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Nat-urally Speaking ...

Nat Hentoff

To the Editor:

Congratulations on the last few issues of *Down Beat* . . .

The addition of Martin Williams to your record reviewing staff is particularly valuable . . . There has been a heartening resurgence of the conviction that editing *Down Beat* is a responsibility as well as a gig or kicks.

Nat Hentoff

A Challenger ...

Larry Townsend

To the Editor:

In your May 29, 1958 issue there appears an article on George Russell, in which he discusses writing music in Lydian tonality. He gives the impression from the way he went into a long, drawn-out explanation, that this is something new. To labor under such a delusion even momentarily is unthinkable.

His explanation of Lydian writing might have seemed profound to laymen and musicians deficient in sufficient theoretical training, but to really schooled colleagues, his explanation was painfully elementary. The fact that he mentioned only this mode disturbs me. What about the Mixolydian, the Phrygian, and the others?

The twelve-tone concept referred to by

Mr. Williams is nothing new. If my memory serves me correctly a composer employed this system with 12 trombones. Other classical composers have been utilizing the twelve-tone system for years.

Mr. Russell says from a scientist friend he learned that "even mathematics has a soul." I respectfully refer the author to Joseph Schillinger (a scientist) and his two books on arranging and composing by mathematical means. Immediate, diligent research into other musical textbooks is a requisite for Mr. Russell's edification.

Lydian music and its concept is as old as the proverbial hills.

Larry Townsend

(Ed. Note: George Russell's detailed reply to Mr. Townsend, solicited by the editor, is as follows:

"Mr. Townsend speaks of his 'memory' serving him correctly and then promptly proceeds to refer to me as 'Mr. Williams'.

"Perhaps the lack of his memory to serve him correctly is responsible for his failure to cite a more profound example of a twelve tone system other than the one he used (twelve bones??). I cannot see how anyone who is 'really schooled' as Mr. T. obviously assumes himself to be, could fail to immediately think of Arnold Schoenberg in connection with any mention of a twelve-tone concept. An omission of this kind

casts serious doubt on the above writer's qualifications to challenge anything of this nature.

"Mr. T's whole letter is a primitive attempt to evaluate the entire Lydian Concept of Tonal Organization (LCOTO) on the basis of a statement in Down Beat which dealt only with the nature of the origin of that concept. If his meager interpretation of that statement leads him to believe that I was proposing to use the Lydian Mode (a traditionally unpopular mode because of its false fourth, B natural — F natural) in the historical manner in which the modes are used, then he would certainly come crashing through an unlocked door as he has done in his letter, proclaiming that there is nothing new here.

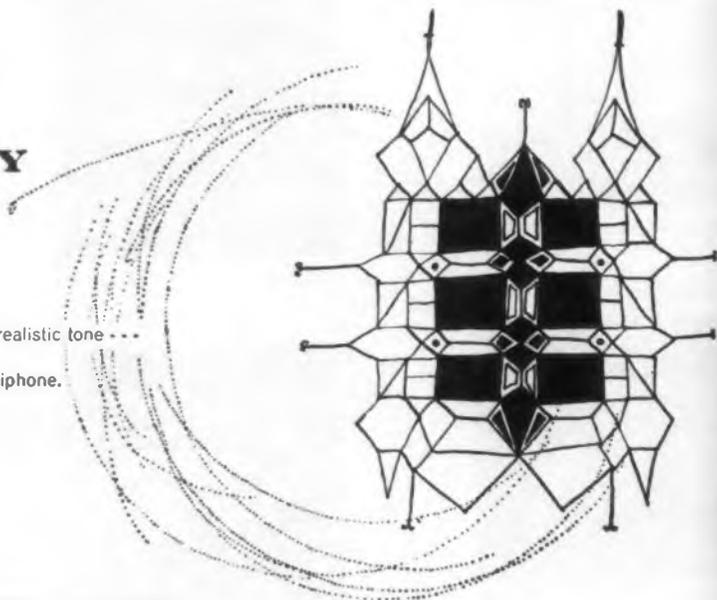
"What is new and to the best of my knowledge, unprecedented, is that when the Lydian Mode is treated as a scale in root position rather than as the fourth mode of a scale, a tonal philosophy emerges which embraces the traditional major scale and Schoenberg's equalization of the twelve tones of the Chromatic Scale and the music written in and between both of these extreme idioms. It meets with Schoenberg's own thoughts on such matters when he said that 'the highest twelve tone thinking had to be inclusive of all the acquisitions of the past, not exclusive and narrowly doctrinaire.'

"That jazz can produce a concept of this kind seems to me to be rather natural for the best of jazz poses problems unlike any other music that I know of.

"As a composer, I feel that I have barely

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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

If you had 10 cents on June 10, 1934, and you lived in Chicago, you could have bought the first issue of *Down Beat*. Yes, this is our anniversary, the 24th. Tradition allows portentous reflection at this point . . . I will merely indulge in some nostalgic musings.

How old were you when these *Down Beat* headlines were written? . . . "Noble Rates .4 Above Wayne King" (July, '35); "Will Ella Take Over Webb Band" (July, '39); "Miller Forms Air Corps Band" (January, '43); "52nd Street Gasping Last Gasp" (December, '48); "Record Firms Ready for LP Push" (July, '53).

Do you remember headlines that could have been left standing? "Kenton Quits Music Business"; "Woody Forms New Herd"; "Dance Business In Comeback"; "Sinatra Wins Poll"; "Granz Explains Jazz"; "Petrillo Lashes Out".

Do you remember the King of Corn balloting; Mike Levin's columns; "I Saw Pinetop Spit Blood"; Petrillo vs. Weber; that Tom Rockwell cartoon; small box item on Bessie Smith's death; the Blue network; Peckin'; the Ben Bernie-Walter Winchell "feud"?

Okay, I'll stop. You probably are well started on your own cloud by now.

If the past seems alive to me, it is today's music and its personalities that make it so. It is the same with the magazine. *Down Beat* is just as tied to its own past as it is to the music it reports. This, after all, is the definition of growth . . . and that we have.

From the eight-page monthly tabloid printed for a few dance band musicians, we come to the bi-weekly magazine you have before you now. Distributed to 73 countries, quoted as gospel by one and all, accepted as one of the mature national magazines . . . yet we realize there's much to do. When I consider the growth of music, the talents of the new musicians, new communication techniques, I know the big job is ahead.

Why, man we've just started!



down beat.

Volume 25, No. 13

June 26, 1958

MUSIC NEWS

NEWS ROUNDUP

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Photo Credits: Cover—Don Bronstein; Page 11—Lacey Crawford; Page 17—Eberlus Studio; Page 18—Arsene Studio; Page 33—Don Mustain-Columbia Records.

In The Next Issue

The July 10 issue of *Down Beat*, on sale June 26, is *Down Beat's* sixth annual combo directory issue. It will include a detailed listing of combos presently active, together with data on the instrumentation, record affiliation, and appeal of each. Feature stories will include articles on the problems of forming a new group—from Sonny Rollins' point of view, and a study of a group successfully maintained—Horace Silver's. Harry Babasin will be discussing his own group—the Jazzpickers, and there'll be an assortment of columns and reviews, too. If you're interested in small group jazz, the July 10 issue will have special appeal for you.

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scratched the surface of the tonal resources afforded by the LCOTO. However, two RCA Victor albums offer a fair sampling of compositions utilizing the theory. George Russell, 'Jazz Workshop' (five stars, Down Beat) and Hal McKusick, 'Jazz Workshop' (five stars, Down Beat). I was not as concerned with being 'way out' tonally on these albums as I was with attempting to swing and at the same time remain organized thematically.

"Other works conceived in the LCOTO will be issued on Columbia (Modern Jazz at Brandeis), Decca (Hal McKusick), and Riverside (Sonny Rollins).

"As far as introducing me to Schillinger's two books, first of all I enjoy a friendship with Mr. Arnold Shaw, editor of the two Schillinger text books as well as 'The Mathematical Basis of The Arts,' and my scientist friend Mr. George Endrey is one of the few people who has penetrated Schillinger's latter book. John Benson Brooks, a composer to be noted for his work on his own Vik album and a graduate of the Schillinger system is now studying the LCOTO with me. I must add here that unlike some theories the LCOTO does not break with traditional music theory, rather it evolves from the latter.

"Talents like Art Farmer and Jimmy Cleveland would be shocked to know that they are tabbed by Mr. T. as musicians deficient of theoretical training—to say nothing of John Lewis, a most learned and accomplished musician.

"As long as music exists there will be men and women who will organize its tonal resources in many different ways. The LCOTO is merely one view.

"Time and men of music will ultimately judge its value.

George Russell

Left-Handed Jazz . . .

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

To the Editor:

Your article, "Two Tenor Conversation" in the May 15 issue was the greatest, but the picture of Perkins and Kamuca puzzled me very much. Aren't they playing "left-handed" tenors?

Being a sax player myself, I'm very interested in the revelation of new ideas. Maybe us east coasters aren't as hip (or crazy) as the westerners, but "left-handed" saxophones! Honestly!

Jim Henry

(Ed. Note: The editor, honestly, admits to being the culprit. No implication of

innovations in sax technique or instrumental development was intended. It was a careless photo production, the kind, I hope, won't occur again.)

Time For Timex . . .

Newark, N.J.

To the Editor:

I like jazz very much, but one can't take so much. Why is it everytime there is a jazz show on TV it is headlined by Father Time.

Let's get together and get some real musicians on these very rare shows. They aren't on often enough to waste the time with some of the cats they have on there now.

Please send the old man (Louis Armstrong) on another goodwill tour.

L. P. McGowan

(Ed. Note: Have you tried writing your Congressman?)

Tremendously Thrilled . . .

London, England

To the Editor:

I was tremendously thrilled to see that I had been elected to fourth place in the Instrumental section of your Disc Jockey Poll for 1957.

Believe me, this gave me a terrific kick to be rated so highly in such elevated company, and this is just to say "thank you" to everyone concerned, and to everyone who voted for my record.

Ron Goodwin

Defense Witness . . .

Greenwich, Conn.

To the Editor:

It seems to me that jazz is fast falling into the hands of the "beard strokers." If the present trend continues, jazz will not be played in 20 years . . . but simply talked. Newport won't hire musicians, only critics. Instead of concerts, we'll all be attending lectures on the relative merits of the C-melody sax. That's if we don't watch out.

This outburst was prompted by Jack Blumenthal's letter in your May 1 issue in which he sighed because Mort Fega, the New Rochelle disc jockey, was not presenting enough "knowledgeable comments" on the jazz he was spinning.

Now, "knowledgeable comments" I'm sure Mort could make. Mort's aim, however, is to present a maximum of music and a minimum of chatter. He knows the devotee can get all the facts and inside news he wants from books, jazz magazines, album notes. The important thing is to play the music—something the "beard strokers," in their dangerous ascendance, can't seem to understand.

The result of Mort's reasoning, I think, has been a fast-moving show loaded with the best of the new releases. In fact, I'm surprised that a man with Mort's friendly, unassuming manner and high-level taste has not yet been boosted into the big time. New York City would love him, I'm sure, not only because he offers jazz that's a refreshing change of pace from the usual fare, but also because he refuses to be a garrulous bore on the subject of jazz. We surely need more Mort Fegas.

John Panter

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NEW YORK

JAZZ: Artie Shaw and Woody Herman are among the coming attractions billed at the Roundtable . . . Eddie Condon signed with World Pacific, and has no time in starting a new LP . . . David Allen signed with MCA, and left for Los Angeles in mid-May to meet with Johnny Mandel on upcoming recordings . . . Anita O'Day and the Mose Allison trio headlined at the Village Vanguard, to wonderful daily press reviews. Anita's newest, with Marty Paich and Russ Garcia writing, is set for release this month . . . Dot signed the Clara Ward gospel singers . . . Maynard Ferguson signed with Roulette . . . Frank Rehak participated in composer John Cage's concert of experimental music at Town Hall in mid-May, one which left critics and audience split. World Pacific recorded it for possible release in a limited edition . . . Terry Gibbs, with Claude Williamson, Gary Fromer, and Gary Peacock, did two mid-May weeks at Birdland; sharing the stand with Jeri Southern and Horace Silver's group . . . Dakota Staton has been booked to help the Village Vanguard celebrate its first year as a jazz club in mid-June. Current Sunday matinee attraction is artist Don Freeman, who draws to jazz . . . The Cafe Bohemia had Eddie Costa's trio coupled with the Gigi Gryce-Ray Copeland jazz lab quintet for two late May weeks; with accordionist Angelo DiPippo's group added weekends. Herbie Mann brought his new trio, featuring Johnny Ray on vibes, marimba, and drums; and Whitey Mitchell on bass, into the Bohemia for a week.



Terry Gibbs

Bobby Scott moved from the Bohemia to the east side's Blue Angel, where he works the lounge with a trio, including guitarist Gene Raney . . . Pianist Milton Feely set to move into the Embers in mid-May . . . Jackie Paris, shopping for a new manager, did a concert at Bard college, and a sitting-in stint with Anita O'Day at the Vanguard . . . Riverside signed Thelonius Monk to a new, exclusive recording contract. Present plans call for recording Monk's first set under his new contract at a New York jazz club . . . Clark Terry cut a Riverside LP with Monk as a sideman, and Sam Jones, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums. Clark played fluegelhorn . . . Accordionist Angelo DiPippo played for guests at Duke Ellington's birthday party with violinist Frank Oakes . . . Red Garland formed his own trio to take on the road . . . Sarah Lawrence college in Bronxville, N.Y. brought up Rex Stewart, Buster Bailey, Red Richards, Dickie Wells, Leonard Gaskin, and Bobby Donaldson for a two-hour on-campus jam session . . . Bill Williams of WNEW was chosen to MC the New York portion of a BBC program called *bands across the sea*, with Franklin Engelmann MCing the London end.

Woody Herman's first South American tour concert will be at Panama City, July 31 . . . Art Ford continues his 90-minute jazz shows on TV over WNTA-TV . . . Charlie Spivak and his orchestra have been signed for the summer at the Diamond Beach Club, Wildwood-By-The-Sea, N.J. Buddy Rich signed to play the entire month of July at Ben Martin's Mardi

(Continued on Page 36)

music news

Down Beat June 26, 1958

Vol. 25, No. 13

NEWS HIGHLIGHTS

- New Newport Board-ers
- Youth Band to Brussels
- Randy Brooks Returns
- NBOA Tries PR
- Union Headaches

U.S.A. EAST

Room On The Board

Ten jazz personalities were added to the advisory board of the Newport Jazz festival in May, festival President Louis L. Lorillard announced. Named were:

Steve Allen—NBC-TV headliner and jazz buff

Bob Bach—Jazz producer and lecturer

Dom Cerulli—New York editor of *Down Beat*

Nesuhi Ertegun—Executive of Atlantic Records

Ralph J. Gleason—San Francisco *Chronicle* columnist and jazz critic

Dave Garroway—NBC-TV headliner and jazz buff

Rev. Alvin Kershaw—Tilton, N.H. minister and jazz expert

Johnny Mercer—Songwriter

Jean Stein—Jazz writer and magazine editor

Rabbi Edgar S. Siskin—Jazz authority and educator

At the same time, Lorillard announced that Charles McWhorter, legislative assistant to Vice President Richard Nixon, and a jazz authority, has been named to the festival's Board of Directors.

Youth Band Is Fretted

Marshall Brown trekked up to Boston early in May, and came back with the final member of the International Jazz Band for the Newport Jazz festival.

Guitarist Gabor Szabo, 22-year-old student at Boston's Berklee school, met Brown's audition requirements, and was added to the band. The orchestra is due to meet in Paris and leave for New York June 15.

In addition to playing at two Newport concerts (see festival preview, last issue), the International Band will also play at the Brussels International Exhibition July 29 to August 5, and, if clearances are se-



Band director Marshall Brown has been busy these days working with the International Jazz Band for its appearance at the Newport Jazz festival in July. Shown here with Brown is 21-year-old Polish tenor man Jon Wroblewski. For details on the band's plans, see the news story below.

cured, will play at the Moscow Trade Fair in Russia before disbanding.

The Time Is Now

When trumpeter-bandleader Leon Merian made a brief appearance before the juvenile inmates at Riverside hospital, North Brothers Island, N. Y., he was asked to return with his band.

Return he did, with his full band and a complete show of jazz and swinging ballads. The audience was composed of several hundred boys and girls between 15 and 22 who were being rehabilitated and undergoing psychotherapy following withdrawal from addiction to narcotics.

Local 802 allocated the funds for the concert, and all the band members except tenor man Aaron Sachs ferried over to the Island. Sachs arrived late for the ferry, but a Coast Guard boat was sent to bring him over in time for the opening number.

The concert included a capsule history of jazz, from the early up through rock and roll, which Merian showed was derived from jazz roots. Response was enthusiastic, and a Merian fan club was formed at the hospital.

"A lot of the kids felt they wanted to study music when they got out," the trumpeter said, "and I told them it was a lot of hard work, but that it could be done, if they wanted to." In addition, Merian allowed several to play or sing with his band.

"This is something a lot of bands should do," he declared. "I feel we really helped those kids by giving them a good show, playing them some good music, and showing them somebody cares about them."

Jazz In The Neighborhood

Time was when a Sunday afternoon meant a healthy turnout for a concert in the park, generally by a brass band.

These days, if things going on at Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y. are any indication, this concert-going is coming back. But the music played is jazz.

In mid-May, John LaPorta conducted a swinging 16-piece band through a concert of modern jazz for several hundred families assembled at the Polish National Club. The reception was enthusiastic. The program was exciting.

