SPECIAL SILVER ANNIVERSARY EDITION

August 20, 1959 50¢

down beat®

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THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
AUG 12 1959
PERIODICAL READING ROOM

to look back in nostalgia, and try to catch a glimpse of the future.

25th Anniversary

Features and Articles by: Leonard Feather • Andre Hodeir Vernon Duke • Charles Edward Smith

And...
Silver Medal Awards
Down Beat Chronology
Pictures Of The Past

Plus the regular...
Music News • Record Reviews
Blindfold Test and Departments

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Fluid smooth, whisper quiet...with feather-light touch you control tape movement with the central joystick of your Newcomb SM-310. This exciting new stereophonic record-playback tape machine has been cybernetically engineered to fit you. Intuitively, you sense how to operate this handsome instrument. The natural movement, you find, is the correct movement. Loading is utterly simple. It is almost impossible to make a mistake. The transport handles tape with remarkable gentleness, avoids stretch and spilling.

The Newcomb SM-310 records stereophonically live from microphones or from broadcast or recorded material. There are mixing controls on both channels for combining "mike" and "line." The SM-310 records and plays back half-track monaural also. So versatile is the machine that you may record and playback on either or both channels in the same direction.

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Advance showings in New York and Los Angeles proves an unprecedented demand for this instrument. We urge those who desire early delivery to place their orders now.

Dept D8

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And one thing more. Kings are made to last. The men pictured on this page tell us they're amazed at the punishment their Kings take. Month after month of steady playing and traveling, and their Kings stay right in adjustment. Join the Kings playing Kings!

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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

Down Beat is obviously not the same magazine it was 25 years ago. But then, neither are the music and musicians on which it reports, nor the social climate in which it exists.

Just seven months before *Down Beat* was founded in July of 1934, Prohibition went down the drain. This act was symbolic of the re-recognition of the individual and the leading-the-way-out of a bitter depression into a New Deal. The term "brain truster" became as much a compliment as "egg head" was later to be a slur. And as Gene Lees points out (see *Big Bands*, page 25) jazz and our popular music merged conveniently and brilliantly to serve the bright new times. And *Down Beat* was there, in tabloid format and style, brash as swing itself.

The pickup of the music business with "recovery" came to a frenetic head in World War II. The emotional release of the early 1940s created jobs for any musicians not in uniform . . . and many a musician in service went on playing—for G.I. scale.

But if war gave the music business a big boost, the seeds of future troubles were being sown. The band singers became featured vocalists as manpower and transportation problems became acute. Then began the de-emphasis of music that you can see in any present day Top Forty list. Meantime, electronic advances, hastened by the war, were paving the way for increased post-war automation and mechanization. The record and audio equipment businesses were to enjoy unprecedented high sales.

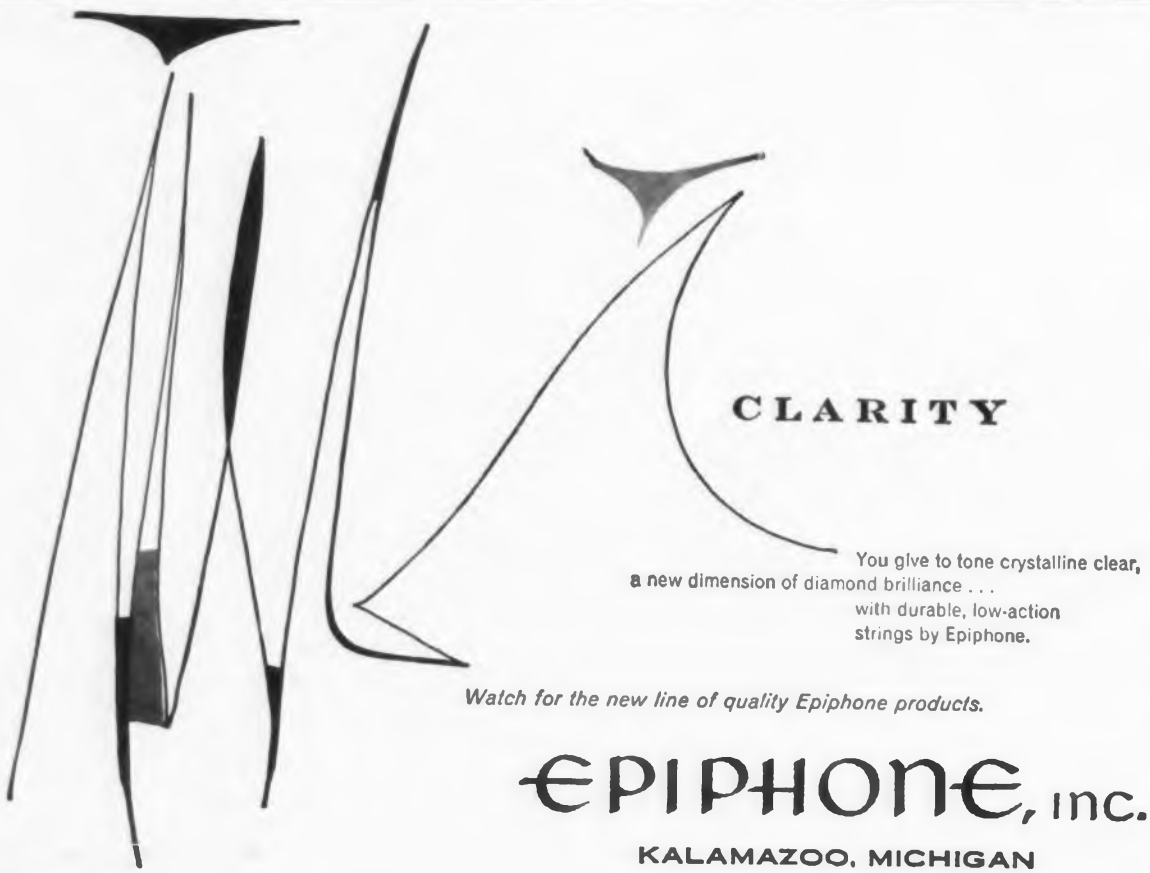
But one of the most insidious developments was the well-meant 20% entertainment tax. Soon, it was to strangle the live music business.

But perhaps the most sinister by-product of the war was the reactive climate of the late 40's and early 50's. The nuclear age—and our horrible use of its first product—triggered a negative social atmosphere. It meant herding into conformity as sort of a mass punishment for the eating of the atomic apple. It meant investigations and exposures and mccarthyism. The music business was hurt as badly as all our other outlets of personal expression. It was no coincidence that *Down Beat's* circulation hit an all time low in 1952.

We started to come out of it about five years ago. Prosperity and peace, no matter how uneasy, brought about some relaxation. The civil rights fight took on strength in the atmosphere that produced Mort Sahl, exurbanite jokes and the thinking man's music, jazz. The bop experiments of the 40's and the later cool school had opened the way for lively and sturdy jazz.

And by now, despite some negative elements (Existentialism or commercial or beatnik), it is obvious that the music for the individual is coming on. We hope nothing happens to stop it from maturing.

But whatever the scene, *Down Beat* will do its best to stay with it. And, barring the unexpected disasters one would be foolish ever to rule out, that scene looks reasonably healthy.



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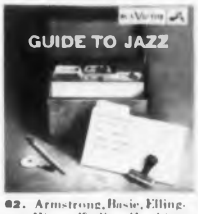
84. Jolly jazz genius plays, sings 12 of his best: *Your Feet's Too Big, Honeysuckle Rose, Two Sleepy People, Hold Tight, Tea for Two*, etc.



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A Send no money. A bill will be sent. Albums can be shipped only to U.S., its territories and Canada. Albums for Canadian members are made in Canada, and are shipped duty free from Ontario.

45	48	62
64	79	83
85	87	92
101	102	103
104	105	106

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down beat

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ON THE COVER

The pictures on the cover of this special 25th Anniversary issue of *Down Beat* show, from left to right: Bing Crosby with Louis Armstrong; Anita O'Day; Leonard Feather with Stan Kenton; Paul Whiteman with Frank Sinatra; Harry James, Dave Tough and Benny Goodman; Mel Torme and Billie Holiday.

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(adv.)

education in jazz

By Herb Pomeroy

In my dual capacity as a teacher at the Berklee School of Music and leader of the Herb Pomeroy Orchestra, I have had an ideal opportunity to evaluate the outstanding results achieved by the Berklee curriculum.

The effectiveness of any specialized training can only be measured by the productive abilities of its followers, and the band, in this case, has served as an excellent proving ground as well as a professional outlet for the more capable student instrumentalists and arrangers. On our new United Artists LP, "Band in Boston", all of the arrangements have been written by Berklee students or faculty members.

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The performing and writing abilities of Berklee-trained musicians may also be heard on any of the "Jazz in the Classroom" LP's, an educational record and score series released by the School.

If you have any questions about the courses offered at Berklee or if I may be of assistance to you in any way, you may contact me at the Berklee School of Music, 284 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Herb Pomeroy

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chords and discords

Birthday Greeting

I consider *Down Beat* to be one of the finest magazines of its kind in the world, and I have always found it to be fair and honest to the many artists that it has written about over the years.

The magazine has my recommendation to all the people in the music business, especially to club owners, as a means of keeping abreast of what is happening in the music world. I have a copy sent to my home as well as to the office and I'm looking forward to another 25 years of reading.
New York — Joe Glaser

The Card Case

Two years ago I presented myself to attorney Maxwell T. Coehn in the hope that, as with Stan Getz, Bud Powell . . . and Art Blakey, he could secure a police identification card allowing me to work in New York City. The case mushroomed into something bigger than all of us, but, at last, I have my permit and have already put it to use at Basin Street East with Kai Winding.

To . . . your readers, it may have been just a news item of continuance. To me, it was one of the most important events of my life.

I am deeply grateful to the few who have worked long and hard that I might have the opportunity to play jazz in New York City. I feel that the unsung hero in this case is the press, specifically the trade magazines, who with a quiet sincerity have kept every nuance of the case, ever turn and twist, in front of its readers. I don't wish to become maudlin here but just schmaltzy enough to thank the *Down Beat* staff for their continuing interest, honesty and sincerity in their job of reporting. My wife, Jean, and my son, Mark, are equally grateful for a job well done.
Niantic, Conn. — Bill Rubenstein

Open Letter To An Open Head

Dear Mr. Crater (George to your friends):

I couldn't help but notice your recent interest in me and as I said recently to Dr. Rhine of Duke University (I didn't actually *talk* to him), "Doc, anyone who is interested in me, I'm interested in." In the interest of your recent interest, I am writing to you for the purpose of clarifying some of the misconceptions (and aborting some of the conceptions, immaculate or otherwise) that you seem to have concerning *moi*. (Hildegarde taught me that last *mot!*)

You mention that you have not been writing my life story and then go on to state emphatically that you have not been reading it either. Well, one can't be too versatile; I wouldn't want you to spread yourself too thin. You know, Jack of all Paars, disaster of fun.

If you had read my life story (to be published in the fall by Bobbs-Merrill or in installments by the *National Enquirer* but available under the counter at any neighborhood Doubleday) you would have learned, among other things, that in 1943 I won the French Declamation Contest at Brooklyn's Erasmus Hall High School by reciting *Le corbeau et le renard* (I keep the tricolor award in the drawer because the gold D has fallen off and I hate to explain to people what eclamation means); that I sat in with Lee Collins at the Victory Club on Chicago's chi chi Clark Street in 1949; that I have known, and jammed with, a former sideman with Ace Brigode (warning to readers: these facts are true and have been authenticated by Hugues Panassie's *Dictionnaire du jazz*); that . . . But why go on when I might spoil the sales of the book?

Talking about my playing (on a used Buescher alto without high F key) reminds me of your statement, and I quote, "Wouldn't it be wild if Ira Gitler got his own record date?" Well Kiki, the news is out—I've already taped one. The following labels are interested in issuing it: Atomic, Beltone, Chord, Encore, Excelsior, Black and White, Frantone, Guild, ARA, Melodisc, Arco, Sarco, and Vanzetti. I lean toward the latter as they have had a lot of success with their first two releases, John Tynan and The Three Sounds in *Courtroom Jazz*; Tony Scott and Bill Crow in *The Love Death from Tristan and Isolde*. (I would have signed an exclusive pact with Majestic but we couldn't find Jimmy Walker to sign the papers.)

Here is a pre-release scoop on the contents of my LP. Track 1 finds me blowing

(Continued on Page 93)

deebee's scrapbook #13

"Ira Gitler was born in . . ."

ED SHERMAN


The nation's finest Drummers use Slingerland!
JIMMY VINCENT
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LEBLANC
THE

This is the trumpet — this is the timbre — this is the moment that has eluded Music 'til now . . . the Leblanc "Golden Horn" that introduces the "golden age" in brasswind sound. From now on, this is the standard by which trumpets will be judged. Nor can you say you have played the greatest of them all until you have played the fantastic "Golden Horn". Anything less is a compromise. Its voice is a golden voice — with a beautiful "singing" quality. High notes pop out effortlessly, with never a worry about intonation. The lows come through vibrantly rich and full . . . beautifully overflowing in depth and projection, with just the right resonant "edge". Of course, every mechanical detail is as perfect as human craftsmanship and precision manufacturing can create. The "Golden Horn" is as light as a dream, perfectly balanced, finished in pure gold. Nothing has been spared to bring you the greatest trumpet ever created . . . an instrument capable of optimum efficiency, offering limitless capacity for your own musical expression. Read what some of the country's leading brasswind artists say about this fabulous trumpet — then for a truly thrilling experience test-play the "Golden Horn" at your Leblanc dealer.

Model 707G, "Golden Horn", Illustrated — $470
Model 707, "Sonic", lacquer finish — $350
Model 707S, "Sonic", silver plated — $385

Joseph Triscari — Leading recording and studio artist. *"This is the sound I like in a horn."*

Warren Luening — Trumpet soloist, Lawrence Welk Band. *"This horn possesses the best tuning I have ever had in a trumpet."*

Norman Bailey — Lead trumpet, Lawrence Welk Band. *"The perfect trumpet for the lead man."*

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Conrad Gozzo — NBC-TV staff trumpeter. Outstanding trumpet stylist, studio and recording artist. *"I can't jeopardize my reputation by trying to play on a trumpet that wouldn't allow me to fully utilize my musical expression as the 'Golden Horn' does."*

Ralph Marterie — Famous band leader; winner of Down Beat's "Outstanding Band Leader-Soloist" poll. *"The greatest recording trumpet I ever played."*

Daniel Tetzlaff — Noted brasswind clinician, soloist, author and teacher. *"The more playing one does, the more he searches for the instrument that produces the most tone and the best intonation with the least amount of effort. That is why I enjoy every session with this new 'Golden Horn'."*

Mickey Mangano — NBC-TV staff trumpeter; studio and recording artist. *"Its light weight and responsiveness make it more comfortable to finish the job — regardless of its length."*

Bobby Guy — NBC-TV staff trumpeter; studio and recording artist. *"The valve action is positively the finest."*

Jimmy (Salko) Salicone — NBC-TV staff trumpeter; popular recording artist and studio musician. *"It is unbelieveable to find a new horn where the pistons neither hang nor bounce."*

Uan Rasey — Popular recording and studio musician. *"The flexibility is tremendous and greatest of all, you can play soft with a good sound."*

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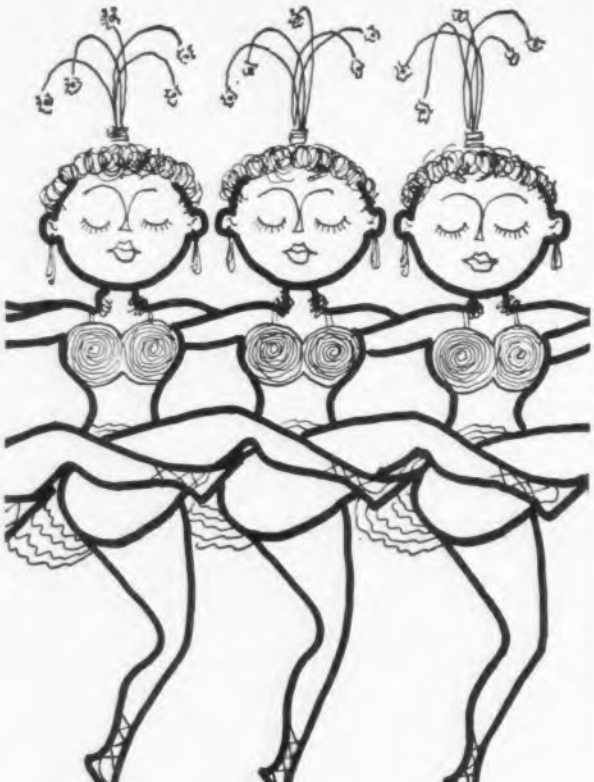
ARS . . . BOTH PLAYING GRETSCH DRUMS

■ Max Roach (across the page) with his Gretsch "Progressive Jazz" outfit. Max has been voted Best Drummer of the Year by the *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics' Poll. We like to think that "great Gretsch sound" helped. See what you think. Try a Gretsch outfit at your dealer's.

■ Elvin Jones (above) is the *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics' Poll choice for New Star on Drums. The drum outfit is by Gretsch . . . the choice of drum stars all over the world for more than 75 years. Write for your free Diamond Jubilee drum catalog . . . and assemble your own career.

Gretsch, 60 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, N.Y., Dept. DB89



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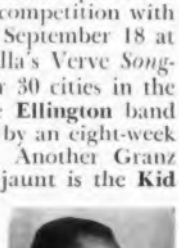
strictly ad lib

NEW YORK

There was some American jazz at the World Youth Festival in Vienna after all. **Norman Granz** presented **Ella Fitzgerald** on August 1 and 2 in competition with the Communist entertainers. Starting September 18 at Carnegie Hall, Granz is presenting Ella's Verve *Songbook* on a concert tour that will cover 30 cities in the U.S. On September 19 Granz has the **Ellington** band opening in Amsterdam to be followed by an eight-week tour of England and the Continent. Another Granz booking for an eight-week European jaunt is the **Kid Ory** New Orleans group, which opens in Kiel, Germany, this fall.



Shadow

Jazz will also be represented at the Vienna Youth Festival by the alto saxophonist and clarinetist **Karel Krautgartner** of Czechoslovakia, who will present his own jazz combo.

One of our great drummers, **Rossiere (Shadow) Wilson**, passed away July 11 in a Harlem hospital from a complication of ailments including a form of meningitis. He spent many years with the late **Fats Waller** and played with the bands of **Count Basie** and **Woody Herman . . . Lawrence Marrero**, internationally known banjoist with the **George Lewis** New Orleans Band, died in late June at his home in New Orleans.

Al (Jazzbo) Collins, a rare disc jockey because he is musically aware, has shifted his activities from WNEW to WINS in New York City . . . **Christiern Albertson** of Gabriel Radio Productions is looking for an old friends, **Joseph (Taps) Miller**, the dancer who was once associated with the **Count Basie** band. A Louisiana playground (1,100 acres) located in Jefferson parish was named after **Louis Armstrong . . . Frank Socolow** (tenor sax) and **Buddy Rich** recently returned to Manhattan from Hollywood where they worked in **Jerry Lewis'** *Visit To A Small Planet*. Jerry himself wrote a sequence into the picture involving a man from outer space visiting a beatnik night club . . . The **Duke Ellington** Jazz Society Bulletin reports the feature-length motion picture documentary *Jazz Ball*, now being distributed in first-run theaters, includes a film clip from *Bundle of Blues* in which Duke and his 1932 band play *Rockin' In Rhythm* and *Stormy Weather*. Film is an NTA Pictures, Inc., production with a contemporary narration by **Charles Leonard** . . . The late English music critic, **Ernest Newman**, engaged in long disputes with jazz musicians during the 1920's. He called the jazz composers of the day, "Men whose brains all put together would not fill the lining of **Johann Strauss'** hat." Wonder what he'd say of **Gil?**

Dankworth

Hilton Jefferson, alto saxophone, was a featured soloist with the Uptown Concert Band at a "Music Under The Stars" presentation in Harlem in July . . . **George Shearing, Benny Goodman, Phil Moore,** and **Leonard Feather** journeyed over to the Palisades Amusement Park to hear **Johnny Dankworth** and His Band give their farewell concert in America. The Dank-

(Continued on Page 94)

music news

The End of Lady Day

The blues are a one-way ticket from your love to nowhere;
The blues ain't nothing but a black crepe veil, ready-to-wear.

It came as no surprise that Billie Holiday was dead. Newspapers that said she was dying a few weeks ago weren't wrong—just premature.

Within hours after the singer finally had given up the ghost, the peculiar necrophilia that seems to have become a concomitant of jazz was in full bloom. After Charlie Parker died, beatniks scurried through Greenwich Village, scribbling on fences and subway walls, "Bird Lives!" After Billie's death, similar signs appeared.

One was a marked-up copy of the New York *Post's* front page. The headline *Billie Holiday Dies* had been altered to read: *Billie Holiday Expires—She Will Never Die.*

Still, most of the signs, particularly in Harlem, reflected the affection in which simple people held her. On a news stand, a crudely handwritten rhyme:

On the morning of July 17
Lady Day split the scene.
Another stated the bald fact:
Billie Holiday at 44
Couldn't make it no more.

Said Benny Goodman, with whom Billy cut her first record in 1933: "A tragic, tragic loss."

The actual cause of death was "congestion of the lungs complicated by heart failure."

William Dufty, her biographer, who was with her when she died, wrote in the New York *Post*:

"She was brave. At the slightest rattle of the oxygen tent, she lunged forward, dukes up, and barked out sharp orders, commanding those about her to slow down to her tempo: 'Don't be in such a hurry.'

"She was triumphant; for 15 years the government had paraded her through a whirligig of courts, jail, bail, as a horrible example of something called a drug addict: in the end she turned the tables on all of them."

If there was any virtue in Lady Day's death, it was that it aroused fury in the hearts of people throughout show business, an enormous fury about the callousness and utter ineffectuality of methods of handling the problem of drug addiction. Billie,

BILLIE
in happier days

who was always doubtful that anyone loved her, would be astounded at the friends who emerged within hours after her death. Leonard Feather, in the tribute to her that appears in this issue, uses the adjective "criminal" to describe the treatment of her by the New York police. Cops came to Billie's hospital room and, on the bed in which she was already preparing to die, put her under arrest.

Ugly rumors began immediately to circulate. It was claimed that the busting of so prominent a figure, and under such conditions, was a tactical maneuver to impede liberalizing of New York's handling of narcotics addicts. Whether the stories were or were not true, it was indicative of the anger show business and particularly music business figures were beginning to feel toward the New York police—already under critical fire because of its tenacious stand on the license card system for nightclub performers (*Down Beat*, June 25).

The mental image of big bold men in blue uniforms hounding a broken and pathetic woman right down to her grave was just too much.

They had busted a big show business figure, all right: her bank account contained 70 cents.

So They Say

Stan Kenton on stereo: *"Only a gimmick, with no sound musical validity."* **Page 18**

Leonard Feather, of Billie Holiday: *"Everything that has ever been connoted by the word glamour."* **Page 21**

Johnny Green, writing on movie music: *"Established composers . . . have tried to write for the movies and failed miserably."* **Page 36**

Irving Townsend, of Columbia Records: *"You can't explain Art Blakey's style with two swizzle sticks."* **Page 72**

At Last: Jazz History Film

When jazz was still unhonored in its homeland, it took a group of critics in England, France and Belgium to provide the world with its first hard-cover information on the art.

Now it looks as though the initiative for the first major celluloid documentation has also been left to a Continental critic. In late August, Germany's foremost jazz authority, Joachim-Ernst Berendt, will arrive at Lenox, Mass. on the first leg of a three-month cross-country tour to assemble what promises to be the most ambitious film project of its kind ever undertaken in the name of jazz.

The film will be produced by the Sudwestfunk (South Western Germany Radio Network) in Baden-Baden, Germany, in cooperation with the U.S. Department of State. To be seen first in a series of four programs on German TV, it will later gain world-wide distribution as a full-length film to be released through non-commercial channels by the Department of State.

Berendt, who went to Paris to see *Down Beat's* Leonard Feather and arranged for him to serve as U.S. liaison for the film, told Feather: "I want to make this a unique visual jazz documentation—the kind that should have been done ages ago. We hope to show everything that was or is important—the musicians, the places, the clubs, the streets, the cities, the regions."

Berendt and his camera and sound crew will visit Philadelphia, Memphis, Atlanta, New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Kansas City, Sedalia, Davenport, Chicago, Detroit and Boston, for a few days each, returning to New York Nov. 30.

Berklee School in Boston, Tulane

U. in New Orleans, Fisk U. in Nashville, and other institutions, personalities and experts are offering Berendt their help. Those wishing to contact him will be able to reach him in care of the project's headquarters at the United States Information Service in Washington. He flies from Baden-Baden August 26 and expects to spend two days shooting at Music Inn in Lenox before moving to New York to set up his exact schedule.

Jack Wars On The Tax

One of the most vocal opponents to the 20 per cent Cabaret Tax is Jack Teagarden. The tax hits at this jazzman with singular directness, because Teagarden's blues singing is just as important a feature of his performance as his trombone playing.

Tired of official apathy on the question of getting the tax abolished, Teagarden is taking direct action on his own. Wherever he and his group appear nowadays, the leader places on the nightclub tables paper tents with a difference: each table tent carries a message and a petition to be signed by the customer.

"Dear Friends," begins the message. "I do 'HAVE A RIGHT TO SING THE BLUES', but the 20 per cent Cabaret Tax makes it impossible for me to 'do' my usual vocals. Isn't that ridiculous?"

The petition is addressed to Wilbur D. Mills, chairman of the Ways and Means committee of the House of Representatives, and points out that whereas the revenue derived from the tax means "only $40 million to the Treasury . . . it is costing employment for American musicians and others that would more than balance that income through legitimate tax revenues." It concludes with a request that the petition be forwarded to Senator Harry Byrd.

Thus far, according to Teagarden, public reception to his petition has been enthusiastic and he estimates the number of petitioners is already in the thousands.

One signed card, however, came as something of a shock to the trombonist. It read, "Okay, Jack, I've helped you fight the Cabaret Tax . . . Now you help me get rid of the excise tax on cigarettes." It bore the signature of the president of one of the nation's biggest cigarette makers.

In an attempt to aid Teagarden and all others adversely affected by the Cabaret Tax, *Down Beat* has provided readers a similar petition to be cut out and mailed to their own congressmen.

Dear Friends:

I do "HAVE A RIGHT TO SING THE BLUES", but the 20% Cabaret Tax makes it impossible for me to "do" my usual vocals. Isn't that ridiculous?

The cabaret tax was started during World War I, reapplied during World War II, and means that either the management must pay one fifth of the gross receipts — or add an additional 20% to your bill.

The application of this tax is keeping thousands of musicians and entertainers out of work, all over America. Large sums of hard earned money provided by the entertainers and musicians for legal representation have produced NO conclusive results.

Will you, the public, help to encourage the repeal of this unjust and discriminatory tax? Please write your protest against the Cabaret Tax on the detachable addressed card — give it to me — and we musicians will mail it for you.

I, JACK TEAGARDEN, assume full responsibility for this announcement.

Gratefully yours,
JACK TEAGARDEN

If you don't know your congressman's name, send this coupon to Down Beat.

Dear Congressman:

The Twenty Per Cent so-called "cabaret" tax is long overdue for repeal or at least reduction, in line with other wartime excises. It means only $40 millions to the Treasury, but it is costing employment for American musicians and others that would more than balance that income through legitimate tax revenues.

Respecrfully, we petition you for the repeal or substantial reduction of this unfair tax during this session of the Congress. We also ask that you forward this request to Senator Byrd.

Sincerely,

.....
(Name)

.....
(Home Address)

Duke's Other Breakthrough

For Duke Ellington, this must be the best year. He wrote the score for the new film, *Anatomy of Murder* and his band, as usual, broke it up at the Newport Jazz Festival.

But Newport was sandwiched in between two other Ellington dates with more historical importance. Both represented major breakthroughs for jazz.

When the operators of Tamiment, a secluded mountain resort in the Poconos of Pennsylvania, booked the Duke for a four-day jazz festival at the end of June, they did so with some hesitancy. Normally, the resort presents groups like the Curtis String Quartet and Broadway-type musicals. (Danny Kaye, Imogene Coca and Pat Carroll got their first recognition there.)

Average attendance for the weekend each year is about 400. But a sell-out crowd of 1,000 attended the Ellington festival, which featured two evening concerts by Duke and a presentation by Dr. Marshall Stearns (also a busy man) of jazz dancers Minns and James and of his *Origins of Jazz* lecture. Most of the guests were not jazz buffs, but Tamiment regulars. The week before, the eighth annual chamber music festival attracted only 800 guests.

On July 7, a hundred miles or so down the Delaware River from Tamiment, the Duke scored another triumph. He attracted good crowds in a week-long stay at St. John Terrell's

Lambertville Music Circus, the nation's first tented theater, opened in 1949. For Terrell, too, the booking of jazz was an experiment. Normal fare at the spot is *The Merry Widow* or *Oklahoma*.

But the tent regulars and jazz aficionados from miles around, almost packed the theater and cheered long and loud for the Duke's hot jazz and the cooler variety dispensed by the British big band of Johnny Dankworth.

From a staging viewpoint, "jazz in the round" is most effective. The sections sit facing each other on the circular stage. Soloists and vocalists must revolve slowly when they're at the mike so that all members of the audience can see their faces. The best bit: Cat Anderson's exciting *El Gato*, with Cat, Ray Nance, Clark Terry and Shorty Baker facing the audience from four different points.

Heartened by the response, Terrell had high hopes for the rest of his jazz bookings this summer: Dave Brubeck at Lambertville; Ellington and Erroll Garner in separate dates at Brandywine, Pa., and the Duke at Neptune, N.J.

The next target of the Philadelphia area jazz crowd is the long-hair Robin Hood Dell, the city-operated open-air auditorium. Its president, Fredric R. Mann, has blocked jazz performances, though he has booked Eartha Kitt.

Kenton Blasts Stereo

If man-bites-dog, it's generally supposed to be news. When man-bites-industry and the man happens to be Stan Kenton snapping at the growing stereo business, clearly it's a story.

Never considered the close-mouthed, reticent type, Kenton marshalled his considerable powers of vocal expression in New York last month to warn music fans against being "pressured" into converting to stereo systems. "Instead," he urged, "add another speaker or two to those you already have, and enjoy good music as it is meant to be heard."

Notwithstanding the fact that the bandleader's record label, Capitol, currently is giving a major promotional boost to his stereo album, *The Stage Door Swings*, (also available in monaural form), Kenton labeled the twin-chanelled recording and reproductive device "only a gimmick, with no sound musical validity, which will ultimately wind up a fiasco." The established monophonic high-fidelity recording system, averred he, is "the only true method of capturing an orchestral sound on records at the present time."

ON THE DOTTED LINE

Annie Marie Moss is the girl who's signing on the dotted line as Maynard Ferguson and the blonde Mrs. Ferguson look on. Annie Marie is the singer Ferguson found in Toronto while he was doing a Canadian Timex jazz spectacular recently. He said she reminded him of Joe Williams, and he signed her forthwith.

Monophonic recording, Kenton elaborated, is justified and valid because it presents "the overall unified orchestral sound from each speaker—regardless of the number of speakers used—thereby eliminating the necessity of shifting attention from speaker to speaker."

Although Capitol president Glenn Wallichs is believed privately to favor monaural recordings, he would not comment on Kenton's provocative statements. Nor, indeed, would anybody at Capitol break the deep silence in the round tower at Hollywood and Vine.

Sinatra To Brave TV Again

Though his fans hated to admit it, Frank Sinatra's last prolonged encounter with television was a miserable flop. His ABC-TV series of 1957-'58, far from arousing sponsor or advertising agency enthusiasm, served only as an excellent example of how *not* to entertain the "masses" on the big tube.

Despite previous production setbacks, however, the singer is trying another fling at television before expiration next year of his three-year contract with the American Broadcasting Company. Beginning October 19, Sinatra will star in the first of four one-hour musical special programs over the ABC-TV network. The following three will be telecast in November, December and February. The sponsor: Timex watches.

These new "Frank Sinatra-Timex Shows" will originate in Hollywood and, according to Timex vice-president Robert E. Mohr, will include as guest stars "the outstanding performers in the entertainment world."

It was obvious that Timex was delighted with the whole idea. "Timex sponsorship of the Sinatra specials continues our policy of using the most exciting and popular stars," said Mohr. "We have found that in this way we can get the necessary impact that appeals to the widest and most comprehensive audience. And we believe that a Frank Sinatra series of big one-hour shows can deliver just that kind of audience."

For Sinatra, who struck out in a filmed teleseries, and for Timex, which struck out in so-called "jazz spectaculars," it looked like a last-ditch, fortuitous alliance.

It Spells Mother!

Hollywood — Overheard at the Professional Drum Shop on Vine street:

"Man, the only difference between classical and jazz musicians is that the classical guys consider Johann Sebastian Bach the *father* of modern music, while the jazz guys think of Bach as the first *mother*."

Requiescat in Pace

(Ed. note: As this special issue of Down Beat *was going to press, Billie Holiday died. Leonard Feather, an old and close friend of the singer, called to ask if he might resurrect his* Feather's Nest *column for the occasion, in order to pay his last respects to the tragic singer. In the article, Feather says that Billie was the epitome of "soul". So is this article.)*

By Leonard Feather

In the last *Down Beat* poll, Billie Holiday was barely able to muster as many votes as Eydie Gorme. In this fading light, it is perhaps important first to cast some new illumination, though to preach Lady Day to the apathetic listener of 1959 is somewhat akin to entering an espresso parlor and asking all the assembled beatniks to come to church.

I once wrote that "Billie Holiday's voice is one of the incomparable sounds that jazz has produced . . . the timbre of her voice, despite its gradual deepening through the years, has remained unique. The coarse yet warmly emotional quality of this sound, and the exquisite delicacy of her phrasing and dynamic nuances, were often given added lustre by the support she gained from her long association with Lester Young and other members of the Basie band on her earlier records."

