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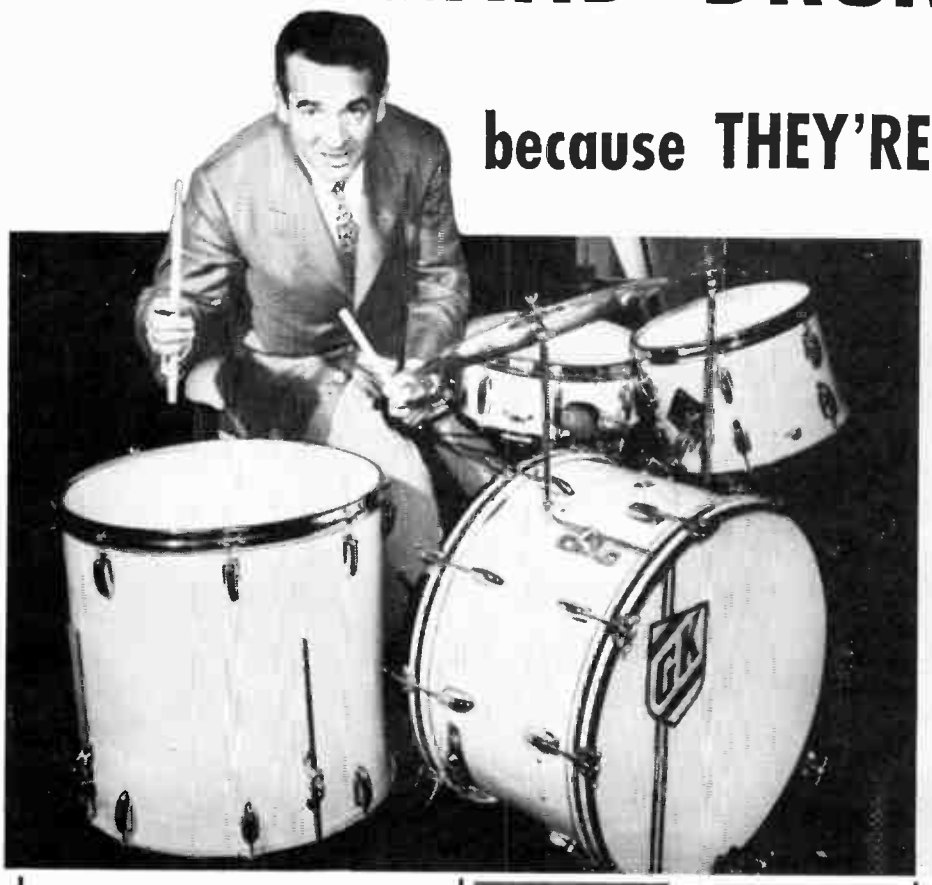

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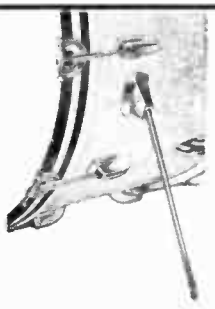

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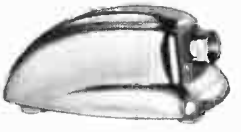

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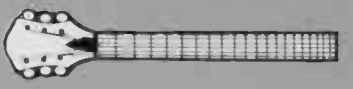

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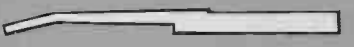

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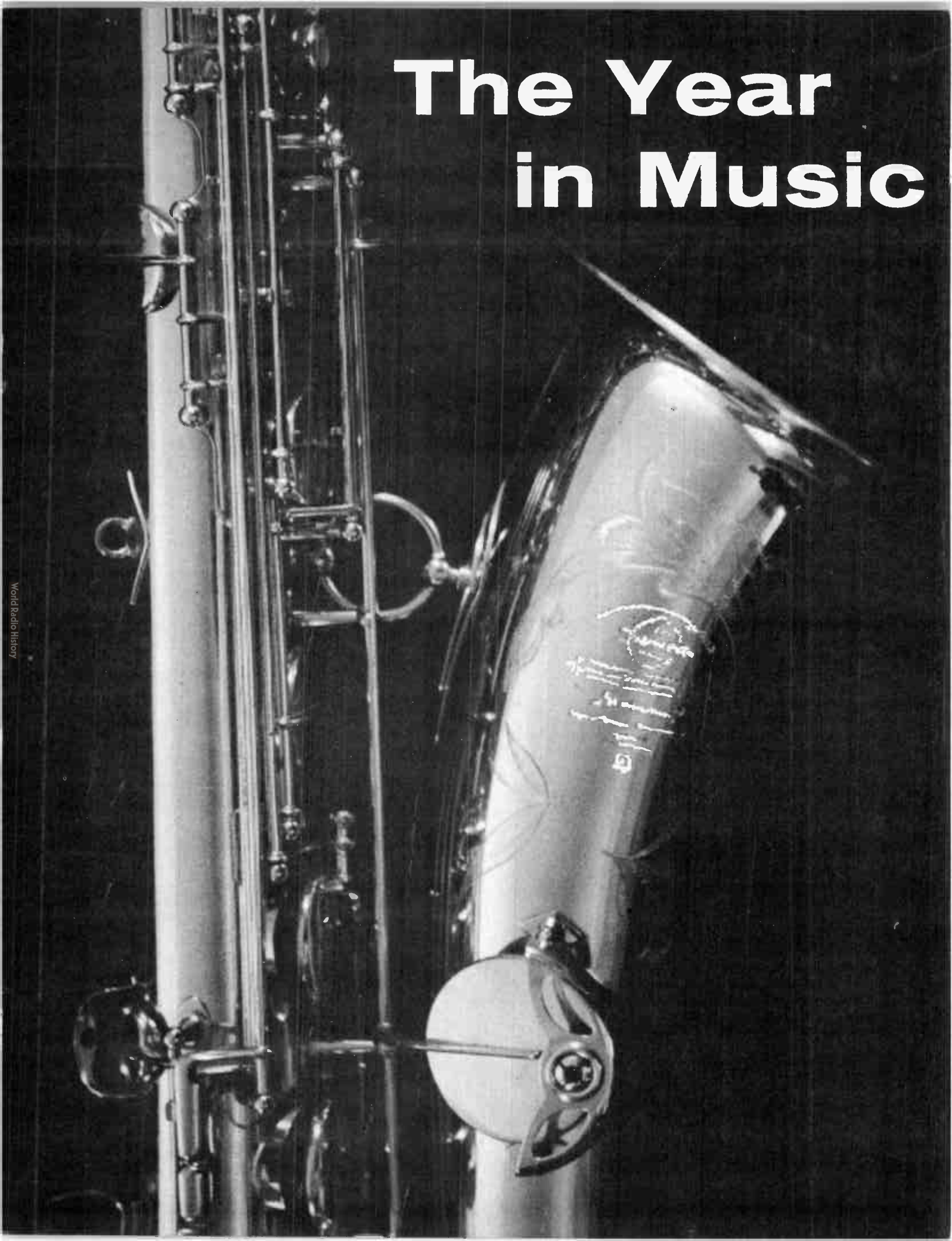


Lionel Hampton

January

■ The ringing bells of New Year — 1958 found Stan Kenton and his orchestra ensconced at the famed Balboa Rendezvous ballroom in southern California. The leader spent $75,000 to remodel the musty spot and hoped to retain it as permanent home for his band . . . Erroll Garner played his conquering path through France; received assorted plaques and honors from such notables as Brigitte Bardot and Jean Cocteau . . . An offbeat Dixieland single record of *Yellow Dog Blues,* featuring the slap-tongue soprano sax of New Orleans veteran Joe Darensbourg soared on the nation's pop hit parade . . . Columbia Records' longtime jazz specialist George Avakian, with an eye to the west, left the label. He planned teaming with Dick Bock's World Pacific Records as WP's New York a&r supervisor.

Sponsors of Frank Sinatra's much ballyhooed television series on the ABC network began squawking about the noticably lukewarm nationwide reception reflected in the program's low ratings . . . James C. Petrillo, president of the American Federation of Musicians, turned an apparently deaf ear to the pleas of Los Angeles' Musicians Committee for integration " . . . to abolish discriminatory practices" in the federation's locals . . . Chicago raconteur and sometime guitarist Eddie Condon prepared to move his jazz club from New York's Greenwich Village where the wreckers were at work, to the midtown Bourbon Street . . . The Lionel Hampton band was off and stomping on a five-month good-will tour of all kinds of places, including Israel and Ghana, in west Africa, where Hamp premiered his symphonic suite, *21 Ghana Salute.*

February

■ Lester Young was recovering from a nervous collapse . . . Ditto Chris Connor, on the mental mend in a New England hospital . . . Trombonist Warren Covington changed his Commanders band jacket to take over and lead a Tommy Dorsey band on the road . . . But the Urbie Green-led Benny Goodman did an El Foldo after a year-end job in Chicago . . . The new Jimmy Giuffre 3 (Bob Brookmeyer, trombone, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Giuff on reeds) dug in at the Village Vanguard . . . Negotiations broke down between the AFM and the big movie producers — the strike of Hollywood musicians was on . . . Chico Hamilton replaced coast-settled Fred Katz with symphony cellist Nat Gershon . . . The Dave Brubeck quartet took the boat for Europe . . . Woody Herman, faced with the need to give a fresh twist to band offerings, signed up, in toto, the Al Beletto sextet to work with the band as sidemen and as a unit.

The Record Changer lost an editor, and Turk Murphy gained a clarinetist when Dick Hadlock moved to San Francisco . . . Tony Scott took a powder from the RCA Victor fold . . . In Hollywood, M-G-M trombonist Si Zentner drew his last paycheck from the studio and decided to take the big plunge into the dance-band field . . . Chubby Jackson teamed with Steve Allen to pen

two songs, recorded both on Argo, and looked forward to a songwriting career . . . In Los Angeles, with a court victory to their credit, the Cecil Read rebels against the AFM held fast to an injunction restraining record companies from paying into the controversial trust funds fees based on 21 per cent of the recording musicians' wage scale. They hoped to stalemate the situation till the end of the year when all recording contracts expired.

Jeri Southern forsook the piano stool to embark on a new career as a "standup" singer . . . J. J. Johnson's new group, featuring Nat Adderley on trumpet, debuted at Birdland . . . Erroll Garner took the first step in his new career as a solo concert artist with a series of concerts along the east coast . . . Work began in France on a film based on the life of the late gypsy guitarist Django Reinhardt . . . Count Basie embarked on a midwest tour . . . Paul Horn left the Chico Hamilton quintet to settle in Los Angeles . . . Harry James' band, preening itself in a new Basie-style look, worked the Hollywood Palladium through the month.

March

■ A *Down Beat* editorial noted the coroner's death certificate on the Dance Orchestra Leaders of America organization . . . Poetry jazz scrabbled for roots in New York jazz spots . . . The Lawrence Welk champagne wailers played the New York Waldorf-Astoria for Dodge motor cars . . . Louis Armstrong got himself a new drummer in Danny Barcelona . . . *Down Beat's* Dom Cerulli launched a campaign against the New York City police department's cabaret card policy, which prohibits from working an entertainer who has been arrested on any narcotics charge . . . Leonard Feather's *The Book of Jazz* was published by Horizon Press . . . In Los Angeles, Mahalia Jackson recorded her segment of Duke Ellington's *Black, Brown, and Beige* Columbia album . . . Steve Allen gave the Big Push to a newly formed Gus Bivona big band. But nothing happened.

After nine years with *Down Beat*, editor Jack Tracy left the typewriter for the talk-back mike, moving to the EmArcy division of Mercury Records to produce that label's jazz albums . . . Johnny Hodges took a few weeks' vacation from the Ellington tribe, worked in Florida with his own group, including Billy Strayhorn on piano . . . British jazz writer Stanley Dance was on a visit to the U. S., recording jazz albums for U. K. release . . . NBC-TV launched its 13-week series, *The Subject Is Jazz*, with emceeing by Gilbert Seldes and music direction by Billy Taylor . . . Bassist Al McKibbon joined the Cal Tjader quintet along with drummer Willie Bobo and congero Mongo Santamaria.

Sammy Davis Jr. fired his long-time music director, Morty Stevens, and hired Dick Stabile to replace him . . . Red Norvo revived his quintet, took it into the Sands hotel in Las Vegas for a run lasting all summer . . . Bassist Chubby Jackson, active in Chicago television for years, gave up the big tube to return to New York and jazz . . . Hollywood's Westlake College of Modern Music announced its 1958 award winners: tenorist Bill Perkins, Marshall Brown, Eydie Gorme, KABC-TV's

J. J. Johnson

Marshall Brown

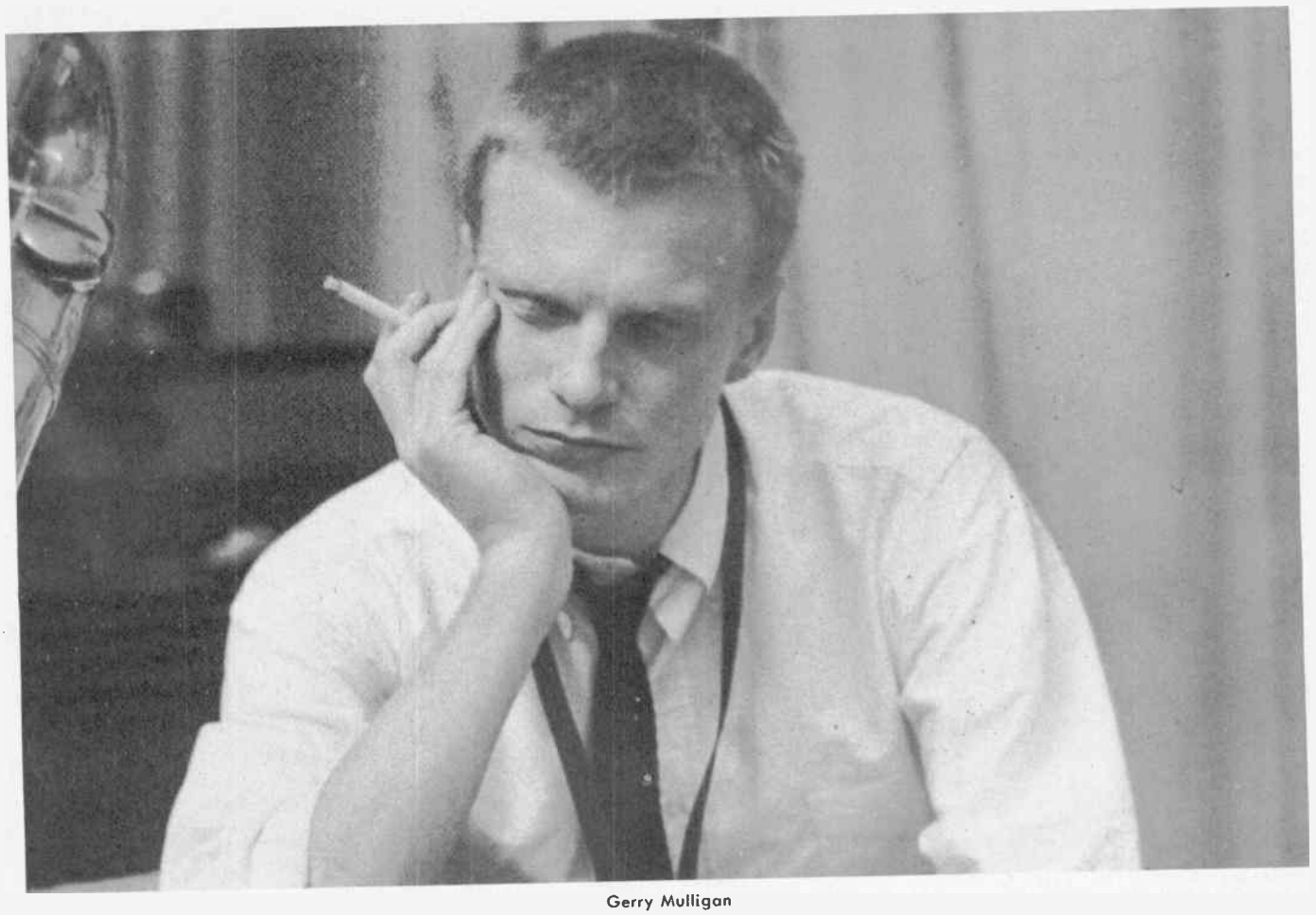
Stars of Jazz, Stan Kenton, Billy May, Bill Holman, and Mrs. Louis L. Lorillard . . . Dave Brubeck took his quartet behind the Iron Curtain, opening a concert series in Warsaw, Poland . . . Death took a heavy toll in music: W. C. Handy, pianist Carl Perkins, violinist Paul Nero, and pioneer trombonist Tom Brown.

April

■ In a move construed by many as a straw in the wind, Johnny Green took up new quarters at Desilu telefilmery after 12 years with the M-G-M music department. He was contracted as composer-producer . . . A far-from-accurate "life story" of W. C. Handy was released by Paramount Pictures with Nat Cole in the title role . . . Dave Brubeck's quintet was playing concerts in India, Ceylon, and Pakistan . . . NBC-TV allocated a prime time slot to its *Swing into Spring* "special" headlined by Benny Goodman . . . The Jimmy Giuffre 3 appeared with comedian Mort Sahl in a short-lived Broadway show, *The Next President* . . . San Francisco poet Kenneth Rexroth brought his poetry and jazz act to New York's Half Note club . . . Meanwhile, Langston Hughes was offering a similar bill of fare at Gotham's Vanguard . . . Ella Fitzgerald opened her European tour in Paris the 10th.

Singer David Allen reappeared on the music scene with a World Pacific album and an appearance on the Steve Allen show . . . Fred Katz undertook a&r production chores for Decca on the west coast . . . Stan Kenton's local television show collapsed because of a lack of sponsor interest. His tenure at the Balboa Rendezvous ballroom was expected to be cut short, too . . . Marshall Brown and George Wein were back in the states with their International Youth band, handpicked from the musicians of 15 nations and slated to appear on the program of the 1958 Newport jazz festival in July . . . The uneasy union situation in Los Angeles blew sky high when Cecil Read announced formation of the Musicians Guild of America and set his sights on invading the film music field. His move was promptly condemned by AFM brass . . . Not to be outdone by Texaco, the Timex watch company sponsored a television jazz spectacular on CBS headlining Louis Armstrong and many other leading jazzmen . . . Barney Kessel left his a&r job with Verve . . . A&r man Bob Thiele quit Coral after four years to take a vice presidency at Dot . . . Nicholas Brignola, 21-year-old reedman from Troy, N. Y., was granted *Down Beat's* Hall of Fame scholarship to study at Berklee school of music in Boston . . . Manny Albam signed with Dot.

British fans of ailing blues singer Big Bill Broonzy raised 500 pounds (about $1,600) to help pay medical expenses . . . The *Duke Ellington Jazz Society* was formed in Los Angeles . . . The Ford Foundation made a $75,000 grant to Tulane university to cover a five-year jazz research project . . . In New York the American Civil Liberties Union took up the fight against the police department's cabaret card policy . . . *Stars of Jazz*, emanating from KABC-TV in Los Angeles, went on the



Gerry Mulligan

network . . . Sam Goldwyn began work on his film version of George Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*. Andre Previn was assigned supervision of the music . . . Norman Granz released the epochal *Ella Fitzgerald-Duke Ellington Songbook* . . . Stan Kenton threw in the towel, abandoned plans to make a home for his band at Balboa's Rendezvous ballroom . . . Columbia Pictures decided to get into the recording act and dubbed its baby record division Colpix Records.

May

■ With the active collaboration of Dot Records, the *Down Beat* all-star jazz concert was held in New York's Town hall. The music later was released on a Dot album . . . The Benny Goodman band played the Brussels' world's fair in Belgium at the end of the month, the occasion of the clarinetist's 49th birthday. Singers Jimmy Rushing and Ethel Ennis were featured . . . Dot Records appointed jazzman Tom Mack west coast vice president in charge of its *Jazz Horizons* series . . . In Los Angeles KNOB-FM, "world's only all-jazz radio station," got a power boost from the Federal Communications commission and began beaming with 3,500 watts the good musical tidings . . . Gerry Mulligan was breaking in his new quartet with Art Farmer, trumpet; Henry Grimes, bass, and Dave Bailey, drums . . . The Modern Jazz Quartet presented its first solo concert in New York's Town hall the 12th.

Buddy DeFranco was the hit of the 26th Tri-State music festival at Enid, Okla., when he led a student band through its paces in a head arrangement of a blues . . . Erroll Garner signed with classical impresario Sol Hurok for presentation as a solo concert artist around the world . . . Teo Macero, one of the farthest-out modern jazz composers, won a Guggenheim fellowship award for composition . . . The Leon Merian band was off and running with Decca's blessing . . . In Los Angeles the AFM-MGA struggle continued to boil as Local 47 instituted a "loyalty oath" requirement from striking members before strike benefits were paid . . . Miles Davis' *Miles Ahead* LP on Columbia soared to the top of the best-selling jazz albums . . . Kid Ory bought himself a San Francisco club, the *Tin Angel*.

June

■ When the gavel thumped finis to the 61st annual convention of the AFM in Philadelphia, the union had a new president—Herman D. Kenin. Long-time President James C. Petrillo announced his continuance as president of his home local of Chicago and was also retained as special adviser to Kenin . . . Bob Crosby took over the Perry Como show for the summer . . . Red Garland formed his own trio to take on the road . . . Otto Weber, managing secretary of the National Ballroom Operators association, announced his organization would launch an all-out program in the fall to revitalize the ballroom business and would hire a public relations firm to this

end . . . The Screen Composers association announced its first annual awards, naming Max Steiner and 29-year-old Andre Previn as winners.

A San Fernando valley, California, housewife, Mrs. Pat Willard Ortiz, won *Down Beat's* international contest for a free trip to the Newport jazz festival and a new stereo sound record setup . . . The Boston Arts festival held a jazz night featuring the Herb Pomeroy band and guest Gerry Mulligan . . . Quincy Jones was in France and Sweden, busy with record dates . . . Anita O'Day moved to New York . . . So did movie star Jackie Cooper—to head a jazz group (on drums) at the Roundtable . . . Apparently doing as Romans do, jazz fans of the Eternal City pelted and jeered Norman Granz in protest of a late-starting JATP show . . . Sterling Bose, 52, jazz trumpet with many big league bands of the 1930's, was found dead of a self-inflicted bullet wound in his St. Petersburg, Fla., home . . . RCA Victor debuted its stereo discs and tape machine.

July

■ Newport, 1958, was the biggest, most financially successful jazz venture ever undertaken . . . Other festivals held this month did well, too. These included events at Great South Bay on Long Island, N. Y., the first weekend of which was held the 26th and 27th, the second a week later; Vancouver, B. C., scene of the First Vancouver International Arts festival the end of the month; Stratford, Canada, which included five jazz nights; Ravinia, in Highland Park, Ill., the first jazz night of which was held the 29th . . . The Serge Koussevitsky foundation awarded Bill Russo $1,000 to help in the commission of a work for the New York Philharmonic orchestra.

Ray Gilbert, who wrote the lyric to the oldie *Muskrat Ramble* (Kid Ory is credited with the music), sued a coffee company and a music publisher for $300,000 damages because the song was adapted to a coffee commercial . . . Woody Herman played Birdland for two weeks before taking off on a State Department-sponsored South American tour . . . Andre Previn had a jazz album and a classical LP released simultaneously by Contemporary. They were *Gigi* and Ernest Chausson's *Quartet in a Major* . . . The Newport festival's International Youth band appeared on the Arthur Godfrey show . . . As part of its plan to stimulate the ballroom business, the National Ballroom Operators association announced a competition for a Regional Band of the Year award in co-operation with *Down Beat* . . . In a special election conducted by the National Labor Relations board, Los Angeles movie studio musicians voted in the Musicians Guild of America as their bargaining agent with major studios.

August

■ Jazz festivals again dominated the month's music news. First, there was the Great South Bay carryover into the first weekend in August—highly successful. French Lick,

Anita O'Day

Duke Ellington

Ind., was rocked by a jazz one weekend . . . And the cats wailing on Randall's Island, N. Y., set the East river to boiling . . . United Artists, the film company, was preparing to invade the phonograph field. Negotiations with Norman Granz to buy Verve, fell through . . . Marian Anderson was enjoying the tribute paid to her when President Eisenhower named the singer to serve in the general assembly of the United Nations as a representative of the United States.

All assets of Mode Records were taken over by a Nevada holding company, Sonic Industries. The album line—consisting mostly of jazz LPs—was to be reduced in price and marketed in drugstores . . . Charlie Ventura tripped and fell from a Las Vegas bandstand, fracturing five ribs . . . Count Basie and Anita O'Day played the Hollywood Bowl . . . Steve Allen signed with Dot Records . . . Les Elgart, playing the west coast for the first time in three years, drew 6,247 dancers into the Hollywood Palladium on a two-night date. It was also the bandleader's first dance date since his split with brother Larry . . . Pianist-composer Mel Powell was appointed to the faculty at the Yale school of music . . . Pianist John Mehegan joined the staff at teachers college of Columbia university as instructor in jazz improvisation . . . Big Bill Broonzy, 65, died of cancer in Chicago . . . Herb Ellis decided to leave the Oscar Peterson trio after five years.

September

■ With the fall, jazz festivals continued unabated. Robert Hall (impresario, not clothier) promoted a bash in Wallingford, Conn., featuring Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz* all-stars . . . Duke Ellington and the band sailed for England to make the first appearances of a European tour. It was the first Ellington band visit to England since 1933 . . . The School of Jazz at Lenox, Mass., was again in full swing under the musical direction of John Lewis. Turkish composer-arranger Arif Mardin was studying there under auspices of a Broadcast Music, Inc., scholarship in jazz composition, believed to be the first award of its kind in jazz history.

Lawrence Welk announced the formation of a junior dance orchestra in an attempt to wean away young musicians from what he term "progressive jazz." . . . Anita O'Day was on a club tour of the east . . . Johnny Green made his debut as headliner of a "spectacular" television music show when he conducted and emceed CBS-TV's *Music, U.S.A.* from Hollywood, featuring Benny Goodman and Andre Previn . . . Harry James' Basie-sounding band was booked into the Las Vegas Flamingo and did so well that owner Al Parvin laid plans to bring in many more big jazz crews, including a new Louie Bellson orchestra with Pearl Bailey . . . Some east coast jazz attractions headed west for bookings leading to their appearance at the forthcoming Monterey jazz festival early next month. They included Max Roach's new quintet and Billie Holiday . . . In Florida, saxman Herbie Fields died after taking an overdose of sleeping pills.

Dave Brubeck

October

■ The Monterey jazz festival made history and lots of money. It was the first such event on the west coast and was widely covered by press and radio . . . The formation of a permanent 17-piece Newport youth band was voted by the festival board. Marshall Brown was named as organizer. Members were to range in age from 13 to 18, be drawn from the Greater New York City area and be ready to strut their stuff as a unit after the first of the year . . . West coast jazz pianist Lorraine Geller died of a heart attack at her Hollywood home . . . Bob Brookmeyer left the Jimmy Giuffre 3 to be replaced by bassist Buddy Clark in a reversion to Giuffre's original trio format . . . New York's famed Savoy ballroom, where all the stompin' went on the last 32 years, closed its doors for good to make way for a housing project.

In Los Angeles the jurisdictional labor war went on and on between the AFM and the MGA, with nothing in sight but stormier weather . . . Andre Previn, with Red Mitchell on bass and Frank Capp on drums, embarked on an eastern tour . . . In Hollywood work began at Paramount on the biopic of Red Nichols with Danny Kaye in the title role . . . Paul Weston returned to Capitol after an eight-year absence . . . Ernestine Anderson, a singer relatively new even to jazz audiences, was following a rising star . . . Pianist Marian McPartland left Capitol Records . . . Dave Brubeck, asked to tour South Africa with an all-white quartet, turned down the offer.

November

■ Elkhart, Ind., celebrated its centennial with 25 high school bands and more than 1,500 high school musicians performing . . . Chico Hamilton was breaking in a reshuffled quintet with a new guitarist, Dennis Budimir, and new bassist, Bull Reuther . . . the *Jazz for Moderns* tour was wailing through the east and midwest . . . J. J. Johnson re-formed his group and stiffened its collective lip with dates in Baltimore and Washington, D. C. . . . The west coast's World Pacific jazz albums were breaking through the Iron Curtain into Yugoslavia . . . Art Farmer and pianist Randy Weston signed with newly formed United Artists Records . . . As the end of the year approached, veteran trumpeter Jonah Jones had no fewer than four fast-selling "muted jazz" Capitol albums working for him and was rapidly becoming one of the nation's top combo draws in clubs and at concerts . . . Oscar Peterson, for the first time in five years, was working clubs without a guitarist, employing drums instead . . . Comedian Mort Sahl sued Fantasy Records over release of a five-year-old album of his monologs . . . Barbara Carroll switched from RCA Victor to Kapp Records . . . Barry Miles, 11-year-old New Jersey drummer,

formed a modern jazz group to carry the message into grammer school classrooms . . . After four years in the west, Red Norvo was back on the eastern seaboard with a quintet . . . Altoist Art Pepper signed a long-term contract with west coast Contemporary Records . . . *Stars of Jazz,* on the ABC network all summer and part of the fall, finally was demoted to local Los Angeles telecasting.

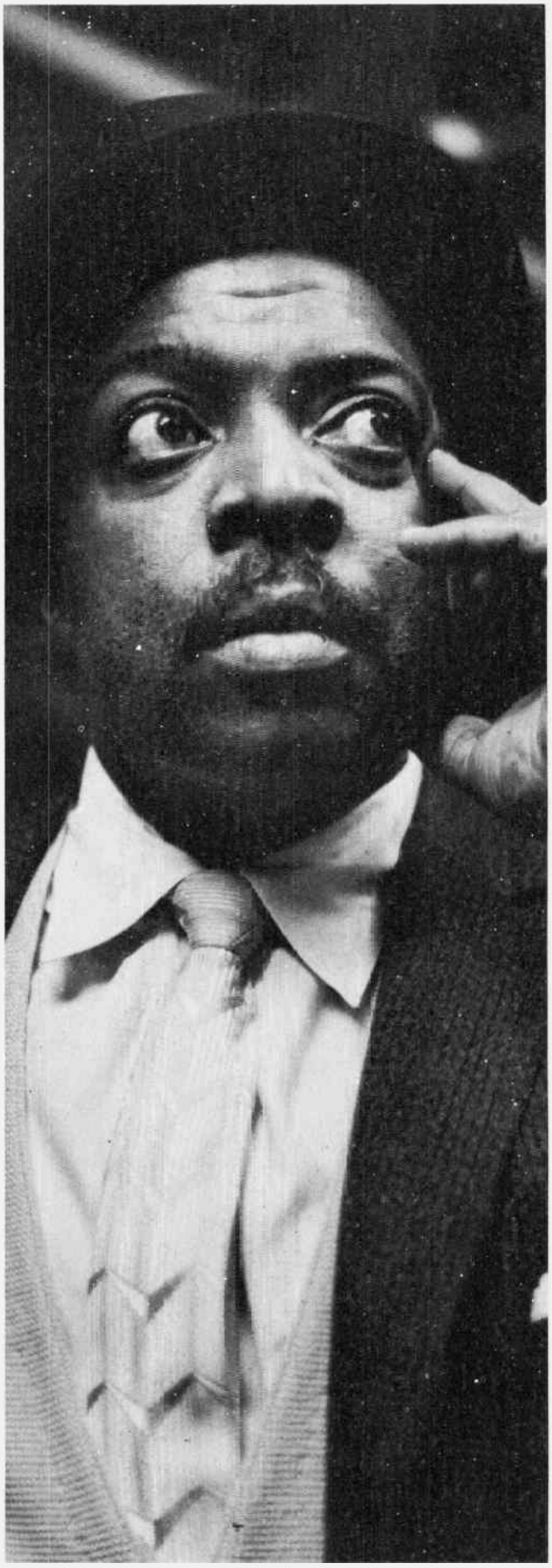
December

■ Music served as one of America's most effective diplomatic tools as 1958 came to a close. American composers returned from Russia after an effective visit to that country. Composers Ulysses Kay, Roy Harris, Peter Mennin, and Roger Sessions spent a month in Russia. Commenting on the state of music in Russia, Kay told *Down Beat,* "The most interesting thing is that there is some jazz, and some Western-influenced pop music being played. Under Stalin, this was definitely not so."

On the Russian side, seven leading Soviet composers, including Khrennikov, Shostakovitch, Khatchaturian, Kabalevsky, Shaporin, Novikov, and Aksiuk, sent a cable to Herman Kenin, president of the American Federation of Musicians, noting their delight regarding the visit to Russia of the American composers. The visit of the Americans, the cable read, was the beginning of a "wider creative tie between the musicians of the Soviet Union and the U. S. A., reflecting through their work the life of their people."

The School of Jazz, in Lenox, Mass., announced a two-year deficit of $1,700 . . . Oscar Peterson announced that he and Ray Brown would begin teaching, for at least three months a year, at Peterson's Toronto, Canada, studio . . . As 1958 drew to a close, the AFM's contract with the recording industry drew closer to expiration, too. AFM demands, and industry reaction, indicated a possible, if only temporary, recording ban . . . Marlboro cigarettes announced sponsorship of Ralph Marterie's band . . . Dot Records annexed the lucrative South Asian market of Indonesia.

Count Basie was named to the Hall of Fame in *Down Beat's* 22nd annual Readers poll. Other winners included Miles Davis, trumpet; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Paul Desmond, alto; Stan Getz, tenor; Gerry Mulligan, baritone; Tony Scott, clarinet; Erroll Garner, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Shelly Manne, drums; Milt Jackson, vibes; Herbie Mann, flute; Art Van Damme, accordion; Don Elliott, miscellaneous instrument (mellophone); Duke Ellington, composer; Count Basie, jazz band; Les Brown, dance band; Modern Jazz Quartet, combo; Four Freshmen, vocal group; Frank Sinatra, male singer; Ella Fitzgerald, female singer; Miles Davis, Frank Sinatra, and Ray Charles, jazz, pop, and rhythm and blues personalities of the year, respectively.



Count Basie

Jazz Spokesman Of The Year

(Father Norman O'Connor was named Jazz Spokesman of 1958 by the editorial staff of Down Beat *magazine. He is the second personality to be so honored; last year Willis Conover became the first person to be named. A plaque will be presented to Father O'Connor, commemorating the occasion.)*

■ Like a number of the modern jazz musicians with whom he is concerned, Rev. Norman J. O'Connor is a native of Detroit.

The musical environment of that city left its mark on him. As a teen-ager, he played piano in local bands and groups. He managed to find time and opportunity to frequent the Fox theater, where he caught most of the big bands and jazz attractions presented at stage shows.

After high school and studies at the University of Detroit, he answered the call to Catholic priesthood, and it has been his life ever since. A member of the Paulist Fathers, his is a career of instruction and conversion.

He was ordained in 1947, following completion of his studies in philosophy and theology at the Catholic university, Paulist House of Studies. In Boston, he is Catholic Chaplain at Boston university's Newman club, in addition to other duties and his free-time interest: jazz.

A member of the Newport jazz festival's board, Father O'Connor has served as emcee for several Newport concerts through the years, as well as moderator for several of the panels staged at the festival.

His voice is well-known to New England jazz fans through radio programs on WBUR-FM, WGBH-FM, and through his TV show, *Father O'Connor's Jazz* on WGBH-TV. Late in 1957, he combined with George Shearing in a series of half-hour kinescoped TV shows, *Jazz Meets The Classics,* which has been made available to educational TV outlets throughout the country.

He is perhaps best-known to musicians he has helped as an active, interested, sympathetic counselor with whom a problem can be discussed intelligently, and with whom some solution can be found or indicated.

Perhaps even more important to Father O'Connor's role as a jazz spokesman than his weekly columns in the Boston *Globe,* his radio and TV shows, his lectures to the Teen Age jazz club of Boston, his emcee and moderating at festivals and jazz concerts, is his very presence as a jazz lover.

His presence and interest have given jazz a dignity and acceptance immeasurable in terms of audience. And it has been a considerable factor in the promotion of jazz as a serious art form.

The life of a man dedicated to religion is always full to brimming with duties and responsibilities. Jazz is indeed fortunate that Father O'Connor gives to it the bits of free time falling his way.

His intelligence and influence have done much to establish jazz in his community, and in the world.

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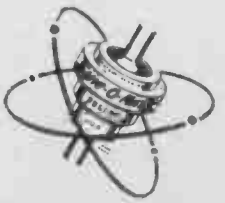

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RECORDS BY RIVERSIDE

Best Jazz LPs Of 1958

As 1958 drew to a close, the record review staff of *Down Beat* balloted on the five best jazz LPs of the year.

Don Gold, Dom Cerulli, John Tynan, and Martin Williams submitted ballots. When the votes were tabulated, the following LPs won top honors:

Miles Ahead, Miles Davis (with 19-piece orchestra under the direction of Gil Evans)—Columbia CL 1041.

Black, Brown and Beige, Duke Ellington and his orchestra featuring Mahalia Jackson—Columbia CL 1162.

One Never Knows, The Modern Jazz Quartet (Original film score for *No Sun in Venice* by John Lewis)—Atlantic 1284.

Monk's Music, Thelonious Monk Septet (with Coleman Hawkins, Art Blakey, and Gigi Gryce)—Riverside RLP 12-242.

Soulville, Ben Webster Quintet—Verve MG V-8274.

