quartet of tenors moved bodily into the Herman band formed in Hollywood in September 1947.

"It sure makes you want to blow when you've got those cats with you," Stan said. "You hear the right sounds all night; finally the right sounds come out of you."

When Stan stepped out of the Herman band in 1949, it was to gig around New York, lead some of his own groups, make small-band records, of which he likes "Long Island Sound," "Lady in Red," and "Indian Summer" best. The records he made with Woody caught on, his own began to move, and his identification with the soft, clean, clear air of the new sound was complete.

Stan has always had a photographic memory for music. There are few musicians who know as many tunes as he does, as anybody who has worked with him can attest. He used to memorize the library of each band he was with; he knew his book cold—and cool. Ballads have been his big attraction, as he is most attractive in ballads. "Fast tempos seem unnatural to me. The fastest I like to get is 'Lady in Red.' Faster, I don't feel it's relaxed; I have to stop and think about the chords, my time goes, I lose my ideas. When you go slow you can create. I like to play simply, to hold back some of my ideas. Listen to Bird; you know he's holding back, that he's always got something in reserve. You can't play everything you know."

Sometimes Stan plays too simply, too close to the melody, and is too anxious to make the public know it. That's when his phrases shorten, his naturally long line and even-flowing time get choppy, and some of the loose stride disappears. But Stan is a serious, thoughtful musician. He dreads becoming caught in a rut he may have mistaken for a groove, and no matter what the commercial allure, he is not, consciously at least, going to sacrifice his talent for security, much as he wants to know his wife and child are well cared for. He knows that relaxation can be carried too far. He will fight for an orderly development of his gifts.

The great struggle among the adherents and practi-

tioners of cool jazz was for order and development. They emerged from bop and from the big bands that built upon bop with an inevitable background chaos in their work. This chaos sometimes sidetracked performers like Stan Getz. Only one man of this group remained unaffected. Lennie Tristano's whole life has been the wresting of order from chaos, development from immobility.

Lennie Tristano was born in 1919, at the height of the paralyzing flu epidemic that followed the First World War. He was the second son of four in a second-generation Italian family solidly ensconced in the great Italian section of Chicago. True to Italian family form, he went to a parochial school at the age of four. He spent a year and a half in the first grade, after the nominal kindergarten period. "They just didn't think I learned easily. And I just didn't think I wanted to stay in the first grade forever. So I moved to another school." For three or four years he went from school to school, his progress marked by increasing physical difficulty and growing mental ease. At six he suffered a serious attack of the measles. His eyesight, weakened at birth by influenza, grew dimmer. When he landed in his last public school in Chicago, at eight, he was placed in a class for handicapped children—one room holding children with all forms of disability, in all grades from the first of elementary school to the last of high. At ten Lennie's sight was just about gone, but any difficulty that his long term in the first grade might have suggested was gone too. He was able to do long and complicated mathematical problems in his head. He was, as a matter-of fact, quite a boy. Since his fourth year he had been able to sit down at the piano and work out simple tunes, such enduring items as "The Stars and Stripes Forever." By his tenth year, after a brief and not very satisfying foray with a private piano teacher, Lennie had become very adept in the ways and wiles of popular songs. He became, with mixed tricks and an appealing young personality, a pert parlor performer.

In 1928, acknowledging his blindness, his parents sent Lennie away for the pivotal ten years of his life—from nine to nineteen—to a state institution for the sightless in a little Illinois town some considerable distance away from Chicago. "The place," says Lennie, "does one of two things to a student—either it makes an idiot out of him, or a person. I was lucky enough to fall into the second group." In the first were all manner of blind children, babblers, the feeble-minded, the imbecilic and idiotic. The only qualification for entrance was blindness, and the result was a shambles of a school population, rigorously disciplined in its conduct, girls strictly separated from boys for all activities except an occasional heavily chaperoned party. Sexual tensions developing in adolescent boys were treated as monstrous growths to be shunned, somehow to be shaken off. The surroundings were prison-like, the education sparse. The brighter boys were treated like well-esteemed trustees. And yet Lennie flourished. He studied piano, saxophone, clarinet, and cello. He led his own bands from his second year at the institution. His groups played occasional dates at local taverns. Some of the intellectual disciplines were well taught, and he became a skilled mathematician, a highly facile student. There were opportunities to play most of the team sports, and these he engaged in with distinction. By the time he was ready for college, his musical talent was sufficiently obvious that his music teacher took him to the American Conservatory in Chicago and warned the school to "pay particular attention to this boy, because he's going to do everything faster than you're used to."

Lennie sped through the conservatory. If they had permitted him to maintain his own rate of development, he might have completed the four-year course in less than two; as it was, with every possible restriction, he got his Bachelor of Music degree in three, and had completed all the requirements for an M.A. except for final exams, when he decided to skip the five hundred dollars or so necessary to sign up for the graduate degree, and to

make his way as at least a part-time jazz musician. At the conservatory he had run through a huge selection of the orthodox repertory, had composed in all the required forms, and had had a string quartet performed at one of the school's concerts. "It was a jazzy piece, but jazz was so far from that faculty's experience that they didn't hear it in the quartet. They simply thought it sounded fresh."

Lennie gigged around Chicago more seriously than he had in his school years. He played the leading role in a small rhumba band, played it so successfully that the band's leader took him aside and offered to make him "the King of the Rhumba." With very little effort, Lennie was able to refuse the gracious offer and to get on with the piano he had begun to take seriously after playing most of his jobs on tenor sax. As a tenorman, Lennie says, "I was somewhat influenced by Chu Berry but didn't imitate him. As a pianist, in 1944, I had reached the point where I could rifle off anything of Tatum's—and with scandalous efficiency."

The remaining Chicago years were lightened for Lennie by his meeting with Judy Moore, a beautiful product of Racine, Wisconsin, who sang with him at the Zanzibar for several months in 1945, and whom he married that July. The years were made heavy by infrequent work and by the increasing puzzlement with which his music was greeted as he shook off influences and conventions and shaped his own striking style. On one date, which was scheduled to run three days, the manager came up to him after his little band had played for a couple of hours and said, "I don't want you to think this is anything personal, but everybody in the place thinks you stink. So I'll be glad to pay you for the three days now, if you'll quit immediately." He says he drove another manager to a nervous breakdown. "He just got out on the middle of the floor, pulled some hair out and screamed when he heard us play some things in three keys at once." A couple of other places at which he

played went into bankruptcy—"voluntary, I'm sure, after hearing us," Lennie muses.

Chubby Jackson thought differently from the Chicago club managers. He was planning a "monster" tour when he stopped off with the Woody Herman band in Chicago in the late spring of 1946, and prevailed on Lennie to come East that summer to join him. The tour never materialized, but a job in Freeport with Arnold Fishkin and Billy Bauer did. Another brief spot on Fifty-second Street followed. Lennie became a New York fixture, setting up shop as the brightest of the new jazz musicians, playing occasional engagements with his own groups, taking on an imposing list of pupils—Lee Konitz (who had worked with him earlier in Chicago), Warne Marsh, John LaPorta, Bud Freeman, Billy Bauer, Arnold Fishkin (who left California to rejoin Lennie in late 1947), and lots of youngsters interested in the future of significant jazz.