Willis Conover, conductor of a jazz show on the Voice of America.

was M.C. LaPorta directed and played alto and clarinet. The band included Lou Mucci, Buzzy Gardiner, Riz Britten, and Rusty Dedrick, trumpets; Al Langstaff, Tony Agresta, Jack Jeffers, trombones; Bill Barber, tuba; Benny Amerino, Mike Gennaro, John Pellicane, Pat DeRosa, George Barrow, reeds; Frank Launi, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Clem DeRosa, drums.

Members of the band were also members of the Jazz Foundation of America, an organization "to perpetuate the activity and interest in jazz by means of rehearsals and performances of every type . . . To provide opportunities for talented performers and composers regardless of age through the media of public performances and/or grants . . ."

The program was well balanced, with the big band and Rusty Dedrick's octet sharing the stage. The bulk of the program was of new works by LaPorta, Adolph Sandole, and Dedrick. Solos were of top caliber, with Gardiner's ringing trumpet, Dedrick's big-sounding horn, and LaPorta's fluid alto and rich clarinet, outstanding. Most of the members had big band experience. Many are still active in jazz (bassist Benjamin, trumpeters Mucci and Dedrick, leader LaPorta, to name a few), and many are music teachers in public schools on Long Island. All live near Hempstead.

President Hal Wildman presented Willis Conover with a golden life membership card to the organization. Marshall Brown and members and alumni of his Farmingdale high school jazz band were in the audience.

Gene Traxler, former bassist with the Tommy Dorsey band, had his son Bill on bass in Dedrick's delightful octet.

The concert was informal, musical, and warmly received. More important, it proved that jazz can become part of the culture of a community, and a club such as this one can become very important as a place to learn for young musicians.

Randy Returns

Eight years ago, trumpet-playing bandleader Randy Brooks suffered a paralytic stroke which seemed to have spelled the end to his career.

Early in May, he started his comeback.

In an exclusive telephone interview with John Bassett of Boston's station WBZ, Brooks announced from Sanford, Maine, that he would return to the band business with an all-new dance crew.



British bandleader Johnny Dankworth, pictured here with Dizzy Gillespie, is set to play the leading role in a jazz film to be produced by Dolphin Films, Ltd. in England. According to Dankworth, "The story is a good, sensible one about the personal problems of a jazz musician. It could do jazz a lot of good." Members of Dankworth's band will appear in the film, too, and the entire band may cut the soundtrack.

To celebrate, WBZ played all its available Brooks' Decca records on its *Saturday Night Dance Party* May 10.

Swinging Award

Some lucky high school speech or dramatics teacher will own a complete library of Atlantic LPs, when he wins honors in a Columbia college competition.

The college, one of the oldest specializing in communication arts education, has invited teachers to present a program or plan for stimulating student interest in the world of science. Among the prizes which the winner will receive is a swinging, complete library of Atlantic LPs, donated by Nesuhi Ertegun.

U.S.A. MIDWEST

Bring On The Bands

From Des Moines, Iowa in late May came the word—the ballroom operators will do something about the state of the dance band business.

Otto Weber, managing secretary of the National Ballroom Operators association, indicated in a recent release that the organization will stress action instead of rationalization in efforts to stimulate the ballroom business.

According to Weber, the association will utilize a public relations firm to spearhead an all-out program this fall. The program will include ballroom advertising, news releases,

special awards to mass media personalities who have aided the ballroom business, and encouragement of the present teen-age dance programs in NBOA ballrooms.

Weber quoted association president Carl L. Braun Jr. on the overall situation. Braun, in summarizing the aim of the public relations campaign, noted, "We have a good product in our present-day bands, but we need to sell the public. This is largely up to the ballroom operator, but we also need the help of everyone in the industry."

Ushering In New Ideas

One of the independent jazz labels in Chicago—Argo Records—is on its way to expanding its jazz activities.

The label recently signed Dave Usher to handle jazz LP production and Usher was off to a rapid start.

He initiated a new LP packaging design, set up a graphic arts design theme for use on all Argo releases, and—most important—began issuing new jazz material. Usher, who came to Argo from Detroit, had three LPs by Detroit groups ready for release at presstime. Included were sets by pianist Bess Bonnier, drummer J. C. Heard, and tenor man Yusef Lateef.

Usher's experience in jazz recording dates to 1951, when he formed Dee Gee Records in Detroit with Dizzy Gillespie's cooperation. The firm issued approximately 40 singles,

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including a dozen by Gillespie and sides by Shelly Manne, Bill Russo, Frank Rosolino, Thad Jones, and what was to evolve into the Modern Jazz Quartet—a recording on Dee Gee by John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Ray Brown, and Kenny Clarke.

Usher currently is involved in litigation in federal court with Savoy Records for ownership of the Dee Gee masters and royalties due under the terms of an agreement made with Savoy in 1953. Much of the Dee Gee catalog has been issued by Savoy since '53.

Opening The Gate

The Gate of Horn, Chicago's folk music emporium, opened its doors to jazz in June.

Jazz promoter Joe Segal contracted to present five Monday night sessions at the club during the month. The sessions, on an 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. basis, featured the Gene Esposito trio, singer Lee Loving, tenor man Joe Daley, and trumpeter Ira Sullivan on June 2. The June 9 session featured the Eddie Baker trio, trumpeter Booker Little, and tenor men Johnny Griffin and John Gilmore.

Set for the Segal sessions to come are:

June 16: the John Young trio; trombonist Benny Green; alto man Frank Strozier.

June 23: the Norman Simmons trio; tenor man Eddie Williams; trumpeter Bobby Sutherland.

June 30: the Joe Iaco trio, tenor man Sandy Mosse; bass trumpeter Cy Touff.

The June 23 session will include a reading-with-jazz presentation by author Frank London Brown. According to Segal, the basic pattern will be two horns and rhythm section, with the individual trios performing as such in addition to serving with the horns.

Merry Month Of May

May was a merry month at the Cleveland, Ohio public library.

The library, in an adventurous experiment, present a series of four jazz programs. Any doubts regarding the success of the venture were eliminated when a standing-room-only crowd attended the opening jazz program—featuring trombonist Jack Teagarden.

The program, moderated by Tom Brown of Cleveland station WHK, including a showing of a film of Leonard Bernstein's *Omnibus* jazz program prior to Teagarden's lecture on jazz. During the latter, Teagarden termed Dixieland "the corn bread and buttermilk of jazz," but



When jazz invades Chicago's Gate of Horn folk music club this month, another chapter of the reading-to-jazz development will occur. Frank London Brown, shown here perched on a stool as musicians Jody Christian, Johnny Griffin, and Bill Lee play along, will be the reader. See the news story on this page for details.

noted, too, that "even Lombardo sounds mighty good sometimes."

The second program in the library series emphasized traditional jazz, with guest panelists Julian Krawcheck, columnist for the *Cleveland Press*, George Quittner, jazz pianist and lecturer at Western Reserve university, and Bill Lambdin, jazz historian, participating. The Dixie Dandies provided the musical portion of the program.

The third in the series emphasized the swing era. Trumpeter Jonah Jones, bandleader Ace Brigode, and Eugene Adams, former saxophonist with the Jimmie Lunceford band, served as the guest panel. The Irwin L. Chael's trio performed.

The final program spotlighted Carmen McRae; Charles Campbell, instructor at the Cleveland Institute of Music; jazz composer Hale Smith, and columnist Krawcheck. Modern jazz compositions were performed by a group including Bud Wattles, Pat Pace, Vince Belardo, Ernie Shepherd, Joe Alexander, and Charles Campbell.

Each program utilized pertinent jazz records and/or films. In addition to Brown, other moderators included Bill Randle and Bob West of station WERE. Included in the series' printed program was a selected jazz bibliography — available at the Cleveland public library. The American Federation of Musicians, through its Recording Industries Trust fund, provided the musicians.

U.S.A. WEST

Movie Scorers Honored

Since the beginning of music in

motion pictures Hollywood's movie clefters have never, as a select group, honored their colleagues for outstanding accomplishment in their field. In past years the closest they came to so doing was by voting in this magazine's annual Motion Picture and Television poll whereby they voted awards as individuals.

Last month the Screen Composers' Association inaugurated the first awards "for outstanding achievement in the art of composing music for motion pictures." Only two musicians were selected to receive the official salutation of their colleagues, film veteran Max Steiner and 29-year-old Andre Previn. Presentations were made May 15 on the Rosemary Clooney television show and the winners were honored later the same evening at a dinner at the Sportsmen's Lodge, San Fernando Valley. In addition to emcee Johnny Green, speakers were Jack L. Warner, George Duning, Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, and Herschel Gilbert, chairman of S.C.A.'s awards committee.

"These awards do not attempt to approach any kind of popularity contest," said Gilbert, "but are judged by the most rigorous and artistic standards. The first awards this year are honorary, and not competitive, and have been chosen by a special composers' committee . . ."

Steiner was honored "for distinguished contribution to the art of composing music for motion picture films." Previn received the first honorary Screen Composers' award for his classical and jazz ballet *Ring*

Around The Rosy from M-G-M's *Invitation To The Dance* for which he composed and conducted the underscore and played piano. In subsequent years the award will be named *The Max Steiner Award*.

Headaches Anyone?

When delegates to the 61st annual convention of the American Federation of Musicians poured into Philadelphia June 2 the atmosphere of the meeting was far from the "business as usual" attitude that had dominated for the past 18 years. Representatives of local unions big and small throughout the United States and Canada bore the weight and worry of an emergency order of business wholly unsuspected a brief month previously.

Taking James C. Petrillo at his word that he was retiring from the post of A.F.M. president, the delegates were faced with the problem of electing his successor. While at deadline a new chief had not yet been named, informed sources within the union considered Al Manuti, president of New York's Local 802, as the leading contender for the post. Manuti is a comparatively young man, it was pointed out, and has been careful to avoid getting sandwiched in the middle of the dispute on the performance trust funds which has torn internally at the A.F.M. for the past two years. Despite his position as head of the international union's biggest local, Manuti further has voiced the position that the A.F.M.'s basic strength lies in the small locals scattered throughout the nation who are said to benefit from revenue paid into the trust funds.

It also is considered a possibility that Charles L. Bagley, Los Angeles attorney and a vice-president of the A.F.M. would be amenable to nomination for office of the presidency.

Coming as it did in the midst of a musicians' strike against the major motion picture producers and the continuing court battles contesting the very existence of the music performance trust funds which Petrillo long has supported, his announced retirement was viewed by some as a convenient escape from pressing and perhaps insoluble issues. These problems of the movie strike, the legal hassles over the trust funds, and the even thornier question of a rival musicians union, the Musicians Guild of America, constitute Petrillo's legacy to his successor.

In Hollywood Cecil Read, M.G.A. chairman, has this to say on the retirement of James C. Petrillo.



As prerecording commenced last month at the Goldwyn studios in Hollywood of the soundtrack and vocal parts for the music epic, *Porgy and Bess*, four very interested parties assembled to put the parts together. Shown studying Andre Previn's score for the film's overture are, left to right, Previn, Samuel Goldwyn, producer of the \$6,500,000 picture; lyricist Ira Gershwin, and actor Sidney Poitier, who enacts the role of Porgy.

"(It) will have no effect on the activity of the Musicians Guild of America to represent film and recording musicians or of the musicians' defense fund in prosecuting the trust fund lawsuits against the federation. The issue is still and always has been the trust fund policies of the federation diverting the wages of musicians and destroying their work opportunities and the undemocratic provisions of the A.F.M. bylaws which stifle legitimate criticism of the leaders and frustrate any attempts to question or change unwise policies of the federation. Unless the federation changes its ways and its policies the change of the name of the president will have no effect on the future of the music business or any activities of the musicians who are attempting to better themselves and their profession."

Read reiterated the basic aim of the M.G.A. is "... to become the bargaining agent in motion pictures," but, he added, "... we have every intention of representing all musicians in every field of work for the best interests of the musicians and the music profession nationally."

Como Show for Crosby

Since the last telecast of his regular daytime show on CBS, Aug. 30, 1957, Bob Crosby has been one character in search of an author. This month, when he takes over

from Perry Como as a 13-week summer replacement on NBC, the singer-bandleader is himself writing a new chapter in his career.

Co-starred with song-and-dance comedienne Gretchen Wyler, Crosby kicks off his new color TV show Saturday, June 14 in the usual Como time slot. Pegged on the offerings of the two principals, the show will also provide for the usual parade of guests from week to week. In addition, there will be a dance troupe and vocal group, probably the Modernaires. The Mods had a regular spot on the CBS daytime show for which music was provided by the Bobcats. Inasmuch as the new Crosby show will originate from New York's Ziegfeld theatre, there will be no Bobcat contingent. An orchestra of New York musicians will provide the musical accompaniment.

Ballerina Wyler has had leading roles in the Broadway shows, *Gypsy*, *And Dolls*, *Silk Stockings*, and *Damn Yankees* and has been a regular performer in numerous television productions.

What the new show amounts to for Crosby is opportunity to convince network TV bigwigs that he should again be given a daily or weekly show of his own on a yearly basis. Until Como returns Sept. 13, Crosby will be in there pitching for his future as a television performer.

George Shearing

*'A Good Copy Is Better
Than A Poor Original'*

By Don Gold

George Shearing came to the United States, after a varied music career in England, in 1947. He didn't expect to find "fame and fortune," as the soap opera devotees know it, but he found both. He's been here ever since.

From his first significant job—at New York's Three Deuces in 1948—to his original, novel quintet, he has been judiciously building a niche for himself and his music beliefs. In recent years, he has supplemented his basic quintet sound with Afro-Cuban influences; in so doing he has extended his audience and maintained substantial popularity, as a nightclub, concert, and recording performer.

On Aug. 6 he will explore another facet of his career, when he performs a Mozart piano concerto with the Cleveland Symphony orchestra. Fundamentally, however, he is a jazz-based instrumentalist; his own quintet will share the Cleveland program with the performance of the Mozart concerto.

For this Cross Section, Shearing offered his views on the variety of subjects:

BERNARD PEIFFER: "A very wonderful technician. Obviously, there are many more people who relax more over their jazz, but he's relaxing more now than before. I like Bernard."

LULLABY OF BIRDLAND: "I wrote it over a steak at my home. The Birdland disc jockey show wanted a theme. I wrote it as a nonrhythmic ballad. I conceived it as a ballad. The whole thing took me 10 minutes to write. The fruits have been fantastic, including a position in BMI. It was the most profitable 10 minutes of my life, materially speaking."

LAMB STEW: "A little greasy. I prefer beef stew."

THE THREE DEUCES: "One thing . . . it was one of the best places for sound at that particular time. I say 'particular time' because Baker's Keyboard lounge in Detroit is the end as far as sound is concerned, today. I enjoy the Three Deuces. I was reluctant to go on-stage, because I knew we'd be followed by Erroll Garner, Oscar Pettiford, and J. C. Heard. But it turned out well."

ART TATUM: "I think that pianistically he was a human god. No one could swing and get such a self-satisfying sound as he could. What he played with his left hand would take anyone else two hands to play. I don't remember hearing anyone who could play with him on his level."

BROILED LOBSTER: "I don't like fish in any shape or form."

AFRO-CUBAN MUSIC: "Sometimes I think it swings



more than jazz and at times I enjoy playing it more than I do playing jazz. Played authentically, it is wonderful, creating an exciting momentum."

LEON SASH: "I think he's one of the finest accordion players I've ever heard. He's more difficult to understand than Art Van Damme, but in jazz he's the best. When I heard him play, I decided to give up the accordion."

BAKED APPLES: "I enjoy them very much. One of my favorite desserts. I'm an ex-ulcer patient, and they're kind to my stomach."

READY-MADE SUITS: "A good one is sometimes better than a poorly tailored suit. In all things, a good copy is better than a poor original, too."

LENNIE TRISTANO: "I'm always amazed at the readiness with which Lennie has a scientific explanation for everything he does musically. He's enough of a non-conformist to be very interesting. I think I know where he is in music as I know where Bartok and Bach are. I enjoy him on his individual level."

JAZZ ON TELEVISION: "I like some of the things TV is doing. We did 17 educational TV shows recently. I would like to see more of it, but you'll always have people asking, 'what is jazz?' And those asking may never know."

NEW YORK CITY: "It's a wonderful place to visit. Anything you want is available there. It's been many years since I lived there, and I hope it will be many more years. We live 25 miles away and breathe fresh air."

MILT BUCKNER: "I think he was the first one I heard play locked hands, and I think he was the first one to influence me. He hasn't been able to persist long enough, to display his own identity, consistently enough to win national recognition."

TEA AND CRUMPETS: "It annoys me, as any other generalization annoys me. You can't go into any home in England at 4 o'clock and find them eating tea and crumpets."

FATS WALLER: "I made a personal friend of Fats, and I enjoyed him, as a person, and I enjoyed his piano. I can't call him corny, because he represented the stride era, and I like that period as well as I like the early periods of classical music. I don't put things down because they're not of my period. I appreciate Fats as a very fine, accurate pianist."

Muggsy Picks Some Ro



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By Ralph J. Gleason

When Francis Joseph (Muggsy) Spanier was 14, a friend took him to hear Joe (King) Oliver's band. Spanier knew then where his path lay.

"I knew the minute I heard him that's the way I wanted to play," Muggsy recalls. "I said that's the man I want to play like, or as close as I can."

Today, 38 years later, sitting in the searing sunshine of his garden at Sausalito, Calif., a pleasant suburban art center a dozen miles from San Francisco, where he's with Earl Hines at the Hangover, Muggsy Spanier still smiles when he thinks of Joe Oliver.