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Conti Candoli
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Betty Carter
Eddie Condon
Cy Coleman
Paul Desmond
Jackie Davis
Dixieland Rhythm Kings
Dorothy Donegan
The Drifters
Johnny "Scat" Davis
Billy Daniels
The Dells
Dukes of Dixieland
Duke Ellington
Johnny Eaton
Don Elliott
Jerry Fielding
Hollywood Flames
Maynard Ferguson
The Flamingos
The Flairs
Slim Gaillard
Terry Gibbs
Dizzy Gillespie
Adele Girard
Conley Graves
Jan Garber
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Buddy Greco
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Billie Holiday
Earl Hines
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Mahalia Jackson
J. J. Johnson
Pete Jolly
Calvin Jackson
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Beverly Kenny
Sammy Kaye
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Lizzie Miles
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Charlie Mingus
Pat Moran Trio
Vido Musso
Rose Murphy
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Rafael Mendez
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Rita Moss
Red Nichols & 5
Red Norvo
Bernie Nierow
Anita O'Day
Kid Ory
Dave Pell
Ruth Price
The Platters
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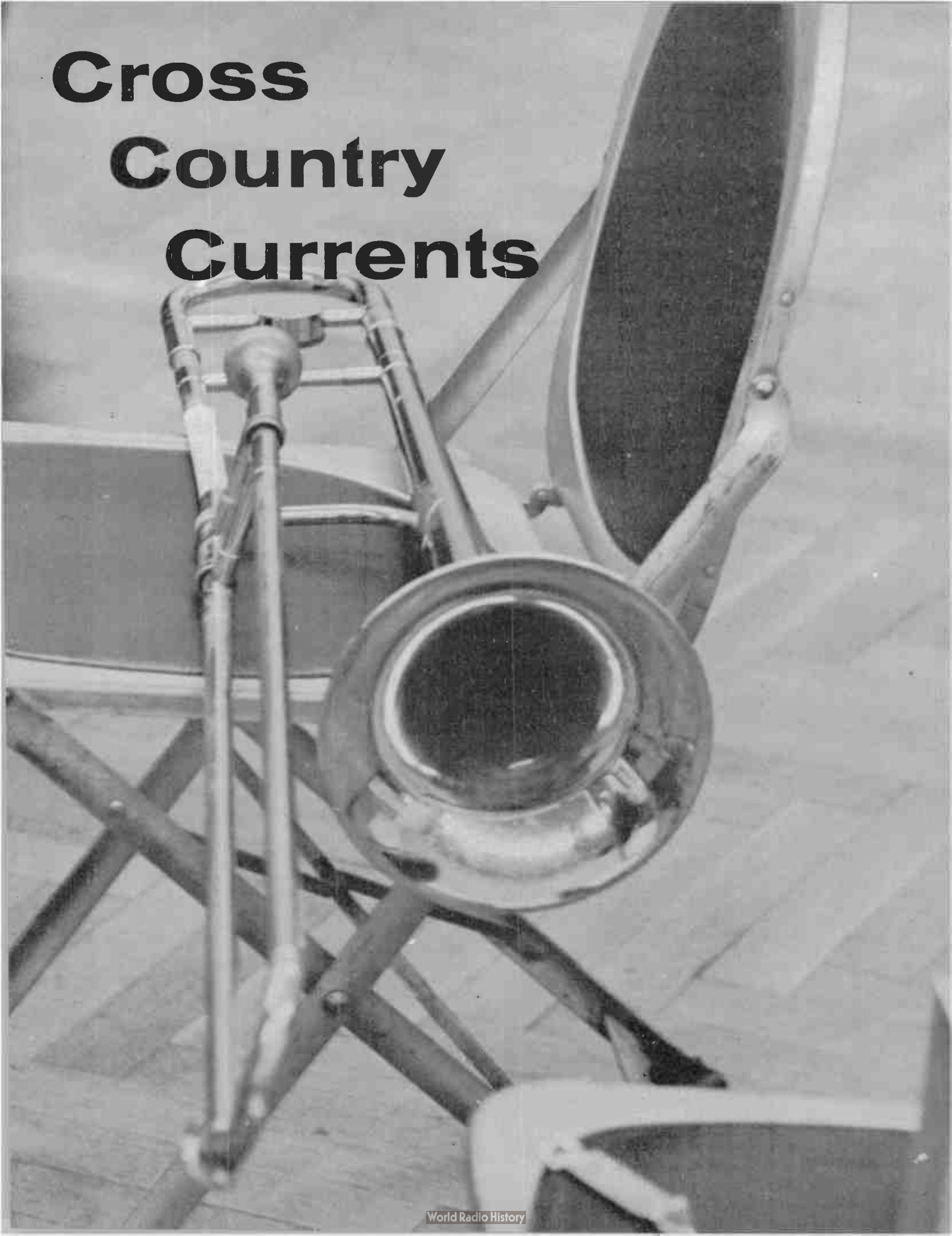


Stan Kenton

The East

■ In the east, jazz continued to make strides ahead despite the presence of obstacles, often of its own making.

The usual mid-summer festival activity occurred, on the whole somewhat better than in previous years.

A continuing stream of jazz recordings flowed from companies large and small, with the latter generally making the most invigorating items.

Club activity continued to be encouraging. The established circuit of places to play remained generally in business, and some new spots added jazz as a weekend policy. This was particularly true in the New York area, where scores of small clubs in Brooklyn, Queens, the Bronx, and on Long Island presented jazz on a two or three-day weekend basis.

Musically, hard bop seemed to have made the most significant gains in popularity on records and in person. Dixieland appeared to have lost ground, judging from its recorded output and the proportion of representation at concerts and festivals.

Some strides ahead were made in radio and TV. But these were the smallest gains of all.

There was sporadic big band activity. The jazz band nucleus of Ellington, Basie, Kenton, and Herman was expanded to include Maynard Ferguson's roaring band. On a regional basis, Johnny Richards kept his big band alive with occasional work and recording in the New York area, and Herb Pomeroy's band became more firmly entrenched as representative of jazz in New England.

Among jazz' obstacles was the continuing one of public relations on the part of some groups. Most common complaints from audience members were that leaders failed to meet their responsibilities to those paying the tab. Identification of the musicians in the group and of tunes played was about all audiences asked of most groups.

But what loomed as the major obstacle was an also continuing one of bickering among the critics and writers. This bickering and a general negative attitude threw out of focus the fact that it was music and not themselves they were concerned with.

This condition occurred, oddly enough, in a year marked by an abnormally large increase in newspaper and mass periodical space to jazz.

In New York, nearly every newspaper had some sort of regular coverage of jazz, ranging from the piquant and witty reviews of John S. Wilson in the *Times* to the business-office-must coverage of activities by Phil Strassberg in the *Mirror*.

Two new jazz magazines were launched: *Jazz*, a quarterly edited by Ralph J. Gleason, and *The Jazz Review*, a monthly co-edited by Nat Hentoff and Martin Williams.

On the whole, the new publications each aimed at the same potential reader: the one who seeks a scholarly, annotated discourse on jazz.

Mass-circulation magazines such as *Playboy* and *Esquire* continued to step up their use of articles on jazz

personalities. On occasion, the writing tended to be a bit sloppy. In one *Esquire* article, Charlie Mingus was described as a guitarist. In a review of the Mingus group at New York's Half-Note, the New York *Mirror* wrote of Mingus: "His tenor sax wove some interesting patterns with an alto sax, bass, piano, and drums."

But, on the brighter side, 1958 proved to be a year of moment for several jazzmen.

For Gerry Mulligan, it marked the year in which he became perhaps the most popular figure in all of modern jazz. He swept all the important polls of his instrument, and scored strongly with his work in the United Artists film, *I Want To Live*. Working with a fine group, Mulligan exhibited qualities of leadership and personality that placed him in the small circle of the most accepted musicians in every field of jazz.

He showed every indication of becoming the first jazzman of our time to be in a position to bring the music to a wider audience without any compromise of standards. His appearance, his popularity, the musical worth of his group, and his own intelligence were working for him toward that end.

On another front, three voices made some noise. They belonged to Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, and Annie Ross. With a fabulous ABC-Paramount LP, *Sing A Song Of Basie,* under their belts, Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross moved into a series of highly successful personal appearances, climaxed late in the year by a warmly-received appearance on the Steve Allen TV show.

A second LP was set for year-end release by Roulette. It continued the Basie theme, but this time with the Basie band and Joe Williams helping out. Possibilities for the group seemed endless, particularly if they branched into singing songs of such as Duke, Benny, Artie, Lunceford, Stan, Woody . . .

The presentation of their material, and particularly the hip facial expressions by Miss Ross, made the trio a visual, as well as an aural presentation.

While network TV proved generally disappointing in the handling of jazz, local TV in the New York area gave it a strong outlet in the Art Ford *Jazz Party* on WNTA. The 90-minute live telecast of jazz, begun in May, foundered along for several months with a steady diet of Dixieland, but soon began to pick up.

The show, at year's end, had become more and more a review of the three major types of jazz as blown by some of the top names in the New York area. Sponsored by Westinghouse and Parliament cigarettes, the *Jazz Party* moved into prime time (8 to 9:30, Thursday nights) late in November.

Following its most successful and exciting program, a show with the Gerry Mulligan group, singer Morgana King, and a modern group headed by Gigi Gryce and Jimmy Cleveland, the *Jazz Party* became the object of management pressure and seemed destined to start watering-down what promised to be the most fortunate presentation of jazz on TV with some concessions to the commercial mind. Emcee Ford, whose role was one of organizer of the sessions and brief commentator on the action, did succeed in showing jazzmen at work in an uncluttered, ungimmicked manner. Musicians on the show chose their material and just blew.

Annie Ross

While jazz was clobbered nationally and helped locally on TV, it seemed fast on the way to oblivion on radio.

Mutual's *Bandstand U. S. A.*, the only network live jazz show to survive two years, continued to pick up from leading east coast jazz spots with uninterrupted half-hour jazz segments from 8-10 p.m. Saturday nights. Comments by visiting critics and musicians were generally informative and lively.

Symphony Sid remained on the air, but other jazz D. J. shows came and went. Nat Hentoff and Gunther Schuller co-authored an hour on FM, and it became syndicated. Daytime AM jazz was virtually extinct.

Newport again proved to be the biggest jazz event of the year. And the most spectacular event of the Newport festival was the appearance of the International Youth band, directed by Marshall Brown. The idea of gathering a big band of international musicians together and having them play American jazz was so dramatic in itself, it almost overshadowed the critical fraternity's breast-beating over the kind of book the band played.

Among other features of Newport '58 were the moving concert by Mahalia Jackson, and the impact of Herb Pomeroy's band from Boston.

The Great South Bay festival ran in the red for its second consecutive season, and a change of site was under consideration. The New York jazz festival, judging by the house, did well both nights and appeared to be established as an annual event.

The year 1958 also marked the year of emergence for at least four writers: Gil Evans, George Russell, Manny Albam, and Bill Russo.

Evans and Russell each found progressively more popular acceptance, while Albam produced a series of LPs which showed a fine talent coming to fruition. Russo, who completed his symphony for the New York Philharmonic (scheduled for presentation in April '59) showed every indication of becoming a major contemporary composer.

Duke Ellington continued to write for his orchestra, and although some of his work included updating of older works *(Black, Brown & Beige),* he contributed enough new material to please his followers and silence his detractors.

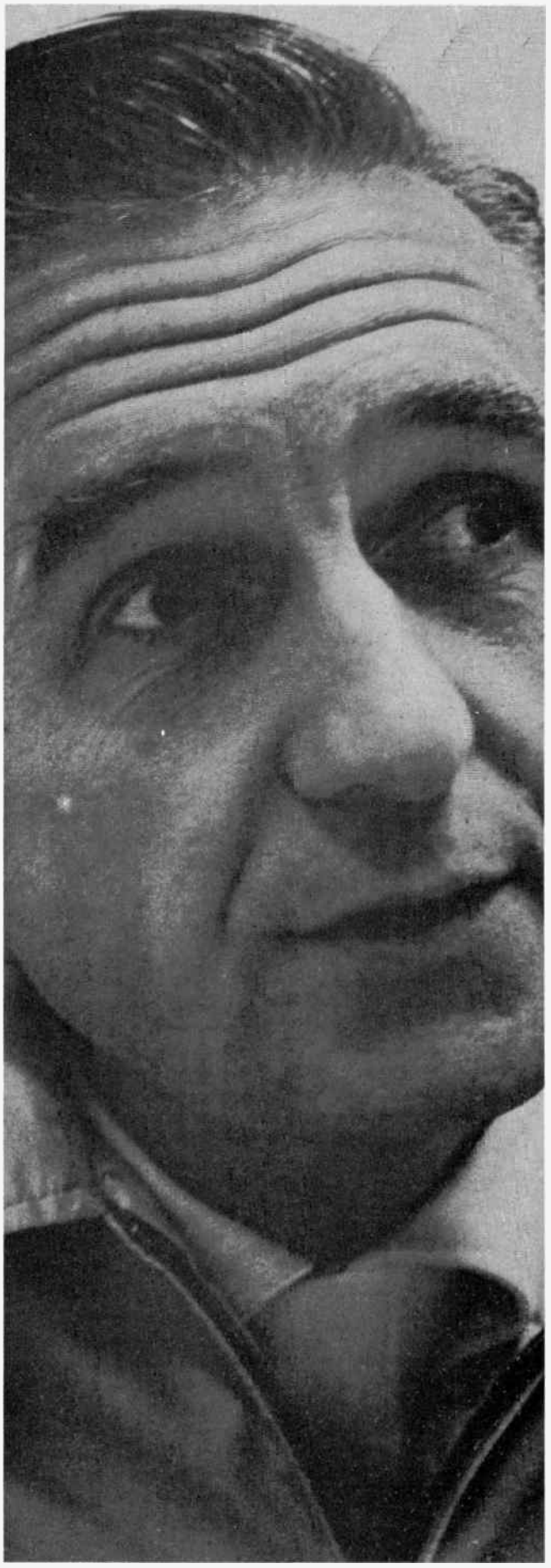
The School of Jazz at Lenox, Mass., finished a second season, and while some internal rough spots remained to be worked out, it appeared the school had become established, and was gaining in importance and recognition in the jazz world.

The year also marked what appeared to be an important period in the acceptance of jazz. As rock and roll lost some popular ground to ballads and more lyrical music, a growing interest in jazz and such personalities as Mulligan, Dave Brubeck, Erroll Garner, and Stan Kenton, among others, was noted among teen agers.

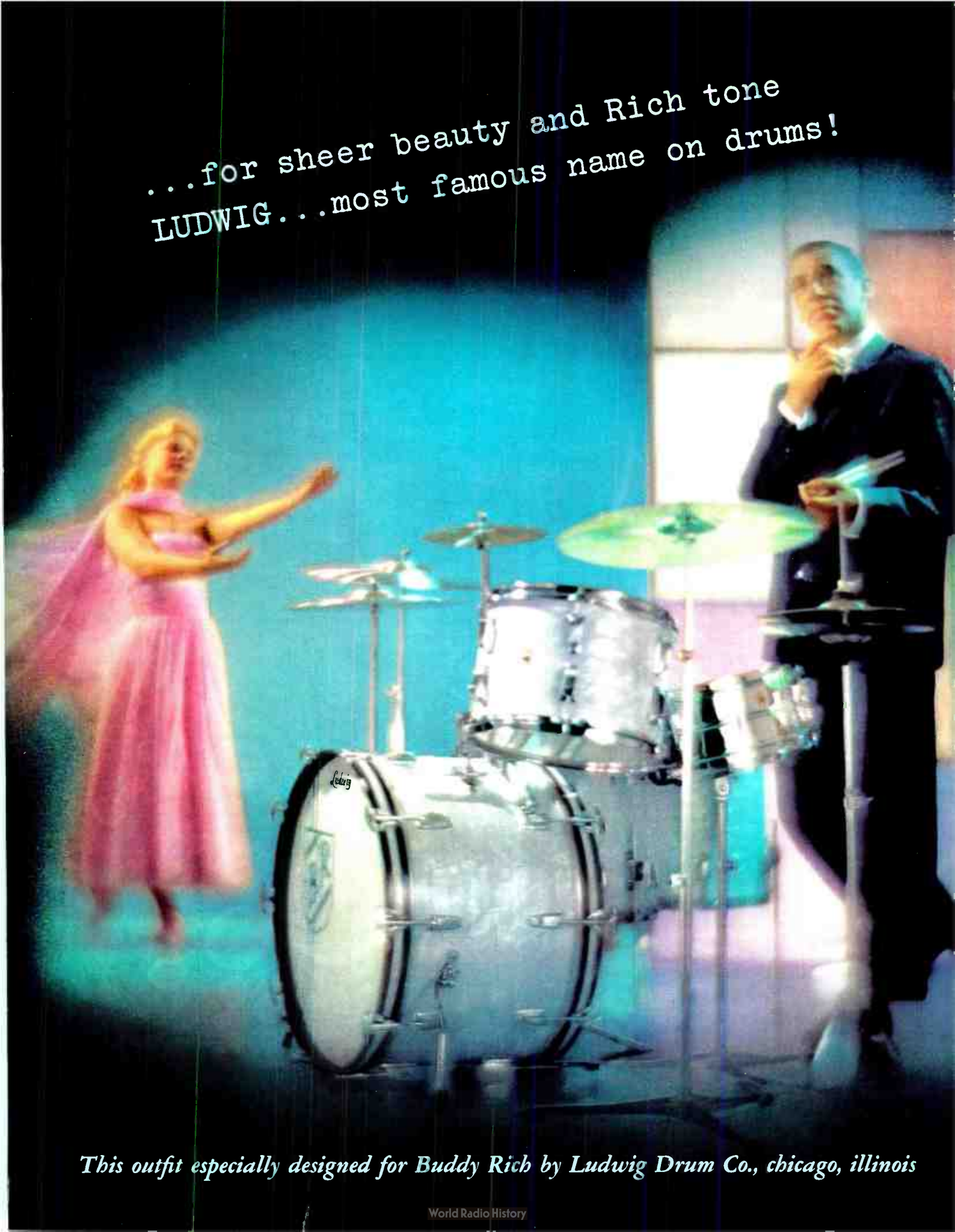
It seemed that in a year of some gains, the groundwork had been laid for gains of more substance in '59.

Apparently, judging by successful presentations of jazz, all that might be needed would be an approach to jazz as interesting music and not as a religious experience or a form of musical sideshow.

Whether the writers and the mass communicators would act on this basis remained to be seen.



Gil Evans



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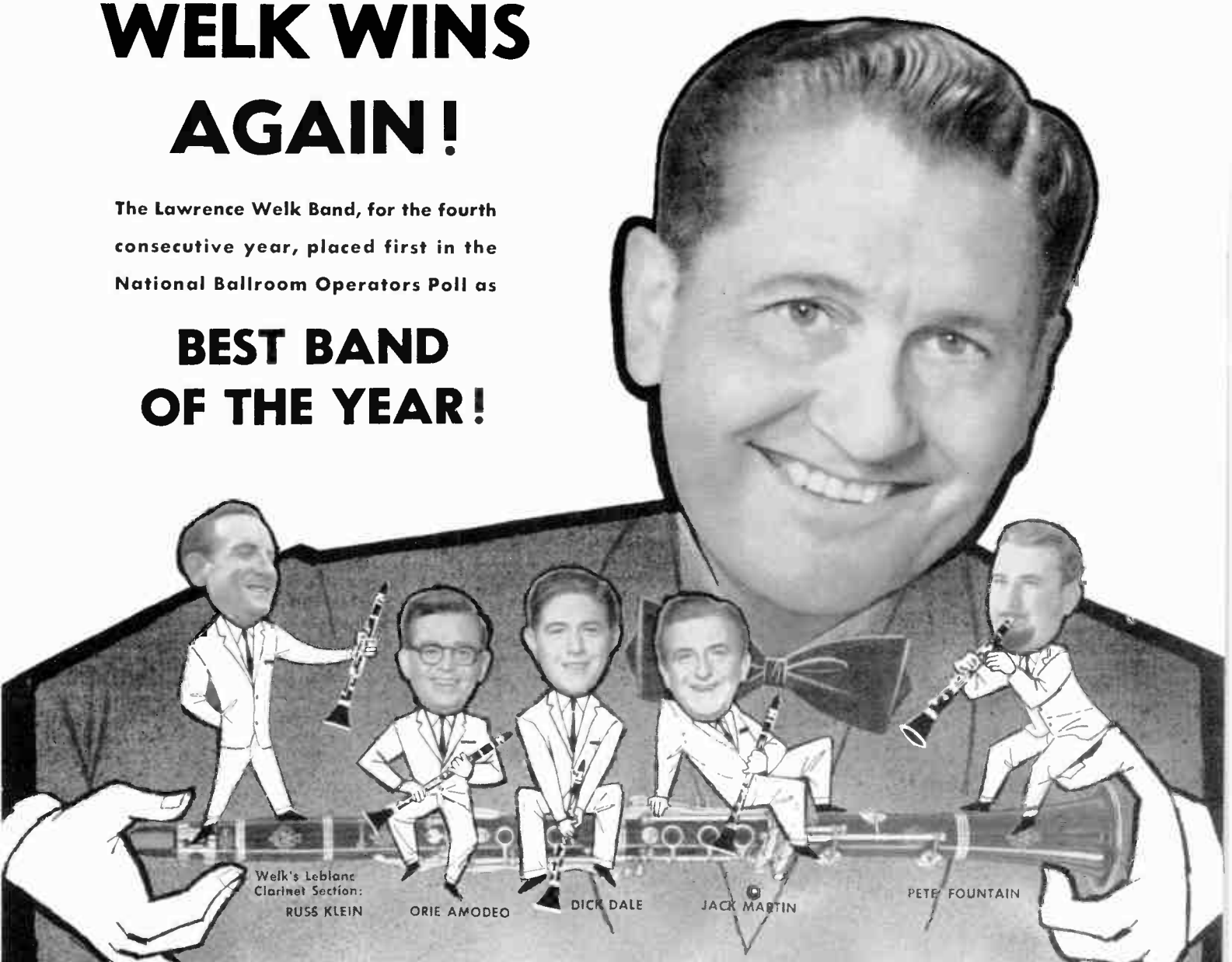

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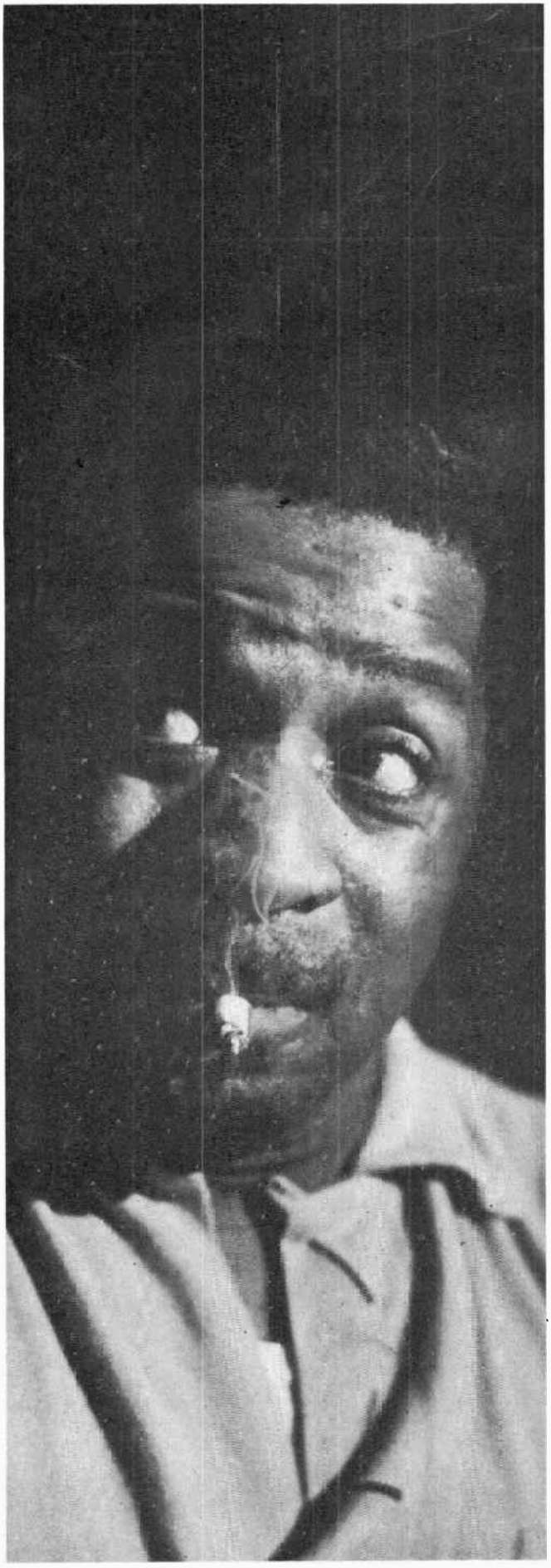


Erroll Garner

The Midwest

■ Chubby Jackson went to New York.

It was that kind of year for Chicago jazz.

Local jazzmen scuffled for jobs; many of them decided to try their luck on the coasts. Despite the prevailing spirit of a few regular jam sessions, jazz of name value simply passed through town.

Chubby, proprietor of a children's television show in Chicago, had enough. Eager to return to jazz on a full-time basis, he headed east. Others joined in.

Despite this exodus, Chicago club owners did their best to retain Chicago's prestige in the jazz world.

The valiant owners, headed by the Blue Note's Frank Holzfeind, did their best to present jazz to its Chicago public. The Blue Note continued to lead the pack, as it booked the names: Ellington, Basie, Gillespie, Herman, Kenton, James, and others. For big bands and the leading small groups, the Blue Note remained the meeting place for jazz devotees in the windiest of cities.

The Marienthal brothers, Oscar and George, continued to showcase jazz tastefully, too, with jazz combos at the London House and singers at Mister Kelly's. The Sutherland lounge, on the city's south side, offered key jazz groups, including those of Billy Taylor, Phineas Newborn, Horace Silver, and Sonny Stitt.

The Preview lounge, in the downtown area, joined in, too, and booked several jazz groups, including Dizzy Gillespie's combo. Robert's Show club, an elaborately decorated supper club, presented full-scale reviews but managed to sandwich in appearances by big bands, including those of Count Basie and Lionel Hampton, and singers, including Dakota Staton and Dinah Washington.

Jam sessions became a regular Monday night feature at the Gate of Horn, a club usually devoted to folk music. Thanks to promoter Joe Segal's ingenuity, jazzmen flocked to the club for the sessions. Segal complemented this effort with periodic sessions at south side locations.

Dixieland managed to hold its own. The Red Arrow in suburban Stickney presented Franz Jackson and his excellent group, and other groups, too. Jazz, Ltd., the venerable home of Dixieland, continued its long-term success. Georg Brunis and his trusty trombone maintained their home at the 1111 club, on the north side. Drummer Danny Alvin and men occupied Basin Street.

A splendid young singer-guitarist, quite jazz-influenced, emerged from his evening home at Dante's Inferno, a small, chic room, to record an LP for Mercury at year's end. His name: Frank D'Rone.

The Cloister inn, formerly a room for jazz, became the Cloister and divorced itself from jazz, choosing to enter the supper club league, with singers and comedians.

Outside of the night-club atmosphere, jazz fought for recognition, too.

It made a dent on the concert scene.

Erroll Garner and Hampton's band were a part of the suburban Ravinia festival. Jazz concerts, informal in nature, were conducted by Gus Allen and John Pope

at the Butterfield firehouse. At the major halls, including spacious Orchestra hall, the jazz tours paused to refresh some audiences and benumb others. Garner, under the Sol Hurok banner, delighted an Orchestra hall gathering. Ella Fitzgerald and the Oscar Peterson trio did likewise.

On the college campuses, Northwestern university and the University of Chicago sustained jazz societies, both featuring regular Friday afternoon jam sessions. In Cincinnati, the University of Cincinnati sponsored its first jazz combo competition in October.

Individuals kept in motion. Jack Tracy, editor of *Down Beat,* joined Mercury Records as recording director of their EmArcy division. Bob Koester, owner of Delmar Records, shifted his base of operations from St. Louis to Chicago. Dave Usher moved from Detroit to assume command of Argo Records jazz output.

Ralph Marterie joined forces with Marlboro cigarettes, which sponsored his band.

Big Bill Broonzy succumbed to cancer. He was 65.

On the radio-television scene, jazz held firm on FM. Dick Buckley led the parade on station WNIB, with 11 hours of excellently programmed jazz each week. Burt Burdeen on WCLM and *Down Beat's* Don Gold, on WFMT, joined in. Studs Terkel on WFMT managed to include jazz in his shows on that station, too.

Stereo came to radio, too. Stations WCLM and WKFM joined hands and channels. WFMT and WTTW-TV, the city's educational television channel, did likewise.

Alan Merriam, professor of anthropology at Northwestern, conducted *This Is Jazz,* an informative jazz analysis show on WBBM. Sister station WBBM-FM conducted live jazz remotes and picked up network (CBS) jazz shows as well. In St. Louis, the Jazz Central organization presented a CBS network jazz show.

Jazz in the Round, an ambitious TV show on WBBM, succumbed to lack of a sponsor after a series of appealing shows featuring well-known jazz groups and good local talent.

In Town Tonight, WBBM-TV's regular 15-minute music show, included guests from the jazz world, too.

Ed Bland, an able Chicago writer-director, directed the *Cry of Jazz,* a film with a jazz background and soundtrack, for mass distribution. Filmed in Chicago, it was a 33-minute, 16-millimeter, black-and-white effort.

The French Lick, Ind., jazz festival joined the growing roster of such festivals across the nation with a three-day event in August. Name groups and large audiences indicated that the festival would become an annual event, as part of an extended summer music festival at the resort area.

Jazz-Lift, an organization of jazz enthusiasts in Battle Creek, Mich., did its part to breach the Iron Curtain through the use of jazz. Doing a remarkable job in collecting jazz discs, the group sent records to eager jazz fans behind the Curtain.

In miscellaneous developments:

Tom Hilliard's octet dented the usually staid premises of the Old Town Art fair on Chicago's north side and performed jazz successfully between painting auctions . . . Yusef Lateef's group performed in concert at the Cranbrook Academy of Art in Bloomfield Hills, Mich. . . . Josh White and Theodore Bikel, headlining a folk music concert, indicated the popularity of this music by drawing 2,700 persons to Chicago's Orchestra hall . . . Mercury's Wing subsidiary went on sale in several hundred National Tea stores in Chicago . . . Jazz and basketball shared the bill at St. Louis' Kiel auditorium, as jazz bands concertized between the halves of pro basketball games . . . Singer Sarah Vaughan married taxi cab company owner Clyde Atkins in Chicago early in September . . . Drummer Guy Warren, bitter about the state of jazz in America, returned to his home in Ghana.

The Detroit Scene

In the year 1958 the Detroit jazz scene remained fairly stable. We gained two jazz clubs, the Bohemia and the reopened Blue Bird Inn, and lost one, the Rouge lounge.

Bassist Ernie Farrow's outstanding group has been at the Bohemia since it opened seven months ago. The quartet comprises Ernie Farrow, bass; Barry Harris, piano; Joe Henderson, tenor, and Mike Lawton, drums.

The Blue Bird inn has had in such name attractions as Miles Davis, Horace Silver, Art Blakey, Jimmy Smith, and Ahmad Jamal.

Tenor saxist Yusef Lateef's band at Klein's Show bar has undergone a complete change of personnel in the past year. His present group consists of Terry Pollard, piano; Frank Morrelli, baritone sax; William Austin, bass, and Frank Gant, drums.

Billy Taylor, Red Norvo, Terry Gibbs, Don Shirley, and Marian McPartland have appeared at Baker's Keyboard lounge in recent months.

Pianist Bess Bonnier has been at Little Wally's for the last eight months with Nick Fiore on bass, and Billy Steen on drums.

Baritonist Beans Bowles brought a group into Lavert's lounge in March that included Kirk Lightsey on piano, Clarence Sherrill, bass, and Roy Brooks, drums.

Several concerts have been presented here at the Masonic Temple in the past two months. The first was a Count Basie-Joe Williams-Dakota Staton unit, closely followed by a Jazz '59 package featuring Zoot Sims, Mose Allison, and Marion McPartland. Dave Brubeck, Sonny Rollins, and Maynard Ferguson's big band were also featured in another recent concert here.

Turk Murphy, Bob Scobey, Jack Teagarden, and Ray Bauduc have appeared at the Crest lounge. The management there decided on a Dixieland policy after experimenting with several modern groups.

Dave Usher of Argo Records in Chicago has recorded many Detroiters in the last few months. Included were sets by pianist Barry Harris and tenorist Yusef Lateef.

Harris, incidentally, continues to be the guiding force in the jazz movement here. He is important not only as a soloist but also as a teacher. His style, slightly reminiscent of Bud Powell, has been widely imitated locally. In addition to Harris, several other men have gained stature and the respect of their fellow musicians here; these include pianist Hugh Lawson, tenor saxist Joe Henderson, bassist Ernie Farrow, and trumpeter Albert Aarons.

—donald r. stone

George Sheoring

The West

■ Recession was more than a word to the west coast jazz musician throughout 1958. It was a bitter actuality that meant almost no clubs to work in, scarcely a record date, and regular appearances at unemployment offices throughout southern California.

If the nation's economic recession was considered over by midyear, it deepened for California jazzmen so that, by year's end, there was only one jazz club left in Hollywood—Jazz Cabaret—and that operated on a weekend schedule only.

Where 1957 abounded with jazz record dates for a variety of labels, 1958 jazz recording activity was largely shrouded in cemetery silence.

That was the recession in jazz on the west coast during 1958.

This is not to say, though, that *all* jazzmen starved during the year. Some had it good—but not from working clubs. And certainly the greater part of the annual incomes of the more fortunate did not derive only from playing jazz. Many of the established jazz musicians—Shelly Manne, Bud Shank, Buddy Collette, the Lighthousekeepers for example—managed to keep the pot boiling by working commercial record dates, recording television shows, or—when the movie strike ended in August—by working in motion picture studios. But these musicians were in the fortunate minority—the rest were out in the cold.

As seemed usual in recent years, things started out in fair style. Stan Kenton, with much ballyhoo and bandfare, had taken over the Rendezvous ballroom at Balboa beach, down the coast from Los Angeles, in mid-December. He had a local television show every week and an NBC *Monitor* radio wire on weekends taking care of publicity, and he announced that henceforth the Rendezvous was to be the permanent home for his orchestra. Things didn't work out that way at all.

In March, Kenton gave up the hopeless search for television sponsors and abandoned the program. The following month, after fourth months' hard struggle to lure in the dancers, the entire project—including well over $75,000—went down the drain. Kenton disbanded until July.

The Rendezvous project was a noble attempt to establish stability in what had become an essentially unstable entertainment medium—big-band attraction for dancers. But Kenton had two vital factors working against him from the beginning. First, he chose the worst possible time of year to embark on such a venture. Second, the ballroom's location was too far from Los Angeles. His failure was a demoralizing blow at jazz—big band or small—on the coast.

Jazz clubs, constantly teetering on the brink of bankruptcy, quietly folded one by one during the first six months of 1958. The reason: just the same as last year's—no customers.

Up 'til spring, it looked as if the clubs might be able to survive. The largest, Peacock Lane, began the new year with the Woody Herman band and followed up the end of January with Duke Ellington. Duke died. Committed to attractions through March, the club's operators threw in the towel after a George Shearing engagement.

Before Peacock Lane closed, however, the bar across the street reopened under the banner, Jazz Cabaret, a name somewhat more misleading (if less pretentious) than the joint's previous title, *Jazz City*. Booking policies of the new club were, to say the least, conservative. The operators quickly settled on a weekends-only policy and featured only local groups until Sonny Rollins' engagement in October.

Also operating on a comfortably small-time margin was a Hollywood Blvd. hotel basement known as Terri Lester's Jazz Cellar. For a while, the place did well on weekends, with attractions such as Red Norvo, Terry Gibbs, and Buddy Collette, but managerial strife dealt a crippling wound to what was becoming a good thing. Under the new operators, the place deteriorated and finally was padlocked by the law.

As the Terri Lester operation moved up the boulevard to reopen under the same club name, thereby keeping the number of weekend Hollywood jazz clubs at three, a curious phenomenon began to appear in Hollywood night life. This is usually referred to as The Coffee House Mania.

Riding on the sweatshirttails of the Beat Generation nonsense, these small establishments of Bohemian aspect began to grow in alarming number until, as one statistician climactically noted, there were no fewer than 32 such coffee houses in Los Angeles. They afforded a little employment—usually at scale wages—to jazz musicians.

Shelly Manne

The boldest "Jazz in a Coffee House" experiment was the hiring of Shelly Manne and His Men at an exotic smoke-filled room known as the International. Whether the cost of five musicians proved prohibitive for the room's budget, or the rarified clientele just didn't dig the sounds, is not known. The engagement did not last long.

Many of the coffee houses continued to feature jazz trios throughout the balance of the year, but for one or two nights at best and invariably at scale.

During the first half of the year there was considerable after-hours jazz activity. Indeed, two clubs—the new Terri Lester Cellar and the suburban Caprice—did most of their business after 2 a.m. For the displaced jazzmen the opportunity to blow in such clubs was heaven sent, and for a couple of months the best jazz in Los Angeles was to be heard, played for free, in the early hours of the morning.

In March, the same month that saw the death of W. C. Handy in New York, pianist Carl Perkins and violinist Paul Nero succumbed in Los Angeles. Nero, more famed for his tune *The Hot Canary* than for jazz playing (though he was an unceasing experimenter with modern jazz on violin), had not been too active in music during the months preceeding his death. Perkins death on March 17 of uremia (the *direct* medical cause as distinct from the long-run contributing factors), was a most serious loss to jazz piano. Most musicians who had played with Perkins during the previous year felt he was fast maturing as a jazz spokesman of high merit whose most expressive years lay before him.

In October pianist Lorraine Geller, wife of altoist Herb Geller, died of a heart attack. At 30, she was one of the more prominent jazz pianists on the coast.

As in years past, the most stable jazz spot on the west coast continued to be the Lighthouse cafe in Hermosa Beach where bassist Howard Rumsey's all-stars consisted of Bob Cooper, tenor sax and oboe; Frank Rosolino, trombone; Vic Feldman, piano and vibes, and Stan Levey, drums. Early in the year, the Bud Shank quartet worked the beach spot on the night off; later on the quartet proved too expensive, and the club reverted to lesser-known musicians, such as pianist Les McCann, a two-fisted pianist who had been named best on his instrument and most promising musician at the annual intercollegiate jazz festival in April.

The Lighthouse alliance with Liberty Records ended in May. Rumsey, club owner John Levine, and Bob Cooper laid plans to form their own label, which finally was realized in the fall under the obvious title, Lighthouse Records.

Of all the new small jazz groups that sprang up in the first half of the year, endeavoring to stay alive by working odd nights for scale in metropolitan and suburban clubs, there were very few survivors. Bassist Leroy Vinnegar tried his hand as leader of a quartet featuring tenor man Terry Edwards. The group played Las Vegas and the Hollywood Jazz Cabaret and then worked in San Francisco and at the Monterey jazz festival in early October. Beyond that, work was nonexistent for the towering bassist who was seriously injured in a January traffic accident and incapacitated by frequent relapses during the balance of the year. His first album, released on Contemporary in January, apparently was not enough

to guarantee further nitery employment.

Harry Babasin's Jazzpickers worked only sporadically in Las Vegas and Los Angeles locations. Despite an EmArcy album featuring guest performer Red Norvo, this unorthodox group couldn't seem to interest bookers in an eastern tour, nor in steady work in town. Toward the close of 1958, the Jazzpickers found pickin's scarce and went their separate ways.

Veteran jazz violinist Stuff Smith formed a new trio, briefly worked a couple of locations, and then left to try his luck in the east. In New York he found a niche.

After a tour of eastern cities in connection with promotion of his G.N.P. Records album, *Solemn Meditation,* pianist Paul Bley, that most persistent of combo leaders on the coast, returned to expand to quintet size with the added alto of Tony Ortega. After brief experimentation with the alto-vibes-rhythm section format, Bley reshuffled completely, allied himself (and Charlie Hayden's bass) with the emotionally eruptive jazz of avant garde altoist Ornette Coleman, trumpeter Don Cherry, and drummer Billy Higgins. Solidly founded on the economic base of regular work at the Los Angeles Hillcrest club, his new quintet was holding fast (and far-out) at year's end.

Sustained by commercial record dates (and two LPs of his own), flutist-reedman Paul Horn flirted awhile with cellist Fred Katz in a quasi-jazz group. The two ex-Chico Hamiltonians then went their own ways, Katz into increased writing chores for records and movies, Horn into his own quartet toward the end of the year and Sunday concerts of mixed classics and jazz.

