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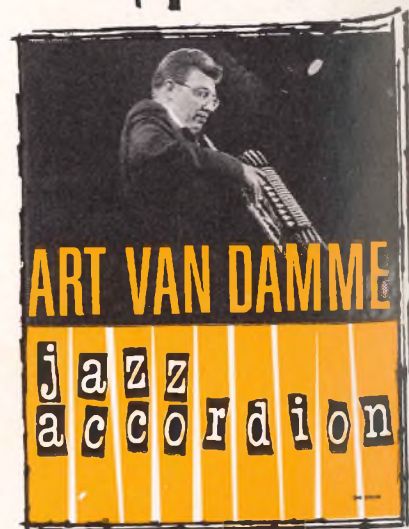
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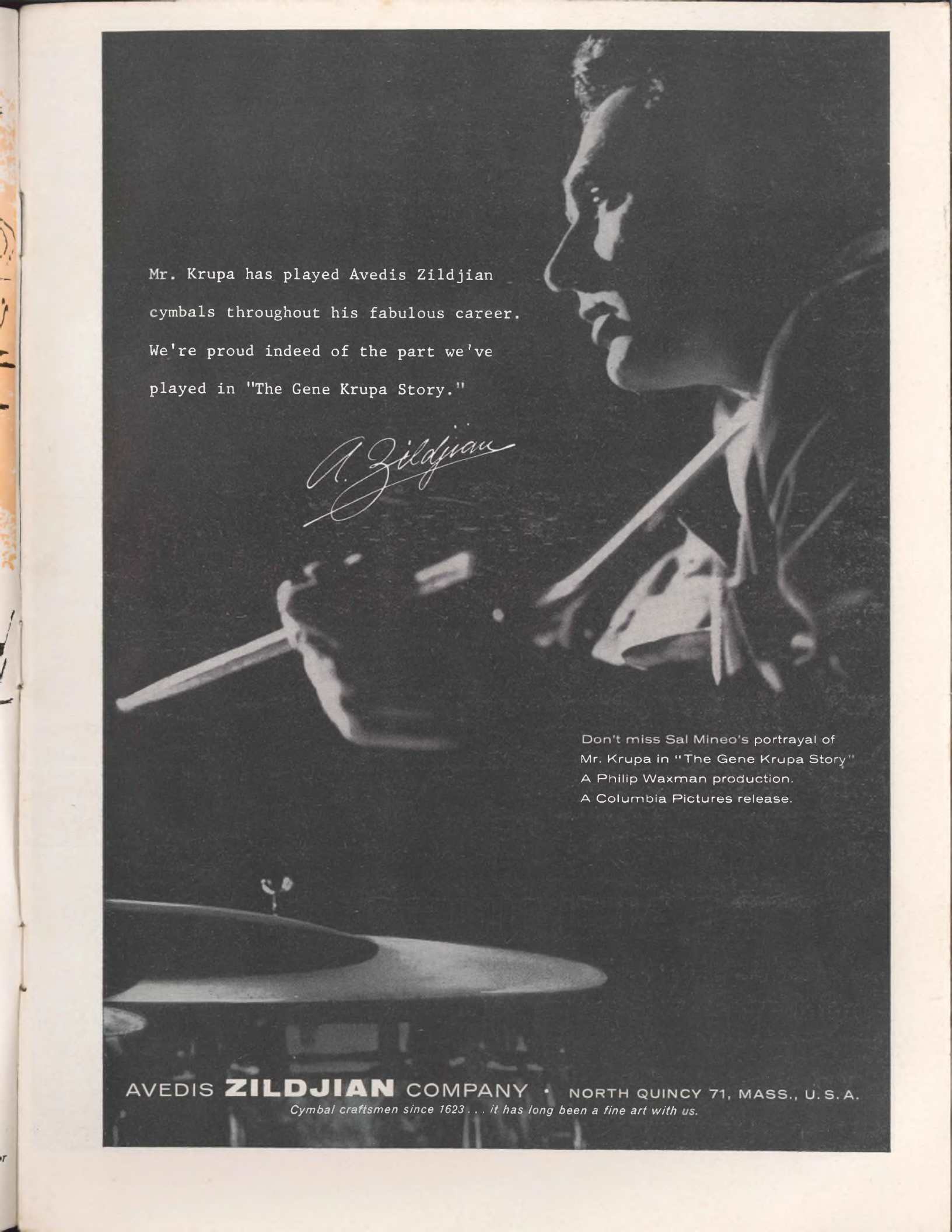
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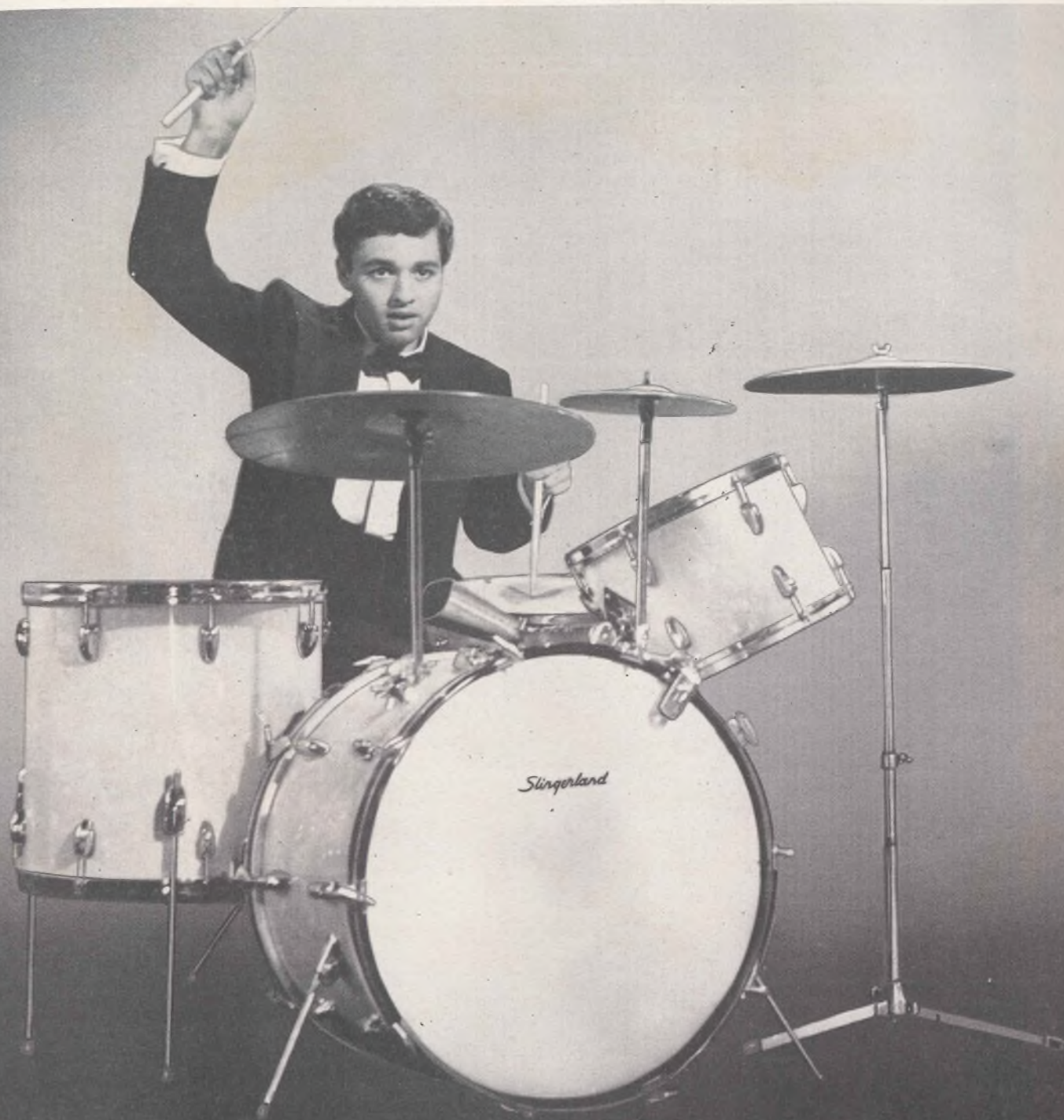
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the first chorus

by Charles Suber

As a public service, we interrupt to bring you a delayed transcript.

In Chicago, Oct. 15, 1958, Edward R. Morrow addressed a convention of radio and television news directors. We think Mr. Murrow's analysis of the broadcasting industry demands a re-hearing in the light of present day developments. Here, then, are some of the remarks he made 14 months ago.

"It is my desire, if not my duty, to try to talk to you journeymen with some candor about what is happening to radio and television in this generous and capacious land . . .

" . . . I am seized with an abiding fear regarding what these two instruments are doing to our society, our culture, and our heritage . . .

"I am entirely persuaded that the American public is more reasonable, restrained, and more mature than most of our industry's program planners believe . . .

"Recently, network spokesmen have been disposed to complain that the professional critics of television have been 'rather beastly.' There have been

hints that somehow competition for the advertising dollar has caused the critics of print to gang up on television and radio.


"This reporter has no desire to defend the critics. They have space in which to do that on their own behalf. But it remains a fact that the newspapers and magazines are the only instruments of mass communication which remain free from sustained and regular critical comment. If the network spokesmen are so anguished about what appears in print, let them come forth and engage in a little sustained and regular comment regarding newspapers and magazines.

"It is an ancient and sad fact that most people in network television and radio have an exaggerated regard for what appears in print. And there have been cases where executives have refused to make even private comment on a program for which they were responsible until they had read the reviews in print. This is hardly an exhibition of confidence.

"The oldest excuse of the networks for their timidity is their youth. Their

spokesmen say: 'We are young; we have not developed the traditions nor acquired the experience of the older media.' If they but knew it, they are building those traditions, creating those precedents every day. Each time they yield to a voice from Washington or any political pressure, each time they eliminate something that might offend some section of the community, they are creating their own body of precedent and tradition. They are in fact, not content to be 'half safe'."

"So far as radio—that most satisfying and rewarding instrument—is concerned, the diagnosis of its difficulties is rather easy. And obviously I speak only of news and information. In order to progress, it need only go backward—to the time when singing commercials were not allowed on news reports, when there was no middle commercial in a fifteen-minute news report; when radio was rather proud, alert, and fast. I recently asked a network official, 'Why this great rash of five-minute news reports (including three commercials) on weekends?'. He replied: 'Because that seems to be the only thing we can sell.'"

Thank you, Edward R. Morrow, and good night. 

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ON THE COVER

The cover (photo by Gene Lees, design by Robert Billings) symbolizes the welter of brass instruments used in jazz today, ranging from the tuba of Ray Draper through the French horn of Julius Watkins to the fluegelhorn of Miles Davis. An article by John S. Wilson, tracing the development of these instruments in jazz, will be found on Page 24, and Barbara J. Gardner's penetrating article on the aforementioned Miles Davis is on Page 20.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, layout on Pages 18 and 19, Ornette Coleman, Page 39, spot photos on Page 40, etc., by Gene Lees; Mal Waldron on Page 9, Esmond Hall; Miriam Wakeba on Page 14, Wagner-International; Miles Davis on Page 20, Ted Williams; Miles Davis on left of Page 23, Ron Howard.

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education in jazz

By Tony Scott

Dear Student Musician:

Being a musician, who for years in high school, college and the army, was considered an "outlaw" for organizing jazz groups, large and small, I am glad to find a school like Berklee where a musician can be prepared to make a livelihood in the music field and to get the advantage of group study without the feeling you are breaking the rules, by playing jazz. In high school my playing of jazz was always outside of my regular music courses. What a difference from today's marching bands that use jazz type arrangements. In



Tony Scott

college I organized a large jazz orchestra which rehearsed at night so everyone could get together without conflicting with their classes. During the day we would look for empty rooms and sneak in for a jam session. Among my partners in crime were many musicians who today are well-known in the fields of music which utilize knowledge of jazz techniques in playing and writing.

What a relief to find a college which encourages and sponsors jazz groups of all sizes and provides for the growth of composers, arrangers and musicians in the jazz field.

I have had many years of formal training in classical music both as a composer and musician and I know that it was of great value to me. I only wish that I had had more easy access to my jazz training in a school like Berklee or at least have had a choice in the type of music I would like to follow for a creative and successful career.

Hats off to a school that has scholarships in jazz for musicians overseas as I have traveled there and know what a great interest there is for this music.

Long live Jazz and Berklee!!

Tony Scott

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chords and discords

Whose Red Wagon?

After an intensive investigation of the man in the Italian suit, I've discovered that Miles does acknowledge the audience and applause. Just watch those eyes!

Boy, did I get salty with this Sheely fellow (*Chords and Discords, Down Beat*, Dec. 2). Writing a letter and getting me all upset . . . Why don't those fellows pay more attention to what the musician is playing and forget about titles? If you are familiar with the man's work, he needn't announce the title of a tune. If you aren't hip, well, that's your red wagon.

Syracuse, N.Y. Erle Irons
President
Lower Chamber Society
of Jazz

Ed. note: This jazz society must get a lot of converts.

We fear that when this "hip" attitude obtains, the red wagon turns out to be tied to the tail of jazz, for the lay public that might be sincerely interested in jazz, if given the chance, finds that it can get along very well without it if it must endure the scorn of the hipsters.

Well Now!

Congratulations on a fantastic issue, the Dec. 10 *Down Beat*. The *First Chorus* was excellent, as were the two special reports starting on Page 14 and the editorial comment on Page 16. It is good to see refreshing copy on our industry by people who have the guts to tell the truth, even if it is not pleasant.

Kenosha, Wis. Daniel J. Henkin
G. Leblanc Corp.

Very best wishes to all concerned with improving *Down Beat* and congratulations on the noteworthy innovations already made. It was never a healthier or more attractive magazine than now.

Referring to your remark in the fine piece on Teagarden, "Jack's trials and tribulations would require a book to detail," they did—along with the lighter side of his life and times. The book will be published in London next spring.

Washington, D.C. Len Guttridge

Yeah Team!

It's about time that *Down Beat* realized something: the Kingston Trio is far from being a collegiate joy group. Rather, they have a wide and solid appeal for people of all ages, because the boys perform music that audiences understand, and they back it up with imagination, artistry, and wit.

True, Ricky, Fabian, and their ilk pretty much rule the roost in elementary school, although they're losing ground fast to those three guys from San Francisco. Needless to say, the trio reigns supreme in that oft-maligned group, junior high through college.

What may surprise you, however, is that adults—and I don't mean just parents who are glad their kids are listening to really good, meaningful music presented by a talented, respectable, and thoroughly

endearing trio of singers, but adults who have been through music from Brubeck to Bach, have accepted the Kingston Trio enthusiastically as the exponents of a special brand of contemporary folk music that is fast making its place on the American musical scene.

These guys have a wide appeal . . . overflow or at least SRO . . . honest desire for good music . . . showmanship, class, humor . . . comes across to the audience with a bang and everyone has a ball . . . Dave, Nick and Bob are probably the most representative, and represented, musicians in America today.

And you can tell your George Carter that I am one fan whom the Kingston Trio has at least introduced—if not won over—to jazz by virtue of their playing the festivals. Of course, I'm still at such a point that when Dave Lambert told me he knew the trio, it impressed me almost as much as the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross singing did!

Austin, Texas Victory Van Dyck
University of Texas

Now look here, George Crater, you're going to have to get with it, man, get with it. You'd better get out there and dig those respectable, really good, meaningful, endearing, overflowing, SROing, classy, humorous cats and have a ball. Why can't you be a gentle, patient soul like Dave Lambert?

Eager Applicant

Dear Mr. Crater:

I would like to get in touch with Mr. Zoot Finster of the Zoot Finster Octet. I understand he is looking for outstanding new talent and at present his group does lack an alto sax. I play alto sax, like. Please print his forwarding address in a future issue of your magazine so that I can contact him.

I have been blowing with many of the better local groups, such as Dizzy Schwartz, Thelonious Finque, and lately with my own small group. My brother Nat thinks I'm now ready for the big time. The Finster aggregation seems like the ideal group for me.

Any information or free publicity will be greatly appreciated. Later,
Columbus, Ohio Cannonball Goldberg
Ohio State University

Sorry, Cannonball, but Zoot's personnel is now complete, as announced in the last issue of Down Beat. If you insist, however, you can write to Mr. Crater at Junior's or Charlie's in New York City. He usually falls by in the evening with Zoot. Pick your own Zoot.

A Request

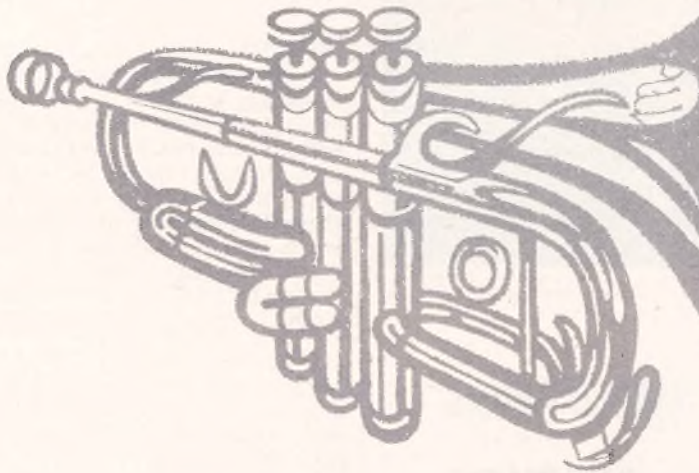
I am somewhat of a new jazz listener and know only a fraction of what I would like to know and understand about the art of jazz. *Down Beat* has kept me informed on most of the current happenings in the world of jazz while also supplying some very interesting reading.

But I am still quite in the dark on the

Miles Davis FIRST

Dizzy Gillespie SECOND

Art Farmer FOURTH



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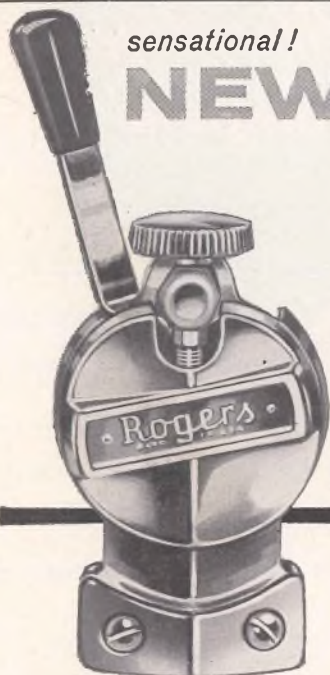


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finer points of jazz such as counterpoint, the melodic and harmonic concepts in improvisation, the rhythmic patterns, etc. Therefore, I would like to suggest a column for the sole purpose of explaining and defining as simply as possible some of the technicalities of jazz, which make it an art form. I think it would help any new jazz listener to understand and, therefore, appreciate and enjoy jazz much more than before.

Harrison, N.J.

Frank Schroeder

Down Beat is considering such a column. We would like to know, however, how many readers would be interested in it. If you would like to see such a column, send us a post card or a note to that effect.

The Ring of the Phone

Thank you for your article about our organization in the Nov. 12 issue. Our phone started ringing soon after the issue came out, and we've received inquiries that we believe will substantially increase our membership.

Plainview, N.Y.

Hal Wildman

President

Jazz Foundation of
America

Exchange

I am a Pole, a student at the School of Economics in Poznan, aged 19. I like jazz music, particularly the music of Mulligan, Miles Davis, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Dave Brubeck, Charlie Parker, Monk, Kid Ory, Louis Armstrong. I would like to exchange Polish LPs for American LPs. Please print my address in *Down Beat*.

N. SW. Szczepana 37 m 4
Poznan 33
Poland

Andrzej Rusinek

I have been reading *Down Beat* for the last year at the American Embassy at Brussels, and soon I'll take a subscription. I like jazz very much and Sinatra, who is the swinging singer.

I'd like to have a correspondent who is between 20 and 25. I am an 18-year-old Belgian student, fond of Ray Charles, Quincy Jones, John Lewis and the MJQ, Basie, Annie Ross, Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald, Gerry Mulligan, Clifford Brown, Oscar Peterson, Miles Davis, and many others.

I can write (with many errors) English, or French (much easier for a Belgian girl!) 75 Avenue A Huysmans

Bruxelles 5
Belgium

Michele Francomme

No Announcements

Speaking of the announcements of names of selections, how about early morning announcer Dean Harris, station WHEN, Syracuse, who doesn't announce either the title of a selection being played or the name of the performer either before or after?

Some time back, to make sure a tasty trombone solo I was enjoying was actually Urbie Green—it was—I had to go to the expense of a long-distance call to the station. This seems hardly fair to Urbie Green or myself.

Isn't there a law or FCC regulation or something?

Phelps, N. Y.

D. F. Southgate

Complete Details

The Third in Down Beat's Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Program

Down Beat has established a full year's scholarship and five partial scholarships to the famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, the present home of *Down Beat's* Hall of Fame and one of the nation's most prominent schools in the use and teaching of contemporary American Music.

The Hall of Fame scholarship is offered to further American music among all young musicians and also to perpetuate the meaning of the jazz Hall of Fame.

This year's full scholarship will be in honor of Lester Young, chosen by *Down Beat* readers as the 1959 Hall of Fame member. The scholarship shall be awarded to an instrumentalist, arranger, or composer to be selected by a board of judges appointed by *Down Beat*.

The five additional scholarships will consist of two \$400 and three \$200 grants. One of these will be awarded directly by *Down Beat* to a deserving music student.

