

DUKE ELLINGTON

ELLA FITZGERALD

OSCAR PETERSON

The Greatest Jazz Concert in the World



JOHNNY HODGES



COLEMAN HAWKINS



ZOOT SIMS



RUSSELL PROCOPE



BENNY CARTER



DUKE ELLINGTON



ELLA FITZGERALD



JIMMY HAMILTON



COOTIE WILLIAMS



OSCAR PETERSON



CAT ANDERSON



PAUL GONSALVES



HARRY CARNEY



T-BONE WALKER



LAWRENCE BROWN



CLARK TERRY



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CLARK TERRY



DISC 1

THE OSCAR PETERSON TRIO:

OSCAR PETERSON—piano

SAM JONES—bass

BOBBY DURHAM—drums

1. SMEDLEY 4:16
(Oscar Peterson) Tomi Music Co.-BMI
2. SOME DAY MY PRINCE
WILL COME 4:59
(Churchill-Morey) Bourne Co.-ASCAP
3. DAYTRAIN 5:53
(Peterson) Tomi Music-BMI

JAM SESSION:

CLARK TERRY—trumpet

BENNY CARTER—alto sax

ZOOT SIMS, PAUL GONSALVES—
tenor saxes

OSCAR PETERSON—piano

SAM JONES—bass

BOBBY DURHAM—drums

4. NOW'S THE TIME 8:26
(Charlie Parker) Atlantic Music-BMI

THE BALLAD MEDLEY:

5. MEMORIES OF YOU 2:22
[Zoot Sims—soloist]
(Blake-Razaf) Shapiro, Bernstein, & Co.,
Inc.-ASCAP
6. MISTY 2:45
[Clark Terry—soloist]
(Garner-Burke) Marke Music Co./
Reganesque Music / Limerick Music Corp./
Timo-Co Music / Octave Music Publ.-ASCAP

7. I CAN'T GET STARTED 2:26

[Benny Carter—soloist]
(Gershwin-Duke) Chappell & Co.,
Inc.-ASCAP

8. WEE 9:49
(Denzil Best) Music Sales Corp.-ASCAP

COLEMAN HAWKINS with THE OSCAR PETERSON TRIO

9. MOONGLOW 3:29
(Hudson-De Lange-Mills) Mills Music, Inc./
Scarsdale Music Corp.-ASCAP

10. SWEET GEORGIA BROWN 4:28
(Bernie-Pinkard-Casey) Warner Bros.
Music-ASCAP

JAM SESSION:

JOHNNY HODGES, BENNY CARTER—
alto saxes

COLEMAN HAWKINS—tenor sax

OSCAR PETERSON—piano

SAM JONES—bass

LOUIS HAYES—drums

11. C JAM BLUES 6:12
(Duke Ellington) SBK Robbins Catalog-ASCAP

T-BONE WALKER—vocal, guitar

with

CLARK TERRY—trumpet

JOHNNY HODGES—alto sax

PAUL GONSALVES—tenor sax

OSCAR PETERSON—piano

SAM JONES—bass

BOBBY DURHAM—drums

12. WOMAN YOU MUST

BE CRAZY 9:08

(T-Bone Walker) Jittney Jane Songs-BMI

13. STORMY MONDAY 6:40

(Walker) Gregmark Music-BMI

DISC 2

*THE DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA

1. SWAMP GOO 4:54
[Russell Procope—soloist]
2. GURDLE HURDLE 2:51
[Jimmy Hamilton—soloist]
3. THE SHEPHERD 6:33
[Cootie Williams—soloist]
4. RUE BLEUE 2:44
[Lawrence Brown—soloist]
5. SALOMÉ 3:34
[Cat Anderson—soloist]
(R. Fol) Tempo Music, Inc.-ASCAP
6. A CHROMATIC LOVE AFFAIR 3:58
[Harry Carney—soloist]
7. MOUNT HARRISSA 6:39
[Paul Gonsalves—soloist]
8. BLOOD COUNT
(MANUSCRIPT) 3:50
[Johnny Hodges—soloist]
(Billy Strayhorn) Tempo-ASCAP
9. ROCKIN' IN RHYTHM 3:40
(Ellington-Mills-Carney) Mills Music, Inc.-ASCAP

10. VERY TENOR 7:51

[Zoot Sims, Paul Gonsalves,
Jimmy Hamilton—soloists]
(Duke Ellington) Pabito Publ. Co.-ASCAP

11. ONIONS (WILD ONIONS) 1:50
[Clark Terry, Cat Anderson—soloists]

12. TAKE THE "A" TRAIN 5:12
[Oscar Peterson—soloist]
(Strayhorn) Tempo-ASCAP

All selections on Disc 2 composed by Duke Ellington
(Tempo Music-ASCAP), except as indicated.

