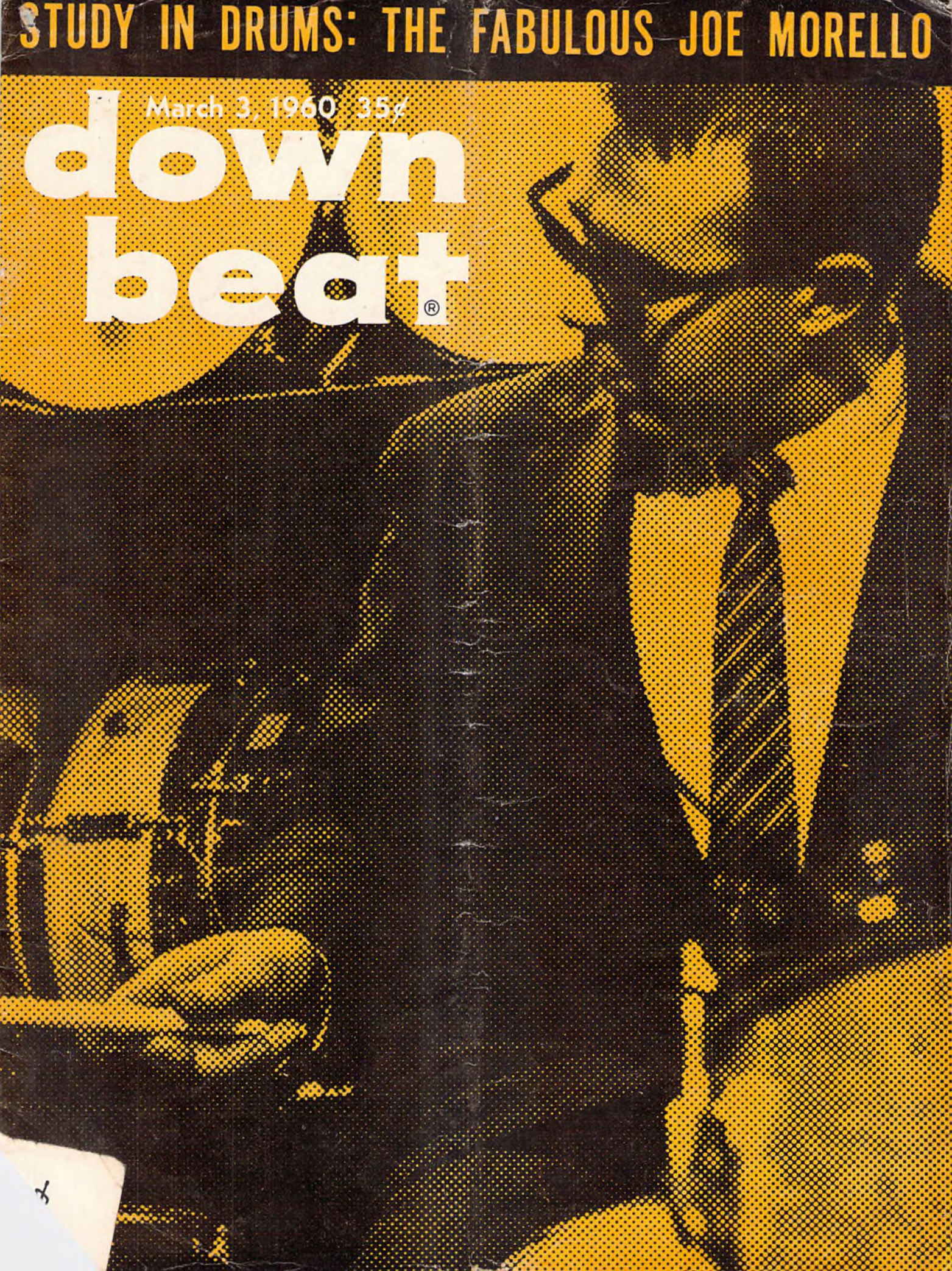


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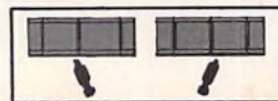
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THE FIRST CHORUS

BY CHARLES SUBER

The payola scene is now at the foot-dragging stage. Too many of the record companies, disc jockeys, and radio stations are playing it cute and cozy.


First the record companies. Dozens of them are "talking to their lawyers" and using other stalling devices to avoid signing consent orders prepared by the Federal Trade Commission. (Consent order or decree: "I didn't do it and I'll never do it again"). Only three companies, RCA, Cameo, and Laurie have taken the vows. London Records has had the guts, at least, to admit to the FTC that it paid off the jockeys, while arguing that payment did *not* constitute an "unfair trade practice", the basis of the FTC charges. Perhaps the other companies have read that the FTC does not have sufficient funds, under its present budget, for prolonged litigation. They no doubt hope that charges will wind up in some filing cabinet. But they're whistling *Dixie* if they think Congress would not come up with additional funds.

This is an election year. The adult record and radio public represents more votes than a handful of companies and jockeys. Perhaps, though, the reluctant record companies are thinking about that maximum \$5,000 fine imposed for each violation of any consent order they would sign. You'd worry, too, if you knew you were to be held responsible for the selling habits of your promotion men.

As for the disc jockeys, the good guys now outnumber the bad guys but the bad guys smell worse than ever. It is hard to believe but some jockeys are still asking for their daily bread. And with such sweet reasoning! "If I have to go, I'll go with money." Or "The heat will be off soon." Some are balking at playing better music. Howard Miller, a Chicago jockey, is quoted as being willing to spin "recognizable" music as opposed to "good" music, which he denotes as often too obscure for the average listener. Miller, who has already called this office to object

to our past "inferences", may have a further explanation when he calls again.

Then there are the jockeys' bosses, the radio station managers. They are getting religion fast. Most of them have eagerly rushed forward to obey the FCC order to stop payola and say so in a sworn statement. No statement—no license renewal. The stations are adopting several methods of insuring purity. The Storer and Balaban networks have installed "big brother" monitoring devices to watch the programming and disc jockey comments for dirty work. (Can't you just see some record promotion man asking for the name of "big brother"?). Some stations have called in outside management firms to investigate their staffs and set up proper controls. Not enough stations have had the sense to just take the programming (temptation) away from the jockey and set up standards of taste. Several NBC affiliates (Chicago and Philadelphia, among others) are doing just this. Even the Plough stations (backed by all that patent medicine money) are soft-peddaling the junk music. They have stopped distributing Top Forty sheets to teenagers via the local record retailer.

Poor kids. They have to go on all by themselves. Big Daddy done gone. 

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MARCH 3, 1960

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ON THE COVER

One of the most impressive young drummers in jazz is Joe Morello, the epitome of technique and feeling combined. Morello is the subject of a warm personal portrait by Marian McPartland on Page 24.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover photo of Joe Morello and Art Blakey on Page 21 by Ted Williams.

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Call and Response

Post Office box 7414, Long Beach 7, Calif., has been jammed with a steady supply of mail since *Down Beat* printed the story of the American Jazz society in the Jan. 7 issue. We have received inquiries about our organization and requests to join from more than 15 states and Canada. We hope that, through *Down Beat*, we will become a worldwide organization of jazz clubs for high schools and colleges.

We will present our first jazz concert for teenagers in February and will feature the Terry Gibbs Quartet and big band and vocalist Mary Ann McCall.

Our thanks again to *Down Beat*.
Long Beach, Calif.

Donald D. Fisher, president

Donald L. Erjavec, vice president

Of Course Not

MR. GEORGE CRATER
C/O DOWN BEAT

DEAR GEORGE: THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION IN JAN. 21 ISSUE IS DEFINITELY NO I WOULDN'T HAVE BUT THEN POSSIBLY NEITHER MIGHT PIERRE GILLESPIE HAVE MADE IT. REGARDS TO MR. FINSTER.

CULVER CITY, CALIF. IZZY PREVIN

The Russian Fan

I do not agree with, and find it difficult to believe, as Willie Ruff reports in his seven Russian city tour, that all Russian jazz fans feel about Jazz-Lift as he indicates. Certainly the many letters we have received do not convey this feeling.

It is amusing to note that in order for Mr. Ruff to carry his message to the people, he became a singing member of the Yale Russian chorus. We have never sent directly to Russia, but our LPs have seeped through from other neighboring lands. It is well known how important one LP can become, as many copies can be made. A good example of this is the abundance of Brubeck. Certainly, because of this, we cannot say that Dave is guilty of antagonism. I am sure that many of these tapes came as a result of his Eurasian tour, although he never visited Russia itself.

We do not refer to jazz as a "supersonic secret weapon." It is simply an American culture form that is enjoyed by many throughout the world. It is well known that at present there is a strong interest in jazz in the USSR and other Communist-dominated lands, comparable to that in Europe after World War II. Is there anything wrong in making our music available to them? Without a recording, no decision can be made at all, for or against jazz.

All Jazz-Lift recordings forwarded behind the Iron Curtain carry the name and address of the donor . . . This results, generally, in gratifying correspondence between receiver and donor and additional

jazz literature and LPs being exchanged. Is this antagonistic? A little people-to-people exchange program of our own to help lessen world tensions . . . Or is it wrong to make democracy work for us?

I approve of Mr. Ruff's "breakthrough" for jazz in Russia. Our group is dedicated, devoted, and determined to win friends for jazz in its own way. I could not allow his statement about Jazz-Lift to go unchallenged.

Battle Creek, Mich.

Theo. R. Grevers, president
Jazz-Lift

Your recent article on the Mitchell-Ruff tour was excellent. I believe that this sort of culture exchange is extremely worthwhile in the molding of the Russians' attitude about us and, therefore, would like to clear up what I consider as a probable misconception in thought regarding the Russians' acceptance of modern jazz as opposed to traditional jazz.

It was stated in the article, and not denied editorially, that the reason that the Russians accepted modern jazz more freely than the traditional jazz was that they approached jazz on an intellectual basis. This gives one the impression that the Russians are perhaps more intellectual than we, generally. Whereas the Russian approach to culture may be on a somewhat higher level than the average American TV program or movie, I believe that the basic reason that modern jazz appeals to them more . . . is the fact that it is closer to the type of music that they understand, and actually this appeal demonstrates a lack of the cultural background that we have had in jazz in this country.

It is always easier to accept something that you understand. It is interesting to note that many of our modern-day jazz composers and performers have a more thorough basis in didactic music theory than many classical performers of a decade or two ago.

Tucson, Ariz. Wesley A. Soland, M.D.

Dr. Soland's theory would not explain why the preference in jazz of Swedish audiences is heavily pro-modern, though thanks to their World War II neutrality they remained in touch with developments in the United States and, therefore, have had more uninterrupted access to the "cultural background" of jazz than any nation in Europe. France, on the other hand, which was cut off from that access during the German occupation, continues to have an interest in and preference for traditional jazz.

Agreed

I just saw *The Gene Krupa Story*—all the way through. It was a rough go, but I made it. As a reasonably hip musician, I felt both embarrassed and insulted. I've seen all those phony "jazz" movies, but

Continued on Page 8



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this is the phoniest yet.

I can't understand why Krupa has been so busy plugging such an outrage instead of suing it. If Hollywood can't do any better with jazz, I wish they'd keep their filthy little hands off it.

Seattle, Wash.

John Wittwer

The bad taste of almost all Hollywood films dealing with jazz is indeed depressing. In the next issue of Down Beat—in which the results of the movie music poll will appear—a sharp satire on Hollywood jazz films, written by Leonard Feather in the heat of irritation after seeing The Gene Krupa Story, will appear.

Who?

Just for the record, which one of Les Brown's bands was voted best dance band "for the sixth year in a row" by your readers? Was it the band that plays the first and third Mondays of each month on the Steve Allen Show? The band that plays the second and fourth Mondays? Or the band that was fired when Brown got the Allen gig?

Albuquerque, N.M.

Bob Williams

Complaint

Generally speaking, I'm fairly tolerant with regard to other people's mistakes, not being exactly infallible myself. However, the *In Review* section of the issue of Dec. 24 contains a boo-boo of such monumental proportions that I am putting aside for the moment my usual lethargic indifference to human error and sounding off.

After reading (Don) Henahan's review of the Horowitz performance of Mousorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*, I am forced to the conclusion that your Mr. Henahan is evidently unaware of the fact that this piece of music was originally a piano composition until Maurice Ravel made the orchestra transcription sometime around 1928-29 at the request of Sergei Koussevitsky, who subsequently popularized the work in its fancy orchestral version—and very fancy it is, too.

After some 31 years, it is still a definitive textbook for any arranger who wants to find out how to translate a keyboard work into orchestrae without changing one cotton-pickin' hemi-demi-semiquaver.

I am woefully ignorant of Mr. Henahan's background and/or antecedents, but it's my opinion that he'd better mend his ways if it is his intention to continue reviewing so-called "classical" records for your otherwise admirable publication. With more careful attention to detail, he might even become as big a pontifical cockleburr as Irving Kolodin in *The Saturday Review*, or (you should pardon the expression) Winthrop Sargent in *The New Yorker*.

Forgive the bitter overtones. It's my usual reaction to the holiday season.

Los Angeles

Hugo Friedhofer

Before composer Friedhofer questions Henahan's antecedents, he—and any others eager to pop off about this review—had better double check the recording: Horowitz does NOT play the original piano work but rather his transcription for piano of the orchestral score.

Henahan is not only aware of the Ravel transcription of the work but of the others, right down to Ralph Burns'.

We, too, grow weary, Mr. Friedhofer.

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NEW YORK

Guitarist **Mundell Lowe** composed the music score for the recent hour-long NBC-TV documentary, *Castro's Year of Power*. Lowe, who was born in Laurel, Miss., has been prominent in jazz since the days when he played New Orleans' Bourbon St. spots with the late **Abbie Brunis** and **Sid Davilla**. He later served as a sideman in the **Jan Savitt** and **Ray McKinley** bands. His work as a staff musician at NBC has included roles as an actor-guitarist on the Armstrong Circle Theater . . . Another top musician is also trying his hand as an actor-guitarist: **Kenny Burrell** has cancelled dates that had been scheduled for his trio in April to take a role in the new musical comedy, *Bye-Bye Birdie*, which is scheduled to open April 14 at the ANTA Theater. Before the *Birdie* show comes in, the ANTA theater will house *A Thurber Carnival* (opening date: Feb. 26), which features music composed by **Don Elliott**.



Lowe

The **Modern Jazz Quartet** played Town Hall last month, in a concert package that included Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, **Philly Joe Jones**, the **Bill Evans Trio**, **Ornette Coleman's** group, and **Carmen McRae**.

Bill Grauer is in Europe to set up foreign distributors for Riverside Records and for his new, lower-priced label, Jazzland. Jazzland will feature top names in jazz but be priced a dollar less than Riverside discs . . . **John (Jax) Lucas**, once a *Down Beat* feature writer and record reviewer, has left his position as a professor of English literature at Carleton College to live and write in Rome.

Buddy Rich, home from the hospital, is planning to revive his big band for a Birdland engagement this month, and a return to the road in April. To keep the doctors happy, he intends to hire a relief drummer . . . Pianist **Teddy Wilson** recently went on staff at NBC. He is the first Negro to be on regular staff there in some time . . . Trombonist **Frank Rehak** has joined the CBS-TV staff band for the Garry Moore show . . . **John Hammond's** *Spirituals to Swing* LP package is now in its second 10,000 of sales . . . Publicist **Virginia Wicks** was married recently to writers' agent **Fred Engel** in Montego Bay, Jamaica.



Rich

She has worked as publicist for **Stan Kenton**, **Harry Belafonte**, **Ella Fitzgerald**, and the Newport Jazz festival . . . Also married: **Burt Korall**, of Coral Records. **Stan Free**, pianist formerly with **Chris Connor**, organized a band to play at the reception. **Bill Simon** and *Down Beat's* **Ira Gitler** sat in on tenor saxophones, while the bridegroom played drums.

Max Roach's quintet played an international jazz session in Kaiserlauten, Germany, last month. German jazz authority **Joachim E. Berendt** also hired the **Albert Mangelsdorff** Quintet for the event, and brought in the **Arne Domnerus** band from Sweden to play it . . . **Monica Zetterlund** has been signed by Hanover Records . . . Hanover-Signature picked up American release rights on some French jazz records. One of them features trumpeter

Continued on Page 48

down beat

Down Beat

March 3, 1960

Vol 27, No. 5

Annoyed

Disc jockey Howard Miller was angry—at both *Down Beat* and the Chicago newspapers.

Miller took issue with stories here and in Chicago papers on the dropping by NBC of himself and Jack Eigen on New Year's Eve. *Down Beat* told Miller it would be happy to print his statement. This is the statement he dictated over the telephone:

"I think it is a rotten lie that the so-called journalists of this city have taken the liberty to write what is a figment of their imagination, and has no basis in fact. I have never been talked to by any member of any governmental agency regarding my ownership of a radio station in Milwaukee, nor do I anticipate any, insofar as its legality or

ethics are concerned. Furthermore, my departure from NBC was a result of my requesting to be relieved of my obligations with WMAQ. I do not propose to be made a goat in this situation to protect the hides of anyone at all."

Miller, in partnership with Milt Salstone, owns station WFOX in Milwaukee. Salstone is head of MS Distributing. Investigators for the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight—the payola probers—have visited the MS office.

Herd

Woody Herman has the fever again and is making plans to hit the trail with his 1960 big band. Manager Abe Turchen told *Down Beat* that H-day would be Feb. 1, with dates set in the middle west and south for this spring.

Slated for the new Herd are Bill Chase, trumpet; Don Lanphere, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Guinn, trombone, and Jimmy Campbell, drums, among others. Guinn and Campbell were with Herman during his 1958 South American tour.

Herman spent January leading his Louis Prima-styled act, with saxophonist Med Flory doing the Sam Butura bit and vocalist Donna Fuller in the Keely Smith spot. The group also included comic Herkie Stiles. Clarinet-playing leader Herman figured the format might lead to TV bookings.

The unit came east with Herman, after closing at the Holiday Hotel in Reno, Nev., to play engagements in Montreal and Toronto, as well as a telethon in Albany, N. Y., on Jan. 16.

A different editorial

should D.J.s take it on the side?

There has been much palaver lately about disc jockeys, mostly in their cash relationships . . .

There are a couple of other hunks of the platter problem that deserve attention.

Like it or not, jockeys exert a critical function. One of *Down Beat's* writers was bleating recently about the low status of jockeys' criticism in jazz. If any general effort is to be made to set up rules for judging the gentry of music, the tallow talkers have to be counted in. There can be no questioning either their influence or their present desire to use it.

There has been some talk lately in the business about payola, a gentle term for what used to be called the pay-off or bribery. To *Down Beat's* definite knowledge, there are a few disc jockeys on the make for dough. But these slippery gentry are in the very slim minority.

However, there is a larger group of jockeys who almost without thinking about it are mixed up with practices which not only can end harming their profession, but also nix any claim they may have to be considered legitimate critics.

The practice of giving concerts is one that has taken hold on both coasts . . . at least eight jockeys, to the *Beat's* knowledge, have been given percentages ranging up to one fourth of the total proceeds to plug the programs.

Their defense of this hi-jack is that, after all, they are performing a public relations service for the musicians and the promoter, and doing a lot of work for free isn't justified.

Outside of the fact that by accepting money for plugs over the air, the record rompers are breaking Federal Communications Commission regulations on time brokerage, they are also being extremely unethical from a critical standpoint.

If every concert were able to pay an equal sum to all the disc shows, then perhaps it might be more permissible. How-

ever, they are not, and so from grounds of simple fairness it is an undesirable practice.

Even further, the average listener depends on an air show for guidance in selecting the show on which he should spend his two bucks. No man can give an impartial appraisal of a program when he stands to make four or five hundred dollars from it . . .

Many disc spinners retort, "You gotta live, Jack. And I sure don't make it from my salary." Agreed. Scream. Get your salary raised. But don't take it on the side. At least don't lay claim to making unbiased comments about music if you do.

There is another gimmick running around these days—the stock deal. There is one New York City spinner who has been given a large block of stock in a new record company. He therefore jams his programs with their discs.

His defense to us is, "I honestly think their records are wonderful, stock or no, and that's why I play them." This may well be. He sounds like an honest fellow. But as long as he has that stock, neither we nor anyone else will ever know for sure.

If jockeys are to be as useful as they could be in helping American jazz, they must remember a prime rule with reference to critical writing: no decent critic ever made a million.

The preceding editorial appeared in Down Beat April 9, 1947. Ned Williams was editor at the time.

There is little that one could add to it, except to say that we're no longer confident that the minority on the take for dough (which has since been inflated into bread) is so slim.

We would, however, like to pose a question to the legislators and probers in Washington: why did it take the Federal Communications Commission 13 years to get up off its big fat rusty-dusty?

More Change

The change in radio music has begun to reflect itself in the recording industry, with rich orchestrations prominent among new releases.

Though no one was ready to say whether the change was the result of pressures brought by the payola probe or simply a reflection of one of the periodic shifts in popular fad, it was clear that a sweeter trend was shaping up in music.

Early reports to this effect were greeted with skepticism in the trade—so often in the past had those whose concern toward popular music was based on quality rather than the profit margin predicted such a change. But more and more stations have announced program policy changes, with an emphasis on more relaxed listening.

Not everyone is happy about it. Smaller independent labels face a problem in that big orchestras cost more than small, thrown-together groups of rock and rollers.

RCA Victor promotion man Mike Collier reported that he got only one-third the number of Top Forty radio station sheets that he did last year, confirming a trend that began shaping up a few months ago. Westinghouse radio stations discontinued using Top Forty sheets as a basis of programming in December, and other stations have since followed suit.

The Philadelphia Story

As the federal payola hearings started early in February, Dick Clark, who might be called by the U.S. probers, announced the sale of his three music publishing firms—Sea Lark, January, and Arch. The buyers were Vera Hodes, who has been running the firms since 1957, and Aaron Schroeder, a songwriter.

There was no word on whether Clark had unloaded his record company, Swan, which currently has a typically bad rock 'n' roll hit, Freddie Cannon's *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*, rising on the charts. Clark still was presenting the same brand of banal music on his daily *Bandstand* show and weekly "live lip-sync" show over ABC-TV. It was as if everything still was the same.

But there was a hint that rough sledding might be ahead for Clark. In Trenton, N.J., some 30 miles northeast of Clark's home base of Philadelphia, the Junior Chamber of Commerce had hoped to present the key to the city to Clark, along with an award for his "wholesome" effect on the nation's youth.

