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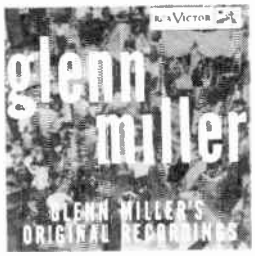
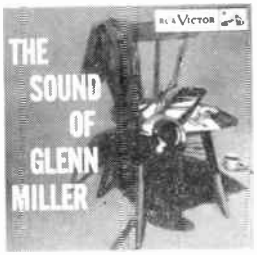
down beat's MUSIC 1960

THE 5th DOWN BEAT YEARBOOK

World Radio History

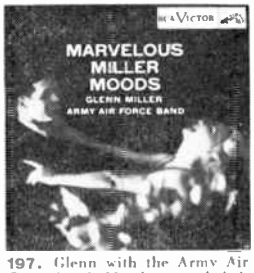


145. The original recordings of *In the Mood, Moonlight Serenade, Kalamazoo, Tuxedo Junction, String of Pearls, Pennsylvania 6-5000, Little Brown Jug, St. Louis Blues, Farewell Blues, American Patrol, King Porter Stomp,* etc.

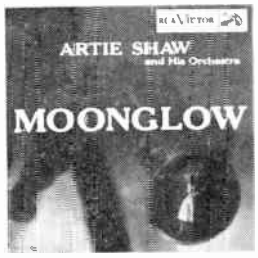


109. 12 all-instrumental Miller "takes" from 1930-42 broadcasts. Swingers and ballads include *I Got Rhythm, Limehouse Blues, My Buddy, On the Alamo, Moonlight Sonata, On Army Team, Anchors Aweigh, Vilia, Sleepy Lagoon.*

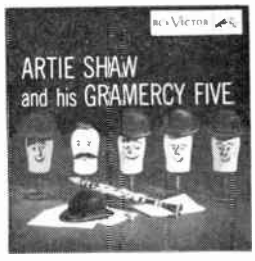
110. The original versions of Miller's biggest dance hits. *Serenade in Blue, Adios, At Last, Pavane, Danny Boy, Chattanooga Choo Choo, Beautiful Ohio, Anvil Chorus, My Isle of Golden Dreams, Johnson Rag, Sun Valley Jump,* etc.



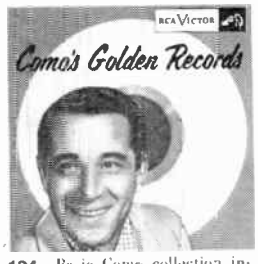
197. Glenn with the Army Air Force Band. Mostly smooth ballads such as *My Ideal, People Will Say We're in Love, A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening, Star Dust, Long Ago and Far Away, Holiday for Strings, I Love You,* more.



183. Artie's 12 biggest band hits, 1938-43. *Begin the Beguine, Star Dust* (with Billy Butterfield, Jack Jenney). *Frenesi, Indian Love Call* (Tony Pastor). *Nightmare* (theme). *Temptation, Dancing in the Dark, Traffic Jam,* etc.



105. Chamber-jazz masterpieces by the 1940 (Butterfield, Guarnieri, etc.) and 1945 (Eldridge, Kessel, etc.) Fives. *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, Special Delivery Stomp, My Blue Heaven, Summit Ridge Drive, The Sad Sack,* etc.



124. Basic Como collection includes 14 of Perry's million-sellers since 1945. *Prisoner of Love, Till the End of Time, Temptation, When You Were Sweet Sixteen, Wanted, Round and Round, Because, Magic Moments,* etc.

123. Classic Caruso favorites recorded at the peak of his incredible career. *Vesti la giubba, La donna e mobile, Cielo e mar, Una furtiva lagrima, Celeste Aida, O Paradiso, Che gelida manina, Air de la fleur,* etc. Enhanced sound.

192. The original recordings of BG's biggest hits, with Krupa, Eman, James, Berigan, Hampton, etc. *Sing Sing Sing, Don't Be That Way, One O'Clock Jump, Bugle Call Rag, Down South Camp Meetin', And the Angels Sing.*

108. The original Goodman Trio, Quartet and Quintet (with Wilson, Krupa, Hampton, Teagh, etc.) play 12 of their 1935-38 best. *Body and Soul, Tiger Rag, Runnin' Wild, The Man I Love, Sweet Georgia Brown,* etc.

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2. The year's most honored and imitated album. This music triggered the whole current jazz boom on TV. All-star modern big band and combo "mood" jazz composed and conducted by Henry Mancini. Ultra-hi-fi!

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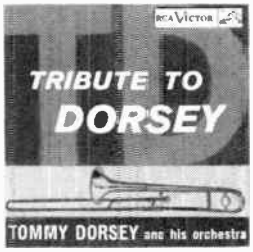
187. Highlights of historic 1947 concert with Teagarden, Hackett, etc., plus others (Ory, Byas, Hodges, etc.) from same period. *Rockin' Chair; St. James Infirmary; Pennies from Heaven; Save It, Pretty Mama; Sugar*—12 in all.

104. Jelly's richest legacy, 16 1926-28 collector's dreams with Simeon, Dodds, Ory, Mitchell, etc. *Original Jelly Roll Blues, Grandpa's Spells, Black Bottom Stomp, Doctor Jazz, The Pearls, Kansas City Stomp, The Chant,* etc.

102. The *original* Dukes, starring clarinetist Pete Fountain, strut through 12 Dixieland classics in highest fi. *Muskrat Ramble, When the Saints Come Marching In, Tiger Rag, Tin Roof Blues, Panama, That's A-Plenty,* etc.

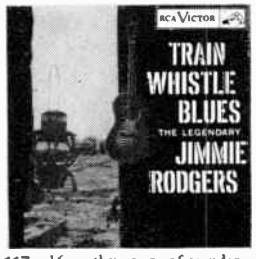
148. With Sinatra, Stafford, Pied Pipers, Berigan, Rich. All big ones. *Marie. Song of India, I'll Never Smile Again, Boogie Woogie, Little White Lies. Star Dust, Opus No. 1, Who?, I'm Gettin' Sentimental Over You.* 3 others.



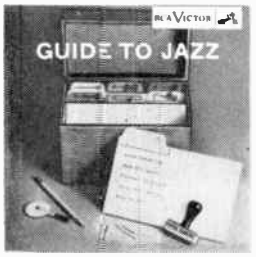
111. 1938-46 Dorsey treasures star Sinatra, Stafford, Berigan, Elman, Shavers, etc. *East of the Sun, Embraceable You, Blue Skies, What Is This Thing Called Love?, Tea for Two, The One I Love, Chloe, For You, Violets for Your Furs,* 6 more.

116. Bing in the late '20s and early '30s with the Whiteman and Ambrose bands. Swingin' rhythm versions of *Ol' Man River, I'm Comin' Virginia, Them There Eyes;* first ballad hits: *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams, It Must Be True.*

120. The man who invented crooning and introduced the biggest hits of the early '30s: *Auf Wiedersehen, My Dear; Sweet and Lovely, Just Friends; All of Me; Time on My Hands; The Blue of the Night; You're My Everything;* etc.



117. 16 earthy songs of wanderlust and women—most of them previously unreissued — by the fabulous "father of country music." *Blue Yodel No. 5, High Powered Mama, No Hard Times, Let Me Be Your Side Track,* etc.

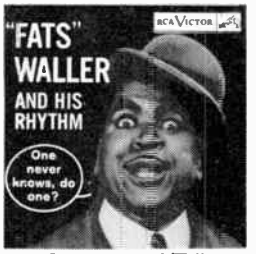


162. Monumental anthology of 16 traditional jazz classics selected by French critic Panassié from RCA Victor archives. Armstrong, Basie, Bechet, Dodds, Ellington, Hampton, Hawkins, Henderson, Hines, Lunceford, Morton, etc.

97. Via player-piano rolls, Gershwin plays his *Rhapsody in Blue* IN HI-FI. Also — in modern sound, playing their own music—Fats Waller (*Squeeze Me*), Felix Arndt (*Nola*), Zez Confrey (*Stumbling*), James P. Johnson.

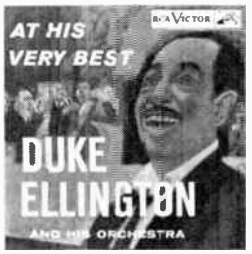
191. Original recordings of romantic hits, including recitations by Franklyn MacCormack. *Josephine, I Love You Truly, None But the Lonely Heart, Why Do I Love You?, Because You Love Me, Alone, The Lamp of Memory,* etc.

164. The jolly jazz genius, vocals and piano with his combo—the cream of his repertoire. *It's a Sin to Tell a Lie, Your Feet's Too Big, Honeysuckle Rose, Hold Tight, Two Sleepy People, The Minor Drag, The Joint Is Jumpin',* 5 more.



113. Latest group of Waller reissues, 16 selections. *Porter's Love Song to a Chambermaid, Lulu's Back in Town, Us on a Bus, Georgia on my Mind, Carolina Shout, My Very Good Friend the Milkman, I'm on a Seesaw,* etc.

101. 16 gems from the band's finest period, 1940-42 (with Webster, Hodges, Carney, Ivie Anderson, Herb Jeffries, etc.). *Take the "A" Train, Cotton Tail, Main Stem, Perdido, I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good,* more.



119. The original (1944) *Black, Brown and Beige Suite* plus 10 more in fat collection from the 1940-46 period. *Creole Love Call, Jack the Bear, Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me (Concerto for Cootie), Warm Valley, Ko-Ko,* more.

185. 16 classic Chicago-Dixieland jazz sides cut in 1939. Personnel includes Brunies and Cless. *Sister Kate, At the Jazz Band Ball, Black and Blue, That Da Da Strain, Dinah, Riverboat Shuffle, Relaxin' at the Touro, Eccentric,* etc.

103. Tasteful "muted jazz" recital of show tunes and jazz classics by America's hottest-selling trumpeter and his quartet —in hi-fi. *It's All Right with Me, All of You, Lullaby of Birdland, Muskrat Ramble,* others.

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

2	97	101	102	103
104	105	108	109	110
111	113	116	117	119
120	123	124	145	148
162	164	179	183	185
187	191	192	197	

ATTENTION, STEREO OWNERS: Most of these collector's items are not and never can be available in stereo, but they belong in every well-balanced record library. Most of The RCA VICTOR Popular Album Club's new selections and alternates, however, are available in stereo versions at $4.98, at times $5.98. If you prefer to receive the stereo version whenever you order an album, please check box at right. ☐

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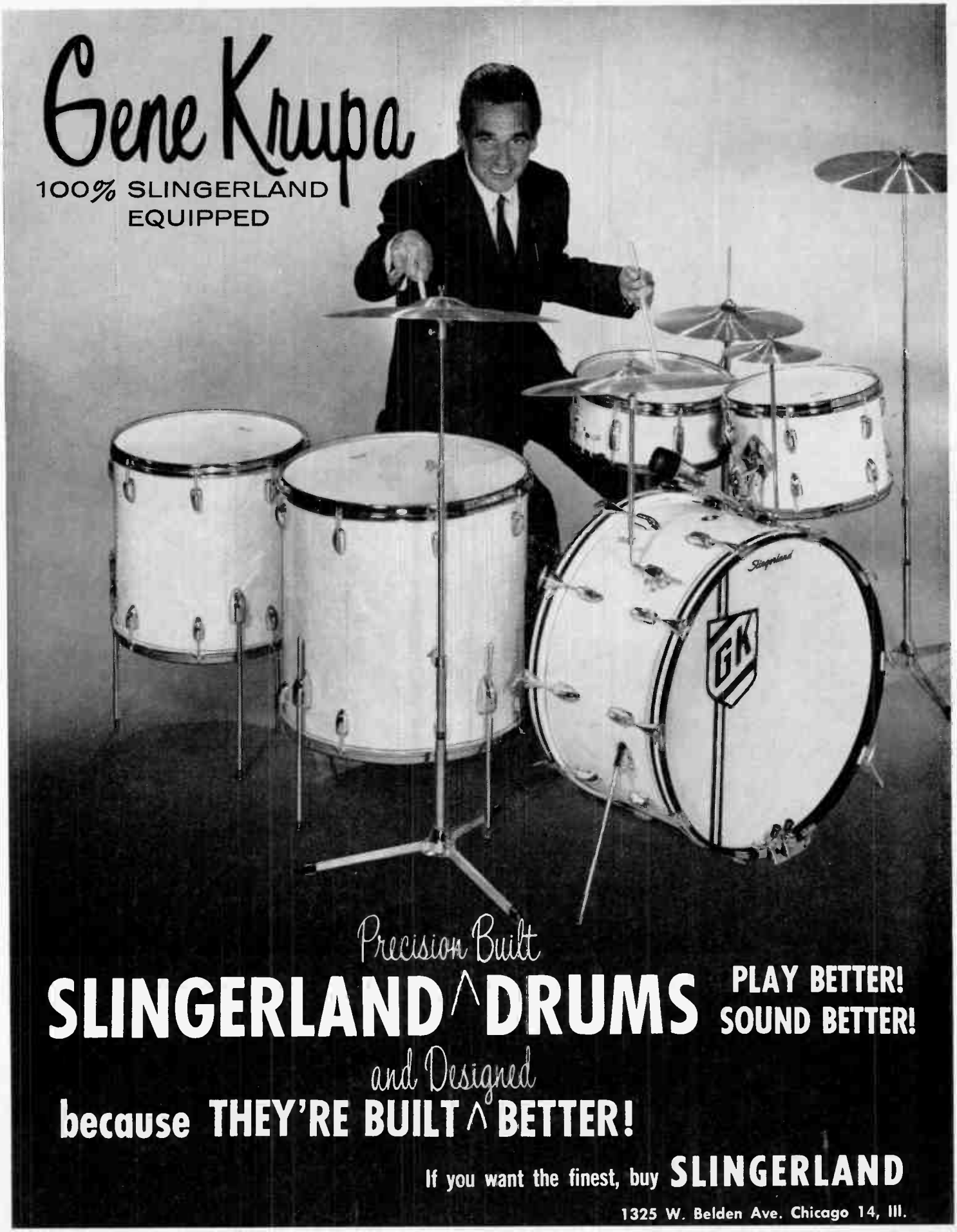

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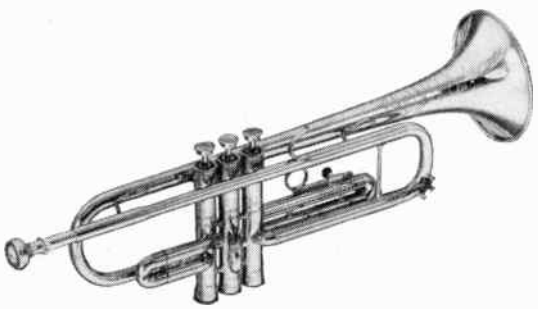

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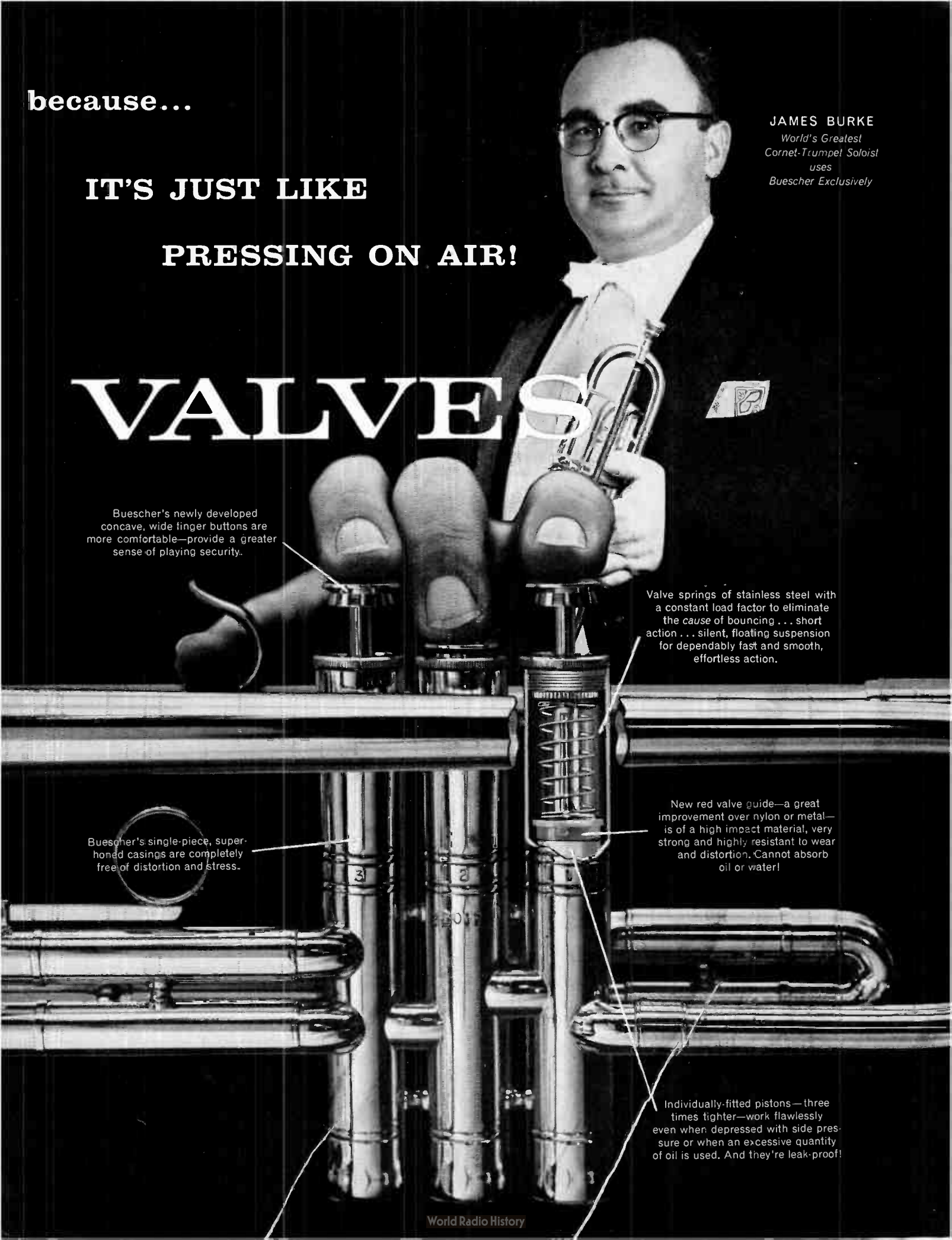

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BY IRA GITLER

A review of the jazz year in the east must focus the majority of its attention on New York, for although Boston may be the Hub, New York, the Apple, is the hub of jazz activity not only for the east but the world as well.

B is for Boston, for Berklee (see education under E) and also big bands of which Boston's Herb Pomeroy had one of the best if his United Artists album was an accurate indicator.

B is also for Basie, whose institution, sometimes taken for granted, roared mightily more often than not in its role as one of Birdland's "house" bands. The other "house" band, Maynard Ferguson's, was like the little girl with the curl; some nights everything a wailing big band can be and on other occasions unbelievably out of tune. Johnny Richards' here-today-at-liberty-tomorrow crew recorded his soundtrack for a Hecht-Hill-Lancaster flick entitled *Kiss Her Good-by*. Mercer Ellington started a band that sounded better on its first Coral record than in person. His father, the illustrious Duke, came up with some interesting new material. Stan Kenton, on the other hand, when he played the east bored us with *Eager Beaver* and *Intermission Riff*, keeping a seemingly solid band under old wraps.

C is for the Composer, an east-side-type club on the west side, which shuttered late in the year after several healthy seasons as one of the best jazz piano rooms in New York, presenting such as George Wallington, Billy Taylor, Mary Lou Williams, Bernard Peiffer.

But the Composer's closing was not indicative of the jazz year in New York. Clubs were the reason the scene was healthy. From Greenwich Village to Harlem, on the east side and the west side, in Brooklyn and on Long Island (Cork 'n Bib), live jazz of many varieties and grades abounded in a multitude of rooms.

C is also for concerts, of which there were the usual quantity. Thelonious Monk at Town hall with quartet and 10-piece orchestra was extremely well attended; its climax was the orchestra's rendition of *Little Rootie Tootie*. The Newport festival road show affair was the scene of a curtain being rung down on George Shearing bad jokes. As a result, Shearing told his new big band not to report to Pittsburgh the next day and changed his mind too late for them to get there.

The Erroll Garner Carnegie hall outing was given a roasting by critics who complained about Garner's pat routines. Promoter Ed Sarkesian's fifth annual Jazz for Moderns tour visited New York, Connecticut, and Philadelphia in late November. At Town hall, the Modern Jazz Quartet combined with the Beaux Arts String Quartet for a unique concert in which the groups played separately and together.

D is for disc jockeys who were in a minority when it came to jazz. Symphony Sid was the lone wolf, the only jazz spinner to be on a daily basis and this on WEVD, a relatively small station. John S. Wilson remained on another small outlet, WQXR, had his once-a-week historical and perspective show switched from Monday at 9 p.m. to Wednesday at 10 p.m. Pianist Billy Taylor had a fine Sunday afternoon show on another independent, WLIB. WNEW's Jack Lazare and William B. Williams played generally tasteful popular music but very little jazz.

On the FM side, Les Davis continued his well-programed modern show for four hours every Saturday afternoon on WBAI. *The Scope of Jazz* conducted by Nat Hentoff and Gunther Schuller on the same station continued in its Sunday evening slot. As for jazz alive on the air waves, see radio under R.

Dixieland and its variations held fairly steady. Condon's featured men like Rex Stewart, Max Kaminsky, Cutty

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Cutshall, Herb Hall, and Gene Schroeder, during the year, as members of the regular band. Bud Freeman, whom you can't type, headed a trio as the second group for a while; modern pianist Bob Corwin then became ensconced for the rest of the year as intermission specialist.

Nick's had Billy Maxted's crew and then Pee Wee Erwin brought in a band featuring the fiery clarinet of Kenny Davern, which earlier had been heard with Herman Autrey and his Dixies at Henry's in Brooklyn.

Many of the same musicians made music at the weekend Central Plaza bashes and afternoonly-nightly at the shooting gallery known as the Metropole. Among these were Charlie Shavers, Red Allen, Tony Parenti, J. C. Higginbotham, Buster Bailey, Dick Wellstood. As one veteran clarinetist said, "Downtown we play for ourselves; at the Metropole it's a show for the people." You could hear the difference by listening to Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge when they played in back of the Metropole's sprawling bar and then catching them in the new Upstairs of the same club. The Metropole went modern in this walkup with Ahmad Jamal, Dizzy Gillespie, Buddy Rich, and a swinging Woody Herman group that featured Nat Adderley, Zoot Sims, and Eddie Costa but reached the depths with a noisy Cozy Cole outfit that spotted one number in which the whole quintet played tambourines.

Jimmy Ryan's on 52nd St. continued to house the band of the DeParis brothers, Wilbur and Sidney. Death took their clarinetist, the New Orleans veteran Omer Simeon, in October, and Garvin Bushell replaced him.

Death, a big D, also created news, all too well remembered by us now, when it took Billie Holiday, Lester Young, Shadow Wilson, and Sidney Bechet.

East side clubs were busy purveying a mixture of swing and Dixie for tired businessmen (maybe they weren't so tired at the rate they were packing the clubs).

The Roundtable, which started off with a policy directed toward the modern but not restricted in any direction, had its eyes (dollar signs) opened by the ad executives' Dixie of the Dukes of Dixieland and proceeded to bring in groups like Sammy Gardner and His Mound City Six. But there was Jack Teagarden, even if the 20 percent tax kept him from singing, Sharkey Bonano, and Tyree Glenn, who was practically the house band.

The Embers, where the music can barely be heard over the patrons' conversation, emphasized trumpet-with-rhythm quartets led by Jonah Jones, Cootie Williams, Charlie Shavers, and Wild Bill Davison and piano trios manned by Teddy Wilson, Eddie Heywood, and the "swinging" Dorothy Donegan. During the summer the Arpeggio entered into the food-quiet-jazz sweepstakes. Vic Dickenson, Roy Eldridge, Toshiko, Barbara Carroll, Bernard Peiffer, and their respective groups were heard a little more clearly than at the Embers.

Education had its seat of learning located in New England as far as jazz was concerned. The Berklee school, boasting a faculty that included men such as Herb Pomeroy, Charlie Mariano, and ex-Hampton drummer Alan Dawson, was even dispensing correspondence courses to would-be jazz scholars who couldn't get to Boston.

Meanwhile, the School of Jazz at Lenox, Mass., continued to grow in size and stature. Scholarships were given by various parties, from Dizzy Gillespie to the F&M Schaefer Brewing Co., which conducted a contest among college students in the spring to determine its beneficiaries. Musicians such as Kenny Dorham, Max Roach, Gunther Schuller, Jimmy Giuffre, and Jim Hall were on the faculty, with John Lewis as executive director and the MJQ in residence during August. Students came from India (pianist Dizzy Sal) and Hungary (guitarist Attila Zoller) and in addition to such students, Ornette Coleman and Don Cherry, pros who already had recorded, also were members of the student body. This was Coleman's first trip to the east, and the climate may supply a more receptive atmosphere for his explorations in jazz. (See F for Five Spot.) For other education, see Y for youth.

E is also for Evans, Bill and Gil. Pianist Bill, also a faculty member at the School of Jazz, stepped out of the Miles Davis group as one of our brightest young creators. His trio was heard at the Composer and the Showplace. For Gil, it was another year of great achievement. Besides scoring the excellent *Porgy and Bess* record with Miles Davis, he began his own band, a 10-piece unit, featuring soprano saxist Steve Lacy, that played Birdland and the Apollo theater.

F is for festivals, and, according to reports from Chicago and Monterey, Calif., this is one area where the east lagged behind the rest of the country in quality.

Financial success was evident at Newport and Randall's island, but the raucous crowds, nonjazz acts, and beer cans gave Newport a black eye despite standout performances by Ellington and Monk; the Randall's island sound system was a washout part of the time. It was a tribute to Horace Silver that he had the power to hold persons in their seats in light of the impoverished PA system during his stint. Boston and Philadelphia had their outdoor jazz in baseball stadiums while Washington's Jazz jubilee, a smaller-scaled indoor fest for congressmen and their wives, found the national legislators about as receptive to Toshiko, Ernestine Anderson, and Dick Cary's band as to a filibuster by the late Sen. Bilbo.

The Five Spot was one of New York's consistently swinging clubs with groups led by Randy Weston, Mal Waldron, Benny Golson, Kenny Dorham, Gigi Gryce, Roland Hanna, Pepper Adams-Donald Byrd, Roy Haynes, and Horace Silver. At year's end owner Joe Termini, while waiting to open his larger Jazz Gallery around the corner on Second Ave. brought Ornette Coleman and the new Golson-Farmer group (see G) to the Five Spot in November.

G is for Golson, Benny, who blossomed out as a player after making his original mark as a composer. Yet it seemed incongruous that the man who has given him his recent inspiration, John Coltrane, should lose to him as new star in *Down Beat* International Critics poll. In the fall Golson and the versatile, eloquent trumpeter Art Farmer formed their own group, which promised to be one of 1960's best.

Still under G, Red Garland ran his own trio for most of the year and in a handsome manner.

H umor showed its jazz head, intentionally, in the George Crater column and at the Den, where Lenny Bruce gigged, and made us giggle, in the spring and fall. Bruce is a jazz comedian not just because he is jazz oriented but also because of his improvisation and constant variation on the same routines. Also heard at the Den was singer Jeri Southern, swinger Jackie Paris and a fine, underrated pianist, Sal Mosca.

An important H was the Half Note, where the Italian food was as good as the music or vice versa. Either way you couldn't lose. On the stand for extended engagements were the groups of Charlie Mingus, Lennie Tristano, Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, Bob Brookmeyer, Yusef Lateef, and Eddie Costa.

I is for important musicians and they included Miles Davis, Charlie Mingus, Thelonious Monk (see M), Bill and Gil Evans (see E).

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Jazz Messengers made a resurgence. Art Blakey's bombers were revivified by Benny Golson's scores, had the benefit of Lee Morgan's crackling trumpet for the whole year and Bobby Timmons' potent piano for part. In the fall, Timmons went to the newly formed group of the Adderley brothers in what was the coup of the year as Julian and Nat also snared bassist Sam Jones from Monk and drummer Louis Hayes from Horace Silver.

K is for kookie, "jazz" on television and all that jazz. But that was national TV and really the west coast's responsibility. For eastern television, look under T.

Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, like many of the groups mentioned here, did not confine their activities to the east, but this is where they were founded, where they base their operations. They were better than ever in 1959.

L is for literature, too, and more was being written about jazz than ever before. New books included a collection of Whitney Balliett's essays; critical anthologies, one edited by Martin Williams, the other by Nat Hentoff and Albert McCarthy, and LP discographies by John S. Wilson. An excellent soft-cover history of modern jazz, retailing for 50 cents, by Leonard Feather was unaccountably overlooked. At the other end of the pole, there was the annual lousy novel about jazz, this time *Blow up a Storm* by Garson Kanin. In the magazine field, *Jazz Review* went into its second year, *Music USA* showed signs of faltering with new backers rumored stepping in.

Miles, Mingus, and Monk were three giants. Davis' group continued to be important not only for itself but also for the way the musicians playing within it developed (Cannonball Adderley, Jimmy Cobb, Wynton Kelly, John Coltrane). The leader's probing trumpet and musical guidance provided a hothouse climate for jazz plants.

Mingus' flower came to full bloom in 1959. His powerful expressionist brand of jazz was capable of evoking many moods from the audience, and soloists John Handy, Leo Wright, Jimmy Knepper, and Booker Ervin were powerful story tellers.

Monk was inactive as far as New York clubs were concerned, but he did do concerts, festivals, and tours. He was as brilliant as ever when his erratic personality didn't get in the way; his saxophone partners have never been up to him since Coltrane left in 1957.

Newspaper coverage was up and down. Some of Ralph J. Gleason's expert syndicated columns reached us in the *Journal American*. Don Nelsen's informed column was given less space in the *Daily News* as the year wore on. Phil Strassberg was his usual uninformed self in the *Daily Mirror*, calling J. J. Johnson a saxophonist and in general being a press agent's delight, like his patron saint Lee Mortimer.

John S. Wilson continued as the concert and record reviewer for the New York *Times* in a professional manner befitting that paper. In the *New Yorker*, Whitney Balliett wrote brilliantly but sometimes was grossly mistaken in some of the factual aspects of his opinions.

New York, N.Y., is not only a splendid town but George Russell's Decca album is equally so.

O stands for "on the scene," which because of said scene's enormousness, it was impossible to be all the time.

Philadelphia had a jazz champion in young drummer Jimmy De Priest, who was instrumental in the formation of the Contemporary Music guild which presented free concerts of material by Johnny Richards, John Graas, Pete Rugolo, John Lewis, and J. J. Johnson featuring Philly's best musicians.

Trumpeter Red Rodney, although still somewhat active in jazz, was busy booking and playing weddings, etc., with his own hip version of Meyer Davis and Lester Lanin. Disc jockey Sid Mark became program director of a 24-hour-a-day jazz station, WHAT-FM.

P is for police, who gave Miles Davis what the *Amsterdam News* termed a "Georgia head whipping," for refusing to move from in front of Birdland. Later they reduced the assault charge, tagged on him when he resisted arrest, and returned his cabaret card.

During the course of the year, J. J. Johnson and pianist Billy Rubenstein were given their cabaret cards and thereby the right to work in New York clubs again. But other cards were being withheld, unconstitutionally many persons felt; one of these persons was attorney Maxwell T. Cohen, a tireless fighter for musicians' rights.

Q is for Quincy Jones (see stage).

Radio's live jazz used to consist of Tommy Reynolds' production of *Bandstand USA* on Saturday nights (WOR, Mutual) with remotes from the top clubs in the east. This fine show met its demise in 1959, and all that was left were the occasional remotes on *Monitor*.

Records were as plentiful as ever, with additional output from big new sources such as Top Rank, Warner Bros., and United Artists.

S is for the stage where jazz musicians trod the boards as actors and blowers. *The Connection*, a play within a play about narcotics addicts, featured alto man Jackie McLean, acting and playing very well, pianist Freddie Redd, and various rhythm players in a quartet onstage playing Redd's music.

The Nervous Set, which did not last, was a musical about beatniks, which had its composer, Tommy Wolf, on piano and guitarists Chuck Wayne and Jimmy Raney alternating in a small group on stage but behind a curtain.

Norman Granz brought French movie-star-singer-entertainer Yves Montand to Broadway for a limited engagement in the fall and backed him with a band that included Jimmy Giuffre, Jim Hall, Billy Byers, and French clarinetist Hubert Rostaing.

Late in the year, Quincy Jones put his new band into rehearsal with an assurance that very few new bands can look forward to—steady employment. On Dec. 7, in Amsterdam, Holland, they opened as an integral part of the new Harold Arlen-Johnny Mercer show *Free and Easy*, an extension of *St. Louis Woman*. The show's itinerary calls for an extended tour of Europe and the United States before a year's stay in New York and a subsequent movie version. Quincy also did the orchestral scoring for the show.

Television had no Timex, and this was a mixed blessing. We also lost Art Ford's *Jazz Party*, which although it concentrated only on one type of jazz, was a happy, relaxed, unpretentious ball. It was missed.

Travel was almost synonymous with jazzmen as New York was a regular POE. Mitchell-Ruff unofficially visited Moscow and were a hit there but somewhat less so in their Town hall concert here. In December, Herbie Mann took his Afro-Cubans on a U. S. State Department tour of Africa. Tony Scott left for the Orient in November, armed with clarinet, stereo tape recorder, and camera, on the first leg of a two-year trip around the world. Just prior to this, pianist-teacher-critic John Mehegan returned from nine weeks in South Africa where he lectured and concertized.

U is for Uptown, Harlem that is, where jazz activity was carried on in such clubs as Smalls', Count Basie's,

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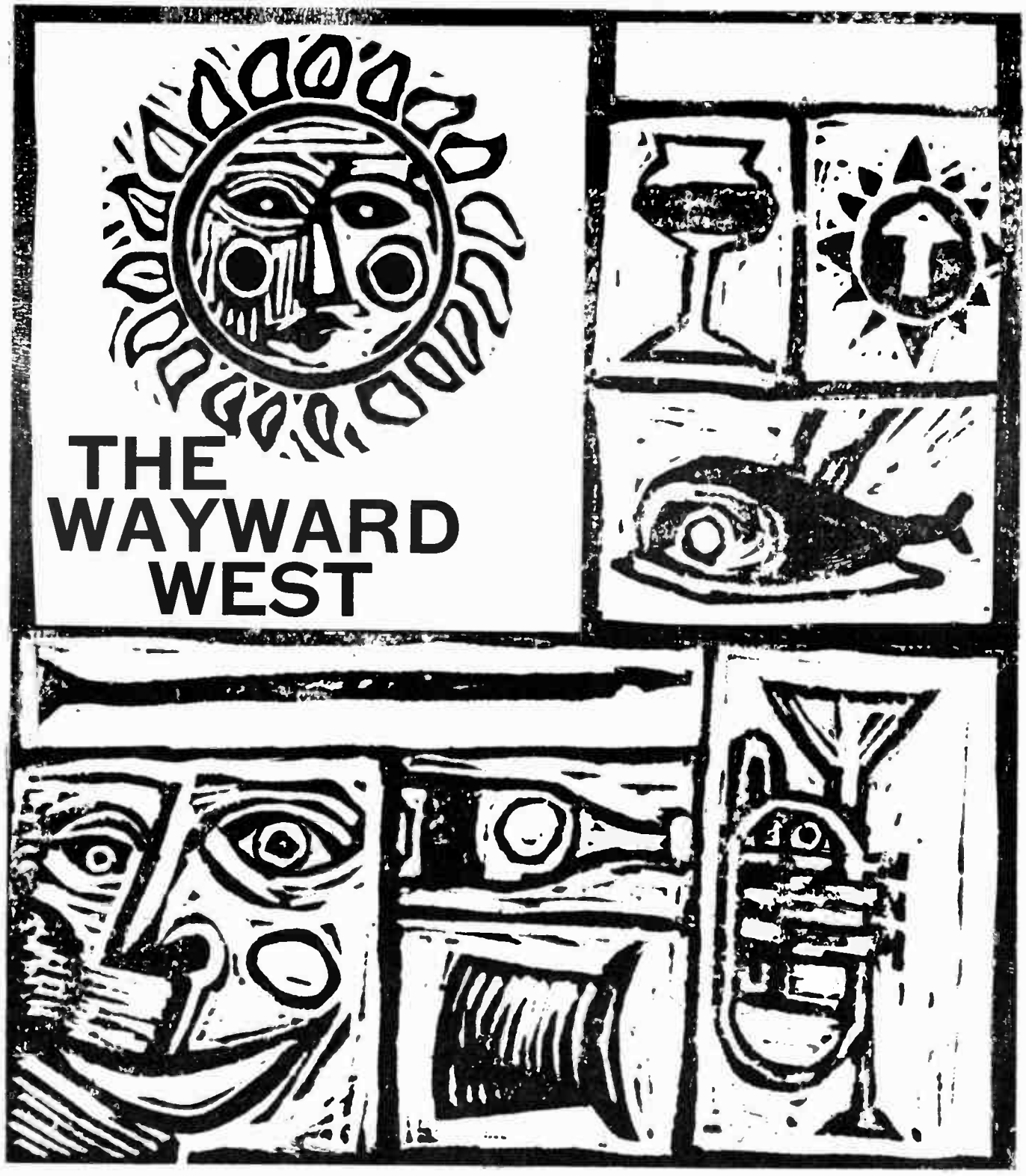

By John Tynan

Was "west coast jazz"—and the past tense is pluperfect—a nurtured experimental movement, a smart promotional gimmick conjured by record makers, or merely a happy accident?

The answer is that it was all three.

Today, to mention the "west coast school" seriously to musicians in California is to evoke the horselaugh of derision, the quick coloring of embarrassment, or a tired yawn. "Man," you're asked, "why bring that up? It's buried; let it lie."

The plain fact is that identification with most jazz that emerged from southern California in the early and mid-'50s is now unpalatable to most of those who pioneered it.

"The term west coast jazz has come to mean jazz without any basic, swinging drive," according to Lester Koenig, owner of Contemporary Records, on which appeared *Sunday Jazz a la Lighthouse*, a 10-inch LP album and one of the earliest recorded examples of the movement.

"It's become a dirty word," he added.

"Gerry Mulligan became a symbol of west coast jazz, but he didn't like it and even moved to New York to escape from it." That's a comment from Richard Bock, president of World Pacific

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Records, who first recorded the celebrated Mulligan quartet on the infant Pacific Jazz label. It is generally conceded that the Mulligan-Chet Baker recordings of 1952 put Bock in business.

Not that there was anything musically wrong with the California product in the eyes of its creators. In fact, music had nothing to do with it (to paraphrase Mae West). But record sales had *everything* to do with it. For the new and struggling independent jazz labels based in Hollywood (and for Dave Brubeck and Fantasy Records in San Francisco) the fresh conception in modern jazz proved a godsend.

The New York-based companies—Savoy, Prestige, and other independents—then held virtually top monopoly on modern jazz sales. And what they had to offer the jazz buyer boiled down to the living legacy of Charlie Parker, for the most part, even though the Gil Evans-Miles Davis tentet sides, the birth of the cool, had been available since 1949. Striving to emerge from the shade, the new California independents rode the "new school" for all it was worth and found a place in the sun.

Tart-tongued Cannonball Adderley neatly bowtied the commercial essence of the west coast school when he replied to a question on the subject on the television show, *Stars of Jazz*, in December, 1956.

"West coast jazz," Adderley said, "is a figment of the record company a&r men's imagination." In terms of the tag hung on the music, he was right.

"We invented it for publicity purposes," suavely admitted Koenig of Contemporary Records. Recalling that Nesuhi Ertegun worked for him at the time the first Shorty Rogers-Jimmy Giuffre-Shelly Manne 10-inch albums were recorded, Koenig said Ertegun was instructed to play up the west coast school angle in his liner notes on the initial LP. The album is numbered C-2503, and the notes read, in part, as follows:

"The West Coast, with its jazz workshops and experimental groups, is becoming an increasingly important center of modern jazz. A new school, headed by Shorty Rogers, Jimmy Giuffre, Shelly Manne and other famous modern jazzmen, is at work in the Los Angeles area."

Reluctant to get involved in a controversy with Koenig, his commercial rival, Bock commented simply, "I don't know if anyone *invented* it."

Where, then, did it come from?

"It's very simple," Bock said, smiling. "It came from New Orleans."

Wranglings aside, the fact remains that the first recordings of this west coast school appeared on Contemporary in the form of 10-inch albums:

Shelly Manne and His Men, Vol. 1 with Rogers, trumpet; Art Pepper (appearing incognito as Art Salt), and Bud Shank, altos; Bob Enevoldsen, valve trombone; Bob Cooper, tenor; Jimmy Giuffre, baritone; Marty Paich, piano; Curtis Counce or Joe Mondragon, bass, and Manne, drums.

The album's tunes were recorded April 6 and July 20, 1953, in Contemporary's studio in Hollywood. Subsequent albums in a similar vein were recorded and released during the next year. By that time (late 1954) the west coast school tag was firmly affixed to all the jazzmen concerned, and the calculated project to commercialize the music was clipping merrily along.

But the west coast school was by no means born in the technically sterile environs of a recording studio, be it converted warehouse a la Contemporary or the more conventional premises rented by Pacific Jazz. Nor was the first west coast jazz group to capture the imagination of America's jazz fans spawned in an a&r man's hyper-hungry fancy. West coast jazz was born in a restaurant located on the main street of a seaside suburb of Los Angeles known as Hermosa Beach. The womb was the Lighthouse.

The Lighthouse is a unique establishment among jazz clubs. While it has become no mountain of respectability in small-town-oriented Hermosa, it is at least a boulder. What is important about the Lighthouse and its owner, John Levine, is that his business—which is unabashedly *jazz*—enjoys virtually unqualified acceptance by the city council, police department, civic groups, and assorted Pooh-Bahs. This did not happen overnight, but west coast jazz gave it initial impetus.

Nine and one-half years ago, an unemployed jazz bass player named Howard Rumsey wandered into the place. He took a look around. Cased the joint. Saw the promise of a gig. Locating the owner (then, as now, John Levine) Rumsey sold him the idea of running Sunday afternoon jam sessions with a trio onstand. This was in May, 1949. Rumsey has been steadily employed at the Lighthouse ever since—52 weeks a year.

The following year a horn was added to the Sunday sessions, and the lineup read: Howard Rumsey, bass and leader; Steve White, tenor; Frank Davenport, piano; Karl Kiffe, drums.

This happy relationship blew on into 1951 without any discernible sign of change. Then it happened — the Big Kenton Breakup. It was the year when Stan Kenton's star sidemen left the band in favor of a more settled existence of Los Angeles residency and the hope of steady Hollywood movie studio work. Once out of the band and rooted in a commitment to the "California way of life," the ex-Kentonites quickly realized the need for the creature comforts. In short, they had to find work, and the Lighthouse was the only place to go.

"I realized there was a market for the names Kenton had been building, and there they were—asking me for work." Howard Rumsey, bass player of unspectacular talent and Father of West Coast Jazz (who will shudder when he reads the title), made the statement with matter-of-fact directness.

"The club was a natural showcase for Shorty, Shelly, Milt Bernhart, and Giuffre," he continued, hastening to add that Giuffre's past must not be linked with that of the Kenton band — for reasons of accuracy. "And they all wanted to settle on the coast. All *I* did was to merchandise some fine talent to an audience that was ready to hear it."

As Rumsey put it, "What I did was to peg the movement down in Los Angeles while Stan Kenton was out selling it to the rest of the world."

This is where the "accident' came in. In Rumsey's opinion, "You can't find a good food-man in this business who's really interested in selling liquor, and you can't find a good bar owner interested in food." Consequently, he figures, it was the sheerest accident to discover a man like John Levine, interested in serving both good booze and good food — plus good music. Levine's willingness to take a chance on modern jazz, at a time when the 20 per cent cabaret tax had severely reduced the extent of live entertainment in the United States, provided a base of operation for the Kenton refugees, boiling over with new ideas in modern music.

"The real point of this west coast jazz stuff," said Rumsey, warming to the subject, "is that it came about because a new generation of jazz musicians were establishing themselves. The Lighthouse was the beachhead, that's all."

In Rumsey's estimation, a primary reason for the progress of jazz during the last 20 years "is that all the talented young musicians entered the jazz field during this period and contributed to the growth of the music."

"Exactly why this should've been the case, I don't know for sure, except that perhaps the classical music field obviously held little promise for them," he said.

Rumsey, who came to Los Angeles in 1936 from Brawley, a small town in the agricultural Imperial valley of California, recalled the changes he had observed over the years in the makeup of the music force working in Hollywood's movie studios.

"When I first arrived here," he said,

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"all the top studio guys, like Vic Berton, the great drummer, were of the Chicago and Dixieland groups. Then, a few years later, the swing boys followed them — musicians like Gus Bivona, Murray McEachern and others who'd come up with the big swing bands of the '30s and early '40s. Now the picture is slowly changing again—in favor of the youngsters who grew up musically during the bop and cool periods."

It was this younger group, Rumsey said, that settled down in Los Angeles in the twilight of the '40s and gravitated toward the Lighthouse.

"It was as if a weight had been lifted from their shoulders when they first came to the club," he said and smiled. "For the first time they could play jazz as *they* wanted and put their writing talents to work."

From the first, Rumsey encouraged jazzmen such as Shorty Rogers, Giuffre, Bob Cooper, and Art Pepper to think of themselves as composers as well as instrumentalists.

"It was really something to see," he recalled. "Everybody was writing something—all the time. *Diablo's Dance*, for instance, was written by Shorty upstairs in the office during a 20-minute intermission."

The need to establish themselves and carve out a niche in the L.A. music scene, then, became the driving force behind this prolific group of pioneers. The personnel of the original Lighthouse All-Stars comprised Rumsey, bass; Shorty Rogers, trumpet; Jimmy Giuffre, tenor; Milt Bernhart, trombone; Frank Patchen, piano, and Shelly Manne, drums. This was the house group that became a steady attraction at the cafe from the end of 1950, yet, ironically, it was not this band that first recorded what came to be known as west coast jazz.

Rogers had been writing to an ever-increasing extent while with the Kenton band on the celebrated first Innovations in Modern Music tour in 1949. The following summer, during the band's engagement at a Los Angeles night club called the Oasis, a local disc jockey and jazz concert promoter, Gene Norman, arranged to have Shorty record with a small group dubbed the Giants. Immediately after Kenton's closing at the Oasis, the session was held with Rogers, Pepper, Giuffre, John Graas, Gene Englund, Hampton Hawes, Don Bagley, and Manne. The 10-inch LP, released by Capitol during the summer of 1951, was titled *Modern Sounds by Shorty Rogers and His Giants* and included such originals as *Popo* and *Morpo*.

When the album was finally released some nine months later, Rogers, Giuffre, and Manne were ensconced with Rumsey at the Lighthouse. *Modern Sounds* stirred a quick flurry of interest in the trumpeter's new concepts of small-group composing. Fans began to flock to the Lighthouse to hear the "new music."

As the Lighthouse boomed, quickly becoming the center of modern jazz in southern California, it attracted practically every jazzman visiting from the east and vacationers from all over the nation. During the summer of 1952, in fact, a then relatively unknown baritonist-arranger named Gerry Mulligan regularly worked weekends there.

So successful and established was the Lighthouse becoming that Rumsey and owner Levine decided to take advantage of the obvious market for the music by recording a 78-rpm single and selling it to the patrons as a souvenir record.

But they were not the only ones with the idea of recording the all-stars. Jack Lewarke, a young record distributor specializing in jazz lines (and a Lighthouse habitue), long had wanted to record the group but could find no interest among the established labels. He began proselytizing Nesuhi Ertegun of Lester Koenig's Good Time Jazz label and convinced him that there was a record market for the music.

Levine wanted to record the band on a new Lighthouse label independent of the Good Time Jazz line, with which Lewarke was allied. Lewarke, loyal to the Koenig firm, balked; he insisted it be recorded through Koenig's label because of the guaranteed distribution. Negotiations rammed into an impasse, and Lewarke refused to discuss the matter further.

Then, while Lewarke was in the east on business and Koenig in Europe, Ertegun went ahead with Levine and Rumsey and supervised the album on his own hook. Two of the first sides were *Viva Zapata* and *Big Boy*. They were added to the completed 10-inch LP, which was turned over to a new Koenig company (Contemporary Records) for release through Lewarke's distribution firm.

Thus, west coast jazz and the Lighthouse All-Stars came to the attention of the public nationally.

It should be noted at this point that one of the principal reasons the new music reached the public was the faith of Lewarke and his distributing firm, California Record Distributors. Without a distributor willing and equipped to push them, those initial records would have died aborning.

Gerry Mulligan, after spending part of his first summer on the west coast working weekends at the Lighthouse, meanwhile secured an off-night job at the Haig, opposite the Ambassador hotel in Los Angeles. The featured group at the Haig then was the Red Norvo Trio.

John Bennett, owner of the Haig in 1952, and for several years thereafter, was unwilling to rent a piano for the one night Norvo was off. He told Mulligan—who had been hired by Richard Bock, then an eager young publicist for the Haig—as much, adding that the baritonist would have to make out as best he could without the benefit of a piano. Mulligan was prepared. For years he'd been thinking about and writing arrangements for a small group sans piano. This was his opportunity to prove a point—to himself if no one else.

In the late summer of 1952, then, the Gerry Mulligan Quartet stole upon the jazz scene, bringing its quiet, introspective and contrapuntal modern jazz to an audience eager for innovation.

Mulligan's unorthodox new group—Chet Baker, trumpet; Bob Whitlock, bass; Chico Hamilton (and later Larry Bunker), drums, and the leader on baritone—worked a brief stint in San Francisco after its breaking-in period at the Haig. It then returned to Los Angeles and greater success.

In the fall of 1952, Bock and Roy Harte founded Pacific Jazz Records. Harte, a local studio drummer and co-proprietor with Remo Belli of a Hollywood drum store known as Drum City, advanced $250 to finance the first record date. Bock contributed some master tapes of pianist Hampton Hawes, salvaged from the ruins of the Discovery label with which he previously had been associated. The first artist to be signed and recorded by the new Pacific Jazz label: Gerry Mulligan.

An interesting sidelight on the origins of Pacific Jazz was gleaned from drummer Harte, still a studio man and storekeeper and presently vice president of PJ's successor, World Pacific Records, of which Bock is president.

"Actually, the man responsible for getting Bock and myself together," Harte remembered, "was Charlie Emge." (Emge, for many years west coast editor of *Down Beat*, died in 1957.)

"I happened to mention to Charlie one day that I'd like to start a small jazz label," he continued. "Nothing ambitious; for kicks, mostly. Charlie immediately suggested I speak with Dick Bock now that Bock no longer was connected with Discovery. Within the next 24 hours, Dick came into the store, said that Charlie told him I wanted to see him. We sat down to talk business, and when we got through, we had ourselves a record company."

The reception of the new Mulligan quartet records was immediate and enthusiastic.

After years of comparative obscurity,

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BY GENE LEES

Some of the "public authorities and religious leaders of antiquity," my encyclopedia says "strove to moderate the licentiousness of ancient fesivals.

"The Old Testament records the denunciations by the prophets of the public disorder and drunkenness which accompanied the Feast of Tabernacles. Even the cynical rulers of Rome made efforts to suppress the more flagrantly wanton festivals. In the Second Century B.C., they forbade the orgies held in honor of Bacchus, god of wine. These famous festivals, known as the Bacchanalia, survived, however, into medieval times in several European countries."

All of which goes to prove there is nothing new about the behavior of a certain element that turned up in force this year at the Newport and French Lick jazz festivals.

Such behavior from one segment of the college age crowd had a precedent even in the religious festivals of ancient Egypt; and the eccentric manner and dress and disruptive activity that bedevilled the honest-to-goodness jazz fan in Rhode Island last summer is not particularly new to anyone who has watched French youths and their girls at play any August at St. Tropez. The same bare feet, the same sandals, the same affectations of existenial indifference to convention, the same flop-brimmed straw hats and sunglasses, and the same oceanside nightime behavior are to be observed in that seaside

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Gerry Mulligan

Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster

resort in the south of France.

And if that is not enough to convince you that this sort of rowdyism isn't confined to this time or this country, listen to British bandleader Humphrey Lyttleton's expression of outrage at the behavior of certain youths at England's Beaulieu Jazz Festival last August.

"They (ran) riot in Beaulieu village, necessitating police reinforcements from Southampton," Lyttleton wrote in *Melody Maker*. "They . . . unsuccessfully tried to wreck Ted Heath's show . . . They (threw) chairs in the river and set fire to a summer-house.

"It would seem that they converged on the festival with the primary intention of exhibiting themselves in eccentric clothes . . . (The bandleaders) welcomed these hooligans as enthusiastically as a mass visitation of nits in the head.

"They are not what one national newspaper mistakenly called rock 'n' rollers. Nor are they Teddy Boys . . . They are the 'educated' morons . . . in every field in which they rear their ossified and repellent heads, they are a menace . . .

"It is an unfortunate thing that the antics of these people — unaffectionately known in jazz circles as 'ooblies' or 'The Great Unwashed' — are coming to be associated with traditional jazz."

In a way the British are better off than we are: their ooblies are associated in the public mind only with traditional jazz; too many persons are beginning to associate ours with *all* jazz.

The behavior of a certain element that turned up at American jazz festivals last summer, however, seemed to be associated most clearly with commercialism: American ooblies were conspicuous at those events that went in for loud and/or mass appeal performers — who in many cases had not the remotest association with jazz. They stayed away from those festivals where the emphasis was on jazz alone, rather than on entertainers whose significance lies primarily in the millions of records they may have sold.

Newport, which reached some sort of nadir of commercialism for a festival supposedly dedicated to the jazz art, took in a great deal of money — and created at times a truly frightening atmosphere.

On the Saturday night at Newport, broken glass and beer cans bestrewed the streets. Boston jazz columnist and disc jockey John McClellan and I, walking back to our hotel with an exceptionally attractive girl from an Australian newspaper, had no choice but to ignore it and hurry on when a drunken youth in the street made an abyssmally distasteful pass at her. Our manhood may have been outraged, but we and the girl were much safer for the discretion which prompted us to hurry on and leave the boy and his drunken friends and a streetful of sullen and plastered youngsters just spoiling for a little excitement.

So late did the revels and noise continue that those attending a party held by one of the festival officers were frankly afraid to venture outdoors; and bassist Charlie Mingus told me he was unable to sleep all night for the cries of those on the lawn below. Oscar Peterson, hardly a fragile figure of a man, told me some weeks later that he too was distressed by the atmosphere of Newport; that he was glad he had not brought his sport car because it might not have come safely through the weekend; and that he and his colleagues in the Peterson trio, bassist Ray Brown and drummer Edmund Thigpen, were relieved when they left.

How far has jazz come when its exponents are conservative gentlemen and the behavior of part of its public is so questionable!

