

March 21, 1957

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down beat



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Swing On Kaye . . . Charlottesville, Va.

To the Editor:
Shades of Lawrence Welk. I suppose we could overlook the blundering of Sammy Kaye (re: *The Blindfold Test*, Jan. 23) on some of the more contemporary artists, but when he failed to identify one of his colleagues of the dance band circuit, Ray Anthony, we begin to wonder. Woody Herman and Harry James were insulted to the degree where they were not identified, and Red Prysock became Sam (The Man) Taylor.

However, the real controversy lies in the question which was the more embarrassing error—calling Wild Bill Davison Louis Armstrong or guessing Benny Goodman to be Ray Pearl.

At the end of the trial, defendant Kaye decides to throw in a little more than subtle commercial for the dance band business in general and Columbia Records in particular.

If this is typical, I think I shall save my swing and swaying for my rocking chair days.

Marvin Garrette

Miami Beach, Fla.

To the Editor:
Am writing to you in regard to the Jan. 23 issue of *Down Beat*, and my particular reason for writing is the Sammy Kaye *Blindfold Test*.

I know Mr. Kaye has been a prominent leader and has a good organization for years in his vein of music—

but Mr. Kaye is musically ignorant or was being sarcastic during the test.

Here is a bandleader who cannot recognize Woody Herman, Ray Anthony, and Benny Goodman and the most unforgivable thing of all—for Mr. Kaye to have the nerve to say he is a devoted Louis Armstrong admirer and then to mistake a Wild Bill Davison record for Armstrong—an impossible mistake to make.

So I have to assume that Mr. Kaye was being sarcastic—which is possible or poor Mr. Kaye has no ear for music at all—which is also possible. I doubt if Mr. Kaye can be saved, but let's let him know that we know good music and who is who—and he isn't fooling anyone if he did try to. If he didn't try to and just doesn't know—we can all feel sorry for what he is missing.

Donald E. Goldfield

Word From Pete . . . New York City

To the Editor:
I would like to express through the pages of *Down Beat* my thanks to my friends who contributed to the money that was sent to me Christmas eve. I wish every one of them to know how grateful I am—for the effort they made—with all my heart and soul.

It made me feel good that somebody was still thinking of me, as I have no living relatives except my son that I know of. I'm feeling very fine and expect to get a medical release from the hospital soon.

The names are Gigi Gryce, Horace Silver, Lester Young, Idrees Sulieman, Herb Raimier, Willie Jones, Jazz Art Society, Jazz Unlimited, Art Blakey, Art Farmer, Doug Watkins, Lou Donaldson, Blue Note Records, J. R. Mata-

rese (Ed. Note: J. R. Monterose?), Julian Euell, Nat Hentoff, Kenny Doham, Gene Ramey, Max Roach, Sonny Rollins, Charlie Rouse. Miles Davis, Cafe Bohemia, Milt Jackson, Art Taylor, Herbie Nichols, Julius Watkins.

Pete Brown (alto sax)

Vote of Thanks . . . New York City

To the Editor:
Last Sunday afternoon I had the pleasure of attending Jazz, Unlimited's, first workshop session at Birdland.

I would like to congratulate, publicly, this fine organization. The program consisted of the Bud Powell trio with Doug Watkins on bass and Art Taylor on drums, the George Bratnwaite quintet, plus six or seven other groups. We all heard some fine, swinging jazz.

The purposes of the organization are to promote jazz as a true art form and the jazz musician as a sincere, well-schooled artist, to stimulate interest and to create as much new work as he can.

In my opinion, and in the opinions of many others, the unselfish devotion and hard work on the part of the members involved in running these workshop sessions is one of the finest accomplishments in the field. We have too few organizations of this kind throughout the country and certainly in New York, supposedly the jazz center of the world.

Jazz, Unlimited, gives the young musician a chance to play in a jazz spot, before not only people of note and professional musicians, but also before a sincerely interested audience. The stimulated interested and the closer re-

(Continued on Page 6)



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Wilbur Ware—Bass
Bobby Donaldson—Drums

Contents
Jeepers Creepers
My Heart Stood Still
You Go To My Head
Just One Of Those Things
Crazy Rhythm
When Your Lover Has Gone
Don't Take Your Love From Me
Strike Up The Band

the first chorus

By Jack Tracy

I HAVE NOW seen everything. Figuring maybe the *America After Dark* show, which replaced Steve Allen's *Tonight* on NBC, couldn't possibly be as bad as its opening night fiasco, I tuned in again a couple of weeks later.

The hour-long segment carried in Chicago opened with host Jack Lescouliere trading praises with Fran Warren. I switched to bowling.

I came back later to find the roving cameras had swung to Chicago, where *Sun-Times* columnist Irv Kupcinet was interviewing a girl and her boy friend (or a boy and his girl friend; I couldn't quite get the relationship) who were jumping up and down on a trampoline in the empty gymnasium at the University of Chicago.

I WAS UNABLE to find out what earthly reason two people in love could have working out on a trampoline at midnight, so I turned back to bowling.

Billy Welu was leading Ace Calder by 62 pins after the first game. Things were not looking up on this channel, either.

Another peek at glamorous *America After Dark* found two people (evidently another boy and girl in love) swimming ballet-style in a pool. And who should be at poolside, providing romantic jazz for their romance jazz, but our old friend, Chico Hamilton and his group. I tell you, it was really something. But just so people who tuned in at that moment didn't think it was a night club with a pool in it, Chico and the boys were wearing casual clothes.

When the swimmers had mercifully finished, the announcer began asking Chico about rock and roll music, and was it jazz? That's when I twirled back to Welu and Calder. And old Ace had come back in the second game to win by 65 pins. He was now three ahead. The two bowlers were much closer than the two swimmers had been in at least 64 of the bars they balled.

But back to the gripping action in New York. Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields were being interviewed by columnist Hy Gardner. "Who wears the pants in your family?" Hy was asking Blossom. She said that as long as she was the star of the act onstage, she let Benny boss the house. It seemed reasonable.

AFTER DRAGGING a plug for Blossom and Benny's new Mercury album out of them, Hy had Benny sing. He did a couple of tunes while the camera stayed chiefly on Blossom's face. *This Is Your Life* was never better, except Blossom didn't cry.

When Fran Warren brought out a big bouquet for Miss Seeley, it looked like opening night at the Palace.

Meanwhile, back at the alley, Welu looked like a cinch in the final game until he ran into a split in the ninth frame. Calder caught him, went ahead, and then sat back to see if Welu could come through in his last chance.

WELU heaved manfully, but it wasn't quite enough, and he lost on total pins for the three-game match by a single pin.

Like I say, I have now seen everything.

Imagine! One stinking pin!



down beat.

Volume 24, No. 6

March 21, 1957

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special feature

This issue contains the monthly *Up Beat* section, which starts on page 39. It contains the first of a series of arrangements designed to be played by almost any combination of instruments. This one is by Bill Russo.

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ON THE COVER

John Tynan's Peggy Lee story on page 13 is a study of distinguished artistic achievement in a variety of fields. Now working on a television series, in which she'll star, Miss Lee is active in an ever-growing, multi-faceted way, including efforts in song writing, poetry, and painting.

Subscription rates \$7 a year, \$12 two years, \$18 three years in advance. Add \$1 a year to these prices for subscriptions outside the United States, its possessions and Canada. Special school library rates \$5.40 a year. Single copies—Canada, 35 cents; foreign, 50 cents. Change of address notice must reach us before effective. Send old address with your new. Duplicate copies cannot be sent and post office will not forward copies. Circulation Dept., 2001 Calumet Ave., Chicago 16, Ill. Printed in U. S. A. John Maher Printing Company, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second-class matter Oct. 6, 1939, at the post office in Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Re-entered as second-class matter Feb. 28, 1948. Copyright 1957, by Maher Publications, Inc., all foreign rights reserved. Trademark registered U. S. Patent Office Great Britain registered trademark No. 719 407. Published bi-weekly; on sale every other Thursday. We cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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lations between the musician and the listener are two very important ultimates.

I think these people deserve a great big thanks from all of us who are sincerely interested in jazz for further cultivating the only form of music America can call its own.

Renee Bass

Appropriate Blues ...

Aurora, Ill.

To the Editor:

I have been a regular reader of the *Beat* for many years and thought you might be interested in the following album, for it is appropriate for this season of the year:

Income Tax Blues: There's a new album out of Washington on the Pen-

tagon label entitled—*FIT in the Land of Hi-Fi* (Pentagon LP 1040-1040A). The *FIT* (Federal Income Tax) album is available on long play (too long); is recorded in Hi-Fi (hi-finance), and should gross around \$72 billion. It contains the following hits:

- Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?*
- Opus De Preciation.*
- You Turned the Table on Me.*
- Squeeze Me.*
- It All Depends on You.*
- The 1040A Special.*

Personnel on this LP includes such top names as Humphrey, Wilson, Nixon, and Benson. The rhythm section consists of a bass player who goes by the name of John Foster and a real swingin' (he's had a lot of practice) drummer named Dwight.

The group has been without a piano

player since Harry cut out on his own four years ago. Nevertheless the album, which has only been out since the first of the year, is already a collector's item.

Bill Reising

Of Jazz Gillum ...

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor:

Several years ago Bunk Johnson was found down south washing cars for a living. He was given a set of teeth, a horn, and restored to his rightful place in the world of jazz.

The motivating reason was probably the fact that jazz "purists" felt Bunk was a living history of the great jazz tradition, and as such he became a beacon light in their search to get back to the natural roots of "jazz."

Today right here in Chicago, the final resting place for many old-time jazz greats, another such situation arises. It has become evident that there is "existing" in a blighted area of Chicago another man who was and is an important facet of jazz tradition.

One would think that tradition is a synonym for tragedy, for although this man's recordings are still heard and played today, he cannot, for reasons of deceit, collect one dime in royalties.

I would like to ask why this man is forced to live in the indignities of poverty when his music is still enjoyed and appreciated by many.

Can't something be done for Jazz Gillum, blues singer?

Ralph A. Olmos

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Italy, Anyone?

Civitavecchia (Rome), Italy

To the Editor:

I'm an Italian reader of your magazine. I've subscribed to *Down Beat* for 10 years and never wrote a letter. Yesterday, reading in the *Beat* about an American record collector who was asking for correspondence with an English fan, I decided to write.

I don't know if American jazz fans like Italian fans, but I'd like to correspond with a boy or girl who's really interested in jazz. We could exchange records and ideas about our music. I could talk about jazz in Italy and could know more things about jazz in the States.

I study law at the University of Rome, but my main interest is jazz (modern jazz). I'm also an amateur pianist, and I'd be very happy to talk with an American friend. My English is not good at all, but I'll do my best writing the letters.

Adriano Pateri
Via Malta 1
Civitavecchia (Rome), Italy

Wants Krupa Movie...

Swarthmore, Pa.

To the Editor:

I am in complete agreement with Hal Holly's column, *Filmland Upbeat* of Feb. 6, where he mentioned a possible Gene Krupa story. Gene deserves this after many years of time and effort he has put into jazz and drumming.

This movie could be a swinging thing with lots of stars to go with it—for example, Teddy Napoleon, Eddie Shu, Charlie Ventura, and Anita O'Day.

Burt Gabriel

Down Beat

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NEW YORK

Jazz: Duke Ellington is likely to be on Edward R. Murrow's Person-to-Person March 15. Duke heads the first major concert sponsored by the Bronx Division of Hunter college at Hunter concert hall March 22 . . . Newark, N.J., declared a Sarah Vaughan Day climaxed by a testimonial dinner and a singing appearance by Sarah at Mount Zion Baptist church where she used to be in the choir . . . Count Basie renewed his record contract with Norman Granz for five years. Granz also pacted Turk Murphy for three . . . With Benny Goodman at the Waldorf-Astoria are, among others, Mel Powell, Buck Clayton, vocalist Lynn Taylor, Mousey Alexander, Steve Jordan, Irv Manning, Jimmy Maxwell, Rex Peer, and Budd Johnson . . . Basin Street has taken over the Pad in the Village and will open there around April 18 as Lower Basin Street. Their midtown site is shuttered, as the building's coming down . . . Herbie Nichols and Gil Melle are forming a group . . . George Moore now writing a regular jazz column in the weekly East . . . Milt Gabler says the retrospective Louis Armstrong package will probably encompass four or five 12" LPs . . . Rudi Blesh writing a jazz book for the 13-17 age group to be published by Lothrop, Lee, and Shepherd late next fall. Blesh is also taking over the 15-week Queens college jazz course in view of Marshall Stearns' illness. Stearns is recovering well.



Mulligan

Gigi Gryce's Jazz Lab quintet is recording LPs for Columbia, Riverside, and ABC-Paramount. Personnel includes Donald Byrd, Wade Legge, and Wendell Marshall . . . Quincy Jones went to the west coast for two weeks to cut an ABC-Paramount album and to talk over a big deal to augment his publishing firm . . . Gerry Mulligan begins his first British tour April 27. He'll do two weeks in Britain and probably two more on the continent. The Mulligans' new son is named Reed . . . The Billie Holiday film project is one-third signed. Lester Cowan is in charge, with Bill Duffy to work on the screen play and Dorothy Dandridge a good bet for the lead . . . The classical concert agency of Giesen & Boomer has announced Randy Weston as part of its fall plans . . . Columbia Artists Management, in its concert fall program, has Teddy Wilson set with a company of eight, including a dancer, and promises a new Duke Ellington work to be introduced by Teddy . . . Newest lower East Side jazz room is The Fox's Corner, Second Ave. and Seventh, with music every night but Monday by pianist Jay Chasin, soprano saxist Steve Lacy, and drummer Stu Martin . . . Art Farmer signed with ABC-Paramount for one year with two one-year options . . . John Hammond will cut a Stompin' at the Savoy LP at the Savoy ballroom with Cootie Williams' band.

Andy Kirk plays club dates weekends, but during the week he's in the real estate business in New Rochelle with Charlie Johnson, former Benny Carter and Duke Ellington trombonist . . . Decca will release several Ella Fitzgerald albums in the next year going back to the Chick Webb days . . . Manager Martha Glasser worked out an endorsement deal for Erroll Garner with Baldwin pianos. Erroll's first jazzman to be connected with Baldwin. Garner's European plans have fallen through . . . British drummer Alan Ganley was flown over suddenly to work with the Ronnie Scott combo when original drummer Phil Seaman found himself quite unable to make it . . . Terry Gibbs will increase the size of his combo, and wants eventually a big band . . . Active Sunday sessions have begun at the White Cannon in East Rockaway from 5 to 10 p.m. Sal Salvador started them . . . The Maynard Ferguson band and Cannonball are at Birdland from April 4-17; Duke Ellington and the Joe Castro trio April 18-May 1; the Hi-Lo's and Ferguson June 6-19; Woody Herman June 20-July 3.

Entertainment-in-the-Round: Annie Ross, first Critics Poll new star vocalist winner, has decided to stay in the States for a while, and is readying a hotel room comedy-with-singing act . . . Joe Mooney joined Tony Bennett for his Copa date and may do some others . . . Jimmy Dorsey at

(Continued on Page 32)

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Pierce's New Band Debuts

New York — The new Nat Pierce band has made its public debut with a week at the Savoy opposite Cootie Williams. The reaction was so positive that the band is expected to be re-booked at the Savoy as soon as there's an open date.

In the band are Skip Rieder, Doug Mettone, Al Stewart, and Don Stratton, trumpets; Bill Elton, Frank Rehak, and Jim Dahl, trombones; Dick Meldonian, Anthony Ortega, Paul Quinichette, Dick Hafer, and Gene Allen, reeds; Pierce, piano; Gus Johnson, drums; Turk Van Lake, guitar; Bill Takas, bass, and Dorothy Dunn, vocals.

The book is by Nat, Sonny Truitt, Buck Clayton, Ralph Burns, Gene Roland, Bill Verplanck, and Buster Harding. The band has been rehearsing intermittently for six months at Nola's with each man pitching in a dollar for studio time.

De Paris Band To Play Africa

New York — Wilbur De Paris and his "New Orleans Jazz" will make a month-long tour of the West African coast in March, under the international exchange program of the American National Theater and Academy.

The De Paris group has Wilbur on trombone; his brother Sidney, trumpet; Omer Simeon, clarinet; Benny Moten, bass; Shep Shepherd, banjo; Sonny White, piano, and Wilbert Kirk, drums.

The first appearance has been scheduled at Accra, where the group was invited to perform at the Gold Coast independence celebration March 6-13. Appearances also have been scheduled at Nigeria, Sierra Leone, Liberia, and French West Africa.

Juilliard To Relocate

In New Development

New York—The Juilliard School of Music will relocate at a new development in Lincoln Square here, joining with the Metropolitan Opera association and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony society to sponsor the area as a center for the performing arts.

The school directors and trustees agreed to change two major factors in operation of the school: 1) devote the institution exclusively to the training of advanced students, and, 2) include training in drama, as well as music and dance.

Juilliard officials said they expected that the school would be relocated at Lincoln Square in time for the opening of the 1960-'61 academic year.

Zoot Suit

New York—Nick Travis, busy freelance trumpeter, recently was involved in a particularly harrassing round of activities—a series of recording dates, visiting his wife and newborn at the hospital, commuting from New Jersey, etc.

One afternoon, he finally found an hour free to nap. The phone jangled him out of sleep. Fighting through his drowsiness, he lifted the receiver.

"Hi," said the voice on the other end. "This is Zoot."

"Zoot who?" asked Nick.

City Council Closes Famed Rendezvous

Hollywood—Known as "Home of the Name Bands" and built in 1921 at a cost of \$200,000, the famed Balboa Rendezvous ballroom was ordered closed Feb. 13 by order of the Newport Beach city council. The body voted five-to-one in favor of revoking the license to operate the dancehall held by Al Anderson and Clyde (Jerry) Johnson, declaring the business "adversely affects public health, safety, welfare, morals, and quiet."

Johnson charged the civic body submitted to pressure "... by rich and idle snobs concerned only with their selfish interests who think they own this town."

Bases In Europe To Hear McKinley

New York — Ray McKinley's Glenn Miller-styled orchestra was to leave for Europe on March 4 for four weeks. The tour, under air force auspices, will cover military bases. The opening date will be March 6 in Wiesbaden, Germany. The band plays in France March 7-11, England March 12-18, Morocco March 19-23, Libya March 24-26, and West Germany March 27-31.

The tour marks the first time that Miller-styled music has been played live in Europe since 1945 when Miller's service band, with McKinley in charge, worked before service personnel.

Thompson Bill Asks For Arts Commission

Washington—Rep. Frank Thompson Jr. (Dem.—N.J.) has introduced a bill in Congress to establish a federal advisory commission on the arts in the department of health, education, and welfare as proposed by President Eisenhower in the budget message.

Thompson's measure calls for a commission of 24 members, drawn from seven major art fields: music, drama and dance, literature, architecture and allied arts, painting, sculpture, and the graphic arts, including photography, movies, radio, and TV.

Record Sales: \$200 Million

New York — Nearly \$200,000,000 worth of records of all kinds were sold during the first nine months of last year, the Record Industry Association of America announced.

At the same time, RCA Victor announced what could be the death knell of 78 rpm records. The label said it immediately will begin releasing certain singles only on 45 rpm records. If demand exists for the releases on 78s, enough will be pressed at that speed to fill orders, RCA Victor executives said.

The label's first exclusive 45-rpm release was of 11 Harry Belafonte singles.

The RIAA's nine-month sales figures showed that sales of 78s were declining on the same scale as those of 45s were increasing. Sales of 12" LPs were nearly double those of the same period in 1955.

Chubby Jackson Back With Group

Chicago—Chubby Jackson has given up his staff position at WBKB television station here to reenter the jazz field with a small group. He opens at the Cloister March 6.

For the last two years Jackson has done little playing. He conducted the *Little Rascals* afternoon show for youngsters, a program which piled up hefty ratings. "But I've got to get back to music again," he says. "I spent too many years in it to ever give it up completely."

The bassist at presstime was set to use the following men in his group: Cy Touff, bass trumpet; Sandy Mosse, tenor; Marty Rubenstein, piano; Don Osborne, drums.

Group has signed with Associated Booking Corp.

Quintet Personnel Set 'Look Up, Live' TV Show

New York—The personnel has been set for the jazz combo to be seen for eight weeks starting April 14 on CBS-TV's Sunday morning *Look Up and Live*.

