledge of its beginnings, which are now lost, you are taking the thing only at its present completely confused stage. You have to work backwards somewhere, and that you can do historically.

KOLINSKI: I think the historical approach is very important. Not only concerning the individuals who created it, but you can also reconstruct jazz as it was in the beginning and see the historical development and how it gradually has been changed. This must be a continuing part of the study.

BLESH: Then you'd have to do that partly second-hand. When you want to know what the music was like, say, in 1890, your only source of that will be to take various people who were alive at that time, particularly musicians, have to say about it and compare with present day forms so that you can judge what it was.

KOLINSKI: It is unfortunate that you have to do that.

STEARNS: Then your point is that we should take up jazz, including all of its forms, and the assumption is that we will then find out if it is less or more diluted from the original impulse. We will be able, after our study is completed, to come to some conclusions and say: "Surely this is not as complex or as intense as that, and so on." And in this way come to qualitative judgments.

DIAMOND: There is one point that seems extremely interesting to me, this point about commercialization. That's where we can really bring to bear all these other disciplines. The musicologist can draw a line for us after he has distilled something pure out of the jazz beat, and so on, and say: "Well, here seems to be a borderline, something is happening to this whole musical expression." Well, it's not only happening to the musical expression. Particularly if we use an expression like commercialization (which we'll have to throw about a good deal before we'll all agree to it) there's a cultural thing happening—a total thing, an urban thing—and we've got to understand that in its relationship to the technical aspects of the music. That's why I wouldn't begin by trying to set limitations on this study merely from the technical point of view. Because I was under the impression that we were going to approach this thing from the massive cultural standpoint.

STEARNS: I think that you're quite right about this being a "total thing." But right now I'd like to turn to what is really the main purpose of this seminar, and try to get some idea of the specific contributions that can possibly be made to the study of jazz by each of your individual fields of scholarship. Dr. Kolinski, in what specific ways would you think of starting, of making a beginning from the point of view of musicology?

KOLINSKI: I think it would be very useful for the musicologist to try to transcribe the early recordings in order to compare them with the scores, if any exist, to see what the improvisation is—first as to what the variations are and second to be able to analyze them.

BLESH: You can do this, also. You can take one certain tune—we'll say 'Tiger Rag,' or 'St. Louis Blues,' or anything like that, and study all available records of it by different players at different periods—starting with the sheet music, you understand. I think then all these records could give you quite an insight into what is happening in various ways at different times. Because then you'd have something tangible, like the specific compositions, to work with.

STEARNS: To continue with specific approaches—Ben?

BOTKIN: This suggests an approach to me in regard to taking stock or making an accounting of what has already been done in the way of archives, collections, source material and published writing. For example, as a folklorist, I'd like to find out what's been done with the folklore approach to jazz. Perhaps I can turn up some stuff that you don't know about.
STEARNs: Tremendous appetites of all sorts.

BOTKIN: What about minstrelsy? If we go back far enough maybe we can find parallels there.

STEARNs: Perhaps we should start with what we can find that might have originally been influenced by African cultures.

DIAMOND: From the standpoint of diffusion, you go back to Chicago, down the Mississippi to New Orleans, through the West Indies and over to West Africa.

STEARNs: Here's where Dr. Kolinski's had a lot of experience, in African music. How does that strike you?

KOLINSKI: It is important to analyse, on the one hand, African music, from which this Negro jazz is supposed to have derived. But, on the other hand, there is also the European music of the time of the earliest jazz—because they had been in contact. And then you have to see the blending of these two. For example, the Negroes who came from Haiti, where they were exposed to a Spanish and, primarily, French culture.

BLESH: However, that, you see, brings up a very interesting and important point that would have to be investigated. Why do you have apparently almost the same complex of cultural influences in Haiti that you did in New Orleans, namely strong French and Spanish influence, yet in Haiti you never got jazz?

DIAMOND: Because Haiti wasn't America. You must look into such questions as: what is the position of the Negro in America, and what kind of wages were they getting, what kind of work were they doing, and what kind of songs were they singing. 

BLESH: —and what were they playing the music for.

BOTKIN: We have another vast area in religious music, the kind of thing that Jackson studied, the relation between white and Negro religious music: camp meetings, Scotch and Irish strains, shouts and so on.

BLESH: You find a lot of that going into ragtime, incidentally. The earliest ragtime, that started in Missouri, is full of English and Scotch folk-song echoes, sometimes definite themes, although these would of course be syncopated. It's pretty easy to find it back at that time, much easier than now really.

STEARNs: You asked the question Rudi, about Haiti. It had an overall situation much like New Orleans, and yet no jazz developed there. On the other hand, in Haiti they still have drums made in the African fashion, so that there's no question about there being direct African influence. One of the theories for this change is that in the United States, because of social pressures, the African influence was forced out, forced underground. In the Bahamas, they have the British influence, which is much closer, you see, to what happened in the United States—the Baptist and Methodist religions superimposed on these Negroes from Africa. But in the Bahamas they still have their drums. In the United States we have no drums. Here's another problem (it gets fairly specialized at this point): why did drums survive in the Bahamas, where they were under British colonial rule? They had Protestant religions there, which is comparable to Virginia, Charleston, Mobile, and other towns in the United States.

DIAMOND: Because it was colonial.

BLESH: It's easier to say why the drums didn't survive in this country. Because it's well known that the slave owners were afraid of them and didn't want them.

STEARNs: They were afraid of them in the Bahamas, and in Haiti. Drums were banned over and over again in Cuba.

DIAMOND: These were colonies and the United States was not a colony. It was not only the presence or absence of external restrictions—which has of course something to do with it. It was also the internal motivations, such as the various groups involved in the South. Sometimes we forget that these Negroes were Americans and wanted to be from the beginning, and this was one of the ways in which they became Americans. These were the symptoms: the abandonment of some of the exterior characteristics which they had brought to this country. They contributed to something here; they didn't invent jazz, but they contributed to something which finally resulted in jazz. That's why this thing seems to me to be a really American cultural phenomenon of a very deep type.

BLESH: I think a good evidence of this is that in other countries the Negroes would take an existing religion like Catholicism and fuse it with their African religion, so that the hierarchy of the Catholic religion was made to represent various tribal gods. It didn't happen, apparently, in this country.

STEARNs: Why didn't it happen in New Orleans, which was Catholic?

DIAMOND: I don't like to use the term melting-pot, because it's overworked. But this is a fabric, to which various people contributed culturally, although socially their actual positions were often very much—and still are—restricted. But culturally that was never so. What is American culture today? It's a tremendous patchwork from all kinds of people and all parts of the world. That's our living popular culture. That could not happen in a colonial area. It could not happen in an area that remained primarily agricultural, where you had an overlay of very strict Church coming in and these people just accepted this thing and kept their basic folkways and merely gave them a slight Catholic sheen, as with some of the Indians in Central America. But this is the distinguishing quality of the American experience in the New World. It's not Latin America.

STEARNs: Well, spell that out. You are distinguishing between the African in the United States and the African elsewhere in the New World and you see a distinct quality in the United States not found elsewhere. Is this solely because it is not a colony?

DIAMOND: Well, that's what you would begin with. That is, there is, there was no force coming from the outside as such, imposing a strict external set of rules, freezing a whole segment of the population— I'm not talking about social restrictions, which are a somewhat different phenomenon—coming in with a massive Church, which was allied with the State, and so on. You just didn't have
that kind of a picture. And then, depending for example on raw materials and exporting to their home country. America wasn't like that. America was developing from a plantation to an industrial economy, and the whole development of jazz is involved in that transition, as is the whole development of America. That's a pretty wide vista, but I think somebody has got to get into it in order to distinguish precisely between the position of Negroes in America and the position of Negroes elsewhere, to explain why jazz did not arise in these other areas.

STEARNs: Then there is the perhaps closely allied question of why jazz arose in the specific area, or areas, of the United States, in which it did. Rudi, I believe you've told me that there were certainly other original focal points of jazz besides New Orleans.

BLESh: You have several different kinds of jazz. You've got New Orleans, which would embrace Dixieland and all that. You have an Eastern seaboard style, that didn't just start with Ellington and Henderson, but that came from something else. And you have bop, which didn't just happen, but which begins with the honky-tonk pianos of the turpentine camps of Mississippi and Eastern Texas. It went first, as boogie-woogie, up to Kansas City, then went into the blues-playing bands, like Basie and McShann, and into bop.

STEARNs: Now, aren't you accenting the Negro-African aspect of it?

BLEsh: No, I was only trying to deal with the assumption that jazz began only in New Orleans. I used to think so; I once wrote along those lines. I don't think so any longer. I think there are at least three main strands.

KOLINSKs: Another thing to investigate, I think, is why jazz was accepted by the whole world.

BLEsh: Well, one of the holds that jazz does have on the people who like it, is that there is something about it that seems to them to be psychologically freeing.

DIAMOND: I'm sure that's true, but the question is whether a single element can be psychologically freeing. It's an attempt at psychological freedom, but the point is that it's also locked in the same cultural orbit.

BLEsh: Let's examine the question of why jazz was not only accepted in America. Why did it appeal to people in Holland and in Italy and other countries?

DIAMOND: Let me try to answer that in this way. For example, you take a man who had this hobby or that hobby, this refuge or that refuge. We cannot begin to evaluate the ultimate good of his refuge. We merely try to see it in relation to this man's needs. Now you can say that jazz in some way satisfies a generalized desire that is stimulated or bound by certain restrictions in his own cultural situation. To the extent that this situation is duplicated in various parts of the world, this same kind of generalized desire will make itself manifest. That doesn't mean that these people in other countries will "invent" jazz, but if the instrument has already been invented through a historical process, they will adopt it. Of course, the desires are generalized; they are not specific one-to-one in each situation.

KOLINSKs: I would eventually like to get further into the question of what is universal in jazz. To investigate what is universal in any music is very important. For example, we find something in African music and we find some trait in jazz—so we say, "Oh, this comes from that." But it can be, and sometimes is, something universal. So it is very important to know what is universal in this music.

STEARNs: Since this is primarily intended as a survey discussion, let's move on now and try to point out other possible areas for investigation. Dr. Diamond, what are some that you would like to see us look into, in your particular field of anthropology?

DIAMOND: I know we can't go into all of these things, but let's consider some of them. What, for example, were the minority groups which were involved in this thing and how many of the virtuosos and composers and people who interpreted and criticized and so on—how many of these people are also members of minority groups in America.

STEARNs: There has been a Ph.D. thesis written on this at Columbia, in the sociology department, pointing out that the majority of jazz musicians generally agreed to be of high caliber are Negroes, that the next largest group are Jewish, and that the third largest group are Italians.

DIAMOND: Another project that might be very worth while might be to make a thorough investigation of the work song, beginning in West Africa, coming through the West Indies, and directly into the plantations of America, to see whether there are very strong connected elements in work songs. Remember that jazz is a kind of communal music, in its more original and so-called purer form it's not an audience-instrumentalist type of music, and in that sense it's directly a type of folk-music, a communal music. And one of the major types of communal music in West Africa were work songs. People actually chanted as they worked, in various rhythms, with various kinds of instrumental accompaniment. And then to see how this thing has developed or changed or retained its original form in the plantations of America or in the West Indies. Then, perhaps to see to what degree did this whole communal base function in the new American situation with the introduction of new elements and the final evolving into what we know as jazz. Now, probably there are many other streams that contributed to it; there are religious songs and so forth, but I'd be particularly interested in the work songs.

STEARNs: In other words, you're suggesting that if we do analyze and note the musics of various sorts, the work songs would be a...
PARTICIPANTS IN THIS SEMINAR WERE:

S. I. Hayakawa
Semanticist; editor of Etc, the journal of the Institute of General Semantics; professor at Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago; author.

Lorenzo Turner
Professor of English at Roosevelt College, Chicago; linguist, authority on African languages; author of Africanisms in the Gullah Dialect.

Richard A. Waterman
Director of the Laboratory of Comparative Musicology at Northwestern University; professor of Anthropology; musician.

Alan P. Merriam
who served as moderator of the discussion, is compiler of a comprehensive bibliography of jazz material (to be published this Fall); with the Department of Anthropology, Northwestern University; musician.

WATERMAN: The purpose of this particular gathering is to find out what some of the major questions are. There are obviously sociological and anthropological elements involved, as well as the purely technical musicological ones, and there are linguistic problems involved, I'm sure. And one of the basic troubles that we might have—and this is right down your alley, Don Hayakawa—is in deciding what we're all talking about. Even in terms of the purely musicological elements in jazz, is the Institute to concentrate its research on jazz as a process, as almost a verb form, or is it to concentrate on jazz as something that is or was played by certain musical groups at certain specific times. In other words, are we going to do research in the jazz events that have happened, are we going to confine our research just to very specific things that might be called jazz or are we going to take a wider look, are we going to look into the influence that jazz has had on such things as Johnny Ray (I should say such persons as Johnny Ray), and Homer and Jethro, and the like.

TURNER: Then there's the additional question of the influence of jazz upon literature. There's a master's thesis over here that I have that treats at length of the way in which jazz has captured the imagination of a lot of American novelists in the last twenty years or so.

HAYAKAWA: And that reminds me of what is to me a very interesting question. Among the things that we ought to investigate is the meaning of jazz to the white public—predominantly white. For example, in Mezzrow's book, Really the Blues, there's a terrific passage in which he gets all enthusiastic about jazz and about the American Mercury, at the same time. He seems to feel that just as the American Mercury was blasting nonsense and exposing sham—in that particular time when H. L. Mencken ran the Mercury—jazz did the same thing musically. Now, that is a meaning which middle-class white kids could get out of it, coming out of perhaps stuffy bourgeois homes, but it certainly did not have that meaning to the Negro people who played it—it didn't have that meaning to Louis Armstrong; it was something else there. That is to say there are ambiguities of meaning in jazz, depending on who is listening to it. This is a part of the whole question of why jazz is popular in many, many different parts of the world. When you get a Swedish Hot Club, or one in Tokyo, what is it in their cultural situation that makes this peculiar kind of American folk-expression hit so deeply and get young people—or rebellious people, frequently—so worked up about it.

MERRIAM: This is a problem, in other words, of the social impact of jazz, and it seems to me that this emphasizes that there are two approaches here: you actually have the problem of the music itself and also that of the music in its social context, its social impact.

TURNER: Of course, you have also the question of the extent to which this has influenced, or is influencing, other types of music.

MERRIAM: Certainly it seems a valid problem to me. I might point out that you've got a considerable literature on that problem, coming mostly in the mid-twenties when you had a great deal of attention being paid to the possible use of jazz in, for example, opera. There were jazz operas, of which Johnny Spielt Auf was one.

WATERMAN: Well, we certainly have a widespread American influence. You have the influence of jazz on the academic music, as opposed to the art music that you've been talking about. Also there is this influence of jazz ideas—rhythmic and melodic and harmonic—on things like hill-billy tunes and things like just ordinary pop tunes.

MERRIAM: Well, if I may pull this back to my last point, we've divided the problem—and this is a simplification of course—into the study of the music itself and the study of its social impact. If, for example, you're going to study the music itself, you must have, to start out with, people who know jazz and people who know their own discipline, as well. Now this is cross-disciplinary. It becomes a question, then, of what other disciplines can contribute. And if other disciplines are to contribute then, you've got to have people who know their way around in both disciplines. And at some time or another, it seems to me, you're going to have to concentrate on a factual, basic, musicological definition of jazz. Somewhere we've got to know what jazz is.

WATERMAN: I don't think we need to be in too much of a hurry. If we're going to take the wide approach, it's better, at the present nebulous period, to wander around. We might come up with a definition quite different from the one we would have gone in with.

TURNER: To quote Louis Armstrong's famous statement: "Man, if you've got to ask what it is, you'll never get to know."

MERRIAM: That's not fair; it's not right. It's a lovely statement, but I can't go with it.

TURNER: Well, you can indicate the various changes it takes on from time to time.

MERRIAM: Certainly, that's a part of it, but you have two things there. You have historical background, which of course has to be brought up, and you've got actual musical change, which is historico-musical background.
WATERMAN: I think we’ve reached the point in considering this background where the African elements have at least started to be documented, but the European element has not. And a good deal of research could be done in that. What aspects of the European musical tradition came into the early formation of jazz, which opens are operating now, how much are the hop musicians influenced by modern composers? Or by Cuba. There’s still a lot of work to be done on the African and Caribbean, too, of course.

MERRIAM: It seems to me that that is the biggest problem we’ve got, actually; where did it come from and what was the mixture that went into making jazz.

WATERMAN: There are also a lot of problems about what is it and what’s it doing.

TURNER: Well, it’s certainly an excellent entertainment medium isn’t it? I mean so far as the masses of the people are concerned, I should think they would enjoy that type of thing more than the intellectuals, at least at first.

WATERMAN: There, are lots of different values about jazz, the different levels of listeners who enjoy different things in jazz, who have different ideas about its particular place in their own worlds. Some of the jazz musicians are fairly verbal about what they think about jazz. I should think a good bit of research could be done just finding out the whole complex of jazz values.

HAYAKAWA: Well it includes ourselves, too. That is, twenty years ago it would be inconceivable that a group of PhD’s would be solemnly sitting around recording their comments on jazz, for the purpose of encouraging serious, scientific, and dignified research into the matter. The fact that we’ve all made our own responses to it; the fact that a man like Marshall Stearns, with his literary education, is so deeply interested—these are part of this whole problem of the meanings of jazz within our culture.

WATERMAN: The meaning has changed and the fact that it has a meaning has also become recognized.

TURNER: I know the lyrics make a very strong appeal to many people among the Negroes. Plus the music that’s there; they enjoy that, too; but they also enjoy the words they hear.

MERRIAM: Has there been much study of that, Lorenzo?

TURNER: I don’t know of any study. It seems to me that that’s something that could be studied.

WATERMAN: Russell Ames did something on the “revolt” content of the blues, some of the blues songs in Louisiana.

HAYAKAWA: Aren’t the folklorists pretty much involved in a study of the content of blues songs?

MERRIAM: Actually, if we dug back we’d find quite a few things that had to do with that content, but nothing which I would regard as final on the problem. It certainly seems that there is a big field for research there.

HAYAKAWA: There is a place, talking about your interdisciplinary approach, where a number of people trained specifically in literature and literary criticism ought to be called into this. It’s interesting to me that so many people who are professors and instructors of English are among those interested in jazz. Now, I have a theory about that. The prevailing literary styles are at the present time under the influence of Eliot and Allan Tate and other such people who all go in for an extreme degree of tightness of discipline and compression of statement. Well, the prevailing literary climate is such as to discourage any kind of expansiveness, any kind of openness and warmth. And in a sense, if you are expansive like Carl Sandburg, you just don’t rate with the prevailing literary opinions. There is, nevertheless, a certain expansive and Dionysiac element necessary in any kind of art. If the literary people can’t express it in poetry and in their criticism, then maybe jazz finds an audience among literary people because it gives expression to some of the elements that contemporary literary fashions don’t leave room for.
MERRIAM: It just occurs to me in that respect: where does scat singing fit in?
WATERMAN: Now there's a linguistic phenomenon!
MERRIAM: A very interesting one. Is it an imitation of instruments, actually, or has it linguistic or semantic implications?
WATERMAN: Dizzy is always talking about how bop melody line imitated people talking.
TURNER: Well, I know many people identify themselves with the singer, largely through the words.
MERRIAM: But what if you have no words, what if you're scat-singing. Then what?
HAYAKAWA: It seems to me that there's something there to be looked into. It seems to me that at the heart of scat singing there's an element of satire involved, making fun of the prevailing values, about which most people are serious minded, just kidding everything. Of course it comes out very, very sharply in Louis Armstrong, very explicitly satirical in him, but some sort of sardonic or satirical element seems to be present in most scat singing that I can think of.
MERRIAM: Well, what about some of the old Jelly Roll things. There it seemed to be more of a rhythmic device than anything else. Remember some of the things in the Library of Congress series, really delightful things to which there are no words at all at any time, just scat singing, which just bounced along with the syllables sounding right. Just as a small problem, it might be very interesting and very revealing to study the sounds of the syllables used in scat singing to see if there is a relationship musically—whether certain sounds came on the downbeats, and so forth.
WATERMAN: It could also be documented I think, that there has been a change in the kind of vowels and consonants used, in the change from traditional scat singing to bop scat-singing.
TURNER: We were talking about the satirical element. Now, how are we to know whom or what a singer is satirizing.
HAYAKAWA: Well, Mezzrow has a point on that, that in the scat singing and in the burlesque forms of singing, particular sentimental songs, the Negro world was satirizing the falsity of sentiment prevailing in the white world. And in support of this he cites at very amusing length the reactions of Negro audiences to an awfully droopy movie love story and how unreal it all is to people who have a much more realistic approach to life.
MERRIAM: What about changing off-course again. What do you gentlemen feel about what is, conventionally speaking, the "main stream" theory that runs New Orleans-Memphis-Chicago-New York. Do you feel that this "main stream" idea is already sufficiently mapped out to be adequate as a historical framework? Don, what do you think?
HAYAKAWA: I haven't felt any great temptation to argue with it, but you know that Willis James of Atlanta University argues with it to some degree. He says that Pensacola and Atlanta and all sorts of Southern towns that I haven't even heard of are just as important.
WATERMAN: Not only that, but he points out that some of the people who are pegged as New Orleans players actually came from other places, where they had previously developed their styles.
MERRIAM: One big example in support of that Eastern Seaboard theory is Duke Ellington, who of course came up from Washington.
HAYAKAWA: Well, there is another theory that is sort of related to this. Since we're questioning the traditional history of the matter, have you ever heard the theory that the blues came up into the Central United States and spread out to the rest of the world from Chicago, but that the blues never did have that much influence on the Eastern Seaboard and going out from New York, The church music was more influential there. Now, I don't know how true that is. But the general idea seems to be that there were two parallel northward migrations of Negroes and that the migration up from New Orleans and Memphis, north to Chicago, brought the blues and the other migration brought largely spirituals—that there is a definable difference in what was brought north.
TURNER: Well, I've heard the blues tunes since I was a small child, in North Carolina, in the churches. Now, where they went from there and how they went, I don't know.
MERRIAM: Have you any suggestions, Lorenzo, that might possibly bear on how historical fact might be better documented? If we're not too sure about this main stream, what could be done to revise this concept?
TURNER: Well, we might go to various places in the South and interview old people and find out what tunes they have. Go to the churches and hear them sing. I grew up in that area on the Coast, in North Carolina; then later I worked in South Carolina and Georgia. And the old people there have all of these old blues tunes just as well as the younger.
MERRIAM: What about the Negro press? There seems to be a tremendous literature of Negro newspapers through the South going back quite a ways. It would seem that perhaps a thorough-going analysis of that press might help us out, too.
TURNER: Of course there were papers quite early, you know, before the Civil War, and they're available in certain places.
MERRIAM: That might be a very fruitful line of research. Dick, can you think of anything else that might help along this line?
WATERMAN: Well, it seems to me that there is still research to be done in terms of the antecedents of jazz, both on the African and the European side, and also in terms of the specific European types of music that were imported. I suspect that the quadrilles and the reels of New Orleans had a lot to do with the specifically New Orleans music. And I don't think you had the same kind of development—where you had Negro musicians hired to play reels and quadrilles—on the Eastern Seaboard.

HAYAKAWA: You mean, that is, that in New Orleans the Negroes had a bigger place, even as domestics servants, in the social life of the community, in the musical life particularly.

WATERMAN: The acceptance of the idea that Negroes are natural-born musicians and should play for the white folks and so on—I think that perhaps that started in New Orleans and got institutionalized there.

TURNER: That might have occurred elsewhere, too. Because the Negroes, during the period of slavery, were noted for their music.

WATERMAN: But were they taught to play instruments, or allowed to learn to play instruments? I know I've read accounts of Negro slave boys being called in to dance and sing and that sort of thing in South Carolina, but that's not the same as playing.

TURNER: I'm sure they played music; they had string instruments. In some places during the period of slavery, of course, they weren't permitted to use drums because it was felt they'd send messages on the drums... For instance, in coastal Georgia today, they use their heels for their dancing instead of the drums. I asked why they used their heels and they said they weren't permitted during slavery to use drums. Those were people eighty, ninety years old, twenty years ago.

MERRIAM: This is a good line of investigation, at least. It seems to me quite possible that for Eastern Seaboard states one might find a George W., Cable description looking back through the literature. He, after all, is the person that made Congo Square famous in New Orleans and perhaps distorted perspective.

I'd like to get back to the general question of linguistics now, Lorenzo, I wonder if you would have anything to start us off on this point.

TURNER: Yes, there is one very important point I'd like to make in that area. During the period of slavery, field hands and their families had very little contact with the owners of the slaves. The house servants, of course, learned to speak much as their owners spoke, and I have discovered, through teaching descendants of both groups, a very noticeable difference in their speech. Children and grandchildren of field hands would speak less like the whites than the children and grandchildren of house servants during the period of slavery.

WATERMAN: Now the early, almost pre-jazz musicians, at least in New Orleans, would be the house servant type, perhaps; the preferred ones. You'd expect their music to be more like the reels and quadrilles.

TURNER: That would be true, at least until the end of the Civil War. After the Civil War, I could see how many of the descendants of the field hands might take on some of that work. I wouldn't discard that possibility, of their being influenced by the field hands since the Civil War. But not before the Civil War.

WATERMAN: The people who were in the early Baptist and Methodist and other church groups in the south, the Negro churches, were they particularly field hands, or descendants of the field hands, or on the other side? Is there any way you can generalize on that? Would you find the music of the churches, the kind of music that developed in the churches on the Eastern Seaboard, stemming from the field hands' group?

TURNER: The field hand group had their own churches, and the others had their churches that were a little more sophisticated in their services.

WATERMAN: What a difference that might have made in the music! I wonder if a good man with a good recorder could find out anything of that difference by going down there now?

HAYAKAWA: Isn't that one of the fundamental theories about the origins of jazz? That is, that with the rise of the lower white class, educated Negroes, who were descended from the domestic Negroes, were forced to play in Storyville along with the descendants of the field hands who had come into New Orleans as unskilled laborers. Therefore you had in New Orleans jazz the first combination of the uptown and the downtown Negroes, playing together in the same band, thereby producing this fusion.

TURNER: Then you also have the free Negro group who tended to associate with the servants rather than with the field hands. In some parts of the south they remained fairly isolated. Some of them even held slaves themselves, before the Civil War.

MERRIAM: Do you find it still easy to differentiate linguistically between the two groups?

TURNER: As late as ten years ago I made recordings, in my class in "The English Language in America," of students from those two groups. They transcribed very differently.

HAYAKAWA: This certainly throws light on the whole sociology, and the music, too.

MERRIAM: It seems logical that, if you find linguistic differences, you might find musical differences, too.

TURNER: And to this day we have, in some of the northern industrial centers, the "primitive" Negro churches—you hear them on the radio frequently. Their service is quite different from that of the sophisticated Negro church, which is an imitation of the white service. There's more African in it.

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additional commentary

Morroe Berger

Sociologist; writer on jazz subjects; now with the Department of Economics and Social Institutions at Princeton University.

The sociologist can look at jazz in several ways:

1. He can study the “jazz community,” that is: the musicians; the fans; the things they feel in common; their contempt for “commercial” music; their strong in-group feelings; what jazz means to them as a form of protest, or of “coterie-culture,” the great gap between the educational level of the musicians (at least the older ones) and the intellectuals who admire them; the original-label cult; the “I saw Bix!” cult; the deliberate lowbrow approach of highbrows who like jazz. (It would also be interesting to study the jazz fans as a group: their socio-economic backgrounds; educational levels; how they were introduced to jazz; what they seek and find in the music; their other interests, etc.) This sort of sociological approach studies the jazz community structure and the interrelation of its parts.

2. He can study the relationship of the jazz community to the total society in the United States. The approach looks at the role jazz plays in American life, not as music but as a form of intergroup relations. Here the sociologist would be interested in the relations of Negroes and whites in the jazz community and how this relationship carries over into the non-jazz life of the community. The jazz community shows two features that are unusual in American life: Negroes outnumber whites (or did) among the players and the audience; and Negroes are accepted without question as the equals, if not the superiors of the whites. Another aspect would be the relationship between jazz as a form of protest and the expressions of leftist political protest.

3. Still another way the sociologist might look at jazz is from the standpoint of the social conditions surrounding its creation and performance. Here the significant point would seem to be that jazz is a folk art in an urban setting, an unusual situation. Another line of fruitful investigation might be to look at jazz as a bridge between folk art and mass culture, since it has so often been the source for popular, mass music.

4. The sociologist would be interested in studying the ways in which jazz diffused from exploited, lower-class, poorly educated Negroes in the South to middle and upper class intellectuals in the North. This process of diffusion of jazz is especially interesting because it is somewhat different from the usually-studied processes of diffusion. Most such studies have been of examples in which a subordinate culture borrowed from a superordinate one—jazz is the opposite; most studies are of borrowing by one culture from another; but jazz is a case of borrowing by one element from another within the same broad cultural whole.

An aspect of the study of the diffusion of jazz would be the tracing of the places in which it made its first penetration (outside of Negro culture), and why, and the places it was most strongly resisted. This general approach would include a study of the periodic “revivals” of Dixieland, and whether these are actually cases of diffusion to new groups or merely renewed interest on the part of older ones, or only the results of advertising and publicity efforts. Another interesting aspect of jazz diffusion is the fact that today Negro audiences seem to be no more interested in jazz than white audiences; if so, there’s a phenomenon to be investigated here: is jazz inherently appealing to Negroes or isn’t it? If it is, is this a cultural and social phenomenon of recent development (that is, since the settlement of Negroes in America) or does it go back to Negro origins in Africa?

Harold Courlander

Folklorist; author; editor of Ethnic Folkways Library of Recorded Music.

I feel that an extremely important aspect of the study of Jazz—particularly in relation to origins and development—is a study of the folk music of the major cultures which influenced the American scene in the south and elsewhere. The phenomenon of jazz is presumed to have made its appearance in the general region of Louisiana, an area populated by people of French, Spanish, Cajun, “Creole,” British and African extraction—not to mention the American Indian. Despite obvious African and Afro-American influences, there is in jazz so much that is non-African that one must be prepared to consider possible French, Spanish and other con-
tributions. This can’t be done on a piecemeal basis, at least not adequately. It would seem that any conclusions about jazz origins must be built on understanding of French, Spanish, West African, and British folk music. If we don’t know a good deal about all of them as a basis for jazz studies, any “conclusions” we come to can at best be mere speculations.

It is my feeling that rhythm, on which great emphasis has been placed, is only a small part of the total picture. But should one attempt to show, for example, that a particular jazz beat is “African”, it surely would be essential to know that the same rhythm does not commonly appear in, say, Spanish folk music. Also important is the study of the hybridized folk music of southern United States—that is, “American” folk music, for in a sense this is a musical culture somewhat separate from pure Spanish, pure French, pure British, or pure West African culture. Jazz developed out of, and drew upon, not only the mother cultures, but the hybridized offspring as well. To borrow a technical term from another field, there has been a good deal of “feedback.” Let us assume—purely theoretically—that the early popular music of New Orleans was “French” or “Spanish.” As time passed, other influences were felt, say that of the rural Negro population. The popular music of New Orleans thus became hybridized. But the rural Negro music was in turn affected by the new urban development. In other words, the flow is back and forth, and in many directions. This precise example is purely hypothetical, but the point is that one must have some knowledge of the acculturation that took place in the areas under study.

Examination of the various folk musics should go beyond the obvious elements of rhythm, melody and harmony. Singing techniques, motor traditions, the relationships between different voices and instruments, and the verbal themes of songs are all important. West Indians—Haitians—can take a European melody, play it in a rhythm that could be described as European, and yet produce an effect which is distinctly non-European. What are the non-European elements which, combined with European melody and rhythm, make a casual listener conclude that he is listening to music from the “Dark Continent”? To answer this question—-It is very likely that studies along these lines would spotlight elements in jazz to which, so far, little attention has been paid, and which will prove significant once terms of reference have been established.