If you find no message here, or in the records referred to, perhaps the only thing you can do is go back and be born around 1920, so that with the arrival of Billie's glorious four years of regular sessions with the Teddy Wilson combos (Brunswick-Vocalion-Columbia) you will be finishing high school or starting college, and just mature enough to appreciate them. And by the time she spends a full year at the Onyx on 52nd Street, reducing audiences of noisy drunks to pindrop silence with her statuesque, dignified, gardenia-topped beauty as she sings her brand new hit *Lover Man*, you will be around 24 and part of a warm and wonderful new jazz era that is growing with Billie. Then, by the time you are in your thirties, you will have been so conditioned to a love of the Holiday sound that you will be ready to excuse the little flaws, the gradual withdrawal of assurance, the fading of the gardenia. By now you are in love with Lady Day and everything she does, every tortured lyric she sings about the men who have laid her life waste, will have meaning for you whether she hits the note or misses it, holds it or lets it falter.

But, of course, chances are you weren't born in 1920, and the best you can do is read these early Holiday records as you read a Fitzgerald novel, trying to assimilate the mood of the era. Perhaps it will bring her a little closer if you know something of the young woman who was the maker of so much that we found beautiful.

Billie died at 44. Like most people who lead a turbulent, stimulant-governed life, she was unpredictable, moody, impassioned, paradoxical. Except for her mother, there was probably not a single person among those she was fond of, or who were fond of her, with whom she was not at one time or another violently at odds. But Billie could not stay angry long with anyone, nor could any of us who loved her and quarreled with her hold on long to our grievances. As her close friend, Maely Dufty, wife of her biographer, once said: "Billie's not a woman—she's a habit." And the benign habit was as durable and unbreakable as the malignant one that helped to destroy her.

Billie was a 20-year-old beauty, living with her mother in a modest Harlem apartment, when I first enjoyed her friendship and hospitality. To those who saw her only through lurid headlines, it may be hard to understand that at heart she would have liked nothing more than to be a housewife. As she demonstrated for me more than once, she was a capable cook; she liked neatness and order; she yearned for normal social relationships. But from childhood the course of her life, determined so greatly by Jim Crow, predestined her for a career on the brink of the underworld, her happiness continually shaken by an affinity for the wrong loyalties, the wrong men, the wrong (and ever-fluctuating) trusts and mistrusts.

The two periods when I knew her best were the first two months of 1954, when we traveled together as she starred in a show I had taken on a tour of Continental Europe, and the final year, when we were together many times, either professionally or socially.

By 1954 Billie's reputation preceded and predamned her at every step. On our return home we ran into a flock of ugly rumors: she had been goofing on the job, had been hopelessly taken over by junk again. I had to write a whole article to set the facts straight. Except for two nights in Sweden, when she drank before the show instead of after, Billie looked and sounded like a dream every night, made time, and cooperated. This came as no surprise to me; for the mood of the tour contrasted handsomely with her normal U.S.A. life. Instead of the sleazy second-rate theaters with unpainted dressing rooms, the half-empty minor-league night clubs in Detroit and Pittsburgh that typified her career, she faced an audience teeming with photographers, generous with applause; came offstage to greet fans who brought flowers, asked for autographs, treated her with deference. Jim Crow was nowhere in sight. Billie's morale was never better.

My most vivid memory of the tour, too, reflects her indominable pride and firmness. One morning in Brussels we missed the musicians' bus which was to take us to the gig that night in Frankfurt, Germany. With impresario Nils Hellstrom and Billie's husband Louis McKay, we chased all the way across Belgium in a taxi to the German border, had to change there for a German cab all the way to Dusseldorf—and arrived shivering at the airport to find the last plane to Frankfurt had left. A small plane was hastily chartered. It seated only four, so McKay had to proceed by train. With the pilot and Hellstrom up front in the freezing-cold plane, while Billie and I huddled in the back seat and killed a small bottle of *Steinhaegen*, a potion that did little to allay our frostbite, we made the rocky unnerving trip and got to Frankfurt barely in time for the show. To Hellstrom's amazement, Billie that night gave

two superb performances, showing not a trace of the ordeal she had gone through.

Even this story, of course, shows only one side of the paradox. Two days later she announced, after a particularly grueling day's travel, that she was calling Joe Glaser in New York to arrange for her immediate return home in mid-tour. Although this panicked me, Louis McKay's assurance that she was "just talking" turned out the next day to have been true. The incident was just one of a thousand reflections of her insecurity. It would have taken a clinic-load of analysts to sort out the whys and becauses of Billie's tortured childhood, adolescence and failure to reach emotional maturity. The pat explanations of slums, poverty and oppression do not stand up in the light of a comparison with, say, Ella Fitzgerald; for Ella's background in many respects was as rugged and brutal as Billie's, yet she overcame her problems to emerge as a socially adjusted, reasonably contented person.

What made Billie the way she was, what gave her the most compelling voice that ever sang jazz, these mysteries I leave to the psychologists and musicologists. For myself, I was happy to take her as she was, personally and musically. But during the final year it became more a matter of trying to keep her that way, of helping her hold desperately onto a cliff from which she was hanging by a fingernail.

Last September, when she sang at two of my concerts (and sang with a miraculous renewal of the old timbre and assurance) Billie told my wife, over a drink before the show, of her state of mind. "I'm so goddamn lonely," she said quietly. "Since Louis and I broke up I got nobody—nothing." This pitiful solitude was the result of an impossible situation: Billie's basic urges, simply to love and be loved, were by now submerged in a welter of confused and desperate living that made her impossible to live with, hard to reason with, but pathetically easy to sympathize with.

A couple of months later, visiting us one evening, Billie astonished us by refusing a drink and asking for a cup of tea. "The doctor says I have cirrhosis of the liver and I can't drink." But my hopes for a renewed era of stabilization were as quickly forgotten as the doctor's warning.

When I called at her 87th Street apartment in mid-March to escort her to Lester Young's funeral, she slipped a small bottle of Gordon's into her purse. After the services, she talked dejectedly, drawing an ominous parallel between her case and Lester's. A few weeks later when I dropped in on her, bottles were emptying with alarming speed. It was her birthday and Billie had decided: "I ain't celebrated my birthday in 15 years and this time I'm going to throw me a party." The well-wishers included Annie Ross, Ed Lewis of the old Basie band, Jo Jones, Elaine Lorillard, the Duffys, and Tony Scott. The party lasted all night, winding up at Birdland, and Billie never stopped celebrating. Many of us, certainly including Billie herself, wondered whether there would be any more birthdays to celebrate.

All of us who could see the Pres pattern followed in this unmistakable manner begged her, intermittently and vainly, to stop. Thinner and wanner almost daily, she continued to argue that she had cut down on her drinking and was taking care of herself.

Soon after, there was an incident that typified Billie's stubborness, her pride, and her confusion. She awoke me at 2 a.m. one night and, in a furious tone of voice, insisted that I come over immediately. She made it sound so urgent that I dressed and rushed over. Sitting at a table nursing the bottle, Billie informed me that she had heard I'd been spreading a rumor she was drunk all through her date the week before at Boston. "What's all this —— going on? I don't want people putting my ——— business in the street. I made every show and you can ask anybody."

I didn't have to ask; Charlie Bourgeois, of Storyville, had already told me what a good week she had done and this was the only story I had been spreading. Within a half hour, no longer mad at me, Billie was furious instead at the person who had wrongly accused me of rumor-spreading.

It was agonizing to see how uncertain she felt that anybody really cared for her, how intensely anxious that no one talk derogatorily about her. Yet she knew that at this stage, only derogatory talk could help her at the box office. "They're not coming to hear me," she said, "they're coming to see me fall off the damn bandstand." (It was the ultimate irony that one of the greatest artists in the history of jazz had to lean on this crutch, rather than on her voice, to coax audiences into a night club.)

Not long after, on May 25, Billie was booked to appear in a benefit concert at the Phoenix theater downtown, for which I was one of the emcees. Looking into the dressing room to say hello, I saw her seated at the make-up table, coughing. "What's the matter, you seen a ghost or something?" she said crossly.

And indeed I had; a ghost so emaciated, so weak and sick, that the shocked reaction was impossible to conceal. She had lost at least 20 pounds in the couple of weeks since I had seen her. Steve Allen helped Billie to her feet, walked her a few feet onstage, and she managed to get through two numbers. It was the last time she was ever to sing, and too many of us backstage sensed it.

The next morning, Joe Glaser, Allan Morrison, of *Ebony*, and I went to her apartment, feeling that, as a delegation, we might be able to break down her months-long resistance to hospitalization. But again she said, "Give me another week—the doctor said these shots he's giving me will do it." No persuasion would work, including Glaser's promise to assume complete financial responsibility.

Five days later, Billie collapsed, and the inevitable hospitalization followed—too late to help. And then came the ghastly farce already reported in these pages: the criminal treatment accorded to a woman who lay on her deathbed, the police posted outside the door, the final attempts to find a medical way out of the maze.

To her last moments, Billie Holiday was uncertain who were her real friends and who were merely trying to make money out of her. The tragedy of it is that many of those closest to her, for all their possible selfish interests and potential profits, simultaneously had a sincere love, regard and pity for the woman. The duality of their relationships made it impossible for Billie to grasp firmly any love offered her in those last days.

It was probably too much to expect that Billie would survive the self-inflicted beatings beyond the age of 44. Whether the final abandonment of the will to live came with her estrangement from Louis McKay, or with Lester's death, or with the arrest in the hospital, nobody will ever really know. All I know is that to the end, Billie for me was the incarnation of soul, of living intensity; she was everything that has ever been connoted by the word glamour. She was sweet, sour, kind, mean, generous, blasphemous, loving and lovable, and nobody who ever knew her expects ever again to know anyone quite like her. For most of us it will be impossible for many months to listen to one of her records without tears.

God bless you, Billie.

The Early Days of

a reminiscence

By George Avakian

Twenty-five years of *Down Beat!*

It seems impossible.

The mind is staggered by the thought that in 1934, though just starting high school and unaware of the new baby in Chicago, one was nevertheless a potential subscriber, having acquired four or five jazz records—without realizing that they were anything but records that were fun to listen to.

Down Beat probably knows better than I (if anyone wants to check old subscription records) when I started reading the sheet, because it was possible to get it only by mail in the 30s, unless you were a steadier customer at the Commodore Music Shop than I could afford to be. I recall that the earliest issues I read were memorable for the articles by such regular subscribers as George Frazier, John Hammond, and Marshall Stearns.

Frazier and Hammond wrote with real steam, George usually employing a Hemingway-O'Hara style for or against somebody, and John was either reporting from the middle west about some musicians nobody had ever heard of (like Bill Basie and Lester Young) or blasting a club for paying musicians under scale.

Marshall, as secretary of the United Hot Clubs of America, ran a question-and-answer column for jazz collectors, as well as frequent articles on various phases of jazz history. It is no reflection on Marshall that jazz history at that time was so incomplete and inaccurate that a column about Jelly Roll Morton referred to Muggsy Spanier and King Oliver as sharing solos on a Morton side; it is more notable that no one wrote in a correction. Indeed, hardly anyone had ever heard of Morton at that time; two years later, you could still get spotlessly new Morton Victors in their original heavy jackets for 35 cents through the Hot Record Society. But a year after that, the price was 10 times that, and eventually you had to pay over $20 for some of these discs.

DOWN BEAT WAS more colorful in those days. It didn't take itself seriously and was, subsequently, more fun to read than it has often been since then. There was always a modest bonus in the form of a racy picture of a chick, usually on a back page and invariably unconnected with the music business, which made it risky to leave it around the house where a parent might pick it up and have more than the usual grounds for suggesting that there were better things one might read.

The breezy attitude included slugs which cued the continuations in a unique fashion ("Modulate to Page 16," "Jumped from Page 4"), rather bad cartoons, and occasional gag photos. I remember one photo of a couple of sad looking cats in front of a railroad crossing sign that bore a sign, "Gates Not Working." (If you don't get it, you are obviously young; they aren't calling musicians "gates" any more, I guess.)

THE MUSIC TOO WAS different than it is today, of course. What small groups there were usually derived from Dixieland or what I called (and still call) the Chocolate Dandies school. The big bands were divided into two groups—the Henderson school, and Ellington. When Lunceford came along, he was a little different, but Basie was really straight out of Henderson, only more so. After all, Fletcher was the daddy of everybody, including Bennie Moten and McKinney's Cotton Pickers, the titans of the west—and in those days jazz stopped at the plainer Great Plains.

Everybody danced to the music, everywhere. Even the crummiest little 52nd Street joint had its dance floor. The chroniclers of the dancing in the aisles at the Paramount don't realize that this was the *only* reaction that made sense at that time. Benny Goodman was playing *dance* music. It was the Paramount theater that was wrong, not the kids who danced.

It is almost forgotten by now that the word "jazz" was seldom used in those days. The right word was swing. In fact, there was a recommendation that a competition be held to find a new word. "Jazz" was considered vulgar, and even a bit corny, and swing hadn't caught on yet. But everyone was pretty sure of the area that was covered by the term, which isn't the case today and hasn't been since the bop era.

The Goodman band was in. The Dorsey Brothers were, too, while they were together. They were regarded with increasing suspicion after they split, even with Berigan, Freeman, and Johnny Mince blowing solos in Tommy's band. Glenn Miller never was anything but out.

Of course the Ellington, Henderson,

Lunceford, and Webb bands were always in, and when Basie blew into Roseland (oh, the studying I didn't get done and the sleep I lost because of those 10 p.m. broadcasts over WHN) the world turned upside down with excitement. I was a senior at Horace Mann then, and my judgment from those days hasn't, in many respects, stood the test of time. But the only band that I ever heard in my life that could top the Ellington band of 1937-38-39 was Basie, especially the first year in from Kansas City. And don't think Basie was able to top Ellington *all* the time, either. That Ellington band was something else.

Let's make sure we all understand each other on this: those two bands were *it*, for all time before, then, and in the future. There is a very simple reason why they will never be surpassed, and it has nothing to do with how they sounded, either on the records of the time or in the memory of old-timers like myself (clear, but impossible to communicate to others).

The real point is that they were great at a time when musical greatness was possible. It is emphatically *not* possible to nearly the same degree now. It is economically and psychologically impossible to assemble such bands in today's surroundings of high pay for musicians in areas *other* than as sidemen in bands, and from among today's breed of publicity-conscious, poll-watching, competition-knocking, me *me* ME ME musician.

When Lester Young was blowing for Basie, or Cootie Williams for Duke, each was in the best possible job he could have in the whole music business, and he knew it. It was also the job he *wanted* most in the business.

At the time, neither could have made more money elsewhere, and he was heart and soul part of the band, and that was it.

WHEN DOWN BEAT BEGAN running polls in the '30s, the first one was to select men for an "all-time" band (Bix was one of the winners). But musicians paid no heed at first. They all knew that Louis and Teagarden and Hawkins were the kings, and there was no question about beating them out; nor was there any monetary advantage to be gained from the poll, because it was a modest, inside affair, and everybody wasn't out leading his own quartet, worrying about bookings and guarantees and advances. The guys were just blowing, that's all.

Those days are gone forever, and for most musicians of today it's a lucky thing, because a lot of them would be

FLETCHER HENDERSON
'The Daddy of Them All'

wrapping packages at Gimbel's if they had to compete in the rigorous days of the '30s.

But because publicity and the growth of the economy has made more jobs for more musicians, the response is nevertheless hooray, and let's have more of the same. You see, I'm not saying the old days were better. I'm only saying that that's the way they were, and they did produce the two greatest bands of all time—Basie and Ellington—and it will never happen again because the times won't produce the same kind of human beings, and that's what bands consist of.

In the early days of *Down Beat*, there weren't many places to go to hear jazz. The number of musicians making any kind of a living at all from jazz was very small, compared with what it is today. At a rough guess, I would say that there are 20 today to one in the late thirties. Conditions were also more conducive to sticking to jazz, for the musicians of that era; today, some of the best jazz musicians are able to earn so much more money in the studios that they seldom do anything else.

The small amount of studio work that existed 20 years ago was locked up by reading-type guys who didn't want any jazz cats around, the jazz musicians would have sneered at that kind of work and, in most cases, been incapable of handling it anyway. You had to read good, like. Those great Basie and Ellington bands I've been talking about were filled with bad readers. That didn't make them better jazzmen, but it didn't hurt them because there wasn't that much reading to do. I remember, as late as 1940, seeing the Ellington band play all night at the Savoy Ballroom without music stands. There was some music that they put on the floor; nobody looked at it.

THE RECORD FANS in those days had a fairly easy time of it, as far as current releases were concerned. There were no albums to bother about, except the Bessie Smith Memorial album (Columbia C-8) and the Bix Memorial on Victor (not, at that time, RCA Victor).

In February, or maybe it was March, 1940, Decca released the first jazz album ever recorded as such: *Chicago Jazz*, featuring all-star bands led by Eddie Condon, Jimmy McPartland, and George Wettling. Before then, you got your jazz on singles as they came out, or on reissues, or original-label out-of-print records dug out of junk shops or traded for with other collectors, or at premium prices from the Hot Record Society, or over the counter at the Commodore Music Shop.

The only labels in operation were Victor and its 35-cent Bluebird label, Brunswick (later dropped for Columbia) and its subsidiary, Vocalion (also 35 cents), and Decca (35 cents or three for 88 cents at Macy's); for the collector, there were also UHCA and HRS reissues, and a few Commodore and HRS originals, and the oldest continuous independent company in the business today, the then brand new Blue Note label.

Thus, collecting was fairly easy, except that for the older stuff, you had to know what were the classic records of early jazz before you could start looking for them. There were virtually no books on the subject; the best bet was to try to get the American edition of Panassie's *Le Jazz Hot* (the Goffin was pretty poor), and swap with a French collector for a copy of the first Delaunay *Hot Discography*. That gave you the available background to Stearns' column in *Down Beat* and Colin Campbell's in *Tempo* (which was later bought by the *Beat*). After that you had to be lucky, if you went to the junk shop circuit, or rich, if you tried to buy from other collectors.

The collectors were a colorful lot. Bill Russell, Hammond and Stearns probably had the best early collections; Marshall's was particularly broad and deep, while Russell's was tremendous in the blues and New Orleans areas. All the first jazz fans had to be collectors; it was the only way you knew enough about the subject to have any roots. Many of the collectors are well known today; Charles Edward Smith, the Ertegun brothers (Atlantic Records), Alfred Lion and Frank Wolf of

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ADVICE TO THE JAZZ-LORN

By Leonard Feather

Having been on the scene as a professional jazz writer for almost exactly the same length of time *Down Beat* has been around (six months longer, in fact), and having been writing music (as opposed to writing about music) even longer, I find the magazine's 25th anniversary a sentimental and memory-evoking occasion.

Through the years, I have tried to keep my two careers as critic and musician as separate as possible. But, because this is a special occasion, and because the experiences described may provide a few hints of potential value to tyros, this will be the first magazine article I have ever written that speaks from the musician's rather than the critic's standpoint.

When *Down Beat* was born, my experiences as a young and very naive jazz fan turned writer had just begun in the pages of the London *Melody Maker*. During the two and a half decades that followed, *Down Beat*, more than any other source, kept me abreast of the essential facts of jazz life.

My personal association with the magazine began in the late 1930s, when I became an occasional contributor. Then, in 1940-41, I was the regular New York correspondent. I rejoined *Down Beat* in January, 1951, and have been in these pages, in one capacity or another, ever since.

AT THE OUTSET, my knowledge of jazz from the inside was limited. Despite many years of piano study and practice, I didn't know what the term B-flat Seventh meant, and though I could write melodies and lyrics, I had only the vaguest idea how to explain their chord structures. Not until about 1939 did I understand the chord symbol system technically.

It was about that time (when jazz began to reach the revolutionary stage and Minton's was in flower) that, conscious of my limitations, I set about making a fuller examination of the music from an empirical standpoint. In 1940, helped by a friend who worked mainly as a music copyist, I struggled through my first big band orchestration and took it over to Count Basie.

It is not easy to recreate a picture of the typical Basie band rehearsal of those days. Held in a basement in the Woodside Hotel (after which a famous Basie record was named) on upper Seventh Ave. in New York, it was attended by a flock of arrangers, all hanging around to have their latest works run down. Feeling like David surrounded by a dozen Goliaths, I waited for hours while Buster Harding, Don Redman, Jimmy Mundy et al got to first base (i.e., a rehearsal; second base is a public performance, third base a broadcast, and a home run is a recording).

Basie didn't have time for me that first day. But I took the arrangement back the next week, and, after a wait of three or four hours in an overcrowded, overheated room, I almost collapsed when Basie said "All right, Leonard, we'll try yours now."

To my amazement (and perhaps even more to Count's), the arrangement sounded good. I rounded the bases with alacrity and, only a week later, made it a home run when, at the old Columbia studios on Seventh Ave., Basie dug up the parts and, with John Hammond grinning approvingly in the control room (he was Columbia's jazz a&r man at the time), committed my first arrangement to posterity.

But that was about the extent of my big-band writing career. The next arrangement for Basie didn't come off, and the time it took me to labor through a complete score precluded my trying it further. I limited myself to simpler tasks, such as writing for the John Kirby sextet, which involved only three-way voicing (trumpet, alto, clarinet). Soon I was helping to assemble a Kirby-type group for Cafe Society Uptown, and supplied it with half its library. The group was short-lived (Bobby Burnet, an ex-Barnet trumpeter, was the leader), but my kicks were endless.

EVER SINCE those days, I've been trying in one way or another to make music. As a performer, I flopped often enough to give it up for good—on two instruments. I bought a slightly beat-up clarinet from Buster Baily in 1942 and resumed, with Jimmy Hamilton, the lessons I'd dropped many years earlier in England. I lacked the staying power, the drive, the time for practice—but I can still play enough blues for occasional private kicks. My studies of piano and harmony with Lennie Tristano in 1948-9 were more rewarding, though again I'd have done better had I taken time and followed through.

As a writer of music and lyrics, I've learned several valuable lessons that might be worth passing along.

(1) Don't rush into action after completing a composition or arrangement. Let it cool on the desk, look it over a few days later. You'll find room for improvement. Often I've allowed things to be performed that I later found could have been far more effective if I'd examined them in a delayed perspective.

(2) Don't try to make the performer bend to your ideas; instead, bend to his. One of my worst fiascos was a blues I wrote for a singer who's strictly a ballad performer, with no feeling whatever for blues. On another date, with an all-star group at Victor, I brought in a simple riff tune that I thought would be ideal for Louis Armstrong. Satch blew a fine ad lib chorus, but I had neglected to bear in mind his tendency never to play legato, and his less than limitless reading capacity. So, on the record (*Snafu* in the *Satchmo*

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THE BIG BANDS

Some of the social factors in their decline — and return.

By Eugene Lees

FROM time to time during the past decade, we heard the cry: "The bands are coming back!" And each time the cry was unrealistic and wrong.

But in the spring of 1959, when the cry went up again, there was evidence to support the optimism. The bands did indeed seem to be coming back.

Why?

I'm inclined to pass over the standard explanations and give the reason in one word: sputnik.

To grasp what sputnik could have to do with stirring the band business from its long period of suspended animation, we should look at the circumstances that stopped it in its tracks in the first place.

When the band business went into its grave illness in the late 1940s, a good many ostensibly clear diagnoses were offered by desperate people who wanted to halt the decline. It was the increasing costs of transporting a big band from place to place, some said—forgetting that higher costs didn't kill the washing machine business or the automobile industry. Others blamed the increasing indifference of musicians to the audience, forgetting that aloof superiority had never harmed the careers of kings or movie stars. Still others, particularly the reactionaries of music, said that the big American dance bands had gone too far out, musically, for the audience to follow—forgetting that the public had followed Woody Herman into *Early Autumn*, and that be-bop really hadn't influenced much the styles of most bands at that time.

Some blamed television, a medium that did not give bands the emphasis that radio had. Such persons had a point, one that was given insufficient emphasis at the time.

With their noses too close to their own professional grindstones, most men of the band business didn't bother to look around at the rest of the entertainment arts. Had they done so, they would have seen that baseball had gone into a decline that eventually turned the Brooklyn Dodgers into the Los Angeles Dodgers (a name, surely, that none of us will ever get used to). Movie attendance began to fall off and the cries of panic in the music business were far exceeded by those of the captains of the film industry. Neighborhood movie theaters were closing, and

many night clubs were shutting their doors.

What was happening?

One observer of the social scene said: "The Model T took the American family out of the home. Television put it back."

That was part of it. But that man should have noted that the makers of switch-blade knives were doing a brisk trade, and that this was the era when educators were discovering that college freshmen were often only semiliterate. This was the era of Deweyism gone out of control, when the healthy idea of capturing a child's interest in what you teach had been turned into the sick idea of teaching him what interests him, which is a vastly different thing.

It was the time of what has been called the Rebellion of the Adolescents, but might more accurately have been termed the Abdication of the Adults. Parents, who could not grasp that the imposition of discipline is the surest proof to a child of your concern and your love for him, were giving their progeny 50 cents and then, with inflation, a dollar—so that they could run along and entertain themselves and stay out of mother's hair. Since it was in the main a period of phenomenal prosperity, mother was in a position to supply another dollar when that one was gone.

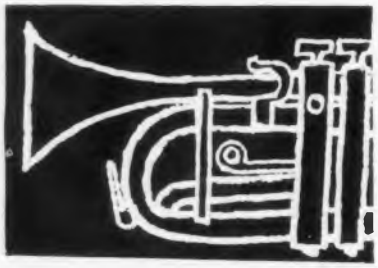
It was the time when American kids began to turn up at school in their own cars—often better cars than those their teachers could afford.

Is it really any wonder that the youngsters were often insolent at best, and delinquent at worst?

Ill-instructed and short on taste, the American teenager now constituted a vast and untapped pushover market for the shrewd businessman. It was not overlooked. Products began to be tailored for the teen trade, music included. Some students of our society believe that this actually led to the creation of an entire teenage subculture — and to the friction between young people and adults.

In the music business, men such as Mitch Miller (at Mercury Records and, later, at Columbia) began to turn out more and more gimmick records. Later Miller was to stand back in pious horror to decry the plague of rock 'n' roll. But junk music did not come from nowhere; the decline in the quality of popular music had been steady and consistent as a&r men and disc jockeys sought a constantly lower common denominator in order to get at a broader (and younger) market. *Hound Dog* had its harbingers in *Cry of the Wild Goose* and the early recordings of Guy Mitchell. *Blue Suede Shoes* was preceded by Johnnie Ray's *Cry*.

The youngsters, then, had their taste systematically debased in what some future social historian will put into perspective as one of the most distasteful exploitations of untormed minds since the Children's Crusade. But let us not think that the kids were the only ones to be lost as an audience. We were heading into that period when, as Adlai Stevenson was to put it, we lost our regard for excellence. This



was the age when a man could say, "My opinion's as good as yours," and make it stick—even if the subject was something as complicated as nuclear fission or music. The fine minds of America were being intimidated, Senator McCarthy had made thought dangerous, and soon the nation would be wondering Why Johnny Couldn't Read.

In a sense, the schism that came in American popular music—the split between jazz and popular music, to coin a phrase—wasn't strange. Indeed, what was strange was the temporary marriage between them.

Prior to 1920, jazz had no significant influence on American popular music. But in the Roaring Twenties, the interpenetration of the two had got truly under way. By the mid-1930s, the marriage had been consummated, and the fruits of the union were: (1) the songs of Gershwin and Rodgers & Hart and Cole Porter and Vernon Duke, the best of which, I believe, compare more than favorably with the best German *lieder*, and (2) the superb big bands of the swing era.

And so America danced to jazz—for more than 10 years. And when we all went to hear the big bands, we were no doubt under the vague impression that jazz and popular music were the same thing. That was the fallacy that set everyone up for a surprise when, as they put it, "the band business died."

Since the band business had been the tie that held jazz and popular music together, the dissolving of that business permitted the two to go their own ways. Jazz was able now to go on to heights that had been impossible when it was tied down to popular music, and to find a young maturity as an art form. Popular music, with nothing to sustain its quality, was able to sink (given a considerable push by the disc jockeys and certain a&r men) to the abyss of Jerry Lee Lewis. And, at the risk of pushing an analogy too far, we might say that the world of jazz felt bad about the fall of popular music, as one might about an ex-wife who had become a trollop . . .

Now it is 1959, the time of an apparent stirring of the big-band business. The better commercial bands report that business on the road is very good. So good has it been, indeed, that the gifted arranger Quincy Jones has seen fit to form a big jazz band, using high-priced talent. Terry Gibbs' new band has been doing a bustling trade on the west coast, while Maynard Ferguson's new group has been commanding attention in the east. Harry James came out of a comparative retirement to front a Basie-like band that has been having an impressive success, and George Shearing evidently thought the time was propitious to form the big band he had so long wanted—a band that was heard at Newport.

Meanwhile, disc jockeys — many of whom had become disgusted with the trash they had been pushing (often under duress, it should be noted)—report that the record companies are now releasing enough big-band material to permit programing of *Make-Believe Ballroom* shows once again. Bands are even turning up in guest shots on TV.

If we have considered why the bands went away in the first place, it is now time to consider why they are coming back. And that is where sputnik comes in.

The full implications of the impact Russia's scientific scoop had on the American culture have not yet been fully realized. But we all remember how, within days, a cry had gone up throughout America about the level of U.S. education. *Life* magazine carried an article making an unfavorable comparison between the loafing life of the American student and the sterner life of the Russian student. (*Life*, like Mitch Miller, was conveniently forgetful of its own part in the weakening of the culture. There is no doubt that the same set of pictures in a pre-sputnik *Life* would have emphasized the "happier" and "easier" and "better-adjusted" life of the American boy.)

Meanwhile, newspapers were calling for a stiffening of the American backbone, and books such as *The Lonely Crowd* and *The Organization Man*, serious sociological analyses of America's conformity problem, showed how inspiration in the nation was being stifled. *The Man in the Gray Flannel*

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the hot box:

WINDY CITY MEMORIES

By George Hoefer

This magazine during its early days had an unofficial branch office that served as social center, bedroom, headquarters for guided jazz tours, and post office for record collectors' mail. It was located in the heart of the Gold Coast, on Chicago's near north side, at Two East Banks St. The address was printed for a decade under the banner: *The Hot Box—A Column For Record Collectors—By George Hoefer, Jr.*

It was a sort of studio arrangement, with living and working quarters combined in the basement of an old-fashioned corner tower in a castle-like mansion. While many jazzophiles nicknamed it "The Catacombs," I preferred to call it "The Dungeon," because artificial light was needed even in the daytime. One corner of the large room was circular, to conform with the contour of the tower. Originally a circular bookcase made the room into a study, off by itself. This bookcase adapted itself neatly to holding old-fashioned brown record albums, crammed with 78's.

The lord of the mansion, Jim Madson, was given to answering the house telephone with, "Madson's Madhouse by the Lake," which wasn't too far fetched, since the basement windows were guarded by thick, rusty, iron bars. I once tried to squeeze through these bars to assure myself I could get out in case of fire. I couldn't.

The records in the case were protected by a series of glass doors, which were really a necessity inasmuch as the winter heat came from open water pipes that carried their own rhythmic, pounding heat. The dungeon was perfect in summer; the dampness made a natural air-conditioning system.

During the 1880s and '90s, the grey stone castle-like structure, resembling a corner of the Old Joliet State Prison, was a center for Chicago meat-packing society. Banks Street is two blocks long, running from Lake Shore Drive to a dead end at North State Parkway. At one end of the street was the Potter Palmer castle (dismantled in 1951). At the other end, on the northeast corner, was Two East, originally constructed by the Armour family.

BY THE TIME of the great depression, Two East had become one of the most glorified rooming houses in the Windy City. The Madson family had three such mansions, filled with art students, musicians, divorcees, and, at one time, a world-famous fan dancer. The son, Jim Madson, received Two East as a birthday gift, to run all by himself. From that time on, the place jumped night and day.

In appearance, Jim bore a striking resemblance to Rudy Vallee. He proudly exhibited an old newspaper clipping from the Chicago *Tribune* rotogravure section, circa 1929, which showed him sitting with a saxophone across his chest. The caption read, "This is not Rudy Vallee . . ."

Inspired by the musical activities in the dungeon and the artistic temperments of the tenants, Jim had a Hammond organ installed in his room on the main floor. To my knowledge, all he ever learned to play was the *Parade of the Wooden Soldiers*, but he really went to town on that number — by preference, in the middle of the night.

Eddie Condon once said, "If you were on the corner of 35th and Calumet on Chicago's south side, you could cock your ear and hear King Oliver's horn from the Plantation meet the strains of Louis Armstrong's trumpet from the Sunset in the night air." At State and Banks, you could hear an organ version of *Parade of the Wooden Soldiers* blend with Bix, Louis, Oliver, Paul Mares, Ellington, Bessie Smith. The boys at the Near North Side police station will remember . . .

Within the confines of the castle, the tenants frequently inquired, "Don't they ever vary that beat?" The walls and construction of the stone house were so solid that the only sound emanating from the dungeon was an insistent thump-thump-thump.

Madson wasn't particularly a jazz fan, although sometimes a specific chorus was pointed out to him he would react with pleasure, signified by the expression, "Boy, that was the shot that killed Father!"

Jimmy did, however, find a very practical use for jazz. My dungeon had originally been an unusually large room that included the entire corner of the house. For economic reasons, Madson had erected a thin partition at the far side of the room, to make two rooms out of the corner. He used the comparatively small back room as a sort of torture chamber. To this room he assigned prospective tenants to whom he had taken an immediate dislike. Roomers already established at Two East who were not to his liking found themselves transferred to the back room. They rarely lasted more than a week, in that barrage of jazz music.

One character relegated to the back chamber took to it like a duck to water. His name was Cracker and he was a drummer in a joint over on Clark Street. He was so happy he decided to have a house-warming party. This set off a mardi gras at Two East that lasted almost three weeks. There were jam sessions in the front room where a few weeks before James Madson's mother had entertained her Woman's Club with a program by the late distinguished Illinois Senator, James Hamilton Lewis. Many Dixieland musicians, a famous girl singer, and some members of the Boyd Raeburn band

will recall the occasion, which can be further identified by recalling the dimunitive clarinet player from the Clark Street Strand who did a hilarious imitation of Ted Lewis.