After an initial brave beginning at Terri Lester's second Cellar, the new Mel Lewis-Bill Holman quintet fought for breath. This hard-swinging, integrated group played the Monterey festival and odd job around town but, in common with so many other new units, couldn't seems to find a club footing. As *Music '59* went to press, Holman and Lewis had an initial album released on Andex Records. Whether this record would spur booking interest locally or nationally remained to be seen.

Even the previously stable Dixieland situation suffered in '58. Strong-lipped trumpeter Teddy Buckner began the new year at the established Beverly Cavern and dug in for a stay that was to last through the year. That was the only upbeat note in the two-beat strain, however. Joe Darensbourg's band made out precariously; the Nappy Lamare-Ray Bauduc *Riverboat Dandies,* avowedly dedicated more to entertainment than to out-and-out jazz, worked the Royal room, which folded; the 400 club, which later folded and then sought the pot of gold elsewhere.

The 400 club, long a bastion (as the saying goes) of Dixieland, did a flip to the strip in November after the disastrously light engagement of Lizzie Miles. Said Happy Koomer, 400 club owner, "I see the other rooms cleaning up with burlesque—why shouldn't I cash in?"

But throughout 1958, the Gene Norman-operated clubs on the Sunset Strip appeared to have tills above the surface. Chico Hamilton began the new year at the Interlude and was followed by the Hi-Lo's. The Crescendo booked June Christy—as usual—and followed through the year with top acts, ranging from Count Basie (in June) to Stan Kenton (in December). Comedian Mort Sahl (who seems indissolubly allied with jazz) scored

Red Norvo

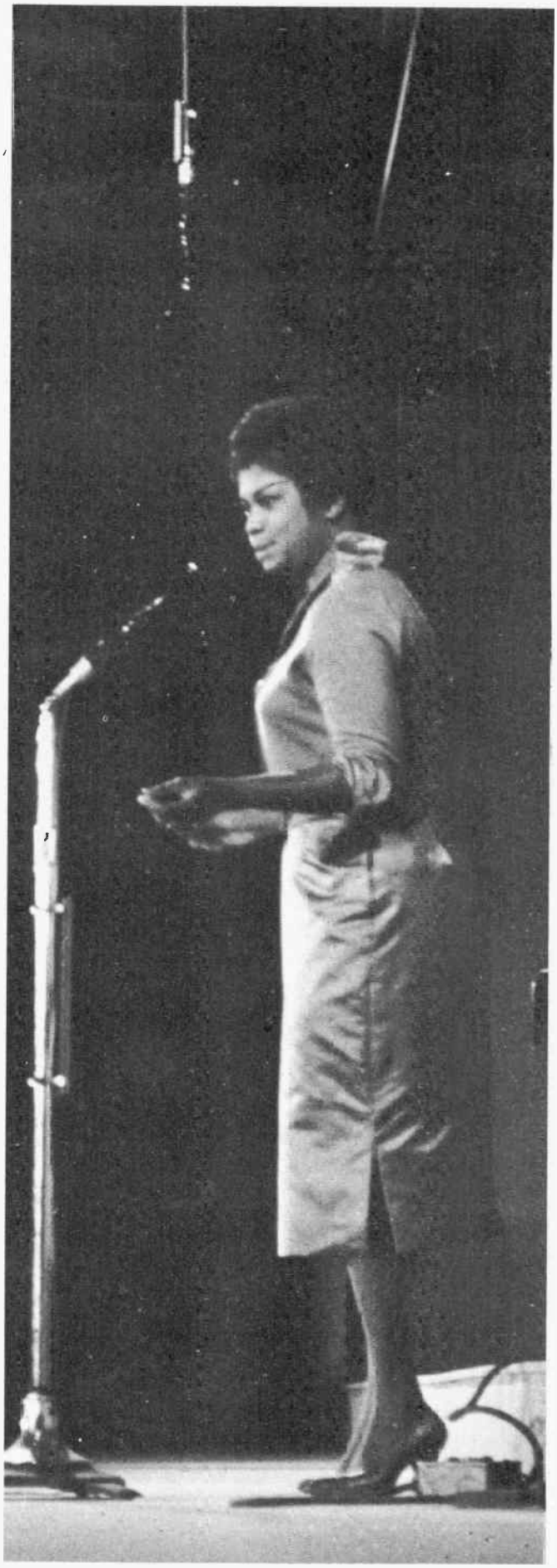
heavily whenever he appeared during 1958 at either of the clubs. In the double bill of Sahl-Modern Jazz Quartet at the Interlude, though, the comedian clearly came out on top—during every MJQ set the inane Stripchatter drowned out Lewis and comrades, to hipsters' disgust.

Several new jazz talents either emerged or consolidated on the coast during the year. The most controversial was altoist Ornette Coleman, who had an album released on Contemporary in the summer—to mixed critical reaction. Tenor man Sam Firmature found a steady berth with the Harry James band and proceeded to build a reputation for himself as soloist on the trumpeter's Capitol albums. Bassist Scott LaFaro would easily have copped the title "Picker of the Year" had there been a poll conducted among those musicians who heard him. LaFaro found some outlet with various groups and finally was heard on record with Vic Feldman's trio on Contemporary. (This label, it might be mentioned, appeared to be more concerned than all others on the coast with bringing newer talents to the fore.)

Other fragmentary developments included:

Red Norvo's reconstituted quintet, which played the Las Vegas Sands all summer and then in November went on tour in the east . . . The success of singers Ernestine Anderson, Ruth Olay, and Barbara Dane. Anderson and Dane grabbed themselves articles in *Time* . . . The poetry & jazz fiasco of the early part of the year. It tried to capture the masses but didn't make it . . . the new record labels: Warner Bros., Lighthouse, Colpix . . . The emergence of new pianist Freddy Gambrell on World Pacific Records . . . The parting of Barney Kessel and Verve Records . . . The network airing of KABC-TV's *Stars of Jazz,* busted to local status in November because of a sadly revealing lack of national public interest . . . The formation of the Duke Ellington Jazz society by devotees . . . The growth in strength of all-jazz station KNOB-FM . . . The triumph of the Monterey jazz festival, the first event of its kind on the west coast . . . The arrival of tenorist Cliff Jordon on the coast . . . the ever-festering struggle between the AFM and MGA, in which quite a few jazz musicians were involved . . . The formation of Louis Bellson's big band at the end of the year . . . The new Jimmy Giuffre 3, which broke in with Buddy Clark on bass at Jazz Cabaret in November . . . And, finally, the continued stability of the Buddy Collette quintet as a unit, which probably proved the most popular of all coast small groups during the year.

No, 1958 was *not* a good year for jazz musicians in southern California. There were fewer clubs, fewer record dates, fewer jazz concerts. There were fewer customers who paid fo their jazz. But, as always, jazz survived.



Ernestine Anderson

Meanwhile, In Frisco...

San Francisco is the hub of the bay area, which takes in more than 3,000,000 souls—not counting travelers, conventioners, adventurers, or students. A colorful background and the activity of a major world port help to make the metropolis an unusually fertile setting for night life and music. The bay area is an incubator as well as display case for prominent performers, jazz and other-

Sonny Rollins

wise. Though many of 1958's choice musical moments were imported, resident musicians were equally responsible for keeping clubs swinging.

Not all houses enjoyed good fortune, of course. The Off Beat room folded in January, stranding Jean Hoffman's trio, while Marty Marsala had the honor of attending the demise of the Tin Angel in April. The Jazz Showcase shut down, too, after a string of dismal bookings (briefly brightened by a weekend of Woody Herman).

Some new clubs were launched in 1958, though, among them Kid Ory's On the Levee, where the 72-year-old trombonist plays nightly; Easy Street, a posh North Beach pub owned jointly by a New York firm and the Turk Murphy band, and the Cabana, which opened in the summer with Scotty Lane but soon became a semi-permanent home for Judy Tristano's quartet. Speaking of musician-club-owners, the most consistently successful of the lot are Sonny Wayne and Bill Weisjahn, who play in and own the Cellar. It was this subterranean saloon that first sponsored jazz-con-poetry, a ritual still practiced there once a week.

Cal Tjader moved alongside Dave Brubeck in national prominence and record sales during 1958. Al McKibbon, bass; Vince Guaraldi, piano; Willie Bobo, drums, and Mongo Santamaria, conga drum, were leading reasons for the vibraphonist's success with Latin jazz. Brubeck and Desmond, working with Joe Morello and Gene Wright to create Dave's best quartet yet, spent part of the year traveling for the State Department in remote but vital corners of the globe. Both Tjader and Brubeck appeared, as usual, at the Blackhawk while at home in San Francisco.

Brew Moore enhanced countless sessions, rehearsals, dances, and gigs in 1958 with his tenor work. The ubiquitous ex-Hermanite could be found backing Anita O'Day, trading solos with tenor man Harold Wiley, or laying down Basieish lines with Dickie Mills.

Virgil Goncalves organized, in addition to his hard-swinging sextet, an impressive big band featuring, among others, clarinet-sax virtuoso Howie Dedune, arranger-trumpeter Jerry Cournoyer, trombonist Bob Collins, and drummer Johnny Markham. A dearth of places to work doomed the band just as it had previously crippled the valient dance bands fronted by Eddie Walker and Rudi Salvini. Each of the three aggregations reincorporates whenever a job turns up.

Herb Miller's dance band was active in central California throughout 1958. Road bands passed through the bay area, sometimes in the wake of good promotion (Duke Ellington, Count Basie) and sometimes almost unheralded (Les Brown, Charlie Barnet, Harry James).

In San Francisco, Sonny Rollins was *the* jazz influence in 1958. Playing with Rollins' quartet was the remarkable Scott LaFaro. Followers of this jazz movement were Harold Land, Andre Previn, Lou Levy, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Bley, and Dave Brubeck. One local band took a name that spoke for its style—the Jazz Representatives; even Judy Tristano's wispy tenor was touched by the books of Rollins, Horace Silver, Art Blakey, and Max Roach. Well received by San Francisco for their distinctive and personal music were the Modern Jazz Quartet, the Mitchell-Ruff Duo, Red Norvo, Curtis Counce, Le-

Earl Hines

roy Vinnegar, Vido Musso, Shelly Manne, the Mastersounds, Stan Getz, George Shearing, and the Jimmy Giuffre 3. Good blues bands visited the area in 1958, often with little or no advance notice. Ivory Joe Hunter, Earl Grant, T-Bone Walker, Ray Charles, and Amos Milburn jumped in and out of town, while Earl Bostic and Louis Jordan performed in clubs, each for several prosperous weeks.

It was an eventful year for singers and their audiences in San Francisco. With the exceptions of Sarah Vaughan and Frank Sinatra, virtually every notable voice on the 1958 scene appeared here. And folksingers enjoyed an active 12 months. Back-to-the-rooters turned out to hear the Gateway Singers, Jesse Fuller, Jean Ritchie, the Travelers, Josh White, the Kingston Trio, Barbara Dane, Theo Bikel, Cisco Houston, Odetta, and the Coachmen—not to mention Harry the Hipster. San Francisco cherishes the whimsical, even the bizarre. Natives are intrigued by clubs like the Red Garter, which boasts a banjo group called the Strugglers, *plus* a genuine outhouse with a crescent on the door. There were devotees who traversed miles of mountain road to reach an ocean inlet where the Great Pacific Jazz band blew into the surf every Sunday. The GPJB is a reading band that plays King Oliver scores note for note.

There is a residual but still dedicated fraternity of Lu Watters fans in San Francisco, for whom the only man left to carry the torch in 1958 was Turk Murphy. Pianist Wally Rose and clarinetist Bob Helm were working for shows; Burt Bales was playing traditional piano at Pier 23 but had added some tunes like *My Funny Valentine;* Bob Scobey moved to Chicago, taking Clancy Hayes with him; Watters himself remained in retirement in the north. Some survivors of the Watters days found solace in the Bay City Jazz band or the Original Inferior Jazz band, both ensconced at the Sail'n and both committed to the banjo-tuba credo. A rebel fringe, discovering that kicks can be had from bands that go all the way up to 1935, gave warm support to Bob Mielke's Bearcats and the short-lived Bob Short Five. For followers of the free-wheeling Condon approach, Marty Marsala offered the most spirited Dixieland west of the Hudson river. His clarinetist, Vince Cattolica, ranks with the best of the Goodman-Mince heirs. Earl Hines, still playing superlative piano, began his fourth year of leading a tired band through tired Dixieland routines at the Hangover.

An abundance of good pianists were on hand in 1958, notably residents Joe Sullivan, Ralph Sutton, Tiny Crump, John Marabuto, and Vince Guaraldi, in addition to touring stars. Meade Lux Lewis could be heard in nearby Sacramento.

Two jazz institutions of special consequence were established in 1958: the Monterey jazz festival and the San Francisco School of Jazz. The first west coast festival was a success, assuring more to come. Its prime mover was the ebullient Jimmy Lyons. The School of Jazz, like the Monterey festival, was born in October. Staffed by men of broad experience (John Coppola, Ron Crotty, Pete Dovidio, and Paul Miller are some of the faculty members) the school has developed a program surprisingly similar to the Lenox, Mass., idea, although the founders are not aware of the eastern school's methods.

Concerts were few, but Ellington in Carmel and Ella Fitzgerald (with Oscar Peterson and Roy Eldridge) proved to be thoughtful presentations of extraordinary music. No recapitulation is complete without nominations. These were great in '58:

Most satisfying musical experience: Ella Fitzgerald at the Fairmont hotel.

Most pleasant surprise: Louis Armstrong at Easy Street.

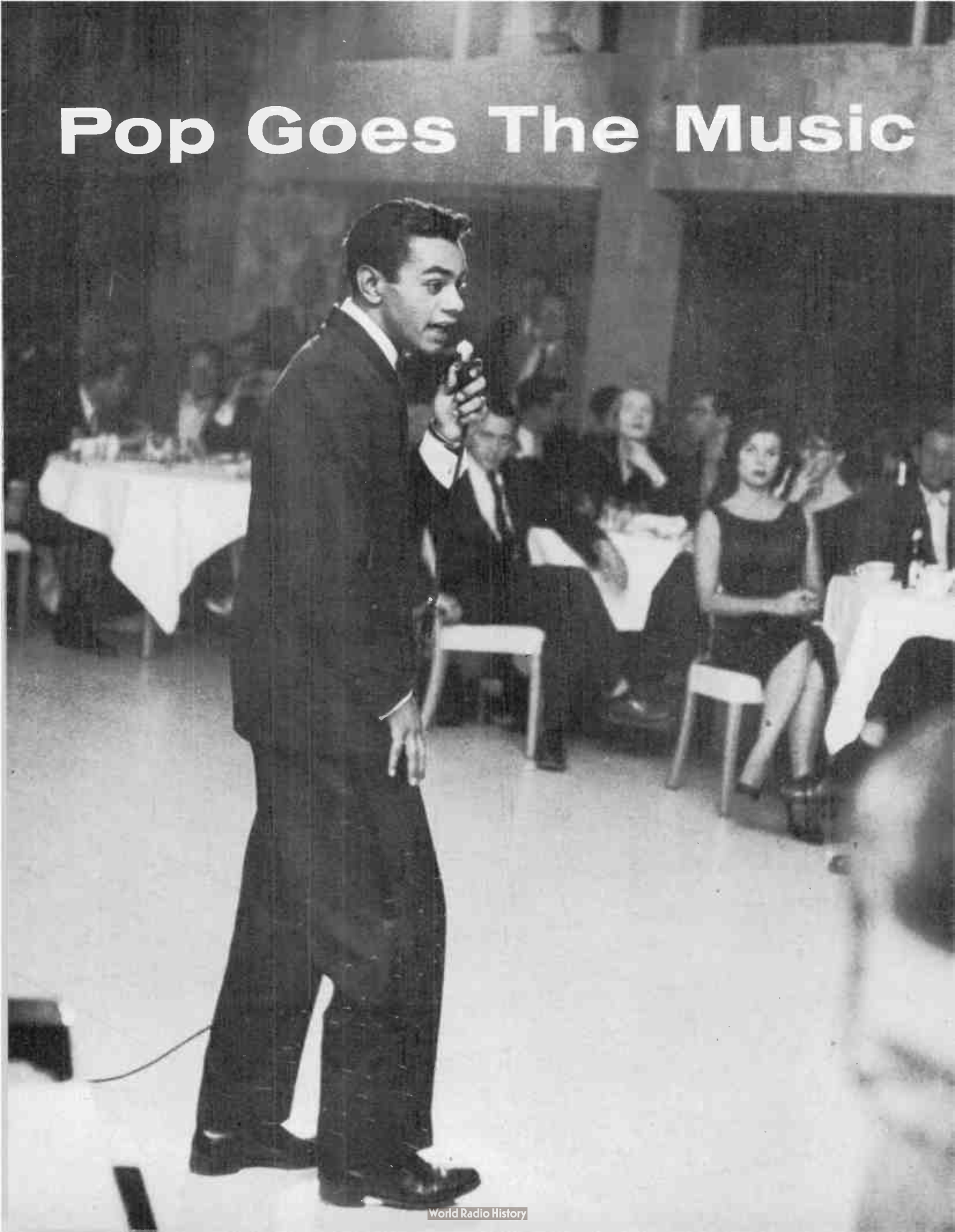
Most promising local jazzmen: Altoist John Handy and baritone saxist Trevor Koelher.

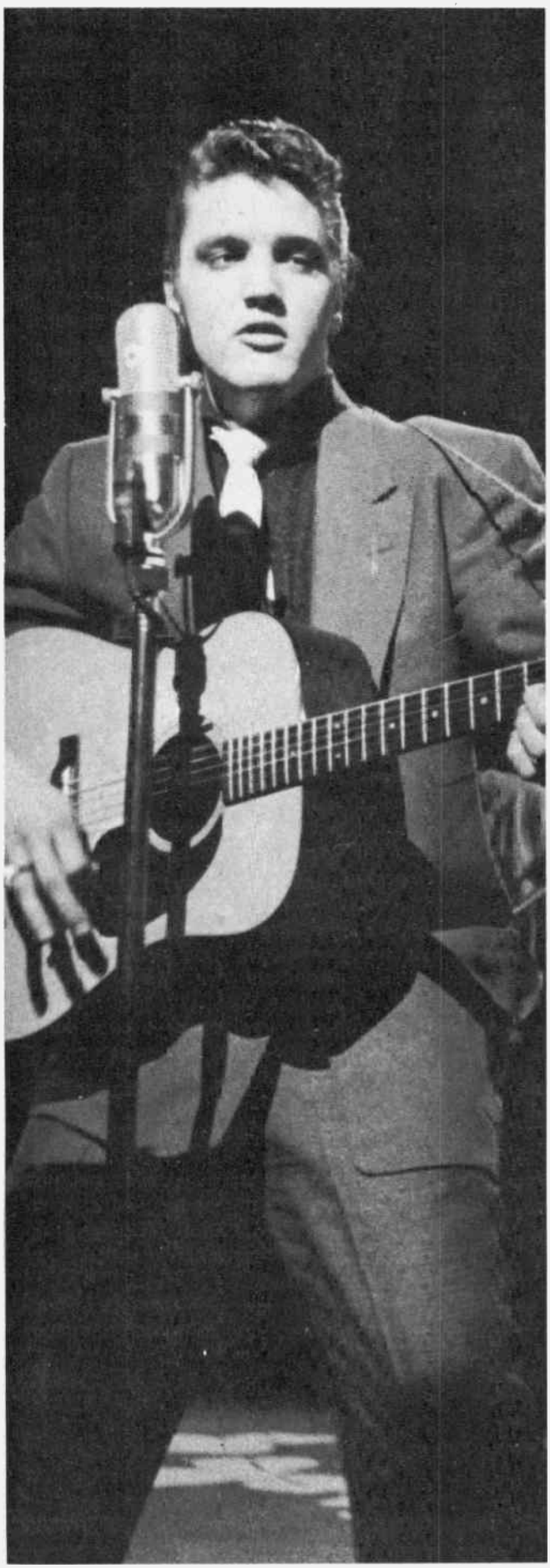
Dramatic success story of the year: Ernestine Anderson.

Weirdest booking of the year: The Jazz Diplomats, featuring George Liberace.

—dick hadlock

Pop Goes The Music





Elvis Presley

From Ballads To Rock 'n Roll

By Bob Rolontz

Popular music during 1958 encompassed so many different trends that it would be difficult to select any one as more important than another. So many varied types of tunes became popular that at any time during the year there was sure to be one tune on *The Hit Parade* that would please a rock 'n' roller or a ballad fan.

Rock 'n' roll remained strong during 1958 but no longer dominated the field in the manner it did a year or two ago. However, the influence of rock 'n' roll was still so powerful that its fallout permeated almost the entire pop market, and few pop records were successful that didn't contain some touch of rock 'n' roll in their arrangements — either the heavy back beat or the triplets or a little of both.

At the same time, the newer type of country music, which had absorbed the rock 'n' roll beat and the basic vitality of the rhythm 'n' blues form, and which had received its greatest impetus via Elvis Presley, continued to grow in importance in the pop field, sparked by young singers of country background such as the Everly Brothers.

Traditional country music, on the other hand, continued its decline.

A new element was injected into the pop music picture with the success of foreign tunes sung wholly in the original language, such as *Volare*. And novelty hits, as exemplified by *The Purple People Eater* also constituted a strong, though hardly new, trend.

Male singers again dominated the vocal records, the girls lagging far b· hind. Vocal groups had tougher sledding, too, during 1958.

There were a few instrumental hits, but few actual orchestras shared in these, for most were made by small combos. A new influence, called in the trade Tex-Mex for a style of music that bore a Texas-Mexico trademark, was noticed after a record called *Tequilla* was made in Dallas.

As in recent years, there were still many bad singers coming up with hits. These usually were the result of a tricky vocal or instrumental arrangement or an unusual sound, but happily most of these types of hitmakers lasted only for one record.

Although one-hit artists were common, surprisingly, in a bitterly competitive market, there were at least a dozen artists who came up with hits almost with every

record released. Good ballads, or what the music business used to call "quality songs," came through more consistently than many persons realized, with about a dozen whistleable ballads on the hit list during the year. The movie writers turned out a spare number of hit tunes, and the Broadway musical composers were hardly able to come up with a semi-hit for the second year in a row.

The fight for a hit record got rougher than ever. Conservative estimates were that more than 2,000 labels were engaged in making single records, although few of these firms released their product nationally. It also was estimated that only 5 per cent of all single records released ever became hits.

The independent record firms, as opposed to the four majors, RCA Victor, Columbia, Decca, and Capitol, turned out 75 per cent of all hit singles. But Capitol started the last quarter of 1958 with more hits than any other record company, the products mainly of Dean Martin and Nat Cole. With the great number of single records released each week—more than 100—the disc jockey's importance continued to grow.

Few jazz artists were able to break into the pop hit lists. An exception was Cozy Cole, who came up with a long drum break entitled *Topsy* (Parts 1 and 2), and Peggy Lee who took a rhythm 'n' blues hit of a few years ago called *Fever* and turned it into a hit.

And Pvt. Elvis Presley, who now has set an all-time record for million-or-more sellers (19 in a row), settled down into the category of a mere phenomenon, selling only 1,500,000 records or so of each release.

The select group of hitmakers who came up with a best-seller every record out during 1958 included ballad singers like Cole, Martin, Perry Como, Johnny Mathis, Patti Page, and newcomer Connie Francis. Country-based singers who made hit after hit were Elvis Presley, the Everly Brothers, and Jimmie Rodgers. And Pat Boone, who had done well with straight popular material in the past, did even better with some country-style, modified rock 'n' roll. The Diamonds were the hottest pop vocal group, and two of the more popular rock 'n' rollers were Frankie Avalon and a new group, the Chantels.

Some of the biggest excitement in 1958 was created by an Italian performer named Domenico Modugno, who had the original and biggest-selling record of *Volare*, both in the United States and abroad. What made Modugno's 2,000,000 seller so remarkable was that it was sung entirely in Italian yet sold almost fantastically well in the U.S. market. There were other foreign hits, too, one of the biggest being *Torero* by another Italian singer, Renato Carosone. As if to cash in on the trend, Jane Morgan recorded a new French tune called *The Day the Rains Came* in both French and English on the two sides of the same record. Another foreign hit, this one a novelty German tune, was *The Little Train*.

Country-styled tunes that became hits during 1958 were recorded by such youngsters as the Everlys, Ricky Nelson, Presley, Rodgers, and a few others, but perhaps more important than their hits was — and is — the fact that their influence was so profound. Other youngsters, in their early or late teens, were imitating them rather than, say, Frank Sinatra. Some of these hits included *Gee, But It's Lonely; Devoted to You; Bird*

Patti Page

Warren Covington

Dog; All I Have to Do Is Dream; Blue, Blue Day, and *Ways of a Woman in Love.* And to indicate that there was a real trend toward country music in the pop field, more and more performers recorded tunes by the late Hank Williams.

Novelty hits in 1958 were slightly different from those in other years only because of mechanical gimmicks. Both *Witch Doctor* and *Purple People Eater,* in addition to being zany, used a dubbed in Donald Duck type of voice on the record. Of course, after these two records became hits, many other discs were made with similar gimmicks, but the formula had run out. Other novelty hits in the zany tradition were such items as *The Green Mosquito* and *The Bird on My Head.*

In the more normal novelty vein were happy songs, such as *Left Right Out of Your Heart, Everybody Loves a Lover, Western Movies,* and *Zorro,* the latter from the television show.

That there was room enough in the pop market for pretty ballads, too, was proved by the success of such tunes as *A Certain Smile* and *All the Way,* both from movies, and *Enchanted Island; Looking Back; Return to Me,* and *Chanson D'Amour.* There were also a number of hit revivals of fine standards, the biggest of all being *It's All in the Game.* Others were *Twilight Time, There Goes My Heart,* and *Non Dimenticar.*

The Tommy Dorsey orchestra under Warren Covington came through with the hit *Tea for Two Cha Cha,* and the Perez Prado crew had another cha cha hit titled *Patricia.* The Billy Vaughn band had two instrumental hits, *La Paloma,* and *Tumbling Tumbleweeds,* bringing back memories of orchestras of the 1920s. And Mitch Miller, who seems to come up with a hit march every year, had a big one again in 1958 with *The March from the River Kwai.* The biggest instrumental hit of the year, *Tequila,* was contributed by a small combo, the Champs. The Champs followed this with another smash called *Chariot Rock,* based on the spiritual *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.*

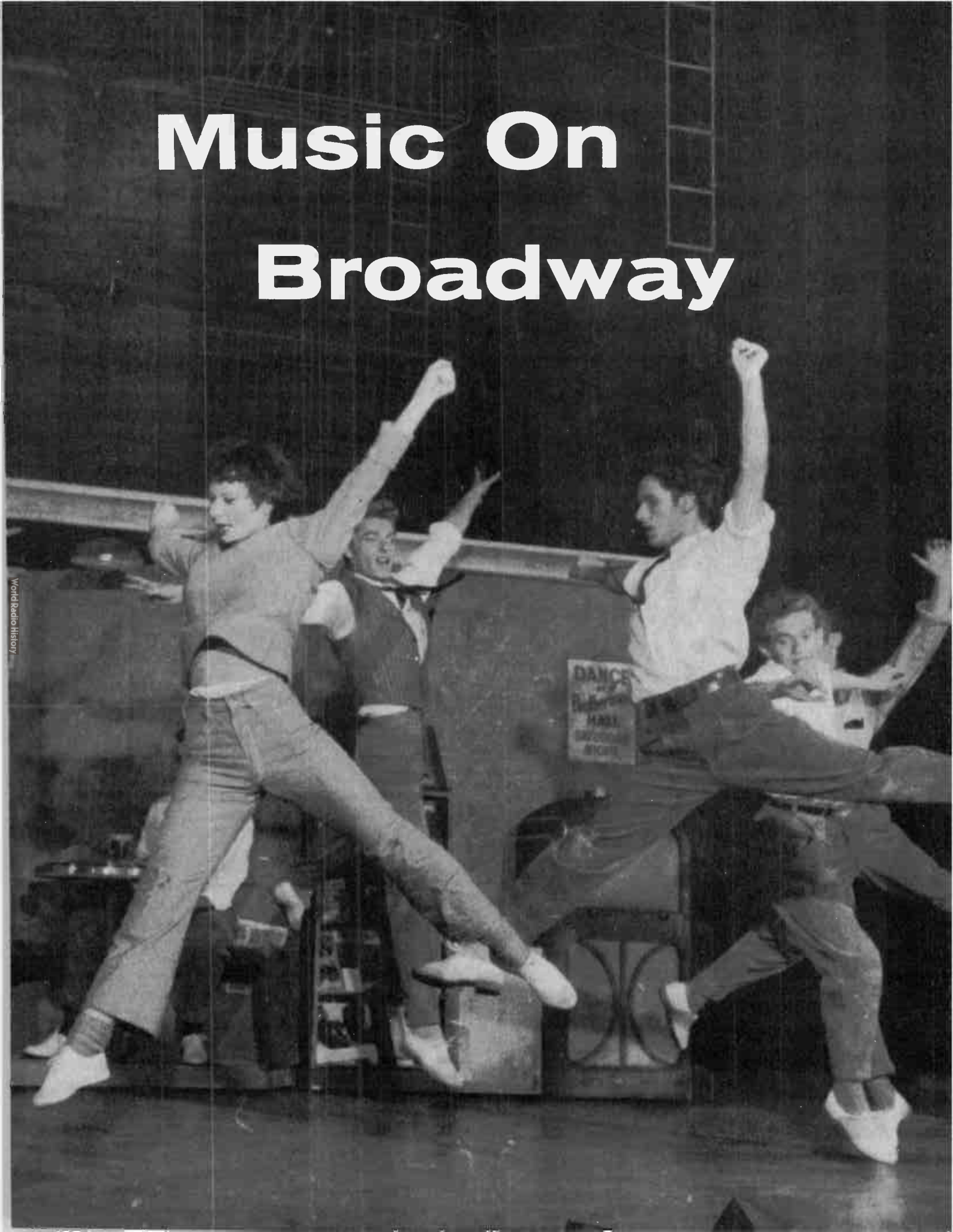
Other instrumental hits were created by Duane Eddy with *Rebel Rouser* and *Ramrod,* and by the Applejacks with *Mexican Hat Rock,* based on *The Mexican Hat Dance.*

That rock 'n' roll was still with us during the last year was exemplified by such hit tunes as *Yakety Yak; Splish Splash; Hard-Headed Woman; Ooh, My Soul; Little Mary; Johnny B. Goode; Little Star; Tears on My Pillow; You Cheated; Endless Sleep; My True Love; Sweet Sixteen,* and countless others.

Perhaps one of the most interesting facts about the single-record business in 1958 was noted in *The Billboard* on Sept. 22. Its continuing study of retail record sales, made in connection with New York University, pointed out that teenagers through the age of 18 bought 54 percent of all single records, with most of the remainder purchased by persons between the ages of 18 and 30. A few are bought by those more than 30.

With records being sold in chain stores, supermarkets, drugstores, discount houses, department stores, and service stations, in addition to record shops, it is evident that the market for all types of records is being widened steadily. It is probable that in 1959 there will be even more types of single records sold with enough variety of material to please everyone.

Music On Broadway



Robert Preston and Barbara Cook in 'Music Man'

'West Side Story' And 'Music Man' Lead The Field On Broadway

By David Dachs

Broadway musical theater—which goes its nonconformist way, kneeling neither to the Hoopers and the Trendexes, nor to the "Top 10" lists—continued to show character in 1957-58.

The big guns in American musicals, Rodgers and Hammerstein, Cole Porter, Alan Jay Lerner and Fritz Loewe, weren't represented this last year. Yet there were two striking, imaginative hits: *West Side Story,* and *The Music Man.*

During the legit season, which runs from June to June, there were 10 full-length "book musicals" and one limited-engagement collegiate revue, *The Mask and Gown.* Of the 11 productions, only four have been commercial successes: *West Side Story; Music Man* (the biggest money-maker); *Jamaica,* and *Say, Darling.*

Compared with the 1920s, when 200 shows were put on in a year, and of them perhaps 75 musical comedies and revues, this last season was pretty pale. As Burton Lane, composer of *Finian's Rainbow,* observed, "When I was a kid, there were a lot of revues around. A young composer or lyricist could get numbers in, could develop his style. Today, that's virtually impossible."

Yet quality still seems to rear its pretty head. And two of the best examples came in 1958 with two offbeat musicals, both of which had been ticketed for disaster by the "smart money."

West Side Story—really a tragedy, and everybody knows that tragedy doesn't "go"—is as urgent as a police call. By turns lyrical, sinister, warm, humorous, it represents a highly effective collaboration among Leonard Bernstein, music; Steve Sondheim, lyrics, and Arthur Laurents, book. Too much credit can't go to

Jerome Robbins, who conceived the whole idea, and who is becoming a great originator of musical shows. (He originated the idea for *On the Town.*)

The most inventive show of the season, it uses the Romeo and Juliet legend to spotlight the senseless violence brought about by racial hate between two street gangs, one Puerto Rican, the other "Americans."

Practically every song points up dramatic values, even the comedy numbers: *America,* portrays the mixed feelings of Puerto Ricans who have come to New York to find better economic conditions and find along with it prejudice; the insinuating theme song of the *Jets;* the jazzy *Cool,* telling them to keep their tempers under control; the dramatic, *A Boy Like That,* in which Maria is warned to "stick to your own kind."

Between songs, Bernstein uses a musical nervousness to portray the unstable climate in which the boy-men live. Jazz nuances pervade the score, which is why many jazz LPs were cut of the score.

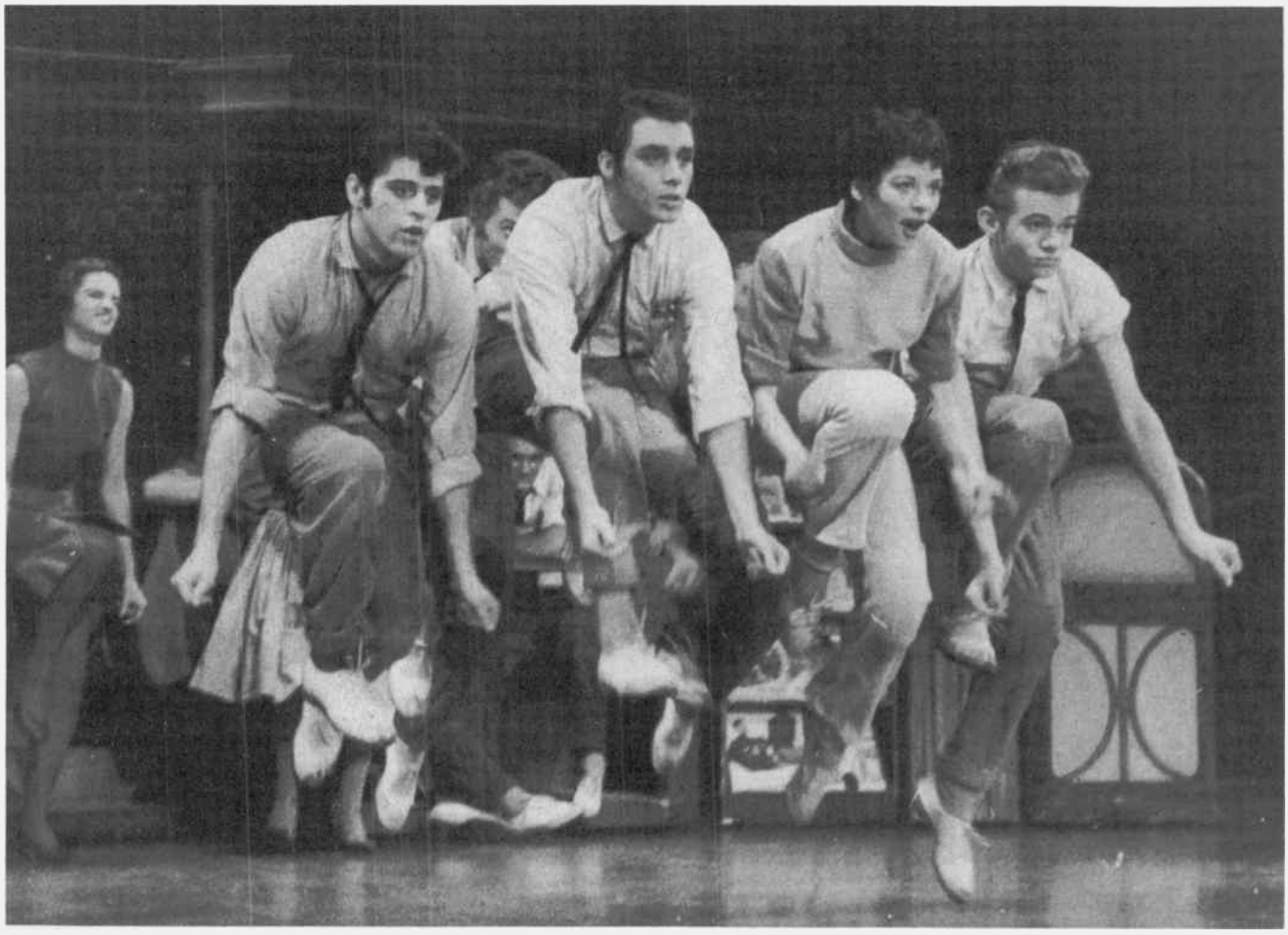
Music Man, the Drama Critics award winner, is a hymn to a sweet-natured age, of porches, hammocks, and brass bands. In its almost naive innocence, it is the McGuffey reader set to music. Meredith Willson's score is as "corny" as calico and as genuine. It has a great deal of quiet charm, and works beautifully on stage. The 50-year-old former Sousa flutist wrote both words and music.

It has some nice things in it: *Marian the Librarian,* and *76 Trombones.* The latter makes one feel the brassy golden glints of a marching band. One of the most creative numbers is in the beginning, a salesmen's chant, *Rock Island,* which pinpointed the transition of America from a cracker-barrel economy to a hustling industrialism, circa 1912. *Music Man* is like the 4th of July.

Jamaica, another boxoffice hit, ran pretty much on reputation: Lena Horne's. This was intended as a mild satire of our frantic era, as viewed from the ease of a Caribbean isle. Two of theater's most talented craftsmen worked on it—Harold Arlen, music, and Yip Harburg, lyrics. Result? A surprisingly dull score. Written originally for a girl, then rewritten for Harry Belafonte, who then bowed out, and then revised back to fit Lena Horne, everything about the show—score, dance, "book"—seemed patchy and second rate.