DISC 3

1. SATIN DOLL 4:50
[Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter, Jimmy
Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves—soloists]
(Ellington-Strayhorn-Mercer) Tempo-ASCAP
 2. TOOTIE FOR COOTIE 6:13
[Cootie Williams—soloist]
(Ellington-Hamilton) Tempo-ASCAP
 3. UP JUMP 2:56
[Paul Gonsalves—soloist]
 4. PRELUDE TO A KISS 4:32
[Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter—soloists]
(Gordon-Mills-Ellington) Mills Music-ASCAP
 5. MEDLEY:
MOOD INDIGO 3:41
[Johnny Hodges—soloist]
(Ellington-Mills-Bigard) Mills Music-ASCAP
- I GOT IT BAD AND THAT
AIN'T GOOD 2:23
[Johnny Hodges—soloist]
(Ellington-Webster) SBK Robbins Catalog/
Webster Music Corp.-ASCAP

6. THINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY
USED TO BE 4:25
[Johnny Hodges—soloist]
(Ellington-Persons) Tempo Music-ASCAP

ELLA FITZGERALD with
THE JIMMY JONES TRIO and
THE DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA

7. DON'T BE THAT WAY 4:03
(Goodman-Sampson-Parish) SBK Robbins
Catalog-ASCAP

8. YOU'VE CHANGED 4:07
(Carey-Fisher) APRS-BMI

9. LET'S DO IT 4:22
(Cole Porter) Warner Bros. Music-ASCAP

10. ON THE SUNNY SIDE
OF THE STREET 2:03
(McHugh-Fields) Shapiro, Bernstein & Co.,
Inc.-ASCAP

ELLA FITZGERALD with
THE JIMMY JONES TRIO:
JIMMY JONES—piano
BOB CRANSHAW—bass
SAM WOODYARD—drums

11. IT'S ONLY A PAPER MOON 2:27
(Rose-Harburg-Arlen) Warner Bros./
Chappell & Co., Inc.-ASCAP

12. DAY DREAM 4:42
(Ellington-Latouche-Strayhorn)
SBK Robbins-ASCAP

13. IF I COULD BE WITH YOU 3:17
(Johnson-Creamer) Warner Bros.-ASCAP

14. BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE
DEEP BLUE SEA 3:39
(Arlen-Koehler) Mills Music-ASCAP

ELLA FITZGERALD with
THE JIMMY JONES TRIO and
THE DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA
Featuring PAUL GONSALVES

15. COTTON TAIL 5:10
(Duke Ellington) SBK Robbins-ASCAP

*THE DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA:
DUKE ELLINGTON—piano
BUSTER COOPER, CHUCK CONNORS,
LAWRENCE BROWN—trombones
CAT ANDERSON, MERCER ELLINGTON,
HERB JONES, COOTIE WILLIAMS—
trumpets
HARRY CARNEY, RUSSELL PROCOPE,
JOHNNY HODGES, JIMMY HAMILTON,
PAUL GONSALVES—saxophones
JOHN LAMB—bass
RUFUS JONES—drums

Produced by NORMAN GRANZ

Recorded in New York, Hollywood,
and Oakland, CA; June and July 1967.

Recorded by Val Valentin

Mixed to and mastered from digital tape using
the Mitsubishi X-80 tape recorder;
January 1989.

Remixed by David Luke and Eric Miller
Mastering—Joe Tarantino
(Fantasy Studios, Berkeley)

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Tenth and Parker
Berkeley, CA 94710
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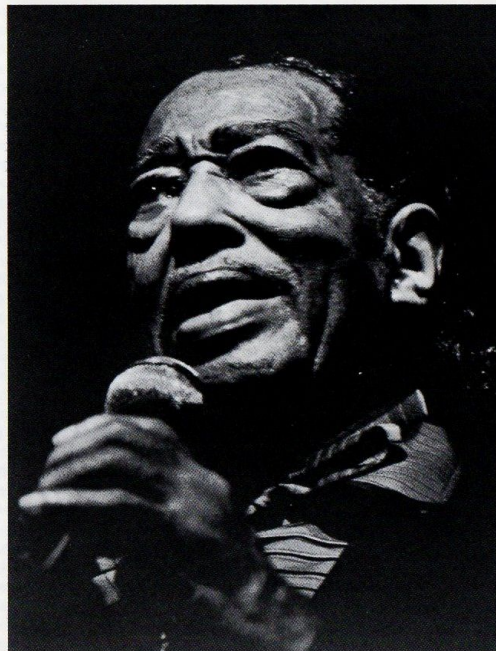