Who is Eligible?

Any instrumentalist, arranger or composer who either will have had his (or her) 17th birthday or will have finished high school (excepting the award to be selected by the magazine's staff) on or before June 15, 1960. Anyone in the world fulfilling this requirement is eligible.

Dates of Competition:

Official applications must be postmarked not later than midnight, Feb. 29, 1960. The scholarship winner will be announced in the April 28, 1960 issue of *Down Beat*, on sale April 14.

How Judged:

All decisions and final judging shall be made solely on the basis of musical ability. The judges, whose decisions shall be final, will be: the editors of *Down Beat* and the staff of the Berklee School of Music.

Terms of Scholarships:

The Hall of Fame scholarship as offered is a full tuition grant for one school year (two semesters) in the value of \$800. Upon completion of a school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

The partial scholarships are in the value of: two at \$400, and three at \$200. Students winning these awards also have the option of applying for additional tuition scholarship funds at the end of the school term.

The winners of the scholarships may choose any of three possible starting dates: September, 1960; January, 1961; May, 1961.

How to Apply:

Fill out the coupon below, or a reasonable facsimile, and mail to Hall of Fame Scholarship, *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill., to receive the official application form.

With the official application, you will be required to send to the above address a tape or record of your playing an instrument or a group in performance of your original composition.

Hall of Fame Scholarship
Down Beat
205 W. Monroe
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NEW YORK

The Arpeggio, a plush east side jazz boite, has been experimenting with an old-fashioned jam session idea to stimulate Sunday night business. Two basic trios are hired for the evening, and established name jazz musicians are invited to play with younger and lesser-known names. Idea is to showcase the unknowns and give them an opportunity to exchange musical thoughts with the star soloists. The **Mal Waldron Trio** and the **Ed Shaughnessy Trio** appeared at the opening concert Dec. 6. They were joined by **Mundell Lowe**, **Rex Stewart**, **Dickie Wells**, and **Cannonball Adderley** as the established jazz stars and **Attila Zoller** (Hungarian jazz guitarist), **Ollie Nelson** (alto and tenor saxophone with the **Louie Belson** band), and **Don Ferrara** (trumpet), among others representing fresh, lesser-known talent.



WALDRON

Lionel Hampton refused to play a charity ball in Warren, Ohio, when he learned Negro members of the Warren Jazz club were turned down when they sought to buy tickets for the event. The reason given by the sponsors was that if they were allowed to come to the dance, some of the city's finest families would shun the ball. **Ed Sarkesian's Jazz for Moderns** tour sacrificed a Saturday of a solidly booked month's tour because they learned the Southern city scheduled would have a segregated audience. The British jazz trio made up of **Ken Harris**, drums; **Derek Smith**, piano, and **John Drew**, bass, feature a book of English folk tunes done in jazz style. Things like *Billy Boy*; *London Pride*; *Don't Dilly Dally on the Way*, and *Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill* are samples . . . **Harry James'** new big band is booked into Basin Street East Feb. 18 . . . There will be a film made in Birdland, in celebration of the spot's 10th anniversary, during the **Count Basie-Phineas Newborn Jr.** engagement . . . The United States information agency made a 16-millimeter film of **Herbie Mann** at home, in rehearsal, and in a night-club scene to be shown all over the world.



HERMAN

Don Ellis, former trumpeter with the **Maynard Ferguson** band, debuted his own jazz quartet at Birdland last month. He also made a Columbia album with **Charlie Mingus** . . . Personal manager **John Levy** brought **Monica Zetterlund** to the United States from Sweden. Described as a girl with a **June Christy**-styled voice, Miss Zetterlund has been playing the Basin Street East in New York and will play Mister Kelly's in Chicago . . . **John Hammond**, after a long search, has found old-time blues singer **Ida Cox** in order to give her some record royalties from the *Spirituals to Swing* LP release. He may record her for Columbia . . . **Chris Barber** married his blues singing vocalist, **Otilie Patterson**, soon after their return to England from the U.S. tour.

Max Roach's former bassist, **Bobby Boswell** of Pittsburgh, is now playing with the **Marian McPartland** trio . . . **Louis Armstrong** will be the only jazz star to make the Miami Beach *Cavalcade of Stars* scene when he plays a one

(Continued on Page 44)

music news

Down Beat

January 7, 1959

Vol. 27, No. 1

Payola Probe—Continued

A lull came just before Christmas. But if the activity of payola probers had simmered down, it was by no means over. Rep. Oren Harris, head of the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, announced that public payola hearings would be held late in January.

If things were quiet on the surface, the rumblings went on underneath. Two more disc jockeys were fired by their station—Cleveland's KYW, Westinghouse-owned AM-FM station. Cleveland is known as a pattern-setting or hit-making city. The two canned jockeys—Joe Finan and Wes Hopkins—denied being involved in payola.

All the shakeups were not confined to small-fry and radio. As an aftermath of the TV probe into rigged quiz shows, Louis Cowan, president of CBS television, turned in his resignation.

Meantime, the Federal Communications Commission had ordered every broadcasting company in the country to report within a month whether any payola has figured in its operations within the past year. Probably as a result of this FCC order, stations all over the country were looking into the behavior of disc jockeys.

Further indication of how seriously the federal government takes the radio and TV scandal came when the Justice Department and the Federal Trade Commission reached an agreement to institute criminal prosecution procedures against deceptive TV commercials in food, drugs, or cosmetics. The government wasn't playing games, and payola operators could expect the same kind of crack-down (see *Take Five*, Page 17).

The FCC moved in on the payola receiving end—radio and TV stations. The FTC moved against the giving end: it issued complaints against three record manufacturers. RCA Victor, London Records, and Bernard Lowe Enterprises of Philadelphia—and against six distributors. As pointed out in the last issue of *Down Beat*, the actual handing over of cash to disc jockeys is usually done by distributors.

Some hint of the law under which payola operators might be nailed was given: the practice is covered by Section 317 of the Communications Act.



SILVER FOR SILVER FROM BLUE NOTE

At least one company has decided to see that jazz artists get something similar to the recognition given pops artists in the form of golden records. Although jazz records don't sell in the million-disc category, Alfred Lion, owner of Blue Note Records, decided that a silver record of recognition was in order. The first winner: Horace Silver. Celebrating the event are, left to right, standing, Lion and Joe Termini, owner of the Five Spot, (who gave the party for the event); and seated, Blue Mitchell, (behind Lion's arm), Ira Gitler, Silver, Leonard Feather, and, in silhouette near the camera, Gene Taylor.

This requires identification of program material by source or sponsor. For violations of the section, the FCC can issue simple reprimands, or start proceedings to suspend the station's license, or turn a case over to the Justice Department for prosecution. The penalty provided is a maximum two years in prison and \$10,000 fine.

Evidently, the disclosures to date are but a hint of things to come. The government agencies interested—the FCC, the FTC, the Harris subcommittee, and in New York, district attorney Frank S. Hogan's office—indicated that they are now getting down to digging in for detailed information on payola.

Hogan's office has focussed its activities to some extent on Alan Freed, the rock 'n' roll disc jockey suspended by WABC and WNEW-TV in New York.

Hogan is working closely with the Harris subcommittee, which evidently plans to stay out of New York so as not to interfere with the work of Hogan's office. In any case, the Harris subcommittee is not likely to get back at its task until late January. Congress meets Jan. 6. Subcommittee probers evidently want to have their case well-de-

veloped before the actual public hearings have begun.

In the meantime, *Down Beat* learned of a six-jockey payola syndicate, reportedly involving DJs in Chicago, Cincinnati, and Detroit. One of these is so powerful in payola that he is known as The King.

The *New York Post* carried a story quoting "a major independent record manufacturer" as saying he's been paying close to \$10,000 a year to disc jockeys to induce them to play his records.

"Sometimes they want not only money, but sex," he said. "That's what it's come to in this business."

Whether the government bodies concerned by payola would get as tough as they have on tricked-up TV commercials would not be known at least until late January. But already, the effect on the music business has been salutary: good pop music was beginning to be heard as take artists nervously began to cool it and stations instituted their own investigations to try to head off more serious trouble that might occur if they wait for federal agencies to uncover the dirt.

Homesick Hall

It was back in 1956, when Louis Armstrong's band played in Ghana. Natives of the new African country were unusually interested in American jazz and bombarded the Armstrong group with questions regarding the styles, techniques, and finer points of playing.

Especially impressed with the interest shown in jazz was Louis' star clarinet player, Edmond Hall. This enthusiasm to learn on the part of the natives, plus the tropical climate, stimulated an idea in Hall's mind. Why couldn't he locate there and make a good living teaching music and perhaps conduct a small native jazz band?

After a few years of thinking about it—and finally making careful preparations to make a permanent move to Accra, the Ghana capital—Hall arrived at his new home on Oct. 4, 1959.

Now, in less than two months, Ghanaian dweller Hall is disillusioned, as is his wife, Winifred, and is considering the resumption of his 50-year music career back in the United States.

A New York *Times* reporter found him sitting on a bar stool in an Accra hotel, moaning the blues. He said the native musicians weren't interested in rehearsing and really learning something about jazz.

"All they want to do is play their *Highlife*, which isn't jazz but just a repetition of the same musical phrases over and over in rhythm," he said. "I thought I could teach them some music, but now I don't know."

The few candidates for Hall's school of jazz who enrolled at first gradually have drifted away.

An Omission

A name was omitted in the results of the *Down Beat* Readers Poll last issue—and a rather major name: Benny Goodman.

In the clarinet poll, Goodman was fourth. The first five winners, then, are Tony Scott, with 1111 votes; Jimmy Giuffre, 805; Buddy DeFranco, 783; Goodman, 340; and Jimmy Hamilton, 148.

Over and Over

What a jazzman doesn't have to do to earn a living these days.

Philadelphia arranger George Romanis, who fills out his income by playing bass on record dates, recently earned the equivalent of a week's salary by playing the rock 'n' roll best-seller, *Sleep Walk*, all night at a wedding reception for a Texas oilman's daughter.

Romanis played bass on the original recording by two kid guitarists from Brooklyn named Santo and Johnny. The record somehow became a million-



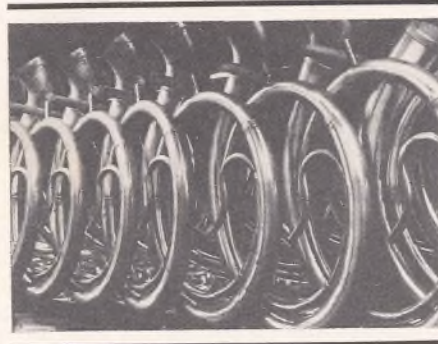
Described as Africa's number one jazz singer, Miriam Makeba made her American debut recently at New York's Village Vanguard. Miss Makeba is seen here being greeted by Vanguard owner-impresario Max Gordon while Harry Belafonte beams good wishes for her engagement.

seller and the oilman's daughter insisted she had to have Santo and Johnny at her wedding reception.

So the millionaire, who is named O'Connor, flew Santo and Johnny, Romanis and a drummer to Victoria, Tex., by jet plane.

As some 900 guests slurped champagne, the quartet played *Sleep Walk* over and over at the local country club.

By way of apology for helping assemble *Sleep Walk*, Romanis explains that, like many musicians, he has no idea of what will be cut when he reports for a recording session. *Sleep Walk* was cut in the a&r man's apartment with George playing bass in the kitchen



with the mike, the two guitars in the dining room, and the drummer in the living room.

The other week, Romanis played bass while some rock 'n' roll Christmas carols were cut.

European Windows

On a recent Sunday evening in the University of Pennsylvania's high-ceilinged Irvine Auditorium, sidemen of the heralded Philadelphia Orchestra played the works of composers John Aaron Lewis, Stanley Newcomb Kenton and Peter Rugolo.

"We didn't expect jazz composers to have this much talent," the symphony musicians told their conductor for the evening, a husky young man named Jimmy DePreist.

And they said they were surprised at the musicianship of the jazzmen they played with—men like Red Rodney and ex-Kenton saxmen Billy Root and John Bonnie.

DePreist, musical director of the Contemporary Music Guild of Philadelphia, rounded up 17 members of the Eugene Ormandy string section, and added some jazzmen and students from the Curtis Institute of Music for the first American performance of the original scoring of Lewis's *European Windows*. The 42-piece orchestra also played selections from the book of Kenton's *Innovations in Modern Music* band-with-strings.

The concert had little publicity—only some plugs over the 24-hour Philadelphia jazz station, WHAT-FM. Yet some 1,900 jazz fans (not the finger-snapping, foot-stomping variety) turned out for the free affair. The musicians were paid by the music performance

trust fund of the local musicians' unions.

DePreist was careful to pick symphony sidemen who have at least some concept of jazz phrasing. And his choice paid off as the strings blended well with the jazzmen. Root, on baritone, and Mike Goldberg, who took the flute solos on *Windows*, showed regional jazzmen compare favorably with artists who benefit from frequent record dates.

The Lewis work, interesting and musically important if not "great music," was performed with the same instrumentation as on the RCA Victor record with members of the Stuttgart Symphony. With men like Rodney in the ensemble (and with the talented string artists), the DePreist presentation had little of the stiffness of phrasing that marred the record version. DePreist should be encouraged in his goal of adding more dignity to jazz because he gives his concerts some of the planning and foresight that mark symphonic sessions.

Musically, the best arrangement of the evening was DePreist's simple and tasteful scoring of pianist Jimmy Wisner's *A Ballad for Harvey*, from a Felstad album honoring the late Harvey Husten. Altoman John Bonnie, who played tenor with Kenton, has a fresh and modern style on alto which did justice to the lovely ballad.

The almost-forgotten Kenton works were given a good workout by the strings and the jazzmen, with Franklyn Marks' *Trajectories* coming off best. Stan's own *Theme for Sunday* was marred by an out-of-tune piano. The orchestra also played the late Bob Graettinger's complicated *Incident in Jazz* and Pete Rugolo's lyrical *Mirage*.

Next on the DePreist schedule: More concerts in a similar vein; presentations by a "youth band" like Newport's—and a big band featuring four French horns to play concerts and dances in the Philadelphia area. This energetic youngster, who just turned 23, has big ideas. And he somehow is managing to carry them out.

Grammys—Good and Bad

When Goddard Lieberson, president of Columbia Records, publicly blasted the nominations system of the two-year-old National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences last September, he made clear some serious deficiencies in the organization. After the formal presentation of the 1959 Grammys over the NBC-TV network Nov. 30, NARAS' weak spots stood in glaring relief.

Not only were many of the awards illogical and inappropriate, the telecast itself was, for the most part, a sad excuse for entertainment and did

little justice to the record industry.

On the positive side, though, there was the well-deserved honor paid Duke Ellington, who walked off with three Grammys for his composition and performance of the music in the picture, *Anatomy of a Murder*. Ella Fitzgerald, won two, one for her single, *But Not for Me*, as the best female vocal performance, the other for her album, *Ella Swings Lightly*, as the best jazz performance by a soloist.

Frank Sinatra and Bobby Darin also won two apiece, Sinatra's album *Come Dance with Me* brought the singer awards in the categories of Best Vocal performance, male, and album of the year. The LP copped four Grammys in all, the remaining two going to Billy May for his arrangement of the title song and to a&r man Dave Cavanaugh as producer.

Darin's single, *Mack the Knife*, as record of the year secured one Grammy for the newcomer. He was similarly honored as the best new artist of 1959. Ahmet Ertegun, as producer of the year's top single, also won a Grammy in that capacity.

In contrast to the 1958 NARAS awards made last May 4, no one company swept the field as did Capitol then for last year's output (10 awards). In the '59 race, RCA Victor was the winner with 11 Grammys, followed by Columbia with nine, Capitol with seven, Atco and Verve with three, and M-G-M, Angel, Mercury, and Liberty with one apiece.

The television show on which the awards were made emanated from NBC's studios in Burbank, Calif., both live and on tape (Ellington and Nat Cole, unable to attend in person, had been taped in New York some weeks before) with composer Meredith Willson as master of ceremonies.

Willson proved to be a stiff and uneasy host who contributed nothing to enliven what was basically an inept and amateurish production.

Only the Fitzgerald and Darin segments were up to professional standards. Ellington's performance (with the band unseen) of his *Anatomy* theme was ruined by bewildering and inane choreography consisting of arms and legs (male and female) protruding from behind a curtain.

Following is a complete list of the awards:

Record of the year—*Mack the Knife*, Bobby Darin.

Album of the year—*Come Dance with Me*, Frank Sinatra.

Song of the year—*The Battle of New Orleans*, Jimmy Driftwood, composer.

Best vocal performance, female—*But Not for Me*, Ella Fitzgerald.

Best vocal performance, male—*Come Dance with Me*, Sinatra.

Best performance by a dance band—*Anatomy of a Murder*, Duke Ellington.

Best performance by an orchestra—*Like Young*, David Rose and his orchestra with Andre Previn.

Best performance by a chorus—*Battle Hymn of the Republic*, Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

Best jazz performance, soloist—*Ella Swings Lightly*, Miss Fitzgerald.

Best jazz performance, orchestra—*I Dig Chicks*, Jonah Jones.

Best classical performance, orchestra—Debussy; *Image for Orchestra*, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch, conductor.

Best classical performance, chamber music—Beethoven: *Sonata No. 21, in C, Op. 53 (Waldstein)*; *Sonata No. 18, in E-flat, Op. 31, No. 3*, Arthur Rubinstein.

Best classical performance, concerto or instrumental soloist (with full orchestral accompaniment)—Rachmaninoff, *Piano Concerto No. 3*, Van Cliburn, Kiril Kondrashin conducting the Symphony of the Air.

Best classical performance, instrumental soloist (other than full orchestral accompaniment)—Beethoven: *Sonata No. 21, in C, Op. 53 (Waldstein)*, *Sonata No. 18, in E-flat, Op. 30, No. 3*, Rubinstein.

Best classical performance, vocal soloist—*Jussi Bjoerling in Opera*, Jussi Bjoerling.

Best classical performance, opera cast or choral—Mozart: *The Marriage of Figaro*, Liza Della Casa, Ann Felbermeyer, Roberta Peters, Rosalind Elias, Sandra Warfield, Gabor Carelli, George London, Fernando Corena, Ljubomir Pantschiff, Giorgi Tozzi; Vienna State Opera Chorus, Richard Rossmayer, chorus master; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, conductor.

Best musical composition (more than five minutes duration)—*Anatomy of a Murder*, Ellington.

Best sound track album, background score from motion picture or television—*Anatomy of a Murder*, Ellington.

Best sound track album, original cast, motion picture or television—*Porgy and Bess*, motion picture cast and music conducted by Previn.

Best Broadway show album (two awards made as result of tie)—*Gypsy*, Ethel Merman and Broadway cast; Milton Rosenstock, music director. *Redhead*, Gwen Verdon, Richard Kiley, and Broadway cast; Jay Blackton, music director.

Best comedy performance, spoken word—*Inside Shelley Berman*, Shelley Berman.

Best comedy performance, musical—*The Battle of Kookamonga*, Homer and Jethro.

Best performance, documentary or spoken word (other than comedy)—*A Lincoln Portrait*, Carl Sandburg.

Best performance by a "top 40" artist—*Midnight Flyer*, Nat Cole.

Best country and western performance—*The Battle of New Orleans*, Johnny Horton.

Best rhythm and blues performance—*What a Difference a Day Makes*, Dinah Washington.

Best performance, folk—*The Kingston Trio at Large*, Kingston Trio.

Best recording for children—*Peter and the Wolf*, Peter Ustinov, narrator.

Best arrangement—*Come Dance with Me*, Billy May.

Best engineering contribution, classical recording—*Victory at Sea, Vol. 1*, Lewis W. Layton, engineer.

Best engineering contribution, novelty recording—*Alvin's Harmonica*, Ted Keep, engineer.

Best engineering contribution, other than classical or novelty—*Belafonte at Carnegie Hall*, Robert Simpson, engineer.

Best album cover—*Shostakovich Symphony No. 5*, Robert M. Jones, art director.

Best new artist of 1959—Darin.

Producer of record of the year—*Mack the Knife*, Ahmet Ertegun.

Producer of album of the year—*Come Dance with Me*, Dave Cavanaugh.

Louis and New Orleans

The feud between Louis Armstrong and the city of New Orleans was in the open: the trumpeter told a New Orleans *Times-Picayune* reporter that he would not play his home town again, for racial reasons.

Within days, a New Orleans newscaster and one-time friend of Armstrong made a statement to indicate that New Orleans — at least the Negro portion of its population — didn't dig the trumpeter any more than Louis evidently digs it.

The story broke when the *Times-Picayune* reporter, interviewing the musician while he was making an appearance with his band at Keesler Air Force base at Biloxi, Miss., asked Arm-

strong why he hadn't appeared in his home city for the last several years. Armstrong replied, "I'm accepted all over the world, and when New Orleans accepts me, I will go home . . . I'm accepted in satellite nations behind the Iron Curtain, even before they see me . . . I feel bad about it, but will nonetheless stay away."

A few days later, O. C. W. Taylor, New Orleans radio newscaster, retired school principal, and long-time Armstrong booster, fired a blast in an interview carried by Negro newspapers.

"New Orleans has been kind to Louis, even though he has never grown to be a 'Mr. Armstrong' — always remaining a 'Satchmo'," Taylor said. "Louis has been back . . . and New Orleans has always given him due honors.