The reasoning of those jazz musicians and fans who were repelled by the behavior of young crowds at Newport (and I'm told by those who were there that French Lick was as bad) was that popular music artists such as the Kingson Trio, who played both these festivals, attracted a young crowd with little interest in jazz and even less interest in helping create an atmosphere in which jazz is properly heard.

This is in part a rationalization.

The loneliness of an adolescent is an awful thing. The pain seems to become less when you grow older. Sometimes I think we do not lose it so much as we become inured to it.

Because of this loneliness, the aver-

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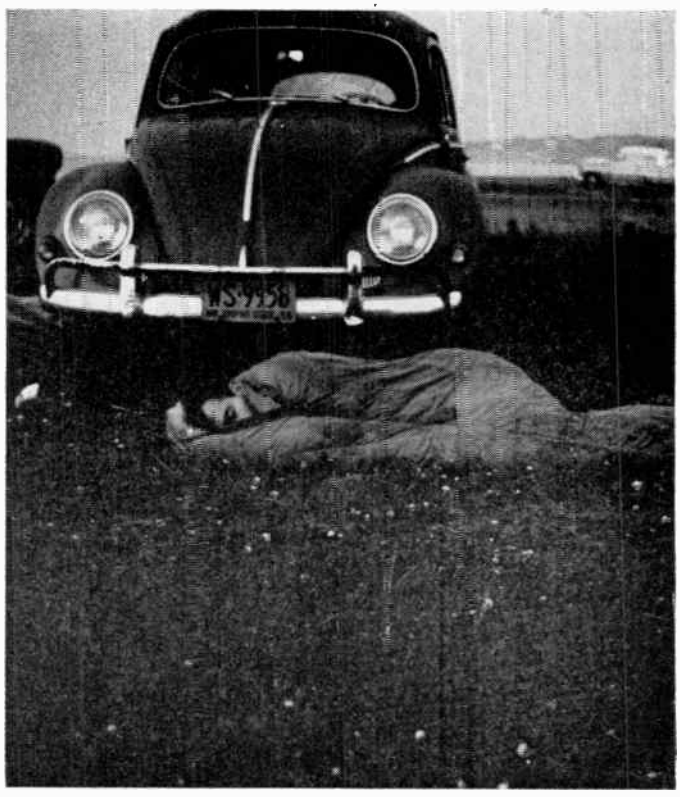
Festival crowd



Sunup at Newport

age adolescent is convinced adults do not understand him. Actually, most adults understand him all too well. They remember. That's part of the trouble. Yet you could not convince him of that, and I think all of us remember at some stage of development an utter inability to discuss our intimate sorrows and aspirations with parents.

The adolescent is annoyed when parents and other adults express skepticism about the importance of some of his experiences. They tell him he'll get over the heartbreak of his broken puppy love romance. He thinks they are cruel and indifferent; and years later, when he cannot even remember the girl's name, he sees they were right; but by then he is an adult, and a part of that world that the next generation of adolescents doesn't trust.

Feeling misunderstood, the adolescent set up his own world and makes it as deliberately different from that of his parents and as incomprehensible to them as he can. Hence his slang and his taste in clothes (when I was a teenager, the costume in the area I lived in was expensive thick-soled brogues, a white trench-coat, yellow or white socks, and donegal tweed trousers turned up exactly twice at the cuffs). Hence his tastes in entertainment. Hence, too, the general overtness of his rebelliousness: he is shutting himself conspicuously off from a vast world which, for perverse reasons that evade him, refuses to "understand" him.

Because of its history as a rebellious music, and because a comparatively small minority of the distrusted adults as yet understands it, jazz is a made-to-order music for the adolescent who wants to revolt. He can identify with its freedom, its seeming rhythmic abandon, its sorrow, and its joyfulness.

Thus the sponsor or impresario of a jazz festival has an audience with which he can do almost anything he wants. If he is running a festival that has a growing reputation as a place where you can have a wild time, an event where the emphasis is on after-concert balling and general hell-raising (whereby you get back at the adults and at the same time behave in such a way that they *have* to notice you), it is easy to pack the place. Throw in a few light acts such as the Kingston Trio, whom kids, who often have to strain all evening to keep up their pretense of understanding modern jazz, can enjoy in a simple and direct way, and you've got it made.

You haven't elevated the young fans much; you haven't taught them anything about jazz as art form; you haven't contributed much to the esthetic standards of the country; but you have broken the nut of your entertainment bill and made some money.

Educate. The word comes from the Latin verb *educere*, to lead or draw out. In other words, to educe—which means to "bring out, develop, from latent or potential existence." It does not mean nor has it ever meant the cramming of facts into someone's head. Anyone who pauses for a moment to help some youngster find himself—to help draw out his intellectual and moral and esthetic potential—is for that fragment of time an educator.

By this token, those involved in presenting music shall all be educators. Disc jockeys, for example, should long since have made it their personal responsibility to draw out the best in young listeners, to "develop" them. But disc jockeys on the whole, like the broadcast media in general, have never shown much interest in developing anything but their income.

To reach the widest audience and make the most possible money, they have been satisfied with teenage tastes *as they found them.* Flattering the youngsters, pretending to care for them, they gave them the crudest and simplest-to-understand music they could find, and made the kids think that *here* were some genuine loveable adults who understood them. One wonders how much disillusion American teenagers have been feeling since the payola probe began to disclose that the very adults in whom they had put trust have been using them cynically, and that the adults they did not trust, those who criticized their idols, actually had their best interests at hearts. It must be quite a shock.

In the early stages of their interest in jazz, many adolescents are still feeling the intense loneliness and lack of understanding they did before, but in

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a more subtle way. Their perceptions have deepened, and by now many of them have a measure of education sufficient that they lose interest in the simple rock 'n' roll-like music that has held them until now. They fasten onto jazz. Some go on to become genuine lovers and admirers of the art form; others leave jazz behind, a phase they went through in their deevlopment.

Just as the disc jockeys were able to exploit the very young listeners, so the jazz entrepeneur can draw slightly older crowds by booking the most widely *popular* jazz acts—whether or not he throws in the Kingston Trio for good measure.

He may not do this as a conscious, calculated thing; it may be that he merely has a power complex, and wants to outdo Norman Granz. In that case, he books acts that he knows will *draw*. He is indifferent to the young, except as ticket buyers. He thinks nothing about their potential, about drawing out (educere) the best in them—only about how big the gate is. And when the gate is very big, he thinks about how important he is to the jazz world, how much the musicians need him, how much the public needs him, how wise and strong he is. Next year . . .

Thus American jazz festivals, which started on a lawn at Newport in 1954 (six years after Europe's first jazz festival, by the way) went on becoming bigger—but definitely not better. For the tendency to pack more and bigger *names* into each day's programs had a debilitating effect on the music.

Trumpeter Chet Baker put it this way: "At all the festivals in which I have taken part, I discovered that musicians find it difficult to give of their best.

"The reason is quite simple. Musically we have practically no time to warm up. There are too many people around and too much confusion.

"Of course, the (financial) nut may be difficult to crack, but I believe it can be cracked if promoters would bear one or two points in mind.

"It is reasonable, I suppose, that they should want to get as many names into the program as they possibly can. But 10 or 12 groups are too many.

"The names at the top should be kept down to four or five. This would give each group about 40 minutes' playing time, with the result that the music would be really warm—for the art of getting into the swing is in pulling along with the rhythm section, and that cannot be done in a few minutes."

He added: "A certain amount of rough playing is inevitable, but rehearsed, polished playing is . . . vital."

In other words, you don't have to have a Kingston Trio or the Dukes of Dixieland to have a bad festival. You can cripple it musically by overloading it with names, in which case you have a tightly-packed concert schedule which you can call a festival only by semantical looseness.

The crowd had been orgiastic at Newport in 1957, without the Kingstons. That is why it is a rationalization for jazz lovers to blame such behavior entirely on the commercial acts. Let's face it, jazz does have its ooblie following. But the interest of such "fans" in the music is superficial, limited to head-nodding and fingerpopping and hip talk.

A festival that concentrates seriously

Urbie Green at Monterey

on esthetic values, one that requires attention and a more than superficial interest from its audience, would seem unlikely to attract ooblies.

Let's consider what happened at Monterey.

The man behind Monterey evidently did a lot of thinking about what the word *educere* means.

James Lyons, onetime disc jockey—and a living proof at a time when the disc jockeying trade is suspect that "honorable DJ" is not a contradiction in terms—began thinking about a jazz festival at Monterey 10 years ago.

With the backing of local businessmen, he held the first Monterey Jazz Festival in the summer of 1958. It did moderately well. It was just sufficiently successful for Lyons to quit his job and become full-time festival manager.

Lyons gave no thought, when he began to plan the 1959 event, to the ways in which he might attract massive crowds. Indeed, he began thinking in terms of a limited festival—limited deliberately in attendance, the way some colleges limit their enrollment because they believe they can provide better education by remaining small. Limited in music the 1959 festival definitely would *not* be.

Lyons engaged John Lewis, pianist and musical director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, and one of the most vital forces in contemporary American music, as musical director of the Monterey event.

Strictly run, with musical values foremost in mind, by Lewis and Gunther Schuller, Monterey turned out to be a monument of taste. Almost as smooth in mechanical function as Chicago's *Playboy* festival—which was invented to publicize a magazine, not to further the purposes of music—Monterey was far ahead of it in seriousness of intent and in meaningful music presented.

Instead of booking innumerable ready-made groups with heavy drawing power, Lewis and Lyons organized a special festival orchestra to play little-known and in some cases never-before-heard compositions by such men as J. J. Johnson, Benny Golson, Jimmy Giuffre, and Gunther Schuller. This was not easily assimilable music.

On the other hand, the emphasis was not on "far-out" composition alone. Earthy blues singer Jimmy Witherspoon was engaged. Yet Witherspoon was not a major national name, and even here the emphasis in the booking was on musical contribution to the festival, not drawing power at the box office. Similarly, the festival engaged Washington jazz-classical guitarist Charlie Byrd, who was little known outside his own area—though he was to electrify the audience with his unorthodox jazz playing and the festival was to elevate him to the national name ranks. When names were used, their true musical worth was the main consideration.

In other words, Monterey *created* names, it did not lean on them. In still other words, the Monterey festival was *leading* the public—not being led by it.

It would not have been surprising if Monterey this year had flopped. But it did not flop. I attracted an audience of 25,000 and chalked up a gross of $95,000. Some of the profit went to

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a scholarship fund for young musicians. Some of it went into a bank account to make Monterey self-sustaining and self-perpetuating.

They fans loved it. There were no drunkenness, no beer cans in the street, no trouble. And the critics went away raving.

Monterey had scored a major esthetic victory, and had proved that there is in America an audience (embracing all age groups) that is sincerely interested in jazz and will give to it the effort of understanding that classical music requires of its listeners.

In all the world, there was only one festival that roughly compared to it. It was not a jazz festival. (Newport had pioneered only one thing this year: an enormously successful jazz ballet, which Marshall Stearns and dancers Albert Minns and Leon James had created with virtually no money and nothing much to go on but will power.)

The comparison between Monterey and the classical music festivals of Europe is an obvious one. Taste and decorum and good music are the key qualities in both cases. Yet most of the classical festivals—Bayreuth, Salzburg, et al—do not take the chances that Monterey did. They rely on established music and artists. So even they did not compare.

No, the only other festival that compared accurately to Monterey was Gian-Carlo Menotti's Festival of the Two Worlds at Spoletto, Italy. For in the classical field, the Spoletto festival (in which Menotti functions in very much the same way that John Lewis did at Monterey) is the main one that takes chances on new or little-known talents. One of its primary purposes is to make it easier for gifted young artists to attain public recognition. The same is true at Monterey.

It is an interesting coincidence that they were both born the same year: 1958.

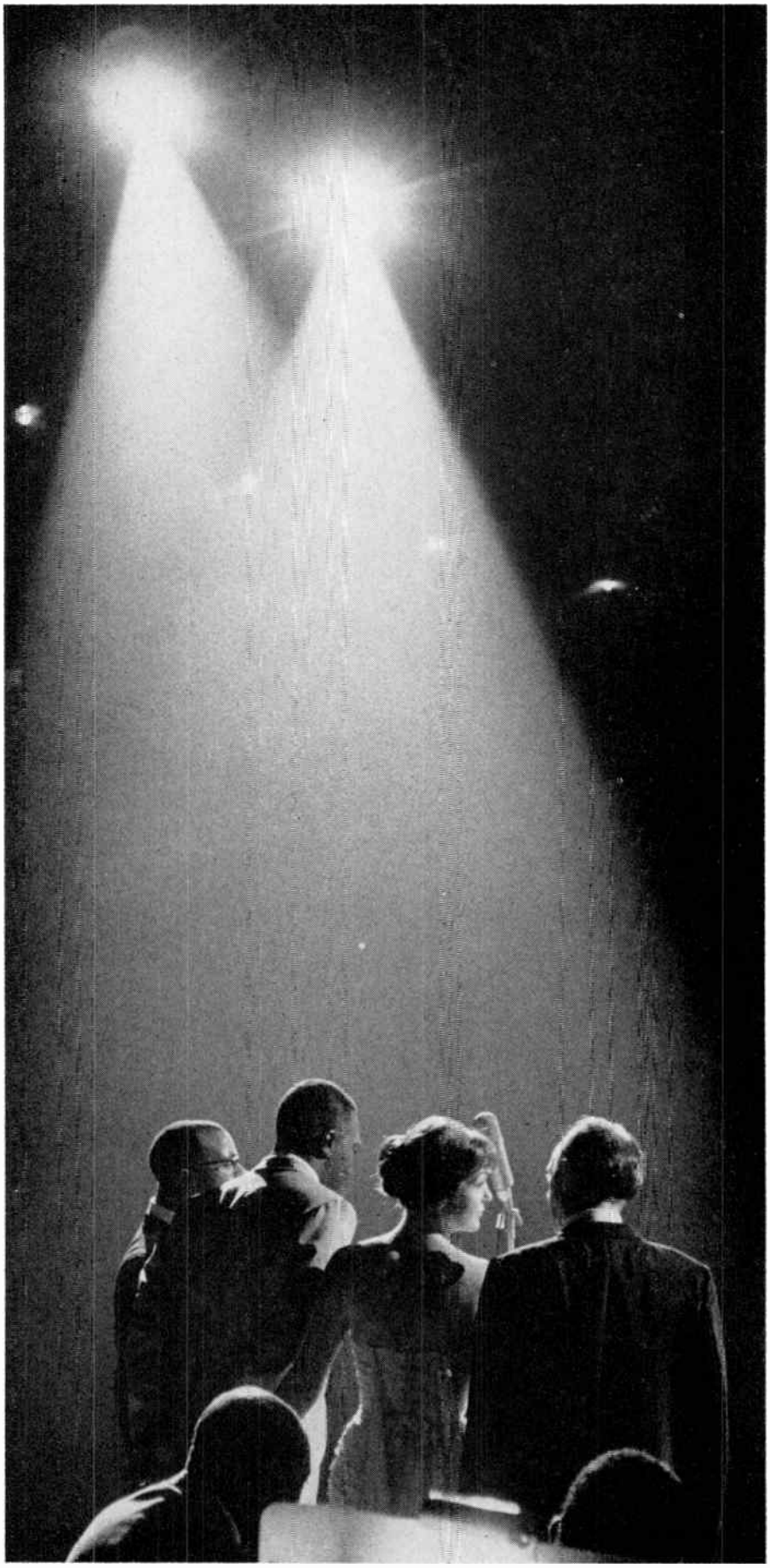
Educere.

Monterey should have that word embroidered in some sort of emblem and fly it during the 1960 festival.

For it had remained for Monterey to show the true potential of the jazz festival as an event to further the cause of the art form—rather than one to capitalize on it. It came, as it were, in the nick of time, and reaffirmed the faith of those who, after a summer of jazz festivals, were seriously beginning to doubt the validity of the whole concept.

All the other festival promoters should ponder Monterey—and then follow its lead.

And then there would be a purpose to jazz festivals, and an assured future. db



Festival scene: LHR and Joe Williams

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DOWN BEAT POLLS: THE LAST 10 YEARS

In 1936, *Down Beat* began its Readers Poll. That poll has since become the most important single gauge of economic success and general popularity in the music business.

To look back over the results of past polls is fascinating. For therein are mirrored the shifts in public tastes, and the beginnings—and the endings—of brilliant careers. There is, too, a striking evocation of the personalities who made the music that made the polls.

The importance of the poll—both to the musician and to the lay listener—lies in the benefit to be derived from it. As a generality, the Readers Poll can be described as an economic guide to the jazz world—within the limits of choice that the readership and circulation of *Down Beat* impose.

Applying the stern test of time, you could from the results make a good case for the fact that most of the great talents of jazz *were* appreciated and given their just recognition—although not always as quickly as one might have wished.

As the decade of the 1950s fades into history, it is well worth looking back to see just how the public used its freedom of choice and what were its standards of values, reflected in the poll. The charts below list the poll winners for the past 10 years.

It is readily apparent that Stan Kenton had an enormous influence on the poll during the early '50s. Winners such as Pete Rugolo, Shelly Manne, Eddie Safranski, and Maynard Ferguson made first reputations with Kenton. In his influence on musicians and audiences, Kenton had supplanted Benny Goodman—the big influence on the poll during the 1930s and 1940s. Goodman sidemen who won the poll during *his* prominence included Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson, Harry James, Buddy Rich, Stan Getz, Terry Gibbs, Vido Musso, Jess Stacy, Charlie Shavers, and the tragic Dave Tough.

You could say that Goodman was the embodiment of the swing era and that Kenton was the symbol of experimentation. But then where does Count Basie fit? He was active during the careers of both these men.

As strange as it may seem, it was not until 1954 that Basie's was voted top band, although musicians had been looking to his organization as *the* band for years.

Why did this happen?

It is probable that the Basie story establishes the validity of the bitter complaint you hear from many Negro musicians: the Negro artists in that period led the way, but the white musician made the big money.

If this is true (and the case of Fletcher Henderson would be a further substantiation of it), it is evidently not true today. Negro musicians consistently top or place very high in recent *Down Beat* polls. Times change, the tide of history seems to be running against musical or any other segregation.

The Modern Jazz Quartet won its first poll in 1955—the year after Basie won his first poll. Gerry Mulligan stormed in just two years before them. Miles Davis came to the fore in 1955, along with J. J. Johnson, a product of the Basie organization. Other Basie men, while not first-place winners, remained strong in influence. Jo Jones, looked on as the dean of their trade by countless drummers, guitarist Freddie Green, Jimmy Rushing and the peerless Lester Young certainly affected the careers and music of many poll winners. Stan Getz, a consistent winner, is a product of the Lesterian influence.

But perhaps the best Readers Poll illustration of the time lag between professional recognition and public acceptance is to be found in the case of Charlie Parker. Parker's influence revolutionized jazz in the 1940s. Yet he did not win the alto saxophonist's first-place plaque until 1950. It is a consolation to see that he held onto it until his death in 1955.

And Parker may have been lucky, in a sense, at that. Other giants of jazz never did win the poll. Art Tatum never won the plaque. Neither did Sidney Bechet, Billie Holiday, or Fats Waller, all of whom are gone. Neither did Jack Teagarden or Earl Hines, who are still with us and still working well.

Incredible as it may seem, Louis Armstrong has never *yet* made it in a performing category—though he was elected to the *Down Beat* Hall of Fame

(Continued on page 120)

DOWN BEAT READERS POLL

	1959	1958	1957	1956	1955	1954	1953	1952	1951	1950
HALL OF FAME:	Lester Young	Count Basie	Benny Goodman	Duke Ellington	Charlie Parker	Stan Kenton	Glenn Miller	Louis Armstrong		
Trumpet:	Miles Davis	Miles Davis	Miles Davis	Dizzy Gillespie	Miles Davis	Chet Baker	Chet Baker	Maynard Ferguson	Maynard Ferguson	Maynard Ferguson
Trombone:	J. J. Johnson	J. J. Johnson	J. J. Johnson	J. J. Johnson	J. J. Johnson	Bill Harris	Bill Harris	Bill Harris	Bill Harris	Bill Harris
Alto sax:	Paul Desmond	Paul Desmond	Paul Desmond	Paul Desmond	Paul Desmond	Charlie Parker	Charlie Parker	Charlie Parker	Charlie Parker	Charlie Parker
Tenor sax:	Stan Getz	Stan Getz	Stan Getz	Stan Getz	Stan Getz	Stan Getz	Stan Getz	Stan Getz	Stan Getz	Stan Getz
Baritone sax:	Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	Harry Carney	Serge Chaloff	Serge Chaloff
Clarinet:	Tony Scott	Tony Scott	Jimmy Giuffre	Tony Scott	Buddy DeFranco	Buddy DeFranco	Buddy DeFranco	Buddy DeFranco	Buddy DeFranco	Buddy DeFranco
Guitar:	Barney Kessel	Barney Kessel	Barney Kessel	Barney Kessel	Johnny Smith	Johnny Smith	Les Paul	Les Paul	Les Paul	Billy Bauer
Piano:	Oscar Peterson	Erroll Garner	Erroll Garner	Erroll Garner	Oscar Peterson	Oscar Peterson	Oscar Peterson	Oscar Peterson	Oscar Peterson	Oscar Peterson
Bass:	Ray Brown	Ray Brown	Ray Brown	Ray Brown	Ray Brown	Ray Brown	Ray Brown	Eddie Safranski	Eddie Safranski	Eddie Safranski
Drums:	Shelly Manne	Shelly Manne	Shelly Manne	Shelly Manne	Max Roach	Shelly Manne	Gene Krupa	Gene Krupa	Shelly Manne	Shelly Manne
Misc. Instrument	Don Elliott (Mellophone)	Don Elliott (Mellophone)	Don Elliott (Mellophone)	Don Elliott (Mellophone)	Don Elliott (Mellophone)	Don Elliott (Mellophone)	Don Elliott (Mellophone)	Art Van Damme (Accordion)	Terry Gibbs (Vibes)	Terry Gibbs (Vibes)
Composer:	Gil Evans	Duke Ellington	Duke Ellington	John Lewis	Pete Rugolo	Pete Rugolo	Ralph Burns	Ralph Burns	Pete Rugolo	Pete Rugolo
Flute:	Herbie Mann	Herbie Mann	Herbie Mann	Bud Shank	No Contest	No contest	No Contest	No Contest	No Contest	No Contest

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Vibes:	Milt Jackson	Milt Jackson	Milt Jackson	Milt Jackson	Milt Jackson	Terry Gibbs	Terry Gibbs	Terry Gibbs	No Contest	No Contest
Accordion:	Art Van Damme	Art Van Damme	Art Van Damme	Art Van Damme	Art Van Damme	Art Van Damme	Art Van Damme	No Contest	No Contest	No Contest
Jazz Band:	Count Basie	Count Basie	Count Basie	Count Basie	Count Basie	Stan Kenton	Stan Kenton	Stan Kenton	Stan Kenton	Stan Kenton
Dance Band:	Les Brown	Les Brown	Les Brown	Les Brown	Les Brown	Les Brown	Les Brown	No Contest	No Contest	No Contest
Combo:	Dave Brubeck	MJQ	MJQ	MJQ	MJQ	Dave Brubeck	Dave Brubeck	George Shearing	George Shearing	George Shearing
Vocal group:	Lambert-Hendricks-Ross	Four Freshmen	Hi-Lo's	Four Freshmen	Four Freshmen	Four Freshmen	Four Freshmen	Mills Brothers	Mills Brothers	Mills Brothers
Male singer:	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Nat Cole	Billy Eckstine	Billy Eckstine	Billy Eckstine
Female singer:	Ella Fitzgerald	Ella Fitzgerald	Ella Fitzgerald	Ella Fitzgerald	Ella Fitzgerald	Ella Fitzgerald	Ella Fitzgerald	Sarah Vaughan	Sarah Vaughan	Sarah Vaughan
Jazz personality:	Miles Davis	Miles Davis	Duke Ellington	Count Basie	Dave Brubeck	Dave Brubeck				
Rhythm & Blues personality:	Ray Charles	Ray Charles	Fats Domino	Fats Domino	Bill Haley	Ruth Brown				
Popular Music personality:	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra				

DOWN BEAT INTERNATIONAL CRITICS POLL

	1959	1958	1957	1956	1955	1954	1953
Trumpet:	Miles Davis (Lee Morgan)	Miles Davis (Art Farmer)	Dizzy Gillespie (Donald Byrd)	Dizzy Gillespie (Thad Jones)	Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis (Ruby Braff)	Dizzy Gillespie (Clifford Brown)	Louis Armstrong (Chet Baker)
Trombone:	J. J. Johnson (Curtis Fuller)	J. J. Johnson (Jimmy Knepper)	J. J. Johnson (Frank Rehak)	J. J. Johnson (Benny Powell)	J. J. Johnson (Jimmy Cleveland)	Bill Harris (Urbie Green)	Bill Harris (Bob Brookmeyer, Carl Fontana, Frank Rosolino)
Alto sax:	Johnny Hodges (Julian Adderley)	Lee Konitz (no contest)	Lee Konitz (Art Pepper)	Benny Carter (Phil Woods)	Benny Carter (Herb Geller)	Charlie Parker (Bud Shank)	Charlie Parker (Paul Desmond)
Tenor sax:	Coleman Hawkins (Benny Golson)	Stan Getz (Benny Golson)	Stan Getz (Sonny Rollins)	Lester Young (Bobby Jaspar)	Stan Getz (Bill Perkins)	Stan Getz (Frank Wess)	Stan Getz (Paul Quinichette)
Baritone:	Harry Carney (Ronnie Ross)	Gerry Mulligan (Tony Scott)	Gerry Mulligan (Pepper Adams)	Harry Carney (Jimmy Giuffre)	Gerry Mulligan (Bob Gordon)	Harry Carney (Lars Gullin)	Harry Carney (Gerry Mulligan)
Clarinet:	Tony Scott (Bob Wilbur)	Tony Scott (no contest)	Tony Scott (no contest)	Benny Goodman (Buddy Collette)	Tony Scott (Jimmy Giuffre)	Buddy DeFranco (Sam Most)	Buddy DeFranco (Tony Scott)
Guitar:	Barney Kessel (Charlie Byrd)	Freddie Green (Jim Hall)	Tal Farlow (Kenny Burrell)	Tal Farlow (Dick Garcia)	Jimmy Raney (Howard Roberts)	Jimmy Raney (Tal Farlow)	Barney Kessel (Johnny Smith)
Piano:	Thelonious Monk (Bill Evans)	Thelonious Monk (Bill Evans)	Erroll Garner (Eddie Costa)	Art Tatum (Hampton Hawes)	Art Tatum (Randy Weston)	Art Tatum (Horace Silver)	Oscar Peterson (Billy Taylor)
Bass:	Ray Brown (Scott La Faro)	Ray Brown (Wilbur Ware)	Oscar Pettiford (Leroy Vinnegar)	Oscar Pettiford (Paul Chambers)	Oscar Pettiford (Wendell Marshall)	Ray Brown (Percy Heath)	Oscar Pettiford (Charlie Mingus, Red Mitchell)
Drums:	Max Roach (Elvin Jones, Ed Thigpen)	Max Roach (no contest)	Max Roach (Philly Joe Jones)	Jo Jones (Chico Hamilton)	Art Blakey (Joe Morello)	Buddy Rich (Osie Johnson)	Buddy Rich (Art Blakey)
Vibes:	Milt Jackson (Buddy Montgomery)	Milt Jackson (Vic Feldman)	Milt Jackson (Eddie Costa)	Milt Jackson (Terry Pollard)	Milt Jackson (Cal Tjader)	Lionel Hampton (Teddy Charles)	(no contest) (no contest)
Big Band:	Duke Ellington (Maynard Ferguson)	Duke Ellington (no contest)	Count Basie (no contest)	Count Basie (no contest)	Count Basie (no contest)	Count Basie (no contest)	Duke Ellington (no contest)
Combo:	Modern Jazz Quartet (Mastersounds)	MJQ (no contest)	MJQ (no contest)	MJQ (no contest)	MJQ (no contest)	MJQ (no contest)	Dave Brubeck (no contest)
Male Singer:	Jimmy Rushing (Jon Hendricks)	Jimmy Rushing (Ray Charles)	Frank Sinatra (no contest)	Louis Armstrong (Joe Turner)	Louis Armstrong (Joe Williams)	Louis Armstrong (Clancy Hayes)	Louis Armstrong (Jackie Paris)
Female singer:	Ella Fitzgerald (Ernestine Anderson)	Ella Fitzgerald (no contest)	Ella Fitzgerald (no contest)	Ella Fitzgerald (Barbara Lea)	Ella Fitzgerald (Teddi King)	Ella Fitzgerald (Carmen McCrae)	Ella Fitzgerald (Annie Ross, Jeri Southern)

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ship, revolved from member to member.

This revolving leadership can be shown graphically by a sociogram. The reader may notice that there are primary influence arrows pointing to the piano and may jump to the conclusion that this shatters the revolving leadership idea. Not so. This tends to substantiate a prevailing feeling among jazzmen that the piano plays a domineering role in that it provides the chordal link between rhythm section and horns.

Verbally, revolving leadership can be described in terms of emotional contagion and spiraling circular reaction. As each member solos he becomes a polarizing agent, or point of focus, for the other members' attention.

As the polarizing agent he influences the others; but he, in turn, is influenced by those supporting him. This interaction of personalities and emotions spirals, at times, to emotional peaks. During a tune or even one solo there may be many of these peaks reached with a consequent rise in the general level of emotionality.

As these peaks are reached the playing becomes louder; funkier (in our case); and, in general, more intense than before. The tempo tightens—goes on top—and becomes even more exact. The rhythm section's playing, although intense and emotionally charged, is usually more sparse and simple. In the jazzman's vernacular, things are cookin'!

A rapport is established between the members which is close to what the uninformed might call a "group mind." Smiles, chuckles, verbal encouragement occur simultaneously among members. Sometimes even improvised phrases will be played by two individuals at the same time. As Dave Klingman, the clarinetist, said, "When things get this swingin' you play subconsciously; the instrument becomes part of you. You hit a groove and just play."

I should point out that this deep sensitivity and empathy were not always so pronounced. Indeed, at times, we played as if we'd never seen each other before. But these instances of lack of unity were dependent on certain situations. If the audience was indifferent, this indifference was reflected in our playing. If one or two of us didn't feel up to par, there was a difference in the whole group's playing.

In short, this was essentially a social group very much dependent on its members and the audience for optimum playing conditions, and the audience was very much a part of the total situation.

Since no jazz group can exist in a vacuum and must depend on an audience for financial support, no study of the social aspects of jazz can ignore the influence of this second group. Most musicians, when they think of the audience, think of it only in terms of reception, size, and conduct. To the jazzman, reception is probably the most important.

But there is another facet of the audience's importance that is usually not so apparent. It is far more subtle than mere acceptance or rejection; it is the very real influence that the listeners have on the players. It involves commercialism and ego-satisfaction of the musician.

I think jazzmen generally fall into two camps in regard to audiences and commercialism. The first refuses to "play down" to people, feeling that this is a prostitution of self and jazz. The second camp feels that the use of certain musical devices which "sell" is not prostitution but a means of self-approval mirrored in the audience reaction and a way of gaining in the battle for public acceptance of jazz. This quasi-commercialism involves no conscious gymnastics but consists of musical phrases that are satisfying to the player as well as to the audience. And what jazzman doesn't have his own pet licks? Gene Klingman said, "Sure, I played things I knew would sell; but I dug 'em too."

The Louisville group was divided between these two attitudes toward the audience and commercialism. Tommy McCullough expressed the feeling of the less commercial members when he said, "I just play. Whether they (the audience) like what I play makes no difference to me. I'm playing for the guys on the stand." Dave Klingman criticized the group as a whole for playing too much for the people and not enough for the sake of playing.

Yet, despite the conflict of values, the group's cohesion was never threatened by this division. Furthermore, all were agreed that the audience did affect the group's playing in two ways: positively when the audience was responsive and negatively when the audience was cold and indifferent.

In observing both positive and negative audience situations, I found that a responsive audience elicited an emotional response in the group similar to the emotional peaks already described. In fact, a positive audience was usually present when the group reached high points of emotionality. The emotional contagion spread from the group to the audience, and the excitement of anticipating the climax to a performance seemed to charge the room with electricity.

When the audience was somewhat less than enthusiastic there were two reactions by the group. The first was to cut the set short or play tunes that we knew wouldn't make it with the audience. The second reaction was renewed effort and valiant attempts to cut through the steely silence. Surprising as it may be to some laymen, this last reaction was the more prevalent. Perhaps jazz groups are more audience-directed than most of us think.

So much for the influence of the audience on the group. What effect did the group have on the audience?

Even the casual observer would notice foot tapping, table tapping, swaying of the torso, shouts, closed eyes, and bobbing heads. Of course some of this was acting, but quite a bit was truly vicarious participation. When rapport was established between the group and the audience, the level of emotionality was high, and the listeners became auxiliary members, as it were, of the group. The two groups fed off each other's emotions in a circular action-reaction pattern—one would excite the other. And when the first saw the increased excitement of the second, it in turn was further excited.

In situations such as this, it has been found by social psychologists that the participants' critical ability is lessened. The jazz session situation is no exception. Some things played were not worth the reception they received, nor would they have been played in a less emotionally charged atmosphere.

Such were the findings of my not-too-probing study of one group of jazzmen. How significant are these findings? Some of the facets of this analysis are unique to this one group and the situations in which it found itself. Other aspects, I believe, can be generalized to the whole jazz subculture.

I feel that the concept of a revolving leadership is important in understanding jazz. Not that the millenium is here and we can do away with the boss-leader. But revolving leadership emphasizes the very social nature of jazz and could cause serious reconsideration of the often-heard claim that jazz is the last outpost of individualism.

The two-headed ogre of jazz, art-entertainment, can be better understood as a value conflict. Perhaps commercialism, as seen in this group, is not the dark, diabolic head nor art the white, simon-pure head. Maybe the two heads are really one, but when we look at the front we can't see the back and vice versa.

The effect that the audience had on the group could serve as a basis for some reflection on the part of jazzmen. Creative music is not a one-way street.

But the greatest value that this study has is that it affirms, I believe, that jazz can be scientifically explored and analyzed, eventually leading to its fuller understanding and appreciation. And that, baby, is what we all want. db

World Radio History

1959: HAIL AND FAREWELL YEAR

By John S. Wilson

Rising stor: Quincy Jones

Nineteen fifty-nine was one of those hail-and-farewell years, a year when new sprouts were taking on discernible shape while the wrinkles that precede withering began to become apparent in some of the accepted phases of jazz.

It was the kind of year with which each decade of jazz seems to end—a year which had nothing to contribute to the jazz of the '50s (for better or worse, whatever is to be looked back on as representing jazz in the '50s already had happened) and which was setting the stage for the jazz of the '60s without actually being a part of it.

It was a year of portents rather than a year of culminations. What there was that was new during the year amounted largely to shiftings and shufflings that may be the first indications of important developments in the early '60s or, possibly, only a stirring of iridescent effluvia on the surface of jazz.

It was a year when jazz festivals became bigger, emptier, and more noisome, when the prototype festival at Newport made it clearly evident that more importance was attached to drawing a crowd than to presenting jazz, and when this essentially nonjazz crowd, encouraged by local opportunism, made a nightly shambles of the area surrounding the festival. It was a year that produced signs that the term "jazz festival" was becoming an epithet with much broader implications than those attached to it by those critics who had earlier scorned the festivals simply on esthetic or idealistic grounds.

But it was also a year when carefully planned, well-organized festivals were presented by *Playboy* magazine in Chicago and at Monterey in California. The Monterey festival, in fact, proved to be a stunning demonstration of the potentials of a jazz festival when it is directed by persons with taste, imagination, and determination.

Of all the jazz festival defects that were corrected at Monterey, the most telling, as an illustration of the quality of imagination and determination involved in this event, was the co-ordination of the performance schedule with the take-off schedule of aircraft at Monterey airport. No planes flew overhead when music was being played. This is an annoyance that other outdoor festivals, jazz and longhair alike, have lived with for years on the theory that nothing could be done about it. This was only one of a number of illusions that were shattered at Monterey. The big news from the California festival in 1959 was that jazz finally had found the persons of varied talents who could prepare and present a series of jazz programs that would both encourage the growth and development of jazz and preserve its past and present accomplishments.

Monterey also served as a forum for some of the most significant new talent of the year.

Neither the singing trio of Lambert-Hendricks-Ross nor the plastic alto of Ornette Coleman sprang into view full-blown in 1959.

They were on their way earlier, and Coleman undoubtedly still has further to go before his decidedly different approach to jazz reaches whatever maturity he will bring to it. It might even be said at this point that it is still for the future to determine whether there is actually any validity to his approach. But his playing in 1959 proved sufficiently provocative at Monterey, at the School of Jazz in Lenox, Mass., and on an Atlantic LP (*The Shape of Jazz to Come*, Atlantic 1317) to suggest that a sound groundwork for his future was established this year.

Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, and Annie Ross came off a 1958 LP (*Sing a Song of Basie*, ABC-Paramount 223) to materialize in person in 1959 not only as the most popular jazz act of the year but, in the opinions of many listeners, as the first genuine jazz singing group. Although some of their early supporters were afraid that the area they first cut out for themselves was limited (after the novelty of vocalizing Basie arrangements has worn off, what then?), they showed a steadily widening scope and a constantly broadening appeal without sacrificing any of

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the basic qualities that first endeared them to jazz listeners.

The talents of pianist Ray Bryant were also clarified during 1959. Already accepted as one of the better pianists working with modern jazz groups, Bryant's records (on Prestige and with Jo Jones on Vanguard) and his versatile performance as house pianist at Newport revealed that he covered a great deal more jazz territory than he had suggested in his earlier work, that basic blues and mainstream swing were also at his fingertips.

The year also brought pianist-vocalist Nina Simone to attention although whether she will retain that attention as an entertainer for the intimate clubs or as a pianist who can play jazz is something only the '60s can clarify.

Also in the laps of the gods are two promising projects inaugurated but still unproved in 1959—the new Art Farmer group in which Benny Golson serves as Farmer's chief lieutenant, and the unusual, star-studded big band that Quincy Jones was breaking in as the year ended.

The Jones project is of special interest because it may show that, with ingenuity, it is still possible to put together and keep together a talent-loaded band until it can acquire its individual musical personality and pay its own way. The only difficulty with Jones' system is that it may not always be possible for a hopeful new bandleader to make contact with an incoming Broadway show (in this case, the Harold Arlen-Johnny Mercer *Free and Easy*), which plans to spend more than six months on a pre-Broadway tour starting in Holland and covering Europe, London, and Los Angeles before tempting fate in New York.

Jones' band, which is in the show, is playing concerts and dances along the way, and even if the show does not survive the New York critics, the band will because Jones has a two-year contract with the show's producers that has enabled him, in turn, to offer two-year contracts to sidemen.

Ever since Bunk Johnson was found in a Louisiana rice paddy almost 20 years ago, there has been a steady, albeit diminishing, trickle of reflorescent jazz musicians of the very early school.

This year the rediscovery spotlight began to change its focus to musicians of a later generation, those who are now identified as mainstream jazzmen. The release early in the year of Stanley Dance's series of mainstream jazz LPs on Felsted brought Buddy Tate's Harlem band to attention and restored Tate, Dickie Wells, and Earl Warren, among others, to some sort of currency.

Dance also took Earl Hines from his Dixieland surroundings, in which he is out of context, and from the bland piano recordings that had been his latter-day fate in recording studios, allowing him to record with his old solo fire, a fire that seemed to kindle anew when he appeared at Monterey in October.

The older musicians (older in spirit if not in actual age) were not entirely neglected, however. The year was a comeback year for Red Nichols, primarily because of the film based somewhat on his life, and 75-year-old Eubie Blake, on the basis of one LP, showed that there was still a lot of zest left in his rag-based piano playing.

On radio, jazz in 1959 could count two stations devoted to the music, as KJAZ in San Francisco joined the pioneering KNOB in Los Angeles in scheduling jazz all day and most of the night.

On television, jazz was shifted from misguided spectaculars to a supporting role on private eye epics following the popular success of Henry Mancini's *Peter Gunn* music. Most of this music was genially ominous nonsense based on a select set of cliches that at least had the mild merit of doing less damage to jazz than the spectaculars had.

The popularity of private-eye jazz also served the useful purpose of diverting trend-following a&r men from their incessant production of recorded jazz versions of show scores.

In fact, for these trendsmen, 1959 was a busy year. In addition to hanging out yard after yard of their private-eye-wash, they corraled almost every available trumpet player to do muted, shuffle rhythm routines in the Jonah Jones manner (somehow Buglin' Sam Dekemel was overlooked as a possibility) and spent some of their most inspired moments thinking up ways of playing the *Porgy and Bess* score that showed how Gershwin really would have done it if he had known what he was doing.

The *Porgy and Bess* deluge was, of course, stimulated by the release of Samuel Goldwyn's film production. The score of the film was not related directly to jazz, although Andre Previn arranged and conducted it, but it was on the soundtracks of films—of the three mass sound media other than recordings—that 1959 seemed most hopefully significant for jazz. After Johnny Mandel's score for *I Want to Live!* the year before and John Lewis' for *No Sun in Venice* a year earlier, there were three important film scores by jazz musicians in 1959, all of them of a quality and pertinancy that suggested that this annual number could be steadily increased in the years ahead.

This type of continuity was implicit in the appearance of Lewis' second film score, this one for *Odds Against Tomorrow*. And the expanding horizon of the jazz film score also could be seen in the long-overdue invitation to Duke Ellington to do his first scoring for a film, *Anatomy of a Murder*. A third film, *Elevator to the Scaffold*, a French production (and it should be remembered that it was in France that John Lewis received his first opportunity to write for films) was backed by a score by Miles Davis that was as intransigently in the Davis idiom as Ellington's *Anatomy of a Murder* was in his.

Possibly 1959 will be particularly memorable in this area because jazz musicians of strong individuality were allowed, and were able, to write for films on their own musical terms and not on the basis of some preconceived notion of what a score by a jazz musician should be like.

The tenuous scuffling in that wide open area between unfettered, extemporized jazz and formal composition continued during 1959, but almost the only attractive new element contributed to it was a suggestion by Gunther Schuller, writing in the New York *Times*, that everybody give up worrying about whether a piece is or is not jazz and face the fact that a third force in music is developing, one that draws on both jazz and formal composition but is not actually either one or the other and that should not be viewed in terms of either one but simply in terms of itself.

All the portents of 1959, however, were not as hopeful as Schuller's clarification, the widening use of jazz in films, or the evidence that a jazz festival need not necessarily be a brawl.

There were indications that the reception for jazz on the other side of the Atlantic was losing some of its unquestioning enthusiasm. Both a Newport festival package headed by Dizzy Gillespie and a tour by Duke Ellington encountered dwindling audiences in Sweden, once the staunchest of staunch jazz strongholds. And British jazz fans, having survived the exuberance generated by their first sight of live American jazz musicians in more than 20 years, were finding on repeated examination that a great many American jazzmen were less exhilarating in the flesh than they had seemed on the disc.

But here at home, where live jazz has been somewhere around all of us all of our lives even though every effort was often made to keep it hidden, 1959 was the year that jazz reached a new level of community acceptance: Students in a California high school were given credit in a music appreciation course for attending two jazz concerts. The high school, obviously spurred by what must be recognized as the focal point of creative stimulation for jazz in 1959, was in Monterey.

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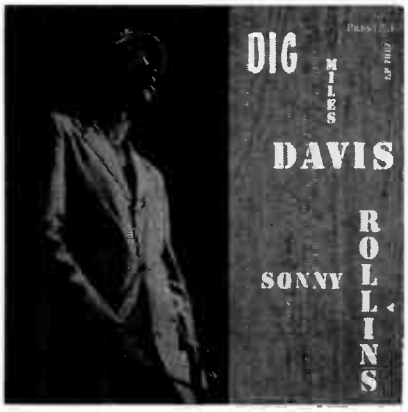

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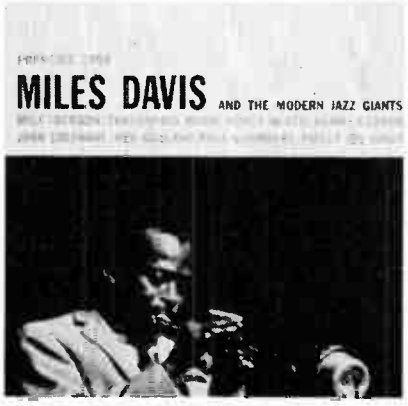

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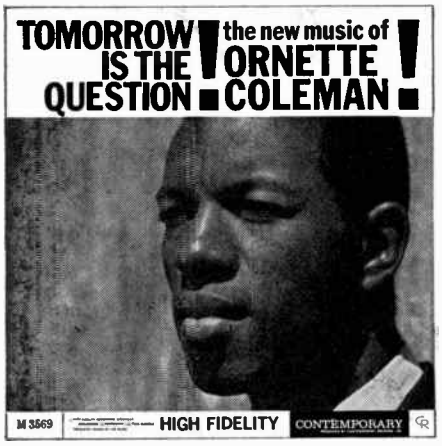
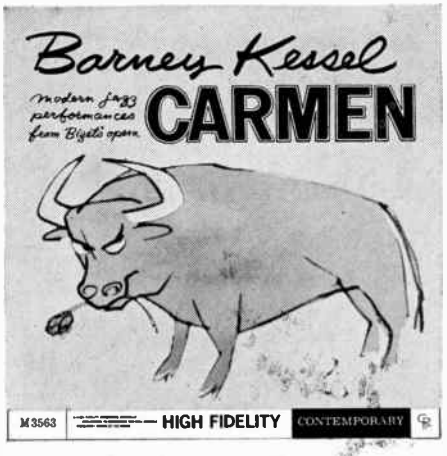


ORNETTE COLEMAN

amazed many critics and musicians who believe he may "change the direction of jazz!" For his second CR album Ornette and trumpeter Don Cherry are joined by Shelly Manne, drums; and bassists Percy Heath (Side 1) and Red Mitchell (Side 2). M3569, stereo S7569.



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SHELLY MANNE

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the alto star also plays tenor and clarinet on this album of a dozen best-known modern jazz classics arranged by Marty Paich. In this uniquely integrated album Pepper & Co. play 12 compositions by Gillespie, Parker, Monk, Mulligan, Giuffre, Rollins, etc. M3568, stereo S7568.

ANDRÉ PREVIN

made five albums for Contemporary including the first jazz "blowing" album with his regular trio — Red Mitchell, bass; and Frankie Capp, drums, after their tour of U. S. Extra-length performances of four standards and two original Previn blues. M3570, stereo S7570.

SONNY ROLLINS

the "boss of the tenor" followed his successful first CR album ("Way Out West," C3530, stereo S7017) with "The Leaders." It features him with Contemporary's top stars Shelly Manne, Hampton Hawes, Barney Kessel, Leroy Vinnegar and Victor Feldman. M3564, stereo S7564.

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the decade past

MILES DAVIS

By Ralph J. Gleason

It started out calmly enough. A guy named Roy Stevens was selected by *Down Beat* to work out with an experimental dance band and discover what was wrong with the failing band business.

Stan Kenton got ready to introduce his Innovations group (the one with all those strings) via a special, invitation-only concert in Hollywood. Dave Brubeck was working for scale in an Oakland cocktail lounge called the Burma club, Paul Desmond was gigging with a Dixieland band, and Gerry Mulligan was writing for Elliot Lawrence and occasionally playing with the band.

Woody Herman's Four Brothers band had just won the *Down Beat* Readers poll (the George Shearing Quintet took the combo category), Oscar Peterson got 10 votes in the piano voting, and Dizzy Gillespie went unmentioned in a poll won by Howard McGhee with Charlie Shavers second and Miles Davis third. Charlie Parker had recorded with strings, and the Miles Capitol sides were coming out one at a time.

Bop and the dance band business were dead. Everybody wondered what was coming in the '50s. The LP was making its appearance, and its effect on the whole record industry was undreamed of.

Nobody had ever heard of west coast jazz or hard bop. Birdland had just opened, and the Black Hawk and the Haig were starting on the west coast. Rock and roll hadn't been tagged with that name yet ("I remember it as rhythm and blues," Jon Hendricks was to say).

Hard to remember now? Seem longer than a mere 10 years ago? Sonny Rollins was 20, John Coltrane was with Dizzy Gillespie's big band, Shorty Rogers was just a good swinging trumpet player with a gift for arranging, and Ornette Coleman had picked up an alto only six years before and was working with Pee Wee Crayton's r&b band.

Looking back now, the 1950s were frantic, all right, but they also were fraught with peril for jazz and full of portent of funky things to come.

The rise of the LP was to put a lot of jazz musicians on the scene, make room for a host of small jazz labels, and bring on the production of the hundreds of jazz LPs that have piled up on reviewers' shelves and swamped the jazz disc jockies ever since.

The big-band business—as far as jazz was concerned — already had shaken down to the Big Four—Basie, Ellington, Herman, and Kenton and it still hasn't changed much.

The jazz concert scene had got off the ground. Ahead, were those years through the middle '50s when Jazz at the Philharmonic roared across the U.S.A. like a musical Ringling Brothers, packing the halls in 30 cities, to be emulated by other concert packages until the whole thing finally collapsed of its own weight and there was no more JATP—only Ella—and a decreasing list of other concerts.

Europe opened up to the jazz musician full scale in the '50s. At first anybody could score there—the people were starved for the real thing. Later, there was too much, and everybody got hurt until now, as here, the best make it and the rest do not.

The '50s, of course, always will be known as the age when jazz became commercial — when Chet Baker and Gerry Mulligan could have a hit with *Funny Valentine* and Brubeck and Desmond could make an LP that would sell 100,000 copies and put Dave on the cover of *Time*.

It was the decade of cool jazz and of west coast jazz, which had the interesting effect of inspiring its own death by the reaction it caused among the eastern musicians. Miles Davis, who started it all, in one sense, with the Capitol sides, was to end it four years later with *Walkin'*.

The '50s was also the decade of the

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SONNY ROLLINS

JON HENDRICKS

JOHN LEWIS

jazz festival, which, to a considerable degree, has replaced the traveling jazz concert as the destination of thousands of jazz pilgrims each summer. First at Newport, R. I., and now at Monterey, Calif., jazz has taken new life from these events.

A corollary of the commerciality of jazz during that decade was the attention paid to it by Edward R. Murrow, whose incredible interviews with Louis Armstrong serve as a definition of "square."

It was also the decade of *Monitor* on radio, which put jazz on a coast-to-coast basis for a while, of the rise of the big jazz disc jockey—Symphony Sid, Jazzbo Collins (he's gone straight now and is known as Al), of Jimmy Lyons and Gene Norman.

Throughout the decade, Basie was blowing and so was Ellington, with good bands, defying the laws of gravity and economics and making great music most the time. Billy Eckstine became the first big vocal hit from jazz' ranks. Shearing took his version of bop into the best places and opened up innumerable clubs and concert halls to jazz. The big Kenton tours, whatever else they may have done, presented Art Tatum to an audience that never would have seen him otherwise. It was also the decade of the *Bebop Fable*, in case you had forgot Steve Allen's contribution to history.

It was an age of speed, of atom bombs, moon shoots, and Sputnick. West coast jazz shot up like a guided missile, flourished for a while, put several record companies in business, and then died.

The Modern Jazz Quartet brought new dignity to jazz in this country and in Europe, and men such as Gunther Schuller, George Russell, and Milton Babbitt experimented with new approaches to music based on jazz. Andre Hodeir contributed the most provocative and important book ever written about jazz, Marshall Stearns wrote a history that became a paperback standard, and the Mouldy Figges of the previous decade (a lot of them anyway) began to pick up on contemporary jazz, while, conversely, the hard-shell modernists began to look for roots. Musicians who put down anybody older than Bird a few years before suddenly became aware of Hawk and Ben and Basie.

Funk came on in the '50s, and so did Soul. They came into general usage and began to be dominant in jazz playing. The 10-inch LP came and went faster than west coast jazz. So did jazz and poetry.

The '50s was the decade that saw Charlie Mingus and Thelonious Monk rise to prominence as major figures in jazz, that saw the U.S. State Department send Gillespie's big band to the Middle East and Brubeck's quartet to India and Poland. The American people, to some extent and certainly the State Department, had discovered jazz. They still couldn't send any to the American exposition in Moscow, though Benny Goodman went to Brussels, sponsored by Westinghouse, and Dwike Mitchell and Willie Ruff, on a student tour to Russia, broke up the joint with an impromptu concert in Moscow.

It was the decade that saw the first of the jazz FM stations sprout around the country. The decade of the Timex TV shows, syndicated jazz columns, innumerable lectures and courses on jazz in colleges and universities and uncounted articles in national magazines, as well as a shelf of books that would take a month to read.

The 1950s was the decade that saw the beginning of the Lenox, Mass., School of Jazz, the most altruistic effort in jazz, for which John Lewis deserves the thanks of the whole jazz world.

It also was the decade in which, in their search for roots and for reality, the jazz musicians rediscovered the great blues singers, such as Big Bill Broonzy, Muddy Waters, Jimmy Witherspoon, Lightnin' Hopkins, and followed their inclinations on to other fields with Ray Charles and Mahalia Jackson.

Lest this sound too pollyannish a view, there were plenty of things wrong. It took a long time for the junkies to become unhip; there are still the leeches and the octopi with their potential stranglehold on jazz. Too many musicians fail to have the dignity their music deserves, and too many of them fail to get the respect their music deserves.

But the '50s, good, bad, or indifferent as you may have felt as the years went down, was an important decade for jazz.

Look at it:

Miles, Monk, and Mingus.

Dizzy, Dave, and Duke.

Who would have thought it back in January, 1950, when Mike Levin was calling *The Jazz Scene* the most remarkable album ever made?

In a lot of ways, the entire decade is epitomized by two things: Brubeck's rise and his picture on the cover of *Time* and Erroll Garner's sellout of Carnegie hall as the first solo jazz musician to be successful on the legitimate concert circuit.

"It's a long, long way from the levee to the Monterey festival stage," Jon Handricks, Annie Ross, and Dave Lambert sang at Monterey (and let's not forget that it was the decade that produced *them*, too!) and then added, "Jazz music . . . is finally coming of age."

Because that's exactly what has been happening. And with the coming of age of jazz, there are the dues to be paid, the loss of the great ones and the near-great ones in that 10-year span: Pres, Lady, Tatum, Bird, Big Sid, Yancey, the Dorseys, Brownie, Bechet, Baby Dodds, Simeon, Minor Hall, Leadbelly, Lips, Cripple Clarence, Tiny Kahn, Albert Ammons, Sam Staff, Celestin, Serge. That's only a few, but what a roster of artistic talent.