Picking one of his Peace roses from his carefully tended garden, he wrinkles his wry Irish face into a grin and says of Oliver, "Oh, he could play. He could play."

And after a lifetime in the music business with big bands and small bands, the high spot of his career, as far as personal kicks goes, is right back there with Oliver.

Muggsy was lugging his first cornet around Chicago and refusing "to laugh on the horn—that was the rag then." So he didn't work very much. He spent every hour he could, squatting at the bandstand at the Royal Gardens and anywhere else Oliver played. And as thousands of fans of Louis Armstrong and Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis have done since, his life filled completely with the sound of that orchestra and the way Joe Oliver blew.

One night, Oliver let the fan with the map of Ireland on his face sit in. "That was the greatest kicks" Spanier says, "sitting in with Oliver at Royal Gardens. I even remember the tune we played. We played *Dippermouth*, and I played it exactly like Joe. If you don't play the *Dippermouth* like Joe, it's not the *Dippermouth*."

Muggsy had heard other jazz before he heard Joe Oliver.

"I had to pass a record store every day at 31st and Calumet," he remembers, "and I'd buy records by Mamie Smith and Bessie Smith and the Original Dixieland Jass band.

That was a good band, too. And of course I had heard Jimmie Noone and Freddie Keppard, but Oliver was what did it. And I still play the records. They were recorded bad, of course, but then I heard them in person, and I remember what they really sounded like."

Later, of course, Muggsy heard and played with all the great bands of jazz' formative days in Chicago. "The New Orleans Rhythm Kings, now that was a band," Muggsy says. "Brunies (Georg Brunis) was in that band."

Why do most young musicians today reject the Dixieland bands of the old days and leave them to the record collectors and revivalists.

"Well," Muggsy says, "it's simple to me. They just haven't heard the music. If they'd listen to it, they'd like it. Dixieland can swing, you know. But the kids today won't listen."

Spanier himself has a most catholic taste for jazz musicians, considering that he is a dean of the traditional jazz school. "I think Dizzy is a wonderful trumpet player. A wonderful trumpet player," he emphasizes. And he likes the Modern Jazz Quartet and Sauter-Finegan as well as a host of big swing bands ranging back to Lunceford and Basie. "I like big bands and little bands," he says.

"Of course, you have to progress," Muggsy asserts, "You wouldn't want to wear your grandfather's suit today, but that doesn't apply to all music. If you try to play Bach with four pieces, it won't work. If I want to hear Bach, I'll play Bach. You can't get Debussy or Ravel with four, five men anymore than you can get six men to sound like a symphony. Modern musicians ought to study more. They get a dead tone, not a nice, bright singing tone.

"But a kid today has a better chance than when I was coming up. They're teaching music in schools now, and they just taught us to sing. People are interested in music, too. Today the kids have many opportunities and more teachers. When I started out, the rage was to laugh on your horn. A C-Melody sax, a banjo, a violin, and a cornet were the standard band. I wasn't a laughing cornetist so I didn't work very often."

Today's young Dixieland bands—no names mentioned—find no booster in Muggsy Spanier.

"They're entertaining bands," he says, "not jazz bands. They forget about the music. As a matter of fact,

Spike Jones does a better job than they do.

"The kids should study more. They take 10 lessons today, and they want to go on the road for \$400 a week. And they can't blow their noses. They should listen to good bands and go to symphonies and see how those guys work. They should listen to good jazz as much as they can."

Muggsy paused for a while and trimmed another rose brush. Asked if he'd care to name an all-time, favorite band from his years of experience, he thought and then came up with the following after carefully asking, "Can I pick two on each instrument?"

Trumpets: Joe Oliver ("naturally"), Louis Armstrong ("I never played with Louis, but he belongs there"), and Billy Butterfield ("he's a good one").

Trombones: George Brunis and Jack Teagarden ("this one was easy").

Clarinets: Irving Fazola and Benny Goodman.

Tenor saxes: Bud Freeman and Eddie Miller.

Drums: Barrett Deems and Big Sid Catlett.

Bass: Truck Parham and Bob Haggart.

Piano: Earl Hines, Ralph Sutton, and Jess Stacy ("I've got to go to three again").

"I think that'd be a pretty good band," Muggsy said.

Since this story is for the *Down Beat* anniversary issue, I asked Spanier where he was and what he was doing about 24 years ago.

"I was with Ted Lewis," he said, "playing at the Dells outside Chicago. That was a great place. I saw them walk Jake the Barber off the porch when they took him for a ride."

(The reference was to John [Jake the Barber] Factor, who was kidnaped in 1933. Subsequent testimony indicated that Factor, a financier, faked the kidnaping to avoid prosecution on swindling charges.)

Did you ever think you'd be living in a day when jazz would be so widely accepted here and abroad?

"Hell, no! I was just playing jazz because I liked it. I never thought it would be what the public would want.

"And I haven't regretted it one bit. Not one bit. Once in a while, though, I wish I'd followed baseball. Much as I love the Giants, they're due for trouble the second time round the league."

Ben Webster

The Past 24 Years of His Career Tell the Story of Jazz' Growth

By Dom Cerulli

■ Benjamin Francis Webster, one of the handful of true giants of the tenor sax, was starting to launch his solo star when *Down Beat* came into existence in 1934.

Ben was in his mid-20's then, and working with Fletcher Henderson's band.

"That's where I got scared to death," Ben grinned. "That was the hardest music on earth. It was like going to school."

Webster, who was born in Kansas City in 1909, studied violin in grade-school, later switched to piano, and made his first professional jobs on piano. He was first attracted to the tenor by his association with Budd Johnson.

"I was playing piano when Budd came through Amarillo with Gene Coy's Aces. I started to hang out with Bud, and one day I asked him, 'How do you run a scale on that thing?' He showed me, and later on I went to Albuquerque, New Mexico, and studied with Lester Young's father. He started me to reading. I lived right there in the house with him for about three months. Lester was there, and he had his own thing going then.

"I got a telegram from Gene Coy to join his band on alto, and I stayed with Gene about nine months. Then I went with Jap Allen. He had a 12-piece band with guys like Clyde Hart and Joe Keyes. We played around Tulsa, and stayed in that territory awhile."

When the band hit KC, Webster was called to join Blanche Calloway's band. He and four other Coy sidemen, including Hart and Keyes, joined the band at the Pearl theater in Philadelphia. Later, Ben got a little homesick and went back to Kansas City, where he joined the Bennie Moten band in 1932. The following year he was a member of the Andy Kirk band, where he stayed until joining Henderson.

"I made a couple of records with Blanche," he recalled, "And some

with Bennie. I don't think we made any with Andy. I switched from alto to tenor with Gene. I think I couldn't express myself on alto. The tenor had a bigger sound.

"The Henderson band was where I met all the sharks . . . Benny Carter, Russell Procope, Buster Bailey, Red Allen. Russell Smith was first trumpet, and he was the one who made me tone-conscious. I was on the band a couple of weeks when he said to me, 'You've been playing here a couple of weeks with Procope and the others, and you're trying to play too fast. You've got a pretty nice little tone. Work on it.'

"I never forgot that. I was listening to Hawk and Hodges and Carter, and I was studying behind those three guys.

"But I think I really started to develop my own sound in 1938. That was when I was with Stuff Smith, as I recall. I used to have a bunch of Hawk's records and a player with me all the time. I would wake up in the morning and listen to Hawk.

"One day, a guy said to me, 'Well, Ben, you finally did it.' I asked him what he meant. He said, 'You sound just like Hawk now.'

"I packed up the record player and took it to Kansas City for my folks. From then on, I developed on my own."

Ben jumped from band to band during the thirties. He was with Henderson three separate times before joining Duke Ellington in 1939. In between, he played with Benny Carter, Cab Calloway, and Teddy Wilson.

"That was some band, Teddy's," he said. "Those records sound good today. I did some dates with Duke off and on. Barney Bigard didn't care to play tenor. I made *Truckin'* and a couple of others. Later, Barney took a vacation, and I worked a couple of weeks with the band. When Duke decided to add a tenor, I left Teddy.

"That band of Duke's was something else. Cootie was still there.



There was one thing we'd do . . . Johnny and Rex and the rest of us would learn our parts quick as we could, because, mostly, everyone in the band got it that way. Then we'd sit in the band and play all night without ever opening the book."

Ben went on *The Street* (52nd) when he left Ellington, and worked for about five years with a small group. "I like a group," he smiled. "Gives you more opportunity."

After hours, there would be sitting-in sessions, a rarity these days. "Don Byas and Pres and I would make it up to Minton's every night, just to play. Sometimes, sitting in can get to be a clambake. But those days we were playing to really play. And I think the younger musicians got some help from those sessions."

These days, Ben is working with a group, and expressing himself very individually. "I like getting around with a group. It's good to see old friends in the different cities. I'd like to have another horn, depending on who the horn is.

"And it's kind of nice to play concerts, but I feel closer to the people when we play a club. They're more relaxed."

By Dom Cerulli

■ "I'm no drummer . . . I'm a frustrated pianist."

Jo Jones flashed his famous grin, cocked an eyebrow, and added, "I've been influenced by the piano. That's a percussion instrument . . . it's the female. I've got the male."

But, whether he will admit it or not, Jo has made his mark in the field of jazz drums in a career that has spanned some 37 years. And, as he approaches his 47th birthday (July 10), Jo gives no indication that the stamina, drive, and taste which sparked the Basie band's rhythm section for a dozen years during the height of the swing era have diminished to any degree.

Jo worked at carnivals as a youth, and arrived at Kansas City as the piano player with Tommy Douglas. "The only reason I got the job," he laughed, "was because I could play vibes."

KC was humming with jazz. The now-legendary jam sessions were part of the musical life of the city. Jo played with nearly every jazzman of note during his KC days.

"Walter Page asked me if I wanted to play with Basie's band," he recalled. "I didn't feel I had enough experience.

"The first night, I knew it. We played Topeka, and I just played that one job, and quit. The band played *After You've Gone*, and Lester took his chorus; then he took a break and it put my heart in my mouth. I went over to Basie after, planked a pint of whiskey on the table in front of him and said, 'You've got a great band. Good luck. I'm going to Omaha.'

"They talked me into staying, but on one condition: that I was on two weeks notice. I stayed 14 years.

"I stayed because it was a challenge. And also because that band operated on a strange spiritual and mental plane. In my 14 years, there were no arguments. We'd meet guys from other bands who always asked us, 'How come you guys don't fight like the rest of the fellows?'

"There was something about that band . . . I don't know if I can explain it. I would be standing at a bar that I just happened to walk into. In a little while, along would come one or two of the guys. Pretty soon almost the whole band would be in there. Nobody made any appointments. We just seemed to drift together like that.

"That band had great heads. There were no auditions, and no book to speak of. A new man would



Jo Jones

The Versatile, Experienced Drummer

Terms Himself A Frustrated Pianist

come into the band and we'd start to play. Maybe he'd have a little scrap of music with a piece torn off it. If he was a musician, he'd be playing with us pretty quick.

"Jack Washington was the maddest thing on the band. If he ever played four choruses, everybody else would have to pack up their horns and go home."

These days, in addition to leading his own trio (with Ray Bryant, piano and Tommy Bryant, bass), Jo is chiefly concerned with the newcomers to the jazz scene.

"While I was on the Basie band, Pres and I went out and met people and met their children. We'd get to know the people we played for, and watched their children come along. We'd show them things, teach them from our experience, follow their careers. Sometimes, I'd take them to the gym and work out with them. If they had done something

wrong I'd heard about, I'd give the arm a twist and tell them I knew what was going on. They'd promise to behave.

"I have an interest in kids. That's the only thing that keeps me alive. I want to see what they do . . . see if they develop their talent; tell them to be musicians. Because if you don't want to be a musician, you can always dig a ditch or do some other work.

"The only free person I know is a musician. If you don't like it, you give two weeks notice. I try to play what I see and hear, and I try to see pretty things and hear pretty things. Of course, you can't avoid ugly things. Sometimes there are things that happen to shake you up on the bandstand. You have to be awful strong not to let that affect your playing.

"The minute I go on the band-

(Continued on Page 42)



Charlie Barnet

**Personal Management,
Running A Band, And
Fishing Keep Him Busy**

By John Tynan

■ If there's one avocation Charlie Barnet enjoys more than his primary function of leading a band, it's deep sea fishing.

"It's a darn good thing you called me today," he remarked. "Al and I leave tonight for Mexico."

"Yeah," grinned Al Martel, Barnet's business associate. "We're goin' after the big ones—marlin. Down south to Guaymas, where the fish are hungry."

Charlie's desk phone rang once. "Oh, hey, Stuff . . . Everything okay? Good. Glad you didn't wait till morning to call me. Well, we'll be down in Mexico. Fishing. Yeah? Well, it's a good thing we straightened out that other matter before I left. Swell. G'bye."

He commented: "Right now I'm working on a new spot for Stuff Smith. Think we're just about set for a good one."

This was not bandleader talk; it was Barnet, the personal manager, at work. One cannot but be struck by his casual approach to what generally is considered serious business. But despite the deceptively off-hand manner, Barnet is deeply en-

grossed in his relatively new role of personal manager for singers and instrumentalists.

"The main reason I decided to go into personal management," he explained, his tall frame relaxed in a chair behind the large modern desk, "was because nowadays there's so little activity in the band business. Frankly, I wanted something to take up my time. But it had to be something I was interested in.

"But this has got nothing to do with my band," he hastily added. "I have no intention of giving that up."

Clearly, Barnet is not worried so far as his own band is concerned. In recent years since the leader has settled permanently in Hollywood, the Barnet orchestra has not been especially noted for maintaining a steady personnel. While key sidemen have retained their chairs, the balance of the personnel has come and gone as if through a revolving door.

This is understandable, of course, inasmuch as Charlie is disinclined to spend many months on the road throughout the year. Realizing the importance of personal appearances,

though, he doesn't forsake tours for too long.

"We've got a road trip coming up this fall," he said a bit apprehensively. "With this recession we've been having, there hasn't been much sense in thinking in terms of touring, it seems to me. Reports I've gotten on bands that have been out on tour have been anything but good over the past few months. Seems people aren't spending money to go out and dance. Because they haven't the money to spend.

"By fall, though, I figure the economy is going to pick up enough to justify taking my band out again. Now last fall we went out on a long one all through the south, up the east coast and into New York. The dates we played were mostly private dances in country clubs, and so on. We played very few promotionals, maybe two or three at most. Not many promoters are willing to take a chance anymore."

How did the kids react to the band on that tour last year?

Charlie laughed and said: "These really weren't too many kids at those dances, but those who were

(Continued on Page 39)

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During Down Beat's 24 Years 'Fidelity' Has Acquired Meaning

By Dom Cerulli

■ In 1934, when it all began for *Down Beat*, there were records being made and sold; and the tiny, tinny sound of the acoustic phonograph still ruled the land.

Electric reproduction of electrically recorded sound was on hand, but the equipment was cumbersome and relatively expensive.

On much of the available equipment, the heavy playback head soon made short work of the most cherished sides of all collectors. Console packages, combining radio and phonograph in one generally horrible cabinet (with short wave and a mysterious jack in the back for television) brought a new level of recorded sound into the home. It was generally a juke-boxish, tubby sound; heavy on bass and soaring up to some 8,000 cycles per sound.

During the late '30's, packaged consoles became more and more popular, although a lot of records were still played on the old hand-wound machines which captured a sliver of the sound available on the surfaces of the Bluebirds, Okeh's, Vocalions, Brunswick's, Varsity's, Victors, Columbias . . . how few labels there were, too.

Collectors could keep an eye on the issue of records by picking up a small catalog at their record shop. Records came in the pop and jazz field in two sizes: 10-inch, and rarely 12-inch. They came in one speed: 78 r.p.m.

Generally, the techniques used to record these sides were almost primitive, particularly by today's standards. To maintain a steady cutting turntable speed, for instance, a huge, carefully weighted stone was hoisted to a carefully worked-out height, then dropped (suspended by a string), exerting a steady driving force through a series of cogs and levers. One mistake during cutting, and the whole take had to be scrapped. Splicing was non-existent.

The cutting head worked in a wax disc, from which, eventually, masters were made, and dies were cast for the pressings. This, for the edification of probably no one these days, accounts for records being referred to as "waxings" by some people who remember.

Occasionally, the costs of cutting sessions caused some cute things to happen. Takes on which a goof was minor, or possibly in time with the beat, were allowed to go through.

And buyers were treated to versions of tunes which included, along with the arrangement, a music stand falling over (right on the beat), or a chorus singing the wrong words (but in time).

Recording techniques kept some pace with the times. But the war came along and sharply curtailed the available supply of shellac. This accounted for considerable anguish among collectors. After a few plays, the surfaces of most records would turn grey. After repeated plays, the surfaces would approach whiteness. The sound, generally good as long as the shellac held out, would become increasingly scratchy until the highs caused by the wear dominated the lows left in the grooves.

Phonographs with electrically-driven turntables (pretty closely geared to 78 r.p.m.) and smallish amplifiers (enough to give you the gist of what was going on) were popular through the war years. Only purists and upper-income dabblers obtained the most and best reproduction possible. Even they often felt stymied at reaching a point where their equipment was superior to what they were playing on their equipment. Scratch suppressors and filters were popular, although they tended to defeat the purpose for which they were intended.

The war did one thing, though; it stimulated considerable research in sound for tactical purposes. And shortly after hostilities ceased, there was some improvement in recording techniques as well as in reproducing equipment.