"The last time he was here, he publicly donned a coverall suit of jet black tights, covered it with a grass skirt still teeming with moths and butterflies, stuck a window shade ring in his nose, placed a tin can crown upon his head, perched himself upon a beer barrel throne, boarded a rickety old wagon, and paraded through the city's streets, drinking gin all day long and posing as King Zulu, the greatest mockery the Negro race has ever been subjected to . . ."

Taylor said Armstrong had made no contributions to the growth of New Orleans, nor connected himself with any of the forward movements. He said Armstrong "was always contented to return a grinning, ape-like Sambo and help keep the Negro in his 'Uncle Tom' status."

"Maybe," Taylor concluded, "New Orleans prefers to read about him, to remember him as a successful trumpet player . . ."

The incident to which Taylor referred occurred in 1951. Ironically, Armstrong made the cover of *Time* magazine with his selection as "Zulu King."

Hip Hitch

The use of "jazz" background music in television crime programs has become a gold-laden bandwagon for many a desperate scorer in search of a gimmick.

In face of the run-of-the-riff trend, it was perhaps inevitable that ace lampooner Alfred Hitchcock should interject an acerbic note. Using a typical mystery program, televised over the CBS network this month, as the vehicle for a prime cut of Hitchcockian hammer, the director addressed his audience with lead-in and concluding remarks calculated to make the TV "jazz" scorer cringe. Following are relevant portions of the script:

We see a man, with his back to us.

He wears a hat and trench coat. Jazz, of the kind audiences have come to expect in private-eye television shows, fades in . . . Suddenly, dramatically, the man turns around. It is Hitchcock. Jazz fades but remains in background.

"Good evening," Hitchcock says. "It seems that on television of late, tales of mystery and crime are incomplete without jazz music. So much so, that it is now almost impossible to tell whether you are watching a detective story or a



HITCHCOCK

jazz festival. There is a difference, of course. A jazz festival has more violence.

"The basic requirements for a television mystery program seem to be an alto saxophone, a piano, bass, drums, and, if the budget allows, a detective.

"Now we throw the spotlight on one member of our little combo while he takes a solo." (A wave of his hand) "Our sponsor on a one-minute chorus, after which, if you watch closely, you may see our story."

After the story unfolds, Hitchcock

Not Amused

Not at all amused by Alfred Hitchcock's satire on jazz-scored television private-eye programs is Hank Mancini, composer of the music for the *Peter Gunn* and *Mr. Lucky* series.

Regarding the Hitchcock presentation, Mancini told *Down Beat*, "A man of Mr. Hitchcock's position in the entertainment world would seem to me to be in a position to do much for live music on television — be it jazz or otherwise. Instead, he persistently uses foreign canned soundtrack on his weekly show. I see nothing funny about this."

returns and says:

"The results of this case in a moment. Our decision to join the rush to jazz seems to have been a success — with one difference. We have decided to take the silencers off the guns and use them in the orchestra.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, a delightfully cacophonous commercial, after which I shall swing back."

Swing back Hitchcock did, for the following out chorus:

"Perhaps our sponsor should use a mute.

"As for tonight's case, Moran was found guilty and fined — by the jazz musicians' union — for shooting a man a cappella. The use of firearms without accompaniment is strictly forbidden."

Jazz For Students

For the first time America's high school and college students have a jazz organization they can call their own.

Organized and operated by two high school teachers from Compton, Calif., (a Los Angeles suburb), Don Fisher and Don Erjavec, *The American Jazz Society, Inc.*, is bringing the jazz message to students and teachers all over the nation.

Voice of the AJS is heard daily over Los Angeles' KNOB-FM all-jazz station. With Fisher at the mike, the program is called *The Jazz Classroom*. It broadcasts from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. and "is designed with young people in mind." Fisher's radio program features, news, records, jazz reviews, and interviews and contests calculated to stir interest among younger jazz fans.

In operation since last fall, the AJS to date counts 20 clubs and 593 members in 11 states. Fisher and Erjavec have mailed 2,599 letters to school principals and music educators since Dec. 1, 1959, and report enthusiastic response from the majority of schools.

"Much has been said about the juvenile problem," the society tells America's educators in a letter sent above the signatures of Fisher and Erjavec, president and vice president respectively, "yet too few constructive methods for solution have been offered to offset the situation."

This is where the American Jazz Society comes in. The AJS, according to its officers, "offers the school and the student a student-school-community relationship."

Not only does the AJS provide a planned program including a monthly bulletin, record album savings, savings on record playing equipment, educational tapes and the booking of jazzmen for personal appearances at the individual school, it also concerns itself with the vocational interests of its mem-

bers and the securing of scholarships for them.

"Jazz is one of the few truly American art forms," says AJS. It tells principals through its nationally mailed letter that "participation at the listening level stimulates discussion and augments many of the fine educational values . . . Participation in such activity satisfies the basic psychological needs of the teen-ager which are so difficult to achieve."

Recognition, security and a sense of

belonging, according to Fisher and Erjavec, are of paramount importance in the teen-ager's existence.

To the music educator the AJS proposes a plan "to organize, rehearse and present in concert a carefully selected group of high school musicians of scholarship level.

As a capper for the year's activity, say Fisher and Erjavec, "our society will present an all-state (California) high school jazz band at the 1960 Monterey Jazz Festival," probably over the

Labor Day weekend. Probable composers-arrangers will be top flight west coast musicians.

"The student has everything to gain," say the officers of AJS, "a chance for a scholarship, musical development and musical recognition."

To the thousands of neophytes throughout America, this is tasty lure indeed.

The society may be contacted through post office box 7414, Long Beach 7, Calif.

TAKE FIVE

a clean fresh wind

By John Tynan

Ye who fear that the payola scandal investigation may yet get bogged down in gobbledegook and sophistic trade parlance, calculated to protect noble institutions dedicated to the proposition that a-buck-is-a-buck-no-matter-how-you-cut-it-up, may relax in righteousness. The Federal Communications Commission has planted its collective finger right on the tender boil of the issue.

In a recent statement to the press one of the commission's enforcers made the following comment:

"The press seems to have the wrong idea about this matter. These hearings were called primarily to learn the impact of television and radio on American culture and society."

The phrase "American culture and society" is a key to the solution of this whole, disgusting mess. After the initial wave of publicity and scare headlines, most individuals involved in the merchandising of records whipped themselves into a frenzy of offensive diatribe against the basic premise of an investigation into the practice of payola.

On all sides were heard remarks such as the following:

"The innocent will get hurt." "So what's new about payola? It's as old as civilization." "To attack the practice of payola is to attack a basic plank in the American economy." Or the whining, "Remember, we guys gotta make a living in the record business."

Morals, integrity, ethics . . . all swept down the drain by the torrent of expediency and rationalization. The cynical peddling of musical trash as an end in itself—or, rather, an end-for-the-dollar—became the universal "ethic" of the American pop record business.

And *business* is the operative word here. For music is a business. It has become a bullet-headed business smashing into the guts of healthy enterprise, stunning it, killing it. Bandleaders in debt over their heads to booking agencies until they cannot call their souls their own anymore . . . Aspiring young singers quickly informed they cannot make their mark in show business unless they play ball with the gangsters and sign over their lives to the mob . . . Beginning bandleaders forced to pay for their own ballroom radio promotion . . .

All this, in its own peculiar way, is part and parcel of the universal payola. The word isn't merely cute or odd. It simply means bribery. And bribery means corruption.

Corruption is like cancer; it can touch any of us. Who is wholly incorruptible? What did the great teacher say about casting the first stone? He wasn't kidding.

Yet, in a civilized society there has got to be a common ethic of social behavior. Other societies of antiquity fell before barbarian hordes because this basic ethic was forgotten.

In our society—America 1960—this ethic devolves on our youth. Betray it and you betray the hopes and aspirations of the future. You betray *your own* future.

Yet today we are confronted with such utter moral decay in just one segment of society—the music business—that so-called responsible adults can shuck off the studied subversion of the nation's youth by the crass, crude vulgarity known as rock and roll with a complacent shrug. "Kids are kids," reads the slogan of the blinded eye.


What of art that enobles, elevates and gives rise to potential greatness in man? "Don't bother me, Jim. Gotta make a buck."

If the payola operator can toss off the moral and ethical issue with a sneer, he'd better remember one slight detail—payola practices happen to be against the law of the land; against the Federal Trade Commission Act, to be precise. The recent FTC complaints against RCA-Victor, London and Bernard Lowe Enterprises, Inc., of Philadelphia served as a jolting reminder of the illegal aspect. Also named in the commission's complaint list were five Philadelphia record distributors who also rode the gravy train.

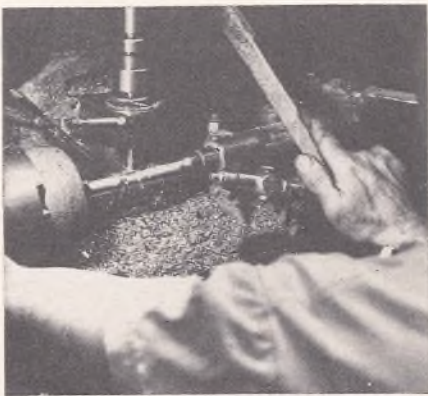
It is easy for some to jibe at a moral or ethical issue as they count profits and think themselves safe. Now that the payola boys know they've been caught breaking a law, will they sling a jibe at the U.S. government?

Because America is an ever-maturing democracy and a civilization in which the music of jazz has become *the* most potent artistic force, the enduring elements of decency and justice become fused with the inherent jazz message: the complete justification of man's individuality; his boldly shouted belief in his own human dignity; his ineffable and inalienable right to free expression.

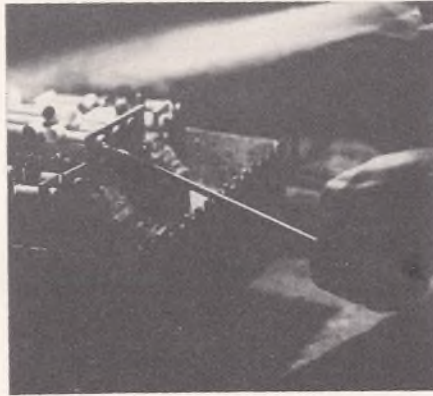
This is but one reason why the current vacuum cleaning of our record business cannot but do good. And the new wind blowing is beginning to bend some entrenched old trees. Good music—including jazz—once more is being heard in ever-increasing volume over the land.

Parasitic disc jockeys and self-blinded station owners are beginning to get the message: Rock and roll at last is identified with the rotten practice that helped create it and feed it sustenance—payola. Today *bad music* squats in the dock, accused. And the fresh breeze blowing across the land should be breathed deeply by all Americans. 

THE BIRTH OF A TRUMPET



3. The valve piston is drilled. Later, when it moves up and down in the valve casing, these holes will change the length of the air column—and thus the pitch of the note.



4. The valve casings are silver-soldered under intense heat, as seen here. When finished, this "valve cluster" will hold three valve pistons.



5. Now the bell of the trumpet. Flat sheets of brass are doubled over to form crude bell shapes, a bin of which are seen in this photograph.



9. The various parts of horns—valves in their casings, tubing, bells—wait on a workman's bench. He assembles the standardized parts.



10. Still largely a hand art—you'll see a workman holding up a horn to check its alignment by eye — instrument assembly is the crucial stage. Silver solder is used.



11. The finished trumpet is given a thorough buffing by this workman, who can work a horn over thoroughly in matter of a minute or so.



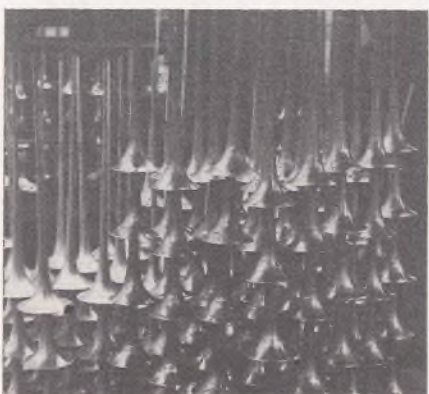
1. Have you ever wondered how a trumpet is made? Like any other complex modern artifact, it begins on a designer's drawing board. Highly skilled craftsmen are required.



2. The mechanical heart of a trumpet is the valve pistons. A machine, working to exceptionally fine tolerances produces them. Here, a workman removes one.



6. The crude bells seen in the previous photo are worked up into something approximating the final shape, then spun on a lathe, as seen here.



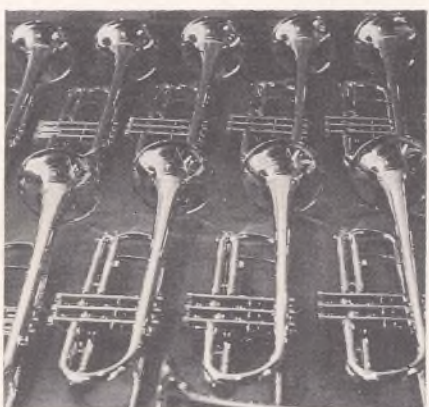
7. Looking like some sort of fantastic temples of the orient, or vaguely like rows of medieval lances, the finished bells are stacked up to await further work.



8. How do they bend the brass tubing so that it doesn't buckle in the process? They fill them with molten pitch, let it harden, then bend them to shape, as this man is doing.



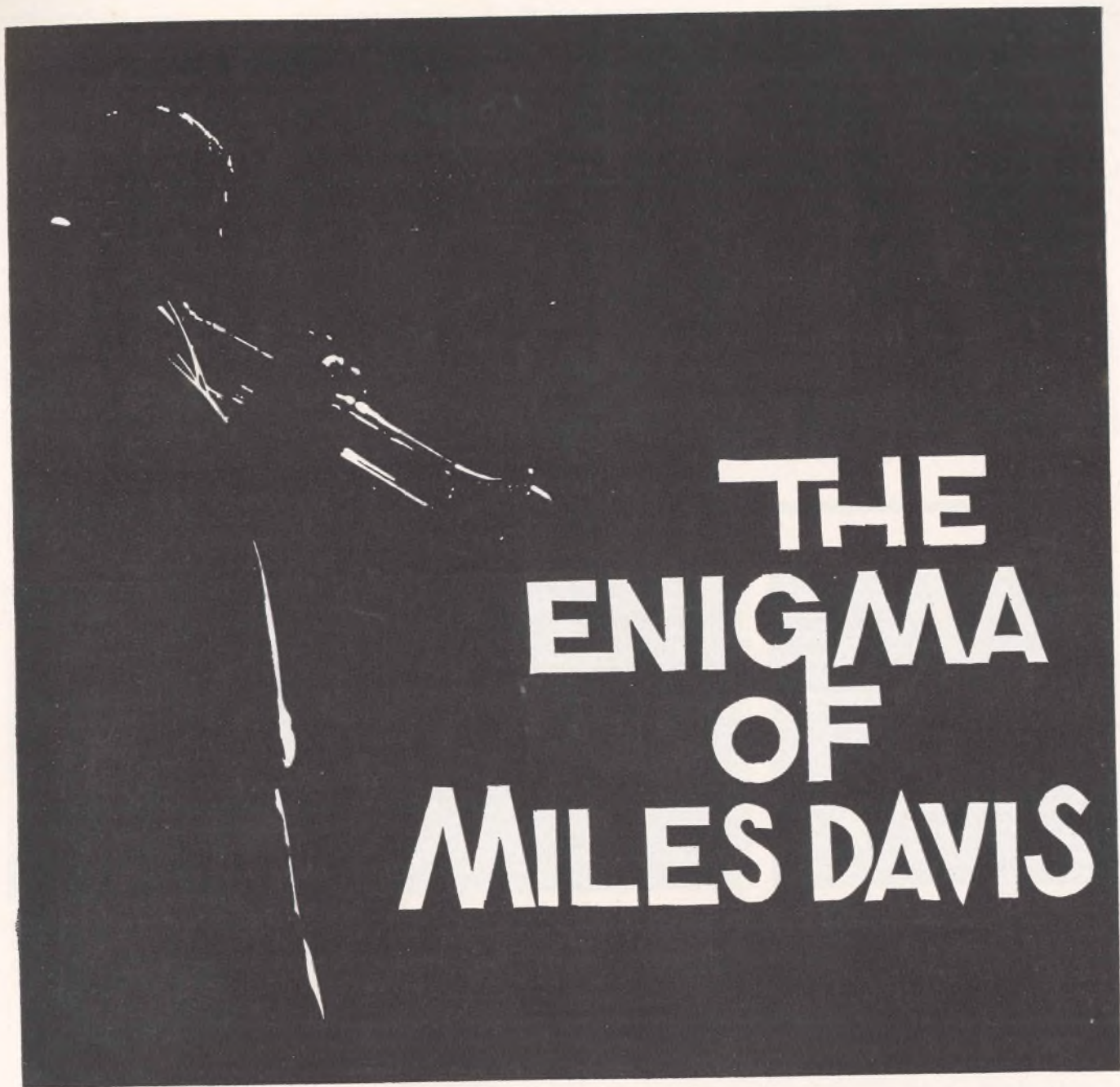
12. Final polishing. Each individual valve casing, as well as more accessible parts of the horn, is given a finishing touch by hand polishing.



13. The lacquer room. Here, a collection of trumpets dry after being given a high lacquer gloss. They are lacquered in big batches.



14. Ready to go, the horns are packed in cases. This horn might end up in the hands of a student—or a Stan Kenton section man. Photos, by Gene Lees, were taken at the C. G. Conn plant in Elkhart, Ind.



THE ENIGMA OF MILES DAVIS

By Barbara J. Gardner

There is no room for the middle stance. You choose up sides, and you play on your team. He is either the greatest living musician or he is just a cool bopper. He is handsome and a wonderful individual or he is ugly and a drag. His trumpet prowess is getting greater every day or his scope is becoming more and more limited.

Any current jazz discussion can be enlivened simply by dropping in the magic name—Miles Davis.

Yet these arguments can be mystifying in the frequency with which the opponents switch positions. A musician in a conversation with fellow workers is likely to blast Davis. The same musician discussing Miles with his dinner host and hostess may change tunes in the middle of the chorus and sing

nothing but the highest praise for the trumpeter.

Unaware of the chain of events they were beginning, Dr. and Mrs. Miles Davis, on May 25, 1926, named their first son Miles Dewey. Miles, his parents and an older sister, Dorothy, moved from Alton, Ill. to East St. Louis, Ill., in 1927. There, Miles' brother Vernon was born. The first 12 years included all the usual brother-sister squabbles. Yet, though there were normal childhood frictions, Miles was gregarious, amiable, and had many friends.

Musically, his career began uneventfully on his 13th birthday when his father gave him a trumpet. Only his immediate attraction and dedication to the horn gave an indication of the mastery of the instrument he would later achieve. Even his family admits that

in the beginning, the growing pains were considerable and Miles was no instant threat to any trumpet player.

"We still have a record packed away someplace that he cut with some rhythm and blues outfit," his sister recalled. "He was pretty awful. They don't even mention his name."

But the woodshed was nearby, and Miles used it.

By the time Billy Eckstine brought his big band through East St. Louis in the early 1940s, the worst was over. Dizzy Gillespie and Eckstine convinced both Miles and his father that the quiet, reserved youngster should continue to study music. While the band was in town, Miles had the exciting experience of sitting in. He was so awe-stricken by Charlie Parker and Gillespie that he could hardly play.

Miles pulled up stakes in 1945 and

at 19 made the trek to New York City, where he enrolled in the Juilliard School of Music to concentrate on theory and harmony. At this time, the idol of the jazz world was Charlie Parker. Miles, too, was under the spell. He spent his entire bankroll searching the clubs and hangouts, trying to find Bird.

While his relationship with Parker, Eckstine, and Gillespie had been discomfiting for him in East St. Louis, it was not nearly so overwhelming as being surrounded by the giants who inhabited 52nd St. in the mid-'40s.

The same Dizzy who had invited him to sit in with the band in East St. Louis, who had encouraged him to come to New York and study trumpet, now sternly advised the newcomer to study piano so that he might learn how to build an effective solo.

The helpful and understanding Bird, who advised him to leave the woodshed and break into his own with the public, was making such departures in improvisation, rhythm, and harmony that Miles was bewildered. It was no wonder that the frustrated neophyte, just in his 20s, would quit every night. Fortunately, he returned every day.

He underwent the usual influences. His first idol had been Roy Eldridge, a musician whose influence spreads throughout the contemporary trumpet tradition. Once having heard Gillespie, however, Miles decided to draw from this man his major inspiration. For a while there was a period of complete absorption, and Miles Davis seemed destined to become a second Dizzy Gillespie.

But by 1947, Davis had filtered from the Gillespie-ish playing all that was not natural to himself.

During that two-year period, he had worked with Parker, Eckstine, Benny Carter, and Coleman Hawkins. He had so impressed the listening jazz public that he was voted *Esquire* new trumpet star of 1947.

Davis made his debut as leader in 1948. The first small group was replaced within months by a nine-piece unit whose exceptionally high musical caliber was captured on records. These celebrated 1949 recordings featured Lee Konitz, Gerry Mulligan, J. J. Johnson, Max Roach, Kai Winding, and Kenny Clarke. Musical pre-eminence, however, was not enough to salvage this experimental group. The gig folded after two historic weeks, and the group disbanded, its members spreading their messages on separate paths.

Davis went to Europe. In 1949, France got its first glimpse of 52nd St.'s new trumpet star. He played the Paris Jazz festival.

But when he returned to New York, Miles passed into comparative musical

obscurity. For a while illness plagued him, financial difficulties mounted, and musical appreciation and satisfaction made a sharp and rapid decline. This bleak pattern was brightened only by three noteworthy events: he won the *Metronome* readers poll each year from 1951 to '53; he made the Jazz, Inc., tour in 1952, and, above all, the musicians were still listening, learning, even copying.