Is it too corny to say their music still lives and will forever? I don't think so. It's just the truth. db

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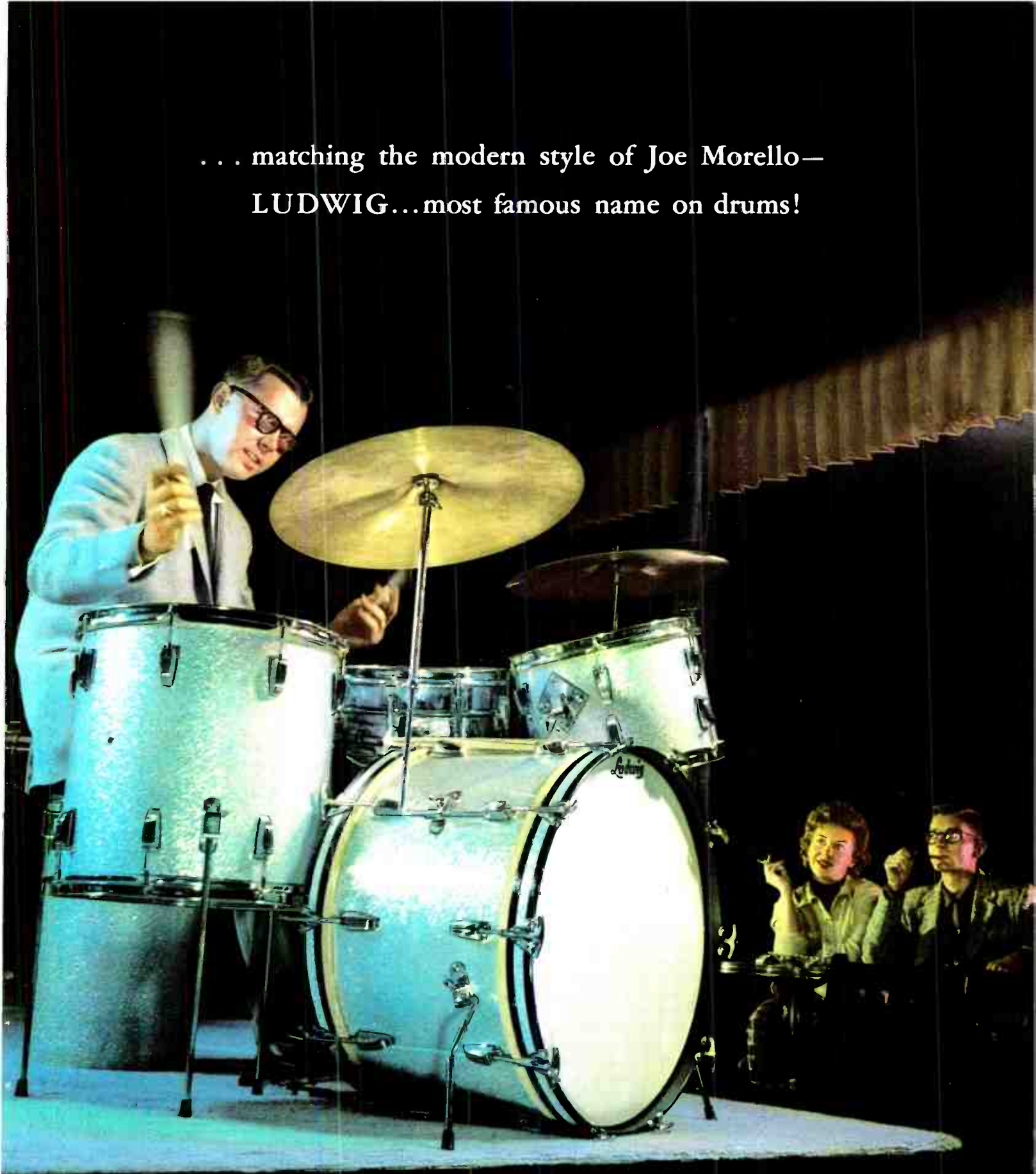

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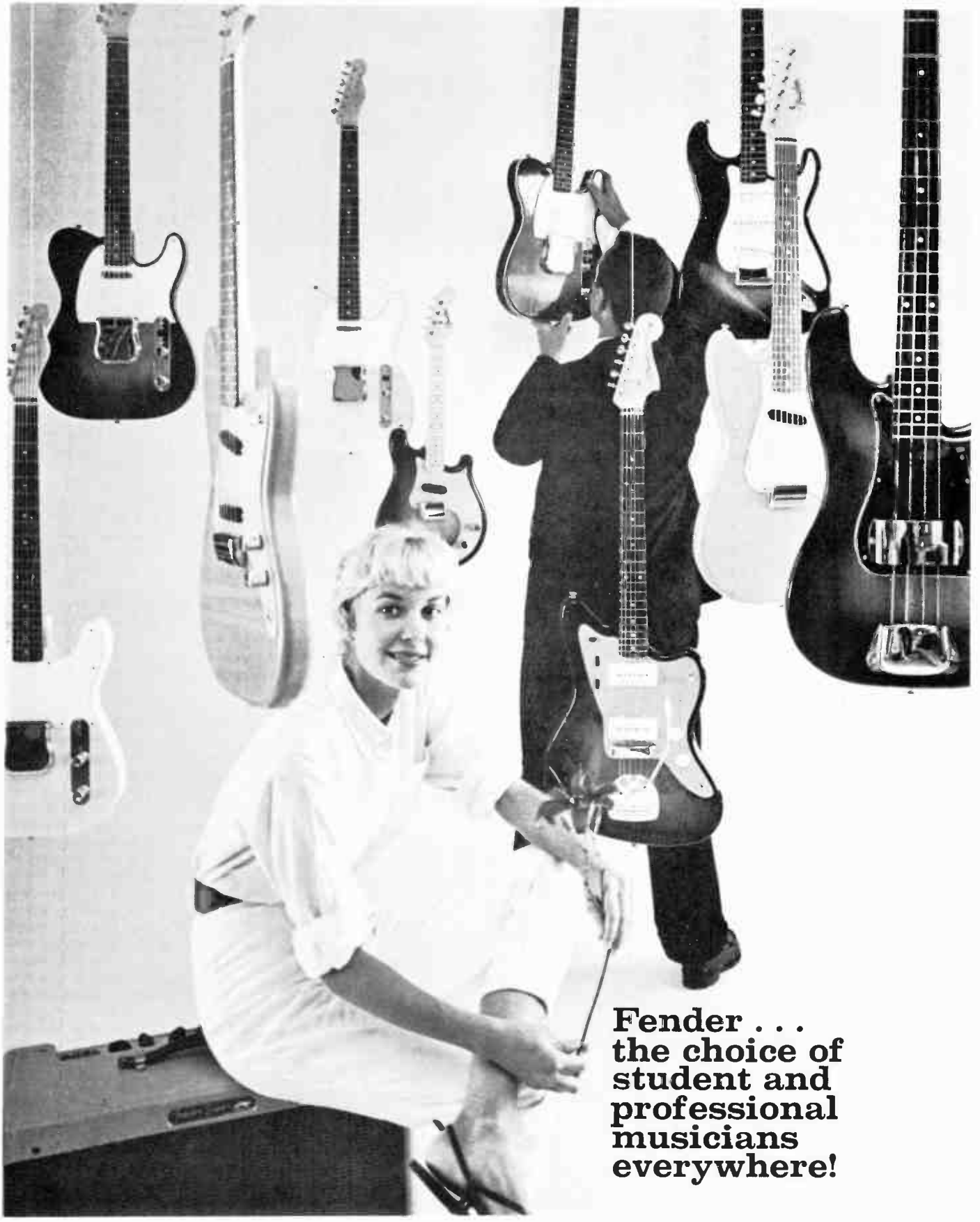

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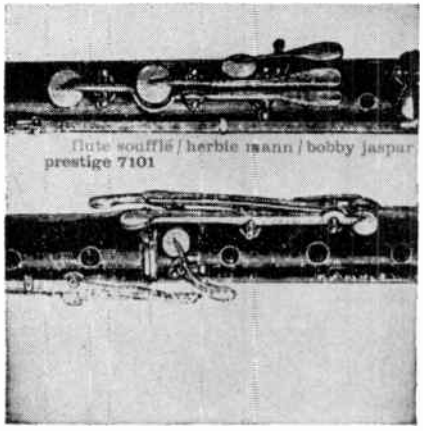

THE RECORD BUSINESS

In order to analyze the future of the multimillion-dollar recording industry ($325,000,000 last year) it is necessary to examine some of the causes behind its recent phenomenal growth.

Until last year, virtually nothing was done by the industry as a whole to publicize the record business. Beyond buying the records of favorite artists, the public knew little or nothing about this business in which fortunes have been made almost overnight and sometimes been lost as rapidly.

With the advent of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences—frankly patterned after the motion picture academy—the record business stood united for the first time. Member companies invested time and money into turning NARAS into the public relations arm of the industry, and the presentation of the first Grammy awards formally signaled the coming of age of the phonograph record business.

Probably the biggest factor responsible for this was the influx of young blood into the pop record field. This combined with the policy of local radio stations throughout the nation to boost the bejabers out of rock and roll, thereby building up the youngsters. With the rise of Frankie Avalon, Ricky Nelson, Fabian, Tommy Sands, and the rest, single record sales took a jet-boosted ride to the moon. In many instances LP albums followed suit.

Nor did the ascendancy of the new teenage recording idols stop merely at making records. There were appearances on television and starring roles in motion pictures. Not that *all* these children could act; they were selling records and consequently became natural material for quick-buck moviemakers.

In terms of what lies ahead for the industry in this young-blood vein, do not anticipate that the avalanche will cease. To the contrary, in fact. There will be more and more new faces before microphones in recording studios during the coming year. The reason for this lies in cold, hard-boiled logic: most the boy wonders who have appeared on the recording scene in recent times, to put it optimistically, have but a short time in the sun. Elvis Presleys they are not. Newly discovered talent is economic life insurance for the record companies; as soon as one starlet fades, another stands ready to be pushed up to the edge of the platter horizon.

Combining with this youth movement in increasing record sales has been the long-building interest in high fidelity, an item to be considered apart from the teenage elements, for this is almost exclusively an adult preoccupation. Now, with the stereo promotion going full blast, the upsurge is bound to continue.

A recent survey by the economic research department of the Chase Manhattan National Bank in New York City revealed a growth potential in all consumer markets of between 35 per cent and 50 per cent in the coming decade. For firms producing consumer goods, this will mean additional earnings of between $100,000,000,000 and $150,000,000,000.

The bank further predicted a dramatic change in the age composition of the U.S. population, a change that will bring tremendous growth in the proportion of the population in the spending ages. Noting a predicted population growth of some 20 percent by 1970, the bank anticipates an increase of 50 percent in the heavy-spending 15-to-29 age groups during that time. This means that some 50,000,000 big-spending Americans, thanks to the rising standard of living, will be added to the spiraling consumer market.

What will this mean to the record business?

With the growth of the spending ages due to increase so dramatically, purchasing power of the teenager will take a consequent leap. This will mean good news for the record business. And, after 1965, when the teenager of today reaches marrying age he will undergo a corresponding change in musical taste.

This is where LP albums enter onto the record industry's master sales chart. With better equipment to play them on —and reasonably priced, at that—LPs today are accounting for a very large slice of the total pie. And good-quality pop albums — by the Sinatras, Belafontes, Mathises, Fitzgeralds, et al — are giving rock and roll a stiff run for the money in the LP field.

Nowhere was the relatively recent upsurge of the record industry reflected as interestingly as in the Los Angeles area. During the last year, RCA Victor has raised its record-pressing activity in Hollywood by almost 50 percent, in addition to which the company's custom production (i.e., producing records for any label with money to buy) has increased also. Victor has taken over the ground floor of the old NBC radio building at Hollywood's Sunset and Vine and completely redesigned two old radio soundstages to record stereophonic phonograph records.

Columbia Records was not long behind its chief rival. Toward year's end it was announced that by early 1960 the east coast goliath would be ensconced in the CBS radio headquarters on the west coast, also on Sunset a couple of blocks from RCA Victor.

Apart from the optimistic outlook for the business as a whole, a second reason for these moves by the two giants in the industry may be seen in the steady rise of independent labels on the coast.

In addition to stimulating the major labels into pushing the younger crop of rockers and rollers, these new independents, by the proliferation of their own teenage r&r output, virtually compelled a westward movement by Victor and Columbia. Thar was gold in that thar direction.

The movie studios played their part, too, in stimulating action in west coast

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NORMAN GRANZ
at a record date

DON CHERRY and ORNETTE COLEMAN
recording in L. A. for Atlantic

recording. After Paramount started it with the outright purchase of Tennessee-begotten Dot Records, there was a common rush by other major studios to jump on the wagon.

Today one observes new labels spawned in the New York headquarters of the film-producing companies by Columbia (Col-Pix), Warners (Warner Bros. Records), Fox (20th Century-Fox Records) and UA (United Artists Records) in addition to Paramount's Dot. All are vying for the quick hit; all are steadily increasing production east and west. And it is additionally indicative of this trend to note that long-established M-G-M Records (early George Shearing, Billy Eckstine, and Dizzy Gillespie) in the early summer of 1959 began pressing and shipping some 50 percent of all its LP albums from Hollywood.

Capitol Records, long based on the west coast, of course, is not out of step in the mass parade toward increased business. In his annual report to the firm's stockholders for the 1958-59 fiscal year, president Glenn Wallichs revealed a gross sale of $49,266,860 — a 13 percent increase over the previous year.

So much for the general picture of what has been developing in the record industry during the last couple of years. What has happened in the past affects and is reflected in the events of the future. For the record industry the future is a golden one, by all accounts. Despite temporary setbacks in recent years, due primarily to the economic recession and, to a lesser extent, to the steel strike, which sharply curtailed purchasing power for luxury commodities, the record business boomed on.

What lies ahead? Here is *Music 1960's* survey of some of the top policy-makers and merchandisers in the industry.

Bernie Silverman, sales manager of Norman Granz' Verve label, is emphatic on two main points — the inevitable improvement of recorded material and the increasing importance of Hollywood as a recording center.

"Definitely the standards are being raised in the industry," he averred. "And, what's more, the taste of the youngsters is improving. I don't predict that rock and roll is finally on the way out, but certainly better music is getting played on radio, and I'm convinced it's having a good effect on the kids."

While Verve releases single records mostly by exclusively contracted artist Ella Fitzgerald, the company's main concentration is in the album field. Right now the pride and joy of both Granz and Silverman is a super-deluxe five-LP package of Miss Fitzgerald singing the George and Ira Gershwin *Songbooks*. Nelson Riddle conducts the orchestra. Silverman cited this package as an example of maintaining a high standard of quality.

"Artistically, this is one of the greatest packages ever released — period," Silverman crowed. "It's evidence that we are ever working toward raising standards in this company — and I believe it's happening in other companies, too. But the most encouraging thing is that people are *buying* these big packages."

In time—and he refused to specify exactly how long—Silverman says Hollywood will surpass New York as *the* recording center.

"Recording is ever increasing here in Hollywood," he declared. "Over the past 10 years we've established ourselves as a southern California company, and I like to think that we're partly responsible for encouraging other companies to come here. Right now, a lot of eastern labels are coming here to record because of the superior facilities available.

"Given enough time, I believe Los Angeles will surpass New York as the main hub of recording. Why? Because

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southern California is an attractive area for people generally. So many people want to live here. For example, did you know that old distributors don't just fade away? They come out to California!"

Years ago, Silverman pointed out, Los Angeles did not have the facilities to offer record companies. This, he said, accounts for the slow westward movement of the majors. Today, however, all the majors have recording and administrative quarters in Hollywood. Following the example set by RCA Victor early in 1959, Columbia Records took over the CBS radio studios on Sunset Blvd. at the beginning of this year for its Pacific coast headquarters.

George Russell, west coast production head for Columbia, confidently predicts an upsurge of recording activity of all kinds in Los Angeles during the coming year.

Silverman is quick to agree. "Verve doesn't have an office in New York at present," he pointed out. "This is unusual in the industry, but it *is* indicative of the fact that our entire activity is based on the west coast—and with good reason. Why should we maintain a New York office? Out here we can get done all the printing of labels, the pressing of records, and the sleeve production we need."

In Silverman's view the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences is filling a positive role in the record industry regardless of the stones thrown at it recently by Goddard Lieberson, Columbia Records president.

A staunch booster of NARAS, Silverman declared, "Expectations are that NARAS will be able to aid the industry as a whole in raising the standards of the entire business. But more important is the recognition already achieved by NARAS for the record industry. Certainly, the television show of the 1959 awards did an awful lot in this connection."

What about the quality of single records? Will the output of singles continue to reflect the low level of popular taste or will standards improve?

On this point Silverman spoke only for his company. "We're releasing singles by Ella Fitzgerald," he said, "and I can only speak from our own experience. Whether on old standards or new material, Ella is a great artist, and she sells well.

"We haven't entered the rock and roll area," he added with a chuckle, "so I can't comment on that phase of the trade."

During the coming year, in Silverman's view, artists "will look for better labels to give them the opportunity to perform as they want. The exclusive contract is what they're looking for because it's an arrangement more permanent and suitable."

Despite the occasional tendency toward mavericking among artists who freelance for a while before settling down to solid, term contracts, Silverman said, the trend in the coming year will be increasingly toward the exclusive contract.

As to the record industry's 1960 earnings, in Silverman's view "there will be a tremendous increase during the coming season." Stereophonic recording will be largely responsible for this boost, he said, adding, "There is much in stereo that should be directed toward the public in terms of information, but I don't really know how much one can educate the public in this regard.

"I *will* say this, though: the true stereo record is *the* best listening experience because it gives you more enjoyment as a whole and better technical presence in the recording."

Joel Friedman, merchandising chief of fledgling Warner Bros. Records — the phonograph recording arm of filmland behemoth Warner Bros. Pictures— places major emphasis on the local radio station, its programing and policies.

"For one thing," he said, "there will be no decrease in the output of rock and roll singles. This will not be wholly due to the record labels. It has a lot to do with the broadcasting industry. For instance, there certainly is no indication that local radio stations will stray from music-news format."

Where this format exists, said Friedman, former west coast music editor of *The Billboard*, selection of single records will remain an integral cog in the broadcasting machine. And who selects the records to be programed? A station screening staff of four or five persons decides what singles and albums are to be played. Affecting these staffs are external and internal pressures of varying intensity. Most of the pressure comes from the rock and roll factories.

Friedman said he is convinced, however, that musical standards are being raised throughout the record business. He cited Columbia Records' release of the nine Beethoven symphonies issued "at a time when rock and roll is being pushed on radio." Also singled out by the merchandiser as examples of higher standards was the series of Irving Taylor albums on his own label.

For WBR's part, Friedman said, the company is doing as much, if not more, than any other label to broaden its entire repertoire. As an example he cited the presence of an artists and repertoire staff of veterans who took active parts in recording good, big-band dance music in days of yore. In bandleader Claude Gordon, he said, the label has a strong contender in the race for success. He said the company is exerting maximum effort to build Gordon as a recording attraction.

Reluctant to predict an outstripping of New York by Hollywood's record business in the immediate future, Friedman acknowledged the presence of more entertainers living in the area, because of the production of movies, television shows, and recordings. "There is more talent living on the coast than ever before," he observed, "and this fact will no doubt aid the pace of recording." Noting parenthetically that WBR currently is the biggest spender in the employment of musicians on the coast, he added that this fact in itself must be a significant barometer of the recording weather there.

A major factor in the growth of the record industry's prestige, in Friedman's opinion, is the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. "There's no question that NARAS has helped terrifically to establish the industry in the public mind," he said, "and it's bound to continue to do an excellent job."

Admitting there may be "possible inequities" in the NARAS nominations system, Friedman pointed out that a similar organization, the motion picture academy, has long been reputed to suffer similar inequities. "And the motion pictures academy has been in existence over 32 years," he added.

Insofar as the immediate aim of NARAS is concerned, Friedman said, the vital aim of the organization should be to enhance the reputation of the recording industry in the eye of the public.

"Let's be proud of the artists in the business," he urged. "Let's publicize them. As I see it, the principal thing is to get the artists interested in their own business; get *all* the artists into the academy."

There is no doubt in Friedman's mind, he said, that the trend for name artists in the record business will be toward grabbing rewarding exclusive contracts.

As to the sales prospects during the coming year, "the business as a whole can't do anything but increase sales." This, he considers, will result not so much because of the quality of the recorded output, because practically every retail store in the nation currently is pushing the sale of stereophonic phonograph equipment. This merchandising point, in Friedman's opinion, should account for substantial sales increases in both monophonic and stereo recordings. db

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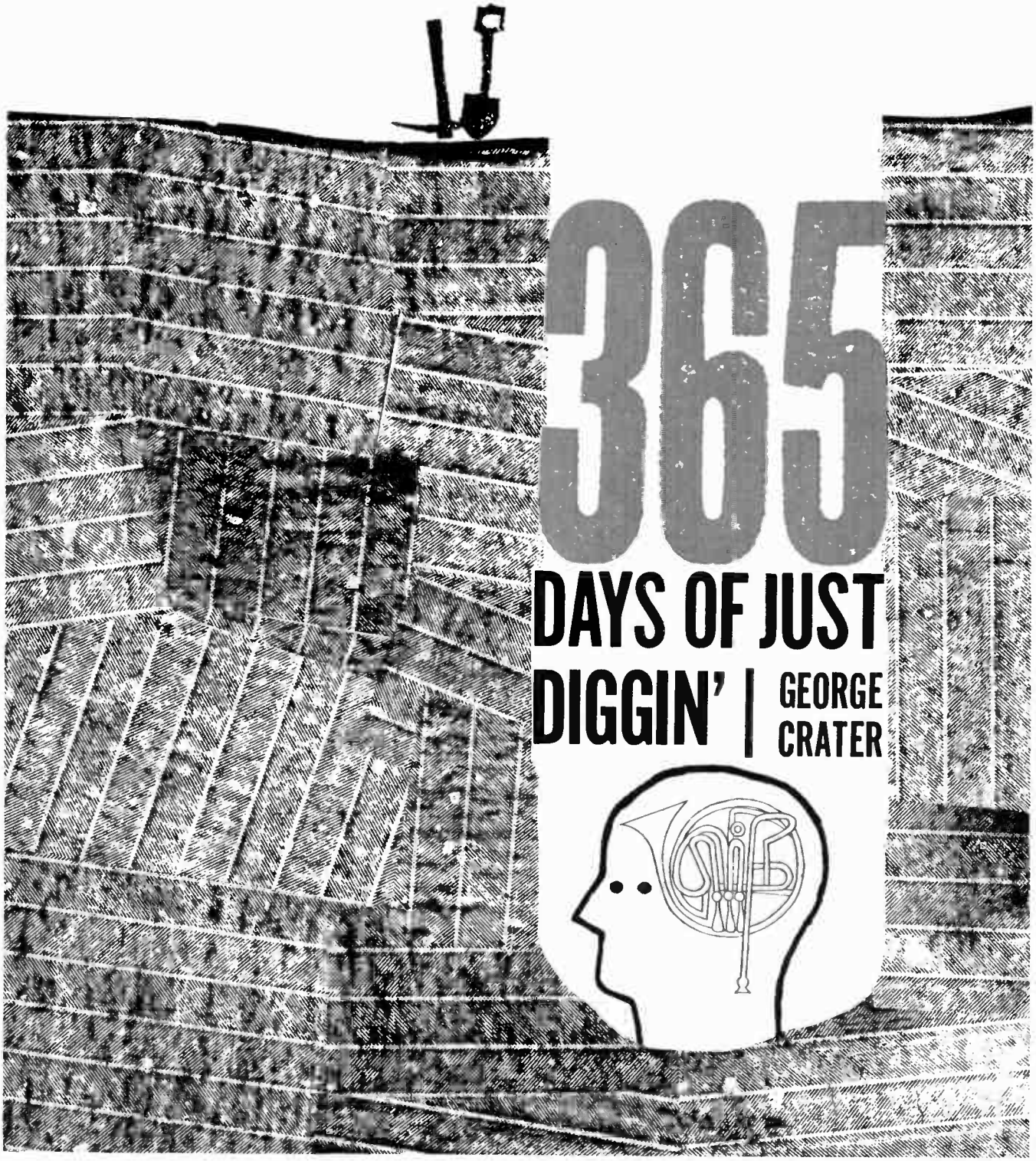

365 DAYS OF JUST DIGGIN'

GEORGE CRATER

What kind of year was 1959? It was a year that gave us jazz on a silver platter. Unfortunately, the platter was in need of some Noxon in spots.

I think the best way to analyze the year would be to break everything down into categories. For reasons obvious to followers of *Out of My Head*, I think we'll give separate categories to Ira Gitler, the Junior/Charlie Crisis, payola, jazz polls, Zoot Finster and Delmar Records.

What better place to start than America's mass *(not crass)* medium.

TELEVISION

The entire United States of America fell madly in love with smelly horses, method cowboys, gangsters, and Dick Clark. Ernie Kovacs went Hollywood. Dinah Shore smiled on. Andy Williams came in quietly and went out with a roar. Several all-jazz shows sank skillfully like the Maine because they couldn't sell more chewing gum than Dick Clark. Lawrence Welk proved the pre-Columbus theory that the world was square (although he did lose a few crew members during the voyage). Milton Berle came back a few times, saying, "I swear, I'll ki-ill you!" but never did. Steve Allen braved on with some marvelous comedy talent to work with, in addition to his own, but carried several awfully tired writers along for the ride. Dinah Shore discovered Red Norvo. Red Norvo discovered *Johnny Stacatto*. *Johnny Stacatto* discov-

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ered *Peter Gunn. Peter Gunn* discovered the old *Casey, Crime Photographer*, radio series.

Thanks to TV, jazz records now come in .32, .38, and .30-.30 speeds. Jack Paar littered the air waves with poor music and singers but did pull a few good comics out of somebody else's hat. Ernie Ford and George Gobel went merrily along. Ed Sullivan promised that if the Horace Silver quintet won the World Series, they'd be on the show immediately. Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby and Peggy Lee did a bad show. Mort Sahl became a guest star. Arthur Murray made it through another season.

NBC promised *total television*, but evidently something happened to their adding machine. Sinatra, Crosby, and Dean Martin did a good show.

It came out that the quiz shows were putting in too much rehearsal time before the gig. Garry Moore, Mickey Rooney, and Jackie Cooper again proved, as they do once a year, that they're pretty nothing drummers. Sinatra, Martin, and Rooney did a bad show. Red Buttons *Sayanora'd* through a season. Belafonte fluffed everybody. Hank Mancini broke the sound barrier. Shelly Manne got richer. Liver bile and harmful irregularity again joined us right around dinner time. Cats around the country wondered why, if their old ladies fell out at Dean Martin, Charlie Weaver, and Joe E. Lewis bits, they get drugged when *you* stop off for a taste on the way home from the gig? Louis Armstrong perspired coast to coast two or three times. Ed Sullivan continued to set back television a few years.

Mike & Elaine, Shelley Berman, Lenny Bruce, and Jonathan Winters added some much-needed spice to the tube. A whole mess of people started turning on the set in the middle of the afternoon to dig an hour or so of teenage ankles, rumps, and pimples. Desi Arnaz became a night-school Robert Montgomery. Jose Melis continued to perpetrate his fraud. Jack Paar continued to help him. Ingrid Bergman made the entire medium believable again. Harry & Bert commercials continued to gas me. The very funny Stan Freberg continued to blow each of his shots with a nowhere puppet bit. Fred Astaire defined the term *special*. Somebody finally zonked Ralph Edwards—Lowell Thomas had no eyes. I've spent another frustrated season without Menasha Skulnick and Pinky Lee.

Except for a very few tasty moments, television this year, for me, has been a glass-faced box in the corner of the room, with two pointy metal arms sticking out of its top, two pointy arms that usually get me either in the eye or the groin as I put out the lights and head for the bedroom.

JAZZ FESTIVALS

Despite rumors, George Wein did not invent jazz or what-we-now-call the jazz festival. Jazz festivals date back to the New Orleans era . . . only in those days, they were called funerals. After sitting back this year witnessing *nine* festivals, I have the feeling that some should still be called funerals. For one thing, I never thought I'd get to see Pat Suzuki. If it had not been for the Newport Jazz festival, I might have had to pay $6.60 to see *Flower Drum Song*. Or is it *The World of Susie Wong?* (All those shows look alike to me.)

It's not that there's anything wrong with Pat Suzuki, the Kingston trio, the Dukes of Dixieland, Bobby Darin, or Dakota Staton, but if I have eyes to dig people like this, I don't drive to Newport, R. I. I cool it at home and watch the *Ed Sullivan Show*.

By the way, did you hear the new LP: *Senor Wences at French Lick?*

Aside from the very tasty thing in Monterey, Calif., and some moments on a couple of the others, I don't think this season's jazz festivals did any more than take a bunch of musicians and subject them to the elements. I think if you took a festival indoors, most critics would label it an overloaded concert.

The 10th jazz festival of the season never did come off because of a conflict with the local health authorities. This was the proposed Death Valley Jazz festival. By all early reports, this probably would have been the most successful of the festivals because of its unique approach: original plans called for the use of *dead* jazz musicians and the Kingston trio.

One good thing about the Hollywood Bowl Jazz festival was its convenience. For example, a New Yorker wanting to attend the festival didn't even have to leave town. The bleachers at the Hollywood Bowl are in Brooklyn. The *Playboy* thing came off pretty well, but I think it was a drag the musicians had to play in the nude . . . Miles Davis still has a cold.

Randall's island wasn't too bad except some of the featured musicians couldn't get in because they forgot to buy tickets.

By blasting jazz festivals, do you realize what a chance I'm taking? Think of all the poison pen letters I'm going to get from our nation's breweries.

THE JUNIOR/CHARLIE CRISIS

In New York City, on 52nd St. between Broadway and Eighth Ave., there are two places of refreshment that are considered second homes for the east's musicians—Junior's and Charlie's. It's only natural that they're both on W. 52nd St., for this is also the block where the local musicians union is located.

What makes a musician choose one or the other? Well, each of these establishments, aware of the strong competition this past year, has instituted various diversions for its patrons.

For one thing, let's look at the personnel at each establishment. At Junior's behind the stick we have Bert, an English chap who knows exactly what's going on in music. What band's in, out, who's looking for a trombone player, who's old lady is out to nab him. He's hip to everything.

For instance, a couple of weeks ago I asked him, "Bert, have you seen Joe Cosnofsky?"

He answered, "Yeah, he went out with Claude Thornhill. They're in Dayton on Friday, Columbus on Saturday, Gallup, N. M., on Sunday (they're driving all night), and they'll be back in town on Monday."

On the other hand, there's another bartender at Junior's named Sal. Sal is a wonderful bartender and a nice guy, but he really doesn't know that much about the music business. About a week ago I asked Sal if *he* had seen Joe Cosnofsky.

After a little thought, he answered, "Joe? Sure he was in the other night with Glenn Miller . . . Boy did they get juiced out."

Still farther out is Charlie's head barkeep, Gene Williams, a talented singer who has sung with some good tasty bands and led his own swinger for a while. Gene is the handsome, lover-type cat.

A few nights ago I dropped into Charlie's and asked Gene if *he* had seen Joe Cosnofsky. As usual, Gene replied, "Yeah, she's nutty . . ."

The competition is getting serious. Junior's brought in lectures. Charlie's brought in lectures. Junior's brought in an art show. Charlie's brought in an art show. Charlie's brought in a sculpture exhibit. Junior's brought in a sculpture exhibit. That last bit I don't get . . . why didn't they just throw a few lights on their patrons?

The coming year should prove interesting. Junior's plans to install the Zoot Finster octet for an extended engagement. Charlie's plans to open with an all-girl orchestra that mixes.

IRA GITLER

This has been the year that Ira Gitler came into prom-

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inence. Ira started the year off slowly, writing a few liner notes for such stellar albums as *Famous Tenors Sing High C; Bud Powell's Footlight Favorites; Charlie Barnet Plays Wedding Marches from around the World,* and *Freddie Slack Goes Native.*

I've admired Ira for some time and was happy to hear that once his name began appearing in the column, a whole new world of enterprise opened for him. Almost immediately Ira was called in to write all the new menus for the Howard Johnson restaurant chain, several Lestoil commercials, and 96 bits of new copy for some bubble gum company's baseball-player cards. Ira Gitler Fan clubs started springing up throughout the country. Congress set up an Is Ira Gitler Real investigation committee. The words Ira Gitler Was Here started appearing on walls. One night at Birdland, Pee Wee Marquette announced, "We've got a celebrity in the house, the famous writer, Mr. Ira Hitler."

But a few things of importance that came Ira's way almost scared me. For one thing I went on vacation and who takes over the column? Ira Gitler. Later I pick up *D.B.* to find that Ira has been brought in to review new record albums. Never let it said said that George Crater begrudges anyone success . . . but George Hoefer, John Tynan, Leonard Feather, even Charlie Graham, *beware of Ira Gitler!*

RECORDS

Everybody went into the jazz record business. It seems today, if you have a tape recorder, some labels, good handwriting, and some glue . . . you're in the record business. Several large national concerns rationalized their tax losses by starting record companies. Rumor has it that Kellogg's is coming out with a new label: *Dennis James Presents.*

This year, it wasn't very chic for a record company if it didn't have a *Porgy and Bess* item in the catalog. It was even more unchic if a record company didn't *have* a catalog. Whereas the success of a record company used to be determined by how many albums were *sold,* by the looks of 1959, success is determined by how many albums are *recorded.*

Too Much Records leads the race with a schedule of 179 LPs a week, 240 during Lent. The covers they're using on jazz albums are something else, too. If the album contains the music of Horace Silver, odds are the cover will show a beautiful shot of a change booth at the Automat. Some of the west coast firms make it difficult to know if you're buying a record album or a copy of *Nugget.* Frankly, in this particular case, I don't care. If the cover's that groovy, I don't care what's inside!

Benny Golson, Manny Albam, Ernie Wilkins, and Quincy Jones started writing arrangements as if they were going out of style. After hearing some of their work, I started to feel that most other arrangements *were* going out of style. Bill Potts, out of Washington, D.C., wrote the UA LP *The Jazz Soul of Porgy and Bess* and proved that, despite what Mort Sahl says, there *is* something happening down in Washington. Nina Simone started recording as if *recording* were going out of style. Blue Note produced a nutty album called *Something Else* with Cannonball Adderley and Miles Davis and then did nothing to exploit its greatness. The multi-talented Lambert-Hendricks-Ross recorded a thing that almost made me ill, *Moanin'.*

Dinah Washington went back and recorded everything short of *Over There.* Teenagers continued to buy recorded liver bile. Ira Gitler wrote his 12,000,000th liner note. Connie Francis invaded the popular market with a wonderful love song, *God Bless America.* Norman Granz continued to shuffle his artists to come up with *new* album ideas. For still another year, nobody captured the true Basie-band sound on record. Chicago-singer-who-went-to-New-York Bill Henderson made some beautiful records on Blue Note but never got the recognition he deserved. LPs based on Broadway show scores became quite the rage . . . It is rumored that a musical comedy is in the works based on *Dave Brubeck at Oberlin.* Riverside Records had the foresight to handcuff Thelonious Monk to the piano and extract a few LPs from his talented wig. Lenny Bruce had the nuttiest album cover of the year.

I had to buy six more record cabinets. Let's see, at $24.50 apiece, that's . . .

DELMAR RECORDS

Delmar took the smoke away from the major labels. Realizing the importance and acceptance of film-score albums, it made deals with many of the movie companies. Its first release along these lines, *The Jazz Soul of Abbott and Costello in Hollywood,* won immediate acclaim. There followed a stereo version of *The Jazz Guts of Going My Way.* The *Prez Glick Songbook* was next and, in turn, led to several choice takes of the *Zoot Finster Octet.*

From all reports, Delmar plans to win the jazz record market within one year. Plans call for releases such as *Hiram Gerlich Goes Latin; The Jazz Soul of Mother Wore Tights; A Collection of Pee Wee Marquette Introductions,* and *Marvin Bonessa Sings.*

Bonessa is the fantastic Joe Morello discovery who recently joined the Zoot Finster octet. Delmar, in its determined drive to produce the finest in recorded music, recently obtained the services of the noted a&r man, Norman Bock Lewis. Lewis' first assignment was five-volume recording: *World War II Goes Funky.*

A search for new talent is also under way at Delmar, and several promising newcomers have been signed: girl singer Chris Christy, bandleader Herman Woody and funky, down-home blues singer Carter Lefcourt.

Delmar also has a unique marketing plan. If a distributor buys one LP, he gets 27 for nothing. With such progressive thinking, there should be no reason why Delmar can't become *the* record label in a short time.

Carter Lefcourt?

ZOOT FINSTER

Never in music history has a musician received so much notice in such a short time, until Zoot Finster. Just a year ago, Finster was a relatively obscure tenor player from Wein, Mass. After several breaks, big and small, and a time away from the music business, he became one of the most desired sidemen in the country.

His work on records was brilliant (Zoot is the tenor man on the MJQ record of *Django*) and he was called in for record date after record date. Soon his pile of W-2 forms rivaled those of Osie Johnson and Milt Hinton.

Wanting to get close to the people so as to gain a better understanding of jazz, the music of the people, Zoot formed a group with another tenor player, Prez Glick, and left on a coast-to-coast tour of nudist camps with the Jazz in the Raw troupe. The tour was successful, but, as you may recall, Zoot was stricken with a severe cold while playing the Blue-as-Ice Nudist Camp in Fairbanks, Alaska. Probably while lying in his bed fighting his illness, Zoot decided to leave the Jazz in the Raw tour to form an octet with Prez Glick and new trumpet star Miles Cosnat. Arrangements were made for Quincy Cohn to do the arrangements, and Finster set out to hire the rest of the musicians.

Just before this writing, the final personnel of the Zoot Finster octet was made public: Finster and Glick, tenors; Cosnat, trumpet; Kai Kay, trombone; Thelonious Krasna, piano; Earl April, bass; Marvin Bonessa, drums, and Armando Chaleh, conga drum.

Exact plans as to where the group will work or who it will record for have not yet been made public. One thing's for sure, though—interesting sounds by the Zoot Finster

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octet will soon be heard. Bookers have shown great interest in the group, and rumor has it that Joe Glaser is so interested, he's willing to trade Brubeck, Louis Armstrong, and Sugar Ray Robinson for Zoot Finster. Watch out for the Zoot Finster octet!

THE JAZZ POLLS

Of all the jazz poll results that appeared in 1959, the one that fascinated me the most was one that appeared in *Swing Journal*. The winners:

ギ タ ー		ベ ー ス	
1(1)永田暁雄	4938	1(1)吉場常雄	3913
2(2)高柳昌行	2666	2(2)小野満	2553
3(3)松宮庄一郎	1284	3(3)金井英人	1641
4(7)藤田正明	1162	4(5)鳴瀬昌比良	1068
5(10)横内章治	1144	5(8)古谷勝己	1065
6(4)沢田駿吾	1101	6(4)土田剛	1056
7(5)チャーリー脇野	1009	7(7)栗田八郎	976
8(6)宮川協三	985	8(6)渡辺晋	967
9(8)荒井ノボル	773	9(9)山田久由	897
10(9)角田孝	651	10(11)滝本達郎	589

THE DISC-JOCKEY PROBE

The year 1959 forced many disc jockies to dock their 65-foot Owens yachts, get into their Mercedes-Benz 300-SLs, race back to their duplexes, change into their $400 Italian silk suits, get back into their Mercedes-Benz 300-SLs and race to the local district attorney's office.

Many of these disc jockeys were a little hung when investigation disclosed their W-2 forms listed their incomes as a little short of $7,000 for the year.

Many said, "I can't understand it!"

Other said, "But I *like* Marvin and the Delinquents!"

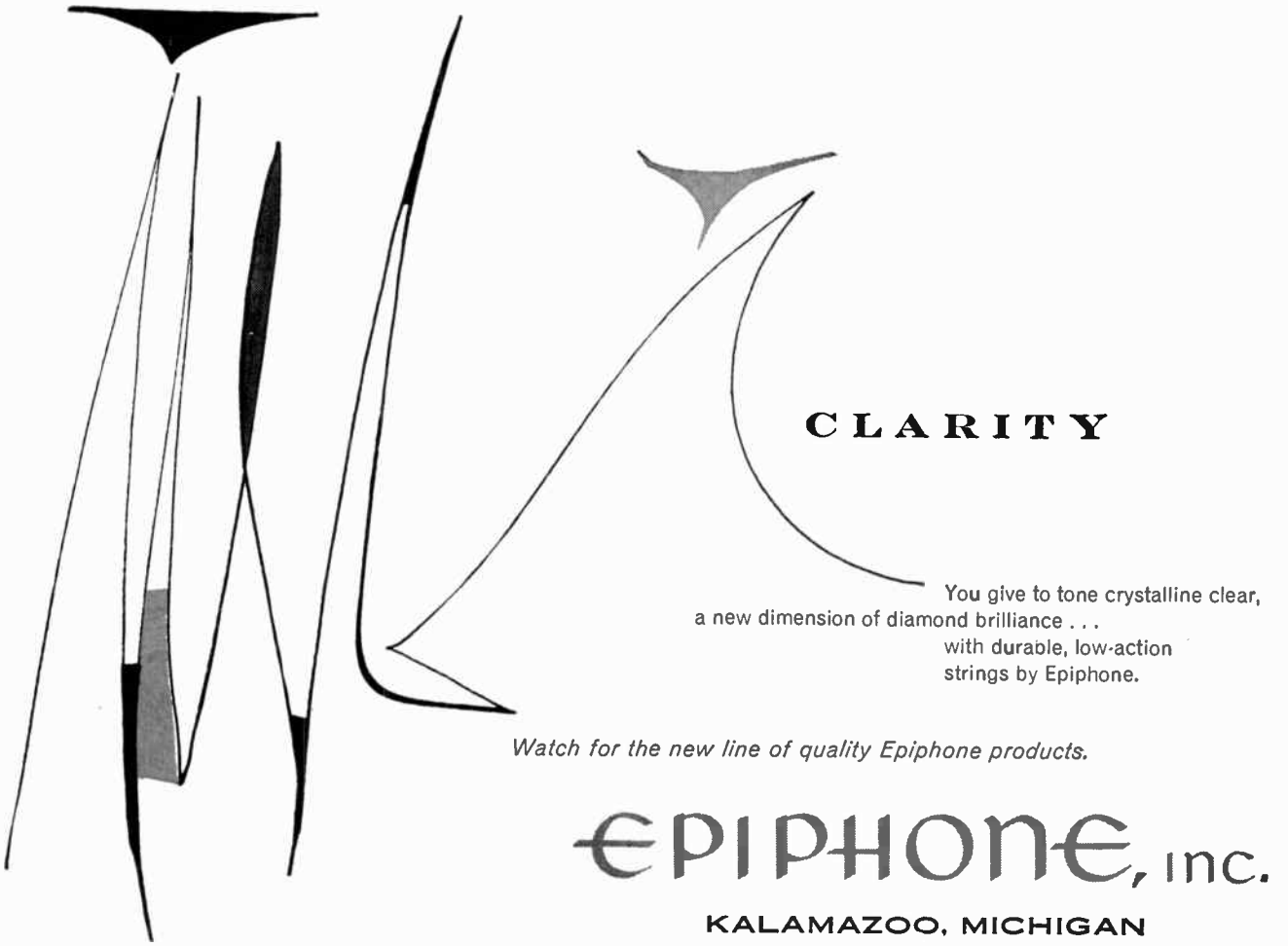
Still others said, "Oh hell!"

One midwest disc jockey, drugged with the whole scene, simply bought the city, fired the district attorney, got back into his 300-SL, and forgot about the whole thing.

It just goes to prove the adage: *Bread is the staff of life and the shaft of the music business . . .*

I'M HIP THIS WILL HAPPEN THIS YEAR

Buddy Rich will give up drums to start a singing career . . . Gerry Mulligan will put down Hollywood . . . Buddy Rich will give up singing to continue his drumming career . . . Woody Herman will re-form the big band . . . Twelve new jazz festivals will pop up wherever there's an empty lot . . . Woody Herman will break up the big band and form an octet . . . Leslie Uggums will get the lead in *The Billie Holiday Story* . . . Stan Kenton will be bugged again because Basie won the big band poll . . . Sensible police thinking will take a New York musician's cabaret card away because of nonsupport charge . . . Television will present a jazz show for its usual 13 weeks . . . Ted Heath will come here, Louis Armstrong will go there . . . Don Elliott will take up another instrument . . . Phineas Newborn will make a comeback . . . Erroll Garner will conduct the Philharmonic . . . Starting around July, people will start asking, "What ever happened to Al Haig?" . . . Somebody will write in to say that Al Haig is very happy and successful playing at a little bar on Long Island . . . Then everything will be cool until the following July . . . Thelonious Monk will show up at French Lick instead of Newport . . . Buddy Rich will give up drumming to start a dancing career . . . George Crater will continue to get threatening letters from everybody in the music business . . . Buddy Rich will give up dancing to continue his drumming career . . . Ahmad Jamal will pause too long . . . Buddy Rich will give up. db



World Radio History

BIG BANDS | THEY NEED TV's HELP

By George Hoefer

The key to a long-hoped-for rejuvenation of big bands remains locked up in the problem of television exposure.

From the late 1920s to the mid-40s, bands became "names" primarily because their music styles were beamed on radio into every nook and cranny of the country. A tremendous demand was created to see the band in person, and bands would work location jobs, sometimes at considerable loss, just to play into a microphone for a half-hour or so a night. This would create the desire in the people to see them.

The big problem now seems to be: Would the bands create the same interest if they were given a chance on TV?

It is obvious that good musical bands are submerged on TV even when the industry deigns to use them.

There isn't a better example of this than the use of Les Brown's band on the current *Steve Allen Show*. The band rarely is seen, for it is usually relegated to playing background accompaniment for the amateurish piano of on-camera comic Allen. In the course of the one-hour program it is lucky to play one full musical arrangement. This is an example of a gross waste of talent. Even when a band is on camera through the show, as was the case several years ago when the late Dorsey brothers had a television show, it is playing accompaniments for a variety of vaudevillians and singers.

On the other hand, there is the *Lawrence Welk Show*. Welk's band has appealed tremendously to a large segment of the population by constant exposure on camera. There are acts and songs involved with Welk's presentation, but they all are part of the musical organization as a unit.

The success of Welk, using an obsolete style of music, and the fact that years ago when bands played one-nighters, the crowd would gather around the stand to look and listen,

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would seem to refute the TV producers' constant reference to the plea that bands are not visual. They definitely can be visual if they are presented in an interesting and intelligent musical manner.

It takes imagination, and during the last few months of 1959 the TV industry was shown to have some very imaginative persons connected with the production and presentation of shows. Their imagination ran wild in pursuit of the dollar.

In the presentation of music, there is a factor required as an adjunct to imagination, and that is knowledge of the art form. The necessity for this was proved by the bizarre results of the Timex jazz shows, in which it was imagined that jazz required the added impetus of a personal introduction to the public by several of the best-known egomaniacs in the industry.

There are several big bands around today that if presented with imagination by someone who knew why they are still together and playing after many years, could well work into stellar TV attractions. Two of these are the bands of Duke Ellington and Count Basie, whose personalities and music still draw big on the road. When these groups appeared on TV in the past, there either was no presentation or an advertising genius ran around wanting to tie pink balloons saying "Laxative" onto the instruments. This lack of knowledge on the part of those who produce the shows is further illustrated by the appearance of Basie on a show a few years ago accompanying rock and roll entertainers.

There are several problems involved with accomplishing the proper television presentation of good big bands besides the taste level of TV producers and sponsors.

In the cases of Ellington and Basie there always has been the race barrier and the fear by sponsors that they couldn't sell products in the south. This is slowly being broken down in the course of progress and will tend to dissolve more quickly in the future.

A bigger problem is the lack of originality in the bands that are working. Too many bands now on the road hark to the past glories of dead bandleaders. The popularity of rock and roll has brought on a wave of nostalgia during the last year because there doesn't seem to be anything commercial to offset the children and their fad.

There were two TV shows that were billed as *Salutes to Big Bands of the '30s*. One featuring Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme revived Jimmy Dorsey's theme, *Contrasts*, and *Green Eyes;* Harry James' *Ciri Biri Bin;* Tommy Dorsey's *Getting Sentimental over You;* Benny Goodman's *Let's Dance*, and Kay Kyser's *Thinking of You*, all in vocal arrangements, solo and duet.

Back in July, the *Jimmie Rodgers Show* did the same thing with *Daddy*, in the style of Sammy Kaye; *Why Don't You Do Right?*, in Benny Goodman fashion, and *Boo Hoo*, in Guy Lombardo's style. And, of course, both shows featured *Kalamaozo; Moonlight Serenade*, and *In the Mood*, a la Glenn Miller.

There are at least three bands on the road using arrangements and playing in the styles of now-gone bandleaders: Warren Covington and the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, Lee Castle and the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra, and Ray McKinley and the Glenn Miller Orchestra. There are others that just play in an old style.

The record companies are helping this "shadow music" by issuing remakes, air checks, and reissues by the bands of the swing era. The fact that these records sell impresses the record executives, and they get behind and promote them, which is bound to show results. But is it really what the people want?

One amazing set is the RCA Victor *For the Very First Time*, which contains 50 Miller selections "never before released" and taken from glass-base acetates of Miller broadcasts. These performances, made in 1941-42, never were meant for posterity and were not recorded with permanence in mind.

How have the bands themselves been faring during the last year? Most bandleaders, when queried, detect a slight increase in activity.

Ralph Marterie, whose band *Down Beat* literally put in the field back in 1951, said he could work seven nights a week and has been most of the time. The Marterie bus runs New York City to Pottstown, Pa., to Youngstown, Ohio, to Tiffany, Ohio . . . night after night a different town. He points out another factor that seems to be a regular comment by bandleaders of today: "The ballrooms are not active, like they used to be. The work is now in colleges, various schools, private clubs, industrial functions, even state fairs."

Listening to the Marterie band play the 1959 Intercollegiate Ivy ball in the Hotel New Yorker, it was impressive to hear Ralph's ability to play whatever the customers desired with no dampers on a biting, sometimes loud, brass section.

His timing was effective with the dancers. From a slow *Tenderly*, featuring his own trumpet, he would lead the ensemble into a fast-paced *Charleston*, which disengaged the bunny-hugging couples. This would be followed by a big-band arrangement of *When the Saints Go Marching In*. Ralph did not attempt to re-create *In the Mood* or *Marie* and said he feels that this kind of approach is retrogressive and can't make it today. He even has a bop quintet that brings the dancers up around the bandstand to listen to the trumpet, tenor, and three rhythm.

The Marterie band plays plenty of standards, such as *Talk of the Town*, which are mixed in with such musts as *Mack the Knife* and a TV theme, in his case the *Perry Mason Theme*. The standards are played in a modern style with no thought for those who might have made the tunes famous in the past.

Sammy Kaye reported last summer that more than 24,000 persons attended the first eight dances played on his road tour through Nebraska, Iowa, and Kansas. Kaye, who features what he calls a "rock and swing beat," said, "If we can get the kids out on the dance floor again and off the street, we may be able to lick this juvenile delinquency phase. It should mean a return to romance and peace on earth."

Kaye has been thinking of the idea of bringing regular weekly dance sessions to television with participation by all the name bands. He feels this would attract teenagers to sessions in community houses, homes, and recreation centers. Unfortunately, Dick Clark and Alan Freed explored that area first.

Guy Lombardo went on tour late last spring, and after a 74-day junket made up of one-nighters, he figured he had grossed more than $5,000 a date, in some cases working at a flat fee and in others on a fee-vs.-percentage-of-gross basis.

The tour was so successful and remunerative that Lombardo didn't settle down in the Hotel Roosevelt grill in New York City for the winter. For the first season since 1929, there was no Lombardo at the Roosevelt. He decided he preferred the road, and outside of a short location at Cocoanut Grove in the Ambassador hotel in Los Angeles, he has been hitting the one-nighter trail.

The Glenn Miller Orchestra, under the direction of Ray McKinley, and the Harry James orchestra have been popular in Las Vegas, Nev., and hold regular stands in the Flamingo hotel.

Last spring, McKinley went on a road tour from April 1 into July, playing hotels, colleges, air force bases, and a *few* ballrooms all the way across the country.

This band has been quite successful since changing its billing from Ray McKinley and the Most Versatile Band in the Land to the Glenn Miller Orchestra. This is curious, because it plays essentially the same program now as it formerly played. McKinley's current

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Rolph Morterie at a record date

book is by no means 100 per cent Miller arrangements. He still uses several Eddie Sauter arrangements; *Arizay*, the the Cajun love song, which means "get up," and the number he made famous via records, *You Came a Long Way from St. Louis*. He also features a small jazz group called Lenny Hambro and His Quintet.

But the Miller aggregation travels around the country in a bus labeled on the side GLENN MILLER and the outside roller sign, where ordinarily appears the name of the city to which the bus is headed, has, instead, the names of tunes: *American Patrol; Chattanooga Choo-Choo; Kalamazoo,* and *In the Mood.*

McKinley last April said he feels people were tired of sitting in front of their TV sets and were starting to go out again. He had played a dance for a capacity crowd at a ballroom in Pottstown, Pa., and noted that most dancers seemed to be between 30 and 40 years old. Consequently, he made one of his sidemen who sported a goatee shave it off, figuring the older crowds might not approve. He also commented that the modern-day ballroom dancing crowd around the country wanted plain good dance music and not the cha-cha, which he called "cockroach music."

The McKinley band appeared last April in the Ritz ballroom in Bridgeport, Conn. The crowd was again predominantly middle-aged and numbered some 800, compared with 3,000 in the halcyon days of the '30s.

The Ritz was using name bands every Sunday night up to June. Miller's band was followed by those of Ellington, Kaye, Fats Domino, Marterie, Maynard Ferguson, Ray Anthony, Richard Maltby, and Basie. The manager of the ballroom, Joe Barry, said, "The biggest draw I've had this season is the Maynard Ferguson band. I've had them twice since November, and I'm scheduled to have them for a third time in a couple of weeks."

Barry's statement would indicate that there is an interest in some of the younger bands, identified with modern jazz.

The Harry James band is another modern-styled group, using many Ernie Wilkins arrangements. Wilkins also contributes arrangements to the Basie band. James, once accused of feeding teenagers "emotional gin," is one of the few big band name leaders of the swing era still leading a dance band. Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Jack Teagarden, and Buddy Rich are leading quartets or quintets and playing in jazz spots for listening.

Many major booking agencies, like MCA, have stopped worrying about bands and are involved with TV and movie bookings. One booker, however, who is optimistic about the band business is William Black, who owns and runs Orchestras, Inc. He said there is a lot of money in booking dance bands if you know where to look for it—and he pointed out that the colleges, not the ballrooms, are where to start looking. Black has been booking Bobby Christian's orchestra out of Chicago to hundreds of small colleges, big universities, and military schools. Christian, a drummer, had been a successful studio man, making good money on a steady job in Chicago. Black's itineraries were lucrative enough for him to organize his own band and take to the road.

On the west coast, a former Les

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Brown sideman, trombonist Si Zentner, has formed a band. He recently told a gathering at the 12th annual convention of the National Ballroom Operators association that there is a resurgence in popular taste for big bands and urged the operators to capitalize on the trend.

Another interesting event during the last year was the national dance band contest sponsored by the American Federation of Musicians.