IT WAS AROUND the time *Down Beat* first started to come out—in July 1934—that I found a mint copy of Bix and the Wolverines playing *Riverboat Shuffle* on the Gennett label. It was on the bottom of a pile of old records housed in a large metal milk can found in a junk shop on South State St. In those days, Two East had a white-coated butler who opened the heavy front door when the tenants came home tired and hot from their $25 per week jobs. This butler, George, dug up an old wind-up phonograph, left behind by a former roomer, so we could play the Wolverines. From then on, records started coming into Two East as though it were a record store.

Things began to swing all over around that time. For the first time, crowds booed dancers off the floor at the Congress Casino so they could listen to what Benny Goodman was playing. Duke Ellington played a New Year's Eve celebration party at the Bal Tabarin of the Hotel Sherman. Several of us spent $10 (a big investment in those days) to hear the band, but were disappointed, as that was the year Riley and Farley loused up the music scene with a tune they stole from Red Hodgeson of Earl Burnet's band, called *The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round*. The crowd made Duke play the banal melody over and over while they drunkenly sang the inane lyrics.

THE FIRST JAZZ SEMINARS began to be held in the dungeon as the records piled in each Saturday, after a day of hunting items all over the area. Collectors began to congregate there for trading sessions on Saturday nights. Sometimes multiple trading covered as many as 25 records in one exchange, at which time the floor was covered with two groups of discs being balanced against each other by trading values.

It wasn't long before the out-of-town collectors began to stop by Two East. Ross Russell came through from California and we spent an entire Sunday afternoon negotiating a trade involving one cracked Charles Pierce Paramount of *Nobody's Sweetheart*, belonging to me, for five not-so-rare items of his that I didn't have, but which were in playable condition. Ross wanted that Teschmacher item at any cost. I later paid $25 for another copy for myself.

E. B. (Sully) Sullivan, of Chicago, was hard to trade with because he would only allow his records to be played with a wooden needle. It would usually take three stops to sharpen the needle during the playing of one three-minute side.

ONE HIGH POINT of that period was reached in April 1937, when *Down Beat* sponsored the famous Bob Crosby Dixieland Band in a benefit for pianist Joe Sullivan, with intermission music by the Johnny Dodds group. Dodds was playing regularly at the 28 Club on West 47th St., and collectors and jazz fans had begun to make the scene frequently to hear clarinetist Johnny and his drummer brother Baby, as well as another New Orleans-born musician, Natty Dominique, the trumpeter with the plunger mute.

As all the collectors and fans in the Chicago area began to meet and get together, so did the out-of-town members of the "club" start to get acquainted in Chicago. Hoyt Kline, the big-time Cleveland collector who was killed in a jeep accident during World War II, came to town to complete his Louis Armstrong collection. Art Feher,

a mail sorter on the *20th Century Limited*, used his sleeping layover in Chicago to hunt records in our territory. All these men became visitors at Two East.

One day I met John Steiner, the chemist and jazz collector. At the time, he had his collection housed in a small room in the Hotel Brevoort in the Loop, and consequently couldn't play his discs at his will (I found out later that he had thousands of records endangering the attic of his frame home in Milwaukee). John was the Chicago correspondent for the late Charlie Emge's *Tempo* magazine published in Los Angeles. He asked me if I wanted the gig, as it was interfering with the time he had available for record hunting. So, I fed *Tempo* Chicago jazz news during 1938-39-40.

During the fall of 1939, there was quite a bit of news involving the Bob Crosby band, then playing Chicago's Blackhawk. The band was in a state of upheaval over the piano chair. Bob Zurke was in considerable personal trouble and was going to leave. Who would replace him? Joe Sullivan had recovered from his illness and Jess Stacy had left Goodman, so things seemed wide open.

At the time I had Joe Kearney, the Dixieland band's band boy, living in the back room, and consequently had a pipe-line right into the inner council. Joe later became a prominent priest in California. He told me of the band's decision to hire Pete Viera of Detroit on piano right after it was made. I rushed the news to *Tempo* and the Los Angeles publication scooped *Down Beat* with the news.

Just about the same time, Dave Dexter and the late Sharon Pease were working on the famous *Down Beat* article that was printed under the title *I Saw Pine Top Spit Blood*. Their main problem was that they didn't have any of Pine Top's records. The aforementoned Joe Kearney tipped them that I had a complete collection of Smith sides. One night Dex and Sharon came to the Dungeon to listen to the Pine Tops and, at the same time, Dex was looking over the record collection. They suggested I write a column, and this turned out to be the night the *Hot Box* was born.

Up to this time, fellow roomers in the Dungeon had included a time-study engineer named Daggett, who had been a student with me at North Carolina University, and another UNC student who had had his tuition refunded in order to head west to join the Bing Crosby enterprises. He had got as far as Chicago, where he had obtained an office boy's job at Music Corporation of America.

The time-study man stood half the Chicago winter and then asked for a transfer back to Montgomery Ward's Albany plant. The lad at MCA was sponsored by bandleader Kay Kyser, with whom I'd been in school. His name was Bill Black, and today he has his own booking agency in Chicago, Orchestras, Inc. Bill endeared himself to the Two East crowd by "borrowing" an unexpurgated, finely-bound volume of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* from the office of Jules Stein president of MCA.

Bill took a dim view of the collection of old records that took up all the free space in the large room. He would sometimes come home with a freshly-wrapped and just-released Dorsey Brothers Decca and throw it on the bed with disgust. "Here take that," he'd say. "You'll be looking all over hell for it ten years from now." It was Bill who put me onto the Bob Crosby band in '36.

At one time during Bill's tenure, we had three cots in the Dungeon. Saxophonist and singer Sully Mason, then with Kyser's band at the Blackhawk, was living with us. I had known Sully for many years . . . in fact, back to the time he was in high school in Durham, N. C and led a band known as Sol Mason and his Piedmont Strollers. He was a Southerner, while Black had come originally from the

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The History of an Effort

The Society for Forgotten Music

VERNON DUKE

By Vernon Duke

The average concertgoer and record collector usually thinks thus: "If the music is forgotten, there must be a good reason for it. I know what I like, and I like what I know."

This attitude is no secret to the moguls of the recording industry. Tchaikovsky's *First Piano Concerto*, the Grieg *A-minor*, *Scheherazade*, etc., always will sell at any price, on any label, monaural or stereo. The reason is plain: most of us are still guided by music-appreciation hacks who, in turn, are guided by critical authorities of the past—Hanslick, Grove, Ernest Newman, and others of that ilk.

The fact that these gentlemen had highly subjective views and were intolerant not only of composers who didn't happen to write *their* kind of music (Hanslick hated Wagner, whom Newman idolized) but, particularly, of their fellow critics, is of no concern to the contemporary commentator. Not in Grove's? Can't be much good. Fallen by the wayside? Let it lie there. Or, if it's really *great*, record it. But don't admit to being a pioneer in so doing; the thing won't sell.

Why not? one may well ask. The true music lover cannot fail to realize that some of the indisputable masterpieces were forgotten shortly after they were created and gained stature only when resurrected many years later. Two examples will suffice: Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, which was rescued from oblivion by Mendelssohn in 1829, and the *Unfinished Symphony* of Schubert, which received its first performance in 1865, 37 years after the composer's death.

I FORMED THE SOCIETY for Forgotten Music in Paris in 1947 and established the New York branch the next year. At that time I was not a musicologist, which I subsequently became, only a composer.

What prompted me, then, to devote nearly three years of my life to the seemingly dead cause of men who were as dead as their music? Oddly enough, it was the neglect of the living composer that provided the impetus. With some important exceptions (not many), most music written today is dead after its first performance.

If such music, whatever its merits, has no tomorrow in the middle of the 20th century, with all the astonishing technical facilities and discoveries (the phonograph, radio, television, LP, tapes, stereo) now at our disposal, what chance did the pre-LP and preradio composers have? Performances and publishers were their only hopes, and those who didn't achieve enough performances remained unpublished, which understandable situation has not undergone any radical change.

Dissatisfied with the arbitrary dicta of the schoolroom "authorities" who have decreed the truly great classics to be Bach (J. S. *only*, not W. F. or P. E.), Handel, Mozart, Hayden, and Beethoven; the genuinely worthy romantics to be Schumann, Shubert, and Chopin, and the somewhat unclassifiable greats to be Brahms, Wagner, and Tchaikovsky, I plunged into enthusiastic and wholly undisciplined research.

Leaving the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and the early Baroque alone—not because of any lack of great and little-known music written in those times but because of nearly complete absence of easily performable material—(Viola da gamba, anyone?), I turned my attention to the vast music literature of the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries.

In this way I was greatly aided by such distinguished musicologists as Marc Pincherle, Henry Barraud, Roland-Manuel, Nadia Boulanger, Roger Desormiere, Daniel Lesur, Edmund Pendelton, Andre Schaeffner, G. de Saint-Foix, and Pierre Souvtchinsky in Paris. In New York, my collaborators were Leon Barzin, Sydney Beck, Robert L. Beckhard, Elliott Carter, Arthur Cohn, the late Olin Downes, Dr. H. E. Heller, Leon Kochnitzky, Irving Kolodin, Vittorio Rieti, Nicholas Slonimsky, Cecil Michener Smith, Dr. Harold Spivake, Dr. Carleton Sprague Smith, Yves Tinayre, and Edward N. Waters.

A mass of fascinating and neglected music was scrutinized and then carefully sifted and prepared for public performance. Some fifteen concerts were given in New York, a series at the New York public library, another at the Carl Fischer Concert hall, another at the Lotos club. We also had regular radio series over stations WQXR and WNYC. The Society for Forgotten Music had the following objectives:

- To acquaint the public with a large number of works of unusual merit, totally unknown to them.
- To provide all interpreters with valuable additions to their repertoire.
- To unearth a wealth of educational material that will help students of music in their search for a wider and richer repertoire.

In the words of Olin Downes, our purpose "has not been inaptly described as a revaluation of the musical heritage of the past." He continued, on the pages of the New York *Times*: "This is an inquiry of genuine value. It is recognized that there are whole areas of music to be re-examined from a modern perspective and evaluated on the basis of intrinsic interest."

We had more than 250 members, each paying $10 in yearly dues, which entitled them to concert attendance as well as participation in so-called workshop tryouts, a vital feature of the project. These were really readings of music considered for performance by one of the society's three string quartets, to which were added, whenever necessary, other instrumentalists, as well as young singers, when the music under consideration called for a vocalist.

Such works as Dussek's *F: Minor Sonata Op. 61* ("the most important of them all from the point of view of present day viability . . . a great work," wrote Noel Straus in the New York *Times*); one of Arriaga's three quartets

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The virtue of photography and the sadness of it is that it brings back the past as poignantly as a perfume. This is a quick look back into . . .

Duke Ellington with a pat hand, when Down Beat was in tabloid style.

Glenn Burrs, publisher of DB from 1934-49, presents Jimmy Dorsey with a Best Band award.

The great Chick Webb with his boys in one of those posed band shots so common to the 1920s and '30s. Note Louis Jordan, kneeling to Chick's left.

Virginia O'Brien breaks her normally frozen expression to clown with Dinah Shore and Louis Jordan. The bottles contain water.

Not so prepared for clowning is this group from Paul Whiteman's band. Personnel: Harry Barris, Harry Lillis Crosby, and Al Brinker. They were known as the rhythm boys.

Eight gifted hands: those of Meade Lux Lewis, Art Tatum, Pete Johnson, and Erroll Garner, seen in this historic photo.

Among the rocking Harlem bands, one of the hardest-driving was that of Lucky Millinder. Note Lucky's baton, the metal clarinet in first row center, and the snare-strumming at top.

The unprecedented combination of John Kirby. Personnel: O'Neil Spencer, Charlie Shavers, Kirby, Buster Bailey, Russell Procope and Billy Kyle.

Billy Eckstine and Duke Ellington in triumphant pose after winning a DB reader's poll.

The time of the bop beards. Dave Lambert, John Simmons, George Handy, Chubby Jackson and John Birks Gillespie.

The late Sharon Pease, who wrote a famous piano column in DB for two decades, discussing a disc with eager-eyed Earl Hines.

The sax section of the 1930s that set the style for so much that was to come. Seen at the Savoy ballroom with their boss, Jimmy Lunceford, are: Charles Stewart, Omer Simeon, Kirt Bradford, Joe Thomas, Earl Carruthers.

. . . times when music seemed less complicated and perhaps more fun. Though that, of course, must be an illusion, dictated by nostalgia.

The original master of the put-on: the matchless Fats Waller with one of his customarily anonymous groups.

And the master of the cool, who somehow manages to stay that way even as he watches Lena Horne belt one.

Papa Celestin, the legendary New Orleans cornetist, shortly before his death at the age of 70.

A famous show business family: Lindsay, Bing, Dixie Lee, Gary, Phillip and Dennis, Crosbys all.

At left, the late Glenn Miller; at right, the late Hal McIntyre.

Benny sits in with the Woody Herman band at the Hollywood Palladium. Woody looks proud . . . and awed.

Who got leader's scale on this one? Tommy Dorsey, Count Basie, Lionel Hampton, Artie Shaw. In the background, Illinois Jacquet. They appeared on CBS's wartime **Command Performance** show.

Broadway director Charles Friedman plays host to a World War II GI, who just happens to be noted jazz connoisseur John Hammond, who just happens to be the discoverer of Basie.

Record man Dick Bock and Dizzy Gillespie listen while Johnny Richards explains the voicing in one of his arrangements.

Oran (Hot Lips) Page with his then-boss Artie Shaw, recording for RCA Victor.

Two master stylists: Frank Sinatra and Nat Cole.

Mainstream: Pops and Big Sid.

DOWN BEAT SILVER MEDAL AWARDS

Through the years, many persons who were not actually or primarily musicians themselves have, in fact, contributed enormously to the growth and health of jazz. Some have been critics, such as John Hammond, who by drawing attention to new talent have helped it find its wide audience. Others, such as Joe Glaser and Willard Alexander, do the very necessary and often thankless job of finding and creating employment for the professional artist. Still others, such as George Avakian and Alfred Lion, working within the record companies, have taken chances—reputational as well as economical—on new talent, and advanced the cause of jazz. At this juncture in its history, *Down Beat* pays tribute to some of the men behind the scenes who have done so much for this unique American art form.

It would be impossible to cite all those who have helped jazz. Therefore this list of 13 Silver Medal Award winners covers men who have remained active in the field for at least the last 15 years, and continue to contribute to jazz now. Nor does the list cover those men in other countries, often unknown to the profession in America, who have given continued devoted service to jazz. To all of them, both known and not known, we can only express our respect.

One of the most potent forces in the big band business of the 1930s, and still a booker and manager of bands and vocalists, WILLARD ALEXANDER, head of the company bearing his name, was primarily responsible for the success of Benny Goodman, Count Basie and the Sauter-Finnegan band. His astuteness and discrimination in the evaluation of musical talent has become a byword in the music business since his days as head of the band department at the William Morris Agency.

GEORGE AVAKIAN has long been considered the personification of the jazz artists and repertoire man. He produced almost all jazz at Columbia Records from 1946 to '58 before leaving to join World-Pacific for a time. He now heads the jazz department at Warner Bros. Records. A critic and music reporter for *Down Beat* and other jazz magazines during the early 40's, he stopped writing regularly on jazz for magazines in 1948.

As critic, musician, and journalist, LEONARD FEATHER has been a leading voice in jazz since he came to the U.S. from England in 1938. He has been actively writing about the music for 25 years and is the author-compiler of the *Encyclopedia of Jazz*, the *Encyclopedia Yearbooks*, *The Book of Jazz* and *Inside Jazz*. He is consistently active in music as concert impresario, composer, artists-and-repertoire supervisor, disc jockey and TV writer on jazz special programs.

An eloquent and colorful writer on jazz for over 20 years, GEORGE FRAZIER brought to his craft a style and sophistication that was uniquely personal. One of the early, trail-blazing *Down Beat* writers, Frazier and his crusades became celebrated in the music business. In recent years he has concentrated on free-lance magazine writing, covering a wide range of subjects, as well as jazz.

From his location in Berkeley, Calif., RALPH J. GLEASON for 25 years has observed, chronicled and criticized jazz and jazzmen. A longtime *Down Beat* columnist *(Perspectives)* and reporter, he has also contributed widely to a variety of music magazines and, in 1958, became the first internationally syndicated jazz columnist. His *Rhythm Section* appears weekly in more than 25 newspapers. In addition, Gleason is editor of *Jazz, A Quarterly of American Music*, and editor and part author of *Jam Session*, an anthology of jazz writing.

JOE GLASER, president and chairman of the board of Associated Booking Corp., began his career as a nightclub owner in Chicago in the 1920s, then went into personal management. Today, his firm is the biggest booking agency for jazz talent and big bands in the world, and he and his vice president, FRED C. WILLIAMSON, guide the careers of such artists as Louis Armstrong, Dave Brubeck, Les Brown, Woody Herman and Anita O'Day.

In the 15 years since he started Jazz At the Philharmonic, NORMAN GRANZ has presented jazz in concert and recorded form to more audiences than any other individual. His touring concert packages have become an international institution, presenting some of the greatest artists in jazz all over the world. In jazz and outside it, Granz has ceaselessly fought to break down Jim Crow barriers and secure for Negro artists respect and appreciation fitting to their stature.

JOHN HAMMOND, critic, writer, artists and repertoire man, disc jockey, discoverer and promoter of new jazz talent since he arranged for the recording of the Fletcher Henderson band in 1932, has done more for the betterment of jazz than probably any other single individual. A ceaseless and dedicated crusader, Hammond discovered and helped to success such artists as Count Basie, the late Billie Holiday, Teddy Wilson, the late Charlie Christian, and boogie-woogie pianist Meade Lux Lewis. In 1935 he was responsible for the formation of the Benny Goodman trio.

GEORGE HOEFER is one of the true historians in the field of jazz writing. An early and dedicated collector of jazz recordings (see his colorful reminiscences on Page 27), he transferred the enthusiasm of a hobby into a column called *The Hot Box* which became a permanent feature in *Down Beat* and a standard reference corner for all. As chronicler of the music and the men and women who create it, Hoefer's contributions have been of inestimable value.

When ALFRED LION started Blue Note Records in 1939, he operated on one basic premise: discover and record new jazz talent. Since then Lion and his brother Francis Wolff, who joined him later in '39, have successfully run their label with very little concession to commercialism. Some of the outstanding artists first recorded as leaders by Lion and Wolff include Bud Powell, Thelonious Monk, Clifford Brown, Horace Silver, Tal Farlow, Milt Jackson, and the late Fats Navarro.

ALLAN MORRISON, New York editor of *Ebony*, the world's largest Negro magazine. In *Ebony* and other magazines for which he has written in the past on a freelance basis, Morrison has worked tirelessly to legitimatize jazz and jazz artists and to advance the careers of the talented, and in the process has won the respect of the entire music world.

Born into a family of music critics, GEORGE SIMON began collecting jazz records in 1928, and plunged into jazz writing and criticism in 1935 when he became editor of *Metronome*. His association with music journalism lasted 20 years. He supervised the Metronome All-Star recordings from 1939 to '53 and was responsible for the majority of V-Discs cut during World War II. Over two decades, Simon gave considerable aid and encouragement to the careers of Glenn Miller (with whose band he played drums on a Decca date in 1937), Paul Whiteman, Elliot Lawrence and Dinah Shore. Now head of his Bouree Productions, TV and promotion firm.

Since 1930, CHARLES EDWARD SMITH, generally regarded as the dean of American jazz critics and writers, has been espousing in print the cause of jazz. He was co-editor of the book *Jazzmen* (1939), a work still considered the most comprehensive and up-to-date collection of history and biographies of its time. Smith wrote the script for the first live network radio jazz series, *Saturday Night Swing Session*, in the mid-'30's, and some years later became one of the first writers to influence a record company to record or reissue jazz when RCA-Victor released its *Hot Jazz* series.

Leading academician of jazz, MARSHALL STEARNS is president and executive director of the Institute of Jazz Studies. Educator and Guggenheim Fellowship winner in music (1950-'51), Stearns is author of *The Story of Jazz* (1956) and is a faculty member of the School of Jazz in Lenox, Mass. He is a board member and director of the critics symposium of the Newport Jazz Festival and an advisor to the State Department's music exchange program.

If these men have contributed to jazz over a long period, another—and generally younger—group of men have made their efforts felt in more recent times. We should particularly like to mention:

Father Norman O'Connor, the "jazz priest" and chaplain of Boston University's Newman Club; **Nat Hentoff,** co-editor (with Martian Williams) of the monthly *Jazz Review*, a courageous fighter for the rights and recognition of jazzmen; former New York editor of *Down Beat* **John S. Wilson,** now writing jazz criticism for the New York *Times*; **Morris Levy,** proprietor of New York's Birdland and organizer of the Birdland concert tours; jazz entrepreneur **George Wein,** executive producer and vice president of the Newport Festival; **Louis Lorillard,** co-founder of the Newport Festival; New York attorney **Maxwell T. Cohen,** a distinguished and tireless fighter for the rights of musicians;

Bill Grauer and **Orrin Keepnews,** owners of the Riverside Label; **Lester Koenig,** president of the Good Time Jazz and Contemporary labels; **Richard Bock,** president of World Pacific; **Robert Weinstock,** president of Prestige; **Bob Thiele,** long-time a&r man, now with Hanover Records; **Monte Kay,** head of a management agency (in partnership with Pete Cameron) that specialized in jazz artists, later vice president of United Artists Records; writer and jazz a&r man **Nesuhi Ertegun,** head of jazz recording for Atlantic; **Jack Tracy,** editor of *Down Beat* from 1952 to '58, later jazz head at EmArcy and Mercury, now with the Chess-Checker-Argo labels;

Willis Conover, whose *Voice of America* broadcasts have sent jazz even behind the Iron Curtain; and last, but by no means least, **Steve Allen,** comedian, songwriter, pianist, author, TV personality, who has done so much to defend the cause of musical good taste in America.

MOVIE MUSIC

By Johnny Green
as told to John Tynan

To attempt even a cursory chronology, much less an evaluation, of music composed specifically for motion pictures during the past quarter century is an unenviable task at best. In the limited space available, therefore, I beg the reader's indulgence in the inevitable brevity of my remarks on this astonishingly complex—and fascinating—artistic medium.

Film music as art has, through the years, become a subject of much heated debate among music critics and so-called "legitimate" musicians. This, to me, is little short of amazing; there never has been doubt in my mind on the matter. Yet today, after so much Olympian accomplishment in composing music for motion pictures since Vitaphone revolutionized the industry with sound on film in 1927, it is still gallingly possible to hear the view propounded that music for films is but a dubious stepchild of a respectable parent art.

While I am not a critic by profession, I am very much a functioning composer with decidedly strong views on my art. On the subject under discussion I must state that, in direct contrast to what has been said by very respected music critics, I feel that music for films *is* an art form in itself and, moreover, is entitled to recognition as such.

As to the fact that through the years it has been common—not to say fashionable—for established composers outside motion pictures to pooh-pooh film music as an art form, it might be well to remember that many of these gentlemen have tried to write for the movies and failed miserably.

BASIC TO THE DISCUSSION of film music, in my estimation, is the simple fact that film music is music for the theater. The fact that the theatrical performance takes place on a flat screen and not within a three-dimensional stage area doesn't alter this fact one bit. Since the days of the Greek chorus, music has always been an integral part of theater. It has always been indissolubly linked to drama and comedy, utilized to heighten dramatic effect and to deepen emotional content and impact. This was true in Elizabethan theater, in the *Commedia del arte*, in the French theater of Moliere, and in the English theater of Sheridan and his successors. This is no less true—indeed, it has become a truism—in motion pictures and television today.

Two other significant and highly germane points emerge here. The first is that film music is a *new* art form, dating back only to Vitaphone. But even back in the Riesenfeld days, before sound, there was the emergence of an art form in the music written specifically for screenplay even though the screen was silent. Secondly, one must consider the diverse roles played by the composer for live theater and the composer for films.

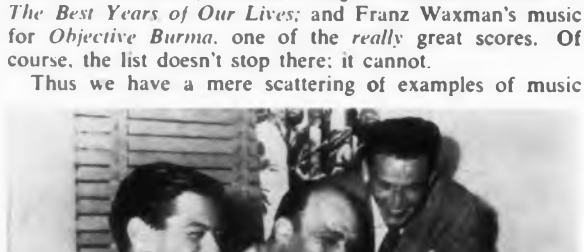
By virtue of the fact that live theater necessarily is restricted to a limited audience, located in the main in a few metropolitan centers, the composer for stage performance essentially was writing to a *select* audience. By contrast, the film composer deals in a medium of mass communication and must have some frame of reference in which to communicate to his *mass* audience. And the frame of reference involved necessarily led to a catering by the film composer to what was believed to be popular taste.

IF I MIGHT DWELL for a moment on this matter of a frame of reference, I should like to point out that in judging the arts, the truest evaluation of a school or a period has always been within some definite frame of reference. Take the French impressionist school of painting, for example . . . In evaluating the Impressionists, what they produced and came to represent in art, the frame of reference lies naturally in the work of such men as Degas, Manet, Monet, Van Gogh and Renoir—*not* in the output during that period of possibly scores of unsuccessful nonentities who were destined to be forgotten from their first brush stroke. You judge the period and the art by the most outstanding creations.

Now, the thing that has always annoyed me is that the critiques of motion picture composition have always seemed to be based on a singling out of the worst, most mediocre work in films, rather than the best. And the best is impressive, to say the least.

To list some prime examples of the movie composer's art over the past 25 years, there was Max Steiner's milestone score for *The Informer*, a work that ranks high among the significant trail-blazers as far as American film music is concerned; William Walton's magnificent music for *Henry V* and *Hamlet;* Bernard Herrmann's music for *All That Money Can Buy* and *Citizen Kane;* Alfred Newman's score for *Wuthering Heights;* Hugo Friedhofer's work on *The Best Years of Our Lives;* and Franz Waxman's music for *Objective Burma*, one of the *really* great scores. Of course, the list doesn't stop there; it cannot.

Thus we have a mere scattering of examples of music



YESTERDAY'S LAUGHTER
Andre Previn, Johnny Green, Frank Sinatra

for motion pictures that can stand erect and proud as representative of film music output *within a legitimate frame of reference.*

The very few favorable critical comments on movie scores

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a summing up:

25 years of jazz

By Charles Edward Smith

The years of *Down Beat*, for most jazzmen and for jazz itself, have been the down-beat years.

In this fat fourth of a century, jazz came on like the Tampa Cannonball, one of its exuberant practitioners, and, increasingly, came into its own. In 1933, Bessie Smith recorded her last four sides on Okeh. They sold only moderately well, and within the decade Columbia gave permission to the United Hot Clubs of America (Commodore) to reissue them. In 1934, the year of *Down Beat*'s birth, Bill Russo was a toddler in a toddlin' town.

As the first 25 years of the magazine came to a close, Bessie Smith no longer was throwing her lusty voice across the footlights, but hers had become one of the most respected names in jazz. And Bill Russo, who had grown up during the fructifying and frustrating interim, had written a jazz symphony.

In these years, jazzmen, and those associated with jazz, have witnessed a phenomenon: the impact of a new music upon that of the world.

In some ways, jazz today suggests a parallel to concert music when it was in the process of creating a secular, nonoperatic music, when improvisation was an integral part of its growth and you still could hear the thump of the dance in a Haydn symphony. But there are many differences, the main one being that jazz was, and is, a music in its own right, quite apart from its growing influence upon concert music.

BY THE TIME *Down Beat*'s first issue appeared, swing was a going concern. It had long since taken the play from bands that took the beat to Chicago.

King Oliver, with whom Lester Young played for a brief period in the early 1930s, tried to make the change but this section-split music was not his metier, and he went slowly down a long lonesome road of one-nighters, finally, in 1937, writing his sister from Savannah, Ga.:

"The Lord is good to me here without an overcoat . . ."

Contrary to a widespread misconception, the instrumentation of swing bands was inspired not by jazz but by popular dance bands, such as that of Art Hickman in the early 1920s, whose brass and reed sections—especially the latter—had quite an impact on the dance band world. Popular dance bands, not jazz bands, dominated the dance band world in that decade.

In working within this orchestral framework, jazzmen brought to it a rhythm section that, with the exception of piano, was as old as Buddy Bolden.

Jazz quality came into the ensemble very slowly, since there were as yet relatively few men able to impart it. One has only to listen to early records by Ben Pollack and Fletcher Henderson to realize this. Most of these performances are at best good tries, *yet individuals of each group already had distinguished themselves in historic small bands, a fact also confirmed by recordings.*

The misconception—that swing-band instrumentation grew out of jazz—may have resulted from early efforts of small groups to achieve swing's orchestral sound with limited personnel. Thus, the Kansas City groups of the late 1920s, who already knew of Henderson's work, did not attempt the sound of King Oliver's Creole Jazz band, or even of Louis Armstrong's Hot Five. They played, regardless of instrumentation, in swing terms, though the label had not yet been attached to it.

By the mid-'20s the rugged, riding horns of the Fletcher Henderson orchestra were playing with a drive unmatched by any other group. This band, more than any other, blew in the era of swing. It was comparable in importance to the Duke Ellington orchestra, which was to become the greatest all-time orchestra in jazz.

Henderson's role was not widely appreciated, and even today there are no adequate recorded sets of his work. During much of the swing era, he spent his time working with small groups and in writing arrangements. Moreover, his band of the 1930s often lacked the unity and dynamic guttiness of that of the previous decade. Thus, though something of a Moses, he saw comparatively little of the milk and honey in the promised land.

It is interesting that John Hammond, who began collecting Henderson's records while still at Hotchkiss, was indefatigable not only on Fletcher's behalf but in advancing the careers of Benny Goodman and Count Basie. Interesting, because Henderson's arrangements went into the fabric of the Goodman style, and when the Basie orchestra, augmented and uncomfortable, first played Chicago, Henderson—who had been playing at the Grand Terrace—not only lent Basie some of his arrangements but helped to coach the men in them.

Many men and bands have a place in swing—Glen Gray, Bennie Moten, Jimmie Lunceford, the Dorseys, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Cab Calloway, and the men (Woody Herman, Billy Eckstine, Stan Kenton, etc.) whose bands explored new sounds and combinations of sounds. But the man whose contribution to swing was basic and who has been least often credited with it was Henderson.

BORN IN AN AGE of swing, the Basie orchestra made an art of it.

In Kansas City, the blues were reassessed in terms of orchestral jazz. Just as the blues were to figure importantly in new sounds of the next decade (Charlie Parker, Kenny Clarke, Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie), they were antecedent and essential to the flowering of swing. For though Henderson was a pioneer and the idea man behind many performances, it was the Basie band, the band with the beat and the blues in its style, that provided some of the greatest moments of swing.

Late in 1936, *Down Beat* described the Basie orchestra as up and coming. It was to prove all that and more. With soloists such as Lester Young and Buck Clayton—and, later, Dickie Wells—it was constantly surging into the future, giving jazz new dimensions.

Earlier in '36, *Down Beat* recorded history: "Basie's band huddles in the darkest corner of a dive known as the Reno club . . . There they swing some of the country's finest arrangements."

Actually, the arrangements at that time—though Basie and men with him rated highly as arrangers later—often were negligible. It was the ability of the group to achieve a cohesive, effortless swing and spontaneity that distinguished its playing. All of this Basie set out to retain when, at the advice of a booking agency, he enlarged the band. That he knew what he was about has been demonstrated again and again through the years, most recently at the Newport Jazz festival, 1959.

TWO REVOLUTIONARIES
Charlie Parker and Miles Davis, with bassist Tommy Potter.

SMALL GROUPS, through the 1930s, were slowly, methodically supplying the wants of a minor but ever increasing audience, those, from varying cultural groupings, who recognized that a certain amount of jazz was good music, not something to be discarded at an age when one put away childish things. Such enlightenment is not shared by a majority of the people even now.

Like the little dog in the blues ("let me be your little dog 'til the big dog comes,"), traditional jazz bore the brunt of the trail-blazing hazards leading to the present wide acceptance of small-group jazz.

Nor should we forget such scouts as Red Norvo, breaking down resistance in the cocktail lounges of the land, or the cumulative impact, through the years, of great men playing in (relatively) small places:

Parker before 52nd St., especially the period with Jay McShann; Charlie Christian in Oklahoma City; Lester Young and Jo Jones on a gig in a Kansas City gin mill; J. J. Johnson and Fats Navarro in Snookum Russell's territory band, and the little band of John Kirby on network radio.

Unfortunately, by 1940 much of traditional jazz had been reduced to a senseless formula to which many listeners bent an ear out of sentiment rather than out of musical sensibility.

Understandably, many younger musicians could not keep the faith if such were its preachers. The righteous road needed a repair job. From time to time it got just that. Chicago was hotter than a sheet-iron stove, or, anyway, hotter than New York, San Francisco, or any other town during the 1930s. (The jazz area of New Orleans was little more than a tourist trap.) Legend has it that New York cats slunk out to Chicago from time to time, to revive themselves on raw meat and unreconstructed rhythm.

More and more, though, young musicians shied from what seemed old and fusty, out of gear with their work-a-day world as section hands. This desire to be up to date was normal. Not until the 1940s had it become a trend.

THE REVOLT against traditional forms was social as well as musical. At a recording session where Louis Armstrong, Sidney Bechet, and others were re-creating New Orleans jazz for Decca Records, Louis greeted a young friend, who, as it happened, was wearing a beret, and asked him how he had liked *Perdido Street Blues*. The young man shrugged and said, "You know I don't go for that down-home stuff, Pops."

Meanwhile, since Minton's and Monroe's could not accommodate all the young musicians eager to play, 52nd St. became scuffling street.

Many of the big bands also served, willingly or unwillingly, as incubators of new sounds. To some of the men playing jazz in a way that had not yet caught on, the modest popular success of traditional jazz outraged their sense of justice.