It is this last fact that perhaps is most significant. It is the thing that, more than any other, explains the sudden reappearance and pervading eminence of the forgotten patriarch.

In 1957, there had come to be established a new sound in jazz, a new school of trumpeters, a new concept in communication in music. People began listening for the familiar characteristics and searching for their source. Re-enter Miles Davis, rediscovered, new star.

After throat surgery in 1957, Davis captured every coveted trumpet award in the United States and Europe. Readers of Holland's *Muziek Express*, Hamburg's *Jazz Echo*, Paris' *Jazz Hot*, London's *Melody Maker*, all awarded Miles first or second place on trumpet in 1958 or 1959. In the United States, he has been voted outstanding trumpet star by *Metronome* readers and has won the *Down Beat* Readers poll award every year since 1954, excepting 1956, when he placed a close second behind his former mentor, Dizzy Gillespie.

As Davis now stands at the pinnacle of his musical career, he stands simultaneously at the nadir of sociability.

Ask any jazz fan who Miles Davis is. Most will say, "He's a fink, but he sure can play." Ask any club owner where he has worked. Most will say, "He's a headache, but the customers flock to hear him." Ask any musician. He probably will say, "He's an evil little bastard, but he certainly can play." In other words, two points seem glaringly in evidence — Miles is a difficult person to deal with, and Miles can play his instrument. Among his closest friends, and he has many, it is the consensus that Miles carefully cultivates both contentions.

The major accusation levied at him is indifference toward and lack of consideration for the audience.

Wearing what the well-dressed man will wear next year, Miles saunters confidently onstage. Usually squinting through smoke from his cigaret, he briefly surveys his audience, chats momentarily with his sidemen, and idly fingers his horn. Snapping off the beat, he assumes his characteristic stance, drawing the muted trumpet inward. He shoves the mute tight against the microphone and breathes out the notes, plac-

ing each sound just where he wants it. He hovers there for several choruses, then drops his horn, and casually ambles away, off the stage sometimes, out of the room . . .

"No stage presence!" the customer will exclaim.

The appearance is certainly that he disinvolved himself from activities on the stand. But musicians who work with him deny this emphatically. The wily trumpeter is able to dissect every tune played during the set. Each musician's work is analyzed at the next rehearsal.

Why Davis chooses to wander about while the rest of the group plays is still as much a mystery as it was when he began doing it 10 years ago. It is by no means a newly acquired habit. Miles has never attempted to be a crowd pleaser, although these very eccentricities serve almost to transform him into a showman whose behavior, though often resented, is nearly as much a part of his audience appeal as his musical performance.

The quality of music that is presented is the major concern with Davis, and neither money nor threats can force him to compromise on this point.

During the spring of 1959 the Miles Davis Sextet, featuring John Coltrane and Cannonball Adderley, was contracted to play a Milwaukee night club. Adderley was hospitalized a few days before the opening. Davis agreed to go with the rhythm section and Coltrane. On the morning the five men were to leave New York, Coltrane contracted a virus infection and could not leave. The club owner insisted that Davis keep the engagement. Davis said, "No." The owner threatened to sue. Miles used his favorite unprintable epithet. The club owner sued — but Miles did not play the date.

There are few persons more noted for the use of flat, bald definitives than Davis. Only an inconspicuous withdrawal or reversal of a celebrated position will belie the assertiveness of his original proclamation. "I shall never work here again" was hardly dry on the printed page before he was back at work in the same club.

Among his most flagrant asserted positions is dislike for the ofay. This generalized overt exhibition of racial prejudice, however, has been undermined in practice throughout the entire pattern of his adulthood.

Since 1948, when he formed his first group, Davis has hired competent musicians regardless of race. Among his closest associates are white politicians, actors, actresses, musicians, and citizens of many countries and many walks of life. He is no embittered hothead on this issue. His attitude has been ar-



rived at because he has endured a series of cold, degrading, and demoralizing experiences.

An instance: arriving in Chicago during the summer of 1959, Davis rolled his imported Ferrari into a motel on Lake Michigan's shore only to be told there was a mix-up in the reservations. Sorry. Jazz great or not, there was no room available.

His refusal to accept publicly a poll award from a national men's magazine was prompted by his dissatisfaction with the discriminatory policies of the publication. Davis talked, as well as corresponded, with the publisher, explaining why he could not, in good faith, accept any commendation from the publication. In spite of the best efforts of the publisher, he has been unable to sway Davis' attitude.

This adherence to principle runs through his relationships. Once he has made up his mind, and cast his lot, he is more than reluctant to change his position. This is especially true regarding sidemen working with him. Both his present pianist and his drummer went through periods during which

Miles had to adjust to and acquaint himself with their styles of playing.

"Miles thinks there is only one drummer in the entire world," a musician said at the beginning of 1959, "and that one is Philly Joe Jones." Miles seemed to give credence to this idea long after Jones had been replaced by Jimmy Cobb. Several times, he recorded only when he was able to secure Jones as his drummer. Gradually, this attitude began to fade, and Cobb at last was free to function without the ghostly sizzle of his predecessor behind him. Several months ago, questioned about Miles' affinity to Philly Joe, the same musician expressed amazement. "Well, Miles has that clean-cut Jimmy Cobb sound in his ear now," he said.

The exact pattern was followed when pianist Wynton Kelly replaced Red Garland. For months Miles was attuned to the blockish Garland swing, and he couldn't hear it in the melodic, stylish Kelly. But, sticking by their personal styles, and drawing from Miles' subtle hints in technique and execution, Kelly and Cobb came to be highly regarded by their employer.

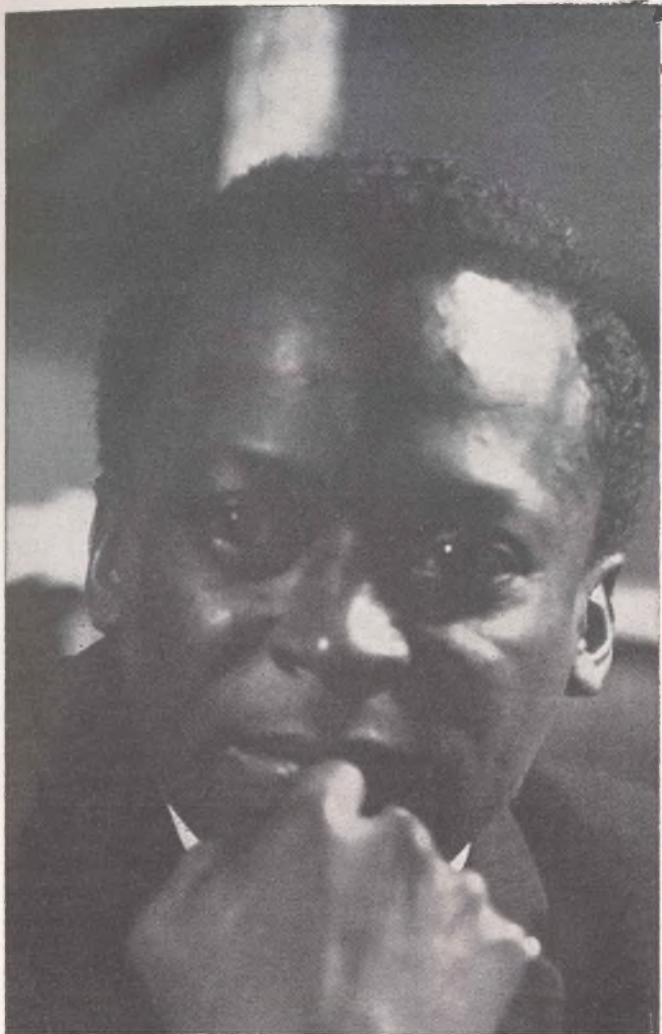
Davis' ability to pick top musicians as sidemen is unerring, and the influence he wields over their musical expression is almost phenomenal. Sometimes by subtle suggestion, at times by brutal frankness, Miles whips a musical unit into a cohesive, tight-knit, power-generating single voice.

Not only does he usually walk away with top trumpet honors in trade polls, but like a powerful politician, he carries the ticket, and individual members of his group wind up well inside the first 10 of their categories.

This has been referred to as the "Miles magic." What are some of the elements that form the man and the magician in this trumpeter?

There is an undercurrent of loyalty and dedication to conviction that runs well hidden beneath a temperamental guise. Examples of his generosity and loyalty are described throughout the industry.

Earlier this year in Chicago, a man wielding a knife appeared backstage and began threatening the trumpeter. A prominent New York musician —



unexpectedly out of work, down on his luck, and hung up in Chicago — was nearby. Seeing the man with the knife move in on Miles, the New Yorker knocked him cold with an uppercut.

Miles walked calmly away without saying so much as “thank you.” Some bystanders were annoyed. Wasn’t this more than adequate proof of Miles’ insolence and ingratitude? Few if any of them knew the reason the New Yorker was present: Miles, hearing the man was in financial trouble, had invited him to play the date with his group. He had no need of the man, but offering a handout would perhaps have hurt the New Yorker’s pride. The fee Miles paid him was big enough to get him out of town and on to the next gig.

A contributing factor to Miles’ attraction is his show of freedom and individuality. This exhibition strikes a chord within many persons who, on the surface, are critical of his attitude. He seldom allows anyone to bore him with small talk. A chatterbox is likely to find himself talking to empty space as Miles walks quietly away.

Although there are several individual

writers and disc jockeys among his personal friends, as a profession, Miles has little use for persons in communications. He seldom gives interviews to writers and almost never appears for radio or television interviews. One reason he will not do them is that he is, in his speech habits, impetuously profane.

But perhaps more important than that is his extreme sensitivity about the loss of his normal speaking voice.

After a throat operation a few years ago, Miles was told by the doctors not to speak *at all* for several days. Someone provoked him, and Miles blurted out a retort. The damage was done. Now he speaks in a soft, rasping, gravelly voice. It is curiously attractive, when you become accustomed to it, and strangest of all, it somehow resembles the tightly restrained sound of his muted trumpet.

The striking, delicate-featured man who stands in almost shy uneasiness, mute against the microphone, is the antithesis of the confident, self-contained offstage Miles. There are those who believe this restless musician is the real Miles. Certainly his exquisite—at

times even fragile—playing would not seem to be the expression of a braggart or a bully.

Standing somewhere between the unapproachable loner and the onstage lonely trumpeter is Miles Dewey Davis. At present, Miles is unwilling to share that person with the public. He expresses his conviction that each person has a right and a duty to live an independent existence.

If this attitude rubs many persons the wrong way, his popularity evidently rises with each disparagement.

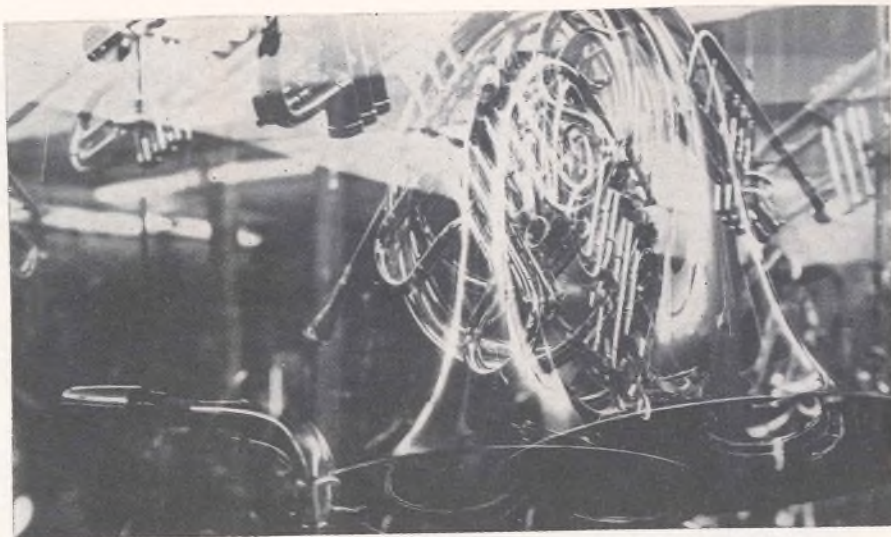
It was not surprising that Miles in the past few months has won both the *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics poll and the magazine’s Readers poll. What is surprising, however, is that despite all the criticism of his stage manner, the readers also voted him jazz *personality* of the year.

Apparently a club owner was right when, not too long ago, he threw up his hands in exasperation as Miles sauntered offstage after a solo. After reciting to Miles a list of his sins, he said: “The trouble with you is that everybody *likes* you, you little son of a bitch.”

DB

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ODD BALL BRASS

By John S. Wilson



The recent influx to jazz of odd-ball members of the brass family, which frequently elicit raised eyebrows, is not half so strange as the fact that jazz managed to get along through one of its seemingly brassiest periods—the swing era—without calling on any of them.

That was an age of conformity for jazz, a time when the ultimate object was to produce a sound and style that was the same as everyone else's sound and style. Jazz brass by then meant trumpet and trombone, period. It is some indication of the type of imagination that went into jazz thinking in the 1930s that practically the only method of expanding the brass instrumentation that occurred to anyone was to add more trumpets and more trombones.

There were, fortunately, a few non-conformists. Duke Ellington, beginning his explorations into tonal colors, brought Juan Tizol's valve trombone into his orchestra. Joe Bishop's fluegelhorn added an aptly lugubrious tone to Woody Herman's "Band that Plays the Blues." And there is the recollection of Frankie Newton leaning against the large pillar which obscured the middle of the bandstand at Cafe Society blowing moodily on what dimming memory believes to have been an alto horn.

But the most adventurous brass man of that day was Brad Gowans. Gowans was well off the beaten track to begin with: a valve trombonist in a Dixieland band. But that was only his starting point. At just about the time that the minds at Minton's were beginning to stir the brew that was to come up bop, Gowans (who, as the most devoted fan the Original Dixieland Jass Band ever had, lived in a totally different musical world) was creating a trombone that had both valves *and* a slide. Just what purpose was served when he finally completed this project was not clear to the naked listening ear, but it seemed to give *him* great satisfaction and, since he could shift from valves to slide at

will, it added one more sight value to a musician whose knee-wagging beat already gave him a good deal of visual interest.

As a rule, however, musicians are likely to leave the tools of their trade alone, although an occasional imaginative soul such as Dizzy Gillespie comes along to flip the trumpet bell up at a jaunty angle; or a practical mind such as Don Elliott's decide to turn the bell of the mellophone around so that he can face and play at an audience at the same time.

In categorizing brass instruments other than the normal trumpet and trombone as "odd-ball," one tends to overlook the fact that brass-heavy marching bands were one of the contributory sources of jazz. To the earliest jazzmen, the full scope of brass instrumentation was scarcely odd-ball at all, even though, when the brass band was trimmed down to jazz band size, only the cornet, trombone, and tuba remained.

Of these three, only the trombone has never lost favor as a jazz instrument, even though when it came on the jazz scene it served a relatively limited func-



BRAD GOWANS
and valve-slide trombone

tion. It is possible that its salvation may have been the expansion of its potential in the hands of, first, Miff Mole, and later of Jimmy Harrison, Jack Teagarden, and Tommy Dorsey, because this

expansion occurred at the same time that jazz was going through one of its early major shifts of direction—and this was when the development of big bands made the brighter, more brilliant trumpet preferable to the cornet and when the subsequent loosening up of the rhythm section caused the tuba to give way to the string bass. That the trombone found a firm place for itself in this new jazz setting may be attributed in large degree to the fact that it was no longer the same instrument, in point of view of the capabilities of those who played it, as the trombone that was heard in early jazz.

Since the beginning of the 1930s, the cornet has been limited almost entirely to Dixieland bands (with the notable exception of Rex Stewart in the Ellington band) until Nat Adderley recently brought it into current jazz. Adderley has made extremely effective use of its rough, deep-throated tone but, despite this, has won no further converts to it. Instead, the alternate horn that has proved most interesting to trumpet men lately is Joe Bishop's old ax, the fluegelhorn, a chubby version of the cornet that produces a sonorous tone that can be simultaneously soulful and cool. The real groundbreaker in the present trend toward the fluegelhorn was Clark Terry, who has been playing it for several years, but the trend began in earnest when some of the things that Miles Davis had been striving for on trumpet suddenly flowered into perfect little cameos when he tried them on fluegelhorn in settings provided by Gil Evans.

Evans, in fact, is a link tying together most of the more important new brass ventures in jazz. The primary seedbed for these ventures was the Claude Thornhill band of the middle 1940s, for which Evans was an arranger. Thornhill's fondness for a brooding, moody cloud of suspended sound led him to bring the tuba back from oblivion (even the non-jazz dance bands,



J. J. and Kai and tromboniums



Cy Touff and bass trumpet

Guy Lombardo excepted, had thrown it out) and to introduce the French horn to territory where it was unknown. In the initial stages of this development, Thornhill's band played scarcely any jazz at all but concentrated on slow, ethereal dance music through which the tuba could moan ominously and the French horn (John Graas at the helm) oozed its haunted, muffled, Alpine cry. Evans' subsequent attempts to adapt the basic Thornhill style to jazz pieces was an influential factor in setting the sound of the now celebrated Miles Davis Nonet arrangements of 1948, some of which Evans wrote.

This was a probing, adventurous period for jazz, and the expansion of orchestral color that was made possible by the use of the French horn and the tuba has continued through the 1950s to fascinate jazzmen sufficiently to develop several specialists on these instruments. Bill Barber, who played tuba on the Davis records, has continued to be active in jazz and has been joined by Don Butterfield. Harvey Phillips works both modern jazz dates as well as traditional sessions, a field in which the tuba has returned to activity through the revivalist bands. On the west coast, Red Callender, already well established as a string bassist, has turned with increasing frequency to the tuba, while young Ray Draper has emerged as the first musician to try to make a career as a jazz tubaist.

Interest in the French horn has dimmed somewhat after a flurry in the 1940s, when, spurred by Thornhill's innovation, it was tried out by bands as diverse as Tex Beneke's and Stan Ken-

ton's. The French horn has a fascinating sound but it is an extremely difficult instrument on which to improvise in jazz terms. Julius Watkins is probably the most highly developed jazz French hornist playing now. Others who play the instrument in jazz surroundings are more inclined to use it in a relatively legitimate manner to provide the kind of tonal coloration that led Thornhill to open up these new fields to it.


Since the days of Juan Tizol's lonely eminence as the only valve trombonist in jazz, a small coterie of valve men has grown up. For no apparent reason, the more prominent among them all double on another instrument — Bob Brookmeyer on piano, Maynard Ferguson on trumpet, Bob Enevoldsen on tenor sax. Such is the diversity of doubling instruments that it leads to no rational conclusions about the valve trombone. J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding once made a valiant effort to find a place for an instrument called a trombonium, a cross between a trombone and a euphonium, but the only purpose it served was to give them a little surcease from their trombone duets.

Two other trombone variants, the bass trombone and the bass trumpet, have found a superficial place in jazz. Stan Kenton, in developing the bravado mood of the Kenton trombones, has made the most use of the bass trombone, although it frequently turns up in studio big band sessions, and George Roberts has recorded an album of bass trombone solos for Columbia. The bass trumpet, which is a satisfactory alternate for the valve trombone, is known best for Cy Touff's work with Woody Herman in

the early '50s. Johnny Mandel has also played it in Count Basie's band and Dave Wells with Charlie Barnet (one of Barnet's albums is made up of arrangements built on the contrast between his soprano sax and Wells' bass trumpet).

The various marching band horns have nibbled furtively around the edges of jazz without finding a real place for themselves. Many jazzmen were assigned these horns when they played in their school bands and one of the more wistful, if futile, ways of wasting time is to consider what jazz might be like if they had stuck with these early instruments. Charlie Parker, for instance, began on baritone horn, and Erroll Garner played tuba in his school band. Whither bop, whither Sol Hurok if they had stayed with these horns?

Tom Stewart, who has played on several ABC-Paramount records, is practically the only tenor horn player in jazz, and Gus Mancuso, who has made an album for Fantasy, holds a similar position among baritone hornists. Neither of these instruments has, so far, shown any qualities that suggest there is much of a future for them in jazz. The alto horn, on the other hand, has fared extremely well in the hands of Dick Cary and Jimmy Boyd, who has recorded on it with James Moody.

One brass instrument which has had its fling in jazz and, praise be, gives no indication of making a comeback, is the bugle. Most of the Dixieland repertory has been bugleized by Buglin' Sam Dekemel, a New Orleans waffle vendor, and has managed to survive. But if the Dixieland repertory sounds tired and listless these days, you know why. 

OUT OF MY HEAD



By George Crater

No truth to the rumor that Ornette Coleman won the *Down Beat* poll under the category Musicians Whose Music Even Confuses Teo Macero . . . Come to think of it, whatever happened to Teo Macero?

Most big bands that survive on weekend one-nighters have a distinct problem, that of getting cats to go on the road. Most cats, and rightly so, have no eyes to drive from New York to Roanoke in one night with a bass peg wedged in the base of their neck. Then when they get there, a corny gig, a cup of coffee, back in the short and on from Roanoke to Tabor City, N. C., to play a yam festival. So the road managers of these big bands have got together and laid out a list of phrases *guaranteed* to get any musician to go on the road for the weekend. Here are a few:

1. But man, it's, like, really not that far—*it's turn-pike all the way* . . .
2. You see, man, the a&r man wants to record the band that made the road trip . . .
3. Man . . . did you ever dig the chicks in Hershey, Pa.?
4. Actually, man, we're just making these one-nighters to keep busy until the European tour starts . . .
5. Man, did anybody ever tell you you look just like Conrad Gozzo?