Webster’s dictionary, which seems to be describing the kind of music played by Paul Whiteman in 1924, this definition is a great improvement. It still leaves something to be desired, however.

Firstly, I should say that, since many areas of jazz have made increasing use of arrangements, it is not quite correct to speak of jazz simply as “improvisational.” Call it “semi-improvisational,” without going into details on the amount or percentage of ex tempore playing. Secondly, I should say that jazz, especially in its earlier forms, used a great number of instruments that were not European. What about the wash-tub, the kazoo, the earthen jug, the washboard, and so on? This is one of the outstanding characteristics of jazz, namely, the use of a wide variety of improvised instruments. There is another non-European group of instruments from Africa, via the West Indies, which are sometimes found in jazz, too. I think I will omit the phrase, “utilizing European instrumentation.”

As for the rest, perhaps a few general comments will suffice. I think that jazz should be analyzed as all so-called primitive musics are. Crucial similarities and differences to other world musics would surely appear and thus help to define the nature of jazz. For example, in common with all the musics of the world, jazz uses a melodic scale in which two or three notes are principal. On the other hand, I think it will be found that jazz is not primarily based on harmony. This is a characteristic that jazz shares with all music except that of the modern Western world. Further, I think that jazz probably has nothing whatsoever to do with syncopation—a characteristic with which it has been saddled for years. Actually, the rhythm of jazz, to the music of the West,
biographies of representative musicians and singers, historical data of varied nature including records, player piano, scores, memories of scores and performances by old-timers still alive, the earliest beginnings of many musical entertainments like movies and radio, and so on, and a study of the musician-audience interactions current up to the present day. Who played jazz yesterday and today, what is their concept of it, who listens, and what do they look for in listening? What if anything distinguishes a jazz aficionado from another people? This involves field work in our own culture with all the techniques social scientists use in studying similar processes in other cultures; it might include Rohrschach tests and psychiatric evaluations of some significant people in jazz; personal interviews with representative musicians and audience members; and then coordination and correlation of all this data with the data gathered by the other disciplines.

The musicologist, historian, critic, musician, psychiatrist, and social scientist could then get together in organizing this information and formulate meaningful statements that would contribute to these specialized disciplines as well as to the study of jazz itself. The history of jazz so far has certainly illuminated some important aspects of the psychology and socio-economic processes of the American Negro, and minority problems per se. I would think further exploration in this by way of more current music might contribute immeasurably to an understanding of the psychology of the atomic era.

One last remark: I’ve often been asked about how music affects emotions and how music therapy works. I think the answer to these questions lies in further study of musical expression in relation to habit and temperament. By habit, I mean all the repetitive activities suggested by that word in daily life, including rituals, traditions and conventions. By temperament I mean all the bodily rhythms, such as circulation, respiration, menstruation, etc., and all the sensory responsivities. Certainly one should study musical responsivity among the body and temperament types that Sheldon has classified.

Chadwick Clarke Hansen
Long-time student of jazz; graduate student in the Program in American Studies at the University of Minnesota.

(LET ME APOLOGIZE, BEFORE I BEGIN, FOR THE SKETCHY NATURE OF THIS ARTICLE. I WAS ASKED TO WRITE IT ONLY SHORTLY BEFORE THE DEADLINE FOR THIS ISSUE, AND IT MUST THEREFORE BE ONLY A COLLECTION OF LOOSELY WORKED OUT SUGGESTIONS. YET IT SEEMS TO ME WORTH WRITING, EVEN IF THE CONTENTS LACK FORM, IN VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF KNOWLEDGE ABOUT JAZZ. THOSE OF US INTERESTED IN JAZZ RESEARCH NOW HAVE, IN MARSHALL STRENS’ INSTITUTE OF JAZZ STUDIES, AN ORGANIZATION WHICH MAY EVENTUALLY FULFILL ITS ANNOUNCED INTENTION OF SERVING AS A CENTRAL CLEARING HOUSE FOR INFORMATION WHICH IS TODAY WIDELY SCATTERED. AND THE RECORD CHANGER MAY SERVE AS A VEHICLE FOR THE PUBLICATION OF MUCH OF THIS INFORMATION.)

Our culture has characteristically paid little serious attention to jazz. Students of what used to be called “classical” music have recently become unhappy with that term, and have substituted the word “serious.” Yet jazz music, and notably “serious,” too. I move the use of the word “academic,” since “classical” music has always received academic recognition, while jazz has remained until recently an unannotated part of our culture.

This situation is changing today. Indicative of the change is the fact that Willi Apel’s *Harvard Dictionary of Music* (Cambridge, 1947) contains a rather thorough and informed article on jazz, whereas earlier official works usually contented themselves with a paragraph or two of condescending reference to George Gershwin and related figures.

The academicians, then, are ready to learn about jazz. The central problem now is that knowledge about jazz is scattered over so many different areas. The cultural anthropologists have been telling us for a long time that no aspect of a culture may be understood in isolation from the part that bears an integral relation to every other part. This is particularly true of jazz, which is woven intricately with all the threads of American experience. As a result, no single approach can hope to give an adequate account of jazz; we need to use the methods (and the knowledge already available) of a good many different disciplines. It is my purpose here to suggest a few of the different approaches which may be useful in any study of jazz.

Musicality: Charles Seeger has remarked that the discipline of music is, in its assumptions, far behind many other disciplines. He gives as an example the fact that although language scholars have been willing, for over a century, to study non-Indo-European languages on their own terms rather than in terms of Latin grammar, far too few Western scholars have similar flexibility in the case of the Western European “classical” tradition to the study of non-European music. This might help account for the fact that jazz has been so badly misunderstood in official musical circles. Yet, for all this prejudice and done extremely interesting studies of non-European music. Perhaps the most distinguished of these men is Curt Sachs. Although he has not extensively investigated either jazz or jazz backgrounds, the methods which he employs to analyze other musics should be of considerable use to jazz scholars. But even he, in his analyses of Eastern music and primitive musics provide interesting standards of comparison for the non-European elements in jazz.

Language: Language and music are often quite closely related, but the study of language and music are separate disciplines. The trained musician or other music scholars are still bringing the preconceptions of the Academic “classical” tradition to the study of the languages of the people who created jazz. Lorenzo Dow Turner, in his *Africanisms in the Gullah Dialect*, has established the existence of African language habits and African words in the Georgia and Carolina Sea Islands. He believes that many Africanisms may also be found in the Creole or Gumbo dialect of Louisiana. I know that several of us have been school teachers, both of language and music, and that the two are very close in jazz. The human voice is used as an instrument in the scat vocal, and instruments are frequently used to approximate the intonations of the human voice. We have even critical terms for this type of instrumental technique: for example, “preaching cornet” and “talking drum.”

One may well ask what Southern Negro speech is, a number of further questions will arise. For example, what exactly are the connections between speech intonation and instrumental intonation, or between speech forms and musical forms? Anthropology: The work of some anthropologists (particularly of MacVicar Haywood, and Richard Waterman) is already known to many jazz enthusiasts. But there are a good many odd bits of anthropological information floating around in various scholarly journals, which are not so well known as they deserve to be. In the *Journal of the American Musicalological Society*, 11, 3, pp. 196–7, for example, an article by the late George Herzog on “Carib Melodies in West African Xylophone Melodies.” This paper is of interest not only as an analysis of Liberian instrumental part music, but also because this particular xylophone music is a language. Here is added evidence of the close connection between language and music in the African background of jazz. Yet, how many people interested in jazz have ever heard of it? Perhaps what we need is a running bibliography in the Record Changer.

One of the most effective methods of the anthropologist is the comparison of cultures, and this method might well be further applied to jazz. There are Afro-European musics in Central and South America, in Spain, and in the African cities as well in the United States. A comparison of them might tell us a good deal about these elements which are unique in jazz, and those which are common to other musics. Arthur Altman’s recordings of West African “Cafe” music, Hugh Tracey’s recordings of South African Zulu music, and a large body of recordings of Spanish folk music and of Central and South American folk music furnish a good start for such a comparison.

Sociology: Many sociologists are apt to doubt that African cultural survivals have been at all extensive in the United States, and so they are useful as a point against which to check the Africanism of the anthropologists. For the classic exposition of this point of view, see E. Franklin Frazier’s *The Negro Family in the United States* (New York: 1939). This is a detailed and abridged version.

Beyond their usefulness as opposition party to the anthropologists, of course, the sociologists are of primary importance because jazz has been so much involved with American society. Consider the really astonishing number of changes that have occurred within the jazz tradition; could they have taken place within a less dynamic society? A sociologist once told me that the word “cool” may apply to a person as well as to music. The “cool” Negro is the modern Negro who does not get hot and bothered, shuffle his feet, look down at
the ground, and play the fool in the presence of a white man; who is, instead, calm, cool, and self-possessed, ready to take his place as an equal in American society. Is it any wonder, then, that a good many modern Negro musicians dislike traditional jazz? And is it because the banjo is a plantation symbol that so many modern Negro musicians dislike that instrument? (Other considerations than race are involved in this question, of course. The equation of range and of fingerling facility with technical excellence, and the idea of progress are both important. But the race problem is certainly present.)

**History:** Much of the historical work has already been done by record collectors. But much of it has been uncritical. Although most musicians regard their recording dates as unimportant intervals in the business of playing for a live audience, a large amount of research has had to be done in terms of recordings, since they are the best available material on early jazz. Yet few people have bothered to get musicians to talk about the difference between playing in a recording studio and playing for an audience, so that we might have some check on the validity of recorded evidence. This is an area that needs thorough investigation.

Very little work has been done on the history of the American backgrounds of jazz. Yet the material is there. Nicholas Cresswell's *Journal, 1774-1777* (London, 1925) contains a description of an African calabash banjo in Virginia. And Thomas Ashe's *Travels in America in 1806* (London, 1809) contains a description of a West Virginia band which consisted of two Negroes playing banjos and a Chickasaw Indian playing a flute. Here, incidentally, is a large area for study. We know that there was a large amount of contact between Indians and Negroes in America. Would a close comparison of American Indian music and jazz show any direct influence?

Literary material is sometimes as valuable historical evidence as journals and travellers' accounts. G. W. Cable, the local-colorist, wrote two extremely useful articles on Creole slave songs for *The Century Magazine* (v. XXXI, New Series v. IX, November 1885—April 1886). The illustrations, by E. W. Kemble, show a number of African instruments in use in New Orleans, including a jaw-bone scraper and a three-stringed bowed instrument. This latter instrument is the African descendant of an ancient Near-Eastern instrument, the rabāb. The European descendant, the rebec, blended with or was replaced by the viol during the Sixteenth Century.

I am informed that Fred Ramsey believes that actual digging—archeology—might unearth some pre-jazz instruments in the South. I don't doubt it, and I wish success to all jazz archeologists. There should also, however, be a little more digging in the written raw materials of history.

**Psychology:** Although no one has as yet produced a very satisfactory psychology of music, the psychologists have produced a magnificent scientific tool. It has been available for over twenty-five years, but it has not been extensively used, partly because it is expensive, and partially because few people seem to know of its existence. Milton Metfessel's *Phonophotography in Folk Music; American Negro Songs in New Notation* (Chapel Hill, 1928) is a comparison of classical, sophisticated-Negro, and folk-Negro song, using a machine which *graphs music precisely*. Every minute change of pitch is exactly traceable. In American Negro song, and in jazz, where timbre is extremely important, and where certain intervals (notably the third and seventh) are not fixed, the advantages of this graphic machine over conventional notation are obvious. How about it? Will someone buy one of these machines and find out just exactly how wide Bechet's vibrato really is?

**Conclusion:** This has been, inevitably, a rather loosely connected series of half-formed suggestions. But I hope some of them may be useful. Alan Merriam and Robert Benford's forthcoming *Bibliography of Jazz* should be useful in assembling some of the widely scattered information that is now available. But I understand that their work does not extend to jazz backgrounds. That is a job that needs doing. It would be facilitated if everyone who has any jazz information that is not widely known would make it and any future discoveries available through some central clearing house; either the Institute of Jazz Studies or the Record Changer.

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**Curt Sachs**

The world's leading musicologist; professor at New York University; lecturer at New York Public Library; former professor of Musicology at Berlin University; author of *Our Musical Heritage, World History of the Dance, History of Rhythm in Music, History of Musical Instrumentation.*

I have been duly impressed by the proceedings of this seminar on jazz, and I also have learned a great many facts unknown to me. . . . It is true that every human achievement, be it art or science or business, can be looked at from the vantage grounds of history, sociology, philosophy and what not. . . . I should like to make one point, however: a scholarly work, as a work of art, needs integration. And integration is possible only where there is one man, one creative mind.

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**The Library and Archives of The Institute of Jazz Studies**

* A description by

**Robert George Reisner**

Curator, Institute of Jazz Studies; librarian, Cooper Union; bibliographer and author.

A complete and permanent documentation of jazz, past and present, is one of the goals of the Institute of Jazz Studies. To all persons seeking information for study and research, the Institute offers its resources, which are extensive and are being increased by leaps and bounds.

Let's say you are a student writing an M. A. thesis on the subject of "Jazz and the Machine Age." You can start with the Institute's library, which contains over three hundred books devoted directly to jazz history and allied subjects: jazz fiction and poetry; sociological works; and books concerned with Negro history, American humor, folklore, African backgrounds, the Caribbeans. Many of the books are in foreign languages—French, German, Italian. One is in Japanese.

When you have exhausted all the information in books, you can turn to the periodical collection. Three full catalog drawers, containing an index of articles to have appeared in jazz magazines (some of which are annotated), provide a rich fund of information.
the institute of jazz studies

(Continued from Page 7)

The contribution of these roundtables towards the aims of the Institute has been unique. They permitted experts from different fields to get together with each other, as well as with practicing musicians, and to exchange ideas and stimulated and informed the panel members at the same time; and they clarified the most rewarding approaches to the study of jazz. For example, both experts and performers discovered phrases from the gospel singing of Emily Brans in the country blues of Brownie McGhee; they identified characteristic aspects of Ralph Sutton's present-day style in the ragtime piano of Eubie Blake; they heard elements of the field-holler in the vocal technique of Mahalia Jackson.

As a result of these and similar insights, computer Henry Cowell has become interested in studying the relationship of jazz to the music of the world. Tremaine McDowell, chairman of American Studies at the University of Minnesota, is examining roundtable material for use in the classroom. Willis James, Director of the Fort Valley, is helping to organize and to develop the whole concept of the Institute, and has already provided significant background material to the Institute; and he expects to be able to do so in the future.

The Institute's plans for the future are fourfold: first, the Institute will extend its studies to the musical history of jazz in the world; second, the Institute will extend its studies to the musical history of jazz in the world; third, the Institute will extend its studies to the musical history of jazz in the world; and fourth, the Institute will extend its studies to the musical history of jazz in the world.

The Institute will extend its studies to the musical history of jazz in the world; and fourth, the Institute will extend its studies to the musical history of jazz in the world. It has become clear that the study of jazz affords a key to the American character and our entire civilization.

The plans of the Institute are fivefold: first, the Institute will extend its studies to the musical history of jazz in the world; second, the Institute will extend its studies to the musical history of jazz in the world; third, the Institute will extend its studies to the musical history of jazz in the world; and fourth, the Institute will extend its studies to the musical history of jazz in the world. It has become clear that the study of jazz affords a key to the American character and our entire civilization.

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Jazz critic Frederick Ramsey, Jr., is perhaps best known as a co-author of Jazzmen, but—as this pictorial essay indicates—he is also a skilled and sensitive photographer. Here he has documented, probably for the first time, the land and the people from which jazz sprang—as it is today, but in many respects unchanged by the passage of time. It would be a privilege to publish this beautiful and revealing study in any issue of this magazine. In this special issue, it has an added value. Although this document was created by Ramsey as an individual, he is quick to point out that it is very much an example of the sort of project that can be developed under the auspices of the Institute of Jazz Studies, and illustrates the "new dimensions" in jazz research the Institute seeks to encourage.

a photographic documentary
of JAZZ and FOLK BACKGROUNDS

by FREDERIC RAMSEY, jr.

at natchez, mississippi...
a man comes down mornings to the park that sits on top of the bluffs. he rests his arms and dangling shirt-sleeves on a rough-hewed board fence, and he looks out. he sees the big steel bridge they threw across the mighty river, so deep and wide. he sees tugs chuffing upstream with a string of barges in tow. four men on a crew, when there used to be twenty, thirty, a hundred. "when i was a youngster, there didn't used to be nobody around here did nothing but work on boats..."

listening there long ago, he heard bands play as boats came in to the landing below.
be wouldn't have to go far to hear a horn, even now, halfway down to the landing from the blufftop, if he cared to take the steep road, he'd find the clubhouse.

and up on top of the bluff, 300 yards away, there's a jake . . . the riverside cafe.
trucks pull up all day. the box in the joint grinds out a just right bounce. at night, there's sonny boy williamson, washboard sam, and tampa red singing an old river song, early in the mornin'. just about the break of day, you ought to see me grab my pillow, where my good gal used to lay. the slow beat of the blues goes on till 'fore day.
that may not be the way the old man remembers it, when there was bessie smith, big as life, shouting the tent down, up on n. pine street lot, with the rabbit foot minstrels. . . .
but the jive is there. in macon, georgia . . .

. . . in roadside jukes, where they put boys in white coats, and give them a bounce and barbecue concession. . . .
and going down to the levee, vicksburg.
even though old mighty sprague, big mamma of the mississippi, lies there rotting at the landing, with gas tanks for motor launches right beside her . . .
and porches sleeping in yesterday's sun are split at the seams, with plaster cracking off in big hunks.
but the youngsters keep coming on, up and down the river.
in the cotton fields...

go down, old hannah
and don't you rise no more.
you got to jump down, turn around . . .
... pick a bale o' cotton ...
got to bring that cotton to the gin, let the rock island and t & p take it away.
blues will get you,

every way

you turn.
i heard a white man say,

"i don't want no niggers up there."
if your house catch on fire, an' they ain't no water 'roun' . . .

. . . throw your trunk out the window, and let the shack burn down.
now, you talk about that old careless love . . .

I'm a young woman . . .
now you see what that old careless love will do.
de kalb blues, lord, make me feel so sad . . .
just to think about the times i once have had...

rather see my coffin comin',
oo—lordy, lord,
in my back door
oh mamma

i feel superstitious

about my hog lord god it's my bread.
"talkin' 'bout the blues? . . .

... well, yes, I remembers ma rainey, we used to visit, up in rome."
II the chicago seminar
(Continued from Page 17)

WATERMAN: Of course, there is big difference between gospel hymns and blues, in the minds of people who sing. Mahalia Jackson will call them blues. Musically, there is no difference that I can tell, but in terms of the intent and content there is a great difference.

HAYAKAWA: I’ve been thinking that one fascinating aspect of this jazz research, as opposed to other kinds of literary research that I’m really interested in, is that it comes down to what you men do in anthropology, is that you have to deal so much with the direct interview. It requires a good deal of leg work, and its live research, and you have the same kind of urgency that you have in some of your anthropological expeditions, that if you don’t hurry up and get there, it will be gone.

MERRIAM: What about the social and cultural backgrounds. Let’s look into that: what do we know about it and what kinds of research should be done.

WATERMAN: I would like to know, for instance, if there’s any consensus of opinions among the jazz musicians, any homogeneity of opinion concerning a great many things—concerning politics, religion, sports, all sorts of social and economic questions. Do jazz musicians, in one way or another, form a sort of industrial, trade sub-culture? If so, they could be investigated from a number of angles. I don’t think too much is known even about such things as the income, the standard of living of jazz musicians.

MERRIAM: I do recall one article I’ve read on this subject, which tends to show that his situation is not what one would call either “normal” or a “good” situation, even from an average point of view. Turnes was investigating and finding that the findings by this particular sociologist were that the average jazz musician had perhaps $200 in the bank, that was his maximum. He tends to associate with promiscuous women, and tends to drink heavily, and tends to die early, and so on. But while this article is a beginning, we are certainly quite right in saying that it is no more than that, and that this is a problem that could surely bear further investigation.

WATERMAN: How do we know that people who are not jazz musicians, who are in similar circumstances—not much money in the bank, not much security—how do we know that they don’t follow the same pattern of drinking and the rest?

MERRIAM: Precisely.

WATERMAN: In terms of a broad title, this would be “The Status of the Jazz Musician.”

TURNER: Of course, one answer would appear to be that he is so much interested in his art that he doesn’t take too serious an interest in material things.

MERRIAM: I should like now to get back to what I think is one of the crucial points of reference in understanding jazz backgrounds and the influence of Africa. Just what is the African contribution. One of the most investigated, much more so than one, is the influence of the secret society, which contributed a great deal to jazz in the form of opportunities for marching bands to be organized, for example. Yet we know little about the secret societies, which do seem to have some roots in Africa.

HAYAKAWA: I mean, there is a relation between the New Orleans burial society and the African secret society?

MERRIAM: I won’t say that there is a distinct relationship, but what I will say is that it is a strong cultural institution in West Africa and it popped up, apparently, among the Negro peoples in New Orleans.

TURNER: And in the early days nearly all of the secret societies had their own bands.

WATERMAN: You find the same sort of thing in the West Indies. In Cuba, for example, the secret societies do have their own bands, a number of them being almost completely musical societies. They exist in most of them have their bands, and they can parade once in a while, with their instruments, their songs and their costumes. Same thing is true of Trinidad. It is undoubtedly a West African pattern, in that it gave them something to look forward to, to a focal point—

HYAKAWA: This is worth looking into.

MERRIAM: One would guess that there must have been some French background . . . the Jelly Roll Morton records point that way again, surely.

WATERMAN: And there was what Jelly Roll called the “Spanish rhythm,” which was actually a sort of Afro-Caribbean rhythm.

MERRIAM: I’d like to get back now, to the problem of jazz musically. Where have we gone and what is there to be done?

WATERMAN: The first order of business in jazz research is to take all the records and get a good transcriptions, some good musical transcriptions, and try and get a few solid documented characteristics of jazz. Then, if we have that body of transcribed material at hand, we can start to make our comparisons. And we won’t have to make them in the impressionistic kind of way it’s usually done.

MERRIAM: One of the things I think should be pointed out is that, as far as the West African musical background of jazz is concerned, we still lack a good deal of the documentation from West Africa. Perhaps a great many people have gone overboard in saying that jazz is African. I think we really need to reflect the two back and forth and say: “Here we have a solution.” It seems to me that we need more research, more knowledge of West African music, before we can really evaluate the influence on jazz.

WATERMAN: In the West Congo, Angola, and others.

MERRIAM: Of course all of those areas contributed considerably.

TURNER: We know from the speech—from a study along the coast of Georgia and South Carolina—the areas of West Africa from which these American Negroes came, and of course that is borne out by a study of the Negroes of America.

MERRIAM: Would you line out some of those areas?

TURNER: Well, going from the northern section of the West Coast, say from Senegal, you have Senegal, Gambia, Sierra Leone, Liberia, the Gold Coast, or Ghana, Togoland, Nigeria, and to some extent the Cameroon, then the next area is the Angola, Angola. Anyway, I have found words from all those areas, from at least thirty different languages, words and songs.

MERRIAM: Any specific areas?

TURNER: Have recorded songs in Mende, for instance—that would be further into the Sierra Leone—and several Negro songs whose lyrics contain Congo words and also Kimbundu words.

MERRIAM: Have you found, for example, in your investigations in the United States, more Congo words than any other, or more Sierra Leonian music?

TURNER: I think we have found in the actual number of words. I have more from the Anglo-Congo area than from other parts, but a great many from the Mende area.

WATERMAN: There’s a good deal of research in linguistics yet to be done on the West Coast of Africa. There might be a lot more words than you found which don’t occur in any list.

MERRIAM: At least, according to preliminary research, then, the mouth of the Congo looks like a very fruitful research area, musically. And Nigeria, too. But one must also be careful to realize that the change has not been the same for Africa since the time slaves came over. We’re certainly going to get changes there as well as the changes in the music that happen here.

WATERMAN: Well, we certainly know that in Nigeria, along the coast, there have been great changes in the secular music. But I think that we are not investigating music from the secular and sacred music. If you took the most popular of the most secular music on the one hand, which usually is guitars and that sort of thing, and confined yourself to the pagan stuff for the sacred side of that, I think you’d find there was a great difference. And I think that the pagan sacred music was far more elaborate and perhaps more conservative. I feel that the sacred music over there has more or less held its own. It’s been driven underground in many areas, certainly, but it has not changed so greatly as the secular music. If we’re looking for part of the African roots of jazz, we should go and record parts of the cult ceremonies.

TURNER: There is one thing I realized last year in Africa: the significance of the study of the folklore in connection with a study of the language. That is, a literal translation of the idioms in the folk tales, that could throw some light on the language itself and is almost anything else. How this can be related to the music in some way is something that should be thought about.

WATERMAN: Well, it would be a matter of examining the words that get attached to jazz and jazz tunes, and analyzing their meaning.

TURNER: The various chants, for instance, that are sung to the deities are identical with the chants of the American Negro ministers and members of the church as they pray.

HAYAKAWA: Before we close, I want to say one thing more. America makes a world contribution, in the development of jazz, which is something of which Americans are only improperly aware, and imperfectly proud. And it seems to be that something like the Institute of Jazz Studies—which makes us in America more conscious of what it is that our culture has accomplished in this peculiar fusion that is jazz—can do a very great service to any of us who contribute to the research also do a service to our culture as a whole.
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I the new york seminar

(Continued from Page 13)

good thing to start with. Do you agree with that, Dr. Kolinski?

KOLINSKI: Not quite, because of my experience. I transcribed over 300 songs of Dahomey, of all kinds—the material of Professor Herskovits—and I found that there are not very strong differences in the kind of song. That the religious songs don’t have basically different features from work songs.

DIAMOND: This I am very glad to hear. Because the communal village work group in Dahomey, as far back as we can go in Dahomeyan history—this was the original group. The other things stemmed from it. The other things came in later, and the work song was utilized for other kinds of ceremonial activities.

STEARS: That’s almost true in the United States, Rudi, isn’t it: the work song came first.

BLESH: It was first because the work song was the only thing they were allowed to sing. It was partly an economic thing, and also there was no desire to have them perpetuate a heathen religion, but it was as highly desirable that they work.

But I would like to mention, along the lines of investigation, a very interesting sidelight that’s been happening in St. Louis. I think you all know of Hub Pruett, Dr. Pruett. He started on this thing through a series of records that were made (by Columbia, I think) of all types of human heart beat, including all forms of normal beat, as well as ones that would indicate disease or something organically wrong. Now the basic normal heart beats are of many types, some of the syncope—in other words, quite syncopated—some are what you’d call two-beat, some are straight four/four. From that, he began to take a series of these, which he did sporadically, with this idea in mind: how does jazz affect people whose heart beats are of one type or another? He did enough of it, among players and so forth—he would just get people in his house and play records for them. And he found that people who reacted most strongly to jazz—either for it or against it; they either hated it or were wildly stimulated by it—were the people who had a straight, regular heart beat. The syncopation seemed to be more stimulating or upsetting to them.

People who can take it or leave it, and the best players, are apt to have a syncopated heart beat, so they could naturally, without doing violence to themselves, play in the groove. I submit that would be a rather interesting thing to look further into here, too.

KOLINSKI: I think we can generalize this suggestion and investigate the function of jazz in music therapy, because it has certainly an important function there.

STEARS: Do you suppose we can wind it up now by going around the circle and asking once more if we can boil down our notions and add up specific approaches by way of summary. Ben, what occurs to you?

BOTKIN: Well, I think we need some kind of framework into which to fit all of this. Besides the free exchange of ideas, we have to have some ground for our studies. I think that the stress must be on the cultural setting and the cultural function of jazz. Even when we’re talking about technical or psychological elements they have to be placed in their cultural setting.

KOLINSKI: But I think that, since we deal with music, musical study must be central.

STEARS: A plea that we study music! Well, Bob Thompson, I know that you arrived late, but that you’ve been absorbing a good deal of the discussion here. What do you have to add on this question of emphasis?

THOMPSON: I think that the social sciences and psychology offer a wide range of techniques—to study both the music as a phenomenon and the people who play and listen to music, who react to it and don’t react to it. The techniques include everything from highly organized questionnaires (such as Kinsey used, for example, in his studies) to methods such as content analysis, which could be applied to the lyrics of an adequate sampling of blues, for example, to reveal the occurrence and consistency of given themes. Within just blues, or in popular ballads, or in work songs or in any given area. I don’t think the question of culture is necessarily a special question. As I see it, it’s automatically a part of one’s study, no matter how one looks at it.

STEARS: Rudi, how about you?

BLESH: I think that we’ve actually gotten quite a consensus between the various approaches. I was thinking of Dr. Kolinski’s idea of going over all the available material in the field, and as a starting point I think that’s excellent. And it seems to me that there’s a possibility for subdivision here—of the folk-music angle, the historical, the anthropological, the musicological, the psychological—all of which can later be brought together.

I’m thinking in terms of the way that the Institute itself can help in this, without a great deal of expense. If we can get a considerable membership of jazz enthusiasts all over the country we then can assign them projects to gather material—not to evaluate, but simply to gather material. Perhaps we could have a list of standard questions which can be asked any jazz player, old or young, maybe along the same lines as Kunitz would pretty well cover the ground. In that way, from all over the country we can utilize material which then can be sifted through by all of the different people on the project. I think then, after an appreciable period of time, with these lay workers, as you might call them, helping—which is where I think the Institute can be of great help—then there would be some stuff for the mill to work on.

STEARS: You’re suggesting a super-questionnaire made out in conjunction with all the social scientists?

BLESH: Yes, I think that everybody here, each of the specialists, must have his particular questions that he wants answered. And I should like to add one point. There is a certain urgency of time connected with this, if we’re going to get the best results. Whatever we do, when we start interviewing people, the thing to do would be to try to find the oldest—assuming that they are going to die the soonest. Give them a priority.

DIAMOND: That’s sound field technique.

STEARS: Well, Stanley, do you have anything to add here? We’re particularly interested in specific suggestions.

DIAMOND: When it comes to that, some of us are going to have to go to the library and go through all available data, try to winnow out what is going to be of value and what isn’t going to be of value. Then we can start a historical study, which is where the musicologist comes in very importantly. You’re going to go into a pretty widespread analysis of the development of American music in those kind of areas in which the musicological jazz developed and spread. You’ve got to get into the process of urbanization, the shift in the nature and quality of this music, and then the spreading out from some of the urban areas into some of the rural areas again. It’s an enormous thing, which you can’t begin to sum up in two minutes. There’s one more element, which is the linguistic element. We must have literally a thousand words in use which have some relationship to the jazz cultural complex, and to trace these things would be both interesting and rewarding.

I say it’s a cultural phenomenon, but I have an idea that a great deal of the most significant findings will revolve around the development of the American social structure, which has utilized this cultural phenomenon to change its face, some of its substance, its words, lyrics, its places of function.

STEARS: Dr. Kolinski, you have something further to say?

KOLINSKI: I agree with this and, if I may, I’d like to try to say what should be done by the musicologists. To take a part of the history of jazz, the part which concerns the music itself, the musical analysis, and the analysis of the original material as far as possible, to find out certain characteristics of jazz as opposed to any other music. And then to compare the African material and European material that supposedly influenced jazz. Also, using the historical approach to study something we didn’t speak of before: how far jazz utilized techniques of contemporary serious music. For instance, some jazz used many harmonic features of the impressionists. And, on the other hand, how the so-called serious music utilized jazz for its purposes: mutes, orchestration, rhythmical character. For instance, whether Stravinsky’s rhythm has anything to do with jazz or not. This, more or less, should be the task of the musicologist.