Still, Bunk Johnson and the Yerba Buena band in a San Francisco concert; Muggsy Spanier's spectacularly fine traditional band at Nick's in New York City; Eddie Condon's concerts, and so on—all those who helped pave the way for the acceptance of small-group jazz—were small potatoes in contrast with the swing bands with their mass-media following.

There is yet another factor that some persons like to sweep under the rug. This is that the star system of swing was as arbitrary and capricious as the jukebox-disc jockey setup by which contemporary "popular taste" is determined. It even resulted in distortions of jazz history, particularly as Hollywood picked it up. Such great ones of jazz as Pee Wee Russell, whose story is a fascinating odyssey of jazz history, are not "mass-media" enough to rate 3-D, Technicolor and sporific sound.

TO UNDERSTAND the decline of swing, one would have to undertake more than a musical study of it. In terms of jazz, it arrived at a peak in the 1930s when it belonged not only to the musicians but to the dancers. By the 1940s, much of the best of swing had become a listener's music, and a *Down Beat* headline of 1948, aiming at shock effect, read, "This May Shock You. But Stan (Kenton) Has A Dance Band."

One might say that each generation dances to its own beat. But if this is susceptible of analysis, the fact has not been publicized. Its intensity and drive was certainly a factor in swing's popularity, but there was yet another. By the end of the 1920s, some of the bias against jazz had broken down, and jazz (to dance to) was not primarily a young person's music, as it often was years before, when at the Arcadia in St. Louis, Beiderbecke and Pee Wee played Bud Hassler's advanced harmonic ideas while the kids danced the Charleston and yelled, "Play those awful things!"

This generation had grown up, but its members were by no means fogies and danced to swing and listened to swing along with the new batch of teenagers.

World War II no doubt accelerated the pace of events, yet all factors leading to the decline of swing were present in the 1930s.

One was that is was a star system, orbiting on leader and vocalist. The star system did not prevent the crowd from singling out this or that sideman—and the fact that Goodman not only featured them but presented them as musicians in their own right remains one of the pleasant memories of the era—but mainly, the crowd went for the vocalist, as it did at the Newport festival in 1959 (where it gave a bigger hand to Joe Williams than to the superb musicianship of trombone and trumpet soloists on a blues—and, of course, no one mentioned the latter by name).

Thus, the vocalist, if he or she showed signs of catching on, was shoved, pushed, and prodded by all the devices a talent agency has at its command. And though voice culture was not forgotten (even a good voice could be made pleasantly mediocre) the important lessons were in the care and cultivation of the money tree.

Exceptions there were: such singers as Anita O'Day, Jimmy Rushing, and Chris Connor, who, when singing with

bands, were first of all components in performances of jazz.

Not that any of us dislikes money. In a conversation with a leading jazz vocalist one hears without shock that she daydreams about a gold-plated record.

Most of us have had the equivalent of such dreams, and certainly the men who were kept under wraps in swing bands were not exception.

In real life, the frustrated sideman, as he faced the daylight hours, the waking-up hours, reluctantly gave up that dream of himself surrounded by thousands of violins and 200 trombones, doing that great little improvisation based on a blues scale that had been left out in the rain, and began to look for his salvation in small-group jazz ("and when the big dog comes, show him what the little dog does . . .").

If he was a smart fellow he probably observed that the phonograph industry had been handmaiden to jazz for half a century and that each change in the phonograph industry might have been conceived of to accommodate a shift of emphasis in jazz. In the 1940s, as all that fine vinolyte went into the biscuit machines, the young jazzman saw a new slogan in neon: "Every sideman a star!"

THE EXPONENTS of modern jazz evolved a new approach to blues usage (harmony) and beat (Einsteinian time).

Great numbers of them were overawed by concert music, but of these, fortunately, many recovered in time to agree with Paul Desmond that the immense knowledge of the classics could be utilized "but in an evolving jazz context."

A further significant development within jazz itself was the discovery of the past. Additionally, when the danger of tonal fallout from the war between the old and the new had subsided, it was found that many great jazzmen of the past could work side by side, in rapport, with younger men. In this sharing of ideas, categories became meaningless. "As a result," observed Neil Leonard Jr., who has been working at Harvard university on a thesis dealing with jazz and the social background, "you are beginning to get what might be called the unity of mainstream."

Even more than with traditional forms, the diverse and often abstruse-sounding groups of modern jazz left the mass-media public far behind.

Nevertheless, the hard core audience for jazz increased remarkably. Small groups and the innumerable jazz rooms opening up in every part of the country, to say nothing of other countries, afforded the jazz audience an intimacy of contact that had been lacking during the swing era. This in turn led to concerts and festivals on an unprecedented scale.

During the 1940s and 1950s, several firms were organized expressly to record small-group jazz of various types. Many of these, now substantial companies, were guided by jazz connoisseurs, and, in addition, all major companies boasted men with jazz know-how, some doubling as artists and repertoire directors.

The development of high fidelity and the long-play record was an important part of this growth. Musicians, sometimes unfortunately for the listener, were not limited to three minutes' playing time for each piece. But even if one eliminated the tons of junk produced annually in the name of jazz, there'd remain an embarrassment of riches. In fact, excellent musicians tend to be lost from sight from time to time. To succeed in small-group jazz, the musician must think in terms of group creativity, not merely his own talent, and just hope for the best in the way of publicity.

There are many reasons for the vast amount of recorded rubbish, not all of which are chargeable to competitiveness within the industry. First of all, there is the sobering thought that not every sideman can be a star, even though he may be a good musician.

Some jazzmen, having discovered notation, were deluded into thinking that by making marks on lined paper they could create music. They could, but only in the technical sense. And, of course, there are innumerable musicians who have a technical grasp of jazz without having a sense of jazz, the essential catalyst. In view of this, it is not surprising to read Bill Russo's remark in *The New Yearbook of Jazz* (Horizon) to the effect that "some elements in jazz are far more subtle than classical composers realized." Jazz has many friends in the concert field, but, by and large, so far as that aspect of it is concerned, jazz will have to carry its own ball.

THIS IS WHAT makes the present period of such intense interest. There is so much in it that should stimulate the musician, especially the young musician, to probe behind surfaces of style.

On the one hand, big bands are coming back in greater force, some with new concepts that may lead to further extensions of jazz techniques, others that may (*may*, because there is as yet no clear-cut picture) take some of the play away from rhythm and blues in the dance-band field. (Other observers believe the trend is much stronger than expressed here.) On the other hand, small-group jazz is well entrenched, with an impressive following here and abroad, and jazz composition is in a healthier state than it ever has been.

On that historic occasion, in the late 1940s, when an orchestra led by Miles Davis played a brief engagement at New York's Royal Roost, a sign outside publicized arrangements by Gil Evans and Gerry Mulligan, probably the first time jazz arrangers ever received credit in such a manner. In the decade that followed, innumerable jazzmen took to arranging, composing, and creating written frameworks for blowing sessions.

There are so many jazzmen-composers today that it would be difficult to keep track of them all. Thelonious Monk was one of the first of the so-called modern group, and certainly one of the best, but neither Monk nor his fellow composers should be pinned down as to style.

A few names chosen at random are John Lewis, Gerry Mulligan, Quincy Jones, J. J. Johnson, Miles Davis, Dick Cary, Dave Brubeck, Charles Mingus, Mary Lou Williams, and Bob Brookmeyer. And, of course, Duke Ellington, who, after three decades of jazz composing, is as fresh as the youngest in outlook and ideas.

THIS BURGEONING of composition in jazz is on a vast scale, and, of course, a great deal of it soon will be forgotten. But in addition to already established jazz composers such as James P. Johnson and Ellington it already has made incursions in the concert field. This had to wait for a period, of which the present marks the real beginning (though traces of it can be found much earlier), when sufficient numbers of concert musicians could read jazz scores to support radical changes in instrumental usage, unfamiliar to symphonic groups as such. For to write for symphonic groups as constituted would mean to bow to all the conventions of classical style built up through centuries, and this could only be a disservice to the distinctive thing jazz has to offer.

Therefore, the venture toward classical forms depends as well upon the continuing expansion of the number of jazz composers who respect and understand the tonal conventions out of which jazz grew, the compelling and even timeless quality of the jazz beat, the permeative and living rhythm of jazz, and other of its conventions and traditions, written and unwritten—the inexhaustible variations on a theme played by Bolden at Bogalusa.

In this summary, much has been omitted, only a few of the countless great moments of jazz in a quarter-century noted in passing, for it has been the purpose of this article to pull back a bit, away from the trees, for a view of the forest—the blighted areas and the green. ■

PERSPECTIVE OF MODERN JAZZ:

POPULARITY or RECOGNITION

By Andre Hodeir

(Translated from the French by Eugene Lees)

ONE of the great themes of sociology and psychology concerns the "recognition" of an art by the public. How is the "society of spirits," of which Marcel Proust spoke in reference to the quartets of Beethoven, built? What are the laws that govern the rapport between the work and those to whom it is addressed? No one knows with certainty. We know even less when jazz is the art in question. The social milieu in which this music lives has never itself been carefully studied.

Carried along by the prodigious cadence of constant renewal, jazz dies almost as quickly as it is created. When the aging jazzman shows a tendency to tire of his own music, the decline of his creative powers is already complete. A new cell, happily, immediately replaces the dying cell; it is the privilege of young and vigorous organisms to change ceaselessly from within. But it happens that the public, satisfied with forms imposed by usage, does not keep correct time with the rhythm of change yearned for by the creative artist. This phenomenon has been observed in European art frequently since that epoch when the great Western artists were led to bring back into question the popular foundation of art — which a Rembrandt or a Johann Sebastian Bach, in his most significant works, was contesting long before Nietzsche, Mallarme, Cezanne, and Debussy unveiled the beginnings of a "modern" art that is in no way of popular origin.

Popular. A musical work can be popular in two very different ways: by its origin and by its audience. They do not always coincide. A pure product of popular art, assured of being heard with sympathetic ears in the social group in which it is born, may reach other social groups only at the price of its esthetic integrity. The enfeeblement of the samba in the United States and Europe is only one example among hundreds of this process of degradation.

It happens, too, that an authentically aristocratic work, such as the *E-Major Etude* of Chopin, will undergo simplifying adaptations that alter its meaning to conform to "popular taste"—that enemy of linguistic refinement—so that the essence of the work is lost. Generally speaking, works conceived in a *cultural* perspective have little chance to be popular without first having to pass through a purgatory; some—those said to be "difficult"—cannot escape it.

True popularity for a "difficult" work is recognition by a reasonably large elite. The most celebrated masterpieces have taken this cultural route to success; it is a route necessarily long. A work, an artist, is recognized only thanks to the diffusing influence of a few clairvoyant souls; others, influenced by this first group, in their turn stir the interest of a still greater number.

Sometimes it happens that this cascading process stops for a while; but if the work is of great value, if the artist has a truly great originality, it will not take long to resume its normal course. There is no doubt that Herman Broch will be recognized as Dostoyevsky has been; but there is nonetheless little chance that *The Death of Virgil* will ever attain the popularity of *Gulliver's Travels*.

Quite aside from a concern for folkloric purity in the ethnological sense of the term, the most convincing criterion of popularity rests in a faculty that a given musical work may have to satisfy the immediate needs of a vast public. And on the cultural level, the demand that this work might be called a work of stature – that is to say, that it show enough strength and strictness of conception to reach those whose sensibilities were nourished and developed by the greatest artists, past or present—remains the least deceptive criterion of recognition. Applied to jazz, these two criteria have the merit of considerably clarifying both situations, as well as the ranking of the artists. The late Tommy Dorsey, whose unfortunate diatribes against modern jazz we would all prefer to forget, was long popular but never seriously recognized. On the other hand, Thelonious Monk, today recognized as one of the most important figures in the history of jazz, has not yet achieved popular acclaim.

Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong are the two jazzmen who have had the greatest success at the gamble involved in trying to be both recognized and popular. But a detailed analysis of their work would perhaps reveal that an actual demand for quality alternates with a submission to certain commercial necessities. (In the case of Ellington, *Ko-Ko* and *Caravan* serve to illustrate; in Armstrong we are aware of the great lyricism and the stage buffoonery.) Should this alternance become confirmed and permanent, it would signify that the very meaning of the bet is falsified.

Besides that, the art of Ellington, and still more that of

Armstrong, remained rather close to the popular origins wherefrom jazz was little by little emancipated. Both won popularity before the cultural interest in jazz was fully realized. And it is only fair to add that they contributed powerfully to the recognition of jazz as an art. Better yet, jazz recognition was in fact identified with their recognition.

Then came a very happy period, in the 1930s and early 1940s, when commercial success seemed sure to crown artistic quality, though the contrary was not always true. The best discs of the Benny Goodman quartet, of Teddy Wilson, of Lionel Hampton, of Fats Waller, and of Count Basie, sold very well. Coleman Hawkins' *Body and Soul* was even a best-seller. That a great jazz musician could be popular, who could at that time doubt it?

With the advent of modern jazz, however, the problem of achieving popularity truly began to pose itself.

The "bop" revolution, in brutally imposing "a new way of feeling jazz," disconcerted the public. And the public, solicited by propaganda cleverly designed to impress by words rather than meaning, withdrew from jazz, its curiosity satisfied, toward those musical forms that were more accessible—and more danceable. For having wished to invent a complex language, suitable to convey a certain number of new truths, jazz became an art of specialists; in cutting itself free of its popular sources, it voluntarily limited itself to an audience of connoisseurs. Then it became risky to seek popularity if, deep down, one did not wish to give up what one had gained in modern jazz. Since World War II, a very few musicians—and not always the best—have known how to find favor with a large public. But the public, despite this, still preferred the shouters of rock and roll.

The era of the great stars seems to be over. Who will mourn it? Isn't it comforting to note that, in compensation, the Charlie Parkers, the Dizzy Gillespies, and the John Lewises have pushed jazz—each in his own way—a little further on the road of recognition?

Today, a great jazz soloist runs the strong risk of remaining misunderstood by the crowd, and there is little likelihood that he will reach a social standing similar to that of the great orchestra conductors in the period between the two great wars. (Indeed, could not such a success be detrimental to his art?) Still, it seems assured that such a soloist will in time see himself given his rightful position—or something very close to it—in the scale of cultural values. And that is an indeed enviable position when compared with that of the authentic creator of the world of "serious" contemporary music — that solitary artist whose very existence is contested by academicians of all hues, powerfully entrenched in society as they are. Such an artist often has to wait, like Webern, dozens of years for recognition. What lover of modern jazz would not be horrified by the thought that a transposition of these official "values" to the world of jazz would deprive him of hearing at Newport all those who have not been given "social" consecration: Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, Elvin Jones, Philly Joe Jones, and perhaps also Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis, Horace Silver, and Art Blakey?

Without lapsing into excessive pessimism, we should face the possibility that the future may be less favorable to the most powerfully original jazzmen than the present.

It may be that we are on the way toward a situation similar to that which obtains in contemporary "classical" music, and for an identical reason: the public needs more time to assimilate new forms of art than the artist spent to discover them. After one or two generations, the hiatus occurs; a little later, the situation is aggravated. Then one no longer talks about the certainty of nonpopularity but, rather about the possibility of nonrecognition. There are some signs that we are not far from this last position now. At least we have witnessed, during the last 15 years or so, a phenomenon of *belated* recognition that is all the more troubling because it is superimposed on an inverse phenomen in the same period.

The now-celebrated series of recordings that Charlie Parker made between 1946 and 1948 was certainly not successful at the sales counter, and one had to wait for posthumous reissues to see a larger public recognizing the greatness of these works. Still less successful were the famous discs by the nine-piece Miles Davis band, which remained in obscurity almost as long as the Parker recordings.

But Parker and Davis, to whom *popular success* seemed to be denied, did not have to wait long to be *recognized*: musicians and critics crowned them with praise. At the death of Parker, everyone was aware that modern jazz had just lost its greatest soloist. (By the same token, if the comeback of Miles at the Newport festival of 1955 was hailed as an "event," it was certainly because his name had been haloed with a glory that had been born some years earlier and that had resisted a temporary forgetfulness.)

Taking Miles' case into consideration, why, then, did it take 15 years for Thelonious Monk to achieve recognition? In this question we find, in its totality, the problem of the future of jazz and the relationship of jazz to the public. Let us examine, therefore, the case of Monk—an exemplary case, it seems, of a certain "depopularization" (in the two senses of the term) of modern jazz.

"The recent rediscovery of Thelonious Monk," wrote Martin Williams (*Evergreen Review*, No. 7), "is surely one of the most curious events in the admittedly short history of jazz. The fan and trade press, which once dismissed his recordings with a puzzled or scornful two or three stars, now waxes enthusiastic at the slightest provocation and lists his name in polls where it seldom appeared before. Musicians who once dismissed him as having long since made his small contribution to jazz now listen attentively for ways out of the post-bop and post-cool dilemmas. And the public,

MILES DAVIS
a long wait

which had once barely heard of this man with the intriguing name, now buys his records and attends his public appearances."

That an authentic jazz musician, a blues man in the grand tradition, would show in his improvisations (virgin to all academic formalism) a purely *formal* concern, here is what is significant.

Contrary to the imaginings of those naive commentators who would rather deny the problems of creation than face them, jazz does not exist in a vacuum. Men make it. Certain men: the creative artists. Now then, the creative artist—as opposed to the professional artist or the Sunday afternoon amateur—is in his essence a dissatisfied being. His dissatisfaction is fundamental, permanent, invincible; it is a dissatisfaction that impels him to destroy the equilibrium achieved by creative artists who have come before him (and sometimes, if he is very great, by himself).

For the historian concerned with objectivity, the truth is that jazz, born in the declining Western civilization, inevitably had to encounter one day this extraordinary idea of musical form that has lifted European music—viewed through its masterpieces—so far above all the arts of all the civilizations known to us. One can expect to see here the irreductible supporters of "pleasant listening" rebel against this idea of musical form. This idea of form . . . isn't it the beginning of the end? If jazz is really such a "happy music," if it is something "just for fun," which they appreciate and which satisfies their appetite, then the dissatisfied are wrong; Monk is wrong. The idea of Form, which the fans of easy-listening do not feel as a lack, is in this perspective necessarily a parasitical idea. With this idea, the tail of the devil appears in the universe of jazz. And the most dreadful is yet to come: for Form calls for the organizer of form, the thinker of music: the composer—Beelzebub in person.

It was the stylist, certainly, that everyone at first denied in Monk; he was unorthodox, neither swing man nor bopper, but only Monk. This is the same stylist who is so much admired today. But so many years to become familiar with a style . . . it must certainly mean that the style had hidden within it something of the greatest importance.

Monk, to me represents a decisive step toward a new jazz, where the sense of form would take on at last a capital importance—but not a stereotyped form, founded on stale notions of symmetry and the periodic return of structures, but a form living and active, "a rigorous organization of the irrational," where discontinuity and assymetry, key values of contemporary art, would come to challenge constantly both symmetry and continuity and bring to birth a new and fascinating dialectic of musical space and time.

Such are, it seems, the perspectives of a Monkism, which, undoubtedly, exist only in Monk. But is it unreasonable to think that Monk represents and expresses, in a certain highly personal way, the secret aspirations of a whole group of jazzmen? If such is the case, if we do not underestimate the power of attraction of Monk's body of work, one should anticipate that the gulf between "popular" and "advanced" forms of jazz will deepen.

Today, rhythm and blues and the conventional ballad can still, in some measure, exchange publics with modern jazz. The distance from Sinatra to Garner, from Fats Domino to the funky pianists, is not insurmountable. Many are the soloists of modern jazz who started out in rhythm-and-blues orchestras; and more than one had to return for a time —for economic reasons, to be sure—to the popular jazz he thought he had escaped. (Others, better readers, preferred to accompany singers in the studios in a pseudo-jazz repertoire.)

In a world of jazz, in which one needle of the compass would be turned toward formal abstraction, such exchanges would become as unthinkable as they are traditionally in Europe, where the only common ground on which the "serious" and the variety-show musician meet is that of union organization.

European music has sometimes pointed the way for jazz. Perhaps we will also see a peaceful coexistence between the advanced jazzman and the popular jazzman. But the further the creative artists advance beyond their contemporaries, the less they can expect to see the bright light of comprehension in the eyes of their listeners. Perhaps the great jazzman of the future will know all his life the solitude of which Charlie Parker spoke in such moving terms.

Are we to fear or hope for the advent of a jazz which would remember — but only remember — its origins? European music, too, was born in the people. To reach a definitely cultural level took several centuries; and the music lived several more centuries in this new estate—with such sumptuousness! But this form of art, though flowering in the aristocratic gardens of erudition, achieved universality. Who would dare to speak of a "class art" as he stands before the *Hymn of Joy* and the opening chorus of the *Passion According to St. Matthew*? I think, perhaps with some naivete, that jazz, at the cost of a thousand sufferings, can take a similar direction, because it carries within it the principles of universality. This art of specialists which is modern jazz (Martin Williams justly evokes "Monk's real virtuosity in terms of specific techniques of jazz") is not and cannot be an art *for* specialists. Aside from those happy few who today appreciate it, the most advanced jazz has already launched invisible missiles toward the public of tomorrow.

Will this public be a broader one? Can it be broadened indefinitely? No one knows. The essential is that the creative artists maintain enough confidence in themselves to draw the audiences of the future, instead of *being* drawn—in their desire to communicate at any cost—by the present audience.

The greatness of jazz, its esthetic and human significance, depends on it. ■

THELONIOUS MONK
and the perspectives thereof

THE CASE FOR SWINGING

By John Mehegan

Did Charlie Parker leave a rich nourishing heritage for future jazzmen—or did he finish off the art form? Are we waiting for someone to come along who can play 64th notes with four changes to the bar, or did Parker in his self-destroying drive for expression exhaust the limits of human achievement?

Jazz has evolved through a continued frontal attack on the following structures:

1. The horizontal blowing line.
2. The time composite.
3. Harmonic textures.
4. Orchestration.

The history of the horizontal line has seen a gradual extension of note and rest values from the eighth note unit (King Oliver's line on "Dippermouth") through the eighth note triplet, 16th, 16th triplet to the 32nd note (Parker's *Embraceable You*). The attendant problems of syncopation and accent need not be considered here.

It would seem that the natural human limits of both the performer and the listener obviate any serious assault on the time barrier of the 1/64th note. Aside from the auditory limitations of the human mechanism, it is doubtful if 1/64th notes swing. Isolated passages of 64th notes played by Parker, Tatum and Getz have usually not swung, nor have they been intended by the performer as an integral part of the swing of the chorus, but rather as a sheer show of virtuosity.

The time composite of jazz has undergone extensive changes since 1920. The early jazzmen, taking the format of the French marching bands, adapted the following contrapuntal values:

Melodic time: eighth note to eighth note triplet
Harmonic time: double whole note
Rhythmic time: quarter note

During the swing era, the composite was extended to:

Melodic time: eighth note to 1/16th note
Harmonic time: whole note
Rhythmic time: quarter note

Under the concentrated assault from Parker, Powell and Gillespie, the following composite evolved:

Melodic time: eighth note to 1/32nd note
Harmonic time: half note
Rhythmic time: quarter note

These alterations, expressed in simple outline, may not appear particularly momentous. But these changes, coupled with expanding instrumental and writing techniques, express in capsule the morphological history of the art form.

Although the jazzman has displayed great ingenuity in the areas of time and horizontal extension, he has been singularly uninventive in dealing with the problems of vertical sound (harmony). Here the jazzman has been content to ply a cautious course first by employing Low Romantic idioms, later High Romantic and Impressionist mannerisms, and, with the Kenton aggregations, an ill-fated exploration of the Stravinsky-Bartok concept which brought to an end the jazzman's search for some harmonic dialectic.

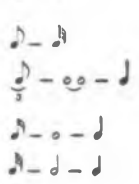
With the exceptions of Mulligan's significant development with the Hindemith-Copland tritone (building chords in fourths), the vivid history of jazz harmony from Morton down through Henderson, Ellington, Lunceford, Tatum and Kenton has come to a grinding halt on the jagged shoals of atonality.

Jazz is and always has been a tonal music employing the diatonic scale as its frame of reference. If we may conclude anything from the courageous, if ill-fated, attempts on the parts of Charlie Mingus, Teo Macero, Teddy Charles and Cecil Taylor to play atonal jazz, it is that it cannot be done and probably can never be done.

The simple reason is that the time-honored movement of bass lines and inner voices in jazz has always proceeded in orderly diatonic patterns. Parker himself never questioned the diatonic system in jazz harmony and never made any attempt to destroy it. In fact, as is well known, Parker returned to the most primitive harmonic materials (the blues) in order to deal freely with the horizontal line.

In the field of orchestration, we again find the same nagging limitations of what timbres swing and don't swing. Obviously, the string family is excluded except for the guitar and the double-bass. The woodwind-reed family, excluding the clarinet, the alto and tenor saxophones, has not been particularly conducive to swinging jazz for the simple reason that the kind of biting sound necessary for swing is impossible on many of these instruments. Also, in relation to the woodwinds, it might be mentioned that many of these instruments possess a range so removed from the phychic frame of the human voice (flute, bassoon) that little visceral contact can be established with an audience.

This leaves brass and percussion—still, after 50 years, the basic voice of jazz. These are the instruments that can cut and bite, can produce the jagged swinging line. The following outline expresses these developments in capsule:

1. Improvised line: Keppard, Bolden, Oliver, Johnson
   1900-1920
   Armstrong-Noone
   1920-1930
   Hawkins-Eldridge
   1930-1940
   Parker-Gillespie
   1940-
   
2. Time composite
   New Orleans: 1900-1930
   Swing: 1930-1940
   Progressive: 1940-
   
3. Harmonic textures
   Morton-
   1920-1930
   Henderson, Ellington, Lunceford
   1930-1945
   Tatum, Kenton
   1945-1950
   Mulligan
   1950-
4. Orchestration
   All periods: brass-reeds-percussion (Percussion includes piano, bass, vibes and guitar.)

So now we have four vital areas of jazz—all, it would seem, in a state of exhaustion. Of course the rejoinder to

this is that in every art form there are periods of inactivity which are always followed by a new and unexpected renaissance. But can we honestly say it of serious music after Schoenberg, or painting after Picasso, or literature after Joyce?

There is more here than a mere exhaustion of ideas naturally circumscribed by space-time (Mozart unable to anticipate Beethoven); this involves an exhaustion of human techniques which transcend space-time or any particular period. (Mozart wrote and played as well, if not better than Beethoven).

Now there are three possible ways out of this cul de sac. One has been to concentrate on *form* instead of *content*. (Hemingway after Joyce; Dali after Picasso; John Cage after Schoenberg).

Formalism in jazz, (MJQ, Mulligan Quartet, Chico Hamilton Quintet, Guiffre 3) has not been generally successful, musically speaking, for the reason that jazz is basically a folk music employing visceral or non-intellectual materials and, like all folk art, is preponderantly *content* with a minimum of *form*. (Formalism in Asian folk art derives from a sterile society which never developed the conditions for a healthy evolved formalism.)

Great jazz has always been a maximum of content with a minimum of form, again for the reason that the very nature of jazz (spontaneous improvisation) has excluded the reflective qualities necessary for form.

Commercially, these formalist groups in jazz have succeeded in part by extending form into the *actual performance*. Thus we find the mode of presentation often takes on even more significance than what is actually being played. (Imagine the MJQ clowning, or Mulligan not clowning).

The second major solution is total content and no form—or at least, very little to speak of (Rollins Trio, Miles Davis Sextet, Max Roach Quintet, Thelonious Monk). These total content groups are more intimidating than the formalists, since one assumes that some form is present and if one cannot find it out he assumes it is because he, the listener, is a clod. Coupled with this, high authorities from the ranks of the jazz intellectuals can prove by chapter and verse that not only is form present, but form like we have never had it before. So now our poor clod listener can only be led away muttering softly to himself. That, or he remains to allow this total content to wash over him in a final Gotterdammerung of beatnik ecstacy.

Of course, the listener will continue to look furtively for some form when he thinks the performer isn't looking, but his days are numbered. So, armed with an inferiority complex, a mild trauma syndrome, and a rampant ambivalence, our listener wanders between the content groups—the problem being *what* is being swung—and the formalist groups—the problem being *who* is swinging?

The final solution is the oldest one in the world. Here we have the "marketing personality" par excellence. No artistic hanky panky here. Give the people what they want. Wouldn't anyone do it if he had a chance? So at last jazz has joined the other entertaining crafts that form the basis of what we call show business.

As though jazz doesn't have enough problems: crisis in the art form, short creative life span of jazz musicians, lack of status enjoyed by the other arts, attendant problems of personal insecurity resulting in narcotics addiction, financial insecurity resulting in psychological demoralization. Now the cynical opportunism of show business.

The real difference between an art form and an entertaining craft is that an art form has a continuity which demands some contribution from each artist in order to insure its own succession; an entertaining craft makes no demand except that of popularity.

So now we are faced with the strange anomaly, at least in jazz, of the popular figure who has contributed nothing to the art form yet enjoys a prestige far exceeding that enjoyed by real contributors.

How long can these people feed off the achievement of someone else without seriously weakening the fabric of the art form? Have the gaudy rewards of show business changed the jazzman from a creative inquiring artist into a fawning entertainer? This is strange because the basic frame of reference of the jazzman has always been that of belonging to an "out-group" which has never received the social status bestowed on poets, playrights or classical musicians. There are many reasons for this.

First, there has never been a codified body of knowledge which could objectively represent the discipline of the art form; instead jazz has always seemed, even to highly cultured people, a disorderly pursuit of formless rites and incantations without logic or meaning. Further, after a certain minimal point of development, all intellectual life in the average jazzman seems to cease—to be replaced by a fumbling intuitive groping. The atmosphere of sex and incipient violence organic to jazz could never really flourish in an anti-erotic society such as ours. This has been compounded by the prevailing stereotype of the jazzman as an unstable erotic personality. In reacting to this stereotype, the jazz musician has naturally developed hostility patterns which he has learned to use in his music. So in addition to everything else, the jazzman cannot even feel the genuine affection that a healthy artist must feel toward some small segment of his public.

Suppose the art form *is* exhausted; suppose we accept the circumscribed limits of a diatonic harmonic system, 4/4 time, eighth-note, quarter note, half-note time composite, eight bar sections and the various attendant qualities we have been accustomed to. Accepting these restrictions, jazz still can remain an exciting art form which can continue to be a source of infinite challenge to musicians and infinite pleasure to the jazz audience. The point is that if we have learned anything in the past 20 years, we have learned that to abandon or to seriously alter any of these basic essentials of a jazz performance results in what can no longer be called jazz.

If we can learn to relax and enjoy jazz as an unpretentious yet exciting folk art, and cease to belabor it with contrivances, guile and affectation, we can preserve for the world one of our few cultural achievements. If we continue to smother it with a superstructure of complexity and intellectuality it cannot possibly support, we will eventually destroy it.

This applies specifically to the cabalists, the metaphysicians, the formalists, the pretenders, the beatniks, the Zen-Buddhists and the been-zootists.

After all, the classic challenge of jazz has always been and will always be to blow a swinging, melodically achieved line on a set of changes, and this is still something that even a giant cannot always pull out of a hat. Even Parker blew some pretty uninspired lines. But he knew it, and continued to the end to look this tiger in the eye.

Ironically, this is the one area that is being avoided at all costs by patriarchs, stars and new stars alike. The blowing line has at last become corny. Attending the jazz festival at Bard College last year, I witnessed a curious thing. A succession of groups appeared, all of them composed of young instrumentalists from the ages of 10 to 18, who proceeded to go through the most agonizing display of atonal extended form that I have ever been exposed to. Everything was performed with a grim demeanor, nobody swung and I might add that the audience was bored to death. Then the pros, led by Kenny Dorham, came out and blew "Indiana," up, in Ab.

O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive. ■

The Amazing Growth of Tape

The U. S. manufactured its first tape machines only 10 years ago...

Miniature recorders are capable of high quality pickup when a high quality microphone is used. At top is the Mohawk Midgetape 500 which records at 3¾ ips, has recording meter and uses special 15-minute (times 2 tracks) cartridges. Costs $265. Lower photograph shows Fi-Cord, which uses standard 3-inch reels, records at 7½ or 1⅞ ips, includes small monitor speaker. Recorder costs $290.

By Charles Graham

The manufacture of tape recorders and the art of tape recording have progressed amazingly in the 10 years since the first tape recording machines were made in the U.S. Prior to that time, there were a few massive machines in Germany used by the German state radio. These weighed over a ton, exclusive of audio amplifiers and speakers, and they recorded on long steel tapes somewhat like metal tape measures.

At the end of World War II, teams of engineers brought back from Germany models, blueprints and know-how on these huge recorders. The American pioneers in tape recording were in on this project. They were John Herbert Orr, present head of Orradio Industries (manufacturers of Irish and Ampex tapes), and Col. Richard Ranger, whose professional Rangertone recorders have been used in broadcast and recording studios here for several years.

During the war, the armed forces used elaborate "Soundmirrors," actually wire recording devices made by the Brush instrument company. This same company introduced to the public the first home tape machines around 1948 under the "Soundmirror" name. Next, Webster-Chicago, makers of wire recording dictating machines, began to market the Webcor tape recorder and the rush was on. Today there are over 125 companies listing tape recorders in the annual recorder directory issued by the tape manufacturer, Audio Devices, Inc., (available on request free of charge from the company at 444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.).

Tape recorders can be classified into three major groups: home and semi-professional recorders, dictating machines, and professional recorders. Naturally, many machines overlap into two of these categories. The largest group is the first, and they are the ones with which we are concerned. These are complete playback and recording units with a small loudspeaker built right into the cabinet. They are sold complete with a microphone for making live recordings. Today they all come with two speeds, usually 7½ and 3¾ inches-per-second. The first speed is for higher fidelity use, the slower speed is used for speech or medium-fi use. Several machines tested provide very good results at the slower speed. A higher speed, 15 inches-per-second, is still used in most studio and broadcast recording work; and a very slow speed, 1⅞ inches-per-second, is provided on some machines, particularly dictating units, for speech and for making a reel of tape last a long time.

