GIG—John Coltrane (above, left) blows at the Village Theater, with Pharoah Sanders.

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observes. "Any sound at all. You can fall on the floor—it makes sense. You *fell*, didn't you? Music is supposed to represent a feeling."

Accordingly, much of the new jazz erupts in speechlike cries, squawks, moans and cackles. And in that sense, it resembles the sounds of the early jazz of 60 and 70 years ago, played by Southern Negroes who had no lesson books and accordingly turned horns into extensions of the human voice—slurring, burring, braying, crying. The late Eric Dolphy, one of the most venturesome of all of the younger jazz experimenters, was once startled and pleased when he experienced a sudden realization of this resemblance. A participant in a Washington, D. C., jazz festival, he heard the Eureka Jazz Band of New Orleans for the first time. "I stood right in the middle of those old men," Dolphy recalled, "and I couldn't see much difference from what I'm doing, except that they were blowing tonally, but with lots of freedom. You know something? They were the first freedom players."

There was some hyperbole in Dolphy's exultation, for despite the resemblance there *was* a marked difference between those old men and his jazz generation. A difference in attitudes and in backgrounds, musical and social. The "freedom" playing of the early jazzmen was not planned in any conscious, esthetic way. It grew organically from the way they heard music and from the limitations of their techniques. In the years that followed, jazzmen became increasingly sophisticated, many of them evolving into virtuosi —for example, tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins, altoist Charlie Parker and trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie. Harmonically and rhythmically, their music became more and more complex, and a high order of technique and musicianship was required to survive professionally in even obscure regional jazz units.

BY the late nineteen-fifties, to some young players the music had become too ordered, too predictable for all its sophistication. Their feeling of unease, of being constricted by a language which could not express all they felt, was intensified by the explosive appearance in 1959 in New York of Ornette Coleman. Texas-born, a veteran of rhythm-and-blues combos, the slight, shy, stubborn alto saxophonist had developed his own theories of jazz esthetics. For a long time, in the South and on the West Coast, he had been scorned by most musicians for his unorthodox sounds and structures. (On one engagement, a leader had paid him not to play.)

Coleman was attended by fierce controversy in New York, too, but gradually he began to affect young players and a few older ones like John Coltrane. Coleman's credo was simple enough: "Music is for our feelings. I think jazz should try to express more kinds of feelings than it has up to now." But how? In the range of its textures, for one thing. "There are some intervals," he explained, "that carry that *human* quality if you play them in the right pitch. You can reach into the sound of a human voice on your horn if you're actually hearing and trying to express the warmth of a human voice." Utilizing his knowledge of pitch, and the full potential of his horn, Coleman began to create sounds and forms that older musicians and listeners found infuriatingly anarchic. "If that's music," said a 50-year-old trumpeter, "I've been doing something else all my life."

But more and more of the young listened, and were challenged to move in Coleman's direction. Tenor saxophonist Albert Ayler, now nearly as prestigious as Coleman in the new music, remembers that as a young man in Cleveland the "bop" music of Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie and other innovators of the nineteen-forties had become too simple for him. "For me," he says, "it was like humming along with Mitch Miller. I'm an artist. I've lived more than I can express in bop terms. Why should I hold back the feeling of my life, of being raised in the ghetto of America?"

In addition to his breakthroughs in textures, Coleman also helped lead the way to the jettisoning of traditional chordal supports for improvisers. Without having to continually touch base within a pre-set harmonic framework, his melodies soared and careened with unprecedented freedom, creating different kinds of inner relationships—relationships of pitch, emotion and rhythm.

His use of rhythm was also much freer. "My music," Coleman pointed out, "doesn't have any real time, no metric time. It has time, but not in the sense that you can time it. It's more like breathing — a natural, freer time. People have forgotten how beautiful it is to be natural. I like spread rhythm, rhythm that has a lot of freedom in it, rather than the more conventional, netted rhythm. With spread rhythm, you might tap your feet a while, then stop, then later start tapping again. That's what I like. Otherwise, you tap your feet so much, you forget what you hear. You just hear the rhythm."

OTHER players extended and personalized Coleman's discoveries. In terms of speech-like tone colors, for instance, the current work of tenor saxophonists John Coltrane, Albert Ayler and Pharaoh Sanders make Coleman's playing sound relatively conservative. And attempts to draw new, viscerally-seizing sounds from instruments continue with unbridled zeal. "What instruments can do," says young alto saxophonist Marion Brown, "has been unknown simply because you had to conform to a certain set of standards. These standards had to do with sound—diatonic sound. The sound that comes from A 440—the piano pitch. But things are happening now, and I'm sure that in the future the music scholars are going to deal with some of what my contemporaries are doing. And instrument companies are going to have to get busy or we'll do it ourselves. We'll make these instruments ourselves."