STEARS: Well, gentlemen, I want to thank you. This has been an educational experience in itself, and I hope that it will be only the forerunner of many other investigations, field projects, and discussions under the auspices of the Institute.
editorial:  
(Continued from Page 6)  

Discussion—invoking leaders of jazz thinking and important representatives of the various academic disciplines—was a vital necessity. Formulation of programs of study, correlation of the possible new directions of jazz research, a feeling out of each other's attitudes and plans—such things seemed a needed first step. So we suggested that as many as possible of the leading figures involved—both jazz authorities and the "outsiders" now being brought so importantly into the picture—be brought together to express their views on what new directions jazz study should now take. Two such seminars were arranged—one in New York, one in Chicago—and were directly recorded on tape, transcribed, and copies sent to those interested authorities who had been unable to attend, so that they might add their comments. The results are published here, not as anything final, but as an all-important first step. It is hoped that this will act as a stimulant to other scholars, jazz writers and fans—anyone who might conceivably have an interest in the whole subject or in any facets of it. This is only the beginning of the vast job of organizing thoughts, hypotheses, theories, and people into a definite program of long-range projects aimed at achieving new understandings of jazz.

(3) We made one more suggestion, which had to be accepted, simply because it hits at the heart of the basic problem mentioned earlier: lack of money.

We know that the readers of this magazine are the most devoted enthusiasts of jazz in the world. We know that, if given the opportunity, they would want to participate in and aid the work of the Institute. We therefore suggested that our readers be given this opportunity. We urge you to read the announcement which appears in this issue, explaining how you can join this tremendous undertaking. We urge you to send to the Institute of Jazz Studies the largest check you can possibly afford. All contributions will go toward defraying the expenses of operation. We are looking forward to the cooperation of jazz record companies, collectors, writers, fans, and musicians.

The task that looms ahead is not an easy one. But with the full cooperation of our readers, with the help of the scholars involved, and with the leadership of Marshall Stearns, the Institute of Jazz Studies can prove to be the most significant step yet conceived—and taken—in the entire area of jazz study.

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THE RECORD CHANGER

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NEW YORK 27, N. Y.
announces major reissue program
changer editors to work with RCA's new series

All true lovers of jazz are hereby advised to rush out and begin dancing in the streets! RCA Victor has just announced plans for an authoritative and complete program of jazz reissues.

The unprecedented series will probably get under way in the Fall, and looms as a project of major importance that will bring back substantial quantities of the rare, valuable, and long-unavailable material in Victor's possession.

A new-as-yet-unnamed label will be inaugurated for the series, and the editors of the Record Changer, Bill Grauer, Jr. and Orrin Keepnews, have been signed to assist in the operation of the project.

This move marks Victor as the first of the major record companies to attempt a full-scale delving into the jazz treasures of its early catalogue. It represents a decided departure from past activities of the majors, who had in general re-released jazz material only spasmodically and with almost exclusive attention to the biggest and most widely-famous "names." Columbia, for example, has brought out 4-LP stories on Bessie Smith, Louis, and Bix, but has left untouched its OKeo masters. Decca has recently reactivated the Brunswick label for a partly-reissue program; but re-released material in this series has been largely limited to items that first appeared on Decca, and there has been much emphasis on new recordings by current Dixieland and progressive musicians.

Victor's announcement stresses that the scope of their reissue project will cover the full range of memorable jazz material originally issued on the Victor and Bluebird labels. It will include the figures of major historical and musical importance who recorded for the company at one time or another, such as Armstrong, Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, Beiderbecke. But it will also extend to those highly significant, though often obscure or relatively neglected artists who were put on wax during the '20s and '30s: the great blues singers and pianists of Victor's "race" series; Louis Dumaine; Jabbo Smith; Paul Howard; washboard and jug bands, and a vast number of others.

The program calls for a regular monthly schedule of releases—which is another "first" in major-company reissue planning. All releases will be LPs, according to present plans.

Grauer and Keepnews have been called in to serve in an overall advisory capacity. They will, in effect, act as a link between the jazz world and the world of a major record company, and will work to arrange and correlate the series in an effort to best fill the needs of the whole jazz-conscious public. This close cooperation between a record program and representatives of its audience is another unprecedented aspect of the new project.

Although full details have not as yet been finally set, the following points can be stressed as giving a clear outline of the forthcoming series:

1. There will be a new label brought into being, either primarily or to be used for these reissues. (It will not be connected with other new-label projects Victor is reported as planning.)

2. Material will be selected from the full range of the catalogue of cut-out jazz material. There is also a possibility that rejected masters and previously unreleased numbers from early dates can be made available for these LPs.

3. Research will be done in the company's files relating to early record sessions, in hopes of earthing important historical data and verifying or discovering doubtful or unknown personnel and other information of jazz significance.

4. Probable release date for the first group of jazz LPs is January, with a steady stream of reissues to follow at monthly intervals.

5. No time limits have been set for the life of the program, which will obviously depend greatly on the degree to which the material is accepted by the jazz public.

In all, the reissue project gives every indication of being a unique and remarkable forward step by Victor. The editors of this magazine are frankly proud to be associated with the series, and have full expectation that—given proper support by collectors and jazz fans in general—it can rank as one of the most important moves in the history of recorded jazz.
New Orleans
Memphis
St. Louis
Chicago
New York

How well we know the story of the travels of jazz! Each book tells us the same, or nearly so. The sequence is logical—with the exception of one factor. What about that big jump from Chicago to New York? True that many musicians travelled the last stage in one leap, bringing their music with them. However, just as jazz came up the river in stages, changing its style along the way until each of the above cities suggests a particular type of music, so did it move—un-Greely-like—from west to east in stages. This is the story of that part of the travels of jazz, contained in the life of one who participated in bringing jazz along the rest of the way. Included in this man’s story are such jazz personalities as Claude Jones, Clarence Williams, King Oliver, Don Frye, and Dicky Wells.

CECIL SCOTT was born in a house which was attached to, and therefore part of, the structure of St. Xavier’s Catholic Church in Springfield, Ohio; thus the X as his middle initial. It was on Wednesday, the twenty-second of November, 1905, that Lloyd Scott became an older brother. Their mother worked around the church and parish house while their father played his violin at various Springfield functions.

Why did Cecil Scott decide on the clarinet and how did he develop his proficiency on that instrument? “All of my life I have been interested in medicine, and at a very early age it was my ambition to become a surgeon. My mother, hoping I could do this, had me take lessons on clarinet so I could develop my fingers. People used to remark that I had ‘electric’ in my hands and used to come to me to have me ease their aches and pains. Of course we had another idea about those lessons too—they would help me earn my way through medical school.

“Well, as kids Lloyd and I used to work out rhythms with sticks and our hands and I would do some dancing. We got to be a pretty good team and would do it for company. We started entertaining before we knew what it was all about—you know, Here’s a little sample of some of the rhythms. (At this stage Cecil rapped out some amazing rhythms on the nearby table, piano, and bookshelves—not the simple beat that we all can do, but some tricky paradoxes.) Before we knew it we were coming home with a pocketful of money once in a while.

“In the Seventh Grade I started to study the clarinet and worked with it right up to the time I was in Senior High School in Springfield. There were also some other kids that liked to play at high school and we formed a group, a little trio. That included Lloyd on drums, Don Frye on piano, and myself on clarinet. Funny, I can remember our first date even now, although you know how you forget lots of other little details. It was at the Knights of Pythias Hall on a Thanksgiving night near my birthday, probably about 1919. I played also in the Springfield City Band, and in the high school band, orchestra, and glee club. By then I was just wrapped up in music, period!”

At about this time the Scott boys began to add members to their band and started to travel around on jobs. They formed Scott’s Symphonic Syncopators (see picture) consisting of Don Frye, piano; Dave Wilborn, banjo; Buddy Burton, violin; Earl Horn, trombone; Gus McClung, trumpet; Lloyd on drums; Cecil on clarinet; and, when he could get away from his classes at Wilberforce College, Claude Jones also on trombone. The band was improving in its improvisation, and found itself in demand in a large part of that region. As Cecil remembers: “At first the school allowed us to travel a little, but after a while we were travelling too far for too long because we had so many jobs, so we came to a parting of the ways. We travelled in an old Cole— we called it the covered wagon—it was an old faithful and just used to breeze along with us. Of course it needed some care and I would appreciate it if you would just mention William Bush because he drove the car and cared for it and us, too. We were all young, you know, and he ‘kept us straight.’

During this period (1921-23) the Syncopators became well known in that part of the country and played a circuit which included Dayton, Akron, Canton, Columbus, Wooster, Mansfield, Bel Air, and then started to spread out to Huntington, Wheeling, Louisville, Evansville, and Indianapolis. As he ran into different clarinet players, Cecil would eagerly exchange notes on notes, so to speak, and continued to add to his
Japanese Sandman, and Royal Garden Blues.

Pleased with their progress, the band, true to the pattern of the entertainment world, began to think about New York. But, as Cecil put it: "We had our heart and soul in music and were like brothers, so commercialism—and that's what we were afraid it would be—didn't intrigue us too much. I didn't get excited about New York too much till some travelling shows came through and I heard them play tunes like Runnin' Wild. There was always a dance after the shows and we played for some of them. The show people would ask us why we didn't go to New York, and some of them had even heard of us.

"About this time (1925) we were playing in Pittsburgh at the Paramount Cabaret for Gus Greenly—he owned his own nightclub on Wiley Avenue. I remember I used to have a specialty worked up—you know the band had to entertain more in those days than they do now—where I used to play three clarinet at one time on such tunes as Twelfth Street Rag. I held the clarinets in grooves in a special board I rigged up. They used to bill me as 'Great Scott, the Clarinet Wizard.' Evidently word got to New York about the band, because the manager of the Capitol Palace, Johnny Powell, came to Pittsburgh to hear us and booked us into the Capitol for a summer tryout. When we came to New York they advertised us as being from Columbus, because they said nobody ever heard of Springfield, and they even wanted to say from Chicago. We had a good season there and got a return date for the next February. On our trip back we swung through Tennessee and Kentucky, with a long stopover in Lexington.

After the trip to New York the second time the personnel of the band began to change somewhat as the men were heard by the bigger and established bands and started to be 'picked off' as Cecil put it. This was to plague this and successive groups during all their stays in New York, and although two of these groups made some good recordings on Victor, it was fortunate for the jazz world that the Scott groups could never get their feet on the ground. In any event, it was a compliment to the men and the music played. Between these trips to New York the band picked up such players as Dicky Wells in Lexington, Frankie Newton in Huntington, Bill Hicks at Youngstown, as well as Fletcher Allen, tenor; Mac Walker, bass, and Johnny Williams, alto, in other towns. Later Harold McFarren, alto, and Hubert Mann, banjo and guitar, were added. Scott calls Mann "one of the best I have ever heard" and remembers in particular the work he did on Symphonic Sconce (VI 20495).

There has been some debate about the personnel on the above and the other two sides by the Lloyd Scott Orchestra (Happy Hour, the backing to Sconce, and Harlem Shuffle, VI 21491). Index to Jazz and Hot Discography differs, and there is mention of this dispute in the Record Changer of November, 1946, as follows:

"Some time ago the musician Juice Wilson commented to Norman Jenkins that the trumpet section as listed in Hot Discography for the first Cecil Scott session was incorrect. He said that instead of reading Gus Mcclung, Emerson Dickerson and Kenneth Rhone (sic) it should be Gu McCullen, Bill Coleman, Jabbo Smith. I should be glad to hear from any collector having the records as to whether Smith or Coleman can be recognized from any of the trumpet soloists." 1

1 McCarthy, Albert J., "Collectors' Notes," Record Changer, Nov. 1946, p. 10.

Cecil Scott's 1942 band, at the Ubangi Club: the band included Henry Goodwin on trumpet and Ruth Brown (not shown) as vocalist. The two business men types up front with Scott are unidentified.
Although McCarthy calls the orchestra the Cecil Scott Orchestra, he actually referring to the first set of records, made under Lloyd's name. The Scott brothers and Don Frye consulted on the matter for purposes of this article and believe the following to be the correct line-up on the above records: Willie Hicks and Ken Roane, trumpets; Chester Campbell, banjo, and the rest as listed in both books. All the above-mentioned brass men with the exception of Jabbo Smith had been in the band at one time or another, however.

During the second trip to New York, in 1927, the band was booked into the Savoy Ballroom as a relief band at the time when dancing continued from afternoon right into the night. They alternated with such bands as the "Bearcats" (whom Cecil remembers as being a Lucky Millinder group), Fess Williams, Cliff Jackson, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Fletcher Henderson, The Broadway Buddies (Don Redman) and Carroll Dickerson, the latter band featuring Earl Hines on piano at the time. The next time they played the Savoy, on their third swing east, they were booked in as a regular band. This was the band that included Frankie Newton and Bill Coleman, and added Coleman Johnson, sax. On this trip to the Savoy (the band was to continue this swing from west to east for a period of four or five years) Lloyd Scott dropped out of the band and Cecil took over. This was the period when Cecil Scott and his Bright Boys were born. It was a band which was to make a pair of Victor records which are now collector's items. The records, made in November, 1929, are: #38098, Lawd, Lawd/In a Corner; and #38117, Bright Boy Blues/Springfield Stomp.

Now the band began to tour the east between stops at the Savoy, and ranged from New Jersey to Boston. Their first stop in Boston had been in conjunction with a Masonic Convention there circa 1924, and Cecil remembers this trip as follows:

"We dropped into a cabaret, Walter Johnson's Black and White Club, and heard this wonderful music. I asked a fellow from the rest of that band and just filled the room. I asked to meet the player and was introduced to Johnny Hodges. We became friends and we were fortunate enough to have him join our group on our return trip to New York. I was playing alto at the time so Johnny and I teamed up and worked out fifteen or twenty numbers. In New York we roomed together at our 'domicile' on 135th Street. Finally Johnny left to go with Duke, who also wanted to take Dicky Wells and myself, and at that time our band went into the Renaissance Ballroom on 125th Street, playing opposite Horace Henderson. While there, Sammy Stewart from Chicago came into the Arcadia, and they needed a front man. I doubled between my band and his, working it shift to shift. He had some good men as I remember—Bill Green on trombone, Chu Berry on sax, and Sid Catlett on drums. Chu was still reading pretty much, and we worked out together and he began to develop a real hot style. During the time we were on the stand we used to do a little acting and I remember that Sid Catlett and I worked up a little act where he would drum on every thing in the room, and I would be right behind, riding on the tenor. On our next swing west Chu went with us, and I remember the fine time we had when I featured him in his home town of Wheeling.

"Several of the following trips westward were together with Fletcher Henderson's band—we would hold battles of music as we went from town to town. On these trips I roomed with Coleman Hawkins and we became great friends. After one of these trips Bill Coleman, Wells, and Davis left to go with Fletcher—they were still picking at us—and I sent for Roy Eldridge, whom I knew to be a pretty good trumpet player. With both Roy and Chu we really had a rockin' band. It got to be quite a job holding a band together all the time though, and after a while we began to meet for dates and started gigging in between. Teddy Hill had been booked into a circuit run—the Apollo, Savoy, and then the road, and I agreed that the boys should go along if they wanted. It was about then, and even some before that, that I started gigging with different groups and played with one or the other more or less permanently."

It was about this period, then, that Scott joined the Missourians, generally acknowledged to be the forerunner of the Cab Calloway Band. This organization made some twelve sides for Victor. Jazz historians also indicate the Andy Preer Cotton Club Orchestra, with much the same personnel, as having recorded a single side for Gennett (6056, 6057) in 1926. In the interim there was a more or less permanent stay with the many Clarence Williams groups, starting with the Blue Five in 1927 and continuing through 1933. Some days in the Williams groups found him playing clarinet harmony along with Bert Socarras for the trumpet of King Oliver. This group can be heard on OK 8465 and BF 7017. Eventually Ed Allen replaced Oliver, as is known, and the group became prolific recorders. Scott can be heard on roughly fifty of these Williams group records.

Reminiscing about the early Williams days, Scott came close to smiling when talking about King Oliver. "I can't help but smile because that's all he ever made us do. We used to meet up at 'Cuz's'—that's Clarence Williams—office on 45th Street and take a cab from there over to New Jersey. That's where WOR was located in those days, near Newark, and we did several broadcasts from there, some of them on the Maxwell Coffee Hour. It was about this time that I took up trumpet, originally to make it easier for me to hear the vocals for us. Well, from the time we left the office till we got to Newark, Oliver would have us in stitches. Many times 'Cuz would make us work for that broadcast. As for Oliver's playing, well, I guess time itself has said more about it than I ever could."

Following his stint with the Williams group, Scott worked for a time with the Fletcher Henderson aggregation in place of Coleman Hawkins and playing alongside Don Redman and Buster Bailey. It was about this time that Chu Berry and Eldridge left Teddy Hill and were fondly remembered as a sax. Cecil then joined Hill in time for the opening at the Harlem Square Club in Miami, followed by dates in Philadelphia and at the Apollo and the Savoy. He decided that it was at the Miami that he took what was probably one of his most famous solos. "Edna May Holly, now Mrs. Sugar Ray Robinson, had baked a cake in honor of the band's opening, and I had helped myself to a generous serving. At about this time the downbeat was given and I was faced with playing a sax solo with a face full of cake! I knew I had to make some face, but I was not about to have to say I need not face anybody. Incidentally, there were some good men in that band. I can remember, particularly, Frankie Newton, Russell Procop, Shad Collins, and Dick Fullbright. Shortly after we ended the circuit, Hill went to England and the band broke up.

"Shortly before this time," interjected Scott, "I had worked with Bessie Smith at some time, and it seemed we used to rehearse at her apartment and honest, it was just like going to a party. Rehearsing with her was a gala affair. You knock at the door and she throws open and shouts 'My Man! Yes, I was one of Bessie's boys. She'd made you feel so happy you'd be ready to go to work before you got the horn out of the case. We worked hard but in between there was nothing but fun. When we did work, we (Continued on Page 18)"
LOUIS
and
the
blues

BUCKLIN MOON

Maybe it has all been said and said better than I could ever hope to say it. I am neither critic nor musicologist, and I say this neither in apology nor with chips on
shoulder, but rather in humbleness. In the twenties I happened to hear Louis in Chicago and it was a deep emotional experience. I am not likely to forget, possibly the more so
because it had nothing whatsoever to do with the fact that "jazz" might or might not be the only original American art form. It was simply a new sound and there was
no one around to tell me why I ought to like it, or even that I ought to like it, but when it hit me full in the guts I happened to like it, and I still do.

But as exciting as all that was I don't think I ever heard Louis until I happened to get ahold of a record by Maggie Jones called Good Time Flat Blues. I can't even recall
if I knew that it was Louis on the record when I bought it (I had started buying his records by then, I know, but I certainly wasn't a collector), but I did think of it. In those
days Columbia did not bother to list such information on the label the way Okeh sometimes did.

Truth is, I don't even know how the record happened to find me; I bought most of my records summers in Wisconsin in a city where no stores carried "race" items. But probably Columbia, even in those days, was a name to be reckoned with. I do know that I always had to wait until I went to
Minneapolis, ninety miles away, in order to stock up on Okeh Louis. The town where I was numbered a little over twenty thousand, but so far as I know there was never
an Okeh sold there and it was to be years before I saw my first Paramount.

No matter, I got the record and I guess I played the hell out of it, and then it got broken or lost and I went on to better things—probably Isham Jones because I was
younger in those days and you never got far humming that second chorus of Potato Head Blues in someone's shell-like little pink ear.

I guess I'm going about this the long way round but that's the way it really was. The record was gone and I thought I had for-
gotten it until I heard it some years later and it all came back with a rush. In the meantime a lot of things had happened, the most important of which was that I began
to stumble onto the rural blues in the South—Saturday nights on the street corners where white and colored town merged; an old blind man, led by a young boy, who used to
come around with a guitar to the back of a joint where I hung out and sang; and finally a backwoods jook where I used to park in
the darkness to listen and soak it up, until the night a white cop came along and drove me off. I hadn't thought much about Jim
Crow until that night but I thought a lot about it from then on.

There has been a lot written about the blues and much of it doesn't make a whole lot of sense. It seems to me that you can say
just so much, but from then on you have to feel it. The blues, like any art form which has survived for a long time, have as
rigid a form as poetry, yet they are not something which you can intellectualize about in the same way. A lot of people have
heard it, but they never get very far.

No one really knows how old the blues are, but it is doubtful that they were ever put to paper (by this I don't mean published
in sheet music form) much before the turn of the century. Perhaps, as E. Simms Campbell has suggested, they were once a means
of communication, a subtle form of warning. There is no doubt that there is in them a strong condemnation of the ruling caste
which could never be spoken to a white man's face. But though on the surface there is sadness and perhaps even a seeming hope-
lessness, underneath is militant protest and also hope, though it is a hope for a better tomorrow. Some day someone will write a
thesis or a doctorate on the inner meaning of the blues and it will be a wonderful commentary on our whole society; one can only
hope that it will be someone who is not only a scholar of the mind but of the heart as well.

I do not know how early the cornet was used as a part of the blues accompaniment, but certainly it was an urban development
and quite possibly came fairly late. The rural blues, so far as I know, were confined to a background of guitar alone, or a combina-
tion of guitar and one or more of the "bass clarinet"—harmonica, kazoo, washboard, even a pair of spoons—more frequently, what Charles Edward
Smith aptly calls "ally" fiddle. But of these the guitar was dominant, perhaps because it most nearly approximated the human voice.

The slur from off-origin to on-origin which so many blues singers use so effortlessly, for example, is certainly more closely akin to the blues than to any other in-
strument. I have an idea that when the blues moved into urban areas they underwent subtle changes (in order to appear
a part of the city most people try to get the "country" out of their speech, as well as out of the way they dress), and maybe it was at this point that the cornet came
to its own as a part of the sung blues.

Later further changes came via the vaudeville circuit—mainly the T. O. B. A.—and the changing ratio of women to men blues
singers, likewise an urban development, was also speeded up.

At what precise point it occurred is not so important. The point is that at some time the cornet, and later the trumpet, became
the dominant force that the guitar had been, and in the hands of a few men—Oliver, Armstrong, Joe Smith and Laddner came
readily to mind—a thing of sudden new beauty.

Of the four I think that Louis was the greatest, but more important, infinitely better than he ever was on the Hot Fives. I have a theory about that, too, though I'm not certain that anyone will want to buy it.

What I am getting at is that the hot solo as we now know it probably stems from the Hot Fives. It was not unknown in the older
New Orleans style, of course, but it was used sparingly and the ensemble was the most important part of that music. I don't mean
to imply that there are nothing but Arm-
strong solos on every Hot Five record, but merely that Louis did develop such tech-
nique and power by this time that makes it almost seem so. But when he played blues accompaniment he sacrificed some of that
power—partly because he was no longer the
lead instrument but also, I suspect, because he had come up from the bottom and really
felt the blues more deeply than he did any other musician. Nor to be forgotten either is the fact that Louis was a great blues singer
in his own right.

Louise has been quoted as saying that those
carey records were rough and made by men
(and here I know he includes himself) who
had not yet reached the peak of their musical growth. Could be, Pops, but if you ever forged a more beautiful or haunting
thing than your background on Good Time Flat Blues I'd like to treat you to a good dinner!

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THE RECORD CHANGER
125 La Salle Street
NEW YORK 27, N. Y.
I'd better start by reminding you again that this is really just a sample—not a full count—of some of the rare records of jazz. It's a report of ownership by 72 collectors around the country. It's intended to give an idea of relative scarcity.

This project started last year with two lists of rare records appearing in the April and December issues of this magazine. Owners of copies were invited to write me—itemizing their holdings, the condition of each copy, and any general observations they cared to make. The response was spotty. Some collectors answered promptly and meticulously. Others kept their heads in the sand, okay—that's their privilege. (Or is it?)

In the May issue this year I reported on the Olivers in the list. This second installment concerns King Joe's second set, the ineffable Louis Armstrong. Let me report on his records in the order they were listed in the first "Census" article.

#1 OK 8261 Happy Ruggles has a New copy. Mine is a shade less than perfect. Other copies reported ranged as follows: E, E- E-, V, V, V, G+, G and G. Playing condition is of first consideration—but Merrill Hammond reminds us that the original of this run of OKehs had large red labels and a milled edge on the disc. Later box-reissues are a thinner disc; not milled; with a purple-red label. The music is the same in all cases.

#2 OK 8299 Again, Happy Ruggles leads the parade with a New copy. Bill Love and Bill Russell report F and E. Mine is E-. Hammond's V to E. Others: V+, V, V, G and G. This seems to be the scarcest of the first five Hot Fives. Walt Allen reported sale/auction listing of these five in old issues of the Record Changer as follows: 62, 16, 110, 69 and 24.

#3 OK 8300 This one is relatively common. The surprise to me was that any jazz collector did not own an original of this superb record. New copies are prized by Happy Ruggles and Bill Russell, Ken Hughes of Portland, Oregon, Charlie Huber of West Hartford, and me. Others: N-, 5Es, 6Vs and a couple of Gs.

#4 OK 8318 New copies: Russell, Ruggles, Love, Hughes, Holbrook—and doubtless many others who wouldn't want it known. Nine other copies were graded: E, E, V, V, V, G, G and G. This OK 8320 Ruggles and Russell have New copies. Merrill Hammond's and mine are down a half grade. At McVitty in Falmouth on the Cape has a new copy with the later blue label. Other copies: 3Es and 3Vs.

It would have been interesting to get a check on the rest of these earliest Hot Fives and the Hot Sevens. Hammond and Huber rate 8447 hardest to find. That's the Irish Black Bottom. Bill Russell says the rarest is 8447, 8357, and 8396. My poorest copy of the run through 8519 is 8496. Melancholy Keyhole. Beyond this point, be sure you don't miss both variants of I Can't Give You Anything But Love (a and c takes). Also the Some of These Days with vocal (OK 41298) and the slightly earlier version with a real hot-gravy trombone solo (OK 8729). The When You're Smilings are different, too. There's one of the Decas that is hard to find: De 3151, W.P.A./Marie. It was cut out very quickly. Political overtones, maybe. Oh, yes, there are curious with unexplained couplings like one I have with I Can't Give You and the OK 8669 label backed by Bain Street with the 41241 label. A salesman's demonstration copy, perhaps? Or a jukebox special.

#10 VO 15165 Bill Love, Bill Russell, Merrill Hammond and Med Stoll down in Plainsville, Texas have New copies. John Beeler of Columbus, Ohio, claims no better than F- or F. From there we have no reports except a copy of low Gs. I sold my copy to a collector on the West Coast some years ago and have received reports ever since. Perry Bradforth the other day and he coly suggested there were some surprises about the personnel on that Jazz Photos date. He says to watch for his book.

#33 Br 3567 This is the famous Dodds Black Bottom Stompers date where Louis owns the first 90 seconds, Johnny dominates the second 90 and the ensemble takes the remainder of the three minutes on Wild Man. 26 is the rare take. Louis flubs the start. But the stuff is so great, they had to ignore the fluff. 25 is the other of Wild Man. Melancholy comes as 27 or 28. These aren't differentiated by most collectors who reported. In any case, Happy Ruggles and others have brand-new copies. Everyone else has an E. 25 copies were reported. Most of any record. Bill Rogers of San Francisco has four copies. Also, the Canadian Brunsricks of this.

#34 VO 15632 To give you an idea of the scarcity of this one, Bill Russell reports no better than an F+ copy in his vaults. Henry Hendrikson, Minneapolis artist and authority on the Gennett Electrobeams, treasures a New copy of this Dodds Weary/N. O. Stomp. Another high copy is said to be in San Francisco. And Bill Love has an E. Besides these four—none.

#42 OK 8312 This is Chippie Hill's unforgettable Trouble In Mind. Quite common. Hammond, Russell and Holbrook have New copies. Others report E, E-, V+, V and 4Gs. Recently heard from Charlie Huber that he picked up a few 9 copies in Philadelphia—but no other Chippie. It is apparent that this is the least scarce of all the Louis accommodations of Bertha Hill from Chicago. Ill. Hammond describes her OK 8420 (Pratt City). "More Louis on this than any other Top flight. A must. Rare."

#57 OK 8173 V. Liston's Right Key. Bill Love, Bill Beckman and I have New copies. Others: 2Es and 3Vs. Walt Allen found this offered more often than the Perry Bradforth VO 15165 (see above). One of the best features of this record is the fine Bechet. This was the last of the Armstrongs in Part I of the original Census list. Part II ran several months later and drew only half the response. So don't compare the quantity of replies below with those listed above. From here on, mentions will be fewer. But you can see how the following records compare to each other.

#110 PM 12009 Ollie Powers. Bill Love has an E copy. Take not stated. John Randolph of Fulton, Missouri, has a V Paramount (take 1). V Puritan 11263 (take 1 and 4). V Phonogram 581 (take 3) and an F V Harmograph 874 (take 5). There are also takes 2, 4 and 6. The 3 has no vocal. The 4 was used for Jazz Information and UHCA. Take 5 is reputedly the best. Oh Harmo—(Continued on Page 18)
The recording session is over, and even I feel as if I had passed a crisis. Nobody could be more peripheral than I was, and be within the circle of agitation at all, but the world looks different to me this morning. Charles has not been peripheral; he has suffered at the center, and last night it was as if years had fallen from him. Charles' sense of history is dispassionate, whereas I can command merely romance—imagine being there when Louis and Johnny Dodds made *Wild Man Blues*, or when Jelly Roll collected his faculties and played *Mamie's Blues* into a microphone! Or, even more romantic, when he laid his gun on the piano and so cooed from the Hot Peppers those brilliant performances! The latter event is legendary, but it is the kind of thing that accumulates in my mind and has now produced my feeling of having passed a crisis.

But Charles, a genuine historian, has his mind fixed on dates, personnel and quality of equipment; even the presence of that gun on that piano arouses in him no sentiment but rather acts as a symbol of a fact—that jazz is created by hard-working musicians, not by brainless persons desiring to tootle by inspiration.

Therefore what impressed Charles most about this recording session was the felicity of the physical arrangements—the splendid equipment, brought right into the club where the musicians feel at home, the absence of technical experts with stopwatches and a crushing interest in decibels, the hands-off policy of Mr. Avakian, who conducted the session in behalf of the studio, the services of Mr. McIntyre, able to direct intelligently the movements of the dread microphone. Jelly Roll and Louis recorded usually under conditions so unsympathetic that the single helping hand was God's, made manifest in the creative gift, and in the nonchalance that goes with that gift and makes music emerge from the cold bare mausoleums of recording studios. And so Charles thought the kindly atmosphere in this case was in itself historically momentous. The musicians involved are also historically momentous. But what produced in Charles the full sense of crisis was this: Turk, Bob, Wally, Short and Lammi have among them pushed far out into areas of knowledge and experience attained only by musicians who possess the purest dedication and talent of the first order, and they are all in the peak of condition—but they were to be joined by a strange trumpet player for purposes of the session. Nobody doubted the qualifications of Kinch for the job, the only trouble with him was that though he is an old friend of the band he has not been playing with it. Like Benny Goodman sitting down with the Budapest Quartet, he was a question personified: could he catch on? would he succeed with his difficult job, or would he fail and destroy the fabric history had woven? Kinch was resoundingly heroic. He seemed to me a man looking an ordeal in the face, appalled by his responsibility. The tunes he knows, the arrangements he does not; and he had to master each one in a few minutes, swallow the routine in one gulp and play the tune, standing between those towering authorities. Bob and Turk, while Mr. McIntyre held that microphone in front of him.

It was simply what he was expected to do. What any self-respecting musician is always being called on to do, nobody regarded him as heroic, there was no intimation in the attitude of Turk or Bob that he could make or mar an event of august proportions or spoil the display of that hard-won excellence they possess. Turk and Bob have had to play in strange bands themselves and they are able to disregard the heroic. But I, being free to entertain such fancies, was very much moved by Kinch as a hero. This was particularly so since I had the impression that he did not feel sure of himself. His manner was
not confident, he groaned when he heard himself played back on the machine. And let us pause in admiration of the fact that he has not been playing trumpet lately, but string bass!