Tape recorders for home and high fidelity use run from about $125 to around $400. Higher-priced units are professional, although some are made so that they can easily be used in home setups. Most of these units weigh between 20 and 30-lbs, although there are two miniature jobs. One is the Midgetape 500, shown on this page, which is battery powered and can be held in one's hand or in a large coat pocket. It uses special tape cartridges, has a recording volume meter, and may be connected to a high fidelity set for high quality music playback. The other is a very compact unit called the Fi-Cord, which uses regular 3-inch tape reels and runs at 7½ inches-per-second for high fidelity remote recording work. It also has the very slow 1⅞ inch speed. These units are capable of real high fidelity results, particularly at the higher speed and when used with a good microphone.

The better home tape machines are beginning to be available in three different forms—(1) as complete self-contained recording-playback units—(2) as stereo playback units with one complete stereo channel (including loudspeaker) as well as a preamplifier for plugging to a radio, TV or high fidelity setup for the other stereo sound channel—(3) as simple *tape decks*, also called *tape transport*. These can often be bought just as a tape moving mechanism—without any tubes or elec-

Typical high quality 3-speed tape recorder for stereo playback. Records mono only, although company has announced a stereo recording model. Controls are typically simple to operate. Most recorders today accept up to 7-inch reels shown here. At medium speed, 3¾ ips, this records an hour in each direction on the tape. NORELCO stereo machine costs $299.

tronics. They can then be plugged into any modern stereo preamp or complete stereo amplifier with a *tapehead* input (not just "tape" input). In this case only the *playback* of tapes can be made, although one can buy the manufacturer's recording electronics later.

An excellent example of this is the new Viking series 85 tapedeck. It comes complete with a simple pair of mounting brackets so it can be placed alongside a stereo amplifier. Stereo tapes can be played when there are two connecting cords plugged from it to the amplifier with the AC power cord connected. It can be bought for regular half-track stereo tapes, or to play both half-track and the new quarter-track tapes, which will be available soon. (More below about the status of the 4-track and cartridge tape situation.)

Typical of the best current practice in home machines, which will provide excellent results with high fidelity systems, is the new NORELCO stereo tape playback machine (see photograph). It has three-speed operation and all functions except volume are by pushbuttons. Like most good machines it includes a counter for assisting in finding a particular part of the recording. It plays back one channel of stereo recordings through its own speaker, makes standard recordings with its own microphone (which is surprisingly sensitive *and* distortion free—many mikes supplied with less expensive units are quite sensitive, but will not deliver as good bass response, nor as smooth highs; they can be bettered considerably for about $30). The NORELCO has a volume recording meter and output connections for connecting either a better speaker (though it's own heavy-duty 5-inch is excellent for it's type) or one or both channels to high fidelity amplifier-speaker systems.

Another top quality recorder of this general type is the Tandberg. Present models include one which will play back either 2-track or 4-track tapes, as well as record any single track (½ or ¼ width), at any of its three speeds. Another Tandberg unit will *record stereo*. Unlike other home high-fidelity types, the Tandbergs can be bought with foot-pedal attachment for start-stop-reverse dictating operation.

A good semiprofessional machine priced for high-fidelity use is the Roberts. Resembling the Ampex 600 series, these machines can both play back and record stereo. The basic recorder costs about $350. Amplifier-speaker unit is under $150 each, though of course one's own high fidelity system can be readily plugged to the Roberts.

The most widely sold tape recorders up to the present are probably the many Pentron models. Moderately priced, they deliver surprisingly good quality and are all two-speed machines.

Best-known maker of the professional tape recorders is Ampex. Long leaders in the recording field, they developed the video recorder, which records television programs on tape (basic cost of a video recorder: $45,000). They have a widely used model 601 which is for broadcast use outside the studio. It records at only one speed, requires headphones or an extra amplifier and speaker. Their 900 series machines are designed for high quality home use,

The key questions to be answered in buying a tape recorder or tapedeck for use with a high fidelity setup are the following:

- Does it have both 7½ and 3¾ inches-per-second speeds?
- Will it play back stereo tapes? Two 2-track only, or 4-track?
- Will it connect to a high-fidelity stereo setup with cables—without any extra units or preamps?
- Can 4-track heads be installed later without machine work; just screwdriver and soldering iron, by a regular electronics technician or hi-fi enthusiast?
- Does it have its own sound amplifier and loudspeaker for one of the two stereo sound channels? Does it have complete sound amplifier for both channels, so only one other loudspeaker is needed? (Some do, though best results will be had with two entire channels external to the tape machine.)
- Will it record stereo, or just play it back?
- Does the manufacturer have (a) a guarantee for 90 days (b) service station available for possible adjustment during that period?

Heathkit head assembly is typical of adapter units, which can be installed to convert 2-track stereo recorders to 4-track operation. Four-track machines will also play back 2-track or single track tapes.

come in an assortment of combinations for connection to Ampex amplifier-speakers or your own system. Prices start at $450 ready to connect to sound system. The 900 series are all two-speed machines, available as 2-track, or 2-track-and-4-track machines.

Most tape recorders which are made to play 2-track stereo tapes can be converted to play 4-track tapes when these tapes begin to be around in substational numbers. A simple head assembly such as that shown on this page is installed by a recorder mechanic and the heads are wired in place of the previous heads. Although stereo recorded tapes have been made for only 2-track machines until now, there are now beginning to appear 4-track *reel-to-reel* recorded stereo tapes. These will be for the same speed, 7½ inches-per-second, for quite a while. The much-talked-about RCA-sponsored 4-track slower-speed (3¾ inches-per-second) magazine (cartridge) tapes are not really available yet because RCA is only barely beginning to introduce the machines to play these magazines. There are rumors of another cartridge development with another speed, and even narrower recording tracks, but it will be a long time (two years minimum) before this is likely to get off the ground. For now, it will continue to be reel-to-reel, and mostly 7½ inches-per-second—both 2-track and 4-track stereo tapes.

As this is written, word has been received that the following companies making stereo tapes have agreed to start releasing 4-track, 7½ inches-per-second tapes: Mercury, Westminster, Verve, Everest, Bel Canto, Concertapes, Omega, High Fidelity, Tandberg-SMS; others are expected to follow. These will be tapes on reels, not cartridge tapes. In addition, the following companies making recorders have released a joint statement that they are presently producing machines to play the reel-to-reel 4-track tapes: Ampex, Bell, Viking, Pentron, Telectro, Tandberg, Superscope, Magnecord, Revere, Webster-Chicago, Wollensak, Webster Electric (Racine). ■

The Stereo Shopping of Si Zentner

SALESWOMAN HOFFMAN AND HER HAPPY PREY

If Si Zentner were not one of the most record-promotion-conscious bandleaders in the business, he would not yet have made the switch to stereo.

In the course of making his regular rounds of the disc jockeys, Zentner recently made it a point to visit station KWIZ in Santa Ana, Calif., outside Los Angeles, and pay a morning visit to the show of Gracie Hoffman.

Later, over lunch, talk turned to stereo, and when the bandleader remarked that he intended to convert to the new system, Miss Hoffman suggested they stop off at the newest of her two Santa Ana record and hi-fi stores.

"It certainly was an expensive visit," Zentner grinned later, "because before I left Gracie's store, it cost me over a thousand bucks. But I got my money's worth. Not only do I now own what I consider the best equipment available for home sound systems, but I've also got a wild Webcor portable tape machine that I can take with me when the band goes out of town."

There was no need, Si explained, to seek a better turntable and tone arm that the Rek-o-Kut Rondine he had been using with his monaural system. What was required, therefore, was a new speaker system, stereo amplifier, and stereo AM-FM tuner. The portable Webcor tape machine (Royal model at $209.95) was a happy afterthought.

"Getting a new speaker system was the first item on my agenda," Zentner said. "Naturally, I wanted the best, but so far as I could see, the best on the market was J. B. Lansing's Paragon—a mere $4,000! So, I had to readjust my thinking, and, believe me, it was an agonizing readjustment . . ."

The day Si visited Miss Hoffman's store, however, the first shipment of J. B. L.'s new Minigon was being delivered. One look and listen, and Zentner flipped.

Designed on the same principle as its two bigger brothers, Paragon and Metregon, the Minigon stereo speaker system is indicative of the trend to smaller, more compact yet equally efficient units. It has the same refractor board feature as the other two, which means that stereo separation can be distinguished clearly in any part of the room, and it is considered Lansing's hottest bid for the cream of a steadily growing market based in the average pocketbook.

Eager to demonstrate the virtues of the Minigon, now *the* feature of his living room, Si gripped one side of the system and lifted away half the unit.

"How 'bout that?" he chuckled. "This cost me $486 complete, but if I'd wanted, I could have bought one side at a time. They sell separately for $177 to $243, depending on the quality speakers inside. But once I heard them together, I just *had* to shoot the works."

The matter of a stereo reproducer was relatively easy to decide. Si chose Sargent-Rayment SR-1717 at $189.60, which gives him dual 20-watt amplifiers and two professional type preamps taking input from stereo tapes, AM-FM stereo broadcasts, FM multiplex stereo, stereo cartridge, etc.

"Frankly, I was undecided at first about getting a stereo tuner," Si said. "My entire thought was to get record reproducion. I'd made several stereo albums for the Bel Canto label and couldn't play them at home. It was frustrating. Now, with my new LP in release on Liberty, it was the last straw. Everybody feels this album is easily the best we've done and the thought of not being able to hear it in stereo at home was just too much. Then, I figured that with the increase in stereo broadcasting, I might as well go the tuner route, too."

Thus, for $184.50, Zentner got himself the Sargent-Rayment SR-1000 AM-FM stereo tuner, which enables him to tune in AM and FM simultaneously during stereo broadcasts.

To a bandleader—indeed, any musician—the advantages of a portable tape machine are obvious. Si's new Webcor Royal is a monaural model with jacks for additional speakers (besides the double speakers with which it's equipped) and double recording heads.

Gazing fondly at his acquisition, Si mused, "Not only will I be able to listen to tapes on the road, but think of how I can use it for rehearsing. Now it'll take only half the time to pick out the goofs."

Zentner's total outlay for his components is $1,070.05. He is certain that he has bought quality and that service on the components is assured by the store's technicians.

Now that Zentner's powerhouse rig outclasses in volume those of his Studio City, Calif., neighbors, who's to complain? The neighbors, that's who! ■

STEREO NEWS

NEW Products

Ampex 601 recorder-playback runs at 7½ ips, records mono, plays back stereo or mono tapes through companion speaker-amplifier at left. Model 620.

Tandberg Model 5-2 is a three-speed unit with stereo playback and stereo recording. Costs $490. Shown here with matched Tandberg speakers both driven by the recorder with internal amps. $70 each. Other Tandbergs with fewer facilities cost as little as $250. Stereo four-track playback model costs $350.

Berlant Concertone professional stereo recorder has two speeds, 7½ and 15 ips or the two lower speeds. Takes large reels, 10-inch diameter. At right is portable recording and playback equipment. Costs about $900.

Typical tape-only stereo playback setup. Units should be against a wall. Separation determined by trial-and-error listening. Norelco recorder on right matches companion speaker-amplifier at left, which costs $99.

Magnecord Model 128CG complete system. Two speeds, professional recording meters. Machine available with minimum electronics for use with any high fidelity set.

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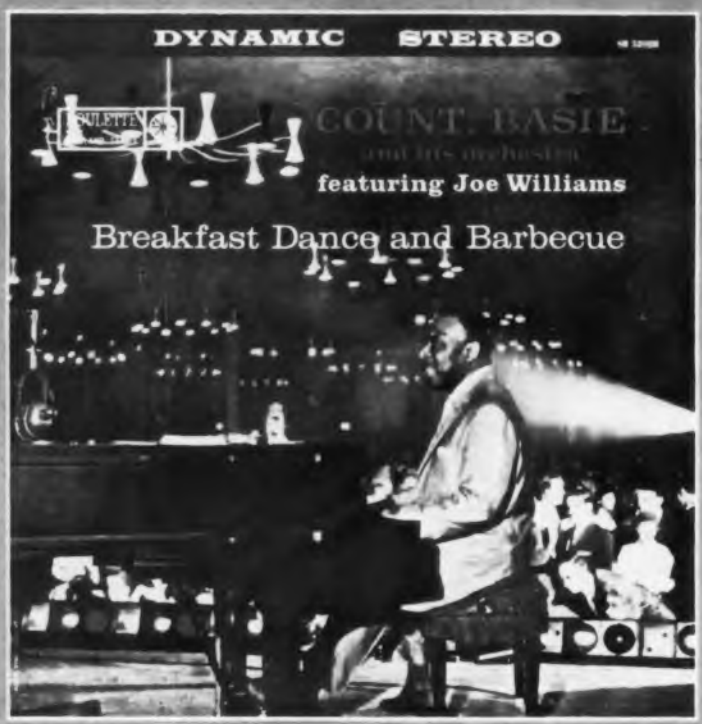

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Sound Reading

(Ed. Note: Following is a list of current manufacturer literature in the stereo and high fidelity field. If you wish to receive any of it, indicate your choices and mail to Stereo, *Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill. Enclose remittance where a price is designated.)*

Allied Radio: *400-page catalog* parts, tubes and hi-fi equip-equipment—22 pages ..... Free

Apparatus Dev. Corp.: *FM station list* and FM antenna catalog 25c

Bogen: turntables, amps, tuners, stereo adaptors, speakers —15 pp. ..... Free

E-V: How to Choose and Place Stereo Equipment in the Home—22 pp. ..... Free

GE: *15 Minutes to Stereo*—A Basic Guide to stereo; 24 pages, including glossary of terms 25c

Heathkit: *Heathkit Hi-Fi.* 28-page catalog of all Heath tuners, amps, enclosures.... Free

J.B. Lansing cabinetmakers' plans for all Lansing enclosures, with bill of materials. Ask for list and prices..... Free

Jensen: *Bulletin JH-1* (speakers, enclosures, kits) ..... Free

Lafayette: *Catalog 590.* 260 pages, including kits and components ..... Free

Rek-O-Kut: Brochure covering six turntables, tone arms.. Free

Roberts: *22 Ways To Enjoy the Roberts Recorders.* 19 pages packed with information on interconnections ..... Free

Thorens: Flyer on 9 changers and turntables ..... Free

Scott, H. H. Co.: *Catalog of Components.* 20 pages..... Free

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MG V-8180 **IN A MELLOW TONE**
Johnny Hodges

MG V-8179 **PERDIDO**
Johnny Hodges and His Orchestra

MG V-8151 **THE BLUES**
Johnny Hodges and His Orchestra

MG V-8150 **USED TO BE DUKE**
Johnny Hodges and His Orchestra

MG V-8149 **IN A TENDER MOOD**
Johnny Hodges and His Orchestra

MG V-8145 **ELLINGTONIA '56**
Johnny Hodges, His Big and Small Band

MG V-8139 **CASTLE ROCK**
Johnny Hodges Orchestra

MG V-8136 **CREAMY**
Johnny Hodges Orchestra

New Release . . .

MG V-8317 **BACK TO BACK**
Duke Ellington and Johnny Hodges
Play the Blues

VERVE RECORDS

out of my head

By George Crater

Pat Suzuki???

All right, it's *Down Beat's* 25th anniversary and we're supposed to give them Silver. But I don't know what Horace is going to say about it . . .

Maybe I'm square, but I enjoyed the Newport festival. Did you ever hear Max Roach play *Boola Boola* on *beer cans?*

I'm just waiting to hear that Van Cliburn and the Mitchell-Ruff Duo have opened a music school in Moscow . . .

George Wein is reported to be finalizing plans for his *Death Valley Jazz Festival.* Novel twist will be the use of *dead* jazz musicians and the Kingston Trio. Major holdup on this project is the much-celebrated Norman Granz Cape Canaveral Jazz Festival, which is scheduled for the same day. There's a slight foul-up on the Granz festival also. Buddy Rich refuses to be blasted-off into orbit with anybody except Fred Astaire and especially not with Gene Krupa, since Gene is reported to have called Gower Champion a schnook in 1917. Further reports, as always, will be passed on to you immediately.

deebee's scrapbook #14

"Birdland, Frank—and step on it!"

ED SHERMAN

In a further bid for the lucrative film-score LP business, Delmar Records has secured all rights to several top-flight film properties. First LP will be *The Jazz Soul of Abbott and Costello in Hollywood.* The firm is also reported to be negotiating with George Wein for album rights to his proposed *Mount Everest Jazz Festival* (co-sponsored by Kool cigarettes).

Regarding the Newport festival radio show:

The person who wrote those singing commercials for Studebaker should be run over by one . . .

Mitch Miller sounded as if he was narrating *The Sinking of the Titanic* . . .

Pat Suzuki???

Wouldn't it be wild if cops had to get 802 cards to become policemen?

I understand there's going to be a jazz show on TV next season with *pistol shots for background music* . . .

Charlie Weaver denies any connection whatsoever between himself and the Jose Melis band charts. It seems they're written by Freddy Martin's butcher . . .

Cop-Outs-of-the-Year Department:

At a session: "Man, like it must be my G-sharp key . . ."

At another session, same cat: "Yeah man, like *Move* is groovey, but like, don't you have eyes to play *Summertime*—in B-flat?"

On the union floor: "I'd like to give you a gig man, but I'm not using any drummers in my new Afro-Cuban group . . ."

In a saloon: "But like baby, who knows what's gonna happen tomorrow? Like, with these bombs they're making, like we've got to live for tonight, so . . ."

At the pad: "No baby, like Frank and I stopped off to sound this cat about a record date . . ."

Don't you feel secure as hell when you catch my goofs in spelling?

Down Beat is previewing its winter line of Leonard Feather *Blindfolds* in late September . . .

Did you hear about the tenor player whose chops were so nutty he used Dixiecup spoons for reeds? I didn't either . . .

Confidential is planning a jazz festival starring Liberace.

Keep your ears open for some Sunkist juice commercials on radio. Some really hard swinging going on . . .

Pat Suzuki???

in review

- Records
- Blindfold Test
- Jazz Record Buyers Guide
- Caught in the Act

Records are reviewed by Gene Lees, George Hoefer, Richard Hadlock, John A. Tynan, and Don Henahan (classical). Ratings: ★★★★★ Excellent, ★★★★ Very Good, ★★★ Good, ★★ Fair, ★ Poor. [S] = Stereo. [M] = Monaural.

CLASSICS

Fischer-Dieskau's Brahms

[S] [M] DIETRICH FISCHER-DIESKAU SINGS BRAHMS LIEDER—Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft (Decca) DGS-712007: Mit vierzig Jahren; Steig auf, geliebter Schatten; Mein Hertz ist schwer; Kein Haus, keine Heimat; Herbstgefuhl; Alte Liebe; Abenddammerung; O wusst' ich doch den Weg zuruck; Auf dem Kirchhofe; Verzagen; Regenlied; Nachklang; Fruhlingslied; Auf dem See; Feldeinsamkeit. Jorg Demus, piano accompanist.

Rating: ★★★★

Few people will contest the issue very strongly if you insist that Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau is the best male singer of lieder in the world. And if you narrow the question down to the songs of Brahms, the argument is gone completely. As he proved in the *Magelone* album earlier this year, his understanding of Brahms is unsurpassed. The present release is a valuable addition to the catalog, containing 15 pieces, many of them standard concert-hall selections but several being relatively rare.

It is not a record for the neophyte collector of lieder, however. Brahms tends to be a pretty somber fellow at best, and Fischer-Dieskau has gone out of his way to select only songs with grave, sustained melodies. Sadness and melancholy are the themes of nearly every one.

Inevitably there is a tendency for the songs to merge into one another, and lose identity. Individually each is a polished gem, but for a two-sided record recital uninitiated listeners may find the recurrent note of sadness just too much.

A Reiner Grabbag

[S] TSCHAIKOVSKY 1812 Overture, MENDELSSOHN Fingal's Cave Overture, LISZT Mephisto Waltz, BRAHMS Tragic Overture; Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra—RCA Victor LSC-2241.

Rating: ★★★★

All of these pieces have been previously released on monaural by Victor and Reiner, and several were among the pieces that helped the Chicago Symphony re-establish its reputation as one of the world's finest groups. The "Reiner Sound," as Victor calls it, is distinguished by an instrumental sumptuousness that does not carry over into the musical content. The readings themselves are lean, economical, precise, and wonderfully lucid. The latter quality can be embarrassing to the composer when it shows up in a performance of such a piece as Tschaikovsky's horrible old *1812 Overture*. There is nothing in this music but a long wait until the churchbells and canon go off at the delirious end. But for sheer percussive riotousness, Reiner's finale is hard to match.

The quality of the record, it seems almost superfluous to say, is fine, though the stereo doesn't add as much to the 1812's big blowoff as one might imagine it would. It's impressive enough to stun visitors and break leases, however.

Katchen's Rachmaninoff

[S] RACHMANINOFF Piano Concerto No 2; BALAKIREV "Islamey—Oriental Fantasy"; Julius Katchen, piano soloist; London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Georg Solti—London CS-6064.

Rating: ★★

The interest for some listeners here will be the Balakirev, since everyone has as good a Rachmaninoff Second as this one on his shelves. And in the more restricted stereo field, there is a Rubinstein version available. Katchen's technique is formidable, but his tempos are ridiculously fast at times, and he seems uncertain when he has to slow down and play the big corny passages.

However, he tears into "Islamey" with real bravura, and builds a bonfire under the old virtuoso showpiece.

JAZZ

Art Blakey

[M] HOLIDAY FOR SKINS—Blue Note 4004: The Feast; Aghano; Lamento Africano; Mirage; O'Tinde; Swingin' Kilts; Dinga; Reflection.

Personnel: Art Blakey, drums; Donald Byrd, trumpet; Ray Bryant, piano; Wendall Marshall, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums and tympani; Sabu Martinez, bongo and conga; Ray Barretto, Chonguito Vincente, congas; Victor Gonzalez, bongo; Andy Delannoy, maracas and cencerro; Julio Martinez, conga and treelog; Fred Pagani Jr., timbales.

Rating: ★★½

Well now . . . For the benefit of the esoteric market, this record must have *something*. But from this chair, there seems to be scant offering indeed. The entire affair is couched in percussive terms—skillfully executed, to be sure—which reduce the record's potential appreciation market by about 90 per cent. How many Africanesque chants can one stand?

Still, for drum solo fans, this disc will probably be the apotheosis of everything.

Onward, as Mort Sahl would say.

Ray Bryant

[M] ALONE WITH THE BLUES—New Jazz 8213: *Blues #3; Joy; Lover Man; Me and the Blues; My Blues; Rockin' Chair; Stockin' Feet.*

Personnel: Ray Bryant, solo piano.

Rating: ★★★★

From the first dark, rolling figure with which this solo session commences, the blues takes over— happy, dolorous, impish, whimsical blues played by an interpreter steeped in them.

The first track, *Blues #3*, is as somber as the second, *Joy*, is a skipping delight. Bryant punching out modern lines yet always maintaining the underlying blues color. The pianist has a very positive, hard-hitting touch at times, which, coupled with ample technique, makes for an exciting percussiveness.

On *Lover Man*, Bryant takes the standard for a lazy ride extending into endless variations with the right hand while the left *lays down* the richly created harmony rather than merely playing it. *Me and the Blues* and *My Blues* are both slow, moving declarations, with the second, which opens Side B, seeking out a gleam of hope in contrast to the unutterably sad message of the first. *Rockin' Chair* gets an affectionate, almost lyric treatment, Bryant slipping in an old-timey, walking style. *Stocking* is up an' at 'em, decidedly cheerful in tone with jumpy, nervous right-hand darts and deep, firm left.

Bryant is one of the most interesting pianists active today, and this set permits him to strut his soul. Recommended.

Candido

[M] LATIN FIRE—ABC-Paramount 286: *Swinging the Blues; Exactly Like You; King Porter Stomp; Jada; It Don't Mean a Thing; Ain't She Sweet; When the Saints Go Marchin' In; Honeysuckle Rose; Sweet Sue; Royal Garden Blues.*

Personnel: Candido, Machito, Charlie Persip, percussion; The Dick Williams Singers; Phil Woods, alto; Ernie Royal, Nick Travis, Al De Risi, Marky Markowitz, Charlie Shavers, trumpets; George Duvivier, bass.

Rating: ★★★

A strange brew, this: Manny Albam scores, vintage tunes, an unimpressive scat vocal group, a couple of cooking jazzmen (Woods and Duvivier), an assemblage of good studio men, and a fair Latin percussionist.

Improbable as the date sounds, it *does* swing and somehow avoids becoming a hopeless hodge-podge of conflicting effects.

There is a tendency toward over-stylization in the brass figures that detracts from the impact of these top section hornmen wailing over Afro-Cuban rhythms. Such stuff sounds dated today, incidentally, for much of the fascination that Latin drum music held for jazzmen in the past has worn off. One can go only so far with rhythms that do not fit the traditional passive role of percussion in jazz.

Considering the discomforting musical images that some of these songs conjure up, altoist Woods addresses each of them with admirable originality and vitality, lending thereby a bit of lasting jazz interest to this strange session.

Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis

[S] "JAWS"—Prestige 7154: *I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart; I'll Never Be the Same; You Stepped Out of a Dream; Old Devil Moon; Too Close for Comfort; Body and Soul; But Not for Me; Tangerine.*

Personnel: Eddie Davis, tenor; Shirley Scott, organ; George Duvivier, bass; Arthur Edgehill, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Lockjaw Davis is neither fish nor fowl. He is not a conformist to the contemporary school of hard sell tenor, nor is he an individualistic stylist. His voice is the voice of Ben Webster with overtones of Hawkins.

(Continued on Page 58)

in **1959**,
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Thelonious in Action . . . with Johnny Griffin (monaural 12-262)
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RIVERSIDE

Once more, results of the Down Beat Critics Poll turn the New Star spotlight on outstanding Riverside artists. We point with particular pride to a fast-rising new major force in jazz, CANNONBALL ADDERLEY: New Star—Alto
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Other new-star stand-outs on Riverside include:

Everybody Digs **BILL EVANS: the sensational New Star on *piano* (monaural 12-291; stereo 1129)**

BLUE MITCHELL: *Out of the Blue*—2nd as New Star on *trumpet* (monaural 12-293; stereo 1131)

The Other Side of **BENNY GOLSON: New Star *tenor and arranger* (monaural 12-290)**

And don't miss the remarkable new sound of *Drums Around the World:* PHILLY JOE JONES' Big Band Sounds . . . featuring a whole constellation of *New Star* winners—Adderley, Mitchell, Golson, Lee Morgan, Curtis Fuller (monaural 12-302; stereo 1147)

There is a difference between using another's style as a basis for your own and assimilating the other's style so completely that it leads to imitation. This is not to say that Davis does not play well. He does. But, although his playing has fire and nostalgic appeal, it cannot sustain interest for 40 or so minutes.

There is a sameness that pervades the whole LP: the format, the tempos, the "arrangements." Rock-'n'-roll elements are evident on some of the tracks, e.g. the shuffle rhythm on *Song*.

Davis' cohorts are able, but aside from Miss Scott on organ, they are relegated to supporting roles. Miss Scott sounds as if she might be a converted pianist; the overuse of glissandi and underuse of stop combinations that are evident in her playing here are usually the marks of the inexperienced organist. Her 'comping is unobtrusive and tasty, however, as is the work of Duvivier and Edgehill.

The album may hold some interest for semi-jazz fans, but it is hardly recommended for the more serious listener.

Kenny Dorham

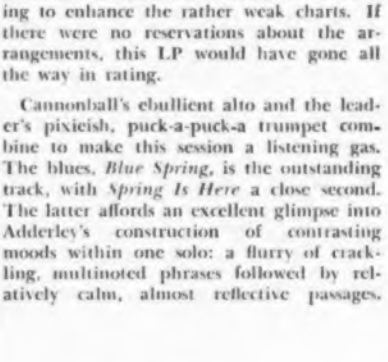
M BLUE SPRING—Riverside RLP 12-297: *Blue Spring; It Might as Well Be Spring; Poetic; Spring Is Here; Spring Cannon; Passion Spring.* Personnel: Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Julian "Cannonball" Adderley, alto; Cecil Payne, baritone; David Amran, French horn; Cedar Walton, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb (tracks 1, 2, 3, 4) and Philly Joe Jones (tracks 5, 6), drums.

Rating: ★★★★

In this album, Riverside presents Kenny Dorham in his seldom-heard roles of composer and arranger; nonetheless, this is primarily a blowing date.

Dorham's compositions have much to recommend them, especially the eloquent *Poetic*. But his arranging lacks the maturity of his playing and composing. Sometimes-bad intonation and balance do nothing to enhance the rather weak charts. If there were no reservations about the arrangements, this LP would have gone all the way in rating.

Cannonball's ebullient alto and the leader's pixieish, puck-a-puck-a trumpet combine to make this session a listening gas. The blues, *Blue Spring*, is the outstanding track, with *Spring Is Here* a close second. The latter affords an excellent glimpse into Adderley's construction of contrasting moods within one solo: a flurry of crackling, multinoted phrases followed by relatively calm, almost reflective passages.



Spring Cannon, written with Adderley in mind, showcases the altoist in a driving, imaginative display of virtuosity. Dorham's second chorus on *Spring Is Here* is exceptionally well constructed. It is his best effort on the date.

Chamber's section playing is rock-like, and he uses well the small amount of solo space he is alloted. Cedar Walton shows a strong John Lewis influence in his playing and may develop into a counter-force to the much-too-often-heard funk school of piano. Sid Catlett lives on in Philly Joe! Listen carefully to his work on *Spring Cannon*.

When all the positive values of this album are added to the one negative (the arrangements) this proves to be a very rewarding LP. Recommended strongly.

Slim Gaillard

M SLIM GAILLARD RIDES AGAIN—Dot DLP 3190: Oh, Lady Be Good; I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance with You; How High the Moon; Slim's Cee; One Minute of Flamenco for Three Minutes; Chicken Rhythm; I Love You; Tall and Slim; My Blue Heaven; Thunderbird; Walkin' and Cookin' Blues; Sukiyaki Cha Chu; Don't Blame Me.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Recently George Crater posed the intriguing and meaningful philosophic question, What Ever Happened to Slim Gaillard?

This record comes as a fully satisfactory response to George's provocative question: Slim, it seems, has gone on being as hilarious as ever.

The composer of such whacky masterpieces as *Flat Foot Floogie*, *Cement Mixer*, and *The Groove Juice Special*, who has always made a delightful specialty of satirizing all the cliches of jazz, here comes on with some wonderful spoofing. His *How High the Moon* will break the hip fan right up within eight bars, and his interpolations ("everybody's wond'rin' how high the moon . . . the moon never wondered how low you are") take us on an informal and far-out tour of our solar system.

What makes (and always made) Gaillard's satires on jazz so funny is that he is an extremely effective jazz musician, and a hard swinger all the way. Even when he's panning the old *Jazz at the Philharmonic*, his guitar drives fiercely—as does his piano on other tracks. Elsewhere he kids hell out of flamenco a la coffee house in *One Minute of Flamenco for Three Minutes*. Wierdly enough, even here his playing is respectably good.

This album isn't jazz listening in the usual sense. But it is great fun, and if you *must* have intellectual justification for its purchase, it is enough to say that it points out whatever is trite in jazz, and thereby increases one's selectivity, i.e. taste.

Welcome back to disc, Slim. Long live MacVouty and O'Reeny!

Red Garland

M (S) MANTECA—Prestige 7139: *Manteca*; *'S Wonderful*; *Lady Be Good*; *Exactly Like You*; *Mort's Report*.

Personnel: Red Garland, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums; Ray Barreto, conga.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Despite the album title, this set is not Afro-Cuban. *Manteca* opens the proceedings with appropriate echo-chamber cries, a better-than-average conga solo, and some wholly un-Cuban piano jazz.

An immediate plus is the cooking rhythm team of Chambers, Taylor and Barreto. The latter demonstrates with restrained pre-

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cision how a conga should be utilized on a jazz date.

Chambers plays fine-structured arco bass on several tracks and Taylor bares his percussive soul with unerringly confident aplomb.

Through it all is the incredibly tasteful piano of the leader. Garland's touch, phrasing and innately melodic sense (note the rippling ease on *Lady*) make his playing a joy.

Throughout the set there is evident an unpretentiousness of approach that goes far toward making this record a better-than-good performance.

Billie Holiday

M BILLIE HOLIDAY—MGM E3764: *All of You; Sometimes I'm Happy; You Took Advantage of Me; When It's Sleepy Time Down South; There'll Be Some Changes Made; 'Deed I Do; Don't Worry 'Bout Me; All the Way; Just One More Chance; It's Not for Me to Say; I'll Never Smile Again; Baby Won't You Please Come Home.*

Personnel: Billie Holiday, vocal, accompanied by Ray Ellis and his orchestra; Harry "Sweets" Edison, Joe Wilder, trumpets; Billy Byers, Jimmy Cleveland, trombones; Al Cohn, tenor sax; Gene Quill, alto saxophone; Danny Bank, baritone sax; Hank Jones, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; twelve-piece string section.

Rating: ★★★★

In spite of everything, Lady Day had it right up to the end. Some said her voice was cracking, others claimed she couldn't hit the notes she wanted any more. These sides, recorded early this year on what was possibly her last recording date, are among the most expressive she ever made.

Billie used every artifice at her command to express herself, with an uncanny sense of dramatic timing. She made these well known standards (none of which she had recorded before) her own. Her unique treatment of such old numbers as *Sleepy Time* and *Baby Won't You Please Come Home* turns them into Holiday tunes.

The association of Ray Ellis with Billie Holiday would have continued, on the basis of the results of this initial—and final—effort. The arrangements furnished Billie with various backgrounds that jelled nicely. There are alto and tenor solos, very effective trumpet by Edison, and, on several numbers, a rich string background.

It was like hearing tunes for the first time when Billie sang them, even though you had heard them performed hundreds of times by others. . .

Budd Johnson

M Blues a la Mode—Felsted FAJ 7007: *Foggy Nights; Leave Room in Your Heart for Me; Destination Blues; A la Mode; Used Blues; Blues by Five.*

Personnel: Budd Johnson, tenor; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Al Sears, baritone; Bert Keyes, piano and organ; Joe Benjamin, bass; Jo Jones, drums. On tracks 2, 4 and 6, omit trombone and baritone; substitute Ray Bryant for Keyes on piano.