No truth to the rumor that Ornette Coleman's charts are by Ray Bradbury.

After seeing the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet at the Five Spot, I'm hip we should add them to the faculty of the Billy Taylor School for Jazz Musicians we spoke about last issue . . . See, Virginia? I told you cats could wail and still dig people.

The best definition of a pessimist I can think of is: someone who would give Zoot Sims a metronome for Christmas.

All I want to know is: is an evening of listening to Ornette Coleman covered by Blue Cross?

Junior has nabbed himself a chef who really has something to say, Moses Cole. Rumor has it that if you were to put one of Moses' spare-ribs on a turntable, it would play four choruses of Horace Silver's *Home Cooking*, two choruses of Miles playing *Walkin'*, and a minute and a half of Bessie Smith . . . in stereo.

That Dick Clark copped out pretty good, right?

For years cats have been screaming, "Bring back the

bands!" Actually, I guess it works because there are a lot of bands coming back on the scene. If you ask me, though, I think they're bringing back the wrong ones.

Do you realize how many kids are going to get hung up when some music publisher comes out with a book of note-for-note Ornette Coleman solos? And picture the poor cat who has to put them on paper.

I get the feeling John Coltrane is saying with his chops what Baby Lawrence says with his feet . . .

Latest rumor around town is that Buddy Rich is now going to give up his drumming career to join the Harry James band . . .

Maybe if we just ignore the Dukes of Dixieland and the Kingston Trio, they'll go away . . .

The lyrics to *Like Young* are ridiculous . . . and I'm ashamed of Ella . . .

The Lambert-Ross-Hendricks radio commercial for Ry-Krisp is enough to make me go on a diet . . . which in my case could be fatal . . .

You've got to hand it to Ornette Coleman; it's not every group that can play *How Deep Is the Ocean* in six different keys, all at the same time . . .

My one New Year's resolution: Despite a consistent record of broken New Year's resolutions, I firmly believe I will stand by this one from here to eternity (a pretty groovy flick). *I will never again mention Ornette Coleman in this column*, no matter how much I'm tempted . . . Happy New Year . . .



deebie's scrapbook # 26



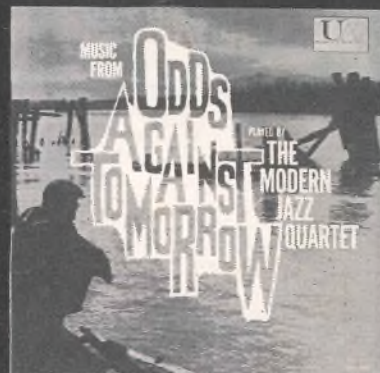
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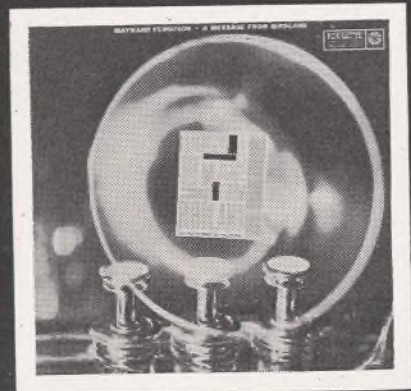
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in review

● Records

● Jazz Record Buyers Guide

● Blindfold Test

● Caught in the Act

Records are reviewed by Don Henahan, Don DeMicheal, Leonard Feather, Ralph J. Gleason, Ira Gitler, George Hoefer, John A. Tynan, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers. Ratings are: ★★★★★ excellent, ★★★★ very good, ★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor. [M] means monaural, [S] means stereo.

CLASSICS

Copland's No. 3

[M] AARON COPLAND—Everest LPBR-6018:
Third Symphony.
Personnel: Copland conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.

Rating: ★★★★★

Like Igor Stravinsky before him in this century, Copland has spent his later years trying vainly to run away from the popularity that embraced him because of his early ballet works.

The *Third Symphony*, which was completed in 1946, is a pivotal work in his development. Before it he had written *Billy the Kid*; *Rodeo*; *El Salon Mexico*; *Appalachian Spring*, and dozens of familiar pieces; since then he resolutely has gone in for more cerebral composing and has had few popular successes. The *Piano Fantasy* is never going to be played on the *Hit Parade*.

The *Third Symphony*, while full of typical Coplandish nostalgia, in the manner of *Appalachian Spring*, is definitely headed in the direction of more intellectual music. Perhaps it is this balance (or confusion, if you will) between the popular and the cerebral that makes the *Third Symphony* so fascinating. It is unquestionably one of Copland's strongest works. The composer conducts the London Symphony with a sure hand, and this is the definitive recording of this score. Impressively close up and exciting. (D.H.)

Bernstein's Pictures

[S] MOUSSORGSKY: *Pictures at an Exhibition*; RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *Capriccio Espagnol* — Columbia MS-6080.
Personnel: Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic.

Rating: ★★★

Both these flashy scores are the sort of music that Bernstein loves to tangle with, and he manages virile and colorful readings in both cases. The Moussorgsky is better captured, however, by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and Russia's Kiril Kondrashin with the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra not long ago demonstrated that the Rimsky-Korsakov warhorse has more poetry in it than Bernstein yet has found.

The Philharmonic sounds fine except for some medium-grade work from first-chair men in solo passages. (D.H.)

Heitor Villa-Lobos

[M] VILLA-LOBOS—United Artists UAL-7007:
Forest of the Amazon.
Personnel: Villa-Lobos conducting the Symphony of the Air; Bidu Sayao, soprano.

Rating: ★★★

Brazil's foremost composer, Villa-Lobos, was somewhere between 70 and 75 (his

birthdate was never officially settled) when he died in November. In his lifetime his music became recognized as that of a first-rank talent, and if the future declines to accept him among the masters, it may be because of his apparent inability to throw away a piece of paper once he had written some notes on it.

This record contains much that falls in the category of utility music (its 12 selections are reworkings from Villa-Lobos' score for the movie *Green Mansions*), and the level of inspiration is relatively low in perhaps half of the pieces.

In the remainder, Villa-Lobos' genius for creating atmosphere is unquestionably present. The strength of his earlier tone poems, such as *Irapuru*, is seldom recaptured, however, and one cannot avoid the suspicion that Villa-Lobos had worked out this creative vein before accepting this movie assignment. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Gene Ammons

[M] SOULFUL SAXOPHONE—Chess LP 1442:
My Foolish Heart; *Prelude to a Kiss*; *Good-by*; *Can Anyone Explain?*; *It's You or No One*; *Pennies from Heaven*; *Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe*; *You Go to My Head*; *Once in a While*; *It's the Talk of the Town*.
Personnel: Ammons, tenor saxophone; no other personnel listed.

Rating: ★½

This Chess, multicolored plastic record might as well be a buckwheat cake for all the syrup it contains.

I happen to dig Ammons, and I know he can play a convincing ballad. These, however, were echo-chambered for the jukebox trade in the early '50s. In spots his jazz talent shows through, as on *Talk of the Town*, but sugary sweetness pervades, reaching a nadir in the dog-tune, *Can Anyone Explain?*, which was a "hit" back then.

The only persons I can recommend this album to are ones who enjoy schmaltzy vocalists. For those interested, the order of tunes at the beginning of this review is correct. *Good-by* and *It's You or No One* are reversed from their listing on the label and liner. (I.G.)

Count Basie

[M] CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD—Roulette R 52032: *Blues in Hoss' Flat*; *HRH (Her Royal Highness)*; *Segue in C*; *Kansas City Shout*; *Speaking of Sounds*; *TV Time*; *Who, Me?*; *The Deacon*; *Half Moon Street*; *Mutt and Jeff*.

Personnel: Snooky Young, Thad Jones, John Anderson, Joe Newman, trumpets; Frank Wess, Frank Foster, Billy Mitchell, Marshall Royal, Charlie Fowlkes, reeds; Henry Coker, Al Gray, Benny Powell, trombones; Eddie Jones, bass; Sonny Payne, drums; Freddie Green, guitar; Count Basie, piano.

Rating: ★★★★★

This band is, of course, the living defini-

tion of a type of togetherness undreamed of by the *Ladies Home Journal*. Even the fidgeting of Payne and the echo chamber of Roulette can't ruin it.

For this reviewer, this is one of the most satisfactory Basie LPs of recent date. There is evidence of new solo talent, the tunes are almost all superior essays in the blues, and there is a little less of the note of anger in the band's sound and more of mellowness.

Who, Me?, for instance (Frank Foster wrote it), is one of the grooviest numbers the band has had in its book in years, and the sax section here gets a touch of Lunceford in it. *Blues in Hoss' Flat* is one of those striding, stomping, almost marching things that really shakes you up to hear, and Coker and Newman both solo well. *The Deacon*, a Thad Jones number, showcases Gray, who is a very exciting trombonist, in a bit of preaching that is thoroughly enjoyable.

Mainly this LP represents a departure from the all-Neal Hefti-Ernie Wilkins days of the band (I'm not ranking either of those two excellent writers) and thus gives more variety than some Basie LPs. (R.J.G.)

Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers

[M] [S] AT THE JAZZ CORNER OF THE WORLD, VOL. 1—Blue Note 4015: *Hipsippy Blues*, *Justice*, *The Theme*, *Close Your Eyes*, *Just Coolin'*.

Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★★

The Jazz Messengers hit a high point in their next to last edition, which consisted of Lee Morgan, Benny Golson, Bobby Timmons, Jymie Merritt and Art Blakey. The departure of Golson has made clearly apparent how strong a guiding influence he was on the group. Although Golson is only a mildly interesting saxophonist, he is at least superior to Hank Mobley, his replacement.

But it was in his role as musical director that Golson's influence was most beneficial to this group. His creativity, imagination and taste gave the group's work some direction, form and individuality. Without him, it is slipping back into its earlier banality, as this record demonstrates.

What now remains of merit is a good rhythm section and one consistently good soloist: Timmons. The usually bristling and rousing Morgan is very disappointing here, rambling around in aimless fashion and dragging in several ridiculous quotes (possibly this is "the element of humor" in his playing that is referred to in the liner notes).

Simply as a social document, this record

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has its interesting points. It was recorded at Birdland and Pee Wee Marquette, who introduces Blakey as "Blue Note's excluded artist," skills for applause twice on one side while Blakey, on the other side, urges his listeners to "remember your applause goes on these records." This, of course, can only be taken as an admission that the performers themselves are incapable of winning any show of appreciation from their audience. We have come to expect this sort of cheap steaming-up from the witless emcees who infest jazz concerts and clubs, but do we have to be subjected to it on a record, too?

On the other hand, Leonard Feather's liner notes seem to be breaking new ground. In addition to commenting on the musicians, the music and the circumstances of the recording, as is customary, Feather also remarks on the spiritedness of Marquette's announcements, on the geniality of the co-operation extended by the manager of Birdland at the recording session, and on the stirring qualities of the cover photo. This is really touching all the bases.

Eddie Costa

[M] [S] THE HOUSE OF BLUE LIGHTS—Dot DLP 3206: *The House of Blue Lights; My Funny Valentine; Diane; Annabelle; When I Fall in Love; What's To Ya.*

Personnel: Eddie Costa, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Easily one of the best, if not *the* best

disc in the rather sparse Dot jazz catalog, this album is a fascinating portrait of one of the most exciting and unconventional pianists in modern jazz—Eddie Costa.

Listening repeatedly to his pianistic approach, one becomes increasingly convinced that this young man is as far removed from cliché and tired thought forms as the poles of the earth are from each other. Sometimes his utterly original concepts take strange, melodramatic twists, as in *Valentine*, which snakes into unexpected avenues of meter and harmony. He switches abruptly from keyboard thunder of rolling power to delicately wrought single note patterns. *Diane* has a stunning climax with Costa playing sustained chords in 4/4 while Motian maintains an ultra-fast 3/4 pattern on the top cymbal and Marshall walks three all the way home.

If Costa shows a weakness, it is one often believed characteristic of Dave Brubeck's playing—over-reliance on the pounding-for-effect that sometimes verges on bombast. Still, when Costa *does* pull out all stops and unleashes his thunderstorms, the effect is invariably one of excitement building to crescendo. For one of his distinguishing characteristics is a sure grasp of the value of dynamics, whether in massive two-handed chordal passages or funky single lines.

Marshall and Motian make valuable contributions, not only because of their

JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

For the benefit of jazz record buyers, *Down Beat* provides a listing of jazz LPs rated four stars or more during the preceding five-issue period. LPs so rated in this issue will be included in the next listing.

★★★★★

- Charlie Byrd, *Byrd in the Wind* (Offbeat OJ-3005)
 Gil Evans, *Great Jazz Standards* (World Pacific WJ-1270)
 Jon Hendricks-George Russell, *New York, N. Y.* (Decca DL 79216)
 Charlie Mingus, *Mingus Ah Um* (Columbia CS 8171)
 Miles Davis, *Jazz Track* (Columbia CL 1268)
 John Lewis, *Odds Against Tomorrow* (United Artists UAL 4061)
 ★★★★★½
- Doc Evans, *Muskrat Ramble* (Audiophile AP-56)
 Art Farmer-Benny Golson, *Brass Shout* (United Artists UA S-5047)
 ★★★★★
- Ellington-Hodges, *Back to Back* (Verve MG V-8317)
 Merle Koch, *Shades of Jelly-Roll* (Carnival CLP-102)
 Bud Powell, *The Scene Changes* (Blue Note 4009)
 Sims-Cohn-Woods, *Jazz Alive, a Night at the Half Note* (United Artists UAL 4040)
 Si Zentner, *A Thinking Man's Band* (Liberty LST-7133)
 Julian Adderley, *Cannonball Takes Charge* (Riverside RLP 12-303)
 Ruby Braff, *Blowing Around the World* (United Artists UAL 3045)
 Herb Geller All-Stars, *Gypsy* (ATCO 33-109)
 Thad Jones, *Motor City Scene* (United Artists UAL 4025)
 Bob Brookmeyer-Bill Evans, *The Ivory Hunters* (United Artists UA S-6044)
 Ben Webster, *Ben Webster and Associates* (Verve MG V-8318)
 Ornette Coleman, *The Shape of Jazz to Come* (Atlantic 1317)
 John Coltrane/Paul Quinnette, *Cattin'* (Prestige 7158)
 Vic Dickenson/Joe Thomas, *Mainstream* (Atlantic 1303)
 J. J. Johnson, *Really Livin'* (Columbia CL 1383)
 Charlie Rouse/Frank Foster, *Taylor's Tenors* (New Jazz 8219)
 Shelly Manne, *Son of Gunn!!* (Contemporary 3566)
 James Moody, *James Moody* (Argo 648)
 Bob Prince, *Saxes, Inc.* (Warner Bros. W-1336)

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We are particularly pleased for two of Riverside's top exclusive artists: *THELONIOUS MONK*, 2nd among pianists for the second straight year; and *CANNONBALL ADDERLEY*, up from a distant 4th in '58 to finish 2nd (just a shade out of first) on *alto sax*.

Congratulations also to Riverside's *BILL EVANS*, soaring up from nowhere (20th) to a strong 6th among pianists; and to *PHILLY JOE JONES*, who rose from 8th to a close 4th on drums. And watch out for our latest find, *WES MONTGOMERY*, debuting as 10th among guitarists.

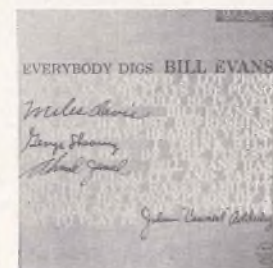
It's also satisfying to note the fine showings of many others featured on Riverside LPs: Herbie Mann (1st—flute); Sonny Rollins (2nd—tenor); Max Roach (2nd—drums); Pepper Adams (2nd — baritone); Benny Golson (4th — tenor).



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technical excellence and gusty swinging, but because of the deep understanding they show of Costa's requirements. Working with such a pianist, many rhythm teams would certainly end up in Bellevue.

This is a most impressive piano album and is heartily recommended. (J.A.T.)

Emile Christian

EMILE CHRISTIAN AND HIS NEW ORLEANS JAZZ BAND—Southland LP 223: *Mardi Gras Parade*; *Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?*; *Rhythm Kings' Lament*; *I Have a Feeling for You*; *San Sue Strut*; *You Always Hurt the One You Love*; *Sobbin' Blues*; *I Lost My Heart in Dixieland*.

Personnel: Mike Lala, trumpet; Harry Shields, Raymond Burke, clarinets; Robert Havens, trombone; Joe Capraro, banjo; Monk Hazel, drums; Armand Hug, piano; Christian, bass or trombone; Phil Dooley, vocals.

Rating: ★★

Veteran New Orleans trombonist-bassist Christian (he was Eddie Edwards' replacement in the Original Dixieland Jass Band) makes his debut as a leader with this LP. It's too bad it wasn't a more auspicious endeavour. This is another in the dreary series of recordings, issuing from the Crescent City, that try to recapture the glory that was New Orleans jazz but fail pitifully.

I think it significant that the recordings that not only recapture this spirit but also contain the creativity essential to N.O. jazz are those featuring men such as George Lewis, Kid Howard, Jim Robinson, Baby Dodds, or Bunk Johnson. Historically, most N.O. fans would agree that the bands of Oliver, Morton, Johnny Dodds (the Feetwarmers series), and Armstrong cut such bands as the NORK, ODB, and others of their ilk to ribbons.

Although this album is pallid when compared with vintage N.O. jazz, it, nevertheless, does have some good, if not memorable, moments. Robert Havens sounds like one of the best things to happen to the Crescent City since gold was discovered in the French Quarter. His facile Teagardenish trombone is featured on *I Have a Feeling*. Armand Hug solos nicely throughout the LP, but he plays especially well on *Bill Bailey*. Lala drives the closing ensemble choruses with fire if not too much imagination, but some of his solos are too sweet for my taste. Ray Burke is heard only in duets with Shields on two tracks. This is regrettable, for Burke is one of the most sensitive and moving clarinetists ever to call New Orleans home. Shields, on the other hand, tends to be a bit weak in ensemble and undistinguished in solo. It is interesting, though, to hear his Leon Rap- polo break in *Sobbin'*.

If you're new to New Orleans jazz, this LP may hold some interest for you, but if you've been exposed to the work of the old masters, better skip it. (D.DeM.)

Lou Donaldson-Three Sounds

LD 3—Blue Note 4012: *Three Little Words*; *Smooth Groove*; *Just Friends*; *Blue Moon*; *Jump Up*; *Don't Take Your Love from Me*; *Confirmation*.

Personnel: Donaldson, alto; Gene Harris, piano; Andrew Simpkins, bass; Bill Dowdy, drums.

Rating: ★★

Donaldson already has shown that he is a slickly swinging offshoot of Charlie Parker who has a sense of direction and a polish that are missing from most of the other Parker-bred altos. But while there

is always velocity in his attack, he produces a sound that is sufficiently constant and unchanging to become monotonous after a while.

These selections with the Three Sounds illustrate both the swinging drive and the lack of variety that characterize his work. Pianist Harris is a chugging, charging soloist who would be a good deal more interesting if he did not construct all his solos on one basic pattern. This is a perfectly presentable set but somewhat pointless—like one more Jonah Jones LP. (J.S.W.)

Curtis Fuller

SLIDING EASY—United Artists UAL 4041: *Bit of Heaven*; *Down Home*; *I Wonder Where Our Love Has Gone*; *Bongo Bop*; *When Lights Are Low*; *C.T.A.*

Personnel: Curtis Fuller, trombone; Lee Morgan, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★

Excellent men, good arrangements plus better-than-average compositions should add up to more than a run-of-the-mill LP; even though this album has all these qualities the sum is less than the parts. There is a fourth quality that is missing: fire. Without this ingredient to weld the parts together this album falls short of achieving its potential.

Curtis Fuller is in possession of one of the most facile techniques in the field of jazz trombone, but in this collection he fails to project much in the way of emotional warmth. Although his playing is on a high level throughout, it doesn't reach those peaks of inspiration we've come to expect in the best performances. His best playing is on *Down Home* and *C.T.A.*, but even on these he seems to keep his emotions in check.

On the other hand, Lee Morgan plays with great fire, humor, and imagination on most tracks. His spirited solos are the biggest kicks on the disc. Mobley's work is rather undistinguished except on *C.T.A.*, the best track of the album.

Gigi Gryce and Benny Golson did the well-thought-out arrangements. Both voiced the ensembles well, getting a big sound from the three horns. They did not stop here, however, but wrote interesting background figures and driving out-choruses. This is the difference between real arrangements and the unison lead lines which pass as such.

This could have been a top-drawer album, but with its low *B.T.U.* rating it falls to a lower category. (D.DeM.)

Ed Summerlin

LITURGICAL JAZZ—Ecclesia ER-101: *Prelude*; *Collect for Purity of Heart*; *Hymn of Praise (Love Divine)*; *Service of Confession (Scripture Sentences, Call to Confession, General Confession, Prayer of Absolution, The Lord's Prayer)*; *Service of the Word (Versicle, Venite, Old Testament Hymn, Old Testament Lesson)*; *Te Deum*; *New Testament Lesson*; *Benedictus*; *The Apostles' Creed*; *Witness to the Word*; *Sermon*; *Service of Offering (Song without Words, Versicle, Collect of the Day, Collect for Peace, Collect for Grace to Live Well, The Grace)*; *After-Service (Hymn: Soldiers of Christ, Arise, Benediction)*; *Postlude*.