Lennie's is not only an inquiring mind but an instructed one; in the realms of literature and philosophy, as in music, he is not content merely to feel something; he has to explore ideas, to experience them, to think them through carefully, thoroughly, until he can fully grasp them and then hold on to them. He takes possession of such a book as Tolstoi's *War and Peace* or Dante's *Divine Comedy* as delightedly as a child seizes a new toy; he takes them apart as eagerly and curiously as a young boy separates the parts of a clock; he speculates about them as seriously as a Ph.D. candidate examining his thesis. Over endless cups of coffee, Lennie listens and thinks and talks. Padding about his apartment in slippers, his stocky, muscular frame clothed in pajamas—unless he is expecting to go out and has reluctantly donned street clothes—he carries his conversations from his living-room-practice-room through his bedroom into his kitchen and dining room. They usually begin at one or two in the afternoon and often carry on into the hours he has found most fertile for his activities—those

from midnight until six, seven, eight, or even later in the morning.

At eight o'clock on Friday evening, May 13, 1949, after two hours of fairly orthodox recording, Lennie and four other men—Billy Bauer, Arnold Fishkin, Lee Konitz, and Warne Marsh—grouped themselves around two microphones and began to make permanent the most audacious experiment yet attempted in jazz. The experiment was to create out of skill and intuition a spontaneous music that would be at once atonal, contrapuntal, and improvised on a jazz base. The microphones were provided by Capitol Records. Logically enough, "Intuition" was the name Lennie gave the first side of the four recorded between eight and nine that night. Not logically, but perhaps understandably, Capitol was bewildered by and uncertain about what it heard. As a result, two of the sides were erased from the recording tape, and, of the remaining two, those chosen as the best of the four, only one was released—and that two years after it was recorded. And yet these adventures in musical intuition are among the high points of jazz.

"Intuition," both the record and the procedure it names, is the inevitable development of Lennie Tristano's years of laboratory, living-room, and lounging-pajama experiment. You can hear his growth, from the codas of the six sides made for Keynote—later gathered together in a Mercury album—through the two sides Disc issued ("Speculation" and "Through These Portals") and the many it didn't, through "Subconscious Lee" and "Judy" (on New Jazz), to the six Capitol sides. You can hear the individual melodic lines lengthen—first Lennie's and Billy's in the trio performances on Keynote, then Lee's, then Warne's, with Arnold's bass part taking on more and more individual life. You can almost see the long lines pair off, side by side, the improvised counterpoint taking shape, crackling with suggestions of atonality, all strung together with a toe-snapping beat. You can't miss the evolution from other men's chords, from established chorus lengths, from familiar sounds, to the individual

freedom and group interdependence of "Intuition," all accomplished without relying on other men's devices.

Lennie and his group have labored at their music under many difficulties. The insistence of recording companies and some critics and disk jockeys on linking it with bop has hidden its own qualities and cloaked it in a ridiculous disguise. The envy of other musicians and the tin ears of night-club owners have kept the group from working under the right conditions or from working at all. The infrequency of work has kept Lennie and his men busy teaching; playing gigs—anything to stay alive—and, as a result, has kept them apart often. Hence, there have been too few opportunities for them to fashion new numbers, to expand in as direct and unimpeded a line as the music has demanded. The scarcity of engagements for music so frighteningly fresh and free has often reduced the playing edge of Lennie's musicians, who have rarely produced less than a good performance but who have often missed the peaks patently within them.

This new jazz is deeply moving to hear; it is, of course, even more satisfying to play. For it rests upon the pillars of all music, the great supports that buoyed the polyphony of Bach and gave depth to the elegance of Mozart. It marks a strong parallel to the development of the twelve-tone structure in classical music in the twentieth century—a parallel, but not an imitation. Whatever the limitations within the three-minute form on records and the only slightly longer elaboration off them, the performances of the Tristano group represent at least a partial unfolding of the resources of the participating men. Here are improvising musicians who are sufficiently disciplined on their instruments to give expression to almost any idea that they may think or feel, sufficiently free to vent those ideas together, with a beat, without preliminary map or plan.

A large number of jazzmen have paid lip service to Lennie and the music for which he stands, none more enthusiastically than another blind pianist, the recently

Americanized Englishman, George Shearing. In interview after interview, in conversation after conversation, George has celebrated the advances for which Lennie and his associates are responsible. He has adopted some of the block-chord elaborations Lennie developed and introduced a single-line variation or two of Lennie's, as he has integrated many facets of Bud Powell's style in his playing. But George's major concern is a large audience, and he ingeniously united minor and major concerns to make his amalgam of styles the most pronounced jazz success of 1949 and 1950. George's music is cool, calm, and collected. The melodic line is carried alternatively or together by piano, vibes, and guitar; the beat by bass and drums, creating a texture as sweet and simple as possible within a modern jazz frame. George's arrangements change the accents of the famous standard tunes his quintet plays (e.g., "September in the Rain," "East of the Sun," "Summertime"); they never, however, stray far from the melody, the most ignorant and the more sensitive booker's measure of musical quality. Denzil Best, a better-equipped musician than most drummers, keeps a very light beat going with his brushes (you'd never know he was one of the first—and best—bop drummers). First Margie Hyams, then Don Elliott, caressed the vibraphone bars. John Levy plucks a mildly resolute bass. Of the group, only Chuck Wayne on guitar seems altogether mindful of his jazz responsibilities; without any large variation in volume, Chuck manages a sizable variety of idea, chiefly single-string, not necessarily on the melody. His predilection for the pseudo-Oriental he exercises in compositions such as "In a Chinese Garden," a whole-tone adventure in tea-room atmospheres which is best forgotten.

The success in clubs and hotels and on records of the Shearing Quintet let loose several imitative groups, most of which bettered the musical quality of George's product. Paul Smith, a magnificently fluent pianist with Les Paul's small band and Tommy Dorsey's big outfit, lost none of the fleetness of finger or facility of idea that

characterized his work with Les and Tommy when he made Shearing-like records with rhythm section and Novachord and with rhythm alone for Discovery, George's first label. Red Norvo, recording for the same firm with his new trio, had so much to offer in himself, bassist Charlie Mingus, and, above all, guitarist Tal Farlow, that one could forget the more obvious machinations of imitation with which most performances began. And Marion Page McPartland, Jimmy's English wife, added sufficient wit and charm to match her skillful modern piano with harp, cello, and rhythm so that the connection with Shearing was, for all musical purposes, forgotten.

Stan Freeman, an indefatigable studio pianist and harpsichordist, stepped outside these mimetic precincts in 1950 into others more fertile. He began a series of recordings that year in which his command of the classical keyboard gave form and substance to show tunes and jazz standards. Though pianists such as Calvin Jackson and Johnny Guarnieri and composers such as Alec Wilder had made this attempt before, none succeeded half so well as Stan in maintaining a jazz beat and an improvising texture in a classical frame. Stan has style as well as technique, and a sense of form which sometimes takes his performances beyond jazz, but never so far that one forgets where he came from.

Not nearly as successful in the United States as George Shearing, in Europe the most warmly appreciated and avidly imitated of cool jazzmen is Miles Davis, both as a trumpeter and as leader of a recording band. The band sprang from a series of afternoon and early evening talking and playing sessions at the apartment of Gil Evans, chief arranger for Claude Thornhill. In those sessions Gerry Mulligan, a young baritone saxophonist from Philadelphia and Queens, and Gil worked out a voicing—trumpet, trombone, alto sax, baritone sax, French horn, tuba, and rhythm. When rehearsals of the new music were called at Nola's, New York's prime rehearsal studio for jazz and dance bands, Miles was called too. When

Capitol decided, for a brief while at least, to go along with bop and the even more recherché elements of modern jazz, Miles was signed. He made a few dates with "the new sound," as musicians referred to it, and the sound was sent round the world. In England, Johnny Dankworth, a gifted alto man, perhaps the best jazz musician in his country, led his band through Miles' paces—and he himself sounded not a little like Lee Konitz, who played alto for Miles on Capitol dates. All over the continent of Europe youngsters playing jazz tried to achieve the sound of the Davis recording band, with the same instrumentation if possible—if not, with a different voicing of saxes and brass to get the same effect. Miles' fragile quality, producing slight but coherent fragments, became the one to capture on trumpet, J. J. Johnson's swiftly moving slide the one to imitate on trombone. Bill Barber's facility on his instrument, the tuba—classically disciplined, articulate in jazz—was unique, recognized as such, and not imitated. Gerry Mulligan's soft baritone sound did make its way into saxophone sections, as his mode of lower register discourse was followed rather than his means.