Rating: ★★★

As are the others in this Felsted series of mainstream blowing, organized by Britisher Stanley Dance during his visit to this country last year, this is a plain, unaffected and charmingly direct album. Johnson plays with hard-swinging conception and, in view of his many years on the scene, sometimes surprisingly modern approach.

Foggy has a weird foghorn intro and closer which doesn't enhance the music but provides a clue to the producer's sense of humor. *Leave Room* is pretty much of a draggy ballad but has good Shavers. Johnson hams it up too much tonally on this, which is a pity, because his induced schmaltz ruins an otherwise fair take.

One of the pleasanter tracks in the set is a medium blues, *Used*, which features Keyes on some delicately toned, yet virile, organ. Here Shavers shines with his own particular brand of clean-lined blowing.

Blues by Five sounds as if the tempo went to everybody's heads. There is much furious blowing to not very much avail on a slim, riffily modern line.

This record has its moments of good blowing and healthy, uninhibited swing. Unfortunately, there are not enough of such moments to warrant a higher rating.

Fred Katz

S M FOLK SONGS FOR FAR OUT FOLK—Warner Bros. WS 1277: Kat'ka; Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child; Been in the Pen So Long; Chili'lo; Rav's Nigun; Old Paint; Manthi-Ki; Baal Shem Tov; Foggy, Foggy Dew.

Personnel: On the American folk tunes, Billy Bean, guitar; Johnny T. Williams, piano; Mel Pollan, bass; Jerry Williams, drums; Hebrew folk tunes, Justin Gordon, bassoon and bass clarinet; Paul Horn, flute and alto saxophone; Buddy Collette, flute; Jules Jacobs, oboe and clarinet; George Smith, clarinet; Mel Pollan, bass; African folk tunes—Pete Candoli, Irving Goodman, Don Fagerquist, trumpets; George Roberts, Harry Betts, Bob Enevoldsen, trombones; Larry Bunker, Gene Estes, Jack Costanza, Carlos Mejia, Lou Singer, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This disc is a strange mixture of the excellent and the supercilious. Some of the material is sufficiently far out that one wonders if cellist Katz recently has spent several months locked in a room with discs by the Louisville Orchestra; the music goes just that far to impress you with its modernistic knowledgability. But at other times, the hair is let down and things swing a little.

"Too many jazz compositions," says Katz

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New York, N.Y. is a world unto itself

New York, N.Y. is a look up and live town, or a sigh, cry, die town

New York, N.Y. is filled with the sounds of jazz

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George Russell's *New York, N.Y.* is today and a little of tomorrow, drawn with rare craftsmanship and originality. It is a showcase for such major jazz soloists as Art Farmer, Bob Brookmeyer, John Coltrane, Bill Evans, Benny Golson and Max Roach*; the probing wit and intelligence of Jon Hendricks; and a large star-filled jazz orchestra. This album will not soon be forgotten.

*Courtesy Mercury Records

A NEW WORLD OF SOUND

HI FI DECCA RECORDS

in the liner notes, "are based on a series of 'riffs' usually a 32 bar phrase . . . which everybody then proceeds to blow on . . . I think it is time for jazz players and composers to extend their horizon towards other cultures rather than to 'Tin Pan Alley' tune pickers . . ." Which, he goes on to explain, is why he chose folks tunes from three cultures as a basis for these "jazz" performances.

The catch is that, like other projects intended by dint of will power and intellect to "enlarge" and "deepen" and "uplift" jazz, the music ends up having damn-all to do with jazz—and having altogether too much to do with what the arranger (in this case, Katz) has absorbed from Hindemith, et al.

Now, really.

Henry Mancini

[S] MORE MUSIC FROM PETER GUNN—RCA Victor LSP 2040: *Walkin' Bass; Timothy; Joanna; My Manne Shelly; Goofin' at the Coffee House; Odd Ball; Blue Steel; The Little Man Theme; Spook!; A Quiet Gass; Lichty; Blues for Mother's.*

Personnel: Conrad Gozzo, Pete Candoli, Frank Beach, Graham Young, trumpets; Dick Nash, Jimmy Priddy, John Haliburton, Karl DeKarske, Hoyt Bohannon, trombones; Vincent DeRosa, John Cave, Richard Perissi, John Graas, French horns; Ted Nash, Ronny Lang, Paul Horn, Gene Cipriano, Plas Johnson, woodwinds; Vic Feldman or Larry Bunker, vibes; John Williams, piano; Rolly Bundock or Joe Mondragon, bass; Bob Bain, guitar; Alvin Stoller or Shelly Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Mancini is still the boss of *Gunn* music. His skill and wit produce a more worthwhile program than his imitators have been able to turn out, although these performances are far from immortal. At least Mancini reveals a sense of humor (*Timothy* is a delightful example of it) that may save him from despair when the smoke clears and Jack Public (we Americans frown upon the use of formal names like "John Q.") dashes off empty-headedly in another direction.

John Mehegan

[M] CASUAL AFFAIR—With a Song in My Heart; Baubles, Bangles and Beads; Once Again in Love; Can't We Be Friends; Evelyn; Young and Foolish; Blues de Sad.

Personnel: John Mehegan, piano; Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Chuck Wayne, guitar; Ernie Furtado, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Critic-teacher-pianist John Mehegan here indulges in some of the non-intellectualized playing that he champions as the true-and-proper approach to jazz. What makes his argument the stronger (see his article elsewhere in this issue) is the fact that he is an extremely capable executor of his theories—though the "pleasant listening" he epitomizes here would probably distress Andre Hodeir mightily (see Hodeir's article, coupled with that of Mehegan).

What happens on this disc is not earth-shaking, by any stretch of the imagination. But the four musicians involved seem to enjoy themselves in a relaxed date that has the flavor—flaws as well as virtues—of an intimate after-hours jam session.

Dorham doesn't do much, and his playing has a Miles-like sloppiness where he does come in for an over-casual chorus or so. Wayne is full of surprising little turns, and produces some lovely lines. But basically it is Mehegan's date, and he achieves the easy-to-listen-to quality he sought, even if he doesn't challenge anyone to apply thought to their hearing.

The recording quality is not very good.

NEW!

on the swingin' Capitol scene

Together... for the first time... and great! Happy collaboration of the Shearing Quintet and Peggy at her best. (For example: *Long Way from St. Louis* is a sizzler, *All Too Soon* is lush.) With three dandy instrumentals besides. A fabled session recorded live for 2,500 DJs at the recent convention in Miami. Did the experts approve? Wow! ST1219

It's a relaxed, matured June Christy who finds here (with the help of scores of ideas by friend Pete Rugolo) good new things to say about *A-Sittin' and A-Rockin'*, *Willow Weep for Me*, and other Kenton Era favorites including a leaping *How High the Moon*. Says Stan. "Wonderful! The original flavor *plus* fresh ideas." ST1202

You *must* have heard some of the raves by now. Nelson Riddle said: "Mavis has the authority of a poised night club singer, the beat of a jazz vocalist, and a *real feeling* for what she sings." If you ask, "Can she really be that fine?", it can only mean you haven't heard the Samoa-born swinger yet. So how about *now?* ST1210

So this fine musician finds fine music by squeezing needle-nosed oil cans, twanging trowels, and running an electric motor at various speeds. (In among those unlikely "instruments," by the way, are a dozen or so of Hollywood's most knowing jazzmen.) Like... you have to hear it for yourself. It's worth it—it swings! ST1225

Dorothy D. is "ambidextrous" at the piano: articulate and authoritative in her musicianship, wild and wailin' in her showmanship. Hear her moody *Moonlight in Vermont*... then her driving, uninhibited *Bye Bye Blackbird* and *Under My Skin*... and when you catch your breath, you'll come up saying, "I *like* it!" ST1226

His great debut album, *New in Town*, displayed the exciting, gladly glowing rhythms and natural exuberance in Ed's vibrant baritone voice. Now, in happy rapport with Nelson Riddle's rocking crew, he takes another big step ahead. Catch the hip Townsend Plan for oldies like *Don't Get Around Much* and *Brazil*, plus Ed's own compositions. ST1214

Stereo album numbers are shown.
For monophonic versions, omit S.

Capitol RECORDS

Sam Most

M THE AMAZING MR. SAM MOST—Bethlehem BCP-78: *Softly as in a Morning Sunrise; Alone Together; When Your Lover Has Gone; Lover Man; It Might as Well Be Spring; You Stepped out of a Dream.*

Personnel: Most, flute, tenor and clarinet; Teddy Charles, arrangements. Jimmy Raney, guitar; string ensemble drawn from the New York Philharmonic and the Metropolitan Opera orchestra; drummer, bassist and pianist not identified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

According to an oft-told tale, Fats Waller told a woman who asked what jazz was: "Lady, if you don't know, don't mess with it." The story is relished, which is unfortunate. It really wasn't a witty response, and it left the question begging, and it has been left begging ever since.

Up to this point, we have been able to escape a clear decision. But this LP serves effective notice that the evasion cannot be continued indefinitely. A crisis is approaching in jazz, as sharp as or sharper than the split that Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie brought on.

The key problem in jazz continues to be lack of form. Various authorities believe the solution can only be found in writing, i.e. in formal preorganization of the material. But this poses still another problem: at what level does the music cease to be classical-influenced jazz and become jazz-influenced "classical" music? Teddy Charles' arranging here — which tends to steal attention from Most's playing — shows how skillfully he has acquired the techniques of string quartet writing. But these are not quartets, and the form is the old theme-and-variations on which jazz has ever been built. Thus no heights of formalism are scaled, while the earthier qualities of jazz — except in one or two numbers — are lost.

Most's work is excellent, barring an unattractive voice-and-flute passage, and there is some interesting work by the pianist, who sounds very much as if he might be Hall Overton. Jimmy Raney plays just enough to remind us of his stature and make it regrettable that he isn't being heard more these days than he is.

In sum, then, the album is an interesting one that deserves an E for effort. But it poses more questions than it answers.

M Squad Orchestra

M THE MUSIC FROM M SQUAD—RCA Victor LPM-2062: *M Squad Theme; The Chase; The Search; Phantom Raiders; Lonely Beat; The Jukebox; The Mugger; The Discovery; The Late Spot; The Cha-Cha Club; A Lady Sings the Blues; The End.*

Personnel: Benny Carter, alto; Pete Candoli, Frank Beach, Don Fagerquist, Maurie Harris, trumpets; Frank Rosolino, Pete Carpenter, Joe Howard, George Roberts, trombones; John T. Williams, piano; Red Mitchell, Joe Mondragon, alternating on bass; Alvin Stoller, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The latest in the television theme parade on record is this set of 12 segments from the cops-an'-robbers series, *M Squad*.

The music differs considerably from Hank Mancini's approach. For one thing, it is a more direct, straight-to-the-point, big-band jazz and consequently has greater impact on record than does Mancini's sometimes overgimmicked writing. In the *Peter Gunn* series, though, the music is, on the whole, better integrated with dramatic action than it is on *M Squad*.

The only saxophone (and major solo horn) on this album is Carter's. As usual, he is the epitome of the polished artist. Carter's artistry, moreover, is loaded with guts as he swoops through the brass with stabbing effectiveness on *Theme*, *Chase*, *Juke*, and others. Rosolino, Fagerquist, and Williams also solo with conviction.

Dizzy Reece

M Blues in Trinity—Blue Note 4006: *Blues in Trinity; I Had the Craziest Dream; Close-up; Shepherd's Serenade; Color Blind; 'Round About Midnight.*

Personnel: Dizzy Reece, Donald Byrd, trumpets; Tubby Hayes, tenor; Terry Shannon, piano; Lloyd Thompson, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

It's never made quite clear about Donald Byrd in the liner notes to this pulsing set: he is stated to be guest on two tracks, but is listed only as present on *Close-up*, the final track on the first side.

Where Byrd is doesn't particularly matter, actually, because the entire date is a free-blowing party, though some of the tracks carry on to the point of longwinded boredom.

Reece is a good, modern-voiced trumpeter with the technique and substance to sustain interest throughout the set. The surprise is tenorist Hayes. He has obviously absorbed the newer American influences but keeps enough of the older style (as on *'Round Midnight*) to impress one as a musician of no faddish mannerisms. It is easy to appreciate why he is regarded as England's foremost exponent of contemporary tenor.

Trinity is medium up and overloaded with Taylor's cymbal. *Craziest* is a simple, clean and clear statement of Reece's lyrical tendencies; it's Dizzy all the way, sharp and succinct
changes.
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An experience. This is the Newport Youth Band. VARIETY commented on the astonishing professionalism of these teenagers. The big blowoff of this year's Newport Jazz Festival was this great band directed by Marshall Brown. The crowd at Newport shouted for more and you will too!

This is the first of a series of album blockbusters by the band. Others will follow, including one recorded on the scene at the Festival.

MONO: CRL 57298

STEREO: CRL 757298

MODERN SKETCHES IN JAZZ by George Romanis.

MONO: 57273

STEREO: CRL 757273

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*Courtesy RCA Victor

CORAL RECORDS

succinct in keeping with the ultra-pretty changes.

On the whole, this is a good blowing session—if a little tedious at times, due to the overlong up tracks.

Bud Shank-Laurindo Almeida

M/S HOLIDAY IN BRAZIL—World Pacific ST-1018: *Simpatico; Rio Rhapsody; Nocturno; Little Girl Blue; Choro in A; Mood Antigua; The Color of Her Hair; Lonely; I Didn't Know What Time It Was; Carioca Hills.*

Personnel: Bud Shank, alto saxophone and flute; Laurindo Almeida guitar and arrangements; Gary Peacock, bass; Chuck Flores, drums.

Rating: ★★★★½

This is the second album in which altoist Shank and guitarist Almeida have attempted to blend the tradition of Brazilian music with that of modern jazz. That they have succeeded so well is a tribute to their musicianship and adaptability, for there is no compelling affinity to draw the two musics together.

Excepting the two Rodgers and Hart standards, all the tunes here are originals, either by Shank or Almeida or both. The texture that comes of putting Shank's liquid alto over Almeida's finger-style guitar is delightfully fresh, to say the very least. But there is more than mere attractiveness here; on some of the slower works, there is a curious serenity, and grace. At other times, the group develops a potent hard swing. *Little Girl Blue*, done with guitar and flute is lovely.

It would be far too much to say that this group points a direction in jazz; the Shank-Almeida experiment seems likely to remain an intriguing little offshoot of the main line of jazz development which is why the rating doesn't go all the way up. Nonetheless, this sound hits the ear as freshly as the first Chico Hamilton quintet recordings did, and, esthetic values aside, it is obvious that this group has a big commercial potential. It is the sort of thing that, properly pushed, can take on mild fad proportions.

Not that one can cheer freely about that; nothing seems to sap the vitality of jazz groups like large-scale public acceptance. But one can scarcely wish Shank and Almeida commercial ill because of that—particularly after this disc.

Charlie Shavers

M CHARLIE SHAVERS—M-G-M E3765: C'est Si Bon; Domino; Mam'selle; The Last Time I Saw Paris; Pigalle; Song From Moulin Rouge; Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup; Petite Fleur; My Man; I Kiss Your Hand, Madame; Comme Ci, Comme Ca; I Love Paris.

Personnel: Charlie Shavers, trumpet-leader; orchestra personnel unlisted.

Rating: ★★★

An album tailored to the commercial trade, led by the trumpet virtuoso who graced the bands of Tommy Dorsey and John Kirley and went right on swinging after they were gone.

The thought behind the album is strictly out of a&r man's hard-up file, and the accompanying group is as commercial as it was meant to be, complete to wearying shuffle rhythms. Justification might be found in the fact that the style resembles that of French cafe groups, particularly *bad* French cafe groups, who are in turn based on imitation of bad American groups.

Yet Shaver somehow slashes through all the deadwood; his searing muted horn comes across in fine style on some of the numbers, particularly *Domino*, a track that cooks all the way and is by far the best in the album.

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and instead of receiving greeting cards,
we thought we'd send one
to some of our friends.
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and by gad, we're proud!

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Ruby Braff Goes "Girl Crazy"	W/WS 1273
Jazz Festival	
Various Artists	W/WS 1281
The Broadway Bit	
Marty Paich	W/WS 1296
Pete Kelly's Blues	
Dick Cathcart & Pete Kelly's Big Seven	W/WS 1303

WARNER BROS. RECORDS
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Shavers' playing retains its roots in the past, and is therefore "hot" in the old sense; yet harmonically, and in his tremendous facility, he is as modern as tomorrow and so self-possessed as almost to require the adjective 'cool'. He is one of those musicians who just do not date, and he should be heard again—and soon—in a featured spot, as he is here, but with real jazz backing.

Who knows? It might turn out to be really commercial, instead of just commercialistic.

Nina Simone

M LITTLE GIRL BLUE—Bethlehem BCP 6028: Mood Indigo; Don't Smoke in Bed; He Needs Me; Little Girl Blue; Love Me or Leave Me; My Baby Just Cares For Me; Good Bait; Plain Gold Ring; You'll Never Walk Alone; Porgy; Central Park Blues.

Personnel: Nina Simone, piano and vocal; Jimmy Bond, bass; Al Heath, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Miss Simone is one of the most distinctive vocal performers around today, with a vocal sound that is a blend of red velvet and crude cordwood.

A number of qualities are improbably mixed in her, including a folk blues singing style of the South and polished piano playing right out of Juilliard. Thus, the earth-rooted *Plain Gold Ring* is framed between a *Good Bait* that out-baroques Shearing and a pretentious *Never Walk* that bears a mortgage to Beethoven. Whereupon we get a performance of *Porgy* that makes most of the recent vocal readings of it look superficial and unemotional; here, her singing is like sensitized, modified Nellie Lutcher. Then there is an instrumental blues in which she sounds like a more-virile John Lewis.

The wide range of Miss Simone's talents is, in a sense, her drawback: the overall effect is eclectic. As the sundry influences blend in future, as they undoubtedly will, Miss Simone could present the fascinating phenomonon of an emerging major talent.

harry
belafonte

Soundstage All-Stars

M MORE PETER GUNN—Dot DLP 3204: *The Little Man Theme; Joanna; Lightly; Walkin' Bass; A Quiet Gass; Goofin' at the Coffee House; Blue Steel; Spook; Timothy; Blues for Mother's; Odd Ball; My Manne Shelly.*

Personnel: Ted Nash, Ronald Langinger, reeds; Conte Candoli, trumpet; Frank Rosolino, Dick Nash, Milt Bernhart, trombones; Larry Bunker, vibes; Russ Freeman or Jimmy Rowles, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Bob Hoewe or Vincent Terri, guitar; Alvin Stoller or Frank Capp, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

If you believe liner notes, this is what the All-Stars are up to: "a jazz version of jazz themes; it's twice as jazz." (!)

The arrangements, by Pete Candoli, are neither unusual nor outstanding and the solo work, while more free than most TV scores allow, is no more substantial than the usual *Gunn*-play one hears these days.

Considering the original purpose of the music, a partly jammed *Gunn* is almost certain to misfire, but, on the other hand, it's easier to survive the results. The record-buying public must be *Gunned* to death by now, and there is hardly enough excitement here to warrant another shot at these already weary TV themes.

Buddy Tate

M SWINGING LIKE TATE:—Felsted FAJ 7004: *Bottle It; Walk That Walk; Miss Sadie Brown; Moon Eyes; Rockin' Steve; Rompin' with Buck.*

Personnel: (tracks 1, 2 and 3) Buddy Tate, tenor and clarinet; Pat Jenkins, trumpet; Eli Robinson, trombone; Ben Richardson, alto and clarinet; Skip Hall, piano; Everett Barksdale, guitar; Herbie Lovelle, drums; (tracks 4, 5 and 6); Tate, tenor; Buck Clayton, trumpet; Dickie Wells, trombone; Earl Warren, alto & baritone; Skip Hall, piano; Lord Westbrook, guitar; Aaron Bell, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

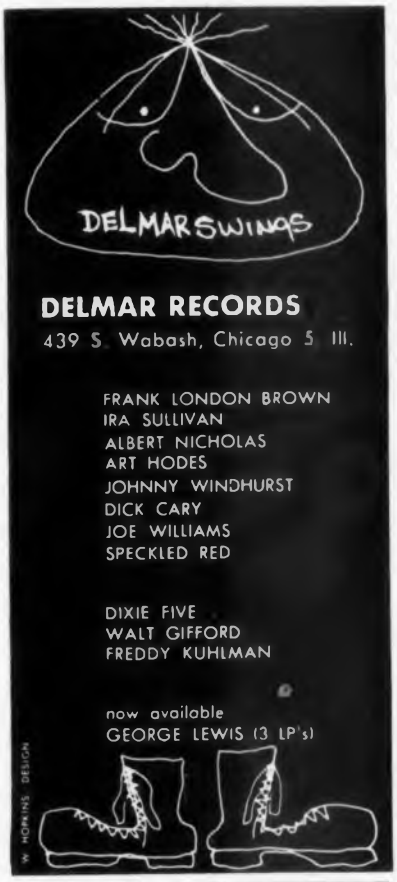
Rating: ★★★★

Swinging like Buddy is Kansas City swinging. The former Basie tenor man (1939-48) is heard here in the fine, loose-limbed context of small band wailing. On the first side, Tate plays with what is virtually his own present band, which has been working around New York for many years. Side 2 is a Basie-all-star bash with the notable presence of Jo Jones on drums.

There is evident, throughout this record, the un-selfconscious and easy swing that was the heart and soul of KayCee in the 1930's. Naturally, the rhythm sections are about as relaxed as can be. Lovelle is a steady member of the Tate New York band and plays with that shrugging Jo Jones feeling. As for Jones himself, all one can do is call him *Mister*.

The solo work is about as free-and-easy as the rhythm sections. There is an almost unbelievably funky clarinet solo by Ben Richardson on *Walk* and Tate is brawny and gusty, throughout. Wells knocks out some great I-just-don't-care trombone work which serves to remind one of his largely underappreciated status in jazz today. Clayton has a muted solo on *Rockin'* which is a serious challenge to Harry Edison's throne.

This music is not merely fine and mellow KayCee jazz, it is an entire philosophy of living. Recommended.



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Dicky Wells

M BONES FOR THE KING—Felsted FAJ 7006: *Bones For the King; Sweet Daddy Spo-de-o; You Took My Heart; Hello, Smack!; Come and Get It; Stan's Dance.*

Personnel: (tracks 1, 2 and 3) Dickie Wells, Vic Dickenson, Benny Morton, George Matthews, trombones; Skip Hall, organ; Major Holley, bass; Jo Jones, drums. (Tracks 4, 5 and 6): Wells; Buck Clayton, trumpet; Rudy Rutherford, clarinet and baritone; Buddy Tate, tenor and baritone; Skip Hall, piano; Everett Barksdale, guitar; Major Holley, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This album features organ and four trombones. The combination is not ludicrous, but it is not quite a success, either. Basically, the trouble seems to be a top-heaviness—trombones (especially four) simply do not balance out the sluggish organ sound.

Still, there is good blowing galore here—and no wonder! The star tram-men have a field day, and the excellent rhythm section is shouting Amen all the way.

Stanley Wilson

S THE MUSIC FROM M SQUAD—RCA Victor LSP 2062: *M Squad Theme; The Chase; The Search; Phantom Raiders; Lonely Beat; The Juke Box; The Mugger; The Discovery; The Late Spot; The Cha-Cha Club; A Lady Sings the Blues; The End.*

Personnel: unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Some day soon a worried TV executive is going to say, "Okay, Louie, drop the drum," and cops-and-robbers jazz will vanish as quickly as it came. Maybe the next kick will be suspense-laden string quartets. Easier on the budget.

This collection has the curious distinction of being first-rate trash, carefully written by no less than Benny Carter *(Search, Raiders, Juke Box, Mugger)*, Johnny Williams *(Chase, Discovery, End)* and Count Basie *(Theme)*. The music is a cut above the usual mystery fare and it is cleanly played, but it is still dominated by burping trombones and the mournful alto. Nothing much happens solo-wise.

Who said crime doesn't pay?

Teddy Wilson

M THESE TUNES REMIND ME OF YOU—Verve MG V-8299: *When You're Smiling; Imagination; The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise; I've Got the World on a String; Whispering; Poor Butterfly; Rosetta; Basin Street Blues; How Deep Is the Ocean; Just One of those Things; Have You Met Miss Jones; It Don't Mean a Thing.*

Rating: ★ ★ ½

The liner notes to this album, in what sounds suspiciously like an apology, make much of John S. Wilson's description of Teddy Wilson as "the father of present-day jazz-edged cocktail pianism." It doesn't make as much as it should of Wilson's importance as a jazz pianist — nor does the disc. For the most part it is a rather routine rundown of familiar repertory, albeit performed with customary Wilsonian aplomb. And who can argue with exquisite taste?

POPULAR

Johnny Green

M S AN EVENING WITH LERNER AND LOEWE—RCA Victor LSP-6005: songs from *Brigadoon, Gigi, Paint Your Wagon,* and *My Fair Lady.*

Personnel: Robert Merrill, Jan Peerce, June Powell, Phil Harris, with the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra and chorale under the direction of Johnny Green.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Chances are that nothing will discourage the addicts and advocates of "original-cast" Broadway show albums. They seem to find pleasure, perhaps masochistic, in the thin

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sound of Broadway pit orchestras, playing as a rule in tedious unison with scratch-voiced singers who, one speculates, might not be able to carry the tune without such forthright support.

But if anything could seduce such fans away from their love, this two-disc album would do it. This is, obviously, neither a jazz nor a pop performance. In it, conductor-arranger Johnny Green has taken the best tunes from four Lerner and Loewe shows and arranged them to retain only the *best* elements in the musical flavor of Broadway. The results are impressively lush and stirring.

Jan Peerce sounds surprisingly at ease in the Broadway context—as do Merrill and Jane Powell, whose worlds are not, of course, so far from Broadway as Peerce's. Phil Harris gets to do the piquant or comic songs, and he is the weakness of the album. Not that any opprobrium is due him. How could he or anyone be expected to do material out of the well-staked preserves of Stanley Holloway and Maurice Chevalier? Still, considering that disadvantage, Harris does passably, and even Jane Powell sings well, with less than her normal amount of strain and her vibrato pulled almost into control.

Green's orchestral settings for the music are gorgeous, and in his conducting he extracts from the orchestra at his disposal the full measure of color and vitality.

The King Sisters

[S] WARM AND WONDERFUL—Capitol ST 1205: *Nina Never Knew; Too Late Now; I Hadn't Anyone Till You; Jealous; There Is No Greater Love; Girls Were Made to Take Care of Boys; All My Life; But Beautiful; Ev'ry Day; That's All; The Nearness of You; How Long Has This Been Going On?*

Personnel: The King Sisters, vocals; Alvino Rey orchestra; accompanying male voices unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★★

The King Sisters can still sing. The quartet's warmth, precision, and highly musical attitude cannot be surpassed, even by so-called "hip" vocal combinations. And the Kings have retained that personal way of phrasing that belongs to them alone.

This is a large dose of ballads, but musical interest is maintained through good scoring (Warren Barker) and the beautifully controlled harmonizing of these very talented sisters.

New Jazz Releases

The following is a list of last-minute jazz releases, intended to help readers maintain closer contact with the flow of new jazz on records.

Count Basie and his Orchestra, *Breakfast Dance and Barbecue* (Roulette [M] R-52028, [S] SR-52028)

Eddie Bonnemere Trio, *Piano Bon Bons By Bonnemere* (Roost [M] SLP-2236)

Ruby Braff, *Blowing Around The World* (United Artists [M] UAL 3015, [S] UAS 6015)

Bob Brookmeyer and Bill Evans, *The Ivory Hunters* (United Artists [M] UAL 3044, [S] UAS 6044)

Arnett Cobb and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, *Blow, Arnett, Blow* (Prestige [M] LP 7151)

Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, *A Night At The Halfnote* (United Artists [M] UAL 3048, [S] UAS 6048)

Duke Ellington and his Orchestra, *Soundtrack for Anatomy Of A Murder* (Columbia [M] and [S] CL 1360)

Art Farmer with Ten Brass, *Brass Shout* (United Artists [M] UAL 4047, [S] UAS 5047)

Curtis Fuller, *Sliding Easy* (United Artists [M] UAL 4041, [S] UAS 5041)

Tyree Glenn with String, *Try A Little Tenderness* (Roulette [M] R-25075, [S] SR-25075)

Thad Jones with Billy Mitchell, *Motor City Scene* (United Artists [M] UAL 4025, [S] UAS 5025)

Gene Krupa, *Big Noise From Winnetka* (Verve [M] MG V-8310)

George Lewis, *On Stage—Volumes 1 and 2* (Verve [M] MG V-8304)

Herbie Mann with Charlie Rouse, *Just Wailin'* (New Jazz [M] LP 8211)

Herbie Mann Afro-Cuban Group, *African Suite* (United Artists [M] UAL 4042, [S] UAS 5042)

Charlie Mingus, *Jazz Portraits* (United Artists [M] UAL 4036, [S] UAS 5036)

Sam Most, *The Amazing Mr. Sam Most* (Bethlehem [M] BCP 78)

Turk Murphy, *Turk Murphy and His Jazzband at the Roundtable* (Roulette R-25076 [M], SR-25076 [S])

Phineas Newborn, Jr., *We Three* (New Jazz [M] LP 8210)

Phineas Newborn with Frank Strozier and and Booker Little, *Down Home Reunion*, (United Artists [M] UAL 4029, [S] UAS 5029)

Bill Potts and his All Star Orchestra, *The Jazz Soul of Porgy and Bess* (United Artists [M] UAL 4032, [S] UAS 5032)

Johnny Smith Trio, *Johnny Smith Favorites* (Roost [M] LP-2238, [S] SLP-2237)

Sonny Stitt Quartet, *The Hard Swing* (Verve [M] MG V-8306)


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the blindfold test

Jack Teagarden

"You gotta blow, boy!"

By Leonard Feather

For this special occasion, a very special blindfold test subject had to be selected: somebody whose career in jazz and reputation in the music world might be comparable with that of *Down Beat* itself. Jack Teagarden, whose years as a major name in jazz outnumber *Down Beat's*, seemed an ideal selection.

The records chosen for his appraisal during this double-length interview covered a broad span, starting with one that predates *Down Beat* by six years and including, along the way, items by many of the great names of the past 25 years. The Chubby Jackson item, to be honest, was included because I was curious to see whether Sol Yaged was distinguishable from Benny Goodman.

As has often been the case with the blindfold tests, the reactions were at times strongly in variance with my own. Some of the older items sounded a lot less interesting to me than to Jack; on the other hand, Sonny Rollins, for whom I have a respect that Jack apparently doesn't share, would have earned a five-star rating if I'd been the blindfoldee. Jack was given no information about the records played.

The Records

1. Red Nichols & His Five Pennies. *Nobody's Sweetheart* (Brunswick). Nichols, trumpet; Miff Mole, trombone; Fud Livingston, clarinet. Prob. arr. by Glenn Miller. Rec. 1928.

Yeah! That's Bix, isn't it? And some of the Paul Whiteman boys. I can't get the clarinet—it doesn't sound quite like Don Murray. A little like Pee Wee Russell. But I'm pretty sure it was Bix, and the arrangement was by Bill Challis . . . They used to take some of the swing boys out of the Whiteman band and record them. It was sort of a friendship thing with Bix and he used a lot of Paul's boys. I think Bill Rank's on the trombone; one of the finest trombonists I ever worked with and one of the most dependable first trombonists in a section . . . I gained a lot of experience with him.

To a person who loves music and likes to reminisce back in those years, I'd say it's very good. But in those days you couldn't do what you wanted on a record date. They wanted a very simple orchestration. They'd even take a stock and doctor it up a little . . . Now an arrangement of this type with 20 men, with Whiteman standing in front, would be all right. Today we go for more individual freedom. But you can still hear that big-hearted Bix in there. For a collector, and for the memories it brings back, I'd give it about three stars.

2. Red Nichols and His Five Pennies. *Davenport Blues* (Capitol). Rec. 1958. Jackie Coon, mellophone.

I think that's Red Nichols, and it was made recently, and it's just wonderful. Those boys have captured the spirit, and the arrangement is reminiscent of the old ones . . . I believe that's Dick Cary and his horn, mellophone—might not be, but it's very good. The recording is fine, too. A tasty record, very pleasant to listen to. And Red Nichols sounded just as good as he ever did—one of the finest trumpet players America has ever produced. He's all-around; you can put him in a musical comedy or a dance band and he's right at home any place. Four stars.

3. Kay Starr, with the Stanley Boys. *A Hundred Years from Today* (Capitol). Arr. Hal Mooney.

There's a funny little rhyme somebody once said to me: "Jack, open up that old trombone case, because when you play that horn I get a grin all over my face." Well, every time I hear Kay Starr, that's the way I react; I just beam, because I think she's just the greatest singer in the world. And she's sure adaptable to any style. She can Johnnie Ray it, and she can really sing the blues, and she's so talented she feels the whole thing, the whole picture of music.

I imagine what she was driving at there was to pick up the ear of the little rock 'n' rollers with this arrangement, and it certainly didn't hurt it a bit. It's a very cute record, and anything Kay does is all right with me. She's a sweet, wonderful person too. That's just great; four stars.

4. Chubby Jackson. *Don't Be That Way* (Everest). Sol Yaged, clarinet; Harry Sheppard, vibes. Charlie Shavers, trumpet.

Well for a minute I thought it might be Benny Goodman—it's real great—but then I thought it might be Sol Yaged. They're both wonderful. This is a nice record, very pleasingly done. I'm not sure about the trumpet—he's very, very good and it might be Roy Eldridge.

It has a wonderful beat and the recording is good. Three stars for this; if it's Benny Goodman, anything he does I like. And Sol is fine too. Whichever it is, it's a beautiful sound.