Out of several hundred local dance bands in the country, a winner was selected through open competition. Four bands made the finals held in New York last May and were judged by a dozen of best-known name leaders in the country. The winning band, Claude Gordon's from California, was the most modern-sounding in the group. The voting was close, for the panel of judges included Sammy Kaye, Meyer Davis, Ted Lewis, and Vincent Lopez as well as Woody Herman, Les and Larry Elgart, Stan Kenton, and Richard Maltby. (The band finalists included one old-fashioned, rickety-tick band, made up of young boys, which some of the judges thought would make a better dance band than the hard-hitting Gordon organization.)

The Gordon band has been working steadily since winning and has made a foray into the middle west, playing county and state fairs as well as ballrooms. The band followed this with a Texas tour and then returned to California. The first trip through the southwest was in September. Less than a month later, it returned to Texas and played another tour, which included many of the locations it had played the first time around.

This experience bears out what bandleader Les Elgart said last May—that Texas is jumping for dance bands and there is a lucrative field there for touring bands.

There is one big vacancy in the touring bands that is a sign of the times. There are few, if any, outstanding soloists traveling with dance bands now.

McKinley, in telling how hard it is to get good men to go on the road, said, "Kids want success and feature billing overnight. It is hard to get good young musicians who want to tour." This is, and has been, a regular lament for many years now and accounts, in a way, for the dance-band slump.

Most better instrumentalists now can stay around New York jobbing and making record and TV appearances. It tends to build up the best men until the situation sometimes looks as though there are too many chiefs and not enough Indians. One way it might be possible to change this would be for the modern dance band to play interesting new arrangements rather than stocks and books from long-gone leaders.

In every metropolitan area there are almost certain to be quite a few bands that rehearse for hours each week but almost never work a dance date. Many of the sidemen participate in order to keep their lips up and their fingers in ensemble playing.

Several such rehearsal-unit leaders are serious about getting dance and college bookings. There is Sal Salvador, who maintains a 16-piece unit with regular rehearsals and some school dates. The personnel of his and other such groups is subject to rapid change. Trombonist-arranger Hale Rood will be working with Salvador's band one week and playing trombone in the George Shearing Brass Choir the next.

Other bands that rehearse regularly in New York City include Bill Russo's, which occasionally plays concerts, and Urbie Green's, which works frequently on weekends at neighboring colleges. Green has such men as trombonist Billy Byers, pianist Nat Pierce (who got together his own big band for a December date in Birdland), bassist Teddy Kotick, baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams, saxophonist Hal McKusick, and other names equally well known in jazz.

Stan Kenton devotes a part of each year to a concert tour even though the concert business has let up quite a bit from what it was in recent years.

During 1959, however, Kenton devoted two-thirds of his concert time to accompanying the Four Freshmen and June Christy. The Kenton band, though, keeps regularly employed and manages to play dance one-nighters in an unbroken string across the country when not on a concert tour.

Ray Coniff got together an orchestra and chorus for a cross-country concert tour starting in December. The asking price was reported to be $5,000 a date.

It looks as if there is potential in the future of big bands. A boom could be in the offing if a musically valid band with a sympathetic, experienced producer got together to break the television barrier. db

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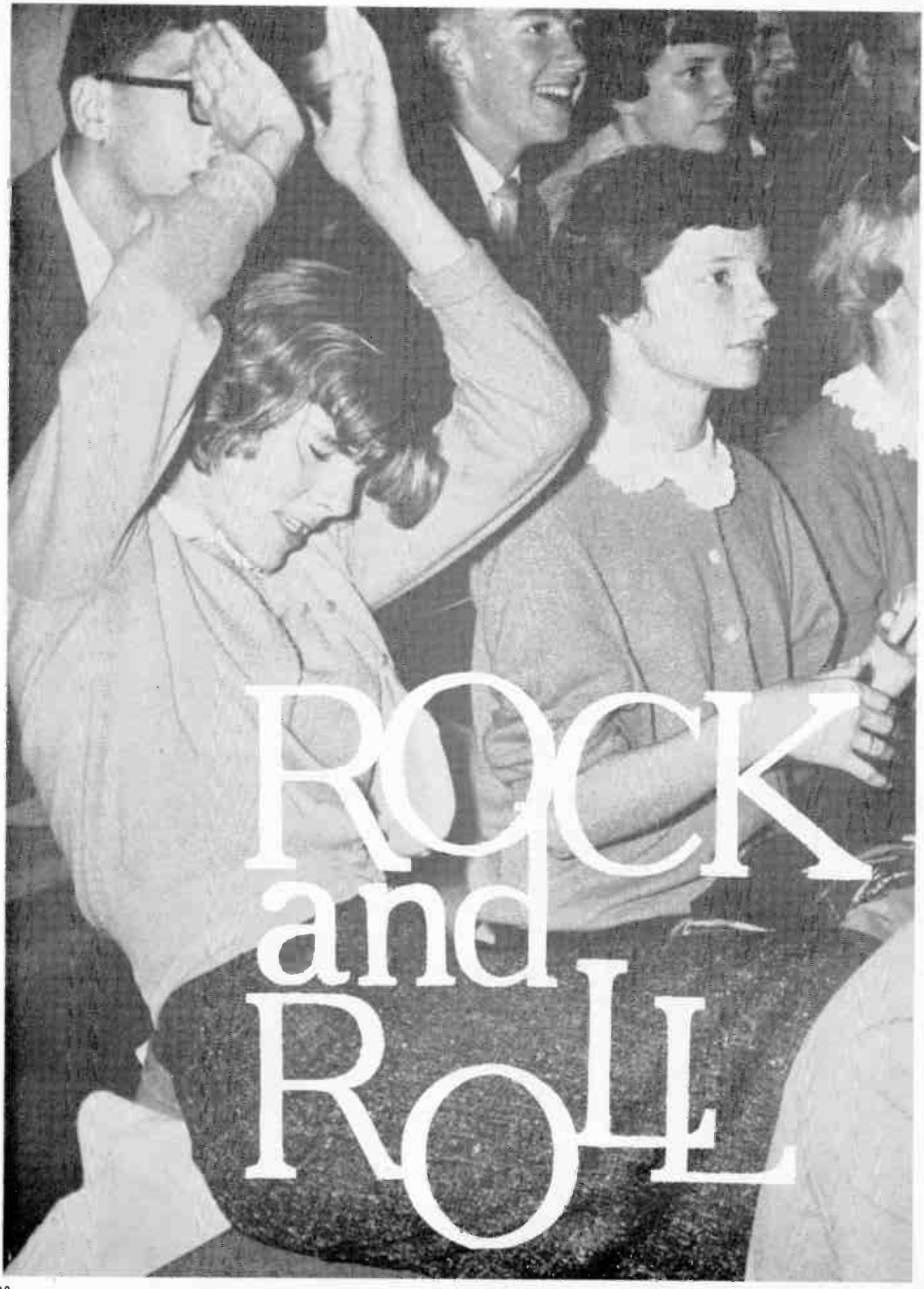

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A HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE

By Charles Edward Smith

"There's more talent and even more integrity going into singing commercials than into pop music, which has been largely junk for years."

The author of that recent harsh judgment is syndicated columnist and television-radio critic John Crosby. To be sure, Crosby's wittily sardonic attitude makes his appraisal more palatable than other criticisms of rock and roll—for that mainly is what he is talking about—which have been emotional and grossly unobjective. But because the singing commercial and popular music are geared to mass appeal, it is difficult to see how more integrity could get into one than the other.

Crosby quotes songwriters in support of his position, but this doesn't necessarily validate his conclusions.

When Ray Charles sings Hank Snow's *I'm Movin' On,* in that gospel-grown rock-and-roll style of his, it has a direct emotional impact, an appeal lacking in the singing commercial, though the latter may even be enjoyable to listen to, commendable as craftsmanship. Nor has the fact that much rock and roll is aimed at youngsters prevented the tune writers Jerry Lieber and Mike Stoller from writing firstrate songs designed for a more adult audience.

Noting that rock and roll had a certain vitality of its own, Johnny Mercer, one of the country's top lyricists, has said it undoubtedly will continue, though not in its present form, and gradually be absorbed into popular music. This is happening even now. *Smooth Operator,* sung by Sarah Vaughan, uses rock and roll primarily in its rhythmic setting; the melody line is singularly Sarah, though not top-drawer. The Lieber-Stoller tune *Poison Ivy,* as sung by the Coasters, is quite different in concept from their *Houn' Dog* by Elvis Presley. Moreover, the style of the Coasters on *Ivy* is more complex than is their simple riffing on *Yakety Yak.*

However, few songwriters outside rhythm and blues (including rock and roll) and country music share Mercer's charitable view.

Dick Adler, who worked on *The Pajama Game* and one of whose recent products was a cigaret commercial, is quoted by Crosby as saying, "It's difficult to express yourself with the kind of music I like and can write. To have a hit, outside show tunes, you have to write a rock and roll. I can't and I won't."

Buddy Weede, who has made skillful use of jazz in commercials, not only agreed with Crosby's indictment but also expressed a widely held opinion.

"The problem with musical taste," he contended, "is that it all is in the hands of the teenagers, and they are not in a position to build musical taste. They must take what's given to them. It's discouraging."

Is this a correct analysis? It is certainly true that teenagers, because of their record-buying, radio-listening capacity, have a formidable influence in the mass-media field. But does this explain the situation of popular music of this decade? Let's look at popular music of the past briefly and then examine, with a little more care than generally has been the practice, the development of rock and roll.

Some two decades ago a new organization of songwriters was created, Broadcast Music, Inc. Among other things, it made a pitch for composer-performers in jazz, who, it was felt — rightly or wrongly — had been neglected by the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers. However, it was the country music surge from Nashville, Tenn., in the 1940s that put BMI in the big time to stay. Then BMI clinched it by getting in on the ground floor of the rhythm and blues trend that later came to encompass rock and roll.

Neither BMI nor ASCAP has a monopoly in these fields, but BMI gauged correctly the trend of popular music and signed the boys up, often when they were still wet behind the ears.

On the *Billboard* list of hits the week that Crosby's piece appeared last October, two-thirds of the first 30 tunes were written by members of BMI. Of the remaining 10 ASCAP tunes, five were more than 20 years old. In the long run, though, standard melodies will tend to balance things more favorably for ASCAP.

Meanwhile, even as in days of yore, songs were tied in with performance, and in performances that count, country music, rhythm and blues, rock and roll, and ballads (or a combination of them) currently are the money riders, as any disc jockey can tell you.

The pop song field cannot, at this late date, capture its lost youth. Much of it, as Crosby complained, is junk, but, then, this always has been true of popular music. More to the point, there is less richness, less variety, than in the past. But even this will change as rock and roll and traditional pop songs, which at first occupied an uneasy propinquity on popularity charts, become more integrated.

Country music and, subsequently, rhythm and blues, came into popularity with the decline of popular singing traditions that had, in turn, declined coincidentally with the last days of minstrels and vaudeville. Sheet music dropped in sales radically as records came on. The life expectancy of a hit tune plummeted to three months.

The most fruitful period of popular music takes us from the elder Cohans—who sang *Around the Old Turf Fire* to Pennsylvania miners and had it lilted back at them as *Colliers' Reel* — to George M. Cohan, singing his own songs for the last time on his beloved Broadway. Performance to some extent determined the nature of popular songs and featured all types, from the topical to the torrid.

By the 1930s, when singers with swing bands set the pace, the most vigorous aspect of popular music left was the ballad, and somehow an excess of treacle had got into its blood line. Only show music, blues, and jazz interpretations of otherwise ordinary pops, had any guts to speak of.

In this period, folk blues (most down-home tunes, with the exception of some gospel music) fell into neglect and lost status in urban centers, for reasons more sociological than musical but related to musical presentation as well.

In juke houses — Negro roadhouses outside southern cities — blues pianists were being done out of jobs by jukeboxes but not before they had helped supply the inspiration, in the midwest and southwest particularly, that brought the blues into orchestral jazz with renewed vigor.

Country music came on during the 1940s, shaken out of its habitat by radio, records, and the draft board.

And shortly — over the plaintive sounds of old-guard songwriters crying in their beer — could be heard a most godawful imitation of swing balladeers (who, with some exceptions, were pretty awful themselves) in an urban-hillbilly framework that came to be called rhythm and blues.

By the late 1940s most swing bands had folded. But the youngsters still wanted to dance. Maybe the big ballroom scene was gone for good, but dancing was not. And they wanted a beat like that they heard in rhythm and blues, the urban hillbilly. In the beginning, more often than not, they supplied this music themselves. That is one of the most important basic facts about rock and roll.

Now, even though the cha-cha-cha

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didn't turn the trick, the rock and roll gangs appear to be dying out. They were a blessing in disguise to Youth Board workers and to such civic groups as New York City's Police Athletic league. They were as much a part of the contemporary settlement house picture as that little band in which Benny Goodman played more than 40 years ago. And before there were rock and roll contests of vocal groups and dancers, there were Lindy Hop and Charleston contests, as much a part of big-city neighborhoods as the gang, its "turf," and its candy-store headquarters.

That a music primarily for teenagers, and some of it by them, should have become a major factor in the popular music field was an unprecedented phenomenon.

It was bound up with the increased capability of teenagers as earners and spenders. By 1956, we learn from a study undertaken for the American Newspaper Publishers' association, 9,000,000 out of the 16,130,000 young persons in the country bought phonograph records. Though only 800,000 held year-round jobs, more than 8,000,000 worked part time. This market helped save the 78-rpm record from an early demise and — an essential factor in the rise of rock and roll — it explains why anything rocking and rolling, no matter how bad, was for a time the music sponsors' line of least resistance.

Rock and Roll is not a music of one area or group so much as it is one of specific influences. For at least three decades, urban areas in all parts of the country have been bombarded with countless hours of radio programing devoted to rhythm and blues — including, since the early 1950s, rock and roll — and many hours of spirituals and gospel songs that often are close to blues in their use of unorthodox harmonies, riffs, and sometimes a swinging beat.

(I differ from most my colleagues in *not* thinking that Mahalia Jackson has a beat comparable to that of Bessie Smith — though I consider Miss Jackson a great singer of gospel songs. A blues beat is sometimes found in gospel music, but it is by no means a precondition of great gospel singing, e.g., *The World's Greatest Gospel Singer,* Columbia CL 644.)

Though the r&b type of program, at least in this decade, was assumed to appeal to teenagers, whatever their backgrounds, the spirituals and gospel song programs were (and still are) slanted to Negro listeners. Thus, the youngster brought up in Negro neighborhoods, where such programs were played, was closer to rock and roll backgrounds, whether aware of this or not, than his contemporaries in other neighborhoods.

When 15-year-old rock-and-roller Frankie Lymon wowed them at the London Palladium in 1957, violins, flutes, a French horn, and a harp augmented the orchestra. In this instrumentation, about all that was rock and roll was the rhythm section. This is not a comment on the relative merits of backgrounds but on the changes life hath wrought for young Lymon. Frankie, who has a high, not unpleasing voice and good rhythmic sense, is now singing ballads.

While at school, Frankie formed a singing group with friends, Sherman Garmes, Jimmy Merchant, Joseph Negroni, and Herman Santiago, who became known professionally as the Teenagers. They recorded *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?* The nasal whine in Frankie's voice seemed to attract the children. In 10 days the record sold 100,000 copies, and it went on to exceed 1,000,000. (A reissue album of Frankie and the Teenagers may be available on Roulette by the time this is published.)

Inevitably, disc jockeys played a role in the development of this music. Though a record company executive might give a lukewarm reception to a bunch of youngsters, disc jockeys, sensitive to young listeners' likes and purchasing power, consistently played audition records of new groups. If response warranted, the record was played often. This constituted a local or regional breakthrough. If the combination of singers and song clicked, if it was the one in a thousand, it was commercially recorded.

When making an audition record, the neighborhood group usually pooled its resources, hiring instruments to support the voices. This became a matter of prestige. It also marked the first change in rock and roll and must have coincided more or less with the appearance of the first rock-and-roll bands.

A second change was wrought by professional rhythm-and-blues singers turning to rock and roll, influencing its development. What began as primarily a vocal style became, often, a vehicle for solo voice with instrumental backing. Only a few vocal groups have stayed the course, among them the Cadillacs and the Coasters.

A blues connoisseur might find a selected rock-and-roll collection of interest. Of course, when it is bad, as so much of it is — unless you're nuts about lollipops — it is abominable. But it wasn't the sameness of rock-and-roll tunes that bothered most adults so much as it was the absence of a *familiar* monotony. Such listeners would accept conventionalized styles, such as that of Dodie Stevens on *Pink Shoe Laces* and the group style of the Chordettes, or Bill Haley's Dixieland-ish Comets. But they shy from down-to-earth rock and roll, such as that of Bo Diddley, whose work is comparable to that of top-ranking blues singers.

ELDER BECK

"When swing died," wrote Robert C. Smith in *The Virginian-Pilot* recently, "the era of big-band dancing died with it. Jazz branched out and sought new directions. Some modern jazz can be

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danced to, but it is largely a 'listening' form. Popular music at the same time became so soupy and vapid that youngsters found nothing danceable and very little listenable about it. Something had to fill the gap."

About 1950, Leo Mantz, a Cleveland record-shop proprietor, told Alan Freed (quoted by John Hammond in the New York *Herald Tribune* in 1955):

"In four or five years all the kids will be dancing again if you give them a steady diet of rhythm and blues. The beat is so strong that anyone can dance to it without a lesson."

Freed, recently dropped by ABC radio and WNEW-TV in New York, in 1951 "introduced the rough, frequently out-of-tune singing of vocal groups with a gospel beat, primitive blues singers, and occasionally 'honking' instrumental groups," pacing the disc jockeys of the land. This occurred simultaneously with jukebox promotion of rock and roll.

"Rock and roll is definitely a young people's music," Jack Walker of WOV in New York commented a few years ago, pointing at the stacks of audition records left with him. "To paraphrase, it is created by, for, and of teenagers."

And, one might add, it is created increasingly by professional songsmiths, singers, instrumentalists, and arrangers. But Walker's observation still holds good in some respects. There is, after all, such a thing as a teenage voice and a teenage sound. Most of us, at that reckless age, delighted in rasping, wracking noises that now merely offend our ears. The best singers of rock-and-roll gangs had voices that were naturally teenage in quality, neither slicked up nor carefully trained.

"Much of it is terrible, just as much of Tin Pan Alley is terrible," said Nesuhi Ertegun, an executive of Atlantic Records and a jazz collector. "But rock and roll is strong, healthy, and vital. This is the music of today's youth. It has very simple melody and simple harmony, and the beat carries and supports you — you can rest on it. Kids like to dance to 2/4 time with the accent on 2 and 4, not 1 and 3."

A boogie-woogie bass is sometimes supplied by one or more guitars. Often voices or instruments stab out harmony in staccato series of eighth notes. A piano may supply triplets or utilize other features of blues piano.

Rock-and-Roll instrumentalists manipulate tone with the uninhibitedness, and sometimes the crudity, of musicians in blues bands. Among the best of these have been Earl Bostic, Sammy Price, Sam (The Man) Taylor, Sil Austin, Bill Doggett, and Bill Haley.

RAY CHARLES

Trumpeter Cootie Williams played for rock-and-roll dances after leaving the Duke Ellington orchestra, and many jazzmen came up through rock and roll. Connie Kay, whose exemplary drums grace the Modern Jazz Quartet, is an example.

Sputtering and grinding out tones, Elvis Presley nevertheless sings as though the way to do it hadn't yet been invented — a trait he shares with many singers. He likes the blue notes and their surrounding terrain — which does not alter the fact that at times his tearing tones are in glib and gruesome taste. But one cannot dismiss him on the basis of his excesses, any more than on his torso-twisting. To quote Ertegun: "He's one of the few singers who understands Negro blues — and it comes out in his singing." Listen to *Elvis' Golden Records*, RCA Victor LPM 1707.

Interrelatedness of singing styles and material is typical of rock and roll. *Midnight Flyer* by Nat Cole on Capitol, more r&b than r&r, is yet another tune related to *Easy Rider*. (If you are interested in the reaches of blues variants in this case, listen to Ma Rainey's treatment of *See, See, Rider* with Louis Armstrong on cornet, Riverside, and Big Bill Broonzy's *C.C.Rider*, Folkways.)

Peggy Lee's amusing *Fever* (Capitol) followed Little Willie John's treatment of it (in *Talk to Me*, King 596). Davy Dean's *The Double Freeze* (Duke, FR 3072) is a take-off on Pine Top Smith's historic boogie-woogie piece in which he cued the "little girl with a red dress on" and brought the term *boogie woogie* into the limelight (Brunswick reissue). The predecessor of *Jim Dandy*, La Vern Baker's popular hit (in *The Greatest Rock and Roll*, Atlantic 8001) is a character in a minstrel song published more than a century ago.

The infusion of country music had a lasting effect on rock and roll and is still an influence upon it. Before he concentrated on pop ballads, Pat Boone's singing related at least as much to country music as to rock and roll (*Pat's Great Hits*, Dot DLP 3071).

The impact of gospel groups was one of singing styles that had roots in the south. Bold and original concepts distinguish these groups — as they must have before emancipation, when the spirituals were "freedom songs" in more ways than one — and, performance for performance, little in rock and roll can stand up to them. But then, little in new American choral music can either.

The Davis Sisters, now on LPs, are reaching even wider audiences than they had for gospel songs. The Staple Sisters of Chicago handle the riff spiritual forcefully (*Help Me, Jesus*, Vee-Jay). And on some rock-and-roll tunes (Bobby Hendricks, *I'm a Big Boy Now*) vocal riffs sound as if they come from a gospel group on holiday.

Elder Beck and His Congregation (*Urban Holiness Service*, Folkways FR 8901) illustrate the give-and-take relationship among jazz, blues, and church music. The stop-time solo in jazz is like the preacher (voices from congregation throwing in accents) improvising a sermon. In extended "choruses" and short sermons, Elder Beck takes the last psalm of the Bible to heart, praising the Lord on vibraphone, organ, and trumpet. "No use letting the devil have

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all the good tunes," he says.

As a youngster in Chicago, Bo Diddley (Ellas McDaniel) made it the hard way, along Maxwell St., the street of peddlers and hawkers, with a couple of guitars and a washboard in a group he headed. One of several outstanding blues singers to turn to rock and roll, Diddley's singing is an excellent example of this style.

Ruth Brown, who rides the beat and rocks the beat and sometimes gives it a shove, is the daughter of a choir director. She sang in churches long before she sang in night clubs. Her *Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean* (in *Rock and Roll Forever*, Atlantic 8010), when it was introduced some years ago, helped to break the ice as rock-and-roll began to appeal to youth regardless of racial or social background, not merely to those familiar with gospel music and rhythm and blues.

Though the youngsters and the gangs built the bridgehead, professional singers were responsible for many innovations and some helped to set up more consistent standards. (But it would be false to assume that adults, by and large, exhibited better taste than teenagers. This is a pleasant adult conceit, in and out of rock and roll. Except where it is intuitive, as with the very young, taste implies a mental discipline reflecting deeply held convictions.)

One of those to spread the gospel with taste and authority has been Ray Charles, who collects gospel songs and has loved them since childhood. Sightless, he plays piano and alto sax, sings, composes, and orchestrates in Braille and is a skilled choral director. His songs have been sung by Elvis Presley, played in jazz arrangements by Count Basie and Dizzy Gillespie. Representative Charles songs may be heard on *Ray Charles*, Atlantic 8006. Not from a folk background himself, his voice has taken on roughness, and he sings with more of a genuine blues quality on his later records than on early ones. Thus, though from a middle-class background, he has every right now to be called a folk singer.

The Coasters' disc *Yakety Yak*, a burlesque of parental prodding, when cited at a congressional hearing as "an offender in the cheapening of American music," drew this reply from the subcommittee chairman, Sen. John O. Pastone (D.-R.I.):

"My daughter bought that record. The young people want it. We can't be asked to legislate against a musical fad."

Like jazz at its beginning, rock and roll has had the book thrown at it: it is unmusical, noisy, and a threat to culture and morality. Without designing to equate it with jazz, such slurs on rock and roll must be seen as extreme. Musical form is not, of itself, good, bad, or indifferent. But the tendency to attribute esthetic and ethical values to a style of singing tempted even musicians who should have known better.

The intelligent musician, in or out of rock and roll, conceives of it as music and not, in itself, either good or bad. This depends upon the material and how it is sung or played. Ray Charles never apologized for his fondness for blues and gospel music, and those who liked his way of singing were inclined to respect his taste in music. Lightning Hopkins can depart from a hangout where his songs are on the jukebox and, tuning up his guitar as he walks along, gather a crowd of enthusiastic admirers singing the type of down-to-earth blues that makes his *Lightnin' Hopkins Sings the Blues* on Folkways memorable.

And it is possible that some listeners, who have little idea of what Negro American gospel music is like or of its great variety, may have their interest aroused by having heard such rock-and-roll tunes as Little Willie John's *Right Here* on King or the Isley Brothers' *Shout* on RCA Victor.

In a recent radio interview, jazz trumpeter Maynard Ferguson observed that rock and roll, in giving young persons something to dance to, paved the way for a possible revival of big-band jazz. What direction this will take it is too early to say. But it will have to have a beat the youngsters take to. That's elementary.

Even if only in reminding jazz of its relationship to blues and the dance, rock and roll has had a tonic effect. This is probably the first time in the world's history that teen-agers may be credited with a major role in the creation of a musical style. This has been their music and now, at childhood's end, echoes of it are heard in a return of jazz to blues-based tonalities and to a reaffirmation of the beat, even as the children on the sandlots of sound choose up sides for the next go-round, whatever that may be.

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THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS

By Richard Hadlock

Jazz is losing the living links with its own past. The year 1959 marked the end of a decade that deprived us of all but a few of the early jazz pioneers.

Historian William Russell, who is working in New Orleans day and night, fighting against time to preserve the old men's stories on tape, estimates that in 10 years it will all be over.

"Our connections with the first years of jazz will be completely severed," Russell lamented.

Jazz fans and musicians became sharply aware, in 1959, of the terribly swift sword that can cut down the elder statesmen they long have taken for granted and suddenly dry up the live reservoir of inspiration upon which young artists might draw.

When Sidney Bechet died in France last May, future jazzmen lost a teacher who could demonstrate, with the great lyrical sweep of the soprano saxophone, the most direct route to heroic self-expression.

The death of Baby Dodds meant that young drummers never again could hope to hear the kind of sensitive drumming that once helped to shape jazz history in the King Oliver band.

Clarinetist Omer Simeon's death precludes forever the possibility of stopping by Jimmy Ryan's in New York to take a lesson in advanced collective improvisation.

The most dramatic and tragic news of 1959, though, was that of the premature deaths of two artists whose lives had been mystically woven together for many years: Lester Young and Billie Holiday.

The abrupt end of Young's career seemed to seal the already dire fate of Miss Holiday, who had used up her life as quickly and recklessly as she could. Ever since the mid-1930s, when Young and Miss Holiday worked for Count Basie and recorded a series of superlative performances together, their musical personalities had seemed interlocked by a mysterious unspoken exchange of mutual insight and admiration. Lester was the president and Billie was his first lady for one exciting decade.

With the death of these two artists vanished a vital segment of jazz tradition, less than a generation away, that can only be glimpsed now through recordings. But the records will not teach novice jazzmen the way Pres could; the brief moments captured on wax never can replace the thrill of witnessing the unfolding of his incredible melodies —melodies that sometimes took five or six choruses to realize. Spinning a piece of vinyl cannot be considered a substitute for the electric experience of watching and feeling Billie sing from the tips of her fingers.

LADY DAY

PRES

The classrooms of jazz were, and still are, in the work of gifted individuals and established bands.

As the old schools close, one by one, youthful players turn to their contemporaries for guidance, often ignoring the wealth of inspiration still around them in the work of surviving patriarchs. Neophyte tenor men look to Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane with no thought of what can yet be learned from Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster. Some fledgling trumpeters are even forgetting Dizzy Gillespie in their zeal to soak up Miles Davis and Lee Morgan.

How did this ignorance of historical precedent and of the contributions of the elders to the young musician's own art come to exist in jazz today?

The largest single reason for this unfortunate tendency (if you don't believe it's unfortunate, imagine an American novelist with no knowledge of Ernest Hemingway) is the decline of established big bands and the new dominance of small jazz bands in which every member wants to be leader.

Throughout the '20s and '30s a young musician received his basic training in the sections of touring bands, where he learned the fundamentals of musical discipline and interdependence. He came in contact with tradition through older men in the band, and learned to respect their abilities. His expressive scope was enlarged as he encountered music that reflected social and artistic backgrounds totally different from his own. In short, he grew up.

Today's emphasis upon the small unit, frequently drawn from a restricted

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in-group or clique, and the reluctance to travel beyond the recording studio have limited the musical growth of numerous otherwise brilliant youngsters. Many of them are, in effect, spoiled brats who refuse to play anything but their version of "pure" jazz. Because they have no opportunity or desire for contact with older and wiser men, maturity may come late, if at all, to these lopsided kids. (It is interesting to note that most of the important jazzmen have had great interest in and affection for the creative performers of the past. Gillespie will sit in with a Dixieland band at the drop of a banjo; Charlie Parker expressed great admiration of Bechet and once listed a Pete Daily record as one of his favorites.)

With the passing of men of great stature like Bechet and Young, and the inevitable flood of "memorial" albums, a temporary interest in their recorded work may spring up, but it soon passes, as far as most young musicians are concerned.

Respect for older musicians need not wait for death, however; there are plenty of currently creative players, whose roots run deep, from whom fans and musicians can learn much.

This is not to advocate "revivalism" for its own sake, although the rise and fall of that movement can be explained by the above mentioned breakdown of big bands and the lack of individual musical maturity in the first practitioners of bop, whose explicit rejection of tradition invited a stampede to the safety and predictability of older jazz.

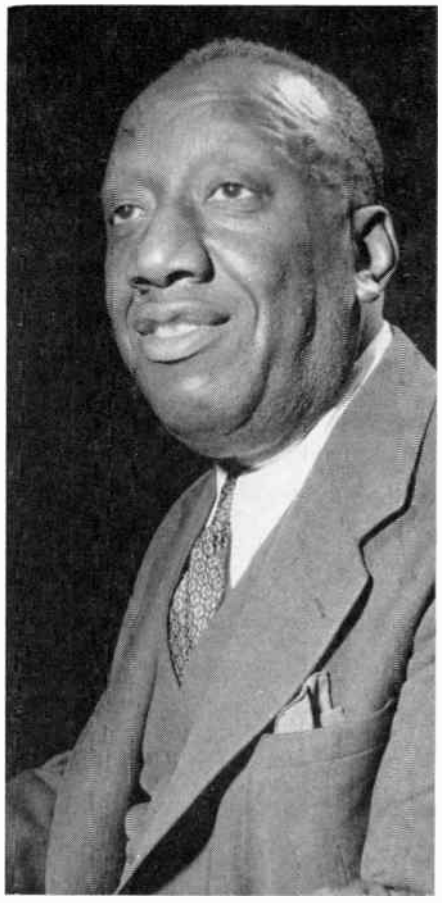
The New Orleans revival began, as did experiments in bop, at the end of the big-band era between 1940 and 1942. Critics and followers remained hotly divided in the war of the Mouldy Figs and the Beboppers until the early '50s, or just about the time that Basie reassembled a big band. (The reference to Basie is more than symbolic, for his bands have served as important training camps for two generations of outstanding tradition-minded players.)

Now, along with young men who are growing up with Basie, the so-called boppers themselves have come of age, building on a foundation of big-band experience (Gillespie, J. J. Johnson) or approaching maturity the long, hard way (Davis, Rollins).

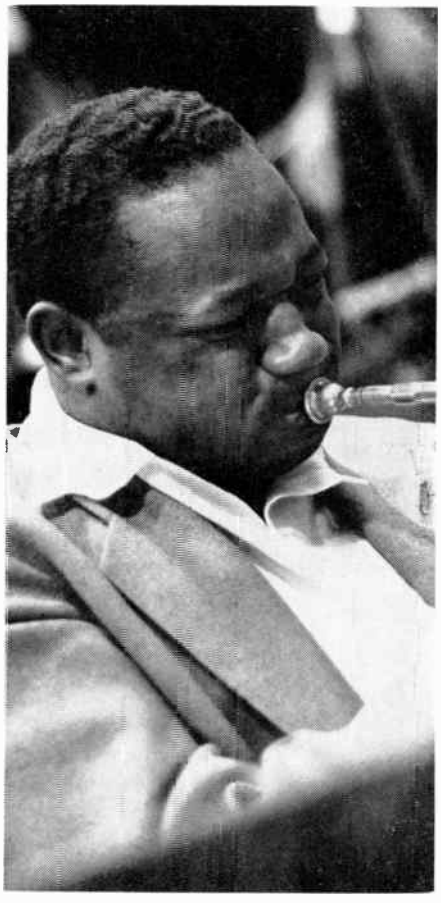
As this trend developed, the flame of revivalism burned lower and many figs (including most of today's top a&r men and critics) slowly embraced modern jazz. The need for traditional values in jazz finally had been felt by the modern musicians, and as they met their own requirements, more and more traditionalists changed affiliations.

Ex-traditionalist listeners are equipped to enjoy modern jazz fully because

BABY DODDS



JAMES P. JOHNSON



CLIFFORD BROWN

SIDNEY BECHET

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they can relate what they hear to the entire history of the art. When Rollins plays, one hears echoes of Hawkins; Horace Silver brings back memories of barrelhouse pianists and the deliberate blues statements of Jimmy Yancey; the cautious ruminations of Davis are not totally unlike the introspective fancies of Pee Wee Russell.

There are signs, too, of a growing awareness, among thinking contemporary musicians, of their debt to the men who came before them. One may hear Cannonball Adderley speak fondly of Scoops Carey or Oscar Peterson refer to Willie (The Lion) Smith with admiration. They are beginning to understand that the true worth of an artist is measured by his historical role in the art form and, finally, by the effect of his art, as a historical whole, upon all mankind. Whether he knows it or not, the creative artist *is* making history, and the more closely he identifies with his past the more logical his artistic decisions are likely to be.

"The value of history," wrote philosopher George Santayana in *The Sense of Beauty*, "is similar to that of poetry, and varies with the beauty, power, and adequacy of the form in which the indeterminate material of human life is presented . . . Monuments and ruins remain by chance. And when the historian has set himself to study these few relics of the past, the work of his own intelligence begins."

Had not Santayana been writing in the days of Buddy Bolden, one might wonder if he had been thinking of jazz.

Because jazz is a spontaneous and transient experience, its "relics"—phonograph records—can only provide a mechanically distorted and commercially directed historical point of view. The loss of impact through mechanization is dramatically illustrated by the inadequacy of early recordings of New Orleans players like King Oliver and Freddie Keppard, who must remain largely legendary figures with reputations based upon the recollections of other musicians. Although recording techniques have improved since then, it is still essential for musician and fan alike to listen to live jazz—modern *and* traditional—in order to formulate a mature attitude toward the music.

Jazz festivals, a development of the 1950s, have helped to bring older jazzmen into contact, if only briefly, with young performers. At Monterey's 1959 concerts, for example, tenor saxophonists Richie Kamuca, Zoot Sims, and Bill Perkins had an opportunity to rehearse and play with Webster and Hawkins. Similarly, a few record companies (usually guided by ex-traditionalists) have been daring enough to put older musicians in the same recording studio with rational youngsters. Such meetings enrich the musical vocabularies of all concerned.

Although the unfeeling movement of time is drying up the roots of jazz, it is not too late to enjoy and learn from the elder statesmen of jazz. It is still possible to hear Kid Ory, whose music spans nearly 60 of the approximately 65 years of jazz's development.

Charlie Mingus once worked with and learned from Ory, apparently enjoying himself and the music until the taunts of other young musicians made him uncomfortable. The bassist's deep regard for tradition and the principles of collective invention may come, in part, from that experience. Even today there are lessons in ensemble improvisation and group dynamics to be learned from the 73-year-old New Orleans trombonist.

Jack Teagarden, another venerable trombonist, still plays the effortless impeccable style that set him above all competitors for two decades. The music is yet there for the taking, but time is moving swiftly.

Most young modernists make a point of hearing Louis Armstrong once, but how many of them take the trouble to visit other active old-timers who are more vital and creative than present-day Armstrong?

Earl Hines seems to have lost none of his powers over the years; Willie (The Lion) Smith can still give most pianists courses in harmony and execution; Barney Bigard, who is at home in both New Orleans and modern bands, remains a convincing clarinet voice; Johnny Hodges and Harry Carney, along with their boss, Duke Ellington, have yet to be surpassed in their specialized fields; drummer Jo Jones has retained his ability to spark a band, large or small, with more taste and precision than most young drummers will ever possess; Benny Carter can offer pointers to altoists in the matters of tone and restraint. The list is long and full of potential rewards.

The relatively recent funky rage, another product of the '50s, has bypassed older jazz musicians to seek reinforcement from church music and early blues. Too many youngsters have jumped on the funky bandwagon with no idea of whence it came or where it's going. They could profit more from a study of, say, trombonist Vic Dickenson or altoist Willie Smith, both of whom combine funky techniques with musicianship, sophistication, and professionalism.

This is not to suggest that everyone take up "mainstream" or Dixieland jazz, but rather that the forward-looking young modernist temper his desire for change with a solid knowledge of that which he proposes to change.

The '50s have taken, in addition to the 1959 toll, these important musicians from the scene: James P. Johnson, Lips Page, Art Tatum, Big Bill Broonzy, Sid Catlett, Jimmy Yancey, the Dorsey brothers, Fletcher Henderson, John Kirby, Frankie Newton, and Walter Page.

The young set also lost some of its most impressive spokesmen: Clifford Brown, Serge Chaloff, Ernie Henry, Fats Navarro, and Charlie Parker. In view of the tragically short life span of some jazzmen, it seems that we must grasp every possible chance to hear important young musicians as well as their predecessors.

Where can one go to hear the surviving players who still have something to say?

It is a comparatively easy matter if one lives in New York City, for there are public places that hire men like Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Joe Thomas, Buddy Tate, Tyree Glenn, Bobby Hackett, Bud Freeman, Sidney and Wilber DeParis, Pee Wee Russell.

There are talented veterans such as Georg Brunis and Art Hodes in Chicago and still active pioneers like Kid Ory in San Francisco. Until he took a trio on the road recently, Earl Hines made California his base, as did Muggsy Spanier and Darnell Howard, who played with Hines' group in San Francisco.

In other areas one may have to settle for fleeting moments on the television screen or the appearance of a band like Count Basie's. There may be a local Dixieland band that would bear study, for much of modern jazz is weak in collective spirit.

The year 1959 shocked us with a reminder that all men are mortal and that, sooner or later, jazz must lose its direct sources of inspiration. And yet, while we mourn the passing of the founding fathers, our greatest loss stems from the number of times we missed hearing these players during their active professional lifetimes.

In a sense, Lester Young and Billie Holiday perished as bop swept away all that came before it. When the critics and some of the public decided they would like to have them back again, it was all but too late. Only the external gestures were left.

Must we wait until sickness, death, or despair claim our remaining senior jazzmen before we take notice? They have earned the right to be heard.

★ ★

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GEORGE CRATER MEETS LENNY BRUCE

By Ed Sherman

It was, basically, a good idea: an interview with Lenny Bruce, intended to illuminate his affinity for jazz.

But *Down Beat* leaped before it looked, assigning George Crater to do the interview. And having leaped, developed certain trepidations. And so asked me to go along to be sure that the interview got written. And so it was that I sat for three evenings at the Den in New York, digging the discussion.

Before getting on with the transcription of the interview, however, I should like to add a few comments, some of them serious.

I admire Crater's courage. Starting an interview with Lenny Bruce is like saying, "Watch this," just before dynamiting the Grand Coulee dam.

I am surprised at how underestimated Bruce is in so many circles. The labels attached to comics of Bruce's school—sick, far out, hippy, and so forth—are ridiculous. Even if they were accurate, they are inconvenient handles to use.

After a few evenings of watching Bruce work, hearing his reactions to life and its events, watching his creative mind function, hearing him verbalize his views, seeing how much observation and faith contribute to what is, basically, a comedy performance, one begins to wonder if the label "sick" shouldn't be attached to audiences either not capable or not honest enough to accept Bruce's insights.

As for George Crater . . . my esteem for him is well known. No one knows him better than I, no one is a more ardent fan, no one . . . like, I *dig* him.

This is a capsule playback of an interview between Crater and Bruce. Who knows where this sort of thing could end?

CRATER: Do you play a musical instrument?

BRUCE: No.

CRATER: Why do you read *Down Beat?*

BRUCE: Actually, I started reading *Down Beat*—although I'm ashamed of the motivation, I've matured enough now to discuss it—because it was a good magazine to put on the coffee table. There's a development phase you go through where you have the *New Yorker*, the *Saturday Review*, and *Down Beat* on your coffee table.

Then, the next step to impress chicks is to learn some esoteric jazz names. Like the chick says, "Oh, I see you read *Down Beat*." Then I say, "Well, sometimes, but a musician friend of mine, Thelonious Monk, was over my house picking up some Bird, Diz, and Pres sides, and he left the magazine."

Anyway, one day when I was dusting, I picked up the magazine and opened it to the *Blindfold Test*. At first I thought it was a plea for a charitable organization, but nevertheless I consumed the article. I think it was the one where Dinah Washington wanted to know if she should not only subtract some stars from a Chris Connor record but also wanted to know if there was any organization that could be instrumental in having her deported.

CRATER: Do you read other jazz magazines?

BRUCE: One of my favorites is Ralph Gleason's *Jazz Quarterly*.

CRATER: Why is that?

BRUCE: Because I'm very fond of him as a person.

CRATER: But that isn't a very fair evaluation, is it?

BRUCE: Well it's no worse than having Chris Connor deported.

CRATER: But seriously though. . .

BRUCE: Now there's a line. . . .

CRATER: I'm hip . . . but seriously, what is your feeling on jazz and when and how did it begin?

BRUCE: Well this will sound like I'm doing another bit, but the truth of the matter is that I was working a burlesque gig in the valley, a place called the Cobblestone. Kenny Drew was on piano; Joe Maini, tenor; Herb Geller, alto; Lawrence Marable, drums; Leroy Vinnegar, bass. This is typical of burlesque gigs in southern California; they're about the only place jazz musi-

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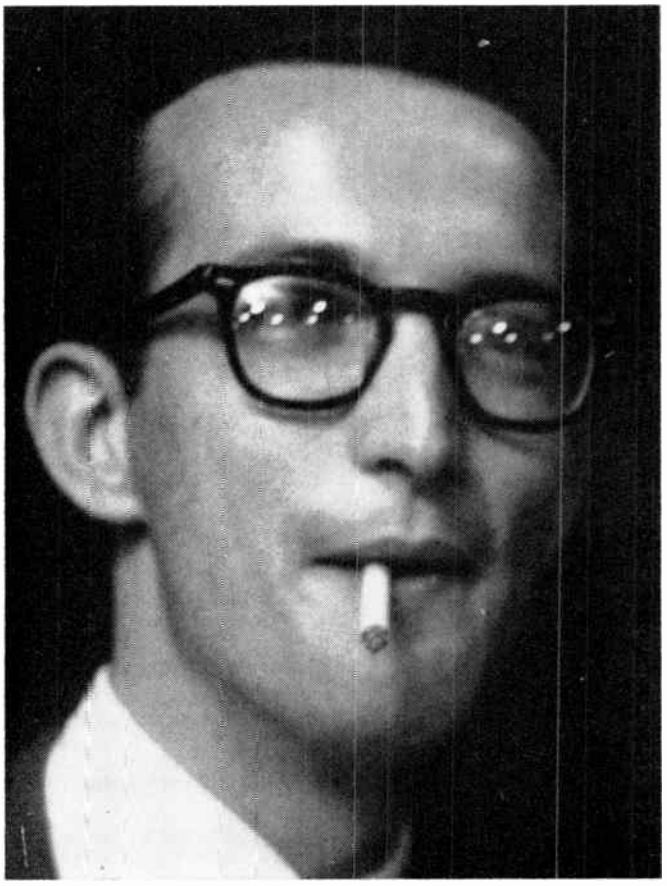
cians can work steady.

I found them (the musicians) an extremely sensitive and aware audience, and I started wondering why. I feel this applies to most musicians. When the average kid is 9 or 10 years old, he's running around. Some become delinquents, some become sports-minded, whereas the musician usually starts his training at 9 years old. He starts practicing two or three hours a day until he's 20 or 22, practicing and studying a beautiful art form.

Music runs the gamut from time and mathematics to humorous subtleties, and I guess some of this rubs off.

After several months I found myself working at least 50 percent of the time



GEORGE CRATER

LENNY BRUCE

to the musicians in the band. I stayed there for a year and then moved on to a place in Hollywood called Duffy's Gay Nineties, another burlesque gig. There I had the privilege of working with such brilliant artists as Red Mitchell, Hampton Hawes, Philly Joe Jones, Elmo Hope, Richie Frost, and two wonderful people, who unfortunately are now deceased, Lorraine Geller and Carl Perkins

Lorraine, aside from being a fantastic musician, had such a brilliant sense of humor. Little by little I started using the musicians in bits. Many of the heavyweights of the industry used to frequent the place, and it wasn't unusual to see Ernie Kovacs and Hedy Lamar sitting next to a typical burlesque patron, all dressed up— hat on lap, *complete*.

Little by little the audience would stop saying "bring on the girls" and ask for the satire on *Man with the Golden Arm* that Jack Sheldon, Jerry Burns, Joe Maini, Lorraine Geller, Bob Berteau, and Gary Frommer used to do. Eventually we got a chance to do a few of the bits on local TV. A funny scene happened one night when one of the TV producers came into the club. He was horrified—he didn't know we were working there. We were a little amazed, too, seeing him there, sans wife. So we made a deal—he didn't say anything, and we didn't say anything.

Besides working with musicians, I started socializing with them and I took an earnest interest in the art form. That's when I really got confused. I used to bring them the results of the various magazine jazz polls, and they would say "yeah, Lenny," pat me on the head, give me an apple, and send me home.

I really became cognizant of the definite line of snobbery among progressive jazz, in-jazz, out-jazz, white-jazz, colored-jazz, studio musician jazz. Realizing this but still frightfully confused, it would seem to me that in most art forms, even in the world of the cafe performer (which is sort of a second-rate art form), the members of the hierarchy are placed there, not by the listeners, viewers, etc., but by their contemporaries.

I'm sure if we play three tracks—Art Farmer, Miles Davis, and Jack Sheldon —for a missiles expert (using a missiles expert as a person who has quite an academic and cultural background), I'm sure that he would have no choice as to who had the most "soul." Whereas I'm sure if I played the tracks for John Lewis, Paul Desmond, and Julian Adderley, they could readily spot the styles and have some definite criticisms, pro and con.

What I have said (I hate people who are that insecure and finish with *"What I'm trying to say. . . .*) is that, in my opinion, jazz, unlike most art forms, depends largely on taste and many sociological and psychological factors.

CRATER: In reviewing your statements, would you say that jazz and burlesque had some bearing on your development as a comedian?

BRUCE: Yes, that and the fact that I had an early religious background. I was influenced by an ancient Moslem tribe. Ahmad Jamal and Dick Bock were my early Gerus.

CRATER: What do you think about the narcotics problem?

BRUCE: I try not to worry about

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it. . . .

CRATER: What do you think about jazz in television?

BRUCE: I think there's a dearth of it on the weather shows. I think a small jazz group behind the morning weather show would be very unusual. It would also present a unique problem for psychologists: *would the musician get up that early?* or *would he stay up all night?* or *would he do both?* Also: *if he did do both, would he be a safe driver?*

CRATER: What other art forms do you appreciate?

BRUCE: I like to go to the museums. There's one in New York City, on 48th St. and Seventh Ave., that I enjoy very much.

CRATER: But isn't that where the Metropole is?

BRUCE: Yes.

CRATER: Oh.

* * *

CRATER: Len, do you think jazz is commercial, and if not, why?

BRUCE: In my opinion, jazz is not commercial, and my opinion is substantiated by the absence of the jazz attractions in the rooms that are financially successful. You'll notice I didn't fall into the semantic trap of using the term: commercial rooms. I think the word commercial is just used as a crutch for people who can't relate to people outside their immediate sphere. There's a difference between the words trite and commercial. The so-called purists are really not pure because they must realize that any individual using an art form as a means to earn wages is not exploiting the art form for money—not if he's spending the money on good food and dentistry for his children or to, perhaps, help others less fortunate than himself.

Also, there's the fact that any true art form always relates to the masses. The layman doesn't have to realize the plastic values and brush strokes to appreciate Gauguin—they just look and are gassed by the colors. True, you can't be gassed by the colors unless you've looked at a lot of other paintings for comparison. So I feel the musician must employe a device other than just being a part of the horn, to relate to the listener who is not a musician.

CRATER: What device do you suggest?

BRUCE: Deporting Joe Glaser.

CRATER: Do you think jazz will change the history of the world?

BRUCE: Yes, if Nat Hentoff and Ira Gitler become another Lewis & Clark.

CRATER: And if not?

BRUCE: Don't get pushy. . . .

CRATER: I'm sure you've noticed how many writers describe new performers, especially singers, by comparing them with established artists (i.e. *Miss Simone is strangely reminiscent of Walter Houston* . . .) In your opinion, how can a young artist keep from sounding like someone else on record?

BRUCE: Have Dick Bock in the recording booth at the mixing machine.

CRATER: Are you happy with your recording tie-up?

BRUCE: Max Weiss of Fantasy Records is too much.

CRATER: Why don't you record for some of the larger companies?

BRUCE: I'm afraid of the syndicate.

CRATER: Do you mean there's some sort of Mafia affiliation with Fantasy?

Ed. note: Bruce, at this point, pleaded the Fifth amendment.

CRATER: What part do jazz festivals play in the growth of jazz in America?

BRUCE: For musicians, it's great training in case they ever have to play a disaster area. Too many of our young men are soft and untrained, used to working in intimate places that afford room temperatures. In a bombed-out area, how cool would Al Cohn be with Zoot Sims pinned under a girder? He wouldn't worry then about his reed!

CRATER: What is your favorite instrument?

BRUCE: The one of death. . . .

Ed note: With that, Bruce formed into a bat and flew through the air-conditioning.

Lenny Bruce . . . good luck, wherever you are. db

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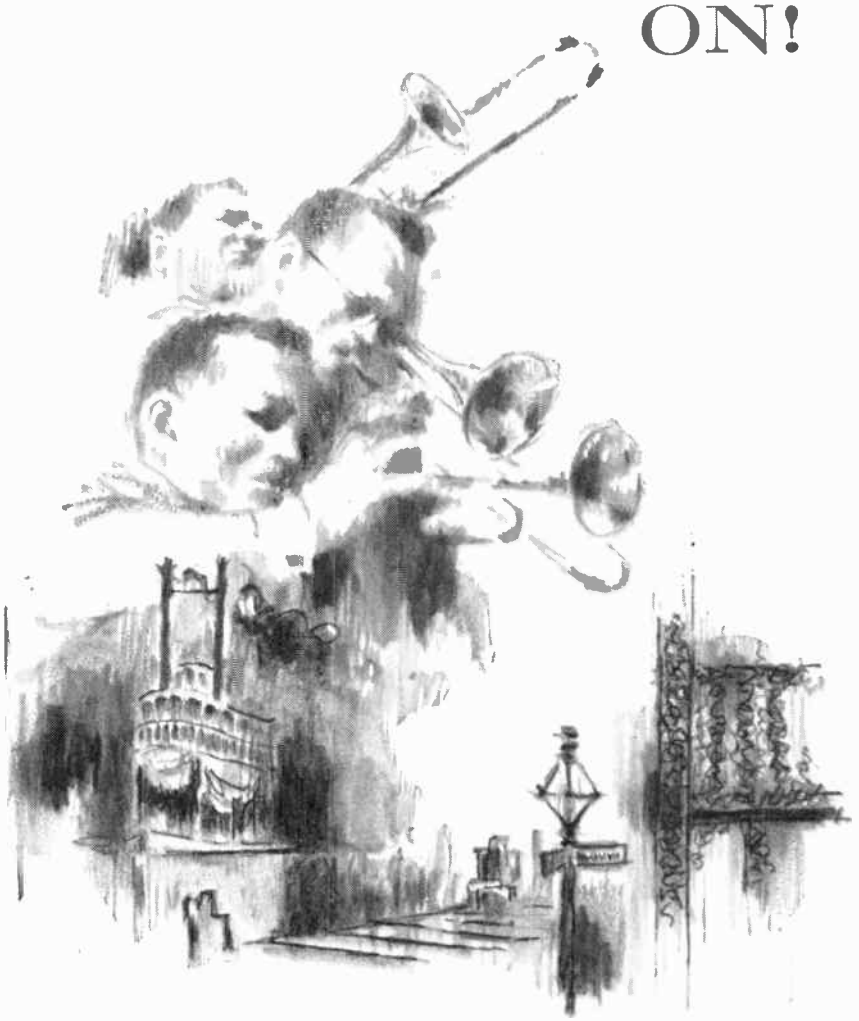
...AND THE DUKES GO MARCHING ON!



When they play . . . it's Dixieland, all right, but not just exactly like you ever heard it played before! It *moves*—like a Mardi Gras parade!

A lot of Mississippi water has flowed past the old gray docks at the foot of Napoleon Street since New Orleans sent up anything like the "Dukes of Dixieland"! Back in 1947 the boys had a high school combo, playing at a seafood bar; now they headline on Ed Sullivan's television show. It's "standing room only" when they appear at the "Round Table" in New York, "The Blue Note" in Chicago, "The Famous Door" in New Orleans or "The Thunderbird" in Las Vegas. They're in the *big time* all over America. When you hear them you know why. They play Dixieland that pulls you right out of your chair and makes you feel wonderful!

Most of the band is the Assunto family. Frank is the front man, blowing that Olds trumpet of his so it sounds like glory. Fred plays great trombone. It's an Olds too, of course. And then there's Papa Jac's trombone giving the kids something to live up to. He started the Olds tradition with the Assunto family 'way back in 1928.

Records! They're on the Audio-Fidelity label in stereo and hi-fi. They've made album after album . . . singles, too . . . every one a solid hit.

Yessir, the Dukes are making Dixieland history . . . and they're making it with Olds.

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QUO VADIS?

A symposium on the next 10 years of jazz

Late last fall, shortly after he returned from his teaching and lecturing tour of South Africa, pianist-critic-teacher John Mehegan was commissioned by *Down Beat* to set up and moderate a panel discussion in which some of the top men among jazz composers and arrangers could consider the possibilities for the next 10 years of jazz.

Mehegan faced a considerable problem simply in finding three such men who could gather at his apartment in New York at the same time. For example, Quincy Jones, who was enthusiastic about the idea and in fact helped plan the discussion, became so busy with the show *Free and Easy*, which he was scoring, that he had to drop out. Gil Evans was heavily tied up with work.

But at last Mehegan found three good men and true: William Russo, former Stan Kenton arranger whose *Symphony No. 1, The Titans,* was given its premiere performance in 1959; Gunther Schuller, French horn player with the Metropolitan Opera orchestra, composer in the jazz idiom, sometime critic, and a moving force behind the excellence of the 1959 Monterey Jazz festival; and George Russell, also a noted arranger (for Benny Carter, Dizzy Gillespie, Claude Thornhill), composer, and jazz innovator.