But young Arthur J. Holland, Trenton's crusading mayor, would have none of that. Questioning just how "wholesome" Clark is when so much of the

music he presents is in bad taste, 40-year-old Holland nixed the Jaycee plans. Clark did appear as guest speaker, slapping Americans for "undermining their most valuable national resource—the country's young people—by indicting a whole generation for the misdeeds of a few."

Holland welcomed Clark—and presented him with a piece of Lenox china, one of the proud products of New Jersey's capital city.

Meanwhile, in Philadelphia, the work of counteracting the effect of Clark, Alan Freed and other rock 'n' roll pushers continued. Radio station WRCV, proudly pointing out it "never was an advocate of the rock 'n' roll type of music," announced what it termed a "dramatic new concept of music tastes" in presenting a programming policy of 19 hours a day devoted to what it called "big band music."

By "big bands," the station means Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Harry James—and Sammy Kaye. The accent was on instrumentals, with vocals heard infrequently, and then only with big band backing.

The policy was bound to have its loopholes. One announcer presented Joe Venuti playing *How High the Moon* with Paul Whiteman's orchestra. But what the listener heard was Joe's violin—backed only by a rhythm section.

WCAU, CBS affiliate which stresses its "music for adults" policy, quietly inserted two jazz attractions on its lone concession to r&r, the weekly Dale Hawkins television show featuring record artists in person. Along with Dizzy

THINGS

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In the past few years, jazz has proved itself to be an increasingly appealing field, for the moviemakers. Many films have been made about jazzmen, a few of them admittedly fictional and more than a few of recent vintage pretending to be biographical.

The latest was, of course, *The Gene Krupa Story*. In the next issue of *Down Beat*, Leonard Feather turns a searching light on what's wrong with these Hollywood bios of jazzmen in a brilliant and frequently hilarious satire—a script for the life story of Duke Ellington, as Hollywood would no doubt do it.

The issue will also contain the results of *Down Beat's* annual poll of movie music—the selection of the year's top movie scores, picked by the men who should know: the musicians who make them.

Gillespie, dead serious for a change, Hawkins presented the Metronomes, a Philadelphia quartet in the Four Freshmen-Hi Lo's tradition.

And the parade for jazz programming continued in Philadelphia. Following the lead of WHAT-FM, which has made a success of its 24-hour jazz policy, WDAS-FM now is programming seven hours of jazz daily, with its *Sir Lancelot* at the mike.

A Pair of Winners

Two American musicals—*Free and Easy* and *Fantasy Train*—are producing happy audiences and good reviews as they travel through Europe. Both shows are jazz-oriented.

The Harold Arlen-Johnny Mercer *Free and Easy*, which has orchestrations by and an orchestra under the direction of Quincy Jones, has been improving consistently since it opened at the Carre Theater in Amsterdam late last year, according to Paris critics. The show played at the Théâtre Alhambra in Paris to rave reviews.

Credit for the improvements in the show have gone to Donald McKayle, who replaced Robert Breen as director shortly after the Netherlands opening. The new show is shorter and more compact. The show is set for a Broadway run next season.

Fantasy Train won a cordial reception from a capacity audience when it opened at Rome's big Teatro delle Vittorie. Saxophonist Freddie Mitchell won an especially warm ovation. So did actor-singer Leslie Scott; and singers Kitty Lester, Urylee Leonardos and Linda Hopkins. The J. C. Johnson score is directed by a one-time Fletcher Henderson sideman, Eddie Barefield.

The show is an offspring of *Jazz Train*, a show that played Pop City for six weeks in 1950—to good reviews and no business. The original score was one of the last works of the late Fletcher Henderson, who collaborated with Johnson on the project.

The modern version of *Jazz Train* won some acclaim in the spring of 1955, when the show was revived in an English production that played in London for several months.

Free and Easy and *Fantasy Train* have a lot in common. Both have all-Negro casts, both are doing extensive European tours before hitting Broadway, and they will be competitive to each other for the theater-goer's ticket in the 1960-61 Broadway season.

And finally, *Fantasy Train's* male lead, Leslie Scott, and *Free and Easy's* female lead, Irene Williams, had top roles in Robert Breen's production of *Porgy and Bess*, which toured as far as Moscow. Breen is the director who pulled out of *Free and Easy*.

A GOOD YEAR FOR GROUPS??

From the early signs, 1960 looked like a fertile year for jazz groups.

Before the new year was as much as three weeks old, it had spawned four new and possibly important groups in the New York area alone. Working in front of their own combos were Slide Hampton, Charlie Mariano and his new wife Toshiko Akiyoshi; Gigi Gryce; and Dizzy Reece.

- Trombonist Hampton, who carved out a considerable reputation with the arrangements he wrote for the Maynard Ferguson band, is writing the charts for his new octet. Billed as an orchestra rather than a combo, the Slide Hampton Octet has an odd instrumentation: Hampton on trombone; Booker Little and Freddie Hubbard, trumpets; Jay Cameron, baritone saxophone; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Bernard McKinney, baritone horn; Nabil (Knobby) Totah, bass; and Pete LaRocca, drums.

The omission of piano is deliberate. Hampton said this instrumentation is necessary to the sound he wants. Besides, use of piano would mean another man on the payroll. And Hampton already has to worry about more salaries than the average combo leader, who pays three, four, or perhaps five men.

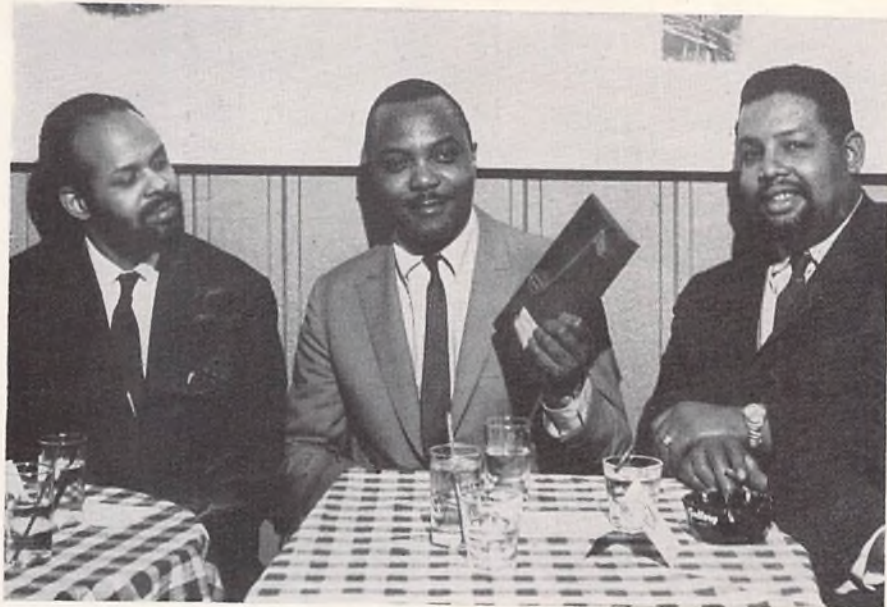
The octet opened at the Jazz Gallery after several one-nighters at the Village Gate, Birdland, and the Cork 'n' Bib on Long Island, and has already recorded its first album (for Strand), which is due for early spring release.

Jazz buffs who caught the new Hampton group were surprised by its ability to get a big orchestral sound, even though the charts are constructed to permit a maximum of round-robin solos. The variety of voicings possible permits a wide range of tonal coloring.

- The Charlie Mariano-Toshiko combination has been more or less inevitable since the altoist left the Stan Kenton band late last year to marry the Japanese pianist. Both write, both are name soloists, and both have similar ideas about and goals in music.

They had no sooner found an apartment overlooking the river in Leonia, N.J., and installed Toshiko's piano in the living room than they were gone on the road with a group that included drummer Roy Haynes and bassist Gene Cherico (another Maynard Ferguson alumnus).

The quartet played a one-nighter at



NEW GROUPS, STEADY WINNERS

The bearded ones are Dizzy Reece, left, and Cannonball Adderley, both of whom are proprietors of new jazz groups. Reece looks at the *Down Beat* Readers Poll award held by J. J. Johnson, winner of the award for trombone, as he has been for five years in a row.

the Dew Drop Inn near Camden, N.J., went into a longer run at the Town Tavern in Toronto, and then worked a two-week date at Chicago's Blue Note. A two-week birdland booking is scheduled for the end of March.

The group's repertoire includes a three-movement work by Toshiko, titled *Fantasy Suite*; another of her compositions, called *Song of the Farm*; and a new Mariano composition titled *Quebec*. Because of the group's instrumentation, much of the onus for its success will be on the ability of its coleaders as soloists.

- Altoist Gigi Gryce is determined to have a standing group with a fresh sound. Often in past the leader of small groups picked up for individual engagements, Gryce most recently fronted a quintet that featured (because of the doubling of its members) 13 instruments. This group played a month last fall at the Five Spot.

The new Gryce group, however, features the leader on flute and baritone (as well as alto); Richard Williams, trumpet and flugelhorn; Reggie Workman, bass (Workman can also play cello and guitar); Richard Wyands, piano; and Mickey Roker, drums.

Gryce said he had deliberately picked some of the less-known musicians around New York. Experience had taught him that it was hard to get in sufficient rehearsal time when members of the group are busy with recording dates and concerts.

Gryce wants to get away from what he calls "the monotonous sounds and percussive effects of the present-date small jazz combos." And he is seeking that grail that all jazz groups would

like to find: high artistic value coupled with strong commercial appeal.

The group, which is being booked through the Willard Alexander office (which itself has expanded its jazz activities under the aegis of Rudy Viola), has been playing the usual break-in dates in Manhattan, including a Monday night at Birdland, the Cork 'n' Bib, and the Turbo Village. Regular runs at the Jazz Gallery and Small's Paradise are scheduled before the group takes to the road.

- The Dizzy Reece Quintet is, of course, headed by the Jamaica-born trumpeter who came to the United States from England last fall. Reece has now been through two extended Manhattan engagements: he opened at Wells Cafe in Harlem in December and followed with a month at the Jazz Gallery. At the gallery, his group included Hank Mobley, tenor; Milt Sealey, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; and Art Taylor, drums.

Reece, who plays a relaxed and lyrical kind of modern horn, came to America at the urging of Miles Davis, and Alfred Lion of Blue Note Records. He spent his first weeks in America listening to other musicians, in clubs and elsewhere. Then he began to let himself be heard, and formed his own group.

Whether the 29-year-old trumpeter-composer is yet well-known enough to American jazz audiences to draw the crowds a group needs remains to be seen.

But he, and the other new groups, were evidently off to a good start in what could turn out to be a rewarding year for jazz.



Promise Kept

For Mahalia Jackson, it was the fulfillment of a promise made six years ago.

When the famous gospel singer was in the midst of a successful European tour, in 1953, she was overtaken by illness and collapsed onstage during a concert in Bordeaux, France. Flown to Chicago, she was taken to Billings General hospital for surgery.

"I lay in bed thinking about how I had tried to serve the Lord," she said. "I decided I hadn't done enough. So I promised God that, if I survived the operation, I would hold a revival service to try to enlist more people in the Christian ranks."

Communicants of the Greater Salem Baptist Church, at 71st and Yale in Chicago, can attest that Miss Jackson kept her word. Hundreds of persons flocked to the church, of which she has been a member for 30 years, for a week-long revival the singer conducted in January.

To go through with her promise, she had turned down several professional engagements.

Wilson Joins Panel

It was another jazz breakthrough.

Dr. Marshall Stearns, president of the Institute of Jazz Studies, was no longer the only voice representing jazz on the music advisory panel attached to the International Cultural Exchange Service of the American National Theater and Academy (ANTA).

The appointment of John S. Wilson, jazz critic for the *New York Times* and regular *Down Beat* contributor, meant that two of the 12 men on the panel—made up predominantly of authorities on classical music—now know whereof jazz speaks.

Fellow panelists of Stearns and Wilson include Dr. Howard Hanson, director of the Eastman School of Music; critic-composer-conductor Virgil Thomson; Dr. Carleton Sprague Smith, chief of the music division, New York Public Library; and Al Manuti, president of local 302, American Federation of Musicians, among others.

The panel is important to jazz for this reason: it advises the U.S. State Department on matters involving cultural exchange projects.

This Modern World

"Do you like the sound of rain?" reads the publicity release from the Wilshire Mail Order house in Hollywood. "Use nature's soothing way to help you fall asleep. Turn on the rain record or tape, close your eyes, and let a wonderful night's sleep be yours."

The company specifies that you get a choice of "light rain" or "heavy rain".



UA SIGNS ZOOT FINSTER

And in case you don't believe it, here's the picture to prove it. Taken in the office of United Artists Records' a&r man Jack Lewis, the photo shows Zoot (in black coat and hat) signing the contract on the back of *Down Beat* columnist George Crater, discoverer and chief tout of the Zoot Finster Octet. Looking on are Lewis (right), Bob Altshuler, UA's publicity director (left), John Mandel (with beard), arranger and composer for the first Finster octet disc for UA, and, lower left, Anastasia Lefcourt, an exciting new jazz vocalist signed to the Finster Octet. In a surprise move, Zoot announced that for his record debut he would completely reorganize the now-famous octet. First to be dropped will be trumpeter Miles Cosnat. Zig Priff, new trumpet star from Des Moines, will replace him. Congaist Armando Chaleh is also leaving. He will reportedly join Desilu as a translator. As you will notice, everyone in the photo is wearing an overcoat. This was because of the mysterious coolness that descended on the room when Zoot arrived for the signing. Miss Lefcourt, who is noted for her deep warmth, did not require additional clothing.

Lewarke Moves to Europe

Within a matter of months, Europeans will be able to buy some of the latest U.S. jazz albums the same week they are released in the United States.

Through a new production and distribution firm, Interdisc, Ltd., headquartered in Lugano, Switzerland, a U.S. company is beginning a program that may have dramatic effect in altering the character of the European jazz album market. Interdisc is headed by Jack Lewarke, head of Los Angeles' California Record Distributors for the last 10 years, who recently pulled up U.S. stakes to live permanently in Switzerland with his wife and two children and guide the new firm from that location.

What Interdisc will accomplish, according to Lewarke, is to make available to European buyers the latest albums from leading U.S. jazz labels as soon as they are released in the States and at prevailing continental prices. Thus far, the companies signed by Interdisc are Contemporary, Good Time Jazz, Riverside, Hifirecords and Hifijazz, Fantasy, and GNP.

While Interdisc is a Swiss corporation, pressing facilities for its product are located an hour's drive to the south,

in Milan, Italy. Packaging, according to Lewarke, will be up to U.S. standards and will utilize excellent Italian color photographic processing.

Within six months, he said, 75 percent of the available recordings in catalogs of the firms already contracted will be in European stores through local dealerships. U.S. manufacturers distributing in Africa, Lewarke said, also will be represented by this new company.

"For the first time," he commented, "American companies merchandising in Europe will be represented wholly by Americans." Sales manager for the firm is Alan Bates, formerly with English Decca.

Lewarke said that eventually he plans to record European jazz all over the Continent for simultaneous release and distribution there and in this country.

MGA Presses TV Battle

Its defeat in the recording industry election did not delay the Musicians Guild of America in its battle against the performance trust fund of the American Federation of Musicians and the federation's long-dominant position as exclusive bargaining agent for musicians in all fields of entertainment.

In a two-pronged move, the guild and

its sympathizers recently shifted direction of attack to the area of television.

In a ruling out of Washington, D. C., the National Labor Relations Board granted MGA the right to an election among musicians working for members of the Alliance of Television Film Producers, Inc., to decide whether they should be represented by the guild or by the AFM. The alliance is composed of Desilu Productions, Hal Roach Studios, McCadden Corp., Lindsley Parsons Productions, Marterto Productions, and Flying A Productions. The labor board decreed that elections should take place by the end of the first week in February.

Under the NLRB ruling, Revue (MGA) Productions, Mark VII (Jack Webb) and Ziv Television Productions are excluded in the election. Musicians working for Revue fall into a separate unit, the board decided, and Mark VII already is contracted with the AFM,

while Ziv has done without musicians since 1955. Ziv finds it more economical to use "canned" music tracks, for the most part and, therefore, has no contract with the AFM.

Musicians who have worked two days or more with any of the companies involved during a year's period are eligible to vote.

In yet another legal gambit, individual musicians, in concord with the MGA's aims, sought to halt payment of what is believed to be a substantial portion of some \$6,000,000 into the AFM's trust fund. The money in question is the federation's share of sale of feature films to television, and the suing musicians are pressing for their cut. Represented by attorney Harold A. Fendler, the complainants are seeking an injunction against dispersal of the funds. Until such time as a court decision is reached on their claims, the musicians have asked that a receiver be

appointed to administer the \$6,000,000.

The guild's suit claims that by diverting the money into the trust funds, the federation would be depriving the movie musicians of what is rightfully theirs and giving it to members throughout the nation who never have had a part in motion picture work.

Named in the request for an injunction are the AFM, the performance trust fund's trustees, and the distribution firms that bought the old films from movie studios.

Who's on First?

Readers of the trade paper *The Billboard* did a double take when they came upon a full-page ad announcing Ray Bryant's *Little Susie*, then shook their heads and muttered, "That's the first time that ever happened."

From all appearances, the jazz pianist had recorded Parts 1 and 3 of *Little Susie* for Columbia and then gone over

A CHANGE FOR CHICO

Since 1955, when the Chico Hamilton Quintet was first organized in Los Angeles, the group has grown into one of the top jazz attractions in club and concert work throughout the nation. But for a year or more, the 38-year-old drummer-leader has been dissatisfied, and smarting with the realization that he'd been forced into a stylistic rut that was seriously jeopardizing his future in jazz.

The issue came to a head the night after the quintet returned from the *Jazz For Moderns* concert tour last fall.

"We'd come back to New York," Chico told *Down Beat*, "and I knew there was only one thing to do—disband." Disband he did, and returned to the west coast for a period of retrenchment, self-examination, and a long-overdue rest. Since the group began to hit the big time on the jazz circuit in 1956, he explained, he had spent almost 40 weeks a year on the road. It was time to sit down for a while.

During a recent engagement at Hollywood's Cloister, however, a new formula began to emerge in Chico's mind as he thought about the future of his group and the type of music he had been wanting to play.

One result is that the Chicago Hamilton Quintet, in its revamped edition, is at last in keeping with the leader's intent. The emphasis has shifted from the exotic to the swinging, from *Blue Sands* to brown earth.

"We're keeping *Blue Sands* and a few numbers like it that helped establish the group originally," he said. "But I don't want to play that kinda stuff anymore."

Along with a fresh musical outlook, Chico has enlisted some new faces in the quintet, faces that haven't yet been seen on the national jazz scene. The only musician held over from the old group is cellist Nat Gershon. The remainder consists of saxman-flutist Carrington Visor, a Los Angeleno hitherto unknown outside southern California; guitarist Dave Coons, who has spent considerable time with the Harry James band, and bassist Herbie Lewis, a 19-year-old Pasadena who has been stirring considerable comment among musicians by his playing during the past year.

"I really believe I've found my purpose now," declared Chico. "When I was young, I could look forward to going with a band that meant something when I got good enough. Now, I want to give my young guys the opportunity to be

heard by the public. This is my purpose. At least part of it . . .

"So far as the music is concerned," he continued, "I want always to maintain my musical integrity. Now I feel I'm doing just that. One way is by showing off the new music we have in the book. We've got charts by Benny Golson, Melba Liston, Kenny Dorham, and a fellow from Cleveland who's arranged for Quincy Jones, Hale Smith. Then, too, we've got *Milestones* and other blues things by Miles, plus some things I wrote, things with simplicity and continuity—but they're swingin'."

Chico's basic aim with his new group is simple. "I want to swing," he said, "to get back to the roots. After all, I've been known as a swingin' drummer and that's what I want to do now."

The most interesting additions to the new Hamilton book are the Miles Davis compositions. The leader's desire to do them full justice seems to be the clearest signpost to what lies ahead. Nor is this unrelated to his personal regard for Miles.

"Miles has matured into one of the most profound musicians we have today," he said. "A measure of his profundity can be seen in a remark he once made to Nat Gershon. 'Man,' he told him, 'you don't have to play a whole lot of notes. You just have to take the pretty ones.'"

For Chico Hamilton, heading his new group is "like I'm starting out all over again." Eminently satisfied with the present quintet, he feels he was quite justified in disbanding the previous group, a step unprecedented for him.

"With all due respect to the musicians in that band," he said, "collectively I think we were getting out of hand. But individually, they were excellent musicians."

With emphasis now placed on a group sound that swings, he said, the quintet will head out on the road again in March, hitting such cities as Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Minneapolis and Boston, along with many colleges for concert appearances.

As to recording, Chico is keen to make the next album a blues set. "And I want to supervise it personally and to write my own liner notes. That way I'll know exactly what's going down."

to Signature Records to wax Parts 2 and 4. The advertisement had been taken by the Hanover-Signature Record Corp. to announce "a 4-sided smash! Ray Bryant *Little Susie* Parts 1-2-3 and 4. Signature #12026 (Parts 2 and 4). Goodbye, Ray—thanks a lot. Good luck at Columbia! Parts 1 and 3 are available on Columbia #41553."

John Hammond, who recently had signed Bryant to the Columbia label, explained to *Down Beat*:

"Several years ago I recorded Ray playing *Little Susie* for Vanguard, when he and his bass-playing brother were with the Jo Jones Trio. The number has a rousing, Gospel-singing quality and seemed to me to have a hit potential, but the Vanguard version was buried in an album."

When Hammond moved from Vanguard to Columbia late last year, he went to the Village Vanguard in New York City, where Bryant was playing with his own trio, and offered the pianist a recording contract. Bryant had made quite a few recordings but did not have an exclusive deal. He signed with Columbia, and Hammond set up a date almost at once. They made a long version of *Little Susie*, and an engineer in the studio said, "Call it Parts 1 and 3, so everybody will be looking forward to Parts 2 and 4."

On one side Hammond got everybody in the studio to clap hands along with Bryant's piano, Walter Bolden's drums, and Tommy Bryant's bass. (For the record collectors who insist on personals, the clappers were John Hammond, J. J. Johnson, and Bobby Timmons.) Hammond is happy about the clapping now because it makes for complete identification of the Columbia single, which has become a hit. He proudly says, "Ours is the side with the clapping."

Last October, before the Columbia date, Signature had recorded some Bryant sides.

There are several versions of what happened when Bryant recorded *Little Susie* for Signature at that time. One is that the date just didn't jell and the sides were not good. Another is that the persons involved were just fooling around in the studio for kicks. At any rate, Signature didn't get around to issuing *Little Susie*, nor did it get around to signing Bryant to a recording contract, but when it heard he had recorded *Little Susie* for Columbia, the company hurried up and labeled its two sides Parts 2 and 4.