Participating in the semidocumentary on the growth of a jazz combo will be pianist-leader David McKay with Jimmy Giuffre, Bob Brookmeyer, Oscar Pettiford, and Osie Johnson. The unit also will record for Atlantic and may play some club dates.

Rene Quits RCA Post

Hollywood — Conductor-composer Henri Rene has resigned as manager of RCA Victor's west coast artists & repertoire division in order, he said, to "devote all my time to creative work." No a&r successor to Rene's post has been chosen.

Billy Taylor Trio

Personnel: Billy Taylor, piano; Earl May, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Reviewed: London House, Chicago, one week after opening.

Musical Evaluation: Billy plays well. He has definite musical erudition—erudition which enables him to explore any given tune with considerable reward. His precise, flawless technique enables him to create an arabesque of sounds. In matters of harmony, dynamics, over-all taste, and conception, Taylor is a mature, ambitious pianist.

Taylor's astute selection of tunes contributes to the artistic success of the group. Included in this night's program, for example, were *Will You Still Be Mine?*; *The Man I Love* (with one chorus spectacularly played with left hand alone); *Get Me to the Church on Time*; *But Not for Me*; a Taylor original, *Theodora*; *I'll Take Romance*; *Lullaby of Birdland*.

The trio is well-integrated. May is a long-term associate of Taylor's. Taylor's new drummer, Thigpen, is quite wonderful. An extremely versatile drummer, Thigpen is constantly driving, but never too strong.

Audience Reaction: Since the London House is essentially a restaurant, the test of a group's success is in its ability to inspire a cessation of steak-demolition for applause. The Taylor trio accomplished just that consistently.

Attitude of the Performer: Taylor projects as a sincere, satisfied musician. He's very satisfied with the trio's sound, particularly with the rhythmic impetus provided by Thigpen.

Commercial Potential: As a cohesive unit, featuring Taylor's vividly exploratory piano, the group is at home in any major jazz club. And Taylor's poise and knowledge make the group an excellent one for jazz seminars, workshops, and concerts.

Summary: As a pianist, Taylor is an impressive jazz stylist. As a group, his trio has an inspired, free-flowing sound. Taylor's imaginative piano, May's competent bass work, and Thigpen's exciting drum support make the group one of the best of its kind in jazz.

—gold

Warne Marsh Quintet

Personnel: Warne Marsh and Ted Brown, tenors; Ronnie Ball, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Jeff Morton, drums.

Reviewed: Bill Whisling's, Hollywood; two successive Fridays.

Musical Evaluation: This quintet has been together for almost a year, to become one of the most clearly individual groups in jazz. Frankly setting forth the Lennie Tristano viewpoint in mood and ideational development, Marsh, et al, have become a highly sensitive team to this end.

Jazzwise, the strong men in the quintet are Marsh and Ball, exceptional soloists who can, and frequently do, swing like mad. On *Somebody Loves Me* they keep a happy interplay moving between piano and tenor, each anticipating the other's ideas to a degree that at times almost suggests telepathy. Ball's spare, functional style, positive



Warne Marsh

attack, and definitiveness of statement mark him as one of today's more important jazz pianists.

As a horn team, Marsh and Brown are peas in a pod. Brown's softer tone, however, provides necessary if insufficient over-all contrast to Marsh's harder sound. Though Brown has plenty to say and articulates fluently, particularly in his solo on *Somebody*, Marsh is surely the superior soloist.

Individually, Tucker and Morton are highly competent rhythm men but thus far have not achieved a unit sound. Morton's reliance on a dominant cymbal beat throughout several successive choruses, moreover, invites monotony. For this combo especially, with its constant blend of two tenors sounding so much alike tonally, monotony spells danger.

Audience Reaction: Uniformly favorable. Listeners, for the most part, sit rapt as the long unison tenor lines unfold intricate patterns on such charts as *Smog Eyes*, *Long Gone*, or *Topsy* and appear particularly taken with Ball's role in the group. (He is alternately soloist, front line "third horn," and rhythm instrument.)

Attitude of Performers: An uncompromising conviction that they are playing their own unique brand of jazz; that they must play for thoughtful listeners—barring barflies and superficial entertainment seekers. Marsh feels that the quintet has overcome growing pains, is sounding the way they want it to and can only become more potent as a creating unit.

Commercial Potential: On the jazz concert circuit, particularly in colleges, this group could really score with its avant garde concepts. Clubwise, however, its marketability is limited: There's so much happening between the different ensemble voices demanding unqualified attention, the cash customers might forget to buy that extra drink.

Summary: An important, indeed unique, jazz unit, needing only a tighter-knit rhythm section to make it probably a great quintet. The only musical reservation to be found is in the blend of the similar-sounding tenors offering the ears insufficient tonal contrast. Considering their determina-

tion to stick together, the quintet should hit the college circuit and really make it.

—tunan

Felicia Sanders

Personnel: Singer Felicia Sanders, accompanied by pianist Irving Joseph.

Reviewed: Two sets at the Byline room, New York, in second week of four-week run.

Musical Evaluation: Miss Sanders is more than just a pop singer. Her performance, and the way she obviously gripped her audience here, demonstrates that she is a creative talent of high order. Her voice is a handsome instrument, with rich middles and strong highs. Her material is fresh enough and imaginative enough to place her a full cut above most vocalists today.

Her facial expressions are very effective in her performance. As an excellent example of her way with a song, she sang *Something Cool*, and through inflection, facial expression, and hand movements, she created a cameo which was moving, but never over-dramatized. At the same time, the song wasn't lost in the emoting. It was a task which only a mature vocal artist should attempt, and that she carried it off extremely well was a tribute to her maturity.

A hackneyed piece such as *Music, Maestro, Please* received the same thoughtful treatment. In this, she built the climax to key words in the lyric. On the whole, her mood pieces were quite moving. They included a touching *If I Love Again*, a wistful *What Is There to Say?*, a sensitive *Lonely Town*, a lovely *Once Upon a Time*, and a yearning *When the World Was Young*. She varied the mood by mixing in bouncier pieces, such as *Stranger Beware*, *It Might As Well Be Spring*, and *Old Devil Moon*. At all times, pianist Joseph was a model of admirable accompanying; solid and substantial, but non-intrusive.

Audience reaction: Reception was very warm, particularly on dramatic numbers. The small room was nearly filled for her second set, and there was a remarkably attentive silence throughout her songs.

Attitude of Performer: Miss Sanders was happy with her material and confident that there is still a wealth of untapped good music from scores of unsuccessful shows and the files of composers. "And we can always take old material and do it in a new way," she added, "Sometimes that makes it like a new song."

Commercial Potential: Since the impact of her recording of the *Song from Moulin Rouge*, which nearly typed her as a one-record singer, and a pop vocalist, at that, Felicia has been building herself as a performer. Her work has paid off in finished performances. Future plans include an appearance on stage in a revue, which is where she could find her artistic level. Here is a voice that must be seen as well as heard, because her performance is so much a part of her vocalizing.

Summary: Felicia will always be able to communicate her vocal warmth on recordings, but I feel the true impact of her personality must be seen. She has wisely developed a variety of material, and is showcasing it in a thoroughly professional manner.

—dom

Bing Records With Scobey

San Francisco—Bob Scobey, who already has completed his first two LPs for RCA Victor, recorded a third in February with a new vocalist—Bing Crosby.

For Crosby, now freelancing, it was his first RCA Victor LP.

Scobey's first, *Beauty and the Beat*, is scheduled for release this month. His second, *Swingin' on the Golden Gate*, was cut recently in Los Angeles. Arrangements are by Matty Matlock. The personnel includes Mannie Klein, Dick Cathcart and Scobey, trumpets; Jack Buck and Abe Lincoln, trombones; Ralph Sutton, piano; Clancy Hayes, banjo and vocals; Bob Short, tuba; Red Callender, bass; Matty Matlock, clarinet, and Sammy Goldstein, drums. The tunes included *Snag It*; *Carolina in the Morning*; *Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee*; *Ain'tcha Glad?*; *Come Back, Sweet Papa*; *Wabash Cannonball*; *I Can't Get Started*; *Feet-Draggin' Blues*; *Since My Best Gal Turned Me Down*, and *Sugarfoot Stomp*.

McPartlands Set Tour Opening In Cleveland

New York—Trumpeter Jimmy McPartland is to team with his wife Marian's trio for a series of dates, opening March 11 at the Theatrical lounge in Cleveland for two weeks. Also set are Baker's Keyboard lounge, Detroit, on April 1; the Tropics, Dayton, Ohio, on April 15, and Colonial Tavern, Toronto, Canada, on April 29. Marian and her trio will go on alone to the Ottawa House in Quebec City on May 5 and then move into New York's Composer on June 1 for eight weeks. With Marian are bassist Bill Britto and drummer Jimmy Campbell.

Shad New A&R Chief In East For Mercury Discs

New York—Bobby Shad was named eastern artist and repertoire chief for Mercury Records, replacing Hugo Peretti and Luigi Creatore, who resigned. Shad, previously a&r director of Mercury's EmArcy division, also will handle pop records in his new position. Peretti and Creatore have taken over the newly formed Roulette Records.

The Man Who Wasn't There

New York—Strange things happened in mid-February when 14 teenagers from the Bethpage high school sat in on an RCA Victor record session featuring organist Dayton Selby and tenor Willene Barton.

The kids started clapping and rocking with the music, and RCA executives sent for a camera to record the enthusiasm pictorially. At the height of the session's excitement, with the mikes open and the band and the kids wailing, photographer Acy Lehman strolled into the studio, slamming two doors, and set up a ladder. After taking his pictures, he broke down the stepladder, slammed through two doors, and left the studio.

Label executives were amazed to discover, on the playbacks, that the take hadn't been spoiled.

Indian Gift

New York—During the midnight din at the Metropole near Times Square, one of the musicians said casually to a visitor that the management had given the bands their annual notices.

"What happened?" asked the concerned friend.

"Oh, they took it back," said the musician. "It was commuted to life imprisonment."

More To Come In Victor-Down Beat

Chicago—With five of the *Down Beat* "Jazz Milestones" series albums already on the market and selling well, RCA Victor is going ahead with plans for at least seven more sets of reissues from its extensive jazz catalog.

In release at present are collections by Muggsy Spanier (*The Great 16!*), Duke Ellington (*In a Mellotone*), some all-star small groups (*A Swingin' String of Pearls*), and Tommy Dorsey (*A Tribute to Tommy Dorsey*, Volumes 1 and 2).

In the works are two sets by Fats Waller, two more by Ellington, one by Artie Shaw, one by Red Nichols, and one devoted to early blues artists.

Selections of artists and tunes are made by Victor's Fred Reynolds and the editors of *Down Beat*.

Best seller in the series to date is the Spanier set, which has reached the 10,000 mark, according to a company spokesman.

Hodeir In N.Y., Seeks U.S. Released Of Discs

New York—French jazz composer-critic Andre Hodeir has arrived here for a stay of several weeks to try to arrange for release in the States of several of his French recordings.

Epic already has scheduled a Kenny Clarke date made in Paris in which the tunes, all originals, are by Hodeir.

Savoy is likely to produce a session of Hodeir writings as supervised by Bobby Jaspar and the composer. A third Hodeir LP may be released by Atlantic.

'Rebels' Win Court Test

Hollywood—Local 47's "rebel musicians," who lost a round in their court suit against the trust fund policies of AFM President James C. Petrillo last month, have won a more recent ruling.

The California district court of appeals reversed a superior court decision holding that the case was beyond the jurisdiction of the Los Angeles superior court. Further arguments on the jurisdictional issue will be heard.

The appellate court, presided over by three judges, also ordered continuation of an injunction under which recording, film, and television companies are restrained from making payments into the trust fund pending trial of the suit.

Some unraveling of the complicated court issues was foreseen when the first hearing on the individual suit filed by Cecil Read, rebel leader since suspended from the AFM, opens March 4.

Hip Label Schedules Jazz History Series

Hollywood—Bandleader Lyle Griffin, his Hip Records hitherto devoted to novelties by Lord Buckley for the teenage market, is breaking into the jazz and r&b fields.

Formerly producer of the now-defunct Atomic label, Griffin has begun a history of jazz series on Hip, leading off with the long-unavailable record of Ory's *Creole Trombone* and *Society Blues* by Kid Ory and his Sunshine orchestra, recorded in 1922.

Also planned for future release on Hip are old masters by Lucky Thompson, Slim Gaillard, Dodo Marmarosa, Barney Kessel, and Bud Shank.

Ferguson's 13-Piecer On

Road With Dates 'Til July

Hollywood—Maynard Ferguson, on the road at presstime with his 13-piece band, had the following dates set through the second week in July:

After a college tour lasting through this month, the band goes into Birdland for two weeks beginning April 4 and then moves into Peps in Philadelphia April 22. They open May 1 at Chicago's Blue Note and follow this up with a stint at Boston's Storyville, opening May 27, and return to Birdland for another fortnight June 6. They open at Atlantic City's Steel Pier on July 7.

Jaspar On French LP

New York—Tenorist Bobby Jaspar, currently with J. J. Johnson, has recorded an LP for Pathe-Marconi in France. He used Tommy Flanagan, Elvin Jones, Knobby Totah, Barry Galbraith, Eddie Costa, Osie Johnson, and Milt Hinton in the two sessions.

concert review

Ted Heath Orchestra, June Christy,
Al Hibbler, Eddie Heywood Trio;
Carnegie Hall, New York

The International Festival of Music, a package show headed by Ted Heath and his band in their second American exchange visit, made its second stop in a 21-day safari at Carnegie hall. Co-featured were Al Hibbler, June Christy, and the Eddie Heywood trio.

In view of what follows, it is fair to underline the enigmatic fact that the audience at this midnight show volubly enjoyed all of the participants and reacted with particular warmth to Heath. As happened last year, there were insistent shouts of "More!" when Heath concluded the show at 2:45 a.m., promising to return next year.

By musical criteria, however, only Miss Christy emerged with honor from the obstacle course. It was June who unwittingly pointed up one of the chief causes for the pallid program when she sang the prologue to *It Don't Mean a Thing If You Ain't Got That Swing*:

"What good is the melody,
What good is the music
If it doesn't have a beat?"

The almost total lack of pulsating swing on the part of the Heath band made June's homily painfully appropriate. The Heathmen had the largest space on the bill, and they backed all the acts except Heywood and the accurately self-deprecatory comedian, Herkie Styles.

ASIDE FROM ITS treadmill rhythm, the band had trouble cutting the vocalists' arrangements, particularly June's. Probably by the middle of the tour, the arrangements all will be down, but it is surprising that an orchestra noted for its reading efficiency and section precision should have sounded so tentative on what were not, after all, Stravinsky scores.

The Heath band's own arrangements were progressively disappointing. Admittedly, this band does not pretend to be a jazz organization of the primary nature of Basie's, Duke's, and Woody's. As Heath points out, a big band, in order to survive in England, has to do a number of things from dance and theater work to jazz reasonably well.

But even on its own terms, the band's book is undistinguished. Last year, impressed by the band's school-tie precision and perhaps desirous of being courteous to the first British band to visit here, the reviewers treated the Heath book and band kindly. A second acquaintance discloses that arranging which seemed eclectic last spring just sounds dated now.

The opening *Kings Cross Climax* was a well-disciplined flag-waver and a Bobby Pratt-Bert Ezard trumpet duet on *Can't Get Started* was capable, particularly in Pratt's work. There followed, however, a Johnny Hawksworth bass vehicle, *Pick Yourself Up*, that was much more concerned with debatable showmanship — including a pause before the final note for Hawksworth to light a cigar—than musicianship.

RED PRICE'S vocal-tener-sax parody of *Blueberry Hill* was of high-school-prom caliber; pianist Frank Horrox'



Ted Heath

arrangement of *Lullaby of Birdland* sounded bloodless, as did clarinetist Henry Mackenzie in *Idaho*. The *Faithful Hussar* arrangement was depressingly corny for a band of Heath's reputation. A Don Lusher-Keith Christie valve trombone duet on *There'll Never Be Another You* was more encouraging.

Later in the program, there was a combo version of *Zoot Case* in which only trumpeter Eddy Blair displayed some imaginative fire. There was a clever framework for *Farewell Blues*—borrowed without credit from Papa Haydn—during which each man blew a statement, and then left, leaving the oldest men in the band (in point of service) to depart last. But Heath blew the novelty impact of the device by tipping the routine to the audience.

In the second half, there was a routine *Love for Sale* followed by a soprano sax feature for Ronnie Chamberlain, *Georgia on My Mind*. Chamberlain gets a good tone on the instrument, and those arrangements in which his soprano topped the reeds had a pleasant (if Miller-cum-Barnet-band) sound. Lusher, a thoroughly professional trombonist, was heard in *Sidewalks of Cuba*.

THERE WAS ALSO an amusingly pictorial *Boomerang* from Kenny Graham's *Australian Suite*, a dull *Madagascar*, and a throwback to vaudeville in *Jungle Drums (Siboney)* during which the drummer's sticks were phosphorescent-lit, as were the small drums each member of the brass section methodically attacked.

The beat of the drummer, Ronnie Verrell, throughout the program was astonishingly stiff, insensitive, and often overbearing. The rhythm section, as a whole, is close to anarchic.

The key example of the harm the rhythm section did to the show occurred in Miss Christy's act. June, looking like the midnight sun in a particularly attractive gown and singing with deep-throated warmth and less intonation trouble than the raggedy surroundings might have provoked, was spinning a mesmeric web in *That's All* when the beat sagged.

The rhythm section let it lie there until June herself revived the pulse.

She was in compelling form through much of her performance and certainly has learned to project convincingly without overselling.

HEYWOOD'S TRIO set was sufficiently soporific to calm a baby with colic, but the audience appeared eager to be lulled and sat appreciatively through the rigid overstylization and emotionally hollow interpretations of *The Man I Love*, *Soft Summer Breeze*, *Summertime*, *My Funny Valentine*, *Begin the Beguine*, and *Canadian Sunset*.

Hibbler, who can sing when he isn't putting the world on, scooped and swooped and drooped and looped through an interminable near-parody. Hibbler, who sometimes affects a cockney accent, bore on this speech aberration constantly during his singing and introductions. He broke up the band and pleased himself but also succeeded in further distorting his act.

It was a long night; and the occasion illustrated again how steadily most package shows have deteriorated into a collage of "names" with little thought by the producers to well-balanced musical content but much thought to quick grosses.

Sure, everybody has to make a living, but if June can draw—and she does—why couldn't a package make it in which all the acts were up to at least June's level of musical imagination and integrity?

—nat

Birdland All-Stars Revue; Carnegie Hall, New York

The name-heavy Birdland Stars of '57 show got off to a late start opening night at Carnegie Hall, but a good deal of it was well worth the wait.

The Basie Band kicked off the show with two punching instrumentals 55 minutes after the advertised curtain time. Joe Newman contributed a sparkling solo in each, and the second tune was highlighted by the sight of lead trumpeter Reunald Jones rising with the section at one point.

Bud Powell was spotted with rhythm in two ballads, *I Hear Music* and *Almost Like Being in Love*, and an up-tempo *I Want To Be Happy*. On *Love*, he went from a lyric chorus to a jump chorus with rhythm, leading to a highly inventive chorus which drew applause twice before the end.

Joe Williams and the Basie band came on with three rocking blues. Joe's drive and his happy attitude in front of the band broke up the full house. His interpolation of *Calypso* in a few lines of *Smack Dab in the Middle* nearly broke up the band.

CHET BAKER'S group popped out for a pair of originals by Manny Albani and Bob Brookmeyer. Baker had a front line of tenors Seldon Powell, Zoot Sims, and Phil Urso, with German clarinetist Rolf Kuhn. Both numbers were highlighted by Sims' easy, swinging tenor and the punchy, single-note style of Powell. On both numbers there was apparently some confusion in getting back to the head after the final rhythm break.

For some reason, the audience grew increasingly restive during the three-tune set by the Phineas Newborn Jr. quartet. Newborn played a series of rocketing choruses on *Blue Lou* and a longish, Baroque opening chorus on *What Is This Thing Called Love?* The

(Continued on Page 35)

Peggy Lee

In Which A Multi-Talented Singer Discusses A Many-Faceted Career

By John Tynan

THERE'S A QUOTATION from Michelangelo emblazoned on the wall of Peggy Lee's picturesque studio dressing room. It reads, "Perfection is made up of trifles; but perfection itself is no trifle."