They gathered around a cocktail table at Mehegan's home on Nov. 11, 1959. They talked for four hours, and when Mehegan at last finished his transcript of the taped conversation, it ran to 127 manuscript pages.

Neither space nor good judgment would permit publication of the entire manuscript. At first, the four men sparred for definitions. They discussed the playing of alto saxophonist Ornette Coleman at some length. The conversation wandered — as all good conversation will. Some of it was sufficiently technical that the lay reader might be bored or lost or both. So it had to be cut.

I would like to explain to the reader, and also to Mehegan, Russo, Russell and Schuller, what I did in editing the manuscript.

Conversation tends to be formless. I cut away most sentences that were begun and never finished. In other places, brief bridge passages were written to hold together ideas that had been interrupted by the cross-current of other ideas — but only when it seemed that the over-all thought had become obscured.

At a couple of points, I have referred the reader to related material elsewhere and, in one case, inserted some background that seemed likely to help the lay reader. Such references are in parentheses and italics.

What remained (44 of the 127 manuscript pages) seemed to have real form: it was, after all, the crux of the discussion. During this part of their talk, the four men touched on a wide variety of subjects of great importance to jazz today: Ornette Coleman; the morality of art; the importance of the arranger-composer in relation to the improviser; the "primitive" as opposed to the "cultivated" or "sophisticated" in the jazz art; and finally, the race issue.

A good way for the reader to approach what follows, then, is to imagine that he has been invited to drop in on this discussion, which is already under way. If he listens well, he will hear a great deal — and perhaps discern a great deal about the men who are talking. —*Gene Lees*

SCHULLER Ornette Coleman is not the only thing that can happen in the next decade.

RUSSELL And I agree with that.

RUSSO I for one hope that jazz won't go in that direction . . . but I'm inclined to think it will. I think all the arts are going to continue going further and further away from more easily comprehensible forms, from the more simple, and further into the complex.

SCHULLER And this is what you don't want?

RUSSO I don't want it to happen, no. I see a tendency toward the more esoteric, I see a tendency for all the arts to concern themselves with smaller groups of people, and to require more of the perceivers than art used to . . .

SCHULLER I don't see it. I don't see a proportionate increase of the factors you're talking about. I see more or less the same thing that has been going on for 700 years.

RUSSO You mean the same process?

SCHULLER No. the same degree of difference between audience and creator, having the same degree of gulf between them.

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RUSSO The material itself has become more complex, disregarding the audience. Correct?

SCHULLER It always has become more complex (through the last) 700 years.

RUSSO But there's a period of history before the last 700 years. The material has become more complex, and it has become more complex over a fairly long period of time.

SCHULLER That's true.

RUSSO You would maintain that the perceivers have always been somewhat behind.

SCHULLER Right.

RUSSO And I would maintain that that's quite true, that it was difficult for people to "get with" Beethoven. However, I feel that the separation between the largest elements of potential public and the art form is greater now than it was at other times.

SCHULLER Yes.

RUSSO I would say that it is more difficult for a cultured, sensitive man to "get with" Webern than it was for a cultured, sensitive man in Mozart's time to get with Mozart. And I'll even take Beethoven, although I don't think Beethoven is a fair example.

SCHULLER Yes, but first of all, this problem is really bigger than jazz. This applies to any of the arts.

RUSSO It's fundamental.

SCHULLER The reason this is true in the case of music is that nowhere in the history of music—except at the end of the 14th century—was there as radical a change as when music moved into atonality. Nothing that you can point to between 1380 and 1910 or 1911 is as radical, and that has caused a time lag at the present. The people are very rapidly catching up.

RUSSO But you are merely defining now. You are merely telling what happened.

MEHEGAN Would you accept Bill's statement that the cultured man would have a harder time today getting "with it"?

SCHULLER Yes, I would accept that, as of Nov. 11, 1959. But qualifying it to a certain extent. I see this changing very rapidly, and the lag, which was greater even 20 years ago, is becoming less and less. I feel that the cultured person of 10 years from now will be much more in touch with the most advanced composers, jazz or otherwise, of that period —and for two reasons. One is that he is catching up with all the creative developments that have been occurring in the last 50 years. Two is that these creative developments have been so rapid, and in many cases almost undigested, that a certain gestation period, a consolidation period, is taking place at the moment. This has slowed up this process of rapid development, and between the two—the composers, let's say, settling down a bit; and the audience catching up in the meantime —the gap will be much less within a very short time.

RUSSO We are agreed that there is a greater gap. And presuming that the accuracy of your prediction is correct—which I don't want to—there's another ground on which I'd like to attack the increasing complexity of the arts. It is conceivable that you could get man to a state of development in which he could connect with the most esoteric and complex and far-out stuff. It's conceivable that a larger proportion of the people could eventually connect with the most complex, the most bizarre—in the French sense—sort of music. I would still not be happy about it, because I like to see in music (certain) qualities which I find are conveyed with difficulty, if at all, through a medium which is this involved. I find that there are some qualities, some communicative ideas or feelings (or whatever music or any art communicates), that it cannot communicate with as complex a structural and formal basis as music is giving.

SCHULLER Bill, you can't say that, because that depends entirely upon the quality of the composer.

RUSSO There's no doubt about that. But still, there's a significant difference between say, Mozart—who is incredibly complex in one respect, his unbelievable seven-bar phrases and all sorts of orchestrations . . . There's a difference in viewing this from the year 2000 or beyond, a difference between the ideas or feelings that are conveyed generally, a more complex texture of the 20th century sort, and a more complex texture of, say, Mozart's sort, a more complex texture of, say, Palestrina or Bach. There is some difference, and what is it?

SCHULLER You can't skip centuries like that, because each century had its own par-

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ticular relationship between audience and creator.

RUSSO A man can look back at Bach and get a message from him.

SCHULLER If you're going to do this, then you have to get very specific and say what the circumstances were that caused either the lag or the lack of lag.

RUSSO Let's forget about the lag. I'll say eventually you're right. I'll say that eventually the composer, the avant-garde composer, will be as close to his audience as Bach was to his.

SCHULLER Well the point you made about Mozart is also not completely valid because you were talking not about a qualitative difference, you were talking about a stylistic difference . . . You were speaking about complexity in Mozart, which is a different kind of complexity than, say, Beethoven's.

RUSSO I don't think it's merely stylistic. I think it's "contentual," but you wouldn't let me use that word. I think it's substantial, rather than formal.

SCHULLER Well it's contentual, of course. Everything has to be. But it's primarily stylistic . . . You are comparing (I feel you are, anyway) different kinds of complexities. You're placing bad complexity on the one side and then good complexity on the other, and that's not fair. Naturally we all agree that bad complexity is no good.

MEHEGAN I think this is a (sound) point. But we could probably move into more of a position of depth if we considered again the viewer, the ultimate receiver of this artistic endeavor, whatever it happens to be. I think that perhaps our confusion is that we are assuming that the purposes of art for the man of pre-1900 and for the man post-1900 are the same. They are *not* the same. I think some great cataclysmic thing happened at this point.

Let's take 1900. This is roughly the time when the image in every art form began to disintegrate or was completely dispelled. In painting, the image was, of course, dispelled first by the cubists and later by the postimpressionists, and then, finally, by the abstractionists and the nonobjectivists. In literature we have the same provisos; poetry is the same, and certainly in music we've had the same, the image being in that case, I suppose, the diatonic scale, which had ruled the whole structure of music from 1400, the Renaissance. So that up to 1900, we can say that the man who witnessed this art, in some form or other, was looking at a congealed picture of his search for truth. And that, generally, is . . . the textbook definition of what art is all about.

Art is on the one hand the essential impulse of the man to create it and another essential impulse of another man to respect it or to reject it, on whatever terms. But after 1900, I think this changes, and I think that today the thing that Bill is talking about is that only a very, very small (and I agreed that it's getting smaller) audience can relate to Jackson Pollock. But what they are doing is putting Pollock prints on their walls as wallpaper . . . They won't go to a concert and really enjoy it. What they'll do is sit home and watch *Playhouse 90* with a soundtrack that might be borrowed from the palest idioms . . . so that everything becomes functional to something else. The person that Bill bemoans, having lost the connection, can no longer take these things in their complete dosage. They have to be watered down (for him).

RUSSO Well I was going to let Gunther get away with his statement, which is that eventually the composer and the audience will be together. I am inclined to think that it's not true. I am inclined to think, yes, that all the people who buy the modern records don't listen to them the way we think they do. Even some of these very cultivated people who "get with" modern music go back to . . .

SCHULLER But those same people also don't hear Louis Armstrong any better, or Beethoven's *Fifth.*

MEHEGAN I don't agree.

RUSSO Anybody can look at Michelangelo and get a lot out of it.

(There was a lengthy digression at this point in which the conversationalists sought suitable comparisons for their discussion. It was a good time to go to the kitchen for some more ice. Upon returning you heard:)

RUSSO Okay, we'll take examples of today. I feel that . . . well, take somebody really controversial for the wrong reasons. (Let's take) what Paul Desmond has to say, as compared to what Ornette Coleman has to say. And I think they're both very talented. I think that what Desmond has to say—his mes-

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sage, his communication — is much wiser, deeper, more of beauty, and more of truth. And I don't deny . . . Oh, let's not take Ornette, I like him too much. Let's take Jack Montrose, whom I don't even know, but whose playing really bothers me.

RUSSELL That's a much better analogy.

RUSSO Montrose, I think, is a talent. Certainly he has digital facility. But I don't like what he has to say. I think they both exist today, they both play today, we can hear them both today . . . So let's eliminate a problem and talk about people today. I see something in Desmond that I don't see in Montrose, something very important to me. And Desmond is very unfashionable. Desmond is considered the epitome of the ofay musician.

SCHULLER But now you've got different levels of quality, with those two people.

RUSSO I'm not talking about different levels; I'm talking about the message involved in what they're saying.

SCHULLER The message indicates quality.

RUSSO Let's get two equal talents who say something quite different.

SCHULLER Well, it's conceivable. You yourself said someone can work very well with complexities, like Bartok does, or work with the simple stuff very readily.

MEHEGAN How about (John) Coltrane and Cannonball (Adderley)? Those are two really good talents.

RUSSO Let's not mention any names till we finally get to . . .

RUSSELL Well, I don't understand yet what you're saying about Webern and . . .

RUSSO I could make the point more easily if we got two people whom we both respected and who both did what they did well, but who were, as Gunther would say, stylistically quite different. I would say that they were different in what they had to say. I would rather talk about what they had to say. Can we get two people?

RUSSELL How can you know what they have to say? What has Webern to say?

RUSSO I work on the assumption that art says something. If you want to go on with that discussion, that's probably very fertile.

SCHULLER Yes, but you're also assuming that we all understand the same thing about Webern, and you're saying it's no good, and I'm saying it's okay, and somebody else says something else.

RUSSO I'm not saying that.

(There is an interruption in the discussion at this point.)

MEHEGAN What was the point we were moving in on?

RUSSO Is it possible to get two guys we both think are good representatives of what they do—who do what they do well—whom we could then compare?

RUSSELL Two people I consider do both their things very well are Cannonball and Coltrane. Now Coltrane is more complex than Cannonball. He is the epitome . . .

MEHEGAN More complex, or more advanced?

RUSSELL Advanced is a word I'd like to reject, because, at least in jazz, I like to think of each era producing its greats—giants of their eras, like Louis (Armstrong). All of them were advanced in the sense that they contributed . . .

RUSSO The only thing about Cannonball and Montrose . . . I mean Coltrane and Montrose . . . Can't we get somebody who's even more separate?

RUSSELL Coltrane and Cannonball . . . They both . . .

RUSSO Can't we get somebody who's a *lot* more disparate? Take Lee Konitz . . .

MEHEGAN Konitz and whom?

RUSSELL How about Sonny Rollins?

RUSSO And whom?

RUSSELL And Coltrane.

RUSSO They're too similar in the respect that I would like to ask you about. Can we take somebody who represents that other position, the non-Rollins, non-Montrose position?

SCHULLER How about Konitz and Rollins?

RUSSO How do you feel about them? Can we make this off the record, please?

(As Russo requested, this phase of the conversation is off the record.)

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RUSSO I see in Rollins . . . I'm working under the assumption that art says something . . .

RUSSELL Let me qualify that. Rollins . . . Well, Rollins might be saying — it's argumentative — he might be saying something a little more vital, in the whole social sense of jazz.

RUSSO I thought you said . . . who can say what's in music?

RUSSELL No, I just asked you, and you didn't answer the question. I said: What is Webern saying? And you didn't answer.

MEHEGAN What is the difference between those two men?

RUSSO Perhaps that's even a better example of what I'm trying to say. But I don't think that's bad. I see in Lee a . . .

RUSSELL Are we still off the record, or is this . . . ?

MEHEGAN No, we're on the record.

RUSSO I see in Konitz a lyricist. I see in Konitz a greater concern with what might be called directly available beauty. I see in Rollins on the other hand, a harshness and a coldness and kind of a crudity which he espouses.

MEHEGAN It's even a brutality.

RUSSO We won't even talk about whether he wants it or not. Let's presume these men are doing what they want to do. All right? Because otherwise we'll get too involved. Let's not talk about their personalities. I see a brutality and a cruelty in Rollins. I see in Konitz a greater, a more immediately perceivable form, a formal relationship — although I'm certainly aware of Rollins' formal constituent parts. I see in Konitz a more easily perceivable formal structure. I see a greater degree of availability, and I see a greater espousal of beauty. Rollins is not interested in the kind of beauty the arts should be.

RUSSELL I'm sure that Lee is just as cruel as Rollins. I think you're reading a personal thing into it that doesn't belong.

RUSSO I don't (even) know Sonny Rollins.

RUSSELL I'm not talking about them personally, Bill. I'm just saying that you're reading something into the scheme of . . . I feel it's a personal thing that you can't really call good criticism of their style.

RUSSO Let me ask you a question. Would you say that it's possible to tell more clearly the difference between what a man is saying and what another man is saying if both are authors, if they write novels?

RUSSELL Well, I should think so.

RUSSO With less doubt than in music? It's more difficult for us to discuss this about music than it is about literature. Would you say, then, that a man with a talent equal to another man establishes an idea about life that you or you or you find really evil, he establishes a view of life that we find evil? And you can use any definition of evil you want.

RUSSELL This is getting into whether good and bad exist in music—you know, evil.

SCHULLER I think that *Lolita* can be—I won't say whether I think it *is*—as great a work of art as anything about any more pleasant subject.

RUSSO I'm not talking about what it's about. I'm talking about . . .

SCHULLER Well, wait a minute, you *are*. You're talking about evil.

RUSSO I'm not saying the book is *about* evil. I'm saying whether the book *is* evil. I'm asking whether we can say a work of art is evil, or has undesirable qualities.

RUSSELL Why do we say "a work of art" when we're talking about jazz?

MEHEGAN Bill made a statement to the effect that, in his own esthetics, his own frame of reference, Konitz to *him* reveals a more immediately perceptible form than Rollins does. So, therefore, he, in a sense, would prefer Konitz because he's an artistic man who's looking for form in any of its myriad essences that he can find. I think he also believes that this is true of many people with whom he feels an identity. I don't think that you're singling yourself out, and your point would not be well taken if you did. Am I right? I mean, are you making a generic point?

RUSSO I wasn't referring to myself alone.

MEHEGAN Well, I agree with Bill.

RUSSELL Well, I don't know, on the contemporary jazz scene, who blows with any more form than Sonny Rollins?

RUSSO But that's not what I'm talking about.

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I wasn't talking about the formal aspects.

RUSSELL But John mentioned that he felt that Lee played with more perceptible form.

RUSSO I think Lee creates a better image of the world than Sonny Rollins does.

SCHULLER You'd have to explain that more. That means nothing to me.

RUSSO Well first of all, will you tell me this: Who is the measure of things?

SCHULLER You're posing the question, you've got to answer that. That's not my view of . . . You can't say that about an artist. You don't have a right to.

RUSSO What can't I say?

SCHULLER This guy represents the good in art and this guy doesn't.

RUSSO How can we talk about . . . ?

RUSSELL You can't say it on a personal level . . .

RUSSO I'm a very subjective man.

RUSSELL Or even on a subjective level.

MEHEGAN Bill, are you saying that you don't like Sonny Rollins' world, or are you saying it doesn't exist, except in Rollins' mind?

RUSSO Of course, it exists . . . I don't think it's a good world, that's all. You're saying something very interesting: you're saying to me that I cannot say anything except subjectively. You're saying it objectively.

RUSSELL No, I'm saying that I think there's another way to say it, and I think you *are* saying it subjectively . . . the most subjectively . . .

RUSSO But you're saying that categorically. I think this is a tricky problem. You'll probably accuse me of pulling logic tricks, but I don't think you can say . . .

RUSSELL Why don't you just say, "I like Lee Konitz better than Sonny Rollins"?

RUSSO Because I think there's more to it than that.

RUSSELL Well, then, say the "more." But it all amounts to the same thing.

RUSSO No, I don't think it does. In fact, I think what I feel about Lee Konitz is somewhat irrelevant. What I'm trying to (determine)—and I realize we can't do it unless we go further back—is this: Do you believe there's an attainable truth of any sort about anything? If there isn't, we shouldn't be holding this conversation.

SCHULLER Not an absolute attainable truth.

RUSSO What do you mean, "absolute attainable"?

SCHULLER I mean something that you could define as being a perfect truth, and in that sense absolute, which would hold for everybody.

RUSSO You can't say "the chair is here"? That's not absolutely true?

SCHULLER You're talking about a physical object. Then we get into metaphysics, which I wouldn't want to . . .

RUSSO Our whole conversation is metaphysics . . . That can't go in *Down Beat.*

SCHULLER When you're talking about an art that's as elusive as music, in terms of saying something specific, then you can't compare it with that chair. That's unfair.

RUSSO I wasn't going to do that.

MEHEGAN Let me try to rephrase this. May I say that, as far as your topic is concerned, we have gotten almost nowhere in discussing 1960 and jazz.

RUSSO We can't talk about these things unless we understand how we feel about some other aspects of it.

SCHULLER Bill is trying to get at the purpose of art, perhaps. Is that correct?

RUSSO I think so.

SCHULLER And then, having cleared that away, you'll know if we can arrive at something similar. Then we'll know by what light we should evaluate the present or the future jazz.

RUSSELL Maybe we'd better go back to John's original idea, and each person should state now what he thinks will happen to jazz in the 1960s.

MEHEGAN Would you like to go first?

SCHULLER No, I can't do that, because I don't know. I have, at the most, some subjective opinions about it.

MEHEGAN That's what we want.

SCHULLER They're irrelevant.

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MEHEGAN No they're not. That's why you're here—to express your subjective opinions . . . We consider your opinion objectively superior to that of most other individuals, because you are so deeply concerned in the art form, and you are concerned with many of the avant-garde explorations. So we assume you have an edge on these things. Although you could be completely wrong, we would still respect more what you say than what someone else would say. That's the whole purpose of this.

SCHULLER Well, I think we were maybe getting somewhere. As far as this other thing goes, I am the kind of person who almost always sees both sides of a question . . . Some people call me an eclectic for that. But the point is that, because of this, I see so many eventualities that I can't say: Well, man, this is what's going to happen. I see about 17 different possibilities.

RUSSELL Can you state some of them.

SCHULLER I can state some.

MEHEGAN Let's state the most pointed ones, the most pregnant ones you see. For instance, in the 1950s, we had a great chamber music effervescence, and we had the appearance of good imitators of idioms that existed already in '40s as far as instrumentalists are concerned. This is the essence, really, of the '50s in jazz, which I find a rather dull decade. But anyway, can you make any general perceptions about what you think are the most pointed lines of direction that you see? In other words, are the writers going to dominate the '60s, or are the improvisers? Are the improvisers going to come to a dead end, to the technical limitations of the craft as they learn it, the physical limitations of their instruments? And is the writer to take over where the improviser feels completely helpless and go on from there with a much more complicated craft?

SCHULLER You almost stated all the possibilities in your question.

MEHEGAN I think that there's one more: Is it possible that jazz in the '60s will (as I see a trend beginning to emerge) no longer be a direct art form . . . or will it become an indirect, corollary, accessory art form to other things? Will we be buying more and more soundtracks for jazz-influenced scores?

(The men involved in this conversation, as well as other readers, should find the discussion of jazz soundtracks elsewhere in this volume illuminating on this point.)

SCHULLER It's so complicated. No. 1, I think there is now, and will continue to be, a split in this jazz world. And the minute there is that kind of split, there are many persons who can say that part of this split —let's say the left half—will no longer be jazz.

I think there will be a continuation of a very direct communicative kind of jazz, which, for lack of a better word, we'll call mainstream jazz. (This) will continue absolutely oblivious of any intellectual or theoretical or other complexities that may be developing in nonjazz music.

Then I see another music developing, which in varying degrees relates itself on the one hand to jazz and on the other hand, the other extreme, to nonjazz music . . . And within this wide area, there are again many, many splits, many factions or divisions. And if you think of this middle stream as an entity—although as I say it's divided into many factions—then I think of it as quite separate from this mainstream of jazz. Now, how many persons who believe only in that mainstream of jazz will immediately say that this other thing happening in the middle, which to some extent relates itself to nonjazz music, is no longer jazz? So that's why I find it difficult to talk about this in the context of this discussion . . .

MEHEGAN What do *you* think is jazz? I'm only asking what you think it is.

SCHULLER Well then, I would have to talk about specific pieces. I think there have been many pieces which have eliminated themselves out of any relationship with jazz, because they just leaned so much to the classical side, or they were maybe a classical composer's very dim view of jazz. But as I say, I would have to talk about specific instances. And we now have so many instances of this already—all going in their own very personal directions, which is as it should be: each creator has to do his own personal thing. That's why I find it so difficult to make a prediction, other than the one I've just made.

MEHEGAN George?

RUSSELL Let's start with jazz in the 1950s. One thing that happened in the '50s, I think, is that jazz—whether through the intervention of Madison Ave. or however —did become a much more recognized art form. Many more people did listen

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to jazz, whether they listened superficially or not.

I think in the later '50s, for instance, the emergence of someone like John Coltrane and his tonal articulation, his rhythmic invention, was a thing that has been much underplayed, so far. The fact that someone like Gil Evans has been in the '50s might save the '50s from being a dreary era. The fact that Miles Davis has reached a kind of flowering with his art, which I hope will mature and be even more beautiful in the '60s—along with Gil Evans contributions, which I consider major. And knowing Miles I know that it will.

There are certain groups that not only excelled artistically throughout the world, but acted as sort of ambassadors. One group in particular, the Modern Jazz Quartet. They carried the message of the music with dignity into the far reaches. And I think in the '60s they will go even beyond their present. I really consider they are artists.

MEHEGAN Where do you see the jazz composer or writer in the '60s? More important or less?

RUSSELL If he is really in touch with what's happening to the improviser, and if he is very closely in touch . . . it's going to be more difficult to separate the writer from the improviser. I think the compositions of the improviser will be much more important, really, and that a person who writes . . . It's sort of difficult unless the person who writes is really in touch with what the improviser is doing . . .

MEHEGAN Since you three are writers and are individuals with whom your writing plays a much more major role than your improvising, do you feel that the contributions of people like Benny Golson and Horace Silver—which is composition, but not in the sense that you three compose—do you feel that this is a great source of inspiration for you? Would you like to see this grow? Or do you see it as a kind of growing sterile thing? Wow! I mean, is it becoming sterile?

RUSSELL No, I think that each improviser, each jazz artist, will find his own kind of maturity. That goes for Horace and Benny. I can sum up my whole attitude toward the '60s in that I think that one of the most vital forces in the '60s is going to be Ornette Coleman. I don't think that the *only* major contributor to important jazz music of the '60s is going to be Ornette Coleman, but I think he is going to have a profound influence upon improvisation and, therefor, on writing.

MEHEGAN William?

RUSSO I see the next 10 years divided differently. I see the division basically between what Louis Armstrong represents and what Coltrane represents—or, if you wish, between what the triad represents as opposed to the augmented 11th. And that's obviously an oversimplification.

I don't mean to say that the triad, or a brass section, is better by itself than a large corps of mixed sonority, or that a simple polyphonic texture is better than a complex one. In fact, the kind of truth I believe in is a kind of relational truth. It's not that this is always true; but that if five things are put together, they form a truth which we can all come to a conclusion, ultimately. And if we don't, it probably indicates a lack in one of our backgrounds.

To put it a different way, what I'm trying to say is that it's not true, as some religious groups maintain, that a lie is immoral. I don't believe in that sort of truth. I believe in the sort of truth that says it's difficult to say whether a lie is immoral or not because you have to know what happened—what the result is, what are the consequences. Then, when the consequence is determined, it's possible for the wise man to make on observation which has more validity than that of a man who isn't wise.

It's possible, if you wish, numerically, for a number of wise men to come to a conclusion that has more validity than a number of men who are ignorant—not ignorant of a particular subject, but stupid. There is a sort of truth available, but it is not different for each man. It's not your truth and it's not John Doe's truth. It's a difficult truth to get to. All I'm saying is that I'd like to get to it.

MEHEGAN Is this sort of (T.S.) Eliot's "objective correlative," which he refers to as truth objectively existing outside of individual and subjective reality?

RUSSO No. As I understand it, he (for religious reasons) believes in the truth that exists, period. A lie is a lie, and a lie is bad. I would say that there is a truth that exists outside our minds.

I think the main division is between art which is not so dissonant, not so antagonistic on the one hand, and art which is dissonant, and antagonistic, and angry, on the other hand. I don't mean the fancy academic compositions of people we all know. I mean the primitive as Coltrane represents the primitive, or as bongo drums represent

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the primitive, as opposed to Bach or the type of formal beauty that I see in Dante or Beethoven.

On the one hand, this left-hand side, the Coltrane side, I see the cult. I see music existing for small groups of people, and perhaps being diffused, but basically existing for members of the cult, music not directed into the critical world which surrounds it, as opposed to the type of music which gets out to the world.

(Readers interested in a fairly full exposition of the viewpoint that Russo is discussing here might refer to the article by Andre Hodeir, Perspectives of Modern Jazz: Popularity or Recognition? *in the Aug. 20, 1959,* Down Beat.)

I see on the one hand, the wild side, Webern and Shoenberg. And on the other side I see Hemingway and Carl Orff.

(Russo evidently means the technical sophistication and "far-outness" of composers Webern and Schoenberg as opposed to the basic and earthy emotions that Hemingway treats and the "primitivism" of Orff. Orff, a contemporary German composer, breaking almost completely with the whole Western tradition of music, chose to get his emotional effects primarily through rhythm. His Antigonae, *for example, uses a choir and soloists, six grand pianos [played with hard felt hammers on the strings, as well as in conventional fashion] three xylophones, a set of stone slabs, nine string basses, woodwinds, and muted trumpets. Lay jazz listeners who think rhythmic power is the exclusive property of jazz, or that primitivism is the unique domain of certain modern jazz players, might be started by* Antigonae *or* Catulli Carmina, *available on Columbia ML 5038 and Decca DL 9824, respectively.)*

This is the main separation I see, and I see it in jazz, too.

On the one hand, we have the subjectivity of the man who wants to express his personal feelings and often wants to work off his hostilities in his art, and on the other hand the man who is not so much concerned with his own personality but wants to express some truths that he sees and that have a wider basis and that are not particularly tied up with him but may be connected with issues more important. But certainly the individual man, dealing with his own truths, could touch on large things, and the man dealing with large truths can be stupid and handle it badly.

What I really see in this, to go further, is a horrible and horrifying separation between Negro and White, which has been to me an extremely painful part of the jazz world. I see the Negro being pushed into a position of maintaining the subjective, the primitive, and the exciting. I see the white being pushed into the position of maintaining the scholarly, and the technical, and I don't like to see this.

I see jazz criticism and jazz musicians having increasing difficulty in avoiding racism. I see them almost always going along racial lines, and I'm thinking about the jazz musician. And I think that what really horrifies me about this is that I think it is the most debasing thing to a Negro imaginable. It has implications of great tragedy. It implies that the Negro has rhythm and the white man hasn't. And Hodeir, in fact, stated almost that. And that to me is just incredibly painful.

I think that we have all seen a failure around us of a certain kind of intellectual, formalized, civilized way of life, and we all have a feeling that maybe it's not right. And I agree. I think maybe the academies are wrong, I think the conservatories are wrong, the colleges are wrong. But I *don't* think, on the other hand, that we have to get our messages from the Australian aborigines, or that we have to get our solutions to these problems by seeking a return to nature. I think we have to re-examine our civilization, and start to civilize again, but in a different way.

I see this problem in music. I think music is going to divide into these two camps. And I'm inclined to think that the Coltrane camp, the primitive camp, the anti-white camp (and I say this very hesitantly) will win. I feel the other camp, the reaction, will lose—although not ultimately.

RUSSELL I would like to address myself to that. I think that, insofar as musicians are concerned, I doubt very seriously whether they—Coltrane, for example—think in terms of race.

RUSSO Oh, no, I don't mean that.

RUSSELL I do think there is a tendency—a very superficial tendency on the part of critics—to hold up the Negro musician and actually exploit him as a bearer of the new truth. I don't think the musician thinks of it in this sense at all. So as far as the critics go—and I hardly make any exceptions, really—my whole beef with the last 20 years of jazz is solely, probably, with the critics, you

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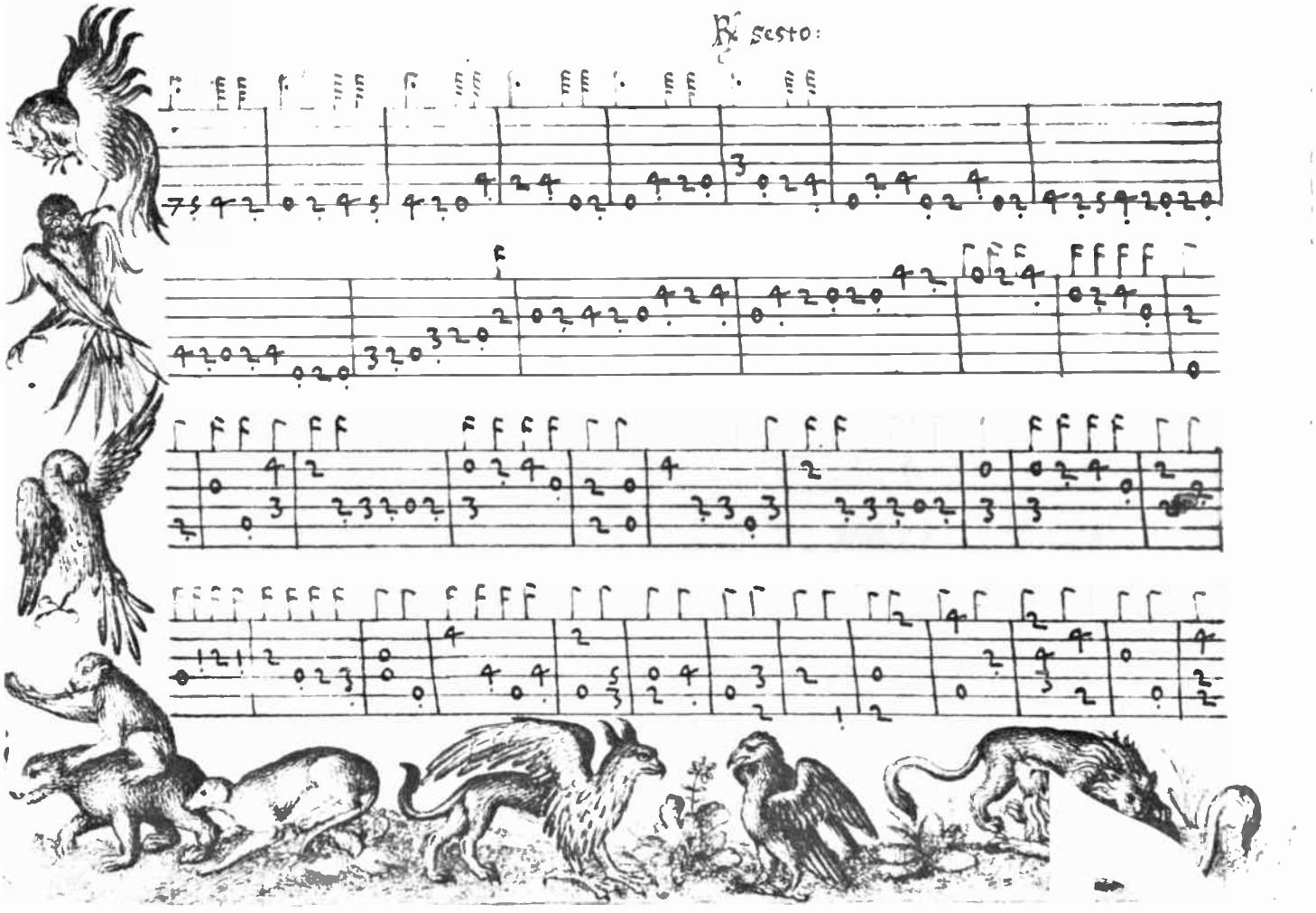

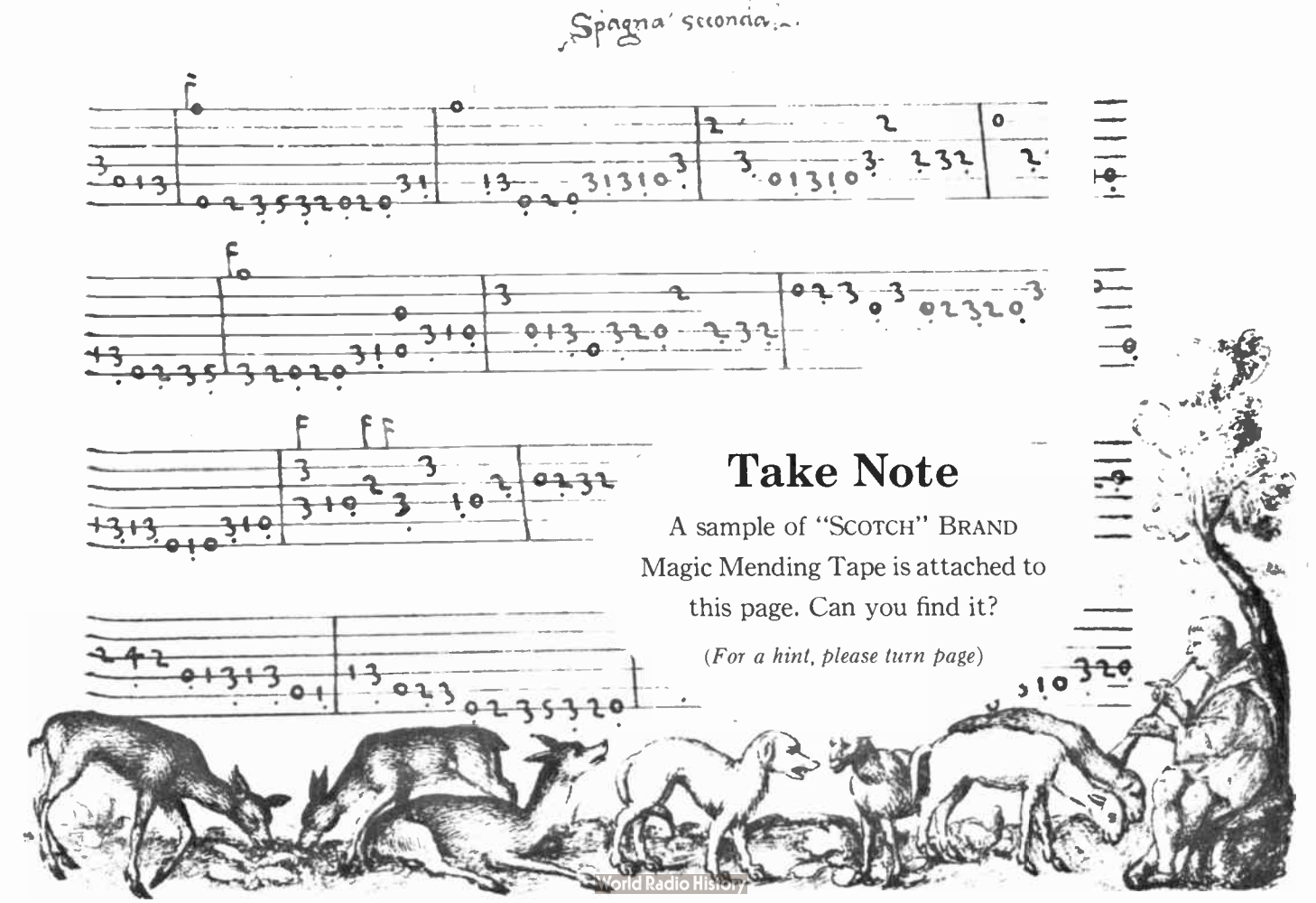

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know. I think the critics today are inept and unqualified to really accept any new thing. They haven't accepted what's happened; they don't understand what's happening.

RUSSO Not just the critics.

RUSSELL I don't think that the musicians themselves—at least the intelligent ones—actually think in terms of Crow Jim. Miles hired Bill Evans. He hired Evans because he thought Bill was the best pianist he could find. Ornette has an ofay bass player from the Ozarks who I think is fantastic . . .

RUSSO Bill Evans is one of the few white musicians whose playing is accepted.

RUSSELL But on the other hand, I would say there has been a tendency in jazz for the white musician to exploit the Negro musician for what he can learn from him. They commercialized and popularized it. The white musician would end up as the popularizer and the money maker, and the Negro musician as the artist.

RUSSO But he didn't always destroy the music, just because he was white.

RUSSELL He would just devastate the music.

RUSSO Well, there are some people whose groups are pretty good who just happen to make it because they have more flexibility, they can work more, and there's that type of white group, too. It wasn't all just a question of the white musician . . .

RUSSELL I don't think you can deny that the Negro has been the innovator in jazz, and rightly so.

RUSSO I don't deny that, of course not.

RUSSELL Now we could carry through that history of the Negro and the marching bands, and he innovated on it, and he got the first jump ahead, and he's maintained it, right through Ornette Coleman.

RUSSO I think that one thing you should keep in mind is that there are a lot of elements in jazz that aren't Negro. Some of the harmonic materials, some of the marches, were not Negro.

RUSSELL I don't say that jazz or the Negro musician doesn't owe a great heritage to Western music. I don't like the harping on it. But I think the Negro has had some justification for any kind of so-called Crow Jim, because there have been some insincere people who have taken his music and exploited it for their own benefit.

RUSSO And worse than the other jazz musicians has been the whole mass of commercial society, which has taken the music and used it for its own ends—for TV and theater music and all sorts of cheap junk. This is even worse, I think, than somebody taking another man's music just to go out and make money with it. I agree with you perfectly, it's a terrible situation, and I think it's connected with a lot of thinking about jazz.

RUSSELL But I just don't think you should group the musicians in this sense . . . I don't think you should single them out as the villains.

RUSSO Who, the musicians?

RUSSELL The musicians. Coltrane, for instance, doesn't represent the anti-White camp.

RUSSO I'm not trying to say that all Negro musicians hate whites, or that all white musicians regard the Negro as swingier than they are. I'm saying there is a tendency for people nowadays not to respect certain fairly great figures in the jazz world who were white. Even Jack Teagarden, whenever his name comes up, somebody will always say, "Yeah, but he got it all from so-and-so."

MEHEGAN Jimmy Harrison.

RUSSO I don't care who he got it from, he plays pretty damned well.

RUSSELL Great musicians have readily admitted their influences. For instance, Lester admits to a Frankie Trumbauer influence. I think this particular fight is between social forces.

RUSSO There's always been a recognition by people of the truth of the matter. I don't mean to imply that that's not true. All I'm saying is that I despair that there is so little recognition among people of what's happened generally. People generally are being sold a piece of goods, partly by the critics and partly by the avant-garde circles around town. Norman Mailer, et al. They're being sold a bill of goods about the Negro not simply having made a fantastic contribution—I certainly wouldn't disagree with that—but about the Negro having his own music and coming along and saving the world with it, and the white man only being capable of doing anything insofar as he imitates the Negro. That's what people are saying, and

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that's what I don't like. . . . I think this Negro-white thing is going to continue.

SCHULLER You mean all these terrible things are going to happen in the next 10 years?

MEHEGAN He sees two things happening, a dichotomy. He sees two parallel lines of force.

RUSSO I see two lines. On the one side I see this racist Negro view, not *of* the Negro but *about* the Negro; and on the other side I see an eventual reaction against (musical primitivism). And not an academic reaction, because I group the academic and the primitive on the same side. Do you ever read an art critic by the name of John Canaday in the New York *Times*?

SCHULLER Yes.

RUSSO You don't get any message from him, do you?

SCHULLER Well . . .

RUSSO He said something last week I thought was very interesting.

SCHULLER The thing that impressed me, in a way, but annoyed me at the same time, was his discussion about the Frank Lloyd Wright museum.

RUSSO He took an abstract painting and started to talk about it. He said; Look at all these interesting things, all this color and connections. Great craft and talent involved here. However, he said, I wonder if the qualities that this piece of canvas has are not too much directed toward other artists and toward the critics. I wonder if it has within it what I would call the humanist tradition, of the Renaissance. Very interesting.

SCHULLER I haven't seen the painting and haven't any opinion. But that's not a new point. The point about that is, if that is the case, then the artist is simply a bad artist, because no true genuine artist ever directs himself just to a bunch of critics or insiders. That's understood, a priori.

RUSSO Very many people have told me (the contrary) recently.

SCHULLER They told you what?

RUSSO That they don't think their message is for the world, just a rather private message. What about the whole homosexual community, the theater and music set? That's very private . . . They maintain it's private.

SCHULLER Yes, but are we talking about genuine artists now?

RUSSO What do you mean? I'm singling out genuine artists.

SCHULLER But we're not discussing that. In other words, when you're talking about the next 10 years of jazz and pointing up this dichotomy, you're really talking more about all kinds of peripheral and social factors. What I would like to discuss are the developments that accrue from a genuine artistic development. These other things have an influence on this, but not terribly much.

RUSSELL There is a very human situation connected with that racial thing. I admire Bill's courage for actually bringing it up. I think the Negro has rightly maintained his influence in jazz as the most vital force because he's always been the innovator, no matter what's happened, and the pattern has been the same: The Negro would innovate, and the white musician would popularize and this would go down the levels. First the sincere white musician, probably, would take it. And then the insincere musician would go down the levels. For instance, any day you can turn on the radio and hear a Jimmy Lunceford-type arrangement, and this we used to marvel at and dance to; now it's behind a cigaret ad. It's very popular.

One critic recently extolled the Negro as the most vital force in American life, and I think this is ridiculous. I don't think the Negro wants to be "the most vital force in American life"; he just wants an equal chance, which in some areas he already has, not to compete with but only to live in our mad society as Americans. I think a guy (who takes this most-vital-force position) is very superficial. I think the critics should really take stock of themselves. I really think a new music is coming in the 1960's and I'd like to see a type of critic capable both emotionally and technically of understanding what is happening in music. To me, he hardly exists today. It seems like they have special interests, or this or that kind of thing happening. They have a very superficial knowledge. Now maybe I'm overestimating their influence on the public. Probably I am.

I believe that any good kind of music, regardless of any kind of ignorant criticism, is going to survive and prevail. But it would be a lot more comfortable if there were a few more critics around —you know who I'm talking about— who would make a reappraisal of their relationship to jazz. . . . db

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A GALLERY OF PHOTOS

TED WILLIAMS

The man who takes most *Down Beat* photographs is 34-year-old Chicagoan Ted Williams. Ted not only has a remarkably sensitive eye, but a deep feeling for jazz and its creators that permits him to get to the heart of the matter almost every time. Besides that, he is a highly accomplished darkroom technician whose work is invariably perfect, from the technical viewpoint. On top of all that, he is one of those reliable, always-on-time individuals who never lets an editor down by turning in inadequate pictures right on deadline. Ted scorns the shoot-everything-in-sight-and-hope-you-get-one-or-two-good-ones school of photography. He is very selective, and in a given batch of his pictures, the majority will be useable, many will be very good, and a certain percentage will be superb. Herewith the superb.

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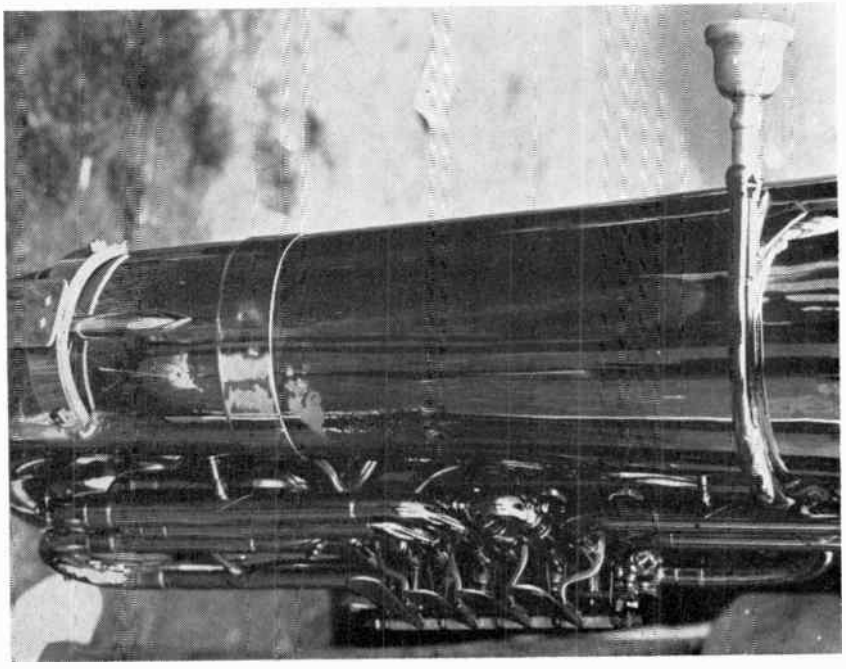

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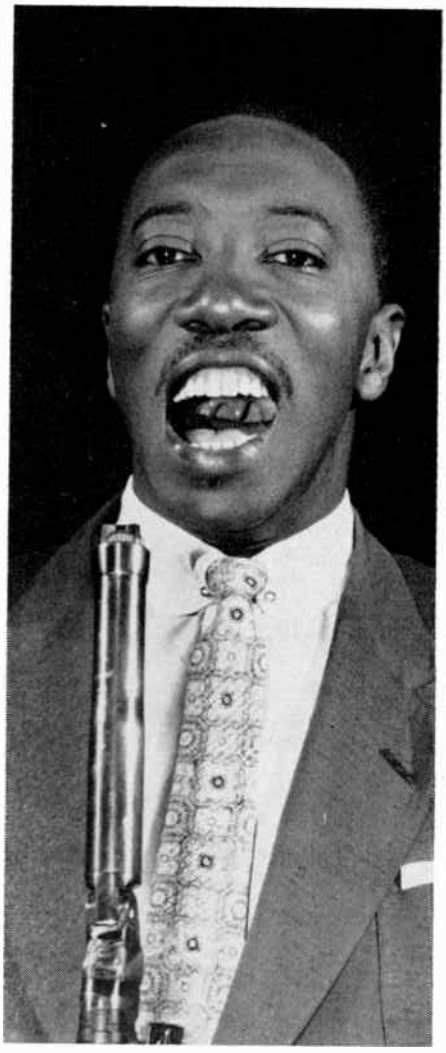

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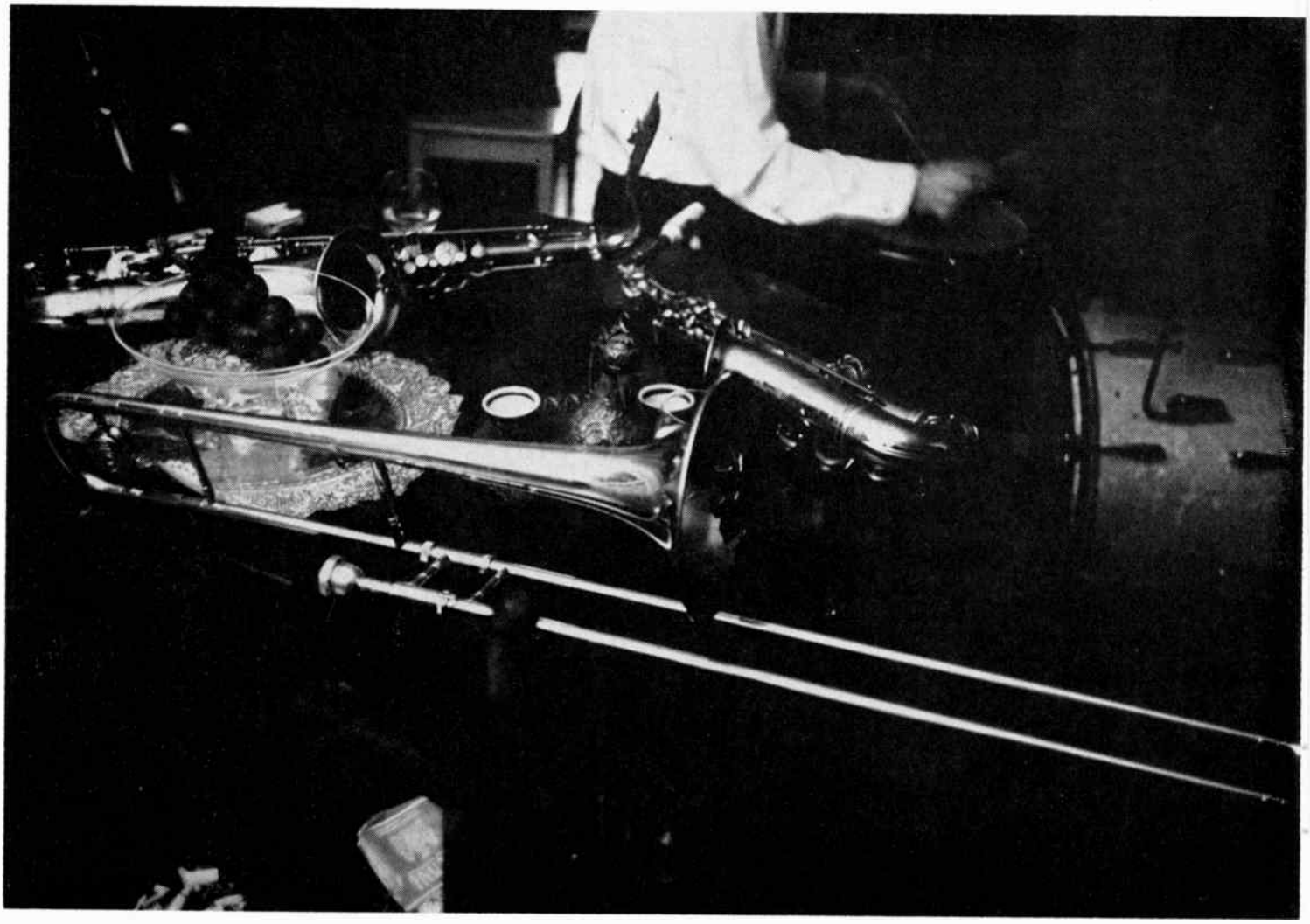

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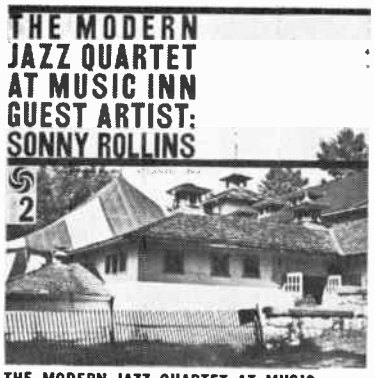

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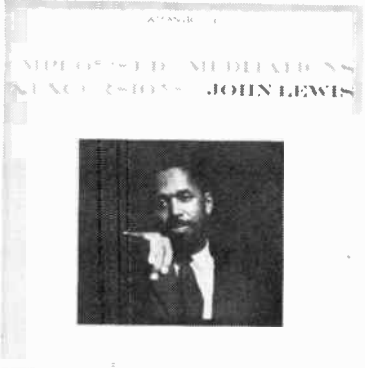

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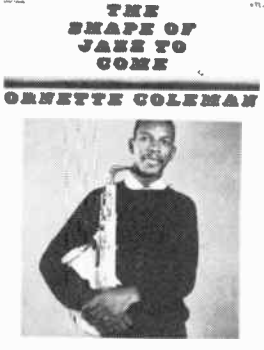

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As much as we would like to print them, space normally precludes the presentation of big band arrangements. That is why we have taken this opportunity to present, as a special extra of *Music 1960*, the complete big band arrangement you will find on the following pages.

Written by Herb Pomeroy and recorded in his album *Band in Boston*, (United Artists UAL 4015; UAS 5015 for stereo), the composition, *Where's Charlie*, should be of value not only to musicians but to lay readers who've never had the chance to see *and* hear what a big band chart is like from a close perspective. The composition is scored for 15 men.

It was adapted for *Down Beat* by the Berklee School of Music, of which Pomeroy is a faculty member.

Down Beat is at present publishing a limited number of reprints of many of the original *Up Beat* compositions that have appeared in the magazine during the last five years. These reprints, in looseleaf form, are for free distribution to music educators and their students as part of *Down Beat*'s continuing school music program.

To obtain one of these arrangements, send your request on school letterhead —or co-signed by a member of the school faculty—to *Up Beat*, 7th floor, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill. Enclose 25 cents for postage.