Bryant could be one of the outstanding new talents to reach stardom in 1960. Last July at the Newport Jazz festival, his ability to play in all the jazz styles left a deep impression on

audiences. He was veritable house pianist for the festival, playing with and inspiring the mainstream musicians as well as the modern instrumentalists.

His ambition now, he said, is to have enough bookings to keep working as a leader of a trio. He writes most the material for the group, and Columbia is scheduled to record an album of his work soon. Meantime, he has *Little Susie* going for him.

Freberg Scores Again

It was inevitable that the current payola investigations should become the focal point of one of the record business' most enduring satirists, Stan Freberg.

Alert as an eager subpoena-server, Freberg let no green grow under his feet when the payola scandal broke in the nation's press. After hurried preparation and a rush record date at Hollywood's Capitol Tower, Freberg's personal reaction to the problem emerged from the pressing plant in the shape of a fast single titled *The Old Payola Roll Blues*, an opus chronicling the rise and fall of the latest rockabilly teenage idol. The record has point and pertinancy; it hits home at some tender spots on those directly involved in the systematic plugging of musical trash.

Radio station reaction was predictably touchy. Two stations in New York, one in Baltimore, and another in Detroit (all of which are considered key cities by the payola manipulators) banned the record. Disc jockeys, for the most part, stood pat, cautiously awaiting decisions from station managers and owners. So far as they were concerned, the message of the *Blues* left them in the clear. Freberg's target was the independent label; not the DJ brotherhood as such.

But some stations gleefully welcomed the record. Baltimore's WFBR, known as a good-music outlet, took an almost satanic joy in departing from its refined format to program the record on every show throughout each day. In Philadelphia, one station reached a curious compromise by playing the disc but refusing to announce the title.

For those who don't dig his message, Freberg, who heads a profitable Hollywood advertising production agency between zany record dates, had this to say:

"Anybody who finds this record offensive must find the shoe fits a little too close for comfort. And I'm aghast that any radio station not involved in payola would refrain from playing it.

"I felt that disc jockeys had been attacked long enough, and it was time somebody put the shoe squarely where it belongs—on the foot of the rock-and-roll record companies."



Now Develop Some NEW Talent

If the rock-and-roll fad is doomed, and there are indications that it is, this might be the time for the development of new talents not identified with the big beat. There is a new generation of potential record buyers coming up—youngsters between the ages of 12-18—who might pick up on some sounds with musical validity, given the chance.

The circumstances of the last decade that brought about the current low level of musical appreciation are complex and shouldn't be attributed to any one source. However, a major development of a progressive nature has come out of the rock-and-roll nightmare. Young persons today are acutely aware of rhythm, though lacking the appreciation of good melodic line.

In the last decade youngsters have absorbed rhythmic understanding; they also have made a big step, consequently, toward the appreciation of good jazz.

Lightly viewing the last three generations, the general aspects of popular music as it relates to jazz are interesting.

The entertainment industry still has active representation from the three eras, from, say, 1920 to 1935. There was great popularity for the large dance orchestra with an identifying style, and followers are keeping alive the style in the orchestras of Guy Lombardo, Sammy Kaye, Fred Waring, and Lawrence Welk. This does not necessarily mean that only the older persons listen to and appreciate these bands, but the response to this type of music depends upon a

simple, pleasant melodic content with a beat that is content to keep time. The rhythmic impelling force that makes for original melodic improvisation is sublimated to a simple line, flavoured with the cute trick or gimmick that gives the band its identifying style.

There was a minor music movement afoot, exemplified by the bands of Fletcher Henderson, Duke Ellington, and even Jean Goldkette, during those years, which along with the smaller jazz groups and the jam session activity devoted a great deal of attention to rhythm. But these bands had no commercial status, and the improvised melodies were unintelligible to the general public.

From 1935 to 1945, a new generation came along, and the youth of the nation discovered the swing bands. The bands of Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Gene Krupa, and Harry James were highly rhythmic. Their improvised melodies stimulated the listeners, whether the music content was understood or not. Those who followed these bands still pursue their interest in bands such as Ray McKinley and the Glenn Miller Orchestra, Warren Covington and the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, Lee Castle and the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra, and the bands of Ray Anthony, Ralph Flanagan, and Ralph Marterie.

Many persons, who were young during the swing era, still appreciate rhythm when it is inspired by the Miller type of arrangement or the driving virtuosity of a star instrumentalist like drummer Krupa or trumpeter James. With rhythmic swing, there is usually the factor of the familiar melody in the most successful bands. The "swing and sway" with Sammy Kaye turned into the "swing and sweat" with Charlie Barnet.

Those years also had a secondary music movement. There were the small swing groups and the jam sessions, as before, but the bands of Count Basie, Chick Webb, and Ellington again still failed to gain wide acceptance even in a more rhythmic society and a more jazz-oriented youthful generation. There was quite an active phase of jazz, rhythm and blues, which had a minor but increasingly larger audience—the small jump bands like Louis Jordan's Tympani Five and the groups accompanying the blues singers like Washboard Sam, Tampa Red, and Memphis Minnie.

The most musically significant sub-movement of the time was bop, which developed during the second half of the 1935-45 era. As exemplified by the playing of Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious

Monk, and Charlie Parker, this movement had little commercial appeal at the time.

After World War II, a new generation of disoriented, disturbed youth grew out of the disorder of the war years.

Whether because of television, record bans, or the war, many name bands disappeared, although such rhythmic ones as Stan Kenton's, Woody Herman's, Basie's and Ellington's held on. The jazz styles of these groups were built to reflect or incorporate the sounds resulting from bop experimentation. A higher level of musical knowledge was now needed, and although these groups did not attain the commercial acceptance enjoyed by the swing bands, they did acquire large followings and—within limits—still hold their own.

The Dixieland revival of the last 15 years has appealed to many musically oriented persons and included such bands as Louis Armstrong's All-Stars, Red Nichols' Five Pennies, and the Jack Teagarden Sextet, which belong in the 1925-35 period of jazz. Contemporary groups playing Dixieland, like the Dukes of Dixieland, also have found a hearing.

At the same time, small jazz groups made up of swing musicians like Roy Eldridge, Buck Clayton, Dickie Wells, still are active and being heard.

While all this is going on, the more serious jazz fans and students are listening to the highly modern ideas of Miles Davis, Charlie Mingus, Benny Golson, and many other youthful jazzmen.

The three generations continue to be represented on the American scene with one notable exception—there are few name dance bands in the modern idiom. Instead, a jazz music made up of musical phases requiring only some degree of orientation holds firm.

This is the music climate facing another generation that has been entering its teens from 1950 to 1955. Youth liked to dance, but where were the dance bands? Their environment included exposure to a listening-type music. Some became listeners rather than dancers, and they listened to the music on the radio and on records, and for whatever reason, rhythm and blues and rock-and-roll began to appeal to them strongly. Their own contemporaries, like Elvis Presley, employed both the blues and hillbilly music at the same time, and away they all went. The youngsters had found a music of their own, with which they could identify—an unmelodic sound, yet with a basic beat. It was theirs, and they could dance to it.

They may have surprised the record

companies at first, but it didn't take long for the record manufacturers to recognize the commercial value. They moved in like air into a vacuum. The best artists-and-repertoire men were nonmusicians, because few men with a music background could conceive of some of the sounds that emanated from the recording studios, and the popular record business deteriorated into a contest of weird sounds. There had been precedents set by men who were musicians. Hadn't Mitch Miller, a fine musician, recorded Frankie Laine singing *Mule Train* accompanied by a whip?


In the wake of all the youthful excitement came the record hops. Then radio was taken over 100 percent by what jazz drummer Buddy Rich called "a music played by idiots for idiots."

The record hops were not only locally produced by disc jockeys with phonographs in halls and clubs. They expanded into a network television show like the Dick Clark *American Bandstand*, where parents, if they watched, could see their children dancing with movements and facial expressions as ridiculous as the music they were gyrating to.

The competition in all this activity finally got so keen that an expanded, flagrant, form of payola got under way, to keep the strong record producers strong. It really didn't make much difference what records got pushed. They were all bad, including those that made millionaires out of 16-year-olds or their managers, or both, in a couple of weeks' time.

Now it looks as though congressional investigations will stymie the payola racket. If so, it won't be bright for disc jockeys to continue the pushing of inferior music, and many radio stations will forbid such trash going out over their wave-lengths.

A new crop of teenagers is entering the picture. They will not have been confronted by constant exposure to bad music. They may respond to something better, and there will be possible elimination of rock and roll. The children who originally made it successful are going into their 20s, and some of them will put aside childish things.

There are indications that the record manufacturers currently are looking for qualified musicians to serve as a&r men. Perhaps they will develop singers and music groups with something valid to offer. There are singers like Bill Henderson and Mark Murphy, groups like the Miles Davis Sextet, Horace Silver Quintet, and the Golson-Farmer Jazztet that are not so far out that they might appeal to the younger element if they were given full exposure. 

OUT OF MY HEAD



Instead of the usual type column, this issue I'd like to devote most of the space to a sort of public service message. Several people have written asking me for help on a problem, and I feel the problem is important enough (to all of us) to warrant a published reply. Here then are:

50 Things to Tell Your Son When He Comes to You and Says He Wants to Be a Jazz Musician:

1. You're out of your nut!
2. Next you'll want to marry Anna May Wong!
3. Don't forget to send Doris Duke a Christmas card.
4. I hope you like short beers . . .
5. Be kind to Ira Gitler, you never can tell when he might be writing your liner notes.
6. You don't *have* to wear a beard.
7. But *Gerry Mulligan's a man!*
8. The bandleader or the drummer always gets the chick . . .
9. Buy a good Greenwich Village street map.
10. Throw away the \$200 velvet-lined case your ax came in and get a plastic bag.
11. Can you whistle Sonny's solo on *St. Thomas*?
12. Do you know *Stella by Starlight* in at least six keys?
13. Smile, knowingly, when Miles walks off the stage in the middle of a phrase.
14. Go on! Eat cheeseburgers at 5 in the morning!
15. *Forget* the Dukes of Dixieland!
16. Get a cap (plastic rain cover optional).
17. Be prepared to be stared at on buses and in places of public assembly.
18. Put down girl musicians and band vocalists, and you'll make it!
19. Punch a critic in the mouth at least once a month (*hard*).
20. Learn how to get from the gig to Junior's before 3 a.m. on Saturday night . . .
21. Learn how to get from Junior's *to* the gig before 9 p.m. on *Sunday* night . . .
22. Never frown at a policeman in Hershey, Pa.
23. Never ask a club owner for bread in front (especially on a rainy week-night).
- 23½. Never ask a club owner for bread in front on a rainy week-night *during Lent* . . .
24. Wear a Timex watch and send Joe Glaser flowers every day.
25. Look *pensive* whenever you see Burt Goldblatt.
26. Don't ever walk onto the union floor and ask a cat, "What's happening?"
27. Practice telling your landlady, "The record com-

pany is holding up my royalty check because of the payola investigation—they had to send all their books to Washington."

28. . . . and join the Communist Party while you're at it!

29. I knew it was coming when you had "Thelonious Monk" tattooed on your chest.

30. . . . and to think, your father wanted you to be a *June Taylor Dancer* . . .

31. When you get to Virginia Beach, there's a chick who sells cigarets, and . . .

32. Who knows? Maybe someday Sal Minco will play you in the movies . . .

33. What's the matter, I'm not *hep*?

34. I always thought you were a little freaky . . .

35. Hell, I used to buy every record Ted Lewis made.

36. I don't care what you say, you're not going to change your name to Don Elliott. And put down all those instruments before you get a hernia!

37. I don't care what you say, you're not going to change your name to Thelonious. And will you please get out of that silly little wagon?

38. Don't ever buy a pack of cigarets in Birdland! I heard about a girl once who . . .

39. Last week a mountain climber! Now a jazz musician!

40. Just don't bring your nut friends home to *my* house!

41. You don't know what this is going to do to your Aunt Helen . . .

42. *Jose Melis* didn't want to become a jazz musician.

43. I hope you know what you're doing . . .

44. Next you'll want to marry Anna May Wong!

45. . . . and I want to be *Queen of England!*

46. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-heh-heh-heh-heh-hi-hi-h.

47. Dave Brubeck had to play *your* college right?

48. I knew something was wrong as soon as you started reading that *Dead Beat* . . .

49. Next you'll want to marry Anna May Wong!

50. Solid!

I don't think Curtis Fuller looks like Jimmy Cleveland . . .

I sorta miss Nesuhi Ertegun's *like new* Jaguar . . .

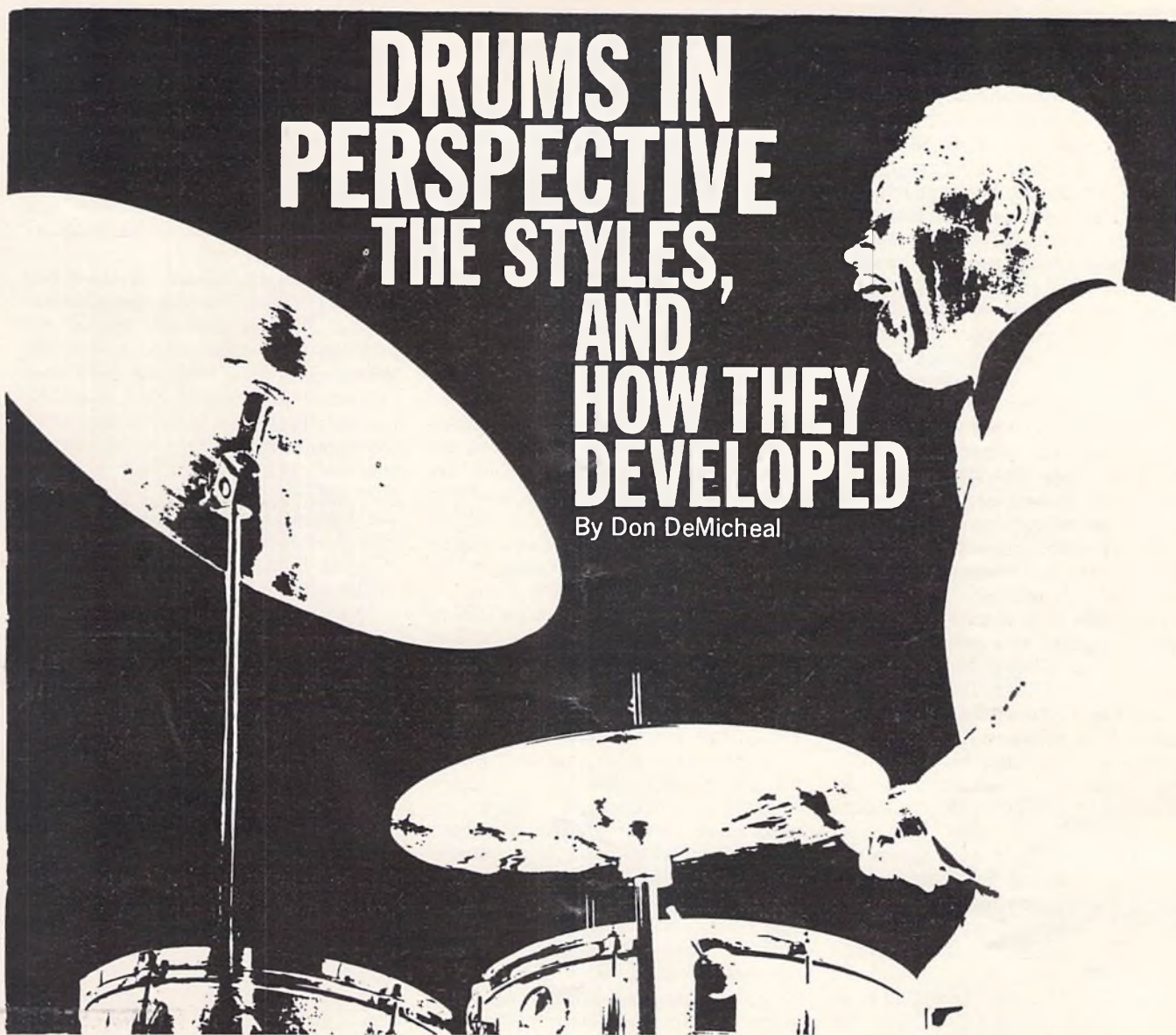
I think Margaret O'Brien would have made a helluva blues singer . . .

I wish Ornette Coleman and Don Cherry would form a group . . .

I . . . *think I'd better split* . . .

DRUMS IN PERSPECTIVE THE STYLES, AND HOW THEY DEVELOPED

By Don DeMicheal



Modern drumming is perhaps the most complex form of percussion work performed by one person in the long history of music. Surely, the modern jazz drummer is much more advanced technically and musically than his fellows of bygone eras. Aside from the technical aspects of drumming, the modernist is able to express a wider, more diversified range of emotions to his fellow musicians as well as to the listener.

Whence came this technical skill, this emotional diversity, this complexity?

They did not spring full-blown from the head of Zeus but instead have grown out of all that has gone before.

Jazz drumming has been with us long enough so that some sort of analysis can be made of its development. Viewing jazz drumming as a genetic, evolutionary process leads to some definite conclusions, and these conclusions may step on the toes of those who see jazz as a myth-filled and romantic folk art.

An evolutionary, historical approach

requires pigeonholing men, concepts, and styles into eras; this is unavoidable and is for purposes of exposition only. The history of jazz drumming must be seen as a whole, as a growing, ever-changing phenomenon.

The germs of future developments are found in each era. Some men, such as Dave Tough and Sid Catlett, were active in two or more eras and changed their modes of playing accordingly. Others, for instance Sonny Greer, are of no particular school or era. Some well-known men will not be mentioned here, not because they are inept or forgotten but because their playing was or is to a great degree a reflection of others or their influence on the general character of jazz drumming was or is limited.

NEW ORLEANS AND CHICAGO

A careful, prolonged study of early jazz leads to the conclusion that there was much more of John Phillip Sousa

in the beginnings of jazz than an African tradition or echo of the jungle.

The idea that the Negro had some primitive "instincts" that raced heatedly through his blood when he first picked up a drumstick is a prejudicial racist theory. That the Negro is innately more rhythmic than the Caucasian is a myth; ask any drum teacher who has both white and Negro beginning students. If there is a difference in the rhythmic ability or conception between the two races, it is a socio-cultural difference and not a biological one.

The Negro did, however, take the white man's marches and quadrilles and turned them into something far different — as much through negativism as through musical ignorance. For instance, the accents on the weak beats, which are found in the whole history of jazz drumming, can be seen as a negative reaction against what the dominant culture said was correct. But aside from the psychological overtones of early jazz, the important thing is that the

Negro changed this military music into a thing of lasting and flaming beauty.

The rolls, flams, ratamacues, heavy bass drum, and other military trappings all can be heard in the work of the New Orleans veterans and their followers, the Chicagoans and the swingmen. This militarism, of course, was not left untempered. The pioneer percussionists added their own ingredients to concoct a dish unmistakably jazz. The unwavering stiffness of the march was softened and made flexible by changing the rhythmic feel from a strict 2/4 or 6/8 to one of 12/8 superimposed over a basic 4/4 time.

The most swinging exponents of this jazz-march style include Zutty Singleton, Ray Bauduc, Minor and Tubby Hall, Tony Sbarbaro (Spargo), Paul Barbarin, and Baby Dodds.

Dodds, in many ways, is the most satisfying of these drummers. He, more than any other, embodied the spirit and tradition of this military-flavored jazz. His work stands as a testament to the tremendous drive and swing this style can engender. Dodds' early recorded work with King Oliver, Jelly-Roll Morton, and Louis Armstrong is all but lost because of the primitive recording techniques of the '20s, but his beautifully subtle approach is well preserved on records made during the New Orleans revival of the '40s.

According to their own testimony, Dodds had a strong influence on the young drummers in Chicago during the '20s. Dave Tough, Gene Krupa, and George Wettling listened long and well to the young man hunched behind the ornate set of drums at the old Lincoln Gardens when King Oliver and his Creole Jazz Band played there. Thus, the military tradition was passed on and grew in adherents.

The Chicagoans added still more to the content of jazz drumming. The Chicagoans' most noticeable and positive contribution was a concern—sometimes overconcern—with technical skill. They experimented with cymbal effects and the brass drum. Instead of choking the cymbal as the New Orleans men did, they allowed it to ring; the bass drum beats were placed evenly on all four beats of the bar, instead of the first and third beats. The military hung on tenaciously with the Chicagoans'—especially Krupa's—reliance on the press roll and the rudiments.

The Chicagoans, at times, were guilty of some lack of restraint, but their unbridled enthusiasm was a joy to hear. The push and drive that they generated sparked many an otherwise dull recording session.

SWING

Chick Webb had a major impact on

the drummers who heard him at Harlem Savoy ballroom during the late 1920s and through most of the '30s. Through numerous battles of bands, his dynamic work was spread among the drummers of the top bands who played opposite him. Webb's technical but subtle solos and his adroit cymbal work have been credited by more than a few drummers as having been of great importance to their playing. His devotees range from Gene Krupa to Philly Joe Jones. Especially significant was Webb's mark on Krupa's work, for it was Krupa who was to become the symbol of the swing era.

Krupa looms large in the evolution of drums, as much for his musical contributions—and they were many—as his popularization of the instrument. He brought to prominence a style that was in reality a further extension of the military tradition, tempered as it was by the dominant Dodds influence mixed with more than a touch of Webb.

His long drum solos with Benny Goodman, while mostly flashy and vaudevillian, at times contained much of musical worth. Krupa's work during the '30s with the Goodman trio and quartet, happily preserved on many recordings, was alive with enthusiasm, wit, and warmth.

Krupa's influence is almost immeasurable. His influence is discernible in the work of many who followed—even in the playing of such modernists as Max Roach and Art Blakey. The essence of his playing—the military—is most noticeable in his contemporaries of the '30s and those of later date who embraced swing. Stemming directly from Krupa and, in general, reflecting his approach are two of the technically most capable drummers ever to grace the jazz scene: Buddy Rich and Louis Bellson.

Rich is admired almost universally by jazz drummers, mainly because he has extremely fast hands and an ungodly right foot. This formidable technique rarely overcomes his powerhouse swinging and good taste. His influence, however, has been a technical rather than conceptual one. Bellson, a tremendous musician, has had little influence aside from his introduction of the novel double bass drum setup.