Photo by Wilfried Bauer

Now that the Jazz At The Philharmonic concept is venerable enough for posterity to take a good look at it, it becomes apparent that the outstanding feature of the whole JATP experiment was neither its crowd-pleasing policy nor its all-star appeal, nor its simulation on stage of club conditions but the dramatically eclectic nature of its personnels. Conceived at a time when the jazz world was split down the middle by canting extremists, JATP always ignored the largely bogus lines of demarcation between pre and-post Charlie Parker, and set about the vital task of demonstrating to audiences and critics, and on occasions even musicians too, that very often in jazz the generation gap is non-existent, or at least so laughably narrow that the soloists on either side can, if their styles are expansive enough, reach out and make contact. The music on this album came very late in the day so far as the extraordinary history of JATP is concerned, and the lessons of the affinities between the generations had long since been rammed home. But it is characteristic that the policy remained consistent to the bitter end, and gratifying to hear how musically pleasurable the results are, for instance in "Now's the Time". Originally "Now's the Time" was one

of that particularly brilliant series of blues themes by Charlie Parker in which that astounding musician gave back to the Blues the emotional directness it had frittered away in the Swing Age. And because it is Parker with whom we identify the theme, this version sounds faintly disturbing at first because the tempo is so much faster than we remember it. But after a chorus or two, when we have adjusted to the pace, the real business at hand is apparent. This business is to do with the fact that one member of the front line, Benny Carter, belongs to the first wave of great soloists, and is one of the founding fathers, along with Johnny Hodges, Coleman Hawkins and one or two others, of the classic method of jazz saxophone, while the other three front line soloists come from the generation after Carter's, the one whose formative years were inspired precisely by Carter and his contemporaries. Having said that, it hardly needs pointing out that in the exhilaration of performance the years melt away to reveal a four-man synthesis. The musical personalities of the four men are, of course, starkly individual, and far too indiosyncratic ever to be confused with each other, which is indeed how they came to be invited to play with JATP in the first place.

The most obvious contrast, if only because of the common denominator of the tenor saxophone, is between Sims and Gonsalves, who stem from the twin roots of the instrument, Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins respectively. But in both cases remarkable subjective adjustments have been made to those two classic styles. Zoot's romanticism is more extrovert and a shade more florid than Lester's was, and "Memories of You" is the perfect proof; as for Paul, one tends to lump him with Hawkins followers almost in desperation, in order to impose on his really very startling style some kind of genealogy. There is about his whole aesthetic a touch of harmonic unorthodoxy which lends his playing its curious quality of warped symmetry, and which is demonstrated most memorably in the second of his choruses in "Now's the Time", where the quote from "Humoresque" is reshaped to meet the exigencies of the moment in a way that only Gonsalves would think of. The fourth front line soloist Clark Terry is just as remarkable an innovator, whose style, as Duke Ellington very quickly discovered, is perhaps better suited to the comic simulation of the inflections of the human voice than that of any other major soloist in jazz

history. What is always surprising about Terry is that the electrifying precision of his execution at fast tempos like the one in "Wee" can be amended so effortlessly to the quiet beauty of the ballad playing. The joker in Terry was never further away than in the sumptuous coda to "Misty" in the ballad medley.

All four players have the benefit of one of the most stimulating accompanying rhythm sections in jazz history, a rhythm section which emerges as its own focus of attention in the two blues tracks and the dazzling version of the old Frank Churchill sob-song "Some Day My Prince Will Come". This song, a waltz in its original form introduced in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs", was rendered bathetic more than somewhat, as Damon Runyon would have said, by its lyric. I think it was Lester who used to say that when playing a ballad he always allowed the unspoken lyric to flit across his consciousness. It was an extremely wise tactic, which falls down only in those rare moments when a suitable melodic-harmonic starting point is obscured by the verbiage of its lyric. The most famous example is probably "Sonny Boy", whose words are so unintentionally funny that they shouldn't even have happened to Al Jolson, but whose

musical structure is perfectly well adapted to jazz improvisation. The same is true of "Some Day My Prince Will Come" where, in the first chorus Oscar paints an impressionist Tatumesque sketch of the theme before abandoning the three-four time and steaming into an uncompromising jazz version.

Outstanding as this performance is, however, and faultless as the two blues are, I am not sure that the Peterson Trio's most effective moments are not when they are anticipating the intentions of Carter, Sims, Gonsalves and Terry, giving them a rhythmic nudge here, a harmonic suggestion there. Oscar is as acutely conscious as any accompanist has ever been in jazz of the need to cut the cloth according to the personality of the soloist, and there are very many moments, both in the up-tempo themes and the ballad medley, where his tact and understanding, one might almost say his shrewd musical psychology, put the soloist at his ease. (The introduction for Carter's "I Can't Get Started", suggesting as it does a tempo nowhere near restrained enough for anything so decorous as a ballad medley, is a real gambler's throw which comes off to perfection.) As to the general standard of musicianship, perhaps the most