These are the charts currently available:

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UB3 *False Alarm*, Art Dedrick (six parts).
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UB5 *Little Niles*, Randy Weston (four parts).
UB6 *Speak Easy*, Andy Anderson (six parts).
UB7 *Sunny Sunday*, Manny Albam (eight parts).
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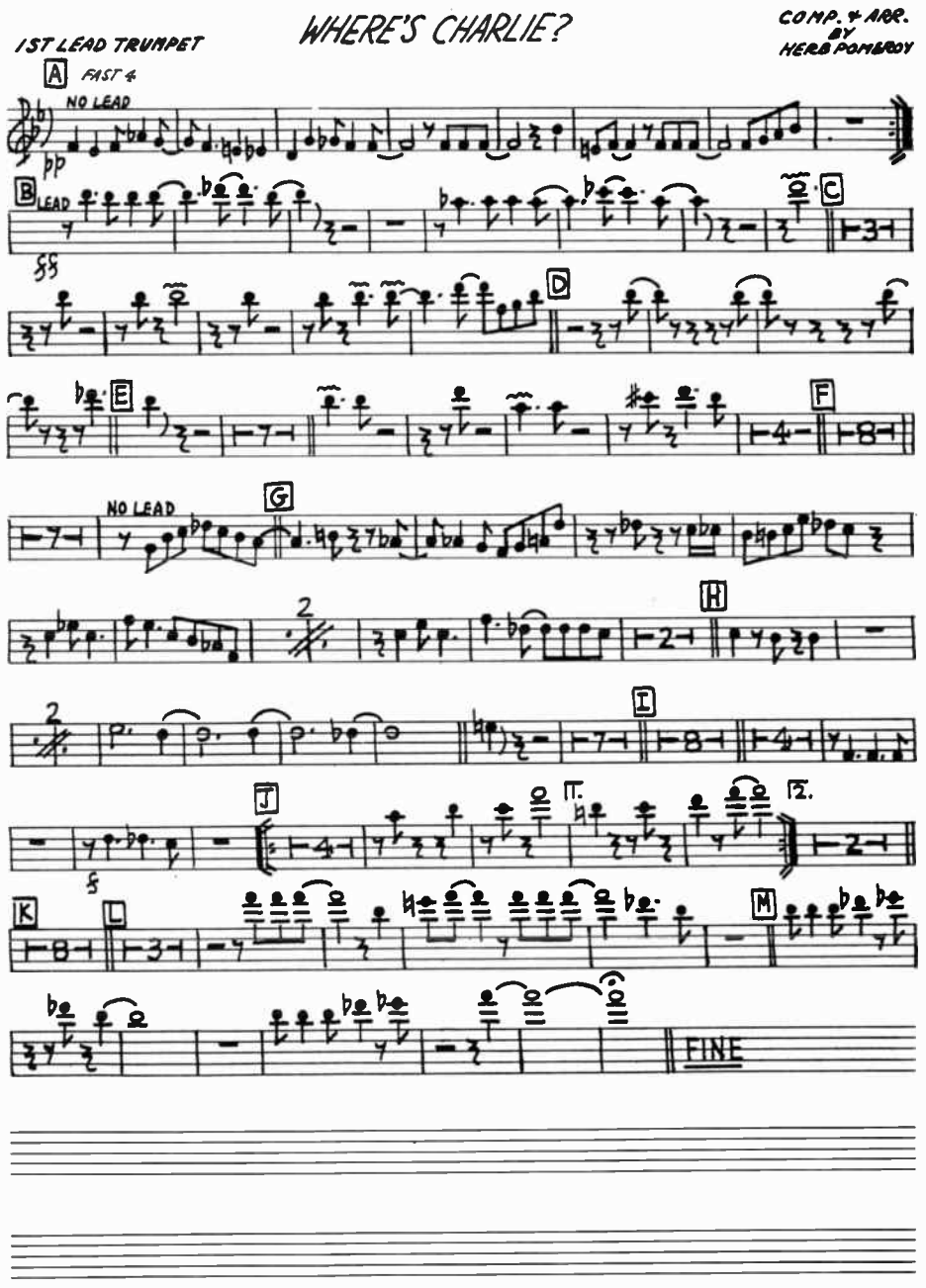

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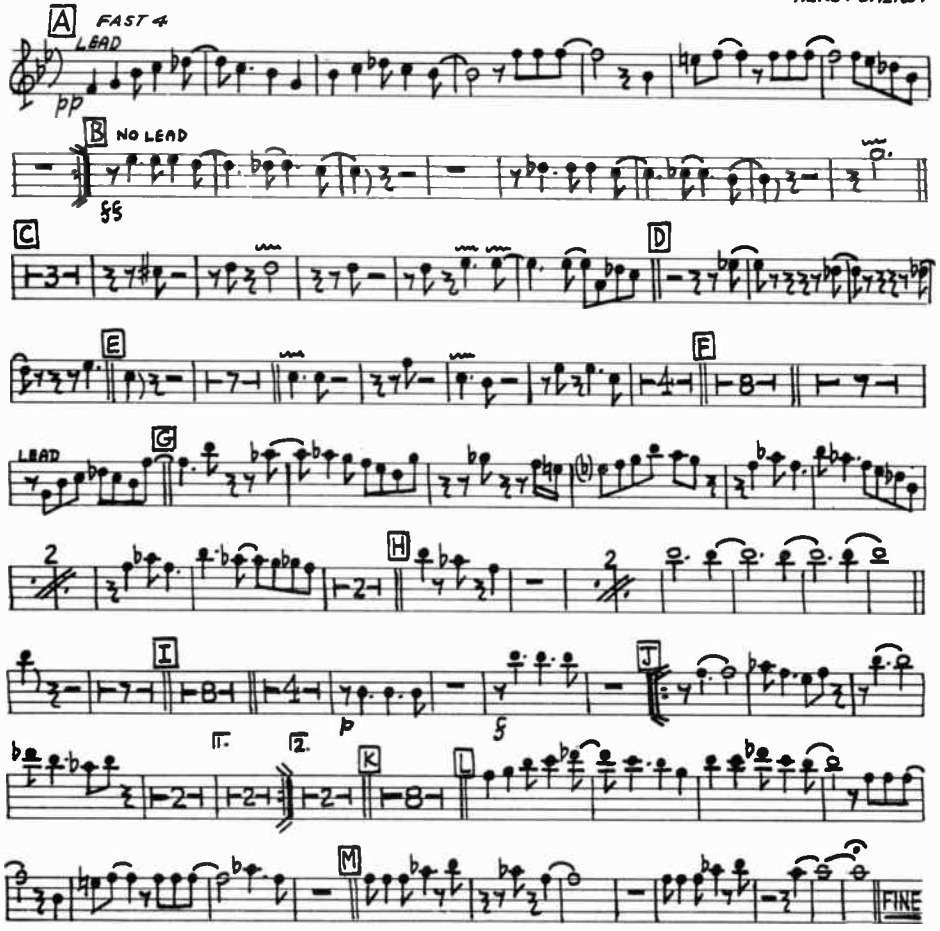
COMP. & ARR. BY HERB POMEROY



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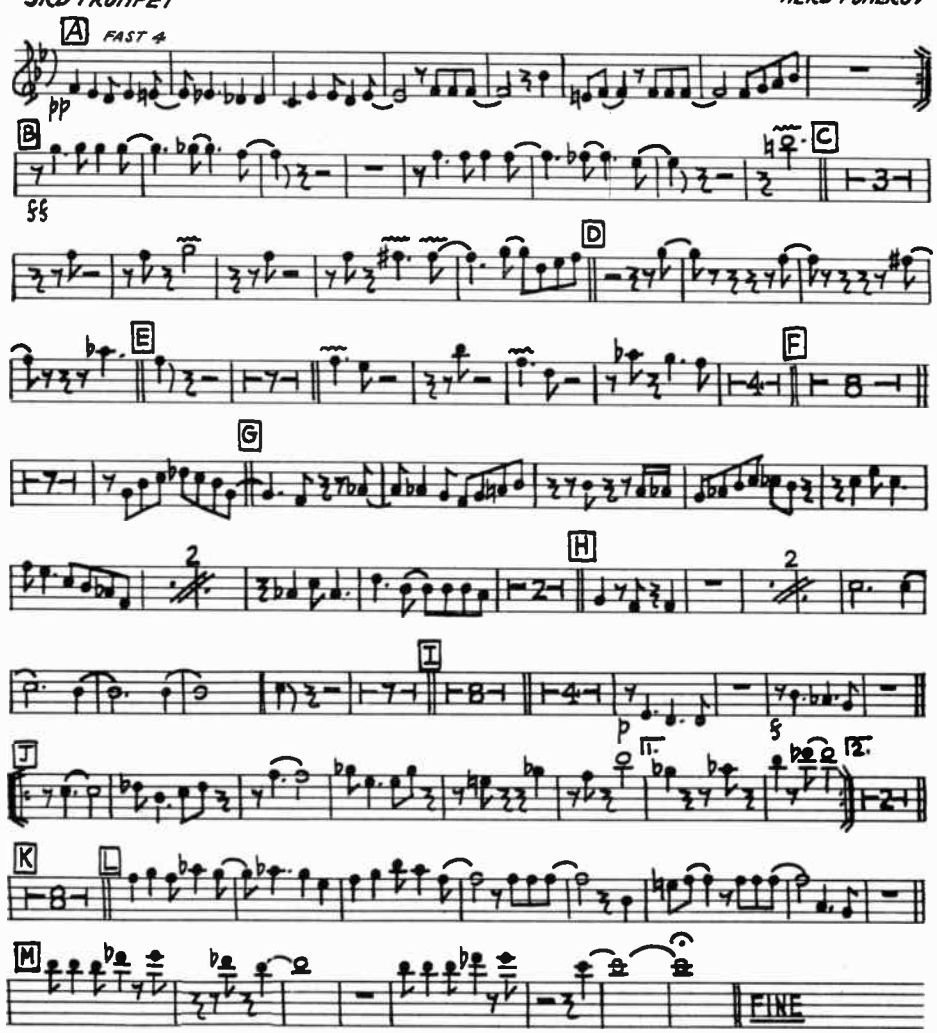

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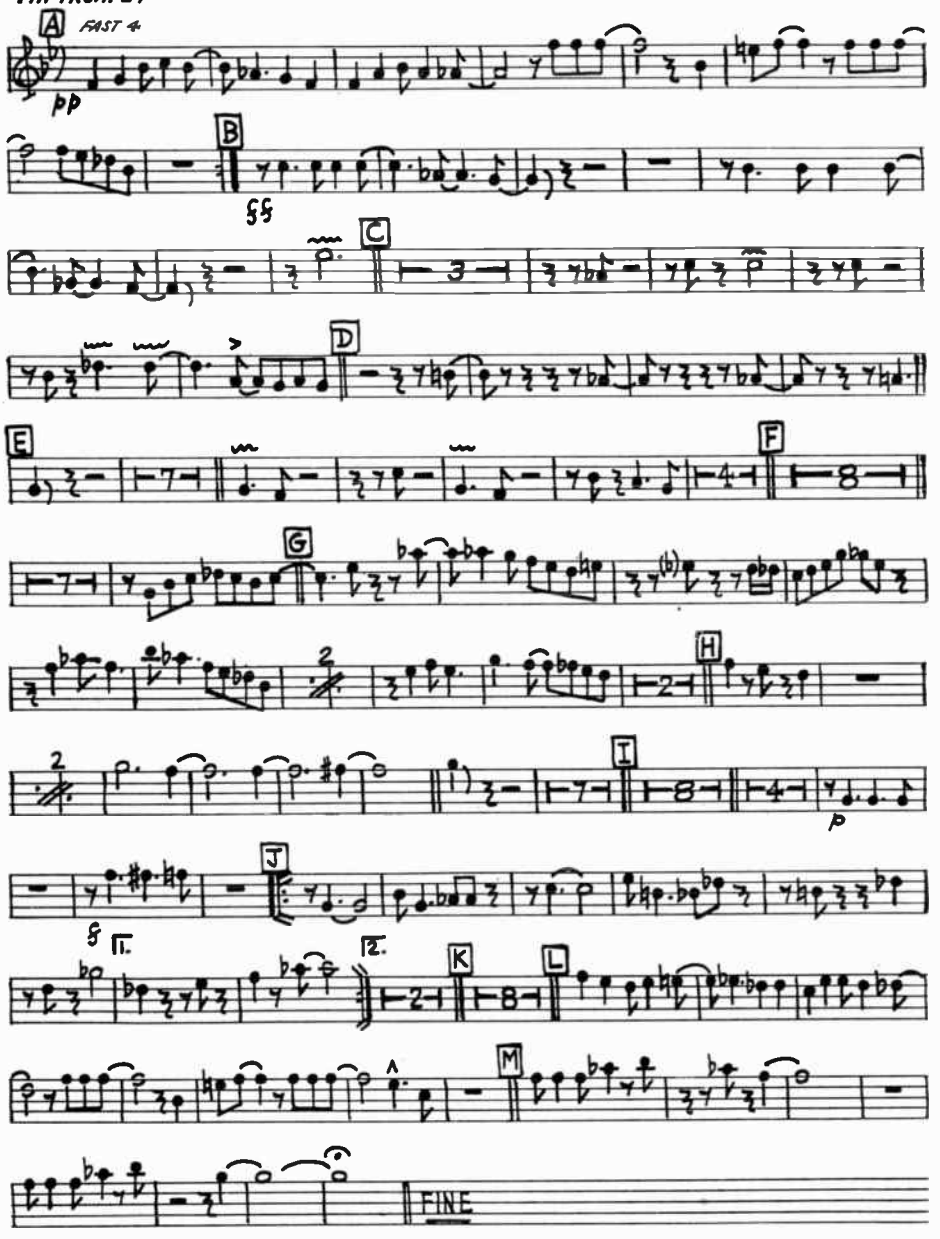
4TH TRUMPET



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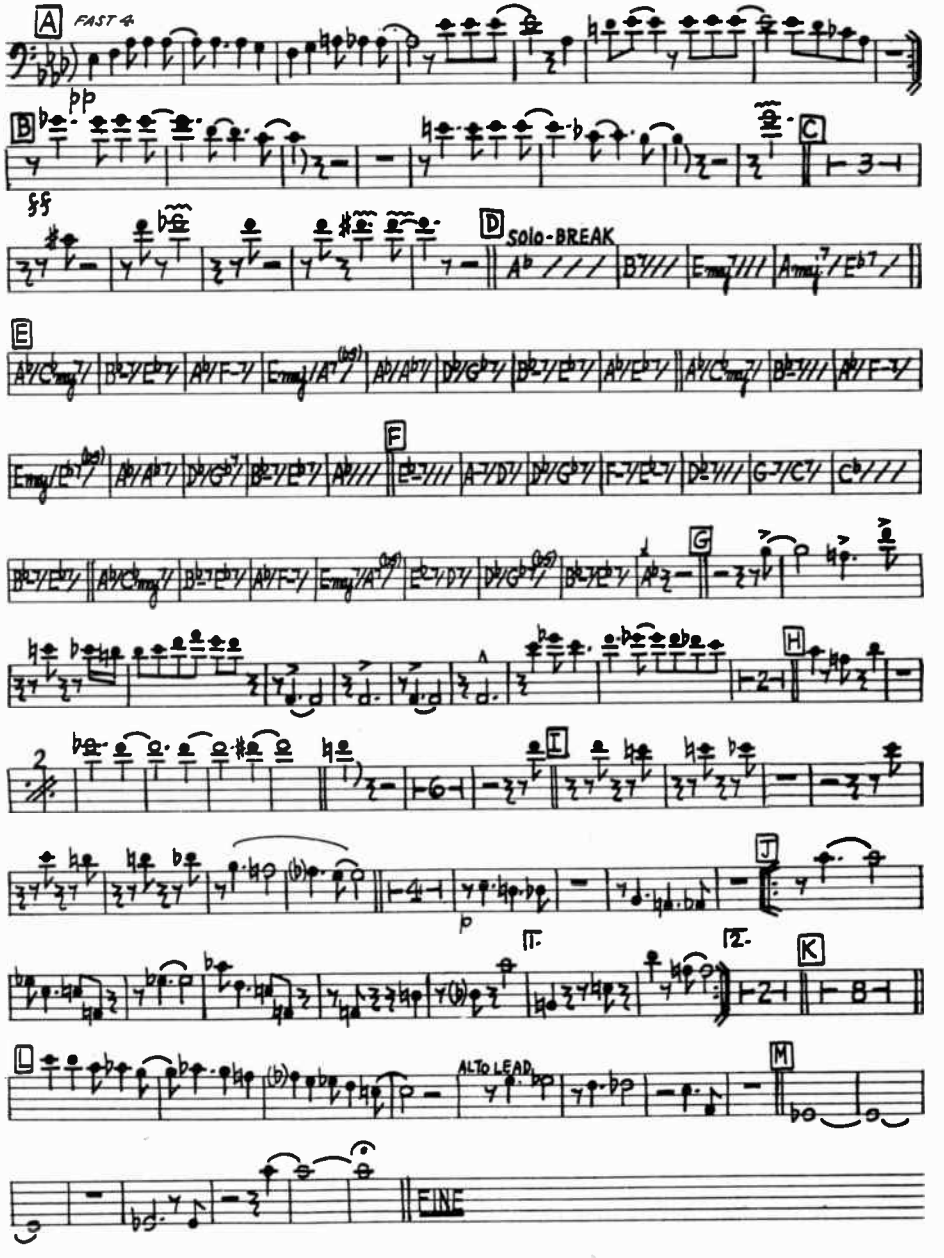

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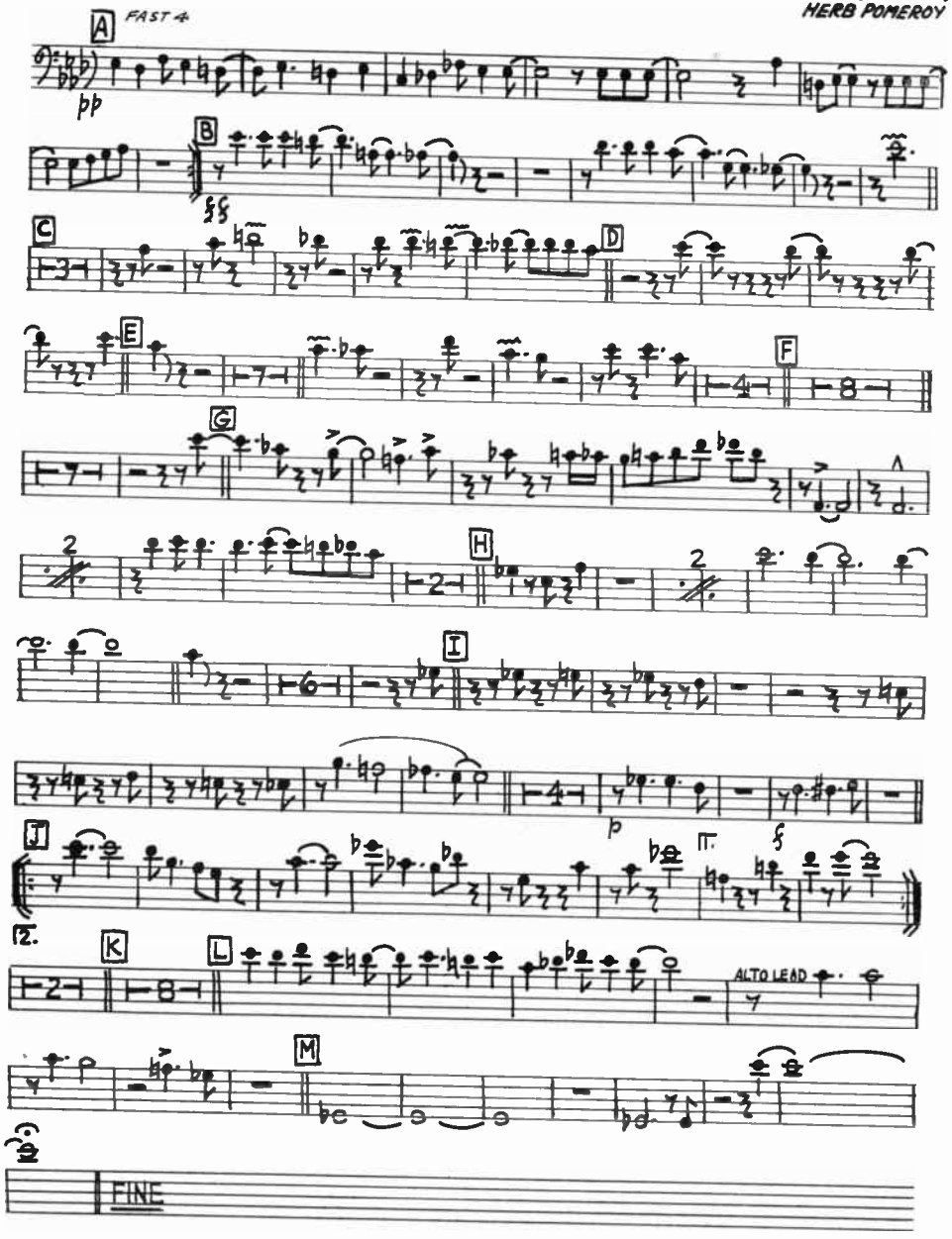

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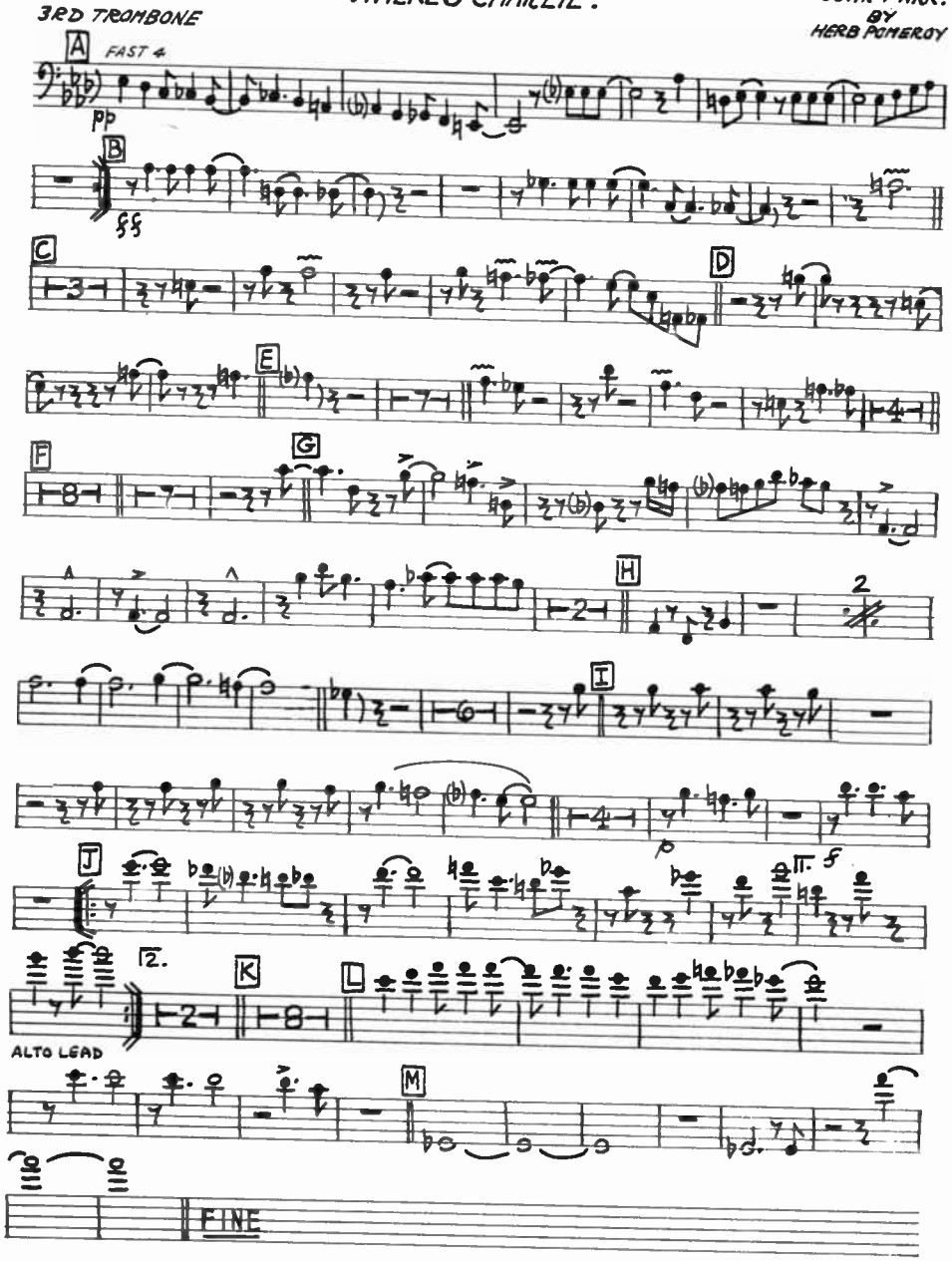

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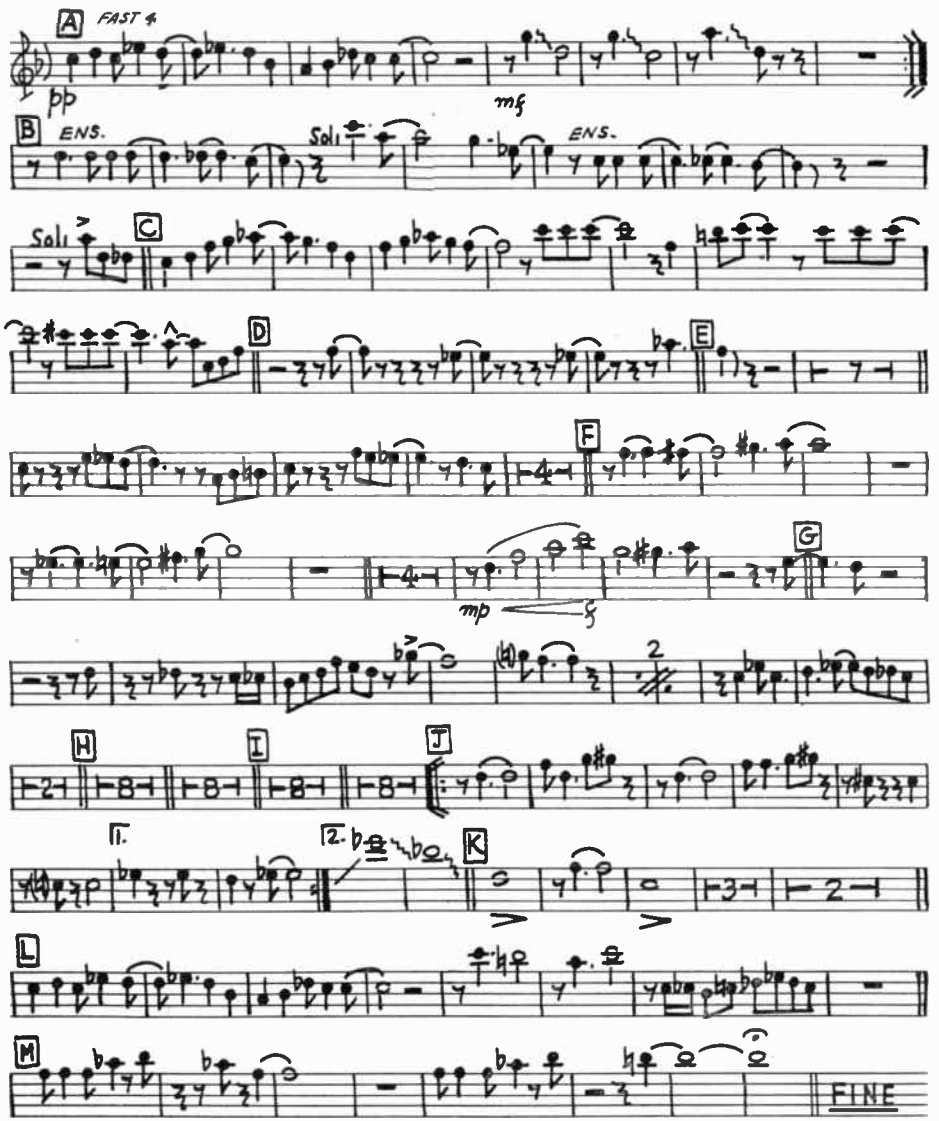

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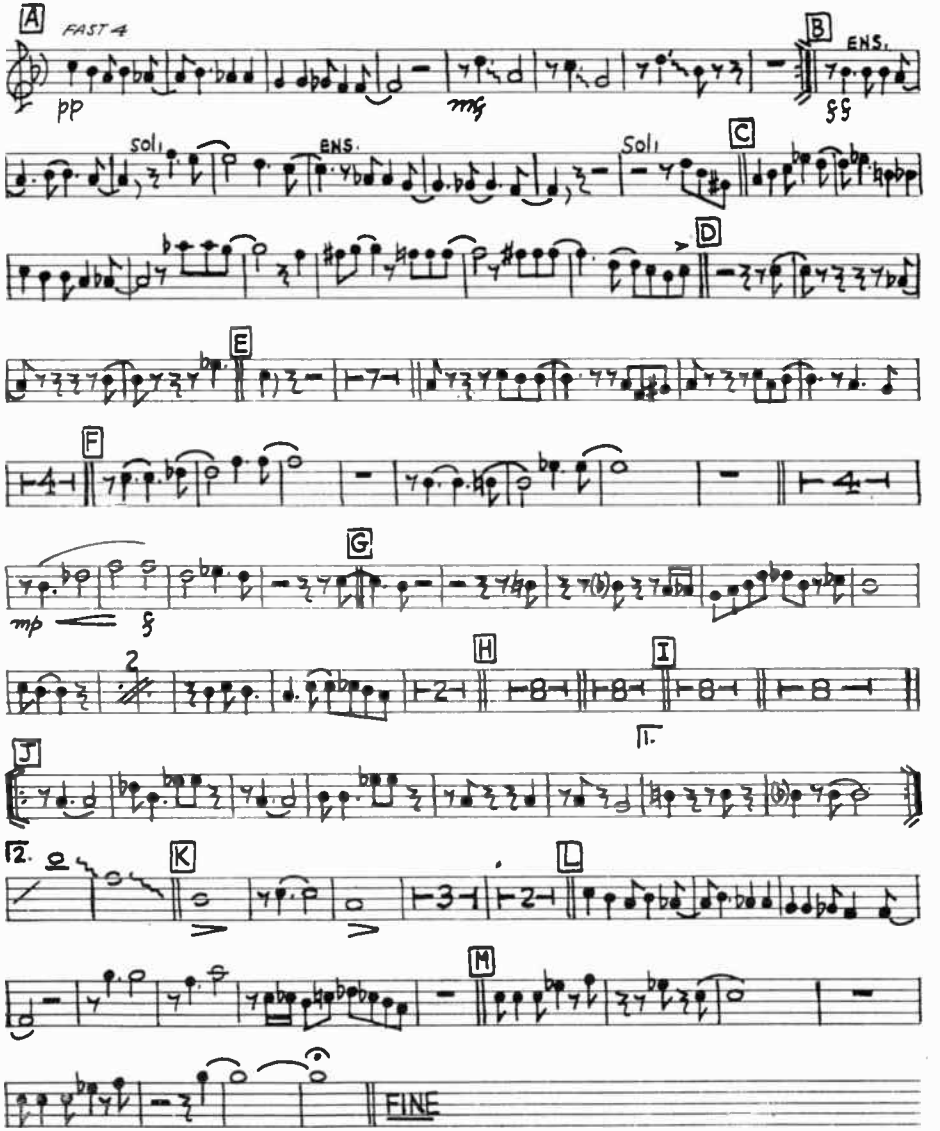

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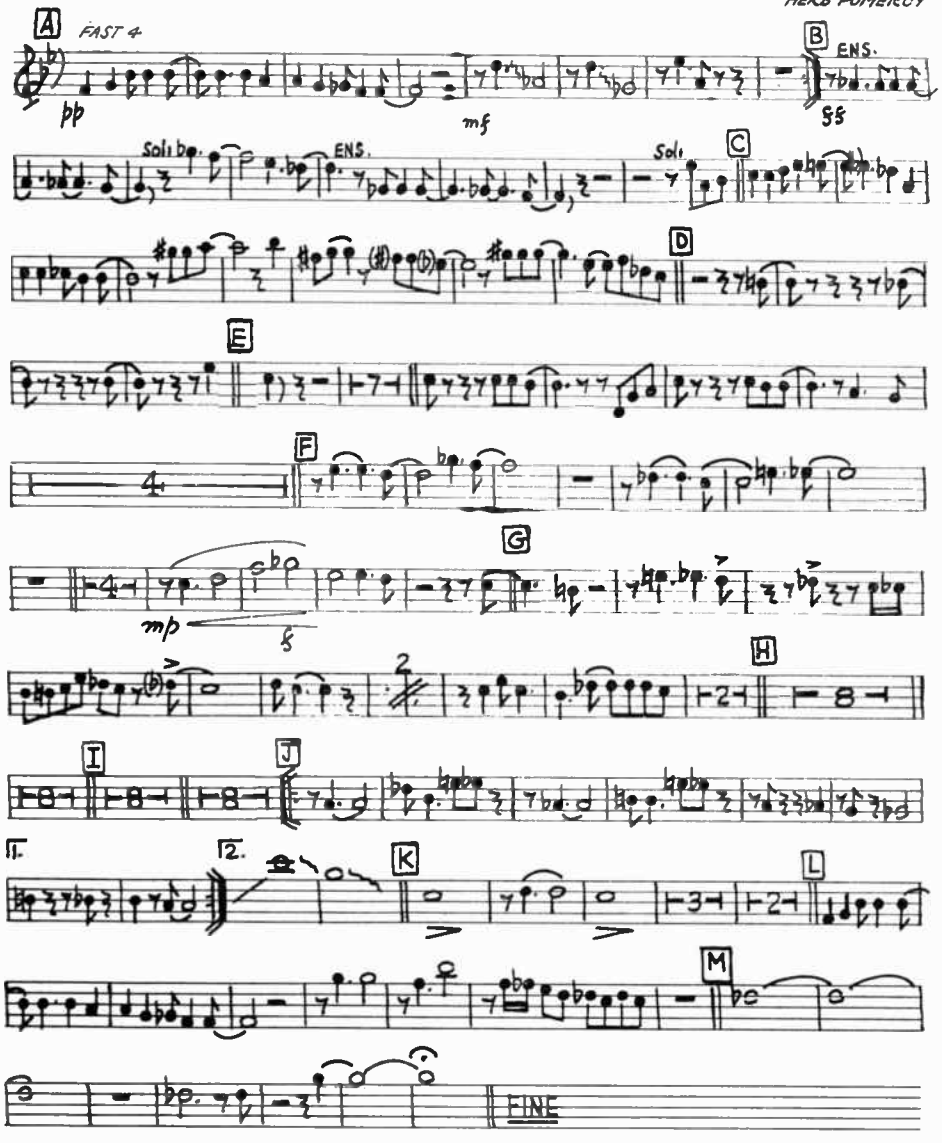

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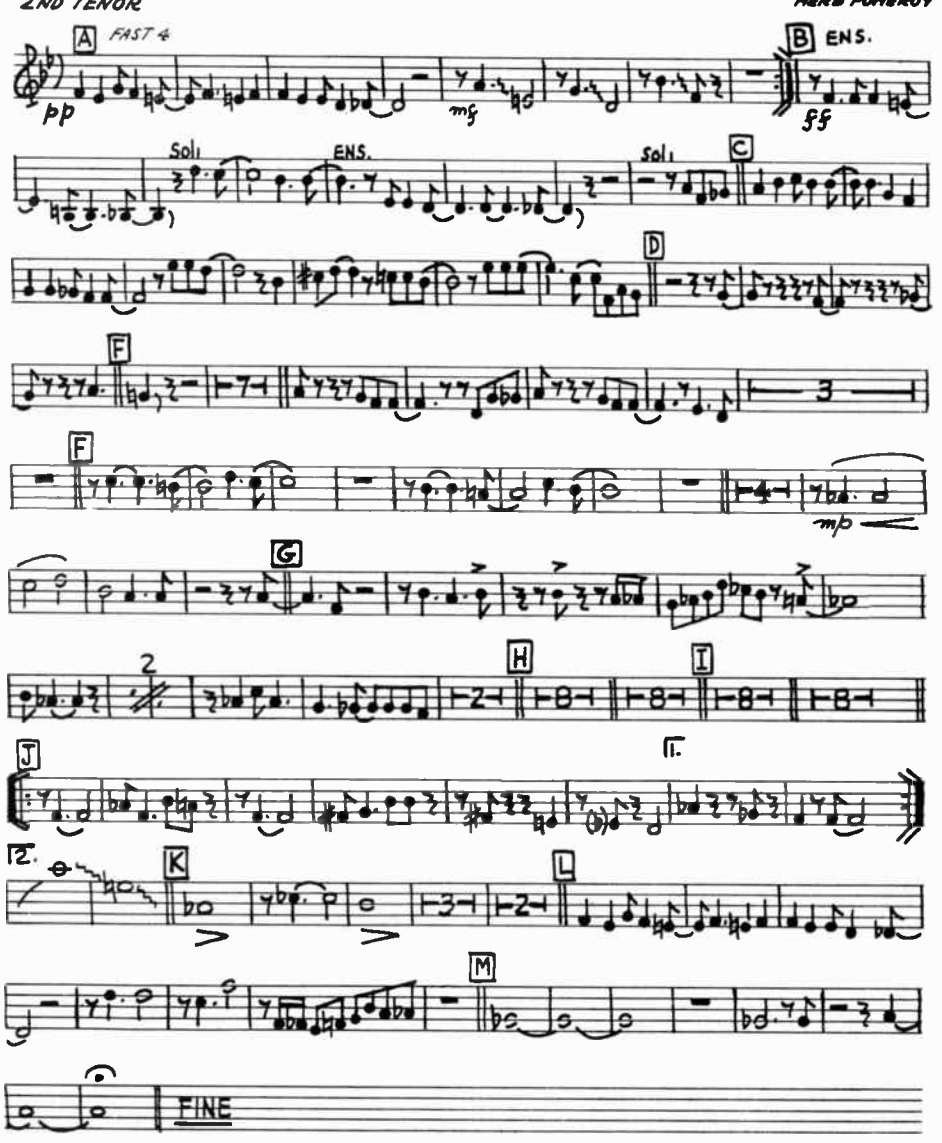

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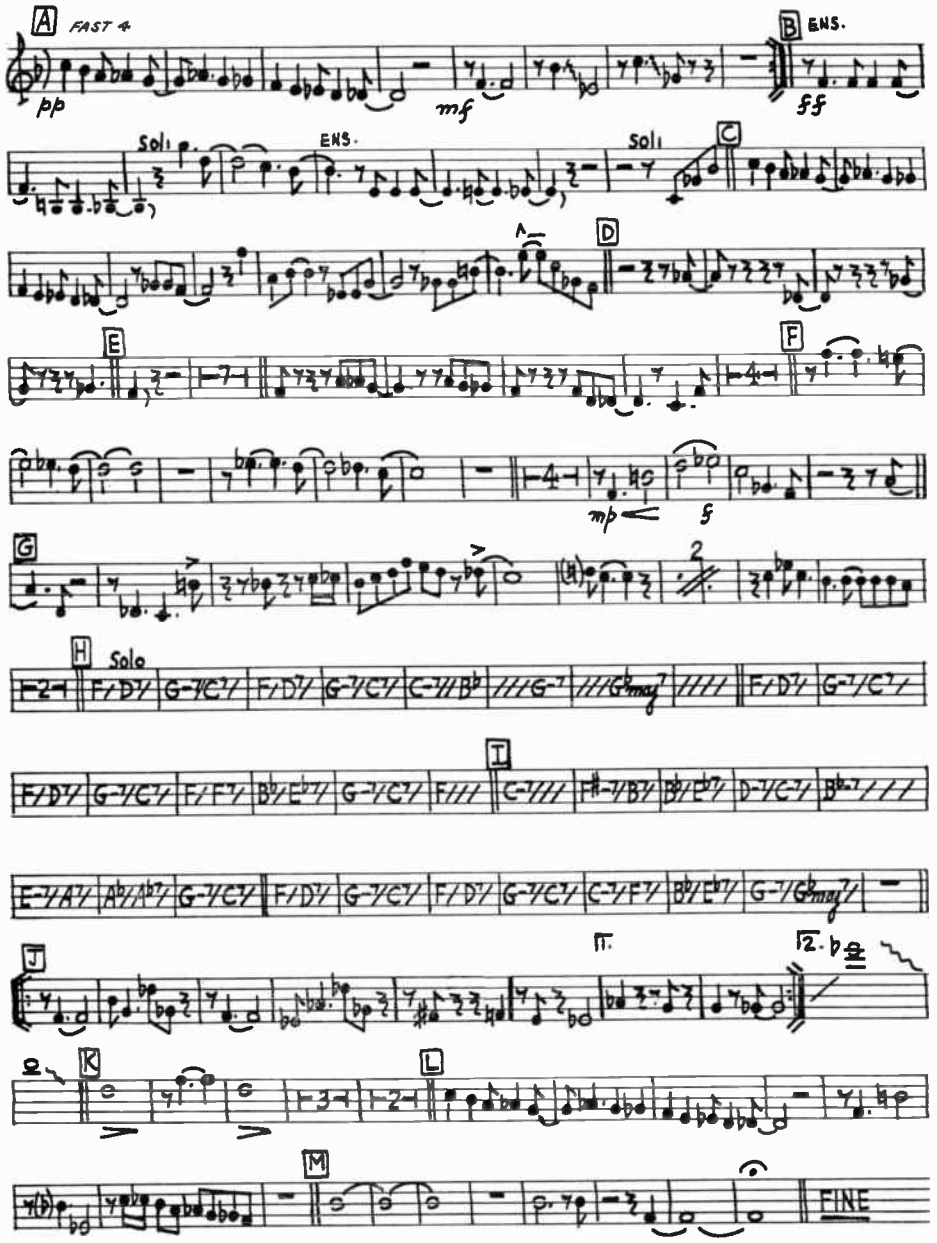

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DRUMS

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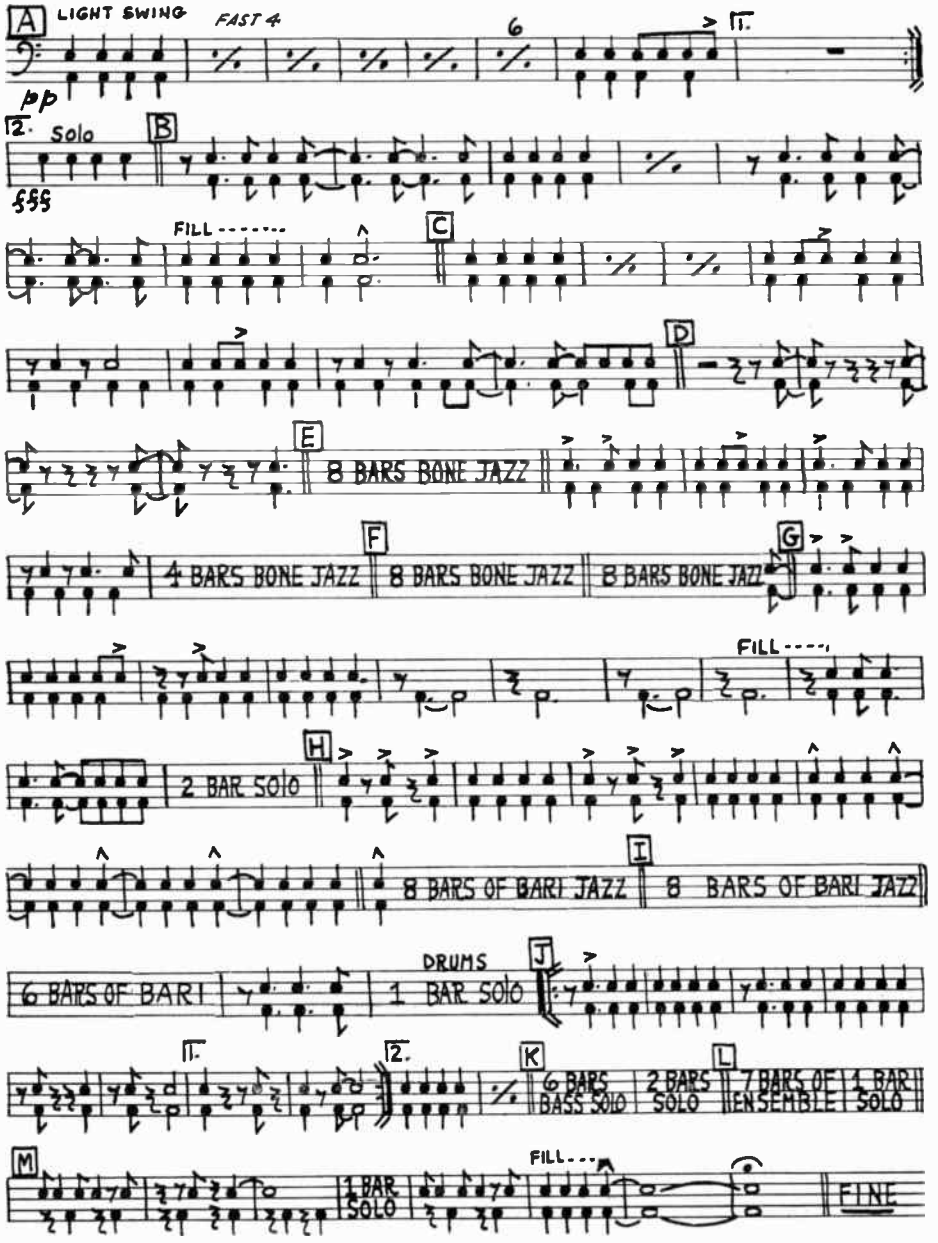

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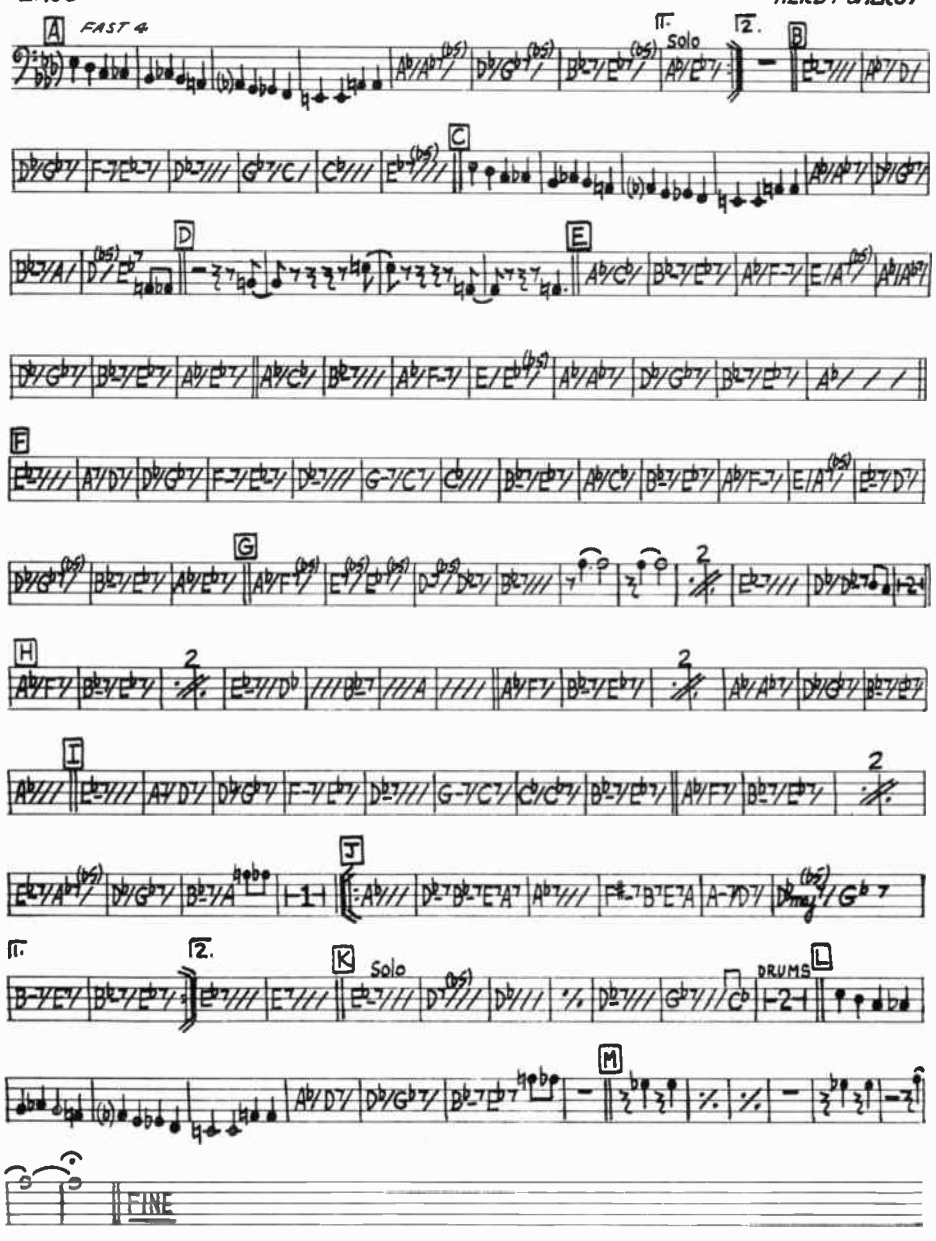
BASS



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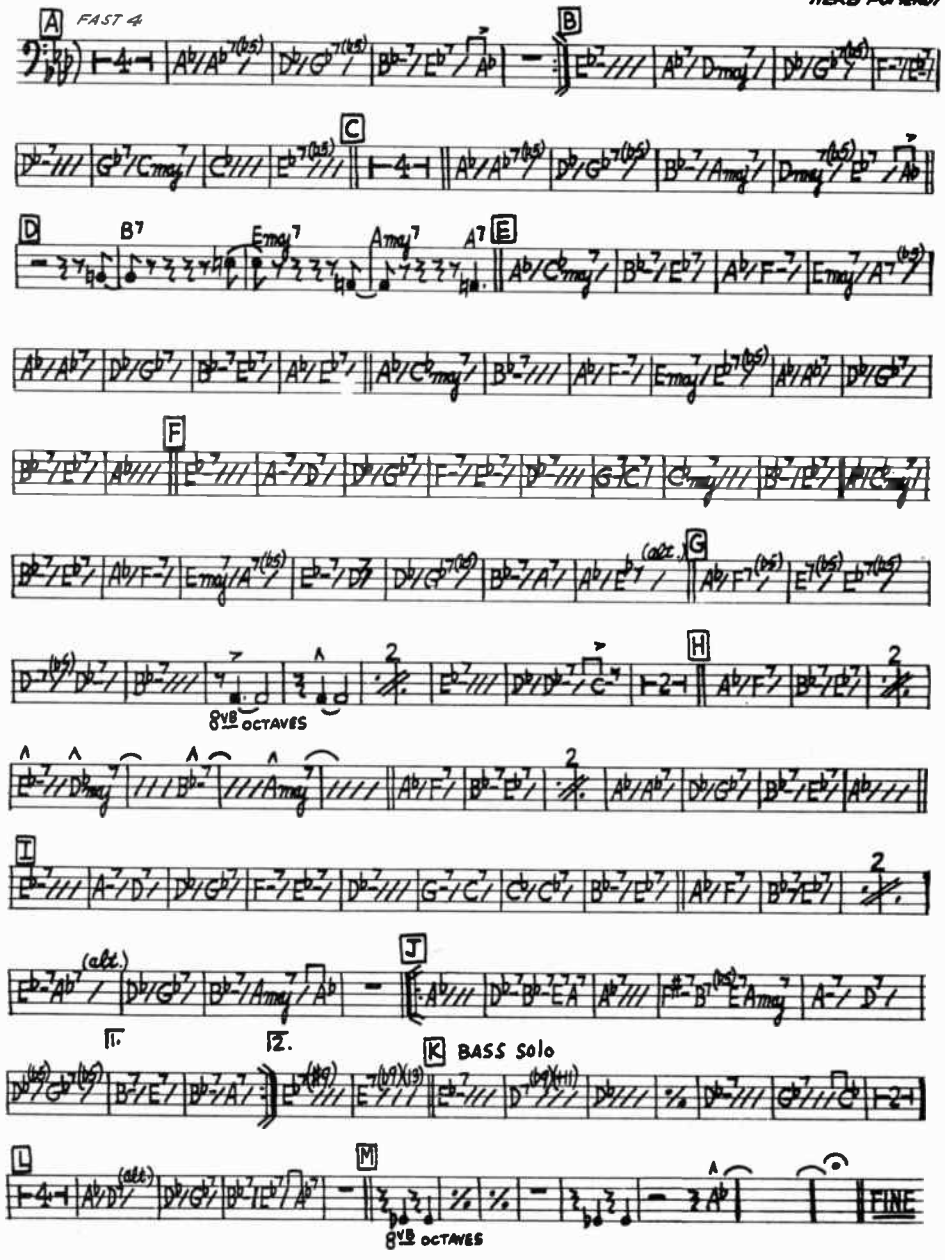
PIANO



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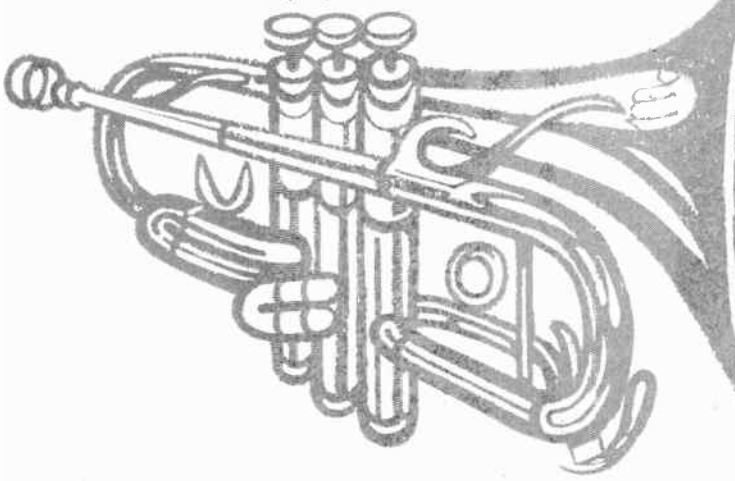
Miles Davis FIRST

Dizzy Gillespie SECOND

Art Farmer FOURTH



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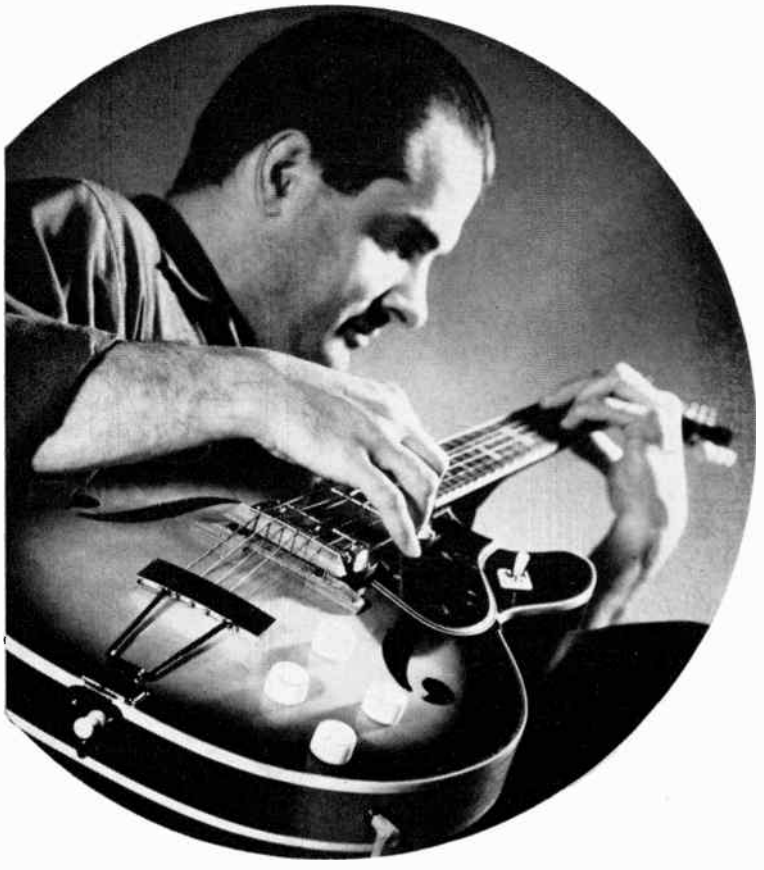

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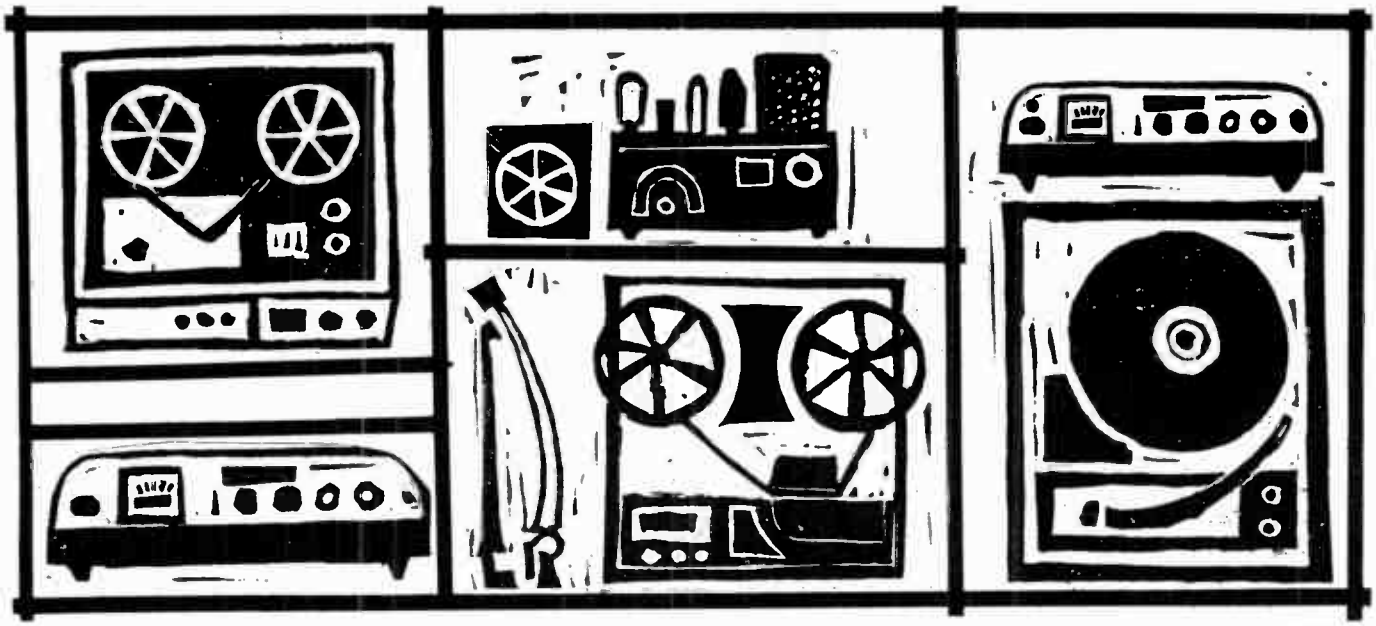


1959—THE YEAR THAT STEREO HIT

By Charles Graham

The year 1959 was the year stereo stopped being a novelty and became a reality. It moved out of the showrooms and hi-fi shows and into thousands of homes. Though more music lovers still had monophonic setups than stereo, most of them had some sort of stereo plan for the future.