Realizing the innate truth and implied sadness in this observation, Peggy Lee, in everything she undertakes, watches out for the trifles. Whether she always achieves perfection in the finished article, be it a dramatic role, poem, painting, song lyric, music score, animated cartoon, or night club act, is not our purpose to say. What is certain, however, is that few contemporary figures in show business possess her many applied talents and fewer still can match her consistent record of distinguished artistic achievement. In paying attention to the trifles, she believes, the major problem at hand becomes that much simpler.

"All through the years," she recalled, "I've had the good fortune to have someone around who acted as a big brother to me. When I started in the band business back in New York, Morty Palitz was Big Brother. He set down three rules for me: First—Don't hang out on 52nd St.; Second—Don't stay at the hotel; Third—If you overhear any of your boss's business, keep your mouth shut.

"I guess I obeyed the rules," she grinned, "because I've been pretty lucky in this business."

SHE GESTURED toward manager Ed Kelly. "Right now Kelly's the one who sees to it that I don't overextend. He watches me like a hawk," she chuckled. "You know, we just got back from Vegas and it takes days to readjust to home life. I'm liable to go for a walk, take a wrong turn and get lost—just disappear. It's happened. Guess my mind is usually on some future project."

Peggy's concern with important details is evident in her choice of musicians for club and record dates. For the recent Sands engagement she had in her group pianist Lou Levy, bassist Max Bennett, Carlos Mejia on congas, drummer Mel Lewis, and harpist Stella Castellucci. "I use Larry Bunker a lot, too," she said, "but he wasn't free to make the trip this last time. Mel is very fine and fits in beautifully."

On her new Decca album, *Dream Street* (DL 8411), Peggy has the cream of west coast jazzmen in Levy, Bunker, Bennett, Shorty Rogers, Buddy Clark, Bob Cooper, and Bud Shank, to name but a few. "For *Dream Street* I picked tunes I had really wanted to do for a long time. Different things like *Too Late Now* and *So Blue*. After all," she laughed, "you can't play *Lover* any faster. And I felt a need in myself to

do material that would be different for me.

"But I'm still not content. I get so frustrated when I hear what I've done. It's always got to be 'one more time.' Sometimes I think a singer gets so tired of hearing her own voice, she doesn't really know what's good and what's got to be done over."

IN THE GROUPS with which Peggy's worked recently, she's been increasingly impressed by the high musical and personal criteria of the musicians. "Although these are progressive musicians," she spoke thoughtfully, "it seems that they've passed the point of wanting to play just for themselves . . . They realize the value of showmanship when working with a singer. And they don't think it's silly to run through the show, to rehearse. It's maturity, that's all. Their personal behavior is just marvelous; many people at the Sands commented to me on that. Honestly, they give me so much confidence."

Peggy credits Benny Goodman with teaching her the value of thorough rehearsal. "He was a pretty hard taskmaster, but there's no one like him for getting the most from a band. Benny and Victor Young were my two biggest influences, I guess."

In recent years, she reflected, her work with the late Victor Young was most rewarding musically. "He taught me a degree of orderliness." She chopped the side of her hand down on the table—one, two, three, four, as if dividing the table top into measures. "He'd do that," she said, "when he outlined procedure for me to follow. 'This is the way we'll do it,' he'd say. The man had such an orderly mind and was able to accomplish a fantastic amount of work." A shadow crossed Peggy's face as she expressed the opinion that "so much work probably hastened his untimely death."

THE PLATINUM BLONDE singer/writer is still working on lyrics to some of Young's music. She has written a long poem to fit a theme of his recorded by Marty Paich under the title, *New York City Ghost*, and hopes soon to record both music and lyrics to this.

"Another arranger I learned a lot from is Gil Evans. Not just musically, but from the man's thinking. That's a key, I believe, in all fields of art . . . A musician must start to think before he can become great. I once asked Mel Powell why he wanted to write more than play. At that time he'd completed studies under Hindemith and was teaching music at Queens college. Mel said, 'The piano is something like the church; it helps build a bridge between me and it.' What he meant was that to him the piano was only a means to a personal end, his writing."



In rehearsal, Peggy has an unusual—for a singer—means of communicating with her musicians. She will outline what she wants by means of strange phonetic utterances much akin to those terms employed by the early bebop musicians to express vocally the sounds they created on their instruments. "Give me a clitter-de-bong," she'll say, or ask for "feathers." The musicians seem to comprehend exactly what's called for because everything invariably comes out on the kla-bom.

ASIDE FROM the eight current projects itemized on the Lee agenda, the biggest things in her life are husband-actor Dewey Martin and 13-year-old daughter Nikki. Peggy's going to see more of them now while she works with the writers of a new television format, a half-hour series which she conceived and in which she'll star. Also helping to keep her at home with the family is her work writing verse for Ruza-Cardozo greeting cards and interest in a new animated cartoon character she originated called "Little Joe."

Then, too, there's a score in the works for George Pal; and "Leisure" Lee just finished one song for a film to which Frank DeVol is writing the title theme. And more record dates for a new album and singles aimed at that ever-mindful goal—a pop hit.

Back in the Goodman days there was no carefully formulated plan for success, Peggy confesses. "I just knew that I wanted to be a singer when I was 14"—a time when she was Norma Egstrom of Jamestown, N.D., during the depression. "I didn't have any path to follow when I was with Benny—although I knew it was a matter of waiting, of time. Meanwhile I just wanted to sing. That attitude helped a lot when things were tough and the wolf was camped on my doorstep."

Today there's a big sign hanging over the front door of Mr. and Mrs. Martin's mountaintop dwelldorado above Beverly Hills. It's directed at any stray wolves in the neighborhood and reads, "Get lost, man, get lost!"

Belafonte

'Just For The Record'

By Dom Cerulli

HARRY BELAFONTE, wearing a loose, mustard-colored sweater and gray slacks, arrived at RCA Victor's Webster hall studio Jan. 26 at 11:35 a.m. for a double recording session.

In the control room were Joe Carlton and Ed Welker of Victor, with engineer Ray Hall. Around one of the microphones set up on the studio floor sat three guitarists, two of them part of Harry's steady traveling unit. Millard Thomas and classical guitarist Franz Cassius smoked while checking through their music. Other musicians and about a dozen chorus members smoked and talked.

Trumpeter Joe Wilder carefully removed the mouthpiece from his trumpet and pocketed it, frowning at the camera, hanging from a strap around his neck. He had color film in the camera, but the lighting wasn't good enough for color shooting.

Belafonte seemed to be everywhere at once. He was in the control room, conversing with Carlton and Welker; out on the floor, running through a few lines of his song, *Island in the Sun*, with the chorus; crouched over the guitar section, holding his hands as though strumming a guitar, and running through some phrases of the song.

The first take, started at 11:55, was not satisfactory. He peeled off his sweater, revealing a light gray sport shirt, and started the second take immediately. More than two hours and 20 takes later he had a master which met with his approval.

IN BETWEEN, he demonstrated care verging on the fastidious in his quest for a perfect take. At 12:36 someone in the chorus goofed and Harry laughed. "What's the matter, don't you know the notes?"

On the next take, Harry fluffed a line and broke up the chorus. "What's the matter," one grinned, "Don't you know the words?" Harry, who wrote the song for the movie, *Island in the Sun*, had recorded the soundtrack version a few days earlier.

From the control room, Carlton asked drummer Danny Barrajanos to get closer to his microphone. While Barrajanos thwacked his instrument to set up the balance, Belafonte covered his eyes dramatically and chanted, "As we leave the lovely islands . . ."

At 12:44, Harry started a take but cut it immediately. An automobile horn had blown outside and was heard faintly in the studio. As he was about to start another take, he stopped suddenly and asked, "Do you hear the ocean?" Carlton listened, then replied, "That's not coming through the tapes, Harry. It's steam in the heating system."

The next take stopped just as abruptly. Belafonte had heard a plane flying over the studio. At 12:48, he made a complete take, but was dissatisfied with it before he heard the playback.

THROUGHOUT THE REST of the cutoff and unsatisfactory takes, one thing became very obvious. Belafonte's quest for perfection was so intense that he became conscious of movement, and virtually anticipated a noise or a motion. But he never lost his temper or even glared.

When the goof was his or due to recording conditions, he would shake his head as if to clear it of the bad take, then start in again. If the fluff was in the band or the chorus, he would find out what the trouble was, run through it briefly with the chorus or the band, and then start in again.

While singing, Belafonte seemed to draw himself into a knot. His body seemed to be pulled tightly around his chest. He clenched his hands beneath his chin and pressed his arms close to his body. As he sang, he swayed slightly.

"Harry puts this same concentration into a personal appearance," remarked Phil Stein, who was opening several boxes of fan mail in a room off the studio. "Whenever it's possible, he wants two days of rehearsal. And that's two full days. He'll stop a number at a wrong note or phrase, and keep working until the thing is good to him.

"His patience, and his courtesy, is just too much. Sometimes I wish he would blow his top. People tend to take advantage of his good nature. I've seen him come off a night club floor wringing wet and stand listening to someone who stopped him for as long as 15 minutes. He just doesn't want anyone to think he's rude or trying to give them the brush."

Stein spilled out several letters. Most of them began: "Dear Mr. Belafonte . . ." They were handwritten, typed, and in several cases, block-printed.

"It's almost always 'Dear Mr. Belafonte,'" Stein said. "And a whole lot of these letters are thank you notes. People write and thank him for the pleasure they got out of his records or appearances." I drew several letters from the pile and read them quickly. One was a straight thank you note from a woman in the midwest. Another was a letter asking for information on joining or starting a fan club.

Several were requests for a schedule of availability from colleges which wanted him for concerts. One was from a high school music teacher asking where sheet music to some of Harry's Calypso songs could be obtained for his classes. Four more were thank you notes for pleasure received from the *Belafonte* LP. One note from a Fort Wayne, Ind., woman wanted to know when he was going to appear in Fort Wayne, Detroit, or Chicago.

BY THIS TIME, Harry had cut a satisfactory version of *Island in the Sun*, and was in the control room, calling signals to the musicians and chorus, who were setting up for the next tune, a calypso entitled *Mama*



Look a Boo-Boo Dey. He joined them on the floor and demonstrated to Barrajanos the sound he wanted from the percussion; perched on a stool and listened to the instruments rehearse; called the chorus around him and drilled them in the tricky phrasing. Within minutes, he had the studio swinging.

"He's happy on this one," a chorus member said. "The rough one (*Island*) is out of the way."

Belafonte lit a cigaret and clowned with the chorus. At 2:42 he started the first take. On instrumental breaks, he walked around, clapping his hands and shouting. Nine takes were made, and on each Harry broke up on the playback every time Joe Wilder took his muted solo. In the control room, listening intently, Harry's face rippled into a smile of delight when Wilder came on. "That guy is too much," he said. "He's the end, the absolute end."

Finally, Belafonte and Carlton agreed tentatively on take #7 of the group. That was the one on which Harry and the chorus interpolated a grunt into the title refrain. But Belafonte still wasn't totally satisfied. After sleeping on it, he came back to the studio and cut another, and final, version the following day.

IT WAS EVIDENT that Harry slipped into the calypso tune comfortably. His body was loose and he acted out the words as he sang. There wasn't that concentric feeling of intense concentration that marked *Island*. It may have been the humor or the story in the song. It may have been the comfortable feel of slipping into an idiom he knew and heard as a child in Jamaica, B.W.I.

He was the son of a Jamaican mother and a Martinique seaman, born in New York City May 1, 1927. But for a five-year period, he lived in Jamaica with his family. And in his research trips, Harry ranges into the islands with a tape recorder, on the prowl for material.

"When I hear them sung in the West Indies," he said, "I try to capture that feeling and relate it to myself, and to my audience. Naturally, we have to compromise because we try to relate the material."

(Next issue—A look at the Greenwich Village days and a glimpse into Belafonte's future.)

In Retrospect

1957 - 1967

(Ed. Note: When we received this article in October, 1956, we planned to use it without science fiction trimmings. No time-machine stuff—just run it straightfaced. But since then, there have been evidences that we should have scheduled it for publication sooner. For at least a half-dozen of Willis Conover's "predictions," written from the viewpoint of an observer 10 years in the future, already have come true.

(Conover is the conductor of the Music U.S.A. show on the Voice of America network.)

By Willis Conover

THERE ARE encouraging signs of an end to the current slump in jazz interest. The curious periodicity which affects the nation's support of its music seems ready to return to happier times.

Since about 1960, it has been slow; to some it may seem dead. But take cheer from history: in every decade, musical activity has reached a peak and then declined—less deeply each time, with each new peak higher than before.

The 1920s responded to Armstrong's arrival in Chicago.

The 1930s made Goodman swing's Pied Piper and saw Spanier's Rag-timers heralding the traditionalist resurgence.

IN THE 1940s, Ellington summarized jazz; Parker and Gillespie opened new doors; Lester Young returned by proxy; Herman and Kenton modified, abstracted, and synthesized both recap and vista.

The 1950s spawned fresh and divergent fevers. Public taste made room for the Armstrong All-Stars, for the Modern Jazz Quartet and Dave Brubeck, for a brassier Count Basie, for jazz-influenced popular singers of quality songs, and for the monotonous primitivisms of rock 'n' roll.

In the '50s, Norman Granz' example had inspired the packaging of numerous shows and festivals; but by 1957—excepting one or two annual affairs in widely scattered locations, plus the monthly concerts inaugurated in October, 1957, by New York City's Academy of Music, and a single international jazz festival which toured both satellite and free-world countries under the sponsorship of Billy Rose and the Lorilards—the American multifestival boom had burst, presaging the inevitable general decline.

In the late 1950s, and continuing through the '60s, "winter" fell—warmer than previous winters, to be sure, yet tolling death for the less hardy, suggesting studio hibernation to some, permitting others a restricted activity, and, throughout, gestating seeds yet unborn.

And now, in 1967, there are signs of spring again.

IN ORDER to prepare perspective for the approaching cyclic peak, let us take inventory of some of the events of the past decade.

We know today who were the major influences of 10 years ago. The Armstrong - Ellington - Basie - Young - Parker mainstream flowed forward at the urgings of John Lewis, Gerry Mulligan, Jimmy Giuffre, and Charlie Mingus, with Teddy Charles often at the center of significant development. Giuffre's "sounds" concept, rather than his experiments with rhythm, dramatized a growing attitude: music is music, whether or not it agrees with listeners' preconceptions.

The arguments over definitions of "jazz" and "classical music" and the latter's exclusive claim to "seriousness" led to an uneasy but just compromise—today's fashionable "American music" and "European music." The public relations advantage of "American music" rather than "jazz" is worth some consideration.

Some overdue reassessments had been made as we entered the '60s.

Brubeck was recognized as a crucible for his personal and musical experiences—mainstream or not, the honest projection of his musical backgrounds, American and European.

CRITICS REDISCOVERED Bunny Berigan as the producer, in the 1930s, of long-lined, pop-like solos (as in his *The Prisoner's Song*) prior to Gillespie's emergence.

We belatedly mourned our inability to recognize Claude Thornhill in the 1940s as leader of the first "cool" band . . . out of which came Gil Evans, Lee Konitz, and Gerry Mulligan.

Granz was hailed as the man whose Jazz at the Philharmonic brought back the beat—leading on one hand to rock 'n' roll on the other to a rejuvenated Basie.

Armstrong no longer was condemned for being an "entertainer," once it was realized Louis *always* had practiced the honorable arts of entertainment, with accidental genius.

Charlie Barnet was awarded historical status as leader of the band which, in the 1930s and '40s, tore down the wall between Ellington-Lunceford-Basie and Herman-Kenton-Raeburn. (Boyd Raeburn, now running a successful but nonmusical enterprise in New York City, sometimes fronting a musical but commercial dance band, led a startlingly "progressive" orchestra in the 1940s.)

DUKE ELLINGTON finally was seen as the "whole man" of music: simultaneously composer, arranger, conductor, pianist, personality, businessman, and human being (and adviser and co-writer for his jazz-musical movie)—all parts inseparable, hence all parts benefiting or suffering when any other facet of Ellington shines or dims.

The indivisibility and the invincibility of Ellington-the-whole-man are shown in his continuing to lead the only large jazz band of the 1950s to have endured, even though Carney and Hodges alone remain among the newer faces.



Willis Conover

Yes, Basie and Gillespie also *occasionally* lead big bands; but their small-combo work has been far more frequent, these last eight or nine years. This, despite specific attempts which Basie made in mid-1957 to recapture the unique excitement of the Basie band of the 1930s: Earl Warren rejoined on lead alto; Emmett Berry replaced the excellent but out-of-context Thad Jones; Ed Thigpen came in on drums. Frank Foster left Basie to lead his own combo but continued to write Basie arrangements; he was replaced for a short time by Lester Young, principally on recordings, then by Zoot Sims. When Joe Williams moved on for solo honors, several gospel-singers reversed a familiar route to sing the secular Basie book.

But, today, the traveling "name" big jazz bands—excepting the Ellingtonians and the crews assembled for Benny Goodman's annual Henderson concerts—are things of the past.

The last-gasp translations of record-show balance into live-band terms, the "salute" imitations of Lunceford, Basie, Kenton, Ellington, Goodman, etc., only dramatized the desperation of the big-band fraternity.

(Let me emphasize, I refer only to the traveling "name" jazz bands, here. Large studio bands recorded under the leadership of jazz names. And one or two jazz-oriented dance-bands—Les Brown's, for instance—were maintained by television comedians.)

ONLY THE "rehearsal bands" made jazz and survived. Without traveling costs, with bushels of unused arrangements now available, and new scores pouring in from the excellent conservatory and studio men who joined them, the laboratory bands became true *community* bands—in Boston, Philadelphia, Hollywood, Baltimore, the District of Columbia, Lenox, Chicago, Denton (Texas), and three boroughs of New York City.

Communities now chose to support their own local jazz bands as audiences deserted movies for the stay-home plea-

(Continued on Page 36)

counterpoint

By Nat Hentoff

HAVING TRIED TO start a few stubborn fires in recent columns, I would like this one to be a series of suggestions whereby you might find kicks and/or illumination in areas outside of a peripheral to jazz.



Tom Sancton, who has written with honesty and perception about jazz in *The New Orleans Item* and in the *Second Line*, the publication of the New Orleans Jazz club, has had his first novel published. It's not a jazz book, but it is about the New Orleans netherworld years ago. I think many might dig it. The title is *Count Roller Skates* (Doubleday, 383, pp., \$3.95).

There is another book that I suspect is an unusually important one in a near-virgin field. I haven't finished it, since its subject matter requires slow and skeptical absorption. But I've got far enough to recommend your trying Leonard B. Meyers' *Emotion and Meaning in Music* (University of Chicago Press, 307 pp., \$5.75). The author is a composer and associate professor of music at the University of Chicago.

HIS BOOK DEALS, as its title indicates, with the difficult and essential (for me, anyway, by virtue of occupation) subject of music as a means of communication. How does music communicate multiple emotions and multiple meanings to multiple listeners? Meyers writes of Western and Eastern music, of jazz and other forms, and he does so in relation to psychology, anthropology, and other disciplines. There are many musical examples and much discussion of the morphology of music. This volume opens as a key book of the half-century, and I'll return to it in this column.

Of all the recordings I've received in the last three years, the one collection I regard as the most important in terms of my own emotional and intellectual reaction to music outside of jazz is Victor's recently released huge set of all 32 Beethoven sonatas as performed in recordings dating from 1932 by the late Artur Schnabel.

The complete Simon and Schuster edition of the scores, as edited by Schnabel, is included. The 13 22" LPs cost \$80, a lot of bread. But this investment will bring deeper dividends each year.

VOX IS RESPONSIBLE for a beautifully sounding and prepared set, *South German Baroque Organ Music* (three 12" LPs, DL 223). The compositions are by 17th- and 18-century composers whose works, even in the current LP largesse, have seldom been made available: Pachelbel, Froberger, Muffat, Kerll, Speth, Kolb, Schneider, and Maichelbeck.

The compositions are performed superbly by Waiter Kraft on the large Trinity organ and the smaller Holy Ghost organ at Ottobeuren, Swabia, in

southern Germany. Both organs were built in the 18th century and were restored during this century. Both are instruments of unusual clarity and well-proportioned warmth.

With the set is an exemplary illustrated booklet by Kurt Stone with notes on the history of the organ, organ music of the baroque period, and the composers. I thoroughly recommend the album, particularly for those polyphony-prone.