Say, Darling, started off with a good premise: a modern backstage story about the making of a modern musical. A *Broadway Melody* updated. What came out was a cardboardish cartoon, with no truth or insight. Except for a funny characterization of a white-buckskin Ivy league "producer," it was halfway to nowhere. Jules Styne, who has done better, didn't come up with anything musically, and the Comden-Green lyrics were uninspired. Though no attempt was made to bill it as a musical, it had more than half a score (nine songs), including, *Try to Love Me, It's the Second Time You Meet That Matters,* and *Something's Always Happening on the River.*

For the musical comedy morticians, there were these



A scene from 'West Side Story'

disasters: *Copper and Brass,* which Nancy Walker, as a woman policeman, couldn't save; *Rumple; Portofino; Mask and Gown* (a revue); *Oh, Captain,* and *Body Beautiful.*

One of the biggest casualties, in terms of money, *Body Beautiful,* was produced by night club host (Left Bank), art patron, and radio personality, Richard Kollmar. Approximately $300,000 was lost in this mediocre musical about an intellectual who turns to fighting. Years ago this would have made a Republic Pictures musical. It boasted one fine set, a fight stadium, which turned to become a ring onstage; it reminded one of those George Bellows fight paintings.

For no other reason, *Body Beautiful* may go down as a footnote in musical comedy history as the first production having a rock 'n' roll song in it. The title had that Alan Freed touch, *Uh-Huh, Oh Yeah.*

Now the focal point of a lawsuit claiming mismanagement, *Oh, Captain* didn't have the courage of its convictions. It started out with the witty astringent base, the film comedy *The Captain's Paradise.* But by the time it was turned into a musical by Jose Ferrer and Al Morgan, with music by Jay Livingston and lyrics by Ray Evans, all traces of wit had been carefully removed.

For example, one of the first things the book "authors" did was to change the locale from the Mediterranean to . . . guess—Paris. Instead of an original locale and background, they moved the book to the most overused locale in musical comedy. One bright tune, *The Morning Music of Montmarte,* stuck out of the morass.

Two shows costing approximately $700,000 never saw the neon light of Broadway. These were *Carefree Heart,* with music and lyrics by Robert Wright and George Forrest, who seem to have better luck adapting other persons' music (they set Borodin to words in *Kismet* and Grieg in *Song of Norway).*

The other was a revue, *The Ziegfeld Follies,* starring Tallulah Bankhead. Even though audiences, sometimes are seduced by "names," if a show is weak enough, they still won't go.

Though the *Variety* statisticians don't count it as a revue, *The Next President,* starring Mort Sahl and the Jimmy Giuffre 3 did have certain appearances of a revue. However, it leaned more to a "concert" with Sahl doing a straight monolog (which was great). However, the Giuffre group was mercilessly panned, partly because the reviewers didn't enjoy its sound and partly because of the dull staging. The trio merely played onstage while an untalented dancer thundered around the stage like a little Mack truck. Jazz artists haven't yet begun to realize what theater is.

A musical revue is a theater form combining sketches, blackouts, interesting dance sequences, comedy songs, ballads, ingeniously staged and costumed. In the theater, musical groups, no matter how talented, can't just be tossed onstage, a la N.Y. Paramount or even the 92nd St. Y. Of course, *The Next President* didn't "run."

Looking beyond the scripts—upon which most shows fail or succeed—there were some standout performances in the 1957-58 season:

Jacquelyn McKeever was excellent as the sweet, long-suffering English wife in *Oh, Captain.* The anonymous

A scene from 'Music Man'

lithe dancers in *West Side Story*. Mindy Carson displayed that she can act in *The Body Beautiful*. Lovely Barbara Cook as Marian the librarian (who read Balzac) and Eddie Hodges, the stuttering boy who couldn't pronounce his "s's" were fine vocally and dramatically in *The Music Man*. But probably the biggest single personality to break through was Robert Preston, as the mile-a-minute-tongued Professor Hill in *Music Man*.

Adding zest to the musical theater season, though not accepted as Broadway fare, was the excellent N.Y. City center series of modern operas. These included *The Good Soldier Schweik; Susannah; The Ballad of Baby Doe,* and *Tale for a Dear Ear*. These indicate that American composers are turning more and more to the theater form.

The 1957-58 season probably can be adjudged a success if for no other reason than that it produced *West Side Story* and *The Music Man,* which left the other standardized productions far behind. These two shows should join the list of superior American musicals.

Even on paper, 1958-59 musicals seem unusually exciting and varied, promising major new musical plays, Sean O'Casey set to music, and a new edition of *New Faces*.

At this writing, two shows already have opened. The first, a success, Jerome Robbins' brilliant *Ballets, U.S.A.* —something new on Broadway, a dance revue, highly attuned to the visual needs of theater. The second, a costly $400,000 *Goldilocks*. This thin, conventional cartoon of silent screen days was neither fresh nor funny. The lyrics by Walter and Jean Kerr and Joan Ford (yes, three lyricists) were disappointing, and showed that songwriting needs more power than light, light verse. The score by Leroy Anderson was considered pleasant but unexciting.

The following shows are being tuned up or prepared for production, or debuted at presstime:

The eagerly awaited Rodgers and Hammerstein *Flower Drum Song,* about a young modern Chinese intern, his love life, and his gentle battles with his old-world father, against a background of San Francisco; *Whoop Up,* about hi-jinx among 20th century non-TV American Indians; Marc Blitzstein's adaptation of O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock,* now titled, *My Daarlin' Man;* Harold Rome's western opus, *Destry Rides Again;* Howard Dietz' and Arthur Schwartz' untitled musical in collaboration with Gore Vidal; *Gypsy,* a musical based on life and times of Gypsy Rose Lee; Burton Lane's *Cry for Happy,* about a navy photographer in Japan, and Leonard Sillman's *New Faces of 1959*.

There's an outbreak of activity off Broadway, too, in the song-and-dance department. Playhouses seating 199 to 400, converted from churches, lofts, warehouses, night clubs, are being brightened by leotards and blue denims. A new revue, *Diversions,* is in rehearsal; revivals of *On the Town* and *Flahooley* are planned.

All this activity has been spurred by the boxoffice and esthetic success of Gus Schirmer Jr.'s revival of *The Boy Friend,* at the Cherry Lane theater in Greenwich Village. There are also some interesting one-night "revues" being put on, starring Mabel Mercer and Comden and Green.

Myoshi Umeki in 'Flower Drum Song'

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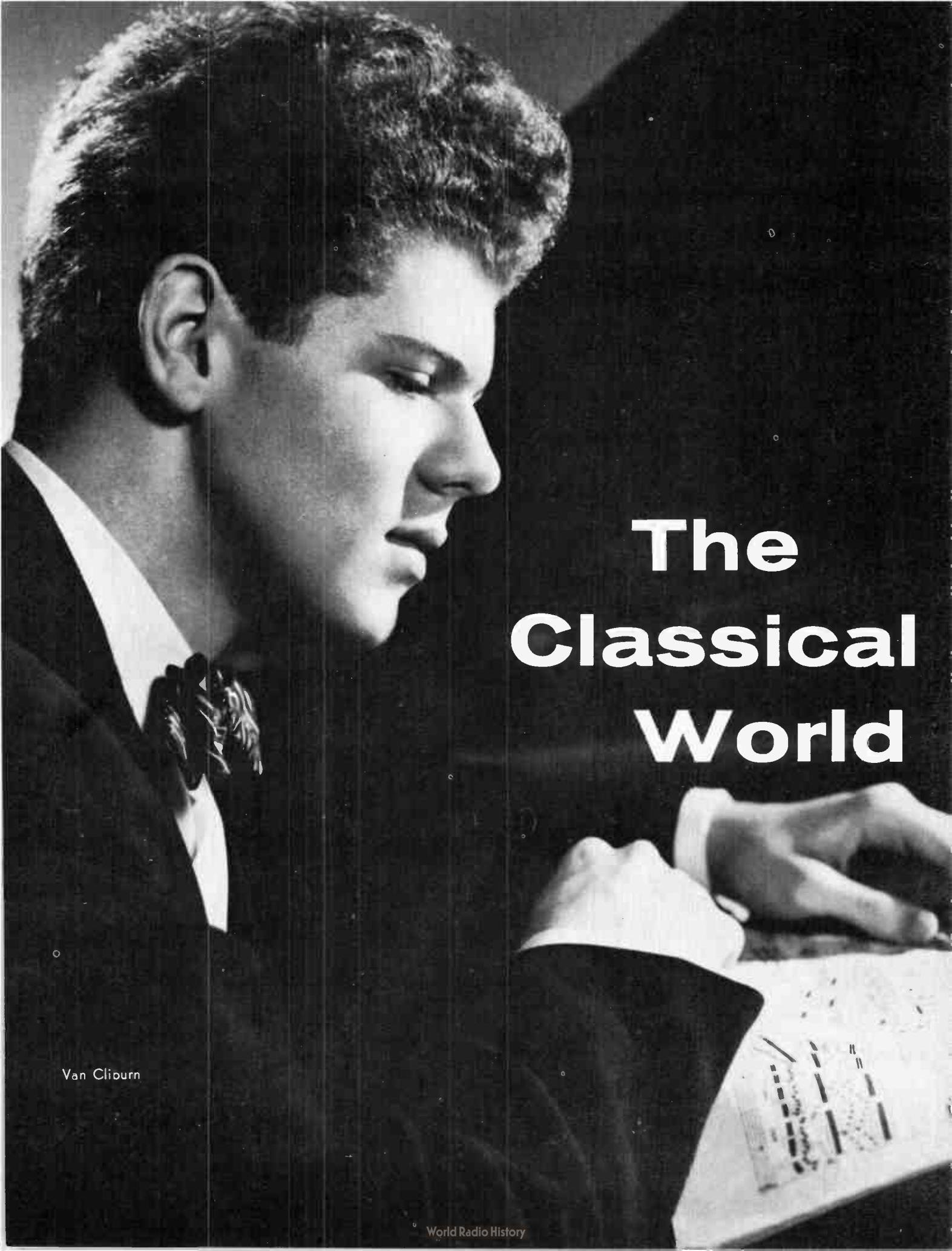
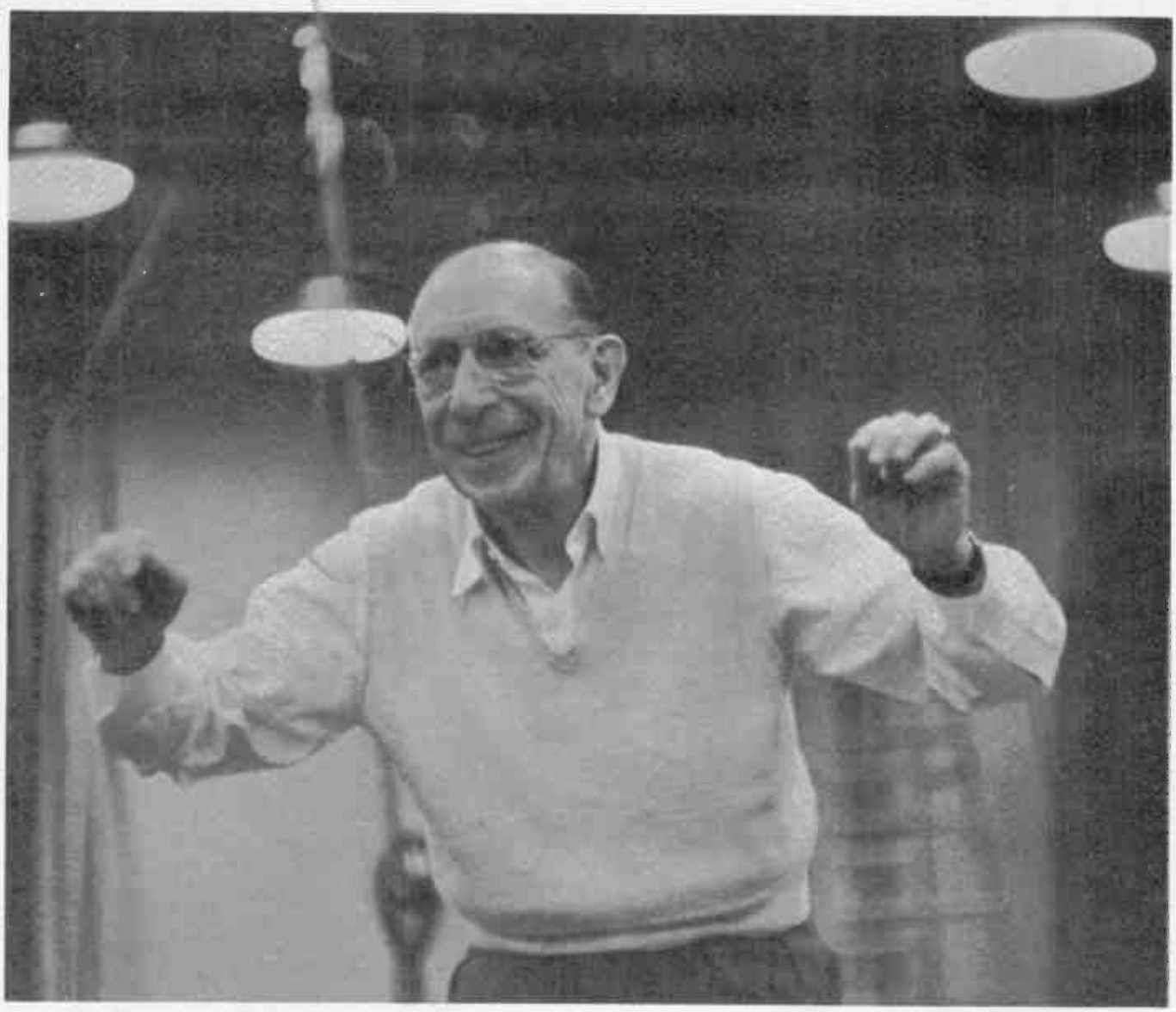


The Classical World

Van Cliburn



Igor Stravinsky

By Don Henahan

Music, for all its misleading mathematical trappings, is an untidy and unpredictable monster. At the moment when everything seems to be clicking away like Univac, you pull out the neat punchcard and find it has nothing printed on it. Or perhaps a four-letter word.

All that this says, of course, is that music is still one of the humanities rather than one of the more exact disciplines, much to the annoyance of the sliderule composers. This being so, it is a continual problem for a music critic, or for anyone who listens seriously to what goes on in concert halls, to decide whether a particular event or new composition is a step toward enlarging music or toward diminishing it.

The question might be called "Progress or Poverty?" Is Stravinsky, for example, climbing on the wave of the future in embracing serial technique? Long a holdout against the 12-tone mystique, he swerved to it after Schoenberg's death in *Agon* and *Canticrum Sacrum*. This summer at the Venice Festival of Contemporary Music, he reaffirmed his conversion with a major work, *Threnody: Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah*. Will history one day look back at these pieces and equate them with the conversion of St. Paul? Or will it merely note that once more Igor, the lover of paradox and fads, did what everyone expected him not to do?

Even more important, will it be recorded that he followed those who wanted to bind music hand and foot, rather than leading those who wanted not less freedom in music but, rather, more, as he did when he composed *The Rite of Spring*?

The deeply rooted argument among composers of the last 50 years, whether they have known it or not, is over whether music can or should express great emotions. The basically romantic composers have leagued themselves with the poets and heroes, while those with a classical bent have thrown in with the academicians and the craftsmen.

Leonard Bernstein

This is the conflict a critic sees daily. He isn't called on to judge the rightness of a trend in either direction, but he should point out such a tendency.

If only one had the omniscience of a secretary of state. Where does the Van Cliburn case deserve to be pigeonholed? The young pianist's winning of the Tchaikovsky competition in Moscow in April and the explosion of idolatry that followed was from a news standpoint easily *the* musical event of 1958. As the man and his recordings began to be heard across the country, it became obvious that an artist of perhaps unlimited potential somehow had been saved from premature burial in Kilgore, Texas.

But, the worrywart critic asks himself: What if Cliburn's romanticist influence spawns a whole generation of young neo-Lisztians who play as if the notes were written on the ceiling? How will the Van Cliburn phenomenon be assessed then?

A similar event of 1958 was the ascendance of Leonard Bernstein to the throne of the New York Philharmonic orchestra. As the first native American to hold such an important post began his first season in power, many pessimists were forecasting that his ebullience, love of jazz, and flair for theatricality were about to lead serious U.S. music down the road to vulgarity, shallowness, and television.

Others, not so easily frightened, felt that Bernstein could be the opening gun in a battle to win a vast, young audience for good music, to augment the traditional audience of elderly piano teachers, bored socialites. and second-generation Europeans. One thing was immediately clear, however: The American composer was at last getting a full, serious hearing in his own land. Bernstein's programs for 1958-59 were heavy with Americans, from Ives to Foss.

Besides the Stravinisky, Cliburn, and Bernstein questions, there were others that were less difficult to assess. Samuel Barber's opera *Vanessa* was put on without

Pablo Casals

success in Austria at the Salzburg festival, in English, the first non-European work ever done there. It was obvious that Barber's end-of-the-century harmonic idiom and Gothic spookiness outraged the European critics' whole concept of musical progress.

American opera found solace at home and elsewhere abroad, however. The New York City Opera company, under Julius Rudel, ended a season of native opera, which, with the help of a Rockefeller grant, was a bright omen. *The Ballad of Baby Doe* received the most praise. As an antidote to the *Vanessa* fiasco, Americans could contemplate the good reception given in Belgium at the Brussels world's fair of Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah* and Gian-Carlo Menoti's *Maria Golovin,* plus the premiere of Floyd's *Wuthering Heights* at Santa Fe, N. M.

The Metropolitan, meanwhile, dared all and put on, for the first time, *Wozzeck* and *Hamlet*. Except for these two works, long classics in Europe, the rest of the Met's repertoire remained zeroed in on the operatic middlebrow.

Other tidbits: Maria Callas was fired by Rome, La Scala, and the Met . . . Artur Rodzinski, fired by the Chicago Symphony orchestra after a scandalous battle 10 years ago, returned to the United States for the first time since to conduct for that city's Lyric Opera . . . Yehudi Menuhin scandalized New York (or the critics, anyway) by insisting on playing encores at the Philharmonic . . . Opera was revived in Israel . . . Pablo Casals, at 81, performed once again in public after suffering a heart attack and a marriage, in that order.

The influx of Russian artists continued: Leonid Kogan's debut established him as one of the greatest violinists alive, and Vladimir Ashkenazy, Igor Besrodni, Kiril Kondrashin, and Sara Doloukhanova also were well received . . . Bernstein and Dimitri Mitropoulos barnstormed with the philharmonic in South America and were able to report on returning that no U.S. musician was stoned, as Vice President Richard M. Nixon had been earlier.

Everyone was touring behind the Iron Curtain: Ormandy and the Philadelphians, Stokowski, George Szell and the Cleveland orchestra, Leonard Warren, Artur Rubinstein.

A further step toward the complete stratification of U.S. culture came when network television's only program of fairly serious music, *The Voice of Firestone,* changed over from Eileen Farrell to Abbe Lane (it *is* a visual medium, after all) . . . Marian Anderson was named a delegate to the United Nations and completed an Asian tour that brought acclaim from the darker-colored people of the world.

In musical politics, the Russians remained supreme. They took the year's prize by announcing that Shostakovitch, Khatchaturian, Prokofieff, Myaskovsky, and others had been cleared of charges of "formalism." Shostakovitch's new *11th Symphony* proved a model for the Soviet future: full of party tunes, programmatic noises, and maundering sentimentality.

Housing remained a problem: Chicago got back its Opera house when the wide-screen movie that had taken it over flopped . . . Carnegie hall was saved from

destruction but was transformed from a musical mecca into just another small hall, for lease either to Heifetz or Welk . . . New York's bright scheme for a Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts continued to move in a Kafka-like trance through the courts.

The festivals, which multiplied in number if showing no great progress in programming imagination, were augmented by the birth of the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto, Italy, and the Vancouver festival, to name two of the more important. Among the special-interest gatherings, the ones dedicated to Sibelius and Bartok were outstanding. The Brussels fair assumed the aspects of a festival, too, and despite poor (almost nonexistent) planning, America was not disgraced. In a stroke of luck, Cliburn appeared after his Moscow victory, and Stern, Ormandy, Janis, Tureck, Menuhin, and a few others held up the American banner.

In general, unsubsidized festivals, such as Chicago's venerable Ravinia, were being ground under, finding it increasingly hard to compete with state-supported ones.

Inevitably, music's ranks were thinned by death: Vaughan Williams at 86, Eric Coates at 71, Isidor Phillip at 94, Ataulfo Argenta at 44, Samuel Antek at 49, and Artur Rodzinski at 66.

Stereophonic records were a reality in 1958, but few candidates for immortality showed up in early releases. The bulk of firstrate material still came out on monophonic records. To cite a few: Leonid Kogan's *Paganini Violin Concerto No. 1* on Angel, Serkin's *Beethoven Diabelli Variations* on Columbia, Cliburn's *Tchaikowsky Piano Concerto No. 1* on Victor, *Turandot* with Callas and Schwartzkopf on Angel, and Callas *Medea* on Mercury.

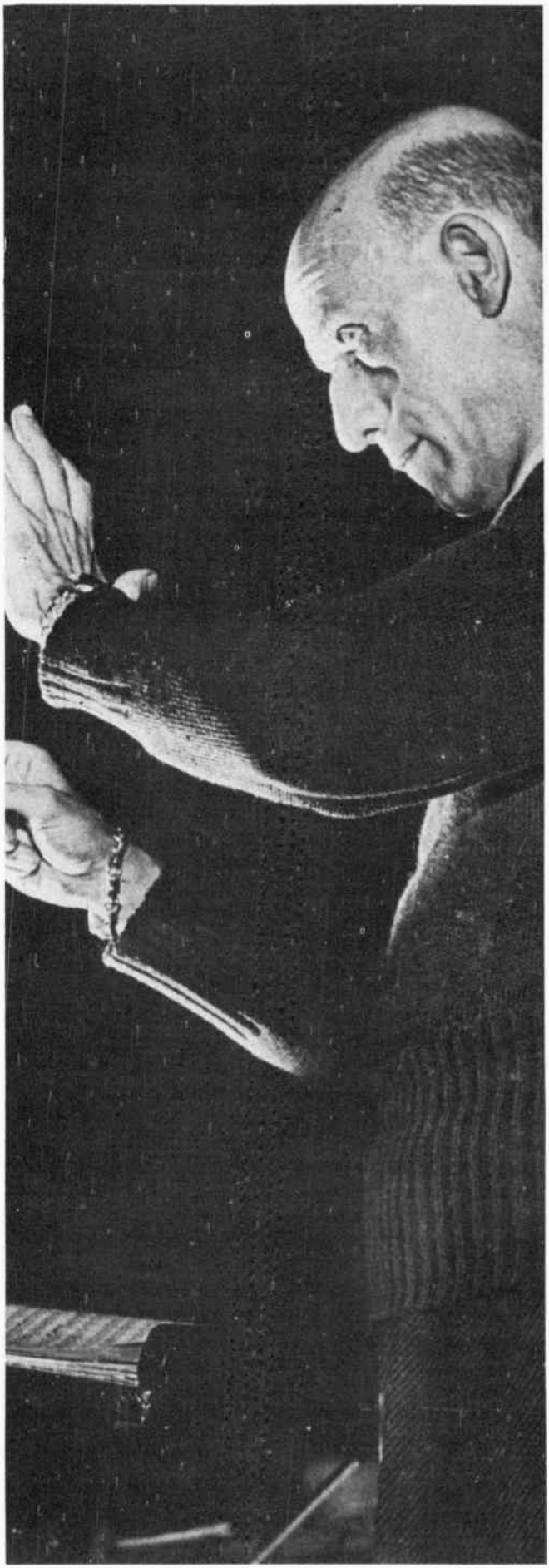
Major new works by "men of distinction" were produced (Vaughan Williams' *9th Symphony,* Stravinsky's *Lamentations;* Shostakovitch's *11th*), but younger composers also had their hours in the sun.

Among the most important new works were those commissioned by the Fromm foundation: a violin concerto by Andrew Imbrie, the *Quartet No. 2* by Leon Kirchner, Krenek's *Sestina,* Easley Blackwood's *Symphony No. 1,* and Elliott Carter's *Chamber Concerto.*

In general, there was no reversal of the trend of the last 40 years in music. Many of the most highly trained composers still were infatuated with mathematics and were pushing the serial idea into as many areas as possible (dynamic markings, meter, expression indications). And talented composers with neither the head nor the heart for such techniques (Menotti, Barber, et al) were being tempted more and more to take the path marked out by Kurt Weill, to popular music.

The concertgoing public, caring little for these internecene struggles, continued in 1958 to find its own solutions. Sol Hurok, who knows what the buying public wants to hear, for the first time brought under his concert banner a popular artist, Erroll Garner, whose jazz is neither so esoteric as jazz can be, nor so easily assimilable as ordinary popular music.

As in so many other instances, one was left wondering: Is this progress, or one more step toward the impoverishment of serious music?



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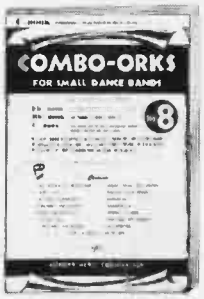

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Cantains: GOOD NIGHT SWEETHEART, STAIRWAY TO THE STARS, BE MY LOVE, HOT LIPS, STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY, BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE and 17 athers.

COMBO-ORKS No. 5

Cantains: RUBY, TEMPTATION, YOU ARE MY LUCKY STAR, TAKING A CHANCE ON LOVE, I'M SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD and 15 athers.

COMBO-ORKS No. 6

Cantains: EBB TIDE, LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT, IF I GIVE MY HEART TO YOU, CARA MIA, I NEED YOU NOW, THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN and 9 athers.

COMBO-ORKS No. 7

Cantains: LOVE IS A MANY-SPLENDORED THING, I'LL NEVER STOP LOVING YOU, SO RARE, SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE, WASHINGTON AND LEE SWING and 10 athers.

DIXIELAND FAVORITES COMBO-ORKS

Cantains: TIGER RAG, DARKTOWN STRUTTERS' BALL, JA-DA, CHINA BOY, RUNNIN' WILD, WABASH BLUES, WANG WANG BLUES and 7 athers.

MAMBOS FOR SMALL COMBOS

Cantains: MAMBO MOGAMBO, ONE O'CLOCK JUMP MAMBO, TIGER RAG MAMBO, GOOFUS MAMBO, NO CAN DO, MAMBOLINO and 9 athers.

RHYTHM FAVORITES COMBO-ORKS

Cantains: ARTISTRY IN RHYTHM, 720 IN THE BOOKS, PENNSYLVANIA 6-5000, FIVE O'CLOCK DRAG, DODGING A DIVORCEE, ELKS' PARADE and 9 athers.

WALTZ FAVORITES COMBO-ORKS

Cantains: LOVELIEST NIGHT OF THE YEAR, I'M SORRY I MADE YOU CRY, SLEEP, HONEST AND TRULY, THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING and 18 athers.

LATIN-AMERICAN FAVORITES COMBO-ORKS

Cantains: SIBONEY (Rumba), OYE NEGRA (Guaracha), CAE CAE (Samba), NO TE IMPORTE SABER (Cancian Balera), OLE OLE (Mamba) and 15 athers.

SQUARE DANCES AND POLKAS COMBO-ORKS

Cantains: Square Dances—TURKEY IN THE STRAW, LITTLE BROWN JUG. Polkas—FERRY-BOAT SERENADE, WHEN THEY PLAYED THE POLKA and 23 athers.

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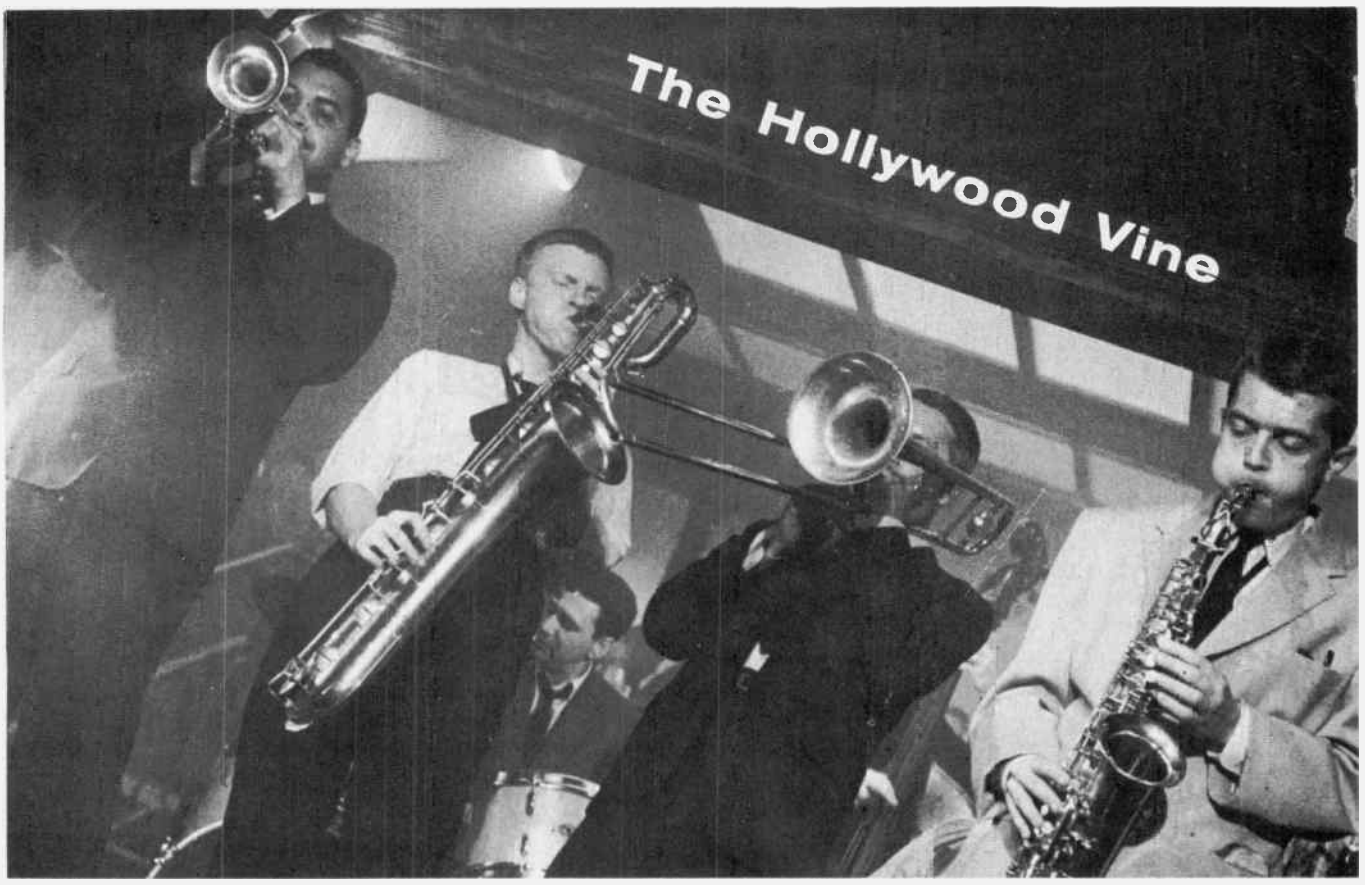

Mulligan and men in 'I want to Live'

By John Tynan

Thanks to a musicians' strike that lasted from February to mid-August, music in films was drastically curtailed in 1958.

For the American Federation of Musicians the year proved a stormy one. After contract negotiations collapsed in February between the AFM and the major production companies, the movie walkout began. It was a curiously timid labor action, however—a strike without banners, without picket lines, without any apparent militancy on the part of the federation.

When the deadlock was broken by the *coup d'etat* of the newly formed, rival Musicians Guild of America, nobody in the industry really was surprised—except, perhaps, the ostrich-like top officialdom of the AFM. For the first time in the history of organized labor, Hollywood's musicians were represented by a union other than the American Federation of Musicians.

The period between the start of the strike and the signing of new agreements with the MGA was an uncertain one for musicians and producers alike. For the musicians, uncertainty was sharpened when the federation's strike benefits expired and the economic going became pretty rough. The major studio producers, unable to foresee an imminent conclusion to the strike, began to ship their completed films to Mexico and Europe for underscoring.

With the signing of the guild contracts with all the major studios, however, there was a return to "normalcy" in Hollywood—with certain important guild concessions to the employers immediately attacked by the AFM.

But the die was cast and musicians employed in the major studios to work on films did so with the guild as bargaining agent.

It is not our purpose here to detail the pros and cons of this union squabble. Suffice to say that in August

'I Want To Live' Takes The Prize

For Use of Jazz in '58 Films

American musicians resumed work on American films. These were some of those pictures:

By far the most publicised even in its formative stages was Sam Goldwyn's production of *Porgy And Bess.* Originally engaged to direct the George Gershwin-DuBose Heyward opera was Rouben Mammoulian who had supervised the original stage presentation of the work. Then, after a bitter contretemps between the producer and Mammoulian, Goldwyn fired the latter and hired as new director Otto (*Man With The Golden Arm*) Preminger.

The pre-natal stage of *Porgy And Bess* was enveloped in more controversy than had grown about any film since the ill-fated Eisenstein production of *Que Viva Mexico!* back in 1932. Spokesmen for the Negro community in Los Angeles attacked the project as being basically Jim Crow. The Negro stars of the picture — Sidney Poiter, Pearl Bailey, Sammy Davis Jr., et al — defended Goldwyn, protested that stringent steps were being taken to strip the opera of whatever anti-Negro connotations it may have conveyed in the past.

Still in production at year's end, however, *Porgy And Bess* was not to be evaluated as a work of art — both esthetically and sociologically — until 1959 well worn.

Of all the musical films released in 1958 the biggest disappointment was *St. Louis Blues,* the Paramount production which purported to tell the story of the late "Father of the Blues," W. C. Handy.

Critics of the Hollywood way of doing things could not have found a better — or worse — example than this distortion of the life of a great Negro musician. Cast were Nat Cole as Handy, Pearl Bailey as his Aunt Hagar and Juano Hernandez as his preacher father. The best one can say about *St. Louis Blues* is that the music was good. Much of the source music in the film was played by an able combo comprising trumpeter Teddy Buckner, clarinetist Barney Bigard, trombonist George Washington, bassist-tubaist Red Callender, and drummer Lee Young.

While producer Robert Smith made no pretense of telling the true story of Handy's life (he made much of the terms "dramatic license" and "story values"), the liberties he took with the biographical material at hand were more to be censured than pitied.

The sole offering of Elvis Presley to the 1958 cinema was a melodrama titled *King Creole,* hailed by many movie critics of dubious allegiance as "his best performance to date." What this means in plan fact is that the Tupelo barefoot boy was not so obviously amateurish as in previous thespian endeavors. A top pop music personality — yes; an actor — no!

Just as last year's *Sweet Smell Of Success* contributed most to the use of jazz in motion pictures, the outstanding example of the same thing in 1958 also was a crime picture, *I Want To Live!*

With that, however, the comparison ends, because the difference in musical approach between Elmer Bernstein, who scored the former, and John Mandel, who composed the music for the latter, is qualitative. Basically, the difference appears to lie in the musical orientation of each composer. Bernstein's is classical; Mandel belongs to jazz.

The importance of Mandel's achievement in writing a wholly *jazz* underscore to complement the dramatic action in the photoplay assigned him should not be underestimated. He accomplished something that no motion picture composer before him had attempted and, in so doing, made cinema history. This is in no way intended to belittle the many fine jazz-based scores turned out in recent years by other movie composers. Indeed, the work of such musicians as Elmer Bernstein, Leith Stevens, Alex North, and Richard Markowitz did much to pave the way for the situation that made Mandel's accomplishment possible.

Once more, though, it must be stressed that Mandel made the *qualitative* leap from previous picture music, at best ersatz jazz-for-superficial-effect, of writing (and providing ample room for improvisation) an authentic modern jazz underscore.

The long delayed (by the musicians' strike) film of Red Nichols' life, *The Five Pennies,* finally got into production at Paramount in the fall. With Danny Kaye cast in the leading role, the picture promised fair to good box office rewards. Also spotted in prominent parts were musicians Ray Anthony ("Jimmy Dorsey"), Shelly Manne ("Davey Tough"), Bobby Troup ("Arthur Schutt"), and Louis Armstrong (himself).

In dramatic terms the film shaped up as a so-called "human interest" yarn. Heavy emphasis was placed on the polio affliction of Nichols' daughter, Barbara; little accent laid on the cornetist's true place in jazz.

Planned biopics which never did get rolling in 1958 were those of Gene Krupa, Wingy Manone, and Muggsy Spanier. Production on the first commenced at Columbia studios after the first of the year with cinemite Sal Mineo in the title role. According to producer Phil Waxman, the Krupa picture was to be ". . . an honest, dramatic story that's as authentic as possible. We'll tell Gene's story from his boyhood," Waxman told *Down Beat,* "and give full attention to the music and musicians connected with him through the years."

Apart from the productions noted there was little of significance jazzwise during 1958. Shelly Manne and His Men ad libbed an underscore for a juvenile delinquint epic titled at last count, *Switch Blade Gang;* although there were some negotiations on the projected Jelly Roll Morton Story, nothing was concluded; an independent production titled *Stakeout On Dope Street* was notable for its jazz-based underscore by Richard Markowitz.

In an unlikely twist, the war-and-romance movie, *Kings Go Forth,* which starred Frank Sinatra and Tony Curtis, featured a jam session scene in a Riviera bistro which rater higher in happy novelty than in true jazz value. While Curtis strutted his hot-stuff on trumpet (to Pete Candoli's soundtrack), he was accompanied by Red Norvo, vibes, Richie Kamuca, tenor; Jimmy Wyble, guitar; Red Wooten, bass, and Mel Lewis, drums. Lewis got caught in a date conflict the day of the filming, so Boone Stines was seen sidelining in the picture.

On the basis of his work in composing the jazz underscore to *I Want To Live!,* Johnny Mandel gets our award of the year for the most significant jazz contribution to motion pictures in 1958. At deadline there was considerable talk about an Oscar nomination for Mandel. Whether or not he is so honored, it is obvious that this ex-Basieite has *arrived* as a movie composer.

By Leonard Feather

Jazz Literature: 1958

Well, what kind of year has it been?

It was a year in which the avalanche of books on jazz was reduced to a dribble. Three of the works I mentioned last year as due for publication in 1958 failed to appear.

It was a year in which the lamented disappearance of one magazine (*Jazz Today*) was compensated by the birth of two new publications.

It was a year in which the literature of jazz once again reminded us of the inescapable fact that the critics are unable to control the tastes of the fans; of the year's 10 best-selling jazz albums, at least six — items by Ahmad Jamal, Erroll Garner, Andre Previn, Stan Kenton, and two by Jonah Jones — either were casually dismissed or completely ignored by many of the nationally read reviewers, including me.

It was a year of more jazz than ever before. And more jazz criticism. And, incredibly and regrettably, more criticism of jazz criticism.

This last development calls for a little explanation. Imagine, if you can, Irving Kolodin, called upon to review a new symphony, instead devoting a large proportion of his review to an attack on Winthrop Sargeant's report on Douglass Cross' review of it.

Imagine the drama critic of the *Women's Wear Daily*, assigned to cover last night's new play, using a sizable chunk of his footage denouncing Brooks Atkinson for having praised it; or Walter Kerr, in a piece on a new comedy, detouring into an attack on the *Women's Wear Daily* review.