The wire recorder, which had been used by the armed forces, made its brief appearance. It was not satisfactory as a reproducer of music.

Tape came into popularity almost immediately after the war. It was easy to work with, could be edited, and could produce records of more than standard length (although these records were not yet on the scene). Many engineers were wary of tape because of the unhappy experiences they had had with wire. But tape proved itself, and before too long, the entire industry was using it.

In 1948, Columbia launched the long-play era. There had been records at 33-1/3 r.p.m., not only for studio and transcription use, but briefly, in the mid-'30's, for home use. They had not been much of a time-saver over the 78s because the grooves were of the same width as the old records. With Columbia's LP came microgrooves, .001 mil

(Continued on Page 40)

out of my head



By George Crater

There's still time for those sweltering in the heat to make it up to the third annual Anchorage, Alaska festival of music. The festival, which began on June 6 and continues through June 19, provides an excellent opportunity to escape from the summer heat and enjoy some fine classical performances, not to mention the chance to determine if there's still some gold in them there Alaskan hills.

Mush!

There's a new jazz quartet out Hollywood way that's uniquely instrumented. Headed by drummer Roy Harte, it's a percussion quartet, known as *The Drum Citizens*. Each member plays a percussion instrument, I'm told. And Forrest Clark rules over a battery of six timpani.

Watch out, Clark, Harte can replace you with an octopus.

A recent issue of the *Leblanc Bandsman*, the house organ of the Leblanc instrument manufacturing company, the following letter from an irate parent appeared:

"You assigned Bobby the song *Magnolia Blossoms* and in this song there are B-sharp notes. You must surely know by this time that Bobby's clarinet is a B-flat clarinet and therefore not able to play this note.

"I would like a true written report on Bobby's progress. I am not at all satisfied with his showing to date and would like to know the reason why."

The apparent moral: always check the clarinet before you buy it. Those B-sharps can hang you up the most.

At the press conference in Chicago to announce his resignation as president of the American Federation of Musicians, James Caesar Petrillo had more to tell reporters than usual. Here are a few of his introspective observations:

"It's tough to get to the top, but it's tough to get out, too.

"... I'm not going to reconsider. I'm not pulling this stuff just to be smart."

When asked to pose with a trumpet, he grimaced and said, "I'll pose with it, but I won't touch the mouthpiece—germs!"

As a summary of union achievement, he noted, "In 1923 I got \$5 for a night's work. Today a musician will get \$20 for the same kind of work."

He neglected to note how much money contemporary musicians spend for sterilizing their horns.

The Newport world series, pitting the critics against the musicians in a softball competition, may turn into an elimination race. Originally set to encounter the Ellington band, the critics now have been challenged by the Maynard Ferguson band, too. The latter group, according to reliable reports, has an organized softball team within the band; the critics are considering the proposal cautiously, as they envision Cat Anderson stepping to the plate with the bases loaded during the Ellington opener.

If necessary, Jack Tracy will unveil his newly developed double-contortion curve, which he claims will get the critics team safely into the second inning.

Here's a fresh batch of suggestion for jazz disc jockey show themes: left-handed trumpet players from the pre-Lunceford era; zoot suits and their influence on jazz in the '40s; two-bar takes by Illinois Jacquet; performances of the national anthem by various Jazz at the Philharmonic groups; solos not picked up by record engineers; Barrett Deems role in the Beat Generation; the influence of Clara Smith on Red Butts' vocal style, and the relationship between record company owners and their a&r men.

This I Believe: Harmonica players Les Thompson and Jean Thielemans should be much better known in jazz. Both should be represented by tasteful LPs: Thielemans recent Decca release hardly was that... More jazz musicians should study the elementary facets of contractual relationships... More booking agents should treat musicians as human beings, instead of saleable commodities... I'd be interested in a Horace Silver interpretation of *It's a Long Way to Tipperary*... Or the Modern Jazz Quartet's version of *Give My Regards to Broadway*... Public libraries should get on the bandwagon and follow the example set by the Cleveland public library in its weekly jazz series (see *U.S.A. Midwest*, this issue, for details)... Ella Fitzgerald remains the unchallenged princess of jazz singers.

music in review

- Jazz Records
- Popular Records
- Tape Recordings

- Blindfold Test
- High Fidelity
- Jazz Best-Sellers

- In Person
- Radio-TV
- Films

recommended

BEETHOVEN TRIOS

The personification of virtuosity is evident in performances of two Beethoven trios by Jascha Heifetz, violin; William Primrose, viola, and Gregor Piatigorsky, cello (RCA Victor LM-2186). The works—the trio in G, Op. 9, No. 1 and the trio in C Minor, Op. 9, No. 3—are not of major significance in terms of the composer's lasting contributions, but are vital to an understanding of his departure from the Haydn-Mozart influence. Also, they demonstrate the initial utilization of ideas which reoccurred often in works that followed.

The performances themselves are remarkably precise, yet of power and deep emotional implications. The interaction is superbly sympathetic, a kind of selfless devotion to the composer and his music, expressed with impressive technical command and personal involvement.

This certainly is worthy of a place alongside the Tatum trios in any collection. (D.G.)

CLARK SISTERS

Although they sing, the Clarks, in *Sing Sing Sing!* (Dot DLP 3104) do their damndest to bring back the flavor of the big bands. The set contains an even dozen big-band favorites made popular by Tommy Dorsey (*Sunny Side of the Street*; *Opus One*; *Boogie Woogie*; *You're Driving Me Crazy*; *Marie*; *Chicago*), Glenn Miller (*Little Brown Jug*; *String of Pearls*), Charlie Barnet (*Cherokee*), Benny Goodman (*Don't Be That Way*; *Sing, Sing, Sing*), and Harry James (*Music Makers*).

By mixing words and vocal effects to create the atmosphere of the bands, the Clarks manage to recreate that wonderful period when bands could make hit records.

I particularly dug *Cherokee*, *String of Pearls* (complete to the Miller reed flourish at the end), and *Music Makers*. But if you dug the bands, you'll find a couple that bring back your memories. Sound is good, although often a bit echoey. (D.C.)

ROY ELDRIDGE-RUSS GARCIA

Here, in the grooves of *That Warm Feeling* (Verve MG V-2088), is a handsome wedding of the sleek and smooth (Garcia's strings) and the virile and warm (Roy's trumpet). It's enough to say that some of the tunes included are: *It Never Entered My Mind*, *A Foggy Day*, *Can't We Be Friends*, *How Long Has This Been Going On*, *I Can't Get Started*, and *Love Is Here To Stay*. It's lovely Roy, blowing lovely

ballad jazz over a velvety background which remains a background. I think this LP is the finest example of the genre since Art Farmer's *Last Night When We Were Young* (ABC-Paramount).

FOUR FRESHMEN

The Four Freshmen In Person (Capitol T 1008) is a good look at this versatile group in action before an audience. The set is generally enjoyable, and how these guys double! Ross Barbour's mad vocal on *Sweet Lorraine* should start gathering a lot of air play. There's a lot of too-cute stuff, but also a lot of interesting musicianship. This group makes it in person very strongly, and the LP shows why. They're not always my cup of tea, but they do some wonderful things to balance out. Tracks include *Somebody Loves Me*, *Holiday*, *Day By Day*, *Indian Summer*, *Circus*, and *Mr. B's Blues*. (D.C.)

ELSA LANCHESTER

She's back again. On the heels of her recent raffish *Songs For A Smoke-Filled Room* (Hi Fi Record R 405), Elsa delivers a fabulous follow-up in *Songs For A Shuttered Parlor* (Hi Fi Record R 406). Every track is just as rowdy, just as sly, equally as delightful, often quite as delicately bawdy, as on the initial LP. Husband Charles Laughton is also aboard, as in the earlier volume; but on this set he adds his quavering baritone to Elsa's riotous sing-chant on *She Was Poor, But She Was Honest*. The set defies description. That track alone is incredible. I wouldn't part with my copy for any amount of original old Brunswicks. (D.C.)

LIANE

The latest in Vanguard's series of Liane LPs offers the songstress from Vienna's Boheme bar in a multilingual program. *A Continental Cocktail* (Vanguard VRS 9020) encompasses 16 tunes of varying origins. Included are *L'ame de Poet*; *Wunderbar*; *Why Don't You Believe Me?*; *Madrid*; *Ni Moi*; *Padam, Padam*, and 10 others.

Throughout, Liane is backed with overflowing *gemutlichkeit* by the Boheme Bar trio. All of it is rather appealing, relatively honest stuff. If you long for Europe, it may be enough to encourage you directly into debt. Liane's singing may remind you of a variety of romantic places. And if this happens, her performance—which isn't in-

tended to much more than that—is a success. (D.G.)

MAHAGONNY

The Bert Brecht-Kurt Weill modern opera, *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* (Columbia K3L 243) is a work of emotional impact which drives deeper and deeper on repeated hearings. Lotte Lenya heads an excellent cast, Max Thurn directs the North German Radio chorus, and Wilhelm Bruckner-Ruggeberg conducts the orchestra and chorus.

The brittle, bitter-tender work abounds with those Weill melodies which have beauty, but at the same time, have a harshly naturalistic quality about them. It's hard to believe this work is nearly 30 years old. It is a strange and compelling opera, with Mahagonny, the wicked city where the only crime is poverty, somehow catching the spirit of the early 30s, and also having much to say of our times. The three-LP set includes notes by Miss Lenya, and a concise translation of the German libretto. The set is a feather in the cap of producer George Avakian, and a living testament to the genius in the musical theater of Weill, and, of course, of Miss Lenya. (D.C.)

RED NICHOLS

As the title of Red's latest album (*In Love With Red*, Capitol T999) would seem to indicate, the accent is on romance. It is not entirely opposite, however, for there are a couple of spritely tracks included in the dozen numbers recorded by twelve strings, four reeds, four brass and five rhythm—plus Red's open and muted horn.

Unlike the lass in *puris naturalibus* decorating the cover, the arrangements by Heinie Beau and Bobby Hammack are somewhat overdressed. Emerging at times from the welter of strings and choral voices, though, are some very tasteful solos by the redhead himself (*The Wail Of The Winds*; *Morning Glory*; *Manhattan Rag*), guitarist George Van Eps (six bars in the bridge of *Glory*) and bass saxist Joe Rushton (happily harrumphing in *Rag*). In addition there is circus-schmaltzy open horn in the fast waltz *Viennese Lantern* and an amusing tongue-in-mouth-piece takeoff on Ben Oakland's *Cool Tango*.

As for the billing of "Red Nichols And The Augmented Pennies," it's a safe guess that there's at least a quarter's worth here. (J.A.T.)

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5 NEW

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jazz records

Records are reviewed by Don Corulli, Don Gold, John A. Tynan, and Martin Williams and are initialed by the writers. Ratings: ★★★★★ Excellent, ★★★★ Very Good, ★★★ Good, ★★ Fair, ★ Poor.

Australian Jazz Quintet

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN INTERPRETED BY THE AUSTRALIAN JAZZ QUINTET—Bethlehem BCP-6022; *Surrey With The Fringe On Top; March of the Siamese Children; Hello Young Lovers; I Have Dreamed; People Will Say We're In Love; Gentlemen Is A Dope; Do I Love You; Younger Than Springtime; Wonderful Guy; If I Loved You.*

Personnel: Jack Brokensha, vibraphone; Errol Buddle, tenor, baritone, clarinet; Dick Healey, flute and alto; Bryce Rohde, piano; Ed Gaston, bass; Frank Capp or Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★

Well, it's pretty much the same old story. The charts are a succession of devices that sound like they are there as a kind of cover up for the fact that there isn't much anybody had to say. The "guest" drummers often seem to be there to keep a kind of life and movement where there might otherwise be deadliness and standstill. Sometimes soloists enter with a good lick and in a couple of bars sound lost—unless they grab on to another stock lick. A tenor solo consists of Getz phrases put together in such a way as to imply that the player missed Getz's point very successfully. There is occasional technical fumbling of the sort that hints at a technical ignorance rather than any developing mastery of technique.

Is this jazz? Well, if you don't listen too closely, it may seem to be jazz stylistically. You could say that it is jazz but not very good jazz. You could say it's jazz played by men, most of whom don't know how to improvise well, or haven't yet learned to. On the other hand, since it is possible for movie stars to play leading roles without ever learning how to act, I prefer the position that this isn't jazz but only something that sounds like it. (M. W.)

Louis Bellson

LOUIS BELLSON AT THE FLAMINGO—Verve MG V-8256; *Flamingo Blues; Driftwood; Seven-Eleven; Broadway; moods—(Love Is Here to Stay; Flamingo; Mahin' Whoopie); Sweet Georgia Brown.*

Personnel: Bellson, drums; Harry Edison, trumpet; Don Abney, piano; Charles (Truck) Parham, bass.

Rating: ★★★★★

Bellson may be the leader on this date, but his trumpet-playing friend must share honors. Sweets comes on with such verve and honesty, and Bellson drives the group with such a sure hand (and always with a sagacious eye on the length of his solos), that I caught myself hoping the group would make it east soon.

One of the refreshing things here is Edison's ability to build some riffs out of phrases which were trite before he played them where he played them.

Bellson has edited himself handsomely. His rhythm work is fine, and his solos (except for *Sweet Georgia*) generally are limited to exchanges. On *Georgia*, he has an extended solo which is always interesting, and not alone because it doesn't bludgeon the listener into the carpet with an array of technique—all at once.

Abney is fine on his solo spots, showing a lot of gallop and complementing Sweets' horn. Parham holds his end of things quite firmly.

The strength of this set is in its relaxed, extreme listenability. There is always a place in jazz for the uncluttered if it's as musical as it is presented here. (D.C.)

Berklee School

JAZZ IN THE CLASSROOM—Berklee Records BLP 1; *Chronic Suite (Wandering, Wandering; A Certain Degree of Certainty; Return); An Interlude; Prelude; The Game; East Wind; Katherine; Amber's Folly; Neo-Geno; Silhouette; Quiet, Please.*

Personnel: William Chase, Paul Fontaine, John Henig, Daniel Nolan Jr., Lester Powell, trumpets; Joseph Ciavardone, William Lega, trombones; Roger DeLillo, trombone, bass trumpet; Anthony Bisazza, Gordon Briker, Kenton Morrow, James Mosher, Dodge Terlemesian, reeds; William Briggs, Leo Harris, drums; Harold Galper, Charles Bechler, Jr., piano; Joseph Egidio, guitar; Joseph Cardinale, bass.

Rating: ★★★★★

I found in this set some of the flavor of the things Bill Russo did several years ago with a big band of Chicago musicians on the Universal label. The emphasis there, as here, was on what could be done with the large ensemble, leaving some climactic openings for solo horns.

The full worth of this LP is twofold. It stands alone as a stimulating listening experience, and it also serves (with scores of all the pieces available from the Berklee school, 284 Newbury St., Boston) as a model for study and analysis.

Side 1 is given over to composer-conductor-instructor Robert Freedman's works: the *Suite, Interlude, Prelude, and The Game*. Freedman, himself a talented pianist and reedman, crams into his compositions a variety of moods and colors. The suite is a tone picture of a psychotic, and its interesting construction is laid bare in the notes.

Side 2 is conducted by instructor Herb Pomeroy, himself the leader of a fine big jazz band in Boston. The works are all by students, done in varying moods. Bechler wrote *East Wind*; Mosher, *Katherine*; Morrow, *Amber's Folly*; Gene Langdoc, *Neo-Geno*; Toshiko, *Silhouette*, and William St. Laurent, *Quiet, Please*. All, except *Katherine*, which was scored for a quintet, are big band compositions.

The playing throughout is generally good and competent. Fontaine's solo piece, *Folly*, shows him off well. An unbilled trombone (my guess: Ciavardone) is spotted throughout.

The significant thing, too, is not really how well these students (17 to 25 years old) play but that they were gathered to record this kind of material as part of their studies. A school that gives students this kind of opportunity (and a recording studio is one of Berklee's classrooms) certainly equips them with the tools they need to make their way in a career in contemporary music.

The sound is generally good, although sometimes fuzzy on loud ensemble passages and a bit echoey.

It's also significant too that some of the members of recent editions of the Farmingdale high school jazz band have matriculated to Berklee. The logical foundation for

copied with material such as this at Berklee seems to be the courses and ensemble experience found at Farmingdale and a little, too few, high schools in the United States.

Recommended for playing and recording. The student and the listener can learn much with the Berklee students who made this LP. (D.C.)

Brookmeyer-Hall-Raney

STREET SWINGERS—World Pacific PJ-1214; *Arrowhead; Street Swingers; Hat Raising Noodling; Musicales du Jour; Roney Day; Jupiter.*

Personnel: Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone and piano; Jim Hall, Jimmy Raney, guitars; Bill Crow, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The success of this LP should not be a surprise to those who have followed Brookmeyer's development. He has been performing with a high level of musicianship for several years. His work with Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan, and now with Jimmy Giuffre has been of consistently meaningful quality. Joined here by two enlightened guitarists, he has created a moving, appealing album.

Drawing from a variety of influences in American music, including blues, gospel, and country-western, the group has produced an LP quite representative of the entire American music tradition. Brookmeyer's effort here indicates that he will play an important role in disseminating the Giuffre gospel.

His trombone playing is validly rounded; he possesses an excellent technical command of the instrument. His piano playing is attractively inventive, too. Hall and Raney perform sympathetically throughout. Crow and Johnson work closely with the soloists, making this a cohesive group presentation rather than a string of solos.