Personnel: Summerlin, conductor, tenor saxophone; Bob Thomas, alto saxophone; Earl Dhus, tenor saxophone; Morgan Powell or Dee Barton, trombone; Bob Foutz or Marvin Stamm, Tom Wirtel, trumpets; Gene Gandy, piano; Rich O'Donnell, drums; Don Ratterree, bass.

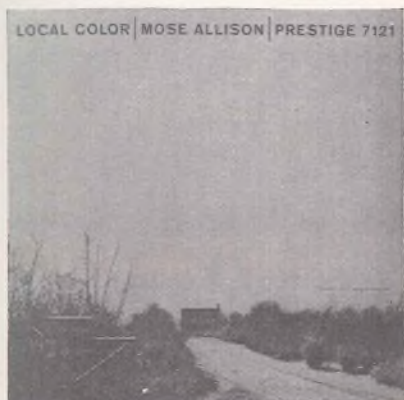
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Summerlin has produced a remarkable score for this attempt to integrate jazz with

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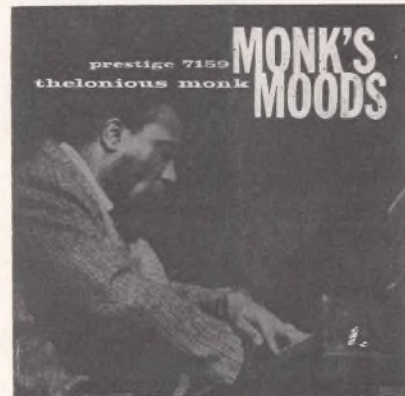
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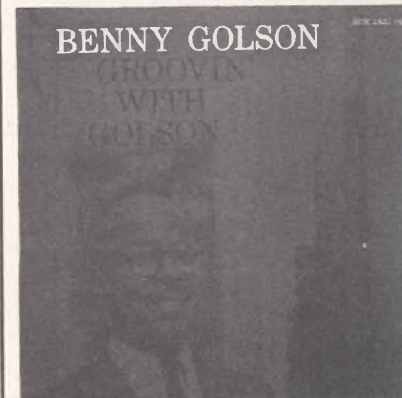
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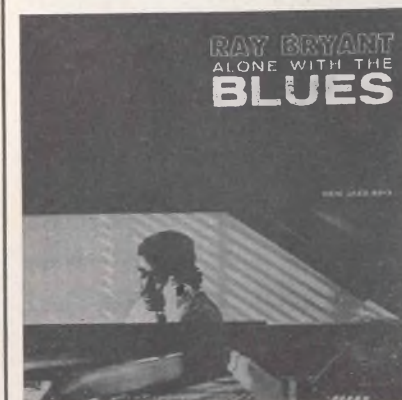
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a liturgical service. Others before him have tried the same thing, but those attempts took the form of pseudo-jazz or jammed standards. Not so Summerlin's; his is a swinging modern composition, complete with improvisation and driving section work. It may shock, even infuriate, fundamentalists and probably most of the more liberal churchmen as well.

Even jazz fans may shake their heads and back down on using jazz in church, but if art is to God's glory, then why should jazz be excluded from the church? There is nothing innate in music that makes it sacred or secular; therefore, there can be no rational objection to jazz in a religious service.

A striking contrast between traditional and jazz treatment of hymns is made by Summerlin by following the old with the new. The best examples of his very skilled writing are the prelude and postlude; on these the band swings right along and is not subordinated to the spoken part of the service.

The composer fails to integrate the music with the spoken service in a few places such as the venite of the *Spoken Word Service* section, but in other parts the combination of music and speech builds to tingling climaxes. The walking bass backing the general confession and the drum solo behind the benediction are not only imaginative but also serve a function of greatly enhancing these parts of the service.

There are many excellent solos by the members with the leader's tenor and Powell's trombone outstanding.

The service is conducted by the Rev. Roger Ortmyer, an ordained minister and teacher. The lessons he chose for the recording and his sermon are quite pertinent to this radical venture. The analogy he draws in his sermon is quite charming and to the point. The symbolism in the Old and New Testament selections is subtle but not obscure.

This LP, although it falters sometimes in accomplishing complete integration, is of great significance to clergy and jazz fan alike. Listen with an open mind.

(D.DeM.)

The Mastersounds

☐ ☐ HAPPY HOLIDAYS FROM MANY LANDS—World Pacific 1280: *Deck the Halls, Arre Borrquita, Bells for Charla, Pobre Gitanilla, Noel Nouvelet, Compose di Natale, White Christmas, O Tannenbaum, Rudolph the Red Nose (sic) Reindeer, The Christmas Song, Caroling Caroling, Jingle Bells, We Wish You a Merry Christmas.*

Personnel: Buddy Montgomery, vibes; Richie Crabtree, piano; Monk Montgomery, bass; Benny Barth, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

The Mastersounds now have enough of a discography behind them to indicate that their interests lie less in jazz than in a sort of starchy chamber music. This collection of Christmas songs, which includes some pleasant melodies from France, Italy and Spain, as well as our own familiar and overdone seasonal songs, is treated with uninspired respect most of the way.

For some reason, *Deck the Halls* is one of the few pieces which the quartet approaches with a jazz attack and, within the context of the record as a whole, the result is rather pointless. On a disc that is generally satisfactory as seasonal background

music, the basic feeling and spirit of *Deck the Halls* are lost completely in the Mastersounds variations and it runs counter to the effect the group builds through the rest of the record. And this is not because it is not possible to take a jazz approach to traditional Christmas music that gives a fair show to both tradition and jazz—the Modern Jazz Quartet has done this extremely well with *God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen* on *The Modern Jazz Quartet at Music Inn*, Atlantic 1247. (J.S.W.)

Sonny Stitt

☐ ☐ A LITTLE BIT OF STITT—Roost LP 2235: *When the Red, Red Robbin' Comes Bob, Bob Bobbin' Along; For All We Know; I'm Concessin' That I Love You; Cocktails for Two; Star Eyes; On a Slow Boat to China; Laura; J. B. Blues; Don't Take Your Love from Me; After the Late, Late Show.*

Personnel: Stitt, alto and tenor saxophones; unidentified accompaniment.

Rating: ★ ★ 1/2

Frankly, this reviewer was left cold by this LP. It's good, in the sense that Stitt is a competent technician and a consistent performer, but it is somewhat desultory in manner and content, and the result is that even the pretty tunes are something of a bore.

(R.J.G.)

Sam (The Man) Taylor

☐ MORE BLUE MIST—M-G-M 3783: *Tenderly; Prelude to a Kiss; I'm in the Mood for Love; If I Ever Love Again; Reflections; Stella by Starlight; Love Me; Willow, Weep for Me; This Love of Mine; She's Funny That Way; I Should Care; Close Your Eyes.*

Personnel: Taylor, tenor, and unlisted accompaniment.

Rating: ★

Give Taylor credit for showing more appreciation of the melodies involved in this outpouring of purple whipped cream. And give him credit, too, for avoiding the



excesses of sentimentality he might have achieved. But beyond that, there is little that is commendable to be found in this collection of droning, plodding dilutions of some very good tunes.

Taylor whooshes breathily into each piece and then clumps monotonously along, backed by organ, strings, and one of those ethereal vocal groups.

(J.S.W.)

VOCAL

Clara Ward

☐ HALLELUJAH!—Dot 3186: *Walk with Me; All God's Chillun Got Shoes; Peace in the Valley; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Goodnight, God; When We Get Up There; Silver Wings; Deep River; Oh, Glory Hallelujah; The Lord Will Understand; Take My Hand, Precious Lord; I Am So Happy.* Personnel: Miss Ward, gospel singer, accompanied by her singing group and organ.

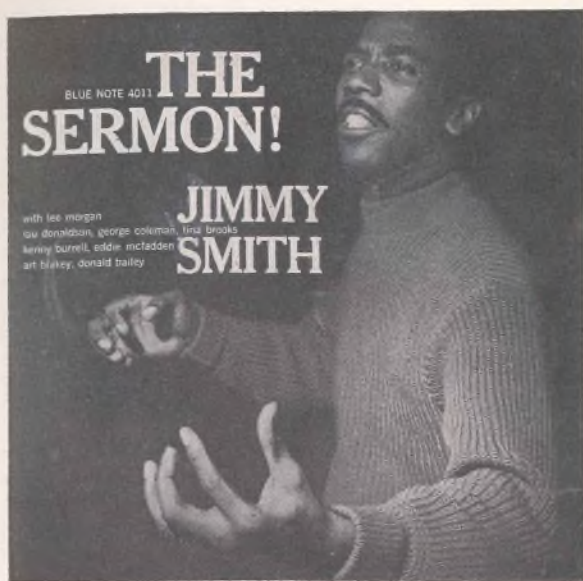
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This album vividly illustrates the close relationship between the time-honored spirituals and gospel singing of the Negro and the free emotional expression of jazz.

An interesting fact is mentioned in the

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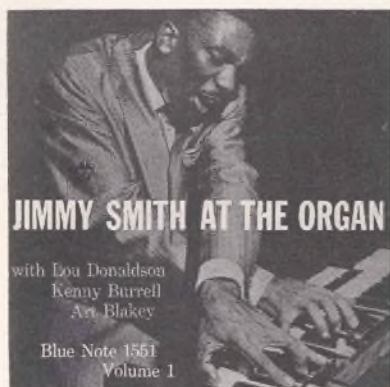
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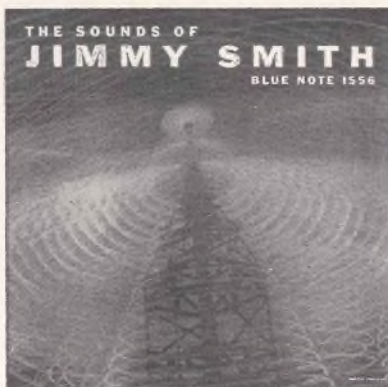
J.O.S. is a "cooker" while Flamingo showcases Lee Morgan and Kenny Burrell in a moving rendition of this beautiful ballad.

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All Day Long

BLUE NOTE 1551



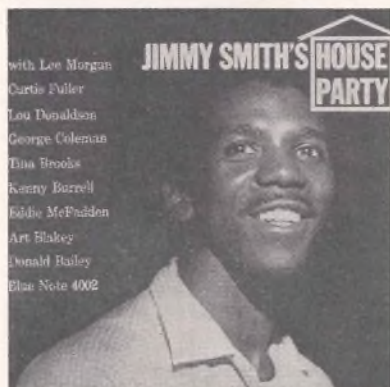
The Sounds of Jimmy Smith

BLUE NOTE 1556



At "Smalls" Paradise"

BLUE NOTE 1585/1586



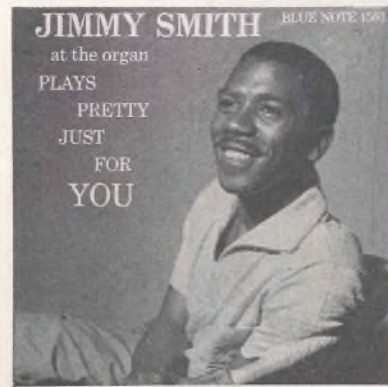
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album's liner notes regarding the difference between spirituals and gospel singing. They refer to an interview Miss Ward had with Ren Grevatt of England's *Melody Maker* recently. Miss Ward observed, "Spirituals came from the slaves and were written in bondage by slaves who were entreating the Lord for their salvation. The spirituals gave birth to the blues, which at one time were only sad songs. Gospel songs are often happy and are taken straight from Bible stories."

This particular set is, for the most part, a collection of happy songs, as the title *Hallelujah* implies. They are full of hope and an inspiring expression of a better world to come. This is the kind of driving force, so basically real and honest, that will make for a better world, much sooner than will atomic-powered kitchens.

The jazz student cannot fail to be impressed by Miss Ward's phrasing and her projection of emotion. It is hoped that Mahalia Jackson, one of the greatest singers of our time, some day will appreciate the affinity of the jazz soul and the religious soul and not decline to perform in a jazz context. (G.H.)

Joe Williams

EVERY DAY I HAVE THE BLUES—Roulette R 52033: *Every Day; Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?; Going to Chicago; Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?; Joe Sings the Blues; Shake, Rattle, and Roll; Just a Dream; Cherry Red; Good Mornin' Blues; What Did You Win?; Ain't No Use.*

Personnel: Snooky Young, Thad Jones, John Anderson or Wendell Culley, Joe Newman, trumpets; Henry Coker, Al Gray, Benny Powell, trombones; Billy Mitchell, Frank Wess, Frank Foster, Marshall Royal, Charlie Fowlkes, reeds; Eddie Jones, bass; Sonny Payne, drums; Freddie Green, guitar; Count Basie, piano; Williams, vocals.

Rating: ★★☆☆

The Basie band intact accompanies Williams on this LP, which, released under his name, enables them to bring out another version of *Every Day*, this one with the tempo up a little and some of the phrasing sounding a little hurried. It doesn't have the sock of the original.

The rest of the LP is top notch, however, with the Basie band really shining as an accompanying instrument, especially on things like *Goin' to Chicago* (on which the saxes moan unforgettably). This tune, incidentally, is actually a track from the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross LP *Sing Along with Basie*. It's a gas, though.

Williams is at his best in a shouting blues numbers, such as *Shake, Rattle and Cherry Red*, but the slower ones, such as *Ain't No Use*, are not among my favorites. This is his best album under his own name, however. (R.J.G.)

Jimmy Witherspoon

JIMMY WITHERSPOON AT MONTEREY—Hifijazz J421: *No Rollin' Blues; Good Rockin' Tonight; Big Fine Girl; Ain't Nobody's Business; When I Been Drinkin'.*

Personnel: Jimmy Witherspoon, vocals; Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, tenors; Woody Herman, clarinet; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Earl Hines, piano; Vernon Alley, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

First of the sets recorded last October at Monterey to be released, this album accurately captures the excitement and joy of the closing moments of the festival's first evening.

Witherspoon, a colossus of blues singing, was in top form and can be heard exhort-

ing his companions to sometimes inspired levels of performance. His hearty, full-throated voice spells out the message of the blues with such consistency that it is difficult to single out any one track over the others. *Ain't Nobody's*, though, is a real milestone.

Instrumental solo highspots are many, as when Woody Herman strolls onstage to blow a typically passionate solo in *Good Rockin'*, or Eldridge's screamer in *Big Fine Girl*.

The three giants of these performances are Hawkins, Webster and Hines. The latter, who plays solely as accompanist throughout, has seldom sounded richer. Dig his introduction to *Ain't Nobody's* for one example (and he provides many here) of timeless artistry. On the same track there is an exquisitely expressed tenor solo by Webster that has 'Spoon yelping with delight. Then comes Hawkins' fierce preaching solo on *Drinkin'* which slashes and rips like a bulldozer through underbrush. *Good Rockin'* and *Girl* are medium up blues with another robust Hawkins performance on the former.

The only weak spot in the set will be found on *Girl*, in which the tempo drops sharply. Oddly, this doesn't seem to lessen the excitement and is noted here in passing. It does not, moreover, lessen the album rating.

Both for the music and as a souvenir of some very stimulating moments in jazz and monumental blues singing, this album is an excellent achievement. Producer Dave Axelrod is to be congratulated not only for the assembled talent, but for the recording quality in view of difficult conditions existing on what was a pretty wild location date. (J.A.T.)

**OLD WINE
NEW BOTTLES**

Hammond Concerts

SPIRITUALS TO SWING—Vanguard 8523-4: *I Got Rhythm; Flying Home; Memories of You; Stompin' at the Savoy; Honeysuckle Rose; Blues with Helen; Mortgage Stomp; Don't Be That Way; One O'Clock Jump; Blues with Lips; Rhythm Man; Good Morning Blues; Way Down Yonder in New Orleans; Paging the Devil; I Ain't Got Nobody; Mule Walk; Carolina Shout; Weary Blues; Sister Kate; Gospel Train; I'm on My Way; Four-Day Creep; Mountain Blues; The New John Henry; It's All Right, Baby; Cavalcade of Boogie; Done Got Wise; Louise; What More Can Jesus Do?; My Mother Died Ashoutin'; Lady, Be Good.*

Personnel: See below.

Rating: ★★★★★

The two *Spirituals to Swing* concerts that John Hammond presented at Carnegie hall in December of 1938 and 1939 were of tremendous importance not only because of the manner in which they demonstrated the development and scope of jazz up to that time but also as showcases for the then-unknown (to New York and to the jazz audience in general) talents of the Golden Gate Quartet (*Gospel Train*), Sonny Terry (*Mountain*), Joe Turner (*It's All Right*), Pete Johnson, Albert Ammons, Meade Lux Lewis (*Cavalcade*), Big Bill Broonzy (*Louise*), and Mitchell's Christian Singers (*What More*).

They brought James P. Johnson and Ida Cox (*Creep*) out of virtual retirement, gave Charlie Christian a rare opportunity to

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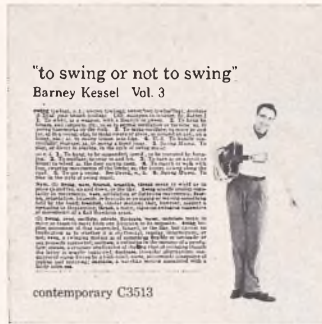
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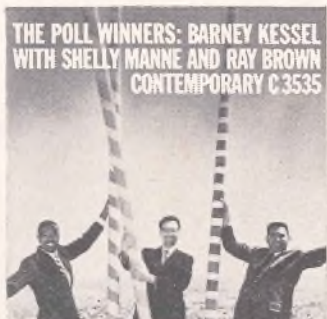
Barney & quintet featuring Bob Cooper, oboe & tenor sax, on 12 favorites like *My Old Flame*, *Speak Low*, *Love Is Here To Stay*, etc. C3512



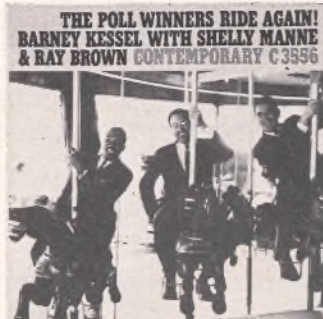
Barney in a free-wheeling session with "Sweets" Edison, Bill Perkins, Georgie Auld, Red Mitchell, Jimmie Rowles, Shelly Manne, etc. C3513



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play with Count Basie's Kansas City Six (*Way Down Yonder*) and reunited Sidney Bechet with Tommy Ladnier (*Sister Kate*) and Hot Lips Page with the Basie band (*Blues with Lips*).

The recordings of these concerts (made with a single overhead microphone, as the Benny Goodman Carnegie hall concert in January, 1938, was recorded) have been Hammond's private pleasure for the last 20 years, and while the sound that has been extracted from them is, all things considered, generally good, one suspects that some of it might have been better (the Page-Basie *Blues with Lips*, for instance) if Hammond had not played the acetates quite so enthusiastically during those years.

Still, you can't blame him because this is one of the most consistently fascinating jazz sets ever released from (to follow the title) the extraordinary spirituals of Mitchell's Christian Singers to the surging swing of a Benny Goodman Sextet (*Savoy, Honkeysuckle*), which had just gained the vitalizing presence of Christian.

Among the treasures it offers are several important additions to the recorded legacy of Lester Young, including his clarinet work behind a beautifully understated blues by Helen Humes (*Blues with Helen*) and a group of solos in his finest saxophone style with both the Basie band (*One O'Clock*) and Basie small groups (*Mortgage, Devil*); an unusually full, stomping piano solo by Basie (*Ain't Got Nobody*); James P. Johnson riding hard through his *Carolina Shout* and then joining Bechet and Ladnier in a superb *Weary Blues*; the youthful enthusiasm in Joe Turner's singing; the fire and spirit the three boogie-woogie pianists had (*Cavalcade*) before success reduced their playing to rote; the wild, exhilarating harmonies of Mitchell's Christian Singers, a group that might be much more widely appreciated today than they were two decades ago (they were the only Hammond proteges at these concerts who did not go on to later successes); the clean, crisp trumpet of Lips Page; the easy, effortlessly insinuating rhythm of Christian's solos with both the Goodman and Basie groups, but particularly with the latter; the forthright blues singing of Ida Cox, who is much better in her single number in this set than on the studio's records she made while she was playing at Cafe Society later, and the masterful blues phrasing of Broonzy (his selections are taken from the 1939 concert, rather than the 1938 one when tight new shoes and other aggravations reduced his singing to less than optimum).

There is possibly more representation for the Goodman sextet (five tunes) than is really necessary, and poor recording hampers two numbers by the full Basie band and a jam session involving the Goodman sextet, the Basie band, and the boogie-woogie pianists (*Lady, Be Good*). But these are minor points in a set that preserves so much that was (and, startlingly, still is) fresh and revealing. (J.S.W.)

Thelonious Monk

WORK—Prestige 7169: *Friday the Thirteenth, Work, Nutty, The Way You Look Tonight, I Want to Be Happy.*

Personnels: Track 1: Monk, piano; Sonny Rol-

lins, tenor sax; Julius Watkins, French horn; Percy Heath, bass; Willie Jones, drums; Tracks 2 and 3: Monk; Heath; Art Blakey, drums; Tracks 4 and 5: Rollins; Monk; Tommy Potter, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This is reissue material from three sessions—Nov. 13, 1953 (*Friday the Thirteenth*), Sept. 22, 1954 (*Work, Nutty*) and Oct. 25, 1954 (*The Way You Look Tonight, I Want to Be Happy*). Overall, these pieces show Monk in one of his less involved, more outgoing and lyrical periods, while Rollins, on the last session, is taking a firm hold on his own personal style.