Unbelievable, you may say; no reputable critic would stoop to such depths. Yet this is the kind of thing that went on, all year long, in the field of jazz writing.

Jazz: New Orleans, 1885-1957, by Samuel Charters, 167 pp. Walter C. Allen. $3

The New Yearbook of Jazz, by Leonard Feather, 187 pp. Horizon Press. $4.95

Jam Session, edited by Ralph J. Gleason, 319 pp. Putnam. $4.95

The Horn, by John Clellon Holmes, 243 pp. Random House. $3.75

Coúnt Basie and His Orchestra, by Raymond Horricks, 320 pp. Citadel. $4

The Jazz Makers, edited by Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff, 347 pp. Evergreen (paperback). $1.95

The Story of Jazz, by Marshall Stearns, 272 pp. New American Library (Mentor paperback). 50 cents

The Collector's Jazz, by John S. Wilson, 308 pp. Keystone (paperback). $1.45

Because this spectacle became increasingly distateful as the months went by, and because it is impossible to expect to find any jazz writer offering a completely objective appraisal of the work of any of his contemporaries, I do not intend to become entangled by citing chapter and verse. If I did, and if I began to express opinions about who was right and who was not in this imbroglio, I would be adding another link to a ridiculous chain.

For similar reasons I shall limit my comments on the year's new books to a factual report.

The year started with *Jam Session,* edited by Ralph Gleason, who himself contributed eight of the 36 pieces.

Among the book's contents are a short story by Elliott Grennard, *Sparrow's Last Jump,* based roughly on an incident in the life of Charlie Parker and previously seen in *Harper's* magazine (1947) and in the book *O. Henry Prize Stories for 1948;* a piece on Eddie Condon by George Frazier, and Lillian Ross' report in *The New Yorker* on a Newport jazz festival.

Jam Session received mixed but generally favorable reviews. Orrin Keepnews called it "a good though certainly not indispensable book."

John Wilson's *The Collector's Jazz,* subtitled *Traditional and Swing,* is the first of two such books; the second, due out in 1959, will be *Modern and Progressive.* The first book makes no attempt at a complete discography; it is simply a selection of LPs by a couple of hundred artists, arranged alphabetically, reviewed in Wilson's always readable and never pretentious style.

The Collector's Jazz received predominantly good reviews. Philip Elwood pointed out that "Wilson . . . at least can produce a laugh once in a while, and with a couple of words explain just *what* kind of horn this cat blows without going into a biography of his tin-whistle instructor on the streets of Biloxi."

My own *The New Yearbook of Jazz* contains a long chapter of excerpts from *The Blindfold Test* over the last eight years; a couple of hundred new biographies, including those of 30 jazz critics; about 50 photographs, most of them taken at various television jazz shows; my report on jazz U.S.A., 1956-58, as well as reports by Benny Green from England, Daniel Filipacchi from France, Jo Berendt from Germany, Carl-Erik Lindgren from Sweden, and chapters on hi-fi by Charles Graham, jazz and classical music by Bill Russo, and jazz and the other arts by Martin Williams.

John Hammond wrote the introduction. There are also various new or updated reference features such as musicians' addresses, record company addresses, bibliography, etc.

The New Yearbook of Jazz had not been sent out to reviewers as these words went to press.

Samuel B. Charters' *Jazz: New Orleans, 1885-1957,* is described as an index to the Negro musicians in New Orleans. Printed in offset, with photographs and early documents, it consists mainly of alphabetized biographies, under various periods (1899-1919, 1919-1931, etc.) of a large number of New Orleans jazzmen from the very famous, such as Louis Armstrong, to many completely obscure artists of whom I had never heard.

There is also considerable discographical information. For the collector who is completely dedicated to New Orleans jazz, this is a virtually indispensable work.

The Horn by John Clellon Holmes was the only work of fiction to appear during 1958 that could qualify as a jazz novel. In this very intense story of a musician named Edgar Pool (a composite of Charlie Parker and Lester Young) and a singer named Geordie Dickson (based unmistakably on Billie Holiday) there are clear indications of the author's love for jazz and its performers.

Whether he succeeded in getting inside them emotionally was the subject of disagreement among the critics. The New York *Times* and several other reviewers put *The Horn* down in fairly strong terms; Ralph Gleason, on the other hand, called it "a moving, terrifying story, written somewhat like a jazz solo itself, replete with inside jokes and references and fairly reeking of the jazz atmosphere."

Aside from the reissues in paperback editions of earlier publications, these five books were the only new ones to appear in this country during 1958. (A book on the Count Basie band, published the previous year in England and composed largely of biographical discographical data, became available here during the year.)

In October, two new jazz magazines made first appearances, the Nat Hentoff—Martin Williams-edited *Jazz Review* monthly, and Ralph Gleason's *Jazz* quarterly.

A healthy sign throughout the year was the increasing tendency of daily newspapers to give intelligent coverage to jazz records and events.

Gleason's San Francisco *Chronicle* column began to enjoy successful syndication. There were such admirable contributions as Bob Gustafson's review, in the *Christian Science Monitor,* of George Wein's festival at French Lick, Ind.; Wein's own column in the Boston *Herald,* and John McLellan's efforts, through his column in the Boston *Traveler,* to induce his readers to appreciate new and important jazz talents.

It is through the work of such men, in big-circulation papers, that the music itself will benefit directly. May the trend bloom and multiply during 1959.

The following books, both probably of interest to *Down Beat* readers, appeared too late for review here:

The Book of Negro Folklore, edited by Langston Hughes and Arna Bontemps. Spirituals, blues, stories, jazz—described as a cross section of folklore from slave days to the present. Dodd Mead; $6.50.

Folk Blues, by Jerry Silverman. A collection of 110 blues, many of them appearing in print for the first time, arranged for voice, piano, and guitar. Includes biographies of Leadbelly and Josh White et al, bibliography, discography, guitar chord diagram chart. 308 pages; Macmillan; $6.95.

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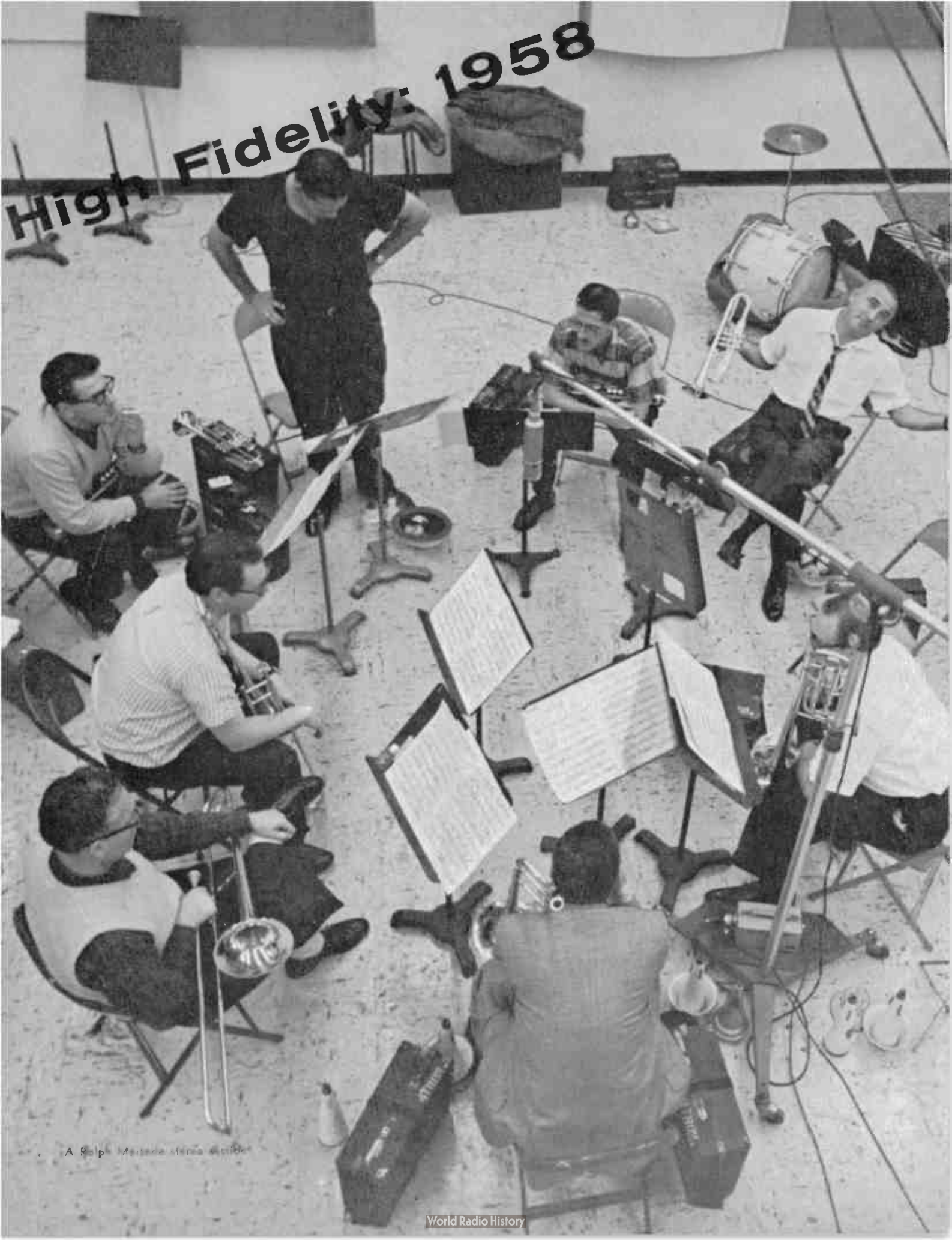

By Charles Graham

The story of 1958 in high fidelity is mostly the story of stereo's first big year.

A major step in the search for perfect reproduction, stereophonic recording and playback is not new. But new this year were the stereo disc; four-track, slow-speed tape; the tape cartridge, and other significant developments in high fidelity.

Stereo discs were invented almost 30 years ago in England but, for various reasons, forgotten until early 1957. Then English Decca (London) and a U.S. company called Westrex started reinvestigating stereo on discs, and in the fall of 1957 each demonstrated stereo disc recordings at the time of the annual Audio Engineering society meeting in New York, held along with the annual New York high fidelity show.

Experts, audio engineers, and musicians alike were far from amazed by the sound, comparing it as they were with the excellent (though expensive) two-track, 7½-inches-a-second stereo tapes already available then for more than two years.

The recording companies admitted there was much to learn but promised rapid progress.

London's system used a vertical-lateral groove, and Westrex had the so-called 45-45 approach. There were rumors of other stereo discs, yet unveiled, but said to be better than these two, which would use regular LP cartridges.

LP sales still were going well and besides, there was no equipment to play stereo discs on. Everyone agreed that precipitous action would be foolish. "No 33-45 battle for us again," they chorused.

But in the spring of 1958 an independent company, Audio Fidelity, got Westrex to record some of Audio Fidelity's repertoire on a stereo disc and distributed the disc throughout the industry and to the press.

Other record makers got a little nervous. LP sales had begun to fall off. Equipment people started rushing designs for 45-45 cartridges. The Record Industry association met and agreed to go ahead with 45-45. (This Westrex stereo disc-cutting system impresses two independent signals into one groove, each driving a cutting stylus at 45 degrees off the normal axis of the standard lateral-cut LP groove.) Feverish activity in the laboratories of record companies and cartridge makers produced improvements in discs, and by the summer of 1958 all major companies had indicated they would release stereo discs.

Electro-Voice scooped the field with a stereo cartridge. It was followed quickly by Fairchild, Pickering, and others. Amplifier makers doubled up their controls, and loudspeaker manufacturers started experimenting in their aneachoic chambers and in typical living rooms.

The New York high fidelity show of 1958 was keyed to stereo, and most of the 125 manufacturers featured stereo.

Today, the stereo disc is here, priced about a dollar more than similar LPs. Price-cutting already has started.

Louis Armstrong procticing in his den, records on o Norelco tope recorder with onother Norelco recorder supplying occomponiment through o Fisher omp ond AR-1 speoker behind him. The chonger is o Colloro, with o GE pickup.

Jazz figure Jahn Hammond adjusts volume on his Tandberg stereo tape machine. He added a Fisher amp, plus a second AR-2 speaker, to provide stereo from the heavy duty amp and speaker he already had.

The sound quality is variable and there's little agreement yet on microphone placement. Hence, one stereo recording provides much different sound from each channel, while the next sounds almost the same, achieving only the intended result—spaciousness, spread of sound source. Quality is improving every month however. There are fewer demonstrations and novelty effect records being issued, and more musical ones are appearing.

Taped stereo has been here for more than two years, but it's been expensive. The excellent sound has cost as much as $20 for an hour's recording (*West Side Story*), which on LP was only about $5.

In May, 1958, RCA Victor demonstrated its new tape cartridge, which makes playing tape (on a proper machine) easier than putting the needle down on a disc. This cartridge is designed for four-track playing at 3½ inches a second. These four-track, slow-speed tapes will be available for noncartridge machines also, and should be in wide use within eight to 10 months.

The price of stereo tape recordings thus has been brought close to that of stereo discs, though the cost of stereo tape machine machines will continue to be somewhat above that of stereo disc playing equipment. As of this writing, tape cartridge playing machines are yet to be seen in stores, but RCA promises them soon. Other

"Mother. He . . . he loves the phonograph more than he does me . . . since we got the JENSEN NEEDLES!"

Jazz critic Leonard Feather sets the needle down on his new Miracord turntable. His stereo cartridge is a GE; his amp is a Madison-Fielding stereo 320. His speakers are AR-2.

companies, such as Ampex, which co-operated in the development of the four-track tape, and Pentron, soon may lead with cartridge machines, too.

Every major manufacturer of phonograph record playing equipment has stereo models on the market now. Prices start at $100.

Stereo radio broadcasting also had a major break-through this year. Fewer persons as yet have stereo radio reception than have tape or disc stereo because of the relatively more complex setup required.

In addition to a great increase in the number of radio stations stereocasting over FM- and AM-affiliated transmitters, there are a number of FM-AM operations, and television-radio stereocasting is becoming more common every month.

Equipment for playing back stereo and monaural recordings continued to improve in 1958. Most high fidelity amplifiers now include a tape head position for plugging from a tape mechanism directly into the amplifier, allowing the use of simple clip-on adapters (cost $25) for stereo tape playing as well as the purchase of a tape machine *minus* electronics if one wishes to *play* tapes only.

Musicians and listeners today are turning over in their minds what to do about stereo and high fidelity for themselves, or already doing something about it.

(Continued on page 61)

J. C. Higginbotham, Red Allen, Sal Yaged, and Coleman Hawkins were among those blowing at the stereo mike setup for a Reeves Soundcraft stereo session in spring of 1958.

Bandleader Ralph Marterie is shown here directing his reed section on a year-end stereo session for Mercury Records.

Typical in the trend is Louis Armstrong, long a tape recording addict, who now carries two, not one, tape recorders on the road with him. Earlier this year, he bought a complete high fidelity setup for his den, including a 40-watt amplifier, new record player, magnetic pickup cartridge, and a high-quality loudspeaker. He currently is fighting what his friends say is a losing battle against technology, resisting putting in stereo. He's expected to give in before long.

John Hammond has had a components high fidelity setup for many years. Early this summer, he added an extra amplifier, speaker, stereo tape machine and a stereo FM-AM tuner to his system. Now he is getting it set up with a stereo phonograph record pickup also.

Leonard Feather, long a medium-fi man by his own account, has put in stereo. To his professional tape recorder he added a stereo tape head adapter. He put in a stereo amplifier, a new turntable, and stereo magnetic disc pickup. He added stereo speakers to complete his high fidelity stereo listening setup for reviewing records and conducting his *Blindfold Test* department.

Roy Eldridge, for years an amateur electronics hobbyist, assembled and wired a 50-watt amplifier kit as the heart of an elaborate high fidelity listening and recording system for his home. His setup includes a professional disc recording turntable and cutting lathe, a three-speed tape recorder (still monaural but to be converted soon), FM-AM tuner, changer, and monitor speaker. Those are in the small control room he built off his large basement game room, which will serve as the recording studio. In the studio he also has the main listening loudspeaker, a 15-inch coaxial job mounted in a rear-loaded horn almost big enough to hide in.

The trend is expected to continue.

A reduction in the size of very-high-quality loudspeakers is expected. There used to be a rule of thumb: "the bigger the box the better the bass." But several years ago two amateurs developed the R-J loudspeaker, which provided considerable bass response from a very small enclosure.

There are numerous imitations of the R-J principle, as well as other similar developments. The most important of these was the invention of the Acoustic Suspension by the Acoustic Research Co. The AR series of loudspeakers has set new standards, for excellent bass sound using small enclosures. AR now has licensed another company, KLH, to make speakers using the same principles.

And major speaker companies have given tacit approval to the success of these small companies by coming out with their own "suspension" systems. These small, excellent-sounding speakers are improvements over previous loudspeakers and rival AR, KLH and R-J in size. Prices are up correspondingly, too.

Another notable trend was observed this year when three major speaker makers came out with stereo speaker systems all using a single bass woofer for the low notes of *both* stereo channels.

In each case the lower frequencies from each stereo channel are mixed together and sent into the listening room through one low-frequency

speaker, while the stereo separation is maintained by using separated tweeter speakers for the midrange and high notes. The various systems are identified as *Stereoflex* by University, as *Stereon* by Electro-Voice, and as *Stereodot* by Stephens.

Most amplifier makers are ready with dual stereo amplifiers. These may be either two complete preamp controls and power amplifiers, all on one chassis, or dual preamp controls, on one chassis with power amps on one or two other chassis.

Such combined units cost somewhat less than two identical monaural amplifiers of the same quality. However, many high fidelity listeners are converting by adding onto existing components systems. For these persons there are now several excellent stereo control units at prices from $10 to $25. These small units have one or two knobs and one to three switches that allow a variety of choices useful in stereo listening, in addition to simultaneous volume control of both channels.

Foreshadowing further development in better reproduction were two similar exhibits at the high fidelity show of 1958. These were showings of electrostatic loudspeakers, long conceded by most to provide the nearest approach to reality in sound.

Until now, only the tweeters have been practical, and they have cost from almost $100 to more than $200 —without woofer units for the bass notes.

At the show this year a small manufacturer showed some excellent units in several different shapes and sizes, for reproducing both high notes *and* bass frequencies. The maker, Wright St. George Laboratories of Cambridge, Mass., was joined at the show by the biggest manufacturer of electrostatic tweeters to date, Neshaminy Electronics. This company showed a full-range unit also but was not prepared to go into production yet. It is certain that there will be more and more of these units as time goes on, and at lower prices.

Stereo broadcasting, under way now at upwards of 50 radio stations for varying hours each week, took another step forward in 1958. The Federal Communications commission approved several applications for experimental broadcasting by Crosby-Compatible multiplex signals by FM stations.

At the same time, several high fidelity manufacturers, including Madison-Fielding, Harmon-Kardon, and Karg Laboratories brought out adapters that make it possible for standard FM tuners to receive two multiplex FM programs from one station. This is almost certainly the stereocasting method of the future, and we will see more of this method in the coming year. Current prices for five-tube adapters is $50.

An interesting unit produced commercially at the beginning of the year was the crystal-controlled FM tuner that Karg brought out at $185. This unit has only one control, a rotary switch that chooses any of six to 10 FM stations—no tuning, no mistuning, just snap the switch.

There are a number of terms in current use that may be unfamiliar to many. The more useful of those commonly employed are briefly explained:

Binaural—Two-eared, as *monaural*

means one-eared. A form earlier than stereo, now unused commercially, that required headphone listening. The word is still some times misused to describe stereo.

Woofer—An eight-10, 12- or 15-inch loudspeaker unit intended for reproduction of bass notes only. Usually handles frequencies from the bottom, 20 to 30 cycles, up to a high of perhaps 400 to 1,000 cycles.

Tweeter—May be a small cone speaker, three to five inches in size, or a small horn unit. Handles frequencies from the top, 15 to 20 kilocycles, down to a low limit from 1,000 to 5,000 cycles. Often a mid-range unit, sometimes also called a *squawker,* may handle from 400 to as high as 5,000 cycles.

Compatible — Stereo *pickups* are compatible. That is, they may be used for either stereo discs or regular LPs. A few record companies at first said their stereo *discs* were compatible, that is, could be played with regular LP cartridges as well as stereo units. This was found to damage the stereo qualities after a few playings and is not recommended.

Amplifier—The electronics required to amplify a small signal, such as that made by a phonograph pickup, tape head or tuner, so as to drive a loudspeaker enough to produce audible sound. A complete home audio amplifier includes the *power amplifier,* also called a *basic amplifier,* as well as the preamplifier control section.

Control Amplifier—The electronic equipment that includes tone controls, filters, function selector switch, and, incidentally, the preamplifier tube(s) for magnetic pickup heads. Often today called *preamp,* an acceptable misnomer.

Preamplifier — Properly applied, this is the one (or two) tube(s) that takes the signal from a tape or phonograph pickup or microphone and builds it up to sufficient strength for the basic amplifier. It has come to be used to indicate also the control amplifier. Elaborate preamps are often called, by their makers, control consoles or master audio controls.

Tuner—Most often an FM tuner or an FM-AM tuner. It delivers a small audio signal to the audio amplifier. The garden variety five-tube table radio includes both an AM tuner and a two-tube audio amplifier.

Photo from Hi-Fi Music at Home (March, 1958)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG IN HIS DEN, EDITING TAPE

(Note his AR-2 loudspeaker at the left)

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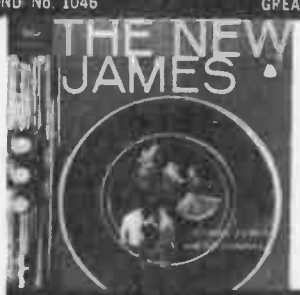

HARRY JAMES THE NEW JAMES No. 1037

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BILLY MAY'S BIG FAT BRASS No. 1043

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Capitol STEREO
THE FULL SPECTRUM OF SOUND

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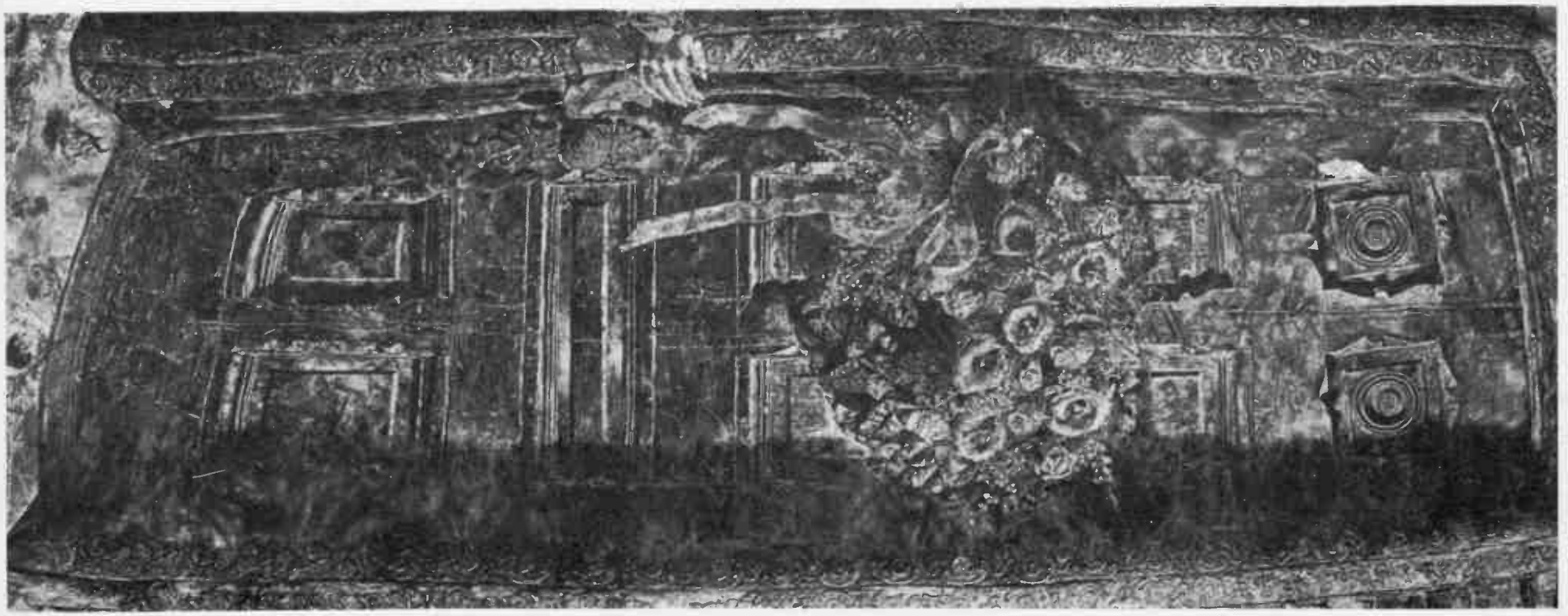


That Which I should Have Done I Did Not Do. By Ivan Le Lorraine Albright/Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago.

A Way Of Life

By Frank London Brown

It was the first time I'd heard the hall being vacuumed. Its buzz over the worn runner outside the door was very soft and unmusical as it clashed with that one record playing over and over again: *Old Folks* by Sonny Stitt.

The guy in the room next door was either dead or asleep or hung up. At any rate he let that record play over and over again. I'd heard it when I reached Charlie's room at three o'clock that morning and now it was still playing later in the morning.

Charlie said. "I wonder are those floogies coming?"

Charlie was dying.

"Yeah, Charlie," I said, "They'll be here. You know how it is this time a'night."

Me and Charlie drove Chess cabs. That is 'til people started getting out of his cab when he had those coughing fits—'til he couldn't get out of bed this morning. 'Til his chest started hurting him every time he breathed. Then he had to quit.

Then he had to get the maid to call me.

There it was again — all over again — *Old Folks* — mournful, sad *Old Folks*.

Charlie hated music. His ex-wife, he'd said once, loved music.

Charlie's bony jaws and black-circled eyes, so watery, blotted out any picture of how he had looked before.

It seemed that he'd always looked this way — deathly.

"I wonder when are them floogies coming."

Charlie was dying.

Everything about him said so. His neck, thin and purple, jutted upward into the black shadow underneath his sunken chin — and those eyes!

Old Folks got louder as fewer and fewer cars passed down Cottage Grove, and fewer and fewer laughs and good-byes echoed down the street below.

The early bird bus hissed by and faded behind that stammering wailing alto of Sonny Stitt. It sounded like it was in the room with us.

Charlie's bed was near the window, and the light from the tavern downstairs clicked off, leaving only the hard blue of the street lights just below the window to keep the room from being completely dark.

The bed had four high posts on each corner, with heavy varnished knobs like fists sticking straight up. And in the corner, Charlie's suit hung halfway off the dresser.

A soft wind stirred, and Charlie started coughing. I hated to see him cough. I looked around his bed for the coffee can he'd been spitting the blood in.

It was at the head of the bed. Charlie was at the foot.

I put it near the foot of the bed.

Charlie wheezed and gagged, and *Old Folks* had started again—louder this time.

A honk honked outside. Charlie spat blood at the can —he missed.

Somebody in the street said, "I said pay me my money ——————————!"

Charlie gagged and twisted over on his stomach. His head hung off the side of the bed down toward the coffee can.

I patted his back—lightly. That didn't help.

Charlie rolled over on his back and looked up at the ceiling. He looked awful.

"I wonder are them floogies coming."

"I wish I had money for a cab, Charlie."

He didn't answer me. I don't think he knew I was there.

Old Folks ended and for a few seconds while the rejector worked, I could hear the clash of the elevator cables across the hall. The elevator door opened, then closed.

Old Folks started up again. Nobody knocked on the door.

Charlie's eyes were closed. *Old Folks* was very loud now.

It swelled like church music. The bass beat with the beat of my heart.

The brushes on the snare drum, the bittersweet chords of the piano—all of it rose as a smell. I felt drunk on it.

The room seemed waterlogged with *Old Folks*.

Even the hall light from under the door seemed to wave and wobble as though a great heat wave was spreading from wherever that music was coming.

The world seemed alive with *Old Folks*.

Charlie hated music. It seemed a shame that his last moments, his last affair with life should be a room full, a world filled with Sonny Stitt playing *Old Folks*.

It poured into me—into Charlie like an invisible flow of life—sad, lonely, painfully, but nevertheless life.

Charlie seemed to be dead.

Somebody knocked on the door.

I got up to open it.

"Somebody here s'posed to go to the hospital?"

"There he is."

They rolled him over the edge of the bed onto the stretcher.

"What took you floogies so . . ."

He coughed and gagged and got blood all over the stretcher.

They carried him past the room where *Old Folks* was playing. It was so beautiful.

I could still hear it when we reached the wagon downstairs with its doors swinging open.

"Charlie?"

I laid my hand on his chest.

He opened his eyes wide and rolled his head toward me. He smiled and said, "I ain't gon' die. I wanted to —up there." He lifted his eyes upward to where his room was and said, "But he played so goddamned pretty didn't he? I ain't leavin' here!"

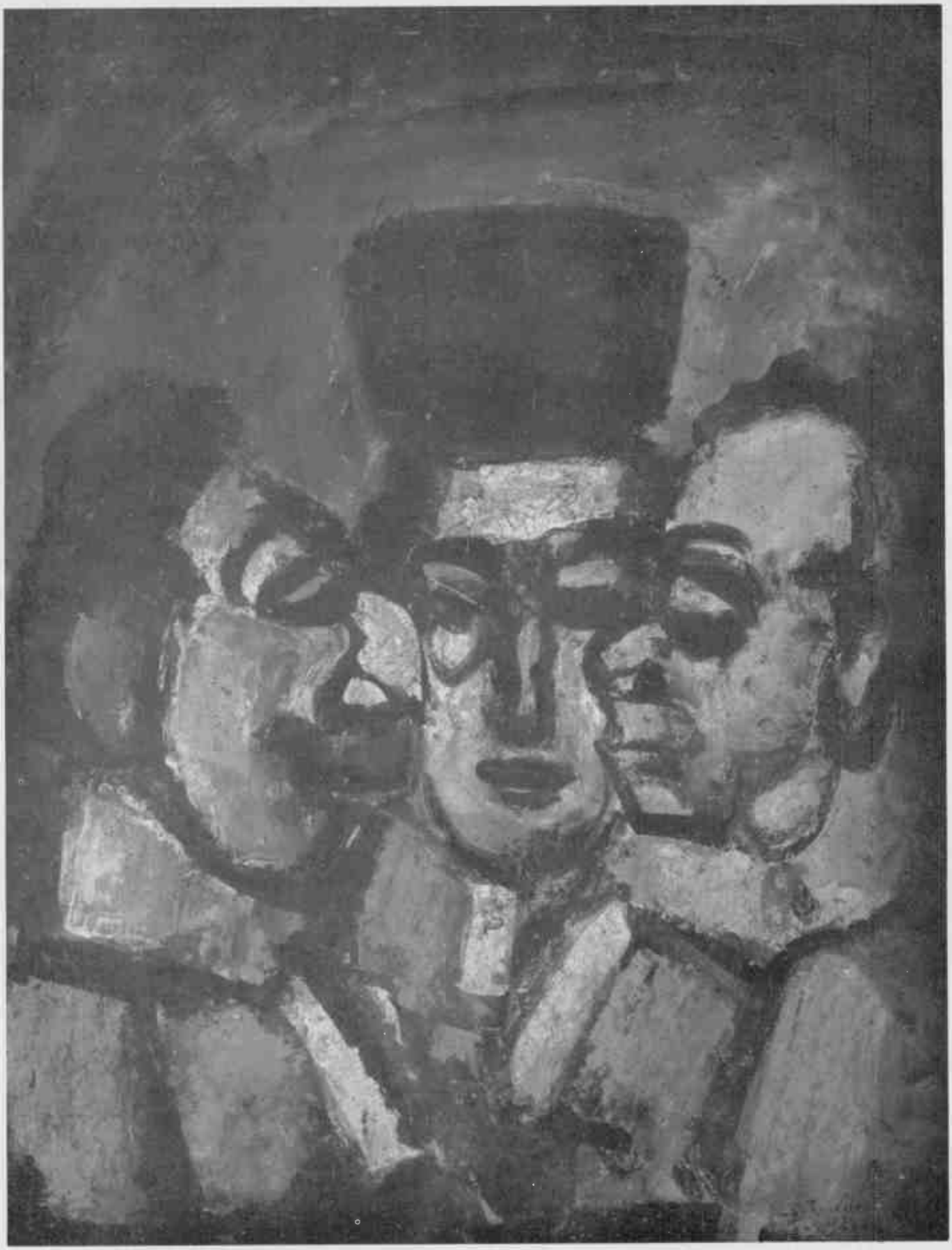
I looked at his hands sticking out from under the sheet that covered him. His fists were clenched—tightly.

Old Folks had started over again.

The wagon started off with a growl.

I went to the corner of 63rd and Cottage to wait for the streetcar.

I could hear *Old Folks* all the way down to where I was standing.



The Three Judges. By Georges Rouault/Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Marx.

Dogs Don't Always Eat Dogs

Cats And Dogs Don't Always Mix Well

By Ed Sachs

"I ain't gonna back no dog act," said Remo Alberti, the tiny, stocky drummer and leader of the Remo Alberti jazz trio. "I don't care if we lose this job, I ain't going to play no cues for no poddle."

Moose Marcune, the bass player, peered down from his basketball player's height at the drummer. "I had a dog once. It was named Duke."

"When I was on the road with bands," said Remo, ignoring Moose, "I worked with a dog act in Scranton. And they were always leaking on my drums. I'm the leader of this trio, and I've got all the responsibilities. You sidemen don't have to worry. And I say I ain't going to play with dogs."

"Cats are more of a challenge to the creative personality," said Seth Reed, the piano player in the trio. He cleaned his glasses and returned them to his nose. "Under no conditions can a cat be dominated."

"I never seen a cat act," said Moose. "But it wouldn't be bad. Cats is cute."

"Cats is cute," echoed Remo in disgust. "When are you going to grow up? You're bigger than a house now and you still talk like you were a kindergartner. I bet you'd like to have a little kitty cat for a pet."

A shapely teenager walked by the lunch room where the trio was having their breakfast. "That's what I'd like to have," said Moose, pointing at her.

"No dog acts," said Remo slapping Moose's hand. "That is, if you can remember what I was talking about."

Harry Olivetti, owner of the Sons of Fun Niteclub, where the trio was the house band, listened to Remo's complaints. "Business has been bad, Alberti. No kidding, I'd show you my books, but they ain't here. Business is so bad it's stinking up the joint. So I talked to my associates and we're going to have outside acts on the weekends."

"But dog acts," protested Remo. "You'll destroy the atmosphere of this place. No kidding, Harry, I'm telling you. We're getting the college kids here because they know they can hear live jazz. If you get an outside act for the weekends, get someone they want to hear."

"Like who?"

"Strippers," suggested Moose. "Man, they'll go out of their heads for strippers."

"Out," said Remo, holding open the door to Olivetti's office. "Out."

After Moose had left, Remo continued to talk about the importance to the Sons of a jazz-oriented policy.

"Sorry," said Olivetti. "I listen to the cash register."

The act was called Parker's Pooches, and they had once appeared on the Ed Sullivan television show. Parker, a husky former acrobat, mentioned the appearance several times—Seth kept count, and it was seven during the first half-hour—as the trio rehearsed with him.

"He's an example of a man fooled by the myth he has helped create," Seth explained to Moose. "Sullivan is nothing. He is little more than an announcer. But he exploits the other talent by introducing them. This is a very psychiatric scene—introduction—and the talent doesn't resent it. It's sort of a father image reaction. Parker is proud that he was introduced by Sullivan. Get it?"

"Dig the dogs," said Moose. "See that little bulldog, all hunched up and looking sad and tough? Man, I'm going to call him Johnny Hodges."

"The one that keeps wagging and grinning and sort of staggers around the stage, he looks like Lawrence Welk," Remo said.

"Dig the white one with the brown spots," said Moose. "Boy is he a stupid looking mutt."

"That dog has been harshly treated," said Seth. "Notice how he shivers and keeps his tail under his legs."

"Somebody gave him a going over," said Remo.

"Maybe he's got worms," said Moose. The other two looked at him in disgust. So he tuned his bass.

During the first show Friday, the little white dog with brown spots missed his cue several times, but the others, reacting like human performers, seemed to cover up for him.

A Small White Finds Friends Of Barks

"Man, Spotty goofed," said Moose. "He was suppose to carry the flag across the stage in his mouth. But he didn't."

"That dog likes our music," said Remo. "When we were doing the blues all the other mutts just sat there, but he kept looking around. Even wagged his tail."

"I noticed that," said Seth. "He didn't seem so scared when we were playing."

"What could I do so he wouldn't be scared?" asked Moose.

"If you would wear a mask, I think we'd all feel more secure," said Seth.

The second show was a fiasco. The little spotted dog wet the floor, and the audience's laughter startled and confused the other dogs. Parker was angry, and as the little dog fled back to his chair in shame, Parker hit him with the small rod he always carried. The blow left a welt on the dog's leg.

"Man," said Moose. "I don't like that. So the little dog did his business. How's he suppose to know he's not suppose to? It takes human beings five or six years to learn."

"Let me handle this," said Remo. "I'm the leader." But as he left the bandstand he gave Moose a friendly pat on the arm.

"Parker," said Remo, "I don't like dog acts anyway, but I don't think you should hit the dogs with that little rod. It gets very bad audience reaction."

Parker took a step toward Remo, and the drummer realized that the trainer was even more powerfully built than Remo had suspected.

"Maybe you ought to mind your own business," said Parker, putting his face down close to the drummer's. "One of the things that is upsetting the dogs is your music. This isn't Birdland, you know. Give us a regular, steady beat."

"Get back on the stand, Remo," said Olivetti. "Parker, I want to see you in my office. You're stinking up the joint."

Saturday at the first show, the spotted little dog was missing. It upset Moose so much that he couldn't concentrate on the music and he threw the timing off for the trio. This in turn seemed to upset the dogs.

"Where do you think Spotty is?" Moose hissed across the stage to Remo.

"In some butcher shop by now, cut up for luncheon meat," whispered back Remo. "Stick to the music, Moose, forget the dog."

"That Parker has a paranoid's expression," said Seth. "I've been watching him. Parker has only surface contacts with reality."

"He keeps those dogs all cooped up in a trailer behind the club," said Moose. "Poor Spotty."

After the first show, there was a conference in Olivetti's office The owner was angry, but Parker was almost out of control. Twice he tried to hit Remo who ducked behind Olivetti.

"That little drumming ape is ruining my act," he said. "Where the music is supposed to go dah, dah, dah, he went dah, dah. Those dogs need three counts to get across the stage in the house-building number. These crums only played two."

"You shouldn't be so mean to Spotty," said Moose.

The others in the room looked at the big bass player, and Olivetti said something to Remo.

"Why don't you take five, Moose?" said Remo. "Be a good fellow and go outside."

"Now," said Olivetti, "you're stinking up this joint, Parker. Ed Sullivan or no, you're stinking up my joint."