5. Sonny Rollins. *Rockabye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody* (Contemporary).

I'll tell you, Leonard; this probably isn't the column or the place for me to be giving a lecture on the playing of an instrument, but there's one thing I think we should all keep in view, that a pretty tone is absolutely the first thing a person should learn when they're playing an instrument. This boy—I don't know, maybe he can get a pretty tone, but he's trying to put the fire in it by—ah—I don't know, I can almost see his cheeks pulled out a mile. His tonguing is draggy; he doesn't tongue the instrument in the right way. That's just my viewpoint.

As far as the record's concerned, he doesn't have much imagination. He's got about three notes there, and it's about all in that range . . . Maybe the folks from the modern school might like it—but I don't see how they could; it just isn't musical, there's no tone there. If you can get a tone first, you can go on with imagination, and try to stick to beauty. And good rhythm—some of these runs don't come out at the right time, they don't jell. One star, I guess.

6. Bobby Troup. *Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby* (Victor). Troup, vocal; Red Norvo, vibes.

Seems like I know the singer. It's a very good record, a wonderful arrangement and the arrangement fits the tune perfectly. I think it's worth at least three stars. I like the singer's quality very much, for this tune. I liked the vibraphone. It didn't sound

like Lionel Hampton exactly, and I'm afraid to say who it was.

7. Miles Davis. *Milestones* (Columbia).

Well, Leonard, I have no idea who the personnel is on this record, but I think it's very interesting. One of the most interesting things I've heard in a long time in the contemporary field . . . Seemed like I recognized a little part of a TV theme there someplace, the three-part-harmonized passage. But the soloists have wonderful imaginations: I suppose they're just, ah, ad libbing around a theme there, and creating their own theme. Both the saxophone and trumpet are real swell there. I'm one of the old-timers and I haven't had a chance to meet some of the new fellers; however, that doesn't mean that I don't admire them a lot. Four stars.

8. Dorsey Brothers. *St. Louis Blues* (Decca). Rec. 1934. Tommy Dorsey, trombone; Jimmy Dorsey, clarinet & alto.

I believe that's Tommy Dorsey and his band, in the '30s. I always admired Tommy so much. Nobody before or since ever got as wonderful a sound as he got. And that goes for the whole trombone section too. It sounds like Johnny Mince in the little passages on clarinet, and the alto too . . . It's a real good record . . . When you compare the recording with the kind of recording we have today, of course, there's so much quality that they didn't use to get; but I imagine if that could be done again, it would be sensational today. All those riff choruses built up terrifically; it's a fine record. This is one of the best things to come out of the '30s, I guess, or early '40s. A four star record.

9. Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra. *Chinatown My Chinatown* (Decca). Rec. 1934. Clarence Hutchinrider, clarinet.

You know, I don't have any idea who that is. It's not a bad record, but I wouldn't say it's by any means the best. The clarinet player seemed to be having a little trouble making his fingers co-ordinate with what he was thinking about. And the arrangement kind of bogs down. It has to be played very clean, an arrangement like that, or else it's just going to sound draggy. Even the least little time lag, between the microphone and the horn itself, at that tempo, seems to make things bog down. Whoever that was, I didn't think it was worth any more than about one star.

10. Duke Ellington. *Royal Garden Blues* (Victor). Rec. 1946. Lawrence Brown, trombone. Arr. Billy Strayhorn.

Well, there's a lot of skill that went into that arrangement; the arranger evidently knows his business. It's real good: but you know, I think it's arrangements like this that were not cut out for dancing—some of these things helped to make dancing fade away; because after all, dancing is a real romantic thing, and this doesn't actually give you that thrill that a real Dixieland jazz band would give you on the same tune. But I must admit that the arrangement is terrific; the boy knows what he's doing.

I don't know if it's Duke Ellington or not, but it doesn't sound exactly like his records used to sound. The trombone, I must say, sounded reminiscent of Duke Ellington's band—what's the boys' name? I can't place him—Lawrence Brown? Anyway, it's well played and it would probably be nice on a concert or something like that. About 2½ stars.

11. Jimmie Lunceford. *Margie* (Decca). Rec. 1938. Trummy Young, vocal and trombone.

Well that sounds to me like Bunny Berigan singing, and it sounds like his band to me. I didn't catch the trumpet, though, if he was on it, and if I'm on the right track. But that's reminiscent of 1935, '36, '37—it's a nice record . . . I guess it's nothing to rave about, but it's substantial. I'd say about 2½ stars. The trombone? Oh, it's very good—sounds like Moe Zudecoff.

12. Dizzy Gillespie. *Groovin' High* (Rondolette). Rec. 1945. Charlie Parker, alto.

Well, I'll tell you . . . yeah, the recording might be bad, and they tried to add all the gimmicks to it, too, with the over-echo. And you know, I can't place anybody in the band, because I'm not that familiar with modern music. All the soloists in that style sound alike to me . . . the trumpet player plays the same thing that the saxophone player plays, the same runs, and in any case, where there isn't any heart, I can't tell who it is. It's just a conglomeration of nothing, I think. You could put four of these modern cornet players side by side and I couldn't tell you which was which; they all play exactly the same, with no tone, no heart, no feeling, and no phrasing. One star, I guess.

13. Benny Goodman. *King Porter Stomp* (Columbia). Rec. from 1937 broadcast. Harry James, trumpet.

Well that's wonderful. That's Benny Goodman, and I think it's about 1937, probably taken off the air, or from a concert.

Benny has always thrilled me. We worked together in the old Ben Pollack orchestra; when I first met Benny he was 18 years old, and when he played, he used to leave me so weak I couldn't hardly get out of the chair. He was so wonderful. Needless to say, he's in fine form on this record . . . Harry James was a sensational trumpet player and he still is.

That's "Jazz America" right there. That's the music we're noted for all around the world. I just came from a trip around Asia—I was in India and Pakistan and Burma and Ceylon, Viet Nam and Taiwan and Thailand and Cambodia, and that's the music right there that they would love to hear the Americans that go over there play. That is the roots of America, right there, and I'd say it'll live forever. *Five* stars!

14. Bill Harris. *I Surrender Dear* (Fantasy). Bill Harris, trombone; Ben Webster, tenor; Jimmy Rowles, piano.

About all I can say is, what are they trying to do—make me cry or sump'n? I didn't bring a handkerchief with me.

You know, that's the most ridiculous sound I ever heard. A little while ago we had one that was trying to make it *loud* with no tone, and now we have no tone and *air*. I bet if he'd had garlic for dinner you wouldn't dare stand within 10 feet of the bandstand. That just don't make sense. That saxophone player thinks he's spelling "sax" with an e instead of an a. And I'm going to tell him right now, that don't get 'em at all: that don't get 'em, that whispering stuff. You gotta blow, boy! You gotta get goin' on that thing and do it! That's just a gimmick and it don't work—it's no good, nowhere. One star. *Half* a star!

15. Jay & Kai Trombone Octet. *Four Plus Four* (Columbia). Comp. & arr. J. J. Johnson.

I believe it's Kai Winding, and I believe he's got a trombone octet—I noticed at least eight or maybe 10 trombones in there. There seems to be two different choirs; one comes in with Megamutes, and it's very good. Kai Winding is one of the finest of the contemporary trombonists and he has very good taste.

This has a wonderful beat and the kids should like to dance to it. It's very salable and a very nice arrangement, too. Might be J. J. Johnson with Kai Winding. I think 2½.

Afterthoughts by Jack

Well, I'll tell you one of the biggest thrills I ever had—Benny Goodman, along about the era of the record you played for me. And one of the biggest thrills, too, was one of the first records I ever heard of Louis Armstrong, when he was behind a vocalist—doing *Gold In Hand Blues*, and he was doing fill-ins. Bessie Smith was it? I've forgotten. But I know that I was with Peck Kelley in Houston—I remember we got hold of this record, and we'd sit around listening to it until we wore it out. Peck used to get tears in his eyes and he thought it was about the prettiest thing he'd ever heard. That was the first time any of us had heard Louis. ■

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One Man's View of

The Ten Best Friends Of Jazz

By Irving Townsend

(*Vice President, Columbia Records*)

When I hear, as I often do, that jazz never had it so good before, I am bothered by a small fact which may or may not bother you, depending upon how old a friend of jazz you are. Let me begin by setting down, in no particular order, the 10 best friends of jazz I can think of at the moment — excepting, of course, the jazz players themselves.

1. Owners and operators of concert halls and theatres.
2. Radio and television stations.
3. Record companies.
4. Impresarios.
5. Booking offices.
6. Motion picture producers.
7. The United States Government.
8. Music Publishers.
9. The Public.
10. Advertising agencies and their clients.

Now, remember. This is my article, so don't interrupt me before I even begin.

You have, of course, noticed several significant things about my list. First, every person or agency on it is making money out of jazz. I know of no greater stimulus for enthusiasm among non-jazz-playing adults than money, and if jazz is served through personal interest, I'm not upset at all. Then, of course, my list includes, among its categories and capitalists, many imperfections. I remember, as you do, embarrasing attempts to exploit jazz by some of the worthies I've mentioned, as well as many honest failures. But I also remember, in the past year, such friends of jazz as:

- Mrs. Guggenheimer, who turned Lewisohn Stadium over to jazz last summer with such success.
- Station WATC-FM in Indianapolis, where a few weeks ago 24 hours of broadcasting time was devoted to jazz records in a single day.
- Columbia Records, where more jazz recording was enthusiastically underwritten last year than in any year in our history.
- Sol Hurok, who may prefer ballets, but who booked Erroll Garner and gave to jazz and to Erroll the strength and dignity of his name.
- Joe Glaser's Associated Booking Corporation, which made an honest try at selling jazz on television.
- Otto Preminger, who hired Duke Ellington and his Orchestra to score the background for a major motion picture, *Anatomy of A Murder*.
- The State Department, where, despite opinions to the contrary, jazz is recognized as a convincing, artistic American export.
- Tin Pan Alley, where jazz composition is considered a good publishing risk and jazz composers are treated with respect.

- The buyers of jazz, who have made jazz musicians wealthy and famous.
- Studebaker "Lark", which sponsored the Newport broadcasts, or a dozen other manufacturers and ad agencies responsible for hiring jazzmen on sponsored shows.

YOU HAVE NOTICED something else about my list. It does not include any of the old friends of jazz, the people and organizations devoted to jazz over the past 30 years. Where are, for instance, the critics? The jazz publications?

Leonard Feather wrote recently in an article that he was thoughtful enough to send to me that, in his opinion, no jazz critic had really contributed significantly to jazz, at least in his role of critic. This may be too harsh, but it is close enough to the truth to examine further. I happen to be a producer of jazz albums, who, in rare moments, lives in a house precisely located between John Hammond's house and Leonard Feather's house. This could drive a jazz a&r man crazy, if he thought much about it or came home often. I have kept my own sanity so far by playing all my favorite jazz albums very loud and never answering the telephone.

But among the oldest friends and supporters jazz has are its critics.

It seems to me that they are not doing their share toward bringing to jazz a wider audience or greater support. Their opinions have reached a degree of erudition that is incomprehensible to me, let alone people who think Ahmad Jamal and Thelonius Monk are two disguises of W. C. Fields. I have waded through musical analyses of jazz styles which manage the magnificent feat of being terribly technical and terribly superficial.

Recently, a fortyish lady who digs jazz as deep as most suburban housewives I've met asked me to translate an article on drumming in the *New Yorker*. I gave it a try, but you can't explain Art Blakey's style with two swizzle sticks, and I ended by agreeing with her that the learned treatise would have served jazz better if, instead of teaching how to drum, it had enlightened her about what was new for her to listen to.

And while most critics I know will go on denying it, why is it that most of their time and space is devoted to performers least known, least successful, least interesting? I believe youth should be encouraged and all that, but I'm beginning to think all jazz critics like crawling out on limbs and feel that only by doing so are they serving their profession well. Come on, you cats. We all look for new talent, but we know enough not to desert the men who have made jazz a promising career for the next generation.

I honestly believe that jazz critics can best serve their cause and their editors by using their knowledge and affection for jazz to interest new listeners, new players, and to increase the understanding of what jazz is and can be among us. Few now do any of these consistently or effectively, and until they do, their deplorings in print of attempts by others to present jazz are meaningless.

BUT PART OF the blame for the narrow perspective of the old friends of jazz must, I think, be laid at the door of publications covering jazz performance. There is, so far as I know, one American publication where most, if not all, new jazz records are re-

(*Continued on Page 89*)


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(Continued from Page 23)

Blue Note. Steve Smith and Milt Gabler, as proprietors of the HRS and Commodore, were possibly disqualified as semi-pros. Many of the earlier collectors are forgotten today except by the rest of us old-timers: Park Breck of Detroit, Squirrel Ashcraft of Chicago, Bill Rosenberg and Hoyte Kline of Cleveland (whose ambition was said to have been to have a duplicate set in perfect condition of everything Armstrong ever made; he came close to his goal before he died in Italy during World War II), Jerry King and the late John Treudley of Youngstown, Les Zacheis of Cedar Rapids, who began with one of the great hauls of all time—he found a stock of a thousand or so mint-condition records, including virtually all the Claxtonolas by Bix Beiderbecke and the Wolverines. (See George Hoefer's recollections of collectors elsewhere in this issue.)

All these people had this in common: a devout belief that jazz was good and jazz was fun; that collecting was broadening to the mind and elevating to the intellect; and an enormous honesty and belief in the honesty of all other collectors. It was not until record collecting got more plebian that such shocking incidents took place as a guy failing to pay for a record he had bought by mail, or (possibly worse) lying about the playing condition of a record he was trading to you.

I once tried to explain why this never took place in the early days of collecting, and found myself forced to say that it might have been because collecting really began among a higher breed of college undergraduates.

"Ivy League?" asked my inquisitor, sniffing archly.

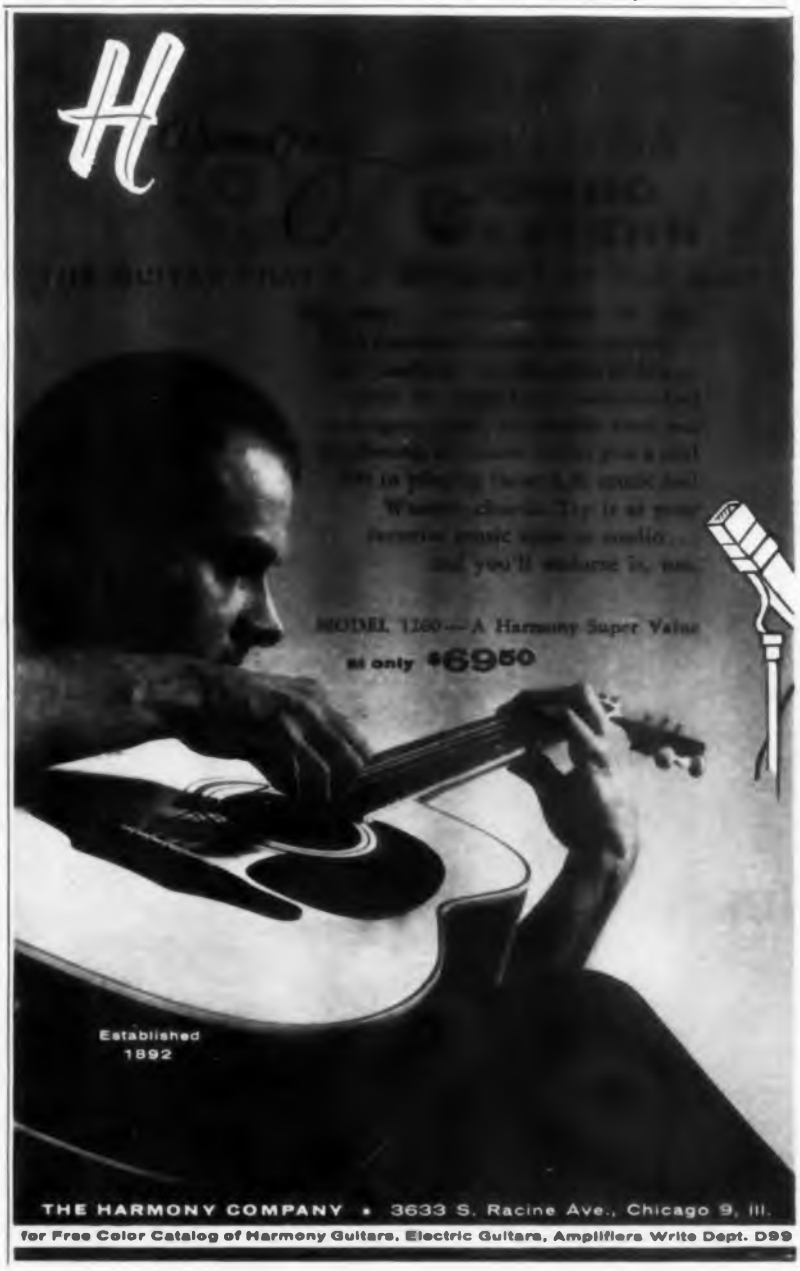
My answer only made matters worse: I had to admit that the first collectors were at Princeton and Yale. This was a dreadful situation for a veteran straight-Democratic voter to fall into, but it happened to be the truth. But we never held the lack of a blue tie against such incomparable examples of best elements in the human race as Bill Russell, who is one of the great men of our or any other time.

GLANCING BACK at this typescript, I find many of the things that the thought of 25 years of *Down Beat* have aroused in my mind have been related to people. I'm glad of that, because there were a lot of wonderful people around at that time, and some of them (like Lester Young, Kline and Treudley) aren't around any more, and the rest of us are that much worse off for it. If this sounds like crotchety old age talking, don't make anything of it yet. Wait 25 more years, when I'll be 65, and you'll find it much easier to charge me with sentimentality. ■

deebee's scrapbook # 15

"All right, so I'm not Hank Jones . . ."

ED SHERMAN



an anniversary gripe

By Stephen H. Sholes
Artists & Repertoire, RCA Victor

This is a gripe. Like any other big record company, we are eager to put out what people will buy. And the people who buy a lot of our product are youngsters—and they buy rock 'n' roll.

But the teenagers who buy rock 'n' roll today are the young adults who will buy jazz tomorrow—if. This big "if" depends on the guidance of three big pressure groups — parents, educators, and disc jockeys. Get these three groups to recognize the importance of jazz, and no one will have to worry about any record company getting on the bandwagon.

Consider the first two groups — parents and educators. If they are dead set against rock 'n' roll, they are often only slightly less so against jazz. To them, jazz is a strenuous and noisy entertainment put on by bearded musicians who are both exotic and undisciplined, a notorious but now public image, I should add, created, in the main, by movies, newspapers, and other mass media.

Yet the amazing public response to the *Peter Gunn* television show and others like it points to an obvious fact: jazz, as an adult, respectable music form, is here to stay. Hank Mancini, who writes the *Peter Gunn* music, is no exotic, undisciplined character.

For teenagers, jazz is the inevitable step after rock 'n' roll. Like jazz, rock 'n' roll has a beat, complete in many cases with multiple rhythm. It is true that in most cases the instrumental jazz played on rock 'n roll records, either on guitar or sax, is more given to show than feeling, but it has at least made an impression, and there is evidence that it has started the youngsters on their way to the appreciation of music that is both more complex and deeply felt.

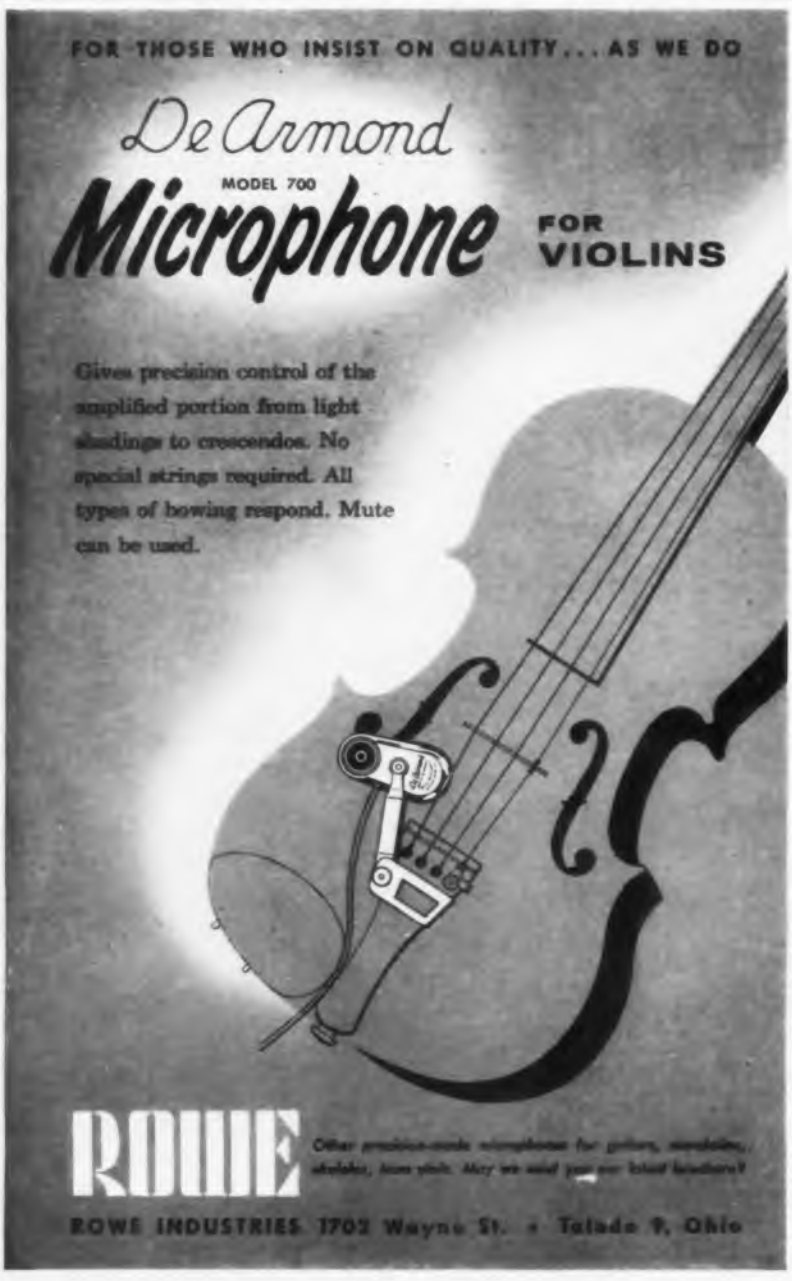
A Long Island, N.Y., jazz musician I know organized a small group and took it to the schools, where for a slight

fee the pupils jammed the auditorium. Those who could not get in stood outside, their ears glued to the doors.

But unless more schools can make it financially possible for more jazz musicians to go into the schools, most youngsters will have to discover jazz on their own.

Here is where the disc jockey enters the picture—or should. DJs, for instance, who run TV hops could help to develop the musical tastes of the children who throng their sessions. All they need to do is to devote a small portion of their programs to jazz. Once the teenagers get a taste of what jazz is like, they will begin to put on the pressure at home and at school.

Timid music supervisors and silent, if sympathetic, PTA members will be encouraged to speak up for jazz, thus paving the way for live jazz groups to enter the schools. The pupils will demand more and better jazz recordings, the record companies will really go all out on jazz releases, jazz musicians will prosper. ■



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OSCAR PETERSON TRIO

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Personnel: Oscar Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Oscar Peterson is approaching his artistic zenith in jazz and the catalytic agent is a spring-wristed drummer named Ed Thigpen. Incredibly fast and imaginative, Thigpen's contribution to the reconstituted trio lies in the rhythmic power plant he operates under the pianist-leader rather than in dazzling pyrotechnics. Boosted by Brown's great bass and the drums, Peterson today is playing with new freedom and relaxation, a liberation evident in almost everything he plays.

Naturally, the character of the trio has changed. Missing is the wiry melodic inventiveness of guitarist Herb Ellis and sacrificed is the sometimes almost incredible rapport so often achieved in the past by the guitarist and bassist Brown. This present unit, however, has turned into an inevitable avenue of its own—the result on the whole is a looser, more exciting Peterson.

After an up tempo *Jordu*, which opened the set caught on night of review and gave Thigpen opportunity to warm his chops, Peterson shifted into a medium and easily moving *On the Street Where You Live*, investing the essentially lyrical line with a funk undreamed of by Lerner and Loewe.

Following an opening piano solo on a fast *My Heart Stood Still*, Brown slid through a brushes-backed solo that succinctly explained his pre-eminence on bass.

Peterson's slow *I Love You, Porgy* proved to be a sensitively probing exploration of the melodic possibilities inherent in this Gershwin classic. The pianist demonstrated a mellowness and contemplativeness of touch hitherto unrevealed in his ballad playing.

For a set-closer, the trio launched into an almost levered *Woodyn You* during which Thigpen frequently threatened to swing himself and his companions right into the middle of the dining room.

For Peterson personally and for the trio's future as an important jazz unit, the acquisition of Ed Thigpen is a more than fortunate event.

—John Tynan

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(Continued from Page 29)

(subsequently recorded by the Guilet quartet); Spohr's *Nonet;* Biber's *Sonata a Cinque;* several pieces by Hummel; Schobert (Mozart's earliest model); Valentini, and W. F. Bach were performed to universal acclaim: some of these were hastily reprinted as a result of our exhumations.

WITH MY MOVE to California in the winter of 1951, the work of the society came to a temporary halt. It wasn't only the slow adjustment to the local musical scene (I'm still adjusting) that caused it; I realized with complete clarity that, no matter how musically respectable the performance, a *single* airing of a neglected work doesn't really give it new life. Such a work is played of an evening, reviewed (however ecstatically) the next morning, and then back it goes to the antiquarian dealer's shelves again for a 50-year siesta, as likely as not. To rediscover forgotten music of merit, to make it speak for itself *at will*, again and again, there is only one way: put it on wax.

Even in the heyday of the society's existence as a concert venture, none of us had any hopes for the possibility of recording our treasures: the big cartels never expressed the slightest interest, and we weren't rich enough to pay the little ones.

The big break, the turning point in the society's fate, came most unexpectedly in 1957, on my meeting Lester Koenig of Contemporary Records.

I had come to Koenig with an entirely different idea that I thought wonderfully commercial, which did not interest him in the least.

"By the way, how about your Forgotten Music venture?" he queried, out of extreme left field.

"Well, *what* about it?" I countered feebly.

"Now, *there's* an idea I'm really interested in," Koenig said.

Suddenly encouraged, I began to sell the idea as eloquently as I could, which was unnecessary. Koenig was selling *me* on the idea! After this successful salesmanship, we rolled up our sleeves and went to work shaping the society into a recording venture.

Two of my rediscoveries, Arriaga *Quartet* and the Spohr *Nonet*, were done in the intervening years by other recording companies, but, the superb *F♯ Minor Sonata* and the beautifully written early Mendelssohn *Quartet* (the composer was not quite 14 when he wrote it) were still virgin territory. We led off with these, adding other Dussek piano works to round out the first album and, at Louis Kaufman's suggestion, putting the Glinka *Second Quartet* back to back with the Mendelssohn. Heida Herrmanns and Ruth Stoneridge interpreted the Dussek, and the Westwood quartet (led by Kaufman) took care of Mendelssohn and Glinka.

These were followed by the broadly lyrical Chausson *Piano Quartet* (with the Feri Roth quartet with Andre Previn as pianist), favorably known to musicologists and highly rated but unavailable on discs, and the brooding, elegiac *Trio* by prodigiously gifted Guillaume Lekeu, the Belgian composer who died at 24. In this work, pianist Natalie Ryshna with violinist Israel Baker and cellist Armand Kaproff attended to the music.

A newly formed quartet headed by Baker has recorded two completely unknown but delightfully fresh quartets by Viotti, a composer chiefly noted for violin concertos, and Roth and his group have interpreted two string quintets by Michael Haydn, Joseph's less lucky but greatly gifted brother. These will be released shortly.

Many other works are in active preparation. Forgotten or remembered, good music will out, and content in our fascinating field, we leave the lucrative game of re-recording classical best-sellers to the "major" companies. Remember, it took Shubert's *Unfinished*, now a symphonic evergreen, 37 years to get a hearing. ■

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No. 1 Favorite Male Vocalist;
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Sarah Vaughan

No. 3 Female Singer;
International Jazz Critics' Poll,
Down Beat, 1959

No. 2 Favorite Female Vocalist;
Jazz Disc Jockey Poll, **Billboard,** 1959

Lambert, Hendricks & Ross

No. 1 New Male Singer (Jon Hendricks);
International Jazz Critics' Poll,
Down Beat, 1959

No. 3 Vocal Group;
Readers' Poll, **Down Beat,** 1958

No. 2 New Female Singer (Annie Ross)
International Jazz Critics' Poll,
Down Beat, 1959

No. 3 Favorite Jazz Vocal Group;
Jazz Disc Jockey Poll, **Billboard,** 1959

Ernestine Anderson

No. 1 New Female Singer; International Jazz Critics' Poll,
Down Beat, 1959

Ray Bryant

No. 3 New Piano Star; International Jazz Critics' Poll,
Down Beat, 1959

Best Wishes to Down Beat

Willard Alexander

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Suit sold far better than its quality as a novel justified; and taking another tack, books such as *Where Did You Go? Out. What Did You Do? Nothing* looked back with witty nostalgia to that time when children were not "adjusted" for adult life, and a boy had the right to grow up to be an individual. "Conformity" was falling into disfavor. And America called for a restoration of respect for our gifted and talented young people.

How much actual consequence has all this outcry had?

If I may personalize for a moment, I think I can make it clearer. I spent all of 1958 in Europe. When I returned to America in January of this year, I was startled by the change in its atmosphere and outlook.

Smoke Gets in Your Eyes was high on the *Hit Parade*. And while a good tune was being done with a bad background, I preferred that infinitely to bad tunes with bad backgrounds. Very soon I became aware of the Viceroy cigaret ads and that transparent, slightly corny, and amusing "man-who-thinks-for-himself" campaign. Chesterfield was building its campaign around a "men of America" program stressing the adventurous professions and the manliness of it all. By now, the picture of a cigaret package zinging down out of the sky is familiar to everyone—along with that exaggeratedly virile choral cry, "Chestur-fee-yulds." I took these signs seriously, even though they were funny. For the boys on Madison Ave. are equipped with elaborate motivation research apparatus. If they were saying that America was on an individualism kick, you could bet it was.

Other signs supported the theory. The automotive industry had gone

through a shakeup. Small European cars were having a boom. The Rambler was in demand, and the Lark did well when it appeared. Evidently, Americans no longer felt compelled to conform to their neighbors in buying bigger and constantly more powerful cars; they were buying their automobiles with considerations of good sense.

On a less materialistic level, *Time* gave a clue with an article about the men picked for America's "man in space" program. It mentioned their courage and physical fitness, but it *stressed* their high intellect and individualism. This, too, was a mirror held up to show what America again admired.

Later I learned that many schools were now giving letters for academic achievement—letters that were indistinguishable from those for athletics. And I learned about the excellent jazz bands flourishing in countless high schools and colleges around the country—and about the jazz boom generally. Jazz was the fad of those determined to be different. And jazz, nothing if not the apothesis of individual artistic expression, was even being used as underscore music for TV plays!

Then I heard a man wisecrack: "Man, I've become so much of a suburbanite that I even cut my grass the same height as my neighbors."

I knew that the worst was past.

In this change in America, you will find a good part of the explanation for the return of the bands. As I see it, there are three factors directly involved.

• America is no longer letting children dictate what it will do and say and

(Continued on Page 84)

"Best New Dance Band of 1959"

CLAUDE GORDON

Claude Gordon's Band, Los Angeles winner of the American Federation of Musicians' Best New Dance Band contest of 1959. They won out over 21 bands in the Los Angeles Competition, 10 bands in the semi-finals in Chicago, and four bands in the New York finals.

Presently on tour

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Exclusively on **Warner Bros. Records**

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(Continued from Page 83)

wear. To go back to Madison Ave. again, have you noticed how many advertisements of late show men or women in their handsome 40s, instead of scrub-faced kids? This deemphasis of the adolescent, coupled with parents *telling* kids once more what is good and bad, may account in part for the drop in the sale of single records. Kids are learning to respect adults again, because adults have evidently begun to accept some of their responsibilities again. Respect leads to imitation, in the young—in matters of taste just as much as in anything else.

• In an atmosphere in which excellence is once again held in high regard, clean, crisp musicianship and good songs cannot help but triumph over the out-of-tune and the sloppy. These virtues are the stock in trade of big bands.

• To some extent, we are looking back to the time Before Conformity, seeking a guide to happier living. This would account for the success of the Glen Gray albums, and for the Benny Goodman revival.

But we are involved in no return to yesterday, if for no other reason than that it is impossible—ever—to go back. The band business today is a very different one than it was when thousands of teenagers packed ballrooms all over the country to hear the big bands in the early 1940s. The business today is built on appearances in places other than ballrooms: at private parties, industrial functions, state fairs and the like. It is possible for a band to play 60 straight one-nighters in Texas and never hit a public dance.

Yet, if the demand for this kind of firstrate popular music and jazz-you-can-dance-to continues, it is not inconceivable that the ballroom business might yet be revived. I think we are all a little tired of sitting in front of the TV set.

How do we help the band business along in this direction? Well, let's skip the obvious things, such as pressing for better programing in radio and TV or, for those in the music business, encouraging such promotions as the American Federation of Musicians' recent dance-band contest. They have their importance, but above and beyond all that, we must try to see that America never again loses its regard for excellence.

We have more at stake than the welfare of the band business and jazz. The health of the American society—and, just possibly, its very survival — are involved. ■

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He joined Duke Ellington at the Paramount in New York in his early twenties, and toured with the Duke for several years, becoming a familiar sight and sound at Carnegie Hall, Chicago's Blue Note, the Down Beat in San Francisco.

After a spell in San Francisco with a combo backing up Lena Horne, he signed on with Bob Scobey. For a long time, now, his phenomenal speed and technical perfection have been featured attractions of Scobey's Dixieland group.

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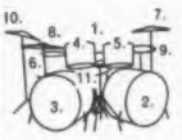

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(Continued from Page 28)

Berkshires, and this brought about the battle of the open window.