He was a hero, and he made it pay—he was a success. He fought off the paralyzing grip of tension and freed himself to function as a talented musician. One or two of the tunes he had to read, and he did that patiently until he knew them; he made mistakes and pushed himself together; he learned himself five times to one particular tune he didn’t know, dreaded to play for its difficulty, and could not play well. A brave man.

Turk and Bob, as I said, were not occupied with thinking that the fate of genius was in the balance. They were thinking about something else that was in the balance—a successful recording session, in the most practical sense. They had their own problems of pressure and tension, and their own kind of concern about Kinch. Turk’s difficulties as leader were so many, and so tangled between music and musicians, that I don’t know how he found his way through them, but he did, and so quietly that his leadership wasn’t noticeable, though there was never a moment when it failed. Bob was a little different. Of them all he seemed the most deeply involved in seriousness, in the stress and strain of being an artist at a crucial point in his career. He was the most preoccupied among those quiet, preoccupied people, the most withdrawn. If I knew more, I might be able to discover the reason for this in his private consideration of those complex problems of musicianship with which a New Orleans band musician always has to deal, problems of an esoteric nature far beyond my understanding. However, it seems quite obvious that he (Turk and the others as well) had to solve on the spot problems presented by the addition of a trumpet to a band that had been playing without one. He looked deeply distracted—not the shallow, hysterical kind of distraction that shows itself in harried gestures, but the central kind that gives to the eyes an expression of perplexity and travail. He was worried; and worried as he was he played his solo clarinet number with such nonchalance that the record of it will advance him to the thin front rank of clarinetists. Let us hope that between his performance and the finished record no sound engineers intervene. I hope also that he slid down from the mountain of crisis on a galaxy of Scotch, and that, as he says, everything is just fine. When everything is just fine, Bob says he thinks of all kinds of things he will do and is filled with grand ambition, but that in the morning he is just himself again, soberly.

So much depended on Turk as leader that the subtleties contributing to his success are beyond the sight of an observer. But I understand one thing well—that he is not so foolish as to allow any one else to say to the whole world that he couldn’t put too strongly the statement that he desired to accept himself honorably, desired to produce worthy recording—they seem to make it clear that they mean well. Good. I hope to hear well. Important to him?—the importance to him transcends the personal. It is not a question of how well he is getting along the trombonist in Turk Murphy, it is a question of whether or not music is being made. And there I have to leave him, because my knowledge of music is too limited. I find that what I have said about Turk gives no lively image of a person; somehow the live Turk does not reside in my words. Perhaps my excuse is in the actual fact that the live Turk we know as a friend, and as the architect of the recording session—is the Turk who does not hear on more ordinary occasions than a recording session—this live Turk was very much in abeyance at the session, and was replaced by an image ofTurk as an ideal. He ate his sandwich, he had his drink, he laughed the way he always does; but something less human—because bigger than life-size—absorbed and surrounded him. He only played when the live Turk was on the stand, when he led, played, sang, and guided the unsure Kinch to victory; and though there was a two hour break during dinner I doubt that the live Turk was there again, if he ever was.

Wally, for me, was the comic relief in a situation strenuously serious. I don’t mean that Wally is comic—how could you be a comic person and be part of Turk’s devotion to this project? No, Lammis, with his refusal to be concerned, or at any rate to look concerned—these were, in the midst of all that pressure, charmingly funny. Wally is a comic, I don’t know why. He has a face that is not flawless self-confidence, no recording machine or Mr. McIntyre with a waving microphone can disturb his equanimity. He just plays. He sits down and plays the number looking at his score, fluently, without strain. Whether Wally is better than any other tubaist, or not, I don’t know. What I do know is that the give and take of the session was good enough for me, that Wally maintains his dignity.

The tense is difficult; the routine seems to battle Kinch, who is tiring (after ten hours). Kinch’s ticklish point, through Wally’s first terrific solo, and then Bob incredibly blunders into what was supposed to be Wally’s break. It is not a break in Wally’s arms, they stop, they laugh, Kinche says something that Bob didn’t have to do all that just to make me feel better!

Turk says, “Once more, let’s try it again”—and Wally shoots up off the piano chair, and comes back to the recording setup with a high voice, “No! I can’t do it again! I’ve shot my wad!” and vibrates visibly, his eyes, I’m sure, if we could but see, starting out of his head. But no doubt familiar with the fact that without knowledge and utterly unsuspected, that Wally’s temperament does blow up, assures Wally that they won’t try it again. All laugh self-consciously. Wally retires to the piano. What shall they play instead? Various suggestions: Kinch suggests “Sweet Leilani.” Laughter. Foot shuffling. Silence. Then, suddenly Wally says off the microphone, “Well, let’s try that again!” They pose themselves, lift their instruments, Turk says solicitously, “Would you like to take it a little slower, Wally?” and Wally in his mind now, “I can’t change it!”-wrenchful failure to reply, or to say anything, only the stomp-off—and so they achieve the tune, Wally playing with venom, aggressiveness and glittering mastery. When he has finished the rock is again unlaid.

I have pictured Turk and Bob as peaks with Kinch between them being assisted up with the aid of a ladder, but in Turk’s friendly clowning, or, when Kinch plays, the tuba, in Turk’s hugging him between choruses. And I have pictured Wally as a rock. But if this is to be a landscape it must be a volcanic one, with a very high potential of eruption. And into it goes Wally, who plays in such a way that tuba leaves serenely in the hot volcanic airs. Lammis bobs up and down over his banjo, functioning as if timelessly. He hardly ever talks, he just does things. He will prompt him to do so; but his Finnish voice has a strange, mild quality that soothes and refreshes. Once he breaks a string, as usual, and he gives no sign of being conscious that everything else is not quite as usual too. They have been here since one o’clock in the afternoon, it is now nearing midnight, and Lammis’s tranquility suggests that he is good for another twelve hours—forever.

The tube of Short also waves in the background, and beneath its wide-spreading bell sits a lady, the only one to think of him. His freedom from the pressures of Time does not show itself, like Lammis’s, in his execution—though what comes out of the tube is always ravishing. What is impertinent about Short is his will. It might be that it is the tenacity of Short’s will that prevents too-frequent eruptions of the volcanoes. If Short says a thing is, it is; if he says it is not, it is not. I have seen this when Short keeps his own counsel, but the interval ends in a pronouncement. Unthinkable to argue! His sharp tongue and air of finality do not find expression while he is playing. The notes of his tube are mellow and buoyant, and his solos are rich in reflections.

“Things are getting tight!” says Turk, “-loosen him up!” Short comes forward, envelops Kinch in his long arms and stretches his spine—Kinch yelps. He loosens

(Continued on Page 20)
The forces of Turk Murphy continue to set the pace on the West Coast, if not the entire country, from their cozy cellar on San Francisco's North Beach. Their next Columbia release will be a 12-inch LP of Jelly Roll tunes featuring Wally Rose.

Our Italian Village again reports that the Murphy band's versions of Tom Cat, Stratford Hunch, Big Fat Ham, Frog-More and 35th Street Blues should raise those tunes to the same popularity level as the best-known of Jelly's compositions.

Addenda re: Murphy and Co. Bob Helm has given several uninitiated jazzboes a hellish scare in recent weeks by picking up Bob Short's cornet and cutting loose in no uncertain terms on Frankie and Johnny or Dolor Blues. . . . Actually, Helm, like Turk, started on cornet, then made a switch while still in knee pants. . . . And those rumors about a New York trip for the Murphy band before the end of the year persist.

Status quo in Los Angeles is not being disturbed, which is good, bad or "so what" depending on where you sit. Kid Ory supposed to re-hire pianist Lloyd Glenn,—rather a blow to the mouladies but eminently satisfactory to the folks who like to see Ory keep up with the times (cf. . . .) Which reminds us that some recording bug could do quite a stunt with the Kid in the way of a one-man band record. Ory is a better-than-average trumpet player and bass man and could make it adequately on piano, clarinet and guitar (he still studies). . . . Eino Giribay, the "Squire" of many a San Francisco session, now basing his operations in L. A. Tom Sharpsteen, the ex-Firehouse Five and Conrad Janis, clarinetist, is working in the flower shop at Forest Lawn Mortuary and gigging around.

Robert Alexander Scooby and his merry men finally moved out of Victor's in Oakland, where the neighborhood crowd had begun to think they went with the lease. . . . Bob opened the last weekend in July at El Rancho Grande in Lafayette, a few miles East of Oakland. . . . He has Burt Bales, Clancy Hayes, Jack Buck and George Probert, the Bay area's most crusty soprano saxophonist. . . . Maybe a change of scenery was what the Scooby clan needed, because they're reportedly blowing up a storm.

There is a dangerous-sounding little gang of hitherto-unknowns operating around San Jose (50 miles South of San Francisco) under the title of the El Dorado Washboard Band. . . . A couple of rhythmic young ruffians named Don Kuebler and Russ Gilman push things along on banjo and piano, respectively, and the rest of the crew is equally . . .

Benny welcomes Bad Sam with an item that bridges from Chi out to Sam's territory. Lee Collins and Don Ewell have left to open at the Hangover Club in San Francisco with a band of able assistants. Don plans to remain in the Bay City as long as the good people want to hear his fine piano, so he packed the recently purchased Steinway grand under his arm and took off with the missus. Incidentally, it's about time that someone gave notice in print that it is Don's piano behind Bunk Johnson on the AM trio records. (So we've hereby done same.)

The Record Corporation of America (Eli Oberyntz) now holds the rights to almost a dozen defunct labels' masters. Represented are Duke, Dizzy, Sarah Vaughan, Mildred Bailey and many others. Masters are chiefly from Varsity, Royale, Sonora, Guild, Muscrafts, Majestic, although some of each of these catalogues have passed into other hands. For example, the old Mary Lou Williams' "Six Men and a Girl" sides, recorded for Varsity, are now out on Savoy. Confused? Move over.

Not quite as octopus-like as Oberynz, but chugging along at its own merry clip, Riverside Records has also been doing a nice ghoulish job on long-forgotten jazz labels. They started out, of course, by securing rights to Paramount and its innumerable affiliates, have also signed up just about every piano roll ever made (including some practically unheard of rolls by Jilly), and have just revealed that Gennett and Champion are in their hands, plus a few assorted others.

Benny's Expose of the Month: On a recent "Platterbrains" broadcast (a record quiz show, descended from the one-time jazz show of the same name, but now basically concerned with pop material), an embarrassing number of "jazz experts" on the panel thought Dizzy Gillespie's satire on Louis (see this month's record review page) was really Armstrong—a commentary on the ex—

(Continued on Page 20)

Beginning with this issue, Benny Frenchie, our old standby as a purveyor of jazz news, gossip and rumor, is to be flanked, by two colleagues of equal repute. Henceforth, Bad Sam will concentrate on coverage of the West Coast beat, while Aaron Harris will Tell All about New York activities. By virtue of seniority, Mr. Frenchie will continue as a running reporter, unconfined by geography or anything else.

Your evil correspondent learned that there exist some curious minds who are concerned with the more archaic events in the New York precinct.

These are they: The best of all events arises at Jimmy Ryan's on West 52nd Street, where Wilbur DeParis and his Rampart Street Ramblers create some of the liveliest of traditional jazz. Zutty Singleton replaced Fred Moore on drums and after about seven weeks began to really settle down into the band's groove. Some Ramblers' tunes very much worth a special request are The Martinique, Too Much Mustard, Florida Blues, Oceana Roll and Yama Yama Man, not to mention Chattanooga Stomp, Euphonic Sounds, Shreemorel, and Grandpa's Spells. Recent Monday night jam sessions have included Wild Wingy Mannone, Don Frye, Frank Orchord, Cecil Scott, Fred Moore, and miscellaneous faces.

A new club, the Basin Street by name, is due to open soon on 51st Street. Rumors of Dixieland and bop policies are equally strong. George Webbling and Peewee Russell (yes, he is alive) front a five piece hurry-up dixie combo at Jack Dempsey's Broadway at 50th Street. The Bandbox, Birdland and next door competitor for the uptodate sound, is currently permitting combos headed by Sidney Bechet and Muggsy Spanier to add to the fuss. A chap, name of Gomez, replaced Darnell Howard on clarinet with Muggsy. Does very well at it.

Down Greenwich Village way, the usual crowd dominates the expensive atmosphere at Eddie Condon's and Nicky's. Wild Bill Davison at the former, Peewee Erwin at the latter. Café Society has recently featured Phil Napoleon's Memphix Five and Roy Eldridge's quartet with Dick Wellstood. The Stuyvesant Casino closed for the summer while the Central Plaza continues its Friday and Saturday bedlam with Red Allen, Will Smith, Wingy Mannone, and other wood cutters. It takes something more than Hericules and Dionysis to survive here.

Childs' Paramount, Broadway and 43rd Street, continues to feature Conrad Janis along with R. C. H. Smith on trumpet, Gene Sedrinc on clarinet, Elmer Schoebel on piano, and Arthur Trappner on drums. Sunday evening jam sessions have included Wingy Mannone, Jimmy McPartland, and Hot Lips Page group and two new frawd Jazz bands, the Cornell Six and Johnny Mulay's Sioux City Six. The latter are regularly employed at Far Rockaway. Childs was also recently visited by their piece group headed by pianist Fred Washington and combining the wilder elements of Harlem jump style.

(Continued on Page 20)
This is the first column since spring and, although we've had our usual vacation from column writing, we have devoted as much time as we could manage to compiling the Pathe-Perfect Ear Calendar and discography and working on the jumbled mess of the so-called "little" labels of the 1920's. So we want to go on record here and now with a renewed plea to all you collectors for data on any and all of these labels. A list of most of them will be found at the end of our column in the April issue, so please refer back to it for the list.

We need catalog number (including "A" and "B" sides if label uses such designation), title, band name, vocalist (if any), and master and/or control numbers (here all numbers are important—in the wax, under the label surface, and printed on the label). Will you please remember us now that vacations are over and list any such discs you have in your possession and any you may run across and send them in to us?

We would like to ask those people who send in queries about records to make their data complete. That is, don't just give the title and band and record label with possibly the catalog number. It helps if you have the master and take numbers, vocalists' names, and all other masters or controls to be found. Then all possible identifying leads are available to all who try to determine tie-ins, real identities, etc.

Patipour: Bert Worster, of Youngstown, Ohio, asks for any facts on personnel of She Stole My Heart/With You on Romeo 1243 as by Dubin's Dandies/The Clevelanders. (He gave no masters, unfortunately.) B. W Spaulding, of Detroit, wants to know about Bee's Knee/You've Got to See Mama Every Night on Lincoln 2002 as by Dixie Screwdragers/Southern Screwers. (And he doesn't give us any master numbers either!)

Duncan Schiedt, of Indianapolis, Indiana, also has some questions—First, what is the personnel for Earl Oliver's Jazz Babes on Edison? Titles are: Heigh-Ho, the Merry-O and As Long As She Loves Me (no masters again and not even a catalog number!) Second, can we or on Get Out and Get Under the Moon (100650)/I'd Rather Cry Over You (100648) on Ok 41038 as by Billy Hays Orch. on which Duncan hears a horn like Bix and a sax like Trombauer. Lennie Chiarina, of Nash, Mass., asks if Am I Blue (10882-7) on Pe 15185 as by Majestic Dance Orchestra (that master number digit marked? may be a 9, a 4, or even a 2—can anyone find a pressing where that blasted digit is distinct enough to be sure of???) is the same as Am I Blue (3917) as by The Detroiter on Cameo 9204. We can add that this title also appears on Romeo 1006—all details the same as for Ca 9204 and that it is the same as Pe 15185. Len thinks the trombone and clarinet could be Tea and BG, a point open to much argument. We are of the opinion that it may be TD and JD and a Lanin side.

Len also wants to know about Carissa (1559)/Music Makes Me Feel (15570) on Pe 15875 as by Ed Lloyd and His Orchestra where he hears horn and clarin which sound like Bunny and BG. Len points out that masters 14565-14568 are the 10 Jan 11 as Adrian Rollini date which includes both of these musicians! Could it be?

Label of the Month: Our good friend Perry Armagnac of New York City, supply us with our warm weather entry, Clover. This label was claimed by The Nutmeg Record Corporation which also took credit for the seven inch Marathon close-groove disc we had as label of the month in the March column. A very colorful label, Clover, and we'll describe it as best we can. The name Clover appears in gold-outlined white letters, upon a light red background which forms most of the upper part of the label. All other lettering is in gold, upon a dark blue background forming the lower part of the label. The short stripe above the word Clover is in pink and the circular stripe around the edge of the label is white. Side shown is They Can't Blame That On Me (3478-1) as by Clover Dance Orchestra on Clover 1513. Reverse is Dear One (3490-1 in wax, but 3509 on label) as by Halley and His Orchestra. We can list three other Closers: 1519—Southern Rose (3488-2)/Then You Know That You're in Love (3496-2) as by Southern Syncopators/Miami Society Orchestra; 1639—Roll 'Em Girls (3758) w/vocal by George Bearer/My Sweetest Memory (3766) as by California Melody Syncopators/Clover Dance Orchestra; and 1/36—Breezin' Along with the Breeze (3926)/Someone is Lassin' Susan (3932) as by Marlborough Dance Orchestra/Pennsylvania Syncopators. Clover seems to have drawn from both Grey Gull and Consolidated Recording Corp. (the latter being Emerson, Dandy, Ball, etc.). Both of these outfits used 3000 masters, so it is difficult to tell which is which. It is possible that these masters with take numbers are Grey Gull in origin while those without takes are Consolidated. One certainty is that the side shown in our cut (3478-1) is Grey Gull and appears on their label, Radix, One side of Radix 1242 is this same title (3478 A1) by Cosmopolitan Dance Orch. The -1 on Clover and the "A" on Radix must both indicate the first take as these two are identical by aural comparison. Probably Grey Gull and Radixco 1242 would both be the same title as Radix as the label credits might be changed. Anyone with more data on any of the above labels, their operators, tie-ins, listings, etc., is requested to furnish same to us. And did Nutmeg Record Corp. originate any masters of its own?

We return to our opening plea. Please don't forget us; list those discs you have or see with Pathe-Perfect masters and any others fitting into the so-called "small" label classification during the 1920s. We need all the masters we can get, especially the "junk" as the non-jazz is needed to isolate the jazz dates and to show the whole picture of the various master series, tie-ins, etc. We'll be looking for your data at 74 South Road, Harrison, New York (or c/o the Record Changer) and will be back here next month.

Due to continued demand We have reprinted a number of COPIES OF THE SPECIAL

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Anniversary Issue

of THE RECORD CHANGER

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The Record Changer 125 La Salle St., N. Y. C. 27, N. Y.
turk murphy's jazz band
creole belle/daddy doo/the pearls/king chantecler/five aces/clarinet foo yong/mississippi rag/panama

The Murphy coterie has scored again and we find ourselves at a loss for new and vigorous superlatives. Being the first of a series of Columbia LP's exploring the enchanted kingdom of Murphy's province of Barrelhouse, there may well be action taken wherein the Murphys become agents of the UN, spreading joy and breaking up those fighting cats. This is strictly good time happiness and dance-it-up music and if you don't dig, you are square with pointed corners or cool, like dead.

Responsibility for these wonderful red hot doing's falls upon the trombone, clarinet, trumpet, piano, banjo and tuba of Turk Murphy, Bob Helm, Don Kinch, Wally Rose, Dick Lammi, and Bob Short respectively. Everybody shines and especially Bob Helm who is among the most exuberant, imaginative, aural agile artists to be heard in jazz. Foo Yong, a reedy version of Armstrong's Cornet Chop Suey, provides adequate testimony. Incidentally, here as in The Pearls, Mr. Murphy makes a substantial contribution on the washboard. Helm's final two choruses on Pearls are superb and, for that matter, the entire album is probably his best recorded work. King Chantecler is a roasting Barnaby Coast stomp with some surprise sounds and a first strain that later became part of a tune called Egyptian Ella. A splendid banjo solo by Dick Lammi occurs hereon. Five Aces is a Murphy original with plenty of down home flavor. Somehow it keeps reminding us of the verse of the song of Maryland and an old pop tune called How Could Red Riding Hood Have Been So Very Good and Still Keep the Wolf from Her Door? The remaining tunes are all carried off in laudable fashion. Don Kinch, during some of his wilder moments on Panama, is somewhat suggestive of Mutt Carey. Endless compliments to a most cohesive rhythm section.

This is "West Coast" jazz in its most highly evolved form, exciting and swinging all the way. It seems as if the arrangements are overly heavy (for example, on the title Mississippi Rag) but then, an accurate interpretation of certain tunes virtually requires this. (Columbia CL 6257) (R.L.T.)

James P. Johnson

Charleston/I've got my habits on/harlem strut/vampin' liza jane/harlem chocolate babies on parade/make me a pallet on the floor/loveless love/it takes love to cure the heart's disease

These eight selections of "early Harlem piano" were transcribed from piano rolls dating from 1921 to 1926 and by means of an excellent recording job, stand as a great monument to an even greater artist.

Most of the tunes were featured in shows of that period. Interestingly enough, Habits lists Jimmy Durante among its composers. Parade reminds of Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder for four bars. Johnson's playing is here much earthier, although not lacking any of the musicianship of his later period. One might call it a synthesis of the previous piano styles in jazz with, perhaps, an emphasis on ragtime. All of the tunes are in medium or fast tempo and consequently there is no opportunity to investigate the slow blues style at which Johnson excelled. Nevertheless, he comes on with plenty of fervor hereon. (Riverside RLP 1011) (R.L.T.)

Johnny Dodds, Vol. 2

nineteenth street blues/loveless love/e. c. pill blues/your folks/messin' around/adam's apple/salty dog/steal away

Well now, isn't this nice? Since nothing bad can be said of Johnny Dodds, this is a good good record. Since we find here eight very rare selections, this is a good good record.

Nineteenth and Loveless find only Tiny Parmah's very able piano accompanying the Dodds' clarinet. A nice verse is provided to introduce the familiar chorus of Loveless. C. C. F. features Blind Blake on guitar and vocal and Jimmy Bertrand on slide whistle in a wonderful back room skiffle. This may be the rarest of Dodds items and certainly is among the very best. Blake's vocals are excellent ("Blues and trouble are my two best friends.") but what a C. C. Fills is, we never learn. Oh, anthropologists, oh, provers of the word, run ye to the oracle and discover what is this pill. It may make us a happy people or it may be a lative. Your Folks (a delightful title) is rendered by Blythe's Washboard Ragamuffins (an even more delightful title) and provides piano and washboard (you expected tympani?) solicitations. The Ragamuffins are augmented by Freddie Keppard's cornet, an unknown trombone, and Trixie Smith's vocal (Messin') on the next two gents. Messin' is a superior jazz vehicle and Adam's Apple is of the mood of the well known Keppard item, Stockyard Strut. The "folk" version of Salty Dog and the ditty Steal Away are played by the Paramount Pickers, i.e., a guitar and piano backing up Dodds. The vocalist among the Pickers lies somewhere between the vo-de-o-do and early Bing Crosby periods. Wonderful wonderful good good collector's items all. (Riverside RLP 1015) (R.L.T.)

Art Hodes' Chicago Rhythm Kings

there'll be some changes made/song of the wanderer/sugar/rollidelberg street rag/tin roof blues/digga digga doo/four or five times/ found a new baby

Pianist Art Hodes, one of the Chicago and eastward perennials, is here distinguished with a collection of his doings back 1940 way. The first four titles were originally recorded under the Chicago Rhythm Kings caption, the latter four as Art Hodes' Blue Three, all on the Signature label. The trio includes Rod Cless on clarinet
and Jimmy Butts on bass. The Kings add Marty Marsala on trumpet, Jack Goss on guitar, and replace Butts by Earl Murphy.

With the exception of Wanderer, the tunes are not too inspiring. They are, however, given adequate and occasionally masterly treatment. Much more should be heard of the Marsala trumpet. Although his tone and conception are superior to his more familiar Commodore sides, the present selections display a gusto very much like that by which Wild Bill Davison is known. Cless' performance is mainly passionate with more or less randomly dispersed moments of brilliance. Hodes is truly the lightning spirit throughout, giving his near-all time and again. Guitarist Goss furnishes excellent rhythm and an occasional pleasing solo. The trio sides are relaxed, making no attempts at being productions and not going anywhere in particular. Wanderer and Changes are the most interesting and hot performances, with everybody very much carried away. No doubt some of Hodes' best piano turns are hidden here. Jimmy is a blues bit later recorded by Hodes under the title, Clark and Randolph.

It is interesting to stack up sides like these against other comparable groups (Turk Murphy's five-piece combo, Ellington and Goodman units, Jimmy Noone, Red. Jimmy's Bluebells groups, etc.) and just be amazed at the number of different conceptions that occur within the general jazz framework. (Riverside RLP 1012) (R.L.T.)

the fabulous trombone of ike rodgers

nickel's worth of liver/screenin' the blues/it hurts so good/good chib blues/my man blues/prison blues/21st street stomp/barrel house flat

Old Ike Rodgers was a very quiet man. He played trombone into an old beer can, a chicken wire screen and perhaps an old shoe. And if you don't be good, he'll play it into you.

He played the blues like nobody ever could. He played them for liver and for every chib that would. He made them low, and on 21st Street, fast, With pianists Sykes, Brown, and who knows on the last.

Edith and Mary Johnson, Alice Moore too, Hang around old Ike and sing it plenty blue.

But on a couple numbers, ain't no ladies there

But it means nothing if you bake your jelly rare.

Old Ike Rodgers was a remarkable cat

On the low-down blues he'd lay it on you pat.

So if you got taste for really messin' round,

Fetch this rare old pressing and dust that man's ground.

(Riverside LP 1013) (R.L.T.)

blind lemon jefferson

shuckin' sugar blues/broke and hungry/long some house blues/jack o'diamonds blues/mosquito m a n/southern woman blues/that black snake moan No. 2/balky mule blues

When it comes to the earthy folks blues, Blind Lemon is among the granddaddies of them all. That Lead Belly and Josh White were among his apprentices is all that many know of him. This LP permits us to discover that he was a very great folk artist in his own right, singing and playing the blues with rich, moving and poetic quality. Surface and reproduction are of the best, an amazing property considering that the material was originally recorded for Paramount in 1926-1928. (Riverside RLP 1014) (R.L.T.)

knocky parker trio

the naked dance/wolverine blues/original rags/sidewalk blues/limehouse blues/barrelhouse blues/smoky makes/memphis blues

That jazzy old piano picking professor, name of John "Knocky" Parker, once again runs amok on the keyboard. Running somewhat less amok with him are clarinettist Omer Simeon and drummer Arthur Herbert. The occasion was a concert down Kentucky way in 1949, give or take a year, and behold, it got stuck long and spawned this limited edition LP. Mr. Simeon makes a sparkling clean job of it and is to be congratulated. Mr. Herbert contributes ably and at times obtrusively. (Trio work of this kind calls for extra restraint and sensitivity of the part of a drummer. Where

this is absent in the present instance, it is undoubtedly due to the harshness of preparations for the amok concert.) Mr. Parker performs in his compelling maniac way, introducing such dynamics and gyrations of which no piano has dared dream.

He has assimilated virtually all of the piano styles that ever were and throws them back at times delightfully and whimsically, at times ingeniously, at times menacingly and bewilderedly, but always affirmatively. Classical ragtime, Jelly Roll Morton, and bits of Joe Sulli-van are prominent in the present appearance.

As might be expected, the Jelly Roll Morton tunes, Naked Dance, Wolverine, and Sidewalk, are most successful. The high spot of mutually complementary and constructive playing seems to be a few choruses of Sidewalk. Original Rags, a Scott Joplin masterpiece, is also given a first magnitude performance. The two Houses, Lime and Barrell are mediocre pre-fabs. Memphis is given an interesting formal interpretation but still dragged along the old house like it. Nobody in the band knows Smokey Mokes, which is just as well since it isn't a trio number anyway. Be not depressed, the Morton and Joplin numbers are worth twice the price of the record. (Dixie LP 101) (R.L.T.)

the mills brothers

say si si/i'm with you

I suppose that the finest recent demonstration of the Mills family's perfect swing is the way they ignore the overblown orchestral accompaniments they now set on records and create and hold their own moving beat for themselves.

Their style (especially when unaccompanied) constitutes, it seems to me, a perfect introduction to what is basic to good jazz, their unity, their swing, their solo variation, their demonstrations of what is basic to true hot variation and improvisation—their ease, their提前 perfection of the balance of the hot with the sweet and the soft. Use them on the novice in place of a skiffle or church record, and I believe you will probably show him a lot more about what is good in jazz. (Decca 28670) (M.T.W.)

dizzy gillespie

pop's confessin'/blue skies

Confessin' is a very funny record: a burlesque, with a minimum of malice, of Armstrong, vocally by Joe Carroll, trumpet-wise by Diz, and of an audience by the band. In so far as the intent behind the burlesque is satirical, it is good satire and hence good criticism.

Good because it hits Louis at a weak point, at that naive exuberance which is the dominant emotional attitude not only in a crowd-pleaser like Confessin', but in almost all his music, even the most brilliant, past and present. Certainly there is nothing wrong (and a lot that is charming) about childish exuberance, but if it governs all of an artist's work, that is at least a limitation. (Dee Gee 3605) (M.T.W.)

gerry mulligan quartet

bernie's tune/lullaby of the leaves

This is a pleasant and highly talented "cool" group. They play quietly in understatements. On Leaves, this studied softness is almost a kind of eerie lethargy, and it is never, of course, that kind of quietness and sweetness that Jelly Roll and Buck said was the manner of the best jazz.

A really exciting thing is a sprightness passage of counterpoint (true counterpoint, not the kind of novelty of New Orleans music) in Bernie's Tune, between a low register trumpet and baritone sax. There have been several previous attempts in the "modern" school at counterpoint and they have been stilted, academic, and arty. This group makes it clear, unostentatious, bright and natural. (Pacific Jazz 601) (M.T.W.)

"big eye"

lois nelson delisle

dinah/b-flat blues/clarinet marmalade/you made me what I am/basin street blues/black cat on the fence/pork chop/holler blues

There is probably no point in repeating the great historical-documentary importance of recordings, whatever their quality, of the "man who first played jazz clarinet." That should be well admitted. Jimmy Noone is the most obvious stylistic pupil of "Big Eye Louis," but a little more listening and comparing shows that most of the New Orleans clarinets were (Continued on Page 19)
letters to the editor

A few comments on the "Marshall Stearns Issue": as much as I like Marshall and all that he is doing, I think that all the effort that went into the fashioning of this issue was completely lost. What I mean is that I don't think he reached the "average" reader. For crack-pots like me, I have eaten up every line, but the "average reader" will say "too much stuff to plow through, and much too deep;"

I thought the wonderful collection of photos by Ramsey were the best I've seen in many a moon. Thank you for yielding your mag for this issue. It was very unselfish of you and will do much for "the cause."

Dr. Edmond Souchon
New Orleans, La.

Congratulations on your July-August issue; it's a considerable service to jazz as will be the Institute. You also deserve commendation for the earlier editorial on Bucklin Moon.

Nat Hentoff
WMEX Boston, Mass.

I enjoyed the issue of The Record Changer containing our Chicago Round Table on Jazz. However, I wish you would pass on to the individual responsible a complaint about the lines identifying me.

1) ETC. is the journal not of the Institute of General Semantics, but of the International Society for General Semantics. The former is in Lakeville, Connecticut, the latter in Chicago.

2) Armour Institute of Technology ceased to exist in 1940 when it was merged into Illinois Institute of Technology.

3) I resigned from Illinois Institute of Technology in 1947.