Rhythmically the new jazz has become much more plastic. The beat is seldom explicitly stated. Instead, rhythm sections produce continually shifting, overlapping and sometimes conflicting layers of rhythm. For a listener, the feeling is that of plunging into a vortex of intersecting pulsations, and it requires almost as much concentration to be aware of and responsive to all that's happening as it would to be a participating player. And bassist Eddie Gomez predicts, "We're only on the surface level of what *can* be done. Break that surface, and there's a whole lot more underneath. There's no basic rhythm to do it for you—you have to be a world within yourself."

In another area, collective improvisation, Coleman has been, at least temporarily, eclipsed by John Coltrane and Albert Ayler, among other leaders. They have evolved a way of moving music forward in dense thickets of sound. Frequently it is impossible to listen for melodic lines in the usual sense in the ensemble passages of their groups. The torrents of sound, boiling with emotion, achieve cohesion in the ear only if one listens in a different way.

"Don't focus on the notes, on what sequence they'd be in if you were to write them down," advises Don Ayler, trumpet-playing brother of Albert. "Instead try to move your imagination toward the sound. Follow the sound, the pitches, the colors. You have to watch them move. You have to try to listen to everything together."

While these young players can hear similarities—in textures, in rawness of passion, in the closeness of collective interplay—between their music and that of vintage New Orleans jazz bands, it is doubtful that the old New Orleans musicians would include much of the new music within *their* definition of jazz. Not only are today's techniques enormously more developed, but the nature of the beat and the concept of melody in the new jazz are as removed from those initial "singing horns" as action painting is from Rembrandt. The new music certainly has roots in the old, but the branches extend far beyond what earlier jazzmen conceived music to be.

SIMILARLY, what the young want their music to accomplish differs radically from the function of jazz at its beginnings. At the start of the century, and for some two decades, jazz was essentially a functional music — played by both rural and urban musicians to entertain their immediate peers at dances, in neighborhood cabarets and in parades. By the nineteen-twenties, it had become a full-time itinerant profession—a sort of subdivision of the entertainment industry.

While a nucleus of aficionados during the nineteen-thirties regarded the music as a form of art, the musicians themselves found it difficult to match the learned analyses of their work in the small jazz magazines with the

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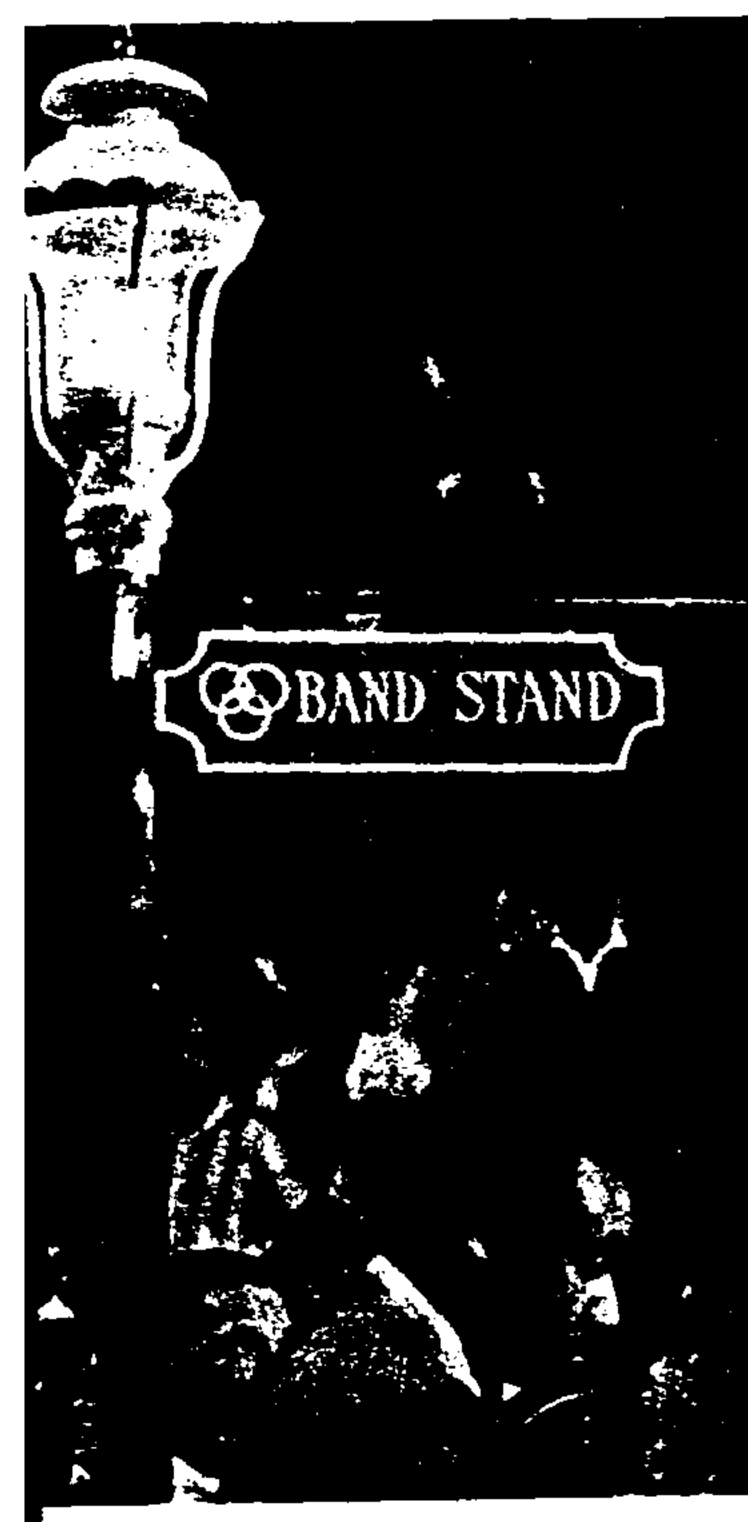
TRANSITION—Dizzy Gillespie (with bent horn) was one of the virtuosi who figured in the change-over from very old to very new music. With him at an outdoor concert is James Moody.