Brookmeyer, Hall, and Raney each contributed two charts. *Arrowhead*, featuring the use of an American Indian motif, and *Raney*, a lightly blowing chart, speak splendidly for Hall. Raney's *Noodling* and *Jupiter* are attractive, too. Brookmeyer's *Swingers* has a blues-gospel flavor; his *Musicales* is quite listenable. The charts speak with freshness and conviction for the composers.

The folk elements present here will appeal to those listeners who have been fascinated by the work of the Giuffre Three. The firmly-rooted musical expression, however, should have unlimited appeal within the jazz audience.

Brookmeyer's liner notes are the best case for allowing musicians to write their own notes. (D.G.)

Sonny Clark

SONNY'S CRIB—Blue Note 1576; *What a Song Is My Heart, Speak Low, Come Fly With Me, Come Shine, Sonny's Crib, News for Lulu.*

Personnel: Donald Byrd, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; John Coltrane, tenor; Clark, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Speak Low is the best track, and everything is good on it.

I think that Clark's chief virtue is the range of the things he can do. He can play in the "funky" manner, but he can also use a more directly bopish style. What he can play with a kind of lyricism as well. His comping can have a fine power and life. His solos, however, often seem to be series of fragmentary phrases.

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DRUM-



ATIC!

Eddie Cano's powerhouse sextet takes 12 tunes - mostly standards - and sets new standards in combo jazz.



RECORDED IN NEW ORTHOPHONIC SOUND

RCA VICTOR

Neither Clark nor Byrd ever really get on top of the fast clip at which *Song* is taken, and Byrd was not showing that relaxed purposefulness that he seems to be developing lately. Certainly, there is nothing here that shows the sense of logic and form that his solo on *Senor Blues* with Horace Silver did.

Fuller is still dealing largely with J. J. Johnson originals—and stating them with more robustness than Johnson has done some of the time lately.

Crib is one of those 12-12-8-12 blues with a bridge, which have become almost a standard in the east.

No one is at his best on this record, but I would like to use it as an excuse to say some things about John Coltrane.

Coltrane has been called a follower of Rollins. Perhaps he is in a sense, but I don't know how enlightening it is to say so. His playing has also been called a development of "rhythm and blues" tenor playing and even of simple blues guitar. Both these suggestions are valid descriptively. In the past year he has developed greatly—and the long stay with Monk had a lot to do with that development.

Basically, he has real originality, I think. And the most original thing about him is rhythmic. He can play whole choruses without every using a phrase that directly states the beat (and the rhythm and blues man often does little more than state it over and over, of course) but there is no question of swing or of good time. He can use a rhythm almost indirectly and play jazz free of the task of reminding himself or the listener of the basic pulse.

But he is not a disciplined soloist.

The startling effect of his entrances from unexpected places is something strong enough to carry for a whole chorus. But by his second or third chorus, he has often almost gushed out all he has to say. Also, he seldom approaches a number for what he can find in it, but often uses it as a vehicle for what he can play on its chords, pouring out everything, as I say, almost as fast as he can, it seems.

He learned when he worked with Monk, but he has not yet learned, I think, an essential artistic lesson that Monk knows well: a disciplined sense of the nature and limitations of his own talent. Perhaps it is not time for him to learn it yet. Perhaps he still needs to discover things he can do, before he arrives at the best form to use them in. But when he does discipline his talents, he may be a great soloist. (M. W.)

Mike Cuzzo

MIKE CUZZO WITH THE COSTA-BURKE TRIO—Jingles 1027: *Fools Rush In; Lover Man; Ten A.M.; That Old Feeling; I Cover the Waterfront; Easy to Love; Blue Jeans; Bounce for Mike.*
Personnel: Cuzzo, tenor; Eddie Costa, piano; Vinnie Burke, bass; Nick Stabulos, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Cuzzo, a Caldwell, N. J. building contractor, has played with the bands of Tommy Reynolds, Joe Marsala, Bob Astor, Shep Fields, Tommy Tucker, and Elliot Lawrence. At 31, he has been inactive professionally for some years. To judge by the standard of his playing on this album, however, he remains an outstanding jazz tenor man in the Young-Getz tradition.

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frantic, go-go-go school—though at times the four build up to some furious swinging—but stimulating for its effortless drive and imaginative solo work. Cuozzo owes not a farthing to the newer, hard tenor blowers; he maintains allegiance to the older, more relaxed tradition of long lines, occasional perfunctory phrases and an essentially romantic approach to ballads, as in *Lover* and *Waterfront*.

The set is triple-pronged in solo satisfaction. Besides Cuozzo, Costa and Burke wail in frequent, exuberant solo spots. Costa's two-handed interaction and stunning imagination provide many a highlight. Burke solos with a force and clarity of conception aided by well-nigh perfect technique (on *Bounce* and *Fools*, for example) that clearly place him in the top echelon of modern jazz bassists.

Except for the imaginatively original fours between Burke and Stabulas on *Jens*, this is blues of easy nonchalance in the Lester Young vein; it contains not the fiery preaching of our Angry Young Men of jazz.

But a little well-directed anger can be a healthy element in music, so one, therefore, tends to wish, and wait in vain for Mike to get good and mad. He never does. His blowing is happy, comfortable and free-flying, possibly reflecting a double-faceted personality—the fluent individuality of a mature jazz player coupled with the material security of a building contractor.

Psychology aside, though, this album bears much replaying for Cuozzo's authoritative tenor, Costa's romping piano, Stabulas' driving, tasteful drums, and Burke's awe-inspiring bass. (J.A.T.)

Elliott-Evans

JAMAICA JAZZ—ABC-Paramount 228: *Push De Button; Coconut Sweet; Little Biscuit; Savana; Pretty To Walk With; Ain't It The Truth; Napoleon; What Good Does It Do.*
Personnel: Don Elliott, mellophone, vibes, bongos, trumpet, marimba; Candido, conga; Paul Chambers and Eric Partida, bass; arrangements by Gil Evans; no further personnel listed.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Those who lay out loot for this very good jazz treatment of Harold Arlen's music for the Broadway hit, *Jamaica*, are buying the unique arrangements of Gil Evans and the solo talents of Don Elliott on five instruments. Indeed, the set might be said to have been custom tailored by Evans for Elliott. Though Candido gets cover billing equal to Elliott's, his conga playing function is essentially a supporting role. The real glory, however, belongs to Evans whose kaleidoscopic arrangements dominate the album.

Evans writing is sharp spice for the musical palate. Behind the solos of Elliott he scatters tonal colors like confetti at a merry wedding, voicing, for example, passages with three oboes; piccolo/guitar; bassoon and French horns; three English horns and bass clarinet; string bass and bass clarinet. In *Ain't It The Truth*, the sprightliest tune in the album, he achieves a dissonant woodwind effect akin to the tonal coloration of massed auto horns cum train whistles.

Add to the credits uniformly excellent solos and a top rhythm section. (J.A.T.)

Tommy Flanagan

TOMMY FLANAGAN TRIO OVERSEAS—Prestige 7134: *Relaxin' at Camarillo; Chetoo*

Bridge; Eclipse; Beat's Up; Shal Brothers; Lonesome Rock; Verdandi; Delarna; Willow, Weep for Me.
Personnel: Flanagan, piano; Wilbur Little, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Recorded in Stockholm (apparently by Metronome Records there) last August, this marks Flanagan's first LP as leader of his own group. This trio served as the rhythm section for J. J. Johnson's group during its overseas tour last year.

Flanagan, the 28-year-old Detroit pianist, is, as Ira Gitler notes, a Powellian pianist, tempered by the influences of Hank Jones and Barry Harris (the latter perhaps Detroit's most influential modern jazzman). He is a capable pianist, with ample technical resources. He is not consistently imaginative but at his best (as he is on several tracks here) can illuminate a tune quite impressively. At times, in listening to him, I feel that I have heard some of it before and occasionally he resorts to a commonplace approach to his material. However, he shows signs of maturing into an important jazzman here.

Three of the tracks are particularly successful. Charlie Parker's *Camarillo* is taken up-tempo, with some intelligently free piano by Flanagan. Two of Flanagan's originals—*Verdandi* and *Delarna*—are attractive, too. The former is an up-tempo inspiration. The latter is a lovely ballad—a portrait of a scenic Swedish province.

Both are interestingly conceived and successfully executed, indicating that Flanagan has something to say when he is able to reflect his own experience through his music, as opposed to perpetuating the concepts of others in jazz.

For the most part, Little and Jones support Flanagan intelligently; there is more of an integrated trio sound here than in most trio sessions, due probably to the fact that the three worked together steadily.

Weighing the productive tracks against the perfunctory ones present here, all indications point to Flanagan's rewarding evolution. He doesn't quite make it here, but he may well do so soon. (D.G.)

Red Garland

ALL MORNIN' LONG—Prestige 7130: *All Mornin' Long; They Can't Take That Away From Me; Delight.*
Personnel: Garland, piano; John Coltrane, tenor; Donald Byrd, trumpet; George Joynt, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

The title track of this LP consumes one side of the record. Ordinarily, this means that the musicians are content to struggle with variations of the theme. In this case, however, *Mornin'*, an earthy blues, is a series of stimulating extended solos vividly rooted in jazz tradition. The standard and Tadd Dameron's *Delight*, which completes the LP, continue, at a slightly less effusive pace, the significant sounds of the first tune.

Coltrane speaks more authoritatively here than I have heard him speak before. Byrd is a significant young trumpeter, capable of technical control and creative eloquence. His fluency is impressive, if not flawless, and his approach is based on an awareness of much of jazz history.

Garland's roots are deep, too. He can play fleetly, but is knowing enough to realize he can communicate lucidly in many ways, without overpowering the listener with hollow notes.

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Joyner, a young bassist from Memphis (a city, by the way, which is contributing more able jazzmen than many larger cities), is quite capable in support and as soloist. Taylor plays tastefully throughout. Blowing sessions rely on the ability of the participants for their success; this one is particularly valuable because the participants were ready. (D.G.)

Benny Golson

THE MODERN TOUCH—Riverside RLP 12-256: *Out Of The Past; Reunion; Voodoo Blues; Hymn To The Orient; Namely You; Blues On Down.*

Personnel: Golson, tenor sax; Kenny Dorham, trumpet; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Max Roach, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

In terms of what Benny's development to date has led us to expect, this set seems a breather for him. The writing throughout, by Benny (tracks 1,3,5,6) and Gigi Gryce (tracks 2,4) is good, but again not up to the standards of freshness each has set.

I found *Reunion* the weakest track. A series of variations on *April*, with a catchy head by Gryce, it hangs together poorly. I thought *Blues* a relaxed and moving track.

In between, the efforts of all hands are good, occasionally superior. Kelly and Chambers I found constantly stimulating.

This is not to say, in essence, that the set has no value. But rather to emphasize that Benny has set himself a pace very difficult to maintain. This is perhaps the most agonizing pressure he is under. And, anyway, based on past performances, he's allowed. (D.C.)

Johnny Griffin

THE CONGREGATION—Blue Note 1590: *The Congregation; Latin Quarter; I'm Glad There Is You; Main Spring; It's You Or No One.*

Personnel: Griffin, tenor sax; Sonny Clark, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Kenny Dennis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Griffin is presented here in a more relaxed setting than on recent outings. His inherent drive is still very much in evidence, though.

Although he carries this essentially blowing session well alone. I would have preferred to hear him with another horn as a foil. *Congregation* is a catchy tribute to *The Preacher*, and to me the high spot of the set.

Latin Quarter is so closely based on *Tangerine* as to be *Tangerine*. It, too, is in a relaxed vein. Griffin's variations on *Glad* show that he can walk a ballad and resorts only occasionally to double-time for expression. Clark has a fine solo here, and a quite moving one on *Main Spring*. Chambers is tremendous, particularly on the last two tracks where his arco solos glisten.

It's You is taken up, and shows Johnny in full flight. This impassioned blowing, a ripping floor of melodies, is at the same time his strength and a pitfall into which he must guard against falling. Johnny shows that he has a developing lyric side to his playing, and when that reaches the peaks of excitement that his driving side has attained, his will be a major voice on the instrument. Recommended. (D.C.)

Vince Guaraldi

A FLOWER IS A LOVESOME THING—Fantasy 3257: *A Flower Is a Lovesome Thing; Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise; Yesterdays; Like A*

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Like a Rose; Looking for a Boy; Autumn Leaves; Lonely Girl; Willow, Weep for Me.

Personnel: Guaraldi, piano; Eddie Duran, guitar; Dean Reilly, bass.

Rating: ★★★½

One happy countereffect to the plethora of hard-blowing jazz albums currently inundating the market is that, once in a while, there arrives for review a recorded reaffirmation of the virtues of quiet jazz interpretation. This charming record by three San Franciscans is such.

The most stimulating is *Willow*, the final track, a sort of bucolic ode to the bay area back country. Vince wiggles his toes in the mud with giggling abandon; Duran, alas, in his short solo fails to get with the funky mood.

There isn't a frantic moment in the entire album. Indeed, one is left with impression that it was recorded on somebody's back porch late one summer evening.

Guaraldi is serenely wistful in his interpretation of Billy Strayhorn's title song, is surely relaxed in the lightly swinging *Softly*. He delightfully colors the impressionistic *Yesterdays*. *Rose* is accorded a treatment almost elegiac in its poetic quietude; the Chopinesque mood is most fitting and is nicely sustained by Duran in his thoughtful solo.

When Duran and Reilly weld as a rhythm duo (as in *Softly*), Vince takes off on one of his many sure-as-shootin' solo flights. This aura of musical confidence, backed as it is by a mellow piano touch, permeates the album.

If you suffer from high blood pressure, or too many *fff* choruses of *Walkin'*, this prettily covered package is for you. But let's hope your copy is not warped, as is ours. (J.A.T.)

Lionel Hampton

LIONEL HAMPTON '58—Verve MGV 8223: *Budy and Soul; Flying Home; Honeyuckle Rose; A Fuzzy Day.*

Personnel: Hampton, vibes; Oscar Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar (Tracks 1, 3, and 4); Ray Brown, bass; Buddy Rich, drums.

Rating: ★★½

In his liner notes for this LP, Nat Hentoff states, "Jazz has not lost Hampton entirely, although it seems true that he plays more convincing jazz . . . with Oscar and colleagues than he usually has at personal appearances for a long time . . ."

If this is true, his personal appearances must be samples of abominable savagery.

There is considerable superficiality in his playing here, from prolific quoting to the use of technical devices in a rather obvious manner. Much of this LP is more disorganized than relaxed and this adversely affects Peterson's playing, too.

Soul is taken in half-balladic form. *Flying* is a capsule reproduction of Hampton in big band clothing. *Rose* is a rather aimless tour. *Day* is mildly pleasant.

Jazz may not have lost Hampton, but if this LP is any indication, he may have become more of a relic than a contributing force. (D.G.)

Bill Harris

BILL HARRIS AND FRIENDS—Fantasy 3263: *It Might as Well Be Spring; Crazy Rhythm; Where Are You; Just One More Chance; I Surrender Dear; I'm Getting Sentimental Over You; In a Meltdown.*

Personnel: Harris, trombone; Ben Webster, tenor; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Stan Levey, drums.

Rating: ★★

Basically, this is a worthwhile LP. However, it doesn't live up to the potential inherent in the personnel.

According to Ralph Gleason's liner notes, "Harris is an original musician. His style is no amalgam of clichés picked from others. It is a deliberate approach to playing which utilizes melody as well as harmony, but which emphasizes a true sense of time, too."

Harris' originality is a virtue, as Gleason points out, but at times his phrasing staccato style is a trifle hard to take. He is not a master of instrumental technique and comes out second best in technical matters when placed alongside several other jazz trombonists. He is, however, a mature jazzman with ideas of his own. I find these ideas more stimulating in the context of the Herman Herd, but this may be an exclusive fetish. Here, he is stimulating at times, but not consistently so, due to Gleason's adjectival ecstasy.

On the final track, for example, he plays excellently, but on the opening track, an extended solo with rhythm section, his effort is marred by occasional technical slips.

Fortunately, the cowriters play rewardingly. Webster, who could teach more contemporary tenor men the art of ballad interpretation, has a ballad to himself here (*Where*) and plays with Harris on four other tracks. His playing, regardless of tempo, is tasteful, although unfortunately mike placement picks up his breathing rather heavily, distracting from the lovely sounds he produces.

Rowles, a too-often underestimated pianist, has a solo track, too, and does well with *Sentimental*, aided by an inspired Mitchell solo. Throughout, the rhythm section supports without intruding, with Levey's drumming particularly astute in this regard.

With the exception of the misplaced grunts on the opening track, then, this is worth owning.

And—without revealing any secret—*Just One More Chance* is one of the most memorable tracks on any LP. (D.G.)

Ernie Henry

SEVEN STANDARDS AND A BLUES—Mercury 12-248: *I Got a Kitch Out of You; My Heart; I've Got the World on a String; Sweet Lovemans Sooo; Lover Man; Spectra Gravitly; Like You are in Love.*

Personnel: Henry, alto; Wynnton Kelly, piano; Wilbur Ware, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★

If this album must be considered a legacy of Ernie Henry, who died last December, then it is most unfortunate. Were it not for the fine, all-around performances of the rhythm section men (hence the rattle), one would be compelled to write off the record as almost a total loss. Through Henry's playing verges on the childish. Indeed, there must be many high school musicians—at Farmingdale anyway—who can acquit themselves in much better style on any day of the week.