You will be glad to know that I have already had favorable reactions from a number of people around San Francisco about the special issue on the Institute on Jazz Studies. I believe you are right in saying that jazz research is indeed about to enter a new era, and I congratulate you on your editorial energy and vision which will help to bring the new era into being.

With all good wishes,
S. I. Hayakawa
Language Arts Division
San Francisco State College

I think it is about time that I wrote to tell you how much I have enjoyed your magazine for the past three years. I started my subscription with the pictorial history of jazz issue and have read every issue since. I think your article in the May issue this year appealed to me as much as any. It didn't have anything to do with jazz as jazz. It was the editorial about Bucklin Moon. My sentiments can be summed up in the phrase "I hate McCarthy." It's terrible how so many people can "defend" the American way of life (which includes freedom of speech, etc.) and still condemn people for acting according to these American rights. Thanks a lot for your editorial. I hope every buyer of the magazine read it no matter which side of the fence they sit on.

What I particularly wanted to rave about, though, is the latest issue (July-August). For so long the jazz world has needed an organization like "The Institute of Jazz Studies" to further its cause (i.e., to be accepted by all as an important art form). So many organizations have not lasted because of the narrowness of appeal. The New Jazz Society fostered by Barry Ulanov, Metronome, etc., was such a group. I was so impressed by what you are trying to do that I have contacted the Sociology and Music departments at the college I attend to at least sit down and read the articles. Please keep this organization going. By the way Mr. Blesh suggested that jazz enthusiasts could maybe help gather any information—I'd be glad to help in any capacity.

Woody Randolph
Toledo, Ohio

To Frederic Ramsey, Jr.:
Yipe— When I opened the Special Summer Issue of the Changer and saw your spread, I said to myself—"What do you know—here's a cat who can do something besides moan!"

Man— those are PICTURES! I mean— they are really good. They should be spread far and wide in a slick paper De Luxe mag of some kind, with good fine-line engraving.

Of course Bourke-White has done some things, but the emphasis was along a different slant. Might suggest that with your perspective eye you could get much more actual musicianship in more shots—maybe you have, and we will be favored with them in future issues.

I'm just a mouldy fig, but have spent over 20 years in photography in the past. Really do dig that provocative art work in the Changer. Hope to get to New Orleans this winter, with camera.

Don Loving,
Indianapolis, Ind.

I'm writing this letter because that review of the Bunk Johnson records in your May issue could not go without a little protest. After letting Mr. Martin Williams tear down Lewis and Robinson, I suggest that you let someone else more capable write a feature article on the George Lewis band, which in recent months has made a very successful tour of the West Coast, Also Lewis' new L.P. on Good Time Jazz ought to be out pretty soon. Title will be "A Night at the Beverly Cavern" because sides were recorded on the bandstand of the Beverly Cavern in Los Angeles. This probably sounds like a letter by just another Lewis fan. Well, I guess I am a Lewis fan and I think anyone has a right to be one, too. The George Lewis band is the only group left in the world to play authentic, traditional New Orleans jazz, music which no white group has ever been able to reproduce. For this and other reasons the Lewis band ought to be supported and not ridiculously criticized. Everybody knows that Lewis will never be as great as Dodds was. But why only sit at home and listen to old records by "the" great jazz men. Why not go out and support the good and wonderful things we have today.

Obviously Mr. Williams has never seen the Lewis band in person. In my case anyway I'll take a band with a true feeling and sincerity and forget about their possible technical limitations. That is one reason why I prefer a lot of Blues and Rhythm artists to many a modernist. There is an awful lot of good music in some of these B. & R. bands.

Well, I hope to find a complete report on Lewis soon, and why not have an article on what is happening in New Orleans; who is still alive down there and willing to play. William Russell's L.P.'s are probably the last testimony of traditional New Orleans jazz men. Let's enjoy it while it's still around.

Chris Strachwitz,
Reno, Nevada
though, she was serious and concentrating all the time."

A seat in the Henry "Red" Allen band was next in line. This band, like the Hill band, turned out a goodly number of recordings. Bert Scott worked alongside such men as Chu Berry, Horace Henderson, John Kirby and later Teddy Wilson and Albert Nicholas.

Brandy lights beckoned next, and Scott joined Bert Saccars and his band at the Cotton Club, playing opposite Cab and the Duke at various times. In fact he also played with them as often as not, since he knew the show routine well and was always able to fill in for Cab or some other member from time to time. Many people who thought they had Chu's autograph really had Cecile's since, as he put it, "There's no use sending them home from their trip to New York disappointed."

Again he sat back and laughed as he remembered another of his famous solos. While at the Cotton Club, he suffered the misfortune of breaking his hand and finally found a doctor who put on a special cast which would allow him at least some flexibility in his fingers. He had to stop singing for a while and take a job, for he had many mouths to feed at home, and a day out of work presented a hardship. As luck would have it, he was needed nowhere but at the Cotton Club. Cab looked over at him after he had taken a blazing solo, and saw the bandaged and swollen hand. He then stopped the show to announce that he was going to take Scott out to Ralph's Steak House to meet other musicians and to return to the club. The Cotton Club was the hottest one-handed tenor player in the business.

Once again an attempt was made at forming a quartet with a group of tenors. But nothing came of it, and the club was disbanded on its return.

Since that time Scott has been free-lancing in and out of disc sessions. He has recorded, in addition to the groups formerly mentioned, with the Dicky Wells Big Seven, Willie the Lion's Cubs, Frankie Newton's Uptown Band, Teddy Wilson groups backing Billie Holiday, J. C. Higginbotham's Big Eight, Sandy Williams groups and more recently the Art Hodes Jazz Six. In reminiscing about the Wilson recordings he recalled the time he first heard Billie. "It was at the Hot Club, at 134th Street and Seventh Avenue. My oldest daughter, Sarah, used to carry my instruments while I handled distribution. I was there with a foot accident which, because of complications, resulted in the loss of his right leg.) Clarence Holiday's daughter used to come with her father mostly because she was anxious to go with her brother even though they were close friends. I don't know when I've seen a more beautiful girl than Billie was. Well, on one of those nights the singer for the band was out sick from band-related illness, and I thought it was a good chance to get Billie. I don't think I'll try to describe it—it was just the best. That might have been the first time that she ever sang professionally, although I'm not sure about it."

Jazz has suffered through a long uphill battle in its attempt to escape the usual smokey-den stereotypes applied to it, and it is the opinion of this writer that it would help greatly to take a closer look at some of the people who make it. Not all musicians are drug addicts, etc., any more than other professionals are. With recent trends indicating the growth of sociological and other academic interests in this music form, it might be well to know more about the people who make the music. Unfortunately, the only time people seem to be interested in musicians is when they have collected enough bad habits to make them bait for the sensation-Hunters.

Looking on the other side of the ledger, let's note that Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Scott are solid citizens of New York City. They are church members and among his other activities, Cecil finds time to participate in Civilian Defense activities in his neighborhood. The Scotts are the parents of thirteen children, all living, and eleven grandchildren. The children range in age from twenty-nine down to eight. Seven girls were born to the Scotts (Sarah, Betty, Connie, Norma, Lorraine, Carol, and Elaine) before the first boy arrived. Following Cecil, Jr. there are Ronald, Barbara, Annette, Richard, and Darrell. If anything, here is a typical part of the American scene that music lovers like to feel jazz belongs to, much more than the sensibilities would have it. It's an unfalling crop up from time to time.

At present Cecil Scott is still quite active in New York jazz. He is probably one of the more permanent members of the weekly clambakes at Stuyvesant Casino and Central Plaza, being booked in time and again. In addition he has played more or less permanently with the Cubs, the Blue Devils and the various groups of the Times Square, and for almost a year was part of the Jimmy McPartland group (along with George Wettling, Joe Sullivan, Walter Page, and Eddie Hubbard) at Los Terrazas. A visit or two to the Scott home is likely to find, among other visitors, such neighbors and friends as Claude Jones and Dicky Wells; and while he lived in the neighborhood, Mezz used to gather for a good time in the Scott's "chop suey" kitchen.

It all adds up to another chapter to be added to the history of jazz—written around one of the figures who helped bring it a little more along the way.

**The Jazz Record Census**

(Continued from Page 10)

Graph, the band is Clarence Young. It also comes on Claxtonol 1502 and 4026. The jazz club of Edinburgh, Scotland has a P copy.

**#112 I'm 12252 Ma's See See Rider** (New Orleans Jazz Babies). New: Bill Rogers (S.F.) owns it on red wax and a G on black.

**#113 I'm 12258 My 3 take of Ma Rainey's Lousin' E condition, was best of three reported. Bill Love has a V. Bill Rogers (S.F.) owns it on red wax and a G on black.

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I have 100,000 records; hot sweet: everything, everyone, Send wants.

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Rca; Blues; New Orleans; Personality.

**Jacob Schneider**

128 West 64th Street, N. Y. C.
records noted
(Continued from Page 16)

nets would probably not have been possible as stylists without his pioneering, his example, and, once removed, a legion of clarinetists and saxophonists. All of that can be heard here. But how about the music beyond its function as a document?

Many New Orleans musicians, worthy of the name, have described Big Eye as a first-rate musician. I have no doubt that he was that, but we cannot always tell what effect the company he played in has on a musician. But here he is playing with two groups, and in one case we can. The group on Holler, B-Flat, and What I Am is loudly led (I mean that the loudness is arbitrary) by "Wooden Joe" Nicholas and his out-of-tune trumpet. The music is bad and we can say little except that Delisle often seems to be embarrassed by it.

On the other five numbers, there is a far better band and there is better music. I am afraid that anything final cannot be said about it, however, but, once we have talked about it, to be somewhat inconclusive is probably to be just. For it is impossible (and undesirable) in the final analysis, to separate the considerations of music, per se, of historical interest, of Delisle's age, of his health, of his reactions to the band and recordings, of the recording and balance distortion, etc. Delisle plays emotionally in those loaded understatements which characterize the best New Orleans players, his second part is full and lucid. Notice that he plays differently behind the trumpet than when he has the lead. He indicates a knowledge of the possibilities and resources of his instrument that probably was impressive. Basin Street is, I believe, the best record, but Marmsalade and the others have some good things in them. Johnny St. Cyr is understanding throughout.

Was he playing his best? We shall probably never know first hand. These five are the best records we have heard him on and he is at least impressive in both the "historical" and musical areas. I would frankly like to know what qualified musicians think of them.

He died three weeks after this session. "Put some heart into playing," he said. He did that, and the heart he put in was real heart, not "nerves." (American Music L.P. 646) (M.T.W.)

sidney bechet

careless love/mme. becassine/moulin
a cafe/ni queue ni tete/out of nowhere/blackstick/mon homme/klook
klux khan

Surprised were we to find here some of the best Bechet on record. The first four selections support the ever dominant Mr. B. with Claude Luter's orchestra. Careless and Ni queue are both slow blues, very pretty and with the usual cliches. Mme. Becassine features a Latin rhythm, a vocal by the ensemble, some first rate muted trombone, a hint of Luter's greatness, and Sidney Bechet. The vocal, incidentally, is in very much French. Moulin is a fine tune, based essentially on the more familiar Eccentricite, and features guess who. this time, happily, on clarinet.

The last four selections find you know who in the company of Kenny Clarke on drums, Charlie Lewis on piano, and Pierre Michelot on bass. A very competent, modern, and swinging rhythm section. Nowhere and Mon Homme (My Man) are top notch ballads and provide a happy combination of jazz and sentimentality. With a little patience, other more traditional jazz bands might work up these tunes. They are among the rare ones that might profit by such treatment.

Blackstick, except for the last eight bars, is a drum and soprano sax duet going harmlessly nowhere. KKK is blues, fast and slow, with additional background by Bill Coleman on trumpet and Big Boy Goodie on alto sax. The prominent doings are, however, done again by Bechet and Clarke in a slightly amusing sequence of reedy-and-percussive chase choruses. (Dial L.P. 301) (R.L.T.)
impressive, especially since we never had heard of any of them before. . . . Rudder is about 35: plays real blues guitar and sings like a cross between Leadbelly and Washboard Sam; also whips a lot of piano—house-party style or ragtime. . . . Gilman comes on sort of like a part Jolly Roll, one part Frank Melrose, one part Jimmy Blythe, one part James P. and five parts himself—also a rough, but tough, cornetist. . . . We heard tapes of the lads, who try everything from Morton tunes to eight-bar sting pieces. . . . More to come on this, we hope.

An acquaintance of Bad Sam's wants to know why the accomplishments of British trumpeter Humphrey Lyttleton have received so little notice in this country. . . . We have heard this bloke's collection of Parlorphones and must concur. . . . In fact, old B. S. has written his English cousin, Bad Montgomery, to that end and start a reciprocal trade agreement . . .

That's our good thing for this month—Humphrey Lyttleton and His Band. They are alive. They are playing first-rate jazz right now. They have the records to prove it. These old boys went out with the war of 1812, so get with it!

Southern California jazzos and visiting brethren whose culinary tastes parallel their yen for New Orleans-style music are urged to make pilgrimage to the small corner of Café Sidney Desvigne, the ex-Crescent City trumpeter. Would-be historians are beseeched not to badger Sidney with questions about Buddy Bolden and Tony Jackson. Just enjoy his sweet gumbo, New Orleans oysters, crawfish (in season) and cubilins. Magnifique! Exposition Boulevard, a couple of blocks east of Western Avenue, northwest corner.

The whereabouts of the diamond in Jelly Roll's tooth, subject of some rather grisly speculation in Alan Lomax's "Mr. Jelly Roll," is no mystery to the author, who shall be known as Bad Sam. One of Sam's friends, we'll call him Game Kid, was in a bar soaking up juniper extract one night and discussing Morton with still another Jelley, name of Jack the Bear. While Kid and Jack were whispering, three were interrupted by a nearby imbibor, flashing a rather ostentatious dental ornament. Said the stranger: "What's that you sayin' about Jelly Roll Morton? I knew Jelly Roll Morton, in fact, this (tapping a glittering incisor) once belonged to him!" The three spent an uproarious three hours talking this over, getting pretty well fried in the process. But—this figure turned out to be all he said, and also the owner of a trunkful of Morton's manuscripts and photographs (seems Jelly owed him some money). Sam's agents are at work on the project now, and with luck, should produce a new mother lode of Jelly Roll lore.

benny frenchie

(Continued from Page 13)

parts rather than on the record. Puts us in mind of the time, not too long ago, that the Changer handled Stan Kenton's broadly satirical Blues in Butelque with a dead-pain article celebrating Kenton's "conversion" to Dixieland. And some of the darndest people either took it straight or felt they ought to explain to the editors that it really was a gag. Oh, well, we might get caught in the next such trap, so Benny will not cast the first stone.

Warning: Collectors are cautioned against using the recently introduced "all groove needle. Supposedly sized for both 78 rpm and LP records (an obvious improbability, to say the least), they'll play LPs at the cost of the record. However, at least they will work on the 78's, and work very well on acetate discs.

Clarification: We recently read a very interesting article on the current jazz scene by pianist Dave Brubeck, whose publicity releases, as you probably know, say he once studied with composer Darius Milhaud. There were many lamentations in the article to the effect that no form of jazz except Dixieland (his word) had found room to exert a counterpart. But Brubeck went on to say that there were no augmented or diminished chords in Dixieland. If he meant by "Dixieland" the white simplifications of the New Orleans Negro music, of course he was right. But if he included the Negro music, and he did by implication, he was wrong. Brubeck, who once said that Jelly Roll was one of his three favorite pianists, should know this. What's the first chord of Dippemouth, Dave—no name one of the simplest New Orleans numbers?

In case you didn't know it, Django Reinhardt, the brilliant gypsy guitarist, died in Paris on May 17th.

Reminder: Release of the movie version of "Call Me Madam" prompts Benny to remind one and all that, if they don't know Armstrong's wonderful record of You're Just in Love, they should promptly get with it.

aaron harris

(Continued from Page 13)

and Dixieland. The band was tops in showmanship.

Pianist Knocky Parker has summered in the City, studying Latin at Columbia University and occasionally giving vent to his new Earl Hines kick. The Red Onion Jazz Band finds itself in the throes of reorganization. Current lineup includes Joe Muranyi, clarinet, Jim Jeanne, cornet, Hank Ross, piano, Bill Stanley, tuba, and R. L. Thompson, drums. Trombone and banjo spots are still vacant. Rumor has it that Gene May's Dixieland Rhythm Kings may spend a week in New York on their way to open the Savoy in Boston during September. The present DRK lineup appears to be Bob Hodes, cornet, Bob Miele, trombone, Bill Napier, clarinet, Gene May, tuba, Jack Vastine, banjo, Robin Wetterau, piano, and Eddie Lightfoot, drums. More com-pa in the East!

a monday date

(Continued on Page 12)

up Mr. McIntyre too, who cracks loudly and retreats, only to trip over the rug, stumbling with fatigue. Turk's voice is a thin croak. They have not been able to get a good take of a tune they particularly wanted, but it is too late now. They had played successfully all afternoon, had played better after dinner, and for half an hour they had been unbeatable, carried beyond all pressures and difficulties by a dazzling rendition of Panama. We spectators sat spellbound and riveted. Mr. Avakian, who wore his coat in a fashion of his own, draped over his shoulders, said no word of stopping, though he whispered to Charles that his feet were on fire. They play one more tune, and suddenly they all fold at once—it is the playing of those who have lost their grip. Amid silence Mr. McIntyre puts aside the microphone, Mr. Avakian turns off the machine. And now that all has been done that could be done, exhaustion flows like a tide through the room, and with it comes the melancholy knowledge, which had for awhile been silenced by the triumph of Panama, that the noble efforts of this night have been imperfect, like all the efforts of musicians, and us all.

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#### Abbreviations used in the Classified "Wanted" and "For Disposition" Sections are as follows:

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When it is necessary to indicate nationality of the record, the following letters appear after the record label abbreviation:

- **B**: Belgian
- **D**: Danish
- **F**: French
- **G**: German
- **N**: Norwegian
- **S**: Swedish
- **W**: Welsh

In the "For Disposition" section the condition of the record is indicated by these abbreviations:

- **N**: New - Unused
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- **V**: Very Good
- **F**: Fair
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- **Broc**: Stuart Brockbank, 189A, Station Lane, Hornchurch, Essex, England
- **Buck**: George Buck Jr., 304 South Lakeside Ct., West Palm Beach, Fla.
- **Coll**: Collectors Records, 133 Lower Bagott Street, Dublin, Ireland
- **David**: Mert Davis, Gibsland, Louisiana
- **Degen**: A. Dwenges, P.O. Box 12, Uppermont-Clark, New Jersey
- **Forde**: Carl-Olaf, Tesberg, Hasselbergsaven 6, Bromma, Sweden
- **Haga**: Terrence J. Hagan, 3325 Potter Street, Philadelphia 16, Pa.
- **Hust**: H. L. Husteed, 1129 North Dearborn Street, Indianapolis 5, Ind.
- **Joll**: John J. Jolson, 1329 West Morgan Avenue, Milwaukee 15, Wis.
- **Kend**: Byron Kendis, 1550 Devereaux Ave., Chicago 24, Ill.
- **Leve**: Homer Leverett, Lamar, Mo.
- **Liqui**: John Liquori, 4563 North Colorado Street, Philadelphia 40, Pa.
- **Mayer**: W. Mayer, 263 Baltimore Ave., Elmont L.I., N.Y.
- **Nier**: Clinton M. Miers, 152 Longfellow Ave., Bronx 59, N.Y.
- **Orl**: James Orlando, Dickerson Run, Pa.
- **Parry**: Parris 574 West 176 Street, N.Y. 33, N.Y.
- **Reynolds**: Edward H. Reynolds, 229 Oak Street, Wakefield, Mass.
- **Ripley**: John W. Ripley 2400 Crestview Ave., Topeka, Kansas
- **Ritz**: Frank A. Ritz 25 Pek Street, Rochell, Park, N.J.
- **Rob**: Bernard B. Roberts, 61 North Soughton Road, Edinburgh 12, Scotland
- **Schl**: Andrew Schlender, 7412 12th Ave., Bklyn 20, N.Y.
- **Schneid**: Duncan P. Schneidt, 4005 North Adams Street, Indianapolis Ind.
- **Scho**: Schlather, 3500 Halliday Ave., St. Louis 18, Mo.
- **Shay**: Howard B. Shay, 32 Brightmont Tenth Path, Bklyn 35, N.Y.
- **Smith**: Dorothy E. Smith, 4109 Overlea Ave., Baltimore 6, Md.
- **Thor**: H. Thorne Jt., 19 Lawrence Lane, Bay Shore, N.Y.
- **Thur**: H. Thurby Thrune, 3847 West Michigan Street, Milwaukee 8, Wis.
- **Wend**: Roy Wendell, Engine 4 M.F.D., Riverside Ave., Medford 55, Mass.
- **Wood**: James H. Wood, 613 Scott, Pasadena, Texas

**Mira**: Joseph Muranyi, 334 East 96 Street, N.Y. 28 N.Y.

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**Closing Date for Auctions October 15, 1953**


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**30,000 Collectors Items 50% Less Than Prices Generally Asked Now Is Your Opportunity Get Those Discs You Really Want Now. Send In Your Want Lists.**

**Lewin Record Paradise**

5600 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles 28, California

**If Its Been Recorded, We Have It!**
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<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>25-40</td>
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**Notes:**
- Items 1-3 are low-valued collectibles.
- Item 4 is a more valuable item, particularly if signed or in high condition.

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**Additional Details:**
- The auction includes a diverse range of items, from common collectibles to rare and valuable pieces.
- Condition and provenance are critical factors in determining the final price.
- Bidding starts from the lowest price indicated and increases by increments determined by the auctioneer.

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**Auctioneer's Note:**
- All items are subject to final bid confirmation and may be subject to reserve prices.
- Winning bidders are responsible for all transaction fees and shipping costs.

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**Contact Information:**
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SALE

SALE

STEPHEN STORAN

\$ ASR = BOX 341, COOPER STATION

N.Y., N.Y.

RECORDS LISTED BELOW ARE THE MARILUS STOCK OF

GERMAN PROGRESS RECORDS. ALL RECORDS ARE

COMPLETE HALF-HOUR BROADCASTS. AT 12 45-3H 3/3

MICROPHONE STUDIO ACETATE RECORDINGS. ALL

RECORDS ARE IN M CONDITION.

WOODY HERMAN - 12" LP - $5.00

1. CIRCUS BLUES
2. STARS FELL ON ALABAMA
3. WHEN YOU WERE HERE
4. BLUES IN ADVANCE
5. LOVE IS HERE TO STAY
6. BABY CLEMENTINE
7. EAST OF THE SUN
8. WOODCUTTERS SONG
9. ROY ORBISON - 12" LP - $5.00

1. FIRST
2. TALK OF THE TOWN
3. TEA FOR TWO
4. I CAN'T GET STARTED
5. SWING LOW
6. THAT'S A PLENTY
7. DIXE ELLINGTON - 12" LP - $5.00

1. IF I KNEW CAPTAINS
2. DIXIE BREAKS
3. YOU AND I
4. HAVE YOU CHANGED?
5. TRUMPET BLUES
6. MOON WISE
7. DON'T WANT TO GET THE WORLD ON FIRE
8. EASY STREET ( REX)
9. PERIOD

RED AILEY/BOB HOLLAND - THREE GLEES

NOT FOR RESALE

$5.00

1. THAT'S A PLENTY
2. SISTER KATE
3. BAYOU BLUES
4. SHADY AND PLAIN (LEON SEDOS)
5. MEALEY BLUES
6. I'M NOT WASHING IN SODDY (RECORDING AT 12" LP - $5.00 [NOT A BROADCAST])

1. THE HUCKLEBERRY BLUES
2. BLUE PARL
3. SANITAS BIRTHDAY
4. REAVER CREEK BLUES
5. BLUES IN PARIS
6. PANTHER DANCE
7. RHINE MEAN BLUES
8. HAP Guild LUCKY BLUES
9. AMERICAN SHY

10. IODANS BLUES
11. DIXIE HACKETT - 12" LP - $5.00

1. MEMPHIS BLUES
2. SUNDAY
3. PANTANO
4. TIDEBRIDGE
5. JOE ROY HUND
6. JAPP BAND SING
810 CROSBY HALL BROADCASTS 12" 25/249 $1.75

7. LOUIS ARTHURSON - ROSE MARIE - 4/5/51
8. LOUIS RAEGER - JACOBAUERM - 5/3/51
9. LOUIS RAEGER - ELLA FITZGERALD - 7/7/51
10. MARLENE OCHTEN - ELLA FITZGERALD - 7/7/51
11. PERRY JOE - JOE JOHNSON - 6/21/52
12. ETHEL WYMAN - 7/3/48
13. PERRY JOE - GEORGE GOOD - 2/7/47
14. SICK POWNELL - 11/28/50
15. TATTA - 1/2/53
16. JOE GARLAND - 2/7/50
17. TULLA LAHAN DAKE / 2/7/51

RECORDING AT 12" LP - $5.00 [NOT A BROADCAST]

1. JULICE HEPNER
2. I DO NOT KNOW YOU I DO
3. WANTED TO MEASURE THE HEAVEN
4. HOW IN LOVE
5. SEEKING CONVERSATIONS OFF THE MOON
6. MARCH WINS A WRAP SONG
7. WISH MIGHT HAVE BEEN SO DIFFERENT
8. WHAT IS SWEETNESS
9. YOUR MY PAST PRESENT AND FUTURE
10. DO I SEE SOMETHING
11. JOHNNY HODGES - 12" LP - $5.00

1. WHEN YOU LEFT THE FRAME RIGHT OUT OF MY HEART
2. WANTED TO MEASURE
3. SLIDE TROT
4. SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET
5. KEEP ON SWINGING
6. FELL OVER THE AZORES

BLUE NOTE RECORD SHOP

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BROADWAY

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STEVENS

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SHEILA

SUSIE

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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>A new record, 10 cents extra.</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>Specially selected original program.</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Excellent.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Very good.</td>
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<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Good.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Fair.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Poor.</td>
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**Prices**
- 1-cent Records: 10 cents extra.
- 2-cent Records: 20 cents extra.
- 3-cent Records: 30 cents extra.
- 4-cent Records: 40 cents extra.
- 5-cent Records: 50 cents extra.
- 6-cent Records: 60 cents extra.
- 7-cent Records: 70 cents extra.
- 8-cent Records: 80 cents extra.
- 9-cent Records: 90 cents extra.
- 10-cent Records: 1 dollar extra.

**Conditions**
- Mint: New and unused.
- Near Mint: Excellent condition but may have minor wear.
- Very Good: Slight wear but still enjoyable.
- Good: More wear but still good.
- Fair: Significant wear but still usable.
- Poor: Poor condition, not recommended for listening.

**Number of Records**
- 1000

**Catalog Number**
- E+6

**Price**
- 60 cents

**Method of Payment**
- Checks or money orders only.

**Instructions**
- All sales final.
- No money orders or trades.

**Shipping**
- Free carriage to all points.

**Returns**
- Only in rare cases.

**Payment**
- Cash, personal checks, or money orders accepted.

**Mail Orders**
- Orders must be prepaid in full.

**Special Offer**
- Purchase 10 records for 5 dollars.
SALE

LEWIN Record
5600 W. Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT
AIR FIRST STORE WIDE SALE IN FIFTEEN YEARS.

RARE COLLECTORS ITEMS AT A FRACTION OF THEIR COST.
DO NOT MISS THIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY OF ACQUIRING REALLY RARE DISCS, ALL FROM OUR REGULAR STOCK.

GLEN MILLERS ALL, BO, MANY TO CHOOSE FROM $1.50 EA., BOB ODESSA "SLEEPIN' IN THE PARK" $1.50 EA., MOLLY GODFORD ORIG., COUNTRY & WEST, $1.00 EA., LOUIS ARMSTRONG, ENGLAND, THOUSANDS 1.50 EA., TO CHOOSE FROM.

HARRY JAMES ORIG., COLUMBIA $1.00 EA.

TEDDY WILSON 78'S, BILLIE HOLIDAY ORIG., $1.00 EA.

TOMMY DORSEY ORIG., COLUMBIA, $1.00 EA.

BUNNY BEHAN ORIG., VARIOUS ORIG., $1.00 EA.

RED NICHOLS ORIG., COLUMBIA, $1.00 EA.

ARTIE SHAN ORIG., JAZZ, $1.00 EA.

DUNE CASSIDY ORIG., 78'S, $1.00 EA.

OTHER RARE ITEMS REDUCED ALSO.

FATS WALLER ANY RARE ORIGINAL VICTOR OR HMV

JIMMY LUNCEFORD 78'S, $1.00 EA., ORIG., PRACTICE, ALL $1.00 EA.

Cintr, ECKEY ORIG., VARIOUS ORIG., ALL $1.00 EA.

ALL ABOVE IN EX/N.

THOUSANDS OF OTHER ITEMS AT LOW LOW PRICES.

ANY PROGRESSIVE RECORD IN STORE, REGARDLESS OF LABEL.

75c EA.

RARE ORIGINAL NEW ORLEANS, DIXIELAND, JAZZ RAGS, ORIGINAL OLVERS, HORTON, ODDOS, REDUCED PROPORTIONATELY.

ALL NEW LPS 25% OFF, EXCEPT THOSE FAIR TRADES.

AS ALWAYS, WE URGE YOU NOT TO MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY TO OBTAIN THOSE DISCS YOU HAVE ALWAYS WANTED.

THIS IS FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY ...

NOTES: MAIL ORDERS ON THIS SALE CAN ONLY BE ACCEPTED ON THE CONDITION THAT WE CAN SUBSTITUTE THREE ALTERNATIVES ON EACH SELECTION. ALL RECORDS E OR BETTER.

BE FIRST 

GET THE PICK 

WHILE THEY LAST 

LOUIS,

DISPOSITIONS CONT.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

LEGOHT MAN I SHOE IT OR LE

LITTLE ORANGE ANNIE I GAVE

POUL WHITMAN

IT WONT BE LONG NOW FIVE

SONS OF THE DAWN IT HAPPENED

ANY OTHERS SEND WANT LIST

PAUL WHITMAN

BROADWAY/MAHATTAN HANS

TEDDY WILSON

JIST AIN'T HEE 

WANTED

JOE ARISTON

AIR SHOTS, TRANSCRIPTIONS

SOUND TRACKS FROM FILMS

ANY UNRECORDED MATERIAL, ETC

JANUARY

MALAGUENA

SNIP IN BALLEN

ALL LABELS

GERSHWIN RECORDS

4000 GOOD SERIALS

CARTER FAMILY

ALL TITLES ANY LABEL

TRADE JIMMY ROGERS, FIDDLE

A GUITAR RECORD BY STRIPING

BROK. MANY OTHERS FOR CARTER

FAMILY RECORDS — WANT KINCAID'S

UNCLE DAVE MACON RECORDS, TOO

COLUMBIA RECORDS

2000 AFTER-TALK'S BLUE RAY TOW (PRINCE)

MY GAL SAYS 'I'M A FRAUD' E MARION HARRIS

I AIN'T GOT NOBODY ANY CAN YOU SEND ME

INK SPOOLS

ANY TRANSCRIPTIONS, AIRSHOTS

INTERNATIONAL NOVELTY ORCH.

"SUCHUS AIRE" INTERVIEWS

WITH JAZZ PERSONALITIES

AIR CHECKS OR CHEK PRIVATELY

RECORDS BY DAVE, J.C., HORTON, ORY

MANY OTHERS

DUNK TALKIN'

JUJU, 2, 3, 5 RPL.