PETER BARTOK has become perhaps the best recording engineer in the country, as his recent Unicorn series will attest. He also occasionally releases records of distinction on his own Bartok label (113 W. 57th St., New York City). One recent issue is his father's *Sonata No. 1, for Violin and Piano*, performed with consistent excellence by Robert Mann, first violinist of the Juilliard String Quartet and Leonid Hambro (Bartok 922). Of unusual interest is *Bela Bartok at the Piano*, Vol. 1 (Bartok 903), on which Bartok plays four Scarlatti sonatas, a Liszt work, and a number of his own. Bartok's voice is also heard in remarks about several of the pieces.

I am glad to see that Richard Dyer-Bennett, so ill-served in terms of sound by several labels, finally has formed a company of his own. His second set has been released, *Richard Dyer-Bennett 2*, and can be obtained from Dyer-Bennett Records, Box 235, Woodside 77, N. Y. The program is folk music made into art songs by a remarkably disciplined singer.

And finally, a note concerning a superior organist about whom I first read in a Barry Ulanov article several years ago. Jeanne Demessieux's newest LP combines three Franck chorals and the Vivaldi-Bach *Concerto No. 2 in A Minor* (London LL 1433). I hope she some day will be recorded as an improviser, a skill in which I'm told she is unusually gifted, one of the relatively few classical musicians extant who still are.

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

I MADE A discovery the other evening that gave me pause. In fact, it scared me. After I had made the discovery, I got to wondering whether this whole big world of jazz enthusiasm and cultism that has built up in the last decade may not be just one vast, bottomless snake pit.

The occasion was an evening spent trying to catch up with an accumulation of records. Nowadays, with some 1,000 new listening minutes of music arriving on LPs each week, it is very easy to fall two or three months behind.

Among the sides I listened to were several from the *Riverside History of Classic Jazz*, a beautiful production, complete with 20,000 words of notes by Charles Edward Smith and discographical comments by Orrin Keepnews.

I REACHED THE fourth side, *New Orleans Style*. I came to the third track, Jelly Roll Morton's Stomp Kings playing *Steady Roll*. I read the comments.

The personnel was listed as "probably Natty Dominique, cornet; Roy Palmer, trombone; Townes, clarinet and alto sax; Jelly Roll Morton, piano; Jasper Taylor, drums."

I saw Morton described as a genius and a "dominant influence on his jazz contemporaries." This, I read, was "an early band selection that is among the rarest of Morton recordings."

Then I listened to the music and found out why it is so rare. Among other things, Jelly Roll Morton doesn't play piano on it. Furthermore, there is no pianist at all. Also no cornet, no trombone, no clarinet, no alto, no drums.

In fact, the only instrument I heard on the entire record was a banjo; and to anyone with half an ear, it was perfectly obvious that the record consisted of human voices imitating instruments!

WHAT SHOCKED me most of all about this discovery was not so much the fact that of the many reviewers who appraised and praised the album, not a single one drew attention to this gross error, but rather that of the many persons who must have been involved in the preparation, selection, and production of the album—all of whom must certainly have heard the records at one point or another—none was able to distinguish Jelly Roll Morton (with three horns and a drummer) from a collection of voices accompanied by a banjo.

One wonders whether the pedestal on which the traditionalist jazz experts have set their idols may not be as shaky and undependable as the steps that led to this monumental goof. One wonders, indeed, whether the "genius" of Morton may not largely have been built on just such confused and careless listening.

Nor is this the only error in the album. One would think that even a traditionalist jazz expert would recognize such tunes as *Everybody Loves My Baby and Lonesome Road*; yet when you play Volume 7, Track 1, instead of the former tune by Muggsy Spanier's Stomp Six, you hear an entirely different melody entitled *Why Couldn't I Be Poor Little Me?*; and instead of *Lonesome Road*, Volume 9, Track 6, you hear a melody that was evidently strange to the ears of the producers and reviewers: something called *Muskrat Ramble*.

Moreover, the pianist on *Muskrat* is not Joe Sullivan, as listed, but Lucky Roberts, according to Rudi Blesh, who should know—he recorded it. And there are other, less important errors in the album.

HOW MUCH credence can one give to the historiographers and discographers of early 20-century music? Time and again there have been incidents such as the discovery that the "one and only" Louis Armstrong, on some ancient record, was not Armstrong at all, but some lesser mortal who, on a blindfold test basis, evidently was undistinguishable from the inimitable one.

One wonders, too—30 years from now, will a record by Babs Gonzales be reissued as a collector's item by Dizzy Gillespie, and a record of *Night in Tunisia* be identified as *Make Me a Pallet on the Floor*?

An Oscar

Pettiford Makes Some Pungent Comments Concerning Men Like Ellington, Blanton, And Diz

By Nat Hentoff

WHEN 101 leading jazzmen voted recently in *The Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz* musicians' poll, their one-two choices for "greatest ever" bassists were Jimmy Blanton and Oscar Pettiford.

The balloting confirms publicly the musical regard in which O. P. has been held by his colleagues for many years. He is a strong, flowing influence in a rhythm section, and he is a soloist with superior conception, sound, and taste.

He is also, when he gets the chance, a leader of authority and adventurousness. And he is a writer with functional imagination.

Oscar has been part of music almost from birth. He was born Sept. 30, 1922, on an Indian reservation in Okmulgee, Okla. He is Cherokee on his father's side, and his mother was a full-blooded Choctaw. His father, Harry (Doc) Pettiford, had been a veterinarian, but started a traveling family band in the '20s. The organization included his wife, who also taught theory and harmony, Oscar, and 10 other musical siblings.

THE PETTIFORD family band, which lasted into the '40s, worked through the midwest from its base in Minneapolis. "Musically," Oscar recalls with pride, "it was well in advance of most bands. We played mostly our own material; we only played some standards to please the squares."

A key figure in the group was Oscar's older sister, Leontine, a "wailing pianist," who doubled on reeds and did most of the arranging. In later years, she taught Ray Brown in Pittsburgh around 1940-41.

Only two members of that family band are still professionals. Ira, once with Earl Hines, is back in Minneapolis. Ira plays trumpet, guitar, and bass. Another brother, Harry, who plays all

the reeds, is in Tulsa. Alonzo, who, Oscar declares, was a very good trumpet player and once worked with Lionel Hampton, is dead.

OSCAR STARTED fronting the band when he was 10, dancing, singing, twirling a baton, and occasionally playing drums. He started on piano in 1933. When he was 14, Oscar no longer could front the family ensemble, for he had been drafted to fill a vacant bass position. "They had a bass horn" Oscar recalls, "but the guy got married and went back to Texas. Somebody had to play bass, and I was next in line."

Oscar taught himself the instrument; and in fact, the only music instruction he's ever had came from Leontine in reading and theory.

"I figured out my own technique," Oscar asserts. "The way the bass was being played at the time wasn't gassing me. They weren't getting any sound on the instrument. They were slapping more than they were playing, and a lot of it was just clowning up the instrument. So I started myself on my own system before I heard anybody else trying to play it like an instrument. Leontine heard what I was doing, and she started writing that way."

"ONE NIGHT Duke Ellington heard me at an after-hour jam session and approached me to join the band. This was before Blanton. But I was 14 or 15 and was breaking the law playing, as it was. So I couldn't join him. I did get to hear Blanton when I was about 17. When I heard him, I was in love with him right away."

"I was just with him one night. We had a head-cutting contest right away. Our approaches were a lot alike. We hung out from early evening to break of day. If he'd stayed alive, I'd probably still be in Minneapolis."

"When Jimmy Blanton died, that gave me more reason to come out and keep the thing moving. There were so

many *Down Beat* poll winners, for example, that weren't making it.

"I was impressed by Blanton—and by Adolphus Alsbrook, a Minneapolis bassist I'd known since I was about 16. He'd been with Duke for a while and came east with Basie about four years ago. He was one who was really playing the instrument. And Milt Hinton came through town from time to time with Cab Calloway. He impressed me, too."

Hinton, it turned out, had an impact on Pettiford in another way as well. "I had quit bass, and was working in a war plant around 1942," Pettiford said. "You could have starved to death trying to play music in Minneapolis then. The family band had broken down into five pieces, and still there wasn't work. Milt came into town with Cab, and I went by to see him. I hadn't played for about five months, and he wouldn't believe I'd quit playing."

"MILT TALKED ME back into music. 'Man,' he said, 'don't let talent go down the drain. There ain't nobody here playing like you. And you could more than hold your own in New York.'"

"New York had worried me," Oscar explained. "They used to tell us that if we went to New York from outside, some 15-month-old kid would blow us out of the room. Anyway, two months after I had that talk with Milt, Charlie Barnet came through Minneapolis and hired me right away. I left Barnet in May, 1943, and settled in New York."

"When I got to New York, I found Milt was right. I didn't have to worry. It wasn't like the others had told me it was going to be."

For four months, Oscar worked at Minton's with Thelonious Monk. "The birth of a new experimental music?" he questioned, "all I know is the guys



used to come in and jam. I never saw anything experimental about it. We just jammed. Monk was playing then like he's playing now. He didn't seem at all strange to me. I had heard Leontine wailing piano, after all, and a lot of people didn't know about her.

"IN FACT, I'd heard Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie before I left Minneapolis. I liked them right away. But there, too, I'd been hearing my brother, Harry, who is one of the greatest saxophonists in the world, and he'd been playing in that idiom since I could remember. He'd had offers from Duke, Cab, Hines, and Fletcher years ago, but he wasn't that venturesome to leave home.

"So anyway, when I heard Parker, it wasn't that different. I'd been used to hearing them kind of sounds right in the family. Why, my sister Margie is also a real great saxophone player."

In New York, after Monk and Minton's, Oscar spent a month with Roy Eldridge at the Onyx and then became co-leader with Dizzy Gillespie of the first modern jazz combo to play 52nd St. It was at the Onyx.

The band included Don Byas (later replaced by Budd Johnson), George Wallington, and Max Roach. "Playing unison lines in this band was my idea," Oscar underlines, "you know, the trumpet and tenor playing lines together. The system of one guy playing the line and the other playing whole notes behind him seemed corny to me."

THE BAND STAYED at the Onyx for some time and became an influence on other musicians. After it broke up, Pettiford worked in California with Boyd Raeburn and Coleman Hawkins in 1945. "Coleman has always been further advanced musically than the other guys," Oscar says. "Right now he's playing with the Dixieland guys, and he hates it. But it's a matter of making a buck."

In November, 1945, Oscar went with Ellington, remaining until 1948 and rejoining him for several brief periods after that. "It had always been my ambition to play with Duke, but when I joined him, some of the guys I really wanted to play with—Cootie, Rex, Ben—had left the band. The only real enjoyment I got from working with Duke was concerts, because then we'd get to play some new things. At dances and theaters, we'd play the same thing over and over again. There was nothing to inspire you.

"Sure I talked to Duke about it," Oscar said, exasperated in the memory, "and I tried to get some young

guys in the band. But he'd talk in circles. He's always got an excuse for everything. But I certainly respect him for what he has done. He's an institution, that man. Do I think he's going back to taking his writing more seriously these days? If he is, I haven't heard it.

"DUKE'S A VERY fine pianist, he's comfortable to play with, and that's very important. He has a good and steady beat and has worked so hard and has written so many things. A lot of them haven't been heard like they should be. I guess he doesn't want to work his life away."

Oscar worked five months with Woody Herman from February, 1949, and said, "I enjoyed Woody's band. It was the first time in a big band that I'd ever been around guys my own age. The band had Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Ernie Royal, Serge Chaloff, Terry Gibbs, Red Rodney; it was quite a band."

It was while with Woody that Oscar picked up the cello. He remembers: "The band was at the Adams theater in Newark, and between sets, we were invited over to a music store run by Bob Gutentag, a bass player. A cello was sitting up on the counter. I'd never touched one before. I picked it up, started fooling around, and started to play. Someone said, 'You ought to play that on the show.'"

"I DID. WHEN the time came for my solo, I put my bass down and walked off stage. Woody looked at me like I'd blown my top. Woody's manager, who was in on the gag, handed me my cello in the wings, and I played it in the solo spot. It wasn't a transition from bass to cello. The fingering's not the same; the positions are smaller. But I just played it from the beginning. It had been the same way with the bass; I'd just picked it up and started to play."

Oscar broke his arm playing softball in July, 1949, and was inactive for 18 months.

"I enjoyed the rest," he said. "Because of the injury, I had to change my approach to the bass, and I feel the change was for the better because with the new system I was able to get more tone. It did slow me down a little bit, but I don't mind sacrificing speed for sound."

In recent years, Pettiford has toured with other groups, has led several of his own, has tried from time to time to keep a larger unit going such as the one he's bringing to Birdland for two weeks March 21, and he has appeared on what must be by now hundreds of record sessions.

He also has been appointed a&r adviser to Joe Guercio of Rama Records.

PETTIFORD IS especially eager to continue the Birdland band. It also will be heard on his new ABC-Paramount LP, *The Oscar Pettiford Orchestra in Hi-Fi*. The instrumentation is two trumpets, trombone, two French horns, four reeds, harp, and three rhythm, including a bassist so that Oscar can play cello. The writing is by Pettiford, Gigi Gryce, Lucky Thompson, and Ernie Wilkins.

Pettiford speaks of the future potential and present importance of the bass with evangelical fervor:

"The bass is one of the most important—if not the most important—instruments in any orchestra. You can

take just a bass and somebody can sing to it or play to it. You don't need piano or drums. The bass can be much more of a horn, too, than it often has been in the past.

"When I finish," Oscar promises, "the bass will be right down front where it belongs. Another thing I'd like to see happen is for more writers to learn how to write for bass. Why is it that writers always put the bass line last? In fact, sometimes the bass line doesn't get written at all. Duke is notorious for that. Many, many times when I was with him, I had to devise my own bass line on a new piece without knowing what the composition was all about.

"WITH A LOT of arrangers, their choice of notes is bad. And they're not too familiar with the range of the instrument, so they often write outside of that range, which means you have to transpose, you have to do the writing for them.

"The bass, after all, is the root of the whole thing. Maybe arrangers and composers should write the bass part first. That way they can start from the root, work up from that, and have the structure correct."

Another long-term Pettiford complaint is directed against another kind of jazz writer, one who has left the public "so confused all the time. So many of these so-called writers on jazz mix everything up so badly, the public gets confused, because they can only go by what they read. The standards of criticism ought to be a lot higher. The critics pick up some guy who came out of nowhere who's copying somebody else, and all of a sudden he's a big cheese.

"THERE ARE too many guys I hear that can play," Oscar went on, "that aren't being heard properly. Guys like Idrees Sulieman, drummer Ronnie Free, Gigi Gryce, Donald Byrd, Art Farmer, Lou Donaldson, and Lucky Thompson. ('Lucky's so great it's pathetic.') A lot of guys are really being pushed around too much."

Pettiford told of the thought he has been giving to putting out his own instruction book based on his bass techniques.

"I may do it," he says. "I tried it once before. In 1944 I made some records with a piano player. He took down my solos, and Leeds was interested in publishing them. But first they got a guy from the philharmonic to look at them. He said nobody could play those solos. So they never put the book out."

Take Five

New York—John Mehegan is regular pianist at the Composer; teaches at Juilliard; writes jazz criticism for the New York *Herald Tribune* and for other journals; is in charge of the music for the new Tennessee Williams' play, *Orpheus Descending*, and fills the rest of each day by giving a large number of private lessons.

John recently announced he was about to get married.

"What's the matter?" was Tal Farlow's reaction. "Did somebody cancel?"

Bring Down Gone

New York—*Bring Down*, Zutty Singleton's 17-year-old dog, who was the drummer's animated shadow, is dead. The dog, who traveled everywhere with Zutty, joined the Singleton household years ago when the promoter of a Westchester jam session ran out of cash and gave Zutty the dog instead.

"What a bringdown," said Zutty's wife when the dog and Zutty came home that night. And the name stuck.

Bring Down was buried in a Westchester cemetery.

perspectives

By Ralph J. Gleason

THE JAZZ WORLD is a strange one, and it seems to me to be getting stranger every minute. One of the worst things that has happened to it in recent years is the rise in the possibility to score for reasonably big loot (which adds to the incidence of larceny) and the opportunity to grab a piece of the national stage via the jazz route (which adds to the incidence of rampant egotism).



There seems, these days, to be no limits to the lengths to which a guy will go to carve his own niche, and how many people he carves or how he cuts the truth is no problem.

For instance, there's the bandleader, under exclusive contract to a record firm. He always got his loot, they always spent money promoting his records, and, wonder of wonders, always came up with an honest count. When they signed him, he was all but out of the business, recordwise. They've helped him back.

But the return hasn't been swift enough for him. He has a great big ulcer of envy eating away at his heart, so he signed to make an album for another firm, without telling the second one he was already the exclusive property of the first. Naturally, as they say in the movies, right triumphs. In the end he got caught, lost his date with the second company, and has to pay for the musicians and the studio costs himself. But is that all? Not on your life. He's going to make the guys in the band pay for it *themselves* in order to issue the session on his own label after his current contract runs out. If they don't, they'll get their notice.

And then there's the disc jockey who doesn't believe that non-musicians should take credit for what is really done by the musicians themselves. Although he has taken bows as a crusader for jazz for years (and has taken a percentage for getting guys gigs as well) he has never credited Willis Conover one single time for the House of Sounds date. Instead it's always "Joe Thieme's band." Conover has never been mentioned on that show. So when the jockey comes to make a date himself with a big band, who do you suppose gets billing on the cover of the album? You're so right.

And there's the drummer, getting chopped to pieces every night by the new drummer in the group opposite him. So what does he do? He comes on the strongest about how the *previous* drummer was the one that really swung THAT group. Of course this guy is good, but as a soloist, he's not for the group like that other cat was. Oh, no!

And then to top it off there's the guy who just issued the first jazz album on his label. The only thing was, it's a phony as a three dollar bill. Not only

is at least one of the tunes a direct steal of a copyrighted composition, but the guys on the date aren't even in the union.

Fill in your own names. If the shoe fits, they'll wear it.

barry ulanov

By Barry Ulanov

THERE'S A LOT of talk nowadays about the present condition of jazz, and how it got that way. In the course of a rigorous examination of their chosen art, a number of critics have begun to ask themselves and others several fundamental questions about jazz.

Perhaps the most important are the ones about tradition in jazz. Does it have a tradition? Can it develop a tradition if it doesn't have one? If it really does have one, why can't jazz musicians show more of a sense of tradition?

These are good questions—or really one fine and furious poser about the nature of jazz. This is the sort of thinking that accompanied the rummaging in the cellars of the past, the burrowing in the attics of the ancients, which led to the formidable movements and achievements in modern poetry just before, during, and after World War I.

EZRA POUND asked—and answered—questions like these in his back room and the back and front rooms of others in London in 1913 and 1914. T. S. Eliot insisted, just a few years later, that without a kind of intuitive sense of tradition, no talent could develop or mature, seek or find its own proper end.

And so it has gone for 40 years or more. And now, as a result, modern poetry has become something more than the erratic product of eccentrics, men and women who were once down and out in Paris, London, New York, and Chicago. Now modern poetry has become the art of our time for thousands of persons to whom it is the indispensable agent of explanation, the central voice of our time.

Maybe jazz will make such progress. Perhaps with questions of the same nature about the background of our music, it will make its way into just such a vital position in the lives of millions as poetry has among its thousands. It may. It can. But only, I think, if its questioners get a few things straight about jazz quickly, now, when the questioning is just beginning, not six years from now, not two decades later.

TO BEGIN WITH, jazz has no such set of traditions as poetry or any other art that has been around since the time of the prehistoric boys whose bones have been found at Java and Heidelberg.

Jazz has not been able to encompass all the great moments in all the great arts in its breathtaking, death-defying jump from obscurity to fame and fortune.



The lovers of early jazz (and who can blame any one for being in love?) have made some arch comparisons between the music that is so dear to their heart and that of Bach and Handel. They have likened Papa Laine's outfits or the Original Dixielanders, King Oliver's blowers or the marching bands of the fraternal orders—almost anybody, in a word, who blew *Saints*—to the masters of polyphony of the 17th and 18th centuries. The least painstaking analysis of the two kinds of music, however, will reveal only the faintest of likenesses, a relationship rather like that between *Row, Row Your Boat* and *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, or *Three Blind Mice* and *The Messiah*.