The two trio selections, *Work* and *Nutty*, are the only fully realized pieces on the disc, for in both cases Monk is left alone with excellent rhythm support to weave his own peculiarly charming lines. This is a light and airy Monk, a refreshing side which is often obscured by the dour qualities of much of his playing. The two standards played by the quartet ride along happily but these are Rollins' pieces rather than Monk's and although the evolving Rollins style has vigor and brightness, he stays on far too long on both pieces.

The only real dog in the set is *Friday the Thirteenth*, a doleful, badly balanced performance with a thick, heavy feeling that even Monk is unable to shake in his solo. (J.S.W.)

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. Reviews will appear in future issues of *Down Beat*.

Ronnie Aldrich, *All-Time Jazz Hits* (Richmond M S 30058)

Count Basie's Orchestra, *Basie's Best* (Harmony M HL 7229)

Paul Chambers, *Go . . .* (Vee Jay M 1014)

Chris Connor, *Witchcraft* (Atlantic M 8032)

Wilbur DeParis Band, *That's Aplenty* (Atlantic M 1318)

Dukes of Dixieland, *At the Jazz Band Ball* (RCA Victor M LPM 2097)

Duke Ellington Orchestra, *Festival Session Newport '59* (Columbia M CL 1400 S CS 8200)

Eddie Heywood, *Breezin' Along with the Breeze* (Mercury M MG 20445)

Jazz Pickers, featuring Red Norvo, *Command Performance* (Mercury M S SR 60126)

Stan Kenton Orchestra, *The Kenton Touch* (Capitol M T-1276, S ST-1276)

Yusef Lateef, *Other Sounds* (New Jazz M LP 8218)

Jimmy Rushing, *Jimmy Rushing Lullabys* (Columbia M CL 1401 S CS 8196)

George Shearing Quintet, *Latin Affair* (Capitol M T-1275, S ST-1275)

Art Taylor, Charlie Rouse and Frank Foster, *Taylor's Tenors* (New Jazz M 8219)

Dinah Washington, *What a Difference a Day Made* (Mercury M MG-20479, S SR 60158)

Jimmy Witherspoon, *Feelin' the Spirit* (Hifirecord M R 422, S SR 422)



Ornette Coleman

By Leonard Feather



"You should try and be better tomorrow."

The Records

1. Various saxophonists. *Broadway* (Warner Brothers). Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, tenor saxophones; Herb Geller, Gene Quill, Phil Woods, alto saxophones.

Well, it sounded like a combination of an old-style band playing modern phrases together. A combination of old and new. The saxophones sound like the tenor-sax style of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, and the altos sound like the style of Charlie Mariano and Charlie Kennedy.

The arrangement as a whole is very musical, and the modulations within each complete cadence of phrases came out very good. It was a good musical band, and I would give it, for the musical aspects of it, four stars. For the writing, also.

2. Miles Davis. *All Blues* (Columbia). Bill Evans, piano; Davis, trumpet; John Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone.

I believe that was Bill Evans on piano, and as for the tune itself, it sounded that . . . Bill Evans played it definite, very beautiful from beginning to end, and it sounded as if Miles Davis was closer to the actual sound of what the tune was expressing than the other two artists, but they did play very beautiful on it.

I think the tune as a whole was a very beautiful tune with the modulation in half-step as so many bars that they play of just constantly improvising around a certain direction of a progression, which I believe Bill Evans was the most dominant figure on that particular side, but Coltrane and Cannonball sound very wonderful, playing with them, as far as being professional

and beautiful musicians, but Miles Davis seems to have had the closest execution and emotion to blend with the way Bill Evans was playing his chords for the instruments to play by. I would rate it five stars for Bill Evans and the soloists I would rate four stars.

3. Bud Shank-Bob Cooper. *Love Nest* (World Pacific). Shank, alto saxophone; Cooper tenor saxophone.

Bud Shank and Bob Cooper. One thing I would like to say about Bud Shank—I heard him play one night at a club, and as far as modern jazz is concerned, there is a certain modern way of playing that has the two-beat form of Dixieland as its roots, and it seemed to me that Bob Cooper and Bud Shank have definite grounds of swingin' in a two-beat style but playing modern, and I heard Bud Shank playing very good like that, and I enjoyed it—there's something about two-beat jazz that has a swing of its own and mostly the west coast musicians swing from a jazz point in two-beat style. Not that it's Dixieland, but there is a form of swinging in two-beat, which just seems to generate a happy feeling immediately without working up to a point of patten' your feet.

I like the tune as far as the swing of it—carrying the two-beat feeling, and the blending of the horns sounds good—in fact, it's a happy-sounding record, in that style. I would give Bud Shank four stars, because I like the way he swings in two-beat—but for the record as a whole I would say three.

4. Mercer Ellington. *Maraon* (Coral). Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone.

The style of alto sounds like the

style of Benny Carter or Johnny Hodges, in that vein, and it was played beautiful, and the band sounded very even behind the alto—I don't know who the band was. I don't know what to say about a thing like this, because when I usually listen to a soloist play with a big band, they're usually improvising, but this soloist sounds like, if he was improvising, it was very well perfected, because it didn't sound like it was very spontaneous, and the band sounded like it was a very wonderful organization together, playing behind a soloist.

The only thing I was moved with was the point of blending—I liked the musical blend of the whole thing, but no phrase of it stands out in my mind. I would rate it four stars as far as their blending musically together.

5. Yusef Lateef. *Sounds of Nature* (Savoy). Instrumentation includes earth board, fluegelhorn, Indian reed whistle, flute, and ocarina.

I would have liked to have heard an improviser of jazz going on at the same time that tune was being played. It's a very good tune for the effects of improvising.

For the tune as a whole, I like it for the freedom of direction, but I mostly like things that have causes more than effects, and this seemed to be a tune that is mostly effects. I don't get the cause clearly, but I think that if there had been a jazz improviser going on with these effects, the cause would have been expressed much more clearly.

I heard the effects of spontaneous execution—I heard those effects—and I heard the effects of different accents crossing each other—which must mean a very intelligent man thinking out

things to do like that.

It sounded like I heard a guitar, else a bass played very highly, and a trumpet, and either a trombone or a tenor saxophone and a flute, and drums—it sounded like a small combo that has immediately utilized their techniques of playing phrases in the free form of notation. I don't know if that was notated exactly the way I heard it, but the notation sounds very free.

It's a very good record as far as effects with music, and it sounded like Charlie Mingus. I would say four stars.

6. Charlie Mingus. *Bird Calls* (Columbia).

Well, that sounded in the same vein of the previous record, in the Charlie Mingus style of writing and playing, but I have one comment to say about the tune and the jazz improvising. If a person's going to play an improvised solo without striving to have a beat, then it shouldn't have anything to do with the previous tune that's written; and if he's going to play with an improvised solo *with* a beat, with the tune that's written, then I believe that's what he should do. But I don't believe it should be a cross between free improvising and a beat at the same time, because they just don't go together.

What I mean by a beat of music is when he's keeping up with the actual speed of the tune itself—the way the melody is phrased. They're not phrasing it together . . . I mean, if you're going to play together as a free form and still try to make like there's a beat in it. Maybe it can be done but I don't think it can be spontaneously and creative, as the other way . . . If it is to be done, then one should realize which one he's gonna do to make it better; not that that is bad, but I believe if you're gonna do a thing, even if you do it worse today, you should try and be better tomorrow.

The record as a whole, for the musicianship, seems to be as much as they could do at that moment . . . so for that moment alone, and musically, I would rate it three stars for the concept rather than for the tune or the playing.

7. Jesse Powell. *Jesse's Theme* (Jubilee). Jesse Powell, tenor saxophone; Eddie Williams, trumpet.

That was the Jazz at the Philharmonic style, and it sounds like it could be a good blues and rhythm date. I don't know who the soloists are, but they sound like they could be like the Flip Phillips-Illinois Jacquet style of playing tenor sax . . . The trumpet player I have no idea who it was. It sounds in the Howard McGhee-Roy Eldridge style.

I would rate it four stars for jazz and three for performance. You get the impression that they're trying to say

something, but they're not saying anything of interest to me. Three stars for the jazz.

8. Quincy Jones. *A Change of Pace* (Mercury). Harry Edison, trumpet; Phil Woods, alto saxophone.


That sounded like a good dance band . . . I don't know which one, but a very popular dance band. It sounded like a combination of three bands—Count Basie, Maynard Ferguson, and Les Brown.

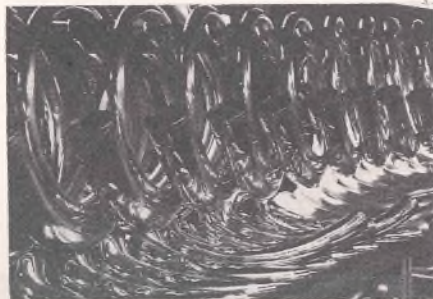
I don't have any idea who the soloists were, but it was a good dance band . . . Nothing out of the ordinary. I'll give it a three. It was very well played and had a good dance beat to it.

9. George Russell. *Livingstone, I Presume* (RCA Victor). Art Farmer, trumpet; Hal McKusick, alto saxophone.

That sounded like Hal McKusick and Art Farmer, and then it sounds like Lee Konitz and someone and then Gigi Gryce and Donald Byrd—it sounds like everybody . . . But the trumpet player sounds like Arthur Farmer to me because of the complete way Arthur has of phrasing. I thought it was Donald Byrd at first, but as I listened more . . . it might have been two trumpets—one sounded like Art Farmer to me, and the saxophone sounded at first like Lee Konitz and then like Gigi Gryce.

As for the tune itself, it was fairly good, but when I hear a tune played, I like to hear a difference between the tune and the improvising . . . I don't know if free execution limits a person from improvising, as if he was limited to a certain manner of execution. Like I believe that the execution of improvising should blend with the emotion—the emotion and the execution should blend together and then you would get more or less free improvising . . . But in certain cases where the technical part of a tune hinders the musician from free improvising, it seems I don't get the message that they actually hear something to play in that style of tune.

But I imagine it can be done, and Arthur Farmer, in that short a time, seems more experienced in playing, free-improvising, with that sort of writing, free execution of writing, where the thing they're playing, the way they're playing it doesn't sound like it's notated that way, and Arthur's the only one I know who seems to be able to improvise in the form of playing. Four stars. 



ORNETTE COLEMAN QUARTET
Five Spot Cafe, New York City

Personnel: Coleman, alto; Don Cherry, B-flat trumpet; Charlie Haden, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Some walked in and out before they could finish a drink, some sat mesmerized by the sound, others talked constantly to their neighbors at the table or argued with drink in hand at the bar. It was, for all this, the largest collection of VIPs the jazz world has seen in many a year. A sampling included John Hammond, John Mehegan, Marshall Stearns, Jack Lewis, Burt Korall, Eric Vogel (American correspondent for Germany's *Jazz Podium* magazine), Hsio Wen Shih, Gunther Schuller, Symphony Sid Torin, Pete Long, Bob Reisner, and the Ertegun brothers . . .

This special preview for the press brought forth mixed-up comments:

"He'll change the entire course of jazz." "He's a fake." "He's a genius." "I can't say; I'll have to hear him a lot more times." "He has no form." "He swings like HELL." "I'm going home and listen to my Benny Goodman trios and quartets." "He's out, real far out." "I like him, but I don't have any idea what he is doing."

Finally, one a&r man made the simple statement "I've got a recording date" and left.

The pianoless Coleman quartet performed for the most part Coleman originals. Two of the most rewarding numbers were *Compassion* and *Ramblings*, while a Charlie Parker influence was definitely present in *Bird Food* and *Parker's Tune*.

There is no doubting the fact that Ornette gets a new sound from his white plastic instrument and that he swings madly. It is also plainly evident that Coleman expresses himself in a wild, far-out manner, although personally he is a rather quiet, soft-spoken, and polite young man.

Cherry, with his miniature Pakistani trumpet, complements Coleman in both ensemble and solo work. It is a worthwhile combination from the latter's point of view, for it would be hard to think of any other trumpeter who would fit into Coleman's orbit.

Jazz can well use a new thrill, idea, or sound, something similar to what



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happened when a jaded swing era spawned Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk and Dizzy Gillespie in the early 1940s. But many critics feel that Coleman is back where Parker was in that groping period. —George Hoefer

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET Sutherland Lounge, Chicago

Personnel: Julian (Cannonball) Adderley, alto saxophone and leader; Nat Adderley, trumpet; Bobby Timmons, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Ralph Gleason was originally scheduled to write this review in San Francisco, but he chickened out: he thought that if he expressed himself on Cannonball's new group with the full measure of his rather formidable enthusiasm, people would think he was out of his skull.

Which leaves me facing exactly the same problem.

It swings. Good heavens, this group swings. From the moment Cannonball walks onto the stand and starts popping off the tempo with that alive, rotary hand motion of his, it swings. And when the group *hits*, everything is cooking. It doesn't matter whether it's the first set of the evening or the last.

The last time Cannonball played the Sutherland, he was a minion of Miles Davis. Now, even the impression given by his bandstand manner is modified. The man's natural warmth and exuberance is allowed full expression. He obviously digs having his own group again, digs his rhythm section, digs the audience, and above all digs the playing of Nat Adderley, who overcomes the handicap of being Cannonball's kid brother by sheer irrefutable excellence of trumpet playing.

The rapport between the two brothers, aside from being a wonderful, warm, and occasionally amusing thing to watch (Cannonball sometimes looks so proud of Nat he could bust), contributes much to the cohesion of the group.

Cannonball's aggressive playing, which conveys the impression that he is determined to swing come hell or high water, is beautifully complimented by Nat's rather more modest and lyrical approach. Nat combines in his playing elements of Miles and elements of his brother and something that is his own, so that increasingly he is an individual artist. Those elements that are found in the playing of both Nat and Cannonball serve almost like a glue, holding the whole thing together.

Not that Timmons, Jones and Hayes aren't contributing. Hayes and Jones work beautifully together, and Hayes solos are sometimes superb. Timmons



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is always there with his concrete comping, and adds further to the variations in the group's color when he solos.

Pop standards don't seem to find much place with Cannonball's group. Jazz standards are the order of the evenings, and such tunes as *Hi-Fly*, *Moanin'*, and *Bohemia After Dark* are emphasized.

This is an amazingly solid group, lacking the disorganization so common to blowing groups, and lacking also the effete and tame effect of all too many "integrated" groups where the emphasis is on the writing.

Perhaps Dmitri Shostakovich (see *Perspectives*, last issue) was able to conceal his interest in the group ("I think he dug it," Cannonball says), but like the aforementioned Mr. Gleason, I do not find reticence so easy.

—Gene Lees

CHAMBER JAZZ SEXTET

The Digger, East Los Angeles

Personnel: Allyn Ferguson, piano; French horn; Stu Williamson, trumpet; Charlie Kennedy, alto; Bill Perkins, tenor, baritone; Buddy Clark, bass; Frank Capp, drums.

Any similarity between Ferguson's new group and the combo originally called the Chamber Jazz Sextet is non-existent. Whereas the original CJS concentrated on performance of Ferguson's complex and intellectually slanted arrangements, this new group is strictly a hard-driving, blowing combo.

Because of the caliber of the individual musicians involved, emphasis is put on solos. Williamson is an impeccable musician, heard to best advantage in muted work. Kennedy, by now one of the veterans of modern jazz, still is playing with intensity and a conception not so dependent on Charlie Parker as heretofore. Perkins' tenor and baritone solos are consistently exciting. He blows baritone like a tenor, yet has the feel of the bigger horn.

Ferguson, who concentrates mainly on rhythm piano, has assembled a book of well-written, functional arrangements mostly by himself. His French horn double during ensemble choruses adds depth and color to the group that results in a surprisingly big sound.

The rhythm team of Clark and Capp works well and strongly in churning up a storm behind the front line and soloists. Both are currently playing impressively, Clark with big, hard, driving tone, and Capp with sure-shot time and the technique to execute percussive ideas of substance.

This is a group that definitely could make it — if it can stay together. But the name's got to go . . . If this is "chamber jazz," call the chambermaid, Jim.

—John Tynan

My sincerest thanks

Don Elliott

(one of the "Nutty Squirrels")



Jazz musicians such as Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Maynard Ferguson, and Lou McGarity can make a great deal of loot, build homes on Long Island, and have a comparatively short work week, if they will just attach themselves to a radio/television studio, sit still, and play the required notes. But this kind of musical activity just won't satisfy a jazz musician.

All of the mentioned musicians have been on staff orchestras at one time or another, and all have chucked the deal for the headaches of having their own groups.

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ED SHERMAN

musical independence is trombonist McGarity, who has played in studio bands used in radio and TV for the Steve Allen, Arthur Godfrey, Garry Moore, and other variety shows.

McGarity, now 42, was born in Athens, Ga. He left the University of Georgia to become a professional musician with the Kirk Devore orchestra of Atlanta.

In 1937, Lou arrived in New York City with his eye on the big band time. His first name group job was with Nye Mayhew's band, then playing the Glen Island casino. They came Ben Bernie's orchestra for two years and, finally, in 1940, he made the true big time when he joined the Benny Goodman orchestra.

His next assignment was in the navy during World War II. In those days, you got your job back after discharge, and in 1946 McGarity was back with Goodman.

But like many other musicians, McGarity was bitten by the California fever and settled in Los Angeles. On the west coast, he played with Red Nichols, David Rose, and Bing Crosby.

But after five years on the coast, he returned to New York and joined the forces of the studio bands.

The confinement has now lasted eight years, and Lou McGarity is itchy to play jazz for a living. He has, of course, played jazz concerts, record dates, and a few club dates during the last few years. But now he wants jazz full time. The Lou McGarity Quintet's successful album of *Some Like It Hot*, made earlier this year for Jubilee, stimulated Lou's desire for a band of his own.

For the past few months, Lou and his quintet have been rehearsing and working up a book, with their sights on jazz club dates and, eventually, the festivals and concert halls. His group lines up as follows: McGarity, trombone, vocals, and leader; Dick Cary, piano and peck horn (euphonium); Bob Wilbur, clarinet, bass clarinet, and tenor saxophone; Doc Severinsen, trumpet; Jack Lesberg, bass; George Barnes, guitar, and Don Marino, drums. Marino also serves as manager of the band.

Now, the group has another album under its belt. Recorded under the supervision of Jack Tracy for Argo, it's a disc with a gimmick, a seemingly inescapable part of LP merchandising today. Every tune has the word "blue" in its title. For example, there are *Blue Moon*; *Black and Blue*; *Blue Champagne*; *Blue, Turning Gray over You*.

The album title, needless to say, is *Blue Lou*. It is hoped that the disc gives the McGarity group a sound send-off—thereby rescuing one of the better trombonists of our day from the tedium of the studios.

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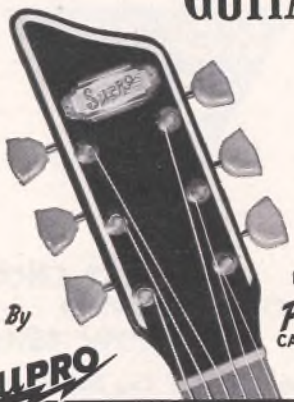


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AD LIB (Continued)

nighter Jan. 25 at a plush beach hotel. He is also being considered for a spot as a leading figure in a Mexican musical to be presented in Mexico City next year . . . **Fred Reynolds** has moved out of the RCA Victor record division on 24th St., where he has been the jazz artists and repertoire man for the past four years. No replacement yet . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet** returned from Europe Dec. 19. The men are planning to expand their travels to the Eastern European area during 1960. The group has received bids to play in Yugoslavia, Poland, and Hungary . . . A new night club called the Baby Doll is being made ready on East 52nd St. Word is trumpeter **Bobby Sherwood** will be its star attraction.

Len Guttridge's book on **Jack Teagarden** will be published by Casell's of London next spring. The **Gigi Gryce** Quintet has signed with the **Willard Alexander** office . . . **Sal Salvador's** big band played a gig at the Bankers club in West New York, N. J., last month . . . **George Zack** is playing his barrelhouse piano in the Stallion room of the Western hotel in Tucson, Ariz. . . The New York *Daily News* is planning a giant jazz concert to be held in Madison Square Garden next June or July for the benefit of the Children's fund . . . **Lowell Miller**, bass and tuba, drove a milk truck in Syracuse, N. Y., for awhile after leaving the **Dukes of Dixieland** but now has joined **Pete Fountain** in New Orleans. **Red Hawley**, who recently left the drum spot with the Dukes, went to Florida and tried selling life insurance but is now selling grave stones . . . **Gerry Mulligan** and **Judy Holiday** have collaborated on a tune called *What's the Matter With Me?*

Tony Graye, modern jazz tenor saxophonist and a close friend of **Charlie Parker's**, is featured on an LP called *Greenwich Village Jazz* with **Slam Stewart** on bass. The set was issued by Flair-X records . . . **Benny Goodman** was a recent emcee at a luncheon at the Astor hotel given by the Advertising Women of New York. His ears were assailed by two Madison Ave. Dixieland jazz bands in the process . . . **Dizzy Gillespie's** mother died at 72 in Springfield, Mass., in November.