The perceptive jazz student will see that there is a vast difference between the basically military-oriented drumming of the swing era and the bop drumming that immediately followed. The key to this difference lies in the work of certain transition figures—titans when considered historically. Two were major influences, two minor. Let's look first at the minor, albeit strong, influences.

Cozy Cole was a mild sensation in the '30s with his *Paradiddle Joe* routine, but his contribution goes much deeper than novelty and popularization. His major addition to the jazz drummers' frame of reference was a technical one: hand and foot independence. He was one of the first—if not *the* first—to develop and master this co-ordination, which is such a necessity for today's drummer.

Simply, independence in its fullest form is the ability to play simultaneously four different rhythmic figures, one with the right hand, another with the left hand, a third with the right foot, and yet another with the left foot. Cole has developed this independence to an astonishing degree. On one memorable occasion, I heard him play not only four different figures at one time, but the figures also were divided between straight eighth notes and triplets. This is equal to holding two opposed ideas at the same instant.

Dave Tough's use and development of the top cymbal marks him as the other minor influence. Originally a Dodds follower—he absorbed the New Orleansian's message to an even greater degree than his fellow Chicagoans—Tough continued to evolve through the swing era. His work with the first Woody Herman Herd of the '40s not only drove that band to inspired heights but had a profound effect on jazz drummers as well. Tough employed larger cymbals than had been generally used previously, and their all-encompassing sound spread like a golden shimmer behind the Herd. More than any other man, Tough made the top cymbal the basic instrument of the drummer. His influence was so strong in the '40s that drummers were in danger of becoming nothing more than cymbalists. Fortunately, the excesses were conquered, and moderation in the form of a ping instead of a whoosh prevailed.

Sid Catlett and Jo Jones were tremendous forces in the evolution of jazz drumming, major influences because their contributions were more conceptual than technical. These were the men through which the military was subordinated to the orchestral. Drumsticks in their hands became the paint brushes of the artist, not the machinegun of the militarist. Both have been cited by leading modernists as having a telling effect on their playing. Traces of each man are heard throughout the modern drum world.

Jones is an attitude, a frame of mind, a feel. He injected into jazz drumming attributes that had been at a discount—relaxation, tolerance, and impeccable taste. More important than these even was the dynamic swing he brought to

the Count Basie band of the '30s. Jones could lift the whole Basie band right out of the chairs with some simple but perfectly placed figure. His use of the hi-hat or sock cymbal never has been matched. Not given to flashy displays of virtuosity but content to integrate his playing with his fellows in a most musicianly way, Jones was and is primarily a group player.

Just as Jones pointed to a more musical way of thinking about the drummer's role, so Catlett pointed to a new way of thinking about the drummer's musical conceptions.

While he didn't escape the military influence completely, Big Sid developed a linearism rarely heard before him. His solos became percussive explorations of themes and lines in which one could almost hear the tune. Always a showman, he indulged on many occasions in the crowd-pleasing machinegun type of solo, but his really significant and lasting work is of the theme-variation type. Catlett showed that a drum solo could be a thing of beauty and as expressive as any other instrument's solo.

Nor was his linear conception the only contribution he made to the evolution of jazz drumming. His sparing use of the bass drum had its effect on those who followed, as did his very personal way of playing the hi-hat. He employed double-time extensively in his solo work, giving to the future still another means of expression. His bass drum explosions were echoed in the early work of the modernists.

Catlett's influence on the playing of Kenny Clarke, Shelly Manne, and Max Roach was not only great but highly significant; for these were the men who were the developers of what we know as modern jazz drumming. Thus, it can be seen what far-reaching effects Catlett's influence was to have.

Let's pause awhile before going into the modern era and consider the state of jazz drumming as it was at the juncture of swing and bop. From its beginnings, jazz drumming had evolved, picking up influences here, dropping others there, so that at this point it had shed much of the military and had become more oriented toward the orchestral conception. Musicianship was, every day, more important; no longer could the idea of a drummer's not being a musician be accepted. The musical attitude of Jones, the independence of Cole's feet and hands, the cymbals of Tough, the linearism of Catlett along with the technical advances of the swing men hung like storm clouds above the young aspiring drummers. When the storm broke, the young drummers didn't run for cover

but reveled in the life-giving rain. The flood that followed was called bop.

MODERN

Bop broke one of the last restraining links of the chain that bound the drummer to the military tradition—the bass drum. The bop drummer saw no logical reason for his duplicating the steady four of the bassist with his right foot; instead he used the bass drum as another tone color in his expanding spectrum of sounds. Time-keeping was confined to the top cymbal; later the sock cymbal, sharply closed on the afterbeats, was added as a time-keeping device.

Of major influence during the '40s and '50s was the introduction of Afro-Cuban rhythms to jazz. Dizzy Gillespie had much to do with bringing this element to the fore by his using the congoist Chano Pozo in his big band. After an initial flurry of Cuban-flavored jazz, the Latin influence dissipated until about all that remains is a bongo pop that the modern drummer uses on the afterbeats at times.

Modern drumming is marked by a very intense, on-top-of-the-beat method of playing the top cymbal. Whereas drummers of previous eras used a basic rhythmic pattern of 4/4 $\text{J} \text{J} \text{J} \text{J}$ etc., the new crop usually tightens this to 4/4 $\text{J} \text{J} \text{J} \text{J}$ etc. To those not familiar with musical notation, this difference perhaps could best be shown by singing the first *bum bum baa bum bum bum*. The second would sound *bum bum PA dum bum PA dum*.

Manne, Clarke, and Roach stand out as the most important men of the early bop era. Although legend has it that Clarke originated klook mop or bebop drumming at Minton's in New York City in the '40s, this must be taken with a grain of salt when one considers the many forces at work at the time. Clarke's contribution was sizable, however, especially in the use of the bass drum, but was hardly as far-reaching as Manne's or Roach's. These two are still major influences and sources of inspiration and new directions.

Of the two, Roach was the more influential in the early days of modernity—even Manne was to a great extent in his debt. Roach took Catlett's style, added considerably to it, and developed one of the most dynamic ways of playing jazz ever has known. Perhaps his greatest contribution has been his experiments with time. Possessed of a remarkable sense of rhythm, Roach pushed back the barriers to free expression by such devices as superimposing 6/4 on 4/4, using groups of five quarter notes in opposition to four, and experimenting with 3/4 time.

Roach has continued to evolve and follow new paths all through his career; today he stands in the forefront of modern drummers.

Many drummers enrolled in the Roach school; the most important one who has made contributions of his own is Art Blakey. Having lived in west Africa for a time and identifying with it psychologically, Blakey, more than anyone, has been responsible for injecting an African flavor into jazz drumming. His intense, exciting, and excited playing is marked by poly-rhythms not unlike those heard in African drumming.

Stemming from Blakey, Roach, and Catlett is Philly Joe Jones—probably the most electrifying new drummer to come to light in the last five years and a strong influence on the young hard-boppers.

Manne, besides being an early influence, has been a major force in the development of neo-bop drumming—a "melodic" means of expression abounding in exotic flavoring and brilliant colors. Using mallets, brushes, sticks, silver dollars, and fingers, he has pushed back many tonal barriers. The duo album he made in 1954 with pianist Russ Freeman is a magnificent display of his melodic conception. Although this album was considered a pleasant novelty when it was issued, it may very well be one of the most important records affecting jazz drumming because it portends such interesting paths of expression.

The neo-bop, melodic conceptions of Manne have been augmented by Chico Hamilton and Connie Kay. Hamilton, especially, has added to the tonal effects of modern drumming with his exotic, always provocative work with his own group. Kay has been more of an expression of John Lewis' ideas than a trail-blazer in his own right; however, his interpretations of the pianist's ideas in the Modern Jazz Quartet are subtle, fragile, and quite effective.

The steady rise in the level of musicianship undoubtedly will continue. The number of drummers who double some other instrument, who compose and arrange, has grown and will increase.

Within the last year or so there has been an even greater freedom than bop afforded in drum solos. This development leads one to feel that we'll hear more and more free-style solos—solos not restricted by time signatures, meter, or tempo.

The finger technique (a way of controlling the sticks' rebound with the finger) so admirably employed by the almost-fabulous Joe Morello, will solve many technical problems, leading to fuller emotional expression.

THE FABULOUS JOE MORELLO

an appreciation by
MARIAN McPARTLAND



Increasingly recognized as one of the finest young drummers in jazz, Joe Morello has many admirers. One of the most ardent is his former employer, pianist Marian McPartland. When Mrs. McPartland learned that Down Beat was planning an article on the drummer, she asked for the assignment. The following deeply understanding article was the result.

The French they are a funny race. And drummer Joe Morello, who is of French extraction, does nothing to

confound the maxim. His Gallic characteristics, combined with his quiet New England upbringing, seem to be at the root of his personality—high-spirited, full of fun, yet serious and sensitive to a marked degree.

In Joe Morello there is a dreamer who is nonetheless a down-to-earth realist; someone who is reserved yet outspoken; shy much of the time, yet frequently completely uninhibited.

These are not just characteristics that set Joe apart as a man. They also help to set him apart as a jazz musician—one who leaves critics and fellow workers alike raving about

his fantastic technical ability, his taste, his touch, and his ideas.

Joe was born, brought up, and went to school in Springfield, Mass. His father, now retired, was a well-to-do painting contractor who had come to the United States from the south of France. Joe's mother, who died when he was 17, was French-Canadian.

A gentle, music-loving woman who taught him as a small boy the rudiments of piano playing, she encouraged and fostered his obvious love for music. She saw that many of the pleasures others find in life would be impossible for Joe: his extremely poor vision prevented him from participating in most of the games and sports other children enjoyed. Music, she seemed to feel, was the best compensation—and perhaps much more than mere compensation.

When Joe was 7, his parents bought him a violin, and he began to show a precocious talent for and interest in music. Moody and withdrawn, he disliked school and made few friends. One friendship he did form, however, was with a neighbor, named Lucien Montmany, a man who, crippled and confined to his home much of the time, took a great interest in the boy. He would play piano for him by the hour, and encouraged him to pursue music.

"Bless his soul, he was such a wonderful guy," Morello said. "And he helped me so much. He gave me confidence in myself, and after I had started studying drums, he used to say to me, 'Joe, you've got to practice all you can now, because you won't have the time later on.'

"And you know, he was right."

But Joe did not become interested in the drums until he was about 15. Until that time, he remained preoccupied with piano and violin—which explains in part the musicality of his work and his extreme sensitivity to other instruments.

He had made a few cautious forays into the rhythmic field. But these efforts were largely confined to performing with a couple of spoons on the edge of the kitchen table, as accompaniment to phonograph records. It irritated his parents and his sister Claire considerably.

But at last, with money earned from an after-school job in a Springfield paint shop, he bought himself a snare drum, sticks, and brushes and later—with money gained from the diligent selling of Christmas cards, among other things—the rest of the set. He found a teacher, Joe Sefcick, and began sitting in around town.

It was about this time that Morello formed a close friendship with another man who was to emerge as an important name in jazz: guitarist Sal Salvador.

"It was sometime in 1946 that I met Joe," Salvador recalled recently. "I was playing one of my first jobs when he came into the club with his father. He must have been about 17. I remember his father tried to get him to sit in, but he hung back.

"But finally he did agree to sit in, and he had very good chops even then. It was Joe Raiche's band. He was pretty well the king around Springfield, but we had heard talk about Joe Morello. And so he and Joe Raiche played some fours, and everybody thought he was great. I really dug what he did with the fours, especially since he was only playing on the tom-tom, and I asked him about working a job with me. After that we kept calling each other for jobs which we never seemed to get.

"From then on we were inseparable, we saw each other all day, every day."

Salvador tells several amusing stories that illustrate how much Joe (and several of his friends) wanted to play.

"Teddy Cohen, Chuck Andrus, Hal Sera, Phil Woods, and Joe and I would all get together and play as often as

we could," he said. "Saturday afternoons we used to go to Phil's house. One day it was so hot that we moved the piano out onto the porch. Joe moved his drums out there, too. The weight was too much. The porch tipped! Everyone panicked.

"But Joe was the first to recover. And he was the first one back indoors, with his drums set up to play.

"We were so anxious to play that we'd set up and start things going just anywhere we could. Once we drove out to a club called the Lighthouse. But it was closed when we got there, so we set up and started playing, right in front of the place.

"Pretty soon the cops came and chased us away. I guess we kids just didn't think about what the grownups had to go through with us in those days . . ."

Morello and Salvador continued working together at an odd assortment of jobs, including a radio broadcast, dances, and square dances. "Anything we could get," Salvador said. Then Morello started going to Boston to study with a noted teacher named George Lawrence Stone.

"I think it was Mr. Stone who finally made him realize that sooner or later he would have a great future in jazz," Salvador said. "And, of course, he gave Joe this great rudimental background. In fact, Joe became New England rudimental champion one time.

"In 1951, he joined Whitey Bernard. Finally, after working on the road with him, he went to New York in 1952 and put in his union card. I had gone there and had been begging him to come for some time. But he would say, 'No, I'm not ready yet. There are too many good drummers there.'

"However, he finally made it, and as you know, the Hickory House was one of the first places that he and I came to, to hear your group."

From here on, Joe Morello's story becomes quite personal to me.

At the time, there was a constant swarm of musicians at the bar of the Hickory House, where I was working. Sal had often told me about this "fabulous" drummer from Springfield. But being so accustomed to hearing the word "fabulous" used to describe talent ranging from mediocre to just plain bad, I was slightly skeptical.

But one night Joe came in with Sal. Mousie Alexander, who was playing drums with me at the time, introduced us. Joe Morello, a quiet, soft-spoken boy about 23, looked less like a drummer than a student of nuclear physics. Yet I was, after hearing so much about him, eager to hear him play.

We got up on the stand, Joe sat down at the drums and deftly adjusted the stool and the cymbals to his liking. And we started to play.

I really don't remember what the tune was, and it isn't too important. Because in a matter of seconds, everyone in the room realized that the boy with the diffident air was a phenomenal drummer. *Everyone* listened.

His precise blending of touch, taste, and an almost unbelievable technique were a joy to listen to. His technique was certainly as great (though differently applied) as that of Buddy Rich. And through it all, he played with a loose, easy feeling interspersed with subtle flashes of humor reminiscent of the late Sid Catlett.

That is the way Joe sounded then, and I will never forget it. Everyone knew that here was a discovery.

Word of his amazing ability spread like fire among the musicians, and soon he was inundated with offers of work. It was not long afterwards, following a short period with Stan Kenton's band and some dates with Johnny Smith's group, that Joe became a regular member of my group.

We opened at the Blue Note in Chicago in May, 1953, and later returned to the Hickory House.

Every night it was the same thing: the place was crowded with drummers who had come to hear Joe.

He practiced unceasingly between sets, usually on a table top, with a folded napkin to deaden the sound and prevent the customers and the intermission pianist from getting annoyed. Sometimes the owner would walk over and say irascibly, "Stop that banging!"

But usually no one bothered him, and he gave his time generously to the drummers who came to talk with him. Soon he had some of them as pupils.

And wherever we played, it was the same. Young drummers appeared as if by magic, to listen to Joe and talk to him and to study. They arrived at all hours, in night clubs, at television studios, in hotels. We called them "the entourage." Several of them now are playing with top groups in various parts of the country.

During this period, Joe, bassist Bill Crow, and I started doing a lot of television, and recorded several LPs for Capitol. Nineteen-fifty-five was a good year for us. We received the *Metronome* small group award, and Joe won the *Down Beat* International Critics poll new star award. It was presented to him on the *Steve Allen Show*.

About that time, Joe and Bill were making so many free-lance record dates that I told them I thought I should open an office and collect 10 per cent!

Some of Joe's best work was done on those sessions. At

quires from a drummer is different from the techniques that Joe used with my group.

With me, Joe had concentrated more on speed, lightness of touch, and beautiful soft brush work. Dave, both a forceful personality and player, requires a background more in keeping with his far-reaching rhythmic expositions, and someone who can match him and even surpass him on out-of-time experimentation.

Today, Joe, though a complete individualist, hews closely to Dave's wishes as far as accompaniment is concerned. But he cannot help popping out with little drummistic comments, subtle or explosive, witty or snide—depending on his mood at the moment.

It is Dave's particular pleasure to go as far out as possible in his solos, and have the rhythm section carry him along. For this reason, the drummer must have a very highly developed sense of time and concentration to keep the tune moving nicely while these explorations are under way.

Bassist Gene Wright and Joe—"the section," as they refer to each other—do this most ably. Wright's admiration for Joe is unbounded.

"There's never been any tension at all from the day I joined the group," he said. "Joe makes my job very easy. We play together as one, and when a drummer and bass player think together, they can swing together. As a person, he's beautiful, and it comes out in his playing.

"There are no heights he cannot reach if he can always



The ebullient side. With Dave Brubeck and clarinetist Bill Smith.



The serious side.

least, the best I have heard him play. There is a wonderful recording that he and Bill made with Victor Feldman and Hank Jones which, unfortunately, never has been released.

But there are other albums in which you can hear Joe at this period. One was an album done by Grand Award, with a group led by trombonist Bob Alexander. *Chloe* is easily the finest track. There's an interesting vocal and drum exchange with Jackie Cain and Roy Kral in a piece called *Hook, Line, and Snare* in an album they did together. And he recorded some sides with my husband, Jimmy, and myself. This was more on the Dixieland kick, which points up Joe's extreme flexibility.

There are also some wonderful sides Joe made with Gil Melle, Sal Salvador, Sam Most, Lou Stein, John Mehegan, Tal Farlow, Helen Merrill (with Gil Evans' arrangements), and with Jimmy Raney and Phil Woods.

As, though for a time he turned down all offers, I was not to keep Joe with my group forever. And when I lost him as my drummer, my one consolation was that he was going to join a musician whom I respected very deeply: Dave Brubeck.

Joe joined the quartet in October, 1956. Since then he has gone on growing. Indeed, his playing has altered considerably, partly because of his fanatical desire for improvement and change, partly because the kind of playing Dave re-

be himself and just play naturally. His potential is far beyond what people think he can do, and he'll achieve it some day."

Like any musician, Joe has detractors, those who can be heard muttering to the effect that he's a great technical drummer but doesn't really lay down a good beat—or, in more popular parlance, "He don't swing, man." But these detractors are remarkably few, and Brubeck is vehement in saying, "They're out of their minds!"

"Joe swings as much as anybody," Dave said, "and he has this tremendous rhythmic understanding. You should have heard him over in India with the drummers there. They just couldn't believe an American drummer could have that kind of mind, to grasp what they were doing. They said it would probably only take him a little while to absorb things it had taken them a lifetime to learn.

"As it is, Joe assimilates things quicker than any jazz drummer I know, and he has the biggest ears. He was able to do many of the things the Indian drummers were doing, but they couldn't do what he does because they're just not technically equipped for it.

"How has his playing affected my group?

"I would say we have a better jazz group since Joe joined us. He really *pushes* you into a jazz feeling. And in his solos, when he gets inspired, he does fantastic things. Some-

times he gets so far out it's like someone walking on a high wire. Of course, he doesn't always make it, and then he'll say, "Oops!" But then he'll come right back and do it next time around. He is a genius on the drums."

Paul Desmond is just as forthright in his comments about Joe. "Joe can do anything anybody else can do, and he has his own individuality, too," Brubeck's altoist said. "Do we usually play well together? Yes, unless we're mad at each other! Naturally there are times, as in any group, when there might be a little difficulty of rapport if we are feeling bad. Playing incessantly, the way we do, night after night, it's almost impossible once in a while not to be bored with each other and with one's self. This is never true of Joe, especially on the fours."

I asked Paul how he felt about the rave notices Joe has been getting since he joined the group.

"Well, Dave and I have been on the scene for about 10 years now," he replied, "and it's only natural that somebody new, especially a drummer as good as Joe, would rate the attention of the critics. He definitely deserves all the praise he is getting. I think he's the world's best drummer, but it's his irrepressible good humor on and off the stand that I dig most of all."

Similar views are shared by a good many other persons, among them Joe's friend and long-time co-worker at the Hickory House, bassist Crow, though he expresses it a little differently.

"He always has amazingly precise control of his instrument at any volume, at any tempo, on any surface, live or dead," Bill said. "He's very sensitive to rhythmic and tonal subtleties and has a strong time sense around which he builds a very positive feeling for swing. Extraordinarily aware of the effect of touch on tone quality, he uses his ears and responds with imagination to the music he hears associates play.

"With these assets, I nevertheless feel Joe isn't a finished jazz drummer, considering his potential. He can play any other kind of drum to perfection, but I don't think he's saying a quarter of what his talent and craftsmanship would inevitably produce if he were playing regularly with musicians who base their rhythmic conception on the blues tradition.

"I know that Joe is attracted to this tradition, uses it as a focal point in his establishment of pulse, and feels happiest when he is playing with musicians who work out of this orientation. But he has never yet found a working situation where anyone else in the band knew more than he did about the subtleties of it . . .

"He still has to find an environment that would demand response and growth on a deeper level. He needs to solve the problems presented by soloists like Ben Webster, Sonny Rollins, Harry Edison, or Al Cohn. He has to discover from his own experience how the innovations of Dave Tough, Sid Catlett, Kenny Clarke, or Max Roach can be applied to various musical situations. But primarily, he needs to play with Zoot Sims-type swingers who will reaffirm his feeling for loose, lively time."

Now that Joe's home base is San Francisco, he and his wife Ellie (they were married in 1954 while we were playing at the Hickory House) maintain an apartment in town. They have formed a close friendship with Ken and Joan Williams, owners of a San Francisco drum supply shop where Joe teaches every day he's not on the road and where he practices incessantly. The feeling his pupils have for him is nothing short of hero worship, and his opinions and views are digested word for word.

As Sam Ulano, a noted New York drum teacher puts it, "One of the great things Joe has done to influence the young drummers is to make them more practice conscious.

He has encouraged them to see the challenge in practice and study, and I think it is important, too, that people should know how Joe has completely overcome the handicap of poor vision to the extent that few people are even aware of it. This disability has acted as a greater spur to him, already filled as he is with deep determination to perfect his art, and others with similar problems can take note and gain hope and encouragement from it."

A conversation with Joe, no matter on what subject, invariably comes back to a discussion of music in one form or another. Musicians for whom he has veneration and respect range from veterans drummers Gene Krupa and Jo Jones to pianists Hank Jones, Bill Evans, and John Bunch. Phil Woods is one of his favorite horn players, and he admires Frank Sinatra, Peggy Lee, Anita O'Day, and Helen Merrill. His tastes in orchestral music run from plaintive gypsy violin music to the Brandenburg concertos.

Joe confesses to a dream for the future of having his own group. He would like to have his long-time friend, altoist Woods, in it.