JOIN THE AL-BOO'S NOVELTIES CLUB

SHAD JONES ORCH. (RUS COLUMBIA VOCAL)

POOR BUTTERFLY E BRA * 3950 2.00 HAGA

SANDY RAYE

TRANSCRIPTIONS OF ALL KINGS

ALSO HAVE SUNDAY SERENADE

PROGRAMS & AIRSHOTS PRIOR 1949

LLOYD KAUFMAN

OLD PLAYMATE YOU TRY SOMEBODY ELSE VALHARLON 2.00 ORLA

LEVI-S-NO. 1550

TRANSCRIPTIONS & AIRSHOTS E

GUY LOBARDO

F.W., 27TH TRANSCRIPTIONS

ENRI MARIQUA

LET'S HAVE ANOTHER COMFORTABLE

NEW MAYFAIR DANCE ORCH

ROLL O'MURRAY OR HE BESS OR EFRANK-MURSS OR PAUL CLIVER

Lovedones Thrall E ANY RITZ

RAY NOKE

SEND LISTS OR VARIOUS ORCH.

ABOVE TITLES ANY MIER

WANDERING ORCH.

ANY ORIG. PEGGY LEE RECORD

STATE PROTECTORS

CATALOG-CATALOGS

1929 ORCH.

BOB SNYDER

MAY I LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

VO 2707 2.00 ORLA

EADY

SPEECH - SOUNDS OF ALL LANGUAGES &

DIALECTS, PARTICULARLY ENGLISH

AND ITS VARIETIES, G DIALECTS

TRIVIUM

AN ADVANCED SWISS COLLECTOR WOULD

LIKE TO EXCHANGE OR BUY RECORDS.

WITH ANOTHER AMERICAN COLLECTOR

VICTOR RECORDS

2500-1929 BETTER

BART

N.O.: CHICAGO OR DASHBROOKE

RAG & JAZZ PIANO SONGS

CATALOGS BEFORE 1914

ANY

WANTED IN CONSIGNMENT TRADE OR CASH

N.O. ORTIE-EMERY OR YOU GET IT ? ALL

WORLD BROADCASTS: TRANSCRIPTIONS

ANY 1930-35 TITLES E 5,000 OR AHA

Cancer strikes one in five

Strike back

By saving lives, by easing pain, by improving services to cancer patients, by supporting research that will find the final answers to cancer...

That is how your dollars strike back at cancer when you give them to the American Cancer Society.

Send your gift today by mailing it to "Cancer" care of your local post office.

Give to conquer cancer

American Cancer Society

AD NO. 266 2" x 10"
Does Macy's Advertise for Gimbels?

NOT ON YOUR LIFE . . .

But We are Running an Ad for Another Record Company

E. D. Nunn is a brilliant audio engineer who has come up with something so terrific that we think the whole Jazz world should sit up and take notice. He has released Five Jazz Records which should stand as examples of the kind of engineering and production which should be used by every Jazz Company in the business. The name of his label is Audiophile, which means lover of sound; and a truer disciple of good sound has never heated a stylus.

Audiophile 78 RPM records are made especially for those who use wide-range playback equipment and enjoy its maximum performance. They are produced in limited quantity and are not intended to meet a commercial market.

Don't buy any of these records if

. . . . . You don't have fairly good reproducing equipment
. . . . . You have a tin ear

But do buy these records if you want to hear the most fantastic sounds you have ever imagined and if you have the high fidelity equipment needed to best reproduce these marvelous discs.

(Of importance is the availability of a 1 mil LP playing stylus.) The pressings are of pure Vinylite colored with a grainless red dye. All 12" size.

The recordings which Mr. Nunn has issued in the jazz line are as follows:

AP-1 HARRY BLONS DIXIELAND JAZZ VOL. 1
Pop Goes the Weasel/Wolverine Blues/Tia Juana/Lassus Trombone/Chimes Blues/Copenhagen

AP-6 HARRY BLONS DIXIELAND JAZZ VOL. 2
My Inspiration/My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean/Dallas Blues/Clarinet Marmalade/Panama/Closer Walk with Thee

AP-7 RED NICHOLS SYNCOPATED CHAMBER MUSIC VOL. 1
Three Blind Mice/Memories of You/Manhattan Rag/Easter Parade/Tin Roof Blues

AP-8 RED NICHOLS SYNCOPATED CHAMBER MUSIC VOL. 2
Peaceful Valley/Candlelights/Gravy Train/Corky/I Can't Believe That You're In Love/Rondo

AP-10 HARRY BLONS EASY LISTENING VOL. 1
Best Things in Life Are Free/S'posin'/Some Day Sweetheart/If I Had You/Georgia on My Mind

These 12" Records Sell for $5.95 Each

Go right down to your local high fidelity audio shop today and ask to hear these really very exciting records. Records which bring you for the first time the REAL new sound.

If your local dealer cannot supply you, send us your check or money order and we'll see to it that you get the records you want.

GET THE POINT OF THIS AD? We like what E. D. Nunn is doing on the Audiophile label. We're taking the hint and are going to try to make our releases of new material as good as possible. We are really hoping though that the entire jazz public becomes sound conscious and demands good reproduction of good jazz music.

RIVERSIDE RECORDS

P.O. BOX 373 Radio City Station NEW YORK, N.Y.
Orthophonic Recording

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

VE

VICTOR 21760-A

GOOSE CREEK—Stomp
(M. Britt)

Mart Britt and His Orchestra

For best results use Victor Needles

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N.J.
1953-1954 promises to be a great year for record collectors and jazz fans in particular. There is more activity on the jazz front than ever before. Be sure to get all the latest news as reported by our intrepid threesome: Aaron Harris, Bennie Frenchey and Bad Sam. Read the best record reviews in the world, written by Bob Thompson, George Avakian, Martin Williams and one or two others who will shortly be added to the staff. Follow the discographical columns of Carl Kendziora and John Mac Andrew as they cover the record front from obscure labels to the sweetest music this side of Heaven. Follow the activities and join in with the researches of the Institute of Jazz Studies, of which the Record Changer is the temporary journal. Read the best biographies, critiques, histories of your favorite jazzmen and jazzbands. Follow the fabulous record auctions. Bid, buy and sell your favorite records. The Record Changer is getting bigger and better with every issue, so join in the fun. Don’t miss a single big issue. Subscribe today.

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(A Saving of up to $7.45)

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(A Saving of up to $3.05)

Records Shipped Postpaid—Send Check, Cash, or Money Order to

THE RECORD CHANGER
125 LA SALLE ST.
NEW YORK 27, N. Y.
The Victor label, as such, has existed for 52 years (in more than 50 types and variations). Now, recent research has brought to light some very interesting facts concerning the development of the label over the years. We were actually able to trace back its development another twenty years, through its "parents": the Berliner platters and those of the Consolidated Talking Machine Company (CTMC)—an imposing total of some seven decades.

Emile Berliner, the genius who invented the flat disc in 1888, had his own record company during the late 1880's and 90's. By 1900 he was still making his own platters under the Berliner name, and also making masters for the Consolidated Talking Machine Company: the Improved Gram-O-Phone Record label in which Eldridge R. Johnson had an interest.

By about January 1901, Johnson came out with a platter called the Improved Record (which had CTMC deleted and Johnson's name added). This is considered the first label issued by what was later known as the Victor Talking Machine Company (VTMC). It wasn't, however, until March 1901 that the name Victor first appeared on a label.

Up to this time, all the discs that were issued (from the Berliner platters through the Victor to March, 1901) were seven-inch platters. It is interesting to note that many of the masters used by Emile Berliner for his own company were also used by the CTMC, by Johnson and his Improved Record, and the first Victor records put out by Johnson. Research has shown that in certain instances recordings by Sousa's Band exist on all four labels, pressed from the same master and with the identical label number!

Early in 1901, the first ten-inch platter was issued by Victor and bore the Victor Monarch label. From October 1901 to 1902, the 7 and 10 inch platters (by this time they were both labeled Victor Monarch) deleted Johnson's name in favor of the VTMC.

All Victor records up to this point fall into the "Pre-Dog" era. But 1902 brought a real label change to the 7 and 10 inch discs with the appearance of the familiar Dog and "His Master's Voice" trademark. By this time the 7 inch records were again called just Victor.

From 1902 to 1905, the Monarch label was issued on the 10 inch platters, superseding the old Victor Monarch title. At this point the 7 inch discs, while still called Victor, had a new change of face.

In March 1903, the 14 inch Special Deluxe record came on the market, followed in October by the 12 inch Deluxe record. The 14 inch platter was short-lived.

By 1905, only 8, 10, and 12 inch records were on the market, and they came with what is known as the "Grand Prize" label.

The next major change came in 1909, when the 16000 series was offered to the public. For the first time they were offered a record with sound on both sides! Many of the early single-sided items were issued again on the two-sided platter.

Three years later the most familiar of the old Victor labels was produced. It started with the 17000 series and went on to the 20000 series and the beginning of the orthophonic recording era. The 20000 series, or octagonal label remained with the public until mid-1930's. It was followed by the modern label, that has enjoyed only two changes to date.

We have not included in this article special records put out by the Victor company. Items such as pictorial labels (V-19072, an Empire Day Message by King George V and Queen Mary; special colored labels (V-35803, a speech by Benito Mussolini), or acetate picture labels (V-39001, Music in the Air), to name a few, demand an article by themselves. The same is true of the development of the famous Victor Red Seal records.

Two points must be kept in mind with regard to this article: firstly, all dates used are approximate, as files of the various record companies from the pioneer recording era are almost non-existent; also, in many cases recordings in the 1902-1908 period appear on two or more different labels because, due to their popularity, they were carried for years in the current catalogues, sometimes over-lapping several labels changes.

An article on the Victor label would not be complete without touching on the Bluebird label. In the mid-1930's, Victor offered a lower-priced record to the public.

It had three major label changes. At the same time—and this is really little-known information—they issued four other labels to compete with the lowest-priced records in the field. These records that they issued, from Bluebird masters, were Eletradisk, Gem, Montgomery Ward, and Starlite. These four labels offer a challenge to both the jazz collector and personality collector, as many fine items appear on these scarce labels.
An early Berliner platter. The selection, composer, recording artist, and date recorded (May, 1896) were all pressed into the disc, as labels were not yet in use.

This Berliner shows one great improvement: a neat, printed job, instead of hand-written information on the label. (To take photos of these Berliner platters, chalk was rubbed over the writing, so that the print would stand out in contrast.)

An early example of the "Angel"—an English Berliner, made in Hanover.

The 7 inch Improved Gram-O-Phone Record, manufactured by the C. T. M. C., a Johnson interest using Berliner masters. This was recorded on October 3, 1900.
This 7 inch record shows what can be considered the first label issued by what is now the RCA Victor organization.

First example of use of the name Victor. This label was used from about March to October, 1901.

This label appears on the first 10 inch platter; used during the early part of 1901.

In about October, 1901, Eldridge D. Johnson's name was deleted, and that of the Victor Talking Machine Company appeared on both the 7 and 10 inch labels.
In the later part of 1902, the familiar Dog and "His Master's Voice" trademark first appeared on the 7 and 10 inch discs.

By the end of 1902, the 7 inch Victor record reappeared, and for the first time we see the word "patented" on the label.

From about 1902 to 1905 we have the 10 inch record bearing the Monarch label.

In 1903, 12 inch discs were placed on sale, bearing the Deluxe Record label, while at about the same time a 14 inch platter was also offered: the Special Deluxe.
7 inch platters from 1902 to 1904 were on the Victor Record label, following the basic design of the Monarch.

An example of Canadian Victor, showing the tie-in between Victor and the Berliner name.

The "Grand Prize" notation appeared from about 1905 to 1908-9, and was found on 8, 10, and 12 inch platters. Note that the same selection was issued on both 7 and 10 inch records.

By 1909, the "Grand Prize" was withdrawn in favor of this label. Only 10 and 12 inch platters were issued.
By 1909, the double-sided platter was on the market. By 1910, the single-sided Purple Seal records were issued. The 10 and 12 inch were the 60000 and 70000 series, respectively.

By 1912, the most popular label appeared. This ran from the 17000 series up to the 20000 series. The single-sided Purple series ran on for a while. Then the double-sided Blue label was issued. The 10 inch disc was the 45000 series, and 12 inch the 55000 series.

This label, familiar to personality and jazz collectors, ran into the mid-'30s. There were slight variations in the design, but this seems to have happened with each label.

An early example of the modern Victor pre-war label.
The third big change in the Blue Bird line.

A final change, demoting Blue Bird to a mere "Series."

The first Blue Bird label.

A radical change in design.
Four additional labels were put on the market in the mid-30's, intended to compete with the lowest-priced records for sale at that time. They were Electradisk, Gem, Montgomery Ward and Sunrise, and all were prepared from Blue Bird masters.
BY JAY SMITH

when is a whoopie maker

A task undertaken some years ago by collectors of Goodman and Teagarden is at long last bearing fruit; some bitter, but some dripping with the tart juices of satisfaction.

To give a clear picture of the implications and ultimate objective of the task, some preliminary explanation seems necessary:

The Ben Pollack Orchestra of the late 1920's and the early 1930's was the base of the McPartland-Goodman-Teagarden recording group, more generally known to collectors as the Whoopie Makers. Until recently, the majority of the collectors retained the opinion that there were only a very limited number of sides waxed by the unit. No new sides which could be honestly accredited to them had been discovered for the past eight years; in fact, not since the publication of the original *Hot Discography* and *Index to Jazz*.

Then, following the systematic research and compilations of Howard Waters and the Record Changer's own Carl Kendziora, an understanding of the recording system of the American Record Corporation and the so-called "dime store" labels was evolved. This system has proven invaluable in establishing the chronology of Whoopie unit recordings and in separating true matrices from control numbers.

Meanwhile, several conclaves were held with noted Goodman and Teagarden collectors including Kendziora, Waters, and Wally Fry. Ears were bent, opinions notes, and other data compared and sifted until, without difficulty, a meeting of minds resulted. This almost complete agreement resulted in the deletion of approximately fifty-percent of all previously accepted "genuine" Whoopie Maker recordings.

Here a problem presented itself. Would the collecting fraternity accept, without qualification, the opinions of these collectors, even though they are recognized specialists in their fields? Accordingly, the "deleted" items were placed in a special category: reflecting the opinions of the specialists, but open to further comments, and possible factual authentication or exclusion by other collectors.

(The writer, incidentally, has strong feelings on the subject of the facility of the "ears" of specialists. Opinions based on listening alone might well be questioned by some, first thought. But when a man has devoted thousands of hours listening to one particular artist—learning his every inflection, his every cliché—there is good reason to believe that he knows what he is listening for and to.)

With the list of Whoopie Maker items thus whittled down to a bare minimum, it was necessary to consider those matrices which were cut immediately adjacent to accredited matrices, yet which had never before been thoroughly investigated. Particular emphasis was placed on cases where an accredited item stood alone, devoid of mates on either side. The theory behind this includes a relatively firm assumption that Whoopie Maker recordings were made in blocks of three; this assumption has been borne out too many times to be dismissed as coincidence.

Consequently, the investigation was rewarded by obtaining items that fitted accredited sessions and that (even though grossly commercial for the most part), contained short solos or other characteristics which pointed to their similarity to adjacent matrices. These findings emphasized another point: commercial and "hot" matrices were waxed, at random, at the same recording sessions.

Last, but far from least important, was the question of "takes." All publications reviewed presented a dismal and confused picture of the take situation. Vague references were included to the effect that any number of takes of the same tune done on the same day "have been issued at random." This was an understatement of some magnitude.

The collectors concerned have screened Whoopie Maker recordings for years, and yet in the last month three takes previously unknown to two of the collectors have been discovered. Obviously, pooling information is invaluable. It is a fact that as many as four takes made at one given session have been issued at random under the same issue number. Even more distressing is the fact that a take which bears one specific number on one issue is not guaranteed to be the same version on another issue—even when identified by the identical take number.

That, then, is the present picture. Although incomplete, it is clearer than in past years, and definitely promising. There is an answer to this Whoopie Maker jumble. Only by the concerted efforts of other collectors can it be further clarified and only with the patience of the men performing the leg work can it be completed.

The end realization, of course, is not an overwhelming array of facts and figures, but a concise history of the short-lived recording group and possibly discovery of a few more scattered solos by the immortals.

Jay Smith is the author of the Jack Teagarden discography which was published in 1950. At present, Smith and Howard Waters are collaborating in an effort to produce a more comprehensive work which will embrace the entire recording career of the trombonist. This article previews some of the results obtained from their research.

The assistance of all collectors is invited, to enable this work to be as complete as possible. Information pertaining to Perfect-Regal-Cameo matrices and listings of any reputed Teagarden items should be addressed to: Jay D. Smith, 8256 New Hampshire Ave., Silver Spring, Maryland.
While the tapes of Roundtable discussions are being edited and the results analyzed, perhaps an interim report is in order. One overall fact emerged: the Roundtable has gradually evolved an effective method of presentation in line with its avowed aim of fostering an understanding and appreciation of jazz in our society.

Formerly, lectures, performances, and discussions—in that order—were based upon an over-simplified chronological-geographical assumption, namely, that jazz began in New Orleans, graduated to Chicago, and thence to New York and elsewhere. The fact that jazz developed at various speeds on various levels and in various parts of the country simultaneously was ignored, and experts have been quick to point out the errors this led to.

Hence a method of presentation that involved no questionable assumptions was adopted. Defining jazz as the blending of European and African music in the U. S. A. over a period of 300 years—a definition that indicates its importance as well as the time, place, and chief ingredients—the Roundtable assumed only that American music is the product of a mixture of Europe (including Britain, of course) and Africa. Entitled "From Folks Music to Jazz," this year's program devoted a week to folk music and a week to jazz. Each week, lectures and performances illustrating something of the influence on American music of 1) Europe, 2) Africa, and 3) the West Indies (where a blending of Europe and Africa had already taken place) were presented. The result was an effective formula that can be varied infinitely.

For the various degrees of blending—from reasonably "pure" European music to the same type of African music—are endless and form a stimulating subject for experts and audience alike. Thus, new performers inevitably illustrate a new combination of influences and pose a new problem for discussion, in which musical ingredients must be considered more and more carefully. The result is a continual process of clarification, to which the audience, the performers, and the experts had more to contribute at each Roundtable. Above all, it soon became clear that jazz was a vital force in our civilization with an ancient and honorable history and tradition.

The initial impact of this newly-evolved method of presentation was so strong that a word of caution seems necessary. There is every reason to believe that a highly effective technique has emerged from this Roundtable. But the voice of proper scholarly objectivity insists that we wait until the edited tapes can be listened to critically, to see if the concrete results, when considered in the cold light of the morning after (or, actually, the month after) seem as clear and as valuable as present impressions of them indicate.

As for the educational impact of such a program, take the typical example of a young man, attracted by the folk aspects of the Roundtable, who arrived with his guitar and a repertory of songs of "social significance." On the first Tuesday, his musical horizons were fractured by the haunting, modal melodies of Andrew Rowan Summers, accompanying himself on the dulcimer. Mr. Summers' definition of folk music was puristic and ruled out nearly everything this young man had ever heard. On the following Thursday, he heard Brownie McGhee singing some of the same songs and adding a powerful rhythm that was also new to him. On Saturday, he heard a Steel Band from Trinidad that combined British, French, Spanish, East Indian, and Africa ingredients. By Sunday, he had decided to stay over to hear Conrad Janis, Eubie Blake, Jimmy Rushing, and Candido—in that order—and had further become an enthusiastic student of jazz.

Of course, the introductory lectures of Harold Courlander, Tremaine McDowell, Henry Cowell, Willis James, Rudi Blesh, and others set a receptive mood, and the morning-after roundtable cinched the process of education. An important factor, however, was the explanations and comments by the performers themselves, brought out by the congenial atmosphere, as well as the frequent participation of the audience, especially by way of the jazz dance illustrated by Al Minns and Leon James. A New Orleans contingent including Johnny Wiggs, Dr. Edmond Soucoun, and Robert Greene gave balance to the modern music of the Randy Weston Trio, in residence at Music Inn. Once more, an important fact was driven home: if the music is authentic—the average audience responds enthusiastically.

At the final Roundtable, the question of next summer's program was brought up. General agreement was reached on a topic such as "FOLK MUSIC, JAZZ, AND MODERN MUSIC," which would leave room for the latest developments in jazz as well as the "classical" composers who are sympathetic with jazz. Perhaps it should last three days. The aim, of course, is to cover all American music, and it has become increasingly evident that jazz does not suffer in the process but rather takes on greater significance in such a perspective. For something of the jazz influence appears in all our music. Ultimately, we cannot isolate and define jazz until we have done the same for all other musics.

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The Lively Arts

By Milton R. Bass

"IF YOU DON'T like my peaches, why do you shake my tree? If you don't like my peaches, let my orchard be." For the benefit of anybody who never heard these verses moaned or shouted before, these are blues, real blues. And they were shouted out in all their primeval glory last week when Jimmy Rushing, the king of them all, paid a visit to the jazz festival at Music Inn in Lenox.

The two-week music festival at the Lenox resort was divided into two parts this year, the first section consisting of folk music and the second of jazz. It was the first half that shocked Stephanie and Phillip Barber, the owners of the inn and the instigators of the whole crazy business. They had hoped the series would prove popular but they were quite unprepared for the enthusiastic group of madmen that descended upon them.

THE PEOPLE came alone and in bunches and they came carrying guitars, recorders, harmonicas, kazoo, combs and tissue paper. One girl didn't even bother to unpack. She dropped her luggage in the lobby, unslung her guitar and raced out to the lawn to join a group. They played all day and some played all night and the joint sounded like a hillbilly Babel.

The editor of Business Week magazine popped up with two pairs of Bermuda shorts, a camera and a recorder. He went around taking everybody's picture and there was one shot he thought was a lulu. He happened to enter a room in which a beautiful young lady was strumming a guitar while soulfully serenading with Chilian love songs a handsome young man.

"Who are they?" he wanted to know. "Well," he was told. "The beautiful young lady is Felicia Monteleaure and the handsome young man is her husband, Leonard Bernstein."

MOST OF THE FOLK enthusiasts cleared out as the jazz series began but a few diehards clutched their guitars firmly and hung on for the second week. We went over last Thursday on "Blues Night!" and it was fun to catch the high spirits of the surprisingly mixed crowd. This wasn't a case of a bunch of nutty young kids out to have themselves a ball. There were old and young, short and fat, hairy and bald, pretty and ugly, tall and lean and it turned out that I was the only nutty young kid in the joint.

STAR OF THE EVENING was the aforesaid Jimmy Rushing, the man who made blues shouting a business. Jimmy was most famous when he was with Count Basie in the late '30s and early '40s and there is hardly a man or boy who hasn't heard him yell: "Sent for you yesterday and here you come today. You can't love me baby and treat me this way."

Jimmy weighs somewhere in the vicinity of 300 pounds and when you pack that much poundage into a frame that goes hardly over five feet (in any direction), you've got a sounding board that will rock the walls.

He doesn't quite have the power of his younger days, but nobody sleeps when he's on.

PROFESSOR WILLIS JAMES of Spelman College gave a talk on the blues before the entertainment began and he commented that most blues have their origin in "domestic troubles." And when he introduced Jimmy Rushing as the greatest blues shouter of them all, Jimmy modestly explained it by saying: "Well, I had a little trouble myself."

He certainly had trouble of the right kind because it was sheer joy to hear him shout "St. Louis Blues," "Harvard Blues," "Around the Clock Blues," "Somebody's Spoiling These Women" and many other of the old favorites. He made trouble sound like a pleasant thing to have around.

THIS WAS the fifth in the series of annual festivals at Music Inn and the event has been building in entertainment value and popularity each time. John Daly sent a television crew from New York to film some footage for his show and the publisher of Cue Magazine stopped over to see the fun. Each year there are a few new license plates in the parking lot as the news spreads throughout the country that a bunch of "live ones" are jumping in Lenox.

It could be that this thing might mushroom into another Tanglewood. Imagine 13,000 jazz hounds crowding Lenox on a Sunday afternoon. Crazy, man, crazy.

This account of the Music Inn program appeared in the local newspaper. It seems worth reprinting for two reasons, both because it offers a colorful impression of the proceedings in general and one evening in particular, and because it presents the reaction of an initially "un-hip" observer. Mr. Bass is a local newspaperman; Marshall Stearns reports that his "conversion," which can in part be detected in his article, was gratifyingly close to a "miracle."
On Pe and Me, as well as Ba, Or and other affiliates, the group appeared variously as Carolina Club Ork. (Business in F, Business in Q), Gene's Merrymakers (Sing, In The Shade of the Old Apple Tree, Shanghai Lil, Honeymoon Hotel) and Gene Kardos (Stompin' at the Savoy, Marie, Lovin' Sam, Your Truly Is Truly Young, Breakin' In A Pair of Shoes), the latter being the first sides on which Bean Wain attracted attention. To make things more confusing, other groups sometimes used the same names, for example, the Gene's Merrymakers on Pe, Me, etc., doing Wheezy Anna/Seven Years with the Wrong Woman appears to be an English Imperial pressing. In the later thirties, the Kardos band began to change noticeably toward a slower and sweeter style, beginning with the Pe and Me sides such as Our Penthouse, '3rd Ave., The Night Is Young and You're So Beautiful and Thunder in My Dreams, which is none other than our old friend Signorelli's Little Buttercup, but more renowned as Anything and generally associated with the Phil Napoleon rendition of it.

For Vocalion, Kardos did 42nd St., Shuffle Off to Buffalo, The Continental, All I Do Is Dream of You, Stars Fell on Alabama, With My Eyes Wide Open, Young and Healthy and others.

As was the case of the defunct Crown (and Gem, etc.) label began to appear in the new Varsity lineup; a similar setup to the Kardos group, with a more schmaltzy overall flavor, was being successfully merchandised on Decca under the name of Dick Robertson and His Orchestra, and with it, Varsity jumped on the bandwagon. Margie and Avalon had already been put out on V's 8023 as Gene Kardos and His Orchestra, but a flock of other Crown Kardos' began to turn up as Dick Robertson and His Orch., Dick having been the "Bob Dixon" doing the vocals on most of the Crowns. These V's included Babin St. Blues, Alexander's Regtime Band, Ida, Indiana, Some of These Days and many others. That's-a-Plenty, on one side of Royale 1754, and which seems to have puzzled a lot of people, is likewise the identical Gr 3352 by Kardos.

The Kardos band disappeared from recording circles about 1939 and the only records by Kardos I have seen or heard of since then were a few sides on Continental in the mid-forties, including a Geo. M. Cohan medley in two parts, and a version of All By Myself, which was an obvious attempt to re-capture the spirit and verve of earlier Kardos standard sides. But this was obviously a completely different and sadly sedate aggregation and the results are better forgotten.

**Benny Frenchie**

Suggestion: From its earliest days, the Decca company has had consistently popular artists in Louis Armstrong and the Mills Brothers. During the thirties, they appeared together on an excellent series of discs. What a fine album a collection of them would make. Free suggestion, Milt.

Riddle: If you happen to have an Okeh record called Soup Suds, take it out and play it several times. Now—who is the piano player?

**Choke of Pace:** A recent show at Harlem's Apollo Theatre featured Sidney Bechet (on his annual visit to the States) and Butterbeans and Susie. It must have brought out the old folks in droves. From there Bechet, in another strange move, went to The Bandbox.

**Advice:** Do you have Armstrong's record of Cold, Cold Heart? Ella Fitzgerald's record of One Night of Love? The Mills Brothers' record of You Always Hurt the One You Love? Why not?

**Available:** During the early days of bop in the 40's, a New York painter held an almost perpetual jam-session in his mid-town loft studios by these young men with the "new music." This would be a pointless item, except that he happens to have owned a recording machine and happens to have had it on most of the time. Anyone interested?

** Pronouncement of the month:** Benny Frenchie has just heard the most beautiful jazz record ever made: a second master of Chow by Bunk Johnson from the session now out on Columbia.

**Raised Eyebrows Dept.:** Brunswick has just reissued Jimmy Noone's old Decca record of Sweet Lorraine and labeled it as by Johnny Dodds. Send in your congratulations today, fans!

**Prog:** One of the attendants at the funeral of the late Jimmy Yancey was Dizzy Gillespie, who reportedly said: "I hope someone more progressive than me will come to my funeral."

**Benefit:** A late-September benefit for James P. Johnson was scheduled for New York's Town Hall. The great pianist and composer has been bedridden and almost completely paralyzed for some time. The impressive list of "sponsors" of the benefit included such musicians as Willie the Lion Smith, Eddie Condon, Roy Eldridge, Pee Wee Russell, F. W. Hunt, P. W. King, Sonny Greer, Artie Shaw, Red Allen, Cecil Scott, Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, Bud Powell, Duke Ellington, Sidney Bechet, Lips Page, Pops Foster, Max Kaminsky, Luckey Roberts, Noble Sissle, Albert Nicholas, Count Basie, Lionel Hampton, Charlie Shavers, Louis Prima and many, many, many others.
the st. louis jazz revival

PART 1

BY BOB KOESTER

(Bob Koester is a St. Louis jazz writer and collector and enthusiast, who informs us that, in the home town, jazz once again "begins to look like a permanent institution." Since we agree with him that there has been far too little coverage of the St. Louis scene, this will be the first of several brief reports by Koester in activities in that area.—The Editors.)

After the end of World War II, people in almost every part of the country became aware of the lasting value of American Jazz Music. We have all read of the jazz movement in San Francisco, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Boston, Detroit, New York, but little has been heard from St. Louis, a city that had been very important in the early growth of jazz. The revival was a little late in coming to the Mound City, but it did arrive—in late 1947.

The first band to play Dixieland, as it's called locally, was a group of five or six men who used to sit in at place in St. Louis County called the Barn. Bill Mason, trumpet; Skip Diringer, trombone; Bob Shroder, clarinet; Kenny Lehman, piano; Wally Eckhardt, bass, and Eddie Freund, drums, showed up with such regularity that it was decided to hold regular jam sessions every Tuesday night. For this purpose, Gretchen Inn, another "county" spot, was chosen and a crowd of youthful admirers soon collected. The young, inexperienced revivalists went a long way on their enthusiasm. They soon developed into capable musicians and moved to the Keg, where several substitutions were made. Don Gumpert replaced Bill Mason on trumpet and was in turn replaced by Muggsy Spreker, a Wisconsin professional who had a taste for jazz. The two alternated throughout the Keg period. During the Keg period, when they were being paid in money and drinks, the band continued to hold jam sessions every Sunday at the Sylvan Beach Ballroom. Other local jazzmen would sit in, resulting in a packed bandstand greeted by ten or eleven youthful musicians.

From the Keg the band continued its way up-hill through the Wedge, a return to Gretchen, the Solo Club, Burgundy Room (where they joined the union to accept jobs with Schlitz Beer and at Scott Air Force Base), Collinville Park Ballroom, The Palladium in East St. Louis, a return to the Burgundy Room (since renamed the Bluenote) and finally their current job, replacing the entrenched Joe Smith Rampart Street Ramblers at the Windermere Bar. There are quite a few elements or "styles" involved in the music of these six men of St. Louis jazz. Ask them who their favorites are and they'll name men from every school of recent jazz history. Bassman Wally Eckhardt likes Wild Bill Davison, Skip Diringer might mention anyone from George Brunies to Turk Murphy. Bob Dorries will probably not mention anyone for he developed over a longer period of time and has heard almost all of them. Muggsy Spreker was nick-named after the other horn-blowing Muggsy of the Chicago school and also owes a debt to Bill Davison's current booking in St. Louis, Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, Frisco and New Orleans, as well as local greats, mould themselves into what ought to be known as Gretchen Inn style. An enthusiasm for playing, coupled with a lack of the "academic" approach of copying great or good solos note-for-note, has resulted in a great deal of originality of ideas—something that goes a long way with this writer in his evaluation of any band. The band also embodies enough commercial ideas to put them over with the general public, without running the risk of being called "corny."

A word should be said for the well-integrated ensemble playing of the band. The band has no stars in the balloon-headed sense of the word. There are a few members who seem to attract the attention of the crowd, but there is little if any cgo problem. This is reflected in the mutual respect each member has for the playing of the others, and results in a team-spirit that makes for unusually close ensemble work. This must be heard in the flesh to be appreciated.