Stereo discs are almost as common today as mono LPs. Few persons will refuse to buy a stereo disc rather than a monophonic one, assuming the cartridge at home is a stereo one to protect the disc against damage which a mono pickup can cause if used repeatedly.

It's true that Stan Kenton was reported to have said that stereo is "only a gimmick, with no musical validity, which will wind up a fiasco." (Reliable sources said subsequently that he'd been misquoted.) And Louis Armstrong, a long-time tape recordist and possessor of a fine monophonic components system, firmly said stereo was not for him . . . yet. Nevertheless, the trend toward home stereo in 1959 was strong, growing stronger.

What is stereo?

It's sound with another dimension added, often in such a way that the relative placement of the instruments at the recording session can be noted in the playback. Properly recorded and played back, it always provides a feel of spaciousness, pushing the walls of one's listening room out, extending the sensation of liveness materially. Stereo playback requires the use of two speakers separated by perhaps seven or eight feet, two amplifiers, and a stereo pickup, tape player, or radio broadcast.

Ray Eldridge watches while Charles Graham checks Ray's wiring of a Dynaca 50-watt amplifier for his stereo setup.

Jahn Hammand listens ta his Acaustic Research AR-2 speakers at hame.

Another big trend in 1959 was kits. They were for putting together amplifiers and tuners, phonograph turntables, and arms and sold in ever larger number.

Do-it-yourselfism spread in high fidelity, as in boats and home workshops. The minimum required cost for putting together one's own components system, stereo or mono, declined.

Although there were a number of stereo discs sold during the fall of 1958, their sound quality was uneven and largely inferior to that available on tape (stereo tape had been in home use for several years). During the last year, the quality of stereo discs improved substantially. After a number of false starts, Westrex made available

World Radio History

its 3-C stereo recording cutter to the record companies, and Fairchild Recording produced a reliable cutter with extended high-frequency response. Telefunken stereo cutters were imported, and other companies had much-improved ones available or in the works.

Meanwhile, equipment for playing stereo discs also improved. By year's end, every maker of components had stereo playback equipment, and most had stopped making mono amplifiers.

Improvement was particularly noticeable in the pickup cartridges for stereo discs. The pickup has a difficult job to do even on a monophonic disc. With stereo, its complicated electromechanical job gets even tougher. The first stereo pickups of most manufacturers were unable to reproduce stereo records properly in 1958 and early 1959. Today there are a number of excellent

John Hommond (left) supervised the re-recording of his two Cornegie holl concerts of 1938-39. Releosed lote in 1959, the quality of these oncient sessions is surprisingly good, though deficient in extreme treble response.

stereo pickups available. And makers of some of the finest, Dyna-Empire and Fairchild, have designed them so that the user can change the diamond stylus (which wears faster on stereo than on mono discs) at home.

It should be noted here that Pickering and Shure magnetic pickups already have had this convenience as opposed to some high-quality units, which had to be returned to the factory for stylus replacement. This has not been the case with crystal cartridges, but until recently most experts and audiophiles looked down their noses at nonmagnetic pickups. Now there are some ceramic ones that rival the magnetics soundwise.

Besides improved high-frequency response and better stereo separation in playback cartridges and on the discs themselves, there have been improvements in recording techniques in the last year. The exaggerated separation of some of the early stereo discs (and tapes, too) is largely gone, thus lessening the need for a third (center) channel to prevent the so-called hole-in-the-middle effect.

A number of makers of packaged phonographs, including Motorola and Sylvania, are promoting the three-channel concept. This despite the fact that packaged console phonographs are most frequently all-in-one sets, with two speakers at each end of a large cabinet. In real high fidelity setups, with the separated speakers seven or more feet apart, there sometimes may be reason for a center-fill channel. More and more high-quality amplifiers and preamp units are making provision for the center channel *at user's option*. But generally speaking, it's unnecessary and doesn't add to the stereo or spatial effect of a *properly* set up system.

Another equipment trend is the blossoming of all-in-one tuner-amplifier combinations, especially for stereo. These units are a real mass of tubes and parts and cost $200 to $400.

Though they are (thus far) as good electrically as equivalent separate units (stereo tuner and stereo amplifier), this writer does not in most cases recommend them for stereo. First, these units save little money over similar two-piece units for the same job, yet they deny some of the advantage of component high fidelity: flexibility of installation and of later change or adaptation. Second, any failure of one part may disable the entire set and require repair outside the home. This is less true as one goes to two, three, or even four pieces of gear for a components setup. However, these all-in-one units, the Scott 399 and the Fisher 600, for example, *will* provide repro-

Bobby Hockett listens to stereo over his Koss heodphones. At left is his Thorens turntable, Grado orm ond Foirchild cortridge, Fisher 600 tuner-omplifier. Tope recorder is an Ampex 960. On the rood he takes o Tondberg model 5, his phones, and o tiny Sony FM-AM rodio.

duction every bit as good as similar separate units.

The makers of packaged hi-fi sets (pre-high fidelity translation: "phonograph") have complete lines of stereo players now, and they can be bought for as little as $39.95, rendering true stereo, however limited their bass and upper treble frequency response may be. The major disadvantages of these sets, outside of their limited sound fidelity lie in weight of their arms, which are mostly nonadjustable, a bit too heavy, and/or stiff by reason of the wires at their rear. Such sets also are sold without diamond styluses, but such a stylus can be bought for $15. Jensen Industries recently offered a "lifetime needle." Jensen charges a slight premium for the diamond. It costs $25, list price. It should be worth it, however, for Jensen is an old and reliable company. Its guarantee, "for the life of the user" no doubt will be honored. Its replacement styluses are available for most packaged hi-fi sets and for some components system pickups.

About one in eight audiophiles already has some sort of stereo setup operating (the proportion is much

A convert to stereo in 1959 wos Dizzy Gillespie. Here he's seen listening to stereo from his new Duol chonger and Electro-Voice cortridge. Tape recorder is Norelco.

higher among *new* purchasers of both component setups and packaged units), and by the end of this year, it's likely that about one-third to half the high fidelity rigs working will be stereo.

All through 1958 audiophiles and music lovers held off on tape, waiting to see what would happen. In 1959, RCA Victor finally got its tape cartridge machine into some stores in limited numbers, and Bell Sound joined RCA.

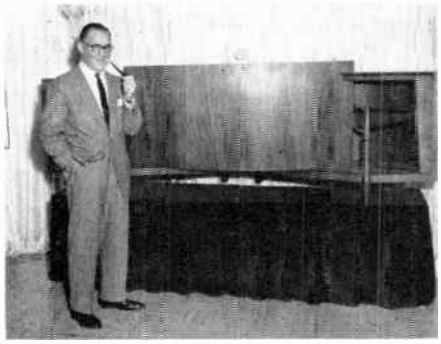
Scotch (Minnesota Mining) Tape, Zenith, CBS Labs, and others have unreleased plans for totally different tape cartridge system(s), however. Because of the still-prevalent uncertainty surrounding cartridges, most record companies have banded together, under the aegis of Ampex, as United Stereo Tapes, to issue quantities of recorded tapes at the old standard speed of 7½ inches a second (the RCA cartridge is 3¾ ips, four-track) but on four-track instead of the old standard two tracks.

It is reported that London and Decca have joined the other record companies issuing tapes through United Stereo Tapes. And Columbia Records has joined the MIRA (Magnetic Recording Industries association). The

World Radio History

cost of prerecorded tapes is thus cut—with the adoption of four-track, it is cut considerably—but it's still more expensive than stereo discs.

FM radio is again growing strong after slumping several years ago. This growth may be seen in the increased sale of FM-AM sets, FM-only models, and FM high fidelity tuners. There are more FM stations on the air than ever before, and they are increasing much more rapidly than are AM stations. There are now 650 FM stations broadcasting in the United States, compared with under 580 at the end of 1958. One hundred and fifty more are in construction, authorized by the Federal Communications Commission.



Benny Goodman has one of these JB Lansing Paragon speakers in his home stereo setup.

Transistors were starting to appear in the audio amplifiers for home use during 1959. Their virtues—small size, low power drain, little heat, resistance to shock—were of small importance in the home, while their disadvantages (though temporary and sure to be licked in time)—temperature drift, cost, and power output limitations—were still definite factors in home equipment.

Nevertheless, units appeared, not intrinsically better or worse than similar vacuum-tube amplifiers. They probably will sell in limited quantities for a while because of the magic still surrounding the word "transistor." Then in time, transistor technology may catch up with and pass vacuum tubes, and it's probable that within perhaps three or four years, they'll be in widespread use, taking over many vacuum-tube electronic functions in home entertainment.

Headphones, out of vogue except for pilots, navigators, and short-wave listeners for the last 20 years, are starting to come back into use with high fidelity stereophiles.

They've discovered that stereo sounds marvelous on the headphones developed by Koss, Inc., of Milwaukee, and others. Too, they make it practical to play stereo at full blast without anyone else hearing even a whisper.

Record clubs, no novelty any more, continued to spread among major rec-

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ord firms last year. The latest large operations of this sort include Capitol Records and the Diners' Club. Membership in one or more of these clubs can be very useful if one is new to record collecting, particularly in the classical field.

Louis Armstrong listens (it's still mono) to a recording he's just made on one Norelco tape recorder while accompanying himself played through the other recorder. Speaker (left) is by Acoustic Research. Fisher Amplifier is atop AR-2 speaker.

The selections are usually sound, for a basic library, and are made for club members by qualified experts. Thus, new record enthusiasts have available accepted musical masterpieces at substantial savings. If one already has well-developed tastes, a fair-sized library, or lives in a large metropolitan center, the club selections may tend to be too restrictive and may offer little savings over the discounts usually found in big record shops.

Electronics is continuing to branch out of the home, with highway hi-fi getting another lease on life. Last time, about three years ago, Chrysler had a special record at very slow speed developed along with a special player. The machines were tricky and records not widely available (nor with much musical variety) so phonographs in cars died that time. But now RCA Victor has come up with a thoroughly practical player for standard 45-rpm single and EP discs. They're available as optional equipment now in Plymouths and DeSotos and gradually may become more popular.

Transistors have made portable television a reality, with Philco producing a set for less than $250 that plays anywhere, and uses a rechargeable battery. Prices should come down gradually.

And in the future we can expect to see home recorders akin to the present tape recorders. These machines will play back (and record) any TV program, probably on tape. RCA already has worked out such a machine. The first models are too expensive, but they're coming.

Another trend in home entertainment included the introduction during the last 12 months of many stereo recorders, tape machines that record as well as play back stereo. All tape recorder makers have stereo machines, though a few don't yet make them for *recording* stereo. Most will play either four-track or two-track tapes. Those that will record stereo usually do it only on four-track. All these machines are at least two-speed.

More stereo broadcasts than ever went onto regular weekly schedules over stations all around the country. However, the stereo multiplex situation still was unresolved in 1959, though an industry committee was working on recommendations to make to the FCC.

Finally, RCA brought out a "magic ingredient" that appeared to have licked the old problem of static-attracted dust in the grooves of LP records. A step ahead, it worked.

The Russians who saw U.S. high fidelity set up at the U.S. exposition in Moscow preferred jazz to all other music played for them there. U.S. observers reported that several Russians found ways to get tape machines in to copy our jazz and many others had the Americans copy jazz for them on Russian tape. They complained about the poor quality of the *Voice of America*, until they found out it was due to Russian jamming of the broadcasts.

Fred Waring follows score listening to stereo over two University loudspeakers. Unit at right carries only treble sounds.

The growing interest of Americans in music in the home also was shown in another development during 1959. This was the incredible sale of home organs, largely electronic. Many new companies sprang up to market them, and sales of the old established companies especially in the lower price ranges, were up considerably.

Although high fidelity and stereo sales didn't reach the heights predicted by industry optimists, the components industry saw strong sales advances. Among the components brought out during 1959, which went to make good home music listening systems, the following were outstanding values in their respective price brackets:

World Radio History

CHRONOLOGY OF THE PHONOGRAPH

1877 Hand-cranked "phonograph" invented—Edison. Tin-foil cylinder.

1887 Disc record invented—Berliner. Player called Gramophone.

1888 Radio waves generated—Hertz.

1890 First jukeboxes; nickel-play cylinders in public places. Cylinders for sale—two-minute play, vertical cut.

1894 Hard rubber discs for public sale — Berliner. Gramophones still hand-cranked.

1896 Spring motor for Gramophones invented. Shellac in place of hard rubber.

1899 First magnetic recording, very crude—Poulsen in Denmark.

1902 Enrico Caruso and other stars begin recording.

1906 Victor markets phonograph with enclosed horn. Pathe switches from cylinders to discs. Mechanical recording with response from about 100 to 5,000 cycles.

1907 Triode vacuum tube (first amplifiers and oscillators) — De-Forest.

1912 Columbia switches from cylinders to discs.

1913 Odeon (Germany) issues first symphonies. Edison produces his first discs (vertical cut), continues with cylinders.

1917 Original Dixieland Jass Band makes first jazz record on Victor.

1924 Network radio starts with weekly broadcasts. WEAF (now WNBC, New York City) is key station.

1925 Electrical (electronic) recording. Playback machines still mechanical.

1926 National Broadcasting Company formed.

1926 All companies switch from vertical cut to lateral (present) cut.

1927 First transatlantic radiotelephone.

1928 Electrodynamic loudspeaker — Bell laboratories.

1929 RCA converts phonograph plant to radios. Edison goes out of phonograph and record business.

1931 Stereo discs patented by A. D. Blumlein, EMI (England).

1934 U.S. Decca formed. Thirty-five-cent label with Fletcher Henderson, Louis Armstrong, Glen

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1940 First FM stations authorized by FCC. Columbia cuts Red Seal prices from $2 to $1. RCA follows. Germany produces high-quality tape recorder, Magnetophon, using thick steel tapes.

1942 American Federation of Musicians recording ban.

1947 Magnetic recording in United States gets off ground — with plastic and paper tapes.

1948 Columbia brings out LP microgroove discs.

1949 RCA Victor brings out 45-rpm microgroove discs.

1950 High fidelity begins to spread with assembling of big speakers. heavy amplifiers for home listening. FCC authorizes 98 television stations.

1952 First stereo discs marketed, with two separate mono bands on one disc, requiring tandem arm, two pickup cartridges.

1953 FCC authorizes RCA's color system.

1954 Stereo taping of studio recording sessions becomes the practice.

1956 English Decca reported working on single-groove stereo disc a la Blumlein (1931). Stereo tapes for home use spreading. First videotape recorder produced—Ampex.

1957 (August) Westrex Corp. reinvents single-groove stereo disc.

1958 (January) first commercial stereo discs—Audio Fidelity.

1959 Stereo discs commonplace. Slow-speed tape and four-track tape on market for home use. First truly portable TV sets, self-powered, transistorized — Philco. Stereo broadcasting; FM-AM, FM-FM, TV-FM-AM often on weekly schedule. Stereo tape recorders widely produced and sold.

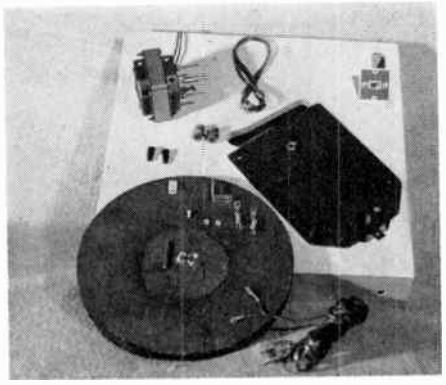
196? Home recording of TV programs. FCC approval of stereo multiplex broadcast system. Intercontinental TV broadcasts. TV telephone. db

World Radio History

STEREO NEWS

PICKS OF THE YEAR

Low Priced High Fidelity



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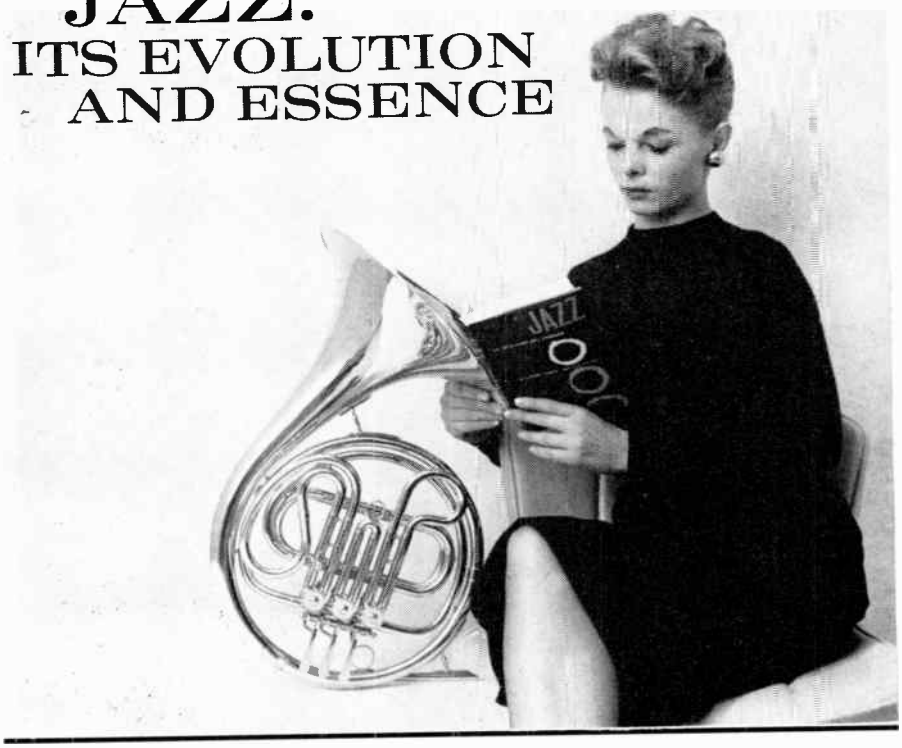
EICO FM tuner kit HFT-90K	$40
or	
Knight KN-140 FM tuner (not kit)	$44.50

JAZZ: ITS EVOLUTION AND ESSENCE



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LOUIS ARMSTRONG *uses two* NORELCO *'Continental' Tape Recorders at home and always takes them with him on his world-wide concert tours. Says* LOUIS, *"I tape phono records and airshots all the time and if I'm in the room talking with friends, my* NORELCOS *keep right on copying with the volume turned down." Louis also finds the choice of three speeds convenient, using the slowest, 1⅞ ips for interviews and speech recordings, the 3¾ speed for some music, and the 7½ speed for live recording. He says, "I've tried lots of tape machines since I got my first one in 1948, but* NORELCO *is the one for me." Recently he picked up two* NORELCO *'Continentals' in Copenhagen. Set to run on the European power frequency of 50 cycles, they were reset for 60 cycles when he returned to the United States. Like all* NORELCO *recorders they can be set in a few minutes for any power voltage requirement anywhere in the world; from 110 to 250 volts. The* NORELCO *'Continental' is a product of North American Philips Company, Inc., High Fidelity Products Division, Dept. 1FF1, 230 Duffy Avenue, Hicksville, Long Island, New York.*

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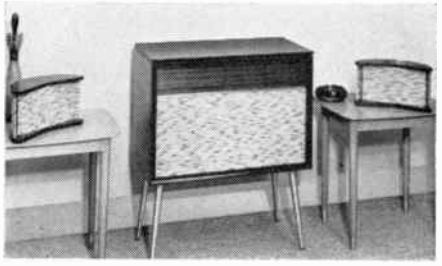
Economy in Stereo, March 14.
Starting in Stereo, April 14.
Stepping Up to Stereo, May 12.
Music Outdoors, June 9.
The Highest Fi, July 21.
Festival Sound Systems, Aug. 18.

STEREO NEWS

PICKS OF THE YEAR

Medium Priced Hi-Fi Stereo



Heathkit Stereo

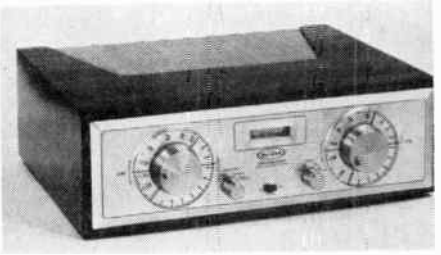
Garrard RC121	$42
Scott 222 amplifier (dual 12-watts)	$140
Shure Custom pickup	$24
or	
Pickering arm and cartridge	$49
Acoustic Research AR-2A speakers	@ $120
Acoustic Research AR-2	@ $89-107
or	
Heathkit AS-2 (similar to AR-2)	$70

World Radio History

STEREO NEWS

PICKS OF THE YEAR

Luxury Priced



H. H. SCOTT stereo tuner (FM-AM)

Thorens TD-124 turntable $99.50
Garrard RC-98 changer $68
Components arm kit (above)
or
Dyna-Empire arm $38.50
Shure Professional pickup $45
or
Pickering arm and cartridge $49
Scott 130 De Luxe preamp $170
and
Dynaco Stereo 70 (Dual 35) power amplifier kit $99; factory-wired $130
or
McIntosh C-20 stereo preamp $225
and
McIntosh MC-30 power amplifier (two for stereo) @ $143
Scott 310-C FM tuner $175
or
Scott stereo tuner (FM-AM) $225
Norelco stereo playback (mono record) Continental tape machine $300
Tandberg stereo record and
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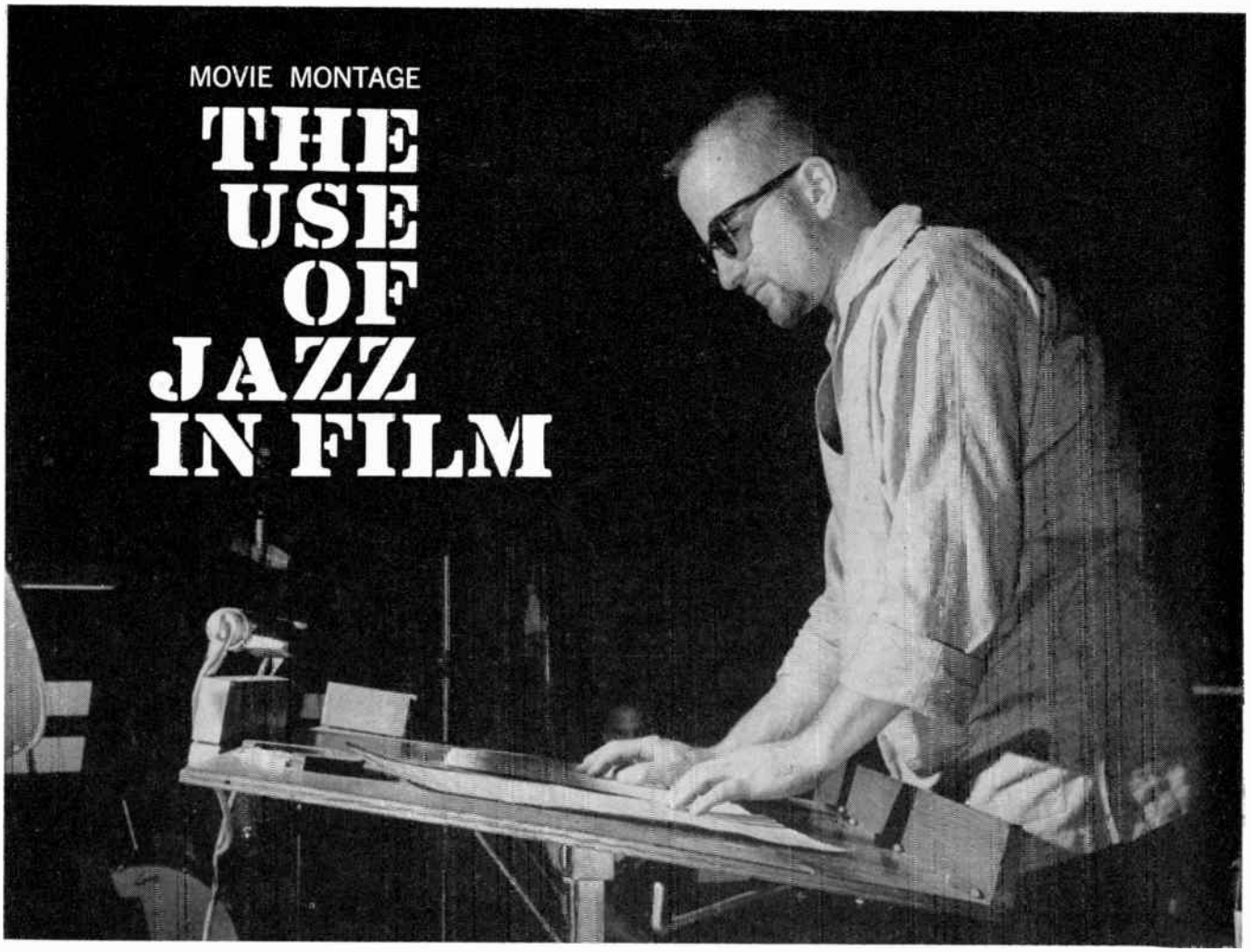
MOVIE MONTAGE

THE USE OF JAZZ IN FILM



Johnny Mandel at work

Since 1952, modern jazz has been creeping into motion picture underscores. That year Leith Stevens wrote sections of modern jazz into his music for the Stanley Kramer picture, *Eight Iron Men*, easing open the door to a new domain for today's jazz composer.

In 1959, it is generally agreed that the most ambitious and successful attempt to use modern jazz in movie background music was John Mandel's underscore for last year's crime-melodrama, *I Want to Live!*

Since Mandel's music played an important role in stimulating interest in that film via phonograph recordings and press comment, producers at last may be on the verge of truly appreciating the value of jazz music in motion pictures. Certainly in the last year there has been evidence that, far from fading from producers' interest, the use of jazz in Hollywood movies is becoming established.

Recently the Los Angeles office of *Down Beat* arranged for the first authoritative public discussion of the subject. That discussion is presented here. Participating were composers Mandel and Hugo Friedhofer with KMPC disc jockey Bill Stewart moderating.

Friedhofer's work in motion picture music over the last quarter century has won him an Academy award for his score in *The Best Years of Our Lives* and eight Oscar nominations in connection with other films. With Stewart asking the questions and guiding the discussion, the following conversation was tape-recorded and transcribed:

STEWART: "As a veteran composer, Hugo . . . do you think that there is a place, or future for jazz in scoring films today, or do you feel that it is still basically a stepchild in the motion picture industry?"

FRIEDHOFER: ". . . You've got to take into consideration the fact that a great many people are inclined to look down their noses at the origins of jazz. I recall that in 1924, when Paul Whiteman commissioned the *Rhapsody in Blue* for his first so-called jazz concert in . . . Aeolian hall one reviewer stated that Whiteman and Gershwin were attempting to make an honest woman out of jazz.

"I do believe that this sort of witticism, plus the fact that jazz grew up, so to speak, on the wrong side of the tracks . . . has a tendency to put a crimp into the public's thinking objectively about jazz as music, without moralistic overtones."

STEWART: "Johnny, how do you feel about the place that jazz is going to have in the scoring of motion pictures?"

MANDEL: "Well, right now, like most things, jazz, as it's currently being used in movies and TV to depict violence and sordidness, is a fad, and I think it will pass like most fads. The fads pass, but the good from them remains."

STEWART: "In other words, you think probably there'll be a leveling off where, rather than being a fad, everybody is going to start suddenly using it?"

MANDEL: "That's what is happening now, unfortunately, and it's being used, I think, very indiscriminately. A lot of people are following a trend."

STEWART: "Do you find a particular challenge in writing jazz for motion pictures?"

MANDEL: "Ah, very much so. I think it's a wide-open field. It's just filled with possibilities, and the only thing I was worrying about was—when I said *fad* before, I meant that it is

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being used only in conjunction with one type of picture currently."

FRIEDHOFER: "Not too long ago (Johnny and I) taped an interview, and it occurred to me at the time that composers were experiencing great difficulty in dissociating jazz from the more sordid and beat-up aspects of life; that is, if one were scoring a film dealing with junkies, or juvenile delinquents . . . or anything else that was a little bit out of the way . . . one automatically fell into the jazz idiom.

"Of course, this . . . is scarcely new. I remember Max Steiner's score for *The Informer*, in which he characterized a girl of the streets by means of a blues played on an alto sax, I believe. Also, dating from the same period (the early '30s) there was Alfred Newman's music for *Street Scene*.

"Items such as these have helped to establish a set pattern, and I believe that the thing now is for the idiom to expand and to move in other directions. For instance, I would like to see a western done with a certain type of jazz. Aaron Copland's two ballets dealing with the west contain rhythmic and melodic devices which are . . . I don't know whether or not you would call them typically jazz, but they are *most* typically American . . . Springing from the same soil, actually.

"I would relish seeing the same notion applied to the medium of film music a bit more than it has been. Last year, George Duning worked along these lines in the score which he wrote for a film called *Cowboy* . . . a brilliant score which, like Johnny Mandel's music for *I Want to Live!*, most unfortunately didn't even rate an academy nomination . . . scandalous lack of perception, should anybody ask me.

"(This is) a matter of puzzlement to me, having talked to so many members of the music branch (of the academy) who literally flipped over Johnny's score, that it didn't show up on the charts. I can't understand this. Either they were just talking or something happened. I don't know . . . and I'm a little big bugged by the whole thing."

STEWART: "John, where do you figure that the leveling off is going to come? How do you think that jazz can best be used, as opposed to, say, (the) picture such as you have scored . . . ?"

MANDEL: "Yes. Well, you know where? Comedy . . . light comedy. I think it could be used and undoubtedly to great effect in a family-type picture such as *Teacher's Pet* . . . or almost any contemporary comedy . . . it could do wonders for it, instead of the usual Mickey Mouse bridges. Jazz is not a one-emotion music. I don't think there is any emotion you couldn't convey in jazz terms if you wanted to . . . hilarity, depression . . . you name it."

STEWART: "Hugo, have you done anything on that subject?"

FRIEDHOFER: "No, principally because the opportunity has been lacking; but I am definitely inclined to go along with Johnny. I feel that unless a film is set in a very well-defined period of history, or in some locale where jazz is not native to the soil, that a contemporary drama or a romantic comedy would benefit from a moratorium on the pseudo-Rachmaninoff and pseudo-Tschaikowsky type of scoring — for which cliche you mustn't consistently blame the composer; after all, sometimes he's told what to write."

STEWART: "Hugo, do you find . . . that jazz per se in motion pictures right now is a trend? Have there been other trends over the years musically in motion pictures?"

FRIEDHOFER: "Well, I can think of several. I know that at one time there was a blanket order came down to the music department of a major studio that the half-dozen composers who were under contract should all model themselves upon the style of the No. 1 boy, who was very hot at the time.

"This, naturally, made for a kind of standardized product, which gave nobody any chance for expanding his own individual ideas about how pictures should be scored, but that's the way the front office wanted it, and that's the way it went."

STEWART: "Do you feel . . . (Johnny) . . . that the current use of jazz per se, in both television and motion pictures, is good for jazz as jazz itself? Do you think its good for jazz on a national basis?"

MANDEL: "Very much so. It brings it into a lot of homes that would never hear it. You know, people will watch a show. *Peter Gunn* is well done as a show . . . I can't say that of all of them . . . in fact, very few of them. But I think—well, Hank Mancini is a talented guy . . . He has a good background in all fields . . . and he understands underscoring in the conventional sense, the mechanics of underscoring—and a lot of people writing jazz scores now don't. They just write or they improvise and then a music cutter or editor will cut the stuff in, where he thinks it should be."

STEWART: "Hugo . . . how do you feel about jazz coming into motion pictures, as it is?"

FRIEDHOFER: "Well, as I said before, I think it's a wonderful idea, if it isn't consistently type-cast for only the one role, as it has been in the past.

"I think it's going to require jazzmen of the highest possible caliber though —not just brilliant improvisers who maybe 'don't see so good,' as we say. It will require jazzmen with legit training, plus wide jazz experience. Both elements are important.

"Furthermore, they will have to possess that one quality which is lacking in a great many otherwise splendid musicians . . . and that is an instinctive feeling for the theater, without which one might just as well forget about writing for films, because the moment you begin to feel that the picture is interfering with your music . . ."

MANDEL: "That's overscore."

FRIEDHOFER: "That's overscore. Or when you are writing and suddenly find yourself resenting the picture, that's dangerous. You're doing yourself no good—and doing the picture even less good.

"To recapitulate briefly, the requirements should be an amalgam of legit training, a wide jazz experience, a sense of theater, plus a knowledge of the techniques of film scoring. These are fairly complex, but they are not as difficult to understand as, let us say, the quantum theory or how to assemble a do-it-yourself cyclotron kit."

STEWART: "John, how do you feel about . . . the association of jazz with some rather off-beat characters? Do you think that jazz is definitely associated with the so-called sick?"

MANDEL: "Well, unfortunately, yes . . . and it's *part* of it. It's traditional. Jazz grew up, as Hugo said, in a lot of places where the necessary freedom happened to be . . . Places which you don't mention on the air . . . In fact, (in) the back rooms of those places . . . But in those places the atmosphere was relaxed enough for (expression) . . . And though it was found originally in places like that, it's gained respectability over the years . . . But in certain people's minds, it's still thought of in those terms.

"And also there's another reason: Nothing can depict low life as beautifully as jazz, and that's one of the reasons it's used constantly for characterization, you know, such as when the woman of the streets walks on the screen. What's better?

"Unfortunately though, they have never exploited the other side of jazz, which is, as I said, a multiemotional music. It can definitely represent refinement, too, if that's what you want to represent . . . This is really the reason why I mentioned before the possibilities of comedy and family-type entertainment.

"If jazz were used with great discretion, I think it could really bridge the gap and, in many persons' minds, ac-

World Radio History

quire the respectability it never had before.

"When I say 'with discretion,' I'm merely applying the same standards to the jazz medium that have been paramount in the creation of a good, conventional-type underscore for many years now—as for instance—would it seem logical to take a picture such as *Gigi,* which has a light, elfin quality, and write for it a heavy, dramatic Wagnerian type of underscore?"

STEWART: "(Hugo) how has jazz affected you? Has it affected your writing in any way at all? Has it had any influence on you?"

FRIEDHOFER: "I believe that it has, though not in any obvious way. It might not even be discernible to the lay listener, although I think that Johnny knows what I mean. There is something about the American way of scanning a melodic line which is most characteristic. It never falls into the square, Teutonic-type deal.

"I should say that—to talk about myself, yet—I have been influenced by jazz in very much the same way as a good many French composers, who discovered jazz in the years following World War I, have been influenced. For instance, Maurice Ravel, as you know, was strongly influenced by jazz. As a matter of fact, there are a couple of things in the *Piano Concerto in G* that are so Gershwinesque that it's a little bit scarey . . . He's got the start of one theme in there that could make *The Hit Parade* with a little fixing!

"Then there was Darius Milhaud, who has in turn become the mentor of a number of jazzmen of the post-World War II generation, men who realized that perhaps there was a little more to music and wanted to find out what it was. Pete Rugolo, for instance, who was at one time the sole male student in Milhaud's classes at Mills college."

MANDEL: "Not a tonic chord in the group!"

FRIEDHOFER: "Seriously though, I find that most of the younger jazzmen have inquiring minds; they dig Bartok and Stravinsky—and the rest of it—and have, to a great extent, been influenced thereby.

"Nevertheless, I feel that the influences are gradually being absorbed and transformed into something quite individual and personal."

STEWART: "Hugo, there are so many pictures being made now that budget is a very big consideration—the small budget and the faster picture. In other words, making it, getting it in the can faster, getting it out faster. Do you think that this is any reason that jazz is being used; because (jazz scoring) is usually done by the smaller groups rather than the bigger orchestras, and that maybe . . . it is a little bit easier on the budget?"

FRIEDHOFER: "I dare say that it might influence the thinking of a great many independent producers, and I think it is a very healthy thing.

"Of course, I like to see as many musicians working as possible, but it isn't always necessary to score even a picture of great dimensions, like what is known as a blockbuster in the industry, with an orchestra of 80 and a chorus of 100, to quote one of my colleague's publicity releases.

"I can see certain pictures scored with chamber combinations. This, of course, depends upon the picture. There is a tendency among the majors, who are fast vanishing like the dinosaur, to lend great importance to a picture by means of this enormous orchestral apparatus, which sometimes gets in your way pretty badly.

"Unfortunately, you get a little bit spoiled by it, too. It's actually easier to produce a pseudo-important sound with a big apparatus like that. All you have to do is to lay the whole band on something and it knocks the audience out of their seats, and they say, 'Great, stunning music.' That is, if they are just half-listening, they will say that.

"But I can see, for instance — to digress again—I can see a group like the Modern Jazz Quartet scoring certain types of film—documentaries, for instance. I can see them scoring, say, a nature film of some kind, because they create an attenuated, almost Debussyan-French-Impressionist-type sound, *at times.*"

MANDEL: "Yes. Sometimes it gets pretty baroque, too."

FRIEDHOFER: "You go for b'roke, I take it?"

MANDEL: "I think we're all going to have to go for b'roke."

FRIEDHOFER: "I know, but this business of limiting yourself to any one type of combination or any one type of musical thought can get pretty deadening.

"The great sickness of the motion picture industry is type-casting, actually. A man does one successful western, and immediately everybody wants him to westerns—and nothing *but* westerns —until he's ready to cut off his right arm rather than write another note of music."

(Stewart then made the point that today, even within the music departments of the major studios, there is considerable consciousness of economy and cuts in personnel. He pointed out that on the major studio lots the old, established studios now function in large measure as releasing organizations for independent producers who take advantage of the gigantic facilities available to them on the major lots, and he inquired if this situation had made a big difference to music in the industry.)

FRIEDHOFER: "Well, the main thing it's done is to create a feeling of insecurity, which I find rather stimulating. Because you are not so prone to think, 'I will buy one of the two swimming pools that every Hollywood composer is supposed to own' and feel complacent about the whole thing.

"You've really got to get out and dig, and you've got to examine yourself and see what the trends are, and see where you can better yourself; and this, I think, is very healthy. We're back in a period where the struggle for survival is again with us—as if it hasn't always been!"

STEWART: "John, is it . . . independent production that gave you the opportunity to have John Mandel's name . . . on a score?"

MANDEL: "Undoubtedly. Otherwise I don't know . . . well, 10 years ago I don't think I would have ever had a chance to do this. Even five years ago . . ."

STEWART: "So you think it's going to be good for new blood?"

MANDEL: "It has to be, I think, because of the . . . well, the competing medium of television, which was nonexistent in the heyday of the movies. I don't mean to sound like the heyday is past. I really feel that inherently (movies are) the best—so far as possibilities as an art medium (are concerned). I think (movies have) more (to offer) than any other . . . for any kind of expression—for *theater.*

"You may lose some spontaneity, but at the same time you don't have the limited audience of the theater or the inconsistency in performance . . . Also there is enough time allowed to put quality into the thing.

"Now in TV, for instance, (the) shows are shot like early movies were, where they will have three or four cameras simultaneously running for cover shots and everything else, which means they can't light a TV series like they would a picture . . . It's done with a minimum of time and effort because of the lower budgets.

"Not only that, but they will shoot two of them at the same time, or as it's known, back to back; and a lot of times you'll see the same actors appearing in different roles because they happen to shoot them within the same two or three days.

"I don't think they have ever thrown movies together like that, except the real B picture, which television has kind of eliminated. Actually, I think you can do better things in movies. There are possibilities." db

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Who's that up there, making all that jazz ?

Without looking at their famous names below,
how many of these Capitol recording stars can you identify?
(More important, how many have you listened to lately?)

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Plas Johnson
Bobby Hackett

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Kenyon Hopkins
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Nat King Cole
Red Nichols
Dorothy Donegan
Jeri Southern
Nelson Riddle

George Shearing
Hank Jones
Kingston Trio
Dakota Staton
Billy May

Frank Sinatra
Peggy Lee
Mavis Rivers
Four Freshmen
Elmer Bernstein

World Radio History

Pianist, composer, and arranger Dick Marx spends a great deal of time on the phone these days — discussing with advertising agencies the music he writes for radio and TV commercials. Marx, as explained in the article starting on the page opposite, often has to revise right up to the last minute. The last minute, of course, comes in the recording studio. Name singers are often used (though anonymously) and in the photo above, Lurlean Hunter is seen. With Lurlean is Chicago singer Billy Leech, valuable in this kind of work because of his musicianship and precise intonation. The little girl has only a few words in this commercial (about a food the whole family just loves) but she may make several thousand dollars for them. Marx' partner, Bernie Saber, hands extended, tells how he wants the singing done; then the trio does a take. In the photo at right, Marx, who plays piano on the date and conducts, breaks up at a joke made by one of the musicians. Though precise and careful in work, he is always relaxed.

World Radio History

JAZZ IN COMMERCIALS, AND HOW IT GETS THERE

By Dick Marx

In the past few months, we have all become aware of the quantity of jazz that is finding its way into TV underscores. There has been much discussion of the trend, and opinions both pro and con have been bandied about.

Most of this discussion, however, has centered on the use of extended jazz or pseudo-jazz composition to help set the moods of cops-and-robbers stories. Sometimes the music is good, sometimes not so good. And perhaps it is true that by setting up an association between jazz and crime in the public mind, these underscores do jazz a certain amount of harm at the very same time they are broadening its base of public acceptance.

Much less discussed is the trend toward using jazz in radio and TV commercials to help advertise everything from soup to soap. More and more musicians of note have been getting into this profitable and often fascinating field. Whether or not this subtle exposure of jazz is helping the music (some musicians think it tends to weaken and dilute it; I do not agree with this view), one thing is sure: it is helping the musicians, creating new jobs for both arrangers and instrumentalists and, now that musicians have joined singers and announcers in receiving residual payments for their efforts, increasing their overall economic security.

Some very distinguished names have been writing jazz or jazz-oriented music for commercials, including Ralph Burns, Quincy Jones, Shorty Rogers, and Marty Paich. Dennis Farnon does a good deal of work in this field. Paul Horn and Allyn Ferguson recently organized a company to do music for commercials. And Bob Haggart is particularly busy on the west coast at this kind of work.

When people think of commercials, they almost invariably think of jingles. The majority of the work does *not* involve jingles. Much of the music for TV commercials is descriptive. It is used to set a scene, for punctuation, for animation.

There is, in fact, an enormous amount of challenge in writing music for TV or radio spots. You face a different set of problems every time. One day you may be doing a jazz-type score; the next day you may be called on to write something in barbershop quartet style. It is a satisfying thing to find you can work in these different styles—to know that when you do have to do the barbershop thing, you're doing it in its true style, not in weak imitation of the style.

There is no question, though, that the jazz backgrounds are the most interesting. In many cases we have been able to let the musicians open up and blow. In one case, we did a head arrangement of background music for a TV commercial on the spot. I could not give an estimate of just how much jazz is being used in commercials today. I know only that about half the work I do for commercials is jazz or at least jazz-based music.

The number of instruments you can use ranges from one to about 40, although small groups predominate. There is a great deal of doubling on instruments. Once I did a spot in which seven men were used — piano, bass, drums, harp and three reed men. The reed men played among them 17 instruments on the date. Reed men, in fact, usually bring from three to five instruments to a date.

This demonstrates the flexibility and versatility that is called for in musicians doing this kind of work. You have to select them with care because. while a man may be an excellent jazz musician, he is almost useless to you unless he is also an excellent reader. There is little time for rehearsal.

You have to be just as selective about singers, either soloists or vocal groups. The groups should be good readers, though this is less important with solo singers.

Because of the strict demands commercials put on musicians and singers, you will find the same performers turning up at date after date. There is a vocal group in Chicago that is so much in demand for commercials that they reportedly grossed $100,000 last year —though the public has never heard of them.

Yet for all that the same musicians are used repeatedly, this is *definitely not* a clique. It is simply that not all musicians meet the requirements, and those who do tend to get all the work they can handle.

You run into countless problems and endless challenge in doing music for commercials.

The greatest problem, perhaps, is concentrating the musical material into so short a time. Radio commercials normally run 60 seconds, 30 seconds, or 20 seconds — and sometimes 10 seconds. TV commercials have to be two seconds shorter than these. The reason for this is that in TV they normally splice commercial spots together, and often chop off a frame at the beginning in the process. You've got to allow for that.

Commercials sometimes run longer than a minute, of course. The longest I have ever scored ran a minute and 40 seconds. It was used on *What's My Line* this past Christmas season.

If you have to concentrate the music in time, you have to concentrate it in instrumentation as well. The usual demand is to make a small group sound big. This is a still further challenge to the arranger and the instrumentalists.

You run into some wild problems, and sometimes the best musicianship in the world won't help. Some friends of

About Dick Marx

Chicagoan Dick Marx is best known to the public as a jazz pianist, and for his long association with the smart north side room Mr. Kelly's, where he is virtual house pianist.

But in the past couple of years, Marx has been increasingly busy with scoring music for radio and TV commercials. He works in partnership with another musician, Bernie Saber, at Bernie Saber Musical Productions. Today he limits his work at Mr. Kelly's to two nights a week, and has given up the vocal coaching that once was another facet of his many-sided musical personality.

Last June, Marx was awarded an Emmy by the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences for the scoring of a TV commercial.

World Radio History

mine were called on to play out-of-tune music — the worst they could manage. When the sponsor heard it, he didn't like it. It wasn't out of tune enough. They did it over, with bad musicians. That made it.

But one of the funniest stories I know was connected with a Dixieland track for a commercial. Everyone worked hard on it — the advertising agency, the arranger, and the musicians, who really knocked themselves out. The sponsor came to the date, sat down in the control booth, and heard these guys wailing. It couldn't have been more tailgate if they'd tried.

When they finished the take, the sponsor leaned over, pushed the key on the control board, and spoke into the control booth mike. His voice came slow and deep through the studio, like the voice of doom: "I . . . hate . . . Dixieland."

That brings into focus one of the most frustrating aspects of this kind of work: the constant necessity of changing what you have done. You are always being asked to make changes, right up until the last minute, either in the lyrics, or the music, or the scoring, or all of them.

You don't run into this so much when you are dealing with an advertising agency man who has some real authority. But that usually isn't the case. You find everybody seems to have a little authority and no one man has enough of it. So you revise endlessly. And then when they agree on what they want, so much time has gone by that they want it done, like, yesterday.

We had one case where a company wanted a spot for a new detergent. We did it, took it through all the stages of revision, and were ready to record at 1 p.m. At 11 a.m., the company decided they weren't going to put the product on the market after all!

We have had instances where we advised against a jazz treatment in a spot, but the advertiser insisted on it. We have gone ahead and made the commercials in such cases — and then have seen the advertiser admit that jazz wasn't right for the particular job. One encouraging sign lately is that agency men seem more ready to take the musicians' advice on what kind of music would best do the job.

The normal procedure in doing music for a commercial is this: The advertising agency will call, telling us that they have a product for which they want to do a musical commercial. We ask them to send all their material on the product to us — print copy, slogans, and so forth.

We condense the message of this material to workable length. Then we turn the message into lyrics. My partner, Bernie Saber, does this work as well as writing some of the music. The lyrics are then submitted to the ad agency for approval. (Sometimes we get finished lyrics from the agency.)

We let the meter of the lyrics dictate the musical approach — deciding whether we should use jazz, soft shoe, ballad, corny, or what have you. This, incidentally, is another reason the musicians playing these jobs have to be flexible.

When the music is finished, that, too, has to be approved. We usually have the agency men come to the office and we sing it for them, like a couple of old-time song-pluggers ("And then I wrote . . .").

If the music is approved, we decide on the instrumentation to be used. This is usually a compromise between what we think it should be and what the budget will stand.

One of the problems here is that when you play them the rough of a musical commercial, the agency people are sometimes unable to imagine what it will sound like in orchestration.

But when all is normal, the next step is writing the orchestration, then hiring of the musicians, and finally the recording. Musicians who have never worked in the field do not always realize how many hours of work, how many lunches, how many discussions, and how many cocktails, normally go into a commercial before the first note is played.

It is always a pleasure when you find the agency person you are dealing with has some musical background, whether as a player or merely as a listener. Incidentally, such people invariably — and I mean *invariably* — like jazz scores.

Just how profitable is work in commercials?

It can be fabulous.

A friend of mine, who is actually a musician, was called on to speak one line about a toothpaste during a commercial. He received residual payments: they amounted to $9,000 in one year.

Which brings us to a subject that used to be a very sore spot in the business.

Until recently, announcers, actors, and singers received residual payments for their work, no matter how minor, but the musicians — including the arranger — and the agency man who dreamed up the idea did not. This became particularly annoying when a musician who worked and played hard all through the date received a few hundred dollars, perhaps, while some actor who said maybe two words would make thousands of dollars from residuals, coming in like an annuity.

But this changed a few weeks ago. Now musicians too must receive residual payments.

Under the old American Federation of Musicians scale rate, there was a residual payment system of sorts: the ad sponsor had to pay $100 per musician into the union performance trust fund for repeat uses of the commercial. By this system, now cancelled, the musician made no additional money.

But under the new scale rate, five per cent of the total session musical costs goes into a union pension fund for the musicians who played the date. Obviously, a man who plays many such dates is going to build up a comfortable pension for his old age.

Above and beyond this pension fund, there is a residual fee system whereby after the expiration of 26 weeks, any reuse of the commercial necessitates payment of one-third the original fee to every musician on the date, arranger and copyist included.

Thus it can be seen that commercials represent an excellent business for the musician of today, and I think it is going to get better yet.

With the advent of the payola scandal, and the demand for greater honesty in commercials, I think there is likely in the next few years to be a greater emphasis on entertainment values and a soft sell in commercials. This should mean not only more music in commercials, but probably also a higher quality of music.

The responsibility for the music will shift more and more from advertising agencies to the suppliers, the men who actually do the music. This will mean more and more package production.

Insofar as jazz is used, I think that, far from cheapening jazz, it will put the sound of jazz more and more in the public mind — training the public ear, as it were, to accept jazz as art when they do get the chance to hear it. What is more, the use of jazz in commercials indicates that advertisers and the public see it as a saleable commodity. I think this is all to the good.

What is more, writing and playing to these stiff requirements makes a better musician out of anyone—whether arranger, instrumentalist, or singer. I know it has enormously broadened my scope and deepened my musical perceptions.

The trend is going to mean an increasing range of opportunities for jazz musicians to make a good living—those, at least, who are suited by temperament and talent to go into what to me is a tricky but fascinating field. db

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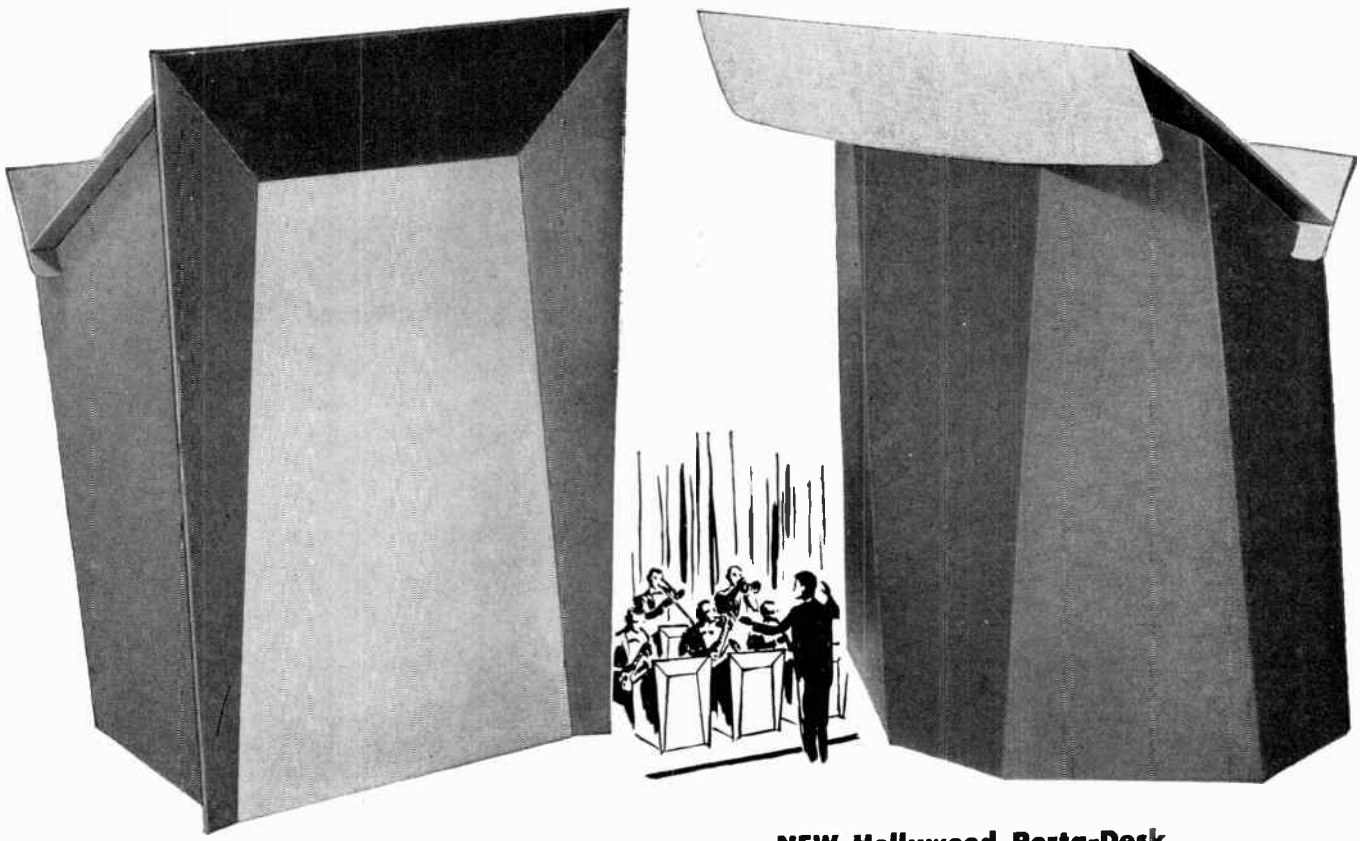
New Styling!