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quite different nature of their nightly assignments — playing for dancers or in clubs where most of those present were hardly interested in the esthetics and the historical backgrounds of what they were listening to.

The jazz musician's conception of himself began to change in the early nineteen-forties as "bop" came into being. More complex than the jazz of the preceding decades, the new music of that period reflected social as well as a musical change. John Lewis, musical director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, has pointed out: "This revolution, or whatever you want to call it, in the nineteen-forties took place for many reasons, and not only for musical reasons. For the younger musicians this was the way to react against the idea that Negroes were supposed to entertain people. The new attitude of these young Negroes was: 'Either you listen to me on the basis of what I actually do or forget it.' "

As black jazzmen took themselves and their art more seriously, they increasingly utilized their music to tell what they felt about life in America and, in particular, about their experiences as Negroes in America. These strains had been evident in previous jazz—in the blues, in such works of Duke Ellington as "The Deep South Suite"—but they have become much more explicit in the work of jazzmen in the past two decades. Also on the ascendant was their pride in being black. More of their original compositions received African titles; elements of Negro gospel music were enthusiastically fused with jazz during the vogue of "soul music" in the late nineteen-fifties; and there was a growth of sardonic "protest jazz"—as in Charles Mingus's "Fables of Faubus" and Max Roach's "Freedom Now Suite."

In the jazz of the nineteen-sixties, black consciousness has reached new levels of concentration and intensity. Fired by the civil-rights momentum of the past six years, and by the thrust of Black Power as a means of solidifying Negro energy and resources, many of the current experimenters are writing music which, more consciously than ever before, is an attempt to underline their sense of collective identity with black people.

"The new jazz has been fired by the civil-rights movement and by the thrust of Black Power."

In one album, "On This Night," Archie Shepp performs a tribute to W. E. B. Dubois, "On This Night (If That Great Day Would Come)"; he also plays a piece, "Mac Man," in which he tries to transmute into music part of the way of life of some in the black underclass. The Mac Man, he explains, "is a kind of lover, a man who had a lot of girls. And I tried to convey throughout the varying structure of the piece that feeling of free-flowing sensuality projected by the Mac Man."

Shepp has also tried to relate his own instrument to that sensuality. The tenor saxophone, he asserts, "is the Freudian symbol, a killer of women. I suspect its lovers' motives. It is itself a paramour, a rake, a charlatan, a marvelous, lacquered 20th-century invention. Even if its history is thoroughly European, its sociology is as black as the banjo (and my father played that instrument). Its lovers will pawn it like a jaded bitch, will then repossess it and lament bitterly the excess that ever made them forget it was the prime love of their lives. It is your voice, it is your heart beat. And when you get down, where you get down, you will rouse hearts with it, heal old wounds with it."