The most eagerly imitated of them all, when imitation was possible, was Lee Konitz. As Stan Getz and Herbie Steward defined the cool sound for the tenor, Lee did for the alto. He also accomplished something more: along with his clean, clear, evenly inflected tone was a high level of musicianship; in one way or another, consciously or not, it was his level that one used as a criterion with which to judge the work of Stan, Herbie, Zoot Sims, Sonny Stitt, Art Pepper, and others. One could hear at moments, perhaps, that Zoot, a freebooting member of Woody's 1947-1949 cool band, was adding some thinking to perhaps the best beat among the Young tenors, or that Sonny, a similarly accomplished rhythmic tenorman, was adding Lee's furtive asides to Bird's vigorous line and growing in stature as a result. Certainly Art Pepper changed from an ordinary alto saxist to a meaningful musician—with Stan Kenton—as he came closer and

closer to Lee. The same was true of Stan's tenor soloist, Bobby Cooper, who, like Art, took some lessons with Lennie Tristano. It was especially true of Warne Marsh, a brilliant youngster, whose tenor imagination grew as he got to sound more like Lee's conception—though not like Lee's tone—as he learned to play alongside Lee and still retain a personality of his own. As Warne matured, he began to think about what he was doing in a fresh way, to see, as few people did, that jazz—especially the new jazz—consisted of many things, attitudes, working procedures, disciplines, and combinations thereof.

To some people jazz is just a state of the glands. To others it is a series of beats, preferably banged or shrieked. To a few, jazz is a state of mind—a very low one, corrupt and questionable, but at least a state of mind and not just the rhythmic noise that awakens the elemental passions. Actually jazz is all of these things in part, but it is also something more, several things more—to be precise, the several things that lift the playing of Lee Konitz above the average, however pleasant and progressive it may be, of the other talented youngsters we have been listening to in recent years. For in Lee's playing, as in his talking and thinking, a degree of consciousness emerges which colors every solo line he essays on alto saxophone, which determines the precise valuation he gives the dot that extends each eighth note before each sixteenth, which moves his music from fragment to whole, from sound to statement.

It all started in 1938 at the Boston Store in Chicago—a department store dating from the last century, when the name of the chief city of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts carried such cultural cachet for settlers in the West. Lee was eleven and he wanted to play an instrument. For no reason that he can remember, he decided on the clarinet and went to the Boston Store to buy it because they threw in a coupon book giving him two hundred free lessons. And then the next year he bought a tenor saxophone—at the Boston, of course—

and picked up another two hundred lessons. He had more lessons than he knew what to do with, but fortunately for him his teacher, Lou Honig, was resourceful, and the lessons made eventual sense, even if Lee's first job beyond the neighborhood circuit was with Gay Claridge at the Chez Paree. Then he went to work with Teddy Powell and Jerry Wald—just a sixteen-year-old alto man who could play clarinet and tenor. After three months with Wald, Lee decided to give his aching head a break and returned to Chicago to put in two years at the newly opened Roosevelt College, and, rested a little, left town again with Claude Thornhill's band in August 1947. A year's sojourn with the sweet nothings of that polished organization left him in New York, where he joined forces with Lennie Tristano.

"What I owe to Lennie," says Lee, "I can't put it in so many words, I'm afraid. I can only say it inadequately. If nothing else, he's given me such a tremendous insight into music, into jazz and all its counterparts. I'm not saying I have that insight, just that it's there, if I can only reach it. Knowing Lennie has made it available." Thus Lee sums up, cautiously, warmly, uncertainly, what he feels and would like to say better about a decisive influence in his life; talking slowly, worrying the words, because he is always careful about what he says, because he stops to consider, because he is a conscious musician, a conscientious human being.

"You know how I met Lennie? I was working with a society band and went over after the job across the street to some joint to see a friend who was supposed to be working there in a rhumba outfit. My friend's back was visible, that's all, but some remarkable music was audible. Lennie was playing—I can just about remember what he was playing. It was crazy! What he was doing to a rhumba! I sat in and blew a little. Lennie could detect nothing from what I played except my enthusiasm."

That meeting across the maracas was shortly before Lee left Chicago for his brief tours with Powell and

Wald. He returned and soon afterward began to study with Lennie; Lee worked with Lennie until he joined Thornhill. After about a year with Lennie, Lee began to evolve his own style. "I actually hadn't ever fallen into any kind of idiom; there were touches of everything in my playing but nothing really definite. Lennie had a rough time with me. I knew I was playing something different, but I was insecure. I didn't think I got a beat. I didn't think I was playing anything— until I suddenly snapped out of it. Consciously. Suddenly I realized I was playing music."

Now Lee can sit down and analyze his playing, most of which he will describe as moving toward a goal rather than as achievement, though more of his goal is apparent in his music than he will permit himself to say. "The first thing," he says, "is sound. Actually there hasn't been a sound put down on alto as there has been on tenor—and I don't think I'm going to do it, but it's a thought anyway. I first became aware of sound with Santy Runyon, who was my teacher between Lou Honig and Lennie. Santy stressed a brilliant, piercing sound, and I was gassed with it at the time. Then there was the sound of Lester Young on the old Basie records—real beautiful tenor saxophone sound, pure sound. That's it. For alto too. Pure sound. How many people Lester influenced, how many lives! Because he is definitely the basis of everything that's happened since. And his rhythmic approach—complex in its simplicity. How can you analyze it? Shall we tag some words on it? Call it polyrhythmic?"

Lee describes the process of assimilating new rhythmic feeling, a process duplicated on all the levels of comprehension and expression in jazz improvisation. "First you write it out. Then you can improvise something." What do you improvise? That takes us to the melodic line.

"Superimposition, the superimposition of the individual line upon the basic chord structure. In addition to the changes in this line, the substitutions, there is the building on the fundamental chords. And then there is the

use of intervals, avoiding the banal and the obvious. I tell you what I mean. When the altering of the major construction of a melody is confined to an occasional flatted fifth, used as a stopping point, and no more, what you have is a very cute approach to melody—and no more. With us, the flatted fifth would be in the line, as would the other variations, thought of as regular intervals; the flatted fifth becomes the regular fifth of the tonic. This approach integrates the new intervals." And that brings Lee to the crux of the matter, the construction of new melodic lines. "It means getting away from the mass of popular music, doing as much as possible with the chord structure of pop tunes, and then doing away with the chord structure of pop tunes. Look what you're doing most of the time. In a thirty-two-bar chorus you get one eight-bar phrase three times and a second eight bars in the bridge; and so in three choruses of blowing you play the same eight bars nine times, and another eight bars three times."