WHAT WE CALL classical music did not begin with Bach and Handel or their immediate predecessors. By the age of the Baroque, music had been evolving in the west for more than 2,000 years. Only a dangerously irresponsible imagination would attempt to compare such touch points in cultural history, Bach's keyboard art to that of a barrelhouse pianist, Handel's counterpoint to the crude rounds of a jug band.

And if the comparison is awkward, silly, unmanageable in the early stages, it is just as foolish later on. We have no Mozart in jazz, no Beethoven, no Brahms. The influence of Debussy has been felt, of course, maybe too strongly. Some of Stravinsky's formulations have made their way into jazz, and more of Schoenberg's have.

There has been, very roughly speaking, a development in recent jazz parallel to that of the 12-tone composers, but more because of the direct impact of composers like Schoenberg and Berg and Webern and their disciples upon jazzmen, than because jazz musicians have come independently to the same conclusions as the Vienna Circle.

ONE CAN WANT an art and its artists to possess a sense of tradition and, therefore, to have a real tradition to sense. But wishing—Walt Disney notwithstanding—will not make it so. Tradition comes partly as a result of men's needs, partly as a crown for their accomplishments. It will not come in jazz because we cry for it. It will come only because we have merited it.

Let us by all means ask these questions and struggle, flounder, tie our tongues into stammering knots trying to answer them. Let us take note, measure by measure, of everything of quality and near-quality that has happened in the past in jazz or is happening in the present. And from that documented record of jazz history and this sort of unending debate, certainly a tradition of importance, a durable tradition, can arise, without any need to impose it from above or from outside upon the poor wayfaring strangers to tradition we call jazzmen.

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jazz records

Records are reviewed by Nat Hen- toff, Jack Tracy, Ralph J. Gleason, and Don Cerulli and are initiated by the writers. Ratings: ★★★★★ Excellent, ★★★★ Very Good, ★★★ Good, ★★ Fair, ★ Poor.

Max Albright

MOOD FOR MAX—Mottif 12" LP ML 502: *Crow's Nest; Remember; Sunset Drive; You're Devastating; Mood for Max; Some Folks Like the Blues; Top Hat, White Tie, and Tails; I Hear Bells; Bustin' Cool; One Morning in May; That's All; Hoot Waa.*

Personnel: Max Albright, drums, vibes, bells; John Anderson, trumpet; Dave Wells, bass trumpet, trombone; Buddy Collette, alto, tenor, clarinet, flute; William Croon, alto, tenor, bass clarinet, clarinet, flute; Chuck Conry, baritone, clarinet, bass clarinet; Gerald Wiggins, piano; Joe Comfort, bass; Curtis Counce, bass.

Rating: ★★★★★

Collette, as a player, is the star of this LP and continues to impress as one of the very best of the west coast musicians. He has a sensitivity on all instruments that is greatly to be de- sired, and in addition he has taste.

His improvisations, particularly on *One Morning*, are excellent. His tenor solo on *Buzzin' Cool* is outstanding for its tone and for its ideas. I am not as highly impressed with his writing, competent as it is. He tends toward concentration on exotic effects, and it might be that his greatest contribu- tion to jazz lies in the playing rather than in the writing.

In any case his continuance as a triple-threat soloist, as well as a writer, makes one wonder if he might not be spreading himself too thin, and if this is so, it is jazz' loss, for he is a valuable soloist and possibly one of the really great ones. He is no Parker imitator and, on clarinet, may be the one to do it.

There are other good soloists on this album, too. Green has a solid, swinging alto style, Wells plays very moving base trumpet, and Anderson is begin- ning to emerge as the most important new trumpet voice on the coast, as well as an arranger of ability (note *Crow's Nest*).

The entire album is in the tight, subdued west coast style but with con- siderable more earthiness than usual, nice contrast of voices and a warmth that is definitely an improvement over many west coast affairs.

Anderson's composition, *Some Folks Like the Blues*, gives the sort of moving beat that all good jazz should have, and it is due no little to the presence of Counce's bass. (R.J.G.)

Dorothy Ashby

THE JAZZ HARPIST—Regent 12" LP MG- 6039: *Thou Swell; Stella by Starlight; Dancing on the Ceiling; Aerial Groove; Quietude; Spicy; Lamentation.*

Personnel: Dorothy Ashby, harp; Frank Wess, flute; Eddie Jones, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums, and on Tracks 3, 6, and 7, Wendell Marshall, bass.

Rating: ★★★★★

Regent, a Savoy subsidiary, does the young Detroit harpist a disservice in labeling her so unequivocally as a "jazz" harpist with the corollary implication that this is a straight jazz album. Dor- othy, as she has indicated in a few New York engagements, is primarily a singing-playing entertainer who has been touched by jazz but is more in

context in a superior cocktail lounge or between sets in a plush club than she is in a jazz room.

On this set, she plays agreeably enough; but listened to by jazz criteria, her conception is rather obvious and hardly likely to make her the head- mistress of a "new" school of authentic jazz harpists. As for her beat, it's very difficult to swing a harp (the foot pedal problems, for one thing, are consider- able), but Dorothy does give a feeling of pulsation. On the slower tempos, however, her work is more atmospheric than jazz-moving.

Frank Wess' flute is a jazz instru- ment, and his solos are the most satisfy- ing (in terms of jazz) on the LP. Sound, blended rhythmic support comes from Thigpen, Jones, and Marshall. Miss Ashby's four originals are not likely to become standards, being as eclectic as her jazz playing. Annotator Jack McKinney asserts wrongly that this is the first time a harp has been featured as a solo instrument within a jazz context. There was Casper Rear- don on a 1934 Jack Teagarden record; Adele Girard in many appearances, live and recorded, with her husband, Joe Marsala, and more recently, Corky Hale on several west coast dates, including her own album. (N.H.)

Ronnell Bright

BRIGHT'S SPOT—Regent 12" LP MG-6041: *Pannias from Heaven; Gone with the Wind; I'm Lucky; Blue Zephyr; Struttin' In; I See Your Face Before Me; Bright's Spot; Little Girl Blue.*

Personnel: Ronnell Bright, piano; Kenny Hur- rell, guitar; Leonard Gaskin, bass.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is Bright's first LP as a leader. He has been working in recent weeks with clarinetist Rolf Kuhn, and there is talk of his eventually forming his own trio. He has had considerable clas- sical training, and much of his jazz ap- prenticeship was served with Chicago's Johnnie Pate trio. Bright's virtues in- clude an exuberant beat and supple (if not yet especially personal) concep- tion at medium and up-tempos. His playing indicates technical ease, and he has a good pianistic touch.

Bright, like many of his contempora- ries, has a problem with ballads. On Tracks 3, 4, 6, and 8, he does not move with sufficient rhythmic pulsation to make the performances as convincing as a set of jazz interpretations as they might have been. He is not able thus far to do fully what John Wilson point- ed out as a key characteristic of Milt Jackson: "To keep the ballads balladic but to play them as jazz." Ronnie's ballads, although played with tenderness, seem directed, for the most part, to ghostly loves. His three originals here are undistinctive. Very capable support from Gaskin and Burrell with the latter also soloing well. Bright, in summary, has to let more of his own voice come through at all tempos, and he has to awaken his ballads. There is some surface noise. (N.H.)

Bob Brookmeyer

BROOKMEYER—Vik 12" LP LX-1071: *Oh, Jane Sincerely; Nature Boy; Just You, Just Me; I'm Old-Fashioned; Gone With the Wind; Strings of My Heart; Big City Life; Confusion Blues; Open Country.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 3, 9—Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Bernie Glow, Joe Ferrante, Al DeRisi, Lou Oles, Al Cohn, Ed Wasserman, tenors; Al Epstein, Sol Schlinger, baritone; Osie Johnson, drums; Buddy Jones, bass; Hank Jones, piano. Tracks 2, 4, 7—Brookmeyer, valve trom-



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bone and on 2 and 7, piano; Nick Travis, Bernie Glow, trumpets; Joe Singer, French horn; Don Butterfield, tuba; Cohn, tenor and clarinet; Epstein, baritone and English horn; Johnson, drums; Milt Hinton, bass. Tracks 5, 6, 8—Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Gene Quill, alto; Cohn, tenor; Schlinger, baritone; Travis, trumpet; Hinton, bass; Johnson, drums; Hank Jones, piano.

Rating: ★★★★★

Brookmeyer and Cohn shared the arranging on this date, with all the skillful originals by Bob. The arranging is uncluttered; and on the medium and uptempos, leads functionally to swinging. Cohn's long *Nature Boy* is one of his more ambitious charts, and successfully sustains an introspective, subtle colored mood. All three groupings execute the scores cleanly, and there are good—though sometimes too brief—solos by Cohn, Quill, Travis, and Jones.

Brookmeyer is excellent as a soloist, making his flexible horn an instrument of warmth and individuality. His two piano solo appearances are strong, lyrical, and also clearly individual. He plays piano with a thoughtful intensity that is most characteristic in *City*. The latter piece is rambling, perhaps in line with its programmatic intent. While not a particularly significant work, it does project an affecting impression of urban loneliness. Brookmeyer clearly has an important future as a writer as well as instrumentalist.

My only reservation about both his and Cohn's medium and up scores here is that they tend to be somewhat too safe. Either the structuring might be more stimulating in linear and harmonic extension, or there could be more open spaces for blowing. But it's all certainly very ably designed and carried through. I think, however, that Brookmeyer has more potential depth and variety of expression than most of these frameworks might indicate. The LP, however, is recommended, another credit line for Jack Lewis. (N.H.)

Butterfield-Green-Hawkins-Hinton-Hucko, etc.

SESSION AT RIVERSIDE—Capitol 12" LP T761: I Want to Be Happy; Broadway; Session at Riverside; Undecided; Out of Nowhere; Escape Hatch.

Personnel: Billy Butterfield, Charlie Shavers, trumpets; Coleman Hawkins, Jerry Jerome, tenors; Earl Warren, alto; Urbie Green, Lou McGarity, trombones; Peanuts Hucko, clarinet; Otis Johnson, drums; Milt Hinton, drums; Lou Stein, piano; Art Ryerson, guitar. On Track 5 only, Arvell Shaw is on bass.

Rating: ★★★★★

A free-swinging east coast answer (in part) to Capitol's *Session at Midnight* cut in Hollywood. The style is primarily swing era with each minimally arranged track consisting of a string of solos, all identified in Bill Coss' lucid notes. The rhythm section is vital, and the blowing is all competent.

Hawkins is the major soloist with particularly consistent additions by Green. Also valuable are Butterfield and McGarity. It's all casual and direct, but I doubt if it will rank as one of the essential LPs. Good for kicks in general, especially for the buyer with pronounced swing era tastes. (N.H.)

Sergo Chaloff

BLUE SERGE—Capitol 12" LP T742: A Handful of Stars; The Goof and I; Thanks for the Memory; All the Things You Are; I've Got the World on a String; Susie's Blues; Stairway to the Stars.

Personnel: Sergo Chaloff, baritone; Sonny Clark, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Recorded in Hollywood, March, 1956, the session, as described by Chaloff in

the notes, was intended as an easy-going, blowing date: "I picked out what I felt was the best rhythm section around and just told them when to show up . . . no rehearsals . . . no tunes set . . . and trusted to luck and good musicianship. I think it paid off." This listener agrees.

Judging from his work here, Chaloff continues to be one of the key modern jazz baritone saxists when he is at his best. He has evident technical command of the instrument; he swings authoritatively; his conception is robust, and even while being softly tender on a ballad, he also projects a large shouting emotional reservoir. Fortunately each track is long enough for stretching out.

The rhythm section is one of the best on recent records, pulsating securely and with an integrated flow. Note Philly Joe's sensitivity and taste in this kind of framework. Valuable solos by Clark and Vinnegar. I think another horn, a brass instrument, could have made this go all the way. In any case, it's a thoroughly enjoyable achievement, and indicates again how important a force Serge can again be in jazz. The cover, by the way, is ridiculous. (N.H.)

Kenny Drew

THE KENNY DREW TRIO—Riverside 12" LP 12-224: Caravan; Come Rain or Come Shine; Ruby My Dear; Weird-O; Taking a Chance on Love; When You Wish upon a Star; Blues for Nina; It's Only a Paper Moon.

Personnel: Kenny Drew, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is Drew's best LP to date. The 29-year-old New Yorker has roots in Waller, Tatum, and Wilson but is especially marked by Bud Powell and somewhat by Monk. His own musical personality is maturing steadily. One particularly impressive aspect of this set is its programmatic variety. Kenny blows with power but not disordered frenzy on the up- and medium-uptempos; his blues is undeniably funky, but it's not a forced funkiness, rolling out, as it does, with assurance and ease.

Kenny besides does not let his ballads sag as is witnessed by a sensible, sensitive, and strong performance of *Star* and an unusually arresting treatment of Monk's lyrical *Ruby*. The latter has a few too many flourishes for my taste, but there is no denying the personal impress in the interpretation and the potential of the shaping imagination. He also has humor as in the mildly Monk-ish touches in *Rain*; and he can just sit down and wail as in *Moon*, *Weird-O*, and *Love*.

Kenny has superb support in the best one-two rhythmic punch in modern jazz. Chambers also solos effectively as does Philly Joe in his few open spaces. I think Drew, as time goes on, will have even more to say in more of his own way, but this is a significant stage in his development, and a very enjoyable LP. The cover, a photograph by the excellent Roy De Carava, is the first in Riverside's *Distinguished Photographer Group*. Why not let those of the populace who want send in a nominal sum for prints to frame? The ideas of the series is a good one, and should spare us a few covers of naked women in bed waiting for early morning trumpet fanfares or a Sidney Skolsky questionnaire. (N. H.)

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Roy Eldridge

SWING GOES DIXIE—ARS 12" LP G450:
That's a Plenty; Royal Garden Blues; Jass Me
Blues; Tin Roof Blues; Struttin' with Some Bar-
barous; Black and Blue; Bagie Call Rag; Joda.
Personnel: Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Eddie Bare-
feld, clarinet; Benny Morton, trombone; Jo
Jones, drums; Dick Wellstood, piano; Walter
Page, bass.

Rating: ★★★★★

The idea of a swing Dixieland session was a happy one, and there is an evident happiness of spirit among the musicians on the date, particularly the leader. But the album does not realize its full potential because Roy's colleagues do not match his towering drive nor his exuberantly individual conception. Roy, then, is the major soloist on the date; and although he occasionally crosses the line into frenzy, his urging, whip-cracking joy in free self-expression is a gas to hear. He makes the rating.

Barefield is very competent in his role; but lacks, for the most part, the tang of distinctive individuality. Morton, too, is certainly a jazzman with a long, rich tradition; but in this context, he generally does not fully possess the lyrical thrust, wit, and intriguing musical personality that a Vic Dickenson might have brought.

The rhythm section is sturdy, and Jo appears to have been having a pronounced-beat ball. Wellstood is fine, playing a full-bodied piano with roots in the muscular stride style.

The band is at its most cohesive on the two slow tracks, and it is on these that Barefield and Morton have their best solos (*Tin Roof* and *Black and Blue*). Recorded sound could have had more middle. Bill Simon's four-page, double-column essay is a superb short history of the trumpet in jazz up to the swing era. (N. H.)

Roy Eldridge-Benny Carter

THE URBANE JAZZ OF ROY ELDRIDGE AND BENNY CARTER—ARS 12" LP G413: I Still Love Him So; The Moon Is Low; Polite Blues; I Missed My Hat; Where's Art?; I Remember You; Chelsea Bridge; I've Got the World on a String (the preceding three compose a ballad medley); Waiting.

Personnel: Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Benny Carter, alto; Bruce MacDonald, piano; Alvin Stoller, drums; John Simmons, bass. On *Where's Art?* and *Waiting*, Eldridge is accompanied only by Stoller.

Rating: ★★★★★

Two major soloists in full form backed by a firm, swinging rhythm section. Roy, as Bill Simon accurately notes, is "rough-grained, emotional, and uneven. When he is at his best, as he is in this ARS program, he can tell touching, personal stories with his horn, and he can lift a listener out of his seat with a sudden, spontaneous, climactic outburst."

And he can also sustain emotionally, rhythmically, and structurally a tour-de-solo like his two fluegelhorn tracks here with only Stoller behind him.

Carter's playing, as Simon further says, "is suave, urbane, orderly, and logically constructed," but it also projects considerable emotional force. Benny may hardly ever shout as Roy often does, but the soul is there, and it's not that "polite" once you start listening beneath the surface. Too bad there is no biographical note on MacDonald. He plays with imagination in his relatively few solos. This Simon four-page booklet contains a valuable history of the early days of jazz in New York. Someone should publish the entire exemplary

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Johnny Hartman is the debonair young man described in the title, and this LP is one of those wonderful combinations of tunes, voice and orchestrations which can't help but interest anyone who is genuinely a music lover. This is an exciting LP from beginning to end, and we have no less an authority than drummer Osie Johnson who tabbed it, "One helluva date."

The reason for the enthusiasm is primarily Hartman, who has a fantastic range and tonal accuracy quite unlike any singer we've ever heard. Additionally, Frank Hunter scored the arrangements for strings, and Ernie Wilkins likewise on four rhythm tunes. Each man is a past master at the trade, and yet for this release their contributions were singularly outstanding.

Three thousand miles separate Frank Socolow and Stan Levey geographically, but musically the tenor man and drummer aren't that far apart. Frank's first LP for Bethlehem, "SOUNDS BY SOCOLOW" (BCP 70) features the tenor/alto work of this Brooklyn born musician who has been underwraps in the reed sections of many of our famous dance bands. Frank commissioned Manny Albam and Bill Holman to write the date, and then called on the talents of such notables as Sal Salvador, Eddie Costa, Bill Takus, Eddie Bert and Jimmy Campbell to perform it. From the beginning it was a happy session, and that same feeling was transferred to the musical contents of the disc. It's relaxed and relaxing with some nice playing by the men involved.

GRAND STAN is the jacket title of Mr. Levey's third LP for Bethlehem, and being an unpretentious musician, he has seen fit to share the solo work with Conte Candoli, Frank Rosolino, Richy Kamuca, Sonny Clark and Leroy Vinnegar. Each of the names involved has an opportunity to display his particular artistry in combination with Stan's crisp, steady drumming. The tempos vary considerably from band to band, and the result is a nice collection of talent in solo and in unison. BCP 71 is the catalogue number of "Grand Stan" and certainly one to remember for down-home, uncluttered jazz.

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In *Wailing*, by the way, Roy also plays pounding, earthy blues and boogie-woogie piano with trumpet dubbed over. A Hines Roy isn't, but he digs in with his usual fervor, and the temperature of the track is high. But where did the piano come from? Dodge City? (N. H.)

Don Elliott

DON ELLIOTT AT THE MODERN JAZZ ROOM—ABC-Paramount 12" LP ABC-142: *It Might as Well Be Spring; But Not for Me; Isn't It Romantic?; Embessy; It Could Happen to You; I Only Have Eyes for You; I Remember You; Moonlight in Vermont.*

Personnel: Elliott, trumpet, vibes, bongo, and vocal—Track 6; Bob Corwin, piano; Ernie Furtado, bass; Jimmy Campbell, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

A rather bland offering, with Elliott on mellophone on the cover, but on trumpet, vibes, and bongo on the record. Elliott's soft-edged trumpet sounds alarmingly like a mellophone, particularly on *Spring*. *But Not for Me* is given over to a healthy session with the bongos. *Eyes* features a vocal with an overreached scat chorus, including an accurate but somewhat pointless imitation of Sarah Vaughan, and a falsetto ending. In this piece, however, Don's trumpet is its most forceful.

Embessy is Elliott's variations on the NBC chimes theme built around the notes G-E-C. He's on vibes here and swings all the way. On *Romantic* and a lovely *It Could Happen to You*. Don uses a mellophone mouthpiece in the trumpet, serving to soften its tone further. Corwin is fine throughout, particularly on *Romantic*. I, for one, would like to hear Don break out of his low-key group sound and wail a little.

Packaging is handsome, and although recorded on location at the Modern Jazz room in Chicago, the sound is excellent. (D.C.)