Kicking off the album, Henry's lament is horribly out of tune. Then, there is a constant painful straining perceptible

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felt in his wholly uncultured tone and the frequent lack of necessary technique to express facetiously the ideas he reaches for.

The few stimulating moments, as in the blues, *Gravity*, unfortunately fail to compensate for an otherwise pretty pathetic performance.

Kelly, who solos rather well throughout, is particularly distinguished in the blues, executing an excellent, imaginative solo statement. Ware, also, is heard in several well-conceived bass solos, and Jones is appropriately driving, if sometimes obtrusive.

Definitely not something suitable for remembering Henry. (J.A.T.)

Jonah Jones

SWINGIN' ON BROADWAY—Capitol T-963: *Baubles, Bangles, and Beads; The Party's Over; You're So Right for Me; Just My Luck; The Surrey with the Fringe on Top; You're Just in Love; Just in Time; Hey There; I Could Have Danced All Night; Whatoop Lola Wants; Till There Was You; Seventy-Six Trombones.*

Personnel: Jones, trumpet; John Brown, bass; Harold Austin, drums; Elliott Jones, Frank Jones, Humphrey Brannon (further information unavailable).

Rating: ★★½

In this corner we have Mr. Jonah Jones, happily swinging through a set of good Broadway tunes in his somehow always-smiling trumpet style.

Jonah is mostly muted, but does give his warm open horn an airing on such as *Just in Time*, and *Till There Was You*. He sings, pleasantly, on *Just My Luck*. But he carries the ball quite alone. On the peppier-tempoed things, the group falls into a pattern of rhythm sometimes shuffle, sometimes boogie.

There's not much here to celebrate on, but there is a happy, raffish feeling to all of the tracks. It's much like walking into a club and hearing Jonah jam on these tunes over the babble of the crowd. And his version of *Baubles, Bangles* seems destined to rank with Gerry Mulligan's as among the lightest, happiest on records. (D.C.)

Sonny Rollins-Thad Jones

SONNY ROLLINS PLAYS—Period SLP 1204: *Sonnymoon for Two; Like Someone in Love; Theme From Pathétique Symphony; Last For Life; I Got It Thad And That Ain't Bad; Balled Medley (Flamingo, If You Were Mine, I'm Through With Love, Love Walked In).*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, 3: Rollins, tenor; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Gil Coggin, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Kenny Dennis, drums. Tracks 4, 5: Jones, trumpet; Frank Foster, tenor; Jimmy Jones, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Jo Jones, drums. Track 6: Jones, trumpet; Frank Wess, tenor; Henry Coker, trombone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Eddie Jones, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★

The front cover is deceptive (deliberately so it seems): only one side is a Rollins date. The other is Jones with two groups. Rollins' work on *Sonnymoon* would rate ★★½. He has a stop-time chorus which he makes very exciting although he hardly alters his regular rhythmic manner of playing. He does some fine kidding of mannerisms on his second solo therein. He makes something of this almost entirely on an emotional level and as a succession of motifs, improvising balanced melodies is certainly not his forte. He does not, however, show his capacity to make sense out of a long solo by a gradual departure from melody and a gradual revelation of virtuosity, then a gradual diminishing and



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return to melody anywhere here, except for a hint on *Someone*.

The notes say something about Rollins' "harmonic imagination". Others have said that his weakness lies in harmony. I agree. Cleveland doesn't get far beyond a demonstration of how he uses his horn. The *Theme* (the one called *Story of a Starry Night* when you want to pay royalties on it) is usually weak except for something Coggins seemed about to get going with the melody in his solo.

Thad Jones' side is made up of what were apparently left-overs of two sessions. There is a lot of swing, and Jimmy Jones chorded solos and imaginative chordings in his comping are certainly a fine contrast to its highly conventional quality. On the medley everyone apparently just decided to play the pretty tunes; Coker and Thad came closest to the kind of exploration that shows the listener what a melody means. (M.W.)

Bessie Smith Collections

RONNIE GILBERT: THE LEGEND OF BESSIE SMITH—RCA Victor LPM-1591: You've Been a Good Old Wagon; Weepin' Willow Blues; Gin House Blues; A Good Man Is Hard to Find; Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out; After You've Gone; Trombone Cholly; Trouble in Mind; Yellow Dog Blues; Black Eye Blues; Empty Bed Blues; Cake Walkin' Babies.

Personnel: Cootie Williams, trumpet; Benny Morton, trombone; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Claude Hopkins, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Steve Jordan, George Barnes, or Fred Hellerman, guitar; Miss Gilbert, vocals.

Rating: ★

DINAH WASHINGTON SINGS BESSIE SMITH—EmArcy MG 36130: After You've Gone; Send Me to the 'lectric Chair; Jailhouse Blues; Trombone Butter; You've Been a Good Old Wagon; Careless Love; The Back Water Blues; If I Could Be with You One Hour Tonight; Me and My Gin; Fine, Fat Daddy.

Personnel: (Tracks 2, 4, 6) Eddie Chamblee, tenor; McKinely Easton, baritone; Fortunatus Richard and Clark Terry, trombones; Quentin Jackson, trombone; James Gray, piano; Robare Edmonson, bass; James Slaughter, drums. (Tracks 1, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10) Chamblee; Richard; Julian Priester, trombone; Charles Davis, baritone; Jack Wilson, piano; Robert Wilson, bass; Slaughter; Miss Washington, vocals on all.

Rating: ★★½

LA VERN BAKER SINGS BESSIE SMITH—Atlantic 1281: Gimme a Pigfoot; Baby Doll; On Revival Day; Money Blues; I Ain't Gonna Play No Second Fiddle; Back Water Blues; Empty Bed Blues; There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight; Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out; After You've Gone; Young Woman's Blues; Preaching the Blues.

Personnel: (Tracks 1, 2, 3, 9) Buck Clayton, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Paul Quinichette, tenor; Sahib Shihab, baritone; Nat Pierce, piano; Danny Barker, guitar; Wendell Marshall, Bass; Joe Marshall, drums. (Tracks 4, 5, 7, 8) Clayton; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Quinichette; Shihab; Pierce; Barker; Wendell Marshall; Joe Marshall. (Tracks 6, 10, 11, 12) Clayton; Urbie Green, trombone; Quinichette; Jerome Richardson, baritone; Pierce; Barker; Wendell Marshall; Joe Marshall; Miss Baker, vocals on all.

Rating: ★★★★★

I suppose the best thing to say about the Victor collection is that they sent a girl in to do a woman's work. It is downright frustrating that several of her accompanists, especially Cootie Williams, play so beautifully.

The situation is almost the reverse on the Dinah Washington set. She sings excellently, with respect and understanding. She adopts the very slow tempos that Bessie Smith favored but remains thoroughly herself. The accompaniment is another matter. The musicians (especially the drummer) spend most of their time in trying to play what was someone's misguided idea of the kind of accompaniment Bessie used, and at

times Miss Washington's conviction is almost swamped by it.

Listening to this record and hearing how different her style is from Bessie's, I was reminded of Big Bill Broonzy's recent remarks on Ray Charles. Dinah's way has constant, direct reference to gospel singing. Bessie's, of course, did not. Perhaps (there really was a strong distinction made between the sacred and the secular that Broonzy indicates, which has broken down since.

Miss Baker does them her way, too. And her accompanists go their way, except on four numbers arranged by Phil Moore, which trot out a number of banalities from the jump-band style of the '30s and the rock 'n' roll band of today. And there is some pretty monotonously heavy drumming throughout.

I have long thought Miss Baker a fine performer. She knows as much about basic rhythm and accentual shading as almost anyone around, and a careful study of the way she uses an "unorthodox" breath control to achieve her effects might tell us more about the nature of jazz than a lifetime of transcribing solos and chord sequences in western notation could do. However, her "growl" (probably a natural result of the way she uses her voice) gives a certain sameness to things in so long a recital. Clayton's and Quinichette's frequent lyricism make fine contrasts to the quality of her voice without clashing with it at all.

Of course, no one should go without experiencing Bessie Smith herself. She was one of the very few who unquestionably deserve the much-abused title of artist. And if the fine talents of the Misses Washington and Baker lead one to her, so much the better. (M.W.)

Louis Smith

HERE COMES LOUIS SMITH—Blue Note 1584: Tribute To Brownie; Drills Blues; And; Star Dust; South Side; Val's Blues.

Personnel: Smith, trumpet; "Buckshot" LaFleur (Cannonball Adderley), alto; Duke Jordan (Tracks 1, 2, 5) and Tommy Flanagan (Tracks 3, 4, 6), piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Art Taylor, drum.

Rating: ★★½

The title of the first track tells the story.

There is nothing wrong and everything that is right with a man's modeling himself, in the beginning, on another for whom he feels an affinity. But so long as he is in that stage, it is difficult to do much beyond commenting on how well he seems to absorb the model, otherwise, be silent and not interfere.

Smith has Brown's conception, I think, and better than many who have tried to do it. He does make an occasional mistake and does a bit of mere valve-flicking—but rarely not so it amounts to a real drawback. One could add that space, rests, and silence are legitimate musical devices and can be very effective ones. On *Stardust* he handles lyric statement effectively. So many younger men seem embarrassed by such a slow ballad tempo and resort to double-time "cooking". Smith double-times—but sparsely.

I think it is high time, however, to stop talking about Adderley and Charlie Parker and acknowledge the fact that he is a man with style of his own, a lot less like Parker than that of several others. He can play no doubt about that, fluently and strongly.

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But often he will establish a context in the first eight bars or so of a solo, and then throw in an idea that neither complements it nor contrasts with it but only breaks down that context.

Perhaps some kind of answer for all lies in Jordan's solo on *Brill's Blues*: it is a simple lyric development, every melodic phrase in it contributes to the unfolding of a singing line that says something fragile and lovely. (M. W.)

Clark Terry

DUKE WITH A DIFFERENCE—Riverside 12-246: *C-Jam Blues*; *In a Sentimental Mood*; *Cottontail*; *Just Squeeze Me*; *Mood Indigo*; *Take the A Train*; *In a Mellotone*; *Como Sunday*.

Personnel: Terry, trumpet; Quentin Jackson (Tracks 2, 8) and Britt Woodman Tracks 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7), trombone; Billy Strayhorn (Tracks 2, 8), piano; Tyros Glenn (Tracks 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7), trombone and vibas; Johnny Hodges (Tracks 1, 2, 4, 7), alto; Paul Gonsalves (Tracks 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7), tenor; Sam Woodyard, drums; Jimmy Woods, bass; Marian Bruce (Track 2), vocal.

Ratings: ★★ ★

The difference here is on the solo possibilities in Duke's tunes rather than the wide, often dazzling, array of colors with which the band paints them.

The versions manage to retain much of Duke's flavor, while allowing the soloists enough room to spread out.

Terry's silky, humorous horn is the solo standout. Hodges, particularly on his *Come Sunday* and *Mood Indigo*, is a wonder to hear. Gonsalves, subdued in keeping with his company, is a soloist of strength and taste.

Clark's humor runs throughout the I.P. even to slipping in a nod to *Chattanooga Choo-Choo* while riding the *A Train*. Glenn's vibes are mostly background, although he gets off on *Mellotone*. He solos on trombone on *Cottontail*. Woodyard, on the peppier tracks, brings in the sock on two and four which he has brought into the band. It is a propulsive device for soloists, and certainly gives Gonsalves a lift on his solo in *Mellotone*.

Woodman adds a quietly punching chorus to *Mellotone*. Miss Bruce sings *Sentimental Mood* in a Dukish vein.

Hodges is beautiful on *Sunday*, although I found the ensemble following his solo somewhat unsteady.

On the whole, this is Terry's most satisfying LP to date. (D.C.)

Phil Woods

WARM WOODS—Epic LN 3436: *In Your Own Sweet Way*; *Easy Living*; *I Love You*; *Squire's Parlor*; *Wait Till You See Her*; *Waltz for a Lonely Wife*; *Like Someone in Love*; *Ganga Dia*. Personnel: Woods, alto; Bob Corwin, piano; Sonny Dallas, bass; Nick Stabulas, drums.

Ratings: ★★ ★

In most ways, Woods is molded in Charlie Parker's image. Like Bird, he has an assertive strength, a fluency based on obvious confidence and drive. As Bob Prince says in the liner notes, "To listen to the urgency of his playing is to know that Phil plays because he must."

When Woods is less Bird and more himself, he speaks with authoritative individuality, as he does at times here, but he is far too directed by Parker's accomplishments.

Corwin's solos here are characterized by delicacy and good taste. Dallas and Stabulas support satisfactorily, although the former tends to be overwhelmed by the latter (this may be the result of inadequate recording balance). (D. G.)

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radio and tv

By Will Jones

■ Besides its obvious value—that of simply being an excellent weekly TV program devoted to jazz—*Stars of Jazz* is providing a second little benefit that can't be overlooked.

It is exposing the American TV public to someone who can manage to talk about the technical aspects of jazz in a simple, clear, direct, friendly, yet scholarly manner, without being Leonard Bernstein.

The public-relations value of having someone of Bernstein's stature discussing jazz on TV can't be discounted.

When Bernstein first took to the air with jazz, there was a certain gee-whiz factor in his impact on many viewers (*A symphony conductor talking jazz!*)

But strangely enough, Bobby Troup, host of *Stars of Jazz*, probably is more of a gee-whiz item in many homes than Bernstein was (*Mabel! a jazz musician talking like Leonard Bernstein!*)

I just hope *Stars of Jazz* can stay on the ABC network long enough for Troup to become the great popular TV personality he seems cut out to be. I am concerned about the survival of *Stars of Jazz* as a network show. ABC had the good sense to give it a sustaining network spot, and they will also have the good sense to give that spot to a quiz show if some sponsor buys a quiz show.

The ABC station where I live, for instance, doesn't carry *Stars of Jazz*. While the rest of the country is seeing *Stars of Jazz*, we get *Boots and Saddles*. The Western is sponsored.

My admiration for *Stars of Jazz* really is based on one viewing of the show—and that one viewing took some arranging. The local station rigged a monitor set one night so that I could watch the program from a direct network line while they were feeding *Boots and Saddles* to the customers.

I fell in love with the show instantly—the excellent calibre of the guests, the mad improvising of the cameramen, the genially articulate Mr. Troup on counterpoint or the history of jazz on illegitimate instruments or whatever, the newsy way in which Peggy King was introduced as a converted-to-jazz vocalist and in which Les Thompson was brought

on with his weird electric harmonica, and just the sheer pleasure of seeing and hearing a group like the Dave Pell octet on a TV set.

Now there's a show that takes full advantage of the fact that the sound portion of TV is FM.

The program caused quite a little stir around the studio, too. Nobody had bothered to look at it before. Soon as *Stars of Jazz* came on, a little crowd gathered around the monitor set that had been hooked up—cameramen, floor men, directors. They were attracted by the sound of the show—a sound quite unlike anything we're used to on TV in these parts—but it was the look of the show that had those pros yammering with delight. The cameramen flipped over a shot of Peggy King—a simple profile, unusually framed, with a couple of out-of-focus spotlights in the background. They picked at it a little, too. They were less impressed with the tricky Steve Allenish shots showing five Peggy Kings in a series of monitors. ("They should have quit trying after that profile shot," said one. "They could have gone out afterwards and got drunk and congratulated themselves all night for that one shot alone.")

The show made enough of an impression around the station that there's now a little campaign afoot to get it on the air. The hired hands are going to work on the money men to move *Boots and Saddles*. (In other areas where *Stars of Jazz* isn't carried, maybe there are *Down Beat* readers who can do something to get a similar campaign started. Simply letting the ABC station know the program is wanted. 8:30 p.m. EDT Fridays, is a start.)

Meanwhile, unless I make a point of going to the station each Friday night and getting somebody to plug in a special monitor, I'm afraid my personal enjoyment of *Stars of Jazz* is going to have to be limited to the ABC press mailings. It's hardly the same thing, but it's not bad. The readability of the network's daily press bundle has picked up considerably since Troup became a network personality and thus a subject of occasional canned interviews.

One just came in, for instance, containing this quote: "I think that it's high time producers, writers, and directors cease and desist the completely ridiculous pattern of using strains of jazz music to depict neurotic and emotionally upset characters in dramatic works. It's as bromide as western villains wearing black hats." There's a subject for another column.

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

By Leo

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Byrd Calls



the blindfold test

By Leonard Feather

Last summer, shouldered to victory by the votes of U. S. jazz experts as well as those of several continental critics, Donald Byrd was elected the New Star trumpet player of the year in the *Down Beat* Critics' poll. This was a neat trick for someone who, barely two years earlier, had been unknown outside his native Detroit.

Not until August, 1955, soon after his migration to New York City, when he joined George Wallington's quintet at the Bohemia, did Byrd start tongues triple-tonguing about him. By the time he had put in some service with the Jazz Messengers and had become an important part of the freelancing jazz recording scene around town, it was clear that the talk had been justified.

Like many of the younger crop of jazzmen, Byrd is too young to have acquired a thorough knowledge of jazz backgrounds. For his first *Blindfold Test* I thought it might be of value to investigate his reactions to a couple of items representing earlier vintages. He was given no information before or during the test about the records played for him.

The Records

1. Maynard Ferguson. *I Never Knew* (EmArcy). Bob Burgess, trombone; Ferguson, trumpet; Jimmy Ford, alto; Larry Bunker, drums; Ernie Wilkins, arranger.

Well, that knocked me out! I'd hate to say, because I don't know, but it sounded like Woody Herman, Shorty Rogers, or some west coast group. They sounded very clean. The trumpet section sounded very good. They played well and in tune. It seemed like the weakest thing on it was the saxophone section. They sound like they might be out of tune.