Reflecting on the strictures of chorus construction, Lee offers an explanation of his conception of phrasing, an explanation notable for its clarity and cogency. "Let's say we change the punctuation of the thirty-two-bar structure, like carrying the second eight bars over into the bridge, making our breaks sometime within the second eight and in the middle of the bridge instead of at the conventional points. We reparagraph the chorus. Or better, since we have already altered the construction of the line, we reparagraph a paraphrase. And that leads to the next logical point, to continuity and development. Because you've got to think in terms of both, so that everything holds together, so that you get not four choruses but a four-chorus statement."

Thus a sensitive youngster sketches the outline of his own style, suggests the way music looks and sounds and feels to him and to the men with whom he plays. He leaves unsaid his contrapuntal convictions, assuming that anybody who listens to the Tristano group will perceive, by head or heart, the linear structure of their perform-

ances. But that perception alone is not enough; it is vital, if one is to apprehend the rich invention and feel the lovely texture of this music, that such sketches of style and suggestions of underlying conception inform one's every listening moment. For, as Lee will work his way back from the Museum of Modern Art to the Metropolitan, pacing the endless galleries with his sympathetic and encouraging wife, Ruth, in search of sources and understanding and insight—to correct an early antipathy toward the visual arts—so must his listeners dig beneath the rich sound and the tight organization. The fine facets of his music hide something even finer beneath, the conscious exploration of all that is or can be in jazz. It is almost as if Lee Konitz had made of his alto saxophone a thinking reed—almost, but not quite, for Lee, the best of Lennie's students, is to some degree afflicted, as the least of Lennie's pupils are, by a doctrinaire limitation of style and idea. It is from that limitation that John LaPorta broke away.

John LaPorta is a clarinetist of parts—fresh, new, and authoritatively original. He has been hidden for years in the saxophone sections of Buddy Williams (a local band in John's native Philadelphia), Bob Chester, Woody Herman, and a music school in Brooklyn. He was a kid with Williams, took some of his first professional breaths along with Buddy DeFranco and Bill Harris. With Chester he became a seasoned lead alto man and achieved dubious if anonymous notoriety in a stage-show review in *Metronome* magazine, in which he ("the alto sax soloist") was censured for his copying of a Johnny Hodges solo he had never heard and reproved "because his coat and pants looked as if he had just taken them out of a duffel bag" (it was hot at Harlem's Apollo Theatre that July, with no air cooling and the doors closed, and neatness went with the wind). On third alto with Woody, John won the considerable respect of his distinguished associates for his knowing musicianship, his proficiency as a sight-reader, and his modest demeanor. And then, on December 21, 1946, he was cast

adrift with the rest of that edition of the Herman band. It was the best thing that ever happened to him. He picked up his clarinet, played some with Lennie Tristano, composed some and taught more, to make a living.

John is a well-schooled musician; he had a couple of years at a Philadelphia school and several months with Ernst Toch on the West Coast, with Alexis Haieff, Igor Stravinsky's aide, behind him. He can teach almost anything in the clarinet tradition, from counterpoint to atonalist formulations. He's a far cry from the balling jazzman whose musical happiness lies in his ability to capture tonally last night's alcoholic and other excesses. To John jazz is an art and a science; it must be studied; it can be significant only if it is the end result of an intensive preparation. That preparation entails hours of work, of unrelenting attention to the interior detail of the work, and the very conscious avoidance of the clichés and banalities of most hot improvisation.

"Jazz," says John, "requires a virtuoso technique today. But, unlike the virtuoso of classical music, who doesn't have to be any more than a finished performer, the jazz virtuoso has continually to make harmonic and melodic progress; he has to be a first-rate performer and composer as well." John thinks he knows some of the progress which the jazz virtuoso can make. "The old idea of playing in major triads is trite today. Now we can alter chords and use all forms of inversion. But not by trial and error—a musician must know."

Meeting John LaPorta, one wonders where in his reticent person he holds the brilliant array of new ideas he has displayed in his few gigging appearances, his several broadcasts, and his two record sides with the 1951 Metronome All-Star Band. His myopic eyes behind heavy glasses, his mousy voice, his retiring disposition seem to betoken a student of one of the dead languages, perhaps, or a librarian in an institution devoted to research on extinct Australian birds. But challenge one of his musical ideas, carry the argument beyond words and put a clarinet in his mouth, and watch the mouse become man, an

inspired man with a compelling message. If one probes enough, one may also stimulate words, and then the most alert musical mind in jazz may begin the constructive but relentless analysis of his own music and anybody and everybody else's—from Bach, whose harpsichord and organ music he has transcribed for jazz instruments, through Mozart, Schoenberg, Berg, and other contemporaries, to his jazz colleagues. He can also listen and learn, as he has in his participation, at rehearsal and performance, in the music of the Sandole Brothers.

Dennis and Adolph Sandole are Philadelphia jazz contemporaries of John's. They have both played with bands big and little, nationally famous and locally infamous; they play guitar and baritone sax respectively. After the war, teaching at Philadelphia music schools, they developed a brand of orchestral writing that is all by itself in jazz. Recognizing the inevitablity of atonalism in jazz, they also understood the restrictions under which such a violent change of focus must be made. The necessary intermediate stage, as they saw it, was one in which polytonality—playing in two, three, or more keys at once—would dominate the jazz musician's consciousness. That in itself was enough for the Sandoles; it represented a challenging revolution that could, if properly directed, evolve in turn toward the expansionary goals of the atonalists. They themselves provided the direction, with supervisory assistance from a teaching colleague of great sensitivity and equipment in the modern classical idioms, Frank Caruso. In late 1949 they whipped together a concert in Philadelphia in which their ideas were put on full public display, with the sympathetic aid of some sixteen Philadelphia jazzmen, who sweated through many rehearsals and the concert itself for very little money because of their belief in the Sandoles' talents and convictions. The concert was a considerable musical success. It demonstrated the feasibility of the brothers' jazz conception; it revealed a handling of orchestral masses without precedent in jazz, in which soloists, sections, and the ensemble were bundled together to make a moving

whole, sometimes the sum of its parts, sometimes setting them in parallel to each other, always integrating them.

The music of the Sandoles does not stand alone in modern jazz; it has an opposite number in the compositions, arrangements, and performances of Dave Brubeck, a fine pianist, who almost singlehandedly is responsible for a renaisaance of jazz in San Francisco—before his coming a city singularly devoted to the raucous, if enthusiastic, revivals of pre-World-War-I Dixieland by such bands as Lu Watters' Yerba Buena group and Kid Ory's crew. Dave, a student of Darius Milhaud at Mills College, where he received his M.A. degree, and a teacher at the University of California, is another polytonalist. With a brilliant bass player, Ronald Crotty, and a doubly able drummer and vibraphonist, Callen Tjader, he recorded the most engaging and provocative jazz trio sides of 1950 and 1951. With the addition of horns and the filling out of his rhythm section, he did as much for the larger jazz chamber group—in his case an octet. Of the works for the latter outfit, a "Fugue on Bop Themes" is the most immediately arresting, but all of the trio and octet scorings and performances partake equally of Dave's active imagination, of the cool sound of the Miles Davis band, and of the controlled but not stifling disciplines of a music which is polytonal, polyrhythmic at times, and spontaneous too. This is the balance of cool jazz at its best, whether played by a big band like the Sandoles', a small one like Dave's, or a soloist such as Billy Bauer.

"He's the end! Have you ever heard anything like it? There's nothing like Billy Bauer!" That was Shelley Manne, running over with enthusiasm for the guitarist at a Metronome All-Star Band recording date.

"I don't like it. It doesn't sound right to me. Gee, I never seem to get what I want. That's pretty bad guitar." That was Billy Bauer, at the same date, and at all other record sessions, public and private performances in which he has been involved.