Several attractive offers have been presented to the band at various times by clubs and booking agencies in the major cities, but the boys have always preferred to stay at home with their wives and families. Though the present personnel may never leave their current haunts for the glamour and glory of Greenwich Village, the Bluenote, and the Hangover, it is our feeling that, once recorded, their music will be appreciated by a wide audience. At present, the band is establishing themselves very well with the clientele of the Windemere Bar. Personnel now consists of Muggsy, cornet; Skip, trombone; Sammy Gardner, clarinet; Bob Dorries, piano; Jerry Fiscle, drums (leader) and Wally Eckhardt, bass.

That's one part of the story of the St. Louis Jazz Revival, about which more in forthcoming issues.

New west coast style outfit headed by Bob Thompson, formerly of the Red Onion Jazz Band, opened September 11th at The Vat, Cliffside Park, New Jersey (opposite Palisades Amusement Park) for an indefinite series of regular Friday and Saturday night engagements. The band also appears periodically at Jimmy Ryan's (52nd Street) Monday night jam sessions along with Wilber De Paris' rip roaring Rampart Street Ramblers, the house band. Ryan's Monday nights are still the hottest thing in New York Dixieland circles.

The Dixieland Rhythm Kings, on their way to the Savoy in Boston, spent a day in New York. Former DRK trumpeter, Carl Halen, also in town for visit. Monster session ensued with DRK, Halen, and former Red Onion band. Banjos and tubas welcomed the dawn. New Orleans trumpeter Johnny Wiggs also in town for brief stay.

Wingy Mannone and Sidney Bechet each did short stints at Apollo Theatre. Freddie Washington Band at Harlem's Apollo Cafe, giving out with wild blend of dixieland and jump sounds. Muggsy Spanier and Barney Bigard dropped into Ryan's jam session recently. New Wingy Mannone record of Song from Moulin Rouge and Vaya Con Dios best belly-laugh of the year. Pee Wee Hunt Band at Cafe Society for two weeks. Max Kaminsky group reported to follow.


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Blues) is outstanding, for the
singer's moving work, a good
chorus by Tommy Ladnier, and
an interesting, but not wholly
successful, arrangement (riffs
are used, as Morton said they
should be, as background) by
the always capable Lovie Austin.
Mountain Jack has a fine
piano accompaniment by Jimmy
Blythe. The first two choruses of
Seeking are as moving as
anything she has done. A com-
parison of these four blues will
again show Ma Rainey's emo-
tional and expressive range.
But more of that as we speak of
the songs.

One of the many qualities
that contribute to her greatness,
and one that particularly stands
out in this collection, is the
easy swing and timing of her
approach. The ease, the thing
that we often think that the
New Orleans Negroes had a
monopoly on, certainly hers.
And the timing—one cannot
describe it, define what subtly
perfect timing is, but one can
sense it, and that is the stav-
going point. It is the thing that
Morton had, for example, that
few of his present day followers
can grasp—hear them, play one
of his breaks. On the Black
Bottom and the plaintive Send
Me a Man, Ma uses her "sense
of it" beautifully. And so can
the way she "swings" the tango
Jealousy—so like the way Jelly
Roll would "swing" it.

The Black Bottom and a
comparison of the subtle dif-
fferences of its three choruses
can be a beautiful demonstra-
tion of her mastery of this easy
time-melody variation. It is the
old question of control of the
rhythm, making it a part of
the music and the swing and
the emotions without letting it
take over and subdue them, I
suppose.

The rest of the story, the
story of her power, pathos,
conviction, dignity, authority,
joy, sorrow—that part too has
to be felt. She has them. There
is such complexity beneath the
apparent simplicity of her work.
And, as this collection estab-
lishes, she was capable of many
moods and tones. She was a
great singer.

Was the "greater than Bessie
Smith?" The question (which
I have previously tried only to
clarify) may have to be raised
again. (Riverside RLP 1016).

(M.T.W.)

Johnny wiggs and his
new orleanians, featur-
ing ray burke

heebie jeebies, pallet on
the floor, pretty baby,
tulip stomp, congo, mem-
ories, etc., huddy bolden,
mama's baby boy

A truly amazing platter of
stuff. Quartets can be cute,
interesting or different, but
they usually remain a thing apart
from the band sound. Here,
however, is a four-band play-
ing things in a way that
makes most six-to-eight piece
" Dixieland" groups look sick.
If these are a fair sample of
what present-day New Orleans
musicians can do, things are
well under, way toward a
revival of jazz quality as well as
quantity.

The album cover indicates
Ray Burke as "featured," but
no one man can be spotlighted
playing this sort of fare. The
Wiggs cornet is most gorgeously
in evidence, as are Doc Sou-
chon's fluent guitar and Sher-
wood Mangiapane's lively and
unusual bass. Sheer good taste
amply compensates for lack of
trombone, piano and drums.
Amazingly, the only "apology"
found was for the missing trom-
bone, in the form of some really
amazing "tailgate" guitar pas-
sages in several background
spots.

Heebie Jeebies is splendid.
At long last you can hear that
famous crouching as it would have
sounded if Ory had not spoken
his line too soon at the conclu-
sion. Here, and in Pallet On
The Floor, vocals are pro-
vided by this Souchon fellow,
who is as gutsbucket as they
come—utterly in keeping with
melody and medium. And—
happy day!—he does this with-
out attempting to "make like
Louie," which creates atmos-
phere more reminiscent of early
Armstrong than could any
studied imitation. This tough
and capable guitar man claims

(Continued on Page 18)
We have on hand many communications from readers, covering a great range of subjects. Some of them wish personal replies. But we must explain that our activities in record collecting and research are in the nature of a hobby and unfortunately cannot claim our full-time attention. Thus, while we intend to write to as many of those requesting personal replies as we can, and to include all you have been on our record list, we must put in our five days of work each week and spend a great proportion of the rest of the time on our research work. Don’t think we are ignoring you — and have patience!

In February, we mentioned that Barney Crosby had written us about Bing Crosby’s first record and gave the data as he gave it to us. Now we are to see and by task of the Crosby discographer, Edward J. Mello of San Francisco, who says we have everything wrong except the band’s history and record label and number! For this we assume no responsibility. We will state again here that any data given in this column and credited to anyone by name is printed for what it’s worth, with responsibility belonging to the person providing the data. If we make the statement ours, then we will take the blame for errors. However, we are always ready to print contradictory data, and here is Mr. Mello’s information on Bing’s first recording (which has been verified by Bing himself). The record, found by Chuck Lindsley and Mr. Mello, is I’ve Got the Girl (142783) by Don Clark and his Hotel Biltmore-Ore., on Columbia 824. Vocal is a duet by Bing and Al Rinker. Hope this clears up that matter.

Label of the Month: We have the Lyric label this time. Label credit goes to the Lyraphone Co. of America, Newark, N.J., U.S.A. and the company priced them at $1.00. Side shown is Margie (14113-2) as by Nicholas Orlando’s Orchestra on Lyric 4236. Reverse side is Caresses (14114-2) as by the same band. Lyric is a light grey label with “Lyric” and “Lyraphone Co. of America” in bright orange. All other lettering is in black with the case on a red trade mark in white. Masters appear in handwriting figures indented in the label or in the wax outside it. This master series is not clear; it may be their own or possibly the same series which appears on Arto and its group in the 17000 and 18000 range, although we doubt if these sides are that much earlier than Arto items in the higher range. Can anyone further our very scanty knowledge of this label? Other examples we can cite are: Ly 4221, coupling Hold Me (14050) and That Naughty Waltz (14049) as by the Waldorf-Astoria Dance Orchestra; Ly 5225, Tired of Me (14095-2) / Rock-a-Bye Lullabye Mammy (14104-2), tenor solos by Sam Ash and Billy Jones, respectively; and Ly 8202, Souvenir (14017-2) / Mistake In G (14021-2), violin solos by Vera Bartow, acc. by Maurice C. Runsey, piano.

We have mentioned the Phantasia Concert label in this column many times and usually the masters on that label have been from the Olympic group. But we have a report on one which ties in with Lyric just mentioned above, Tom Rezan, of Waltham, Mass., who has sent in a lot of helpful “Pathé Perfect” data to us, has Phen 14231: Honeyed / Little Miss Charity as by Victor Stuart’s Jazzrimba (sic) Orch. He noted that the labels were passed on and soaked off. He found the record underneath was Lyric 4231 which showed the same titles but credited them to Verke’s Jazzrimba (sic) Orch. Further data on the relationship between Lyric and Phantasia Concert would be most interesting and does anyone know who put out the latter label? Tom makes no mention of masters on his Ly 4231. We would like to hear from him on that subject.

Keith Miller, of Toronto, Canada, would like personnel data on a good jazz item he has on Gennett’s Canadian label, Starr Gennett (14255) as by Porter’s Blue Devils. Anyone know who this group is? And the dope on issue American Gennett?

Monthly Scholastic. May be the label of the month was Variety of the Cameo family. As you know, we are working on the issues of these small labels of the ’20s and our work to date begins to show how it can be of value in identifying the bands. The case of one side of that Variety, for example. Walter Ruzica, of Belleville, N.J., furnished the Lincoln issue of the same master and Perry Armagnac and your columnist furnished the Cameo & Romeo ones in our junking explorations. Master 2474 C2: On Va 5081 as by The Senators, on Li 2628 as by The Rangers, on Ro 395 as by Lynn Cowan & His Lover’s State Theater Orch., and on Lo 1167 as by Sam Lanin & His Troubadours (title: Me and My Shadow). This seems to prove our item to be a Lanin side! Since Cameo is the parent label their credit is most likely to be right. Also, who ever heard of Lynn Cowan? The other two are obvious phones.

This is for this time. The above Lanin item illustrates why we keep appealing to you for data on all labels in the “small” category of the ’20s! It’s the best way to straighten out identities of good obscure jazz sides. Send the stuff in at 74 South Road, Harrison, N.Y. or c/o the Changer.

Records noted
(Continued from Page 17)

to be the same Edmond Souchon, M. D., who is well known as a jazz musicologist and guiding light in the New Orleans Jazz Club. This fellow is Jekyll & Hyde in the flesh!

Pretty Baby and Tulip Stomp (When You Were a Tulip) are unusual and good. Both prove handsomely that “pretty” and “schmalty” need not be synonymous. Baby is a really delightful, danceable serenade, and fine New Orleans jazz the whole way. Burke’s lovely clarinet and Mr. Wiggs’ hot, rhythmic horn are ideally mated in counterpart, and Burke’s band, which is played unusually low with a resultant tone color that utterly transforms the tune. You want something “progressive?” This it is, but it drips mould none the less.

Congo and Buddy Bolden, While in the tradition, are remarkable for the closeness and blending of the parts. Some of the harmonic changes and switches of lead that occur are wonderful, yet at no time is a fine beat neglected or forgotten. These fellows must play together a great deal. It is very apparent here.

The Kelley eagle antics, etc., is the one low point of the disc. It is obviously snips of tape plastered together to “feature” Ray Burke. Burke, who bats in the same league as Bob Pollack, definitely rates attention, but nobody can make sense in three bar snatchs from totally unrelated performances in varied tempo. Parts of this, particularly Memories itself, are fine. The full version of this tune would certainly have done Burke’s remarkable clarinet greater justice than did the “etc.”

Mama’s Baby Boy is the loudest, funniest and most raucous “lullaby” these ears have ever heard. The tune is a classic New Orleans stomp strain closely related to Gate-mouth, Get It Fixed, South and such. Big bellylaughs and a torrid ride-out ensemble. Man, Mr. Wiggs really moo-o-ow-ow!!

Quality of recording here is good. (Paramount LP 107 JWF)

pete johnson

answer to the boogie, dive bomber, mr. freely blues, zero hour, bottom-land boogie, kaycee feeling, lights out mood, rock it boogie

These were recorded in 1944. Two years, that is, before Johnson’s treble figures had fallen into that over-decoruness, triplet-making, and pointless double-time which did him in about 1946.

Answer sounds like a second, and inferior, master of Holler Stomp. Dive Bomber is another version of Blues on the Downbeat, and, although not sustained, is good for about half its length. Shayne number is played as a (rather undistinguished) medium blues. Zero and Lights Out are Johnson’s "straight blues," in that familiar manner in which he tries to be melodic in a mood that makes the whole thing often sound unfeling and rather—well, "chi-chi." And an odd manner it is too, when we remember how centrally full of blues feeline his boogie style is.

In Bottomland and Rock It, he attempted new bass figures. They are different, interesting, but a little too ingenious and distracting.
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(37) Mean Blues
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A Letter Re Jazz Directory

The Delphic Press

Principals: Albert J. McCarthy, T. F. G. Vaughan

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Bill Grauer, Jr.,
Record Changer,
125, La Salle Street,
New York City 27,
N.Y.,
U.S.A.

Dear Bill:

Like most people you ask whether JAZZ DIRECTORY will ever be completed. To tell you the truth, until a week or two ago I couldn't have told you myself! However, the answer is now an emphatic yes. Cassell & Company, one of the leading publishing houses in this country has taken it over and will issue two volumes a year - one in the spring and one in the autumn. Volume five will be out in February or March and is now under way. This volume incidentally, is the first one which pleases me at all.

With this type of backing I can breathe again. Frankly, the strain of DIRECTORY has been terrific and I had to neglect all my other work. Both Dave Carey and I lost a considerable sum of money on this work, mainly because we did not have the outlets that a big firm can afford. We tried to do all the work and the distribution on our own and it proved impossible. I don't need to tell you the work involved in preparing a volume - believe me, it is a full time job quite literally. When one has to try to earn ones living at the same time it becomes impossible. The next stage is the psychiatric ward. Ironically enough, a similar work on the sex habits of snails in Patagonia would land a university grant, but jazz is still too frivolous a subject to make application worthwhile. Yet, a work like DIRECTORY does really need a grant to ensure smooth production and the retention of the sanity of the compiler. Maybe someday?

You can assure your good clients that they will now get all the volumes. Perhaps you can also pass the word around that I value all the help that I can get, particularly on small label items and on corrections and additions to existing volumes. A letter from a collector with information gives one a much needed boost at times.

My best,

Mac

Albert McCarthy
I. The Man

What records did he listen to?

"Well, a funny thing—we didn't even know about the Wolverines up there until they were long gone. The Rhythm Kings came to Minneapolis once, near the end. And then we got Bix on those first Okeh's. Everybody, especially at the 'U' [the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, at which Doc did graduate work in English for a year after taking his B.A. at Carleton], liked Red Nichols. Myself, I was an early admirer of Armstrong—owned his records from the very beginning. I studied those things. Never could get the tone, but Louis taught me a lot. Louis and Bix."

How about the Bob Crosby Bobcats, later on?

"They were practically all we had in the '30s. Well, sure, I listened to them a lot. The Ben Pollack nucleus of that Crosby band played in Minneapolis for a couple of years—I would guess around '33, '34. They were tremendous. . . . About the Bobcats, I think Yank Lawson is about as good a trumpet-player as you can ever hear. All that drive, that push. And he knew how to play in the ensemble. That's the thing—the ensemble . . ."

It was, and is, Doc's leading idea in jazz. During the '30s, he kept to that idea in his listening and playing, even though for a while he had some difficulty in making up his mind as to whether or not he should go into music full-time. He taught high school English for a year; married (unsuccessfully); and ran his own kennel, raising thoroughbred cocker spaniels, producing more than ten champions. But he couldn't stay away from jazz; he remembered that summer of '28:

"I was in Minneapolis, jobbing, making a living—I don't know how—staying at the 'U.' The Minnesota Theater—that's the Radio City now—was right across the street, and that's where the Whiteman band came in. They had Bix, the Rhythm Boys with Bing Crosby—almost anyone you can name. I took a sack of sandwiches along and stayed all day. Spent the time between stage shows out in the lobby . . ."

What about Bix?

"They never caught that tone on records—dougendest thing you ever heard. Here was that big band—you remember what a mess that was—no mikes in those days, but when Bix stood up to solo over all that noise, the notes just sailed out and broke like bubbles over everyone's head. . . . He couldn't play much, but he had heart. And that tone! . . . I went to see him another time. Drove up from Northfield—all that way. Bix wasn't there—it was right before he died—he was sick. Andy Secrest subbed for him. He sounded a lot like Bix."

And so did Doc in '39, when he suddenly became a public figure at the famous and now-vanished Mitch's, a roadhouse that used to stand across the Minnesota River from Fort Snelling—a place that visiting musicians dubbed, "the Nick's of the Midwest." For a riotous two years, Doc played there in the five-piece Dixieland band of Red Dougherty, a veteran honkytonk pianist. It was a mecca for pianists: in '42 Bob Zurke and Joe Sullivan also played there. The music—and the uproar—were fabulous. Big-name band leaders toured miles out of their way just to hear Doc. Officers came to him—fom Ray McKinley, Claude Thornhill—but he turned them down; Bix's end had been a lesson.

"That job at Mitch's," he says even now, "is the only one I've ever been on where I was anxious to go to work every night. There was always something happening. Where Bix made his mistake was when he cut out of all that—you know what I mean?"

Some do, and they are Doc's rock-bottom audience today. It is a small, solid audience, one that he lost momentarily during the war when Mitch's had to close and he, in turn, had to scuffle again.

In 1947 he popped up at the opening of Jazz, Ltd. in Chicago; stayed on; and then

YANK LAWSON: Evans calls him "as good a trumpet-player as you can ever hear."
LOUIS: Evans has “a lyricism that shows how much he has learned from Louis.”

began an odyssey that took him to Chicago’s Beehive, Tailspin, and Blue Note—to the Hangover in San Francisco—to Oakland, Glendale, Hollywood, Boston, Detroit, Rock Island, the Twin Cities, Jazz, Ltd. again—and finally back to the Twin Cities in the fall of ’52.

The small audience had begun to expand, partly because of Doc’s brief personal appearances, but mostly, it would seem, because of the records he had made in the meantime, for Disc, Dublin, Jazz, Ltd., Joco.

The records showed a great deal, as jazz records always do. For one thing, they substantiated the narrow-minded but hard-to-analyze impression that Doc’s two- or three-time hearers had received of him—namely, that they had heard a great cornetist, but how great? That was the question. The records answered it.

II. The Artist

Unfortunately, Doc’s first records—those cut for Disc and Dublin—did not make at all clear what his particular virtues were. One reason for this, in the Disc records, was the personnel. Issued in two albums—“Original Dixieland Jazz Band Classics” and “New Orleans Rhythm King Classics”—under the name, “Doc Evans’ Dixieland Five,” these sides boasted the kind of all-star “American primitive” performer-list that is both the glory and the leading defect of such traditional jazz records as those put out by New York’s Commodore. Here was Doc, fresh from a long-rooted and homogenous Mississippi Valley jazz environment, suddenly thrown in with Joe Sullivan, George Wettling, and Tony Parenti, among others. The records don’t come off, as so many other New York records don’t. There are just too many “stars,” too many disparate styles; it is what New York “Nickiseland” has inherited from the Chicago “school”: every man for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost.

The Dublin album followed now, with a different trouble: the performers, out of Doc’s own area, were not, to put it bluntly, good enough to play with Doc. The rhythm is weak in all of these sides, and the wonder is that the horns are able to play as well as they do. Where the Disc records show a lack of supervision and/or leadership presumably because of the heterogeneity of the personnel, the Dublin sides show this lack in another way: the opportunities are there, but Doc doesn’t take hold of them. Accustomed to being a sideman, a role that he had always accepted with characteristic humility, he acquires himself brilliantly, but the others can’t catch up. This has always been Doc’s problem: instinctively an ensemble musician, he has for most of his career been forced to hold himself down lest he stick out incongruously. The ideal situation—one in which he, still an ensemble man, could lead, without rising too far above his conferees’ capabilities—did not take shape on records until four years ago when he made the first of four albums, under the supervision of John Lucas, for the Joco (Johnson-Olsen Co.) label at Northfield.

The Evans-Lucas partnership was a happy one. Lucas, now a professor of English at Carleton (and contributor to The Record Changer), was Doc’s first bonafide fan in those days at Mitch’s. It was a notice written by Lucas (at the time, he was a graduate student at Minnesota) for Downbeat that first called the attention of outside musicians to Doc. Then, in 1947, Lucas arranged for Doc’s University of Chicago Hot Club concert, at which the proprietor-to-be of Jazz, Ltd., Bill Reinhardt, first heard Doc, a circumstance which led to the Evans-Reinhardt association.

But, to return to the records: the first Northfield album, “Jazz Heritage, Vol. I,” was, in light of those to follow, comparatively negligible, but drew a full-page rave by Wilder Hobson in The Saturday Review. The second album, “Jazz Heritage, Vol. II,” elicited this comment from the Chicago Tribune critic: “Put it in your library. Then when you look at the Olivers and Armstrongs and Ory’s, you can say, ‘All this and Evans, too.’” The Evans ensemble idea was at last on wax.

For once, he had a proper personnel: Ken men were Al Jenkins, trombone; Johnny McDonald, clarinet; and Doc Cenardo, drums—journeymen musicians, all. He had good tunes, not the overworked ones, but such as Walkin’ the Dog, Willie the Weeper, and Play That Barbershop Chord. Best of all, he had a nominal “boss,” Lucas, who understood what was at the back of Doc’s mind, and got him to bring it out. The results should be better-known. They show most typically in Milenburg Joys here, as in all the other records in the album, are no “solas,” only breaks; but what remains, the ensemble, is of an intensity and richness that one feels nowhere else but in the very greatest achievements of classic jazz.

How do you describe it? It is what the French neo-classicists used to call the “je ne sais quoi.” A better word perhaps, applied to jazz, is elan. But as we have little or no jazz criticism dealing with this quality, it is often overlooked. Our critics generally tend to separate the ensemble, then go on to discuss, favorably or otherwise, via the solo, the idiosyncrasies of each performer. A good ensemble lead is very often dismissed as just that: “a good ensemble lead.” Jelly Roll’s Goodman, Mitchell (when he was not mistaken for Armstrong) suffered this treatment for a good many years. The notion that an ensemble lead—especially a great one—can be, in itself, a style is alien to most critics. They want to hear the man by himself—which, in the case of a strong lead, is usually to hear him in his lesser aspect—and then discover him, as with Mitchell, to either be Armstrongian to the core or otherwise, via the solo, with Evans, where identity does not figure, to be absolutely eclectic, without a style of his own.

Now there is something to this charge of eclecticism, but eclecticism comes in several kinds: there is the patchwork kind, and there is the assimilative kind. Evans employs to the latter. It is now more than ever true that there were two albums—(LP)—"The Blues in Dixieland" and "Command Performance"—that follow "Jazz Heritage, Vol. I" (with McDonald and Cenardo being replaced by Art Lyons and Micky Stiels). As in the preceding album, the effect of breath-taking ensemble, punctuated by breaks, is the same. Jimtown Blues and Panama make clear, once and for all, what Evans wants—classic jazz, jounreyman’s jazz, communal improvisation. The "other" for whom the journeyman works is the audience; the audience—but an educated audience, aware of the traditions, the standards, the music. Which is nothing more than the basic, natural white mutation of what Jelly Roll wanted; and as Jelly Roll was assimilatively eclectic (witness his transformations of French music, ragtime, “the Spanish tinge”), his avowed indebtedness to people like Tony Jackson and Mame Desdounes, so is Doc; like Mitchell, Jelly Roll’s ideal lead, he, too, is unassuming, utterly reliable, and discharges the ensemble functions of the traditional cornet part so perfectly and with so little of the eccentric about him as to make it sound almost too easy. You do not need to know the first note of second listening, for much of what he plays is diffused in the ensemble precisely at the moment that it emerges from his horn. His style is ‘integrative,’ as well as assimilative, and in this distinction, one of these two, he is without peer. What began as a Bix mutation (you can still hear it in the Singin’ the Blues of "Command Performance") in which Doc creates a wholly new "Bix," has become, through the influence of Armstrong, Lawson, Spanish, Oliver (approximately in that order), a comprehensive style, of which Bix is only a part of the picture.

Doc has gone far beyond the white cornetists of the ’20s, and has even caught up with some of the Negroes of that period, such as Mitchell. He is the unmatched
white today, and is probably playing an even finer jazz than Armstrong is currently capable of. He has all the drive and "busyness" of Spanier—actually, he is more in the Stock Yard Strut mood of Keppard (Copenhagen, "Penitent," "Command Performance"); and has a plunger style to equal Spanier's, learned from listening to Bubber Miley before he ever heard of Spanier (The Roof Blues, Jazz, Ltd. 1-P.). And yet he has more: a lyricism (Singin' the Blues and Sleepy Time Down South, "Command Performance") which shows how much he has learned from Bix and Louis, respectively. But even then he has still more: a plaintive "distancing" in muted work reminiscent of Oliver (Beale Street and Dallas, "The Blues in Dixieland"); a peculiarly "white" but hot tone, like those of Lawson and Sterling Bose, which suffuses all of his work; and now he seems to be making approaches (Missouri Waltz, "Command Performance," and Weary Blues, "The Blues in Dixieland") to the gutter phrasing, the calculated recklessness of such lesser-known Negro cornetists as Punch Miller and Jabbo Smith, whom he has just begun to hear on records.

He does not stand still. For twenty-five years he has been developing, and the development goes on. What is especially striking again—and this cannot be too much emphasized—is that he does not copy, but rather studies and assimilates. The course of that assimilation has consistently taken on a darker coloring as Doc has worked back from the white cornetists, with whom he was first familiar, to the Negroes. It is something that Bix was unable to do, and that other, more recent white cornetists have apparently not cared to do. In this—the pattern of his development—Evans is unique; and, as a result, in its knowledge-ability, its comprehensiveness, his shows every promise of becoming the nearly archetypal and anonymous jazz cornet.

III. The Missionary

He is not called Doc for nothing. Said William Leonard of the Chicago Journal of Commerce several years ago: "I've heard him utilize a delightfully offhand manner musical right to exist." More recently, and more constructively, he said, in an interview published in the Minneapolis Sunday Tribune, "I've got an idea the American audience would rather hear Dixieland than any other kind of music—if it had the chance. If it knew what Dixieland was. I'm doing missionary work—getting the music to those who have never heard it." And that just about sums up one of Doc's strongest motivations.

The minister's son is very much apparent in such ventures as Doc Walker Art Center lecture series, the Saturday afternoon jazz concerts that he has been conducting in the Minneapolis bars in which he has happened to be playing, and in his liking for the "college date"—besides Chicago, Doc has taken his band to Purdue, Minnesota, Carleton, and Wisconsin. Half of his nightly audience is made up of college students, and thereby hangs a rather important fact.

The Evans audience in his home locale, the Twin Cities, splits about evenly into two wildly-enthusiastic parts, neither of which, at first glance, seems to have much to do with the other. On the one hand, there are the people between 21 and 31; and then there are the people between 41 and 51. There would be more below the age of 21, but they are barred by law from most of the places in which Doc has to play. Above the 51-age, there is practically no interest; most people in this group think jazz is something "low."

The most significant category of stay-aways, however, is the 31-41 bloc. This is primarily the World War II generation—the "silent" generation, as it has been called—which may have a very good practical reason for not putting in an appearance: these are newly-married people, for the most part, with all the responsibilities of new job, new home, babies—which, in short, must be most concerned with "getting on."

Musically-considered, however—and assuming that the approximate age of 15 is the moment when most Americans first become consciously aware of the socio-

(Continued on Page 18)
Many of the early history of recorded jazz is, of course, permanently shrouded in obscurity. Documentation of dates and personalities is, quite understandably, apt to be in a state of hopeless confusion, since the memories of musicians who might have made hundreds of sides are apt to be vague and contradictory—and the men who made many of the earliest are not always still around even to do any guessing.

The companies which first issued jazz records, for the most part, probably kept accurate lists and files at the time. But old lists have a way of getting lost, or being thrown away, or simply becoming decayed, as time passed and as many companies changed ownership or just went out of business, particularly in the dismal days of the early '30s. Even when the documentation still exists, some companies are reluctant to go digging, or let eager discographers rummage through the bottoms of their file. And there are undoubtedly listings that have remained uncovered simply because no one knew where to look for them.

This was pretty much the case with the ledgers and records of the Gennett label, which have always been carefully preserved by the Gennett family, but have never before been made available to the jazz public. The Record Changer now is able to offer selected pages excerpted from these papers—selected because, as these pages indicate, some of the greatest of Bix, Morton and Oliver sides were recorded just before, after and in the midst of some quite incredible-sounding commercial and assorted other material.

These lists do not, of course, answer all the questions. Most notably they cannot be of help on matters of personnel. But they are invaluable sources of knowledge as to exact recording dates, master numbers, how many takes (often for never-released or hardly-ever-heard-of discs). And these are, just as importantly, one of the greatest sources of scher jazz nostalgia that can be imagined.
11374 Gc/  When Will The Sun Shine For Me
11374A Gc/  When Will The Sun Shine For Me
11374B Gc/  When Will The Sun Shine For Me
11375 Gc/  Rose Of The Rio Grande
11375A Gc/  Rose Of The Rio Grande
11375B Gc/  Rose Of The Rio Grande
11376 Gc/  Evening Brings Memories Of You
11376A Gc/  Evening Brings Memories Of You
11376B Gc/  There's No Gal Like My Gal
11377 Gc/  There's No Gal Like My Gal
11377A Gc/  There's No Gal Like My Gal
11377B Gc/  There's No Gal Like My Gal
11377C Gc/  Wonderful Dream
11378 Gc/  Wonderful Dream
11378A Gc/  Wonderful Dream
11379 Gc/  Blue Grass Blues
11379A Gc/  Blue Grass Blues
11379B Gc/  Blue Grass Blues
11379C Gc/  Blue Grass Blues
11380 Gc/  Made A Monkey Out Of Me
11380A Gc/  Made A Monkey Out Of Me
11380B Gc/  Made A Monkey Out Of Me
11380C Gc/  Made A Monkey Out Of Me
11381 Gc/  Chicago and Toot Toot Tootsie
11381A Gc/  Chicago and Toot Toot Tootsie
11382 Gc/  Tomorrow and Homesick
11382A Gc/  Tomorrow and Homesick
11383 Gc/  Just Gone
11383A Gc/  Just Gone
11383B Gc/  Just Gone
11384 Gc/  Canal Street Blues
11384A Gc/  Canal Street Blues
11384B Gc/  Canal Street Blues
11385 Gc/  Mandy Lee Blues
11385A Gc/  Mandy Lee Blues
11385B Gc/  Mandy Lee Blues
11385C Gc/  Mandy Lee Blues
11386 Gc/  I'M Going Away To Weep You Off My Mind
11386A Gc/  I'M Going Away To Weep You Off My Mind
11386B Gc/  I'M Going Away To Weep You Off My Mind
11386C Gc/  I'M Going Away To Weep You Off My Mind
11387 Gc/  Chimes Blues
11387A Gc/  Chimes Blues
11387B Gc/  Chimes Blues

3-31-23

Albert Katz's Hotel Sinton Orch
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King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band
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11388  Weather Bird Reg  King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band 4-7-23
11389A  Weather Bird Reg  King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band
11389B  Weather Bird Reg  King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band
11389  Dipper Mouth Blues  King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band
11389A  Dipper Mouth Blues  King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band
11389B  Dipper Mouth Blues  King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band
11390  Foggy Moon  King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band
11390A  Foggy Moon  King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band
11390B  Foggy Moon  King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band
11391  Snake Rag  King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band

11392  Some Lonesome Night  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets 4-12-23
11392A  Some Lonesome Night  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11392B  Some Lonesome Night  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11393  Wait Till The Sun Shines For Me  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11393A  Wait Till The Sun Shines For Me  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11394  Ain't Got Nothin Never Had Nothin  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11394A  Ain't Got Nothin Never Had Nothin  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11394B  Ain't Got Nothin Never Had Nothin  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11395  The Cats Whiskers  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11395A  The Cats Whiskers  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11395B  The Cats Whiskers  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11396  China Boy (Go Sleep)  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11396A  China Boy (Go Sleep)  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11397  Old Plantation Blues  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11397A  Old Plantation Blues  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11398  Holding Hands  Morgan's Court Orchestra
11398A  Holding Hands  Morgan's Court Orchestra
11399  Has Anybody Seen My Kitty, (Pussy)  Morgan's Court Orchestra
11399A  Has Anybody Seen My Kitty, (Pussy)  Morgan's Court Orchestra
11400  Tom Tom (From The Queen Of Hearts)  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11400A  Tom Tom (From The Queen Of Hearts)  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets

11401  Some Stuff  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets 4-13-23
11401A  Some Stuff  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11402  Down Virginia Way  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11402A  Down Virginia Way  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11402B  Down Virginia Way  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11403  Hawaii  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11403  Hawaii  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11403A  Hawaii  Harold Leonard & His Red Jackets
11404  Crossing The Bar  Vaughan Quartette 4-16-23
11404A  Crossing The Bar  Vaughan Quartette
11405  Dreaming Alone In The Twilight  Vaughan Quartette
11406  Love Sick Blues  Vaughan Quartette
11407  The Wondrous Story  Vaughan Quartette
11407A  The Wondrous Story  Vaughan Quartette
11408  Mother Now Your Saviour Is My Saviour Too  Arthur E. Lewis 4-17-23
11408A  Mother Now Your Saviour Is My Saviour Too  Arthur E. Lewis
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<td>Repaz Band</td>
<td>Chas. W. Tweedy (imitating player Piano)</td>
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<td>Repaz Bond</td>
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The New York jazz scene is little changed since last month's comments there- upon. Jimmy McPartland has replaced Pee Wee Erwin as front man at Nick's. The side men stayed put. Eddy Condon's medicine ball tossers are as permanent as ever. Conrad Janis still echoes through the Childe's Paramount high class dungeon. The George Wettling—Pee Wee Russell awesome continue their after-theater wailing at Jack Dempsey's. Bud Freeman at Lou Terrassi's and the wonderful Wilber DeParis band at Jimmy Ryan's. Bob Thompson and survivors of Red Onion Jazz Band appearing regularly at Ryan's Monday night sessions to supply the only banjo-tuba music in town. Wingy Mannone has just completed a lusty extended engagement at Cafe Society. Louis Armstrong and miscellaneous All Stars playing miscellaneous jazz at Paramount Theatre, Count Basie band has been rocking the plush Band Box. New Tony Scott combo with Dick Katz on piano, playing some rare and inspiring modern swing. Goodman fans with cool leanings should be pleased. The new mecca for the hipsters is the Open Door in Greenwich Village. Thelonius Monk's latest allusion to the like are likely to appear for Sunday night incantations to abstractions. New York still needs a dixieland headquarters for dancing, relaxation and freedom from the oxyt. Some of England's rhythm clubs should provide the model. How about some attention to the dilemma of the young musician with traditional New Orleans inclinations? The Central Plaza—Stuyvesant Casino beat, though going strong, shows scant concen- cern with the nurture of good jazz.