"This joint stinks to start," said Parker. "Jazz musicians and beer drinkers. That's what you go here. A class

Spotted Hound In The World And Blues

act wouldn't touch this sewer."

"I'm proud of this place," said Olivetti. "I want you to know I belong to the Kiwanis club. I'm a legitimate businessman. I built up this joint by serving clean food and honest drinks, and no dog trainer is going to tell me different. I give the people good entertainment . . ."

"Built on jazz music," said Remo from behind Olivetti.

"Yeah," said Olivetti, thrown off stride by the interruption, "jazz music."

"America's only pure art form developed in this country," said Seth from the door. "We didn't do it taking away the dignity of inarticulate animals, making them wear costumes and aping human behavior just so some exploiter like you could get an annuity."

"I'm walking out," said Parker, overwhelmed by numbers. "I'm taking my dogs out of here."

"Get out, boys," said Olivetti, picking up the telephone. "We'll see about that, Parker. I'm calling the union, and we'll see whether you're walking out or getting tossed out."

"Well," said Remo, winking at Seth as they walked back to the stand. "Leave it to the old leader. Did you see how I set up that whole thing? Just get them fighting among themselves."

"Divide and conquer," said Seth. "No more dog acts."

"I told you," said Remo, sitting behind his drums, "they're the worst thing that can happen to you, even worse than a girl singer."

Moose was fiddling with his bass, and Remo gave him a friendly little nod. "Come on, kid," said the leader. "Let's rock." And the Remo Alberti jazz trio was off on a moving, driving set.

Olivetti passed by the band stand to tell the trio that he had paid off Parker and that the new policy of outside acts was canceled. "And lay off that damn big drum," he said to Remo. "This is a small room, and we gotta play softer."

"Wonder what happened to Spotty?" said Remo at the break. "Poor little pooch was kinda cute."

"He's all right," said Moose looking behind his bass. "I got him in a little basket, and he's keeping time with his tail."

"Man," shouted Remo, jumping up and holding his head in both hands. "They'll get you for dognapping."

"He was all beat up and lying in the alley," said Moose. "So I took him in, and nobody's going to take him away." He turned and glared at Remo.

Seth inspected the little dog. "We better get him some meat after the show. I know a Kosher delicatessen that's open late. Might get him some lox. Sea food has many health-giving qualities."

"Where is he going to live?" asked Remo. "Where is the money going to come for his dog food, his license, flea powder? He'll need a blanket in the winter and who's going to take him walking in the morning? You guys are just sidemen. You don't ever look at the responsibilities of the proposition. I'm the leader of this here trio, and I'll have to do all the worrying."

"You guys holding a convention up there?" hissed Olivetti from the floor. "I'm paying you for music."

"Troubles," said Remo, picking up his sticks. "Always troubles."

"Well, it's better than a girl singer," said Seth, smiling over at Remo.

"Let's play something up-tempo and happy," said Moose. "Come on, Remo, let's have some fun."

Remo hunched over his drums. "Leaders don't have fun," he said, and they were off on a lilting, modern version of a show tune. Remo was getting a new effect with his cymbals and he began to smile as the tail, protruding from behind Moose's bass flicked from side to side. "But," he announced, "we get our jollies now and then just like everybody else."

The Red Armchair. By Pablo Picasso/Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Saidenberg.

By Leonard Feather

Let's face it, in this business you gotta get lucky. You can work all your life, and if the right situation don't arise, like if a big booking agent or bandleader don't hear you in the right place at the right time, you may go to your grave and nobody will ever know you were here.

On the other hand, you might be like Frankie Wood and have none of the talent and all the luck.

Nobody, not even Frankie, is going to tell you that he's the world's greatest trumpet man or that I can't blow rings around him. He just happened to have a hit record. It was the one where I took a solo and everybody thought it was him—and, of course, he did nothing to disillusion them. Well, that's show business. But I had to give Frankie credit for one thing. He felt obligated to me, and after he'd copied my solo off the record so he could blow it himself when we played one-niters, I guess he felt he owed me a favor.

You Gotta Get Lucky

There's Something About Luck That Makes It Quite Essential

One thing, Frankie just didn't know how to handle money. So when *Take It Away* had sold its first hundred thousand and the band was one of the agency's hottest properties, he had me sort of double as his road manager and let me pretty much take charge of the band.

Frankie never was much of a cat to know how to deal with success either. Often acted like he wished he'd never had a hit record and would rather run for cover than sign autographs. He was even too busy to take care of Helene.

The way I got in the band, Helene Wynn had heard me on a couple of jazz combo records I made, and it seems she flipped over them and recommended me to Frankie.

Even though she didn't know me personally at that time, I guess she'd seen me work in a few spots, and I often wondered whether she didn't have a sort of secret yen for me in the first place and whether that didn't have more than a little to do with her getting me the job in the band.

Anyhow, by the time I joined, which was shortly before we recorded *Take It Away,* Helene had been in the band a couple of months. Now, normally when you have a setup where the bandleader is a big new star and the girl singer is unattached, a tie-up is like par for the course. But it often seemed to me that Frankie was just plain busy. I'm hip he wasn't queer; just didn't seem to have time for the chicks. So it was a natural thing, when he got too busy, he would sick Helene on me.

I didn't mind it one bit. Vocally, Helene wasn't the greatest since Ella, not by a mile; but she was stacked,

and even though it looked like I was going to have trouble getting to first base, she did let me spend plenty of time with her between sets and after the gig. She liked to nip a little, too. And as the evenings went by I sensed a kind of closeness between me and her that she could never have with Mr. Liver Lips.

Well, one night we'd both had a few when I started to draw her out a little about Frankie.

"You know," I said, "for a cat with no talent he sure is about the luckiest jerk in the music business."

"There's more to success than just luck," she said. "Sometimes you can work things so luck heads your way."

"You think I ought to cut out and start my own band?"

"That takes capital. Wait until you've built yourself a little backlog and then things will be ready to jump."

The way she said it, I got the impression that I wouldn't have to jump alone.

Next day, Frankie called me over while we were riding on the band bus to the gig in Camden. "I'm sick and tired of seeing guys late for the job and late on the stand and wearing dirty shirts and getting juiced on the job," he said. "What we need in this band is a solid system of fines."

I didn't tell him that what we really needed, to give this band any morale at all, was a leader who knew how to blow his nose.

"Work out your own system," he went on, "and we can use the fines toward buying new arrangements."

That evening I wanted to talk over the idea with Helene but couldn't find her. "She left a message for you on the tape recorder," said Sid Barris, the bass man.

We had a small portable that we carried around with us in the bus. Frankie never used it, but some of us would fool around with it to play back our practice sessions. I turned it on in the back of the bus and Helene's voice said, "Joe, I'm waiting for you at the Hotel Adams, Room 413. Meet me there at 1:30 tonight."

We met. We talked, etc. It was what you might call a productive session.

Next day, the fine system went into effect. The guys were to be fined for lateness, sloppy clothes, or any infraction of band discipline. It was a thorough, complete program, and by the time it had been in effect a week, with me in charge of levying all fines and deducting them from the salaries on payroll night, I was the most hated cat in the band.

To make it look legit, I even fined Helene a couple of times, and once I made an ostentatious bit of fining myself when I arrived for a stage show five minutes late.

Well, this kind of thing is great in a band that can afford to lose and replace men, but by the end of a couple of months or so, the turnover in personnel had become alarming. Cats were quitting like rats. And the kitty in the little strong box Helene had bought, for us to put our fine-money in, already had upwards of a thousand bucks in it.

What made things rough around this time was that the band never did find a follow-up to that hit record. The nine-day wonder of the Frankie Wood band faded fast, and bookings weren't as easy to get as they had been when that solo of mine on *Take It Away* helped to make us hot.

Helene and I got to talking about it. Sometimes we'd be together, or sometimes—if Frankie had to take her along for a personal appearance or have her on his arm as window dressing at a radio or television show—she would leave messages for me on the tape recorder.

One night it was a brief but highly significant message: "Joe, we better desert this ship before it really sinks. Go over to Irving's tomorrow, get him together with Kitty, and let's get ready."

A Hit Record . . . And Luck . . . And No Talent At All, Were Frankie's Assets . . .

But Frankie Was Ready When He Was Cued, And He Made His Move

Irving's was our pet name for a bank where I'd been building up a small account; Kitty, of course, was the strong box. We had already figured that between Irving and Kitty, we had it made. Anytime we felt ready we could be in Europe overnight, where they already knew about me—in fact, it was a continental magazine that had first exposed the fact that I was the one who played the solo on *Take It Away*.

Next day, I dropped in on Irving, drew out everything and added it to our little pile in the strong box. I figured we couldn't wait much longer; Frankie's star was fading fast. We were due to play in New York that night, a gig in the Bronx, so this was the perfect time for the getaway. I told Helene to have all her clothes ready and we'd be at International airport within an hour after the gig.

The strong box, which I usually kept in my hotel room, was never far away during those last frantic hours. Before going in to the gig, I left it under one of the rear seats of the bus, in the dark.

As a finishing touch, I recorded a little farewell message to Frankie. "This is going to come as a shock to you," I said, "but you're going to have to dream up your own solos from now on. By the time you hear this, Helene and I will be 4,000 miles away from that no-good, out-of-tune horn of yours, and we'll be lining up talent for our own all-star continental band. Sorry, old man, but too much is enough."

I wrote out a note suggesting to Frankie that he play the tape, left the machine right up front in the bus where he usually sat, and then got out, locked the bus, and ran off to the gig. Helene was to meet me at the bar and grill right across the street from where the bus was parked, and from there we were to take a cab to the airport.

Frankie usually played all but the last set, leaving it to me to play all his parts while he spent the final half-hour either socializing with the crowd or signing autographs or going home early.

On this particular night, he missed the last two sets, but we sure didn't miss him. I would have pointed this out to Helene, but we don't usually have any vocal numbers on the last set or two, so she wasn't around. Anyhow, after the gig I dashed out wildly to the bus before anybody else could even pack up his horn.

The bus was unlocked, which was weird, because I could have sworn I remembered locking it, and nobody but Frankie had another key.

I rushed inside and felt under the seat where I'd left the strong box. Nothing. I looked in the bar and grill. No Helene in sight.

I combed every inch of the bus, winding up at the seat where I'd left the tape recorder. Some instinct made me turn it on.

But I didn't hear my own voice talking back to me. I heard Frankie's. "Hi, Joe," he said. "Just wanted to say thanks for everything and so long. And now, a word from our mutual friend."

Helene's voice was clear as glass and cold as steel:

"I got you on this band because we needed somebody to give Frankie ideas for his solos," she said. "It worked out just fine. And speaking of fines, thanks for your contributions and your hard work. Our duplicate key fits perfectly.

"I can't tell you where we'll be when you hear this, but one thing's for sure; we'll be thousands of miles away from all those problems with the booking agency.

"You'll find three clean shirts in the back of the bus. 'Bye for now, and thanks again for the honeymoon present."

Like I say, in this business you gotta have luck. And I guess Frankie Wood has a monopoly.

The Guitarist. By Pablo Picasso/Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago. Helen Birch Bartlett Memorial Collection.

Time Of The Blue Guitar

Zabe Was The Champ, But Now Billy Was Gone And Zabe Didn't Know It

(Robert Eskew's Time of the Blue Guitar *is reprinted from the Spring-Summer, 1958 edition of* Coastlines *magazine. It appears here with the permission of that publication.)*

By Robert Eskew

It was reading about Billy getting killed that way that brought it all back. I don't know whether I thought about Billy first or Zabe. I guess it was Zabe because he was still alive somewhere and Billy was dead. A lot of things had been dead for a long time and Billy was the last chance to bring them alive again. But the whole thing was charcoal now. Billy, the box, the amp, the whole sound, the source. So much accidental charcoal. The fire had burned and now it was out. Billy was dead smoke, split for good, and the rest was a handful of quiet ashes.

Zabe wouldn't know about it for a while and I thought about him, wherever he was, and I could see it like it was Cinemascope and I was front row. A piano bar with a bunch of drab drunks soaking at the edge, gulping that fantastic little printed card like it was a straight shot of 100 proof International Celebrity. An ounce and a half of lie, out of bond. The Duke says. Johnny Green says. Twentieth says. The world agrees. Mr. Ten Fingers of 1954. Mr. Down Beat of '55. The gods agree. Who needs Bartok or the other B's or even Gershwin? Zabe the champ and not a challenger in the house.

See the hands now, bored with the keys, opening three bars in on the most ancient standard, stealing the bridge

or skipping it, doodling in fear before the hang-up of a clean close. No song, no tune, no beat. Nothing but a scared background for the voice leaking out like so much frustrated gas about the cork of a fat cigar.

'Just killin' it, Dad, so don't look for nothin'. Group scene's the only thing that swings. Got me a boy, see. On the coast. Amp guitar, man, like the one what built it, like never you heard. Sinatra digs him for a Vegas thing so I say "Swing, Billy boy." He's mine, six years now, but I don't hold him. "Swing, Billy boy," I tell him, "and tell 'em Zaby sent ya." '

And the thing under his hands gets sick and dies on its back in a cold chord. But there's one born every second and the hands busy themselves again under the sound of the fat cigar.

'Hear Billy, Dad, and you've heard. Gonna make it again, you know, after the loaner. Him and me and Preach on strings and my kiddie with the wide beat. This is just for time, man. Open here in four for six, then break New York for the season. The thing swings, Dad. That you gotta hear.'

And the counter voice, laced with smoke and juice, cuts through with a kind of automatic reaction to where it is and what it's paying and says, 'Can you play . . .'

'Dad, I told you. I don't play requests. This is for time. Be a good kiddie and wait for Billy boy. You got enough for now. Wait, man. Save yourself. Later does it.'

And Billy boy dead like last night's barbecue briquet and Zabe out there dreaming at the other end like it was for real. And I remember how it all began.

Down fresh from the north with the skins and a few bucks and a thought or two about a feel and a sound that wouldn't grow up there in Rainland because the cats were soggy and it seemed like they had an unwritten law against it. Down and in a joint called Peter's because an old bongo buddy wore the suit in the place and it was just too sober early for any player alone in the fours with nothing but an empty pad. In for a couple and to dig the house band name of the Zabe Elmore Trio.

Had the couple and the words with Coop and through it all the house band swung, better than the couple, the one on the house or the two dozen I wanted but couldn't make the bread. Swung in the keys, in the tall strings, but mostly at the very bottom in the sky blue box that belonged to Billy. Billy was the band and Zabe was his boy and the little printed card on the piano was a beautiful lie.

Coop made the intros at the break and Zabe asked it like he was more afraid than anything.

'Where you from, Dad?'

'North and east lately.'

'Swinger or tea time kiddie?' The world was black and white, obviously.

'Player, like most,' I said, watching him watch the bartender fix his coffee with brandy, like he was paying for it.

'The Coop here says you blow,' he said.

'Like I say, I play.'

'You look like a green kiddie,' he said, looking me up and down.

'All that rain, you know?'

Studied me a moment over the fixed coffee steaming his glasses, the close eyes slightly crossed.

'You with or without?' he asked.

'You asking me to blow?'

'Your choice, Dad. We got it made already, you know?'

'Snare's outside,' I said, remembering the sound and wanting in the worst way to lay out under that blue guitar.

Coop smiled me out and said, 'Who knows,' and I came back and set up and met Preach and Billy. I introduced myself. Zabe was light on formalities.

'Cut the names, Dad. Meet on the beat, that's all. And wide, man. I like it way out wide.'

We met and it was a cute little thing on 'Easy to Remember.' Tricky intro between Zabe and Billy with a couple of accent breaks to tip it up a little. It fell off smooth into Billy's first chorus and it swung high and lovely like a public playground at high noon in the middle of summer. Billy was full on and Zabe was hanging close, mostly for me. We swung it down through Billy who carried it like a king and into Zabe who had something to prove. He leaped a few after about four but nobody tried to hold him. He was up to Billy mostly and it was enough. I hung tight and lived it like a dreamer, hearing Babbo Jenk's words. 'Man, when it's right, you know it. The rest is token.'

And it *was* right. Preach proved it, his cadaverous fingers singing something miraculous and Billy coming against him with the amp off until it got explosive. Then Zabe jumped on the fuse with a bunch of little Basie chords and it strutted along strictly beat for eight, then out with Zabe and Billy holding hands like a couple of sweet lovers hating to say goodnight.

We'd made it and we all knew it. It was that sense of wondering why in hell it had all stopped. Zabe turned to me, his glasses off and his eyes more crossed with the excitement but his voice measured against its will.

'You blow, Dad. You blow okay. Just keep it wide. Wide like I like it.'

I kept it that way and we played out the hours until the world got a little bit bigger with a different sound and at the end Zabe said it.

'Dad, it's like I can't pay you yet, but you put on the suit and make it for a week for tips and wait out a change. After here I'll book as four and we're in. I'm a weird cat, Dad, but you blow. Just keep it wide and I love ya.'

It ran more like four and tips weren't even beer but it was worth it, mostly Billy. It was genius at cost. Zabe knew it but Billy couldn't have cared less. Zabe lived in the world and dug it but Billy lived in a blue guitar. It was paid for and nothing else mattered.

Intermissions were a revelation. Zabe would cut for the nearst silex, then shove into the bar for the brandy fix, grinning and muttering. 'I love ya, Dad,' through the fat brown cork. Then back through the crowd like a sprung monkey, puffing and waving and tipping his glasses at everybody from the bus kid to the dad and doll in number one booth with the fourth jug of Mum's fresh in the big silver bucket, until he'd plop down at a prosperous looking table, dump his ash in the dregs of the relish bowl and exclaim, 'Wha . . . you still here? Crazy, kiddies. You swing, I tell ya. Rest of the house is

square but you kiddies swing. I dig.' All eating and drinking would cut with the shock but Zabe wouldn't see it. He'd mug over the smoke, suck at his cup and launch into his two favorite subjects — Zabe and Billy boy.

'Mine, Kiddies. Digs me only. Found him pumpin' petrol in Fresno, blowin' between racers, you know? Took him fast and made him go like now. Loyalty, Dad — he's it!' The eating and drinking would start again in self-defense but the voice would whip on, reciting the little printed card and crowing about Billy's fortune and debt. Not even the juke got in the way. Nothing broke it but an empty cup that no one cared about filling except a bored bartender who had a weakness for an A-1 con man.

But in the music room it was different. Preach and me would corner with a brew, the spot out, and Billy still on the stool, nursing one himself, and dreaming on the blue box all of the quiet sounds that lived with him like the blood that ran through his skinny little frame. Preach dug it closer than me, I know, but I felt it and I've never felt it quite the same since. It had nothing to do with Zabe or the house or even me or Preach, except at the bottom and there it meant all of us. Just Billy alone in the blue saying a lot of torn up things that couldn't be said any other way. Zabe was so much brown smoke and thunder. Billy alone was air and light and the sound of a river, born with it and trying to get it out for anyone who needed it. And it was hard to tell if anyone knew they did.

I'm not saying Zabe didn't dig Billy the way he was. It's just that he needed him so bad the weird kind of frantic fear that he'd split on him cut the real appreciation. But in his own 'Dad-like' way he loved him.

Like the time during the first week when we hit the union for my transfer. I met Zabe at his pad up in Laurel Canyon. He'd sung about it all week. Wild sort of castle with a world view and a pool on the side sort of jazz. It was wild all right. The boxer pup saw to that. A smelly shack he 'owned' by virtue of the case he paid on it a thing called rent. And the pool . . . well, I don't know. Zabe said it was there. But I was the least of them to scale a small Everest to dig it. But for him it was there. It was that important.

The place was crawling but he loved it for one reason other than the pup.

'Man, you gotta know this and then you'll see. My old lady split on me, like it didn't matter, and I was hung like I couldn't make number one. Then nobody askin', Billy moves in with a towel and the box, sayin' nothin', and we swing for weeks until he sees the edge fall off me and he cuts, sayin' nothin' again, and I can make it alone. Billy does this for me and I ride out safe. I don't know what else but this, I swear.'

And I believed him because of Billy.

Things got bad after my four for tips. The house soured on Zabe and he tasted it and got desperate. Only he didn't level. He said they'd picked up two more, maybe three, and the agent had us booked after that. Billy wanted to know for sure. He was down on Zabe and had an offer. He always had an offer but this was the first time he'd let it sink in or out.

It started with Zabe saying why don't he flip that stool and mingle some, talk it up, let the cats know he's alive. Billy blew it and slammed Zabe for lying about him, for blowing hot to the crowd. 'Play, man, and cut the gas,' he warned him. "You got no truth in you off the keys.'

And then it came, after Billy turned down the offer over a contract Zabe showed him. The paper was smoke and Peter's hadn't picked us up for even one. Billy listened quietly and that last night waved a Greyhound tab for Fresno under the stogie and split without a word. Zabe went pale and quiet and stayed that way.

Weeks later and pounds lighter we booked into a far joint that cost us our bread in gas. Billy was going to make it all along, Zabe said, but he'd got sick. Preach had a letter saying he was swinging his own group in Frisco but he never showed it to Zabe.

We made the gig by house standards for several weeks with a fair sound but Zabe never opened up. All he talked about at the tables was Billy-boy-his, and he never stopped watching the door. He'd conned a chick in the meantime and it kept him cool but he never opened up, like Billy had the key. Like Billy had everything except the chick and the pup.

Vegas was next and he got excited. It sounded bad. Big room against the bar and the tables and the clatter of silver. But Zabe was up and for the first time he forgot about Billy. He was a wheel in Vegas. He'd been rolled out a dozen times. He dug trying for hard thirteen.

It was better than Preach and I had hoped for and Zabe stayed up, the chick and pup with him in the name of his love. The town had almost forgotten. There were too many laughs to remember and nobody was broke anymore and best of all, Zabe didn't hold the loot this time. Something gave and forgave and Zabe stayed up.

The top was the night the three of us pooled a deuce each and turned Zabe loose on the tables. He hit everything like he had Internal Revenue carved on his arm and in two hours we had four bills apiece. He wanted to go all night but we talked him out of it and we started driving for kicks, the top down and all of us breathing stars.

'Man, we got a sound,' Zabe said. 'We swing all around. Can't miss with kiddies like you underneath. I dig this night is things to come. Hang with old Zaby and we'll swing the clock around. Wow, I'm up, man! I'm real up!'

We drove in silence awhile, his arm around Preach in the middle and his hand mussing my head alongside. And then he jammed on the brakes.

'Gotta call Billy, man. What's wrong here? Gotta call him, that's all. Gotta get back. Nothin' in the way now. Gotta swing Billy back. Just gotta!'

We tried to stop him but he whipped the car around and headed back to town. He called Fresno, Billy's folks, and got the old man deep in the pillow. Screamed, 'Wake him up! Get him here! Got news! Got everything!' And then the old man cut through to him about Frisco and he hung up in the middle. Preach said we knew it but didn't want to say but he didn't hear. He just walked away and we let him go.

Next night it went all to pieces. He'd beat the chick half to death and she'd split on him. And about tune three he turned to tears and said he couldn't play. He

was bawling right there at the keys with no sound to cover and Preach and I panicked. But somehow he played through, a whisper that made no sense, and the next set he came back loaded and stupid gay. He held on for three nights and then just didn't show. We skipped the first set and came up with a sub for the rest. A few complaints but a week went by and we were still hung.

Set two Saturday night we're anxious as hell, full of rumors about the union, when like a brat with a new toy Zabe pops up at the bar below us, a fat, melon-hung broad laying all over him, and orders a malt glass full of orange juice like it was sunkist all the way. We made it through the set and jumped him right after. He's placid and grinning with a twelve inch cigar roaring between his dirty teeth.

'Easy, kiddies. All's cool. Dig this. Baby and me made it in Reno. We're all cuttin'. Paid off the week, just like that. L.A., man—tonight. We got it made. Cover with this.' He sticks out a couple of twenties. 'Records, man, a plush house for kicks, the whole bit. We don't need this jazz nowhere. Pack, kiddies. We're swingin' out and Billy's waitin' at the other end.'

Preach and I started to say something but he gives us a slip of paper with a Beverly Hills address on it, then splits in a blast of smoke and the ripe gas of the broad's hot perfume. 'Later, kiddies. Day after tomorrow. But late now, baby. Don't bust our lunch time swing.' And disappears into the clatter of silver and bone and the click of well-oiled wheels.

Back in L.A. we call but no answer and a week goes by, then two, and then Preach sounds me and gives me an address and says this is it, according to Zabe. We show and it's like he says, even Billy's there and a pool on the side. The broad's for real and she's painted green. We all get a beer in a dirty glass. Then Zabe takes over and I watch Billy.

'Here's the action,' he begins, polishing a two-carat star on his left pinkie with a paper napkin. 'My old lady and me, Baby here . . .' He bites into her thigh with his thick hand and she flinches respectfully. 'We're formin' a sort of corporation with her old man and once we're off an' swingin', you get taken in and we cool it clean. Records, TV, guest shots, the ace, kiddies. No pain no more. Nothin' but slidin' here on in, dig?'

I dig Billy and he's watching a fly on the rim of his glass.

'Take a week or so to make it, you know, but once we swing, we never stop. You kiddies just hang on for a deuce or so and you got no more worries.'

'How, Zabe?' I ask foolishly.

'You hungry, kiddie?' he says.

'It ain't that. You got it in writing?'

'I'll put it there.'

'Now?'

'I told you. In a deuce or so.'

'You tell me a lot of things, Zabe.'

'You nailin' me, Dad? How 'bout that? What about you, Preacher . . . Billy? You want paper?'

Preacher drank off his beer and Billy watched the fly strutting the rim of the glass.

'What's with you, kiddies, hey? After all I done, thought about for you, and here you cool on me. I don't dig.'

Billy was the first to get up. Zabe got up to meet him.

'You're with me, Billy boy, ain't ya? Ain't ya, huh? Course ya are. Now look, if it's loot, why, man, I can pay anything you ask. Just don't split, Billy. Anything, honest; but don't cut now. This is it. What we always said. Right here, Billy. Don't you see it, kiddie?'

'Just dropped in 'cause you asked, Zabe. I got no eyes for nothin' else.'

'C'mon, man,' Zabe said, getting frantic, 'you just don't pick up. Stick and think about it some and we'll blow a little and it'll all come back. It's all for you, kiddie.'

'Come down, man,' Billy said. 'You just don't make it up there, that's all.'

Zabe closed in on him but Billy pushed him aside and walked out the door without a word. Half hysterically Zabe turned to Preach and me, saying, 'Go, man! We don't need you nowhere! What say, kiddies? More for the rest of us anyway you look at it!'

Preach got up then and said, 'Forget it,' and walked out. He was gone before Zabe even dug it. The door slammed and I was the only one left. Zabe didn't even know I was there. He turned to the broad who hadn't said a word but sat there with her face looking like 'glad' in caps. He hated her right there but he didn't have the guts to say it. I got up and he turned on me like I had a knife in my paw.

'You don't remember long, do ya, Dad?' he growled.

'Too long, Zabe,' I answered slowly, 'but only the good things.'

'Float, kiddie. I've had you, but good!'

I floated and left him standing there in silence, rubbing the ring and wondering where all the sound had gone.

That was the last time I ever saw Zabe but I did see Billy and Preach about. We all heard rumors that he'd put the broad on the skids in Vegas, went bust on a disc, got run out for the hard thirteenth and wound up scuffling in New York trying to remember where it all went bad.

He really knew but he couldn't do anything about it. And we always talked about those five at Peter's for tips and a lie. And we couldn't get the sound out of our blood. We tried it together with other hands but believe it or not Zabe was always lacking. Billy knew it better than any of us. And we carried it with us on all the gigs like punks with a first love hung in our hearts. And as long as Preach and me and Zabe and Billy were about there was always a chance, even though we thought we didn't want it. But it was always Billy, really, because he had the thing to say and we had the swing to let him say it, all except Zabe who thought he could buy it for himself.

Now that Billy's split for good there's no more chance and wherever Preach is I think he feels like me. About Zabe, he's got nothing now but the little printed card and no Billy to sing over the lie. We're all split for keeps and there's no more use thinking about it. We'll breathe other stars, Preach and me, 'cause we got to. But Zabe'll never make it once the word sets in. He'll flip somewhere in the middle of a goofed up bridge or an all alone chord and no one but us will dig he's nothing but a nowhere jazz junkie hooked on the smoke of a long ago blue guitar.

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The Jazz Library

A Guide To Record Collecting For Beginners

By Martin Williams

It is difficult to make up a beginners library of jazz recordings using only long playing records. For that matter, it would have been difficult enough to make up such a library at any time using only what was "in print." It would be almost impossible to make out any such library only on the basis of currently listed 12-inch LPs.

To try to fill in at least some of the gaps in a basic library of jazz on records, I have included some previously issued 10-inch recordings. Some of these may be difficult to find; some are not so difficult.

I usually have confined myself to things that seem to me of intrinsic rather than primarily "historical" merit. And in most cases where the pressure of availability has forced me to use substitutes, I have so noted.

Naturally, some LP collections are uneven in quality: one or two classic performances may be reissued with some good-to-fair ones and some downright poor ones. If the unevenness seems to me extreme, I have so noted. The various categories I have set up and their titles are sometimes admittedly arbitrary and only intended as a convenience in keeping things a bit orderly.

This is, of course, a beginning and, as such, intends to suggest points of departure. And, finally, it is my own idea, as of late 1958, of what such a library should contain—and, of course, that *is exactly all that it can be.*

HOLLERS, BLUES, AND CHURCH

An Anthology	*Folkways 2801*
Blind Lemon Jefferson	*Riverside 12-125*
Leadbelly	*Folkways 2004*
Big Bill Broonzy	*Folkways 3586, Columbia WL 111*

The Folkways anthology suggests several directions for expansion, and when the country jug and string bands were available on Label "X," expansion was easier.

It is still easy enough for one geographical area with Folkways *Negro Folk Music of Alabama* (4417-18, 4471-74), which includes primitive blues ("field hollers" really), preaching, etc. These were two 10-inch Blind Lemon LPs, and they don't duplicate much of this one. Jefferson was an excellent poet-singer—but so were, say, Leroy Carr, Peetie Wheatstraw, Bumble Bee Slim—and they have never been on LP.

The Leadbelly selection is fairly arbitrary, and if you find him on one of the cut-price LP Varsity-Elite-Royale labels, you've found very good Leadbelly.

THE RAGTIME MOVEMENT

The Golden Age of Ragtime	*Riverside RLP 12-110*
Ragtime Piano Roll Classics	*Riverside RLP 12-126.*

Until someone records ragtime properly, in tempo,

time, and swing, recordings from piano rolls (despite their mechanical air and despite the fact that Riverside frequently runs them too fast when transcribing them) still represent this music best.

RLP 12-110 contains Scott Joplin's still experimental pieces, *Euphonic Sounds* and (unlisted on the sleeve and label) *Cascades,* along with his *Pineapple Rag,* George Botsford's *Black and White,* and Henry Lodge's *Temptation Rag,* plus several decidedly lesser works.

RLP 12-126 is made up of material from two previous 10-inch LPs and includes some fine pieces, especially Joplin's *New Rag* and James Scott's excellent *Grace and Beauty.* It somehow omitted to re-collect the first great rag, Joplin's *Maple Leaf,* however.

Finally, still another 10-inch Riverside (RLP 1049) had Joplin's exceptional *Magnetic Rag* and Scott's *Frog Legs.*

THE NEW ORLEANS STYLE

King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band—Riverside 12-122, Epic LN 3208
Jelly-Roll Morton (piano)—Riverside 12-111 (Commodore FL 30,000)
Jelly-Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers—Label "X" LAV 3008, 3028
Johnny Dodds/Kid Ory—Epic LN 3207
Johnny Dodds—Label "X" 3006
Bunk Johnson—Columbia CL 829, American Music 643
Morton/Dodds—Jazztone J 1252

I think that the Riverside Oliver (despite its having only 11 tracks) is probably a better record than the poorly dubbed Epic, but anything by that remarkable group is, well, something by that remarkable group.

The great Morton orchestral records are, of course, now cut out because of the deplorable demise of the "X"-Vik reissue series. The British HMV catalog (in DLP 1016 and 1071) makes substitutes, but these, too, are due to be withdrawn soon. Victor or Camden should do at least two volumes of carefully selected and annotated Morton.

The Jazztone Society record is also a kind of substitute for the "X" Mortons and the "X" Dodds. (Incidentally, the selection on it called *Sidewalk Blues* is actually *Deadman Blues,* a better choice and a superb orchestration.)

The Columbia Bunk Johnson contains some of that trumpeter's best playing and his best group, and the American Music his whistling re-creations of Buddy Bolden's style. Finally, the *first* recording of the New Orleans style, Kid Ory's 1921 *Creole Trombone* and *Society Blues,* has been reissued on a 45-rpm record on a label called Hip.

POST-NEW ORLEANS SOLO, ENSEMBLE STYLES

The Louis Armstrong Story—Columbia CL 851-854
Sidney Bechet—Columbia CL 836, Blue Note 1201, Label "X" LAV 3024
Jimmy Noone (with Earl Hines)—Brunswick BL 58066

This is probably the most arbitrary category, but all these records seem to me to belong together and stylistically they do not fit with the above.

The Noone-Hines is now cut out and might well be expanded by Bruns-

'58

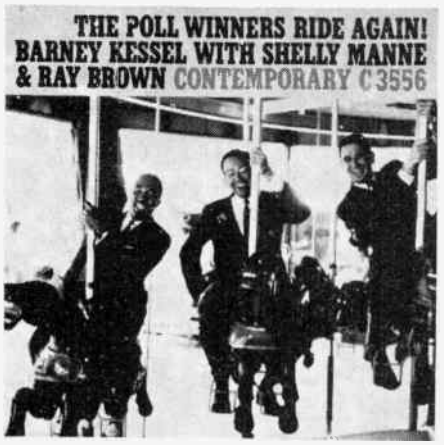
CONTEMPORARY'S year!

ANDRÉ PREVIN

"...did it again. "My Fair Lady" (C3527, Shelly Manne & His Friends) was sensational, and this one is every bit as great," says composer Frederick Loewe of André's jazz version of the "Gigi" score with his Pals Shelly Manne and Red Mitchell. C3548

SHELLY MANNE

continued to prove his pre-eminence in both improvised and composed jazz. This album ranges from Charlie Mariano's 4-part suite "Gambit" to straightaway blowing on "Tom Brown's Buddy" and "Huge Hurwhey." "Shelly Manne and His Men, Vol. 7." C3557

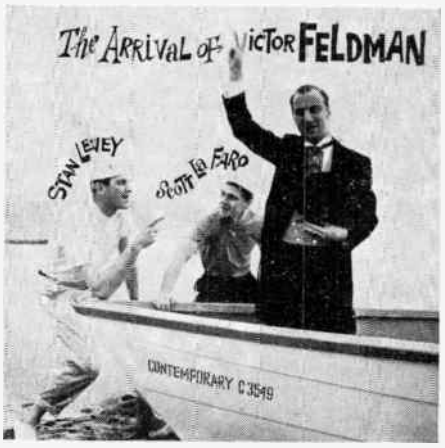


BARNEY KESSEL

and his fellow poll-winners ('56, '57, '58 Down Beat, Metronome, Playboy) Shelly Manne and Ray Brown, followed their best-selling "Poll Winners" (C3535) with more free-wheeling jazz on "Volare," "The Merry Go Round Broke Down," etc. C3556

HAMPTON HAWES

made jazz history with this extraordinary 3-volume set recorded in one all night session! "...one of the few genuine jam sessions on LPs...kindles a kind of inner momentum rare to the recording studio." Time. 3-12" LPs. C3545-6-7



VICTOR FELDMAN

arrived as a jazzman of major capacity. Feldman's first Contemporary album recorded in the USA features him on vibes and piano and introduces new star bassist Scott La Faro. Stan Levey on drums completes the unusual, inventive trio. C3549

BENNY CARTER

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wick-Coral with some of the Noone sides which had trumpeter George Mitchell—but the vaults at that company have fine material by everyone from Armstrong through Lester Young that should be made available.

SOME SOLOISTS OF THE '20s AND '30s

Bix Beiderbecke—Columbia CL 844-845
Fats Waller—Label "X" LAL 3035, RCA Victor LPM 1502
Earl Hines-James P. Johnson-Art Tatum—Epic LN 3295
Jimmy Yancey—Label "X" LX 3000
Meade (Lux) Lewis—Blue Note 7018
Red Allen - Roy Eldridge - Frankie Newton—Epic 3252
Pee Wee Russell (with Bobby Hackett)—Commodore FL 30,012
Louis Armstrong—Decca DL 8327

Beiderbecke's work with Whiteman was better on a few of the Victors than on Columbia, I think. Therefore I have omitted CL 846. Some of the Victors were collected on a 10-inch "X." A really selective Waller set is overdue. Yancey, who once had many LPs, now has one—a very poorly edited Riverside set (several different "takes" of the same blues were used but given different titles).

Lux Lewis' best single work, *The Honky Tonk Train,* in its best version, is included in the curiously uneven but interesting Camden 328. Blue Note should do a new Lewis set (not to mention Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson).

The Hackett-Russell set is there particularly for Pee Wee's *Embraceable You.* The Armstrong collection has silly vocals, a masterpiece in *I Can't Give You Anything But Love,* and very good *Jeepers Creepers, Confessin',* etc.

BIG BANDS

A Collection—Folkways 2808
Fletcher Henderson—Decca DL 6025
Duke Ellington—RCA Victor LPM 1364, LPT 3017
Count Basie—Decca 8049, Epic LG 3107
Jimmie Lunceford—Columbia CL 634

This is undoubtedly the most inadequately represented category of all. We are just beginning to understand something of the amazing activity going on in the southwestern United States in the '20s and '30s—and right now.

One of the most celebrated of these bands, that of Alphonse Trent, made very few records.

For Henderson to be represented by one now out-of-print set is deplorable. There were sets of earlier things on Riverside and "X," but a Henderson collection (1924-1936) is especially long overdue from Columbia. (A hint about his last great band, though perhaps not the best hint, is in Columbia CL 1036). Certainly anyone who has heard the Goodman bands play these scores should bear Henderson's groups play them—and even hear where some of Goodman's sidemen got their solos.

I have picked two collections from what I think is Ellington's greatest period. Riverside had a 10-inch of things from before Ellington was really playing jazz, and there was a very interesting one on "X" from the early period when he definitely was. Brunswick 54007 and Camden CAL 459 have some very good earlier Duke. LPT 3017 in the foregoing list is now cut out (but I hear is to be expanded to 12-inch) and contains some masterpieces; British HMV 1034 is a fine and somewhat better substitute.

Another really deplorable lack is the Benny Moten band; just as "X" was about to get to the great period in its complete Moten reissues, the series was discontinued.

The Basie entries could readily be supplemented by Brunswick 54012 and Epic LN 3168, the Lunceford not by any other LP collection except perhaps the early stuff on an "X" release. The Folkways set includes other groups and suggests further possibilities thereby; it can be supplemented by parts of Folkways 2810.

And where is a Don Redman collection? And a Chick Webb? And a Luis Russell?