There is a marked difference of opinion over Billy's

playing. Just about every musician who has ever worked with him thinks he's "the end!" or something very close to it; Billy himself isn't sure he has begun yet. When Arnold Fishkin brought his bass three thousand miles across the United States to rejoin the Lennie Tristano trio in 1947, one of the first questions he asked Lennie was about Billy. "Has he changed?" "He sure has," Lennie assured Arnold. Lennie was referring to Billy's playing. Arnold was referring to the guitarist's personality, specifically his incessant self-deprecating talk. He had and he hadn't changed.

For many years Billy was a first-rate rhythm guitarist, satisfying to jazzmen of several schools because of his superlative time, his superlative steadiness, drive, relaxation, and unrelaxed musicianship. Ever since joining Lennie, Billy has offered something new, a new conception of his instrument's place in jazz. He credits his initial interest in this new way of playing to Zeb Julian, a fellow guitarist. "He used to come back when I was with Woody and show me. He's a creative guy who first had the idea of playing that way. Maybe he didn't do it on the job, playing with other musicians, but he did it when he played alone."

The way? The guitar picks up and goes. It is no longer restricted to rhythm chords, with occasional sorties provided by note-for-note reiterations of piano arpeggios. Under the administration of Billy's fingers and the busy head that directs them, the guitar plays fill-ins wherever they fit, not where they fit by this man's jazz convention or that one's, but where they belong according to the mind and heart of Billy Bauer. The guitar, in this system, has all the autonomy of a trumpet, a trombone, a saxophone; it has the additional rhythmic duties it has always had, made broader, and more subtle too, by its departure from the one-two, or one-two-three, rhythmic straitjacket. The way has become the power.

It all started in the Bronx in 1916. Billy ambled along, not especially aware of music, until he was eleven or twelve years old, when, if the ukelele counts, he became

aware of sound as something more than shouts on a New York City street. At fourteen he made a tentative beginning on the banjo, supported by a few lessons on its noisy strings. He did well enough at it to transfer his activities indoors and to play club dates with pick-up bands around town, including a quartet of his own. The summer of his fifteenth year he went up to play the Borscht Circuit with a small band, and, like the first long pants and the first drink, this changed Billy's life.

Back in school after this exciting musical adventure in the Catskills, Billy could talk about nothing else. He had learned about life, and he proceeded to tell his classmates in junior high all about it, his voice rising in coloratura accents from the lyric boy soprano which was and is its normal register. It was all right between classes; but his teachers didn't like having regular class procedure interrupted by these tales of derring-do on the American steppes. One of them rapped Billy's hands with a ruler in the midst of one of his heartfelt narrations.

"That's it," Billy said as he rose from his seat. "I'm through!" And he was. He rode out another year of part-time classes in continuation school and then scrapped formal education as an unnecessarily dangerous experiment.

When all the jazz world was shifting from banjo to guitar, Billy made a quick switch with the aid of Allan Reuss. He asked the eminent Benny Goodman guitarist for help. Allan got him started on the guitar, then sent him out on his own, suggesting that he add his own ideas and techniques as he went. Billy has been following that advice ever since.

Before joining Woody Herman in mid-1944, Billy played with Jerry Wald's first band at an uptown Manhattan Child's resturant, shifted from that Kemp-styled music to the bands of Carl Hoff and Abe Lyman, and played short terms around New York radio studios. In the early forties he jobbed with Flip Phillips—then a clarinetist—and ran a sextet with him. When Flip joined

Woody and heard that a guitarist was needed, he recommended Billy. Woody called Billy.

"Would you like to sit in?" Woody asked Billy on the phone.

"When?"

"Tonight."

"I can't, Woody," Billy said. "It's my kid's birthday."

"Well then, come in tomorrow. Come to work."

Billy hadn't been playing hard to get. His family was, and is, important to him—so important that after more than two years with Woody, in August 1946, he left the band.

"I wanna get through, Woody," Billy announced simply. It wasn't that he was sick of the endless ribbing he took from the guys in the band for his high-pitched voice, his shrubby blond hair framing a gleaming, very high forehead. "I was a little panicky," he explains. "I didn't know where the band was going. Everything seemed uncertain, and my family couldn't be supported with uncertainties."

Billy came back to New York and the waiting charms of Chubby Jackson's great enthusiasm, Lennie Tristano, who had just arrived from Chicago. They paired instruments, ideas, fill-ins, point and counterpoint; and the Tristano trio, which has since made what can most seriously be called jazz history, was inaugurated. Now Billy has moved to the musicians' staff at the National Broadcasting Company studios in New York. Cool jazz—hot jazz—good jazz has a representative in one of the most powerful of mass-communications media. It is at least an entry. It may be the beginning of a new era, in which jazz will have a proper voice in the culture it best represents.

Chapter 24

EVALUATION

In all arts violent changes occur with frightening regularity. Not only do customs and movements and fashions change, but so do their makers and their imitators. Jazz, youngest of the arts, is even more in the grip of bewildering upheaval than literature and painting and traditional music. There are almost as many temptations in the way of personal integrity for a jazzman as there are for a motion-picture artist. Between the tumult of change of custom and fashion on the one hand and commercial allures on the other, most jazzmen find it hard to hold on to themselves; ill-equipped, undisciplined, most of them lose their early purity, their musical as well as their moral wholeness. A slackening of standards occurs as obscure jazzmen become celebrities. One can sympathize; one can understand their plight and explain their change; but one must also deplore and sometimes condemn.

Some big names in jazz—notably Charlie Barnet, Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Woody Herman, Stan Kenton, Billie Holiday, Mildred Bailey, Billy Eckstine, and Herb Jeffries—have made far more than a passing effort to give music as much due as money, with varying success in both categories. But they, like their more insistently commercial colleagues, have had to toe the box-office line to keep the money coming in, so that they could continue making music. And toeing that line, which definitely forms to the right, means finding an identifiable and popular style and sticking to it, no matter how low the musical

depths that must be plumbed. Jazz has spent so many of its formative years just seeking an appreciative audience that most of its practitioners are content to find a formula that attracts people who will listen to them and buy their records and pay to see them; and when they have found it, they cling to it against all odds, even if depreciation of artistic quality follows. The results are often an almost violent decline in the quality of jazz musicianship, and a kind of abject slavery to the mawkish marks of immediate identity and mass favor.

The problem of when an artist is good and when bad—and that most difficult of all the attendant queries, why—is a poignant one. Critics who take their work seriously look for quality in a jazz musician. They often find it, usually when the musician is just getting started, or shortly after. Then, if well-deserved success comes to the musician, with that success comes the fixative. To make success permanent, the orchestra leader holds on hard to the more popular elements of his band's style and searches far and wide for superficial novelty while avoiding from then on the genuine novelty of artistic experimentation. The virtuoso instrumentalist comes to idolize his own technique, and his ideas get lost in a sea of slimy syllables. The singer subverts genuine feeling to the demands of a mechanical anguish. The bulk of beboppers, following this pattern, after having made a large collective contribution to jazz, became lost in trite formulas in which they found inner and outer security—the certainty that they could make it instrumentally and that audiences would get what they had come to expect. All too often, at this point in the career of a jazz artist, loss of creative imagination occurs just when one has hoped to see development into mature art.

When a budding artist becomes a blooming entertainer, the only standard that remains is the gold. If this seemingly ineluctable process cannot be stopped, jazz will turn out finally to be what its most carping critics have called it, a decadent form of entertainment, an aphrodisiac designed only to rouse flagging glands and lagging hearts,

to set bodies in motion and numb minds and souls. But if this change is not inexorable, if some one or two or perhaps a dozen musicians continue to believe in the serious prospects of their own work and that of others in jazz, and if audiences can be educated to respect the genuine in place of the synthetic, then the garden will thrive.