telling comment is that "Wee", a theme which originally was regarded as a testing examination of a player's speed of reflexes, is here breezed through so blithely that what comes over is not a consideration of the tempo at all, but something far more pertinent, a realization that in jazz as in the other arts, the past mingles with the present to form a creative freemasonry. I am thinking especially of those moments in Zoot's chorus, his entry into his second bridge, where he echoes the manner of the later Lester, and his use of fake fingerings to obtain different densities of sound on the same note, during the eight-bar exchanges. And then of course there is Hawkins, of whom everything worth saying has already been said too many times. No greater saxophonist ever lived, and when he plays "Sweet Georgia Brown", on an album which also features his old comrade-in-arms, Carter, the mind flits back inevitably to that day in Paris in 1937 when the two of them played that song and made it a classic. After more than thirty years Hawkins himself had become a classic, and his presence on the album makes the product something of a thesaurus of jazz saxophone.

Duke Ellington's attitude towards his own pretensions was a curious one. Although it is perfectly clear that from



Photo by Chris O'Quinn

1942 till the end of his life he saw that the logical extension of the unique method he had evolved of blending the antipathetic processes of composition and improvisation was the creation of a series of concert works, and although he did in fact follow this course at least intermittently, he regarded his actual concert appearances as something divorced from Ellington the writer of extended works. It is true that these "suites", as he called them, were never so tightly integrated that short extracts could not be plucked out and used in jazz concerts, but it is nevertheless clear that once he stepped on to the concert stage, Ellington also stepped into a different persona, and saw himself not so much as a composer as an entertainer.

One time, I asked him if he had ever considered giving a concert of his own music as one might present an evening of, say Brahms or Delius, playing from top to bottom "Such Sweet Thunder", "Liberian Suite" and "Suite Thursday". He told me he doubted if audiences would really want that, but I told him he was underrating himself. He laughed at that, and then insisted he couldn't recall the main theme of "Creole Rhapsody", an early 1930s work of startling prescience, and regrettably neglected in the last forty years, not

least by Ellington himself. Whether or not he was just pretending about "Creole Rhapsody", it is certainly true that Ellington was perversely casual about his more ambitious works, and once you examine the items in this typical jazz concert program, you begin to see what it was that seduced him away from the comparative formalities of his longer works. In this album, the orchestra plays a succession of pieces where, at least ostensibly, the performer is more important than the theme he is playing. Carney and Cat Anderson, trumpet and saxophone, solo and duet and trio, the evening is devoted to individual instrumental ability. This was more than caprice on Ellington's part, for he appears to have believed that the gifted musician must be allowed to play solos, in which assumption he was perfectly correct, although I was sometimes puzzled by his inference that unless he sweetened his employees by slipping them a few solo plums, they might find his routine boring and leave him. And so the individual musicians step forward one by one, or in shifting permutations, and play those themes which Ellington has designed for them. Carney produces his chromatic fireworks and sustains that almost comically rich tone; Cat Anderson, placed in

that exotic, latin-tinged setting he always enjoyed, plays the screamers which Duke once so cunningly borrowed to depict the madness of Hamlet; Johnny Hodges plays further passages from the long elegy written for him over the years by Billy Strayhorn. (The theme, "Manuscript", hinting at the condition of the music rather than its torrid personality, appears here on record for the first time.) And so the concert proceeds. The effect is of an inexhaustible flow of wit and talent operating through an instrumental range wider than that of any other three orchestras which come to mind. What Ellington is doing, intentionally or not, is to display the colors on his orchestral palette one by one.

A further dimension is apparent, for this was one of those occasions when the Ellington band opened its ranks to outsiders. Whenever this happened, and it was not very often, the effect was intensely exciting because of the close, I very nearly said indivisible links between orchestra and musicians. When a Zoot Sims or a Benny Carter is flung into the ring, not only is the stranger seen in a new light but very often so are the regulars. The Hamilton-Zoot-Gonsalves tenor performance is fascinating for this reason and for one other, which is that Hamilton the

saxophonist is an utterly different proposition from Hamilton the clarinetist. The hint of cool, almost austere control gives way to a rollicking extrovert whose roots are not so far removed from those of the 1940s dispensers of braggadocio like Illinois Jacquet and Arnett Cobb.

The other guest, Benny Carter, for many years shared with Hodges the position of premier virtuoso on his instrument, and the collaboration between the two men in "Prelude to a Kiss" confirms what was always clear, which is that though the two styles are complementary, they are based on contrasting aesthetics. Hodges, for all his lovely elegiac vanities and suave control, retained always a touch of that primitivism of the late 1920s which he possibly picked up from the angularities of Charlie Holmes, and which explains Hodges' claim, only half-facetious, that the great influence in his life was not Ellington at all but Sidney Bechet. Carter, on the other hand, was and still is, the most fastidious immaculate of saxophonists, whose style scintillates with the wit of the dandy. He is more urbane than Hodges, who is more passionate than he. It is absurd trying to decide whether one is better than the other.