"But I'm really not ready for this yet," he said. "What I'd like to do right now is to develop greater facility, plus ideas, and improve my mind musically. To have basically good time—that's the first requisite, of course. Taste comes with experience. Then, too, you must have a good solid background to enable you to express yourself properly.

"This is one of the things Mr. Stone did for me when I studied with him, and I owe him a great deal. He taught me how to use my hands. My idea of perfection would be good time, plus technique, plus musical ideas. Technique alone is a machine gun! But it sure brings the house down.

"Years ago I was impressed by technique more than anything else. I think what made me go in for this so much when I was working with you, Marian, was that I was shocked by the lack of it in the New York drummers. I didn't realize at the time that a lot of them might be thinking more musically and developing along other lines. Now I listen for different things and I try to think of a musical form in my solos—a musical pattern. And when you know you're right, and it feels good to you—without sounding mystical or corny, sometimes things just come rolling out—building and building—a sort of expansion and contraction, you know? Now, take Buddy (Rich). If you want to use the term great, he's great. And Shelly (Manne)—I admire him very much and Louis Bellson, too.

"Years ago Joe Raiche and I went to see Louis at Holyoke, and we invited him back to the house. I'd started experimenting with the finger system, but he really had it down, and we sat at the kitchen table and talked, and he showed me some things. I sometimes think I played better in Springfield than I do now, though I've learned an awful lot from playing with Dave and Paul, and Dave's such a good person to work for.

"Being with this group is a marvelous experience for me. I'm grateful for the freedom Dave gives me, and he does give me plenty, both in concerts and on the albums. Working with him is interesting because he's very strong in what he believes in. But then so am I, and we both know this. So we respect each other's views, and we compromise—each of us gives a little. And as Dave said to you, we've found a point of mutual respect and understanding. We know we don't agree completely, and yet we can go on working together and enjoying it.

"There's so much to be done—if you've got the mind and the imagination. That's what the drummer needs—the *mind!* And talent? You know what that is? It's 97½ per cent work and 2½ per cent b.s.

"I want to be as musical as I can—play the best I can for the group I'm with—and be myself. If I can do that, then I'll be happy."



The Forming of Philly Joe

an interview,
by Ralph J. Gleason

Independence Hall.

"I always say a drummer has to find himself; seasoning means so much," said Philly Joe Jones, the drummer who shot to the forefront of modern drumming with the Miles Davis group and is now leading his own combo.

"Young drummers today are coming up in an era where all of us, all the drummers the young ones admire, are playing modern drums. Therefore, the young drummer doesn't have in his mind the older drummers, Chick Webb, Baby Dodds, or Sid Catlett. They haven't ever seen Baby Dodds or sat and watched him play like I did. Or Sid. These are the drummers for the next 20 years. I don't care how the drums move. If any drummer can tell me he can't go back and listen to Chick and Dave Tough and Baby and Sid . . . and tell me that's not drums, I'll break up the drums and forget it!"

Let Philly Joe tell about Baby:

"When I was working with Joe Morris opposite George Shearing in the Three Deuces on 52nd St., I went across the street one night to the Onyx. Just casually, you know. And I happened to look at the placards outside that said BABY DODDS. Well, I had always been reading books and things and so I knew that Gene Krupa had been influenced by Baby and Baby had been hanging out with Gene.

"So, wanting to play the drums as bad as I wanted to, I said, 'I'm goin' to listen to this drummer.' So what I did, I went in the Onyx, and Baby was playing in there with a bass drum, and a snare drum, and ONE cymbal, a ride cymbal. It wasn't a sock cymbal. He was swingin' SO MUCH I was late an entire set! I didn't get back to work. I

missed the entire set, and Joe fined me. I think it was a \$30 fine. I couldn't leave, I sat down and just stayed."

Let Philly Joe tell about Sid:

"Sid was very close with me, he liked me. And I loved him, and I used to want to be around him as much as I could. Everywhere he was, I was there. I got most of my brush work from him. Sid Catlett used to sit down and show me the things I wanted to know. Of course, all the things I dream up now, I try to dream up original things. But the direction I got earlier, the foundation, the right way to go, Sid showed me. He taught Teddy Stewart of Kansas City, too. We used to practice together, and it came out that Sid showed Teddy the same things. We used to talk about how Sid used to play the brushes with so much finesse that it was just fabulous."

And Chick:

"I had heard Jo Jones years ago with the Basic band and I always admired Jo's drumming, and I loved him, and I loved the things he played. Jo Jones was merely a heck of an influence on me when I was a kid. But my mind used to go past Jo Jones because at the same time, the Savoy was hollerin', and Chick Webb was playin'."

"Chick was the drummer I used to listen to. I'd be listenin' to those broadcasts, and my mother used to really holler at me because I kept the radio on all night! Chick used to have a theme song called *Liza*. I memorized that tune, it's in my mind right now, I could hum the tune the way he played it. I used to listen to the drum solos that he played in between . . . That's the reason why I fashioned with this quintet I'm trying to get together the theme I'm using. Of course, I'm using *Blue and Boogie*, but I'm inserting drum things in between here and there; let them play a few, and then I play some drums and then go out with a big smash. Chick used to do that with *Liza*. It always impressed me. It was a beautiful thing."

On O'Neil Spencer:

"I changed my mind about drums when I met O'Neil Spencer. O'Neil was the first name drummer I met, and, as I often say to myself, thank God I met him at the time I did. John Kirby was working in town, and he came by one of our sessions and liked what we were playing, and he brought his drummer to hear me.

"When I met O'Neil, something just dawned on me. This man was such a beautiful drummer, he did so many things that I dreamed of. He made me think about drums differently. O'Neil used to say to me, 'Why don't you do this and do that? Why don't you play an afterbeat on the two and four with the sock cymbals?' And that used to

fascinate me. I had never heard anybody do this, and John Kirby used to say, 'That's it! That's the way it's supposed to be.' O'Neil was the first person I ever heard do with, with the 2, 4 thing."

On Slim Gaillard:

"Slim Gaillard used to teach me all the cow bell tricks, and the things that he plays on cow bell are authentic. Other guys might not dig it, might not get close to Slim and listen. I had to listen to him—I was playing with him every night. And he plays authentic, actual rhythms on that cow bell. That throwing-the-cow-bell-up-in-the-air bit is something different. But he taught me the things to play on the top of the cymbal. Slim was responsible for all the Latin things that I've learned."

On local drummers who influenced him when he was a youth:

"There's an old fellow in Philadelphia, who's still there playin'—he's playin' every night—named Coatesville. He used to teach me how to play the drums, and I used to sit underneath the bandstand in the club because I was too young to be there, but he'd sneak me in. He's still one of the swingiest older cats I've met. In 1938, '39 I used to watch this guy and another old man. He used to play drums, used to sit up with a pipe in his mouth and play every night.

"I lived across the street from a place called the Lennox grill in Philadelphia, and I used to peek through the windows in the back of the club, they had bars on the windows, and I used to always stand there and look at this drummer. He had a pipe in his mouth and a regular *old* setup of drums—you know, no high hat, nothing like that—just a bass drum and a little cymbal, cymbals were small then. But he was swinging like I don't know what. My mother used to come around the corner and look up and see me peeking in the window and say, 'Come on now,' and I'd go home—I only lived across the street. But I used to sneak out of the house sometimes at night because they'd be playin' after my bedtime . . . I had to go to school . . . but I used to sneak out, run across the street, 10:30, 11 o'clock at night and peek in that window and listen to him playing drums."

On Max Roach and Art Blakey:

"I left Philadelphia in 1947 and came to New York to live because during and before those years Max and Art used to come to Philly, and I'd be working in the clubs when they came to town, and I idolized them, and they used to say, 'Why don't you come to New York?' In fact, Art or Max would confirm that they've ridden with me when I was driving on the streetcar, and then Max came back a few years

later when I was driving a grocery truck and used to ride with me in the afternoons, and we'd talk.

"I loved Max and Art, and I wanted to talk to them and be with them, and I couldn't because I was in Philly so I used to buy a train ticket. I used to commute from Philly to New York and go to Max' house over on Monroe St. in Brooklyn with Kenny Davis. I'd eat dinner and stay maybe six, seven hours, and we'd play. We'd go into his bedroom, and Max would be showing Kenny and myself different things. We'd be, so to speak, swapping notes. Max introduced me to Kenny Clarke. He told me, 'This is Kenny Clarke the forerunner of all of us!'"

On Miles Davis:

"Miles had this uncanny sense of time and rhythm, real different from anybody I've ever met. And he often said that my sense of time is strange and so between the two of us having these strange senses of time, we just seemed to get together with the sense of time, and I could never lose him, and he could never lose me. I always knew where he was. As much as I like to play the *melody* in things on the drums, I could get with Miles and go into *anything*, just like he does with me; he never stays with the drummer; he goes way out. But I know where he's at, and I know what he's doing, and with Miles I could play some drum things without having to stick close to the melody on the drums to let him know where I was at 'cause he had such an uncanny sense of time. He would know the amount of time that I had to be playing, and I'd come out right, and it would bring him right back, and he'd come right back where ONE was . . . and it was always beautiful.

"The greatest experience of my life was with Miles, of course . . . I could never deny that — the greatest experience of my life *other* than the few times I worked with Charlie, meaning Charlie Parker. They were the greatest experiences of my life. To work with Miles later gassed me because I knew that he got all of his seasoning from Charlie.

"In Miles group, Miles would let me play 'most anything I felt like playing. He used to have a firm hand on me. With Miles, I'm a sideman, and there's so much I can do and so much I can't do. Miles used to get angry about some things I would do and limit me and have me play certain things and tie me down and I couldn't progress. I feel that if a drummer can experiment on the bandstand without upsetting the rhythm and disturbing people, it's good for you and makes you progress. But Miles wouldn't let me experiment too much, because he'd say I'd be getting in the

way. With my own group, I can experiment the way I feel because it's *my* group! With my own group I feel more at liberty. If I feel something, to go into it. I used to feel things with Miles that might have been some spectacular things, but I wouldn't do them because I was afraid he would reprimand me.

"I believe in everybody in the band letting them play their own arrangements. That makes them a happy group. When I was in Miles' band that was the thing that I didn't like in the band. Miles would never play anything that I would write or that anybody else in the band would write. Course we could suggest, which I did. I suggested on numerous occasions how the format of an arrangement should be. 'I'll play brushes here' like on *All of You*. Different things like that. That concept was me. I said, 'Miles, I want to play brushes in front of that' when he started the opening of *All of You*. That's my idea. We dreamed that up on a plane flying to Detroit or somewhere."

On young, outstanding drummers:

"Louis Hayes! He's going to be an excellent drummer. And a student of mine named Andrew Serrill—he's becoming a very good drummer. And a protege of mine from Philadelphia, a young boy named Endlove. They're going to be very excellent drummers."

On tricks and stick twirling:

"It looks good. It's flash. It looks very good with those sticks being twirled in your hands, but you should be kept on the drums. You're supposed to be playing the drums. A lot of guys will say, 'Ah, man, I left my tom-toms home, and my other cymbal is gone.' Drums can be played with the bass drum, snare drum, and ONE cymbal. Or if you don't have the cymbal, you can use the snare drum. I know a lot of guys can sit down and play the snare drum.

"I don't like tricks, I don't like to resort to tricks. Now I try to do some kind of trick things with the cymbals, but I want to do them *in the rhythm*. It's not just a trick, and you don't hear it; it's a trick and you *hear* it. Twirl the sticks and that's a trick, and nobody hears it; it's all right, it looks flashy, but what looks flashy is one thing—what you hear is still rhythm that keeps it swinging. Don't do pantomime drums! 'Cause pantomime drums cannot be heard on a record.

"I've seen Buddy Rich do all kinds of solos, any way you can think of, and I've never seen him do tricks. He plays drums and cymbals all the time, both the hands and the feet. Buddy does things that are unbelievable for any drummer. I used to play the conga on stage while he was playing drums in

his solo. I'd be playing rhythm, and I used to look over at him to see when he was going to come out of his solo . . . and I *couldn't see his hands!* I couldn't see them! They were a blur, the sticks were a blur. He's the greatest drummer I've listened to when you start saying, 'Go in there and play those drums.'"

On playing loudly:

"I am comparatively a heavy drummer. I like to play heavy, and I play forceful, and sometimes I tend to get loud, and it might be overbearing because I've seen some customers who sit close to the drums get up and move. So I understand.

"A lot of drummers play for themselves and don't think about the audience. I do. I think about the audience at all times when I'm playing. I have a feeling for their ears as far as volume is concerned. But on some tunes, you just cannot come down and make the tune effective, so I have to play loud. If I would play it much softer, it wouldn't be any good. It would kill the brilliance of the tune.

"But even though a drummer can play loud, I notice the public will accept it if the drums are loud *and* musical. If you're loud *and not* musical, they won't accept it."

On the future of drums:

"The era has changed, and it's getting so that people are getting more modern-minded. We're talking about the moon. The drums have got to go to the moon! You can't be playing the drums in 1923; it's 1960 now, and the drums have got to move along and progress, too. I think drums are changing constantly.

"We have so many young drummers that are coming up, and they listen to me and Art and Max and different cats that are playing, and they want to play different. They're constantly trying to surpass. That's the way I felt about the older drummers. I wanted to surpass what they did, so that I can be doing something progressive and get recognition, and the younger drummers that are younger than I are doing the same thing. Youth just comes on. Youth comes through, and it's with a different flavor. They're constantly searching, and there's no end to drums, what you can do with drums.

"The only thing I can say is for all drummers, including myself—and I'm *really* scuffling just to stay this way—I want to keep time *behind* me and don't let it catch up. When time catches up with you, you become *passe*, so I'm striving to keep time behind me. I don't want time to pass me, and go ahead, and wake up someday and I'm old-fashioned. I say, don't let "emit"—that's "time" spelled backwards—don't let "emit" get you."



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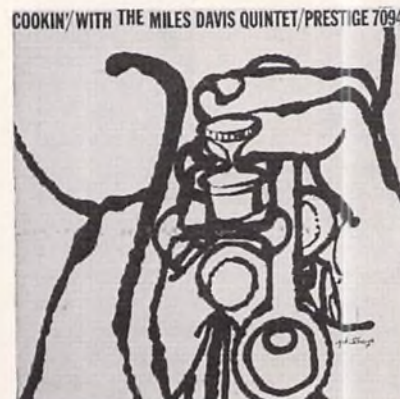
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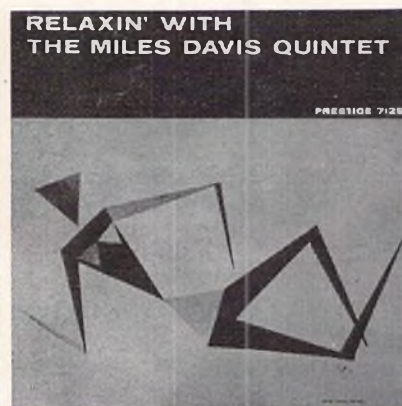
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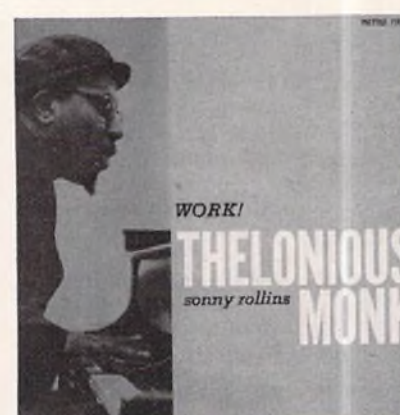
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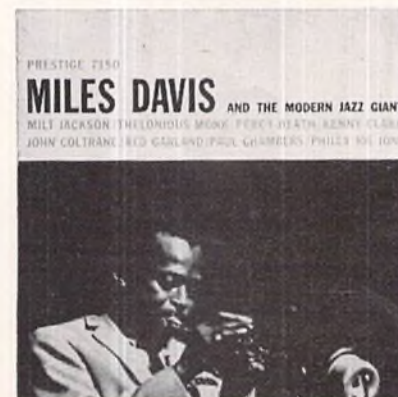
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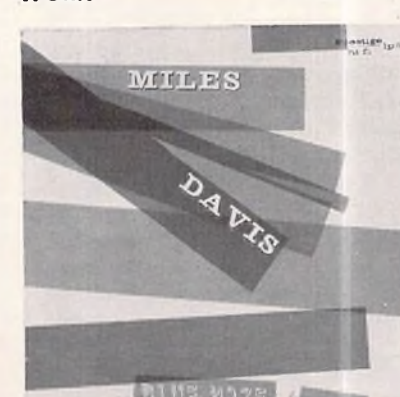
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in review

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Records are reviewed by Don Henahan, Don DeMicheal, Leonard Feather, Ralph J. Gleason, Ira Gitler, 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

Joan Sutherland

[S] JOAN SUTHERLAND OPERATIC RECITAL—London OS-25111: *Ancor non giunse!* . . . *Regnava nel silenzio* from *Lucia Di Lammermoor*, by Donizetti; *Sarta e la notte* . . . *Ernani!* *involami* from *Ernani*, by Verdi; *Merce, diletti* (*Bolero*) from *I Vespri di Siciliani*, by Verdi; *Ah! tardai troppo* . . . *O luce di quest'anima* from *Linda Di Chamounix*, by Donizetti; *Il dolce suono mi corpi di sua voce!* . . . *Ardon gl'incensi* (mad scene) from *Lucia Di Lammermoor*.

Personnel: Miss Sutherland, soprano, with Paris Conservatoire Orelstra conducted by Nello Santi.

Rating: ★★★★★

Here is the next soprano you will be hearing about in the world's great opera houses. Miss Sutherland is an Australian who has been a star at London's Covent Garden for several seasons. Advance notices to the contrary, she is no Callas or Tebaldi, since the voice is not big enough for that, on the evidence of this record.

However, Miss Sutherland can suggest both the dark mezzo quality of Callas and the creamy smoothness of Tebaldi's high register, and her coloratura is better than either of those formidable women can boast. She proves to have an extremely flexible voice with a useful range up to E above high C.

Moreover, not often are embellishments handled with such assurance and good taste. Hers is a true mordent, for instance, not a gross downward tremor in the voice, as is often the case with today's opera singers. The recorded sound is quite life-like, although the engineer has too obviously helped add body to the voice with echo effects. (D.H.)

Dick Carlson

[S] CARLSON PLAYS THE CLASSICS—HIFI RECORD R-204: *Jeux d' eau*, by Ravel; *Fantaisie Impromptu*, *Polonaise in A Flat*, *Etude in C Minor* (*Revolutionary*), by Chopin; *Etude in D Flat*, *Gnomenreigen*, by Liszt; *Dance of Terror*, *Reflections in the Water*, by Debussy; *Prelude in G Minor*, by Rachmaninoff.

Personnel: Carlson, piano.

Rating: ★

It is seldom worthwhile to review a bad record, but an exception must be made in this case. According to the notes, the pianist, who is 21, "plays these time-honored classics with the fresh approach of youth, with little attention paid to what any other artist has ever done with them before." Nothing could be more true.

Everything is approached with the same mock-heroic manner, without any sense of dynamics, with little attention to detail, and with rhythmic surges that are dictated

by the difficulty of the score. Liszt's *Etude* (No. 11 of the Transcendental dozen) is entitled *Harmonies of the Night*, which might suggest something to even a young pianist. Carlson cuts it in half and plays monotonously loud, which is a "fresh approach" that does no more harm to the sense of the music than playing it backwards would. The fatuous jacket notes list the selections but fail to name any of the composers. (D.H.)

Haydn

[S] HAYDN—Epic BC-1046: *Symphonies No. 44 in E Minor* (*Mourning*), *No. 57 in D Major*.

Personnel: Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Szymon Goldberg.

Rating: ★★★★★

Here, in first-class performances, are two neglected works of Haydn's middle period. *Mourning* is the better work, but *No. 57* also is interesting enough. This is the first time it has ever been put on records. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Dave Carey

[M] BANDWAGON PLUS 2—Laurie 1004: *By Myself*; *I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan*; *Shine on Your Shoes*; *Louisiana Hayride*; *Smile*; *That's Entertainment*; *I Love Louisa*; *Dancing in the Dark*; *New Sun in the Sky*; *Misty*.

Personnel: Carey, piano; Chuck Russo, clarinet; Howie Collins, guitar; Dante Martucci, bass; Ray Mosca, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Carey's quintet is a clean, bright group that uses tightly knit arrangements with most of the solo space going to the leader, who plays a rolling, pulsing linear piano, and to clarinetist Russo, who has the cool, sanitary qualities of Buddy DeFranco (Russo doubles with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra).

Eight of the 10 tunes are from the Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz musical, *The Bandwagon*, in which Fred and Adele Astaire starred. It was a good score (it seems pointless to fill out the disc with two outlander tunes, *Smile* and *Misty*, instead of using other material from the show—*Hoops*, for instance), and the Carey treatment is light, airy, and unpretentious.

The quintet has managed to hit an effective middle ground between the looseness of a blowing approach that gives the score short shrift and the confining effect of too strict arranging. But while these performances are amiable and, on their

own terms, successful, none of the musicians, with the occasional exception of Carey, is able to beef them up with a strong jazz flavor. (J.S.W.)

Paul Chambers

[M] GO—Vee Jay LP 1014: *Awful Mean*; *Just Friends*; *Julie Ann*; *There Is No Greater Love*; *Ease It*; *I Got Rhythm*.

Personnel: Chambers, bass; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Wynton Kelly, piano; Jimmy Cobb or Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★

The physical make-up of this group is that of the Miles Davis Sextet of that time without John Coltrane, with Hubbard in place of Davis, and original drummer Jones sitting in for Cobb on one number.

These men should not be compared to Davis' group for they are not trying to play that style, nor is Hubbard attempting to do a Miles. Rather he is out of the Clifford Brown mold, but right now, at least on this recording, he is fumbling and unsure (*Just Friends*, *I Got Rhythm*). On *Julie Ann* he sustains a Brownie groove better, but it's not fleshed out enough.

Adderley is at his best on *Ease It*, a Chambers original whose theme's rhythmic structure is a first cousin to *Moose the Mooche*. He is fluid and hot on *Awful Mean*, a quartet track that contains a well-constructed, brushed solo by P. J. Jones. Although Adderley does his job throughout the rest of the album, there is no great spirit expended.

Kelly is the best and most consistent soloist in the set, lapsing only in some Garlandisms on *Greater Love*, the most tedious (8:16) track of the six.