Bill Evans

NEW JAZZ CONCEPTIONS—Riverside 12" RLP 13-223: *I Love You; Five; I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good; Conception; Easy Living; Displacement; Speak Low; Waltz for Debby; Our Delight; My Romance; No Cover, No Minimum.*

Personnel: Bill Evans, piano; Teddy Kotick, bass; Paul Motian, drums. Evans is unaccompanied on Tracks 3, 8, 10.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is an important first-LP-as-leader, and on any count, is one of the more creative modern jazz piano albums in a number of months. Evans, 28, has been working with Tony Scott during the last year. By signing him, Riverside displays the small label astuteness that the larger companies so often lack.

His influences are horns (Bird, Dizzy, Miles, and Getz) as well as pianists (Nat Cole, Bud, the Tristano-Konitz school, Silver). His approach, however, is determinedly individual, and he is a strong example of a man who has absorbed his influences to release his own voice.

The program is unusually well balanced and variegated, illuminating thereby the range of Evans' abilities. He can cast standards into new, refreshing perspective; he can do the same for such modern jazz manifestoes as *Conception* and *Our Delight*.

He can build his own intense, incisive originals, and within them, he ranges from the crackling fire of *Five* and *Displacement* to the momentary

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but nonetheless memorable lovestrong *Waltz*, and finally to the blues-virile, funky *No Cover*, the most satisfying track on the LP. Kotick has a fine solo on it, too. Note also the fresh reflectiveness in *Easy Living*.

As Orrin Keepnews notes, Evans likes to use "long melodic lines . . . Basically, he phrases more like a horn man." But he does have a pianist's feeling for and knowledge of his instrument. He can be percussive without distorting the piano sound, and his technique is clean and clear. He also swings deeply. Good support from Kotick and Motian. Evans is not only a pianist who should become a major contributor; he already has arrived as a man to dig now. (N. H.)

Woody Herman

BLUES GROOVE—Capitol 12" LP T784; *Every Day I Get the Blues; Trouble in Mind; Smash Dab in the Middle; Pinetop's Blues; Basin Street Blues; Call It Stormy Monday; Dapone Blues; I Want a Little Girl; Blues Groove.*

Personnel: Woody Herman, vocals and clarinet; Dick Collins, Johnny Coppola, Bill Castagnino, Bart Collins, Dud Harvey, trumpets; Richie Kamuca, Arno Marsh, Bob Hardaway, Jay Cameron, reeds; Bill Harris, Bob Lamb, Wayne Andre, trombones; Vic Feldman, vibas, conga drum; Vince Guaraldi, piano; Remo Bondi, guitar; Sonny Ludwig, bass; Gus Gustafson, drums. On Tracks 1 and 6—Herman, vocals and clarinet; Collins, Coppola, trumpets; Cy Touff, bass trumpet; Kamuca, tenor; Norman Poskrand, piano; Ludwig, bass; Chuck Flores, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

On all but one number, Woody sings of the blues. His backing, arranged with an ear for functional swinging by Ralph Burns, Nat Pierce, Manny Albam, and Coppola, is strongly Basie-accented and Basie-felt. There are robust solos by Harris, Touff, Kamuca, Guaraldi, Feldman, Coppola, Marsh, and Woody. Harris is a gas. Also a good trumpet obligato by Collins.

Woody sings with the late-night warmth and ease of phrasing that have long made him so enjoyable—and hiply restful—a singer. His is usually a rather sophisticated, not too serious blues voice, and it doesn't pierce like Big Bill or Jimmy Rushing or the Wee-Baby-Joe-Turner can. But his are valid, balling blues on their own terms; they communicate their own quality of traveling sadness-in-a-crowd. Good notes by Ralph Gleason. (N. H.)

The Jazz Couriers

THE JAZZ COURIERS—Whipps 12" LP WLP-700; *Triangle; Valse Hot; Lullaby of the Leaves; You Go to My Head; For the Love of Pike; Goody Speaks; Palynasia; I'll Remember April; Willow; Wasp for Max Pike's Peak.*

Personnel: Dave Pike, vibas; Eugene Russell, piano; John Goodman, bass; Reed Vaughan, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

It's difficult to understand musically why a&r man Gene Norman and the four musicians involved set up a recording debut for this group that in instrumentation and partial approach makes an initial comparison with the Modern Jazz Quartet inevitable. These, after all, are good enough musicians not to have to settle for shadow play.

As it is, none of the four is as yet as individual and creative a jazzman as Lewis, Jackson, Heath, and Kay. They blow well, but neither of the two main soloists—Pike and Russell—comes through with any particular distinctiveness. Nor is the ensemble sensitivity as finely drawn as the MJQ's. And none of the writing from within the group comes close to the best of Lewis although the originals are engaging enough.

Positive aspects of the session include



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the swinging vitality of the unit collectively and in solo; the good sense that selected Sonny Rollins' *Valse Hot* for inclusion, and the over-all relaxed groove they sustain. I'd like to hear them in a context more freshly their own. (N. H.)

Quincy Jones

THIS IS HOW I FEEL ABOUT JAZZ—ABC
 Paramount 12" LP-149: *Walkin'*; *A Sleepin' Bee*; *Sermonette*; *Stockholm Sweetnin'*; *Evening in Paris*; *Boo's Blues*.
 Personnel: Art Farmer, Bernie Glow, Ernie Royal, Joe Wilder, trumpet; Jimmy Cleveland, Urbie Green, Frank Rehak, trombone; Phil Woods, Gene Quill, alto; Bunny Bardsch, Lucky Thompson, Zoot Sims, tenors; Herbie Mann, flute; Jerome Richardson, flute, tenor; Jack Nimitz, baritone; Hank Jones, Billy Taylor, piano; Paul Chambers, Charles Mingus, bass; Charles Persip, drums; "Brother Soul" (Mill Jackson), vibes.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is an exercise in free writing and free blowing for multisized groups about which Quincy Jones, in an excellent set of notes, says, "We aren't trying to prove a thing except maybe that the truth doesn't always hurt." . . . Our prime objectives in this album were soul, groove, and honesty."

The objectives were achieved, I think.

The result certainly must please Quincy. It is a wonderful-sounding, bright, vital, swinging, and utterly charming album in which the link to the blues is never forgotten and in which the basic swinging element is always present.

In addition to the sure writing, the solos are all played by musicians who have that ability, relatively rare, to make their statement mean something every time they blow. Some of them—Quill and Woods in particular—never have sounded as good to me on disc before. Farmer, whose every brief appearance on vinyl has been notice of a growing stature as a soloist, emerges as possibly the star of the album with a number of moving solos, each of them models of intelligent construction and deft execution.

Quincy Jones' compositions, the last three tracks, are roughly in the vein of his work for Gillespie's big band, and *Boo's Blues* is a down-home, bottom swinger with a wonderful James P. Johnson-ish piano intro by Taylor, a moving bass solo by Mingus, some fine Thompson tenor and a gripping trumpet solo by Farmer behind which Mingus settles all questions about his swinging.

Stockholm contains a two-trombone chorus transcribed from a Clifford Brown solo from the original recording of this tune which is everything that Jones claims for it. Woods plays a wonderfully alive and nonelectic solo here, too.

Paris is a showcase for Jones' penmanship, Sims' romantic, soulful tenor and Jackson's moving vibes. (Can it be that the motor speed of his vibes is set at normal instead of one-half? There is less vibrato.)

Of the other three sides, *Walkin'* is one of the great groove numbers of recent years and in this version offers a powerful Mingus bass solo, some fine piano by Hank Jones, and a great alto solo by Woods, with the band cooking behind him, plus excellent trombone solos from the three bones. *Sermonette* has Jackson's vibes again in a great

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solo, another excellent Mingus statement and Quill wailing. *Sleepin' Bee* is delightful with Mann's flute and Mingus' bass opening it, plus some fine blowing from Woods and Farmer.

Throughout, Farmer uses a mute because, Quincy says, he wanted to "emphasize his wonderfully distinctive melodic lines." We can be grateful that this was done, and Farmer never has been displayed to greater advantage and, perhaps, now may assume a more prominent place in the jazz scene. (R.J.G.)

Warne Marsh

JAZZ OF TWO CITIES—Imperial 12" LP 9027: *Smog Eyes; Ear Conditioning; Lover Man; Quintessence; Jazz of Two Cities; Dizzie's Dilemma; Tchaikovsky's Opus 42, Mt. 3; I Never Knew.*
Personnel: Warne Marsh, Ted Brown, tenors; Ronnie Ball, piano; Jeff Morton, drums; Don Tucker, bass.

Rating: ★★★★★

The "Two Cities" tag, I suppose, has to do with the fact that four of the quintet studied with Lennie Tristano in New York, and worked in the area before moving to their present west coast clime. Tristano's influence is still apparent in the penchant for long lines and the kind of airy but wiry phrasing and logical, flowing conception that marked those Capitol sides like *Marioulette* and *Sax of a Kind*.

Both tenors blow with admirable technical ease, empathic, and stimulating ideas and good if coolish sound. The notes goof in not providing a solo chart.

Their time is also precise and supple. The rhythm section is unerringly steady, but I occasionally wish for more vitality, an observation influenced by a

personal preference for the kind of fires Max Roach and Philly Joe Jones set. But Morton does keep a light, authoritative, good-sounding beat going. Tucker is valuable in tone and time, and seems to fuse well temperamentally with this kind of section. Ball has become an excellent compere and a skillful soloist whose message on middle and up-tempos is more arresting cerebrally on this LP than it is emotionally.

All the originals come from within the group. Except for a relaxed, rolling *Quintessence*, these lines project a certain amount of brittleness to this ear, as if they were more a problem to solve than a story to tell. By contrast, *Lover Man* is the most moving track on the LP with an emotionally productive Ball solo and an absorbing, sinuous linear interplay between the horns. (I would have preferred more polyphony in the set and less unison blowing.)

But, criticisms notwithstanding, this is a lucid, intelligent session cut by a unit that certainly has its own style and sound although both have been significantly shaped by Tristano. And the standard of musicianship is very high. (N.H.)

Oscar Pettiford

OSCAR PETTIFORD ORCHESTRA IN HI-FI—ABC-Paramount 12" LP 135: *The Pendulum at Falcon's Lair; The Gentle Art of Love; Not So Sleepy; Speculation; Smoke Signal; Nica's Tempo; Deep Passion; Sunrise-Sunset; Perdido; Two French Fries.*

Personnel: Pettiford, bass, cello; Ernie Royal, Art Farmer, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Gigi Gryce, alto; Julius Watkins, David Amram III, French horns; Jerome Richardson, tenor and flute; Lucky Thompson, tenor; Danny Bank, David Kurtzer,

baritone; Janet Putnam, harp; Osie Johnson, drums; Whitey Mitchell, bass, on *Smoke Signal*.

Rating: ★★★★★

When I first heard this album, I wanted to stand up and cheer. It represents exactly what should be the ideal in large group recordings. The arrangements—all originals by Pettiford, Mat Mathews, Horace Silver, Gigi Gryce, and Thompson—are tight but loose enough for creative blowing, the solos all are clean, the ideas provocative and frequently exciting.

The performance, by the soloists and by the orchestra as a whole, is crisp, swinging, and yet earthy and vital. This easily could be a lasting LP.

One of the best things about it is the more you play it, the better it sounds. There is depth here, and a greater perspective in writing than most new large group scores. Total color is not neglected for strength, and there is a continual churning of ideas and effects throughout almost every number. This is the sort of performance that can be carried off only by a group that has melded together over a period of time or by an assembly of top-notch musicians with an instinctive feeling of oneness both with each other and with the music.

Thompson takes several intriguing solos, chief among them on *Pendulum* and *Deep Passion*. Royal plays beautifully on *Nica's*, and Farmer contributes several very bright spots, especially a solo on *Speculation*. Cleveland solos very well on the same tune.

Richardson's flute is delightful on *Not So Sleepy*, in which the cello creates an eerie effect. The use of the harp on both *The Gentle Art of Love*

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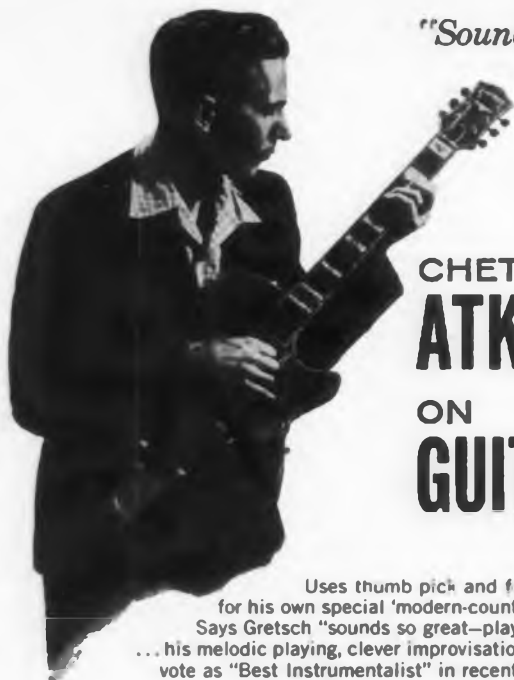
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Classy 8/10 Unobtainable elsewhere.

and *Pendulum* comes off quite well, and the two French horns get an intriguing sound on *Two French Fries* and on *Perdido*.

The latter track is especially noteworthy for Pettiford's work, too.

Throughout, the solos of Pettiford and his driving pulse for the band make the album continually interesting. The entire rhythm section is excellent all the way.

The writing is exceptional on this album. Gryce's tune, *Smoke Signal*, is a real wailer; *Deep Passion* is a lush excursion into lyricism with a bright change of pace in the middle, and *Sunrise-Sunset* is as interesting a piece of descriptive music as there is in jazz.

The commissioning and recording of this sort of album is something to be encouraged by—and to bring encouragement to—everyone concerned with jazz. These are among the most important new writers in this field, and their work here is of an exceptionally valuable nature.

It is unfortunate that the high caliber of this entire project did not allow for sufficient checking between Kenneth Karpe's excellent notes and the tune and composer listings. There are several muddy spots.

Mitchell is listed in one place as playing only on *Smoke Signal* and in another as playing on five other tunes. The composer of *Two French Fries* is given as Gryce in the notes and as Sears in the personnel box. This is a minor point, however, and should not interfere with the fact that this album should be in everyone's collection right now! (R.J.G.)

Wallin-Persson-Dommerus, etc.

SWEDES FROM JAZZVILLE—Epic 12" LP LN 3309: *Straight Talk*; *Yesterdays*; *In a Little Spanish Town*; *Lover Man*; *Blue Lou*; *Twisted*; *Sugar*; *Walkin' Chaser*; *Short Bass*; *Coquette*.

Personnel: Bengt-Arne Wallin, trumpet; Ake Persson, trombone; Arne Domnerus, Willy Lundin, alto; Carl-Henrik Norin, Roffe Blomquist, tenor; Lennart Jansson, baritone; Bengt Hallberg, Jan Johansson, Knud Jorgensen, Reinhold Svensson, piano; Ove Lind, clarinet; Rune Gustafsson, guitar; Gunnar Johansson, George Riedel, Bengt Karlsson, bass; Gunnar Olsson, Anders Burman, Kenneth Fagerlund, Nils-Bertil Dahlander, drums.

Rating: ★★½

An interesting, if varied performance in the modern idiom by a score of Sweden's finest. The outstanding soloist in the set is trombonist Persson, whose full tone and ideas speak highly for this 27-year-old. He will be heard from further, it is hoped. Wallin often overreaches himself, as on *Sugar*, but his other solo efforts are largely successful. On *Straight Talk*, he shows an Eldridge influence. Domnerus is impressive on his solos in *Town* and *Twisted*.

Drummer Dahlander, who toured with Terry Gibbs here as Bert Dale, boots his tunes. Olsson is also a booting group drummer and the spark of *Talk*, which is taken at a relaxed tempo. Lundin's alto solo on *Lover Man* showed less inventiveness and polish than displayed by Domnerus, but Leonard Feather's notes intimate that he is still developing. Feather's notes, too, are a wealth of information on the musicians and the performances, despite a distressing tendency to outpun Bennett Cerf.

The record speaks well for the condition of jazz in Sweden. Packaging is attractive, and the sound is quite good. (D.C.)

high fidelity 

Here's Peterson's Setup

By Don Gold

PIANIST OSCAR PETERSON built his first phonograph when he was 16. He's been interested in high fidelity ever since.

As a musician, Peterson has long been concerned with sound quality. He feels that a record must do justice to the instrument's sound, as well as the artist's conception and technique. This explains the deliberateness and judicious judgment he's exercised in the selection of his own high fidelity system.

"To me, high fidelity is a matter of separation, defining highs and lows," he says.

"Years ago, phonographs reproduced too much bass or too much brass, no definition at all. Today, on high fidelity recordings and equipment, you can separate the segments of an orchestra. As a result, people are getting more out of their records," he adds.

Peterson doesn't believe that ideal high fidelity is determined in the laboratory. High fidelity, in many ways, is in the ears of the listener, he feels.

"It's important to be satisfied, in terms of the listener. Some people recoil from bass response; others can't tolerate trebles," he says.

PETERSON has a "miniature recording studio" in the basement of his Montreal home. With the accent on stereo sound, Peterson has components including a Berlant stereo recorder, a Fisher 30-watt amplifier, and a 15" Lansing speaker. He has a Bogen 35-watt amplifier, a University custom-made speaker, a Rek-O-Kut turntable with a Pickering arm, and a Garrard automatic changer.

"I buy equipment deliberately, because you should use it in a room that's compatible with it," he notes.

"The room should be soundproof, with acoustics equivalent to a recording studio. I use a curved wall to graduate the sound in an amphitheater effect," he says.

"My present equipment more than satisfies me. I've been through hi-fi shows and shops; I know hi-fi enthusiasts and salesmen. Frankly, I think you can get carried away with it. It does require conscientious thought. And, of course, a person not actively engaged in music won't be aware of many of the intricacies of sound," he adds.

Peterson stresses a sensible approach to high fidelity.

"I have a friend in Toronto who has a Scott amplifier, a Garrard changer, and just one speaker, the Lansing 15". The sound is great and exemplifies common sense fidelity," he says.

HE HAS a good deal to say, too, about the relationship between high fidelity and jazz, particularly as recorded by the Peterson trio.

"On our early things, I wasn't too happy with the fidelity, but the standard has increased tremendously during the last year. I've been very happy with



Oscar Peterson

the results we've been getting," he says.

"I think we record better in a club, for all practical purposes. There's more warmth with people around. In the studio, it's a time and business proposition. I'd prefer to hear the smaller groups recorded in clubs, in stereo," he says.

"I don't see why you can't get high fidelity in a club recording. An engineer who can operate in a studio can operate in a club. And I emphasize stereo sound because in stereo you can get the necessary depth of performance as it occurs in a club. In a studio, stereo isn't that vital, but in clubs and concerts it comes off quite well," he says.

Peterson feels that the current emphasis on high fidelity will inevitably inspire a greater interest in music.

"AS LONG AS the public is sound-conscious, it will be music conscious, too. Good sound reproduction creates an interest in music. People can become interested in jazz just through an interest in high-fidelity," according to Peterson.

He isn't too concerned with high fidelity in the records he purchases, he says, because "almost everything today is on such a good level fidelity-wise." He does note, however, that the Prestige *Concordia* LP, by the Modern Jazz Quartet, combines, in his opinion, excellent fidelity with impressive music.

Peterson attempts to get home during the rare breaks between bookings. Much of his time at home is spent in sound experimentation.

"I go home and try different things and listen. I'm experimenting now. Our house is relatively small and when we move to larger quarters I hope to set up a genuine recording studio," he says.

It's a long way from assembling a model 1942 phonograph to creating a recording studio, but as he has in jazz, Peterson will make it.

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the blindfold test



Frank DeFranco

By Leonard Feather

After too long an absence on the west coast, Buddy DeFranco recently returned to the New York scene for a long enough visit to enable him to dazzle countless customers with his undiminished mastery of the clarinet.

Though it is his instrumental technique that has earned him international renown, Buddy is a composer and arranger of far more than average talent. For this reason, instead of limiting the record choices to clarinet items, I played several selections in which the compositions, orchestral style, and arrangements were the principal elements that called for comment.

DeFranco is well equipped to be a *Blindfold Test* subject. As on the previous occasion, when he took the test, April 21, 1954, his comments are terse, honest, and called for very little editing, since he is not given to redundancy. Buddy was given no information before or during the test about the records played.