There is a third interloper in this

memorable concert. He is the pianist Oscar Peterson, who turns up in "'A' Train" and besides playing with his customary brilliance and inventiveness, places the piano-playing of Duke Ellington in a totally new context. Duke has always been one of the most underrated of all jazz pianists, and the juxtaposition of his style with that of the greatest pianist of the age gives us a chance to reassess the virtues of Duke at the keyboard. The "'A' Train" track stresses something else, a very ironic point indeed. Having said that Ellington the composer always tended to melt away when the occasion was a jazz concert, I have to say that very often he melted back again, despite himself. For there are tiny signs of the orchestrator-composer which will not go away. The historically-minded will note that Oscar in his piano solo follows the line of Ray Nance's original open trumpet solo in the 1940 version of "'A' Train", but what is more important is that when Duke himself comes to play the piano solo he always played before the orchestral entry, he produces the same improvised phrases which he evolved in the later 1940s, phrases which long before this concert took on the permanence of a pre-conceived, composed piece. In a different way this is true of "Rockin' in Rhythm", which

musicologists of the future may well grab hold of as their best chance of figuring out Ellington's working method. For in answer to the complaint that perhaps this theme has been recorded too many times, the musical detective will say that since the early 1930s, when he composed it, Duke added refinements to the orchestration constantly, and that the version of his last years was not the outcome of a single orchestration, but the final organic growth of a thousand nights of improvisation, trial and error, on the bandstand and in the concert hall, where, it seems, the composer made his presence felt after all. I find it instructive that on being confronted by the evidence of a musical event which took place in the late 1960s, I am flung back to the days of Presidents Wilson and McKinley, which lands a nasty smack in the eye to the theory that jazz is essentially a young man's business. There is, for instance, a self-taught Texan guitarist-singer, born 1913, called Aaron T-Bone Walker, who is listed in the record books as having worked with Ma Rainey and Blind Lemon Jefferson, a piece of information which prompts the contemporary jazz-fancier to ask if the likes of Rainey and Jefferson ever really existed, or if they were merely chimerical devices con-

trived by reactionary sentimentalists who thought they heard Buddy Bolden say. For Rainey and Jefferson belong to jazz prehistory, that Aegaeon Stable which no critical Hercules has ever really cleaned up. And yet here is Ma Rainey's old accompanist consorting with Oscar Peterson and carrying it off with such aplomb that it is the rest of the group which finds itself adjusting to him. T-Bone's blues are steeped in the aura of his own vanished past, and the listener will find that the simple emotional attitudes of the music pierce straight to the heart with their evocation of a time of jazz's lost innocence, but the great wonder is that this kind of retrospective view integrates so comfortably with the neologisms of the Peterson trio. Of course these arrangements tend to work both ways, and one of the revelations of the album is the way Peterson injects into his piano playing the earthiness which is the very essence of T-Bone's style. That style, which rolls on regardless of distractions, is not quite the static thing it might have been, and I wonder if either Ma Rainey or Blind Lemon Jefferson would have known what to make of that flirtation with the whole-tone scale which turns up, with a smile on its face, as it were, in T-Bone's guitar playing towards the end

of "Stormy Monday". Nor would the old folks known very much about the device Clark Terry uses when at one point he plays a mouthpiece solo, and by dispensing with the rest of the instrument, comes closer than ever to the flexibility of the human voice. But there is something else about the T-Bone tracks which I find pushes all other considerations out of my mind. There is some alto saxophone playing by Johnny Hodges which is so direct and beautiful, so uncluttered by the usual considerations of technique and mannerism, that it sounds like the whole twentieth century American experience condensed into a few notes. Frankly, Hodges' playing poses a problem I am unable to cope with. Were his phrases in "Stormy Monday" to be notated on manuscript, they would be seen to comprise as impudent a succession of clichés as were ever strung together by a self-confident virtuoso. And yet in their effect these apparent platitudes are so profound as to be quite overpowering. It is an important point in assessing Hodges' art that all his life he remained true to his own muse, undistracted by the departures of the generations which came after him. When I hear the results of that constancy in "Stormy Monday" I hardly know what to say about it. Some-

where in Somerset Maugham's "Cakes and Ale", one of the characters observes that beauty being an ecstasy, there is really nothing to be said about it.

Which is the difficulty with describing what Hodges is up to.