Leader Chambers (a nominal leader) is heard in several bowed and plucked solos of no great consequence and is not given very good recording. The entire rhythm section is maltreated in the same way at various points. Perhaps this date was done in a club, for there is applause scattered throughout. If it was done in a studio with an invited audience, the engineer really should be ashamed.

Not a bad album but certainly not a necessary addition to anyone's shelf with so many better examples of the main musicians involved already on record. (I.G.)

Arnett Cobb

[M] PARTY TIME—Prestige 7165: *When My Dream Boat Comes Home*; *Lonesome Road*; *Blues in the Closet*; *Party Time*; *Flying Home*; *Slow Poke*; *Cocktails for Two*.

Personnel: Cobb, tenor saxophone; Ray Bryant, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Ray Barretto, conga; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★★



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Of all the tenor saxophonists who have come bleating and squawking out of Lionel Hampton's band, Cobb has given the most promise of being able to shed the bad habits acquired in that school for musical hackwork and to allow his essentially rich and swinging style to stand forth on its own. But whether because of the realities of the music business or his own personal taste, that promise of coming clean never really has been fulfilled.

This set again shows the promise as he works his way into piece after piece, developing gracefully structured lines in his rough, tweedy tone.

But the strained, grating, press-the-panic-button climax seems to have become an ingrained part of his sense of form, and most of these performances grind to a grisly, strident halt. Bryant sneaks in some typically lean and lithe-lined solos, but Cobb returns all too quickly to shatter whatever brightness Bryant can generate. (J.S.W.)

Glen Gray

SWINGIN' DECADE. Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra—Capitol T-1289: *Apple Honey*; *Midnight Sun*; *Mission to Moscow*; *Harlem Nocturne*; *Jack the Bear*; *The Champ*; *Blues Rhapsody*; *Malibu*; *Opus No. 1*; *Sherwood Forest*; *Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'*; *Intermission Riff*. Personnel: Gus Bivona, Chuck Gentry, Skeets Hurlfurth, Plas Johnson, Wilbur Schwarz, saxophones; Bivona, clarinet; Pete Candoli, Conrad Gozzo, Mannie Klein, Uan Rasey, Shorty Sherock, trumpets; Milt Bernhart, Joe Howard, Tommy Pederson, George Roberts, Si Zentner, trombones; Ray Sherman, piano; Miko Rubin, bass; Nick Futool, drums; George van Epps, guitar; Emilio Richards, vibes; Van Alexander, Larry Wagner, arrangers.

Rating: ★★

Pleasant enough is just not good enough these days in my book. In fact, the whole philosophy of LPs of this sort seems to me to be questionable. Take *The Champ*. What we have here is a bunch of Hollywood studio men (all top-notchers, granted) masquerading as the Casa Loma band (what in the world did Glen Gray actually have to do with this, other than to write the liner notes or discuss them with a ghost writer?) playing a tribute to the *Ted Heath* version of a Dizzy Gillespie tune!

The whole idea of hearing these guys struggle with *Apple Honey*, for instance, or *Jack the Bear*, is appalling. It's worse than the Kingston Trio singing an Irish revolutionary song. And, in a way, this type of LP (which Capitol seems to make a lot of these days) applies to the field of instrumental big band swing the same principles as the Kingstons apply to folk music (except the Ks have more fun at it, I suspect).

Sound and a slight familiarity are what sells it. Not one of the jazzmen on this date blows a single solitary bar that anybody is going to remember.

I'd rather hear the same band take the same tunes and re-do them in new arrangements that were further removed from the originals than these are. And I'd suggest letting Gray wave a baton and not write music criticism such as "the sections push on to what I think is true, Kenton-like excitement" (on *Intermission Riff*). The hell you say. (R.J.G.)

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Portrait of Cannonball (RLP 12-269)

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Continued on Page 34



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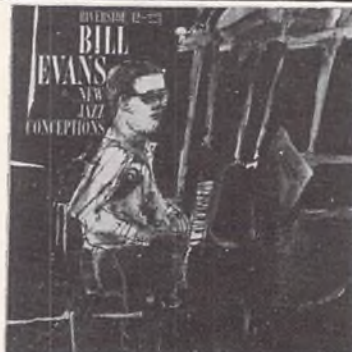
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Bennie Green

THE SWINGIN'EST—Vee-Jay LP 1005: *Juggin' Around; Goin' South; Jim Dog; Sermonette; Little Ditty.*

Personnel: Green, trombone; Gene Ammons, Frank Foster, Frank Wess, tenor saxophones; Wess, flute; Nat Adderley, cornet; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Eddie Jones, bass; Al Heath, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

From all indications, this blowing date took place in Chicago while a lot of the musicians involved were visiting the Windy City as members of traveling units. Whatever made it so, you can hear that everyone was happy to get together and a good "session" atmosphere prevails.

Green is the most relaxed he has been on records in a long time. He doesn't strain for effects but lets his rich tone ease out. Ammons is in the same kind of groove; never pushing but always singing. Adderley brings his sense of humor with him, as always. Both Franks move. Foster is more imaginative harmonically, but Wess really jumps on *Juggin'*, the *I Got Rhythm* derivative of the date. His flute on *Sermonette* alternates between being clumsy and deft in the space of one solo chorus. It is a muted Green, not Adderley as the notes state, who blends with him here. This track

is the weakest in the album, for the needed spirit isn't provided.

Flanagan has a characteristically fine solo on *Goin' South*. In the section, however, he is so underrecorded that at times I thought the soloists were "strolling." Heath is a fine young drummer.

The first half of Frank London Brown's notes contain some truisms that will make you chuckle but in describing the tunes, in the second half, he was so busy with imagery that he made several mistakes in addition to the one on *Sermonette*. For the record: Wess precedes Flanagan and Foster follows Tommy on *Goin' South*; Wess (not Ammons for a second solo) follows Flanagan on *Jim Dog*. Foster follows Adderley and blows up to Tommy's beginning, on the pretty *Little Ditty* by Wess, the solo order is Adderley, Flanagan, Green, Ammons, Wess, Foster.

No trail-blazing here but a warm, unpretentious ball that will keep you interested and swinging. (I.G.)

Lionel Hampton

LIONEL HAMPTON SWINGS—Perfect 12002: *Undecided; Dark Eyes; Romeo's Gone Now; Reindeer; Loch Lomond; My Man; Too Much; Time for Lyons.*

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.

★★★★★

- Jon Hendricks-George Russell, *New York, N. Y.* (Decca DL 79216)
- Hammond Concerts, *Spirituals to Swing* (Vanguard 8523-4)
- John Lewis, *Odds Against Tomorrow* (United Artists UAL 4061)
- Charlie Mingus, *Mingus Ah Um* (Columbia CS 8171)
- Modern Jazz Quartet, *Odds Against Tomorrow* (United Artists UA L 4063)
- Art Pepper, *Art Pepper Plus Eleven* (Contemporary M 3568)
- Horace Silver, *Blowing the Blues Away* (Blue Note 4017)
- Sonny Stitt, *Personal Appearance* (Verve MG V-8324)

★★★★½

- Count Basie, *Chairman of the Board* (Roulette R 52032)
- Art Farmer-Benny Golson, *Brass Shout* (United Artists UA S-5047)
- Johnny Griffin, *The Little Giant* (Riverside RLP 12-304)
- Ed Summerlin, *Liurgical Jazz* (Ecclesia ER-101)
- Jack Teagarden, *Jack Teagarden at the Roundtable* (Roulette R 25019)

★★★★

- Bob Brookmeyer-Bill Evans, *The Ivory Hunters* (United Artists UA S-6044)
- Eddie Costa, *The House of Blue Lights* (Dot DLP 3206)
- Wilbur DeParis, *That's Aplenty* (Atlantic 1318)
- Mercer Ellington, *Colors in Rhythm* (Coral CRL 57293)
- Benny Golson, *Groovin' with Golson* (New Jazz 8220)
- Herbie Mann, *Flautista* (Verve MG V-8336)
- Shelly Manne, *Son of Gunn!!* (Contemporary 3566)
- Wes Montgomery, *The Wes Montgomery Trio* (Riverside 12-310)
- James Moody, *James Moody* (Argo 648)
- Gerry Mulligan, *A Profile of Gerry Mulligan* (Mercury MG 20453)
- Ben Webster, *Ben Webster and Associates* (Verve MG V-8318)

Personnel: Hampton, vibes, with unidentified trumpet, trombone, piano, tenor saxophone, bass, drums.

Rating: ★★

Hampton has done such a good job during the last 15 years of associating himself with tasteless, monotonous music that it has become one of the more dismal aspects of a reviewer's life to have to face up to another Hampton release. Either it is going to be one of those grinding horrors with his big band or, on slightly happier occasions, just Hampton playing slight, basically pleasant but eventually tiresome solos with a rhythm section.

Perfect, one of Columbia's \$1.98 labels, has sneaked in a disc which is a welcome change of pace—Hampton with a small group in a set of loose, easy, unpretentious performances that swing along effortlessly but powerfully.

These are surroundings that suit Hampton best, for he can share solo space with others (trumpet, trombone, tenor, piano) so that he doesn't have to dilute his own solos, and he can also avoid the succession of banal riffs that comprise so much of his big band work.

His sidemen are not identified in the uninformative and inaccurate liner notes, but they presumably are drawn from his band of the last four or five years. The mere fact that this record can be listened to with pleasure almost from beginning to end sets it apart from most of the Hampton releases of recent years. (J.S.W.)

Gene Krupa

THE GENE KRUPA STORY—Verve MGV VS-6105: *Main Title*; *I Love My Baby*; *Royal Garden Blues*; *Indiana*; *Spiritual Jazz*; *Cherokee*; *Indiana "Montage"*; *Memories of You*; *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*; *Song of India*; *Finale (Oahu Dance; Cherokee)*.

Personnel: Joe Triscari, Ray Triscari, Pete Candoli, Conrad Gozzo, trumpets; Tommy Pederson, Ed Kusby, Murray McEachern, Moe Schneider, George Roberts, trombones; Benny Carter, Dave Pell, Eddie Miller, Heinie Beau, Dave Harris, Jerry Kasper, saxophone; Barney Kessel, guitar; Morty Corb, bass; Shelly Manne, Gene Krupa, John Williams or Jerry Williams, drums; Jimmy Rowles or Jess Stacy, piano; Ruby Lane (track 2) and Anita O'Day (track 8), vocals; Red Nichols, cornet (track 4).

Rating: ★★

One for the money . . . two for the show. That about sums up this rather confused album culled from the soundtrack of *The Gene Krupa Story*. A lack of continuity results in a mish-mash of big bands, drum solos, pallid Dixieland, drum solos, a couple of vocals, and drum solos.

The two best tracks are those with vocals. Ruby Lane is very effective in her big-voiced treatment of *Baby*; Anita O'Day does a workmanlike job on *Memories*.

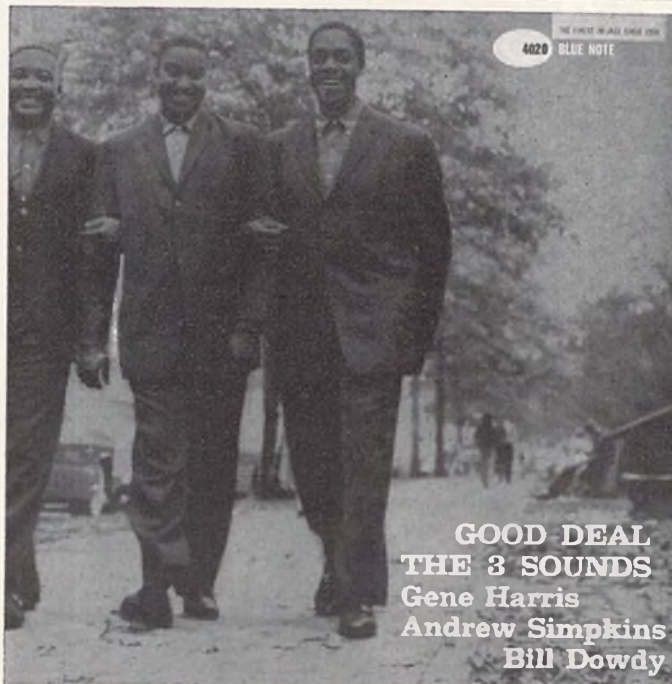
Krupa has some very very loud spots but does do some heroic percussion work on some tracks. His best work is on the big band tracks, *Cherokee* and *Montage*. There is an excellent drum solo on *Oahu* (which used to be called *Hawaiian War Chant*), but I suspect that this is the work of Manne, not Krupa.

It's a shame that an album entitled *The Gene Krupa Story* couldn't have been more of an historic chronology of Krupa's development instead of this hodge-podge. But then that's Hollywood. (D.DeM.)

Continued next page

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Marty Paich

☐ I GET A BOOT OUT OF YOU—Warner Bros. WS 1349: *I Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing*; *No More*; *Love for Sale*; *Moanin'*; *Violets for Your Furs*; *What Am I Here For?*; *Cottontail*; *Warm Valley*; *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*.

Personnel: Conte Candoli, Jack Sheldon, Al Porcino, trumpets; Bob Enevoldson, George Roberts, trombones; Bill Perkins, Art Pepper, Bill Hood, saxophones; Vince DeRosa, French horn; Vic Feldman, vibes; Russ Freeman, piano; Joe Mondragon, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

Nowadays, most arrangers strive to make small groups sound bigger than they really are; Paich has the knack of making a large group sound small. Not that the ensembles are empty sounding—nothing like that—it's just that he gets that freedom and swing of a small group and refrains from using his pen for sounds only.

Four of the tunes are from the files of Ellingtonia, but Paich's scores are not merely imitations of Ellington. He has achieved what so many arrangers who delve into the Ellington's domain miss: the *feel* of Ellington, not necessarily his sound. For instance, Hood's baritone is featured on Johnny Hodges' old vehicle, *Warm Valley*; yet the feeling of sensuous melancholy of the original is retained.

The album's emphasis is as much on solos as on ensemble swinging. Someone's breathy trumpet has *No More* all to itself. My guess is that Candoli does this beautifully etched figment. Pepper has *Violets* as a feature and produces one of his most appealing ballad performances. All the other tracks are loaded with excellent solos by the many able men on the date. Feldman has a particularly wailing bit on *Love for Sale*.

Special mention must be made of Lewis. Throughout the album the Tailor drives and swings and whips and boots everything and everybody, but he does this without overblowing or getting in the way. All the crashing, brass-catching, cymbal-minded big-band drummers on the loose today could learn a much-needed lesson from Lewis.

By all means, dig this one. (D.DeM.)

Bernard Peiffer

☐ BERNARD PEIFFER—Laurie LLP 1006: *Rondo*; *Poem for a Lonely Child*; *Tired Blues*; *Lafayette Nous Voici*; *Strip-Tease*; *Exodus*.

Personnel: Peiffer, piano; Gus Nemeth, bass; Jerry Segal, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Ever since he arrived here from France in 1954, Peiffer has shown the ability to use his phenomenal technique not as a virtue in itself but as a priceless means to rewarding musical ends.

The present set, though not as consistently exciting or as varied in its program as a 1957 LP called *The Astounding Bernard Peiffer*, which included the touchingly beautiful *Requiem for Art Tatum* and remains Peiffer's greatest album to date, nevertheless offers an astonishing and intensely gratifying group of performances.

In these six original compositions, Peiffer overwhelms the ear with blockbusting cascades of brilliant harmonic exploration while continuing to swing implacably. There can be found in him many of the most priceless qualities of Peterson, Tatum, and Silver, yet he remains as always

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



his own man. The *Rondo*, with its exquisitely logical segue from a legitimate rondo into a genuinely funky jazz passage; *Lafayette* with its hard core of soulful blues; and *Strip-Tease* with its melodically charming theme at breakneck tempo, all reveal such complete artistry that one can only shake an uncomprehending head at the thought that so many lesser talents are enjoying national exposure, and pulling down six-figure annual incomes, while Peiffer remains virtually unrecognized.

Since you will all be buying this LP, I won't go into any fuller detail but will leave it to your ears and trust you to follow up with appropriate action, such as a request to your local club to book Peiffer immediately. It is my firm opinion (shared by no other "experts" except Barry Ulanov) that in many respects Bernard Peiffer is the greatest living jazz pianist. (L.G.F.)

Jimmy Smith

☐ THE SERMON—Blue Note 4011: *The Sermon*; *J. O. S.*; *Flamingo*.

Personnel: Smith, organ; Lee Morgan, trumpet; Lou Donaldson or George Coleman, alto saxophones; Tina Brooks, tenor saxophone; Kenny Burrell or Eddie McFadden, guitar; Art Blakey or Donald Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

One of the axioms of show business runs something like: "Never give the customers too much; leave them wanting more."

As trite as this may be, it, nevertheless, is pertinent to this LP, especially the first side, *The Sermon*. Twenty minutes of blues has to be quite interesting to hold the listener's attention. Most of the blowing on this side is pretty run of the mill. Brooks takes so many choruses he starts to repeat himself, and most of his solo is hardly worth repeating. To compound matters, the tempo rushes quite noticeably; whether it was Blakey's or Smith's fault is hard to tell, but they fight most of the way. There is, however, some very good Donaldson and Morgan on this side.

On *J.O.S.*, Coleman plays a nice solo, although it's a bit long. His alto work is clean and generally well conceived and stands in marked contrast to the more virile Donaldson's. Morgan is his usual fiery, witty self in his solo, which is by far the gassiest thing in the album. Smith and McFadden also have some interesting things to say on this track.

The irrespressible Morgan, along with a relaxed Burrell, get some nice things going on *Flamingo*.

If there had been more blowing of the quality of *J.O.S.* and less of the windy, putting-in-my-time type of *The Sermon*, this would have been a much more interesting effort. (D.DeM.)

Johnny (Hammond) Smith

☐ ALL SOUL—New Jazz 8221: *Gain' Places*; *Sweet Cookies*; *The Masquerade is Over*; *Pennies from Heaven*; *Easy Like*; *Secret Love*; *All Soul*.

Personnel: Johnny (Hammond) Smith, organ; Thorne Schwartz, guitar; George Tucker, bass; Leo Stevens, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

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Harold Thorp writes from Steinkjer, Norway

Dear Mr. Spector,
"Last Monday I went to a concert by Stan Getz in Trondheim, Norway, and I was invited to sit in at the jam session afterwards. I would not have dared to sit down at the drum set if it had not been for a couple of months intense study of your home study course in Method Jazz Drumming. I know my time sense must have sharpened as I now can hear unsteady tempo tendencies on records that I thought of as being infallible. Ideas come by themselves now. I have discussed your method with the conductor of the Steinkjer Orchestra Society who became very enthusiastic about it. So am I."

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mellowness that transcends the schmaltz that lurks beneath the surface. Smith (whom I suggest we immediately dub "Organ" Smith, so we can keep this all straight) plays the Hammond organ like a cross between Wild Bill Davis and Jimmy Smith, but without the latter's shrillness and the former's big band rock. This sort of LP makes you think the group would be a gas in a club with chicks and booze and all that. At 10 in the morning at home, they don't quite fit, though they do everything with enough swing so that it is never really hard to take. Ira Gitler's notes are informative and provocative. They point out that in 1958 Hammond sold \$27,915.-422 worth of organs. No wonder he owned all that jazz. (R.J.G.)

VOCAL

Lambert-Hendricks-Ross

[S] [M] THE HOTTEST NEW GROUP IN JAZZ—Columbia CL 1403: *Charleston Alley*; *Moanin'*; *Twisted*; *Bijou*; *Cloudburst*; *Centerpiece*; *Gimme That Wine*; *Sermonette*; *Summertime*; *Everybody's Hoppin'*. Personnel: Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, Annie Ross, vocals; Harry Edison, trumpet; Ike Isaacs, bass; rest of trio unidentified.

Rating: ★★½

Lambert-Hendricks-Ross is certainly the the hottest new vocal group, but in this album it is also lukewarm and sometimes cold. We've come to expect more.

At the top of the thermometer is *Bijou*, Hendricks' clever story about a Turkish dancer, set to Ralph Burns' music and featuring Lambert as Bill Harris. Dave does a superb job, right down to the trombonist's vibrato, and the interplay among the members of the group in recapturing Burns' arrangement for Woody Herman is marvelous.

Another success, in a different groove, is Hendricks' *Gimme That Wine*, which Jon does in a mixed recitative and singing style. This is one that Louis Jordan or Timmie Rogers could pick up on to their own benefit. It's a lot of fun.

There there is *Cloudburst*, which is a rhythm-and-blues number, originally done by tenor man Sam (The Man) Taylor. This is a tour de force for Hendricks and, with L&R egging him on, he negotiates his words like a horn. Dig the final release. He really embodies the essence of a riding, driving tenor saxophone.

Edison is a valuable helpmate in many places. *Centerpiece*, for which he receives composer credit (it first appeared on Cy Touff's World Pacific album as *Keester Parade* and was attributed to Johnny Mandel; Mel Torme has done it with different words under that title on Verve), is a groovy blues with Edison the only soloist, as the group sings words in ensemble only.

This pattern is repeated on Cannonball Adderley's gospel, *Sermonette*, to which Hendricks has fitted appropriate lyrics, and Bobby Timmons' *Moanin'*, which suffers by comparison with the spirit of the original Art Blakey version. Edison's muted work is especially good on *Sermonette*.

Charleston Alley, the old Charlie Barnet number, has that good feel that many of the group's basic things do, but I've heard them do this in person, and they are much more down with it now than when they

recorded it. The shouting ensemble parts are a kick here nevertheless.

Twisted is still an engaging, flip piece of hip, but Miss Ross' first version, while not actually sung as well, was closer to the Wardell Gray record in conception. Now Annie is singing her own new nuances within the framework of Wardell's solo; she is burlesquing herself in little ways. Her first one for Prestige swung more, and, after all, that was one of Gray's salient features.

Toward the bottom of the ladder is an ill-advised attempt to re-create the Miles Davis-Gil Evans version of *Summertime*. Hendricks sings Davis and merely juxtaposes the original words of the song. It just doesn't make it. Miss Ross' high notes are about the only things that do.

At the low end of the totem pole is an extremely slight piece of material entitled *Everybody's Boppin*. The words sound as if they were written in the 1940s. This a throwaway by Hendricks, and he should have. It certainly wasn't necessary to print the words on the back cover, which, incidentally, also contains the words to *Bijou*, *Cloudburst*, *Gimme That Wine*, and a large box full of various testimonials but no helpful information about the album.

After the innocuous ensemble vocal, Lambert and Hendricks sing scat choruses and then chase each other. They are simulating horns here without words and come off poorly because ideas are thin and time unsettled.