The focus on blackness can become obsessive. One night at the Five Spot in New York, a most black musician taunted the brilliant bassist, Charles Mingus, whose skin was decidedly lighter. "Man," he said, "you're not black enough to really play the blues." Hurt and angry in an ordeal of identity, Mingus proceeded to prove he could indeed really play the blues. The blacker musician was genuinely surprised.

Yet even as race-proud a man as Shepp has a white trombonist, Roswell Rudd, in his band. "I like Rudd," Shepp told the British weekly, Melody Maker, "because he knows how to play the blues, and a lot of black men are forgetting how to play the blues. Sure, he's white—I take that into consideration. But he impresses me more than a lot of my brothers right now. I'm not prejudiced."

The Ayler brothers contend that their music comes from the black ghetto, but they too have hired white musicians on occasion. "I don't understand," a friend said to them. "Don't you realize only black men can play this kind of music?" Albert Ayler laughed. "There are ghettoes everywhere, including in everybody's head. People have got to get beyond color." (However, he later emphasized, "I do think it's a very good thing that black people in this country are becoming conscious of the strengths of being black. They are beginning to see who they are. They are acquiring so much respect for themselves.")

DIXIELAND—*The jazz of 60 years ago was like today's in that horns became extensions of the human voice, but the resemblance ends there. Above, Henry Allen, one of the last of the old-timers, blowing in a Times Square bar.*

Among black musicians, with new dimensions of self-respect come new depths of anger. Anger at the still low status of jazz in America. Since their music is no longer for the casual night-club goer, the number of clubs at which they can play has diminished. The audience for the new jazz consists of the same quality, and roughly the same quantity, of serious listeners who are devoted to chamber music or lieder. But while classical musicians receive a certain amount of establishment support, in the form of grants, scholarships, positions as musicians-in-residence at universities, the jazz musician continues to be ignored by dispensers of beneficences.

According to the Rockefeller Report on the Performing Arts, jazz does not exist. Federal subsidies to the arts allocated by the National Council on the Arts have yet to include jazz musicians or jazz composers. "If a place like Lincoln Center can be built for classical music," asks Andrew Hill, a significant pianist-composer of the new jazz, "why can't another place be built for people who are a product of this society?"

And Cecil Taylor adds caustically, "I've known Negro musicians who've gotten grants, but it's very interesting that no Negro *jazz* musician has ever gotten a grant. If you're a black pianist who wants to learn to play Beethoven, you have a pretty good chance of getting a grant. But if you want to enlarge your own culture, forget it; your money will have to come from bars and that cut-throat record industry."

Yet the new jazzmen persist. Occasionally, they have to take day jobs to survive. Cecil Taylor has been a dishwasher and Sonny Murray, an astonishingly original and galvanic drummer, works as a janitor between engagements. "Sonny Murray should have had a grant two years ago," Taylor declares. "Can you imagine what that would do for the young cats, if they started doing that? But Sonny Murray is an innovator, and he doesn't own his own set of drums."

For Taylor, and a few others, Europe is providing a growing source of work, though not in sufficient quantities to justify their becoming expatriates. At home, recognition is slower, but Ornette Coleman and Archie Shepp are beginning to play clubs and concerts more often.

Increasing interest in the new music in colleges and universities is another small reason for guarded hope among those in the jazz avant-garde. Since there are now some 1,100 campuses where concert series are presented, either by the administration or by student unions, Cecil Taylor and a number of his colleagues are exploring the possibilities of a college circuit for the new jazz.

In any event, even if economic conditions remain bleak for most of the new jazzmen, their absorption in the further possibilities of expanding the music is so total as to make it impossible for them to consider abandoning the jazz life.

"For me," says Bobby Hutcherson, the most respected of the younger vibraharpists, "there's no challenge like being part of what's happening in jazz now. You really find out how creative you are, how much music you know. Like you're out there, and you know there's no chord pattern where you can say, 'Okay, on this D-minor 7th chord I'm going to play . . . ,' or 'Yeah, I know this lick, I can run across that, and then I can do that.' It's not like that. You're out there, and you just have to listen. You have to have your ears as wide open as you possibly can, listening to everyone else as much as possible, and at the same time concentrating on what you're trying to do. It makes you so much more involved in what's going on. If you even think about having a drink after—or about anything but the music — you're going to miss the whole thing. You're going to miss so much." ■

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