Hodges is also the common denominator of the T-Bone sides and the orchestral celebration which follows them. From the moment that Duke Ellington harks back to the aptly named and perhaps mythical Miss Klinkscale, the richness becomes almost too much to digest at one sitting. The compositions come from the later period of Duke's life, in fact not very long before the concert at which he recorded them. One instrumental contrast which Duke points up himself by referring to the opposing poles of Bourbon Street and Newfoundland is the one between the clarinet styles of Russell Procope and Jimmy Hamilton. Procope's deliquescent tone is rooted firmly in the old New Orleans tradition which Duke always loved, and which Barney Bigard established as an integral part of the Ellington orchestral armoury over a number of years. Hamilton's dapper, faintly detached virtuosity belongs to quite a different tradition, whose academic poise and more tightly reined vibrato evoke Goodman and Shaw rather than those memories of Jimmy Noone which

Procope's playing sometimes conjures up. It is one of Duke's many distinctions that within the frame of his orchestra he should have retained not only the homely warmth of Procope in pieces like "Swamp Goo" but also the urbanity of Hamilton in "Hurdle Gurdle", and that both these compositions should have been written in the same year, 1967.

Another aspect of Duke's ability to synthesize disparate instrumental elements is revealed in another pair of compositions, "Rue Bleue" and "The Shepherd". Both pieces were scored with specific musicians in mind, the latter for the fierce primitivism of Cootie Williams, the former for the altogether more bland art of Lawrence Brown.

But although Duke never stopped writing pieces whose chief function was to offer pleasures of a momentary spotlight to one or another of the instrumentalists in the orchestra, there are moments even in these showcase exercises where the awesome originality of the orchestral texture is the true focal point. This is especially true of "Swamp Goo", where our appreciation of the clarinetist's skill is not in the least compromised by our preoccupation with the background figures in the second chorus and the sudden swelling of the full ensemble in the third.

There is a bonus on this album, although

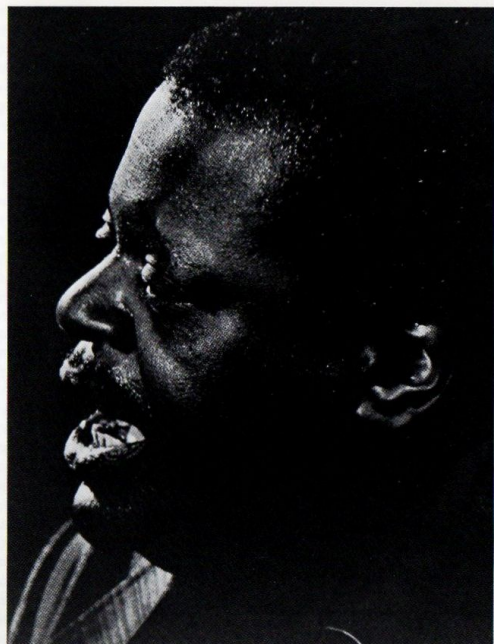


Photo by Phil Stern

perhaps that is not quite the best word to describe a blues performance involving Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter and Johnny Hodges. They were three of the four prime influences among saxophonists of the pre-modern era (the fourth was Lester Young, and he had been dead a long time when this performance took place), and their appearance together, backed by the Peterson trio, is probably what people mean when they talk of a hypothetical entity called creative promotion. Somebody had to think of the daunting and yet in an odd sort of way, very obvious idea of bringing together, with a modern rhythm section, the three most experienced saxophone masters in jazz. And as it is the obvious ideas which nobody ever thinks of, I hope I am not being immodest on his behalf when I include in these reflections the name of Norman Granz.

The music in this album shows an archetypal Jazz At The Philharmonic concert approaching and finally achieving its grand climax. As the Duke Ellington orchestra comes to the end of its succession of pieces featuring the individual soloists in the group, the stage is set for the appearance of Ella Fitzgerald, who, from the day she first began appearing with JATP, has been associated in the concert-goer's mind

with last choruses and final curtains. It is only very occasionally, however, that she has found herself supported, not by the usual battery of all-star soloists, but by a full orchestra, and inevitably the presence of Ellington's band lends the proceedings an extra dimension which makes the concert extraordinary even in the extraordinary context of JATP. The instrumental features end with three of the best-known items from the Ellington repertoire, the Mercer Ellington blues theme "Things Ain't What They Used to Be", and a pair of ballads which surely rank among the most exquisite and refined in Ellington's oeuvre, played by Johnny Hodges himself. "Mood Indigo" has always seemed to me one of the great moments in American popular music, a fragment perhaps, but a fragment which suggests that its composer will probably turn out to have been something rather more than just the outstanding jazz composer of his time. "I Got It Bad" is more conventional in structure if just as ravishing in effect. Originally composed for the stage show of the early 1940s, "Jump For Joy", it was the subject of one of the most beautifully organized three-minute jazz recordings ever made, in which the pristine sweetness of Ivie Anderson's voice was balanced against the lyric