Black apparently was used to sleeping out in the open during the middle of winter. Sully would get to the Dungeon around 4 a.m. and sit on the edge of the couch in his big winter coat, flailing his arms until he could get nerve up to prepare for bed. Three wide open windows were too much for him in January.

One night the roomer in the back heard Sully come in and, needing a cigarette, he walked into the Dungeon in his birthday clothes and, without a quiver in his voice, asked the freezing Sully for a smoke. Sully never complained after that.

SHORTLY AFTER THE HOT BOX was started, Bill went out on the road as band boy for the Bob Crosby band. Dexter suggested that then assistant editor of *Down Beat*, Ted Toll, move into the Dungeon. I think Dex wanted to be next to the source of information about the Crosby band, which was particularly newsworthy at the time. There was a lot of talk about the band getting the Camel radio show.

Ted stayed for several months while he was in the process of courting his future wife. We got along fine until he ran a snapshot captioned, "Guy Lombardo at age of 9" as an illustration for the *Hot Box*. The young lad in pleated suit and knickers holding a violin hadn't even been mentioned in the column. I was pretty sore, but that wasn't the reason Ted left the Dungeon. He left to get married.

A friend of Ted's from San Francisco followed him into the Dungeon. This cat, whose name I can't even remember, did his own laundry and was always hanging clothes diagonally across the room. There was no way they could be hung without dropping water on my records. He lasted a shorter time than any other roomer.

Next came Eddie Ronan, whose professional name was Eddie Beaumonte. He stayed over a year. Eddie drew cartoons and did reporting for both *Down Beat* and *Music and Rhythm*, until the two publications were split, at which time he chose *M&R*. In later years, he was New York editor and an assistant west coast editor for *Down Beat*. He also left the Catacombs to get married.

Then, later, there was Bob Locke of Kansas City, the editor who always wore a cap, who took me out to the Savoy Ballroom to listen to Jay McShann's band because they had a "real gone" alto man named Charlie Parker and a good blues shouter named Al Hibbler.

The music didn't bother the tenants at Two East, but the voluminous mail to the *Hot Box* caused consternation. The other tenants were always complaining that it took hours to extract their single letters from the huge pile of mail on the upstairs table, where it was supposed to be layed out in neat piles. Most of them thought I was running some kind of correspondence club from the basement.

THERE WERE MANY AMUSING incidents during those days and nights. One Sunday afternoon a group of us were lounging around, listening to records, when Donald Novis, the well-known singer — who lived at Two East for a time — came to the open door with a torn sock in hand. It was his first trip to the Catacombs and he was looking for a needle. Someone said, "We got one, but its playing records right now." Novis glanced around, saw all the discs and asked, "Say, you got any of my records?" The question was greeted by a pregnant silence.

Another time, a tall fellow came to the door and walked right in and, from the center of the room, viewed the assemblage. Finally, as I walked towards him, he laughed and commented, "You don't know who I am?" I was on the verge of making a crack when he said, "I am Zacheis." He pronounced it Za-hi, and before I could reply, a

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wag in the corner said, "Yeh, I'm high too." Zacheis was a fellow collector from Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

One Saturday morning I was quietly playing records for a girl friend when Bob Sales of Louisville came in like on a north wind, with a pair of drum sticks in his hand. He dashed to the side window sill and started beating out a paradiddle on its edge. It took some time to convince my girl guest he shouldn't be taken away by the whitecoats.

Word got around the country that I was the one who always knew how to get Cripple Clarence Lofton and Jimmy and Mama Yancey into a playing session. Consequently, I was constantly besieged by phone calls asking me either to set up a session or tell the caller where these artists could be found. If I hadn't been working a crazy schedule at the time. (I worked days, 7 a.m. to 4 p.m. for a month, then the evening shift for a month, and finally the "dog" watch, midnight to 7 a.m., for a month) I would have been called upon to conduct guided tours of the South Side nightly. With that kind of schedule, it was sometimes quite hard to find me.

AFTER HELPING several *Down Beat* editors get married, I finally succumbed myself. Thereupon my wife wrote a piece entitled *I Married A Record Collector*, which was used as a *Hot Box*. It described how she felt, after she had moved into Two East Banks, when Jack Teagarden borrowed her cold cream to lubricate his trombone. Jack had come down to the Catacombs one night after a job with his big band and relaxed by playing his horn and singing with his records. That *Hot Box* was picked up by *Newsweek* and reprinted in its music section.

We fixed the place up a bit by taking over the back room and installing a stove in the hallway. There were quite a few dinner parties, unforgettable record sessions and cocktail parties during the waning days of the old Two East. I could no longer discuss and listen to records, as I once could, during these soirees. The new regime insisted on mixed drinks, and I was elected to prepare them. I'd no sooner complete a round for the guests when the first served was ready again. The music played on.

When my son was a little over a year old, the inevitable happened: in 1948, James Madson announced that he had sold his lease to a woman who ran a girl's club. Workmen began ripping up carpets for redecorating.

My wife and small son were the last to leave Two East Bank. And when we moved out, even the baby carriage was full of records. ■

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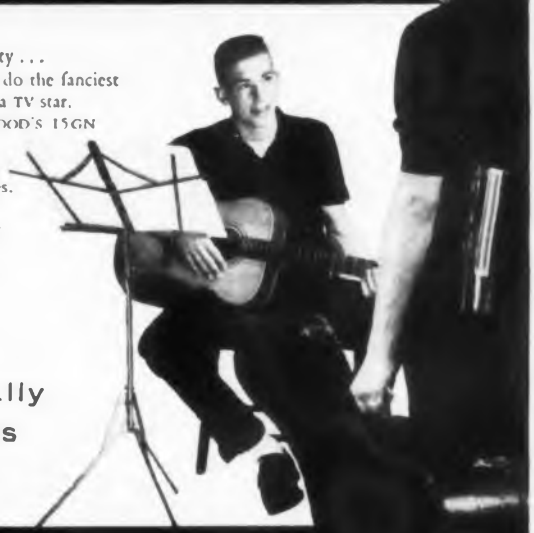

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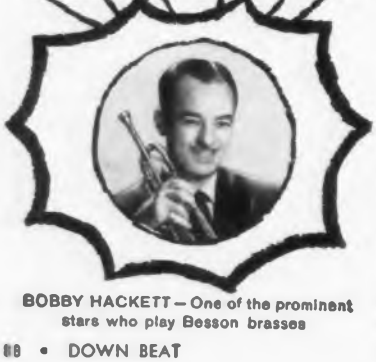


BOBBY HACKETT — One of the prominent stars who play Besson brasses

(Continued from page 24)

at Town Hall LP on Victor) the ensemble choruses are played by Neal Hefti.

In recent years, I've kept the musicians' requirements more carefully in mind. On an LP called *West Coast Vs. East Coast* on MGM, for which I wrote an original called *Beverly Hills*, I tried in the arrangement to have the Hollywood combo impart a typical West Coast jazz sound, but used a simpler, more direct approach when I rearranged the tune for the New York group.

(3) If you're a songwriter, don't waste your time taking songs to publishers. It took me 10 years to find out that music publishers take half your royalties and usually offer little or nothing in return. Go direct to the artist for whom you think the song is suited.

(4) If you're an arranger, get your scores to a name bandleader, or to whatever college or workshop group you can dig up locally. (Pete Rugolo got his start by mailing a score to Stan Kenton, who'd never heard of him.) Be persistent: there's no short cut here, and you have to prepare to put up with a lot of disappointments.

(5) Be prepared for cut-ins. Once I had a song recorded by a well-known, well-heeled bandleader. When the record came out I looked at the label and saw my name in third place—after that of the leader and the a&r man, who had both decided they were co-composers. And the a&r man put the song with his publishing company. It's up to your conscience whether you should tolerate this kind of thing. In 26 years, I've only once become voluntarily involved in a "deal" to get a tune recorded. I'd rather do it the hard way and save my conscience *and* my copyrights.

(6) Don't ever equate commercial failure with artistic failure, nor big sales with an esthetic triumph. One of the records of which I'm proudest is *The Weary Blues*, Langston Hughes' poetry-with-jazz LP on MGM. I wrote the musical background for one side of it. It came off beautifully, the critics liked it . . . but it didn't sell worth a darn. On the other hand, the luckiest breaks I've ever had were the result of writing very simple material that happened to be recorded by a great artist who was just ready to break through to stardom—Dinah Washington, for whom I did *Evil Gal Blues*, *Blowtop Blues*, and the rest. Dinah's talent got more out of these songs than I put into them; meanwhile, melodies and lyrics I think are the best I've ever written still lie on my piano unperformed.

(7) Don't ever try to criticize a critic, or you can be sure he's going to criticize you. Having been on both sides of this fence, I can assure you that critics react in terms of what they know about you. For instance, it would be against all the laws of human nature to expect a favorable review of my music from a critic whose views happen to conflict violently with mine.

Realizing this, I started to amuse myself years ago by doing some of my work under pseudonyms. Sure enough, on the records where I used my own name there was always a sarcastic crack or a vicious attack; but where I was masked, the reactions covered a wide range, from no comment to mediocre to good and better. (One British writer, who would be horrified to know it, even praised my blues piano playing!) This experience taught me the truth of the observation often made by jazzmen that critics should be forced to review records blindfold.

I've seen, too, that a close friendship between a musician and a critic is always either the cause or the effect of good reviews, and that the critic will either bend over backward to be kind to the artist, or bend over the other way to show his lack of personal bias—in other words, he'll surely show a prejudice of one sort or another.

(8) Don't ever assume you know enough about music. Today, I'm so aware of my own limitations that, rather than try to write a score for anything beyond a small combo, I usually collaborate with a skilled orchestrator. I've been lucky to have talented people like Dick Hyman and Ralph Burns to carry out and extend my ideas, though I would rather have completed them myself. Next year, I expect to study arranging for the first time. It isn't enough to be self-taught, nor is it enough to work within one circumscribed field of music. If you're a young writer new to the profession, be ready, willing and eager to meet every kind of challenge, to write every type of material. You may wind up specializing in one phase, but the overall experience will be invaluable.

IN CASE YOU INFER from all this that you have read the words of a frustrated musician ashamed of his role as critic, let me set you straight. The pursuing of two careers has been a dual delight. I am aware of their relative value, and wouldn't feel at all badly about a shift in their proportion in favor of manuscript paper. These 25 years of reading *Down Beat* and knowing what's been happening on the jazz scene have been for me more than a little happier for the music, as well as the words, that I've been able to put into them. ■

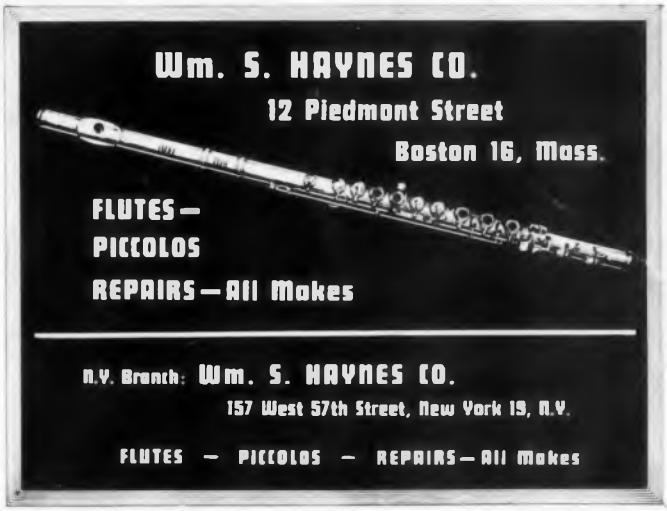
(Continued from Page 72)

viewed. That is The Billboard, a trade paper seldom read by the public and not, certainly, devoted exclusively to jazz. There are several national magazines, including fashion and food magazines, which mention more about jazz albums than do the magazines devoted to jazz. A British editor I talked to recently told me proudly that his publication hadn't missed mentioning a new jazz release in England in his memory, yet I search in vain for comment, good or bad, on most of the jazz albums Columbia has released this year. I cannot believe this serves the readers of jazz magazines, for, aside from an occasional television show, what other national medium for the dissemination of jazz is there? If jazz has gone around the world, it has travelled on records, and its fans everywhere heard it first that way.

From my one-sided perch I fretfully hope to see the day when all new jazz is somewhere announced, no matter with what venom and elocution, to the jazz buying public. When that day comes, some jazz publication will find itself boasting of a circulation approximating the jazz market, and you and I will know what the hell is going on.

I started off by listing a few good friends of jazz, albeit in many cases friends with an overwhelming self-interest to be served. I and all of us in the jazz business are grateful for the good done, and I think we should be more tolerant of the harm. I didn't like much about the Timex shows, but I used to watch them and remind myself, snarling all the while, that *Bulova* never even tried. The Newport Festival has had its moments of tawdry, beery disappointment for us all, but if you heard Garner and Duke and Rushing there knocking out 15,000 people for four or five hours this year, or noticed Negroes being welcomed by the Chamber of Commerce of a town where five years ago only the Pilgrims' relatives were allowed, you and I are grateful to Newport on behalf of jazz. (George Wein told me that after this year's success he was ready to prove that jazz was invented by Jews in a Newport synagogue.)

Jazz is now big business, and its new friends include some of the most distinguished squares alive. It is time for those of us who have known and loved it long to make certain our contributions to its future are at least as significant as those of a jazz patron I met who thought that Ella might be F. Scott's daughter. ■



MOVIE MUSIC

(Continued from page 36)

through the years have mentioned these scores as fortunate exceptions to an age of mediocrity. We all know we are living in an electronic age, an age when the gimmick side of sound is too frequently stressed at the expense of musical values. But the coming of the electronic age is not a be-all-and-end-all. And the point is that, by and large, film composers have not relied, and do not rely, on electronic tricks in their art. I am not referring to the growing use of multi-track sound systems, an innovation which may prompt a producer to demand that the trumpets come from the right side of the screen, the strings from the left, and so forth, without caring what they are playing. This is technological advance in sound reproduction with decided value and has nothing to do with the content of musical composition.

Motion picture music has progressed inevitably through formative periods into maturation, just as any art form grows. There was an eclectic period stemming mainly from the work of the French romanticists and, just as any art form will, this influence for a while was overemphasized.

HOLLYWOOD COMPOSERS HAVE BEEN accused from time to time of taking over the screen to the point where the audience became diverted from dramatic action. Yet, the merest tyro in the art well knows that the film composer's function is not to give a concert but to write his music for the purpose of enhancing dramatic action.

The signs of growth and maturation in film music are many. What we used to call "mickey mousing"—writing a piece of music for every frame of screen action—has disappeared. Yet let it be parenthetically noted that there *are* instances in a dramatic picture when action scenes can be made more dramatic by use of music.

One of the most common and relatively recent criticisms against screen composition deals with the use of the music *away* from the screen—that is, in concert form and on phonograph records. Much of this criticism is valid, but let us not forget that the fault here is not genuinely that of the composer but of those who record and market film music—and even of those who buy it! There is a yawning gulf between *soundtrack* music and film music adapted for listening away from the screen. When one considers the sweeping criticisms to the effect that film music is not fit to be listened to for its own sake, this is a most important point. One need only cite Bernard Herrmann's concert adaptation of his score to *All That Money Can Buy* to dispute, if not entirely disprove, such a charge. And let us not forget that the compositions *Alexander Nevsky* and *Lieutenant Kije* are music from films. Yet these works are not *soundtrack*. They are practically independent compositions.

LET ME HASTEN to interject at this point that this does not mean there cannot be good soundtrack on record.

Motion picture music, like the movies themselves, has suffered the effects of mass production. For example, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in the old days when the industry was at an all-time production peak, it is no exaggeration to say that it became a case of Art Form vs. 40-pictures-a-year. Now, heaven knows there aren't that many good authors for films available within a year's time, and consequently the material was poor. And in face of such a production torrent, where do you get the music? (I am quite aware, however, that this comes under the heading of alibi and can thus be ruled out.)

Nowadays we find the motion picture industry going through another phase of faddism—use of jazz in underscores. The work of John Mandel in pictures and of Henry Mancini in television is notably worthwhile, of course, but the overuse of jazz in these media today is symptomatic of the American disease of faddism. For some baffling reason, Americans seemingly cannot embrace a new element in their stream of culture without squeezing it to death—or at least trying to.

If the cultural interloper is particularly hardy, it may withstand the pressure and survive to remain a healthy, functioning organ in the cultural anatomy as did, say, jazz music after the ragtime fad before World War I and the insanity of the Roaring Twenties.

Whether that curious mutation known as rock and roll will leave its bootmark permanently on American music remains to be seen, but rock and roll is a perfect example of faddism. Similarly, whether modern jazz—once the panic is over—is here to stay as a legitimate ingredient in movie music underscoring would appear to lie in the hands of whatever muses there are assigned to movie music.

If all those outstanding film scores listed earlier—and I must stress that the list represents merely a cross section and is not at all purported to be a definitive enumeration—have one element in common, what is it?

In all cases, the ultimate fulfillment of the purpose of film music has been achieved, while the scores at the same time maintain a singular degree of integrity. Their composers have fulfilled the basic requirements of the art form for which they were composing and at the same time have created music of its own genre.

In our uneasy age of jet and missile, when sometimes nothing seems permanent, the importance of art as the eternal symbol of immortality should be clear to every man. If the art of composing music for motion pictures conveys to an audience even the most infinitesimal sense of the eternal, this is fulfillment enough. ■

SOME TOP NAMES IN HOLLYWOOD MUSIC

This photo was taken when Johnny Green was general musical director of M-G-M studios. Seen with him are some of the top film composers who at that time worked under him. The group is, from left to right: Lennie Haytone, Rudy Kopp, Adolph Deutsch, Georgie Stoll, Charles Wolcott, (Green's executive assistant at the time), Green, Miklos Rosza, David Raksin, Bronislau Kaper, Al Colombo, and David Rose.

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the MJQ will be in residence for the Monterey Jazz Festival, on tour in Europe, and will return to the U. S. during late March, 1960. Inquiries regarding availability may be addressed to:

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about the writers

This special anniversary issue of *Down Beat* was prepared with the help of some of the most distinguished writers on and in the field of American music.

Quantitatively, the biggest single contribution came from Leonard Feather, who, as it happens, is cited as a *Down Beat* Silver Medal award winner on page 35. Leonard wrote three articles for this issue: his Blindfold Test (Page 29), another on his reminiscences of 26 years in American music, and another written because he so much wanted to do it: his remarkably moving tribute to Billie Holiday, on Page 20.

Another major contributor was Charles Edward Smith, who is also a Silver Medal recipient. Smith wrote the very thorough history of jazz in the past quarter century that appears on Page 37.

Two articles in this issue appeared a few weeks ago in the program prepared by *Down Beat* for the Newport jazz festival: that by managing editor Gene Lees on Big Bands (Page 25) and the analysis of the present situation in jazz by French critic and composer Andre Hodeir on Page 40.

There is another analysis of the present problems of jazz: that by critic, teacher and pianist John Mehegan, on Page 43. In a sense, Mehegan's piece is an opposition view of that of Hodeir. Thus, the articles by Smith, Hodeir and Mehegan form a comprehensive single unit, one that reviews the history of jazz and then looks at its present and future.

George Avakian and George Hoefer —both Silver Medal recipients—wrote the two nostalgic articles pertaining to the early history of *Down Beat*. They appear on Pages 22 and 27, respectively.

Irving Townsend, a vice president of Columbia records, wrote the provocative article on the Ten Best Friends of Jazz that appears on Page 72. Steve Sholes of RCA Victor the article on Page 89.

Composer and pop song writer Vernon Duke (the 1932 hit *April in Paris* is one of his gems) tells of his Society for Forgotten Music on Page 29.

Finally, there is the eloquent essay on movie music by Johnny Green, one of Hollywood's most distinguished composers (the score for *Raintree County*) and writer of some of America's finest popular songs (*Body and Soul*).

We thank him for it—as, indeed, we thank all the writers who contributed so much to this special issue of *Down Beat*.

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(Continued from Page 14)

melodica and genuine rosewood birdcaller simultaneously in an original entitled *Sherman's Oaks* (or *Big Corn From Little Acorns Grow*). Then the Golden Gate Quartet backs me in a new version of their famed *Stalin Wasn't Stallin'*. With new lyrics by Martin Williams or Martin Luther (I'm not sure which as I haven't checked with BMI index), it's now called *Sober Wasn't Sober*. Then . . . but why go on when I might spoil the sales of the record.

As for my lecture on *The Importance of Ira Gitler To Jazz*, scheduled for Junior's in July, there has been a change in plans. My lecture will be on *The Importance of Ira Gitler To Junior's Baseball Team*. The original topic will be handled by a panel consisting of Casey Stengel, Bill Voiselle, Goose Goslin and Heinie Manush. I could say more, but why go on when I might spoil the sales of the magazine.

Yours 'til the *Milk for Mezz* turns sour or *Down Beat* record reviewers start signing their names.

IRA GITLER

(Ed. note: Aside from demonstrating a wit to rival Mr. Craters, Ira Gitler shows in this letter that he is one of the best sports in the music business.)

So I dig all the things you do, with the exception of Blair and Bancroft, and being a femme type myself, that sort of figures. Naturally I think one is a great vocalist and the other a grand actress, but aside from that—enh/!

Now I have responded to your call, so answer. One thing more, do you dig Shelly Berman, Portia Nelson, and Jeri Sothern? Hollywood, Calif. —a reader named . . .

(George has been duly apprised of this young lady's name.)

Dear George:

I find your casual comment quite, like, funny, and a refreshing addition to DB. I read: "Zoot Finster . . . Zoot Finster . . ." Could it be that Zoot needed to see his name in repetitious print (a security factor) to feel needed and loved. Now take my name: "Harry Klusmeyer . . . Harry Klusmeyer . . ." Here's a name feared and loved by man, yet today, I had to write it at least twice, snuffing out feelings of paranoia. If I could spell, my many properties would have long ago been published.

Like, man, I do most jovously ramble your word offerings each issue.

Manhattan Beach, Calif. Harry Klusmeyer

Dear Mr. Crater:

Great!! is the only word for your splendid articles. I love your unique humor—and yet there is plenty of truth in the things you have written.

I don't know where you get your information but only the "down people" get the message, and that's great.

Geneva, Ohio David Love

If George Crater is successful in his Aug. 15 movement to overthrow Dick Clark, he should be allowed to confiscate all records and use them in a bonfire to start next year's Newport festival.

Keep up the good work on a great magazine.

Lowell, Mass. Bob Geary

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CAMCO

(Continued from Page 16)

worth boys made a very good impression during their short (two week) American tour. Although they were received with applause and appreciation, there were some unnecessary "goofs" involving a lack of hospitality on our part. For instance, they played a six-day engagement, alternating with the Ellington band, at **St. John Terrell's** Lambertville, N.J., Music Circus. The outside billing included Duke's name only.

Leonard Sues, formerly musical director for **Eddie Cantor** and **Milton Berle,** has formed a Dixieland Jazz Band and is breaking in at the Preview Lounge, Chicago. Personnel: Sues, trumpet, cornet, valve trombone, and vocalist; **Arnie Lawrence,** clarinet, tenor, alto, and bongos (he also does the choreography??); **Wally Post,** trombone; **Al Curran,** piano and trombone; **Charles Acito,** string bass and trombone; and **Bob Bennett,** drums.

Cozy Cole made so much money touring after his *Topsy* recordings that he is planning to open a small club of his own this October called **Cozy's Corner on West 54th Street** . . . **Gerry Mulligan's** "On The Hot-seat" interview with **Mike Wallace** over New York's WNTA-TV was a tremendously *plus* performance. The articulate Mulligan rendered a service to all musicians in their quest for understanding . . . For those who wondered at Newport what became of the Mexican jazz band: They were packed and ready to go from Mexico City, but the necessary funds promised from Mexico's National Jazz Festival committee were not forthcoming as promised. They never left the ground.

A new East Side jazz room, The Arpeggio, opened July 28 at 141 East 52nd St. Music (see IN PERSON) is under the supervision of **Willie Shore,** co-owner of The Composer, which is closing in September. This in the face of a cry for a money transfusion from another East Side jazz spot.

A new jazz tome by **Whitney Balliett** was published by Dutton on August 6. Title is *The Sound of Surprise—46 Pieces of Jazz.* Book is a collection of Balliett articles written during the past three years for *The New Yorker, Reporter,* and *Saturday Review* . . . The Life of **Ben Pollock,** an original New Orleans Rhythm King and bandleader during the 1920's 30's and 40's, has been sold as a Ford Spectacular on TV. **Jack Lemmon** is the current choice for the lead. Pollock now owns a bistro in Hollywood . . . **Walter Allen** of Belleville, N.J., has published the third copy of *Allen's Poop Sheet,* which covers available and planned contemporary jazz literature.

Billy Taylor, piano star now at the Hickory House, recently signed a long term contract with Riverside Records. Has already recorded a set of Taylor arrangements for four flutes, piano, rhythm and conga drums. **Herbie Mann, Jerome Richardson,** and **Frank Wess** were on the date . . . **Joe Glaser** and **George Wein** lined up the talent for the jazz phase of the Hudson River 350th Anniversary celebration week of August 3rd at Central Park's Wollman Memorial Rink . . . There is a rumor **Artie Shaw** is assembling a band to tour the United States and Europe. He's reputedly tired of retirement in Spain.

For the month of August, the Monday night gang at Birdland is under the leadership of **Jay Chasins,** piano; **Whitey Mitchell,** bass; **Frank Russ,** alto sax; **Marky Markowitz,** trumpet; and **Ronnie Bedford,** drums . . . The Westport, Conn., Country Playhouse presented the Modern Jazz Quartet late in July . . . **Wild Bill Davison** substituted for **Louis Armstrong** at Lewisohn stadium until a member of the **Dankworth** band handed Louis a trumpet.

Gerald Lascelles, a cousin of **Queen Elizabeth,** was at Newport covering for the London Dispatch . . . **Andy Kirk,** a manager of the Theresa Hotel in Harlem, will revive his Clouds of Joy band to play August 17 for a boat ride on the Hudson sponsored by the Negro Actors Guild of America, Inc. . . . The sides by **Billie Holiday** listed on the Score label are the old Aladdin 18's . . . **Marty Grosz,** guitarist, who recorded an album for Riverside titled *Hooray For Bix* with his own jazz band from Chicago, is the son of **George Grosz,** noted German-American painter, who died in West Berlin recently only a few weeks after returning to his homeland.

Drummer **Panama Francis** has bought a grocery store in Harlem, but plans to continue to make the Central Plaza scene as **Conrad Janis'** drummer . . . **Kenny Burrell** was married shortly before Newport . . . **Eddie Cole** once led a jazz band with **Zutty Singleton** on drums at the Three Deuces in Chicago. His brother Nat had a trio across the street at the Capitol Lounge. Eddie is now a member of the team of Eddie and Betty (The Two Hot Coles) recently headlined on the **Dick Clark Show** . . . **George T.**

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Simon, onetime *Metronome* editor, and more recently president of Bouree Productions, has been signed to be a consultant for the forthcoming Bell Telephone Hour series of musical spectaculars over NBC . . . **Jerome Richardson** was featured on *Bandstand U.S.A.*, produced by ex-band leader **Tommy Reynolds** and announced by **Guy Wallace**, over WOR-radio on Saturday nights.

WASHINGTON

Coleman Hawkins and **Roy Eldridge** were guest stars at the Bayou for three nights in mid-July. House band at the Bayou still led by trumpeter **Wild Bill Whelan**, who picked up his nickname by playing in the fashion of **Will Bill Davison** . . . **Bob Brookmeyer** followed the **Max Roach** quintet into the Caverns in late July. Roach later played a week at the Howard Theater on a bill that included **Al Hibbler**, **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis**, **Shirley Scott**, **James Moody** and **Ernestine Anderson** . . . The four **Crosby Brothers** drew SRO crowds to the Casino Royal during a recent week's engagement. Bing's boys used vocal arrangements by **Bill Thompson** and their musical director was former band leader **Dick Stabile** . . . **Bill Leonhart** uses three instruments on his job with the **Johnny Eaton** band at the Mayfair: straight guitar, amplified guitar, and banjo. Those who laugh when he brings out his banjo to play a ballad, even, soon realize their laughter was a mistake. Others in the band, easily one of the city's best jazz groups, are **Al Seibert**, tenor sax; **Wally Garner**, clarinet; **Norman Williams**, bass; **Jim Lucht**, drums; and pianist Eaton, who formerly led the "Princetonians." Seibert sounds a good deal like **Al Cohn**. He worked with a **Woody Herman** band earlier in the year, as did Williams . . . Popular local jazz accordionist **Lloyd Lillie** returned to D. C. from Boston but will be leaving for Florence, Italy, in late September. Lillie, a promising young sculptor, won a Boston Art Museum traveling fellowship. A few years ago Lillie won a handful of honors at Washington's Corcoran School of Art . . . Drummer **Eddie Phyfe** heads a trio at the Flame. Pianist is **"Tee" Carson** and bassman is **Billy Taylor Jr.**, son of the famous bass player with **Duke Ellington** in the swing era.

PHILADELPHIA

Sid Mark, WHAT-FM jazz disc jockey, is scheduled to emcee one of the segments of the Randall's Island, N.Y., jazz festival. **Gene Shea** has replaced **Harvey Miller** as one of the

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four jazz jockeys employed by the station . . . The **Red Rodney-Billy Root** and **Jimmy DePreist** groups were the last to play at the New House of Jazz before it closed recently . . . Root, who took his baritone out of the **Stan Kenton** band after a Red Hill date, was back at the New Jersey club two weeks later playing tenor with his own group. The Red Hill will feature local groups for the summer, with **Dave Brubeck** the last name unit presented. Vibesman **Lem Winchester** and his Wilmington (Del.) combo played the club after a date at a Newport spot during the jazz festival weekend. Winchester, one of the hits of last year's festival, didn't get an invitation this year. He and his combo traveled to Newport this year in a converted hearse they bought for $70.

Pep's, featuring rhythm and blues groups recently, broke the spell by bringing in **Maynard Ferguson's** shouting band for a week. The band had to do some hustling to make the eight-hour drive to Newport for a July 3 afternoon appearance at the jazz festival . . . The Show Boat was closed for several weeks . . . **Vince Montana** is playing the vibes at the Marlton Manor in Jersey . . . Recent attractions at Atlantic City: **Dick Haymes** and **Buddy Williams** at the Steel Pier; **Louis Bellson** and his 17-piece band backing **Pearl Bailey** at the Cotton Club; **Wild Bill Davis** at the Little Belmont.

MONTREAL

Guitarist-harmonica player **Jean Thielemans** guested on the French television program, *Rhythmes* on Saturday, July 4th, 10.30-11.00 pm on Channel 2 here. He was accompanied by drummer **Ronny Page** and string bassist **John Lanza** . . . *Parade*, a new English language tv series acting as summer replacement for *Music Makers* Thursday evenings bowed in with a premier featuring **Sammy Davis Jr.** Reports are that jazz is going to get a pretty fair shake in this series.

A recent item in *Down Beat* stated that Stockholm, Sweden tv stations use jazz during their test pattern periods. As many Montrealers know, our local channels do likewise on occasion . . . **George Shearing** guested on French tv out of Montreal on

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July 13th on a show called *Serenade Festival*. It certainly looks as if tv is helping to keep this a swinging summer indeed! . . . The second Lafontaine park concert in July featured the **Rene Thomas** quartet plus the **Willy Girard-Benny Wenstone** quintet.

TORONTO

The town Tavern's early summer line-up included **Bud Freeman, Ron Collier, Bobby Hackett** and the **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross** vocal group . . . The **Benny Louis** band, the **Eddie Karem** band and the **Pat Riccio** quartet are among those being featured in a series of free summer concerts in the city's parks. The series is sponsored by the AFM and the Parks Commission . . . The **Peter Appleyard** quartet with **Wray Downes, Archie Allayne** and **Bill Brito** are drawing crowds to the Park Plaza, where they'll be until September . . . **Mike White's** Imperial Jazz Band at the Westover has recently featured guest stars **Jimmy Rushing, Buck Clayton, Paul Barbarin,** and others . . . Parade, the summer replacement TV show for Music Makers, led off with **Sammy Davis, Jr.** in a one-man performance. The show has also signed the **Count Basie** band and **Peter Appleyard.** Davis did three SRO nights at the Barclay when he was in town . . . The Stratford Shakespearean Festival, which dispensed with jazz this year, is planning for it in next year's programs. In their film festival, they presented the German made picture, *Jonas,* which has **Duke Ellington** music on the sound track . . . The Frontenac Arms cut off its name policy for the summer after very successful dates by **Shelly Berman** and **Sarah Vaughn** . . .

SAN FRANCISCO

Clarinetist **Albert Nicholas,** visiting the Bay Area during his summer home from Europe, sat in with most of the local Dixieland bands, much to the delight of traditional fans . . . San Francisco went for **Red Garland's** Trio in a big way, extending his run at the Jazz Workshop from three to eight weeks. The pianist finally closed July 19 . . . The best local band to come along for some time, **Frank Haynes'** quintet, was torn asunder by trumpeter **Stan Foster's** plans to work in Australia for awhile and bassist **Eddie Khan's** decision to move to New York . . . **Kid Ory** leaves for Europe Sept. 5 with a band that will include **Red Allen,** clarinetist **Bob McCracken,** pianist **Cedric Haywood,** drummer **Alton Redd,** and bassist **Squire Girsback** . . . **Memry Midgett,** once accompanist for the late **Billie Holiday,** now playing at Tiki Bob's Restaurant . . . **Mary Stallings,** outstanding young singer recently with the **Virgil Gonsalves** band, is working in Australia, where jazz imports seem to be on the increase . . . **Ray Charles,** heading up a large rhythm and blues package, played the Oakland Auditorium July 20 . . . Altoist **Pony Poindexter** has been blowing Sunday afternoon sessions at The Blackhawk, using **Cal Tjader's** rhythm section . . . Former **Turk Murphy** tuba player **Al Conger** has been playing string bass off and on at Bop City . . . **Earl Hines** cancelled his European tour for the fall, accepting instead an American tour that will begin with Chicago in October. The Hangover Club plans to close through November, December, and January while Hines is away.

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