REPRESENTATIVE SMALL GROUP AND SOLO

Red Allen - Roy Eldridge - Frankie Newton—Epic LN 3252
Art Tatum—Brunswick 54004
Lester Young-Buck Clayton—Commodore FL 30,013
Lester Young—Aladdin LP 801

Johnny Hodges-Cootie Williams, etc. —Epic LG 3108

Lionel Hampton (with Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter)—Jazztone J 1246

Ben Webster—Clef MG C-717

Charlie Christian (with Benny Goodman)—Columbia CL 652

The works that belong (roughly) in this category were well represented in recording studios, but, again, are unevenly represented on LP.

The Allen entry can be supplemented by *S'Wonderful* and *I Cover the Waterfront* on his recent RCA Victor LPM 1509.

There have been several collections from the Hampton Victors but not one good one. I include the Jazztone as the best of a very bad bargain.

The Tatum entry (*any* Tatum entry, I think) is fairly arbitrary, but Harmony 7006 seems to me an excellent alternative to any choice.

There are several more Hodges-Williams - Bigard - Stewart Ellington small-group collection on Epic, and there were a couple on Victor and "X." The transfer of Hodges' recordings for the Granz labels to 12-inch LPs has confused me—but I can recommend *It Had to Be You* wherever it shows up.

Supplements to the Young collections have been listed (with Basie) and will be below (with Billie Holiday and Teddy Wilson), but his Savoy sets are of value and some on the Granz labels too (*I'm Confessin'*, for one example).

Blue Note has some superb things by Ben Webster, Vic Dickenson and Sid Catlett—and there is Christian's masterpiece, *Profoundly Blue*. That only begins the list. There are some 10-inch issues from some of this material, but it should certainly be made available again.

Carter has not been adequately represented on LP yet, I believe—and in him I am speaking of one of the three really original alto soloists and a unique jazz composer-arranger.

Hawkins' masterpiece, *Body and Soul,* is available on 45-rpm singles with a couple of different backings. Of Hawkins more recent work, Riverside 12-233 seems to me the best. Of course, several excellent soloists whom I have not noted separately are represented on these and all the other recordings here.

BEGINNINGS, DEVELOPMENTS IN BOP AND MODERN JAZZ

Charlie Christian-Thelonious Monk-Kenny Clarke/Dizzy Gillespie-Don Byas—Esoteric - Counterpoint ES 5481

Dizzy Gillespie - Charlie Parker — Savoy MG 1207, Verve MGV 8006

Charlie Parker — Savoy 12000, 12001; Roost 2210

Bud Powell—Blue Note 1503

Thelonious Monk—Blue Note 1510, 1509

Parker makes tough choices. His best work was done, I believe, for Dial and Savoy. Some of the Dials still may be found, and some of the Dials were used by Concert Hall and the Jazztone society. (The present owners of the Dial masters should seriously consider an omnibus set.) The Roost set used Dial material. By limiting the Savoys to the ones here, I have included earlier material (like *Red Cross*) but by omitting 12079, I have ommitted *KoKo*. There is still earlier Parker on Decca DL 5503.

If the developments in big-band work represented on the Gillespie-Savoy set are to be supplemented, it might be well to include the energetic alliance among Basie, Ellington, and bop that the mid-'40s Woody Herman band represented (there are a couple of collections on Harmony), plus the unique Claude Thornhill band of a couple years later (also on Harmony). And some of Tadd Dameron's scores on Blue Note 1531 and 1532 certainly deserve mention. Blue Note 1509, in addition to some of Monk's most significant work, contains some early Modern Jazz Quartet.

THE COOL AND SOME OF ITS OFFSHOOTS

Miles Davis—Capitol T762
Modern Jazz Quartet—Prestige 7005, Atlantic 1231
Gerry Mulligan—Pacific Jazz 1207

There are two comments to make here. First, by picking the MJQ sets that I have, I have left out *Django* and all of *One Never Knows,* but they still seem the best sets, *as sets:*

Second, despite the spirit of the *Getz at the Shrine* set, a performance like his *Lover, Come Back to Me* (on an old Clef 10-inch) seems more likely to endure. For important background to Mulligan's work, hear Red Nichols on, say, Brunswick 54008, especially *That's No Bargain.*

CONTEMPORARY EASTERN

Horace Silver-Art Blakey—Blue Note 1518
Miles Davis—Blue Note 1502, Prestige 7076, Prestige 7109
Thelonious Monk—Prestige 7053, Riverside 12-209
Clifford Brown—Prestige 7038

Davis' *Walkin'-Blue 'n' Boogie* are exceptional "all-star" sessions, but the date on the reverse of Prestige 7076 is poor. *Bag's Groove* (7109) is also a fine, if a bit uneven, "all-star" date, and on the reverse of it is very good Davis-Sonny-Rollins date with Miles' excellent *But Not for Me.*

This seems to me Brown's best record, but I must add that I feel his was a very immature talent at his death.

SIGNS OF TRANSITION

Sonny Rollins—Prestige 7079, Contemporary 3530
Thelonious Monk—Riverside 12-226
Lucky Thompson—ABC Paramount 111
Charlie Mingus—Atlantic 1237
Cecil Taylor—Transition 19
Bill Evans—Riverside 12-223

The best introduction to Taylor's work so far was on the Transition sampler.

Evans stated his conception on the record above, but he has grown since. The best American release by French pianist Martial Solal (not listed above) so far is probably *Kenny Clarke Plays André Hodeir* (Epic LN 3376), but perhaps we shall get more from him soon.

The Thompson record is listed for one side—by Thompson, Oscar Pettiford, and Skeeter Best, drum-less, piano-less; it is the only really tentative choice in this category.

I have made no entry on Art Farmer because I believe that out of his new maturity soon will come a truly great recording.

SOME ADDITIONAL SINGERS

Ma Rainey—Riverside 1016
Bessie Smith—Columbia CL 855-858
Billie Holiday—Columbia CL 627, Commodore FL 30,006
Ella Fitzgerald—Decca DL 8149
Mahalia Jackson—Apollo LP 476
Sarah Vaughan—Masterseal LPSV, Columbia CL 745
Joe Turner—Atlantic 1234
Mills Brothers—Decca DL 8148
Jack Teagarden—Capitol T 692
Ray Charles—Atlantic 8006

It is a bit arbitrary to put these in a separate category, especially since Ma Rainey's set includes Tommy Ladnier, etc.; Bessie Smith's collection has Armstrong, Joe Smith, James P. Johnson, etc.; Billie Holiday's includes Wilson, Young, etc.; the set by Teagarden the singer includes the best work available, I think, by the trombonist, and Turner's record (his best ever, I believe) includes some good work by several (but not all) of the horns featured.

If you have missed knowing that the Mills brothers can be great jazz singers, by all means learn otherwise.

You will notice that I have not listed, for one, Mildred Bailey. The moment one gets past the beginning collection stage, she should be included, and there is a good collection on Columbia. I haven't listed Jimmy Rushing either, but he is introduced with Basie in the Big Band listing.

RIVERSIDE

A BIG NAME IN 1958

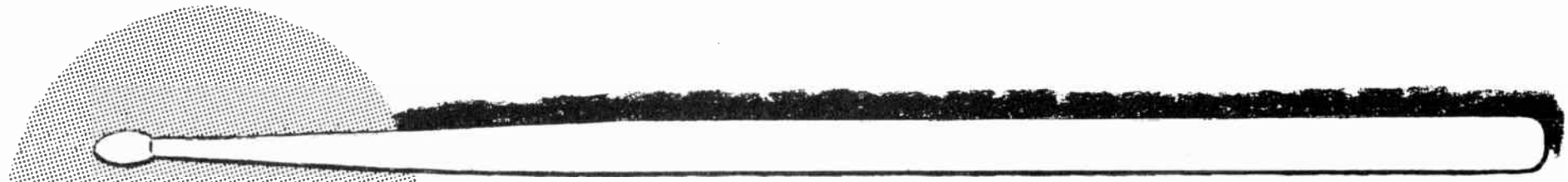
BIGGER IN 1959

1958 was a year of fabulous growth and expansion for jazz on *Riverside* Records... it was the year in which, at long last, *Riverside* star Thelonious Monk gained long-overdue recognition (top-rated pianist in the Down Beat Critics Poll; a slender three votes from the top in the Down Beat Readers Poll; his "Monk's Music" LP selected by Down Beat as one of the five best of the year)... it was the year in which several major jazz figures made their first appearances on *Riverside* (among them: Chet Baker, Cannonball Adderley, Max Roach)... it was the year in which some bright *Riverside* stars of the future made their debuts (among them: Blue Mitchell, Evans Bradshaw)... and some other artists made impressive strides towards the recognition their talents deserve (among them: Abbey Lincoln, Johnny Griffin)...

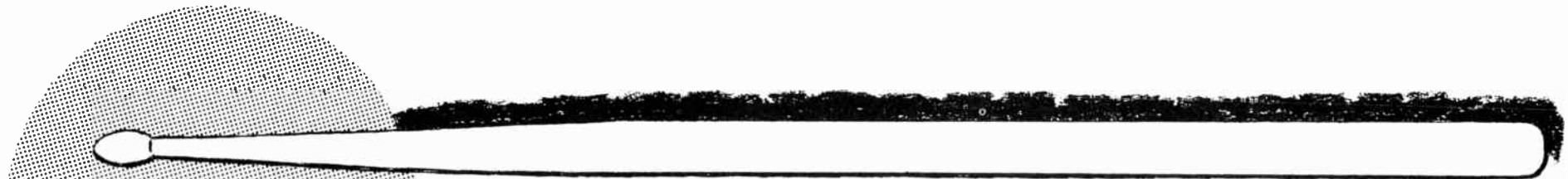
1959 will be another year in which to keep your eyes... and ears... on *Riverside*. As before, there will be established stars and exciting new names, performing at their best—surrounded by the best musical support, recorded in the finest studios. *(Riverside albums feature the rich, full sound of Riverside-Reeves SPECTROSONIC High Fidelity Engineering.)* There will be more of the dramatic full sweep of *Riverside STEREO*.

And in 1959 there will be more fascinating and important jazz from... among others... such artists as these, whose albums helped make 1958 a BIG year on *Riverside:*

Thelonious Monk (on *Riverside* LPs 12-201, 12-209, 12-226, 12-235, 12-242, 12-247, 12-262, 12-279)
Chet Baker (on 12-278, 12-281)
Cannonball Adderley (on 12-269, 12-276, 12-286)
Max Roach (on 12-280)
Gerry Mulligan (on 12-247)
Sonny Rollins (on 12-241, 12-258)
Abbey Lincoln (on 12-251, 12-277)
Johnny Griffin (on 12-264, 12-274)
Benny Golson (on 12-256, 12-290)
Kenny Dorham (on 12-239, 12-255, 12-275)
Clark Terry (on 12-237, 12-246, 12-271)
Coleman Hawkins (on 12-233)
Herbie Mann (on 12-234, 12-245)
Nat Adderley (on 12-285)
Philly Joe Jones (on 12-282)
Blue Mitchell (on 12-273)
Evans Bradshaw (on 12-263)
Wynton Kelly (on 12-254)
Pepper Adams (on 12-265)



Ludwig.....most famous name on drums!



.....most famous name on drums!

Ferris Wheels Again

By Ferris A. Benda

■ Last year we discussed the possibilities in longer and longer playing records, and while we were doing that someone sneaked in with stereo discs.

Where this leaves us now is anyone's guess. But he'd be a fool to hazard it.

There are, however, some rather interesting electronic miracles just around the corner. They'll be here before you can say, "Well, at last I'm set up for stereo."

In the very near future, you can look for video tape. This gadget brings you not only sound, but a picture as well. You play it through your television set. It promises to revolutionize the music industry as we know it.

For instance, a&r men will not only have to worry about getting the best sounding take for a side, but also the best looking one. This could lead to splicing a shave onto a tenor sax man or a clean shirt onto the bass player.

Jazz critics will have to have some background in art theories. Video tapes will have to be judged on content and composition. It is not inconceivable that *Down Beat,* for example, could give a new Basie T (video-tape) * * ½ and explain that while the arrangements were decent enough and the band in tune, the arrangement of the bandstands was somewhat sloppy, and one of the trombone players kept sneaking looks at his wrist watch.

It could easily raise hob with the album cover industry, too.

No more of these blowzy blondes who look half in a stupor and half out of a negligee for jazz albums. With video tapes, the buyer will expect to find her inside, perhaps undulating to the music.

Any way you look at it, VT will be great for Julie London and Sarah and Anita. Talk about broadening the base for jazz. . . .

* * *

Another revolting development is Trireo, an advanced form of video tape coupled with triple-track stereo sound. With this step ahead, the music lover cannot use any of his present equipment. Or even his TV set.

This calls for special equipment that looks like a TV set's chassis with all the guts removed. The seemingly empty box is lined with tiny projectors on top and sides. The tape is fed into it, and little three-dimensional images are created in the box.

In addition to creating new and greater problem for a&r men, this should tend to give persons with claustrophobia some harrowing moments. Symphony orchestras will be almost prohibitive in cost to record. They'll look mighty uncomfortable crammed into those table model reproducers, too.

One can suppose that the jaded critic will comment not only on the music, the appearance of the group, and the composition of the picture, but also on whether this trumpet player is much too tall for the rest of the group or that sax man was picking at his chin during the piano solo.

And dubbing will become perhaps the most creative of the arts.

* * *

What we are actually coming to, it appears, is the elimination of musicians.

This disturbing trend was started by Gerry Mulligan when he eliminated the piano from his group. Then Jimmy Giuffre successively eliminated the drums and bass. Phil Spitalny eliminated men. And so on.

Soon, instruments will be eliminated. Jazz will become telepathic. An audience will assemble at, say, Carnegie hall and will tune their minds to the wave length of the performer. Unhampered by the physical limitations of an instrument, the performer, or group, will present incredible concerts while merely standing onstage and furrowing brows in concentration.

* * *

It seems that we are at a point now beyond which there is no return. Tomorrow will bring us mental music festivals. Every man his own Newport. George Wein could assemble an international band and not spend a nickel on transportation.

Inter-uterine memories will replace traditional music.

At last, hi-fi and stereo will never be needed.

It'll all be *up here.*

* * *

On the other hand, someone might discover the principle of cylinder records . . . again.

Ferris A. Benda, long-time record collector and jazz writer for Stonemason's Monthly *and the* Farmer's Almanac, *is also widely known as a freelance writer on other musical subjects. He has just completed a three-part series on famous unissued records of the 1940s for* Startling Comics *and has a profile on Cat LeGare, little-known guitarist of the 1920s, ready for publication in the spring-summer edition of the Sears & Roebuck catalog.*

He currently is engaged in writing an entire evening of television programs for NBC, in which a murder will be committed on the Huntley-Brinkley newscast, and the murder will be tracked down through Highway Patrol, The Restless Gun, Tales of Wells Fargo, Peter Gunn, Dragnet, The Arthur Murray Dance Party, *finally will be apprehended by Jack Paar on his show and brought to justice the following morning by Dave Garroway on the* Today *show.*

Benda's hobby is collecting stones.

I Saw Cookie Spout Them Blues

An Important Article On Jazz History And One of Its Most Colorful Figures By the Author of 'Mexicali Honeymoon'

By Ralph Friml

When Jackson Harding[1] discovered Cookie Hamster[2] in Baton Rouge, La.,[3] on April 17, 1958,[4] he scarcely could have been aware of the importance of his find.

Harding, a Rhodes[5] scholar and misogynist from Topeka, Kan., had acquired some fame as a jazz scholar before his discovery of Hamster. It was Harding who ascertained that Bix Beiderbecke was wearing a blue double-breasted suit at the time of his death. Harding, too, is the one generally acknowledged to have determined that Louis Armstrong uses 31[6] handkerchiefs during a set of seven tunes.

Hardin's search for Hamster began several years ago.

"I had heard of Hamster from Mortie Fleischmerz[7] at a Max Bodkin[8] session," Harding remembered. "Mortie insisted that Hamster, one of the earliest ocarina[9] players in jazz, was still alive. He suggested that I discover him, since he was too busy discovering jazzmen in the Brunswick, N. J.,[10] area to get to Baton Rouge."

Harding, of course, accepted the challenge.

He initiated the search for Hamster with a series of letters addressed simply to Cookie Hamster, Star[11] Ocarina Player, Baton Rouge, La. All were returned by the post office for lack of sufficient address.

Discouraged, Harding turned to other work. He began research on the condition of Art Tatum's cuticles as a boy. Then, fate intervened.

Early one morning in May, 1958, Harding received a telegram.[12]

It read: "My husband, bless him, knows that you're looking for him. But he don't write to nobody. You have to come down here. He'll be waiting." It was signed Maybelle Hamster.[13]

Ralph Friml is one of America's foremost musicologists. A graduate of Princeton, he has been studying jazz for 35 years. He is married to noted concert singer Marie Frappe. In recent years, he has lived in MacGregor, Utah, where he owns a hand laundry. His recently completed book, The Return of Buddy Bolden, *is set for publication next Arbor day.*

Harding was occupied with collecting assorted material on Hamster for several weeks but managed to leave his Levittown, N. Y.,[14] home early in April for Baton Rouge.

After a search through the streets of the city, Harding discovered what seemed to be an abandoned shack[15] on the outskirts of town.

He knocked gently on the front door. The front door fell in.

"Must be a stranger," a feminine voice shouted.

"Tell him to come on in," a rough voice added.

Harding entered, to make one of the most important discoveries in the history of jazz.

"I invented the key of C in 1912,"[16] Hamster shouted. "Anybody who tells you different is a liar."

Harding countered with Poodle Billings'[17] claim that he had invented the key of C in 1908.

"It ain't true," Hamster retorted. "I knew Poodle then. He didn't have enough sense to invent anything."

Then, to support his case, he placed 375 blues[18] in the key of C for Harding. When he removed his battered ocarina from his mouth, Harding was convinced.

But the tape recorder[19] he had brought to record the event proved faulty.

"Can you play them again?" he asked Hamster.

Hamster played the 375 blues in the key of C again.

Shortly after he completed the final blues, he gasped and died.

"He was a nice old cat,"[20] Maybelle told Harding, "but, honestly, he was bored to death by that old key."

Harding packed his recorder, thanked Maybelle, replaced the front door,[21] and left Baton Rouge.

During the months since Harding discovered Hamster, the facts have accumulated. Discussing Hamster with older jazzmen, Harding discovered that Hamster owned just one ocarina throughout his lifetime, that he definitely played in the key of C before any other jazzmen did, and that his primary source of inspiration was his wife, who led him to play the blues.

This obviously unretouched photo of Cookie Hamster is a bit faded, but certainly of value. It was discovered by author Friml along the railroad tracks four miles northeast of Junction City, Kansas early this year. The only marking on the reverse side was "Juniper 7-4385." An analysis of this marking by Friml will appear soon in an issue of *Conductor's Handbook*.

The recordings of Hamster made by Harding in Baton Rouge have become famous. The President[22] personally thanked Harding for his contribution to American culture.

But, as Harding often says, "If it wasn't for Mortie Fleischmerz, I'd never have gone to meet Hamster."

Fleischmerz, when asked to confirm this, told a reporter. "No comment."[23]

Footnotes

1. Born Jackson Jeremiah Harding in Topeka, Kan., on May 11, 1910. His father, Jeremiah Jackson Harding, was another person.

2. Now known as Cookie Hamster, he was born John Jacob Hamster, probably in New Orleans, La. The nickname was given to him in 1894 by a friend (unknown), and he retained it until he crumbled.

3. La. is the generally accepted abbreviation for Louisiana, which had something to do with Napoleon at one time.

4. It was a very good year.

5. While at Rhodes, Harding's erudition earned him the title Colossus. In recent years he has refrained from using it.

6. There was some Kleenex mixed in, too, but Harding did not feel it appropriate to his research.

7. Morton Fleischmerz is a jazz night-club owner in Parsons, Kan.

8. Max Bodkin is a municipal court judge in Parsons, Kan.

9. This instrument is no longer a part of most jazz polls, although Alonzo Jeeter continues to perform excitingly on the instrument with his own band, which works Wednesday through Sunday at the Purple Wart in Phoenix, Ariz.

10. A nice place.

11. The use of this term has been disputed by several old ocarina players, who told Harding that Hamster's intonation was quite poor and that he was not a sensitive jazzman.

12. From Western Union.

13. Maybelle Hamster is generally acknowledged to be Cookie's wife. There are some who feel otherwise, but their point of view has not been substantiated.

14. Named for guitarist Nathan Levit, whose early recordings are collectors' items.

15. A five-sided dwelling with a dirt floor.

16. It was a good year for inventing keys.

17. Billings' claim has been in dispute for 12 years, since it has been established that he cannot read music.

18. The exact number has been difficult to determine, since Cookie sang all the blues in the same key and did not pause between selections. He may have performed several twice.

19. A nonmusical instrument.

20. The term "cat" is used here to denote a small furry animal owned by the Hamsters.

21. The door now is in the possession of the Library of Congress.

22. The one in Washington, D. C.

23. Or something like that.

By John S. Wilson

The Duke

But The Writing Did Not Make It

Jazz composition reached a relative standstill in 1958. At least, those compositions which received public performance either at concerts or on records added very little of consequence to the repertory of extended jazz composition.

Still, thanks to works created earlier but appeared on recordings for the first time this year, plus some suggestive approaches to new avenues of jazz writing, the year was not without its provocative moments.

The jazz festivals appeared to be losing interest in commissioning new works this year, and in view of the hasty hash that these commissions generally have produced in the past, one can hardly blame them.

Only the Great South Bay festival put any stress on new composition, but after considering what they got for their commissions in 1958, the festival's directors are not likely to be too enthusiastic about doing much of this is the future.

Duke Ellington's *Great South Bay Festival Suite* had the in-and-out qualities that are becoming increasingly typical of his extended pieces. Like his *Newport Festival Suite* of two years earlier, it offered some attractive moments buried beneath great layers of banality.

Possibly his *Princess Blue,* written for Princess Margaret and introduced by Ellington during his British tour (from which he had just returned when this was written), may be closer to the level one hopes to get from the Duke.

Two factors make one hopeful: (1) He rehearsed part of it during his radio broadcast from the Newport festival last July, suggesting that he was working on the piece months before it was due to be unveiled, which would be a decided change from his customary method of throwing things together at the last minute, and (2) the portion he played had some intriguing qualities. However, Point 2 is likely to be misleading, for if Ellington chose to play an astutely selected portion of either the *Newport Festival Suite* or the *Great South Bay Festival Suite,* one might be very favorably conditioned toward these works.

On records, Duke turned out a *Portrait of Ella Fitzgerald* which hit his current par—one compelling section out of four. But his major extended recorded effort this year was less composition than arranging, or, rather, rearranging: His new version of *Black, Brown, and Beige* with Mahalia Jackson.

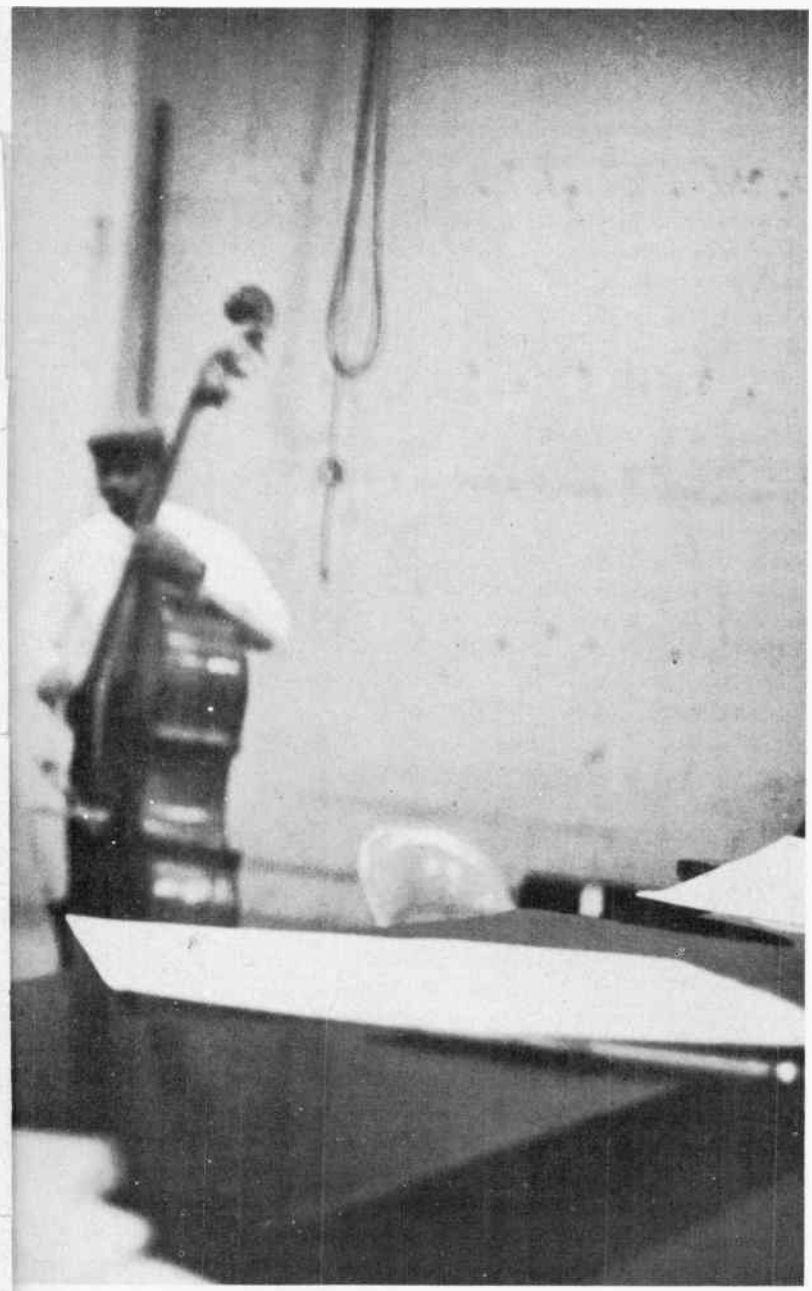
This proved to be a patent case of mislabeling, since it was devoted almost entirely to various developments of the *Come Sunday* theme and touched on only one other of the half-dozen themes that the work had originally. Be that as it may, Duke's current band rarely has played as well on records, and although Miss Jackson was faced with some drearily trite lyrics, she managed to dress them with the outlines of conviction.

To return briefly to the Great South Bay commissions, John Lewis offered a pleasant, swinging but quite unremarkable piece that suggested he is getting as casual as Ellington about such commissions; it was a revision of a short work he had already used for another occasion. The best of the three commissioned works turned out to be *Georgia Sketches,* a collaboration between

Rolls On

In Jazz In 1958

A Banner Year



Rex Stewart and Dick Cary in which, one suspects, Cary's growing skill as an unhackneyed and imaginative arranger played a crucial role.

One of the most interesting recordings of jazz compositions released in 1958 was a report on some writing that was first heard in performance in 1957 at the Brandeis University Festival of Arts.

To a great extent, the six compositions in this collection (*Modern Jazz Concert*, Columbia WL 127) fall into that area of "somewhat jazz" that is increasingly coloring jazz writing. Three of the six composers represented are definitely identified with jazz—George Russell, Jimmy Giuffre, and Charlie Mingus (the other three are Milton Babbitt, Harold Shapero, and Gunther Schuller)—and it is interesting to find that the jazz qualities in their works were achieved by three quite different means.

Russell's *All About Rosie* is, much of the way, a swinging piece, yet its best jazz moments occur in the solos of Bill Evans and John Laporta. Giuffre's *Suspensions*, on the other hand, is completely without improvisation although it is more completely jazz-oriented than any of the other compositions. Mingus' *Revelations (First Movement)* is disciplined Mingus, which means that it is extremely personal, pulsant, and full of startlingly shifting panels projected in a manner which is completely Mingusoid.

Another piece first heard in 1957 but not released on disc until this year was Teddy Charles' *Word from Bird* (Atlantic 1274), which moves in a totally different direction from the pieces played at Brandeis. Charles' 10-piece group overcomes a contrived introduction in moving on to a straightforward, swinging work in which Teddy has written some richly textured ensembles to frame an excellent group of solos.

This type of loose construction, in which the improvised solo carries as much weight or even more than the composer's writing—in which, in effect, the piece stands or falls on the soloists' abilities rather than the composer's—is favored by most of those who have recorded extended works during the last year.

There is a fine line to be drawn between a composition, in the usual sense of a written work, and what might be called, for contrast, "a creation," an extended work that is essentially a group improvisation.

In the first group one would include Manny Albam's *The Blues Is Everybody's Business* (Coral 59101) and Phil Sunkel's *Jazz Concerto Grosso* (ABC-Paramount 225). In each case a relatively slim bit of material has been stretched beyond its tensile limits and what might have been, in a more compact condition, an attractive worked is pawed into limpness. Albam complicated his problem by using a large string section in two of the four divisions of his work.

As instances of the second type of extended work, the group improvisation, there is Sonny Rollins' mountingly fascinating *Freedom Suite* (Riverside 12-258), on which he, Oscar Pettiford, and Max Roach transform, transmute, and translate a theme for 19 minutes, and Bob Cooper's light but lusty *Jazz Theme and Four Variations* (Contemporary 3544).

Both pieces have a freedom and a healthy, un-

trammeled feeling that appears only briefly in most jazz compositions. Of course, Rollins and Cooper have not really solved the root problem of jazz composition— how to retain the impression of swinging improvisatory freedom in a written context—but simply avoided it so that, strictly speaking, they cannot be said to represent current jazz composition in these pieces.

It is undoubtedly the elusiveness of any satisfactory solution to this problem that is driving more and more so-called jazz compositions to an area that is really not jazz at all but rather an exploitation of a few jazz devices as a means of developing what is otherwise a piece of conventional "serious" composition.

Although most of John Lewis' works for the Modern Jazz Quartet come out as well-identified jazz, he appears to have personal leanings toward the twilight world of "somewhat jazz," leanings which he usually caters to when he is away from the normal quartet atmosphere. Thus, his score for the French film, *One Never Knows* (Atlantic 1284), is as frequently jazz as it is not jazz, which is, possibly, only natural since the film had no particular jazz connotations.

However, Johnny Mandel has been able to write a film score for *I Want to Live* that is almost totally jazz, since the mood and much of the background association of the film has a jazz basis (United Artists 4005).

This was a rare opportunity, and Mandel has done especially well with it, for his score not only serves its purpose as part of the over-all concept of the film, but it has also such an inner strength of its own that it enlivens and vivifies some portions of the film that would be lamentably weak without it. He has, furthermore, intensified the jazz strength of his score by writing a great deal of it for a small group featuring Gerry Mulligan, Art Farmer, Shelly Manne, and others (United Artists 4006).

Another try at a new direction in jazz composition was made this year by Alonzo Levister in a brief work, *Blues in the Subway,* which he called "a jazz opera."

It was given a static performance at a New York concert and was made even more ineffective by an amplifying system that distorted more than it amplified. It is an extremely slight piece, burdened with a banal libretto, and whatever justification there may be for calling it a jazz opera appears only in occasional passages in the instrumental accompaniment.

It may have served a purpose in the development of jazz composition, however, for it apparently has indicated to Levister a direction in which he wants to move. He is now at work on a more ambitious opera in which he hopes to solve the problem of making jazz a natural language for the piece by using a tenor man as his central figure.

At the moment, it seems as though the exploration of such fields as the jazz opera and the jazz film score might be more worthy of the attention of the jazz composer than the extended instrumental work, for after a decade of fairly steady effort, those who have worked at extended jazz composition have produced nothing that can rank with most of the better — much less the best — less formalized jazz performances.

The jazz performance born of inspiration has so consistently outshone the contrived work that it appears to be a losing battle to try to fight fire with a flashlight.

Johnny Mandel

CRITICS VS. READERS

A Comparison of the First Three Place Winners
In the Down Beat Critics and Readers Polls, 1958

CATEGORY	READERS POLL	CRITICS POLL
Jazz Band	1. Count Basie 2. Duke Ellington 3. Stan Kenton	1. Duke Ellington 2. Count Basie 3. Ted Heath
Combo	1. Modern Jazz Quartet 2. Dave Brubeck Quartet 3. Miles Davis Sextet	1. Modern Jazz Quartet 2. Jimmy Giuffre 3 3. Gerry Mulligan Quartet
Trumpet	1. Miles Davis 2. Dizzy Gillespie 3. Maynard Ferguson	1. Miles Davis 2. Dizzy Gillespie 3. Louis Armstrong
Trombone	1. J. J. Johnson 2. Bob Brookmeyer 3. Kai Winding	1. J. J. Johnson 2. Bob Brookmeyer 3. Jack Teagarden
Alto Sax	1. Paul Desmond 2. Lee Konitz 3. Art Pepper	1. Lee Konitz 2. Johnny Hodges 3. Sonny Stitt
Tenor Sax	1. Stan Getz 2. Sonny Rollins 3. John Coltrane	1. Stan Getz 2. Sonny Rollins 3. Ben Webster
Baritone Sax	1. Gerry Mulligan 2. Harry Carney 3. Pepper Adams	1. Gerry Mulligan 2. Harry Carney 3. Pepper Adams
Clarinet	1. Tony Scott 2. Jimmy Giuffre 3. Buddy DeFranco	1. Tony Scott 2. Buddy DeFranco 3. Benny Goodman
Piano	1. Erroll Garner 2. Thelonious Monk 3. Oscar Peterson	1. Thelonious Monk 2. Erroll Garner 3. Oscar Peterson
Bass	1. Ray Brown 2. Paul Chambers 3. Red Mitchell	1. Ray Brown 2. Oscar Pettiford 3. Milt Hinton
Guitar	1. Barney Kessel 2. Herb Ellis 3. Jim Hall	1. Freddie Green 2. Tal Farlow 3. Jim Raney
Drums	1. Shelly Manne 2. Max Roach 3. Joe Morello	1. Max Roach 2. Art Blakey 3. Jo Jones
Vibes	1. Milt Jackson 2. Terry Gibbs 3. Lionel Hampton	1. Milt Jackson 2. Lionel Hampton 3. Red Norvo
Male Singer	1. Frank Sinatra 2. Joe Williams 3. Jimmy Rushing	1. Jimmy Rushing 2. Louis Armstrong 3. Frank Sinatra
Female Singer	1. Ella Fitzgerald 2. Anita O'Day 3. June Christy	1. Ella Fitzgerald 2. Billie Holiday 3. Anita O'Day

The '58 Down Beat Poll Winners

READERS POLL

Hall of Fame	Count Basie
Jazz Band	Count Basie
Dance Band	Les Brown
Combo	Modern Jazz Quartet
Vocal Group	Four Freshmen
Male Singer	Frank Sinatra
Female Singer	Ella Fitzgerald
Trumpet	Miles Davis
Trombone	J. J. Johnson
Alto Sax	Paul Desmond
Tenor Sax	Stan Getz
Baritone Sax	Gerry Mulligan
Clarinet	Tony Scott
Piano	Erroll Garner
Guitar	Barney Kessel
Bass	Ray Brown
Drums	Shelly Manne
Vibes	Milt Jackson
Accordion	Art Van Damme
Flute	Herbie Mann
Misc. Inst.	Don Elliott
Composer	Duke Ellington

CRITICS POLL

Jazz Band	Duke Ellington
Combo	Modern Jazz Quartet
Male Singer	Jimmy Rushing
Female Singer	Ella Fitzgerald
Trumpet	Miles Davis
Trombone	J. J. Johnson
Alto Sax	Lee Konitz
Tenor Sax	Stan Getz
Baritone Sax	Gerry Mulligan
Clarinet	Tony Scott
Piano	Thelonious Monk
Guitar	Freddie Green
Bass	Ray Brown
Drums	Max Roach
Vibes	Milt Jackson

NEW STARS—CRITICS POLL

Trumpet	Art Farmer
Trombone	Jimmy Knepper
Alto Sax	No Contest
Tenor Sax	Benny Golson
Baritone Sax	Tony Scott
Clarinet	No Contest
Piano	Bill Evans
Guitar	Jim Hall
Bass	Wilbur Ware
Drums	No Contest
Vibes	Vic Feldman
Male Singer	Ray Charles
Female Singer	No Contest

DISC JOCKEY POLL

Top Personality	Frank Sinatra
New Male Singer	Johnny Mathis
New Female Singer	Pat Suzuki
Studio Orchestra	Nelson Riddle

BALLROOM OPERATORS POLL

Dance Band	Lawrence Welk
Swing Band	Les Brown
Sweet Band	Guy Lombardo
Western Band	Leo Greco
Polka Band	Six Fat Dutchmen
Small Band	Pee Wee Hunt
New Swing Band	Dukes of Dixieland
Instrumental Leader	Harry James
Singing Leader	Eddy Howard
Best Non-Band Attraction	Crew Cuts
Male Band Singer	Tommy Mercer
Female Band Singer	Alice Lon

THE SMALL GROUP IN JAZZ

By Martin Williams

The jazz historian has a truism: The largest number of persons were attracted to his music during the era of the "big band," the "swing" period of the mid-1930s and early 40s.

To great numbers of persons jazz is just that, big-band swing. Today, of course, the small group dominates jazz, and if one looks at the past he will see that it usually has. And as jazz has evolved, most of the major innovations have been worked out within the freedom such a small group may allow.

Even Duke Ellington and Count Basie, leaders of two of the most important bands in jazz history, began as leaders with small ensembles—and, with their sidemen, worked out many of their ideas before they expanded. And Fletcher Henderson, who with Don Redman arranged and performed the big-band style that came to be called swing, began his career directing a few men on recording dates and, like everyone else, employed men with wide experience in small groups.

It has been said that the history of jazz has been written by "a bunch of guys standing up blowing," exchanging ideas, working out new styles. Much of it certainly has happened that way. Some of it we know about. And some of it we don't—and perhaps never shall.

We are going to deal mostly with those groups that have introduced important innovations. That will mean leaving out many which produced good music, of course. And we also will not discuss some of the celebrated (and often influential) individual instrumentalists who usually worked with small groups—such persons as Jelly-Roll Morton, Jimmy Noone, Johnny Dodds, Art Tatum, Fats Waller. Nor some of those who, despite associations with big bands, did some of their most important work with smaller ensembles or alone—such persons as Sidney Bechet, Earl Hines, Jack Teagarden, Bix Beiderbecke, Coleman Hawkins, John Kirby.

There is one photograph of Charles (Buddy) Bolden's band in New Orleans which shows six pieces: cornet, valve trombone, two clarinets, bass, guitar. The picture shows no tuba, no banjo, no drums, no piano.

Many call this the first jazz band. That is, the first in which all the things that contributed—ragtime, French and Spanish melodies, marches, Latin and West African rhythms, Negro-American blues, work songs, church music, the rest—came together into a new style which later acquired the name jazz.

Previous to that (and concurrent with it and subsequent to it), there were groups, small and large, playing orchestrated ragtime, reels, jigs, cakewalks, blues, marches, and using conceptions formal and informal, using instruments professional and homemade, and using their voices. But, as far as we can tell, it was usually true that the larger the group was, the more formal its conception was; the smaller the group, the more improvisational its playing was.