soprano saxophone playing of Hodges. Not very long after the recording, Hodges, the lone and magnificent flower of the Sidney Bechet school, gave up the soprano forever, a decision that was never explained, and which the writer of these reflections, who spent the best years of his youth wrestling with that elusive instrument, has always regarded as one of the most poignant of all jazz tragedies. The song itself, however, remained in Hodges' repertoire to the end of his life, and was ideally suited to the bold glissandi of the Hodges style. As usual in performance, Ellington's old material retains its links with the past, through the deployment of what were once the passing thoughts of the moment as permanent glosses on the body of the composition—in this instance Duke echoes note for note the piano introduction first used in the 1940s for the Ivie Anderson recording. With which flourish the musicians retire from the spotlight and the human voice takes over. There is no need to explain who Ella is or what she does, and indeed for me to attempt to do so for the umpteenth time might even be dangerous for me. I remember reading once a fable about an art critic so hypnotized by the beauty of a certain painting that month after month, year after year, he went to view it and then to review it,

hoping in this way to plumb the secret of the picture's beauty. After he was dead his friends collected all the reviews and published them as a book, a book which told the world nothing about the picture which it did not already know, and a great deal about the critic which he didn't want the world to know—for which reason I will resist the temptation to perform exegetical cartwheels about Ella's vibrato, intonation, diction, control, phrasing and time, and instead stick to the mere outer details of the performance.

Ella and Duke's band are, of course no strangers to each other. (Apart from the marathon Ellington Song Book, there was the two-album set featuring the pair of them at the Cote D'Azur), but in any case, even without actual physical proximity, the spirit of their music approaches have so much in common that any collaboration between them is bound to strike sparks. The band-vocal section of the concert begins with a one-song nostalgia campaign of deadly accuracy. As Ella points out, "Don't Be That Way" goes back to the day of the old Chick Webb band, and although the song is taken here at a much more leisurely, deliberate pace than we remember, its effect is none the less evocative. "You've Changed", which has the benefit of a seldom-performed verse,

is the perfect vehicle for the lullaby quality in Ella's voice, and that old Jimmy McHugh warhorse, "On the Sunny Side of the Street", is brief, to the point, and has an electricity about it which makes any listening musician want to leap up and join in.

There then follows a new section of songs from Ella backed by the small group, and here again the chosen items, apart from being hardy survivors from the golden age of popular songwriting, are all ideally suited to the various aspects of Ella's style. "Paper Moon" is especially interesting for the degree to which Ella improvises on the original melody, venturing far away from the written line, and using the harmonies as a compass to keep her bearings, in a way which normally we would only expect in an instrumentalist. James P. Johnson's beautiful "If I Could Be With You" is one of those songs assured of immortality because of its apotheosis not only once but twice, by Coleman Hawkins in 1929 and by Louis Armstrong a couple of years later. Ella's version brings out all the considerable passion of the lyric, and is also valuable in its inclusion of a verse which is almost totally forgotten by instrumentalists and singers alike. The fourth item, "Day-dream", throws us straight back into the arms of Johnny Hodges, for whom the

song was originally written in the days of "Duke Ellington and his Famous Orchestra" back in the 1940s, and who established the convention which Ella alone has managed to breach, that it is most effective as an instrumental.

To end this most prolific of concerts, the full orchestra returns to join Ella in "Cotton Tail", and yet again the past joins hands with the present, achieving a synthesis to delight any listener who knows his jazz history. Duke started to step up the original tempo for "Cotton Tail" at some time in the 1950s, and one of the surprises to emerge from that gambit was the fact that two famous variations in the scoring of the bridge, the full saxophone section interlude, and later the staccato stabbing brass paraphrase, both hold up at the faster tempo. The highlight of the performance is the truly amazing speed of thought and richness of invention in the exchanges between Ella and Paul Gonsalves, exchanges so intense and balanced so delicately on the tight rope of inspiration that it is impossible to say who is getting a lift out of whom. When Paul first recorded "Cotton Tail" with the Ellington band he doffed his hat to a great predecessor by shaping his first few bars along the lines of the original Ben Webster solo. In this performance there is a flash of wit from

Ella which impels her and not Paul to nod in Ben's direction by echoing the lines of his famous paraphrase. In such tiny gestures is the history of jazz seen to encapsulate itself, and three decades obligingly to telescope themselves for the benefit of the student. Only in a concert conceived on the vast heroic scale that this one has been conceived, can such exchanges come about, and it is very doubtful if concerts conceived on such a vast heroic scale will ever be seen in jazz again. History is in the grooves.

Benny Green.