(OLD PRICES!)

SELMER Porta-Desks



NEW Deluxe Porta-Desk*

Completely redesigned! Has new Shadow-Box front to set off the band's name. Two-tone blue finish gives the band a smart evening-dress look. Music shelf holds 350 double sheets in easiest reading position. *Patent Pending

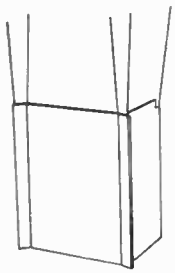
Still priced at only **$2.95** each

NEW Hollywood Porta-Desk

Redesigned to add new attractiveness to its old economy! Rich red base has gray tweed-design shelf with a front panel to give the band's name top billing. Same height and music capacity as Deluxe Model.

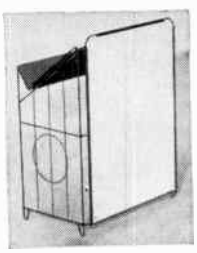
Still priced at only **$2.25** each

All Porta-Desks fold flat—one man can easily carry enough for the entire band!



RISER to match the new Deluxe model adds 18" to total height for bass players and conductors. **$1.50** each

PORTA-LIGHT; fits all Porta-Desks or any flat front stand. 8-ft. cord, switch and bulb. Dark brown finish metal. **$2.75**



ALL METAL PORTA-DESK—Newest, smartest, most durable of all. Folds to less than 1½" thick, dull black with white front to take poster paint for band name. **$11.25**

Sold by all better music stores. Write Selmer ELKHART, INDIANA for name of nearest dealer.

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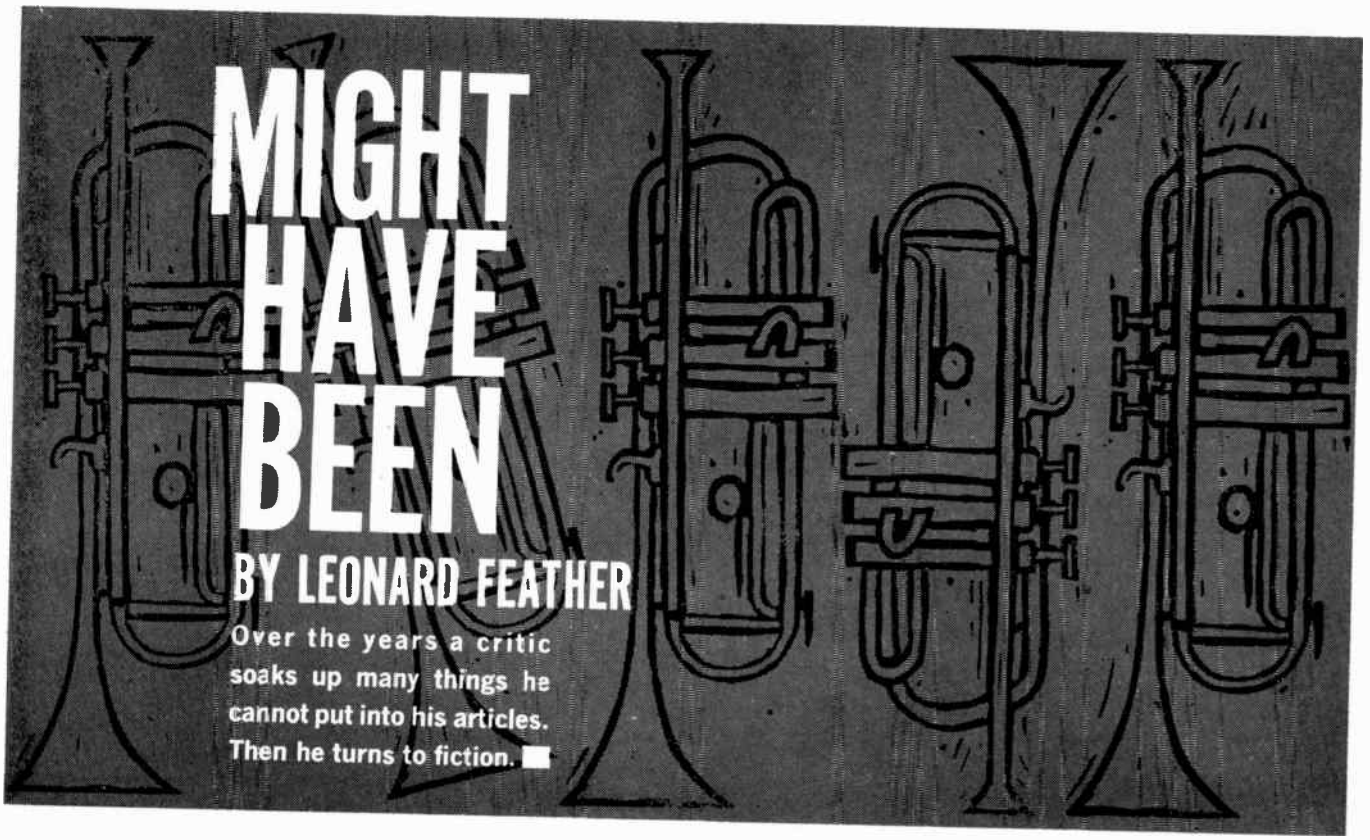

MIGHT HAVE BEEN

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Over the years a critic soaks up many things he cannot put into his articles. Then he turns to fiction.

I saw Jimmy Wright the other day. It was the first time I saw him in like four, five years, and it felt sort of strange. Now mind you, I'm not one of those emotional cats that goes sounding off about the agents are ruining the business or whatever happened to jazz and all that jazz. The music business took pretty good care of me. It's just that when you know someone as long as I know Jimmy and you know what happened with him, you can't help doing a little thinking.

You probably know who Jimmy Wright is; or maybe you don't. Maybe you didn't come along at the right time, or didn't dig what he was putting down. (If you read the fine print in the music sheets, maybe you've heard of me, too: Vinnie Carente — I subbed in BG's band for a week in 1943 — that was as big as I got in the big time.) But Jimmy Wright, whether you saw him when he was really starting to make it or whether he's just a name in the telephone directory (service temporarily disconnected), either way he's what you'd call a case history.

The first time I saw Jimmy was when I was on the road with the old Lanigan band. That wasn't long before Bunny passed, and his band was scuffling. You know, like we'd see the manager hanging around waiting for the promoter to pay off, and the leader hanging around after the manager, and the cats in the band hanging around after the leader, and in the end you're *all* lucky to get out of the hotel with your suitcases. Including the promoter.

Anyhow, one night we played some little town, in Pennsylvania I think it was, and Bunny got sick. We got to fooling around on the bandstand, playing a lot of head arrangements and the other trumpet men splitting up Bunny's parts. A young kid, he couldn't have been more than 18-19 then, came up to the piano and asked me if he could sit in.

Well, you get used to this kind of routine, and there's a flock of pat answers. "The union don't allow sitting in." Or "Wait until after the floor show," and the poor cat sits there all night until he finds out there's no floor show. Or "This piano's tuned to the 12-tone scale." That usually sends them away scratching their heads.

But this time I felt like cooling it for a while, and we were playing the blues in B flat anyway, and how wrong can you go with the blues in B flat? So I got up. "It's all yours," I said.

"Oh, no," said the kid. "I mean on trumpet."

He looked so sincere and eager; not your typical dumb kid trying to show off. He was on the tall and skinny side, a sort of sallow blotchy complexion, with deep-set eyes and high cheekbones. I remember one time when Gloria dragged me to the Museum of Modern Art I saw a dozen kids, peering at those paintings, that could have doubled for him. But he had a quietly intense way about him, and he said two things that sold me.

"I'm not going to cut anyone," he said, "but I'm not going to make anyone ashamed to have me up there."

And then he said, "After all, the blues is only 12 bars. If I don't make it on the first 12, just pull the emergency cord and I'll jump off."

That did it. I let him borrow Bunny's horn, and he took the next chorus.

Now let me get one thing straight. I've seen those movies where the talent scout hears the young punk pick up a horn, and you see the scout's eyes dilating and there's a big close-up like it was Whitney discovering the cotton gin. I've been in this business too long to believe that anyone, man, woman, or child, or even agent, ever recognizes genius that fast or that strong.

All you can ever tell the first time you hear someone is, well, he's good. Maybe after two or three hearings you get to realize that he has ideas of his own, and a little later it hits you that this is something more than a second-hand Armstrong or Lanigan or Eldridge or Gillespie. All I can tell you is, Jimmy Wright blew real easy, relaxed blues, with a lower register almost the equal of Bunny's; and thank God, he never tried for too much upper register. Trumpet players that try to break the sound barrier were never for me.

Jimmy looked at me around the 11th bar; I nodded. He went ahead, building a little. He took a third chorus, and then his lip began to sag. Like I say, genius don't come ready-wrapped like a new detergent off the production line. It wasn't perfect, and there was no pindrop silence while he played and

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no thunderous applause when he was through. All there was, and it was all he needed, was the feeling that ran through the band—you could sense it; they hadn't resented him. Charlie Harris looked over at me from the trumpet section and gave me one of those nods, with the eyes wide and the lower lip stuck out, like he was saying, "Well whaddya know!"

I made a note of the kid's name and address. He was a couple years out of high school; father was a lawyer and wanted him to go to college, but he'd been making it in a small way locally in music, and the father, being a frustrated trumpet player himself, didn't mind.

A few months later there was a vacancy in the trumpet section, and Bunny had me send for the kid. But when he arrived, there wasn't much work, and he decided to put in for his Local 802 card. Takes six months to become a full member, and all you can do during that time is play gigs. Jimmy made it, though; he was beginning to get talked about around Charlie's tavern, and whenever anyone could throw something his way, they did. And so, in her own sweet-and-pungent way, did Gloria.

Gloria was one of those kids that hung around with musicians. Most of them go for one department or the other, like one girl will be strictly for drummers and another will only make it with alto men. But Gloria didn't discriminate. And when she heard Jimmy the first time, sitting in on the off-night at Kelly's Stable on 52nd St., she liked to flipped.

Gloria was a well-stacked blonde who was probably 18 trying to look 30, and not doing a bad job of it, with the help of more Scotch than sleep and more sleeping around than soda. All we knew then was Gloria was supposed to come from a wealthy family in the Bronx, and wanted to go the whole Bohemian route — music, painting, boozing, anything she thought fit into the pattern. Anyhow, she could afford to live it up, and when she and Jimmy started making it together, it didn't seem to matter so much when his gigs were kind of scarce. When Gloria was on the scene, like nobody got hungry, or, least of all, thirsty.

Pretty soon she was calling herself Jimmy's personal manager, and damned if she didn't curve her way into a few places where she could do him some good. By the time his union waiting period was up, she had it all set for him to go into one of the 52nd St. joints with his own combo. Just trumpet, tenor sax, and rhythm, and Jimmy himself wrote a few little arrangements.

The one that gassed everybody was a routine he did on *Yesterdays*. I guess he was the first jazz cat that every played it. Nobody knew the tune too well then, but Jimmy took it very slow and very gentle, in a cup mute first. Then he'd open up and the rhythm section would double the tempo, and he'd make all those tricky chord changes just as smooth as a Thunderbird winding through the mountains. Then suddenly on the last eight measures the tempo dropped again, and he ended in that same slow, like mournful mood, the way it began, only with a couple of long, unaccompanied cadenzas at the end.

I always used to say if Jimmy could get to record *Yesterdays*, it would do for him what *I Can't Get Started* did for Bunny. Before he'd been in that joint two or three nights people were coming back in, asking to hear *Yesterdays*.

What was the name of the club? Damned if I remember. Man, the turnover on that street was too much; one week a club would open with a jazz policy on the north side of the street, and the next week it would be operating two doors down on the downtown side, with a bunch of strippers. What was worse, you couldn't find out who the real owners were and who owed you the loot. That was what happened at the end of Jimmy's first week. Jimmy's name wasn't anything to draw in any business except the musicians that had been talking him up, and musicians don't order champagne for their broads and run up the 50-buck tabs. They stand at the bar all night and complain that the gin is watered.

When there was trouble about the loot, Jimmy took it like a gentleman, but after four days of "come back tomorrow" and "my partner isn't around —he handles the cash," and "we'll give you another week's work if you'll just give us a break," he began to get disgusted. He blamed Gloria for getting him involved with the joint. They had a big hassel about it. He went to the union and made a stink, and when you're tangling with these kind of operators, brother, you just don't sick the union on them. All they have to do is pass the word along to the other crumbs along the street, and boom, the unofficial blacklist is on.

That's just the way it worked, too. Gloria tried to talk Jimmy up at a couple other joints, but the word was around he was a troublemaker. Troublemaker: that was 52nd St. for a guy who liked to get paid.

But the week wasn't a total loss. *Down Beat* ran a nice piece, something about "given the breaks, Wright could develop into the most original trumpet stylist since Eldridge."

Max Harris must have read that piece, because not long after that, Jimmy got a call to see him up at the AMC offices. AMC controlled most of the big name bands at that time, and they were looking for new personalities to build.

Gloria was home when the call came from Harris. "What do you think he wants?" she said.

"Whatever it is," said Jimmy, "if it's work, I'll take it."

This led to another argument. Jimmy was sore at Gloria for getting him into that jackpot with the 52nd St. mob; he was sore at her for drinking up his paycheck at the club every night; but most of all he was sore at her for making him feel obligated about the money she'd been supporting them both with. Jimmy had a desire to make it as a musician, but he also wanted to make it as a man. I guess that was how he got to drinking a little himself, because the tension was getting pretty fierce. Gloria would settle for nothing less for him than first place in all the jazz polls. Jimmy couldn't care less.

Anyhow, Max Harris saw Jimmy at his office next day and said he'd heard about Jimmy and how would he like to go on the road with his own big band?

It wasn't really as simple as that. The idea was to get him a record date with a big group to establish the idea; find a backer to subsidize the library, uniforms, and rehearsals, and, meanwhile, line up a tour of one-nighters in spots that had air time. All the way from Glenn Miller to Sauter-Finegan, dozens of bands have made it that way.

Well, it sounded great, and Jimmy figured he had nothing to lose. He was almost right. He had nothing to lose but Gloria. By the time he'd organized the first big band date and Harris had the whole deal set up for him, they were battling and bottling pretty bad, because her family wouldn't let her go on the road with him and if she married him they would disinherit her or something, and they were screaming bloody murder about her living with him in the first place.

The big blowoff came the night before the first date. Jimmy had hired me for the band so I saw it happen. She came to rehearsal and said she'd decided the hell with her family, she'd go along anyhow. But by now Harris had provided Jimmy with a personal manager, a guy that really knew the business and had X-ray eyes. One eye watched the ticket taker at the box-office, and the other watched every pocket of the dance-hall operator's suit. You need a guy like that on one-nighters, believe me. And what you don't need is a chick telling your manager

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how to run your business, no matter how much you dig her.

Man, that fight was a gasser. In front of everybody, she called him every four-letter name in what Jimmy once called "the dictionary of Fouler Modern English Usage." She finally stormed out, and the rehearsal resumed, but by then everyone was pretty well rattled, and between us we killed a case of Scotch before the rehearsal hall manager turned out the lights on us.

Jimmy had written a lot of the arrangements himself. They were like modernized Fletcher Henderson, with some harmonic ideas that were pretty crazy for that time. And some of them were just the most perfect showcase for Jimmy's horn. One of the *Down Beat* guys came to rehearsal and just about went through the ceiling.

Those next few weeks were probably the most exciting and the most kicks of anything I can remember. The backer had kept the budget down pretty low, so we had mostly strictly scale musicians, but they worked hard and read the book well enough and Jimmy had just that right combination of regular-fellow personality with a touch of aloofness that reminded them, whenever necessary, that he was still the leader.

One night Max Harris came out to see us, in Mahanoy City, not far from Jimmy's home town. He had an advance copy of the next *Metronome*, as well as *Down Beat*, and they both carried pictures and stories and excited comments about Jimmy and his future. It was really beginning to look like the kid had it made, and he couldn't have been much more than 21.

Max asked Jimmy about Gloria, and he told him they'd busted up. Much to my surprise, he said what a shame and Gloria was a fine girl and he should marry and raise a family. I didn't dig what he was getting at. Not at the time. Later on I saw Max huddling in a corner with Jimmy, but Jimmy wouldn't tell me what they were talking about.

We were supposed to get the band in good shape on this first road tour and come in and make our first records with the regularly organized band. The other records were out, with a pickup studio band, but they made him do a bunch of "commercial material," which in English means dog tunes, and he hardly even took any solos. Mostly acted as background for a girl singer who was as doggy as the tunes. But Max promised Jimmy that on this new date he could do anything he liked; originals, instrumentals, standards, anything to feature the New Trumpet King. And most important of all, they would let him cut *Yesterdays*.

It was something to count on, a real turning point. I felt like the Columbus of jazz, and every time Jimmy got a little load on he would pat me on the back and say, "Vinnie, I owe it all to you. Man, if it hadn't been for you, where would I be today?" But he had a funny look in his eye, as if he was adding under his breath, "I'd rather be somewhere else."

The day for the record session came closer. The band got tight, clean, ready. Jimmy was blowing his can off every night, except one night when he had a long-distance call from Gloria. No reconciliation; just more fighting on the phone, and Jimmy got loaded real good.

Then it happened. Or rather, they happened—two blows that fell with a double thump, one right on top of the other. Mr. Petrillo declared a nationwide ban on all phonograph recordings —and Uncle Sam sent Jimmy Wright his greetings.

Jimmy had often told me about an old back injury, from playing football, and that he could never be drafted. But he must have chosen a square selective service office or something, because they took him like Granz took Carnegie hall. Funny thing, the day Jimmy entered the army was the day after we we were supposed to have made our first records—if Mr. Petrillo had let us.

Max Harris wanted me to take over the band, but I wasn't having any. I'm a guy that likes to work, but responsibility is not for me; no bandleading eyes. Max didn't dig my playing, but he knew I had a wife and kids and the army couldn't grab me. A lot of no-talent guys made it during those next few years for reasons like that.

I kept in touch with Jimmy—mostly through Gloria. Mind you, this was none of my making. Alice, that's my wife, got along with me better than most chicks that have husbands on the road half the time.

When Gloria came into the picture, to me she was just Jimmy's girl friend, or ex-girl friend, depending on whether they were between fights. I think she dug me more because I was like a link between her and Jimmy. I don't think she dug my playing. But she used to come up to my place and try to put in long-distance calls to whatever camp Jimmy was stationed at, and if the brass let her call go through, after they'd had a 10-minute telephone fight she'd put me on the line to say hello. Of course, she always charged the calls to her parents' number. Alice was working as a theater receptionist, and this was when she was on the night shift. But pretty soon it got to be a little uncomfortable, especially with two kids behind the bedroom door not 10 feet away. And Gloria half out of her skull.

I was making it all right during those war years; second-rate musicians were getting first-rate jobs. The first-rate musicians were lucky to get to play in a service band; Jimmy did that for a while, but I guess he didn't dig the kind of music he had to play or something, because by the time he came out of the service, he said he hadn't touched his horn in two years.

That was early in 1946. Jimmy had been in the ETO for a while but never got near much action. Gloria and I had found a closer bond than Jimmy—each other. I found out she had a fine mind; no, seriously, man, and, of course, whenever she went on the wagon to keep from getting bloated she still had a fine body, too. Anyhow there must have been something to it, because by the time Jimmy got home, I had moved out on the family, and Gloria and I had a little pad in the Village.

Jimmy looked a little older. He'd grown a mustache. He didn't talk much about what had happened in the army. Spent night after night just catching up on the records.

There was some talk around about Jimmy getting back on the scene. Of course, in the meantime, bop had happened and everything, and jazz was like in the middle of a revolution.

It took Jimmy a full three months to get his chops anywhere near back in shape, and another three to sober him up from a sort of nonstop celebration. Funny thing, instead of resenting what had happened with me and Gloria, he acted like it brought us closer together. Maybe it gave him a chance to concentrate more on his music and forget about distractions like chicks and so forth.

Of course, some of the cats around Charlie's hadn't forgotten Jimmy. He started to do a few gigs here and there. He went up to see Max Harris, but there weren't any backers around for big bands. Something had happened during the war. The singers were making it and selling all the records.

Jimmy got by for a year or two just staying around town, sometimes leading his own small combo, then maybe joining a name band as a sideman for a few months to brush up on his reading and get his lip in shape. The idea of starting the big band again was always at the back of his mind—and mine. We talked about it often.

Then suddenly he disappeared, without a word. Months later we found he'd gone out to the coast, to see if he could finagle himself a backer there. Word drifted back that he was starting something big real soon.

One night he called up. He was pretty far gone. Gloria answered the

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phone. He wanted us to be the first to know that he was ready for the big comeback. He had a backer lined up, a powerful mob guy from Detroit who was mixed up in the jukebox racket, and rehearsals were starting next week. It struck me kind of funny and he didn't say anything about me coming out to make it with the band, but I didn't ask any questions. Gloria did most of the talking. Most of the last 10 minutes she did more listening than talking.

When she hung up the phone, she turned to look at me, and I saw she was crying.

I had a gig on Long Island the next day, and when I came home, Gloria and her clothes were gone. It was a month before I heard anything, but I didn't need to be told. Then I read it in *Down Beat*: an item about the elopement to Nevada and the personnel of the new band.

What happened with that band is anybody's guess. Somebody had advised Jimmy that he needed a girl singer; some smart adviser gave him a slogan: "Music with the Wright Idea."

I caught them on the air a couple times. Jimmy sounded a little unsure whether he was making the bop route or not. A little like he was trying to get back on the main road after a five-year detour. As for the girl singer, man, this was the original loser from amateur night in Hohokus, N. J. The lowest. But when Jimmy eased into *Yesterdays* it was still pure, and he still made all those changes the prettiest, and it sounded like nobody but Jimmy Wright.

All we knew in the east was that the band broke up after a few months because of booking problems. Maybe the Detroit mob guy lost interest. The California territory was strictly square in those days anyway; nothing but Dixieland ever made it west of the Mississippi. A cat that played bass in the band for a couple months told me Gloria resented the singer and accused Jimmy of making it with her, and you only had to hear that chick sing to know Gloria must be right.

Then there was a long period of silence. Jimmy, always ready to take the line of least resistance because resisting was too hard, found a job at one of the Hollywood studios. This is one sure way to make a steady living, with security and all, and just as sure a way to get swallowed up into nowhere. One day you're heading for the top in the magazine polls and the next you're anonymous, playing section parts for a Fred Astaire musical.

How Gloria stood for this was a mystery to me. She always had that ambition for him; she still knew she had a cat on her hands that could be a poll-winner and maybe wind up like in the jazz hall of fame. Some wives get greedy for their old men. Gloria was greedy sober and bitter drunk. They must have done a good business with the local liquor store between them, because the next we heard about Jimmy he was out of the studio job—canned for showing up juiced.

How they existed after that God knows. Her family had disowned her, and Jimmy couldn't have saved anything; in fact, he was still in debt from the money that last band had lost.

I only read two more items in the papers after that. One was when they found Gloria in the bathroom with her wrists slashed. She wasn't faking, either; they tried to save her, but she'd lost too much blood before they got to her. Jimmy wasn't home; he had a gig, playing the off-night at the Palladium. It was all over by the time he got home.

I wrote to him telling him how sorry I was and all like that. I even offered to get him straight with Local 802—he'd been expelled for back dues—and promised if he'd come back east and forget everything, I could throw some gigs his way. I'd begun to ease off on the playing and started to do a little personal management on the side. A guy gets to be my age, he don't figure to outblow Oscar Peterson.

Jimmy never answered my letter; I tried to call him; but they said the line had been temporarily disconnected.

The second time I read about him was when he was arrested on that drunk driving rap. They suspended the sentence. The papers described him as "a trumpeter, once well known as a bandleader."

Well, like they said in the song, this story has no moral, this story has no end. That was the whole bit, until I saw him the other night. I didn't even know he was back in New York. Nobody knew, or if they did, it didn't seem to matter so much anymore. It wasn't big news, like Lulu's back in town style. There he was, playing relief in a little joint in the Village where I happened to stop in for a beer. A Dixieland joint, too. That was a laugh. Nowadays it's gotten so anyone that can't blow like Bird winds up with the Dixieland brand on his horn. But a gig's a gig.

Jimmy looked a little heavier around the middle, a little sallower and with little rings under those deep, sad eyes, like Hangoversville. His lip wasn't too strong, but sure enough, somebody asked for *Yesterdays*, and he made it. Maybe not like it used to be, but it's hard to judge, because when you've been that close to something, you can't get a real perspective. I thought of the lyrics, about those happy, sweet sequestered days, and gay youth was mine, and whatever it was. A sad lyric; and Jimmy always played that song like he was playing the lyrics through his horn. I didn't tell Jimmy I was there. I went to another bar a couple blocks away and really hung one on.

Jimmy must be pushing 40 now. Well, whatever it is, he's past the stage where he can ever be like the bright new star or the overnight sensation. Too many cats know about him for him to be an unknown, and not enough know about him to do any good.

And that's what I meant about how strange I felt when I ran into him the other night. What is it that really makes a cat legendary and rich and famous and successful? What is it that prevents him?

You can't say that wrong living ever stopped anyone from hitting the top. I can go down a list of poll winners and show you which ones have been in for junk and which ones for lushing and which ones have had anywhere from three to 10 wives. And you can't say that Talent Will Out, can you? Because I've seen a couple of cats win polls that couldn't blow their noses after Jimmy.

All I know is, the jazz documentaries don't carry a line of type on him, and he isn't mentioned in *Hot Discography*, because he never did get that one legit record date he needed to put him over the top, and maybe if the army recruiting officer hadn't quarreled at the breakfast table that morning, he might have been in a mood to give Jimmy the 4-F bit and he could have had the greatest band since Goodman and the State Department would have sent him overseas as a good-will ambassador and he might have been the hit of the Newport Jazz Festival and he might be making LPs for Norman Granz and some cat might have analyzed one of his solos in the *Jazz Review* as an immortal of contemporary this-and-that.

All these things have happened, in the last couple years, to people with less talent than Jimmy Wright. I guess maybe he was born under the wrong sign, or he just broke the law of chance, or he didn't know about the law that says Talent Will Out.

Whatever it is, I just thought you might like to know that you can't find the whole gospel in what you read in the jazz history books. And when Jimmy goes, I know just what they should say for his epitaph. Three words will do it, three words that tell the whole story in a nutshell, the story of Jimmy from the day I first heard him in that hick town in Pennsylvania until that time the other evening in the Village. Three words: Might Have Been. db

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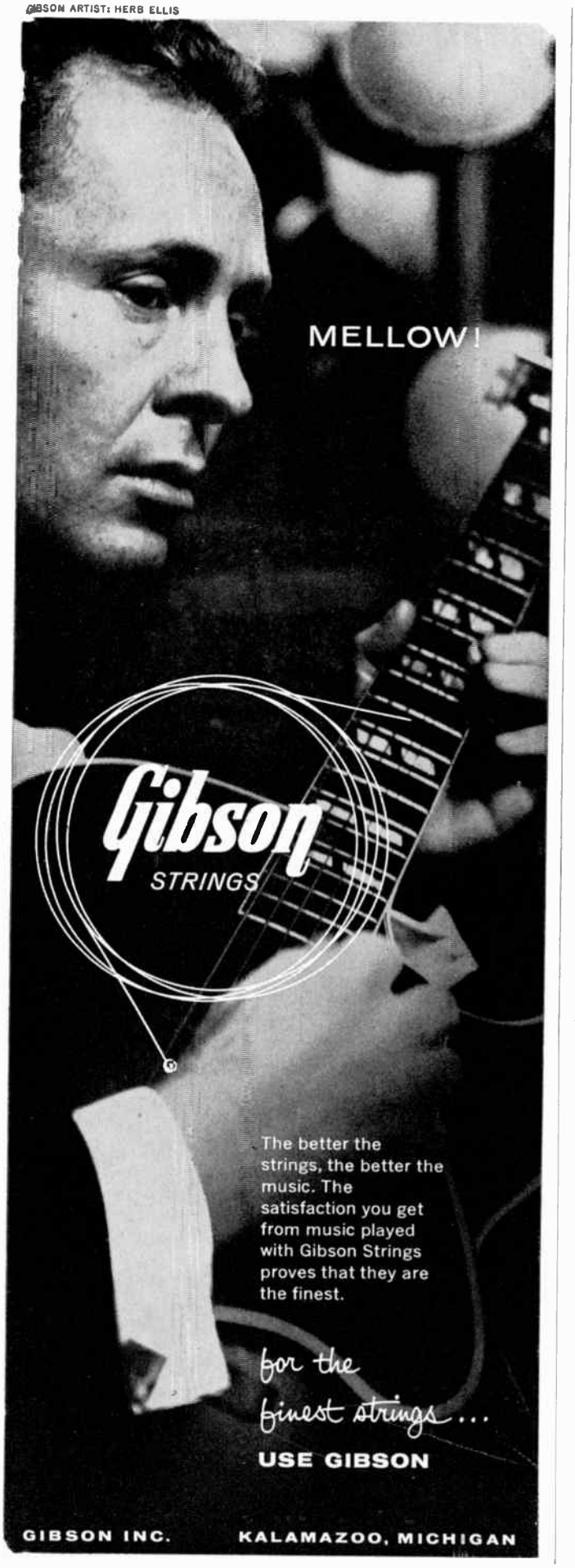

the Playhouse, and once again in shows, emceed by Symphony Sid, at the famed Apollo theater.

An off-Harlem club (Broadway at 129th) made a false start as the Offbeat but moved into high gear when it reopened as the Prelude in the fall. Ramsey Lewis' trio was heard there. A compendium of funky cliches was their forte.

Visitors from foreign lands were heard in New York. They included Britons Johnny Dankworth, Chris Barber, Humphrey Lyttelton, and Ronnie Ross.

The Village, Greenwich that is, was jumping with the Vanguard (a home for such hip singers as Anita O'Day, Dinah Washington, Carmen McRae, Chris Connor; the trio of guitar star Kenny Burrell), the new Showplace (Bill Evans, Philly Joe Jones, Tony Scott, Charlie Mingus all appeared here) and weekly Monday night sessions at the Village Gate (poor acoustics negated a lot of the good music on tap here).

Washington boasted a new local jazzman of national prominence in guitarist Charlie Byrd, who scored heavily at Monterey but preferred to work at the Capitol's Showboat and record for the local Washington OffBeat label with other DCers such as tenor man Buck Hill and valve trombonist Bob Felder.

Xylophone is an instrument Red Norvo used to play. With Benny Goodman, at Basin Street East in November, he played vibes in a medium-sized outfit that included Bill Harris and Flip Phillips.

X was also the drumsticks that Buddy Rich layed aside, in his umpteenth retirement from drumming as he opened in a singer's role at the Living Room—and picked up as he resumed his drummer's roll a month or so later at the Metropole Upstairs.

Youth was served as usual by Marshall Brown, who formed the Newport Youth band from among high school students in the New York metropolitan area. Playing concerts in Carnegie hall and at Newport, they proved not only their own worth but Brown's as a musical educator.

Zoot Sims and Al Cohn showed in several extended stays at the Half Note that their modern version of the Kansas City tradition, extremely melodic and hard driving, while not blazing any new roads for jazz, was among the most enjoyable and honest music of the year.

World Radio History

Continued from page 18

the baritonist-arranger suddenly was a much sought-after jazz attraction. And, by virtue of his alliance with Mulligan and on the strength of a couple of 10-inch LPs on the Pacific label recorded under his own name, so was trumpeter Baker. Within a year of joining Mulligan (the close of 1953), Baker swept every major popularity poll. Mulligan and Baker were then firmly established as the nation's modern jazz favorites on baritone and trumpet respectively and symbols of the music beginning to be known as "west coast."

What of the expression itself—"west coast jazz"?

"Mulligan and Baker used the term themselves in interviews with the music press," Bock recalled. "They may have been sorry later, but they contributed to it as much as anybody else."

In a frankly partisan vein, Bock's associate, Woody Woodward, later wrote in the book *Jazz Americana,* "Oddly enough, when West Coast jazz activities were first being noticed outside California, (the music) was looked upon with disdain by some of the most prominent eastern critics . . . They acknowledged its existence as though it were a wayward child who had better come home and accept parental guidance. It was pointed out, rather frequently, that after all, these men were simply transplanted Easterners. . .

"But West Coast Jazz was gaining ground by leaps and bounds in spite of this. It seemed the only people who appreciated what was happening were the musicians and the public. The more the records sold and the greater their popularity became, the more severe were the attacks. In their constant references to the 'inadequacies of West Coast Jazz,' Eastern critics labeled it as though it were a particular style. Having dubbed jazz from California, 'West Coast Jazz,' they tried desperately to convince the public there was no such thing. The whole thing backfired, and the results were that from then on almost anything referred to as West Coast Jazz found a whopping market."

Regardless of the role played by that group of conspirators known as "the critics," the fact remains that the Los Angeles independent labels themselves were responsible for hanging the "west coast" tag onto the music being played and recorded in the area. It was a calculated policy of Contemporary and Pacific Jazz to foster the notion that a new "school" had arisen in jazz and that it was uniquely indigenous to the west coast, meaning mostly southern California.

Indeed, for a brief period there existed a small label named Jazz: West.

With the rising sales of albums produced by the small coast labels and the west coast jazz campaign jetting into orbit, the final promotional touch was applied with the publication of a volume of photos by William Claxton (photographer emeritus of west coast jazz) and text by virtually all concerned with modern jazz recording in California. Title of the volume: *Jazz: West Coast.* Publisher: Linear Publications, sister firm of Pacific Jazz Records. Thus, the slogan was indelibly stenciled to the music.

"West coast jazz" was there—and musicians, record companies, critics, and the public were stuck with it.

If "the whole thing backfired," as author Woodward wrote, ultimately it was not on "eastern critics" alone but on everybody concerned.

It was a shrewd commercial gimmick that helped sell lots of records and bring the work of new musicians to the attention of the nation. It was neither bad nor good in absolute terms—just smart business. The jazz public, in a sense, had been suckered by it, and its creators laughed up their sleeves all the way to the bank.

Is the west coast movement dead?

Howard Rumsey said he believes it's still very much alive. "It still exists," he insisted, "and it continues to live on at the Lighthouse."

"Besides," he added, "look at the local promoters and record company guys who are making a living out of it . . . You've got promoters like Lou Robin and Harry Klusmeyer, disc jockeys like Sleepy Stein and record men like Koenig all making a good living out of the west coast movement. Does this sound like it's dead?"

In Richard Bock's book, the movement is not dead, "it's evoluting."

"Music doesn't die," he stressed. "It changes."

The modern music previously emanating from southern California, according to Bock, is now "tending toward integration. In the future it's going to be a combination of both."

"Jazz is just on the edge of a change," Bock explained. "It's getting out to a much wider public now, developing a bigger audience than ever before."

Intrinsic to this expansion, Bock said, is the definite trend toward racial integration among jazz musicians of all styles. Because this racial unity did not exist in what was known as west coast jazz, he considers, the movement lost its impetus and withered.

"The west coast movement was predominantly a white movement, whereas the movement in New York jazz was predominantly Negro," he said.

"This is vitally important," he emphasized. "Take San Francisco; the integration that's taking place there is something else! Because they're all close together, they're all grooving on the same street.

"That's something we've lacked here in the past; but it's beginning to happen here now, and California is going to be a place that's *far* ahead of the rest of the nation—on many levels. But musically it's evoluting here faster than anywhere else."

Bock summed up, "The intellectual approach to jazz has led to a dead end."

If the west coast movement lacked Negro participants (though it didn't wholly, for Curtis Counce, for instance, was a long-time bassist with the Shorty Rogers' Giants), it was not necessarily of the white musicians' choosing. Because the majority came out of the Stan Kenton band—an all-white orchestra most of the time—and stuck together in Los Angeles when they left, they apparently felt less need to work consistently with Negro musicians than to conduct their experiments in jazz within the confines of their own back yard.

However, while the Lighthouse employed mainly white musicians over the years, there have been several Negro jazzmen in the ranks of the All-Stars. First was Max Roach, who succeeded Shelly Manne there. (Of Roach's stint, Bock queries with a chuckle, "So is Max a west coast jazz musician?") Hampton Hawes and Sonny Clark have also worked with Rumsey at different times.

Nor was the absence of a working relationship between Negro and white jazzmen on the coast due only to the Kenton origins of most of the "innovators." Consider the American Federation of Musicians setup.

Until April 1, 1953, there were two union locals in Los Angeles, the white-only 47 and the Negro-only 767. It was not only a paper segregation, moreover. Both locals had separate facilities, widely removed from one another, so that Negro and white musicians never met while taking care of business at their respective unions.

This segregated setup carried over into club work, too. It is not an exaggeration to state that the general situation forced on both Negro and white musicians stunted the development of jazz and excluded Negroes from a part in the west coast movement that began to develop under Jim Crow circumstances. It is, moreover, no less an exaggeration to state that if the Negro jazzmen *could* have taken part in this movement, the resultant musical product would have been much the better for it. As it was, the movement came to fruition under Jim Crow circumstances.

Today the picture is happily varicolored and the future of jazz in the west lies in unity—of musical ideas and social relationships.

World Radio History

(Continued)

in its first year (1952). Lester Young won once—1944—as did Chu Berry in 1937. Bix Beiderbecke won in 1936, the first year of the poll. (He died in 1931.)

Like any poll or even a political office, the man who won in the last vote stands a better chance than his competitors to win the next one. Repeat winners therefore are common. And once a top performer is settled in the winner's position, it takes an exceptional musician to displace him.

Clarinetist Buddy DeFranco and Frank Sinatra have both been 11-time winners (the record). Sinatra made it in 1941, '42, and '43, in 1946 and '47; and then from 1954 through 1959.

There are four 10-time winners: Ella Fitzgerald (1937-1939; 1953-1959); Bill Harris (1945-1954); Stan Getz (1951-1959); and Shelly Manne (1947-1951; 1954; 1956-1959). Getz' winning in 1959 is a good example of the tendency of poll winners to repeat on the strength of reputation or legend rather than on recent performance.

A considerable influence on the Readers' Poll has been *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics Poll, begun in 1953. Critics' choices are important, if handled and presented properly. There must be a wide variety of critics involved. They must have a chance to explain their votes. And, most important, they must be watched for hardening of prejudices for or against certain musicians or schools of music. Representing many different tastes and geographical areas, as it now does, the Critics' Poll brings talent to the attention of the public much faster than before. After all, the working critic listens to virtually every important record issued, has the advantage of applied knowledge and concentrated study in the field.

It is not that the choice of the critics is more valuable or accurate in the long run of history. Talent will itself be the final factor. Rather, the importance here is that the critics will recognize the beginning, and ending, of a talent before the less professional tastes of the public can do so. To illustrate this influence of the critic on the public, look at the chart of complete results of the Critics' Poll since 1953. The "new star" winner in parentheses points up the progress of a talented newcomer toward lay recognition and a place in the Readers' Poll.

Note Charlie Parker winning in 1953 and 1954 and entering the Readers' Poll in 1955; Miles Davis in 1955; Dizzy Gillespie in 1956; Milt Jackson in 1955; Count Basie in 1954, and 1955; Dave Brubeck in 1953 and the Modern Jazz Quartet in 1954.

Of course, the critics have not been able to change public taste or selections in all cases. Look at the case of Paul Desmond. He was recognized as a new star by the critics in 1953—and never again mentioned by them as a winner. Yet the public has insisted on him since 1956. Perhaps the critics will get their way in 1960. It looks as if Julian Adderley, a critics' choice in 1959, might displace Desmond. Desmond won by only six votes in the 1959 Readers' Poll.

If the critics can be accused of inconsistency, it would be in the vocal categories. One wonders why blues would be favored for the male category when such is not the preference in the female category. Of course, Ella Fitzgerald probably has no peer, but the new star choices, when made, run the gamut from Annie Ross through Jeri Southern (1953) and Barbara Lea (1956) to Ernestine Anderson in 1959.

Polls should never be considered the final conclusions on any musicians' talent. A poll is important as a guide, an awarding of laurel leaves, and as a measure of popularity—but for the lasting and true evaluation, look to the effect of a performer's talent, his artistic meaning, and the message of his music on the world. db

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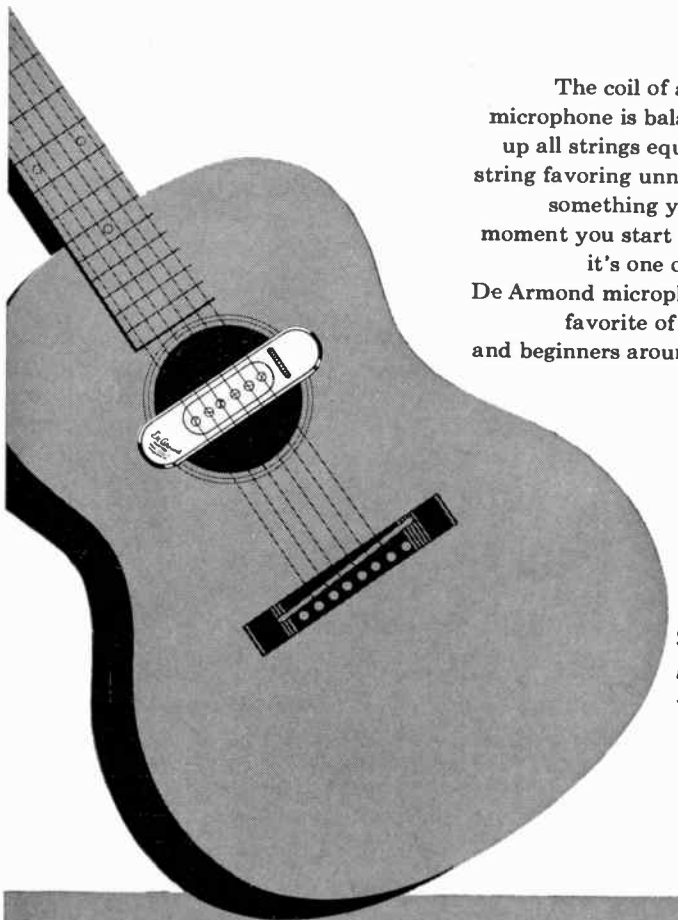

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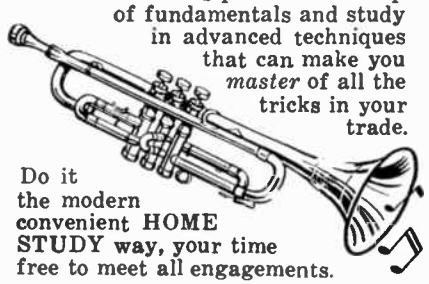

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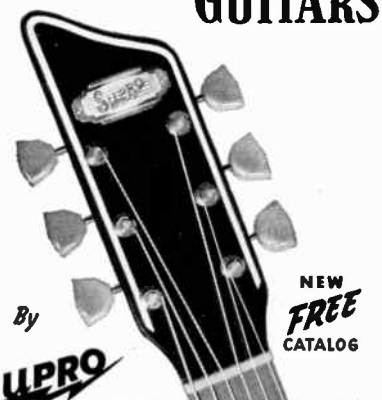

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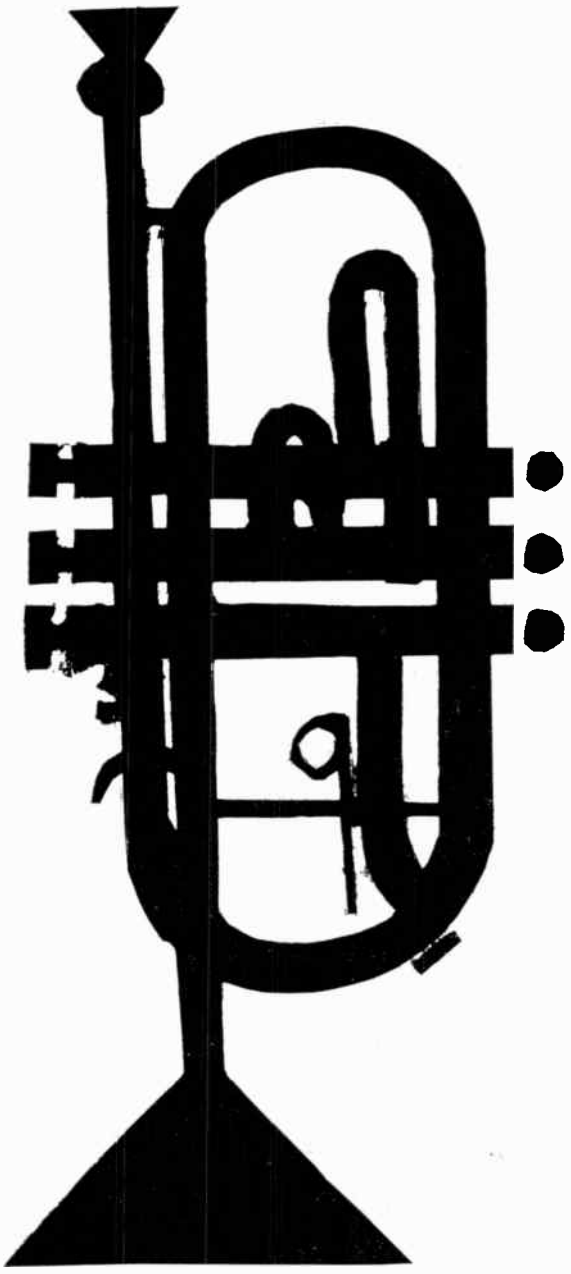

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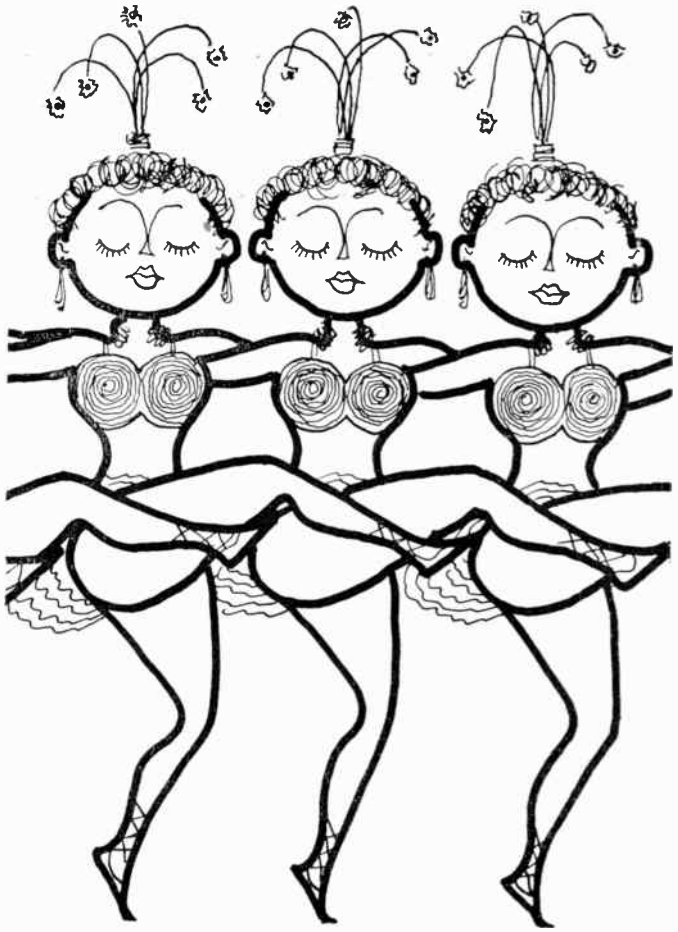

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ABOUT THE WRITERS

A volume such as *Music 1960* represents a collaboration between many men. We thought you would like to know a little more about them, though many are already familiar to you.

• Ira Gitler is a prolific and gifted writer on jazz who makes his home in New York. He recently became one of *Down Beat's* regular record reviewers. About George Crater, what is there to say? His column in recent months has acquired an enormous following among musicians and laymen alike.

• Leonard Feather is perhaps the best-known critic in jazz. He is author of many books on jazz, but it is as a short story writer that he appears in this volume.

• John Tynan, Los Angeles editor of *Down Beat*, is well-known as a raconteur, bon vivant, and reporter of driving energy. Like Tynan a California Irishman, Ralph J. Gleason lives a little farther north: at Berkeley. He writes the world's best-read daily newspaper column on jazz (it appears in 27 papers) as well as *Perspectives* and record reviews in *Down Beat*.

• Don DeMicheal, musician in the process of becoming a sociologist, is a record reviewer for *Down Beat*. His article, *Anatomy of Performance*, is adapted from a paper he wrote for Indiana university.

• John S. Wilson, critic for the New York *Times* and another D.B. record reviewer, is one of the most calmly detached—and drily witty—writers on jazz today.

• George Hoefer and Charles Edward Smith were among the earliest writers-researchers on jazz. Hoefer is New York editor of *Down Beat*.

• Richard Hadlock is a freelance writer on jazz, a broadcaster (on San Francisco's KJAZ), and one of the most literate of jazz critics.

• A biographical note on Dick Marx appears on Page 110. A note on critic and composer John Mehegan, who moderated the panel discussion titled *Quo Vadis*, is on Page 60. William Russo, George Russell, and Gunther Schuller can also be considered important contributors to *Music 1960*—though their words were extemporized.

Russo would like to add an appendix to the *Quo Vadis* discussion: on reading the article, he said that he meant J. R. Montrose where he referred by a slip of the tongue to Jack Montrose.

And Ted Williams would like to provide identification of artists who appear in his photo gallery. They are, starting with Gerry Mulligan on Page 76: Ella Fitzgerald (twice), Dave Lambert, Stan Getz, Sonny Rollins; Ray Brown, Joe Williams, Jimmy Rushing; Tony Scott; Annie Ross; Percy Heath; Ed Thigpen, Max Roach, Art Blakey; and, last picture in the gallery, Tony Scott. And if it is true that *Music 1960* would not have been possible without the writers who contributed to it, it would have been even less possible without the artists in Ted Williams pictures. db

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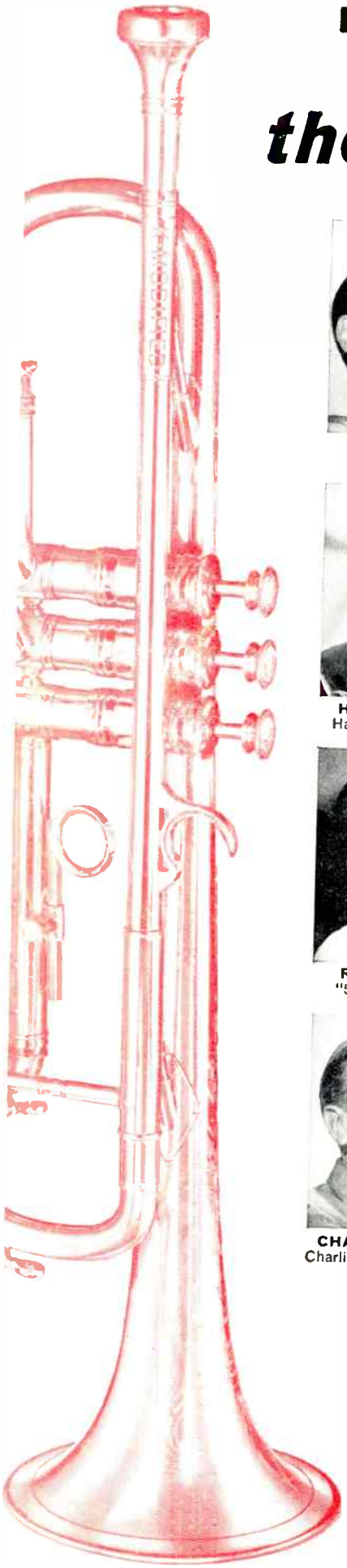


RAY ANTHONY
Ray Anthony band

LOUIS ARMSTRONG
Louis Armstrong Combo

SHORTY BAKER
Duke Ellington Orchestra

BILL CASTAGNINI
Woody Herman band

HARRY EDISON
Harry Edison Combo

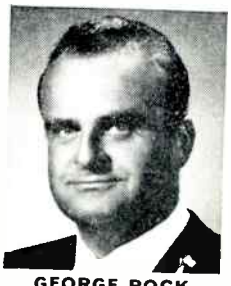
LES ELGART
Les & Larry Elgart band

JOHN HOWELL
WGN (Chicago) Orchestra

RICHARD MALTBY
Richard Maltby Orchestra

RED NICHOLS
"5 Pennies" band

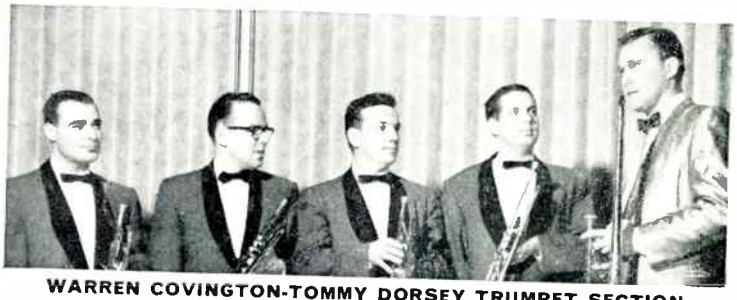
ANDY PEELE
Woody Herman band



GEORGE ROCK
Spike Jones Orchestra

SHORTY SHEROCK
Nelson Riddle Orchestra

CHARLIE SPIVAK
Charlie Spivak Orchestra



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