All of this brings us to the positing of criteria. How do we know what's good and what's bad in jazz? We may agree that the majority of jazz musicians do not fulfill their early promise, that they yield to the importunities of hungry stomachs and ill-clad backs and the opportunities of success, financial and otherwise. One can't blame them entirely, but neither can one make a virtue of their needs and praise musicians for having given way to them. One can only look for standards, formulate a working set of values, and give due praise to those precious few who make similar values the canon of their professional life.

Actually, something close to a viable aesthetic standard has been arrived at in jazz, if it is only the measure of the quality of outstanding performers; and maybe even broader criteria can be perceived hiding beneath the good of these musicians and the bad of the others who have sacrificed everything, consciously or not, for box-office survival.

Of all the arts there is none so perplexing as music, none so difficult to write about, none so productive of argument and disagreement. And of all the branches of music there is none about which people get so exercised as jazz, none about which they get so distraught, so determinedly disorganized, none in which they resist disciplined thinking and logical procedure so violently. And yet of all the arts and all their branches there is none in which discipline and logic, clarity and orderliness should be easier than in jazz. The art of creating spontaneous notes and chords and extemporaneous rhythms—the art of improvisation—is still small enough and young enough to be surveyed and assayed. It is worth while, therefore, to organize working criteria for jazz and to take a long,

reflective, retrospective view of the achievements of jazz from its beginnings to the present.

Actually there are very few general standards with which most of us approach any of the arts. Basically, there seem to be three: freshness, profundity, and skill.

Freshness means, of course, freshness of idea. Another way of putting it offers an even more ambiguous debating term in the arts—inspiration. How do you ascertain a musician's freshness or inspiration? It seems to me that we can do no more than compute mathematically in this branch of musical activity—but that is not so little. It is altogether possible to name the figures a man plays, to compare his phrases with all those that have gone before, and to make a firm quantitative judgment and the beginning of a qualitative one as a result. In poetry or painting so much has gone before that just naming the stock phrases and figures, tropes and images and textures and color combinations, is an impossibility; but in jazz the process is not so difficult. The thirty, forty, fifty, or sixty years of jazz, depending upon how you date its history, can be totted up, listened to for the most part on records, and at least outlined on paper. It is possible to follow the blues tradition, the common variations on the even commoner themes, the rows of familiar riffs, and the mountains of only slightly different solos. And from this it is further possible to come up with common sounds, with basic ideas, to note one long curve on a graph, reaching to bop and then changing shape and direction abruptly, whether for good or bad. The very least, then, that we can do with freshness of idea or inspiration is to name the changes wrought by musicians, to discover exactly what they are doing with notes and chords and rhythms, and to make public that discovery. In the next category of standards we may find some way of deciding the value of those changes.

Profundity is one of those grimly determined words that cover a multitude of meanings and can be carried over from one field to another, from activity to activity, from level to level. In jazz, in its early years, the word was

almost entirely missing from verbal discussion—and properly, because until some of the later Ellington, until Charlie Parker and Lennie Tristano, there was little if anything in jazz that could be called really profound. Nonetheless, profundity must be the end and purpose of jazz as it is of traditional music, of painting and poetry and the novel. And if jazz is a bona fide form of music it has a supreme opportunity to achieve profundity of expression; for a distinguishing mark of music is its ability to portray states of being rather than *things* with the qualities of those states—sorrow rather than a sorrowful girl, joy rather than a joyful boy, tragedy rather than a tragic event, pathos rather than a pathetic situation. While traditional music, however, must confine itself to the static, to the written mood, caught once forever, jazz can make an infinite number of grasps at profundity—profundity in its permanent forms and profundity at its most fleeting and elusive, its most transient—because jazz is by its very nature spontaneous, an improvised art.

If profundity is—or should be—the goal of jazz, how does a jazz musician achieve that end, and how does a listener recognize it when it has been attained? The answers to these two questions are not easy to find. Of course part of the procedure is to convince jazz musicians that every profound urge and effort they may feel and make should be expressed in their music, that their music comes closer to offering them an adequate expression for the intangible integers of sorrow and joy and tragedy and pathos than any other creative outlet they have. Then, the vital purpose of their work having been named and recognized, they will be well on their way toward achieving it, seeking always to perfect their skills, to find the means toward the end of profundity; even as Bach and Mozart did, as Stravinsky and Hindemith do; perhaps reaching the important conclusion that virtuosity with no other purpose than self-display is as pointless as words addressed to a mirror, and that exaltation and ecstasy are greater than "kicks" and "having a ball," and that they lie within the reach of musical talent and equipment. Exaltation

and ecstasy can be achieved in music, even though they cannot be equated with any given set of notes. Thus must one consider the second standard, for no clearer description of it can be found outside of the great works of art themselves.

Skill is the easiest of the three standards to describe, to understand, and to recognize. The abundant technical skill of such men as Roy Eldridge, Johnny Hodges, Charlie Parker, Art Tatum, Charlie Shavers, Coleman Hawkins, and Benny Goodman is beyond argument. But what of that corollary skill, the ability to express fresh and profound ideas? This must come from practice and from conviction, from the desire to express such ideas, a desire which is really a need and as such molds the means necessary to its vital end. Because jazz musicians have almost always been interested more in achieving great control of their instruments than in controlling greatness, they have usually become mechanical virtuosos and little else. On rare occasions something more has appeared, and that brings us right back to the previous categories. For the something else that was added was spontaneity, and the spontaneity was compounded equally of freshness and profundity, since the truly spontaneous, the completely unrepetitious, is by definition fresh; and the fresh is by definition inspired; and the inspired more often than not contains elements of profundity. Spontaneity was recognized as the greatest of all the jazz skills when it was first heard; it remains the hallmark of a jazz musician who is also an artist.

Throughout this discussion, one working principle has been clear, I think: that these three criteria are interdependent, that each of the standards rests upon the others. Without skill, there can be no freshness or profundity. Without freshness, the skill is hardly noticeable and certainly of little worth. Without profundity, an artist is incomplete, having achieved his skill and freshness to no purpose. And yet, to reach that elusive profundity, a jazzman must have freshness and skill. Any two of the three are means to the end of the other standard. The most

vital of the three, and the really important end of the other two means, is profundity; but it cannot be separated from the other two. Utimately the relationship becomes triangular—an isosceles triangle of arrows, with profundity as its apex and the arrows flowing in both directions.

Having attempted to establish critical standards for jazz, it might be well to discuss for a moment the value of criticism in the arts. I know no statement of the function of the music critic, and the frequent abuses of that function, closer to what I regard as the truth than this paragraph from Igor Stravinsky's series of Harvard lectures on the *Poetics of Music:*

> To explain—or, in French, to explicate, from the Latin *explicare*, to unfold, to develop—is to describe something, to discover its genesis, to note the relationship of things to each other, to seek to throw light upon them. To explain myself to you is also to explain myself to myself and to be obliged to clear up matters that are distorted or betrayed by the ignorance and malevolence that one always finds united by some mysterious bond in most of the judgments that are passed upon the arts. Ignorance and malevolence are united in a single root; the latter benefits surreptitiously from the advantages it draws from the former. I do not know which is the more hateful. In itself ignorance is, of course, no crime. It begins to be suspect when it pleads sincerity; for sincerity, as Remy de Gourmont said, is hardly an explanation and is never an excuse. And malevolence never fails to plead ignorance as an attenuating circumstance.