Once the New Orleans style had been worked out, it was carried abroad, but still by the same small group which performed its balanced polyphonies best. Freddy Keppard's group toured cross-country beginning in 1912—but that is well-enough known.

Even within these groups changes apparently were taking place.

The earliest recorded example of a New Orleans Negro band that we have was made by Kid Ory's group in 1921 in California.

Rhythmically, it is a bit closer to the regular 2/4 of ragtime than the recordings made about two years later by King Oliver's group. And what had been an exchange by leading instruments in earlier ensembles was gradually becoming an out-and-out solo passage with rhythm. Louis Armstrong was in that latter group, and a few years later he announced something new.

In November, 1925, Armstrong began a series of recordings with his Hot Five, then Hot Seven. The group was assembled for records. It was small, and Armstrong opened up. Jazz had its first great virtuoso horn soloist and its first great influence.

The '30s did not belong to the big band alone. In New York, uptown in Harlem and downtown on 52nd st., many small-group and star instrumentalists worked

The Modern Jazz Quartet

constantly. And Roy Eldridge, despite his work with several big bands, frequently had his own groups and had almost every trumpeter around listening carefully.

Much recording of the time, even if many sessions were made by pickup groups of big-band sidemen, reflected such activities. In the groups fronted by Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, Billie Holiday, and others, some critics have seen a new rhythmic conception taking shape.

If the Ellington men (Johnny Hodges, Rex Stewart, Cootie Williams, Barney Bigard) headed small groups only on records, many bands, following Benny Goodman's example, maintained such groups as part of their regular performances. And the sextet he formed in 1939 featured Charlie Christian.

We probably never shall know exactly what the jam session in Kansas City, Mo. in the late '20s and early '30s were like, but we know a lot about the results.

They were contributing to the New York activity we have described. And we have such testimony as that of Jo Jones who says that when Count Basie expanded and came to New York, the men soon discovered that the best way to play was according to the style the small group had worked out in Kansas City. Rhythmically and melodically, here were changes. A younger participant in Kansas City was Charlie Parker.

The story of the Minton's and Monroe's jam sessions is another often told: how Charlie Christian, Kenny Clarke, Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, and the rest worked out the harmonic and rhythmic changes that later were called be-bop, then modern, style. Again, a bunch of guys standing up blowing, blowing that most persons first heard in the remarkable series of small-group records that Parker and Gillespie made between 1945 and 1946.

The next stylistic innovation was called "cool."

The work of such followers of Lester Young as Herbie Stewart, Al Cohn, Allen Eager, Stan Getz, Wardell Gray, and their groups had been there for some time. Lennie Tristano and his pupils, particularly Lee Konitz, had been there. But the real identity came with the series of records led by Miles Davis in 1949-50. These eight- and nine-piece groups leaned heavily on written scores, but when the conception was recently expanded for nineteen pieces, the quality was rather different.

The next important innovation in cool jazz was Gerry Mulligan's. With only trumpet (later valve trombone), baritone, bass, and drums, his groups played a contemporary style that suggested the polyphonies of an earlier way and the rhythmic concepts of the Basie band. A host of small groups and instrumentalists appeared, a whole west coast cool movement was founded.

And in the east in the middle and late 1950s, the Modern Jazz Quartet played blues, ballads, classic fugues, and John Lewis' extended compositions in a kind of cool-ish bop style. The funky and hard styles (which sent jazzmen rooting in simple blues, church music, and the playing of swing instrumentalists) was asserted strongly by the Art Blakey Messengers and Horace Silver.

In Max Roach's group, the late Clifford Brown set a new style for trumpet virtuosity.

Charlie Mingus' group was leaving his earlier, rather self-conscious music for a kind of jazz which approached a concert music while losing little of the spontaneity of a country skiffle group or the bop improvisers.

Thelonious Monk was still leading small groups, which, to many, were now implying the next step. Miles Davis had a quintet, then sextet, for free improvisers that not only had no scores but often performed as a string of soloists.

Gigi Gryce's groups were trying to break out of the rigid thirty-two-bar patterns and the overworked sets of chord changes that everyone was using. And in the *avant garde* were the quartets of Cecil Taylor.

Things came with a kind of circle in 1957 when Jimmy Giuffre arrived from the west coast with his trio, which, drawing inspiration from Getz, Mulligan, and the disciplines of the Modern Jazz Quartet, played a kind of improvisational chamber music that reflected all sorts of American popular and folk *idioms*.

Because of union and club regulations, the open jazz session is a comparative rarity nowadays. And partly because of this, the efforts of many groups today to find new ways are more planned and deliberate than they often have been in the past. Nevertheless, a large part of the work is still being done by guys standing up blowing.

The Trouble With Big Band Jazz

A Bandleader-Educator Points Out The Cliches

By Marshall Brown

Big-band writing has donned the grey flannel suit, carefully striped tie, and button-down-collar shirt of the conservative.

In no other period in the short history of jazz has so little development in big-band writing taken place over a span of 20 years. In fact, big-band jazz writing has indicated by its position today that it could very well be dead.

Most of the successful and accepted "swinging" big-band writers are dependent, to a large extent, on rhythmic cliches. This, coupled with a use of barbershop harmony, has served to set back big-band jazz writing to a point it occupied some 20 years ago.

Immediately after World War II there was a national desire to return to normalcy. This led to a nationwide conservatism. Employers found that young men, particularly young married men, were not concerned with accepting jobs for advancement as much as they were seeking positions with security.

This conservatism produced a similar seeking of security in big-band jazz writing. The result today is a kind of writing which often pops up in "swinging" singing commercials on radio and television. In fact, on many occasions, even the Lawrence Welk band uses it. If these Welk arrangements were inflected somewhat differently, and had the benefit of, say, Mel Lewis or Shelly Manne on drums they wouldn't sound much different from a good deal of today's big-band jazz writing.

And it's not that Welk's and BBD&O's arrangers have suddenly become hip. But that this type of writing is commercial and square.

Cliches, three of which are shown in the accompanying panel are used over and over—with variations—in much of the so-called "modern" big-band jazz writing. Today's top arrangers and composers are not arranging or composing. They are merely manipulating cliches.

The root of this kind of writing is back in the Count Basie band of the late 1930s. But these cliches played a very secondary role in that Basie band. When they appeared at all, they were usually in the subordinate parts of the arrangement, i.e. in the backgrounds to solos.

Today's writers have taken the punctuation points in those Basie arrangements and made a career out of them.

The effect of this type of writing has been to stabilize big-band jazz writing. And even the sidemen are involved in this conspiracy. They may not know they're involved, but they look for these symbols because they "lay right," they mark a "swinging" arrangement.

Frequently, if a sideman says he doesn't dig a score, it could be that it doesn't have any cliches in it or has fewer than he is accustomed to.

The more these cliches appear, and the more cleverly they are manipulated, the more the stature of the writer increases in the eyes of some of the sidemen and the jazz audience, which, in turn, is now conservatively oriented and looks for these things.

The writer who doesn't use them doesn't wear the right tie.

This type of writing has very few problems to be solved. It's like being dealt a pat hand. As a result, big-band writing is retreating, just as a conservative who seeks to perpetuate a former way of life.

Tony Scott was once quoted as saying that the jazz improviser first says something and then the arranger writes it down. If that's true, then today's big-band arrangers failed to hear Charlie Parker at all. They are still listening to, and are inspired by a school of improvisation originally stated by Lester Young.

This does not reflect any criticism of Pres. But what has happened is that the harmonic basis of today's arranging is based on the harmonic resources used by Young. It's primarily an on-the-chord type of improvisation. By today's standards, it could well be called a play-it-safe type of writing.

What remains to be developed is that school inspired by Parker and the harmonic and rhythmic bases from which he improvised. Present-day writing is an almost complete rejection of the directions pointed out by Bird in his blowing.

Some of the writing shows that the present-day big-band jazz writers have caught up with some of the good songwriters of the 1920s. Some of the suspensions continually, and interminably, appearing to stem from the 1920s. Like having the melody on the Note G harmonized with a D minor seventh for two beats to a G seventh for two beats. Just transpose this, and it's the basis for most suspensions today.

There are three major schools of big-band writing: the Fletcher Henderson-Count Basie, the Duke Ellington, and the Jimmie Lunceford. For some reason, most "blowing cats" wh oenjoy success have fallen into the Henderson-Basie school harmonically, rhythmically, and in the use of sections.

Even at that, we would not be so badly off today if they were exploring many of the avenues still open in this genre.

We would be experiencing a period of growth if these writers had followed the paths pointed out by the band I consider a high-water mark of ensemble writing: the Dizzy Gillespie band of the late 1940s.

As it stands now, the art form of large ensemble jazz is not really developing. Why can we listen today, in an art form supposedly still evolving, to a record made 20 years ago that does not sound dated? If we had done this 20 years ago the earlier record would have sounded hopelessly out of date.

There never has been a 15-to-20-year period in jazz when less growth took place. In the area of hard-swinging big-band jazz writing—up to the time of that early Gillespie band—one could look forward to someone developing something new or coming up with an original statement or fresh thought almost every year. Now all we have to look forward to is something old.

This is the only period in jazz when someone can take 20-year-old instrumentals, put words to them, and have a "modern" hit. Do you think a vocal group like the Dave Lambert singers could have done that in 1938 with material then 20 years old?

If today's writing represents the class in big-band arranging and composing, then ensemble jazz is dead. It completed its evolution in 1938.

But we have some exceptions among today's writers. Although they are not as successful as the members of the "swinging" fraternity, they do not *think* in cliches.

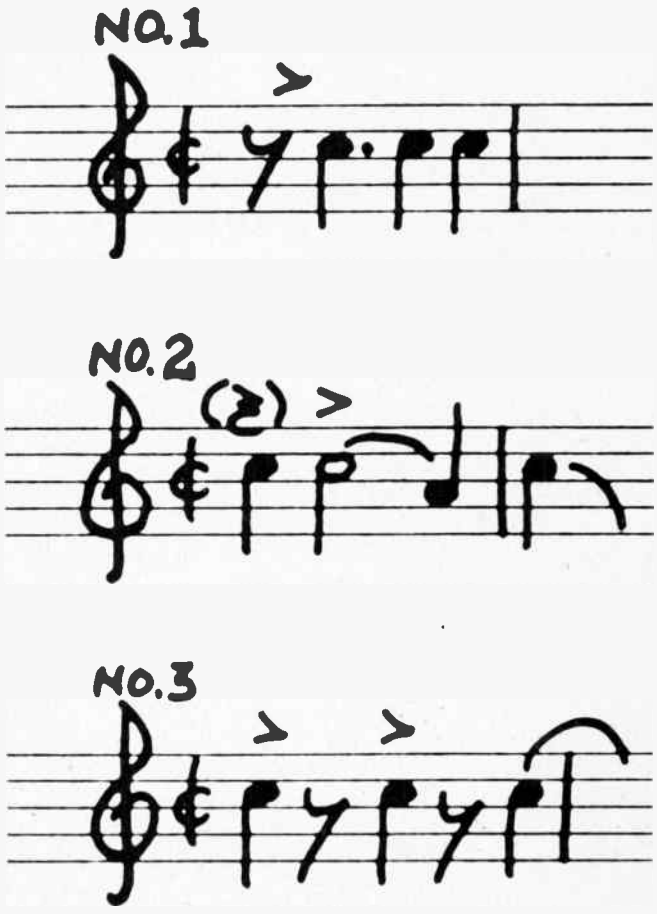
If the "swingers" try first to avoid cliches, they may be able to say something original. Much more can be done rhythmically and harmonically. Working within the actual framework of jazz, there are whole grounds that are not yet explored. Virtually all the rhythmic and harmonic area opened by Parker remains to be developed.

Part of the problem is economic. And let's face it, the art form has been cheapened. It is certainly tragic that a bandleader or arranger has to produce an LP in two or three three-hour sessions. There may be a direct connection in this and the fact that cliche writing can be played off very quickly. It'll swing and have a ready audience of finger-snapping buyers and critics to proclaim it great jazz.

But can you imagine the New York Philharmonic orchestra recording 35 or 40 minutes of new music in two or three such sessions? Never! It would rehearse the music three or four months and perhaps perform it live several times before going near a studio.

Then if we expect jazz to be respected, there must be respect for it within the trade. It's an art form that requires attention and careful thinking.

Present-day thinking and methods tend eventually to make this art form of American jazz as insignificant in this country's musical life as the John Philiip Sousa type of concert band is now.



THREE POPULAR CLICHES—As indicated in No. 2, substitute rests for notes, and many varieties of these cliches can be developed.

There are a dozen or so composers and arrangers today whose writing is much in demand by practically all of the remaining big bands. One usually thinks of jazz playing and writing as being fields which have always put a premium on individuality. But these men are astonishingly homogeneous. Much of their work is stereotyped and commonplace. "Stand Pat" and "Safety First" seem to be their guiding slogans.

We are living in the era of the interchangeable arranger.

On so many big-band records today one hears evidence of conformity to a musical status quo. The present crop of composers has little in common with the innovating writers of the late 1930s and early 1940s; brilliant writers who gave individualism to the bands of that era. Men such as Duke Ellington, Jimmy Mundy, Fletcher Henderson, and Sy Oliver to name a few. These men were (and still are) highly individualistic creative pioneers during their productive years.

In order to return big-band writing to the fine art it once was we must find ways to foster the development of successors to this pioneering spirit.

the writers

Bob Rolontz, who wrote the summary of pop music in '58, is a veteran reporter for *The Billboard,* a key music industry trade publication. He has covered all facets of the music business. He was a jazz A&R man for Vik Records, too.

David Dachs, who summarized the musical comedy scene for *Music '59,* is an accomplished free-lance writer with infinite love for the world of Broadway. He has contributed articles on musical comedy to many publications. Currently, he is at work writing his own musical comedy.

Don Henahan is the classical music critic of the Chicago *Daily News.* He has contributed articles to leading publications, too, and is an accomplished classical guitarist. His survey of classical music in '58 appears on page 45.

Leonard Feather, one of the best known names in jazz writing, contributed the summary of jazz literature. His *Blindfold Test* is a regular feature in *Down Beat.* His *Encyclopedia of Jazz* and *Encyclopedia Yearbooks* are vital portions of all well-stocked jazz libraries. Feather also contributed the roundtable discussion on the progress of jazz, which appears on page 104.

Charles Graham, author of the high fidelity summary, is *Down Beat's* high fidelity editor.

The special fiction section includes the work of four men. Frank London Brown, whose *A Way of Life* opens the section, is a young Chicago-based writer; his stories have appeared in *Chicago* magazine and the *Chicago Review.* His first novel, *Trumbull Park,* is set for publication in April.

Ed Sachs, whose *Dogs Don't Always Eat Dogs* follows, is a prolific Chicago writer. He has written profiles for *Down Beat* and features for a variety of other publications. Currently, he's at work on two novels, one for possible Hollywood use.

Leonard Feather, noted above for his non-fiction contributions to this volume, also is represented by *You Gotta Get Lucky,* one of a series of humorous fables he has written on life in the music business.

Robert Eskew's *Time of the Blue Guitar* is reprinted here with the permission of *Coastline* magazine, a Hollywood literary publication. Eskew, a promising young author, is associate editor of that publication.

Martin Williams, who contributed the recommended discography on page 83, and the feature on small groups on page 99, is co-editor of the *Jazz Review* and one of *Down Beat's* record reviewers.

Ferris Benda and Ralph Friml are insane.

John Wilson, jazz critic of the New York *Times* and jazz record reviewer for *High Fidelity* magazine, wrote the survey of jazz composition on page 94.

Marshall Brown, who dissects the big band state on page 101, is the well-known composer-bandleader-educator who conducted both the Farmingdale high school band (in 1957) and the International Youth band (in 1958) at the Newport jazz festival. He is slated to conduct a band of young American musicians at the 1959 festival.

Around The Table

Is Jazz Progressing?

The Views Of Shelly Manne, Pete Rugolo, Ben Pollack, Gene Norman, Leonard Feather

The following discussion took place before microphones in radio station KLAC in Los Angeles. The moderator was Gene Norman, the west coast disc jockey, night club impresario, concert promoter and recording executive. Jazz critic and writer Leonard Feather assembled and participated in the panel.

NORMAN: The topic for discussion is "Which Way Is Jazz Going—Forward, Backward, or Sideways?" We have . . . jazz authorities and musicians to represent the various points of view. First of all, we have the noted conductor, composer, and arranger, Mr. Pete Rugolo. Welcome to KLAC.

RUGOLO: Thank you. It's wonderful being here, even though I know we're going to get into a big fight before the evening is over.

NORMAN: We want you to be completely candid. Then we have Mr. Ben Pollack, one of the leading discoverers of talent through the years—Goodman, Teagarden, Glenn Miller, Harry James, and dozens more played with his band.

He's one of jazz's early great drummers and one of the outstanding restaurateurs in southern California. Next in line we have Shelly Manne, winner of several magazine polls in the drum division. Last, we have Mr. Leonard Leather, author of *The Encyclopedia of Jazz*.

Now we are going to ask each of the gentlemen involved for a brief declarative statement about the topic . . .

RUGOLO: I think I'll start the fight by saying that as a whole I think jazz is going nowhere. There are always a few who will make everything progress. I know that, but as a whole I'm very disappointed with it.

POLLACK: We're talking about where it's going. I wonder where it's *been*. From my standpoint, I don't know. We don't get the excitement today in jazz. Everybody has that cool attitude. I can remember when people used to scream and yell, but this only happens at concerts now, not in night clubs.

MANNE: Well, I think it's definitely going forward, Gene. I have a couple of answers to Pete and also to Ben when we get into it more deeply.

FEATHER: Jazz is borrowing from classical idioms and moving across into that field. Swing music is moving into the pop field and being accepted on television, not necessarily as jazz. Dixieland is even moving across to where it's being accepted as background for silent movies on television. So I think that sideways is a more accurate description of where it's going than either forwards or backwards.

RUGOLO: Or nowhere.

NORMAN: Ben Pollack brought up the point of the lack of excitement and enthusiasm in a jazz performance. Do you feel that modern jazz musicians are catering only to themselves and a very small in-group without attempting to reach a wider segment of the public?

POLLACK: They'd love to reach a wider segment. They are, as the kids grow up and listen to it, but I don't see the excitement in the faces of the people.

FEATHER: Well, I feel that Ben has a point there that is not at all valid. I don't think that at any time in the history of jazz has there been a more public demonstration of excitement in a jazz performance than in the past 10 years.

At the Newport jazz festival this year, a total of 50,000 people displayed the greatest attitude of excitement and enthusiasm you can find at any kind of event. I think this same kind of excitement pervades many jazz concerts and many public performances of every kind. I think jazz, as far as that aspect is concerned, is at a new peak.

RUGOLO: Yes, but, Leonard, who are the people excited over it? Usually the people that create excitement will be a band like Hampton, or even Basie when he gets going, or a blues singer. Do they get excited over Jimmy Giuffre's trio? That's the point.

MANNE: People now are more intense while they are listening to the performance, and their excitement is released *after* the performance, so I have to agree with Leonard in that case and disagree with Ben.

Jazz used to be a background for clinking cocktail glasses and having fun, but today it's becoming a more serious thing.

POLLACK: Well, you don't live in the '20s at the Friars' inn, when you couldn't get near the bandstand—they were twenty deep and the glasses were way in the back. All the musicians and hip characters used to stand in front of the band back as far as 1921 and go out of their minds. Anything you played and did, they would yell and scream.

MANNE: But it was all the musicians and hip characters who were up in front and now you have some people who are *not* musicians there.

FEATHER: Let's ask Gene Norman, because he's had a great deal of experience running jazz concerts out here. Don't you agree with me, Gene, that there's a great deal of excitement in concerts here?

NORMAN: Well, I think Shelly put his finger on it when he said the degree and type of excitement varies. The modern-sounds aficionados are more interested in listening, and their excitement may be as intense but is not as demonstrative as the other type of excitement.

MANNE: It's not a participation music.

FEATHER: Well, we're talking about excitement, but actually that should not be the main purpose. Excitement is not the only element that is supposed to be induced by listening to jazz.

NORMAN: I agree with you, Leonard; the discussion here is not really whether anybody gets excited or not, but how good the music is and where it's going as far as musical merit is concerned.

I would like to hear more from Pete, for example. You have a fabulous background in classical music. Do you feel that jazz is expanding in ideas or do you think it's becoming sterile in an attempt to do something interesting?

RUGOLO: There's always a wonderful bunch of people who are trying to go ahead, and it's been that way right from the beginning. In that sense I'd say jazz is going ahead. But there are so few that are individual. Most arrangers now will decide that musicians like Count Basie—that's their favorite band—so arrangers will all of a sudden arrange like Count Basie or whoever's arranging for him—let's say Neal Hefti or Quincy Jones.

I get so tired of buying record after record and every one sounds the same. You'll get an album that says *Buddy Rich Plays Count Basie,* or *Let's Swing Like Basie*. Truthfully, it swings, if that's the word, but in tone colors it's very lacking to me. Harmonically, they haven't found anything outside of a minor seventh chord, and to me, as an arranger and composer, I think that's very lacking in jazz. That's why I say it's going nowhere.

FEATHER: I think you're bringing up a point, sort of implied rather than stated, and that is there are too darn many records coming out. We're spreading everybody so thin that not everybody can possibly achieve that degree of originality that is required to make great music.

RUGOLO: But I think instrumentally and every way it's like that. We have so many wonderful musicians, like, let's say Giuffre or Shelly, who have their own ideas.

You know when you hear Shelly and when you hear Jimmy play or when he writes, it's music and it's great. Or even Chet Baker, let's say—whether we like him or not—but how can you tell them apart when everyone sounds the same on saxophone or trumpet or anything else?

FEATHER: I'd like to ask Ben Pollack something about that. Ben has been such a great discoverer of talent, I'd like to know whether he feels that there are any new Benny Goodmans and Harry James, etc.

POLLACK: I definitely feel there are new ones coming up. I heard a new trumpeter at Gene's concert last year that floored me. They brought him out from New Orleans. This guy gets up and blows. He plays every-

body's style plus, and does everything that can be done on the instrument.

He came down to my place after the concert and blew, and I never heard anybody who owned an instrument play like this fellow—his name is Al Hirt. He has a big, fat tone quality, knows everything he's doing, never wanders, never a clinker.

FEATHER: Do you think he has an unmistakably identifiable style of his own?

POLLACK: I wish I had money and the band business was back, I'd build a little band around him. Then you've got Pete Fountain out here, who's one of the finest clarinet players.

NORMAN: Let's ask Shelly a question. What about the boundaries of jazz, Shelly, since the more daring editions of *New Directions,* out-of-tempo passages, etc.? When does it stop being jazz and what's the difference in the first place?

MANNE: Well, that's a hard question to answer completely, Gene. All I know is that the jazz musician is trying to get a greater foundation now and use forms that have proved themselves through years and years of classical writing.

He's trying to connect jazz with these things, so that a fellow may compose something really worthwhile —a framework, so that improvisation will become an important part of the framework. It still remains jazz if it keeps a basic element of improvisation and the swinging time feeling.

Stan Getz can take the first 16 bars of a tune by himself and your foot is tapping regardless of whether the rhythm section is playing or not.

I would like to answer Ben on this. The jazz musician today doesn't have nearly the chance he had when I started. That's because in the jazz clubs there's a lack of encouragement among musicians. When I started out, my idols, Coleman Hawkins and people like that, used to come to me and say, "Hey, kid, you've been in here two nights, come on and sit in." They'd pat me on the back. I'd play terrible, but they'd say, "Come back tomorrow night." From this encouragement it gave me so much confidence that it made me want to play.

FEATHER: I disagree. The jazz musician has many *more* outlets than he used to have. By the time he's even 18 years old, he may have a chance to make a few LPs and appear in a number of the many, many clubs that exist now that didn't exist in the old days. I feel that actually there's such a profusion of opportunities for the young musician that you find it's difficult to get any kind of individuality because it's impossible to create a new style every day.

You'll find alto players sounding like Parker and trumpets sounding like Diz, but at least these youngsters that come up do have a chance to express themselves even if they're not finding anything tremendously original.

I think there are people who are unknown today and the next day or month may have a write-up in a music magazine or they may have an LP out or may even become bandleaders on an LP. This kind of thing didn't happen 10 or 12 years ago.

MANNE: But the LP doesn't sell 2,000 records, so it doesn't make any sense. The market's just being cluttered with jazz LPs now. They'd be better off to record for somebody with some reputation—that way they'll be heard by more people than they would be just putting out an LP of their own.

But I'm talking about the real young musicians. I have literally hundreds of them come to me in the club and say, "How can I get started? Where can I play tonight?" I try to help younger fellows as I was helped by the older fellows: Dave Tough, Jo Jones, Jimmy Crawford—they encouraged young musicians to play.

Now it's become a thing like, "I'm going up there and cut this guy." When I started out they said, "Shelly, you play the next number." This was even in my formative years when I didn't know what I was doing.

RUGOLO: I think musically it's easier now because of the records you can listen to. In the old days you had hardly anything unless a band came in person.

MANNE: I think the young musician might be confused by all the LPs. He doesn't know *who* to play

A Gitlimerick

A full-blown, man-sized, oval sound;
roots planted in a loam-rich ground.
This contention has no bone —
no one can moan like Alvin Cohn.

like anymore. Before, only the great musicians were recorded as leaders and you could go in the store and buy three records a week and that was all the records that came out of all the people I idolized and listened to. Now I don't know where to start.

FEATHER: That's true. I think possibly the point that we're missing here is that perhaps jazz is becoming a little too formalized. Everything is so organized and planned, and jazz has become such a commercial phenomenon to the degree that was never expected that possibly the element of informality in the jam sessions that Shelly and Ben were talking about has to some extent disappeared. . .

Now, Shelly, we started to talk about where the borderlines are. There have been a few albums out in the past year or so—a few of the larger orchestral works by John Lewis, for example, or by Gunther Schuller. Those things to me are partly jazz, but there are long, long passages that might well be classified as classical or whatever you want to call it—contemporary or concert music. The question to me is whether this is taking jazz forward or just moving it across into another field.

RUGOLO: I don't think there's *enough* of that! Outside of one or two things, I don't hear anything. Shelly is doing some of that; Stan is doing a little. To me John Lewis isn't—outside of that one work, and the Gunther thing, but I don't see anyone doing anything like that. We have all these small groups, and we have no more large bands.

FEATHER: Well, there are an awful lot of things to choose from. I don't agree with you on that. Another point that is very relevant is whether or not we should consider jazz to be essentially folk music. What do you think about that, Gene?

NORMAN: Well, I think in its roots it certainly is folk music, but I feel as though it sort of changes when it becomes contingent in any way on classical music, which is the European music. I feel that at this point it hardly is folk music except to the extent that bands still play the blues.

FEATHER: I agree with you. I think that originally 90 or 100 percent of our jazz was folk music and

today maybe only 10 percent is, because there's so much more musical literacy attached to it—so much more knowledge and musicianship and so much more elaboration and orchestration.

I don't think it has to be folk music. One the other hand there are elements of folk music creeping in and becoming alarmingly popular that seem to indicate a trend—at least a degree of public acceptance in the other direction, such as rock and roll. What are we going to do about that?

NORMAN: Why don't we save that for another hour? In the context of the question, "Which Way is Jazz Going—Forward, Backwards, or Sideways?" I think there is a very ripe discussion on this whole matter of everybody and his brother making LPs for 900 record companies.

As a disc jockey, I receive an average of 25 jazz LPs every week. It's really a chore—Leonard, you know this as a reviewer—to listen to all the records. Yet at the same time I think this abundance of opportunities has given us many new talents who might have otherwise never been heard.

FEATHER: That's true, but how about this paradox? We're getting so many new records, but right here in Los Angeles, in January of 1956, there were at least half a dozen clubs offering first-class modern jazz, all of which have either closed down or switched to rock and roll or strippers. I find that practically everyplace in L.A. that was dedicated to jazz is no longer available to jazz musicians.

NORMAN: I think it's an economic problem essentially. I feel that if one or two club owners open with jazz, and the jazz musician needs the work and will operate less expensively, then there is a fine rapport between the operator and the jazz musician because the price is right and the man can obtain some kind of profit.

Then the other club owners who have a poverty of imagination about presenting attractions will say, "Well, that fellow down the street is making it with jazz; maybe *I* ought to play jazz." And before you know it, you

A Gitlimerick

First with Mingus, then with Blakey,
trumpeter Bill played lines a-snakey.
There's one thing to bear in mind —
that a Hardman's good to find.

have 10 clubs, and it's stretched too far and spread too thin.

POLLACK: Six years ago it happened that way out there with Dixieland.

NORMAN: It's essentially the same problem as the pop record business, where if a Harry Belafonte comes along, everybody starts to do Calypso records and succeeds in running it into the ground.

MANNE: The problem is that it hurts the clubs that are dedicated to jazz, because most of the jazz clubs are not dedicated to jazz but to the dollar.

I think as far as records are concerned, the small companies who really believe in jazz, will still bear the brunt of the thing when the record market reaches the saturation point and people won't be buying records.

If RCA Victor and Capitol and companies of that stature aren't making money on a jazz album, it will be dropped from the catalogue. But the little company that is willing to go along and sell 2,000 or 3,000 will make it that way on jazz because they believe in it.

FEATHER: Shelly, you missed a very important point there as far as the night clubs are concerned. There are a lot of the musicians themselves who are in effect saying, "Let's get jazz away from the whisky drinkers," and they would rather perform, instead of in a night club that accommodates maybe 75 or 100 people, before an audience of 10,000 at the Newport jazz festival, or 4,000 or 5,000 in a concert hall, and as a result jazz is reaching far greater audiences at one given time but losing some of the intimacy that to me is very important.

MANNE: It's great to be in the big theaters and have that many people hear you. But when you're sitting on a stage like that and the curtain opens, the jazz musician feels, "Oh! I have to prove something right now." And that's not the way good jazz is formed. In a club you can sit back and relax and play a number just to get loose and fall into a natural groove through the period of the evening.

FEATHER: I wonder what the right medium really is, because in the great days of the original Ben Pollack orchestra, when there was no such thing as a jazz concert and there were very few jazz records — where would you get your outlet for jazz in those days, Ben?

POLLACK: I laid eggs on one-niters like no band there ever was. We always did the biggest business in hotels or clubs like the Black Hawk in Chicago, the Southmore hotel and in the Panther room at Chicago's Hotel Sherman.

These people couldn't sit down and dissect jazz, but they loved it and said, "Boy, you ought to hear this new music. This is great!" They got in there and found it was very easy to dance to. We had screwball chords. The arrangers would sit up there with a Hammond organ, and Fud Livingstone and Glenn Miller would sit there and cross their fingers and try to figure out the chords.

We would play them on the stand, and all the guys would shudder and say, "Is that wrong or right?" We were going along very fine, but then up comes a band — Roger Wolfe Kahn — who has fiddles and counterpoint. That's when we got loused up, because we added two violins and a cello and got too classy. We got into the Park Central hotel and everybody was saying, "This is the greatest band in the world," but I couldn't book a one-niter for $200.

The general public didn't know what we were trying to do. A trombone and baritone going one way and three saxes going another way and a muted trumpet answering an open trombone. It was a conglomeration of going nutty.

MANNE: What about this strange phenomenon, Leonard? I'd like to ask you. When I was in high school and went to hear Lunceford, Basie, Ellington, or Goodman — everybody enjoyed dancing to those bands and listening. That has disappeared. A band can go in and play real good jazz in a ballroom and nobody wants to hear that now. I can't understand what's caused the change.

RUGOLO: Don't you think it was the record business? Because when we were in high school, all we had to listen to was each record that came out. If there was a new Benny Goodman record, I couldn't wait for it to come out, or a new Jimmie Lunceford record, and when the band came to town, we would sit in front of it and were enthralled and knew every note. But now they don't listen to bands anymore. It's all popular things or Belafonte.

FEATHER: On the other hand, it wouldn't be good for you to have dance music as the essence of jazz, Pete. I don't think you'd like to be tied down to writing music for dancing.

RUGOLO: No, I'm not talking about dancing, but the point was that everything we caught in those days was pretty good music. Tommy Dorsey, Jimmy Dorsey had good bands—Glen Gray, Duke Ellington—everything we heard seemed to be a high caliber, but now you can't even call it music.

FEATHER: That's because the big-band era is undoubtedly pretty nearly over and the new things that are being created are by small groups and by individuals. I think the only really vital step forward that has been taken in years, as far as improvisation and style in jazz is concerned, was bop, and I think it has been absorbed into the mainstream of jazz and there has been nothing that radical that has come up since then, in either written or improvised jazz.

NORMAN: Pete, do you feel as though the filling of the need to do something different and unique is leading people to write contrived things?

A Gitlimerick

James is no idol with feet of splay
but eyes, ears, mind and heart
of Clay.

RUGOLO: No, I don't think it should be contrived. That's why I believe we should discuss "'What's jazz?" I know everyone's tried to define it. But what should it be — should it just be swinging and a nice, pleasant sound? There's no reason why something out of tempo shouldn't swing, or a ¾ bar or ⅞ bar. Why shouldn't we have complex harmonies or rhythms?

FEATHER: I agree that it can swing in waltz time or any kind of steady time and have a regular beat.

POLLACK: That's if you're considering dancing.

FEATHER: No, I don't think it's even a question of considering dancing. I think if it's going to be considered jazz, it has to swing in some kind of tempo, and if it's out of tempo then it has to be judged by the same standards as classical music. That's what I object to in certain things that have been done in the last year or two that I don't think can qualify as jazz.

MANNE: Those out of tempo things, Leonard, can be written with basic folk music that has jazz in mind with the feeling those things have, without the pulsation, and still maintain a *sound* of jazz. Naturally, you'll be missing the pulsation, but to use these out-of-tempo things in a composition for a framework for a later pulsation and improvisation is what is nice. They mix it all up and get this thing going.

FEATHER: The George Russell on RCA Victor, to me, is an example of how jazz might be taken forward. It's not in any given key at most points, but is often improvised and is in strict tempo and swings all the way through.

It does say something different and something new, but it maintains what I think are the basic qualities of jazz. There aren't too many people doing that kind of thing successfully, I don't think.

Even Ellington, although he hasn't done anything completely radical in recent years, is still moving in the right general direction. He's done a very interesting series of things based on characters from Shakespeare, *Such Sweet Thunder,* at his recent concerts.

POLLACK: Didn't Paul Whiteman, many years back, do concerts? I remember an open-air concert in

New York where he went completely out of tempo. He had four bars of 12/8, three bars of different time. They were all jazz musicians—maybe 40 or 50. Whatever they played still had a feeling of jazz. They'd go along for maybe eight or 16 bars of no rhythm going whatever, but still it didn't sound as if it were a bunch of symphony men playing the thing.

FEATHER: I wonder. I think an awful lot of what Paul Whiteman did acted against jazz in effect, because he took a lot of great musicians like Beiderbecke, Trumbauer, the Dorseys, etc., and to all intents buried them—gave them eight or 16 measures once in a while, but the rest of the arrangement was this pseudo-symphonic stuff, which to me had no validity either as classical music of jazz.

I think Stan Kenton today is playing much more jazz than he did in 1950 when he was experimenting in a more offbeat manner than he is today. Like the things he played that Bob Graettinger wrote.

MANNE: I'd like to get in here and say something about the Graettinger things. I didn't feel they were jazz, even though they were played by jazzmen. Bob, of course, wrote them to be played by jazzmen, because he knew that jazzmen had the right conception for what he wanted to be played, but the band never got the feeling of jazz.

I know what Leonard means. It's really hard to separate the two. But I think most composers today use those out-of-tempo and rubato things more as a change of color than anything else. I know myself at times, Leonard, I've played drums for 18 years now, and I sit up on the stand some nights and even when we're swinging I think, "How long can I just go ding-dig-a-ding-dig-a-ding-dig-a-ding?"

POLLACK: How would you like to be doing it for 40 years?

MANNE: Don't worry, I will be!

NORMAN: It seems to me, from

A Gitlimerick

The main of Payne is plainly right as rain.
While baring his emotions,
Cecil also shows his brain.

what we've discussed here, that some jazz musicians and some jazz is going forward; some is going backwards and some is going sideways.

FEATHER: You're perfectly right. I think even though we started out with a basic disagreement, we have to admit that we can't generalize about this. There's so much of it now that there's room for it to go in every different direction at once. That's probably a great thing.

MANNE: Yes, Leonard, and it used to be that jazz was just swing and Dixieland. Now there are so many dialects in jazz, so many conceptions in modern jazz. Some who want to play like Miles Davis' group; others who might want to play in a Stan Getz groove. There are so many ways of expressing yourself.

FEATHER: That's true as long as the musicians are broadminded enough and have enough knowledge of the backgrounds they inherited. A very good example of that is Gerry Mulligan, whom I thought of as a bop musician when he first came on the scene, but nowadays you hear a little Dixieland in what he does; you hear a little modernized swing, and you hear the up-to-date style of improvisation. You get a combination of the best of several schools, and possibly that's the way jazz should be headed.

MANNE: I think Bill Holman also leans in that direction in modern big-band writing and arranging.

POLLACK: It might be that we are going into a generation now where everybody's giving in. For about 10 or 15 years we've had maybe 15 guys in the band and nobody liked the same thing. Look at Boyd Raeburn. There were 18 guys and nobody thought alike.

MANNE: But Pete said the right thing before. The thing that is going to make jazz move ahead is the individuality of the musicians — the willingness to go out on a limb and experiment, rather than just sit back and be willing to imitate everybody who's been accepted by other musi-

A Gitlimerick

Since Morello's joined the fray,
Brubeck swings lots more they say.
No one's asked me yet today
but I guess he does,
In His Own Sweet Way.

cians. Musicians have to learn to please themselves when they play and not just to please other musicians.

NORMAN: Shelly, I think that was best expressed by Mendelssohn, who said something like this: "I am not concerned with what the public pays for or praises, but what I consider good."

POLLACK: You know, that kept me broke all my life!

NORMAN: Well, we have only one minute left in this discussion, and it seems, at least in my mind, we have resolved this problem remarkably well. It seems to me that in spite of the plethora of new things, which are not original or fresh, every once in a while something does come along that just knocks you out.

At least it's always been that way for me. When you think you've heard everything, suddenly something comes along—like an Erroll Garner or a Modern Jazz Quartet . . . Well, as Shelly expressed it so eloquently some time ago, all the jazz musicians have resolved to listen to Lawrence Welk for Lent.

MANNE: You can quote me!

POLLACK: Yes, but they say Hawaiian music's coming back, so look out!

NORMAN: Thank you very much for being with us, gentlemen.

Gitlimericks

Funky, earthy, nasty, blue
Horace Silver's melodic too.
The songs of Silver never tarnish
when coated with Horatio's
rhythmic varnish.

Davis, Miles
lays multi-hued musical tiles,
while many others look to him
for their current trumpet styles.

"Is it Charles Bickford or
Joseph Cotton?",
Teddy Charles once asked in fun.
It was, in truth, Jack "Zoot" Sims,
a most swingin' son of a gun.

Gerry Mulligan inspired
Lars Gulligan
and Bob Gordon, too
but Harry Carney's playing
proves old gold's good as new.

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