The Records

1. Michel Legrand, *The Portuguese Washerwomen* (Columbia).

I don't know who that was. It began like a George Russell arrangement, but I don't know whose band it was. I liked it . . . some interesting stuff. I've heard the composition several times but don't know the name. It's really a high-powered thing—had a good strong pulse. The only thing I could say is that it reminds me of George Russell because of the arrangements he did for me. I'd rate it four stars for what it is.

2. Glen Gray and Casa Loma Orchestra, *White Jazz* (Capitol). Recorded 1956.

That goes pretty far back. Sounds like the old Ambrose or Glen Gray stuff. The trombone player sounded like Pee Wee Hunt for some reason or other. I used to listen to this stuff when I was about 10 years old, and haven't heard anything like it since then.

It seems so dated now . . . I don't really think this music ever had any real validity—it had an insipid style . . . wasn't jazz and wasn't swing. It never did move me—I used to listen to it but never could get anything from it. I guess I'll give it one star for effort.

3. The Sax Section, *Shazam* (Epic). Al Cohn, tenor, arranger; Gene Quill, alto.

All saxophones. The first and last choruses took me back, too. Sounded like one of those modern Benny Goodman things, like *Springtime in the Rockies*. The soloists were nice. The tenor sounded like Al Cohn; alto a little like Gene Quill. The soloists saved the record because the rest of it didn't hold up. The arrangement was disappointing. Maybe it was an attempt at modern swing.

It didn't sound like an organized group—just put together for the session. I had the feeling they were reading music. Who was it, huh? I'd rate it three stars for the solos. I have a feeling it's Gene Quill because he worked for me for so long when I had the big band. He's one of the better alto players, I think.

4. Charlie Mingus, *Gregorian Chant* (Savoy). John LaPorta, alto sax and clarinet.

What ever happened to jazz? First of all, everybody should have tuned up

before making the session. I don't recognize these players. The sound of the alto is like Konitz, but there was so little of it that I can just about make it out. I didn't recognize the quality of the clarinet. With what he had to do it could be any clarinet.

This was a feeble attempt to do something classical with modern sounds. It didn't mean anything to me at all—didn't get off the ground. This is nothing to me, so that's how I'll rate it—nothing.

5. Tony Scott, *Rock Me, But Don't Roll Me* (Victor).

Well, let me see. This I couldn't get, either, but it had more of a purpose than some of the other things. They were trying obviously to get down home and play some blues, but again it sounded like three or four rock 'n' roll aggregations trying their best to cause some kind of panic. It had a certain blues flavor though. The clarinet was predominant, but he didn't play below a G, I guess, in the middle register.

It's hard to tell who it was. Artie had that kind of a range, could squeal up there. He had enough hysteria in his playing to make a thing like this. I don't think this quite came off for what it was intended to be, although it came close. I'd really prefer hearing Wynonie Harris or somebody do a number like this. Give it 2½ stars.

6. Tom Stewart, *Some of These Days* (ABC-Paramount). Stewart, tenor horn; Steve Lacy, soprano sax.

Unfortunately, I've always hated this tune, and it makes it difficult for me to judge the record. It had a nice sound—like Bobby Brookmeyer on trombone. The soprano sax was interesting enough. This doesn't sound organized—few things recorded today are by organized bands.

It's so hard to tell whose band it is. Everybody's the leader now. Pretty soon, everybody will have their own band—no sidemen. Ha! Ha! I like this thing. It has a good quality, the arrangement is nice, and I'm surprised they can do this much with a stale tune like this. I'll say 3½ stars.

7. Peanuts Hucko, *Wonderful, Wonderful Copenhagen* (Victor) (from *Wide, Wide*

World). Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Boomie Richman, tenor sax.

Sounds like a Benny Goodman-style arrangement, but it's not Benny, I don't think. Sounds like Peanuts Hucko. He plays like Benny played but not quite. I don't think anybody really could play like Benny played. Sounded like Boomie Richman to me on tenor and, of course, Charlie Shavers.

But the band—who was the band? Benny wouldn't tolerate that little sloppy thing in the front, I don't think—those first couple of choruses. This sounds like a lot of different bands to me. I could take a wild guess, because it was Boomie who played with the Commanders, otherwise it could have been a pickup band of guys who were in town. I think the tune was *Ain't We Got Fun?* I'd rate it three stars.

8. Sol Yaged, *After You've Gone* (Herald). Ken Kersey, piano; Mort Herbert, bass; Harry Sheppard, vibes; Mickey Sheen, drums.

There's only one Benny Goodman, and that's Sol Yaged. He gets going pretty good, but Benny's original record of *After You've Gone* spoils you, I think. You want to hear the original record—at least I do, so this is very hard to judge. Of course, as clarinets go, it's a nice clarinet. I wasn't too impressed with the other players. I have the feeling that I could hear the same thing in any city from guys who want to play like the Benny Goodman sextet or quartet.

I don't know why they played *After You've Gone*, but I'd say for the desire to create that excitement and the effort put into it, I'll give it somewhere between 2½ and three stars.

9. Herbie Fields, *Nutcracker Swing* (Decca). Peter Compo, bass; Manny Albam arranger.

Why? Oh! Boy! Oh! Boy! Let me see. I'm baffled as to whose band this is, too. The bassist was very good. The beginning was pleasant, although I've always had an aversion to jazzing the classics. I think sometimes that if a classical selection can be played with a modern feeling it's all right, but I can't quite see it, and this is a good example of what I can't quite see. The soprano sax was nerve-racking.

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strictly ad lib

(Continued from Page 8)

Roseland March 19... Much rumor (but no facts yet) in the trade concerning the possibility of the Tommy Dorsey estate fielding a band under Tommy's name... Much musician talk about the blowing quality these days of the Tony Pastor band. Tony's son, Guy, sings with the band and Dud Harvey is on lead trumpet... Jerri Adams signed with Shaw, as have Charlie Mingus, Teddy Charles, and singer Danny Costella.

Chicago

JAZZ. CHICAGO-STYLE: Gene Krupa's quartet, with Eddie Shu, is at the Blue Note. Count Basie's band takes over on March 20... Eddie Heywood's trio is at the London House. On April 3, Chico Hamilton's quintet moves in for four weeks... Composer-singer-pianist Matt Dennis is in command at Mister Kelly's until March 11, when Billie Holiday, the contemporary empress of the blues, arrives.

Miles Davis and hip entourage are at the Modern Jazz room until March 10. Included in the Davis crew are John Coltrane, Red Garland, Paul Chambers, and Philly Joe Jones. The room now features the Fred Kaz trio, which replaced Ahmad Jamal's trio Feb. 20. After Miles departs the room will shutter until May 1, when Stan Getz returns for two weeks.

Pianist Eddie Baker joined the Max Roach quintet when it was in town recently and will continue with the group on the road... The Leon Sash quartet, with Ted Robinson on tenor, clarinet, and flute, is at the SRO club on N. Clark. The Ramsey Lewis trio, formerly in the Monday-Tuesday slot at the SRO, has been moved into the Friday through Tuesday category, sharing the bill with the Sash group.

Bassist Johnnie Pate has been named music director of Salem Records. In addition, his own LP, Johnnie Pate at the Blue Note, is making Salem executives happy with steady sales. Salem is cutting an LP featuring the Gene Esposito trio and has signed the Bobby Christian band... Tenorman Andy Anderson has the Friday-Saturday gig at the Blue Moon club on W. Armitage. Anderson's quartet includes Red Hansen, piano; George Wilson, bass; Mario Colletti, drums. Anderson's 12-piece band, in steady rehearsal for several months, is now searching for bookings. Arranger Fred Karlin's Winnetka home is the meeting place Wednesday nights for provocative sessions by local musicians. Present at the midweek sessions are Ira Shulman, tenor; Benny Baileye, alto; Dave Mulholland, trumpet; Dave Reid, baritone; Chuck Anderson, trombone; Gerry Sherman, piano; Jerry McKenzie, drums, and Joe Levinson, bass.

As a concert reminder, the Birdland tour invades the Opera House on March 9 and Louis Armstrong's All-Stars follow on March 17... Trumpeter Bill Tinkler started what may be the first of a series of Sunday afternoon concerts at the Park Forest American Legion hall last month. He used Russ Phillips, trombone; Ernie Gollner, clarinet; Ken White, bass, and Don King,

drums. Pianist Art Hodes guest-starred.

ADDED NOTES: Folk singer Bob Gibson conducted a solo concert at the Eighth Street theater on March 1 . . . The NBC-TV network colorcast originating here since Feb. 18, called Club Matinee, features Mort Sahl, the Mello-Larks, singers Nancy Wright and Mike Douglas, the Art Van Damme quintet, and Joseph Gallicchio and the staff orchestra. The show is in the 12:30-1:30 p.m. (CST) time slot . . . Lil Armstrong is back in town for the first date in seven years at the Cafe Continental on E. Walton . . . Sammy Davis Jr. is at the Chez Paree. Jimmy Durante follows on March 19 for four weeks . . . Accordionist Dick Contino and comic Joey Carter are at the Black Orchid until March 15, when Dagmar and comedian Jay Lawrence open.

Hollywood

JAZZ JOTTINGS: Two new jazz groups on the scene: Red Mitchell's, featuring James Clay on tenor, and Mel Lewis, featuring Pepper Adams on baritone. Red debuted at Zucca's Cottage and closed the 6th, also made Channel 7's Stars of Jazz. Mel was slated for a stint at a local spot . . . Mitchell's parting with Hampton Hawes was most amicable; the bassman wants to stay in town for a while, while Hamp heads east for more club dates . . . An all-star west coast group is planning a European tour in June. It will include Conte Candoli, Frank Rosolino, Stan Levey, and Richie Kamuca—all on leave from the Lighthouse . . . Bud Shank and Bob Cooper open their own European tour in Amsterdam the 10th. Kamuca is currently subbing for Coop at Hermosa.

One of the biggest breaks so far for the Chico Hamilton quintet came with their debut as an act in the cliff-hanging Crescendo on the Strip. Mel Torme split the bill . . . Big break for jazz fans in the San Gabriel valley: the jazz club which meets every Sunday at the Legion Hall in Pasadena with scribe George Laine on the rostrum.

NITERY NOTES: Zardi's is under new ownership. First official act of new management was to bring in an all-star group under Buddy Rich with promise of lower prices and friendly treatment to patrons . . . Harry Rubin, late of the Long Beach Strollers and the first to give Chico Hamilton quintet a gig, is the new host at the Strip's Melody room, where the Frank Ortega trio is onstand . . . The new Max Roach group is rocking the boulevard for two more weeks at Jazz City . . . And Erroll Garner is knocking 'em out across the street at Peacock Lane in an overdue return here.

New singer Stan Ross, signed with INTRO Records, put in a profitable month at Bill Whisling's, where the avant garde Warne Marsh quintet still holds sway . . . Tim Muesleman has a real find in singer Gloria Dearing, currently six nights a week at the Huntington Park Rendezvous. She shares the weekends with all the top jazz groups in town . . . The Jack Millman quintet, playing weekends at the Topper, is now stereophonic, on Audio Arts ("Jazz Hystereo") tape . . . Pianist Dick Shreve slipped into the piano chair with Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All-Stars . . . And for a down-homey seaside Sunday, add a set or two at the

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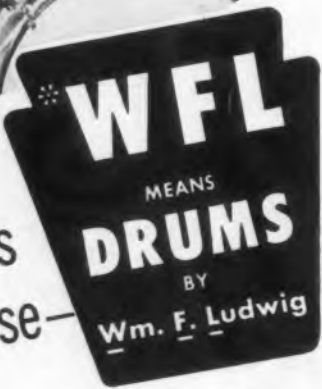
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Hermosa Inn with Tom Riley's Saints . . . The eastside Digger offers the Lennie Niehaus group on weekends . . . Joe Zucca's Cottage remains the only swinging spot, especially Monday nights, in Pasadena. —*lynan*

San Francisco

Bob Scobey was set to headline a Dixie concert March 3 at the Civic auditorium as a benefit for the San Francisco Symphony fund. Others included on the bill were Ralph Sutton, Clancy Hayes, Lizzie Miles, Wally Rose, Burt Bales, and Earl Hines' all-stars . . . Rudy Salvini's big band inked for Sunday evening concerts again at the Sands ballroom in Oakland beginning Feb. 27 . . . Fats Domino and Bill Doggett set for Big Show appearances at the Richmond auditorium and the Oakland auditorium March 9 and 10 . . . Joe Turner's dates in Northern California have been postponed until the summer.

George Lewis had a slight heart attack (his second) early in February and was out for several days. He's now planning to fly to England rather than take the boat . . . Paul Desmond says his solo on Why Do I Love You? in the new Fantasy LP, Dave Brubeck Quartet at the Wilshire-Ebell is the worst he's ever had on record and wants it known he wishes it had never been released . . . Jackie Coons is the new trumpet player in the Earl Hines band . . . Turk Murphy, off on the road, took Bill Napier, clarinetist of the Scobey band, with him. —*ralph j. gleason*

Boston

Helen Forrest did a week at the Frolics in Revere. Thelma Carpenter appeared there recently, also . . . Storyville Records will soon release a new Milli Vernon LP, six Alec Wilder tunes and a half-dozen Ellingtons. Toshiko has a new album coming up on that label too, as has Vic Dickenson . . . The Berklee School is preparing its annual concert for presentation on April 28 at John Hancock hall. Major feature will be a tribute to Duke Ellington, for which students at the school are composing originals in the styles of all the significant Ellington periods. Herb Pomeroy will conduct the orchestra in the Tribute. Duke just completed a Storyville engagement. George Shearing is there now.

Jackie Paris, who was at Storyville at the same time as Sonny Stitt, was very well received here. Tom Lehrer will follow Shearing at the club on March 11, after which Charlie Mingus and Jeri Southern are scheduled to come in. During his Storyville stay in mid-February, Erroll Garner received his Down Beat poll award. Presentation of the plaque was made by Fr. Norman O'Connor . . . Frankie Laine lingered awhile at Blinstrub's Village. Diahanne Carroll is there now. —*cal kolbe*

Gilbert Gets Disc Job

Hollywood — Herschel Gilbert, film composer-conductor, has been appointed recording director for west coast activities of the RKO-Unique Record Co. Gilbert will record some of his own compositions for film scores heading his own orchestra.

Birdland Concert

(Continued from Page 12)

complex unison and contrapuntal work between Newborn and his guitarist was excellent on *Love*, although the set as a whole failed to generate much excitement.

Sarah Vaughan, wearing a handsome red gown with a bustle and train, closed the first part of the show with eight tunes, including a medley of old favorites. She sounded better and was singing cleaner than at any time caught in the last two years. Only on *Over the Rainbow* did she get into the vocal gymnastics which often make her sound like a parody of herself. On *If This Isn't Love*, *Black Coffee*, *Cherokee*, and *Pennies from Heaven*, she displayed the lyric Vaughan voice, strong, clear and brilliant in the upper register. She closed her set with a swinging *How High the Moon*, on which she formed a bouncing trio with tenors Frank Foster and Frank Wess.

Lester Young flashed on and off in a too-short appearance to open the second half. He blew *Polka Dots and Moonbeams* and *Lester Leaps In* with the Basie band, a reminder of how great he can sound with a full band blowing behind him. *Moonbeams* was handsomely done, with a series of beautiful choruses built in the best Young tradition. On *Lester*, he booted the band from the opening note.

Jeri Southern sang a set of standards in a husky voice, and *Scarlet Ribbons* without accompaniment.

TERRY GIBBS, with Terry Pollard, drummer Sonny Payne and bassist Ed Jones, squeezed in for a roaring three-tune set, sparked by Gibbs' glittering vibes on *T and S*, and the comic-but-musicianly battle for the vibes between the Terrys on a rocketing original. Their turn was, like Lester's, too brief.

Billy Eckstine closed the show with an eight-tune set and a duet with Sarah. One special number, in which Billy imitated Vaughn Monroe, Perry Como, Sammy Davis Jr., and Louis (vocally and on trumpet) was tremendous. It demonstrated clearly that Eckstine has become a polished performer as well as an outstanding vocalist. He and Sarah sang *You're All I Need* and Cole Porter's *I Love You* together, with Billy feeding the words to his companion.

A little tighter organization, some rehearsal, and better programming would have helped the show attain more pace. As it was, it ran very long and no one group really managed to get off the ground before the following group came on. Actually, there was more than enough talent for two separate packages, and then some.

—dom

Solo

Baltimore — Classical composer Norman Dello Joio declared in an address at Peabody conservatory that "there is no future for jazz." Dello Joio's proof was that he had once played "jazz" for a living and "I found it very dull after awhile."

Has he tried listening to anyone else?

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Intro Issues First Set Of Jazz Sides

Hollywood.—With an initial batch of LP album releases under the Intro Records banner, label president Donald Clark has made a strong bid for the burgeoning calypso market with *Calypso Carnival* by the Calypso MacNiles Jamacians.

Also released at the end of last month were Intro's first jazz packages, consisting of *Swinging Lester Young* and *The Greatest Lester Young* with such jazzmen as Chico Hamilton, Willie Smith, Howard McGhee, Joe Albany, Tiny Kahn, and Chuck Wayne backstopping the tenor man.

Coral Sets 6 Jazz LPs;

Two By McKusick, Cohn

New York—Two albums each by Hal McKusick and Al Cohn groups are among six jazz packages scheduled for release soon by Coral. McKusick's LPs will feature Art Farmer on a quintet package and Osie Johnson, Barry Galbraith, and Milt Hinton on a quartet package. One Al Cohn package will feature Zoot Sims, the other Bob Brookmeyer.

The remaining two packages will present Nat Pierce's quintet, featuring Anthony Ortega, and a New York quartet, with Mat Matthews, Whitey Mitchell, Herbie Mann, and Joe Puma.

In Retrospect 1957-1967

(Continued from Page 15)

sures of television, granting them a measure of the prestige accorded community symphonic orchestras.

The traveling name bands were forced to play more and more commercially to hold any audience at all (and here the new Roseland helped). Eventually they either went totally commercial or folded.

Today, even the Glenn Miller big-band sound has passed out of public domain into memory. After Ray Anthony, Tex Beneke, Jerry Gray, and Ralph Flanagan, the last holdout was Ray McKinley, who returned to studios and the Metropole.

(The sound, but not the size, of the Miller band is suggested today by a midwest regional octet which sometimes doubles into reed-section-with-rhythm.) Jimmy Dorsey found the going too rough without his brother.

Woody Herman's decision to leave the road was a distinct loss, which his sometime studio recordings do but little to assuage.

AND THE hard-driving Kenton's 1960 retirement requires of us a final appraisal of his contributions to music. With all respect for his accomplishments, we must criticize Stan on several points. He often promised more than he gave. He unfeelingly attacked many

of his predecessors as obsolete. He recorded many musical banalities, pomposities, and horrors.

Was he truly an innovator?

Who shall define innovation? Is a texture, a device, an effect which has been used before not an innovation when it is reintroduced within a new context, before new audiences? In any case, might Kenton not have developed some of his effects without knowledge of their previous use? Such independent discoveries would suggest some of the precursors' glory as his due.

STAN KENTON was insistently himself. Implementing his forceful personality, he opened ears to unaccustomed volumes of sound. He proved the possibility of an ultramodern book's being performed with instruments and by instrumentalists of the dance-band category.

He proved an orchestra can remain popular while defying both "commercial wisdom" and the critical command that the conventional swinging beat be a basic essential. Conventionally swinging or not, the Kenton band was exactly what Kenton wanted—and got.

Kenton's taste for echo-chamber recording indirectly led to high fidelity. He encouraged unheard writers. His disciplines presided at the birth of the west coast modern jazz movement, in which Kenton alumni captured on manuscript the melodic and harmonic essence of jazz.

Whenever we hear strident trumpets and sonorous trombones in choir, we know Kenton was here.

(This is the first of three articles.)



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By Hal Holly

FILMS IN REVIEW: *Rock 'n' Roll Jamboree* (Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Lionel Hampton and bands; Nat Cole, Sarah Vaughan, Herb Jeffries, Dinah Washington, Joe Turner, Ruth Brown, et al).

A glance at the title of this opus and the names of the principal attractions is enough to explain why jazz critics and/or commentators, after years and years and thousands and thousands of carefully chosen words on their favorite subject, must have moments of unbelievable frustration. For, as this situation shows, they have succeeded in making only the smallest of dents on the public consciousness.