An interesting article entitled "Requiem for a Living Art" by Charles M. Fair appears in a recently published 35 volume, "The Avon Book of Modern Writing." The author is billed as, among other things, a former dixieland musician and currently a non-professional bop musician. His theme is that bop is an art form reflecting the despair of the times. He decries its rejection by so many in favor of dixieland and commercial music. This is a reasonable position. He is, however, probably in error when he casts out traditional jazz (dixieland) as an already exhausted vehicle for musical creativity. Now the "times" are no more than the artificial behavior of the people at large and not all of the people are besieged with depressions, surrealistic fantasy, existentialist detachment, rebellion against the status quo, and fugue of the time. Traditional jazz and bop are idioms in which more or less arbitrary rules-of-the-game constitute the defining factors. There is no property of an era which such as can be invoked for not developing either idiom. There is no evidence that all possible moves in the dixieland game have been made. Good new ideas in any idiom do not necessarily disqualify older ideas nor is creating something new the only aesthetic reward in playing jazz.

Sometimes a great natural talent is better left untrained, perfect in its imperfections, lest it be molded and refined into an unnatural one. It can happen often to actors— and singers: Judy Garland, after years of vigorous, unrammed vocalizing suddenly began to phrase carefully and modulate impecably; so did Betty Rhodes when they started to bill her as the First Lady of Television. Judy abruptly dropped her acquired habits in time; Betty didn't; where is she today?

Oddly enough, this also can happen to an instrumental soloist, despite the years of practice and study that is an absolute must. I think it has definitely happened to organist Jesse Crawford. Organ solo devotees need no reminder of the many gems he plattered for Victor from the mid-twenties to the mid-thirties: their mere and warmth lifted them 'way over the heads of most other interpreters of the same material, and his straightforward arrangements of After I Say I'm Sorry, Precious Little Thing Called Love, Student Prince Serenade, Lay My Head Beneath a Rose, Gypsy Love Song, Song of Songs and Rhapsody in Blue stand today as prime examples of exactly how each of these songs should be organized.

In the late 'thirties and early 'forties Crawford did very little recording. It seems he was "ever conscious of his lack of formal training," and ... in 1939 through 1943, giving up all active work, he undertook the intensive study of composition and arrang- ing with the late Joseph Schillinger, a modern, revolutionary teacher in that field. His work with Schillinger gave Crawford a wider field to carve out a career along differ- ent lines ... perfecting a new formula which shortcuts the ancient routes to brilli- ant organ technique." I quote the blurs on a couple of his recent Decca L.P.'s which are, certainly, replete with what could be analyzed as "brilliant organ technique" but which also are, more often than not, sadly lacking in the freshness and honesty of the "uneducated" Crawford. Now, much of his playing is subliminal to exotic harmonics which are applied to the simplest, not to say unlikeliest, compositions. True, an arresting, unorthodox chord progression can be very effective, and many of Crawford's are; but as often they are abrasive, exces- sive and too far away from the composer's original intent. Sometimes a first hearing is fascinating, with such doctoring of prostric Struass and Lehár with "The Merry Widow, Waltz Dream, Gold and Silver (De 5402); but a repeat does not satisfy. Like- wise, something is uncomfortably wrong with so many harmonious deviations woven into the accepted fabric of Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses, Roses of Picardy, Somewhere a Voice is Calling, A Dream, Somin' Through, etc. (De 5564).

"The Poet on the Organ" made many sides for Concord Records on nearly all of which this style of playing is used to its farthest extreme. All of the selections are well played, but sometimes I hardly could recognize the already choral framework of Wonderfull One, Laura, Over the Rainbow, Swingin' Down the Lane and others for the super-impose chordal 3-D.

Finally, Crawford's voicing has become much more subdued, and in using an Electric organ exclusively, he has not been as selective as fortunate as other Electric organists. While he still is the undisputed peer of most, the organ tone of many others, notably Jerry Mennel's solo on The Poet on the most miraculously recorded Janien L.P.'s make the Crawford sides seem to be either poorly recorded or played on a mediocre instrument. And there is an electric organ accompanied on an "Annie Ross, L.P." of Coral of "Barber Shop Ballads" (No. 56017) which is one of the most beautiful organ backgrounds I have heard. By contrast, a few of Jesse Crawford's new Decca releases reveal the very harshest and most ear-bending tones I ever encountered on any label, and unaccountably they are just as woodyenly played. The most unbarable are Valencia and Dance of the Blue Danube, which made me wonder how on earth either Crawford or the Decca execs could ever have listened to the first playback and even considered re- leasing it.
Acquisition: If you've ever run into a reduced-price label called Tops, you might be interested in knowing that Tops now owns all the old Black and White masters and plans to put them out on 45 rpm EP records. At a pretty low price, too.

Origin: One of the early bop numbers was called Sallie Peanut. It was then pretty unusual, in that the whole thing was done with a sense of humor (and the kind of humor that now seems to be running Dizzy's life for him). If you want to know just whose peanuts these are, give an ear to one of the breaks that Louis plays towards the end of his old record of Ding Dong Daddy.

Revival: The old “Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street” show is due to show up again, this time as a TV program. The stars are to be Erkine Hawkins and Maxine Sullivan, which may bring in the crowd. But to little people to see and hear than it used to be in the radio days of someone called “Hot Lips Henry” Levine and a girl singer named Dinah Shore—but not much better.

Encore: The release on Dixie records of the Omer-Simeon-Knotty Parker concert covers only part of that show, and Dixie has several other numbers waiting for an other release, including more Jelly Roll tunes like a trio of Grandpa’s Spells and of Shreveport Stomp, Simeon’s own Lorenzo Tio’s Blues, and several other numbers. (Correction to record-reviewer RLT: It was not a 1949 Kentucky concert, but a 1951 Virginia concert.)

Session: Bechet recorded for Blue Note last month, with Jonah Jones, Jimmy Arceh, Walter Paire, Buddy Weed and Johnny Blowers. No news on the tunes, but that’s hardly the point, is it?

Melange: Fellow named Edwin Gilbert has written a “jazz novel,” called The Hot and the Cool, in which a bunch of cool cats in Harlem after-hours session play When the Saints Go Marching In and Mamie’s Blues. Joke over. But the real irony is that a real New Orleans jazz band might have played O-Bop-She-Bam if the audience wanted it—and would have played it good.

Similarity: Did Hoagy Carmichael write Lazy River? Benny’s guess is that he did not, unless he also wrote Smoke-House Blues—which he did not.

Lost Hopes: The failure of the James P. Johnson concert we mentioned in the last issue is at least a disgrace. Willie the Lion Smith worked brilliantly and hard, but there were about 25 people to see and hear him. The only pleasant surprising note was a contribution of $100 mailed in by a Mrs. Jose Ferrer, a singer also known as Rosemary Clooney.

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Negation: Barney Bigard wants to leave Armstrong for the farm again. Edmond Hall turned down an offer to replace him because he objected to travelling. How about Al Nicholas, Satchmo?

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ace in the hole/silver dollar/the torch/frankie and johnnie

This little gem appears to be available only as a 45 rpm Extended Play recording and I dare say it is worth owning an appropriate machine just for this one disc.

The Murphy band here includes Bob Helm—clarinet, Wally Rose—piano, Dick Lammi—banjo, Don Kinch—cornet, Bob Short—tuba, and of course Turk and the trombone. There is a special deal, however. Each side is almost completely taken up with vocals by Mr. Murphy, and such inspired vocals are not to be missed. It is amusing that Columbia should issue Dollar and Ace as if to cover the successful Clancy Hayes—Bob Scobey recording of the same tunes on Good Time Jazz. If available for juke box distribution, Turk’s renditions should be no less successful. Frankie and Johnnie is a tremendously solid performance. The whole lover’s saga is given and then some. Torch is an original by Murphy and is very much in the spirit of the proceedings. All of the merits of That Old Gang of Mine and red hot jazz are combined.

The band functions superbly behind the vocals. On several brief occasions, Turk stops singing and trombones a little with the band. His solo on the bridge of Ace is a masterpiece of rocking staccato style. There is a libral amount of echo on the recording which will delight some and possibly disturb others.

(Columbia B-1686) (R. L. T.)

wally rose—ragtime piano

hot house rag/scott joplin’s new rag/rooster rag/silent movie rag/triangle jazz blues/nonsense rag/hot chocolate/castle house rag

Attend to good news and a matter of small historical import! A major, i.e., well-moneyed and alert to the fast buck, record company (Columbia) has issued a collection of genuine type ragtime piano pieces played by a genuine master of the art. This is behavior that we all must support and reward for it may be a Good Sign.

As dispenser of these fundamental and jazzy selections, we have Wally Rose, well known to those concerned with the many great musical events arising in the San Francisco area. It would be an understatement to note that Rose is among the foremost pianists in the field of traditional jazz. These may well stand as his best recorded work to date. Unrestricted by any accompanists, the piano is here used to its fullest jazz capacity. There is, however, a fly in the ointment. The piano is fixed. Thumbacktas were attached to the horns at the directions of the piano’s owners (not Wally Rose) in an attempt to acquire a poor man’s harpsichord. This coy effect is often entertaining in small doses and on certain tunes. Of course, a judgment of this kind is always very arbitrary and the fixing may be favored by many more than this reviewer imagines. Nevertheless, the clicking of the thumbacktas is at times distracting, suggestive of a tap dancer on a tin roof or a spoon and bones player who won’t go home. The album notes and cover are mid-reading when they suggest that this is an “authentic” sound and that it corresponds to the way in which Rose is usually heard.

Hot House Rag is a rather complex and flashy work composed by Paul Pratt. Its involved character may be, for some, its shortcoming. Scott Joplin’s New Rag is the most compelling and beautiful piece in the set. In comparison to all the other selections, it testifies to Joplin’s genius as a composer of fascinating contrasts in melody. Rooster Rag, composed by Mr. Pollock, is most suggestive of a band concept of a rag. A bright and cheerful swing characterizes it and may remind some of early James P. Johnson performances on similar vehicles. Silent Movie Rag also has the title of Trilby Rag. Composed by one C. Morgan and introduced by the dance team of Vernon and Irene Castle, it is said to remind one of (a) piano accompaniments to silent movies, (b) the period in which ragtime spread throughout the American scene (including silent movies), and (c) that ragtime was often dance music. With respect to the latter two categories, it is superseded by innumerable other rags. In the first category, it might serve as background for a keystone cop chase. The melody is slightly stiff, as if for an exercise for hft mammas who have just learned to swing on Chopsticks. The second strain is very amusing, if not hilarious in parts. Rose makes the delightful most of it and no one will regret its inclusion in this set. Triangle Jazz Blues is in name and substance an unusual composition. A catchy and pleasing melody. It is to be hoped that it becomes better known in ragtime repertoires. Nonsene Rag and Hot Chocolate are undistinguished tunes played in a distinguished manner. It’s still good to know that they exist anyway. Castle House Rag has Jim Europe as its author and the Castle dance team as its introducers in 1914. Although a swinging number, it has less of the traditional rag feeling than the other selections. It is rather more in the old time musical comedy quick-step vein.

(Columbia CL 8260) (R. L. T.)

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THE RECORD CHANGER
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musical taste of their communities—the 31-41s are the "swing" generation; their average member reached that age in 1933. That was absolute bottom for jazz, a year that Evans was practically out of music altogether, as were most musicians of his type. And then swing came to fill the void, and so the 31-41s cling, when they cling at all musically, to revivals of swing or to its boppish successors.

Doc has had to give them up. He concentrates on young and old; but these two groups, happily, have seemed to dovetail, although there is a difference in attention: that is to say, the comparative oldsters feel, or intuit, while the youngsters seem to intellect, the music.

But can jazz be intellected—appreciated, adhered to, through intellect? If we take into account the stubbornly-continuing existence of thousands of "mouldy fygge" aficionados, collectors, discophiles, or whatever—most of whom couldn't carry a tune in a bucket or keep time to a simple jazz tune if they were to be hung, the answer is a resounding, YES! Further, the youngsters can keep time, want to dance, and, following the example of their elders—to whom jazz is still primarily a dance music—and the encouragement of Evans, get up on the floor and cut a nice figure. They had been afraid to earlier because of the cool stares of the mouldy fyges...

So this is Evans' world of jazz, a world far different from the one that Bix inhabited. It is a world largely gone to pot, aesthetically; fallen back into the decaying aftergrowths of the quasi-European sensibility in American art. Native traditions have been broken; most of what passes for "progress" is rootless; and even in such an apparently out-of-the-way area as the Upper Midwest, there is a nagging feeling of cultural aimlessness. It is the jungle again—or the beginnings of it: a jungle badly in need of missionization.

And that is where Evans comes in. Of all the jazzmen in the nation, he seems the one most likely to give practical aid and comfort to the art. He is the only one almost singlehandedly working a given region, and producing such tangible results as have been noted here. He is—and this is on the testimony of well-travelled people, qualified to know—the largest walking repertory of traditional jazz in the world; a sample evening at whatever spot he may be playing produces such tunes as Temptation Rag, Bucket's Got a Hole in It, A Monday Date, Bluzin' the Blues, South Rampart Street, Riverside Blues, Shimmer-oo-wobble, Come Back Sweet Papa, Struttin' with Some Barbecue, Black and Blue, Under the Double Eagle, Yellow Dog, Old-Fashioned Love, Ory's Creole Trombone, At the Mardi Gras, Savoy Blues—this, a fine ensemble, and a great cornet.

"I'm not out to win the Downbeat Poll," says Doc. "I'm just trying to get the real jazz across.

Given five more years, he might do just that. It's about time somebody did.

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Contact: William Kelly, 3932 Beech St., Mariemont, Cincinnati 27, Ohio
Last December and this March we commented on the Banner label and Perry Armagnac’s erudite reconstruction of its master and catalog series. We have noted from some of your comments that some confusion still seems to remain in your minds on the subject and so we will attempt here to clarify the picture.

First of all, Banner appears to have been the first (and main) label of the Plaza Music Company of New York City. The trade mark was registered with the U. S. Patent Office in January 1922 and the company claimed use since December 16, 1921. Banner began with a popular series at 1000 and a “standard” series at 2000 and did record its own masters for some 150 issues. It drew mainly from Paramount to establish its initial catalog with some masters from Arto, Emerson, and Olympic also used. It appears that Forbes’s masters were at around 1025 to 1075 when Banner was established, but Plaza dipped back as far as the 700s, as well as using 900s and 1000s, to establish an initial catalog of all types of music. Thus we find masters 90 and 902 on Ba 1006; 776 and 794 on Ba 1012; 797 and 903 on Ba 1013; 742 and 743 on Ba 2012; 1023 and 1028 on Ba 1054; 1196 and 1199 on Ba 1116; and both 1208 and 1209 on Ba 1128. Arto has masters 18004 and 18016 on Ba 1014; Emerson master 42150 is on Ba 1080; and Olympic 66369 on Ba 2041.

Once Plaza starts recording its own masters in a series beginning at 5000, the great preponderance of issues are from this series with only occasional outside masters appearing, mostly Paramount. Ba 1143 sees masters 5024 and 5025. When the catalog series reached 1999 it ran into the 2000 “standard” series which had begun at 2000 when the popular one had begun at 1000 in 1921. So they jumped all the way to 6000 for the number following 1999 and also made a major change in masters. Up to this point, Banner had shown the 5000 series master both in the wax and printed on the label as has issues on Plaza labels Regal and Domino (although Domino had flirted at first with what appears to be an independent 10000 series of masters) and had disguised their masters only on Oriole and Jewel (and Challenge, which aped Jewel all the way) where they used a control series beginning at 100. This number would appear on the label and in the wax, although once in a while (on some copies only) the real master would show in the wax. At the same time that Banner shifted its catalog number to 6000, it also began using the control series instead of the real masters in the wax but continued to show the real masters on the label, adding a spurious “1” prefix. Thus, Ba 6030 showed controls 978 & 965 in the wax but the real master numbers (7356 & 7381) were revealed on the label as 17356 & 17381. After the first 40 or 50 6000 catalog issues, however, the controls appeared on the label as well as in the wax and Regal and Domino took over as the only sources of the real masters. It must be clear now that the control number 1130 on Ba 6094 and Paramount master 1135 on Ba 1086 have no relationship to each other and are, in fact, years apart in both recording date and issue date!

After the 6000 series reached some yet undetermined point above 6165 to 6199, Plaza suddenly jumped to 7000! This series reached at least 7262 but they tired of it and went back to 6200 from where the series continued up in orderly fashion. After the American Record Corp. took over all the “little” labels in 1930, three more series were used: a three-digit series prefixed with an “O”, a 32000 series which reached into the 33000s, and the “date” series used for all the ARC labels from late 1933 to 1938.

Label of the Month: There are only a few jazz items on the newly rare label and we are not fortunate enough to have one of those gems, but we offer the label for those of you, like us, who wondered what it looked like! Recorded by Marsh Laboratories, Inc., Chicago, Ill., a company which apparently did most of its recording for other labels rather than its own, the label is Autograph, a deep blue label with gold design and lettering. Side shown is As 604-B, Prince of Walls (660) by Lampe’s Orchestra from the Trianon Ballroom, J. Bodewalt Lampe, Director. Dell Lampe, Conducting. Note the erroneous spelling of Elmer Schoebel’s name as complete “Schoebele.” The “A” side is All Alone (658) by the same band, vocal by Al. Dodson. This is a truly dismal recording but the label is of interest. The masters appear as handwritten numbers faintly scratched in the wax outside of the label. The disc belongs to researcher Perry Armagnac.

Miscellany: In April we ran Amco as label of the month and wondered if Gene Gull had pressed it at all or had, as in the case of ours, simply pasted the labels over pressings of their other labels whenever they needed issues on Amco. We’ve had a number of reports from readers on this label and all have had pressings! It appears our Amco pasted on Nadice was an exception and the label was indeed pressed in normal fashion. Leon Whitey, of Dallas, Texas, wants personnel data on two records: 1. Think of Me/Am I to Blame as by the Broadwalk Orchestra on Vo 14531. Band features sax, trumpet, trombone, and fine ragtime piano. 2. Twilight on the Trail (61041) as by Ted Russell & his Orch./It’s Been So Long (60339) as by Len Herman & his Orch. on Eng. Panachord 25857. First side has good clarinet and prominent guitar, the second has Berigan, like trumpet, squaky clarinet, Teagardenish trombone and a hot harp. Our only comment is that the latter are those two Decca masters and the name Len Herman was used on Champion by Decca for Red Norvo sides. But Leon doesn’t mention a xylophone! Can anyone help?

That’s all for this edition. Keep sending the data on the “small” labels of the twenties, and your queries, comments, etc. to us at 74 South Road, Harrison, New York or c/o the Changer.
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2 Columns (170 Lines) $2.500
1 Page (255 Lines) $35.00

No forms are required for the Display Ads. Type or print your ad just as it is to appear in print. Each recording group must occupy a separate line. Record lists less than one column must be submitted in our Classified Ad Forms and shown in the Wanted or For Disposition Section. The charge for ads submitted on such form is 15c per Line (on forms), 25c per Line (if no forms are used)

All such ads must be accompanied by advance remittance. Advertising not accompanied by advance remittance must be returned.

Closing date for collectors' ads is the 10th of the month preceding date of publication.
## 25¢ Minimum Bid

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>RECORD CHANGER</th>
<th>25¢ MINIMUM BID</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE READER</td>
<td>$5.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BEAT BAND</td>
<td>$5.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROSS BOWCH</td>
<td>$5.45</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### 25¢ Minimum Bid

**THE READER**

1. **It's Only a Game**... NOT ON A SHEET**
   
   **425000**

2. **All Star Troop**
   
   **210005**

3. **Mary Wont You Let Me***
   
   **210006**

4. **Loves Me, Loves Me Not**
   
   **210007**

5. **Pistol Packin' Mama**
   
   **210008**

6. **Hank Allen***
   
   **210009**

7. **Sister Mary***
   
   **210010**

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**BEAT BAND**

8. **Rainy Days and Mondays**
   
   **210011**

9. **James Brown**
   
   **210012**

10. **Big Bird in the Sky**
    
    **210013**

11. **I Love Your Hair**
    
    **210014**

12. **Ain't No Other Man**
    
    **210015**

---

**ROSS BOWCH**

13. **One in a Million**
    
    **210016**

14. **When Night Is Falling**
    
    **210017**

15. **Hope of Peace**
    
    **210018**

16. **Little Red Riding Hood**
    
    **210019**

---
LEWIN RECORD PARADISE
5600 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood 39, Calif.

OUR NEW POLICY — TO BRING ALL PRICES DOWN TO A SENSIBLE LEVEL
ENABLING ALL TO BUY.

OUR FIRST STORE WIDE SALE IN 15 YEARS.
OGLI BUDDER GOLD LABEL, MOST ALL TO CHOOSE FOR 1.00 EA.
RING CROSBY MOST ALL, BLUE LABEL DECCA, 75 EA.
DENY GOODMAN GOLD LABEL VICTOR, MOST ALL 1.50 EA.
LOUIS ARMSTRONG, ENGL. P.F., BL DECCA 1,000'S 1.40 EA.
BENNY GOODMAN COLUMBIA ORIG., MOST ALL 95 EA.
HARRY JAMES COLUMBIA ORIG. THOUSANDS 75 EA.
HARRY JAMES ORIG., BL DECCA 75 EA.
TEDDY WILSON/BILLIE HOLIDAY VOCAL, ORIG.
ORIG. BERNARD BRUNSWICK 12" 1.50 EA.
DIANNY DEESEY ORIG., GOLD LABEL VICT. THOUSANDS 1.00 EA.
CHARLIE BARNET, "MIGHTY ALL BLUEBIRD ORIG.
BUNNY BERNARD "SING, SING, SING, VICT.
RED NICHOLS BRUNSWICK ORIG. 1.35 EA.
ARTIE SHAW BLUESBIRD VICT. ORIG.
ARTIE SHAW ORIG. BRUNSWICK, HIGHER
DUKE ELLINGTON ANY VICT. 1,000'S, FINE SELECTION 1.50 EA.
FATS WALLER ANY ORIG. VICT. IN STOCK 1.50 EA.
(VIA 200 IN STOCK.)
JIMMY LUNCEFORD BL DECCA "SING, SING, SING 1.00 EA.
WOODY HERMAN BL DECCA, HAVE PRACT ALL .50 EA.
CAROLE HAYS BL DECCA OR ORIG. PRACT. ALL 1.00 EA.

PROGRESSIVE RECORDS, ANY LABEL, IN STORE
ALL NEW LP'S, 15% DISCOUNT ON MOST ALL

SIDNEY BECHET ANY VICTOR HMV 1.35 EA.

EXAMPLE OF OUR PRICES
EARL HINES, "CAVERNS/MOONETTA BR 6541 1.25 N
EARL HINES "MADISON/ DARKNESS VO 3379 1.25 N

NEW ORLEANS ANY KIND
THAT WHAM BANG WALLAAAA/SO DAR STRANGE "L 5186 2.15 E
TEN FOOT THINS A PLENTY GE 5195 2.25 E
JIMMY HODGE SING, LOUISIANA, APPEX VO 1027 2.00 E
4 OR 5 TIMES/EVERY EVENING VO 1125 2.00 E

LOUIS ARMSTRONG B obsess, ALL VO TO E 3.00 EA.
KING ORIG., BL DECCA 500 SERIES IN E COND. AS LOW 4.00 EA.

YOU CANT JUST BEAT OUR PRICES
FLETCHER HENDRICKS ANY ORIG. VO/BL DECCA 1.30 EA.
BLUE NOTE "12" ANY 1.00 EA.
KEY NOTE "12" ANY 1.00 EA.
EARL HINES "PRACT. ALL BB 1.00 EA.
ERSKIN HANING, "PRACT. ALL BB 1.00 EA.
BIX BIEDERBECKE, PRACT. ALL SING BARGAIN PRICES, EMPIRE.
JELLY ROLL. MORTON BB OR VICTOR, MOST ALL 1.50 EA.
ST LOUIS BLUES AND STARBUCK OVER 250
NOTE HIGHER THAT THIS..................50 EA.

NEW ORLEANS RHYTHM KINGS/BENNETTS, VO TO E 3.00 EA.
CHICK WEB/ELLA FITZGERALD BL DECCA 1.00 EA.

ALL E. TO N. CONDITION, WE DEFY ANYBODY
TO BEAT OUR PRICES, TO REMAIN IN STOCK UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

HURRY 1 1 1 GET THE PICK WHILE THEY LAST.

IN ORDER TO STATE ACCURATELY OUR PRICES,
PLEASE SEND SUITABLE DEPOSIT WITH ORDER.
IF RECORDS ARE OUT OF STOCK, DEPOSIT WILL
BE RETURNED SAME DAY AS RECEIVED.
EVERYTHING GUARANTEED AS NEW,
BUY WITH CONFIDENCE, MENTION OUR 15 YEARS
OF TRADING WITH THE "TRUE COLLECTOR".

PLEASE GIVE TWO OR THREE ALTERNATIVES WHEN ORDERING. THIS WILL SAVE TIME AND EXPOSTE DELIVERY.

Radio Free Europe is a public American enterprise supported by private citizens. A "Truth-Dollar" for RFE can help stop World War III before it starts. Send yours today to Crusade for Freedom (which supports Radio Free Europe), c/o your local postmaster.
### WANTED

**What is being wanted:**

- Any recording of a song from the album "Wanted." Streams, downloads, etc.

**Additional notes:**

- The album "Wanted" includes a variety of artists and genres, and the specific song being sought after is not specified.

---

**Recording Details:**

- **Title:** Wanted
- **Artist:** Various artists
- **Format:** Audio (stream, download, etc.)

**Contact Information:**

- **Email:** wantedrecording@gmail.com
- **Phone:** (123) 456-7890

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**Example Entry for "WANTED"**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Artist</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Format</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Various Artists</td>
<td>&quot;Wanted&quot;</td>
<td>Audio</td>
<td>Seek streams for specific song.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**Additional Notes:**

- The individual or organization seeking the recording is open to any format, including digital downloads and streaming services.
- They are willing to pay a reasonable fee for the recording.

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**Contact Instructions:**

- Please reach out via email or phone with details on how to access the desired recording.
NEW RELEASES ON

Riverside

JAZZ ARCHIVE SERIES 10" LP $3.85

• RLP 1014 BLIND LEMON JEFFERSON
  Shuckin' Sugar Blues/Broke and Hungry/Lonesome House Blues/Jack o' Diamonds Blues/Mosquito Moan/Southern Woman Blues/That Black Snake Moan No. 2/Balky Mule Blues

• RLP 1015 JOHNNY DODDS VOL. 2
  19th Street Blues/Loveless Love/C. C. Pill Blues/Your Folks/Messin' Around/Adam's Apple/Salty Dog/Steal Away

• RLP 1016 MA RAINNEY VOL. 2
  Honey, Where You Been So Long/Ma Rainey's Mystery Record/Lawd, Send Me a Man Blues/Mountain Jack Blues/Broken Hearted Blues/Jealousy Blues/Seeking Blues/Ma Rainey's Black Bottom

• RLP 1017 COLLECTORS ITEMS VOL. 1
  Hot and Ready/Low Down Thing (R. M. Jones Jazz)/Mojo Strut/Alexander, Where's That Band? (Pickett-Parham)/Little Bit Closer/Jim Jackson's K.C. Blues (Parham)/Jingles/Shake 'Em Up (Clarence Williams Band)

• RLP 1018 JELLY ROLL MORTON PIANO ROLLS
  Midnight Mama/Tin Roof Blues/Grandpa's Spells/Stratford Huntch/King Porter/Dead Man Blues

• RLP 1019 IDA COX SINGS THE MEAN AND MOANIN' BLUES
  Coffin Blues/Rambling Blues/Mean Papa Turn Your Key/Ida Cox Lawdy Lawdy Blues/Worn Down Daddy/You Stole My Man/Misery Blues/Blue Kentucky Blues

CONTEMPORARY JAZZ SERIES 10" LP $3.85

• RLP 2503 BOB HODES RED ONION JAZZ BAND
  Creole Belles/Misery Blues/Auntie Skinner's Chicken Dinner/London Blues/Snake Rag/My Mama Rocks Me/Salty Dog/I'm a Little Blackbird

• RLP 2504 GENE MAYL'S DIXIELAND RHYTHM KINGS
  Eight exciting new recordings, featuring Bill Napier; Bob Mielke, Bob Hodes, and Robin Wetterau

WORLD FOLK MUSIC SERIES 12" LP $5.95

• RLP 4002 VOICE OF THE CONGO
  Superb high Fidelity recordings of the music of the Belgian Congo recorded last year by Alan Merriam of Northwestern University.

RIVERSIDE RECORDS

P. O. BOX 373 Radio City Station NEW YORK, N. Y.