When the trio has the proper material, it is as great or greater (*Bijou*) than ever.

Compared with its last album, the material here suffers. This one is only for the real L-H-R fans, who will take the bad to get the good. I'm one of them. (I.G.)

Mark Murphy

MARK MURPHY'S HIP PARADE—Capitol T1299; *Firefly*; *Lonesome Town*; *Kansas City*; *Come to Me*; *Catch a Falling Star*; *All the Way*; *Personality*; *Witchcraft*; *Venus*; *It's Not for Me to Say*; *Send for Me*; *I Only Have Eyes for You*.

Personnel: Jud Conlon Singers; Glorin Wood; Conti Candoli, Pete Candoli, Lee Katzman, trumpets; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Joe Mondragon, bass; Bob Gibbons, guitar; Stan Levy or Mel Lewis, drums; Larry Bunker, bongos, congas, or vibes.

Rating: ★★ ★

The personnel listed above does not hold for all the tracks, but this is one of those LPs from several sessions, and the complete documentation of the musical chairs is not essential, in this reviewer's opinion. On which track Larry Bunker plays congas or bongos I leave to his immortalizer, Lenny Bruce.

Bill Holman has produced a crack musical accompaniment. The individual arrangements and the overall performance of the band is crisp, refreshing, and tasteful. It is a curious collection of tunes, mainly the better hits of recent years, and it's a commentary of sorts that only because of its rock 'n roll reprise would *I Only Have Eyes for You* be included.

Murphy is a pleasant, Sinatra-ish singer with a broad tone, a self-conscious manner, and a tendency to be overly mannered. In fact, his very youthfulness and freshness is in itself a bit mannered. There

have been a whole legion of singers of this type in the last decade, founded on Sinatra and struggling for personal identification. Of them all, only Frank D'Rone has really made it. Murphy might yet, but he needs direction and seasoning. Peggy Lee does the notes. She does not number the communication of information among her many skills. (R.J.G.)

Jimmy Rushing

RUSHING LULLABIES—Columbia CL 1401; *You Can't Run Around*; *Say You Don't Mean It*; *Deed I Do*; *Pink Champagne*; *Did You Ever*; *I Cried for You*; *Three Long Years*; *I Can't Believe That You're in Love With Me*; *Good Rockin' Tonight*; *One Evening*; *Russian Lullaby*.

Personnel: Sir Charles Thompson, organ; Ray Bryant, piano; Jo Jones, drums; Skeeter Best, guitar; Gene Ramey, bass; Buddy Tate, tenor.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is an LP that makes me wish there was a higher rating than ★★★★★ in *Down Beat's* reviewing structure. If you can't make it with this LP, please don't discuss it with me; it's too late. Every aspiring jazz musician, every class in jazz history (up the river and all), and every school of jazz from Lenox to Berklee, should make this LP a standard reference text. Ownership of it and continued listening to it should predate any discussion of the verb "to swing". For this singer has the magic power that Louis and Bessie and Billie and a very, very few others had to rise above the tune, the lyric, and the moment, and always produce something that lived. Rushing is one of the greatest of all jazz singers, and his recent renas-

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cence seems to have made him more mellow, more assured, and greater in his art than ever before.

There is nothing musical on this album that will revolutionize jazz (except again to affirm fundamentals), and there are no solos here that will set new styles, break new paths, or open doors. The groundwork has all been done. This is the common language of jazz now. It's just that it is done once again so very well, with taste, and form, and that creative spark which is the lifeblood of art. Buddy Tate will not be remembered as an innovator, either for his tenor choruses here or with the Basic

band. But what he does here, every time he blows, is so absolutely and inevitably right, that one simply has to stand up and cheer. It's as though he had waited all his life to blow these choruses and compressed into them two decades of experience as a musician. Ray Bryant, too, plays with the authority of a man among men.

The blues regenerates a man, Reese Dupree once said. It seems to me that Jimmy Rushing's work proves the truth of this. One has to be unemotional indeed to hear this record and not feel better.

(R.J.G.)



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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*.

Louis Armstrong, *Satchmo Plays King Oliver* (Audio Fidelity [M] AFLP 1930, [S] AFSD 5930)

Sidney Bechet, *Sidney Bechet in Brussels* (Columbia [M] CL 1410)

Elmer Bernstein, *Paris Swings* (Capitol [M] T 1288, [S] ST 1288)

John Carisi Guitar Choir, *New Jazz Sound of Showboat* (Columbia [M] CL 1419, [S] CS 8216)

Jim Chapin Sextet, *The Jim Chapin Sextet* (Classic Editions [M] CJ 6)

Jim Chapin Sextet with Bob Wilber, *Profile of a Jazz Drummer* (Classic Editions [M] CJ 7)

John Coltrane, *Giant Steps* (Atlantic [M] 1311, [S] SD 1311)

Dukes of Dixieland, *Piano Ragtime* (Audio Fidelity [M] AFLP 1928, [S] AFSD 5928)

Don Elliott and Sascha Burland, *The Nutty Squirrels* (Hanover [M] HM 8014)

Bill Evans Trio, *The Bill Evans Trio* (Riverside [M] RLP 12-315, [S] LP 1162)

Roy Hamilton, *Spirituals* (Epic [M] LN 3654, [S] BN 551)

Donna Hightower, *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?* (Capitol [M] T 1273, [S] ST 1273)

Pete Jolly and Les Cinq Modernes, *Continental Jazz* (Stereo Fidelity [S] SF 11000)

Stan Kenton, June Christy, and the Four Freshman, *Road Show* (Capitol [S] STBO 1327)

Ray McKinley and the Glenn Miller Orchestra, *On Tour with the New Glenn Miller Orchestra* (RCA Victor [M] LPM 1948, [S] LSP 1948)

Henry Mancini Orchestra, *The Mancini Touch* (RCA Victor [M] LPM 2101, [S] LSP 2101)

Buddy Morrow Orchestra, *Double Impact* (RCA Victor [M] LPM 2180, [S] LSP 2180)

Marty Napoleon, Deane Kincaide, and others, *Is It True What They Say About Dixie?* (20th Century-Fox [M] 3027)

Bernard Peiffer, *Pied Peiffer of the Piano* (Decca [M] DL 9218, [S] DL 7-9218)

Julian Priestner, *Keep Swingin'* (Riverside [M] RLP 12-316, [S] LP 1163)

Della Reese with Neal Hefti orchestra, *Della* (RCA Victor [M] LPM 2157, [S] LSP 2157)

Shorty Rogers, *Shorty Rogers Meets Tarzan* (M-G-M [M] E 3798)

George Shearing, *The Best of George Shearing* (M-G-M [M] E 3796)

Joya Sherrill, *Sugar and Spice* (Columbia [M] CL 1378, [S] CS 8207)

Three Sounds, *Good Deal* (Blue Note [M] 4020)

Bobby Timmons, *This Here Is Bobby Timmons* (Riverside [M] RLP 12-317, [S] LP 1164)

Sarah Vaughan, *The Magic of Sarah Vaughan* (Mercury [M] MG 20438, [S] SR 60110)

Si Zentner Orchestra, *Suddenly It Swings* (Liberty [M] LRP 3139, [S] LST 7139) [S]

Joe Williams

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

By Leonard Feather

Joe Williams is a blindfolder's dream. He never has to be asked why he does or doesn't dig a record; never needs to be prodded at all. In fact, the only problem he presents is that of editing his comments to a length that will fit them in the space at our fortnightly disposal.

Most of the records chosen for this, his first test in more than three years, had some special direct or indirect connection with his career. The opening instrumental, of course, features soloists who have long shared the Count Basie handstand with him. Jimmy Rushing was one of his vocal predecessors with Basie, and Marilyn Moore was included because on Rushing's own *Blindfold Test* he heard the same track, declared that it was Billie Holiday, and gave it five stars. Big Miller has been working with the band of Nat Pierce, Basie's counter ego; Memphis Slim wrote Joe's hits *Every Day* and *The Comeback*; Lambert-Hendricks-Ross shared an LP with Joe, and Peggy Lee's version of *All Right* on the 45-rpm single, when played at 33, has been mistaken for Joe Williams'. Williams received no information about the records played. All right? Okay? Let's go.



Blues is a story!

The Records

1. Frank Foster, et al. *Excursion* (from *No Count, Savoy*). Foster, Frank Wess, tenor saxophones; Benny Powell, Henry Coker, trombones; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Kenny Clarke, drums; Eddie Jones, bass.

Oh, yeah, I know a few people there. The first tenor solo was Frank Wess and the second, I think, was Foster. There was only one tenor solo I couldn't identify, and that was the last one; didn't sound like either Wess or Foster. (It was Foster: Ed.) The trombones, I think, were Coker and Benny Powell. I enjoyed the record very much—I'd never heard it before. I think I'll have to give that at least three stars.

That's that typical small-band-jazz type of thing; let the fellows go . . . Rhythm section? Sounded a little like Osie Johnson; maybe Eddie Jones, I don't know. I didn't listen to the bass line very much because I was concentrating on the soloists. The guitar—I'd have to guess. I haven't heard any good single-string guitar on records in a long, long time, but just as a guess I'd say Kenny Burrell.

2. Benny Goodman Orchestra. *Mr. Five by Five* (from *Benny in Brussels*, Columbia). Jimmy Rushing, vocal; arranger not credited.

Oh, Gosh! . . . that's Jimmy at his best. Oh, man, I liked that . . . People who don't dig that, well, they just don't dig life, they don't dig humor, swing, fine arranging, fine timing, fine everything.

I don't know who the orchestra is, but the arranger and everything went together well, and I'd have to give it four stars. It's the kind of opening number that makes you eager to know what he's going to do next.

3. Marilyn Moore. *Trav'lin' All Alone* (from *Moody Marilyn Moore*, Bethlehem). Miss Moore, vocal; Al Cohn, tenor; Joe Wilder, trumpet.

I'll have to guess here, because I haven't heard any of these records before, but I'll say Marilyn Cohn. I don't know what her name is now, but I was lucky enough to hear some of the things she had done in a Billie Holiday-like mood, with a little coaching from Al, who might have been on tenor here. Tenor, incidentally, was real fine for backgrounds, even more so than the trumpet.

In the good days of Billie the soloists would wait until there was a space, and play something that would corroborate the vocal statement. Today sometimes the instrumentalist tends to take over completely . . . There's that feeling here of being so much a part of a Billie Holiday sound—and yet there is the difference in quality, so you know that it isn't Billie even though she sympathizes with and digs Billie so very, very much.

Marilyn has a sound of her own, which I wish she would develop, and if she could find her own tunes and go on and sing them with her own good, true tone, she should. I'll give her two stars here, but she can do much better.

4. Big Miller. *Did You Ever Hear the Blues?* (LP title song, United Artists). Miller vocal; Jimmy Jones, piano; Budd Johnson, conductor, arranger.

Ha, ha! That's my man, Big Miller, probably with Nat Pierce on piano and Nat's band. Big Miller and I met in Chicago some time ago, long before I joined Basie, and I told him he should come to New York.

I felt he had a great talent, but it has to be channeled; somebody has to

pick his material for him. He has a good basic sound, and with the right material, it would be unlimited. He is versatile, too, because besides the blues he can do what I call swing-sing. He is one of the best bop singers, as they call it, and he could go far under discerning management. He could set an audience on fire in person and on records.

This record, I'll give it, because of that good original sound of his, at least three stars, because it's Miller.

Blues is a story. Most of them leave no hope, maybe from start to finish, or they start feeling good and then tell how things did not turn out so well, but the story has to make sense from beginning to end . . . A Chinese girl, in the play *Flower Drum Song*, sings the blues, as she feels it. The chords aren't 12-bar structure; it still is a sad song; a woman who wants love to look away from her. You hear it from every race and every creed. But this blues on this record didn't really impart any message.

5. Memphis Slim. *How Long Blues* (from *Folk Song Festival*, United Artists). Memphis Slim, vocal.

I have no idea who this it, but it puts me in mind of Memphis Slim. Slim and the Honeydripper and Howlin' Wolf, Big Bill, some of those fellows that I heard many years ago in Chicago, these kind of people you can still hear working in Chicago.

I love this kind of music when it's honest, as it usually is. I heard Howlin' Wolf sing about when he came to Chicago with no coat and no bottom in his shoes, and while he was singing about it, he'd lay down on the floor, maybe

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BLINDFOLD

(Continued)

in a white shirt, on his back, and holding the microphone up above him, and singing about these things, and kick his heels up in the air. Barbara Dane must have had a real ball when she was in Chicago looking for this wonderful bunch of people who are so very, very basic.

I've heard *How Long* done with more feeling than this, though; Jimmy Rushing's was much better. I don't know who this is, but it didn't get to me as much as Jimmy's. Two stars.

6. Lambert-Hendricks-Ross. *Bijou* (from *The Hottest New Group in Jazz*, Columbia). Dave Lambert, on Hendricks, Annie Ross, vocals.

Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, with the biggest Lambert that I've heard yet! . . . I'm very pleased, because so often the most unobtrusive part of a group of successful people may be ignored or thought of as unnecessary, and I know from personal experience that these people are very, very necessary, and just as much an integral part of a successful group as anybody else; possibly more of a motivating force than people might realize. For instance, Jon Hendricks might be just writing lyrics for other people, or being an itinerant singer, maybe, if Dave wasn't there to take care of the business and what have you.

Well, you have finally come up with a five-star record, Leonard. This was a Woody Herman record originally, featuring the wonderful Bill Harris trombone. Woody's herd of that time was one of the finest and most exciting groups I ever listened to. This version is wonderful. Annie, of course, is just tremendous. Jon Hendricks is out of sight, completely; just too great. And I'm so happy to see Dave come through with a sparkling solo performance.

7. Peggy Lee. *All Right, Okay, You Win* (from *Things Are Swingin'*, Capitol). Miss Lee, vocal.

What else can a woman do? Peggy Lee—I've loved this girl's work for years. She's a very versatile woman; a fine actress—I saw her in *Pete Kelly's Blues*—and I'll have to give this at least four stars. Such a good record—beautifully done by Capitol, using such good taste all the way.

The first people to record this song, as far as I know, were Ella Johnson and Buddy Johnson's orchestra. We recorded it second. This was one of Basie's babies; we heard Ella's version in Boston, and Basie said I'd never be able to do it as well as the young lady, but he wanted me to do it anyway. And I don't know but that he was right. And Peggy Lee certainly did a better job on it than we did.



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Caught in the Act

DINAH WASHINGTON-
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The Cloister, Hollywood

Personnel: Miss Washington, vocals; Chico Hamilton, drums, leader; Carington Visor, tenor, flute; Jim Hall, guitar; Nat Gershon, cello; Ben Tucker, bass.

A surefire crowd-pleaser for the quasi-hip set frequenting this Sunset Strip room, the Washington-Hamilton double bill couldn't miss at the cash register. The highly stylistic singer had not appeared at a Hollywood club in a long time, and the drummer's unique group tickled the palates of the would-be "in" group that thrives on such fare.

The quintet opened the show with its familiar *In Know* introductory number and then followed up with an *I Want to Be Happy* that skittered around the tables like a shower of fluttering confetti.

Cellist Gershon commanded the spotlight in a brief, simply stated solo on *Stella by Starlight* before the quintet again strode out, this time in a medium-tempoed *Bags' Groove* with some tightly voiced writing for the tenor-cello-guitar front line. Visor's tenor solo on this was forcefully cooking, marking him as a reedman to watch for the future.

Hamilton closed the set with a long, showy special drum number, a tour de force worked out to a shrewd formula of predictable rhythmic patterns, a few well-placed grunts here and there and considerable flashy brush and stick work. The audience ate it up.

In the short course of the quintet's time onstand, it was difficult to assess the present worth of the group in a jazz sense. In Visor, though, Hamilton has a jazz instrumentalist (he doubles flute, also) of the first rank. Hall's excellent guitar, while not a permanent part of the quintet, did much to lend additional guts to the group's performance on night of review.

Miss Washington is as flamboyant a showman as she is distinctive vocalist. Strolling onstage in a full-length terraline mink coat and sporting a glittering \$200 pair of shoes, she delivered a good set composed mostly of her hit recordings.

—John Tynan

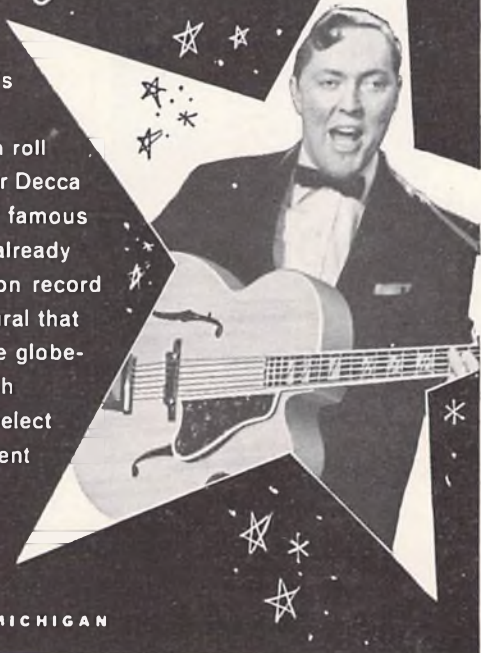
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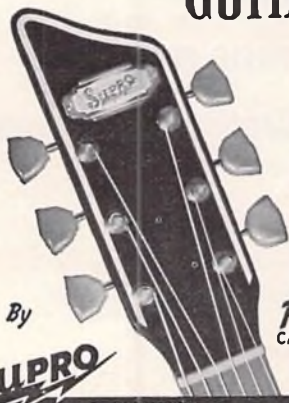
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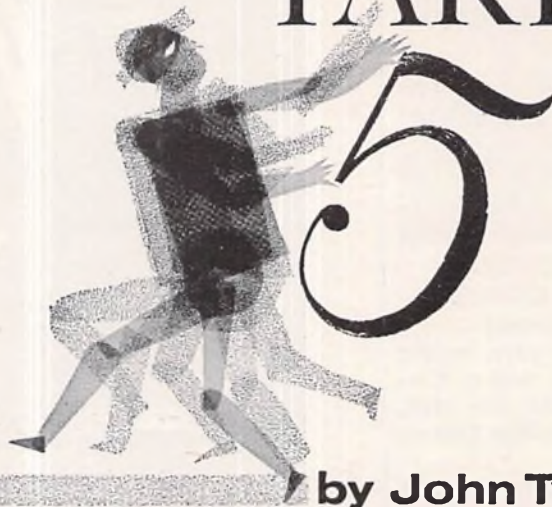


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TAKE



by **John Tynan**

Norman Granz is truly a jazz phenomenon. Over the last 15 years his activities as concert promoter and record producer have earned him a personal fortune conservatively estimated at more than a \$1,000,000. He bosses an important record company; established Jazz at the Philharmonic as a U. S. institution; today chooses to live either in Paris, on the Riviera, or in Rome, and confines his concert tours to the Continent.

Nowadays, he returns to the Beverly Hills, Calif., headquarters of his Verve Records about once every four months of each year to supervise certain jazz sessions or to take care of other state-side business. In effect, Norman Granz has become a rich U. S. expatriate whose center of existence has shifted from the hectic rat race of modern U.S. society to the more leisurely environment of the Old World.

The year 1957 was the last for his annual Jazz at the Philharmonic tours. Since then, he has concentrated on presenting Ella Fitzgerald and the Oscar Peterson Trio in Europe, and this spring he will bring over Shelly Manne and His Men for the edification of European audiences. But from now on, U. S. concert tours are out. Why?

"Jazz tours in the states," Granz explained, "— as delineated and defined by Jazz at the Philharmonic—may well have run their course. Now, *big* name groups in one package can still make it, like that tour Leonard Feather took on the road. But mine never were *group* tours. I insisted on actively producing my own shows because I always felt it necessary to integrate my shows so there'd be a flow to the programs."

Succinctly summing up an era in the presentation of jazz to U. S. audiences, Granz declared, "My feeling is that jazz concerts, as I've laid them out, will never be the way they were.

"At one time I was putting on 120 concerts a year. That was in 1946 and '47. For years I was doing two tours annually—10 weeks starting in February and a second 10 starting in September. Soon as one would finish, I'd begin promotion on the second—all year 'round."

He continued, "As impresario and as fan, I feel at this point that all jazz concerts, by the very nature of the artistic demands made on the musicians, must inevitably begin to repeat themselves. Jazz just hasn't produced enough musicians to make such concerts possible anymore."

Despite this limitation, however, Granz said he felt there is "still enough area, from the musicians' standpoint, for qualitative choice and taste in the jazz they want to play at concerts and festivals."

Granz' feeling on stories about his activities that have appeared in various magazines down through the years is predominantly negative. "I felt the undue accent on my business acumen was somewhat out of line in most of the stories on me," he said. "This was true even in stories that appeared in *Down Beat*. For the rest of the magazines, though, this angle was a simple peg for the slicks. I can appreciate the fact that the writers necessarily had to stress that aspect to convince the various editors.

"One story on me I disliked very much appeared in *The Saturday Review*. Whitney Balliett wrote it."

"To me," Granz declared, "the all-important aspect of my work is the obvious use of jazz in fighting sociological problems. This aspect hasn't been given nearly enough attention so far as I'm concerned."

Norman Granz started out as a plain jazz fan. He would hang around Billy



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Berg's jazz club on Vine St. in Hollywood during the mid-'40s, getting to know the musicians, hanging out with them. His enjoyment of the music as a *listener* predated by far the material benefits he was later to earn from the JATP presentations. How does he personally feel about listening to jazz today?

"It's difficult for me now to go to any kind of a jazz concert and like it as I once did," he confessed. "But this is purely a matter of viewing it professionally, I think.

"For example, I get greatly disturbed by the conduct of musicians playing concerts other than mine.

"And," he added wryly, "this includes some musicians who'd played my concerts, too.

"For one thing, I don't allow a lot of visual things—dancing around on-stage, and so on."

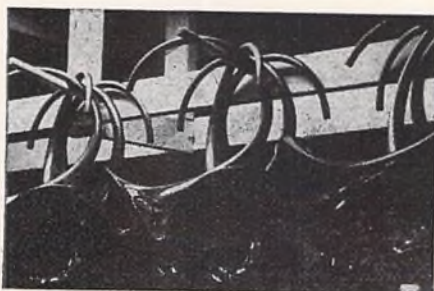
Then, after a moment's thought, he commented, "I *do* believe, though, that jazz concerts have toned down considerably because of the standards I insisted on for years. I never allowed my musicians to come late to a show. I tell 'em, 'You *have* to be there before the show.' Ella, for instance, is always at the hall before the show even though she always closes the program.