Two such dents were perceptible in two Los Angeles newspaper reviews. The writers felt called upon to make an issue of the title as to pertaining to most of the performers involved. One, under the heading, *Jazz Greats Entertain in Picture*, started his review with the words:

"Under the entirely, and happily, misleading title of 'Rock 'n' Roll Jamboree' . . ." He added, "Almost completely free from the strident, decaying monotonies of r&r. . ."

Another reviewer, also noting the title, wrote, "This picture is neither rock 'n' roll nor a 'jamboree,' a word defined in one dictionary as 'a noisy party' . . ."

Since *Down Beat* readers are familiar with the music of Basie, Ellington, Cole and the others here, enough for us to note that this is a fairly well assembled film of the review type in which each act is well presented. And though there is a bit of what is probably described as rock 'n' roll—Hamp goes pretty far in that direction these days—the real emphasis is on the work of the artists mentioned above.

The important point is that *Rock 'n' Roll Jamboree*—ugh!—despite favorable reviews by a few writers who perceived its genuine interest, played one not-so-well-attended week in the Los Angeles area, and we're wondering if the producers will be smart enough to change that title—to almost anything else!

ON AND OFF THE BEAT: What with all the fuss over who did what to Carrol Baker in *Baby Doll*, no one paid much attention to an interesting underscore, decidedly jazz flavored and rhythmic in quality, by newcomer Kenyon Hopkins. Instead of using the standard, sympho-styled studio orchestra, Hopkins used an instrumental combination more like that of the modern dance band. You can hear it on the Columbia soundtrack album. We mention it now, because the idea seems to have caught on, and Hopkins has similar score coming up in producer Sam Spiegel's *The Strange One* (Julie Wilson, et al), filmed recently in Florida and now in the editing stage.

And another item showing the movie industry's growing consciousness of jazz: Burt Lancaster's *The Sweet Smell of Success*, in which, as we have mentioned here, the Chico Hamilton quintet, is featured visually and musically in nitery scenes, will have an underscore recorded in its entirety by the Hamilton unit. The music will be by Hamilton's cellist, Fred Katz, in collaboration with Hamilton . . . Frederick Loewe, whose *My Fair Lady* tunes rocked Broadway last season—and whose tunes were rocked into top-selling jazz versions on *Contemporary* by Andre Previn and Shelly Manne—has been signed by MGM to do the songs for the screen version of *Gigi*. Alan Jay Lerner, collaborator with Loewe on *Lady*, will do the lyrics.

Solo, the jazz opus for which Erroll Garner and Oscar Peterson have been named for soundtrack stints, reportedly is still "very definitely" on the schedule at 20th Century-Fox. Looks as if producer Buddy Adler, who wants Frank Sinatra for the lead (he still owes 20th a picture), will hold out until he is available, which could be around May, after Sinatra completes *Pal Joey* at Columbia . . . Natalie Wood is the latest movie name to take a fling as a singer. She will take hers on Si Waronker's Liberty label. Meanwhile, her ex-boy friend, Tab Hunter, is giving the others something to shoot for by making No. 1 on the sales charts with his *Young Love* on Dot. Incidentally, *Young Love* was not Tab's first for Dot. He did an album some months ago, but Warner Bros., to whom Tab is under contract, will not approve release of the album because the songs are rock 'n' rollish in nature.

By Will Jones

LAWRENCE WELK holds a grudge against *Down Beat* for losing a job for him many years ago. And he thinks *Down Beat* and other trade publications still perform a disservice to young musicians—if not actually by losing jobs for them, then by leading them astray.



One of the points on which they go astray, he said, is Lawrence Welk.

"Why," asked Welk, "do writers always belittle me and my music? Do they know they're wrong?"

This unburdening took place several months ago, in Hollywood, and he was speaking to me as a visiting hinterlands newspaperman and not as a representative of *Down Beat*.

Welk was holding a copy of *Billboard* in his lap. Ray Anthony had started a new television show for the same sponsor as Welk, and the reviewer had started out his piece by wondering if Anthony's sophisticated (his word) music would be as successful for the sponsor as Welk's cornball (his word) music.

THE PIECE WAS A TRIBUTE to Welk's success as much as it was an appraisal of Anthony's show.

"Even when they write how successful I am," said Welk, "they always put in these little digs. They make it sound as though it's wrong to play a melody."

"I started a new TV show, too, and look down here where they put it." He pointed to a review at the bottom of a page. "Isn't a TV show that plays a melody as important as a show that is jazz?"

"It doesn't hurt me a bit. I'm just asking the question, that's all."

"But do you know who it *does* hurt? Young people. Young musicians read these reviews, and they get the idea that they have to be a jazz musician to get ahead—that it's a crime to play sweet music."

"I'VE STARTED A NEW TV SHOW to help young people. It's hard to get started, especially with people giving them wrong ideas."

"Kids read the reviews, and they get the idea that a jazz band is the thing. They try to organize jazz bands, and they starve."

"But you show me a sweet band today, and I'll have a job for them."

"Do you think it would be a good idea for me to organize a young band—a sweet band? It's just a thought. I don't know if I'll do it. They can't get good reviews, but I can give them the benefit of my TV show."

"I was all booked to play a club out here on the coast once, many years ago. Then *Down Beat* came out with a review of my band. When they read the review, they canceled the contract."

WELK DEPLORES THE WAY reviewers put down melody. I'd like to do some deploring of my own about reviewers: the way they put down clichés.

Musical clichés saved the evening for me not long ago. It was the night Meyerling was on TV, with Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer.

After about half an hour of the show, a tube blew out in my TV set. The picture turned to a snowstorm, but the sound stayed okay. And sound was really all I needed to finish the show.

Having got the idea from the early part of the show, it was a simple matter to reconstruct the rest of it in my head. A cliché of dialog, plus a cliché of music, would cue the proper visual cliché. In fact, I may have conjured up in my head a show better than the one on the screen.

Now suppose that musical score had been full of fresh ideas. The reviewers would have flipped, sure. But I'd have been thrown completely, with the result that I'd have missed the show.

QUOTE: VAUGHN MONROE, talking about what it's like since becoming the voice of RCA on television commercials—and in person: "The band business was such a drag after 13 years. There was nothing new in it. Now I meet new people all the time. A band usually comes in the back door and leaves by the back door. Now when I come into town, if it's something like a store opening, I sing *The Star-Spangled Banner* and have lunch with the mayor."

(Will Jones' column, *After Last Night*, appears daily in the *Minneapolis Tribune*.)

band review

Dick Mango Orchestra

Personnel: trumpets—Herb Phillips, Merle Boley, and Bill Shaw; trombones—Ken Rupp and Jack McKissen (Boley and Shaw double on valve trombone); reeds—Roy Johnson, Al Piccin, Earl Fizzell, and Mango; piano—Dick Stevens; bass—Danny Kronmeyer; drums—Dick Millar, and vocals—Bobbie Bowman.

Reviewed: Martinique restaurant, Chicago, during last week of two-week booking.

Musical Evaluation: One year ago, Mango, with considerable experience in the dance band field, decided to form a commercially palatable, but jazz-influenced, band. Since its inception, the band has spent most of its time in one-night stands at country clubs, ballrooms, restaurants, and military installations, attempting to create and perpetuate a basically potent sound.

In assembling the band, Mango has emphasized youth and jazz-based talent, although he realizes that the arrangements must be diversified enough to create a steady flow of profitable engagements. Several universities are represented in the personnel, including Denver university, the University of Colorado, Indiana university, and North Texas State college.

The bulk of the arrangements are by Phillips and Kronmeyer. The book itself is varied and includes such tunes as *Stompin' at the Savoy*, *Cherry*, *It's*

a Blue World, *Lover Man*, *Don't Blame Me*, and the Miles Davis gem, *Four*. There are few provocative solos, but the section work is precise and inspired.

At a neighborhood restaurant, such as the plush Martinique, crowds come to dance rather than listen. As a result, the band was forced to curb, to a degree, its jazz expression. But the churning, genuinely swinging, very alive interpretation of *Four* was a gas. And Miss Bowman's vocals are more than recitation; she feels each tune, singing with a fine sense of lyric content.

Audience Reaction: The audience, with a healthy proportion of young persons, enjoyed the band and found the music quite danceable, judging from the packed state of the dance floor during each set. There were several hip patrons, as well, who listened.

Attitude of the Performer: Mango is pleased with the band's sound and gradual evolution. He recognizes the value of fresh, jazz-based talent. He says he feels that the band sounds best in concert or in appearances at universities, at which places the audience responds most favorably to the band's freer sounds. The members of the band join Mango in expressing delight in the way the band has developed.

Commercial Potential: The Mango band is versatile enough to fill a variety of engagements. In many ways it is in the Les Brown tradition, although the arrangements do not necessarily reflect a direct influence.

Negotiations are in progress for the production of an LP for Geordie Hor-

Conflict In Policy, Jackson, Sonic Split

Hollywood—A basic conflict in recording policy was given as the reason for ending the short-lived but lively partnership between Sonic Records executives Stan Hoffman and Dick Allen and pianist Calvin Jackson.

Among the precipitatory causes of the breakup, according to Hoffman, was Jackson's desire to emphasize an electric organ on a planned album. There also were differences in opinions regarding choices of material and artists.

When the three-way partnership in the label was entered into in January, Jackson was to assume all music direction in the firm and to record an initial album for the company.

mel's Zephyr Records. If the band includes its most vibrant arrangements, and a couple of tracks are devoted to Miss Bowman's jazz-oriented singing, the LP could pave the way to appreciable success.

Summary: The Mango band has a distinct place in the dance band world and deserves more prominence than it has found to date, particularly when compared with some of the pallid-sounding bands working steadily today.

This is no rival for Ellington-Basie-Gillespie, but it is a fresh-sounding, competently staffed, often-exciting band with obvious commercial potential. And the young (21) Miss Bowman can sing.

—gold

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It is possible to play these pieces with three or four wind instruments,

although the use of more than four would not be appropriate to the nature of the music. With three wind instruments, the two will be doubling a voice in the two-voice portions; these two should be of different choirs (brass, reed). For example, if alto saxophone, tenor saxophone, and trombone are used, the alto could play the "A" voice and the tenor and the trombone could play the "B" voice. The two-voice writing is invertible, so either voice can satisfactorily be of higher pitch.

Best results will be obtained from these pieces if dynamics and markings are carefully observed and if a serious attempt is made to blend the wind instruments. Drummers: let the other parts be heard!

When the Bb part is played by a trumpet, it will often make most sense if transposed down an octave—if this is possible.

Trombone

Bill's Blues, By Bill Russo

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CHORDS FOR SOLO
 Ebm7 Bbm6 Bbm7 Ebm7
 Bbm6 Db9 Cm9(b9) F7(b9) Bbm6 A7
 Bbm6 A7 BACKGROUND FOR PIANO SOLO
 Bb A G F E D C Bb
 Bb A G F E D C Bb
 Bb A G F E D C Bb
 Bb A G F E D C Bb
 Bb A G F E D C Bb
 mf

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Piano-Guitar

Bill's Blues, By Bill Russo

♩ = 200-240 TACIT 1ST TIME

CHORDS FOR SOLOS
 Ebm7 Bbm6 Db9 Cm9(b9) F7(b9)
 Ebm7 Bbm6 A7 Bbm6 Cm7 Am7 Bbm7
 Ebm7 Bbm6 Db9
 Cm9(b9) F7(b9) Bbm6 A7
 Bbm7 Db9
 Dbm9 Gbm9 Cb11
 Bbm6 A7 Bbm6 Cm7 Am7 Bbm7
 mf

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March 21, 1957

Double Bass

Bill's Blues, By Bill Russo

♩ 200-240

CHORDS FOR SALES

Ebmi7 Bbm6 Bbm7 Ebmi7
 Bbm6 Db9 Cm7(b5) F7(b9)
 Bbm6 A7 Saw Bbm Ebmi7 E07
 Bbm6 Bbm7 Ebmi7 F7(b9)
 Bbm6 Db9 Cm7(b5) F7(b9) A7
 Bbm6 Dbm7 Gbm7 Cb7 D9

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Drums

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BRASS
HI-HAT

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ETC.

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FOR BASS SOLO

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HI-HAT

NO B.D.

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Allan, Tommy (On Tour—Chicago Territory) Associated Talent
Barlow, Dick (St. Anthony) San Antonio, Tex. b
Barnet, Charlie (On Tour—West Coast) MCA
Barron, Blue (On Tour—Chicago Territory) MCA
Beecher, Little John (On Tour—Midwest) NOS
Belloc, Dan (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Beneks, Tex (On Tour—East Coast) MCA
Borr, Micha (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, h
Brandwynne, Nat (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, h
Brown, Les (On Tour—South) ABC
Butterfield, Billy (On Tour—East Coast) MCA
Cabot, Chuck (On Tour—Texas) GAC
Calame, Bob (On Tour—Florida, Georgia, Alabama) NOS
Carle, Frankie (On Tour—Far West) GAC
Clayton, Del (On Tour—Texas) NOS
Cummings, Bernie (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Donahue, Al (Statler) Boston, Mass., h
Donahue, Sam (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Dorsey, Jimmy (Roseland) NYC, out 4/14, b
Elgart, Lea (On Tour—California) MCA
Ellington, Duke (On Tour—Midwest) ABC
Engler, Art (Hacienda) Las Vegas, Nev., out 4/11, h
Ferguson, Danny (Statler) Detroit, Mich., out 6/1, h
Fields, Shep (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Fina, Jack (Ballness) Galveston, Tex., pc
Flak, Charles (Palmer House) Chicago, h
Fitzpatrick, Eddie (Mapes) Reno, Nev., h
Foster, Chuck (Martinique) Chicago, out 4/23, nc
Galante, Al (Oh Henry) Chicago, 3/20-4/7, b
Garber, Jan (On Tour—Southwest) GAC
George, Chuck (Zuts) Vancouver, Wash., out 4/29, r
Herman, Lenny (New Yorker) NYC, out 6/16, h
Herman, Woody (Loop) Cleveland, Ohio, 4/1-7, cl
Jones, Spike (Chase) St. Louis, Mo., out 4/6, h
Kaye, Sammy (On Tour—East Coast) MCA
Kenton, Stan (On Tour—Far West) GAC
Kiseley, Steve (Statler) Washington, D. C., h
Laine, Buddy (Chevy Chase) Wheeling, Ill., r
LaSalle, Dick (Backstage) Phoenix, Ariz., nc
Long, Johnny (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Love, Preston (On Tour—Texas, New Mexico) NOS
Maltby, Richard (On Tour—Midwest) ABC
Monko, Dick (On Tour—Kansas, Texas) Associated Talent
Martin, Freddy (Statler) NYC, out 4/20, h
Masters, Frankie (Conrad Hilton) Chicago, h
Matherie, Ralph (On Tour—Texas) GAC
McGrane, Don (Radisson) Minneapolis, Minn., h
McIntyre, Hal (On Tour—Texas) GAC
Melick, Jack (Statler) Boston, Mass., h
Monte, Mark (Plaza) NYC, h
Morgan, Russ (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Morrow, Buddy (On Tour—Southwest) GAC
Munro, Hal (Millford) Chicago, h
Neighbors, Paul (Roosevelt) New Orleans, La., out 4/24, h
Palmer, Jimmy (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Pastor, Tony (On Tour—South) GAC

Peeper, Leo (On Tour—Texas Territory) GAC
Pettl, Emile (Warwick) Philadelphia, Pa., out 4/20, h
Ragon, Don (Flamingo) Las Vegas, Nev., h
Rank, George (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Itay, Ernie (Bella Vista) Billings, Mont., nc
Rayburn, Boyd (On Tour—East) GAC
Reichman, Joe (On Tour—Texas) GAC
Rudy, Ernie (On Tour—Texas) GAC
Sands, Carl (Flame) Duluth, Minn., out 3/31, nc (Arcos) Chicago 4/2-4/21, b
Sedar, Jimmy (On Tour—East Coast) MCA
Sonn, Larry (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Spivak, Charlie (On Tour—New York State) MCA
Straeter, Ted (Plaza) NYC, h
Sudy, Joseph (Pierre) NYC, h
Watkins, Hammy (Statler) Cleveland, Ohio, h
Williams, Paul (Feld Tour) SAC

combos

Adderley, "Cannonball" Julian (Birdland) NYC, 4/4-17, nc
Allen, "Red" (Metropole) NYC, nc
Armstrong, Louis (On Tour—South) ABC
Austin, Sil (Gleason's) Cleveland, Ohio, 4/22-28, nc
Bader, Don (Victory) West Deal, N. J., nc
Baker, Chet (Birdland Tour) ABC
Bellhops (Comber's) Brentwood, Md., 4/16-21, nc
Brown, Charles (Feld Show) SAC
Brubeck, Dave (On Tour—Midwest) ABC
Chamber Music Society of Upper Charles M. (Band Box) Baltimore, Md., cl
Charles, Ray (On Tour—West) SAC
Campbell, Choker (On Tour—East) SAC
Cavallero, Carmen (Embers) NYC, 4/1-27, nc
Colon, Sammy (Floyd's) Colorado Springs, Colo., nc
De Castro, Anita (Chez Ami) Buffalo, N. Y., out 4/3, nc
Dee, Johnny (Cosmo's) Farmingdale, N. Y., cl
Dixieland All-Stars (Red Arrow) Berwyn, Ill., nc
Doggett, Bill (Feld Tour) SAC
Domino, Fats (Feld Tour) SAC
Dubonnet Trio (Claremont) San Francisco Calif., h
Ferguson, Maynard (Birdland) NYC, 4/14-17, h
Four Bits (Royal Nevada) Las Vegas, Nev., 4/5-5/18, h
Four Kings (Colonial Tavern) Toronto, Canada, 4/4-18, nc
Four Voices (Monteleona) New Orleans, La., out 3/18, h
Garner, Erroll (Black Hawk) San Francisco Calif., 4/9-29, nc
Gundrops (Otto's) Troy, N. Y., 4/9-21, nc
Hamilton, Chico (Zucca's) Pasadena, Calif., out 3/16, nc; (London House) Chicago 4/3-28, nc
Hawkins, Erskine (Crossing Inn) Trenton N. J., 4/5&6; (Harlem) Atlantic City, N. J., 4/13-21, nc
Hayes, Debra (Tony Martz') Summers Point N. J., 4/12-21, cl
Henry, Clarence (Pop's) Philadelphia, Pa., 4/1-8, nc
Hope, Lynn (Gleason's) Cleveland, Ohio, 4/14-21, nc
Hunt, Pee Wee (Tropics) Dayton, Ohio, 4/1-14, nc
Jordan, Louis (Apollo) NYC, 4/19-25, t
Kaye, Mary (Sahara) Las Vegas, Nev., out 4/29, h
Krupa, Gene (Storyville) Boston, Mass., 4/3-14, nc
McCormick, Johnny (Harmon Air Force Base) Newfoundland, out 4/21, pc
Moran, Pat (Theatrical Lounge) Cleveland, Ohio, 4/8-21, nc
Nite Owls (Otto's) Troy, N. Y., out 4/7, nc
Noveltas (Riviera) Las Vegas, Nev., out 5/21, h

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(Continued on Page 43)

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Band Routes

(Jumped from Page 42)

- Paulette Sisters** (Terrace) Kansas City, Mo., out 4/11, cl
- Pavone** Tommy (Rock Garden) Williamantic, Conn., r
- Priest** Lloyd (Farmdale) Dayton, Ohio, 4/4-6, nc
- Prysock**, Ired (El Rancho) Chester, Pa., 4/3-7, nc
- Punchinello** (Harmon Air Force Base) Newfoundland, 4/13-5/5, pc
- Rizzo**, George (Hayes) Jackson Mich., h
- Sahres** (Sahara) Las Vegas, Nev., h
- Sheerink**, George (Blue Note) Chicago, 4/3-16, nc
- Sims**, Zoot (Birdland Tour) ABC
- Smith**, Jimmy (Baby Grand) Wilmington, Del., 4/1-13, nc
- Stearns-Dudley** Trio (Spot) Baltimore, Md., cl
- Thunderbirds** (Narragansett) Fall River, Mass., out 4/14, nc
- Touff**, Cy (On Tour—Chicago Territory) Associated Talent
- Troup**, Bobby (Keynote) Los Angeles, nc
- Towles**, Nat (Elmo) Billings, Mont., rh
- Tyrones** (Olivera) Lodi, N. J., 4/1-14, nc
- Waters**, Muddy (Palms) Hallandale, Fla., 4/8-14, nc

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