IN PERSON

Apollo Theater—**DR. JIVE AND HIS RHYTHM AND BLUES REVIEW**, until Dec. 31. **EARL GRANT**, Jan. 1-7. **COUNT BASIE**, Jan. 8-15. **Arpeggio**—**BARBARA CARROLL** trio and **BOBBY SHORT**, until Dec. 29.
Basin Street East—**LIONEL HAMPTON** Band, until Jan. 3. **GEORGE SHEARING** Quintet and **CHRIS CONNOR**, Jan. 7-20.
Birdland—**COUNT BASIE** band and **PHINEAS NEWBORN JR.** Trio, until Jan. 6. **MAYNARD FERGUSON** Band, Jan. 7-20.

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Count Basie's—**EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS** Trio and **SHIRLEY SCOTT**, indefinitely.
Downstairs at the Upstairs—**ROSE MURPHY** with **SLAM STEWART**, indefinitely.
Embers—**EARL HINES** Quartet and **EDDIE HEYWOOD** Trio, until Jan. 3. **JONAH JONES** Quartet and **EUGENE SMITH** Trio, Jan. 4-Feb. 1.
Five Spot—**JAZZTET** featuring **ART FARMER**, **BENNY GOLSON**, and **CURTIS FULLER**, until Dec. 30.
Half Note—**CHARLIE MINGUS** group, until Dec. 27. **ZOOT SIMS** and **AL COHN**, Dec. 29-Jan. 24.
Metropole (Downstairs)—**RED ALLEN**, **SAM PRICE**, et al, indefinitely. (Upstairs)—**COZY COLE**, Jan. 1-15.
Palace Theater—**HARRY BELAFONTE**, until Feb. 3.
Prelude—**MARY LOU WILLIAMS**, until Jan. 2.
Roseland Dance City—**DON GLASSER** Orchestra, until Dec. 29. **JIMMY PALMER** Orchestra, until Jan. 24.
Roosevelt grill—**WARREN COVINGTON** with **THE TOMMY DORSEY** Orchestra, indefinitely.
Roundtable—**JACK TEAGARDEN** Sextet and **CY COLEMAN** Quartet, until Jan. 2. **SHARKEY BONANO'S** NEW ORLEANS GANG and **TYRESE GLENN** Quartet, Jan. 4-30.
Roundtable King Arthur room—**MORGANA KING** with **CHUCK WAYNE** and **ERNIE FURTADO**, plus **DUKE HAZLETT**, indefinitely.
Showplace—**CHARLIE MINGUS** group, Dec. 28 indefinitely.
Tartan—**DON SHIRLEY** Trio, indefinitely.
Village Gate—**LARRY ADLER**, indefinitely.
Village Vanguard—**MIRIAM MAKEBA** and **RAY BRYANT** Trio, until Dec. 28. **LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-ROSS**, Dec. 29-Jan. 12.

PHILADELPHIA

Bernard Peiffer is looking for a bass man. Young **Gus Nemeth** left for the army after the Peiffer trio (with drummer **Jerry Segal**) played a Red Hill date. Sax man **Billy Root** filled in for **Red Garland** at the New Jersey club after the Philadelphia pianist was stricken ill in New York. Garland was featuring an all-Philadelphia trio, bass man **Jimmy Rouser** and drummer **Specs Wright** both hailing from this city . . . Clarinetist **Billy Krechmer** has celebrated the 21st anniversary of his Jam Session club, recently enlarged.

Sonny Stitt followed **J. J. Johnson** into the Show Boat . . . **Pep's**, still on the rhythm-and-blues kick, presented **Bill Doggett** and then a group called the Flamingoes . . . Comic **Lenny Bruce** brought jazz singer **Jackie Paris** with him when he played the Celebrity room . . . The suburban Tally-Ho jazz sessions continue along traditional lines, with **Pee Wee Russell** and **Ruby Braff** featured, followed by **Bud Freeman**.

Lonnie Sattin, known as **Lonnie Staton** when he attended Temple university here, is playing the starring role of a jazz musician in *Ballad of Jazz Street*, off-Broadway play . . . **Sonny Payne's** father, drummer **Chris Columbo**, backed **Big Maybelle** at a Tippin inn date . . . **Lionel Hampton** played a one-nighter at the El Rancho, and **Ralph Marterie** and **Warren Covington's Tommy Dorsey** Orchestra played Saturday night dates at Pottstown's Sunnysbrook ballroom . . . **Peggy DeCastro**, now doing a single, sang at the Erie Social club . . . **Richard Otto** and **Sarah McLawler** opened at Spider Kelly's.

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MONTREAL

Earl Grant came into the Bellevue Casino for a 10-day stretch just before Christmas, to end a very successful year for that midtown bistro . . . Josh White had local bassist Bob Rudd accompany him for his Montreal recital at the Plateau hall last month . . . Yves Montand, all-too-rare effective one-man show, did a one-nighter at the St. Denis theater . . . The Crosby brothers, before splitting in a huff, blew up a storm at the El Morocco. Ruth Walker, who had her own CBC-TV show during the summer, was on the same bill as were the Dorothy Kramer dancers.

Pianist Joe Saye dropped into town a couple of weeks ago to pre-record a 30-minute jazz show for airing New Year's eve on the complete CBC network, the final chapter in the four-part Montreal *Jazz Workshop* series that started back in October. Other members of the Saye group were Buck Lacombe, guitarist; Tony Chappell, bass; Marcel Baillargeon, flute, and Bobby Malloy, drums.

TORONTO

When Jimmy Rushing, following his opening night stint at the Westover hotel, strolled into the Colonial tavern to hear the Earl Hines Quartet, it was like old home week. Later when Jimmy sang *I Want a Little Girl*, backed by Hines' piano, they broke the place up. Both came to Toronto for two-week engagements, with Muggsy Spanier expected to follow Hines at the Colonial.

A good month for jazz, the city was also listening to the compositional jazz of the Ron Collier Quintet at the Town tavern, to the Cliff McKay Sextet at the Westover, and the Mike White Dixieland crew, which has moved into the Colonial's downstairs room.

Duke Ellington, with Jimmy Hamilton, Cat Anderson, Johnny Hodges, and Harry Carney, came into town five days ahead of their Massey hall concert Dec. 11 to star on *Music 60*, a CBC-TV program . . . Peter Appleyard appeared with the Niagara Symphony Orchestra before starting an engagement at the Roundtable in New York on Dec. 7 . . . The House of Ham-bourg, the city's best-known afterhours jazz club, has gone dramatic. A drama club known as the Cabaret theater is currently staging *The Glass Menagerie* in the early hours of the evening before the jazzmen arrive . . . U.S. folk singer Guy Carawan was at the Museum Theater . . . Charlie Shavers was in for a week at the Town.

DETROIT

Pianist Barry Harris, currently featured with his trio at the Hungry Eye, recently recorded an album for Argo



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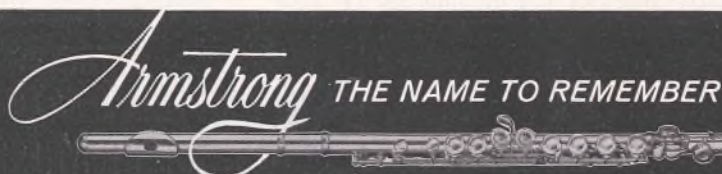
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46 • DOWN BEAT

ELKHART, INDIANA

entitled *Dig Barry* . . . **Dakota Staton** is in for two weeks at the Flame Show bar . . . **Cozy Cole** followed **Kai Winding** into Baker's Keyboard lounge . . . Pianist **Bess Bonnier** took her trio to the Empire room for an indefinite stay.

Former **Ray Charles** vocalist **Mary Ann Fisher** continues at the 20 Grand lounge . . . Organist **Freddy Braceful** has formed a trio to play the Blue Note room of the Capri Plaza hotel, with **Ron Wakefield**, tenor, and **Andy Walker**, drums . . .

CLEVELAND

The **Bill Gidney Trio** is at the Modern Jazz room with owner **Fats Heard** on drums. The room held a grand opening party Oct. 30, with **Hugh Thompson** and **George Peters** playing piano . . . The Jazz for Moderns appearance at the Masonic auditorium brought Clevelander **Rick Keiffer** to town in **Maynard Ferguson's** trumpet section. Keiffer was previously with **Woody Herman** . . . Two touring bands were featured at the Aragon ballroom on one-niters. **Harry James** appeared Oct. 25 and **Warren Covington's Tommy Dorsey Band** played Nov. 29 . . . A new jazz policy has begun at the Place, formerly **Horri-gan's**, with the **Freddy Kay Trio** appearing Friday and Saturday nights. The guitarist-leader recently returned from a year at the Berklee School of Music in Boston.

Jonah Jones was at the Theatrical grill for two weeks in early November, followed by **Frank Ortega**. **Charlie Shavers** is due in Dec. 7 for four weeks . . .

SAN DIEGO

The **Mike Wofford Trio** augmented to a quartet with the addition of trumpeter **Don Sleet** . . . **Walter Fuller's** group is completing its first year at the Blue Note. Fuller was in for 12 straight years at the Club Royal before the Blue Note gig . . . **Gene Kenny** changed his quartet's instrumentation by dropping the tenor saxophone and adding a trumpet. **Owen Lienhard** is helping out until a regular man is found . . . **Bart Hazlett's** group, currently at the Honeybucket, is scheduled to cut an album for Capitol in December . . . Pianist **Juan Panalle** is in a hospital for an estimated six months after collapsing on a navy benefit show.

LOS ANGELES

Maybe, just *maybe*, there's a jazz club revival in the L.A. wind. With action at the Renaissance and the Sanbah at opposite ends of Hollywood and the Terry Gibbs big band at the Sundown Sundays and Mondays, not to mention places like the Scorpion in the valley and the Zebra lounge on

the south side, things appear to be picking up. But slowly. The Sunday afternoon sessions at the Tiffany are encouraging, too, with **Harold Land**, **Red Mitchell**, **Elmo Hope**, **Frank Butler**, and singer **Joyce Night** constituting the steady group. Jazzville's operator also plans to bring in modern jazz soon at least one night a week, probably with **Jack Sheldon** and **Joe Maini**.

Ella Fitzgerald, whose last movie role was in *Pete Kelly's Blues* in 1955, will co-star with **Burl Ives** and **Shelley Winters** in Columbia's *Let No Man Write My Epitaph*. Her part will be that of a skid row nitery singer who becomes a junkie. Ella?

Conte Candoli replaced **Frank Rosolino** in the Lighthouse All-Stars. The trombonist had been with **Howard Rumsey** almost four years. New additions to the Lighthouse book include arrangements by **Horace Silver**, **Benny**



Golson, and **Thelonious Monk**. Tenor man **Carrington Visor** subs for **Bob Cooper** with the group Thursdays and Sundays.

Jazz bassist **Don Prell** joined the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra for the 1959-60 season. According to Prell, who toured Europe and South Africa with the **Bud Shank** quartet, "Trying to make it in jazz just didn't make it." . . . Trombonist **Matthew Gee** replaced **Quentin Jackson** in the **Duke Ellington** band . . . **Frank Sinatra's** next Timex television special Dec. 13 over the ABC net was to include the **Hi-Lo's**, **Ella Fitzgerald**, and the **Red Norvo Quintet** . . . **Roy Harte** once more is associated with World Pacific Records as vice president and stockholder, after unloading half his shares, because, he said, "I can see a great future for the company." . . . Altoist **Tony Ortega's** new album, *Jazz for Young Moderns*, lay in the Bethlehem debris since May, 1957. That's the disc biz.

Johnny Mandel's score for the movie, *The Third Voice*, will be released on LP. The composer, who owns the rights to the music, currently is dicker-ing with several labels. In addition to writing the arrangements for **Gogi Grant's** new LP on Victor, Mandel also

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DOWN BEAT

25 Years Ago

Headline: Cherniavsky Warms Refrigerator Room . . . Wayne King may retire next October . . . Ina Ray Hutton, and her "cute little shimmy," are heading for Europe . . . Gus Arnheim and his "Ace Band from Movieland," go into the Chez Paree in Chicago for six weeks . . . Paul Specht, daddy of the band business, reminisces about "Ted and Art Weems playing dates with me when they were still in short pants"; "Jules Stein offering me cheap, non-union dates before he organized MCA"; "Rudy Vallee begging me to let him sit in when we would play Old Orchard, Me.;" "Walter Winchell doing publicity for me." . . . Louis Armstrong, home from Europe, is visiting with his mother in Chicago . . . Glenn Lee's orchestra at the new Kansas City club stars Leif Juhl, trumpet; Jack Feddersen, saxophone and clarinet . . . Cleo Brown, at Chicago's Three Deuces, signs year contract with CBS, possibly to double with Fats Waller . . . Hot Disc: Adrian Rolini's *Sugar; Riverboat Shuffle* (Decca).

AD LIB

arranged **David Allen's** latest on Warner Bros. Both albums are due out in February . . . The music played by **Shelly Manne and His Men** as underscore for *The Proper time* is being expanded for recording on Contemporary. **Andre Previn** also is working on the music. Previn's latest solo piano LP, a **Jerome Kern** collection, arranged by **Marty Paich** . . . Famed violinist-conductor **Felix Slatkin** joined the a&r department at Liberty Records . . . Local 47 musicians went to court this month to secure \$6,172,163 due them for reuse of motion pictures on television.

IN PERSON

Ash Grove—**BARBARA DANE, MEMPHIS SLIM, WILLIE DIXON**, until New Year's eve; **BUDDY COLLETTE** Quintet, Mondays only.
Beverly Cavern—**TEDDY BUCKNER** band.
Coventry inn (Arcadia)—**JOHN PISANO**, guitar; **GENE ESTES**, vibes; **CHUCK BERGHOFER**, bass, Fridays and Saturdays.
Drift inn (Malibu)—**BUD SHANK-ART PEPPER** Quartet, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays.
Encore room (South Gate)—**EDDIE and BETTY COLE** Trio.
Jazzville—**REDD FOX** and the Swingers.
Lido ballroom (Long Beach)—**HARRY JAMES** orchestra, until Dec. 20.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach)—**HOWARD RUMSEY'S** Lighthouse All-Stars. **BUD SHANK** Quartet, Mondays and Tuesdays.
Limelight (Pacific Ocean Park)—**LIMELIGHT RHYTHM KINGS**.
Long Beach Civic auditorium—**GLEN SPONSELLER** Orchestra, Dec. 26 only.
Melody Room—**HENRI ROSE** trio.
Nite Life—**JACKIE DAVIS, JEAN SAMPSON, NORMAN THRASHER**.
Palladium (Hollywood)—**LES BROWN** Or-

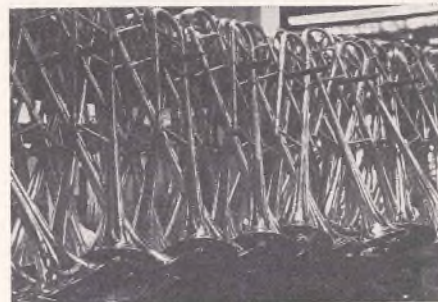
10 Years Ago

On the Cover: Roy Stevens and his *Down Beat* "guinea pig" orchestra . . . New Stan Kenton concert orchestra to make debut end of January . . . Charlie Chavers-Louie Bellson combo is joined by John LaPorta, clarinet; Terry Gibbs, vibes; Lou Levy, piano, and Nelson Boyd, bass . . . John S. Wilson picks some of the best records *not* made in 1949: Stan Kenton's *Who Stole the Trumpets?*; Erroll Garner's *Glow Worm*; Illinois Jacquet's *On the Sleazy Side of the Strut* . . . Herbie Fields and Billie Holiday are doing good business at Chicago's Blue Note . . . George Hoefler writes the obituary for Albert Ammons, the legendary pianist, who died Dec. 2 . . . Charlie Parker cut a Mercury session with Mitch Miller, English horn and oboe; Stan Freeman, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Buddy Rich, drums; and strings . . . Michael Levin calls Norman Granz' \$25 limited edition album, *The Jazz Scene*, the "most remarkable album ever." . . . Headline: Nothing But Bop? 'Stupid,' says Miles.

chestra, **DAVE BRUBECK** Quartet, **EDDIE CANO** Trio, New Year's Eve only.
Puccini (Beverly Hills)—**JIM HARBERT** trio.
Rainbow Gardens (Pomona)—**HARRY JAMES** orchestra, Dec. 12 only.
Renaissance—**JIMMY WITHERSPOON**.
Sanbah (East Hollywood)—**TERRY GIBBS** Quartet, **MARY ANN McCALL**, Tuesdays through Saturdays.
Santa Monica Civic auditorium—**ELLA FITZGERALD**, Dec. 26 only.
Scorpion (Van Nuys)—**LENNIE McBROWN** Quartet, weekends.
Shrine auditorium—**STAN KENTON** Orchestra, **JUNE CHRISTY, FOUR FRESHMEN**, Jan. 22 only.
Sundown—**TERRY GIBBS** Orchestra, Sundays and Mondays.
Sterlings (Santa Monica)—**BETTY BRYANT** trio.
Tiffany—**ELMO HOPE, HAROLD LAND, RED MITCHELL, FRANK BUTLER, JOYCE NIGHT**, and guests, Sunday afternoons.
Zebra Lounge—**TEDDY EDWARDS** Quartet, except Tuesdays.

SAN FRANCISCO

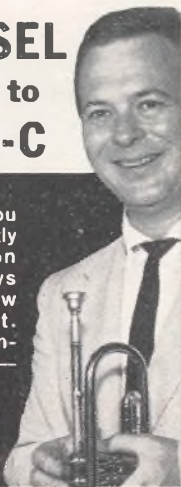
Stan Kenton is booked for a Dec. 19 dance at the Sands in Oakland as well as two concerts in January at the Opera House and the Oakland auditorium . . . **Mike Downs**, trumpet, and **Eddie Kahn**, bass, left town with the **Philly Joe Jones** Quintet after two weeks of good business at the Jazz Workshop . . . the Black Hawk has signed **Andre Previn, George Shearing,**



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and the Modern Jazz Quartet to follow Cal Tjader after the first of the year . . . Della Reese closed out of Fack's II because of the death of her father . . . The new Marian McPartland Trio (Jake Hanna, drums, and Earl May, bass) made its west coast debut at the Black Hawk in December . . . The Hangover is set to open in mid-January with Earl Hines again leading the band.

Russell Jacquet now is living and playing in Oakland . . . Ralph Sutton did an LP for Omega with Vernon Alley, bass; Ernie Figuoa, trumpet, and Joe Dodge, drums. He cut it at Squaw Valley lodge at Lake Tahoe. Sutton is currently at the lodge (until April) with his sister, Barbara Curtis, playing twin pianos . . . Woody Herman is in town to rehearse an act for Reno, Nev., with vocalist Donna Fuller, saxophonist Med Flory, and comic Herkie Stiles. He's booked at the Holiday Hotel until after Christmas. John Price took a leave from his Purple Onion gig to open with Woody . . . Vibist Dave Pike is leading a group in Sacramento . . . Dean Reilly is set to join the Mary Kaye Trio on bass. Gus Gustafson has been drumming with them for some time now . . . The Mastersounds follow Sonny Stitt into the Jazz Workshop late this month.

THINGS

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"If Americans," Willie Ruff was told in Moscow, "want our government to look at jazz with a friendly eye, they must leave off political ties. Stop referring to jazz as a 'supersonic secret weapon.' And please don't try to send us records in mass programs like *Jazz Lift, U.S.A.* This only antagonizes the authorities, for it looks like defiance, and it only works to set us back in our efforts to get jazz welcomed here."

Bassist and French horn player Ruff learned a great deal about Russia, about Russian music, and about mankind when he and his partner in the Mitchell-Ruff Duo, Dwiki Mitchell, scored a major victory for the American culture and for human understanding when they presented their first impromptu jazz recital in Russia last June.

In the next issue of *Down Beat*, Ruff—who writes as well as he plays—tells for the first time in any magazine the fascinating story of the Mitchell-Ruff duo's trip behind the iron curtain. It is must reading, not only for jazz lovers but for anyone who cares about improving relations between the two colossal among modern nations.

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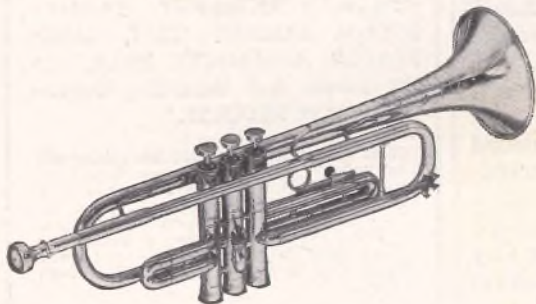
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It takes an Olds to make music for Jonah. He's played Olds trumpets—and only Olds—for the past twenty years.

Jazz began for Jonah on a Mississippi riverboat back in '29. It took him through a career that reads like a history of jazz, while he matured his own unique style. Jonah has played his Olds with such all-time greats as Horace Henderson, Wesley Helvey, Jimmie Lunceford, Stuff Smith, Lil Armstrong, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Fletcher Henderson, Benny Carter, Cab Callaway, Dizzy Gillespie, and many others. He and his Olds have toured Europe, played in the pit for *Porgy and Bess*, appeared at the swankiest night spots and on TV spectaculars—he was fabulous recently in "An Evening With Fred Astaire."

Jazz devotees who hear Jonah's muted Olds—and late at night his open horn—say no one sends them like Jonah.

jazz like Jonah's happens only with an



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Fullerton, California



JONAH JONES QUARTET, Capitol Recording Artists