"I don't like the musical sloppiness initiated by musicians not making the show on time. Believe it or not, I've had individual musicians charter planes out of their own pockets if they thought they'd be late for the performance.

"And never in my life have I fined a musician for being late. For years I fought with stagehands and managers who had a tendency to treat musicians with less respect than they'd give, say, the corps de ballet; why should I personally treat my artists with any less respect or regard than other artists in other fields are treated?"

Granz concluded with flat emphasis, "Some musicians may not like me, they may not want to work for me. But nobody, not even those who may feel like that, can say they don't respect me."

How many other impresarios feel free in good conscience to make such a statement?



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AD LIB

(Continued)

Donald Byrd in a live concert. Another is an album of Bill Coleman sides. American trumpeter Coleman has lived in Paris for 15 years . . .

Willie Dennis has been playing trombone in the group accompanying singer Sallie Blair at Jack Silverman's International on Broadway . . . Singers Jackie Paris and Bill Henderson are scheduled for an off-Broadway show, a fantasy written by Lonnie Levister, who also composed its music . . . Bob Garrity, who once did the Birdland radio show, has joined the production staff of radio station WOR in New York . . . Louis Armstrong broke up his wife's birthday party to take her along when he made an appearance before 400 youngsters at a New York public school in the interests of fighting juvenile delinquency. It was the first evening program in a plan organized by Joey Adams, new head of the American Guild of Variety Artists, to combat delinquency by entertaining teenagers with topflight stars . . . Armstrong took it easy at the Skyway Motel on Long Island during most of January, while his house was being renovated.

Ken Joffe, who lost out last summer with his *Jazz On The Hudson*, has put together a jazz package to be called *Soul '60*. The attraction will feature Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, the Horace Silver Quintet, Ray Charles, and Dinah Washington. Two dates, a pair of performances each, have been set: the Ford Auditorium in Detroit and the Opera House in Chicago, on March 25 and 26 respectively . . . Earl Hines was signed by M-G-M to record three albums in 1960. The first date, in mid-January, in New York, was made by the Hines quartet that played at the Embers.

Sidney Gross, English guitarist, made an appearance on Joe Franklin's *Memory Lane* TV show last month, reading Langston Hughes' poetry against a jazz background furnished by Roy Eldridge's recording of *Echoes of Harlem*. The title of the poem was *52nd St.* . . . Thelonious Monk wrote the score for a French movie *Dangerous Mission*. The film has been banned in several French cities . . . Lionel Hampton is reported to be talking with a couple of movie studios about filming *The Travels of Lionel Hampton*.

Neal Hefti has been keeping busy between rehearsals of his new combo. He did the arranging and conducting for a Della Reese recording date for RCA Victor, and conducted a 25-piece orchestra for the recent Kate Smith telecast on CBS . . . The British Jazz Trio has been playing all the cocktail

parties for a club that meets in a different New York hotel every week. The club, known as the Cliff Dwellers, is treated to a swinging light jazz played by drummer **Kenny Harris**, bassist **John Drew** or **Peter Ind**, and the trio's new pianist, **John Weed** . . . The Salt City Six jumped from Palm Beach to Denver in February . . . **Artie Shaw**, now in the United States, is reported to be working on a musical work that will highlight the talent of alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz**.

George Wein will definitely produce the Newport Jazz Festival in 1960. He was officially reappointed at a meeting held in Newport by the festival's board of directors. Rumors that Wein was out of the picture stemmed from post-Newport '59 losses incurred at the Toronto and French Lick festivals, plus the disappointing financial results of the two Newport Jazz Festival fall tours. Both the U.S. and the European junkets lost money . . . **Marshall Brown's** Newport Youth Band is scheduled to record an album of dance favorites (picked from their dance dates) for Coral . . . **Frank Ippolito**, former **Glenn Miller** drummer now with **Lester Lanin's** society band, has set up a firm to manufacture practice drums.

Singer **Ann Marie Moss** has parted company with the **Maynard Ferguson** band and will now work as a single. Meantime, trombonist **Slide Hampton**—who now is fronting his own group—is once more writing arrangements for the Ferguson band.

IN PERSON

Apollo Theater—**DR. JIVE** and **JOHNNY NASH**, until March 3. **JEWEL BOX REVIEW**, March 4-11.
 Basin Street East—**HARRY JAMES** Band, until March 9.
 Birdland—**MAYNARD FERGUSON** Orchestra and **BOB BROOKMEYER** Quartet, until March 3.
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 Central Plaza—**TONY PARENTI**, **J. C. HIGGINBOTHAM**, **CONRAD JANIS**, and others in Friday and Saturday Night Jam Sessions.
 Condon's—**BUCK CLAYTON** with **EDDIE CONDON'S** Band, indefinitely.
 Count Basie's—**EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS** Trio and **SHIRLEY SCOTT**, until March 1.
 Embers—**DOROTHY DONEGAN** Trio and **YUGENE SMITH** Trio, until Feb. 22. **DOROTHY DONEGAN** Trio and **LOUIS METCALF** Quartet, until March 14.
 Five Spot—**MJT PLUS THREE** and **MAL WALDRON** Trio, until March 1.
 Gatsby's—**VIVIAN GREENE** Trio, indefinitely.
 Half Note—**CANNONBALL ADDERLEY** Quintet, until Feb. 29.
 Hickory House—**MITCHELL-RUFF** Duo, indefinitely.
 Jazz Gallery—**ART BLAKEY'S JAZZ MESSEN- GERS** and **RAY BRYANT** Trio, until Feb. 21.
 Jilly's—**THE BERNIE NIEROW** Duo, indefinitely.
 Metropole—**RED ALLEN'S ALL STARS** and **SOL YAGED** Quartet, indefinitely.
 Nick's—**BILLY MAXTED'S** band, indefinitely.
 Palace Theater—**HARRY BELAFONTE**, until March 6.
 Prelude—**BILLY TAYLOR** Trio, until March.
 Roseland Dance City—**RUSS CARLYLE** Orchestra, until Feb. 29. **CHUCK CABOT** Orchestra, until April 1.
 Roundtable—**CLYDE McCOY'S** Dixieland Sextet, until Feb. 27. **GEORGE BRUNIS** Dixieland Band and **CY COLEMAN** Quartet, Feb. 29-March 28.
 Ryan's—**WILBUR DE PARIS** Band, indefinitely.
 Showplace—**CHARLIE MINGUS** Quintet, indefinitely.
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TORONTO

Cliff McKay's quartet moved to the Frontenac Arms in February, with **Bud Hill's** Dixieland Band taking over at the Westover, where **Max Kaminsky** guest-starred in late January . . . Dixieland still prevails at the Colonial Tavern, with **Trump Davidson's** band playing the 6 to 8 p.m. slot, and **Mike White's** Imperial Jazz Band performing until midnight.

The **Len Moss Trio**, with singer **Marion Barton**, is at the Walker House . . . After a long absence from the night club circuit, singer-pianist **Billy O'Connor** opened at the Prince George in late January, accompanied by guitarist **Kenny Gill**, bassist **Jackie Richardson**, and accordionist **Vic Centro** . . . The Chelsea Club, an after-hours night spot, attracted a large first night audience when it introduced an Afro-Cuban group, led by Jamaica-born **Richard Smith** on congo drums and bongos, drummer **Ron Rully**, pianist **Norm Amadio**, and bassist **Bill Britto**.

Some people don't get around much any more, according to the Telegram's entertainment columnist, **Alex Barris**, who said he met a couple who had spent an evening dancing at Casa Loma. "What band is playing there?" Barris asked. "Gee, I don't know," said the man, "Isn't it **Glen Gray**?" (Aside: The band is **Art Hallman's**.)

PHILADELPHIA

Cat Anderson was set to play **Pep's** with his new combo, featuring his ex-Ellington sidekick, drummer **Sam Woodyard** . . . **Dale Hawkins'** live rock 'n' roll show over WCAU-TV recently spotlighted **Dizzy Gillespie**, along with another jazz attraction, the swinging **Metronomes**, a Philadelphia singing quartet . . . **Bruce Davidson**, Capitol promotion man here, brought smooth-singing **Mavis Rivers** to the city to plug her new album . . . **Jimmy DePriest**, who is doing a one-hour WHAT-FM talk-music show, *Contemporary Concepts*, Monday nights, presented two live concerts recently, one at the Museum School of Art and the other at the University of Pennsylvania . . .

The Red Hill Inn brought vibeman **Lem Winchester** in from Wilmington for a weekend date when **Max Roach** was tied up in Pittsburgh. **Maynard Ferguson** played his date at the Jersey spot with borrowed instruments after the Michigan auto crash in which **Willie Maiden** was hurt. Other recent Red Hill attractions included **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Chris Connor** and the Philadelphia trio of **Harold Corbin** . . . The **Frank Moore Four** has returned to the city after a long run in Las Vegas, where the combo

cut several albums for Capitol . . . **Jack Fields**, owner of the old Blue Note club here, returned to the jazz field briefly by treating his Petti Arms patrons to a week of **Muggsy Spanier**, **Wilbur De Paris**, and **Trummie Young** . . . The suburban Tally-Ho featured the Indian trombonist **Russell (Big Chief) Moore** and **Coleman Hawkins** at recent Wednesday night sessions . . . **Pep's**, after a run of vocalists, including **Jimmy Rushing**, **Big Maybelle**, and **Lloyd Price**, presented the **Maynard Ferguson** band for a week after the trumpeter played a one-nighter at Pottstown's Sunnybrook Ballroom. **Jimmy Wisner**, pianist on the Felsted *Blues for Harvey* album, also played the downtown spot recently . . . **Show Boat**, also on a singer kick for a few weeks, featured **Miles Davis** after the likes of **Brook Benton**, **Ruth Brown**, and **Gloria Lynne** . . .

CLEVELAND

A rather barren season, as far as big-name, out-of-town groups is concerned, was brightened the weekend of Feb. 13-14 by the appearance of **Erroll Garner** and rhythm section at the Music hall the 13th, and the **Kingston Trio** at Public hall the 14th.

The one exception to the domination of the scene by local groups is the Theatrical grill, which has been featuring top Dixieland bands. Latest to appear were **Charlie Shavers** in December and **Billy Butterfield** and **Billy Maxted** in January. The **Deep River Boys** also made it in January. **Cozy Cole**, with vocalist **Lee Parker**, played the first two weeks of February.

Television activity is picking up, with the **Joe Howard Quintet** on the live, weekday *One O'Clock Club*. Jazz also breaking through the rock-and-roll radio jungle. **Al Clark** on WJMO, **Dick Pike** on WJW, and **Big Wilson** of KYW have been providing cool sounds for weary ears.

CHICAGO

Spending a whirlwind 36 hours in the Chicago area, pianist-composer **Randy Weston** played a concert in downstate Streator, renewed acquaintance with his former boss, **Art Blakey**, made various contacts for future midwest appearances for the first time in 10 years, then flew back to New York to prepare original material for a special invitational appearance before delegates to the United Nations . . . While in town, **Duke Ellington** bassist **Jimmy Wood** hinted broadly that he would soon join the ranks of the used-to-be-Duke's. He plans on moving to Europe for several years.

VeeJay Records' infant jazz department plucked **Wayne Shorter** away from the **Art Blakey** aggregation long enough to put an album in the can while the group was working the Sutherland

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lounge. Unfortunately, the can goes on the shelf until late summer or early fall . . . Impresario Joe Segal supervised a *Prelude to Jazz* concert recently. Featured were the Ramsey Lewis Trio and Gene Esposito with Joe Daley. Meanwhile, Segal is recovering from the loss of his mainstay—trumpeter Ira Sullivan, who left Chicago to join the Pat Moran Trio for an extended engagement in Pittsburgh.

In town for a brief rest, Dizzy Gillespie made an interview appearance on the late evening Marty Faye television show . . . Miles Davis, appearing at the Sutherland Lounge, said he is in the process of completing one of his "most rewarding albums." The complete album features, he said, the sole instrumentation of—castanet, Miles?

The "folk" folks got together for the closing night of Leon Bibb's engagement at the Gate of Horn. Blond blues singer Barbara Dane (herself working at the Continental) and gracious Odetta were among the celebrities who drifted in. Jazz bassist Victor Sproles worked with Bibb.

Herman Roberts, boss of Roberts' Show club, finalized plans to snare Billy Eckstine for a March 3 opening. It will be Mr. B's first appearance in Chicago since the financial fiasco last fall when the Black Orchid folded on his opening night . . . Swedish dish Monica Zetterlund, in town for her Mister Kelly singing engagement, commenting on Brother Soul: "I feel that my entire stay in this country will be wasted if I don't get to see Ray Charles."

Midwesterners will get to hear for themselves what all the shouting is about. Ornette Coleman, white plastic saxophone, beard, pianoless group and all, moves into Chicago for a two week-stand on Feb. 25.

Arriving at the Blue Note in the trail of smoke left by the blazing band of Count Basie were the Ramsey Lewis Trio, and the newlyweds, Charlie Mariano and Toshiko Akiyoshi. Former Kenton altoist Mariano and his bride bill their group as the Toshiko Mariano Quartet.

Jetting from the big windy city to the city of the big winds, VeeJay a&r mind Sid McCoy waved enticing offers at the young talent in New York, hoping to attract the men to the Chicago label. High on the list of potentials is the Cannonball Adderley Quintet pianist-composer, Bobby Timmons. Lee Morgan, Wayne Shorter, Wynton Kelly, and the MJT Plus Three are among the artists who recently committed themselves to long-term contracts.

The Southtown Youth Concert series, previously an all-classical affair, delved into jazz when it presented Franz Jack-

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LAS VEGAS

Keely Smith is packing them into the Desert inn, where she and husband Louis Prima are making their big showroom debut a success for audiences of all ages . . . The Kirby Stone Four are back in the Flamingo's Swinging Stage Bar lounge . . . The Dukes of Dixieland are in the New Frontier lounge . . . The Aristocats and Ginger came into the Flamingo lounge with a happy-sounding group composed essentially of strings. It offers every type of music from popular to classical to jazz . . . Vivienne della Chiesa is in the Thunderbird, doing popular numbers . . . The Mary Kaye Trio at the Sahara hotel is rated as one of the greatest lounge acts appearing along the Strip today . . . Tito Rodriguez' revue is in the Riviera lounge . . . Still going strong are the Satellites at the Fremont Hotel.

IN PERSON

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SAN DIEGO

Jazz concerts abound locally with **Dave Brubeck**, the **Four Freshmen**, **Dinah Washington**, **Anita O'Day**, and **Barney Kessel** appearing within days of each other . . . Radio stations **KFMB** and **KFSD** are dueling for the late-night jazz listener. Both stations have AM and FM stereo setups . . . The Place will swing with **Chuck Datillo** and his contemporary jazz group with **Bob Barnes**. Chuck will be broadcasting his Saturday night disc jockey show live from the club. Sunday evenings will feature informative symposium sessions with guest stars imported.

Bart Hazlitt's group at the Honeybucket is featuring ex-Artie Shaw trumpeter **Johnny Best** . . . **Don Sleet** leaves the Pour House in La Jolla for San Francisco in conjunction with release of his World Pacific album.

LOS ANGELES

The **Dave Brubeck** Quartet is bound for Down Under. Dave, **Paul Desmond**, **Eugene Wright**, and **Joe Morello** open the seven-day Australian tour March 18. They will appear in Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane, and at the Adelaide culture festival. The package was worked out by Associated's **Frank Rio**, with Australian promoter **Ron Brown** . . . **Stan Kenton** trombonist-vocalist **Kent Larsen** is due to join Capitol Records

as artists and repertoire assistant to **Lee Gillette** . . . **Mary Ann McCall** hopped to Honolulu for a two-weeker at the Surfriider hotel, following her Sanbah closing. The **Buddy De Franco** Quartet rounded the bill.

Local 47 headquarters was burglarized recently. Thieves made off with some \$11,000 in cash and checks—plus the 880-pound safe!

Louis Armstrong and band are set to play three concerts this month at Mexico City's Palace of Fine Arts, in conjunction with concerts at the National Auditorium. After three weeks in Mexico, Pops and men continue farther south for a concert tour taking in Cuba, Venezuela, Brazil and Argentina . . . **Andre Previn** will be on the orchestral podium for the 32nd Annual Oscar presentations April 4. . . The tunes in the running for an award this year are narrowing down to *Happy Anniversary*, *High Hopes*, *Gidget*, *The Best of Everything*, and *The Five Pennies*. Other possibilities are *Beloved Infidel*, *Strange Are the Ways of Love*, *Pillow Talk*, *The Hanging Tree*, and *Don't Mention His Name to Me*. Take your pick.

It's **Miles Davis** and the **Modern Jazz Quartet** at the Shrine Feb. 27 under Omega Enterprizes' banner . . . Trumpeter **Chet Baker** (remember him?) is now living permanently in Milan, Italy

. . . Singer **Ruth Oluy** cut out from the Mercury label . . . Drummer **Lennie McBrowne** signed with World Pacific for a year and eight more sides. His *Four Souls* album is due out the end of this month or early in March . . . The new label, Jazzland, being distributed in southern California by California Record Distributors, offers LPs by **Zoot Sims**, **Herbie Mann**, **Philly Joe Jones**, **Hank Mobley** among others in some 60 LP's due this year.

COMBO ACTION: The Sanbah has become the town's most active jazz spot with top talent due in (see IN PERSON) . . . Latest spot for sitting-in evenings is The Troubadour coffee house on La Cienega . . . Pianist-flutist **Marvin Jenkins** is taking care of business at the Ventura Inn with **Bob Martin** on bass and **Jack Dean** on drums . . . Trumpeter **Wild Bill Davison** packed up and moved from New York to live in the Hollywood Hills. Now managed by promoter Ron Brown, Davison quickly set up in business at **Happy Koomer's** 400 Club . . . **Bob Cook's** Sunday sessions at the Regency are picking up steam with a house rhythm section comprising **Elmo Hope**, piano; **Hersh Hammel**, bass, and **John Claudder**, drums. Cook's the helmer of KBLA's *Nitebeat* five-hour jazz program . . . **James Scott's** quartet is at the Starlight Club in Comp-

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10 Years Ago

On the Cover: Guy Lombardo and Rosemary Williamson examining a zither . . . Headline: Kenton Ork The Total End . . . Charlie Emge reports from Hollywood that Maynard Ferguson ". . . stood up at his end of the Stan Kenton brass section and broke loose with some of the wildest, most unbelievable, most exciting (and, to some, most perplexing) trumpet playing ever heard anywhere." . . . Buddy Stewart, pioneer bop vocalist, killed in car crash . . . Another Lester Young legend: Pres called pianist Kenny Kersey in New York City to make a one-nighter in Detroit. "How much does it pay?" asked Kersey. "Twenty-five dollars," was the reply. "Why, man, it costs \$50 just to get out there." Kersey yelled. Lester was hurt. "You know, Kenny, you gotta save your money so you can make these gigs," he said.

25 Years Ago

John Hammond, brilliant young music critic, gives the lowdown on why a colored and white band idea took a "brodie" after the personnel of the band had been picked, organized, and rehearsed for a European tour. "I'm afraid I must say that Jack Hylton is directly responsible for blocking the European trip," Hammond said. "I went around and got the promise from every single musician that he would go. Teagarden was given a leave of absence from Paul Whiteman, Bunny Berigan was prepared to leave his job at CBS, Benny Goodman was willing to quit all his jobs, and Benny Carter and every one of the colored musicians was most anxious to go. Hylton did not send a single word of any kind after he returned (to England). Benny Goodman cabled him. I cabled him. But there was no reply. Hylton broke a definite promise to me, and I, for one, will never forgive him for it."

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ton. The owner, **George Jacobs**, is pushing a jazz policy.

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El Sombrero (Belmont Shore)—**DUTCH PONSVINCE WALLACE** Quartet.
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Jimmie Diamond's Lounge (San Bernardino)—**EDGAR HAYES**, piano, nightly.
King's Surf (Santa Monica)—**SANDI GARNER**; **CHARLIE SIOEMAKE** Trio, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays.
Leon's Steak House (North Hollywood)—**JESS STACY**, piano, nightly except Sundays and Mondays.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach)—**HOWARD RUMSEY'S** Lighthouse All-Stars. Resident. **BUD SHANK-ART PEPPER** Quartet, Mondays and Tuesdays.
Melody Room—**HENRI ROSE** Trio, opened Jan. 21.
Puccini (Beverly Hills)—**JIM HARBERT** Trio.
Sanbah—**CHICO HAMILTON** Quintet, opened Feb. 11; **SHORTY ROGERS** and his Giants open Feb. 25; **RAMSEY LEWIS** Trio opens March 10 for four weeks.
Sterling's (Santa Monica)—**BETTY BRYANT** Trio.
Ventura Inn—**MARVIN JENKINS** Trio.
Wonderhowl (Downey)—**GENE BOLEN** and his Jazz Band.
Zebra Lounge (Central and Manchester)—**TEDDY EDWARDS** Quartet and guests.

SAN FRANCISCO

Nelson Riddle did a one-nighter at the Sand's in Oakland in mid-January . . . The **Dave Brubeck**—**Dinah Wash-**

ington—**Three Sounds** package was something less than a smash hit in two concerts in Berkeley and San Francisco. But the SF show did a lot better than the Berkeley one and almost salvaged the promoter's investment . . . **Andre Previn**—**Shelly Manne**—**George Shearing**—**Dakota Staton** sold out the Masonic Temple Jan. 29 and had to do a second show . . . Some cat in town is passing as the drummer from the **Ramsey Lewis** Trio . . . **Bud Shank** did a four-night gig at the Stew-Den in Berkeley opposite the UC campus . . . **Booker Little** in town gigging around . . . **Stan Foster** replaced **Mike Downs** with the **Virgil Gonsalves** Sextet . . . **Lionel Hampton** in town making the DJ rounds and pushing a new single, *Railroad* . . .

Ella Fitzgerald broke all records in the history of the Venetian room at the Fairmont hotel. Turn-aways at the first Saturday night show topped even the **Lena Horne** record. . . **Gus Johnson**, **Jim Hall**, **Wilfred Middlebrooks**, and **Paul Smith** are the new group accompanying Ella . . . The **Brothers Four**, under the wing of **Mort Lewis**, made a two day DJ tour of Northern California . . . The **Limelighters** (Lou Gottlieb et al) worked the Hi-Fi Show in January . . . **Stan Kenton** did turn away business for his **June Christy**—**Four Freshmen** concert at the Oakland Auditorium Theater. It was a Saturday night, but even so . . . **Jay Foster** of the Lenox School of Jazz is observing the local scene . . .



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