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PACD-2625-704-2

DISC 1

**ELLINGTON/FITZGERALD/
HAWKINS/PETERSON
THE GREATEST JAZZ CONCERT
IN THE WORLD**

1. SMEDLEY 4:16
 2. SOME DAY MY PRINCE WILL COME 4:59
 3. DAYTRAIN 5:53
 4. NOW'S THE TIME 8:26
- THE BALLAD MEDLEY:

5. MEMORIES OF YOU 2:22
6. MISTY 2:45
7. I CAN'T GET STARTED 2:26
8. WEE 9:49
9. MOONGLOW 3:29
10. SWEET GEORGIA BROWN 4:28
11. C JAM BLUES 6:12
12. WOMAN YOU MUST BE CRAZY 9:08
13. STORMY MONDAY 6:40

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DISC 2

**ELLINGTON/FITZGERALD/
HAWKINS/PETERSON
THE GREATEST JAZZ CONCERT
IN THE WORLD**

1. SWAMP GOO 4:54
2. GURDLE HURDLE 2:51
3. THE SHEPHERD 6:33
4. RUE BLEVE 2:44

5. SALOMÉ 3:34
6. A CHROMATIC LOVE AFFAIR 3:58
7. MOUNT HARRISSA 6:39
8. BLOOD COUNT (MANUSCRIPT) 3:50
9. ROCKIN' IN RHYTHM 3:40
10. VERY TENOR 7:51
11. ONIONS (WILD ONIONS) 1:50
12. TAKE THE "A" TRAIN 5:12

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DISC 3

**ELLINGTON/FITZGERALD/
HAWKINS/PETERSON
THE GREATEST JAZZ CONCERT
IN THE WORLD**

1. SATIN DOLL 4:50
2. TOOTIE FOR COOTIE 6:13
3. UP JUMP 2:56
4. PRELUDE TO A KISS 4:32
5. MEDLEY:
MOOD INDIGO 3:41
I GOT IT BAD AND THAT AINT GOOD 2:23



ADD

COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO

PACD-2625-704-2

6. THINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE 4:25
7. DON'T BE THAT WAY 4:03
8. YOU'VE CHANGED 4:07
9. LET'S DO IT 4:22
10. ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET 2:03
11. IT'S ONLY A PAPER MOON 2:27
12. DAY DREAM 4:42
13. IF I COULD BE WITH YOU 3:17
14. BETWEEN THE DEVIL
AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA 3:39
15. COTTON TAIL 5:10

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DISC 1

THE OSCAR PETERSON TRIO:

1. SMEDLEY 4:16
2. SOME DAY MY PRINCE
WILL COME 4:59
3. DAYTRAIN 5:53
4. NOW'S THE TIME 8:26

THE BALLAD MEDLEY:

5. MEMORIES OF YOU 2:22
6. MISTY 2:45
7. I CAN'T GET STARTED 2:26
8. WEE 9:49

COLEMAN HAWKINS WITH THE OSCAR PETERSON TRIO:

9. MOONGLOW 3:29
10. SWEET GEORGIA BROWN 4:28

JAM SESSION:

11. C JAM BLUES 6:12

T-BONE WALKER with

CLARK TERRY, JOHNNY HODGES, PAUL
GONSALVES, OSCAR PETERSON, SAM
JONES, BOBBY DURHAM:

12. WOMAN YOU MUST BE CRAZY 9:08
13. STORMY MONDAY 6:40

TOTAL TIME 76:00

DISC 2

THE DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA:

1. SWAMP GOO 4:54
2. GURDLE HURDLE 2:51
3. THE SHEPHERD 6:33
4. RUE BLEUE 2:44
5. SALOME 3:34
6. A CHROMATIC LOVE AFFAIR 3:58
7. MOUNT HARRISSA 6:39
8. BLOOD COUNT (MANUSCRIPT) 3:50
9. ROCKIN' IN RHYTHM 3:40
10. VERY TENOR 7:51
11. ONIONS (WILD ONIONS) 1:50
12. TAKE THE "A" TRAIN 5:12

TOTAL TIME 60:00

DISC 3

THE DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA:

1. SATIN DOLL 4:50
2. TOOTIE FOR COOTIE 6:13
3. UP JUMP 2:56
4. PRELUDE TO A KISS 4:32
5. MEDLEY:
MOOD INDIGO 3:41
I GOT IT BAD AND THAT
AIN'T GOOD 2:23
6. THINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY
USED TO BE 4:25

ELLA FITZGERALD with THE JIMMY JONES TRIO and THE DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA:

7. DON'T BE THAT WAY 4:03
8. YOU'VE CHANGED 4:07
9. LET'S DO IT 4:22
10. ON THE SUNNY SIDE
OF THE STREET 2:03

ELLA FITZGERALD with THE JIMMY JONES TRIO:

11. IT'S ONLY A PAPER MOON 2:27
12. DAY DREAM 4:42
13. IF I COULD BE WITH YOU 3:17
14. BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND
THE DEEP BLUE SEA 3:39

ELLA FITZGERALD with THE JIMMY JONES TRIO and THE DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA Featuring PAUL GONSALVES:

15. COTTON TAIL 5:10

TOTAL TIME 66:00

COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO

ADD

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to the nearest minute.



STEREO