". . . to describe something, to discover its genesis, to note the relationship of things to each other, to seek to throw light upon them"—that, I think, sums up the critic's prime obligations to his readers. And ". . . the ignorance and malevolence that one always finds united by some mysterious bond in most of the judgments that are passed upon the arts"—that I think adumbrates the major offenses of which the critical gentry are sometimes guilty. The world of jazz has been subject to harrowing attacks —not always malevolent, but often ignorant, and just about never well-informed, rarely noting "the relation-

ship of things to each other." Uncertainties continue to prevail in the average man's approach to jazz and jazz criticism. We have reached a point in the speedy maturation of jazz where it is necessary, therefore, to declare working critical principles. Not only must standards be named, but they must be referred to clearly and relentlessly.

In our time it has become fashionable to assert the eternal truth of the proposition that there is no eternal truth. The concomitant of that antidogmatic dogma is that there is no verifiable good or bad. And the inevitable conclusion of that pair of premises is that there is no way of ascertaining the value of a work of art. There are no guides, really, no standards, no criteria; there is only "taste," according to this view. And taste varies directly with the number of people in the world, all of whom, of course, though they have no standards by which to like or dislike anything, know what they like. By the simplest sort of deduction it becomes apparent that judgment is impossible, that criticism is unnecessary, and that critics are intolerable.

I start the other way round. Perhaps as a self-apologia, perhaps as a result of a naïve faith, but also because I cannot accept the chaos of such a ruthless relativism, I believe that music critics have the obligation to justify the ways of musicians to men. Many jazz musicians believe—they have more than an opinion about their music; they have a fierce faith in what they are doing. For those who are conscious of the direction they have taken, it is always possible to name and to define proper and improper procedure in jazz. I use these moral terms advisedly, for musicians have set standards for themselves with all the zeal of churchmen, and they have attempted to convert others to their position with all the superhuman strength of reformers. Such a setting of standards and such a drive for followers characterized the rise of bebop. Such a plotting of problems and suggestion of solutions identify the working method of the Lennie Tristano school of jazz. For jazzmen, as for painters and poets and architects,

there must be a declarable end, and there must be a definable means of arriving there. It is my conviction that all the significant sounds of jazz have been produced as a result of some conscious merger of the three principles suggested above—profundity, freshness, and skill. The exact extent to which the vital men and women of jazz have been aware of this triangular relationship is certainly beyond proof. But a serious discussion with any of them at any important point in their careers would have yielded and will yield a clear demonstration of such concerns.

Now profundity, freshness, and skill, no matter how irrefutably discernible in the work of a jazzman, do not all by themselves produce finished masterpieces. The three elements must be joined together by some reactive force which assures a tight reciprocal relationship among them. In jazz, again as in most of the arts, there is, I think, no trouble in naming that reactive force. As it operates in each musician as an individual it can be called *intuition;* as it operates among a group of musicians playing together it can be called *tension.* In one of his most lucid passages Aristotle explains that intuition occurs when the mind is in direct contact with itself, when the subject of thought and the thinking process are identical, without any external object as a middle term. This seems to me an excellent description of intuition as its enormous constructive force is felt by the jazz musician. Carrying this description along to the realm of collective improvisation, one may say that tension, in the particular sense in which I am using the word, occurs when one musician's mind is in direct contact with another's—and perhaps another's, and still another's.

When skilled jazzmen can summon up fresh and profound ideas by using their intuitive resources, and can, beyond their individual contributions, contact the intuitive resources of their colleagues, you get that highly agreeable tension, that motion of minds expressed through instruments or human voices, which is first-rate jazz. The means are many: they may be melodic, rhythmic, or harmonic; they are always at least two of the three and

often all three. Whatever the means, however many musicians are playing, their end is nothing unless it is produced with an unmistakable tension, the product, in turn, of individual intuition.

Enter now the music critic. This worthy (if such he be) has a function which parallels the jazz musician's, down the melodic line and up the harmonic chord. The minor aspects of that function come first, the clerical labors of naming the materials at hand, the tunes or chords with which the musicians are working, the accuracy with which they play, alone and together. An intelligent, trained, objective critic should be able to spot the familiarity or novelty of a musician's work, judging it by the standard of all the jazz that has gone before, with which the critic's acquaintance must be broad. For these duties, his faculties must be alert, disciplined; he must be able to hear all that he has ever heard at all times—or at least as much as is necessary to hear borrowings and describe them—and to know when what he hears is a new contribution; and when what he hears is new he must be able to sense its quality—if not to appraise it—and to decide whether or not a degree of profundity lurks within it.

A critic of jazz, be he a contructive guide to musicians, a professional interpreter of the musicians' music to its audience, or merely an enthusiastic and intelligent member of that audience, needs to acquire skill and intuition, like the musician he is criticizing. All the training available will not make it possible for you to recognize and appreciate freshness and profundity in music if you cannot to some large extent duplicate the performer's intuitive power. Days and nights bent over phonographs, huddled around bandstands, may permit you to hear how much of Roy or Dizzy, Bird or Lester or Hawk or Louie, Billie or Ella or Sarah has been borrowed by a trumpeter, saxophonist, or singer; but this equipment has a limited value. With it, you will be able to do your accounting; but you will not be able to do any more if you cannot yourself intuit as the jazzman does, when the jazzman does. Without intuition you will be merely an accountant

adding up figures, making necessary but negligible arithmetical computations, deciding percentages of Eldridge, Parker, and Young, Holiday, Fitzgerald, and Vaughan. Freshness and profundity, the vital elements which cannot be assigned to direct influence or found in precise quotation, will remain blobs of uncertainty. For the informed and intuitive critics, however, accounting measurable elements only inaugurates activity; the freshness and profundity which mean so little to a comptometer mean everything to him. He looks for individual intuition and collective tension with the eagerness of a baseball scout on the trail of a new DiMaggio or Feller, and with the prospect of a far greater reward. And in his search he grows as his intuitions expand. He makes thrilling discoveries as he delves further into the work of musicians. If he is successful, he becomes genuinely, joyously creative. Creative criticism means really "digging," in both the conventional and the jazz sense of that word; you must penetrate deeply in order to learn, and, having delved deep, you may understand. The man who really "digs" can more often than not describe the next development in jazz before the musicians have reached it. His intuition is such that he always understands what is fresh, what may be profound, and welcomes it and fights for it, joining to the music in which he finds creative strength his own vigorous voice, in which musicians can find inspiration and untrained audiences can find a trustworthy guide.

The jazz audience is like no other in the world. It becomes a part of its music, falling in with foot, head, hand; bouncing in or out of time; surrendering to the jazzman's mood with an eagerness that often borders on hysteria, that sometimes produces rewarding reflection. As no other group of listeners or viewers, the jazz audience rises and falls with its stimulus, reaching manic heights at one moment, the depths of depression at another. Not the maddest balletomane, not the most stagestruck theatergoer, not the most starry-eyed movie fan, neither dog fancier, bird lover, nor baseball fanatic projects so

often al
cians a
duced v
of indiv

Ente
has a f
the mel
aspects
naming
which th
they pla
jective
novelty
of all the
acquaint
must be
that he
as is nec
and to k
and whe
its qualit
or not a

A criti
a profess
audience,
ber of th
like the
able will
appreciat
not to son
power. D
around ba
Roy or D
or Ella o
saxophoni
value. Wit
but you w
yourself in
does. With

completely into the working and playing frame of another living being. For the duration of a three-minute record, a half-hour radio program, a couple of hours in a night club, the jazz fan, according to his lights and loves, becomes Charlie Parker, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Dizzy Gillespie, or Billy Eckstine. However unreal this transmigration of musicial souls may actually be, to the jazz lover this foolish fancy is right and proper—and, furthermore, undeniable.