The drummer should be commended. He caught all the necessary breaks and cues . . . The trumpet player was nothing exceptional but was good. The trombone player and saxophone players were good. It was a good, swinging arrangement. I'd rate this four stars. If they'd had some exceptional soloists, it would be five stars.

2. Lee Morgan. *Mesabi Chant* (Blue Note). Gigi Gryce, alto; Benny Golson, tenor; Paul Chambers, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

I know everyone on that. Lee is superb, and he is one of the best young trumpet players I've known. I've watched him ever since I've been coming to New York City. Gigi sounded good, and Benny Golson sounded very fine. Paul is good, as usual, and Philly Joe is up to par, too. But getting back to Lee, he knocks me out. All I can say is, "Wow!" He's phenomenal—for his age and everything.

You couldn't classify this group with a well-rehearsed band. I know how the dates go down, you know.

It could have sounded much better if it had been played much more. But for the amount of time they probably had, I'd rate it 4½, and the other half goes to the time they should have allotted.

3. Metronome All Stars. *Royal Flush* (Columbia). Recorded, 1941. Cootie Williams, first trumpet solo; Harry James, second trumpet solo; Ray Eldridge, third trumpet solo; Benny Carter, alto; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Count Basie, piano, composer; Benny Goodman, clarinet.

You'll have to pardon my ignorance because I guess I grew up too fast. I didn't get a chance to appreciate the greatness in my predecessors, and I'm just getting around to hearing some of them now. It sounded like it could have been Benny Goodman. I can't identify the trumpet players, but I can say, from what I picked out, the second saxophone solo was very good.

I liked what the trombone player did on that. The second trumpet came in with a break like Dizzy—I liked that. The arrangement was good because they had that beat and feeling. The rest of the soloists coming down the line were just fair. I don't know how to classify it, but I thought it was great. I'll give it five stars.

4. Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. *Right Down Front* (Bethlehem). Bill Hardman, trumpet; Johnny Griffin, tenor; Spanky DeBrest, bass.

It was Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. I didn't care too much for the arrangement or the balance on that particular record. Johnny Griffin got the feeling across. He's a very fine saxophonist . . . Highly

technical. Bill Hardman is a fine trumpet player . . . is progressive and is adapting himself readily. Spanky sounded very nice—in fact, it's the first time I've heard him on a record. His solo could be improved, but he has a nice walking bass line. Art Blakey gets the feeling across—he can make a *dead* man play! The important thing in a record is the beat. I'll give this two stars.

5. Bud Freeman. *At Sundown* (Victor). Billy Butlerfeld, trumpet; Tyree Glenn, trombone; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Freeman, tenor; Dick Cary, piano.

It sounded like Ruby Braff's group, and the two outstanding soloists were the trumpet player and the trombone. The trumpet player sounded very clean. He knew what he was doing, and I liked the trombone player. The clarinet player was kind of weak because of his sound. The sax player was nothing outstanding.

One significant thing that got me was the piano player. He seemed to be younger than the rest of them—at least in thought. Some of his chords seemed modern. Now the record swung, but it's hard to rate. In Dixieland there are so many different lines moving at the same time, and you have to hear a thing several times to be able to judge it. It's like listening to a symphony by Stravinsky, where they have different lines interweaving, and you have to listen to each line to evaluate it.

But this was a composition because they had one part they developed at the end. Four stars, for the trumpet and trombone.



heard in person

Down Beat-Dot Jazz Concert

Jazz Concert, Town Hall, May 16 (recorded by Dot Records)—Manny Albam and the Jazz Greats big band; Clara Ward Singers; Tony Scott quintet; Don Elliott-Hal McKusick quintet; Steve Allen trio; Georgie Auld; Paul Horn; Don Bagley; Ken Nordine; Jack Lazare, M.C.

With Osie Johnson tending store in the middle of the stage, Manny's big band kicked off the concert (just 10 minutes late) with a pair of warm-up tunes which had already been committed to wax in a studio. While Dr. Rudy Van Gelder got a balance, the band roared through Manny's originals and then, due to a backstage snafu, stayed on to cut the first track of a long and generally swinging evening; a bristling *Eye-Opener*.

The Clara Ward Singers, recently signed by Dot, came on to belt out a driving *Packing Up*. This is the song they sang at Newport last year, and I doubt if any band could achieve the height of drive and excitement this group got and maintained. The group also sang *Somebody Bigger Than You And I*, and *Cross The River Jordan*.

Tony Scott's new quintet opened without guitarist Kenny Burrell (who had been told the group wasn't due to go on for a bit and stepped out for a breath of air). Tony's opener, *There Will Never Be Another You*, as a consequence, was a bit unsteady. But then he played an as-yet-untitled blues.

There have been solos and there have been solos, but Tony's clarinet choruses were of such quality that the audience burst into spontaneous applause three times as he built his solo from a mere clarinet whisper to a rocketing, double-time series of driving phrases.

Scott hefted his baritone for *Scrapple From The Apple*, a fine showcase for his newly-acquired horn. Throughout, the trombone work of Jimmy Knepper was authoritative and exciting. Burrell, bassist Sam Jones, and drummer Paul Motian gave the horns the kind of swinging base they deserved.

Don Elliott, Hal McKusick (toting bass clarinet), bassist Doug Watkins, pianist Bob Corwin, and drummer Nick Stabulas opened with a tune on which Don dropped a vibes stick following his solo. Elliott did his vocal impressions of Sarah and

Mr. Magoo, among others, on an amusing *When Your Lover Has Gone*; and during his set, showed that the trumpet-mellophone-vibes coupled with bass clarinet makes interesting listening. McKusick was very supple on the horn.

Steve Allen did a set with Osie and Milt Hinton, calling on Georgie Auld for *Rose Room*. As the big band was setting up, Osie played eight bars of *Stardust*, by request, to the delight of the audience.

Manny shot the band through another take of *Eye-Opener*; then gave Al Cohn a solo vehicle, *My Funny Valentine*. Cohn, as expected, played handsomely, with a rich palette of sounds.

Flutist Paul Horn joined with Don Bagley on bass, and Milt and Osie in a crisp set, including *Give Me The Simple Life*, *Willow Weep For Me*, and some rangy backing for Word Jazzer Ken Nordine. Nordine launched into a somewhat mystical and often funny narration touching on his father, religious arguments, struggles for success . . . all in the vein of his two recent Dot albums. He scored with the audience on that, and another Word picture, *The Fixer*, dealing loosely with psychiatry.

The last number was stomped off by Manny at 10:36. It was a blues with some bandwriting and plenty of blowing space for the assembly of soloists on hand. Pianist Dick Katz; trumpeter Nick Travis; Cohn; altoist Gene Quill; flutist Jerome Richardson; baritone man Pepper Adams; trombonists Frank Rehak and Jim Dahl; mellophonist Elliott; vibist Eddie Costa; Auld; McKusick; Horn; Osie; and Steve Allen playing four hand piano with Katz, soloed for several choruses each. The audience, despite not having had an intermission in which to stretch, roared for a final last band chorus as an encore, and Osie socked the final cymbal smash at 11:04 p.m.

It brought an end to the concert; but not really an end, because Dot's first LP in a proposed series based on *Down Beat-Dot* concerts will be forthcoming within a few months.

—dom

Mahalia Jackson

Personnel: Singer Mahalia Jackson, accompanied by Mildred Fall, pianist.

Reviewed: Cooperative Nursery School benefit concert, Mandel Hall,

University of Chicago campus.

Musical Evaluation: The rich tradition of gospel singing in America has few more qualified representatives than Miss Jackson. Her singing is honestly inspired and infinitely moving. She stands calmly, hands clasped before her in prayer-like strength, and soulfully expresses the self-satisfaction she has found. She is a large, strong woman and her songs are an extension of herself—positive, sincere, and emotionally-charged. She is, in many ways, an improvising performer. It is this improvisation, and the relationship between gospel singing and the development of jazz in America, that makes her appeal obvious to jazz fans.

Included in her program this evening were stirring renditions of *A City Called Heaven*, *He's Got The Whole World in His Hands*, *Steal Away to Jesus*, *There is a Balm in Gideon*, *When the Saints Go Marching In*, *The Holy Bible*, and *I'm Going to Live the Life I Sing About in My Song*. In addition, she included an inspiring interpretation of *Didn't It Rain*, a deeply-moving study of *His Eye is on The Sparrow*, and a rare, poignant presentation of *Without a Song*.

The audience maintained near-hypnotic concentration on Miss Jackson throughout the concert. The audience itself appeared to be composed almost exclusively of Mahalia followers. The response to her performance was consistently enthusiastic. In addition, there appeared to be an understanding of what she was singing as well as how she was singing — an element too often overlooked in appraising her efforts.

Attitude of Performer: Miss Jackson benefits from a point-of-view few singers can adopt — she is directly and passionately involved with what she is singing and she reveres and relishes her material. Therefore, there is an ecstatic air to her presentation that communicates incomparably.

Commercial Potential: Miss Jackson's commercial potential is a proven commodity, if one must refer to it in such terms. As a recording artist, she is one of the most commercially successful gospel artists. As a concert performer, she is a consistently satisfying performer — in box office and esthetic terms. Her recent efforts in Hollywood indicate that she has a substantial career in that medium, too. On television, she is as compelling an artist as she is in person; she deserves a television show of her own.

—gold

tangents

By Don Gold

■ Dick Clark, a well-groomed adult with a teenage mentality, sells chewing gum to the youth of America each Saturday night on an ABC-TV network program titled *American Bandstand*.

This crass menagerie features various groups and singers with hit records, potential hit records, possible hit records, and fake hit records. Clark, who is a sort of clean-cut Allen Freed, introduces all of the undeveloped talent.

Radiating charm and energy like a pubescent Jack Armstrong, Clark smiles neatly, flashes a pack of gum at appropriate intervals, behaves like the sanitary hero in a Faith Baldwin story, and encourages applause for the next warped group in the line of those assembled for the show.

Most of these groups and singers Clark presents are more of interest to anthropologists than to a mass audience. On a recent show, for example, two of the offerings included public demonstrations by Dickie Doo and the Don'ts and Jan and Arnie. The former group, to the best of my eyesight, included three guitarists and a drummer. The guitarists weren't necessary, but they managed to provide an interesting interpretation of the witches' role in *Macbeth*.

The latter duo offered an unexpurgated tribal chant, previously unknown to me and undoubtedly obscure to any tribesmen observing the show. Jan, or perhaps Arnie, began by playing chords on a piano. Then both left the piano area, obviously an expedient decision, and charged toward the audience, mumbling irrationally formed syllables.

The audience shrieked with delight, and Clark smiled, as he visualized each member of the audience chewing one pack of gum a day, 365 days a year.

To compound the offense, Clark sprays adjectives on a daytime version of this show each weekday afternoon, as he preaches the gospel of the Top 10 to an eager audience of perpetually gyrating youngsters personifying the Big Beat Generation.

Clark, of course, is not alone in his campaign to misdirect the appreciation of a widespread audience. There are other shows of this type on local stations throughout the country, including one in Chicago

that appears to be "sponsored" privately (below the level of the tabletop, in other words) by an r&b record firm.

The important point is that Clark and his followers are dragging too great a portion of the teenage audience to the nadir of musical taste. There always will be a group to accept the kind of trash the Clark-men dispense. Unfortunately, however, too many persons are being lured to this form. Observers of the arts in America often exclaim that our contributions to the world's history of the arts consist of such as Bugs Bunny, George Raft, and the Everly Brothers.

Fad-conforming personalities like Clark considerably enhance this reputation.

If erudition, intellectual discrimination, and artistic progress are to play a role in American life, the mass media must do more than offer the garbled sounds of unqualified misfits.

At the present time, there are 50 Dick Clark-type shows for every NBC Opera or Bernstein-on-Bach presentation, not to mention the lack of successful jazz productions on television. This unfortunate imbalance must be corrected if America is to produce future generations that will revere the importance of art.

The chewing-gum executives, and their counterparts in other industrial organizations, must realize that adults form an acceptable market, too. What is equally important, they must realize that it is possible to program for teenagers without simultaneously programming for subnormal minds. There is enough worthy talent in America to fill several Dick Clark shows. When this occurs, the talent and the audience will benefit.

The other night I thought I heard Clark shout, "And here they are, with their hit recording of Beethoven's seventh jumpin' quartet—Manny, Moe, Nate, and Zeke—the Budapest Quartet!"

I didn't hear that, of course, but it would be an improvement over what I did hear. At least it would indicate that a transition was at hand.

And until it happens, I'm not chewing any of that gum.

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Strictly Ad Lib

(Continued from Page 8)

Gras at Wildwood. Others set to appear at the vacation spot include Dean Martin, Martha Raye, Frankie Laine, Johnny Mathis, Dick Haymes, Kaye Ballard, Corrine Calvet, Lou Monte, Peggy King, Liberace, Teresa Brewer, Tommy Leonetti, the Andrews Sisters, and Steve Gibson and the Red Caps . . . Benny Golson stayed on with Art Blakey's Messengers, including pianist Bob Timmons, bassist George Tucker, and trumpeter Bill Hardman. Golson is also writing some works for Chico Hamilton's group . . . Norman Granz and producer Bob Bach may pitch a TV spectacular next fall starring Ella Fitzgerald . . . The State Department may send George Shearing and his group to Russia . . . Tony Bennett is reported setting up a European tour with Count Basie and his band for the State Department. They'll work together at the Latin Casino for a week in mid-November.

Horace Silver's group continues, with Donald Byrd succeeding Art Farmer on trumpet; Junior Cook succeeding Cliff Jordan on tenor; Eugene Taylor on bass and Louis Hayes on drums. The new group played Birdland, and is set to open a week-long stand at Marty's 502 Club June 2 . . . Local 802's Al Manuti is being urged (at press time) as a nominee for presidency of the A.F.M. . . . Maynard Ferguson and his band will replace Erroll Garner at the Stratford festival jazz concert Aug. 2. Ferguson and crew will share the stand with Canadian Moe Koffmann, whose *Swinging Shepherd* was a pop hit . . . Joe Hall, pianist with the original Casa Loma band, died in May . . . Count Basie and his band were set by DJ Felix Grant of WMAL, Washington, D.C. as the attraction for the second in his series of jazz concerts early in June . . . Donald Byrd graduated from Manhattan school of music late in May, and will receive his bachelor of music degree in trumpet later in the summer . . . John LaPorta's Concert Workshop will present a jazz and modern dance concert at the Hofstra college festival.

Chicago

JAZZ, CHICAGO-STYLE: The Duke Ellington orchestra, warming up for its softball game versus the

jazz critics at Newport, is throwing well-pitched sounds around the Blue Note these evenings. The Ellington team will be on hand through June 29. July 2 marks the return to the Note of the Dukes of Dixieland. The Assunto family and friends will two-beat their way through a three-week booking, vacating to make way for the local conquering hero—Count Basie—to lead his band into the Note on July 30 for three weeks . . . Oscar Peterson's exciting trio, with Ray Brown and Herb Ellis, is at the London House. The Peterson trio's four week stay, which began on June 11, will be followed by residence by the George Shearing quintet-plus one. Andre Previn, Hollywood tasks permitting, will return to the London House in early August for four weeks. Jonah Jones, who captivated crowds at the steak palace a few months ago, will return in October with more muted jazz . . . Mike Nichols and Elaine May are winding up their stay at Mister Kelly's. The Axidentals return on June 23 for two weeks, followed by Josephine Premice on July 7 for a pair. Ella Fitzgerald debuts at Kelly's on July 21. Dick Marx and Johnny Frigo, with Gerry Slosberg on drums, continue at Kelly's on the Monday-Tuesday shift, with Marty Rubenstein's trio taking over for the rest of the week . . . After a remodeling episode, the Cloister inn is back in business again, with Ramsey Lewis' trio (Friday-through-Tuesday), Ed Higgins' trio (Wednesday-through-Saturday), and vocalist Bev Kelly on hand. Higgins continues at the London House on Monday and Tuesday, too.

Franz Jackson's Dixieland group is the regular Monday-Tuesday attraction at the Preview lounge. The group continues at the Red Arrow on Friday and Saturday. The Chicago Stompers are at the Red Arrow on Sunday . . . The Debra Hayes sextet is at the Preview on the Wednesday-through-Sunday shift . . . Dixieland dominates proceedings at the 1111 club and Jazz Ltd., as usual . . . Frank D'Rone continues to lure throngs to Dante's Inferno . . . Doc Evans is due to participate in a Butterfield firehouse concert in July . . . The Bill Porter-Eddie Avis quintet is at the Thunderbird lounge on Monday nights . . . The Modernes continue at the Chevron lounge on Route 66 at LaGrange road . . . Bob Owens quartet, with Andy Anderson on tenor, is at the Coral Key on

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severance he traveled with various area dance bands and played lead alto in a summer show. Ron's objective is a professional career in music as a composer, arranger and instrumentalist.

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anist Dave Remington's Dixieland
group is at the Wagon Wheel in
Rockton, Ill. Bassist Joe Levinson,
formerly a writer at CBS in Chicago,
has joined the group.

THE RADIO SCENE: Dick
Buckley's jazz show on WNIB-FM,
the best of its kind in the area, is
now heard on WGHF, Brookfield,
Conn., too. It's just the beginning
of the sort of recognition Buckley
deserves for intelligently program-
ming jazz on FM.