One of the salutary results of the remarkable identification the jazz audience makes with its heroes and heroines is an academic knowledge of its subject without precedent or comparison. The true jazz fan's ability to recognize dozens of trumpeters, trombonists, saxophonists, and pianists has long been properly celebrated. There are even some with so keen a sense of rhythm and sound that they can identify drummers with as little trouble as most people distinguish Vaughn Monroe from Dinah Shore. What is even more remarkable, many jazz fans listen with the kind of attention and intelligence which permits them to hear every technical facet of a performance, though they are sometimes without musical training. Again and again they can recognize the well-known chords on which an obscure melody is based; they hear subtle key changes and subtler variations based on passing tones; they follow the development of a solo, the spread of a section voicing, the break or continuity of an arrangement, with an accuracy that would do a brilliant musician or a trained critic credit—and all without knowing the right name of anything musical, without the vestige of a musical education. Such untrained understanding can proceed only from love. Such affection must be deserved.

One must respect the undying devotion of the jazz audience to the jazz musician, recognize its fruits, and even pay homage to it. One must also, I think, demand something more, in return for the pleasure and stimulation, the emotional and intellectual satisfaction, provided by the jazzman. One must insist on a double responsi-

bility on the part of the audience—a responsibility to itself and to jazz musicians. The responsibility to itself takes one fundamental form—education. The responsibility to musicians is just as simply categorized—support.

To make its identification with the jazz musician complete and meaningful, the jazz audience should study music. It must learn the difference between a chord and a piece of string, learn the simple facts of musical life, the technique of the art, and set these in a more complicated context, the history of all the arts. When jazz audiences become better equipped, they can help to break the stranglehold of the great booking corporations and the alternate death-grip and whimsical relaxation of press-agent-promoted fads which now handicap jazz so seriously.

And what must the musician himself do on behalf of his art? His function is, of course, to play. But to play what, and how, and where, and when? It is easy to answer these questions if you are a musician or critic in the classical tradition. However much disagreement there may be over the merits of Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Beethoven, Berlioz, Debussy, or Ravel, there is general agreement that all of these men are part of the standard repertory, ranking somewhere under Bach and Mozart, and leaving much room for many others. However much contention there may be about the quality of contemporary music, it is clear by now that Stravinsky and Hindemith, Schoenberg, Berg, Bloch, Bartok, and a few lesser lights have earned a substantial place for themselves in the concert and recording activities of pianists, violinists, chamber groups, and symphony orchestras. But the jazz musician, who has to depend so much on his own resources, has no such simple solution to these several problems of what and how and where and when.

The jazzman in New Orleans before the closing of the red-light district in 1917 led an uncomplicated musical life. With only the blues and a few related tunes to rely upon harmonically and melodically, with rhythmic strictures to confine any desire to wander with the beat, he was

not only able, he was commanded to know all the answe
before he picked up his horn to blow. The result was a ve
narrow avenue for creative imagination—the exploitati
of instrumental technique. A further result was t
evolution of jazz sounds away from the crinoline and o
lace of nineteenth-century Louisiana to the denim a
pongee of the riverboats.

The jazzman in Chicago, Kansas City, or New York
the twenties followed somewhat more complex pattern
but his aim, like his sounds and sights, was trained on t
same basic objectives. Men like Louis Armstrong a
Fletcher Henderson, women like Bessie Smith, broaden
the emotional and intellectual range of New Orleans ja
and brought dignity to their profession. It remained, ho
ever, for Duke Ellington, something more than a great
skilled primitive, to suggest the profound potential
jazz. And it fell first to Benny Goodman and his gener
trou then to Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Lest
Dinah, Charlie Christian, Charlie Parker, and Lenn
Tristano, in quick order, to translate the potential in
p actual.

No longer, then, does the jazzman stand alone, u
cluttered technically, emotionally constricted. Behind hi
is a history and a tradition. Before him is an art. B
again: what, how, where, when?

In analyzing the functions of the jazz critic and t
jazz audience, in attempting to set up working criter
for everybody seriously concerned with jazz, I ha
announced with considerable brazenness that a balance
inspiration, skill, and profundity, molded by the individu
intuition and collective tension developed among ja
musicians, should produce first-rate jazz. These wor
shield a formidable brace of ideas, of sometimes
penetrable abstractions; the words and the ideas are t
often loosely used, too little understood, too rarely
voked with consciousness by musician, critic, or audien
I have made some attempt to pin the words and the ide
to notes and chords and working procedure in jazz, becau
I think that such a stocktaking, such a review of princi

process, is fundamental to the healthy growth of this
um of expression. And of all those who may have
apability and/or concern to take this stock, to make
review, it seems to me that the most critical effort
be made by the jazz musician himself.

he man who plays jazz is faced with several cruel
natives. He cannot in the future, unless he is intellec-
y slothful and emotionally spent, return to the kinder-
n constructions of his New Orleans forebears, though
ust pay his respects to them for yeoman service in
ling a craft with the crude implements at their
sal. If he is at all sensitive, he knows that the bop
ol, which at first surged so brilliantly through the
le of jazz weed, later began to grow its own brand
weed—heavy, clumsy, too often aromatic of th
reeds, and rotten at the roots. Rejecting the e
creative jazzman is left at the mercy of his o
ation, his own groping after profundity, h
ition, and the rich tension he may feel wher
group—all tempered, if meaning is to be
the skill in exercise of these faculties whic
e only from hard, directed work. And there, I
the answer to the perplexities suggeste
able queries.

What? The jazzman must give up the stagnating
urity to be found in playing in and around familiar
rds, where he loses all his inspiration and any hope
profundity in the false comfort of hackneyed phrases,
etitious ideas, and fixed choruses. He must recognize
he as an improvising musician has for his basic ma-
als the note and chord unburdened by other men's
nipulation of them. Sooner or later he must learn the
itations of most of present-day jazz and the free field
lies ahead of him if his background permits him to
lore the lines of polytonal and atonal music played
contrapuntal frames.

How? By accepting the existence of principle, by
arching for and finding it, and then by practicing per-
t, the jazzman can, I am convinced, find his way to

articulate communication of ideas at the art level which music that is at once polytonal or atonal, contrapuntal, and improvised must reach. What this means above all is a dedication to purpose, a governing humility, a refusal to accept adolescent success as any real indication of ability.

Where and when? The kind of jazz that seems to be growing up around us, less and less fitfully, more and more artfully, demands a hearing. It will out, but not necessarily before large audiences, almost certainly not within large ballrooms and theaters, and definitely not for great reward. This music will be played wherever and whenever a musician finds a friend—in his own home, in little studios, in big back rooms. It will be played with such conviction that its progress will become unmistakable and its difficulties desirable; it will make its way, as all [illegible] of human culture have in the past propelled [illegible] jazz. [illegible] ves, from obscurity to public acceptance.

[illegible] I am demanding an assayable maturity of the [illegible] cian; I am insisting on the essential dignity of [illegible]; I am trying to demonstrate that out of the [illegible] century or so of jazz an art has taken shape. The [illegible] es of jazz are huge. It is the function of the musi- cluttered [illegible] cull and command those resources, to [illegible] his work a vocation in all the beautiful meaning of that word.

NIRMALA COLLEGE
LIBRARY
4038