ADDED NOTES: Jimmy Durante
and Lillian Briggs are at the Chez
Paree, but they'll be vacating on
June 18, when the Sayonara Kid,
Red Buttons, and singer Terri Stev-
ens invade the premises . . . The Kir-
by Stone Four and Charlotte Rae
are at the Empire room of the Pal-
mer House. Ted Lewis, battered hat
and clarinet, leads his review into
the Empire room on July 3 for a
four-week stay . . . Buddy Hackett is
at the Black Orchid.

Carmen Romano is heading the
Tropical Holiday at the Blue Angel
. . . Osborne Smith, folk singer and
African drummer, is at Easy Street
. . . Lee Carroll continues at The
Chase on Walton; Denny Miles does
likewise at the Embers down the
street.

Hollywood

JAZZNOTES: Art Pepper's bind-
ing pact with Aladdin-Intro expired
by default. Now he's untied and can
record at will . . . Query in the L. A.
Tribune: "Is it true that Buddy
Tate, former sax man with Count
Basie, is now a chauffeur in Holly-
wood?" Could be, but the union still
lists him at 1732 Amsterdam Ave.,
N. Y. . . New co-op group sprung
out of the Las Vegas jazz des-
ert has Carl Fontana, trombone;
Joe Pass, guitar; Bob Harrington,
vibes; Bob Aragon, bass, and Buddy
Greve, drums. They will work clubs
(and record) with World-Pacific
singer Pat Healy . . . Hey, C.B.S.
radio! How 'bout piping *Upbeat*
Saturday Night through KNX here?
We're missing such programs as the
recent broadcast with Edgar Samp-
son and Georgie Auld.

NITERY NOTES: Barbara Dane's
engagement at the 400 Club surely
was historically brief. She didn't dig
the management and quit after one
night . . . Terri Lester's Jazz Cellar
is now operating six nights a week.
The non-alcoholic spot features

bassist Wilfrid Middlebrooks and
pianist Lorraine Geller Tuesdays
through Thursdays; the Mel Lewis-
Bill Holman all-stars take over for
the weekends . . . That makes two
spots in town to hear your jazz week
nights (Jazz Cabaret is t'other) . . .
Drummer Paul Togawa, now a
groupless leader, joined the Zel Kin-
dred trio at the Normandie Club
(at Adams). He reports packed
houses nightly because of the sitting
in . . . The Marvin Jenkins trio is
enconced at the Valley's Starlite
Room (Moorpark and Tujunga)
since January. Jenkins doubles piano
and flute with Bob Martin, bass, and
Carlos Gomez, drums . . . Down-
towners may dig Goldie Goldstein
on piano at the Flame Room on
Eighth street where singers love to
sit in every night except Sundays.

ADDED NOTES: Bob Crosby
signed on the Dot-ted line. His first
Lp will be out in September . . .
Frankie Laine threw a wild one for
visiting Michel LeGrand, French
composer-conductor who batoned the
singer's new *A Foreign Affair* disc.
LeGrand says he'll do an album in
New York with Miles Davis featured
. . . Si Zentner made the Big Tube
with his new big band on KNXT's
Sunday Dress Blues U.S.M.C. show.
Lynn Franklin handled the vocals
. . . The third annual western states
accordion festival is slated for Aug-
9 and 10 at Long Beach. Over 3,500
contestants are expected plus scads
of soloists, combos, and bands . . .
Harry B. Klusmeyer's *Campus Musi-
cal Productions* is steamrolling
through California, Arizona, and
Nevada, booking concerts right, left,
and center with such groups, instru-
mentalists, and singers as the Dave
Pell octet, Andre Previn trio, Bar-
ney Kessel, the Bud Shank quartet,
Lucy Ann Polk, the Firehouse Five
Plus Two, Buddy De Franco quar-
tet, etc., etc. . . San Bernardino
schoolteacher Jim Angelo spreads
his weekly word to the faithful with
his column on jazz and records in
the S.B. *Sun and Telegram*.

DOTTED NOTES: Since initial
word on the re-forming of the Earle
Spencer band (*Down Beat*, April
17) there's been naught but quiet
from his public relations firm. Ex-
Spencer vocalist Walt De Silva can
relax for awhile and spin his discs
in peace . . . Howard Rumsey split
from Liberty Records. "Fortunate-
ly," says he, "They never even
signed me to a contract." He is now
recording all the jazz he wants down



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CITY.....STATE.....

at the Lighthouse with \$3,000 of Ampex-stereo equipment and release the albums under his Lighthouse label . . . Whatever happened to George Laine? . . . The Carmel jazz festival is shaping up as a real lollapaluza. It wails Oct. 3, 4, and 5 and plans are to have the Kenton band and ex-dideman on stage for one night. Also Duke Cole's original trio, and, possibly Rosemary Clooney . . . Pete Jolly and Ralph Pena remain at Sheraton on the Strip making with the best pest music up thar.

Detroit

Yusef Lateef's band at Kleber's Show Bar now consists of Lateef, tenor and flute; Frank Morelli, bass; tone and flute; Terry Pollard, piano; William Austin, bass, and Frank Gant, drums . . . Barbara Carroll is the current attraction at Baker's Keyboard lounge. Scheduled to follow are Billy Taylor, Gene Krupa, and Buddy Rich . . . Local singer Lodi Carr left for New York to join Maynard Ferguson's big band . . . Miles Davis did a week at the Blue Bird Inn. The Horace Silver group is next in line.

Vibist Dick Tapert took his quintet into Little Wally's for an indefinite stay . . . The Flame Show bar had Dizzy Gillespie in for a week. He was followed by Della Reese, Ray Charles, and Sam Cooke . . . The group that baritonist Beans Bowles leads at Lavert's lounge comprises Kirk Lightsey, piano; Clarence Sherman, bass, and Roy Brooks, drums . . . Harry James' band was featured at the University of Detroit's annual spring carnival this year.

—donald r. ston

Platter Plight

Hollywood — The *Personality Plugger*, publicity organ for the Platters local group, recently contained the following nugget on the North African adventures of the singers:

" . . . They've also just completed an appearance for the French Foreign Legion headquarters at Sidi Bel Abbes, 100 miles from Oran. There, it was necessary for them to stay overnight because the government would not permit anyone on the road after dark for fear shooting might break out."

Oh, De Gaulle of some people!

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Charlie Barnet

(Continued from Page 18)

there said to us, 'My God, where's this kind of music been?' So I figure if they hear good big band music, they'll dig it."

About to set a recording deal with Imperial Records alter a recent output of five on Norman Granz' Verve label, Barnet is now intent on refurbishing his book.

"When we do the first Imperial album," he said with enthusiasm, "the charts will be all new; we're not doing any of our old stuff. And I rather lean toward Bill Holman and Marty Paich to do most of the writing. I like what they're doing for big bands now."

Whether as personal manager or bandleader Barnet remains one of the leading personalities in the music business. In his career, he has led some earth-shaking music organizations, loaded with top-caliber jazz musicians many of whom first made international reputations behind Barnet.

Between fishing trips, Charlie has proved repeatedly that he still can front an aggregation capable of swinging dancers down the turnpike, Pompton or any other.

Barnet is not given to wild optimism about "the return of big bands." But he is not sitting around waiting for it to happen. By keeping the nucleus of a band in blowing condition for one-niters and the forthcoming tour in the fall, it is evident that he's ready to board the bus.

When that happens, the marlin off Guaymas will have to find another hook.

Wild Wooley

Hollywood — In its weekly feature, *Tips on Coming Tops*, the May 12 issue of *The Billboard* threw its review spotlight on Sheb Wooley's single, *The Purple People Eater*, with the comment ". . . It tells about a 'one-eyed, one-horn, flyin' purple people eater' to strong effect. Wooley handles the nonsense lyrics with a money sound."

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Recording History

(Continued from Page 19)

wide; and a sweeping era of revolution in both sound reproduction, and the recording industry.

Now, with LP, it was possible to record a complete symphony without breaks every five minutes. Now, with LP, it was possible to program a set of tunes by a particular artist on one record. At last, through LP, rare collector's items were re-issued with (in many cases) a new depth

of sound, and a durability beyond previous expectation.

With LP came the era of Hi-Fi. Records now were of such quality that the reproduction methods had to keep pace. The low surface noise of the LP allowed greater flexibility in reproducing equipment. The market was geared to give the listener everything the record had in it.

At the same time, a somewhat ludicrous attempt by RCA Victor to launch the 45 r.p.m. record as the standard of the industry fell short because of the overwhelming advantages inherent in the LP. Before

too long, Victor and the few companies which had gone with 45 switched to LP, retaining the doughnut-shaped record for singles and EPs.

As the recording of sound became more and more precise (and more and more a genuine engineering project), pre-recorded tape came into some popularity. Tape recorders were available at reasonable cost. Tape was within the buyer's means. The sound, if a rig was sensitive enough, was thrilling.

But almost before tape realized any of its potential, the word spread through the industry that stereophonic tape was on the way. Not far behind (last winter, as a matter of fact), was the stereo-LP.

The sound industry is still in a turmoil. Hi-Fi buyers have a natural reluctance to invest in stereo records just now . . . perhaps fearing that a company war similar to the 33-1/3-45 r.p.m. battle between Victor and Columbia could develop over records with compatible stereo or true stereo. The former could be used on present sets with present cartridges; the latter on present sets with stereo cartridges. Both could be played only if the owner added a second amplifier and second speaker to his set to recreate stereo. The latter has been accepted by most of the industry.

This is the era we're in. Again, it's an era of transition. There is every indication that the entire recording industry is in for a thorough shaking. With many labels either introducing low-priced (\$1.49-\$1.98) LPs or leasing masters to other labels for such bargain LPs, it seems reasonable to assume that before too long the record market will split into two planes: one of monaural records at a low, bargain price; the other of stereo LPs at about today's price standard for new LPs (\$4.98-\$5.98).

In addition, a stereo tape cartridge looms on the immediate horizon, adding a note of hesitancy in any potential purchaser of stereo tape equipment. At this writing, for instance, it appears that RCA-Victor will introduce both the packaged stereo-LP set; and a tape playback mechanism geared for a cartridge, this year.

It's been a hectic 24 years in sound, ranging from the last of the wind-up, acoustical machines to the first of the stereo-LP and stereo-tape recordings.

Recorded sound and *Down Beat* have, each in its own manner, come a long and exciting way together.

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film flam

By John Tynan

Screen scene: Not only is *Kings Go Forth* an outstanding motion picture in dramatic and cinematographic essentials, but producer Frank Ross also had the blessed good taste to include in the brief jam session scene some notable jazzmen (*Down Beat*, Feb. 20). Designed to showcase the amateur trumpeting ability of one of the plot's principals, Tony Curtis, the sequence is a lively one.



Pete Candoli, who played soundtrack trumpet, is seen but briefly as he hands over his horn to Curtis and steps down from the stand. The only musician not continually on camera is Richie Kamuca, who may be seen standing to the left, off the stand. The drummer sideling for Mel Lewis, who recorded the track, is Boone Stines, whose happy, swinging demeanor garnered several hundred feet of film. Ditto Red Norvo, clad in characteristic informal attire, and his bassist, Red Wooten, who looks quite jubilant about the whole thing.

Only guitarist Jimmy Wyble fails to come on happily; throughout the sequence he looks as if his mind's given wholly to the guitar. While the jazz that results from this informal "session" is not especially remarkable, the sequence is effective.

But somebody should've told Curtis that you just don't carelessly toss a horn back to its owner the way he did. Not if you value your front teeth, that is.

An afternoon spent on the soundstage where pre-recording for Sam Goldwyn's *Porgy and Bess* was in progress, under direction of 28-year-old Andre Previn, revealed the ultimate luxury of the Todd-AO sound system. In deciding to film the movie in Todd-AO, the producer added a mere \$1,500,000 to the budget, bringing the total cost to \$6,500,000.

While Previn conducted an augmented orchestra of 105 pieces and the singing of baritone Broc Peters, listening to the results in an adjacent cavernous soundstage were the producer, lyricist Ira Gershwin, Paul

Whiteman, director Reuben Mamoulian and me.

After a while Previn, Sidney Poitier (who plays Porgy in the film), singer Peters and some of the musicians joined us to listen to the playback through the five Todd-AO horns.

"Y-know something," said Previn, "there'll be more music in this picture than in any movie ever made. All the pre-recording will take about 3 months. We've got 44 numbers to do. That'll add up to just under three hours of music. Whew!" Whew said it.

Between playbacks of the *Porgy* music, Gershwin said he's now working on a book dealing with lyric writing. "What I'm doing," he explained, "is taking 100 songs and analyzing the lyrics. There'll be quite copious notes appended, and the book will have a lot of autobiography.

"Work goes pretty slowly, though. Sometimes it takes me about three days to get down one sentence. Alfred Knopf is publishing it, and I hope to have it ready by fall."

SHORT TAKES: Gene Krupa will function as technical adviser on the movie of his life. In addition, he'll supervise the underscore and over-all soundtrack for the picture, which is scheduled to roll as soon as the current strike situation is settled. It is being produced by Phil Waxman for Columbia release . . . Chalk this one up for free-wheeling singer-actress Julie London: she's the only actress in screen history (it says here) to play leading roles in four consecutive films and also sing and record main title and theme songs for the same number of pix. Collaborating with Bobby Troup, she penned the music for *Voice in the Mirror*; he wrote the lyric. Bobby also did both words and music for Julie's songs from *Man of the West* and *The Seventh Commandment* . . . Asked if ever he'd been approached to do a movie based on his career, Charlie Barnet replied with a chuckle, "Several times. But it never came off because I refused to grow a moustache for the movie. Anyway, they'd never be able to find enough actresses for the leading roles."

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Dear Virginia:

Yea, there is a school of jazz.

A few years ago I wouldn't have blamed you for thinking such a thing was an impossibility; but the fact is that the Berklee School of Music has pioneered in the field of jazz education and training ever since its inception in 1945. I can't blame you for not knowing about it, because it's only in the past couple of years that Lawrence Berk, the executive director of the school, has succeeded in attracting for it the nation-wide public attention it has always deserved.

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I think if there were no other evidence of the school's qualifications than the tremendous advances made by Toshiko both as pianist and composer, this would be guarantee enough of the advisability of investing your time there.

No, Virginia, I won't guarantee that the Berklee School or any other school is a passport to genius; but if you have any real interest and talent, it can be a visa that will certainly open up many doors for you.

If you desire further information or a catalog, I would suggest that you write directly to Mr. Lawrence Berk, director of the Berklee School of Music, at 284 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Sincerely,

Leonard Feather

Leonard Feather

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Jo Jones

(Continued from Page 17)

stand, I shut out everything. I concentrate about 98 per cent on what I'm doing. I represent my immediate family when I hit the stand. And after you play music, you've got to live it. You're dealing with emotions. There's a big difference between the guy who plays music and a musician.

"Between 1941 and 1951, the continuity was broken. Those were hectic times. The kiddies came along too fast, and nobody was interested in helping them. They were never allowed to develop fully. Sometimes they hit one plane and remained there. They would have been better off to have stayed at home, where they were something, and where they could have kept developing. Stay there until New York asks for you.

"So, there aren't enough bands for the kiddies to work in. I'd like to see them get together and make their own big band. They should pool together, get some place to rehearse, make their own records, rent a ballroom . . . they could do matinees . . . there's enough work around for them to do three dances a week here in New York.

"They don't seem to discuss music any more. They talk about it . . . but I said *discuss*. It's not a matter of opinion. Either you play well or you don't. And you know your limits. I've been trying to work out a format to get the kids a direction. My heart goes out to them. And I can't give them one year of my experience."

In addition to his pride in his profession, Jo has an innate curiosity which has aided him as a musician and as a person throughout his career.

"When I was young, I went out with musicians. I liked to learn from them. I would speak with people in different professions, have them break down something complicated for me. I learned about electricity from electricians . . . I learned about dynamics from Walter Page.

"In theaters, I used to do a funny bit. I'd walk out on the stage and make different sounds with my feet. By that I could determine where to place my drums for the best sound.

"Now, it's an automatic reaction. In some places, I would try to determine what so-and-so would do. There are seasonal changes which affect the drums. They're a good barometer, like your body. In Denver, for instance, singers have it

rough; but the brass has brilliance. Some theaters have water running near them or under them, and that affects the drums."

Jo and the members of the Basie band used to chat with each other on their instruments.

"A musician puts everything that happened to him into his playing. Even today, I can tell if a musician had a fight with his wife by the way he's playing.

"When I left Basie, I wanted to be an indirect contact with the band. I wanted to keep an eye on the kids and see them come along.

"I laughed 14 years. I sat up there behind the drums and laughed. If the people who raved about the Basie band ever heard the Basie band in Kansas City or at Little Rock, they'd dance on their heads.

"The band today is lighter than the old Basie band. The saxes are louder than the brass. The other band had low reeds, and the brass was brilliant.

"If the band was supposed to hit at 9 o'clock, I'd be on the stand at 8:45. At nine, I'd start in on the sock cymbal and I'm gone.

"That's the crime of this thing, I get paid for doing something I did for nothing. I learned to do this for 50 cents a night. It becomes easy for \$50. That's one of the complaints Roy and Pres and I had about Jazz At The Philharmonic . . . there wasn't enough time to get going."

On the current scene, Jo says, "As of today, this very minute, Frank Butler is the greatest drummer in the world. I like *A Fifth For Frank* on the Curtis Counce record. I like Ed Thigpen, Charlie Persip . . . there are some good ones around.

"I had a farm once in Nebraska . . . I'd like to have another one. But, retire? I'm going to stay around as long as I can pick up a stick.

"I wouldn't trade sitting on the bandstand for a million dollars."

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